



Three Hard-to-Handle

ARISTOCRATS

AND A

BOSSY GIRL

CHLOE KENT

**THREE HARD-TO-HANDLE ARISTOCRATS
AND A BOSSY GIRL**

Three Guys and a Girl Series: Book 11

Chloe Kent

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If you have any questions, please email me at
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Hugs and happy reading!

Chloe

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Chapter One

Blakely Cohen glanced at her digitized to-do list and allowed herself a little thrill at the number of green ticks she had accumulated. Was there anything better than marking something off as done? No, no, there wasn't, not in her world.

Next up: haul three grown aristocrats all the way from London to New York in three days. That was exactly what her boss, the Duke of Brairbrook, had entrusted her with, although he only used his aristocratic title when he was back in England, which was getting rarer and rarer. To everyone else, he was Andrew Symmonds, the owner of AS Properties, based in New York.

In between packing for her trip to London, she was also putting the finishing touches to her boss' wife's birthday party, which she had planned from scratch, and had also set up a very important meeting with an extremely reclusive oil baron.

If Blakely could do *that*, she could definitely get her boss' sons to attend his wife's birthday party, despite them completely ignoring all her invitations, sent weeks ago, and also not taking any of her personal calls. They also ignored their own father. She wasn't going to be deterred by any of that.

Firstly, she was efficient in getting things done, and secondly, her negotiating skills were on point. Take the reclusive oil baron. She had researched the man to within an inch of his life and discovered he had fond memories of eating a glazed donut with his mother when he was young at a small little bakery that had been out of business for decades now.

Blakely tracked down the owners of the bakery and found the baker himself had died, but his wife and son were happy to sell Blakely the recipe for a hefty sum and a little extra for being her taste testers.

She then made the oddball deal with the baron through his secretary. If Blakely could deliver a taste of his childhood memory, it would cost him nothing but a meeting with her boss. He accepted her challenge, and she spent weeks perfecting the recipe until the mother and son finally approved.

The oil baron also approved.

Getting three men to attend a birthday party was ironically going to be a piece of cake.

She neatly folded two black suit skirts, two crisp white shirts, and two sets of nude, seamless underwear into her suitcase. She followed that with two pairs of cotton pajamas and extra pairs of emergency panties.

After collecting her toiletries bag, which included her make-up in travel-sized bottles, she added it to her suitcase, zipped the bag up, and wheeled it to her front door.

She checked the watch on her wrist and was pleased that she was three minutes ahead of schedule, enough time to

follow up with the pyrotechnician about his choreography for the fireworks display for her boss's wife's thirty-fifth birthday.

By the time the company car arrived to take her to the private hangar where she would be boarding Andrew's private jet, she was waiting right on the curb. Every minute of her life had to be articulated and properly utilized.

Oblivious to everything around her since it was not her first trip on her boss's private jet, Blakely accepted a bottle of water from the flight attendant and opened her tablet.

She pulled up the images of the Marquis of Haroldcot, Simon Cunningham, the Marquis of Burshire, Henry Bailey, and the Marquis of Brentlywood, Asher Milton.

She told herself it was just so she knew who she was looking for to explain why she found herself staring at their images again, notwithstanding the fact that she had already memorized each of their likenesses.

Weird. But whatever.

She'd learned from Andrew that he had adopted all three of them after a tragic accident took their parents' lives when they were six months old. They were also their parents' eldest sons, and Andrew had made sure they carried their legacy, which explained how they all held the title of marquis.

She then called up her emails, answered them all, and worked on a speech Andrew was going to deliver at a college on climate change. She also had to make sure that the damage control on an image circulating around the internet of Tanya, her boss's new wife, caught with a piece of toilet paper

hanging out of her yoga pants after a session at the gym was still working.

American tabloids couldn't have cared less, but not so much the British tabloids who had a field day.

The only way Blakely could minimize negative press was to put a positive spin on it. *Sometimes, toilet paper is going to stick out of your pants.*

Her spin had been that life happened, especially to a busy mom trying to take time for herself by actually going to the gym to be healthy but also hurrying home to her babies because she felt guilty for taking 'me time.'

Blakely employed a ton of influencers to spread the spin and also had Tanya appear on a popular American talk show, and voila, she successfully turned an embarrassing situation into an empowering one.

She allowed herself a smug smile because she earned it. She was damn good at her job and liked nothing more than to be challenged. She was never out of options in any situation.

And to think her boss had warned her that getting Simon, Henry, and Asher to do her bidding and board a flight to New York was going to be the hardest thing she'd ever do.

Pfft.

After working for Andrew for three years, there hadn't been a task she hadn't executed or a crisis she hadn't been able to avert. Plucking three stubborn English aristocrats out of their lives for a weekend so they could attend their dad's wife's birthday party was child's play to her.

Oh, they probably *knew* they were extraordinarily good-looking and obviously thought themselves god's gift to the female race, but unlucky for them, she didn't care much for those kinds of things, which explained why, or rather because of it, she had accumulated only one failed relationship in her twenty-five years of life.

That relationship had lasted all of six months before it ended. It still stung a little that it had been he who had initiated the breakup.

Again, that was fine.

She was far too focused on her job anyway. It gave her the stability she needed and provided her with enough of a sense of accomplishment when she concluded a task. She craved control more than she craved chocolate, and she craved chocolate a lot.

Like a huge lot.

But that was what happened to someone who grew up in a chaotic household. Her dad was a part-time art teacher, and her mom grew *herbs* in her little garden that she would sell. They were in fact dirt poor, but her parents had romanticized their lack of money, saying it was a great way to get in touch with the more important things in life, like nature and free love.

And by nature, they meant taking aphrodisiacs and fluttering around their worn-down mobile home without a care in the world, or one for their daughter, whom they called a *killjoy* since the age of five because she wanted order.

Her parents were now elderly but still lived a nomadic lifestyle. Blakely had bought them a much more comfortable mobile home and made sure their fridge was always fully stocked. They had new clothes, proper medical attention, and wanted for nothing.

After doing a little more admin, she had a light meal, which was basically a salad, took a seven-minute power nap, and woke up in time to freshen up before landing.

A car was already waiting for her to drive her to her hotel.

“Ms. Cohen. My name is Anthony, and I’m from the Briarbrook Estate. I’ll be your driver for the duration of your stay here in London.”

“Thank you, Anthony. And, please call me Blakely.”

The drive was thankfully short to the hotel room.

“I’ll see you at 7 a.m. tomorrow morning?”

“If I may be so bold, Ms. Cohen, I mean Blakely, perhaps it would be in your best favor to approach the marquises at a later hour. Perhaps 9 a.m., which is probably a time you are likely to find them awake, although it might not ring true for Lord Milton.”

“9 a.m.?” she asked, almost incredulous. That was nearly the morning gone already.

Anthony nodded, then added. “I’ll be here at 8:35, which will give us enough time to get the day started.”

“Thank you, Anthony. I appreciate it.”

Since it was already evening in London, she checked herself in at the hotel, hit the gym, ordered room service, which was just a chocolate milkshake and fries, and only because she had worked out, then forced herself to get some sleep.

But the minute she thought she had slid into a deep slumber, she found her mind flipping through their images in slow motion.

Simon Cunningham, with his dark blue eyes. Henry Bailey, with his daring green eyes. And Asher Milton and his devil-may-care eyes.

It woke her up immediately, and since sleep was now going to evade her completely, she made some tea and read her book. *Eleven Best Habits of Self-improved People and How Not to Get Sidetracked.*

Chapter Two

Dressed in one of the suit skirts and a white shirt she had packed, she slipped on her favorite pair of black stiletto pumps, all six inches of them, neatened down her already immaculately groomed hair, which was pulled into a tight bun, then shrugged into a feminine-cut blazer.

Her clothes looked boring, but she chose quality designer brands over everything else every time. Chanel skirt, shirt, blazer, and Louboutin heels.

She wore a Cartier watch, which she saved up for years and years and bought for herself on her twenty-fourth birthday. The only other piece of jewelry she wore was a pair of diamond stud earrings.

Her perfume was a subtle blend of rose, jasmine, and patchouli, and her makeup was artfully applied. She was nothing if not extremely well put together while still maintaining a look of utter professionalism.

It had been one of the prerequisites when she had applied for the job as a PA to an English aristocrat who ran a powerful real estate business in the States.

After Andrew personally offered her the job, she requested an increase in her already exponential salary because she was worth that much since she was going to sleep,

eat, drink, and live her job twenty-four hours a day every week. Andrew hadn't even hesitated before he agreed to her counteroffer.

Considering she'd been fresh out of college with zero work experience and her only selling point had been her wits, she had achieved quite a feat landing such a prestigious position. She'd never failed Andrew before, and she didn't intend to start now either, despite his warning her she would have her work cut out for her with his three sons and getting them to come to what was essentially their stepmother's birthday party.

Right. Challenge accepted.

Straightening her jacket, she collected her overnight suitcase, a plain black leather handbag, and her tablet, then headed to the lobby. The jet was on standby to deliver them back to New York, hopefully, all by lunchtime London time.

She appreciated how prompt Anthony was. He'd arrived at exactly 8:34 a.m., which would give them enough time to get to the penthouse in the city of Asher Milton, also known as the Marquis of Brentlywood.

Working for Andrew Symmonds meant she was accustomed to the sight of wealth and luxury. After briefly glancing at the modern architectural design of chrome and marble, Blakely caught an elevator straight up to the penthouse.

If she were easily impressed, she'd be in awe of the fact that Asher owned the entire mammoth building.

As she sat in the back of the sedan limo—a smaller version of a limousine—she envisioned the seating arrangements for the four of them once she procured them and they were on their way to the jet. Two of them would sit opposite her, and one of them would sit next to her.

Sorted.

The building in which Asher Milton lived was on another level. Fine, she found it pretentious and over the top, but she wasn't there to judge the place where he lived.

After the help desk tried calling him over ten times to let him know he had a guest, Blakely name-dropped the duke's name, and without waiting for a reply, she caught an elevator and took it up to the penthouse.

Once the engraved steel doors opened, she stepped into a plush lounge area that squeaked it was so clean and so silent.

“Lord Milton,” she called. “I'm Blakely Cohen from the offices of the Duke of Brairbrook. Your father.”

Still met with utter silence, she walked further into the lounge and then whirled around until she found an opaque sliding door.

She knocked. Once. Twice. She announced herself again and then slid the doors open.

The sight before her nearly scarred her eyes. The clear evidence of a party lay scattered everywhere she looked in the vast expanse of the apartment. Ridiculously expensive bottles of alcohol were strewn everywhere, as were clothes. Female clothes.

Oh god.

Were those panties lying around?

“Lord Milton,” she called again, then almost had her skin leave her body when at least five absolutely naked women rose from behind a giant white leather couch, looking as disheveled as the apartment around them.

They whispered at her not to shout again as they held their heads, whimpered, and fumbled around for their clothes and shoes while blaming each other for being late for work.

Serves them right. Who did things like that on a Thursday night, knowing full well they had work the next day? Certainly not her.

But good god. Not only did the apartment reek like a brewery, but Blakely was sure she could taste it in the air around her as well.

“I’m looking for Lord Asher Milton,” Blakely said in her normal voice. She still had a job to do. One of the girls, holding her boobs as she looked for her shoes, pointed in the direction of a bedroom.

Right.

Straightening her jacket yet again, she knocked on the closed door and then had to knock again and again. No answer.

She turned the knob and had no choice but to enter the room. She was met with the profile of a man facing away from her, wearing nothing but a towel hung too low around his waist, with rivers of water zigzagging between the planes, dents, and boulders that made up the muscles in his back.

She may have blinked or taken a breath, but before she could do either again—blink or breathe—she toppled over

onto the bed and was pinned down with her wrists restrained above her head in one of his hands.

He was also no longer wearing his towel.

“Well, well, well.” A deep, velvety-accented voice said, his fresh, minty breath coasting over her. This was Asher Milton, the Marquis of Brentlywood himself.

His hair was still soaking wet from his shower, and she’d be lying if she said she didn’t want to bury her face in his chest so she could inhale more of the scent of his soap, which was undeniably a brand completely outside her pay grade.

No, she meant she wanted to sniff his skin instead of breathing in the air in his apartment because she was certain she had seen alcohol streaming from a marble water feature in his lounge.

An alcohol fountain, to be sure.

“Lord Milton, my name is Blakely—”

“I don’t remember ordering an uptight librarian,” he said, his tone low as his eyes raked up and down her body before he sniffed the skin on her neck. Okay then.

“But fuck, you are... exquisite...”

“Lord Milton—”

“Just call me Asher, or Daddy, if you like.”

“Lord Milton! My name is Blakely Cohen. I work for your father, Andrew Symmonds. Kindly get off me. You are wetting my clothes.”

With that, he released her and straightened to his full phenomenal height sans his towel, and Blakely found herself staring at what she gathered would be considered a significant piece of male anatomy.

The desperate need to turn around and blush a thousand shades of red was not a luxury she could award herself because of who she was, as was plainly stated by her ex-boyfriend.

She took a deep sigh, climbed off the bed, closed the small distance between them, bent and retrieved his towel, then proceeded to wrap it around his waist again, carefully so she didn't touch his penis in any way. She had to maintain the upper hand. Show a strong front on all accounts.

"I'm here to extend a personal invitation to a birthday party for your father's wife, Tanya. She's turning thirty-five, as I'm sure you know. If you'd like to get dressed, I have a car waiting, and I will be escorting..." Wrong choice of word.

"I will be accompanying you to New York. You don't have to worry about packing a bag. I've already made arrangements for a wardrobe to be sent to Brairbrook House, which is where you and your brothers will be staying for the duration of your stay in New York."

"And he sent *you*?" Asher chuckled as he turned around and walked toward his closet. She spun around when he dropped his towel again and slipped into a pair of jeans that had seen better days by far.

"I'm more formidable than I look, Lord Milton. If you don't mind hurrying up, Anthony is waiting for us."

He came around to face her while putting on a T-shirt. She could now smell the scent of his cologne, and it tickled her nose. Staring her straight in the eye, he seemed to be sizing her up.

Asher Milton, honestly too good-looking for his own good, then perused her entire body from head to foot. She resisted the urge to breathe in case it sounded like a pant, which, given the circumstances, was no reason for her to be panting at all.

She also wondered if his air-conditioning system was working since it had become uncomfortably hot. She brushed aside her own weird physiological reactions and concentrated on the problem at hand: Asher Milton.

He looked as if he were contemplating giving her a hard time. She wished he wouldn't. She would hate to have to start wearing him down two minutes into meeting him. He did not understand her level of commitment to getting the job done.

He folded his arms across his excessively muscular chest and used one hand to stroke the jaw on his perfectly symmetrical face, then nodded.

“All right.”

Even she seemed a little taken aback.

“Thank you. Your cooperation is appreciated.”

“Oh, I just want to see how you do with getting my brothers to come to New York with you.”

“I'm sure they will be as inclined as you are, Lord Milton,” she said, deadly serious, while also manifesting that

was exactly what she wanted to happen. His laugh seemed to make her nerves act strangely, but she soon got herself in order.

She ignored him for the most part in the car en route as they were to his other adopted brother, Henry Bailey, the Marquis of Burshire. But Asher seemed content to just stare at her while she worked.

“Have you never seen a fully clothed woman before, Lord Milton?”

“Not as beautiful as you.”

“I’m sure you say that to all the girls.”

“Yes, but I’ve never meant it before.”

“And that makes you entirely trustworthy.” She ended the conversation by excusing herself to take a call; she also didn’t want to hear him chuckle again.

She didn’t expect Anthony to drive to the middle of nowhere for her to meet Henry Bailey. All she could see was a massive building and then open land. Well, he knew the whereabouts of the Marquises better than she did, so she trusted him.

“Stay,” she ordered Asher, holding out her hand to him before she climbed out of the car.

“Yes, ma’am,” he said, sounding as amused as ever.

Chapter Three

With her heels clicking against the concrete floor of the vast space, she came across a pretty girl dressed in tight jeans shorts and a tank top that barely covered her midriff, with her long blonde hair in a ponytail and a brilliant smile on her face.

“Hello. I’m looking for Lord Henry Bailey, please.”

“Of course, just a minute. Henry, someone is here to see you,” she called.

“Lord Bailey,” Blakely said as soon as she laid eyes on the tall man, dressed in a jumpsuit that accentuated his broad shoulders and the muscles in his thighs, leaving nothing to the imagination. She found that she had to take a deeper breath before she started to speak again. “My name is Blakely Cohen. I work for your father, Andrew Symmonds—”

“Is that so?” he asked, his green eyes gliding up and down her body, giving her the same look that Asher Milton had given her. What was up with these men? Had he also never seen a fully clothed woman before?

“It is so,” she said, nodding. “I’m here to escort—”

“Step into my office. We can talk there,” he said, then turned away. Blakely had to increase her pace and the length of her stride considerably, to keep up with him. She followed

him up a flight of stairs, and before she knew it, she was stepping into an aircraft.

An aircraft.

Another man closed the hatch and sealed them in, then gave Henry Bailey the thumbs-up sign.

What was even happening right now?

“I’m sorry, but when you said your office, I thought you meant an actual office with walls and a floor on the ground.”

“This is my office, at least for the next hour or so.” He pushed her into a seat, and the scent of his cologne whispered over her as he leaned down and buckled her in before he took his own seat without bothering to buckle himself in.

“You were saying?” he asked as if they were having high tea instead of sitting in what looked like a cargo plane. Were those parachutes? Where were they going?

“I was saying I work for your father, Andrew Symmonds. I’m here to extend a personal invitation on behalf of your father for his wife’s birthday party and to escort you to New York. Arrangements have already been made for your wardrobe, so you may come as you are, and you will find everything you need in Briarbrook House, where you will be residing with your brothers during your stay.”

“And my brothers agreed to this?”

“I’ve only had the time to see Asher so far, and yes, he is waiting in the car as we speak.”

The soft, rough chuckle he issued made the hairs on her arm stand up, and a tingling pulse slid down her spine. Weirdly, it was exactly the same strange sensations she'd experienced with Asher.

The man who had closed the hatch was there again to... open the hatch.

Okay—

Henry slipped a parachute over his shoulders and then donned some goggles.”

“I want you to jump out of this plane with me, Blakely. Will you?”

“I most certainly will not—” she shrieked, but he had dropped to his haunches before her and started to remove her shoes. He then tucked them into a pocket on either side of his suit and zipped it up. Before she could protest, he had already unbuckled her from her seat, and to stop herself from flying out the door, she clung to him for dear life.

“Do you trust me, Blakely?”

“No,” she shouted. Was he insane?

“I want you to trust me, Blakely,” he said. He spun her around and latched her onto him, then had to carry her to the open hatch. He placed a pair of goggles over her eyes, and before she could say anything else, he just jumped from the plane a million feet above the ground. And she wasn't prone to exaggerating, but it was at least a million feet above the ground.

“You're fucking exquisite, Ms. Cohen,” he whispered in her ear before every thought she'd ever had disintegrated

into nothingness. The feeling of being sucked downward while also experiencing a level of euphoria that didn't go with her personality consumed her.

There were moments she thought she was going to die, but the muscular male body behind her somehow kept her grounded.

And warm,
...and oddly safe.

Until the earth looked too close, and she was certain she was going to break every bone in her body.

Except she didn't.

She had no idea how Henry did any of it, but he had unbuckled her in an instant, swung her around to face him, and then twisted his body so that when they fell to the ground, she lay perfectly on top of him, nestled between his thighs, with not even a toe of hers touching the dirt underneath them.

She could have died. She could have died. She could have died.

She would have been so mad at him if she had died.

Scrambling off him with the need to give him a piece of her mind was thwarted when Anthony pulled up in the car right alongside them.

“I got this, Anthony,” Asher said to the chauffeur, leaning over to open the door for them. She was further thrown off course when Henry unzipped his pockets and removed her shoes. He then bent down on his haunches and

slipped them back onto her feet. Then he unzipped his suit and shrugged it off, leaving him in a pair of jeans and a T-shirt.

Did they have to look that way?

“Thank you,” she said, although he didn’t deserve anything nice from her, including her good manners.

She took a few sobering breaths. All that mattered was getting them to New York as per her assignment.

“Does this mean you’ll be accompanying us to New York, Lord Bailey?”

“Henry, please, and I just want to see if you can get Simon to do your bidding,” he said, chuckling.

“I’m sure he will be similarly copasetic,” she said confidently, climbing into the car. The two men sat opposite her, and she hoped they couldn’t hear her heart still beating out of her chest from her unsolicited skydiving event. She was by far having the weirdest day ever.

But never mind. She was all about going the extra mile to get her work done.

Two down. One to go. The odds were nicely in her favor.

Chapter Four

All Blakely wanted was to finish her task and get back to New York. Two of them had already driven her to the brink of madness. And she had no idea what to expect for the third one. Would he try to throw her from his high-rise company building, where he was the billionaire owner?

She realized anything could happen now, especially when she had to redo her hair after her surprise skydiving event and then had to blink away the image of Asher's naked cock from her mind.

"Good luck," Asher said with a killer smile on his lips. Clearly, he didn't think she would be coming down with the Marquis of Haroldcot in tow.

"Do not leave this car," she said, meaning every word. She was not going to run after them if they decided to scatter. "Please."

Argh, why did it feel as if her battle had only begun? Asher and Henry were clearly humoring her. They had no intention of boarding their father's private jet with her, bound for the States. They just wanted to see how far she got.

She needed a contingency plan. Pity chloroform was out of the question, which would be a mild thing compared to

what they had done to her. But she immediately came up with the next best thing.

As she entered the lobby of Cunningham Enterprises, she whipped out her phone and texted a message to Anthony. He replied immediately and said he knew just the place and that it was within walking distance.

It wasn't going to be the conventional kind, but it would work the same way. She didn't care about convention, so she told him to go ahead and be surreptitious about his purchase. She didn't want the other two lords to catch on.

If only the two lords waiting in the car were as well-behaved as the chauffeur, she'd have no problems at all. Anthony was definitely going to be getting a Christmas present from her from now on.

Of course, getting to see Simon Cunningham, the Marquis of Haroldcot, in his company's skyscraper masterpiece was harder than breaking into the Louvre.

The security guard at the reception desk kept telling her he couldn't allow her to go up unless Lord Cunningham gave him instructions to do so. And he was damn adamant about it too. He didn't care who she was or that she worked for Simon Cunningham's father.

A bulky man, nearly seven feet tall, when he blocked her way, he *blocked* all of it.

But in her attempt to be seen by his big boss, she slipped around to his desk with the intention of negotiating with him one-on-one.

It was then that she saw a picture of a teenage girl, obviously his daughter, since the resemblance was so strong. She also noticed he had hastily put in a gift bag a copy of a book by a very popular author.

“If you let me go up to see Lord Cunningham, I will get you signed copies of the whole series by Gamma Thornbird, all made out with a special message to your daughter.”

“You don’t know GT.”

“If I do, I’m going up.”

She whipped out her phone, scrolled through her contacts, and found the author’s number. She then asked the guard for his phone, which he handed to her, perplexed, and she placed the call.

It was just as well that her boss’s eldest daughter was also a GT fan, and Blakely had arranged a guest appearance by the author herself to read to Emma and her friends during a birthday pajama party she’d had.

How Blakely had gotten the very secretive author, who made no public appearances, to come all the way to New York from Paris was another story altogether. Okay, it had been one of true love. All the author’s books had been dedicated to her *Lost love, Alfred Witting*.

Blakely had buckled down and gotten all the information there was to know about Alfred Witting, but to know she was looking at the right Alfred Witting, she also had to do her research on Gamma Thornbird.

It turned out he was her childhood sweetheart, but they'd been separated when Alfred moved to a small town in Italy. Blakely had visited the quaint little town and had spent an unusual amount of time at the post office, only to discover Gamma's letters to Alfred all those years ago were never delivered to him because no one by the name of Alfred Witting lived at the address on the envelope, so they were promptly returned to Gamma.

No one in the town knew of an Alfred Witting, so Blakely had decided to decrypt the address. Maybe it was just the wrong street number or a misplaced letter in the street name. She searched every computation of the addresses in the town, which didn't take her long until she came upon a house where she met a man in his sixties.

She recognized him instantly from a picture she had seen of him in a schoolbook.

Apparently, Alfred had experienced a tragic event that changed his whole life. He had been involved in a boating accident; both his parents had died, and he was left with amnesia after hitting his head on a rock.

The landlady of the house his family had meant to lease decided to adopt him, and she gave him a new name. Blakely wasn't sure it was going to work, but she hoped that maybe Alfred's memory would be triggered when he met Gamma again, and voila, he remembered her instantly. Gamma had looked for him, but she had the wrong address; he lived on the next street.

Gamma found her true love again, and there was nothing she wouldn't do for Blakely now that she was re-

experiencing her true love all over again, but Blakely had asked for no more than three favors in return, and then she would be done. And her boss' daughter got to have the best party ever.

Gamma answered her phone after a few rings and tentatively listened as Blakely enlisted her help once more. This was her second time. The security guard, tongue-tied, could not believe he was making arrangements with GT to surprise his daughter.

She took his key, which she would slip into the elevator to take her up to the 20th floor. She waved goodbye to him as the doors closed.

But what a strange sight she walked into when she stepped out of the elevator! Since the whole floor was dedicated only to its owner, Simon Cunningham, it was clear that it was his PA who was sobbing her eyes out at her desk.

Blakely could never bear to see anyone's obvious pain, so she stopped at the desk and gently touched the other woman's shoulder.

“Are you okay?”

The other woman, tall, blonde, and model-material, looked up at Blakely as if she were looking at a ghost. She immediately got up from her chair in a panic.

“How did you get here? No one is supposed to be on this floor. I'm calling security.”

“It's okay. My name is Blakely Cohen, and I work for Andrew Symmonds, the Duke of Brairbrook. I'm here to see his son, Simon.”

“He’s not seeing anyone at the moment. And I don’t think he cares that you work for his father.”

“He’ll see me. But is there anything I can help you with...?”

“Linda, my name is Linda. Thank you, but no. No one can help me.”

“Try me.”

“I got the wrong translator, and I set up a meeting on the wrong day, and I’m only six months into this position, and I need the job, but Mr. Cunningham is so scary, I get so panicked, and my mind blanks, and I do the wrong things.”

“You’re only here for six months; give yourself some grace,” Blakely said as she dug into her handbag for tissues.

“Thank you. You’re so nice.”

“Oh, I’m nice only to nice people. I’m going to go and see him, okay?”

Linda grabbed her arm to stop her.

“Don’t. He’ll eat you alive.”

“I can handle him just fine.”

Walking with confidence, she was totally ready to get the billionaire into the car and off to the jet.

She also didn’t bother knocking since she was a little mad that he had made his PA cry. The man sitting behind a massive desk would have otherwise made her stagger. As tall as Henry and Asher, and probably with a similar muscular physique with the way his bespoke suit draped over his shoulders.

With his head bent, his short, dark hair gleamed with health. From what she saw from his profile, his face was all hard angles with a jawline that was structured in such a way as to deliver dominance and demand respect.

“You’re fired,” he said without looking up.

“I beg your pardon,” she replied, at once annoyed by his arrogance.

“I said you’re fired. You may leave.”

“If you’re going to fire me, at least have the decency to look me in the eye.”

Her words seemed to elicit some response in him. His jaw clenched before he looked up. For a split second, a frown creased his thick, silky eyebrows before he sat back in his chair.

Blakely didn’t dare falter or squirm under his intense gaze. She could take as much as she could give.

“You’re fired,” he said, then dismissed her.

The absolute nerve of the man.

“Use my name.”

“You’re fired, Lynette.”

“You are unbelievable, Lord Cunningham. The person you want to fire is not me. She has blonde hair and blue eyes, and her name is *Linda*, not Lynette. She’s worked for you for six months, and you couldn’t take the time to learn her name?

“Also, you aren’t going to fire her. You are going to be less scary when you give her instructions, so she’s not so

petrified of getting them wrong and then actually gets them wrong. Be nice. It'll cost you nothing.”

This made him look up at her again before he unfolded his body from the chair. She forced herself not to take a step back.

“Who are you?”

She took a deep breath and, for the third time that morning, delivered her greeting to an English aristocrat. “Lord Cunningham, my name is Blakely Cohen. I work for Andrew Symmonds, the Duke of Brairbrook, your father. I’m here to extend a personal invitation to a birthday party for Andrew’s wife.

“Your father will greatly appreciate your and your brothers’ presence at the event. I have a car waiting outside to drive us to the airport. You can come as you are since I have already had a wardrobe delivered to Brairbrook House on the Upper East Side, which is where you will be staying over the weekend. And yes, in case you’re wondering, Lord Milton and Lord Bailey are already in the car I mentioned. I collected them this morning, and they have agreed to attend Tanya’s birthday party.”

“Henry and Asher are outside?” he asked, closing the distance between them, his hands in his suit pockets, his dark blue eyes drawing her in and then drowning her in them. This time, she thought her body was going to melt into a puddle if he came any closer. Was London always this hot?

“They are. I suppose you will want to see that for yourself. So shall we?”

She led the way, still not 100% sure he was going to follow her. It was the scent of his cologne that enveloped her first as he walked in behind her.

As they passed his fully distraught, near-petrified PA on their way out, Blakely stopped to speak to her.

“Linda, Lord Cunningham will be away for the weekend and possibly on Monday too. Please hold the fort.”

Linda nodded, completely dumbfounded. Poor thing.

Oh, and Linda, you aren’t fired, just to be clear,” she said as they stepped into the elevator and faced the PA’s desk. “In fact, Lord Cunningham has given you a raise.” She smiled broadly at the pretty blonde before the doors closed on them.

“You’re lucky I’m not taking you over my knee and spanking you for throwing around my money.”

“You’re lucky your archaic fantasies won’t work on me.”

“We’ll see about that,” he said softly and darkly.

Chapter Five

Who was this woman who had bounded into his office, lectured him about being nicer to his staff, promised his PA, who had fucked up royally, that she wasn't going to be fired, and instead offered her a raise, which he did not authorize?

Simon Cunningham inhaled the sweet scent of the perfume of the dark-haired, brown-eyed beauty and allowed his gaze to slip down the length of her body. He couldn't deny that the moment he looked up into her face, the blood in his veins had run hot, and his cock had twitched. That hadn't happened in the longest time for a woman.

He had wondered how he never noticed his PA was that fucking gorgeous, that bossy, and that hot.

Except she wasn't his PA, which made sense because he would have noticed her from the very first moment he set his eyes on her.

So Blakely Cohen worked for Andrew Symmonds, the man who had raised them since they were six months old. Andrew had been the only father figure they had known.

Their parents, together with Andrew and his wife at the time, had gone out to a party, and then, in a drunken state, they dropped their chauffeur off on the side of the road and decided

to drive the limo home themselves while they were all intoxicated.

They crashed into a delivery truck, and Simon, Henry, and Asher's parents were instantly killed. Andrew was hospitalized for three months, undergoing surgery after surgery to repair his legs.

His wife, Sonia, had escaped mostly unscathed, and she had taken care of them, promising their dying parents that she would make sure they lived up to their legacy, kept their names, and knew who their parents were.

Sonia passed away when they were around sixteen, and no woman that Andrew brought into their lives lived up to her. It also didn't help that the women he married were no more than a few years older than they were.

They had drifted away from their adopted father by then. They couldn't understand how he could love someone like Sonia, whom he made his wife, and then think she was replaceable. Did they want him not to be happy? It was different.

Andrew could fuck any woman he wanted every night of the week, but he didn't have to marry them. That was tainting Sonia's memory. That's what they didn't want. Because they firmly believed a man could only love one woman. Which also explained why they were still single.

Although there was a marriage clause somewhere in their trust funds and they were nearing the age mentioned, lucky for them, they had made their own money. Simon had Cunningham Enterprises, a company worth more than Andrew's entire estate and also worth more than what his

parents had left him. He was closer to being worth more than two hundred billion dollars now.

Simon knew his taste for wealth was to make sure he was never beholden to the terms of his trust fund. Marry by the age of thirty-three.

Henry had sold an app and software to a tech company for a cool fifty billion dollars and then invested it all to double it so he could go around jumping out of planes or swimming with sharks. His need to live dangerously was born out of the loss of their parents.

He pushed himself to the limit, and if Simon and Asher, for one second, believed he was endangering his life by being careless, they would slam him back onto the firm ground and keep him there. No one took more calculated risks than Henry.

Asher owned a string of posh nightclubs all around the world. His net worth was nearing a hundred billion dollars as well. The thing about Asher was that he was a party animal, but no one knew he only pretended to be a playboy.

Being surrounded by women who constantly threw themselves at him turned old very quickly. Simon and Henry couldn't remember the last time Asher had sex. But he'd earned that reputation by association, and he kind of flaunted it around. He was nothing if not the opposite of the rich young aristocrat manwhore cliché.

Simon was willing to bet his favorite racehorse that the only reason Henry and Asher were in fact in a car waiting to be driven to their father's private hangar here in London was

that they wanted to see how far each one of them was willing to go.

The fact that they had done her bidding and followed her around seemed to be something they all shared.

“She got to you too,” Henry said as soon as Simon, humoring her, climbed into the limo after her.

“She must be something else,” Asher murmured, scooting over to give Simon a place to sit between him and Henry.

Blakely Cohen, looking as accomplished as she probably felt, sat opposite them by herself. Her modest knee-length skirt rode up just a little, but it was enough to make their cocks hard, and he spoke collectively.

What he was feeling, he could rest assured that Henry and Asher were feeling the same.

She really must be something else, because there was no way they would have found themselves in a Brairbrook limo with a Brairbrook chauffeur at the wheel.

They glanced at each other and had an entire conversation without saying a word. Being raised together as brothers while they were not born as brothers meant they had to learn about each other as if they were learning about themselves.

Their bond had started when they were six months old and, now into adulthood, was unseverable. They were completely synchronized in their thinking when it came to important things, despite having different personalities. They

were left alone in this world together, and they planned to stay bonded until the day they died.

One thing was clear: They hadn't quite yet decided if they were going to fuck their father's prized PA, and she was prized, or he wouldn't have sent her to do the impossible. Bundle them into a car and take them to New York for his fourth wife's fucking birthday party.

Perhaps they would give her one more chance to respond to them before they made their decision about whether they were keeping her or not.

What was it about her? Her bossiness? He knew it was her bossiness that made him want to spank her like he had never wanted to so badly before, just to see how her ass reddened, either with his hand, his belt, or a flogger. Simon wanted to spank that bossiness out of her. Not permanently, no, because he wanted to keep spanking her.

He knew Henry wanted to push her to her limits and then send her flying over them, just like he lived his life.

And Asher would want to play with her for hours on end, just to drive her completely crazy.

They couldn't wait to see her next move.

"Thank you for your cooperation. It's very much appreciated. Anthony, to the Brairbrook hangar, please."

Well, that was fun," Henry said, opening the door before good ol' Anthony got a chance to start the car.

"Wait, where are you going?" she asked panickedly, pushing Henry back into the seat. But then Asher said his

goodbyes, too, and by now, she was flushed so prettily that Simon wanted to lick the heat from her cheeks.

“Anthony,” she called, and the chauffeur tossed her a brown paper bag before he locked the doors, which would prove futile since even Anthony knew he was no match for any of them.

“No,” she shouted while ripping open the brown bag. She retrieved a set of handcuffs—not ordinary ones, but pink, fluffy ones.

“You three are the worst. First, I get mistaken for an uptight librarian by this one,” she said, cuffing her wrist to Asher’s.

“Then this one,” she said, cuffing her wrist to Henry’s, “pushes me out of a moving freaking plane, a million feet in the air.

“And you,” she said directly to Simon as she lifted her knee and pressed it down onto his, sweet inches away from his cock, thinking it was enough to hold him in place. “You fired me. I have never been fired from a job in all my life.”

Did she even know she was making them incredibly hard for her now?

“You three are entitled, spoiled, stubborn, arrogant, insufferable, and infuriating. I have been nothing but patient and accommodating while being mistaken for a hooker, almost killed while I plunged to the earth, and then fired from a job I didn’t even have.

“And if you think I’m subscribing to your megalomaniacal proclivities, you’re wrong. I’m not a groupie.

“Now you’re going to sit like this until we get to the hangar. Then we’re going to fly to New York. You’re going to wear the damn tuxedos I picked out for you tomorrow night and attend your stepmother’s thirty-fifth birthday party because that would make my boss and your father a happy man.

“And you will be civil and as pleasant as a cupcake throughout the whole thing. And then we will part ways, and I hope never to see any one of you ever again.”

They were going to fuck her.

Every way possible.

And then they were going to keep her tied to their bed.

It should have caused some momentary concern that they felt this intensely for this woman they hadn’t known since an hour ago or so, especially since they had never shared a woman before. Not even once.

But suddenly, seeing her spread wide for all three of their pleasures felt like the most right thing in the world.

All they knew was that they were going to stretch her sweet, soft body and then fill her with their hard, thick cocks in every hole she had. They were going to make her come until they could feel her spasms on their cocks, whether they were inside her pussy or her ass, or whether they had penetrated her with two of their cocks in her pussy, and one of them in her ass.

Either way, the combinations were going to make them explode inside her, and she was going to take every drop of their cum, and she was going to keep it inside.

They were going to claim her, and there wasn't anything they wouldn't do, moral or not, to keep her. Asher closed the partition, separating her ally, Anthony, from her. She was theirs now. Completely, unequivocally theirs.

"Ms. Cohen, we have a proposition to make," Simon began, voted as the spokesperson, seeing as how Henry and Asher were each stealing tiny black pins from her hair, much to her frustration, picking the locks of the god awful rather pink and fluffy cuffs restraining them to her.

"We'll do what you want. Go to New York. Wear the suits. Attend the party. But we would like very much to know what you feel like on the inside."

Chapter Six

Blakely had never been more infuriated in all her life. She had been right. They had just been humoring her the whole time, amused by her. They probably thought she was oh, so cute, thinking she could make them do as she wanted.

At least she hadn't lost her touch or her mind completely enough not to have the wherewithal to try to come up with a way to secure them.

Okay, when Anthony said the handcuffs she had asked him to get were not conventional, she had no idea what she was expecting, but the fully pink fluffy restraints were something else. She was just plain lucky; they just about fit around Henry's and Asher's wrists. But she did have to worry if she was going to cut off their blood supply.

She had to transport them to New York, not kill them en route, although she warmed considerably to the idea now.

But it felt as if she were never going to have the upper hand when it came to them because just when she thought she had them secured and was prepared to stay in that position with her knee in Simon's thigh to keep him in place while she was handcuffed to Henry and Asher, they turned the tables on her again.

She couldn't stop Henry and Asher from pulling the strategically placed hair pins holding up her tight bun from her hair. She could do less when Simon slid his hand just under her skirt.

The rough heat from his hand scalded her, and her skin there was never going to feel the same, just as the skin on the side of her neck where Asher had whispered against, or her calf where Henry had touched when he removed her shoes... to take her skydiving... as if she had asked for it.

"Stop that," she ordered them, meaning stop fiddling with her hair and stop touching her skin. But she never stood a chance when, as easily as a blink of an eye, Henry and Asher picked open the locks on the handcuffs. So much for thinking she was safe as long as Anthony had the keys.

How on earth did they know how to pick locks? They were billionaire aristocrats. Never mind. She didn't want to know.

"Ms. Cohen, we have a proposition to make," Simon began when she sat back in the seat of the limo opposite them.

"We'll do what you want. Go to New York. Wear the suits. Attend the party. But we would like very much to know what you feel like on the inside."

"What does that mean?" she asked softly. For the first time, she was caught off guard, and she had no defense to swing back or stand straight. The cumulation of her entire day—every word they had spoken that had caressed her ears, every breath that they had taken that had whispered against her.

Every accidental or innocent touch of their bodies and the scent of their colognes, so different individually but together combined on her and on her clothes, the result made her body tingly.

For the first time, she had to accept that her nipples had been aching the whole morning. Since she walked into Asher's penthouse, Henry's aircraft, and Simon's office.

She could no longer deny that her panties had been wet since seeing Asher, Henry, and Simon.

"It means we want to put our cocks in your body and feel your wall clutch against us. We want to fuck you until you come for us," Asher said.

"And then we want to fuck you until we empty all our cum inside you. Every last drop. Whether it's your pussy, your mouth, or your ass," Henry said.

"It means we're going to share you, Blakely. All three of our cocks and just little you," Simon added.

Before she could stop herself, her gaze lowered to their crotches. Their legs spread wide, and she could already see the thick, frightening bulges tenting their pants. She swallowed down her alarm as her pussy contracted involuntarily, and her womb seemed to tighten.

She gave in to the feelings of lightheadedness. To the way her spine melted and her heart beat so fast she ran out of air. Her clit, long since neglected, throbbed, and the folds of her pussy now soaked her panties with fresh wetness.

Focus, Cohen.

She licked her lips, but their collective growls set her back three steps from regaining her composure.

Focus, Cohen.

It was a proposition, they had said, not a marriage proposal. She had to think clearly. She closed her eyes, and immediately, the image of her last, well, only boyfriend flashed through her mind.

Right.

Conjuring Todd Armstrong, in her mind, always did the trick. Her ex kept her straight on the narrow path. She had nothing to worry about.

“If I say yes, you’ll obey me the whole weekend?”

“Except when you’re beneath us. Then we’re in charge.”

“But you’ll behave and make your father happy.”

“If that’s what you want.”

“Then you have yourself a deal.” She removed her tablet from her bag and whipped through her calendar, finding it calming amid all the chaos inside her. But no. She had a backup plan that would send them running out of the door in no time. She had nothing to worry about. Nothing at all.

“I’m afraid the only time I can fit you in—” she said, then realized what she had said. “The only time I’m available is after the party tomorrow night. Will that work for you?”

“Perfect.”

She shook their hands because what else was she supposed to do? She had never closed a deal before to have

sex with three strangers. Correction: She had never closed a deal for having *no* sex with three strangers.

She didn't know whether she was looking forward to disappointing three whole men, which would make her tally so far four whole men, or not.

No. She was Blakely Cohen. She was absolutely looking forward to disappointing them as payback for what they had done to her in one single morning.

Once they had boarded, she excused herself immediately and locked herself in a private cabin. She pulled out her tablet and laptop and then spent the next two hours trying to make herself focus on work before she gave up and just laid on the bed, her thoughts too jumbled to make any sense.

By the time they landed, she was back to her normal, efficient self. She took them to Briarbrook House, showed them where everything was kept in a very formal way, and then informed them they were having a late supper with their father. Not negotiable.

She didn't know how to react when they agreed.

“A deal is a deal, Blakely,” Henry reminded her.

She didn't wait around much longer than she absolutely needed, and once she got home, she took a long shower, pondered the ever-flowing wetness between her thighs, and wondered if she should make herself come. She hadn't done that in forever.

She turned away from the flow of water, but the instant she closed her eyes and touched her clit, her mind swam with

images of them.

Simon. Henry. Asher.

She allowed herself to picture them touching her, kissing her, and sucking her aching nipples into their mouths. She started to stroke a little harder. Her pussy became wetter, and her finger started to glide over her clit faster. She was so close. She couldn't get them out of her mind. But just when she was about to come, reality shattered her orgasm before it could take hold and she was promptly laid back down to earth.

She was protecting herself; she knew. On the one hand, she wanted them to run away, but on the other hand, she didn't know how to live with their rejection. She was overthinking a non-issue. She wanted them to turn around and leave. That was the only reason she agreed to their proposition in the first place. Either way, she was the winner.

She stepped from the shower, slipped into pajamas, climbed into bed, and slept like a baby, except when she started to dream about their magnificently handsome faces. Then she forced herself awake and continued reading her book. *Eleven Best Habits of Self-improved People and How Not to Get Sidetracked.*

Chapter Seven

Blakely glanced around the grand hall of the home of her boss. She had outdone herself on every level for this party. Andrew wanted no holds barred in terms of expense, and Blakely had employed a selection of event planners, and they had complimented each other perfectly.

Of course, she had arrived super early to make sure everything was in place, and of course, everything was in order with her in charge.

As for the dress she was wearing, well, she changed seven times before she settled on this one. The strange thing was that three days ago, she had already had her dress picked out and ready to be worn. But suddenly, the plain black body-hugging gown, which was appropriate for someone who would still be acting in her capacity as a PA, was suddenly not the one.

It was high-end fashion, naturally, but sleek and without any frivolous details to bog down the beautiful simplicity of the gown. Except she had suddenly found it boring.

Then she'd changed into a short black dress, a short red dress, a purple strapless one that showed off her cleavage, one

that revealed every inch of her back, an extravagant gold one, and a layered princess dress.

And finally, she had asked herself if she was okay, which forced her to say yes, she was fine, which meant she reverted to the dress she had originally set out to wear. The long black one that hugged her curves with a slit in the back to facilitate walking briskly in heels.

She kept her hair up as was originally decided on by herself, and once she was done, all her attempts to suddenly want to look glamorous disappeared, and she looked exactly like herself.

It wasn't as if she had a colossal proposition to deal with after the party. But for now, she planned to make sure Tanya's birthday bash went off without a single hitch.

Andrew couldn't thank her enough. He'd had a good dinner with his adopted sons, and his wife was thrilled at the way her party had turned out. So, points for Blakely there.

As more guests arrived, she saw less of Andrew. She also kept looking at the entrance for Simon, Henry, and Asher to arrive. She hated the stressed-out feeling playing havoc in the pit of her stomach. They had to come for Tanya's party, or her mission would have been a failure. But if they didn't come, did that mean they were rejecting her?

She was overthinking. It had nothing to do with her. If they didn't arrive in the next ten minutes, she was going to track them down—New York wasn't big enough when she was driven with purpose—and drag them by their ears and bring them here. And then she was done.

But suddenly, the air around her changed. Everyone's attention turned toward the entrance. There they stood.

Her breath caught in her throat before she realized the same thing was happening to every other female around her.

Dressed in the tuxedos she had delivered for them in size *perfect*, they cut formidable figures, and it was hard not to stare.

Simon, with his stormy blue eyes, raked the room as if he owned it. And wherever he laid his gaze, he demanded absolute submission or fear.

Henry had an air of mystery around him, the kind where a person didn't know if it was a good thing or a bad thing; either way, they wanted to follow him to the ends of the earth.

Asher only had to give one wicked smile to make anyone wearing panties want to drop them for him. So basically, everyone and their mother wanted to experience his drop-dead gorgeous smile before he made them do outrageously sexual things.

Shaking off their hold on her, she marched up to them.

"You're late," she said bossily. "Right. These are your cue cards for your speech. Don't mess it up," she warned. They didn't argue with her that they didn't know they were going to have to give speeches, thank goodness. But nothing would make Tanya happier, and so they were doing it.

Not able to stand a second longer in their company, she quickly turned around and blended into the crowd, then spent the rest of the time avoiding them.

But that couldn't last forever. Somehow they found her, and what they did to her shook her world.

It had been Henry who had caught her around the waist as she came out of Andrew's study after leaving a very expensive gift there for Tanya to open later.

He pushed her against the wall in the dimly lit passageway. His body was hard and flushed against hers so that she felt every muscle of his pump with power. She had never allowed herself to feel so helpless before.

"You're avoiding us," he murmured as he lowered his head. His thumb brushed against her trembling lip.

"I'm working," she said, but her tone lacked conviction.

She stopped breathing altogether when his lips touched the side of her throat. Her body started to sizzle when he opened his mouth on her. She couldn't help the purr that escaped her lips as he licked her.

But when she heard his deep rumbling breath before he pulled her closer and started to suck on her flesh, Blakely's mind melted as deep erotic shocks lashed her body every time he pricked her skin with his sharp teeth, only to kiss it better again.

She sagged against him, her spine liquified, and her nerves too drugged to care that she was fighting for control against the wickedness of his mouth.

She whimpered and moaned the deeper he sucked. And the deeper he sucked, the harder his cock became.

She was delirious under his touch and only belatedly remembered that he was giving her a hickey on her neck for everyone to see.

When he finally stood back and admired his work, he nodded, called her beautiful, and left her there, heaving as if she had run a marathon.

“If you try to cover it up with anything—makeup, your hair, anything at all—I’m going to take off my belt and spank you wherever we find ourselves. Understood?”

He didn’t wait for her to answer before he walked away from her without a care in the world. All the while, she had started to do body contortions just to prevent anyone from seeing them. The number of times people asked her if there was something wrong with her neck was eight times too many.

Taking a reprieve in the kitchen turned out to be no reprieve at all.

Her cry of shock was quickly thwarted when Asher pulled her into a utility unit and then shut the door behind them.

“What are you doing?” she whispered, trying to open the door, knowing it could only be opened from the outside. How on earth were they going to get out without whoever opened the door for them knowing that something illicit had possibly happened inside?

But Asher just grabbed her and looked for the mark Henry had left on her. She sucked in a staggering breath when he kissed her there, slowly, before he inched his lips down

over her shoulders, using his teeth to remove the thin strap from her shoulder.

Cool air wafted over her as he exposed her whole naked breast. The dress didn't allow her to wear a bra, and her panties were even less so.

"Asher," she whispered, trying to cover herself up again, but he lowered his head and captured her nipple, and the electric band of sensation that whipped through her left every cell inside her vibrating.

He squeezed her breast to make her swollen nipple pop, and then he sucked on her voraciously, hungry as if he could draw a miracle essence from her.

Held up entirely by him, she watched as he sucked and then drizzled wetness all over her peak until she was soaking wet and glistening from his mouth. Only when he drenched her until his spit leaked from her nipple did he pull her strap back up again.

As if by magic, the door opened, and Asher, walking backward, rubbed at the dampness on his mouth, winked at her, then disappeared.

Blakely quivered as the heat from his mouth faded against her nipple. But then she felt her dress absorb the dripping dampness he had left behind, and the cool air against the fabric was a constant, dark, deviant reminder of what he had done to her.

She was ready to go home. Her body had never received such an onslaught of sensation, and they didn't even know her deep, dark secret yet.

But as she walked into the heart of the party, alive with music, dancing, and conversation, her eyes locked with Simon.

He stood on the other side of her, hands in his pants pockets. She stalled; everywhere that Henry and Asher touched her, she throbbed continuously. And now it was all centered between her thighs. Her pussy just ached. She was so wet that she could feel her thighs become slippery with the arousal that leaked from her.

Simon ordered her to follow him without saying a word.

Fine. But she had every intention of letting him know that what they were doing was not cool. She was still working. She still had to make sure the party was a success until the minute it ended. And she couldn't be sidetracked by *this*.

The deal was made for after the party. The party hadn't ended yet. Simple.

She marched toward him, determined as ever, and then followed his broad back. She might have looked away for a second, and in that time, he disappeared from her sight completely.

She hurried along, her heels clicking on the expensively tiled floor. She whirled around and sighed. How could he disappear so quickly? Lifting her dress so she could walk even faster, she climbed a few short stairs that led to a sunken lounge, secluded from everything else. And there was Simon, leaning against a pillar.

If she were any weaker, they would completely ruin her life.

And since when did she start lying to herself? She didn't like the answer to that question, so she evaded it.

She closed the distance between them.

“The deal was for—”

As usual, her words drowned in her throat the way her body drowned at the sight of him. Simon dropped to his haunches in front of her.

“Wait... what are you—”

His hands slid up her legs, drawing flames from her pores with every touch of his calloused hands.

“What—”

His hand crept up to her thighs. She wanted to stop him but had to use her hands to balance herself.

“Taking what's ours. You had them long enough to make them soaked, and now your panties are ours, Blakely.”

She tried to nudge her legs closed, but her mortification that he was right paralyzed her. She felt ashamed that she was unable to control her body. That she didn't stand a chance after Henry and Asher touched her.

“Keep your legs apart, little beauty. You don't want me to spank you right here, do you, when anyone can just walk by?”

Oh god. Oh god. Oh god.

Suddenly frantic that someone would indeed walk in on them, Blakely parted her legs, then scrunched her eyes as tightly shut as they could go when Simon's fingers slid under

the band of her panties and started to drag them down her thighs.

She blindly reached out for his shoulder when he made her lift first one leg and then the other to remove her underwear from her completely.

“Open your eyes, Blakely,” Simon ordered her. His voice had dipped low with a rugged huskiness that made her pussy pulse all over again.

She opened her eyes to see him lick the part of her panties where she had drenched it the most.

Heaven help her.

What had she gotten herself into with them?

Her life disintegrating right before her eyes, she watched as Simon, cool and collected, walked away from her. She watched him slip her panties into his pants pocket while she needed the pillar behind her to stop her from toppling over backward.

Chapter Eight

Blakely thought she could outrun them. As soon as the last guest left, she snuck away without saying goodbye to Andrew, who had taken his sons into this study for a late-night drink.

Maybe they would end up drinking five bottles of whiskey together and then be too inebriated to remember their proposition and her agreement to it.

Once she was safely inside her apartment, with the doors bolted, she started to pace the floor in her living room.

They weren't supposed to touch her. She wasn't supposed to know what it felt like, and she certainly wasn't supposed to want more of it.

What should have happened was that they ignored her during the party, then arrived a few hours later after the party at her apartment to *get some*. She was meant to tell them the *thing*, and they, being the hot-blooded males they were, were supposed to thank her for her time and leave on the next flight out for London.

End of association.

But they had touched her. Simon had taken her panties, and she knew without a doubt that he had shared them with Henry and Asher because there were times when she caught

them looking at her with one hand in their pockets. She had made multiple trips to the bathroom to wipe away her copious wetness, only to find herself soaked again.

But as the hour ticked by, she started to wonder if perhaps they weren't going to come. And she had no idea how she felt.

Relieved?

Happy?

Disappointed?

Sad?

She decided on all of the above.

She stripped off her dress, stepped into the shower, and after scrubbing at her skin until it gleamed, she put on a cool nightshirt and went to bed.

They'd clearly had a change of heart. Which was fine. It suited her better.

Blakely had closed her eyes for no more than a few minutes before she was startled awake.

At first, she thought she was dreaming because surely things like this would only happen in a dream, but seated around her bedroom while she slept were none other than three English lords.

She sprang up from the bed and had to pinch herself to make sure she wasn't dreaming. She wasn't.

"How did you get in?" she asked, still rattled, as she reached for her cotton robe and wrapped herself in it. "In America, we call this breaking and entering."

“In the UK, we call this going after the woman we want.”

“In universal psychiatric terms, this will be called psychotic behavior,” she countered.

“Then call us psychos if it makes you feel better, Princess,” Asher said, giving that sexy slow smile as he stretched out his legs on her favorite chair in her bedroom. He dripped sex, and she didn’t even have to be experienced enough to know what that meant.

She folded her arms over her chest and let her gaze slide over all three of them again.

Her bedroom was never going to be the same. Ever. They had branded everything she owned with their touch, and now they owned everything too.

“Okay, so I guess you’re here in respect of the proposition you made to me in London?”

“We are.”

“In that case, you should know...” she said, then walked out of the room. She expected them to follow her. They didn’t, which meant she had to go back.

“Will you follow me, please?” she asked nicely.

Leaping ahead to maintain a wide distance between her body and theirs, she stood in the lounge near the door.

“As I was saying in regards to your proposition, I think you’ll have a change of heart once I tell you...” She walked to the door and opened it for them, then stood aside to watch them leave. “That I’m still a virgin.”

She was met with silence, so she stared them down again. From their damp hair, it was clear they were freshly showered and had swapped their tuxedos for jeans and T-shirts. Maybe they misheard her.

“I’m still a virgin, and I know you’re probably looking for a good time, and no one wants to sleep with a virgin because it’s awkward, painful, and not very enjoyable, so here’s the door. I’m sorry I wasted your time, but my job was to get you to New York, and I don’t think you understand my level of commitment to getting whatever Andrew, my boss, wants done.”

“Who told you that?” Simon asked, clenching his jaw while Henry closed the door.

“My ex-boyfriend.”

“What’s his name?”

“Not that it matters, but his name is Todd Burton.”

Asher scooped her up, carried her back to the bedroom, then placed her in the middle of the floor.

“Take your clothes off for us, Princess,” Henry said softly.

“I’m still a virgin,” she said again.

“We know. Now, take off your clothes.” Asher supplied.

Still, she hesitated.

“Now, Blakely,” Simon commanded.

Not daring to breathe, Blakely shrugged off her robe, leaving her in her linen sleep shirt.

“Everything,” Henry said huskily.

She wasn't wearing anything underneath, but her body took over when her mind stalled. She removed the sleep shirt and then stood there, vulnerable, naked, and scared.

“You are exquisite in every way, sweetheart,” Simon said softly.

They came toward her, overwhelming her. Three extraordinarily gorgeous men, who were so tall and powerful and answered to no one in the world, were coming toward her.

She whimpered as they gently took her in their arms, her mouth on theirs. She was kissed by Archer, then Henry, and then Simon, and then they swapped places again.

They tasted her, sucked on her tongue, licked the inside of her lips, and growled the word sweet at her with such fierce possessiveness that she melted.

Their lips traveled down her neck to her breast, where her nipples were imprisoned between their teeth and nipped until she cried out, her entire body caving inward. They placed her hands on their hardness, and she whimpered in both fear and awe.

She was lifted and carried to her bed, where she was laid down, and then every inch of her body was kissed with a sweet tenderness. She closed her eyes and sighed while every nerve inside her pulsed with need.

The instant her legs parted, they moved in on her. Overcome with shyness, Blakely wanted nothing more than to seal her legs shut. Her attempts to do so were quickly

extinguished when she felt their hot mouths on the most intimate part of her body.

The shocking, searing, and quivering sensation traveled from her womb to every part of her being. Her clit was engulfed and sucked on. Her lips were parted, and the tips of their tongues scooped the wetness out of her, pooling at the entrance of her pussy.

She thrashed around the bed, feeling her body move like a tsunami start to wave to some sort of finish. She realized she was going to come, and clutching the covers in her knuckles, she forced her body to retract the thrilling oscillations that made her dizzy.

She couldn't come in their mouths. That was so wrong.

But they were not deterred. They continued to suck her, kiss her, bite her, take her clit, and lick it until the torturously maddening sensation made her want to come just so she could give herself closure.

They increased their efforts. Henry reached for her breasts and thumbed her nipple while he pulled on a single lip of her labia. Simon dipped his finger into her wetness, deeper than anything that had ever been inside her, then skimmed her asshole with his wet finger.

She almost sent herself flying right off the bed, but by the way they were pinning her down, she couldn't escape them, not one bit.

Simon's fingers inched deeper into her asshole. The feeling was one of panic and forbiddance, and yet, when Asher

swiped his tongue between her parted labia, she felt herself pour more wetness onto his tongue.

Ashamed that she had no control over her body and accepting defeat, the climax that had been building inside her caught fire and swept through her whole being. She shook as her pussy spasmed with strong, overpowering pulses that blinded her.

She had never come so hard in all her life, and they were not done with her yet.

Chapter Nine

Blakely watched in transfixed awe as they stripped off their clothes. There was no other word to describe them but pure male perfection.

They were built for power, and it fascinated her and scared her how strong yet sleek their bodies were. When her gaze lowered to their cocks, she forgot to breathe.

How was she going to take them inside her body when a single finger of theirs inside her had made her feel as if she were going to explode?

She couldn't do it. She was going to disappoint them. They would never want to see her again.

She had to let them know she was going to be very bad at it, and they should cut their losses and move on.

But Asher towered over her as he slipped in between her legs, and in her fear, she clung to him tightly. Sobbing uncontrollably.

"I'm not going to be very good at this," she cried pathetically.

"Hey. Fuck. Do you know what your being a virgin has done to us? It's made us want to fucking explode right out of

our dicks. The thought of being the first men to take you, sweetheart... You don't know what that does to us."

"You don't know how possessive it makes us feel. You're ours now. Forever and always. Ours. Your virginity belongs to all three of us, and that's how we're going to take you, Blakely. A little at a time. We're all three going to take turns stretching you. And you're going to bleed for all three of us when we take your virginity.

...Because you're ours now, Blakely.

Do you understand?"

She nodded, instantly trusting them with her whole heart.

"Do you trust us when we say we're safe? But we won't be using protection, Blakely. Nothing is going to come between us. Do you understand that?"

She nodded again.

"I want you to use my cock to make yourself come, all right? I'm not going to put it inside you until you show me you want me to, okay?"

She nodded again.

"Now reach down and use my cock to make yourself come."

Blakely bit her lip and reached between their bodies. Asher held himself a little away from her, giving her room to touch him.

The instant her fingers curled around his astounding width, the soft, primal roar he delivered against her neck

emboldened her even more.

She brushed her hand up and down his extraordinary length. And every time she bumped her clit, she became wetter until she started to press the head of his slippery shaft against her swollen bud. There was so much to explore about his cock that she didn't know where to start.

But the feel of Asher's cock against her pussy created a firestorm in the lower part of her belly. She started to move, using his head to part her labia, then drew him up to collide with her clit.

“Fuck, I've never felt a pussy so soft, so velvety, and so hot, and wet like yours, Blakely. I haven't fucked a woman in years; I want you to know that.”

She looked at him, and immediately, she trusted him completely. By instinct, she reached up and kissed his lips. She wanted to show him more of herself.

“Come for me, pretty girl; I don't think I can wait much longer,” he murmured against her mouth.

Blakely rubbed herself against his thickness, faster and faster, harder and harder, until her clit stiffened and an avalanche of white-hot fire ripped through her. Her back arched, and her body spasmed as her contractions gained momentum.

She offered herself up to him, knowing only that she needed him that very second.

Asher took a mouthful of the flesh at her throat, sucking on her as he took charge of his cock and slipped it into her vibrating pussy.

The sudden unbearable thickness and foreignness of his shaft inside her made her clench up. But Asher reached for her clit.

“Come on, babe, come for me one more time. I just need to go a little deeper inside you. Fuck, just a little deeper so I can feel my cock sheathed by your hot, sweet pussy. Come for me, babe.”

She was so torn between remaining rigid and then giving in to the sweet, torturous grip Asher had on her clit. He moved his mouth to her nipple, biting down on her until she cried and came at the same time. In one smooth stroke, Asher deepened his cock inside her, and the pain he gave her morphed into something darker. It became latched with pleasure.

“One day, I’m going to take you so deep and so hard... Fuck, Blakely, you feel like heaven around my cock.”

Giving her a kiss, he slipped out of her, but Henry was there to take his place immediately.

With his forehead dropped onto hers, Henry pushed two of his fingers inside her, as deep as Asher’s cock had been.

“I’m just going to keep your pussy warm and stretched like this until you’re ready to take my cock, okay?”

She nodded. She could just about handle his two fingers.

“Touch my cock, sweetheart.”

Blakely reached for Henry’s cock. She clutched him to her and then stroked her hand up and down his length. Her clit

needed to feel him fit against her, so she pressed herself against him.

She couldn't get enough of the essence that leaked from the head of his cock. She couldn't get enough of the feel of his wetness against her clit, so she held him there, just a little above her, waiting for a drop to fall onto her clit.

“What are you doing to me, Princess.” It wasn't a question because he knew what she wanted.

“Please,” she whispered impatiently.

“Ah fuck.” Henry moved his fingers inside her, stroking her flesh while he looked at her with pure dark dominance.

“You feel so incredible on my fingers...”

In answer, she drew her walls closed, and he growled at her. But that was all she needed. She felt his pre-cum drip directly onto her clit, and nothing mattered but making herself come with his cock.

When her orgasm rolled out of her wildly and savagely, Henry removed his fingers and penetrated her with his cock, and then he pushed a little deeper. Then deeper until she started to grow anxious; he was too big.

Simon took her next. But he lifted her two fingers, sucked them into his mouth, and showed her how to penetrate herself with them.

She was so awed at what she felt that she couldn't stop touching herself.

“Yeah, what you’re feeling right now is all we ever want to feel from you.”

With his hands free, Simon slid his cock up and down her clit, opening the slit on his crown as he tried to swallow her clit. She was too fascinated not to want to touch him there with her other hand.

“Ah fuck, Blakely. You make us not think straight when all we have to remember is to go slow with you now because it’s your first time.”

She bit her lip, trying to prove she was stronger than she looked, as she gripped his cock firmly and made herself come. As if she had unleashed him, Simon removed her fingers and sucked them into his mouth then as the first wave of her orgasm hit, he thrust his cock inside her, inching a little deeper and growling with every spasm she made alongside his cock.

He slipped from her, and then it was Asher again.

Deeper.

Then Henry.

Deeper still.

Then Simon.

So deep, she cried out and instantly knew they had stretched her far enough to claim her virginity.

They dipped their cocks into her, marveling as she left spots of red on their shafts as if it were the scariest thing ever. And they each held her close, and she was shown another wondrous thing. The feeling of having them cum inside her.

Of feeling their heat coat her, fill her, and change who she was.

Chapter Ten

Blakely was surprised she was able to get up in the morning. Considering she had spent most of the whole night awake, being made love to, in between being bathed, fed, and massaged.

She had no idea having her virginity taken could be such an earth-moving experience. But she knew it was because of them. They had been so patient with her, and for men as dominant as they are, the fact that they had let her be in charge for most of it softened her heart.

She remembered them kissing her goodbye, saying they had some business to attend to and would see her later. Even in her drowsy, exhausted sleep, her body had cried out for them.

But she was awake and dressed for work. Yes, it was Sunday, but Andrew had asked her to come by the office for a few hours, and given that she had been away in London, she did have some other stuff to catch up on as well.

She made sure she arrived earlier than Andrew to get a head start but was immediately interrupted when her phone rang.

“Blakely Cohen?”

“Yes, this is her. Can I help you?”

“It’s Todd Burton—”

“Did you say Todd Burton?”

“Yes, it’s Todd.”

“Oh my gosh. Todd, how are you?”

“Well, the strangest thing in my life just happened. So there’s that.”

Blakely remained quiet. She had no idea why he was calling her, and what strangest thing in his life was he talking about?

“So these three guys—”

“Did you say three guys?” Blakely bit her lip. Why was she having such a hard time understanding Todd?

“Yeah, British guys.”

Oh god, she groaned on the inside.

“They broke my nose, Blakely. They fucking broke my nose and rearranged my face, like real bad—”

“Oh my god, Todd, are you in the hospital? I’m so sorry.”

What the hell were they thinking? Why would they go and beat up her ex-boyfriend?

“Here’s where it gets strange. So they beat me up and told me that’s for touching you, and I told them I didn’t. They meant that it was for kissing you, holding your hand, whatever.

“Then they fucking get me to some really fancy private hospital and pay for the bill to fix my face. And then they gave me five fucking million dollars for being a prick about taking

your virginity, and that was their thank-you to me for being a pussy. Like I can't even tell you how confused I am."

Well, that made two of them. What the hell were they thinking?

"And the only reason I called was because they told me to call you just this one time or I was going to wind up dead, and I fucking believe them, man. But I'm supposed to call you and ask if you want me to say anything to you."

"Like what?"

"I don't know. Do you want me to say I'm sorry for being a dick? I'll say it, man."

"No, Todd, I don't want you to say anything to me. We're good. I hope you quickly recover so you can spend all that money."

"Are you sure that isn't some test? Those guys are fucking psycho underneath their posh accents."

Evidently so, Blakely realized, but somehow, it made her smile.

"It's not a test. Nothing is ever going to happen to you. I promise. Seriously, you have my word. Go and enjoy all that money. You earned it. Bye, Todd, I wish you well."

She had no idea how to feel. But she certainly couldn't stop smiling.

Any further ponderings were promptly put on hold when Andrew arrived and called her into his office. He was in a surprisingly good mood, by the looks of things.

"Blakely, I have another task for you." Andrew smiled.

“Anything,” she said, because that was her job. She took out her tablet and digital pen and got comfortable on his sofa.

“I need you to set up dates for my sons.”

“What kind of dates?” She asked, frowning and not understanding the assignment. Maybe she was a little slower overall today. And since Andrew only had two daughters with Tanya, he was clearly talking about Simon, Henry, and Asher.

“Dates, as in courting, wooing, whatever it’s called nowadays.”

If she were drinking coffee, she would have splattered it all over her boss.

He wanted her to set his sons up on a date. As in with other women in a romantic setting?

“You want me to find them dates?”

She asked, feeling the sinking weight of gloom filling her up.

He turned, opened his safe, and retrieved a fairly thick folder.

Actually, I want you to find a wife for each of them, from these possible candidates, and then do your thing with arranging romantic dates and things. It’s important they get to know their future brides. I want them to have successful marriages, even if they are arranged.

“Wait, I should have led with a thank you. Thank you for bringing my sons back to me, for attending Tanya’s birthday. Honestly, that was something I did not see

happening, but you made it happen. Whatever you've done has worked wonders on them, too."

"What have I done?" she asked, feeling the slight sting of tears coming to her eyes.

Well, they're here for one and plan to stay on a bit. And last night, after the party, while we were having drinks, they told me they were ready to get married. And I didn't even need to broach the subject myself."

Blakely's eyes started to feel really funny. Was she coming down with something? Was she going to be sick? What was wrong with her brain?

"So this is a list of potential wives. I've been holding onto this folder since they were in their twenties. So yes, a list of some of the most prestigious young women who align with the statuses of the Marquises themselves.

"In our world, it's all about world legacy, connection, and money. Simon, Henry, and Asher must marry. Before the month is over, actually, or they stand to lose a considerable portion of land. In fact, it makes up such a large portion of their trust fund that should they lose the land, they will claim pennies. If you could bring them to Tanya's birthday party, trust me, you could make them do anything."

"What do I have to make them do?" She asked in a small voice.

"First, I want you to go through the list of names. Each file has all the information you'll need about the person. They are already each considered the world's most beautiful young women with a top pedigree, but since you've gotten to know

them a little better, I have no doubt you would pick out the right girl for each of them.”

Feeling lightheaded, she gave herself a mental shake and forced herself to listen.

“And then I want you to coordinate romantic dates for them. Right here in New York. All the young women have been notified that a selection is in process because time is of the essence. They are ready to travel as soon as they’re told they’re the lucky ones. I’m putting all this in your hands now, Blakely.”

“Right, yes. I’ll get on with it.” She stood up from the sofa and clenched her fist to stop herself from trembling too much.

“Thank you, Blakely. I couldn’t trust just anyone to do the job. We are talking about their family legacies here. This is all their parents would have wanted for them, and the fact that they are going to keep their heritage going is very commendable.”

“Of course.”

“They’ve always been fully aware and understood they must be married before they each reach the age of thirty-three. They’ll each be turning thirty-three in two months, so quick marriages are vital. It’s crucial they meet their future wives and at least have a little time together before they are wed.”

“I will do my best.”

“They understand that with their heritage and their bloodline and titles, they owe it to their families to marry within their statutes. But that is the nature of our world. It’s

perseverance that is all that matters. Their heirs will carry forward their name into the future, and so forth.”

“I understand.” She stretched out her hand for the folder.

“Are you all right, Blakely? You seem a little pale.”

“Probably too much champagne at Tanya’s party last night. I’m fine.”

“Are you sure?”

“Oh, *abso-do-the-lutely*.”

In all her life, she had never spoken that way at all.

“You can talk to me, Blakely. Whatever you need, I’m here for you.”

“Thank you, Andrew. I better start with Project Get the Marquises Married,” she said, smiling.

Andrew chuckled and then handed her the folder.

She nodded and offered her boss an overly bright smile, and once the folder was in her hands, she fled his office before she burst into uncharacteristic tears.

Okay then. She kept assuring herself that she was fine, but all the while, another piece of her shattered to the floor.

And it was her own fault. They knew they had to get married. Since their birthdays all occurred over a six-week period starting in sixty days, they knew exactly that they were going to be married. And still, they had touched her.

Taken her virginity.

No. It was over between them. It was a one-night stand. Not a declaration of eternal love.

Oh, stupid girl.

She was so smart, yet also so incredibly stupid. Served her right for forgetting her place in their worlds.

She took the folder home with her and dreaded opening it and staring at all the women who were worthy of it.

After a long bath, she poured herself some wine, then took a swig directly from the bottle before she opened the folder. All the women were perfect princesses. She really didn't have a hard time choosing each one because they were all just perfect.

With tears in her eyes, it struck her cold that she was able to pick out their future wives. Before her liquid courage failed her, she called the three potential wives, made arrangements for them to meet, and then set about creating their perfect first date.

She put everything into two piles of folders. One for Andrew and one each for them, and then, because she was fucking hurt, she typed possible honeymoon destinations for each of them.

She recommended Snake Island in Brazil, Oymyakon in Russia, and North Sentinel Island in the Andaman Islands.

When she was done, she started something she thought she would never do. She typed out her resignation letter.

She then packed a bag for a long away stay, and after she dropped off copies for Andrew at the office with her

resignation letter on top of the copies, she conveniently left on their doorstep, she headed to a cabin on the mountainside.

Her grandparents had left it to Blakely. She had spent huge amounts of money to make it perfect, and it remained her perfect getaway place. Except she hadn't had many of those recently. She loved the place. It was secluded and not even listed. No one would find her.

She planned to hibernate with the onset of winter. It was raining quite heavily by the time she arrived. The short distance from her car to the front door had seen her soaked to the bone with rain.

Shivering, she started a fire immediately, then stripped out of her clothes and stepped into a hot shower. Her home away from home had a full supply of all her toiletries, and the fridge and freezer were stocked with food that lasted a long time. Plus, she had stopped at a supermarket to get a cart full of junk food, enough to last her the whole of winter.

With everything around her quiet, all that remained were her thoughts. And that's when she cried herself to sleep on the sofa, in front of the fireplace she built, in her towel, with the rain hammering down outside.

She was never going to recover. Fuck. She had allowed herself to be in a position where her heart could be broken, and damn, it was.

Completely.

In between dozing, and crying, and stuffing her face with sugar, she was unexpectedly startled out of her sadness at the sound of her door being broken in. She jumped from the

sofa, wrapping herself in the quilt which had basically been her clothes. It had been two days since she was there, and she had just showered and was naked under the quilt while she waited for the fire to dry her wet hair.

“Blakely.”

The sound of her name being thundered by three angry lords echoed all around her. Her cabin was too small to escape them. And why were they here anyway? There was no reason for them to have any kind of connection anymore.

But how on earth did they find her? She had turned her phone off. But she had been responsible enough to let Andrew know by email that she would call him in three days to let him know she was okay.

Simon, Henry, and Asher? She owed them nothing.

Chapter Eleven

“Oh, no you don’t,” Blakely said, waving a rolling pin at them. It was the only weapon she could find. “You don’t get to break my door down and be all arrogant bullies.”

“Are we doing this hard way or the easy way, Princess? The easy way is you come to us. The hard way is we come to you.”

“You don’t dare come anywhere near me. Why don’t you three go and marry Elizabeth Margaret Bell-Thomas, Anneline Catherine St. James, and Audrey Cara Steward and leave me alone.”

“The hard way it is.”

Blakely just let herself go limp. She was heartbroken because she had done the godawful thing of falling in love with them. If she weren’t in love with them, she wouldn’t have resigned. She wouldn’t have escaped to the wilderness, prepared to catch fish with her hand and live out the days until she grew old.

Henry had already divested her of the quilt, picked her up, and then placed her over a long wooden bench that Asher had brought away from the window and positioned in the center of her living room.

She was immediately tied down with rope they found in the utility room, completely rendering her restrained. They worked so insanely fast that it had taken her that long to catch her breath.

“Okay, I don’t know what this is supposed to prove, but I want to be untied immediately, and I want you to leave my property at once. You have no right to be here.” Her voice started to falter as she watched Asher open a brown bag he had brought with him.

“We have every right to be where you are, Blakely. That’s what belonging to us means. Now, somewhere you decided to misinterpret things.”

“Misinterpret things?” She shouted. “You told your father you were ready to get married. He made me find you wives and set up romantic dates for you. I hope you have a wonderful time at the honeymoon destinations I picked for you.”

“We told him we were ready to get married. He incorrectly assumed who we wanted to marry.”

“We want to marry you, Blakely Cohen.”

“What?” she whispered, but Asher made her nervous when he removed a strange package from the bag. “But you’ll lose your land and titles.”

“We have more money than our trust funds are worth. Titles don’t mean much to us now.”

“But now we’re going to have to punish you. First, for fucking running away. Do you have any idea what it feels like

not to be able to get to you, Blakely? We were ready to tear down the whole world looking for you.”

“Why?”

“Because we love you. We have loved you since the first moment we met you. Instantaneously. All at once. Forever.”

“We made it clear you belonged to us, but somehow that meant we were going to marry other people.”

“But—”

“No buts. You were supposed to trust us, and now you’re going to get ten stripes with my belt so you never forget who you belong to.”

“And then we are going to claim you. Properly. Our three cocks shared between your pussy and your asshole.”

“When we’re done with you, Princess, we will have eradicated every single doubt you may have had and all future doubts. And you will never, ever run away from us again.”

Asher came behind her, not only carrying his package but also a tube of lubricant. Henry reached inside the same bag and took out an even stranger item.

Both her mind and her body gave up on her. She couldn’t think straight. Her body only knew how to react to them.

“You love me?” she whispered, tears rolling from her eyes.

“In so many ways,” Henry said as he dropped down to his haunches in front of her. Wiping her tears and kissing her

cheeks.

“You love me.” She said again, just because it sounded so right, so real.

But they meant to teach her a lesson.

She gasped when Asher filled her asshole with lubricant, massaging it into her never-before breached hole. His fingers dipped deeper each time, making her want to climb onto Henry’s lap, except she was tied down.

But then Henry showed her what he had taken from the bag. It was the strangest thing ever. She heaved a loud, staggering breath when Asher popped a ball into her anus.

Oh god.

And then Henry placed a suction-like thing on her clit and started to pump the big ball-like thing it was attached to.

Asher popped another small ball into her asshole. Henry steadily pumped until she felt the suction against her clit. Wetness immediately started to drizzle from her.

She was going to die from sensation overload, and Simon hadn’t even touched her yet.

Asher put another ball inside her. Henry pumped a little harder.

She was losing her mind.

And then, Asher moved away from her and came to face her. He pulled a chair up to the bench for Henry to sit on.

Nervously, she watched Asher draped himself over her sofa, a small remote in his hands.

That's when it started. The balls inside started to buzz. Simon's first strike with his belt whipped across her flesh. Henry slowly released some suction and then started it again.

She lost her grip on reality and floated in a place where only two sensations lived.

Pain and pleasure.

Between Simon's belt and Asher's balls and Henry's suction cup on her clit, she didn't think it was possible but her body started to vibrate as an orgasm more violent than she had ever known scaled through her.

She roared unladylike, and she quivered nonstop. She felt herself move from one sphere to another.

She was high. On pain and pleasure.

"Fuck, she's even more exquisite than we thought."

She heard their voices saying her name. But they were fading, and all she wanted was to latch onto them.

All she wanted was for them to latch onto her. Her body. With their cocks.

"Please," she begged, not sounding like herself.

They moved with such deadly grace. She was untied. The suction cup was removed from her clit, leaving her so sensitive even the slightest breeze made her pulse. The balls were removed from her anus. And where Simon's belt had delivered the shocking and stinging strikes, she continued to burn.

"Please. Please be inside me," she whispered.

Henry picked her up and placed her over his cock. He grunted as he filled her up, telling her she was even and more swollen after he had used his suction cup on her.

Simon and Asher stood behind her.

“Just breathe, sweetheart.”

She was too far gone to care about the pain. She needed them inside her until she felt the absolutely broad head of Simon’s cock nudging her tight entrance.

Her body clamped up, and she shook her head because that was not what she wanted.

“Fuck, we’re taking you now, immediately,” Simon growled. He removed his cock and lubricated her again, and then, with his hands on her hips, pulling her to him, he brought her onto his cock, thrusting until she was sobbing but begging him not to pull out.

Asher took his place seamlessly, and soon they were stretching her, pushing her boundaries.

She hissed and whimpered, she clung to Henry as she made her body open up to them. But when she felt both Simon’s and Asher’s cocks at her entrance, she stopped breathing.

In her mind’s eyes, she relived the first time she had seen them.

She had fallen in love with them at first sight.

“I love you, my lords,” she whispered. Her body relaxed allowing Simon and Asher to penetrate her fully to the point where she thought she couldn’t breathe anymore.

But it was because she had put her trust in them. Her life. Her body. Her soul. Her heart. They owned her.

The fullness inside her, the thought that she had taken them all three, made her feel she had come home.

“You are our home, Blakely. Right here is where our home is.”

They made the sweetest love to her until she came. Then she showed them what being inside her meant to her. She hugged their cocks, nurtured them in her body until she was able to milk them. They, in turn, emptied all their love inside her.

EPILOGUE

Never in her wildest dreams did Blakely think she would end up marrying three entire English aristocrats. She had loved them since the first moment she saw them, but she had brushed it aside because how could she possibly love three men at the same time, equally and unconditionally.

But she must have done something right because they loved her back.

She hated the thought that they would lose their land if they married an American with no titles, who came from a poor background, and not one of the ladies that had been picked out for them because of the bloodline. But Andrew had seen their love for her and had added her name to the folder because he could. Which meant they got to keep their land and their titles.

She continued working for Andrew, but only part-time because she loved her job, but her full-time job was bossing around her husbands and having their babies. They'd have it no other way.

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.

[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.

[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.

[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.

[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.

[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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