



Room One Hundred and Eleven

Author: Loryn Fox

Category: Erotic, Romance, Billionaire Romance

Description: I was so desperate to lose my V-card that I accidentally agreed to be bred by billionaires.

Blame it on sleep deprivation. Juggling the demands of being a paramedic while putting myself through nursing school is a lot. I'm always struggling to get ahead.

When I found a position with overnight hours, excellent pay, and amazing benefits, I didn't hesitate to take it.

Even if it meant working in an exclusive club for billionaires where everything spicy goes.

Surrounded by very satisfied customers night after night, I can't help but regret one thing: I haven't had time to date so I never found someone I trusted enough to give me a few hands-on lessons in the more pleasurable functions of our bodies.

It's way too awkward to spread my legs at my place of employment. Besides, I can't afford even a one-night membership.

So when my boss delivers an ornate invitation to play an entirely different game of doctor at a similar club out in Seattle, I sign the consent slip before so much as glancing at the fine print.

You know, the part that explains how three men will use me—and each other—however and as often as they like for an entire weekend. They intend to fulfill their wildest fantasies about claiming a virgin and getting her pregnant in exchange for giving me experience in bed. Incredible experiences.

Whatever. They can make as big a mess as they want while they tutor me in passion. My IUD will keep me safe.

Unless they find it and remove it.

I should have realized men like them would be experts in anatomy, too.

Bred by Billionaires is an over-the-top, spicy, why choose, age gap, MMMF, instalove romance with sword crossing and the unanticipated removal of the heroine's birth control by one of her men.

Total Pages (Source): 58

CHAPTER 1

Poppy

“Wakey wakey.”

Someone shakes my shoulder. Though they do it gently, my guilty conscience spurs me to bolt upright from where I slumped over on one of the tufted leather couches in the staff area. “Oh no! I’m sorry. Please don’t tell Gunner I fell asleep on the job.”

“Why not?” From where she stands in front of me, Riley flips her long dark hair over her shoulder.

“He may be one of your fiancés, but he’s my boss.” Yeah, she’s pretty and about to marry three smoking-hot billionaires—one of whom owns the sex club we’re in right now. Some girls have all the luck, am I right? “People’s safety depends on me staying alert.”

What kind of medic would I be if someone got injured because I was out cold?

“The club closed ten minutes ago. Kane ushered the last guests out already.” He’s another of her lovers, who manages security. The third, Fitch, does pretty much everything else around this place. “You’re all good.”

“Seriously, Riley. I can’t afford to disappoint them.”

Our friend Melody—who’s married to Riley’s big brother and their other two

husbands—is curled up on a matching armchair nearby. She adds, “You’re running yourself ragged. If you ask, I’m sure Gunner will give you some time off. You could use a break.”

“Sure, relaxing would be nice, but I need this paycheck.” I scrub my eyes then stare up at the ornate stamped metal ceiling as if that will force my peepers open. “Besides, I’m not about to weasel extra perks out of him because I’m friends with you two.”

“No one’s going to fire you for being human, Poppy. I swear.” Riley sighs. “I only realized you dozed off because you didn’t answer after I tried to invite you over. However, I’m rescinding that offer now that I see how thin you’re stretching yourself.”

Dang it! My friendships with Riley and Melody have been a complete surprise and a way bigger benefit to having taken this position than the cash flow it provides. Their comradery does more to keep me going than basic rest.

Still, it’s hard to focus on what the two of them chatter about in rapid-fire exchanges after working my night shift. Especially since I spent the day in nursing school and the early morning hours after I got off duty last night studying for an exam.

The gist of it is they’re flipping out over the zillions of proposals coming in from couture designers vying for the privilege of custom-making Riley’s wedding gown and the dresses for her bridal party.

Witnessing a fairytale come true like that isn’t something I’ve ever had the chance to do. Even if I’m just peering in from the fringes, it’s so much fun. Maybe worth doing even if it means another sleepless night, zombiying my way through classes tomorrow, then chugging an entire case of energy drinks to survive my next shift here.

Don't get me wrong. I love my job.

Even though I never imagined I'd be the medical support at a sex club when I got my paramedic license. Hey, it pays well, and it lets me pursue my degree during the day. Win-win.

So what if it also makes me very aware of things I never dreamed possible before?

Wealthy lifestyles and the desires of the people living them.

And how I might enjoy some of those taboo fantasies if I were in their designer shoes.

"Poppyyyyyyyyy..." Melody shakes her head softly.

"What?" I blink a few times, hoping that will clear the sleepy sand away. Considering Riley is now perched on the arm of Melody's chair, I'm sure I blanked out for a bit again.

"I said we're going to hang out at Riley's and look through the sketches." Melody repeats herself. "We really want you to check them out with us, but I think Riley's right. You should go home and sleep instead."

Dang it, she's probably on to something. "I'd love to see some of the options. Maybe you could text me the top picks so I can drool over them in the morning. You're going to be such a beautiful bride no matter what you decide on."

My three bosses adore her.

They treat her like she was made just for them.

Truth be told, that's what I envy most of everything I've witnessed here at the club—their devotion to one another, their unwavering love, and the sexy glances winging between them nonstop.

“Girl, for real. When's the last time you crashed for a full night?” Riley's looking at me like she's about to escort me to one of the bedrooms upstairs and lock me in.

“You're a straight-A student. What do your textbooks have to say about this? You know it's not healthy. Burning the candle at both ends isn't sustainable.” Melody's frowning now too. “How can we help?”

Page 2

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

“By being my friends. And continuing to be honest when you’re concerned.” I rise and cross to them, wrapping my arms around them both. I can’t conk out if I’m standing, right? “It means a lot that you care, thank you.”

“Well, in that case... I vote you should be doing more than existing. Grinding yourself down forsoomeday. There’s more to life than school and work, you know?” Riley must have a magic wand—or a fairy godmother—that I don’t.

“Some of us have to pay our own bills.” The pair of them have a six-pack of billionaires between them.

Must be nice.

Before either of them can rightfully slap me down for being catty, I raise my hands. Palms out, I melt. “I’m sorry. Truly. I’m happy for you both that you’ve found happily ever afters. It’s just that you might not have the clearest perspective on regular life anymore.”

“Eh. It’s not like that’s untrue.” Riley hugs me tight. “No offense taken. And I’m sorry too. For pushing. I just wish there was something we could do to lighten your load. I’m not sure how since you’re too stubborn to let us pay for some of your tuition or living expenses.”

“I’ve told you a thousand times—I’m not here for handouts.” I retreat a few steps as if they’re going to shove cash down my throat. That’s not why I like hanging out with them.

“I have an idea,” Gunner says from over my shoulder. When had he joined us? How much had he heard? Kane and Fitch are wandering in right behind him as usual. “A proposal, if you prefer.”

Crap. How much did they hear?

I really don't need my bosses thinking I can't handle my shifts. Or my obligations.

I can't lose this job. It's cushy. Pays great considering it's part-time.

Even has health insurance and a 401K with employer match.

They take good care of me, even if they don't realize it since they're used to having so much more than the average.

Riley fans herself as her men surround her. Kane wraps her tight in his arms while Fitch leans over him to plant a kiss on her cheek. I'm sure they'd do a lot more than that if Melody and I weren't in the room.

Sure, a few fat stacks might make some things in my life easier. But truth be told, I'm way more jealous of my friends' relationships than all the brokerage accounts they have combined.

“So...” Gunner settles onto the wingback chair behind his desk. “I have this thing that came up. Some guys asked me to recruit someone for them. You'd be perfect for this opportunity.”

“Not that I'm not grateful. Of course I am, thank you. But I don't have time for another job.” Even though I could use the cash, how could I fit it into my schedule? There's nothing left to cut.

“It’s a one-time thing. A weekend gig.” Gunner’s eyes twinkle dangerously. “Hell, I’ll even give you paid leave from our club if you want to do it. Double dip on me.”

“Tripledip,” Fitch mumbles, and Kane snorts.

“Uh-oh.” Riley looks from her man to me and back. “I know that look. What are you up to?”

I’m glad she’s calling him on his not-so-subtle manipulation. I would like to do it myself, but he’s still my superior even if he is pretty cool most of the time.

This position is a building block for my future.

I won’t risk that for anything.

Flushing all my hard work down the drain isn’t an option.

“Like I said, helping out some friends...including Doc Poppy.” He twirls a gold pen around his fingers and over his knuckles.

A blush heats my cheeks. “How many times have I told you guys? I’m only a paramedic.”

“You’re our doc.” Fitch ruffles my hair. When there aren’t club guests around, he treats me like his kid sister. It’s lovely for the most part. Right now, not so much.

Kane chuckles.

Ugh. I hate when they know me a little too well. I’m curious by nature.

And now I have to know what’s on offer.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

“What makes you think I’m a good fit for...whatever this is?” I tip my head.

“You need to relax. You’re chill with Riley and Melody, which means you know what we’re about—the kind of relationships we have—and you haven’t run away yet. You could use someone to make your life easier. Plus, you’re impulsive as fuck.” Gunner taps his pen against his lips. “Yes, you’re perfect.”

“Impulsive?” Should I be offended by that?

“Yeah. For sure. You took the role here without asking nearly enough questions.” Kane frowns. “Hell, I bet Fitch that an innocent girl like you would bail on your first shift.”

“I’m not a quitter.” I laugh. “Besides, I’m open-minded enough to see that no one is here against their will. They’re all getting plenty out of participating in the activities. Nothing to be afraid of.”

Okay, it had been shocking at first.

Not exactly your ordinary workplace.

Moans flood the hallways, echo around the shared spaces, and seep out from beneath the doors to private rooms every night. It’s something that haunts what little shuteye I do manage to get between formal lessons in anatomy, which have nothing on the things I’ve learned in this job.

Everyone else seems to be able to tap into their passionate side.

Melody. Riley. My bosses. All the guests at the club...

Everyone but me.

I've never had any hands-on experience. It must be tattooed on my forehead or something.

"And anyway, how did you know I'm a virgin?" I narrow my eyes at him.

"I didn't for sure, until you just confirmed it." Kane's grin is wicked. He looks to Gunner and nods once, dislodging a few strands of his onyx hair so they tumble over his forehead. "You're right. She's the one they want."

Gunner sets the fancy pen on his opulent desk, handcrafted from exotic wood. The surface is polished so I can see his reflection as he slides an envelope from the long drawer that hovers above his lap.

It's burgundy, larger than a postcard, and sealed with gold wax.

The circle is filled with two cursive letters: CS.

"What's that?" Melody leans forward for a better look, but Gunner hands the beautiful stationery to me instead.

It's thick and heavier than I expected as it lands in my palm. If I was dramatic, I might think the weight of destiny caused the distinct thud that ripples through my metacarpals.

I rub my thumbs over the fine paper. Black calligraphy swirls across the front side of the envelope. Beautiful and carefully scribed, it reads: Be Our Guest.

“Open it!” Riley is as eager as Mel.

“You’re sure?” I ask Gunner. The desire to rip it open wars with my unwillingness to ruin something so gorgeous and, okay, some apprehension. Whatever I’m holding feels like it could have the power to change everything.

Am I ready for that?

“Absolutely.” He wiggles his fingers at the envelope. “Go ahead. It’s for you.”

Maybe Kane’s right. My better sense doesn’t stand a chance. Wax crumbles beneath the pressure of one of my neat oval nails.

A trifold of fancy embossed cardstock tempts me to lift the flaps. The creamy vellum inside lends the script dancing across it a sacred quality. “We cordially invite you to join us at Club Sin: Seattle for a weekend you’ll never forget.”

A matte photograph peeks through from behind the translucent sheet. It features an elaborate black door with the number 111 centered on it in gold.

Behind the formal invitation is a stack of pages on Club Sin letterhead. These are typed in tiny font, lines all jammed together on the smaller-than-standard pages. Words pour over the sheaves in a tight stream of text I have no hope of focusing on with my bleary vision.

“What’s this?” I wonder aloud.

“A contract,” Fitch answers.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

“I don’t understand.” I glance up at Gunner. “Is this sin place something like your club?”

“Yes.” He nods. “In a way. Here we have open play areas and private rooms for whatever their owners choose to do inside with anyone who joins them consensually. Club Sin is known for delivering people’s fantasies. Each room provides an opportunity for a different experience.”

“What’s room 111 for?” Riley seems as fascinated as I am about it. “Maybe we should go check it out.”

Kane bristles. “Your perfect ass is staying right here with us.”

She rolls her eyes but pats his puffed-up chest. “Down, boy, I meant with you of course.”

“This room is booked by people with particular tastes. For the weekend in question, by three men in particular who are looking for the right woman to join them.” Gunner clears his throat. What the hell could a sex club owner be uncomfortable saying to me in front of his fiancée and another woman who lives the same lifestyle as them?

His dancing around the truth probably should be a warning.

Still, my mind is stuck on the part about three men.

My boss is willing to pay me to go away with a trio of guys who can afford something like this, who want to spoil me and give me a break from work? I’m not

seeing the downside.

“They’re looking for a virgin, for starters,” Gunner admits.

“Oh yeah, we’re out.” Melody and Riley crack up as they shrug at each other, sporting matching grins.

So all I have to do is let them punch my V-card in exchange for a wild weekend? After hearing all about Melody and Riley’s first times I’d be dumb not to say yes. “Count me in.”

“Poppy.” Fitch scrubs his hands over his face.

“What?” I shrug. “I get the idea. Fancy-ass building, big-city lights, rich men willing to pay to get off on their kink of being the only person—people—to have possessed some young woman’s body. An all-expenses-paid luxury vacation with three partners who will honor and value sharing my first time.”

Pivoting, I turn to face Melody and Riley. “I should do it, right?”

“You trust these guys?” Riley asks Gunner.

“I wouldn’t have brought it up if I didn’t.” His frown makes me glad she asked so I didn’t have to.

I can’t afford to offend my boss, especially when he’s a man as powerful and influential as Gunner.

“Club Sin vets their members, same as we do. Plus we’ve run in the same circles as these guys for years. They know what they’re doing,” Kane adds.

Melody cuts the tension. “That means they’re going to treat you well, Poppy. In bed and out of it. Show you a good time. Make sure you’re so tired each night that you can’t help but rest. I vote yes. Go for it, girl.”

“Um, so... What do I wear?” I don’t think scrubs are going to cut it. Women at Gunner’s usually go one of three ways—stunning cocktail dresses, lingerie, or bare-ass naked.

I’ve only got a budget for the last option, and there’s no way I’m bold enough for that with strangers who aren’t medical professionals like me in some impersonal exam room.

A grin spreads slowly over Kane’s lips, his dark smile wicked. “If you decide to do it, Melody and Riley can help you with that. Their treat. By them, I mean the three guys you’ll be meeting, of course. They can afford it.”

“Take an extra day for shopping and prep.” Fitch nods. “Riley, will you book spa treatments? Go all out.”

“You don’t have to ask me twice.” She turns and high-fives Melody. “Girl day!”

“What have I gotten myself into?” I mutter.

“You really should read the fine print before you commit to things.” Fitch shakes his head, concern pinching the corners of his lips. “Maybe then you’d realize?—”

“Let it be.” Gunner cuts him off.

“Does it matter?” I shrug. “Riley and Melody are right. I need a break. I want to see how the other half lives. And I’m going to enjoy the heck out of being pampered for a bit. So...I accept. Thank you.”

“The pleasure will be all theirs.” Kane grins and shares a knowing stare with Gunner and Fitch.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

Goosebumps dot my arms.

“We’ll take you home.” Fitch rests one hand on my upper arm and rubs. Gentleman he is, he offers me his suit jacket. “You’re too tired to drive. Riley can text you details once she reserves everything.”

“That’s perfect.” Riley loops her arms around Kane’s neck and waits for him to scoop her up.

She wraps her legs around his waist then waits for him to kiss the shit out of her. “I love that you take care of my friends.”

“What about me?” Gunner pouts as only a billionaire spoiled by the young soon-to-be wife he shares with his partners can manage. “It was my idea.”

“Poppy...” Fitch draws my attention to him. “Please, take the invite home. Give Gunner your official answer tomorrow night after you’ve gone over the entire contract.”

“Sure, okay. I’ll read it.”

Except I didn’t. I had far too much homework to get around to it.

Fine, that’s a convenient excuse. I couldn’t risk something dissuading me because I’m not about to reject a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to unwind on three billionaires’ dime while still getting paid at my job and finally finding out what it’s like to have someone spoil me—in bed and out of it.

If that makes me impulsive, so be it.

CHAPTER 2

Poppy

It's beautiful here.

Or I'm easily impressed. After growing up in Vegas, a city like Seattle seems so...genuine.

Striking without relying on gimmicks or too much flash.

Then again, everything seems special after a ride on my bosses' private jet and the limo waiting on the tarmac to shuttle me to the Centennial, a forty-two-story building where Club Sin occupies the top six floors. I'm being put up for the weekend in a condo in the same building and have arrived a few hours before my assignment starts this evening to settle in.

My eyes are drawn to the Space Needle as the limo winds from the airport to downtown. It's familiar yet different as I'm assuming Club Sin will be too.

Soon enough we're pulling up to a steel and glass tower. The car has barely rolled to a stop when a valet opens my door and offers his hand to help me out. "Ma'am."

In this summer dress that Riley and Melody picked out, he doesn't mistake me for help the way most people do when I'm walking around in scrubs.

My uniform does have the benefit of making me feel invisible sometimes. Right now, it seems like everyone is looking at me. Hopefully, it's not obvious that I don't belong.

“Welcome.” He smiles as he rounds to the trunk and takes my brand-new suitcase full of brand-new stuff Riley and Melody loaded it up with from the driver. He lifts it as if it weighs nothing and stacks it on a luggage trolley. “Let me show you to the front desk, Ms. Daily. Then we’ll bring your bag right up to you.”

They know who I am?

Keep cool. This is fine.

It’s odd to let go of the fancy belongings I just got. Everything I have for the weekend. But I guess that’s how rich people do things. Without concern for stuff you can easily replace if it’s lost or stolen.

So I follow him through the huge gold revolving door and to the marble counter where several people are prepared to assist visitors however they can. It’s a far cry from searching high and low for a customer support phone number on a website without luck.

I’m never waited on like this.

I could get used to it. Best if I don’t, though.

The lobby is gorgeous. At least from what I glimpse in my peripheral vision. I refuse to gawk at the gilded mirrors, potted palms, and architectural details that include two curved ramps leading up to a sitting area removed from the street.

The doorman introduces me to a woman behind the counter by name. She types away, her manicured nails clicking on the keyboard, before retrieving a metal keycard from a drawer. No plastic disposables for this place.

Politely, I look away from one of the bellman’s young, hyper-fit assistants who seems

to be struggling with the wheel of the luggage cart or maybe a bump in the burgundy rug beneath it as he tows it up to the main lobby level.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

The woman assisting me finishes whatever she has to do in the reservation system. She's explaining the layout of the building—from the bank of elevators at the top of the ramps to the lounge area where I'll enter Club Sin—and how to access the reserved floors with my shiny new card when someone shouts, "Look out!"

I spin around in time to see the fully loaded bellman's cart careening down the ramp, picking up speed as it heads straight for me.

The woman at the counter gasps and ducks for shelter behind the desk.

There's nowhere for me to go and not enough time to evade the runaway trolley.

My vision tunnels on impending disaster. Smooshed before I've even gotten to second base, never mind made love. Figures.

I knew it was too good to be true.

So I don't see my savior coming.

His arms wrap around me as he tackles me, diving to the side, carrying me with him as if we're in a game of football I didn't know I was playing.

In mid-air, he's spinning, positioning himself between me and the oncoming danger.

By the time the out-of-control cart whizzes behind us, only his calf and one foot are left in the path of the heavy battering ram that would have obliterated me otherwise.

His leg takes the brunt of the force from the cart, diverting it off course.

Turning sideways, it topples. Luggage spills around us.

The stranger shelters me as it rains down. He grunts—and in the background another man curses—as the handle of a suitcase clips my savior's cheek.

Dazed, it takes a few seconds to realize I can't speak because I got the wind knocked out of me.

Two other men in suits start digging a trench through the wreckage. One of them barks, "Son of a bitch, that was close."

No kidding. The memory of the breeze rustling my hair as the trolley zipped past sends shivers up my spine.

When we're they reach us, the older of the two crouches by our sides. "Get up, Aiden. You're smothering that poor girl."

Was he? Maybe, but I don't mind.

The guys help him sit up and lift his weight off me.

Too bad. He was so warm, and he made me feel so safe.

"You okay?" my rescuer asks in a gravelly voice. Is it always that rough or is he shaken up too?

My lungs fill in a whoosh. It takes a few gasps before I can speak again.

By then all three of them are edging in closer, concern spreading across their faces.

“Yes. Thanks,” I murmur as I blink up at him. “Will be in a minute.”

Only then do I realize two things.

First, my savior is handsome as hell.

Second, he’s bleeding.

CHAPTER 3

Carter

A text vibrates my phone in the pocket of my favorite suit. I take it out and check the screen.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

Gunner

She's pulling up now. Take damn good care of her. I hope I don't need to remind you she's my employee and one of my girl's best friends.

No pressure.

Carter

I know how to handle one tiny young woman.

I turn to Aiden and Knox. They're kicked back on the couch of our condo just below the Club Sin floors discussing the new market expansion we've been working on for months.

They look relaxed, but none of us is.

Not when so much is riding on this weekend. The chance to live out our greatest fantasy, and maybe more. The stakes are about to be far higher in our bedroom than in our boardroom. For once.

"Our beauty is here. Want to check her out?" I haven't finished asking before they're at my side.

"A little reconnaissance mission never hurt." Aiden shrugs as if he's not wound as tight as I am.

Hell, even Knox's jaw is clenched, and he's never uptight about anything.

That's my job.

"You think there's any way she's as hot as those photos Gunner sent over?" He's got a one-track mind. "They must have been filtered, right?"

"Let's find out." Without another word, we're heading toward the elevator then being whisked to the lobby in seconds flat. "Remember, she doesn't know who we are yet. And she's not ours until the meet and greet tonight. Look. Don't touch. Don't talk. Don't make eye contact. Nothing."

"You and that damn contract," Knox grumbles. He hits the lobby button three more times as if that will make the elevator sink faster.

It was the only way I'd agree to try this out.

The only way I can guarantee we don't get burned.

To write the rules and make sure everyone—Aiden and Knox especially—follow them to the letter. I would lecture them about it again, except the doors slide open and there she is.

My gaze locks on her from the moment she enters my line of sight, even though she's across the cavernous room and the equivalent of one floor down.

Maybe it's because I know what's ahead this weekend, but I feel something—deep inside—that I never have before. Not with any woman, or even Aiden and Knox.

It's like something clicks into place and locks there.

A bone-deep certainty that this woman is ours.

And not only because of the legal documents she signed.

Knox runs into my back when I stop dead.

But Aiden, he shoves me. Hard.

“The fuck?” I glance over my shoulder at him. Instead of lust or the possession gripping me, his eyes are wide and his mouth is twisted in horror.

He bolts past me, knocking me off balance. By the time I right myself, I see why.

“Look out!” Knox bellows as Aiden risks breaking his own neck. He’s leaping down the decorative boulders of the ten-foot fountain in front of us—the most direct route to our soon-to-be lover—instead of taking the curving ramps from the elevated main lobby to the street-level reception desk.

Aiden’s trying to cut off the luggage cart that’s barreling, unchecked, toward our beauty.

“Oh shit!” Knox and I are off too, though not as fast as Aiden.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

We sprint along the path, no chance to intercept the cart or do more than observe the tragedy as it unfolds.

Poppy is caught. Directly between the oncoming trolley and the solid counter.

“I can’t look.” Knox sounds like he did that night a baby deer nearly trotted into the side of our Maybach. We’d only realized the fawn was safe when we confirmed it in the rearview mirror.

Spinning around, Poppy spots the impending disaster.

Too late to sidestep.

Just then, Aiden leaps, flying across more space than I would have imagined possible despite his dedication in the gym and his obsession with CrossFit and rock climbing.

Now I have two things to worry about. Two people.

One that I love and one that I was about to fuck.

That’s got to be the reason my guts are cramping over a woman I’ve never even met.

Aiden pulls off some action-movie maneuver, spinning in mid-air to shelter Poppy from both the cart and the fall. He bundles her in his arms then lands on top of her as the cart tips and luggage explodes all around them.

Knox and I race to their sides, flinging suitcases in every direction as we unbury

them.

Aiden groans as we reach him.

“Son of a bitch, that was close.” Knox clutches his chest.

If Aiden’s banged up, our beauty must be flattened. “Get up, Aiden. You’re smothering that poor girl.”

Knox assists, carefully rolling Aiden off her.

She’s splayed on the ground, clutching her chest. No sound or breath comes out. Son of a bitch!

“You okay?” Aiden rasps, his voice sounding uncomfortably like when he’s just had an epic orgasm. Spent. Exerted. Lost to the aftereffects of adrenaline.

Still Poppy doesn’t respond.

My heart stutters.

Until she takes great gulps of air that have her chest heaving in the sweetheart neckline of her pretty dress. Gunner told me he was sending me the bill for it, and I don’t give a damn. Whatever it cost, it was worth it. I’ll send her a whole closet of them.

Please, beauty, be alright.

“Yes. Thanks.” She blinks up at Aiden with so much gratitude, my jealous side rears its head. That pretty much never happens. At least not with women; we share those all the time. “Will be in a minute.”

I crouch to incline her shoulders, tucking her between my legs and against my chest as I rub her back. It takes a while, but eventually, her wheezes even out and her entire body goes limp against me.

The same way fleeing prey triggers a predator, her pliant form gives me ideas I need to reserve for much, much later tonight.

So much for keeping our distance.

Gunner barely finished telling me to keep her safe and we've already had a near miss.

We need to keep our eyes on her.

"Oh no. Your cheek." She traces a gentle arc about an inch above a cut on Aiden's face, studying the gash.

"Just a scratch." He winces as a drop of blood spills onto his custom-tailored shirt.

"No, it's a laceration." Poppy scans the luggage around us then points to a suitcase, which managed to land somewhat near the top of the heap. "If someone will hand me my bag, I can stitch you up. I'm a paramedic."

Page 9

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

“Like with a needle?” Aiden goes nearly as pale as he was when he saw her about to get run over.

“Sir, would you like us to call an ambulance?” The woman behind the desk clings to the now-cracked marble as if her legs are barely sufficient to hold her up.

“Not necessary.” He waves her off.

Or would if we weren’t there to insist he’s looked after.

I take care of what’s mine, including him. And Knox. And now our beauty.

Except Poppy beats me to it.

“It’s not required if you let me check you out instead. Make sure you don’t have any signs of a concussion. And, yes, sew up that gash. It’ll only take a few sutures.” She surprises me by flirting with him. “You wouldn’t want to scar that pretty face, would you?”

It’s exactly the right approach to take with Aiden’s soft heart.

“You think I’m handsome?” His grin is lopsided. It also turns into a wince when the movement tugs on the ragged edges of his wound.

Knox is staring at me. Although he’s not saying a damn word out loud, I can read his expression clearly enough. Take the opportunity. Bring her home.

It wasn't supposed to go this way. Still, I relent. "Knox, grab her stuff. Let's take this upstairs."

"Oh. You're staying here too? I mean, of course you are. What else would you be doing in the lobby?" Her eyes widen, but she doesn't object. She certainly doesn't admit she knows there's an exclusive sex club at the pinnacle of this high-rise. The curiosity shining in her warm eyes tells me she's wondering if we know about it.

Hell, we're founding members.

"Actually, we own a condo upstairs." It's not a lie. I don't mention it takes up the entire thirty-sixth floor. We stay there when we're going to be playing at the club or attending their private galas or the stage shows they sometimes put on.

"I'm not about to let you fuss over me here and draw even more attention." Aiden shrugs. "If you want to patch me up, you'll have to do it in private."

He wants her in our clutches as much as Knox and I do.

"Right. Fine." Foolish beauty. She should run while she still can.

Instead, she tries to follow Aiden but crashes against my chest once more.

So I rise and take her with me, holding her until she steadies and stands straighter. Though she only comes up to my chest, she seems a lot taller. Her illusion of independence makes me want to sweep her off her feet and coddle her that much more.

Damn, she really could have been injured badly. Or worse.

I refuse to let her out of my sight for one moment longer than I have to. If that means

Aiden has to let her stitch him up, so be it.

“Take one for the team,” I hear Knox rumble beneath his breath.

Aiden groans.

It has nothing to do with the sting in his cheek. That doesn’t stop him from milking it when Poppy dotes on him. “Where does it hurt?”

It’s quick, but I see his gaze flick to his groin. Thankfully, she doesn’t notice.

“I’m more worried about who’s going to checkyouout.” Aiden finger-combs her long, thick auburn waves back into place.

Knox raises his hand. “I volunteer.”

Aiden shoves Knox’s shoulder. It’s not enough to budge the guy.

Help us all, Poppy laughs at the goofball’s dumb joke.

“I’m fine. You kept me from hitting my head or getting flattened by the cart or the bags.” She smiles at Aiden. The urge to bite his neck to remind him who he belongs to, and that we’re going to share this beauty, is overpowering.

Page 10

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

“You were stunned.” Aiden frowns.

“It was just a phrenospasm. You know, from your forearm colliding with my back and your body covering allllll of me.”

“A phreno-what?” Knox wonders before I can press her on how much she seems to have enjoyed Aiden blanketing her.

She blinks at him. “You know, when the solar plexus is impacted, causing your diaphragm to be temporarily paralyzed.”

How can she know so much more about bodies than we do and yet be untouched? Untried?

Knox’s goofy grin at her nerdy smart-talk tells me he’s as willing as I am to be her anatomy lab partner.

“She means she had the wind knocked out of her,” I interpret for them.

“Yeah, that.” Her smile heats me faster than the stone massage Aiden arranged for us earlier.

Impatient, I scoop her into my arms.

“I told you, I’m fine.” She makes a halfhearted effort to squirm free.

“Let’s be sure you don’t get dizzy or anything.” My excuse is so obvious even Aiden

shoots me half an eye roll. Usually, dramatic is Knox's thing.

"Uh, okay." Poppy settles her arms around my neck.

Can she feel my heart pounding against her chest?

I march to the elevators, glaring at the bellboy who's rushing to clean up the mess. "I'm so sorry, sirs. It was overloaded. Too heavy. The wheel snagged on the rug and when I yanked, it broke free."

"Your manager can deal with our lawyers to make sure nothing like this happens again." Especially not if Poppy is going to be walking around the place.

We don't stop, striding past, the only important thing clasped tight in my arms.

As we get inside the elevator and turn around, I notice Aiden's face is starting to really bleed.

Poppy knows what she's talking about. I'm glad she'll be able to fix him up.

"There's a handkerchief in my back pocket." I stare at Aiden in the mirrored wall.

A naughty grin spreads over his face as he reaches for it. That little fucker caresses my ass while he takes out the monogrammed square of fine fabric. A shame to ruin it, but I have a dozen more at least.

"Put some pressure on the wound." Poppy is staring.

Knox nabs the cloth from Aiden, wads it up, and presses it to his cheek.

"Son of a—!" The curse is bitten off as Aiden clenches his teeth.

“I have local anesthetic in my kit.” Our beauty is angling for a better view of her patient, but I hold her tight. We’re almost there. “I’ll numb it for you.”

Our floor has limited access. It requires a special keycard that matches the one we had made for Poppy. She has no idea she’s staying in our guest suite.

Following the soft ding and a quick walk down the maroon runner stretched over the center of the parquet mahogany floors, Knox opens the door to one of our places. I’m not sure how many we have around the world, but a landing pad in most of our favorite cities seems reasonable.

At least then we can control the security. Besides, they’re investments.

Knox hands Aiden the handkerchief. A crimson stain blossoms over it despite his efforts.

He carries Poppy’s suitcase instead of wheeling it, making it look as light and miniature as if it belongs to a doll and not our beauty.

After opening the door, he holds it for Aiden and me. As we pass by him, his fingers trail along the long strands of Poppy’s hair, which cascade over my elbow.

Page 11

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

Once inside, she squirms until I set her down. My reluctance to let go of her has more to do with how perfectly she fits in my arms than any real concern. Still, she was knocked around pretty good.

Knox lays her bag on our dining table near the floor-to-ceiling windows that give a birds-eye view of the cityscape.

Refusing to be distracted, Poppy doesn't even glance at the showstopper. Instead, she unzips her hard-shell luggage straight down the middle and splays it open.

If there's a medical kit inside, I don't see it because my vision tunnels on the silk robe and spider web of black satin and lace.

Lingerie? Who bought her that?

Gunner? Fuck that. It better be on my card too.

No one but us will see her in it.

"Carter." Knox is smirking.

"Huh?"

"She asked you to move. Quit casting your shadow on Aiden's face so she can keep him from staining our carpet or end up looking like Frankenstein, huh?" He nudges my shoulder.

I step aside, tearing my gaze from our beauty's underthings.

She's already got her kit open, gloves on, and is ripping the backing off one of those sterilized packages with clear plastic on one side and waxy paper on the other. It has a wadded needle and a bunch of numbers printed in navy on the front.

When she has it precisely set where she wants it on top of something that looks like a puppy pee pad, she picks up a syringe with a needle and draws clear liquid out of a small glass vial. "Let me get a little numbing in there. You won't feel a thing after that."

"Damn." Knox not-so-subtly rearranges his package when she bites the clear plastic cap then yanks it off the needle before spitting it onto the table.

She's oblivious, locked onto her task, operating on autopilot as she stands in the V of Aiden's legs. His knees hug her hips. I can imagine a lot of other scenarios for such an intimate position.

"Take a deep breath for me." Does she have any idea how much she sounds like I will when I'm coaching her through her first time later? "A baby pinch, okay?"

Her finger taps on Aiden's jaw, distracting him from the sting as she inserts the needle.

The fucker doesn't even flinch as he stares, mesmerized, by our beauty.

She's efficient and skilled in her area of expertise.

I can't wait until she steps into ours and the tables turn.

"Fortunately, this split in a way that I can hide the scar in your laugh lines. It's

smooth enough to be fine. You'll never see it when I'm done." It doesn't take her more than five minutes to place the stitches, knot them off, and bandage him up.

"That wasn't so bad, was it?" She beams at Aiden, stopping just short of patting him on the head, tousling his honey-blond hair, and muttering "good boy" like he's an actual golden retriever instead of simply acting like one most times.

With one hand, she grabs the garbage then slides her glove off, wrapping it up in a neat ball surrounded by latex as if she's done it a million times before.

Knox collects the wad from her and tosses it in the trash.

"Well, uh, thanks again for saving me." She stuffs her kit into her suitcase and zips it up, ignoring the fact that we've all seen her spicy underthings.

And imagined peeling them off of her string by string.

"You don't have to go." Aiden says what we're thinking, except I know better than to give in to temptation.

I glower at him. Knox too, for good measure.

Our beauty edges closer to the door.

"Thank you, but I have plans for tonight. The whole weekend actually." She shakes her head as if she'd forgotten and is reminding herself of what lies ahead. "In fact, I need to get ready."

Page 12

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

“Yes, beauty. We know.” I try not to grin at her for fear of flashing my beastly fangs and scaring her away.

“How?” She looks up at me, startled.

“Poppy, you’re the woman we’re going to breed tonight.”

CHAPTER 4

Poppy

What the heck did he just say?

Maybe I hit my head during the collision after all. “Excuse me?”

“We’re Gunner’s friends. I’m Carter, the guy you stitched up is Aiden, and he’s Knox.” Carter points each of them out. “The men who invited you to Club Sin. You know, the ones you have an arrangement with. Which includes us taking your virginity and filling you full of our come in the hopes that you’ll have our child?”

“Oh.” The dang contract.

Okay, fine. Fitch was right. I should have read it.

But maybe I didn’t want to be dissuaded from taking this wild leap.

Now it’s even worse.

Because I've met my three billionaires, and I'd be willing to let them do just about anything they want in exchange for taking my V-card.

They're magnetizing. Mesmerizing.

And it has nothing to do with the money Gunner made it clear they have to lavish on an inexperienced nursing student who's willing to be theirs for a weekend.

Aiden saved me. Put himself in danger to protect me.

So what If I touched him slightly more than was strictly necessary for healing?

His hair is thick and silky, and his scruff the perfect amount of scratchy on my knuckles.

Besides, the curses Knox uttered under his breath when he thought I couldn't hear and the intensity of Carter's stare on my underwear as I tended to his partner were nearly as intoxicating as the skin-on-skin contact with Aiden.

Now it makes perfect sense why.

They're already lovers. And we were about to be.

Except...as much as I want to let them take me, I can't do that.

Not if they're expecting a baby out of the deal. That's outrageous. Insane.

Too impulsive, even for me.

"Your stuff is here. You're here." Knox waves to the gorgeous condo. "You might as well settle in and make yourself comfortable."

“That’s not part of the agreement.” Carter glares at Knox. “She’s not staying with us.”

He’s right. I’m not.

I snatch the handle of my suitcase and drag it closer to the door.

“Let me help with that,” Aiden offers.

I shake my head. “I can do it myself.”

Page 13

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

“At least let us walk you to your room.” Knox looks to Carter for backup when I edge toward the exit.

“Enjoy your final hours of freedom, beauty.” Carter folds his arms and spreads his legs. “Tonight will be different. Then you’ll be on our turf. Bound by our deal.”

My insides flash from cold to warm and back as if they’re as mixed up as the rest of me.

Is his threat sexy or is it terrifying? Both, I think.

I’m so confused.

I need to go. To escape their influence while I still can.

A weird pang of regret stabs me in the heart. They’re nuts, but I liked them. Would have enjoyed letting them teach me about passion.

Isn’t it wild enough to give my first time to three men? They have to want to knock me up too?

No. Absolutely not.

I’ve worked so hard to put myself through school and pursue my career.

I’m not throwing that all away for a weekend, even if it could be the best one of my life. They’re certain to pamper me and lavish me with riches in addition to giving me

more orgasms than I can count.

It's still not worth it.

"I made a m-mistake." I stumble over my words and my feet as my butt bumps into the door. "I can't do this. I'm sorry."

I lunge for the doorknob, wrench it open, and then bolt.

Racing down the long, long hall, I hear them shouting after me. I sprint, my suitcase banging against the wall and my calf as I fling myself toward the elevator and smash the call button incessantly.

"Please, please, come quickly," I mutter as I whip my head around in search of a stairway sign, though I doubt I could beat them in a race down thirty-something floors without breaking a leg...or my neck.

They're barreling from their condo, reminding me of a pack of wolves hunting a baby bunny.

I'm no match for them.

Forget my bag. I drop it and flee, careening around a corner in the hopes the path leads to a different way out.

It doesn't.

Instead, there's only another locked door. A tall plant with long fronds in an elegant hammered bronze pot sits beside it. Not even I can hide behind something that skimpy.

Carter rounds the corner first.

I'm trapped. With nowhere left to run.

Aiden and Knox follow on his heels, one on either side of him, a few steps behind.

The jerks aren't even breathing hard as they close in on me.

There's a tiny opening between them, or could have been, but something in me hesitates for a fraction of a second. It rebels, wondering what it would be like to be caught by them.

And that's all it takes.

The window closes.

I dive, intending to bowl my way through them.

Knox ensnares my wrist and arrests my forward motion just long enough that Carter latches onto me, winding his arms around my waist like steel bands covered in warm man-flesh.

Page 14

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

Just like when he carried me upstairs, they feel too good strapping me to him.

Though I thrash, he refuses to relent. Aiden and Knox secure my wrists and legs, pinning them so I can't move an inch.

"Get your filthy rich hands off of me. Right now!" I bite someone, I don't even know who, in my desperation to escape.

Instead of wailing, they groan.

What the heck is wrong with them? And why do I like it?

"If you can look me in the eyes right now and tell me you don't want us coming deep in your tight little pussy, one after the other, making you scream with pleasure, I'll let go." Carter is dead calm. Quiet, stern, and immovable in a way that makes me focus on his every word.

When I still and consider what should be an easy denial...it's not.

Spitting rejection in his face would be satisfying. Except, I can't do it.

That's not the part of their plan I object to.

A slow grin spreads across his handsome face. He's older than Aiden and Knox, both of whom have at least five years on me.

Wiser too, I suppose.

Because despite my brain's efforts to convince my mouth to move, I can't bring myself to lie.

"That's right, beauty." He slides one hand up to my neck and squeezes lightly. "Settle."

"You ran because you feel it too." Aiden shuffles up behind me, sandwiching me between them. "This connection. Our chemistry. It's intense. It's okay to be frightened. You don't need to be, though. We're going to take care of you."

"No, I ran because I had no idea you expected...you know. That thing Carter said. Breeding." Okay, fine, maybe there's more than one reason. But that's the most important of them.

"I can't believe Gunner let you sign our papers without reading them." Carter's eyes grow stormy, and his fingers tense on my throat.

Crap, I can't have him causing a problem with my boss! "He told me to. So did Fitch."

"But you didn't listen?" Knox groans. "I finally understand how annoyed these two are with me when I do something reckless."

"I should put you over my knee," Carter growls. "Maybe I still will. But first, you're going to go in your room and read that damn contract. Every. Single. Word."

"I am?" I blink up at him when he slowly releases me, letting me slide down his entire front.

"She is?" Knox stares at Carter like he's lost it.

“Yes, you are.” Carter dips his hand into the pocket of my dress. He caresses my hip as he retrieves my keycard. My knees go weak, but Aiden is still behind me, ready to hold me up when I need his support.

Carter taps the metal rectangle on the reader of the door in front of us then swings it open.

That’s my room?

“Get in there. You have fifteen minutes to go over every detail and give us your final answer.” He points, the three of them forming an impenetrable wall across the hallway so there’s only one direction to go.

“And if I still say no?” I bite my lip as I glance up at them from beneath my lashes.

“We’ll forget this ever happened and find someone else who says yes.” Carter is cold then, like shutters snapped over his brooding soul.

Knox and Aiden look to each other and gulp.

Do they want me as much as I want them?

Maybe it’s not as bad as Carter made it sound?

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

I should at least find out before I make any rash decisions this time, right?

Clutching the strap of my purse with the invitation, and contract, inside, I turn toward my private space.

“The clock is ticking, beauty.” Carter slaps my ass, making me squeak and sending me into the suite. “You have fourteen minutes and forty-five seconds to make up your mind. We will not wait a moment longer.”

CHAPTER 5

Poppy

Holy crap!

I rest my shoulders against the door for a solid ten precious seconds.

It takes that long to catch my breath.

My room isn't so different from theirs, done in the same cream and gold accents with warm wood of some variety that doesn't look like anything I've seen at my neighborhood home-improvement store.

As I look around, I realize my room isn't even a room.

It's a suite.

Maybe not as large as what I've seen of the guys', but it's easily twice the size of my apartment. The air conditioning probably even works, unlike mine.

A comfy living room with a sunken sitting area. A tidy bar and kitchenette off to one side.

The door on the opposite end leads to a bedroom with floor-to-ceiling windows that carry through to the bathroom.

Inside, all I see is the freestanding tub. Gleaming white. Oval. It's sleek and unmarred by hardware. I poke a button with a stream of water pictured on it near the edge, and water pours from a gold circle in the ceiling in a perfect laminar flow.

Wow.

Look, I'm from Vegas. I've heard of this stuff, seen some of it at Gunner's club.

My boss promised I'd be spoiled if I did this. I'm starting to think I've underestimated exactly what that means in billionaire-speak.

For sure, I know it includes spreading my legs for the trio of men I just met. That doesn't scare me. In fact, I'm excited about that part.

Being near them, between them, caused my heart to race faster than the oncoming luggage cart. Sharing my first time with them will be a dream come true.

But what else are they expecting?

The plum leather crossbody Melody insisted I buy on my billionaires' card is soft. I stroke the strap before plunging my hand inside. It's easy to fish the invitation from its depths. I've looked at it a hundred times in the past week. Enough to dull the sharp

corners of the thick envelope.

This time I actually remove the contract tucked behind the vellum and fancy script.

I turn it over in my hands.

Why haven't I read it?

Is it because I've been too busy? Sure, I had exams this week, plus night shifts, and even squeezed in a few hours of drooling over wedding dresses with Riley and Melody. Then, the spa day and shopping spree they took me on to get ready for tonight.

Or is it because I'm as impulsive as Gunner accused?

If I'm being honest, I haven't looked because I didn't want anything to deter me from taking the damn break I desperately need. A luxurious weekend of being babied, plus having someone finally rid me of my pesky V-card.

Threesomeones.

Who know what they're doing.

Page 16

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

Who wouldn't have signed up for that?

So what have I gotten myself into?

I unfold the document, sliding onto a chaise lounge piled with pillows. I imagine this is what it feels like to sit on a cloud.

The paper starts to wave in my hands, which tremble harder the more I read. Most of it is a blur of legalese, but some phrases stand out:

Willingly submit to all forms of sexual contact with each of the three men.

Right, check.

In room 111 of Club Sin, reserved for breeding fantasies.

What does that even mean exactly? Keep reading...

Without condoms or barriers of any kind.

Um, that sounds dangerous.

Requisite health screening attached.

A scan-through shows their lab work is in order and notarized. Okay, never mind.

Will exchange bodily fluids.

Same as above.

Undersigned relinquishes all rights to any child resulting from the weekend to the offering parties with assurance that all prenatal and gestational needs will be fully provided for if conception occurs.

Good grief, there's the doozy.

What. The?—

Are they looking for a virgin to triple-team or a surrogate?

Their stipulations would freak me out. Except there's a loophole.

I'm on birth control.

No condoms or barriers required to keep me safe from becoming a billionaire's broodmare.

My IUD hasn't been in for very long, but I'm covered.

What kind of nurse would I be if I didn't take my own sexual health seriously? The moment I realized working at Gunner's was making me curious, I had that taken care of. Just in case.

See, not so impulsive now, am I?

Besides, the whole getting knocked-up thing is definitely described as an IF. Probably required by the club's lawyers in the event there's an oopsie situation. Otherwise, what woman would agree to be used like this?

All of this is moot.

Oh, thank heavens.

Maybe if the rest of the weekend goes to plan, they won't tell Gunner that I almost screwed everything up. I won't have to worry about forfeiting this weekend away, the experience they can give me, or the sweet gig at Gunner's club that pays my tuition and bills.

My head falls back onto the armrest of the chaise as my entire body goes limp and relaxes.

There's a tap at the door. Knox calls softly, "Your luggage, beauty."

Page 17

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

I rise and jog in that direction. There isn't much time remaining if I'm going to pull this off. My hand shoots out and collects it without giving him even a glimpse of my expression.

Let them suffer. Wonder, like I did, if all of this was for nothing.

I'm glad to be the virgin they're hunting.

So what if they get off on filling me up and making a mess of me?

It sounds like fun, and no one's going to get hurt—at least not me—because I'm not going to be the woman to provide an heir for their empire. The contract said no barriers. Condoms. That's what they're talking about. With the certified test results they provided, I have no issue with that.

A grin breaks out across my face as the memory of their attention and their hands on me rushes in to replace my concern.

Now that I've met them, I have something to look forward to.

I'm so glad Riley and Melody talked me into the wicked black dress and matching fancy satin and lace underwear to go with it. The outfit cost more than a month of my rent. Even if Carter, Knox, and Aiden shred it to get at me, I suspect they'll still think it was worth it.

My gut didn't steer me wrong when I took the job at Gunner's, and it's still on its winning streak.

Who's afraid of a big scary breeding contract schmontract?

Not this girl.

Whatever they think they're getting out of this weekend, I'm going to take more.

This is for me.

CHAPTER 6

Knox

My ass is numb.

It went past the tingly stage five minutes ago.

Still, I don't mind being on guard duty.

I'm not sure I'll ever get the image of that luggage cart racing toward our beauty out of my mind. Unless it's replaced by all the things we're about to do to her this weekend.

Do not think about stuffing her full of your cock and your come. Stretching her unused cunt and sliding through the slickness Aiden and Carter leave behind.

I wouldn't want to blow in my pants before we show her what we've got planned to make her night—and the rest of our weekend—special.

I refuse to consider that she might not agree to attend the meet and greet we've set up at Club Sin. Or the rest of the wild adventure we planned for the next forty-eight hours.

Poppy won't go back on a done deal.

Will she?

I don't have much riding on this, aside from wanting her. Not like Aiden and the empty spot in his soul he is dying to fill with a family. Or Carter and his desire for an heir to our fortune.

It sounded like fun. That's enough for me.

But now that I've met her...

Everything has changed.

I need her.

It's pretty dumb to be sitting on the floor outside the backdoor of our own apartment, which occupies this entire floor. Except she has no idea that her guest suite connects to our main living area behind a movable bookcase.

Page 18

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

None of us is taking any chances that something else goes haywire or that she sneaks past us somehow before we can bury ourselves in her sweet pussy and wreck ourselves in the process.

Please, please don't say no.

I'm losing my mind here by myself. Sure, this was just a good time for me.

Some nasty kink we haven't explored yet, unlike most others.

Suddenly, it's more than that.

Because, from the moment I spotted her, I wanted Poppy unlike anything—or anyone—I can remember.

Carter and Aiden return, wearing tuxes.

In the time it takes them to walk to my outpost, Carter checks his custom-made gold watch—which Aiden and I got him for his thirty-fifth birthday—no less than ten times. “She's got three minutes and seven seconds left.”

“What are we going to do then?” Aiden sighs. “Break down the door and force ourselves on her? Come on, Carter. Even you're not about to take things that far.”

“Are you?” I'm not so sure. She signed his deal.

This beauty has us all out of sorts.

And hornier than usual.

Luckily, we don't need to find out. I'm shocked when the handle in front of me turns. Especially without hearing the chain coming off the door first.

Poppy didn't even lock us out? Our beauty needs to learn to take better care of herself.

Better yet, to let us do it for her.

If I'd bet on her to slink out of the suite with her hackles up or jump as high as a kitten startled by the vacuum when we turned our focus on her in unison, I'd have lost.

A sky-high stiletto pokes through the gap first, followed by a porcelain leg encased in fine black stockings that must connect to those garters I spied in her suitcase earlier. My gaze travels up her thigh. Way up. To the short, tight skirt of a killer, off-the-shoulder dress.

She's still vulnerable enough to hug herself as she slips into the hallway, but her blood-red lipstick, matching nail polish, and the defiant stare she doesn't know better than to fling at Carter tell me everything I need to know.

Fuck yes, I knew it.

She's ours.

CHAPTER 7

Carter

“Ready to go, I see.” I can’t help but smirk at Poppy.

Damn, she’s exactly the right mix of innocent though bold, inexperienced though sassy, soft though strong.

Resistant, though willing.

“Yes, but...”

No buts, not now. Not until we’ve got her in the right frame of mind.

“This is a conversation we should have upstairs. The club has a lounge that’s neutral territory.” I extend my hand to her, though I’d rather scoop her up again. It’s not my right. Not yet.

When she places her fingers in my palm, I squeeze them once before handing her off to Aiden.

Without checking to see if he’s following, because of course he is, I head for the elevators and Club Sin waiting right above us.

Page 19

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

In the reflection of the shiny doors, I study Aiden following behind me with Poppy on his arm and Knox staring at both of their asses as he brings up the rear.

The fucker winks at me as if this is a game and not the most important negotiation of our lives.

When the elevator stops at our floor, we get in for the short ride to the club.

We're spit out into a lobby that screams wealth and exclusivity. High ceilings. Crystal accents. Upholstered stools surrounding an illuminated bar. A smattering of tables for discussions like the one we're about to have before we get down to business.

The bartender salutes at us as we take a table. Aiden pulls out Poppy's chair and tucks her in after Knox helps her get situated since she's limited by her high heels and tight dress.

Not exactly an outfit for running away.

"Will you abide by the contract?" I get right to the point.

"Yes." She nods solemnly enough for me to believe she's serious.

But I'm not taking any more chances. "And you read it?"

"Yes."

“All of it?”

“Yes.”

It takes everything in me not to correct her and compel her to respond yes, sir instead.

“Repeat it back to me.” I steeple my fingers.

“I didn’t memorize the thing.” She rolls her eyes at me, making my palms itch to spank her. “Give me a highlighter and a few more hours if that’s important to you. I’m used to cramming for exams.”

“Give him the CliffsNotes.” Aiden knocks his knee into mine beneath the table.

She holds up her hands and ticks off the salient points on her fingers. “We’re going to room 111. It’s for people with breeding fantasies. You’re all going to have your way with me including...ahem...finishing in me.”

“Damn straight we are.” Knox leans in as if he’s going to lick her like the world’s sweetest lollipop.

“What else?” I force her to say the words, out loud, in public—albeit amongst a crowd that wouldn’t blink at a damn thing we’re about to do.

“No condoms allowed. Everyone’s been screened.” Her gaze darts around as if checking to see if anyone else can hear. Her cheeks turn a rosy pink that calls her lipstick a liar. She’s no vixen.

She’s playing dress-up as a woman who has wild affairs every day when she’s never done it at all.

“That’s right.” I smile at her even if it’s wolfish.

“What happens if you get pregnant?” Aiden interrupts, shredding the cocktail napkin at his place as he waits for her response.

“You’d take care of me then the baby. Raise it as your own.” She glosses over those terms as if they’re insignificant.

A lifelong promise isn’t the sort we make often.

To Aiden, nothing could be more serious. “I swear to you, Poppy. We’ll be the best fathers a child could ever hope for.”

She blinks up at him as if entranced by his earnest and sincere vow.

I wonder if he’s realized how slim the chances of success are with only a single weekend for our attempt. Somehow, the thought of a do-over with Poppy isn’t as horrifying as I would normally consider it.

The only people we sleep with more than once are one another.

It keeps things less...stressful.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

Given our businesses and our three-way relationship, our lives are already complicated enough.

“So we’re doing this?” Knox breaks the spell as if he can’t stand to wait another moment to seal the deal.

Neither can I.

The instant our beauty nods, I raise my hand.

When I make eye contact with the man in the corner, he wastes no time in joining us. He’s wearing a leather apron, complete with slots for various tools and supplies.

Aiden blows out a breath long and deep enough to ruffle his hair. Pure relief.

“Poppy, this is the Club Sin jeweler.” I mean, technically, he’s a welder but now’s not the time to get pedantic. “We’d like to give you a reminder of our time together before we start. A token of our commitment.”

“That’s not necessary.” She tries to wave him away.

“It is,” I insist. “He specializes in permanent jewelry. No clasps.”

“Then how do you take it off?” She tips her head.

“You don’t.” Aiden seems to be in tune with me. No surprise, the three of us often are. “We’ll always be your firsts.”

The welder shows her a fine golden chain with a tiny charm that has 111 stamped into it. Aiden picked that, of course. For the room number, and to represent the three of us. He's deeply sentimental, something I probably don't appreciate enough.

Poppy seems to, though.

She softens when she sees it and nods. "That's really sweet."

"You'll wear it?" Knox asks.

"Yes."

Aiden sweeps her hair off her neck so the welder can work.

He slips a piece of leather between the chain and her skin then uses a jump ring to connect the two ends of the necklace, which fits perfectly around her slender throat. He holds one end with a pair of pliers while welding our jewelry around her, never to be removed.

Tonight is going to change all of our lives forever.

She'll no longer be innocent.

We could complete our family with someone to continue our line.

"Enough talking." Knox is getting antsy. I'm shocked he's held back this long.

I stand. "He's right. Let's go."

"Now? Like straight into it?" Poppy fans her face.

She's scared but still, she wants us. There's no way the heat between us is fake.

"We're not about to rush things, beauty. We've gone through quite a lot of trouble to make your first time special." I can fix our rough start.

"You did?" Why is she so surprised? Doesn't she know the value of the gift she's giving us?

"Mostly Aiden," Knox admits.

"Let's not let his effort go to waste." I hold my hand out to her. Without hesitation, she lays hers in mine. "We're going to make this so good for you. And if more comes of it..."

Suddenly, I don't dread that idea as much as I did before.

Page 21

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

Fuck, yes.

Contract or not, there's something here.

Something I want to explore.

A first for her, but also for me. For us.

She and my boys rise as one.

Aiden's extending his elbow again, like the gentleman he is—and I'll never be. Instead of allowing her to take it, I lunge and plant my shoulder in her soft middle.

“What—!” Her startled squeak is cut off as I hoist her over my shoulder.

My hand lands on her ass, splayed to keep her firmly in place even when she squirms.

“My dress, Carter. It's too short.” She gasps. “People will see.”

“Nothing the guests here won't appreciate.” Knox grins.

Suddenly, though, I'm possessive. Like I never have been with anyone but Knox and Aiden. They're mine. We've shared plenty of women for a night before moving on. Happy to let them go to their next affair.

Not this one.

Poppy is ours and ours alone.

“Only we’re going to be looking at you,” I promise her.

Aiden glances at her bottom, which my hand easily spans. He nods. “She’s covered.”

Her feet kick against my abs, bouncing off them. The light impact of her pointy shoes only makes me harder. She might be innocent, but she’s a fighter. This kitten has claws.

And when she surrenders to us, we’ll have earned it.

CHAPTER 8

Aiden

When I made the arrangements for room 111, I had no idea how important they would be. As I take in Poppy’s widening eyes and how she sways against Carter when she melts, I’m so glad that I went overboard.

At least according to Carter.

Knox is all for extremes, especially when it comes to having a good time.

No matter what else happens, I’m certain this weekend is going to be that, at least.

Knox closes and locks the door behind us. We’re not leaving until Poppy’s worn out and overflowing with every drop of pleasure we can give her.

“Do you like it?” I survey the cozy set-up.

A linear modern gas fireplace keeps the space toasty, practically begging us to shed our clothes. The warm glow of its evenly spaced flames is echoed by hundreds of dancing flickers from candles of various sizes and heights set on stands, on mantels, and in lanterns around the room.

Anywhere they won't be a hazard, there are also flowers. Vases overflow with a variety of dahlias in infinite shades of pink, yellow, and orange. Strewn petals dot everything with vivid color.

“What's that?” Poppy points at the floor.

“The fuck nest?” Knox can't help himself. He's been pissing me off by calling it that since I showed him the design.

And once he said it, it stuck, because how else do you describe this?

Page 22

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

The fuck-nest is formed by a luxurious round mattress ringed by a custom-made body pillow and an angled feather-filled topper that gives it a concave shape. The whole contraption is covered by faux rabbit fur. It's thick and soft as fuck.

When I tried it out earlier, lying in the center of the plush bowl gave me a sense of comfort and security that I think Poppy will appreciate. Piles of pillows allow us to adapt our positions and keep everyone from popping a cramp while we're reclining or contorting ourselves into whatever position is necessary to give our beauty whatever she ends up liking best.

"It's where we're going to execute our contract." Carter can try to make this just another business exchange, but he wouldn't have to rely on that for emotional distance if she didn't have him under her spell too.

I glare at him but only when I'm facing a direction Poppy can't spot my scorn. Then I turn back to her and hold out my hand. "Come with me. See how comfy it is."

Before she can move forward, I kneel at her feet.

Carter nods, so I slip her heels off. Several inches shorter, she seems even tinier than she did when in paramedic mode—a lamb in badass clothing.

How the fuck are we going to survive when my cock and balls are already heavy and aching with the need to be wrapped in her?

While I'm down there, I get rid of Knox's and Carter's thousand-dollar shoes too, then toe off my own.

Sensual instrumental music cuts some of the awkward silence that might otherwise occupy the room as I take care of them.

When I rise, Poppy meets my gaze. “This is...incredible.”

Her lips are parted, begging me to kiss them, as she stares in awe at our surroundings.

But I don’t.

Not yet.

Carter hovers between her and Knox and me to make sure we stick to the plan.

Woo first. Fuck second.

Make it last all night.

Keep each other going so we can load our beauty up over and over.

Give her the best first time any woman’s ever had or ever will.

“Bring her.” Carter is first to step into the nest, reclining on the pile of cushions like a sultan waiting to be served by his concubines. Except Poppy is the center of our attention tonight.

Knox takes one of her elbows and I cup the other in my hand. Together we help her into the center of the squishy fuck-nest—fine, now he’s got me calling it that too—and present her to Carter like the offering she is.

The three of us sit in a triangle with Poppy at our center—her knees together and her legs folded to one side—as demure as possible in that sexy-as-fuck dress.

She plucks a flower from one of the pillows and twirls it slowly beneath her nose, brushing the petals against her soft smile as she inhales its fragrance. “How did you know these are my favorite?”

“Melody and Riley helped us out.” Knox beams at her. It was his idea to ask for tips.

“So this isn’t some generic setup?”

“No, we arranged it special for you.” I tuck a wave of hair behind her ear.

That’s when I notice her eyes growing shiny and the tears welling in them. Oh no.

I wrap her in a hug, and she clutches me back as if afraid to let go so I lift her onto my lap and rock her gently, as if I know how to comfort a woman.

Apparently it works, though. She nuzzles my neck. “Thank you. I’m sorry I almost messed it all up.”

“That’s done.” Carter leans toward a gold serving tray on a low stand situated outside the fuck-nest. It holds a bottle of champagne in a bucket of ice and an assortment of fruit, cheese, and chocolate.

He pours four glasses of the finest bubbly, passing them out as Knox swipes a chocolate-covered strawberry from the platter.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

“I’m not old enough to drink.” Poppy shakes her head and doesn’t accept her crystal flute.

How did I forget? She’s eight years my junior. Seven for Aiden. Sixteen for Carter.

Tonight we’re going to help her grow up.

“Besides, Gunner told me never to drink from an open container.” She swallows as if we’ll be angry with her for refusing. “Especially not in circumstances like this. A first date, alone together, it doesn’t seem wise.”

“Good girl.” Carter squeezes her knee. “I’m proud of you for keeping your guard up, even though you don’t need to with us. And for listening to Gunner. He’s seen a lot.”

“So have I. Not too long ago, Melody had something slipped in her drink at Riley’s brother’s bar. They called over to the club and Gunner sent me to check on her. Mel was really messed up.” She doesn’t need to explain, but I’m glad she feels comfortable enough to be open with us. “It scared the crap out of me.”

“I heard about that.” Carter frowns.

“Here.” I take a sip from my glass to prove it’s not spiked then offer it to her. “No pressure. You don’t have to have any if you don’t want. But if you’d like to taste it, take mine.”

“What’s the worst that could happen?” She chuckles. “You’re going to have sex with me anyway.”

“Yes. Yes, we are.” Carter adjusts himself, his cock already straining at the crotch of his tux pants.

Poppy surprises me when she reaches for my drink and downs it in a few quick glugs before sputtering.

Knox cracks up as he taps her back. “I’m going to love this. You’re the sort who doesn’t do anything halfway, aren’t you?”

“Gunner says I’m impulsive.” She pouts as if she doesn’t like to think of herself that way.

“Nothing wrong with going all in once you make up your mind about something.” Carter often does the same with business. Of course he’d respect it.

“In that case, can we get on with this before I get cold feet?” She leans forward and bites the strawberry Knox is holding, her teeth grazing his fingers.

Ah, fuck.

“You’re not going to get cold anything with us around.” He’s not as mindful as me or as cautious as Carter. “Can I unwrap our present?”

Knox has never been the sort to calmly peel the paper off a gift. He shreds it and tosses it over his shoulder in his excitement.

It’s kind of nice to always know what he genuinely feels. Carter poses more of a mystery.

Even now. Even to us.

He doesn't show a lot of emotion...unless we're fucking.

Then his desires are obvious and intoxicating.

"Help him." Carter jerks his chin at our beauty.

"You're not going to?" I'm not an idiot. I get that he can't. That even his iron-clad control has its limits. But I wonder if he's ready to admit that to himself.

"I'm going to enjoy the show." Carter leans back on the mountain of pillows and undoes his belt.

I swear the clink of the metal buckle sets off some kind of Pavlovian response in my crotch.

My dick is hard before he spreads open his fly.

A gasp returns my attention to Poppy. She's staring at Carter's cock, which he's slowly working as he surveys his temporary kingdom and his very willing followers.

"Wouldn't want you to be shy about being the first one naked." He shrugs as he watches Poppy and strokes himself.

"What manners!" Knox snorts.

Page 24

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

I'm not going to lie, the sight of Carter dressed to the nines in his perfectly tailored tuxedo with his cock out is nearly enough to set me off. I have no idea how Poppy resists climbing him right then.

She wriggles against me, needing something she doesn't understand yet.

Soon. She will soon enough.

Carter is an evil genius. His distraction keeps her from freaking out as Knox and I peel every scrap of her clothes from her. It takes a while to unzip her dress.

Longer for us to admire her in the lace and satin lingerie we caught sight of in her things earlier.

Carter's dick speaks for us all when it grows even harder, the first bead of precome appearing at its tip.

"I've never seen one before. For fun, I mean. Outside of books, and class, and patients, you know." Poppy swallows. "They're not usually so...healthy."

Whether she realizes it or not, she licks her lips.

"Can I touch it?" She reaches for Carter, but he dodges.

"Not if you want me to have any restraint left when we get to the main event. I refuse to hurt you."

“Oh.” Even her pout is beautiful. She mutters as if we’re not right there, “I’m not sure I could get my hand around it anyway.”

“Mine’s bigger.” Knox will never let any of us forget it either.

I roll my eyes, making our beauty giggle.

“It’s how you use it that counts.” Carter doesn’t stop stroking himself. “We’ll let Poppy be the judge of who does that best. Finish what you started.”

When Knox would shred her pretty underthings, I stop him. Undoing each of the tiny fasteners and unwinding the delicate straps from her body. Revealing her naked flawlessness bit by bit.

Her breasts are small and perky while her stomach is softly rounded. Imagining it full with our child makes my dick twitch.

It’s obvious she hits the gym. Her legs are shapely and strong for how petite she is.

“There. That’s better.” Carter pats the spot beside him. “Come, lie down while they get naked and then we’ll accustom you to our touch.”

“How?” she asks, though she’s already in motion.

Carter assists her in stretching out on her tummy, her perfect ass on display. He can’t resist a bottom of any sort, and certainly not one as lovely as hers. He rubs it. “Aiden gives the best massages.”

“Mmm...” Her hum is motivation enough to ditch my clothes as fast as humanly possible. Knox is doing the same while Carter—that bastard—unbuttons his cuffs, one at a time.

He drags it out, opening his shirt, stripping for Poppy while giving us the same show.

I reach for him but he shakes his head at me too. “Our beauty needs you.”

Poppy tips her head so she can peek up at Knox and me, admiring our nude bodies as we approach her once more. We kneel, one on each side of her.

Carter finishes removing his shirt before reaching to the back of the gold platter for a bottle of citrus and rosemary-scented oil I hadn’t noticed before. He drizzles it over Poppy. “Rub it in.”

Every inch of her glides beneath my fingers.

“Don’t miss a single spot.” Carter takes care of the rest of his clothes as we do.

It’s addicting, pressing the knotted sinew of her lithe muscles until they unravel beneath the steady pressure of my hands. Tiny mewls escape from her luscious lips.

Helping her relax does something to me, something I think will only be surpassed by giving her even more vivid pleasure in a little while.

I take my time, rubbing and rubbing until her breathing evens out.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

Knox helps, switching out with me from time to time so I can flex my hands and stretch my shoulders. With him assisting me, we can do this—or more vigorous activities—endlessly.

We travel from her dainty feet to her scalp, paying more attention to each area that makes her sigh.

It's probably close to an hour later before Poppy really gets into it. Her muscles have long gone slack. Her inhibitions dissolved beneath our relentless destruction of her resistance.

Now, she whimpers and her breathing begins to speed up.

Carter flashes me a wicked grin.

We've got her.

He knows it too.

“Time for the other side.” His command is stern yet quiet, preserving the sensual hush in the room while giving Poppy the barest bit of warning before Knox and I use her hips and shoulders to roll her.

She blinks up at us, even the diffuse glow from the fireplace and candles a lot of sensory input after having her face tucked into her elbow for so long.

“Hello, beauty.” I smile as I lower down, hovering a fraction of an inch above her lips

as I look to Carter, who nods.

I stare into her gorgeous eyes as I eliminate the space between us one sliver at a time.

Her lips part on a sigh, not a protest.

So I brush mine over them, barely making contact on the first pass. Letting her grow accustomed to the intimate contact.

Poppy gasps as if I crushed my mouth to hers, despite the glancing connection.

She's so sensitive, so ripe for us to devour her.

I feed her my groan when she presses upward, sealing us more tightly together. Kissing is one of my weaknesses. I almost never do it with the women we share, just Carter and Aiden.

They're fierce. Gruff.

Nothing like the sweet beauty gliding back and forth against my slickened lips.

Hell, it could be another hour I spend indulging in this simple pleasure with her. Long enough that our bodies begin to strain toward each other. Grinding and pressing—my thigh between her legs and her breasts against my perspiring chest.

Eventually, Knox cuts in. "My turn."

His eagerness keeps him from being as gentle as I was with her.

Poppy doesn't seem to mind. She moans his name and spears her hands into his hair as he makes out with her.

The entire time, Carter maintains his relentless, slow pumping of his hand over his dick.

If I so much as attempted that, I'd blow all over her instead of saving my seed to plant deep inside her. Son of a bitch. That's not any safer to imagine.

To distract myself, I stroke our beauty again, rubbing up from her feet—their toes now curled into the faux-fur as she feeds her needy noises to Knox.

My hand barely fits between them as I wander upward until I'm poised between her thighs.

“Hold.” Carter's voice is rough.

I don't care if he puts me over his lap for talking back later. It'll be worth it. “Not all of us have your ability to suffer endlessly.”

He shoots me a warning glare that does nothing but rile me further.

“Do you play with toys, beauty?” Carter brushes the backs of his knuckles over her cheek before fisting his hand in Knox's hair and physically separating him from her sweetness.

Page 26

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

“Hmm?” She’s dazed, floating on the desire we’ve stoked in her already.

“We understand you’re a virgin, but do you put anything in this pretty pussy?” I run my hand lightly between her legs, her damp peach fuzz teasing my skin.

She whimpers and arches toward my glancing contact. “Just tampons.”

“Take it slow.” Carter is thinking exactly what I’m thinking, as usual. “Fingers first. And when she’s ready, I’ll take over.”

Fuck her. That’s what he means.

Be the first to possess her. To feel her from the inside out. Her cunt hugging his dick.

For once in the seven years we’ve been together, I’m envious of him.

“Go ahead.” He slaps my ass, spurring me on. “You’re going to kiss her some more while you do it.”

“Why can’t I?” Knox moves aside reluctantly.

“Because I need your mouth for something else.” Carter grimaces when Knox instinctively shifts lower, his face in alignment with our partner’s crotch. “Not that.”

Poppy groans as if she’s disappointed.

“Don’t worry, beauty.” Carter smirks. “You’ll like this better.”

“Doubt it,” she grumbles, making us all laugh.

Not every woman is secure enough, or gets off on, watching us enjoy each other.

“Knox, turn around. Get your knees on either side of her head and your face in that pretty pussy. Eat her while Aiden spreads her open. Get her good and wet for my cock.” He smacks it against his taut, muscled abs.

Our beauty doesn’t protest. Why should she?

Knox’s mouth would win medals, if there were sex Olympics.

He can make me shoot down his throat in record time when he wants.

But most times he likes to play with his food.

Tonight especially.

Everything is slow. Measured. Drawn out and gluttonous.

We’re wallowing in pleasure and enjoying every bit of it as Poppy discovers each new level of rapture.

Knox kisses his way from her collarbones down her middle as I stretch out along her side.

“Give those tits some attention.” Carter grips Knox’s hair again to guide our friend’s mouth where he wants it.

The lucky bastard gets to feel the pressure of Carter’s fist tugging his hair. It’s one of my favorite things of all time.

Tonight, though, I wouldn't trade it for sipping from Poppy's lips. I'm swallowing each of her sighs and gasps as I circle her core and Knox sucks on her breasts.

We're dancing around and around the highlights but drawing ever closer to our targets.

After some amount of time known only to him, Carter smacks Knox's ass. "Keep going."

His groan of regret is echoed by Poppy's around my tongue when he lets her nipple go with a wet pop. It isn't long before his trail of kisses down her center catches the tips of my fingers massaging our beauty's pussy.

"Let him taste her." Carter curses beneath his breath as I feed first one finger and then another to our lover. Knox draws on them, sucking her slickness from my hand.

Page 27

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

“Delicious,” Knox pants before nuzzling her mound.

She arches up beneath us, her hands flying around my back. The ovals of her nails leave dents in my shoulder, and I couldn’t care less. Hell, it feels good.

“Get serious,” Carter barks. “Enough playing.”

I know what he wants. But what about Poppy?

Our stares collide as my fingertip delves into the vestibule of her pretty pussy. It’s right there. Poised on entering.

Eager and rash as always, Knox lunges forward and seals his mouth over Poppy’s clit.

She shrieks and bucks beneath us, the upward motion of her hips finding what she sought.

My finger sinks into her.

Heat sears every inch of me that’s embedded in her velvety flesh.

“Very good.” Carter is there, keeping us on track. Making sure Poppy is okay and that we aren’t rushing her or keeping her in suspense too long.

He directs the action, telling me how fast and how deep to go as Knox licks her sopping folds along with whatever parts of my hand get in the way.

Our beauty's cries escalate as our restraint dissolves.

"She's tightening around me." Is that even my voice? It sounds like I've been eating glass. "Getting wetter too."

Knox hums his approval as he laps up the proof.

"Stop." Carter doesn't often have to tell us things twice. But this time, he not only repeats himself but lifts Knox off Poppy and tosses him to the side, where he bounces on the embankment of the love nest before crawling back to our sides.

"No, no. Please." She's writhing beside me, seeking the pinnacle of our drawn-out seduction even if she doesn't realize that's what she needs.

"It's best if you're as turned on as possible for this, beauty." I dust the now-damp hair from her forehead, murmuring against her lips.

"Am." She's begging with those wide brown eyes of hers. But when she whispers, "Please," all of us are lost.

Carter cages her in. He hovers over her on one straight-locked arm. He holds his dick with the other. It's inches from her center, poised to change her forever. "Are you sure? There's no going back after this."

"He'll stop if you change your mind at any time, but...you know." I'm trying to tell her she'll no longer be a virgin by then.

"Thank God." Poppy moans and reaches for Carter.

The fucker doesn't just crack a smile or curse or bury himself balls-deep.

He chooses right then to laugh, an actual chuckle, though he's not known for levity.

I get it. Elation sweeps through me too.

And not only because we're about to fuck this beauty raw and flood her pussy when we've never been with a woman bare before.

There's something special about her. And this moment.

Knowing we're giving her something no one else has.

Does she realize she's doing the same for us?

Carter rumbles deep in his chest as he proceeds, initiating our beauty with her very first bit of cock. The head of his dick, just the very tip, disappears between her legs.

I kiss her again.

Page 28

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

All I can see is her face—frozen in ecstasy—while our golden chain glints around her neck and her pulse pounds there in the candlelight.

Working himself in bit by bit, Carter fuses himself to Poppy. She would thrash in her attempts to get him to go faster, but Knox pins her in place for our partner and for me to attempt to soothe with my kisses.

Carter roars. Knox curses. Poppy shudders beneath us.

I'm gone.

As helplessly lost to the forces of nature as our beauty is.

We might be the richest bastards around, but she owns my heart, and I don't think I'll ever get it back. Nor do I want to reclaim it.

It's hers.

I'm hers. She just doesn't know it yet.

Neither do my best friends.

I've been waiting my whole life for this chance to create a family like the one I never had.

Now that I've found that bond with Carter and Knox—and soon a child of our own—I want that vision to include Poppy. For her to be as deliriously happy as I am

in this moment, and enjoy how incredible the rest of our lives could be with her between us.

As Carter bottoms out in her, her eyes fly open and lock on each of ours in turn.

He's done it.

He's staked our claim.

I'm never going to let her go.

None of us are.

CHAPTER 9

Poppy

Oh my God. It's in. It's done.

Carter's cock is buried inside me.

I can't believe it.

I'm no longer a virgin.

It's so much...more...than I expected. Overwhelming. He's big and hot and heavy on top of me.

It hurts a little. That small pain is eclipsed by unimaginable ecstasy.

Soaring on the currents of passion, I surrender to the way my three billionaires make

me feel, certain that they're the only ones who ever could.

It's better than my wildest dreams, though we've really just begun.

"More," I pant as I rake my nails down Carter's back. "Do it again. Move, please."

As many times as I can in the next forty-eight hours, I want to hold them within me since they've ruined me for anyone else.

Instead, Carter wrenches out of me, his cock wet but still painfully hard. "Knox, you're up. I need a break."

"Already?" He laughs, but he doesn't hesitate to swap places. "Carter, a one-stroke wonder! Never thought I'd see the day."

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

When Knox blankets me with muscles and good humor then slides home, filling the emptiness Carter left behind, all thoughts vanish.

No more thinking.

All I can do is react to the perpetual pleasure these men bring me.

CHAPTER 10

Carter

Poppy's trying to kill me.

Actually, it's worse than that.

She's not some femme fatale, artful in the ways of seduction and manipulation.

Our beauty is a natural. Perfect for us in every way. Tying my balls in knots simply by being.

Son of a bitch, we're in trouble. There isn't a clause in our contract that deals with falling for the woman we planned to breed.

I'm one stroke in. One. A single pump into paradise and I'm already on the verge of breaking. I'll tag Knox next because if I'm this rattled, Aiden is doomed.

Let's face it. We all are.

Something bigger than we bargained for is going down. It's not only being in Poppy bare or the anticipation of flooding her with our release when we're always so damn careful not to do exactly that with our playmates triggering our frenzy.

It's her. She's the perfect fit.

For all three of us, plus the family we found with each other and hope to expand.

Maybe not only by one person, but now two—a baby and its mother.

Fuck! That's not how this was supposed to go.

Our necklace around Poppy's delicate neck glints in the candlelight. It reminds me that this bond is forever. Not only for her, as we'd expected, but also for us.

Damn it! I wanted an heir, not a sticky situation.

There will be plenty of time to worry about that later, though. Nothing is going to keep us from holding up our end of the agreement now that we've unleashed the wanton hiding inside our innocent beauty.

Fisting Knox's cock, I lead him to Poppy as she cries out and reaches for him, desperate to be filled.

I fit him to her and slap his ass, all the encouragement he needs.

Knox cups her shoulders and grinds, working his shaft deeper and deeper with micro-strokes that drill him forward then back a bit. His advance is slow and measured, assisted by my restraining hand on his hip.

I won't let him loose on her.

Not before she's ready for his wild side.

Aiden doesn't mean to make matters worse. He's kissing our beauty, cooing to her, helping her adjust to having a man—her second one—tunneling into her tight, slick passage.

The effect his sweet whispers and caresses have on her only encourages her to move with Knox, matching the rhythm he sets between her legs. She's a quick learner.

It's not long before he's riding her, lifting her higher and higher while Aiden assists. He's playing with her tits, licking and biting them. Suckling the sting away before starting again.

I'd jerk off to the sight of my lovers double-teaming her, but I want my come in her, not splattered across the three of them.

The fact that I can't stand so much as my own hand on my dick without losing my legendary control is a bit of a shock.

Knox is about to understand.

In a ridiculously short amount of time, he whips his gaze to mine.

“Close already?” Aiden pauses, a groan vibrating Poppy’s breast.

Her cute toes curl in the fuck-nest and her fists drum on the fabric beside her. “Don’t stop. Please. Right there. Again. I need it.”

“You heard our beauty.” I pet Knox’s flank. “You’re not going to quit. Not this time. You’re going to come. Flood that tight pussy. Make a mess of it and pump it full of your seed.”

“Too soon,” he grunts while he keeps fucking as if his hips aren’t responding to his brain.

Normally, I’d pull him back. Physically, if necessary.

I keep him in check when he’s not able to do it himself.

Everything about tonight is different—special, indulgent, and reckless.

“Don’t worry.” I grin at our partner. “Aiden will get you hard again while he’s taking his turn.”

“Oh!” Poppy gasps and shudders, on the brink of falling with Knox.

“Fuck!” Aiden’s cock jerks, and a bit of precome spurts from his tip onto Poppy’s hipbone. I swipe it off onto my index finger. Normally I’d feed it to Knox, or lick it off myself.

Tonight, I slip my finger beside Knox’s dick and tuck it into Poppy’s pussy.

It feels so wrong it’s right. Opposite of everything we’ve always feared and avoided.

Dangerous. Forbidden. Perfect.

“I’m going to—” Knox strains, the tendons in his neck standing out as he slams home, pushing the fluid even deeper into our beauty.

“Good boy.” I pat his ass. “Blow.”

Of course, as I say it, I’m staring at Poppy. She’s transfixed. Could our interactions do more for her arousal than the steady pumping of Knox’s dick or the suckling of Aiden’s lips?

Her eyes roll back and she comes. Hard.

Milking Knox’s cock so that he has no hope of resistance.

Ever helpful, I glide my hand down Knox’s back—slick with perspiration—and grab his ass. If my fingers slip into his crack, rimming his tight hole, I figure it will only make him come that much harder and increase our chances of getting what we really want from our beauty.

An heir for me.

A family for Aiden.

And a hell of a good time for Knox.

A shudder runs through him before he caves, unloading every drop of his release in the far reaches of her pussy. Giving his swimmers the best chance of making it to their destination.

“That’s right.” I fist one hand in his hair, tugging with exactly as much force as he prefers. The other goes to Poppy’s throat.

My fingers fit perfectly along the line of the chain we put there.

I swear the energy of their climaxes runs through me, electrifying me as they come apart in each other’s arms, and my hands.

Aiden’s chest heaves as if he’s just come home from one of his long morning runs.

“Almost,” I promise him. “Let them finish.”

Page 31

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

“Hurry, Knox. Please.” Aiden’s practically vibrating with desire.

I catch Knox when he would collapse on top of our beauty and Aiden. Spent, he hangs in my grasp. From here, it’s easy to spot the pearly liquid squeezing out of Poppy’s tight pussy onto the neatly trimmed hair at the base of his softening cock.

“What a good boy.” I rake my teeth down his neck, just below his ear, making him jerk and shove into Poppy once more. “Look at that mess you made. You filled her up nicely. A very good start.”

“Start?” Poppy blinks her dazed eyes open.

“That’s right.” I smile as I brush my thumb over her lips. “It’s only the beginning.”

As Aiden takes Knox’s place, Poppy clings to him.

Their mouths align. I let them kiss for a bit before I gesture to Knox.

He nudges Aiden’s shoulder, getting his attention. Our boy knows what Knox needs. And what I want. He hesitates, glancing to Poppy then back as if to ask, “What will she think?”

I shrug one shoulder. We’re about to find out.

“You want to see how these two work on each other?” I ask our beauty, taking away Aiden’s flash of insecurity.

Or really, Poppy does that when she moans even louder than she did when I slid home inside her for that first irrevocable stroke that stole her virginity.

The moment I'll cherish and replay on an infinite loop in my dirtiest fantasies for the rest of my life.

Knox spears his thumb into Aiden's mouth, breaking the kiss he's sharing with Poppy. "Suck it good, Aiden. I want to take her up again. Help me."

"Go ahead." I wrap my hand around the back of Aiden's neck and help him stretch for his prize. "Take him into your throat and I'll tuck you into Poppy's pussy."

As if he wouldn't devour our best friend anyway. The man is a cock-sucking machine.

Rather than devour Knox in a single gulp, he takes his time, nuzzling our friend's balls, sniffing deeply to catch the mingled scent of his junk and Poppy's arousal. Then he laps at the proof of Knox's possession. Of the seed he deposited in our beauty.

"Show me what he likes?" she begs him.

And he does.

Aiden doesn't need another excuse. He draws Knox's semi into his mouth and lips his balls. All the while, he's humping Poppy, trying desperately to worm his way inside her without his hands.

The glide of his engorged head over her clit and sensitive opening are rekindling the embers of her passion.

She rocks toward him.

“Do you like watching Aiden suck Knox’s dick?” It’s obvious that she does, but sometimes Knox and Aiden need to hear it. Every once in a while, they worry that our lovers won’t appreciate the relationship the three of us share despite how often I like to prove otherwise.

Poppy is no exception.

She traces the spot where Knox’s lips ring Aiden’s dick.

The frothy white foam there is no deterrent either.

Remnants of Aiden’s and Poppy’s mingled secretions only make Aiden grind against Poppy harder. Faster. And more desperately. “Help me, Carter.”

“I love it when you beg so pretty.” I kiss his cheek and Poppy shudders beneath us.

“Please, can I have him?” She joins in the assault on my wicked restraint.

A feral smile spreads across my face.

Nothing has ever felt so damn right.

Page 32

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

“Of course, beauty.” I let her suck my finger for a few seconds, thrilled when she mimics Aiden’s motions on Knox’s dick. “Take as much as you can. Be greedy. We love that.”

I stroke Aiden a time or two, just enough to tease him, not to shorten his time in the heaven between Poppy’s legs. Then I line him up and send him home.

As he sinks deeper and deeper, groaning with each forward motion, I rub circles over Poppy’s clit. Aiden’s abs sandwich my hand to Poppy’s soft stomach as he leans forward to suck Aiden’s cock while he fucks our beauty to another orgasm.

Focused on pleasing his partners—his ultimate passion—he holds out far longer than Knox.

Poppy’s come twice before his hips begin to twitch, his stride hitching as he pumps into her.

He chokes on Aiden’s dick, which is fully hard again.

“Let go, Aiden.” I pull him off Knox. “You’ll have to wait for some other time to drink him. We need that.”

As if shaken back to reality, Aiden stares down at Poppy. She’s returning his gaze with her own, filled with awe and adoration, quivering as he delivers reliable, smooth ecstasy.

“Are you going to fall with him, beauty?” I ask her, running my fingers through her

hair before leaning in to draw on the spot just below her ear.

She arches into our hold. “Yes!”

“Take her with you Aiden.” I flick my stare to him, daring him to disobey my command. He’s too good of a boy for that.

He swivels his hips, making sure to rub the base of his cock over her clit as he pounds into her with the speed and intensity she seems to prefer most from him.

And when Knox leans down to kiss her, pinning her hands above her head, she flies.

Screams rain around us, impossible for Aiden to resist.

He throws his head back and curses, the cords in his neck standing out in the candlelight as he surrenders. His abs ripple in time to the jets of come he unleashes in our beauty.

The pulsing of his balls ensures he’s unloading every drop of rapture he can inside her.

I raise her hips, shoving a pillow under her ass to keep her tilted enough that only the barest trickle runs out of her when Aiden finally retreats.

Even that’s too much. I scoop up every bit and push it back into her steaming depths. Velvety wetness hugs my finger. Though I want to taste it—or better, bury my face in her and eat it all out—I don’t, giving her every bit.

“Swap.” I assist Aiden, clasping him to my chest until he can manage to kneel upright above Poppy’s head, straddling her shoulders.

Knox practically dives between her limp legs, tossing them over his shoulders as he gets back to work.

Poppy sighs when he slides home, she come inside her easing the way for Knox's cock.

This time, she doesn't wait for Knox to return the favor for Aiden.

She cranes her neck, sucking lightly on Aiden's balls as he floats down from his epic orgasm.

And only when he starts to grunt softly, and she begins to make needy sounds in time to Knox's slow glides within her, does Knox lean forward and add his mouth to the mix.

I could watch them do this all night, and apparently do.

Even I've lost track of the number of times their ecstasy has reverberated off the walls when we're interrupted during one of our lengthening sessions.

A knock comes on the door. "Gentlemen, the club is closing in twenty minutes."

We did it. We made it all night.

Knox groans. "I'm done, Carter. Tapping out."

"Good boy." I crush my mouth to his, swallowing his tongue and the taste of Knox and Poppy's combined flavors there. "Daddy will finish for you."

Page 33

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

Poppy whimpers, long past articulating her desires.

But she reaches for me.

And that's all the motivation I need.

I roll her onto her hands and knees. Aiden and Knox are there to hold her hips in place, her own limbs far too wobbly to support her by now. They lift her ass in the air and spread her for me.

My cock is so hard and has held out so long it aches. I'm afraid the head might split open as I return to her, only to find it every bit as good as that first monumental stroke.

This time, I plow through her saturated pussy effortlessly. Each lunge forward forces cream from her. The sound reminds me of boots stuck in the mud, or stirring a pot of mac and cheese, and I relish the idea of getting filthy with her. Covering myself in all of our dirty desires.

I grab her ass, my fingers digging in while I pound into Poppy fast and furiously enough to make it jiggle.

It's an incredible view.

The slaps of my abdomen on her bottom and thighs shatter the calm of the space, filling it with primal possession and pure instinctual survival drive instead.

Our beauty turns her face to the side, her profile exposed to the firelight.

Glowing, sweating, gasping, lost to the reaction of her body to us. To me, damn it.

I don't dare look at her face too long while I prepare to unload. If I did—if I watched her come with me after all we've wrung out of her already—I would crack. I'd kiss her while we shared this final peak together.

And if I did that, there'd be no holding back.

Our contract would be null and void, because I'd be the one breaking it.

Thinking of forevers and weddings and growing old together instead of our purpose.

To fill her womb with our child.

My fucking stutters as the thought overwhelms me with desire stronger than any I've felt before. I'd worry about leaving Poppy hanging, but her body is in sync with mine.

Tightening even as I resume pushing through the tunnel of muscles strangling me.

"This is it, beauty." I tug on the chain around her neck. "Get ready for my load."

"Yes!" she shouts, every inhibition deconstructed by our joint pleasure.

Knox curses and Aiden groans as my balls tighten.

I roar.

Finally allowing myself to let go.

To come.

So deep inside her I don't know where I end and she begins.

I sink my teeth into her shoulder.

Poppy fists the soft covers in her hands, her feet kicking behind me, and explodes.

The spasms of her orgasm wring me from root to tip.

Endless spurts blast her, soaking her and overflowing her. The milky white liquid Aiden, Knox, and I have poured into her form an ocean of lust that drowns her in us.

And when it's over, they're there to catch me. To keep me from crushing our beauty when both she and I are left completely boneless.

Page 34

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

They roll me off her, to my side, and together we crash in a tangled pile of limbs and sweat and the gluey aftermath of our carnal gluttony.

“Beauty, you okay?” Aiden spoons her, bundling her in the safety of his cocooning arms.

When she doesn’t respond, Knox angles for a better look over my spent and useless form.

“Beauty?” He shakes her shoulder gently.

But the only response from her is the most adorable snore I’ve ever heard.

I laugh. And laugh. And laugh.

Knox looks at me like I’ve really lost it this time, because that’s his job. Even Aiden raises a brow when I can’t catch my breath. But this was the most exhilarating night of my life, and I can’t wait to do it again tomorrow. Maybe these dumbasses knew what they were doing when they convinced me this was a good idea.

CHAPTER 11

Aiden

“You ever getting up?” Knox wonders from where he leans his hip against the dresser.

“Not until she does.” I nuzzle Poppy’s thick hair and snuggle closer, if that’s possible.

I’m stealing every cuddle possible before this is over. Usually I find myself sandwiched between Carter and Knox, which is great. All that hard, hot muscle.

But our beauty is soft and extra huggable.

She’s been out cold for nearly eleven hours.

This time, our quiet conversation seems to rouse her.

With a sigh, she buries her face in the crook of my neck and makes a snuffle of protest as she fights waking up.

Knox joins us, sitting at the edge of the mattress on her opposite side. Carter is in the other room with his laptop, taking over the world by buying and selling companies.

You know, whatever it is he does for fun.

When Knox strokes Poppy’s hair, she stirs a bit.

I’m sure she’s awake for real when all of the relaxation flees her body and she goes ramrod straight, ripping from my hold.

It was nice while it lasted.

“You’re okay, Poppy,” I croon in her ear softly, helping her remember. “It’s me, Aiden. We brought you back to your room after...making love...with you at Club Sin last night.”

Knox raises a brow at me.

What does he think it is we did with her?

Sure, we fucked her. Drenched her.

But nothing about it felt detached or purely physical.

Rather than argue, he raises his voice and calls over his shoulder, “Carter, you can have food brought in. Beauty’s up.”

“On it,” he responds before strolling into the room while tapping out a text to the executive concierge. They have our favorites on file, I’m sure.

“What time is it? Heck, what day is it?” Poppy scrubs her fists over her eyes. “Where am I again?”

I’d like to be pleased that we screwed her so senseless, yet something feels off. Even after what we shared, she shouldn’t be this out of it.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

Carter must be thinking the same thing, as usual. He focuses his attention on her and frowns at her disheveled confusion. “Poppy, how much do you usually sleep?”

“Why?” She pulls away, instantly defensive.

That’s not going to make Carter let it go.

Like a dog on a scent, he tracks down the problem. “Because I’m concerned about you, and I’d like to know if your reaction to what we did last night is normal for you.”

She tips her head and blinks up at him, still without answering him directly. “I’m fine.”

“You’re not used to anyone looking after you, are you?” I draw her back to me and rock her gently.

“I fend for myself.” That’s answer enough.

Why is she on her own? How can I show her that she doesn’t have to be—if she doesn’t want to be—when there’s no way Carter is going to let me keep her? Maybe not Knox either. He’s all about spontaneity, not really anything serious, except for with me and Carter.

Carter leans in, his forearm pressing my cheek as he reaches across to rub his thumb beneath her eyes. A purple cast darkens her porcelain skin there. “Do you, though?”

“Yes. I do what I have to in order to survive. To work toward something better. I’m in nursing school during the day, and I have to pay the bills somehow. That leaves a night shift. At Gunner’s.” She shrugs.

“So when do you hit the books?” Knox asks. “I’d bet my favorite sports car you have a four-point-oh GPA.”

“I do. Some of my financial aid—loans—are contingent on my grades. I study on breaks and after work. If I do all that and try to hit the gym for some cardio at least every other day, well...”

“You’re not sleeping enough.” Carter crosses his arms.

“It’s only temporary. While I’m earning my degree.”

“Oh yeah, because nurses are known for short, easy shifts and lots of time off in their careers?” Knox snorts. “You’re going to be the first person volunteering for overtime so you can land yourself a cute house and pay off your student loans. I can see it now.”

She doesn’t argue.

“No wonder you slept so hard.” I drag my knuckles over her cheek.

“Gunner told me this weekend would be a nice break for me. A chance to rest and relax and be spoiled.” She smiles shyly up at us then. “He was right about that part. Thank you.”

“We used the hell out of you last night.” Carter’s mouth is set in a slash.

“I remember now.” She doesn’t seem upset about it either.

“Are you sore?” I wonder.

“Not any worse than after a rough workout followed by a long day of school and work.” She acts like that’s normal. Or fine by us.

Which it definitely is not.

“After we feed you, we’ll be happy to give you another massage.” Knox doesn’t bother to ask me. He knows I’m in.

After all, we still have another twenty-four hours for a repeat of last night. If she’s up for it.

I’ll do everything in my power to ensure she is.

If I only have one more chance to experience whatever the fuck that was, I’m going to take it.

“And you?” She asks, her finger skimming the edge of the bandage on my face. “How is this?”

The fact that she cares does something to my soul. Most women only give a shit about what we can do for them. Not Poppy.

“Don’t even feel it when you’re in my arms.” It’s sappy but true. I forgot all about it until she pointed it out.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

A blush highlights her prettiness.

Before Carter can continue to grill her, there's a knock at the door. Room service wheels in cart after cart laden with silver domed plates.

"What the hell did you order?" Knox chuckles at Carter going over the top. Usually, he'll scowl at us for doing the same.

It seems all of us are mixed up and off balance around our beauty.

"Everything." Carter shrugs. "I wasn't sure what she liked."

"Me?" Poppy squeaks as she takes in the options from waffles to bacon and eggs to sandwiches to braised ribs with haricots verts. "I usually have a protein shake or maybe a bowl of oatmeal. A breakfast bar from a vending machine would be fine, really."

"Absolutely not." Carter tips the staff generously.

While he sees them out, Knox loads up a gorgeous wooden tray with more dahlias and as many different options as he can fit on it. For a long time we're quiet, fueling ourselves while slipping bits of our favorite dishes between Poppy's lips.

She accepts each one hungrily. The tiny sighs and hums of delight she makes as the flavors of fresh fruit and tea burst on her tongue remind me of how she sounded last night.

We eat in peace, and a growing sense of rightness.

Only when we're finished, the dishes picked up and all four of us entwined in a pile on the bed, do I realize that Poppy's gone quiet.

"What are you thinking so hard about, beauty?" Carter traces her eyebrow with the tip of one finger.

"You three could have anything in the world. Why this? Why do you want this so bad?"

"Breakfast in bed?" There's a mischievous glint in Knox's eye.

She laughs at him but shakes her head. "You know...the breeding thing."

"Cravings are what they are." He shrugs, but even she must be able to see there's more to it.

"That's bullshit. I'll be honest with you." Our beauty deserves the truth. "I grew up without a relatives. An orphan. And I'd like to give a child what we have—a real family, even if it's one we've made ourselves."

She hesitates, her mouth opening then closing again.

"Spit it out." Knox nudges her with his knee.

"I'm afraid my question is insensitive." She glances away.

I draw her chin back so she's staring into my eyes. "We're not delicate. We're the men who entered a damn contract to take your virginity. Ask."

“Why not adopt?” She rests her forehead on mine as if letting me know it’s not a judgment but genuine curiosity. “You’ve got plenty of resources for it.”

“Would love to.” I beam, the idea alone warming me from the inside out. “But Carter wants an heir and Knox just wants the experience of messing someone up. So this is how I got them to go along with it. My evil plan is that as soon as they have the first kid, they’ll want a million more, and I can bring a bunch of babies into our lives and our hearts and our home.”

“Oh...” Is she melting right in front of me?

“You want children too?”

“Um. I haven’t really thought about it.” She shakes her head. “But no. At least not right now. Not when I have so much on my plate and can barely support myself. It wouldn’t be fair.”

We could change those things for her overnight.

“What if none of that was an obstacle?” I don’t mean to press, though I’m sure I’m being too aggressive when Carter shoots me a glare.

“No sense in dreaming. It is. Besides, parenting is so much responsibility. It’s too easy to screw it up.” Poppy swallows hard.

“Where are your mom and dad?” Knox asks what I’m thinking. “Why aren’t they helping you out?”

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

“Gone. Dead.” Her face goes stony and cold as she drones the response. “Dad had a grade-four glioblastoma with FGFR mutations. Cancer. An aggressive one. Less than one percent survival rate. He found out in May of the year I turned seventeen and was gone by September.”

“I’m so sorry.” I hold her tight. Sometimes I wonder if it’s better or worse that I never had folks to lose.

“That’s why you want to be a nurse so badly?” Carter rubs her thigh. He’s never the one to soothe. She’s getting to him too.

Poppy nods. “I thought about going to med school, but let’s be honest, I probably won’t make it that long under the crushing debt. Besides, I remember what a difference the nurses made. How they cared for my dad. Gave him as much dignity and comfort as possible. I might specialize in hospice.”

She’s practically a fucking saint.

“Damn.” Knox kisses her forehead. “That makes me feel like we should be doing something better with our time.”

Maybe we should be.

Maybe that’s why I want a family so badly. To do something more with what we’ve got—wealth, security, and so much love to share.

Could we also ramp up our charitable efforts?

I glance at Carter, who's tapping away on his phone, probably already structuring a hospital in Poppy's name.

Or her father's.

I don't dare pry, but Knox has no boundaries. "And your mom?"

"She had only ever been a kept woman." Poppy shrugs. "She didn't know anything other than being doted on, including having a nanny for me when I was young. She was engaged to some rich dude before Christmas the year my dad died. No surprise, he didn't relish the thought of carrying my mom's baggage. She moved on. Moved out. Told me I was practically an adult anyway. Left me the bills and no forwarding address or even a phone number."

"We can find her," Knox offers. "With enough time and money, no one can hide."

Carter pinches the bridge of his nose.

He hates drama and entanglements.

"Please don't." Poppy winces. "That would be super awkward. I don't need to beg for love from someone who only wants me when it's convenient."

I squeeze her tight and she hugs me back.

"You'd be a great mother, Poppy. I can already tell." I sigh. "The fact that you're not willing to rush into it tells me all I need to know."

"If I hadn't worked my whole life to be a nurse, to be independent and reliant on no one, I might be tempted..." She trails off. "Someday."

For a moment, I imagine her cradling a tiny version of Knox or Carter.

She crosses then recrosses her legs before a pained expression clouds her face.

Regret? Or a more direct discomfort?

We did use her senseless last night.

It's the last thing I want but the only thing I'm willing to consider. Giving her an early out if she needs it. "We can call it here if you've had enough. Do you want to relax—and be left alone—for the rest of the day?"

Poppy surprises us all when she glares. "Don't you dare bail now. After this weekend I'm going to be ruined for other men so you might as well give me all I can take. I can recover—and sleep—when we're done."

I hate it because I know she won't. She'll go back to the grind.

Unless we can give her a reason not to. The baby that will bind us forever, even more certainly than that necklace we welded around her neck, or the orgasms we introduced her to, or Carter's ridiculous contract.

"You heard the beauty." Knox isn't about to argue with her.

Even Carter groans, his hand lowering to the bulge growing in his gray sweats.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

I stare at it. “You like the idea too.”

The baby stuff or just the fucking? Either way, I approve.

“We should do something about it,” Carter says.

Knox strips off his jeans before cannonballing back into our mammoth bed, breaking through the heavy discussions with his antics.

Poppy giggles and opens her arms wide enough to squash us all to her.

I wish we never had to let go.

CHAPTER 12

Carter

I had no intention of sleeping with Poppy. Not in our bed. That’s why we set her up in our guest suite. But leaving her alone, even on the other side of the bookcase that separates the two spaces, didn’t feel right. What if she woke up alone and scared? What if we’d hurt her?

She’d passed out so hard.

Aiden’s puppy-dog eyes and Knox’s shrug convinced me to disregard my better sense.

And that's how she ended up here, having too-intimate discussions in our personal space.

That must be why this crazy rush of possessive desire has flooded my veins.

We don't invite women into our home.

Somehow, in less than twenty-four hours, our beauty has already been here twice.

And it's getting harder to imagine the place without her.

"We're not going upstairs?" Aiden wonders when I settle over Poppy instead of rolling from bed and scooping her into my arms to head for Club Sin.

"Too far away."

Knox grunts his agreement.

Even Poppy nods as she arches toward Aiden for a kiss.

I stare into her eyes as she makes out with my best friend. "Today isn't going to be anything like last night—drawn out and slow. You know that, right?"

"I'm hoping not." She's restless beneath me, sucking on Aiden's tongue when he slips it between her lips. I trace the seam between them, pressing my finger in beside his tongue so she can draw on it too.

Fuck.

Leaving them to their kissing games, I snake downward.

Knox cuts in from the side opposite Aiden for a turn while Aiden catches his breath.

I peel the sheet off Poppy and unveil her to my boys, who both pause to appreciate her as if she's fine art in one of the gallery openings we've attended.

Aiden worships her with soft caresses and squeezes.

Me, I only have one goal in mind. I spread her legs, propping her feet on my shoulders and shoving her knees flat to the bed, splaying her out like a butterfly.

Moans echo around us as we launch our triple assault on her senses.

I slip my fingers inside her, spreading her apart as I peer inside.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

No idea what I'm looking for, aside from bruising, swelling, abrasions or any other signs that we abused her virgin pussy too harshly to do it again today.

It's on the tip of my tongue to ask her if she's okay when I spot something that shouldn't be there.

A string.

Is she on her period? There's no way. We would have realized it last night.

So what the fuck is this?

I follow the strand upward until it disappears through what I imagine is her cervix.

"What the fuck?" I freeze then rear back.

"What?" Knox laughs. "Going to spurt before you've done more than finger her this time?"

I remove my hand from her slickness and heat then encircle Aiden's wrist, leaving a shining bracelet around it. "Feel this."

Knox shoots us a glance like we're weird, then goes back to making out with Poppy, keeping her oblivious to our efforts.

Aiden makes a fist so only his middle finger extends out as I guide him to our beauty's pussy and fit him inside. The poor sucker is easily distracted. "She feels wet.

And silky. And hot. Damn.”

“Keep going.” I press on his wrist so his knuckles are tucked tight to her core. “Deeper.”

She moans and squirms, too out of it to care what we’re doing as long as we keep doing it.

Except right then, Aiden’s expression goes from turned on to tragic in an instant. “I know exactly what that is.”

Yeah, me too.

He tugs on the string of her IUD.

“Oh crap!” Poppy would shoot to a sitting position if Knox wasn’t pinning her in place.

“Tell me you’re not wearing protection, beauty.” My mouth can hardly form the words. It’s set in a grim slash as dissatisfaction cuts through our foolish giddiness. I haven’t been this pissed or disappointed in a very long time.

Aiden’s eyes are big and green and hurt...like a puppy who’s been kicked.

Knox freezes, looking from Poppy—who can no longer meet our stares—to us and back.

“You knew the deal.” I glare.

“I didn’t, actually. Remember? I only read the contract last night.” She covers her face with her shaking hands. “And technically, I didn’t break the rules. It says no

barriers. An IUD is not a barrier.”

“Are you fucking kidding me?” Aiden throws up his hands.

“A matter of semantics.” My hand replaces his on that damned string despite her wriggling to get away. “You signed it. You’re ours. And this is coming out.”

“Wait!” She flings her arms out. Is it because she hates the idea or because she doesn’t want it to hurt and ruin the rest of our day? “Don’t yank on that.”

“Tell me how to remove it.” I don’t care if Knox thinks I’m being too beastly or Aiden wants me to be soft with her. She crossed a line and I’m going to uncross it for her. “Better yet...”

I snatch the phone from the nightstand and hit *69 to talk to the Club Sin operator.

“Sir?”

“Is the medical fetish room available?”

“Right now?”

“Yes.”

“Let me check.” Some typing as my heartbeat hammers through my veins and the air crackles around us. “It is.”

“Not anymore. What number is it?”

He’s barely given me the answer before I bark, “We’ll be right there.”

“Yes, sir.”

“What’s in that room?” Poppy asks with a gulp.

“An exam table, complete with stirrups and restraints. All sorts of tools and medical devices.” No fluffy blankets, candles, and romance there. Exactly what I need. Clinical furniture and equipment to rid her of her not-a-condom.

This will be perfect.

To strip her birth control so we can possess her as we thought we did last night, except without the dangers of romantic sex.

Her eyes grow wide.

No more tenderness. No more soft light and flowers.

Cold, hard sex and playing by the rules. That’s what we’re going to do.

Maybe then I'll be able to exorcise my need for her with a few more ball-wringing orgasms while regaining control of me, and my boys. We were flirting with disaster.

Now we can play this game right.

Hard, fast, edgy, and intense. By the book.

The way we work best.

Fucking Poppy out of our systems before we get derailed from our mission and start daydreaming about things that are truly unrealistic. Like falling in love with a woman we just met who seems perfect for us in every way. "Grab her kit. Let's go."

Poppy shrieks as I lunge for her.

Aiden swings open the bookcase and dashes into her suite to retrieve her medical supplies. Knox laughs at her outrage—both at the previously concealed connection between our spaces and my manhandling—as I easily put her over my shoulder and swat her ass when she claws at my back like the naughty beauty she is.

I'll be happy to punish her as soon as we make it to neutral territory.

CHAPTER 13

Poppy

By the time the elevator dumps us out into the Club Sin lounge, I've given up thrashing, kicking, scratching, and trying to bite any part of the guys that's in range. It's no use.

Carter marches through the halls with me buck naked and even takes a set of stairs

two at a time with me hefted over his shoulder like a bag of potatoes.

Damn, he's strong.

There's hardly anyone around, but none of them take me seriously when I cry out, assuming my protests are part of some twisted fun and games.

What are they going to do to me?

Carter's angry, I know.

But even worse was the betrayal written on Aiden's face before he shut down.

When they enter a room and Knox locks the door behind us, I go limp.

Page 41

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

Truth is, I don't want to fight my billionaires.

Something about our earlier discussion changed me. What if I could give them what they so desperately want? In every sense?

How did they have me believing, even for just a second, that growing heavy with their child might be what I want too?

As chaos roils around me—along with some of that impulsiveness that my bosses rightly accused me of—I quit fighting long enough that the three of them working together have me laid out on a burgundy leather exam table covered in white paper. Supports extend in a cross. Carter stretches my arms out to either side while Knox and Aiden strap me to them. Leather bands lined with something as soft and fuzzy as the fuck nest from last night hug my wrists, forearms, elbows, and upper arms.

Carter hoists my feet into the stirrups then straps my legs in place along similar rests that peak beneath my knees.

Can't say this is standard operating room equipment.

Before I can think better of my compliance, it's too late.

I'm utterly caught.

Carter fastens two more straps around my middle as if I had any chance at breaking free.

Somehow being their captive doesn't scare me like it should. In fact, my nipples pebble in the cool air and moisture seeps onto my upper thighs.

"Damnnnnn," Knox rumbles as he takes me in, spread out and bound before them.

Beneath the bright dome lights on adjustable arms overhead, they can see every damn pore in my skin if they look close enough. Even the corners of the sterile, white room is illuminated, from the linoleum floor to the drop ceiling panels. It reminds me of plenty I've seen at the hospital in my time as a paramedic.

"Poppy." Carter is dead serious. Growly too. "Tell me how to get that piece of junk out of you without fucking you up. Right now."

I'm trying to think about what I have in my kit and if it's necessary at all, but my mind is racing, and it's hard to concentrate.

Carter slaps my inner thigh hard enough to get my full attention. "Focus."

I blink up at him and moan, horrified that even like this he's turning me on.

He snatches my medical kit from Knox and holds it up. "You have more of that anesthetic in here? Will it help?"

"Maybe." I swallow hard. "I mean, yes. I have some. If it will help..."

I've read articles about IUD removal, both at home and in a doctor's office, but can't say I have personal experience. I'm not a freaking gynecologist!

"Well, it's coming out. So we do it the right way or we just do it the fastest way possible so we can get back to filling you up." Carter's got my kit on the stainless-steel counter. He unzips it and rummages for the vial he saw me use yesterday. "You

tell me which it is.”

“Don’t hurt her.” Aiden reaches for me as if he’s going to let me loose and drag me away from his friend. Carter stops him with a pointed stare.

“Numbing it is.” Carter draws on a pair of latex gloves, letting them snap his wrist as he stretches them into place. He plucks a fresh syringe, needle, and the vial from the kit.

I’m impressed he was paying such close attention to what I was doing yesterday.

He mimics my prep, only pausing to confirm the amount to draw up.

And when he has everything set, he kicks a round black stool so that it rolls between my legs at the foot of the table.

I’ll never forget the way he straddles it, bare-ass naked. My whole career ruined because I’ll be too turned on to think of anything else at work ever again.

“Aiden, hand me that.” He points with his free hand.

Shock and something hotter wash over me when I realize what he’s asking for. A speculum.

The metal gleams as Aiden unwraps it from sterile packing. “You want this lube too?”

“Don’t think we need it but might as well.” Carter tsks as he observes the arousal flowing out of me. He breathes deep of the scent, filling his lungs with it.

Page 42

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

“Knox, hold this.” He hands the needle to his friend.

Knox holds it like it’s a snake. “Carter, are you sure...?”

“I didn’t ask for your opinion, boy. Do as you’re told,” he snaps, clearly at the end of his patience with us all.

Then he coats the speculum with a copious amount of lube before slipping the cool metal into me and spreading me wide open.

I gasp, trying to lift my head enough to see what he’s doing. It drops back to the table as the three men gather around, Aiden and Knox behind Carter, all three of them staring at my insides.

Muttering and stroking their hard cocks as they remember what it was like to be fitted there and filling me up with their releases.

“Shit, why is this so fucking hot?” Knox pumps himself a few times as he watches Carter lean in and lick beside the metal. He puts his lips over my clit just long enough to make me moan before ever so lightly drawing his teeth over it.

I was a fool to think I could sneak anything past them. Him especially.

“Aiden, will you hold my hand?” I gulp.

He does immediately. At least he’s not holding a grudge. “It wasn’t that bad when you injected my face yesterday.”

“I’m sure you’ll hardly feel it.” Knox would be easier to believe if he wasn’t pacing.

“Yeah. I tell patients it’s a little sting.” A nervous giggle escapes my chest, making my ribs strain against the straps hugging me there. “But getting stung by a bee on your cervix sounds awful.”

“Your punishment for trying to get away with this shit.” Carter smacks the inside of my thigh, making me strain against my restraints.

Then he rubs the impact away, making me sigh and my legs fall apart as much as they can in my bindings.

“It’ll be over soon, beauty.” Aiden nuzzles my cheek.

“Then you won’t feel a thing as I pull this shit out of you. Or when we’re less gentle than before knowing you’re ours and ready to take our seed for real.” Carter holds his hand out to Knox, who places the syringe in it.

Carter stares at me as he accepts it.

Though he doesn’t ask if he should do it, I nod anyway.

I won’t mention that the likelihood of conceiving right after IUD removal is pretty much nil.

Let them have their fantasy.

They’ve made mine come true.

Despite his ire, he’s careful as he guides the needle through my stretched open vagina to its goal, his hands sure and steely.

“Are you going to be able to come if you’re numb there?” Knox asks me.

“I’m not sure.” My teeth chatter a bit as I brace for the prick.

“Guess we’ll find out.” Carter isn’t stopping. “Consider it our little experiment. And a reminder that we’re not playing fucking games here.”

Aiden is there to take the edge off Carter’s consternation. “If not, we’ll make it up to you later, when it’s worn off.”

“Here we go.” Carter splays one hand on my abdomen and guides the needle in with the other.

Aiden covers my face with butterfly kisses while telling me how brave I am. His hand is warm when I squeeze it with every ounce of strength I have.

Knox mutters, “Son of a bitch.”

A sharp stab makes me jump...or would if I wasn’t restrained by the straps and five relentless hands. I hiss as a fleeting burn singes the area, and then it’s done. Over in a few seconds.

Page 43

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

My eyes water, but Aiden is there to kiss away the dampness.

It's so strange to feel Carter's hand in me, his finger rubbing the spot he injected.

"Five minutes for it to kick in?" he asks.

I agree.

"Good girl. Distract her until then," he commands Aiden and Knox. "Get her as horny as you can. It's the only grace I'll give you three before I rip that shit out."

He scoots back on his stool, his legs braced wide and his cock in hand.

I'm already forgetting about anything but the fire he ignites in my soul when he strokes himself as his minions do his wicked bidding. They're all over me. Kissing, licking, sucking, grinding, rubbing, and petting.

My eyes flutter closed as I get lost in the sensations they impart.

And when I gather, despite the small spot of numbness deep within, I have the answer to Knox's question. An orgasm rolls through me before I can even warn my three billionaires.

While I fly, Carter pounces.

He reaches inside me, grabs the string he found, and yanks.

I'm still shuddering, displayed for their examination.

Carter holds the IUD up between two fingers. His lips twist as if it's something vile, before he peels off his gloves and wads them up with the device. He throws everything in the trash before slamming the lid of the garbage can. "Good riddance."

CHAPTER 14

Knox

Oh shit.

Beauty did it now.

Whether on purpose or by accident, Poppy tripped every last one of Carter's switches.

And here she is, stretched out on some perverted contraption, her arms and legs immobilized, held up and open for us like she's some sort of not-so-virgin sacrifice. There's even one of those metal pull-out drawers for us to stand on to make sure our dicks are at the perfect height to drill into her as deeply as possible.

Last night was for her.

This is for us.

White paper crinkles beneath her as she tests her bindings, writhing in her lingering climax. Her sweet whimpers only make my dick harder.

Carter removes the speculum and tosses it aside.

“You’re ours, beauty. For the rest of the weekend. Don’t forget it.” Now he has his hand on her neck as he fits himself to her and starts to press his dick inside. He’s not choking her, but he keeps her in his grip as his cock burrows into her tight pussy.

All she can do is lie there and take it.

Not that she seems to mind.

She’s crying his name, her lips set in an O, as he possesses her bit by bit.

When he seals them completely and rests, his balls pressed to her ass and his torso tucked to hers, she whines like a deprived, wanton goddess.

Aiden and I are there, making up for Carter’s single-minded pursuit. We’re taking turns kissing her, plumping her tits in our hands and sucking on them in between rubbing her everywhere we can reach.

Her moans keep time with Carter’s fucking, which isn’t gentle or measured.

Page 44

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

No, he's frantic. Beyond the limits of his immense control.

I haven't seen him like this often—and only ever with Aiden and me—but it's glorious.

His cheekbones are extra sharp in the harsh lighting, and the defined ridges of his cut physique are visible through the fine mat of dark hair on his chest that matches the trail leading straight to his cock.

For a moment, I'm envious of our beauty.

I'd happily slip between her and Carter, taking over fucking her while he rides my ass like that.

Damn, he's sexy. Fierce, and possessive. Determined.

Tenacious.

My fingers drift lower, toying with Poppy's clit in a pattern that complements Carter's strokes.

When she screams our names and her eyes roll back, Carter roars.

He clutches the leather belt around her waist and uses it to anchor himself as he yanks his body to her time after time. He fucks through her orgasm, joining her only when her cries have begun to fade.

“Fuck yes.” He shudders and holds, completely embedded in her. “Here it is. Take every damn drop.”

Aiden groans as he watches Carter unravel, shooting straight into Poppy’s unprotected pussy.

“You gonna give her more?” Carter’s voice is shredded. He grabs the back of Aiden’s neck and draws our best friend to him for a devastating kiss.

“They’re so...delicious,” Poppy murmurs as she stares in awe.

I know exactly what she means.

I’ll never get tired of watching them together no matter how many times I’m lucky enough to see it.

She whimpers as Carter withdraws.

He rings his dick and collects every bit of the pearlescent fluid clinging to it before stuffing it into her.

Then he steps aside, making room for Aiden between her legs.

Carter takes up where our partner left off, crushing his mouth to our beauty’s while Aiden slides deep, his fat dick disappearing effortlessly thanks to Carter’s mess.

If Carter wasn’t able to hold out for a marathon session, Aiden doesn’t stand a chance. This is his fantasy, his greatest desire. Poppy’s everything he’s ever dreamed of and more.

An answer to his wishes.

And gorgeous on top.

How the fuck did we get so lucky? We owe Gunner one hell of a wedding present.

My dick jabs Poppy's hip. I hump her as I suck on her tits, loving the desperate cries she makes between Carter's all-consuming lips. He's feeding her his tongue and devouring her passion in return.

"Come on, Aiden." I can't help but cheer him on. "Give her everything you've got. Quick, bro."

Carter rips his mouth from Poppy's just long enough to whip his stare to me. "Don't you dare come before you're in her."

"Or what? You'll spank me?" We both know that isn't going to make me last longer.

Hell, the thought alone is enough to shove me closer to the edge.

Poppy moans as if she'd like to see it. When Carter slaps her clit lightly as if he's demonstrating his talents, she comes again.

Page 45

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

What is she doing to us?

Whatever it is, Aiden can't resist. He throws his head back, clutches her thighs, and empties his balls so hard he nearly collapses. I rush to his side and catch him, my arms tight around his bellowing and sweaty chest.

He turns, rubbing up against me, his mouth seeking mine.

We kiss, our cocks colliding—mine steely and leaking, his still pulsing with the residual aftershocks of his climax.

Carter reaches over and fists Aiden's dick. He wipes it off on my cock so that it's clean and my shaft glistens.

"Not a drop wasted," he repeats.

Our beauty seems pretty full already, cream bulging from her pussy with every pulse of her lingering orgasm.

To make sure it stays where we want it, I set Aiden loose. He leans up against the exam table, half-covering Poppy with his chest as he kisses her lips then down her jaw and to her neck while he recovers.

Before I fully realize it, my cock is already notched in her opening.

"You can take him." Carter is coaching her while she catches her breath. "One more time, Poppy. You've got one more in you. I know you do."

“Ohhhhh.” She doesn’t argue when I plunge balls-deep in a single thrust.

Then I’m gone. Screwing like a teenager in the backseat of a car. Fast. Ungraceful. Full of pure adrenaline and exhilaration.

Fucking her feels like the first time all over again because I’ve never experienced something this intense. This right. Unless it was with Carter and Aiden.

This is next-level.

Thank fuck they’re there. Bringing Poppy along as I’m overwhelmed by lust and...something stronger even than that base instinct.

Suddenly, I want nothing more than to give Aiden the baby he so desperately wants.

Especially if it means we could be the family he’s envisioning.

Carter, Aiden, me, a kid...and Poppy.

“Oh shit. I’m gonna?—”

“Do it.” Carter reaches around to squeeze my balls, and I’m a goner.

I erupt inside Poppy, pumping hot streams along her pulsing tissue.

She’s coming with me, thanks to whatever Aiden is doing with his tongue on her clit. My abs smack his face over and over as I ride the wave of rapture until I’m completely empty.

“Get out so I can raise this up.” Carter swats at me until I pull back with a curse.

He jacks up the foot of the table and lowers the head so that Poppy is at an incline while she floats in a daze of satisfaction.

Even still, a trickle leaks from her cunt and pools on the wax paper that's now creased beneath her perfect ass.

Carter rummages through the instruments in one of the metal trays until he holds up something that looks like a turkey baster.

"What are you going to do with that?" My eyes bug out when he whips around and uses it to suck up the opalescent fluid we've left behind.

Poppy moans when he inserts the tip of the baster into her and inseminates her with every last drop we had to offer.

"Nothing left unused." Carter puts his hand over her mound, keeping it all inside.
"Every chance taken. We've given it our best shot."

The sight of Poppy, absolutely wrecked, decorated with our pleasure, dripping come from between her legs, which are sagging in the stirrups, is enough to make my dick twitch even after all that.

Page 46

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

I ache everywhere from fucking her so well.

And yet, it's not enough.

Fuck my life, I want more.

For the first time I can remember, fun and games aren't enough.

When we've all recovered enough to want to return to our own place, and Poppy is sleeping once again, we exchange a pointed glance. "Can I hold her this time?"

Carter unstraps her from the table as Aiden rubs each red mark that's revealed by the loosened cuffs. They both turn to me with raised brows but neither objects when I scoop her into my arms and cradle her close to my chest as I carry her home.

CHAPTER 15

Poppy

Splayed on my stomach, I groan into an ultra-dense feather pillow before prying my eyes open to find myself back in my billionaires' bed as morning sunshine peeks through the blinds. About to call out for them and beg for the heat of their arms locked around me as they were all night, I hear low voices from the other room.

Arguing?

"The contract ends this morning. She's free to go." Carter is stern, leaving no room

for argument. “In fact, she agreed to leave without lingering. Without further contact.”

“Fuck that thing.” Knox. “Where is it? I’m going to rip it to shreds.”

Is he rummaging through my purse? No, I left it in the guest suite. The one on the other side of that sneaky bookcase.

I sit up, clutching the covers to my chest.

“You can’t possibly want to let her leave.” Aiden sounds panicked, his voice changing direction as if he’s pacing.

“You’re acting like we have a choice.” Carter is icy. Final. “The limo is already downstairs. Waiting to take her back to Gunner’s jet.”

“So what?” Knox raises his voice. “Ask her to stay.”

“Imagine what it could be like, Carter,” Aiden tries again. “Coming home to her every day. She’ll be waiting for us. Caring for our family. Available all the time. In our bed every night. No more working herself to the bone. Fuck all that. She won’t have to do any of it. She’ll be ours.”

Hang on.

That’s not what I want—to be trapped in some fancy castle, even if it’s with three princes instead of the beasts I thought they were at first. Reliant on them for every single thing I or our children need. Locked in the tower they call a penthouse.

Oh no. What have I done?

To my shock, Carter doesn't laugh. Or instantly deny it.

There's no way I'll be able to resist them if they beg me to stay.

Yet I refuse to give up everything I've struggled for, not even for a trio of the sexiest men on the planet.

I will not become my mother.

What kind of mom would that make me? I rub low on my belly even though I understand the odds are impossible and that being pregnant would be essentially the worst thing that could happen.

At least if I abide by our agreement and leave, I'll only have a broken heart. My life ruined, but not an innocent baby's.

I'm no longer so naïve.

These men don't own me. No one does.

All the money in the world can't buy my freedom. A comfortable cage is still a prison.

Page 47

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

It would be far too easy to let them trap me. Coddle me until I forget how to fend for myself.

Allow them to spoil the children they wouldn't stop fucking me for.

I would do almost anything to be part of the family Aiden so desperately desires.

Except that.

Never that.

I grab Carter's shirt—neatly folded on the back of the chair, of course—and slip it over my head. Without bothering to take anything else, I head for the wedge of light coming from behind the bookcase.

When I press on it, the whole thing swings open on silent hinges, like an extra-thick door. Nothing is as it seems. They've had the upper hand from the start.

If I don't go now, I won't go at all.

With one final look back, I slip through the portal and out the normal old door of what should have been my suite if anything had gone like it was supposed to this weekend.

What anyone thinks of me is the last thing on my mind as I summon the elevator, rush inside, and plunge to the lobby—my sinking stomach matching my plummeting heart.

The cement of the valet area stings my bare feet as I clutch Carter's shirt around me.

It smells enough like him to make me afraid he's right there, chasing me again.

But this time, I've managed to escape.

Or maybe my billionaires declined to chase.

Either way, the head of staff spots me and instantly waves the limo over, tucking me inside before I can cause any scandals.

The skyline blurs in my vision as tears well in my eyes and spill over.

How could the best weekend of my life also turn out to be the worst?

At least I didn't have to suffer through a long, awkward goodbye.

I press my fingers to the window in the direction of the Centennial as we turn the corner. It fades from my view along with what could have been.

What a time to learn to think things through.

CHAPTER 16

Poppy

SIX WEEKS LATER

Gunner tosses a decadent burgundy envelope onto my desk in the back room of his club.

It's the same color as the carpet in the hall outside Carter, Aiden, and Knox's penthouse. Their favorite, I suppose. "Beauty" is written in stunning calligraphy on the front. I use the eraser of my mechanical pencil to shove it in my boss's direction as if even touching the same paper my billionaires once held could cause me to abandon my better sense. "Return to senders, please."

"They're trying their damndest to see you again. Most women would be running to them, not from them." Gunner frowns as he takes a seat on the tufted leather couch nearby and Riley lays her head on his shoulder, glancing between her fiancé and me with a pinched look of concern. "They didn't hurt you did they?"

Kane cracks his knuckles. I have no doubt he'd go after them if they did. He's the sort of man who knows how to hide a body. Or three.

"No. Nothing like that." I'm not trying to start some kind of alpha billionaire war.

"Then what's the problem?" Melody approaches. She puts her arm around me, gently spinning my desk chair to face the group made up of my two best friends and Riley's three lovers.

"Gunner was right. I'm far too impulsive." And this time it bit me right in the butt.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

“You didn’t enjoy your time with them?” Gunner wonders.

“Oh, she definitely did.” Riley grins and Melody snorts. They’ve heard all the juicy details.

“You regret giving up your virginity?” Fitch winces.

“No. That’s not it.” I bury my face in my hands. “I miss those jerks so much.”

“Okay, now I’m really confused.” Fitch tips his head.

Kane doesn’t get it either. “You want them, they want you... Accept their offer for a do-over.”

My bosses mean well. They just don’t understand.

“It was nearly impossible to walk away last time. If I see them again...” I gulp.
“There’s no chance I could do it again. What they want and what I need aren’t the same.”

Gunner grins and taps his pen against his lips. “So negotiate a bigger and better deal.”

“What’s wrong with you all? A child’s life isn’t a thing you make a deal on!” I stand up fast enough to knock my chair over, my hands clutching my abdomen protectively.

Riley tumbles into Gunner’s lap and Melody puts her hand over her mouth.

“Are you saying you’re pregnant?” Gunner sets Riley aside and leans forward, planting his elbows on his knees.

It’s not like I could keep it from them forever. If I stick around. The only way I can do that is if these people, the ones I love and trust most, know my secret and protect me from my billionaires.

Contract be damned.

“Congratulations.” Melody hugs me tight. “You’re happy despite the circumstances. I can see it in your eyes.”

“I am.” Even though it rewrites every part of my life story and how I thought it would go.

A tear slips from the corner of my eye. I can’t say if it’s a joyous one or a devastated one or a mix. I’ve cried plenty of both lately. Maybe it’s because I know I have a piece of my three billionaires, just like I seem to have given a huge chunk of my heart and soul to them.

There’s an empty hole in their place.

“Forgive me.” Fitch winces. “Didn’t your contract say they had rights...”

“I know that’s what we agreed, but I can’t do it.” I burst into sobs. “I didn’t think there was even a chance it was possible. But now that it is, I want this baby. I’m not my mother. I’m not about to abandon my child, and I’m not going to be stuck in some kind of business transaction—instead of a real relationship—with those three bastards for the rest of my life. It doesn’t matter how much I love them, they’re not going to own me or turn me into some isolated socialite who can’t fend for herself just so they can have a kid.”

“You love them?” Melody’s smile is so sad.

“Unfortunately.” I wring the hem of my shirt between my fingers. “What should I do?”

I’ve thought about it over and over and can’t figure it out.

No one else seems to have the answer.

It’s dead quiet in the room.

“I already lost them. I can’t give up their child too.” I wrap my arms around myself. “Please. Please don’t make me.”

Gunner, Kane, and Fitch exchange glances that have me eying the exit.

It reminds me too much of how my guys communicate—with the unconscious understanding of lifelong partners.

“I get it if you need me to leave.” My voice cracks. The thought of doing this without any emotional support from my friends is terrifying, but I’ll manage if I have to. Somehow.

“Absolutely not.” Melody grabs my hand and squeezes as Riley rushes to flank me. “Where would you go? How could you start over?”

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

“I can’t take the chance that they find out and come after me—our baby, I mean.” I sniff.

Stupid hormones.

“Swear you’re not going to tell them.” Riley stands. She props her hands on her hips as she stares at Gunner. Fitch and Knox will follow his lead.

“I’m not a party to their contract.” He scrubs his hand down his grim face. “Still, I don’t like this. Carter, Knox, and Aiden are my friends. But Poppy is like family and...”

“Happy wife-to-be, happy life-for-thee.” Riley reminds him.

Kane snorts. “He’s not going to chance you shutting him out, princess.”

“Fine.” Gunner sighs. “They’re not going to hear it from me. But this isn’t going to end well. Don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

He plucks the invite from my desk and tosses it in the trash.

The urge to fish it out and clutch it to my heart, or sniff the paper, or something equally mortifying is nearly overwhelming.

I squash those impulses along with all my other unwise urges.

Like running back to my men and begging them to officially make me theirs.

It's not only me—and what I'm willing to sacrifice—that I have to think about now.

CHAPTER 17

Carter

The phone hasn't finished its first ring when I snatch it up and answer. There's nothing more pressing than an update from Gunner, and—hopefully—another liaison with our beauty.

I haven't been able to think of anything but her for weeks.

Deals have fallen through, Aiden hasn't gone to the gym, Knox stopped joining us for dinner and sulks while destroying aliens in his video games as if that's going to alleviate any of his real-life frustration.

Come on.

"It's a no-go." Gunner is curt.

"Try again." My intensity is all Aiden and Knox need to figure out who I'm talking to. They gather around, hardly blinking or breathing, as they eavesdrop.

Gunner groans. "Look, I can deliver the message, but I can't make her read it. Or accept whatever bullshit you've cooked up."

"You're a persuasive bastard?—"

"Sweeten the deal however you think will work. We're good for it," Knox adds, loud enough for Gunner to hear.

“No can do. If you want a different outcome, you’re going to have to get it yourself. I’m not your middleman.” His voice is strained.

Something’s off, but I can’t put my finger on it.

“What aren’t you saying?” Of course, Aiden picks up on Gunner’s emotional vibe.

“I’m in a shitty spot here. Stuck between three rocks and one incredible young woman.” Gunner lowers his voice as if he doesn’t want someone—his fiancée or maybe even our beauty herself—to hear. “Look, this isn’t some kind of deviant game anymore, okay?”

“It never was to us.” I glare at Knox, daring him to say otherwise. “Not to Aiden and me anyway.”

“There were tears, damn it.” Gunner curses.

“When you gave Poppy our invite?” I pinch the bridge of my nose.

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

“Yeah. So if you have something to say to her, you’re going to have to do it yourselves. In person. And be damn sure you mean it. Don’t come out here with some stupid contract—or anything equally contrived—either. She’s on edge. If you press her wrong, she’ll run again. This time way farther than back to my club and her friends. We don’t want to lose her either.”

“Does that mean you think we have a chance?” Aiden is practically pleading. He has the same sweet desperation in his eyes as he does when he kneels for me.

“If there is one, it’s fragile. That’s all I’m going to say about that. I’ve already said more than I should. Except...” Gunner clears his throat.

“What?” I prod him to continue.

“Poppy’s like a little sister to me. And you’re good friends. It’s possible that what’s best for all of you is each other. That’s worth taking a risk for. Don’t prove me wrong.”

“Is that what you did with Riley?” I ask him.

“Yes. And we almost fucked it up. Don’t do that.”

I look first to Aiden, then to Knox, both of whom are frozen as if afraid to breathe. “I’m not about to. We’re coming.”

Knox grins and Aiden slumps in relief.

It feels right.

I trust my instincts in our business. I should do the same in our personal life.

“Next time you make her cry, I’ll let Kane loose on you three,” Gunner growls. “He’s nowhere near as forgiving as I am.”

“Understood.”

“Let’s go.” Aiden is already striding for the door.

So I hang up.

And we chase.

No matter where our beauty runs, we will find her. And make her ours.

CHAPTER 18

Aiden

I imagined our reunion with Poppy a million different ways during every hour of the past six weeks and on the short flight on our jet out to Vegas. Somehow though, I didn’t picture this.

Carter knocks on her door with three short, loud punctuations of his fist.

“Coming!” Even a single word from her—especially that one—is a siren song after our time apart, making me adjust myself in my suit pants as she fiddles with the lock before opening her door.

She takes one look at us across her threshold and slams the door in our faces. “Crap!”

Something clunks as if her skull bonks into the wood separating us when she splays out on the other side like a starfish. It will take more than that to keep us out.

“Let us in so I don’t piss off your landlord when I kick this thing down.” Carter’s off to a great start.

“Less beast, more prince charming, remember?” Knox nudges him away from the door, patting his chest as if that will tame him.

“Go away!” Poppy shouts, though we can hear her ragged breathing clear enough through the cheap hollow core.

Knox holds Carter back, and I step in, placing my hand gently on the door. “Beauty, please. Can we talk to you face-to-face? Hear us out. If you don’t like what we have to say, we’ll go. Leave you alone for good.”

Please, please don’t let her take me up on that.

It’s probably a lie anyway. At least for Carter.

Page 51

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

“You swear?” Her question is soft and laden with mistrust.

“Cross my heart.” I swipe my finger in an X over my chest, not that she can see it.

When the door opens the barest crack, Knox beams and sticks his face in front of it.

“Hey, beauty.”

She laughs and doesn’t resist when he weasels his way inside.

“Damn, you look good.” He scans her from head to toe.

She’s practically glowing, even as she retreats a step.

“Why are you so afraid of us, beauty?” I cross to her and cup her cheek.

Her eyes close and she tilts her face into my touch despite her trepidation.

“You acted like you were going to take me prisoner.” She props her hands on her hips. “If that’s what you want, you can get right out.”

What? Is that really what she thought?

Before I can contradict her, Carter shunts me aside, his gaze fixed below her chin.

“You’re still wearing our necklace, beauty.” He trails his finger along the chain, over her collarbone, then across her neck.

She chokes down a whimper.

When he fists it, yanking it so tight across her throat that it digs into her flesh, she freezes. “Don’t break it. Please.”

“Why do you give a shit if you don’t want us around? Don’t care to accept our invitations? Ran from the monsters you must think we are to have you hiding from us and what we had together.” Carter doesn’t sound mad to me. He’s hurt.

Shit. I should have realized.

“Because...I’m terrified that I didn’t hate the idea of being yours as much as I should.” This time, when Poppy looks up, she’s filled with fire that clashes with Carter’s.

Self-loathing, sure, but something hotter underneath it too.

“Why would you?” Knox shrugs. “We’re not that awful, are we?”

“I heard you talking that morning. You said if I was yours, you wouldn’t let me work. You’d keep me cooped up. My only value would be my ability to give you children.” A red stain blooms upward from her chest to her cheeks. “I won’t be useless and held captive, relying on you three for everything in my world.”

Oh no. Is that what she thinks?

I can fix this. “What we meant is we wouldn’t let you run yourself into the ground anymore. With us to help support your efforts, you can still help people and do even more good.”

She stops, her mouth open as she reconsiders her argument.

Carter releases the necklace, both of them stepping away from the edge.

Still, he can't help himself. "But you're not going to be grinding away at long shifts for minimum pay day after day—giving to your patients, us three, and everyone else who needs you—until you have nothing left for yourself. That's a deal-breaker."

"So if we dated, I could finish school?" She swallows. "You'd be okay with that?"

"No." Carter crosses his arms.

Her face falls.

"He means, we're not here to ask you out," I interpret for him.

"We're playing for keeps, Poppy." Even Knox is serious. "For forever."

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

“Dream bigger.” Carter takes her shoulders in his hands and shakes her a bit. “You deserve the world. But we hope you’ll settle for us instead.”

“To show we’re serious, we thought a lot about what’s important to you, and we hope you’ll take our deal.” I draw her attention. “Whether or not you do, though, you should know we already paid your tuition for the rest of your program.”

Okay, so we actually did that plus set up a scholarship in her name for other students in need.

“What do I owe you?” Her eyes narrow.

“Nothing.” Carter’s clear on that, at least. “We also filed paperwork to found a charity focused on home healthcare in your dad’s name. You can run it if you wish. Work at it, if you want. Stay at home with our family if you’d rather. Or we can manage its operations together. I’m happy to assist, if you don’t mind our fingers in your pie.”

“She loves your fingers in her cream pie.” Knox snorts.

Poppy shakes her head at him but quickly refocuses on Carter. “You mean that?”

“I have the paperwork here.” I draw an envelope from the inside pocket of my suit jacket.

“We all know I don’t read that stuff.” Poppy cracks a tentative smile, reaching for me instead.

Her hug unwinds all the knots in my guts.

“Thank you.” She lifts her face toward me, and I accept her offer.

It’s the sweetest kiss I’ve ever shared with someone.

“Whether or not you want us too,” I whisper against her lips. “You get that, right? It’s not some kind of buyout. Nor a transactional exchange. No strings. This is a gift. An apology. Proof we wouldnevertry to turn you into your mother.”

She yelps as if we’ve hit the sore spot.

Knox is there to catch her when her knees go weak.

“You get it.Me. You really do.” She sniffles as tears slip down her cheeks.

“Of course.” Carter shrugs as if it’s no big deal. “You told us you don’t need to beg for love from someone who doesn’t care enough to stick around. You’ll never have to beg us—or anyone else—for anything ever again. Not only that, we don’t plan to let you go. You can run, but we’ll always follow.”

“Beauty...” A strangled groan escapes as I take a different approach and hope she understands how damn serious I am. How critical it is to me that she knows the truth even if she’s not—or maybe never will be—ready to say the same to me. “Poppy, I love you.”

“Me too.” Knox has fewer words but a ginormous smile that radiates pure bliss. “I do too.”

Carter clears his throat and adds, “From the first moment I saw you, I thought you were made for us. But now I see thatwewere made foryou.”

So close.

She wants to leap, I can sense it through our connection.

And yet...she still hesitates. “Even if I decide never to have a child? Or to keep working on my own dreams outside of the ones we share?”

“Of course.” I’m first to reassure her, especially since she knows I’m desperate for a family. Suddenly, without her, that dream seems incomplete.

“What made you change your minds? It feels a little too good to be true. Just like our weekend. What’s the catch?”

“Gunner told us to pull our heads out of our asses and do this right.” This time Knox’s lopsided grin doesn’t seem to amuse her. She tenses in his hold as if she might bolt after all.

“Gunner?” Poppy’s face drains of color. “He promised he wasn’t going to tell you!”

“Tell us what, beauty?” I tip my head as Carter spins away, aggravated to have been so close and not sealed the deal. “He said you missed us and that we needed to understand you better if we were going to have any shot at loving you.”

“Oh. Yes.” She reaches out to the side as if the room is spinning. “That. Well, then, before you decide to be too perfect, there’s something I need to tell you?—”

Is there someone else?

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

Have we waited too long?

Has she changed her mind about children?

“What’s this?” Carter plucks a tiny green onesie from the coffee table and holds it up. The contrast between the baby clothing and his powerful hands wrenches something in my soul.

That’s nothing compared to what Poppy blurts. “Our son or daughter’s first outfit.”

I only realize I’ve dropped to my knees when the floor smacks them, jarring me from my shock.

Knox rushes toward me. So does Poppy.

My face tucks against her belly, so I kiss the barest hint of a bump I can feel through the thin cotton of her dress. Over and over.

She spears the fingers of one of her hands into my hair, and the other in Knox’s. Both of us worship her and the precious gift she’s given us.

Yet when I look up, she’s starting straight at Carter.

He’s still several feet away.

Frozen.

His face unreadable.

If he fucks this up for us, I'll never forgive him.

CHAPTER 19

Poppy

“You’re pregnant?” Carter’s gone utterly still.

“Are you mad?” I hold my breath without daring to so much as blink while I attempt to decipher his expression.

Everything I want is right here, in arm’s reach. Did I blow it?

I should have told them sooner. I was just...scared.

“No.” Carter crosses to us in a couple of long strides and cups my face in his trembling hands. “I only have one question.”

I swallow hard. “Yeah?”

“Can we fuck you senseless right now or will it hurt our baby?”

A laugh flies from my chest as my heart expands to take up all the room inside me.

“In my professional opinion, it’s totally fine.”

“Good because I’ve never needed someone as much as I need you right now.” There it is, the Carter I fell for even if I only suspected he was the sort of beast I could grow to love.

“You feel well enough?” Aiden, my sweet prince charming, bristles as if he’ll fight Carter off if I need him to.

I don’t.

“Never better now that you three are here.” Tears stream down my face.

“Those are happy tears, right?” Knox swipes them away.

“I can’t believe you understand me so well. That you want what I do.” I nod, sending more droplets cascading down my cheeks. “Yes, they’re the happiest.”

“Still.” He uses his shirt to dab the moisture away. “Don’t let Gunner see, or he’ll have Kane kick our asses.”

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

Laughter bubbles from my throat.

“That’s better.” Aiden rises on not-quite-steady legs and kisses my temple. “I swear, we’ll give you anything. Be whatever you need. We’ve been miserable without you.”

“We love you, Poppy.” Carter is too serious to say that if he doesn’t mean it.

Air whooshes out of my lungs like it did the first time I met them. For much better reasons than nearly getting squashed by a luggage cart. The impact of their affection and longing hits harder. All I can do is whisper, “I love you. All three of you.”

“You’re excited and want this baby? Really?” Aiden is so earnest, so sincere...and so in need of reassurance that if I wasn’t already madly in love with him, I would have fallen in that moment.

“Promise.” I can’t help but cradle my belly. “Especially now that you’re here. I missed you so much it hurt. Every breath. Every empty heartbeat was agony. I was dying to tell you, to see your face light up like...this.”

I kiss him. It’s warm and comforting, and so right I’m sure I hadn’t imagined how perfectly we all fit together.

“You’ll never wonder where we are. Never again, beauty. No matter how much we hoped for this baby, what we really want is you. And we’re happy to spend our whole lives proving it.” Carter sweeps me off my feet and asks, “Where’s your bedroom?”

When I point, he marches toward it. Aiden and Knox follow at his heels.

My bed is no fuck nest.

There isn't even room for us all side by side.

“Oh, that's going to be a challenge.” Knox laughs as he's already ditching his clothes. “I'm up for it, though. I was the naked Twister champ of our fraternity.”

“Aiden, you first.” Carter kisses the shit out of me while Aiden strips along with Knox.

He does what he's told, especially since I suspect it's what he craves anyway.

As soon as he sprawls on his back in my bed, making it look even smaller than it is, Carter lays me on top of him. Between the three of them, they have me naked in no time flat.

Straddling Aiden, my pussy settles over the length of his erection. His hands clasp my hips and help me rock above him, getting his cock wet as I lean forward to kiss him some more.

There's noise behind me—the rustle of suit jackets, belts, shoes, and pants hitting the cracked terracotta tiles—but I don't stop making out with Aiden even for a glimpse of Carter's and Knox's killer physiques.

Sharing my joy and the nervousness that's had no outlet these past weeks is every bit as satisfying as the pressure Aiden's putting on my clit with the head of his cock.

My nipples, so much more sensitive than usual, rub against the light fur of his chest.

“The only way we're all fitting is if we go vertical.” Carter takes control, commanding Knox, who's all too happy to do as he's told. “Get behind Poppy. She's

an experienced woman now, she can take you both.”

“At the same time?” My face whips up toward him as he climbs onto the bed near Aiden’s head.

“You’re going to have a baby. You can handle two dicks.” Carter pets my hair. “Can’t you, beauty?”

I sure want to try. The idea of holding them together...yeah. I moan.

“That’s what I thought.” Carter dips his finger between my lips. “Meanwhile, you and Aiden can take turns blowing me while they fuck you. How does that sound?”

Aiden’s already turning his head as I stretch my neck.

This time we kiss and lick each other around Carter’s shaft, our tongues swirling together on his balls. And yet I need more.

I whimper and rock back, toward Knox.

Begging, without words, for him to help me.

He reaches down, fisting his cock and settling it against my opening.

“Are you sure you’re ready?” Aiden kisses me again. “I don’t want to hurt you.”

Page 55

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

“Been waiting weeks for a do-over with you three.” I turn my face toward Knox.
“Please. Put it in me.”

He does, fitting us together with some effort.

The sting of the stretch is soothed by Aiden’s kisses, rubbing, and caressing while Carter distracts me by putting his cock in my mouth. I suck on him eagerly, like I saw Knox and Aiden do that first night we were together.

Knox begins to ride me, forcing me to take Carter deeper. When I choke, Aiden is there to assume my task, his hips lifting so that his cock slides over the place where Knox and I are joined.

“Get a few fingers under his dick and lift him up,” Carter orders Knox. “Put Aiden in her with you so she can hug you both and show you how much she missed having your cocks and your come inside that pussy.”

As if bossing us around only makes it better for him, Carter’s cock stiffens.

A bit of white gel spurts from the tip onto my lips.

Before I can lick it off, Aiden is there, doing it for me. He groans as he ingests the cream.

Knox curses and squeezes Aiden into me beside him.

My muscles clench at the overwhelming pleasure they bring me, at first making it

hard for them to stay buried in me. But after a few tries, they make it work.

I moan and Carter chuckles, loving to see what we do to one another.

He fists his hand in my hair and pulls until I'm staring up at him.

With one finger of his other hand, he traces the chain around my neck as if I didn't already know I'm his. Theirs. I've belonged to them forever, I just didn't know it yet.

Aiden and Knox have had longer to get to know him and all the ways to wind him up.

"Congratulations, Daddy," Knox teases Carter, but he's pushed the wrong button.

Or maybe exactly the right one.

"Fucccck," Carter groans.

So we all pile on.

"You like that, Daddy?" Aiden asks, his green eyes going dark emerald as he goads our beast.

"Too much." He slaps Aiden's face lightly. "Stop it."

"Or what? You'll have to fuck me while we fuck our beauty for you?" Knox doesn't know when to quit. He teases when Carter's not playing.

And I can't help but team up with them to push him over the edge. "Please, Daddy. Come fuck him so we're all joined together. I want to feel you pounding into him so he gives it to me so good."

“You three are going to kill me, you know that?” Carter’s nostrils flare before he lunges for Knox.

My poor bed creaks and groans. It dips in the center as our beast lines himself up behind Knox.

“You’re sure you’re okay with this, beauty?” Knox stills and Carter slaps his ass. For once, he’s not laughing. Neither am I. I’m serious about us all giving each other what we need.

“Of course she is. You’re hot as fuck, begging for my dick in that ass while you fuck that pretty pussy, boy.”

“What Carter said.” I turn my head, and Knox meets me halfway in a searing kiss.

“Beauty’s more likely to change her mind about me when she sees how rough I am with you, and how it gets me off to really let loose and fuck.” Carter is stiff as he refuses to meet my stare.

“Can I tell you something?” When he comes close, leaning over us all, I lick his parted lips then nip his lower lip, making him growl.

“You know that part, at the end of the movie where Beast turns into a prince?”

Page 56

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:35 am

“Beauty, the last thing I’m thinking about right now is some damn cartoon.”

“I do.” Aiden sounds as disappointed as I always felt.

I turn my head for a moment to smile down at him. “Exactly. I like the beast so much better.”

Knox barks out a laugh, and Aiden sighs. “You’re perfect, Poppy.”

“Now I have the best of both—well, all three—worlds.”

“Fuck.” Carter is unleashed, primal, feral. Savage. “You have no idea what you do to me.”

I say it knowing full well what will happen. “Show us, Daddy.”

He does.

And Knox likes it as much as I do.

Aiden too, his cock pulsing inside me as I crush his and Knox’s lengths together.

They’re rocking, sliding along each other’s lengths as they stretch and fill me to perfection.

Knox grinds against me every time he’s buried deep, shoved forward by one of Carter’s escalating thrusts. Aiden is our foundation. Strong yet soft enough to absorb

our energy and reflect it back.

He takes my chin in his fingers and faces me forward so he can make out with me as his two best friends go at it above us.

“Oh!” I try to warn them that they’re pushing me beyond my limits, but they wouldn’t heed it anyway.

“Yeah, come on them, beauty. For us.” Carter’s voice is shredded. “And when you do, they’re going to soak that pussy. Flood it.”

I scream, shuddering between them as I lose control of my muscles.

Aiden and Knox hold me in place as they unload inside me.

Only when the three of us are completely satisfied does Carter fall too. He bucks over Knox, filling him with the same slick warmth that seeps from between my legs.

A loud crack cuts through our heavy breathing before the top of my bed gives out and crashes to the floor. My hips are higher than my head, just like when they did their best to impregnate me in the medical fetish room at Club Sin. Knox and Carter fall to either side of Aiden and me, who are piled on top of each other at the center.

“It’s like we meant to do that.” Knox cracks up while Aiden swipes the drizzles of come from my folds and tucks them inside me one by one.

“Guys, I can’t get any more pregnant than I already am.” I roll my eyes but Carter growls.

“Consider it practice for next time.” He dips his finger inside me to the first knuckle, playing with the sloppy remains they’ve left there before drawing it out and licking it

clean.

Another spasm runs through me, squeezing a bit out again.

Aiden is there, patiently cleaning it up and stuffing it back in. “I can do this all night.”

“Maybe you can, but I vote we move somewhere more comfortable.” Knox kisses my cheek. “Beauty needs her rest now more than ever.”

“Good point.” Carter is up and getting dressed.

“Where are you going to take me?” I’m not sure I’m ready to leave my friends, Gunner and his guys, or my regular routine just now. Though an upgrade from my crappy apartment and this rickety bed wouldn’t be so bad.

“We have a house here.” Aiden shrugs. “It has a really big bed and a tub with jets that we can all fit in.”

“Sold. Take me there.” I hold my arms up and open. “Though, really, all I need is you three.”

“Lucky for you, I’m spoiled.” Knox grins. “Maybe I’m the princess. Luxury only for me...and my three loves.”

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:36 am

“For you then, let’s do it.” I laugh along with him as we head toward our future together.

CHAPTER 20

Knox

EIGHT MONTHS LATER

It’s both easier and harder to smile today. Same for laughing.

Not because I’m not happy. I am.

Everything feels a bit serious, even to me.

Profound.

I can’t stop staring at Poppy and the soft smile on her face as she cradles our daughter to her chest. The bone-melting gazes she shares with Aiden when he takes the baby to give her a rest and get his snuggles in. And the way Carter paces around the room, already trying to protect our daughter from so much as a hangnail.

The diamond in our beauty’s engagement ring shoots rainbows from her finger as she strokes our baby’s cheek while sitting in the sunlight that streams through the giant windows of our library. It’s one of her favorite rooms in the house, overlooking the garden full of dahlias.

She's moved down here from the nursery because there are so many guests begging for a visit with Mom and her new baby.

There's some of them now. Melody and Riley first, of course.

"Oh my gosh!" They completely ignore me, Knox, and Carter to quietly and carefully surround Poppy and our daughter. Their sighs and coos have me smiling again as they dote on the baby and pepper Poppy with all sorts of questions about how she's doing and what it's like to be a new mom.

I wouldn't be surprised if they found out first-hand themselves pretty soon.

"Hey, Doc Poppy." Gunner waves from a distance, letting the women do their fussing.

"I have a long way to go before I earn that title." Our beauty blushes at her ex-boss's nickname. Even now, she's so sweet and gentle under her badass façade.

"You'll get there. I know it."

I think Gunner's right.

After all, she's already been accepted to a top-tier program, despite forbidding Carter to pull strings or drop donations. Now it's just a matter of time and her dedication, which never wavers once she's made up her mind.

Especially now that Aiden quit the business to be a stay-at-home dad. All our dreams are coming true.

"Come, meet Charlie." He hasn't left her side since she gave birth. He's nearly as obsessed with our daughter as he is with her mother.

“That was your dad’s name, wasn’t it?” Melody and Rileyawwwwwtogether.

“Congratulations, boys.” Ethan—Riley’s brother and one of Melody’s husbands—joins us, handing me a bottle of something that looks extravagant, even by billionaire standards.

Before long, the room is full.

As if I hadn’t realized how damn lucky we were already, I do by the time Rose, Clover, Willow, and all their men, who are our friends too, surround us in well-wishes and joy.

With all this—Poppy, our daughter, my best friends and partners, and a community of people who enjoy love however it finds them—I’m truly the richest bastard alive.

I’d do anything to keep them happy.

Even dress up as the comic-relief candlestick again next Halloween.

“You coming?” Carter asks hours later when he’s carrying Poppy upstairs and Aiden has Charlie a few steps behind.

“Not right now, but maybe later if you’ll help me, Daddy.”

Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:36 am

“And I think that’s our cue to go.” Gunner stands up as everyone exchanges a round of hugs.

I see them out before bounding up the grand staircase to our primary suite, where we have a bed big enough for all four of us to cuddle...or start practicing for the next of the ten babies Aiden is already looking forward to.

CHAPTER 21

Carter

TEN YEARS LATER

When I was young, my ambitions were strong. I pictured myself as a CEO, a billionaire, and all the other things I’ve become in my professional life. But I never saw this coming.

Here we are—Poppy, Aiden, and Knox—huddled around the mangled remains our nine children left of a disgustingly sweet cake drowning in rainbow sprinkles. A gold banner overhead pronounces it “Family Day!”

Aiden started the tradition.

Each of our kids has the spotlight on their individual birthdays, then together we celebrate Family Day on the anniversary of the day we first adopted.

Our children know they’re special. And that they were chosen.

All of them are equally loved.

By us all.

It shouldn't have surprised me that after falling in love with not one, but three partners, we'd be happiest sharing our love with as big a unit as we could create.

That includes our extended family too.

Uncle Gunner and the rest of our honorary relatives—along with families of their own—have just gone home. Surveying the mess in the kitchen, the shredded wrapping paper, and the monitor showing the kids all tucked in bed soundly asleep, Aiden sighs, his vision finally fulfilled. “You think we’ve had enough?”

“I don't know.” I stroke my chin. “Maybe we should try for just one more...”

“I'm in.” Knox gives a fist pump. Baby-making turned out to be his favorite game.

“What do you say, beauty? An even number sounds nice...”

Poppy laughs. “That's Doctor Beauty to you.”

“Well, I'm still your beast, and I'm never going to let you go.” I faux-roar as I pursue her around the kitchen island, letting her evade me for a few seconds before I capture her, my arms banding around her petite waist. Secretly, I love it even more when she grows for us.

She squirms until she spins in my arms, hopping and wrapping her legs around me.

I catch her, squeezing her ass as Aiden and Knox cage her in.

If we're not careful, we're all going to end up covered in crumbs, icing, and those

damn sprinkles. I hoist our beauty up, tossing her over my shoulder like I did all those years ago. She still goes nuts when I manhandle her.

My boys are hot on our heels as we sprint up the stairs to our bedroom with sound-deadening insulation, and lock the door behind us.

I toss Poppy on the bed.

She's barely finished bouncing when she shoves her dress up to her hips and drags one finger down toward her core. She's no longer innocent, or shy, and she uses every bit of her seductress tendencies to drive us wild. "Come on, Daddy. Fill your good girl up and give her another baby."

Aiden and Knox turn on me too, and I know there's no sense in trying to resist.

I can never say no to any one of them, never mind all three at once.