



Her 2 Protectors

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Category: Erotic, Romance

Description: Not even two firemen can put out this fire...

Rescued from the flames by two powerful heroes who now refuse to leave her side, Penny can't seem to choose which man she needs most. Possessive Nick is old enough to be her father and touches her just right. Zeke is wild and full of passion with a hidden sweet side.

So maybe she won't choose. Maybe she'll keep them both.

After all, both men are determined to keep Penny, even if it means sharing...and keep her protected from the danger lurking just around the corner.

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PROLOGUE

Penny

Smoke is everywhere.

What's going on? It seems like I fell asleep one minute ago in my bedroom, surrounded by familiarity and the scent of my pumpkin candle. Did I blow it out? Yes. Yes, I always blow it out and this time was no exception. So how did this happen?

There's an image that continues to play in my head. Shifting shadows at the edges of my room...the smell of gasoline. Laughter. Did I dream the laughter?

There's no time to think about it now. Flames race up my white, lacy curtains. Embers smoke on my bedspread. I'm coughing. Ouch. My chest is full of sludge. Why won't my legs move?

Father. My father. Where is he?

I need to get up, but lethargy makes my movements slow. So slow. I can't see past the end of my bed anymore. I can't—

Two sets of hands close around me in the darkness. Strong hands.

“We've got you, sweetheart.”

“Arms around my neck, baby. We’re going to get you out of here.”

Those voices. They’re coming from inside big black helmets. Ones I can’t see through. These men are huge and they’re in my bedroom. Which means they want to harm me, right? Was one of them the laughing man I sensed in the shadows? Fear wraps around my vocal cords and I want to scream, but they put a mask over my face...and cool, clean oxygen rolls into my lungs. I’m not fearful of the men after that. Especially when I’m picked up like I weigh less than a feather and I’m carried from the inferno that used to be my bedroom.

The man who isn’t carrying me uses an axe to clear a path—and I’ve never seen anything like him. He’s an avenging giant, walking through smoke and ash without a single hesitation. Glancing back at me occasionally, as if to reassure himself that I’m okay, while the man carrying me murmurs comforting words.

“Poor baby. You’re going to be okay.” He turns his body to protect me from a falling piece of debris. “I won’t let you be anything but okay.”

Suddenly we’re outside and cold air races over my fevered skin. Relief. I won’t die in the flames. My two saviors surround me on the giant front lawn, taking off their helmets at the same time. Older and younger. Wise and wild. Opposites, but both so brave. I have no time to absorb the impact of them—God, they’re so commanding—because worry tears into me like sharp teeth.

“My father?”

They exchange a look. The older one nods and we move again, the younger man carrying me toward an ambulance. And then I see my father, an oxygen mask over his face, his skin pale. Half of his body is covered, but I know on instinct he’s been burned. No. No, he has to be okay. He’s all I have in this world.

“Father?”

His eyes crack open, but they don't reach me. No, they split a weary yet determined look between my rescuers. “Protect her. Please.” His eyelids flutter closed. “This...not an accident...”

“We'll keep her safe, sir,” says the older fireman, his tone made of steel. “You have our word.”

“No one will get through us. That's a promise.”

My father goes eerily still on the gurney and my own screams ring in my ears.

CHAPTER ONE

Penny

A week goes by in a blur. For the first two days, I'm in the hospital, recovering from smoke inhalation. My aunt and cousins arrive to take care of the funeral arrangements, dropping flowers off in my hospital room, crying into tissues. People visit. Voices, facial features, comforting touches all feel the same.

I don't know how to feel. Sad, yes. Lonely? That's really nothing new. My father was increasingly absent leading up to the fire, coming home late at night, leaving before I woke. The meager time we spent together, he seemed nervous, chain smoking in our backyard while I watched television or did housework. We weren't close even before my mother left, but we respected each other. He cared about me in his own way and made an effort on my birthday and Christmas. My father wasn't a bad man, he just didn't know how to be a dad.

Laughter echoes in my head every time I close my eyes now. Did someone want to

hurt my father? Was there something he didn't tell me?

In the hospital, everything shifts and changes around me. Except for the two men who take turns patrolling my bedside. They don't say anything to me. And I don't have the strength to start a conversation. Sometimes when I'm restless, caught between nightmares, I feel them stroking my hair and whispering to me. It's the only thing that lets me sleep kind of peacefully.

I've learned that the older firefighter is Nick. He's at least six foot five, silver beginning to creep into his black hair and beard—and the nurses are scared to death of him. Which probably has something to do with him glowering every time they administer my medicine. Unmovable, steady. No bullshit need apply. He stands beside me, arms crossed over his wide chest, giving the third degree to each and every one of my visitors, whether they're from church, relatives or college classmates. His disdain does not discriminate.

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Zeke is a different story. The nurses all clearly want to jump his bones. I shouldn't care—it's not like he's my boyfriend—but every time he ignores their advances in favor of watching me like a hawk, I get a secret thrill. Younger than Nick by a good fifteen years, he's got an unruliness in his golden-brown eyes. Energy ripples in his tattooed muscles every time he moves.

My father asked these men to protect me, but I never expected them to take it this far. With the dark laughter replaying on a loop in my head and memories becoming clearer and clearer from before the fire, though, I'm grateful for their presence. They don't leave me alone for a second, only turning their backs when I'm bathed by the nurses. I've started to notice a slight tension building between Nick and Zeke, too. Dark looks being exchanged when they trade shifts at my bedside. As if one is warning the other. About what?

When it comes time to leave the hospital, I panic. That panic only gets worse when I move in across town with my aunt. Sleep is impossible. I need my protectors. I need Nick and Zeke or the nightmares and hazy memories will suck me down. Fear keeps me awake, along with the sound of crackling flames and my father's last words. I'm a zombie during the day, because I can't sleep at night. Forming sentences is impossible, let alone returning to my courses at the fashion institute.

Where did they go? Maybe I should have spoken to them more.

I need them.

Five days after leaving the hospital, I'm tossing and turning in the middle of the night. The walls are closing in on me, the scent of smoke filling my nose. Need to get

outside. Need to breathe clean air.

I throw off my covers, open the window and climb out into the night.

* * *

Nick

My fist pounds the steering wheel at the sight of Penny climbing out the window, oxygen seeming to fill my lungs for the first time since she left the hospital. She's beautiful beyond words, with her white-blond hair and big, green eyes, moving with grace and innocence, especially in the simple nightshirt she wears. I didn't want the aunt to take her—she belongs with me—but I had no choice. People tend to frown on a forty-year-old confirmed bachelor moving an eighteen-year-old girl into his house.

Hell, they should frown on it. I shouldn't be dreaming of my hands slowly parting her knees and kissing her pretty pink underwear top to bottom while she squirms. She's been through a trauma, for the love of God. Lost her father. I have no right wanting to take a dead man's place as Penny's provider...and more.

A lot more.

I married young and divorced just as fast. My ex-wife didn't want to be dominated...and hell, I was only half interested in dominating her. Since then, my only relationship has been with my job. Why bother dating when no woman has ever roused me enough to set my blood on fire? No female has managed it until Penny. She's stirred this almost...paternal instinct. It's consuming me now. Making me realize why I've remained unmoved by other women. I was waiting for her.

My whole life has been about fighting fires, but the one inside me for Penny spreads out of control. And it rages hotter knowing another man is dreaming of taking the

same privileges as me.

It's not easy to tear my eyes off Penny where she sits on the lawn in her white nightshirt, legs drawn up to her chest. But I do—and I lock eyes with the man sitting in the truck in front of mine. Zeke. Every night since she left the hospital, we find ourselves in this position. Our trucks damn near bumper to bumper, our attention zeroed in on the guest bedroom on the east side of the house.

Christ, we're fucking vultures. There's no help for it, though. Penny's father was protective for a reason. She's a little slip of a thing with a body ripe for cock. But her looks aren't the only reason Zeke and I spend every waking moment between shifts stationed outside her house. No, it's a hell of a lot more than that. There's something about Penny that makes me want to lie down in front of a train to protect her. Take a bullet. Run straight into a fire.

I still remember her whimpering in the darkness, reaching out for help. Just thinking about it scares me. Makes me want to rage at fate for trying to hurt someone so sweet and beautiful. For trying to take something that's mine.

I'm distracted from my thoughts when Zeke climbs out of his truck, slamming the door closed behind him. He tilts his head at me, that crazy cowboy look in his eye. As if to say, you can't stop me, motherfucker. I'm taking her.

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I'm out of my own truck like a shot, following him across the lawn toward Penny. Up ahead, I watch her shoot to her feet, a tiny squeak leaving her mouth.

"You're scaring her," I growl. "Slow the fuck down."

"Ah, now. She's not scared of us," Zeke drawls. "Are you, baby?"

Her hands are covering her mouth, but she drops them now and shakes her head. "No. Never." Her fingers curl in her nightshirt. "What took you guys so long?"

* * *

Zeke

God. Damn.

As an ex-Army brat, I've been all over this planet—from Tokyo to Russia to the Florida damn Keys—and I can confirm, there's nothing hotter or sweeter than Penny. The night I swore to be her protector, I deleted every female's number on my contact list. I'm done. Not looking any further. She's everything I was too young and too wild to know even existed. When I look back at my life, it's just a sea of faces that changed every time I moved. Even my own parents had faded right into that sea, seeing as how they booted me out when I turned eighteen. I don't know a commitment from a hole in the wall. But the first time I laid eyes on Penny, I knew I wouldn't budge from her side until this world stopped turning.

I've held her and guarded her as she slept. She's looked up at me like I'm her

superhero. And if it means I have to kidnap, steal and murder, I'm not letting her get away. This girl is mine for life.

If this old fucker Nick would take a hint, I could bring Penny back to my apartment and get started making her happy. First order of business is helping my lieutenant understand that I have no intention of sharing. Then I'm going to take her home and bury at least a damn gallon of come between her thighs. Been keeping it just for her, because nothing else will do except that tight pussy. Spent two days in the hospital fighting guilt over watching the sheets twist up around her waist as she slept, but I know she's a virgin. Wouldn't be surprised if she's never even put a pinkie finger in it.

What took you guys so long?

I've been so intent on getting Penny back to my truck, I forgot she asked us a question. "Sorry, baby." Ignoring Nick's growl, I step closer and give her a wink. "I'm here now. Why don't you go get your things?"

"I-I..." Penny looks back toward the house. "I can't just leave." She gives an adorable flutter of her hands, before clasping them at her waist. "Can I?"

She hasn't talked much since the night of the fire. Just hearing her voice free of the soot makes my pulse start to pound. God, I want to hear it every day of my life. "Your father asked me to protect you. I can't do it from out here."

"He asked us to protect her," Nick cuts in, stepping up beside me. "Don't go twisting his words to suit yourself."

Anger tightens bolts in my neck. "That's not what I'm doing." I square up and meet his eyes. "But she ain't going anywhere with you."

He faces me slowly. “And if you think I’ll let her leave with you, you’ve got a fucking screw loose.”

“Excuse me, gentlemen.” Her chin lifts. “I’ll decide where I’m going, thank you very much.” For the first time since we arrived, she no longer seems relieved. No, she looks troubled and I don’t like it. “Is it my fault you stopped being friends?”

“Yes,” Nick grunts, but he frowns at the sad sound Penny makes. “We weren’t close before or anything, sweetheart, but we worked fine together. It’s just...”

“He doesn’t have friends,” I supply. “He’s the house asshole and everyone avoids him. That’s what he’s trying to say.”

“You’re both mean.” She spins toward the window in a cloud of blonde hair. “I’m going back inside.”

“No,” Nick and I say at the same time. We both reach for her. My hands close around her waist, Nick cages her hips...and I’m shocked to find it as natural as breathing to sandwich her in between our two bodies. My cock has been hard since she climbed out of the window and I caught a flash of white panties, but it pounds with blood now. Over Penny’s head, I can see Nick is in the same condition, his eyes squeezed shut, his nose sifting through her hair to smell her. My instinct is to rip her away. Put her behind me so I can fight Nick. But something happens. She presses her face to my chest, then Nick’s, laying light kisses. And I can’t move.

“I would have been so scared if you two hadn’t been in the hospital with me,” she whispers, going up on her toes to kiss Nick’s cheek. “Nick, you made sure the doctors were never late and that visitors didn’t overstay.” My surge of murderous jealousy dies when she turns and lays pouty little lips on my cheek. “Zeke, you made me want to laugh, even if I couldn’t show it.”

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Penny tips her head back and intuition deeper than the ocean sends me and Nick stooping low, our lips trailing from the curve of her shoulder to the notch of her throat, playing tug of war with her lower body. What is happening here? I should be beating him bloody for touching what's mine.

“You both made me feel protected. Like I wasn't alone. Don't you understand? I need both of you,” Penny says, gasping at the contact of our mouths. “And I'm not leaving here unless you can give me that.”

CHAPTER TWO

Penny

I expected it to take a little more convincing, but once I issued the ultimatum, Nick and Zeke nodded—stiffly, of course—and boosted me back into the house so I could pack my bags and leave a goodbye note for my aunt. It's a cop out. I really should speak to her face to face. But my father put distance between him and his sister, same way he created a divide between us, so she'll probably be relieved not to have a virtual stranger in her house anymore. Most of my things are either smoke damaged or in storage now, so it didn't take long to collect my meager wardrobe, my fashion portfolio and school books.

We flipped a coin to decide whose truck I would ride in—Nick won—and after a silent but charged ride, we've arrived at Nick's house.

As I walk up the stone path leading to the front door, flanked by Nick and Zeke, the spontaneity of what I'm doing begins to hit me. I've just snuck out of my aunt's

house to be with men I've only known a week. I've been living with my overprotective father so long, this should seem like more of a risk. But it doesn't.

I feel as if I've known them forever.

At least I did until they started kissing my neck, their big hands moving on my hips and waist, stopping just above my sex. Both of these men want me. Badly. There was no mistaking the erections they rubbed against my hips, or the rasping breaths they took next to my ears. Am I going to lose my virginity tonight?

"Next time, we go to my apartment," Zeke says, throwing himself into a lean beside the front door. "It's not always going to be your house."

"There's more space here," Nick clips, inserting the key into the lock with precise movements. "You need space for the fucking chip on your shoulder, don't you?"

Zeke shrugs. "Maybe you need it for your pacemaker."

"I can call an Uber at any time, you know," I say, stepping in between them. "No more fighting or we won't be staying in either place."

The grinding of their jaws is audible as we walk inside. Nick's house is exactly like I would expect. Everything is neat and tasteful, grays and forest greens. No clutter, nothing so personal as a throw blanket or family photo. It's bare, but it's clean and welcoming and safe. "I like it," I whisper, sliding my hand into Nick's.

He tugs me up against him and lowers his mouth to mine—

Zeke wraps an arm around me from behind, tucking me back into the curve of his lap. Nick doesn't like that. With a growl, he goes heavy on the kiss, parting my lips with a determined tongue, the chafe of his beard abrading my chin. And holy God, I never

imagined a kiss like this. It sends a ripple through me, shooting electricity to all my extremities at once. From behind me, Zeke sinks tiny bites into my shoulder, sending a low but insistent current to the place inside my panties. But I can't concentrate or enjoy anything, because I feel the tension radiating between them. It's resentful and angry and raw.

I pull away from the kiss and dance out of their reach, leaving them panting and aroused, like two deprived beasts. "Maybe we need to set some ground rules?"

Nick swipes the back of his wrist across his mouth. "Not a bad idea."

Zeke adjusts the bulge in his pants. "Never wanted anyone or anything this goddamn bad, Penny. I don't like someone else's hands on you."

"I hate it, too," Nick rasps. "Mine."

They bare their teeth at each other and seem prepared to fight, until I say, "Don't you want me to feel good?"

"Yes," Zeke hisses.

Nick nods hard. "More than anything."

"I'm new at this. I'm new at...men, in general. And now I have two." I grasp the hem of my nightshirt and pull it over my head, leaving me in nothing but a pair of white panties. Self-consciousness tries to take hold, but it fades fast when both men unzip their pants with low, strangled groans and begin touching themselves while looking at me. "Try and remember the other man is making me feel good, too. I love Nick's kiss, but I also love Zeke's hands. I need both. Both make me feel special. You want that, don't you?"

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They're not quite ready to call a truce yet. I can see it in their eyes. There are more fights to come, but something in my heart propels me toward Nick and Zeke. It tells me there will be beauty and contentment on the other side of the negativity. There's gratitude flowing through me, too, over the way they stood by me in the hospital, the only light in my darkest hours. Following my instincts to please these men, to thank them for being my saviors, I go down on my knees on the floor between them.

"Ah, Jesus," Nick says. "Look how sweet."

"Baby's going to give her first suck."

At first, all I can do is marvel over the sheer length and thickness of the flesh they strokestroke toward my mouth, the veins straining in their hands, their athletic thigh muscles flexing. I've never done this before, but I've overheard girls describing the act enough to know men spend the whole time trying not to have rough intercourse with the female's mouth. But they need to. If I have one goal tonight, it's to give them permission to lose control. I don't want them holding back from anything that provides pleasure.

"Ground rules?" Nick grinds out, guiding his erection to my mouth and sliding the salty weight of himself deep, deep toward my throat with a loud curse. "I only need one. No touching her unless all three of us are there. That's what she needs, that's what we give her." He rears back and inches forward with stuttering breaths, making my eyes tear. "But break the rule and I'll break your neck."

"Done," Zeke says through his teeth, his free hand tugging my jaw down so I can take more of Nick. It's a move that surprises me, but I can feel the possession in his grip.

If I'm going to take another man into my mouth, he's going to have some control over it. I reward him by setting Nick free and turning my head, licking the bead of milky white from Zeke's erect inches, then swirling my tongue around the head. All the while, I can feel Nick stroking back my hair, like he did in the hospital. Proud, tender. But shaking enough that I know he's incredibly turned on.

"She's a good girl, isn't she?" Nick's hand moves in my peripheral vision, sliding up and down his swollen girth. "Can't be easy to stretch that little mouth, but she's trying for our sake."

"Fuck yeah," Zeke rasps, holding my head steady and thrusting deep. "Trying real hard. Sucking on it like she's already got a taste for come."

"She will." Nick guides himself to my lips and Zeke pops out with a groan, allowing himself to be replaced. "Motherfucker," groans Nick, sliding into my mouth until he hits my throat, making me choke. "Call me sick, but I love the way those wisdom teeth scrape on my cock a little."

"Hell, I'm sick then, too," Zeke says, reaching down to capture my breasts. "Paired up with these B-cup titties, we're going straight to hell."

"Not before I come down her throat."

Zeke groans, his hand blurring on his arousal. "You close, man?"

"Christ, yes. She's sucking on my cock like a champ."

I sense a solid wall of reluctance in Zeke, but the fingers of his free hand twist in my hair and he tips my head back. "Eyes on him, baby. Watch how hard a man comes for an eager little girl. He can't do nothing about the need but get rid of it. Now be a good girl and help him."

Responsibility wells inside me and...heat, too. I'm so hot and dizzy and tingly between my legs. I'm safe and treasured. But I'm also the object of their lust and until now, I didn't realize how men become animals when they're on the brink of being satisfied. They're snarling and grunting above me, jerking their flesh and passing my mouth back and forth, choking on curses when it's their turn. Hips pumping, rough hands on my chin, in my hair. Toward the end, I'm nothing but a wet hole to them, one they pump into eagerly without any thought to how deep they go or how much I can take. Mine, they growl at each other. Mine.

And maybe I was made for this kind of treatment, because it excites me. My nipples are in tight beads and as soon as I learn to loosen my throat muscles, I stop gagging and savor the robust flavor of male, the ridges along the tips of their flesh, the press of their sacs to my chin.

"Going to give you a big load, sweetheart," says Nick. "Look at me now. Give me those pretty, grateful eyes while it's burning down your throat."

I do as I'm asked and it's glorious. Watching this veritable giant shudder and grunt his way through a climax, his fingers tangling in my hair. His release goes down thick and salty. I love it. I love it. I want more of this proof of satisfaction—and I get it. As soon as Nick is finished and staggers away with a slack jaw, I'm spun around on my knees and Zeke is spraying come across my lips, driving into my mouth—deep so deep—while he shouts up at the ceiling.

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“Fuck!” He presses all the way in and holds, his hips shaking against my mouth. “Tiny mouth, tiny pussy. Going to find out real soon how true that is, ain’t we? Shit. Look how she takes it. One more big swallow, baby. Good.”

When they’re both done, I’m only given a second to revel in the pleasure I provided. Nick picks me up around the waist and throws me down on the couch. “You get her mouth and tits. Been starved for a lick of this pussy.”

Zeke’s hands turn to fists, but he visibly reins in his temper. “Give me a fucking look at it. Took everything I had not to tug down her panties in the hospital.” He drops to his knees beside the couch, where Nick is kneeling between my thighs. “Knew I could make her feel better if she let me use my tongue.”

Excitement and nerves bumping around inside me, I reach out to Zeke and our fingers twine together, just as Nick pulls down my underwear. I expect them to smile or groan, but that’s not what I get.

“Goddamn.”

“Sweet fuck.”

Both men lunge for it like dogs toward a bone, growling their approval, shouldering each other out of the way. Zeke wraps a hand around Nick’s throat, but Nick dislodges it, rearing back to throw a punch.

“No!” I scream, jackknifing on the couch. I’m stunned by my outburst, but watching them fight hurts me in a way I can’t describe. Knowing I need to work fast, I cup

Zeke's face and lure him toward me for a kiss. He falls on me with a rasping exhale, our mouths mating in a frenzy as I drop my thighs open for Nick.

I wail my pleasure into the kiss as Nick bats my clit around with the tip of his tongue, then sinks in to kiss it, Frenching me between the legs. The buildup in my belly isn't slow. It's an avalanche and it picks up speed faster because I have two men encouraging it. Zeke's right hand finds my nipples, rolling them gently between callused fingers, his mouth slanting over mine with such intensity, I can't catch my breath. Can't think. Can't think. Can only feel.

"No fingering her," Zeke pulls back to grit out against my lips. "Don't even put your tongue in her hole. She stays a virgin until we both decide."

"Until I decide," I moan, my hips lifting off the couch.

Their dark laughter should make me mad, make me push them away, but I can't stem the incredible flow of pleasure to save my life. It crashes down on me like cement, capturing me in its grip as I writhe, coming against Nick's mouth, while Zeke fucks mine. There's no other word to describe how they claim me. It's absolute, it's a taking of ownership...and as I slip from the highest dimension...down, down...into sleep that's been eluding me, I want nothing more than to have Nick and Zeke own me.

Forever.

But with dark laughter from the shadows still haunting me, I have the growing fear forever might not come...

CHAPTER THREE

Nick

It's a good thing Penny sleeps like the dead. Otherwise, I don't think either of us would feel comfortable working night shifts while the other was home alone with the girl. If we were ravenous for her before, that hunger has only escalated. We stand over her bed for an hour after the pleasure, watching the rise and fall of her chest, tracing the curve of her ass with single-minded possession.

Mine.

That word beats in my veins like a snare drum, never ceasing. But I have to find a way to come to terms with Penny being...ours. I don't question her determination. Her bravery in the hospital told me all about her metal spine. Not to mention the way she issues ultimatums to two males twice her size. The sweet, sexy fairy I'm living for has nerve—and if she says she'll leave if we don't get on board, I believe her.

Last night, Zeke and I couldn't decide who would sleep beside her, so she ended up in the guest bedroom, at an equal distance between the other two bedrooms. I ached to hold her—and I could tell the other man did, too—but I'm not ready to climb into bed with him. It's too... vulnerable an act. Too foreign. Something must be decided soon, though, because I can't guard her to the best of my ability unless she's wrapped in my arms.

And I must guard her. I haven't forgotten her father's final words. Not an accident. Neither Zeke or I have spoken about that warning—but I doubt he has forgotten, either. It has gone unspoken between us that she's never to be alone and unprotected, but hell, I'm guessing that would be the case, even if she wasn't in potential danger. We're already in competition with each other. We sure as shit don't need any other men sniffing around what's ours.

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I hear the shower shut off, my cock turning to iron in my pants knowing Penny is behind the door, naked and wet. Innocent of men. Tasting like fucking honey between her thighs. Zeke has been on shift at the firehouse since late last night, leaving me to drive Penny to school this morning. I'm far too eager for the act. I want to carry her book bag, kiss her on the forehead as she walks into class. Not for the first time I wonder if I'm some kind of sick fuck. I've never wanted these familial duties with another female.

No, it's all for Penny. She makes me want to provide, to soothe, to be the one she runs to with her problems. Fix it, Daddy.

Penny chooses that moment to emerge from the bathroom, steam clinging to her dewy skin and adding a touch of dampness to her white T-shirt, which stops way too high on her thighs. "I assume you have pants to go with that top."

She giggles, before sobering. "Oh. You're serious."

Her attention drops to my stiff dick and I raise an eyebrow. "That's exactly why you need pants, sweetheart."

"But, Nick..."

"Don't argue with me. You bend in any direction, everyone will see the pretty cunt I licked last night." She jolts a little at my language, so I clear my throat hard and add, "Pants, please."

Still, she hesitates.

God, I love the fight in her. I'm known as a grade-A asshole around the firehouse, so arguments are nothing new to me. They're a part of my life. But I've never wanted an argument to end with a girl face down over my lap, my right hand jerking down her panties. Daddy, no!

When she tilts her head at me, I realize some of my thoughts must be showing on my face. "What time is your first class?"

"In about fifteen minutes," she says, wincing. "I overslept. I was kind of...worn out last night, I guess."

I move toward Penny, stopping just short of touching her, thanks to the rule I made last night. I hate the fucking rule, but it's necessary. Without it, I'd be taking her on hands and knees, while her virgin blood dripped down onto the floor. "Go put on pants and I'll get coffee and a yogurt ready for you to eat in the truck."

A few seconds of silence pass. "You like taking care of me, don't you?"

"Yes," I rasp. "Do you like it?"

Thoughts race behind her green eyes. "Yes." She turns on a heel, giving me a maddening view of her twitching backside. "But that doesn't mean I'm always going to obey on command," she murmurs over her shoulder.

It's through sheer force of will that I don't follow her to the bedroom. I'm not going to screw up this arrangement, though. If one component of it doesn't work, the whole thing could fall apart. And in a short time, this girl has become the center of my gravity. I won't lose her by being too greedy, too fast. There will be time for greed. I'll make up for my suffering then. Oh yes, I will.

During the drive to school, I want her to get some food in her stomach, so I focus on

the road, content to watch her fiddle with the stereo controls. I'm in a good mood because I won the pants battle and she's got leggings clinging to her incredible legs now. Legs I want to pry apart, so I can sink into the tight hole in between. But I do my damndest to ignore the erection pressed to the steering wheel and get her to campus. I park in the lot, turn off the ignition and cross to the passenger side, giving her a pleased grunt when she waits, letting me open the door for her.

"Such a gentleman," she whispers, climbing out. "Are you going to walk me to class next?"

Again, her father's words invade my thoughts. Not an accident. "Damn right, sweetheart." I take the book bag from her hand and toss it over my shoulder. "And then I'm going to wait outside."

Am I imagining the relief that dances across her features? "Well, if you're going to be around anyway..." She floats backwards toward the three-story building, mischief in her eyes. "There is something you can help me with."

Ten minutes later, I'm being assaulted by soft measuring tapes, fabric and pins. Never in my wildest dreams could I have predicted I'd be standing in the middle of a Structured Silhouettes fashion class, chiffon and silk spinning around me. At first, when Penny asks me to act as her model for a male apparel project, I keep my arms crossed and give her an unequivocal "hell no." But I cave immediately when her eyes fill up with tears and she tries to act like she doesn't care.

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It was a good decision, despite my suffering. I haven't seen her smile like this before, all bright and excited. In the hospital, her smiles for visitors were forced. This one is real. Her movements are even a little clumsy, because she's flustered at having gotten her wish. And I somehow managed to make it happen, despite holding the title of world's biggest bastard.

Penny makes me want to be less of a bastard. Not only that, she makes me want to be...good. For her. I just want to give her the good.

Her nimble fingers move the measuring tape around my collar and she goes up on tiptoes, whispering near my ear. "I know we need the rule. It keeps things from being unfair, but...are hugs allowed?" She sinks her teeth into her lower lip. "I really, really want to hug you right now."

My heart rides up into my throat. "Won't it mess up your pins?"

"I can re-pin them," she says softly, shifting the tape once, before setting it on the work table. "It would give me more time to hang out with you."

"You..." I shift in my boots. "You like hanging out with me?"

Her nod is slow as she winds her arms around my waist, pressing her cheek to my chest. "Uh-huh. Even when you're being all growly."

Knowing Penny can hear my heart galloping like a fucking racehorse makes me nervous. She's my weakness and now she knows it. But I can no more pull away than I can stop the sun from setting. "I'm not working a shift today, but I have a

lieutenant's meeting. It starts soon and I'll have to leave," I say, lifting my hand to stroke her hair, but letting it drop. Damn rule. "Zeke will be here to take over and drive you home."

She steps back, head ducked and smiling. "Will you be home for dinner?"

"Yes." I pause, bringing her eyes up. "Until then, sweetheart, you behave and follow the rule."

"I will, Nick."

An hour later, when I pass Zeke on his way into the building, though, I see the starvation for Penny in his expression. And I know it's not Penny I have to worry about.

* * *

Zeke

I rushed to pick up Penny, because I didn't go straight to the school after my shift at the firehouse. Nah, I've been thinking nonstop about her father's final words and I'm not leaving her safety to chance. Best I can tell, he wasn't close to many of his family members, but his sister—Penny's aunt—seemed uneasy while visiting Penny in the hospital. So I went to her first, hoping to get some information about who would want to hurt Penny's father. I'm not a cop, but I've watched a fuck ton of Law & Order , so possible grudges seemed like the best place to start.

"He came to me for money," she said, blowing cigarette smoke out the kitchen window. "Our father liked to play the ponies. Figures he'd fall into the same trap. His wife probably saw it coming and got the hell out."

Thinking of Penny losing her mother, I wanted to go find my girl and kiss her until she smiled. But I kept going with the questions. “Did you lend him the money?”

She snorted. “Nope. It looks like I’ve got stacks of cash lying around?”

No, it didn’t. Actually, the place was a wreck and five days was too long for Penny to have stayed there. “Who else would he go to for a loan?”

The aunt seemed impressed by my detective work. Maybe I have a second calling. “I don’t have a name, but my brother said something about a Russian. Said he might try going to...Tatiana.”

“A woman?”

“Women can’t be loan sharks?”

That was around the time I decided I wouldn’t get anywhere with Penny’s aunt. I made it to the school in time to pick Penny up, passing an expressionless Nick on the way into the building. When Penny’s saw me, her smile bloomed in a way that made my heart pound. I vowed to keep looking for the person who killed her father...and most likely meant to take her out in the fire.

No way this girl gets hurt on my watch.

Right now I’m facing a whole other kind of problem, though. A pressing one. Penny loses the leggings the second we’re inside my apartment.

What the hell is a red-blooded man supposed to do?

I brought her back to my place, instead of Nick’s house, because that was the tight-lipped understanding we came to last night, after Penny went to sleep. Now she’s

prancing around the place, the hem of her top floating up and down like a cock tease. I've adjusted myself so many times, I'm going to wear a hole in the front of my department-issued uniform pants. But Jesus, my dick has never been this hard. It's lust. It's jealousy. It's the fact that she's my one. I shouldn't have to wait.

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During today's shift, I had to talk myself off a ledge more than once. I paced the locker room, needing like hell to go check on Nick and Penny. To make sure he didn't have his goddamn hands on her. Did she walk out of the bedroom this morning, all drowsy and sexy from sleep? Would Nick have been able to resist that?

No. No man could. I'm practically slaving as she glides past me, smiling at the curious way she looks at the pictures on my wall. Her pumpkin and cinnamon scent wraps around my neck like a rope, dragging me after her, my hands flexing at my sides. One move. One move and she'd be pinned between me and the wall. A few seconds of my tongue on her neck and she'd be begging for sexual relief. And why shouldn't I give it to her? Nick had the privilege last night. It's my turn.

"Where was this one taken?"

Her sweet voice lures me back from the dark side. Kind of. "Uh." I move down the hallway to stand beside her. "San Diego. Near the naval base in Coronado."

"Palm trees," she sighs, clasping her hands beneath her chin. "I don't think I've ever seen one in person."

"No?" I turn to face Penny, leaning an elbow on the wall. If she thinks I don't notice her gaze falling, falling and landing on that couple inches of abs I reveal, she's mistaken. It makes me want to unzip and let her see exactly where that happy trail leads. "Seen one, you've seen them all, I guess."

"Have you ever climbed one and grabbed a coconut?" She twists a little, clearly flirting with me. "Or do they only do that in cartoons?"

“Waiting until one falls on my head is more my style.” I push closer, walking her backward until she hits the opposite hallway wall. “Or it used to be. Waiting until something falls in my lap has always been the way I operate. Until you.”

She takes a shuddering breath, holding her hands out. “Zeke...I want you to touch me, but we have to wait.”

“I knew when I saw you through the damn smoke, Penny. You’re mine.” Tightness travels into my chest, my throat. “Do you know how hard it is to wait for another man’s permission?”

“He’s waiting. I’m waiting, too. Everyone is.”

“Are you? Is he?” I plant my hands above her head. “You’re telling me he spent a whole day with our little hot-to-bang virgin and didn’t try to fuck her sideways?”

I let out a hot breath against her neck and she moans. “H-he wanted to. But he didn’t.” She shakes her head. “Zeke, this isn’t going to work if you get jealous every time we’re not together. There has to be trust.”

My laughter is dark, my fists twisting on the wall. “It’s so goddamn hard, baby.” Her cunt is wet underneath that shirt—and it’s one inch away from my cock. I could ram myself right through the crotch of her panties and have that cherry popped. One fucking drive. “I need you, Penny. This is torture.”

“I know,” she breathes, eyes closed. “But even if the three of us didn’t have the rule...I wouldn’t want us to go any further yet. Not when you don’t believe Nick and I followed the rule today. It feels wrong, not having that trust.”

I mash my forehead into the wall, her body heat tempting me to the edge of my breaking point. “Give me a reason to believe there are two men alive capable of

keeping their hands off your perfection. Give me a reason to believe you.”

“I’m attracted to each of you for different reasons,” she murmurs, after a few seconds. “With you...it’s so physical. Chemical. You’re gorgeous, intense and fun and, I just want you to touch me. Claim me.”

“This isn’t helping,” I rasp, liquid leaking from the tip of my cock. “Jesus.”

“It’s different with Nick. He...makes me want to be a good girl. While you make me want to be bad. He’s my caretaker and you’re the spark. It confuses me sometimes. But I need both. I love both.” She meets my eyes and I swear to Christ, the earth moves under my feet. “I won’t break your trust. And I won’t break his.”

I didn’t think it possible, but I believe her. They didn’t touch behind my back. My jealousy is still at the forefront, but it’s dimmed slightly. Something about her explanation clicked. Felt right. I’m not sure how I can come to terms with another man being in her life. Maybe it’ll still take me longer, but being the one who calls to her physically, while letting Nick give her something emotionally...it’s enough to appease the beast for the moment. Almost.

“He licked you last night,” I grind out. “He’s tasted you and I haven’t. It’s making me insane.” I drag my hands down the wall, letting them hover on either side of her hips. “The scales aren’t balanced. Pull up your shirt and let me look. I won’t touch, but I need something just for me.”

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“Zeke, no...”

“Come on, Penny,” I say, a breath away from her mouth. “I’ve got pre-come dripping out of me, baby girl. I’m in hell. Just give me a peek of that tight slit. Need to imagine the wet lips of your untrained pussy stretching to take me. You want to show me that, don’t you?”

“Y-yes.” She’s panting by the time I’m finished speaking, her fingers curled in the hem of her shirt. “You promise not to touch?”

“It’s not going to be easy, but I’ll manage.”

Lip caught between her teeth, Penny lifts the shirt and eases her panties down, just enough to let me see her cunt. Fuck. It’s blonde and tiny, just like the rest of her. Sealed tighter than an envelope. Just like last night, the sight of what I want most in the world makes me crazy. Makes me salivate and reach for my dick so I can stroke off to the sweetest young pussy ever created—

“I guess you need more than just a rule,” Nick’s voice says from the end of the dark hallway. “You need someone to enforce it.”

CHAPTER FOUR

Penny

I ’m in trouble. My blood quakes with that reality.

With excitement.

I have no idea how long Nick has been standing at the end of the hallway, listening to me talk to Zeke. But there's part of me that hopes he heard all of it. Heard the truth about each man making me feel different, in wonderful ways. I've had just over a week to sort through my very different reactions to them—and right now, with Nick slowly approaching us, his boots falling heavily on the floorboards, my reactions have never made more sense.

Nick's face is shadowed, but his muscles are tensed. I dropped my shirt the moment he arrived, but my panties remain bunched around the tops of my thighs. Zeke is still standing too close, but he's posturing now, his jaw tight and lifted as he turns to face Nick.

"Relax," Zeke snaps. "We didn't break any rules."

"No," Nick agrees, dim light revealing the harsh planes of his face. "But that would have changed soon enough." His attention lands on me hard. "Listen carefully, sweetheart. You're about to get a lesson. Flash that cunt to either one of us and you might as well be ringing a dinner bell. Keep it covered or there will be consequences. It makes you the prey. It makes us animals. And animals won't hear your screams."

Liquid heat spreads between my legs, my private muscles clenching. "Yes, Daddy," I whisper, without thinking. Because it feels right. Sounds right, too. Did I say it too soon, though? The air in the hallway seems to go very still, electricity popping in my ears. "I-I mean—"

"You meant what you said," Nick says, his voice sounding like crushed glass. "You said exactly what I want to hear from my little girl."

Nick takes a step in my direction, but Zeke blocks him with a snarl. "If you're her

daddy, what the hell does that make me?"

My breath catches, because it's something I haven't considered. No. No, I don't want Zeke to be left out in the cold. He's just as important to me as Nick, but there's a difference in my relationship with each man that I'm just beginning to work through. Nick is the man of my house, while Zeke...

"Since you two can't seem to follow one simple rule when I leave you alone..." Nick finally answers. "Since I stood here and listened to you being a bad influence on her...maybe that makes you her corrupt stepbrother."

There's a healthy dose of sarcasm in Nick's tone, but neither Zeke nor I laugh. No, we seem to gravitate closer. It's wrong. Isn't it? But the wrong doesn't stop my flesh from growing unbearably slick. Doesn't stop my pulse from rocketing into hyperdrive. These two huge, heroic men stand on either side of me, testosterone cutting the air like hot knives. They both need me. I need them both. And I can hear them both breathing heavy. Does this idea spoken in the darkness of the hallway turn them on, too? Does it make them feel dark and melty in the deepest depths of their bellies, like me?

"She likes that," Zeke says. "Don't you, baby?"

Nick hums in his throat. "She sure does." He reaches out to draw up my shirt once again, cool air kissing my fevered skin. "Go ahead. You need to touch your cute little stepsister so badly? I'm here now. You won't be breaking our rules. Just everyone else's."

Oh my God. My thighs are already shaking, moisture sliding down their smooth insides. And when I finally meet Zeke's eyes, the rabid hunger there only increases my need. He's not just going along with Nick's idea, either. This is something that excites him. Excites all of us.

“I need to fuck her,” Zeke rasps. “Now.”

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Tension bristles in the air. “I need the same,” Nick counters. “Just as badly.”

“You took the first taste.” Zeke’s fingertips trail down between my breasts, raising goosebumps in their wake. They travel lower and lower, tracing the damp split of my sex. “I’m taking the first ride.”

Nick curses under his breath. “If I allow it, you need to give me some kind of control. We both need to be involved.” His hand curls around the back of my neck, his thumb brushing the hollow of my throat. “That’s what you need, isn’t it, sweetheart? You need us both there to help make you a big girl.”

“Yes,” I manage, my neck losing power. The conversation has been taking place around me, but I’m sinking deeper and deeper into a lake of hormones. Lust. Need. I didn’t know I could get this wet. Or feel this eager to be filled. Overpowered. Claimed. “P-please.”

Zeke doesn’t waste a second scooping me up into his arms, carrying me into his bedroom with Nick right behind us, his presence huge and commanding. It’s dark, but as soon as Zeke lays me down on the king-sized bed, a soft lamp glow floods the room—and then I’m at the mercy of two determined men, each of them devouring me with their eyes as they strip down to nothing.

I can’t help but marvel at their differences. Nick’s chest is covered in hair, gray threading through the black. He’s sturdy as an oak tree, thighs thick and sinewy, also dusted with gray and black hair. There are a working man’s scars on his chest, hips, biceps. He’s older, more weathered and hearty. His expression is a thunderstorm, but there’s tenderness just beyond the clouds.

On the other hand, Zeke belongs on the cover of a firefighter calendar. He's smooth and ripped with muscle, tight and firm in all the right places. Crazy handsome and aware of his appeal. His usual cockiness is missing, though, replaced with lust so visible, he's shaking with it.

For all their differences, Nick and Zeke have one thing in common. Last night, I could barely fit the thick weight of them in my mouth, but now? Knowing they're going to put themselves inside me? It really hits home how large they both are. The mattress dips beneath the weight of both men as they come toward me on the bed.

"Daddy?" I whimper, crawling backwards up the bed. "I'm...nervous."

"Shh." Nick takes my jaw in his hand, urging me to look at him, while Zeke's hands wrap around my ankles, keeping me still as he removes my panties all the way, tossing them to the floor. "You've managed to obsess two men, sweetheart. Do you know what this obsession means?"

"Means if you're in pain, we suffer, too." Zeke's tongue bathes the hollow of my belly before moving lower, until the tip of it is sliding through my folds. "Mmmm. Baby's drenched. Goddamn, that's tasty." His lips shine between my thighs. "There's going to be a little hurting at the start, on account of your tight hole and my big cock." He winks up at me. "But I'll have you creaming in no time, baby."

Nick cups my breasts in turn, massaging them, his stubbled chin and cheeks moving against my ear. It's a delicious feeling, one that sensitizes every inch of my skin, head to toe. I barely notice as he removes my nightshirt, leaving me exposed and at their mercy. "Start your sister with a middle finger, nice and slow," Nick instructs in a husky voice. "We don't need her screaming the whole house down."

Zeke groans, giving my clit a gentle suck as his finger slides inside. It takes him three gentle shoves to get one thick digit inside me, my knees shooting together at the

pressure. “It feels funny—”

“That’s because it’s new,” Nick says, his mouth crossing my cheek to settle our lips together. “It won’t be new for long, though. Can you be brave while we break in your sweet pussy?”

“Please, sis?” Zeke slides in a second finger and groans, pumping them in and out of my stretching flesh. “You’ve got me so fucking horny. And Dad says it’s okay.”

I never could have expected this fantasy to take shape, but it’s forming almost faster than I can keep up. Heat and pressure build low in my belly, tightening and centering around Zeke’s fingers. Nick’s mouth moves over mine and, needing a place to vent my body’s thrills and frustrations, I open my lips wide and let him sink in. Our tongues move at a wild pace, his groans making me eager to please, his palms rasping over my nipples until they strain. My Daddy and my stepbrother are having their way with me and it’s forbidden, but they can’t help it. Can’t stop.

“Fuck, man. My cock is leaking like a motherfucker.” Smooth, full weight presses up against my entrance, which is now throbbing in time with my pulse. Zeke’s guttural groan fills the room. “Keep her still while I work it in. No matter what I do, she’s going to fight it.”

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“Go easy with her or I’ll break your jaw.” Nick’s strong arm drops across my chest, banding me to the bed. “You hear me?”

Zeke’s upper lip curls. “You think you could be gentle with this perfect little cunt?”

“No. And that’s the only reason I haven’t already dragged her underneath me, instead.” Nick’s breathing grows ragged, his eyes blazing a trail down my body. “I want to, though. I’m a fucking animal for it. Take her soon or I won’t be responsible for my actions.”

Reason pierces through the sexual web being spun around me. “Shouldn’t you wear protection?”

I should be alarmed when both men laugh, an amused ripple of sound in the glowing room. But I’m not. There’s only a feeling of inevitability inside me that drives my arousal higher. “Remember, Penny. We’re two obsessed men that would bargain with the devil himself to keep you.” Nick’s smooths his palm down the front of my body, his hand flexing against my stomach. “A swollen belly only makes that easier.”

“Only question is...” Zeke shoves the first half of his swollen flesh inside me with a frenzied grunt, his jaw falling slack. “Whose seed is going to take first?”

When Zeke thrusts the remainder of his erection inside me, my scream is captured by Nick’s mouth. A jagged bolt streaks across my vision, something giving way inside me and burning hot. I whine into Nick’s kiss, but he gives me no choice but to return it, our mouths slanting over and over. My body tries to jackknife, but Nick holds me down, Zeke growling and shuddering above me.

“Christ, man. Christ.” He jerks my hips up onto his kneeling legs, spreading my knees wide in the air. His voice is rough and unnatural, his chest heaving in the dull lamplight. “Knew it just looking at her. God sewed her up tighter than the rest. We’ve got a little miracle in our bed.”

Nick sips at my lips. “He hurting that pussy bad, sweetheart?”

“Yes,” I whisper, pressing my face into Nick’s furry chest and breathing. In and out. In and out. Concentrating on the full decadence of having Zeke inside me. “But it’s starting to get better.”

At my admission, they both groan up at the ceiling. “That’s our brave girl. Built to ease a man’s suffering, weren’t you?” Nick says, tracing his lips through my hair, comforting me with strokes of his callused hands. “Daddy needs some sucking now, Penny. He’s getting jealous watching someone else tap that pretty pussy. You don’t want me to be jealous, do you?”

“No, Daddy,” I gasp, my body shaking with the vibration of Zeke’s hardest pump. It goes deeper than the rest and seems to incite him. Zeke bares his teeth and falls forward, his forehead resting on my right shoulder as he starts taking me in earnest—without restraint—his hips pounding me into the bed. Oh my God, it’s so much pressure. So many new sensations. Some bad, but mostly good. More and more, they’re good. “Zeke,” I moan.

“Your brother giving you hell, sweetheart?” Nick grunts, coming to a kneel on the left side of my head, his two hefty thighs filling my vision, along with the ruddy red flesh dangling in between. “Dial it back, son,” warns Nick, his hand working up and down his fat, curved inches. “Don’t make me stop you.”

Zeke is barely recognizable as he lifts his head, his eyes glazed as if in the middle of a fever dream. “Don’t want to hurt her...” he slurs, a shudder passing through him.

“But every time I try to slow down, it tightens up. It’s provoking me. Can’t quit. Can’t stop pounding this teasing little cunt.”

“If you don’t want to see her cry, you’ll find a way,” snaps Nick, stroking himself faster. “God knows I’ll lose my mind if one tear rolls down her cheek.”

I’m on the verge of another scream when Zeke’s head comes up, concern written all over his gorgeous face. And that’s what makes all the difference. Not his hips slowing down or his mouth laying apologetic kisses on my shoulder. No, the pain of losing my virginity dulls because of their affection for me. It’s threaded into their hunger, it’s in every slide of their fingertips and groan of my name. Their attention on me is as reverent as it is lustful and in response, my own pleasure grows.

Zeke’s hard drives no longer jar me. I close my eyes and feel for a solution and we’re suddenly moving together, tilting my hips so he can rub against my clit with every thrust. Nick’s fingers trail down my stomach and find my clit, while Zeke bucks into me with controlled force. Only when I arch my back and whimper with pleasure does Nick slide into my mouth, fucking it with possessive pumps, rewarding me with rougher fondles between my thighs.

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I'm being tag teamed, my body being used for the sexual gratification of two men and they're bringing me along with them, coaxing me a little closer to the finish line with every growling roll of Zeke's hips, every tease of Nick's finger pads.

"Could've taken this slower, but you'll forgive us, won't you, sweetheart?" Nick's voice scrapes along my nipples, caresses my inner thighs...and my mouth automatically sucks him with more enthusiasm. Just for being my Daddy. "Comes a time when a little girl becomes a temptation."

Zeke bares his teeth against my cheek, the slap of our flesh filling the air. "Can't have you tempting anyone but us."

"That's right," grates Nick, a drop of his pre-come sliding down my throat. "Start looking too damn sweet and decisions have to be made. Don't want to keep you under lock and key, do we?" He grips himself and jerks another spurt into my throat, those powerful thighs flexing in the dark. "No. Can't do that. Because you'd break the rules eventually, wouldn't you? You'd go giggling to the boys with your fresh pussy barely hidden under your skirt." He pushes his entire length into my mouth, making me choke. Holding my lips flush with an unrelenting hand. "Daddy would much rather give you his cock than punish you with his belt. This is how we'll let those boys know. Well fucked and double bred is how we issue a warning."

"You're goddamn right," Zeke pushes through his teeth, his control visibly slipping as he grinds into me, once, twice, his movements getting jerkier by the second. "Can't hold on to it. Can't take her looking up at me all innocent when she's choking the come right out of me."

Nick takes his hand from between my legs and licks his fingers. “You going to creampie your little sister, son?”

“Fuck yeah, I am.” Zeke falls on me, face contorted with pain. “Come on, baby sis. Already got your cherry juice all over my dick. Give me the rest.”

He drives into me one final time, his breath rasping in my ear—his inhales and exhales stopping altogether—then the loudest groan I’ve ever heard is issued into the crook of my neck. It’s so raw and honest, Zeke’s body deflating with such intensity, that I push my hips up against him, undulating against his jerking male flesh, and I find my peak, my thighs cinching together as spasms wrack me.

“Good girl, good girl, good girl,” Zeke chants in my ear, Nick’s hands stroking my hair away from my face. Both of them praising me with gruff words.

Oh my God. I’ve never flown like this. Never knew it was possible. I’m twisting at the middle, trying to combat the relentless perfection of the climax, but it continues to attack me, stealing the air from my lungs and turning the flesh between my thighs to mindless, clenching nerves. “Oh. Oh, Zeke. Daddy.”

I’ve just finished shaking from my orgasm when Zeke’s weight leaves me. Familiar callused hands catch me around the waist and flip me over, yanking my hips into the air with such blatant possession, renewed heat fills my loins.

Nick’s abrasive jaw drags down over my shoulder, his teeth catching my earlobe. “Daddy’s turn, sweetheart.” A hand claps over my mouth—Nick’s—as the very same man thrusts into me from behind. My eyes tear from the force. At first. It becomes welcome after that first invasion, especially when Zeke appears in front of me, tucking my hair behind my ears and feeding me encouraging kisses.

“Daddy’s done letting the kids play,” Nick growls into the air above my head. “Finish

him off.”

I’m a means of pleasure after that. I’m Daddy’s toy—and he hasn’t found waiting easy. That much is obvious. He’s rock hard and relentless, pounding into me from behind like a man possessed, making my teeth clack together in between tender kisses from Zeke. His forearm holds my hips steady, so I have no leeway to rebound from the force of his drives. They’re a punishment and a reward at the same time and this...this is exactly what I need from this man.

Zeke and the unruly hormonal lust between us is spent for now, but my hunger for Nick is still at its peak. Such a different kind of hunger, though. A requirement for his twisted discipline. For a unique kind of affection from my provider. He’s Daddy and he’s had a hard day and nothing will make it better but his little girl. Having that responsibility makes my inner walls clench around him, makes me whine his name.

“Hell, you were right. She’s tighter than fuck.” My thighs can barely support me against Nick’s furious forward movements, but when I start to slip, he yanks me back up and goes harder, snarling into my hair. “Only one place Daddy can get what he needs now. Right in between your little girl legs. Ask me for it.”

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Until I try to speak, I don't realize how short of breath I am, my sides heaving like I've just run a race. "Can I h-have your come, Daddy?"

Zeke catches my mouth for a long kiss as soon as I'm finished asking the question, one hand's fingers weaving in my hair, the other finding my nipples and playing with them until everything, everything begins to tighten. Oh God, it's happening again, different this time. Instead of my clit being rubbed and stimulated, it's a place deep inside me I never knew existed. And it's being rammed again and again, making my vision double, then triple.

"Goddamn. She's starting to shake again, man." Zeke's voice smokes out against my lips, his tongue smoothing along the seam of my panting mouth. "I know a little virgin who loves to fuck." He shakes his head, a wicked glint in his eye. "Coming for your brother and your Daddy in the same night. That pussy is tight, but shit, baby, it's greedy."

Whether it's the forbidden fantasy or Nick's never-ending torture of that place deep inside me, my muscles begin to clench and shudder. "Oh my God. Daddy. Don't stop."

Nick's fingers slip between my legs and I come with one crude tweak of his fingers, my body fragmenting and flying around the room, my sex contracting so hard, I scream bloody murder. And that's when Zeke presses my upper half down into the mattress, muffling my cries as Nick pounds into my body one final time, roaring my name as heat floods me. It mixes with the liquid heat Zeke left inside me, overflowing and dribbling down my inner thighs. It doesn't end. Nick continues to jerk my hips back, choked curses rasping from his mouth as he thrustthrustthrusts.

I'm not sure how long Nick's peak lasts, but I fade in and out of consciousness, Zeke's voice a reassurance in my ear. Three victims of an earthquake, battling out the final aftershock together. When it's over, my body is quickly wedged in between two heaving, lathered male chests, arms wrapped around me tight. Their lips tunnel through my hair, land on my face, my lips and shoulders.

"Amazing girl. Our Penny."

"No one will ever take you away."

"Lie still. Let our come do what it's supposed to do, baby."

"Took her hard, brave little thing."

I fall asleep surrounded by strong, loving heartbeats and the comforting belief that everything is going to be all right, as long as I have these men.

How quickly things can change.

CHAPTER FIVE

Nick

God, she's beautiful when she sleeps. Her long, blonde hair is in disarray on the pillows, her mouth in a pouting bow. Zeke's fingers are still curled around some strands of her hair, as if he passed out in the process of bringing it toward his nose for a sniff. The swells of her sweet, young tits rest on my chest, her nipples lost in my chest hair. I've got a hard-on to beat the fucking band. It's pressed in between Penny's belly and my own, begging for her pussy, but no way I'm taking her again tonight. She's worn out, still covered in our come and definitely sore.

I told myself I'd take her with more care. Didn't happen that way, though. She gives me feverlust, this girl. When she's in that take-me-take-me state, like earlier tonight, control is futile. Lord, she accepted me so good in that tight body, milking me dry until I fucking collapsed. She's more incredible than anything I could have imagined—and while I'm still not fucking happy about sharing her with another man, I'm starting to understand why she finds it's necessary.

Penny is...love. That's a fanciful thing for an old bastard like me to say. Or even think. But hell if it isn't true. She's full of love, this girl we rescued from the flames. There's too much inside of her to give only one man. It's selfish of me to want to hoard that love all to myself, but that's my instinct. Doing so would hurt Penny, though, and I'm not capable of making her unhappy. Her happiness has become my reason for getting up every morning.

Which is why I hate lying to her. Even by omission. I told Penny I had a meeting yesterday, but didn't tell her where. Or why. The suspicious nature of the fire that killed Penny's father got the cops involved early. My friend at the police department came through with a tip—my meeting yesterday was with him at the precinct. I was already aware of Penny's father's gambling debts, but now I know his creditor.

Boris Volkov. A Russian mob giant with a lot of influence, not to mention murderous tendencies. A man who's been suspected of setting more than one fire. What my cop friend told me chilled me to the bone. When a gambling debt goes unpaid, Volkov goes after the entire family. Penny was meant to die in the fire...and Volkov likely won't stop trying to stub out her light.

Over my dead body.

The Russian is elusive, though, and moves around between several hideouts to avoid law enforcement. My first attempt to find him yesterday at an underground gambling den just past the city limits brought me up empty. He's on the move. I just have to find him. And I won't stop until I do.

I realize my hands are racing over Penny's hip and ribcage, as if to reassure myself that she's safe. She stirs in her sleep and nestles closer to me, making my heart boom like a dropped microphone. When my phone starts to buzz on the nightstand, that's what I think I'm hearing. But...no. Zeke's phone goes off seconds later, rattling right and left behind him.

We're trained to wake up and be clear-headed on the turn of a dime and that's exactly what happens. We each sit up in twisted sheets and answer our phones, a dispatcher's voice filling my ear with fire codes and an address. I can tell by Zeke's expression that he's hearing the same exact thing. A look passes between us, both of our gazes dropping to Penny immediately after.

She's already stretching sleepily, her unclothed body on full display. Her smile dims when she sees our faces. "Is something wrong?"

Zeke cups her cheek. "There's a large structure fire downtown. Ten-story building. It's not our district, but they're calling in trucks from all over the city."

Penny sits up slowly, her face white as a ghost. "Are you going to be in danger?"

Neither one of us says anything, which is answer enough.

I press a kiss to her forehead, then climb out of bed. “You stay inside this apartment, sweetheart. Door locked.”

“Don’t leave for any reason,” Zeke says, pulling on jeans, zipping them up over his erection with a wince. “Promise us.”

I’m in the same state of arousal, because there’s no way around it. Penny is kneeling naked on the bed, eyes wide as silver dollars, her lower lip trembling. An insanely beautiful angel, covered in moonlight. My protective instincts are bashing against my insides, howling at me to comfort her. Lay her down and slide into her cunt real slow, fuck her with deep, long pumps until she starts to hiccup my name, while I whisper in her ear that I’m never leaving her. Not fucking ever.

I open my mouth to ask Penny one more time for her promise to stay put, when she bounds out of the bed and throws herself into my arms. My cock protests the confines of my pants, my hands roaming down to her bare ass out of necessity. “Everything is going to be fine. We’ll be home before you know it.”

“You better,” she mutters, stepping back, turning and walking face first into Zeke’s waiting embrace. “I’m not happy about this.”

Zeke and I laugh. “Trust us, baby,” he says. “Neither are we.”

I walk forward to join them, wrapping a hand around the nape of her neck. I’m hot as hell to kiss her myself, but I put myself to the test, fighting my possessive urges and sharing instead. Like she needs. I have to give Penny what she needs. “Give him a kiss goodbye.”

Energy snaps in the air between Zeke and Penny, Zeke swooping down with a groan

to molest her little pink mouth with a hunger I recognize in myself, although it's far more untamed. A young man's urgency. When I sense Penny is running out of air and Zeke has no intention of giving her oxygen, I tug her away and feast on that mouth myself. My kiss is meant more to calm her than rile her up, though. It's slow. A promise of things to come. As I feel it working, her body sagging into me, a sense of rightness fills me so completely, I'm shaken by the time I pull away.

"Come back to me," she whispers a moment later, closing and locking the door behind us. And I've fought fires my entire adult life, but I've never been so determined to live through one, knowing the kind of happiness waiting for me on the other side. Penny.

* * *

Zeke

It's bad.

Catastrophic.

When our truck arrives on the scene, it's mayhem. The streets surrounding the out-of-control fire are littered with cops trying to corral pajama-clad tenants behind caution tape, EMTs treating burn victims and giving oxygen to others. Trucks are in haphazard rows, ladders raised, hoses drilling water into the building from all sides. There is no organization whatsoever.

I've barely stepped out of the truck and opened the equipment compartment when a woman in a fuzzy pink robe rushes toward me, grabbing me by the front of my turnout coat.

"Please..." Her eyes are wild, the fire reflecting in their depths. "I can't find my

mother. I-I...she's older and moves slow. I was in a rush to get my kids out, but when I went back for her, she wasn't in her bed."

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Nick steps up beside me. “Did you check to see if she was being treated?”

“She’s not. I’ve looked everywhere.” The woman presses a hand to her mouth and turns in a circle. “There’s no way she could have gotten out fast enough. Not without help...”

“Which floor is she on?” I ask, pulling an axe off the truck.

“Second—” Her eyes widen on the building, her fingers grabbing at my sleeve. “Jesus, there she is! I can see her in the window.”

The woman lunges toward the fire, but Nick catches her around the waist, the woman’s arms and legs pinwheeling in every direction. “Point her out,” he orders loudly to be heard over the sirens. “Which window?”

A keening sound breaks from the woman’s mouth, her shaking finger lifting to indicate a corner apartment on the second floor, where the outline of a person can indeed be seen behind a window. The woman inside is waving something that looks like a handkerchief, her movements sluggish.

“Ma’am, you need to remain behind the caution tape,” I shout, already jogging toward the closest building entrance. “Don’t follow us in.”

I say us, because I know Nick is already right behind me. Not that I would ever admit it out loud or say it to his face, but the lieutenant is pretty much a legend at the department. When I was a rookie, rumor had it Nick was immortal. Until Penny, he’s someone I knew from a distance, but as we charge into the smoke-filled stairwell,

hooking right on the second floor toward the apartment where the woman is trapped, there's a connection between us that wasn't there before. We're obsessed with the same woman and she needs us both. Her happiness depends on us both coming home and we're walking into a death trap.

Fear like I've never felt before slings around my neck. There hasn't been enough time to find the person who poses a threat to Penny. She's vulnerable right now—at the mercy of the same asshole who killed her father—and we're the line of defense surrounding her. Unless we don't make it back. Who's going to protect her if we don't?

Testing the doorknob to the apartment and finding it locked, I step back and kick it open, both of us turning to protect against a backdraft. And then we're moving, but I'm thinking back to that kiss we gave Penny earlier. How I was so fucked over worrying her that I overwhelmed her, kissing her until she couldn't breathe. Then there was Nick, easing her concern. Comforting her.

If something happened to one of us, she's going to need that, isn't she? She's going to need Nick, the immortal. The man she calls Daddy.

Although it causes me actual pain to say what's needed, I stop in the process of raising my axe to break apart fallen debris in our way. "If something happens to me, just get out. Go to her, all right? She's going to need someone. She can't lose us both." My throat constricts. "Just protect her, please. Keep her safe."

Nick can't hide his surprise, but buries it almost immediately. "Shut the fuck up," he growls at me, brushing past to take the lead into the bedroom, where the woman is still waving...what I now see is a bra. "We're both getting out of here. I've got her—you clear a path."

So much for my attempts at being noble. I make sure Nick has the woman secured

over his shoulder, before turning and moving back through the living room.

That's when a beam falls from the ceiling.

CHAPTER SIX

Penny

I try to stay in the locked apartment. I really do.

But I didn't count on seeing the fire from Zeke's bedroom window. Smoke fills the sky and below...below is an inferno. I'm way too familiar with the experience of being surrounded by flames. Is that what my two lovers are seeing right now? A wall of fire, the inescapable smell of everything melting and being destroyed?

After fifteen minutes spent pacing the bedroom, I'm going stir crazy. I can't lose Nick and Zeke. I can't. They were my saviors in the fire and every day afterward, standing guard at my bedside, making me feel loved and cared for when I needed it most. Touching me with such passion one minute, holding me like a treasure the next. Already, my stomach is caving in on itself at the very possibility they could be hurt. Don't firefighters get injured—or worse—all the time?

Yes. Yes...and if that happens, I have to be there to give them the same support they've given me. I have to do something.

Dark laughter fills my head. Shadows move in my memories. There's a very good reason Nick and Zeke want me to stay in the apartment. I could be next on the To Kill list of the man who set the fire that brought my saviors to me in the first place. But I've moved three times since the fire. Surely the faceless evil won't be lying in wait for me. Finding me so fast would be impossible, right?

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I break speed records taking a shower and getting dressed, pulling on the first thing I grab out of my overnight bag. Jean shorts and a halter top. I toss my purse over my shoulder and run from the apartment in ratty sandals, skidding to a stop on the sidewalk. Where am I going to go? Not the scene of the fire, right?

No, if I go to the fire, I could be a distraction for Nick and Zeke. One that could get them hurt. I'll go to the firehouse. There must be someone who stays behind and they'll have news about Nick and Zeke's welfare. I'll just hang out until I know they're all right, then I'll book it back to the apartment.

They'll never know I was gone.

My Uber pulls up a minute later and I make it to the firehouse in no time, my sandals slapping on the pavement as I run to the door, stepping inside—

Crap.

At least a dozen firemen look up from their task of undressing, their eyes spearing me with curiosity. In some cases. In others, it's outright appreciation, their interest sliding down to settle on the hem of my shorts.

“Um...oh. I didn't expect...” I swallow hard and adjust my purse. “Can someone tell me if Nick and Zeke are here?”

They exchange glances.

“You don't need them when you've got us.”

“You here to give us a hero’s welcome, darlin’? We’ve got us a nice little break before we’re due back at the scene.”

“How do you know Nick and Zeke, anyway?”

“I...” I back toward the door as a few of the men come toward me, rubbing their hands together and looking me over like I’m their next meal. “They’re my friends.” Panic creeps into my throat. “Why aren’t they here? Are they hurt?”

The men stop walking, one of them sighing loudly. “Zeke took a hit on the shoulder. Ceiling beam. Went to get patched up, but his cocky ass will be fine.”

“And Nick?”

“I’m right here.”

I whirl around and find a murderous Nick watching the men behind me with a dangerous tic in his jaw. I’m so happy to see him in one piece, though, I jump without thinking, leaping into his arms and wrapping my legs around his waist. “I was so worried,” I whisper in his ear. “Please don’t be mad.”

His considerable muscles remain bunched. “You disobeyed me, sweetheart,” he murmurs back, settling a possessive hand on my bottom, cupping and stroking it. “We’re going to have a long talk about this.”

It only occurs to me now that the other fireman might recognize me from the night I was rescued, but none of them seem to notice. I’m not surprised, though, considering Nick and Zeke stayed huddled around me like protective cavemen the whole time. “They said Zeke is hurt,” I say with a catch in my voice.

“I’m fine, baby,” says the man in question, appearing in the doorway. There’s a

bandage wrapped around his shoulder and some dime-sized burns along the side of his gorgeous face, but otherwise he's as solid and healthy as usual. "Or I was until I saw these motherfuckers checking out what's ours," Zeke mutters for our ears alone, circling around to block me from their view. "It's getting old real fast."

"Well, shit. Which one of you does she belong to?" one of the men calls. "Maybe he can be persuaded to share. She is sweet."

Nick goes from tense to bristling beneath me, and Zeke's energy is much the same. "I guess this is why I should have stayed home," I whisper, trying to appear contrite and defuse the situation. Nick doesn't notice, though, because he's too busy communicating to the other men in the room that I'm off limits. But I hear their footsteps coming closer and I know they're not taking the hint.

Truth be told, it ticks me off a little.

Acting on instinct, I hike myself higher on Nick's body and fuse our mouths together, sliding my tongue into his mouth shyly, the way I've started to sense he likes. There's only a couple seconds of stubborn resistance before Nick kisses me back, his resistance crumbling in the form of a broken growl. The big hand on my backside moves me up and down on his erection, his mouth chastising me for not listening with occasional nips of my bottom lip between his teeth. The seam of my shorts grows damp, my flesh eager to please Daddy. But he's not the only one I'm called to pleasure.

I come up for air and twist in Nick's grip, holding my arms out for Zeke. Nick passes me to the other man, who's able to cradle me despite his injured shoulder, my thighs cinching around his rangy hips. Our kiss ignites like a powder keg, volatile and urgent. Zeke bruises my mouth, giving me no quarter. Branding me. Sweeping his tongue deep, tasting me with brutal hunger.

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I'm so consumed by the moment, I don't hear the other fireman groaning until Zeke ends the kiss. I tuck my face into Zeke's neck and peek over his shoulder to find some of them reaching into their uniform pants, their hands moving in quick jerks, their attention trained on me.

"Look at her. Fuck," one of them grits out. "Still not sure who she belongs to."

"Both of them," I answer, reaching back to tug Nick closer before he can charge the group, so I'm sandwiched in between him and Zeke. "Only them."

CHAPTER SEVEN

Nick

I still want to kill everyone in the firehouse who owns a pair of testicles.

But as I follow Zeke—who's carrying Penny—into the locker room upstairs, I can't stop the glow of pride spreading in my chest. Zeke and I were prepared to take on a dozen men to keep them from Penny. We would have succeeded, too, because no man loses a fight over a female like her. Not when they've gotten a taste. Of her body. Of her worry and concern. Of the whole package.

She belongs to us now and I don't care who knows. I'm old-fashioned to the bone and sharing a woman is not conventional. But won't sharing Penny with Zeke be a million miles more satisfying than having a different woman all to myself? Fuck yeah. She was mine the moment I laid eyes on her, but right beside me, another man was having the same experience. I have to try and respect that, difficult though it's

proving. The ongoing struggle to share is between the three of us, though. Any outsider who's got a problem with us can deliver their complaints to my right fist.

I flip the lock on the door, then turn to watch as Zeke sets Penny down in between two rows of lockers. She sways into him, closing her eyes as he caresses her cheek. Yeah, Zeke's touch is comforting, but when he speaks, his voice is anything but. "She didn't stay home where it's safe," he says, the smoke he inhaled making him hoarse. "What are we going to do about that?"

They both look at me and purpose sinks into my bones. Already it's understood that I'm the disciplinarian—and I like that role just fine. In fact, I love it. It's everything I need and want and crave. "Take off your shorts, Penny. And pull down your panties."

Her eyes grow wide, mouth parting in surprise. "But, Daddy—"

"You knew there would be consequences for breaking the rules." I loosen my belt while walking toward her. "You broke them anyway."

Penny crosses her arms, a clean indication she's not going to obey me.

"Do you need some help doing what you're told?"

She starts to stomp off, but Zeke catches her around the waist, drawing her back against his chest, locking her arms at her sides. "Has to be done, baby. We can't keep you safe if you go running around in the middle of night wearing clothes that belong at the beach." I begin unfastening her shorts and lowering the zipper while Zeke continues to speak in her ear. "If we'd come five minutes later, those men would have done things they'd be ashamed of in the morning. They wouldn't have been able to help it. You turn men into fucking animals, Penny."

"Your father knew it. That's part of the reason why he asked us to protect you."

Zeke's eyes flash at my phrasing—part of the reason—and I realize our discussion about the men who killed Penny's father is way overdue. Later. "Now your Daddy and your big brother know it. If my belt on your ass is the only way to make you obey rules meant to keep you safe, so be it."

Wasting no more time, I take a seat on the bench and yank down Penny's shorts and panties, shaking my head over her perfect cunt. Soon. I'll be inside it soon. Now, though, I catch her wrist and draw her closer, turning her face down over my lap. "Please, don't," she cries. "I'm sorry."

"Not as sorry as I am," I rasp, smoothing a hand over her beautiful ass cheeks, cupping them in my palm. "Going to spank it now. And fuck it later. One is a punishment. The other is Daddy's God-given right, isn't it, sweetheart?"

Penny doesn't answer, only squirming on my outstretched thighs.

With a flick of my wrist, I snap the belt down on her supple ass. "Isn't it my right to put my cock in your tight, pink asshole, little girl?"

"Yes!"

"Good." Jesus, I'm already beginning to sweat, my cock thickening with hot, pulsing blood. "Are you going to obey your men next time?"

"I'm going to try," she whimpers.

I raise the belt and leave another strap mark on her left cheek, the smacking sound following by a choked cry of "Daddy!"

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“Christ.” Zeke starts to pace. “I can’t take much more.”

“Me either,” I say, meaning it. I set the belt down beside me on the bench and trace the split of her ass, traveling down until I reach her pussy. My intention is to apologize for the pain by rubbing her sensitive little clit, but what I find instead makes me groan. “She’s fucking soaked.”

Zeke stops pacing. “Likes being punished, does she?” The younger man expels a rushed breath, relief eases the worry lines around his eyes. “So much for teaching her a lesson. Maybe next time we put her in time out and don’t touch her at all.”

Penny makes a sound of protest, so I slide a finger into her cunt to appease her, loving the way she tightens her thighs around my hand. “Now, that would just be a punishment for us, wouldn’t it?” I say, working my finger in and out.

“Fucking right, it would,” Zeke breathes, unzipping his pants and taking out his cock, giving it an anxious pump. “Goddamn, she’s so beautiful I don’t know what to do with myself. Can’t believe we’ve got her to ourselves.”

Neither can I. I’ll never be able to believe it. Or stop thanking fate for her.

Zeke asking me for the promise that I’ll care for Penny if something happened to him tonight...that moment won’t stop prodding me. Part of my irritation with him and my reluctance to share Penny stemmed from his cavalier attitude. His cocky personality. But what he did tonight was worthy of her.

I draw my finger out of Penny’s pussy and use her wetness to write my initials on her

reddened ass. Then I stand, pulling her up with me, settling my mouth against her ear as I walk her toward a starved-looking Zeke. “You’re going to give him some sweet, grateful pussy right now, Penny.” I run my thumb up the nape of her neck, soothing the shock of my spanking with a slow massage. “He was a hero tonight. Told me to get out if something happened to him, because you need me more. But we all know that’s not true, sweetheart. You’re going to remind him.”

Obviously having heard me, Zeke swallows and looks away.

“Zeke...” Penny whispers, her voice uneven. “How could you say that?”

“I just want you to have everything you deserve, Penny. No matter the cost.”

I untie the halter top strings at Penny’s neck and draw the flimsy piece of clothing off over her head. “We both need you to be happy,” I say, kneading her tits in both hands. “You know why that is?”

“You love me?” she whispers, looking back at me over her shoulder.

“We love you,” I say, pressing a kiss to her temple. “So damn much.”

“God, yeah. Penny.” Zeke appears stoned as he comes forward. “How could we do anything but love you?”

Contentment mixes with fire inside me. I could hold her and savor the feel of her for hours, but both of our male appetites are pressing, growing by the second. Before Zeke can reach us, I grasp Penny behind the knees and lift, positing her back to my chest and spreading her legs wide open. “Show Penny how a man fucks her when he spent a few minutes thinking he’d never see her again.”

* * *

Zeke

If there's ever a time in my life I don't turn into a fucking madman over the sight of Penny's cunt, I must be six feet under. It affects me like nothing else. All bare and built too tight for the kind of obsessed, animalistic fucking she tempts a man to hand her. Won't stop me from giving it to her, though. Nothing can stop me joining my body with the girl I not only love, but have lost my mind over—and I do it now.

Have to. Need her.

Breathing like a goddamn racehorse, I take one final look at the perfection of Nick holding open Penny's legs for my cock and I step between them, tucking myself in between the glistening, barely parted lips of her cunt and I lunge upward, catching her scream with my mouth.

“Shit,” I rasp halfway through a kiss, my eyes rolling back in my head because she's wrapped up around me like a Chinese finger trap, constricting when I pull out for that second mind-blowing thrust. “I keep this dick just for little sister, don't I?” I rasp at her mouth. “So tight I know I'm doing something that's just plain wrong. Feels so fucking right, though. Feels like you've got a crush on your big brother and asking for homework help is just an excuse to lie beside me on the bed in your little plaid skirt. You were asking for this.”

“Daddy knows his pain, don't I?” Nick growls, pressing Penny tighter to me so she's flattened between us, receiving my thrusts with little whimpers because she has no choice but to take this fat cock she owns now. “How are we supposed to keep our pants zipped when you don't bother wearing any? You should have known this was coming when Daddy started buying your panties. That shouldn't be my job, but you made it my business every time you bent over.”

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Penny throws her head back on Nick's shoulder and moans, her tits bouncing every time I drive to the hilt—and I'm going fast. Because as much as we're living out this fantasy that seems to have sucked us in, tonight I did think I could lose my chance to see Penny again. That leftover fear has made me desperate to feel. To absorb her and take the perfection she offers.

I wrap a hand around the back of her neck now, pulling her in for a kiss while I grind, grind, grind myself as deep as her body allows, feeling her thighs shudder on my hips, Nick's grip flexing where he spreads her open for my convenience.

"Hold her while I get my cock out." Nick's voice is hoarse. "Keeping taking her hard. That's what you do for her. That's what she needs from you."

Desperate to have her full weight settled on me, I take Penny from Nick and give a vile curse at the bliss of having Penny all to myself for a while. Not a second passes before she's got her thighs perched on my hips, her fingers weaving through my hair, blonde hair across one eye. I can't help it, I turn and pound her up against the locker, starting a deafening racket.

"Ohhh Jesus, yes. Fuck fuck fuck."

"Zeke!" Penny cries. "Oh my God!"

"Feel that cock, baby? Feel how it exists for you?"

"Yes." She melds our mouths together for a desperate kiss, tongue licking, lips sipping. "I need Daddy, too. Please."

Jealousy rises. Only a fraction of what used to be there, but significant nonetheless. Her satisfaction is more important than my bullshit, though, isn't it? It's more important than anything. It takes me an effort to stop drilling her into the wall of shaking metal, but I finally swing her around in time for Nick to stride forward, spitting a few times on his hand and spreading the moisture on his cock as he approaches.

"It's claiming time, sweetheart," Nick grits out, leaning over Penny's shoulder to press his bared teeth into her cheek. "Let me hear how much you trust Daddy."

"I trust you so much," she gasps, as Nick positions his cock where no man has gone before. I feel it happen and my jealousy rises rapidly. No way to stop it when another man is about to tap the sweetest ass anyone has ever seen. I'm somewhat soothed when Penny wraps her arms around my neck and holds tight, waiting for the invasion. "Zeke..." she whispers, laying soft kisses on my skin.

Attempting to tear myself away from the green monster, I stroke a hand down her back. "Shhh. You're going to give us so much pleasure this way, baby. Can't wait to take it myself." I lick my tongue over her ear, catching Nick's thunderous expression in my periphery. "You'll love that, won't you? Getting ready for school in the morning and I'll come in and work myself into that tight hole while your tits shake over the sink. Will you like watching me ride you rough in the mirror?"

"Yes—"

"You'll see me in the mirror, too." Nick's hand creeps around her throat. "Because I'll be standing right there. Won't I, sweetheart?"

Penny leans back and lets him fuck her mouth, thoroughly, while he watches me with warning in his eyes. "Yes, Daddy," she whispers, sucking in a breath when Nick starts to penetrate her. "I always want you both there."

“Good girl.” Nick groans loud and long as he sinks into Penny’s ass. “Fucking Christ. That’s such a good girl.”

“Oh!” She’s shaking against me, her tits vibrating with labored breaths. “I-it hurts.”

“It won’t for long,” Nick says, beginning to move his hips, the movement sliding Penny’s little pussy up and down my aching dick. “You trust me, remember?”

“Trusts us,” I push through clenched teeth, no choice but to resume the hard fuck I was giving her before. No man alive could resist the pressure coming from all sides. Jesus, I think Nick being buried in her ass is making Penny even snigger up front and every stroke is a dream come true. Like nothing I’ve ever felt. My balls are weighed down with come and every time Nick pumps and I match it with a thrust of my own, my seed threatens to spill. “Penny, baby...ahhhhh shit. You’re fucking amazing. Taking me so good—”

“Taking. Us.” Nick’s forearm circles Penny, wedging between her and me as he begins bouncing her on his cock, grunting every time the taut flesh of her ass meets his stomach. We’re pressed so tightly together, though, I have no choice but to echo the pace Nick is setting, mashing Penny in between our sweating bodies, each of us molesting one of her perfect holes. “Daddy loves you, Penny. This is how he shows you. You show him back by helping him come.”

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“There’s still some pain, but...it feels good for me because I know what it’s doing for you,” she moans, her legs finally giving up the battle and dropping from around my hips, her feet dangling several inches above the ground between Nick and me, no way down because she’s doubly impaled. “I love you, Nick. I love you, Zeke.”

There’s a shift inside my chest so massive, I can’t speak or breathe. All I can do is make her happy, this incredible girl who loves me. I drop my mouth to her bouncing tits and suck a nipple into my mouth, knowing how sensitive they are, and she starts whining, pulling at my hair. I don’t have to see Nick’s face to know he’s overwhelmed by Penny’s confession, too, because his forearm eases from around her middle, his fingers dropping to play with her clit in slick circles.

I let her nipples go with a groan, licking across to the other. “Her cunt is starting to tighten up. Fuck. I can barely get in and out of her.”

Nick’s head tips back, his eyes squeezed shut. “I got another two or three pumps before I flood her ass.” His fingers move faster on her clit. “You?”

“Been ready to bust since we fucking started,” I grind out. “You close to getting off, baby?” My mouth finds her other nipple, pulling on it long and hard. “We’re not stopping until we feel your little pussy shake.”

Penny holds my mouth to her tit, her thighs beginning to dance up around my waist again. “I-I-I...I’m going to...oh. I love it when you’re both so deep...”

Nick and I make eye contact over Penny’s head. In unspoken agreement, both of us push our cocks as deep inside Penny as we can, grinding there with unleashed

aggression, Penny's screams bouncing off the lockers. She shakes violently between us, her head thrown back on Nick's shoulder, a sheen of sweat covering her tight little body. And she doesn't stop. When Nick grunts once, then climaxes, I follow him, finally allowing the pressure to vacate my balls. Liquid fire climbs my shaft and spurts into Penny's quaking cunt, the excess falling to the floor with audible drips.

"That's my sweetheart," Nick says, kissing her neck. "That's Daddy's ass now."

"Who owns your pussy, though?" I rasp, taking her mouth in a hard kiss. I've never come so hard. It's so fucking good, my teeth are rattling, my abdomen sore from involuntary flexing. But the green monster is fully unleashed now, whether I like it or not. I'm in that state of pleasure where I want the source of it—Penny—wrapped in my arms, like she was the other night. My mind is telling me she needs another man on the other side of her, but I'm too wound up to listen.

Finally, I pull back from the kiss, alarmed to find her gasping for air.

Nick jerks her away from me, stealing my still semi-hard cock away from her paradise. "Jesus Christ. Let her breathe."

I reach out for her, heart sinking into my stomach. "Penny—"

"It's okay." Penny pulls me closer by the shoulder. "I love kissing you. And I love that you lose yourself sometimes." She nestles her head back against Nick's chest, her cheeks flushes. "And I love that you keep such tight control."

Nick pulls out of her with a low rumble, settling Penny on her feet, but keeping her propped against his chest. "There's enough to worry about without stopping you from suffocating her. Or encouraging her to break the rule."

Fury rips through me, but none of it shows on my face. Instead, I wink. "Maybe

you're just worried she wants to break it."

Something visibly snaps inside of Nick and he slowly sets Penny to the side. "Come over here and say that again. To her Daddy."

"Stop!" Penny cries, stepping in between us. "Don't you both see what's happening here?" She turns to me. "Zeke, you got hurt tonight. You told Nick to get out and leave you if something went wrong. Somewhere deep down you believe he'd be better for me. Just the idea of that...and getting injured...it shifted the balance. But we'll get it back."

"He doesn't want it back," I spit. "He wants you to himself."

"Admit it," Nick growls. "We both do. It's fucking instinct, pure and simple."

"Well, that's not going to happen!" Penny splits a heartbroken look between us and stoops down to find her panties and shorts, pulling both of them on. While Nick and I face off, she ties on the halter top and stuffs her feet into sandals. "Take me back to my aunt's house."

CHAPTER EIGHT

Penny

They're not taking me back to my aunt's house.

That much is obvious.

When I stormed out of the firehouse, Nick and Zeke were hot on my heels, continuing to glower at each other until we climbed into Zeke's truck. It wasn't lost on me that Nick let him drive—and that act of consideration is the one thing giving

me hope. Thanks to Zeke's injury and their exchange while braving the fire tonight, the power dynamic was off when they walked into the firehouse. Having those strange men check me out and rile their possessive nature didn't help. I could excuse their pissing contest...but I don't want to.

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If I make an exception every time Nick and Zeke alpha out over me, it's going to become the norm. And I can't be happy like that. We can't be happy like that.

"This is not the way to my aunt's house, Zeke," I point out from the passenger seat. "You missed the turn."

A muscle jumps along Zeke's jawline. "I'll never be able to sleep without you safe in my bed. Not for the rest of my life."

"You sleep with us tonight and always," Nick rumbles from the back seat. "It's non-negotiable."

I snort. "Oh, it's back to 'us' now. How convenient."

"Watch your bratty tone."

That sharp command from Nick makes my breasts sensitive, my thighs feel like jelly. "Sorry, Daddy," I murmur, squirming in my seat. "But I'm not done being mad. And I'm allowed to go back to my aunt's house if I want."

"You don't really want that." Zeke rolls to stop at a red light and reaches over to cup my chin. "You don't want us to go out of our minds, do you, baby? I'm already halfway there just knowing you want to."

From behind, Nick's fingers slide up my nape and twist into my hair. "You've been claimed, little Penny. Your place is with us." His sigh reaches me. "We wouldn't last a single goddamn day without you."

Tears prick the backs of my eyelids. “I won’t be the rope in your tug of war.”

“I’ll take responsibility,” Zeke says, sliding his thumb along my bottom lip. “I’m a fucking hothead, baby. You were right. I was just feeling...”

“Insecure?” I supply, unable to stop myself from giving his thumb a kiss. “Is that the first time ever?”

“Yeah,” he laughs, taking off through the intersection. “Guess that’s why I didn’t react so well.”

Nick clears his throat in the back seat. “I’m to blame, too. I...tried to give Zeke what I thought he needed tonight. You. But I couldn’t watch without taking.” His fingertips massage my scalp. “We’re both possessive men by nature. Throw in the most desirable woman on the planet and we turn into animals, sweetheart. I’m...sorry.”

“Wow.” I swipe at my eyes. “An apology from Nick and an admission of insecurity from Zeke. This is like a mobile therapy session.”

We stop outside Zeke’s building and he shifts into park, turning to me and sliding his palms up my thighs, tugging on the frayed ends of my jean shorts. “Don’t give up on us.”

“Don’t threaten to, either, please,” Nick grumbles, his touch still moving in my hair. “I can’t even take the thought of losing you.”

Wishing we weren’t in the truck—because I now have the overwhelming need for bear hugs from them both—I unsnap my seatbelt and climb out, waiting on the sidewalk for them to join me. When they do, I waste no time gripping the fronts of their shirts and dragging them close. “I’m sorry. I won’t threaten to leave anymore.” I kiss both of their chins. “Next time I’ll just do it.”

“You better be joking,” Nick says.

Zeke frowns at me. “That’s not funny.”

I giggle and let them go, dancing off toward the building entrance. “Are you coming?”

“The fire is only fifty percent contained,” Zeke answers, catching up with me to unlock the door. “We have to get back to the scene.”

“We’ll make sure you’re inside safe first.” Nick takes hold of my hand and guides me toward the elevator. “This time, stay put, sweetheart.”

I turn into his arms once we’re inside the elevator. “Yes, Daddy.”

Zeke moves up behind me, massaging my bottom with a strong hand. “Bet you’re sore. Want me to draw you a bath?”

“Yes, please,” I breathe, leaning back and letting the younger of the two men tease my lips with his own. “Are you sure you guys can’t stay and wash me?”

Their twin groans send shivers down my spine. “Stop torturing us,” Nick says. “I’d love more than anything to take a washcloth to your little well-fucked pussy.”

“And I’d love to get you dirty all over again.”

Zeke coaxes my mouth open for a short, tongue-sweeping kiss, before letting Nick take a turn slanting his lips over mine, only stopping when the elevator dings to let us off on Zeke’s floor. Each of them takes one of my hands, escorting me down the hallway, and I take a moment to savor how content I am. There are going to be bumps in the road with these two uniquely different men, but as long as we come

home together at night and all of us are secure in our importance in the relationship, nothing can wreck what we've found.

Once inside the apartment, Nick and Zeke move from room to room, checking in closets and beneath beds. Testing window locks. Zeke ends up in the bathroom drawing me a bath, and the homey sound of water filling the tub makes me sleepy. I flop down on the couch to admire Zeke's butt through the bathroom doorway where he bends over the tub, testing the temperature. And I turn around and catch Nick changing his shirt, that chest full of salt and pepper hair causing me to give a big feminine sigh of appreciation. Nick catches me and smiles—for the first time since I met him?—and holy God above, he's just as handsome as Zeke when he does it.

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“Wow.” I tip sideways on the couch and curl into a squealing ball. “I’m really glad we’re not arguing anymore.”

The water stops in the bathroom and Zeke’s mouth finds my ear a few seconds later. “You have no idea.”

“Be good and stay inside.” Nick’s hands settle on my knees, sliding up the insides of my thighs, a single knuckle brushing my juncture, up and down the seam of my shorts. “One of us will be home to drive you to school in the morning. And when we’re all together tomorrow night, we’ll take turns eating this sexy pussy.”

“Okay,” I manage, flustered. “Sounds ideal.”

Zeke laughs. “Your bath is ready, baby.”

I make no move to stand. I’ll get there eventually. “Thank you.”

My face really wants to pout when both men head for the door with clear reluctance, but I do my best to smile. Until Nick is walking out into the hallway and I shoot back into a sitting position. “I meant what I said,” I call out, my voice softening when they turn. “I love you. Both of you.”

Some people go their whole life time without having another human being look at them the way Nick and Zeke look at me right now. As if they can’t stand to be existing in a world where they’re not touching me.

“We love you, too.”

They say it at the same time, truth in every syllable. Their love hangs in the air and when the door closes behind them. I hug myself and slump back down, already counting the minutes until I see them again. A short while later, I'm just about to drag myself into the bath Zeke thoughtfully drew for me when there's a knock at the door. Excitement tripping along my nerve endings, I jog for the door, twist the locks and throw it open.

"Did you change your minds—"

Horror clouds my throat and cuts me off mid-sentence. Because it's not Nick and Zeke on the other side of the door. It's the face that has slowly been revealing itself during my nightmares of the fire. A shiny bald head and the flat, emotionless mouth. It all comes back to me—his smiling face looking back at me through the smoke, a cigarette dangling from his lips. And the laughter. It's coming from him and my memories at the same time. There isn't a doubt in my mind.

This is the man who killed my father.

I must say it out loud, because he pulls a weapon from his coat and backs me into the apartment, saying, "Smart girl." His eyes are a little wild, the humorous tilt to his head making my sick. "I'm the man who's going to kill you, too."

"H-how did you find me?"

"Followed you from school. Your father was always going on about his intelligent college girl and her designs," he responds, casually surveying the apartment, the red container sloshing where it dangles in his right hand. "Had to wait, though. Your guards never leave you alone." He looks back at me with a wink. "But they can't help you now."

CHAPTER NINE

Nick

My arms burn from holding the hose, but I only hoist it higher, aiming it toward the burn. We've almost got it under control, keeping the fire isolated to a single building. Across the street, I see Zeke lowering the ladder from a different truck while shouting at civilians to stay back. He catches my eye and we trade a nod.

We didn't speak on the way back to the fire, but there was relative peace between us. Not to mention, I think we were both still reeling from Penny asking to be taken to her aunt's house. It's only our second night having her all to ourselves and we risked the newfound happiness only she can give us. Fair to say it scared us pretty damn good. What I said to Penny was true—there will be times the possessiveness rears its head and gives an animal roar—but there's no question that the possibility of living a life without her will always roar louder.

God, I just want to get home to her. It'll be dawn by the time we walk through the door and she'll probably be sleeping, but maybe there'll be enough time to at least make out with her. Yeah, I said make out. I'm a forty-year-old man and I want to dry hump Daddy's little girl on the couch. I want to watch her eyes widen in disbelief when I make her cream in her panties. And afterward...yeah. Afterward, I want to watch a movie with her on my lap, feeding her popcorn. Comforting her during the scary parts.

Zeke will be there, too, won't he? She'll want to watch the second half of the movie from his lap. But I'll rub her feet. Or hold her hand. That image of us three—instead of two—doesn't bother me as much as before. No, it's dangerously close to satisfying. Because I can see Penny's relaxed smile and I'm growing more and more confident in the fact that she needs me and Zeke equally.

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Something tugs at my conscience, though. The fear I've been living with since the fire. There won't be any contentment until the man who killed Penny's father and wants to do the same to her is handled. If that means killing him, so be it. I would do anything to keep my girl safe. The thing is...so would Zeke. Something needs to be done before this motherfucker comes after what's ours.

Resolved to speak with Zeke after we finish for the night, I go back to working the hose. Twenty minutes pass before another fireman comes to take over and I return to the truck for a drink of water.

That's when all hell breaks loose. Surround sound ringing of cell phones, fire department pagers going off. Dispatch comes in over the truck radio and I grab it up, listening over the mayhem on the street. And what I hear makes my blood run cold. It's the code for a fire in progress and it's...no...

"No. No that can't be the right address," I shout into the radio. "Repeat."

Terror snakes through my blood when the dispatcher says the same numbers, her voice crackling in my ear. I drop the radio and jump off the truck, a shout waiting in my throat, but an ashen Zeke is already running toward the truck, cell phone in hand, along with several other firemen.

"Penny," he rasps, battling his way into the truck and strapping into the passenger seat. "Please, God, no..."

I block out everything as I climb into the driver's seat and start the engine. Waiting for our full squad to get in the truck almost kills me, but in reality it only takes twenty

or so seconds and then we're speeding toward Zeke's apartment building, the siren screaming in my head.

She can't be hurt. She can't be gone.

If something happened to Penny, I'll throw myself into the flames along with her. All I can see is her sweet face as she tells us she loves us from the couch, her green eyes catching the light. She's the light. She's everything good. Oh fuck, I can barely drive the truck, the pain in my chest is so severe. At the same time, though, I would kill someone for trying to take the wheel from me. We have to get there. Have to save her. The universe wouldn't do this to me when life just became worth living.

"It's the fucking Russian," Zeke shouts from the passenger seat. "I knew they wouldn't leave her alone when they didn't get her the first time."

Shock hits me square in the stomach. "How do you know the man who killed Penny's father is Russian?"

Zeke's brows slash together. "How do you know he's a man?"

"I spoke to a cop friend." Concentrating on the conversation is almost impossible when Penny is in danger, but I force myself to focus through the mounting anguish. "Boris Volkov. He has several known locations where he's been known to lay low, but he moves. Between his multiple properties in Florida, his siblings all over the state, his club up north—a place called Tatiana. But I've had no luck yet."

"Tatiana." Zeke's eyes close slowly. "Penny's aunt mentioned that name to me, but I thought it referred to a woman. I didn't know what the hell it meant, let alone that it was a location."

"I would have known if you'd told me. I would have known if you hadn't gone to see

Penny's aunt without me, goddammit."

"Same way you went to the cop without me?" Zeke bares his teeth. "Tatiana. That's the most recent place he's been. That's where we'll find him."

"Jesus," I breathe, excruciating pain lancing my solar plexus. "If she's hurt or worse, it's because we killed her. This is on us. We both wanted to save her and we did the opposite, both wanting to be the fucking hero. One conversation and we could have found him before now. Before..."

"No." Zeke pounds the dashboard with his fist, looking as if he's considering launching himself through the windshield. "Fuck."

I've been telling myself that the importance of sharing Penny with Zeke is about making her happy. About keeping her. It's about more than that, though. It's about trust. Not just between Penny and me. Or Penny and Zeke. No, from the beginning Penny has been begging us to understand that all three of us needed a ring of trust that nothing can compromise. No secrets or vitriol or competition between us. Just love. And now the worst thing has happened, because we failed to see why that trust was so necessary.

We've endangered the life of the girl we love beyond reason.

It seems like centuries pass before we reach the building and I don't think, don't follow procedure, I simply throw myself out of the truck and take the stairs, three at a time. Zeke is right behind me, shouting her name, his voice raw and panicked. It echoes my own.

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When we reach the top of the stairs, fear like I've never experienced takes hold. The burn is rampant. The smell of gasoline is so strong, it makes my eyes tear, but I step back and kick the door open, shielding my face with the sleeve of my turnout coat. Zeke charges into the smoke shouting Penny's name and I move in behind him, sprinting for the bedroom.

"Penny!"

"Baby, where are you?"

I throw aside the bedcovers that prove empty and lunge for the closet, throwing it open, but there's no Penny in sight. I don't know whether to hope she's inside the apartment hurt or gone, taken. Jesus, I have no idea what's worse, but either option makes me bellow into the engulfed apartment.

"Come on, sweetheart," I shout, ditching the bedroom for the living room—nothing. "Don't do this to us."

* * *

Zeke

Nick and I reach the bathroom at the same time and shove through the door together—and there's Penny on the floor. Not. Moving. The world starts spinning again when our simultaneous roars of utter denial rouse her, but she only moves a little. Her hand lifts and drops. But Nick and I are beside her in an instant. He secures a makeshift mask over her face and I scoop up her limp body, already vowing to kill

the man who dared touch her.

Touched what's ours.

A lump rises in my throat when I see the blood caked in Penny's hair. "Her head."

"I see it," Nick responds, rage and grief warring on his face. "Motherfucker hit her over the head. He was already dead, but now we kill him slowly."

"Damn right we do."

The bathtub is still full of water, telling me she never made it to the bath and for some reason, that makes me even angrier. Since the night started, our poor girl has been scared for our safety at the fire, nearly accosted by a group of strange firemen, fucked by two insatiable men without a hint of mercy and now someone has locked her in an enflamed apartment. She needs a vacation.

"Baby, wake up," I rasp, following the path Nick is clearing out of the apartment. As we move out into the hallway, men rush in with axes and masks, dragging a hose up the stairs. I don't see any of them. There's only her. Nick is frantic to hold her, too—I can see it in his eyes every time he turns around to make sure she's all right. When we have to stop on the landing to let through the rush of firemen, I hand him Penny and he makes a hoarse sound, cradling her to his chest.

"She's all right," I bark, unashamed of my jagged tone. "She's fine. Right?"

"She has to be." Nick keeps moving, going down the stairs at breakneck speed, Penny still boneless in his arms. "Got to get her outside. Now."

Cool, clean air fights its way down my lungs when we hit the sidewalk. I run alongside Nick to get Penny to an ambulance, in a sickening déjà vu of a couple

weeks prior. I suck in a breath when Nick climbs into the back of the EMS truck, laying her down on a gurney.

“Fuck, she’s so pale.”

“Penny, sweetheart. Please. Look at us.” An EMS worker puts oxygen over her mouth, but Penny flutters her eyes at that exact moment and struggles to sit up. Nick and I sag with relief, him cursing up at the sky, me whispering prayers I didn’t know I had in me. She’s okay. Thank you, God, for making her okay. The EMS worker begins to clean the wound on Penny’s head, revealing a nasty gash, and the need to murder blares at full volume through my system.

“We got to you as soon as we could. Never should have left you alone in the first place.” I take her hand and press it hard to my mouth, my pulse spiking over the icy temperature of her fingers. “You scared the shit out of us,” I whisper in the understatement of...ever, while frantically trying to warm her fingers.

With an unsteady hand, Nick presses the oxygen to Penny’s mouth, just as the doors of the truck close behind us and we leave the scene, heading to the hospital. “Take it. Get the bad shit out of your lungs for us.”

Penny notices Nick’s still-shaking hand and lays her own on top of his, so she’s touching both of us, her eyes full of tears. After allowing the EMS man to secure a bandage over her wound, she slowly removes the oxygen mask, tears rolling down her cheeks. “I thought it was you at the door...”

“Shhh.” Nick gathers her close and I don’t hesitate to cage her in from the other side, pressing kisses to her hair. “You didn’t do a damn thing wrong,” Nick continues, his voice low, capturing her mouth for a tender pull. “We were both working on finding the man who took your father. The man who tried to take you. If we’d worked together, this never would have happened. I’ll never forgive myself.”

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He tucks a sooty strand of blonde hair behind her ear. “We didn’t act worthy of you, Penny. That’s going to change.”

“We’re your men. Forever,” I breathe into her ear. “You get a hundred percent of us. And that means we have to work together to make you happy, keep you safe. We’re on the same team from now on.”

Nick drops his forehead to her shoulder. “Team Penny.”

I press a kiss to her temple. “Say you believe us.”

Penny seems to battle a smile. “I might need...oh...forty or fifty years of convincing.” When we growl into relieved kisses of her neck, she laughs, but breaks into a cough that distresses me and Nick. “I love you, Nick and Zeke.”

Two sets of arms close around our girl and hold tight. Hold her like we’ll never let go. And we won’t. “We love you, too, Penny. We’ll never, ever stop.”

EPILOGUE

Penny

One month later

When I hear Nick’s heavy footsteps coming up the stairs, I quickly hide the folded newspaper beneath my school books, but my heart is still bouncing and zigzagging off my rib cage, the bold headline impressed on my memory.

Body of Russian Mobster Washes up on Riverbank.

In the month since the second fire that almost took my life, there has only been one night when Nick and Zeke didn't sleep beside me. They kissed me on the head, made me promise not to open the door...and when they returned home, there was a dark satisfaction in them I should have found alarming.

I didn't.

My two lovers are obsessed beyond reason with me. It shows in everything they do. The way they escort me to and from class, help me with projects, encourage me. Their obsession is in the two sets of hands that wash me in the bathtub, usually right before those same hands drag me out with lustful intention, positing me how they need me. It's in the way they never let a day pass without telling me how much they love me, while I'm eating breakfast on one of their laps, sunbathing in the backyard or sketching designs in my notebook.

Here's the thing...I'm obsessed with them, too. Their honor. The way they've become equal partners in the business of me. Penny. Their heroism and yes, yes of course, their bodies. The lovemaking. Their non-stop eagerness to make me a mother. These men have become my life and I know their hearts and minds. So if they avenged me—and my father—with violence, I know they had no choice. And while they never let me feel anything but safe, I can admit to feeling ever more secure now, with Boris Volkov out of the picture.

Sensing Nick standing in the doorway of my bedroom, I remain on my belly poring over my books, but I part my thighs just a little, knowing he can see beneath the plaid skirt I wear just for him. Daddy. One of the men who apparently kills for me, then comes home and checks my homework.

The floor shakes a little as Nick drops to his knees behind me, one rough hand gliding

up slowly from my ankle, over my calf, stopping high on my thigh. “What are you working on?”

Dampness is already spreading on the crotch of my panties. “Um...I’m studying for my fashion merchandising final.”

Nick hums low in his throat and flips up my skirt, revealing the frilly, white panties he bought me, leaving them in my drawer without a conversation.

Right alongside the cheetah print thong Zeke bought for me to rile up Nick.

Thinking of my other man, my lips spread into a smile. No longer does the rule exist where both men need to be present to touch me. And life is much sweeter since they developed that trust. Not only in each other, but in me. I’m never going to love one of them more than the other. They both own equal parts of my heart—and that’s how it will always stay.

Since Zeke’s apartment was damaged in the fire, we’ve all moved into Nick’s house, each of us taking our own room, but usually sleeping in the master bedroom together, their heat never failing to give me the best sleep of my life. Of course, Zeke insists on paying half the mortgage—and I plan to contribute one day when I start my own fashion line. They only laugh when I tell them that. But it will happen.

I can be pretty stubborn when I set my mind to it.

“Your date with Zeke is tonight,” Nick says, straddling my bottom with his big, uniformed thighs, not a hint of jealousy lacing his tone. “But you’re going to give Daddy a little attention first.”

I turn over and watch his hungry eyes travel down my halfway unbuttoned blouse. Most of my nights are spent at home, but once a week, Nick and Zeke trade off taking

me on dates. Nick's are more traditional, like dinner and a movie, while Zeke usually takes me go kart racing or dancing. Both are perfect to me.

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“What kind of attention do you want, Daddy?” I whisper, my eyes curious. “Do you need help to lie on top of me and move all fast again?”

Nick shudders out a breath, his palm scrubbing over the rising bulge behind his fly. “Yes, sweetheart. Daddy needs that all the time.”

“Oh,” I whisper, giving an exaggerated nod. “Okay.”

There’s a chuckle outside my bedroom door and Zeke strolls in, leaning back against my dresser. He licks his lips as he looks the scene over, making a savoring sound deep in his throat. “Warming her up for our date, huh?”

“That’s right.” Nick unzips his pants, his cock falling out onto my raised skirt. “If you’re a good girl and give me what I need, we’ll see about adding an hour to your curfew.”

I take his heavy flesh in my hand and tug it hard and fast, watching Nick’s head fall forward on a strangled groan. “Like this, Daddy?”

“Yes, Penny. Just like that.” Nick’s hand closes around my throat, squeezing just enough to make me gasp. “Has my little girl been practicing?”

This is part of a new fantasy, not real jealousy, and my body thrills with excitement. “N-no.” I turn my head away. “I swear.”

Nick captures my jaw and turns me back to face him. “If you’re going to be a bad girl and let boys touch this pussy...” He rakes his hand down my body, wrenching my

panties down past my ankles. “Maybe it’s finally time I take it for myself.”

I fight his hold. He easily pins me and wedges his big hips in between my thighs, but in my struggles, I’ve knocked my books askew and now Nick’s attention is trained on something over my head. I tilt my neck and suck in a breath.

It’s the article.

“Been doing some reading, baby?” Zeke drawls from across the room, pushing off the dresser and coming toward Nick and me. “Anything you want to share with the class?”

Zeke drops into a kneel beside my head and something passes between him and the man holding me down. The men I love with my whole heart and soul are still present, but there’s a dangerous bite to them that’s not usually there. I realize now that it was always below the surface. Waiting.

Without warning, Nick grips his erection, positions it at my damp entrance and drives into me with a snarl—hard. My scream is still ringing in the air when Zeke rips my blouse wide open, buttons popping off and scattering around the room. His hands mold to my bare breasts, massaging them in work-roughened hands. “Did you doubt that we would end the life of anyone who fucking dared to come near what’s ours?”

Nick pumps inside me with such force, I arch my back on a whimper. “N-no I didn’t doubt it. I just wondered...”

“Wondered what?” Nick rasps, circling his hips. “If we’d finally lost our goddamn minds over you?” His big chest flexes over me, sturdy and immovable, making me feel feminine, loved and preyed upon all at once. “We have, sweetheart. We did on day one. Every single waking minute, I’m thinking of ways to get deep as fuck in this pussy. God, it’s so tight and sweet.”

Zeke unzips, dragging out his flesh with a moan. “It’s your fault, baby. Every single fuck is better than the last. Every one. And each morning when we drop you off at school, someone else is looking at what we own.” He watches Nick drive into me, stroking his own flesh at the sight. “We don’t like it. And now you know there’s no limit to what we’d do if someone got too close, let alone hurt you.”

“Spread your legs for your keepers and tell us we’re the only ones you’ll ever love. It might calm us down for the night. One. Night. Enough that we won’t want to kill the next man who checks out your gorgeous body.” Nick’s thrusts grow more frenzied, his groans echoing in the room. “Tell us.”

“I love you, I love you, I love you,” I wail, my back dragging up and down the floor with the impact of Nick’s drives. “I never want anyone else. Ever.”

Zeke bends forward and claims my mouth with tongue, lips, teeth. “You’re our home. You’re our life.” His warm breath skates over my face. “Can’t wait for that little belly to swell. Can’t wait for that final claim on you, baby. Fuck.”

“You don’t have to wait,” I blurt, sucking in breaths as they both go still as statues, Nick still buried deep inside me, Zeke’s hand paused between his legs. “I took a test today.” Tears fill my eyes. “It was positive.”

I’ve never seen two men happier in my life—and just like everything else these two men do, they show me exactly how happy in their own, unique way. Zeke and I reschedule our date between laughing, enthusiastic kisses, while Nick has to keep clearing his throat, his hands roaming over me as if to reassure himself I’m real. The article lies forgotten among my books...and my back doesn’t leave the ground for a long, long time.

The End