

club
sin
new
orleans

ROOM EIGHT

Cinched Up Tight

EMBER DAVIS

ROOM
Eight
EIGHT

Cinched Up Tight

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Room Eight: Cinched Up Tight (Club Sin: New Orleans Session 2) by Ember Davis

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Contains explicit love scenes and adult language. The suggested reading audience is 18 years or older.

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For those willing to explore something new.
Like corseting.

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TRIGGER WARNING

This story has dark themes and morally gray mafia heroes and motorcycle club princess heroine. You'll still find an insta-love(ish) story that is spicy and isn't necessarily simple, but with darker themes, situations, and depictions of violence (not between the MMC and MFC).

There is no cheating with a guaranteed HEA, however, if you don't like darker themes, then this book may not be for you.



CHAPTER 1

FLEUR

I keep the smile on my face and it's only half fake, which is good considering the announcement my best friend just made. Pregnant. She's pregnant.

I should have known because she's glowing. Although, to be fair, she's been glowing since she fell in love with the Falsini triplets and they claimed her as their own, even though Viola, the Guidice princess, was kind of the enemy. In the end, it didn't matter to them.

They saw her for who she was.

I can't blame them; she's always been a force and a source of light. It's hard not to see her. Yes, some people only saw her as some airhead little rich girl. Those are the people she wanted to fool, and they fell for it. It's an act I use as well.

It's easy to wade through the crap people in this world, the ones who will try and use you for what they think they will gain if you only show them who you aren't and what they expect you to be. If they believe it, if they don't look deeper, then you don't have to invest time in them. Fooling people and training them to see what we want was our armor, but Viola doesn't have to wear it anymore.

I still do.

No one sees me. Jealousy curls in my stomach no matter how much I try and push it away. It's not fair to be jealous of my best friend.

We've been side by side for as long as I can remember, and I don't begrudge her the happiness she's found. I'm glad she has it. She deserves it.

I just can't help but wonder if I deserve it to.

Maybe I don't.

Or maybe it's not up to me at all.

I don't know and I'm trying not to care, but it's difficult. Especially when I'm in the same room with Viola's brothers. Leonardo, Giovanni, and Rocco are the sexiest men I've ever met, and I've had a crush on them for as long as I can remember. I figured it was just the crush of a girl when I was younger. Then as I got older, I saw being with the three of them wasn't possible.

Three men, brothers at that, with the same girl? It was an impossibility.

Now that Viola is with her triplets, the burning ache of not having what my heart desires is back. It's been there for months, even though I've tried to ignore it.

The problem isn't being with the three of them anymore because I know it could happen and work. No, now it's much worse.

They don't see me. They never have.

At least, they don't see me as anything more than Fleur Whelan. Best friend to their sister. The club princess of the Devil's Saints Motorcycle Club thanks to my father Lucifer, the Prez, and my brother and VP, Prodigal.

I've never just been Fleur to them. I've never been a woman. I've never been my own person who has desires to fulfill and love to give.

I shuffle around the dining room table in Dante Guidice's house where we've been celebrating Viola's birthday over a decadent dinner. Dante is the eldest of Viola's brothers and the head of the Guidice crime family while his brothers work underneath him in the organization. Men skirting the law and sometimes breaking it without remorse isn't new for me. I might not have been privy to club business growing up, but I'm not stupid.

Now that Viola has been thoroughly kissed by her men and hugged by her brothers, I wrap my arms around her to give her my love, brittle as it might feel against my soul. She's still the only person I know who understands me. She's still the sister

of my soul, no matter how hard it can be to be around her happy light which is fueled by a love I'm trying not to covet.

Not that I would want the Falsini triplets. I might like dark and broody—which the Guidice brothers are—but I don't want my best friend's men. I want my own. I want the ones who will never see me.

“Congratulations,” I whisper to my friend. “I'm so happy for you.”

From the way Viola pulls back and her eyes study me, it's clear she heard the way my voice cracked a little bit. I've been trying to ignore the uneven ground while stumbling forward in my life. Apparently, I haven't been doing a very good job.

“Fleur,” she breathes out and I shake my head.

“No, V,” my voice is fierce, but not sharp. “I'm so happy for you. You found something you didn't know you needed with your men, and you fought for it just as hard as they fought for you.” My hand covers her belly which isn't showing her pregnancy at all yet. “I can't wait to meet my little niece or nephew.”

She smiles at me, but it doesn't quite erase the worry for me in her eyes. “You'll be the best aunt to our little one,” her voice is full of sincerity and has the backs of my eyes burning with unshed tears.

I've never been much of a crier. I didn't have a lot of room for it in my life, not when I was surrounded by the club where strength matters, even when it comes to the old ladies and princesses. You can't show weakness to your enemy. It's something I know Viola understands.

I clench my jaw to bite back my gooey emotions and roll my eyes at my friend. “It seems the hormones are already getting to you and making you soft.”

She barks out a laugh and shakes her head, the worry over me being chased away by the joy of her life now gone. As it should be. I hug her again and then let her go when Marco walks up behind her and wraps her up in his arms. I push the fragment of jealousy away and smile at my friend and the love

she's found. I wiggle my eyebrows at her which has her sticking her tongue out at me.

"We'll have to go shopping soon. You'll need to get a whole nursery together and there's not much I like more than shopping," I tease my best friend.

"Fuck, baby clothes are the cutest," she gushes, and I nod enthusiastically.

She's not wrong. I can admit, if only to myself, that I've looked at baby clothes and stuff before. They're so small, it's hard to believe they would fit on anyone, even a baby. I haven't had the chance to spend a lot of time around babies or kids, but I've always wanted them. I've always wanted a family.

"Soon," I promise her. "Just tell me when and you know I'll be there."

She surprises me with another quick hug even with Marco's arms still wrapped around her. "I love you," she whispers, and those fucking tears are threatening to make themselves known again.

When pulling away from her, her eyes are glassy, and I frown at her which has her bright laugh filling the space around us. I wink at her before I start to move away, knowing it won't be the last time we'll be celebrating the next addition to the Guidice family. Or is it the Falsini family? I guess it doesn't really matter.

I slip away, just needing a little bit of space, needing a breath. I'm so fucking happy for my best friend, but there's an ache in my chest I can't ignore. I won't be able to stay for much longer, but I won't be the storm cloud over my friend's night either. It feels like there's something crawling underneath my skin—unresolved dreams and restless aspirations to have something more in my life.

I'm so in my head that I barely stop myself from screaming when someone grabs my shoulder and spins me around. I was so damn close to being out back where the cool night air could soothe some of the jagged pieces of me, but I'm looking up

into the eyes of the Guidice brothers instead. None of them are wearing the same expression, which isn't surprising considering they're very different men.

Rocco looks pissed, which is nothing new. I swear he's a powder keg about to erupt at any minute. Giovanni looks amused, curious and hungry. It's a look I've seen on his face, but it's never been directed at me before. I'm not sure I like it at all. Leonardo looks concerned. It's like a knife to my heart because I have no doubt it stems from some feeling of obligation toward me which is the last thing I want.

"What was Viola talking about at dinner?" I arch an eyebrow at Rocco's snarled words, and I swear jealousy flashes across his features even though it makes no damn sense. "Why would she mention you and Club Sin in the same sentence?"

I keep my face carefully blank. I was really hoping no one would notice her joking about not needing me to renew her Club Sin membership as a gift. Apparently, luck is not on my side. Giovanni was the only one who reacted, but then again, I was hoping a hole would open underneath me and swallow me whole and didn't notice if anyone else heard.

"It's really none of your business," I hiss, hoping they don't notice me blushing while my cheeks feel warmer. Now is not the time to blush like a fucking schoolgirl.

I own my own sexuality and have for a long time. I'm not going to be ashamed of it and I sure as hell don't owe anything to the men in front of me, who are now wearing matching scowls like they rehearsed that shit. I look them over and feel my heart cracking.

Now they see me? Or do they think I'm ridiculous? Not that it matters.

"Why would you go to a place like that?" Leonardo looks pissed and his voice holds barely contained rage. Rage directed at me. But I see no jealousy.

He's always been the one able to hold his emotions behind a mask almost as effectively as Dante. Because of that it's

never been easy to get a read on him.

I arch an eyebrow and square my shoulders while raising my chin. I repeat his words slowly, “A place like that?” Gio’s scowl cracks and I swear the corner of his mouth twitches like this is all fun for him. Well, good for him; it’s not fun for me. “What exactly does that mean?”

Rocco snarls, “A sex club.”

Gio’s voice layers over his brother’s when they speak at the same time, “A place to have fun.”

Leo, wisely, keeps his mouth shut. I’m not sure if it’s because he can read the retribution in my eyes or because he’s surprised that I’m pushing back against him, them. I don’t normally. It wasn’t worth it before, and it’s not like they really saw me for me and not the girl I was when Viola and I became friends, so what would the point be? Yes, I say that knowing full well that Rocco is younger than me, but he’s always seemed wise beyond his years.

I shake my head and take a deep breath before blowing it out slowly. “I will not be interrogated by the likes of you,” I give Gio a pointed look because he’s the playboy out of the three brothers and always has been. “What I do with my time is my business and my business alone. What I do with my body,” Rocco growls from the back of his throat and I have to lock my knees so I don’t melt into a puddle at his feet, “is my business. I am a grown fucking woman.”

All three men’s eyes slide down the length of my body in such a way that has goosebumps covering my skin and my pussy getting wet. I’ve always been attracted to them since I understood what it was to even feel attraction. I’ve always wanted them. They never looked at me the way they’re looking at me right now.

It scares me just as much as it excites me.

“What, exactly,” Leo’s voice is low and filled with seduction, “are you doing with your body, Fleur?”

“None of your business,” I swallow hard when my voice comes out breathy when I really wanted it to be firm.

Damn them for looking hot as possession flashes in their eyes like I'm not the same person they ignored for years.

"You aren't going back there," there's a threat in Rocco's words and I know I need to get the hell away from them before I do something stupid.

Like rip my clothes off and drop to my knees with my pussy on display for them.

"Not without us," Gio practically fucking purrs, his tongue coming out to sweep across his bottom lip.

I force myself to detach from the conversation, knowing full well I'll be analyzing every breath of it later. When I'm alone.

I look each man in the eye before I take a step toward them. When they part for me, like touching me would give them cooties or something, my heart shatters. Again.

It's not the first time and it won't be the last. Pull yourself together.

I keep my head held high while I walk away from them, give Viola one more hug, and then leave the Guidice mansion. I certainly don't look back. And I definitely don't let the tears fall until I'm safely locked inside my own home.

Alone.

Again.



CHAPTER 2

ROCCO

I refresh the information on the app I'm looking at. Again. It's still telling me the same thing and jealous anger simmers right under my skin. She's there.

Fucking there.

At Club Sin.

It's been two weeks since Viola's birthday dinner and the next day I set my sights on getting to the bottom of Fleur's membership to Club Sin. I couldn't find out much, which was infuriating in a whole new way, even though I could appreciate the secrecy. In asking about membership for myself and my brothers, I found out Gio already had one, which had me tracking him down and confronting him.

I gripped his shirt and saw the amusement swirling with controlled anger in his eyes. My voice was filled with seething fury, "Why didn't you tell us you knew about Fleur going to Club Sin?"

He pushed me back, but I didn't let go of him. If I wasn't holding onto him, I wasn't sure if I could stop myself from hitting him. It's been a while since we've fought, but it's happened in the past. Giovanni might seem like the most affable of us, but he is a scrapper through and through. He fights dirty too without even a hint of shame.

That was the way of our life, the way we were raised. Getting to the top was never without breaking some rules. The only steadfast rules were about family being held in the highest regard and that the women of our hearts should be shown they are cherished. Our father held our mother on a pedestal, one she earned, and would never allow violence to touch her. Viola was treated the same.

Beyond those two things you had to do whatever you had to do to win. It created a sense of competition amongst Leonardo,

Giovanni, and me. Dante was above it in some ways, but only because, as the oldest, his place within the Guidice family was secure. He would be the only one to sit at the head of the table. Thankfully, it was a place none of the rest of us ever wanted.

I'm happy to support my family. I still hold power, not only in the organization, but within the city. It's more than enough for me. I know my brothers feel the same way. As the youngest, I could have resented it, but I never did.

Giovanni snapped at me, my grip tightening on him, "I have been there, but I've never seen Fleur there." Anger flashed across his face, overtaking the joking mask he usually wore. His voice dropped into a dangerous tone, "Do you really think I would have allowed it to continue?"

I narrowed my eyes at him, challenging him with my body language and question, "Because she's our sister's best friend and the Devil's Saints princess?"

"No," he growled. "Because she's ours."

I released him quickly and nodded once, happy with his answer and annoyed because he was only willing to voice it now. Now that it felt like she was almost out of our grasp. We could have made a move already, she could already be warm and safe in our home, our beds.

I shook my head, "She will fight us." My eyes hardened as I looked at my brother. "Maybe you the most."

He shrugged one shoulder, an act of casual aloofness that, suddenly, didn't ring as true as it did before with the confession of his feelings for our woman. "She wasn't ready. Neither was Leo. That doesn't change that she's been ours for a long fucking time."

I nodded and then left him, sending a text to him and Leo to meet me at Club Sin the following day. When we arrived, Leonardo looked ready to beat me until he bathed in my blood. His words were barely controlled, "What are we doing here?"

I nodded toward Gio. "He already has a membership, but we had to come down to get our own." Leo opened his mouth, and I shook my head. "We're getting a membership. I have a

plan. The next time Fleur is here, I want to be able to come in and get her.” I leaned in and lowered my voice, “Do you want some other man to put his hands on what’s ours?”

Leo stared at me for a long time, but I saw the moment he broke. “No one else will touch her,” he vowed.

After a tour of Club Sin, we were shown a few rooms which were set up with different kinks in mind. I have to say, I was impressed with how thorough they were in the way they set everything up and how they considered the clientele and their pleasure.

I was surprised when we walked into Room Eight to find it filled with corsets. The thought of dressing Fleur up, pulling the ribbons tight, and giving her curves even more shape had my cock going harder than steel. It felt like everything stopped, as I met my brother’s eyes, and I could see the same thoughts going through their minds.

We wanted to dress our woman up like a doll. Gio rubbed his hands together and I swear I could see the man fucking salivate. I could only roll my eyes even while having a hard time controlling my reaction to the room and what we wanted to do.

“Well, this will be fun,” Gio sounded fucking giddy.

Leonardo’s voice was gruff, “She’ll look so pretty wrapped up in satin and lace.” He looked around again and mused, “I wonder how tight we can cinch these up and if she’ll be able to take a full breath.”

“Fuck,” I groaned under my breath, my cock hard and needing relief.

We all moved out of the room quickly and got our membership straightened out. Well, at least two of us did. While we did that, Gio brushed off a few interested women. I didn’t even want to know if he had played with them before. They looked delighted to see him.

When we stepped back outside, Leonardo, always the planner, asked, “How will we know if she comes here?”

I smirked. “I’m going to send her an apology necklace.”

Gio sounded confused, “An apology necklace?”

I scoffed, “I thought you were the one who is good with women.” I shook my head, and he cracked a grin while shrugging one shoulder. I knew what he was thinking—he never had to try hard, and he wasn’t fucking wrong about it. “There will be a tracker in the necklace. An apology for us being assholes the other night.”

Leo barked out a laugh, something I didn’t see from my brother often, but it helped to show me this was right. We were finally on the right path. One leading straight to Fleur.

Our eyes were opened at dinner when Viola mentioned Club Sin. We had spent our lives thinking about Fleur like she’s innocent, even while seeing her grow into a beautiful woman. I’m guilty of the same even though she’s a few years older than me. That’s on us, but we’re going to make it right.

I refresh the app one more time and see that Fleur is still at Club Sin. I didn’t really think she would leave, but part of me was hoping she would. The other part of me is looking fucking forward to crashing her night.

Since we share a house, I go and pound on Leo and Gio’s doors before heading down to one of our large SUVs and slide behind the wheel. My brothers are smart men, they’ll figure it out. I almost smile when they both come running into the garage and jump into the vehicle with matching looks of determination on their faces.

The car is silent as I drive through the streets of New Orleans, but I have no doubt that our thoughts are all on the same thing. We haven’t talked about it, but like so many things we’ve been on the same page about in the past, even with how different we can be, we don’t need to.

I’ve been watching Fleur for years. This was inevitable. I don’t know if my brothers are aware of it the same way I am, but they don’t need to be. The past doesn’t matter. Only right now matters.

Anger rises in the enclosed space, and I almost crack a smile at the thought of our woman having no fucking idea

what is coming for her right now. I had the necklace delivered to her, knowing she wouldn't be able to resist the fleur-de-lis diamond pendant. I was hoping she'd put it on because I've learned how sentimental our woman can be over the years.

To know it worked? That she's wearing it and imagining it nestled between her tits right now? A feeling of smug satisfaction rolls its way through me.

I can't wait to see the surprise on her face when she sees us at Club Sin and wonders how we found out she was there. Fleur might pretend like she's some socialite, but I know she's smart and capable. I'll be more surprised if she doesn't figure it out rather quickly.

It doesn't take us long to get to Club Sin and then the three of us storm inside like we're ready to go into battle. Which we are because I have no doubt that our woman isn't going to make this easy on us. Why should she?

We've ignored the pull between us for years. We've ignored *her*.

We might have had our reasons. And some of us might not have been aware of the way we needed her—Leonardo—but all that is behind us. My brother's eyes are open and mine are focused on her, just like they have been for years.

Even though the plantation home which has been renovated to house the club is beautiful, I barely see it as we stalk through the rooms, intent on finding our prey. When we find her, it's in one of the lounge areas on the first floor. Her back is to us as we enter the room, but I would know her anywhere.

"Fuck me," Leo grunts next to me and I must agree, even though I don't acknowledge it.

Our woman is in a fitted gold dress that hugs her curves and makes her look like she's wrapped in abundant opulence. It's perfect for her and I notice, quickly, we're not the only men whose eyes are fixed on her. The entire room seems to be focused on our woman and it makes my blood simmer in my veins.

That simmer turns to a raging fucking inferno when she reaches over to the man next to her and touches his arm before the sound of her laughter rings out. My fists clench at my sides and I notice Leo's posture goes rigid in a way that should probably make me concerned for my brother. Gio chuckles under his breath like this is all an amusing show to him.

"Seems we have some competition, brothers," Gio's voice is jovial, but I can hear the edge of steel underneath it. "Time for us to make some things known." I glance at him to find him looking around the room before he adds, "Quickly."

We stride as one across the room, our feet silent and our bodies coiled tight. The man Fleur is speaking to is looking at her with hunger in his eyes and I desperately want to punch the look off his face. He's intent on her to the point of not recognizing the danger approaching him.

"Since I bought you your drink, I think I should introduce myself properly," he practically purrs at our woman. "I'm Henri. It's an honor to make your acquaintance." Fleur giggles and I see her fingers tighten on his arm as if giving it a squeeze. "I could just call you beautiful all night, but I'd prefer to know your name," he leads her smoothly and red clouds my vision.

"You won't be needing her name," Leo's voice is gruff as we come to stand next to the couple, crowding Fleur and surrounding her.

When her blue eyes snap over to us, they widen in surprise before she can mask it with a mask of indifference that I've seen on her face too many times to count. She reaches up and gently grasps the fleur-de-lis pendant around her neck and fiddles with it as her eyes find me and narrow slightly. I can't help but smirk at her, not giving a single fuck if she's already suspicious of our presence and how we found her.

Fleur crosses her arms across her chest and gives us a haughty look; it's sexy as fuck. "What are the three of you doing here?"

Before we can answer, Henri cuts in, "You know them?"

He eyes us like we're his competition. Little does he know we aren't because we've already won. Fleur has always been ours. Soon everyone will know it. Including her.

"Yes," Fleur's voice is cold as her jaw clenches and fire shoots straight out of her eyes at us.

My cock throbs in anticipation and sheer fucking joy. Taming her, claiming her, showing her the amount of pleasure she'll find between us—it's going to be glorious.

"We need to talk to you," Leo insists, and Fleur rolls her eyes.

"The only way you'll have the chance to talk to me is by taking me to a room and spending the night with me," she flippantly replies, and my vision goes hazy with the idea of having her exactly where we want her.

I grab her hand and haul her away from the bar and against my chest. She looks up at me, a hint of wonder in her eyes and I husk, "Done."

She breathes, "What?"

I smirk at her, and I swear Gio is practically vibrating with how excited he is. "You shouldn't have thrown down the gauntlet, *Tesoro*," he warns her, too late, with a chuckle in his voice.

"Wait," Henri tries to take a step toward us, something flashing in his eyes, "we were going to spend the night together."

"Not going to happen," Leo barks at him before striding toward the stairs.

I lead Fleur behind him, knowing Gio will follow. She doesn't say anything, but she doesn't have to. When I glance down into her eyes, her pupils are dilated, and her cheeks are flushed with anticipation.

This is going to be fun.

Leo opens the door to Room Eight and we allow Fleur to step into the room in front of us. The small gasp she lets out has excitement sizzling through me. When she turns toward

us, her eyes are wide as we step into the room. I can barely hear the click of the door behind us over the beating of my heart in my chest.

“We’ll be dressing you up in finery tonight, Fleur,” Gio’s voice has an edge of darkness I don’t normally hear from him.

She licks her lips and nods slowly, “Okay.”

That one word has my control snapping. I step toward her as Leo goes to look at the corsets on display along one wall. She has no idea what she’s unleashed, but she will soon.



CHAPTER 3

LEONARDO

“Strip down to your panties,” my voice is rough and feels like shards of glass in my throat.

Fleur’s beautiful blue eyes come up and meets my gaze. I know she must see the hunger there; the need I have for her. It’s something I don’t entirely understand. She has always been around, and I had to have been blind not to see her before now. It was only the knowledge that she should be off limits—untouchable—which kept me from considering her as more than Viola’s best friend.

Lately, for a lot longer than the time since my sister’s birthday dinner, I’ve been fighting to remember all the reasons I couldn’t pull Fleur against my chest and make her scream my name. My brothers’ names.

I’ve never considered sharing a woman before, but there’s something about Fleur that has me thinking the only way to have her is between myself and my brothers. It makes no fucking sense, but it’s true all the same.

I watch with unbridled pride as Fleur squares her shoulders and reaches to her side and unzips her dress. The gold fabric looks like liquid as it slides down her body and pools at her feet. There’s a challenge in her eyes, one I’m not at all surprised to see.

I’ve kept her in a box, so have my brothers, for too many years for her to trust this.

That’s fine. She doesn’t need to trust my words or my intentions, but she will feel every one of my actions. As my hands skim over her skin. As I fill her with my cock. As I make promises with my body that can’t be broken, vows that can’t be erased or forgotten.

Her perfectly round tits are on display since our woman isn’t wearing a bra. The panties she has on barely cover her

pussy and are gold, just like her dress. The tease of seeing almost all of her has my mouth watering.

“Fuck, I bet she tastes as good as she looks,” Gio groans.

From the corner of my eye, I watch him reach down and adjust his cock in his pants, giving it a squeeze. I’m tempted to do the same, especially when Fleur’s eyes blaze with need as she takes in the action. I don’t give into the impulse.

Instead, I grab the white and gold corset hanging on the wall.

I don’t know what drew us to this room, but the moment I saw it, I could see us dressing up our little doll, pulling the ribbons of the corsets tight and testing the limits of both her mind and her body. I’ve never put a corset on a woman before, even though I’ve seen some wearing them. Dressing someone up wasn’t something I found interesting, but since I saw the inside of Room Eight, I haven’t been able to stop thinking about it.

“You guys aren’t going to chicken out of this, right?” Fleur’s voice is full of accusation and a hint of hurt which has my heart aching, “You aren’t going to wind me up and then decide you were right about me all these years and I’m nothing more than your sister’s best friend?”

Rocco growls, “You’re ours, Fleur.” My youngest brother’s fingers tangle in the hair at the nape of our woman’s neck and she gasps softly. He uses his hold on her to pull her up to her tiptoes and tilt her back. She’s completely at his fucking mercy; it’s something I want to experience for myself. “You might not believe it right now and that’s fine. I won’t tell you how long I’ve known you belong to us, not until you’re ready to hear it.” He leans in, his nose brushing against hers as her lips part and she starts panting. “But you need to hear this—we won’t ever leave you wanting. Not tonight. Never fucking again.”

“I hope I don’t have to change my mind about you, Rocco,” she whispers, “and consider you a liar.”

The grin he gives her is feral as fuck. I watch her tits jiggle slightly with every breath she takes as I stride closer to my woman and my brother. Their eyes are locked, something passing between them that has jealousy striking through me before I push it aside.

There is no room here for jealousy.

We will each give her something she needs, something she craves, and we will get all of her in return.

It simply is. Just like I always knew what my role would be in the family business—it just is.

“Gonna love taming you,” Gio sounds giddy as fuck and when I look at him, his eyes are heated, and his smile is so big on his face that his cheeks must be hurting.

When she looks over at him, she rolls her eyes and sasses, “You can certainly try.”

“We are definitely going to dress you up like our little doll, *Tesoro*,” there’s a warning in my voice as I move closer to her.

“No one has ever dressed me up before,” she admits. The way she bites on her lip has me wanting to take a nip myself.

“Arms up,” I grit out through my teeth, a feral need riding me hard now that I’m standing so close to her.

I’m thankful as fuck the corset I’ve chosen is already partially laced. I don’t know what I would do if they weren’t. My body is already vibrating with the need to touch her and skim my hands over her skin to see if it erupts in goosebumps with my touch.

Unable to deny myself, I run my knuckles of one hand along her rib cage as she raises her arms. With her blue eyes blinking up at me and filled with so much emotion—need, longing, pleading restraint, admiration, trust, and a hint of fearful restraint—it’s hard to focus on bringing the corset down around her head. I realize my hands are shaking as my brothers circle our woman and help me out.

When we pull the corset down and settle it around her torso, the three of us grunt in approval at the way Fleur,

without a hint of shame, reaches in and adjusts her tits. The way she clutches the front against her is all innocence, but the way her breathing picks up is wanton. It's a contradiction I want to explore, one I'm torn between wanting to protect and obliterate.

The fabric around Fleur's full breasts is white and covered in white lace, but the portion of the bodice that wraps around her middle is a color between the gold of her dress and champagne. It shimmers in the room and a feeling of opulence sinks into my skin. I wonder if she can feel it too.

"Is dressing me up all you're planning to do?" Fleur's voice wavers slightly, "That isn't exactly the night I was looking for."

I lean into her and nip at the spot where her neck and shoulder meet, making her body tighten. "I would ask what kind of night you were looking for, but it'll only piss me off, *Tesoro*."

She swallows and I watch the delicate curve of her neck as she does. When I stand at my full height, I look into her eyes, hoping she can see the truth. "We will be doing so much more than dressing you up. I didn't even know I needed to see you like this," my eyes skate down her body and then back up, "but it is a vision."

"She's not even laced up yet," Rocco points out, his voice gruff, but I can hear a hint of wonder there as well.

I turn Fleur around gently until she's facing Gio with her back to me. I groan at the way the material of the thong she's wearing disappears between the globes of her ass. My palms itch to spank her, but the gaping ribbons of the corset are calling to me. I want to pull and tug until the material of the garment is wrapped around our woman lovingly...and then I want to pull a little tighter until she's not sure if she will be able to take another full breath ever again.

It's a little sick and depraved, but I find I don't care.

"You look good enough to eat," Giovanni's voice is thick and the amusement my brother normally wraps around himself

is almost completely gone.

His hands reach out and he runs the tips of his fingers along Fleur's jaw and then down over her neck. I watch a shiver work its way up her spine and can't help but smile. She's so fucking responsive.

"Do you like being on display like this for us?" Gio's voice is deep with a hint of darkness he normally only shows to those who need to see it, those who underestimate him because of the mask he normally wears. "Do you like being our little doll?"

"Yes," Fleur's breathy whisper is loud as it wisps around us, filling the space in way only she can.

Gio's hands stray over her shoulders, and I glance at Rocco to see him watching our brother's hands on our woman with heat in his gaze. Gio doesn't stop, he continues the gentle teasing torture, his fingers barely grazing over the swell of her breasts where she's holding the corset in place in front of her. His touch circles back up to her shoulders where he grips her, not hard enough to bruise, but enough for her to know she's caught.

That she's ours.

"Lace her up, brother," Gio grunts. "I want to see her all cinched up and ready to be played with."

I growl in the back of my throat at the thought and let my fingertips run along the lace edge of the corset where it hits right under her shoulder blades. I give Rocco a nod and he joins me at our woman's back.

We start to tighten the ribbons together, our movements methodical and in synch. There's something almost meditative about it and with every adjustment I make, the more turned on I get. I don't know whether it's the ritual of what we're doing or the way I can feel Fleur's own arousal as if it's my own that is working me up the most, but I already know this won't be the last time I tighten her into something like this.

"You look so damn pretty, *Tesoro*," Gio rasps.

I look over Fleur's shoulder and see a look of awe on his face I've never seen before. Of the three of us, he's never been shy about chasing women. I have always preferred to keep my relationships and conquests more private and that is even truer for Rocco. Gio has always embraced a playboy persona and I figured it was more about the mask he wears than anything else.

"So fucking sexy," Gio grits out through his teeth.

With the laces tightened to the point that Fleur no longer needs to hold onto the front of the corset, Gio runs his fingertips down her arms before gripping her hands and pulling them out in front of her. It feels like she's at our mercy with the way he's holding onto her while Rocco and I are at her back.

I share a look with my youngest brother, and he nods in understanding before we start in on the laces again, this time tightening them with more purpose. As the sides of the back of the corset get closer together while working the excess length towards the bottom, Gio holds her steady.

When we start to pull around the bottom of her ribcage, Fleur lets out a gasp and then a low moan. I look down her body to see the way she's rubbing her thighs together and my cock throbs.

"You like the feeling of the fabric tightening around you?" When she doesn't answer me right away, I lean forward and brush my lips against her neck and prod, "Do you?"

"Yes," she moans softly, her breathing a little labored, mostly by her arousal, but not completely. "I love it."

"The perfect little doll for us," Rocco grunts.

"Should we fuck you with you tied all tight like this?" Gio's voice is on the edge of dangerous. "Where you're not sure if you'll be able to breathe through your orgasm or have to beg us to loosen the ties?"

"Fuck," the word is drawn out as Fleur's head tilts back on her shoulders.

“Tell us, *Tesoro*,” Gio asks, “have you ever had three men at once?”

“No,” there’s a hesitancy in her answer that has me wanting to burn Club Sin down just for being a place where she’s met and found pleasure with other men. It’s irrational and a little unhinged, but I don’t give a fuck. “I’m not one to fuck and tell,” she sasses breathlessly.

Gio chuckles, the sound throaty. “I don’t think my brothers and I really want to know the details.”

“No,” I grit out through my teeth, my hands pulling harder at the next few ties of the corset, wanting to punish her for being with any other man. “Then we’d have to kill them.”

Gio makes a humming sound. “Too true, brother. Too fucking true.”

“Oh please,” Fleur scoffs. “I’ve seen women throw themselves at the three of you.”

Rocco leans in and bites Fleur’s shoulder, hard enough that she lets out a yelp and I can’t help but grin with satisfaction. “Not the same. You’re ours,” he growls, a feral quality to her words.

Fleur shifts a little before Gio groans, “Fuck, you’re fucking soaked.”

I know without looking that he’s found a way to get a hand down the scrap of fabric she has covering her pussy. The next thing I hear is the sound of fabric ripping and Fleur makes a sound of protest in her throat.

“And fucking tight,” Gio adds, and I can only imagine the tight, wet heat he’s plunged his digits inside of.

Fleur starts to pant, unable to take full breaths with how tightly we have the ties, as Rocco and I finish up. His hands slide down her body, over her ass and thighs as mine start to explore her torso. I test how far my hands can span on her waist now that she’s tied tightly inside the luxurious fabric her torso is encased in.

“Beautiful,” I murmur and lean into her neck, peppering it with kisses and little nips, unable to help myself.

I taste her skin and know I won’t be able to wait long to be buried inside of her.

My brothers must have the same thought because the three of us take a step back from her at the same time. The action has her turning quickly, her eyes wide as she looks at Rocco and me, an accusation right there under the surface.

When we start to remove our clothes, she looks back at Gio to find him doing the same and then I watch the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen—her surrender.



CHAPTER 4

GIOVANNI

Fuck, she's the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. The way the corset is exaggerating her figure is only the icing on the cake. She's always been beautiful, but I forced myself not to look, not to notice. I couldn't afford to bring my darkness into her life.

I wasn't willing to risk it even though she might have understood the dangers of being with a man like me because she grew up around men who live in the gray. Still, that's not the same as committing to or loving a man like me.

Somehow, with Rocco and Leo at my side, I'm not as concerned about our world touching her. We can protect her together in a way I wouldn't be able to do by myself.

It's the only way this can work. I can see it so fucking clearly now when I couldn't before.

"You're going to take all three of us tonight," I warn our woman and watch as her eyes darken to almost navy.

I'm standing in front of her naked now, my cock hard and begging for some relief. Her gaze trails over my skin, taking in my tattoos, and lands on my cock which twitches under her attention. The way she licks her lips tells me she wants to taste me, and I wrap my palm around my shaft and stroke to get a little fucking relief.

Leo reaches out and smooths a hand over our woman's ass and she looks over her shoulder to take in Leo in all his naked glory. "I'm taking your ass, *Tesoro*," his voice is low and husky.

I've never seen Leo on the edge of his control and sanity, but I'm witnessing it now. I almost want to laugh, but it's not funny because I understand what he's feeling. Because I'm feeling it too.

“I’m going to destroy your cunt,” Rocco grits out through his teeth and I watch as the fabric of the corset strains as her breathing turns ragged. “I’m jealous my brother has already had his fingers there. I’m going to make sure you don’t remember any man who has touched your body before us while molding you to my cock.”

Fleur rubs her thighs together and whimpers softly, “Please.”

“I’m going to enjoy burying my dick in your throat, Fleur,” my voice has a sing-song quality to it which has our woman’s eyes coming back to meet mine. “You’re going to swallow every drop of my cum, too. Aren’t you?”

She licks her lips in a way that tells me she’s not even aware of her actions as she starts to nod slowly. “I’ll swallow all of your cum, Gio,” she vows.

With her words, I swear my cock turns into a divining rod and tries to pull me closer to her. My water. My reason for everything.

I just couldn’t give into the pull before. It’s not like it wasn’t there, but the walls between us, the hurdles we’d have to surmount, felt too big.

It doesn’t now with my brothers along for the ride with me. Which might be fucked up, but I don’t really give a shit at this point. How could I?

Our hands start to move over Fleur’s body, and she relaxes into our touch, giving herself over to us in a beautiful display of trust. I know I haven’t earned it. Not yet, but I will.

I know when Fleur suggested that we spend the night together since we were standing between her and another man, she was half joking. I wasn’t amused and I’m usually able to be amused by most things in life.

The thought of the man who was chatting with her at the bar having his hands on her causes me to drop my arms away from her and clench my fists. I don’t want anyone to touch her but us. I know it doesn’t make a lot of sense, but it doesn’t have to.

Not right now. Not for me. Not for us.

“Gio?”

Fleur whispering my name questioningly pulls me out of my dark thoughts and I look into her blue eyes, dark with desire and need, something we can satisfy in our woman. I wrap my hand around the back of her neck and haul her against my chest, loving the way the breath wooshes from her lungs at the contact when she can't take a full breath to begin with. Watching her be tightened into what would only be scraps of fabric on someone else, but is regal and becoming on her, was hotter than I thought it would be.

When my lips slam down on hers, everything other than the taste and feel of her disappear. There is nothing except for us, nothing that matters anyway. She moans into my mouth, and I plunge two fingers inside of her tight pussy, knowing it's as close as I'll be getting tonight.

I'm okay with it because I'm looking forward to having her wrap her lips around my cock. Being able to fuck her face, her trusting me with her breath, has my cock leaking and begging to be inside of her. I groan and rip my mouth away from hers to find her eyes closed and a dreamy expression on her face.

“*Tesoro*,” I rasp, and her eyes open slowly as my thumb teases her clit, “you're soaked for us. You want all your holes to be filled by me and my brothers?”

“Please,” she whimpers and it's like something breaks in the room around us.

Leonardo hauls her to him while grunting at Rocco, “Get on the bed.”

Our youngest brother scrambles to follow Leo's order, Fleur's eyes following him. I can read the hunger on her face as she looks at him. Her fingers twitch like she wants to reach for him, and I chuckle under my breath.

“So greedy for our cocks,” I tease her, but the only response I get is the slight twitch of her lips as her focus remains on Rocco.

“Is she ready to slide down onto his cock?” I look up to find Leo looking at me. His voice drops to a growl, “How wet is she?”

I bring the fingers that were just buried inside of her, the same ones glistening with her arousal. “She’s slick and ready. Look at her pussy, it’s practically begging to be filled.”

Fleur makes a mewling sound as Leo turns her away from the bed and drops to his knees in front of her. He lets out a low groan of approval as he buries his nose between her thighs. Fleur glances at me and I wink at her before I stick my fingers into my mouth and clean them off, my eyes almost rolling back into my head at how fucking good she tastes.

“Best fucking thing I’ve ever tasted,” I grunt.

Her head falls back, and her hands strike out to grip Leo’s hair as a loud moan is ripped from her mouth. “Goddamn,” he growls against her pussy, and I can’t help but grin. Leo backs away so quickly that I have to reach out to steady Fleur. “She’s ready and if I keep tasting her, I’ll be covering the floor with my cum,” his eyes meet hers as he stands, “but it’s going in your ass.”

The full body shiver that works its way up Fleur’s body has me grinning from ear to ear. Her mouth opens, but she doesn’t get a chance to say a word as Leo grips her hips and hauls her closer before taking her mouth in a kiss that looks possessive and bruising.

“Her mouth is a thing of beauty,” I murmur as I force myself to do something productive.

Like grab the lube I know my brother is going to need to fuck our woman’s ass. When I glance at Rocco, there’s a fierceness on his face I’m used to seeing, but it’s softer now than it ever has been before. He’s the one who would always mention Fleur, like he wanted us to remember she was around and orbiting.

It makes me wonder how long he’s known she was meant for him, for us.

Leo whispers against Fleur's lips, "Go and climb on Rocco's cock, *Tesoro*."

"Shouldn't you," her voice is hesitant and breathless, "take off the corset?"

"Fuck no," Rocco barks and I can't help but laugh because his reaction is very close to my own.

"Sink your tight cunt down on our brother," I urge her and watch as her big, round eyes move around the room. There's that innocence again; it peeks through sometimes and can't be ignored. "I can't wait to see how your pussy stretches around him."

"Dirty mouth," her words sound like an admonishment, but the sly smile on her face tells me differently.

I don't think my brothers and I breathe as she walks over to the bed and then crawls to the middle where Rocco is laid out, one of her legs swinging over his hips as she takes his cock in her hand. The way she licks her lips as she looks down at his length before stroking a few times to see how tight his jaw gets is hot as fuck.

"You know," I start, and she looks at me with a curious expression, "we've never shared a woman before."

Fleur's eyebrow arches and there's a hint of disbelief in her tone, "Never?"

"Never," Rocco growls from below her before gripping her hips and positioning her so she's hovering above the tip of his dick. "Now slide down my cock, Fleur. I know you're going to be so fucking tight around me and I need to feel it. Right. Now," he barks out the last words as a command.

All of us groan together as she begins to slide down his length. I swear I can feel her walls squeezing my shaft even though I'm not the one enjoying it right now. I watch, mesmerized as she grinds her hips down, taking my brother's cock to the hilt. When his hands reach out and grip her hips to help her move up and down, I wrap my hand around my dick and stroke in time with her movements.

Leonardo slides onto the bed and presses his front against her back. His voice is gravel, “Don’t you look so pretty, taking Rocco’s cock while you’re all wrapped up like a perfect toy.”

Fleur reaches back and wraps her hand around the back of Leo’s neck and moans as she bounces up and down. Her back arches slightly, but the corset holds her mostly in place while her pretty tits are on display and encased in lace and satin. My mouth fucking waters at the sight and I kneel on the bed, needing to be closer and being unable to stop myself.

“I need,” Fleur gasps, “more.”

Her words shatter around us like glass breaking and I swear I feel something snap inside of me. Rocco’s fingers grip her hips tighter, his knuckles whitening with the force, as he starts to buck upward as he pulls her down. Leonardo grunts and grabs the lube that I left on the bed, his eyes burning with an intensity that puts his baseline to shame—which is saying something considering he can’t be described as laid back on a good day.

I reach out and grip one of Fleur’s tits, squeezing her flesh before pinching her nipple harder than I probably should. She sucks in a sharp breath as her blue eyes meet mine right before she cries out. Her entire body seems to fucking vibrate as she comes and it’s glorious to watch.

“Fuck,” Rocco grits out and slams her down onto his cock and rocks her back and forth over him as she rides out her pleasure.

“Lean forward,” Leo barks and I help guide our woman until she’s laying over Rocco.

When she looks at me, there’s a satisfied smile on her face that makes my chest tight, and my cock beg to be inside of her. However. Wherever.

We stare into each other’s eyes, and I get lost there. I only come back to the moment when Leo huffs out a breath, “Brace, *Tesoro*. I’ll enter your pretty ass slowly, but then I’m going to ride you hard. You’ve gotten us worked up. You’ve

been doing it for years and now it's time you learn what it means to be ours."

"Please," Fleur plants. "I want to know, need to know. Please." Her words are babbled and almost incoherent. It's sexy as fuck the way she's given herself over to us. "Oh," she holds out the sound as Leo pushes inside of her ass.

My heart is racing inside my chest and my vision grows dark until, like a ray of pure fucking sunshine, Fleur leans as close to me as she can get and opens her mouth. I know I shouldn't shove my entire dick down her throat immediately. To curb that impulse, I close my eyes and tip my head back as I take a deep breath. I pray for a little calm and the ability to not hurt her. I never want to hurt her.

"I've never seen a prettier invitation," Leo's voice is rough and my eyes snap open.

When I look down, Fleur is still waiting for me, her eyes pleading with me to give her what she wants. As Leonardo and Rocco start moving together to give our woman pleasure, I let the tip of my cock slide against her tongue. I fully intend to tease her, but she has other plans.

Her lips clamp down and she draws me deeper into her mouth. "Fucking hell," I grit out through my teeth as I try and beat back the need to come down her throat immediately.

My balls draw up and my spine tingles, but I focus on my woman's eyes and the need I see there. I start to move in time with my brothers, filling all her holes and showing her that she's ours. Her tongue laps at the underside of my length and every stroke is torture and bliss.

The feeling, the pleasure, the grunts, the moans build around us until we're frantic. With the need to find our release. With the need to see her fly apart.

She breaks first and I'm sure it has something to do with the hand Rocco wedges between their bodies. I watch as her eyes roll back in her head and that's when I push deeper, making her swallow me and letting the vibrations of her

screaming and the danger of her teeth send me right over the edge.

Rocco and Leo growl, the sound melding into one as they fill our woman's other holes. My vision blacks and then whites for a long moment. I pull out of her mouth only when I'm spent completely and Fleur has swallowed every drop of my cum.

I could live there, but I won't. For now, considering her haggard breathing and the heaviness of her eyelids, our woman needs us to take care of her. From the looks of awe on my brother's faces, which I have no doubt is matched on my own, that is exactly what we plan to do.

Not just tonight.

But for the rest of our days.



CHAPTER 5

FLEUR

I look back at Club Sin, a place I've never found imposing until this moment. It's a beautiful plantation home that has been used for something that I've needed in my life. Oddly enough, it's given me a sanctuary, a place to be me without anyone knowing me. I've found out things about myself within those walls that I wouldn't have been able to anywhere else.

I don't think I'll ever be able to come back here now.

Not after last night.

Not after barely being able to wiggle out of the grasp of the Guidice brothers this morning.

How could I? I shudder at the thought of stepping foot inside and letting anyone else look at me let alone touch me.

What a fucking shame. The three men I have wanted forever—the ones who avoided me and looked at me like I was their sister, the men I can never have—have ruined me for all other men. I wonder if that was their goal the entire time. It wouldn't surprise me.

Whatever they wanted to talk to me about and their reason for tracking me down at Club Sin was lost in a fog of desire and then I was asleep. I tried to fight the satisfied exhaustion that swept through me because I was sure I would wake up to find out it was all a dream. It was impossible.

I slept better than I have ever slept in my life.

I'm sure it had something to do with being surrounded by their warmth. I had no idea Rocco was such a cuddler, but I woke up this morning with him wrapped protectively around my back with a hold on me that made me wonder if the pretty words from last night could be real. Leo was framing my front and Gio had his head resting on my calf as he slept at the foot of the bed.

I could feel them before I even opened my eyes, and I wasn't disappointed by all the toned bronze skin on display when I finally talked myself into looking. They were just as beautiful with the light peeking through the curtains on the windows as they were last night when they were staring at me with an intensity that made me instantly soaking wet. I had to get the fuck out of there.

I don't know if I mastered levitation or if luck was, finally, on my side, but I managed to get out of bed without waking any of the brothers. I was even able to get dressed, as I looked longingly at the corset they put me in last night, and then escaped out the door, through the building, and outside.

I've never been corseted before. Honestly, I didn't understand the appeal. I've been more than happy to wear something if it was requested, but just a corset? And that be a thing?

Now I get it.

It's not really about the corset.

There's a certain ritual to tightening the laces that goes hand in hand with your movement and breathing being constricted. Everything in my body became very attuned to my men and our collective pleasure with every lace they tightened and every brush of their skin against mine.

Fuck.

Not my men.

The Guidice brothers can never really be mine.

I'm not concerned about Viola caring if I'm with her brothers. Hell, she'd probably throw a damn parade if she were to find out we spent the night together. I do think my family would have a little bit of a problem with it considering my father, as President of the DSMC, has done business with the Guidice family for as long as I can remember. Yeah, he would be less than enthused about it.

The realization that I'll never get what I really want, what I know is right in the deepest part of me, has tears welling up in my eyes. I am not a crier.

I almost sag in relief when the car I ordered arrives. I never drive to Club Sin, especially when I used to go with Viola before she got with the Falsini triplets. There is no doubt that Viola's car is equipped with a tracker and though I've never asked, I would not be at all surprised to find out mine is as well.

My father has always been overprotective. There were times when it wasn't so bad, but when my brother came back home after losing himself in being a nomad following the death of his girlfriend, he decided I needed another man in my life who wanted to smother me.

I know it all came from a place of love, which I am lucky to have in my life, but it's all too much sometimes. It's made me feel like I can't be myself time and time again. I want to be able to be wild and fuck up without anyone knowing unless I tell them.

Aren't we all supposed to make mistakes?

Yes, those mistakes don't sting as much when you have a net to catch you. I won't deny the truth of it. But you still have to make the wrong decisions and learn from them.

No one can avoid getting hurt, no matter who wants to protect them. It might be something completely unforeseen. It might be because of someone you allow in your life. It might be because of your own actions.

No one can avoid it, but that hasn't stopped my family—my father and brother most of all—from trying to wrap me in bubble wrap and close me inside who they think I should be in the attempt to keep the evil of the world away from me. It's sweet and I know it comes from love, but at the same time, it makes me feel stifled.

Once I get dropped off at home, I shower quickly and then head out to meet mom at the DSMC clubhouse. I almost didn't go to Club Sin last night because of our lunch date today, but it felt like I was about to crawl out of my skin as the way the Guidice brothers cornered me at Viola's birthday dinner kept playing over and over in my head.

I needed a release and I sure as hell got one. I had no idea the brothers who had been haunting me would be the ones to give it to me though. I figured I would try and get them out of my head by purging them from my system.

Clearly, things did not go as planned.

Now they've burrowed even deeper inside me. I can't help but smile as I wonder what they're going to do when they wake up to find me gone. I'm sure it won't be good.

Or maybe they won't care at all.

That thought has me frowning as I pull into the compound and park my car before heading toward the large double doors where the devil's skull which makes up the DSMC insignia greets me. Most people would find it odd, but the large, renovated warehouse that the club calls home has always felt like a touchstone to me.

Some of the biggest events in my life and the life of my family were celebrated within the walls of the clubhouse. For many this wouldn't be normal, but not for me. It's the way I was raised and the loyalty, determination, grit, and strength I was raised around seeped into my blood just as much as it did my brother's.

Prodigal lost his way for a little while, but he's been back for years now. I resented him for a long time. Well, maybe that's not true. I was angry. He missed so many of the years when I was growing up and while I hated that he lost the girl he loved, he didn't have to leave his family behind in the attempt to heal.

At least, that's what I thought when I was a girl. Now, I understand what he needed in a way that I didn't even when he came back home and certainly not when I was a kid. He needed to run, while hoping the demons of his past weren't fast enough to catch up. I don't think he was ever fast enough, which is why he came back.

I'm glad he did. I missed my brother for the six years he was gone.

When he came back, I would still see the shadows and pain in his eyes. Lately though, since he found Wrenly—who, oddly enough, is the younger sister of the girl he lost all those years ago—there is light in his eyes. The love he has for Wrenly is a beautiful thing and I'm only slightly jealous of it.

Okay, sometimes a little more than slightly, but I don't let that rule me because I'm happy has fuck for him and the future laid out in front of him. I just wish I had the same.

None of the relationships I've tried to be in have lasted. None of the guys I've been with were strong enough to stand up to my family or the legacy of the DSMC that is wrapped around me. None of them had the same grit. Loyalty was something they could barely spell let alone embody.

I should have known it wasn't ever going to work out with them.

When I hit the common room of the clubhouse, I see my mom sitting at one of the tables off to the side and I go over to her right away because I need the kind of hug only a mom can give. She looks a little startled when I wrap my arms around her. Her recovery is quick and then her arms are wrapped around me, surrounding me in comfort and stability in a way that she's always been able to do.

Her voice is full of questions, but she only asks, "Are you okay?"

I swallow hard before I talk, but I manage to force out, "I'm fine, Mom. I just missed you." I pull back from her and force a smile. "That's not a crime, now, is it?"

She narrows her eyes at me, and I know she knows that I'm a big liar. I'm not surprised, she's always seen far more than I wanted her to see. Thankfully, she doesn't call me out on it and just nods her head.

After she stands, she leads me to the kitchen. "Come on, sit with me while I get our lunch together."

"You don't want to go out?" When she looks at me, I pout which has her rolling her eyes and laughing. "It's a good thing anything you make will be awesome," I grouse.

“I know,” she chirps before I stand and lean against the counter in the large kitchen which takes up a good portion of the back of the clubhouse.

The men here all like to eat and while not all of them are amazing cooks, Mom has always been one to make sure the brothers get fed. Even though there are other old ladies amongst the club, the ones who have been around for a long time don't spend as much time here as they used to.

I remember it being one big family when I was growing up. As the boys started growing into men and became members, along with more guys their age, something shifted within the club. I guess it's a changing of the guard or something as the next generation comes up, but it certainly took away some of the family feeling I was used to.

I get it and I hope that more of the younger guys find old ladies because I'm tired of being one of the few women my age around here. I have Wrenley when she's around, and I love my sister-in-law, but other than her and a few others, there are only the club angels.

I'm not friends with any of the angels. Most of them walk around without anywhere near enough clothing and they love drama. They soak that shit up like a damn sponge and I just don't have the time for that kind of mess in my life.

I don't care that they chose to be angels considering I can't imagine any of the brothers being my man. It's their body and they can do what they please with it, but I don't understand why most of the angels think that they're above me. They aren't. I'm the club princess and the sooner they figure that shit out, the better.

New angels are the worst, but they learn pretty quickly considering I don't suffer their foolishness and will put them in their place and the brothers will back me up.

“I haven't seen you very much lately,” Mom's prodding is gentle and pulls me out of my thoughts.

“I've been here and there,” I shrug while keeping my voice neutral. She doesn't need to know what I've been up to, which

hasn't been much more than staying at home because I was afraid the Guidice brothers were going to pop up around every corner. "I told you Viola is pregnant."

Mom smiles wide and nods. "Are her men thrilled?" I smirk and she giggles before asking gently, "What about her brothers?"

I shrug and try not to look too deeply into what she's really asking. Mom knows I've had a crush on Leo, Gio, and Rocco for years. I wasn't very good at hiding it when I was younger.

"The entire family is thrilled for her." I almost pat myself on the back for skirting her question honestly. "I'm thrilled for her. She's practically glowing."

Mom grins as she plates up lunch. Just as I pick up my plate, Scythe, one of the club's enforcers, comes into the kitchen. He immediately grabs a handful of the chips on my plate before ruffling my hair like I'm twelve fucking years old.

I hiss, "What the fuck?"

He shrugs one shoulder and looks at me like I'm an adorable little kitten. "I'm hungry."

"Then go and make yourself some food," I seethe.

Scythe throws his head back and laughs like I'm adorable. It's the same way the guys around here have treated me most of my life and being a whole grown up woman hasn't changed anything. My heart aches with the knowledge that this is how my life will continue to be.

I had a chance to change it. I think. But since I snuck out of Room Eight and might have fucked up whatever was going on between me and the Guidice brothers, I have a feeling the chance has evaporated.

Mom just laughs and then sets about making a plate for Scythe like he's not a grown ass man who is capable of making his own food.

"He can do that himself, Mom," I grumble at her.

"I like taking care of my boys," she reminds me with a smile, and I can only sigh.

“Thanks, Celeste,” Scythe’s voice is quiet and full of appreciation before he kisses her cheek and takes his plate from her.

I know she likes taking care of the club brothers. She’s been doing it for a long time, and everyone appreciates what she does. If that wasn’t the case, I would put my foot down. But everyone here loves her.

She found her place.

Will I ever find mine?



CHAPTER 6

GIOVANNI

I shake my head and scrub a hand down my face because, yet again, I could have sworn I got a hint of Fleur's scent. I know it's not true. I know it's my head playing tricks on me because I want her to be right here next to me no matter what it is I'm doing.

The last few days since I woke up in Room Eight to find our woman gone, have been long fucking days. It's like a piece of me is missing without her at my side. It makes no sense that I feel the profound loss of her, but I'm not going to fight the way I feel about my woman.

I've done it for long enough and ignored everything right in front of me.

In doing so I pushed her away. I can't do it anymore. It hurt not only Fleur, but my brothers and myself as well.

It's already taking all my self-control to stop myself from driving to Fleur's place and stealing her away. I could probably get away with it and have her back at my house without anyone knowing. At least, not at first.

The only thing stopping me is knowing once I have her in our home, I don't think I'll ever be able to let her go. She probably wouldn't like that considering she's an independent woman and has been for quite some time. It also might cause problems with her family, both personally and professionally, but that's the least of my concerns.

I don't want to upset her.

I don't want her to look at me like I'm a monster.

I want her to want us as much as we want her. I want her to choose us.

Which doesn't make a whole lot of sense considering a lot of women have chosen me over the years. The thing is, I know

those women chose me because of what I could do for them, whether they realized it at the time or not. If Fleur chooses to be with me and my brothers, it won't be because of what we can do for her.

She doesn't need us in her life. She has power at her fingertips if she wants it. She has money she only has to snap her fingers to get. She has support from her family and a club of men who would kill for her because of the loyalty that runs through their veins.

She doesn't need us.

I want her to want us. I want her to choose us.

Maybe it's too much to ask considering she walked away from us without a backwards glance.

I absently rub my chest over where my heart feels sluggish. It's felt that way since I woke up to find Fleur gone with only the lingering smell of her perfume and something uniquely her reminding me that what we shared was real. Fuck. It was so real. I've been kicking myself for not sinking into her tight pussy for days.

I should have fucked her hard and filled her with my cum. I should have fought my brother for that right, but I thought I would have plenty of time. I figured she would fall at our feet and never walk away.

I was wrong.

Roch looks at me from where he's been sniveling at my feet with fear in his eyes. I sigh and shake my head, knowing he'll be able to see the disappointment in my eyes. Roch is someone who scurries through the seedier side of New Orleans, and he always keeps his eyes and ears open for me.

I'm sure it helps that I pay him very well for his skills and his loyalty. Only one of those things do I actually trust and, believe me, it's not his loyalty.

I have zero doubt that Roch would sell me out if it was a better deal. Which is why I also make sure to instill a healthy bit of fear in the man.

He has a nasty little habit of losing his money at underground poker tables and with bookies who are more than willing to take his losing streak out on him. And he always has a losing streak going. He might be the kind of guy who people can ignore and forget about, which means they have loose tongues around him, but he has horrible luck when it comes to winning.

I would almost feel bad for him if using him didn't work for me while helping my brothers and myself from time to time.

Since Viola was abducted and had to be rescued from Juan Martinez months ago, Roch has been on the lookout for anything to do with Martinez, his whereabouts, and his business. I hate that the piece of shit who dared to put his hands on my sister went to ground, and we haven't been able to find him yet. He should never have gotten through that day with his life, but Martinez is a cockroach like that.

He's been quiet since then. I wish my gut was telling me he had abandoned his business and need for power here in New Orleans, but I know that is only wishful thinking. There's no way he left the city. He must be biding his time while making plans.

Which is where Roch comes in.

"I'm sorry," he fucking snuffles like he's about to cry and I barely stop myself from roaring at the man in frustration. "There's still no word about Martinez. No one on the street is talking about him. None of the guys who used to do business with him acknowledge his existence. His bookies have all gone underground."

"Roch," I growl his name and he flinches, "if I find out you're blowing sunshine up my ass I am going to be pissed.

His hands, which were hovering in front of him at chest height, go even higher like I'm holding him at gunpoint—which I am not—and he wants me to know he's not armed. "I promise you. I haven't heard anything."

I narrow my eyes. "What about the Riding Rebels MC?"

Roch starts to shake his head rapidly at the mention of a rival club who decided it would be a good idea to antagonize the DSMC a few months ago, not long after everything went down with Viola. They had business dealings with Martinez, which means we now keep an eye on them as they navigate their little leadership transition. It's taken them longer to get their feet underneath them after the death of their Prez than I would have thought.

But, then again, maybe that's what happens when your whole club is full of men who are more interested in pussy than business and loyalty.

My family lucked out with the ties we have to the DSMC.

Which has me thinking about Fleur. It would strengthen our ties for the club princess to be married into the Guidice family. I shake my head and tell myself to ponder that shit later. Especially considering the thought of her wearing only a sparkling diamond ring and a pregnant belly is making my cock get hard as a fucking rock.

Not like the fucker has stopped being hard since I woke up to find out Fleur ran from us.

"They're still trying to get their shit together after Anarchy's," Roch swallows hard and his eyes dart away from mine, but I know it's from fear and not from lies, "disappearance. They are selling some low-level shit out of The Alloy Riot, but you know about that already."

"We do," I grunt, making sure to remind him that while I might be the only Guidice standing in front of him, there are more at my back.

Roch nods like a fucking bobble head doll and part of me feels badly for making him so afraid he's on the verge of pissing himself. Another part of me relishes his fear, soaking it up and cackling like a demon because it gives me a feeling of victory.

I could use a moment of victory.

When Roch shifts, something in my gut twists and I barely stop myself from gripping his hair and reminding him who is

in charge here. Instead, I bark, “Spit it out, Roch. I don’t have all fucking day to dance with you.”

He swallows hard and his eyes dart around again, like he expects someone to pop out of nowhere. His voice drops so low I almost can’t hear him, “Word on the street is that you and your brothers spent the night with a certain club princess.”

My body goes rigid, and I glare at him. He shrinks in on himself, but it doesn’t make the urge to kill him go away.

I don’t confirm or deny his information. I’ll never deny my feelings for Fleur again, but I sure as fuck am not going to admit to someone like Roch about how I spend my time. “And?”

Roch shrugs one shoulder. “Word is she’s even more untouchable because of it.” I nod and cross my arms across my chest, feeling my muscles bunch with the need to turn my annoyance and rage into physical hurt. It wouldn’t do me much good in terms of Roch and I know it. “Still, someone has been asking about her.”

I growl, barely stopping myself from roaring at the sniveling weasel in front of me, “Someone?”

He nods slowly, fear entering his gaze the longer he looks at me. I wouldn’t be surprised to find out I’m frothing at the fucking mouth with the information Roch is giving me. Feral doesn’t even begin to describe what I’m feeling.

I try and relax my shoulders, but it doesn’t work. I can feel the tension mounting and I’m pretty sure the back alley where I meet up with my little rat won’t be able to contain me when it breaks.

I should have tied her to the fucking bed. Then she wouldn’t have been able to get away from us.

“Who?” I prod him, hoping I sound less unhinged, but I fail. Miserably.

“Don’t have a name,” Roch’s voice is gentle and soft as if he knows he’s about to be slaughtered and is hoping to talk his way out of it first. He’s lucky I need him to keep his ear to the ground or else I might strongly consider it. “Just know he’s a

little obsessed with her. Saw her and wanted her but couldn't get his hands on her. From what I heard, he was pushed in her direction. Meeting her was not by chance."

I force myself to focus on Roch's words and look into the man's eyes. His first loyalty might be to himself, always, but I also know he's telling me this for a reason. I have to take it seriously, which I would do no matter what, where Fleur is concerned.

I hiss, "Martinez?"

Roch's head drops, the frustration evident in the way he's holding himself. I'm sure it's not helping that fury is rolling off me in waves. I'm barely stopping myself from going on a killing rampage and that is far more Rocco's style than my own.

My poor baby brother has been beside himself for days. He seemed to be hit the hardest when we woke up in Room Eight to find Fleur gone. I wasn't surprised considering the history between us and her independent streak. I was disappointed though.

Rocco's barely spoken or eaten in the days since it happened, and I have a feeling he spends most of his time looking at the tracker app he has telling him where the necklace he gave her is. I don't know if she figured out that's how he found her or not, but there hasn't been a lot of movement to report on his end.

I can only hope she still has it on.

If she does, she's stayed at her house for the most part. She's gone out, but only to places like the clubhouse, where we would expect her to go considering the DSMC is in her blood, and the store. The tracker sure as fuck hasn't shown her going back to Club Sin.

Which is a fucking relief.

"Don't know if it was Martinez or not, but everyone knows the club princess and your sister are best friends," Roch tiptoes around his answer and I can't blame the man.

"They should both be untouchable."

Roch nods slowly. “Your sister is. The Falsini triplets are crazy fucks. Between them and your family, no one who doesn’t have a death wish will touch her.”

Relief fills me, but it’s short lived. Fleur should be given the same protection. She might not be willing to acknowledge it, she might even want to run from us, but she is ours.

Our woman.

Ours to protect.

Ours to love.

Ours to spank when we get our hands on her because I’ve been barely functioning.

I shake my head and barely stop myself from chuckling. I’m the one who is supposed to not be bothered by the things people do. I’m supposed to be able to laugh it all off with humor.

The reality is that people underestimate you when you’re a clown or a playboy and I’ve used both to my advantage time and time again. The problem, I’m learning, is it’s hard for some people to take you seriously when you need them to.

“Fleur Whelan is off limits. From everyone,” my edict is filled with rage.

“I know,” Roch whispers and keeps his head down, unwilling to look into my eyes.

Can’t say I blame the man.

“If you can find out more information on who was asking after her, let me know,” I demand.

“Of course. I’ll keep you in the loop about whatever I hear,” he promises, and I know he’s telling the truth.

He might not be loyal to me and my family above all else, but he’s not stupid. As I take the envelope with his payment out of my pocket and hand it to him, I know it’ll all be lost taking a risk in one way or another.

Maybe this time, luck will be on his side.

Yeah, right.

Fuck.

He's not the only one who could use a little luck. My brothers and I need to sit down and come up with a plan. I have a feeling the information I just found out, slim as it may be, will push them over the edge, one we're already teetering on.

They're going to be pissed and I'm already barely stopping myself from punching the brick wall as I make my way back to my car. Roch better find out some more information about the asshole asking questions about our woman.

If Martinez is behind it, I want to know. If that's how whoever is looking for her got pushed into my woman's orbit, nothing will stop me from hunting Martinez down and ending his life. I already want to do it because of Viola. But the thought of him hurting Fleur? It guts me.

Now the problem becomes how to find a man who has gone so far underground that not even a snitch, who slithers through the underground like poison, knows anything about him. It might not be soon, but he will pop up.

I'd rather be going after him before he does because I know, if he comes up for air on his own terms, it'll be to execute some fucked up plan. My brothers and I will take him down either way, but I hope it's before he can wreak any more destruction.



CHAPTER 7

LEONARDO

I could probably tell you exactly how many hours it's been since my Fleur was in my arms. I just don't want to think about it because it makes me feel like I need to punch something. Or, even better, like I'm on the edge of going to Fleur's house, binding her, and flinging her over my shoulder to hide her away where she won't be able to get away from us ever again.

I'm not sure if she would like it if I did that, but it's fucking tempting as hell. Then she would be at our mercy. Then she wouldn't be able to slip away like a fucking thief.

She took something valuable with her as well, even though it pains me to say it—my heart. I know I'm not alone.

My brothers have been brooding and sulking, barely able to keep their focus on their work.

I know we could storm over to her place and demand she give us answers and then give us her heart in return for the ones she took without asking, but I have a feeling I know what will happen if we do that. She'll run farther away, no longer feeling safe in her own home, or she'll deny what we had the night we spent together.

I don't want either one of those things to happen.

Which is why we're taking a step back and letting her stew in her own misery without us for a few days. That doesn't mean there hasn't been someone watching her because there is. I might be willing to let Fleur think she got away with sneaking out of the bed she was sharing with us, but I would never leave her unprotected.

I wouldn't be able to live with myself if something happened to her.

Last night when Gio came home after speaking to one of his many informants in the city, he told us someone is looking

for Fleur. It took every ounce of willpower I had not to go over to her place right away, but I kept it together.

I could tell Rocco wasn't doing much better than I was, but I reminded him she is protected in her home since the security system is top of the line and we have people keeping an eye on her. I could tell he wanted to argue with me, but he must have read the look in my eye because he backed off quickly.

I looked at Gio and studied him. Seeing him on edge made me even more nervous about the whole thing. I tried not to bark at him, but it wasn't easy to do, "What do we know?"

"I just told you everything I know. He didn't know who was asking after her. He didn't know why. He thought the man in question was steered toward Fleur in the first place. If that's the case, it could be a few people for a few reasons, and I wonder why he wasn't given all her information from the start."

I nodded and studied my brother, knowing it was bothering him that he didn't have more answers. Gio, being both social and a scary motherfucker when he needs to be, has put together an impressive network of people who keep their ears to the ground in the city. We might have a lot of power around here, but keeping it requires us to know what else is being planned.

Even then, we can be blindsided by things.

Like when Viola was abducted. We had no idea it was going to happen. We knew Martinez was making some bigger moves in our city, but we allowed it because he hadn't come near our business yet. There's plenty of crime to go around in the city. Some of it we might not touch, but it's not our duty to keep the other criminals in line with their practices.

When it touches us? That's something else entirely.

After striding to my car, I put the case in the back, hiding it in the compartment I have in the floor for this exact kind of situation, and then slide behind the wheel to head across town to the DSMC clubhouse. I've been the middleman when it comes to deliveries with the club for a long time now.

Gio wasn't allowed to do it—probably because Dad and then Dante was afraid that he'd get distracted by pussy—and Rocco wasn't old enough when I took over the task. He would be able to handle it now, but it's a part of my job I enjoy. I respect the loyalty the brothers have to the club and to the Guidice family.

I'm hoping the relationships I've made with the men in the DSMC will help when it comes to announcing Fleur belongs to us.

I can only fucking hope.

To a lesser man, some of the brothers in the club would scare them shitless. I'm not a lesser man, by any stretch, and there's no way I'm letting go of our woman. I hope that serves me well.

When I pull up to the compound, I give a chin lift to the prospect at the gate which is opened immediately for me. I drive through and park near the front doors of the clubhouse and take a deep breath. I make sure to keep my neutral mask in place because now is not the time to tell the club I'm claiming their princess along with my brothers.

No matter how much I want to stand on the highest roof in New Orleans and yell it loud enough for everyone to hear.

I know Fleur is at her house because I checked on her before I came here, but the possibility of seeing her here, since it is her turf more than it is mine, has my palms fucking sweating. I don't think we'll be able to hold out and not see our woman for very much longer.

I need to see her and touch her. I know I'm not the only one suffering while she's not with us. I have a feeling it'll only get worse for us the longer we go without seeing her.

We've been barely holding on and sniping at each other since the moment we woke up without her in bed with us. Even Gio has been brooding and that isn't normal for him at all.

I can only hope that giving her a little time and space is the right thing to do.

Walking into the clubhouse after grabbing the case from my trunk, I'm greeted by some of the brothers, and I force myself to greet them like I normally do. Knowing Fleur isn't around makes it easier on me since I don't feel the need to look for her, but, damn, I do wish she was here, and I could get a glimpse of her.

Prodigal is standing at the bar and looks over at me when I walk closer. "Hey Leo," he greets me. I meet his eyes and hope he can't read in mine that I fucked his sister's ass not long ago. "Lucifer is in his office."

"Hey, man," my voice sounds rough, and I clear my throat. I want to tell him that something has happened between Fleur and my brothers, but until we get her to stop running, I don't think it would be a good idea. I will make sure that we're the ones to tell him and Lucifer instead of risking them finding out some other way, but now isn't the time. "Are you sitting in on the meeting?"

He gives me a chin lift. "Of course." He nods over my shoulder, and I look over to see Scythe, one of the club's enforcers, coming my way.

Scythe comes off as an intimidating guy. He has more tattoos than a lot of his brothers and he's a big dude—tall and muscular. I've seen him when he's in enforcer mode, but I've also seen him cut it up with his club brothers.

I give him a nod in greeting before we head toward Lucifer's office. The moment I step inside, I force myself to push aside all my thoughts about Fleur. There will be time to let the men around me know about what she means to me, but now isn't the right time.

After opening the case and showing them the new guns we've acquired and talking about how many they want and price, I know I need to tell them about what Gio found out. When Viola was in trouble, we asked the DSMC to have our back and it's only right that they know what is going on in the city.

Considering it involves Fleur, I hate to bring it up, but it would be wrong to keep it from them.

“What’s on your mind, Leonardo?” Lucifer’s deep voice pulls me out of my thoughts which were starting to spiral into rage.

“As you know we’ve had our ear to the ground while using all the people we know who have the ability to hear things.” Lucifer nods and I take a deep breath and brace, knowing he’s not going to like what I have to say. “Martinez is still underground licking his wounds and probably planning something.”

“He’s scum and we’ll have your back against him considering his partnership with the Riding Rebels, who are on our shit list,” his voice is a growl that makes a sinister smile curl on my lips.

There’s nothing better than bonding over mayhem, destruction, and making mutual enemies pay.

Maybe telling him about Fleur belonging to me and my brothers won’t be so bad.

“One of our contacts told us about a man asking around about Fleur,” my voice feels like gravel in my throat as I push the words past my lips.

Lucifer and Prodigal freeze as their eyes harden. I don’t blame them. Their anger becomes a palpable thing as it surrounds us.

Lucifer growls, “What?”

I hold my hands up in front of me. “I don’t have a lot more than that, but we’re looking into it.”

I wish I had more to tell them, but I don’t. I make sure they know that, but I can feel their unease and their anger. It’s the same thing I’m feeling.

I’m not going to be able to allow the distance between my woman and us grow much more than it already has. There’s an itch under my skin telling me I need to keep her safe.

Scythe, trying to ease the tension in the room, slaps my back after we’ve been silent for too long. “How about coming

to The Sanctuary. A few of us are heading over to check on things and have a drink.”

I look at Prodigal and he gives a sharp nod to indicate he’s going to be there even though I have a feeling he’d rather be at home with Wrenley. I give Scythe a chin lift and we end the meeting, the tension from the bomb I’ve dropped in the room still there because there is nothing we can do without more information.

I know how much security Fleur has in her home and her brother and father don’t need to know I have her covered whenever she goes anywhere. I’m sure they’ll try to do the same, but Fleur won’t like having a prospect or a club brother watching over her. My men will stick to the shadows, and she won’t even know they’re there.

By the time we head out and enter The Sanctuary, a historic church the DSMC converted into a bar, none of the tension has left me. I know I’m wound too tight, but there’s not much I can do about it right now.

Tack, the Sargeant at Arms for the club, sits down at the bar next to me and lands a heavy hand on my shoulder. “You look like you’re about to go on a rampage, man. You good?”

I try and roll some of the strain from my neck and shoulders, but it doesn’t do a damn bit of good. Not even throwing back the whiskey the bartender puts down in front of me does the trick. When I look back up at the bartender, she’s giving me ‘come fuck me’ eyes and the Hammond Whiskey in my stomach churns.

“Just some shit on my mind,” I deflect, and he nods sagely like he knows what I’m talking about.

“I can’t believe she’s the club princess,” a voice says from a little way down the bar and my head snaps in that direction. My gaze narrows on the guy wearing a prospect cut. “She’s sexy as fuck.”

Before I can think about it, I’m up and closing the distance between us. My tone is menacing, “What the fuck did you just say?”

He must not have any sense of self-preservation because he just shrugs. “Hey man. I don’t think I’ve met you before.” He sticks his hand out between us even though my fists are clenched at my sides. “I’m Trent. I’m a new prospect.”

I remember hearing something about some prospects—Poe, Gray, and Zach—being patched in over the last few months which means the club opened up to new guys who want to do shit work for the chance to become part of the brotherhood. I narrow my eyes at the guy in front of me and the easy grin on his face slides off. He looks around, maybe expecting someone to come to his rescue. I know they won’t.

“I was just saying I saw Fleur, the club princess,” there’s a question in his tone that I don’t respond to, “and she’s hot.”

My fist meets his face before I can stop myself or even consider if I’m showing my hand too early. Tyler drops to the floor, out cold. When I look up, I meet Prodigal’s eyes and see recognition and surprise there before he walks away from the bar and out the door of The Sanctuary.

Well, shit.



CHAPTER 8

ROCCO

I probably shouldn't be doing this, but I can't ignore the feeling that Fleur needs me. There's been a tugging in my chest all day and the more I tried to ignore it, the more I couldn't. How did I know it was Fleur who needed me? I have no fucking clue, but I'm not going to ignore what I'm feeling.

I can't do it. I've been ignoring the need I have for my woman for far too long and that shit ends today.

In talking with my brothers, we agreed to give her some space after the night we spent together. I didn't completely agree, but I did think if we pushed her too fast then we could lose her.

It's been a week since I woke up to find Fleur snuck out of Club Sin and I'm not going to wait anymore.

Even though we've had someone watching her while knowing her house is very secure, I need to see her. I need to touch her and make sure she really is okay. I'm willing to deal with my brothers being angry at me to make sure our woman is safe.

Their ability to stay away surprises me, but I've seen the toll it's taken on them as well. They weren't faring much better than I was this morning when I saw them. We barely looked at each other and we didn't speak at all.

I think it's time for us to step up and do what we should have done from the beginning—claim our woman as ours. I just need to get my brothers on the same page because Fleur isn't going to make it easy on us.

She's not the only one who will probably try and stand in our way. Leo told us what happened the other night at The Sanctuary and how he suspects Prodigal is aware something happened between him and Fleur. We don't know if he thinks it goes any farther than Leo.

I'm going with probably not considering he hasn't shown up at our door and aimed a gun at our heads.

When I get out of my car and walk up to Fleur's front door, I don't hesitate to knock. I'm trying to be patient as I wait for her to open the door, but it feels like she's taking forever when I see a shadow move near the glass panels at the side. I knock again and I swear I hear a squeak from inside that has my heart racing.

"*Tesoro*," I yell, "I know you're in there. Open the fucking door."

Before I can start to pound on the door, as fear I've never felt before wars with the need to see my woman safe and sound, the door swings open. I barely have the time to take in Fleur's tearstained face before she plows into me and wraps herself around me like I'm her fucking salvation.

Warmth blooms in my chest even though my heart is beating far too quickly to be healthy. My hands roam over her body and I'm not sure if I'm checking to make sure she's okay or trying to soothe her. Maybe a little bit of both.

My voice is a harsh rasp, "What is going on, Fleur? Are you okay? Are you hurt?"

Panic starts to swirl through my gut, and I fight against the feeling of being pissed at my brothers for insisting we give her space when it was probably the last thing she needed. We should have shown up on her doorstep the moment we knew she was gone.

"I'm fine," Fleur's voice is wobbly, and I don't even have to be looking into her eyes to know she's lying to me.

I move us through the door and kick it shut behind me before I grip her shoulders and push her away from my body just enough so I can look down into her eyes. I study her face, taking in the way her blue eyes are filled with fear, the puffiness under her eyes, and the way her bottom lip is swollen because she's been chewing on it.

"You're not fine." My voice is harsh, but only the worst-case scenarios are filling my head right now. I demand, "Tell

me what's going on and what has you so freaked out.”

“It's probably stupid,” she admits in a whisper.

“If you're scared, no matter what it is, then it's not stupid.”

Her shoulders square and determination fills her eyes, but I can still see the remnants of fear there. “I'm not scared,” she insists.

“Fleur,” I say her name like a prayer and arch an eyebrow, “the moment you saw it was me you clung to me like a spider monkey.” She narrows her eyes, but I cup her face in my hands and hold her gaze. “I could see the fear in your eyes. I know you're an independent woman and you don't need to lean on anyone. It's one of the many things I love about you, but you are allowed to be afraid sometimes.”

Her eyes widen when I use the word ‘love’ and she bites on her bottom lip. I pull it from between her teeth gently and kiss her forehead, needing the connection just as much as I think she needs it. The way she sighs as her shoulders relax tells me everything I need to know.

Fleur nods once and then turns quickly which causes me to lose my grip on her face. I follow her as she marches into the kitchen where there is a beautiful bouquet of flowers. I narrow my eyes at it knowing I didn't send them to her and neither did my brothers. I desperately want them to turn to ash in front of me.

She wrings her hands together, an action which tells me how much the flowers are freaking her out more than words ever could. She is not the kind of woman to fidget or be unsure. Knowing the bouquet got to her so deeply has me wanting to find out who they are from and kill them before presenting their head to my woman as spoils.

“I thought they might have been from you and your brothers,” her voice is soft and hesitant, like she knows I'm right on the edge of my sanity.

She wouldn't be fucking wrong. Whoever thought they could send her flowers is going to learn really fucking quickly that she is ours. We might be sharing her between the three of

us, but that's it. There's no chance in hell we would allow anyone else to touch her.

"They aren't," my voice is harsh, but my anger isn't directed at her.

"I know," she mutters. She grabs a card I didn't notice on the counter and hands it to me. "Once I found the card I knew. I have no idea who they are from."

Soon we'll be together. Just you and me.

My eyes snap up to look at my woman after I've read the card so many times the words start to swim together. She's not looking at me, she's looking at the flowers.

"They're my favorites," she murmurs, sadness and horror etched in her voice.

I drop the card back onto the counter and snag my woman around the waist, pulling her to me and wrapping myself around her like it will be enough to keep the demons at bay. The way she relaxes against me has my cock hardening even though now is not the right time.

"You didn't come after me," her words are muffled against my chest, but I hear them as clearly as if she's saying them right against the shell of my ear.

"My brothers convinced me you needed a little space and if we came after you too soon then you'd try to run," I admit honestly.

I won't ever lie to her, and she needs to know that right from the start. Nothing good comes from lies and half-truths. She knows the kind of lives we lead and the danger that comes with it. Trying to keep her in the dark will only put her in danger and if I can't lie to her about some things then I can't lie to her about anything.

She huffs out a humorless laugh as her arms tighten around me. "I can't say the assumption is wrong."

When she tilts her head back and looks up at me, I get lost in the blue of her eyes. So clear and beautiful. I could drown in them and be a happy fucking man.

When I kiss her, her eyes flutter closed and my tongue pushes past her lips to sweep through her mouth. She clings to me, but her touch doesn't have the same fearful desperation it did at the door. With my hands cupping her ass, I lift her up and almost roar out in satisfaction when her legs wrap around my waist.

Even though I've never been inside Fleur's home, I've looked at the specs and know where her bedroom is. My steps are strong and sure as I make my way through the relatively humble space considering who she is and the money I know she has at her disposal and shoulder the door to her bedroom open.

Only when I lay her down on her bed, do I release her mouth and her eyes slowly open. The way her fingers run through my hair has some of the tension inside me easing. I've been on edge for a week now and being with her is the answer to it.

I knew it would be true and I was right.

"We'll protect you, *Tesoro*," I vow.

"I know," she whispers as she leans up and kisses me.

I pour everything I am and everything I feel for her into the kiss. Being the baby of the Guidice family was the only identity I was allowed to have my entire life. I learned quickly that people and their motivations for wanting to get close to me couldn't be trusted.

With Fleur, I know that my name has nothing to do with what is between us. She sees me and I've seen her for far longer than I've admitted to anyone. I had to ignore the pull for far too long, but I'll spend the rest of my life making it up to her.

I undress her slowly, kissing her skin softly as I do. I want her to feel the reverence I have for her. I don't want her to be able to ignore it.

She arches into my body and her hands grip my hair, tugging and trying to get my mouth to move to where she wants it. I nip at the skin right under her breast and she stills.

“Patience, Fleur. I’ll give you everything you need. You just need to be patient,” I grunt against her skin.

She scoffs, “I’ve never been good with patience.”

I chuckle because I know what she’s saying is true. I would never describe my woman as patient, but I will reward her if she is. I make a humming sound and continue to kiss and taste her skin. When she’s naked underneath me, I sit back on my heels and look down at her, soaking her up and memorizing her perfection.

“You’re beautiful,” I murmur softly, loving the way she smiles at me and thanks me with her eyes.

“You’re wearing too many clothes,” she pouts, and I reach back to grab the neck of my t-shirt and pull it over my head.

Her eyes widen and she sighs in contentment. I nudge her legs apart as I lay down between them and kiss up the inside of her thigh. As I inhale deeply, my nose almost pressed against her pussy, she wiggles her hips in invitation.

“I should go slow and tease you as punishment for running away,” I murmur.

“Rocco,” she moans, her fingers threading through my hair to try and pull me closer to where she wants me. “Don’t tease me,” there’s a plea in her voice and when I look up her body and our eyes meet, I can see how much she needs me.

I don’t tease her; I dive straight into her cunt and devour her like I’ve been starving for her. Because I have. I wanted her taste on my tongue when we were locked away in Room Eight, but I didn’t get the chance. There’s no way I’m going to let it go to waste now.

I suck her clit into my mouth as I plunge two fingers inside of her pussy. Finding her g-spot, I rub against it, and she screams out as her walls clamp down on my fingers. It reminds me of how fucking good she felt wrapped around my cock.

I rip myself away from her and stand up quickly. My hands are shaking as I rid myself of the rest of my clothing. She's just starting to open her eyes, which are filled with need and desire, as I cover her body with mine again. I give her most of my weight, wanting her to feel every part of me while I take her.

My shaft finds the wet heat of her pussy and glides between her lips and we both moan at how fucking good it feels. Fleur arches her back and presses her perfect tits up against my chest. Her hard nipples drag over my skin as she does, and I grit my teeth to stop myself from plunging all the way inside of her in one thrust.

“You want my cock, *Tesoro*?”

“Fuck,” she draws the word out like the need she feels for me is painful, “want. Need. Now. Please,” her words are choppy like she's barely hanging on to her ability to speak as she grinds her hips down against my length.

I adjust my body over hers and grip the base of my cock, rubbing the head through her wetness and lining myself up. I take her in one fast stroke, and I clench my jaw at the feeling of being wrapped in her warmth again.

“Fucking perfection,” I grit out.

When she starts to circle her hips in the attempt to get me to start moving, I lose all semblance of control. I fuck my woman hard and fast, both of us gasping for air as we cling to each other. It's dirty and it's rough.

Fucking perfection.

“Oh, Rocco.” She gasps, “Fuck.”

I growl against Fleur's throat before I nip at the delicate skin there, her breathy moans and pleas making me move faster and harder. Every time I fill her with my length, her pussy squeezes me like she's refusing to let me go.

“Your cunt loves my dick, Fleur,” I growl as I brace my hands on either side of her head and her legs tighten around my hips.

“Yes,” she screams as I grind my pelvis against her clit.

“Come all over my cock. Soak me,” I demand.

I watch her face contort in pleasure as she gives herself over to her orgasm. The way her pussy tightens around me sends me right over the edge and I plant myself deep inside of her as I fill her with my cum. Our bodies are pressed together, and our hearts are pounding; I wouldn't have it any other way.

I know there are still things to deal with and I need to call my brothers, but I take a moment and soak up the feeling of my woman, *our woman*, being right where she belongs.



CHAPTER 9

ROCCO

Fleur's breathing evens out next to me and I sigh in relief. After I filled her with my cum, she was still wired. I cleaned her up and then held her in my arms as we talked.

I can't remember the last time I talked with another person as much as I did with her just now. I made sure we didn't talk about the flowers either. Instead, we talked about mundane things like how she's thinking about getting a dog, movies, books she's read recently since I'm not much of a reader, and food.

My woman can talk about food all day and night. It's adorable as fuck and you better believe I was taking notes about her favorites. It made me think about meals with her and how it will be when we convince her to move into our place with us. There's plenty of room for her and we wouldn't have a problem with her getting a dog.

Considering the three of us work out at home, none of us took the primary bedroom and have been using that as a gym. We could easily clean it out and get a bed big enough for the four of us to sleep comfortably. I don't think any of us would want her hopping from bed to bed nor would we tolerate being away from her for even a night.

Sometimes business does require us to travel, but the three of us don't usually go anywhere at the same time which means we could always ensure our woman is safe in our home. I saw the security system she has here and ours is just as good. Then there's the fact that no one comes at a Guidice head on.

They wouldn't like the consequences if they did.

I can't wait to get her home with us where I know she'll be safe and know I'll be coming home to her every night. It settles something in my chest and gives me a goal, one I'll work toward with fierce determination.

Even as we were talking, it felt like she was holding back, and I hate it. I know it'll take some time to build trust between us, but I'm grateful as fuck we're not starting at zero. Even though I never admitted how I've felt about her, she's been around my family for years. We aren't strangers. None of us are.

As I slip from the bed, I grab my jeans, pulling them on quickly but not bothering to button them up as I slip my phone from my pocket and head toward her bedroom door. When I look over my shoulder, Fleur rolls closer to the side of the bed where I just was and hauls the pillow my head was on against her chest. The way she curls around it has me smiling at how fucking adorable she is.

I make my way down the stairs quickly after closing the door to her room behind me. I look around her house and think about part of the conversation we had earlier. It was something I always wondered and was never able to get the answer to.

Being in her house, in her bed, I couldn't help but ask, "Why do you live in such a small house? I'm sure you could be in something bigger?"

I saw something flash in Fleur's eyes as her body tensed. I don't know what she saw as she studied my face, but it made her slowly relax. "I don't need a big house. It's just me here. Why would I want to be lonely and constantly reminded I'm all alone by some house with too many rooms and not enough life?"

Her answer had my heart clenching in my chest as I pulled her closer to my side. I ran my fingers through her hair, my voice thick with emotion, "You aren't alone, *Tesoro*." She blinked quickly and then ducked her head so I couldn't look into her eyes anymore. "You'll never be lonely again. If you can trust that what is between us is real, you'll never feel lonely. I can promise you that."

She swallowed hard, her fingers digging into my chest where her hand was resting until she relaxed against me again. "I have a feeling I'll be more annoyed than lonely," she sassed.

I couldn't help but laugh and the sound of her joining me was one of the most beautiful sounds I've ever heard. As we laughed, the rest of the tension bled from her body, and she became pliant at my side. I could tell sleep was creeping in, but I relished the feeling of her against me and the trust she was giving me with such a simple act.

As I walk in the kitchen and see the flowers still sitting there, anger fills me again. I look at the card and pull my phone out of my pocket, sending a quick text to my brothers.

Fleur's house. Now.

I don't need to say anything more than that. My phone starts going off with notifications, but I ignore them as I stare at the flowers, wishing they could become sentient and tell me who sent them to our woman. No luck on that front.

I don't know how long I stand there, but the sound of a car pulling up to the house pulls me out of my thoughts and I head to the front to intercept my brothers before they can start pounding on the door and wake up Fleur.

They didn't see her when she was freaked out about the flowers. I did. It took a toll on her and now that she knows she's safe, she needs to get some rest. I'm going to ensure she gets exactly what she needs.

I swing the door open to find Leo's fist raised and poised to knock with Gio at his back. They look me over and Gio grins as Leo's lip curls into a snarl. I have no doubt they're both pissed, they just show it in very different ways.

I hold my hand up, "I don't want to hear it. My gut was telling me she needed me, and I was right."

I don't give them any other explanation as I turn around and head straight to the kitchen, knowing they'll follow. I stop in front of the bouquet still sitting on the small island like it has a right to be there. It doesn't and I'm still a little pissed I couldn't incinerate it the moment I looked at it.

“I take it none of us sent our woman flowers,” Gio’s voice has a forced genial quality to it which tells me exactly how on edge he is.

“No,” I glower and pick up the card before handing it to Leo who takes a look at it, clenches his jaw, and hands it off to Gio.

“Well, fuck,” Gio mutters.

“Exactly.” My shoulders slump and even though rage is filling me, I keep my voice low and even. “I had a feeling Fleur needed me. When I got here, she actually jumped on me and clung to me.” This information has matching expressions covering my brother’s faces—arched eyebrows of surprise. “She was completely freaked out, but I still had to almost force her to tell me what was wrong.”

Gio chuckles, “That sounds like our woman.”

“It does,” Leo’s voice is deep with a thoughtful quality to it. He snatches the note back from Gio. “Do you think it’s whoever was asking about her?”

I shrug one shoulder and lean back against the counter. “I figure it must be.” I look to Gio and ask, “Have you heard anything else about him?”

“No and it’s pissing me off.” Giovanni frowns as he stares at the flowers. “I think we should throw them away. I don’t want to upset her when she comes back into her kitchen.”

I almost smile at my brother, but I stop myself because of the stare I feel coming from Leo. When I look at him, his arms are crossed across his chest, and he has an expression on his face I’ve seen many times before. He’s wearing his ‘I’m the big brother and you should listen to me face’.

There have been a lot of times in my life when I have allowed his look to win, but I’m not backing down this time. From the way I stare at him, I hope he knows it.

“Are you going to tell us how it went from you having a feeling Fleur needed you, to you coming over here, and then to you being half naked without your jeans properly buttoned up?”

Gio chuckles under his breath, but I don't take my eyes off Leo. I cross my arms the same way he is and see a hint of surprise in his eyes. It's not the only thing I see there, I swear I see a hint of pride as he looks at me, but I don't allow myself to dwell on it.

"She needed me. She got me," I answer with a shrug, keeping my voice neutral. "She was in her head and scared." He opens his mouth to say something, but I don't let him speak. "She was questioning not only the flowers, but my presence and the night she spent with us. It was written all over her face. She didn't know she could rely on me, on us." I shake my head. "Giving her space was the wrong decision."

Leo's shoulders slum slightly in defeat. "Maybe it was," he mumbles, and I know it's as good as a damn apology from my brother.

Leo has always been a proud man. I think it came from being groomed, almost from birth, to be second in command to Dante. I don't know if he ever had other dreams, but he's never mentioned it. I guess none of us had much of a choice, but the reality is that if I wasn't interested in standing next to my brothers and doing what Guidice's do, then I probably could have chosen a different path without anyone really questioning it.

I always looked up to Dante, Leonardo, and Giovanni. I wanted to be just like them and the path in front of me was clear. I was going to make sure I had a place within the family business, no matter what. It wasn't always easy because I'm the baby, but I made sure to be as ruthless as any of my brothers and I earned the respect of those around me.

"I don't want to give her any more space," Gio's agreement has me looking at him and he winks at me as he flashes a grin. "I want to be able to feel her pussy around me and that sure as fuck isn't going to happen if we keep giving her space." I shake my head at my brother as the corner of my mouth twitches. He pouts slightly and points out, "You got to be buried inside of her twice."

“I don’t think we should be keeping score,” I give him a cool look to hide my amusement.

“Fucking hell,” Leo grumbles.

Gio throws his hands up, his voice accusatory as he turns toward Leo, “What? You got in her ass, man. You have no room to fucking grumble. I mean, don’t get me wrong,” he backpedals slightly, “her mouth is a thing of fucking beauty, but I have other holes to explore.”

“You know this might cause problems between the family and the Devil’s Saints,” Leo’s voice is soft and resigned.

I look at Leo and know he can see the challenge in my eyes. “Is that going to stop you? Because it sure as fuck isn’t going to stop me.”

He stands a little bit taller. “She’s ours and nothing is going to stand in my way.”

Gio slaps his back, the sound loud in the quiet of the house and I internally wince. “Then why are you trying to throw roadblocks out there?”

“Because you need to be prepared. Lucifer and Prodigal probably won’t be pleased.” Leo sighs, a hint of hope in his voice, “Or they might realize there isn’t anyone better to make the DSMC princess happy and keep her safe.”

“After they kick our asses,” Gio points out, trying to lighten the mood.

Leo nods solemnly and it’s clear he’s serious and not trying to fight a smile. “I wouldn’t be surprised if it happens.”

“It’s a good thing I’m scrappy as fuck.” Gio flexes his arms and pretends to throw a few jabs at Leo’s chest who simply swats his hands away. “I’m not going to let them try and scare us off our woman.” He straightens and gets serious. “She’s ours.”

“She is,” Leo agrees.

“She most definitely fucking is,” I add on.

We share a look and I know the three of us are on the same page.

“Fucking finally,” Gio mumbles, “this whole giving her space thing was not working for me.”

I shake my head and smile as I look at my brother who looks kind of like a toddler who had his favorite toy taken away. For him, that’s probably true. Women flock to him and he never had to work hard when he wanted to blow off some steam.

I don’t think he’s ever been in a relationship though. I know none of the women he took to bed in the past meant anything to him. When he meets my gaze, something flickers in his eyes which has the worry churning in my gut easing.

“I’m all in,” Gio tells me softly. “You don’t have to worry about me fucking anything up. I want her. I’m not going to hurt her. I tried to deny it for a long time, but I knew. I just didn’t think I could actually have her, and I saw the way you were always watching her.”

“Fuck,” I bite out as a part of me wants to think back over every interaction over the years and figure out when we could have had her sooner. I know it doesn’t matter because things happened as they should have, but it’s hard to stop my spiraling thoughts.

“Now, what the fuck are we going to do about this?” When I look up at Leo, he’s standing in front of the bouquet and looking down at it with disdain.

And isn’t that the biggest fucking question of all.

“We get rid of the flowers and then we protect our woman. No matter what.” Gio muses, “It would be easier to do if we can get her to come to our place. Even if we tell her that it’s just for a little while.”

Leo nods, a thoughtful look on his face before he scrubs his hand along the underside of his jaw. “We won’t solve it tonight.” He looks toward where he knows Fleur’s bedroom is having looked at the specs the same way I did. “I want to hold

our woman and sleep with her knowing she won't be able to try and sneak off while I'm doing it."

He shudders and walks out of the kitchen. I'm torn because I want to take care of the flowers, but I also want to wrap myself back around my woman. It's the only way I'll really know if she's okay or not.

"Go. I'll toss the flowers," Gio tells me as he tucks the card into his back pocket.

I give my brother a chin lift as my feet move toward our woman without really thinking about it. She might not trust us completely yet, but we'll show her we're not going anywhere. Not again.

Fuck giving her space. We should have been all up in her space from the moment she tried to run. Never fucking again.



CHAPTER 10

GIOVANNI

I'm sitting in the dark living room of Fleur's house and taking in the space around us. I have no doubt she could be in a bigger house, but, somehow, the cozy space suits her. I'm sure it has something to do with it only being her. While Fleur can shop up a storm, just like Viola can, and it's clear a lot of the stuff in her house is high end, I've never considered her a materialistic person.

That more than works for me considering the number of women I've known who were only interested in me because of the power or money being with me would bring them. It didn't matter how clear I was about my time with them being nothing more than a way to blow off steam. They almost always thought they were going to be the woman to change my mind and make me commit.

It was never going to happen.

I want to go up and lay down with Fleur like my brothers are doing, but I'm wired. Probably because even though I threw out the flowers, it's like I can still see them in the kitchen from where I'm sitting. Phantom flowers—now I'm really losing it.

I hate that our woman was so freaked out by them. The note is burning a hole in my pocket. It's creepy, but not outright threatening. Sometimes those are the worst kind of messages to send because they wreak havoc on the psyche.

When I hear footsteps, I look over to find a sleep ruffled Fleur wearing a silk nightgown. She looks fucking stunning. It makes my heart start to pound in my chest, especially because it seems like she doesn't see me.

I'm not surprised, I am sitting in the dark after all.

When she steps into the kitchen, she's in profile and I see the frown on her face as she looks to where the flowers were

sitting before I got them the fuck out of the house. The relieved breath she blows out tells me I made the right call.

I stand up slowly, unsure how to approach her without startling her. I think scaring her is pretty much inevitable at this point. Since I know the moment will be broken, I take a moment to study our woman.

I've noticed her for years, but now that I'm able to embrace it, it's like I'm seeing so much more of her. I know there are things about herself she's kept hidden from us. A thrill goes down my spine at the thought of discovering all those things.

Her black hair is up in a messy bun on top of her head, and it looks adorable on her. I'm used to seeing Fleur put together and seeing her more relaxed is kind of a revelation. One I could get used to.

The curve of her neck is delicate and inviting. Looking at it makes me want to sink my teeth into her skin. It also reminds me of how it felt to have her mouth wrapped around me and how she swallowed down my cum.

My cock thickens in my pants, and I reach down to adjust myself.

Her skin is fucking flawless and now I know how soft it is. I want to touch her again, but I fist my hands at my sides to stop myself. I want to soak up this moment for just a little longer and the feel of it because I've never met a woman who has made me feel anything while she makes me feel everything.

My eyes roam down her long legs, snagging on the curve of her hips as they do, and take in how her toenails are painted a burnt orange and I smile. So many women go with red in the attempt to be seductive, but Fleur only tries to be who she is. It's so much sexier than someone who tries too hard. My woman is effortless.

I clear my throat and Fleur spins around. I can almost see the scream working its way up her throat, but she clamps her lips shut when recognition flashes in her eyes. She presses her hand to her heaving chest.

“Fuck,” she bites out and I can’t help but smile.

I hold my hands up in front of me. “I’m sorry. I knew there wasn’t a way for me to let you know I was here without scaring you.”

She nods once, her eyes turning wary as she looks me over. “I didn’t know you were here.” She huffs out a laugh and shakes her head. “Of course, I was surprised to find Leo wrapped around me like an octopus when I woke up as well. I should have known you’d be around here.”

“Guilty as charged.” I grin at her and my heart thumps in my chest when she smiles back.

Her head tilts to the side, curiosity filling her expression and her tone, “What are you doing here anyway?” She clarifies, “All of you.”

I shrug and lean against the counter in the kitchen and watch as she mirrors me against the small island. “Rocco told us we needed to come over and here we are.”

“And here you are,” she echoes softly. Her eyebrows pull together, and she bites her bottom lip. I close the distance between us and gently pull it out from between her teeth. “He told you that you needed to come over because of the flowers?”

“That’s not the only reason, *Tesoro*.” She smiles slightly at the endearment. “Rocco informed us how stupid it was to think you needed a little space after the night we spent together.” She shifts on her feet, the action telegraphing her discomfort, and I try to lighten the mood. “I have to say I’ve never been jealous of my little brother until he opened the door without a shirt and without his jeans even buttoned up.”

She gasps and covers her mouth with her hand. “He didn’t.”

I wiggle my eyebrows at our woman and assure her, “He did.”

The way she groans as her head rests back on her shoulders has me laughing and wrapping my arms around her. I pull her flush against my chest and stare down into her blue eyes. I can

see there is still some fear there and I hate it. I want to chase it away.

“I’m not jealous right now,” I whisper as my hand slides up her back before my fingers dig into the hair at the nape of her neck.

“Good,” she murmurs, her voice breathy and dreamy. I don’t know what she sees when she studies my face, but she straightens up and tries to step out of my hold. I don’t let her go and, instead, tighten my grip on her. “You should probably let go of me,” she says, but the way she says it tells me it’s the last thing she wants.

“I’m not letting go of you, Fleur.” She gasps because she can hear the weight in my words and what I’m not saying. I press my lips to hers, needing the softness, needing her to feel what I already know and believe it. The kiss is soft and sweet, which is not how I normally kiss, but for her I find the past doesn’t matter because *she* is the only thing that matters. I whisper against her lips, “Never letting you go again.”

“Gio,” she moans as I devour her mouth again.

The kiss sure as fuck isn’t sweet this time. I can’t help it, she does something to me. She makes me hungry and needy at the same fucking time. I want to soak up the simple moments with her, but I also want to be buried balls deep inside of her.

My hands slide down to her hips, and I pick her up and put her on the island. It puts her at the perfect height to wrap her legs around my waist. She grinds against me as my cock leaks inside my pants and begs to be set free.

“Did you let Rocco fill you with his cum earlier, *Tesoro*?”

Fleur wiggles her hips and groans, “Fuck.”

I kiss, lick, and nip down the slender column of her neck. Having my lips on her, hearing her little whimpers and pleas, is a fantasy come to life. My fingers tighten on her hips to hold her in place as I rock my cock against her pussy, knowing she’s going to be soaked.

“Answer the question,” I demand.

“Yes,” she gasps and tries to wiggle out of my grip.

“He filled you with his cum at Club Sin too. No condom,” I remind her before biting down on her collarbone and then licking away the sting.

“Implant,” she gasps when I pull the thin straps of her nightgown down and expose her perfect tits to me.

I pull back from her quickly and look down at her with narrowed eyes. I bark, “What?”

Fleur’s eyebrows pull together, and she licks her lips which is distracting as fuck. Her statement comes out like more of a question, “I said I have the implant?” When I narrow my eyes at her, she runs her finger over where the implant must be.

“I could probably cut that out myself,” I mutter.

She jolts and gasps, “What?”

“You heard me,” I state as I look at her. The slight panic in her eyes has me softening and kissing her again. “We’ll talk about this later but know I’m not the only one who wants to put a baby in you.” She blinks at me, and I shake my head. “Never considered having any babies, but I’ve been thinking about it a lot lately.”

“I don’t,” she starts to sputter and presses her lips together. “I, I mean, what? I’m not sure,” she babbles the words and it’s cute as hell.

I cut her off by kissing her again and lifting her off the counter just enough to pull the nightgown she’s wearing out from underneath her perfect ass before ripping it up and off her body. When I look down, I find out she didn’t put panties on, and I groan.

“I’ll be honest, I want to drop to my knees and eat you until you don’t know your own name, but my cock is begging to be buried inside of you,” I grind out the words and Fleur giggles.

I reach for my pants and make quick work of freeing my throbbing erection. She gasps and I can’t help but grin. When she runs one of her fingertips over the head and down the side of my shaft, I shudder at the contact.

“I was in such a haze the other night, I didn’t get to fully appreciate you,” she murmurs softly and I’m not sure if she’s talking to me or my cock. I’m good either way, honestly.

I step forward, forcing her legs to spread and make room for me. As I rub the head of my dick up and down her wet slit, I wait until Fleur looks up and meets my gaze again. The moment she does, I slam deep inside of her in one stroke.

She arches her back and her fingernails dig into my shoulders, the bite of it turning me on even with my shirt on. Her fingers fumble a little as she unbuttons my shirt and pushes it back over my shoulders. I was just getting home when Rocco texted us and I hadn’t been able to change into something more comfortable.

I wasn’t going to take the time then and I don’t regret it. I’ll always come running when our woman needs me. Fucking always.

With the shirt gone, Fleur grips my shoulders and I moan as her nails dig in again. I start to pull out and then fill her with my cock, my movements slow and controlled. At first.

As her pussy starts to ripple around me, my control snaps and I’m fucking her hard and fast before I even realize it. Every time I surge forward, I pull her to me, making me hit the end of her channel with more force.

“*Tesoro*,” my voice sounds strained, “your pussy is fucking perfection.” Her blue eyes, filled with lust, look up at me. “Hot. Tight. Fucking wet.”

The sound of just how wet she is and our skin slapping together rises as I move faster. She tries to meet my movements, but I hold her in place and don’t allow it. If she were moving with me, this would be ending far too quickly.

I don’t want that.

I want it to last forever.

The way my spine tingles and my balls draw up tells me how close I am. I kiss her hard. It’s wet and hot, full of teeth and primal grunts.

I might not be able to make this last forever, but I know I'll be able to bury myself inside her whenever I want. Because I'm never letting her go.

"You're ours," I growl, and she nods before she buries her face in the crook of my neck and uses me to muffle the sound of her scream.

Feeling her come, her pussy squeezing me and begging me for my cum, is too much for me to take. I fall over the edge with her, my vision going hazy for a moment with how good it feels and how hard I come. Air is sawing in and out of my lungs as I begin to float back down, only partially satisfied.

I kiss the side of her head and whisper, "Don't think I'll ever get enough of you, Fleur."

She shudders and tightens her arms around me. "The feeling is completely mutual," she whispers, her breath tickling over my skin.

We stand there, our breathing coming back to normal and our hearts beating in synch. When I finally pull out of her and step back, we both make noises of distress at the loss of contact. I kiss her forehead, something I have never done to a woman I've just fucked.

I scoop her up in my arms, my voice soft, "Come on. Let's get cleaned up and get in bed. Even if they're still asleep, I'm sure my brothers are looking for you."

She looks up at me with an emotion in her eyes I can't identify. I know it makes my chest feel tight and warm at the same time. Her lips quirk up into a smile, and I peck her lips, wanting to capture that smile for myself.

It's only once she's back in bed and my brothers reach for her while I find room for myself with my head on her belly do I realize the look I saw in her eyes was love. I've never been in love before. I never wanted that kind of closeness.

I always ran away from women when they started to think whatever was between us was going toward love as fear filled me. I'm not afraid of Fleur loving me. I'm looking forward to it.

I'm looking forward to telling her I feel the same fucking way.

That's the last thought I have before my eyes close, and I drift off to sleep knowing our woman is safe between us and we'll stand in the way of anyone who wants to do her harm or think they can take her from us.



CHAPTER 11

FLEUR

I'm being suffocated by alpha male energy. I want to hate it. I want to be the woman who is screaming and stomping her foot while telling all the men surrounding me to leave me alone.

It's not exactly the first time I've been around a group of men who think they all know what is best for me and don't have a problem telling me their thoughts. Hell, I grew up around men like that my entire life. I hated it then.

The thing is, and I would never admit this out loud, when it comes to Gio, Leo, and Rocco and all their male energy...I like it. Actually, that's not true. I fucking love it.

I feel protected and cherished in a way I've never allowed myself to feel before. Maybe it's not about what I allowed myself to feel and it's just them—the men who have invaded my life and refuse to let me go.

It's been three days since the flowers arrived and I haven't been alone for a moment since then. I should be annoyed by now, especially considering how much time I spent alone before. I'm just not. Wild, right?

Thankfully since I work from home doing the books for all the DSMC businesses, I'm able to work when I want and it's easy to stay on top of things. It's not like I have to work at all. My account is plenty full, but I like to be able to indulge in things when I want them without having to run to Daddy for money. How cliché would that be?

My men, because that is exactly what they are, were surprised to find out I'm the one keeping the DSMC accounts in line, but I just giggled and shrugged at the surprised looks on their faces. It's not something I advertised. I wasn't mad just because they probably assumed I don't work considering that is exactly what I wanted people to think.

Today Rocco and Giovanni are out working which means that Leonardo is home with me. I can't help but smile at the conversation we had first thing this morning when he walked back into my house right before his brothers had to leave.

Leo saw the smile on my face and scowled at me, "This would be easier if you would just agree to stay with us."

I challenged him from where I was standing in the kitchen, my hands finding my hips as I sassied him, "Easier for whom exactly?"

As Leo stalked across the space between us, looking completely like the dangerous predator he is, his eyes roamed up and down my body. "Easier for everyone. Our place is locked up tight and I know you'd be safe there."

"I'm safe *here*," I pointed out, hating the way the thought of not being safe in my own home made me feel small.

When he was close enough, his hands cupped my face, and the action made me feel dainty and treasured. Then there was the way Leo's eyes softened as he looked down at me. My mind started reeling while trying to put all the pieces of our past, present, and future together into something that made sense. It wasn't easy considering it felt like I was missing some pieces. It has felt that way from the moment their eyes heated as they cornered me and asked me about Club Sin and I'm not sure it'll be going away anytime soon.

"We just want to keep you safe," Leo's voice had a hint of pleading in it as his eyes implored me to give into him.

I sighed and muttered, "I'll think about it."

The way Leo smiled down at me had my heart pounding in my chest. Gio is the brother who smiles easily. Rocco is the brooding one, but Leo is serious in a way that makes you think he's incapable of smiling. Seeing him smiling was kind of like the sun coming out after a storm you were positive would last forever.

Then he kissed me in a way that had my mind totally blanking. If he wants me to seriously consider going to their place, then kissing me was not the way to do it. I'm pretty sure

I lost a few words and the ability to make those origami game things from elementary school from the kiss alone and I'm not getting that shit back.

Alas, it's lost forever because I was kissed within an inch of my life by a man I've been crushing on since forever.

Yeah, the last few days have been surreal as fuck.

There's been a lot to find unbelievable. Like how the Guidice brothers seem to have moved in with me, even if only temporarily, without consulting me. Or how they kiss me without warning and don't give a fuck if their brother is there watching or not. Then there's how they look at me with soft eyes when I know they are hard men who thrive on strength and never showing weakness.

Things have been quiet, and I haven't gotten any more flowers. No one has called me that I don't know. I haven't seen anything suspicious happening around my house.

I'm almost starting to believe I made the whole thing up.

But the flowers did get delivered along with the card.

It's possible it was all designed to scare me, but my gut is telling me that isn't the case. I learned to trust my gut a long time ago. Growing up the way I did meant I relied on my instincts to tell me who I could trust and who was just trying to use me.

It served me well on more than one occasion.

It's also led me to be more alone in my life than I would probably like. My family, the club, and the Guidice family ended up being the only people who I found I could trust long term.

When a knock comes from the front door, I don't think twice about going to open it. Probably because a few minutes ago Leo kissed me into a puddle of goo, hearts, and need. I shouldn't be held responsible for the choices I make in such situations.

Just as I open the door, Leo comes tearing into the room, his eyes wide and wild. He barks, fury rolling off him, "What

are you doing, Fleur? Don't open the door.”

I slam it closed without even looking to see why someone was knocking and the whole reason Leo, Gio, and Rocco have been sticking close fills my mind again. I practically leap away from the door as Leo comes closer.

He kisses my forehead and nudges me toward the couch before he pulls a gun from the small of his back. I gasp softly, but it's not because he has a gun. I've grown up around guns and I'm a pretty good shot myself. I just had no idea he was carrying one in my home.

Leo's jaw ticks as he opens the door slightly and looks outside, the muscles of his back bunching as his gaze sweeps one direction and then the other. He lets out a sound between a huff and a growl before he bends and picks something up and slams the door closed.

When he turns, there is fire burning in his eyes and my heart is pounding. My voice is shaky, “What is it?”

Leo holds out the box, which clearly isn't the kind of box that is delivered in the mail. It's also one I recognize because it's from a high-end lingerie store in town. It's the kind of place that only carries imported lace bras and panties, the ones you buy for special occasions or when you want to feel extra special.

I gasp and my eyes fill with tears when I look up at him, the hard set of his jaw telling me he didn't order whatever is inside the box and his brothers didn't either. I'm almost positive Leo is going to try and shield me from the reality of the situation. He's so protective it wouldn't be a shock at all.

I barely hold in my yelp of surprise when I'm jostled on the couch by him sitting down next to me. The silence surrounding us is deafening and the need to fill it is overwhelming. “I know this store. It's a great lingerie place. I've shopped there before,” I babble, unable to stop myself.

Leo nods once, the action curt and filled with barely controlled anger. When I reach for the box, Leo doesn't let it go so I open it while he continues to hold it. The red lace

lingerie inside is pretty, but it almost makes my stomach roll and pitch.

My hands are shaking when I pick up the note on top. Part of me doesn't want to know, but I know that I *need* to know. Being in the dark is not the answer. I flip the card over and drop it back down into the box.

Soon. I'll be seeing you in just this while I make you mine.

Bile rises in the back of my throat and Leo closes the box, his actions controlled and far calmer than I would expect. When I look up to find his deep brown eyes, the same eyes he shares with all the men of the Guidice family, I find a volcano of emotion there.

Leo stands up and then strides across the room to place the box on the kitchen island. I feel detached as I watch him pull his phone out of his pocket and type something, I'm sure to his brothers. I must make a sound of distress because his head snaps over to look at me and his eyes soften.

He closes the distance between us in no time and then I'm up and in his arms as he carries me into my bedroom and lays me down on the bed. I slowly feel my brain and body come back online as he undresses me. As he gets undressed himself, I can't even enjoy the show while looking right at him.

It's only when his warmth seeps into me because he covers my body with his that I find I can move. I wrap my arms and legs around him as I bury my face in his neck. As I take a deep breath, I find myself calming even more with his scent surrounding me.

"Please make me forget. Make me feel anything else," I beg him.

Leo pulls back and stares down into my eyes for a long moment, so long I'm sure he's going to say no. He must see how much I need him written all over my face because without warning he's filling me with his long, thick cock in one thrust.

I cry out and arch my back, my pussy stretching to accommodate him. We've done a lot of exploring and experimenting over the last few days and he's been inside of me before, but there's something different about this. Maybe it's because I need him right now or maybe it's because we're alone.

No matter the reason, I soak up the feeling of him giving me exactly what I need as he starts to move. I arch my back as his lips trail down my chest and he sucks one of my nipples into his mouth. He bites down and my pussy squeezes his length in response.

The groan that comes out of Leo is positively sinful and lights me up from the inside out. It's hard to believe I'm capable of pulling sounds like that out of such a serious man. I understand why he wears the mask he does—and the same thing goes for Gio and Rocco—but to be the person they trust to let it slip and be themselves is something I value more than I could ever say.

“That's it,” he grunts after popping off my nipple and trailing his mouth toward my other one, “squeeze my cock with your pretty pussy.”

“Leo,” I moan, my hips moving to meet his thrusts as he moves faster and harder. He hits a special place inside of me every time and the way his length drags across my walls has lights flashing in front of my eyes. “Please. I need it.”

Right before he latches onto my other nipple he rasps, “What do you need?”

“You to fill me with your cum,” I gasp out the last word as he bites down on my nipple, and I go soaring over the edge.

I'm pretty sure it's all in my head, but the stirring notes of music reaching a crescendo wraps around us as stars dance and fireworks explode. Maybe it's not happening in my head. Maybe it's happening in my soul.

That's the way all three of my men make me feel. Like I'm embarking on the greatest adventure while cocooned in safety and seeing the Earth's greatest wonders. I don't know how

they manage it, but I'm grateful and humbled by how lucky I am in this moment and every moment I've spent with them.

Leo growls in the back of his throat as he pumps his hips a few more times and then fills me to the hilt while jets of his cum paint my walls. I can feel every one of them and how deep they are inside of me.

Their words have claimed me, so have their kisses, but there is something different about being claimed this way. It's primal and feels like it can never be erased or washed away. Logically, I know it's not the case, but I wrap the feeling around me anyway and let it settle like the perfect blanket.

We stare into each other's eyes as our breathing goes back to normal even though our hearts are still racing. It's a problem I always seem to have around my men. I'm not complaining because it lets me know I'm alive.

I don't know if he fucked me just to get my mind off the gift and the note, but I'm not complaining. From the satisfaction rolling off my man, I'd say it was much more than a tactic. Either way, the only thing I can focus on is the man my body is pressed up against and the promise of his brothers being back home soon.

I let out a little yelp of surprise as Leo rolls me along with him, his cock still inside of me as I'm sprawled out over his chest. My eyes feel heavier and heavier with each breath I take. The last thing I feel is Leo kissing the top of my head as I drift off.



CHAPTER 12

FLEUR

As I look between my mom, Wrenley, Viola, and a few of the other old ladies from the DSMC, I can't help but cringe. Don't get me wrong, I needed this and we could certainly be out somewhere that isn't as safe as The Sanctuary, but I also know my men are going to be pissed when they find me here.

It wasn't easy to sneak out.

It took a lot of planning and maneuvering, but I had some practice getting around things like security from when I was younger when I'd sneak out to go to parties with Viola. I might have had some experience, but it's been a while since I had to sneak around and back then I didn't have three men on my ass to contend with.

I don't know how the stars aligned and I was only left with Giovanni tonight, but it took some of the pressure off and I didn't have to try to fuck all three of my men into a coma while staying awake myself. Just one. I almost want to pat myself on the back, but it's not a good idea to celebrate too early. I learned that lesson the hard way.

Viola, who hasn't had a drink all night, obviously, is giddy because she's out and not trapped at home with her own overprotective trio, wraps her arms around my neck. "I'm so glad you were able to come out with us," she gushes, her voice loud for no fucking reason considering the music isn't blaring or anything.

Her excitement is infectious, however, and I find myself smiling at her. "I'm glad I could come out too."

Not a lie. I'm glad to be out, but the guilt from leaving while Gio was asleep along with the knowledge that no one I'm out with knows about my little stalker problem, if that is what it is, is eating me alive. Then there's the secret that the Guidice brothers have been staying with me for two weeks

now. It feels like I'm carrying around the weight of it all and it's pulling me down with every breath I take.

I hate keeping things, especially when it's big, from those I care about.

I'm not even sure what is holding me back from telling them, at least, about the guys. Considering no one batted an eye about Viola being in a committed relationship with three men, I'm not worried about anyone reacting badly to it. I think it's because of who I'm in a relationship with.

Will Viola be pissed? Will mom not approve? Would Dad, because there's no way mom would keep it from him, flip the fuck out? Then there's my brother and his reaction.

The questions swirling through me, along with how pissed I know my men are going to be, are making it difficult for me to have a good time even though I'm surrounded by people I love. I fucking hate this.

"You've been quiet," Viola muses, her voice soft so only I can hear her.

"I was just thinking," I keep my voice casual, but she still looks at me in the way only best friends can—like they're seeing so much more than you're willing to show them.

She leans further into me and whispers, "Is it whoever has been making you glow? Are you thinking about them?"

I gasp and rear back like she just slapped me and Viola giggles as she wiggles her eyebrows at me. "How do you," I start and then press my lips together when she grins knowingly. I shake my head and try again, "There's no one."

"Liar," she accuses and waves her finger in front of my face.

I narrow my eyes at her and try to deflect, "Are you sure you haven't had anything to drink?"

She scoffs and shakes her head. "I'm punch drunk on being out of the house with my favorite ladies," she exclaims while making a sweeping motion with her hand to encompass

everyone sitting around the table with us at The Sanctuary. “We haven’t done this in a long time.”

I nod solemnly and realize she’s right. Between her falling in love and whatever is going on with me, we haven’t done this in far too long. My shoulders slump with the realization and Viola reaches over to give my hand a squeeze.

“Wipe that look off your face,” she commands. “I didn’t say something about it to make you feel bad or anything. We’ve both had a lot going on and we aren’t the only ones.”

She inclines her head toward Wrenly and can’t help but smile. I love that my brother is happy and has found the woman who completes him. He deserves it and so much more. Knowing that they’re trying for a baby, and I could be an aunt soon is exciting.

“You’re right,” I agree and sigh, “but still.” I sit up a little straighter. “We should have a standing girl’s night out every few weeks. Then we can look forward to it and make it a whole thing. Like date night but with the important women in our lives.”

Viola’s eyes get soft, and she nods enthusiastically. “I love that idea.”

When I take a sip of my drink, she sits back in her chair, and I take a moment to admire the renovated church that houses The Sanctuary. It’s a beautiful building with a classic, gothic feel, but modern touches throughout. My favorite part is the old stained glass still in place. So much of the building needed to be changed and renovated but the beautiful rosette was perfect.

Viola curses under her breath and I turn around to find the Falsini triplets have walked into the bar. Their eyes are trained on my best friend, and they do not look happy. That would be enough, but what has me freezing in place are the three Guidice brothers, my men to be exact, standing next to them with looks of hellfire on their faces.

My stomach flips and I know a whole lot more than I’m comfortable with is going to be said and there isn’t a damn

thing I'm going to be able to do about it. Even if I tried to stop them, they wouldn't hear me.

They're all wearing matching scowls that scream about how they think they know best and that's all there is to it.

I sigh and speak to Viola out of the side of my mouth, "Why do your men look pissed?"

Viola mumbles, "I might have left the house without telling them I was coming here or how long I would be out."

My head swings around to look at my best friend as she picks up the virgin strawberry margarita she's been drinking. When she meets my eyes, I can see the sparkle of mischief there. "Viola," I chastise her, "you know they're just worried about you and it's not like they have no reason to be."

"I'm pregnant. I'm not some ancient vase that is so old, valuable, and priceless," she hisses the words at me.

I can only sigh. "They were worried about you before you got pregnant." I drop my voice even lower, "You were kidnapped, and they could have lost you."

My chest constricts at the thought because I could have lost her too and she's the only sister I have ever truly known. Viola nods and her shoulders slump down.

"I know," she whispers. "I just wanted one night of normal."

I try to lighten the mood by adding, "I'm also pretty sure you *are* priceless."

She grins at me even though she tries to fight it before her head tilts to the side as she looks back at the men and muses, "I wonder why my brothers are here though."

The longer she studies her brothers, the more dread pools in the pit of my stomach. Her eyes start to go from them to me while I attempt to ignore them. It's not completely effective considering I can feel their gazes on me and just how pissed they are.

"They're not here for me," she whispers. Suddenly, she gasps and then smacks my shoulder. "They're here for you."

I don't meet her eyes because I know she'll be able to see the truth in them if I do. "I don't know what you're talking about," I try to deflect.

It might have worked too if a large hand didn't land on my shoulder right then. I shiver at the contact because I know it's Leo standing behind me without even looking. I tilt my head back and find my three men standing over me, their faces shuttered while their eyes blaze with anger. Having their attention on me in such a way sends a shiver down my spine and I can't hide it even if I tried.

"Holy shit," Viola breathes out next to me. I'm slow to bring my gaze back to hers, but when I do, she has something like happiness in her eyes as well as shock written all over her face. She points at me and then at her brothers. "How long as this been going on?"

I search her face and she doesn't look away from me, even when her three men come around to stand behind her. I expect her to be angry and I breathe a sigh of relief when she just seems curious.

"For a little while now," I admit softly.

"Well, I'm sure your father will be thrilled to know he no longer has to worry about you and your future," Mom's voice snaps me out of my focus on Viola and my eyes widen as I look at her.

She sits there with a huge smile on her face. I swear the woman does a little shimmy in her seat with glee. All I can do is groan and drop my head into my hands.

Mom seems to think Dad won't have a problem with my relationship, but I'm not quite as optimistic as she is. I try and sink back into the chair I'm sitting in, but Gio leans over my head, his hand landing on my other shoulder to hold me in place.

"Cherise," I can hear the smile in Gio's voice, "it's so nice to see you again. I hope you don't mind us interrupting, but we weren't aware our woman was meeting up with the ladies tonight and we were worried."

Leo's fingers tighten on my shoulder and when I glance up at him, he has an unreadable mask on and my heart sinks. He must feel me looking at him because his eyes come down and meet mine as he emphasizes, "We were worried."

"Oh no," I whisper as he lets his mask drop for a second, but only for me to see.

They weren't just worried. They were scared out of their fucking minds.

Because I have a stalker who has sent me more than one gift and vaguely threatening messages. It's not like I left without a trace, I did leave a note, but that doesn't mean they still wouldn't be worried.

"I'm sorry," I whisper as I stare into Leo's eyes. "I'm so stupid for leaving without letting you know where I was going."

His fingers tighten on my shoulder, and I realize Gio and my mom have been carrying on a whole fucking conversation while Leo practically strips me down to nothing with some eye contact. Holy shit, what are these men doing to me?

When I look over at Rocco, he's not looking at me. His eyes are scanning the bar like he's ready for danger to pop out of nowhere. His body is coiled tightly and I'm grateful he's here, but I really wish he would look at me.

Rocco must feel the weight of my stare because he finally looks at me, but the disappointment I see in his eyes has me wishing I could crawl under the table and disappear. I hate the look in his eyes. More importantly, I hate that I'm the one who put it there.

Suddenly being out with my ladies, even though it is something I needed, doesn't hold the same appeal it did when I felt like I was climbing up the walls and needed to get out. It certainly wasn't worth worrying my men to this extent or making them doubt me and my feelings for them.

My eyes fill with tears, and I blink them away, not wanting to do this in the middle of The Sanctuary. Now, with everything in me, I want to go home. Being here is too much.

Leo leans down and kisses the top of my head. I wish I could soak up the warmth from the action, but part of me is worried by how much it feels like a goodbye. I wouldn't blame him if it were.

My mom giggles, fucking giggles, at something Gio says and then he's kissing the top of my head as well. I want to close my eyes and lean into the feeling of them being close, but fear stops me.

"Have fun, *Tesoro*," Leo's voice is husky in my ear. "We'll be close by having a drink with our sister's men."

Before I can respond and tell him I'm ready to go home, his warmth leaves my side, and his hand is gone along with Gio's. I want them back. I want them to wrap me up in their arms and then take me home so they can yell or whatever the hell it is they're going to do so we can move on.

When I glance back, Rocco is now sitting at a table nearby with his brothers and the Falsini triplets. His eyes continue to scan the bar and while I hate that he's mad at me, which is clear from the tension in his jaw, I do feel safer with him close by.

I never should have left without them knowing where I was going.

I fucked up.

Big time and I'm going to have to figure out a way to make it up to them.

I only hope they give me a chance to do it.

"Well," when I look over at Mom she's almost jumping up and down in her seat, "it seems you've been holding out on us."

"No kidding," Viola snorts from her seat next to me.

When I look over at her, the shock has been erased from her face and there is only joy looking back at me. Still, I find myself whispering, "You're not mad?"

Viola's eyes widen for a second before they narrow on me. "Mad that my best friend makes my brothers happy, and they

do the same for her?” She reaches out and grabs my hand before asking, “You do make each other happy, right?”

“I can tell you I’ve never been happier,” I admit.

When Viola beams at me and Mom gives me a smug smile, I know I’ll be alright at least when it comes to the ladies in my life. The men? The jury’s still out on that one.



CHAPTER 13

LEONARDO

I try and look cool, calm, and collected as I sit at a table in The Sanctuary and nurse a beer, but I'm far from any of those things. How could I be when I came home to find Giovanni passed out in bed and Fleur nowhere to be found? If Rocco hadn't come home when he did, I probably would have beat my brother to death and then torn about the house from one end to the other in a fit of rage.

Rocco was the one who found Fleur's note on the fridge. While I'm glad she didn't leave without a trace, I was still pissed at her for leaving the house without one of us. Gio would have been easy to talk into being her shadow during girl's night.

He would have been the one who would probably have been all for it. But no. Instead, our woman fucked him, waited until he was asleep, and then slipped out of her house.

There might be worse places she could be than a bar owned by the DSMC, but it's still an unnecessary risk and I hate how she felt she needed to sneak around instead of telling us she needed some time out of the house. I get it, I do, because we've been keeping her locked up. It probably wasn't fair to her, but it's not like we didn't have a reason to do it and it was all to keep her safe.

"I'll tell you this right fucking now," Rocco grumbles, his eyes moving around the room instead of fixed on our woman even though I know he'd rather be watching her, "she's going to be at our place tonight and going forward."

I grunt in agreement and hear chuckles coming from our sister's three men. When we glance over at them, there's amusement dancing across two faces out of the three. Massimo only ever smiles if Viola is involved, so I'm not surprised that he's watching us with a stoic expression on his face.

“So,” Marco begins, and I’m already annoyed at the man, “you guys and Fleur, huh?”

I grunt, “Yeah, she’s ours.”

The three men who we never wanted to have in our family, but had no choice in accepting, nod with looks of understanding on their faces. I’m sure they do fucking understand. From what I heard about how Viola and the three of them got together, they didn’t expect to be knocked on their asses by the Guidice princess. Just like we didn’t expect the same to happen to us with Fleur.

Considering how happy they are with Viola, I don’t think they regret it. I might be pissed at our woman, but I don’t regret being with her either. I’ll get over being mad, probably after I spank her ass until it’s a pretty red color and she winces when she sits down for a few days, but I’ll move past it.

I notice Rocco tense and I look over at my youngest brother to find him looking at someone across the bar, his eyes narrowed and his entire body practically fucking vibrating with rage. When I follow his gaze, I’m surprised as hell to see the man Fleur was talking to at Club Sin.

Giovanni must recognize him because he lowers his voice and asks, “Isn’t he that Henri fucker?”

“Yes,” I hiss and fight the instinct I have to stand up and stride across the room.

It’s not just the fact that he’s here, which is bad enough, but it’s the way he’s watching our woman which sets my teeth on edge. He’s looking at her with obsession shining in his eyes along with a hunger only my brothers and I get to feel for our woman.

Massimo leans forward and asks softly, “Who is he?”

Without looking away from Henri, who hasn’t noticed he’s being watched because he’s so fucking enamored with Fleur, I answer. “Rocco sent Fleur a necklace as an apology because we cornered her at Viola’s birthday dinner after the comment about Club Sin. We wanted to know if she really went there and was a member. She wasn’t pleased.”

“Our women are stubborn and independent,” Massimo states with a hint of annoyance in his voice which I know comes from the love he has for Viola.

“No fucking kidding,” I scoff. “The necklace had a tracker in it.”

“Fuck, why didn’t I think of that,” Mateo muses and I want to look at him, but I can’t tear my eyes away from Henri.

“I’m not going to ask what the fuck that means,” I snarl, and I swear the asshole laughs. “Anyway, she went to Club Sin. We followed her. When we got there that dead man,” I nod toward where he’s still staring at our woman, “was chatting her up. Needless to say, she didn’t spend the night with him. She spent it with us.”

“Fleur has gotten two gifts delivered to her house with notes that point toward someone obsessed with her and stalking her,” Rocco adds on, his predatory eyes trained on the man who doesn’t know how close he is to danger.

“Well, shit,” Marco grunts and all I can do is nod.

Fleur stands up from the table where she’s drinking, joking, and laughing with the women she’s out with and walks toward the bar. I tense as everything in me screams to get up and go to her. Giovanni reaches out and lays a hand on my shoulder.

“Let it play out,” he suggests, and I want to punch him. “If he’s the one, he won’t be able to resist doing something stupid and then we’ll know and be able to end him and stop what has been making her afraid.”

I watch as Henri approaches her on her other side which means she has to turn away from where we’re sitting to look at him. I clench my fists and, somehow, force myself to stay seated. It’s not an easy task at all.

I watch as his lips move, and Fleur turns toward him. I hate not being able to see her face right now. What I can see is her hand hanging down at her side and it’s shaking as she looks up at Henri.

When he reaches out and tucks a few loose black hairs back behind her ear, I see red and can’t sit by the sidelines for a

moment longer. I stand and stride closer to where Henri is completely focused on my woman. The closer I get, the more fear I can feel coming off Fleur.

I know my brothers are at my back without even having to look at them. I also notice a few DSMC brothers in the bar tonight and they are watching what is going on very closely. Good. I have a feeling I'm going to need their help, or at least use of one of their facilities.

"I know you wanted me the other night, Fleur," Henri coaxes. He probably thinks he sounds seductive, but he just sounds like a whiny brat. "It was in the way you looked at me. I don't know what happened or why you spent the night without me," I notice how he doesn't mention she spent the night with us and I almost smile.

"We were just talking," Fleur's voice has a waver in it that guts me.

When she stiffens slightly, I know it's because she can feel me standing right behind her and doesn't want to seek me out for comfort. At least not yet anyway.

"I know you're just playing hard to get. It's why I sent you those gifts. So you'd know I wanted to court you," there's an eager quality to his voice which makes me wonder if he's confused about what took place between them or just a little mentally unstable. Maybe both. "Did you like them?"

Fleur stammers, "Uhhh."

Before anything else can happen, I step in front of Fleur and wrap my hand around Henri's neck. When he glares at me like I just ate the cherry off his sundae, I let him see the cold detachment in my eyes that I've spent years working on. Worry starts to seep into his expression, and it makes me want to howl in victory.

The rage I'm feeling is barely contained in my words, "You're the one who has been scaring our woman by sending her gifts?"

Henri scoffs, "She's not yours. I saw her first."

I hear Fleur mumble something under her breath about toys and her not being something men can fight over. She has no idea how sexy and alluring she is or that a real man would be fucking lucky to fight, no matter the stakes, to spend some time with her.

Too bad for them because she's ours and we're never letting her go.

Hack, one of the club brothers I noticed in the bar earlier, steps up next to me. "We have a little space in the basement if you want to take this somewhere more private."

I'm not surprised when he doesn't ask questions or thinks I'm stepping over the line. I've spent years doing business with the men of the DSMC and they know what kind of man I am. I don't have to prove anything to them.

I give him a curt nod and then glance over at my woman. I feel my features soften as I look at her. "We got this, *Tesoro*," I promise her. "I want you to go with Rocco. He's going to take you home and then you're packing a bag."

"A bag? Why am I packing a bag?"

I don't respond to her and instead follow Hack while still holding onto the asshole who thought it was okay to harass our woman. He's going to pay for his indiscretions with his life. When he starts trying to thrash and escape my hold, I only tighten my fingers as I follow Hack wherever he's taking me.

I know Rocco will keep our woman safe, no matter how angry and hurt he was to find her gone when we came home. Now, with the asshole who has been sending her gifts, probably the one who was asking around about her as well, in my grasp, we can put this behind us and move forward.

Just because I end this threat doesn't mean Fleur won't be moving in with us. That is happening no matter what. Sooner rather than later.

I can feel Gio behind me as we head down a set of stairs which have seen better days. When we're in the bowels of the church, it's clear just how old this structure is. Part of me

wants to marvel at it, but I push it aside because now is not the right time.

There's a room with a metal door ahead of us and I'm not surprised when Hack opens the door and waves us in. When I push Henri down so he's sitting on the only chair in the middle of the room, I look over my shoulder at Hack.

"You can work him over for as long as you want. If you need a break, knock on the door and we can have someone watch him or pick up where you stop." Hack points to one side of the room where a cabinet stands. "You can use any of the tools in there and everything is soundproofed."

"This isn't normally where the DSMC works," I find myself asking even though I don't phrase it like a question.

"No," he states, but doesn't elaborate and I understand why. There are some secrets that are better to take to the grave with you. "Have fun," he chirps brightly and then steps out of the room and closes the door behind him.

When we're alone, I ignore Henri completely and turn toward the cabinet instead. Giovanni leans against a wall and watches me, ignoring our guest as well. Silence can be a great motivator for people to start spilling their secrets without any questions being asked.

"She's mine," Henri growls. "She was given to me and then you walked into Club Sin and stole her from me."

Even though my blood boils at his words, I don't acknowledge them. Instead, I grab a blow torch and a knife out of the cabinet and shut the door. While the sound it makes isn't actually loud, it seems like it in the quiet of the room. I look at Gio, asking silently if he wants in on what is about to happen. When he gives me a chin lift instead of choosing his own instrument for torture, I know he's only here to bear witness to what is about to happen.

I'm more than okay with being the one responsible for finding out what Henri is up to and why he targeted Fleur for his next obsession before ending his life without a hint of remorse. I should feel something for the life I'm about to take,

but I don't. He scared our woman and it's enough of a reason for him to die.

I step closer to Henri and his eyes go to the blowtorch before widening and rounding with fear. "I already told her that she was given to me. I paid for her and then we were going to play a little game before I claimed her as mine."

I narrow my eyes as I stare at the man in front of me, knowing without a doubt that no one in Fleur's life would sell her. Never. Not a fucking chance.

"How did you find her to buy her?"

"On a website," he tells me without hesitation, and I watch his eyes as he does. The man might not be all there and is definitely confused, but he does believe what he's telling me. "I saw her and knew she was mine. I paid and then was told where I could find her if I was patient enough and how much fun the game would be because she would pretend like she didn't know or want me."

The smile he shoots me has my gut churning, but I don't let it show on my face.

"Who sold her to you?"

"I didn't get a name, only the initials JM." I freeze and I know Gio does as well. Henri can't read the fucking room at all because his eager voice brings my attention back to him and out of the fog of hate crawling over me with the realization that Martinez is behind the whole thing. "Can I have her now? She's mine and I want her still. I don't even care that you and the other two stretched her pussy. I bet she's still tight and I could sink into her and ride her hard. I'll let you have a turn after me."

I drop the blowtorch in my hand and close the distance between us in a few strides. I don't even think about it as I use the knife in my hand to slit Henri's throat. Blood rains down on me, cooling some of the inferno inside me at the thought of him ever getting his hands on our Fleur and the havoc Martinez was trying to inflict.

“His death was swift,” Gio’s voice is cold from where he’s still leaning against the wall. “It was more than he deserved.”

I shrug before looking over at my brother. “I couldn’t listen to him for even a second longer. If that means killing him quickly then I’m okay with it.”

Gio grins at me, a feral show of his teeth, before he teases me, “It seems love might have made you soft, brother.”

I throw my head back and bark out a laugh. “Only for her. Only for fucking her.”

He nods, understanding flashing across his face. I look down at myself and sigh because my brother doesn’t have a single drop of blood on him but the same can’t be said about me. Gio shakes his head and waves his hand to indicate my ruined clothing.

“Always stand behind when you’re cutting a throat. You know this.”

“Whatever,” I grumble and then stomp over to the door and knock loudly so Hack can let us out.

I have no doubt that the DSMC will take care of taking out the trash. I have a woman to get home to. Knowing she’s going to finally be in our home has the tightness in my chest which hasn’t gone away since the moment I came home to find her gone easing slightly.

I have a feeling it won’t go away until I wrap Fleur up in my arms and then lose myself in her completely.



CHAPTER 14

GIOVANNI

When I walk into the primary bedroom behind Leo who heads straight to the bathroom, the first thing I see is Fleur sitting at the end of the bed. I'm glad we had the room redone while we've been staying at Fleur's house because now it's ready for her to be here. She doesn't know it yet, but she won't be leaving again.

The anger I felt earlier when I was woken up to find Fleur gone has lessened, but it's not gone completely. Part of me, the part of me always up for a little mischief, appreciated her actions. Still, she put herself in unnecessary danger instead of asking me if I would take her out. I would have done it, and she probably wouldn't have even needed to pout to get me to agree.

"Well, don't you look pretty." Fleur looks at me when I speak, and I can see the regret in her eyes. It seems Rocco has been busy because Fleur is wearing a corset that I can't imagine is comfortable to sit in. But there she is. As I take in the way the corset pushes up her tits, I growl, "And sexy."

She flashes me a small smile before looking at Leo as he walks back into the room. He's wet from the shower and has a towel wrapped around his waist. As she looks at him, worry filters back into her expression.

"You made a bad choice today, Fleur," Leo's voice is deep with an edge of darkness to it that would make me shiver if I didn't know that only pleasure for our woman will come from it.

"I know," she whispers and lowers her eyes to where her fingers are twisting together.

Rocco shifts in the chair he's sitting in across the room as Leo steps closer to Fleur and drops his towel. Knowing what's coming, I start getting undressed and then our youngest brother is standing and doing the same. The way Fleur's eyes

bounce between us would be comical if the tension in the room wasn't so high.

"I'm sorry." I can hear the remorse in her words. "I won't offer excuses. It was a stupid thing to do when I should have trusted you to take me where I wanted to go."

"One good thing did come of it," I offer as an olive branch causing Fleur's eyes to snap to mine. "The man sending you gifts brought himself into the light and we got some answers."

Fleur's eyes slide closed, and I swear I see relief wash over her face. "I can't believe it was Henri." She bites her lip. "He seemed nice."

Leo scoffs and Fleur shrugs one delicate shoulder. "He admitted he bought you and in doing so was brought into an elaborate game. He was told you would play hard to get and he would have to take what he bought," Leo's voice is strained as he gives her some of the details we found out.

He'll probably never tell her that Martinez was behind everything, but we know, and we'll make sure Dante as well as the DSMC knows as well. Martinez might still be hiding in the shadows, but he'll make his presence known at some point. When he does, we'll be waiting for him.

Not only has he gone after Viola, which must be answered for, but then he tried to go after Fleur. I hate to think about what could have happened if Viola hadn't made a comment about Club Sin which was the catalyst for us getting out of our own way and doing what we should have done a long time ago—claim our woman.

"That's," Fleur takes a deep breath and shakes her head as she looks at us, "I'm not even sure what to say." She swallows hard. "Thank you for protecting me. For being there when I needed you to be there and not leaving me alone when I made the wrong choice."

Leo cups her cheek. "We will always protect you, *Tesoro*. Always."

She nods, her eyes becoming intense in a way I haven't seen before. She looks from Leo to Rocco and then to me. "I

want you to know that I love you. You have made my life richer. I was lonely and I loved the three of you from afar for a long time. I didn't think you saw me as anything more than Viola's friend or a club princess. I didn't know you saw *me*."

Rocco's voice is thick with emotion. "I've always seen you, Fleur." His eyes soften and his voice gentles, "I love you."

"I love you, Fleur," my voice cracks slightly, but I can't find it in me to care.

When Fleur's eyes meet Leo's eyes again, he murmurs softly, "I love you. Always." He straightens his back and smirks. "But right now, we're going to fuck you like we don't because you need to be punished for what you did tonight and never make the same mistake again."

I swear I see the corner of Fleur's mouth twitch, but it's fast and I can't be sure. Leo grips her shoulders, his fingers digging into her flesh hard enough to leave marks. He pulls her so she's standing in front of him and with her up I can see she isn't wearing panties. My hand drops down and starts to stroke my cock with the need to find a little bit of relief.

"All dressed up," Leo murmurs softly while his hands run down over the black corset our woman has on.

Her breathing starts to pick up, but it can't be easy to get a full breath considering how tight the corset is on her. I never knew seeing a woman all dressed up would do something so profound for me, but she's like the perfect present.

The next time we put her in a corset, I want to be the one to do the laces. I saw the look on Leo and Rocco's face in Room Eight, there was something about the ritual of it that spoke to them. I want in on it.

Leo roughly turns our woman and presses between her shoulder blades until she's bent over the end of the bed, her round ass on display and little whimpers coming from her mouth. "Fucking perfect," he rasps.

She gets no warning when his hand comes down hard on her ass. The yelp she lets out might as well be a symphony. He rains spankings down on her until I can see her arousal

glistening on her pussy lips and her ass is a nice shade of pink, bordering on red.

Without giving her a chance to brace, he grips her hips and plunges inside of her. The groan he lets out is primal and answered by the wanton moan coming from our woman. He fucks her hard and fast, not letting up. It's punishing and exactly what he promised.

I can't tear my eyes away from where they're joined. It's fascinating to watch the way her body opens for him and accepts him.

"Fuck, Leo," she pants. "Please."

He reaches around her body and even though I can't see it, I know he's rubbing her clit from the way she jolts in his hands. "Don't come," he commands, and she makes a mewling sound in the back of her throat.

Her entire body is vibrating as he thrusts into her a few more times and plants himself deep inside, his head falling back on his shoulders as he roars through his release. Fleur buries her head in the bedding and shakes her head, her body strung tight by not being given what it wants.

I know the sounds our woman makes when she comes, and she definitely did not come.

When Leo pulls himself free of Fleur, I watch in fascination as his cum and her arousal start to slide out of her pussy. She's red and puffy, looking thoroughly fucked. But we're not done.

I look at Rocco and give him a chin lift that has him flashing a feral grin. When he steps up to Fleur, his hands softly run over the cheeks of her ass. The way she stills when I know her body is telling her to try and get away from him has my need for her growing. I'm not normally one for delayed gratification, but it feels right in this moment.

I'm the one she fucked until I couldn't keep my eyes open and then used the opening to slip away from us. It's only fair that I'm the one who goes last in punishing her tonight. And the one who will finally let her come.

Rocco doesn't spank our woman's ass and focuses on where her thighs and cheeks meet which I know will make it harder for her to sit tomorrow. When Fleur's head is thrashing back and forth as she tries to pull away from him, Rocco's arms drop to his sides.

He stares down at our woman, his chest heaving, taking in the sight in front of him. When he reaches for her hips, he doesn't slam inside of her but flips her onto her back. I can see the tears in her eyes as she stares up at him, but she doesn't protest or tell us it's too much.

"I'm sorry," her words sound like a sob, but I know she needs this as much as we do.

"I know, *Tesoro*," Rocco's voice is soft as he pulls her legs up until they're resting against his chest, both of her ankles together and pointed over one of his shoulders.

When he slams inside of her, the position he's put her in has his body making contact with the same area he was just spanking. She cries out, the sound a mixture of pain and pleasure and just as beautiful as all her other sounds.

"Are you going to let me come?" Fleur's question is innocent and full of trepidation as Rocco pounds into her.

He grunts and she must see the answer in his eyes because she relaxes and closes her eyes with a frown on her pretty lips. He is just as relentless as Leo was, his thrusts hard and fast. She moans and wiggles her hips in the attempt to fall over the edge, but when Rocco's grip tightens around her ankles, I know it won't be enough.

Rocco tugs the cups of the corset down roughly, exposing her tits to us and I watch them bounce with fascination. Her hands grip the bedding beneath her as he slams into her harder with every stroke.

When he reaches for her tits and pinches one of her nipples and then the other, her mouth forms an 'o' and her eyes pop open. "Don't," he warns, and she lets out a whimper.

He slams home inside of her and lets out a growl from the back of his throat as she writhes, trying to find some sort of

relief for the fire burning inside of her. Her panting breaths only make her tits look more inviting.

When Rocco pulls out of her, she's messy as fuck as he gently lowers her legs and takes a step back. I can't pull my eyes away from our woman. She's covered in a sheen of sweat, and I can see how tightly she's wound.

She needs to come. She needs me.

When her eyes snap to mine, she whimpers, "Please, Gio."

I nod slowly and when I reach her, I help her stand up. I can see the hope in her eyes that this time, with me, she'll get what she wants. I smile at her and the way her expression turns wary tells me my smile isn't kind—it's teetering between feral and unhinged.

Which is just how she makes me feel. No one else has ever made me feel the way she does.

"You used me," I accuse. She licks her lips and nods before casting her eyes away from me. I pull her a few steps away from the bed and start to circle her body, my fingertips against her skin in random places making her shiver. "Don't ever do something like that again."

She nods and whispers, "I'm sorry."

It's not a promise and I'm sure I'm not the only one who notices. When I circle around her back, my hand glides over her ass to find her skin warm to the touch and still red from being spanked. I squeeze the globes of her ass and she goes up on her tiptoes in the attempt to get away from me.

I focus on the laces of her corset and loosen them until I'm able to slide the garment to the floor. My attention is focused on her back as she takes a few deep breaths now that she's able to. I step away from her without a word and lay down on the bed.

When she looks over her shoulder to find me, I can see the questions in her eyes. I hold my hand out for her and command, "Come and ride me, *Tesoro*."

Fleur looks down and nods slowly before closing the distance between us, taking my hand, and straddling my hips. She grips the base of my cock and I hiss at the contact. My cock is begging for relief and from the way the walls of Fleur's pussy ripple around me as she slides down my length, I'm not the only one desperate to get off.

Her movements are slow and hesitant at first, but I grip her hips and force her to move faster. I buck my hips to meet her when she comes down and it doesn't take long before I feel my balls draw up with my orgasm right on the horizon. From the way our woman is moaning and rotating her hips, I know she's right there with me.

When we're both on the edge, I grip her hips tighter and stop her movements when she's full of my cock. She tries to rotate her hips to give herself the last bit of friction she needs against her clit, but I don't allow her to move.

The frustrated sound she lets out is fucking adorable and I can't help but chuckle. "Gio," she breathes, "please. I need to come. I need it. I feel like I'm burning from the inside out."

"I love it when you beg," I grit out through my teeth. I use my hold on her to start moving her up and down my shaft again when I feel like I'm no longer right on the edge. Her head falls back, and she starts to ramble nonsense with pleasure filled moans. "What a perfect toy," I taunt her a little and she moans louder in response.

When her hands come up and cup her tits, twisting and pinching her nipples between her fingers, I know she's trying to get herself over the edge. We're back there together, almost. So close.

I hold her down against my hips as her walls start to squeeze me and her head snaps forward. The glare she levels me with is almost comical. I can tell she wants to yell at me, but she's holding herself back because this is her punishment.

"No," I bark, and her eyes fill with needy tears.

I swiftly roll her on her back, hook my arm underneath one of her knees and hold her open as I hammer into her. Her

hands grip my shoulders, her nails digging in as she arches her back. The way she's exposed her neck to me can't be ignored and I bite and lick up the column of her throat.

"Please, please, please," she whimpers.

"I'm going to fill you up with my cum," I grunt, "and you're going to soak my cock and the bed."

"Oh fuck," she groans, "Gio. Please. I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

Her apologies become a prayer carried on the wind. It's a beautiful sound that starts to get lost underneath the pounding of my heart and the roar of the blood in my veins.

I go harder and faster, pushing us forcefully to the place where our pleasure will explode. I grip the hair at the nape of her neck and force her to tilt her head enough to look at me. Our eyes lock before I slam my mouth down on hers.

"Come," I command against her lips.

She screams and thunder comes from the depths of my soul as she milks my cock for my cum and I'm powerless against her need, her silent command. It feels like our orgasm goes on forever, tilting and twisting, growing and tumbling.

When I open my eyes, our mouths are barely touching, and Fleur's eyes flutter closed just as her breathing evens out. I can't help but smirk down at our woman as I pull out of her gently. When I roll onto my back, Leo is there with a cloth to clean her up before he slides into bed.

Fleur curls into his side and contentment washes over me.

All the threats to our families might not be handled, but Martinez won't be able to hide from us forever. What matters right now is we have our woman, she's safe, and she loves us.

The future is ahead of us, and we'll make the most of it. And if we get to dress her up in pretty things from time to time, all the better.

She's ours and we're not letting her go.



EPILOGUE

ABOUT ELEVEN MONTHS LATER ***FLEUR***

As I look down at the sleeping little girl in my arms, I can't help but smile and realize this is really my life. I'm holding my niece and when I look around the clubhouse, which is where we're holding Viola's birthday dinner this year, I'm surrounded by the people who matter most to me. It does feel unbelievable at times, but it's real. The weight of Viola's little girl, *my niece*, reminds me just how real it all is.

When I talked to Viola about having her dinner at the club and why, she was all for it. I was a little worried she would feel a certain way about me stealing a bit of her thunder, but I think she likes the tradition of having big announcements made on her birthday. I'm glad she didn't think I was trying to take the spotlight off her.

I just know it's not always easy to get everyone who matters in one room. We all have lives which entwine together but are also separate. We make time for each other, but it's become more difficult lately. Understandably so, but I still wasn't going to let the opportunity in front of me pass me by.

Viola is the only one who knows what I'm about to tell everyone and from the look on her face, she's dying to spill the beans. She looks pained and when she meets my eyes, her smile is strained and she's practically bouncing up and down in her seat. If I don't get the show on the road soon then she'll blurt out the news.

I stand up and let out a small noise of surprise when Massimo is there and takes his daughter from my arms. The way he looks down at her, with so much love in his eyes, has my insides turning to goo. He presents himself as a strong man without emotions, but it all melts away whenever he looks at Viola or their little girl.

I hope my men are the same way.

I look over to find my dad and brother talking to my men and breathe a sigh of relief. I'm not going to say everything went smoothly when we talked to my family about me being with the Guidice brothers, but it didn't go as badly as it could have. Everyone walked away alive, which was a win as far as I'm concerned.

I would have been pissed if there was blood shed just because I found my happiness.

When I woke up the morning after sneaking out of the house, I found there was a huge diamond ring on my finger and my men were wearing matching smug expressions. I rolled my eyes, not at all surprised when my men didn't *ask* me to marry them. The ache of the punishment I received the night before was still very much present and I realized I didn't care that they didn't ask me.

After kissing me until I was breathless and I was ready for the day, they herded me into the car without saying a word about where we were going. I started to panic a little when we pulled up at the DSMC clubhouse. The feeling didn't go away when they led me down to my dad's office where he was already waiting with my brother.

I saw recognition flash across my dad's face as he took us in but was surprised to see resignation on my brother's features. When no one broke the silence, I started to fidget. Rocco put his hand on my lower back, offering me his strength, but it didn't help a whole lot.

"I heard about what happened at The Sanctuary last night," Dad finally spoke, "but I see that's not why you're here."

"We'll fill you in on those details, but you're right, we're not here about that," Leo's voice was calm and strong. "We love your daughter. She's ours." He took my hand and held it out into the middle of the room and my knees threatened to buckle out from underneath me. "Soon she's going to be our wife."

Dad closed his eyes and took a deep breath before opening them again to look at my men. It was clear he was taking the measure of each of them while my heart was pounding in my

chest. When his eyes met mine, they softened, and it felt like I could breathe again.

“Are you happy?”

That’s all he asked me. Such a simple question, but I felt the weight of it against my chest.

“Blissful,” I whispered and watched as a smile chase its way across my dad’s face.

He stood and walked around his desk before pulling me against his chest. “I can’t say I understand why you’ve chosen these men.” I opened my mouth to protest, but he kept speaking before I could get a word out. “They are good men, and I won’t deny it. I’ve known them for basically their whole lives.” He looked down at me to study my face as I blinked back tears. “It might take me a little while to come to terms with the fact that you’re not my little girl anymore, but if you’re happy then I’m happy.”

I buried my face in my dad’s chest and tightened my arms around his waist. “I’m happy, but if they piss me off, you’ll be the first person I call.”

Dad barked out a laugh along with my brother and my three men. When Rocco gently pulled me out of my dad’s embrace, he wrapped his arms around me and kissed the side of my head. “It’s a good thing you have his number in your favorites then, *Tesoro*,” he rumbled. “Because I’m sure we’ll piss you off more than you’d like, but it’ll always be because we want to keep you safe.”

I sighed and relaxed into Rocco’s arms and watched my dad look on with pride shining in his eyes.

Rocco wasn’t fucking wrong. I have called Dad a few times because my men have made a rage grow inside of me that I didn’t know I was capable of. Every time my dad has simply laughed and told me to go back to my men.

I thought he was on my side.

As I watch the most important men in my life laugh together, I know, deep down, he was. He was right too.

My men didn't let me put off the wedding for long and less than six months later I was legally married to Leo. It was a beautiful event, even though it was stressful as hell to put it together. Not only did I legally marry Leo, but the ceremony included a commitment ceremony with Gio and Rocco.

I wouldn't have it any other way.

I clear my throat and Leo's attention immediately snaps toward me. I can't help but smile as he elbows Gio and gives Rocco's shoulder a squeeze. They immediately abandon their conversation and descend upon me, a mixture of emotions and questions in their eyes.

"I have an announcement to make," I say loud enough to get everyone's attention and my men stop a few feet away from me. I turn toward Viola first and give her a bright smile. "First, I want to say happy birthday to my best friend and sister," feeling the weight of my engagement ring and wedding band on my finger, "which is now official and not just words."

Viola giggles and nods, her eyes soft. "We were always sisters of the heart."

I swallow hard, determined not to cry. At least not yet. "I asked Viola if I could borrow her spotlight and have her birthday dinner here because it's not always easy to get everyone who matters in one place. She was gracious enough to not only allow it but encourage it."

I take a moment to get myself together as I look around the room, my heart swelling with love. Rocco closes the distance between us and whispers, "Are you okay, *Tesoro*?"

I nod and then grin, my voice carrying. "I'm good. It's just pregnancy hormones getting the better of me and making me emotional."

The room freezes for a moment and then erupts in applause and cheers. Before I can soak it all up, my men are there surrounding me and touching me. I look into three sets of brown eyes and see awe, love, devotion, and acceptance.

It's everything I ever wanted, but so much more as well.

When they kiss me, one after the other, I sink into it and feel their love and excitement.

“No corsets for you for a while,” Leo, who is the last to kiss me, murmurs against my lips.

I throw my head back and laugh while looking forward to when they can wrap me up in satin, lace, and strings again. Bringing our baby into the world is a good reason to wait, but there is something special about when they cinch me up and worship me.

As the congratulations from my family wrap around me, I’m thankful for being right where I’m supposed to be and with the men who make me whole.

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2

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

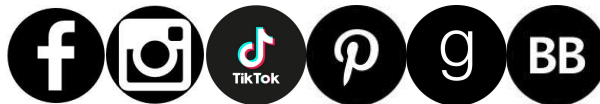


Ember Davis loves alpha heroes with a range of emotions, but a strong sense of how to take care of their women. She loves her heroines from all walks of life, just like her heroes, and she wants them to be real and relatable. Her heroines tend to be sassy, opinionated and smart.

Ember is a stay-at-home mom of two who recently refound her love of books and all things romance and is so glad that she did. She's always been creative but writing and creating stories that she would love to read satisfies dreams she had as a little girl. She loves butterflies, the color purple and enjoying time with her family.

Psst...it's totally a pen name, but everything above is 100% true.

If you enjoyed this book, or even if you didn't, I'd really appreciate you leaving a review and/or a star rating on Amazon! This is a whole new world for me so any feedback you're open to giving, I'd love to have.



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