



VIOLENT PEAK

RORY IRELAND

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*Dedication: To my lovely betas Brittney, Shawna, and Jaime.
Thanks for helping me make the Graves brothers the hottest
guys in Violent Peak.*

CONTENT WARNING

This is a DARK, UNCONVENTIONAL romance. The Graves brothers are antiheroes, so please don't expect them to be all warm and fuzzy. If you have **ANY** triggers, this may not be the book for you. If you have concerns about specific triggers, you can contact my assistant at RoryAssistant@gmail.com for all the details.

“**W**hat’s a little thing like you doing out here by yourself?” I’m startled by the man’s voice, but I don’t flinch or look him in the eye. He’s pretty far away, so I’m not worried. He’s probably lost. We get a lot of wanderers around here trying to forget their past, hide out and start over where nobody knows them, but usually not this late into the season. I ignore him and continue looking for small sticks and branches I’ve been collecting from the floor of the dense forest near our cabin. Most of the time people like him are harmless, just looking for abandoned or uncharted parts of the mountain to hide out for the winter. It’s also that time of year where people in Violent Peak get restless, looking for anyone to sate their needs before the winter overtakes our world and we’re isolated to our own backyards for several months. I used to love the winters before my stepbrothers moved away, but now I feel claustrophobic at the thought of being confined with my stepfather and my sister. Our cabin has plenty of wood and kindling stocked up for the winter, but my stepfather, Mr. Graves, asked me to get more today. He was very specific about where he wanted me to gather the wood from, but now I’m regretting listening to him. I rarely wander this far out on the property on my own because of things like this.

I’d wanted an excuse to get out of the house for a while. Away from him, but also from my younger sister, Darcey. I used to be close to her, but lately anything I do or say seems to upset her in some way or another. She’s become argumentative, rude, and even physically violent. Mr. Graves

doesn't encourage her behavior, but he doesn't try to stop her either. They're like two peas in a pod, which is unsettling, because Mr. Graves has never been known to be particularly warm to anyone. Not even his own sons or my late mother.

My mother married him when I was eight years-old and passed away before my ninth birthday. I never got to say goodbye to her because she'd been on a hike with Mr. Graves when she stumbled and fell, plummeting to her death. She was his second wife, and also the second wife to die. I'm not sure how his first wife died, he refuses to speak about it. But apparently it wasn't an accident, and that's why my stepbrothers left a few months ago. They'd been searching their entire adult lives for the man who was responsible for their mother's death, and six months ago, a lead finally came through. I shouldn't blame them for leaving, but in the deepest part of my heart, I do. I miss them, and nothing soothes the gaping hole they've left in my chest. But I also understand why they left. I would want to know what happened to my mother, if I'd been left wondering about her death my entire life. It sounds gruesome, but Mr. Graves assured me and Darcey that our mother died instantly, and very likely didn't feel any pain before she passed. I don't know if he just told us that so we wouldn't cry, or keep asking questions, but I'd like to think that's how things happened. And even though it's hard to fully remember her, I'm certain she never really loved him. But he had the money and the expansive cabin on a hundred acres in Violent Peak. It got us out of the shelter, and away from my biological father. I don't remember anything about him, but he couldn't have been a dutiful husband and father if Mr. Graves was the better alternative. I only recently found out that Mr. Graves was a mafia associate turned whistleblower. It makes sense why he chose Violent Peak to rebuild his life, and why he's so secretive about his past. I only discovered it after my stepbrothers left six months ago. I'd been trying to keep busy, keep my mind off of them and how much I missed them, despite how angry I was at them for leaving me. I found newspaper clippings and court documents my mother had kept in boxes in the attic. I doubt the boys know, but I don't think they would be surprised if I told them.

My stepfather used to ignore me when I was younger, but since the boys left, he's made it clear that he doesn't like anything about me and that I remind him of my late mother. Darcey and I are complete opposites physically. I'm tall and lean and she's petite and curvy. My blonde hair is wavy, and her dark hair is pin straight. Mr. Graves hasn't put his hands on me in anger, but I really believe that's because he's not sure if his sons will ever return. If he did hurt me, he knows that would be a death sentence for him. I'm not so sure anymore though, lately I've given up hope that they'll return. I don't worry about their safety, because Mr. Graves trained Jasper, Hendrix and Cooper how to expertly use a myriad of weapons. I've seen them kill trespassers, would-be burglars, and hunt animals for the fun of it. They had no remorse, no guilt, and the only alliance they have is toward each other and to me. And I was their little doll, their best friend, their biggest fan, which meant that because I tagged along for everything, Mr. Graves was teaching me too whether he wanted to or not. I feel my nipples tighten at the nickname they gave me. It was purely innocent at first, stemming from the fact that I'm so much shorter and smaller than the three of them. They could easily pick me up, toss me around, and it just kind of stuck. But as we got older, things shifted a bit, with all three of them.

We never talked about the way the platonic playfulness turned into soft touches and cuddling. Two years ago, after I graduated high school, their resolve broke. We didn't have sex, and I'm not quite sure why they held back from that particular thing because we did plenty of things that we shouldn't have. I learned what they liked, what their deepest desires were, and I thrived, wanting to give them everything that they wanted. They brought me pleasure too, because I was their little doll, the only one who knew everything about them.

I found that Jasper liked to wake me up by touching me and kissing me. And it wasn't long before I realized that slowly being pulled from a deep sleep by his tongue slowly licking my clit was the best kind of way to wake up. Cooper had a thing for rope, fishing line, or really anything that he could wrap my body in, leaving me immobile so he could take his time to play with his little doll. He preferred the abrasive

rope from the garage that would scratch my delicate skin and leave behind little reminders of our time together. Hendrix liked to make me beg. He'd often deny me orgasms because he liked when I struggled, fighting against him, until I finally gave up, allowing him to slide his hard cock down my throat. He liked to spank me, usually outside on the property where someone might catch us. He'd pin me against a tree, and pull my skirt up and my panties down so that he could spank me hard enough to turn my ass red.

I glance back at the man, and an eerie feeling fills my body because he's still staring at me. I've never killed anyone, but sometimes I wonder if I'm a psycho like my stepbrothers are. It didn't bother me to see the men they killed writhing in pain, begging them to let them go. They'd trespassed into our little bubble, and in my mind...death was the consequence for that. If I was honest, I wished it could just be us four, in our own little world with nothing to interfere. I know they felt the same way. Because two years ago, after I graduated high school, I brought up the idea of moving down to the bottom of Hollow Hill Mountain where I'd more easily be able to find a job. They'd instantly vetoed that idea, not really giving me an explanation, only saying that they wouldn't allow it. I didn't really want to move anyway, painting is my passion, and also my career. I travel down the mountain a few times every spring and summer to sell my work, and my brothers were okay with that as long as they accompanied me. I'm sure a lot of people would find our relationship strange, especially the physical aspect of it. But I like how possessive they are or *were* until a few months ago.

Heat fills my chest when I think of them and how they left me here to fix all the broken pieces of my heart. I haven't heard a word from them since they left. Not even one call to our landline, which works most of the time except for when there's a heavy snowstorm. They offered no explanation, no apology for leaving me behind, and no promise of when or if they might return. I was hopeful for a few months after they left, waiting on pins and needles like the silly little girl I am for them. But I'm a twenty-year-old woman and I have to be realistic, that maybe they won't return for me. I don't think

they realized how much they protected me just by being around. Even though they taught me to fend for myself, I never had to, because no one—not even people just passing through wanted to mess with the Graves brothers’ most prized possession. Their little doll. Or maybe they did know, and just decided I wasn’t their problem anymore. They deserve a life, and there isn’t much living to be done in a place like Violent Peak. Most people couldn’t survive a winter in the rough terrain up here at the very top of Hollow Hill Mountain. But I love this mountain. It’s my home. And I wouldn’t trade it for any other place in the world.

I shake off the thoughts and glance back at the man who called out to me, as he is steadily moving closer, but getting slowed down by all the brambles he’s walked right into.

“Stay right there, Lexington.” I feel the tiny hairs at the nape of my neck stand up at the man’s domineering tone, and I realize right then that he’s not what the residents of Violent Peak would call a wanderer. He’s not here by accident. He didn’t stumble by and decide to see what he could take from me. I don’t know how he knows my name, but I’m not afraid of him. I’ve become numb to fear over the last six months, shoved my feelings as far down as possible. I don’t paint anymore or do anything that used to bring me joy. It’s almost laughable that he thinks that he’s intimidating. Judging by the way some prickly brush almost took him out, he’s no match for the wilderness or for me. I duck through a line of trees to get him off my trail.

The mountain isn’t welcoming, and neither are its residents. He’s wearing slip-on dress shoes and fitted slacks, and the expensive jacket that covers what looks like a button up shirt isn’t made for harsh weather. He for sure doesn’t have cellphone service because none of us do. He probably doesn’t even know what kind of weather is headed our way in the next couple days. I’m not sure why someone like him would be looking for me, but the only thing I can assume is that he knows my stepfather in some capacity, because Hendrix, Jasper and Cooper would never associate with someone like this. If he makes it off our land alive today, he won’t make it through the winter. No one will willingly take him in, and

Violent Peak winters are harsh, even for those of us who are prepared.

Instead of giving him the response he's looking for, I continue to walk away from him. He isn't brandishing a weapon, but I'm not going to stick around and find out what he wants from me or how he knew I'd be out here. I keep moving in the direction of our cabin. My emotions are all over the place right now because as much as I wish my stepbrothers were here, I'm so angry at them that they're not.

The day they left, I begged, pleading on my knees for them not to go. They were secretive about why they wanted to leave, and I couldn't imagine a good enough reason. I'd only found out where they went a few weeks after they left because I overheard Mr. Graves talking to Darcey about it over dinner. Despite the shitty situation with my stepfather, I can't imagine calling another place home.

The day they left will forever be the worst day of my life, even over the day they had to console me when Mr. Graves told us that my mother had died. Cooper, the one who always had a slick remark or funny quip, even in the worst situations, didn't crack a smile the morning they told me they were leaving. *For a while*. The only answer he'd give me echoes in my mind as I remember the way he gripped my thighs and picked me up to hold me one last time. I can almost feel the way he buried his face in the crook of my neck before letting me slide to my feet. Hendrix was cruel, brushing me off like their decision to leave had nothing to do with me. Like I shouldn't have a say in it at all, like they didn't owe me an explanation. He acted as if they hadn't spent the last several years sneaking me into their rooms, cuddling with me, caressing me, calling me their little doll. They were fiercely protective, but it wasn't in a brotherly way. They never looked out for Darcey, in fact, they often acted as if she didn't exist. That's how it always was with the four of us, like we were the only ones on this planet, and I savored every moment of it. They could never explain to me what they felt for me, or why they would go absolutely feral if another guy was giving me attention, but they never seemed jealous of each other.

I didn't think Jasper was the one who would be compassionate. Because emotionally, he's the most reserved of the Graves brothers. Hendrix has a short fuse and an explosive temper, and Cooper is playful. But Jasper liked to twist my mind, so I wasn't surprised when he wouldn't tell me the truth about where they were going. I never expected him to say he would miss me and that things would be okay. He barely spoke to me that day, and I knew it wasn't a game when he kissed me on the forehead when I cried against his chest. Rage courses through my veins as I remember what it felt like watching the three of them pack their bags into the bed of their rusted, old pickup truck and drive away without looking back.

Sometimes late at night, in the darkness of my lonely bedroom, I can still feel the way Hendrix's fingers felt around my throat as he gritted out the words, "Suck it up, little doll. You'll be fine without us." His fingers squeezed as his lips hovered over mine. I remember wishing he would just fucking do it, kiss me hard and rough so I could convince him to stay.

When he let me go, leaving me standing on our front porch, he headed to one of our old sheds where all the cars and hunting equipment were kept. I'd looked to Jasper for some sort of answer, but he stared right through me like I wasn't even there.

Cooper, the youngest and only two years older than me, was the one who alerted me that Hendrix was on his way back when he said, "Let me do it. It's our thing." I glanced at Hendrix's hands and my stomach dropped when I realized he'd gone into the garage to get rope. For me. Hendrix didn't argue with Cooper which was another huge red flag that something really bad was going on. He tossed the wound up rope to Cooper. He was right, tying me up was something only Cooper liked to do. But this time there would be no writhing against his hardness, pretending that I wanted to escape. There would be no giggles after we both came, no snuggling and falling asleep listening to his heartbeat. There would be no getting woken up by one of the other guys pulling Cooper's hands out from beneath my sleep shirt, scooping me up and taking me back to one of their rooms because they needed time with their little doll.

I'd been so inconsolable, crying out for them as Jasper and Hendrix held me down while Cooper tied me to his bed. I was making it difficult, fighting against them, and I know they could have easily overpowered me, but some sick part of them liked the struggle. And despite the emotional turmoil I was in, the feeling of all three of them holding me down, taking control of their little doll was enough to have my panties and shorts soaked. Jasper's hardness pressed against me, and it must have been a wakeup call, that they were starting something that they couldn't finish. He left the room immediately after Cooper secured my wrists and legs, and I never saw him again. Hendrix pulled my hair tight in his fist, forcing me to look up at him as Cooper tightened my binds. "Be a good little doll. Don't fight us," was the last thing he said to me before they left the room, slamming the door behind them. A few moments later I heard their trucks starting up and speeding down the lane lined with trees. Even at the mere memory, something that happened over six months ago, my face heats with embarrassment.

If it's one thing that this mountain has taught me, it's that men are the same as animals. If they sense fear, they'll pounce and rip apart their prey. I can handle myself though, I'm not prey for anyone anymore. I've been fending for myself for the last six months since they left. The only reason I've hung around here is my younger sister, Darcey. She's eighteen now, and she looks at Mr. Graves as her real father, even though he isn't. I just can't bring myself to leave. I hype myself up to pack my stuff and leave every spring, yet by the time winter comes I'm still here, trying to look after her the way our mother would have wanted me to.

"Speak, you little bitch," the man practically growls at me. An audible huff of annoyance leaves my lips, if my stepfather didn't keep the guns locked up, I wouldn't be in this situation right now. When the man reaches out, almost grabbing the tail of my braid, I begin walking away from him at a faster pace, still feigning as if I don't see or hear him. I watch him out of my peripherals and revel at the stunned look on his face before it contorts into anger.

“Hey! Get back here!” The man trips over a downed tree, and that’s when I lose my resolve. I look at him and laugh, something I haven’t done in a long time. He’s so fucking stupid to think I’m out here alone without any weapons. I have two knives, one in my back pocket and one in my boot. It probably won’t escalate far enough for me to use them on him because I’m fast. I know I can outrun him. If he’s dumb enough to chase me back to the house, there’s a good chance nature will take care of what I didn’t. He doesn’t know our land like I do. I know every dip, crevice, every ditch that is now covered by fallen leaves.

I’m pulled out of my thoughts as the man moves closer, but I already anticipate his movement and toss the armful of twigs at his feet. He lunges, but I’ve already got one of my knives out. He dwarfs me by over a foot, but I don’t fear him.

“There’s no way out, sweetheart. I’m twice your size. And I’m betting your daddy can’t hear your screams from all the way out here.” He taunts me, clearly thinking that he can overpower me and take my weapon. I can hear the lust in his voice, and it makes my stomach churn with repulsion. Are all old men this disgusting?

I see the surprise on his sun weathered face when I laugh sardonically at him. “Are you trying to scare me?” I smirk. “I grew up with the most brutal men on this mountain. You’re a little late for that.”

“You sure about that?” My body goes rigid when I hear the voice from behind me. Another wanderer. I try not to panic, but I’m feeling a lot less confident now that I’m outnumbered. I hear the leaves crunch under his boots as he moves closer, and I’m penned in between them, reaching for one of my knives, but he’s faster, grabbing my arms and jerking them behind my back violently. I scream and kick my legs out when he pulls me back against his chest.

The first guy advances until he’s close enough to grab my flailing legs. “I’ll take that,” he sneers, prying the knife out of my hands. The man holding me covers my mouth so I can’t scream while his friend unbuttons my jeans and rips them

down my thighs. He doesn't bother to take my boots off, and just lets the jeans pool at my ankles.

“Hurry the fuck up,” the man holding me growls when the other man fumbles, cursing as he tries to get my jacket undone. “Just fuck her, leave the shirt.” He doesn't listen though; he uses a knife to cut my jacket and then my flannel shirt open. He nicks the skin between my breasts, not cutting deeply enough to be fatal, but it stings and he draws blood that begins to slowly drip down my stomach. I'm not wearing a bra, and I watch in horror as he loses focus, his eyes devouring my bare skin. He quickly recovers, shoves his pants and boxers down to his ankles.

I manage to bite the hand covering my mouth and I let out a scream when he removes it. I let out another guttural cry when he hits me in the side of the face. “You fucking bitch!” He punches me again, and I kick my legs at his friend. The other man grabs my legs, struggling to get my boots off so he can get rid of the jeans that are blocking him from stepping between my legs.

“Turn her over, I can't get them off,” he demands, but the man holding me doesn't budge. “The little bitch made me chase her.”

Panic finally sets in, and I'm unable to suppress the scream that leaves my lips. I try to calm myself, stay as quiet as possible, because the only person who could help me within earshot is my stepfather. And he always finds a way to make everything my fault, I'm not even sure he would stop them from violating me. I'm in over my head, and I'm losing hope that I'll be able to get out of this on my own and suck in a sharp breath when the man holding me grabs my hair roughly in his fist. I jerk my head back, headbutting the man holding me so hard that he groans in pain. I'm sure it'll be painful tomorrow, but the adrenaline coursing through me numbs me. I realize that my legs are free when the man struggling with my shoelaces suddenly stills and then falls to his knees.

“Paul, what the fuck are you doing?” The man holding me growls just before the one called Paul slumps over to the side and the arrow sitting out of his back is visible. I'm instantly

dropped to the ground and the man who was holding me starts running, not looking back at his fallen friend. I'm lightheaded and dizzy from the blow to the head, but I scramble to my feet. My stepfather doesn't have a bow, and I need to get out of here before whoever shot Paul aims for me. Once the snow arrives, there will be no way to get to medical care, and it's iffy if the satellite phone will even work.

I struggle to untie my laces. I need to get my jeans off and run as fast as I can. I hear the man let out a blood curdling scream and I realize that whoever is out here must have gotten him too. I somehow manage to get my other shoe off and my jeans kicked to the ground. I take off running, leaving my discarded clothes behind. I know the man is mortally wounded, but he's still alive, and I'm not sticking around to see what comes of him. I don't even flinch as the sticks and rocks slice up the bottoms of my feet. I just want to get into the cabin and count my blessings. But before I can make it out of the tree line, I'm scooped up by a familiar set of hands and tossed over a strong shoulder. His large hand cups my ass cheek like it's meant to be there.

“Going somewhere, little doll?”

Cooper's voice is stiff, harder than I remember, and even though I've spent the last six months cursing him and both of his brothers, the husky tone still warms me from the inside out. I ball my hand into a fist and beat it against the hard lines of his back as he turns and begins walking deeper into the woods. Despite how cold it is, he's only wearing a black and red flannel shirt. Even still, he doesn't react to the way I'm hitting him, it's as if he feels nothing at all. I try to twist up in his hold, to break free, but all I manage to do is knock the baseball hat off his messy, blonde waves.

His arm tightens around my hips, his fingers digging into the soft flesh of my ass. I can feel the heat of his calloused hand through my thin cotton panties. I hate that I'm responding to his touch, but I absolutely am. It's like my heart isn't still shattered, and my pussy is pulsing, aching to feel his fingers on my clit. Anger courses through me, but this time it's directed inward. I can't just act like they didn't destroy every part of my soul; I can't forgive that. I'm smart enough to know that their return to Violent Peak has everything to do with the two men who tried to harm me. But I'm not willing to just play nice and forgive them like they didn't leave me absolutely isolated and devastated. Not that the Graves brothers would ever ask for forgiveness. Hendrix will somehow find a reason to be mad at me, like I'm the one who left them. Cooper will pretend like nothing happened and hope I forget the heartache they put me through. And Jasper will use his persuasive ways to make me question what actually happened. I kick my legs even harder. I feel the panic rising in my chest at the thought

of letting my guard down around them again. I can't fathom letting them destroy me if they decide to leave me again. "Behave, little doll. You're in enough trouble as it is," Cooper says offhandedly, like he's not threatening me.

"You don't get to call me that anymore, *Coop*." I spit the nickname that I gave him like it's venom. The same nickname he refused to let anyone else call him. But the tactic falls in deaf ears because at the sound of it leaving my lips, his fingers only open and then close, getting a good feel of the flesh of my ass cheek. He's not the same boy who let me sleep in his sleeping bag when his father made a big deal, complaining that he didn't want me going on their hunting trips. He's not the same boy who would tell Hendrix to lay off when he'd get too rough wrestling with me. Even if I was the one who picked the fights with Hendrix, Cooper always took my side. Not anymore, whatever he's been through in his time away has changed in him in a way that I can't quite put my finger on.

I don't know where he's been, but I can feel the tension in his body. And that fucking quickly my mind is already betraying everything I've been thinking in anger. I don't like that he's different, I don't like that he seems so tightly wound and upset. A thought pops into my head. "Who are those men? The one knew my name." His grip on my ass tightens, but he doesn't say anything for a lingering moment, so I hit him hard in the back with my open palm. "Tell me, Cooper! What the fuck is going on? You just show up out of nowhere?" I feel tears burning at the back of my eyes, but I haven't shed a tear in years, and I refuse to do that now.

He chuckles and the sound stirs something deep within my soul. I know he doesn't really find all of this funny, but there's a sliver of the Cooper I knew and loved. The one who can make light of any situation and make me feel better no matter what. "You're still our little doll, Lex, even if we had to go away for a little while."

"A little while?! Six months, COOPER!" I kick, swing my arms, but he never falters. I suck in a sharp breath when he loosens his grip and slides his fingers beneath my panties and squeezes, letting his fingers explore the soft flesh. I hate that I

can already feel how wet my pussy is in anticipation of his touch. I want his fingers inside me, I want his tongue on my clit while he looks up at me devilishly. I was spoiled, having the three of them who never seemed to tire of me, and my fingers have been a dull replacement while they've been gone.

I'm starting to feel dizzy, and I'm fairly certain that it's a mixture of hanging upside down and being punched not once, but twice by that guy. The knife wound on my chest probably isn't helping. "Cooper, put me down or I'm going to puke all over your back," I threaten. Even if he does as I say, I won't be able to run. I'm too beat up. I need him to take me back to the cabin, so I can get cleaned up and get my head together.

Cooper stops abruptly and lets me slide to the ground. I sway, still dizzy, and he steadies me, pulling me back against his chest with a heavy arm. I'm starting to question if I'm hallucinating. There's no way they're back after months of no contact. Or at least one of them is, but in my extensive experience being their little doll, where there's one Graves brother, the other two aren't far behind. I realize that we're in front of a tree where the guy who tried to escape is writhing in pain. He's pinned to the trunk by a long arrow skewered through his shoulder. He's not screaming which is surprising, but his eyes are wide and he's quietly pleading for someone to let him go. I see how much he looks like the other trespasser, the one he called Paul, and realize they must be brothers or at least closely related.

"Fuck, you're bleeding," Cooper practically growls, his fingers instantly going to my blood covered torso, inspecting the wound. He brushes my shirt away from my chest, exposing my breasts. He's laser focused on my wound, but I see the intensity of his worry lessen when he realizes I'm not cut deeply. His blue eyes flash up to mine and the anger I see there, the hardness is jarring.

What happened to you? I want to ask him, but I know now isn't the time.

My breath is nearly knocked out of me when Hendrix walks around the side of the tree. His wild black hair is tucked under a backwards baseball hat, his blue and green flannel

shirt is open despite the cold weather, exposing the toned golden skin of his abdomen. He holds a bow in one hand so casually, because it's an everyday accessory. Or at least, it used to be, back when he was here on the mountain. He's twenty-five, and definitely the most hardened of the three brothers. They can all be cruel in their own ways, but Hendrix doesn't give a fuck about what anyone says. He does what he wants regardless of the consequences, and if feelings are hurt, he probably enjoys that even more.

Cooper's hand shifts slightly, his fingers splaying out on my bare stomach as he pulls me back against his chest again. The way his fingers dig into my skin has my nipples tightening and my pussy clenching. Hendrix's eyes pause briefly on the placement of Cooper's hand, and to think for a moment that he's going to tell him to knock it off. But instead, he glowers at me for a moment before he approaches and grips my jaw painfully and I'm forced to look up at him.

He studies my face for a moment, and I see the rage in his eyes that matches what I saw in Cooper just moments ago. I lift my chin defiantly because no matter what they've been up to the last few months, I'm not giving in this easily. He can't just swoop in and save me and think that means he can start ordering me around again. There's nothing else they can do to scare me. Their absence, living in nearly complete solitude with their father and my sister acting like they wish I didn't exist broke me beyond any repair, and I honestly just don't care what happens anymore. I see Hendrix's green eyes lingering on my cheek that feels like it's on fire. He reels around whacking the restrained man in the face with the butt of the metal bow. The man lets out a wail of agony, but quickly shuts his mouth when Hendrix raises the bow again as if threatening to strike him into submission. Then his attention is back on me, his fingers finding the hot bruise forming on my cheek when he snaps, "Why did you come out here alone? You know the fucking rules, Lexington."

"Your father sent me out here to collect sticks, like he doesn't have enough money to burn hundred-dollar bills for the entire winter." I see the realization in Hendrix's eyes, and it's only then that it clicks for me too. The men knew my

name. My stepfather told me to come out here alone, and the guns were all locked up. I'm shaking and it's not because I'm cold. I hate him. I don't know his reasoning for sending me out to meet those men, and to be honest, I don't really need it. If he were here right now, I feel like I have enough anger and rage inside me to kill him with my bare hands. And I hate all three of them for leaving me. I always had their backs no matter what, and then it was like I didn't exist anymore. My feelings didn't matter to them. I've suppressed it, tried to put it out of my mind, but now that I'm seeing them face to face, I want blood. "None of you have a say in what I do. You gave up that right when you left me here to fend for myself," I spit the words directly at Hendrix, but I feel Cooper shift behind me, his body tensing at my words.

My legs are burning from the way Cooper is holding me against his chest, forcing me to stand on my tiptoes. I finally go limp and let him support me, and I twist my head back to look up at him when I hear his breathy whisper of a laugh. Despite being the youngest Graves brother with the sharp tongue and quick wit, he's a sadistic motherfucker when he wants to be, too. It runs in their blood. I'm just not used to being on the other side of it. Cooper grabs my jaw and forces me to look at Hendrix. He's pacing back and forth in front of the man who tried to harm me. I can practically see the anger radiating off of him as he stares the man down, towering over him.

"Was touching her worth your life?" Hendrix growls at the man, I'm so confused as to why someone hurting me would make Hendrix that angry. When his eyes land on mine, the thought crosses my mind that maybe he's just mad that he's not the one inflicting the pain on me.

"If you're not going to kill him, let me do it." I finally speak directly to Hendrix. I know exactly what to say to push his buttons, same with Cooper and Jasper. Just like they know what to do to get my temper flared. "Then you can leave, since you're so fucking good at that."

It's as if Cooper and Hendrix can read each other's thoughts because Cooper's hand moves to grip my throat, but

it's Hendrix who leans in and speaks low and gravely right next to my ear. "*Little doll*. The only place we're going is back to the house to claim you like we should have two years ago." The way he snarls the nickname is a far cry from how he used to say it under the covers while his fingers explored my pussy.

I look directly at Hendrix when I say, "You're too late for that, Hendrix. I was fun to play with, but you didn't want me. If you did, you would have fucked me. I would have done anything the three of you asked, but you never asked for that. But there are plenty of men on this mountain who did while you were gone." I burst out laughing at my own lie, a violent chill taking over my body and my teeth begin chattering. Hendrix pulls back to look at me, and the hatred is still there, but it's mingled with confusion. I'm the only one who's ever been able to shock Hendrix, and I revel in that fact.

The wind whips through the trees and the chill on my legs and stomach makes me very aware that I'm only in a cut up flannel and panties. My head is starting to throb from where that asshole hit me, and I just want this to be over. Being this close to them is doing crazy things to my mind, bringing back memories, wants, desires that should have been buried with the girl they left behind.

I hear footsteps and realize what Hendrix has been waiting for. Jasper's boots crunch the fallen leaves and snap sticks under his weight. He's the oldest brother, and while they're all huge compared to me, he's the tallest. He's also the quietest. A memory flashes in my mind of what it feels like to be woken up from a deep sleep with Jasper on top of me, rubbing his hard dick along my already wet pussy. He never slipped inside me, but the way he'd rub the head of his cock over my clit and the sound of his groans mingling with his hot breath against my ear was enough to make me come. It's fucked up, but I desperately want his deep brown eyes to meet mine, just once. But he never looks my way. He's different than Cooper, who feels like he's been itching to toy with me, and Hendrix acts like he's been waiting just to come back and hurt me a little more. Not Jasper. It's like I'm invisible. Like I really am dead to him.

He's dragging the one called Paul by his foot casually behind him as if he's dragging a deer. Paul cries out, but his wail is muffled by the leaves and dirt in his face. "Are we killing these fuckers, or what?" Jasper's voice is quiet, emotionless. He tosses Paul up against the tree to lie just under the other asshole's dangling feet.

"How many men did you fuck?" Hendrix ignores Jasper and sneers at me, reaching down and running his fingers over my long, blonde braid. I see something cross his features, like he's remembering something, but it only lasts a moment before he tugs on the plait roughly, jerking my neck to the side. I wince because I'm already sore, tired and freezing. But not enough to back down from him. I roll my eyes, even in the uncomfortable position I'm in. He's the roughest of the three brothers, the hothead, the leader, but he's also the most gullible when it comes to the things I say.

"Don't fucking roll your eyes. Answer Me. Open your mouth, we all know you're good at that." He means it as an insult, but I grin at him because we all know they like the way their dicks fit perfectly down my throat. He steps back to appraise me, but I just continue staring at him as if he doesn't affect me. "You're ours, Little Doll. An unspoken rule. No one touches you except for us." Hendrix grits his teeth, taking a step closer, leaning down until he's only a few inches from my face. "If you're not lying, we will kill every last motherfucker who touched you."

I don't respond because I don't doubt him. Even if he didn't want me enough to stay or take me with them, I sure as hell believe that Hendrix Graves is capable of annihilating every man on this mountain. I wriggle and fight, trying to get out of Cooper's hold. He only pulls me closer, and I let out an audible gasp when I feel his hard cock pressing against the small of my back. He curses under his breath, and I can practically feel the lust radiating off his body and into mine. The Graves brothers have never had trouble getting female attention on the mountain, but none of those women share the history I do with them. None of those women would be able to get under their skin like I've always been able to.

A burst of confidence shoots through me and I shift in his arms, rubbing against the hardness in his jeans. I lean my weight back against Cooper, but my eyes stay on Hendrix. He's the one drawing this out longer than it needs to be, and I'm not sure why or if he really intends on making good on his promise of taking me back to the cabin and fucking my brains out. What about their father and my sister? What is their plan for them? I inhale deeply, my feet swaying slightly, but I don't fall because Cooper has a death grip on me. But that doesn't mean I can't toy with them, the way they have with me. I shrug my shoulders enough to let the flannel shirt slip off my shoulders, exposing my breasts. My nipples instantly tighten more than they already were from the chill in the air when I see the desire in Hendrix's eyes. His jaw tics with anger, but he can't hide the lust from me. No matter what he says, he still wants me.

"Fuck," Cooper curses under his breath and as if on instinct he raises a hand to cup one of my breasts. I let my hand slide down my smooth belly and dip beneath the band of my panties. My pussy is aching to be touched, and before my fingers can even reach my wetness, I know it won't be enough. I miss their touch, as much as I hate to admit it. Cooper lifts my hand from my panties and brings my wet fingers up to his mouth, licking until he's devoured every last drop. Then he presses my fingers against my bottom lip, forcing them inside my mouth. The curse he growls out when I swallow them to the knuckle is satisfying. Cooper always loved my pussy, he could lick, and suck me for hours. Hendrix loved to focus on my ass, and Jasper was partial to my breasts. Cooper pulls my fingers from my mouth and his lips dip like he's going to kiss me. I jerk my head, pulling away from him. I can't let him do that, not now when my emotions are so raw.

I expect Hendrix to bark an order at me or to tell Cooper to stop fucking around, but instead, he pulls a gun out of the waistband of his jeans and pivots and points it at Paul's head, and without missing a beat, he demands, "Did our old man know you were coming for her?" Paul groans but gives no coherent answer until Jasper kicks him in the face with a booted foot.

“Who the fuck do you think sent us?” Paul yells out as blood pours from his face. I jerk my shoulders and slip out of Cooper’s grasp, and I punch the man in the face who held me while Paul ripped off my clothes.

“Was this a hit or was I payment for something? I know about his ties to the mafia.” I grit out the words, and Cooper lets me get one more punch in before he scoops me up again.

“You were a nice little reward,” the man tries to grin at me, but he’s too weak. If my brothers hadn’t gotten here in time, I could be dead or worse, captive with these two fucks.

Out of nowhere, Hendrix holds his gun sideways and holds it to the man’s temple.

“I could have made this painless.” Hendrix grins when the man begins flailing his arm. “But watching you die slowly will be her *nice little reward*.” His lip curls up in anger and I think he’s going to shoot him, or maybe pistol whip him. But it’s Jasper who steps up, flicking open his pocketknife with a practiced ease.

I gasp when he silently cuts open the man’s shirt and begins cutting into his chest, with rough angry movements. Blood pours out of his chest and all over Jasper’s hands. I try to curl into Cooper’s chest. I’ve seen them brutally kill before, but I’ve never seen them torture anyone.

“Nah, this is for you, Lex. You need to watch.” Cooper’s voice is raspy, and he holds my head so I can’t turn away. “We’ll never let anyone take you from us.”

Hendrix grabs Paul by the hair and tilts his head back. “Apologize to our girl,” he demands, jerking Paul’s head roughly toward me. The man is weak, and his eyes show nothing but fear. He opens his mouth, but nothing comes out. “Worthless piece of shit,” Hendrix huffs, lifting the man’s chin by tightening his grip on his hair. Quickly, his pocketknife is in his freehand and he stabs it into the side of Paul’s neck. The man who thought I was an easy mark gasps and gurgles, fighting to breathe as his blood pours out of his neck. Hendrix pulls the knife out, and blood sprays as he lets Paul fall to the forest floor to succumb to his wounds.

Cooper adjusts my head so I'm looking at Jasper as he makes cuts all over the trapped man's body as he screams.

"I should cut your tongue out for even speaking to her," Jasper grits out, grinning like the psycho he is as he holds the knife up to the man's mouth.

"Get it over with, we're wasting time." Hendrix snaps at Jasper, who I thought might protest, but he must agree. Without a word, he takes his knife and stabs the man in the chest repeatedly before finally slitting his throat in one swift swipe of his wrist.

"Take her back to the truck, I'll meet you back at the house." Hendrix calls to Cooper and pivots to stomp off further into the trees.

"Don't kill that motherfucker until we get there," Jasper calls after him and the realization hits me that they're going to kill their father, just like they did the two men who attacked me. Hendrix only waves his hand in the air. Which could mean okay or fuck off. You never know with Hendrix.

"Let me go," I say, trying to twist in Cooper's arms, but he's already picking me up and following Jasper who still hasn't made eye contact with me.

"Can't do that, little doll." Cooper's dark chuckle sends shivers down my spine, and it's only moments later that I realize he's passing me off to Jasper who seems like he wants anything other than to touch me. I fight against him, kicking my legs and beating my hands against his broad chest. It's too much. I need to be alone for a few minutes to get my feelings in check.

"You take her," Jasper snaps, shoving me back toward Cooper.

Cooper chuckles, waving him off. "I forgot, you only like her when she's sleeping," he says before ripping the arrow out of Paul's shoulder and letting him fall to the ground with a thud.

"Shut the fuck up," Jasper growls, but there's no malice there, just brotherly bickering as he passes me back to

Cooper's waiting arms. I'm angry at how Cooper is trying to make things like they were before they left. Teasing each other about their kinks was almost an everyday occurrence.

"Put me down or I'll..." Cooper cuts me off, grabbing me by the jaw. There's mischief in his blue eyes, but the way his jaw tics, I know he's not playing around.

"Do it. Give me a reason to tie your ass up," he threatens, and that just sets anger in me. But he doesn't give a fuck and throws me over his shoulder just like when he first found me in the woods and plants his hand on my ass. He lets me kick and scream as he walks until I tire myself out, which doesn't take long.

"I don't need your help." My voice is muffled against Cooper's soft flannel shirt. He has a broad swimmer's build and the same golden skin as his brothers. When he doesn't respond, I tell him. "I didn't want you to come back. I was better off without the three of you," I lie.

"You were never a good liar, little doll," his voice is hushed like he doesn't want me to hear, but I do. And the certainty in his voice, the confidence that he has that I was just sitting around waiting for them to come back sets off my rage again.

“**T**he fucker is gone,” Hendrix calls from the front porch of the cabin as I approach. The front door is open behind him, and he’s tucking his gun into the waistband of his jeans. The fucker in question is our father, and I’m assuming he took Darcey with him because she’s nowhere in sight. Lex is still kicking and cursing over my shoulder, and I’m not quite ready to take my hand off the soft skin of her ass. I know I need to get her inside soon and check out her injuries because she’s going to get sick from being out in the cold for so long. I fucking missed her and her temper, but I’m not happy that this is how we reunited.

“What’s the plan?” I ask. Hendrix isn’t the oldest, but he’s been the boss for as long as I can remember. Before he can answer, I hear the gunning motor of one of the quads being backed out of the garage. Jasper revs the engine and tears through the gravel and heads down the tree lined driveway.

“All the vehicles are here, so he’s on foot.” Hendrix makes his way down the front steps, glancing around the property for a moment before heading toward us. We’ve all missed her, and I can see even Hendrix’s resolve is starting to crack.

His eyes zero in on my hand as I squeeze Lex’s ass when she squirms, trying to free herself from my hold. “Makes sense, we would have heard if someone picked him up.”

Our father sent us on a wild goose hunt, looking for the man who supposedly killed our mother when we were young. The last six months have been eye opening to say the least.

Our father was entangled with the mafia back in the city we grew up in, at the bottom of the mountain. He's the one who killed her, and Lex's mother too. We took out seven mafia men in the last six months looking for answers, only for the clues to lead back to two assholes coming here for Lex. Our father thought he was giving her up in exchange for his crimes against the family, but in reality, they would have killed him before they left with her. We knew they were coming here to kill our father, but we didn't know he'd promised Lex to them until it was too late. I'm glad we stopped them in time, but I'm furious that they touched her at all. She thinks we abandoned her, but we had eyes on her the whole time.

"Let me down!" Lex screams. She's small, but she's always been fierce, and she's giving my arm a workout as I try to keep her over my shoulder. I let her slide down my body, keeping her tight against my chest. I wrap my fingers around her delicate neck, keeping her locked against me. She swallows hard, and my cock is instantly hard when I feel the movement against my hand. I know what her throat feels like constricting around my dick and despite everything else going on, it's hard to think of anything else. I need to bury myself deep inside her, all three of us do. It's time. We'd been holding off, making sure that she knew what she was getting into by letting all three of us claim her. The time apart made things clear to us. We'll share her, but only with each other. She's ours, and we're going to make sure she knows that it's forever. She brings out something feral in us, and to be honest I don't think even claiming her will sate that feeling.

Hendrix moves to stand in front of her, staring her down. She stops fighting my hold but doesn't cower under his scrutiny.

"Tell him to let me go. I don't trust any of you," she bites out.

"We're trying to protect you, Lexington." Hendrix brushes her ripped shirt to the sides, letting his fingers trace over her pebbled nipples before inspecting the cut between both of her breasts. She jerks against him, and I hold her by the arms,

letting her struggle. I like watching him touch her, not as much as I like being the one doing it, but her body is fucking perfect.

“Yeah, I’ve felt really protected the last few months,” Lex spits the words. “Fuck both of you!” If we weren’t twice her size, she’d be a force to be reckoned with. She’s all lean muscle and fiery soul.

“Not yet, but you will soon,” he promises with a smirk, and that only enrages her further. “Your safety is the first priority, little doll.” He speaks so casually, like he’s ordering a beer as he leans in and takes one of her rosy nipples between his lips. My mouth waters because I know how sweet she tastes.

She might be pissed off at us right now, but she can’t deny she wants our touch. She craves it, breathes for it, and it’s the same for us. I press my cock against her ass as I watch Hendrix palm her pussy through her panties. She struggles, but only manages to rub against us in the most delicious way. There was a little jealousy between my brothers and me in the beginning. We all wanted her, equally. And no one except Lex would do. It isn’t hard to find a woman on this mountain, but none of them fit us the way she does. We thought it would be a competition to see who she would choose, but it quickly became clear that she wanted all of us equally.

“Stop,” she hisses at Hendrix, but the moan that leaves her lips says otherwise. I grin when she changes her tune as his finger slides over her clit through her panties. “Oh, God,” she whispers, finally giving in and letting me hold her full weight. Her mouth goes slack when he pushes her panties to the side, exposing her already wet pussy. Instinctively, I take both of her arms in one of my hands and grip one of her legs with the other, lifting it up and giving Hendrix better access to her pussy. I want to see her pussy stretched, gripping his fingers and feel her quivering in my arms. He moves slowly, rubbing her folds with one finger and she whimpers.

“Did you touch yourself while we were gone, Lex? Picture me and my brothers finally owning you and claiming that tight pussy for our own? I bet you fucked yourself with your fingers, but it was never quite enough.” I whisper, and all she

can do is nod as his finger circles her clit, deliberately slow. I grip her thigh roughly because our girl likes a bite of pain to go with her pleasure. My cock throbs just thinking about how tight I know she'll be when I finally have her in my bed. I want her face down in the pillows as my dick pistons in and out of her until I shoot my load deep inside her.

“Fuck, you're wet,” Hendrix curses, pushing his middle finger inside her slowly all the way to the knuckle. She groans when he adds a second finger without any warning, stretching her around his large digits. He moves his fingers roughly and rapidly, and I can tell by the way she's moaning, and her hips are bucking that she's close to coming. Hendrix must realize it too because the evil bastard smirks as he pulls his hand away and backs away from her. His smile grows wider as he slowly licks his fingers.

“Asshole!” she grits out. I grin when she whines at the loss of contact, and I feel her body go rigid in my arms when she realizes that he's going to leave her hanging. I let her leg fall back to the floor and press my palm against her pussy. She presses her hips forward, trying to get relief, but I move my hand away before she can get the relief she's seeking. I want her squirmy and needy, begging me to fuck her and if I let her come now, she'll remember why she wants to chop our dicks off at the moment.

“I'm gonna ride out and look for the old man.” Hendrix doesn't wait for a response from either of us, and instead heads toward the truck in the driveway. “Snow starts tomorrow. He's either gotta come back or the wilderness will snuff him out. Get her cleaned up and secure all the doors”

“You bastard! Don't fucking touch me again!” Lex flips him off, jerking halfway out of my hold on her. She growls in frustration when he grins, returning the gesture by extending his middle finger and then hops in the front seat of the truck. The tires peel as he rushes out of the driveway and follows Jasper's path.

“Are you going to call all those men you supposedly fucked while we were gone to finish you off?” I tease her,

sliding my hand up her stomach and cupping her breast before rolling her nipple between my fingers.

“They’re better than the three of you,” she lies, swatting my hand away from her body unsuccessfully. I cup both of her tits, yanking her back against me and dipping my head to bury my face in her blonde hair.

“Liar.” I scoop her up, and instead of heading toward the house, I take her to the garage. I should forgo what I’m about to do, but I need it. She needs it.

“How do you know? You weren’t here to know what I was doing. Or *who* I was doing.” The thought makes me feel like beating these fictitious men to death. We might share our little doll, but she’s *ours*, no one else can touch her. Or we’ll fucking kill them. “You guys didn’t want me, if you did, you’d have fucked me a long time ago. You wouldn’t have left me here with that asshole throwing me into walls and beating me with his belt when I wasn’t fast enough to get away from him.” She’s not yelling, but the anger in her voice is so palpable that I feel it in my fucking chest.

I kick the door open since my hands are full of my half naked stepsister. I don’t answer her question until I’ve set her on the workbench. “I know you’re still a virgin because Hendrix would have lost his mind when he pushed his fingers in your cunt if you weren’t.” I push her legs apart and move to stand between them. I should take her in the cabin and make her shower, but she’s so worked up. If I give her an inch of freedom, she’ll just run, and it’s not safe right now. I stare into her brown eyes and cup her face roughly in my palms. “We didn’t know he’d hurt you, or we would have never left you here with him. And I promise you, he will die a slow, agonizing death for what he’s done. You’re ours, no one touches you.” I’m so tense I feel like I might break her in half if I grab her now.

I think she’s going to push me away again, but instead she grabs me by the shirt and pulls me in for a kiss. It’s needy, rushed, and just what I need right now. My hands move to her hips, yanking her into me roughly. She squeaks when my

fingers dig into her flesh. It's then that I realize how cold she is and break the kiss.

Her lips are puffy and she's breathing heavily. Her eyes are blazing with anger, she thinks I'm leaving her hanging like Hendrix did. "Let me down, Cooper. I don't want to play these games." She shoves at my chest, but I hold her there and reach behind her to grab my coiled rope hung neatly on the wall. I've used this rope on her many times, but today I actually need to keep her from running away.

It's a struggle, but I get her shirt off and because I don't have enough hands to hold her down and get her panties off, I rip them with one hand. Her pussy is the most perfect shade of pink, and I can't wait to get my lips and tongue on it. I let my knuckles brush across her lips, and she jerks against them.

It doesn't take me long to get her tied up, just the way I like her. My cock throbs at the look of the ropes digging into her pale skin, pushing her tits up and accentuating her ass.

"I'm going to take good care of you, little doll," I tell her as I pick her up and head toward the cabin to clean her up, check out her injuries, and make her come until she falls asleep.



"I'M STILL MAD AT YOU," Lex says as I clean the blood and dirt off her chest with a warm damp rag. She's tied up in my bed on her side, just the way I like her. My dick is straining hard against my jeans just looking at her bound and ready to take anything I choose to do with her. I rub my hand over the swell of her ass and a guttural groan rumbles from my chest. I need her. I need more than this, but I need to be careful how far I let things go until she's ready and my brothers are here to share in the fun. She's so fucking gorgeous when her lips part and she moans, her eyes fluttering shut as the warm cloth rubs across her hard nipples. She arches, straining against the rope, and it's an image I'll never get out of my fucking brain.

“I know you are, baby” I rasp out the words, and the need I feel for this girl is evident even to my own ears. I toss the piece of cloth into the bowl of warm soapy water on my nightstand, and I sit on the bed next to her. Pinching her nipple between my thumb and forefinger, I tell her, “I’m going to make you come until you forget why you’re mad.”

I brace my forearm on one side of her body, and my lips find the nipple that my fingers aren’t teasing. I’m pleased when she wriggles under me, struggling in the confines of the ropes. I lap my tongue around her nipple, and then move my mouth to her sternum, kissing the small cut there.

“That hurts,” she breathily whispers, and I look up at her, licking the slice in her skin again. I know what she likes, and I know her pussy is throbbing and soaked for me. I grin when she moans, trying to lift her hips, but she can’t because of the way I have her legs bound. I could flip her over if I wanted, use my hands to hold her pussy and ass open to shove my dick wherever I want. She’s helpless, completely in my control. I move to her other nipple, giving it the same attention as the first before I flip her over to face away from me. Her ass is fucking phenomenal, and I slide my fingers beneath the rope to get a look at the pink lines they’ve created against her soft skin.

I rub my hand over my dick only for a second before my attention is back on her. I grab her ass cheeks, spreading her open and burying my face there. She cries out my name when my tongue rubs across her asshole. I dig my fingers into the full globes and lift my fingers to rub down her slit. She tastes so sweet, and I want to sink my teeth into the plump flesh of her ass. I rub my hand over it before I spank her hard. My tongue runs the length of her slit before pressing into her tight hole.

“Inside. Please. I need you inside me.” Lex cries out and then whispers, “Oh God.” when I sink two fingers all the way inside her pussy. I keep the pace slow as my tongue works on her ass. In and out, long, deliberate strokes meant to pull her orgasm out of her. She’s so worked up from all the teasing that

I know she's close, and my dick feels like it's going to explode if I don't come soon.

I get up on my knees behind her, and I keep the steady pace of my finger pumping in and out of her pussy. She clenches, gripping, begging me for release. I free my cock with my other hand and begin stroking it at the same pace as my fingers are working on her. She's so tempting in this position, and it takes everything in me not to press her face into the pillow and fuck her until my come is dripping down her thighs.

As soon as I pick up the pace, fucking her wildly with my fingers and stroking my dick right next to her wet opening, her whole body begins to shake. Her pussy convulses as she comes on my fingers. I jam my fingers inside her two more times, slow and deep as my other fist tightens around my aching cock. When I pull out of her pussy, I move my digits to her asshole, pressing on the tight hole with my slick fingers. It's too tight for two, but she moans when I sink one in down to the knuckle. We're going to own every hole she has and judging by the way she lifts her ass for me to push further inside, I think she's looking forward to having each of us in a different hole.

I'm on the brink of coming when I stop stroking my dick and begin rubbing it furiously along her swollen pink clit. The slick wet folds are enough to make me come all over her pussy. I arch forward, trying so hard not to just say fuck it and slam inside her. Her pussy glistens with both of our come, and I use my fingers to rub it all over her slit and clit, and eventually pushing it inside her cunt.

I brush her long hair back as she sags against the pillows fully sated. When her eyes flutter shut, I kiss her lips and begin untying the rope, coiling it carefully and leaving it next to my bed. We'll be needing that again soon, but next time she'll be riding my dick while the rope digs into all the right places.

“Someone had to tip him off that we were coming home,” Hendrix grumbles about our father as we stomp up the front porch of the cabin. It’s already dark and we covered most of the land that would be safe to hide out on. The temps are dropping, so if he is out there, he’s going to be miserable. “I called Elijah to see if he can drive around the main road and keep an eye out.” I nod in agreement that calling Elijah to help find him is a good idea. We don’t typically make friends or even acquaintances because most people have an ulterior motive. But even though he’s lived in Violent Peak for less than a year, Elijah has proven himself over and over that he’s a good dude...if he likes you. He’s a brutal motherfucker if he doesn’t, and more specifically, if someone so much as looks at his girlfriend, Cadence, the wrong way. And we respect him because that’s exactly how we are with Lexington.

“He knows he’s a dead man. He knows what Lexi means to us,” I say as I stomp my boots, kicking most of the dirt off before we head inside. Hendrix waves me off, like I’ve said something to annoy him before he heads over to the refrigerator and grabs two beers. He sits one on the counter and pops the top off the other one quickly.

“Why are you acting like we didn’t fuck her up by leaving?” I ask him because we need to make this right with Lexi. We need to stop skirting around all the bullshit and make her ours, officially. He’s downing the beer and squinting his eyes at me angrily. He might not want to admit it, but he feels

bad for what we did. And the sooner he realizes we have to make it up to her, the better off we'll be. Hendrix and Lexi are a lot alike. They're both stubborn, hardheaded and will hurt themselves to prove their point.

“Kissing her ass and treating her like she's some fragile doll isn't doing her any favors. She wants to be mad at us, let her be.” His empty bottle clanks on the counter as he grabs the second one and opens it after I wave him off, indicating that I don't want it. “You should be getting off on this shit. You're the one that likes to play mind games with her.” He's not wrong. But the psychological bullshit doesn't work on her and being away from her has made me realize that we're wasting precious time. It's unconventional for three brothers to share the same woman. And we denied it at first, making the excuse that she was convenient and that we were more attracted to her than the other women we encountered on the mountain. But at some point, we had to be honest with ourselves and each other. We had to say that despite what society would think, sharing her was our only option and judging by the way she responded to each one of us, there's no way that she could choose who she wanted to be with.

“I'm not saying we should kiss her ass, but she deserved better than she got from the three of us. We kept her locked in this cabin, acted like fucking bodyguards whenever we did let her go anywhere.” I feel myself shaking with anger. I'm the oldest. I should be calling the shots, but instead it's Hendrix always telling everyone what they can and can't do.

I don't flinch, but I'm startled when he slings the bottle across the room, letting it crash against the wood of the wall. He looks unhinged, more so than usual. We're all possessive and protective of Lexi, but Hendrix is a fucking psycho, even by our standards.

“You don't think I know what would have happened to her if we didn't get a fucking clue and head back to the mountain?” he seethes. “She'd be dead, or worse. And it's all because we fell for that shit. We don't fucking deserve her, is that what you want to hear, Mr. Morality? She deserves better, but the three of us is all she's got.” He heads toward the back

door that leads out onto the expansive deck, but he turns back to say, “No more mistakes. Anyone poses a threat to her and they’re fucking dead.” He slams the door behind him, leaving me alone with my thoughts.

I could barely look at our little doll in the woods earlier. Her torn clothes and busted up face made me absolutely homicidal. I didn’t show it because I don’t show my emotions, not outwardly anyway. I don’t open up to anyone, not even my two brothers. Not fully anyway. But Lexi has a way of calming me down without saying anything at all. And at the same time, she has my blood boiling in my veins because I can’t crack her the way I can other people. Because that’s what I do. I play mind games and sit back and watch everyone around me try to untwist the mess I’ve made of their thoughts. Not Lexi, though. She doesn’t let any of my bullshit go, not even for a second. She has every right to be pissed at us. We fucked up by believing what our father told us, stupidly running off to find the man who killed our mother. He could have killed Lexi, or worse, his maniacal plan to barter her for his crimes against the mafia. When we find him, and we will, I want to watch the life drain out of his eyes for what he did to her. His death will not be quick, and it will not be humane. He almost took away the most important thing to all three of us. Without her we’re nothing.



I OPEN Cooper’s bedroom door and see them lying together in his bed. His stupid rope is slung on the floor with his clothes. I don’t mind that he’s here because I like to observe Lexi, even if it’s not me that’s touching her. They’re both sound asleep, and I can see that both of their hair is still damp, and I assume that they must have showered after whatever debauchery happened with the rope. It’s not like we haven’t played with her together before and my cock hardens just thinking about it.

I know they didn’t have sex, because the three of us made a pact that when Lexi was ready, we would take her virginity together. I’m not entirely sure how the logistics of that will

work out, but it's important that she doesn't bond with one of us over the other two. We love her equally, and she loves us with the same intensity.

The bruises on her face are darker than they were earlier today, and I clench my fists at the sight. I'm going to break every bone in my father's body when we find him, and then my brothers can have their turn. I should probably let her sleep, but it's been too long. I need to taste her now.

I pull back the comforter and I'm surprised to see that she's dressed in one of our shirts, it's impossible to tell whose it is, and a pair of light-colored panties. Cooper is softly snoring like we haven't been through fucking hell the last few months, but I guess that's what she does to us. She's the reason we've made it this far, the reason we kept going this long. Her shirt is pulled up on one side and his hand is cupping her exposed breast. My dick twitches in my sweatpants at the sight. They either made amends or he did it in his sleep, but I'm guessing it's the first option because she always did have a hard time staying mad at Cooper.

I know I could come by just looking at her, but that wouldn't be any fun for our little doll. She used to love when I would wake her up with my tongue buried in her tight cunt, but I know she's probably going to wake up swinging considering she hates us right now.

I slowly climb on the bed, but despite my effort, it dips with my weight. Cooper immediately senses my presence and shoots up to a sitting position. I hold up a finger to my lips, signaling I want him to be quiet. His blonde hair is messy, and he glowers for a moment because he's been ripped from the only decent sleep he's gotten in the last little while. He slouches back on his pillow but doesn't lie back down to sleep. I guess watching runs in the family. I slip my shirt off because I know how this goes, when she wakes up, she'll put her legs over my shoulders and I fucking love the way her feet feel sliding up and down my back. I place my forearms on either side of her hips and lower my face to press my nose and mouth into the thin fabric covering her sweet pussy. Before I start, I look up at Cooper and nod my head toward her tits, silently

asking him to pull her shirt back up. Her pert nipples stand up so beautifully in the middle of her pale breasts. I watch as he circles the taut flesh with his finger a few times before rolling it between his thumb and forefinger. His eyes are on her pussy, anticipating what I'm about to do to her. I nuzzle my nose softly against her, flicking my tongue out and licking her through her panties. She moans softly in her sleep, but her eyes don't flutter open.

Carefully, I pull her panties to the side and flatten my tongue so I can lick her slit from bottom to top. I flick my tongue out, devouring the sweet wetness that now coats her sensitive flesh. I suck on one of her lips and then move over to the other side before zeroing in on her clit. Her hips jerk when my tongue barely touches the bundle of nerves, but her eyelashes still dust the apples of her cheeks. I nudge her leg out to the side, giving me more room to enjoy her. She moans in her sleep, arching her hips up when I pull my mouth away. I grin, biting my wet bottom lip between my teeth, trying not to let out the possessive growl brewing escape my chest. She whines, and I look up to see Cooper lean over to flick his tongue over her hardened nipple.

"Fuck, I've missed her," he says gruffly. "Take her panties off."

I shake my head in the negative. I'm not ready for her to wake up yet. I slide my finger inside her as slowly as I can manage in this aroused state. I really want to fuck her full force, make her scream until she forgives us for what we've put her through. I push another finger inside her and the way her pussy grips my finger has my cock throbbing, aching to fuck her until I come in the deepest part of her.

"Fuck," I curse in a hushed whisper, pulling my fingers out and gripping her panties, pulling them off in rough jerky movements like I'm inexperienced.

"Keep going," she moans softly, barely a whisper rolling off her tongue. "Please."

She doesn't have to ask us twice. Just as I bury my face between her thighs, Cooper shifts down so he can lean over

her and suck on her nipples more roughly. I lift my head slightly, my tongue still working between her wet folds, and I've got the fucking best view. Her pert tits are arched up as he flicks his tongue around her nipple. I slide my hand up her belly and grip her ribcage, just needing to feel more of her. When I move my lips to her clit, pulling it in my mouth and sucking, she cries out. I keep up the pressure and slide two fingers inside her. Cooper moves again, sitting up on his knees and pulling his dick out right by her face. She doesn't hesitate to take it in her hand and turn her head to the side to allow him to push inside her sexy little mouth.

"Shit," Cooper's curse is more of a moan of awe as he pushes all the way inside, making her gag around him. I watch the steady rhythm my brother uses to fuck her mouth and I mimic it, while I fuck her tight hole with my fingers.

She lifts her hips and tries to push me inside her deeper and I want to allow her to chase her orgasm, but we all pause when we hear voices coming from down the hallway. They don't sound hostile, and Hendrix hasn't started firing any weapons, but we can't be fucking around with safety.

"I'll go check it out. You stay with Lex." It's not a suggestion because he's already pulled his dick out of her mouth and tucked it in his pants. He leans down and kisses her on the mouth before he heads out the door, twisting the knob to lock it from the inside before he shuts it behind him.

I strip the rest of my clothes off and crawl up the bed, lie on my back and scoot close to Lexi. She has her eyes closed, but she's not asleep. She stiffens when I pull her to my chest.

"I'm still mad at you," she finally says, turning in my arms to face away from me, but I don't allow it. I flip her toward me and pin her arms behind her back with one hand.

"That's fine," I shrug my upper body, feigning nonchalance because I want her to feel safe. Like I'm not going to fly off the handle because we're having a disagreement. "You can be mad for as long as you want, little doll. That isn't going to stop us," I tell her and then flash her a smile I know she can't see when I hear her yawn contentedly.

“Nothing stops the Graves brothers,” she says sleepily, going limp and letting me pull her to my chest. She lifts her leg over my hip, and I cup her ass with one hand and tangle my fingers in her long damp hair.

“Nothing touches our little doll,” I say mostly to myself, but I feel her stiffen in my arms.

“Don’t make promises you won’t keep,” she accuses. And I’m aware of her word choice. Won’t, not can’t because in her eyes, there’s nothing her brothers can’t do. We willingly chose to leave her behind, not because we wanted to, but because we thought it was best for her. We should have taken her with us because no matter the environment, how dangerous it might be, at our side is the safest place for her.

“Lexi look at me.” A groan of frustration rips from my chest when she doesn’t respond or move to do what I’ve told her to do. I grab her face possessively so that she has no choice but to look me in the eye. “You’re ours. And we’ll die before we let you forget that again.”

“Why did you ignore me when you first got back? And don’t give me some bullshit about those two assholes in the woods. You’d already stopped them. You acted like you couldn’t stand to look at me.” She pushes away from me like she’s about to get out of Cooper’s bed and make a run for it. I reach out, catching her by the hip probably a little too hard, but I don’t give a fuck.

She’s not leaving me.

My chest tightens at her accusation, and I have the insatiable need to be closer to her. I lift myself up on one arm and use my knee to part her thighs roughly. My fingers tangle in her messy hair. “Don’t take your eyes off me, little doll.” I’m hard again and the feel of sliding against her wet, inviting pussy is almost too much. Her arms wrap around my neck and her lips part on a moan when the tip of my dick presses against her entrance. I’m torturing us both, but it feels too good to stop. When she lifts her hips up and the tip presses inside, and the overwhelming urge to claim her gnaws at me. I grunt when she squeezes, trying to pull me inside her. All it would take is

for me to stop holding my weight up and off of her. I'd be all the way inside her, my balls slapping against her pert ass. I groan, lifting up and off of her completely, because I'm not strong enough to be in this position. My brothers and I have waited too long to claim her as ours, together...equally.

"Bastard," she hisses, but allows me to roll her over to face me.

I kiss her quickly and then deepen it, slipping my tongue between her lips. I'm obsessed with the way she feels and tastes, and I don't think I'll ever get my fill of her. "We're going to spend the entire winter fucking you until every hole is filled with our come. Be patient, little doll," I tell her before pulling her to a sitting position.

"What are you-" she pushes her hands against my chest when I move her to sit on top of me.

"Ride my face, little doll. I'm not done tasting your sweet pussy." She bites her bottom lip to stop herself from smiling and quickly moves up my chest to grab the headboard. I grip her thighs, not giving her a chance to overthink and pull her forward. She cries out and I know it won't take long for her to come with how worked up I've already made her. I rub her clit with one hand, not too fast, but steady enough to make her eyes roll back in that pretty little skull of hers. I use my other hand to grip her ass, my finger making its way to her back entrance. I'm knuckle deep when she bears down on my lips, fucking my face until she rides out an intense orgasm.

I keep her locked there, licking her until her nails dig into my chest and she begs me to stop. "I can't. It's too much, Jas." I grin against her pussy when she uses my nickname, and finally relent, giving her space to move off of me. I think she's going to lie down beside me, but my little doll has other plans.

"Your turn," she grins and turns to face away from me. She's on all fours with her gorgeous ass in my face and my cock in her mouth. It won't take me long to come with the way her velvety tongue is licking all over the head.

"Shit," I breathe out the words, and grip her ass, spreading her apart. I use the wetness from her pussy to rub around her

asshole, sliding my finger in and out while she takes my dick as far as she can down her throat. She gags and I hear her breathing through her nose intensely as he bobs her head and uses one of her hands to stroke my length as her lips move to the tip.

I press a second finger against her ass, but I'm not sure if it'll fit without hurting her. She doesn't stop what she's doing so I press in further, getting both fingers inside her to the first knuckle. She grunts around my cock as I start pumping my fingers in and out slowly, watching her stretch around them. When my cock hits the back of her throat and she purposefully swallows, I'm done for. I grab her hip with my freehand and shove both fingers all the way inside her ass while I shoot my load against the back of her throat. I feel her swallowing and it sends jolts of pleasure through my body as my climax hits me like a fucking truck.

Lexi finally pulls my dick out of her mouth, and leans forward, letting my fingers slide out of her as she moves to cuddle against my side. Her hair is wild, and her mouth is swollen and messy with my come. She's absolutely gorgeous and the sight of her makes me feel feral, possessive, like I've just claimed her. She buries her face against my chest, like she feels safe in my arms and the thought makes my heart constrict. She might say she's mad at us, that she'll never trust us again, but her actions say otherwise. I turn on my side, pulling her into me as close as I can, and I kiss her forehead. I hear Hendrix raise his voice as I watch her sleep. Now that I'm not in a fog anymore, I remember why Cooper left and that I should probably see what's going on.

“I had a clear shot to his head, but the girl kept getting in the way,” Elijah tells me as he pulls his girlfriend Cadence up to his side when he feels like she’s too far away from him. Aside from my brothers, this dude is the only person on the mountain that I trust. We haven’t known him for long, but that’s not how my brothers and I operate. You’re either good or bad, and we haven’t found much good on this mountain or otherwise. I’ve seen Cadence around, but she and Elijah keep to themselves for the most part, so this is the first time I’ve really spoken to her.

“I don’t give a fuck about that bitch,” I grumble, pulling my coat on and feel in the pockets for the keys. When I don’t find them, I jerk my head toward Cooper to see him already holding his pointer finger out with the truck keys dangling from it.

“But I thought...” Cadence blurts out, but then gets shy when I cut my eyes at her. I’m not trying to be a dick. She seems like a sweet girl, and she clearly has Elijah by the balls, but I don’t give a shit what she has to say. I’ve got two objectives. Put a bullet in my father’s head and bury my cock in Lexington’s pussy until neither one of us remember why we have fucking attitude problems.

“Hey, knock it the fuck off.” I raise my eyes to meet Elijah’s angry ones. He doesn’t like the attitude I’m giving his girl and that makes me laugh. Because this is why I trust him. I wouldn’t let anyone treat Lexington that way either.

“My apologies, Cadence. But Darcey *is* a bitch.” She lets out a sweet laugh and I grin at Elijah. He returns the gesture, relaxing his shoulders. I guess he’s decided to let me live another day.

“You thought what?” Cooper asks Cadence because that’s what Cooper fucking does. All the fucking time, just babbling like anyone cares. Lexington cares, I remind myself. She eats that shit up when she’s not mad at us. Just like she enjoys the fact that I’m always in a bad mood, and mildly inconvenienced by everything and everyone. Jasper is quiet, would rather think than speak, and I see how he calms her in a way that Cooper and I can’t.

“I thought she was your sister? And she was the whole reason you were mad at your father?” Cadence blushes because everyone’s fucking staring at her while she talks. She presses her face against Elijah’s chest and he’s not covert in the way he rubs his hand up her stomach and cups the bottom of her breast possessively. I get it. I’d piss on Lexington so everyone knows who she belongs to, but I’m sure she’d try to cut my dick off if I did.

“Wrong girl. We don’t claim that one, she’s a bitch to Lex.” Cooper grins, dimples on full display. “*Our* sister’s in there sleeping.” He jerks his thumb toward the hallway leading to the bedrooms.

“Gimme the keys. You and Jasper might be satisfied now that she’s safe, but I want the bastard dead and rotting in a crevice somewhere on this land before the snow starts falling.” I can feel the rage simmering throughout my entire body. Trying to use Lexington to settle his debt is an automatic death sentence, and I’m gonna make sure it gets carried out.

Cooper gives me an easy smile but zips his coat up in preparation to leave. “I’ll drive. You’re too worked up,” he says and then chuckles when I only answer by glaring at him as I rack my gun.

“I’m going with you.” I shift my stare from Cooper to Lexington who is standing in the hallway with freshly fucked

hair and rosy cheeks. She's either had her fill of orgasms or her cheeks are burned from being out in the cold for so long.

"The fuck you are," I clip out the words, trying to keep my anger under control. "This isn't a debate, little doll. Take your ass back to bed."

She rolls her eyes, and the urge to spank the attitude out of her almost overwhelms me. Jasper meanders down the hall to stand behind her, wrapping a protective arm around her. The top of her head barely reaches his shoulder, but the look she's giving me could probably take all three of us down if looks could kill.

"The last time you guys left me home alone went super well for everyone involved, didn't it?" Yep. That's it right there. She's definitely getting her ass smacked later.

"She's NOT wrong...." Cadence chimes in with a devilish smile which prompts Lexington to appraise me smugly.

I shrug, crossing the room to rip the keys out of Cooper's hand before I call over my shoulder, "She's also NOT coming with us."

"I'll just ride with you," Lexington says to Cadence as she pulls out of Jasper's arm and moves to go stand with the girl she's never met. And that's it. That's my last fucking nerve snapping to oblivion.

I snatch her up by the back of the neck, pulling her to stand in front of me. "You will get in *our* truck, and you will keep your mouth shut until I say otherwise. Do you understand me?" I squeeze my fingers around her neck and when she swallows hard all I can think about is how my cock is going to feel slamming against the back of her throat. She's so fucking beautiful and when she's defiant, I want her even more than I usually do. I only let go of her after she nods slowly, still squinting her eyes up at me like she hates my guts. She should hate me for leaving her, but she doesn't. She loves me and she loves my brothers just like she always has. We just need to make this right, and then I can spend the night working that attitude out of her.

“We’ll take a separate truck in case he runs; we can run up on him in three directions,” Jasper suggests, fishing a set of keys out of the coat he’s thrown on.

As we head out to the vehicles Lexington strays, heading toward the garage where the truck Cooper and Jasper are going to take is stored. But I grab her by the arm and redirect her toward my truck.

“Scared to be alone with me?” I dip my head, whispering huskily in her ear.

She tips her head up to me defiantly, our lips hovering only inches apart and she retorts, “I can take whatever you give me, Hendrix.” The double meaning isn’t lost on me. She knows we haven’t fucked her because we’re not gentle, loving men. We don’t know how to be, but we had enough sense to know we could break our little doll if we weren’t careful. But she’s ready for us now, and we’re going to claim every inch of her.

I grip her jaw tightly and press her against my truck so she can feel how hard she makes my dick. I kiss her roughly, something I’ve been dreaming about for the last six months. She huffs when I quickly end the kiss, which makes my chest tighten with emotion.

“You make me so fucking mad, Hendrix,” Lexington says as I push her up into the truck and crank it up quickly. I don’t respond because anything I say is just going to frustrate both of us further. The sooner we get this shit over with, the closer I am to bending her over and coming in every hole she has. I glance over at her and her arms crossed over her chest and she’s looking out her window trying to pretend that I don’t exist. I pull up behind Elijah’s truck and wait for Jasper to follow suit.

“They’re really cute together,” Lexington breaks the silence, and my eyes move from her to the back window of Elijah’s truck. Cadence is practically in his lap and their mouths haven’t parted since I started watching. My dick is straining against my jeans because all I can think about is doing the same thing to my stepsister.

We follow Elijah down the four-mile driveway and my eyes are surveying every angle possible to make sure the motherfucker isn't in the heavy tree line trying to make his way back to the house. He's made some stupid decisions and underestimated the sons he raised, but he also taught us everything we know. And that is how I know the old bastard didn't just run off to die on the mountain.

I purposely take the turn out onto the road that runs along the perimeter of our property rough so when I jerk the wheel, Lexington's slight weight jerks up off the seat and slides across the leather to slam into my side. Just where I want her.

She doesn't squeal or act surprised. She knows me just like I know her.

"You did that on purpose," she bites out and attempts to move back to the other side of the truck, but I'm quicker than she is. The hand that I don't have on the wheel is locked on her thigh.

"Lose the attitude or I'm going to spank it out of you," I grit out and my eyes don't leave the truck in front of me. I wait for Elijah to pull over and then follow suit. Jasper and Cooper head further down the road, and I know exactly where they're headed. There's an alcove down the bottom of the rocky embankment on this side of the property. When Lexington moves to open her side of the truck, I yank her toward me by the hood of her coat.

"Stay by me no matter what," I tell her, hoping out of the truck and then helping her out.

"Yes, sir," she rolls her eyes and does a little mock salute. I feel my jaw flex and tension coil throughout my whole body. She's acting out on purpose, trying to get me to snap. And I will. I will give her exactly what she wants from me. But not until that bastard is dead and buried.

I pull my gun out of the back of my jeans and out of pure instinct, I hand it to Lexington while I grab my knives out of the truck.

“We’ll wait at the end of the road and block everything off in case he somehow gets down that far,” Elijah says, clapping me on the arm in a gesture of assurance. He doesn’t know it, but we know exactly who he is and where he came from. We probably don’t know all the things he’s done, but we know some and that he’s been declared legally dead in his hometown. I know what he’s capable of, and that’s someone we want in our circle.

I hold out my hand to shake his in thanks, but we hear a female’s scream come from the woods we’re about to head into. I don’t know if Cooper and Jasper found them, or if something else is happening. I don’t need to say anything to Elijah, he’s already lifting Cadence into his truck and peeling off to block off the road.

I pull Lexington to walk behind me as we head into the heavily treed forest.

“What are you going to do with Darcey?” She finally asks when I grab her hand to lead her around a fallen tree.

I don’t answer her at first because I don’t want to have a fight with her right now. She won’t change our mind about Darcey.

“Hendrix, stop acting like you can’t hear me. What are you going to do with my sister?” She raises her voice and I stop abruptly, turning to face her and covering her mouth with my hand. I don’t need him hearing us coming if Jasper and Cooper haven’t already found him.

“She knew his plan. She didn’t tell you.” I grit the words out because I can feel my blood boiling at the thought. I’d die before I let someone hurt one of my brothers. Darcey had the choice to side with our father and allow him to protect himself at the price of Lexington’s life and she had the choice to tip her off and save her. She chose the wrong side, and now it’s too late.

Lexington’s eyes widen as my words sink in. I need to get her as pissed off as I can, as angry as I am before she’s face to face with Darcey.

“She let you go out in the woods *knowing* what they were going to do to you. They were going to keep you, use you until they didn’t want you anymore.” She winces and I realize then that my fingers are digging into her skin. I pull my hand away from her mouth and I can see that what I’ve told her has made her sick. She won’t cry because Lexington rarely cries, but I can see from the pain in her eyes that she knows what I’m telling her is true.

Both of our heads turn when we hear the unmistakable sound of my father’s voice say, “Stop arguing with me and hide!” I shove Lexington to stand behind me, but she pushes back to stand at my side, cocking the gun I’d handed her earlier and aiming it out in front of us as we glance around looking for where the voice came from. Because of the terrain we’re surrounded by, sound travels in odd ways, so we need to make sure we’re headed in the right direction and not putting ourselves in danger by turning our backs to wherever he is.

As we move forward, we can clearly hear Darcey arguing with my father, complaining that she’s cold. We find them huddled in a makeshift alcove made of fallen trees. My father straightens his back as his eyes meet mine, and I see the look of defeat in his eyes.

“It’s not what you think—” he starts, and I shake my head, holding out my hand signaling that I’ve heard enough. I see Cooper and Jasper move out from behind a couple trees and approach from behind him. They’re going to let me do the talking, probably because they know I need to get this off my chest before we kill him. He clears his throat, before he says lamely, “they had strict orders not to kill her. They wouldn’t have done anything she couldn’t handle.”

“You want to know where you fucked up?” I ask calmly, but I’m not looking for an answer. I want to tell him what I think of him, which isn’t something any of us have ever been able to do. “You know we’ll protect her any way we have to. And she’s not safe while you’re still breathing.”

“Of course you will!” Darcey screams at me, but her eyes are on Lexington. She’s shaking, tears flowing down her red cheeks. “She’s the only thing the three of you ever cared

about. She was your entire fucking world. If it wasn't for your father, I'd have been alone. None of you cared about me. Not even my own fucking sister." She turns her body to face Lexington, screaming the words, "You always cared about them more than me. Mom would be so fucking ashamed of the whore you became after she died. I know what you do with all of them." She flares her nostrils in disgust and my father starts to reach for her, but he's forgetting who is in control here.

"Move and the bitch eats a bullet," I threaten him because clearly she's got him wrapped around her finger. "What's your plan? Marry her and kill her like you did your first two wives?" I grit out the words. I hate him for killing our mother, but the rage I have for him right now is purely for how he set Lexington up. I hope he burns in hell for eternity. I tilt my head toward Darcey, hoping my smile looks as psychotic as I feel inside right now. "Don't act like you didn't try to crawl in our beds over the years. But we'd rather share Lexington than touch you. We never wanted you, and no one except for that piece of shit ever will."

"Shut up, Hendrix," Darcey sneers, pulling her long black hair away from her face and moving to stand next to my father. I don't miss the way her gloved hand slides behind his back. "Just let it go. He did what he had to do."

"Pretty brave words for a dead girl," Cooper says, smirking as he trains his gun on the back of her head.

"Drop the gun, now, Darcey," Jasper demands. I know what he's thinking because I feel it too. He doesn't want this to be over quick. He wants to toy with them. Torture them like they deserve for trying to hurt Lexington. I realize that my gut isn't wrong when she freezes, looking over her shoulder at my brothers. When she sees that they both have weapons pointed at her, I expect her to drop the weapon to the floor in surrender but instead she points the gun at Lexington.

"Let us go or I'll put a hole in your precious little girlfriend," Darcey sneers.

My immediate instinct is to lunge at Lexington and shield her. I dive, knocking her to the ground and shielding her with

my body. Everything happens too fast. Jasper and Cooper fire at Darcey, not willing to give her the opportunity to hurt Lexington. Both bullets hit her simultaneously and she falls to the ground with her unfired gun falling to her feet. By the time I lift myself and Lexington off the ground, my father has drawn another weapon, but Cooper and Jasper are behind him, putting him on his knees. I watch as Cooper kicks the gun out of his hand.

“Hurry the fuck up, Hendrix,” Jasper hisses, hitting our father in the back of the head with the butt of his gun. “Stay down, motherfucker.”

I drag Lexington over to stand in front of the man who tried to ruin her life. We could do this simple and easy. One shot to the back of the head and he'd never be thought of again, but that wouldn't be fair to our little doll.

I don't have to guide her, she knows exactly what to do as she approaches my father, tipping her head to the side in a mocking appraisal of his current position.

“I guess it was supposed to be me on my knees being violated,” she says tilting her head in the other direction before sobering her taunting expression. She takes the gun I taught her to use and presses it to his mouth.

“Don't worry, I won't do anything you can't handle,” she sneers, feeding the end of the gun in his mouth. His eyes widen and they flash to me like I'll be any help to him.

Anticipating what's about to happen, Cooper and Jasper move to stand on the side of our father as he pleads with Lexington to give him the second chance he didn't grant her.

“I hope you burn,” she says coldly, pulling the trigger and falling back against me with the recoil. The bullet exits his skull spraying all of us with his blood.

I don't know what I expect Lexington to do in this situation, but it isn't to drop the gun and pull away from me. She doesn't look back at any of us as she starts walking deeper into the woods.

“Lex!” Cooper yells but she doesn't respond.

“Lexi!” Jasper tries, but nothing.

“Lexington!” I call, and when she hears the agitation in my voice, she takes off running. “Fuck!” I huff and start running after her but manage to yell back to my brothers, “Take care of the bodies, I’ll bring her back to the cabin.”

It doesn’t take me long to catch up to Lexington, but she’s at a dead run and is showing no signs of stopping. I suspect this has more to do with what she just had to do back there than whatever it is she feels toward us at this moment. She wants to be mad at us, and that’s fine. We like her a little angry anyway, but she needs us just like we need her.

When I reach out and grab her by the back of her coat, I don’t pull her to me. She doesn’t want to be coddled right now, and I respect that. I know what she’s been begging for since she started shooting her mouth off at me earlier.

“Let me go, you asshole!” She tries to jerk away from me, but I move my hand up to fist her long blonde hair and pull hard enough to make her cry out. I give her enough space to turn in my arms and hit me square in the chest. It appears like it hurt her knuckles more than it hurt me, which makes her eyes light up with anger. And I fucking love that.

“Look at me, Lexington,” I growl her name because I’m finding it very difficult to control myself right now. I’ve waited so long to be inside her, to claim her, to own her and the wild look in her eyes is doing nothing but shredding the last little bit of resolve I have.

“I don’t want to trust the three of you again,” she grits the words out, and let the tears trickle down her cheeks. My dick twitches in my jeans as my eyes scan her face. She’s fucking beautiful when she cries.

“You don’t have a choice, little doll.” I back her up against the nearest tree and press into her hard. I know she can feel what she does to me even with layers of clothes between us. The urge I have to rip her jeans off and plunge my cock inside her has me closing my eyes and taking a deep breath. I’m sure it wouldn’t take much to convince my brothers that we should fuck her right here, up against this tree. But we’ve waited too

long to make her ours to rush the first time. “I know you’re not dumb enough to think for a fucking second that we didn’t know every detail about where you were and what you were doing while we were gone,” I whisper roughly and her eyes narrow as she stares into mine.

“W-w-what?” I feel her stiffen in my arms. “You *left*...I almost got traded off to a mafia debt collector...” We look over my shoulder when we hear heavy footsteps clomping through the leaves.

I smirk when I look back down at her. “Why do you think we were in the woods waiting with bows? We spent months trying to put the pieces together, to be sure our old man was responsible for our mother’s death. But we never, not even for one minute, let you out of our sight.” I feel her gasp in a deep breath and the sound is addicting. I lift my hand to her throat as my brothers finally make it over to us.

“It’s really starting to come down, Hendrix. We need to get her back to the cabin,” Cooper says. His hands are bloody, and I see Lexington’s eyes bounce from him to Jasper.

“Eyes on me, little doll,” I snap. I know she needs my brothers, but when it’s my time with her. It’s *my time*.

“I’m not going with you. All you do is play games,” She spits the words and struggles to get out of my hold. And I can’t remember a time when I was this fucking hard for her.

Jasper leans against the tree I have her back against and gently brushes her hair out of her face. I feel her rail against his touch when his cold words don’t match the gesture. “You didn’t mind the game last night when my tongue was buried in your pussy.” In ten years, when we’ve sated every need she could ever have, he’ll still be saying shit to rile her up.

“That’s all I’ll ever be to the three of you. Some little doll you can throw away whenever you feel like it. You only want me now because you’re going to be stuck in that fucking cabin for *months* with no other option and you need something to play with.” She’s shaking and it’s pure rage radiating off of her body.

Cooper laughs at her analogy and comes to stand on the opposite side of her, tipping her head back to make her look up at him. “You’ve been through a lot today. But you sound insane. Our entire world revolves around you. There’s no other option because *you* were always the only option for us.”

I squeeze her throat just to hear her gasp and her eyes snap to mine. She’s wild, in a frenzy, desperately seeking for someone else to take control of her. I loosen my grip to let her speak and her voice is raw and shaky. “I don’t fucking believe anything you say. I’ve spent the six months alone, being ignored unless it was a fucking demand. My own sister didn’t give a shit if I lived or died.” She sucks in a sharp breath, and I can feel she’s about to spiral out of control. I spin her around and push her face first against the bark of the tree.

“Go back to the cabin and get things ready for her,” I don’t mince words with my brothers. This is something that needs to happen between just Lexington and me. She needs me right now, and that thought alone makes my chest constrict with emotion I wouldn’t even understand if it wasn’t for her.

“You good?” Cooper asks me, and I realize then that I must look just as wild eyed as our little doll. I just give him a curt nod.

“Be good for him, little doll. We’ll be waiting for you,” Jasper whispers against her ear with a playful grin. I feel her shiver in my hold. Her mind might be fighting us right now, but her body can’t deny any of us.

As soon as I hear their boots crunching as they walk back to get their truck, I start working on the button of her jeans.

“I hate you!” Lexington snaps when I yank her pants down in one swift motion, letting them pool at her ankles.

I press against her ass, my mouth right next to her ear so I can whisper, “How much do you hate me? Do you hate the way I make your pussy wet without even touching you? If I slip my finger inside you right now, will you already be wet for me?”

She makes an unintelligible noise when I cup my hand on her ass. Her skin is so fucking soft, and I can't believe I went a half a year without touching her. I pull my hand back and smack her hard, and the sound is euphoric.

“Answer me, little doll.” I wait a beat to see if she'll obey. Instead of answering, I feel her arch back ever so slightly, sticking her ass out for me. I let my palm crack against her ass again and the moan that leaves her lips makes me want to come just from the sound.

I spank her other ass cheek three times, hard right in a row. Her skin turns pink, and she hisses when I press my hand over the hand print I've left.

“Hendrix,” she whispers, her voice hoarse and needy.

“Are you going to answer me?” I growl next to her ear, pressing my hard cock up against her bare ass. I don't trust myself enough to unbutton my jeans. I don't have the same resolve Cooper and Jasper have when it comes to her. The moment the tip of my dick comes in contact with her pussy, I'm not going to be able to restrain myself. I'm going to slam myself inside her hard, fast and without any regret.

“I forgot the question.” Her breathy laugh has me reaching around and spreading her pussy roughly. I don't need her answer, I already know that she's soaked for me. But I want her to tell me.

I purposely avoid her clit, and I hide my grin against her messy hair when she groans in annoyance. “I want you to tell me who made this pussy wet.” I dip the tip of my finger inside her tight hole and my eyes snap shut just thinking about how my dick is going to feel sheathed inside her. “You will give me what I want, little doll.” I pull my hand away completely and she shudders at the loss of contact. I let her turn around so her back is against the tree. I want to take her pants all the way off and spread her legs so I can lick her slit and suck on her clit for hours, making her come over and over. But the snow is starting to fall heavily, even with the thick covering of trees protecting us. We don't have much time, so I take two fingers and press them into her mouth. She eagerly opens her mouth

wide, letting me pump them in and out, coating my digits with saliva.

I quickly spread her pussy and press both fingers against her hole, applying pressure, but making no move to enter her.

“Please, Hendrix,” she gasps out the words, and that’s fucking beautiful.

“Who made you wet, little doll?” I repeat the question and she bites her lip when I press a little harder against her pussy, but not enough to slip inside.

“You. You Hendrix. You make my pussy so wet,” she whines.

“Good girl,” I rasp, shoving both fingers inside her with one swift movement. “That’s my good girl.” She gasps at the intrusion and I fucking love the way her eyes light up as I start finger fucking her roughly. I use my thumb on my other hand to rub circles around her clit. I love toying with her, making her beg to come. But we both need this right now.

“Oh my God,” she cries out, her legs starting to shake with my ministrations.

“That’s it, baby. Come for me.” I lean in and kiss her just as roughly as my fingers are pumping inside her. “I can’t wait to shove my cock inside your pretty little pussy. Do you want us to take turns fucking you? I want to see your blood coating our dicks after we fuck you for the first time. We’re going to make you ours, little doll.” Her eyes lock on mine as I speak, and it’s enough to make her roll over the edge of her orgasm. Her eyes roll back and her pussy clamps down tight around my fingers.

I keep pumping inside her until she grips my shirt and pants against my chest. “I can’t. That’s enough,” she pleads, her legs jerking roughly every time I touch her clit.

Normally I wouldn’t let her stop until I’d had my fill of her, but more than my desire to watch her come all over my fingers again, I want to get her back to the cabin. I tip her head back, my fingers tunneling through her silky hair.

“Do you know how unbearable it was to be without you?” I see the surprise in her eyes at the admission. “I don’t show it in the conventional way, but you’re my whole fucking world. Always remember that.” I know my tone isn’t gentle because I don’t know how to be. But the urge to tell her how I feel about her while it’s just the two of us overwhelms me.

She pushes up on her toes to wrap her arms around my neck and my hands instantly go to her freshly spanked ass. She hisses when my palms cup the hot skin. “I don’t think I could have gone much longer without you,” she confesses and kisses me with as much vigor as I kissed her not too long ago.

When we part, I silently help her pull her panties and jeans back up. Her sassy attitude is back when I snicker at the way her legs wobble when she tries to walk. I reach out and grab her hand, and it feels oddly more intimate than having my tongue in her mouth or my fingers in her pussy.

She must share the same sentiment because she stills, looking up at me for a long moment. I link our fingers together tightly and tug her to keep walking. She smiles up at me, bright and genuine and it hits me straight in the chest. I shake my head, using my free hand to run my fingers through my messy hair. The fucking hold this girl has on me is insane. I’d do anything for her without question.

“You have a crush on me,” she says in a singsong voice as I lead her through the woods toward our truck.

“I will spank your ass raw until you can’t sit down for a week if you don’t knock it off,” I grumble, mostly because I know that’s what she wants from me right now and also because the idea makes my dick thicken in my jeans.

I cut my eyes at her when she rips her hand out of my hold and takes off running with an infectious laugh.

“If I beat you to the truck, I get to drive home!” she calls out.

“And if I beat you?” I yell back, not bothering to pick up any speed.

“I’ll give you the best blowjob of your life while you drive.”

“Fuck.”

When we get back to the house, I purposely take my time showering. A little bit because I'm nervous for what tonight will bring, but mostly because I know waiting is driving them insane.

"Hurry the fuck up, little doll," Hendrix growls through the closed door.

"Make me," I call, snickering to myself as I dry off. It's mere seconds before the bathroom door is kicked in and Hendrix is dragging me out of the bathroom and into the screened in porch. I know why they've chosen this room. There's a large table in the center of the room and my body tingles with anticipation of what they're going to do to me on that table.

Jasper and Cooper lift me up on it and gently push me to lie back. It's Hendrix who wraps one of their flannel shirts around my head, leaving only the bottom of my nose and mouth uncovered.

"What are you doing?" I lift my hands to the new blindfold, but one of them swats my hands away.

Copper chuckles from somewhere near my legs, I think. I can hear them, but it's hard to decipher where they're standing now.

"Only one of us can take your virginity, little doll." Jasper rasps, and someone, maybe him runs a finger from my nipple, down my belly and right to the top of my clit.

“We don’t want you to feel bonded to one of us more than the other two,” Copper clarifies just before someone pinches both of my nipples, pulling upward and then letting go, causing both of my breasts to bounce with the movement.

“Fuck, baby. You’re so perfect,” Jasper whispers, and I know he’s on my left side, leaning over to whisper against my ear. Chills break out over my entire body with the anticipation of what they’ll do next.

“I want to see you while you fuck me,” I finally say, not speaking to any one of them in particular. I’m on sensory overload, but I don’t want to miss this, no matter how good they’re making me feel.

“You’ll get to watch our cocks sink in your tight, wet pussy. Don’t worry about that.” Hendrix growls and I feel my legs being raised and bent at the knee. I can feel that someone is holding my left leg, and that same person is slowly circling my clit. Another one of the Graves brothers is holding my right leg and toying with the hardened peak of my right breasts.

And the third brother is standing between my spread legs, and I feel his mouth on my pussy for only a moment before I feel what I’ve been needing for so long. I feel him push the head of his cock against my opening, rocking back and forth, but not entering.

“Fuck,” one of them growls and not even a second later, the most delicious flash of pain shoots through my body followed by a burst of pleasure as he plunges all the way inside me, burying his cock to the hilt. He doesn’t pull out or move, and I let out a strangled cry because I need more. I need him to move, to rock back and forth and fuck me until I’m a shaking quivering mess beneath him.

The three of them are being deadly quiet, and I realize it’s because they don’t want me to know whose inside me. I buck my hips up, encouraging him to move, but three sets of hands clamp down on me, holding me down on the table. They’re in complete control, and I’m shocked at how much that fact turns me on. I feel my pussy clench around the hard cock that’s still

inside me. When he finally withdraws, I begin to protest, until I realize they're shifting around and another one of my stepbrother's has taken his place. He grips the swell of my hips and plunges so roughly inside me that my body moves, bouncing my breasts that his brothers are already cupping. I feel them pinching and tugging on my nipples and I'm being stimulated all over. I arch up, needing more, but again, I'm pressed down on the table as he withdraws from my pussy. My third stepbrother finally takes his place between my legs, and he grips my thighs so tightly that I know I'll have bruises in the morning.

"Oh my god," I whine when he slams inside me and withdraws just as quickly as he entered me. They shift around again and the flannel is removed from my eyes. I can't take my eyes off of them. They're fisting their cocks in their hands and my pussy clenches when I see a sheen mixture of my wetness and my blood coating them.

Jasper leans down to kiss my lips softly. "Are you ready, little doll?" Hendrix takes his place between my legs, and I feel his cock enter me just as Cooper leans down to suck on one of my nipples. I don't have the capacity to answer Jasper, and I realize that he doesn't actually want me to when he turns my head to the side to face him and he slaps the head of his cock against my mouth. I stick my tongue out, moaning as Hendrix pistons inside me and Jasper takes advantage of that as he grips a handful of my hair and shoves the entire length of his dick in my mouth.

Cooper's mouth works on my nipples and the fingers of one of his hands find my clit. My eyes are locked on Jasper as he fucks my throat, and I gag, causing both Jasper and Hendrix to let out expletives as my pussy and throat tighten at the same time.

My legs begin to shake as my first orgasm rips through me. My eyes roll back, and I fully expect my boys to keep going, chasing their own orgasms, but they don't. Everything stops except for Cooper's fingers circling my clit.

"St-stop. I can't. I need a break," I cry out as another orgasm rips through me. Cooper only stops to lift me up off

the table and carry me over to the futon.

Hendrix and Jasper follow suit, and Cooper chuckles at my earlier plea. “Baby, we’re not stopping until all of your holes are dripping with our come.”

“Oh, God. Yes.” My whole body feels heavy from the orgasms that just ripped through me. I slump against Cooper’s chest and sigh as he seats himself on the couch and pulls me down on his lap. He doesn’t miss a beat, holding me up long enough to rub his dick along my slit and then his hands are on my hips, pulling me down roughly to take his entire length inside my throbbing pussy. Jasper stands next to us, his hand wrapping around my throat. He kisses me roughly while his brother fucks me. I reach out, taking his length in my hand and he’s a fucking sight when he tilts his head back in pleasure and thrusts his hips in time with my ministrations. Hendrix fists my hair, demanding that I look in his eyes as he dips two fingers inside my mouth.

“Suck,” he tells me, his messy black hair doesn’t hide the desire that lights up his eyes and I lick and suck and spread my spit all over his fingers. “That a good little doll,” he praises me and I feel my nipples tighten and my pussy clench at his raspy words.

“Make sure you touch my dick.” Cooper chuckles teasingly when Hendrix moves behind me and rubs his fingers along my ass crack, pressing his wet fingers against my tight hole. Cooper doesn’t slow down, if anything he pounds up into me harder.

“Get your dick out of my way, jackass,” Hendrix snaps, causing Cooper to laugh even harder. It’s such a weird, but pleasurable feeling as his body moves with his laughter. I cover my mouth with my free hand when I feel Hendrix let the lube drop onto my tight ring and then starts massaging it in, coating every inch of me he can reach. I feel the head of his dick at my entrance slowly teasing me. He inches just the tip inside, and I clench my teeth and try to relax my muscles. I’ve taken their fingers before, but never anything this big.

He's halfway in when he reaches around and pulls my hand away. "Don't hold back, little doll. We want to hear your screams." I don't disappoint him, crying out their names as he pushes all the way inside me. Cooper must sense that I need a second because he slows down his thrusts and pulls me to sit fully on his cock while Hendrix tries to push even further inside me. I keep stroking Jasper and he leans in to pinch and roll my nipples with his fingers. Cooper takes my other nipple in his mouth, sucking and licking like he's a starving man. Hendrix's hands grip my ass as he pulls out and slides all the way back in roughly enough to make me moan.

"Suck his dick baby, I want to see your mouth full," Cooper says, leaning back and moving his hand between us to find my clit. Jasper doesn't wait for me to respond. He slaps his thick cock against my cheek and mouth a few times before putting one foot up on the couch and angling it into my mouth. I take a deep breath before he shoves it as far back in my throat as it will go. When I gag on his thickness, my pussy and ass clench causing Cooper and Hendrix to curse under their breaths as they work in and out of me.

"You're such a good little doll," Jasper grunts. "You're taking all three of us, just like you were made to do."

"You were made for us," Cooper groans the words, picking up his pace and Hendrix and Jasper seem to sense it because they match his speed, bottoming out in my throat and ass. Their hands are on my tits and clit, my throat and my ass, and while being with them separately is utterly satisfying, but all three of them at once is next level.

"Come with us, baby. Come all over Cooper's dick," Jasper grunts out the words, his fingers clamping tighter around my throat.

"My cock is buried so deep inside you, little doll," Hendrix grits out against my ear. "Just." He pants. "Where." He slaps my ass hard. "I." He bites my shoulder hard enough to make me scream and I feel him smile against the mark he's surely left. "Belong," he whispers just as my pussy clenches. I lean back against him, one of my hands reaching out to rub down Jasper's smooth abs and my other hand finding Cooper's

chest. I want to be touching all of them as I come all over Cooper's dick.

"That's it, little doll." Jasper slams his cock against the back of my throat, and I feel the hot liquid of his orgasm coating my throat. Cooper grips my hips and pulls me down hard on his dick as an orgasm rips through his body.

"Such a pretty little doll," Hendrix's whole body tremors as he erupts inside my ass, filling me with his hot come.

Jasper withdraws from my mouth, but his hand possessively grips my jaw. "Stick out your tongue, Lexi. I want to see where I marked you." Despite just having finished, the lust in his voice is palpable. I sag even further back against Hendrix, and I feel Hendrix's hand slide around my tummy and move down to find my clit. Cooper's hands are on my tits, tugging and pulling on my pert nipples, but his eyes are on Hendrix's fingers, and my whole body spasms because my recent orgasm has made every nerve feel like it's on fire.

I stick my tongue out, letting Jasper's come pool in the middle and then drip slowly off my bottom lip and chin. I grin, looking him dead in the eyes as it falls to my chest and Cooper quickly rubs it into my nipples.

"Fuck," Jasper whispers, leaning in to kiss my mouth, his tongue rubbing against mine. He only pulls away when Hendrix slowly pulls his dick out of my ass. He's not gentle, and I don't expect him to be. He pushes me forward to lie on Cooper's chest, and I know what he wants.

"Shit, that's good," Hendrix groans and I feel his come leaking out of my freshly fucked asshole and dripping down the inside of my thigh.

"Lift her up, I want to see," Cooper pushes me back to Hendrix who lifts me off his brother's dick. I cry out at the feeling of Cooper's still semi-hard dick sliding out of my pussy.

Jasper leans in and licks and sucks on my nipple that's shiny from his come while Cooper's eyes are locked on my pussy.

“Holy fuck,” he breathes out the words as his come slides down my thigh. He pushes two fingers inside me roughly, eliciting the moan he’s trying to get from me. After the third time he shoves them inside me all the way to the knuckle, he pulls them out and pushes them inside my mouth. All three of my stepbrothers watch me intently as I suck on Cooper’s fingers.

He finally pulls them out, only to return them to my pussy. He’s not finished playing with his little doll, and that makes me feel so desired. My eyes feel heavy and my body feels like jello, so I rely on the three of them to support my weight.

“Who do you want to sleep with tonight, Lex,” Cooper’s voice is still full of need, and the thought of them using my body while I sleep sends a surge of pleasure straight through me.

“All of you. Please. Just for tonight,” I look up at Hendrix because I feel like he’ll be the hardest one to convince. But he surprises me by nodding, his mouth pressing against mine chastely.

“For as many nights as you want, little doll,” he whispers, and the sentiment warms me all over.

He lifts me up and pulls me to his chest with a gentleness I didn’t know Hendrix could possess. I snuggle into his chest as he carries me down the hall to their father’s bedroom. It has the largest bed, and I suppose this is their way of claiming the cabin as theirs. He waits for Cooper and Jasper to pull the covers down and then places me in the center of the bed. I snuggle into the blankets and lie on my back because I want all of them touching me while I fall asleep. Cooper climbs in first, turning on his side and cupping one of my breasts and buries his face against my hair. Jasper follows suit, mimicking the pose on my other side. Hendrix flips off the light and closes the bedroom door before he climbs up the middle of the bed and spreads my legs so he can lie between them, resting his face against my abdomen.

“Get some sleep, little doll. You’re going to need it,” Hendrix grumbles against my belly and he’s trying hard to

make it sound like a threat, but the way he melts against me as my fingers tunnel through his hair makes me smile.

“When you wake up,” Jasper starts, but pauses to snuggle his face against the crook of my neck, “We’re going to be inside you, fucking you until you beg us to stop.”

“Sounds awful,” I tease them and laugh, but quickly sober when Hendrix slaps the side of my thigh and I feel him grin against the flat of my stomach.

“I love you,” I say to no one in particular, because I mean it for all three of them equally. I feel them each squeeze me and they mumble sleepily, returning the sentiment and my eyes pull shut, dozing off to sleep dreamily anticipating the pleasure I’ll wake up to. They’re my future, my everything, and I belong to them completely now.

EXCERPT

CURIOUS ABOUT ELIJAH AND CADENCE? THEIR STORY IS AVAILABLE TO READ! HERE IS AN EXCERPT FROM INDECENT INFATUATION.

Elijah

I want to bash his face against the counter and crack his skull for smiling at her. But instead, I lean back in the booth I'm seated in. I watch as the Ivy League fuckwit leans too far forward on the breakfast counter in this shitty diner. I can't hear him, but he must tell some joke that makes Cadence smile when she puts the plate of eggs and bacon in front of him.

"Are you okay, Eli?" Nicole asks, and I finally look at her. She reaches across the table and puts her hand over one of mine. She's my girlfriend, but not the love of my life. That title was given to Cadence a long time ago. She's my little fox. The fucked up part is, she also happens to be my cousin.

"Yeah, I just don't like that guy," I tip my head toward the sunburned momma's boy wrapped in designer clothes and boat shoes. Colt has been friends with Cadence since we were kids, and the only reason he's still alive is because she asked me not to hurt him. Otherwise, he'd have gotten a baseball bat to the back of his skull. One clean crack. Not that I've thought about it a couple hundred times over the years or anything psychotic.

Nicole dramatically snatches her hand away from me, like she's been burned. The only reason she's here, or I entertain her at all, is because of Cadence. We got caught again this morning cuddling in my bed by Aunt Angela. I talked our way out of it, mostly by pointing out the fact that I've had the same girlfriend since I moved in with them. I know it's wrong, I shouldn't use Nicole the way I do, but I really don't give a

shit. Cadence is all I care about, and if that means I need to keep Nicole around, that's what I'll do. I moved in with Cadence's family after my father died under the guise of helping them pay their bills. Of course Aunt Angela twisted the narrative, telling everyone she took me in because I needed emotional support. My father was a drug addicted prick, and I don't miss him. If my aunt was half as bright as she pretends to be, she'd realize that I don't give a fuck about anything other than her daughter.

"You don't like *any* males who show any interest in Cadence, you mean." *Jesus, does this bitch ever shut the fuck up?* I cross my arms, letting my fingers rub over my tattoos because if I don't distract myself in some way, I'm going to reach across the table and throttle her. I've got one nerve left and she's hellbent on bitching until it snaps.

"Are you even going to deny it?" Nicole harshly whispers.

"She's my little cousin." The words are bitter as they roll perfectly practiced off my tongue. She's nineteen, I'm twenty-one and we're not blood related, but we grew up together like real cousins and that makes everything murky. I've always been fiercely protective of her, and I've been the one she's sought comfort from. It wasn't until we got older that her mother took issue with Cadence sitting on my lap or us cuddling on the couch. The night her father was arrested, and her family was publicly shamed for his crimes, she climbed on my lap and asked me to hold her while she cried. Only instead of letting her legs hang off to the side and curling into my chest the way she normally would have, she straddled my lap. Her dress rode up her thighs, and instinctively, my hands migrated there, pulling her closer and letting her bury her face into my neck. That's when my attraction to Cadence turned into a full-blown obsession. She's a virgin, so sweet and innocent. But I also know my hands on her body make her feel something she could never feel with anyone else. So I haven't pushed her for more than what she offers me. For now.

"You don't act like you want to murder someone when guys flirt with me," Nicole complains, but she quickly replaces her scowl with a fake smile as Cadence approaches our table.

“Sorry guys, it’s been like a madhouse in here this morning.” She’s the prettiest thing in this dumpy diner, and I hate that she has to work here. But when you’re the daughter of the former police chief who turned out to be selling the drugs he confiscated from dealers, not many places will hire you. He’s the one who got my father hooked on the pills that killed him. He’ll be out of prison soon, and even though Aunt Angela says she won’t let him back in the house, we all know that’s a lie.

“We’ll have two breakfast combos,” Nicole decides without asking me, but I don’t give a fuck. It’s not like I come here for the food.

“White, Wheat or R-r-rye?” Cadence stumbles on the last word when I let my knuckles drag from her knee to just under the hem of the pale pink dress and white apron they make all the waitresses wear. I love that she gets flustered by such a simple touch. It’s barely sexual, but my dick is hard just remembering the little tank top and panties she wore when she crawled in my bed last night. Trying to keep her from scooting her ass back against my hard dick before she falls asleep is my fucking villain origin story. But I’m tall and she’s five-foot-nothing, so I’ve been skating by. Barely. I might not know what her pussy feels like, but I will soon.

I realize I’ve tuned out when Nicole kicks me under the table. “What planet are you on, Eli? God, you can be such an asshole. What do you want to drink?” I glare at her, but she doesn’t know that it’s because Cadence shifts on her feet, pulling her silky skin away from my reach. I want to know which panties she slipped on after her shower this morning. Are they the pink lacey ones that will forever be my favorite?

“You know he’s grumpy in the mornings,” Cadence teases me, but I can hear the shakiness in her voice. I fucking love that I can do that to her. I playfully flip her off, and she grins, grateful that I’m playing the grouchy older cousin role effortlessly. She’s never said it, but I know she thinks about what it might be like if I took it too far. She gets this soft, needy look in her eyes just before her eyelashes close and dust the apples of her cheeks. The only reason I haven’t taken her,

made her fully mine, is that I know once I do, I won't be able to stop. There isn't a motherfucker I wouldn't murder if they got in my way.

It's Sunday, so I'll have to entertain Nicole all day. Since the mechanic's shop I work at is closed on the weekends, I can't use an extra shift as an excuse. I'm not sure I'll make it the entire day listening to her incessant bitching when my mind is still on Cadence's panties.

"He's grumpy all the time," Nicole whines and then gives me a little smirk that would be cute if it wasn't from her before she adds, "is Colt in town just to see you? He looks pretty smitten."

Cadence shifts uncomfortably, brushing away strawberry blonde wisps of hair that have fallen from her messy bun. "Colt? Ah, no. He's home from MIT visiting his family before winter comes. It's supposed to be brutal this year." Colt is a trust fund kid, and the only reason he knows Cadence is because he got kicked out of that ritzy private school and had to slum it with the rest of us for a few years.

"You two would make such a cute couple," Nicole looks me dead in the eye when she speaks before turning her attention back to Cadence.

"Well, he did say there's something he needs to ask me. Maybe he wants to marry me and take me away from this dump," Cadence chuckles lightheartedly, clearly joking. She'd never marry someone for their money, but the thought of his hands on her, his ring on her finger makes me want to break every bone in his body.

"What did he get kicked out of Hollow Hill Prep for again?" I'm being a dick, but I don't give a shit. She's mine. She might not fully grasp it yet, but she fucking belongs to me. When she just stares at me wide-eyed, her lips parted in confusion because my tone is so harsh, I add, "go put our order in, I don't have all fucking day." Something inside me is pleased when hurt flashes in her green eyes. Barely past midnight, she'll be climbing in my bed, curling into my chest like it's a fucking mold for her. That's how fucked in the head

I am over this girl. I enjoy upsetting her because I know I'm the only one who can make it better.

"All I'm saying is maybe you should give him a real chance instead of spending all of your time with Elijah." I can hear the anger simmering, even through the condescending tone she's using.

Cadence immediately looks at me at the accusation, but recovers, turning to Nicole when she says, "I-I don't spend all my time with Elijah, but he..." Her words are cut off by Nicole.

"Every time I call him, you're with him sweetie. You need to stop depending on *my* boyfriend for emotional support. I let it slide because your dad is in prison, but..."

"ENOUGH!" I bang my fist on the table, and it's jarring enough to cause the entire restaurant to go silent for a few seconds.

Nicole feigns innocence, like she wasn't just trying to manipulate Cadence right in front of me. "I'm just trying to help her—"

"If I need relationship advice, I'll be sure to let you know since yours seems to be going so well," Cadence chirps, and I have to cover my mouth with my hand to hide my surprised smile. Cadence is usually so sweet, and it's so fucking hot when she asserts herself.

"Eli! Are you going to let her speak to me that way?" Nicole cries when Cadence walks away stiffly without saying anything else. Nicole's crocodile tears don't distract me from the satisfied smirk pulling at her lips as she tucks her short blonde hair back into a clip. Her nipple piercings are visible through her thin white t-shirt as she arches her back into her over-exaggerated stretch. She got them because I told her I liked them, but she whined and bitched about the pain, trying to guilt trip me about it. I mentally roll my eyes when I recall the way she wouldn't speak to me on the way home because I didn't get jealous that the guys in the tattoo shop saw her naked tits. I really haven't given a shit about her since day one, and sometimes I wonder why she sticks around waiting for me

to prove it. All I can think about is Cadence's untouched skin and how she would look with silver bars through her pink nipples. Would she get them if I told her to? Would she do that for me?

"What is your problem today?" I realize Nicole has been talking and I haven't heard a word of it. She looks like I've slapped her in the face, but even that brings me no pleasure, just annoyance.

I've had enough of her shit, and I can't keep my cool any longer. I lean in and snap, "The only reason your mouth should be open is to suck my dick, so shut the fuck up."

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Rory Ireland is a new author on the scene determined to get these ideas in her head out and on paper. Her motto is Fuckboys in Flannel because she loves nothing more than a hot guy in flannel with a backwards cap being the antihero we all love to swoon over.