



# Snowed in with the Billionaires

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**Category:** Erotic, Romance, Billionaire Romance, Adult

**Description:** Every year, three billionaires go to a secluded luxury cabin in the mountains to pay tribute to their deceased uncle and mentor.

This year I'm going to be waiting for them with a bag of zip ties... among other things. They have something I need. I'm going to take it from them, and they won't even know I was there. Then I'm going to trade it for mine and my father's freedom and be done with this life. Except their entire family arrives early at the cabin as well to surprise them and completely destroy my plans. The worst part? Everyone thinks I'm their collective girlfriend. I play along, but only until I come up with another plan.

The most insane part? When the billionaires arrive, they too play along with the game where I'm their girlfriend. Until they don't.

**Total Pages (Source):** 34

## Chapter One

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Madisyn

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I'm in, and now there's no going back.

I close the door behind me, entering the opulent abode and blocking out the blistering icy wind and snow-capped mountains. Protected from the harsh elements outside, the walls inside the cabin feel like a big, warm hug.

I drop the bag containing my clothes, among other things, onto the gleaming hardwood floors of the foyer, then stuff my gloves into my jacket pocket for safekeeping. My gear is stashed behind a boulder outside, an easy grab when I make my exit.

Getting inside the cabin required disarming their rather high-tech alarm system first—obviously not savvy enough for me. But apart from the alarm, there isn't any other security I need to worry about on the inside.

The luxury cabin boasts some expensive stuff. A trinket here and there, one of those rare Persian rugs rolled up into a backpack, sports collectible items, and even a couple of those bottles of vintage whiskey will make for a good payday for an average thief. But for something substantial, the paintings on the walls are where the

real money is at. But to transport them, you'd need a helicopter.

And if you don't have a helicopter on hand, the only way to get up here would be to scale the mountain, which is what I did.

The instant I remove my insulated jacket, my body breathes a sigh of relief that I made it up here without falling to my death, while simultaneously letting me know that every muscle I'm worth hurts like hell tenfold.

I reset the alarm, then turned up the heat from a fancy air-conditioning device. I peel off another jacket and a thermal long-sleeve top, leaving me in a sports bra. My boots come off next.

Picking up my bag again and carrying my clothes and boots with my other hand, I walk toward the bedrooms on the ground floor. The thick carpet feels absolutely blissful under my feet.

Feeling uncannily bold, I choose the biggest room I come across with the biggest ass bath in the universe. Perfect. I unzip my bag and grab a bottle of water. From a small vanity purse, I shake two ibuprofens onto my palm and swallow them one at a time.

While I fill the tub, adding some Epsom salts to the water, I spend the next ten minutes stretching and regulating my breathing. I have at least eighteen hours to kill before they arrive, and I plan to do nothing but recuperate.

And the 'they' in question...

Tristan Dane. Ren Knight. Kaiser Martin. The three richest men in the world. My ticket out of hell. I can almost taste victory on my tongue.

The warm water feels like heaven, and after soaking for a solid half an hour, I step

out, dry myself, and don a pair of track bottoms, a thick hoodie, and socks.

My stomach growls, informing me in no uncertain terms of the level of my hunger. I make my way to the kitchen, admiring the open-plan kitchen and living room setup. It's so damn cozy.

Winter is my least favorite season, but even I wouldn't mind being locked up here, putting my feet up in front of that enormous fireplace, getting lost in a stack of romance novels, and a bottomless supply of chocolate. Completely unlike what my life is right now.

To prepare for their arrival, the fridge is fully stocked with such a wide variety of fresh supplies I can't even name half of them. I pull out some cheese, olives, grapes, and another bottle of water, the kind that comes in a bottle that means it's for rich people.

I find crackers in the pantry to complete my provisions and stuff my face as I take in my surroundings.

The vast kitchen comes with marble countertops, a rustic coal stove, copper pots hanging from the ceiling above the island, and pristine and gleaming white cupboards all around. It contains every single modern kitchen appliance, but at the same time, it's comfortable and homely.

But homely least describes the owners of this cabin. They're ruthless, unapologetic, and illegally too good-looking for words. They live by their own laws and bow to no man.

I don't much care for them, or any overly rich person for that matter, but they have what I need, and nothing is going to stop me from taking it. I won't mess this up, as scary as they are when crossed.

They might appear legitimate on the surface, law-abiding, philanthropists and all that, feeding and housing millions upon millions of people daily, rather they have people do that for them, but they're also the most dangerous men in the world.

There'd been an incident where the cartel and the mafia were locked in a war over possession of an island in the Patagonian region. The location was a perfect base for drugs and arms storage, except for the fact that the island belonged to DKM Industries, Dane, Knight, and Martin, as in Tristan Dane, Ren Knight, and Kaiser Martin.

The three billionaires hopped onto their private jet with no protection, no bodyguards, just the three of them, and went and handled their business. By the time they left the island, neither the Mexican cartel nor the Russian Bratva would ever step foot on the island again.

Since then, the underground world speaks of the trio of billionaires in hushed tones, too afraid to step on their toes in case they get their heads handed to them. No one crosses them and lives to relate the tale—those are not silly rumors. They don't hire other men to take care of their business; their egos are big enough that they do it themselves.

Well, they're my problems now, and when I'm done with them, they won't even know I was here.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 7:17 am*

My plan is ingenious, birthed from a stroke of pure luck when I overheard a kernel of vital information. Months of planning later, and now with my sleeping gas, restraints, and truth serum, I'll get what I want, and they'll think it was just an odd little dream.

It helps that my best friend, Amanda Wilkins, a junior scientist, works in the lab of some secret government organization and has access to some mind-boggling things. The stories she tells me are crazy. But I only needed some base-level stuff from her. Things that wouldn't be missed if she snagged a few vials from their supplies.

After this, I'm home free. I'm going to miss Amanda like crazy, but once the dust settles, we'll meet again.

I close my eyes and imagine crystal clear blue water, white powdery sand, the sun enveloping me in its warmth, and not a single worry to mar my thoughts as I sip sweet drinks with umbrellas in them.

And everyone I love, safe and sound.

### Chapter Two

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Madisyn

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Idon't know how thisis happening, but the longer I sleep in this bed, the more

comfortable it becomes. It must be the lambs' wool handmade breathable mattress and the fine linens with more threads in them than I made dollars in my entire life.

But I can't luxuriate my time away. This isn't a holiday. I still have to pull off the biggest, most dangerous operation of my young life, no matter how confident I feel in my abilities.

I force myself out of bed and trudge to the kitchen for coffee, instant coffee because I don't want to leave any fresh evidence of being there. Mentally, I go over my plan, introducing additional sets of problems and how I'll deal with them if they arise. This sharpens my wits, but I can't shake the layer of agitation that clings to me.

I'm usually very in control. Circumstance, not choice, taught me how to be a thief by the age of thirteen, and I'm damn good at it, executing projects seasoned men in their prime failed to do. But this one...

Had the task involved different men, I would take it in my stride. But I'm a little on edge, to say the least, based solely on who they are and their reputations and... what the thought of them does to me, a little voice squeaks in the background of my mind.

I go over my plan again. It's still foolproof. I can get away with this if I maintain my composure. But the instant the faces of the three billionaires flash in my mind, a knot forms in my stomach and twists hard. I get all hot and flustered, and I struggle to get my breathing under control again.

After washing out my cup and putting it back in its place, I do a sweep of the kitchen and living room areas to make sure I've left no signs of being there. I'm supposed to enter and leave their cabin like a ghost.

Satisfied, I go back to the bedroom to do a thorough cleanup there. While the wind howls incessantly outside, I make the bed, shake out the cover, then the sheets, and

put them all back together again. I'm about to rearrange the pillows exactly as they were when my skin prickles.

I strain to hear. Was that the faint sound of a helicopter or just the wind? I listen intently. When minutes go by, I brush it off as my imagination, which is not a good thing. I can't start imagining shit—my mission will go straight to hell.

I hear the door opening.



## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 7:17 am*

Voices.

Shit. Shit. Shit.

It's them.

They're freaking early. Three hours early.

Tristan Dane. Ren Knight. Kaiser Martin.

The men whose faces are etched into my nightmares, waking me soaked in perspiration, my skin on fire. In my nightmares, they're touching me, their lips traveling all over my body, their cocks thick against me, inside me. I then have to wrench myself awake because what am I doing?

I'm their enemy. They're not fodder for my erotic dreams.

Now they're here. Too early. Fuck.

My heart slams against my chest with the force of a wrecking ball while my entire body freezes up. My base instinct takes over, and I stupidly scan the room, landing on the window. One glance out, and I swear it started snowing six inches more in the time I used to blink. A storm? There weren't any warnings about storms in the area.

Am I really considering escaping out the window? But then what? The cold is bound to kill me now, and wild animals will feast on my corpse. Apprehension burns through my brain cells, leaving me pale and undecided.

Think. Think. Think.

The first thing I tell myself to do is breathe, but the panic clawing at my insides makes it nearly impossible. I've never experienced such paralysis before in any situation. But then again, I've never come face to face with the men who own and rule my thoughts since the moment I discovered they existed.

I imagined this moment a hundred times over, and this is not it. Caught in plain sight, wearing track bottoms, a hoodie, and socks? No. I should have been clad in my padded black leather suit with a gas mask over my face.

I planned to release the sleeping gas as soon as they entered their cabin, tie them up, and wait for them to awake before I injected them with the truth serum.

They wouldn't know who I was at all. The mask comes with a voice modulator, thanks to Amanda again. The padded suit will make it hard to tell if I'm female or not. This job is my last tie to my previous life. I served my time. It's time to start over. In Costa Rica, with a new identity. I'll live anonymously until my last breath.

Having a career—although I have no clue what I wanted to be—falling in love, getting married, and having babies, those are things not on my bingo card. Not possible, given the family I was born into.

Okay, first things first. As stealthily as I can, I close the bedroom door. There aren't any locks, so it's not like I can keep them out forever. Still, I refuse not to carry out every inch of my mission. This is a setback, nothing more.

I gather up my belongings, stuffing them into my bag, when a burst of squeals and cries reaches me. Children.

Children?

I panic for another moment. Did I get the wrong cabin? No. I don't allow for errors simply because I don't make them. This is the right cabin. It belongs to them. Then who are the people I hear entering like they own the place or at least like they belong here?

With my bag and boots in hand, I head toward a cabinet, which I already scouted out as a potential hiding place since it's completely empty. And I'm still contemplating my crap luck when the door swings open.

For some weird reason, I turn, and now I'm looking into the face of what must be a five-year-old boy with brilliant blue eyes and a mop of black curls.

We both stare at each other in shock. I hold my finger over my lips, hoping to silence him, but my plea falls on deaf ears.

"Mom," he shouts over his shoulder. "There's a strange girl in Uncle Tristan's bedroom."

Well, damn.

## Page 4

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### Chapter Three

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Madisyn

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Within a second, a beautiful woman with equally dark curly hair and brown eyes comes to the door. It's her turn to stare at me like I'm some sort of rare species in the zoo.

Well, the boy said Uncle Tristan's room, so I definitely have the right cabin.

"Oh wow," the woman says, doing a double take. "Oh...Oh...Wow." She places so much emphasis on the word wow, her entire beautiful face contorts.

She comes into the bedroom, approaching me slowly.

"I can't believe this," she says softly. "I can't believe it actually happened." Her voice gains traction. "I can't believe I'm actually looking at you," she then says in complete, excitable wonder.

"I'm sorry, I don't—"

Understand what the heck you mean; I want to add on before she continues.

“Oh, they weren’t messing around, were they? You are stunning. Wow! Sorry, I can’t stop staring. You’re just so perfect. I thought it would never happen. Sneaky bastards. Wait, I’m so excited that I forgot my manners.”

She pulls off her gloves and drags me in for an enormous hug. I’m pretty much as stiff as a rod as I try to digest what the fuck is going on right now.

“I’m Tina. I’m their big sister.”

“Madisyn,” I say automatically. Why did I give her my real name? Because my senses don’t perceive her as a threat. Really? Am I rusty or something? She just said she was their big sister. I knew they had family, but I couldn’t find anything on them.

“Madisyn.” She tries my name on her lips. “Lovely. They’re my adopted brothers, by the way. And that little guy over there is my son, Parker,” she says, pointing to the kid still staring at me. “And you’re the girlfriend. The girlfriend,” she says in a sing-song voice, bouncing on her booted feet from side to side.

She thinks I’m one of their girlfriends. I think not.

I shake my head. “I’m not the—”

“No, no, you’re not. Sorry. You’re not just the girlfriend. You’re their girlfriend,” she adds.

Lady, that’s even worse, and the thought makes me freaking blush. Does she think I’m dating all three of them at the same time? Maybe it’s the altitude...

“I’m not—”

“Of course you are. Don’t be shy. I’m well aware of those reverse harems now.

That's what it's called, did you know? Of course you do. You're living it. Well, I've been following the girls from Leashed to Love—have you heard of them?"

I shake my head. What on earth is Leashed to Love? And reverse harem? What is going on?

"Oh, they're amazing. They run a matchmaking company with their little doggies, and I'm hooked. And you know what the best thing is? They each found three loves of their lives. Three super-hot husbands. It's freaking fantastic.

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“Also, my adopted brothers have the same taste in women. So I kind of connected the dots,” she winks. “They’re very good at sharing too, which helps.” Another wink.

First, Tina doesn’t breathe. She talks nonstop. Second, I have no clue what she’s talking about.

“Come and meet everyone. They’re going to be blown away when they see you.” She links her arm with mine and doesn’t even notice that she’s pulling me along against my will. “Their collective. That’s what I’m going to call you.”

She drags me into the kitchen where at least four other adults are unpacking groceries—as if the cabin isn’t fully stocked enough. My mind spins. My heart is beating weirdly in my chest. Clearly, I had stepped through a portal into mayhem. Again, this should not be happening.

Am I going to have to kill them all?

Tina introduces me to their Uncle Klaus, a tall, wiry man with kind eyes, and his wife, Aunt Essie, who is a complete head shorter than her husband, her cheeks round and rosy, and there’s a mischievous sparkle in her eyes.

Their cousin Melody comes up next. She’s blonde and beautiful, and her husband, Gerard, is a way too handsome, well-built Black man who seems to only have eyes for his wife. They have two children, toddler Hale and baby Keira.

After hugging me and welcoming me to the family, Melody hands me her six-month-old and a bottle before she hands her toddler to her husband for a change of clothes

after he'd emptied his chocolate milk on his head. I witnessed this happen in real time.

"Kids, I don't recommend them," she conspires in a whisper, but it's clear from the look on her face she loves her kids more than life itself.

I'm now completely paralyzed. There's a baby in my hands.

"Oh, poor thing," Aunt Essie teases and helps me get settled, then shows me how to feed the baby. What is happening to me right now?

"This is going to be epic," Tina says as she pulls out an entire leg of lamb from a grocery bag while Melody is ready to start cutting up vegetables. Aunt Essie places a huge saucepan on the stove, and Uncle Klaus is gathering all the herbs and spices she'll need.

I'm still a little stunned at the scene before me. I've never had a family—too busy stealing stuff for the mafia—but the rhythm with which they work together and laugh together makes my heart constrict.

Uncle Klaus talks to me about golf. Parker, Tina's son, offers me his apple, which he'd bitten into already, and Gerard, back with a shiny clean Hale, asks me what I do. I murmur 'administration.' Do with that what you will.

"Where did this storm come from?" Melody asks, concerned, as she peers out of the ceiling-to-wall windows. "There wasn't anything about it in the news."

"Freak storm," Uncle Klaus says. "Can't trust the weather these days." Everyone agrees with him.

"Guess we're going to have to wait it out here," Tina says a little too gleefully. "We



can watch movies and play games. It'll be so much fun."

Not for me, it won't.

"We haven't seen them for over a month," Tina says, washing her hands at the sink now and talking to me over her shoulder. I'm quietly petrified I'm going to drop the baby in my hands, so I don't move a muscle.

"It's too long," she continues. "We usually meet for a big family dinner once a week, so instead, we brought them dinner here at the cabin. It's the only way we'll get to see them. And yes, billionaires are busy, but family first, right?" Tina says waiting for my agreement. What do I know? But I nod anyway.

I feel like Alice in What the Fuck Land. My brain honestly stopped working.

I have to get out of here. Time is ticking. I have under three hours to come up with a counter strategy now that my amazing, foolproof plan is currently being sabotaged by their family, who just want to spend time with them while enjoying a meal.

Ugh.

### Chapter Four

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Madisyn

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The number of times I tell myself not to have a conniption at this turn of events is staggering. I have to bide my time. Then escape. But fuck, I can't leave this mission incomplete.

Without those codes, there'll be no freedom.

I wish I'd asked Amanda for something that could instantly erase memories. Amnesia capsules or something so I can wipe my presence from their minds. I'm sure she'll say, 'Sure, hold my microscope,' and get me some. We've known each other since school, but my friendship with her is top secret. I don't want her visibly involved in my life. She's going to wait six months before she joins me in Costa Rica. She wants to open a beach bar. I want to learn how to knit. If this mission fails, I can kiss my perfect life goodbye because how can I be trapped by the most harmless, nicest family members in the universe? I don't know these people, but I... I like them already.

"I need to..." I murmur, bravely getting off the stool. I bravely hand the sleeping baby over to Melody. No, I don't think baby Keira is cute as a cupcake, and no, I don't want to carry her again. I lie to myself.

But the instant I'm divested of Keira, Tina hands me a heavy bowl of potatoes, a peeler, and a bright smile while she squeals how happy she is and that she needs to lose at least three pounds before our wedding.

Our wedding?

Okay, I'll peel these damn potatoes, and then I'm out of here. With the roast on the stove, the aromas making my stomach growl, Uncle Klaus and Aunt Essie go to freshen up before dinner. Melody went to put Keira down and Gerard Hale for his nap before dinner. Tina is now expertly kneading dough for homemade buns. And I'm peeling potatoes. Help me make it make sense.

"You okay there?" Tina asks with a concerned look on her face as she portions off pieces of dough.

"I'm fine," I say, forcing a smile.

"No. You looked very tense and ready to squeeze the life out of that potato. Something is obviously bothering you. But girl. Your boyfriends are billionaires. I don't think there's anything in this world they won't fix for you if you ask them."

Right. Um... Can you please give me the code to your vault, which contains billions of dollars' worth of treasure and deeds, so I can free my father, please, and thank you?

This whole situation is too surreal to contemplate. Here I am, a professional thief for the mafia, fighting for my and my father's life, peeling potatoes in the cabin of the three billionaires who are not supposed to know I exist at all.

I don't even want to think about their reaction when they see me, their freaking girlfriend.

Nope, I can't stay here. They're arriving in two hours. Enough time for me to pack up and leave. I'd rather face the elements outside than face them here inside their cabin.

"Oh. Oh, that's them. They're early. We didn't even hear their helicopter. Of course, we didn't hear their helicopter. It's probably a high-tech silent one. We're not even ready. Dammit," Tina is in a frenzy. Me, I'm ready to bolt.

Except Tina has me in an iron grip. I'd have to break her wrist for her to release me.

"Oh, no, you're going to stand right next to me here to soften them up, so they don't go ballistic on me for infringing on their alone time with Uncle Louie. You're my lucky charm, girl."

Uncle Klaus, Aunt Essie, Melody, and Gerard are back now. More people to witness my downfall when they threw me out as an intruder.

"I really need the bathroom real quick."

"You're as gorgeous as ever. You don't need to freshen up."

"I really have—"

My words are cut off. The massive cabin seems to shrink in size as the three billionaires, still dressed in suits, brush snow from their hair as they enter the kitchen. It must be the delicious smells that drew them in here.

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Their gaze instantly starts on me and remains on me until I realize I do need the bathroom, because I may just wet myself right now. It's as if within seconds, they scanned the kitchen, cataloged their family members, and realized there's a stranger in their midst.

Fuck.

I've swallowed my tongue in the process, as well. In person, they're even more intimidating, more stunningly handsome, more sexy, more powerful, more beautiful, and more everything.

They could snap my neck right now and keep it on ice on a platter while they finished the feast their family prepared for them.

Tina does a bang-up job of throwing me under the bus.

"Now," she starts. "First, look at your beautiful girlfriend's face and forgive us for dropping in on your sacred time with Uncle Louie. But we missed you guys and had to see you. So we thought we'd bring dinner to you. Madisyn, please tell them not to be too mad at us."

For a split second, silence strangles the air out of the kitchen. I calculate how long it would take me to bolt for the door. Again, I'd rather face the snowstorm outside than be on fire with them here in their kitchen.

They're going to demand to know who I am.

Or snap my neck, no questions asked.

## Chapter Five

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Madisyn

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What happens in a second feels like centuries in my mind. How am I going to spin this situation?

“How can we be mad looking at our girlfriend’s beautiful face?” Kaiser Martin says, ripping the earth from under my feet. Wait, what?

I choke. Let me rephrase. I choke like I’ve tried to ram the very large potato I was peeling down my throat.

“Whew. Also, I should be mad at you for keeping Madisyn all to yourself. If we hadn’t crashed your cabin getaway, we would never have known she existed,” Tina scolds.

“Yes, and we wonder why,” Ren says drily, his gaze on me while he earns himself a good-natured swat with her kitchen towel.

“Oh, hush,” Tina says, closing the gap between them and throwing her arms around each one of them as she hugs and kisses them affectionately. They then greet the rest of their family, and it’s not a secret how much they’re loved and love in return.

## Page 8

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“Okay, now each of you can say hello to your girlfriend,” Tina adds.

I want the tiled floor to crack open enough for me to fall through to the bottom of the earth. It doesn't. They come toward me. First Ren, then Kaiser, then Tristan.

I don't breathe. Their cologne engulfs me, weakening my knees and obliterating coherent thought. I have no idea what they're going to do. Maybe out me for the imposter that I am now?

Ren cups my cheek. His hand, cold, soothes the flaming redness in my cheeks but creates a catastrophe of mayhem in the pit of my stomach and between my legs. He lowers his head. I make the mistake of looking into his captivating blue eyes, all for a second, but that is all it takes for him to drown me in a pool of flames.

God help me.

“Girlfriend,” he murmurs, but it sounds like a question.

Well, that's my gig over with now. He's going to demand I reveal my true identity and state my business for being here, or they're going to hang me from a tree outside.

The only thing I know for certain is I can't tell them about my true purpose for being here. Admitting that would be tantamount to complete failure. I'm still holding out hope I can salvage my mission. I have to take my cues from them.

He lowers his face toward me. My gasp is immediately swallowed as Ren places his mouth over mine. I'm stunned. Astonished. Bewildered. My nipples already

unquestioningly hardened, aching even more. I'm worried that I'm too wet and they'd know. It's all those stupid dreams I've been having about them.

I'm reeling, spiraling out of control, right there under his touch.

He's kissing me. Ren Knight is kissing me, and it feels surreal. He coaxes my lips to part before he slips his tongue into my mouth. My level of comprehension can only tabulate two things. Ren is kidding me. Ren shouldn't be kissing me at all.

I'm still dazed, shocked, and confused when he releases me, and Kaiser takes me next. Am I dreaming? No, if I were, this would be a nightmare.

I'm their enemy. I'm going to steal something precious from them. They should strangle me to almost death so they could get answers out of me. Who am I? What the fuck am I doing in their cabin, cozying up with their family?

"Girlfriend," Kaiser says, nodding in greeting, his smile making my nerves dance for him. His thumb brushes over my kiss-swollen bottom lip. He pulls on it, opening my mouth before he bends his head and takes ownership of me.

His kiss is hot, titillating, and teasing. I distance myself from the girl leaning into him, desperately trying to pull him closer. I don't know her. She doesn't exist. She shouldn't exist.

Kaiser chuckles as if he's proud of what he's doing, luring me closer, me wanting him to press his lips harder against mine. He wipes at my bottom lip before he releases me and then sucks off the dampness.

I don't have time to think, to process what the heck is going on. How did two of the three billionaires kiss me right on another planet?



But with lightning speed and the agility of a predator, Tristan Dane wraps his massive hand around my throat. Shock springs to my eyes. I feel it flooding my gaze as he demands I look at him. When I don't, he squeezes.

"You have no idea what you got yourself into," he says into my ear, only for me to hear his deep, gravelly voice sending an explosion of fire through me. He hesitates for a moment, his gaze shifting from my eyes to my mouth. Just when I think he's going to throw me aside, his mouth crushes down on mine. I whimper against him as he bites my lips, then sucks on it, pulling me closer with his other hand. My hand forms a fist against his powerful, beating heart.

When he releases me, I almost crumple to the floor. My hold on the table behind me turns my knuckles white. If I thought I couldn't breathe before from seeing them, kissing me renders me catatonic.

What game are they playing? How long before they stop playing and demand answers the hard way?

I'm at a loss for what to do next.

It's only then I belatedly realize I had an audience to the complete collapse of my senses. I can't get any redder than I am right now.

"I thought you would never release her," Tina says, rushing back into action, and soon the kitchen is in a flurry with everyone trying to finish up the cooking. The billionaires take Uncle Klaus and Gerard to the living room, where they pour expensive-looking whiskey into glasses. I feel their gazes on me at every turn, every breath.

When is the crap-covered fan going to hit me in the face?

Tina gives me the broadest, most mischievous smile ever. Melody keeps nudging me with her shoulder. Aunt Essie predicts there's going to be a couple of babies on the horizon soon.

They are all fucking deranged. But my cheeks remained obscenely flushed, my lips swollen, and I have a dazed look in my eyes. Not the lovesick puppy look, but the what-in-the-hell-is-going-to-happen-to-me look.

Also, do their families have any idea what men they really are? Yes, Tina mentioned they could fix all my problems, but she said that because they were rich. Does she know what Tristan, Ren, and Kaiser are going to do to me when I'm alone with them?

My mind is so muddled I can't think of what to do next. Instead, while I fumble my way through every task Tina gives me, I still do them all. I don't think my brain has glitched this hard in all my life.

They're playing with me like predators play with their food before they eat them up.

### Chapter Six

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#### Kaiser

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There aren't many times we're surprised by a turn of events. No, actually that's incorrect. We've never been unsettled by a turn of events in our entire lives.

Anticipating the next move is second nature to all three of us. Staying three steps ahead is what made us the men we are today—insanely fucking rich and dangerously powerful.

We take everything in and give nothing away. But this unknown dark-haired siren standing in our kitchen, peeling potatoes, took us by complete and utter surprise. For one crazy moment, at least.

She's nothing like the woman we're accustomed to—polished, sophisticated, confident—who can hold their own in any situation while they take over the world.

She's different in that she sucker punched us in the fucking nuts with just one glance at her. A complete fucking first for us.

Also, apparently, she's our girlfriend—collectively ours. Last time I checked, my best friends and business partners, Tristan Dane and Ren Knight—men I would die

for—and I had no such thing as a girlfriend simply because we don't do the whole dating thing. Oh, we fuck, but the women we take to our bed know the conditions and usually have their own as well. It's all mutually understood. So this is an enormous surprise.

In fact, her presence rattles us so much, she distracts us from the fact that our whole extended family has just crashed our weekend at the cabin where we pay tribute to Louie Banks.

While the woman who adopted us, Camilla Banks, was kind and gentle and taught us the finer things in life, it had been her brother, Louie Banks, an ex-military guy, who taught us how to be calm on the surface but ruthless beneath.

This had been his cabin. Snow Rock. He'd bring us here every year around this time, just to catch our breath, he used to say. And when we were older, we'd enjoy a fine bottle of whiskey with him.

He made us promise that once a year we would come to Snow Rock, catch our breath, drink fine whiskey, and remember him. We've been doing this for the last four years in a row.

And this is what we walk into in year five.

This is exactly something Tanya, our adopted sister, would pull off. There isn't anything in the world we wouldn't do for her. The instant we found out her husband raised his hand to her... well... suffice to say no one knows where he is right now.

We knew we needed to make up for lost time with the family. We planned to do it after our weekend here at the cabin. A hostile takeover, with the backing of the fucking Irish mob on the opposition side, is a little time-consuming. Yeah, those bastards had no issue bringing guns into our boardroom, so we had to show them who

was boss. They were stubborn but handed over their business in the end.

The instant Tina introduces her as our girlfriend, I know for a fact that Tristan, Ren, and I were thinking of the same thing. Do we know her? Did we fuck her? Is she looking to blackmail us? Is she pregnant and looking to blackmail us? Is she an assassin? Will she wrap her pretty thighs around our necks and strangle us to death in the middle of the night? We should be so lucky. I can't help but grin at the image.

Well, we could definitely rule out having her in our bed or breeding her. There is no way any of us had this woman beneath us and then forgot she existed. No fucking way at all. So is she here to kill us? Poison our food? We'd have to feed her some of it first, just to make sure. That should be a blast.

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Seriously though, if we don't know her but she clearly knows us, that changes everything and makes this even more dangerous. For her. Does she know who we really are?

Another thought jumps into my head. Did she break into the wrong cabin, maybe? Probably not. That would mean she picked the entirely wrong mountain to start with.

This is going to be so fucking interesting. We'll play her game until her next move. And when we say we're going to play her game, we mean that in every sense of the word. She wants to be our girlfriend. We'll show her exactly what that entails. Until she cracks.

But fuck, kissing the golden-eyed, dark-haired beauty with her lush lips and intoxicating scent... Hell.

That had been her first test to break her. She was supposed to push us away. Not feel like a piece of treasure, we immediately wanted to lay claim to. Own. Protect. Devour.

But fuck, the taste of her lips, like candy, now runs through our bloodstream. The feel of her, like satin, her curves hot and addictive as she dissolved against us, became our obsession. In short, she fucking combusted in our arms, took us down with her, changed the natural trajectory of our planned lives, and gave us each an immediate case of life-threatening blue balls.

Yet the absolutely stunning woman infiltrated our family, lied about being our girlfriend, and hadn't come clean yet. No, "I'm so sorry. This is a big mix-up."

Instead, she continues playing her game and lets us kiss her. Fuck.

Who is she? What does she really want with us?

The only thing we know is her first name. Madisyn. It would take us one phone call and less than five minutes to find out everything there was to know about her. But where's the fun in that?

There's a storm outside, bound to become a raging storm by tomorrow, according to the weather reports. And she's trapped inside here with us. We have all the time to do this the long way, the hard way.

By the time we're done with her, Madisyn, our girlfriend, is going to tell us everything.

One thing is absolutely certain, though: we're not letting her out of our sight.

Ever.

Well, that's a decision Ren and I have already made. We're keeping her, no matter what. If that's not the scariest decision we've had in all our lives. But Tristan? He's not yet sure. He'll need to break her down first. For now, he's keeping his options open, whether he's going to break her defenses, her neck, or join us in laying claim to her body, her mind, and her soul.

Interesting times ahead for sure.

Chapter Seven

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Madisyn

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## Page 11

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 7:17 am*

Dear god what have I walked into?

As soon as I close the door behind me, I lean against it, give in, and hyperventilate. I struggle so hard to get air into my lungs my chest aches, and I'm left wondering if I'm having a heart attack at twenty-three.

I force myself to get a grip. I'm not a falling-apart type of person. I'm resourceful and strong and brave. Gosh, I seem to be stuck in a loop with these pep talks I give myself to keep my head above the tar I'm drowning in.

Still, I've been in high-pressure situations before. This is no different. Except it is. It's entirely different. They're worse than the psychos I thought them to be. Why haven't they questioned me yet? Do they know who I am? Who I work for? No, that is impossible. If they knew what I planned to take from them, they would ice my corpse on the snow outside and then sit down and have a cozy dinner with their family.

Well, I refuse to be their prey.

One look out of the massive window tells me the storm is picking up. I can't escape on foot. I'll die. I could find their helicopter and fly myself out. Two things: flying helicopters does not feature on my résumé, and there's no time for a crash course on the subject.

"Now is not the time for puns, Cohen," I whisper, annoyed.

The other thing is, what if their pilot dropped them off and will only return to pick

them up after the weekend? There might not be a helicopter for me to commandeer.

Do I have to accept this mission is a bust? No. Not yet. Whatever they plan to do to me, I have to beat them here inside the cabin and carry out my plans on them first. How, I do not know.

I get up off the floor, anxiety and fear rumbling through me like a bullet train. I bite my lip hard enough to quell the frustrated scream brewing inside me.

Then I notice what's lying on the bed.

Oh god.

They went through my things. My personal things. They touched my clothes while I was busy in the kitchen helping cook dinner for them. Ugh, if I had a vial of poison, I would have seasoned their portions with it.

Laying on the bed is the only dress I own. A frivolous luxury I allowed myself. Something to make me feel feminine, where I can be a girl in a dress enjoying her life. I so desperately want that life.

I packed the dress because it became a beacon of my freedom. I envision myself wearing it on the beach, dipping my toes into the warm water, a gentle breeze in my hair, the sun comforting on my face. And all the while, my father is with me, safe and happy. Doing his crossword puzzles and making his famous mac and cheese dish, the one I grew up eating, perfect for any emotion, happy or sad.

How dare they touch my things?

I grab the note lying on top of the dress, my hands shaking as I read it.

Wear this for dinner. Nothing underneath. Nothing on your feet.

Play along or die.

Bastards. Bastards. Bastards.

Are they fucking serious? They want me to wear a floral strapped mid-thigh dress in the middle of a snowstorm in a cabin surrounded by their family.

Have they lost their ever-loving minds? I'm going to freeze my nipples off. Is that what they want? I stop myself from shredding the dress to pieces with my bare hands and force it down their throats. I can't keep up this mind game. Worse, it's only begun.

I frantically search the secret compartment in my bag. They've confiscated the vials and the canister I'd placed there for safekeeping. Shit.

If they had any suspicions, going through my bags and finding handcuffs, zip ties, tasers, sleeping gas, truth serum, a hazmat suit, and a mask, there's now no mistaking my reasons for being there are nefarious and not some kinky sex party.

I clench my hands and scream on the inside. They're going to kill me any which way I look at it. I'm an intruder on their property. My reason for being there? Villainous. They kill people out to get them. And I'm sure sometimes for lesser offenses.

I blow out a breath. I don't have a choice. There are too many people here for me to deal with them. I'll do as they say. They win this hand. This battle. But I'm going to win the war. I will get my father back, and they're the ones who are going to deliver the ticket for both mine and my father's freedom.

Still quivering with rage, I step into the shower and angrily scrub my skin until I

think I've taken off a layer of my dermis.

The dress will never have the same meaning to me now, not after they instructed me to wear it. I'm going to burn it when I'm done with them.

With brisk strokes, I apply lotion to my body and don't even bother with makeup. I gather my long hair into a messy ponytail, and then I'm done.

I'm going to shiver my ass off in this. Fine. They want to play; I'll play. My nipples stand erect from the cold as I swing the bedroom door open and make my way to the open-plan living areas.

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Everyone stops talking. Their eyes are glued to me as I stand there shivering, barefoot in a short floral summer dress. But in my mind's eyes, they are the only ones who exist.

My gaze flips up to them. Gods amongst mortals. I swear I don't know how to be anymore. How on earth did I function before this? I miss a breath, which starts an entire chain of torment of me catching up to my next breath and my next.

Their gazes slid down my body, incinerating the flimsy fabric keeping me from being naked, only to come to rest on my face with such intensity a new quiver sails down my spine. My nipples are so hard they're aching now. And the need to press my thighs together becomes so overwhelming, tears prick at my eyes.

I'm the first to look away, and when I do, I'm reminded of the rest of their family, who must all think I'm certifiable. Everyone else is dressed reasonably warm, in slacks, sweaters, socks, and boots, as they should be because it's freaking winter and it's snowing like crazy. And then there's me.

How much longer are they going to torture me?

### Chapter Eight

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Madisyn

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My bones threaten to seize up not only from the cold but also from the sheer duress I'm under right now. A sweater would have made a vast difference to keep me warm. Even wearing a pair of panties would help.

"Holy hell, woman, your body is insane," Melody says, then snaps her fingers.

"You look like a ray of sunshine," Tina adds, then frowns. "But aren't you cold?"

"Klaus, would you get my cardigan from the bedroom, please?" Aunt Essie says. "I don't want the girl to catch a cold."

"No need, Aunt Essie," Tristan says, his gaze so penetrating it leaves a mark on my soul.

"We told her to wear this dress. For us," Ren says quietly, his attention on me as unnerving as Tristan's.

My knees wobble when Kaiser comes toward me. "Only so we could be the ones to keep her warm." He slips his arm around my waist; his minty fresh breath tickles the skin at the side of my neck. "Isn't that right, kitten?" His teeth nip my flesh, prompting an answer.

"Yes," I say, my voice soft and hoarse. I add a smile to my face, so I don't appear completely unhinged. How am I going to get through this?

"Oh, you love sick puppies, you," Tina teases. "Can't get enough of your girl, can you?" Everyone laughs. I laugh last and only when I'm issued a warning look from Tristan.

They're systematically breaking me down.

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The next hour at dinner, maybe a little more than an hour, goes by in a blur. It's no secret they thought I was going to poison their food when they made a big show of feeding me the first bite of everything they ate.

Ugh.

I open my mouth, chew, and swallow, but I don't taste the food. I smile and nod and answer questions I won't remember later. When we're asked how we met, I hear them telling their family I worked for them. Like I would ever work for them. My entire purpose in life is to get away from men like them.

I'm also begrudgingly aware that someone turned up the heating beneath my bare feet and also the cabin temperature. They turned up the heat for me. But why? I thought they wanted to punish me. More mind games.

Well, I will not break. I hope they're ready for that. Except every time they're near enough for their cologne to mess with my brain chemistry, or when they touch me, I break a little more each time.

Fully distracted, I help Tina and Melody with cleaning up and serving dessert, which is sticky toffee pudding that Melody made at home and brought with her. It's criminal I ate a bowl with warm custard draped over it and didn't get to immerse myself in the experience. Everything is too bizarre for this to be my new reality.

I take no part in what family activity to do next. They settle on a movie. Bowls of popcorn and sweet treats line the coffee table. A fire crackles from the stone fireplace, enveloping the cabin in another layer of warmth while the wind howls

outside against the fast-falling snow.

Everyone finds their comfort spots. Melody takes the love seat and wraps herself in a blanket. Gerard sits on the thick, fluffy carpet, with a bowl of popcorn. Tina lays herself out on another sofa. And Uncle Klaus and Aunt Essie sit next to each other on a two-seater.

Tristan takes a single seater for himself. The chair is huge, but he dominates every inch. It's one of those chairs that swivels, and with his legs spread wide and his fingers steepled, he can easily turn and watch me continue to fall apart.

With no control or leverage, I can't do much when I'm forcefully sandwiched between Ren and Kaiser on another two-seater.

The sofa is pure luxury. Soft. Comfortable. One to snuggle up on, except I have two giants on either side of me making sure I remain in place. I know this because every time I try to get up, they pull me back down.

My heart hammers in my chest. Their cologne seeps into me, melting brain cells in its wake. They're too close. Despite it being a large sofa, because they're so big and tall, they take up all the space. Worse, their spread thighs crush me in the middle. The heat from where they press against me is combustible.

Oh god please help me breathe.

I make a confident act of getting up one last time, my intention to move to a vacant chair, but this time I can't even move. They press their thighs against me. They're keeping me imprisoned on a sofa with nothing but the strength from their legs.

Everyone argues about what movie to watch. I couldn't tell you what movie they settled on if my life depended on it.



The lights go off, and Kaiser pulls a cashmere throw over our legs. I'm ready to explode. A fever rages under my skin, and I worry it's going to leave me soaked.

I'm really struggling now. More so when Tristan catches my gaze in the light from the theater-style television and holds it. He doesn't take his eyes off me.

The voices on the television amplify. I'm having a nervous breakdown. I need air. But I receive no such reprieve.

My thudding heart comes to a dead stop when Ren and Kaiser lay their hands on my thighs. My bare thighs. I gasp at the contact, so blazingly hot my imminent demise is a breath away.

I try to wriggle away, but I'm trapped so tight between them I can't move an inch. If they shifted just a little, all three of us could sit a little more comfortably on the sofa. But no.

Why are they doing this to me? I'm on the verge of asking them how long they're planning on playing this game when Ren and Kaiser's long, hard fingers trail up my thigh.

I inhale sharply when Kaiser tucks his hand under the back of my knee and lifts my leg, so it hangs over his thigh.

"If you move your leg from my lap, Tristan is going to spank your pretty little ass so hard, you won't be able to sit for a month," he whispers in my ear. My gaze shoots to Tristan. It's as if he knew exactly what Kaiser had whispered in my ear.

I'm facing a triple takedown. Flawlessly coordinated.

### Chapter Nine

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Madisyn

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Dear god.

I bit my lip, willing myself to cool down so they can't feel the heat bursting from between my parted legs.

But no. I only get hotter. Wetter. What is even wrong with me?

I push their hands away, but Kaiser bites the side of my neck so hard tears spring to my eyes. Ren reaches his arm around me and covers my mouth with his large hand, silencing me while Kaiser drags his knuckle down my soaked pussy.

The touch is so foreign, so salacious, so intimate. My head jerks toward him, distinct shock and terror blurring my vision. Ren drops his hand from my mouth. I only catch Kaiser's side profile, the jut of his incredible jaw. He looks straight ahead, unperturbed, as if he's transfixed with what is on the screen ahead.

He uses his index finger and thumb to stroke my labia. And only then does he slowly turn to look at me. My eyes are as big as planets. He's touching me there. No man has ever had the audacity to touch me there.

Before I can comprehend, or blink, or even breathe, Ren's hand inches closer. My head swivels in his direction. Did they have to be so insanely gorgeous? It wasn't fair. Double the amount of shock spreads over my face now. Ren does the same thing Kaiser did. He lazily turns my way. The pad of his middle finger brushes over my clit the same instant his eyes pull me under, imprisoning me.

He uses the index finger of his other hand and places it over his lips to silence me. Kaiser plays with my labia, parting my folds, dipping into the pool of wetness at the entrance of my pussy. Ren presses his finger more firmly against my clit, stroking harder. I slap my hand over my mouth so hard I could have knocked myself out.

My stomach drops. Blood runs chaotically through my veins. I'm going to pass out. I'm going to come. For no reason at all, my gaze darts to Tristan. The scene on the television flickers from dark to light and highlights his features for me. He knows what his friends, his business partners, and his fellow psychopaths are doing to me. He knows everything that is happening beneath the blanket over our laps.

I've never fought a more conflicting battle in my life before. I'm grateful that the cashmere throw is thick enough that no one knows what they're doing to me beneath it. I would die from embarrassment.

Strangled whimpers muffle against my hand, covering my mouth. I turn a violent red when Tristan turns up the volume on the television.

At once, I'm brought to my senses. I have to fight them. Did I stay in place because Kaiser threatened to spank me? I'd like to see him try. Also, I was stunned at their boldness for touching me, which explains my inaction. I refuse to fall for their dirty games again.

With renewed vigor, I push at their hands and struggle to close my legs.

“Behave. You don’t want to draw anyone’s attention, do you?” Ren says with a grin, but it sounds more like a dare.

“They’ll know what we’re doing to you under this blanket, kitten, and we won’t deny it,” Kaiser adds with a wicked smile on his stupidly handsome face.

“You’re insane,” I hiss during a loud scene of bombs exploding on the screen. “If you think I’m going to—”

My words are cut off as Kaiser pulls my leg, spreading my thighs even wider. He ever so slightly deepens his hold inside my soaked folds. It’s only his finger, but I feel as if I’ve been fully penetrated. How can this be getting me wetter?

Ren increases the pressure and the speed of his strokes on my clit, sensitizing my bead. I’m trembling all over. My pussy swells. My stomach contracts. My lip is going to burst open if I bite it any harder.

They’re merciless. I scratch their hands, try to squirm away, forcing my body not to give in to them. But I’m not strong enough. Ren is covering my mouth again as my breathing gets more erratic, my pants so loud they seem to shatter my eardrums. Please, god, don’t let me come.

It’s too late.

An orgasm plunges me into a dark, erotic abyss. I explode in their hands, shuddering, shaking, and streaming with wetness. Tristan hadn’t taken his eyes off me.

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Ren removes his hand from my mouth. They both suck their fingers, glistening in the dim light with my essence.

Kaiser tilts my face toward him and kisses me, catching my heaving, defeated breaths in his mouth. My head is spinning; my world swung off its axis.

I raise my hand to Kaiser's chest, my intent to push him away. Instead, my fingers curl around the luxurious softness of his sweater in defeat.

My eyes spring open when Ren touches me again. I feel something sweep against my spasming pussy. What...

I break away from Kaiser and turn to Ren. He brings his hand up from under the blanket. Caught between his fingers is a perfectly fluffy kernel of popcorn. He pops it into his mouth.

"Delicious," he says to Kaiser, who reaches for a kernel and coats it with the juices lingering on the lips of my pussy, then slips it into his mouth.

"You're right," Kaiser agrees.

I want to die.

No. I need to get away. The thought of walking out of the door into the frosty cold seems like the only thing that'll cool me off. But I can't do that. When I attempt to stand, they let me. I struggle for a bit, underestimating my legs would still work after what I've been through.

I wobble, almost fall back into Ren's lap, before I push away, nodding and murmuring goodnight to everyone on my way out when they ask if I'm going to bed.

I go straight to the bedroom I used earlier. I don't care that it's Tristan's. Well, at least according to Tina's son, Parker, it is. I just need a place to lock myself in. Forever.

Dammit. I forgot. There aren't locks on the damn bedroom door.

## Chapter Ten

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Madisyn

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Imay be at risk offalling through the hole in the floor I'll make from my frantic over pacing. This is not good.

I have to wrench my fingers from my mouth, worried I'll start a new nail-biting habit I won't be able to shake. Every time I try to think with some coherence, my body heats and sends a blitz of sensation through me, corrupting my thoughts all over again. I can't win.

"Okay, calm down, Cohen," I tell myself. I unclench my fists and take ten deep breaths. I've been in situations worse than this—no, I'm lying. When have I ever been in a situation where I was forced to sit between two billionaires, who parted my legs, touched me there, and muffled my shameful cries when I came, while the third billionaire sat and watched everything?

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I don't even want to mention that all happened while the rest of their family watched an action movie and ate a lot of snacks. Evidence of the absolute hot wet mess between my legs remains in case I choose to doubt its occurrence.

I drag my hand through my hair in pure frustration. All that preparation, reconnaissance, all that dreaming that this would be my last job, only for this to happen. I can't just cut my losses and leave. I'm never going to get another opportunity like this again. When they come to the cabin to pay tribute to their uncle, they're less on their guard, because this is a personal matter, and it had been my only window to attack.

My plan had been so perfect. Hit them with the sleeping gas as soon as they entered the cabin and tie them up. Then wait for them to wake up, inject them with the truth serum to loosen their tongues, and have them tell me all their secrets. Well, just one in particular.

Except everything that could go wrong did. Their family arriving, them thinking I was their girlfriend, them confiscating my biological weapons.

What am I going to do? Now that's a question I rarely ask myself. I'm never without options or creative solutions. But nothing has ever affected me so profoundly that I lost all control, dignity, pride, and modesty. So can I trust myself to decide correctly at all?

I have to leave. Find another way to do this. Did I forget the weather? It's storming outside. Damn freak storm. If I thought I wouldn't survive it before, I will not survive it now that it's worse.

Think rationally. What if I stay? What if I get what I need, but in a different way? That's going to be impossible, and I'm just feeding myself false hope. They're on to me now.

Okay. So I'll have to bide my time and see what they do next. I'll simply have to wait. In the meantime, if they decide to come and question me while everyone else is asleep, I'll need a cover story. Something like, I'm a thief, and I wanted to steal their stuff. Telling half the truth makes the other half of the lies easier to keep up with.

I was climbing mountains, which is what I do. Lost my way, needed to rest, came across the cabin, deactivated the alarm, and bam. Proceeded to see this as an opportunity to steal some stuff. I played along when their family believed I was their girlfriend. I kept up with a lie. Which meant I was here not for any innocent reasons.

I'll plead with them. I'm a silly little thief, reckless but inconsequential. I'll beg them to let me go. Not to turn me into the police. They can mete out their own punishment if they like. I don't know. Clean their boots or something. As if I'd do that, but they do have to believe I'll do anything.

Good. That sounds plausible; it'll sell itself.

Exhaustion creeps into my bones. Not the same as I experienced post-mountain climbing. This tiredness from being touched by them hits differently. I am lulled into a state of eroticism, body and brain. In other words, I'm useless.

I remove my dress—they made me wear this, so I was more accessible to them. Dear god, who are they? Am I asking that question? I know who they are. What type of men they are. They don't even bother hiding it. They're dangerous. My life is in their hands right now.

I shake my head and step into the shower. Nothing is going to happen to me. I will



survive this. I will save my father. We will escape and leave all this terribleness behind us.

But as I lather myself up, I relive every moment again to where I tell myself to stop thinking about it. I put on a pair of track bottoms and an old t-shirt and get into the king-size bed. I honestly don't care that I've taken Tristan's room. He deserves it.

But I need to sleep. So I can handle whatever these billionaires throw at me next. I fall asleep pretty quickly, but my dreams are chaotic. They're there touching me. Flames all around me. Suddenly I'm burning up. My clothes feel too heavy on my body. They're going to catch fire. In my slumberous state, I rip off my track bottoms and the T-shirt, but my dream changes again. They're kissing me. I'm on fire. Naked but hot.

I toss and turn, kicking the covers off me, pulling them up again, until finally slumber takes me.

And then my subconscious tells me I'm sleeping for too long. Am I sleeping the day away? Where even am I?

But on the rim of my consciousness, I'm aware there's something else happening all around me.

### Chapter Eleven

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Madisyn

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An encompassing, inescapable presence consumes me. I'm lying on my stomach. My left leg bent at the knee. The comforter only covers my butt. The same inflamed heaviness sliding up and down my body intensifies.

My eyes open. I'm awake now. But I don't move, careful not to speed up my breathing in case I give myself away.

I'm not alone.

I'm not alone in this room.

They're watching me sleep.

I should have stashed a knife under my pillow. But it's fine. I can fight them. I have a black belt in karate and street credentials. They might be stronger and infinitely more dangerous, but I won't go down without a fight.

It doesn't help that I'm naked.

I jump up from the bed, taking the comforter with me. Great. The thing is so heavy I'm using all my strength to keep it against me. At the sight of them lounging around the room in various states of repose—Kaiser seated, Ren leaning against a desk, Tristan standing with his hands in the pockets of his jeans.

It's clear they've showered and changed out of their suits. I can smell their soap and fresh cologne. My body seems to answer to them at once. My pussy clenches and becomes dewy. Oh god. Not that again. They may have crept into my fantasies when I first targeted them, but in reality, they're just far more threatening.

"I can explain," I say conciliatorily. I have no choice. They have the advantage. I have to sell my story and hope they buy it.

"Oh, now that we're all alone, we're all ears. Start at the beginning," Kaiser says.

We're all alone? What does that mean? Apprehension smothers me. "Where is everyone?" I ask in a small voice.

"Gone," Ren says. "Back home. Just in time before the worst of the storm hits too," he continues, his tone conversational as he takes a seat in one of the big chairs in the room.

"There's no one here?" I ask rather stupidly.

"It's just us, girlfriend," Kaiser says.

"I can't believe you put your family in danger like that. Sending them out in the storm in a helicopter. What is wrong with you?"

"Our helicopter can fly through anything. It's military grade. A bit of a snowstorm is nothing. Also, would you have preferred them to stay and hear you scream?"

I swallow hard.

“I don’t scream,” I say, looking Tristan dead in the face. “But maybe you do?” I ask saucily. He doesn’t even grin at me.

Am I being real? Did I honestly believe having their family here provided me some sort of protection? They touched me while we all sat and watched a freaking movie. But no. I’m right. This makes them more hazardous.

“So, tell us. Who are you, Madisyn? Is that even your real name to start with?”

I take a deep breath. I’m trapped. The only way out of here for me is through my wits.

“Can I put on some clothes first?”

“No.” They all chorus.

I look at them in shock.

“I prefer to be wearing something more substantial than a bed cover, please.”

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What the hell possessed me to remove my clothes? Oh right. I was in a stupor, thanks to them. What is wrong with me?

“Still no.”

“Well, I’m sorry, but I don’t care. I’m putting on my clothes.” I move to pick up the T-shirt lying on the floor beside the bed.

“Then you’ll have to fight me for them,” Kaiser says, beating me. He picks up my T-shirt and brings it to his nose, where he inhales before he tosses it on the bed again. I balk. He’s dead serious. He pulls up the sleeves of his long-sleeve T-shirt, bearing powerful, corded forearms, littered with tattoos.

Why couldn’t they just be your average billionaires? Normal looking, non-threatening to my pulse, peace of mind, and my panties, which I wish I were wearing right now. Why couldn’t they just be forgettable?

I will not fight Kaiser for my clothes because I’ll have to fight him naked, and his hands will be on my body.

I sigh, folding my arms over my chest, securing the bed cover to my body even more firmly.

“Very gentleman-like,” I mutter under my breath before I glare them down.

“Oh, we’re not. Trust us,” Ren informs me.

“And I’m no pushover. So we should part ways then.”

“No fun in that. Talk to us. Tell us things. Entertain us,” Kaiser insists.

“Will you let me go if I tell you the truth?”

“Of course. Once the weather clears, you’ll get the best seat on our helicopter. Promise.”

“How can I trust you?”

“You’re just going to have to, I guess. Besides, we’re the good guys here. You’re the one who’s trespassing on private property. Breaking and entry.”

“I didn’t have to break anything. That’s an excellent alarm system you have but consider upgrading to something better.”

“You hacked into our alarm?”

“How else was I supposed to get in?” Oh, they thought their family let me in. Cute.

“Who are you?” Tristan asks. His tone demands I speak immediately, answering his question without being smart.

“Fine. I was doing a little winter R&R, then lost my way. I was cold, tired, and hungry. I found this cabin. No one was here, so I disarmed the alarm. I helped myself to some cheese, grapes, olives, and two crackers. I also took a shower and a nap in that bed.

“If you’re wondering how I could hack into your alarm system, well that’s because I’m a thief. And if your family hadn’t arrived and caught me in the middle of trying

to steal your silverware, I wouldn't have been here when you arrived. So I apologize for trying to steal from you. I saw an opportunity, and I took it."

"A regular dark-haired Goldilocks then. Ate our food, sat in our chairs, slept in our bed."

"Well, with a twist. Don't forget I was also going to rob you."

### Chapter Twelve

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Tristan

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This little beauty really thinks she's going to get away with whatever she planned. If she'd done her homework properly, she'd know she would lose. And there's no backing out for her now.

I don't appreciate the hold she has on us, though. It shouldn't have taken one glance at her to make us instantly forget who we are. She's a danger. To every part of us. Everything that makes us who we are.

Kaiser and Ren already bypassed all that and are ready to make her ours, any which way, but I'm a lot more cautious. Depending on who she's affiliated with, what her mission is, and how determined she is to continue with said mission, those are all things I need answers on first.

The truth is, she fucking scares me. Yes, I'm six foot four, ripped, and can kill a man in two moves while making a fortune in stock at the same time. All three of us, me, Ren, and Kaiser, are dangerous and brilliant fucking psychos, and she's all soft curves and sexy defiance. But she scares me.

I know why Ren and Kaiser, the only men in the world I trust with my life, want to



keep her, whether it's locked in a cage in the dungeon in our house or handcuffed to our bed. I feel it too. She reached inside our fucking minds and changed things, and now our bodies seem only to get hard for her, something we knew at first sight of her.

But I don't like the way she makes my heart fucking thud, my cock so thick it hurts. I don't like the universal hold she has on me, and if I find a reason to break it off, I will. No questions asked.

I'm prepared to ignore the raging war in my dick to fuck her immediately, to share her with my friends, my brothers, until I discover everything there is to know about her.

While our little intruder was fast asleep, we packed up our family and called our pilot, Higgins, to take them back home. We also told Higgins, a valuable member of our organization, to collect something for us on his return to the cabin. He knows better than to ask questions, but by the way Tina made a big fuss to tell Madisyn, our girlfriend, she'd call her later, Higgins knew there was a woman with us, and we weren't allowing her to leave.

Suffice to say, our time away at Snow Rock is anything but peaceful.

"That's a good story," Ren remarks as she relays how she came to be in our cabin. "But it doesn't quite explain the other strange things we found amongst your belongings."

"I don't know what you're talking about," she says. Oh, she's just going to deny their existence entirely, is she?

"The canister and vial. The padded suit and gas mask?"

I half expect her to say the suit and mask are a Halloween outfit and the canister and

vial are her accessories.

“They’re not mine. Maybe you’re just playing with me. Or someone else must have put them there.”

“You’re so fucking cute when you lie, you know that?” Kaiser chuckles.

In the short space of time she’s been in our company, we feel like we know her mannerisms pretty well already.

“I’m not lying,” she insists, her defenses up.

“Yes, you are,” I say. “When you speak the truth, like when you told us about the cheese, olives, grapes, and crackers, your eyes stay lit up. When you told us about the suit, mask, and what was inside your bag, essentially lying, a shadow passed over your eyes.”

“I don’t do...that,” she says, flustered.

I’ll admit she is fucking cute when she tries to lie on top of a lie. But she just let us know everything we need to know. I still don’t trust her. What we found in her bag says she sought us out, deliberately and strategically. Sent here either to kill us or get information. I need to know which. I need to know who she works for.

But whatever her plans were, they ended now. Afterward? I sigh inwardly. She’ll end up being our weakness. In our position, we shouldn’t have any weaknesses.

“Quit the lies and tell us the truth. Who are you working for?” Ren asks.

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“No one. I work alone, for myself. I don’t share my profits.”

“Is that so?” I drawl, closing the gap between us. Fucking hell, the scent coming from her bare skin only makes my cock harder. I don’t trust her, but I still want her.

She stands her ground, tries not to change the expression on her face, but she has so many tells. If I weren’t such a grumpy bastard, I’d admit they’ll all be fucking fun to discover.

“You have one more chance to come clean, or we do this the hard way. Your choice.”

“What’s the hard way?” She asks, lifting her chin.

“You’ll see. What’s it going to be?”

“I told you everything. My name is Madisyn Cohen. I’m a petty thief. I work for myself.”

She stops talking, her gaze skittish as she follows Ren walking across the room to the bag he’d left on a chair on entering the room. By the time he opens the bag, she swallows hard, and her eyes nervously whip to me, then Kaiser, before she lands her attention back on Ren.

She gets visibly flustered when Ren removes the device from the bag and places the saddle-like apparatus on a wide leather bench. By her expression, she has no idea what the contraption is. That’s going to make things interesting.

“What...” she asks, full of agitation. Ren takes the device and places it on a wide leather bench. He hands the remote to me. We’re going to get our answers out of her. All we have to do is displace her.

We could have just spanked her, but this will be so much more effective. We will unsettle her completely.

“What are you going to do to me?” she asks, injecting her voice with valor.

## Chapter Thirteen

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Tristan

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“We’re going to makeyou talk.”

“I...”

Kaiser closes the gap between them. She does an excellent job of trying to ward him off. Clearly, she’s a skilled fighter, strong, and resilient. She’s fucking impressive, but obviously no match for Kaiser. With the grin on his face, he’s enjoying this a little too much.

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My blood roars through my veins when he divests her of the bed cover. Her body is utter perfection. Silky smooth skin that gleams with health, curves that make my hands clench into fists to stop myself from reaching for her. Fuck.

Her breasts are a handful each, her nipples like two gemstones; my mouth waters to suck on. Her waist is slim, her stomach flat, but the flare of her hips makes my dick harder.

My gaze darkens as I watch Kaiser carry her effortlessly across the room and position herself over the device so that she saddles it, her pussy flush against the ripped silicon attachment in the center of the saddle.

She gasps as her folds part around the small nub of the attachment. Her reaction to their touch convinced Ren and Kaiser of her virginity. I can see that now as well.

Pure shock spools from her eyes. She's frantic, begging, promising us she's a nobody, that we should just let her go.

Her attempts to unseat herself from the toy become useless when Ren and Kaiser bind her wrists and ankles to the bench.

Ren and Kaiser come to stand on either side of me. We're silenced by the vision before us. Her rage, like wildfire, seems to consume her with furious heat. Her hair has come undone; layers of silk now fall all around her shoulders. Her breasts heave with every ragged breath she takes, showcasing her swollen and delectable nipples. And as she straddles the sex toy, the scent of her makes us want to brand her with our cum.

She better start telling us the truth.

“Please,” she begs, steadying her voice, trying to remain calm. “Untie me and I’ll tell you the truth.”

“You had your chance,” I say and make a great show of looking at the remote in my hand. Surely, she must know what we’re going to do to her now.

I press a button, the lowest setting. She bucks wildly as the saddle vibrates, the tiny dome nestled in the center of her pussy twirls, and the silicon fibers brushing against her pretty cunt bristle with tiny, tiny electrical shocks.

She holds herself rigid. Clenched so tight, she doesn’t even breathe. We can’t have that. I turn up the setting to the next level. Watching her control disintegrate, her body give in to what she thinks is madness between her thighs while her mind begs her for self-preservation, is the most beautiful fucking thing we’ve ever seen. Her cries, whispers, and baby growls are divine.

I stop myself from licking my lips. I don’t want to imagine what she tastes like. I don’t want to know what my cock will feel like inside her while we share her. Until I know who she truly is.

“Is that all you got—” she whispers hoarsely. I expected her to break a little more easily. But she will.

She shakes her head, warring with herself, but it’s a losing battle.

“Please, please, please,” she sobs now, but it means nothing. Shame coats her features as her body betrays her and she comes, her limbs shaking violently, her back soaked with perspiration. I don’t give her a reprieve. I don’t turn down the speed.

I close the distance between us, lower myself, thread my hand into her hair so it's away from her face, and stare into the angry dark golden pools of her eyes.

“Who are you? Start from the beginning.”

“My name is Madisyn Cohen. I'm a thief.”

She's still spasming through her climax when I jump up to another level. This time she comes so hard, her juices spill over the sides of the leather saddle.

“Oh god, please, stop. Please. I'll tell you everything. Please.” I switch off the toy. My hand tightens in her hair.

“My name is Madisyn Cohen. My father was an accountant for a mob boss. I grew up in the compound. When I was thirteen, my father tried to escape with me but failed. His punishment was imprisonment on the compound for ten years. And I was sentenced to be trained as a thief. When I reached the age of twenty-three, the mob boss promised he would release us. He changed his mind and said unless I do a big job for him, only then would he let us go.”

“What was the job?” Kaiser asks with a rare serious tone in his voice.

“I...” She hangs her head. “I told him I could get the code to the DKM vault. I was working as a server at a party you were at, and I overheard you saying something about Snow Rock. My friend works for a lab and could get me sleeping gas and truth serum. I had no intention of hurting you.”

“You were going to put us to sleep, tie us up, and then inject us with the truth serum to loosen our tongues?” I ask.

“Yes. That's all I wanted to do.”

The vault? I almost snicker. Thousands of men, deadlier, certainly fucking uglier, before her have tried to break into our vault. Rumor has it the shrine of steel contains jewels, art, and treasure from eons ago worth almost a billion dollars.

Yes, the vault exists. The Emperor of Japan gifted it to us. As an acknowledgment and gratitude for saving his family's lives. Refusing the gift would have been insulting to the emperor, so now we have a vault in our possession.

"I made a mistake," she whispers. "I was desperate. Please, just let me go. Please."

"Why did Tina think you were our girlfriend?" Ren asks.



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“She just assumed, and I didn’t correct her. I was taken by surprise.” Tears drip down her face, and fuck, she’s even more beautiful.

“What’s the name of the mob boss?” I ask.

“Ace Dixon. Please. Let me go. I need to get my father out of there. He’s not well. Please. I just want to live a normal life with my father.”

She stares into my eyes, burning down the armor I’ve kept around myself.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

This is what Ren and Kaiser already saw in her and what I didn’t allow myself to see, her sublime innocence all wrapped in a show of strength and... fear.

I glance at Ren and Kaiser, and they give me a knowing look.

Fuck.

With my hand still in her hair, my mouth crashes down on her lips, while I use my other hand to release her wrists from the restraints. The instant Ren and Kaiser release her ankles, I drag her off the saddle and into my arms.

We’re completely fucked now.

Chapter Fourteen

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Madisyn

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I don't know what I'm doing anymore. My ability to think rationally has disappeared completely. All I'm aware of is the hard, muscular body against my quivering one, his mouth devouring mine. I cling to him like my life depends on it, and all the while, a stream of juices leaks from my pussy onto my thighs. I'm the embodiment of ignominy, embarrassment for having no control over my body, and shame for coming so violently under duress.

I can't even bear the thought of looking behind at the device they used on me. I know for a fact it's drenched with my wetness.

Tristan carries me to the bed. He lays me down, then drags his mouth over my jaw, to my breasts, where he sucks on my nipples. The sensation is extraordinary. I lift my head off the pillow just to see how his lips enclose around the pebbled center of my breast.

My back arches as Tristan deserts my breasts and kisses a trail down my stomach to my mons. Panic surges through me. His mouth is too close to my pussy. My soaking wet, swollen, and pulsing pussy.

I try to squirm away from him, but Ren and Kaiser slip in on either side of me. Their presence fills me up to completion while at the same time evoking a new level of arousal in me.

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I lose all sense of coherence as Ren captures my lips, Kaiser my nipples, and Tristan my pussy. Shock waves sail through me as their mouths suck on me. A fever bursts from under my skin. Fresh wetness drips from my pussy, and Tristan sucks it into his mouth.

Dear god.

I can't take it anymore, and I can't stop myself from coming. Tristan takes my clit between his teeth, his tongue flicking my bead. Ren and Kaiser now alternate between my breasts and my mouth, leaving my nipples glistening wet and my lips swollen from all their kisses.

An orgasm, more powerful than I ever imagined I was capable of, erupts from my body. It feels like a thousand spasms all at once, and still I need more. My mind becomes cluttered with images. All the dreams, all the fantasies I allowed myself to have about them, surface and come crashing down on me.

It's all over now. I'm never going to free my father and me from Ace's grasp. Did I really think I could pull this off against the most powerful men in the world?

The last thread of hope keeping me together snaps. I see my future laid out before me. I'll continue to have to steal for Ace. My father will continue to be his prisoner.

A heart-wrenching sob leaves my lips. No. I'll find another way. I will. But for now, I want to be weak.

"Please," I beg, my tone so frantic, I don't recognize myself. "Please. I need to feel

you...”

“Fuck.” Their rough collective oath pours fuel on the fire they’ve ignited. I try to grab Ren and Kaiser’s cock. I try to sit up so I can reach Tristan’s.

I don’t even understand the full extent of what I need. I just know I want this emptiness inside me filled. For a moment. One moment.

I watch in awe as they strip off their clothes. Their bodies are so big, a moment of pure fear entrenches itself in my bones. They can crush me to death. But I’m fearless now, and I reach for them. Desperately.

Except Tristan towers over me. He pins my wrists above my head, his thigh between my legs. Dear god. I’m so wet, I’m soaking his skin.

He looks deep into my eyes.

“This will make you ours. Forever,” he says darkly. I pretend to misunderstand him. I’m going to be their prisoner. They aren’t going to let me get away with trying to drug them and steal from them. But I’m not staying. I will get back to my father.

I reach between our bodies. My hand wraps around the massive girth of his cock. I hadn’t thought this through. Not properly. I’m deliberately withholding facts from myself. One that their cocks could tear me apart. It doesn’t matter.

I lift my hips and bring the head of his cock to my entrance. Tristan growls at me. Part of me wants to run away. The other part pushes on. I brace myself and pull him in deeper.

Oh my god. No, I can’t. He’s too big. I can’t put him inside me.

“Please, help me,” I beg.

“Do you know what this means? We’re going to share your virgin blood. We’re going to anoint our cocks with it first before we fuck you. No protection, Madisyn. We’re clean. You can trust us. Do you understand?”

I nod furiously. I want this. I trust them in this.

“Fuck. Madisyn,” he rasps as he takes possession of his cock from me, takes my lips in his mouth, and penetrates me. I’m so wet. He slides right in. And just when I think I have this all under control, he thrusts deeper and deeper still.

My eyes widen in shock. I knew having my virginity taken would hurt, but this, this is... I lock up, hiding my face in the crook of Tristan’s neck, trying to stop myself from shaking.

“Madisyn, look at me. Look at me, sweetheart,” Tristan says, his voice soft but strained.

I slowly lift my head and turn my gaze at him. The shock of seeing his handsome face so close to me that I can kiss him for a moment makes me forget the ache between my legs as he stretches me.

I can kiss one of the men who I’ve thought about every waking second since I decided to steal from them. So I do. I kiss Tristan until my lungs protest, until I can’t tell whether he’s breathing for me or I’m breathing through him. And all the while he deepens his cock inside me and breaks through the flimsy barrier, keeping him out.

“Jesus,” he murmurs as he drags his cock from my pussy, glistening with my wetness. Ren doesn’t give me a chance to feel the emptiness before he takes me next. He slides into me, and I lose my mind.

I fling my arms around Ren, kissing him as desperately as I did Tristan. His passage into my body breaks me all over again. But he moves inside me slowly, encompassing me fully, teaching my walls to open up for him so that all I do is listen to him through the pain.

“Perfect,” he says, then kisses my forehead as he pulls his cock from me.

Kaiser takes his place immediately. But as I attack his mouth, and he enters my body, he slips his hand between us and rubs my clit, distracting me completely.

He pulls his cock in and out of me, stroking my clit mercilessly, and just when I think I’m going to come, he flips us around so I’m straddling him.

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“You did so good, kitten, taking all three of our cocks inside you the first time. Now fuck my cock, Madisyn. Fuck it until you come.”

His words inflame me. My hands drop to his sculpted chest. My pussy drips down his cock. I have no shame left as I ride him as I take my orgasm from him without an ounce of modesty. The instant I come, Kaiser grabs my hips and holds me down until he spills his cum inside me.

The sensation is exquisite. And I want it again. And again.

Tristan lies down on the bed beside us. Without instructions, I climb off Kaiser and straddle Tristan, cum, mine and Kaiser’s leaking from me as Tristan fills me up.

I throw my head back and take my orgasm from him, untamed and unapologetic. He waits for me to come before he explodes inside me.

Ren doesn’t wait for me to come to him. He pulls me off Tristan and drags me down over his cock. I’m in a trance, delirious. The only thing I need is to orgasm so I can feel Ren’s cum inside me, too.

Nothing in my whole life is ever going to be the same again. And I know I’m never going to see them again.

## Chapter Fifteen

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Madisyn

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I can't believe I slept; I can't believe I allowed myself to sleep. But I did. Long and deeply.

I wake up with a start. Everything that happened to me in the last few hours comes rushing back to me in vivid detail.

I lost all my inhibitions after they tortured me on that sex toy thing, during which I also lost my inhibitions. Dear god. How do I come back from this? I don't. I quietly get up and leave. And think of something else to get me and my father away from Ace.

"You're awake. Get dressed. We leave in twenty minutes," Kaiser says.

"I'll find my own way back, thank you very much," I say as I get up and wrap the sheet around me.

They have no idea how close I am to begging. For my dad's life. I'd sell my soul to them if it meant getting my dad back. But their reputations speak for themselves. They're heartless, and I'm nobody. They could still decide to throw me in prison for this.

I lift my chin. I don't accept this defeat. I'll go back to Ace with a new idea, something he also wouldn't be able to refuse. Something more in my league of getting done. I'll get my dad back if it kills me.

"Now," Tristan says. "Get dressed. Or we'll carry you out the way you are."



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I have to think about this rationally. It's still snowing outside, quite badly. There's only one way off this mountain, and it's in their high-tech helicopter. I can only make escape plans once they move me to a second location. They're not going to just let me go.

I'm their enemy. A thief from the wrong side of society who actually tried to steal from them by drugging them. I'm the dirt on their shoes. In a normal situation, I'd be the person who cleans their house and uses the back door to leave their property. Well, I'm proud of who I am, so they can screw themselves.

"What's going to happen to me?" I ask.

"Nothing, Madisyn. Ever," Ren says as he closes the distance between us and strokes my cheek. It's hard for me to believe his calm, gentle words. I am not that much of a fool.

I sense a blanket of tension in the air, not between them, but from the calls they're making in the living room. I can't hear what they're saying, except that they're setting up to meet their lawyer.

What have I done to myself?

I dress in silence, gather up my things, and meet them in the living room. The helicopter is waiting for us. It's unbearably cold as we make the journey to the landing pad. But I hardly feel the frost when Kaiser takes off his ridiculously expensive coat and drapes it over my shoulders, enveloping me in the scent of his cologne.

I try to drown myself in my own thoughts, doing my darndest not to look at them during the flight, but I fail miserably. And if I'm not looking at them, how would I have known they were watching me?

I'm both shocked and confused when they take me back to their house. The actual house in which they live. Oh, but this isn't a friendly visit. They don't shower me with their stellar hospitality. Tell me to make myself at home.

They introduce me to their housekeeper, Helda, a pleasant-faced older woman, and two bodyguards, who they make clear they trust with their lives. I have no idea why that matters, except to mean I am not going anywhere.

Once they leave their house again, I'm escorted to a bedroom that's utterly luxurious. If I weren't a prisoner, I would think I was a princess. And then I hear the door lock.

Yes, I am unequivocally their prisoner.

Hours go by. I'm brought food, drinks, and snacks. None of which I eat. I try to plot my escape. The window is out of the question. The sleek architectural design of the mansion means there's nothing for me to hold on to if I wanted to climb down from the second story. And since I can't fly... well.

I try to take a nap. I can't. So I pace. They have to tell me something. They can't just keep me here locked up. After a few more hours, I go mad.

I bang on the door with all my might. If they're going to hand me over to the police for breaking and entering, intending to do harm, I wish they would just do it already. If they're going to punish me personally, they should get to it as well. Those are the only two alternatives available to me. Tears pool in my eyes at the stupid fantasy still roaming around in my head for them.

I give myself a mental slap, forcing myself to swallow those stinging tears at the corners of my eyes. I'm never going to be anything like the women who are waiting for them in their world. Stunning, sophisticated, rich heiress types who know how to use each of the ninety-nine forks served at dinner.

I am who I am. Those women belong here. I don't. I need to be focusing on how I can escape. But how? I'm in the middle of a pacing frenzy when the door unlocks and a stream of people enters, pushing in racks of clothing.

"Good evening, lovely miss," Helda says, her eyes sparkling. "You'll be dining with Mr. Dane, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Martin tonight."

## Chapter Sixteen

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Madisyn

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I'm sure I misheard Helda completely.

"What?" I ask, hoping she repeats herself.

"You're having dinner with them. They've asked me to see that you're dressed for dinner. I think the pink gown is going to be a smash. Come, come."

She shows the rest of the staff where to leave the racks of clothes and immediately pulls off a pink dress from the railing.

It's stunning. Floor length, the skirt flares out like a princess dress. The fabric is the softest silk I've ever felt. Lace adorns the thick-strapped bodice and is further embellished with tiny pink roses.

"I'm not wearing that. I'm not wearing anything you or they tell me to wear. This is... this kidnapping. Helda, this is wrong." I hear the frailty of my words. They can do anything they want, especially to someone who was going to rip them off. But I have to try.

"They're keeping me here against my will. Please, let me go. My dad's life depends on this. Please," I clasp her hands in mine. If she were alone, I would have restrained

her and escaped. But there are two goons with guns outside the door, and god knows how many more on the property. They'll shoot me before I take my next breath.

"Oh, child. You're safe here. Trust me," the older woman says, offering me a comforting smile.

"Safe? Is that why armed men guard the door outside?"

"Yes. To keep you safe while Tristan, Ren, and Kaiser take care of business."

"What business?" I ask.

"Oh, they don't tell me such things, sweet child. All I know is I'm supposed to make sure you're dressed and looking your beautiful self for dinner by the time they arrive. Please, I trust them, so you can trust me."

I won't get through to Helda. She's super loyal. I shut my eyes against the insurmountable mountain I'm facing.

I'm supposed to dress for dinner. Maybe all won't be lost. Maybe I'll get a chance to stab them with my fork. I take forever in the shower. Until Helda gently tells me to hurry. I want to make it as difficult as possible for her, but in the end, she's just following their stupid orders. She helps me dress and does my hair. I refuse to wear any makeup. I already look like a dressed-up clown. A peasant wearing a princess's dress. But when I glare at them to hell, I want them to be looking at my bare face in all its fury.

Helda guides me downstairs, the bodyguards close behind. There's no way I'd be able to wrestle a gun off one of them and not get shot by bodyguard number two. They look professional and dangerous. Yeah, right, they're protecting me. They're guarding me like the kidnapped prisoner I am.

I want to scream, but I don't. Instead, I take in my surroundings and weigh my options. A surge of adrenaline washes over me. Fuck it.

Once we reach the landing, I wobble and pretend I'm going to pass out but not before I take possession of a brass ornament on a side table.

Bodyguard One tries to catch me from hitting the floor, and when he does, I do a maneuver where I sweep my foot out and promptly trip the man. While he goes down, face first, I fling the ornament at Bodyguard Two's head. With lightning speed, I divest Bodyguard One of his gun.

I have to make sure they don't kill me. And since I'm not a killer and I won't become one now, without a moment's hesitation I swing my arm as hard as I can and fling the gun over the chrome and glass balustrade.

My move takes them by surprise, and in that time, I remove Bodyguard Two's gun from his holster and throw it up over the balustrade as well. I ignore Helda's shocked expression as she takes everything in.

By the time they run up to get their guns, I'll be out the door, which is so close I can taste my freedom.

I'm a quick runner, and despite it being cold, the ground thick with snow, I can survive these elements better than I would have at the cabin in the mountains.

I expected them to go after their guns. They don't, and now it's a fight. I need to get to the front door, and I have to fight my way there. The damn bodyguards keep getting in my way. I don't back down and land punches on their jaws with all my might as I dodge them, trying to get to the front door.

One of them catches me, his arm around my waist, as he pulls me back.

“Please don’t, Ms. Cohen,” he begs while keeping me in place. It’s almost as if he’s scared to hurt me. Because I’m a girl? This infuriates me even more. Bodyguard Two tries to help him restrain me, and using Bodyguard One for leverage, I lift myself up and using my heels, kick into Bodyguard Two’s chest. When he goes flying down, I head butt Bodyguard One.

But the instant he releases me to tend to his bleeding nose, I make another run for the door. Bodyguard Two blocks me, and after a few karate moves, which he does his best to block, without touching me, I get him in the nuts, and that sends him sprawling over. And still they won’t stay down. Dammit.

“Madisyn.”

## Page 27

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 7:18 am*

The voice catches me off guard. I'm sure I'm imagining things. It makes sense given the stress I'm under. But I'm not giving up; I will set my father free. I will.

Still for one minuscule second, I turn in the direction of where I thought the voice came from. My entire world comes to a grinding halt.

Am I seeing things?

Tristan leans against one side of a pillar, his legs crossed at the ankles, his arms folded. Kaiser leans on the other side, mirroring Tristan. Ren rests against a table in the foyer, his ankles crossed, his arms folded. How long have they been standing there watching me kick their bodyguards' asses?

For all my tough girl act, my body melts, and my senses go into overdrive. This is dangerous. They can't have that much of a hold on me. They make me feel too out of control, too reckless.

They can make my body do things; things so intimate no one on this planet should know about me. I let myself get caught up in my fantasies, my biggest mistake.

Still running on raw adrenaline, I'm not ready to give up. I'm furious now. How dare they keep me here against my will? I need to save my father, and I will not stop until I do, and no one is going to stand in my way.

I'm no match for them, but I'll fight them until I have no breath left.

"Madisyn?"



I can't be imagining this. I couldn't possibly be this mean to myself. I shift my gaze in the voice's direction. But the longer I remain fixed on the man in the shadows, the harder my tears fall.

My father. He's standing there, looking at me. Tears continue to drip down my face. My father. He's thinner, his frame hunched over, but the expensive suit he's wearing camouflages the hardship of the last ten years still prevalent in his eyes.

"Dad?" I whisper. My gaze swings from my father to Tristan, Ren, and Kaiser in complete disbelief.

Then it hits me. My father is here. I'm not hallucinating. He's standing right there. I can see him. I close the distance between us and throw myself into his arms.

"Maddie girl," my father murmurs and hugs me tighter. I sink into his embrace, and I'm taken back to being a little girl when my father's hugs made everything better.

"Dad," I say repeatedly. I can't believe I'm holding him, talking to him, but without any iron bars separating us.

I don't want to let go of my father, not even when Helda ushers us into a living room. We sit on a sofa and talk quietly, alone. My hand grips my father's so tight I worry I'm going to break him, but I hold on to him, afraid he'll disappear again.

"Dad, I don't understand," I say, although I think I do. "What does this mean?" Did they buy my father's life from Ace? Will we now serve them? Did we exchange one prison for another? A more dangerous one?

"Well, it's how they do things, Tristan, Ren, and Kaiser, don't they? Yes, we're on a first-name basis. They insisted. They just walked in, told Ace to release me, and that was it. Ace was shitting his pants, I tell you," my father giggles, and it's the best

sound I ever heard.

“So they own us now?”

“They own you, now, my darling girl.”

### Chapter Seventeen

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Ren

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Life with Madisyn is never going to be dull. Coming home to find her handing two of our most trusted and skilled bodyguards their asses was a sight to behold. Although Dean and Omar were merely just trying to keep her from escaping without so much as hurting a strand of hair on her head, or they'd be dead before their next breath. Our orders were explicit.

She's something else, all right. Watching our little feisty thief in action in her princess dress was enough to make all three of us lose control of our cocks. And that never fucking happens to us.

But she's fucking magnificent, and she belongs to us. All of her is ours. From the moment we found her in the kitchen at the cabin, we knew no matter who she was, who she worked for, or what she planned, even if she was sent to kill us, she was ours.

Even Tristan knew that, despite his insistence otherwise. Of the three of us, he was definitely the grumpiest and the most suspicious. Being older than me and Kaiser by a mere two years, Tristan took it upon himself to protect us when we were younger and had to fend for ourselves in foster care. He carried on that role even when we got

adopted by the best mother in the world. But, yeah, even he knew it was instant. Instant fucking possession.

There aren't many things we're truly possessive about. In fact, there were none until her. She's the only treasure worth having and protecting. She's our whole universe, whether she asked for it or not. Well, she kind of did ask for it when she chose us as her targets.

What are the chances that the only woman who could turn our heads and our hearts over had picked us as her target? I remind myself to kiss her until her lips swell, until she begs to breathe, just so I could thank her for coming to us, because how the fuck would we have known she existed otherwise?

Bringing her father back to her took all of ten minutes, not counting obviously the time it took to get to Ace Dixon's compound. Ace just handed the man over and signed his allegiance to us. We have that effect on people.

Dixon is also under order never to so much as utter Madisyn's name. He's on borrowed time, his life in our hands now. He knows it. He understands it. Of course, we let him know in no uncertain terms that his livelihood depends on what Madisyn instructs us to do with him.

If she wants his dick cut off, or his head, she can consider it done. We'll do it in the morning, after making her come a hundred times and before meeting her again for lunch. Easy.

It's just nice having so much power, but we're also pretty fair. Except when it comes to her.

The truth is, we didn't even want to play in the underground field, but when they forced our hands, we had no choice. We were orphaned because our fathers were

three of the most powerful mafia bosses around. Until together with our moms, they were killed in a car accident coming back from a party.

We inherited those deadly traits from our father. Louie, our adopted mother's brother, never shied away from who we were, either. He tracked down our gene pool, and he molded our lives around it, so we got the best of both worlds.

But yes, that's the kind of blood that runs in our veins. Louie also thought we would be targets one day, easy revenge magnets, so he took it upon himself to teach us how to turn our bodies into powerful weapons.

All that, and it takes one stunning dark-haired girl, not more than five foot five, with a heart of gold and a body made for us to bring us to our knees. Louie probably wouldn't believe a woman existed who could do this to us.

One thing is certain: she's going to be our wife. And we can't fucking wait to get her pregnant.

### Chapter Eighteen

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Madisyn

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I stop myself from going to the room where my father is sleeping just to make sure he's still there. He looked so tired. Dragged his bad leg, where Ace had shot him ten years ago, a little too much. It's been an emotional couple of hours for him. He needs to rest. So we can leave in the morning.

So we can leave first thing in the morning.

We'll have to pick up our new identities from my contact—he owns a bakery in the city and hides the fake identification in the prettiest cinnamon buns ever.

After that, we start the first leg of our journey to Costa Rica. Ace will never find us. We can finally be free. It's almost unbelievable.

I should go to bed as well. Today has been every kind of crazy there is, but tomorrow will be even more important. All I want to do is cry. But I can't bring myself to cry out in the open.

I remove the dress and stand under the shower. A wave of fresh emotion floods over me, but I swallow my tears before they can escape. I can't break down now. There's

still too much to do. I have to stay strong until we're on a plane to freedom.

But there is another level of anxiety at play here. Them.

I've only been postponing the inevitable. I need to go and see them. Thank them for bringing my father back. Profusely. Yes, I need to thank them before I drown in the tears of my own gratitude.

I step from the shower with a towel around me. I flip through the rails of clothes and half-heartedly come up empty-handed. There's a lavish variety of clothes, yes, but none of them is casual enough to just step into and go and see the three billionaires.

Before I lose my nerve, I remove my towel and slip into a thick white bathrobe, pulling on the belt so tight around my waist, I momentarily see stars.

My heart pounding with every breath I take, I head toward the door. I have to thank for bringing my father home; I repeat in my head. I have to thank them for the hospitality they've shown us. I'll thank them from the bottom of my heart. And then say my goodbye. I need to erase them from my mind. The thought destroys me, and tears well up inside me. No. Now is not the time.

The instant I swing open the door, I backtrack into the bedroom. Standing on the landing just outside the door is Tristan. Ren and Kaiser, as if they were my own personal bodyguards.

Were they just standing outside the door?

"What took you so long to open up for us?" Ren says softly as they step into the room, tall and powerful, dangerous, magnificent.

My heart falls out of my chest at the sight of them. They're clearly freshly showered,

wearing nothing but grey sweatpants. Their bodies are a design of pure, untainted power. Muscles leap out from their tanned skin. Layers of mini boulders for abs stare back at me from their bare torsos. I lose my breath at the way a soft trail of hair leads into the band of their pants.

Suddenly, I only have one question.

“Why did you bring my father here?”

“For you, sweetheart. We brought your father back for you.”

Tears drip from my eyes, surprising me. Their gazes are possessive, but at the sight of my tears, they turn a dark, dangerous hue.

“Madisyn? Why are you crying?” Tristan’s voice is filled with rage. They all three look ready to rip heads off. Because they think someone made me cry?

“For you,” I whisper. “I’m crying because of you.”

“You own us, Madisyn. From the moment we first saw you, in the kitchen, in the cabin, pretending to be our girlfriend, peeling potatoes, you owned us. And now you belong to us.”

I throw myself into their arms, kissing their faces desperately, clinging to them.

Ren carries me back into the bedroom. Tristan locks the door behind him. I’m all alone with them now.

I can’t stop touching them. The words I want to say, to thank them, remain jumbled inside my head.



*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 7:18 am*

The robe is ripped off my body. Their collective growls at the sight of my nakedness create a fierce blush all over my skin. I can't put into words how I feel, so I act them out.

Without any instruction, I tear myself out of their embrace and lower myself to my knees before them.

“Ah, fuck,” Ren rasps.

My gaze fixes on Tristan. I lower his track bottoms to reveal his fully erect, rock-hard shaft. A shiver flies through me at the thought that I took his cock into my body, enormous as he is. Unconsciously, I lick my lips before planting rows and rows of kisses up and down his length. I inhale his fresh scent and feel more feminine than I thought possible.

They're surrounding me now, so all I have to do is turn my head, and I'm gazing up into Ren's face. My fingers slip into the waistband of his track bottoms. I slowly reveal his cock, and then my lips are all over him.

He's hot and thick, and when I grip him with my hand, the walls of my pussy flutter. When I squeeze, my pussy clenches tight, as if he were inside me already.

By the time I turn to Kaiser and drown in his hypnotic eyes, my lips crave his cock with new urgency. I sigh in genuine relief as I unearth his shaft from his track bottoms.

I litter his length with reverent kisses, becoming addicted to his thickness in my

hands.

I start again with Tristan, who now removed his track bottoms and is magnificently naked. I look up at him, and I see a god. Ren and Kaiser also removed their pants, and now I'm kneeling before three gods.

I'm drowning in pure male beauty, and in answer, fresh wetness coats my folds and drips onto my thighs. They cup my face, run their knuckles down my cheek, brush their fingertips over my lips, and encapsulate me in the sheer virility that just pours off them.

“Suck our cocks, beautiful. See how far down your throat you can take us.”

## Chapter Nineteen

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Madisyn

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Butterflies erupt in my lower stomach. I clench my thighs together, trying to assuage the ache in my pussy.

“Open your mouth, sweetheart,” Tristan says. His hand in my hair tightens, drawing me toward his glorious shaft.

I open my mouth and enclose my lips around Tristan's cock. His taste, the pre-cum from the glossy head of his shaft, teases my tongue. I suck harder, squeezing the enormous width of him with both my hands, desperate for more of his essence. I pump harder and purr as a fresh sliver of pre-cum falls onto my tongue.

Tristan growls. He throws his head back and pushes his cock deeper down my throat. I gag; tears drip from my eyes. I'm a soaking-hot wet mess. But just when Tristan touches my throat, he pulls me off him. Ribbons of my saliva fall from my mouth.

## Page 31

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 7:18 am*

In a breath, Ren takes possession of me by my hair. He drives his cock into my open mouth. My need to have them turns my greed into a frenzy of feeding. I suck Ren's cock like he's my air, breathing through my nose, ignoring my need to gag as Ren penetrates my mouth to my throat.

"Jesus fucking hell," Ren groans before he pulls out. Kaiser already has his hand in my hair, directing me to engulf the whole of his tremendous cock into my mouth.

Kaiser's taste melds with Tristan's and Ren's, and the combination is intoxicating. He clutches my throat with one hand while his other hand holds my nape. He slides down my throat, ignores my gagging, and then holds himself there until I feel the trickle of his pre-cum wet my throat. Dear god.

"You're so fucking perfect," he says softly, slipping from my mouth. I whimper in disappointment at the emptiness inside me.

They're looking down at me now as I sit with my knees folded and my hands in my lap, my head turned down.

"You belong to us, Madisyn. You're the fucking love of our lives, so there's only one way we're going to take you."

The love of their lives?

They love me. They. Love. Me. It's too surreal to comprehend.

"All three of us together, sharing and deeply embedding honey-sweet pussy and your

incredible fucking ass between our three cocks.”

“Do you understand what we’re saying to you?”

I replay their words in my head, over and over. While my mind cries out in fear as I imagine what they could do to me, my body soars into the stratosphere. Yes, I want them that way. How else can I exist otherwise?

Ren picks me up and carries me to a leather lounge with no arms and backrests. Shudders roll down my spine. The muscles in my back tense as I clench my hands into fists on the soft padding of the sofa.

I’m vulnerable in this position. Exposed. Naked. On all fours. My breaths are shallow, erratic as they casually peruse my body, running their hands over my curves, dipping their fingers into my soaked pussy, and sucking my essence into their mouths.

I’m so aroused, so greedy for their touch. I spread my knees further apart and purr, offering myself up to them.

“Fucking gorgeous perfection right here.”

Tristan and Kaiser move to stand behind me now. They have a clear unhindered view of my ass and the slit, dripping with arousal, at the apex of my thighs.

I moan as Tristan spans my ass cheek. Just hard enough of a sting to set my nerves on fire and my clit pulsing. He does it again, but I’m forced to share my focus on the delicious burn on my butt with Ren, who catches my attention.

What is he doing?

My gaze follows his chiseled frame, his ultra-muscular back, his perfect butt, his powerful long thighs, and mouthwatering calves as he strolls to the middle of the room. He picks up the track bottoms he'd been wearing before and retrieves two items from each pocket.

I have no idea what they are. But I'll soon find out.

He tosses a bottle of lube to Kaiser behind me. In his other hand is a set of beads on a string. It dawns on me at once. Those are anal beads.

Oh my god. My butt clenches involuntarily, and the panic that weighs low in my stomach has the uncanny ability to make me wetter. Ren comes to stand in front of me, then twirls the globes around his enormous, pulsing cock.

Behind me, Tristan slips his hand under to my pussy, his palm open against my folds and clit.

"Wet these beads with your mouth, kitten," Ren instructs me.

Dear holy cow. His words, spoken roughly and huskily, titillate my senses. I know where they're going to put those beads, but even my stark apprehension is not enough to stop me from running my tongue over the glass spheres.

Instinctively, I find myself licking between each globe just so I can taste the warm, velvety skin of Ren's cock. Without thinking, I move my hips, rubbing my clit against Tristan's palm. Shame evaporates from my body, leaving my skin flushed red and hot.

I hiss against Ren's cock and the beads as Kaiser lowers himself, parts my ass cheeks, and kisses me wetly all over my ass, his lips inflaming me, but his tongue against the rim of my bottom hole incinerates me.

I try to squirm away. Tristan slaps my pussy. Hard. Ren threads his hand into my hair and holds me in place. Kaiser's touch is too intimate, too bold. I don't know how to react.

He licks and bites, kisses and sucks, turning me into a sobbing mess. I drop my head against Ren's cock, trying to compose myself, but I fail spectacularly under Tristan's full possession of my pussy. He's thumb strokes my clit while two of his fingers slide up inside me.

"Spit," Ren instructs, pointing to a sphere. It's unmannered, unladylike, and unbecoming for me, but the thought is also erotic, hot, and filthy.

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 7:18 am*

I do as Ren instructs. His unrestrained growl as my saliva drips into his cock makes me shiver. I swear the overall thickness of his shaft just increased before my eyes.

Tristan scissors his fingers inside me now. Kaiser is filling my bottom hole with the lube, using his fingers to massage the gel into the walls of my ass, leaving a roaring burn and a strange sensation in my lower stomach and pussy.

The anal beads are gleaming with the wetness from my mouth, but Ren doesn't let up. He forces me to continue sucking while Tristan and Kaiser rearrange my nerves with the way they're touching me.

I can't take it. The climax hovering just under the surface of my skin breaks through. Kaiser's fingers are so far and deep they join with Tristan's in my pussy, separated by a thin wall of tissue.

I can't contain my orgasm if I try. It escapes and leaves me rattled, overwhelmed, and afraid of the magnitude of my climax. It's large and violent, and I'm panting erratically.

"Good girl." Their collective murmurings only add more strength to my orgasm.

Ren deserts me and stands at the side of me, opposite Tristan. He removes the beads from around his cock. I brace myself. Are they going to put the whole string in my bottom hole? I whimper unconsciously. How am I going to take that when I can barely tolerate one of Kaiser's fingers?

But something changes.



## Chapter Twenty

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Madisyn

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Instead of putting the beads into my ass, Ren reaches under me between my thighs and feeds them to my pussy, obliterating all thought.

Kaiser holds the head of his cock against the tight rings of my ass. Oh god.

Tristan comes to stand in front of me now. He clutches my chin, forcing me to look up at him. The instant Ren stuffs more beads into my pussy, Kaiser presses the head of his cock into my most forbidden hole.

I cry out in shock, wonder, and terror at being simultaneously penetrated by Kaiser's cock in my butt hole while Ren is filling my pussy with the anal beads.

The intrusions on both ends of my body leave me shaken, but nothing prepares me for the utter mind-altering event of the taking of my bottom hole. With every inch inside me, Kaiser sets my world on fire.

The stinging, piercing burn is so staggering, my whole body undulates. I clench so hard against Kaiser's cock that I pull the globes deeper up inside my pussy.

I'm such a mess. Wetness drips from me, passing the beads in my pussy to coat my inner thighs. My shame is indescribable. Tristan, forcing my gaze on his, witnesses everything. Every raw, unfiltered erotic emotion that crosses my face. Every frantic, panicked attempt to escape the deviant torture and every wild, desperate need for

more.

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 7:18 am*

Tristan doesn't allow me to look away. Kaiser thrusts deeper inside me, pushing past the barrier that's keeping him out. Tears roll from my eyes. Tristan bends and kisses me softly, tenderly, whispering how beautiful I am against my lips.

My eyes slam shut. My body convulses as Kaiser breaches the most forbidden part of me. I shake, sob, and beg as the hot burn in my bottom hole spreads to every part of me. When Kaiser fully embeds me, bumping against the heads in my pussy, making them bigger all of a sudden, I don't dare move or breathe. All I allow myself is a tiny plea. Please.

A plea that doesn't in any way ask them to stop.

My heart needs more. I need all three of them.

Kaiser slowly, agonizingly, drags his shaft out of me. The emptiness is immediately filled with Ren's fully lubricated cock.

He enters my ass in one fluid motion, so fast I didn't have the time to resist him.

He gives me a moment to acclimatize to his cock. But with every haggard breath I take, I feel the twitch of his shaft inside me, growing, thickening. If he moves, he will tear me apart.

I cling to him, clenching down on him as he tries to escape me. After Kaiser, I've discovered the emptiness is worse than the burn of the stretch.

"She's going to be the death of us," Ren murmurs, his voice thick and rough.

The sound that comes from my mouth resembles a growl. I need to be filled again. I need all three of them. Why aren't they touching me?

In my desperation, I bite Tristan's lip as he continues to shower me with kisses.

Then everything changes once more.

Tristan swallows my cry in his mouth, kissing me so deeply my whole world shakes. When he releases me, Kaiser wraps his arm around my stomach, lifting me up against his body. He carries me to the chaise lounge and lies against it, taking me down with him so that my back is against his warm sculpted chest. He thrusts into my ass again, forcing my body to take him in his entirety while my pussy is still filled with the beads.

Kaiser's legs hang over the edge of the chaise. He lifts mine up, exposing my ass fully and keeping them spread wide apart so my pussy is always in view. I tremble uncontrollably as Ren lines the head of his cock to my ass, already filled to the brim with Kaiser inside me.

Oh god. Oh god. I'm going to break. I try to squirm away, but I'm trapped. Ren slips his hand to my nape, holding me in place. He uses his other hand to guide his cock to the packed entrance of my ass. There's no room for him. My body won't stretch that much. Disappointment washes over me. Tears of dismay fall down my face.

Tristan comes to stand on the side of the chaise. He reaches for my pussy, curling his fingers around the string at the end of the beads. The merest touch of those mini domes sends a jolt of fire through me.

Tristan pulls on the string and emits a sphere. But before I can relish the release of pressure inside me, Ren nudges his cock a little more into my ass.

Oh dear god.

Tristan does it again. He releases another sphere from my pussy, only for Ren to thrust his highly lubricated cock further into my asshole.

Tristan is giving my body room to accept Ren.

I'm torn between two stark sensations. One of sheer unadulterated torment at having my asshole stretched to accommodate Ren's cock while Kaiser is already seated inside me. And two, a dark, disturbing, deviant need for Ren to possess me the same way Kaiser already possesses me, and for Tristan to find his way into my body as well.

The powerful salacious need outweighs the agony of having my body stretched to take them all inside me.

Tristan removes another sphere while he now rubs my sensitive clit with maddeningly soft strokes, unearthing a base of wanton need. Ren gains an inch more. My erratic breathing and harsh pants echo around the room.

Yet through my staggering breaths, I still hear their deep grunts, their husky growls, barely hanging onto their control as they take ownership of my body.

I'm so far gone, born out of love, need, and the amazing yearning to please them that the discomfort of being stretched morphs into wicked pleasure. Tristan forces me to come. My pussy and bottom hole contract and spasm.

They groan in their own agony, and I realize I have so much power. They've given me all the control over their bodies. The thought blows my mind.

Tristan releases more globes from me. Ren sheaths more of himself inside me. I'm

quivering with a thousand different emotions, but right now, only one thing matters. I have to see.

I lift my head and look down at my widely spread legs. Tristan moves his hand away, giving me an unobstructed view. Beads flow out of my pussy. One or two still rest inside me; the rest hang outside my body.

And then I see Ren and Kaiser's cock inside my ass. The image blows my mind.

By the time Tristan pulls the last of the beads from me, I'm completely done for.

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*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 7:18 am*

I can't... I need... I'm convinced I'm going to be torn apart with Ren and Kaiser filling my bottom hole, but I can't survive, live, until Tristan is inside me, too. Not daring to breathe in case I move Ren and Kaiser inside me, I reach for Tristan anyway.

He climbs over me; his cock nudges at the entrance of my pussy. Fresh pain ricochets through me.

Tristan teases me, makes me shudder with pleasure as he uses the head of his shaft against my clit, and makes me come again. This time I can't hold on anymore. My body rattles with a fierce, blinding, hot sensation. My body protests. My pussy clenches down as Tristan eases his cock into me, passing my resistance.

I'm lost.

Until I see things as clear as crystal. My whole life spread out before me. Finally, I'll have freedom. But I don't need sandy beaches and warm weather. I need Tristan. I need Ren. I need Kaiser. They're my sun, my moon, my whole universe.

"I love you, Tristan. I love you, Ren. I love you, Kaiser," I whisper fiercely. I repeat the words until it's a chant, until my body opens up and they're fully inside my pussy and ass.

I grab onto the sublime, powerful feeling. I relish the dark pleasure they evoked inside me. I beg them to take what belongs to them without saying a word.

In answer, they move inside me. A perfectly orchestrated rhythm. Every coordinated

thrust sends me dangerously close to the edge. Every word they murmur—love, beauty, ours—takes me there quicker until I fall over.

The climax that wrecks me entirely is also the climax that releases them. Their cocks thicken, pushing against the walls of my pussy and ass, imprinting their hold on me, inviting me to learn the feel of them completely.

When they come, my own hurtling orgasm gains momentum, and I explode with them as they shower me with ropes of their cum, flooding me.

“We love you,” they say together. “Ours. Always.”

“I love you.” I say in return, closing the circle around us forever.

Epilogue.

Madisyn

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It still can't believe this is my life now. I'm married to three of the most powerful men in the world. And I'm their world. Well, me and the little boy growing inside me. Our first child.

Everything happened in a whirlwind. They had no intention of making me wait to be their bride, but they also wanted me to have the best wedding in the world. When you're as powerful and as rich as my husbands, there is nothing you can want and not have.

My wedding day was everything I didn't know I wanted or deserved. And the best part—my father walked me down the aisle. It still makes me tear up to now. Amanda, my best friend, and Melody, their cousin, were my bridesmaids, and, of course, Tina



was my maid of honor.

I have a full family now. Our weekly dinners are loud and chaotic, filled with love and laughter, and my overly possessive, overly protective husbands never leave my side.

As for Ace Dixon? The choice was mine, but Tristan, Ren, and Kaiser made it plenty clear the man had to face consequences, and it would be at their hands. That said, I decided that Ace Dixon should be arrested. And as if I waved a magic wand in the form of my husbands, Ace is currently serving life in imprisonment with no parole for all his crimes.

They were always my destiny. I just needed to go to them.