



Snowed In

WITH THE

SEALS



CHLOE KENT

SNOWED IN WITH THE SEALS

MIDLIFE SECRETS

Chloe Kent

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Chloe

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Chapter One

“You know what you need? A spanking, a plugging, a nice young seven-to-eight-inch cock, and nine back-to-back orgasms. In that order.”

“I don’t need a spanking, Mariam. I’m going to be forty-one in a few months. I don’t need a cock, young or otherwise, either. They’re messy. And so are orgasms.”

Adrienne Palmer, standing with her back ramrod straight and holding the stem of a glass of Dom Perignon between her fingers, glared at her business partner and friend, Miriam Haddock. The bright red-haired fifty-eight-year-old, dressed effortlessly in a flowing Yves Saint Laurent gown with her signature chunky jewelry, probably weighing as much as two bars of gold, glared right back at Adrienne.

“You need sex, my dear. Lots of it,” Miriam said with the same tone she would have used were they talking about a new pair of shoes. The woman had zero filter and adhered

even less to societal rules. But she'd earned that right years ago.

Adrienne didn't need sex, though. She was happily celibate for years, and the ironic thing was that she had been married for the last three years of her celibacy and was still celibate when her divorce was finalized just a week ago.

“Let me tell you. I have this pool guy—” Miriam said, her eyes glazing over as she spoke about her new acquisition or conquest. With Miriam, it was one or the other, and she had taught that prowess to Adrienne with a signature dexterity that was entirely Miriam Haddock.

Except for the one time when Adrienne should have adopted Miriam's adroitness, she fell victim to her emotions, and it still haunted her three years later.

“Is he the same as your car guy?” Adrienne teased to lift her mood, which was slowly sinking into a dark, empty pit.

“No. Rico lets me whip his ass and then curls up, sucking his thumb at my feet. Sweet baby boy. But Jonny, he's my new pool guy. Every Thursday, he comes to clean my pool—he does an excellent job—and then he cleans *my* pool. With his mouth. The man has a tongue as long as his anaconda cock, and let me tell you, he knows how to use both. I should

lend him to you. It'll do you good to get a good tongue fucking.”

“Miriam!” Adrienne admonished as she glanced around the banquet hall. The glitter of jewels and gems, from the chandeliers above their heads to the extravagant jewelry worn by the guests, cast silver shadows across the hall.

Cassie Brundt’s charity auctions were always the most ostentatious. Adrienne fully believed Cassie did them for fame and not for the cause itself. But twice a year, she hosted the lavish event at a five-star hotel, where patrons bid on potential dates for a night. They were given keys to a hotel suite where a Michelin-starred chef prepared a seven-course dinner for them. What happened afterward was anyone’s guess.

The offers started off at a hundred thousand dollars. All funds raised this time around went toward animal welfare. The last auction’s funds went toward childcare organizations. All good causes, but if Miriam hadn’t dragged her along, Adrienne would have gladly stayed in and written a check like she always did.

Feeling unusually restless, Adrienne’s gaze continued to glide around the grandiosely decorated room. If it weren’t

one extravagant charity ball after another, it was something else that required her to dress up.

Not that she didn't like dressing up. The gown she was wearing, an orange organza floor-length Chanel piece, was designed for simplicity and elegance, but because it didn't have even a hint of frivolity, she hoped it was enough to keep everyone away from her.

Still, it was going to be her favorite dress, except she would never wear it again. It went with her status as a billionaire, and if someone knew what to look for, they would see old money on her.

Some came from her father or rather the trust fund he had left her, but the majority of her wealth she had made herself through sheer, powerful determination to succeed in a man's world where she was just "tits and ass." Her functioning alcoholic mother's words to her on the last day Adrienne went around to visit her.

Clothes gave her a sense of stability. It concealed who she really was. And it never let her down, either.

"Are you even listening to me?" Miriam asked, her lips dipping into a pout.

“Honestly, I stopped at the part where you started.”

“Cheeky bitch,” Miriam laughed. “Be sarcastic all you want. You still need some dick. It’ll loosen you up a little, you know? What have you got to lose?”

“Time. Beauty sleep. The ability not to be annoyed. My state of peace. Clean sheets. And I hate the horrendous act of cuddling, talking, and being nice afterward.”

“You really are a cold one, aren’t you? Marriage ruined you, sweetie, but you can’t keep punishing yourself for making a rookie mistake.” Miriam touched her cheek and gave her a fierce look. “You need cock. You need many cocks. Okay, see you in a bit. I’m going to hunt down that waiter and see if he wants to be in my harem,” Miriam winked, then took Adrienne’s glass. “And I’ll get you a fresh drink as well,” she added, then sailed away.

Miriam wasn’t completely right about marriage ruining her. She’d always been that way. Cold. Her deceased father and Miriam were the only two people she loved in the whole world. The rest she kept outside her realm. When her own mother betrayed her, trusting anyone else seemed stupid. She was going to die alone. And she was okay with that.

But her father was also the only reason she married Desmond Morton. She didn't think it was possible to hate another human being as much as she hated Desmond. But the man would be rotting in prison, and she took immense comfort from that.

Brushing aside all thought of the evil man whose mere lecherous glance made her skin crawl, she was immediately set upon by an old friend of hers.

“Adrienne, the picture of loveliness,” Jackson Porter said, kissing both her cheeks.

“Porter, good to see you again. I didn't think I would after I beat you at poker a month ago.”

“Ah, not only did you take all my money, you took my heart as well. I am a broken man.” The older gentleman held a hand to his heart, his kind eyes twinkling with mischief. At eighty-two, he still sported a full head of hair and a charming charisma that never went out of style.

“And a liar,” Adrienne said, smiling warmly at him. Porter laughed heartily.

“Ah, Darien, over here,” he said, calling out to a tall man who passed him by. “Please allow me to introduce you to

my new friend, Darien Price. Darien is an upcoming entrepreneur. Darien, this is the ever-lovely Adrienne Palmer.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Ms. Palmer.”

Startled, her gaze immediately collided with a pair of eyes so golden brown that she faltered. The lilt in his voice screamed seductive charm. The killer smile meant he expected a woman to fall at his feet, begging for his touch, and he knew, from experience, it would happen whenever he came across any female.

On the slim chance he decided to pursue a woman, his confident prowess meant he was never rejected either. In other words, he was so full of it that Adrienne wanted to laugh.

But butterflies flew around her stomach. Her nipples pebbled and strained against the sheerness of her dress. The feeling of wetness collecting on the folds between her thighs now soaked her panties. Her breath became jagged, and her throat bobbed as she struggled to swallow.

A frown creased her forehead as she analyzed the physiological events happening to her body. How had he affected her that way when she was immune to basically anything corporeal? Was she even remotely afflicted by his

charm? No, she wasn't like that, yet she knew the sight of the stranger had evoked a sense of arousal in her, but why?

For a moment, she allowed herself to be fascinated by the angular curve of his jaw and the planes of his face that depicted virility and sexiness. His dark, almost black hair was thick and silky, and he looked as if he had run his fingers through the waves a few times already to give him a devilish look. He filled out his bespoke suit with nothing but sheer muscle and power.

And her clit started to spasm.

That was when she swept aside every response he'd fired up in her and doused it with a bucket of her quintessential coldness. She was projecting her restlessness, in a weird way, on some poor man she didn't know and didn't plan to know.

Also, he was too young. He looked no older than thirty, if not a few years younger—late twenties.

She stopped short when Darien Price held out his large, calloused hand, decked with a series of veins that made her heart flutter. He wanted her to touch him. She so closely scrutinized his hand that she could glimpse the markings of what looked like a tattoo under his shirt and jacket, revealed

by his outstretched arm. She instinctively knew that he would burn her if she touched him.

“Mr. Price,” she said instead, nodded, then excused herself only to bump into something rock-hard, her purse knocked from her hand, and her palms warming against a wall of muscle as she tried to balance herself.

“My apologies,” she said stiffly, then stepped back when the warm rock wall turned out to be a human male who bent to retrieve her purse.

The residual effects of meeting Darien Price seemed to be rekindled, and she was now a raging inferno of unwanted bodily responses. More bizarrely, she could sense Darien Price still looking at her from where he stood. But she also felt watched from afar. Her skin was coated in a flush of pink.

No.

“Austin Brown,” he said as he unfolded to his full height, forcing Adrienne to look up at his six-three, maybe six-four frame. Dazzling hazel eyes stared back at her, his lashes so profoundly long that they staggered her. She found herself drowning in his gaze, lured there by the promise of comfort and safety but also mind-blowing sensuality.

More wetness soaked her underwear now.

This was crazy. She was being crazy. And that was not a trait of hers. She wasn't ditzy and didn't fall for guys just because her clit told her it would be nice. She was level-headed, supremely organized, and mature, dammit. Nothing caught her off guard sexually when it came to the opposite sex.

She glared at her designer purse in his huge hand, then whipped her eyes up to him as she noticed he also had tattoos that were concealed under his perfectly fitted suit, accentuating every degree of his muscular body.

As carefully as she could, she ignored his introduction and took her purse from him.

"Thank you," she said, then turned away, but not without hearing his chuckle and feeling his gaze on her ass as she walked away.

With the sense of still being intimately observed from afar, she looked up and around her. Immediately, her eyes locked with a man standing across the room, leaning against a pillar, arms folded, looking directly at her.

Despite the distance between them, the incredible blue in his eyes drew her to him, as did the dominance in his jaw and the power in his body. His dark hair was short, like a military cut, but it just gave him an air of danger and deviance.

Her breath quickened, and her knees quivered. For one mad instant, she envisioned herself kneeling before this man, naked, hands behind her back. Impulsively, she looked to her right and gasped.

Standing in pretty much the same position as the blue-eyed man was Darien Price. His eyes fixed on her so thoroughly that she felt as if he were controlling her movements.

She quickly shifted her attention away from him, turning her head in the opposite direction. And there stood Austin Brown in exactly the same position as Blue Eyes and Darien Price.

Her breath was completely suspended as her gaze revolved around the three of them, standing at her sides and in front of her, surrounding her to the point where everyone else at the charity auction disappeared, and it was only her and them.

They watched her so intently that she felt as if they had peeled away her clothes, leaving her with nothing but her pebbled nipples and wet panties.

The scenario in her head changed to her running her tongue across all three of their cocks as they stood around her, feeding their hard lengths down her throat.

Maybe she really needed to get away from the very life she had been born into and everything else she had created. Her boredom was turning her into a horny teenager, or turning her into Miriam, who was putting thoughts into Adrienne's head that she would rather not have at all.

Chapter Two

She was losing her mind, rendered immobile, and couldn't stop standing there while they looked at her as if they had ordered her to do so.

She almost cried in relief when Miriam caught up with her again, startling her out of her enthralled state and bringing her back to reality at once.

Was it really time she packed up and left without leaving a trace behind? With her father gone, it had been almost four years since the day he passed away, and her mother, thankfully, was non-existent in her life, and except for Miriam, whom she'd allowed in, she had no one else.

She had made a name for herself in the world of electronic cars and cruise liners and made plenty of allies, but she still kept her eyes on each of them. Anyone could turn on her at any point. She preferred to be ready for that eventuality.

And then, to appease her feminine side, she owned a high-end cosmetic company just so her opponents knew she

was a woman they were competing against - and losing.

She had more money than she knew what to do with, and then she started pumping millions upon millions toward poverty and education all around the world. She did all that anonymously, though.

Her entire existence screamed at her to be in the background, but she had to prove her mother wrong and step out of her introverted nature to become a force to be reckoned with in a world she was predicted to fail in before she started.

Her father would have been proud, but he would have also told her she didn't need to prove anything to anyone. He divorced her mother when Adrienne was twelve years old on account of her being unable to love their only child.

Recently, the fantasy of being a swamp-lady hermit who could scare everyone off with just a glowering gaze became an instant favorite of hers. She deserved that much, dammit. Alone time. The more she thought about it, the more the idea glowed in her head. She could so easily slip off the face of the earth. Only Miriam would know where to find her.

She imagined never having to be someone else. It was exhausting, all that pretending, and she was tired. So, contrary to Miriam's diagnosis, she needed sex like she needed a cactus

in her panties. And yes, she had tried it a few times—sex, not the cactus—but found it to be nothing spectacular.

Her world wasn't moved. On the rare occasions she did indulge, she gave herself better orgasms with less fuss. Also, she really, really hated messy, wet sheets. Her sex life was fine—non-existent as it was. Just the way she liked it.

So no, she was not losing her mind. However, the three men, who were unbelievably attractive, extremely powerful, and virulent, had temporarily affected her. And she wasn't the only one to think so.

Every woman in the banquet hall of The Hilton seemed to be looking at the three newcomers, clutching their hearts and fanning themselves as they smiled coyly. Adrienne could have looked like one of them if she hadn't had the fortitude to rein it in when she did.

But who were they really? She had never seen them before. And it didn't matter one bit, either. She had already nipped her body's overreaction to them right in the bud, resuming normal functioning at once.

Still, she really wanted the night to end. She was tired, a little grumpy, and maybe even hungry. She'd been working

out twice as hard and couldn't trim anything off her already strict diet regimen.

Who could blame her? It required a lot to maintain her size four figure naturally by keeping her boobs and butt where they belonged, but yes, she was exhausted. Her fantasy of being a secluded hermit lady also meant she could eat whatever she desired and not care about the repercussions on her hips.

She could go soft in all the right places, and nothing would make her happier. The idea was growing on her more and more, to the point where she could taste that kind of freedom in her mouth.

She hadn't eaten any chocolate in eight years. She forgot what pizza tasted like, let alone what it looked like, and strategically sipped from the same glass of champagne at events like this the whole night long. She didn't need the extra calories.

“Oh, it's going to start. Here,” Miriam said, handing Adrienne a gold auction paddle with the number ‘three’ on it. “I have my eye on three unparalleled, magnificent, young man-gods, who I have never seen before at functions like this. Mama is going shopping.”

Adrienne didn't need to ask her which three men she was talking about, which reiterated her mindlessly taking the paddle but pointedly now scrubbing from her mind the same three men who had shifted her axis off several degrees in a direction she hadn't approved.

Erasing them completely from her mind was something she had perfected since childhood. Thanks to her mother, her dissociative skill levels were legendary.

Allowing herself to be dragged along by Miriam to get to the chairs in front of the stage, Adrienne knew she had every intention of just sitting out the auction. She was not interested in buying a date for the night. Or any night. If she did coerce herself into coming out for the event itself, she usually wrote out a very generous check for Cassie before she left.

Miriam, of course, always threatened her with ending their friendship if she didn't bet on a guy and take him home, but she would never carry out her threat to completion. Adrienne was just not built for fun and games.

Her first boyfriend broke up with her before he got to kiss her because he thought she was cold and stuck up. The only reason she knew what he'd been thinking was because he

told her she was cold and stuck up. She was seventeen. She didn't know why it shocked her that he mistook her reserved nature for coldness and snobbery.

All other encounters after that were brief, curt, and over as soon as she said so.

There were twelve to fifteen attractive men on the stage, all dressed in designer suits and looking as well-groomed as money could buy. Some were bachelors, most were married, and their wives would bid on them, all in good fun. Everyone on the stage was within her circle.

Except *them*.

But this time, she didn't even pause when Miriam and every other single woman in the room, young and old, squealed over the newcomers, Darien Price, Austin Brown, and the guy with the blue eyes, whose name was Emerson Foley, from the board he held up against his chest.

Let all the other single ladies fall over themselves, bidding for the three of them, including Miriam.

She was out. Complete seclusion was calling her name, and she was ready. She had already started to envision what it would take to wrap everything up. Her staff was hand-picked

and trained by herself. They could run her whole operation without her being there. She supposed she just needed to decide if she wanted to sell up or keep her companies.

It hadn't been a bad life. Maybe she still yearned for a loving husband and children, but she believed that after she turned forty, she resolutely shut that door, and it couldn't be reversed. Not now.

Bored with the auction and desperate to get home, where she could just breathe and start planning her new life, Adrienne paid little attention to the bidding wars happening around her.

She had also stuck to her guns and not once allowed her gaze to vacillate at all toward the three mysterious men. They were going up last for auction.

When her purse buzzed softly against her thigh, she was glad for the distraction.

But the text message left her cold.

“You okay?” Miriam asked beside her, sensing her entire body freeze up. She nodded a little too enthusiastically.

“Just work.”

“It's not just work. What was that about?”

“Nothing. I’m fine,” Adrienne said, smiling broadly.

“You sure?” Miriam gave her that look. The one she issued when she knew Adrienne was lying.

“Of course.” Another lie.

“Something is wrong, but I know you well enough to know that you’re only going to tell me when you want to or need to. So, I’m going to wait, okay?” Miriam patted her hand, looking at her with genuine concern in her eyes.

“Okay,” Adrienne whispered, biting the side of her cheek to stop herself from crying. That would be a horrendous sight to see. Miriam’s words came to mind.

Unless you’re watering revenge plans, your tears are wasted.

A single drop slipped onto her cheek. She wiped at it, but in an instant, her life flashed past her. Every decision she made, every person she brushed aside. The people she let in were the ones she kept outside, allowing them to look in but keeping up her no-entry sign.

It was a stupid epiphany to be experiencing at a charity auction where socialites got to spend vast amounts of money

bidding on men they were either married to or had never seen in their lives.

She quickly righted herself and calmed her mind. But the letters of the text kept swimming before her like eye-floaters buzzing behind her vision before they formed the words that made her want to die. She was far too displaced and off-balanced to regain her signature equilibrium. Miriam's hand tightened on hers.

“Do you want to leave?”

She shook her head. She was not having a panic attack over that text. That would give the other person in question more power than they deserved.

She was not having a panic attack right there at Cassie's charity auctions. Not when there were those three men on the stage, looking at her as if they were still undressing her.

She bit her lip, something she hadn't done since she was a teenager. Her body became a flustered mess. Her nipples ached, and she wanted fresh underwear immediately, but ... but ...

“Three hundred thousand dollars,” she said, raising her paddle when Emerson Foley came onto the stage.

Miriam’s gasp echoed around her, riddled with shock, but Adrienne ignored her for a little while. She wasn’t even listening to Cassie, who was acting as the auctioneer as well.

“Four hundred thousand dollars,” someone else said behind her.

“Five hundred thousand,” Adrienne said before Cassie could say anything else.

“Six hundred thousand.” Someone else shouted.

“Ten million dollars for the three of them,” Adrienne said, using her paddle to point to Emerson, Darien, and Austin. She wasn’t prepared to enter a bidding war. She wanted to annihilate her enemies and leave the battlefield with her spoils.

...Before she changed her mind.

Chapter Three

While everyone around Adrienne cheered her on, Miriam narrowed her eyes at her. No one dared to outbid her after that. Ten million dollars to a billionaire was nothing. But if she was certain and had assured herself that she hadn't lost her mind before, this confirmed she had been lying to herself. Quite terribly, actually.

“Going once,” Cassie shouted, overly excited, knowing she would be the talk of the town for raising that amount of money at a charity auction. “Sold to Ms. Adrienne Palmer. Emerson Foley, Darien Price, and Austin Brown for a whopping ten million dollars.” Cassie skipped over the *going twice* part. “Adrienne, they're all yours. Enjoy.” Her husband, Scott, hurried over to Adrienne with a key card to the hotel suite where they would have dinner.

Right.

Miriam still hadn't lifted her jaw off the floor, but her eyes wavered between concern and pride.

“What?” Adrienne asked innocently, resisting the urge to bite her lip again but failing. “I decided I needed some...”

“Threesome?” Miriam asked in a hoarse voice.

“You know me. I don’t put all my eggs in one basket. Three, in case two of them don’t work out.”

“You know what you’re doing, queen?” Miriam asked seriously.

“I do,” she whispered. “See you soon.” She kissed Miriam’s cheek and allowed herself to be escorted to the hotel room upstairs by one of the staff.

Surprisingly, she managed to stride across the hall confidently despite the tremor in her whole body.

Once inside the presidential suite, she stood quietly in the middle of the living area. The aroma of food wafted to her from the dining area, where two servers waited in attendance.

She dismissed them and made a mental note of their names so she could tip them at the front desk before she left.

Alone, she pulled out her phone and read the text again, then, nodding once, slipped it back into her purse and laid it down on a marble side table.

She took a deep breath when a knock sounded on the door, then, with purpose and confidence, strode to open it.

She turned her back on them as they entered.

All three of them.

“Gentlemen.” She spun around to face them. It was now or never.

God, they were so young. At least ten years younger than she was, maybe a little more. But that was beside the point. It was a one-night stand with one of them. She planned never to see any one of them after this because, come tomorrow, she was going off-grid for as long as she liked.

There was no more mulling things over. Should she, shouldn't she? Fate made the decision for her.

She also had to rectify to herself that while the text she received prompted her decision to disappear, she wasn't running away out of fear.

No.

She was slipping into oblivion because she would rather not have to deal with the situation, which, truthfully, was more of a nasty hindrance than anything else.

“You’re probably wondering why all three of you are here. It’s actually very simple. I always have a plan B or C in this case, in case two of you don’t work out.”

Good.

If she treated it like a business arrangement, she’d automatically revert to her tough-as-nails persona. She needed that right now because, as a trio standing next to each other, they were disgustingly and unreasonably beautiful. They disrupted her train of thought consistently, and she had to dig deep into her brain to sound coherent.

They had no idea what it cost her not to start trembling like some fangirling twenty-year-old at the sight of them.

“And how will you know who goes and who stays?” Austin asked, his hazel eyes skimming over her.

“I have my ways.”

She had zero way of knowing which one of them was going to work out, but hopefully, she was going to find out once they started.

The suite was enormous, but they seemed to engulf its entirety, including her, with their casual masculinity and their indifference to the opulence of the decor around them. They

seemed unimpressed with their surroundings, unperturbed by the luxury, while they themselves were also dressed in suits that ... hmm ... were worn by billionaires and not millionaires or merely wealthy people.

Who were they really?

Not her business; she self-corrected immediately. All she was interested in was what they kept in those pants of theirs.

Their sole focus was on her as they stood side by side, hands in the pockets of their suit pants, legs braced wide apart, oozing sexiness in that young, carefree, unbothered way, so much so that she wondered if she should rescind her offer for their company.

No. She needed this.

But there was something else about them that made her curious. She'd been around rich men all her life. She knew the type. Their confidence was born from the bank balance. The richer they were, the more they strutted around.

But these men, whoever they were outside of this situation, their confidence came from their strength. A quiet

power that hummed just under the surface of their skin, there but fully controlled.

She suddenly realized they were dangerous.

Capable of violence.

Yet the fear they evoked in her seemed to amplify the stirrings of lust in her body. An unusual thing to happen to her when she'd taken years and years to practice, always remaining poised and steady.

The text she received had messed her up more than she should have allowed, and this was what she had chosen as her outlet.

Sex.

No strings attached.

She needed this. She was a consenting adult, and so were they.

“These are the rules—” She began, standing a little straighter to impose upon them her own confidence and her own dominance.

“Rules?” Darien asked. Even the arch of his eyebrow made her breath quicken.

“Yes, rules. Rules for sex. That’s why you’re here. There will be no kissing. No talking. No cuddling.”

“What about dinner?” Austin asked, grinning at her.

“There will be no eating. After it’s done, I leave. You’re welcome to eat then. You are not allowed to touch me —”

“Are you serious?” Darien chuckled at her as if she had said the funniest thing ever.

“Do I look anything but serious?” She replied with a straight face.

“Carry on,” he said with a full smile on his face.

“There will be *no* touching,” she said again for emphasis. “Except for your penis and my vagina.”

“I see. So just put our cocks into your pussy.” Oh, Darien was certainly having fun at her expense.

“There will be no crude language either; thank you very much.” She had no idea why she made herself sound like a prude. She wasn’t. But a niggling feeling told her that if this was anything but clinical, she would be in trouble.

“Right, so only our copulatory organs will touch your vestibule,” Austin volunteered.

“I don’t appreciate your attempt at humor, but yes, if you must call it a copulatory organ and a vestibule, then you may.” She really didn’t want to retract her no-crude language policy, so she just had to go along with it.

“Noted,” he said, but it was clear as day that he found her amusing. They all found her amusing, including Emerson, who hadn’t yet said a word to her, although his gaze never left her body.

She wasn’t standing in front of them to entertain them. She certainly wasn’t some young, immature, green, twenty-something-year-old. She demanded seriousness and order. This wasn’t a frivolous game they were playing.

She wanted this done so she could leave.

“Anything else we should know?” Emerson said for the first time, and his voice was measured and dark, but a tinge of a grin curled across his delectable lips.

“Two more things. I prefer the missionary position, but you will not be allowed to look at me. You will wear a condom, and you must pull out before you ejaculate. Have I made myself clear?”

Why was she even doing this? Because 'stubborn' and 'determined' were her monikers. She made a promise to herself many tears and many years ago that she would never bullshit herself. And she would always trust her first instinct.

They were her first instinct.

But lurking in the back of her mind was the scary truth about the three men standing in front of her. She didn't want them to touch her ... because something inside her told her that if they did, she would somehow change.

But, she also wasn't someone who didn't do things right to the end if she started them. It was a case of if she made her bed, she slept in it; then she learned from it and never did it again.

Her lesson here was quite simple.

Don't pick the three guys who had the biggest effect on her body to end a dry spell out of some misplaced reaction to news she had just received.

She should have gone with Mr. Generic, Mr. Unobtrusive, and Mr. Timid, who had been standing next to them at the auction, and she wouldn't have been reduced to demanding the missionary position but then basically ordering

them to also not look at her, which meant they would have to cover their eyes with their hands. At least that meant they couldn't touch her. It was starting to sound more and more like a circus act.

No, it all made sense in her head, and she wasn't backing out. But sometimes, she wished she didn't challenge herself as much as she did.

Also, she could easily send them away after weighing the consequences.

Should have sent them away if she weren't also so stubborn, but there was a small, unencumbered part of her that truly wanted to feel the weight of any one of them inside her.

Just for a minute.

And any one of the three men before her would do.

"Anything else?" Emerson asked.

"I think I covered the ground rules. The rest will be delivered as and when I see fit."

"Good, because we have our own rules," Darien said, suddenly serious.

"That is a privilege you do not have." Her heart started to flutter erratically. She forced herself to remain rigid, to stop

herself from wringing her hands together, which would not go with the sophisticated persona of a forty-year-old, soon-to-be forty-one-year-old woman.

“Then we’re making it our privilege to have,” Emerson said, closing the distance between them. Darien and Austin followed suit.

Adrienne swallowed down the uncomfortable lump in her throat. Their nearness seemed to engulf her like a cloud of lava. The scent of their cologne caught onto the air between them and saturated her right down to her pores, infusing her blood and leaving her unusually light-headed.

“These are our rules. We come as a package. All three of us or none of us.”

“We will be kissing you.”

“We will be touching you with our hands, our mouths, and our cocks. We will be looking at you. Every part of you. Every delectable inch of you. At your gorgeous face. At your goddess-like body. At your ass and your pussy.”

“We will be sucking your pretty nipples into our mouth until you’re writhing with the need for us to fuck you.”

“We will be tasting you by latching our mouths to your pussy and sucking on your clit and pulling on your soft folds until your back arches, and you beg us to stop because you can’t come anymore.”

“We’re not going to stop until you come again.”

“And then we will be lapping up your cum as it drips from you. Sip your wetness slowly until we’re fully satiated.”

“And then we’re going to fuck you.”

“Hard.”

“Long.”

“Until you’re shaking with another string of orgasms. One after another.”

“You get to keep only one of your rules, pretty lady.”

“We’ll use protection.”

“But only this one time.”

“The next time we’re inside you, it’s just going to be our cocks naked against your silky hot pussy, nothing separating us.”

Adrienne opened her mouth to speak, but her brain couldn’t formulate a single coherent sentence. She shook her

head and tried again.

This was not who she was. She didn't get weak-kneed in the presence of three illegally good-looking men whose words alone could possibly make her orgasm.

She was Adrienne Palmer.

The Ice-Queen.

She made the rules, dammit, and everyone around her obeyed her.

“First of all, there isn't going to be a next time. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to clean ... I have to use the bathroom.”

Emerson reached out, curling his hand around her arm as he pulled her against him. Darien and Austin closed in on her.

She couldn't breathe. Her dress started to suffocate her. Her nipples ached so much she wanted to sob, and the scorching heat between her thighs increased tenfold, making her incredibly uncomfortable. She desperately needed to go and clean up.

“We know what you want to go and *clean*, pretty lady,” Darien said, pushing a strap of her dress off her shoulder.

“But that wetness in your panties belongs to us,”
Austin said, doing the same to the strap on her other shoulder.

As they peeled her dress off her body, Emerson cupped
her face.

She was sure she had imagined him whispering her
name as if he knew her before his lips came down on hers, and
she forgot who she was.

Momentarily.

Chapter Four

Fuck, she tasted like honey. And felt like pure heaven against them.

Emerson Foley dipped his tongue into her mouth, swept it over hers, and felt his cock thicken even more. Her plump lips swelled under his as he kissed deeply, demanding she surrender to them but knowing she would fight them until the end. She needed to be in control as much as they needed to be in control.

But, they were up for the challenge of having her beg at their feet. They always won. So did she, actually, but in this, they would always be victorious because she was all that mattered.

This powerful woman's submission was theirs, and they were going to take it with both hands.

They loved that about her, though. It worked when she was in her boardroom and with everyone else, but when she

was in their bed, she would be a sweet, lovely submissive, and they would own every part of her luscious body, every blood-heating curve. Every breath, sigh, and gasp.

With her dress pooled at her feet, leaving her in the skimpiest pair of panties ever, she was a goddess. But fuck, they needed to tie her up and possibly gag her, but then they couldn't feast on her luscious lips, so gagging her was out of the question.

She tried continuously to reach for her dress, citing how it wasn't part of her rule system. And hadn't they told her they had their rules?

Velvety soft skin, and so silky, they had to press their fingers into her just to stop her from slipping from their hold, which made them rage with the need to bury themselves inside her at once to know if she was as silky on the inside as she was on the outside. But her deliciously supple yet alluringly strong body required every ounce of their control not to sink into her first and then spend an inordinate amount of time just drinking from her beauty.

Her scent intoxicated them. Her beauty mesmerized them. Her body turned them into raging teenagers, seeing a woman's nakedness for the first time.

Emerson nipped her lip as she wriggled in his arms, and her outrage purred against his mouth, hardening his cock. Her hands fisted against his chest as she struggled, and nothing was fucking prettier than watching their stoic queen come unraveled.

Darien and Austin captured a wrist each and pulled her arms backward, where they kept her hands pinned behind her. Her back arched, and her breasts, perfectly round globes pebbled with a pink diamond in the center, made their mouths water just to suck her.

But the position they put her in made her feel vulnerable, and she let it be known. She just had no idea how they craved for her to kneel at their feet, their cocks in her mouth. There was something about her—something so intrinsically splendid and powerful—that giving her body to them to do what they wanted drove them insane with the need to just fuck her.

The wetness in her panties was also a source of great discomfort for her. They knew because they had been listening to her conversation with her business partner, Miriam Haddock. They were fucking Navy SEALs; eavesdropping on

the woman they wanted to share for the rest of their lives was child's play.

But she thought sex was messy. She had no idea how utterly thoroughly they were going to change her mind about it when they started with her.

The image of her drenched with cum, hers and theirs, stirred his darkest desires. And he knew the same could be said for Darien and Austin as well.

They were highly in sync, perfectly coordinated in their thinking. Emerson was the serious one, the one who asked questions later. Darien could charm even an assassin with his gun pointed at his head to disarm himself. Austin's techniques to get information from people were legendary.

But fuck, they had waited years to touch her this way. Literal fucking years. And it had been agony.

Adrienne Palmer.

From the first moment they saw her three years ago, they knew she belonged to them. It was just a matter of time. They also knew she would have a hard time accepting their ownership of her because they were younger than her by just a little more than ten years.

They couldn't give a fuck about her age. She was the most beautiful woman on the planet.

The sight of her made them lose control, and given they were U.S. Navy SEALs and worked highly volatile elite operations, with their lives on the line with every breath they took, their control was all they had. But, she smashed it to smithereens and didn't even know it.

She was the kind of woman who followed the rules meticulously. Her principles were untouchable, but they would bulldoze their way into her life and leave her no choice but to accept them as her men.

Her possessive protectors.

Only their names were going to fall from her lips.

For the rest of her life.

It was very rare that he and his navy brothers, Darien Price and Austin Brown, had the same reaction to the same woman all at once. It had staggered them so profoundly that it took them days to accept how it was possible that she was the last part of their lives that aligned them together forever.

They hadn't known it at the time, but they had all three been adopted by the same couple. The only father figure they

had known had been a U.S. Navy SEAL, and their mother, before she became an American citizen, was the daughter of an English aristocrat. To everyone else, they were an average American family.

At the time they had been adopted, Emerson had just turned two, while Darien and Austin were a year old. They had only found out they were adopted when they turned eighteen, and the woman who had loved them and raised them told them who they were. She thanked them for letting them be hers for the last eighteen years, but it was time to take their mother's names as their own.

It didn't even faze them that they weren't real brothers because their bond went beyond that of a blood relative. They found their real mothers and reunited with them, taking their names as their own to honor their adopted mothers' wishes.

And then they'd joined the military and became SEALs to honor their adopted father. They became known for their skill, their prowess, and their ability to not so much as twitch when a bullet zipped past them.

No one knew they existed. Their missions were top-secret and deadly. They played with their lives every single day, and it surprised them when they came out of it intact.

Three years ago, they had seen her, Adrienne Palmer, just for a glimpse, but she had stayed etched in their minds, glowing like a beacon. That same day, they were called on a mission that would cost them three years of their lives and plenty of new scars.

It was also one they were contracted to complete with no way out. Going deep undercover in the most violent places in the world—Venezuela, Mexico, Peru, and Africa—only their wits and skills and having each other's backs ensured they survived.

It was their last contracted mission to the US government, and retirement never looked this good or felt this fucking hot in their arms.

Adrienne Palmer.

Fuck.

Having her writhe against their bodies as they took turns to possess the nectar from her mouth was killing them. It had been three long years since they'd had a woman—the exact amount of time that had passed since seeing her—but no one else had hardened their cocks the way she had after one brief glimpse.

They certainly didn't expect her to bid on them at the auction. She surprised the fuck out of them, and her bold move made them harder for her. She also cut their work in half for them because nothing was going to stop them from having her now.

Nothing at all.

Although, at the back of all three of their minds was the fact that they had to tread lightly and carefully. Their first priority was keeping her safe. Their second was making sure she understood there was nothing in the world they wouldn't do to own her.

She belonged to them.

If they had to spend the rest of their lives making her see that, then that's what they would do. Endurance was their middle name, after all.

And the name of their hearts was Adrienne Palmer.

Chapter Five

She wasn't supposed to be reacting this way. This wasn't who she was. And this wasn't how it was supposed to happen. How dare they completely derail her perfectly set plans? When she said no touching, except for the absolutely necessary parts, that's what she meant.

They weren't supposed to kiss her. Dammit.

It was meant to be an in-and-out situation, no frills attached. In fact, she was basically just going to lift her dress and sit on the penis of her choosing. Her instructions weren't that hard to follow. She'd spelled it out so clearly that even they should have been able to understand it.

Did they want her to draw pictures for them?

Overriding her rules and then implementing their own, which was extraordinarily the direct opposite of what she wanted, was enough to make her want to put her hand on her hip and wag her finger at them for not listening.

Like, an old person.

Adrienne tried to retrieve her dress that Darien and Austin had easily and effortlessly removed from her body. Every time she tried to bend to pick it up, she was easily overpowered. Her admonitions that they were not sticking to the script of her choosing got kissed away with every word she uttered.

They were so overpoweringly big, tall, and muscular as they surrounded her that they engulfed her in their presence and robbed her of her breath.

But this had to stop.

In her mind, she envisioned—she didn't know what she envisioned in her mind, but this was *not* it. They were supposed to listen to her. She had paid ten million dollars for *one* of them to touch her, but they quickly challenged her rule and then gave her an ultimate.

All of them or none of them.

God help her, but she had no idea what she was doing. And for someone like her, that was like a prickling of death every moment she stayed outside of the boundaries of her control.

She needed to be in charge of her emotions, her body, and her surroundings, with the same necessity she needed to breathe. But, she felt herself falling into a chasm where she couldn't think anymore, and it scared her.

This was not how it was supposed to happen.

She had given them rules, dammit, and they had done the direct opposite.

Emerson took commanding possession of her mouth licking the inside of her lips and sweeping the tip of his tongue all over the inside of her mouth as well. His taste exploded on her tongue, and her nipples quaked with uncharacteristic need.

But it was too much. He was dragging her further and further away from reality, and that made her anxious.

In desperation, she sank her teeth into his lip and bit. His dangerously low growl unearthed a bundle of nerves in her stomach, and yet a new layer of arousal coasted over her skin.

Still cupping her face, he looked deep into her eyes, his thumb sweeping over her lips, which felt decidedly swollen. He lowered his head and kissed her again. One of his hands slipped to her throat and curled around it. The pressure ignited

a flare of panic in her. She tried so hard to hide her trepidation but failed.

His other hand glided down her abs and slipped into her panties. The astonishing shock of being touched there by a man threw her completely off balance.

And then, never in her life did she ever think she would purr in pain when Emerson decided to sink his teeth into her lips this time, and he was merciless. While his teeth bruised her flesh, his fingers parted her soaked folds and dipped between them.

Oh god. It wasn't supposed to be this way.

But he made his dominance known to her in no uncertain terms either, and she hated to admit it, but her knees suddenly weakened under his touch.

She banged her fists on his chest, trying to revive the last of her resistance, but suddenly, Darien and Austin captured her wrists and kept them pinned behind her.

Heaving as the shooting pain in her lip carried sparks of fire to her clit, Emerson stopped kissing her, and then, using the finger he slipped between her folds, glistening with her wetness now, he glided it over the place where he had bitten

her. A speck of blood stained his skin, and he licked it up, together with her essence, without taking his eyes off her.

She had always considered herself strong, but Emerson had told her he was stronger.

Her hands behind her back were released, and before she could blink, Darien stood in front of her, his bone-melting smile making her quiver.

He traced a finger over her smarting lip, then down over her clavicle to her breast.

She sucked in a mouthful of air as his nail brushed over her engorged nipple, and in that time, he bent his head and kissed her.

For the life of her, she tried to keep her lips closed, but all she saw was Darien's smile and the daring touch on her nipple, and then all she felt was the way he tried to seduce her into opening her mouth for him.

His tongue lashed against her sealed lips, nibbling softly, before he wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled until she slammed into the absolute hardness of his cock, her defenseless hands resting against his chest.

She gasped, her lips parting just a little as his thickness pressed into her, but Darien took that opening as a full-on invitation. His tongue slid into her mouth, and his lips ground against hers. He kissed her until she saw stars. And then he took her hand, placed it over his cock, and kissed her again.

She wanted to snatch her hand away immediately, but she forced herself not to react like some innocent virgin. Darien wanted to make her blush when her blushing days were behind her. He meant to make her feel as if she had submitted to him.

She submitted to no one.

But nothing could make her retrieve her hand from the warmth and colossal thickness of his cock. She couldn't stop her shuddering, erratic breaths when he made his shaft twitch under her palm, all while kissing her so deeply and wetly that she was lost.

And when he was done with her mouth, he grinned at her, then looked down and waited for her to remove her hand.

Arrogant bastard.

Austin took her next. But instead of kissing her lips, he brought her to him and hugged her. She would have never, in a

million years, thought a hug could be sensual, but it was.

The way he tucked her body against his, the way her naked breasts were cushioned against his chest, she could feel his muscular frame through his clothes. She wanted to crawl into his warmth and stay there forever.

He shifted a little back and kissed her forehead, her cheeks, and the sides of her neck. His soft ministrations made her want to lose her mind. When he reached her face, kissing her cheeks again, she turned her head toward his mouth. Her desperation to feel his lips drove her mad. And that's when Austin showed his true self.

He picked her up from the floor, and as he crushed his lips to hers, he crushed her body to his in the same manner. He made love to her mouth, and she wanted to pour her secrets into him, not that he even asked for them. He mopped up the wetness between the seams of her lips and kissed her until she was wet all over again.

But when Austin released her, reality snuck up on her.

This was not how it was supposed to be.

How many times had she repeated that exact phrase in her head? She'd lost count.

She wasn't supposed to be kissed to within an inch of her life. Her lips weren't supposed to be swollen. She wasn't supposed to know that Emerson could dominate her anytime he wanted. That Darien could push her boundaries and make her do whatever he wanted. That Austin could seduce her body and her mind and make her want to tell him every dark secret she had.

She was supposed to be in charge. This was her gig and her show.

After kissing the soul out of her body, they stood in their godlike male beauty, supremely confident and self-assured in their suits—while all she wore was her underwear—and watched her.

They would never know just how much strength she was exercising not to cover up her breasts with her arms. She knew her body looked good. She gave up pizza, for goodness sake, but their gazes slipping up and down from her eyes to her toes rattled her.

She was suddenly shy, with a wave of modesty making her flush. But she was a grown woman. And they were ten years younger than her. She couldn't give them any indication that they had displaced her completely.

No. She was in charge.

“Fine. Back to my rules.”

Not saying anything in return, they started to remove their jackets. She swallowed uncomfortably but had to carry on. She really wished she could bend, get her dress, and put it back on again, but she didn't want it to come across as a sign of weakness.

“Every single one of them stays. I'm in charge, clear?” She asked, referring to her list of rules, never mind that it was futile after they broke the no-kissing rule.

“No, you're not in charge.”

They removed their ties. The flush on her skin started to scald her.

“I paid for you to do what I want you to do and nothing else.”

“Did you really pay for us?”

What an odd thing to say. Of course, she paid for them. They were right there with her at the auction. But her cognitive brain could no longer stay distraction-free.

They had rolled up their sleeves, and her eyes widened at the sight of tattoos over a river of corded muscles and thick

veins. Their power was so pronounced now that a shiver of fear, arousal, fascination, and curiosity slid up her spine.

She was so wet that her underwear had gotten heavy. Immediately upon the realization, that burning hot flared in her body and sparked like fire in her cheeks. She was too mature to blush; she kept having to tell herself.

But nothing could stop her now.

“Your safe word starts in three minutes. It’s obsidian. Use it, and we’ll stop.”

Chapter Six

Safe word?

Why would she need a safe word when she was in charge? And why was she only allowed to use it in three minutes?

Adrienne battled to get her breathing under control when suddenly, with the stealth of some sleek apex predator in the jungle, Austin picked her up off the floor as if she were weightless and then placed her onto the bed.

Emerson and Darien peeled her panties off her legs, and in pure bewilderment, she watched them slip into the pocket of Emerson's suit pants.

Her outraged 'what's', 'why', and 'stop it' were pointedly ignored. Instead, Darien kindly informed her that, in due course, she would be able to use the safe word they had given her, and that was the only word that would stop them.

Her attempts to get up and climb back off the bed were promptly thwarted as they took turns keeping her down.

If Adrienne weren't so mad, confused, and curious all at once, she would have appreciated the way they moved. They were so in sync with each other that it was enthralling to watch.

The tie-backs from the imported Italian curtains were ripped off. Her knees were bent and her ankles captured, then secured to the sides of the bed, her arms pulled above her head, and her wrists tied to the four-poster bed.

And no amount of strength she used, no amount of kickboxing classes she took, rendered her strong enough to beat these men.

With lightning speed, she was secured to the bed. She was bound so tightly that escape was impossible. Added to that was the fact that she was naked. Her legs parted. Her pussy was on full display.

“Your safe word starts now,” Emerson said. That was the last word she heard before her mind blanked.

Her knees were pressed down on either side of her. She alternated between opening her eyes and shutting them as a

surge of ignominy scorched her already sizzling, hot skin. They stood around her, stroking their jaws as their gazes remained fixed between her parted thighs.

Adrienne recently stopped getting a Brazilian, and the result was a neat landing strip of fine, dark hair that she meticulously groomed herself.

Darien and Austin pulled her soaked labia apart. She couldn't help but feel that her shudder of surprise made the flesh of her core contract. Their rumbling grunts meant they had seen the spasm in her pussy.

Adrienne just wanted to close her legs. Never had she allowed anyone to look at her so deeply and intimately. But then she forgot how to breathe and ended up gasping unladylike when Emerson, Darien, and Austin lowered their heads to her.

Three mouths took turns sucking on her, and her head lifted off the bed in astonishment.

In all her life, she had never reacted this way to sex before. She could always create a mental grocery list in her head. Solve a problem at work while making the appropriate sounds needed to let her partner know she was enjoying it. Thank goodness Adrienne never really got so wet that she

stained her sheets, but still, the thought of washing them gave her great comfort. She couldn't help being a neat freak.

But this, with them... Her whole brain shifted in her skull, throwing out every thought she had ever had. The heat they created with every lick, lap, and lashing of their tongues turned into copious amounts of wetness that just poured from her.

"The sheets," she hoarsely cried when Emerson slipped her clit between his teeth. And Darien and Austin sucked a part of her labia into their mouths.

The sounds that fell from her lips were not her own either. There was nothing prim and proper about it. Nothing graceful, composed, or sophisticated. She didn't sound like herself.

They swapped places around her pussy, sucking her clit as they put two fingers between her folds, exploring the textures of her core before they licked the wetness off their fingers.

She fought long and hard to stop herself from coming, but every touch of theirs on her body broke her down a little more.

She bit her lip and vowed not to make a sound when she came, but somehow, they knew what she was doing. She jerked back as Darien stroked her clit with vigorous motions and as Austin fucked her with his tongue, but it was Emerson who slapped the inside of her thigh so hard she screamed, and in that moment, the gates of the climax she had been holding onto so desperately burst open.

She came with what felt like a hundred waves of spasms right into their mouths.

“Please,” she begged.

She needed this. This was what she wanted. To feel their cocks inside her. To make her forget for a moment.

She sucked up the tears hovering at the corners of her eyes, then slammed her eyes closed so tight that she saw stars. After that text, her whole world would be crashing down on her now, and this was the only way she could postpone the ugly inevitability of where her life was heading. For a little while longer, at least.

“Hey, look at me, pretty lady.” She opened her eyes, and a pool of tears fell from them, but it was soon replaced by the sight of Emerson towering over her. He had unbuckled his

belt and unzipped his pants, and his cock was sheathed in a condom.

She hadn't even realized that she had been untied. But now, all that mattered was feeling them move inside her.

“Again, this is the only time we're going to be using protection,” Emerson said, but Adrienne couldn't wait. She raised her hips and felt the tip of his cock at the entrance of her soaked pussy. She closed her eyes again and pushed upward.

“Look at me, Adrienne,” Emerson commanded, and when her eyelids parted, he penetrated her almost fully. She gasped in astounded shock as his thickness and extraordinary length stretched the tightness of her pussy as if it were her first time.

She cried out, with relief and need, and also with embarrassment and agitation. She wanted to cling to him like there was no tomorrow, and she wanted to do the same to Darien and Austin. Unabashed desperation overwhelmed her as he gathered her in his arms and thrust the rest of his cock inside her.

God, he was so big; she felt him bump her cervix, and the sensation uprooted her.

“Adrienne,” he whispered before he kissed her softly and tenderly while he drew his shaft slowly in and out of her, but deeper and harder each time. “You’re so fucking perfect.”

Sucking her nipple now, Emerson continued to fuck her over and over again, filling her up and then dragging his cock from her with such masterful deliberation that she forgot her name.

As easily as if she were featherlight, he tilted her slightly onto her side, drew up onto his knees while he straddled her thigh, and curled her other leg over him. His cock immediately deepened inside her, and a tumultuous shudder escaped her lips as he brushed against her G-spot.

Heaven help her.

“Ah, fucking hell. It’s as stunning as I imagined it would be. Next time, I’m going to make you come like this, pretty lady, and you’re going to gush all over my naked cock when you do. But only when we’re fucking you without anything separating us.”

She had no choice but to shatter beneath him. Her climax was enhanced by the presence of Darien and Austin, who watched her get fucked by their friend.

Who was she even?

The power of her orgasm sucked him back up into her core. He leaned over and bit the side of her neck hard enough to make tears sprout from her eyes, making her writhe madly underneath him. In her distraction, he pulled his cock from her pulsing pussy. She wailed in disappointment, desperate to find Darien, stunned that she needed him now despite just climaxing on Emerson's cock. And knowing Austin was going to be after him.

She didn't recognize herself anymore.

She didn't have to wait long. Darien flipped her onto her knees and took her from behind, grunting as he lifted her ass cheek, and then slid the head of his cock between her wet, swollen lips.

"You're so fucking tight; you're killing me here, pretty lady," he said as he inched deeper inside her. He pulled her up, and his large, tanned hand, littered with callouses, cupped her breasts as his thumbs swept across her nipples, making her mewl and her pussy vibrate against his shaft.

"Ah fuck," Darien growled as she squeezed him even harder, playing with his cock. Just like the way she loved that Emerson took charge of her body, she couldn't deny that fact

any longer; she loved that Darien allowed her to play with him.

But not for long.

Withdrawing from her, he flipped her around, tossed her onto the bed on her back, and drove the whole of his shaft inside her again. The impact shocked her, but the after-effect was so amazing that she came before she could stop herself. Her limbs quivered nonstop. She saw stars upon stars swim in front of her eyes.

“That is the fucking last time we’re pulling out of you,” he warned as he stilled himself between the walls of her pussy before he almost begrudgingly slipped out of her. Her orgasm was rerouted when he penetrated her with two of his fingers instead, scissoring the depth of her core until she was clutching him so tight he couldn’t move inside her.

“Fuck, I wanted to feel that on my cock, but when I do, I want to be able to shower your orgasm with my cum. Next time,” he warned darkly, but with a sexy smile on his face as he removed his fingers and shoved his cock back inside her, taking her breath.

Adrienne’s whole body vibrated when Austin came to stand behind Darien, and she could feel the head of Austin’s

cock against her already-packed pussy.

Darien pulled out slowly while Austin pushed in. The mind-blowing stretch made her leak with fresh wetness. She needed to clean up. They had made her come too many times. She was making a mess on the bed.

She opened her mouth to demand a wet wipe immediately, but Austin silenced her completely. When he was completely seated inside her, he drew her up over his thighs so he could watch himself slide in and out of her while driving her beyond madness. All she wanted was a freaking wet wipe.

And then he started to strum her clit, watching her face, watching her pussy, analyzing every movement she made with a thoughtful expression on his face. Her mind ripped away from all thought; her body became a slave to him, and when she came, Austin pushed his cock so deep inside her that she felt him hit her cervix fully, and suddenly the wave of her climax changed and morphed into another one.

She was still coming when he removed his cock from her and then palmed her pulsing pussy, still looking at her as intensely as before. Only when she was left with hard, erratic breaths and the vibration of her climax had stopped did Austin release her.

Heaving with heavy breaths, satiated but not quite, Adrienne sat up on the bed. Her gaze fell onto the three incredibly good-looking men who had ended years of celibacy three times, three ways, making her come in the wildest, untamed, and wanton ways ever.

They were seated next to each other on a wide velvet sofa. The condoms from their cocks were removed, and now they pumped their naked shafts with their hands.

“It’s our turn now.”

“Sit on the edge of the bed and open your legs, Adrienne.”

Biting her lip, she did as she was told. But she also closed her eyes.

“Eyes on us.”

Her eyelids flickered apart, and then she watched in awe as they jerked their cocks, stroking their lengths so hard that her response was droplets of wetness dripping from her.

Nothing was more sublime than their husky grunts, the way their bodies pulled even tauter, and their muscles bunched up.

Her gaze remained fixed on them. She was breathless. Hot. Aroused all over again as she waited. Her gasp when they exploded with cum came from a part of her they hadn't yet met before. They were utterly stunning, virile, strong, and powerful. Nothing in all her life had been as beautiful.

What was happening to her? Since when did she find sex beautiful?

Not sex. Them. They were beautiful.

“That is the last time we're ever going to come outside of your body, Adrienne.”

She glanced up at them.

Didn't they know? She was never going to see them again.

She needed everything they had given her because her ex-husband, the lying, treacherous, thieving bastard, had just been released from prison after only serving three years when he should have been kept there for the next twenty years at least. Her divorce was only a week old as well.

It wasn't a marriage based on even the slightest amount of attraction on her part. He wasn't her type. She didn't even

have a type, but if she did, the lecherous, cowardly, oily type that was him, was not it.

He had tricked her into marrying him, telling her he would return something he had taken that belonged to her; something she held dearer than anything else in her life. It had been sheer good luck that he got arrested the day after he presented her with a marriage license he had forged, but she was still legally bound to uphold it because he was a snake of the worst kind.

And still, he refused to give her what belonged to her. Now he was out, seventeen years earlier than expected, and it was clear he had found the right corrupt people in power to release him.

She didn't want to have anything to do with him. If she saw him again, she wouldn't hesitate to decapitate him.

But this, here in this hotel room with these three strangers, this was never going to happen again. It was their first and last time, despite the promises they kept making about the next time.

Besides, they were too young for her to be anything other than just a brief sexual fling.

She had plans to make.

And they involved her being alone for the rest of her
life.

Chapter Seven

She had to stop thinking about them, Adrienne told herself for the hundredth time. Granted, it had only been a few hours since they turned her world upside down.

She hadn't slept, hadn't eaten, and hadn't stopped thinking about them at all. Which also implied that now was as good a time as ever to pack up and leave the city. As in, right that minute. Her father had owned a tiny little cabin deep in the Adirondack Mountains.

No one knew he owned it. It was his private place to go and think. And he had gifted it to Adrienne to do the same when she needed to solve a problem or just unwind.

Before she lost her nerve, she called the office and told her PA, Sarah Bates, to inform everyone that the company was closing for two weeks. Her motto was simple. When she was on vacation, her staff was on vacation. It's the only way she could truly relax.

She was giving herself two weeks to get a feel for it before she made the final leap to selling her companies and going off-grid.

She packed a few bags, got some supplies, gathered up all the fresh vegetables from her fridge then loaded her car, and was just about to set off when her phone rang.

Her stomach knotted immediately at the sight of the caller ID. Peter Walkman. He worked in the DA's office and had been instrumental in putting Desmond Morton away. She wondered if he knew how Desmond had reduced his sentence so significantly that he only served three years.

She rubbed her arms to get some warmth into her system. Desmond always had the ability to make her feel ice-cold and repulsed.

“Adrienne, I had no idea,” Peter said immediately. “This comes right from the top. And we're thinking blackmail is involved, or else how did he just get to walk out of prison in broad daylight? Are you okay?”

After Desmond's case, for which he was sentenced for racketeering, extortion, kidnapping, and a laundry list of other things, Peter had put on his best suit, meaning one that actually fitted him properly, and asked her out. She accepted the

invitation to dinner as a new acquaintance and made that abundantly clear to him.

“I’m perfectly fine, Peter.”

“Adrienne, listen to me. You need protection. I’m not taking any chances. The man is obsessed with you. You’re the only reason he’s out. He’s been talking about coming to *claim* you again. Your divorce is probably what prompted him to get out.”

Adrienne pinched the bridge of her nose, a tsunami of a headache threatening to burst from her eye sockets.

Desmond was supposed to leave her alone. But she had been subconsciously expecting him to show up. He thought he had her right where he wanted her. He was wrong. But she couldn’t deny that the main reason she was packed and ready to leave and go hide out in her father’s cabin was because of him, no matter how brave and unbothered she pretended to be about his release.

She had given herself twenty years of freedom—the length of his prison sentence—before she thought she would have to deal with him on the off chance he still wanted to come after her. But now he was out, and she had run out of time.

Desmond Morton was a criminal disguised as a successful businessman; and not the kind that Miriam read about in her secret obsession with romance books.

He was weak, pathetic, and a coward. He sold his soul to the mafia for protection, and he would have anyone assassinated if he were threatened by them. That was his nature.

Except, he would send his goons to do his dirty work for him. She might have respected him a little more if he took care of his own dirty business, but he hid behind his henchmen, who were all currently serving life sentences.

Desmond was slimy and unscrupulous because, even among the worst of the worst, there was honor, and he had none.

She didn't think he would harm her. But she believed Peter when he said there had been talk of him 'reclaiming' her.

Reclaiming her?

He never had her in the first place. He dangled something that belonged to her in front of her face, then showed her a marriage license. All she had to do was stay

married to him for three years, and he would give her what she wanted more than anything in her life.

He was obsessed with her.

She couldn't stand a strand of hair on his head.

It still pained her immensely that she had fallen for his proposition. But at that point, he'd been harmless, infatuated with her, and promised her that one thing—that one priceless thing—that belonged to her and was now his through a cruel twist of fate.

Her father had just died. She'd been desperate, vulnerable, and stupid, and like the hyena he was, he swooped in and promised her he would give back what he took from her father if she met his conditions.

She had to marry him, and on the night of their honeymoon, he would give her the item back. All she wanted was to feel that precious possession in her hands.

During their engagement, she was forced to attend an array of social events with him. There were images of her still lurking around on the internet where they were pictured together, with his hand on her lower back and the smile on her face undeniably fake.

She gave him millions of dollars to get out of debt. And she used that as a bargaining tool—that he could only kiss and touch her on their honeymoon. It bought her some time.

They'd gotten married. The night of their honeymoon that she paid for rolled up, and he got arrested right there in the hotel room, straight from their reception. She had still been wearing a white silk dress.

For the next three years, he played with her. Holding that possession over her head and knowing she would do anything to have it back. And then, one day, she decided he wasn't going to do that to her anymore.

She wasn't going to give him that power over her anymore. She divorced him because it was clear he was never going to give her back what belonged to her.

“Adrienne, where are you? I'm sending over a few bodyguards. They're ex-SEALs—you don't get better than them.”

“I don't need any protection from anyone. I'm fine. I'm going where no one will ever find me. Trust me.”

“Adrienne, you need some sort of protection. You can’t be alone. Stop being so stubborn.”

“Peter, thank you for looking out for me. But I’m fine. I’m not afraid of him, and I won’t hesitate to shoot his balls off if he comes within sight of me.”

Peter groaned on the other side of the line, but he knew better. Maybe she was being silly. But she wasn’t going to let him think she was scared of him.

“You don’t understand. There’s talk he’s going to kidnap you. I have this from a reliable source. His inmate is also my informant. Please, listen to me. Adrienne, if don’t do as he says, he’s going to kill you. Whatever protection he has now, goes over everyone’s head. He’s untouchable. He can do anything he likes to you.”

She sighed.

“Look, he detailed keeping you in some dungeon in Brazil. He said how you depraved him of... of fucking you and he was going to get his fill before he put you in a cage. Are you listening to me? You need protection. They’re highly trained. You won’t even know they’re there. They have strict instructions to give you your space. Trust me. You need them around. I’ve already dispatched them.”

“I won’t be home. I’m leaving for an undisclosed location.”

“Those SEALs will find you. If you’re their detail, they’ll find you anywhere on this planet.”

“When am I going to be truly rid of this man, Peter?”

“Until we can send him back to prison. Soon. You have my word, Adrienne. If it’s the last thing I do.”

She didn’t believe him, and if he were truthful about it himself, Peter didn’t believe her ex-husband was going back to prison either.

“Fine. If it will make you feel any better.”

“It would. Thank you.”

“And if they’re that good, they can find me on their own like you said,” she said before hanging up. She called Miriam next, who was only appeased when Adrienne told her Peter was sending her a couple of bodyguards.

Trying not to feel despondent, she piped up some confidence, climbed into her car, and drove off. She’d been so deep in thought about everything and nothing at the same time that she hadn’t realized she had reached the cabin already. Six hours later.

She had made it just in time before the weather was bound to change for the worse. Shivering in the ice-cold cabin, she quickly got a fire together, and soon, the place became a little cozier.

After doing some tidying up, scrubbing down the kitchen, adding clean sheets to the bed, and adding fresh throws to the sofas, she made some tea and watched the snow fall from her kitchen window. And then the niggling thought she'd had all day materialized in her mind.

How had she forgotten to pay Cassie the ten million dollars she had bid for a date with three guys?

With all her staff sent away on paid vacations with extra bonuses while she was also going to be away, she couldn't just call her PA and tell her to handle it.

She called Cassie directly and had to sit through a series of in-depth pleasantries before Adrienne got to the point of her call.

“Cassie, who should I make the check out to?”

“What check?”

“For the animal welfare charity auction, you—“

“Oh, that’s been paid already, love. I know you like to remain anonymous, so I told them they didn’t have to make a fuss about anything. Although ten million dollars? Are you kidding me? I almost fell over in shock. I hope they were—”

Adrienne couldn’t help but interrupt Cassie. “You said it was paid already?”

Wait. Was she losing her mind? Had she told her PA to take care of it before she sent them off after all?

No. She didn’t. So how—

“Yes. The money was transferred to their bank account the night of the auction because Williams, the president of Animal Welfare, called me at 6 a.m. to ask me who the generous donor was. Okay, I’m saying that calmly, but trust me, you nearly gave Williams a heart attack as well. He thought it was some mistake or something. I told him it wasn’t.”

“Did he say where it came from? The funds?”

“Umm, are you okay?” Of course, Cassie would ask her that question. She was behaving oddly because surely she should know all the details of the transfer in the first place.

“I’m fine. I just can’t remember which account I used.”

“It happens to the best of us. Um, Williams did ask who Obsidian Inc. was since he couldn’t find any details about the company.”

Obsidian Inc?

She had never heard of the company, let alone owned it.

“That wasn’t me.”

“It was you, Adrienne. The reference was clearly Cassie Brundt’s Animal Welfare charity auction. Since you were the only person in history to donate that much in one go to the charity, it wasn’t a mistake.”

“Right,” Adrienne said distractedly. She had to get to the bottom of this at once.

After ending the conversation with Cassie and searching online for a company called Obsidian Inc. and coming up with nothing, she dreaded having to call her PA for work stuff, but she had to know.

Adrienne had just picked up her phone again when everything around her changed.

The air thickened. Her body at once started to vibrate. Memories coursed through her, and her core started to pulse.

She felt their presence before she saw them.

Coming out of the tiny kitchen, tucked away from the living room, her gaze devoured the sights of Emerson Foley, Darien Price, and Austin Brown.

Confused by the conflicting reactions in her body, all she could manage was to stand there in mute astonishment.

She planned never to see them again. Did her universe not get her email?

So what were they doing in her private space, dominating her very existence with their presence and making her feel as if she were spiraling out of control so badly that she was on the verge of begging them to hold her down?

She forced herself to get a grip. They weren't supposed to be there.

"Ms. Palmer," Austin said, and everything inside her exploded as she realized what was happening.

These were the ex-SEALs Peter had insisted he send over to keep her safe.

He had hired the same three men she had bid on at an auction, won, and then had sex with. Not just one of them. Or two. But all three of them.

No. Absolutely not. No.

“You have to leave,” she said, folding her arms across her chest. “Peter made a mistake. If I had known he was going to send you three, I would never have allowed it. So please leave. Now.”

They had to leave. Immediately. Before she started to falter, to spiral as the impressions their hands, mouths, and cocks had left on her body and she began to ache.

And then it hit her.

Obsidian Inc.

Chapter Eight

Adrienne was either going to pass out or have a serious tantrum. Both were not appropriate for someone her age. She forced air into her lungs and took deep, measured breaths.

“You’re Obsidian Inc., aren’t you?” She asked, more in shock than in an accusatory tone.

Adrienne had no idea what to make of her deduction. How had she gone through life being completely confident in every choice she made and handling every challenge thrown her way with the assurance that a response or solution would come to her soon, only to be completely off course by three ridiculously attractive guys ten years younger than her?

“So?” Austin asked, and the expression on his face made it clear it was no big deal to them.

It was a damn big deal to her.

“You’re Obsidian Inc., and you paid the ten million dollar bid I had pledged toward animal welfare?”

“Again, so?”

“Okay. Maybe I’m too old to put this into words you’ll understand, but what the actual fuck?” She cried at her wit’s end.

“First of all, we don’t speak that way. Age is just a fucking number,” Darien said.

“And secondly, if you thought you were going to foot the bill for having sex with us, you’re wrong,” Emerson added.

“We might not look like it, but we’re gentlemen. Our mother raised us the right way. Never let a lady pay,” Austin said.

“You said ‘our’ mother?”

“Yes, we were adopted,” Darien said proudly.

She didn’t know that, and it bothered her that her heart constricted at the thought that these powerfully authoritative young men standing before her were once just kids, babies. ... given up for adoption.

No, Adrienne admonished herself. She had to stay focused.

It shamed her that they could so easily knock her off her path by being hopelessly distracting. They did the same

thing when all she wanted was to feel the weight of a man inside her and nothing more. Instead, they'd stripped her, kissed her until she couldn't stand, tied her up, and made her come in their mouths, which made her beg them to put their cocks inside her.

Oh, and then they made her watch as they made themselves come while looking at her pussy from between her spread thighs.

She shook her head to get back on track for at least the third time, but she was still struggling to successfully dislodge the staggeringly lascivious thoughts swimming through her mind.

Their mother raised them to never let a lady pay. How was this even the same thing? It was ten million dollars. How could three SEALs possibly have that kind of money?

“But this wasn't just a dinner you paid for—”

“Want to come right out and ask us how we could foot the bill in the first place?”

“How?” She asked with no hesitation.

“Our adopted mother came from an English aristocratic family. Trust us when we say ten million dollars hasn't made a

dent in our bank balances. Happy?” Darien asked, grinning at her and corrupting her thoughts again.

They just kept surprising her.

“Still unacceptable. I’m writing out a check right now, and then you can leave.”

“You’re wrong on both accounts.”

“Clearly, you weren’t listening to how we were raised, and we’re not going anywhere.”

“Yes, you are. Like I said, if I had known Peter was going to send you three, I would have demanded he send someone else. So please leave. I changed my mind about needing protection. In fact, it was Peter’s idea from the start.”

“Not going to happen, pretty lady,” Austin said, planting his boots into the thick carpet of her living room and folding his arms across his wide chest.

“Out of curiosity, why do you want us to leave?” Darien asked, picking up a framed photo of her and her father.

“Why?” she frustratedly asked as she plucked the photo out of his hands and put it exactly the way it was before. “Because I’m not going to spend the next few days with men I just ... I just fucked, acting as my bodyguards.”

“Firstly, we’re the only men capable of protecting you in the whole world, and secondly, we have no problem spending the next few days protecting the woman we fucked.”

Adrienne covered her face with both her hands. When she said the word fuck, it was just that. But when Emerson said it, a dizzying reel of everything they had done to her played in her mind again, leaving a sultry sheen on her skin.

Not good.

She dropped her hands and shook her head. There was absolutely no way this was going to work out.

“No. I need you to leave.”

“Not when your safety is at stake.”

“I’m not in any danger. Peter was overreacting. And if I was, I could handle it myself. So, again, please leave.”

She walked to the door and opened it, fully intending to usher them out, but a brutal gust of wind and cold hit her full force. There wasn’t just a subtle change in the weather. Within minutes, it had gone from cozy, pretty snowflakes to the relentless force of nature.

They were so distracting that she hadn’t even noticed the weather changing before it should, from an approaching

storm to a full-on storm.

Well, fuck. She couldn't send them out in that weather.

Fine.

She couldn't get the door to close, and just when she thought she was going to fly out into the storm, Emerson pulled her in with one arm while he shut the door with the other.

“Thank you,” she said stiffly.

Yes, under Emerson's touch, it became even clearer they all couldn't stay in the cabin together.

Without another word, she straightened her shoulders and marched to the bedroom area. She gathered up her things, stuffed them back into her suitcase, put on her thick winter coat, and, rolling her bag behind her, marched straight for the door.

“I wouldn't if I were you,” Darien said.

Her hand stopped midway to the handle.

“You take one step out of this cabin, and I'm going to take my belt to your ass.”

Of all the things Emerson could say, he chose the most antiquated of them all.

A spanking.

She wasn't five years old. She wasn't even twenty-five years old anymore, so she wished him good luck with even trying a squeak of a spank on her ass. He didn't scare her. But her heart did start frantically fluttering around her chest.

She laid her hand on the handle.

“Do it, pretty lady. My specialty is orgasm deprivation,” Austin said. “But I'm tempted to take my belt to your ass as well if you don't step away from the door.” She couldn't believe those words had come out of Austin's mouth.

What?

Spanking? Orgasm deprivation?

Who were these men?

She expected Emerson to be stern, but Austin made her feel as if she didn't call all the shots.

There was just no way she could continue being there. She'd rather face a deadly storm and possible hypothermia where she died in her car, but that was better than having her body betray her so incredibly blatantly. Her panties were

already wet, and she wished they weren't. She liked to remain clean and fresh, and these men dictated the direct freaking opposite of that.

She turned the knob just a fraction.

“If that door opens, I'm going to ransack your cabin looking for something I can use to punish your sweet asshole with, Adrienne. By that, I mean I'm going to improvise a butt plug and stretch your asshole with it while Emerson spanks your ass, and Austin is going to drive you over the edge with his mouth on your pussy, then pull away just when you want to come.”

For one moment, her stupid brain visualized everything they said they were going to do to her. A swell of heat obliterated her common sense, and she had to fight through the flames of arousal they doused her in to get her head straight.

Those were exactly the reasons she had to leave.

That, and she couldn't help feeling embarrassed.

The worst mistake she had ever made in her life was marrying Desmond Morton. Peter would have had to tell them who they had to protect her against. They knew about her

colossal fuckup. Colossal fuckup was the only way to describe it.

She had been weak. Desmond had caught her just when her father had died—she kept repeating that to justify her actions, baiting her with what he held in his hands until she fell for his ploy.

They knew her one big mistake, and she hated that they might be pitying her. Her fierce pride was not going to allow it. She detested showing her weakness to anyone. But somehow, them—Emerson, Darien, and Austin—knowing she had been duped made it infinitely worse to bear.

Trembling, her fingers suddenly ice cold as if her body had already started to prepare for the snowstorm outside, she turned the knob.

Chapter Nine

Adrienne felt as if her breath had been left on the floor. Her head was spinning at how easily they moved with the speed of light, and her brain struggled to comprehend exactly what was happening.

It hadn't even occurred to her to change out of her long winter skirt, leather boots, and Gucci sweater into something warmer and more comfortable when she arrived at the cabin. Maybe because once she got the fire going and started to clean the place up, she had warmed up enough that it hadn't been a problem.

But it meant that with their signature agility and fascinating synchronization, they'd divested her of her sweater and skirt despite her outraged protests, and now she stood in a red bra, matching G-string, black sheer pantyhose, and knee-high boots.

"Fuck my soul," Darien rasped huskily as they all three stood back and looked at her, their eyes darkening as their

erections thickened and strained against their jeans.

Dear god. She shouldn't have looked at their cocks. It was a bad move, and now her body cried out for their touch again, remembering what each of them had felt like buried deep inside her. She was so aroused she could smell the essence dripping from her pussy and soaking her panties.

They had to stop having that effect on her. She didn't like it.

More to the point, she had to stop reacting to them. Period.

What happened to Ms. Neat Freak? Oh, she knew. They had taken her and turned her into some love-sick bimbo who literally drooled at the sight of them.

Well, not her. She was smart, sophisticated, and mature. She knew what she wanted, and it wasn't them. They were just too much for her body to handle, and no, she wasn't up for the challenge at all.

“Have you lost your collective minds? You can't just throw me around and strip off my clothes just because you're bigger than me and outnumber me. Idiots,” she murmured under her breath as she bent to retrieve her skirt while they

still stared at her as if they owned her. They stared as if they'd never seen a grown woman in red underwear, black pantyhose, and boots before. Maybe they hadn't.

But her movement as she tried to step back into her skirt triggered the apex predator in them, and before her next breath, Emerson grabbed her around the waist and brought her to sit on his lap, her back facing his chest, her butt nestled on his cock.

He held her effortlessly in place while she worked up a workout level of perspiration, trying to get herself released from his hold.

“Every time you move, you make me harder, pretty lady,” Emerson said hoarsely in her ear. He wasn't lying. The rock-hard thickness of his cock boldly probed her ass and silenced her demands to be freed while limiting her movements considerably. She didn't care that she was making him harder. She cared that she was getting wetter.

Why were they doing this to her?

Darien and Austin knelt in front of her. They each took a leg in hand and removed her boots.

“Much as we would love to keep you in your pretty pantyhose, we need you naked. Completely naked.”

Emerson lifted her up, and Darien and Austin tucked their fingers into the waistband of the hose and slowly, sensually rolled it down her thighs, kissing the skin they exposed it.

“It’s like running our tongues down warm silk,” Austin murmured against her thigh.

No matter how rigid she tried to remain, it was a battle she wasn’t going to win. Emerson pressed his lips against the area just below her ear. She shuddered as his tongue flicked at her manically beating pulse.

After rolling the pantyhose off her feet, Darien and Austin held a foot each, ran their fingers over her instep, then around her arches, before they lowered their heads and kissed her toes.

She staggered backward in Emerson’s arms, only to feel his thickness more pronounced against her now.

Darien and Austin did the same to her panties, peeling the flimsy designer piece off her and then inhaling her scent

before taking turns to lick at the wetness saturating the gusset of her underwear.

“Fuck, her taste. I want to bottle it,” Darien growled.

Emerson slipped a finger between her legs, which they kept parted, and dipped into the pool of wetness at her entrance. He lapped at the glistening dampness on his finger, grunting and making his cock twitch behind her.

She couldn't remember the last time she blushed, but they were making her do that now, abundantly. Worse, she could smell herself. Unmasked arousal mixed with ylang-ylang, vanilla, and patchouli.

When Darien rose and disappeared into the kitchen area, a flood of panic assailed her as their lascivious threats exploded in her head. But, oh, they were good. They lulled her with their sexy touches, delaying her reaction to what they were going to do next.

Austin picked her up from Emerson's lap, and with expertise—she didn't want to know how many women he had practiced it on—he unhooked her bra as he carried her to a thick leather bench. He placed her on her hands and knees and threw her bra onto a chair.

“Okay. You had your fun—” she said, immediately trying to climb off the bench.

“We gave you fair warning, pretty lady,” Austin said, smiling, and then just put her back in place.

“And we also explicitly explained what would happen if you tried to open the door.” Behind her, Emerson, with her pantyhose in hand, proceeded to bind her ankles to the legs of the bench.

“Wait, you can’t—” She rose to her knees and tried to yank herself free. But Emerson was too fast and too skilled, and within the blink of an eye, he had bound her inescapably to the bench by her ankles. Whatever admonishments she had in mind on why they couldn’t be doing this to her were swallowed in Austin’s mouth when he straddled the bench, cupped her face, and kissed her wetly, dirtily. He twirled his tongue around hers, sweeping over every wet part of her mouth while he pulled on both her nipples.

She squealed in delicious agony. Her clit was already pulsing as if she were going to come. And then he discarded her, leaving her gasping for air, wide-eyed and near furious.

In answer, he winked at her.

She wanted to bite him. Hard.

But her attention was soon drawn toward Darien coming toward her. Her mouth dried. Her nerves buzzed in apprehension, yet the sizzle in her body ignited into full-on flames.

Smooth and casual, Darien, with a hand of ginger he had snagged from the fridge and a paring knife, sat down at a table and proceeded to skin the root, then shaped it into a butt plug, leaving enough at the end for a base.

What in the Miriam Haddock were they going to do to her? Because this was right up her friend's alley.

“No,” she said, shaking her head. If they thought for a minute they were going to put that up her butt, they had no idea who they were messing with—

Emerson came to stand in front of her. Austin swiveled around on the bench, facing away from her. He then lowered his head, and she tried to scoot back, except she was bound to the damn bench. Gripping her hips, he forcefully tilted her forward so that she fell onto the palms of her hands on either side of him.

Air choked in her throat as Austin opened his mouth on her pussy, sucking on her at once, throwing her into the throes of lust without care. Her eyes widened as Emerson whipped his belt through the loops of his jeans and then cracked the leather in the air.

Wildly, she followed Darien as he inspected his handiwork on the ginger root before he slipped in behind her. Her protests were obliterated as Austin sank his teeth into her engorged clit, eliciting a tortured purr from her lips that seemed to come directly from her soul.

Darien's breath whispered over her butt before he bit into a chunk of her flesh, and she continued mewling. When he lifted her ass cheeks and spat against the ringed tightness of her hole, her body was ready to splinter apart in the most violent way imaginable. But Austin, and his orgasm-deprivation designation, deserted her pussy by just turning his mouth away from her. He extinguished all her heat and left her cold and empty.

The thought of just grinding her pussy into his face became a need she had to fulfill immediately, but his words stopped her.

“There’ll be time for that later, pretty lady, where I’ll let you sit on my face and fuck it until you can’t come anymore,” Austin said softly.

Embarrassed that he read her mind, she stiffened her body, raised her chin, and said, “In your dreams.”

The fact that they all chuckled at her response made her blush harder.

Darien rubbed at her asshole. No man had ever touched her there. It was completely off-limits, no questions asked, and yet...

“Remember your safe word, pretty lady?” Darien said softly, distractedly, as he probed her now with the torturous rhizome, teasing her gently, but already she could feel her heat mix with the juices of the ginger to create the beginnings of a scorching burn.

And Emerson hadn’t even touched her yet.

Chapter Ten

Adrienne vowed to herself that she would take everything they gave her with the aplomb of a worldly, sophisticated woman who didn't just come utterly undone in the presence of three men younger than her.

It also never occurred to her to use her safe word. She remembered what it was—obsidian—not something she would forget when that had been the name of their company and through which they'd pay the bid amount. She still couldn't wrap her head around that.

And now wasn't going to be the time, either.

Emerson moved in behind her next to Darien. Austin started to lazily flick his tongue across her labia, avoiding her clit completely.

Darien inserted the ginger root into her ass. He had so meticulously sculpted it into the shape of a butt plug . The extraordinary passage into what she had considered her most private and forbidden place shocked her to her core. The

deeper he pushed, the more intense the sensation became until she was hanging onto only a thread of her sanity. Austin wasn't making it any easier. He had peeled aside her labia and seemed to be looking inside her.

Dear god, who were these men?

“Why?” She screeched when the burn of being stretched collided with the burn of being stretched with a damn root vegetable in an explosive union that made tears spill from her eyes.

“Well, I mean, I could have used the cucumber I found in your fridge,” Darien said conversationally. “But where would the fun be in that?” She could hear the grin in his voice, and again, she just wanted to bite him.

She hissed and sobbed as Darien inserted the entire length of the ginger root into her until the base of the root pressed against her ass cheek. She refused to breathe, certain it would trigger the tumultuous burn in her flesh. But she couldn't hold her breath for long, and soon, she was sobbing like a baby all over again.

So much for handling this with her usual nonchalance.

Emerson laid his hand on her lower back, scalding her skin with his touch the same way she was burning up on the inside.

She couldn't take it anymore.

“Ready, pretty lady.” Emerson didn't state it as a question. It was more of a warning.

The first strike of his belt unseated her from reality. She was so shocked and shaken that she couldn't form words in her mind for her mouth to speak.

Determined to remain in charge of her body and her responses, Adrienne braced herself for the second strike and the third, but she was falling apart and disintegrating quicker than her panting breaths.

His lashings kept her tethered in midair, unsure of whether she should cry and beg him to stop or just crumble into the oblivion that beckoned to her. She couldn't withstand another second of it.

Every whack of Emerson's belt on her ass released the stunning stinging sensation of the ginger root. And with every flog of the leather and every sear of her flesh from the root vegetable in her ass, Austin dipped his tongue into her core,

then enveloped the whole of her pussy into his mouth, sucking on her without mercy.

The chaos in her body spread to her mind, and she didn't know what to do, how to be, or who she was anymore.

Adrienne couldn't understand that she, someone who knew herself inside and out, would find dark, deviant pleasure attached to the salacious tormenting of her body.

But she couldn't allow it. She had to hold on. She had to stop her body from entering a realm where she had given over her control to them.

They would end up hurting her. She knew that with such certainty, it scared her. Her control was all she had left.

“Let go, Adrienne,” Emerson said behind her, gently despite the fact that he punctuated his words with a tight whip to her flesh.

She gasped and howled but shook her head.

“Fuck. Let go, pretty lady, and come in my mouth,” Austin said. She continued to shake her head. She would never let herself feel that level of vulnerability.

Who were these men who thought they could take it from her?

Panicked beyond reason, her body rattling with arousal, pain, and confusion, she couldn't stop the tears from dripping down her face.

“Let go, and we swear to you, we'll be there to catch you, Adrienne.” Darien stood by her side now. He cupped her cheek and tilted her face toward him.

“Let go, and Emerson will be there to catch you. Austin will be there to catch you. I'll be here to catch you.”

She couldn't—

But the chaos stilled. All that remained was Darien's ginger root in her asshole. Emerson's belt on her flesh. Austin's mouth on her pussy.

They're going to hurt me.

Those words echoed in her head even as her control slipped away, leaving her defenseless against these three men. A jolting cry escaped her mouth; her body curled inward and hummed through the vibration of their touch. Like a skyscraper imploding, her orgasm left her shattered into a million pieces at their feet. Her control now belonged to them.

Spasms upon spasms contracted the inner walls of her pussy as Austin drank the liquid arousal dripping from her.

Emerson kissed the skin on her backside, his lips soothing the deep red streaks his belt had left behind.

Darien gently pulled the ginger root from her hole. She bit her lip to stop herself from crying out but couldn't help the sigh of relief when he used a cool washcloth and wiped her clean.

Embarrassed, she couldn't look them in the eye when Emerson carried her to the bedroom. Austin gave her some water, and Darien tucked her into bed.

She didn't mean to fall asleep so quickly. She didn't mean to curl into their arms as they took turns holding her throughout the night.

Adrienne startled herself awake and sat up in bed. Oh god. She had let them do all those things to her. She never once thought about uttering her safe word. Now they had broken through her control, and she thanked them by having an orgasm that stunned her so much she slept through the night

and, from the time on the old clock in the room, right through the morning as well.

Thank goodness, the cabin has two bedrooms, and she didn't care that she would be a bad host and let them fight over the remaining room and the sofas in the lounge, but she needed this room as her sanctuary.

Emerson, Darien, and Austin seemed hellbent on not only intruding on her life, but she also couldn't get them out of her head.

All that stopped now.

Her body was sorer than if she had spent three hours in her home gym, and her butt was still burning on the inside and the outside. She hurried to the shower, scrubbed up, rinsed, repeated, and then got dressed in thick track pants and a hoodie. Not her usual style, but when in a snowed-in cabin in the mountains, do as someone in a snowed-in cabin in the mountains would do, she supposed.

After looking at herself in the mirror, she decided the approach going forward was that the whole ginger root, belt spanking, and vagina-sucking thing did not happen. By that, she meant she was erasing it from her mind.

What she needed to use her energy on was getting them out of her cabin. It wasn't going to happen today or tomorrow, for that matter, not with the snowstorm still raging outside and essentially keeping them snowed in, but once it cleared, they had to leave.

For her sanity.

They couldn't keep touching her. She had seen them twice, and she found herself naked and at their mercy on both occasions.

Not anymore.

Chapter Eleven

Taking a deep breath, Adrienne opened the bedroom door, squared her shoulders, and got ready to do battle. For her, that meant keeping her clothes on.

She found them in the kitchen area, but the mouth-watering smell of aromatic food had already reached her when she opened the bedroom door.

They stood around the little kitchen area. The dining table was laid out with napkins and plates. Were those diner rolls in a basket gracing the table as well? Someone would have had to bake them from scratch. And the smell she had gotten was from a pot of beef stew simmering on the stove.

She couldn't deny that, with the storm raging outside, the three of them somehow made the cabin even cozier. The fire generously fed, crackled harmoniously, and warmed the whole of the living areas.

The presence of three undeniably gorgeous young men—rugged, powerful, and beautiful—added to the atmosphere

and made it a warm, sexy haven for her. She basked in their masculinity while her body remembered their touches and the feel of their cocks inside her.

She felt safe.

Protected.

Part of her wanted to live in this moment forever.

But they weren't hers. And Adrienne was destined to live a life alone.

But really, what was wrong with her? Since when did she start thinking in domestic bliss verse when it was always only going to be her alone? Forever.

Also, domestic bliss? For starters, she was too old for that to happen, and she also needed them to leave as soon as possible.

"Boys," she said, and they chuckled, reversing her snarky greeting back on her by making her blush. Did they have to be so perfect even when they laughed? It didn't matter because their time in her cabin as her bodyguards was numbered. Once the storm cleared, they had to leave. Not negotiable.

It was Emerson, of all people, who was the cook, and he had made dinner rolls from scratch, too.

“Sit,” Darien said, pulling out a chair for her.

“I don’t sit with men who spanked me, shoved ginger root in my ass, and then had the audacity to make me come in their mouth. No, thank you.”

She ignored their soft laughs and grinning faces and walked to the fridge, retrieving a bag of lettuce, an apple, and a plate before she headed toward her bedroom.

Domestic bliss was bad; she kept having to tell herself that. Sitting down and having lunch with them in a warm, snug, intimate environment was the epitome of homely pleasantries, and she was not signing up for that.

Besides, *besides*, she reiterated in her mind she had to put aside her embarrassment and bring out her fury; that they even contemplated doing all that to her body because she wanted to leave in the middle of the snowstorm.

In hindsight, she would have chosen the elements outside rather than what had happened on the bench in the living room.

No, she would not enjoy a meal with them and be sitting on her sore butt, with her pussy now again wet and aching.

“Oh,” she said, turning around to face them. “Once the storm clears and I have cell reception again, I’ll be calling Peter Walkman to have new bodyguards assigned to me.”

She didn’t get to take two more steps before she was swung up into the air, her green lunch pried from her hands, and her butt lowered onto a chair.

“First of all, we don’t work for Walkman. We’re here in our own capacity. Secondly, when we say sit so that you can eat, that’s what we mean. Now eat, or else it’ll be a repeat of the leather bench all over again, and as much as we want to see you naked and taste that pussy of yours, your ass won’t handle it twice in a row. Understood?” Emerson said as he filled her plate with the most hearty-looking stew she had ever seen before.

Austin placed a warm dinner roll in her hand, and Darien poured her a glass of wine. They then stood around watching her, waiting for her to eat, and she knew they were going to stand there until the snow melted if she didn’t force herself to eat.

“Did anyone ever tell you three how insufferable you all are?”

“Not the way you do, pretty lady,” Darien said, smiling seductively at her.

She rolled her eyes, took a bite out of the roll, and took a spoonful of the stew.

Her body went into shock at the taste of carbs and potatoes, but suddenly, she couldn't feed herself fast enough. Gosh, she must really be falling apart if she was emotionally eating. Except that the emotion sailing through her was one of contentment as they sat around her and started to eat themselves.

She hadn't eaten that much food in so long, that she couldn't remember when the last time was. But that wasn't all; Austin apparently could make an apple pie that made her taste buds sing.

Fine. This was the last day she was ever going to eat that much food.

Except it wasn't.

For the next two days, they fell into a strange rhythm. She avoided them completely and stayed in her room. When it

was meal time, they took turns coming to her room, scooping her up, and carrying her to the table.

From the well-stocked pantry, Emerson and Austin were able to whip up the most mouth-watering food, and she ate everything. Not that she had a choice, and her protests that she was going to get fat fell on deaf ears.

She didn't realize it, but mealtimes became her favorite part of the day. She listened to their conversations without participating, and she liked it that way. Hearing their voices and their deep, husky, rough tones, both comforted her, and created a well of arousal in her.

But at some point, she felt she needed to say something about why they were there, protecting her.

“I didn't love him,” she said abruptly at the table. “Desmond Morton. The man I married. He caught me when I was broken and vulnerable. My dad had just died. And Morton had ... still has something that belongs to me, and he promised me he would give it back to me. He lied. He also didn't touch me. Not once.” Why was she telling them this? Why were their jaws clenched so tightly? But she couldn't stop.

“I told him I would only sleep with him after our wedding, and that was when he was supposed to give me back

my possession. I drew up a contract for that. But, he got arrested on the night of my wedding and has been in jail for the last three years since then. He kept telling me I had to wait for him, but I knew he was just playing me. I made peace with myself that he was never going to give me back what belonged to me. The divorce was finalized a week ago, and suddenly, he was somehow released from prison. But, I guess you knew all that.”

“He won’t be coming anywhere near you, not without us being around, Adrienne.”

She didn’t know what to say to that, except that her heart seemed to soar and burst, and she had no idea what it meant.

That feeling of contentment, ever-present, increased in intensity again. But it bothered her now. They couldn’t protect her forever. She couldn’t be around them forever without losing every part of her soul to them.

Dear god, what was wrong with her?

It had to stop. They had to leave.

The storm had subsided, and she knew it was clearing up fast when her cell service returned. She called Miriam

immediately to let her know she was okay and that she had no idea when she was returning to the city, if ever.

Now, all she had to do was get rid of the three men who had already turned her world upside down.

“Boys,” she said, not caring that they found it amusing or that they threatened to show her they were not boy-sized.

“How about a game of poker?” she said, tossing a pack of cards onto the table. “I win; you have to do whatever I say. No questions asked.”

“And if one of us wins?”

“Same thing. You get to ask me to do anything you want,” she said confidently. Adrienne had learned to play poker from her father and had never lost, not once. He did, though, the night before his heart gave in, and he died on the street getting to his car.

“Then let’s play strip poker,” Darien said. They turned their gazes on her expectantly.

As if she were going to say no.

“Strip poker it is, then.”

She intended to keep all her clothes.

Them, not so much.

Chapter Twelve

To say she demolished them was an understatement. There were moments where she wondered if they had let her win—they weren't *not* smart, that was for certain—but a win was a win, and she needed this.

The rule was that every time they lost, they had to write down an item of clothing they were going to remove. And they thought she was the one who was going to have to strip for them.

Surprise.

She held the slips of paper in her hand, with their names written on each slip and the list of clothes they had to remove.

“Well, you best get to it,” she said. They rose from the round table like gods, all sexy and muscular and too gorgeous for words.

Then they slowly started to take off their hoodies, then their long-sleeved t-shirts. She started to wonder if she had made the right decision to agree to a game of strip poker when it should have been straight-up poker instead.

Their boots came off next. Socks. They unbuckled their jeans. Zips were pulled down. Jeans shrugged off. The cabin became too hot. She should have stuck to the original plan.

What was her original plan?

Oh, she was going to bundle up their clothing, give them their keys, and send them on their way out of her life, completely.

But she couldn't think straight.

They were completely naked before her. Her gaze slid down their sleek, muscle-riddled bodies, four rows of abs for each of them. Tattoos that crept up their arms and slithered over their magnificent chests.

They were pure male beauty. There were no other words for them.

They took their cocks in their hands and pumped, keeping their gazes fixed on her lips. She, in turn, slid her eyes

down to the heads of their shafts and swallowed at the glistening wetness of the pre-cum.

“Come here, pretty lady, and you can do whatever you want to with us.”

She whipped her attention up to their faces.

God help her. She shouldn't have done that. Looking at the perfect symmetry of their jawlines, their lips, their eyes...

She was entranced. Her body roared with need. Her mouth salivated as if she hadn't been fed ever. And it was true.

She was forty years old, and her stilted sex life amounted to a few brief encounters that reiterated why sex wasn't for her. She had never sucked a man's cock before. She had never been so inclined to do so.

But now, with them, everything changed.

Adrienne rose from her chair slowly. Unsure, but desperate.

Dressed uneventfully in beige track pants and a body-hugging sweater, she lowered herself to her knees in front of them.

Quivering, she reached out with one of her hands and brushed her fingertips across all three of their cocks. She

gasped as they thickened and twitched. Not asking for permission, propelled only by the need to know what they would feel like on her tongue, she parted her lips and guided Emerson's cock into her mouth. She laid him on her tongue and watched him growl softly as she sucked on him. He threaded his hand into her hair and said her name as if he knew her from before.

She did the same to Darien, keeping her eye on him, curious to see his reaction as she placed him on her tongue and then suckled on him just once, just for a taste. Cupping both her cheeks, Darien threw his head back. Her name spilled from his lips like a deep, agonized chant as she tasted his pre-cum.

She released him, and taking Austin's cock into her hand, she slowly slid his thickness onto her tongue and then closed her mouth around his width. She pulled until drops of his pre-cum coated her whole mouth.

Stroking her cheek while his cock thickened even more in her mouth, Austin whispered her name with the same familiarity that Emerson and Darien had used when they said her name.

She had no idea why she kept thinking that. Did they know her? No. She would know if she knew them. It would be

impossible not to be aware of any of the three of them. And soon, her greed for more obliterated all her sanity.

Taking them in her hands, she licked, sucked, and stroked until she was forced to take a breath. She traced their veins with her tongue and her fingers. She pumped until fresh pre-cum glistened from their heads, and then she coated their essence down the length of their shafts only to lick it all up again.

She played with them until her jaws ached. She took them down into her throat until she gagged, and then she did it again until she learned to breathe properly.

They roared at her and warned her they were going to come, pulling at her hair when she wouldn't listen.

“Please,” she begged. “I want you to come in my mouth. Please.”

“Ah, fuck.”

Their collective defeated grunts made her glow. She sucked on them eagerly. She took them deeper down her throat and left them there until tears slid from her eyes.

She felt their balls tighten. Their bodies stiffen. Their cocks hardened even more.

First Austin. He lifted her hand and kissed her fingers as he spilled into her mouth, filling her with his copious cum and forcing her to breathe properly, or she risked choking on his essence if she swallowed it all in one go. And yet, by kissing her fingertips, he made her feel as if she were a precious flower.

Darien was next. He warned her not to swallow immediately. He wanted to see her mouth flooded with his cum before she swallowed. She obeyed him and then relished in his praise when he finally allowed her to swallow, calling her the hottest woman on the planet.

Emerson wrapped his hand around her throat and squeezed as he ejaculated deep into her mouth. He shuddered so sexily every time she swallowed the ribbons of his cum that she milked every last drop from him so she could experience it again.

Embarrassed at her ungraceful display of greed for them, Adrienne rose shakily to her feet. They reached for her, but when her phone rang, she used it as a lifeline to cover up the wanton mess they had turned her into.

With her back to them, she lifted the phone from the table and stared at it.

At the caller ID.

The heat she had nursed from touching them morphed into frost. She started to tremble.

“Adrienne?”

As if she were underwater, she heard her name being called.

By the time they reached her, they had already pulled their jeans back on. Emerson took the phone from her hands.

She had never seen them with their faces etched with so much fury, and she couldn't understand why.

“Answer it,” Emerson ordered her. She looked up at him wildly. Why would he want her to answer it? “Answer the call, Adrienne.” The tone he used with her left no room for argument.

She connected the call. Her heart threatened to explode from her chest, but not in a good way.

“My darling wife,” Desmon Morton said on the other side.

“I'm not your wife anymore, Desmond. We're divorced.”

“You can never be divorced from me, my wife. You were meant to be mine until your last breath. Your divorce is just a piece of paper.”

“What do you want?”

“Ah, glad you asked. I would like to invite you to a ball I’m hosting at my house. I’ll send you the details. But it’s tomorrow night. Oh, and you can bring your three bodyguards if it will make you feel any better. And wife, if you want me to give you back that thing you so want, you’ll make sure you show up. I look forward to having you on my arm again, Adrienne. We never got to consummate our marriage, and prison was lonely, to say the least.” His laugh was the last thing she heard before she flung the phone across the room.

Chapter Thirteen

Adrienne stopped in her tracks. She was still dripping wet from her shower before she loosely tied the towel around her.

Her body soared at the sight of them already dressed in their tuxedos. They were so incredibly handsome; they took her breath away.

But the atmosphere around her intensified. She was already wet. So, so wet. Her nipples already ached for their touch. She was losing her mind, and they were her only sanity. Her only safe place.

After flinging the phone away from her in the cabin, everything inside Adrienne crumbled. Peter's words came tumbling back to her about everything that Desmond Morton was going to do to her. But he had dangled before her, the only thing that would make her go to him.

When she told Emerson, Darien, and Austin she needed to go to the ball he had invited her to and that she

needed him to give her back what he took from her, they didn't question her sanity. They didn't tell her she was walking into a trap. They didn't tell her to forget about everything to do with Desmond Morton.

All they said was that they would get back what was hers from him. A quiet promise she believed with her whole heart.

They drove in the aftermath of the storm back to her house for something to wear. Miriam had arranged tuxedos for Emerson, Darien, and Austin because that was the dress code of the event. And now, after she had showered, all she had to do was put on her dress, and they would be ready to leave.

She couldn't deny the rivers of fear that flowed through her. She found herself worried about their safety and opened her mouth to tell them again what a bastard Desmond Morton was. He would shoot his mother in the back if it meant he could gain something from it.

But now, the sudden wave of unfiltered apprehension and panic that ruptured inside her was too colossal to ignore. She was making a mistake. She had to let go of Desmond and his evilness and then forget about ever retrieving what belonged to her.

It was a physical, materialistic thing she had placed so much emphasis on because she believed it would close the chasm of pain in her heart when she thought of her father.

God, what was she thinking?

They couldn't go to his house under the guise of him having a ball. What if they never came back? Everything Desmond did had to serve him and no one else.

Still, she knew she had to do it. He couldn't hang this over her head for the rest of her life. She also knew she was all over the place with her thoughts, but fuck, her fear was ruining her, and it was showing in her face. She started to hyperventilate. Was she going to have a panic attack?

She couldn't breathe and was deathly afraid of falling apart right this minute. But she also didn't want to show her weakness to them—to Emerson, Darien, and Austin—when all she had ever said was how strong and brave she was.

Her gaze fell on them, standing in her bedroom in the house she had lived in for years and years. Heaving, she blew air out of her mouth. Her thoughts—

“Drop the towel, Adrienne,” Austin said, shocking her and bringing her back to earth at once. Her breath tumbled

from her lips haphazardly.

She dropped the towel from her body and ran to them.

“Please, I need to feel you inside me. Now. Please,” she cried, fumbling with their belts as they whipped off their jackets and then helped her get their pants off. The night she received the text of Desmond’s release, she turned to them. And now she was turning to them again.

She didn’t want it to be slow and tender. She wanted it hard, fast, and real.

She gasped in relief as Austin picked her up and made her wrap her legs around his waist. He guided his cock into her wet pussy, thrusting until he reached the depths of her body and her soul.

Behind her, Darien and Emerson kissed her neck and pressed their hard cocks against her ass. She needed them all.

Dear god, she needed them inside her all at once. Reaching behind her, she gripped a cock in her hand—Darien’s—and then she was guided to her pussy where Austin was already inside her.

Desperately, she tried to reach for Emerson, but he caught her hand and came around to her side. He kissed her

fingers and then her lips, distracting her completely.

Austin slipped out of her pussy a little, and Darien slipped in.

She thought she would splinter apart at the stretch of her entrance—the pain was beyond blinding—but that was what she needed. She needed to feel them this way.

Darien pulled out, and Austin carried her to the bed, where he laid down with her straddling him. Frantically, she looked for Darien and sighed in relief when he started to probe her pussy, already filled with Austin's cock.

“Please,” she cried, pushing back against his cock.

Darien gripped her hips and forced his shaft into the tight confines of her already full pussy. She couldn't breathe. A new surge of panic engulfed her, but Emerson cupped her face and gave her his cock to hold onto.

Tears streamed down her face. And as her body sizzled with sweet, tormenting vibrations as Darien and Austin together started to move inside her, Adrienne held Emerson's cock to her cheek, her tears soaking his hardness.

Austin reached for her clit. His thumb strummed the swollen bead, and she quaked as her whole body clenched and

a consuming orgasm rolled from her. The tightening of walls and squeezing against their cocks had Darien and Austin grunting as they emptied their cum inside her, filling her so gloriously that she wanted to relive each lashing of their essence against her for the rest of her life.

Darien slipped out of her, and Emerson took his place, remolding her body again to take two cocks in her pussy. This time she held onto Darien's still-hard cock as she came again and as Emerson emptied his cum into the deepest part of her.

She hadn't even thought about protection. It didn't matter. Because somehow, carrying their seed inside her empowered her, and she wanted to keep that feeling alive forever.

After kissing her thoroughly, they didn't allow her to take another shower or even wipe at the cum dripping down her thighs.

Instead, Emerson slipped the floor-length gown onto her. Darien put on her heels, and Austin gathered her now slightly damp hair into a ponytail.

That was how she left her house with her three SEAL bodyguards and their seed, warming her thighs with every step she took.

Chapter Fourteen

She had no idea what seeing her like that did to them. They hated it even more that one single bastard had that much sway over her despite her trying to maintain a strong front. Emerson could see right through her, and so could Darien and Austin.

Nothing on this earth mattered more than annihilating her problems the only way they knew how. She didn't know it yet, but they would raze the world for her and everyone in it if it meant keeping her safe.

The address Morton had given them was for a dark monstrosity of a house. He thought he was playing the evil puppeteer. He had no idea the amount of pain that was waiting for him at their hands. And how they were going to relish each moment of it.

Obliterating Morton had been in their plans for a long time now. Well, three years, to be exact. Before that, they

hadn't really cared about the son of a bitch enough to want to make his life a misery.

But that all changed when Adrienne came onto the scene. She changed everything for them. She was their whole world on a platter. The only woman they would ever love. And the one woman they would kill for without question.

It didn't take them long to scope out the place. Morton had amped up his security. The whole place was crawling with armed guards. Not that they couldn't take them all out with a little strategy. But this time they had covered their bases. There was only one man's blood they wanted, and that man was Desmond Andrew Morton.

It was the man who was sitting at the head of an elaborately laid table under a gold and diamond chandelier and had gotten a little portly in the years since they had seen him. He was also surrounded by old money, but money that wasn't his.

He thought he had it made when he joined the Petrov Bratva and got himself released from prison so early. What he didn't know was that Petrov Bratva owed Emerson, Darien, and Austin a life debt. They called in that favor to take care of the guards on the outside.

But Morton himself was theirs.

The only reason he was still alive was because of that one thing of Adrienne's that he still had. The chances of them finding it after they killed him were too slim, so all he had to do was hand it over and then meet his makers.

Emerson couldn't help but laugh at the phrase *meet his makers*, since the opposite was true.

The smug bastard thought he was sitting pretty. He had eight armed men in the dining hall protecting him. They were no match for them, but it was funny he thought it was enough.

"My wife," he said, and they had to seriously restrain themselves from snapping his neck where he sat. "Please, sit. I have a feast prepared for you."

But fuck, their woman was stunning. She may have been frightened and riddled with self-doubt before, but in Morton's presence, she was an Ice Queen of untouchable proportions. A swan. The most stunning creature in the universe.

She held her head high, but her body relaxed, not willing to show Morton that he had affected her.

Their woman. Their pretty lady. Their Adrienne.

“You have something that belongs to Ms. Palmer, Morton. We suggest you give it back to her right now. Or—”

She wouldn't tell them what it was that Morton had of hers, but it didn't matter. If she wanted it back, she was going to get it back, whatever it was.

“Or what, pretty boy? Bodyguards, huh? They're making them too pretty these days. Huh? Or what? Now, shut your fucking mouths; I want to talk to my wife.”

He rose from his seat and walked toward them, and then he made the mistake of touching her.

There was no more fucking around with this guy.

Immersed straight into predator mode, Darien gripped Morton's wrist and twisted. He cried like a fucking baby. Emerson and Austin picked cutlery off the table and flung it around like ninja stars. It didn't take them long before Morton's protection was unarmed and bleeding. It happened so fast that they didn't have time to draw their weapons. Amateurs.

“Now, give the lady what belongs to her.”

“You fucking cunts. You think you won?” He fumbled with a panic button in his pocket, pressed the red button, and

laughed.

One look at Adrienne, and they knew they had to get her out of there. It was going to get ugly between them and Morton.

When his troop of men arrived and instead started taking orders from them and not Morton himself, he almost shat himself. It was a fun sight to see.

One of the guards happened to be a woman. Someone they knew and trusted.

“Helena,” Austin said. “Will you take Ms. Palmer outside? We have some personal business to discuss with this prick over here.”

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Adrienne couldn't understand what was happening. Why was she being sent away? Why were Morton's men taking orders from Emerson, Darien, and Austin?

Who were they really?

She had never seen armed men disarmed so quickly in all her life. And Emerson, Darien, and Austin didn't have a hair out of place.

But, there was something about them that changed when they stepped into Desmond's dining hall.

She somehow had the feeling it wasn't only her battle with Desmond. There was a level of personalness and pure hatred that Emerson, Darien, and Austin emitted that made her question things.

Did they know Desmond?

Was this even about her at all?

She had to know. Breaking from the woman, who was dressed in a black suit and who had escorted her out on their instructions, she rushed back toward the hall. But what she heard next drained the blood from her body. Their words cut through like ice. Pierced her soul and left her destroyed.

How had she been so wrong about them? How could she have trusted them so blindly? Everything that had happened between them had been orchestrated for this one moment in time, planned from day one. Nothing had been a coincidence.

They had used her. And she, too stupid to know it, had done everything they had expected her to do.

Oh god, and she had done the most painful thing of it all, too.

She had fallen in love with them.

Completely. Unequivocally. Devastatingly.

Yet, all she was—all she had ever been—was a pawn in their own revenge scheme.

Tears ripped from her eyes, blinding her. She stumbled as she fled, and the female guard caught her before she tumbled to the floor.

“Please, I need to get out of her. I’ll give you anything you want,” she pleaded.

“Where do you want to go?” The tall woman asked carefully.

“Home. My home. Please.”

Maybe it was her tears or her shattering heart, but the guard took pity on her and drove her home.

What a fool she had been.

The one time when she gave her heart away was the one time it got stomped on so cruelly that she would forever carry around its broken pieces no matter where she went or what she did.

She couldn't stay in the country anymore, though. That was certain. Once she got her passport, she wanted to board her private jet and just disappear. Forever.



## Chapter Fifteen

Trembling with hurt and anger, Adrienne rummaged through her drawers for her passport and a stash of cash that she would need while she found a proper place to hide for the rest of her life.

She was just so tired. Falling in love was never something that was going to happen to her. It shouldn't have happened, and that was why it didn't work out. The men she fell in love with had only been using her.

There would come a time when she would call herself stupid, but right now, her hurt was so great that she thought she was going to die.

“Adrienne?”

She spun around at the sound of a voice. How had they gotten here so quickly? How had they gotten into her house and into her bedroom so silently? Oh, right, they were SEALs.

“You used me,” she said softly, afraid her anger was going to cause her to be torn asunder. “I was just a pawn in your sick game to get back at your... at your father? Oh, my god. Desmond Morton is your father,” she said in utter disbelief. She still couldn’t believe everything she had overheard in the one minute of standing outside the hall at Desmond’s house.

Desmond Morton was their father.

She didn’t know the proper logistics of it all, but what difference would it make with regard to the fact that they had used her? None. Absolutely none.

“I can’t believe how stupid I’ve been. You played me from the start, didn’t you? Being at the auction was not a coincidence. Was I really so pathetic that you knew I would pick you? All three of you? My god, I’m such an idiot.”

“Stop that, Adrienne. We’re not going to stand here and allow you to say those things about yourself. Have you forgotten how we can still punish you?”

“You three will never ever again lay a finger on my body. The little pride I have left, I plan to keep. Now get out of my house.”

“You belong to us, pretty lady. We’re not going anywhere where you aren’t.”

“Don’t you understand? I hate you. You made a clown out of me in your sick ploy to get back at your father.” Every time she referred to Desmond as their father, she wanted to be sick. She married a father and slept with his sons. How could they make such a fool out of her?

“He’s not our father. He was just a sperm donor. Our father was a Navy SEAL.”

“Whatever you say, he still meant enough to you that you needed to show him. You needed to take revenge. And you had the perfect, weak little pawn to do that for you. Me. His ex-wife. Stupid doesn’t cover how I feel right now, so please leave.” Well, that was fast. She didn’t want to call herself stupid, but it seemed like an automatic response to everything that had happened to her.

“You know what? You win. You got to have the last laugh. You got your father real good, too. Telling him I was wearing your cum, and it was dripping down my thighs as I walked. Very smooth. Well done. Was that something you had planned as well? Drop the towel, Adrienne; that was all it took.

“You win. Now, for the last time, get out and leave me alone. I don’t ever want to see you three again. Get out!” She screamed when they made no move to leave.

More than anything in the world, she didn’t want to cry in front of them. She didn’t want them to know she had let her guard down and fallen in love with them.

Entirely and irreparably.

With her soul, her life, and her breath.

It had left her feeling as if her whole life had been waiting for them. But they were always ten years behind. And then they’d finally arrived, and she allowed herself to be swept off her feet, with no regard for the heart and no worries about protecting herself from them. They had blinded her, and she had followed them.

“Are you done?” Emerson asked calmly.

“No!” she shouted as she picked up a vase, and flung it at them. Then another and another. Ornaments and lampshades sailed through the air, and not one of them made contact with the floor. Emerson, Darien, and Austin caught each one in their hands and then placed them down again.

She had exhausted herself, and silly tears flowed down her cheeks, and nothing she did could stop them.

“The first time we saw you, three years ago, you were coming out of the building where Morton kept his offices,” Emerson said.

“You were wearing a green knee-length skirt and a white top. Your hair was pulled back into a sleek ponytail,” Darien said.

“You were the most beautiful woman we had ever seen. You ripped our hearts out and took them, and now you own us, Adrienne, and we can’t think straight anymore. Just from that one sighting of you,” Austin said.

“We didn’t know who you were. We knew nothing about you, and we never thought it was possible that we, all three, would fall so hard for the same woman, but given the trajectory of our lives, you became our combined universe.

Our nucleus. You completed the bond that kept us together. We were always just waiting for you.”

“I don’t understand.” She couldn’t keep up with what they were saying because all her thoughts came back to where they said they had seen her three years ago coming out of

Desmond's office buildings. She remembered that day—the day before she was meant to marry him. She had dropped off their contract outlining when he could touch her.

“You were crying that day, Adrienne. We saw your tears glisten like diamonds on your face, and then you wiped them away and walked to your car. We had to know everything about you. But we had to leave for a deep secret government mission the next day.”

“We knew we were coming back for you, Adrienne. We didn't even have the time to find out your name before we were deployed. We knew nothing about you. But it didn't matter because we were going to find you no matter where in the world you were.”

“It didn't matter if you belonged to someone else; hell, you don't even know the lengths we were willing to go through to get you and make you ours. The minute you walked out of Morton's offices, and we saw you, you became ours. Do you see what you did to us? One look, and we were hooked for life.”

“You kept us alive, Adrienne. When we were completely cut off from the rest of the world. The thought of having your body beneath us, the thought of filling you with

our cocks all at once and then filling you with our cum while you screamed our names and only our names, was the only thing that kept us going for three long fucking years where the chance of us being murdered in our sleep was as sure as the sun rising.”

“But you still used me,” she whispered. “When you came back, you still used me to get back at your father.”

“When we got back and found out who you were—that you had married Morton—of all the fucking men in the universe, we wanted to break every bone in his body for touching you, then rip his head off. But then it became a matter of protecting you from him. He had made some friends with some dangerous people, and until he showed his hand and we knew who we were dealing with, we weren’t going to risk your life.”

“When his new henchmen arrived, we knew exactly which gang he had joined. The Russian mafia, who were allies of ours, which meant you were safe.”

“The Russian mafia,” she said incredulously.

“When you’re undercover, you make yourself indebted to certain people. There’s an honor system, and it works. We’ve been inducted into the oldest mafia family around, and

once we knew his allies, it was easy to alienate him. We stopped ourselves from killing him because we wanted one more thing from him.”

Darien pulled out a pendant from his pocket.

She couldn't believe what she was looking at. How was it possible? She had married the man and endured his presence during their engagement. Then she spent three years at his whim, on the promise that he would give it back to her.

She had come to her senses when she realized she had given him power over her. That's when she ended the marriage and told him to go and fuck himself.

But while she had made peace with never getting her locket back, part of her never felt the same again. She had invested so much emotion into the piece of jewelry. She believed that if she touched it, she could say a proper goodbye to her father.

Tears streamed down her face as Emerson dropped the locket and chain into her palm. She closed her eyes and remembered the day they had taken the picture inside the locket. A picture of her and her father when she was six years old. A rare photo her mother hadn't burned. He was meant to give it to Adrienne when she turned twenty-five. He never got



around to it because he died of a heart attack after a poker game he lost to Desmond. That was how the pendant came to be in Desmond's possession and how he held it over her.

Tears dripped from her eyes as she held it in her hands. In her heart, she said her goodbyes.

“We love you, Adrienne. We've loved you for what felt like an eternity before we got to touch you. We aren't going anywhere. If you don't want us, we're still going to be following you. Protecting you. Killing any man who touches you.”

“What about Desmond? How was he your father?”

“Our mothers were maids at a mansion that belonged to a friend of his. He forced himself on them over time. They were too poor to raise children. He gave them money to get abortions, but instead, they gave us up for adoption.”

“I love you,” she said fiercely. “I love you with all my heart, soul, and life.”

They crushed her to them, taking full possession of her without any dark clouds hovering around them. She didn't need to ask what had happened to Desmond. It didn't matter since he would never be a problem in their lives again.



## EPILOGUE

Adrienne didn't think her husbands could get any more protective, but she was wrong. Six months into her pregnancy, they showed her another level of possessive protectiveness that could break records.

And she loved every moment of it.

She didn't know exactly what happened to Desmond Morton except that he just disappeared off the face of the earth. She would have it no other way either.

THE END

## NEWSLETTER SIGN UP

Join my newsletter! And keep up to date with all my book news. But that's not all, by signing up you will also receive an absolutely free copy of THE VERY BAD BOYS NEXT DOOR. That's right, a hot and dirty reverse harem boys next door with a twist romance ebook free when you sign up here: <https://chloekentromance.com>

## Also by Chloe Kent

In the mood for something somewhat light-ish, with kink and steam and over-the-top meet-cutes, super possessive and dominant heroes, and somewhat quirky heroines and all wrapped up in a triple happily ever after? Start reading the [Three Guys and a Girl Series](#)

I got you covered with the first 9 books! More coming soon!

Why choose (reverse harem) contemporary romance:

### [Three Scary Mafia Men and a Klutzy Girl - Book 1](#)

Sometimes a girl just needs a bottle of wine, a box of chocolates and a phone-controlled toy to brighten up her lonely Friday night.

Except if you're Lorelei Johnson then it doesn't happen without incident.

The toy breaks and gets stuck somewhere... it shouldn't, and she spills wine on her phone causing it to malfunction so she can't turn it off either.

Desperate, she seeks help from her tech-savvy long-time childhood friend who happens to live next door.

Except he's not home and instead Lorelei walks in on three superhot but very scary men, ransacking her friend's house, looking for what she has no idea, all while she is being zapped awkwardly into the stratosphere at random intervals.

Publisher warning: Not for sensitive readers. Reader discretion is highly advised.

### [Three Rough Lumberjacks and a Lost Girl - Book 2](#)

Harper Swift knows how to shop. Maybe a little too much. So when her father discovers her spending habits have exceeded her bank balances, it's off to a therapy retreat for shopaholics or no trust fund for her.

But the therapy center is so far out in the wilderness, that only an actual map where her father plotted the route with a black marker, will get her there.

Except she drives herself into a dead end, gets a flat right on the heels of an oncoming snowstorm, and is rescued by three huge lumberjacks who wished she hadn't disturbed their peace.

Publisher warning: Not for sensitive readers. Reader discretion is highly advised.

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### [Three Cranky Billionaires and a Bratty Girl - Book 3](#)

She's a back-talking, disobedient, rebellious brat and they'd just inherited her from their fathers' best friend until she turns twenty-one... in thirty days.

Fallon Lantree is determined to make it in the world on her own terms.

Working as a waitress at a popular nightclub while wearing six-inch heels, and saving all her tips, is only a steppingstone to the life she wants. And all the money in the world won't stop her from doing things her way, especially the insanely ginormous inheritance coming her way when she turns twenty-one. It's a hard no thank you from her.

Except her new guardians, three cranky billionaires, carrying out her grandfather's dying wish, break into her apartment, and won't take no for an answer.

Publisher warning: Not for sensitive readers. Reader discretion is highly advised.

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### [Three Rude Suits and a Cowgirl - Book 4](#)

Savannah Huston is sassy, young, and in charge.

She cusses like her great-grandma. Can drink a man under the table like her grandma and cut razor-sharp deals like her daddy used to. She's run Huston Ranch all by herself for the last two years. And she doesn't wear dresses.

So when three suits show up and demand to buy her land, she calls them rude... but with more colorful language and sends them on their way.

Except the first moment the property billionaires see her they swap possessing her land for possessing her.

Publisher warning: Not for sensitive readers. Reader discretion is highly advised.

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### [Three Amused Zillionaires and a Busy Girl - Book 5](#)

Micaela Murphy is a busy girl and the quickest way she can get out of spending the holidays with her raucous, overly inquisitive family determined to find her a husband, any husband, is to bring home not one, or two, but three boyfriends.

Okay so maybe her boyfriends aren't really her boyfriends. They're actors she hired especially for the purpose of getting her family off her back who think there might be something wrong with her for being twenty-six and unmarried.

Between her sanctimonious pearl-clutching aunt and her people-pleasing mother, Micaela believes she'll have her three-day visit home wrapped in five minutes flat.

Things don't go the way she planned. Her family decides now is a good time to get woke and she's stuck with them for three days, with her three pretend boyfriends in tow.



Jarrett Carver, Theo Chambers, and Oliver Collins are all equally amused when the pretty, bossy, busy, dark-haired girl mistakes them for the actors she hired to pretend to be her boyfriend.

How could they not just go along with it?

Publisher Warning: This book contains graphic scenes.

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### [Three Ruthless Grooms and a Bad Girl - Book 6](#)

Outraged that her eighty-year-old friend from the old age home in which she works was robbed of a lifetime with the three men she had fallen in love with, all because their respective fathers were against their relationship, Imogen is all fired up to exact revenge on her friend's behalf by now ruining their three grandsons very posh weddings to three very stunning heiresses. Except she wasn't supposed to get caught by the grooms themselves.

\*\*\*

### [Three Bad Dads and a Desperate Girl – Book 7](#)

Dakota Turner is a desperate girl forced to take the first job that comes her way and working for an immensely unsavory character doing mightily sketchy things like putting

up a real diamond as ante in his poker matches then handing over a fake-ass one when he loses, is one of those jobs.

Except this one time, Dakota gets it wrong and now has to get the real diamond back from her boss's opponent before he finds out about her massive blunder and throws her corpse into the river. But her boss's opponent is the most gorgeous man she has ever seen in her life and better... or worse he comes with two equally gorgeous friends. Still, all she has to do is get the diamond back, whatever it takes. One minute they were carefree billionaires, the next Michael Newman, Preston Reyes, and Zachary West find themselves dads to their foster sister's two kids and in need of a nanny, asap. How Dakota manages to slide into the position of a nanny, she'll never know since she can barely take care of herself properly to begin with, let alone two whole kids and three entirely too hot to handle dads.

And if she thinks stealing back the diamond will be like taking candy from a baby, she's wholly mistaken when she meets their dark and delicious bad dad sides.

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[Three Cockey Cowboys and a not so Wifely Girl –  
Book 8](#)

Seriously, how hard can it be to be the wife of a cowboy?

She could totally be one if she wanted, but when her statement is met with two rounds of raucous laughter from her brothers and their best friends, the rugged cowboys themselves, Lacey Holland, the most unwifely person on the planet, decides to take them on a wifely test run just to prove them wrong.

And not just one of them—no, that would be taking the easy way out—but all three of them at the same time.

Also, someone really should have stopped her from challenging herself, because no one else did, to a game of play house with three cocky and gorgeous cowboys in the middle of nowhere.

\*\*\*

### [Three Bossy Bodyguards and a Sassy Girl – Book 9](#)

Most people inherit money. Or property. Family heirlooms. Some get nothing but the middle finger.

But not Willow Gray. She inherits three whole bossy, bold, and bone-melting hot bodyguards from an eccentric aunt she knew nothing about except that maybe she had a playful, deviant sense of humor because... who bequeaths someone three whole bodyguards?

They've been instructed to be her shadow and they take their job seriously. Too seriously. She can't go anywhere without them, and they can't care less about her privacy,

whether she's sleeping, working her office job, or getting a Brazilian wax.

\*\*\*

### [Three Hot Stepbrothers and a Jinxed Girl - Book 10](#)

Holly Weaver only had one hot dream about her three otherwise overbearing stepbrothers and has been jinxed ever since.

Okay, maybe it was more than just one dream.

But everything that could go wrong in her life since then has. She lost a job, a car, and a goldfish that very morning. But after a complete mental cleanse, with the help of her lovely life coach, okay, her local fortune teller, Fyre Spirit, she managed to set her house in order again, replete with only pure thoughts about puppies and candy and none about her three stepbrothers in any shape or form.

Now mutual friends of theirs are getting married, cue destination wedding, and they simply won't accept Holly's excuse of not being able to make it.

So now Holly has to calculate exactly how many bags of Fyre's protection crystals she needs to lug around so as not to become jinxed all over again when she sees them again.



## **The Big Bad Brother Series: A Duology**

### **[Her Best Friend's Big Bad Brothers Book 1](#)**

Alyson Edwards has her own set of problems. Not only is she barely making ends meet, when her father gets involved with some really bad people and makes some really bad decisions, she's the one who is going to end up paying for them. With her life. It sucks to her, and those are poor people problems, but the one thing she keeps is her pride and doesn't need anyone's help, money or pity.

But then her best friend, heiress Sienna Gallagher, who respects the boundaries of their friendship, has her trust fund privileges taken away by her big, bad brothers, and Alyson's whole world changes.

When she can't talk Sienna out of the crazy plan of tricking each of her brothers out of a tidy sum of money, involving an age-old Gallagher family tradition, Alyson is left agreeing to help her and becomes the star of her show.

Except no one triple-crosses the Gallagher brothers and gets away with it. And now Sienna has been sent away to the middle of nowhere and Alyson is left behind to face the brothers alone.

Spice factor: Edgy and a bit more than a fistful.

### **[Their Best Friends' Bratty Little Sister Book 2](#)**

Sienna Gallagher needs to face her past and forgive herself, but when her brothers shove her into their private jet bound for a ranch in Montana, this after her last stunt involving her best friend, Alyson, she is beyond furious.

Not only did they send her to the middle of nowhere to face her demons, but she also now has three equally infuriating and way too dominating brothers watching over her who aren't afraid to rub dirt in her face and tell her how they like things run.

Spice factor: High with a hint of ginger and tiny sprinkle of medical play.

## [The LOVE NEXT DOOR Series:](#)

### [The Very Bad Boys Next Door \(The Prequel\)](#)

All McKenzie Harris ever wanted was to own the house next door.

But when three insanely gorgeous guys swoop in and shatter her dream house plans by purchasing it first, she declares war on her new neighbors.

Except nothing goes the way she expects.

### [The Very Bossy Boys Next Door \(Love Next Door Book 1\)](#)

It's all the rage, they told her. Women all over the world are doing it for outrageously large sums of money to obscenely rich men that would keep them cushioned in the arm of luxury for the rest of their lives.

For Amber Miller it's the perfect solution to all her problems. One night at a ritzy hotel with a nice smelling billionaire - because surely all billionaires must smell nice, and she'll be able to clear her deceased parents' inherited debt and keep the house her mother loved so much.

What could go wrong? The return of the three very bossy boys who live next door!



They promised her dad they would look out for her when she was a little girl, and now all grown-up the promise still stands and that makes her completely off limits. But when they discover the answer to her financial woes involves some rich schmuck touching her all bets are off.

[The Very Grumpy Boys Next Door \(Love Next Door Book 2\)](#)

Perfectionist, Tessa Newbury lives in a sleepy little town called Mayhem Falls, where everyone knows everyone else's business and she's never not planning the next town hall dance or best pie competition by the river.

When the empty house next door to her is purchased by a trio of rather fascinating though grumpy men who instead flex their tattoos at her when she offers them her favorite lemon cake and her sweetest smile, she refuses to be perturbed and vows to win them over. That is until she's secretly approached to spy on her new neighbors who actually belong to a very scary and infamous Bratva unit. Of course, she soon realizes no one snoops on the Bratva without dire heart-stopping, body-heating consequences.

[The Very Not So Nice Boys Next Door \(Love Next Door Book 3\)](#)

There's only one way, Tatiana Annikov can save her family, and it involves coming to Mayhem Falls and taking something that belongs to the Wilson boys.

She has it on excellent authority that while the Wilson boys are absolutely gorgeous to look that, they are in fact just the very nicest boys around so for Tatiana it should be like stealing a near priceless artifact from babies.

That is until she gets caught and learns the hard way that the Wilson boys are actually very not so nice at all.

[The Very Rude Boys Next Door \(Love Next Door Book 4\)](#)

Once a pampered mafia princess, before the death of her parents, the only thing that can now save Anastasia Koltov from her cruel uncle and to avoid marrying the madman he had chosen for her, is to have a baby.

With limited time and resources at her disposal, and complete desperation driving her actions, the very rude boys next door become her only options.

\*\*\*~\*\*\*

[Their Forever: A dark menage romance.](#)

You have my permission to touch my wife...

Sophisticated mafia billionaire, Liam Stone knew the moment he saw the innocent Olivia he had to own her. She didn't love him. How could she? In her eyes she was sold from one cruel tyrant to another. She was grateful to him and she obeyed him because he demanded it but she couldn't love him, and he was just too ruthless to ever let her go.

But when he introduces her to their new chauffeur, and he notices the subtle catch in her breath, Kade Tremayne, a man as dangerous as Liam, becomes the only man he'd ever trust enough to share his wife.

Publisher warning: This book contains explicit scenes including medical play. Please don't purchase if you are sensitive to such material.

## About the Author

Chloe Kent has been hooked on romance for as long as she could remember. And now she gets to write them too. Her books always feature a fiery heroine who has no idea what she's been waiting for until she meets the powerful and dominant hero... or heroes because sometimes it takes more than one.

Her favorite things to do are reading and consuming chocolate.

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