

**BONUS:**  
TWO CHAPTER  
PREVIEW OF  
SAVAGE  
CHAOS

# HER FILTHY

*reverse harem*  
ROMANCE COLLECTION

PENELOPE  WYLDE

# Her Filthy Reverse Harem Romance Collection

The Complete Her Filthy Harem Series

Penelope Wylde



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Edited by Em Petrova

Proofread by Charity Chimni

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Visit my website at: [www.penelopewylde.com](http://www.penelopewylde.com)

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# In the Know...

I have a brand new mafia romance series! For dark, twisted, heart-wrenching and so unputdownable romance read on...

Welcome to the dark, twisted world of SONS OF BRATVA SAVAGES MC where both blood and demons run freely. The cost of patching into the brotherhood—your undying loyalty. But once in, you'll have a family for life.

Join the savage crew in this raw, gritty series where its hard, damaged members ride the line between darkness and light. Life and death. All seeking redemption from a life of sin through the strength of the strong women they come to love.

Sons of Bratva Savages:

[\*Savage Justice\*](#) - Out Now

[\*Savage Thief\*](#) - Out Now

[\*Savage Chaos\*](#) - Pre-order now

Savage Universe:

[\*Savage Crown trilogy\*](#), [\*Reaper\*](#), [\*Room Eight\*](#), [\*Room Two\*](#), [\*Room Seventeen\*](#),  
[\*Their Dark Reign\*](#)



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# Next MC Mafia Release



A full length 80,000-word dark Bratva mafia romance novel. It's the third in the series and continues the story of the SONS OF BRATVA SAVAGES that ends with a HEA for this couple. Pre-order your copy by tapping [here](#).

Read on for an exclusive preview of the first two full chapters after Her Filthy Bratva Bodyguards.



Nothing is fair in the game of love and death.

They call him Riot. A savage mafia killer filled with the fires of vengeance.

I knew him by a different name. Until the night I died I secretly called him my husband.



And then the monster in the darkness turned me into a pawn in a twisted game of power and greed.

When I step into the world of the living after years of wearing the shadows of New York City like a cloak, I don't expect to be welcomed with open arms. A bullet to the heart is more like it if the rumors of who my husband has become since my death are to be believed.

And I'm not disappointed.

Six years is a long time for the heart to grow cold and callous. From lover to enemy, the man I once died to protect promises me pain and punishment for the sins I've committed to keep him alive.

Fiery seduction, burning caresses and thinly veiled threats all serve as reminders I am alive. Instead of fearing him, I welcome the lash of his stinging wrath.

But before I can fall victim to his sweet torture, first there will be blood.

You see, in this story there are no heroes. Only monsters and villains. Of which we are both. All I want to do is fall into my husband's arms, but first I'll have to fight for what's coming.

Question is, will he help me battle my demons or will he send me back to hell?

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# Her Filthy Professors



She's supposed to be untouchable. Forbidden. The delicious sweetness we're not allowed to crave and a scandal waiting to happen.

Yet, we refuse to go another semester without her in my arms. Another year not knowing the taste of her lips.

Jemma is the beautiful raven-haired temptation from my senior lecture with the captivating green eyes and curves made of sin. She stirs a raw need in us to find out everything about her. To shower her with the beauties of the world just to see her face light up with joy.

We're the kind of men who have nearly everything we want, yet there's one thing missing in our lives. Someone with the softest lips and sweetest heart to warm our souls and bed.

The world would say what we want with my young student is wrong, that men like us can't have a woman like her.

But they're wrong.

Because Jemma promises she wants every inch of what we have to give her. She's afraid of breaking the rules, but we'll show her how good it feels to finally fall for her filthy professors.

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# Her Filthy Professors



# Jemma



I 'm trapped. Pinned to a wall with no way out. No escape.

Jesus help me, what have I done?

A whimper catches on my lips and it takes everything I have not to scream. Not to release all the emotions burning through my body like rocket fuel sizzling every cell of my body from the inside out.

I cry louder, breath heavier, my heart racing faster than it ever has before. I don't know how to handle all the rioting inside me. So I stop trying.

Not that anyone can hear us three floors up while a college party rages on downstairs. I'd be lying if I said the idea of someone busting in on us didn't make me cream a little more.

Pleasure sends my eyes rolling closed as my entire world spins on its axis, totally and utterly out of control.

That's what they are doing to me. Making me lose all my good sense. They make me feel more than I have in the last four years combined and that scares me as much as it excites me.

My three masked mystery men.

Gorgeous, made of granite and beyond aroused. Knowing they are this hard for me sends a wave of heat to pool between my legs.

No names, no pressure, no expectations beyond these stolen moments we have before the clock strikes midnight on New Year's Eve.

Dark Eyes, the one with an easygoing smile and mountains of muscles to my right, leans in and scrapes his teeth across my neck, causing my scream to finally break free. Chuckling, he retraces the path with his wicked tongue and I shudder, gasping and so desperately ready for the promise of more I see in the depth of his eyes. I don't want this to end, for us to be discovered. To break our little fantasy bubble. And it seems neither do they because a hot mouth claims mine, swallowing all my cries of pleasure.

“Are you protected?”

I know what he is asking and briskly nod. “The pill.”

“Show me. I want to see what I'm about to claim,” Whiskey Eyes, the beast of a man between my legs fisting his massive cock, hisses. He strokes himself and God he's huge. So fucking thick I'm dying to find out what he will feel like when he finally opens me wide and pushes every last inch of his gorgeous cock inside me.

My whole body trembles, melts with anticipation, sending my heart into a fluttering race.

All three hover so close our heavy breathing mingles along with our body heat. Between us a roaring heat blazes and when our gazes collide, I find the raw need inside me mirrored back.

To my left, the one I consider the broody one with the dark purple mask and sexy scruff, kisses me and before I have the good sense to push my way out of here, to run, to save myself from bad decisions I kiss him back.

It hadn't taken much to catch their attention and tease them into following me up two flights of stairs and stealing away in a half-lit room. My friend is to blame for my sudden burst of sensuality and I'm rolling with it. For now.

Thick, dark locks of hair glide through my fingers as I pull him impossibly close. The man is already invading my space enough to where I feel his heart

rate matching mine beat for beat. The bulge in his pants throbbing against my hip.

God help me he tastes savage. Like unfiltered lust. He's gentle at first but the second his tongue dances over mine, he takes it deeper. Harder. There's no denying something sparks between us in that second. I don't have a lick of experience to compare the zing of adrenaline that single kiss shoots through me, but I know no one kisses like that and simply forgets. Do they? I hope not. That's why I'm here after all. To usher in the new year with something so wild, so unbridled I'll always be able to say... I did that for *me*. This one time. My best friend was right. I've held myself back long enough.

When he pulls away I look on as he edges up the hem of my skirt for his friend, revealing the black silk of my panties to all three.

And suddenly it hits me. This is happening. I'm really doing this.

I'm about to give myself to three men while everyone parties it out downstairs.

Briefly I wonder if I should have gone with a lacy pair of panties, but I don't have to carry that thought for long. These three seem to not care about silk versus lace anyway.

Not in the least. All they want is me bare to them.

Whiskey Eyes peels away the soaked cloth and the second they see just how ready I am for what they have planned, all three growl hungrily.

Buttons pop and shirts fall. All the rest coming off is a blur. They are no better than wolves who've caught their prey.

Me.

Dressed in a blue cape and barely-there skirt with a skimpy top, I basically delivered myself up for their feast.

Two sets of strong hands spread my thighs for their friend and I watch as Whiskey Eyes falls to his knees with a hungry look in his eye. When he drags the pad of his wet tongue over my throbbing clit I cry out so loud my whole world quakes. Reaching around he grabs my ass, tilting me just right where

he can get a better taste.

I dig my fingers into his hair. “Oh—yes—good,” I moan. There’s truly nothing between us and that makes me wetter. Girl-cum drips down the crack of my ass and I can feel it wetting me in places I’ve never had a man before.

I shudder at the thought. Hoping...maybe. Would I be brave enough if it came to that?

He stands and suddenly I’m lifted and left with no choice but to wrap my legs around his waist as he carries me to the bed.

Who it belongs to, I don’t know but I’m grateful all the same.

Muscles bulge and ripple beneath my thighs. I tense in his arms and let out a throaty moan when my masked lover deposits me on the bed.

He moves over me with the other two coming beside me to hold my legs wide. Hot skin on skin.

“You’re a fucking goddess,” he groans, taking an exposed nipple between his lips and giving it a hard tug. “So pink and tasty. Sweet candy.”

Dark Eyes tucks a finger beneath my chin and pulls my lips to his. He’s not as demanding as the broody one and the contrast is mind-blowing. This one likes to take his time and savor his treats.

“Greedy girl wants all of us,” the broody one husks.

Breaking the kiss, I lock my eyes on the one between my legs, sensing the wait is over.

And I’m right.

He tunnels his hands under my ass. Holding me firmly, he lifts me until the head of his cock sits at my entrance. He pushes the thick, swollen crown of his cock past my pussy lips and sinks balls-deep in one smooth glide.

Writhing under him, I move my hips but he grips me in place.

“Now, now, naughty girl. Let *me* fuck you. You make me come too fast and we’ll have to start all over again.”



Dazed, I fail to see the problem. I open my mouth to say as much when he withdraws, dips the head with shallow strokes, teasing me mercilessly before plunging back in. Only he does it harder this time, filling me fully.

“Oh! God, yes.” I whimper and roll my head back and forth. I expected resistance, but this is so far removed from any of my expectations I might burn alive in their arms.

I lock my ankles and drive him deeper. “Such a bad girl. You want a dirty, hard fucking, don’t you?” the one fucking me growls lowly. He pushes forward when leaning over me and gruffly whispers, “Easy, baby. You sure you can handle me working your tight pussy harder?”

Hands slide over my body and I can’t keep my eyes open. It all feels so good.

I gasp. the walls of my pussy clamp around the thickness spreading my channel wide. The last inch my lover was keeping from me sinks in and I’m gripping the sheets with both hands.

His gravelly voice sends a thrill racing through me. Hidden behind my own mask, I feel emboldened and I’m not one to waste an opportunity often. I lick my lips and raise my lashes until my eyes are level with his. “Why don’t we find out just how much I can take?”

He gives an appreciative growl as if he’s taken my words as a personal challenge. His friends hold me while my lover slams into my body filling the room with the sounds of him taking me hard and fast in tune with the thudding music hammering through the place.

I cry out wildly, “Ye...yes.” I breathlessly cling to strong arms.

The one to my right chuckles. “I think Queen Frost here likes the way you fuck her.”

And he’s right. My body takes him in, stretching wide over the veined, smooth steel so perfectly.

Fingers dive into my hair and turn me so another can claim my mouth. But it’s not a kiss waiting for me. The head of a cock dripping pre-cum is at my lips. I open and greedily suck, tasting the hot liquid on the back of my tongue.

I'm instantly swept away from any semblance of reality. I drag my eyes up a chest made of stone with a light dusting of hair to find a man in a dark purple mask staring down at me while he feeds me his cock.

Forbidden as it may be, I like it. They take control seamlessly and I give it to them willingly.

"Suck him good, baby, because when you finish with him, I'm next. Yes, just like that. Slide every inch of him in and swallow when you feel the tip hit the back of your throat," Dark Eyes instructs in a rough murmur. He holds my head up gently while I suck his friend off and they both seem to like it.

The one between my legs pulls out, fisting his engorged cock, running the soaked tip up and down my dripping slit. He dips lower, teasing the untouched ring of muscles back there.

"Have you ever taken a man back there, baby?" Dark Eyes asks for his friend.

Heat flames across my cheeks and I turn my head. "No." I didn't realize I tensed until hands stroked over my thighs and up my body.

"Easy, sweetheart. We only mean to give you pleasure beyond anything you've ever felt before. We'll wait."

And they are.

This feels dirty, wrong on so many levels. Stupid even. Yet, a bad idea like this couldn't possibly feel this toe-curling perfect, right?

It's almost too much.

The one to my left rolls my clit as his friend pumps into me, drawing my climax to the surface.

"That's it," the broody one whispers. "Watch how easy he glides through all that sticky wetness. You want to come, don't you? Is her pussy getting tighter, man?"

I can tell he's eager for a chance to claim my body, too, but he's patient, seeing to my pleasure while his friends push me closer to the ledge I'm already toeing.

I swallow, my eyes dropping to where our bodies join together.

“Fuck yes,” Whiskey Eyes answers.

Another thrust and I’m falling over. Bombs detonate and I’m left breathless as my climax consumes me. My walls clamp around my lover, his fierce eyes holding mine.

“So tempting just to feed your pussy all the milk it can take,” he murmurs then pulls out and crawls up the bed while his friend replaces him between my legs. I can feel my girl-cum dripping down my ass to wet the bed and when I spread wider to fit the next man, I know he sees just how swollen my pussy lips are from his friend pleasuring me.

It only seems to turn him on more. His hands pin my hips to the bed and I’m trapped again. Heat ignites inside me and a forbidden thrill shoots my heart rate sky high.

“Look at all this delicious cream,” he groans, cock poised at my entrance. “So messy and ready for another pounding.”

Above me, Whiskey Eyes strokes himself and I’m mesmerized by how beautiful the view is from down here. “Open your mouth, baby, lift her head. Just like that.”

His eyes lock on mine. Moaning and panting wildly, I take him to the hilt and taste myself coating every inch of his cock.

I remember the last instructions and swallow when I feel the head hit the back of my throat. “That’s it. Get ready to take my milk down your pretty throat.”

I reach for the other beside me, wrap my fingers around him and stroke. Both roar, pumping eagerly.

Dark Eyes fists his hand over mine. Together we work him from base to tip, the tinkling sound of my charm bracelet like bells joining the sound of our heavy panting. Soft light coming from somewhere illuminates all three in a warm glow and I feel like I’m floating on a cloud of light.

Jesus, I don’t know what’s happening to me. Why I feel so desperate to have them inside me. All three claiming every inch of my body but I need this.

Yesterday I was a nobody. For at least tonight I'm the woman these three want to share.

Whiskey Eyes throws his head back and spills his hot cum over my tongue. Over and over again, he pumps my mouth until he feeds every last drop to me. Beside me, Dark Eyes holds my hair away from my face, catching every little drop that escapes and feeding it back to me with a finger.

Between my legs, I feel my other lover's cock swell inside me and I know he's close to hitting his end.

We all are.

“Five!”

Downstairs I hear the countdown begin.

“Four!”

My body goes electric and I feel their eyes lock on me. The second I fall into my climax they are all right there with me and we tumble together.

“Watch us come on you.”

“Three!”

“Two!”

My lover pumps faster before pulling out and fisting his swollen flesh. Stroking himself, he falls on me and licks me until I'm seeing stars.

“ONE!”

He pushes to his knees, my cum dripping from his chin and I look on through half-closed eyes as both men masturbate their big cocks, coating my breasts and belly with their hot splashes of seed.

Whiskey Eyes strokes a thick finger over my throbbing clit and takes me on another ride. I clutch the sheets, thrashing from all the glorious torture. I scream through another bursting release relishing the feel of so many hands and tongues stroking, fucking and licking me until I don't know up from down.

Explosions of unbearable pleasure rock me to the core and an uncontrollable hunger for more with them slams into me. Hell yes I want more, but reality starts punching through the dreamy fantasy bubble. Come morning I have to return to my regular life. But I don't want to leave them and honestly I don't think I can.

Shuddering and gasping, I cling to them. Hot bodies pin me to the bed.

“Christ, woman,” Whiskey Eyes murmurs as he slathers their mixed seed into my flesh. Another pulls my too skimpy top down further, giving my nipples a hard tug through the material which only makes me horny all over again, damn it.

I arch into his hands and welcome more of their touch.

“When you get home, go straight to bed and don't you dare wash us off of you. Not until morning. And when you do I want you to think of us. When you wash this pretty pussy, feel how tender you are I want you to think of us.”

My name sits on the tip of my tongue and honestly, I'm so close to telling them who I am. But a false sense of rightness keeps my lips sealed and my mask firmly over three-fourths of my face.

You see I have a secret.

Two actually.

First, I'm the daughter of the Dean of Westmoore University though I've worked hard on keeping the fact under lock and key. It helps he refuses to claim me as his kid.

And second—and dirtiest of all—my three professors just fucked me into a new year with all their students downstairs.

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# Jemma



Cold wind whips around me and I can smell fresh snow on the way. There's already a good foot on the ground, but January on the East Coast only means Mother Nature is just getting started with her wintery self.

Nightfall hits in a couple of hours and by then the temperatures will dip well below freezing. My already thin diner uniform with its lack of everything that would keep a body warm sucks for the cold. My winter coat helps buffer the sting, but it can only do so much for a tacky one-piece dress. I really need to talk to Krista, the owner of the diner and my boss, about her lack of foresight.

Any other day the coming storm would worry me to no end. What if I couldn't get to class? What if they closed the library and I didn't have the books I needed? But today for the first time in forever—I truly mean that—I don't let the impending gloomy weather tamper the clouds I'm walking on.

It's been two days since *them* and I'm still flying high. Who wouldn't be? I plan on living here as long as I can.

The second my key slipped into the door hours after midnight that night, my best friend and roommate, Brooklyn, was there ready for all the dirty details of how the *one* party I agreed to in my entire college career had gone. Lucky for me, that while at the party, she had to bail due to work issues at a large

corporation she clerked for. Some missing legal files that meant her job if she failed to find them. Which left me with an hour before midnight and a choice to make.

At first, I felt like crap being ditched on New Years Eve. I had every intention of following her out, but before I could, I caught the eye of three men who worked hard to blend in with the mostly younger crowd with their jeans, dark masks and air of nonchalance. But unlike most people my age, I pride myself on noting smaller details other people mostly miss.

Like how Professor Warren Thurston always favors his right leg. Why I don't know but the man has a notable walk I would recognize anywhere. And his amber-colored eyes are as unique as his ass in a pair of great jeans.

If you ever want to know something ask the quiet girl at the back of the room every time. They know things. Trust me on that fact because I've lived back there since kindergarten.

I stared shamelessly. The power of a mask is a wonderful thing.

Now Professor Daemon Preston, his tell is a little more subtle. If you weren't into people watching you would miss it completely. While I spend most of my hours studying computer coding and programming, I like to pride myself on knowing how to read people. Preston likes to stay quiet unless giving a class and rarely laughs at a joke. In the lecture room and school halls this fits in, but at a party of over two hundred people, the small tell glares like a neon sign. As does his deep, gravelly voice. I've masturbated to it enough times I can pick his baritone out over terrible disco music any day of the week.

And Professor Erik Black. Lord, that man's lips are in my dreams every time I close my eyes. I would recognize that man's mouth anywhere. I've fantasized about him kissing me enough times for sure.

Westmoore University's three most-eligible bachelors stood among their students and not a single one of them knew it. Why probably had a story clipped to it, but the fact still remained.

I'm not sure how a conversation got started, but fifteen minutes after Brooklyn left, a terrible idea and a lot of courage later I was being spirited upstairs.

Of course I lied about all of that when my best friend sprung the Spanish Inquisition on me a little after two that morning. How could I tell her what I had done and with whom?

Guilt still plagues me for not being honest and one day I hope I can tell her about the time her advice to cut loose a little landed me between those three. Maybe.

The delicate memory was mine to keep for now. Sharing seems invasive so I'll keep my secret tucked away.

Now that I'm not stupid with lust I have a double shift at Krista's Kafe set for the evening to help make up for the days I missed. Maybe she'll give me the night off. I can hope. I shoot off a quick text and cross my fingers.

I sigh. I have zero credit cards, terrible credit at the diner with Krista, and fifteen dollars in my bank account with tuition due in three days since I don't have the luxury of free tuition normally given to children of faculty members. My father saw to that when he refused to acknowledge me as his.

That's fine. I don't want free rides. But the coding job I hoped for fell through and God I hope I don't have to reach out to my parents. Give them yet another opportunity to rub my choices in my face as what they will perceive as failures.

I check my email hoping I might have a response after hitting send on a few emails with my resume attached earlier today to a few tech companies looking for coders.

An empty inbox greets me. Which I half expected. But damn.

Working at a diner with shitty uniforms isn't exactly my dream job. But the money is enough to cover a few bills like rent. Coding some minor programs for startups and several odd jobs has so far covered tuition, but the well is drying up and fast on that front. With only a few months left on my degree I only have to hold out a little longer.

I hit refresh on my inbox again. Still nada.

The whole adulting angle blows. If this continues, I'll be hitting the unemployment office as an after-party as the ink on my degree dries.



Who—fucking—hooo.

I get a go on the night off since the night crowd at the diner is scarce. I can use the time to get my feet back on the ground and find my focus and hit the books. Good times.

Head down, I duck between buildings, dodging the brutal air. School is out for another couple of weeks so for now it's just me walking the empty campus pathways as I make my way to the library.

Two weeks to savor my forbidden encounter and finally tuck the secret safely away before class starts again. I don't know how I'll react to seeing them again, but I have a timer set on getting my body under control. So far, it's not going so great. My collection of toys has gotten a thorough workout, but nothing I do to recreate how they made me feel seems to work.

Short story, life is kicking my ass.

I round a corner a little too fast and nearly bump into the one person who can kill dreams with a single slicing glare.

And just like that my dazzling good mood sours when a pair of familiar green eyes lock with mine. My clouds burst underfoot one by one until I feel the bite of winter.

Crap.

I step back so fast I almost tumble into the snow. "Dean Kelly," I acknowledge the older man with his modestly-graying hair and metal-rimmed glasses as I right myself. I've learned to never call him father. The tongue lashing that earns me makes it not worth the effort.

His eyes dodge around me checking for anyone who might spot us together no doubt. It stings, sure, but after three and a half years of the same thing the heart hardens. But there's still a sliver that beats for the day I can feel his arms wrap around me.

"Jemma." No warmth. "Have you heard from your brother?"

His terseness isn't lost on me nor are the deep lines around his eyes and mouth. You'd think him to be sucking on a lemon.

I clutch the straps of my computer bag a little harder than necessary. “Yes. He’s fine.”

There’s an awkward silence between us and I fight to just blurt out why he’s not asking, “Hey sweetheart how’s your thesis coming along? Should we make a honey ham or roasted turkey for graduation dinner in the spring?”

But I bite my tongue.

A curt nod is all I get, dashing my hopes. The man I wish could see me for who I am instead of how he wants me to be brushes past me. Without turning around he calls back, “Call your mother. I’m tired of feeding her reports on your welfare every night.”

To anyone looking on we appear to be student and dean having a simple conversation. The man can erase the tiniest drop of emotion from his voice on the warmest of days. He and my mother are the perfect fit—the rigid scientist and her impeccable career and my father’s razor edged, his way or no way approach to life.

Note to self: Take the back way to the library from now on.

My brow furrows as I watch Mr. Frost himself walk away. I touch the snowflake charm on my bracelet and remind myself some people are shitty because they choose to be. Cold-heartedness is by choice, not inherited.

I drop my hand, noticing my watch. “Shit.”

After hurrying for the library, I push through the door and weave down the aisles. It’s a massive building with row after row of books on every topic under the sun. Seriously, there’s no end to how many books this place houses. It’s one of the main reasons I applied for my bachelor’s in computer science at Westmoore. The library. I get lost here in the back rows where no one ever ventures among all the dusty books. Back here is the quietest and my happy place for the most part.

After a little hassling, the administration finally agreed to pull together a sitting area for study groups. Today it’s all mine. Only a few among fellow coders know about it and they’re all gone on break.

I slip down the stairs and take a left under an archway and into a dark section,

the hidden lounge area just past another row of books.

A large body crashes into me. Or rather I crash into it. Either way I yelp, stumbling back into another wall that has similar arms and impeccable pecs beneath my palms.

“Oh, crap.”

I jerk my hands back with a gasp, unable to get a clear view of either man, I guess. I mean, unless Thor is back here, that is.

My heart races and adrenaline hammers through my veins. “I, um, sorry. I didn’t see you there.” Like at all. Why don’t they ever have the damn light on in this section of the library?

“Ms. Angelo.”

Slowly my eyes adjust to the sound of my name, but I don’t need my eyes to recognize the voice to go along with that baritone.

“Professor Preston.”

I legally go by my mother’s maiden name. A change my parents insisted on.

Crap.

“Ms. Angelo, what are you doing back here and all by yourself this late in the evening?”

Touché.

“Professor Black?”

Double crap.

My whole world frays along the edges and I stumble over my lump of a tongue and inability to keep my mind from hitting the gutter the second his masculine scent wraps around my brain.

I swallow back my nerves. Or at least I try. It is hard when I can’t control my breathing or my thudding heart.

Damn it. I am supposed to have two weeks. I needed the buffer time to get

my body under control for the next time I saw them.

My breath catches and I have to quickly shake my brain. They don't know who I am. They don't know the girl under the Queen Frost outfit and ice-blue mask was me.

No names, no pressure, I remind myself.

My eyes adjust to the darkness and I come to see a hard jawline and a brooding scowl in front of me.

Dark Eyes, or Professor Erik Black, stands back, eyes on mine, watching.

“Hey. Umm...I thought this part of the library was empty. I hope I'm not interrupting.”

“Not at all. You're right on time.”

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# Jemma



**P**rofessor Preston steps closer.

I breathe deeply, holding the air in my lungs at the sheer size of him dwarfing me. I want so badly to run my hands up his chest again. To feel the slabs of all those muscles under my hands. Tied up in my own thoughts, his words don't register until a couple of seconds later.

“On time?” Is that my heart rate or theirs I'm hearing like a herd of horses?

“Yes, sweetheart,” Professor Preston husks darkly.

Though the partial darkness hides it, I blush fiercely.

They are both alternating between answering, keeping me off balance and if I had my libido under better control the games would piss me off.

I shift my head and raise my eyes to Preston's, keeping my fingers firmly around the strap of my bag instead of on him where I'd like them.

Professor Black moves to my right and suddenly It's New Year's Eve all over again. They have me pinned with no way out, only this time it's a bookshelf at my back instead of a bed.

There's a piece missing though. Him. Professor Thurston. Whiskey Eyes.

Professor Black strokes a warm, gentle finger across my cheek and over my bottom lip. I shiver. Every muscle in my body clenching to feel more of him in other parts. Reading my body language or just really good at seducing women, he knows how much they both affect me. He places a hand on the shelf above my head, leans his large body over me and I'm frozen in place when his lips find mine in a slow, burning kiss.

“Just as perfect as I remember. Smooth, soft. Delicious.” His smile deepens, arrogance pulling at the corners when he breaks away. “Sugary sweet and so so dirty.”

My eyes go wide, my heart pounding wildly.

His eyes narrow on me. “Don't tell me you don't remember, sweetheart.”

I do.

“Remember what?” Play dumb. Keep cool.

“Did you notice the glitter in her hair, man? Silver and purple. Remind you of something?”

Shit. He's right. I've washed it four times, but it's like I haven't washed it at all. Someone at the party thought a glitter bomb would be a great idea. Fuckers. When I tried for my stealthy escape out the side patio door, I ran straight through a cloud of silver and dark purple glitter that oddly matched Professor Preston's mask.

“Where have we seen these shades of glitter before?”

“A party. Have you been to a party recently, Jemma? Do you have it in you to get a little wild?”

I roll my eyes. “I've been to a lot of places.” Heart racing, body tingling, neither of them buy the half shrug I give.

Both of them laugh and the crisp, tailored white shirts stretched over rippling muscle crease and give with the movement of their light laughing.

They've both popped the top two buttons at the neck and I know if they were to roll up the sleeves, I'd find muscled arms underneath.

It's when they both grow silent again that I start to worry.

"Maybe you need a better reminder. What do you think?"

Preston's voice is deep, rich and spoken so low I have to strain to hear. Before I can gasp in a lungful of air, he takes my chin in hand and it's his mouth claiming mine this time.

His possessive, take all or nothing approach sends a wave of heat through my body and I know the strip of cloth between my legs is soaked through. If either man touches me, they'll find me wet and ready.

I moan when Preston's tongue pushes against my lips and he takes my mouth in a rough, heated kiss. Just like the first time. How could I ever forget?

God, what was happening here?

My jaw drops the second he pulls away to stare down at me.

"I think you have me confused with someone else," I say meekly. My words come out shaky at best, terrified at worst. Because the part of my brain still operating says the mathematics of my current situation means only one thing. They know.

Air comes in short supply suddenly.

Professor Black chuckles and it's a gravelly sound that shoots my blood pressure through the roof right along with my need to feel his tongue on my nipples.

He drops one of his hands to my stomach and slowly works his way to the edge of my uniform. I didn't want to go home before work so I dressed in this lousy thing. Now I'm suddenly grateful for the lack of light.

He growls at the way I buck against his hand. My skin prickles as he slides farther up my thigh. I wish I could say I don't moan, gasp and clutch his hand to me the second I feel his fingers slide my wet panties to the side, but I'd rather not lie.

I do all those things and more.

I spread my legs wide open and Preston is right there to help his friend. His

strong hand echoes the same movements as Black's. Holy fuck. I'm instantly soaked. One tortures my throbbing clit, the other sinking a thick finger into my channel. Together they work me until my chest heaves with the need to find air.

Dripping girl-cum over my professors' wicked fingers in the back of the library didn't make it to my fantasy list, but now...God yes, please!

"Our dirty girl likes being naughty in public. Are you getting hot and bothered because someone might walk in on us?"

Nope. "How should I react when you have me pinned and ready to come?" What I really want to say is I can't seem to help myself around them. But letting them know how much control they have over me seems self-sacrificial.

Their eyes burn fiercely for a second as they stare down at me. "Wow, you guys take working together to a whole new level."

I tend to get snippy and sarcastic when I'm nervous or getting fingered in public, it seems. Something I'm just learning about myself.

"She's fucking soaking wet."

"Professor Black, Professor Preston," I whisper, not really knowing what else to say. My brain left my body in control and right now it says roll with the incoming orgasm.

Preston buries his hand in my hair and pulls my mouth to his.

Black growls and I know he likes seeing his friend deep-throating my mouth with his tongue.

They fall into sync and both bite, lick and kiss their way down my throat. My hands go to the back of their heads and I hold them there, savoring every last second of this moment.

But habits are hard to break and I've spent the better part of my adulthood with worry as a steady companion. "What if someone finds us? What if I... what if I..." And that's where all thoughts die.

"Scream for us baby. God, her pussy is sucking my finger deep."



“Give us everything. Come and when you do, you’ll get your surprise.”

Preston inserts another finger, stretching me, pumping me faster. His friend mercilessly strokes my clit. My eyes flutter shut and I buck against their hands. Their cocks throb against my thighs with the last of my reservations evaporating.

“Take me,” I plead.

“We will, baby. Soon enough.”

“Come now, Jemma! Give us all of it!”

I don’t know who says what but I obey. Fire licks against my insides and the faster they stroke my clit and finger fuck me the closer... “Oh, yes, right there,” I pant.

My body tightens, blood rushes, my pussy clenches, spilling hot girl-cum.

“Beautiful every time,” Professor Preston purrs.

I whimper when Preston withdraws his finger. He brings it to my mouth and swallows thickly as he dips it between my lips. “Suck it,” he commands gruffly. And I do.

It’s filthy and I should feel shameful. But I open for him as he feeds me his cum-coated fingers and I moan when the taste of my release touches my tongue.

“Mmm, fuck that’s sexy.” Professor Black is leaning over me, his mouth brushing over my ear as he speaks. “Suck it clean, baby and then kiss me.”

Preston pulls out with a juicy pop. Obeying, I turn my head and he wastes no time taking my mouth with his possessively. His tongue strokes over mine like I belong to him. I never thought of myself as submissive. Quiet and to myself, yes. But these two dominant males make me feel things I don’t entirely understand. But I hope they can show me.

Slowly they both pull away, eyes burning with raw need to take this further.

Limp from my release, I fall into two sets of thick arms, my hands pressing against hard muscles.

“Next time, I want all those juices on my cock,” Professor Black growls. “While you’re taking Professor Preston’s cock in the ass,” he adds, making me shiver from head to toe.

A dark chuckle comes from the opposite side of the room if you can call it that. It was more of a passageway from the commonly used section of the library to the older section no one used except for nerds like myself.

“I see our girl’s memory has returned.”

My head shoots up, my vision a blur from all the lust flowing freely through me, but nothing can keep me from recognizing those sharp, piercing eyes.

Professor Thurston prowls toward us only to come to a stop in front of me. He’s dressed similarly to the others—like they just walked out of a board meeting filled with the world’s wealthiest A-listers. Sharply-creased dress slacks and crisp white shirts.

And rightly so. They own one of the most successful cyber security firms. Why they want to spend their time in an East Coast university I don’t have a clue. They’ve been here two years now and they are giant puzzles to me. Other than recruiting brains, why else stay? It’s not like they can’t hand select the top of each class without teaching.

Not that I’m complaining at the moment.

Massive shoulders block the only faint source of light filtering through the doorway.

“You’re beautiful when you give such forbidden orgasms.”

His friends have hands on each of my arms and stupid as it may seem, for a second I feel like the virgin being sacrificed to the Big Bad.

He cups my jaw and considers me for a long moment.

I’m so not the master I wish I was at playing it cool.

Clearly something annoys him about me being here. Or him being here. I can’t tell. He’s hard to get a read on with the light less than optimal and my brain still stuck on hyperdrive after my orgasm. A tight jaw muscle bulges and those piercing whiskey eyes bore into me. I feel like my darkest, most

private secrets are being revealed to him, one by one.

After a few heartbeats of staring down at me he gifts me a roguish grin. “I’ve been curious for days about something, baby. Did you do as instructed, Jemma?”

How many times did I sit through class wishing to hear such a sweet endearment from him? Now that I have his undivided attention, I can’t seem to conjure up anything sexy to say.

Whimpering submissively, I nod, not trusting my voice at the moment. His gaze has me mesmerized. I can’t move or look away. I can only give him my full attention. Much like when he’s giving a lecture. Maybe that’s why I excel in his advanced computer science class.

Large hands come to settle on my hips. I realize it’s grown quiet. Not a sound filters through from the outside. Just the tinkering of branches against some unseen window from the storm rolling in.

“What’s the question?”

“Did you sleep with our milk still coating your skin?”

I freeze despite the sudden burst of heat pulsing through me. What a filthy question to ask. If his words aren’t bad enough, he uses his thumbs to caress lazy circles just above my hip bones and it’s driving me crazy.

“Excuse me?”

He raises a brow at my absentmindedness, roaming higher up my work dress until his palms take the weight of my breasts.

“Maybe I wasn’t clear.” Pressing my breasts together, he growls at the sight of my uniform opening just enough to reveal the crease of my cleavage.

He leans over me.

My mouth falls open in a silent gasp.

Oh, what’s he...oh...I like that. God, it feels so nice.

Using the tip of his tongue, he drags it over the dip of my cleavage and my nipples harden impossibly hard.

Jesus.

“Did you shower these beautiful girls when you returned home after our night together? Or did you do as we instructed?”

Oh.

There’s something about the tone of his voice, so different from when he’s lecturing, that has me wanting to answer anything he asks of me. They’ve yet to come outright and ask me if I was the girl they shared. Glitter or not I could still claim innocence.

Professor Black wraps his arms around my waist and pulls me back against this hard body. And I mean hard. His thick, throbbing length presses into my ass, teasing. I swallow at the memory of seeing him shoot his load over my breasts last time. Would they take me right here in the library? Against a wall, table, or shelf? Long winter coats I didn’t notice before are tossed over a table to my far right. For a girl who prides herself on noticing the smaller details I sure missed a lot.

I clear my throat. “Did you have this planned?”

I try to move my arms and both Preston and Black tighten their hold.

“*Tsk tsk*, baby, you’re not going anywhere just yet. You have a few answers to give and you’re going to give us the truth.”

“And when you do, you’ll be coming with us.”

“I am?”

I am. I know it. They know it. I want to stay with them and enjoy the hundred different ways they will take me.

But instead of voicing my darker desires I go for another approach. “I’m sorry. Go with you?” They’re not going to take me to the Dean’s office, are they? “Have I done something wrong?”

Beyond the obvious, that is and if I land in the hot seat for breaking campus rules, I won’t be alone. I keep that to myself for now.

Honestly, it scares me how easily I want to follow them anywhere they lead.

No questions asked. Something visceral about the way they carry themselves holds my attention and it's not because of how close they are standing. Or how my body reacts to the simple caress of their body heat against mine.

Stunningly good looks, soul-piercing gazes, and muscles made for making me reach climaxes are only the icing on the cake with these three. Alone, each command a room, but together they pulsate a dominating energy that demands obedience.

“No, we have something else in mind.”

“Wait,” I start, but Professor Thurston is on me, pulling me out of Black's arms and into his before I can finish. He growls into my ear, “We're done waiting. You have no idea how long we've waited to have you. New Year's was just a taste to keep us from kidnapping you the second you walked in the door of that fucking party. You're in our world now. Let us show you just how deliciously wicked it can be.”

My brain reels from the dump of information he feeds me. “Waiting?”

“Waiting,” Preston confirms. “Watching and bidding our time. You thought the back of the classroom would keep you safe?” He laughs. “It just made us more aware of you and now that we've had a taste we're not going back to looking and not touching.”

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# Warren



**M**y confession makes her brows pinch in this cute way that has me wanting to reach out and rub her confusion away. Instead, I lower the zipper to her dress an inch at a time until the curve of her breasts blooms from the opening, revealing her pink nipples like blossoms.

“You know then?” She rolls her eyes like she sees how obvious her statement is.

I nod.

“But the question is, did you?”

It was pure luck that had Jemma walking through my front door two nights ago.

We agreed to host a New Year’s masquerade party at our manor. All students and faculty were invited. A small token of appreciation toward the university for putting up with our demands. And an easy way to monitor the brighter minds. Ones we want to mine for ourselves. The cyber security community is only as good as its coders and Jemma is the best we’ve come across in a couple of years with great potential. But that’s neither here nor there at the moment.

Up until that night our girl never attended any of our parties so imagine our surprise when the queen we want for ourselves showed up.

We didn't get to the top of the world's elite by not taking opportunities when they presented themselves.

We kept our distance. Bided our time for two years. Before that moment, we hadn't planned to act on our lusts. We all agreed to wait until she graduated. Let her stretch her wings and find what she wanted out of life. At twenty-two how could a family or even a complicated relationship with three overbearing assholes be anywhere near what she wanted?

But then she showed up in the skimpiest outfit ever made and the number of men falling over themselves to ask for a dance or hand her a drink forced us into action, throwing out our inner voices of reason.

Going that long unable to act on our desires left my insides raw for too long and marred all our better judgment, but what was done was done.

The second we had her in our arms a quiet peace calmed the animalistic part of me that kept me from ripping her little outfit off and coming deep inside her pussy.

Our little nerd dressed up as Queen Frost was anything but cold under our hands and tongues. She melted so sweetly and I'm desperate to get her back under me. The sight of a blue cape, sparkly-blue lipstick that looked drop-dead gorgeous on her perfectly bowed lips and a skirt that barely covered her pussy lips will forever be burned into my memory. And that top. My back molars grind together. The skimpy white piece of cloth tied under her breasts was more of a tease than anything that actually covered her.

It pained me to let her walk away when we all wanted to cuff her to our bed for a longer session. But we somehow stood back as she slipped out the door wearing our milk.

Marked. Claimed.

She's ours now whether she knows it or not. Nothing will stand in our way from here on out.

I want to tell her all of this, but first we have a plan.

I brush her hair away from her face and she raises those thick black lashes, showing me more than she realizes in those deep green eyes. She trusts us and for that gift alone she has my heart.

How she thought we wouldn't recognize those jeweled beauties behind a mask, I don't know.

Whatever happens in the next few minutes, one fact remains: I'm not giving her up. They don't have to say it—I know my best friends feel the same way. Jemma has been on our radar for longer than we care to think about. Going the two years since joining the Westmoore faculty ignoring our lust for a woman better off without us is hard to admit.

Fear of what comes next has her worrying the delicate inside of her bottom lip.

“Professor Thurston.” Her eyes are wide, glazed over with lust. I can smell her arousal like a wolf ready to claim its mate. We all knew it was her that night, but did she know it was us fucking her like the world was ending at the stroke of midnight? The question burned in my brain for two long days. Only Preston and Black kept me from ripping across town to find her and the answers I need.

“Let's try an easier question first. Why aren't you home with your parents instead of being here?”

We all know she spent Christmas at the small diner she works at. It tore us all up, but at least we knew she was among friends. But our girl is tight-lipped about anything beyond the code she's working on. Hell, even that she keeps close to the vest. A trait we admire.

Her sharp intake of air is heavy with frustration. “Home?” It looks like she wants to laugh for a second before seriousness washes over her face. Erik and Daemon scoop her hands into theirs and the small movement visually relaxes her.

“They work nonstop. Nothing really to look forward to with them, so I stay, use my time for me.”

I recognize the clipped answer for what it is—appeasement with the desire to move on. I sense a deeper story and one we'll get to. Eventually.



I offer a small smile. “Another question now that we know your voice works.”

Her cheeks turn a pretty pink in the dim light and her mouth dips open like she either wants a kiss or to share a secret. Maybe both.

“Professor Thurston.”

“Yes?”

“What are you going to do to me?” Her voice is quiet but strong and the brave way she holds my gaze makes me want to lock her away from the problems of the world and everything she ever needs will come from my two friends and me.

“Answer my question and find out.” I rub strands of her hair together and draw my fingers back. “Glitter,” I muse.

“Fine,” she blurts out. “Yes. I was at a party.”

“Our party.”

She huffs with sass. “A detail my best friend failed to share at the time.”

Fire and spark. I like it.

“And?”

Her gaze drops to the floor by my feet and I take her chin, lifting it, waiting until her eyes are on me.

“You have nothing to be ashamed about.”

“I’m not *that* kind of girl, though. You have to believe me.”

Erik draws her back against his chest. His arms come around her and Preston reads my silent cues. He reaches forward, pushing her breasts up so I can feast.

“What kind of girl is that?”

“You know, one who just does things with strangers.”

She bites her lip nervously.

“But you liked it.”

“Well, yeah.”

Her head falls to Erik’s shoulder, her eyes drifting to half-mast. She arches in such a way her breasts are high and her eager little nipples look so hungry for my mouth.

I take one between my lips and roll my tongue over it.

“Did you know *who* fucked you so thoroughly, Jemma? Who you were giving your beautiful body to? Or did you do so willingly to complete strangers?”

“Tell the truth.”

Daemon is a little blunt in his demand, but softens when he pushes her long hair out of the way and nibbles at her neck.

When her answer doesn’t come fast enough, I flick the tip of one nipple and tug on the other.

Despite being turned on, she squares her shoulders and pride shoots through me. A woman strong enough to go after what she wants is a beautiful thing and makes my cock rock hard. A fact our Jemma doesn’t fail to see. Her gaze drags down my body and damn if she doesn’t have pre-cum spilling from my dick. Pleasure will come later. Right now, I want to hear what she has to say.

“What does it matter?”

She likes verbal tugs of war. Okay.

“It matters to us. Did you give your body to us? Or to strangers? There’s nothing to be ashamed of for seeking what you desire. There’s no judgment, sweetheart. We just need to know.” Daemon draws her chin toward him and I’m temporarily jealous of the way she lifts her lashes up and peers into his eyes. I see she has the same effect on my other friend too. His raging hard-on is demanding attention. Erik is no better off. None of us are immune to the powers of our little coder who’d rather sit in a quiet corner than step outside her comfort zone.

Which has nagged at me for two days. Why now? What changed for her? I

shove the thoughts to the side for now.

“Answer us. Did you know it was us?”

Fear mars her beautiful face then it's taken over by confusion. “Yes. But how...? I'm nothing special, Professors. How did you know it was me?”

“There's only one beautiful soul on this planet who smells of heaven and puts us in Hell at the same time.” I lean in and run the tip of my nose up the side of her neck, giving her earlobe a small nip.

Her cries are sweet and addictive.

Those green eyes of hers flash with the memory of our stolen time together. “And this.” I run the tips of the silver charms over my fingers. “You never go a day without your charm bracelet and there's only one person I know on this campus who has a diamond in the center of a snowflake.”

Her breath hitches and she's stunned silent for a moment.

“Your false belief there's nothing special about you is a misconception we are all going to challenge.”

“Really?”

She thinks we're kidding.

“Hmm. It's a fact.” Daemon takes her by the shoulders and nudges her back into Erik's arms, and she falls willingly. He takes her weight, tipping her chin claiming her mouth before she spills all the questions I know she has ready. She's the same in our classes. First to give an answer and the first to ask questions none of the rest of our students have the wherewithal to think of. Her beautiful brain is a marvel but right now we don't want her thinking too hard or she might run out of here and never look back.

“Every chance we get. On the plane, in the hotel, in the middle of dinner. We didn't get to where we are in life by letting prime opportunities slip us by.”

“Plane? Hotel? What are you guys talking about?”

I cup her face and feel the soul-deep power of her draw on me the second our eyes connect. Her lips part like she wants me to kiss her.

So I do. Slow at first, but she's hungry. Starving and only a couple of strokes of my tongue over hers and she's winding her arms around my neck, taking things deeper. I pull her close, loving how her perfect, curvy body molds into mine so easily. Almost a muscle at a time I can feel her relax in my arms and I like to believe it's her instincts telling her she's safe with me. With us.

She breaks the kiss and reaches for Daemon and Erik, consciously or not, I don't know but it looks almost natural.

"Meet us at the private hangars at the airport tomorrow evening at six."

"Better yet." Erik tilts Jemma's lips toward him and claims her mouth before passing her to Daemon who does the same, only he takes his time to really taste her sweetness before releasing her.

"I have a better idea. Why shouldn't we leave now? Call in a flight change. Move it up a day. Don't give her time to run."

"Flight? What are you guys talking about?"

Jemma's hands are buried in my shirt. "You're coming to Europe with us."

She breaks away and backs up. But there's no way we are taking no for an answer. I can tell she wants to take us up on our offer, but the second her brain clicks on the brakes get pumped.

"I can't go anywhere. I have class."

"Not for two weeks. Besides, I thought you wanted to work with Thurston and Black Tech? When we passed around a student questionnaire, yours was on the top of the pile."

"I do. That's no secret. Are you blackmailing me?"

"Not at all." Erik skims a finger around the edges of her nipples, plucking them.

She sighs.

"Walk away. That is if you can. Or stay and find out more about all those dark cravings we've stirred awake inside you."

She's breathing heavily now and looking between us. "Why me?"

I cock my head to the side at her question. “Come with us and let us show you.”

“I can’t just up and leave. I have responsibilities. Rent to pay. Tuition. A job.”

“Ones we can easily take care of.”

“I can’t just be bought. I’m not some hooker. I have limits.” Hurt crawls over her face and stabs me in the heart.

Unleashed rage flares to life deep in my gut. Whoever hurt this woman so deeply she can’t see what a brilliant, beautiful woman she is needs his ass kicked. “Don’t ever degrade yourself like that. We’re simply cutting through any obstacles that will keep you here.”

I take her hands between mine. “Please don’t say no. Come with us. We have clients to see during our break. Paris, London.”

Her green eyes swim with curiosity and I swear I see them shift and sway like molten emeralds. “How the hell do you expect someone to think when you do all...these...these things to them? I can barely get my brain to work.” Her knees are visibly shaking and I notice Erik take more of her weight in his arms.

As usual, Daemon takes the more direct approach. “Don’t you want to know what all three of your professors would feel like? The party was just a sample, baby girl.” He hauls her into his arms and her legs wrap around his waist. She’s comfortable in his embrace, his mouth on her neck whether she wants to admit to it or not.

I smile to myself. She might be putting up a bit of a fight, but Jemma has already made up her mind. Or her body has at least.

“As long as the dean doesn’t find out...” she draws out, looking at each of us for a long moment. “One week. That’s all I can give.”

We’ll see about that.

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# Jemma



**E**rik grabs their coats and we're off. They steer me down one hall and then the other, not another soul in sight—not a librarian, student—nobody. Which is a good thing.

Everyone else had somewhere to go over winter break. Me, not so much. Going home to see my father looking at me sternly over the edge of his paper and my mother locked away in her library on the phone with one colleague or another isn't my idea of a nice time.

It surprises me Warren asked. No one but Brooklyn has ever cared enough to wonder why I never took a school holiday.

We take a left down one hall and another left which leads us to the first level. We pass row after row and each step of the way Erik and Daemon are beside me. Their heat is like a shield against all the fear creeping up trying to get me to slam on the brakes. Warren leads the way, his massive back blocking out any random person who might catch a glimpse of me.

I cringe inwardly, hoping my father doesn't jump out of some doorway to see his daughter between three men.

Erik doesn't seem to care about any of it. He takes my hand in his and gives the back a quick kiss before flashing me a million-watt smile.

Must be nice to be billionaires and not have many people to answer to.

“I don’t have my passport or clothes. I don’t know how well you guys planned this or if you live on the edge and kidnap girls all the time, but this girl needs her lip gloss and clean panties at least. An ID isn’t a bad idea either.”

Warren stops at the last door between us and whatever these men have planned with a wicked glint in his eyes. “If we have our way, you won’t have time to put one on and the other we’ll only smear. Everything else is taken care of.”

Okay. Well, damn. What could I say to that? Before I have time to think up a snappy comeback, freezing Connecticut air hits us all like a brick wall as the men usher me to a waiting car.

I steal a quick look to my right only to find Daemon’s gaze silently asking me, *are you ready for this?*

We are both about to find out.

My adventurous days extended to the one and only time I tried to sell cookies as a Girl Scout. I got a dog bite and a wicked set of stitches for my troubles.

As soon as I could lift my arm again, I hung up my sash and never wanted another chocolate-mint cookie again.

This is no different. I’ve learned the hard way alphas break hearts. That freaking dog served as my initiation and my latest bout—my last boyfriend—did plenty to remind me of those hard truths.

Daemon’s eyes are dark and his chin looks like he could use a shave as always. It’s part of his broody charm. If Warren holds the gold medal for being a grouch who grunts more than speaks when not giving a lecture, Daemon holds the silver medal.

Twenty minutes of silence later I’m being strapped into a plush black leather seat with the softest carpet cushioning my feet.

“We’ll be right back.” I grab for Erik’s hand before he can follow Daemon and Warren to the front of the plane.

“Hold on. Seriously? You can’t just kidnap me, plop me in a chair and walk away from me, Professor Black.”

“Erik.”

I wrinkle my nose. “What?”

“Erik, sweetheart.” His gaze drops to my lips. “We’ve exchanged bodily fluids, Jemma. Call me Erik.”

Flaming red doesn’t begin to explain the burn creeping up my neck. “Sorry. Old habits.”

I manage to swallow my utter embarrassment and find my voice. “Fine. Erik. Mind telling me how you have my passport and where we are going?”

“Your school records and first Paris.” He says it with the perfect accent of a Frenchman. “I’ll be right back. Maybe take a look at what’s on the laptop while we make final flight arrangements with the pilot and crew? See if you can spot the error.”

He steals a kiss before ambling after his friends with a parting, “We’ll be in the air promptly.” I’m too stunned to react so I merely watch his retreating back.

I tug at the belt over my lap until I’m sure I won’t go flying up if we hit turbulence. Gazing out into the night, I see flurries of snow swirling by. I know sub-nothing about aerodynamics, wingspan and air currents. The size of this thing and the size of the storm I know coming for our northern town is like matching the Hulk against an ant in my mind.

“Okay, try not to freak yourself out more than usual.”

I survey the luxurious interior. There are ten seats along with a plush couch that looks buttery soft. A large-screen TV, a bar, a dining table. Not too big, but it would fit all four of us if we squeezed.

The whole theme kept with warm coloring to pair well with the polished wood accents.

Despite being pissed I flip the laptop around. I can’t be too mad at the men. I did agree to this semi-kidnapping. My eyes immediately home in on the



blinking cursor and I scroll through several sections of the coding language that looks like cyborgs busted in and dropped a new language on humans. It takes years for most people to learn this stuff but it came second nature to me. By the age of twelve I hacked my school database. By fifteen I found out how to erase exam scores and put in new ones among a handful of other “abilities”. Not that I ever acted on these talents. But I had the knowledge.

Not the best start to life and not one I recommend. My secrets.

A short while later Warren joins me, taking the seat beside me. Snow dusts his hair and shoulders.

“Is this your creation?” Because if it is, I want off this plane, but I want an answer too. Color me intrigued which I think is their point. “Do you know what this code is?”

Erik and Daemon enter the cabin and both spread out in chairs, strapping in.

“This kind of thing can land us all in some really hot water if anyone sees this. I’m serious.”

All three level their eyes on me. “We know. What did you find? Something you can fix?”

“Oh no. My questions first.”

No way I put my digital signature anywhere near this thing until I have answers. Before I can reiterate my questions, the engines grow loud. All my questions drop away and I plunge head-first into another problem. “I have a confession.” I clutch the arms of my chair and hope I’m not ripping the soft leather with my nails. We ease forward. “I’ve never flown before.”

A large hand takes mine. “Have you been on a rollercoaster?”

My eyes go wide and I won’t lie, I’m kind of hyperventilating at Warren’s question. “You mean like those carnival death traps that do loops and twists and turns? Yes!”

Warren chuckles, damn him. “Well this is nothing like that. Relax. You’re perfectly safe.”

“But what if the runway has ice?” I look out the tiny window across the aisle.

“What if the wings ice over? How bad is the storm?”

The nose of the plane tips up. I squeeze my eyes shut and grip the laptop.

“You worry too much, baby. I assure you; you are in safe hands.”

“Speaking of hands.” Erik moves Daemon’s to the side, pops my buckle loose, pulls me over the arm of my chair—still death gripping the laptop—and into his lap.

Stubble covers his chin and I moan when he kisses me. “There. I think I’ve found the one sure way of getting you to stop worrying.” He moves me back into my seat and fastens the belt. “Soon as the plane is in the air, I’ll pop that belt again and we can take this conversation into the back.”

“Back? As in the bathroom?”

“As in bedroom.”

If the devil were ever a human, he’d be Erik Black.

“You’re too tempting for your own good. How about we start with this?”

I point to the coding. “Mind sharing why you’re showing me a code designed to maliciously unlock half the government computer systems around the world to anyone with a keyboard and a connection?” Now that I’ve had a moment to process everything I’ve seen, I know the men would not risk their reputation over something like this. “Seems kind of irresponsible on multiple levels and a little over my head. Why would you be showing me?”

“Because you’re brilliant and you’re not just anyone.”

“Not to us.”

“This isn’t something we’ve written. It’s a virus picked up off the black market by our potential client—a few acronymed agencies. They want a shield built to protect against someone with this virus or something like it. And rightly so.”

Daemon picks up where Erik leaves off. “Catch is, there’s an issue with the code. Whoever created this didn’t complete it. So far, none of us or our teams have been able to write the tail end. In order for us to create the cure, so to

speak, we need a completed virus.”

The plane finally levels out and so far, I’m not dead so, ya know. Feeling grateful. I unclench and settle into my seat.

What they say makes sense. “And you need my help?” Seems like they are reaching.

All three nod. “You have a unique way of reading between the lines. Of seeing what’s not there. You’ve solved every equation we’ve thrown at you, every broken code sequence. If you can read it over and see if we’re missing something, we are in the position to repay you in kind.”

Daemon is serious.

“As in work for you?”

“On a temporary basis if you’re willing. See if we are a good fit.” Daemon’s expression is pure wolfish.

A tiny part of me screams with excitement. But I keep it under lock and key. My gaze lands on each of them in turn and I grin sheepishly. “What if I charge upfront?” I know the second it is out of my mouth I willingly trip into the trap they purposefully constructed.

Smart of them, silly of me.

I watch three predatory smiles form. “By all means, please do. We are willing to pay in full.”

Warren is on his feet, scooping me up in his arms. “Let us show you.”

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# Jemma



**T**hings I don't understand: why I am going along with this. And why I'm so turned on by three men when it's obvious society would not welcome my kinks if they ever got out.

And that's just scratching the surface. I don't want to look deeper at the moment. I give a nervous laugh, knowing they are not privy to my inner ramblings.

"I can't imagine the pressure you three are feeling," I say only half-jokingly. "I mean, you've kidnapped me. Showed me top-secret materials. How are you going to blackmail me into silence? Sex?"

My words must shock them because for a full five seconds no one speaks.

Warren pops his belt buckle.

"Professor," I start and quickly correct myself when he gives me a look.

"If blackmail is what you want, let's give it to her, men."

A few paces down a softly-lit hallway and a door bangs against something. Three steps and I'm on a bed pinned under the weight of two very large men while the third stands in front of me unbuttoning his shirt.

“Strip her.”

Warren holds my gaze the whole time Erik and Daemon pull me up and free me of every last strip of clothing.

“We took it easy on you at the party, Queen Frost. I bet you’re already wet too, aren’t you? Nothing cold about our little nerd.” He palms a thigh and brings my foot to rest on the bed, which is larger than I thought possible for a private jet this size. I’m spread wide open with Erik at my back, Daemon stripping beside me and Warren on his knees in front of me.

Hot liquid slides down my thighs.

I whimper. Fuck, how did he do that?

Erik’s hands slide down my tummy and when he spread my folds, I actually watch as I drip cum on his fingers.

“Wet and ready to take us,” Erik hisses. He reaches behind me, pushes me forward into Warren’s arms. I’m spread wide, bent over and thoroughly excited for what comes next.

Daemon takes Erik’s place, every glorious inch of his body naked. I twist around to watch as he palms my ass cheeks, exposing every vulnerable inch of me.

“Professor,” I start but my words, whatever they were going to be, evaporate when he drags the head of his swollen cock through my juices. Fisting the length, he nudges against my clit, working it, stroking me, forcing me to fly a little higher with each teasingly slow pass.

In front of me, Warren’s lips crush into mine and suddenly I realize this isn’t going to be a slow and tender claiming. They feel the same rawness from the last time. And just like then, right now we all need dirty and fast.

I lose myself in Warren’s taste, tumbling into the warmth of his arms, his tongue on mine. His hands grip my hair in a tight hold. Not painful, but he’s letting me know who it is kissing me.

I gasp loudly, crying out into Warren’s mouth when Daemon guides his cock to my entrance and sinks in until his balls slap against my body.

So so good.

Another mouth moves over my body, taking one nipple and then the other.

I hold onto Warren unable to focus on one source of pleasure. They've all melted together, my body going from zero to sixty instantly.

Warren gestures to the bed. "On the bed, ass in the air," is all I hear before I'm lifted and put into position.

"Reach around and spread the cheeks."

I do.

A wicked tongue drags over my clit, swirls around my pussy and then caresses over where only they have ever touched me. "Oh, God!" Uncertainty flashes through me even though I desperately want to experience everything they want to do with my body. My legs betray me and I begin to tremble beneath their hands and mouths.

"Easy, baby," Erik soothes, moving in to kiss me. He comes to kneel in front of me. "Let Daemon have his fill or he'll be a pouting baby all day." Erik drags his fingers lightly down the length of my spine and back up. Inch by inch I slowly relax.

"Just like that, beautiful," Daemon coos. His lips and tongue are back on my body and he's devouring me with ravenous hunger. A wave of longing and need runs through me.

I press back into Daemon's touch and moan when his fingers knead my cheeks. I never thought I could be one of those girls. The wild ones I saw strut by on campus with the dirty reputations and all-knowing smirks. Back straight, their bodies always so infuriatingly perfect. They always seem so confident in their desires and wants and I've often thought if I could be like them, then I could have anyone I wanted.

Those girls are the exact opposite of who I am. I'm only bold behind a keyboard. Or mask.

But here I am. Me. Between three men. Maybe I had it wrong about myself all along.

“You’re going to feel so perfect wrapped around my cock when I take you here.” A tongue dips into my nether hole and I’m flaming red from embarrassment, but there’s no hiding. No running.

“Like fucking candy,” he growls. “Yes, this sweet ass is going to grip me so tight and milk me until it drinks every drop of my cum.”

Daemon passes his tongue over me again, this time swirling a finger around the rim of my ass. A little pressure and he dips the tip in making me see stars.

“Oh,” I gasp. A full-body head-to-toe shudder rakes over me and pure instinct drives me to arch my ass higher in the air; into his touch.

I only half hear Daemon. But for the love of me all I can focus on is the fact he’s tongue-fucking my ass.

Strong hands replace mine.

The mouth on my ass gets wilder, hungrier. He’s tonguing me faster and then suddenly I feel the head of a cock at my pussy entrance. The throbbing head spreads my folds and my pulse jumps through the roof.

“That—Oh, God,” I scream into the sheets, taking every last thick inch of Warren’s cock as his friend teases my ass with his finger, sinking in and out over and over again.

Warren is slow at first like he wants to enjoy making this last. But I know he’s just letting me get accustomed to his thick girth. He pulls out, letting the head of his cock keep my channel wide open for him.

With a powerful thrust, he drives into me, slamming home time and time again. No mercy, no shame. Just relentless lust.

This is so wrong. So dirty. Filthy. The shame it could bring to my family. I can’t think about that right now though. They won’t let me.

I come apart for them. My mouth finds someone’s and our tongues tease together. The kiss grows deeper, hotter. I can’t breathe, my chest is heaving and I’m gasping by the time we break apart.

My eye flutters up to find Erik heaving just as heavily.

“You’re going to come for them, naughty baby. There’s no holding back. No denying how they make you feel,” Erik growls in my ear. He tips my chin up and presses the head of his cock to my mouth. Cum coats the fat, bulbous head and from the arrogant smile on his face takes a huge amount of pride rubbing it all over my lips. “And you’re going to suck your professor’s cock at the same time.”

He is right.

Erik pushes forward and I open for him. Moaning, I suck wetly on the head, taking all the cum I can get before sinking down the rest of his shaft until the tip hits the back of my throat. Behind me Warren fucks me like a man possessed by a singular mission.

I breathe heavily, wholly consumed with a building need to climax. Flames lick against my core and it happens so fast I’m left gasping for air.

I clutch the bedsheets so tight my knuckles turn white. I cry out around Erik’s shaft filling my mouth but he doesn’t slow. And I don’t want him to.

Someone grabs my hips. My muscles clench and ripple. Hot cum spills down my thighs. I feel myself losing control. Not that I had any to begin with. I’d be fooling myself to think I do.

Warren pounds into me, his big cock swelling, stretching me. Feeling his hands grip my ass tight is a whole other level of sensory overload.

Daemon sinks a finger past the tight ring of muscles in my ass and works me slow and steady while his friend grinds into me so hard I’m having a hard time staying upright. All of it is so overwhelming to my senses. I don’t know what to focus on so I stop trying.

“I bet you like that ass being played with, don’t you, baby?”

Heat washes over my face as I take Erik’s cock deeper in my mouth, caressing the underside with my tongue. I slurp and suck as I roll his balls in the palm of my hand. My reward is a nice amount of pre-cum on my tongue.

“Oh, fuck, Jemma. That’s cheating.” He pulls my hair into a ponytail, making sure to keep his hold tight so he can fuck my mouth harder and watch as he does it.



He eases in and out. Nothing like this is supposed to happen to a girl like me brought up in a “good” family with a pedigree so deep we can trace our ancestors back to the highest of aristocrats. That’s what makes being this sinful feel so much better. The three of them taking me like this. Hard. Demanding. Shedding a little weight of the burden my family name carries is freeing if only for a little bit.

Warren grinds into me. The sounds of our thighs slapping together fill the room. I feel the jerks of his cock before the ropes of hot sperm fill my channel.

I turn, Erik’s cock slipping from my mouth to see Warren’s eyes closed as he empties his milk deep inside me.

The second he finishes, Daemon lifts me and I go willingly into his arms.

I pull him in for a kiss, our tongues dueling. When I turn back around, I find Erik on his back in the middle of the bed and Daemon setting me on top of him.

Erik grips his shaft. “Slide down on me, baby. It’s time.”

I feel Warren’s sperm dripping down my thighs. I don’t know the protocol here so I’m a little hesitant.

And it’s perfect.

I’m panting, my skin tingling with anticipation.

Erik smiles warmly, his hands on my hips guiding me over him. “It’s fine, baby. Take me inside you. We’re all one here.”

He strokes himself, and God he’s so hard and thick. Precum drips from the tip and I can’t help myself. I lean down and suck him clean before gliding over top him.

“Wicked little thing,” he groans, eyes wild with passion. “I like you greedy for me.” He takes my hand to join his and together we stroke him from base to tip in slow movements.

I guide the head to my swollen lips, still throbbing from his friend’s claiming of me.

I take every inch and groan, feeling him slide into me, his friend's cum still buried deep inside.

Behind me the bed dips. Daemon, he's kneeling behind me.

His dark eyes hold mine and I know what is coming next. I've secretly craved this, wished for it on New Year's night. And now that I feel ready, I'm not scared of the unknown.

Erik and Daemon glance at each other, something passing between them unspoken.

The bed dips against and it's Warren coming to kneel beside me, cock in hand.

Holy crap, he's still hard and every inch glistens with my release. I blush, smiling. I look down. "Are you not satisfied?" I ask in a whisper.

He cups my cheek, raising my eyes to meet his. "This is how you've had me for two years."

"All of us," Erik interjects.

"It's going to take more than once or twice to ease the ache I've been living with."

What did that mean? I see heat and fire in his eyes, but there's something else there too. Truth. Sincerity.

But focus is ripped from me. Pleasure roars through me and I'm left breathless once again. Unable to think, only feel. Erik grips my hips and pounds up into me. He slams home once, twice and I'm creaming all over him.

This is wild, untamed, unrehearsed. There's no way I ever want this to stop. But I have to remember I get one week. It's my own damn fault. My stupid inability to not worry. For once I want to cut loose, not care about responsibilities.

My heart pounds. Blood roars in my ears and renewed hunger stirs to life like I didn't just live through the most powerful orgasm of my life minutes ago.

Strong arms wrap around my waist and I know I'm safe taking every hard thrust Erik gives with Daemon there to hold me steady.

Never in my life have I had something this wild happen to me.

Warren winds my hair around his hand and drags me forward to lay over Erik's broad chest. In this position my ass is primed for anything Daemon wants and damn does he look hungry.

Erik pulls out but I'm not left wondering why.

Daemon takes his place, pumping his massive cock into me so deep and hard Erik has to hold me down.

One final pump and he's gone, Erik right there to fill the void of my clenching pussy.

Pressure against my asshole has me holding my breath.

"Fuck, Jemma, you're heaven. Our heaven. Now take me in your mouth as you feel Daemon claim that beautiful ass."

I whimper, opening my mouth, taking Warren as deep as he can go.

Between us, Erik reaches down and strokes a thumb over my clit as his friend pushes the enormous head of his cock an inch into my ass at a time, never stopping, never slowing until he is bottomed out deep in my ass.

"Take him, that's it, breathe and push back, let him in. It feels good, doesn't it? Dirty and fucking good," Erik whispers in my ear, shooting me to new heights with the simple power of his words.

I melt for them. Turn to liquid lava in their arms. I'm so filled, stretched beyond what I think possible. My orgasm hums on the fringes of my senses.

I moan feverishly around Warren's shaft. He slowly sinks in and out of my mouth letting me get a handle on all the new sensations flooding my body.

They fall into a hypnotic rhythm. Our bodies move as one. Their cocks pump in and out of me, all our groans and moans filling the room.

All three carry me high, their hands and cocks working me so expertly I'm ready to shatter.

“Jemma, come for us!”

I hear the words and know they have the power to command me.

Fireworks bigger than I’ve ever experienced explode inside me, leaving me momentarily blind. I pant, gasp and roll through my release.

“God, your mouth is pure perfection. I’m going to lose it.”

Warren.

His strong grip on my hair tightens. “Get ready to swallow me, baby. Drink fast and don’t spill a—” He roars with the power of his release. Pulse after pulse of cum spills into my mouth. I swallow fast, careful not to spill a single drop.

“Get ready for more, Jemma. You’re going to take us both at the same time.”

Heat of another kind than I’m used to creeps over my body. For once I’m not shy about what is about to happen.

Daemon has a tight grip on my ass, Erik on my hips. Together they work me with small, powerful thrusts. I clamp down on them like a vice and milk them, shimmying my hips just right to put a look of pure bliss on their faces.

Hot jets of cum spill into my ass and Erik empties every single drop inside my pussy.

I moan through a wave of aftershocks made ten times more powerful from the pulsating cocks filling me to the brim.

Shivering and a little more than just shaky from being shared between three men, I collapse over Erik’s chest. My pulse races, my breath catching.

Warren moves from the bed to join us at the top and I don’t know where Daemon has gone off to.

“He’ll be right back.” Warren draws me in for a kiss and a hundred years could have passed during our time together and I would never notice.

He draws back with a wicked glint in his eyes that says he’s either about to spring a pop quiz on the class or say something that will have me panting.

“How’s that for a down payment? Or do you want us to deposit more?”

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# Erik



Warren checks his watch for the tenth time in ten minutes. I know he's putting off leaving to the last minute and the reason for that is in the next room. Naked with our best friend.

Fucking Daemon. Lucky bastard.

"Will you stop drilling holes through the door with your eyes already and focus? We have to meet with our clients in an hour and you haven't even looked at their counterproposal."

I shoot Warren a scowl. "Not my fault. I planned on using the hours of boring flight time I was to have on my hands. Your fault I didn't have a spare minute to myself. Besides, what could they possibly have said in the proposal that would be any different from all the other fuckers scared someone will hack into their databases? They want the full package, us to train their cyber department and do it all on the cheap. Same game, different people."

"You're starting to sound like Daemon. And no one considers ninety-eight million dollars on the cheap."

"I know, damn it." I rub a hand over my head, feeling jetlag pull at me.

"I'm just as irritated. I get it."

“Yeah,” I grunt. “But are we forgetting something? We don’t exactly have the upper hand. Just our solid reputation and these people don’t give a shit about that. They asked us to solve a problem and we couldn’t figure the incomplete virus out.”

“We’ll deal with it when the time comes. It’s our job to show them why we’re at the top of our league—complete code or not. Stop thinking with the wrong head and focus.”

“Pot meet kettle.”

“Fuck you. Drink your coffee already and shut up.” If there’s one thing the oldest of the three of us is good at it’s barking commands. Close runner-up is his coffee-making skills.

He pushes a mug into my hands and I take it.

We landed two hours ago and just settled Jemma in the penthouse suite overlooking the vast majority of Paris. The Eiffel Tower a beauty in the distance.

I can’t seem to draw the energy I need for the day given I’m working with about two hours of sleep, not nearly enough caffeine, and in need of a shower. The idea of joining Jemma in hers and forgetting about today’s planned meetings is tempting. But Warren would have a damn heart attack since it took us close to six months to set these meets up in the first place. A few acronymed agencies want to hire us for the cyber-security sectors. It means a shit ton of money and not a soul on this planet says no to green. Not when we take it and build schools, teach more people and invest in scholarships for the coming generations behind us. A philosophy the three of us pride ourselves on and why we like teaching.

It was Daemon’s idea to begin with. Use our smarts to give back.

I gave them six months at first. That’s all I was willing to do. Stepping into another classroom was the last damn thing I wanted to do but a week after our initial lectures we all discovered the hidden gem hiding out in the back of our classrooms. We asked around about the girl who never missed a class and always had the answers when we called on her. No one knew much. Even her file is desert dry. Born and raised in the same Connecticut town as

Westmoore. Parents not listed. Next of kin a brother out in Boise.

And that's it. Odd, if you ask me, but lots of people don't have the family the three of us do. Warren is the oldest of six. I'm the youngest of three at thirty-six years old. Daemon is a natural loner as a single child, but somehow our motley crew makes a good team.

We all agreed from the start we wouldn't make any advances on her. And when we did, it would be together. This isn't the first time we've taken a lover together. Only the last one we thought would be The One. Turns out all our instincts were off about her. Way off. Zira liked to play house but when it came down to it, the idea of living with three men freaked her out. The second things between the four of us turned serious, she bolted. And into another man's arms. Daemon took it the hardest since the poor bastard told her he loved her first.

Warren pops another pot of coffee on and I savor the last drops in my cup impatiently. Jetlag and fabulous sex have my system needing a boost. "Things never turn out like we plan, do they?"

Warren huffs. "Any regrets?"

I roll the stiffness from my shoulders. Stupid question. "Nope, but we did kidnap a student and then hauled her off to Europe. So now what? What's our plan?"

"Keep her happy. Show her some sights, don't let her pick up a book. That girl works too damn hard for being so damn young."

I nod.

Warren has been leaning on the counter, sleeves rolled up and his usual scowl in place. He pushes up with a snort. "That said, you think she can help with the code?"

Showing her the black-market virus wasn't part of the plan, but it seemed like the natural thing to do at the time. Thankfully the guys didn't hold it against me and played along. They must have seen how freaked out she was getting.

"I saw an opportunity to get her to come along rather than really kidnapping her."



“Smooth. You sure we should trust the bear in there who grunts rather than speaks to be alone with someone as sweet as Jemma? He might scare her.”

“She’ll be fine. Daemon might be less than polished, but he’s not a brute. Just terribly frank.”

“Which scares the shit out of me.” I don’t need to say what we are both thinking. “We should have drawn straws or something to decide who got to stay with her.”

“Real mature.”

Warren places another mug of coffee in front of me and I hit it back like Johnny Walker on New Year’s Eve. Another wave of caffeine jolts through my system and wards off sleep for the moment.

“Honestly our plan was to seduce her over the holidays. None of us said we would whisk her off to another country. This is new territory for all of us.”

Hearing Warren admit to flying by the seat of his pants has me stopping cold, mug halfway to my lips.

“We all agreed if we saw a chance, we would take it. Don’t let it eat you up that there’s not a script for the next part. That New Year’s party wasn’t planned either and it went rather well, don’t ya think? I had no idea she would be there.”

Warren is quiet, lost in his head. Probably mapping out everything we have to do down to the time we eat dinner and dessert. I grin to myself. Maybe Jemma will help loosen him up. Ever since I’ve known the man, he has been wound tight. Controlling, most people say. Most days I agree. But after getting to know him I realize it goes deeper than control. His family depends on him and he takes that shit seriously.

I peer into my empty coffee cup and move it aside. I take the laptop and fire it up. Maybe I can read that counter-proposal in fifteen minutes. But the screen opens up to where we left it on the flight over.

I scroll, my eyes going wide the longer I look.

“Holy shit. She did it.”

“What?” Warren spins the computer around.

“Found the missing section of code. She solved the problem.”

“Let me see again.” I flip the laptop around and point to the section of code.

“Here you see that? Fuck, that’s sexy as hell.”

Warren’s eyes are as wide as mine. “When did she have time?”

“I guess while we snored our asses off she got up.”

I lean my elbows on the counter. “Is it wrong to get a hard-on for someone’s brain?”

Warren whips his head back and forth. “Nope.”

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# Jemma



To my right I watch the snow drift by. In the shower. Actually, the entire wall is glass and gives a breathtaking view of Paris.

From the open door of the bathroom to my left I spy a set of clothes spread out on the bed for me as I step out of the shower. It's all so surreal.

The location, the company. This hotel suite.

It's the middle of winter in freaking Paris. And I'm here. Holy crap! Part of me wants to squeal with glee at ticking something off my wish list. But I keep it cool and take the towel Daemon hands me. Or at least I try.

He puts a hand on my shoulder and turns me around. Warmth engulfs me when he wraps one fluffy towel around my shoulders so large it hangs past my knees while taking another to dry my hair.

He's in no hurry it seems. He makes sure to soak up the extra water from each section and then sets to work on my body just as methodically. I moan a little in appreciation. It's like drying with clouds.

While I might come from money my parents never saw the need to go all out and spend on frivolous things like decadent towels and trips abroad. And now that I'm on my own, well, let's just say I can't exactly eat plane tickets or

towels.

Daemon kneels in front of me, taking a foot to rest on his knee. With more gentleness than I expect he dries my leg, foot and each toe.

I take him in as he silently cares for me. He's so handsome. Not in the polished, *I'm a billionaire and I want you to know it way*. There's not a flaunting, flamboyant bone in his body. Not Daemon. He's more the rough around the edges, quiet type who'd rather show by action than talk about it, I'm quickly learning.

He has a rugged build and stands a couple of inches taller than the other two. I've only known him as a professor who is distant, direct and always in teacher mode. Except for the few times our gazes locked over the podium. In those stolen moments my imagination always took over.

He moves me to the bedroom featuring a huge four-poster bed pushed up against a window showcasing the Eiffel tower. Stunning.

Daemon doesn't rush me. Together we stand there for long minutes taking it in. Me in a towel and him in the same pair of slacks from yesterday.

He wraps his arms around me and I settle my back against his chest, my head on his shoulder.

"You'll find everything you need on the bed or in the closet. I hope you don't mind, but I picked out something I thought you might like." He nods toward the bed. "If you don't like it, check the closet. There's more for you."

I turn in his arms and flutter my lashes open. This all feels like a dream. One I hope I never wake from. "I'm sure what you picked is fine." His presence is comforting and I realize for the first time in a while I'm not worrying over something.

He places a kiss on my forehead and I realize there's something different about him too. The hard edginess to his eyes is gone and, dear God. I think he actually looks happy. The scowl I've forever associated with him is gone.

"I'm going to shower while you get ready. Then we'll eat. Come in if you need anything. There's makeup, lip gloss..."

He trails off with a shrug and I can tell he's nervous. Daemon Preston is nervous to be alone with me.

I smile and I guess he sees my confusion. He rubs at a pinch between my brows. "We called ahead. Had a personal shopper drop off items for you."

Well, at least that answers one of my curiosities.

He taps my nose and then turns, leaving me alone.

I make quick work of pulling on the panty and bra set the color of fresh snow. Next the pair of jeans with fashionably placed rips. Sweet Jesus...how did I know they would fit like a glove? I'm quickly learning these men never do anything halfway.

The white sweater slides on just as easily. Cashmere. I truly am in heaven.

A pair of knee-high boots are leaning against the bed and I pull those on next. By the time I get to my hair and makeup Daemon is already out of the shower and pulling on a pair of black slacks.

I watch shamelessly through the mirror. It gives me a perfect view of every inch of his body rippling and bunching as he dresses.

His dark eyes find mine in the mirror. "You keep looking at me like that and I'll forget about taking you sightseeing, breakfast...everything. And show you other things instead."

I blush. Yep! After all he's seen and tasted of me I *still* blush.

I stare at him for a moment weighing my options. He prowls across the room shirt hanging open, all those abs on display for me to drool over.

His expression darkens into something unreadable. He comes up behind me, his hands circling my waist, and pulls me against him. I start to swallow and then stop, realizing I have nothing to fear but my own lust.

He moves my hair to the side and licks up the side of my neck. "Be a good girl and when we get back, I'll fuck that sweet pussy all night long."

I don't have it in me to argue. Dear God I am in so much trouble if the morning is any clue as to how the rest of the day will go.

I quickly dry my hair, dab mascara on and grab the strawberry lip gloss for my pocket. I go to head out, but make a quick turn to grab my bracelet from the dresser.

Outside the bedroom there's a spacious living room slash dining room area with a kitchenette off to the side. That's where I find Daemon alone with a bowl, several eggs and a pan.

"How do you like your eggs?" He doesn't look up as he artfully cracks several one-handedly.

"Scrambled, fried, anything but raw please." I watch in awe as he pulls fruit, butter and what looks like cheese spread from a tiny fridge tucked under the edge of the counter.

"All that fit in there?"

"Somehow, yep."

Ten minutes later he's made us scrambled eggs with bell pepper, buttered toast, coffee and strawberries on the side.

"I had no idea you could cook."

He forks in a mouthful of egg and washes it back with a couple of gulps of coffee. His Adam's apple bobs and I'm fixated on the sight.

He catches me looking and smirks.

I drop my eyes back where they belong, on my own plate. "Where's Warren and Erik?"

"Meetings." His eyes come to rest on mine and he flashes me a brilliant smile. "It's just you and me for the day." I know the serious Daemon and even the horny Daemon but the playful version of him is just as exciting. A small thrill runs through me.

After a quick breakfast, Daemon ushers me into a heavy coat, scarf and gloves and pushes us out the door.

Window shopping isn't my style, but we spend hours walking up and down cobblestoned streets, taking in every sight to behold of this glorious city.

Every once in a while, Daemon leaves me to dash off to one place or another only to return with a coffee, muffins, bread...oh my God! The bread here is off the charts. And my fave, buttery croissants.

I never pegged him as a foodie but you know what they say about judging books by their covers. He labels every ingredient of each delicious treat.

Full and a little tired, I lean into him more and place a chaste kiss on his cheek. "Thank you," I don't want to forget to say thank you in case I fall asleep when we get back. "Thank you for taking the time to show me so many beautiful spots. I've never seen any of these places in brochures."

We dodge a pile of snow and weave around some late-evening shoppers. "That's because these places are hidden treasures for the locals. None of the places we visited today are on a tourist map."

"Ah," I say. "And you know this...?"

A wistful look comes over him and I see memories cloud his dark eyes. "Because my grandmother on my mother's side is from here. Born and raised. I spent every summer and holiday with her until she passed when I was a teenager."

I tighten my grip on his arm and lean my head against his shoulder. "I'm sorry, Daemon. I guess that explains how you speak the language so fluently."

When I first heard him I admit, I was shocked.

"Before my mother sent me away the first time, I kept to myself. Always tucked away in some library with little friends and fewer interests in activities like soccer or fishing. Regular boy things."

"And after?"

"My mother had no interest or time to focus on me. My grandmother on the other hand taught me everything there is to know about cooking since she couldn't run after a ball."

"That sounds kind of nice. Why did your mother have so little time?"

"She paid more attention to her work as the CEO of a large business. Not too

many people have time to raise kids when they are trying to run a business. I guess I have her to thank for my work addiction, though.”

Hurt colors his words and I have a feeling he has rarely spoken these words aloud to another soul. How could a mother not have time for their own child? I mentally ask myself the question and instantly understand his pain. “Though not exactly the same I live with similar pain. My mother and father have little time for me since I didn’t take the path they wanted me to take.”

He looks at me and for the first time I see Daemon. The real man behind the scowl he’s always wearing.

“Like souls, the two of us.”

He leaves it at that and wraps his arm around me. I tuck my head a little closer. We walk like this linked together and I can’t help but feel like a real couple.

I change the topic to a brighter one. “What would you like to do next? We should probably get back. I need to call the school, my friend and roommate. My work. Oh, Lord. I forgot to call in. They’ll be worried. Plus, there’s the question about my tuition.” I start to walk faster.

Damn. How could I be so mindless? I clap a hand over my forehead.

Daemon comes to a stop and so do I since he has my hand in his. “All taken care of. You don’t need to worry.”

I shake my head. “What? How? Um, yeah I do need to worry,” I say flatly. “I need that job and my apartment. Or rather *room* inside said apartment.” I take a deep breath. “As lovely as this has been, I don’t get to just pick up and go. We’ve talked about this, Daemon.”

The bastard plasters an amused grin on his face like he finds me cute. I’m tempted to jerk my hand out of his and leave him standing in the middle of Paris.

Only what he says next stops me.

“Before you let the worry take over, come. Let me show you one more thing I’d like for you to see.” He nudges my chin up. “Please.” We’re standing at



the head of a street that looks endless before us. Most of the locals hurry along or have already gone home for the day so it's just us.

On either side of the street small shop buildings are awash with fading sunlight, the light catching on reflective surfaces that make them look dusted in magic. It quickly morphs as the sun sets to bathe the street in an amber gradient, giving off a romantic glow. Low-hanging beams are slowly turning the sky orange and pink above. Thankfully the snow clouds are clearing and we witness the light show. Shop lights flicker on one by one and the lights along the street take my breath away.

"Daemon. It's so beautiful." I can't look away.

He growls something but I don't know what because he's coming in for a kiss, wiping the hard drive of my brain clean. It's tender and slow, unlike the last few times he's taken my mouth. Unhurried, passionate.

He presses his forehead against mine. "I've traveled the world, *belle*, and this right here is the single most beautiful place on Earth with you here."

"Belle?"

"Beautiful."

His hands come to rest on my face and I move mine over his. The movement makes my bracelet jingle and it catches his eye. How could anyone ever not have time or love for such a tender soul as his?

He takes it in hand and studies each piece like it's a puzzle he needs to figure out.

"These hearts. Past lovers?"

Is that pain I hear in his voice? Can't be. I shake my head, not entirely ready to give up all my secrets.

"And this?" He brushes over the snowflake. For a second I wonder if I should tell him my secret, but talking about my father is the last thing on my mind. I'd rather be here in the now with Daemon, but I can't stop the wave of sadness coming over me.

He tightens a hand around my arms and spins me into an alley. He pins me

against a brick wall, hovering his large frame over me.

“Tell me. Who was he? I will kill the man who has put that hurt in your eyes and Erik and Warren will bury the body.”

I pale for a second and then suddenly laugh. It’s hard not to when I hear such conviction and see the truth staring back at me through thick black lashes.

I place my hand over his heart. “No. No crimes that would take any of you away from me. Especially with the short time we have together. Plus, he’s not worth it.”

A dark look returns to his expression. Did I say something wrong? Out of line?

He doesn’t say anything for a second and turns his gaze to a point down the alleyway. “Daemon?” I ask timidly.

He whips his head back and when our gazes lock, I feel the full force of his power hit me head-on. “I knew you liked us, *belle*.”

That easy smile of his doesn’t fool me for a second. Something is going on behind the mask he wants me to see. Deep down I fear I might have hurt him.

“I think that part is obvious,” I say, returning the smile.

A light wind flits by and with it comes the smell of fresh bread, sweet flowers and rich coffee.

He wraps an arm around my middle, guiding me to another side street, this one narrower and quainter than the last. There’s a small café with light rimming the edges of the storefront windows. We duck inside and find a table overlooking the street just as it begins to snow again.

I take a seat but he doesn’t join me. Instead, he kneels beside me, his lips next to my ear.

“*Tu es plus belle que le flocon de neige le plus parfait*,” he murmurs in the huskiest voice that has hot liquid pooling between my thighs.

“What does that mean?”

He takes the snowflake between two fingers, considering it from all angles.

“You’re more beautiful than the most perfect snowflake.”

He kisses me on the forehead. “Wait for me here?”

Curious, I nod and watch him step out the door and cross the street.

I need the breather anyway. So much of Daemon has my head spinning. The airplane ride here. The city of love. My three professors taking me. It’s all so much. I don’t know what to think outside of how I’m crazy and what they do to me erases all good sense.

His heavy winter coat blows in the wind as he briskly walks away. He looks like a mix between a cage fighter and a man who has spent years in the military. Though I don’t know if either are true. He’s a bull to most but I got to see a kinder side of him today. One I don’t think many have experienced.

I smile to myself. I also got to see the hard side of him and I wouldn’t mind seeing a little more.

I watch Daemon disappear around a corner. What is he up to this time?

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# Jemma



We crash into the hotel door a tangle of limbs and tongues. One of us punches in the code to the hotel door and we fall in. Coats fall, boots, shoes, scarves. They are all left in a trail leading to the master bedroom and to the glorious bed.

It took a little fumbling but he manages to slide the bedroom door open.

Off comes my sweater.

Bra. Boots. Pants.

A few more tugs and I'm left in only my skimpy panties while he's still wearing his button-down and slacks.

Unfair.

But I'm not left wanting for long.

Buttons pop and all those muscles I want under my tongue come into view in the low light of the room.

Next are the pants and finally *finally* there's nothing between us. My chest heaves and my blood flows from warm to fiery. He barrels toward me and we're right back where we were in the elevator a few minutes ago—hot body

to hot body.

His lips crash into mine and I eagerly open, loving how he trails his fingers over my ribs one by one. A delicate brush as if I will break if he's too rough.

"I want you to see how badly I crave you." He nods toward the bed. "Crawl up there for me."

His deep voice is gruff, thick with lust.

I do as he instructs only to turn to see him right behind me.

I fall to my back and quickly prop myself up on my elbows. I don't want to miss a thing. I can't tear my gaze away from him for anything in the world. Staring at his body is like sin. The kind that will tarnish your mind and send it fully reeling into the gutter.

He fists his cock in his powerful hand, swiping his thumb through the liquid gathered there. It's sexy as hell to see him smear precum over the swollen head like that and makes me want a taste.

He's thick, hard and dangerously beautiful fucking his fist. But that isn't what has most of my attention. What draws my eye is the way he looks at me. Like I've solved some problem for him and I'm the only thing that matters in the world now.

He scoops his arm around my back and pulls me off the bed and into his arms. His mouth claims mine in a slow kiss and I feel something shift. A barrier I didn't know existed crumbles between us and I feel connected with the real him. A man who wants to be accepted. Loved.

His hands slide down my bare back to clench the globes of my ass.

I lift my legs to wrap around his waist. For all the rush and excitement of getting back to the hotel, the tearing at each other, the unquenchable thirst to have one another, we slow. Take in the moment. Just him and me.

Embers of our lust burn hot but neither of us wants this to end too quickly.

His mouth leaves mine to tease my senses higher with kisses along my neck and collarbone.

My breath catches and he moves lower, taking a nipple between his lips and tugging gently at first and then harder.

I slide my hands through his hair and ride the wave of pleasure rolling through me. His stubble brushes over my sensitive skin. The friction so delicious. Butterflies kick up in the pit of my stomach and I quiver. "Daemon," I moan, holding him close.

He lifts me off him. Not too far. Just enough to reach between us to glide the head of his cock to my entrance. Holding my gaze he sinks in until there's nothing left to give.

He kisses me deeply, stealing my breath away. He moves slow, stroking us both with deep thrusting pumps. Every time he draws out and sinks back in, my heart rate doubles. No. Triples.

His thick cock slides through my juices so deep I feel I might lose myself to this man wholly if I'm not careful. To all of them.

He moves a hand between us and when he pinches my clit just so, I lose it.

I scream out my release, my arms around his neck holding on for dear life. He doesn't stop, doesn't break pace. He continues fucking me through my climax, making it all the more powerful. All the while his dark eyes hold mine.

"So fucking beautiful." He grips me tighter.

Harsh breaths break free from my chest. My legs are shaking along with every other body part. But there's no floating down and easing my feet back to Earth.

Daemon is deep inside my quivering pussy, girl-cum coating us both.

Once I can tear my gaze from his I finally notice the light of the Eiffel tower. Its powerful glow bathes us in a soft light.

"I didn't think it was possible, but you're even more beautiful tonight."

Tears burn the insides of my eyes but like hell I'll be weak enough to let them fall. But this man. God, he makes me feel priceless. They all do in their special way.

I don't hear them. Only feel the weight of their bodies as the bed dips.

Warren and Erik join us. Their heat cocoons me and I welcome their touches. The three exchange looks in some silent bro code I don't quite understand. I don't think I'm meant to. I see a calmness settle over them and I know in some small way it is because of me. Like they've waited for this moment.

There are no words. We don't need any.

Arms wrap around me from behind and I fall into them willingly. Warren brushes my hair aside and holds me out to his friend for him to kiss me. Raw need carries us for hours as they share me between them. Each worshiping my body, stroking me, kissing me, taking me in new ways I could never imagine. All while the city of Paris dreams.

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# Daemon



I can't fuck this up. We've spent a week sharing Jemma and she's perfect. Beyond perfect. She's smart, kind, quirky in a cute way and accepts my quiet nature instead of trying to get me to talk.

Something even Erik and Warren don't understand. Not entirely. As a single child of parents who rather often forgot they even had a kid, I found it useless to try to start up conversations only to get a "sure, sure now go play". Years of that teach a kid to keep their mouth shut. That's how I discovered my love of computers. They didn't tell me to shut up or the opposite...require me to talk.

While Warren and Erik are the coders, I'm more hands-on with the hardware portion of our company. I design and build everything from un-hackable servers to encrypted laptops every government official and CEO of large corporations need. Or at least should if they don't want their systems compromised.

For the last several nights Jemma has poured herself over every string of code Warren has thrown at her. Dissecting something as complicated as that black market virus is high-level hacker shit not even the best of our company can handle.



But our Jemma tackles it without blinking.

She likes to nibble at anything she can get her hands on as she works so I willingly clock in a lot of hours testing our new recipes in the kitchenette of our suite. Her favorite by far is *pissaladière* pasta. Nothing gives me more pleasure than to see her enjoying something made with my hands.

The more time we spend with her, the less I dwell on the fact this isn't the first time we've come close to finding The One. The guys won't admit it, but it is because of me our last relationship hit the rocks, shattering into a million pieces, taking my soul with it.

This trip is showing me maybe it wasn't all my fault after all. My inability to convey emotion contributed, sure. But, how could a woman serious about the men who loved her run off with another? I spent months raking myself over the coals, doubting myself at every turn. Nearly drove a wedge between Erik and Warren.

I snuggle Jemma a little closer. So young yet she's taught me a lot in a short amount of time. I never thought I'd learn to love again, but here we are and I am afraid when this trip is over, I won't be able to let her go.

On a good day emotional shit is just another layer of being human I rarely understand. But Jemma makes it all seem so easy. Maybe it is and I'm the asshole always complicating it.

"Grab the door." I jerk my head toward the car door and hold our precious cargo close to my chest. She's asleep in my arms and I want to keep it that way for as long as possible.

I hate to see our time in Paris come to an end, but we'll be back. I have so much more to show our girl.

For now, we're heading to London on an early flight. The sun will come up right as we enter the city. One of the most beautiful sights and I want to share it with her.

On the plane, I take a seat and hold her tight, her head on my shoulder and her breath lightly brushing my neck. Her hand comes to rest on my chest and the tinkle of her charm bracelet makes me think about whoever it is that damn snowflake represents. And those hearts. All boyfriends? I don't know. She

won't tell. In London I'll have a new mission. Do whatever it takes to get her to tell us.

I know I should put her in the bed. Every time I try to move, she burrows deeper into my arms. I catch Warren's eyes overtop of her messy bun. He knows. She's The One for us. We all think the same. That is what makes us such a great team. We pick up on the other's thoughts.

I reach into my pocket and pull out a charm and Erik helps me clip it onto her bracelet.

She stirs, opening her big green eyes in awe and in that one moment she takes another piece of our hearts.

"It's beautiful."

"Not nearly as beautiful as you are," I whisper back as my friend claims our girl's mouth in a tender morning kiss.

We can't—won't—fuck this up.

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# Jemma



I've never seen London before. The energy here is completely different from Paris. It's hard to explain. Maybe it's my lack of sleep that gives my brain enough space to wander and let my childhood fantasies out to play but I feel like I should be wearing more than just a pair of flats and jeans as we roll past Buckingham Palace.

But that's about as far as my thoughts get before Erik is swinging the car door open as we enter yet another hotel lobby. Pristine marble and immaculate flowers welcome us as does a flurry of flashing blubs and shouting reporters.

I throw my hand up in surprise and yelp. The men swoop in before my eyes can adjust after the bright flash and when they do, I have large shoulders blocking me from view.

Warren ushers me into an elevator with Erik and Daemon serving as a unified wall between me and the cameras.

"Sorry about that. We tend to get a little press coverage when we come here. We've done a lot for the universities here which has landed us on some invisible bachelor list of some kind."

My familiar ringtone spills into the tiny elevator, blaring overtop the nice

little melody playing over the hidden speakers. Oh crap! Dread fills me instantly. Before now, I never had anything to hide from my best friend so I have my phone programmed to automatically answer her Facetime.

Big mistake. Huge! In my defense, the feature does help when I have my arms full of books and coffee. In hindsight automation isn't always the best option.

“Brooklyn!” I pump my tone with cheer to hide the fact my heart rate is close to a thousand beats a minute.

I quickly turn so that my phone's camera is not pointed at Warren but it's almost useless to hide who I am with. Mirrors cover every inch of the elevator so I hit end and pray she thinks I have bad reception.

“Problem.” Erik slides me a side eye paired with a cheeky smirk.

“Who's there with you? He sounds sexaaaay.”

Now my heart is dead. Just D.E.A.D.

Eyes glued to the floor, I freeze briefly before yanking the phone back out of my pocket and slamming my hand over the camera seconds before turning the video call to no cameras.

It never fails. My friend possesses no filter between her thoughts and her mouth on a good day. And she knows damn well I have her on speaker.

We've texted a little over the past week. And like every best friend she pestered for answers about where I was. It's hard to dodge direct questions, but until now the promise of telling her later worked. The hazard of always being predictable—the second you change patterns it's noticeable and sparks people's curiosity.

“There's only one reason you would shove your phone back into your pocket, my friend, and that's if you have a guy with you.” Her voice bounces off the sides of the elevator.

“Are you naked? Oh, better yet, is he hot?”

“Brooklyn, I'll call you later, okay?”

She doesn't bite.

"Come on, tell me. You know I have your back."

I know she does. Not another person on the planet had my back more than Brooklyn. "Well," I look at Daemon but his scowl isn't telling me anything. Erik and Warren the same. I don't want to assume they will be ok with me outing them. "I'll say this. I haven't looked at a book or much else since we landed in Paris. That will just have to hold you over for now."

"Paris?"

"Now London."

"I come home from work to find the apartment empty. Because you go to Paris! Girl! I need details. Please tell me you're not there with that surfer dude from my law class. The one who keeps trying to get you to go out with him."

"No. God, tell me you know me better than that."

Three dark sets of eyes level my way. I gulp at the possessive tug on my heart. Like they claim me with a simple look.

Fuck.

"Look, you can keep your secret. For now. I'll let you get home before I hound you again. But wow, girl. When I said live a little on New Year's, I thought maybe you would dance at the party with some hot guy, get a haircut, skip study group and binge watch rom-coms."

If she only knew half of what I did my friend would lose her head and then open a bottle of wine in my name.

I pinch my mouth to keep from smiling. It's hard. I can feel all three men staring at me and the heat from their gazes has me creaming my panties.

"I never thought you would become a freaking globetrotter."

"Hardly. Trust me, when I can share the details I will, okay?" I can feel the heat travel up my cheeks every second I spend talking with my friend.

I gasp as six hands rove over my body. Tugging, pulling. Two perfect pairs of

lips kiss up the exposed sides of my neck. Warren drops to his knees, lifts the hem of my sweater and picks the spot just below my navel to torture me with languid, mind-blowing strokes of his tongue.

I shiver in eagerness and I don't for a minute think they don't know what they are doing.

"I'm just kidding, babe. When will you be back? You should know that people are starting to ask about you."

I clutch the back of Warren's head when he pops the button on my jeans. "You, uh...you can tell Sean I'm not interested for the last time." Focusing is becoming harder by the minute.

"No, sweetie... I mean *people*." Brooklyn's voice pitches high while my stomach dips to hit the floor. She is the only person I've ever entrusted with my secret.

"I never thought he would realize I was gone, much less ask around for me."

All lips and hands stop. Crap.

"Well he does, annnnd he did, sweetie. I'm sorry. I hate being the one to rain on your adventure."

I nervously chuckle now that the men are back on their feet and I have six-hundred pounds of male all focused on me.

Around us the temperature in the elevator turns arctic. I glance at the floor number as they slowly tick by. How long does this thing take anyway? I don't fail to notice how their gazes turn darker.

"He?" Warren asks, when I don't make eye contact.

"*Who* did you think wouldn't miss you?"

Daemon comes to stand shoulder to shoulder with his buddy and I'm pushed back against Erik's chest. Two things stand out. His hard cock pressing into my ass and he's breathing heavier than usual.

Damn.

Before I can end the call, Brooklyn is already jumping in. "Is that—"

“Talk soon, love you!”

This time I make damn sure I hit the end button before shoving the contraption back in my coat pocket.

Oh boy.

All three loom over me. I feel the heat of their gazes touching every inch of my face like they think I’ll give up answers from the mere power of their matching scowls.

I’m locked against a wall of muscle with no way out.

Trapped.

Goosebumps rush over my arms. It’s obvious my body is getting the wrong message from their nearness. It thinks we’re about to get kinky in the elevator.

“What aren’t you telling us, sweetheart?”

I hesitate to answer but then the elevator door dings. Saved! But I don’t get the reprieve I expect. Nope. Daemon has me in his arms and he quickly follows his friends inside a beautiful hotel suite I really don’t get to appreciate beyond a quick glance around my captor’s bulging muscles.

“Right here, men. Our girl is about to give us some answers. Bend her over the couch, yank those jeans down and show me her ass.”

Warren. I roll my eyes to myself. Always so damn controlling.

“My pleasure.” Erik drags his hands down my sides, and with a few ninja moves I’m pantless. A quick look and that’s not all I’m missing.

“Spread your legs for us, baby. Unless you’re willing right now to tell us who your friend was talking about.”

Maybe my body read the signs right after all. Maddening men!

I spread my legs. I mean come on. What do they expect from me? What incentive are they giving me to tell them? Torture sex seems fun and I might as well live while the living is good. It doesn’t escape my notice I’ve become someone completely different from the person I was a week ago. Someone

too scared to take what she wants.

The second we cross over into Connecticut I can turn back into the mousy girl in the back of the room with the geeky answers and laptop.

But in London, why not grab my fairy tale and let it sweep me away? Just for a little while?

“Look how wet she is and we haven’t even touched her.”

I swear Daemon’s voice has me ready to come already.

He spreads my cheeks and Lord help me, I gasp. His tongue sets to work dragging up my slit and I’m dripping all over him in seconds.

My sex squeezes around his probing fingers and he has me panting in record time. I twist to watch when I hear three zippers grate open like a dark promise of torture.

My lips part and I start to pant when Warren steps up behind me. He’s fisting his shaft, the thick head swollen. He grazes the cheek of my ass, smearing his precum over me possessively.

Strong hands grip my ass and I arch off the back of the couch when he slides through my slick channel, his balls slapping my clit. No buildup. No foreplay. Just desperate, raw need.

He pumps one, twice and one more time before pulling out and his friend takes his place between my legs. The fat head of his cock nudges me open and I feel every inch of him bury inside me. He repeats the motions fucking me hard and fast, but depriving me of what I really want. And the next moves in.

I’m in the middle of a reverse harem roulette.

A hot mouth trails down my back only to abruptly end with teeth sinking into the flesh of my ass. I moan and push back when that same mouth works the area with kisses softly taking away the pain.

“Grip the couch and take what your men are giving you.”

My men.



I'm too lust stupid to tell who is saying what. The edge to the voice is an added stroke against my libido and I'm ready to come. The world fades away until it's only us.

Ripples of my climax roll through my core and my pussy tightens.

"Oh no, you don't get to come yet."

I huff, shooting daggers over my shoulder to see it's Erik fucking me with deep, powerful thrusts. Daemon and Warren off to the sides.

"Who was Brooklyn talking about?" Daemon snarls. He reaches to cup my jaw, drawing my gaze to his. And it hits me. Lust dazed and all. He's jealous. One look at their scowling faces tells me they all are.

The idea of them being jealous of *me* has my head spinning.

A massive cock is deep inside my pussy slamming home with powerful thrusts. Each time my lover sinks in I cry out with so much pleasure racing through my body.

"You have to understand something, sweetheart. We might like to share among ourselves, but there will never be another man but us."

Warren's voice is primal, possessive. I have to focus on the words, really focus.

They pass me to my next lover and I brace myself over the back of the couch. Thank God it's stuffed to capacity or this little game of theirs would leave bruises. But my men always take better care of me than that.

"Never," I assure them. My chest shakes from the force of my heavy breathing.

"We've already lived that. Never again. You're ours."

Another lover? They've shared before.

"Is there anyone else?"

I find it hard to speak but Daemon doesn't care. He pounds into me, thrusting through my juices and sending me into an orgasm so hard I can't breathe, can't speak...only feel the millions upon millions of cells in my body ignite.

“Come, sweetheart. Now!”

“No,” I scream through my climax. My pussy pulsates so hard I can barely find my voice. “No,” I say again with more conviction.

My eyes fly open but before I can take in all of what they’ve revealed, Erik has a demand of his own. “Turn around. On your knees. Mouth open,” he commands with a voice so full of heat I don’t dare disobey.

They are breathing as hard as I am. I fall to my knees on the polished marble. All three fist their angry cocks, pumping them furiously. The second I open my mouth hot shots of cum spill over my tongue, breasts and belly.

For long seconds they continue to work their lengths until I am wearing every last drop of their sperm.

I blush scarlet as they take in the sight of me covered in their milk. Claimed again. I will tell them about my father, but not yet. It’s not time.

Erik reaches to pull me off of the floor, but I don’t take his hand. Instead I crawl back.

“I’ll be right there. I just need a minute. Please.”

All three slowly turn and enter a room off to the side.

I need a second to process everything they’ve just told me. They called me theirs. No one has ever said that to me before. Pushing my heart out of my throat I also cling to other words. Ones that stung. They’ve shared other lovers. Of course they have. I can’t be so naive as to think I am the only one. But it stings nonetheless.

I have no claim on them and words are tricky. What they say in the height of passion doesn’t always mean what my brain and heart want them to mean. I grab my phone and snap a quick shot of the moment in time all three professed I belonged to them, that I am wanted.

I stand and pad my way into the bedroom. I can’t let myself get swept away by beautiful scenery, the best sex of my life and something that is meant to only be a winter fling.

The second I enter the bathroom they pull me in and take turns washing

different parts of me. After, they want to dry me off but I shoo them away.

“I got this. Promise.”

Warren hangs back, so many questions buried in his gaze. His lips are drawn tight and I notice the hurt on his face.

“Later, okay?” I’ve come to depend on them always being there for me, doing things for me and it’s a dangerous addiction I can’t afford. My heart is already open to them. Much more and I’ll be in love. A realization that has my head spinning.

He watches me with dark eyes and I know he’s mentally warring between giving me space or demanding I give him the answers he wants. Finally, after a long minute he gives a curt nod and leaves me to myself.

I forgo clothes and crawl to the middle of the bed exhausted. The curtains are drawn, I have no idea what time it is but I need sleep. I faintly feel each kiss me before I fall into oblivion.

Sometime later I wake to find the room blanketed in black. The only source of light is a small sliver of space through the cracked door.

I grab my phone and quickly check the time. My eyes are blurry at first but I quickly come awake when I hear a voice outside the room.

I ease my way to the door and it’s Erik.

“She’s not lying just because she hasn’t said anything, man.”

Lying? Who thinks I am lying?

Someone says something in a low murmur I can’t make out. I dare to get a little closer to the door. Don’t judge, okay? I don’t mean to eavesdrop, but it is me who they are talking about.

“I can’t believe there’s a chance she’s seeing someone else. How could we not pick up on it?”

My lips draw into a pucker of frustration. Did I not tell them I wasn’t seeing anyone? That there is no one else? It’s clear to me that whoever broke their hearts must have done a real number.

“I don’t think there’s a cheating bone in her body. She has barely picked up her phone since we put her on our plane.”

Daemon. At least someone believes me.

There’s a long pause that eats at my patience.

“I think I love her. I think we all have since the first damn day at Westmoore. Tell me I’m not right.”

It grows silent. So quiet I fear my racing heart can be heard throughout the hotel suite.

Someone groans and a sigh of frustration drifts in before I hear Erik say, “You’re not. At least for me.”

But there’s one voice I don’t hear chime in with the others and I back away from the door silently, my heart breaking into a million pieces.

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# Warren



Loving her seems too small of an expression for what I feel for Jemma. Erik and Daemon's confession of love three nights ago caught me by surprise at first. After I found my voice again, we grabbed a few beers and moved to the balcony. We had a long conversation about what we hope to share with the woman who stole all three of our hearts. The university has us under strict policies and regulations, but we're willing to do whatever it takes for her. Anything.

This is our last night in London but more importantly our last moment to have Jemma all to ourselves. The girl has trust issues and after spending nearly two weeks with us it's hard to tell why she doesn't trust us enough to tell us who exactly might be missing her back home. And it's another man. Of that I am dead certain. Whether he's a love interest or not is another question.

I turn to watch Jemma moving around in the kitchen. She seems distant, even in our love-making and I fear we might have scared her with our little game. Instead of passing the day getting her to open up, we've spent it in meetings securing contracts for our company and it looks like tonight we will be spending it working on another coding issue with a new program. We've barely had a full night's rest in days and we still need to wrap up a few more

contracts.

Jemma has been cooking something that smells extraordinary and Daemon is about to make a break for the kitchen. I know he's suffering with guilt from how it ended with Zira so he's putting it all in with Jemma. I can sense he wants to get in there with our girl instead of being trapped here under a pile of work.

She's been quiet since she talked with her friend and the events that followed. She's barely left the kitchen in hours and our workload hasn't helped.

Erik pushes up from the table and starts pacing behind me. "We could use her help. Why are you so dead set against asking her all of a sudden?"

Since her original help with the black-market virus, we've all left her to do her own thing. She can spend hours looking at her screen. Or rather hiding behind it.

I scratch at the scruff covering my jawline. "Something's changed, man. She's pulling away from us."

Erik turns his chair around and straddles it, chin propped up on the back. "I know. I hoped I was just being paranoid, but..."

"Something is bothering her and we've failed somewhere along the line if she feels she can't confide in us." Daemon props his elbows on the table, interlacing his fingers.

He's right, damn it.

"If we ask her for help now on that damn code, it would send the wrong message."

I force a smile when Jemma walks out wearing my shirt and little else. No bra for sure. Maybe she's picked up those sexy black lacy panties I set out for her this morning. I smile.

Yesterday it was Daemon's shirt she wiggled into and the night before it was Erik's.

She walks toward me and I open my arms as she slides onto my lap.

I can feel the guy's eyes on us and she reaches out for Daemon's hand and slides a smile to Erik.

"You guys ready for dinner? You've been working long enough. You have to be hungry by now." Even her tone has lost color. What the fuck do we do?

"Not even close."

Her brows pinch and I chuckle at her surprise. "I mean, how about we skip to the dessert part of dinner?"

She huffs out a laugh that reaches into my chest and squeezes my heart. "Nice try."

I slide my hand up a creamy thigh and try for a peek.

She shakes her head with a frown. "No dessert for boys who don't eat their dinner, Professor Thurston."

Before I can challenge what dinner might be if she were game, she presses a finger to my lips.

"Back up a second. Did I hear something about sending a wrong message?"

"We're trying to figure out a problem with coding. It's always fucking coding giving us grief. We need a better team," Erik jumps in, saving my ass.

Jemma perks up and the heavy weight we've seen pressing on her for the last few days seems to lift a fraction. "Oh? Let me give it a try."

"No."

She tenses up and I curse my inability to be more suave, but I don't want her thinking we are seducing her this entire time all for the pretty brain of hers.

"Oh. My bad. I didn't mean to insert myself." She pulls out of my lap but I don't let her walk away. I wrap my fingers around her delicate arm, but when she tugs for me to release I do as she silently asks. I never want her to fear me or us. Surrounded by three guys twice her size she needs to know bone-deep she will always be safe with us.

"It's okay Warren. Dinner is ready anyway and I don't want it to get cold before you get to taste—"

“No, it’s not okay.” I stand and gently turn her to face me. “We don’t want to ask you for help all the time because it looks bad. There’s more to our relationship than hot sex and coding.”

Her eyes dart to the other men before coming to rest on mine. “Kinky,” she says with a tired smile. Her face brightens with what I pray is hope.

“It’s been a little tense lately. I’m sorry about that.”

“We all are,” Erik adds.

“It’s not you guys. I promise.” She turns in my arms to look at each of us in turn. Holding our gazes and reaching for us. “It’s a whole mess of complications I left back home. I’m not sure I’ll have a job to go back to. School. And other things.”

“Our little worrier. You never have to worry about a job.”

“I’m not looking for a free ride, Daemon.”

I shoot him a *shut the hell* up look overtop her head only to get a mouthed *fuck you* in return.

Her shoulders rise and she takes a deep breath, “But we do need to talk.” She clutches her stomach. “I’ve been debating this conversation for days and it’s tied my stomach in knots. On top of all that you’ve all shown me a different way of opening myself up. It’s been a lot to take in, honestly.”

Her other hand trembles in mine and I give it a reassuring squeeze.

“Baby, you’re killing me.” I sit, pulling her with me and she fits so damn perfectly in my lap, my arms around her. “You know you can—”

Her hands come to rest on my chest and I have to take a deep breath before I can continue. That one, small contact makes me feel more grounded than I have my entire life.

Beside us, her phone rings on the dining table and we all four turn.

At first I’m stunned as I look at a familiar unsmiling face staring back at me. But I’ll be honest seeing the name Father under it is what has me reeling.

What the ever-loving fuck?



I snatch up the phone and spin it around. “Why is the dean calling you?”  
Something tells me we are about to have a big fucking problem.

Jemma goes sheet white before blooming into a glowing red. She grabs the phone and hits the end button.

“About that.”

Our little green-eyed girl has some explaining to do.

“Jemma?”

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# Jemma



**L**ousy timing is my curse. Fear had me mulling over telling them for too long and now my father's face is blowing up my phone.

Damn it all to hell. I guess the secret is out. All three guys look at me like I've grown horns and a tail.

Some consider it bad manners to throw a phone on the floor and stomp the life out of it. But this thing has brought me anxiety attacks twice now. A girl can only take so much. I grip it tight and stare at the screen, weighing my options.

Answer and admit to all my sins to both sides—get expelled.

Or, answer, admit to nothing, live in denial and never acknowledge the feelings I have for three fantastic men—lose all three and go back to my monochromatic life.

Another chirp splits the deafening silence in the room. I know I have to pick it up or he will continue to call.

Reluctance brings the phone to my ear. "Hello, Father."

I peel myself out of Warren's lap and lean against the table for added support

when my shaky knees give out.

There's a pause before a voice dripping with judgment carries over the speaker. "Have you seen the news?"

"No." Keep it simple and direct. I put it on speaker so I don't have to repeat this whole conversation to the guys.

Another pause and this time I hear a disgusted grunt. "Don't lie to me, girl. Is this your way of retaliating? What the hell are you doing in Europe with three of my professors?"

An injection of rage and disbelief washes over all three almost simultaneously and I feel no better than dirt. Erik is confused at first but the hurt in his eyes smooths out to understanding and just as quickly, to my surprise, relief.

Daemon and Warren aren't as understanding it seems.

I turn and head down a short hall beside the kitchen in this massive hotel suite.

"I'm working." I'm not about to give up my men that easily.

I push open the master suite and head straight for the bathroom.

"Working? Does working involve kissing?"

"What?"

"Check your phone."

A ding signals the arrival of an image and I thumb over to see Warren's mouth on mine.

My jaw drops. I can't believe he would do this. "Are you following me? I didn't realize you cared so much." I feel a shock so deep hurt doesn't begin to describe the pain welling inside me.

"I didn't do this. Someone plastered the picture I guess taken by some tabloid on all those social sites you like. Didn't take long for the students here to be talking about you."

I throw a few of my toiletries in a bag and snag a change of clothes.

I feel a solid wall of power step up behind me but I can't turn around to face them. Instead, like a coward, I can only stare at the phone in utter shock.

I fall silent. Oh, God. This all just turned infinitely worse. The guys. They'll lose their jobs. Not that they need the money, but they enjoy teaching and giving back. And I ruined that.

"I can explain. Please don't punish—"

"As of an hour ago you are no longer a student of Westmoore University. You have been expelled. I'll deal with the professors next."

I stumble past them and drop to the edge of the bed.

"Father, wait."

But he's already hung up. Gone. How can this be my life?

"I'm sorry." I start but the burn at the back of my throat makes the rest of what I owe them crack into splinters.

All of a sudden, I feel so tired, I'd laugh but even that takes more energy than I currently have.

Warren is the first to reach out. He strokes a thumb down my cheek. The other two are there but give me space.

I stroke a finger over the jewel-encrusted Eiffel Tower charm Daemon gave me. It's beautiful and when the light catches it just right it reminds me of our time together in Paris. Just the four of us. No outside world. Just them, me and coding.

My fingers move to the snowflake. "On my eighteenth birthday, my father gave me this. It was the brightest day of my life." I tapped the snowflake. "Up until that day everything was great. Or as great as could be expected with a father who had his nose in the books all the time and a mother who assumed her only daughter would follow in her footsteps and become a bioengineer."

I turn to Daemon. "I guess that's something we both have in common."

Daemon crouches in front of me, silent. But his eyes give away more than he thinks. He's hurt.

"A week prior to my birthday I received notice I had been accepted into Westmoore, but I changed my major at the last minute and wanted to surprise my parents over birthday cake. I wanted them to see I knew what I wanted and was brave enough to go after it."

I give a humorless laugh. "The joke was on me though. I should have known they would react the way they did since they did the same to my brother when he dropped out of college to pursue his dream of owning a chain of bars. Hindsight. But... like all teens I thought I was special. I thought they might be reserved or a little pissed. But to outright turn on me? Yeah, caught me by surprise. That day was when everything froze. They forced me out of the house and dropped another bomb on me a week after—I pay for my own college or start flipping burgers. Didn't matter to them."

Now tears decide to show up. Great. I brush them away.

"But of course they didn't leave it at that. I had to drop the Kelley name or find another college. That's why I hid the fact the dean is my father. I didn't mean to lie or get any of you in trouble."

I pause and take a deep soul-cleansing breath. "So this snowflake reminds me even those who say they love me can still freeze me out of their lives. I wear each of these charms as a life lesson learned." I touch each charm and pause over the Eiffel Tower, smiling up at Daemon.

"These hearts are for friends. Brooklyn, who you've met. And these two—I lost right out of high school. Drunk driver. I carry the hearts to remind me life is short. They helped me not freak out when you ushered me into your plane."

Erik takes my hand and presses a warm kiss to the center of my palm. He raises his gaze to mine and we pass several seconds staring into each other's. "It's hard to imagine a parent hurting their child so deeply. It makes such little sense, sweetheart. Do you know why?"

Daemon's heavy weight sinks the mattress beside me and I fall into him from the shift of my weight. "Control. They ruled it over us as children. Every time

I stepped outside their plan as a child the punishment always stripped me of something I loved. I guess that's why I stick to the back of the classroom, not wanting to disrupt or call attention. Habit, ya know. And why I kept quiet about who my father is."

"Out of fear."

I nod.

"The last thing they could take away from you was their love."

"Yep."

They all reach for me and draw me in close. I wish the tears would just fall and I could let out the years of pain wearing down my soul but I'm just too tired.

It's hard, but I stand and walk to the door. "I'm going to take the second bedroom. I need some time if you don't mind."

"You don't have to do that." Warren and Daemon are across the room, pulling me back in.

"It's for the best. I know for a fact none of us expected this to last beyond a few weeks of fun to chase away the winter blues. Distance will help with that. I'll be up and ready for our flight in the morning."

They are reluctant at first though Warren and Daemon let me leave, but it's Erik who follows. "If you need someone to spar with or overeat cookies with, come find me."

I nail him with a quizzical look from across the room. "I've hurt them, and you, but you still want to binge on cookies?" I offer a small smile. It's all I can muster at the moment.

"Shit happens, sweetheart. It's up to you how much you let others control your life."

Hours later those words hang in the front of my mind. As do all the times the three men have been there for me. The way they welcomed me into their lives. But deep down I know the next weeks of my life are going to be hell. All the work I've put into my studies, days and years of pure focus. The one

time I take a little something for myself it's all lost.

Hours tick by and I watch the moon rise from my lonely bed. For two solid weeks I've slept snuggled between my lovers. Tonight is the first night I've been alone. And it sucks.

Daemon likes to sleep with his leg between mine, his hand on my thigh. Warren, he's just as possessive but in a different way. Several mornings I would wake to find his hand holding mine to his chest.

The more I think about it, the harder I breathe. My heart beats faster and I debate seeking them out. But after tomorrow I won't have them to run to. I skim a hand under the covers and pull back the band of my underwear.

It's quiet so I know they've all gone to bed.

Alone in the dark, I grab my pillow and draw it over my face, giving in to the pressure, and just scream. Scream out my frustration and hurt, my anger at the universe for giving me something for so short a time and then yanking it away.

I swirl a finger around my clit and feel a sudden sting of need shoot through me. But no fire. Not like what they do for me. I haven't gone a single night without feeling their pleasure and my body is going into withdrawal. My legs slide open and I cup my pussy. The touch of my own fingers is nowhere near what theirs feels like on my flesh, but I work my clit. Slow circles at first. I ease up the edge of my nightshirt to find my nipples hard, eager. I gasp and for a second I think I can find my release with a little more effort, but the harder I caress the nub tucked between my folds, the further away my release escapes.

I throw aside the covers, yank off my panties. I close my eyes as a moan whispers past my lips when I sink two fingers into my channel. Wet, hot and hungry. A noise by the door draws my attention and I look on as Warren crosses the room and places a knee on the bed. In the dark I can feel the heat of his gaze on my hand.

I shudder when his fingers brush over my belly and he slowly pulls my hand away. Eyes wide, I look on as he wraps his lips around my fingers, sucking them clean. Hair tousled and his chest bare, he's a vision of pure masculinity

when he lays between my legs. Before I can protest, whimper or beg, he takes my throbbing clit between hot lips. Large hands sink beneath my ass and I'm devoured and sent reeling into another world when my orgasm hits.

There's no time to prepare, only to feel.

"Fuck, yes," he growls against my sensitive folds. Teeth take the flesh and I'm arching off the bed and falling prey to another rush of hot liquid spilling between my thighs. He flicks the tip of his tongue over the hard pleasure nub, and a part of me falls away. No longer belonging to me. It's his. Just like Daemon holds another piece of my heart.

"You're a treasure, Jemma. A jewel." His soft words don't match the lightning fury I see flash across his face. I can only assume he's as torn up about the end of our fling as I am. His cock tents a pair of low-slung sweats and when I dip my eyes, he pulls away.

"Sleep while you can. The sun is about to rise. Erik will take you to the airport in the morning and join you on the flight."

Instead of demanding answers, my brain shuts down as he clips a Ferris wheel charm onto my bracelet opposite the dangling Eiffel tower. And just like that I know it is over.

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# Jemma



There's nothing colder than Connecticut in February except the silence of not having them in the same room bickering over who makes the next food run while they read contracts, talking out coding issues or quarterly spreadsheets.

Father and Mother have officially cut me out of their lives. I have the icy letter on my dresser to prove it. The final line the coldest of all: Your shame is yours to carry alone.

In the three weeks since the quiet flight home I've managed to do absolutely nothing for myself except go to work and sleep.

"I can't bear to apply for another school."

"You can't walk away from getting your degree. You only have a few months left and then you can do whatever it is you want."

I pick at the ice cream tub sitting between Brooklyn and me the mint chocolate no longer appetizing. In fact, I feel rather nauseous lately at the slightest taste of food.

"I want *them*."

Brooklyn's hand shoots out to cover mine with a friendly squeeze. "Have you talked with them? Do they know yet?"

I shake my head. I suspected my upset stomach was due to more than just a broken heart. When Brooklyn found me hugging the toilet yesterday morning, we both had a crying session that ended with my best friend running to the drugstore around the corner.

"I need some space to wrap my head around this. None of this was supposed to happen. But I will eventually, especially with..." I point to my stomach. "But right now, I just need to think about what I'm going to do next. It hasn't been easy. I miss them. I've texted them a few times. Erik especially."

Brooklyn takes the ice cream away and pushes a bottle of water into my hand. "They haven't been to the school for class. They've brought in your father to fill in for Erik's lectures. I had no idea class could get harder, but that man has found a way to make me dread advanced mathematics and I LOVE numbers."

I cringe and take my friend's hand in mine. My throat grows tight with all the pent-up emotions I have nowhere to release. "I'm sorry. Truly. I didn't mean to make your life miserable."

"You need to talk to him."

"I tried. I went home last Sunday and was promptly informed I was no longer their daughter."

"And they gifted you that nastygram."

I nod. Tears burn my eyes but I force them to retreat.

"How about we go to a V-Day party? Something to help lighten your mode. Talk to some peeps, get you out of your funk?"

"The last party is what got me into this mess. I think I'll grab another shift down at Krista's, maybe give her the night off. I'll need the extra money if I want to finish my degree before the baby."

"Want me to come with? Sit there and keep you company? Make sure you drink enough water?"

I laugh softly. “No, go to your party. I have a couple of things to do before I leave anyway.”

“Are you sure?”

I pull Brooklyn in for a quick hug and tap the heart on my charm bracelet that belongs to her. I already have you with me. Go, have fun. Take pictures of your new boyfriend for me.” My friend is reluctant but she has a life and a new boyfriend. No way I would be the one to keep her from that. There’s no way I’m going to keep her from the first Valentine’s Day with her new love interest.

As soon as she is gone, I lock the door and head to the bathroom for a hot shower and a deep cry.

An hour later I’m serving a warm cup of hot cocoa to a group of students hitting the books hard and I’m hit with Brooklyn’s words about seeking my degree one way or another. I miss my books, but I miss them more.

“What’s wrong, honey? You look like you’re going to burst into tears.”

I turn to look over my shoulder to find Krista eyeing me intently. “It’s just been a long month or so.”

I force a smile and just my luck. Someone walks in so I duck my head and get to work. Between orders and on my breaks I pull out my eBook reader and flip through a couple of my textbooks. Most people my age prefer them over the tonnage of actual physical print books others lug around.

The sound of a bell pulls me out of my reading and I look up to find a man with a huge bouquet of flowers so big it covers his head and upper torso. He places them on a nearby table, turns and heads back out.

“Okay.” I find Krista staring at the man’s retreating back with the same puzzled look that’s on my face.

“Weird.”

The bell jingles again.

One by one each of the few parking spaces in front of the dinner fills with delivery men unloading vans all loaded down with every kind of flower. One

stands at the door as they all parade back and forth. Within five minutes the place fills up with every kind of flower. Especially my favorite—tulips. In every color imaginable.

“Um, excuse me. This is a diner. You know that, right? What are you doing?” I turn one of the delivery guys around before he can walk off.

He nods. “What the bosses ordered.”

“Bosses?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Another nod.

I check the bouquets but don’t find a card.

“We figured this would be better than a note card.”

I twirl around at the sound of a familiar deep voice.

“We couldn’t figure out how to say what we wanted on a 3x2 piece of paper.”

I rush to Erik and throw my arms around him.

“So you get us instead. Maybe looking into our eyes when we tell you how much we love you will be better anyway.”

Daemon. God, I love his directness. More now than ever. He falls victim to my hug next.

“Why don’t you just blurt it out, man,” Erik ribs his friend and I laugh through the sudden tears that spring up.

He lifts a shoulder in a lazy shrug. “What? It’s not like the flowers didn’t give it away.”

Beside them Warren patiently waits, his eyes so intense I can literally feel them tracking my every move.

“Are you two done?”

Warren grabs me by the hips and plants me on a stool.

“We’ve missed you, baby. Thank you for not completely shutting us out. The texts you sent were everything.”

“I would never freeze another soul out. I would never do that to anyone.”

“I know, baby. We all do.”

Warren captures my lips in a warm kiss and for seconds, minutes maybe hours I lose all concept of time and just feel. At some point someone gets a little impatient and clears their throat. “You’re our queen and if you let us, we would like to show you what you mean to us every day of our lives.”

“You’ve been fired from your position at the school, I assume? All because of me.”

“Yes. It’s made things a little difficult. But not impossible.”

“My father... I’m so sorry.”

“He’ll come around. Or he won’t. Normally, there’s not much you can do when a man is set in his ways.”

“Just give it time. You might be surprised.” Erik takes my hand in his and kisses each finger before bringing it to his heart.

“How did you guys find me here?”

“Your friend was more than helpful with the details when we showed up at the Valentine’s Day party. She can be very persuasive when wanting information. We first delivered the flowers to your apartment. When we didn’t find you, we went there.”

“In front of the entire student body?”

“The more people who know how much we love you the better.”

I can’t believe my ears. I bite at my lip and consider what I have to say next...and the outcome it will have on the evening.

I look around and see everyone has discreetly vanished. I’ll have to remember to thank Krista.

“I’ve been wanting to show you guys something. I just didn’t know the words

to use along with the image. Though, it pretty much speaks for itself.” I flick through the pictures on my phone and pull up a snapshot of the pregnancy test and flip around my phone.

They all fall to their knees and place kisses on my belly. The awe in their expressions leaves me so filled with emotions I think I’ll burst if one of them doesn’t say something.

“We thought for sure there was someone else in your life. Someone who would take you away from us.”

“We spent the last three weeks handing in our resignations and making sure we had everything in order to be able to be with you and not jeopardize you, your reputation or your time here at the college.”

“I bet my father loved that, but you don’t have to worry about me. I’m expelled, remember?”

Warren’s scowl darkens and I’ve come to learn it means he has something very arrogant to say. “Not after agreeing to build a new library and another lecture wing for science.”

My jaw drops. “What are you saying.”

“Everyone has their price. Even the ones with false standards. We turned the tables on your father. Held something he wanted just out of reach with the threat of taking it away completely if he didn’t comply with our terms—you back in school.”

“I don’t believe it.” I don’t have time to digest the news before all three take my left hand and clip something onto three areas. Hearts. These are made of gold with a diamond in the center of each all surrounding the snowflake.

Fat tears stream down my cheek and they are all three there to dry them with kisses.

“Now every time you look at your snowflake you will see it surrounded by love.”

“And remember the warmth you’ve brought into our lives. And in just a few months we’ll be able to add a fourth heart.”

Each of them rests a hand on my belly and I get a flash of what I will be like as the next nine months progress.

Erik pulls me off the stool and into his arms, carrying me out the door. February snow lands on our lashes as we make our way to their car. For a long moment we just stand there, my filthy professors and me as the snow falls, my heart warmer than it's ever been.

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# Epilogue

## Jemma, two years later



The day after their confession of love, we were on a plane heading back to London. Within a week they secured a home for us. They were planning on moving their headquarters overseas and made the decision on our last trip here. Only they didn't have a chance to share the news after the fallout with my family.

In the two years since they gave me their hearts and I handed them mine, we've racked up thousands of flyer miles and charms I cherish—a lion from our trip to South Africa where they were a part of building schools, a cherry blossom from the night in Hong Kong, a llama from our honeymoon trip to Peru.

It's been a wild ride and every minute I don't have my face buried in coding, I spend it with them and our mischievous daughter who has my hair, deep green eyes and what I swear is Erik's sweet tooth.

I'm on my way home having just finished my last class of the day and thumb through a few pictures from a few years back. I smile when my thumb lands on one I almost forgot about.

A couple of flicks and I shoot it off to my guys, hoping they are alone. How I



could forget the one I snapped two years ago in London is beyond me. Or was it Paris? All the nights of their passionate lovemaking have blurred together except that night. I remember the night they marked me as theirs.

It's Valentine's Day and I'm hoping for a little fun tonight. I smile as I hit send, knowing all of them will be hitting reply within three seconds.

My phone goes off like rockets on the Fourth of July.

"Repeat. Tonight."

That is Daemon. So direct as usual. He's opened up more and there are times when if he gets going on a topic he loves, it's hard for him to stop. I love it. And I wouldn't change it for the world.

Erik pops up next. "Our dirty girl wants to get naughty." Followed by an eggplant and lips.

Warren. My sweet, broody man is always last to answer. "Take your panties off before you walk into the house. Our little lady is with Brooklyn for the night so let's use our time wisely. Don't keep us waiting."

"See you at home in ten, my loves."

I finished my bachelor's in computer science and I'm currently working with Thurston and Black while working toward my Ph. D.

The elevator dings and I step directly into our living room to the delicious smell of Daemon's favorite chili and cornbread. My stomach rumbles.

"Hi, handsome, is that for me?" I find Daemon where I thought I would—in the kitchen holding out a wine glass knowing he would be my first stop.

"Hey, beautiful."

"You never cease to amaze me."

"And we hope we never do."

Warren and Erik join us and all three surround me much like that first night in the quiet room of their manor. But this time I'm not hiding who I am or what I want.

“Let’s make another baby tonight.” I pull at the string holding my cranberry wraparound dress on and let it fall to the floor.

All three prowl closer and I’m shared until all three have tasted the wine on my tongue. “Sounds like a plan,” Warren rumbles in my ear.

“But the baby making will have to wait until you have enjoyed a nice, warm meal.” Daemon drags a stool over and pulls me onto his lap.

Erik takes another beside us and together they alternate between feeding me food and delicious wine. “After, we will ravish you until you can’t take any more of us.”

“That will never happen.”

I can’t believe I’ve found a home with the last people on this Earth I thought would ever fall in love with me. I’m no longer the mousy girl in the back of the room afraid to show her fears as much as her desires. I’m stronger than that now. And I’ll make sure our babies are too.

I didn’t set out to fall for my professors but they’ve proven love comes in so many forms and none of us has any control over what our hearts want, as filthy as it may seem.

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# Her Filthy Mafia Men



They say I'm theirs. That they own me and I'm powerless to escape. And to prove their point, the ruthless mafia men steal me away.

As of three hours ago I learn I'm indebted to the tune of ten million dollars to the Chicago mafia underground because my deceased father couldn't keep his thirst for power and money in check.

But before he died, he left me with a gift. An arranged marriage to the mafia men he owes.

Lucky me.

I'm barely scraping by as it is so I have two choices: play nice with the beautiful, deadly mafia bosses and pay my father's debt... or marry them.

This is no fairy-tale story and I'm no wanna-be Cinderella. They've made it clear they'll take my body as payment and warn me not to run because they own every inch of me for as long as they wish.

Once they put their hands on me I'm afraid I'll like what they do to me.  
Question is, can I be the queen they want me to be?

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# Her Filthy Mafia Men



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# Katriona



I always regret my life choices the morning after.

Two eight-hour shifts back-to-back rip my soul from my body. Every. Damn. Time.

I plant the palms of my hands against my eyes and rub.

Just a little longer.

A soft melody plays from somewhere under the covers knotted around my body and it takes me several seconds to peel them back to find my phone. I blindly swipe a thumb across the screen and collapse into the mass of pillows and sheets.

I'm already thinking of when I can fall back into their soft embrace, but for now, I drag myself out of bed regretting picking up a second double shift after only three hours of sleep.

Chicago in the summer with no central air to speak of can be stifling. But I love the heat. It provides a sense of comfort and serves as a reminder of my bigger dream.

I throw open the blackout curtains draped over my bedroom window to enjoy

my one guilty pleasure. Blinding sunlight pours through my window and I turn my face up to it, counting down the months until I get to do nothing but live in the light again.

Normally I'm asleep at this hour, but thanks to my inability to say no and my need for money, I take an extra five minutes to soak up this one luxury like it's liquid gold that doesn't come around often enough.

Poor life choices at work. Maybe in some other life, I had my shit together, but not this one.

I swing open my bedroom door to find Nikki, my roommate and one true friend in this God-forsaken city, in the living room stuffing clothes into a shoulder bag. As usual, a lit mint Marlboro clings to the corner of her red-painted mouth.

We've shared this tiny apartment for two years and most evenings we head for work together. I must have slept through several of my alarms because she's already heading for the door when I barely know what day it is.

"Hey, babe. Welcome back to the land of the living. Thought I'd have to bang some pots and pans or something to get your dead ass up." Ashes fall from the tip of her cigarette to land on the one luxury piece of furniture in our shitty two-bedroom apartment. Since I paid for the large sectional couch I tend to bitch about burn holes, but today I just don't have the energy to care. But I spare a little to throw up a finger, pairing it with a playful smile. "Gotta have my beauty sleep."

She winks, causing the super large falsie glued to her eyelid to flutter. To say she is extra might come off as an understatement. But I love her for all her eccentricities.

She flips a long, electric red lock over a bare shoulder. "Love ya too, babe. Hey, listen. I'm heading out. Can't be late again. See ya there?" She's by the front door, hand on the handle, head turned back to me. "By the way, happy birthday!"

"Thanks." I force a smile on my face given today is my least favorite day of the year.

We work at the same club with the same shitty long hours, but the nightly

tips more than make up for it. One more year of saving and I will have my ticket out of this city and away from all the foul memories. Now that will be one helluva birthday present.

This time my smile is genuine as I wave her off. Heat rolls in on a beam of sunshine when Nikki swings open the front door. “When you get to work we’ll sneak off and have a celebratory martini and make wild birthday wishes with abandon. The sky will be the limit!”

“I won’t be far behind you,” I call out just as a looming shadow cuts into the rays of light pouring inside.

My smile quickly falls from my face at the sight of Nikki’s cigarette dangling from her lips, her head tilted back so far it appears to be hanging by a hinge.

My heart gives an erratic beat in the seconds it takes for Nikki to blink. She rolls her shoulders and narrows her eyes into thin slits. “What the fuck, man, you ever hear of personal space and a doorbell?”

Gripping the bathroom door handle, my body instantly goes on full alert. My mother had shitty tastes when it came to men. On more than one occasion I usually ended up paying the price for her poor judgment. Memories of more than one “gentleman” wanting to see if he could get a two-for-one special chases me into my dreams years later. No eight or ten-year-old should have to fight men off. But I did.

“Nikki?” I hiss. Those old wounds reopen, causing my heart to thump heavily.

While my hands tremble at the slightest sign of trouble, nothing ever seems to rattle Nikki. She grew up in New York and came to Chicago with the attitude of a Bronx chick and a set of brass balls I wish for every day.

I hear a harsh masculine exhale and a bitter, “Ms. Kane.”

I look on as my friend plucks the smoke from her mouth with one hand and goes to shut the door with the other. “Nah, man. Wrong address. Bye.”

I turn to face the door, filling with apprehension. *Wrong move, Nikki.* Whoever this is isn’t stopping by for pleasantries. His tone oozes with badass motherfucker vibes and I’d bet my last dollar not many people utter no in his



presence. My father makes sure none of his muscled goons knows the meaning of the word.

Up until now I always felt safe inside our tiny apartment, but right now I feel caged in with no other exit than the door currently occupied.

I step away from the bathroom door prepared to help deal with whoever is on the other side—sweaty palms and all—when I hear the slam of a heavy hand against the solid oak.

Oh, shit! I hate being right.

Rolling over the back of the couch, I palm the mace tucked inside the front pocket of my bag just as a set of large shoulders crash through the front door, tearing it off the hinges.

“No one closes a door in my face. I said I need to speak to Ms. Kane. *Mr.* Kane insists.”

I stumble around the edge of the couch, mace aimed at the front door.

Kane. I know the name. It’s followed me through life since birth like a plague I can’t shake off.

I drop my bag, but keep my finger ready to shoot a stream of pepper spray if needed. I have no intentions of speaking to any Kane in this lifetime. Been there, done that. I don’t exactly see the need to give him a third chance of throwing me away.

So, no. Whoever it is thinking he can play linebacker with my front door can take his heavy-handed crap somewhere else.

Dressed in nothing but a skimpy pair of shorts and a top, I yank my robe off the bathroom wall and shove my arms into the sleeves.

Every muscle in my body is tense, making my movements jerky and robotic. I can feel the heat of his eyes on me but I don’t turn around until I have the sash tied off.

Anger surging, I level my gaze on his. “What the hell does he want? Dumping his only daughter twice is not enough?” I hold a hand up. “Better yet, I don’t really care. Why don’t you fuck off already? I’m not going

anywhere with you now or ever. Might as well not waste anyone's time."

I have no idea where my bravado is coming from, but I hold my ground.

Impatient brown eyes rake over my bed head hair, no makeup look before coming back to rest on my face. I'm pretty sure Muscles considers me lower than dumpster trash with how disgust curls his lips into a disapproving frown. I can practically read his thoughts. He can't piece together why his powerful, corrupt boss would want anything to do with me—a nobody waitress.

That makes two of us.

Muscles steps into my personal space, his musky scent stealing my breath. The air suddenly feels a lot heavier and my lungs struggle. Bushy brows pinch into a murderous scowl and I admit, he doesn't simply look like a scary son-of-a-bitch staring down at me. He *is* one.

I swallow my fear. "You're gonna pay for that, right?" I swing a hand in the direction of my front door and slink back until my ass hits the back of my couch. Which isn't far considering the size of the place.

Finger ready, my target in sight. I swallow back the bubble of hysteria threatening to burst out in a fit of screams. He moves one more inch and this little impromptu meeting will be over.

"You need to leave now. I have no desire to try and kindle enough energy to deal with my father." AKA the biggest asshole there is. Mobster. The man who threw me away when he tired of being a dad.

Bear claws for hands come down on my shoulder and from the corner of my eye, I see Nikki grab a kitchen chair, ready to swing with all her heart.

I shove away from Muscles and hold a hand up for Nikki to slow her roll. Kitchen chair half hoisted, she's got a mean look in her eyes. I pump the button on my mace but only get a fizzle of foam instead of the stream of spray.

Shit!

I throw my other hand up in the direction of my friend, swearing viciously. "Damn it! Whoa, I got this, babe. I'll see you at work, okay?" I wave my

hand and hold her gaze until she backs off. I know for a fact Muscles won't think twice about burying his knuckles into a woman's face and I don't want my friend to get hurt on my account.

I get a *are you fucking crazy* look in return. Ignoring Nikki's silent plea for me to stand aside and let her at him, I push her out the door. "I like my friends living. Besides, I'm sure I'm safe." I eye Muscles and draw my arms across my chest. "Sort of." I can count on zero fingers the amount of experience I have dealing with heavy-handed thugs, but my father? Yeah, this isn't exactly the first time I've had to deal with him. The last time was on my terms though, so I'm a little off-kilter.

With one more look, Nikki slowly walks away, but I can tell I'll get an ear full the second I get to work.

Speaking of. I turn back to Muscles. "Look, I need to get ready for work. And you need to leave. You don't want my bosses wondering where I am at when I don't clock in," I lie. They would cut me from the payroll without a second thought, but I'm desperate and ready to start name-dropping if it will get him to leave.

Then again working for my father's enemy isn't exactly going to earn me any points.

"Your father requests a word with you. Shut up and come with me."

I make a small choking sound. "You can tell your boss I'm not interested. Sorry you wasted your time." Lara Croft would have some kind of slick, kick-ass ninja moves to rid herself of unwanted guests, but all I have is three free months of yoga training on my side. Something tells me that a warrior pose is not going to help me out here.

Rough hands grab me by the shoulder and pure instinct takes over. Despite my knees wanting to turn to water, I rear back and aim my elbow for a square freshly shaven chin. On a man this size, it's probably not his weakest point but I can't reach many other places.

The bastard sways out of the way and laughs. *Laughs!*

"Now," he grunts and hoists me over his shoulder, uncaring of my pitiful arguments. In my surprise, I drop the can of empty mace. Perched on my

belly six and a half feet in the air over a meaty shoulder, I cast around, looking for anything I can use for a weapon but come up empty-handed.

“I don’t know what you think you’re doing, but you can put me down and leave *now*. Someone *will* call the cops!”

It’s all lies. None of my neighbors are home at this hour. My balled fists meet a thick, muscled back but he only laughs at my puny attempts at fighting back.

Seconds later I’m outside, bathrobe skewered sideways across my body and planted beside a dark limo. A man in a perfectly-tailored suit standing in the open door.

“Sorry, sir. She refused to come nicely.”

Reality begins to sink in when I see my father. His eyes are shrouded beneath the brim of a dark hat, his hands clenching and unclenching over the rim of the open door. Since he makes a living in this town’s underbelly and threatening others, one would think having nerves of steel came with the territory.

The evidence says otherwise.

An air of doom clogs my lungs. Something is wrong, only I can’t tell what. I look around for a bigger threat than his goon but see nothing.

One thing I do know though is if there is trouble, this man is never anyone’s solution.

“Father. Say what you came to say and then leave.”

This is a disaster just waiting to happen.

I swallow while peering up at him, apparent disgust sliding across his face. “Stop being a bitch like your mother and listen. Get in the car and maybe you won’t die today,” he hisses in a tone oozing with poison.

I clamp down on my nerves, forcing them to behave. “Your fatherly speeches are lacking,” I deadpan. “And since when would you care if I do die? And are you threatening me?”

Ignoring my questions, he stands there unblinking. “Get in now, Katriona. No debate.” He turns those dark eyes to the man standing behind me and I shrug out of a hand coming down on my shoulder. The move is getting real old and fast.

I look at my father, humiliation and shock filling me. “You treat me like a bag of dirty laundry since I can remember and now you want me to blindly follow you? I’m not going anywhere with you. Not now, not ever. If I’m in so much danger, as you say, then why not bring the cops into this?” I clench my fists at my sides and push down the nightmares the man who donated sperm to my existence twenty-one years ago caused in my life.

Not interested in an answer, I turn to leave but Muscles is standing behind me, his death glare scarier than mine.

Stubbornness stiffens my spine. I can’t help it. He might be three times my size but no one forces me into anything. Ever.

“Get her in the limo. In the trunk, if you have to. I won’t leave her behind so they can hold her over my head.”

As if his word is final, my father slides his robust, aging frame into the limo and punches the button to lower the window. Honest to God just like a legit Godfather, he motions with his fingers a silent command and Muscles obeys.

Screw that. I side-step him and his grabby hands, but just barely.

“You can keep your damn meaty hands to yourself, asshole. And you!” Despite the pain of rough cement on my bare feet, I whirl to face my father and grit through the pain. “You don’t get to show up out of nowhere and demand shit from me.”

I manage two steps before my arm is in a bruising vice grip.

“Stubborn, foolish girl. Just like—”

Renewed anger flares through me. I jerk my arm free. I stomp across the filthy, heated sidewalk and lower my face to the window.

“Like my mother? Is that what you were going to say? Is that what you told her when you walked out on her when I was only five? Leaving her to raise a

kid alone in a city made for swallowing single mothers? Do you know how she put food on the table after you cut her off? Did you know about the men who I had to fight off almost nightly, wishing I had a father like my school friend to protect me? Do you? No, you don't. How could you? You never cared enough to once check in on us. All you cared about was the next woman, the next gun run, or drug deal. Am I getting closer to the truth?"

He gives me a look of bewilderment and blanches as if I reached through the open window and struck him across the face.

"Must be nice to have all the power in the world to just walk away when you don't like something, right, Kane?"

I feel a wave of fury emit through the open window but something in his eyes has me swallowing my next tirade of insults.

Fear.

I see fear in his eyes and that's when I notice something else. He is sweating, his hands white-knuckling the door where the window is lowered. A man I thought feared nothing and no one trembles. Eyes the color of mine dart to the far end of the street and that's where I notice a black sedan with windows so black I can't see who might be inside.

From the corner of my eye, I see Muscles going for his gun, his hand gripping my biceps in a crushing hold.

Oh shit.

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# Katriona



Is the gun for me?

Sunlight gleams off silvery metal and I know this is where I die. A bullet between the eyes in broad daylight. A mob hit on his own daughter because I don't fit into whatever compartment he wants to shove me inside of.

A gruff, "Marcus," stays my execution but I can see the sheer disappointment in my would-be killer's eyes from his boss' order.

Well damn. Cold-hearted much? I guess I have my answer.

I swallow past a dry throat.

"Sorry, maybe some other day?" I play off my nerves with sarcasm but inside I'm shaking worse than a needle from an eight-point-five on the Richter Scale.

Muscles takes his hand away and sprints to the driver's side of the car. He's barely behind the wheel when the motor purrs to life.

"Have it your way. Don't say I didn't warn you, you fool." My father nods to Muscles I guess in what is sign language between assholes and they're gone.

Like an idiot, my feet stay glued to the sidewalk as the mysterious car with

dark, tinted windows rolls by moments after my father's car leaves the curb.

Back inside my apartment, I fix the door the best I can on two of the three hinges and bolt it closed. I make a mental note to pick up a door cam on my next day off.

My last name might be Kane, but that is as close to wealthy and privileged as I'll ever get. My father made sure of that. Before I could properly find my way in a world full of bad guys, the man who knocked my mother up disowned me—us—and I've been fighting for my place on this earth ever since.

Not stuff happy reunions are made of.

Ask anyone and they'll agree he got the better end of the stick. A great handful of years with a beautiful woman at his beck and call while my mother paid the ultimate price of death trying to raise a child on her own when he tired of family life.

It's painful to think that my mother was no more than a plaything so easily tossed aside by the high and mighty William Kane.

What a joke.

I doubt my mother even earned an afterthought from him. I know I didn't. For reasons beyond my understanding, she didn't see it worth forcing him to support a child he didn't want.

Both were wrong and I am left living with the consequences of their actions.

After my mother passed from complications of the heart a little before my fourteenth birthday, I bounced around from one home to another until I finally took my fate into my own hands, and skipped out on my last foster home at the age of sixteen. Back then I thought I knew everything.

I used to believe in fairy tales and happily ever afters. After she passed and I came of age, I searched him out. Worst decision ever. My heart still feels the pain of his second rejection.

The reunion left me with a bad aftertaste and I don't think he thought twice about me the second his door closed on my retreating back.



Fast forward three years and I admit, my hands are shaking at the fact he knows where to find me.

Freshly showered, I step out of my busted door and make sure Muscles with the bruising hands didn't change his mind about doubling back and shoving me into the trunk of the limo after all.

Finding no one, I lock my apartment and tuck my head into the biting spring wind. I step off the curb and hail a cab. All the chaos left me almost an hour late for work. My mind ping-pongs between the fear of getting fired and the fear of Kane's words.

As much as I hate him, I'd be a fool to ignore his words. Like I need another thing to worry about. I want to scream my frustrations into the fading afternoon. Tired didn't begin to describe the utter bone-deep feeling of fatigue that burrows deep into my body from others trying to control my life.

I forgave my mother for her choices. But my father? No. He doesn't get a free pass.

I refuse to be anyone's plaything, someone who can be used up and tossed aside.

I sling the strap of my bag over my shoulder, false pride leaving a bad taste in the back of my throat.

True, I didn't make it much farther up the food chain than she did. I make my way in the world skimming by in the shadows. I might not sell my body as she did, but it's not much better. I live it up as a glamorous waitress at one of the most private clubs known in Chicago. Where politicians and aristocratic monsters rub elbows on any given day of the week.

Club Lex, where shady deals are made by shadier people.

I swear it should be their slogan. Thank God I don't much care whose name is on my paycheck that is for damn sure.

Walking into Lex is a bit like stepping into an alternate world when one false move on my part and I might not come back.

Owned by Chicago's most powerful man—Sylan Ward. Alpha, badass,

arrogant and all male. Just the name has my skin heating. The dark-eyed, muscular mobster knows how to wear a killer three-piece. Ruthless and unforgiving as the winter is cold. Brutal to the core and as deadly as a hidden rattlesnake in tall grass.

And just as gorgeous.

So are his two partners. Grey Hudson and Drake Montgomery.

All my father's enemies.

All three run their operations with a steel grip and iron-clad rules. Nothing in this corrupt town happens without their approval.

In my time here I've come to learn they are three of the most gorgeous cutthroat motherfuckers who frankly scare the hell out of me. And most shockingly of all, they have one guilty pleasure many would call a weakness—sharing their women.

Other than that, I haven't quite figured them out yet. What makes them tick, I mean. Why they do what they do. Perhaps I never will. Doesn't matter really. But deep down, I can only imagine what it would be like to be a woman standing among them receiving their full attention.

An abrupt heat flares across my skin at the idea.

Not that any of that matters. All three have hawk eyes that never miss a detail. That is what matters and why I keep my head tucked. They get what they want and for that reason alone I work hard to remain anonymous.

I pocket my paycheck and focus on the plan which is getting as far away from anyone who knows the name Kane as I can get. Rio for starters and then maybe the beaches of Spain.

Both are places I can stretch my wings, take surfing lessons, operate some small mom-and-pop ice cream shop. Sell coconut juice for God's sake. Anything that would take me away from the bitter cold of this city and I'm not talking solely about the weather.

As the taxi driver rolls to a stop outside of Club Lex, I pay my fare and shove the day's ordeal from my mind. Standing outside the luxurious palace with its

spires and plush black carpet, it's like moving from one world to the next and my mind shifts from the nobody Kat to the flawless Katriona who makes sure wishes come true for the patronage within these walls.

Sex, drugs, alcohol. It's all on the menu. Six days a week I make sure everyone has fresh drinks and that the right girl meets up with the right client. And for the exclusive members of the Attic, I escort them to the third floor. A section of the club so hush-hush even I wonder of its existence, though I've seen the steel door that sections it off from the rest of the club.

And I tell myself every night that I don't need to know what goes on in the Attic. *Stay with your easy shadow work and then go home*, is the motto I repeat nightly.

My phone pings and I pull it out of my bag.

Nikki pops up with a message written in all caps:

*HEADS UP, TRIO JUST WALKED IN AND THEY LOOK PISSED*

Shit. The trio means all three owners. But that's not right.

Another ping.

*They're asking for you. Do I stall?*

I take in a harsh breath and clutch my phone tighter. Sweet Jesus, what would they want with me? I contemplate resigning on the spot. No one ever wants to be on their radar. My thumb hovers over the reply button as I consider my options. If I want Rio and freedom, I need money. Simple mathematics.

My blood chills. They weren't due at the club for another week. Like clockwork. They never change their routine. What is going on tonight? Not even Mercury in retro had this kind of power to stir up chaos.

On the nights they make their rounds at the club I keep my head down. Apparently, I really suck at the whole stay invisible thing. I don't advertise I'm the daughter of a rival slash mobster for obvious reasons.

I work hard at being just another girl serving drinks. Lots of people share my last name. They probably just want to see their employee. Get a personal feel for the people they pay.

My inner voice of reason screams for me to run and not look back.

I hit reply and shoot out a quick *ON MY WAY*.

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# Katriona



I push into the dressing room and sag against the door as it closes with a soft metallic click.

Blissful silence greets me. Feeling a panic attack knocking at my mental door wanting in, I shove it away and grip my heart with a fierce battle of wills until it calms into a steady rhythm.

Wiping at my tears, I drop my bag holding the few important items I own—my phone, the charger, fresh clothes and a picture of my mother. Not much else. Maybe a tampon.

I place my hands flat against the door and breathe in. No one met me at the door. A good sign? My gaze darts around the empty room. Maybe they'd forgotten about me and moved on to the next girl or something.

This part of the club is dimly lit to help ease us into the right mood for walking the floors. Most nights I find it a comfort, but tonight the inky feel of encroaching darkness makes my skin crawl.

I glance at the large clock to my right. Yeah, all the girls were already in the club's uniforms of leather and lace and were out on the floor.

In a rush, I peel off my boots and jeans, tossing them into my locker with

little care. Ten minutes later I'm fully dressed—if you can call it that—in a barely-there skirt the color of the devil's soul and a bodice made of buttery soft red leather with white lace along the top designed to highlight the dip of a woman's cleavage.

I wiggle a little, getting my ample D's in place before lacing up the front with a delicate bow I consider one step away from a malfunction.

I slip into a pair of spiked stilettos and start touching up my makeup. Since I did most of the prep work at home, a swipe of red lipstick and my *walking fantasy* look is complete.

I feel a rush of air as the door swings open on well-oiled hinges behind me.

I bolt around, holding my breath only to let it out in a rush. Green eyes highlighted with gold glitter and black eyeliner meet mine.

“There you are!” Nikki hisses.

“You scared the hell outta me. I just got here.”

Nikki glides across the room, the embodiment of grace. Pushing me to face the mirror, she weaves my long hair into an artistic bun, leaving soft tendrils to fall around my face. On second thought I go for the lipstick again and touch up the corners one last time.

We hurry through the final motions and I check myself in the mirror before we both hit the door. I pull her to a stop before she can leave for the third floor. “Real talk. How much trouble am I in?”

Nikki rolls her eyes. “You're such a drama queen.” She pulls me in for a quick hug and it grounds me. Friends are far and few between and I will miss this bond with my one friend the most when I finally have enough in the bank to leave.

With that, we pull away and go our separate ways. As soon as I step out onto the floor, I shed the persona of the real world and become a fantasy woman of Lex.

In the shadows, tray in hand I take my first order to a hidden booth in the back. Curtains are drawn, and in this world, there is no telling what I'll find

going on behind the river of satin. Lights along the floor light my way and I discreetly slide three mojitos over black napkins, eyes downcast as we've been trained.

I move to slip from the curtain when a meaty hand latches onto the fleshy part of my ass.

"Where are you going? Join the fun, baby." The slurred offer comes from an aged man who likes cigars most likely from the gargling sound of his rough voice. It reminds me of my father and I shiver in repulsion.

With a little adrenaline left over in my system from my time with said asshole, the need to lash out takes over. I throw the man's hand off my body and jerk back, stumbling into another patron's booth, heaving their curtain aside.

Shocked faces, hard nipples and a man's fully erect shaft greet me. Oh shit!

I manage to regain my balance when heavy hands settle over my shoulders. Not like Muscles from earlier, but with authority nonetheless.

They turn me around and I promptly almost trip over my jaw. When I drag my eyes off the man who dared lay a hand on me, I'm met with a sight that has me melting into the floor. Only it doesn't swallow me whole like I wish it would.

I suck in a breath, feeling the heat in my body rush to gather in my cheeks all at once. Out of fear mostly, but from a thrill of unexpected excitement too. The shivering chill returns and runs its cold fingers down my back.

"Mr. Montgomery, Mr. Hudson," I breathe out heavily.

Broad shoulders and muscled chests covered in yards of expensively-tailored suits fill my vision. The two sets of nearly black eyes pinning me to the floor belong to men who tower over me. Enough to where I have to tilt my head up to hold their gazes. And the longer I look the more I realize the scowl they wear only makes them look more devilishly handsome.

Their combined scent wraps around me first and that should have sent off warning bells, but I'm stupid and only think about *who* has their hands on me instead of the *why* behind the action.

Wow. How pathetic can I get?

Thumping waves of deep-based music pulsate through the darkness. With it comes soft, feminine cries and moans of pleasure. Hearing them always touches something inside me. No matter how cold and indifferent I try to be, I can't completely shut down that side of myself. The side that wants to be touched in the same way after a long day. Instead of being greeted by the cold apartment I can barely afford or comforted by my one-day dream of Rio.

One thing is completely obvious right now. While my world screeches to an instant halt, the people around us continue their deep dive into carnal pleasures completely unaware of my plight.

One look around me and I know I am alone. Like always.

The one named Grey steps away briefly to murmur something to a passing waitress who hurries off. Probably a complimentary drink or another escort to appease the clientele who are never wrong.

While I get a pink slip.

"Ms. Kane," the man named Drake draws out my name, his voice deep and smooth as whiskey poured over leather. "Come with us." His hair is cut short, revealing an earpiece. He briefly touches it, eyes on me, and says, "I'm bringing her to you now."

I swallow heavily. "Bringing me to where?" I ask, my voice shaking. The first thing I'm going to do when I get back home is to find a steel door, lock it and never step outside again. I can't seem to stay out of trouble any other way, I swear.

Instead of answering me, Drake eases his large, warm hand from my shoulder and glides it down to settle on the dip of my lower back. The small section just under my bodice leaves about four inches of exposed skin and he expertly finds the one area that turns me to complete putty. It is not even a full-on palm-to-skin touch either. Just the tips of his fingers against my skin. Commanding, yet patient as well.

This man knows how to tease the senses with the lightest of touches without even trying. To keep his prey off their game, probably.



Instead of pushing me roughly where he wants me to go, he uses only the warm tips of his fingers to gently guide me through a lowly-lit hallway that seems endless at first. Moments later we climb a set of stairs tucked behind a door leading to a section of the club off-limits to people in my position.

The second floor is for higher paying customers and the things commoners like myself are not privy to. Not quite the Attic, but not first level either.

I clamp my fists at my sides to keep my hands from trembling.

Shameful as it is, the sensations of Drake's barely-there touch draws out buried fantasies of having more of him touch me from the dark corners of my mind.

Just as we reach the top of the stairs Grey comes up behind us and I feel a solid wall of heat and power surrounding me.

Inky hair as black as midnight encases a face pulled into a stern expression.

I turn abruptly, settling my hands over his hard chest. I feel more than see Drake's eyes watching my every move. "Truly, please believe me when I say I'm sorry. I didn't mean to react the way I did. I wasn't expecting the man to grab me like that."

Silence.

"Please. Don't fire me. I really need this job." I've never begged before. Am I doing it wrong? Realizing my actions, I jerk my hands back but I'm too slow. Grey's are already covering mine, holding me in place.

Trapped.

Beneath my palms I feel his steady heartbeat strong and uniform. Cool and collected. I stare up at him in pure female fascination, suddenly understanding how women could fall for the bad guys when they look this beautiful.

My gaze slides to Drake's and black eyes rake over me, making me feel exposed. Then gradually they ease up to meet mine. I swear I see a flash of interest shine in the depths of his eyes. While I'm still trying to digest that information, out of nowhere the gorgeous assassin mobster—I don't know

here, I'm taking a stab in the dark at their job titles—smiles. And wow what a smile.

Grey's voice rumbles beneath my hands. "When you face Sylan, I think the last thing you'll be worried about is your job."

God, his voice makes my nipples tighten. I can't help but wonder what his hands could do to me. And if that's not bad enough, I can't take my eyes off the way the light dances off his razor-sharp jawline.

I mentally admonish myself for the direction of my thoughts. Easier to think of how attractive they are rather than the way I know this evening will end, I suppose.

I take a shaky breath. "What will happen now?" I don't try to hide the tremble in my voice.

Taking my hand in his, Grey pulls me down yet another hallway. Drake is beside us, a light hand on my other arm.

"He's being removed from the club as we speak. Rest assured he won't lay another hand on you again."

I stumble at Grey's words and a strong hand steadies me. "Excuse me?" Wait. "Sorry, but that's not what I meant."

Grey slides me a look that has me clamping my mouth closed. My brain screams for a pause button but it's clear I've jumped from the fire into the frying pan and there is no friend I can reach out to back me up this time.

"It won't happen again. I'm sorry. You gotta believe me. Maybe we can forget about all this and call it a night?"

Drake curses softly, exchanging a look with his buddy overtop my head like the other said too much.

Mobsters with morals? I recognized the face of the man who grabbed my ass and billionaires tended to get what they wanted, not the flat-broke waitress with a dangerous attraction to her three bosses.

Both Drake and Grey usher me through a door into a darkened room. I blink several times to adjust my eyes and even then, I still can't make out anything

other than the glaring monitors showing various angles of all the club floors. Even the Attic.

My brows shoot up. “Oh my.”

Surveillance. So that’s how they arrived so quickly on the main floor. Not one section of the club goes unwatched from the looks of it.

“Step into the light,” a deep voice sounds off to my right.

I glance around for the source but only see various shades of darkness.

I turn my face up to Grey and Drake who only silently return my stare.

Great. No help there. Not sure what I expect from them, but one thing is for damn sure. I am so getting fired over this.

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# Katriona



Their intoxicating scents warp the voice of reason screaming at me that I should be ten levels of afraid instead of turned on right now.

*Focus, Kat.*

Monitors in uniformed lines cover the spacious walls. Nearly every inch is covered with live video from one room or another.

I shake a finger at the moving wall. “Like a little TV, do we? Do these people know you’re recording them?” When I get nervous my mouth tends to run a little more than it should. Glad to know my bad habits follow me into the devil’s lair. “Do you save it, go home and kick back and watch them like porn reruns?”

I hear something like a soft chuckle come from one of the guys behind me.

“Do you always insult your employers?” Comes the voice again and I’m getting closer to pinpointing its exact location.

I shake my head, my lower lips sliding between my teeth a moment before my mouth decides to run with the first thought that pops into my head. “Um, no. Not really. Only when I’m led to dark rooms with mysterious voices talking down at me like some wizard behind a curtain.” I continue to scan the

room.

Then he appears.

My eyes draw to his when a slash of light from overhead clicks on.

Green. Magnetic. I can't look away. Intense just like the man.

He wears his hair short similar to Grey and Drake and has a hard set to his jaw. Where they have their suit jackets neatly buttoned, no doubt hiding guns, I find this one's discarded, the sleeves of his dress shirt rolled up to reveal flourishes of ink marking both arms completely to the wrists.

I inhale sharply. Sylan Ward.

As mysterious as he is powerful. I shiver as he steps from the far corner of the room to stand in front of me. I force my limbs to break free from the momentary paralysis and take a half step back. Which puts me in Drake and Grey's arms. Or at least pressed up against their chests. A wave of intoxicating power engulfs me.

My gaze rises to Sylan's mouth first, then dips to his chin. Both smooth and strong. Over and over again I find myself attracted to the way the right side pulls a little higher than the left. My attention drifts to his hands and my mind fills with ideas of his mouth on mine. Tasting the whiskey I smell on his breath when our tongues stroke together.

To my complete shock he smiles down at me as if he can read my thoughts and then he touches me. He gently grasps my arm right below the forming bruises Muscles left on me earlier. Sylan turns it this way and that so he can examine the full extent of the goon's fingerprints on my arm.

My head drops and I cast my gaze to the floor. *Please don't let him ask, please don't let him ask.*

"It's nothing," I say, trying to head off the questions I know are coming.

Chills erupt over my exposed skin and believe me when I say there are not many inches of my body covered in clothes. These uniforms leave nothing to the imagination.

"Look at me, Katriona." I raise my eyes to meet his. Banked fury rages

behind thick lashes. Instinct drives me to pull my arm free and flee, but there's a wall of muscle behind me keeping me in place.

"Shh," he soothes, stroking the pad of his thumb over the bruises. We stand like that—him touching me and me caught in his hypnotic gaze—until my heart settles again.

"I won't hurt you. We won't hurt you. Now tell us who did this to you?"

What the hell is happening here? My body responds to his gentle words like he has whispered them into my ear after a long lovemaking session.

My core tightens and I'm not imagining the heat slipping from my folds to wet the strip of cloth between my legs.

Am I going crazy? I didn't go wild for guys, especially ones with dark reputations like his—theirs. I pull my arm free of his hand and cross them over my breasts.

"It doesn't matter who did it. It happened. Maybe we should talk about why I'm here," I urge more calmly because I have a feeling if I can get them to answer, I am going to need it just as slowly.

He waves my words away. "The incident downstairs is of no matter. We won't speak of it again."

"Like I said," Drake speaks up. His sharp eyes catch mine. "You don't need to worry about him. He won't be touching you again." His words are dry, emotionless. Like he's done this a million times and has no problem ridding the world of people who irritate him.

"Or any woman for that matter," Grey adds and a million questions run through my head but boil down to one important one.

I tilt my head to the side. "Did you kill him? For touching me?" To keep my hands busy I smooth them over the front of my bodice and down my skirt again and again. I have no right to question the dangerous-looking mobsters who are surrounding me like a pack of lions, but I can't help myself. My momma liked to say I was a glutton for punishment every day of the week. I guess I'm proving her right.

That brought me back to the question at hand. “Answer me, did you kill him?” Were they going to kill me, too?

Each of them watches me intently.

“We’re not in the habit of letting others commit disrespect in our establishments.”

I cast my attention between the three of them. I swallow a rising wave of bile. Is that what they consider a *for sure* yes without saying it, or an excuse?

I swallow quickly and feel my breath catch in the back of my dry throat. “Maybe I should go.” I pivot on my heel, yanking a little on my foot when my four-inch spike digs into the carpet. “Yeah, I don’t want to cause any more trouble than I already have.”

A finger hooks over the lip of my bodice and I’m stopped in my tracks. Held prisoner by a single finger.

*Fuck.* Fear battles with an equal dose of excitement.

Sylan runs the pad of his finger over the swell of my breasts, causing goosebumps to rise in the wake of his seeking caress. Despite the blast of cool air filling the dark, spacious room I’m overheating at a surprising rate. I tense under his hold and fully expect him to rip through the ties any second and bare me to the entire room. Take what he wants. Use me. Just like every man ever did with my mother.

But he doesn’t; he enjoys the lingering moments our skin connects it seems. But I can’t read his stoic expression any more than I can a slab of stone. The only indication I might not end up in a gutter by sunrise is that I’m still breathing.

So I stick with the silver lining.

And the utterly strange fact I *like* his touch. And the feeling of Drake and Grey so near.

He fingers the hanging silk bow holding the two sides of my bodice together, his sharp green eyes taking in every detail. The way my breasts quiver under his heated gaze. How my breath comes shallow and most importantly, how

the outline of my hard nipples stand out against the confines of the soft leather.

His attention shifts to my upper arm.

Drake curses under his breath from my right and I hear something similar come from Grey. Sylan is who speaks. “The man who assaulted you.”

“What about him?”

“Did he do it at Kane’s command?”

I blink twice before I shake my head. I rub at the tender spot they’re all eying. “Not so much. But his goon didn’t seem to care when I didn’t follow orders.”

Did I just hear them say *Kane*? I grow still. Did I say something wrong? Do they know my father? Know I’m his daughter? They had to, right? God, I knew I should have taken the job at the diner instead of letting Nikki talk me into this gig. She swore the owners never paid attention to anyone as long as they did their job.

I ask the dangerous question I know I shouldn’t. “How do you know my father?”

My words bring a small smile to Sylan’s lips and a murderous tinge to his eyes.

“Everyone knows your father, *mo chroí*. We’ve been looking for him. Where do you think we can find the devil?”

Two simple questions tell me everything I need to know.

Sylan leans close. So close I can feel his breath brush against my bare neck, his warmth meld with mine. Any closer and I could be in his arms.

“I know you’re scared. You can whisper the answer to me and no one will ever know. Ever hurt you. That I swear an oath to.” With his nearness comes a masculine scent that only warms the flush in my cheeks.

When I say nothing, his fingers move from the silk strand to tease over the lacy ruffle lining the top of the bodice.



My teeth skim my lower lip.

“Answer me, *mo chroí*. Where? And don’t lie. We know who you are as well. We don’t have time to fuck around.”

I ignore how my nipples turn to stone under his gentle touches. My already tense muscles go so rigid I feel like I’ll crack down the middle at any moment.

The look on my face must have screamed shocked as hell, because Grey sighs heavily, shaking his head.

I jerk toward Grey. “How? How did you know?”

“You don’t think you’re under our roof by accident, do you?”

I press a hand to my rolling stomach. “I don’t *anymore*, I guess.” Confusion crinkles my brow. I don’t have time to mull over what Sylan means, he’s already talking again and he has my full attention.

“When someone like your father gets into business with us, knowing all of his assets makes good business sense.”

“Assets as in family? For blackmail. You dig up family connections, dirty kinks...whatever... on people for blackmail or so you can kidnap them to get what you want? But how did you know about me?” Since we’re not trying to tiptoe around details anymore, I don’t hold back.

Sylan narrows his eyes at me, a dark smile on his lips. “You’re not very good at covering your tracks. Nor is he. Or we’re just better at what we do.” Sylan skims his fingers down my skirt only to stop at the hem and trace the thin edge. Leaving me breathless as to what he would do next. Strip me, pull the leather up to reveal my bare ass cheeks to his business partners.

Drake pulls out his phone and flips it around to show me a picture of myself. A couple of years back. The day I walked into my father’s house. Back then I had pure titanium for a backbone and enough hope to drown out all the evil in the world. Despite the nagging fear my mother was right, I held onto that hope until my father shoved me out of his life and slammed the door in my face. I’d been so wrong and now I’m paying the price for it.

That was the day I found out who my father really is. A slithering snake. An opportunist who crushed others to get ahead. What did that make me?

Sylan cups my face, his thumb just below my jaw. I can't help but lean into the warm, gentle touch a little. I'm only human.

"We've watched you from that day on, *mo chroí*. How do you think you found a roommate so fast when your last one bailed? Landed a job with no experience in a place like this? How not a soul has bothered you? You don't think your father has other enemies who know about you?"

The relative peace I've lived all starts to make a lot of sense as twisted as it sounds. "Keep friends close, enemies closer. Or should I say the daughter of the enemy?"

Sylan's smile turns smug.

I take a sharp breath and ground myself inside from the pain his words cause. "Nikki?"

"Paid member of our establishment who doubles as a bodyguard."

Betrayal, thick and black, sinks into my soul. All the nights we spent talking. Me spilling my guts about my mobster father, telling her about all the nasty shit I had to deal with while her life was almost peaches and cream in comparison. All the fake sentiments she blubbered back about always being there for me. My ride-or-die chick for life.

How could she! Fucking bitch.

Sylan drew me out of my thoughts by taking both sides of my face in his palms.

"Answer me and we can move on from this. Get to the real reason you're here." His voice became darker this time, slightly edgier, almost irritated. My lips quivered, drawing his gaze and what he did next drew a gasp of shock from both of us.

Or did he groan? I don't know. I can't focus at all on how good the mobster's mouth feels on mine. He hauls me against his body so that I land on his chest, the heat of his body searing into mine. I feel a hard chest against my back and

more hands on me than my shocked brain can focus on.

Callused hands take me by the waist and I'm leaning against someone's broad chest, my legs wrapped around Sylan's waist.

Spreading my legs wide, my skirt gives enough to ride high. Between my legs I feel Sylan. His arousal is hard and thick pressing against me. "Sylan," I whisper before he swallows my voice.

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# Katriona



**T**hrough it all, Sylan doesn't release my mouth from his claiming kiss. He thrusts his tongue inward groaning into my mouth. I meet each stroke of his tongue with my own and then I'm torn away. Another mouth claiming mine in another possessive kiss. Rough hands and strong arms send my heart rate soaring. Seeking caresses run over my body and I'm drowning in so many emotions I don't know who's arms I'm in, whose mouth is taking mine until I pry my eyes open to find Drake peering down at me with such a soul-searing heat I'm left with nothing but the need to taste him again. Taste *them*.

He lowers me to the floor and I'm surrounded. It is comforting and confusing all at once.

With a sputtered gasp I push out of their arms, though I'm not completely sure I don't want their hands on me. My body is on high alert waiting for one of us to take this further.

All of us heave and gasp for air but it's Sylan who regains his composure first. "A feistiness to match the Irish blood. Such a treat. I'm not sure we're not getting the better deal here, men." He strokes a thumb over my lip and I look on as he pulls it back to his mouth.

"Irish indeed," he groans.

I hiss through clenched teeth at the very mention of my father's roots. "It has nothing to do with my Irish blood, I assure you."

Sylan ran a finger under my chin. "You sure about that?" Bending, his lips lighten on mine once more, luring a surge of lust to the surface.

He makes quick work of righting my skirt and helping me fix the bodice back over my ample breasts.

"Later, when we have you all to ourselves, there won't be any stopping us from tasting you thoroughly."

I believe him. The darkly growled promise reaches into my soul and burns a reminder for me to keep close to my heart. Why it matters to me to have these men want me so much I don't know, but I'll deep dive into all the mental luggage later.

Instead of letting my runaway thoughts take control, I force myself to focus.

I smile politely though I can taste the remnants of whiskey on my tongue from our kiss and it's hard to ignore. "If you know my father then you know he cares nothing about me. I'm the wrong person to help get what you want. He'd probably sell me off if it rid him of any kind of responsibility." I'm hesitant to ask, but can't help myself. "Why do you care about him anyway? He's on his side of the city and you on yours." I don't understand the politics of territories but I'm starting to see I need to change that real fast.

Grey takes the lead on this one. "He owes us something."

I'm starting to connect the dots. "That was you today, wasn't it? Outside my apartment? My father dropped by today and seemed to bring an unwanted guest with him. A black car."

Drake exchanges looks with the other two then shakes his head. "Feds most likely. Your father likes to entertain a lot of enemies. But I assure you if it was us anywhere near where you live, we would not have stayed in the car like some slithering snake waiting to strike."

"Nor would we have let this happen." Grey points to my arm, wearing a smug smile. "Not our style."

“What’s not your style? Roughhousing women, stalking people? What? Luring a waitress to your office to kiss the hell out of them?” I can feel the hysteria from earlier return.

All three go silent, giving my heart ample time to jackhammer out of my chest with all the possible answers rushing through my head.

“Breathe and drink this.”

Someone presses a drink into my hand. I do as I’m told and take it. Two swallows and I down the liquid. Flames lick the back of my throat but I don’t flinch. Just welcome the biting distraction for what it is. Liquid courage.

“I need to leave. I don’t belong here.”

Sylan growls, and runs a hand through my hair, ruining the bun Nikki styled for me. Long blond hair falls to my shoulders and it’s in his hands. Fingers buried deep, he clutches me close to his chest. My heart rattles and I can’t breathe.

Green eyes turn so dark I can see my reflection stare back at me.

“You still don’t get it.” His tone turns cold, ruthless. “Get one thing through your head, Ms. Kane. Until we get what we want from your father, you’re ours to do with as we please. You’re *ours*.”

I can feel the tingle of power skate over my skin. He means what he says. My hands dig into the material of his shirt and I’m holding him just as tightly as he does me.

Gazes holding, he brushes his lips over mine. A soft touch contrasting his harsh words. Not commanding or dangerous. But almost like a matter of fact. I’m theirs and he just sealed it with a kiss.

Then he releases me into Drake and Grey’s hold. Each slide a possessive hand over me—one around my waist to settle over my stomach, the other on my hip.

Their message is clear. I’m not going anywhere.

Sylan puts distance between us. He strides across the room and slides on a black leather holster, unrolls his sleeves and slips diamond cufflinks into the

holes.

*Ours*. His words burn into my brain. Fear skitters over my body. I can't help but think about what he means by *ours*. Like cuffed to a wall? Tied to a bed? Shared between them? Or thrown in a basement somewhere forgotten?

All possibilities.

"Yours? Me?" I croak.

"Yes," all three say in unison. "And I think we're going to like having you as our little prisoner."

"What is it you're wanting from my father?"

"Money. Even men in our positions need it from time to time. Or something equally as valuable." Sylan is back in front of me. He holds himself close, his nostrils flaring and I don't care for the possessive hand he has on my jaw. "Your father likes to gamble too much for a man in his position, earning friends and foes. I'll let you determine which we are to him."

I blink hard twice. Blunt. I can appreciate that, but no way in hell am I playing into their little game of blackmail.

"Sorry. I think we both know my father would rather see me dead than try to *save* me from the likes of you. And another thing." I straighten my spine to its full length and square my shoulders, not feeling the least bit intimidating to the likes of these men. "No one forces me to do a damn thing." Righteous indignation spills over my declaration.

Sylan spreads his hands in front of him with an amused smile on his lips. "Let's hope that's not true about your father. For *your* sake," Sylan adds in what almost sounds like a challenge.

"It seems we're about to find out. Take a look." Grey pulls his hand away and is across the room punching buttons as he speaks. I track his movements and immediately see the problem.

Muscles is back and he has brought company.

"Looks like I'll only be in the way here. I'll just leave." I give a half salute and turn on my heel. Two steps toward the door and I'm being scooped up

and pinned against an iron chest.

“Not so fast. You are exactly why they’re here. Let’s get this over with.” Grey smiles down at me and the other two move in until I’m flanked on three sides as we move through empty, dark hallways. A burst of light from a bulb hits my retinas and I throw up a hand as a door swings open and the men usher me into the night air.

A car is waiting for us and someone on the inside opens the door. I’m so focused on not wanting to be shoved inside their car I don’t notice the other just as fatal details.

Like Muscles standing ten yards from us. Arms raised, the barrel of his semi-automatic pointed right at us. The black of his eyes capturing mine.

And then all hell breaks loose.

“Don’t shoot the girl. We take her alive. Kill the rest,” some disembodied asshole shouts into the fading evening, and chills claw down my spine.

My father sent these men to do his dirty work. But why? After all these years why does he now care about the daughter he never wanted?

I scramble out of Grey’s arms. Rough pavement cushions my fall and bits of loose pebbles and broken glass scrape down my bare knees and palms. “Arg!” I cry out, blood oozing from the ragged cuts. I duck for cover as the first rounds embed into the brick wall behind us.

“Damn it, woman!” Grey grabs for me but I’m faster and do my best attempt as a reverse crab walk to the nearest thing I can find, which is a rusted dumpster. I hope like hell it can hold together long enough for me to find a way out of... I scan my surroundings. A back alley? God help me.

“How many men?” That is Drake. He closes the little distance between us. An empty clip clatters to the pavement and he smoothly clicks another one in place with an ease that makes me kind of happy since he’s between me and whoever doesn’t want me shot. Despite that being a good thing, it also means they want me alive.

Not so good given I have a low tolerance to pain and torture.



“Fucking Kane,” Grey roars, fire in his eyes.

“Next time I get my hands on that fucking weasel I’ll kill him just for breathing.” Drake is all but snarling his threat and all the while he keeps his body between me and the others.

I really need to reevaluate my life choices someday. If I survive whatever *this* is.

I push to my feet, my grand plan to make a mad dash for the club’s back door, but Drake and Grey lock me into place with no way around them.

“Are you crazy? I told you to stay behind us. Do you *want* to be easy target practice?”

I pound fists against their backs. “Me? Crazy? I’m not the one having a shootout in a back alley for Christ’s sake!”

Grey draws a second weapon from beneath his jacket, his attention half on me and the other half on the other guys.

Shots ping off metal and it’s all I can do to push my heart out of my throat to breathe so I don’t pass out.

I try for the door again but another heavy hand is there to keep me pinned low. “Behind us, and stay there!”

A rain of bullets zings our way and my kidnappers fall over me, using their bodies as shields.

They must see the fear in my eyes because both men reach out to stroke a finger down my cheeks.

Hugging the pavement, I try to find my breath but it’s locked tight inside my lungs.

“Breathe, Katriona.”

“You’re ours now. No one will harm you, that I promise. Stay behind us. Got it?”

I deftly nod, not really understanding anything. They attempt to usher me closer to the door but we’re pinned down with no other cover than the rusty

dumpster. I'm trying hard not to take this as a life metaphor and start crying in the middle of all this. Real hard.

"I swear I knew from the start that slimy fucker would back out on our arrangement." Drake's expression darkens with rage.

"Just give her over and we'll gladly leave."

"A debt is a debt. We chose how we wanted payment. Now walk away. Tell your boss we've collected our end of the deal. We paid his debt. It's paid in full. All you have to do is walk away," Grey hurls back, punctuating his words with as many bullets.

"He says he changes his mind. You can't have the girl. Period."

Payment? Girl? As in me? Are they wanting me as a payoff for some deal they have with my father? Fuck that!

Drake, Grey, and Sylan close around me to form a tighter human shield. One of them grips me around the waist and I'm back on my feet, against a wall having a gun thrust into my hands.

Sylan.

"You know how to use one of these?"

Eyes wide, my mouth works a couple of times before I get it to spit sounds. "Hell no! Do I look like I know how to use a gun for God's sake? How to be a mobster is not passed down in DNA!"

Grey winks at me and takes a couple more steps back. This close I can't breathe without either my nipples touching his back or the bricks behind me digging into mine.

How can these men not be petrified of dying?

A ping of metal hitting metal sends me ducking into their backs, gripping their suit jackets. "This is not my idea of a good time!" I scream to nobody in particular.

"Nor is getting fitted for a toe tag. Stay down!"

"Secure her. Don't let her move."

Sylan again.

I already told them I refuse to let anyone control me. And I meant it. They can figure out their shit without me.

Bullets stop flying long enough for me to move and I don't waste a precious second. I slip around them and duck through the open door Grey just hauled me out of, throwing one last glance over my shoulder.

Big mistake.

Grey.

Everything slows to a crawl and the next few seconds will forever haunt my nightmares. Grey is hot on my ass, his massive arms spread wide between both sides of the frame.

"Get down," he growls just as another hail of rounds pelts the side of the building.

And him.

"No," I scream but it's too late.

The force of a bullet hitting home propels him forward and he falls to his knees.

Blood oozes from his chest and I realize he's taken a bullet for me. Hot tears pool at the corners of my eyes before rolling down my cheeks.

I tear across the hallway, my safety forgotten. I fall to my knees and take his massive weight against me. "Grey! Grey!" I scream but it sounds like I'm screaming into a vacuum.

Blood smears across my chest. Red. Hot. So damn much of it. Oh God, he's going to bleed out in my arms. Not for the first time tonight I'm torn between saving myself and caring about the men I should fear.

"Run, Katriona." His tight voice takes on a growling tone. His warm breath brushes across my ear. He's struggling to stay up; more of his weight leans on me, and my body trembles from the exertion.

I cast a look around. Help. Who can help?

Drake is across the alley, bleeding across the face but his fists move so fast I don't think he realizes he's wounded, too. Sytan. Where is he?

"I...I... Grey?" My words are a little hard to get out. Emotions I don't understand clog my throat until I force them free. "I can't leave you, damn it, Grey. Don't you fucking die! Sytan!" I scream, finally spotting him, but he's busy burying his fist into the face of Muscles.

I cup Grey's face. His cheeks are growing colder. He doesn't have much time.

"I'm so sorry," I whisper.

"Kiss me. One more time, Katriona, and then you have to leave."

I take his face in my palms again and lower my lips to his, knowing it will be the last I ever see of any of them.

"We will find you," he grits out. "Go!"

Grey puts a bloody hand on my shoulder, pushing me away. "Go. Run. NOW!" he roars and I stumble back, letting him fall forward, my heart crashing to the floor with him.

The dark flare of rage and fear in his eyes chase me long into the night.

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# Sylan



I focus on the steady beep of the heart monitor pinging into the otherwise silent underground room and try to count my blessings, but it's only vengeance that fills my thoughts. And fear for her. I owe myself that small truth. Kane will die and when he does it will be by my bullet through his brain.

And then I'll hunt Katriona down and next time I have her in my arms she won't get away from us.

*NO*, the voice in my head growls. *You're not a monster.*

But the demon in me knows she's ours and it's only a matter of time before she's back where she belongs. Under our protection. In our lives, our arms, our beds.

Katriona is the one woman who can save us. If there's one single chance of us not going to hell, she's it. Her sweet, kind soul is our last salvation.

I take one last look at my friend fighting for his life in our basement facility and turn on my heel, heading for the elevator. Someone slipped up and I'm going to find out who gave away our location. No one knew we were coming to the club tonight. I'm going to find out who put Katriona in danger and then make sure it never happens again.

“Let me know when he needs more blood. I’ll be upstairs.”

Drake takes up my place beside Grey. “I’ll give the next round. I’ll call you after that.” He sounds as exhausted as I feel.

Everything about our life is under the radar. Getting the authorities involved in this would tie our hands so it’s on us to right the wrongs dealt to us. Trust isn’t something that comes easily, but we lucked out in one area. A doctor willing to work in the shadows is worth the cost.

I nod at the doctor waiting off in the corner, head bent, eyes on the floor. “Make sure he doesn’t die. Doc. Make damn sure.”

His gray head bobs in understanding. “Yes, sir.”

Good.

Back upstairs, I glance around my darkened office, my friend’s blood still on my hands.

Tonight’s scuffle would have repercussions.

The night Kane called a truce we agreed to pay off his debts to the family back East for him on one condition—we unite our causes.

That’s when we found out about Katriona. He offered her hand in marriage for the ten million he owed. We didn’t agree at first but after a week of watching her, seeing her live her life free of her father and the three of us couldn’t stop the desire to have her to ourselves. Why? Why would we want her, pull her into the darkness? Because we’re fucking bastards who crave the forbidden and she’s tempting as the forbidden fruit was to Adam in the Garden of Eden.

We signed contracts with Kane and paid out the debt over a course of six months as requested. In the meantime, a few maneuvers and Katriona fell under our roof, our protection as we waited.

Nikki served us well. I’ll have to remember to up her pay. Move her to another club where she can be of help again. Her cover here is burned.

“Mr. Ward. A detective is here to see you.”

Nikki slips into my office silently. I wave her off.

Shit. It was only a matter of time before they showed up. Kane broke all the rules of engagement tonight and now another hell is on my doorstep. Sore fucking loser. Kane couldn't die soon enough.

I wave in a balding man who looks ten years past his prime. He pauses, his trembling hand glued to the doorknob, letting his eyes adjust to the dim lighting no doubt. I really don't give a fuck if he's scared to step into a dark room with me so I don't move to make it easier on the man. Intimidation is ninety percent of my job description or the whole fucking underbelly of this town would turn on me.

"Detective Robles. Either step in or get the fuck out," I greet him dryly.

I watch him cross my office and I gesture to the chair across from me. I'm not in the mood for charades and subterfuge tonight. With little ceremony I toss a white envelope on the desk and watch his greedy eyes light up.

"I hear your son needs a scholarship in the upcoming year. Let's make that happen."

I move across the office and see his eyes soaking in the debauchery of the Attic and know this meeting won't take long.

I pass a single malt to the pasty-looking man.

"Mr. Ward. I..." he struggles to find his words and I lose my temper.

"Get the fuck on with it, Detective."

"I can't keep covering for you. This...this...tonight I mean. It isn't going to go away so easily."

"If you wanted more money why didn't you just say so."

I take out another hefty envelope full of one-hundreds.

"You're the lead detective on the case?"

He nods.

"The police chief is your brother-in-law?"

Another nod.

I unclip my holster and sit my piece on the desk, making a distinctive move to flick the safety off. “Then I don’t see the problem, Detective. You’ll do what you need to keep our deal balanced, right?”

Drake slides into the office silently. He doesn’t need to say much when the look on his grim face conveys the message.

The detective turns back to me, face chalk white. His gun hand grips the tumbler still half full of top-shelf liquor. He’s let his training go. Grown lax. Pathetic, really, but it’s those details that make him valuable to us.

“Okay. Ward. But clean up your act. I’ll have a couple of good men take care of the bodies. But this is where I draw the line.”

I set my gun over the envelopes and ease my weight onto the corner of my desk.

“I draw the lines. No one else. Are you and I clear on that?”

Whether he is or not, it doesn’t matter. What I say goes. Chicago is my city and I make damn sure no one steps out of any lines.

The detective throws back the whiskey with a wince and stands.

“See yourself out. I’ll trust you to come up with a story as to why there are three of Kane’s men dead in the alley behind my club before the news makes their morning rotation. Your son will appreciate all your best efforts.” My words hang between us a moment before he stands and mumbles something about fucking mobsters.

I watch him leave, head down, shoulders slouched. Like a man defeated by life. I take ownership of the partial hell the man lives in, but no one told him to get in bed with me or take my money.

People make their choices. And should be held accountable for them in life and whatever comes along after we check out. I know I sure the fuck will when it comes my turn.

I stand with the bank of monitors in front of me, a glass of water in hand not really seeing the erotic shows playing out. Everywhere I turn my gaze,



instead of seeing random women taking on multiple partners in an array of positions, I see her. Those expressive eyes of hers, hear her sassy voice.

I feel Drake come up behind me. His silent presence reassuring. For over three decades he and Grey have been at my side. We grew up together. Me the son of a father who had nothing. From a young age I knew poverty in my family would end with me. I wanted a life where I controlled all the outcomes. Only money made that happen. So I built it. From the ground up. With the help of loyal friends. Partners. In more ways than one. To the outside world we were killers. The devils of Chicago. Rich. Corrupt. Unapologetic in every way.

I learned at the knee of my father that what the eye sees goes a long way to persuade the heart and minds of others. I doubt he meant for me to apply that to my way of life, but it is what it is.

Organized crime isn't synonymous with low-life thugs running around like some street gang. I run a professional outfit that requires a level of trust that goes both ways. I might be a killer in the eyes of society if my past was to ever come to light, but I'm also fair. I take care of my own and we never want for anything. It's the way my father taught me and a life lesson I plan on passing down the line when we have sons of our own.

*If* we have sons of our own. Katriona is key to that ever happening for the three of us. If she takes us. I know we're a long way off from getting her to take men who have wanted nothing else for longer than I care to admit.

"You knew she would run the first chance she had. Why are we not out there right now hunting her down?"

I nod, not bothering to turn around. "I did know she would run. She was smart to have run from us, and we're not hunting her down, as you say, because we have to make sure our friend doesn't die. And Marcus. He's waiting for us to do exactly that. The last thing I want to do is lead him to her when we are a man down."

"Yeah, fuck, sorry. We just...It's killing me inside not having her here. And Grey..." Drake scrubs a hand over his face, looking older than his thirty-nine years. This kind of life tends to shave off a few years if you let it. "Did you feel the way she took to us? There was a connection I've never felt before,

man, and it scares the shit out of me. We all felt it. The way she kissed each of us.”

“I felt it too.”

“She has a fire that is unmatched by anyone I’ve ever met.”

“Still think she’s the one?”

Drake mulls over my question, aiming an arched brow my way. “I do.”

“On that, we both agree.”

“Grey is in pretty bad shape, man. Looks like death is waiting to take him away from us.”

Darkness steals the light from Drake’s eyes and it pains me to see my blood brother in pain. He and Grey are my partners, my equals in many ways but one. When you run an organization as deeply rooted in the shadows as ours there can only be one head. One authority and that’s me. Behind closed doors, what we do stays with us. Though rumors have spread we like to share women like we share our profits.

“He took a bullet for her. Doc says if he pulls through tonight, he’ll likely live.” Drake points at my arm. “And you need to tend to that.”

“Yeah.”

I pull my shirt off, tossing it over a chair. Thank God the asshole who shot me didn’t have better aim. I grab a clean gauze out of a drawer and wrap tape around it to hold it in place over a deep gash in my arm. “We all would have done the same to protect her,” I say.

“He did. You should let Doc put some sutures in that. You’re getting blood all over the fucking carpet.”

I wave him off. “It’s only a flesh wound. The idea of stitches pulling at my skin is one irritation I can do without.

Drake eases into a chair after pouring a drink, his eyes glued to the amber liquid, but doesn’t drink. Agitation rolls off him so I wait while he gathers his thoughts. Experience tells me they match my darker ones thirsting for blood.

He just needs a moment to ground himself.

“We waited for months to have her and now she’s gone.” He speaks quietly but the weight of his words presses on me all the same.

“He’s out there hunting her, too, you know. Marcus is a callous motherfucker. If he finds her first there’s no telling what he’ll do. Kane can’t control him. I looked into his eyes. Soulless bastard has no scruples.”

“Not many assassins do.”

“Things have become lax around here. They shouldn’t have gotten within five miles of this place without us knowing. Call in the men. Let’s check our lines and make sure we’re all on the same page.”

“Are we cleaning house?” Drake asks but he knows damn well what the answer will be. “It wouldn’t take much to hunt her father down and eliminate the problem.”

“Do you want to be the one to tell her you offed her father?”

Drake growls out his frustration. “There are moments I don’t give a fuck. He’s one of the monsters this world doesn’t need. You know the shit he and his men are into. The trafficking they do. What kind of father is he to her anyway?”

“Right now, we need to focus. We should know at all times who walks within our borders. Let them know our disappointment comes with a price. Those we keep, run background checks on them again. See who they’ve been chatting with. Call in the girl down at the phone company and pull records. She brought her boy toy here a couple of weeks ago for a free night. Time to call in that favor.”

“How steep are we talking about with the men?” Drake pulls his piece checking his rounds.

“Enough to send a message to the new crew we bring in.”

Drake nods. “And Katriona?” Drake draws on his whiskey as he raises his big frame to stand beside me.

I stretch my neck until I hear a *pop-pop*. Tension releases immediately but

the relief is only temporary. “Bring her back and we might as well hand her over to the feds ourselves. They’re watching. They’ll try to put her into witness protection.”

“We won’t let that happen.”

“It won’t be long before they tie her to her father anyway. It wouldn’t be fair to her. Not until the bastard is rotting will she be okay. Until then we stay away.”

Drake drains his drink and slams the glass down on the desk. He props an arm over the back of the chair looking as relaxed as a cobra with his neck flared.

“Not happening. I’ll go it alone before I leave her completely defenseless. We had her in our hands, on our tongues and our cocks were all so fucking hard it would have taken hours of fucking her to drain our need to have her. Tell me, how easy do you think it will be to walk away from the only woman we’ve all wanted for fucking months? Better, what would you do if something happens to her?”

I have no answer.

“Yeah. Thought so. And we all let her leave here. Unprotected.”

Keeping my voice calm, I turn my gaze to his. “Put feelers out. Keep a tail on her when you find her. She won’t go far without cash and she’s smart enough not to touch her bank account and credit cards. Watch. Nothing else and report back.”

“Grey promised we would come looking for her.”

“But not until it’s safe.”

“I get that. But it’s going to be fucking hard.”

“It’s the best we can do to protect her.”

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# Katriona

## Six Months Later



I've lost everything. The truth hits me at this time every night.

The familiar jingle of the evening news drowns out the sizzle of fries being lowered into days'-old oil and a group of rowdy teens out for a late Friday night meal. Like every other night, I let the smell drag me away to a time when I enjoyed a fast-food meal with my best friend.

Girl nights with Nikki seem like a lifetime ago.

They seem like nothing more than a dream. Sylan. Drake. Grey. I push past the lump of pain clogging my throat. I've scoured all the obituaries and listened to the news for any hints of the infamous Grey Hudson's demise but came up empty-handed. Then again, it's not like they would announce about him taking a bullet for me.

Now I just numbly make my way through my shifts.

The rowdy teens grab a booth in the back far corner where they think no one sees them lighting up a cigarette. It's about the biggest excitement this place will see until three in the morning when the less-than-upstanding citizens of this Podunk town stop in for a heavy dose of coffee and our famous cherry

pie off at mile marker number 132. It's the only claim to fame this crappy small-time diner at the corner of forgotten and nowhere has going for it.

Honestly, I don't pay too much attention to who I serve. I keep my eyes on the tips that help me cover rent, and I don't mind working graveyards and serving men with massive leather coats big enough to cover a small arsenal and enough bad hoodoo vibes to send anyone with a lesser constitution scurrying out the door.

Thanks to my father, the few thousand dollars I had saved up from working at Club Lex are sitting in a bank account I can't touch. I do, and I might as well put out a billboard ad for my location.

So here I am. Working longer hours for less pay hoping to survive long enough to make a few hundred bucks more before I move to the next no-name town.

I've been working at Sally's diner for five months now. She's the only one who took a chance on a nobody girl with no home or ID.

So I clock in when she needs me and serve pie and the house special to anyone willing to walk through those doors. It's that simple.

But on nights like tonight, I can't help but think about them. Wonder whatever happened to Grey. A ping of regret stabs at my heart but I rub at the pain until it goes away. It's all I can do.

He, Drake, and Sylan all stirred up unwanted emotions inside me. And when the darkest of night comes, their faces drift through my dreams. But when morning comes, I find I'm still alone. Cold. With no place in this world. No one to call.

It's just the way it is.

I've worked a double shift for the past five days and my throbbing, aching feet are letting me know I've reached my limit, but I shove down the pain and push on. I can't afford not to. I grit my teeth past the stabbing pain in my heels and screaming calves and shove aside the fact I'm three days late on rent again. This time I might not have a home to return to even if I do manage to make the last four dollars in tips I need.

I rub at the spot between my brows, trying to ward off a coming headache but it's not working. God, what I'd do for a solid straight eight hours of sleep, but I would have better luck spotting a freaking unicorn running down Main Street right now.

"Kat, you're up."

The cook bellows my name through the small portal window where they place the trays for me to deliver, and I push off the wall I've been leaning against for the past few minutes watching the news. I take the plates and pass them out, welcoming another diner pushing through the door and grabbing the closest booth. "What can I get you tonight?"

He says something, but I don't hear his reply. My mind is too busy trying to catch up with what I hear coming from the TV.

With my mouth wide open, I stare across the half-empty tables and booths as the news anchor's face cuts to a picture of a man in a black suit with a familiar set of whiskey-colored eyes.

"Son of a bitch. You finally went too far." I can't believe it.

"Excuse me?" the newcomer gruffs but quickly follows my line of sight and shuts up.

I wave him off and we both watch as my father's face is plastered across the evening news.

I might have told him to screw off all those months ago like some cold bitch, but my very human heart lurches to the floor by my feet among the crumbs and crumpled napkins.

Someone cranks the volume up a few notches.

"In a shocking twist this evening, the known head of an organized crime family William Kane has been found shot to death in his home. Officials have ruled out suicide and are currently investigating what they believe is murder. Once thought untouchable, Kane has reportedly been in talks with the FBI. No further information is known. Maybe in death the truth about his dealings and true ties to crime will finally come to light. He's survived by one daughter. Her whereabouts are still unknown by authorities... In other

news—”

*Dead.*

Chills run through me.

My father is dead. I knew it would only be a matter of time but...dead.

There's no one else now.

I stare at the TV anchor who delivers the news with the practiced matter-of-fact coldness her job requires, but the words sting all the same. Just as the TV screen switches to a reel of my father sitting with several government officials at some country club for aristocrats, I see an even more shocking image.

A younger version of myself fills the TV screen.

*Oh, shit.*

I clamp a hand over my mouth and hold back a groan of frustration, pain, anger. An internal Molotov cocktail of all the above ready to explode inside me.

I look back at the TV. That day I had fire in my eyes and determination spiked through my spine.

But tonight, I just feel tired and scared that someone will recognize me. My eyes dart around but no one is looking at the nobody waitress in her mustard-colored uniform.

Thank God.

The headache I hoped would wait until I clocked out thunders through my brain and bounces off the side of my head, causing tears to sting my eyes. Why? I don't know, it's not like he cared about me, but I can't help the sudden rush of utter despair.

Someone changes the channel and slowly, I can feel the diner's eyes peel from the screen to land on me, but I don't make eye contact. I can't. Hiding among the masses of people and blending in is my specialty.

I shove my pad and pen into my apron pocket, wondering how fast I can



make a run for the door. The last thing I need is someone to recognize me and call the authorities thinking they're "doing the right thing."

Ice runs through my veins about as fast as molasses uphill, and my thoughts jumble in a tangle of knots as each one freezes. I shove my hands into my apron pocket and tighten my fingers around my pen and notepad, trying to refocus my eyes. A full-body numbness takes over until I can't feel the paper in my hands or the pain of losing my last parent, bastard or not.

And what that means for me. I'll need to pack, leave. Maybe New York this time. I didn't nearly put enough distance between them and me. Hide under their noses, right? Maybe I'd been wrong. There is no *maybe* about it.

"Miss, did you hear me? The house special." The customer's words are clipped, rugged like he gargled sand on a nightly basis.

A rough hand clamps down on mine. I jump, pulling my gaze off the TV to look at the man. My attention falls to meet a set of eyes so dark they appear black. It could have been a trick of the eye from the dim lighting or smudged windows blocking out the shine of the parking lot lamps, but the newcomer has a look about him that creeps me out. I jerk my hand back and do my best to hide the tremble in my fingers as I scribble the order down, trying my best for normal or what passes for it.

Unlike the normal customer of the everyday Joe at this hour, this one wore all black. But that wasn't the odd detail. The way he shifted closer in his booth seat is what caught my eye.

*Deep breaths. Don't lose your shit yet. Not everyone is a mobster. Besides, no one knows where you're at.*

"Uh, yeah. Yeah. Sorry. Got it. Um...house special...coffee and apple pie. Will that be all?" I keep my head down, eyes glued to my pad. I try not to sound rushed but the crank of his bushy eyebrow screams I need more practice at the whole not giving a shit act I am trying to pull off.

He gives me the once-over, stopping a little too long on my cleavage before giving me a gruff grunt of approval.

Freak.

Rain pelts the windows and I take the small interruption as my cue to step away as I finish scribbling the order and turn toward the back, but I only make it a couple of steps when the words finally break through the fog of too many hours on my feet.

My father is dead.

Out of a million things I should do right now I stand there like a corpse, unmoving, the signals between my brain and legs severed along the way somewhere. I don't know how long I stand there trying to breathe and not pass out.

“Sweetie, you okay?”

Sally comes out of the back room, wraps her arms around my shoulders and pulls me in for a tight hug. I block out the laughter from the teens in the back and a pair of newcomers wanting their menus. Someone else can take care of them for a change.

“C'mon, sweetie, talk to me.” Sally shakes my shoulders a little, jarring me back to reality.

“Uh, yeah, I think so. I mean the man might as well be a stranger to me.” But deep inside in a part that I shut off, for the most part, stings with a pang of regret that churns my stomach. “I thought he couldn't make me cry anymore and here I am about to burst into tears for someone who wanted to sell me.” I recall every last detail Sytan, Drake, and Grey told me.

I lift a shoulder in a defeated shrug. “But I guess that's not true, huh?” It takes all the effort I have left in me not to break down in the middle of Sally's diner.

I promised myself no friends after what happened with Nikki, but I guess I suck at that too. Sally is the only one who knows my true identity and who my father is—was. And all the nasty details that led me to her doorstep begging for a job.

She pulls me over to the side and away from prying eyes. “Stop that. You don't need a man like him in your life. Now take a deep breath and steel those nerves, baby girl.”

“You’re right. I know. Fairy tales are made for books. Got it.” I wipe at the few tears that escape. A kind smile pulls at the lips of the much-older woman, and all the weathered lines she tries to hide behind mounds of makeup crinkle. That small token of kindness helps me fight my way out of the cobwebs of pain.

Her warm gaze holds mine. “A father is a father, Kat. Bastard or not. This news can’t be easy, I know. I’m not trying to be a hard-ass. But I don’t think the man deserves a second thought. But you’re young and a lot more soft-hearted than I am. Tell ya what. Why don’t you go on home and take off tomorrow to regroup, huh? How does that sound? I’ll call in a couple of girls to help out until you can come back.”

Her idea sounds like the million-dollar jackpot, but just like winning the lottery sounds too good, so does Sally’s idea. “I can’t afford the time off, but thank you. After I finish my shifts I’ll have enough time between then and tomorrow’s shifts to pull myself together. You’re right. He doesn’t deserve my grief.” I keep my plans of leaving town to myself. It pains me to lie to someone who has been nothing but nice, but it is what it is. I’ll finish, gather my few precious belongings from my shabby apartment and then hit the bus station. Destination unknown.

I work a small smile on my face for Sally’s benefit to show I believe my own words.

I shove aside the unwanted nostalgia for what could have been in some fairytale version of my life and finish out my shifts a full hour after official closing time. Fridays are normally the busiest and tonight didn’t disappoint.

I stumble out of the diner into the cold, drizzling rain and the pitch-black of the wee hour welcomes me as soon as I step out of range from the diner’s lights. If my feet were aching at the beginning of my double shift, that pain doesn’t compare to the swollen throbbing ache I’m feeling now. I am sorely tempted to hail a cab to drive me the ten blocks to my apartment, but I need every cent of the tidy sum I earned tonight for bus fare.

I am so focused on getting to the bus station that I don’t see the black silhouette of a man appear beside me until he’s in my face. A scream sticks in my throat and adrenaline shoots through my veins until my heart is nearly

pounding outside of my chest.

“Katriona,” draws a familiar sandpaper, gravelly voice. “it’s been a while, sweetheart.”

*Oh fuck.* If blood can turn to ice that’s exactly what happens to me.

I squint into the wet darkness and catch a hint of man’s expression which sits between a mix of deadpanned and grim, then again with that puckered, jagged scar running down the side of his face the look might be more of a permanent situation than any kind of emotion.

“Drake?” I ask shakily. But I already know the answer. No other man can pull off scary motherfucker and make me turn from ice-cold to molten hot in the span of a single breath. Well other than his two best friends. I’d recognize that look any day of the week. Know in the depths of my shivering soul the feel of this man’s hands on me as much as his tongue.

“My God, what happened,” I blurt before I think better of it. And then I recall the injury. All the blood.

A strange sort of excitement fills me. One I don’t understand fully.

Sharp eyes catch mine. Tears prick my eyes and my heart pounds in my ears.

I stumble back in fear.

Fear of the erratic emotions and fear I’ll fall into his arms out of relief of not being alone for another night.

A black SUV with blacker windows rolls up beside us, and I’m hoisted into the back by strong hands on my waist out of the rain.

Panic finally kicks in as my kidnapper slides in beside me.

“You can’t do this. I’m not some plaything you can just pick up off the street whenever you like.”

Every word I spew is in complete contrast to the rampant thoughts whirling through my head. Part of me wants to beg him for news about Grey. If Sytan is mad at me for running away.

If Drake in fact got that scar the night Grey was shot.

But I don't. "I told you months ago I refuse to let people control me." I'm about to land my palm across his jaw when I catch a warning in his eye that has me freezing. The driver's hand on his gun does a pretty good job of that too.

My breath freezes in my lungs.

He studies me for several seconds unmoving before he speaks. "You don't need to fear me, Katriona."

"Tell him that." I point to the dude in the front.

"He's trigger-happy and stupid. Very stupid." I caught the warning in his tone at the same time the dude in the front did. He jerks his hand off his weapon and faces forward like a good soldier.

"You have nothing to fear with me." He scoops my hand up in his and presses a towel into my open palm.

Yeah right! I'm not stupid nor lust-blind. I believe Drake as far as I can throw the two-hundred-plus-pound mobster.

In hindsight, maybe that cab ride home would have been the smarter option after all.

I try my best not to show how freaked out and scared I feel. It's a razor's edge I'm skating along as I scoot across the leather and position myself against the opposite door and as far away from Drake as possible. I know myself and falling under his spell is a distinct possibility. I can't let that happen. Not again.

I glance over my shoulder to find the back of the SUV filled with something that looks like a tarp, but in the darkness, I can't be certain. It could be grocery bags, too. But that's just my mind trying to calm my rattled nerves with mundane explanations.

But I'm putting two and two together here and while my mental math isn't always spot on, mobsters plus guns equal bodies, so I'm going with that being a big wad of plastic.

I let out a huff of frustration. "So all the kissing and protecting back in

Sylan's office was a game to get what you wanted? Play with the enemy's daughter for a while for kicks and giggles? Then off her once the father is taken care of?" I ask pointedly, aiming my gaze at the back of the SUV.

His eyes slowly trail over my mustard uniform and his grin turns hungry then shifts to amused. "Clearly," he grunts and I nearly faint on the spot.

They are going to kill me because their friend died. Wrap me up and dump me in some landfill. My mind races with all the reasons they would want me dead and come up with more than one. "So, um, my father didn't pay his debt before you whacked him and now you're back for me? You think he left me anything? Not hardly. He didn't even want to give me his name from the stories Mom told." I shift in my seat. "You know, kind of surprised it took you six months to find him and me. Speaking of, how *did* you find me?"

"We always knew where you were, Katriona. Before you let that pretty mind of yours run off with ideas of us whacking you, God, such a cliché, take a breather. If we wanted you dead, we wouldn't have sent protection to guard you every hour of every day. And the last I saw of you, you were screaming out scared for Grey's life. And kissing him."

I remember all too clearly. "Stop calling me that. Only my mother called me Katriona."

I catch a twitch of his upper lip in the street lights as we speed off in what direction I have no idea. I'm too busy keeping an eye on the guy in the front seat and how his hand clamps down on something inside his trench coat.

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# Sylan



**J**esus fucking Christ.

She is more beautiful than I remember. Smells just as divine.

I've stared at surveillance pictures and videos of her for so long her image chases me into my dreams. I fantasize about how sweet her lips will taste again. But seeing her. Jesus help me. It's hard to not scoop her up, take her off to some distant place and just be. Leave the life of crime and grit behind. But too many people depend on me.

Holding back and letting someone else watch over her for the last six months took vast amounts of self-control. And whiskey. Lots of fucking whiskey.

Until tonight. God, I can finally breathe again. Having her under our roof is a weight off my shoulders the size of a planet. The second her father's body hit a stainless-steel slab at the morgue, I made my move.

Experience tells me Marcus isn't far behind us and it won't be long before we're facing off.

Katriona glances around my penthouse nervously as she's guided off the elevator. I'm the head of the underground mafia and conduct most of my business with a level of class most nine-to-fivers and one-percenters envy.

And I live like a king and want to give it all to her as our queen.

She takes slow steps, and Drake entertains her pace as she takes in the stained-glass dome and large floor-to-ceiling windows that offer a panoramic view of the Chicago night skyline. Another hour and the sunrise will color the horizon. I wonder if she'll love the sight as much as I do.

She wraps her arms around herself as her eyes dance over the black leather sofa and the large wall of books directly behind it. Drake slips his jacket off and drapes her in the warmth, not leaving her side. In this one second I see the bliss—no the longing—smooth out the fear etched in her brow and it gives me hope.

She misses us. I hold that knowledge close.

I continue to watch from the darkened corner unmoving as she parts her lips and takes a deep breath. The slight movement pulls my gaze to her delicate mouth. Her face is sweet and matches her young age, but the sorrow in her eyes makes her appear broken beyond her years, and something inside me wants to fix the pieces to make her whole again. Erase the ugly life has dumped on her. I hope she lets us.

“Are we going to play the ‘who’s behind the curtain game again?’”

I smile. Smartass.

She glances over her shoulder and assesses Drake. He’s changed a lot in the six months she’s been gone. That nasty scar down his cheek for one. He comes off brutish and towers over most like a fucking animal, but not toward the people in this room.

Neither of us would dream of it.

I pull my hands from my pockets as I step from the shadows, and she immediately pinpoints my location. The second she sees me her eyes lock on mine.

“Sylan,” she whispers softly. She slips Drake’s jacket off and tosses it over the back of a nearby chair, her steel resolve replacing it.

Through the shock of feeling like I’ve been punched in the gut, I step close



enough to touch her soft hair, but I keep my hands at my sides. I've never been more mesmerized by such beauty in my entire life. Her eyes are such a light brown they appear otherworldly when the low light from my desk lamp catches on the gold flecks in her irises as she drinks in her surroundings.

I take in her slighter frame and the barely-there tremble in her chin. She's lost weight in our time apart. We'll have to make sure she takes better care of herself.

She tries to hide her tears behind pinned back shoulders and solid-steel spine, but I see the fear and it tears me up. She shifts her weight from one foot to the other and that's when I notice the black stilettos, which I know have to be killing her petite feet.

Even in those things she barely comes to just beneath my chin. From what Drake texted when collecting her, she was on her way home. In those of all the fucking shoes she could be wearing and a yellow uniform that stands out like a neon sign. She might as well be flashing like one too. The thought of her all alone while her father's thugs look for her brings me back to the evening's planned events.

She inhales under my sharp gaze but shifts her attention to a point over my shoulder.

"Katriona, look at me," I command gently, pressing a finger beneath her chin until I have her attention back on me. She lifts those thick lashes softly, and the power knocks me back once again when her intense gaze connects with mine. I nearly groan aloud because that one flick of her lashes has my cock swelling behind the zipper of my slacks.

"Do you know why you're here? Do you know about your father?" I ask.

"I do. It hit the evening news. I was at work. But you already know that."

Her expression darkens and misplaced defiance clamps her mouth shut. Instead of continuing to rub her hands down the length of her uniform, she crosses them over her chest. The slight movement pushes her breasts up, and Drake and I are gifted the sweet sight of creamy flesh peeking out from the front of her uniform. She notches her chin a fraction higher, and I admire her strength.

In a word, she's stunning and has no place working at some truck stop on some mile marker exit.

Business first. Then pleasure.

"With your father dead, there are complications that need to be dealt with. Marcus has a bone to pick with anyone with the Kane name. He's not going to let you live if it means you're a potential threat to him taking over the rubble of an empire your father left behind."

Hell fury whips up behind Katriona's thick lashes, and I'm momentarily drawn into the firestorm.

Her brows pinch together. "No one *lets or keeps* me from doing anything I want. Who the hell do you think you are, Sylan Ward? Are you wanting to take over my father's whatever it is? Empire? What the hell does that mean, anyway? Are you going to take what you want from me before that asshole Marcus can? Is that why I'm here?"

She jabs a finger at my chest and I have to say, I prefer her pissed off rather than sad.

"I have news for you, you can have it. I want nothing from that man. Not even an apology. You all can fight to your heart's content. I want nothing from any of you. Now if you can please take me back to my life, I'd like to get on with what's left of it."

The fire in her words stirs one in me. Her eyes drag between Drake and me as she parts her lips, waiting for my next move.

I step in and I let her take me in for a few seconds before I close the distance between us until we're breathing each other's air. A hint of jasmine and honey hits me as she flicks a fallen strand of hair from her eyes.

I dash away her worries. "We're not interested in what Kane left behind. Marcus will find out he killed for nothing soon enough."

That sends her back a couple of paces. "Are you saying he killed my father?"

Drake mirrors my movements and we both take her hands in ours and my memory trips back to the last time we held her this close. Only Grey had been

with us then.

“That’s exactly what he’s saying, sweetheart.”

Drake’s words dissipate some of her anger. “I thought...”

“...that we had something to do with it,” I cut in.

She nods. “And that I was next, honestly. What happened to Grey. It was my fault.”

She turns to look at Drake and strokes a finger over the jagged scar running the length of his right cheek. Damn near took his eye out. “It’s all my fault. Had I not come to work at your club, being the daughter of him...just existing has put a lot of people in danger.”

Drake grunts. “And I thank whatever god is out there for you every day.” Drake, the fucking romantic poet, has her full attention and watching her take in the truth of my friend’s words has me questioning my entire life. Are we bringing her into the fold for her safety or because we’re bastards and want her all to ourselves?

Both?

“I told you on the ride over here, you were safe with me. With us.” Drake holds her hand over his heart.

I brush aside a few stubborn strands of her long hair. Everything about her is soft like a rose petal and chilled beneath my light touch.

When we don’t offer a deeper answer, she continues, the savagery of her tone slowly bleeding away to sadness.

“I’m sorry about Grey. You should have left me to just fade away. Forget about me. I don’t belong in this world. My father knew it. Maybe he was actually looking out for me in his own twisted way.” I hear frustration peeking through and rightly so.

She glances nervously between us.

Drake pulls her hand to his mouth and places a kiss on each knuckle.

“You’re here because this is where you belong. Don’t let that man’s twisted

mind poison your sweet soul.”

Her cheeks flush and she slides the plumpness of her bottom lip between her teeth.

I look away. Last time she did that we nearly devoured her with our kisses. Grey would kill us if he could see us barely hanging on with her between us like this.

A look over her head at Drake and his darkened expression says he’s feeling the same plight I am, but we have a lot to go over before morning comes. Since hauling her off to bed isn’t the best foot forward, I settle for the second-best thing for now. I slip my suit jacket off and wrap it around her trembling shoulders, taking comfort my body heat is now warming her.

I’m not seeing things when I see her shoulders relax a fraction or when she buries her hands in the dark cloth and inhales my scent.

That one action makes my already hard cock twitch.

“*Mo chroí,*” I whisper before I can help myself. My heart.

I think back to my family when I was only a small child and what my Irish father would whisper to my mother in the old tongue before he headed out the door each morning to provide for his family. Growing up, we were penniless and more often than not did without. After I looked on as my father died beaten down, overworked and still broke, I vowed to work for a better life. My two best friends followed, and now we sit at the top of the food chain of the underworld. A white-collar life with a criminal infrastructure. Crime pays. Don’t ever think it doesn’t.

All that doesn’t mean I don’t value the lessons my father taught me. My father understood love and family came above all else and no amount of time or money will change that. The legacy he instilled in his son early on in life will carry on long after I’ve left this world through the children we father with Katriona.

We are no saints, but we are not evil either and live by a set of rules. Human trafficking, drugs, and prostitution are all off-limits. Most think those are the only areas to make a handsome living, but they are wrong and have a limited imagination.

Unlike Katriona's father. With him, anything was on the table. And now his right-hand man wants the Kane family business. Eventually his own ego was his downfall, and I plan on being the man behind the bullet that will send him into the afterlife to protect what's mine. And I'll make no apologies for it.

I reach out and tighten my jacket around her shoulders and take comfort when the fear in her eyes lessens as she leans into me.

In that instant, it all becomes crystal clear. She's our queen and means more to us than the air filling our lungs. How is that even fucking possible? I'm a fucking criminal by any definition of the word and here I am ready to recite God damned lines of Shakespeare for a woman I've only kissed.

My gut churns with disgust. She deserves better than men like us, but I'm a bastard and can't help myself. "*Mo chroí.*"

"Why do you keep calling me that?"

I want to tell her because she stole my heart, but I hold my tongue and wait for a better moment. If I tell her the truth now, she's likely to think I've lost my good sense. Truth be told, she might be right. What sane person falls for someone with a single kiss? She stands there in my jacket and stares at me. Despite the heaviness of the early morning events, I smile down at her and it provokes the same reaction.

"Your father signed a contract after getting indebted to me. Us," I correct. "He owed us ten million dollars. In a show of good faith in uniting our families, he offered a deal. Pay us back with something more valuable."

Her eyes widen with surprise and understanding. "Me. Why does that not surprise me? Of course, he would throw me away like that. A freaking pawn so he can get what he wanted?"

"Yes."

"And then he reneged."

I take her chin in hand. "Yes."

Hurt fills her eyes and I move on quickly before she gets the wrong idea.

I drop my hand from her chin and gesture for her to take a seat, but she

refuses.

The side door from the home office opens and Katriona turns.

Drake and I look on as surprise fills her expression but it's quickly replaced with an injection of anger and then it's right back to surprise.

“No. You're dead.” Her voice drops to a whisper. Like she's seeing a ghost.

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# Katriona



**M**y eyes and heart are sending mixed messages. It can't be. My heart screams for it to be true. But my head says I saw his body fall to the ground.

Didn't I? Tears wet my lashes and I can't seem to take a breath.

"Grey? Grey, is that really you?" I fist the front of Sylan's shirt and he wraps his protective arms around me, lending me his strength. And I need all I can get.

Sylan leans down until his lips are by my ear. "Go to him, *mo chroí*. Go to him. He's waited so long to see you again."

As soon as Grey steps from the darkness, my knees became rubber and unreliable.

I take several uncertain steps. But the closer I get the more I come to terms with the fact I'm not seeing a ghost.

"It's you."

I practiced a million things to say to Grey—to all of them actually—but nothing comes out when my mouth opens.

I exchange glances with Drake and Sylan before turning quickly back to Grey

fearing he might disappear.

My heart races so fast I'm having a hard time catching my breath. Seeing Drake and Sytan again was a rush, but to know Grey hadn't died trying to save me changes my whole outlook.

Grey's mouth widens with a big smile and the little crinkles along the edges of his eyes deepen.

"Come here, sweetheart. God, I missed you, baby. Let me feel you in my arms. Are they giving you hell in here?"

I turn to look at Drake and Sytan over my shoulder and feel a surge of warmth through my body when our eyes connect.

"I wanted to come with Drake tonight but business kept me here."

Grey wraps his strong arms around me and I throw mine around his neck. I inhale several times, filling my memory with his scent. Last time I was like this all I could smell was blood. His blood. Copper and gunpowder.

I rise to my tiptoes, gliding my fingers through his hair.

"Thank you," I whisper just for his ears only. "Thank you for protecting me when you didn't have to."

We're across the room, standing with Sytan and Drake flanking me on either side, Grey in front of me. So wrapped up in my moment, I didn't realize we'd moved at all. He's picked me up and carried me to his friends.

He cups my face, slipping a kiss over my lips. "I only did what any three of us would have done. Protect what's ours. Protect you. The most precious gift we could have stumbled upon."

"The three of you keep saying that a lot."

Grey pulls something out of his back pocket and hands it to me.

"What is this?" I start reading and it only takes a few seconds for me to understand.

Boom. There drops my heart on the floor again.



He might as well have detonated an atomic bomb over my head. The aftershocks send my heart into a stammering stutter of chaotic twitching.

I make a small choking sound as I try to swallow my hysterical laughter, but I botch the job and nearly fall off my stilettos laughing. It's that or fall over from sudden heart failure. "The contract you have with my father. Why would you show me this? Are you kidding me," I choke out.

He taps the edges. "Marriage proposal actually." His expression is matter of fact.

Hope crashes around my feet shattering into a million pieces. Well, I scan the document to the end. Make that ten million pieces. They didn't want me for me. Just me for being a Kane. A trophy, I guess.

"This is utter bullshit," I start. "Like I don't have enough problems." I pause and nail Sytan with a glare. "This is not my problem. He dumped me before I had a chance to really call him daddy. Honoring this...no thank you. I'd like to go home now." It's worth a shot so I eye him uneasily for a long moment, and I can tell the second his shields snap into place. True, I couldn't see them. Not like some faceted crystal wall I could reach out and run a finger over. No, the slight change is subtle like the shift in temperature that has me shivering.

Was he mad at me?

"Do you have a need to call someone daddy, *mo chroí*?" He trails his hand over my arm, leaving goosebumps in the wake of his warm touch.

Holy hell. It's as though he's stroked my most intimate of places, but I shove that sudden urge to fall into this man's arms and I purse my lips instead. "I don't know. Are you three offering for the position?"

Okay, so that wasn't what I had planned on saying. I *had* wanted to say no and leave it at that. But my brain seems to have stepped out for a smoke and some coffee at the moment. Neither of which I happen to enjoy. Either way, this conversation just turned from "you fucking kidnapped me" to "I'm going to let you go down on me anytime anywhere."

Three gorgeous faces turn dangerously dark and the growls I hear might as well be our mating call, because a hot flash runs through me, and I step into

them before I know what I'm doing.

I let the delightful sounds settle over me like a warm blanket. I wonder what my mobsters would sound like in bed whispering dirty promises in my ear all the while telling me to swallow every last drop of their cum as they pump their hard length past my lips one at a time.

I'm no virgin, but I can't fall back on a wealth of experience either. In their bed, I know each of them could teach me all the ways to pleasure three men and things about my own body I probably don't know.

I swallow thickly at the thought. Shit. How was I *not* supposed to react to that?

The mobsters look stunned for all of a second before all three lean in and instinct has my hands flat over taut chests. I can feel the beady hardness of nipples beneath my palms. God help me. I want to rip shirts off and flick my tongue over them. Repeatedly.

"What makes you think I'll honor this?" I shake the small stack of papers at each of them to help ground my raging lust. "Is this why you keep calling me yours because some paper between two mobsters says I belong to you?" My anger pumps higher and higher.

"And wipe those smirks off your faces."

The men grin at each other and the raw energy that flows between them is palpable.

Drake reaches out and pushes Grey's shoulder. "Damn it, man, stop riling her up already."

Grey plucks the papers from my hands and rips them down the middle. I watch him cross the spacious living space filled with luxurious furniture I usually only see in magazines and toss them into a trash can. "It took us a long time to realize we would never be able to hold you here against your will, Katriona. Believe me. A lot of whiskey was consumed over ideas of tying you to our bed, but reality won out."

Drake leans in and trails warm lips down the length of my neck. Lips pressed against my ear he whispers, "We want the real you."

I reach behind me and slide my fingers through thick brown hair and hold him close for a few beats of my heart longer just taking in his warmth. "I was alone for so long," I begin but let my thoughts drop. I felt lost and thought I hadn't truly found myself. Being here like this makes me feel they could be right. But I'm too scared to admit aloud how they make me feel.

Sylan gathers me in his arms and pulls me in until my front melts into his. Only then does he visually relax. "We might own you on a piece of paper for what it's worth, but you've owned our hearts since the first day you put on a Club Lex uniform."

Grey rejoins us. "You choose. Stay with us. Find out what having three men at your side is like."

"Or leave. Go back to your life. We would never hold you here unwillingly, tempting as it is to tie you up and never let you go." I'm in Drake's arms now, the power of his words sinking deep inside my soul.

I have a choice to make it seems.

God, what have I been brought into? Three gorgeous men with rippling muscles my body can't stop responding to want me?

Sudden chills wash over me, and all three think it's from the cold.

It's not. I'm having a hard time controlling my body's reaction to their nearness. Men like them provoke fear in others but in me, all I can feel is protected, of all things.

I hold back from smacking my own forehead to jolt me out of the fantasy world I've slipped into because...come on. Who in their right mind feels safe with men who live at the top of a criminal empire?

Apparently, the answer to that question is me.

Life is never that black or white, and it definitely isn't straightforward. I know this. Or at least I thought I did. I'm no longer sure because in a simple line these three are the definition of what a girl like me should run from.

Despite the ruthless and most times brutal stories that feed the reputation preceding them, I find myself pulled closer the longer they touch me. But I

guess picking the men you fall for or feel attracted to isn't always in one's control.

My heart is racing and I can't catch my breath. "Where do we go from here? Do I need to sign a contract accepting or do you want a blood oath? What works as a *can we try and see where this goes* in your world?"

Before I get the rest of my run-on thoughts off my chest, Sylan's lips are on mine and he's devouring me, soul and all.

It's tender and soft, unlike the man, and wholly electrifying. I follow his lead and lean into his hard, warm body. He tastes like a devilish combination of sin and whiskey. He parts my lips with a stroke of his tongue and I moan into his kiss, wrapping my arms around his neck.

I know the second I've lost part of my soul because I feel tethered to him in a way I've never felt before with anyone else. Especially to a man of his caliber.

The warmth of his body molds mine to his, and I can feel his cock hardening between us. My chest rises and falls with every breath, brushing my nipples against him. I dig my fingers into the fine threads of Sylan's dress shirt and arch into his arms, forcing him to take our kiss deeper.

He doesn't disappoint. Beneath my touch, he's breathing just as hard as I am, and I take comfort in knowing I'm not the only one feeling this strange flood of emotions and desires all at once.

I hear a rough chuckle I've quickly come to learn is Drake. I break away and look up into Sylan's dark eyes. "Well, Sy, I guess a kiss works too."

I clear my throat, press the tips of my fingers to my kiss-swollen lips and try not to smile. "Wow, your lips are so soft." I think I say that final part in my head, but Grey's laugh tells me I said it loud and clear enough for everyone to hear.

"Sy?" He pulls back and stares down at me. "No one has ever called me anything other than my given name."

"Oh? Why? It kind of seems natural. Like all my friends, well the people I work with, call me Kat. What? Did you threaten to pound anyone if they gave

you a nickname?”

I know the small barb will get a rise out of him.

Just not this kind of reaction.

He leans in and presses a light kiss right below my ear. You know the place that instantly melts a woman’s heart and soul into a gooey puddle on the floor?

Grey, not wanting to be left out, pulls my hand to his mouth, “What? No nickname for me?”

I give an offhanded shrug. “You, I’m still mad at for scaring the hell out of me.” I turn to Drake. “And you too. You both scared me,” I admit. “Just for two totally different reasons.”

The smiles drop from their faces and for a second I think I’ve actually wounded the men. But those sharp dark eyes of theirs take hold of my attention and I find myself being shared between them. Their hands roaming my body with Sytan behind me like a wall of support at my back as his friends consume me.

Grey comes in first. His lips claiming. Possessive. His hand twists in my hair and I’m locked in. Just as abruptly he passes me to his friend, holding my chin so Drake can have a taste. He’s tender at first, which throws me off but it’s only half a breath before he has my lips parted and his tongue taking over my mouth in an all-consuming kiss that steals all the air from my lungs.

Sytan strokes his large hands over my breasts, teasing my nipples through the polyester uniform covering them. I grab at the first thing and Grey is right there when I fist his shirt. “That’s it, tongue fuck her harder,” he rasps to Drake. His hand slips up my skirt and I spread my legs wantonly for him to move higher...higher.

I moan into Drake’s mouth when rough fingers find my wet pussy. I feel my heart flip inside my chest and I clamp my thighs together, locking Grey in place.

“Easy, baby,” he urges, but I don’t want easy.

Panting harshly, Drake breaks our kiss and there's a darkness in his eyes. A possessive glimmer I'm mesmerized by.

"I don't want easy," I husk against his lips and then I'm pulling him in for another sample.

My eyes drift closed and I let my body relax into Sylan's warmth too. Am I seriously going to take all three of these men?

God, yes I am and I'm going to love every minute of it. I never want to be alone again. Feel the vast void of emptiness of not having another soul in this world to reach out to.

I feel pulses of heat rocket out and strike me straight in the core. The one place I've longed to have all three touch.

"Have mercy," I purr softly. Yeah, these men know my weakness, and I'm not entirely sure I care enough not to look affected by the feel of their lips and hands on me.

Another set of lips travels up my thigh and I know it's Grey. He's fallen to his knees and already has the hem of my uniform riding high over the curves of my hips. I moan deeply when cool air hits the sticky wetness of my pussy lips as he peels back the soaked layer of cloth.

"You, my lovely Kat, have a delicious moan," Drake growls.

I let out a wonderful sigh and my breath betrays me and hitches. I bury my hands in Grey's thick, soft hair. He moves my leg over a massive shoulder and I'm spread wide. He strokes a tongue over my clit making my pulse jump toward the edge of not giving a fuck about anything anymore but them.

My body shivers with pleasure as warm lips surround my clit and suck.

I gasp and ride his face loving how he works me, batting his tongue back and forth rapidly.

At the same time, Sylan eases the zipper of my uniform down to reveal the black cotton of my bra. He peels the sides open and with ease slides the sides of my bra down to sit beneath my breasts. Like this they are pushed high, my nipples tight and rosy. Needy.

He plucks them between his fingers, making them harder yet.

“Oh,” I moan, arching into his touch.

“That’s what I want. Give us those cries,” Sylan growls in a deep, rough whisper and then kisses my weak spot again. I knew his light Irish brogue mixed with modern American would break through during sexy times.

My hips threaten to buck against Grey’s face the faster he moves his tongue. I’m so close, my heart beating wildly. Drake reaches between my legs and spreads my folds holding me wide so he can watch his friend suck my pussy.

Sexy as fuck!

I’ve been in their home—and I know it’s theirs, not just Sylan’s—for less than fifteen minutes and I’ve already fallen for them again.

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# Katriona



A cry slips from my lips and Drake's mouth is there to swallow every last gasp and I'm so ready for them to give me more.

I'm so consumed with the pleasure rolling through me I don't hear the man at the door until Sytan curses under his breath. He pulls away, passing me to the other men.

A jacket is thrown around me and both Grey and Drake turn to slip me behind them.

A wall of muscle blocks me from view and I'm more than a little crushed by the sudden change. I slip my hands up their backs. Muscles ripple. The last time I stood this close to them in this position we were taking heavy fire. Bullets whizzed by our heads and Grey took one for me.

I clutch the material of their shirts and lean into their strength. This is not that, I remind myself. We're okay, safe. No guns, no bullets. No one died that I care about.

What am I doing? *Living a fantasy, stupid*, answers my inner critic, but then what?

I know they are not looking for a one-nighter. But what am I looking for?



Dealing with these three is going to take a backbone made of titanium. Am I up for that?

“Mr. Ward. There’s a situation with one of the guests.”

My brows rise at the infliction of the word *guests*.

From where I’m standing, I just barely see the dark looks passing over Sytan and Drake’s expressions. Both men move away but Grey is the one who growls with what sounds like frustration.

“Wait here. This won’t take long. When we get back, we’ll discuss the terms of our agreement.”

I watch all three prowl across the spacious living room and exit out of a door I hadn’t seen before.

I nod to their retreating backs. “Yeah, sure. I’ll be right here.” It’s probably not a good idea to put a voice to my other thoughts so I clamp my mouth shut. Thoughts like, “*Sure, I’ll stay here while you are probably torturing a guest in a back room or worse, the kitchen.*”

And the same reason why I’m not sticking around to see if all the wooing is pretend before they put a bullet through my brain.

That pesky voice of reason pops up again, telling me Drake was speaking the truth. If they wanted me dead, I would be. Simple as that. I just don’t like the idea of my freedom not being my own.

Gorgeous or not, no man owns me and there is no need for any agreement. What had I been thinking letting them work me up so hard? So fast? Stupid, stupid, stupid.

I poke my head out the door, barely believing the empty corridor I find on the other side. Several doors line either side but only one has the lights on. It pours from a slit where I also hear muffled voices coming from.

I back up and close the door behind me. This is too perfect. A little voice of doubt screams with questions like why would they leave me here all alone? With an unlocked door? No guard?

Honestly, did I care why? I throw a side-eye at the coat Sytan had given me

but I leave it behind. It will only slow me down. I'll take my chances. But I do grab my purse, with the little cash I made tonight and stab at the button for the lobby. I have my uniform zipped up and my girls back where they belong before the doors slide open. A ding of the elevator reverberates through the office and I flinch only long enough to hope no one hears it.

Inside, I stab at the button for the lobby and as soon as the little digital number at the top turns over to LB I pound marble so hard I feel every minute I dished out plates of greasy food back at Sally's.

I need better footwear, but right now they were the only thing keeping the soles of my feet from turning bloody and leaving them a trail to follow.

I dash past the lobby doorman and push my way through the rotating door. "Freaking fancy, slow-moving revolving doors of death," I breathe out with fanatic, harsh breaths.

I shove at the door, paying no mind to the doorman's shocked face when I bust out the other side in a dead run.

With my feet barely holding me up, I don't stop until I'm sitting in a room, with a door, between the unsafe people in this city and me.

After making a mad run for it out of Sytan's office, I didn't know where to go at first. Buy that ticket to New York? They'd only pick me up the second the bus arrives at its station. Vegas? Same thing.

Back to Sally's place? My old apartment. Not hardly. Maybe I could just hop from bus to bus, no destination in mind.

Since that involves more money than I have, the police station would have to do.

"I hear you have a pretty exciting story to tell us, Ms.?"

A detective and his partner walk into a small, windowless room with a terrible view.

"I was kidnapped tonight. It's not a story. Try not to sound so condescending, would you." So I left out the getting kissed to death part, but the other is fact. I let my emotions get the best of me when I'm around them and I need

reinforcements between them and me to make sure I don't fall into a situation I'll never get out of. And believe me, falling into the enemy's bed is bad. Very bad. "My name is Katriona Kane and Sylan Ward, Drake Montgomery and Grey Hudson all kidnapped me."

Both detectives exchange a look while the file they came in with is slowly shut and tossed on the table.

My attention darts between them and my heart is pounding so hard I can't hear what they say next.

"You have to help me. Please. I'm not lying."

Part of me cringes at getting them in trouble but they didn't leave me any options when they said shit like, you are ours now and we'll go over our agreement after we deal with our guest. Doesn't quite speak of love, does it?

"I'm just seeking protection. Sylan is a powerful man. Please don't let him find me."

"Wait here."

They quietly leave and it's only a few seconds before the door opens again and my mouth sways open.

I shove to my feet and back against the farthest corner. "Stay away from me. Don't touch me," I hiss. I'm not strong enough to fight the power. I'm just not.

"I told you. I own this city. Me. Drake. Grey. We *are* this city. Did you really think you would slip through our fingers again?"

He crosses the room, hands in his pockets, his hair a little less than perfectly combed. The long dark locks drape across his forehead and my eye is drawn to how tired he looks. Did I do that to him?

Crinkles along the corners of his eyes seem deeper, more pronounced. The pained look in his dark eyes holds mine.

"I don't know."

"Never, Katriona. You belong to us. You're ours and it's going to take a long

time for you to pay off ten million dollars. We can do this with you as our queen or you as our prisoner tied to our bed to do with as we please, when we please. Your choice.”

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# Katriona



The precinct bustled with people. All eyes turned away from us the second he ushered me out of the side door and into a waiting car. If nothing else tonight I finally see the power behind the Ward name.

No one tells Sylan Ward no. Apparently not even me.

We ride in silence and the second I step off the elevator I'm nailed with a wave of fury from two waiting men. They're standing at the door, arms crossed over massive chests. Their dark eyes shimmering with untethered anger so thick it chokes me.

"Grey, Drake." All my spunk spirals down the proverbial sink, leaving me drained.

Drake takes my arm and leads me to sit across from him while all three take chairs opposite my sofa.

Tonight cannot get any more surreal. I want them. There's no misunderstanding that side of how tonight played out. But I hold no misgivings about how my hospitable mobsters with soft lips can turn Grim Reapers on me, snap their fingers and take my life.

But I don't feel I'm in danger even after my little stunt. I don't know and that

scares me. I question every move I've made and my sanity for walking back in here.

"Your life is not a joke to us. If we were not clear before, let us be clear now. Out there Marcus hunts you. In here you are safe. Is that abundantly clear?"

"I'm starting to get the picture."

"Had you gone to the other detective on rotation tonight, he would have called Marcus and your evening would have taken a drastic turn." Grey scrubs his hands down his face and leans forward on his elbows looking pale. "Fuck, Katriona, you would already have a bullet in your head."

I swallow hard at the fear etched into his face. The hard line of his jaw ticking away with how he grits his back molars.

"I'm sorry. I panicked. I just ran because I was..." I drag the tips of my fingers down the sides of my mouth. "I was scared of what I felt for you. The agreement, Marcus. This life. As soon as the bucket of cold water hit me when we were interrupted, I freaked out." I turn to each of them. "All three of you scare me and turn me on all at the same time."

Drake dragged his chair close enough to take my hand in his. "We won't let anything happen to you, but you have to take this seriously. Your father has enemies and right now Marcus is at the top of that list. We hold no hopes of him just silently fading away. He has made that clear. Not after tonight. You've exposed us and Marcus knows we have you."

"So tell me about your agreement? I'll be honest with you. I'm a waitress with an online high school diploma and can only dream of college. There's no way I can pay you back the ten million my father stole."

"We'll take payment in flesh."

I inhale and let it out calmly. "You've said as much. Care to elaborate?"

Sylan is standing so close now I can reach out and smack the smug smile off his face, but the compassionate look in his eyes keeps my hands in my lap.

The three men are staring at me, and under that intense weight, I have the sudden urge to flee from the devils I was raised to fear like the good Catholic

girl my momma wanted me to be.

But I don't.

Instead, I melt into Sylan's gentle touch as he wraps an arm around me. I take comfort in the clean, masculine scent of his cologne.

Drake slides his large body into the space to my right, leaving Grey in the chair directly in front of me. I'm once again surrounded by all three alphas. Hunger burning in their eyes. For me.

They want *me*.

Almost unfathomable one man would want the nobody waitress hiding out at mile marker 132, but it's true because there's no mistaking the way they touch me. What's more, his two best friends want me just as much.

I take in a deep breath and hold it.

If wealth had a scent, I would say it was the scent of all three. Opulent as much as it is dangerous. Dark yet powerful. It is like the men who wear it so well. Dominant, forbidden, and utterly mind-consuming. All three work in tandem to destroy my better judgment.

Sy turns me to face him, and I see that chiseled jaw of his clamp tight and a fire in his eyes so intense I can feel the burn everywhere his gaze touches me.

"We want you. No strings attached. Your body."

"Your soul."

"And your heart if you'll trust us with it. Can you handle that?" Grey finishes. His strong hands are on my thighs, moving up, his thumbs caressing circles along the inner parts.

I can feel my body coming alive, warmth flooding my system, my pussy throbbing with the banked promises shining in those dark eyes.

My gaze lands on each of theirs. "I'm not some starry-eyed girl who believes in some fairy-tale love at first sight or that I found the gold at the end of the rainbow here, guys. I've heard what you've told me. But to me, trust is a hard thing to earn. My body, though. Yeah, I can give you that. Can we start

there?”

We sit in momentary silence as the sun peeks over the horizon beyond the large windows like a wave of hope rising to meet the new day. Maybe I do have a chance at happiness. Just maybe.

“You feel it. This bond between us. I know you do. You’re just scared.”

My gaze falls to Grey’s moving lips and my tongue slips out to wet mine, pulling his attention there.

“Yes,” I tell him. To all the above. Yes. “But can I trust the undeniable connection you stir in me every time your skin connects with mine?” I turn to Sy and Drake. “Or yours?”

Grey shoots his friends a quick look. “Let’s find out.”

My brows rise. “What will you do with me?”

Sylan grins, taking a foot in hand, and removes a stiletto. Drake does the same. I swear they are connected at the brain.

A sly smile takes over Sytan’s face. “Right now, this is about us. We’re going to show you the selfish bastards that we are. Greedy. We want it all. Do you understand? Six months of looking at surveillance of our beautiful treasure is a damn long time to look and not touch. So shut the fuck up and sit there and enjoy this. No more questions.”

Beside him, both of his friends wear gruff smiles that have my heart rate tripling.

I nail them with a puzzled look.

“Better do as he says, sweetheart.”

“I’m only getting started. Once I am satisfied you are no longer in pain from these terrible shoes, we’re going to mark your entire fucking body and make sure you only remember our touch and never again want to defy us by putting yourself in harm’s way. We’ll erase every memory you have of any other man you allowed to touch our property. And we’ll make damn sure you love every fucking minute.”



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# Katriona



It's crazy that I want to make him promise all those things and more. This is all wrong and so right on so many different levels. It's insane. I want to know what it's like to belong to these powerful men. To be their queen.

I'm suddenly filled with an unsettling wave of shame. They're supposed to be the bad guys, the monsters everyone fears. And here I am wanting them to pleasure my body past anything I've ever felt before. What kind of person does that make me?

A horny one, for damn sure. But am I just as bad as my father?

I chance a look into Sy's eyes as he works my foot between his powerful hands. He's like a vortex and I've been sucked in. His firm hands are divine, and I know I'm going to love them on the rest of my body.

I'm drawn to him not only because he's gorgeous with his perfect jawline, haunted eyes and rough smoky voice, but because of how he makes me feel.

The material of his shirt pulls across his broad shoulders and he's rolled the cuffs up to reveal thick forearms that flex with each movement. Those tats are doing another round on my self-control, too. With each stroke of his thumbs across my arch, I feel myself relaxing.

Power swirls around them like a force of protection and something to fear all at once. It's so thick it fills this room and makes the hair on my arms rise from the currents rushing through the ample space.

Drake perches on the end of the couch and rests my foot on his chest. He runs a hand up the inside of my leg, never taking his eyes off my body. "You will never fear us. As long as you are in our arms, in our bed, in our home you will never have reason to question this." He's not looking *at* me but at Grey sliding from his chair to settle between my legs.

His hands scrunch the hem of my uniform over my hips, exposing my thighs to his warm kisses and curious tongue. "We are not the monsters you may think we are." His dark head of hair dips and those lips of his skim over the band of my panties. "But we will protect what is ours." He stills over my clit still covered in cotton, the hot air of his breath like a caress and I'm about to scream from needing his mouth on me there if he doesn't hurry up.

"And Katriona. In case you don't know it. That means you." He raises his gaze, and I'm shocked by the intensity that I see. "Now and forever. To love, to keep close and to protect."

Love?

His voice climbs, and my heart starts pounding hard and fast with every word he growls. "You'll never lack again. This we promise."

I love how each of them speaks for the others. I want friends like that and something tells me I'll have that with them. Grey leans in and strokes the tip of his tongue over the plumpness of my bottom lips before slipping a hand behind my head and pulling me within an inch of his lips. He presses his forehead against mine. "But I can't have you looking at me like you can't trust me. Can't trust us. You either give us all of you or nothing at all. We don't take unless we take fully."

The shame I felt only moments ago ghosts me, morphing into a fear that they will reject me and return me to the shell of a life I've been kidding myself with. Because without them I know my life would be meaningless.

"How is it possible I want you so much that it scares me? That's the real fear I have. I can't trust my feelings because I can't wrap my brain around the

idea that I feel connected to three men in a way that is beyond my understanding.”

Drake and Sy release my feet, instinctively knowing what I want. It’s the only way I can fathom them knowing I need to be in Grey’s arms right now. They help me slip to the floor. The front of my legs press against his and he takes my lips in a warm kiss. He drives his fingers into my hair with a tight hold, and I fall under his power instantly.

I moan and swallow his growl, teasing his tongue with mine. I taste the soft, warm confines of his mouth. I don’t have to tell my body to relax. I melt into his arms, the contours of his bulging muscles and nip at his lower lip, pulling back enough to see the fire ignite in those dark eyes of his.

“I want to be yours. All of yours.” I make sure to pull Sy and Drake in close. “If you’ll have me,” I say against his mouth, feeling his friends’ warmth wrap around me on all sides.

He smiles and I see the man from the night he took a bullet for me. I yelp, laughing softly when he pulls me to my feet and scoops me into his arms. Strong hands grip my ass, working the flesh with delicious squeezes.

His lips claim mine.

Pleasure explodes in me, and I’m lost in his addictive taste once again.

“Turn around,” he mutters against my lips, and it’s then that I realize we’re across the room standing in front of the windows.

“Put your hands on the glass for us.”

I do as Grey gruffly orders. The hiss of the zipper to my uniform hits my ears, and I tremble as he lowers it an inch at a time. He peels the harsh material forward and leaves me bare to the morning light, my uniform a melted puddle of sunlight at my feet.

I hear all three inhale harshly and turn to look over my shoulder to see a hunger in their eyes I’ve never seen before.

“We’ve waited a long time to have you. We’re going to have a taste, make you come—”

“And then?” I ask breathlessly, cutting in.

Drake smiles wolfishly. “And then whatever the fuck we want. Once we have our cocks and tongue covered with your juices there will be no going back.”

Sylan steps in and brushes the tips of his fingers over my arms, down the dips of my waist and rests his large hands on my thigh.

“You’re breathtaking and absolutely perfect.”

He knows I am about to resist his assessment of me. How I don’t know, but he presses a finger over my lips and I clamp my mouth shut. “Spread your legs and give Grey a sweet taste, *mo chroí*.”

With Sy on one side and Drake on the other, one presses a hand to my lower back and the other spreads me wide for his friend, pulling my panties to the side.

I groan, curling my fingers into my fists at the first stroke of Grey’s tongue from my clit to my ass. A day’s worth of stubble covers his chin and my God, it’s heaven against my tender skin.

“Oh,” I gasp, pressing back to feel his tongue slip deeper into my wet pussy. I wish he’d rip my panties off so I could feel more of the burn.

He holds the silk to the side and nibbles on the tender flesh of my folds. I moan wildly, my head spinning.

I hear a zipper to my right and my heart speeds up as Drake turns my head to see Sylan’s impressive cock jutting out of his dress slacks. So thick, long and dripping with pre-cum.

I tremble a little as I reach out and stroke my fingers over the silky hard steel. So smooth and hot. Drake has my hair in his hands and he holds me steady when Sylan guides the head of his fat cock to brush across my lips.

“So fucking beautiful,” I murmur in awe. I curl my fingers around him tighter and love how he physically shivers. Him, the powerful mobster who controls the dark underbelly of this city, shivers under my touch. I run my hand to the base and marvel when I bring it up, forcing a large drop of pre-cum from the tip.

Drake grips my hair, turns me just right so his friend can smear the hot liquid over my lips.

“Yes,” I whisper, eyes at half-mast. “So perfect.”

“It’s all yours. Every inch of me and every last drop,” Sylan husks. “Now open for me,” he commands and when I do, he pushes past my lips with a deep grunt.

I can feel Grey move behind and I mourn the loss of his tongue teasing my clit, his hands gripping my ass and working the flesh. But I gasp when I feel the hot heat of his cock replace his fingers. Air is hard to come by so I’m breathing harder as Sylan pumps into my mouth. My lips stretch wide to fit over his massive size, and I love every stroke, every drop of pre-cum smearing over my tongue. The salty-sweet taste has me creaming a little harder. But I desperately want to see Grey’s cock, too. I’m torn between craving Sylan right where he’s at and wanting to feel the heaviness of Grey’s cock in my hands.

But he has other ideas.

I hear the tear in my panties from him holding them out of the way. He strokes the fat head through my juices in a slow glide that starts at my clit and stops with him teasing my pussy. Dipping the head in just a bit and then pulling out. He repeats the move once, twice... and it takes all my strength not to fall to my knees, begging him to bury himself as deep as he can go.

And then he’s gone. Sylan’s hand takes the place of Drake’s. I look up to see Sylan looking down at me sucking him off and moan hungrily for more. More of him, more of whatever they want from me.

This is beyond filthy. I’ve never done a thing like this in my life. Never dreamed of it. Yet here I am, being shared between three men. I can feel my pussy pulse, my girl-cum spilling out to coat my bare thighs and what will be left of my panties.

I moan feeling almost dizzy with need.

Drake is behind me now and suddenly I can feel the thickness of his cock pressing through his slacks and teasing the seam of my ass.

I moan, writhing against him, and he must like the friction on his cock because he grips my hips and pulls me back until all of my back is pressed firmly against his front.

Fingers wrap around my throat and I'm held in place against one man as his friends take in my body, their gazes as hungry as starved wolves.

Sylan and Grey stand with their glorious shafts in hand, pre-cum dripping down the backside making my mouth water.

I grin, feeling the rush of anticipation course through me at high speed.

“Does *mo chroí* want her cocks?”

Beams of light filter through the unobstructed view of the city and catches in their hair. Both have locks so black that when the light hits a few of the strands, I see hints of blue.

I nod, pulling my lower lip between my teeth for fear of actually begging them to finally fuck me already.

“Put your hands on the glass and spread your legs.”

Currents of anticipation send excitement through every cell in my body as Drake walks me to the window, slips his thumbs into the waistband of my panties and pulls the material past my thighs. They join my uniform on the floor. Finally.

He's on his knees behind me and I suck in a harsh breath when I feel the softness of his lips press into the globes of my ass beside his fingers.

Reaching up the length of my back, he releases my bra with a flick of his fingers and I shed it, marveling at the feel of the cool glass against my breasts.

Below us, Chicago stirs, unaware I'm looking out as I'm about to get thoroughly fucked.

“Drake, Grey, please. I need you. Please, Sy.” I don't realize I'm begging until the words are out of my mouth and I don't regret a single one.

Drake is back on his feet before I can have any other kind of reaction and I

turn around, working the buttons of his shirt free.

I *need* to feel him. I peel back the white material to reveal black swirls across rippling muscle, and I'm tempted to run my tongue over every single one.

For once I give in to my temptations and it is bliss. I'm damn tired of not having what I want when I want. I put my hands on his shoulders and push the shirt free from his arms. I lean in and our moans collide when my tongue runs over the first swirl of ink curling beneath his left pec. I continue my path up his chest, only stopping to work the tip of his nipple with a flick of my tongue. I take the small peak between my lips and suck.

He must like that because he grips my hips, hauls me up his body, and bruises his lips against mine. Cool glass chills my back while enough heat to warm hell over twice consumes me from the front.

He growls loudly into my mouth, and I have my legs around his thick waist, the hard ridge of his cock between my legs. I gasp at the rough sensation of his zipper against my sensitive lips and my needy clit demands more. I move my hips over him and moan from the delicious feel, my back arching just enough to cause my bare nipples to brush over his chest. One shock leads to another, and I clasp the hard peaks between my fingers, giving a hard tug.

A jolt of savage need takes hold of me causing warm liquid to slip from my tight channel to drench the front of his slacks.

“You're a fucking beauty when you get excited for us.”

Drake skims his hands over my thighs, working his way around until he has my ass in the palms of his hands. He kneads the plump flesh and I grind against his bulge. Holding my weight with one arm, he frees his engorged cock. Cum leaks from the head and I reach between our bodies and position him at the entrance of my pussy.

He tenses and makes a move to pull away. “Are you sure, Katriona? Once I take you, once we take you. There's no other life waiting for you. Just us.”

I know what he is asking, and I'm touched he cares for me so much when it would be so easy to fuck me and not worry about the part that comes after having hellacious sex.



“I’m protected. The pill. And even if you do get me pregnant, I belong to you. All of you.” Sylan and Grey shed their clothes while I was dry humping their friend. “Right?”

I turn to Sylan, feeling his hands in my hair. “Fuck yes. Ours and ours alone. We don’t share well with others despite our particular arrangement.” He’s growling again, and I love the thrill of belonging.

I dig my heels into Drake’s ass as the fat head of his cock pushes into the tight grip of my pussy.

“Fuck yes,” I groan into Grey’s mouth as he dips his head for a kiss.

As if using every muscle in his body Drake holds me tight and thrusts. I angle my hips and when he does it again, he hits my clit and I cry into Grey’s mouth.

Between the three of them I’m safe, protected. Their strength is my own.

“Hard...harder,” I rasp. I love Drake’s strength and love the way he already has the pressure of my release building.

“This is only a warm-up. There’s no way we’ll be satisfied having you only once. Fuck, it’s going to take a lifetime and then maybe that won’t be enough.”

He lifts me off him and then uses his strength to drive in as he lowers me. I lean back, pressed up against the window and tighten my legs as he fucks me hard and fast.

Each time he thrusts in, my pussy grips his cock. His biceps flex and the abs I’ll have my tongue on again soon enough ripple from coiled pressure building. I know because I feel it too.

This is hot, wet, and wicked, and nothing of how I saw my morning going. A little over three hours ago I would have guessed I’d be waking up right about now, showering and putting on that ugly mustard uniform for the millionth time. Not taking my pleasure wrapped around a filthy-minded mobster.

Just seeing his glistening cock slip from my body sticky and wet with my juices has me close to the edge.

I'm not the only one who likes the view. His, Grey's and Drake's attention is locked on where our bodies are united, and I clench the velvety walls of my pussy around him.

"You're the angel that's going to be our death. That's it. Take what you want." His voice is a rough baritone.

Sylan reaches between us and spreads my folds so Grey can lean in and tongue my clit.

"Oh, fuck!" I scream. Warm lips curl around me and I'm seeing the stars of a million worlds appear just behind my closed eyes.

I grab him by the hair and he takes my mouth in a bruising kiss, my juices coating his tongue. Sytan has taken over torturing my clit and I'm bucking wildly.

"Drake, I'm close, so close." The warmth of his body molds me to him, and he leaves a teasing trail of kisses along my exposed shoulder.

"Fuck, Kat, you're milking my cock. I can't hold on much longer."

"Come for us *mo chroí*, give us your release now!"

"Oh my God, don't stop. Do it again!" I beg, throwing an arm around Grey's neck and bracing the other against the thick window.

Drake shoves into me one last time and throws his head back. "Come now, Katriona!" he bellows, and I can see the lines around his mouth grow tight with concentration.

Jets of hot cum spill into me, and I can feel every single rope as he shoots his load off.

"I feel you," I scream, and I don't care who can hear me at this point. I'm panting so hard I can barely speak, and I can't hold in what I'm feeling.

"I'm...coming!" The feel of his length jerking off inside me hurls me into my own release. Pure blissful white-hot ecstasy steals my breath and vision as my head falls back, and I fall into my climax. The walls of my pussy spasm around his thick cock.

Hot. Fucking. Bliss.

Our combined heavy breaths come hard and fast.

“My turn.”

Suddenly I’m in Grey’s arms and he’s moving me to the floor. As soon as my feet hit the floor I’m spun around. But instead of a window in front of me, it’s Sylan in all his naked beauty.

“Bend over, baby, push that pussy toward me. That’s it.”

I’m a mess with Drake’s release spilling down my thighs.

Grey doesn’t seem to care. He glides the head of his cock through the spilled cum to swirl it around my clit. And then he’s at the entrance of my pussy pushing in until his balls slap against my clit.

“Fuck, that feels so good!”

From in front of me, Sylan puts my hands on his thighs and guides my mouth over the head of his cock. He sinks past my lips with one smooth stroke, touching the back of my throat.

“Suck him hard, make him lose control, baby. Just like you did to me.”

Me make them lose control? I shiver from the surge of power the idea fills me with. To have them crave me, desire me...want me made me feel not just cherished but loved.

Drake kneels beside me, takes my hand and moves it to cup Sylan’s heavy cum-filled balls. With his hand cupping mine, we stroke and fondle Sylan until I can feel his knees begin to tremble.

“Fuck you, bastard,” he growls at Drake who only chuckles low in my ear like we’re sharing a dirty secret. His lips brush against the shell of my ear as he whispers, “He’ll love you all the harder when he shoots his load down your throat, sweetheart. That’s it. Take him a little deeper. Swallow now and feel the head go a little deeper.”

I do as I’m instructed, so torn between feeling Grey’s juices mix with Drake’s and mine as he pumps into my pussy. Between both men I’m closer

and closer to finding my second release.

Hands grip my hips and I'm suddenly spread wider. I feel my heart flip flop the harder he pounds. I cry out, giving Sytan more room to slip deeper. Fuck, his dick tastes so damn good. I will never get enough! I move my wet mouth over him, rolling his balls until his cock is so hard I can barely fit him in my mouth. He starts to groan louder as Grey's thrusts become more powerful, frenzied.

"Shit, Katriona, Fuck, that's it. You look so damn beautiful drinking his cum." Drake cups my breasts, pinching my nipples just right and it's the last little bit I need to fall over. His strong hands hold me between his two friends as we all find our release.

My orgasm comes hard and my walls clamp around Grey. I milk him as Sytan feeds me his cum. With two cocks filling me up I let go and ride my release, coming so hard my cries bounce off every surface of their home.

Hot thick ropes spill down my throat and fill my greedy pussy. The best part? I take every last drop.

I nuzzle into his neck and sigh with contentment so foreign I wonder if I'll ever feel this happy in my life again. "So that's what dirty office sex is like."

"Wait until we have you in a bed," Drake purrs for my ears only. "As I said, this is only a taste."

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# Katriona



The next morning I'm wide awake before Sylan stirs from his power nap, as he calls them. Drake and Grey nowhere to be seen.

By my last look at the clock, this nap has lasted six hours and it's my bet our last bout of lovemaking took every last drop of his cum and energy as it had mine. After our session in his office, he swooped me up and walked us through a secret door behind his desk that led to a higher level. So far, there's not a room in this penthouse we haven't made love in. In fact, we've made love so many times in the last day I've lost count. Muscles I didn't know I had hum in satisfaction as I watch him sleep.

Sunshine pours over our naked bodies, and I run my hands through his hair, loving the soft, silky feel between my fingers. He has a leg wrapped over mine, and I smile. In some way, he's had our bodies connected at all times since he brought me to his bed. I'm not complaining. I like the feel of him close at all times and the possessive drive behind it. After being alone for so long the contact soothes a part of me I didn't realize I was missing. Not until him. Besides, belonging to the mobster makes me feel like the bad girl, but in a good way. I slip my leg from beneath his and cross the massive room, aiming for the shower. The cool, white marble floor on my bare feet is a delicious contrast against my sun-warmed skin.

I step into the shower as big as my entire bedroom in my tiny apartment. I moan long and low the second hot water jets out and hits my muscles.

I've made a firm decision. I'm never leaving this shower.

*"Mo chroí."*

Despite not knowing its full meaning, I know it's a tender endearment. Said in such a soft, deep pitch and I have no control over the way my heart gives a little. I open my eyes and step from the pouring water to see Sylan slide the glass door open with the most loving look in his eyes, and my heart jolts once more. I can't help it, and I'm not wholly sure I want to either.

"Room for one more?"

Much to my satisfaction the only thing he's wearing is a hint of a smile. My gaze falls to his stirring cock, and my body warms from the promises his body suggests.

"I think an entire team of men can fit in here, which I'm sure was the point," I tease with a crook of a finger. "Where are Grey and Drake?"

"Off doing a few errands. They won't be long."

My heartbeat picks up speed as he prowls closer and only settles when he wraps me in his arms. I told my heart not to get involved, but it obeys my silent command about as well as my body does when it comes to any of them—not at all.

I smile and love the lingering kiss he presses to my shoulder.

Warm water cascades over us as he trails the tips of his fingers the length of my arms and over the curve of my ass as if he's worshipping my body. Despite the rolling steam, a wave of goosebumps chases his touch over my flesh.

I arch, pushing my ass into his thick, hard length. The slight movement causes my blood to roar with a renewed need for him. I wonder briefly if it will always be this way. If they'll always have this much control over my body and heart.

"Hungry," he asks, using that smoky, rough tone I can't seem to resist.

I nod.

“In time,” he says chuckling softly. “Let me care for you in another way, *mo chroí*. I want to provide everything you will ever need in this life, because I hold no hopes that when I die, I’ll go to heaven alongside such an angel. So I will use the time I have to prove you can trust your heart and the way it speaks to you about us. Maybe God will have mercy on me for caring for one of his angels.”

I turn in his arms and will the tears from my eyes. The power of his voice and words rumble through me and make me whimper with a mix of emotions. First surprise and then relief that I’m not crazy for falling so fast after all.

It’s true. I’ve fallen for the mobsters who kidnapped and then loved me. The utterly dominant, fearsome and powerful men who take away all my pain. “It’s like our minds are connected, because I have no other explanation for how you’ve read my mind.”

“It’s in the way you look at us. The way you sought out our touch even as you slept.” He wraps an arm around my waist and pulls me into him. “There’s so much awe in your beautiful amber eyes I’m nearly knocked to my knees standing before you. I can feel the love and my heart recognizes its soulmate. Grey. Drake. I know they feel the same. Now that we have you, our queen, you will never go a day without knowing the touch of your kings.”

He takes my smaller hand in his stronger one and kisses each of my knuckles. I look on in amazement at how such a rough man can be so tender. I inhale at the feel of his warm tongue dragging over the soft skin. I marvel at how fire shoots through my body from such a small, teasing caress. I want to reach out, pull him to me and devour first his mouth and then work my way down from there.

He has other ideas, and I follow his lead as he places first my left and then right hand on the heated marble.

“You are not to move until I am finished.”

He nips at my shoulder, causing a full-on body shiver at the feel of his hard cock nudging my ass. “Not fair,” I try to say but my eyes are closing at the feel of his strong fingers working my scalp.

It doesn't take long for me to fall under his hypnotic spell. Seconds, actually. The strength of his hands is my undoing, and I follow his husked command not to move just so he doesn't stop his sweet torture on my scalp.

"Lean your head back now."

I do and autopilot kicks on for a while as he rinses away the suds before lathering in conditioner.

I'm moaning when he changes out the bottles for soap and lathers his hands bypassing any need for a loofah. Not that I see one. Standing behind me, he works his warm hands over my arms in long, fluid strokes.

My nipples take that as a sign of anticipation and harden. When he zeroes in on them with his soapy hands, my head falls back to his shoulder. "More," I beg weakly.

His chest vibrates with his chuckles as he massages my breasts. I twist my head around, and he kisses me fiercely. I find his gorgeous, hard cock with my hands and stroke his full length from base to tip. Cum slips out to wet my hand and Sylan groans, breaking away from our kiss.

Spreading my feet with his knee between my legs, he guides my hands back to the wall. "You're breaking my concentration. It's not *that* kind of shower. Back on the wall with your hands, *mo chroí*."

There's a second of resistance where an inner war has me wanting to ignore him and take what I want, but I do as he commands. I'll have my turn and then he won't escape me.

I sigh. "I can't seem to help myself."

"I know the feeling."

Sylan's fingers dig into the tender flesh of my hips, and I turn my head to see him on his knees. He massages me with slow, deliberate strokes.

"Every exquisitely sweet part of you belongs to me. I won't have it any other way. Do you understand me? I want all of you."

I nod as my eyes slip closed, savoring his exploring fingers as he spreads my ass. I clench when his fingers touch my most intimate of places.



My arms become shaky and I lean forward, pressing my cheek into the marble. The small movement opens my body up to him more, and I hear the small groan of appreciation from behind me.

“Sy,” I beg shakily when he drags his thumb over my tight asshole. His other thumb has slipped between my swollen lips, and I suck in a harsh breath when he presses against my aching clit.

My knees quiver and they are about to give when he stands, taking my weight, never letting up on his sweet all-consuming torture.

“It’s okay, lover. I’ll never do anything you don’t like, but I promise you’ll love it when I take this beautiful fucking ass with my cock as Drake sinks into your hot pussy and Grey claims that mouth. But for now I want you to come for me.”

I want the promise in his words. I burn to know them in every part of my body.

“Yes,” I say, and I’ve never meant every letter of the word more than I do right this second.

Pressure builds and the heat of a fast orgasm clenches the walls of my pussy, and I cry out my release. As pleasure slams into me he breaches my ass with the tip of his thumb, and I ride his hands, dreaming of his cock taking me there.

Spent, I fall into his arms as he rinses us off, my breaths fast and ragged.

“I thought it’s not *that* kind of shower.” I whimper, hoping he’s changed his mind.

“Soon,” he purrs into my ear. “For now I must let my sweet pussy rest from all the abuse she’s gone through.”

I can feel his warm breath against my cheek, and I relax my head on his shoulder. My hand unconsciously rests over his heart as he rinses out the remainder of the conditioner. I never want to go a day without having his intoxicating scent filling my lungs or his lips finding the weak spot just below my ear.

“And you never will.” To prove his point, he brushes his lips in just the right place to have me go weak in the knees, and he’s right there to catch me.

I don’t realize I voiced my thoughts until he turns me in his arms and presses his forehead against mine.

“You’re the devil,” I tell him unsteadily, trying to catch my breath.

“Then we’re perfect together because you’re our angel.”

I look up at him and hold his gaze. He knows what I’m thinking without me voicing my fears. Thank God because I don’t know how to put into words the fear I have of losing this connection.

“Nothing will ever come between us, *mo chroí*. We won’t ever let that happen. Do you understand that?”

I feel the tension seep from my muscles and nod. “I do.” I feel like I just signed on for forever, and my heart swells with so much happiness it’s hard to contain.

He laces our fingers together, leaning in to kiss my forehead. “Come.”

We step from the shower and he dries me off, starting with my hair, working his way down until even my toes feel loved and cherished. Only then does he take care of himself.

“I’ll give you a moment alone, but don’t be long.” Sylan slips out, leaving the bathroom open so he can watch. I look at myself in the mirror. I’m no longer the mousy-looking woman who wanted to blend in with the world. I have a rosy color in my cheeks from the hot water and tenderness from my mobster. I’m surprised by the brightness in my eyes. Something I haven’t seen in myself, well, in forever. Sylan, Grey and Drake are the reason for that, and I can’t wait to be back in their arms.

I find my laundered waitress outfit folded on a shelf next to a few essentials. He’d kept me so busy I never noticed anyone coming or going, but I’m grateful for the clean clothes and toothbrush.

I take a few minutes to dry my hair before slipping into my clothes. I leave the bathroom to find Sylan waiting at the edge of the bed, silver platter in

hand.

Grey and Drake are there too. Their expressions calm and patient. Neither is wearing a shirt and their belt buckles are loose. I can't help but let my eyes wander over their refined abs, the way their hips dip with that sexy V that has almost every woman wanting to follow the treasure trail.

And that's when I see it. The scar left by the bullet.

Grey holds a hand out and I take it, loving how easily I slide into his arms.

"Sleep, well, baby?"

I nod, my hand coming up to settle over the scar. I press my palm down and shake away the tears. I turn my focus back to his question to help keep me from looking like a baby about to cry. "But I missed you when I woke."

I hold a hand out for Drake and Sylan to come to me and they silently obey me.

Grey takes my hand away and presses a kiss to my palm. "What's on your mind, beautiful" Sylan brushes my hair to the side.

So much for shaking off the past. I spill all my doubts and worries, everything I've kept pent up inside in one, huge word vomit.

"You all bleed for me." I touch Grey's scar first and then move to the one running the length of Drake's cheek. Sylan's knuckles held signs of gashes. "You fought off Marcus to protect me. Sylan, you literally beat them back while Drake took a knife to the face. Grey, you nearly paid with your life."

Worry crosses their faces and I hold a hand up. "Let me finish. You bleed for me. No one has ever done something so selfless for me before."

"You've come to mean the world to us. We would bleed if it protected you. Give every last drop of our blood."

"And it seems we've touched your heart, too."

Sylan passes the pad of his finger over three small letters I had tattooed in white ink over my heart.

"I did it the night after I left. I needed to make sure I never forgot the men

who risked so much for a nobody.”

Grey pulls me to him, his body a glove around mine. A shield of protection I didn't know I needed or wanted until this second.

“Fuck, baby, don't cry. I can't take tears, especially yours.”

I lean my head back to stare up at him. “They are happy tears. Until now I didn't know where I fit in this world, if at all. You've given me a place and I'm not talking about four walls.”

The three men grin down at me all wearing roguish grins and I give them one back.

“Go, take your shower. Sylan and I'll be right here when you get out.”

I shoo Grey and Drake toward the bathroom before the real waterworks threaten to kick in.

Sylan turns me toward the bed. “What's this?” I ask, inhaling the smell of fresh fruit.

He doesn't answer, only holds out a hand for me to join him, and I follow his silent command willingly. I slip my smaller hand into his larger one and sigh the second my skin glides over his.

He pulls on a pair of black dress slacks with the button open. Sexy as hell.

I settle in his lap and shimmy a little until I'm comfortable. “After all I put you through, it's about time I feed you, *mo chroí*.”

The tray balanced on the edge of the bed beside us is topped off with all my favorite fruits.

“Open.” Sylan dips a fat strawberry in fluffy, deliciously sweet whipped cream, and I moan the second it hits my tongue. My second weakness, so it seems.

“Why are you back in your uniform? I thought I told you that you will no longer be going back to work at Sally's.” He presses another strawberry to my lips.

“About that. I need to go home. I'm wearing this because I don't exactly have

anything else. And if I'm going to be here instead of there, I need more than my birthday suit to wear. I don't think any of the men you have around here will appreciate seeing the bosses' girl running around naked."

I blink up at him and witness his expression turn from day to night.

"I would kill them for daring to look." He exhales. "I would hate to have to kill some of them, though."

"Yeah, that would be a shame, Sy. Geez."

I slap at him playfully.

"You have a big family? Grey and Drake?"

He nods, slipping a blueberry between my lips. I haven't had such decadent food in so long and my taste buds are happy. Very happy.

"Blood brothers and over a dozen men who are considered part of our inner circle. We keep it small."

"No sisters? I always wanted to have a sister to share girl talk with. Silly, I know, but you know."

He seems to mull over my words before speaking. He's quiet for several beats and when I think he has nothing else to add, his next words break my heart. "I had a sister. She was stubborn and wanted to grow up long before her time. She died because of that stubbornness."

"I'm so sorry. That must have been very hard on your entire family."

He pauses while dipping a piece of cantaloupe this time and holds my gaze. "That was the last catapult I needed to push me into the life I live now. I was weak then and couldn't protect her. I'm not weak any longer, Katriona."

He rubs small circles on my lower back as he speaks.

"Is that why you're helping me? Because you couldn't help your sister?"

He doesn't answer, only continues to feed me in silence, and when I've finished one dish and he starts on another. I throw my hands up. "Stop." I laugh, trying my best to lighten the mood a bit. I hate the dark somberness that has settled over us and want to get back on happier ground.

“Oh my goodness, Sy, you’re killing me. If I eat another I’m going to turn into a walking fruit basket, I swear.”

“Just trying to build up your strength for what we have planned for this evening.”

“Oh?” I ask, my brows doing a quick climb in surprise. “What have you had the time to plan?”

He takes my chin in his hand and devours my lips with his in a kiss so claiming I feel it soul deep.

Leaning in, he presses his forehead against mine. “You’re in danger of never leaving this room. Don’t tempt me to tie you to this bed.”

I almost fall for that devilish glint in his eye. “We do that and I know I’ll end up pregnant, and another day with you three between my legs and I won’t be able to walk.”

“Maybe that’s a good thing, *mo chroí*. As for the latter, well, I’d carry you to the ends of the world.”

I look at him, all humor aside, and I know he’s telling the truth. He leans in and takes my lips with his. A soft brush and then something a little deeper that speaks volumes more than anything either of us could say.

“This feels right.” The words don’t do the stirring emotions in me justice. I take his face between my palms and look him in the eye. “I want you to know that.”

His gaze is dark and intent. “Forget about leaving here. Let’s stay. I’ll buy you all new stuff. You don’t need anything from your old life. I’ll give you everything you want and more.” He nuzzles me close and rubs the tip of his nose against mine.

I wish I had known my life would someday be brightened by men who want me so much that they’ll do anything to keep me safe.

“It’s not that simple, Sy. I owe people an explanation of where I am and I can’t just *not* return for my things. Sally depends on me. I can’t let her down. I either need to cover until someone can fill in for me, or at least tell her I’m

okay. I don't have much, but what I have is worth something to me, and I have possessions that money can't buy. Things my mother gave me. Plus clothes that are not an ugly yellow or polyester." I give a pointed look at my current state of clothing.

"Drake, Grey, and two of my enforcers will accompany you. You have one hour before I want you back safe in my arms. Or I'll come looking."

I know he means well, so I don't call him out on his high-handedness. I draw in a shaky breath unsure of the answer to my next question but needing it all the same. "Why are you doing all this for me?"

He wraps his arms around me and locks me in his embrace. He nods his head as if telling himself it's okay to share a deep part of him. I feel like I am about to be shown a hidden side of Sylan he doesn't share with many and I give him all of my attention.

"When your father walked through our doors needing money, believe it or not I felt a change coming. We all did. It had been building for a while and I was growing restless more so than Grey and Drake. In less than twenty-four hours after signing with your father, we made a plan to get you to work for us so we could keep you close. Months of watching you did something to us. We fell in love with a woman who didn't know we existed. Then when you left we had men trailing your every move. You were not so good at covering your trail so they did it for you at our behest. Why do you think the shitty landlord of yours never kicked you out no matter how late you were with rent? It tore me up inside not to swoop in and take you back, but we had to wait. Bide our time until your father couldn't hurt you anymore. Only it was his righthand man who we should have been watching. Each of us took turns sitting outside your apartment building making sure no one bothered you. Sally didn't send those boxes of food from her diner."

As he speaks, Sylan's gaze drifts off to the corner of the room, his gaze glassy and distant before turning back to me with laser focus.

"It was you," I whisper, eyes wide. I can't determine if I was in awe of his kindness or of Sally's ability to lie to my face when I asked her and then hugged her tight.

"We've put enough evil men in the ground to know an angel when we meet

one. The men and I did what we could. It took incredible strength not to put a bullet in your father's head for what he did to you and your mother. Every night I spent in my car I crafted ways to put him six feet under, and then I would see your shadow move in the window and my soul would calm, and I would be at peace for another little while."

I'm having a hard time taking in what he's telling me. "Did you kill my father? You can tell me the truth. I won't be mad."

"No. But don't for a minute think we didn't want to. When I speak, you will only get the truth. Do you understand?"

His eyes are on me and he gauges my reaction to his words. "And Sally? She was never my friend?"

"She was. Is. She looked out for you because I asked her to. Our associates are far and wide, but that's where my influence ended. Everything else you have with her is genuine. You have my word."

I nod but don't really understand the whole picture.

"This is all so much. First Nikki and now Sally."

"You have to understand, we have nothing less than respect for you. And love."

My eyes widen and so does my heart.

"Love?" I ask in a hushed whisper, afraid I didn't hear him right.

"Love, *mo chroí*. I've never said that word outside my family. You're my first. You belong to us entirely, and no one will take you from us."

It's crazy but I love him too. Him, Grey and Drake. My heart hurts right along with his, and I'm honored he's opened up to me.

"Now you know something about me. You don't have to say anything. Not until you're sure."

I nod, and he presses his lips to my forehead. "My father was a good man. But he couldn't save my sister who was hell-bent on doing things her way. She fell in with a bad crowd out of high school and she died on the streets a



junkie and prostitute for the likes of men like Marcus. And your father. When you get to know our business, you'll see I don't tolerate that shit and why I will never work with a man like him."

Disgust coats his words and he stands, taking me with him, and gently places me on my feet.

Everything about his demeanor says he doesn't like the idea of me stepping outside his walls but I can tell he doesn't want to scare me off by controlling my moves either. I don't for a minute believe he would stand in my way if I were to walk out those doors. It's a delicate balance, I know, and I don't like this any more than he does. But I won't live in fear either.

I rise to the tips of my toes and place a small kiss on his cheek. Light stubble has grown in, and I'm momentarily distracted by the urge to find out what that kind of friction would feel like between my legs.

"I can hear your thoughts without you saying a word. Later, I promise."

"You really are the devil, my Irish mobster. I'll be back before you realize I'm gone."

"Doubtful."

"Oh?"

He takes me in his arms. "Yes. Because where you go, I go." He turns to the bathroom, raising his voice. "Grey, Drake, hurry the fuck up already."

Turning back to me he says, "I've changed my mind. Now let's go get what you can't live without so we can get back here and part those pillowy soft lips of yours with my already aching cock."

A thrill runs through me. "I love it when you talk dirty to me."

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# Katriona



We pull up outside my apartment complex and slip inside my unit without a problem. A few people peek out, and as soon as they see my men's grim faces, they quickly slam their doors and return to minding their own business. Until the next person comes walking through, I'm sure. No one around here can keep their noses clean.

"I won't be long."

I shove aside the embarrassment of having them see the dump I've called home for six months. It's nothing new to them anyway. If they sat outside for even half of that, less even, they know the kind of neighborhood we are in.

Drake leaves the two enforcers who came with us downstairs, so no one is getting in or out without them knowing.

I dash off to my room and shed my uniform in favor of a pair of jeans, flats and a cute halter top that sparkles with tiny amber sequins that the sales lady said matched my eyes.

I stand in front of my mirror and flip my hair over to gather the long, thick mass in a top knot. When I stand back up, I nearly swallow my own tongue, which prevents me from screaming.

A brutish, rough hand clamps over my mouth, and I don't need a proper introduction to know whose filthy hand is cutting off my air.

Marcus.

My closet door swings open, and another guy comes waltzing into my room. The one feature I loved most about this tiny apartment is going to be what gets me killed.

Like hell. I have finally found my happiness. I'm not going out like this. My fear quickly turns into rage.

I kick out, not really aiming for anything and when my foot hits my dresser, glass crashes to the floor.

Heavy footfalls carry through my apartment, and I scream around the sausage fingers covering my mouth.

Muscles pulls out a gun with a long tube at the end.

Oh shit. He's finally going to get what he wants.

I draw my feet up, and the sudden shift of weight knocks my captor off balance, making his hand pull away from my mouth.

"Gun!" I scream and get a good backhand across the cheek for it. I can take it. The harsh force behind the hit knocks me against the door, and I fling it open, taking cover behind the skimpy sofa. Luckily it's not pushed up completely against the wall. I don't know where the men are, but I know a shootout isn't new territory for them.

A deep voice bellows from my room. "You'll pay for that, you little whore. Just like your father did. Nobody cheats me and lives."

The words mean nothing to me, and I'm not about to answer him back and give up my position.

Several zings of metal against metal fill the silence and loud thuds thunder over the floorboards.

I duck around the edge of the sofa and catch Sytan just as he buries his fist into Marcus' ugly, puckered face. Thug number two is taking aim from my

bathroom door at Grey.

“Grey!”

I have a lamp in my hand, ready to swing when Drake busts through my front door, leaving it hanging on the hinges, and with murder in his eyes.

Two bears are barreling toward me from the right, and I’m caught in the middle of a gunfight turned all-out brawl. I duck behind a cement wall and am reminded of Sylan’s sister and how her refusal to listen to others eventually killed her. True, I don’t know the full story but I can relate. Sylan didn’t want me to come here, and I refused to hide in fear. I didn’t even try for a happy medium that would safeguard me and not place those who have sworn to protect me in jeopardy.

Sylan slams his fist into Marcus’ meaty face, blood spilling from more gashes than I care to think about.

How stupid of me.

Drake throws the second thug who I’m guessing is Marcus’ replacement as his right-hand man against the brick wall with a loud thud.

Marcus gets the same treatment with a pistol whip to the bridge of his nose.

Metal casings fall to the bare floorboards to my left, and I see Drake put a bullet in a third thug who came out of nowhere. He drops to the floor dead.

I gasp stumbling back, shock robbing me of all my senses.

“Do not pity him, Kat,” Drake warns, and I draw my gaze to his. “He’s the filth of this world and would have been the one to break your body in for far darker sexual depravities than any woman should have to suffer. His death is on me. Not you.”

“You don’t carry this blame alone, Drake. I won’t allow it. If anything, we share this. You want all of me, then I take all of you.” His face turns grim much like Sylan’s does.

I turn my focus to Grey who stands over Marcus’ right-hand man. Blood drips from his mouth and what little air he’s pulling in hurts like a mother.

I turn to Sylan. “And Marcus?” I ask but I can’t feel much sympathy for the man.

Sylan has the barrel of his gun aimed at the man’s head who is huffing and puffing.

Sylan moves so fast my eyes don’t catch the movement or the sound of the bullet until afterward. Marcus howls and I see him clutching his knee. “Now you won’t be able to sneak up on innocent young women or kidnap them. Fucking scum. I should put a bullet between your eyes and be rid of you.”

I push to my feet and walk over to Sylan, and I slip my hand into his, interlacing our fingers. Sylan turns and leads us out of my apartment, leaving Marcus with Grey and Drake.

Two rounds go off and I hear screams ricochet off the walls.

“They didn’t kill him, just evened the odds for when the local thugs find him.” I shiver with the implications of his words.

“Fate will have to handle that outcome.”

Seconds later Grey and Drake join us, roughed up, looking a little bruised but strong.

Drake and Grey take the front seat while Sylan and I slip into the back. Sylan has me on his lap, and I’m right back where I was an hour ago—in his arms—and I have a feeling this won’t change anytime soon.

I lean into him and nuzzle my nose against his neck. “I’m so sorry, everyone. I put all of us at risk over material things. I have my memories of my mother and that’s enough. I can’t live with the idea that something could happen to any of you.”

Drake turns in his seat and takes my hand and we sit like that in a long silence as Grey steers the car out onto the interstate.

I take Sylan’s hand in my other and notice the bruising already forming. “I’ll never ask you for anything again that will put your family at risk.”

“We are your family now too.”

Who knew so few words could mean more to me than all the gold and money in the world?

“Thank you,” I whisper, awestruck, and their smiles tell me they understand all too well what I am feeling. I turn to Sylan, and he brushes his lips over mine. “I’m sorry. I mean what I say.”

“You can apologize thoroughly later. Once we get home and check over every inch of your body to make sure you’re okay.”

I perk up and lean in to whisper, “Does that mean another shower? But this time I want *that* kind of shower.”

My words have the effect I’m going for and he pulls me closer with a growl, the exquisite hunger in his eyes all the answer I need.

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# Grey



Sylan and Drake have business to tend to so I take Katriona in my arms and head upstairs.

The shower she wants can wait. I carry my sweetheart, our treasure, the woman I would give my life for into our home and I don't stop until I have her upstairs in what will be our shared room for the rest of our lives. I need her to know nothing will ever tear us apart like I need my next breath of air.

I strip her and lay her down on the soft, white comforter and love how her hair spills over the creamy satin, offering me the most beautiful view I've ever witnessed.

I stand back and appreciate the view for a moment longer before I have her undressed and open for my taking.

Just seeing Marcus that close to her sends my heart pounding again, and I clench my fists.

I don't realize how much rage is pumping through me until I'm over her and she takes my face in her hands.

I calm instantly and lean into her sweet, delicate touch. She almost seems too fragile at times. So much smaller than me and I'm afraid I'll crush her with

my weight alone. I rest over her, holding my weight up with my elbows by her head.

“Make love to me, Grey. Erase today and show me how much you love me.”

Some invisible force clenches around my heart, and I’m driven to do her bidding. I glide down her body and take a hard peak into my mouth. I work her nipple and have her moaning and writhing under me in seconds, and my cock swells instantly.

I release one nipple and turn to the next, lavishing it with just as much love. My Kat angles her hips upward and reaches for my thick cock.

Cum slips from the head in rivulets and coats her hand as she strokes me from base to tip, making more leak out to wet the bed between us.

I push up to my knees and part her legs. “Spread for me, baby. Let me see the slit of your beautiful pussy.”

I cover her hand with mine, and we guide my bare cock between her pouty pink lips.

Girl-cum spills out, and she shivers when I drag the engorged head from her ass to her pussy entrance and stuff all our juices back in with one swift thrust.

She whimpers when I pull out, leaving only the head at the entrance. My hands are on her knees and I tuck my fingers around the creamy, soft skin pulling her close as I thrust.

She screams and I do it all over again, marking her body and working out the rage of almost losing her. I drive back in and reach between us, playing with her clit as I watch her reach for her nipples.

Watching her makes me impossibly harder, and I’m ready to pump my seed in her tight entrance and then do it all over again.

I feel her walls stretch wide to accommodate my large size. Each time I pull out her walls tighten around me again, sucking me back in.

“Fuck, you’re going to make me come. Tell me who you belong to!” I demand gruffly. I can’t manage sweet and tender right now.



“You, I’m all yours.”

“Again,” I purr this time by her ear, and she shivers beneath my heavy weight. I drive into her, rocking her, and she digs her nails into the hard flesh of my back. I snake an arm around her waist and surge forward.

“Come now, Katriona, give me what I own.”

I feel her walls clamp with the first wave of her orgasm, and I don’t slow down. Pure savage rage for almost losing her sends me over the edge and only the feel of her body beneath mine will sate the beast that has roared to life within me.

Her spasms quiet, and I pull out, take my cock in my hand and pump.

“Oh God, yes...yes...YES!” She screams as I shoot my load over her creamy skin. “More, Grey. I want more.”

Her amber eyes lock on mine and I’m lost. Plain and simple.

I stroke my slick cock one more time and give her the last rope of cum before I fall on her and claim her mouth.

“Look at me.”

Her eyes open once again, and I’m struck by their beauty and all that we could have lost today. “You will never put yourself in that kind of danger again, do you understand me? If you die, we die.”

“I promise.”

I roll over and pull her with me. We take a moment to catch our breaths, and she traces her fingers over my chest, brushing the scar lightly.

Katriona props up her head, and I have never seen a more beautiful sight or felt prouder. I take in the woman marked with my sperm, and I can’t wait for the day her belly is swollen with our child. Whoever’s it is, he or she will be loved.

“What was the surprise? This morning Sytan said you three had a surprise for me. What is it?”

I ease from the bed and reach for something from the side table.

I can tell she loves the way I marked her and I love the sigh of contentment she gives.

I offer her my hand, and she takes it, coming to stand by the end of the bed just as Drake and Sylan enter the room. One look and they know what is about to happen and come up behind our woman. Our family is complete, Sylan, Drake, my blood brothers, myself and now Katriona.

“Marry us, *mo chroí*.” Sylan and Drake take in the way she’s wearing my seed and smile. They kiss her and then quietly fall to their knees alongside me.

“*Mo chroí* means my heart in the old Irish tongue. You are our treasure, our everything. Our life and our heart are yours. They beat for you and only you.”

“What Sylan says is true,” Drake follows gruffly. He doesn’t get emotional often and to hear his voice shake is huge.

I don’t expect the tears, and my heart breaks as she falls back on the bed. She clamps a hand over her mouth and shakes her head.

We go to stand but the next words out of her mouth slam into us like a sledgehammer and looking at my blood brothers, I know it’s a welcomed, glorious pain.

“Yes. Yes!”

I’m on my feet first, taking her in my arms before she can utter another word.

Tears sting the corners of my eyes, and I’m right there holding her close.

“Here, let me.” Drake slips the delicate gold band we had specially made on rush order—we have connections—onto her ring finger. Irish knots are woven into the gold and are Sylan’s personal design with tiny details that only we would recognize and ones I can’t wait to teach her.

“There’s no beginning or end,” she says with a smile.

I take her finger and trace over the beautiful lines. “Endless like our love for you. We are forever tied together in this life and the next.”

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# Epilogue

## Katriona, One year later



I don't know if I ever did manage to earn out that ten-million-dollar debt. I mean, how much sex is needed for that to happen? I don't have the answer for that but I know to me, the love I've been given has placed me more in debt, if you ask me. But you know what? I've given just as much as I've taken so maybe that debt that landed me in front of Chicago's most powerful mobsters is repaid after all.

After today I am scheduled to begin college and practice what I've always loved: psychology. Sylan loves the idea and has vowed to see that I reach my goals even if he has to stay up late with me. Of course, Grey and Drake feel the same so they are all fighting to see who gets to be my study partner. I love their devotion. I don't dig too deep into their business, but I'm not blind to their dealings.

With a grin I open my husbands' office doors and signal an enforcer with a crook of my finger to step out. I see him signal to the men that he'll be right back.

Silly man should know by now I have an intricate plan all laid out that won't have anyone but myself and my men in this office for quite some time.

I tuck the long trail of my dress around my arm to free up my feet. “Sally said she needs help setting up the tables and has requested you specifically. Something about someone she wants you to meet.” I wiggle my brows at the baffled enforcer.

He grunts, but I know he trusts I don’t have anything sinister planned for him. A little matchmaking never hurt anyone.

I smile and step around him and lock the office door behind me once I have the ton of material to my dress through safely.

“*Mo chroí*, what are you doing here?”

Grey and Drake turn and I light up with a smile so big when our gazes meet. “We aren’t supposed to see you until later.”

“Like right before the wedding,” Grey says with his brow arching high.

I smile and my whole body feels it. We are so in sync, in tune and connected that I don’t have to say a word for him to know I’m near.

The thought of belonging to these dangerous men has my heart skipping a beat because I get to see the teddy bear behind the tough-guy exteriors.

“I needed you,” I purr and it’s God’s honest truth. I physically ache when we are apart, and I can’t bear it.

I take in the sight of my men standing by the window in the same spot they took me in the first time. Only now, they are wearing tuxedos and I can’t catch a hint of sadness anywhere on their freshly-shaven faces. I’m about to make a mess out of them, and I don’t feel one ounce of pity for what I’m about to do.

“I’m giving you one last chance before we walk down the aisle to fuck me as Ms. Kane because in an hour I’ll be Mrs. Ward and you’ll never see Kane again. What do you say?” We all decided I would carry the Ward name for protection but in our hearts when I say I do today it will be to all three men. I’ll wear their rings with pride.

I tease the corner of my lip between my teeth and see the wicked mobsters I am about to marry come out to play. “Come here,” Sylan growls and I obey

his gruff command.

I step out of my gown and cross the office in nothing but my garter belt and white satin heels.

Well, I did have on a nice silky thong I had hoped they would rip off with nothing but teeth and lust, but now works too.

The scrap of cloth is discarded on the floor, and I have my legs around his waist the second he lifts me into his arms. Grey comes up from behind me and Drake takes up the other side.

We have over five hundred guests ten floors down waiting for the ceremony to begin, but no one is going to leave the kingpin's wedding. They'll wait.

I shiver in their arms and cry out when Sytan thrusts into me in one smooth, claiming movement. He pulls me into him and kisses me hard and claiming at first, and then tenderly. Suddenly, Drake is turning my chin and his mouth is on mine as his friend fucks me with long, deep strokes.

Leaning into Grey's embrace he pinches my nipples and I cry out into Drake's mouth.

There's not one part of me they don't own and I own every part of them.

I bury my fingers in my lovers' hair and pull the devils everyone told me I should fear closer, tighten my legs around Sytan's waist and take Grey's mouth in a hard, claiming kiss. We both shudder.

"Take what you want from him. Fuck him hard, baby." Drake's husky voice drives me wild as he growls into my neck before taking a tight peak between his warm lips

"Sy, I'm close, so close. Hurry, it hurts so good!" The warmth of their bodies molds us together.

Chicago's most powerful, ruthless mobsters own me, heart and soul, and I own them.

They told me the night they proposed each wanted to fuck me for a lifetime and well, they're living up to that promise.

Sylan's hips surge forward and buck against me, and my release comes hard and fast. He muffles my screams with his mouth, and I give him everything I have.

His magnificent cock releases ropes of hot sperm, and in minutes I'll be walking down the aisle with his sticky cum wetting my thighs, and tonight when we're alone I'll be wearing Grey's and Drake's too. That thought alone sends multiple aftershocks through my body.

"We better hurry, *mo chroí*. I can't wait to have you as Mrs. Ward and saying I do to all three of us."

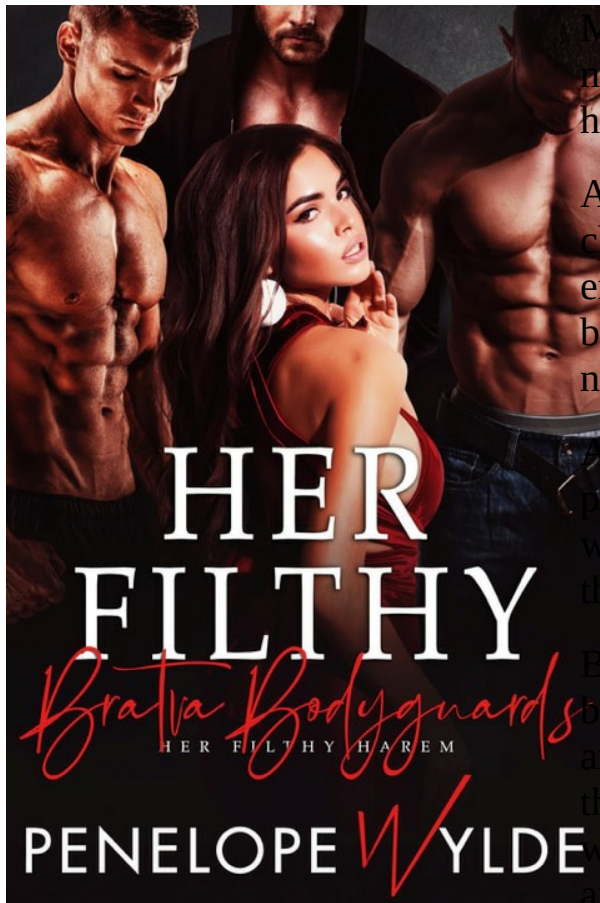
They help me into my dress and make me presentable, tucking a few loose strands of hair back into the updo, and I straighten their bowties. By the door, my men give me lingering kisses and then walk me down ten floors to where we are to be married.

With all three at my back, we all prepare to walk down the aisle together—always together—as the music starts.

The doors swing open and I take Drake and Grey's extended arms and begin the walk that will forever change the rest of my life. A life with the men I love. My filthy mafia men.

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# Her Filthy Bratva Bodyguards



My trio of bratva men were a secret one-night stand. My filthy little secret I got to hide from the rest of the world.

After they popped my reverse harem cherry I thought that was where it would end. But they had other ideas. The bastards made a deal with my father and now I am theirs until they say otherwise.

And since my father will do anything to protect his only remaining child he willingly handed me over all because of the threats on my life.

But these ruthless men aren't claiming to be my saviors. They're set on ruining me and make no secret of the fact. Between these three men I know their brand of fire will be nothing short of all-consuming and all they want from me is one more night to prove it.

They try to hide their true natures but I know they are nothing short of hungry wolves.

To be honest, I don't know which is worse. Being chased by an unknown

threat or being eaten by my wolves.

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# Her Filthy Bratva Bodyguards



# India



The apartment is silent.

I pause. Listen. Was that the front door? My mind spins with a million possibilities.

“Piper?”

No answer. I glance at the clock. I’ve been sitting here for three and a half hours straight.

“Piper?” I call again, but still no answer.

Sharp spurts of adrenaline needle through my body. I’d been in a deep focus and suddenly jerked out at the sound of...I don’t know. But the skittering of chills shooting up my spine has me on high alert.

My fingers still overtop my keyboard. At the moment, I’m home alone. My roommate is out with her boyfriend on her one night off from serving drinks at Club Sapphire.

I straighten my glasses and push up from the chair. Aches and pains ripple through my legs and shoulders from sitting in the same position. I brush the momentary discomfort away and strain my hearing, my breathing falling to

barely anything. I wrap my fingers around my phone and walk to my bedroom door. When the sound of a rattling knob doesn't come again, I let out a tight breath.

"It's nothing, India. Breathe." Just someone who's confused my apartment for theirs. The rattling stops and a door down the hall slams closed a few seconds later.

I flick my eyes to the time on my phone screen. Yeah. It's a little after six. It must have been a neighbor coming home and got their place mixed up with mine. Cool it.

A string of nasty emails and calls from an unknown number has me skirting the edge of crazyville. The fact they've turned threatening has me double-checking the deadbolt on the front door.

With it secure I sag against the solid oak slab of wood. Paranoid and on edge is the very definition of my existence lately.

My phone dings with the arrival of a new email and I jump nearly dropping the damn thing.

"Damn it!" I let out a hard breath and hover my thumb over the unknown notification. In recent experience, it's never good when a name or face doesn't come with the email or text.

"You've been locked away in here too long, my friend." Jumping at every little sound is a good sign I need some sunlight.

My temples begin to throb with signs of a headache edging its way into my evening. "And now I'm talking to myself."

I look at my screen again debating. "Ya know, not today, Satan. Hard freaking pass." I just can't right now. I darken my screen. I can only swallow so much negativity in a day. First, was my father breathing down my neck to give up on my project and come back to the office for 'real' work that needs my attention. Then I spent half my working hours getting my computer to stop showing me the blue screen of death.

And now this email probably holds another nastygram. Not a lot of people want me to succeed with my current project, which only makes me drive

myself harder. I've devoted hundreds of hours of my life to it. Which is only one of the many reasons I can't walk away.

I don't know how long I've been holed up in my apartment. A week? Two? No clue but it's starting to feel like years. Beige anything right now looks grayish and old. I take in the bland walls I've been meaning to decorate with some selfie shots and family photos since moving in a year ago, but a lot has happened since signing the lease. My heart gives a squeeze.

But damn. Has the sofa always looked that dirty?

I mentally add another to-do on the list of things needing my attention after I wrap up this code writing.

With another long night ahead, I make my way to the kitchen and flick on the coffee maker—something my best friend and roommate keeps on around the clock with a fresh brew of dark roast from the second her night shift ends at the club to the moment she heads out again. And when she's gone, I take over.

All-nighters are a common occurrence for me and there's no chance of that changing if I don't finish this code. I don't know how much longer I can go on like this either.

But it's a moot worry. I can't stop until I'm done.

I push at the rim of my glasses and check the state of my hazardous hair in the reflection of the microwave door. I cringe. Yep. Rats nest bun.

“Lovely.” Thank God no one will see me like this. I should grab a shower while the coffeemaker does its magic.

My mind tumbles over my work. For months now I've yet to fill in the gaps any hacker worth their weight could find in five seconds flat once they make it past the first level firewall.

And that is what stumps me. I lean my forehead against the cabinet. “Grr. What am I missing?”

Encrypting multiple layers of security isn't a walk in the park. It is more like a mad dash across an open field while unseen enemies take pot shots with

sniper rifles from the tree line. In other words, this code has a wide-open target sitting in the middle of it and I need to eliminate it or lose years of development. My brother might have been the brains behind its original form, but I've taken it to a whole other level in the months since his passing.

I toss my glasses on the counter and rub at dry eyes. I have to get this right. I know I can. I just need to—my phone pings cutting my thoughts off. There's a familiar sexy dark-eyed man's picture popping up on my screen.

I shake my head and tell myself no, but I still smile.

Tomas. Sexy, mouth-watering bad boy Tomas. Nine years my senior and totally not for me. Nor are his two friends.

Tomas' million-dollar smile and swirling ink covering his arms are distracting enough, but it's his wicked ability to make me come with his tongue on my clit in less than thirty seconds that has me reaching for my phone.

And then there is Maksym and Stefan. Totally breathtaking at kissing but mind-blowing at fucking me into the next universe. That's just the pure truth of it.

Their raspy accents ghost over my senses as if I can hear them even now as I stand alone in my kitchen.

The memory of their lips and hands on my skin has my eyes falling to the box on the end of the kitchen counter. It's been there since the day they called and said they had to leave on business.

Whatever that means. They aren't into talking about themselves. And I haven't asked much to begin with.

I trace the tip of my finger over the black edge of the box with an unfamiliar label across the side. I did a quick google search and the number of dildo variations this particular shop sells is mind-blowing. Piper didn't stop teasing me for a week. And there isn't a day that goes by that she isn't begging me to open it already.

Truth be told, I haven't had the balls to open it. Once I do, I don't trust myself not to beg them to come home.

Home. Like they belong to me and I to them.

Piper would love that. She loves a good romance story. But I don't need a man—or three—stealing my attention from where it needs to be. What I need is to get my head screwed on and stop daydreaming of fantasies.

It was by chance I met them and now I can't forget them no matter how hard I try. After weeks of convincing, I finally agreed to a girls' night out with my best friend. I can still recall the teasing tone in my friend's voice that night.

"When in doubt, add more dick," Piper had said the night when all three invited me for drinks at their table.

In the exclusive section.

All by ourselves.

Did I mention it was VIP only?

Fifteen minutes after arriving at the Sapphire Club three of the hottest men I've ever laid eyes on personally descended from their ruling perch in the tower—an exclusive area reserved for the elite—and approached our table with an invitation for me to join them. I grew up in money, but unlike the socialites I'm surrounded by, I don't let it go to my head. Plus, it's my parents' money. Not mine.

But they didn't seem to care about my social status beyond me not wearing a wedding ring. They just wanted me. Solo. The geeky computer coder with glasses and lackluster brown hair. The most attention I ever got from anyone of the opposite sex was when they needed help in trigonometry in high school or me to pass my semester notes while in college.

But these three were years of built-up karma coming my way in three-piece suits and smelling of danger and desire.

That feels made up thinking about them that way, but I don't know how else to say they were the very epitome of what bad boys were.

And I liked it. A little too much. But not at first.

Piper practically pushed me out of my chair and into their arms, because of how fast I locked up. I must have looked like a doe in headlights to them.

I don't know what came over me to accept. But after I stopped stuttering, I managed to actually hold a conversation with them. And they were beyond smart. Witty. And dreamy.

And things turned heated pretty quickly.

That first night was a fantasy come true. And now they seem to want a rendezvous every couple of weeks. Which has been fun, but three months makes it time to say *adios*. I mean, how much longer can our secret encounters keep happening before they grow tired and want to move on?

It will hurt when that day comes so for me to take the first move makes sense. And preferable before someone who knows my father or myself finds out.

I shudder at the idea. They are my one secret. And I guess my weaknesses because I've yet to be able to tell any of them no.

That thought has my hand freezing just as I go to swipe my thumb to answer another text as it dings.

My preview of the message only shows three words: *It's time to—*

It's time to what? If I open their message, I'll lose the momentum on the code because I know what will happen. Last time I answered their message I was at their place and naked within the hour and the next day this pretty black box arrived a couple of hours after they dropped me off.

I bite at the inside of my cheek.

Do I want that again?

Stupid question. Of course, I do.

But do I need it? Err. Probably not. But then again, hell yes.

I smile to myself.

The second they get their hands on me, my mind will go blank and I won't be able to think for days. My body still hums from our last encounter. My heart quickens at the memory. Of my secret trio sharing me between them. Whispering how much they loved how my body responded to theirs.

I shake my head and grab my glasses.

I refill my cup of coffee, add in a two sugar cubes and a splash of milk. This should get me through at least another couple of hours. I make my way to my bedroom, the phone left on the counter where it can't tempt me when I hear the front door open and close.

"Babe, you here?"

Piper.

"No," I call back and wake my computer from sleep mode.

"Ha ha," Piper mocks and whirls into my room bringing the energy of new love with her.

I drink in her fashionably ripped jeans, fresh makeup, slightly smeared magenta lipstick, and wild, crazy curly hair that hangs over her shoulders. "You look *happy*."

"And you look tired. When was the last time you stepped away from that machine and breathed in some fresh air?"

"I just sat back down, thank you very much. I made coffee. It's fresh. You wanna binge watch John Wick while I work?"

Piper throws her slight weight onto the edge of my bed. "Let's be real for a sec. I think the last time you left this place was when you slept with those three guys from Sapphire."

Heat shoots to my cheeks. "I thought we said we would never bring that up again."

Piper shrugs. "Since you have decided you are a vampire, I think it's at least worth a mention. Did you even bother to make your bed today?"

I give it a cursory glance before turning back to my screen. "Besides, you're wrong. It's only been a week or so since we went to that book fair." I try for a change of topic, but the pursed lips of my friend state she's not fooled.

"Yeah. No. Try almost a month, sweet thing. And almost three since I got you to go with me to Sapphire."

Her eyes light up with mischief. "Maybe we need to go back and find you



another hook-up. Maybe another trio. Or maybe *they* will be there again. Come to think of it, I haven't seen them there since they were with you." She narrows her eyes and my heart stops.

Uh-oh. If Piper is good at anything it is piecing together puzzles with missing pieces of information. She's a few months shy of graduating from law school and loves figuring out other people's secrets. She pauses and I hold my breath but thank God she doesn't push the topic farther. I rather not spill the beans on all my secret meetups, thank you very much.

"Anyway, one day you'll have to tell me what it's like having three guys worship your body."

Not happening. That is a secret I plan on taking to my grave. "Don't you have a boyfriend?" I tease.

"Yeah, but that's not going anywhere. Giving him my V card isn't gonna happen."

I shove my slipping bun back atop my head and continue nursing my lukewarm coffee. Piper is the only other soul who knows my secret. To an extent. She knows of the first night I spent with Tomas, Maksym, and Stefan. But not the other times. It's kind of nice having a secret. That way when it ends, I won't owe anyone an explanation,

I grab my phone from the kitchen counter and fall back into my chair, feeling my friend's eyes on me the whole time.

A few swipes over my phone's screen and our last conversation pops up along with their newest messages. Leaving it on *read* will probably piss them off, but oh well.

The day after they left on business, Stefan had wanted to know my wildest fantasy. That led to all three jumping on the call and them watching me work myself to completion to the sounds of their husky voices. Gotta love video chat.

I blush at the memory and try to hide my face behind my mug. Tomas' filthy words of encouragement. Maksym's instructions. Memories are a beautiful thing.

“What has your face so red?” She tries for my phone but I move out of the way just in time.

“Nothing,” I lie and stick my tongue out. “So coffee, pizza, and Wick? It’s Valentine’s Day. Will you be mine?” I pucker my lips and bat my lashes Betty Boop style.

Piper sighs heavily. “I wish but I can’t. Sorry. I’m on my way out. Work called. I’m needed as a fill-in. Apparently, the other girl rushed off for a shotgun wedding.”

“Got it. Go, give those peeps a wild night. I’ll hang back. There will be other times.”

“Sure you don’t wanna come? It seems wrong to leave you here all alone, especially on the day of love. Wanna hang out a little while I tend the bar?”

I’m already shaking my head before she can get the rest of her sentence out. I doubt they would be there and I’m not looking for some quickie.

“Nah. I’m good.”

I wave her off and head for the shower the second she’s out the front door and the lock in place. I pause, backtrack and grab the black box with its frilly name. My phone chimes again and again.

“Sorry, boys. No wild fantasies tonight. Or any other night.”

All good things must come to an end.

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# Tomas



If she thinks she can dodge us, our gorgeous little geek has it all wrong.

I can't believe how easy it is to pick her lock. After we teach our girl not answering her phone when we call isn't an option, I'll take personal gratification in teaching her self-protection is a top priority. And she'll love every second.

Our soft, innocent, and sweet little nerd with her sexy glasses and sharp mind stole a part of me the first time I saw her sitting on a high-top stool with her friend.

I'd found a part of me with her. Maksym and Stefan have said as much too.

I exchange a look with my best friends and they know what I'm thinking.

"That was too easy," Maksym grunts.

I nod. With a final glance behind us to make sure the nosy neighbors in her complex are keeping to themselves we all step inside and close the door silently behind us.

Darkness greets us, but a few feet beyond the front door I spot the glow of light from underneath a door.

We weave through the small two-bedroom apartment and draw up short at the sound of soft moans coming from the other side of her bedroom door.

“Are you sure this is her room?”

Stefan has a good point.

Carpet masks his steps to the other end of the hallway where there is another room. India’s or Piper’s, I don’t know, but we are about to find out.

Creaks of unoiled metal give away with Stefan swinging the door open.

“Empty. Not hers. Different perfume.”

My balls grow heavy as our girl’s sensual cries filter through the thin door.

“Oh, so good. Yes, yes. Right there.”

“Who the fuck is in there with her? Never mind, he’s dead.”

Maksym pushes his impressive weight forward and I hold a hand out for him to slow down. Not for fear of any harm coming to India, but for the poor son-of-a-bitch he’ll kill for touching her. And I want to be the one to wrap my hands around his throat.

“Wait, *moy brat*.”

I shrug out of my overcoat and toss it along the back of her sofa.

Beside me, the other two do the same.

None of us could wait for another second to see India after touching down so we are still in our suits and feeling a little jet-lagged from our trip west.

We all agreed to leave our weapons in the limo and now I’m regretting our decision. Whoever is in there with our girl will just have to die by our bare hands.

My heart hammers and I can feel Maksym’s heavy breathing on the back of my neck cranking up my own anxiety.

None of us say anything as I try the knob and find it unlocked.

Careless girl.

Soft music plays over a small set of speakers as all three of us step into the bedroom. With the help of her computer screen and a small lamp, both sources of light work together to beat back the shadows.

Besides her desk, any other furnishings are sparse. A nightstand with a large stack of books and a third door, which I suspect is her closet, are off to the left. The place is rather small given her family roots as the country's leading company is security tech.

Until now we've never stepped foot inside her apartment. Our time together was always about making her comfortable and having us in her space where her friend could discover us seemed to put her on edge. So, we respected that.

Until she stopped taking our calls.

A year ago, I never imagined us this close to losing my sanity but the longer I'm away from India Cambridge, the less human I feel. She completes me.

She completes us. Which blows my freaking mind.

We grew up together, rose from poverty, fought back the fuckers wanting to take us out by any means and have the scars to prove it. Through it all my brothers and I bled, cursed and grew stronger. Brick by brick we built our underworld empire, dirty and sinful as it is, and now power and money are commodities we no longer lack.

We decided a long time ago whatever we did we either did it together or not at all.

Including finding love. But I'll be the first to admit I never saw this coming. Maybe because none of us were ever looking for more than a quick lay before her.

Our thoughts revolved around securing our hold, weaseling out threats to our kingdom until one day we found ourselves on our thrones at the top with no queen at our sides. And no one left to test our trigger fingers.

Years of living in the shadows made us believe we'd never find someone to share our lives with. Bringing someone into our way of life went against the last few morals any of us have.

And then India appeared like a mirage of untainted beauty with her wounded heart and beautiful eyes.

One look and I was broken for any other. Foolish for a man to say? Possibly. But I don't give a fuck. She shattered my fucking control. She hooked me. Made a mad man out of me. I'm obsessed, I guess you could say. I can only be whole with her in my life.

And I know Maksym and Stefan well enough to understand we are all suffering without her.

I spy her phone on her desk and a couple of taps on the screen show she's received our texts and calls. But left them unread.

A mistake she's about to answer for.

Maksym narrows his eyes at me and I confirm with a quick jerk of my chin, knowing he understands. His wolfish grin tells me India is about to pay dearly indeed.

We look at each other and I can feel it to the marrow of my bones. We are where we belong.

We all feel the pull she has over us. The primal need to claim her and mark her. Keep her as our queen. As fucked in the head as that sounds. Something we've yet to do. Not until she's ready for those steps. But not feeding her tight pussy our milk has been a test of wills and one I am close to losing.

But because of who she is and the heartache she's been through we've been patient. But I don't know for how much longer.

We advance quietly.

It's a little confining with the three of us in her room. I wish we had the space of our penthouse to work with, but this will have to do, for now, I guess. I have to respect that India doesn't use her family's wealth to buy herself some luxury condo in a nearby high rise.

Beyond that, I'm not focused on unimportant details. The second I hear one of the guys close the door behind us all my attention falls on the beautiful temptress in the middle of the large bed—the one luxury item our girl seems

to have afforded herself. It will do nicely for what we have planned.

She's spread out in the middle of it, her shapely legs wide open and a fat, rubber cock poised to pleasure her body.

I guess we won't be killing anyone tonight after all.

"Where did she get that?" Maksym grits in a dark whisper. His eyes blaze with banked arousal and curiosity.

A wolfish grin of my own spreads across my face. "I sent it to her before we left on our trip." My words are masked by the music and her absorption in whatever fantasy she has going on in that pretty head.

She's rubbing the head along her seam and I bite back a groan at the sight of her juices coating the bulbous head.

Come on baby, let me hear your moan again.

She sighs as if she can hear my silent plea and fuck yeah. My cock swells, hungry for those juices spilling between her folds.

There it is, baby. Like music to my fucking ears. She's moaning and sighing again and it has Stefan inhaling sharply beside me.

I know my friend likes the sound of his name pouring like honey from her sweet mouth.

We exchange looks and I don't know whose smile is more predatory. The three of us share everything—including women. But not until India did anything feel this serious. We are all treading new waters here and it's as scary as it sounds.

God help me, help us all. What we are about to do will either put us in the lower levels of hell or the higher kingdom of heaven.

Either way, I'm going to love every minute of it.

Her other hand moves over her bare breasts and she pinches a taut nipple. The glow of the soft lighting highlights her flushed face and the way her mouth falls open pulls pre-cum from my dick.

Fuck. Me.

My balls grow heavy and my cock hardens to the point of being painful.

Our girl is seeking her own pleasure and this time it's not over some fucking video call. I can smell her arousal and feel the heat radiating out.

Beside me, I hear Maksym and Stefan let out a sigh.

“Oh, Tomas. Yes.” She moans and I watch as she inches her toy into her shaft an inch at a time. I purposefully picked one that would remind her of me. Her walls stretch for the toy just like it stretches for me.

“Tomas,” she moans again and fuck me. I like her pleasuring herself with my name on her lips.

I signal to Maksym and Stefan. Together we surround her on all three sides of the bed. If she wants to run, she'll either have to break through the headboard or try to get past one of us and that isn't happening.

She is our prisoner. At our mercy and all we demand in return is her sweet, sweet body.

We make our living the hard way. Teaching people to fear us and showing them why they're smart to heed our orders. Bratva blood flows through our veins three generations thick. Our fathers brought our families' shared criminal empire from the old world decades ago and settled in New York. From there we've branched out. Seattle, Chicago. Vegas. We control portions of each city and we're only growing. It's been our sole focus for two decades, going on three.

But now, all any of us can think about is the beautiful goddess fucking herself on the bed between us and driving us crazy every second we're apart.

She has us thinking there's more to life than bloodshed and brutality.

Maybe our fathers are right. We need to start thinking about an heir and I for one can't think of a better soul to be the mother of our children than India Cambridge.

Our treasure plants her feet wider and sinks the rubber toy deeper, as deep as it can go, and slowly starts to sway her hips to the grind of the music.

Another minute of watching this and I'll lose the little control I have.



Stefan reaches for his tie and loosens the knot then frees it from his collar. We all shrug out of our suit jackets, the soft lo-fi music playing masks our movements.

One nod and we move as one.

Before she can fight back, I flip over our naughty little genius to her stomach and Stefan slips the makeshift blindfold on before she can get a good look at us.

“What the fuck. Oh my God!” she shouts and struggles against my strong hold.

Stefan tests the blindfold as I cover her mouth with a hand before she can scream again.

“Shh, princess, or we’ll be forced to put a gag in that fuckable sweet mouth of yours.”

She stiffens in my hold and I can’t help but think she’s the sexiest fucking prisoner.

“I’ll be right back.” Maksym leaves the room and from how the door is angled I can see through the living room that he’s securing the front door.

Maksym comes back and flicks on another lamp and together we raise her to her knees at the end of her bed.

“What do you want?”

Rage and remnants of lust color her cheeks.

“Piper is in the next room. You need to leave before she calls the cops.”

She looks gorgeous, ruffled, flushed and all those lies spilling from her mouth.

I raise a hand and bring it down on her ass with a delicious smack.

“Oh!” she gasps and writhes, mussing the duvet beneath her knees.

I rub my palm over the reddened area and she betrays herself by pushing her ass into me.

“Not happening, *krasotka*. Keep lying and we’ll be forced to fuck that mouth for lying.”

She struggles against our hold but she’s not going anywhere. Not anytime soon, that is.

Her chest rises and falls heavily, that little pink tongue darting out to wet her lips.

She is beautiful as hell quivering on her knees and blissfully naked. She might have had the idea of finishing herself off tonight, but that is not how this will end.

And she knows it.

I wrap her long hair around my fist and bring her mouth to mine. Coffee, sugar, and cream. I groan at the taste of her favorite beverage hitting my tongue as I take her mouth in a harsh, claiming kiss.

Her back bows and she fights against the invasion of my tongue but I feel the vibrations of her groan against my chest where she’s leaning into me.

I loosen my tie and Maksym does the same.

We’re about to make our girl wish she never bought a four-poster bed.

I secure a wrist and anchor her to one post while Maksym does the same with her other. She doesn’t make it easy though. She jerks free from me and I grab it back.

“Struggling will get you nowhere,” I warn.

With my mouth at her ear, I husk, “Behave, *krasotka*. Or, I’ll color that ass with the thorough spanking it deserves before we fuck it.”

“You can’t do this.” She whimpers like it’s going to soften me in a way where she takes control over this situation.

“I’d say watch us, but that’s not happening now, is it?” I trace the edges of the blindfold and watch her shiver from my touch.

Maksym taps her clenched thighs with a hand. She knows what he wants but she refuses to move.

“Open,” I growl hungrily with my lips against her neck. “Don’t make me say it again.” I lean forward and let her feel my warmth against her body.

Her chest quivers and I can see her fighting an internal war of either giving in or fighting.

I undo the buckle of my belt. I turn it loose from the loops, the crack of the leather causing a delicious red bloom over her lovely skin.

I wrap the belt around my fist and caress the pointed end from the top of her spine to the cleft of her ass.

She gasps but it’s the heady sigh that gives away her arousal.

“I think you were given instructions. You should follow them.”

Goosebumps erupt over her skin and those little pink nipples reaching out, and begging for my mouth, pucker even tighter. “You wouldn’t.”

My eyes snap off the delicate curve of her ass to her sweet mouth though she can’t see me. “Wouldn’t I?”

Her mouth falls open. Out of shock at being threatened with a spanking or desire I don’t know which.

“I’ll scream.”

“We would hope so. Now spread them or find out just how far Tomas will go to get what he wants,” Stefan adds from her other side while taking in the beautiful sight as much as I am.

“You need to leave. My roommate. She’ll be back any second.”

India raises her voice and works defiance into every single syllable. It’s cute and even a little sexy that she thinks an audience will deter us.

Stefan taps her thighs. “Now, *malyshka*.”

Slowly she spreads them and the rubber cock eases from her pussy to fall between her knees. She sweetly bites at her lower lip.

Stefan reaches for the dildo and there is no hiding the sweet nectar wetting her thighs or the toy.

He traces the plumpness of her full bottom lip with the sticky head. With each ragged breath, her breasts jiggle and my cock aches to replace the toy.

“Stick your tongue out for Stefan. Taste those juices and I want to hear you moan when you do.”

She does as I order and in doing so pulls a groan from Maksym. She slowly hinges her mouth open a fraction more. Stefan eases the head in and coats her tongue with her sweetness.

“Suck it. I want to see how far that mouth can open for cock.”

I hear Stefan break off into our native language. My blood flows like lava as I tap her nipples with the tip of my belt. The way she trembles and fights her restraints makes me lock down my control. Thoughts of devouring her completely pound through my head and scaring her away isn't tonight's mission. Possessing a woman is one thing, but when they have a hold on you right back the game and its rules are completely different.

She could push us away and we would be left with nothing else to do but walk.

She opens her mouth a little wider, taking another couple of inches. Her cheeks flare from the girth and the little wet sound she makes sucking on her rubber dildo pulls more pre-cum from my dick. I can feel it spill to wet the silk lining of my slacks.

“Take it deeper.” Stefan feeds her the toy and I brush the hair from her shoulder. As she sucks her juices off the cock, I sink my teeth into the tender flesh of her earlobe. I drag my tongue over the shell to soothe the pain before turning my attention to the pulse point just below her ear.

She shivers and groans under my touch.

“Don't stop sucking,” I warn.

Breaths come in tiny gasps as I move my hand over her shoulder to skim along the slope of her breasts, her belly only to slide between her thighs. I trail the tips of my fingers over her bare pussy lips and tease the bud tucked between her folds relishing her wetness. Working her mouth and her body, she follows our lead.

Stefan gently removes the toy and both he and Maksym strip off their clothes.

Pants, shirts, and shoes are gone in seconds. Pre-cum drips liberally from their cocks and both fist their lengths to keep from losing it right there in the middle of the room.

I know because I'm feeling the same damn way.

“How did you get in here?”

“Anyone with a criminal mind and intent can get past your lack of a security system. I think we'll have a talk with your father about that.”

Her head jerks toward me. “No!” she blurts, making me grin. Our India has kept us as a dirty little secret she would rather not show the world. For now, we'll allow it, but not for much longer.

She tries to wrestle free from her restraints at the end of the bed, her perfect breasts bouncing like enticing fruits in front of my mouth. I palm one and hold it up for Stefan to enjoy.

While stroking his cock, Stefan leans in, wraps his lips around a tight peak and I marvel when her head falls back. With her mouth agape moans pour from her lips as sweet as honey.

“Please, just take what you want and go. My roommate will be back soon. Her boyfriend is a cop.” She curls her fingers around the expensive silk of our ties and tests the knots again.

The material will be ruined after this but I don't give a shit. Seeing her at our mercy is driving me to claim her, feed her our milk, and see her round with our baby. But if I know what is good for us, I won't chase that desire too long.

Stefan moves to the other nipple and Maksym moves onto the bed, coming up behind her. Both are on their knees and the way they fit together—her ass molded to his front—is just fucking beautiful.

I look on as he drags the wet head of his cock over the round slopes of her ass cheeks.

Our captive falls forward and deeper into Stefan's embrace, her sweet cries

beautiful to the ears.

On either end of the bed, the wooden posts groan from taking on her weight but hold.

“We’re going to take what we want. We’ve come here for you and we’re not leaving until we’ve had our fill.”

I knew she would be trouble the second she walked into Sapphire all those nights ago. And I was not wrong.

Stefan palms her breast for me and I lean forward to take a hard bead between my lips. I release it with a delicious pop. “Such tasty, pretty nipples.”

“And a body that needs to be fucked long and hard,” Stefan adds.

Taking the dildo I gifted her in one hand, I use my other to drag my finger through her pussy lips.

“Oh, God.” She gasps and tries to shuffle her legs closed but only manages to lock my hand in place.

“You have to leave. You can’t be here.”

In the same breath she’s pleading for the exact opposite and I chuckle.

“Oh...damn...don’t stop.”

I shake my head. “I’d say your body is telling us everything we need to know.”

Kneeling behind her, Maksym spreads her thighs with his. He looks up at me and nods toward his pants pocket.

I toss him a rubber and he covers himself before slipping between our captive’s pussy lips.

“Yes,” she moans and drops her head back to rest on his shoulder. My friend has yet to enter her sweet body; he’s only gliding his length through her slick folds. Each time he moves forward he nudges her clit and she releases a sigh, her grip on those restraints a little tighter.

Stefan and I both kneel at the front of the bed. With a hand on either thigh, he holds her open to anything I could want.

When Maksym withdraws I chase his stroke with the dildo. Together we work her back and forth until she's panting for air and ready to give us her orgasm.

Stefan loves to give her pretty nipples all the attention and watching my friends work our captive is a beautiful sight. Juice glistens on her bare pussy lips and we all three work her close to the edge of finding her release.

"Please, please, *please*..." Each word is nothing more than a whisper. She starts to grind her hips and thrusts her breasts into Stefan's greedy mouth.

"Please what, India? Do you want us to make you come with your little toy and leave? Or fuck you with our cocks? You have to tell us what you want. Communication is everything in a relationship, don't you think?"

"Maybe we should leave her to her toy. Let her find her release. It's obvious it's what she prefers."

Maksym gives a dark chuckle. "Seems fair since she left us out of all the fun to start with."

"No, no. It's not mine."

"Oh, so you were fucking yourself with someone else's toy cock?"

My cock pulses, craving the grip of her mouth around my length as her tongue darts out and swipes across her bottom lip. "No. No, Tomas sent it to me."

She gives all her weight to the ties and to Stefan who takes her in his arms as Maksym and I take turns teasing her sweet opening.

"How many times have you pleased yourself thinking of us?" I ask and reach for her clit to give it a little pinch. She bucks and I take that moment to nudge the fat head of the dildo inside her dripping wet pussy.

Using my other hand, I slowly torture her clit and the second we stop she shimmies those hips of hers wanting more.

“Is this what you are looking for?”

“No. Yes. Just don’t stop.”

I work the rubber cock an inch into her slit and pull it out to the sound of her cries, rolling her clit non-stop.

Behind her, Maksym moves position and I know he’s looking to sink his length into her ass.

“Poor, beautiful little princess, you’re so close it hurts, doesn’t it?”

Stefan releases a nipple with a juicy pop and immediately starts on the other.

She’s panting hard, so hard her whole body is shaking with the need to find release.

I pull back, taking the toy with me. I’m the only one left wearing clothes.

“Who else is going to be here tonight? Don’t lie.”

“No...nobody.”

“Open her for me.”

Stefan spreads her folds and I’m back on my knees. I purr softly when the sweetness of her nectar spills over my tongue. I gather more of her juices and wrap my lips around her clit.

“Please,” she begs. “I burn. It...I just...I need to come!” I give it a hard tug and she cries out. I bury a finger and then another inside her core loving the way her walls clamp around my fingers as she hits her peak.

“Look at all that sweet nectar pouring out of her pussy. Very telling, indeed.”

I stand and strip.

Maksym gathers her hair in his hand and turns her head to claim her mouth. I’m almost jealous of him swallowing down all those delicious cries of pleasure.

She tries to break away but the hand in her hair prevents it. When Maksym finally ends the kiss, both are breathing heavily.



“Maksym,” I hear her whisper my friend’s name.

“Now kiss my brother, *malyshka*,” Maksym tells her. Not that we are true brothers of blood, but the sentiment is all the same. We’ve bled together and lost together. And now we will find our forever together. But first, we’ll have to convince her that we are no one’s dirty secret and that three men can love one woman.

“I wish you could see how hard you have our cocks.” I wrap each finger of my right hand around her throat and hold her as my prisoner.

I tease the corner of her mouth with the tip of my tongue. She does exactly what I want. Those perfect lips part with a faint gasp and I take that moment to steal yet another kiss.

Stefan replies, “That’s ok, brother. She’s about to *feel* every fucking inch of us instead.”

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# India



The hand holding me in place grips a little tighter around my throat.

Not too hard but hard enough to know I am being claimed and there's nothing I can do about it.

I freeze, unable to move. But his mouth on mine is in complete contrast and sends mixed signals to my brain.

Pleasure and fear.

But do I really fear these men?

I should. I know I should. From day one their identity has been no secret. But I can't find it in myself to care beyond how they make my body feel so unbearably good.

Yes, unbearably.

They've stoked the heat inside me so high that one release is not enough. They've teased me into a walking, breathing fiery mess until I can't think. All I can do is feel. I know once they take me to the edge of a massive release, I'll find a serene calm. But getting to the moment is complete torture.

I breathe through my nose and let the familiar scent of each man's masculine

cologne, husky bedroom voices, and possessive touches settle over me.

I can sense all three, powerful and dominant. One of them chuckles darkly and my body pulsates from the sound alone. That is how much control they currently exert over me. Shameful, yet true.

Feel them touching me, feel them working my body to the brink and then backing off. I'm so frustrated I want to scream.

Someone releases one restraint and my hand falls into theirs. They rub at my wrist but I don't get it back. Instead, the man to my right guides my fingers to stroke his massive girth.

"God, your touch could send me to the grave a happy man."

Tomas.

His voice is deeper than the others. Raspy.

Maksym is behind me relentlessly stroking my back entrance. Rimming, dipping in, pulling out. He knows how to make me beg and I am so on the verge of screaming for them to do anything they want, just let me come.

I let out a small shuddering sigh when I wrap my hand around Tomas' throbbing cock. I find him wet and sticky with pre-cum.

In the next second my other hand is released from its binding and Stefan is guiding my hand to him.

I stroke them both, hungry for a taste.

Maksym moves us away from the edge and pushes me forward. I brace myself on my hands and knees. From in front of me, I feel the bed dip and a moment later a warm path of cream is spread over my lips. I swirl my tongue over the head and taste my lover. I lick at my lips again, but another is right there to mark my mouth as his, too.

Stefan and Tomas take turns wetting my lips until a thumb on my chin opens my mouth.

One pushes in from my right, the hand in my hair holding me steady and in place as he glides his shaft deeper. I hollow my cheeks and relax my jaw as

my mouth is slowly filled.

He withdraws and I take the other one to my left as he feeds me his cock. And just like with the rest of my body, they share my mouth. Two pumps and the other glides in. They continue like this, sharing my mouth until we are all breathing heavily.

I have one more night with my mysteriously dark bratva men who disappear and then suddenly reappear after dealing with “work”. I ask no questions about what they do in the time they are away and they offer up none willingly. Up until now it worked, but now I’m beginning to wonder and want to know more. Signs that whatever it is that we share has run its course.

I’m determined to make as many memories as I can with them before I go, but I still feel a pang in my heart at this being our last time. Whether they know it or not.

I try to force all the rampant thoughts flying through my head away but I don’t know what I’ll do once they are gone from my life.

Still holding my hair, Tomas pulls back and then slides in, fucking my mouth with steady strokes. He swells and I know from experience he’s close to his limit.

He slows and Stefan takes over. I groan as he fills my mouth, stretching my lips wide over his impressive girth.

Behind me, Maksym spreads my cheeks with strong fingers on my ass. He leans in and licks around my folds, teases my opening, and swirls the tip of his tongue over my slit.

Pure pleasure roars through my body and I suddenly moan from the feel of Maksym’s hot breath across my ass. Tender kisses linger over my flesh in between possessive nips and bites.

Stefan chooses that exact moment to take my nipples between his fingers and pinch. I can’t stop the pleading groan that tears from me. They stop feeding me their cocks so I reach for them and stroke one then the other.

The feel of something cold being drizzled over my back entrance has me stilling.

This part. When Maksym claims my ass. It always steals my breath and my desire to ever leave their bed.

I groan again, this time pushing back when I feel the swollen head of his cock ready to sink into my ass.

“Easy, *malyshka*. I know you want this.”

He’s not wrong.

“Tell me.” He nudges at my back entrance. Enters me until only the head sits inside.

“Yes, please. Yes,” I whimper and beg. Euphoria rises in me as he gives me a few more inches and stretches me wider.

Before now I would never beg a man but all three have me doing things now a sheltered girl like me never dared dream of.

Between my legs, someone else eases a finger inside me and curls their digit up rubbing me in just the right way to have my thighs quivering.

I try to force them both deeper, but strong hands grip my ass. It burns so sweetly. Maksym is slow at first until I feel the slap of his balls against my body.

“Fuck, you feel so perfect.”

He withdraws and my body seems swept up in endless pleasure. And then he pushes back in and all the blissful tension in my body jacks up another notch.

Maksym pulls out and hauls me up from the bed to straddle his lap reverse cowgirl. He pushes me forward a little and reclaims my back entrance, sinking in until my body swallows every last inch of his throbbing hard cock.

“Oh, god,” I groan and reach for anyone, anything for purchase.

My hands find hard slabs of chiseled muscle and I dig my nails into skin.

Masculine grunts and groans hit my ears and the sound is so primal a rush of hot liquid spills to coat my thighs.

Strong hands lift me and someone kisses me, our tongues tangling.

The one deep throating me with his tongue breaks away with a nip to my lower lip that has me clenching my thighs and craving their lips and teeth around my aching clit.

“Lean back,” I’m ordered with lips hovering over mine.

I fall back into the arms of my third lover who gathers my hair in hand and turns my face up to his. He takes over kissing me while another devours my breasts. Licking and sucking one while pinching the other.

My legs fall open, my ass full of Maksym’s throbbing dick. With an arm around my waist, he lifts me, pumping into me with short strokes.

Maksym strokes his soft, warm tongue over mine as if I’m the sweetest forbidden treat he’s ever stolen.

Warm air passes over my tender nipples and I strain against the onslaught of pleasure bombarding me as one of the men moves between my legs, wraps his lips around my clit, and tugs.

I try to catch my breath but they have me so close to the edge I can’t keep air in my lungs.

I’m panting and clenching my thighs to help ease the ache.

“Spread more for me. Get those legs open. Show me those beautiful pink pussy lips and all that cream I’m going to slide my cock through.”

I hear the rustle of a wrapper and know the other two are slipping on a condom. Though I’m on the pill, they’ve yet to give me their milk despite me begging and pleading.

“Please,” I try again, already knowing what they’ll say.

*“Net, moy lyubovnik. Poka ty ne prinadlezhish' nam.”*

No. Not until I’m fully theirs. It’s the same answer every time.

I do as I’m roughly commanded and my reward is instant.

The bulbous head of Tomas’ cock is poised at my entrance. I know it’s him by instinct alone. I’m already stretched so tight with Maksym in my ass that when Tomas stretches my tight pussy, I can do nothing but gasp. My fingers

grip rock-hard muscles.

I grab at the blindfold but my hands are snatched away and brought back to solid abs and Stefan's cock. I stroke him with my left while I rake my nails over Tomas' chest with my right. He forces his cock into my tight channel, wedging in so deep I forget to breathe.

Pinned between all three men I am helpless to what they want from me.

How I can feel so turned on and so furious at being denied what I want at the same time, I don't have an answer. All I can do is let my body feel and let it come alive under their masterful skills.

I scream from the sudden fullness. Maksym holds me close, taking most of my weight and whispering sweet words to me as his friend pumps into my pussy.

The sash around my eyes blocks out everything, kicking my other senses into high gear.

The smell of sex permeates the room and their cologne teases me. I don't think I've ever needed to come so badly in my life.

I buck against them. "More. So close." My whole body thrums.

Beside me, Stefan wraps his fingers around mine where I stroke his thickness. I work him up and down. My reward is rivulets of pre-cum spilling over my fingers. I bring it to my mouth and lick off the sticky hot liquid to the sound of appreciative growls.

Heat rises higher and higher as my body climbs to new levels of sensations. Arms wrap around me and I let go of keeping up with who is who and just let the intoxicating aroma of all three men and my release take over.

I clench my thighs and brace for impact.

I cave and let the tidal wave of my orgasm sweep me away.

My breathing is heavy and my pants and groans grow in volume.

I wrap my hands behind my head and bury my fingers into thick hair.

He growls and tightens his strong hands around my tender breasts.

Another wave hits my core. I guess my release triggers Tomas'. He thrusts in and I feel him swell, spreading my channel with his wide girth. It's too much. My release jacks up ten-fold and I'm thrown over another ledge the second I feel his cock jerk inside me and spill into his condom.

"I'm coming! Oh, God, it's too much," I rush to say around my panting. I reach out and they are all there, holding me.

"Give yourself to us," someone rasps.

I don't get to softly float down from my life-changing orgasm before lips press to my ear.

"We're not done with our pretty little captive."

I hear another rubber being slipped on before the third moves between my legs and slides inside my freshly fucked pussy.

"Fuck, so warm and ready for me."

"Yes!" I cry out, my breath catching in my parched throat.

Maksym pumps into my ass and Stefan drives so far inside me I feel him deeper than I've ever felt him, or the others before. Stroke after stroke I'm pushed until I don't know how much more I can take.

Desire swirls anew and yet another orgasm rolls through me just as both men find their release. Someone grabs my hips and together we rock back and forth. I sink into Maksym's arms and savor the weight of Stefan.

My mind spins the deeper into their circle of pleasure I fall. The longer I let them touch me the more fantasies they fulfill. This is more than sex. More than just carnal pleasures. And it scares me. But I can't pull away. Not just yet. Tomorrow. I can have this night. Just tonight. And then I can say my goodbyes. The mafia life goes against everything my parents raised me to believe. I can't have this. I can't have them. I would be shunned as the heir to a securities tech empire. The irony is laughable. The attention that would fall on me would shine a moon-sized spotlight on them. I can't allow anything to hurt them. Especially because of me.

Their cocks jerk within my walls, their milk spilling into their condoms. I



wanted badly to feel their releases marking me but I guess it wasn't meant to be.

That's okay. I have tonight and I have this memory. It will have to do.

I wrap my arms around Stefan's neck and hold him. Together he and Maksym feed the fire inside me with their slowing pumps.

Beside us, Tomas frees my vision. He turns my head in his direction. "*My nikogda tebya ne otpustim,*" he whispers to me before stealing my breath with a kiss.

I only wish I knew what he meant.

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# India



**T**hree blistering weeks later I toe my heels off and lean into the plush leather of my father's office chair.

Since kindergarten and my color-by-number days, I always considered this spot magical, and right now I can use all the mojo, juju, woo woo—whatever—I can get. Anything to help me finish this damn code and get on with my life.

I rub at the throbbing pulse in my temples, knowing another migraine is on the way. I think I'm going on three hours straight staring at this damn screen.

I tap at a couple of keys and my eyes unfocus. All I can do is just sit here.

Growing up, my father would pass hours in this very chair, fingers steeped in front of him as he searched and worked to resolve one issue or another. Come to think of it, I'm certain I am the cause behind a lot of time he spends here to this day. Raising a daughter while building and operating a multi-million-dollar security company couldn't have been easy.

For years I was convinced this chair gave him magical powers to see into the future, but right now I wish it would heal a broken heart. I change from rubbing my temples to pressing a palm over my chest.

I would do close to anything right this minute for that childhood fantasy to be true. Three weeks without them feels like an eternity in hell. I huff. Well, I totally understand that freaking cliched saying now. Not that it is worth anything. After a light dinner in my tiny kitchen, we returned to my bedroom for the sweetest lovemaking and I fell asleep pressed between all three. Sometime later I woke to find the bed empty and a text message on my phone asking for a date that night.

Ending our relationship over text isn't exactly how I wanted it to end, but a modern version of a Dear John letter ended my connection with the three mafia men. If I had allowed us one more night I wouldn't have had the strength to walk.

And I've regretted it ever since. There was no reply, just pure undisturbed radio silence. Like a total blackout.

I let out a sigh. Could I have been any bigger of an ass?

I got what I wanted, though, right? A complete severing of ties so no one found out my deep, dark secret?

"Focus, India. Get your head together al-fucking-ready." I eyeball my laptop's screen, which is filled with the source code for the security software I created.

I waffle on that idea. Better stated *will have* created if I can ever finish.

Hence the need for some additional brainpower.

The final layer of heuristics should have been finished long before now and I'm starting to believe I'll never resolve the issues. Which can't happen.

I measure out a hearty handful of Tic Tacs and toss back the tiny mints all at once and consider my next steps.

Once I lock down the coding the simulations tests across multiple mobile devices can happen and that's just the beginning. I only hope I've been able to code the operating system in a language that can be understood across the sphere of devices it's meant for in the end.

A problem for another day.

“What’s the point of security software if it’s hackable?” I mumble to myself and scribble a new line of coding on a sheet of paper. I don’t want to make any changes before I can test my last changes, so I take notes.

If I manage what I set out to do with the original idea my brother created before he died, this software will be the next big thing in the tech world. Everyone from banks to automotive companies to the freaking Pentagon will want it as part of their arsenal as an impenetrable shield of protection against every shade of hacker looking to create havoc.

This software is capable of generating millions for the right people and, in turn, me. Then I’ll no longer be under the scrutiny of my father’s judgment. Then maybe when that day comes, I can break off and create my own company and no longer be controlled by the Cambridge name and have an endless source of funds to open a foundation in my brother’s name.

When all that comes about, I will have kept my promise.

Before the usual unbidden thoughts of my brother can take over my mind a small window pops up on my screen blocking my work, and the familiar smiling face of my best friend beams back at me.

“Holy shit, India, you look hot.”

Piper presses her face close to the screen and gives a low wolf whistle in appreciation of the way my dress hugs the contours of my full bust.

“You mean I look like a hooker. An expensive one but still...a hooker. Like Julia Roberts in *Pretty Woman* if she had her dad’s black credit card from the beginning.”

Piper snorts at my comparison. “Fucking all aside, you’re doing that rapid talk thing you do when you get nervous. Take a breather. It’s just a gala, not a blind date your mom orchestrated. Now let me see!”

I snort. “There’s not much difference. She’ll expect me to flirt and dance all night.” I stand and do a three-sixty for her benefit since she helped me pick out the dress.

Piper leans in. “Damn, there won’t be a limp dick or dry pussy in that ballroom, tonight. Your mom just wants help loosening people’s purse

strings. Besides, it's not like you have to fuck anyone. Well, unless you want to, that is. There are plenty of places in that mansion to get busy. And don't give me that 'I have no time for sex and men anymore' look. Everyone needs a dick now and again. You're a hot *mamacita*." Piper teases, "If I were into chicks, I'd do you in a heartbeat."

My head falls back and I let out the first crack of laughter I've felt belly deep since my time with them. "Piper! Give your V-card to that boyfriend of yours yet?"

"That is a negative. He hooked up with another chick so I am blissfully unattached."

"As of when? Did I lose track of time somewhere? You guys had dinner last night."

A corner of her mouth dips into a frown. "Yep. After you left this morning, he sent me a text that he found someone else who can fulfill his needs."

Sadness sweeps over me for my friend. This makes something close to four boyfriends who have dumped her because she refuses to sleep with them straight out of the gate.

"Don't give up hope. You'll find someone who understands what you are looking for."

"Doubtful. Seems men only want pussy and a slap on the back with a hearty attaboy."

The woman never did hold back her thoughts. Probably why we were friends from day one of college.

I take a deep breath and let it out slowly, feeling my shoulders relax a little. I smile for my friend's sake despite the urge to run and change from the red number I'm wearing for my mother's charity gala. I'd much rather hole up in my father's office and work than plaster on a fake smile for the sake of my parents' equally fake friends.

"Why aren't you out there flaunting your curves on that dance floor and getting all those rich dinosaurs' money into your mom's charity? That's what tonight is all about, right? All those rich ladies will probably chuck in a few

grand more for getting their husbands excited for them.” Piper wiggles her brows and laughs wickedly.

“You truly are the devil,” I toss back and reclaim my position in the chair, laptop balanced on the fat arm instead of the desk.

“Is it childish of me that I feel like stomping my feet and refusing?” I pout and stick my lower lip out for the full effect.

Piper’s lithe form jostles on screen as she flops on her bed and stretches across the fluffy comforter. “That hasn’t worked on anyone for years. You need to relax, take a break and have a little fun. Your code isn’t going anywhere.”

“Exactly.”

Piper pulls the screen close. “Read my lips again—your code isn’t going anywhere as in it will be there when you get back. You, on the other hand, are going somewhere. You’re a bombshell, sweetie. Use it.”

After my break up I spilled the beans to Piper and filled her in on all things Tomas, Maksym, and Stefan. She was hurt at first that I hid my relationship but understood.

“You miss them, don’t you?”

“I do. Why do I have to shape my life around my father’s choices?”

“Who said you did?”

I shake my head. “I have too much respect for my parents’ sacrifice in building their company to ruin it with such a scandal.” I cringe at the mere thought. “I’m so tired. And my heart just aches.”

We’re both quiet for a long minute.

“All the more reason to get out there and mingle. It will help clear your head so you can come back and work with a fresh start. You are wasting a beautiful dress and makeup sitting in a musty old office. Go, have fun. Shake some ass and just live a little, sweetie.”

I shoot her a look as my brow arches.

Piper's words cause me to be self-conscious and I stroke my palms down the length of my gown. The thought of squeezing my feet back into the heels I kicked off under the desk makes me wish I had five more minutes to convince myself it's worth all the pain to my arches.

"Okay, if I wait for a little longer everyone will be sufficiently boozed and will happily hand over their checkbooks without a whole lot of conversation."

Piper purses her lips that smartass way she does when she gets annoyed with my hermit tendencies. "You can't hole up in your father's office all evening again, India. Your mom organized a spectacular fundraising gala in your brother's memory, remember? You worried over it with her for months and now you're spending it locked away like Cinderella in the tower. Only, you have the sexy red dress and fancy makeup. You do not belong in a dark room. Aaron wouldn't want that."

I shove aside the urge to fall into deep thought about my brother we lost to leukemia only a few months prior. "It's not completely dark. There's a cozy fire in the hearth," I try to counter but fail when she gives me a pinched look of disapproval.

"Okay. Fine."

"I swear you're going to die with that damn laptop glued to your fingertips. We both know why you're not tending to your guests."

I could be deaf and still hear the irritation in Piper's voice.

I stare at the strand of coding on my paper as my friend speaks and I nod. She understands me better than anyone and knows when I'm dodging something, or in this case, *someone*.

"And that's a bad thing?" I ask sardonically, riling her up just a little more.

"You know you had no choice but to invite him. You want his money; he wants your code. He's willing to play the game. You need to be too."

"It's not going to work like that. I'm no one's pawn."

"I know, you know, but he doesn't. And that's to your benefit. Go down,

make nice, get him and everyone else to give some money over to your mom's charity and then call it a night if that makes you feel better." Piper's heavy brown curls bounce around her shoulders as she emphasizes her points with wild hand gestures.

I scrunch my nose at her words. "Annd we're back to the hooker scenario. Do you hear what you're saying?"

"Well, I guess in a way you are. You want money and the goods you're teasing their purse strings open with is nothing short of orgasmic. And I'm not referring to the software, baby girl."

Just like that my mood turns somber.

*He* refers to Spencer Thatch, a tech billionaire and the U.S.'s most eligible bachelor who doesn't know how to take no for an answer.

Handsome on the outside and rotten to the soul on the inside.

I'm pretty sure he's the one behind the nasty emails and threatening text messages I've received since it became public knowledge I'm moving ahead with my brother's project. I forwarded them to my father and his security team who believe in the old adage of keeping your friends close but your enemies closer.

But it's hard to take out a restraining order against an anonymous sender. But no one can prove a thing.

He wants my software and doesn't worry about hiding the fact either. He also wants me. Another fact he makes well known.

I like the word slimy to sum up his character. He's one of the richest and most successful in the United States and fifth worldwide. A truth he rebukes and despises at every turn.

He wants to be number one or nothing. He wants my software to get there and as number one he thinks the woman at his side should reflect his social status. There's only one person who fits that bill and that person is me.

I guess I should be flattered, but I refuse to be anyone's flitty arm candy and be used for my tech. My mother always said my pride would be my downfall,



but in this case, she is wrong.

No matter how much I try I can't dismiss the way he makes my skin crawl. At three times my age, the man is considered a silver fox and a catch for any woman at any age.

"You know what?" Piper snaps her fingers in a way that has my pen pausing mid-stroke. Her big green eyes glitter with amusement and I'm instantly curious.

I narrow my eyes at the screen and lean in. "Do tell," I somewhat cautiously encourage my friend as I dare scribble another note in longhand.

"Tell me goodbye, close this computer and go. You do and I'll agree to go to that rare antique book museum you are always talking about."

I reach for my stash of Tic-Tacs again and fill my mouth. "Deal. See you tomorrow for lunch?"

"Yes, and if you find some hook-up sex material walking around, I expect to hear about it then."

We say our goodbyes as I tuck my notes away and power off the laptop before securing both under lock and key.

Begrudgingly I slip my shoes on and make my way out of my father's office and immediately notice the absence of my guard detail standing outside.

I purse my lips and pause at the top of a long curving staircase that spills into the massive ballroom.

Below me, the music carries over the smartly-dressed guests and a crowd of graceful, rhythmic dancers sways across the expansive marble in unison.

For a moment I'm caught up in the delightful hypnotic sight.

That is when I feel it.

I stifle a quiet gasp.

It is slight at first. Like a feather against the skin.

Warm and teasing.

A gentle caress yet not. It's hard to explain, but true all the same. Before now I didn't know you could actually feel another person's eyes on you in such a way that makes your body tingle. Not in a creepy way like when you're walking into a dark room and can't find the light switch fast enough for fear of something lurking in the shadows.

No, this is different. Welcomed.

I take a deep breath as I turn my head and scan the large gathering.

When my gaze finds theirs on the opposite side of the ballroom, my heart stutters.

All three lock eyes on me at the same time.

Nothing in the world can prepare me for how utterly fast my life changes in that one instant.

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# India



In hindsight, it is no stretch of the imagination when I say trouble found me the second I stepped from the landing, and I made my slow descent.

From the wild look in their eyes to the predatory gracefulness, these beasts of men are as dark as they are deadly as they move in my direction.

They are gorgeous to watch and I find myself staring.

From the way their dark brown eyes scan every nuance of the room, for what I assume might be some lurking danger, to the way they carry their large frames in unison through the crowd like wolves on the hunt. Sleek in movement yet lethal.

It is intoxicating to watch how in sync they are with one another. My heart squeezes and I briefly forget there are tens of eyes watching me. I regain my composure and clamp down on the rolling emotions at seeing Tomas, Maksym, and Stefan weaving through the crowd.

All three raise their eyes to mine over the heads of the other guests and I lose the ability to breathe altogether. Forget shielding my emotions. They are bombs going off inside me and I can't catch my breath. Surprise. Fear. Excitement. Curiosity. Anger. They are a savage ball of knotted yarn pulling and tugging my insides.

The power of their attention on me is so intense the simple action of locking gazes gives me full-body chills.

*Holy shit.* What is going on? Why are they here? And why did they just step out of my father's library? Furthermore, why the hell does my father look like he just swallowed a bottle of acid.

My heart threatens to drop on the floor. Oh, God, they told him. That's it. It has to be.

Rage fires hotter than lightning inside me. I should have known their radio silence meant they were scheming and plotting payback for dumping them. I will kill all three with my bare hands.

I pick up my pace down the long, spiraling stairs. Their dark gazes roam over me and it is as possessive as it is claiming. Focusing on them causes me to misstep but I right myself and continue.

Fuckers. My knees tremble so hard I can barely keep my legs from buckling. And I bet that is exactly what they wanted coming here. Me, scared and shaking. Hah. Whatever. I dig deep and find some untapped strength and pop the cork. As it pours from its well my knees pretend to stop shaking and my legs no longer feel like jelly. But my heart? Yeah, that treacherous thing is stuttering, stalling, and racing all at once making a fierce blush flash across my bare shoulder and cheeks.

One by one my fingers curl around the polished wood of the railing and for the first time in my twenty-four years, I feel the need to learn how to submit to a man with how possessive their expressions turn as their eyes linger over the swell of my breast. Along the dip of my waist and farther down.

A flash of desire flickers over their faces. It's there one second and in the next the dark, brooding masks of unmoved men take its place. But I saw it. And I recognized those flames.

What the hell is going on? And why the hell did they have to come tonight, of all nights?

Tomas catches my attention again and I watch his mouth form the words, "*We're coming for you.*"

*Oh shit.*

All bravado slinks back into the well and I'm left in need of a drink.

The black material of their tuxedos contours to their thick arms and fits their tall statures perfectly. I remember every swirl of ink and every scar beneath all that expensive material. Pure freaking muscles carved out of granite.

They are Hollywood gorgeous with real-world rough edges. Polished yet jagged at the same time and it makes my nerves jitter like I've had five espresso shots back-to-back.

Three large chandeliers line the length of the ballroom and throw a romantic, glittery hue over the occupants, and I let my attention roam from my admirers for a brief moment so I can catch my breath.

The sudden attention homed in on me makes me self-conscious about the dress I picked for the evening. The soft deep red gown wraps around my curves in a snug fit and falls to the floor, covering my legs. A number my mother would be proud of.

Until I move.

Each step flashes onlookers with a teasing hint of skin through a slit that runs the full length of my right thigh, making panties a no-go for the evening along with dancing.

A stiff corset anchors my breasts from swaying too heavily as I walk, leaving my shoulders bare but for a few thin, crossing straps and a ribbon to tie around my neck.

To top the look off, I've picked impossibly high stilettos I'm still not too sure about, but make my legs look killer. Sacrifices had to be made.

Piper was right. It feels good to shed away the glasses and books of the Ivy League persona I've hidden behind since forever and just be a woman for once. Not studious India. Not plain Jane India. Not dependable India who never says no. But sexy India despite the setback of unwanted guests.

They continue to move toward me, but the milling guests make their progress slow.

I sweep my hair over my shoulder and catch quick glimpses of them beneath thick lashes and I can't help but stiffen when my core clenches as their attention lands *there* as my slit peels away to reveal skin.

I lower my gaze and descend the rest of the way, trying to compose myself but my knees can't take the weight of their attention. I falter in my step as I reach the bottom landing.

Gravity takes over and I pitch forward into a wall of a man.

"Take your hands off me," I seethe. I cast a glance around and hope no one is watching.

I get a grunt in response as a set of strong arms protectively wrap around me moments before I make an utter fool of myself. "I can touch, take, and possess anything I own and you, India Cambridge, belong to my brothers and me." There's a finality to his tone that has my body going into full-on lust mode. Shameful as that is. His voice is growly and possessive and caresses my libido in just the right manner that it's hard not to nod my head and agree. Or, I'm just horny and the alpha in him knows how to tease the submissive in me.

My eyes travel upward and land on the hard, chiseled face of Stefan. From pelvis to nipples, my body presses against his. With my head craned back I watch as his nostrils flare as he takes in a deep breath like he's filling his senses with my perfume.

I consider him for a moment and try to regather my thoughts. My knee-jerk reaction is to jump deeper into his arms and beg for forgiveness for partially ghosting them. But I don't have that luxury with literally all the eyes of New York City's elite watching me. One wrong move and people will pull contracts and ruin my father's company. I can't carry that weight on my shoulders.

"Let me go," I state flatly, my eyes fixed to a point over his shoulder.

"Is that what you really want? If so, you need to look me in the eye and tell that to my face. Then and only then will I release you."

My eyes snap to a passing couple. The Devereuxs. My mind works like a vault of information pulling up their details. Stuffy old-world money. By the

book. Roughly worth fifteen billion with some change. Stockholders in the company and also contract holders. The real kicker is if they pull because of a scandal I create, they'll take at least three other clients with them.

I raise my eyes to lock on Stefan's darker ones but my lips can't form the words. His gaze dips over my body, caressing over the pulse along the side of my neck before sliding to the steep cleavage-showing dip of my dress.

"You're stunning. But I miss the glasses."

"Contacts." I keep my answer short but my heart quickens at his compliment. Between my thighs, I feel the ache of not having them touch me in so long.

Strong, warm hands rove over my bare back and I get the impression he can't believe I'm in his arms any more than I can.

"Please. Really. You need to go."

Stefan leans in a fraction until I feel the soft brush of his breath across my cheek to whisper in my ear, "You were not saying that the last time I held you this close."

"To be fair, she *did* beg us to untie her."

Maksym's voice is a deep rugged gravelly caress over my senses.

"And then begged us to fuck her hard." Tomas taps the side of his temple. "Memory like an elephant."

The longer they talk the farther my heart drops.

"Shh." I push at Stefan's chest but of course, the lug doesn't move. "Lower your voices."

My hands are on his shoulders and damn if my hands don't have a mind of their own when they slide down to settle over his pecs. "You need to leave. Can you do that for me? We can talk some other time. When we are not the entertainment for the evening." *Please, please, please. Before I make a fool of myself.*

Instead of answering me with words, the insufferable man's only reply is the dark glimmer of hunger in his eyes and it does not seem he cares about hiding

the fact.

Straightforward, limited words. I narrow my eyes at the three of them. “What? Nothing to say? Not like any of you to not have a snappy retort.”

“We’re biding our time for when we have you alone, *malyshka*. The longer you talk the longer your punishment will drag out. That’s a promise.” Stefan smiles like he’s enjoying this.

My eyes pop open. “My what?”

Behind him, Tomas and Maksym smirk. They’re only a couple of paces from us and keep a perimeter so nosy bodies can’t get too close.

My stomach flutters with how Stefan stares at me with a tiny smile tilting his lips and I no longer care I almost face-planted in front of New York City’s most dangerous and powerful.

I do, however, care about onlookers.

I turn on my spiked heel and move through the crowd. I aim for a small inlet designed to offer guests privacy and comfort for long talks without stopping the flow of the mingling crowd. There are small sectional screens placed along the yawning mouth and I slip behind one to find the pair of black leather high-back chairs empty of anyone. Thank God.

I can feel they are following me so that when I turn back around, I know where to aim my dagger-like gaze. I hit all three with the same *what the fuck* look. I raise a hand and poke the nearest one in the chest.

“Since I was the one who did all the invitations, I know you are not here because you were invited. I don’t even want to know what brought you here, but say what you’re going to say and then leave.”

Stefan grips my hips and pulls, forcing me to plaster my hands and my body against him. There was only half a foot separating us to begin with, but the second our body heat becomes one, my hands go to his tuxedo jacket. Through it, I can feel the heavy thud of his heart.

Tomas and Maksym both move in unison to close in around us and act as a solid shield.



“You thought you could simply leave us?” He gives a dark chuckle. He swears something in Russian I have no hope of understanding with my linguistics capabilities limited to only English and French.

“Excuse me?”

Stefan smiles down at me but there is not an ounce of humor in it. “We punish all those who disobey us. You are no exception. Soon enough you’ll learn why we are here. For now, kiss me.” The side of his perfect lip curls into a smile.

Arrogant, cocky bastard. And he knows it. Just like I know the second I follow his order I’m doomed. Game over. He’ll own me. They all will.

It’s hard to cross my arms over my chest so I go for option two and arch a wicked brow that says *fuck you*. True, I could push out of his hold on me, but I doubt the man will release me just to prove a point. One I’m beginning to suspect is along the lines of me belonging to them.

“I wasn’t aware I was under any order. And even if I were, I don’t submit to the likes of any man.” Anger hotter than the sun burns inside me.

Beside me Tomas grunts. “We’ll see about that.”

Tomas’ eyes glitter almost as if the facets of his banked curiosity catch the light before morphing and shifting behind those thick, lashes.

My hands trek south and I grip Stefan’s bulging forearms and balance my footing. My chest tightens as shock runs through me. Shock and something else entirely that borders on pure, unfiltered lust.

A truth I hope none of them pick up on.

My heart is pumping all these very real feelings through me.

Pure heat spikes my blood and my heart lurches with enough power to fuel a long night of passion with him between my thighs.

The trajectory of my thoughts surprises me, but I don’t dash them away either. Gorgeously muscled and pissed.

I should excuse myself. I *should* put as much distance between me and all

this muscle and those dark, arresting eyes.

But more than the wall of muscle anchors me in place.

Tomas reaches for my hip and settles a hand just above Stefan's. To ignore the instant crackle of energy is impossible. And it's like a dam breaks open inside me. Tears well and the fight gurgling and bubbling inside me dies out. It is as though their touch grounds me in some way. And this is why I can't find it in myself to walk away, I discover.

Tomas' jacket cuff pulls up a fraction exposing familiar deep-colored ink swirls like a dirty little secret hidden away beneath all that expensive clothing. Our last time together hits me head-on and all the lonely nights in between pepper my aching heart.

Piper's words come back in a whisper. *You miss them, don't you?*

I do.

I hold in tears. I can't show them an ounce of weakness. They'll use it against me and I'll never be free of them. Or worse, I won't let them go a second time.

God, I must look like a fool to him just standing here like an idiot feeling up his arms.

I try to right myself and pull away but both men tighten their holds on my waist.

"I need to get back to the party," I try weakly. "My mother and father are expecting me and none of you should be here."

"We've spoken with him already. He'll need to speak with you. You're right."

That's Maksym. A hard grunt and a curious expression pass over his handsome face. Like he has a secret. He moves to stand behind me and I feel like I'm trapped on all sides. Probably because I am. They have a way of making me feel pinned in with no escape. I'm not entirely sure how to translate the way my body fills with anticipation and heat snakes through me. On second thought, that's not true. When in bed it makes me feel powerful

and wanted. Like the center of their universe. But that's all make-believe. Out here in the real world where my fantasies hold no sway over real life, it makes me feel out of control and alone, surprisingly. Like what I want doesn't matter.

I've carried being an infallible Cambridge my whole life. Living up to the name is a twenty-four-hour-a-day job and one I'm failing at the moment. If my mother discovers me tucked away with three Russian Bratva with reputations everyone in this city knows about, she'll disown me.

"But your father can wait."

Maksym. He's been observant up until now. He strokes a thumb over the plumpness of my bottom lip.

"You don't know my father. Waiting is not his strong suit." I try to push past them, but my efforts are pointless. "Are you going to hold me here all night like some freaking captive?"

Humor, or what I think passes for it with this man, brightens Maksym's face, forcing away the dark somberness from moments before. A softness crinkles the areas around his eyes making him look rugged and sweet at the same time. And then he speaks and all that falls away and I see the real predator.

"You seemed to like being our captive in the past. Has that changed?"

The side of my dress moves and a hand swipes over my bare folds. Right there in the middle of my parents' gala, Maksym cups my pussy.

And suddenly I'm faced with choices. Stop them or roll with it.

*Oh my god, this is happening.* And no one can stop it. Not even me. But do I want to?

Shock forces my mouth closed so my body takes over and speaks for me. My nipples press against the confines of my dress and I forget why I don't want these men here. I forget why I walked away, in the first place.

I gasp, but the sound is swallowed by Tomas' mouth on mine.

"Move your foot out a little, that's it," Maksym growls low next to my ear. When I do as he instructs thick fingers spread my folds to find instant honey

dripping from my core.

“Mmm, look what I found.” Maksym draws his finger out and leans in to press a kiss over the edge of my bare shoulder before dragging his wet finger along my bottom lip.

“Suck it clean, *krasotka*.”

“Wait, this is...”

“Aren’t you hungry?” He tips my chin upward and his dark eyes turn to bottomless pits I eagerly want to lose myself in. “Don’t worry, I’ll go back for more for myself. I want to share first.”

I don’t think my face can turn any redder. “Maksym, this can’t...” I hiss and glance up sharply, scared someone will discover us any second. With my luck, it would be one of my mother’s luncheon friends who clutches her pearls like they will protect her against the sins of others. Or my father’s partners looking for a quiet place to discuss business.

I can’t breathe suddenly.

“You were given instructions to suck his finger clean, India. Or do you want to add to your list of offenses? You’ve already earned a nice hard ass fucking when we get you alone.”

In the shadow of Maksym’s massive body, shivers rush over me. My eyes drop to his chest before coming to rest on his again.

“I cannot do this.” Heat pools just beneath the surface of my skin and my heart races faster.

“Then let us help you. For now, this will have to do. But when we have you where there are no eyes on us, you will be ours again. And there won’t be an inch of your body that won’t burn because of us.”

Stefan’s growled threat is anything but passive. I can feel the truth of his words like a promise engraved in stone. Or, what might become my epitaph because my heart is racing so fast I might keel over before long.

“Why? Why are you doing this?”

“Because you are ours *and* you lied to us.”

My face scrunches with confusion. “Lied?”

My gut clenches for a second. Despite the hard tones my body buzzes and tingles. Having them consume all the air from around me shatters my sanity.

“Did you really think we would not find out about the threats to your life?”

My spine stiffens. “I don’t see how it is any of your business.”

“What did you think would happen when those threats crossed our doorstep? Sit back and watch you be hurt?”

“There is a price for deceit and your father will be the first to pay.”

All three speak one after another and my eyes ping-pong between them until I hear my father mentioned.

“What? Leave my father out of this.” I glance at each of them in turn.

“I am no—”

But I don’t get more than that out before the taste of my arousal coats my tongue.

Maksym edges his finger in and wraps an arm around my waist. He drags me into him and the hardness of his arousal is undeniable.

He groans a sinful sound and despite not wanting this, I wrap my fingers around his thick wrist and suck his finger clean. The second the rough pad of his finger grazes over my tongue my eyes shoot to his. As much as I hate to admit it, I missed seeing the swirling tendrils of lust in his rich, dark eyes.

The edge of my bodice is pulled down and a nipple pops out. Stefan’s lips are around the hard, pink tip and Maksym is right there to catch my rolling head with his perfectly positioned body.

By the time Maksym’s hand returns to torture my clit I’m panting and my chest rattles with the need for more air.

Tomas is of no help other than providing more cover when he leans in and takes my mouth with his. Our tongues clash and roll. Heat flares along my

skin. I had no idea I was capable of being so turned on in public.

I'm wet, out of breath and they all know it.

My eyes drift closed and don't open again until I hear Maksym's deep voice husk, "God, I missed that. Our girl tastes impossibly sweeter, my brothers." I turn my gaze to see him licking his fingers clean of my juices and a wicked expression on his face.

I pull back and this time all three let me find my balance without their touch. For a moment anyway. It seems I'm not the only one addicted to the concoctions of lust and desire they've stirred to life. I take a couple of steps but that's about it before Maksym's hand finds the dip in my back and comes to rest there. For a badass alpha, he's pretty touchy-feely.

"What? Afraid I'll run away?" I quip.

"I'd love a good chase if you feel you can get farther than a few steps from us."

I nearly trip over my heart from how fast it hits the floor from Tomas' none-too-subtle challenge. This man knows how to turn my body from lukewarm to roasting with just a few uttered words.

From beside me, Stefan reaches out to fix a few wayward curls that have slipped over my shoulder and straightens my bodice with a couple of tugs. "Let's make an appearance, speak with your father and then take our leave."

"Yes. Good idea." I nod. "Or we can skip straight to the take your leave bit. I'm good with that too."

A solid wall of heat keeps me from backing up and walking around the two in front of me.

"We are not leaving without what is ours."

My heart hammers. "Ours?" I challenge. "I'm not a chew toy. No matter how many punishing orgasms you want to steal from me, I don't belong to you or anyone else." I draw a step closer so no one can overhear and ignore Maksym's hand where it rests on my exposed back just above the globes of my ass. And how possessive and safe it feels. He draws the warm tips of his

fingers over the sensitive flesh and damn him, my nipples turn into hard beads on contact. Damn him.

I'm not sure if he is consciously doing it or not, but he begins stroking lazy circles with the pad of his thumb and I'm honestly debating asking him to use both hands. It feels so good.

I'm torn between staying right where I'm and pulling away as a sane, rational-thinking woman should.

Looking back at him, I swallow when he grins and I swear I hear a low, possessive growl.

In his arms, I can't help but feel protected and that's when it hits me. Every man, or rather college boy trying to be a man, I've ever been remotely interested in dating was just that—a boy. These men are not boys. Arrogant, alpha to the core and so fucking frustrating I constantly want to slap them and then kiss them.

But the truth is the weight on my shoulders having them around me doesn't feel so unbearable all of a sudden.

With the threats still hanging over my head I've been on edge. It would be a lie if I said I didn't feel safer with them here. These men are every bit the beasts they seem. I know for a fact if anyone were to try and hurt me, they would have a few places readily available to hide the body. What does it say about me that I take comfort in that fact?

All three have neatly combed and parted their dark hair along the side. They look so perfect, good, and clean. Until you pause long enough to look them in the eye.

They have a dark side they've never shown me and it reflects in the sharpness of their gazes. The regal poise of their shoulders. They are of money, and have the finest of educations, but the darkness in their eyes and the calluses on their hands tell me they've gotten dirty to build their kingdom. Very dirty.

As much as I would love to stay where I am, I manage a couple of side steps and dislodge myself from between them. "If you gentlemen will excuse me, I must tend to my other guests. Do what you must, but it will be without me."

I feel more than see their predatory gazes watch my every move. I don't dare meet their eyes for fear of giving in and falling into their arms. Which would end up with me doing whatever the hell they want.

But I don't get more than a few inches from either man.

Tomas tips my chin up. "Cute."

I didn't think I was being cute in the least.

"I guess we should tell her."

I turn abruptly to stare into the eyes of Maksym. Dark hair encases a face pulled into a reserved expression. Tomas swears something in Russian and those kissable lips of his turn to flat lines. All three exchange hard looks overtop my head. Like what they are about to say both excites them and scares them in the same breath.

"Tell me what?" Now I'm getting scared.

Silence.

Stefan gathers my hands and draws them to his lips. He kisses the back of my knuckles one at a time and when he gets to the final one his black eyes lift to meet mine. In that second my world shifts. My feet are no longer on solid ground. I finally know why, too.

Stefan's words flutter overtop my hands. His hold on me is solid as steel.

"We've purchased your life. You belong to us until we say otherwise."

Was that a proposal? I'm not sure what the hell to say. So, I don't. I turn on my heel and run as fast as my four-inch stilettos can carry me.

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# Stefan

## an hour before the gala



**W**e were desperate for a way to tie her to us. And she didn't make it easy. The weeks we spent apart felt like decades. At the two-week marker, I was ready to commit murder. Kill every fucker I could find who had a bone to pick with the Cambridge family.

The way I calculated it I had a pretty good shot at eliminating the bastard who's been harassing India. Something she held back from us during our times together. But who can blame her? We didn't exactly let her know how serious we felt about her. Through her eyes, every time we left on business, we could have been doing anything under the sun. For all intents and purposes what we shared looked like hook-up sex and nothing more.

Misconceptions we will be rectifying before the night is over.

We spent the last few weeks killing ourselves trying to find a way to bring her back. And came up empty-handed every fucking time. Until a piece of information crossed our ears.

And then we knew we had her.

"Please, gentleman. Take a seat."

Maksym and Tomas take Cambridge's hand before I reach out. When my hand slides into his, our eyes lock and I let him know he won't like what is about to transpire between us.

Maksym and Tomas take the leather chairs in front of the aging man's large desk. We're in the downstairs library a few paces from the front door. The walls are lined with countless priceless works of literature and a large fireplace to the right of the desk. Pictures line the mantel and several feature India standing with her parents in most and in others she's with a man only a couple of years older than herself. They have similar smiles and the same shade of blue eyes.

Her brother. Part of me hates what we are about to do. The man has lost more than any parent deserves. But one evil to prevent a more devastating one is sometimes necessary.

"We have information you should know about," Maksym starts. He stands and shoves his hands into his pockets. He never could sit still for too long.

Tomas picks up where our friend leaves off. "Information we believe you'll be willing to pay for."

Years of experience crinkle the older man's face and dull the blue of his eyes, but I can tell he's following the direction we're leading him.

"I know who you are. I don't do business with murdering criminals. And extortion is a little beneath you, don't you think?"

"You can keep mouthing off and lose your only remaining child. Or shut up and listen. It's that simple." I hold his eyes and let him understand the seriousness of our words.

"I think you should leave." He's scared which is understandable. Our reputation is as fucked up as one can get. No sane person would ever entertain what we are about to demand from him, yet here we are. It's just the way this messed-up world works.

"Let's start again. We've already neutralized two threats to your daughter. Their names came across our desks mixed with death threats aimed at India. Because we know you are an honorable man we went ahead and took care of your problem." I pause and let what I'm saying sink in. "She's amassed

several people who are not too happy about her coding work. I'm sure you're aware."

"I had no idea there was more than one."

"Someone hired out help. We took care of the help, but there is still someone in the wings. We don't know who. Yet. You'll know after we do. Unless you would like to share something."

He shakes his head. "I've had my teams on it for weeks now. They've found nothing so far."

His face flusters with anger and fear.

"I've told her to leave it be. Her brother was smart to drop it. He got sick after that and I thought it would die along with him and then she picked it up. She never leaves anything incomplete. A trait she gets from her mother. India believes this code will be the next level of security that will put billions in everyone's pockets and lock down everyone's privacy the way it should be."

"It will. And that is why you'd be surprised by who is willing to kill if she locks out people who make money off others' information. You and your team can protect her only so far."

"And what do you want in return for your favor?"

Staking such a public claim to someone as I am about to do for my brothers and myself is a whole new territory. Blood roars in my ears. Before anyone can see my hands shaking, I shove them into my pockets.

"Your daughter." The words are heavy and thick in my mouth. When they fall, they detonate much like the bombs I intended them to be.

His face explodes in rage.

"What did you say?" His refined manners prevent him from cursing me.

"We are only here out of courtesy and respect for your daughter. After tonight, she will be coming with us. And you will help ease the idea to her. You can tell her it's for her protection if it makes you feel better. But we killed for her, so she belongs to us now. Call it extortion, kidnapping. I don't give a fuck. But she leaves here tonight with us."

India's father raps a knuckle on the hard oak of his desk. "No. I refuse."

I chuckle darkly. I'm not about to stand aside and let this man get India killed. His ego is nowhere near the size of mine and it takes balls the bigger than this city to scare the filth threatening her into submission. Only under our care and protection can she be safe. A *no* from this man will not do.

"We are not negotiating, Mr. Cambridge." In my world my word is never questioned. The last person who did will never utter another syllable. But the nervous father in front of me looks like he wants to fight my every word. I respect the hell out of that.

"You cannot have my only child. I refuse to give her up." A pain I will never fathom until I hold my own flesh and blood in my arms crosses his expression.

"You gave her up the second you failed to protect her."

My jaw tenses and beside me Tomas sighs heavily. Usually, he's the one doing the talking and I stay quiet, but neither of us trusted Tomas to keep his anger in check tonight. He's still raging about her father not doing something more to protect India in the first place. The way he grips the arms of the chair tells me he's barely in check now.

"You think she'll just willingly go with you?"

I shake my head, but it's Tomas who speaks. "There's no getting out of what you owe us. You can either tell her or we will. We're not above taking what we want. Don't push us."

Tomas presses down on the plush leather to stand and India's father follows suit. Tension hangs over the room. Only the crackling of a small fire in the hearth breaks the silence.

"Their names, damn it? I want proof. How do I know what you are saying is even real?"

He knows as well as I do that what we are saying is true, but I humor him.

I take my phone out and flip it around. With a couple of swipes, he's shown the proof he needs. I put my phone back into my pocket. "We know this is

only the start. There will be more and your team of by-the-book rent-a-bodyguards will never match our ruthlessness. Tell me I'm wrong."

Silence.

"I didn't think so."

"You cannot play with the life of my daughter. I won't allow it. She's my flesh and blood. A Cambridge protects their own. I don't need you. Why do you even care?"

India's father follows us across the library. "Maksym. Care to answer the man?"

"Because we love her. And no one will stop us from protecting the woman we love."

"Not even you," Tomas adds.

With that, we take our leave. I step out of the library door and within seconds all three of us spot India on the staircase dressed like a queen. *Our* queen.

All we need to do now is convenience her we are her only hope for survival as she is ours.

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# India

## Present



“Oh, good darling, there you are.”

The second I bound around the edge of the privacy screen I run nose-first into my father.

My nerves take a shock of electricity. I cast about for a way around him but all the freaking guests seem to have huddled nearby. There has to be at least thirty in every direction I look and with no way out I’m left with no choice but to create a scene or take what’s coming next.

I play off my would-be exit and give my father a quick peck on the cheek, falling into daughter mode with a snap of a finger. “Good evening, Father. Is there something the matter? You look flustered.”

His eyes fall to a spot over my shoulder and I know it’s to find Tomas, Stefan, and Maksym.

Busted. Thank God layers of makeup hide my red face.

I take a quick look over my shoulder. They’ve straightened their bow ties and from this viewpoint and soft lighting, one could never tell they were a razor’s edge away from making me come for them only a moment ago.

Their intoxicating scents rattle my brain as I try to come up with a reasonable answer for the questions I know are coming my way from what my father is witnessing. I groan inwardly. My mind whirls with one explanation after another.

My father, a robust man topping his late fifties with a silver cap of hair and square glasses like my own chuckles, surprising me. He shoves his hands into his pants pockets sheepishly. “I see you’ve found our special guests of the evening.” Despite his smile, his tone is flatter than a sheet of paper.

“I have.” Why lie, right? Pretty sure my warm skin gives away some of what I’ve been doing.

He considers me for a moment. My plump lips, my mused hair, and possibly smeared lipstick if it didn’t hold up to product expectations. Instead of seeing judgment in his eyes, there is a weird sense of calm I see shift across his expression.

“I see.” The wrinkles in his face deepen a fraction with his slight smile.

Please, God, I hope not. “You see what?”

My father wraps his arms around me and pulls me in for a tight hug. “You need to go with these gentlemen. There are more threats than you are aware of and as long as you are determined to work on that blasted code, you require what they offer. And something my teams cannot provide.”

I cough out a choked, “I need to do what now?”

“Follow orders for once, girl, for God’s sake.”

My father raises his voice a fraction so we can hear him over the small orchestra that has started playing for tonight’s gala.

I shake my head emphatically. Tomas is beside me. My eyes draw to his. Dark. Intense. Just like the man. Hair has slipped to fall over his forehead making his hard edges a little softer.

“We will work the room a couple of times. Let anyone here tonight know she is under our protection and then we will take our leave. Here is our direct number. We will pick up any time of day.”

I look on as Tomas passes my father a black card with a single line of white numbers across the middle.

I jerk it out of his hand and rip it to pieces. “That won’t be needed. I’m not going anywhere with you.” My voice rises in pitch.

All three surround me and my lady parts are all over the idea of their body heat mingling with mine. Well, my vagina can just shut up and be happy with what I give her in the privacy of my bedroom.

And now I’m talking about my vagina in third person.

*God, someone slap me already.*

It’s Stefan who slinks an arm around my waist and locks me to his side. I press a finger to the point between my brows and rub.

“Father, this is entirely not necessary and what will people think with three men trailing after me. I have work to do.” I keep my voice low, trying to not make a scene.

My father guffaws. “My dear, you work for me. Everyone already talks about us. It comes with the territory. It’s only your mother who worries about the gossip. And apparently you.”

I inhale sharply. “With good reason. I refuse to see—”

“—I won’t hear it,” he cuts me off. “This *is* happening and you will do as you are instructed. This is not up for debate. My baby girl’s life means more to me than what a bunch of gossiping politicians and asshole stockholders have to say when you have your back turned.”

I open my mouth to object again but shut it just as quickly when my father holds a hand up.

“Since you won’t listen to reason and ditch this notion of finishing your brother’s code and challenging everyone at every step just to finish it, you’ve left me with no choice but to accept the help of these gentlemen.”

To my complete shock, my father looks saddened a moment before he abruptly turns to leave. He had more to say, but the firm line to his lips stops me from asking. I reach for him, but Maksym’s hand clasps mine.



“I haven’t seen that look in his eye since they buried my brother.” I look between the three of them. “What have you done?”

“What we had to do to keep them from burning their daughter.” Their expressions morph to reveal the savage beasts beneath the civil masks they slip behind for the public’s sake. And mine, I wager.

I don’t think my father realizes his grave mistake. These men aren’t bodyguards. They are wolves.

As soon as my father’s back is turned the hulking wall of muscle snaps back into place and all three look down at me with a fierce look of hunger in their eyes.

Wolfish grins flash on their faces.

“And we did what we had to do to place our queen by our sides.”

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# Maksym



I lean closer and drag in a lungful of sweetly-scented air. She smells like innocence and my mouth waters. Sweet and tempting like a sugary treat to a starving man. And I'm ravenous.

Every tempting curve on her body is highlighted by the red number she has on tonight. I'm half tempted to put my tuxedo jacket over her shoulders and whisk her away from prying eyes, but this much tender beauty should be appreciated.

When she descended the stairs I saw the jackals eyeing her. Fucking animals can admire from afar. Get close and I'll have no problem doing my job.

She's sneaking glances our way as we leave behind the private divider and insert ourselves into the crowd. I can't bring myself to step out of her personal space or withdraw my hand from her back despite the leering looks and upturned noses from New York's wealthiest.

In public, they condone the work me and my brothers do, but in the shadows, when they need shady shit done to ensure their riches, not a single one of them has a problem coming to us. The hypocrisy these people show is as rich as our bank accounts.

I turn my focus to India. She glides beside me in her heels looking regal. My

fingers linger over the dip of her back and she doesn't look disturbed by my touch which is a relief.

Missing her nearness drove me to lose a lot of sleep when we were apart. I memorized her parting text and every time I close my eyes those cutting words flash behind my eyelids: *This won't work. Thanks for the memories. - Love India.*

Now I know how all my old flames felt when I never returned their calls. Karma paid me back in spades for damn sure.

I swirl the tip of my thumb beneath a strip crossing her back and she shudders, giving a soft almost inaudible gasp. The connection we have right now formed the second my fingers came in contact with her heated skin and she doesn't seem in a hurry to break away from my touch or me.

Nosy guests try to peer around us for fodder to put into their gossip rounds, no doubt and I angle my large shoulders and thick mass to block India from the milling crowd wandering about the newcomers.

Five days ago, two men popped up in our territory claiming to have a contract out on someone within our borders. Normally we grant permission for other families to work within our city for a fee, but the second India's name passed their lips the meeting took a hard left to a dead-end alley.

For them. When they refused to give over the name of the person who hired them, we dropped them on the spot and decided on a new approach. If we couldn't find out who was behind the contract, we could at least pull her close and keep her safe that way.

Stefan and Tomas entertain the idea of a family every once in a while, but I never saw it happening. We have blood on our hands. How can men like us ever deserve someone as pure as India? We were okay with living day-to-day and we all accepted that we would never have a family that could be used against us. We gave in to a life filled with a string of one-night stands.

Not the most romantic, I admit, but it's the truth.

Until that one night at Sapphire.

I focus on the steady heat of her body. The voice in my head warns me I

shouldn't let her get too deep beneath my skin, but it's too late. She's it for me. The one. Every breath I take after this second belongs to her. India's sweetness and tender soul give us one chance at redemption. As long as we can protect her. I'll give my life to make sure that happens as I know my brothers will too.

My attention slides to the feel of her body against mine. The way she moves gracefully with every step I take. She is vastly unaware of her sensual allure, making her all the more beautiful. Who am I kidding? She is walking fucking sin in red silk and my cock hasn't stopped throbbing since spotting her at the top of those stairs like a fairy tale come true. I slide my arm around her and lean in. "You are gorgeous, *moya lyubov*'."

And curvy in all the right places, and smart. Make that Ivy League brilliant.

Brains and beauty are a wonderful combination I have a hard time ignoring and I know for a fact my brothers feel the same.

"And you think a few sweet compliments will make everything better?" There's a bite in her tone, despite the cool smile on her face for the guests. She nods and waves to a few people as we make our way toward the dance floor.

I enjoy watching her cross her arms over her chest. It makes the large globes press high and the view is striking. "So what now? Do I walk and you three shadow me? Or should I walk between you? How exactly does this kidnapping thing work?"

Smartass.

I try not to look happy this evening will end with her in our bed and her taking a pounding that will drive out all confusion about where she belongs once and for all.

She physically looks uncomfortable around so many people and a deep part of me wants to find a way to fix it for her for the time we have to be here. Her vivid blue eyes lock on mine.

"If you're supposed to protect me twenty-four hours a day does that mean you'll be sharing everything with me? House, bed, shower? Yours or mine? Well, since you've swooped in here and demanded I go with you. I guess that

means yours. I didn't know the Bratva took on being personal bodyguards. Is it because we've fucked in the past? Do you feel some kind of obligation? Will you trail me to work, cook me breakfast? Will it be all three of you at a time, or just one? Ugh. My life just became triple complicated. I think I need a drink."

We are not about to tell her the shit we laid at her father's feet to get him to agree with our demands so I don't bother correcting any of her assumptions.

She pauses long enough to drag in a lung full of air and I'm afraid she's gearing up for round two. Stefan's hand slides down his face and he throws me a sideways look, probably fearing the same.

The thing is, my dick gets harder the longer she talks, and the way her face colors the slightest of pinks when she mentions taking all of us in the shower damn near knocks me over.

She undermines her bravado and sassy talk with the shaky hand she uses to reach up and straighten the slipping bodice that makes her look like a fucking fantasy come true for any man with eyeballs in their head. Her other hand is busy pressing into her stomach and a feeling of protectiveness comes over me so strongly I take a moment to measure how deeply this woman has changed the workings of my thoughts and soul.

Our queen is a talker when she's nervous, mad, or a combination of both like now.

I keep the smile that wants to come out in check so as not to make her feel bad and take her hand in mine as Tomas reaches for her other while Stefan scans the room for any threats.

Together, Tomas and I draw her in until our noses nearly touch.

"All the above. We like how you think."

"Which part exactly though? One at a time, all three? Do I get a say in any of this? Or do the alphas get all the control?" She huffs and the lips I'm dying to taste turn up with a sardonic smile.

She fails to see just how much control she truly holds over us. One order from her and we'd slit our own throats. Jump from the highest building. Give

our lives for hers. She's come to mean more than the world or our own well-being ever will to us.

We're both tracing small circles on the back of her hands with our thumbs.

"You're safe with us and we wouldn't dream of forcing you to do anything you don't like. Unless you beg us sweetly."

I pick up where Tomas stops. "And you're almost right on all accounts."

I could elaborate on what he means, but opt to leave it at that. The curious little pinch of her brows is cute and I like to see her riled up a little.

"You're good at dodging straightforward questions, I'll give you all that. So, how about this for being straightforward. Forget what my father said. I have had enough *fun* for one evening and I have work to do." She tries to pull her hands from ours.

Fear and uncertainty have her retreating from us. I've seen this kind of reaction to sudden changes a million times. No one likes their choices being taken from them even if it is for their own good.

I feel myself smile. "Oh no you don't," we say in unison, our grip tightening on her hands.

In the few times we spent sharing small talk, India revealed the shell she climbed into after her brother's death. If we let her run and hide in her protective zone, she may never let us get close to her again.

That shit breaks my fucking heart and maybe it's why Tomas, Stefan, and I feel so damn protective of her. It is as though her pain from loneliness speaks to ours. I don't fucking know. All I *do* know is I can't bear another second without her in my life.

I swing her into my arms and smile down at her upturned face. Luckily for all three of us, I recall what she loves most in this world after coding and her brother.

"I have a better idea. Before you try to run off, dance with us, *krasotka*."

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# Tomas



“I can’t quite dance with all of you at the same time.”

Maksym begins to sway them both to find the rhythm. The sides of her dress flash a hint of skin teasing my cock with all that deliciousness. I purposefully try to make myself appear smaller. I turn to the side and lean down a little so she doesn’t feel so crowded.

I’ve never felt so lost over someone as I do the beauty in front of me. I know Maksym and Stefan feel the draw, the connection. The pain in her eyes calls to us or some shit like that. Hell, I’m not some romancing Casanova. I just know what I want and I go for it.

Where the hell does poetry come into play in that?

Knowing what I want, which was remaining among the living and doing what it took to stay that way, kept me breathing long after an enemy’s bullet should have ended my reign a long time ago.

Before her, I thought I knew what I wanted out of life.

The second her pink-tipped fingers touched mine, my soul nearly fused with hers right then and there on some primal level. Maybe it did because for the life of me I can’t seem to break away from her.

I lower my voice and lean forward. “Who says you can’t dance with three men? I think we’ve shared enough for you to know we work well as a team.”

Pink creeps into her creamy cheeks and I bite back a smile worthy of the devil himself.

Glittery, mischievous eyes lock with mine. She wants to play, but something is holding her back from me. From us.

For the love of all things unexplainable in this world, I have no words for the way a simple touch from her makes me want to rip the world apart and kill every last fucking monster in it to ensure her safety.

I can’t wait to have my aching cock fill her tight pussy. See her face light up with the delight we give her and her tiny, curvy body writhe between us in our bed.

It will be the fucking end of me. I know it.

What the hell has gotten into me? Fawning over a woman has never been my style. Or ours for that matter. Sharing women isn’t something new to us, but India is different. Sharing her comes with a new meaning and change to our lives we are all ready for.

Maksym gives me a quick, hard look over the top of her head and that’s my cue.

I link my fingers with hers and lead us to the middle of the dance floor just in time to catch a waltz that gives me the liberty to pull her flush against my hard body with no questions asked by the gawkers.

With every bit of self-control, I have in my body I keep from throwing her over my shoulder, and signal to my brothers to find the nearest exit.

Her body trembles in my hold and I’m pissed she doesn’t feel comfortable in her own home. How much does she know of the threats on her life that have kept her old man awake at night as she works away on that code of hers? Not nearly as much as we do, I wager.

And what is it about the damn thing that is worth all the trouble?

“Are you ready?” I ask, fusing my tone with the love I feel for her.



Lips between her teeth, she raises her face up to mine. I splay my hand on her bare back until my palm is flat against her skin.

Her eyes go wide and her body stiffens against me. “Tomas, I’m scared.”

Christ. Her fear shines so brightly in her soft blue eyes I’m instantly possessed with the urge to slay every dragon. Primal instinct to protect her at all costs roars through my veins. I grapple with the knowledge we forcibly need to stay long enough for the journalists present to snap pictures for their columns. And for the guests to take notice. Everyone will know India falls under our protection now and forever after tonight. We are no longer her filthy secret she can shove into a closet.

I have the sudden urge to kiss her and do so to the sound of a few gasps and whispers. She is hesitant at first and I have to remember she’s been placed in a position this evening she didn’t ask for. So I let her take the lead on where this goes from here which goes against my default programming. Her tongue swipes across my lip and I tease her back to the sweet sound of a tiny moan. When I break away her eyes immediately sweep away from mine to flit over the crowd before coming back.

“Tomas, what are we doing?”

Fair enough question, but it’s easier to focus on one worry at a time. “India, look at me.” She does and the power of her gaze rocks my fucking world. “You never have to fear anyone or anything when you are with my brothers or with me. I need you to repeat that for me.”

“I like the way your voice grows husky with your accent when you think it’s just you and me.”

A curious thing to say. “What do you mean?”

I begin to sway us to the draw of the violins and she follows my movements.

Her eyebrows arch upward. “You have no idea, do you? Your voice takes on this sultry tone. Unconsciously or not. And your accent thickens. The way you curl your Rs. It’s sexy.” She shrugs slightly as if shy about her observations.

Her body relaxes in my hold and I take that as my cue. “Dance with me.”

I expertly lead us through the other dancers who slowly join us on the dance floor.

The crowd fades to the sides as I lead India around the floor in fluid combinations of soft turns and dips. All eyes are on us and I can feel her tiny body tense up in my arms again.

I let my attention hone in on her while my brothers guard our backs.

“Eyes on me,” I soothe. “Pay them no mind. You’re with me and that’s all that matters right now. The men are jealous of me for having such a treasure.”

She raises her chin. “And the women? What about them?”

I love how the little tease to her tone makes my cock throb with need. She sticks out her tongue to wet her plump bottom lip and the small movement draws my eyes. Her lips are shaded with a deep red that matches her dress perfectly. It must be top of the line because, despite the kissing, the color has not smeared nor transferred.

She smiles, luring me deeper under her hypnotic spell.

Slowly she relaxes in my arms and I can feel her hips sway against my hardening cock.

I try to shove that line of thinking out of my mind with the last bits of reasoning I have, but it’s nearly impossible when her naked thigh is brushing against me.

I know the second she feels my reaction to her body from her tiny gasp. I am not imagining the way she moves a little closer and shimmies her hips with a little more swagger. I bet my life no one has seen a hot waltz like the show we are putting on.

“I had no idea you could waltz.”

“Why? Because I am a criminal?”

She cranks an eyebrow up and extends a leg through the slit of her dress when I dip her back. We fall into step in the next second and she picks up our conversation as if there was no pause.

“Nice try, Tomas. But no. I don’t judge you on your choice of business practices or even roots but on your size. Let’s just say you have a gracefulness about you that is not evident at every moment.”

The straps crossing her back easily move aside when I slip my hand beneath and let her feel the possessiveness of my touch. “You mean outside of bed, of course.”

She laughs softly. A sound I’ve wanted to hear all night. “Naturally.”

To pull us back on topic and away from my dick for a moment, I lean in and place my lips on the shell of her ear and whisper, “All these women wish they could be you. It’s in their eyes.” I cast my gaze over the onlookers.

“Arrogant much.”

“It’s true. They’d love to have a man look at them the way I am right now with you.”

Her step falters a fraction and I cover it up with a dip that makes her breasts tease the restraint of her tight bodice.

Her breath comes out sharp. I guess she isn’t expecting me to be so straightforward.

Heat sparks in her eyes as we fall back into a seamless movement to the sound of the melody. “I appreciate your candor. I guess.”

“I find it cuts through all the hemming and hawing and gets to the truth of everything quicker. I hate wasting time.”

The flash of thigh and the obvious missing telltale sign of a panty line does not escape my attention as I dip her and the red material parts a fraction.

Holding her in the dip, her exposed thigh wraps around my extended leg, I lean in and say just for her, “Did you wear this dress hoping to catch the eye of someone tonight? Because I have to say, there’s not a limp dick in here. You can have your pick of men.”

“And yet, I am dancing with you.”

If I saw heat in her eyes before, I witnessed fucking hell’s flames licking in

her gaze now.

I have to give her credit. I never anticipated that answer. For a moment a raging possessiveness makes me falter and for the first time in my life, I miss a step. After a couple of beats, I pick us back up while my beauty wears a smartass smirk on her lips like she won this round.

I'm content in letting her have this small victory just to see her face light up.

“Want to know what my best friend thinks of this dress and what I should be doing?”

“That depends. Who is your friend and what does he tell you? I'll reserve the right to my thoughts after I hear your answer.”

We sway, dip and continue for another turn around the dance floor as she considers her next words.

There's that damn smirk again. And this time I have a driving need to kiss it off her face.

Her shoulders pop into a stubborn line. “There's a lot of assumption in that statement and not that you have any business looking as furious as you do, Tomas.”

Her eyes brighten and she can't control the laughter that breaks out. The little minx enjoys torturing me.

A confident yet snarky mask slips over her expression. “*She* agrees with you on the limp dick comment. And she told me there wouldn't be a dry pussy in the room either. I should have a little fun. She thinks I've been pining over you three for too long.”

I inhale sharply and pause in the middle of the dance floor. Pure belly-deep laughter throws my head back and I enjoy every second. Something I haven't done in a long damn time.

I tap her on the end of the nose. “You did that on purpose. I'll remember that for when we are alone tonight and don't have any eyes on us.”

“There you go assuming again. Just because I agreed to dance doesn't mean anything else is on the table. My father does not make the rules for me.”

She shimmies her hips into my already impossibly-hard dick.

“I’m going to love proving you wrong. You do as we say until we are sure the risk to your life has been dealt with. Nonnegotiable. And then we’ll go from there,” I say, looking into her darkening eyes. I try to ignore the emotionless smile that replaces all traces of humor.

I can tell what I have to say rides her irritation levels, but I find no reason nor need in pussyfooting around the truth.

“Trust, me. *Us*, India. We would never do anything to harm you. Quite the contrary. We would give our lives to protect yours.”

“You say that, but you walked in here and practically took me hostage. You’re only here because you want to own my father. It’s just who you are.” Even she doesn’t believe what she is uttering. There’s no heat to her words and without it, she gives away her hand.

We sway to the beat the orchestra set and I ignore everyone around us no doubt staring. I pull her chin up until she’s looking me dead in the eyes. “You don’t believe that any more than I believe you’re doing this code and software for fame and fortune.”

She works her mouth a couple of times and her lashes brush her cheeks before she raises her gaze back up to mine once more.

“How, Tomas? Why? I’m so confused. You don’t even know me. Not really. But—”

“But what, India? What’s going through that brilliant mind of yours?”

It looks like she wants to cry from the pure frustration of it all, but she fights them back and wins and I have a new, deeper respect for her.

That’s our girl. Strong and a fighter.

Silently, she meets my gaze.

She places her hand over mine as I move to cup her cheek. “Why do I feel this draw to you? To all three of you? It’s not natural. It can’t be real. None of it makes any sense?”

Our lives were not built for connections and love. Quite the contrary. But deep down on a soul level I now know she feels the same thing we do. Hopefully, she's as curious as we are and we can convince her to explore it with us.

“All I can ask from you is to trust us and trust yourself.”

She nods in agreement. “I can do that. For some fucking crazy reason, I know I can. Trust you. All three of you. I'll just lean on that for now.”

Her fingers tighten around my hand and the other on my shoulder as I guide us across the floor. Her dress flows with the movements and there goes that slit of her dress again.

“I wanted to be a dancer before—”

She drops her words off and I focus on our moves, letting her regain her composure, pulling her closer. The sad look on her face makes my fucking heart crack down the middle.

“Before my brother died,” she finishes so quietly that I have to strain my hearing over the music. “I had dreams and aspirations for more than just coding.”

“God, you're killing me, *dorogaya moyu*. Please don't be sad.” I rub the tip of my nose against hers before I can think better of it and pull her into a deep dip that has her eyes pinned on me.

“You're killing me and I'm ready to slay the fucking dragons that have put that look in your eyes.”

“Nice thought. But I don't think there's much you can do unless you can turn back time.”

I shouldn't say the next word on the tip of my tongue but the pain in her eyes forces my lips to move. “I'll find a way to heal your heart, damn it. I promise. You're too precious to have that pained look in your eyes.”

I scoop her up and spin her into Stefan's waiting arms, meaning every last syllable of my promise.

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# India



**M**y nipples peak and I slam my eyes shut as Stefan carries us across the floor. Tomas' husked words play my body like a finely tuned instrument. I can do nothing more than follow Stefan for several turns around the ballroom.

I hit a mental rewind on our conversation as one waltz melds into another.

He *promises*? What the hell does that mean?

I relax into Stefan's warm arms as he holds me protectively. By the side, I see Maksym and Tomas tracking us.

Stefan is just as smooth on the dance floor as Tomas and as we glide across the polished marble, he makes me feel light as a feather.

All the swirls of combined perfumes and musky colognes from the other men finally dissipate and when I inhale, Stefan's masculine scent fills my senses.

I shake my head but it does no good.

It's all it takes to pull my mind off of Tomas' words and onto the man who I no longer see as a hulking beast.

"Do you always dance like this with the women you take?"

His lip quirks up. “Like what?”

He might not have much to say, but his fingers do a lot of the talking for him. He traces the dip of my back and my breath lingers in my throat for a long moment.

I lean into his arms until my chest presses against his. “Like you’re making love to them,” I purr.

Just like Tomas, Stefan glides us to a swaying halt and I swallow a moan when his fingers press into my skin with heat and purpose.

What was it about these men drawing attention to us? I flash a sheepish smile to a passing couple I recognize as the governor and his wife. My mother will be receiving a call by tomorrow at the latest. Those two had lunch twice a month and by the extra-long looks aimed my way, there will be no end to the questions they will lay on my mother.

“I can’t remember the last time I danced with a lady.” He pauses. “I saw the look in your eyes when you were dancing with Tomas. I didn’t have to hear the words to understand the emotions behind your eyes. You feel what we feel. Do you deny it?”

Wow. Hard right turn there.

“I can’t explain it, Stefan,” I say quietly as though anything said above a whisper will break whatever spell that has fallen over the four of us.

“You don’t need to. Something draws us to you, India. Give us one night. Then I’ll rip you from the men’s clutches and return you to your home personally if you want to leave. They will fight to keep you and make no mistake, so will I. But I will see to it your desires are met first.”

His hand finds the place where Tomas had placed his, and the second the roughness of his fingertips finds my heated skin I whimper.

Does that make me weak? Probably.

“One night?”

My mind goes blank as his dark eyes watch every inch of my expression.



We've all but forgotten about our dance as we sway in place on the outskirts of the dance floor. I can sense Tomas and Maksym hanging back, giving us a moment alone.

Stefan brushes long brunette locks of hair over my shoulder and leans in until my nipples brush against his chest. The slightest touch causes them to pebble and I suck in a shocked gasp.

"Before you answer, you should know tonight you will learn the difference between men simply pleasuring a woman and men pleasuring the woman they love. I don't plan on playing nice. I'll use every dirty trick to make you never want to leave us."

Stefan's dark eyes gleam with sexual knowledge I desperately want to experience, but my mind and heart cling to his last words.

"Love?" *Love?* Could it be true?

"There's no power in lying about how we feel."

What is happening to me? Maybe I shouldn't fight what I feel. We're all adults and like Stefan put it, why should I refuse to acknowledge the truth and lie to myself? But love? Could the gnawing feeling of dread and anxiety eating at my insides have been because I fell in love with them?

A flash of a shiver rushes me.

"Tell me how to take your silence. Should we step back, walk away, or are you curious as to why your heart races when we are near? Or why your body responds to our touches? Are you curious why the pain of our separation is fading now that we are together? I know why. The question is, are you still wanting us to be a filthy secret or are you ready for what comes next?"

There is not a part of me that believe any of them would walk away so easily.

Maksym and Tomas are making their way to us.

Smug and arrogant. All his questions lead back to one thing. Me admitting to myself I have more than just lust for these men. But what does that mean for my future with my father's company? How do I move forward without ruining my future? Is love worth it?

If I said no and walked away, would I be able to pick up the pieces of my shattered life without them? I thought I could walk away once, but I know why I haven't finished my code. It's because every second of every day I was thinking of them. Should I text them and beg them to take me back? Or did their nonreply to my ghosting mean they were done too? It all stung and weighed so heavily on my heart that I couldn't focus.

And then tonight they appeared. And my soul felt complete. How silly. I am in love with freaking mobsters.

“Speak to me, India.”

“May I cut in and steal a dance with the lady?”

I stiffen at the intrusion of a familiar voice.

The sudden interruption has me turning. “Mr. Thacker?”

I'm content where I am at and don't make a move to comply with the request. I could be dancing with the devil and still not want to move.

“Is this man bothering you, my love?”

My stomach churns at Thacker's pet name. It makes cold chills skitter along my spine. I was wondering when the slimy billionaire would get enough steel in his balls to approach. I noticed him walking on the fringes of the dance floor a few moments before, only I made the mistake of not preparing myself for the inevitable.

*They* did that to me.

I couldn't afford the distractions and that is exactly what is happening here. I'm letting my heart win when I need to focus. I have a promise to keep.

Thacker places a heavy hand on my shoulder and I flinch. I'm sure he didn't mean to be so brutish but the chunky emerald ring on his finger digs into my bare flesh.

I'm not a confrontational kind of person, but it doesn't seem Stefan has a problem throwing his massive weight around.

“The lady is dancing with me.” He reaches around and grips Thacker's

fingers, crushing the bones against that gaudy ring of his. I take just a little pleasure in seeing the wince of pain shoot across his contrite expression.

“You should ask before touching,” Stefan warns.

Thacker jerks his hand free, shaking his fingers. “I’m not talking to you, piece of trash. Move out of my way. You’re nothing here. Why don’t you crawl back to your shadows and stick to the filthy streets where you belong? Otherwise, I’ll ruin you all. All I have to do is snap my fingers. Now step away from my woman.”

My brows rise. “Your woman? Thacker, what has gotten into you?”

And just like that my stealthy panther transforms into the hulking beast I first met.

Stefan pulls me behind him and in the next second, I feel Maksym and Tomas come up behind me. The three of them sandwich me between them and I know one more word from Thacker and it might be his last.

In front of me, Stefan’s shoulders rise and fall with his heavy breathing.

“You don’t want this. Take a breather, my friend. Walk away while you can. No harm done.”

Tomas speaks up from behind me and Maksym places a protective hand on the dip of my waist. “Believe me when I say nothing will make me feel better than to polish the scuff marks off the marble with your pussy face. Don’t push us.”

The men’s warning turns lethal and despite trying, Thacker can’t work his level of intimidation to match my three.

“Another time perhaps.” Thacker turns his attention to me. “I’ll be seeing you, India. We have business to discuss. Alone. Until then.” He fixes me with a dark look that has my skin crawling.

Stefan moves behind me and places a gentle hand on my back. The gesture is soothing, but I can’t take my eyes off the scene in front of me.

When Thacker melts into the crowd and everyone returns to their drinks and low whispering, all eyes on us, I take several steps backward. Thacker needed

someone to stand up to him and it did my soul good to hear and see it for myself.

I inject levity into my words I don't feel in the slightest. "I need some air. All the alpha posturing is clogging the throat." I turn to head down a hidden exit that leads to the back of the house and the farthest from the guests.

Maksym gives me a quick nod of understanding. "Sounds good to us."

Their proximity is more potent by the minute and I'm having a hard time remembering why I thought falling into their arms and bed was a bad idea.

All three follow me from the ballroom and I duck into a small study on the opposite side of the house from the downstairs library. It's also the side of the house closest to the street.

"Is there a back way out of here?" Tomas asks.

"Follow me." I take them through a hidden door made to appear as part of the wall. It swings open and when we are all through, soft dome lights flicker on. "This leads to the underground parking garage and where the valet no doubt has your car. It's how my father sneaks out for a round of golf or two when my mother wants to go antique shopping."

Stefan wraps his arm around my waist and I fall in step beside him. "Remember how I said we would get you alone sooner rather than later?"

"I remember the words 'one more night' were used." I find Maksym's gaze over my shoulder as I speak. His tender smile defies his hard edges and shadowed expression.

"Yes," they say in unison.

"And what is your answer?" Maksym asks in a hushed tone. He strokes a finger down my cheek.

Is it too woo-woo to believe some outside force has brought us together? Math and science are my languages so I'm completely out of my depth.

That doesn't stop me from feeling though. I have a good handle on how well they can play my body with a caress of a finger here and a look there. I absorb their presence and let their words from our shared dance replay in my

mind. The emotions they stir in me and the need to feel each and every one of them under their touch.

We hurry down the back stairs and make our way through the seas of black Caddies and SUVs when we come to an abrupt stop beside a polished limo.

Stefan holds the door and I pause.

“Yes. My answer is yes,” I state confidently. And to be honest, it surprises the hell out of me.

Before I can question my actions, I follow Maksym and Tomas inside and Stefan quickly slides in behind me. He closes the door behind us and a pang of something to come hits me. A change.

Darkness cocoons us as they give directions to the driver.

“Where are we going?”

“Our place. Where it’s safe and free of any interruptions. We have a few things to discuss.”

Sweet, holy torture. No science class or computer skill ever prepared me for the dark, sinful promises in Maksym’s deep voice.

Agonizing anticipation hits me and I tremble.

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# India



Within seconds of stepping inside the limo, all of them shed their bow ties and jackets, tossing them aside. “Having second thoughts?” Tomas’ question brings my head around as he flicks on a dim light that fills the spacious interior of the limo.

The driver pulls out of my father’s driveway. I spy a blacked-out partition that keeps the driver’s prying eyes from us.

Second thoughts would mean I had any to begin with. Right now, I want to be numb to everything. Thacker, my brother, the pain and the damn code taking over my life.

“Second thoughts are the furthest thing from my mind right now.”

Maksym takes my hand in his larger one. “We have a few questions. What can you tell us about this Thacker?”

I watch the city pass over his shoulder as I consider my answer. Maksym is all business and I can see the banked fury in his eyes even in the dim confines of the limo. I’m pressed between both with Stefan sitting across from me and I have to say, Thacker is the last man on my mind.

I give them the billionaire’s backstory and his thoughts on what he wanted to

do with me.

“You would think my father promised my hand in marriage to the man with how possessive he acts toward me. Every time my family throws one of these galas I’m stuck dancing with the man because my mother wants access to all his money for one charity or another. Somehow I think he translates that to having a direct line to owning me.”

Anger flashes in their eyes and I suddenly feel like I’ve thrown my mother into the lion’s pit.

I quickly move on. “Tonight, you stuck it to him.” I squeeze Maksym’s hand. “What you guys said tonight. I’ve wanted to say to his face forever. I guess I am just too scared to stir the waters. Thank you for sticking up for me,” I say feeling ashamed I could never do it for myself.

Tomas interlaces our fingers and presses our palms together.

My lips part as he finds the back of my hand.

“You never have to thank us for protecting you. You’re ours and that means you never have anything to fear.”

“A man who puts his hands on a lady without permission automatically needs a kick to the nut sack.”

I smile at Stefan. “Agreed,” I say breathlessly, liking the casual use of the word *ours* more than I should.

“I think she likes the sound of being ours.” Maksym, as if reading my mind, pulls me across the expansive leather seat to rest against his broad, muscular chest. The small movement makes my breasts pop forward and Stefan and Tomas’ hungry looks tell me they appreciate the view.

I’ve lived off my brains and high IQ all my life. Overthinking and rehashing every thought I have until I come up with the best approach is second nature. But right now, tonight I wish I had an off switch.

Maksym’s warm breath brushes against my neck as he nuzzles my ear and I groan, pressing my thighs together when his lips make first contact with tender flesh. He nips and licks his way down my neck and slips the strap of

my dress off.

I don't realize he's undone the small tie around my neck until the slight movement causes the bodice to slip and my nipples pop free.

"Sweet fucking heaven," he groans.

I whimper too shocked by the feel of finally having his kiss on my body again to do much else other than enjoy the moment.

Tomas slips his hand from mine. "Look how sweet she looks. Tender and ready to be thoroughly dirtied by her men."

"I told you she would be sweeter after being away for so long."

Tomas brushes my exposed nipple with the back of his knuckles and I arch into his touch with a whimper on my lips.

"Mmm." I shudder.

I reach behind me and slip my fingers into Maksym's hair and pull his lips close.

"Beg us, *malyshka*. Beg us to make you wet and then fuck that tight, sweet little pussy with our big cocks."

"Please. Yes. I want you."

One little movement and my dress slips fully open and Tomas' hands are sliding in, touching, caressing, stroking. A glance tells me Stefan is sitting back and enjoying the show.

*Oh my God.*

I could die right now. But then again, I would miss having them spread my thighs and take every inch of my body.

Tomas' hand slides up my smooth thigh and when he drags the material of my dress over my left leg Maksym leans us back where my bare lips and nearly wet pussy are fully exposed.

My whole world blurs at the edges.



I moan and grind my hips when Tomas leans forward and blows hot air against my throbbing clit.

Stefan reaches across the limo and frees my other nipple as Tomas parts my thighs with his big shoulders.

“Spread these sweet thighs for me, my love.” He’s slipped onto the expansive floor of the limo and I know for as long as I live, I’ll never forget this moment.

“Just like that, my sweetness. That’s it, spread those legs and let him see all your wetness.”

Stefan. Fuck I could come at the mere sound of his deep voice. Shadows cut across his face but I don’t need to see his eyes to feel the fierce burning of his desire.

Maksym scoops my breasts free and I softly cry out when his hands glide over the soft slope of my breasts, move lower, and pinch my nipples.

“So fucking dripping wet. You get wetter every time he plays with your beautiful pink nipples. Do you want to see how wet you are for us?”

*Oh, God.*

“Please, yes.”

Apparently, those are the only two words I can manage at the moment.

Maksym’s teeth rake across my shoulder and I nearly lose all the self-control that is keeping me from begging them to fuck me hard and fast. I’m on the thinning edge, and much more and I won’t be able to keep my thoughts to myself.

Tomas spreads my lips as Stefan comes to kneel in front of me. He reaches down my body and drags his large finger through my juices.

I want more, but they are drawing it out. Teasing me.

My core clenches and I try pressing my thighs together but Tomas’ strong hand prevents me from moving.

I dig my nails into fine linen and muscle tenses beneath my hands.

“Easy, *malyshka*. Easy.” Maksym’s voice from behind me has me moaning. Knowing he’s watching his friend spread my pussy lips and swipe their fingers through my sticky wet juices has me soaking the seat beneath me.

My lashes dip and I cry out, unable to swallow back my need to feel them in me already. They’ve barely touched me and I’m more alive now than in all our previous times together.

“Open those beautiful eyes for us and watch as Stefan devours your sweet honey.”

Stefan brings a hand up and I can see my juices coat his finger.

He cleans his middle finger at the same time Tomas sucks my aching clit between his warm lips.

It’s like nothing I have ever felt. So good, dirty and so very very much what I need.

Tomas moves for Stefan to gather more and when he comes back with a dripping wet finger coated with my arousal, I eagerly open for him. When he slips the pad of his finger over my tongue an eruption of fire boils through me.

“You like that, huh,” Tomas asks, his lips moving against my swollen clit as he peers up my body into my eyes.

He’s so right. Suddenly his fingers push into my wet channel, spreading me open as he works in another finger.

“Fuck,” Maksym groans from behind me. “Give her more,” he urges Tomas, who slides a third finger into my dripping pussy.

The sudden wicked pressure forces my heels to dig into the plush leather of the limo’s seat. Only then do I realize one of them slipped off my shoes.

“Do you always go without panties?”

I can’t think about Stefan’s question. Not really. Not when Tomas drags his thick, wet tongue from my pussy to my clit.

I pant, my chest heaving with the need to come and not come all at once. I

never want this to end.

“Just tonight.” I groan.

Stefan chuckles and Tomas takes my ass in his hands.

“Did you hear that? Just tonight. Like our queen knew we were coming and wanted to be ready for us.”

“I know you’re dying to come on his face, aren’t you?”

I watch Stefan pop the buttons on his shirt and reveal his impressive physique. His chest rises and falls with every deep breath. Do I affect him as much as they do me?

Only one way to find out.

“Yes.”

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# Maksym



“Good girl,” I croon into India’s lips as I turn her head and claim the first taste of her mouth in a deep kiss. I taste the cream from her sweet pussy and I can’t help the deep guttural groan.

Sweet and tender. She eagerly devours my lips and I swear to God that makes my cock impossibly harder against her ass.

She moans into my mouth as my friend eats her delicate little pussy. I can feel her heart racing and her short panting breaths make me want to wrap my arms around her forever and not let the world close enough to hurt a hair on her head.

“What are they doing to you that you like so much?” I whisper against her lips.

“I like all of it. Don’t stop. I’m so close.”

“Answer him,” Stefan commands softly and India buries her hands in my hair and tightens.

I can smell her arousal and my head swims in a lust-drenched haze.

Something about how India flicks her tongue out to caress mine and her

delicate touch on my face softens my heart but hardens my cock.

“I like that, more please, your tongue on my... my entrance... and your fingers... Oh God, yes. Tomas, just like that.” A moan tears from her lips and I’m about to rip a hole through my pants with how hard my dick is at hearing her cry out for more.

“Is he playing with your ass as he eats you? Tell me all the dirty details.” I watch Stefan take a nipple in his mouth and suck on the sweet tip before doing the same to the other.

“Yes.”

“Yes, what?” he pushes.

“Tomas is fingering my ass as he sucks my pussy.”

She turns and hides her face in my chest and I catch a hint of red on her cheeks.

Precum drips from my swollen head to wet my pants as I watch Stefan slip a finger into her tight pussy before swirling the honey around each nipple. Tomas lowers his head and continues eating her.

I reach between us to unbutton and ease down the zipper to relieve the pressure against my size while Stefan and Tomas shift to more comfortable positions on the floor, knowing we need more room. They pull her ass to the edge and the hiss of my zipper fills the quiet night.

Before I can slip a hand inside my pants, India puts hers on mine and I still.

“Let me.”

Tomas has his thumbs on either side of her entrance, holding her lips open. Juices cover his chin and I’m jealous he gets to enjoy all her sweet girl-cum. But then again. Having her mouth on me is just as good.

“Are you ready?”

With her hand wrapped around my cock she leans forward and takes Tomas’ mouth in a fierce, hot kiss.

“Does that give you what you need to know?”

My balls draw up tight and my cock turns to steel when a full smile plays on her lips and she lifts those thick black lashes and I catch the mischievous glint in her eyes.

I groan quietly. *Fuck.* There's no hope for me.

"I've been dying for a taste." She turns to Stefan, Tomas, and then myself in turn. "I've missed you. All of you so much."

"And we missed you." Stefan takes her mouth in a slow kiss, causing her grip on my cock to tighten. I inhale sharply breaking their union.

Smiling at me, her hands tremble a bit despite trying to hide it behind a sweet smile. I reach out and pull her hair to the side so I can see more of her beautiful face as she peels back my boxers and the swollen head of my cock peeks out.

She rubs the tip with her thumb and drags a groan from me.

*Holy shit.*

One touch. One simple touch from her has my blood roaring through my ears and heading south fast.

She's almost too perfect, and being the bastard that I am, I'm anxious to dirty every inch of her all over again.

"Mmm," she moans, hungrily.

"I'm all yours. Do with me what you want."

Using two hands, she strokes my cock through the material of my boxers and does that movement with her thumb again over the head, and like a witch, pulls a stream of precum from my fat cock head.

"Lick it off," I order softly.

Holding my gaze, she flicks the tip of her warm, pink tongue out to catch the white liquid wetting her thumb.

I watch as her eyes close and she savors my seed. "I like that."

Make that a lot dirty. I want to get her so fucking filthy with what we want to

do with her she'll always want to be our bad little girl.

My pre-cum wets the head and she licks her lips. "Lick my cock head clean, *krasotka*, and then take me all the way in that hot mouth of yours. I want you to taste me."

She looks up at me with those soft, blue eyes, hands poised to do as I say.

"Are we..."

We've never given her our milk before. Until now we didn't want to risk getting her pregnant without knowing if she truly wanted us in that way. Tonight that is not the issue. She's ours which means we are solely hers.

Worry has her looking away and I pull her back with a firm grip on her chin.

"Yes. You'll be getting all of us tonight. There will be no holding back and no condoms. When we feed you our milk, your pussy will drink every last drop."

I know my voice is rough, strained when I should sound smooth and soft. I can't help it. There's a part of me that wants to take this slow. Wait until we have her in a bedroom and do things right like she deserves for days on end, but our woman wears her emotions on her sleeve and the look in her eyes tells me she will not appreciate us throwing on the brakes. That she is nervous, yes, but unsure of what she wants... hell no and I'm not about to tell her she can't have what she wants.

I position my cock at her mouth and she opens. "Do you want to suck my cock, our sweet India?"

She nods eagerly and her eyes brighten with lust as she shoots us a heated look.

"Come here," Tomas drawls with a wicked smirk as he pulls her ass a little closer.

Spread between the three of us, she turns slightly and angles her body toward the end of the seat to give Tomas and Stefan all the space they want as I support her weight on my thighs.

Tomas lifts one of her legs over his shoulder and the creamy soft skin of her

thigh has my teeth aching to mark every pure inch of her skin with nibbles and bites.

Raw and unfiltered need spirals through me as I watch first Tomas and then Stefan rake their tongues from her ass to her clit.

“Suck him, baby,” Stefan growls around a mouthful of her pussy.

My heart is thudding in my chest at the sound of my friend’s gruff command. The thought of having those perfect lips wrapped around my cock shoots hot sperm into my balls.

“Take his cock out all the way. I want to see you pleasure him as we suck you.” Stefan nods his chin toward me.

Sprawled between my legs, India looks up the length of my body and I hear a quiet inhale. “I’ve wanted this for so long,” India whispers, her body quivering under my touch.

I growl when her tiny pink nails find my zipper and finish lowering the metal one tooth at a time.

I make fast work of shucking off my button-down shirt and love it when she strokes the lines of my tattoo with her soft, delicate hand.

“I didn’t think you could get any wetter,” Tomas growls. “I think our girl likes it when we talk dirty to her.”

“And eat her ass,” I hiss.

India peels back my boxers and wraps both hands around my throbbing dick. I hold my breath as she angles the head to her mouth and rubs the tip over her lips.

I swear to God I see light behind my eyelids the second she opens and takes all of me into the hot confines of her mouth.

I watch as inches of my cock disappear and her lips stretch over my thickness.

“You’re doing beautifully. Take more of me. That’s it.” I flex and move in her mouth with tiny thrusts of my hips. I can feel my hot cum ready to



explode into her mouth and I fight back the urge. My balls tighten, ready. I've been too long without her and my body is letting me know.

She pulls back and strokes me before taking me in until I hit the back of her soft throat.

Filthy, wet sounds fill the car and her body is lurching off the seat as she's grinding her pussy against my friends' faces.

I know she won't last much longer either.

I slide my hand down her neck, over the soft mounds of her breasts, and tweak her candy-hard nipple between my fingers. I tug and it's as if I flipped a switch.

She hisses and with her hand wrapped around my thickness, I watch India get swept away. Surges of pleasure crash over her and I'm afloat watching her ride the waves. She clamps her thighs around Stefan and Tomas.

"Come. Wet their faces. Drown them in your juices. They've missed you as much as I have."

"I can't stop," she screams.

Stefan works her clit as Tomas grinds his face between her thighs.

I anchor her to me with a strong arm around her chest and her heart is way past just beating. The damn thing is racing wildly. Her eyes are closed and her mouth falls open. Pure bliss smooths the pinch between her brows and her wail of ecstasy reaches into me to wake a part of my soul no woman has ever touched before.

I stiffen and control every muscle in my body to hold off the burst of cum wanting free from my cock. I refuse to lose control.

Tomas rises to his knees and wipes a hand down his face.

"You come so beautifully," Stefan says.

"I think she's nice and ready for us," I growl thickly.

The beginning of a smile plays over her pretty mouth, lips all swollen and pink from working my cock between them.

Tomas rips away the bottom half of her dress. “More than ready, I’d say.”

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# Tomas



I want more of her pussy in my mouth but my dick is throbbing with a powerful need to bury myself in her in a way she will never want anyone but us. Claim those tight walls and mark her body as ours.

I release the belt from my pants.

She writhes in Maksym's arms and my blood boils in my veins with a fierceness so alive it burns.

"Hurry," she begs heatedly, and like the dirty girl she is, our queen reaches between her legs and plays with the little pink bud sticking out from between her lips.

I grip my length and precum drips over the back of my hand as I stroke myself from base to the tip. I know the second we take her and fully come in her tight channel she will be ours now and forever.

A rush of warm honey slips from her entrance while she watches me take my cock in my hand, and I moan against her tight hole as I dive in for one last taste of her sweetness.

"Pick her up and turn her around, Stefan."

She moans as Stefan moves them both to the center of the seat and turns her naked body around so her ass faces us.

Naked I stroke a finger down her spine and slip between the plump, supple globes of her ass.

She arches into my open palms and throws a fiery look over her shoulder. She's a little tease, and she knows it.

I growl audibly when she offers me her slick, sticky fingers wet with her juices. I wrap my lips around her tiny finger and suck it clean. I move behind her and rub the head over her puckered little hole.

“Up on your knees,” I command gruffly. My voice is thick with more emotion than I have allowed into my system in decades, if ever, and it's choking my voice. She's spread over Maksym's lap and I watch him ease the head of his dick to her mouth once again.

“So perfect,” I whisper in her ear. “Now I want to see you suck him to completion. I want to see your mouth take all of him and swallow every last drop.”

Holding my gaze, she does as I softly order.

She moans out loud as she opens and takes in Maksym's full length. He groans and I know my brother is struggling to hold back the need to shoot off a load because I know I am.

He wraps her hair around his fist and controls her pace.

“Deeper, relax your jaw. Fuck yeah. Just like that.”

Stefan kneels beside me, his cock as hard and angry for her as mine. He reaches for her and spreads her cheeks for me. I slip my cock between her folds and thrust a little until my swollen cock head nudges her clit.

She gasps and I do it again.

She moans around Maksym's length and smiles.

I guide myself to her entrance. I know I should be gentle and I'm cursing myself out for not holding back my need to bury my thickness between her

tight walls. I drive home and fucking feel my soul tear from my body.

I grab her hips, angling her ass toward me and pull out and then fill her dripping hole with thrust after thrust. Slick from Stefan and me pleasuring her, the walls of her pussy stretch and accommodate my girth with ease.

She throws her head back, Maksym slipping from her mouth. “Yes, that’s so —”

I groan and pull out and thrust back in, cutting her words off. With every ounce of self-control in my body, I rope in my need to pump hard and fast. Trying to take it slow with her is nearly impossible and my grip on her hips betrays the tension in my body.

She leans into my hold. I share a look with my friends that says everything I’m feeling. I know them well enough to understand the message. She is the queen we never knew we wanted and I know we can’t see living without her after tonight. How the fuck that is possible I have no clue.

“God, you’re so perfect. So tight and wet I’m having a hard time staying in.”

I thrust fully into her and Stefan begins to smear her juices over her puckered entrance. Every time he dips a finger in, her pussy tightens around my cock.

“Again.”

Stefan knows what I’m saying and wears a smirk, but compiles.

My hands grip her ass, spreading her wide for the both of us.

“Tomas. Stefan—”

“Shh,” I murmur and plunge my cock into her one more time before pulling fully out.

What I see next sends a fresh dose of hot boiling cum to my balls and I nearly fucking come in my hand when I see her reach around for Stefan and guide him to her back entrance.

India cries out as my friend sinks in until his balls slap her clit. I maneuver to sit beneath her while Maksym kneels on the seat behind me. Like this, she can ride my cock while my friends fuck her mouth and ass.

With her soft thighs spread over top of me, Maksym guides her mouth back to him while I position my cock at the entrance of her pussy. When she's fully seated, I signal for Stefan and together we pump our lengths into her tender body.

Maksym pins her hair to the side and I watch her eyes dip closed. Her lips are plump and so damn kissable from sucking my brother off. I lean in and rake my teeth over her shoulder.

She is as hungry for this as we are.

“You understand what we want? Do you want to be our dirty little girl?”

She releases Maksym's cock and looks at each of us like a woman possessed with pleasure. “No,” she states and I cock my head to the side.

“I want to be your filthy queen.” Her mouth opens and her tongue darts out to wet her lips before she drags the corner between her teeth.

God help me. I think I'm going to hell for sure now. Because I'll be damned if I don't give her everything she wants within my power and if I have to sell my soul to get that power, that is perfectly fine with me.

I grin, enjoying the color working up her long, graceful neck and reddening her cheeks at her admission. She's never said a naughty word in her life and I sure the hell know no one has ever asked her what she wants.

Stefan drives into her and she clamps around me like she refuses to let any of us go. Together we take her higher and higher. I reach around and take her mouth in a punishing kiss before guiding her back to pleasuring my brother.

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# India



I'm trembling, panting with Tomas and Stefan fully seated between my soft, slick lips. I can't control my body. I am fully theirs. Strong hands hold me steady and my body quivers with tension.

Maksym holds my hair away from my face and looks down at me like I'm the answer to all the prayers he's ever uttered in the confines of the darkness.

I gasp for air and brace my hands on Maksym's strong thick thighs.

Juices drip down my thighs and I can't take much more before I lose the battle against holding back another orgasm. I never want our time together to end, and the longer I hold out the more of *them* I can have.

Behind me, Stefan spreads my ass cheeks. Every time he pulls out Tomas pushes in deep. They continue like this over and over while Maksym claims my mouth. I reach for his balls and roll them in my hand. His head falls back with a masculine groan that has me repeating the motion once more. I swirl my tongue over the bulbous head before taking more of his length than before.

It's everything I can do to hold on and not fall into the abyss of weightlessness.

I cry out with so much pleasure. I can't contain my moans and gasps.

I take Maksym deeper into my mouth and feel him swell impossibly larger. Gripping my hair, he begins to thrust faster, hitting the back of my throat before withdrawing.

From between us, someone thumbs my clit causing my hips to buck wildly.

I take Maksym deeper and hollow my cheeks.

“Fuck, I'm going to come in your mouth. Take my milk, *malyshka*. Get ready.”

The first hot spurts of his seed hit my tongue and I have to swallow quickly. There's so much milk that he thumbs a few drops back to my mouth that has slipped free. “Don't waste a single drop.” I lick his thumb clean. His eyes are bright with ecstasy.

Stefan eased up to let me tend to Maksym but the second he frees himself of my mouth they take over.

My mouth falls slack and my eyes flutter shut. I push back and feel both men fill me completely.

I gasp and can't help the cry that slips out. Stefan slams into my ass and I flex my fingers, digging my nails into Tomas' muscular shoulders.

My entire world blurs as these beautiful men claim my body, possess me in a way no man ever has. A feeling like I never could imagine comes over me and I feel every veined inch of my men when they begin to move inside me faster. My pussy clenches around Tomas and a live bolt of electricity shots through my core, causing me to gasp.

“Oh, fuck, you're so tight. That's it, work me with that ass.” Stefan's head is thrown back and his chest is heaving from the exertion. His shirt hangs open and I can see all his beautiful tanned skin glistening with a fine sheen of sweat in the car's dim light.

Tomas wraps his hands around my hips right above Stefan's hands and they push and pull and quickly set a fast rhythm.

I rock my hips, panting and moaning, unable to control any part of my body.



All I can do is feel.

So I let go.

“You’re beautiful and perfect for us.”

“I can’t...” I pant and it takes me several seconds to find my next words through the hazy cloud of emotions they draw from me.

“Can’t what, *dorogaya moya*?”

“...hold on. I can’t hold on. I have to come.”

Warm lips brush against one shoulder and another set against my other.

Strong arms wrap around my waist and I know this is it. We’re all going to tumble over the edge together.

I moan and feel both men grow thicker inside me, marking me with their size, spoiling me for any other man.

“Both of you... you’re so big... Oh God.” I tremble in their arms.

Stefan lifts me up only to thrust deeper than I thought possible, finding untouched places inside my body that leave me grasping for something—anything—to tether me to earth.

Stefan takes that moment to flex inside me, making me whimper.

“Come,” Stefan commands and presses my throbbing clit between his fingers.

I fall.

Through my haze, I can feel them reaching their end. Tomas is first. His throbbing cock pulses inside me and I can feel his hot cum coat the walls of my womb for the first time. And it’s as dreamy and marvelous as I ever thought it would be. White-hot heat fills my ass as Stefan finds his release next.

Beneath me, both men’s muscles ripple, and I melt into their strong arms knowing I’m safe.

Maksym leans in and whispers close to my ear. “Sleep now, my queen. You are everything we could ever want. When we get you home, we have so much more to share with you and we won’t be letting you go.”

I gasp as Stefan pulls from me and they wrap me in their suit jackets, settling my body between them.

Smiling, I slip into a light slumber, my three bratva bodyguards holding me tight. I’d be lying to myself if I said I never wanted this again.

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# India



**I**t's a gray morning and I feel warm and protected snuggled in bed.

I take in the hunky muscled men on either side of me and smile. I've never felt the need to be touched, held, and wanted so much in my life and these three men have ignited a part of my soul that craves it, but I know I only want it from them. No other man's touch would do to me what they can.

I want to be the one they wake up to each morning. Be the one they kiss goodnight as we fall asleep in each other's arms.

Their pet name for me, though I have yet to ask their meaning, makes me smile and if I am not careful, I'll start to really think I truly am theirs. And maybe even their queen with how warm their eyes turn when they look at me.

Then again one of them either has their mouth full of my sticky juices or is watching me swallow their hot cum. That would put a loving look in any man's eyes, I suppose.

I stretch my tired body and roll to my side. It's hard to believe I've barely left this bed for three days. They kept their promise and then some.

None of them will let me lift a finger to help with the cooking and when it comes to showering, well, I can't remember what it's like to wash my hair

anymore. I'm not entirely sure I ever want to either.

Small beams of sunshine break through the dull morning with hints of a beautiful day to come. Light filters through the crack in the curtains and I know the third morning of my short vacation from reality is my last. My family must be out of their minds trying to find me.

The second they walked me through their door, I turned my phone off and have yet to check-in.

A small smile plays on my lips. Stefan is to my right, lying on his belly facing me. I push a strand of dark hair from his forehead. They were tender, caring, and thoroughly possessive from the second they splayed me out like a queen on their bed. The only thing I feared as they devoured my body was my need for more of them.

I pry myself out from between them and Tomas stirs first.

“Where are you going?” His voice is raspy with sleep. His arms wrap around me and he pulls me into his warm body.

God, I never want to move from here.

“Bathroom and shower. And this time alone,” I tease. “Rest. I won't be gone long. Promise. I'll be back and then you both can treat me to a killer breakfast. And we should probably talk.”

“About?” Maksym asks and I reach a hand for him. He's on the other side of Stefan so it's a bit of a stretch.

“I don't know, the need to go back to work and be among the living again,” I tease. I don't think they were truly serious about the whole lock me away thing.

“We can stay right here.”

I laugh softly. “Forever?”

Stefan grunts. “We might have to take a phone call every once in a while, but yes. Why not?”

“You guys are impossible.”

“Impossibly hungry for our queen.”

“If we stay here, you won’t be kings of anything.”

Stefan steals me out of Tomas’ arms much to his dislike and presses his hard cock between my ass cheeks as he nuzzles my neck.

“Oh no, not this time.” I wiggle free and come to stand at the edge of the bed to the sound of his deep chuckle.

“I’m here when you’re ready then.”

“Deal.”

“There are clean sweats and T-shirts in the top drawer.” Maksym points to the walk-in closet across the room. Their home is spacious and bright. Not at all what I would picture for three mafia men who deal with so much darkness in their lives. Or so I assume. Again, we have a lot to talk about but first I need to set some things right in my world. Like letting my family know I am okay.

Stefan grabs my wrist and pulls me back to drop a kiss on the top of my head. All three watch as I saunter my naked ass out of their bedroom and across the hall to the bathroom before turning over.

Maksym and Tomas’ rooms are left untouched since we’ve shared Stefan’s bed these past few days.

All three have to be as exhausted as I feel after what we’ve shared, and I spy them roll back to their stomachs. I smile and slip into the shower for a quick wash. As I towel off, I check my messages and find one from my father dated this morning.

A little blue bubble pops up.

*Come by the house alone. We need to discuss your software now. Leave your men at home.*

I frown. A little demanding for so early in the morning, but I would like to go over why he thought pushing me off on them was a good idea. Sure, it turned out good, but I had a lot of questions left. There’s no way the few threatening emails I’ve received warrant such a drastic measure.

*Sorry for the delay. On my way. Be there in an hour. We should talk.*

I hit reply and finish getting dressed. I check back in on the men after I pull my hair into a quick ponytail and find them sound asleep.

I make my way downstairs and before I head out in my borrowed sweats and T-shirt, I scribble a quick note.

Forty-five minutes later my taxi pulls into my father's driveway and I make my way to his office, my borrowed sandals squeaky on the polished marble.

As I climb the long spiral staircase, my muscles are tender from the previous nights and I'm high on all the leftover feelings of love. I have no doubt of it any longer.

They thoroughly worked me over so much I lost track of time and I feel a pang of regret for leaving them in bed, but my father wants to talk with me about my code and I need to pick up the laptop I left behind. It's not like anything would happen to me in the home where I grew up. It's my haven and always would be.

The house is quiet and I remember it's Sunday, so the working staff has the day off and my mother is out of the house for a luncheon with one girlfriend or another. Probably no doubt about to suffer through gossip about the men and me at the gala.

When I turn the knob and push the heavy door all the way open, I find the lights are off but the cloud coverage parts enough to fill the office with a somber grayish light.

"Father? Are you here?" I walk in and immediately feel a prickling of unease flush across my skin as my father's eyes land on me from behind his desk.

He looks pale in the cheeks and my stomach sinks to the floor.

"Perfect timing."

A snide, chilling tone hits my ears as something equally cold presses against the base of my neck.

My blood turns icy and my chest tightens. I try to turn to see the face that goes with the voice but the sound of a hammer being cocked freezes my feet

in place.

“You’re going to give me what your brother promised.”

My brows pinch. What the fuck? “Thacker? What the hell are you doing here?”

“For a woman with your IQ, you’re pretty fucking stupid.” The high society nasally tone he usually speaks with is gone and I hear the real man. The weasel I always thought him to be.

“What are you talking about?” I spit out.

I slowly turn and eye the monster with the gun pointed at me. A wild look takes over his expression as he stares down at me.

“The code, you silly twit. It belongs to me. C’mon you can’t be that naïve. I want what your brother promised me and I’m tired of waiting and trying to woo you. Your slow ass has nearly run my business into the ground.”

“My brother didn’t promise you a thing.”

“Oh really? I have a contract that says differently.”

He tosses a stack of papers at my feet that look ten or more sheets thick.

“Your brother wanted out from behind your shadow and out from under your father’s thumb. Wanted to make his billions and prove to the world he was just as smart as or smarter than you. So, I agreed to help as long as he signed over all the rights to the code to me.”

He narrows his eyes at me and I see behind the polished mask he wears in public to see not the weasel I thought him to be, but the snake.

He reaches out and shoves me toward my father and I know what he wants next. I stumble forward and catch myself before cracking my head open on the sharp edge of the desk.

My father helps me to my feet.

“I’m sorry, dear—he threatened to kill your mother.”

My heart breaks for the hurt in my father’s tone and I know in that second he

had nothing to do with the snake's actions. The truth behind my brother's actions is yet to be determined.

"I hope you brought your laptop because you're not leaving here until I get what I want."

"No," I seethe with so much fury my blood has turned to pure venom. Over Thacker's shoulder, I see the top part of the back door to my father's office slowly creep open and I can only hope it means one thing.

My men found me. *Mine*. The word runs through my head and I let it fill my heart. All three of them are mine and the first fires of love take hold and I can feel the embers burn soul-deep.

My father has his back turned and doesn't see Maksym and Tomas ease in through the door in stealth mode.

"You can't have the code or me, not now, not ever." I hope I am not poking the bear, but rage slings the words across the small distance separating us, and I can't hold them in any longer.

"Did you think I was after you for your good looks? Even an idiot would be able to see I didn't want you for your mousy face and weak posture." He spits on the floor at his feet. "Like I would weaken my blood with such filth. I only want the code."

I will not cry at the way his words cut and draw blood.

"You can pull that trigger. You still won't get the code. It's all here," I tap my head. "And not a damn soul in this world can crack my and my brother's work."

Thacker cocks the hammer and the next few seconds pass in a blur.

Stefan throws the doors open and moves to Thacker's right as Maksym flanks him on the opposite side.

"You're threatening the wrong girl."

Thacker turns, mouth open, and whirls his gun toward Tomas who has drawn his attention away from me. I duck, pulling my father down behind his desk with me.



Lamps crash, glass shatters against the hardwood or heads. I don't know because I keep my head out of firing range. Papers fly in every direction and heavy grunts fill the room.

The gun goes off and the thud of a bullet hitting the wall rings through the room.

And then a larger gun goes off.

“Dad, I'm so sorry,” I whisper, looking into my father's eyes. Nothing but love stares back.

“You called me Dad.”

My heart fills with happiness only a father can give his daughter and I smile when he wraps his arm around me. “I never knew why your mother always insisted you call me Father.”

He hugs me close and after several more thuds and curses, the room grows silent.

We ease to our feet to find my heavily breathing men standing over Thacker who is bleeding. He'd pulled a knife at some point or someone had. Stefan's T-shirt is sliced once across the chest and another over his back.

I have a feeling they tried very hard not to kill the man in front of me. But I fear what might happen to him once they clear him out of here and take him back to wherever they do business. Because it was not at their penthouse, for sure.

“I told you, you will not get my code.”

“You little bitch, I'll kill you,” Thacker snarls around Maksym's foot on his neck holding him in place.

“Are you okay?” Maksym doesn't move toward me. I can tell he wants to, but he keeps Thacker pinned to the ground, letting his eyes do all the talking.

I ignore Thacker and nod, offering all three a reassuring smile.

Stefan and Tomas don't have the same problem as their brother. Both come up and wrap me in their arms. Stefan pulls a phone out and makes a quick

call I fear will end with Thacker meeting an untimely death. Do I get in the middle of it? Would they even listen to me if I did?

“Don’t hurt him.”

My words go unnoticed. “We need to talk.” By the look on his face I know I’m in trouble, but despite the anger I see, Tomas nuzzles my neck and murmurs, “Thank God you’re safe. I would have killed the fucker with my bare hands had he harmed you. I never want you to see that side of us.”

Fifteen minutes later I’m relieved to find it was the police they called.

“We are not total monsters,” Maksym says as if he can read my mind. He strokes a thumb down my cheek as the police haul a snarling Thacker out of my father’s house in handcuffs. “But if he tries to harm you again, he’ll see a different side of us. I’ll promise you that.” I feel the truth to his words and see it staring back at me through those dark eyes. His hands slide up my arms and I fall into his embrace feeling relieved and a bit scared for any other person who dares to try and hurt me.

I sink into the chair I once loved. It seems tainted now and the loss of the love I have for this place, this chair, stings.

Tomas and Stefan speak with a detective who looks like he’s about ready to piss his pants. He nods, and steals a couple of looks my way before ducking out of the room. That said a lot about how deep their connections run.

“Why the hell did you put yourself in this kind of danger? Why did you leave the safety of our penthouse? For a fucking computer? Why the hell do you even care about this code so much?” Stefan drags a hand down his face. I can tell he is frightened of the danger I was in so I try not to lash out. I take a calming breath and brace myself for the raging storm coming my way.

Both he and Tomas stalk deeper into my father’s office and the anger dripping from Stefan’s words can only be outdone by the hurt in his eyes. Glass and paper crunch underfoot as they both halt in front of me.

I blink back the tears and shove to my feet. “I care so much about this damn code because I made a promise.” I cross my arms and don’t bother holding back my anger either. He wants to play hardball, well so can I.

He rakes his hands through his hair and groans with the same level of frustration I feel. It's not like I was doing anything wrong in the first place.

"To what? Get yourself killed?"

"My God!" Stefan growls so low I almost take a step back. "Do you know what that would do to us?"

I shove away my tears and force my rattled heart back together long enough to get my next words out. "To. My. Brother. It was the last thing he asked of me and I will see it through even if it kills me. I *will* finish his code and help save people's lives or at the very least help those afflicted by this wretched disease. Before he passed, my brother made me promise I would finish the code and see to it that some kind of good was done with all the money. I keep my promises."

Their mouths are fine lines of anger and their dark eyes become impossible to read.

And just like that, the storm breaks, and their anger crumbles away, and my men scoop me up, wrap me in their strength, and let me cry out my frustrations.

"I didn't realize my childhood home would be dangerous," I mumble against Tomas' neck. He tilts my chin up and wipes at my tears. "How did you know I was in trouble?"

"Don't cry, *malyshka*. You're killing us."

Stefan takes my shaking hand in his. "You don't get as far in this game as we do without knowing and following gut instinct. We saw you get in a taxi and tried your cell. When we found it in the bathroom, we tried your father and when no one picked up, we headed straight here. We must have been five minutes behind your taxi."

"And all that aside, we know you and knew you were having coding withdrawals because of us." Maksym strokes a thumb down my cheek and I lean into the touch. I can't help it.

Pressed between my men, I turn to see my father by the office door beaming at me with an odd smile on his face.

“Dad, I can explain,” I start with no real words backing up my claim. This is probably the *last* thing a father wants to hear from his daughter. That she’s in love with three mafia men at once and wants them all more than life.

“You don’t have to say a word. It’s in your eyes.”

“Gentlemen,” all sweetness evaporates from my dad’s voice. “Care for her. She’s a sweet treasure you’ll never find again.”

My father leaves, closing the door behind him.

“Yes, she is,” they say and I feel content. Happy that I found my forever even if I wasn’t trying.

“Take me home. I think we have a lot to discuss.”

Tomas swings me up for a kiss and Stefan steals me away for one of his own before Maksym does the same. I wrap my arms around his neck and rest my forehead on his.

“Thank you,” I whisper.

His chest rises and falls with a deep breath. “For what?”

“For keeping your promise and giving me something to live for outside of a computer screen and pain. For saving me.”

The smile he gives me feeds the warmth growing in me. “We should thank you. All we ever did was eat, sleep and breathe guns and bullets. We wanted more out of life and didn’t realize it until we saw your sweet face looking back at us. Besides, I haven’t truly kept my promise. Not yet.”

I can’t wait to find out what he means by that.

He places a tender kiss on my parted lips and I know it’s another promise of something much deeper to come.

He tightens his hold and I feel safe, loved, and desired by the men I love most in this world.

I wrap my legs around Maksym’s waist as Stefan and Tomas lead us down the back stairwell and we slip away quietly.

This is my new life. I'll finish my code and probably start a new project right after that. I don't ever see myself not working on one thing or another, but I also have them for however long we are gifted for and all the love I can handle and then some.

A little over seventy-two hours ago I wanted nothing to do with them or convinced myself of that lie anyway. I pretended to be content behind my screen clacking away at my keys and hiding behind my sorrow.

I see that now.

A little bit of love can go a long way in healing a wounded heart, and I know I'll be okay with them at my side.

I have what I need now. Love, a home to build, and maybe, just maybe, a family because life is nothing but an empty box without all three.

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# Epilogue

**India, Two and a half amazing years later**



All our lives changed the second my father gave me away to three Bratva men and it's never been the same since. And that truth makes me beam with happiness as I gather white and red roses from the tiny greenhouse my men built as a surprise last summer when we moved into our new home. A growing family needs more than a three-bedroom penthouse and none of them rested until they found the perfect place for us outside the city and closer to my parents. Who make it a habit of stopping in to see the grandkid regularly. There are guards on duty around the clock and the high wall lining our property allows me to be myself. The queen to my three bratva bodyguards.

As for Thacker, that slimeball is serving a long stint for his white-collar crimes of embezzlement and forgery of my brother's signature on his faux contract.

I smile at that little bit of karma coming back to bite him in the ass.

Oh, that's right. I forgot to mention, not only was he found guilty of armed robbery, kidnapping, and assault with a deadly weapon, but he was also found guilty of fraud. Turns out, Thacker really meant it when he said he

would stop at nothing to be number one in the tech world and security industry.

Well, I guess he did make it to number one after all. Number one crook, that is. No one will deal with his company now, and my men already have an offer submitted to buy the company out and dismantle it. All the monetary gain from Thacker's company will be used to help in the fight to find a cure for leukemia in my brother's name.

I turn the handle on the door to our new home and sigh with relief when the cold blast of air hits my heated skin. Being five months pregnant in the middle of summer isn't easy.

I set my bundle of flowers down on a small table by the door and place the fresh bouquet in a vase.

Two years ago I saw my life filled with numbers, code, and heuristics. Endless nights of testing software over and over again with no end in sight. I finished my brother's code and signed it over to my father's security company, where I know it's in safe hands. We split the royalties from the contracts we receive for installation and use funds from small mom-and-pop companies to larger companies like banks and automobile manufacturers. The public is safer because of my software and I finally have the money I need to start my nonprofit and help others.

Sure, I encounter those who want nothing to do with me due to the men I share my life with. Their reputation is tarnished by the deeds of their life choices. But I love them and I'm not here to fix other people's opinions of my men or me.

Before Stefan, Maksym and Tomas, if you'd asked me about soul mates and love, I would have scoffed and returned my attention to my keyboard.

Not anymore.

They not only gave me the best night of my life, but they also gifted me with so much more A chance at the happiness my parents have. Before them, my world consisted of long hours in front of the computer and no life outside of work. They changed that.

Just as I did for them.

Love could be painful. When I lost my brother to leukemia, I thought love betrayed me. We were so close in many ways and I felt like I had lost part of myself when they lowered him into the ground. I never thought I could feel whole again or connected to another human being again.

They will never take the place of my brother, but my heart doesn't feel so lonely anymore and I know my brother is smiling down on me from wherever he is happy for me.

My men gave me a reason to open my heart and love again.

And be loved.

I pat my round belly and smile.

In another four months, we'll welcome our second addition to our small family and I can't wait. A Thanksgiving baby, and how fitting because I couldn't be more thankful.

I want to see the smiles on my men's faces each morning when I wake snuggled between my soul mates. They were there to protect me against threats I had no idea of. And now it's my turn to guard our sweet treasures.

"I love that look in your eye. It makes me anxious to knock you up again."

I laugh softly. "I'm not done with the second one, silly."

"I know. If you agree, I don't want to wait long until we're expecting again. I wonder how fast we can fill this home with baby Indias."

"And little rowdy, brown-haired Stefans creating all kinds of havoc." I lean into Stefan's broad chest and settle my cheek against the hard lines and listen to the steady rhythm of his heartbeat.

I sigh long and heavy. "Filling ten rooms up might be a challenge. Sure you have the stamina for all that *work*?" I tease, rubbing my belly with slow swirls.

He grunts. "Challenge accepted plus I have back up." He laughs wickedly and winks at me. "You know, all this talk makes my mouth ache for something sweet. Maybe I should lay you out on the table and devour all your sweetness."



He hauls me up. I wrap my arms around his neck, leaning back to make room for my growing belly. Our firstborn, a girl, is with her grandparents and the momentary peace is nice.

“What’s stopping you?”

Stefan walks us into the dining room and gently settles me on the large wooden table that sits twelve.

“Good point.”

He has my dress hiked up and my panties in his hand before I can protest.

“Stefan, the family is going to be here any minute.” I push at his shoulder but even I don’t believe my own protests.

“Then we better be fast.” Maksym and Tomas waltz in with arms full of groceries for our family gathering, both wearing big wolfish grins. Both place their loads on the countertop and come to kiss my belly.

Leaving a hand there, Maksym stands and presses his forehead against mine. “Didn’t I tell you I would keep my promise? That we would find a way to mend your heart?”

I nod. “You’ve all done that and more.”

Family will now and forever be special in our home, so we invited close friends and family to join us in a celebration of love and our coming baby. The men promised a low-key gathering with dishes from their home country and a few from mine.

“What do you say we have dessert first?”

Stefan throws his brothers a wicked smile and spreads my legs with his broad shoulders. Tomas doesn’t waste any time in removing the rest of my dress, leaving me fully naked for the wolves at my table.

Tomas spreads my dress out behind me and lowers me to lie back. To my other side, Maksym is already loosening his belt and releasing his zipper, knowing what I want.

He grunts the second my tongue licks his fat cock head clean of the cum

dripping out and I can feel hot liquid wetting my soft folds for Stefan.

I groan around Maksym's thickness and he sinks in, nudging the back of my throat, and I swallow. A little trick he loves.

"God, your mouth is my sweet heaven. That's it, our beautiful queen, suck my big cock faster."

Tomas comes to stand beside Maksym and takes my hand. Together we work him as I suck Maksym.

I cry out around Maksym's cock as Stefan dives in for his taste of me. He sucks my clit, causing me to arch off the table.

"Jesus, those lips look sinful wrapped around my dick."

"Suck him harder." Stefan dips a finger into my core and I clench, feeling my orgasm build.

Maksym grips the back of my head in his hand and pumps long deep strokes. "Don't stop now, but your parents just pulled into the driveway."

My heart stutters and adrenaline jolts through my veins. I can't tell if it's from the rapidly gaining orgasm that is about to hit me or the possibility of getting caught.

"Drink me, *malyshka*."

Stefan wraps his lips around my clit and sucks hard as Maksym throws his head back and shoots his hot cum into my waiting mouth. I swallow as fast as he fills me back up.

I hear the hiss of Stefan's zipper and he is filling my slick, dripping wet channel with his throbbing cock in one hard thrust. My orgasm shatters through me and I take the rest of Maksym down my throat.

"Again," I beg, wanting another hit of the drug they've gotten me addicted to.

Clutching them close, I wrap my legs around Stefan and grip Tomas, working him faster. He reaches over my belly and presses a thumb to my clit. And just like that I come undone all over again. Electricity shoots through my body and I melt under their touches. It doesn't take Stefan long to find his release

and he falls over me, minding my growing bump.

His chest rises and falls with every deep breath and they all help me to my feet.

Stefan and Maksym come in for a quick kiss. “You better run upstairs and fix yourself. You look like a sex kitten with those sweetly fucked lips red and pouty.”

I quirk a finger at Tomas and together we dash upstairs as fast as I can given my size before I hear them greet my parents and the happy squeal of a little girl hugging her daddies.

Five minutes later I’m in the shower with Tomas’ milk spurting down my throat. He helps me up and helps me wash away the sexy sins of their love. A feeling of satisfaction comes over me as we join my family downstairs. Not because of the fabulous heart-stopping, soul-stopping sex, but because none of us were looking for love or a happily ever after but that is exactly what we found in each other.

Tomas leans over me, presses his mouth to my ear, and whispers just for me. “You saved us from a life of hell.” He places his hand over my belly. “*My nikoгда tebya ne otpustim.*”

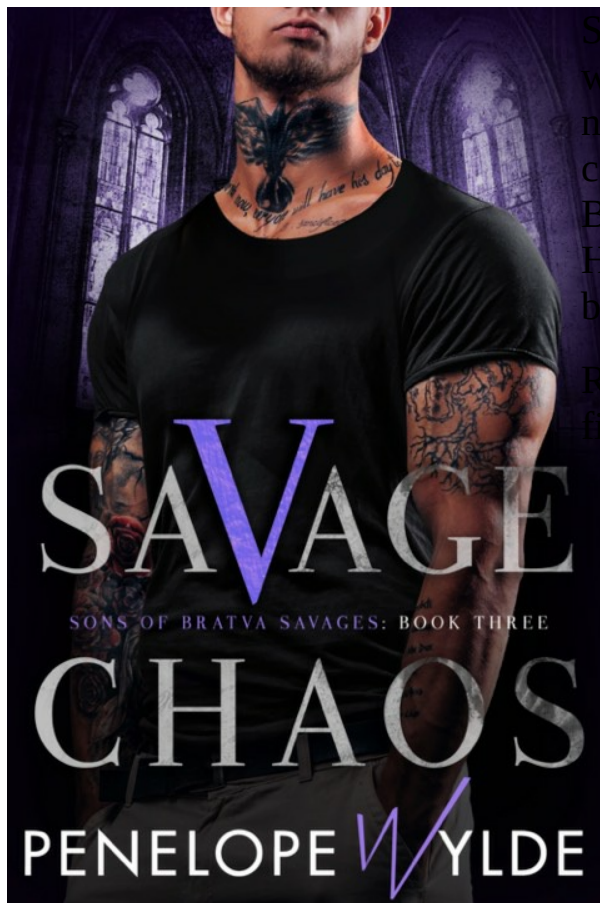
This isn’t the first time he’s murmured those words to me. The night I walked away they were on his lips and broke my heart though I never understood them.

“It means, we will never let you go.” Glittering tears well behind his thick lashes and my heart beats anew for the love we share.

I smile. I should have known there was never a chance of a goodbye. The bratva always get what they want. And they want me.

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# Exclusive Savage Chaos Preview



Savage Chaos is a full length 80,000-word dark Bratva MC mafia romance novel. It's the third in the series and continues the story of the SONS OF BRATVA SAVAGES that ends with a HEA for this couple. Pre-order your copy by tapping [here](#).

Read on for an exclusive preview of the first two full chapters.



Chapter One  
Riot

The sound of my life breaking apart rattles around in my head as I stand in the middle of New York's FBI headquarters.

Only fools craved what they couldn't have and I am the biggest one there is.

Fool or not, I thought I was smart enough to know I should back out before bullets enter the game, but I want what I want. You know how it is. Once you get a taste of the forbidden nothing else matters. Your world narrows down to how you can get more. That next fix is what your life becomes. Night after night you crave another sweet hit. It's all you can think about. Dream about.

And my addiction isn't the shit you jack into your veins. Nah. Screw that. What I want is something much sweeter. And even deadlier.

I want her.

Lilith Rossé.

Forbidden, tender, and damaged. And unfortunately for her, my undeniable craving. She's only a whisper past her eighteenth birthday but has balls on her the size of New York. I'm telling you, when she spreads her golden red hair out over my black silk sheets, Aphrodite herself would be envious.

Full kissable lips that swell just right after long kisses and a smattering of freckles across her nose have me spellbound. No wonder I haven't been able to keep my hands off her. Come to think of it, it was probably the freckles along her shoulders that did it for me.

What began as a mission to learn more about our target turned far more physical than mere flirtations.

She's the fucking definition of forbidden fruit if there ever was one.

The Rossé mafia princess is dangerous to me and this task force. One slip and everything we've worked to build to take down the Rossé empire will burn from the inside out.

I'm just being honest. And I swear to God, right here and right now, it's not her body I crave. Well, not *entirely* only her body. Her soul speaks to mine in a way that has me wanting to kill the people standing between us. Good or bad. I don't care.

Right now, that means about fifteen federal agents. I would not blink before putting each of them in the ground if it means protecting her.

I never said I was anyone else's hero. But I'll be hers.

When I took my oath, I swore I would never embrace the violence threaded through my family history, but for her, I will become the epitome of chaos and spill blood to have her at my side.

Had I known I would fall for the enemy's daughter I might not have signed onto the special task force designed to take her corrupt father down. And the Russian mobster he wants marry her off to—Kirill Antonov. It would have saved me a lot of stress and sleepless nights. And while I am being upfront, I wish I could kidnap the pretty princess and skip off to some low-key cliched location on the map all the criminals use to live out their stolen happily-ever-afters.

You must think I'm some morally gray villain masquerading as a hero with a badge.

You're right. Unlike the people I'm sharing air with this morning, I don't mind doing the crime if it gets me what I want.

I rub my eyes to dislodge the pain buried behind my lids after a week of no sleep. I thought I would have the day to get my head together after several days of radio silence. No word from her, no movement from her father or the Bratva mobster. Silence in this case is not bliss.

Today looks like that is about to change.

I eye an empty chair at the far side of a long table and notice the beige folders set out in front of each seat. Looks like there might be some new intel on the Rossé or Antonov family. Both if we are lucky. The sooner we can take Lilith's father off the board the easier it will be to take down Antonov.

With both off the board it will make taking Lilith and fading from the map easier, too. I rather not start a war.

Anger forces its iron grip around my guts. It's a battle to keep myself in check knowing she'll be taking the Russian bastard's last name and not mine if we don't make a move soon. But I have to play the long game here—take out the criminals. Then I can keep the girl.

“It's 'bout time you joined us, Special Agent Gabriel Priest.” A familiar gruff voice grabs my attention. His pack a day habit makes him sound like an old Blues singer. It matches his laid-back attitude until you get the bear riled up.

Shit. If *he's* here something happened.

“Fuck you, Mace.” I grunt knowing the crap day in front of me is gonna be a helluva an assdragger.

I use the abbreviation of my cousin's name. Using his full name will only have him out of the chair and trying to plant his fist in my face. I don't feel like killing family today, so I play nice. I clap a hand down on his shoulder and try to erase the crease lines of worry from my brow before our boss notices I'm in the room.

“Why don't you ever take a day off and give everyone a break.” I didn't mean it as a question but Mace takes it as one.

“Because the bad guys don't take a day off.”

“What a crying do-gooder.”

His smirk is layered with sarcasm.

“Whatever you say, bro.”

I jerk a chin toward the papers and talking agents. “What's up? Why is everyone in the office on a Sunday?” I ask.

Mace shrugs a heavy shoulder with his signature *don't know, don't care* expression glued on.

“Caught some chatter through the back channels. Boss wants to get everyone together. From the sound of it, the timetable for moving on the Rossé family might be moving up. So here we are.”

“Chatter you caught?”

He nods.

“Earlier this morning.”

About damn time. Mace is here on loan from the cybercrime unit and keeps track of back-door chatter among a few of the known enforcers tied to the Rossé family.

At six feet five inches with shoulders as wide as a fucking car Mace is not the

subtle type you take out into the field unless you need a bulldozer. But he's a slayer with a keyboard and a screen. Day in and day out, he crawls through the dark web and filters back information. If our boss has pulled him in on our day off, they've caught something that can't be ignored.

Mace is also really good at forging fake passports in the back of a funeral parlor on the shittier side of town. A much lesser-known fact.

Mace leans his jacked frame against the back of his chair and points at the various monitors lining the back wall. Every single detail we've dug up about the Rossé family is either on the screen or spread out over the table. Same goes for the Antonovs. Though admittedly we have far less on the Russian family with deep Bratva ties looking to move in and spread their reach across the U.S.

My attention hones in on Lilith's heart-shaped face among the multiple candid shots of guards and variously known enforcers and a few new faces no doubt belonging to Kirill. But all I can focus on are her haunting blue eyes staring back at me.

Since the first day this special task force was formed and her picture crossed my desk, I always thought she was too young to look that tortured. Every day of my life has been about survival. Thirty-one years of it have me questioning every person who walks into my life.

But not her. And before you think I'm only after her tight ass, let me be the first to say you are dead wrong. She's tamed the beast in me and has me wanting shit like happiness and laughter instead of the nightmares and a plague of darkness I've known since I can remember.

Her story of abuse broke my heart and I swore I would do everything I could to protect her.

I stayed away at first. I fought against my dark lusts and I won for a while.

And then I broke.

I fell for my informant. The daughter of our target. Turning her had been easy. She agreed to do anything to get away from the monster who fathered her. All I had to do was show up and introduce myself.



But it all turned thirty shades of twisted pretty fast. Keeping my hands to myself turned into a struggle I lost.

It took me nearly six months, but I finally cracked when she showed up on my doorstep bruised from her father's angry fists.

Her tears. Seeing her in pain. God help me. I had to do something to erase the memory. So I kissed her which turned into me taking her virginity. That first taste of heaven gave me hope for something I had no business craving. Her lips on mine, the taste of her sweet juices on my tongue, and her hands on my body led me to do what I swore I would never do—turn into my sleazy ass, dirty fucked up father.

*“Sinners blood runs in the Priest family,”* my mother had said every Sunday morning before shuffling us out the door to church. I wish the lessons had stuck. But she was right. Only the devil's blood lives in my veins. Otherwise, I would be like the badge-wearing do-gooders in this room and have my head on straight.

It's the same shit my father did while married to my mother that made her believe we were all bound for eternal damnation. The only difference is the bastard used the girls he turned as informants and then didn't care if they died in the crossfire as long as he got what he wanted.

That is not who I am. Or who I thought I was.

But to make shit even more warped, Lilith is promised to the Bratva. Kirill Antonov to be exact. The blood on his hands is thick. He's third in line to the throne of their family's criminal empire after the eldest brothers, Maxim and Oizys Antonov.

Though Maxim doesn't want the crown from what he swears to me. Given my history, I consider it hypocritical to judge him on the blood in his veins. He's had my back a couple of time with some good intel. That is what matters to me.

I scrub a hand down my face as more agents file into the room and grab seats. I settle into the empty chair next to Mace. The second my ass hits the cushion, I make the mistake of lifting my eyes to see my boss' ugly mug looking right at me.

Connor Callahan is wearing his signature bulldog look, his jowls hanging from age and no doubt stress.

I tip my chin in acknowledgment. “Boss. It’s not good to see you on my only day off. But since we are all here, who are we finally cuffing today?” My frankness isn’t surprising to him. I see a hint of a tilt to his lip before it falls flat on his face.

The man’s been here since the dawn of time and has witnessed a lot of shit go down. The running office joke is he was on the team that took down Capone. Completely not true, but hand to God, he could pass for being a century old. A life of fighting crime doesn’t soften a man by any means and the proof of that is all over his weathered face. Deep creases, granite eyes, and a cut-throat attitude make him hard to go up against.

Not only is he my boss, but the hard-ass fucker is also my godfather. The old man came up the ranks with my father. Both had their eyes set on becoming FBI director by the time they hit their sixties. Callahan here made it to supervisory Special Agent. My father made it to an early grave and the stain of greed, violence, and drug addiction was left behind for me to remove from the Priest name.

And then there is the high probability he killed my twin brother.

But I am getting ahead of myself. First things first.

Callahan thumps the table in front of him with a meaty fist. “Put away your cuffs, Priest. I see that look on your face. No cowboy heroics. You hear me, boy? This is your chance to clear off the pile of shit your father left behind on your name. My advice is don’t fuck it up.”

He always had an uncanny way of reading my mind. I tip my imaginary hat in his direction.

“Yes, sir.”

Callahan’s climb up the ladder halted when my father’s deeds were spread all over the nation’s newspapers. Being closely associated with a dirty federal agent with ties to the mafia nearly lost him his job and damn near cost me a shot at the bureau. It’s a fucking miracle I’m still here. Much to do with my godfather, I’m sure.

“Let’s start at the top,” Callahan begins. “Before we get Lilith Rossé moved into WITSEC I want to know she is not playing this team for fools. More importantly, not playing you, Priest.” An aged finger is pointed my way.

A scowl grips my expression. “What the fuck does that mean? Has she not provided us with actionable intel to date?”

Mace looks over with an apologetic look my way. He’s the only one who knows about my dirty little secret with Lilith.

“She said Kirill arrives tomorrow.” He points to all the files on the table. “You can read the messages we’ve intercepted and a few more from the enforcers. She was either wrong or lying and intentionally feeding you false intel. As of yesterday evening, Kirill Antonov is already Stateside. His impending nuptials with Lilith slated to happen in a month are already underway.”

The ax to the chest is swift. The pain is brutal.

“Bullshit,” I grit on auto. But at the same time, the radio silence from her makes sense now. Damn it. I thought I had more time. I sit up and grab the folder and flip through the papers. The more I read the harder it is to get a tight grip on my rage.

Callahan is right if these messages are to be believed.

“Bullshit? Then tell me what I’m missing. What do you have with the daughter, Priest? If you’re keeping something, now’s the time to share.”

His pick of words has my blood running cold. I look up from the papers and for a second, I think Callahan knows. But he would have personally come knocking on my door the second he found out and fired me on the spot. What he wouldn’t do is wait on information like me fucking the most important informant we have on the case. He might not be blood family, but we both struggle with impatience.

I take a steadying breath and work with that information.

I shake my head. “Silence on my end so far. But she’s no liar.”

I live with the constant fear she’s going to get killed bringing me otherwise

impossible information for us to find out on our own. I'm not going to let anyone throw her under the bus for her efforts. I promised I would protect her and now this. The murderous mobster already has her.

*She is actually married. It happened.*

I erase the rage blinding me from seeing clearly for a brief second.

“We need to know if we can trust her.”

Callahan keeps talking while I fight off a sharp, piercing ache driving into my heart. I breathe through it and let it settle into my gut as revenge. Now is not the time for me to turn into a monster. My guns, the cover of darkness, and some taps on the shoulders of a few friends with fewer morals than me are all I need to get my backup plan off the ground.

I raise my eyes and zero in on my boss. “Her INTEL is solid. She can't predict other people's actions, Agent Callahan. She's not a fucking mind reader. She just passes on what she hears. The shipment of illegal arms we're tracking is being masked by a shipment of women he plans on making look like another outfit is trafficking. So far my contacts in the field are saying it looks like she's telling the truth. Won't know for sure until tomorrow. What do you want to do?”

Callahan grunts, his gaze calculating.

Down either side of the table are the members of the special task force formed to take down a growing mafia family—Rossé. Murder, human trafficking, gambling, and drugs. If it is illegal and can turn a profit the elder of the family has his hand in it. And he's grooming his daughter to take over alongside Kirill. Lucky for us she wants nothing to do with the criminal empire or the husband he's forcing on her.

“How close are we to making a move? Talking over shit we already know seems like a dead way to spend the day when we could be prepping with SWAT.” I fight to keep patience in my tone.

Beside me, Mace clears his throat quietly, a subtle gesture that I need to take it down a notch. I've never been good at waiting. And I'm not about to start now.

I look at him and then back to the man at the head of the table. “Or are we waiting until Kirill kills her like he’s done to at least three of the girls he’s married? What more do you need to know before we move and get her to safety? She’s already agreed to turn state’s evidence?”

A call comes in and Callahan stands. Before he steps away, he says, “Strap in. We are going to go over every angle of this case. We have to make sure it’s airtight before we request the warrants. No one is going home until we do.” With that Callahan leaves the room.

Shit.

I watch the back of his head, my mind running on overdrive.

There’s a grunt followed by a weaselly laugh a few chairs down. Agent Crowe Walker. Fucker loves stirring up trouble and then sitting back to watch the show. “You got it bad, Priest.”

He fiddles with his papers instead of looking me in the eye. For a man who looks like he would rather work behind a desk than get his hands dirty out in the field, he should know better than to pick fights he’ll only cower from when fists get involved. His voice even sounds like a talking weasel’s.

“I’ve seen the way your eyes get stuck to the daughter’s ass, Priest. How do you plan on denying that one? Stop trying to be your name’s sake and admit you’re fucking her already.”

I slowly push up from my chair. Chest thumping isn’t in my nature, but beating the stupid out of people does make me feel better on occasion. Problem is, he’s not wrong. Several sets of eyes slowly move from me to settle on the asshole who still can’t bring himself to look me in the eye. “Stand up and say that shit to my face, Crowe.”

I sit down, done wasting energy on useless people.

I wait but the office asshole keeps his eyes glued to the papers in front of him. “That’s what I thought. Talking is fine, buddy. But you say shit, get ready to back it up. Haven’t I told you that? Someday there won’t be half a table between us when you mouth off.”

Crowe wears a thick scruff and his hair is a mess like the rest of him. From

the wrinkles in his clothes and old coffee stain on his tie, it looks like he's spent the last three days sleeping on a couch.

"Fuck off, Priest. We all know you're screwing the bitch. Why don't you come out and say it, pretty boy? Men like you always get what they want and never have to worry about the consequences."

The room turns red. All I can see is his body on the floor, his blood staining the crappy blue-gray carpet under my feet.

Mace's large hand comes down hard on my shoulder the second my chair flies back when I launch to my feet.

"Easy, bro. His ass ain't worth the paperwork."

Crowe finally throws me a challenging look that matches his words. "Yeah, *bro*. Take a seat. This isn't some high school parking lot." His large nostrils flare but that's the extent of his alpha posturing. Coward. This isn't the first time he's stirred the pot only to cower behind a facade of professionalism. I know for a fact the man taps the prostitutes for blow jobs down in the center of town twice a month. His wife would love to know that *and* the crack houses he frequents.

There's a reason he's always wearing long sleeves.

Around us, everyone has found something else to look at. Except for Mace. His face glows. The twisted man loves drama.

Callahan picks the perfect time to come back in just as my phone goes off.

Crowe returns to his meek demeanor and I shelve my anger for some other time. He's not worth the effort it would take to teach him some manners.

I pull out my phone. "It's her." I meet Callahan's stone-hard gaze.

"She's wanting to be extracted."

My fingers tighten around the phone. She knows better than to text unless it's bad.

Callahan's hand slides down his face. "No," he says with an air of finality I don't expect. He usually isn't one to leave the innocent out there like bait.

I try again. “We can make it work without her in the middle.” That is as far as I can risk pushing the topic without stepping over the line and giving Crowe fuel to push his agenda.

“Antonov is moving pieces on the chess board. We wait until the girl feeds us intel on the shipments. Team A, make sure you can back up what she gives with your contacts down at the docks and the freighters.”

“Yes, sir,” I hear from a group of seven agents who are looking to climb ladders and get awards. They don’t care about the actions they have to take or if those actions will get Lilith killed.

“Priest, you are to hold back. Keep her engaged. She has to go through with the wedding. She’s our only in and she has to stay if she wants our deal to hold. Push her to find out information. Forty-eight hours and this case will be closed, two killers and major traffickers behind bars if all goes smoothly. Let’s make sure it does.”

“Copy that,” I lie, fighting to be civil. I thump Mace on the shoulder as everyone leaves. “Stay in contact. Any whispers you find through the web feed directly back to me first.”

He nods, already moving toward the door. I follow him out. When we are alone, I palm my phone. I can’t believe this shit. Then again, maybe I can. Time after time, Callahan follows the law down to the last period. I don’t know why I expect him to treat this case any differently.

I swallow thickly and keep my heart from falling to the floor.

“Yo?”

I look up at Mace.

“Exit strategy is in place. Docs, IDs, money.”

“It’s time. The whole nine. Fuck this two day shit. Twenty-four hours and we move in. You know who to tap on the shoulder.”

Just because I am an agent doesn’t mean I don’t know how to cut ties and disappear should it come to that. Why? Trust issues a mile long. I’ve seen good people burned by bad deals. I won’t be one of them. I had no idea my

exit strategy would be used because of a girl though. Hand to God, I never saw it coming.

But I'm glad I'm not alone. My cousin had always had my back and me his.

My lips curl into a slow predatory smile at the idea I get to go hunting for a killer. If that makes me no better than the men I hunt, so be it. Antonov has a clock on his head and I just pressed the timer.

The Feds have twenty-four hours before I do this my way.

## Chapter Two

### *Lilith*

**I**t's the perfect night to die.

Rain, thunder, and not a beam of moonlight in sight.

I brace an arm around my midriff and wheeze a little when a sharp pain stabs through my ribs. It might feel like I have a foot in the grave, but I'm not dead and I could really use some source of light right about now. Running through pitch black is hell on a girl's nerves and bare feet.

I should have taken the time to find a pair of flats or even some socks. Anything really. Hindsight and all that. Four-inch heels make terrible running partners so I ditched those halfway across my father's manicured lawn half an hour ago.

It seemed like a good idea at the time. When it came down to the state of my feet or my life, I picked the latter and then hauled ass before a fresh wave of guards could get their hands on me.

With the adrenaline wearing off, I'm starting to feel the hits I took and now the jagged pavement under my feet.

Like a scoop of crap on top of a shitty Sunday, misty rain blankets my face and bare shoulders. It won't be long before it soaks the heavy dress clinging to my body. Why my father insisted on such an elaborate wedding is beyond me.



I move deeper into the alleyway, unable to see where I'm going. Another step and my foot connects with a bottle. Glass skitters and tinkles across craggy asphalt before abruptly stopping against the side of a rusty dumpster.

For several frenzied heartbeats, I freeze in the darkness. Listen. But the blood rushing through my ears makes it hard to hear.

All I get back is the sound of tiny droplets of rain forming larger puddles of water on the asphalt.

It would be easy to compare my life to my drabby surroundings. It basically went from survivable to a *dumpster-fire shit show* in the span of a few hours. I mean it wasn't perfect. Daddy has a mean temper when he gets riled up. But things had been okay since momma died a few months ago. I thought we had found common ground in our grief.

Lace snags on the large diamond on my ring finger. I tug on the band, but nothing budes the gold.

So, yeah. That would be a huge fat no. I grieved while my bastard father planned my forced marriage from the second my mother was lowered into the ground. Maybe even before.

I wish we'd stayed in Georgia and never came to New York City. Here he's a different man. Grief does things to a person, but I had no idea it could make a man a monster. I am not sure if momma's death triggered something buried inside him or if her sudden death simply broke him. The outcome is the same so I guess it's all irrelevant. My shot nerves would agree.

Tears came easily hours ago. Now my dry eyes burn with rage, anger, and... fear.

I swallow hard. But mostly fear.

A part of me—the betrayed, angry daughter—wants to see Daddy rotting in the ground. No one as evil as him should be allowed to draw air. He practically sold his only child to a man with a bloody reputation. And not for dollars in a bank account. There's much more than just cash that serves as currency in my dark world. Power. Territory. Strong united fronts.

Why I don't know. He already owns half of this city. It only took a couple of

years for him to move in, take over and rule over the criminal underworld of a city I used to dream about loving.

Cops, judges, and even the city's mayor are all in his pocket.

Greed knows no bounds is the only answer I've come up with. I'm learning how true that is the hard way.

Renewed tears slide down my cheeks, and I let them mix with the rainwater.

"Damn him," I seethe into the darkness. But my problems are bigger than betrayal and tears.

I close my eyes.

I have no friends.

I have no family except the one who betrayed me long before today.

And now my worst nightmare has come true. I belong to a monster.

The kicker? You're going to love this one. I'm pregnant with his enemy's child. If he catches me, I'm dead and so is this unborn baby.

It wasn't on purpose but that didn't stop it from happening.

Honestly, I'm just damn tired of fighting for my place in this world that isn't tied to a bed as a breeder for the mob.

I settle a hand over my abdomen that will be round and fat in a few months.

The wedding wasn't set for another week. I thought I had time to execute my escape plan. Daddy's new powerful Russian mobster friend wasn't due to arrive in the country until the day after tomorrow. I was supposed to be in WITSEC by then while the FBI moved in on my father and Kirill. Easy plan, right? I would be safe and all my ties to the criminal underworld would be severed. I would be safe.

Nothing is ever easy. In the history of plans, when did one go off without a hiccup? Never. Not for me anyway.

Toward the end of the alley a car rolls by a little too slow for comfort. Like the driver is looking for someone. Air seizes in my lungs. I grip two handfuls

of white silk and hold tight against a brick wall. A small eve offers a respite from the drizzling rain. The smell of urine is strong this deep into the dark alley, but I don't dare move to pinch my nose.

"They don't know where I am," I reassure my racing heart and tight chest. The memo is slowly moving through my body so it takes me a minute to peel my back off the wall.

The car keeps moving and I don't make a move until the fade of the tail lights blinks out of existence.

I mentally crawl over the same details again and again trying to find the tiniest slithers of information I might have missed that led to today. Did they know about me being an informant? A Rossé enforcer would have slit my throat while I slept. Daddy would have handed him the knife.

No. It has to be something else that spooked my father and Kirill into moving up the timetable.

My heart clenches. "God, hear me now. I would rather die than belong to a man like him. Do you hear me? I would rather be dead than be his captive for the rest of my life." Bile burns the back of my throat with disgust. My voice shakes with unwavering determination. I will not give myself to a monster like him.

I keep away from the shadows but this stupid white dress might as well be a glowing sign. My feet drag over rough gravel, but I don't pay attention to the sharp edges as it cuts through the tender flesh of my feet. I just need to get to him. That is all that matters right now.

I need Gabriel. He will protect me.

My defender. My lover. My dirty little secret.

And the man I truly think of as my husband.

*"But he's not,"* a nagging voice in the back of my head grates. *"He's not and never will be."*

Fear of just how true that is leaves a nasty taste in my mouth. And desperation. I come to the end of the alleyway and cross a small road that

leads to townhouses bunched together with rows of backyards sectioned off by pretty white fences. The symbol of perfect little lives closed in with picture-perfect gardens.

Dirty lies.

You can't tell me a white fence makes for a happy life. I flick away all the swirling thoughts and shove aside the pain drilling holes into my heart. I can't control others, but I sure as hell can control what happens to me. Grit and determination slither their way into my spine. One vertebra at a time I can feel my resolve lock into place.

I'm here and I can either turn around or...

"Let's hope I'm not wrong."

I refuse to be shoved on some plane and flown halfway across the globe to be a wife to a man I despise. Kirill Antonov is a cold-blooded killer dressed in impeccable suits. But still a killer.

Shadows and darkness hide my presence as I finally free the lock on the gate and push inward. I don't move until the lock relatches.

Inside, I feel a sense of calm come over me but I would be a fool to think I am safe.

Only a person with a death wish makes a deal with the enemy and I am about to see how far he will go to save me.

I take in my surroundings one last time. I cross the small yard and take the steps up his back porch. There's a keypad on the wall and I punch in the six digits, sliding through the final door between me and the man I love.

Silence greets me.

It takes me a minute to realize the shaking I feel isn't an earthquake, but my knees clanking. I pause, take a deep breath and tell myself this is the right move. I have to do this to protect myself. I rub my belly. And my unborn child.

Darkness throws the entire house into deep shadows. Grays and blacks wash across the furniture. Couches, bookcases, and the odd chair are all bathed in

monochromatic tones. It takes a few seconds for my eyes adjust. I've been here once a week for months. Sometimes I stay longer than expected and sometimes I barely have time to share what I've come to say before circumstance drives me back into the street.

This time is different. Energy crackles around me. I never thought freedom would feel like this.

"Gabriel?" I call out softly.

Nothing.

I walk slowly toward the back of the house, letting my fingers brush against the cool walls and a stack of books on an end table. The backs of chairs.

Soft carpet cradles my throbbing feet but it's the silence that hugs my heart in a death grip that has me biting at my lower lip.

It's too silent.

Unease settles in my limbs. Tingles prickle up the back of my arms. Maybe it's remnants of leftover adrenaline in my bloodstream. Or it could be the cold air brushing over my damp skin. but something tells me the light he usually leaves on at the end of the hallway is off for a reason.

There's only one way to find out.

I edge down the hallway and when I get to his bedroom door, I slowly push it open.

Thankfully the hinges are silent, unlike the blood rushing in my ears.

I pause. A large form is in the middle of the bed. Skylights let in flashes of light from the rumbling storm. In those bursts, I see the dips and contours of bare skin.

Gabriel is a beautiful specimen of a man.

I move closer, my steps unnoticed over the thick, warm carpet. I shiver with anticipation of those large hands on my body. There's something so illicit about standing here watching my handler sleep. He's never let me witness him at his weakest with all his shields down. He's breathtaking.

He shifts in his sleep and my eyes roam freely.

It's as though I take a bolt of lightning to the heart.

*Oh, damn.* And now I know he sleeps bare. *Fucking delicious* puts it mildly.

I stand in silence. It might be as dark as a sinner's soul in here, but there's just enough light coming off the streetlights to the side of the house to let me see broad shoulders and a well-defined back. My gaze keeps moving south over a narrow waist that leads to a perfectly rounded ass and yes, I forget how to breathe for a second.

My weaknesses all rolled up into one man.

The desire to be in his arms hits me like a whirling hurricane.

I eye the profile of his government-issued weapon on the nightstand. Maybe lurking through the darkness isn't such a hot idea. I consider my options as my pulse races. I can strip and straddle him and probably get a gun in my face. Starling an armed man in the dead of night is never a good idea. Rule number one in basic staying alive 101.

Or, I could flick on the light and call out to him. Hope he looks before shooting.

Then again. I drag the edge of my bottom lips between my teeth. I rather like seeing him naked and draped in black silk like some nighttime pirate. It would almost be a crime to disturb such dangerous perfection.

"I wondered if you would come to me, hummingbird."

His nickname for me is endearing. It's better than *asset* and *broodmare* for damn sure.

His rough, low-pitched voice washes over me and I smile with languid ease. I should have known better than to think I could sneak up on him.

"Are you ever gonna tell me why you gave me that name."

I can see the shadows of a grin on his lips, but they don't move to answer my question.

Fine. "You said to use my wings and fly. So I did. I came to you."

Five minutes after begging him to make good on the deal I held with the FBI he sent through a single line that made me make the hardest decision in my life. To run.

“I could have easily been telling you to run and not look back.”

There’s no malice or judgment in his tone, only a casual note of curiosity. I pin him with a meaningful look I know he can’t make out in the dark. The word liar comes to mind but I opt to say, “True. But you didn’t,” I counter.

The federal agent rolls his large form in my direction to brace himself up on an elbow. I can hear the challenge in his voice. A small slither of black silk still covering him falls to his waist and I appreciate the outline more than just the set of toned abs stretched over his midriff.

I make no efforts to stifle my soft gasp, but I do hold back on the urge to go to him. On the outside my back is straight and my chin is held high. But inside fear of being rejected churns until it feels like my insides are made of only knots.

I can feel his eyes fixated on me when he speaks. “What makes you so sure you could come to me?”

I am on the verge of spilling our baby news so I’m not the only one carrying the weight, but when my lips move nothing comes out.

I’d been so excited, but years of mistrust won’t let me speak.

Gabriel can send me packing and I will have nowhere to go. What if the voice in my head telling me I’m being used as a doorway to my father is right? I normally don’t suffer from self-doubt but I’m not breaking and entering for the fun of it. I need Gabriel’s help and his protection. But most importantly, I need his touch of reassurance that everything is going to be okay.

My gaze falls over warm skin. Shivers of unsolicited excitement run through me. The man is large all over and when I say that I mean there is not a part of him that isn’t thick and hard.

“Gabriel,” I whisper into the darkness. *Give me one piece of hope I can hang on to.*

“Come to me, my hummingbird.”



[Pre-order Savage Chaos releasing March 31st](#)



Nothing is fair in the game of love and death.

They call him Riot. A savage mafia killer filled with the fires of vengeance.

I knew him by a different name. Until the night I died I secretly called him my husband.

And then the monster in the darkness turned me into a pawn in a twisted game of power and greed.

When I step into the world of the living after years of wearing the shadows of New York City like a cloak, I don't expect to be welcomed with open arms. A bullet to the heart is more like it if the rumors of who my husband has become since my death are to be believed.

And I'm not disappointed.

Six years is a long time for the heart to grow cold and callous. From lover to enemy, the man I once died to protect promises me pain and punishment for the sins I've committed to keep him alive.

Fiery seduction, burning caresses and thinly veiled threats all serve as reminders I am alive. Instead of fearing him, I welcome the lash of his stinging wrath.



But before I can fall victim to his sweet torture, first there will be blood.

You see, in this story there are no heroes. Only monsters and villains. Of which we are both. All I want to do is fall into my husband's arms, but first I'll have to fight for what's coming.

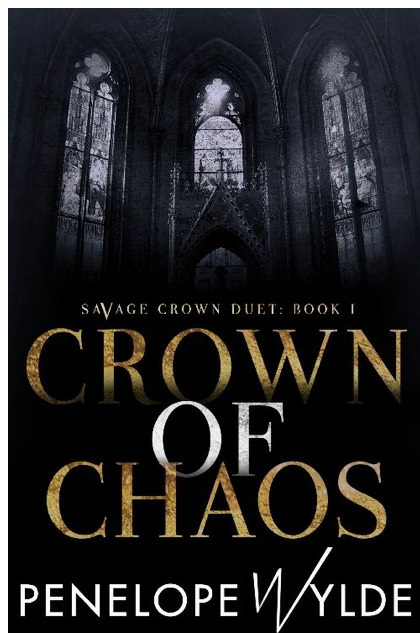
Question is, will he help me battle my demons or will he send me back to hell?

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# Savage Crown Duet

Set in the world of the Sons of Bratva Savages, Sapphire Constantine's love for three men has caused a war where enemies are now friends and shadows are out for her blood and that of her child's. Her story started in [Room Eight](#) and now she's fighting alongside her men for their happily ever after, but first there will be chaos and vengeance.

Book One: [Crown of Chaos - Pre-order](#)



# Also by Penelope Wylde

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# About the Author

Penelope Wylde loves playing on the dark side of romance, making her characters work for their happily-ever-after. Join her for a twisted ride through the gritty shadows before reaching the light. That is, if you dare to be WYLDE.

She writes overly possessive heroes and anti-heroes who are pure sinners at heart who bring enough heat to the pages to melt your hearts...and your panties. Billionaires, mafia, reverse harem, and bikers...the more forbidden the romance the more she loves to peel back the layers and discover what makes her characters tick.

