

A HALLOWEEN REVERSE HAREM ROMANCE NOVELLA



FOUR

After Dark

TRICK OR TREAT

STEPHANIE BROTHER

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A FOUR AFTER DARK HALLOWEEN
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Please note that this work is intended only for adults over the age of 18 and all characters represented as 18 or over.

 Created with Vellum

DESCRIPTION

Four men masked in sinfully seductive costumes have me under their spell.

With a name like Sabrina, I embrace all things spooky. I love black cats, haunted houses, and crisp, fall nights that send a tingle down your spine. I never pass up a chance to celebrate Halloween, but at the dark and decadent costume party at Club Red, I might be in over my head, witch's hat and all.

I've been to the male revue club before, but tonight it's full of dozens more men, mingling among the crowd, all of them so gorgeous it's scary.

There's one dressed as a vampire who, when he invites me to dance, digs his thick fingers into my hip and his fangs into my neck.

A dancer in a skin-tight skeleton bodysuit shows me moves that make me want to jump his bones.

The playful mad scientist's costume would be comical, if it weren't for the way his open lab coat reveals his exquisitely chiseled torso.

Most frightening of all, there's the horned demon, with his dark eyes and tempting mouth. He wants to possess me, and I'm afraid I might let him.

These four men have my head spinning and my pulse pounding, and then I realize they might not be what they seem.

I don't know if it's a trick or much more treat than I can possibly handle.

Trick or Treat is a reverse harem Halloween novella, a sweet and spicy little treat to celebrate the season. It's shorter than most Stephanie Brother books, but every bit as satisfying!

CONTENTS

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Also by Stephanie Brother](#)

[About the Author](#)

CHAPTER ONE

“Wake up, sleepyhead.”

Something brushes over my cheek and then across my forehead, and my eyes flutter open to find my housemate Xander leaning over me. Not yet noticing that I heard him, he cups my shoulder and gives me a gentle shake. “Sabrina, you’re going to be late.”

“What time is it?” I mumble.

“Quarter after seven.”

“Oh, shit!” I’m suddenly wide awake, and sit bolt upright in bed before remembering that I’m wearing a thin tank top that doesn’t leave much to the imagination. Not that Xander would care.

“You can make it,” he says, already backing away toward the door. “The upstairs bathroom is free. We’ll have coffee ready for you.”

Luckily, I set my clothes out the night before, and as for my hair, a quick slicked-back low ponytail should still look professional. It’s only my second week at my new job; arriving late is not an option.

I know it’s my own fault for staying up too late last night, but as I rush to scrub my body under the spray of the shower, I place some of the blame on my housemates. If they’d come home at a decent hour, I wouldn’t have lain awake wondering where they were, imagining the gorgeous women they must be dating, and wondering why I’m not good enough for them.

Scratch that thought. I know my worth, and I know I'm good enough for them. Even though they're terrific men, it's their fault for not seeing what they have right in front of them. God knows I get an eyeful of them every day, even though I try not to look.

Trouble is, it's not just Xander. I have four housemates, each of them as appealing as the next. It's often hard to find a place to rest my eyes that doesn't give me a great view of their hard pecs, or their solid thighs, or their smiling eyes.

If I wasn't in such a hurry right now, these thoughts could lead me into a nice little self-love session, but I'll have to postpone it. Instead, I turn the knob to cold, and spare a shocking couple of seconds to raise goosebumps on my skin and cool my libido. Then I towel off, dress in a rush, almost putting my blouse on backwards, and pull my hair into a clip.

As promised, Xander is waiting in the kitchen with a travel mug of coffee. "Cream and plenty of sugar, just the way you like it," he says as he hands it to me. His dark hair flops over one of his thick eyebrows, and I try not to notice how attractive he is, even this early in the morning.

"Thank you. There's a vending machine in the break room. I'll grab breakfast there."

Jack, who'd been standing at the counter, turns toward me, holding out a silver foil-wrapped cylinder. "We've got you covered there, too. Breakfast burrito. You can eat in the car."

I mumble more thanks, full of so many conflicted feelings at the kindness of these men. Either of them would make such a great boyfriend, and they will, but unfortunately not for me.

I'm headed for my shoes when my other two housemates appear. Victor looks fresh from the shower of our second bathroom, damp ends of his black hair sticking out in every direction as if he just ran a towel through it. His skin looks dewy fresh, and I try not to inhale the crisp scent of it as he blocks my path.

Damien, meanwhile, must have just rolled out of bed. His eyelids are heavy, his hair is tangled, and I can feel the warmth

of him even before he pulls me into a brotherly hug. “Have a good day, Sabby.”

I try to minimize physical contact with these men, because even though I love it, it’s also absolute torture. But Damien is the affectionate type, and I usually find myself nestled against his hard chest at least once a day. Or rather, I used to. Lately, I don’t see very much of any of them. I take a deep breath, wishing I could stay in Damien’s arms all day, and then I pull away.

“I’m running late,” I explain, with a quick nod at both men, and also at Jack and Xander, who have gathered behind me in the kitchen doorway.

“We’ll see you later.” Victor’s playful eyes are full of energy. He and Jack usually go for runs at the crack of dawn, and Victor looks like he’s still brimming with endorphins.

I screech to a halt before reaching the door. “Oh, that’s right. It’s my turn to cook dinner, isn’t it?”

“We won’t be around for dinner tonight,” Xander says.

“Yeah, don’t worry about it,” Victor adds. “We’ll just be stopping by here after work, and then we’re going out again.”

“Oh, okay.” I notice my shoulders start to sag, so I very purposely straighten my spine and keep my head high. “Guess I’ll see you when I see you, then.” I give them a wave over my shoulder and take quick steps out to my car, where I can brood in private.

CHAPTER TWO

It was so unexpected, ending up with four men as my roommates when I started college five years ago.

I got a late start looking for housing—procrastinating is kind of a bad habit of mine, if I’m being honest—and while I had visions of getting a new best friend as my roommate, I ended up having to take a room in a house with four gorgeous dudes.

I was intimidated by their good looks at first, and also expecting them to be messy and gross and display all of the bad living habits stereotypically attributed to men, but Xander and Victor are actually far neater than I am, and none of them have ever made me feel uncomfortable.

Once I settled in, I developed massive crushes on all of them, which has been inconvenient, to say the least. If I’d only been interested in one of them, I might have made a move, but crushing on all four of them is impractical, and deciding on one of them is impossible.

For a while, I thought Damien might be into me, because of all his hugs and touches, but I came to realize he’s touchy-feely with all of his friends. Though the flirting between myself and all four of them seemed to be reciprocal in those early days, it soon became crystal clear that they only saw me as a friend, and eventually like a sister.

I’ve watched them go out on dates; I’ve seen most of them have brief relationships with women over the years. Of course,

I've gone on dates and had boyfriends myself, but none of the men I've been with have quite measured up to my housemates.

It didn't help that I used to spend a lot of time with them—that is, until recently. These days, it seems they're all too busy for me. We used to cook meals and eat together, watch TV and play video games ... but lately, I'm home alone a lot.

Though I'm still resisting the inevitable, their absence is a big flashing sign that the time has come to move on. I finally have a job that will allow me to afford my own place. The thought of living on my own, or just without them, makes me want to cry, but it's what I need to do to move forward with my life.

It's been a long time since any of them brought their dates back to the house. Maybe they've picked up on my unrequited feelings, or maybe I'm somehow holding them back from living their lives. I know that living with them is holding me back from finding love—I just need to convince myself to find the willpower to make a fresh start.



My new job is definitely a step in the right direction. After a year of searching while working at a restaurant to get by, I was so excited to finally find a local position in my field of information technology. The company is growing, and my boss, Garrett, is a really nice guy. He's a little older than me, but still in his twenties, and he's been both patient and fun while teaching me what I need to know about the work.

Garrett's desk is covered with pictures of a beautiful blond woman, so I'm a little taken aback when he stops by my cubicle in the afternoon and invites me to go out for drinks after work.

“My girlfriend, Autumn, will be coming,” he adds before I can answer. “I think you two would really get along.” Suddenly, his invitation makes a little more sense.

After five, I follow him to a trendy spot nearby, where we duck under the artificial spiderwebs that decorate the entrance.

Autumn, who's even more stunning in real life, is already there, involved in conversation with the bartender.

The woman turns as she sees us approaching, and gives me a warm smile before her focus shifts to Garrett. If this were a cartoon, her eyes would be filled with hearts. The affection definitely goes both ways between these two.

"Hi, I'm Autumn," she says, holding out her hand to me, as Garrett puts his arm around her and lovingly kisses her cheek.

"It's your season," I say, flustered. The woman has a presence that's somehow intimidating, even though she's being very kind.

When her brows knit, I try unsuccessfully to cover my awkwardness. "Autumn. Fall. It's my favorite season." Helplessly, I gesture to the Halloween imagery that adorns the wall behind the bar. "I'm Sabrina, by the way."

"Oh, right," she smiles, glancing at the decorations before turning back to me. "It's nice to meet you, Sabrina. Fall is my favorite season, too."

"I knew you two would have a lot in common," Garrett says, before asking what I want to drink. While he and I are talking, the bartender continues the conversation with Autumn that we interrupted when we arrived. When Garrett notices me glancing their way, he explains, "Autumn sings and plays guitar, and sometimes she performs here."

Wow. I can easily imagine this woman commanding the attention of the entire room. I'll bet her voice is as beautiful as she is. "I'd love to see her perform," I tell him.

"I'll let you know when she has a date set," Garrett says.

When Autumn is done talking to the bartender, the three of us move to a nearby table with our drinks, and I learn that it was Autumn's idea for Garrett to invite me to come out.

"I used to work with Garrett in your position, and I miss the social aspect of the job," she explains.

“But you perform,” I say, confused. “You’re around a lot of people all the time, aren’t you?”

“It’s different. I’m up on stage, separate from everyone. Anyway, I’m really glad to meet you.”

We continue talking, and I’m about halfway through my glass of wine when two men in matching navy blue shirts come up to our table. Up close, I see that the emblems on their shirts are from the local fire department.

“Sabrina, this is Trevor and Adrian. Guys, this is Sabrina, she works with Garrett.”

The new arrivals shake my hand, and then I nearly fall out of my seat when each of them gives Autumn a kiss. On the lips. Kisses that linger just a little too long to be friendly.

CHAPTER THREE

Garrett's chuckling as he explains to me that Trevor and Adrian are also in a relationship with Autumn, and there's also a fourth man named Duke, and they all live together.

Before my boss's explanation has any chance to sink into my addled brain, Autumn interjects, "Oh! Speaking of Duke—and Sabrina, since you love fall so much, I bet you'll be interested in this. Duke is head of security at Club Red on Four Points Island. Have you ever been there?"

I'm still dazed as I nod my head. "I saw the show once." Vague memories of the revue dancers come to mind, but mostly I recall how, even though gorgeous men were stripping on stage, I couldn't stop thinking about my housemates and wishing it was them stripping for me. Somehow, watching strangers only made me lust after Xander, Damien, Victor, and Jack even more.

"They're having a huge party on Halloween," Autumn says. "There'll be a shortened show on stage, and then the dancers will be out in the audience, mingling, dancing, partying. It should be a lot of fun."

She weaves her hands around the two firefighters' arms. "Trevor and Adrian used to dance there, before they became firemen," she says, making my eyes go wide again.

Out of respect for Autumn, I try not to notice the men's bulging biceps, but I can't help but think about how good they must have looked on stage at Club Red.

“Since Duke has to work the party, I’m going to go, too, and so are these guys.” She gestures at her three men, who don’t look completely on board with her plans.

“We are?” Garrett asks.

Autumn huffs a playful sigh at his reaction. “Anyway, I’d love to have a girlfriend there to spend time with, since these three don’t properly enjoy the club.”

“If Sabrina goes with you, can we stay home?” Adrian asks.

Autumn lifts a brow and gives him a wink. “When you see what I’m going to be wearing, you’re not going to want to stay home.” As all of the men’s eyes widen, she turns back to me. “Did I mention that it’s a costume party? That’s the main reason I want to go. I love to dress up.”

As I’m nodding in agreement, she asks, “Do you have a boyfriend? Would he mind you going? You can bring him, of course.”

“No boyfriend,” I say, feeling a bit sorry for myself. This woman has four, and I haven’t found one.

“I’d love it if you’d come with me,” Autumn says. “I can be your wingwoman.”

The idea of going to a male strip club when my boss will also be there is a bit strange, but Autumn is so nice, and her enthusiasm is infectious. I’ve always enjoyed dressing up for Halloween, too, and the older I get, the fewer opportunities there are.

Besides, the party sounds like fun, and the last thing I want to do on my favorite holiday is sit home alone and wonder where my housemates are and who they’re spending the night with.

“I’m in,” I tell my new friend.

I already had the makings of a good witch costume, but since the party is at Club Red, I figured something sexier was in order for this Halloween. When I was there for the regular show, most of the women in the audience seemed to be wearing their hottest, tightest, tiniest dresses, so I can only imagine what sort of costumes the party attendees will be wearing tonight.

Since I don't want to look like a child trick-or-treating by comparison, I swap out my long, flowy dress for something new: a form-fitting minidress with a gothic pattern pressed into the black velvety fabric, and inky silk laces that cinch up the front of the low-cut bodice. The hems on the bottom of the dress and the long sleeves are ragged, and though the lace-up front doesn't allow for a bra, the fabric is thick and dark enough that I don't need one. Plus, it feels appropriately naughty for the holiday not to wear one.

I accessorize with a black velvet choker band that features a silver spider at its center, and of course, the outfit is topped with a witch's hat, a beautiful one I've had since high school, that's covered in black lace and decorated with dark iridescent feathers and little plastic spiders. As I pull up the thigh-high stockings netted with a spiderweb pattern, I feel positively bewitching.

Autumn promised to meet me in Club Red's lobby, and when I arrive, I find her looking equal parts cute and sexy, her hair in pigtails, and wearing denim shorts, a red gingham shirt tied just below her chest, and cowboy boots. A massive tattooed man has his arm around her.

"Sabrina, you look great!" Autumn steps away from her man to give me a quick hug, both of us being careful not to disturb the other's costume or makeup.

"You look great, too!"

"This is Duke, by the way," she says, stepping back. "Duke, this is Sabrina."

The big man gives me a polite nod, though he barely takes his eyes off of Autumn. Physically, he's so different from

Garrett, and from Autumn's firefighters, though all four of her men are handsome. What a lucky woman she is.

I don't know if I could even handle four men, but I'd welcome the opportunity to try. An image of my four housemates instantly comes to mind, but I push it away—hard. I need to forget about them. I'm here to have fun tonight, and hopefully meet someone new. Wouldn't it be something to date a male revue dancer? Autumn's firefighters used to dance here, after all, so it could happen.

“Did Garrett and your other guys come tonight?” I ask Autumn.

She tips her head toward the hall that leads to the showroom. “They're inside, getting drinks.”

“I need to get back to my post,” Duke says, his voice deep and gravelly. “Nice to meet you, Sabrina. Hope you two have fun.”

After receiving a parting kiss from Duke, Autumn leads me to the showroom, where there's a big crowd already, at least ninety percent of it women wearing very revealing costumes. I instantly realize I need to adjust my expectations for the evening.

I'm not going to stand out among all of these beautiful women; none of the dancers will probably even notice me.

CHAPTER FOUR

I catch the negative thoughts a few seconds after they sink in.

I guess living with four men who don't even seem to notice that I'm a woman has eroded my self confidence. But realistically, the odds are very low of making a meaningful connection with someone here when there's so much competition. If the dancers are coming into the audience to mingle, they'll probably be moving woman to woman pretty quickly, spreading themselves thin. Oh well, I can still have fun with my new friend.

"Don't your guys mind you coming here?" I ask Autumn.
"Aren't they jealous?"

"I haven't seen the show in a long time," she explains. "I just wanted to come for the party, since Duke is working, but actually, being here is giving me warm memories of when I first met Trevor, Adrian, and Duke." She shakes her head, looking lost in her thoughts. "It's pretty wild how I got together with all four of my men. I'll have to tell you about it sometime."

"I have been curious," I admit.

Garrett's standing next to a table and gives us a wave as we approach. As we get closer, he offers up a vivid yellow drink in a martini glass to Autumn.

"Is this a lemon drop?" she asks, squinting at the glass.
"It's never looked quite so yellow."

"It's called scorpion venom," Garrett says. "There's a special drink menu tonight. It was the closest thing to a lemon

drop,” he adds.

“Ah, that explains *this*.” Using the tips of her red-painted nails, she fishes a neon plastic insect from her glass before letting it fall back in with a splash.

“What would you like to drink, Sabrina?” Garrett asks, turning my way.

I smile and shrug. “Oh, I don’t know. Surprise me.”

As Garrett pivots to head to the bar, Trevor and Adrian are there, pulling out chairs for us to sit at the table they’ve claimed. They compliment my costume, and the four of us talk for a couple of minutes until Garrett returns, though it’s hard to hear all of the conversation with Janet Jackson’s “Black Cat” vibrating from the room’s sound system.

“Just in time. The show’s about to start,” Autumn says as Garrett hands me a cocktail. Mine is also in a martini glass, but it’s blood red and has a black spider attached to the edge of the glass, one of those rings kids wear. I lick the liquid from the plastic and put the jewelry on my finger after thanking him for the drink.

“Sounds like it’s a good time for us to go find Duke,” Garrett says.

“We’ll be back in later, after the men have stopped gyrating on the stage,” Trevor adds.

“None of them will be as good as you,” Autumn coos before giving each of them a kiss.

“I’ll miss them,” she says after they’ve exited, “but now I can cheer for the show without getting funny looks.”

“So they do mind you watching a little bit.”

A smile teases her lips as she shakes her head. “They don’t mind. They know I don’t want anyone but them.”

The room was already dark, but grows darker still as the lights along the walls are dimmed to a soft glow. Chatter in the crowd dies away for a few long seconds before women start yelling, eager for the show to start. The yelling escalates to screaming when a lone pirate stalks out and takes center stage.

“Good evening. Happy Halloween!” the man says into a microphone after the cheering subsides a fraction. “I’m Chase Stanton, and on behalf of my brothers and myself, I want to welcome you to this very special evening at Club Red.”

The pirate waits a few moments for the screaming to die down again before he continues. “During most of our shows, two or three lucky women get the opportunity to come up on stage and be a part of the action. Tonight... the action is coming to all of you!”

“Are you ready?” His voice booms over the roar of the crowd. “Get ready! Here they come!”

Dark figures file onto the stage as the pirate announcer exits. The opening strains of “Paint it Black” kick off, and when the drumbeats start, the stage lights go bright, revealing dozens more men than were on stage when I was here before. More men than I can count.

As a unit, they go through some moves, and my eyes don’t know where to land. The costumes are varied and interesting; the bodies, revealed in different ways by different costumes, are very appealing.

There are ghouls, vampires, football players, military men, construction workers, zombies, superheros, and many more. It’s dazzling. The men turn, put their hands on the backs of their heads, and rotate their hips in well-practiced coordination.

The crowd was already in a frenzy, and now they’re getting even more worked up. It’s a visual feast, and it’s delicious. The men dance through the end of the song, the lighting changes again, and the spooky playful tune “Goo Goo Muck” fills the room as they start to descend from both sides of the stage and out into the audience.

Autumn and I are seated toward the back of the room, so I just watch the activity, figuring it will be a while before any men reach our table. Women are squealing, reaching out, touching, and as all of that’s happening, more and more men file off the stage, seemingly more than had been out there dancing. Where in the world did they find so many hot men?

Even Autumn looks impressed by the spectacle. “Duke told me there would be a lot of guys,” she says, leaning over to be heard over the noise, “but I didn’t imagine this many.”

“Me either.”

We watch as some of the men pair up with women and lead them to a clearing in the center of the showroom to dance. Other men leave their chosen women in their seats and start to give them lap dances.

“We should move closer to the front, so you can dance,” Autumn says, gesturing with a tip of her head toward the center of the room.

“Do you want to dance?” I ask her.

“I’ll dance when my men come back in,” she says, “but you should start without me.”

Suddenly, I’m feeling shy. And overwhelmed. “I want to finish my drink first,” I tell her, glad to have it handy.

Autumn’s eyes tell me that my excuse isn’t fooling her, but she doesn’t push. We sit and watch, and I sip my drink as the action gradually moves closer to us. At a nearby table, a werewolf is holding out his furry paw to a woman in a French maid’s costume, whose friends giggle gleefully as the dancer spins her around, admiring her outfit.

My heart beats faster as more and more men move into our area, and it threatens to pound right out of my chest when a beefy caveman comes over and beckons to me with outstretched arms as he shimmies his loincloth-covered hips.

CHAPTER FIVE

The caveman is kind of cute, though his dance moves seem a bit forced. I don't want to get up, but Autumn is there, giving me a gentle push. "Go. Have fun!" she says with a laugh.

Reluctantly, I let him pull me from my chair with his big sweaty hands. The faux fur draped over his shoulder must be making him hot.

Thankfully, he releases his grip after leading me out onto the dance floor, and I take a step back to put some distance between us. The man has a good body, but I'm not feeling wildly attracted to him. Maybe it's my nerves that are getting in the way.

When I try to get into the music, I accidentally bump a woman next to me with my arm. I shout an apology toward her, and as I turn back toward my partner, there's a tall man in a skeleton bodysuit passing by. He glances my way, takes two more steps, and then stops in his tracks, turning to look again.

His eyes skate down my figure as he squares his body in my direction. This new witch dress is doing its job!

Paying no attention to the caveman, the skeleton steps in front of him and takes my hand. My eyes go wide, and I'm worried that there will be some sort of issue, but the caveman merely shrugs before turning to find a new partner.

Unlike most of the men, the skeleton has very little skin showing, but his tight costume makes it clear that there's a lot of muscle on his bones. His face is painted white and deeply

shadowed with black and gray to give the illusion of a skull. Like many of the dancers, he's also wearing a small mask, but it doesn't hide the fact that his eyes are fixed on me, and he makes it clear he likes what he sees.

The intense focus of his gaze triggers another wave of shyness, but as we start to dance, I continue to check him out, just as he's doing to me.

His lips, which are also shadowed with face paint, are slightly parted, and the sudden urge to kiss him comes out of nowhere, taking me by surprise, causing my eyes to drop toward the floor.

The skeleton squeezes my hand—unlike the caveman, his grip is firm and dry—and continues to do so until I meet his eyes again. Those kissable lips curve into a gorgeous grin, and heat fills my core.

Even if my night ends right after this dance, it will have been worth it. From cutting in and stealing me from my previous partner, to admiring me head to toe, this man is making me feel like the most beautiful woman in the club, and I didn't realize until now how much I needed the ego boost.

As the song fades into another, a bare-chested vampire approaches, his red-lined black cape swirling behind him.

His focus had been on my dance partner, but when his masked eyes meet mine, he stops in his tracks. The club must have specially trained these men on how to make women feel good, because the vampire's dark gaze causes a blush to rise to my cheeks.

I suppose it must be good for business if the Club Red dancers make women feel desired. It will keep us coming back for more.

But maybe I'm being cynical, and maybe it isn't far-fetched that these good looking men find me attractive. Maybe my costume is even sexier than I'd thought.

The skeleton and vampire exchange a look, and then the skeleton offers my hand to the vampire before he disappears into the crowd.

I'm sorry to see him go, but my new dance partner quickly takes my mind off of everything that happened previously as he bows low in front of me, holding his hand out to invite me to dance. It's a romantic, old-fashioned gesture that suits his costume perfectly.

The song is slow and sultry, and I can only focus on it briefly because the vampire's eyes are roaming my body, just as the skeleton's had. My skin heats as if he's touching all of the places he's looking.

When he finally pulls me close, sliding an arm around my middle, I'm nearly ready to combust, but I try to calm my pounding heart, afraid he'll be able to feel it, with me pressed against his hard, bare chest.

If this was a normal club, I'd be making conversation with the men I'm dancing with, but tonight has me so off balance that I haven't even tried. I was stunned by the skeleton, and maybe a little intimidated by his gorgeous body, but I'm starting to feel more steady, even though the vampire is more intoxicating than my blood-red drink had been.

"What's your name?" I lift up on my toes to bring my mouth close to the vampire's ear.

When he doesn't answer, I meet his eyes, but he stares back at me, silent. It's not as though I'm asking him to marry me; I'm just asking for his name. I raise my brows, confused.

In response, he bares his teeth—or rather, his fangs—and a shiver runs up my spine that is not caused by fear. Well, maybe a little fear, but it's something much more than that, because between my legs, there's a corresponding throb. There's an intensity to the man that's mesmerizing.

With his eyes locked on me, his focus switching between my eyes and my mouth, he leans in, and I can't breathe.

CHAPTER SIX

He's going to kiss me? The man won't tell me his name, but he's going to jump right to kissing?

Okay, I'm not going to argue.

But he doesn't come for my lips. Fangs still bared—and they're not the plastic toy kind; he's so close I can see they're as solid and shiny white as his other teeth—he bypasses my mouth, brushes my hair aside, and presses his lips to my neck.

Luckily, his hand is still holding my waist, because my body goes limp, eager to submit to him. I'm ready to be his willing victim, right here in the middle of the crowd.

When he lifts his head, the vampire walks me backward to the nearest wall, and holds me against it with the weight of his body. The elaborate buckles that decorate his costume pants press into me, and my body registers a shimmer of pain, but I don't care.

He can cut my flesh with those sharp teeth of his, and I won't mind a bit.

My eyes are on his lips as he raises his arm, bringing one side of his cape up to shield us from view. I was already in my own little world with him, but the effect is intensified as his lips finally brush against mine. There's the slightest amount of contact and the barest hint of pressure, but the effect is nearly overwhelming.

I'm breathless and dizzy as his mouth ignites a path back down to my neck. Meanwhile, his finger traces the bare skin

above the neckline of my dress before dipping between the laces that hold the front together.

When he lays his palm flat against my chest, I mindlessly state the obvious. “You have my heart pounding.”

He must have known the effect he’s having on me, but my words seem to give him pause. He appears to be considering his next move, and even though I’ve just met this man—if you can even call this meeting him, when I don’t even know his name—I realize I’m up for anything with him.

Anything.

He bites his lip, one of his fangs jutting down.

His dark eyes are intense, but he shakes his head, as if warring with his own thoughts. Maybe there are rules about how far these dancers can take things, and he’s afraid to cross a line.

My body wants him to cross all the lines.

He takes my hand and leads me over to the bar. It’s crowded, but he nudges an opening for himself, and keeps hold of my hand as I stand behind him.

It’s loud all around me—the music, the voices, screams from women nearby as a couple of men in police uniforms dance at the other end of the bar—and my head is humming both from the noise and from the blood frantically pulsing through my veins.

When the vampire turns back to me, he holds out a small bottle of water, and for a moment, I just blink at it, surprised he’s not giving me an alcoholic drink. It is a party, after all. Maybe he’s trying to cool down the heat between us, but it doesn’t appear that he got anything for himself.

Still holding my hand, he leads me to a less crowded corner of the room, where I take a drink of the water, grateful that it’s icy cold, hoping it will bring me to my senses, though I’m not really sure I want that.

Even though I’d never kissed someone before without knowing their name, and I’ve never even had a one-night

stand, I think it's okay to be a little wild sometimes. Besides, I came here to have fun, and I know this man can show me a good time, even if it's just for tonight.

When I look up, I find that he's been watching me drink, his eyes focused somewhere near my throat, like the bloodthirsty predator that he's made up to be.

He steps closer, running a finger down my arm and then across the velvet of my dress, just below my chest, where he toys with the laces again.

His actions are intimate but restrained, making me wonder if he's brought me to this corner to talk or to make out.

Before I have the chance to find out, an announcement cuts into the music, calling the dancers back to the stage.

My vampire looks torn, clearly reluctant to leave.

When he turns and sees all of the other men making their way toward the front of the room, his chest heaves in a sigh I can see rather than hear.

His eyes lock on mine again, and he squeezes the side of my hip in his palm, a gesture that feels both like he's claiming me and wordlessly telling me to stay where I am, that he'll be back. He turns and strides away, his cape lifting behind him. I take another drink of water and watch him go.

The club owner pirate returns to center stage and explains that the men will parade across the stage for a costume contest. The audience will vote for their favorites by cheering, something they have a lot of practice doing.

After a few minutes, I spot my vampire far back in a line so long it trails off of one side of the stage. Since he's clearly not coming back to me anytime soon, I decide to check my makeup in the restroom. I toss my empty water bottle in a recycling bin near the restroom entrance and find an open spot at a mirror.

There's a pale smudge just below my jaw, and when I touch it, gray grease paint transfers to my fingertips. Since the vampire's fangs look so real, it's a relief to know that his ghostly pallor is artificial.

I reapply my lipstick, adjust my hair and hat, which has gone askew after being pressed against the wall, and make a quick exit, hoping to get back out to the showroom in time to cheer for my vampire.

I'm looking toward the stage, not watching where I'm going, when I bump into a man coming out of the adjacent doorway. His arms immediately reach out to stop me from falling, and before he steadies me, I end up with my face pressed against bare pectoral muscles so strong they feel like they could stop a train.

CHAPTER SEVEN

His mouth moves in apology, though I can't hear him clearly over the vote-by-yelling that's in full swing.

"I'm sorry. That was my fault," I say in a near-shout, as I fix my hat again and take in his costume, which is one of the most unusual I've seen tonight.

He's wearing a wild gray and white wig, the hair sticking out in all directions. There are thick steampunk goggles covering his eyes, with lenses so dark that I wonder if he actually can see where he's going.

A white lab coat completes his mad scientist persona, though it's completely open, which is why I had the opportunity to make direct contact with his rock solid muscles.

Even though I'm firmly on my feet now, his hands are still on me, holding me in place. Those hands squeeze my arms as a big smile erupts on his painted face, which is made up to look like an invention has exploded on him, streaks of sooty-looking paint splattering across his features, though the makeup doesn't hide the fact that he has a great smile, a perfect match for his stunning body.

He takes my hand and spins me around, checking out my costume as he does a little dance in his. He nods, and his eyebrows, barely visible above his goggles, wiggle in approval, making me laugh.

When he ushers me away from the restroom doors, I expect him to leave me, but instead, he keeps hold of my hand

and continues to dance with me, even though the music is barely audible during brief gaps in the crowd's cheers.

"Don't you need to be on stage?" I gesture toward the costume contest to help him understand, since he probably can't hear me.

He turns his head in that direction, shrugs, and spins me around again before pulling me in close, up against that stunning chest of his again.

"Oh!" I'm startled by the move, but not at all unhappy about it. This is officially the best Halloween party I've ever attended, and when I find Autumn later, I'm going to thank her for inviting me. Once I'm done dancing with all of these hot men, of course.

A recent memory of the vampire comes to mind. Even though he didn't speak, I distinctly got the impression that he'd seek me out again. Is it going to be a problem if he finds me dancing with this merry mad scientist, who seems reluctant to let me go?

The man spins me again, then puts his arms around me from behind, his hard chest now pressing against my back, his hands roaming my body.

It's a ridiculous thought, but I feel like I'm cheating on the vampire. The vampire kissed me, and I'd enjoy kissing him again, but I don't even know him. This is a party where we're all meant to mingle, and if these Club Red dancers want to get a bit handsy, I'm not going to stop them.

Not when it feels this good.

His hands are rough in the very best way, creating a delicious friction as they slide over my arms, then drag across the fabric of my dress, making me wish I was naked. He traces the curves of my waist and my hips, and I let out a sigh as my body melts into his.

When he leads me to a chair and has me sit down, I'm relieved, since my legs were starting to go weak.

Despite being seated, my entire body feels weak when he straddles the chair I'm sitting in and starts to dance, his

glorious bare chest just inches from my face, his hips moving like they have a mind of their own.

When I was here for the regular show, I saw women on stage getting lap dances. At the time, I envied them, but I also felt like I'd be too embarrassed to enjoy the performance if I were in their position.

I'm not embarrassed now. Maybe it helps that everyone else in the room is focused on the stage and cheering for the costume contest. It's like I'm getting a private dance, but I don't think I'd care if others were watching, because this man and his moves have me enthralled.

The way his body swivels ... I can easily imagine another way for him to put those motions to use. And when he pumps his hips, thrusting them forward—give me strength!

The mad scientist—or as I'm going to call him now, the sinfully sexy scientist—takes my hands in his and encourages me to touch him. His hands covering mine, he presses my palms against his chest and slides my fingers down over his rock-hard pecs and across his pebbled abs, all the while rippling his torso in a way that's utterly hypnotic.

His skin is warm and smooth, and the muscles beneath are solid and strong. I could spend days happily touching the front of his body, but he has other ideas.

He slides my hands over the ridges of muscle at his waist, around to the back, and then downward, until I'm cupping his ass cheeks through his snug gray pants.

He thrusts his pelvis to the left, to the right, and then directly toward me, and I start to wonder if there are any men costumed as doctors in the house, because my heart is threatening to give out.

As his hips gyrate, light from above illuminates the bulge in his pants. It appears that I'm not the only one being turned on by this dance.

Dark shadows define the shape of his erection, which grows larger as I watch. My mouth goes dry, and when I

glance up, his goggle-covered eyes are aimed at me, a smirk playing on his lips.

I've been caught looking, and I'm sure it's clear how much I like what I see.

He takes my hands again and brings them back around to his front, slowly inching closer to the large bulge as his hips continue to thrust and shimmy. When I look up at him, his head tips back just as he draws my fingers over the hard shaft in his pants.

CHAPTER EIGHT

He releases my hands once they've reached the intended destination, and I'm free to explore on my own. I slide my hand along the length of him until I reach the ridges of the head of his stiff cock, and my pussy clenches so tight it's nearly painful.

His hand returns to guide me, one stroke, then another, and I'm getting wetter as he gets harder.

Abruptly, he stands, lifts me from the chair, and takes my place. He sits, pulling me onto his lap so that I'm facing him, my legs straddling his, my dress riding up so high that my red lace panties are exposed.

He's distracted for a minute by my spiderweb stockings, his fingers playing over the tops of them, slipping under, then smoothing over my thighs, making me shiver even though I'm plenty warm.

When I start to wriggle with need, he pulls my hips tighter to him, rubbing my pussy over his erection. I'm so worked up, I nearly come at first contact.

He grinds me against him once, twice, three times, then slides me back a couple of inches, making room for his hands to push my dress up further and dip into the top edge of my underwear.

I should care that this stranger is about to touch me in my most private spot in the middle of this crowded room, but I don't. I can't. Not when it feels like this.

And I've just touched him, so it's only fair.

But I touched him through his clothing, and his fingers are now brushing over my bare skin, and he's about to find out how very wet I am.

He's had a mischievous expression throughout most of our encounter, but when he reaches my wet folds, his mouth goes still, intent, and I watch that focus turn to awe as he presses a finger inside me.

"Fuck," he mutters.

I have a fuzzy awareness of the announcer speaking from the stage, but as this man claims my pussy with a second finger, my universe narrows to just him and me.

He lets his palm graze my clit, and when he sees my reaction, he puts his fingers to the task, finding just the right spot to make me squirm with pleasure.

It only takes a few strokes, and I'm crying out, losing control, finding a release so intense it's scary.

Later, I'll be grateful the room was so noisy that I'm sure no one heard me, but right now, I'm taking a break from reality to visit another realm where ecstasy reigns.

The orgasm is brief but intense, satisfying but also a tease that makes me want more.

As I return to this world, the sexy scientist pulls his hand away and straightens my clothing.

"How did you do that?" I ask. "I've never come so quickly." Are these Club Red men trained in this sort of pleasure, too?

He only grins in response, though his smile is much more sinful now than playful.

He leans close to my ear, his deep voice rumbling. "Did that feel good?"

"My god," is all I can say.

The reality of our surroundings are starting to come back to me. I can't believe I just had an orgasm, here in a public place with a stranger.

He must see these thoughts on my face, because he says, "It's okay. No one saw." Further smoothing down my dress, he turns me around on his lap so I have a view of the stage.

Believe it or not, the costume contest is still going on. It feels as though hours have passed, though I suppose it's only been minutes. The audience is still screaming as men walk across the stage. The contestants are spaced further apart now, just five of them up there. It appears that they're the finalists.

There's an Egyptian pharaoh with massive arms, a shirtless baseball player, a surfer dude, a horned demon ... and my vampire.

My face heats the moment I spot him, and he's looking right back at me!

The stage is far away, and there are loads of people between him and me, but I'd swear he's looking into my eyes, and here I am, sitting on the scientist's lap.

The pirate announcer gestures to the vampire, encouraging the audience to cheer for him. To my surprise, the mad scientist helps me to my feet, then stands up himself and pumps his fist in the air, cheering loudly for the vampire.

The vampire's eyes have a hold on me from across the room. I'm not sure what to do, or what to say to the man standing next to me who just got me off, and as I'm frozen in indecision, Autumn appears.

"There you are!" she says brightly. "I wondered where you went." Apparently unaware that I was with the mad scientist and seeming not to notice him at all, she takes my hand and leads me back toward our table.

When I turn to give the scientist an apologetic look, he nods once, still grinning.

I'm in a daze, barely able to register what Autumn's saying. Then I remember that my boss is around here somewhere, and I go into a panic. Sure, this is after hours and shouldn't affect my job, but what if Garrett saw what I've been doing? What would he think of me?

"Has Garrett come back in?" I ask.

I'm flooded with relief when she shakes her head. "They're all still outside talking. I was just out there with them. They told me they'll come inside soon, but I don't believe them."

"I'm sorry I left you alone for so long," I tell her.

"Don't be sorry. I'm glad you're having fun. How was the caveman? And did I see you dancing with a skeleton too?"

"I danced with a couple of guys." It's been so much more than dancing, but I keep that thought to myself.

"I'm glad you're enjoying yourself," she says, in what she doesn't know is a big understatement.

As we're crossing the room, the crowd's cheers get louder, alerting me to the fact that a winner is being chosen on the stage. It's the vampire.

My cheeks heat, and in my mind, I can still feel his fangs pressing into my skin.

"Ooh, check this one out," Autumn says, nudging my side with her elbow. I expect her to gesture to the costume contest winner, but instead she directs my attention to a tall, dark figure that's headed straight toward us.

He looks like a man on a mission—or rather a demon on a mission, because the figure has a face painted red with dark shadows, and there are sinister-looking twisted horns protruding from his head. If I'm not mistaken, he was on stage just a few minutes ago.

I move aside to let him pass, but he comes straight for me, stopping only inches away. He's so close, the heat of his body instantly warms the skin on my chest.

Without a word, he bends and picks me up, one of his strong arms under my thighs, the other wrapped around my back.

CHAPTER NINE

My instinct is to struggle, even though being in his arms is exciting. “What are you doing?” I demand, kicking my legs.

Nearby, Autumn is squealing. “He’s going to take you on stage!”

Is that a thing tonight? Are they doing that? Aside from the costume contest and the opening performance, there hasn’t been much activity on the stage. Not that I’ve noticed, anyway, but I guess I have been preoccupied.

Tonight’s been one thrill right after another with barely time to catch my breath, and now I’m in the arms of a devilish demon who’s refusing to answer any of my questions.

I mentally prepare myself to be on display, but when it comes time to turn toward the stage, the demon makes a hard left and carries me straight out of the showroom’s entrance.

Confusion and panic cut into my excitement. “What’s going on? Where are you going?”

My tone is much more demanding now, and a bit frantic, but still the demon remains silent. We’re headed toward the lobby, but he makes another turn just before we get there, down another hallway, then immediately through a door, and into a dark room.

“My hat!” My witch’s hat is knocked off of my head as we pass through the doorway, and I struggle again, wanting to retrieve it, but the demon doesn’t care.

While the door is still open, light from the hallway shows me that we're in what looks to be a breakroom. There are a few round tables and chairs, and a countertop with a coffeemaker and other related items.

Also, we're completely alone.

And when the door closes behind us, everything goes dark.

With my sight restricted, other senses come alive, and I notice that the demon, who's still holding me in his arms, has a familiar scent that's almost comforting.

I inhale a large dose. The demon wears the same cologne as my housemate Damien. But this isn't Damien. I don't know this man, and I shouldn't be getting comfortable just because he smells good.

"What are we doing in here? What's going on? Put me down!"

I'm irritated now, and my voice shakes with a bit of fear, though surely he wouldn't do anything to hurt me, would he?

To my relief, he sets me down, keeping his hands on me in a way that seems like he's making sure I find my footing in the dark.

Though once I'm stable, those hands remain, pressing softly into my sides. I could break free of him if I wanted to, but curiosity keeps me rooted in place. More questions prod at me, but knowing he won't answer, I stay silent, listening to his breathing, which is nearly as ragged as mine.

I'm dimly aware of still being able to hear what's going on in the showroom, though the loud party now sounds so distant and muted, making me feel even more isolated with this ... creature.

I take a deep breath and remind myself that there are plenty of people in the main hall, and if I need to, I can scream for help or run. I'm not sure if my pulse is racing from fear or excitement, but what would Halloween be without some thrills and chills?

The demon's leg presses between mine, and his foot nudges at my shoe, urging me to part my legs. My heart is pounding out of my chest as both of his hands slide down my sides, then back up, where he finds my breasts and cups them in his palms.

There's a rustling sound, then a mouth on my hot skin, right in the center of my chest, making me gasp.

I feel his fingers tug at the laces on my dress, and hear an intake of breath as his rough hands brush over my bare skin. I'm amazed at what can be conveyed in the pitch black, because I feel a sense of reverent awe from this stranger as his hands slowly stroke my breasts and thumb over my tightening nipples.

He's claiming me, but also worshiping me, and my pussy clenches in anticipation of what's to come.

As he cups and squeezes one of my breasts, the wetness of a tongue touches the tip, the shock of it instantly shooting an array of sensations throughout my body. He sucks my hardened nipple into his mouth, and I swear I could come just standing there.

The darkness is making everything so intense, but it's also this man and the way he's touching me, his leg still pressing possessively against mine, his hand stroking up the center of my back, his heat surrounding me, and his skillful tongue making me dizzy as he feasts on my flesh.

Something pokes my shoulder, and distractedly, I assume it must be one of his demon horns, but I can't be bothered to care, because what he's doing feels so, so good.

As his mouth explores my chest, his hands push up the bottom of my dress.

His fingers find their way inside my panties, and there's more rustling and a temperature shift as the heat of his body sinks down in front of me, nudging my legs further apart just before his tongue touches my center.

"Ahh!" I gasp, struggling to process how intensely good it feels, but he quickly overloads my brain with an onslaught of

pleasure, far too much to comprehend. As his wicked tongue teases my clit, my legs go weak, and I fumble in the dark for something to support me.

The demon lifts me and turns, setting me on a table before pushing my thighs apart and diving back into my hot, wet center. The things his tongue does to me are otherworldly. As he sucks and licks and even nips, his fingers rake over my inner thighs, teasing, pushing, lightly pinching.

My hands dig into his hair, needing to grab onto something, because I'm about to be consumed by the flames of pleasure. When the demon's finger presses into my pussy just as his tongue dances frantically over my clit, I cry out, cutting into the silence with my desperate release.

The fire that had been growing suddenly explodes, and I'm overcome, covered in flames, engulfed in the inferno, burning into a nothingness that is everything.

My entire body throbs, white heat flashing behind my eyelids, electricity shooting to the tips of my fingers and down to my toes.

When I start to return to the real world, I'm aware of my moans filling the empty room. The demon is still licking, and I'm riding the aftershocks, little blazes flaring in pulsating rhythms.

I want more from him. If he can do this with his tongue, I want to know what he can do with his cock. I tug at his shoulder, and he slowly pulls his mouth from me, but not before laying a kiss just above my center that absolutely wrecks me.

What is it with these Club Red men? How do they know just how to make me feel so good?

This amazing stranger kisses a path back up my body, over my bare breasts, across my collarbone, and to my neck, sounds coming from low in his throat as he heats my skin.

"You taste so good," he murmurs. "Just like I'd always imagined."

CHAPTER TEN

I immediately, something doesn't seem right, but I'm in such a sex-hungry haze, that it takes several more seconds before I replay his words. "Just like I'd always imagined" isn't what someone would say who'd just spotted me across a crowded room less than twenty minutes ago.

"What—"

My question is cut off as the door to the room opens without warning. As I scramble to my feet while pulling the front of my dress closed, I take in the fact that it's the vampire who's coming in—followed by the skeleton and the mad scientist—and I do a double take.

What the—?

The three of them file into the room, and after closing the door, one of them flips on the light switch, making me squint.

"Thought you'd steal her away all to yourself, Damien?" the vampire accuses. He has my witch's hat clutched in his hand.

"What're you doing in here? You followed us?" I ask, incredulous, but then his words register. He didn't say *demon*, he said *Damien*.

I spin to face the man who brought me in here, whose horns now lie on the floor beside him. In this harsh lighting, the angles of his face aren't quite as disguised by his Halloween makeup.

I step backward, bump into the table, and quickly step to the side, putting distance between myself and him. “Damien?”

My housemate stares back at me, a complicated mix of emotions playing on his face. If I didn’t know him so well, I might not be able to read any of them, but I clearly see pride, defiance, and regret fighting for dominance, all backed with a dose of lingering lust, which is *not* something I’ve seen in his eyes before.

“Damien? You said ‘just like you’d always imagined...’” My words trail off as the implications sink in.

I just made out with Damien. Damien just tasted me and had his fingers inside me.

Damien has been imagining this.

“You knew who I was,” I accuse. There’s nothing deceptive about my costume. My face is plainly visible.

He nods, lust darkening his eyes, beating out his other emotions.

“What are you doing here? Why did you—?” I don’t know how to verbalize all of my conflicted thoughts. *I just made out with Damien. Damien knew it was me, and he wanted it.*

“We just wanted to make some extra money,” one of the other three men says.

Are they still in here? I’d nearly forgotten all about them, but there they are, the men I’ve danced with—and more—tonight, all except the caveman, if he even counts. I give them a quick glance, eager to get back to confronting Damien, but the light has changed their faces, too. And the scientist has taken off his goofy goggles.

Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit.

It’s them. It’s all of them. “Oh my god,” I say, backing up toward the far wall. “I’m such an idiot.”

How did I not see it? But they all looked so different in there.

Jack's mask is off now, and the white paint on his skeleton face is smeared. Xander's mask is off now, too, and it's all painfully obvious. Shouldn't I have recognized his bare chest from trying so hard not to look at it when he's shirtless around our house? And Victor, my playful mad scientist, I should've known him from his smile, regardless of the makeup obscuring it.

"What's going on? What are you all doing here?" My voice is trembling.

"You're not an idiot," vampire Xander says gently. He takes a step toward me, but I shrink back.

He's right. I'm not an idiot for not recognizing them—it was dark, they're wearing costumes, they hardly spoke, and when they did I could barely hear them with all the noise. I *am* an idiot for thinking they were my friends.

"Why did you trick me? Why did you lie to me?" None of them answer. "Why didn't you tell me you'd be here?"

"We didn't know *you'd* be here," Victor says, as if that answers anything.

"It was a shock seeing you here," skeleton Jack says.

The night has been a blur, and it takes me a moment to think back to my encounter with Jack, now that I know it was him. He didn't kiss me, but he sure looked at me like he wanted to. My skin, already flaming from anger and embarrassment, heats further at the memory of how special he made me feel.

Why did he look at me that way tonight, and never before?

"Was this just a game for all of you?" I'm on the verge of tears, tangled up in so many intense emotions. They all made me feel so good earlier, and now I just feel like a fool.

"No fucking way," Damien says adamantly as he moves toward me.

"Then what the hell?" Tears are falling now, making me angrier still, because I can't control my emotions. I bend my

head to use my sleeve to wipe my eyes, and when I look back up, they're surrounding me.

"We didn't mean to hurt you, Sab," Xander says, his voice gentle as a feather.

"We didn't mean to trick you either," Victor says. "I guess we just couldn't resist."

"Couldn't resist what? It's not like you've never seen me in a dress before. Do you all have a thing for witches?"

Heavy silence hangs in the room until Jack cuts through it. "We all have a thing for *you*. That's the problem." He runs a hand through his hair, his voice edged with frustration.

More words that need time to sink in. "What?" I ask, finally, my eyes wide, blinking, as I look at each of them, wanting to see if there's evidence of this on their faces. To my continued surprise, the truth is obvious.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

“We all like you, Sab. We always have,” Xander says.

I’m frozen, afraid that if I move, none of this will be real. Of course they like me, as friends and as housemates, but it’s clear from his tone that’s not the kind of “like” he’s talking about.

“We’ve all been in love with you ever since we first met you,” Victor says. “Tonight was a chance to pretend it could be real.”

In love with me? I can’t believe it, but I know they wouldn’t tease me about something like this.

I don’t know whether to be elated or angry. “Why didn’t you tell me?” I ask finally.

“Because we knew it wouldn’t work.” Damien sounds angry, too.

“Early on, we realized we all liked you,” Jack explains, “and we decided that none of us should try to date you, because we couldn’t decide who among us should have that chance.”

“But you never told me. Shouldn’t you have given *me* that choice?” I ask, irritated that they kept this from me for all these years, even though I’ve hidden my feelings, too.

“Who would you have picked?” It’s Damien putting me on the spot, direct as always.

Anger fizzles out of me, like a bucket of water dumped on a fire. I could never have picked one of them, and I wouldn’t

have wanted to have hurt their friendship by getting tangled up in some kind of competition or jealousy.

“As time went on,” Xander says, “we noticed you looked at us like brothers, and we realized that’s what was for the best.”

My throat goes tight, and my body suddenly feels very heavy. Tonight’s fun was a one-time thing. Obviously, it can never be anything more.

I don’t realize tears have started to fall again until Xander blots them with his fingers. “What’s the matter, Sabby?”

I never dreamed I would tell them this, but they’ve put it all out there, so I may as well do the same. “I’ve always been in love with *you*. With *all* of you. And you’ve always treated *me* like a sister.”

“You don’t know how hard it’s been,” Jack mutters.

Victor parts his lab coat and strokes a hand across the fly of his pants. “Tonight I showed her how hard it’s been.”

That makes me laugh through my tears. What a ridiculous and hopeless situation. The thought that they were excited for me, that all of them wanted me just as much as I’ve wanted them—it should make me happy beyond belief, but it leaves us right where we started. “I could never choose,” I say quietly, head bowed.

“What if you didn’t have to?” Damien asks.

My head whips up, eyes wide again. The three other men look surprised too, but in a curious way.

“Didn’t have to...?”

I can’t finish my question. I don’t dare think he means what I hope he means. Instead, I laugh bitterly. “That’s what fantasies are for.”

Xander’s eyes go wide. “You’ve fantasized about us?”

Suddenly, I wish I had a mask on, because I feel my cheeks go red. “Yes, but you weren’t wearing so much makeup in my fantasies.”

They laugh, and Victor throws an arm around me, squeezing me to his side. It's just like the hugs he's given me regularly, the kind that always felt like something a sibling would do, but tonight it hits differently, and my body stiffens.

"Damien, what did you mean?"

He shrugs as if it's no big thing. As if my next breath isn't hanging on his answer. "What if you could have all of us?" he asks. His body language may be casual, but his eyes are deathly serious.

My heart starts to pound, and my pussy clenches at the image this conjures, but is this really something Damien has the right to offer? I look to the others, but they simply look back at me, waiting for my answer.

"Is this something you'd all want to do?" I ask.

The silence seems to last forever, but it's only a matter of seconds.

My heart beats a million times in those few seconds.

"Yeah, I'd be okay with that," Xander says.

"I'd be more than okay with that," Victor says.

Jack gives a small nod. "If it means I get to have you, I don't mind sharing."

Sharing? The word has never sounded so appealing.

"You'd do that?" Something in me still won't let me believe that this is real.

"How about we show you instead of tell you?" Xander says.

CHAPTER TWELVE

With his eyes fixed on mine, he steps in front of me and takes my face in his hands. He's apparently removed his fangs at some point, and I don't know if I'm pleased or disappointed. Scratch that—I don't think I could be disappointed about anything right now.

His expression is tender, but also determined, and no amount of ghostly face paint can hide the fact that what he's about to do means something to him.

He angles my head so that I'm looking up at him, and I'm breathless with anticipation as he bends and gently brushes his lips against mine.

He kissed me earlier, out in the showroom, but now that I know who he is—a good friend and, I hope, soon-to-be lover, someone I trust with my body and soul, someone I know so well, and who knows me too, and who apparently loves me—this kiss means everything.

It's dizzying and grounding at the same time. It's an invitation and a promise.

It's wonderful.

And it's not the only one.

When Xander releases me and steps aside, Victor takes his place. We had a thrilling encounter out in the showroom tonight, but we didn't kiss, and though Victor's often a joker, even when it's not Halloween, right now he looks serious.

His mouth shows me just how serious he is. His lips claim mine, and when I open for him, his tongue follows. His hands anchor my body to his as his kiss deepens. Some of his trademark playfulness comes through in the way his lips and tongue tease me, and it's everything I always imagined it would be and so much more.

It's Jack's turn next. I only had a brief dance with the skeleton, but we shared a lot of meaningful eye contact, and the urge I had to kiss him earlier is now multiplied by infinity.

"Sabrina," he says, coming to stand in front of me, his eyes taking me in just as they had done earlier.

I've stopped clutching the laces at the front of my dress, and I watch Jack take in a long eyeful of my partially exposed breasts. Above the neck of his costume, his Adam's apple bobs as he swallows.

"You're so beautiful. You always are." He moves in so close that our bodies press together. "I've wanted to do this for so long."

There's a delicious ache that fills me as he covers my mouth with his. Maybe it should feel strange, kissing these men I've lived with for years, who I'd long since decided had no romantic interest in me. They've seen me in silly pajamas, wearing face masks and acne stickers, they've seen me at my best and my worst, and I'd long ago stopped hoping that anything like this would happen with even just one of them.

But here they are kissing me, one after the other, and it feels so very right. And it only serves as further evidence that I could have never chosen between them if I'd been given that chance.

As Jack's mouth grows hungrier, there's a touch at my side, and then another mouth on my neck. The way these new hands and lips move give me a good idea that it's Damien, and my pussy floods with desire, because there's something wicked about Damien even when he's not impersonating the devil, and having two of these men's mouths on me at one time is unbelievable.

Not to be forgotten, Jack gives my bottom lip a little nip, and I squeal. I'm about to ask if there's a lock on the door, when someone tugs at my arm.

"Let's take our girl home," Damien says.

Our girl.

He cinches up the front of my dress and smooths out the bottom. "Ready to go?"

When I nod, the five of us leave the room as a unit, with Damien and Jack each holding one of my hands and Xander carrying my hat. I have nothing on my mind except getting home to be alone with them, until I see one of Autumn's men, Duke, standing by the entrance.

"Could you please tell Autumn that I'm okay?" I ask him in a rush as I bring my group to a stop in front of the guard. "Please tell her I left with my friends."

The big man looks surprised at first, before a knowing grin turns up one corner of his mouth. He nods once in response, then adds, "Have a good night," as we hurry past.

"We're gonna be so much more than friends," Damien says, not slowing his pace even as he leans in to drag his teeth over my earlobe.

Somehow, enough of my brain still functions to tell the guys where I've parked.

"Don't worry about it. We'll pick it up tomorrow," Victor says.

They lead me to the vehicle they came in, Xander's car, where Damien gets into the backseat and pulls me onto his lap.

When Jack and Victor both try to get into the back with us, there's a brief scuffle, until I tell them to stop. "I really want this to work, and I don't ever want you to fight about me. I couldn't bear it if I messed up your friendship."

They all agree, Victor cedes the backseat to Jack, and Xander tears out of the lot like the place is on fire.

The cool evening air injected a small dose of reality into my brain, which had mostly been preoccupied with wondering how quickly I could get all of these men naked when we got home.

“Wait, are you even allowed to leave? You were working, weren’t you?”

Their response is a collective shrug. “We’ll apologize later,” Damien says, playing with my hair.

I’ve settled onto the seat between him and Jack. “Why were you working there, anyway?”

“Extra money,” Xander says, turning back to look at me while stopped at a red light.

“They were looking for extra help for this party. It was just a temporary thing.” Jack slides his hand up my thigh, over the top of my stocking.

Damien’s fingers play at the base of my skull, lulling me into relaxation. “The money was so good, we couldn’t pass it up.”

“Was it just for tonight?” I ask, my voice going thick as I rest my head back on his hand.

“We had several training nights leading up to the party. For a strip club, the place takes things seriously. Very professional,” Victor says, and suddenly I realize where the men have been all of the nights when they weren’t at home.

“It’s not a strip club. It’s a male revue,” Xander says, his foot back on the gas.

Victor waves his hand in the air. “Potayto, potahto.”

“Why didn’t any of you tell me you were working there?” I ask.

There’s a short pause before Xander says, “We didn’t discuss keeping it a secret, but I figured you’d think it was weird or funny. And it was only for this party.”

Damien chuckles to himself. “They want to hire us for the permanent show, though.”

With some effort, I lift my head to get a better look at him. “Are you going to do it?”

“Nah. You’re the only woman I want to make scream.”

My face heats, along with every other part of me. “Well, I hope you don’t get in trouble for leaving the party early tonight.”

“Don’t care,” Damien says, brushing his thumb over my bottom lip, looking like he’s ready to come in for a kiss.

“We’ll explain we had an emergency,” Victor says.

I pull my gaze away from Damien to look up to the front seat. “An emergency?”

“Yeah, we’ll explain that there was a beautiful witch who needed to be fucked so hard she’d forget how to ride her broom.”

Damien squeezes me against him, his hand wrapping around my middle. “Not quite. This witch is going to be riding *a lot* of brooms tonight.”

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

We don't make it any farther than the living room. The four men surround me right in the middle of the floor, all of them taking a hand in removing my clothes.

Xander kneels to help me step out of my shoes. Jack slowly peels down my stockings, his mouth laying kisses in their wake. Damien lifts my dress over my head, and Victor uses his teeth—yes, his teeth!—to take off my panties.

I'm so wet, I'm honestly shocked it's not running down my legs.

“Damn, Sabrina. I mean, I always knew—but damn!” It's Victor commenting, but all of them are admiring my naked body with the same expression.

Then they descend on me—hands, mouths, lips, teeth—touching, stroking, pinching, tasting, exploring—and it's all so much more than I could have ever imagined. When they brought up sharing, maybe I thought they intended to take turns with me, and while that would have been perfectly fine, and even more than fine, this is next level.

This is many levels *above* next level.

When I'm filled with so much lust and longing that I can barely stand, Xander carries me off to his bedroom, and the rest of the men follow.

I had lofty goals of taking their clothes off right away, but so far I'm the only one who's naked, because they've been too busy worshiping my body.

So I'm about to get down and dirty with a vampire, a skeleton, a mad scientist, and a demon. They've shed some of their accessories since we left the club, but they're still in face paint and costume clothing.

It's the best Halloween ever, though it feels more like Christmas, or maybe like all of the holidays rolled into one, because all of my dreams are coming true.

Xander sets me on the edge of the bed, kneels at my feet, spreads my knees apart, and buries his head between my legs, making me gasp and then moan as I fall back on the mattress.

I've been teetering on the edge ever since they took my clothes off, but couldn't quite let go while I was standing up.

Now it just takes a few long strokes of Xander's tongue, and I'm falling to pieces, crying out his name while forgetting my own.

Why are all of them so good at making me come? I've been with a few other men, and none of them ever elicited a response from me like these four do.

Maybe it's because I've wanted them for so long, though they had this effect on me at the club, before I even knew who they were. Maybe it's because they know me so well, though they weren't intimately acquainted with my body. Not until tonight.

Xander keeps licking, and keeps me coming for a long time, and then he seems to know just when to ease off, when the sensations become too much.

He strokes a finger across my middle, just above my pussy. "God, I want to be inside you, Sabby." He sounds desperate and tortured.

I nod eagerly. "I want that, too." I've never wanted anything more.

He opens his pants—the cape is long gone—and pushes them off of his hips, revealing the fact that he isn't wearing underwear. His cock springs out, already semi hard, long and thick.

My inner muscles clench, and I'm fixated as he unrolls a condom onto his shaft, which grew longer and harder after just two strokes in his palm.

It's a big moment. Everything tonight has happened so quickly, and felt so right, and this feels right too, but there's no going back after this. Once we have sex, it will be nearly impossible to return to just being friends, not without a lot of awkwardness at the very least.

It's a chance I'm willing to take, because playing it safe doesn't bring you happiness.

If I had any doubts, and I don't, they would have been dissolved when Xander moves over me, his eyes holding so much love, care, and concern, making it clear this is more than just sex to him.

"You okay, Sabby?" He cups my cheek, still looking deep into my eyes.

I nod, unable to speak over the lump in my throat.

"You ready to take me?"

I nod again with no hesitation, and then manage to say, "Yeah," my voice all breathy.

He lines up the head of his cock with my opening. "I hope I can last. I've wanted you for so long that I might not be worth much this first time."

He's grinning, but there's a hint of raw insecurity there, and I love that he feels comfortable enough to be vulnerable with me.

"Don't worry. You've all made me come almost instantly, so I think I have the same issue."

"Yeah, it's all been pent up for far too long." He bends to lay a kiss on my lips just as his cock pushes inside me. Just an inch at first, then another, and tears prickle my eyes.

"You okay?"

Has a man ever been so tuned in to what I'm feeling, or paid this much attention?

I reassure him with more nods and a grin. “I’m so good. Really, really good.”

“Yeah, me too. My god, you feel amazing, Sabby. So wet and so tight... shit, I can’t talk about it, or I’ll never last.”

I giggle at his pained expression and lean up to kiss him. When I rest my head back down, his brows draw together in focused concentration, and he presses in further.

Not even all the way in, and he’s already filling me so full.

With a cock like his, it would probably feel good no matter who he was, but the fact that I know him so well, and that we’ve shared laughs, fun times, and so many good conversations over the years—that all makes it even better.

Our hearts have already bonded, and now our bodies are finally coming together.

He presses all the way in, both of us groaning when his hips bump against mine and he’s fully inside me. After a short pause, he draws back, creating the most delicious friction, and then pumps back into me, quicker and with more intensity.

Nothing has ever felt so good.

He dips his head to suck on one of my nipples as he starts to move faster. He’s angled in a way where his body massages my clit with each thrust, and it’s less than a minute before I’m grabbing for him and holding on tight as another orgasm overtakes me.

“Oh, fuck yeah, Sab.” When my eyes flicker open, his are on me, watching me come apart beneath him, pounding into me through my climax, taking me higher and higher.

“Fuck, that felt amazing, being inside you while you came,” he tells me as I start to come down from my peak.

“Yeah.” I give him a smile that I hope conveys all that I can’t manage to say right now.

“Goddamn, you are beautiful when you come.” He drops a quick kiss on my lips and then increases his pace until he’s pistoning in and out of me. No problems with duration at all.

My body rocks on the bed with the rhythm of his thrusts, and then I finally get to watch him come apart, his face contorting in beautiful agony and ecstasy, his cock going still and then throbbing deep inside me.

More tears spring to the corners of my eyes, but I wipe them away, not wanting him to think he's hurt me, because that couldn't be further from the truth.

We smile at each other when he's finished. His face is so familiar to me, yet there's something new in his eyes and his expression, something wonderful.

He kisses me once more, slow and deep and delicious, and then pulls out of me, his fingers stroking across my body, making me feel adored.

I'd been fully lost in a world with Xander, so it's almost a surprise when I leave our little bubble and find Damien, Jack, and Victor in the room with us.

A really good surprise.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

After Xander goes off to deal with the spent condom, I sit up and reach for Victor, who's nearest to me.

His cock is clearly hard inside his pants, and I can't resist sliding my palm over it. I touched it at the club, and now I can't wait to see it.

"I'm remembering your dance tonight," I say, thinking of the lap dance he gave me. "I never knew you had moves like that."

"I guess I learned a thing or two during Club Red training." His eyes shift back and forth between my face and where my hand is touching him.

"Vic danced for you?" Damien sounds surprised.

I nod. "He was really good."

Damien raises a brow, but he's watching too, watching me stroke his friend's cock through his tight pants.

"All of your costumes were good, too," I say, "though now I can't wait to get you out of them." My fingers are swift as they open the snap and pull down his zipper. Unlike Xander, Victor has boxer briefs on, but he helps me take them off.

My mouth waters when I'm finally faced with his cock in all its glory, and I'm a greedy girl as I claim it with my hands and watch it get harder at my touch. I move onto all fours and bring my mouth to it, touching the tip with my tongue first, and then opening wide to wrap my lips around it, making Victor groan.

It's impossible to take all of him in my mouth, but I use my hands and tongue, and he must like what I'm doing, because his head drops back, eyes closed, and his fists clench and unclench at his sides.

Meanwhile, out of the corner of my eye, I notice Damien taking off his pants. His weight sinks the mattress as he climbs onto the bed behind me, and then his hands are on my bare bottom, caressing my cheeks.

I jerk in surprise when his tongue dips into my pussy. He spreads me wide, and I get wetter and wetter.

"I've had so many fantasies about you, Sab," Damien says. "And you looked like this in at least half of them." He grabs one of my ass cheeks hard and gives it a shake, and I suck harder on Victor's cock.

"And fuck—" Damien continues, "that little witch's costume tonight? Perfection. We're lucky I didn't get us kicked out of the party, because I wanted to press you up against the wall as soon as I saw you and bury myself balls deep."

I press my hips back toward him, arching my back, inviting him in.

He licks me again, a long swipe of his tongue straight down my middle. I'm gushing for him.

I stroke Victor with my hand and twist to look at Damien. "Do it now. Take me, Damien. Please."

I didn't expect to have to beg any of them tonight, but his words are driving me wild, and I'd pay money for it at this point, I need him so badly.

And it's not just his words, but the fact that I have Victor's hard cock in my hand, and I'm naked between two of my sexy housemates, and I want them to fill me from both ends.

"Relax, Sab," Damien says, in a frustratingly slow drawl. "We have all the time we need. There's no rush."

How can he possibly be so patient? I know he wants this as badly as I do. I saw it in his eyes tonight, and he was the one

who suggested that I didn't have to choose between them.

I let out a breath and tell myself to be calm. He's right that there's no rush, but maybe there's some part of me that still can't believe any of this is real, and that the clock might strike twelve and I'll turn into a pumpkin.

Returning my full focus to Victor, I take him in my mouth again, and slide my tongue under his cock. He buries his fingers in my hair, and uses them to hold me steady as he fucks in and out of my mouth.

"I'll confess, none of my fantasies included another dude," Damien continues, "but I gotta say, this is pretty fucking hot, watching Vic fuck your mouth."

"Did you ever fantasize about this, Sab? Did you want to be taken by two of us at one time?" His questions are rhetorical, because my mouth is full and Victor's hold prevents me from even nodding or shaking my head.

Sadly, I never did picture this, and it was a big failure of imagination on my part. My fantasies, and my reality, are about to get much wilder than I ever dreamed.

Finally, I feel the head of Damien's cock at my entrance. He dips it into my soaking-wet opening and swirls it around. I want to push back, eager to take him inside me, but I remain patient and let him do it his way.

When he does eventually press inside me, it's with one smooth, long stroke. *Fuuuck*. I haven't seen his cock, but there's no question that it's huge.

He's unusually quiet for several slow, steady strokes, and I hope he's savoring it, just like I am.

His voice is different, almost distracted, when he says, "Make him come, Sabby."

I'm under Victor's control, but I hollow my cheeks and point my tongue in an effort to make the sensations more intense for him. Then inspiration strikes, and I reach between his legs to gently cup his balls.

I'm rewarded with a low moan from deep in Victor's throat. And, moments later, when Victor seizes up and starts to come, a similar moan is echoed behind me from Damien.

Even though Victor loosens his grip on my head, I stay steady, and keep him in my mouth as his cock stiffens and starts to spurt his hot release.

"Fuck," Damien groans, clearly aware of what's happening. Then he reaches around my hip, finds my clit, and starts to rub. Sensation jolts through me, and I struggle to maintain control, determined to keep hold of Victor's cock, wanting his cum to coat my tongue and shoot down my throat.

Damien's pace accelerates as Victor shudders and pulls out of my mouth. I'm smiling up at him when he opens his eyes. Victor kneels to kiss me—I wonder how my mouth tastes to him—and then he stays crouched there, helping to support my upper body as Damien starts to give my body a pounding.

He hasn't stopped stroking my clit, and I begin to whimper. He's hitting a spot so deep inside me, over and over, harder and harder.

He squeezes my clit, and I cry out, and then I'm seeing stars. I'm riding the witch's broom and soaring through the black night sky, feeling more alive than I've ever felt before.

Through it all, I'm dimly aware that Damien is coming at the same time. Both hands on my hips, he pulls me back against him as his cock swells and throbs deep inside my walls.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

“It’s been a long night for you,” Jack says, sitting beside me on the bed and pulling me into his arms when Damien goes off to the bathroom, and Victor pads out of the room to get a glass of water for me.

“It’s been the best night,” I say, curling into him.

“You must be exhausted.”

“I have plenty of energy left for you,” I tell him. There’s enthusiasm in my voice, but my body wants to stay cradled here just a little longer.

“As Damien pointed out, we have plenty of time. This isn’t a one-night thing by a long shot.”

“I hope not.”

He squeezes me closer to him and rubs my back in long, soothing strokes, pausing only when I sit upright to take a long drink from the glass Victor brings in.

“Let’s move over there to get more comfortable,” Jack says, smoothly picking me up and moving us to a high-backed chair in the corner.

When I lay my head on his shoulder and snuggle against him, he says, “You can fall asleep here. I’ll carry you into your bed later.”

I hope he means that he’ll join me in my bed, because there’s no way I want to sleep on my own tonight.

“I’m just resting and recharging,” I insist.

Jack's taken off his skeleton bodysuit entirely, and at some point he must have gone off and removed his face paint. He's my familiar Jack now, only mostly naked in just a pair of snug boxer briefs. His body is all warm muscle with dustings of hair that draw my attention, particularly the patch that lightly covers his chest.

I tease my fingers through that hair, thrilled that I can touch him this way, not at all the way you'd touch someone who was just your housemate, friend, or brother.

He presses his lips to my forehead, like a goodnight kiss, but when I brush my hands across his chest and start to trail my fingers down over his tight ab muscles, he tips my chin up and kisses me the way I want to be kissed.

I'm definitely not ready to fall asleep.

As we kiss, and our mouths grow hungrier and needier, I slide my knee across his lap so that I'm straddling him, my breasts pressing into his hard chest.

His hands make long strokes up my back, pulling me closer still, and my pussy, which has already had far more action than it's ever had in one night, is instantly ready for more.

I grind down onto his cock, which is straining at the fabric that contains it. He's so hard, and feels so good.

Jack pulls his mouth away from mine long enough to ask Xander to pass him a condom. I take the opportunity to slide off of his lap, taking his underwear along with me, giving him space to sheath up.

His cock measures up to the others', and then some. How is it that these four men have such great personalities and are also each so physically gifted? How did I get so lucky?

As soon as he unrolls the condom, I eagerly climb back onto his lap. He reaches for me, sliding his hands up my sides and cupping my breasts, before bending to draw one nipple into his mouth for a quick suck, and then the other.

I lift up to allow him room to line up his long cock between my legs, and then I slowly sink down, wanting to feel

every inch of him, even though I'm eager to have all of him.

His eyes are on mine, and I'm watching him too, both of us seeing how good we're making each other feel.

In my experience, first encounters with men have typically been awkward or somehow not entirely enjoyable. Everything is different with these four. We fit together perfectly, and it all feels meant to be.

A low groan escapes from Jack's throat when I reach the bottom of his long shaft. His hands squeeze my hips, digging into the soft flesh there, conveying his pleasure and desire.

I start to ride him, moving up and down as his eyes feast on my body. It's such an intimate position, and while I feel very much on display, I'm surprised by how comfortable I feel about it.

The others are probably somewhere around us watching, too. We've shared so much over the years, and now we're sharing everything.

Jack bends to run his teeth over one of my hard nipples, and I moan. He fits a hand between us, presses a thumb to my clit, and I go wild, first grinding down on him, then bouncing on his cock in a rapid rhythm that pushes me right to the edge and immediately over.

His hands and mouth are on me as I come, keeping me floating in another dimension for a long time, and then they wrap around me, urging me to lean against him when I'm spent.

I feel loved and cherished here in his arms, and my heart swells so big that I'm shocked it still fits in my chest.

As my breathing returns to normal, he peppers my face with kisses. His cock is still buried inside me, and when I kiss him back, I feel it swell, pressing against my inner walls.

With our bodies still intimately connected, he stands and walks me over to the bed, where he lays me on my back, with my bottom right at the edge of the mattress.

Energy shifts, his eyes go dark, and now he's in control. My pussy squeezes around him, eager for more.

He lifts my legs, setting both of them on one of his strong shoulders, and starts to drive into me with an intensity that catches me by surprise, even on this night full of surprises.

I suddenly realize that as much as I know about these men, I have so much more to discover, and the idea is thrilling.

My body rocks as Jack drills into me, filling me so full, hitting a spot over and over that threatens to drive me out of my mind. I grab for a fistful of Xander's comforter, but instead I find a warm hand.

My eyes had been tightly shut, but I open them to find Victor there, his hand wrapping tightly around mine, giving me something to squeeze as Jack gives me the fucking of a lifetime.

On my other side, Xander takes my free hand, and Damien moves in to sit behind me, his hand stroking my hair back from my sweaty face.

I'm surrounded on all sides by these four men I love, and that's my last thought before another monumental orgasm overtakes me.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

After Jack comes—and comes hard!—the five of us lie together on Xander’s bed, all of us somehow fitting, though I suspect some of the men may have more of their bodies off the bed than on, because I have plenty of space in the middle.

I’m too exhausted to lift my head to look.

I’m between them all, their arms and legs draped over my body, and I’m happier than I’ve ever been. Happier than I could have ever envisioned.

“I hope we aren’t all under some kind of Halloween spell,” I murmur.

“Hmm?” Xander says.

Jack’s hand caresses my arm. “What do you mean?”

“This all seems too good to be true.”

“It’s very real,” Victor says, “though I can see how it could seem unreal from your point of view, since we were all in costume earlier.”

“We’re sorry for deceiving you at the club,” Xander says. “We should have revealed ourselves to you.”

“I was shocked when I saw you there,” Jack says. “When we started dancing, I was sure you’d know it was me.”

Next to me, Xander props up his head on an elbow and smiles down at me. “I came looking for Jack and had to look

twice when I saw he was with you. Then that dress you were wearing scrambled my brain.”

“Victor literally bumped into me,” I recall. “Did the others tell you I was there?”

He shakes his head. “I had no idea, and I definitely should have revealed myself before we did what we did together. I know that was wrong, and I hope you’ll forgive me.”

“I’m sorry, too,” Damien says, hugging my knee toward him and pressing his lips against my leg, from his position near my bottom half. “Xander told me you were there, and I came looking for you. I didn’t have a plan, though, and I got a little too wrapped up in my Club Red character.”

“Are you mad, Sab?” Victor asks. “We’ll never lie to you or deceive you again.”

The others make similar pledges, all of them looking at me with concerned expressions.

“I’m not mad. If I’d been in your position, I’m not sure I wouldn’t have done the same thing, and taken advantage of the night to have a chance to be with you.”

“We should have all been honest with each other years ago,” Jack says quietly.

Xander looks thoughtful when he says, “Maybe this way is better. We all had time to build a great friendship with you first, and that’s only going to make a romantic relationship stronger.”

“Is that what this is going to be? A relationship?”

“Hell yeah,” Damien says.

“If you’re up for having four boyfriends,” Xander says.

Before I can answer with an enthusiastic “Yes,” Victor says, “It’s not going to be easy. First, we’re going to make sure you get some rest and some good food, and then we’re going to do all of this again.” He gestures to the bed and bedroom. “And we’re going to do this every night going forward. In between, we’re going to do everything we can to show you how much we care about you.”

“We’re going to make up for lost time,” Jack says.

Tired as I am, pure glee is bubbling out of me, and my cheeks hurt from how big I’m smiling. “I think I can handle that.”

“I have one request, though,” Xander says, drawing my attention his way. “That dress. You need to wear that dress every Halloween, and maybe also once a month or so.”

“I can do that,” I say, laughing.

“It’s only fitting that you dress up like a witch,” Victor says, “because you’ve had all of us under your spell for a long time.”



If you haven’t read Autumn’s story, you can find it in [Four Nights](#), and there are more Club Red adventures in the [Four After Dark](#) series.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

International bestselling author Stephanie Brother writes high heat love stories with a hint of the forbidden. Since 2015, she's been bringing to life handsome, flawed heroes who know how to treat their women. If you enjoy stories involving multiple lovers, including twins, triplets, stepbrothers, and their friends, you're in the right place. When it comes to books and men, Stephanie truly believes it's the more, the merrier.

She spends most of her day typing, drinking coffee, and interacting with readers.

Her books have been translated into German, French, and Spanish, and she has hit the Amazon bestseller list in seven countries.

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