



Sold to the Single Daddies

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Category: Erotic, Romance, Adult

Description: One night. Three cowboys. No names, no promises... and now? A baby with their steel-blue eyes—and they have no idea.

It was supposed to be a mistake. A wild, reckless, never-talk-about-it-again night at Club Devil. I was the auction prize nobody expected... until three possessive cowboy brothers outbid the entire club to claim me.

Mills—the grumpy eldest who commands with nothing but a stare... but hides a heart he swore he'd never risk.

Tate—the silver-tongued rope master who knows how to tie a girl's body—and her heart—into knots.

And West—the wicked charmer who tastes like sin and salvation... but smiles like he's never letting anyone close.

We didn't swap names. We swapped everything else. Ropes. Rules. Ruin. A night so addictive it broke every boundary. And then... I was gone.

Until fate—and two pink lines—dragged me straight back to Hellstone Ranch. This time with a secret no one can ignore... a baby who looks just like them.

But the truth isn't my only problem. Someone from my past knows exactly what happened that night—and they'll do anything to rip this family apart before these cowboys can claim me... or our son... as theirs forever.

Three cowboys. One secret baby. Zero chance this ends without a fight.

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CHAPTER 1

Mills

One Year Earlier

Her. She was the one. For the night, anyway. My cock hardened at the sight of her standing on the darkened stage in front of a room full of starving men. The women who'd gone before her had been thinner and dressed in tiny pieces of lingerie. They'd been blonder with hair which reached for god himself it was so big. They'd strode across the stage confidently and looked as if they belonged at Club Devil. They fit in with the sleek room which smelled like expensive whiskey and illegal cigars.

Not my girl.

She was taller than the rest of the women and her curves made my mouth water. Full breasts I wanted to get lost in, thick thighs I wanted to see painted with my come. Her waist nipped in but I could tell she'd be soft there. She'd be soft everywhere. Her long, inky black hair would be soft, too. It curled down to her waist and caught the lights around her like the wings of a raven. Her mile-long legs were made to wrap around the waist of a big man. I was going to be that man.

When the auctioneer started the bidding, another man across the room raised his hand and a bolt of rage crashed through my body. She was not going to anyone else. Not when I could see the quick rise and fall of her chest, the red tinge of embarrassment across her cheeks and chest. She was mine.

I raised my hand and watched the dark angel on stage look at me. Her blue eyes practically glowed and her full cherry red lips parted slightly. The lights weren't bright enough on the stage that she couldn't see out into the audience. She looked straight at me and I watched as she tipped her chin up slightly, an act of defiance that just made me want her more.

The man across the room lifted his hand again and those blue eyes moved away from me. Unacceptable. I'd watched the way she'd shyly crossed the stage and stood in her babydoll nightie with her thighs clenched together and her hands balled into fists. Her nervous energy was mine to swallow whole that night. I wanted her more than I wanted my next breath. I raised my hand higher.

Movement from my left drew my attention away from my pick. West raised his hand. Then, Tate did as well. My brothers wanted her, too. I leaned closer to them and met their dark gazes one at a time.

"She's mine." I was the oldest, older than Tate by just a minute but it counted. In most things my brothers let me call the shots. They normally didn't give a shit one way or another but I knew immediately that the woman on stage was different.

Tate raised an eyebrow at me and shook his head. "Not tonight, brother. She's mine."

West raised his hand in response to the man across the room. "I'm more than willing to spend all of our friend's money tonight."

I looked back at the stage and saw those blue eyes move around the table we were at. She watched us closely, no longer looking away when someone else bid. I could almost taste the pulse pounding at her throat. I would gladly bankrupt Arlo, Shepherd, and Rhett, if it meant getting the night with her. I lifted my hand again.

"If they didn't want us to spend their money they wouldn't have suggested it." Tate

tore his gaze away from the stage. “However, I’m sure there’s a limit to their generosity. We can keep bidding against each other all night. I’m not backing down.”

“Same here.” West licked his lips as he watched her. “So?”

I growled and gripped my whiskey glass tighter. “Don’t fucking say it, Tate.”

“Seems to be the Hellstone way of late.” He grinned at the stage and ran his hand through his hair. “It’s either going to be all of us or none of us.”

“And you fucking said it.” I was hoping for a night away from thoughts of our family. I didn’t want to think about our parents, our sisters, their odd relationships, or even the ranch. I’d taken our old friends up on their offer to get away from Devil’s Den because I was desperate. I hadn’t ventured into a sex club to think about the same shit I could think about at home.

“None of us are going to back down.” West looked at me and shrugged. “I can make it work.”

“You can make it work? Are you fucking serious?” I raised my hand again and watched as she stared between the three of us with wide eyes. I wondered if she was thinking the same thing we were thinking. Was her pussy getting wet at the thought of the three of us taking her? “Jesus. If there’s no other way, fuck it.”

Tate nodded. “Do it.”

I stood up and spoke an obnoxiously large number which shut down the rest of the bidding. The auctioneer looked at me and grinned. The angel on stage looked at me and took a deep breath. Good. She was going to need it.

“Looks like we have a winner. Come to the front to collect your prize, Sir.”

Tate and West stood with me and we moved toward the stage together as one. I'd heard more than once that the three of us could be intimidating. We were big men, we looked like three lost Vikings and none of us were prone to smiling. When we moved in tandem, I was sure we cut an imposing figure. She didn't run screaming. She was perfectly still as she assessed us.

The club manager, a woman named Hunter who'd welcomed us at the start of the night, met us at the stage and frowned. "If the three of you are too much for her, you're going to have to accept that. We normally would've clarified if one of the women were open to multiple partners."

I frowned down at her. I appreciated her doing her job and looking out for the women who were auctioned off but, in that moment, she was getting in my way. "We had no plans on sharing a woman tonight but..."

Hunter smiled. "Fate stepped in."

I let out a grunt of disapproval. "Fate. Sure."

Hunter nodded to our prize and we watched as she came down the steps to join us. From up close her eyes were even brighter and her skin was milky perfection. She was more beautiful than any one woman had the right to be.

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“This is a surprise request. If you’re uncomfortable spending your evening with these three men, I’ll make other arrangements for you.” Hunter ignored my dark scowl. “It’s up to you, babe.”

Finally, she spoke. “I can use my safe word at any time to make it all stop?”

She was asking Hunter but I stepped closer to her and answered. “Say the word and we’ll help you get dressed and walk out. I don’t see that happening, though, angel. I’m going to make damn sure you enjoy yourself tonight and that you only beg for mercy from coming so many times.”

CHAPTER 2

Reagan

Five hours earlier I’d been crying into a Stauffer’s mac and cheese over another failed relationship. How in the hell in just five hours did I go from a frozen dinner to having a sexy cowboy tell me I was going to beg for mercy from all the orgasms he was going to give me? I was in so far over my head that I couldn’t even see the surface anymore. Just call me ‘the little mermaid’.

“Okay.” I heard my voice but didn’t even realize I’d opened my mouth. Had I really just agreed to spend the night with three hot-as-sin cowboys? My heart fluttered so fast I thought I’d for sure pass out. How embarrassing. If I passed out, I wondered if they would drag my body to a dark corner and share a round of drinks until I came to.

I was going to kill Harley. She’d begged Hunter for an invitation and a chance to be

auctioned off. Not me. I hadn't known jack about shit until I was halfway through my mac and cheese. Despite thinking she could get undressed and stand on the stage I'd just left, Harley had realized pretty late in the game that she couldn't do it. Being a no-show was a no-go, though, so there I was. Fresh out of yet another failed relationship and a family-sized meal. Swooping in to save my bestie in a nightie and my bare feet.

If I was being honest, the men standing in front of me were a far cry from who I thought I'd end my night with. I'd expected old, balding, creepy. Instead, I was getting age appropriate, lots of hair, and so sexy it should've been illegal. I wasn't even sure where to look. They were so hot that my brain wasn't even computing I was supposed to have sex with them. Me. Reagan Thorne. Me. Oh, god.

"Have a drink with us?" The one with hazel eyes held out his hand for me to take and flashed a panty-melting smile. "Then you can decide if we're worth taking a chance on."

Hunter gave me a reassuring nod and winked.

"Enjoy yourself."

Then she left and I was alone with the men who'd just bought me for the night. I took Hazel Eyes' hand and let out a soft gasp when he pulled me into his chest and wrapped an arm around my waist.

"As much as I'm loving getting to see your beautiful body, if you'd rather cover up now that you're off the stage you can wear my shirt." He spoke the words close to my ear and his breath tickled the sensitive skin of my neck.

I did want to cover up to keep the rest of the men in the room from seeing me but there was something in the way the three of them were looking at me that made me shake

my head. "I'm okay."

"You can call me W. This is T, and this is M." He pointed to the other two men who were obviously twins. The one he called T was identical to the last one, both of them having dark blue eyes which appeared almost violet in the shadowy lighting around us. T had a crescent moon-shaped scar over his right eyebrow which set him apart.

M was the one who'd caught my attention first. His gaze was almost tangible in a room filled with rich, powerful men. Up close, that dark blue gaze was enough to make my knees tremble. He gently gripped the back of my neck and pulled me away from W. Instead of pulling me into an embrace the way W had, he used that grip to lead me across the room.

I could feel other people watching and I was twisted with mixed emotions. I liked it but I didn't want to. I felt ashamed of what I was doing but I was almost eager to get to the rest of the night. I was shocked at myself for so easily going along with something that had sounded absolutely insane and unreal just hours earlier.

M stopped at the bar and held up three fingers to the bartender. Then he turned those serious eyes on me and moved his hand around to slip his fingers under the strap of my nightie. Slowly, methodically, he pulled it down.

"What's your safe word, angel?"

I blushed. I hadn't thought that part through. Of course, I'd need to share my safe word with the man who bought me for the night. Why hadn't I chosen something sexier? Or normal? I bit my bottom lip and slowly lifted my eyes to his. "Purple people eater."

W threw back his head and laughed while M seemed to struggle to hold back a smile. His mouth twisted and I got the impression these weren't men who did a lot of

smiling and laughing.

M shook his head and pulled the other strap off my shoulder. “Have you ever been to a place like this before?”

I shook my head.

“Ever dabbled in the lifestyle? Been with more than one man at a time?” He trailed his fingers over my shoulder as he spoke. “Ever needed to cry out ‘purple people eater’ while being paddled?”

I shook my head again but it was slower because I was being bombarded with images. Did he want to paddle me?

“Answer me out loud, angel.”

I swallowed and tried to look away to get a break from his intensity. He caught my jaw in his big hand and held me steady, though.

“No. I’ve...never.”

“You’ve been fucked, though?”

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I nodded before remembering he wanted verbal answers.

“Yes.”

“Yes, Sir.” His nostrils flared and his fingers tightened on my jaw just enough for me to feel it. “When you speak to me tonight, you will call me ‘Sir’. Now, tell me why the fuck an innocent little thing like you is at a club like this, volunteering herself up to be used and abused.”

He didn’t let me answer before he continued.

“What would you do right now if I told you to get on your knees and suck my cock? Right here at the bar? It’s not unusual. There’s a woman on her knees fifteen feet away from you right now. What if I pull this nightie down over your tits and make you walk around like that?” His eyes flashed. “That’s the place you came to. Is that what you want?”

Heaven help me, but his words turned me on. I didn’t think I wanted those things. I’d never wanted them before but there was something about him, and the way he was speaking, that made me want to do exactly as he said.

T moved so he was standing at my back and pressed his body into mine. He left his hand low so he could play with the hem of my nightie.

“We’ve never shared before. Each of us want you enough that we’re willing to, though. There’s a chance you’re going to come out of this night with marks to show for it. Is there anyone at home who’s going to notice them?”

“No, Sir.” I figured it was safe to call them all Sir.

Their drinks arrived and M leaned into me. “On your knees. I’m not going to make you suck my dick, though, angel. I just want you to kneel there and wait for the moment we take you to our room. Think about all the things we’re going to do to you. T likes ropes. I bet you he’s picturing you tied up right now. And W? W is weak for good pussy. I have a feeling he’s going to want to spend the night feasting on you.”

I hesitated. “What about you, Sir?”

He smiled then, but it was dark and sent a forbidden chill down my spine.

“I like breaking bad little girls who can’t follow directions.”

CHAPTER 3

Reagan

I went to my knees fast enough I knew they’d bruise from hitting the floor too hard. I sat back on my heels and looked up. The three of them looked like giant sequoia trees standing over me, creating a protective shield with their bodies which kept me away from prying eyes that weren’t their own.

“Eyes down, angel.” M’s voice was dark and deep, a promise of the man behind it. “Unless you want to start out the night over my knee.”

I tucked my chin and locked my gaze on his shoes. Boots. Rough ones, like they’d seen more than a little work. I’d heard the number the cowboys bid for me. If I wasn’t so overwhelmed by the sheer force of the three men over me, I would’ve been freaking out about the money.

They weren't dressed in perfectly tailored suits like the other men in the club. They were in jeans and flannels with their sleeves rolled up. They looked good, better than any of the other men if you asked me, but they didn't look like the type to visit Club Devil. Then again, neither did I.

I'd been reminded of that more than once while staring at the flat abs of more than one of the women who were bid on before me. I'd been terrified no one would bid on me and I'd have to crawl out of the club like the loser I was. Instead...I was on my knees, waiting for three very gorgeous cowboys to take me away and tie me up.

I was going to kill Harley. Or thank her. I wasn't sure which.

"Welcome to the club, gentlemen." Another man had joined them. I felt his eyes on me for just a moment before he moved on. "I wasn't sure you'd stick around but I'm glad you did. Your prize looks as if she needs a special touch for the night. Master Vic is a trusted dom but he's not for a fresh treat like the one you have here."

I wanted to scowl at the man. I wasn't a fresh treat. I was a grown ass woman who just so happened to have a best friend who got herself into something she couldn't handle. Also, Master Vic? No way was I calling any of the men around me Master. I'd bite my own tongue off before I did.

T's hand stroked over my head like he was petting a kitten. Soft, reassuring, almost comforting. "We appreciate you extending the invitation through the guys. Tonight would've been a whole lot less interesting if we'd just stayed home."

They continued to speak over me but I lost myself in the feeling of T's hand. I'd been so comforted by the way he stroked my hair I hadn't realized he was tangling it around his fingers until he gripped it tight and tugged my head back. I let out a sharp gasp at the sensation and found him staring down at me with a hungry look on his face. He was so damn handsome I missed what he was saying for a moment.

“I asked if you were thirsty, kitten.” He squatted next to me and ran his fingers down the front of my throat. “I could get you a little bowl to lap out of. I think I’d like the sight of that. That beautiful ass swaying for me as you happily curled that tongue around whatever cream I gave you... You do like cream, don’t you, kitten?”

With him at my level I could see more of the club. I could see another man standing beside the three cowboys, watching me with razor sharp eyes. I was one of the most covered women in the club but I suddenly felt naked. “I...”

T tutted at me. “Don’t be a naughty kitten. You answer me when I ask you something. What do you think, M? Do you think our naughty kitten deserves a punishment?”

I couldn’t help myself. “You shouldn’t punish kittens.”

M smiled and clapped the outsider on the shoulder. “Seems we’re going to have our hands full.”

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“The stage is open. I know I would love a demonstration of your work, Seeing as how you’re new here. And you’ve got the perfect pet to work on.”

I really didn’t like the other man. I scowled at him, forgetting where I was. At least I managed to keep my mouth shut. It was too late, though. He’d seen it and, worse, M had seen it.

“I think that sounds appropriate. What do you think T? W?” M glanced at his brothers, at least I was assuming they had to be his brothers, and a silent conversation happened between the three of them. When M’s lips curved into a dark smirk, I was afraid I wouldn’t like their conversation.

“Any chance you’ve got a spare spanking horse prepped and ready?” T stood up and released my hair with one last pat to the top of my head. “I think this kitten could use a little breaking in.”

W sighed as he bent low and stroked my cheek. “I thought I was going to get my snack but you’ve managed to earn the ire of the twins. If you’re good for them, maybe I’ll get to devour your sweet pussy for a while before we show you what nine thick inches feel like.”

My face flared as he pressed his hand between my thighs and raised an eyebrow. The silent command was clear; spread my legs. I did as he wanted and he cupped my sex tight, the lace panties doing nothing to keep me from feeling the burning heat of his hand. I’d been with a few men in my life and none of them managed to find my clit as fast as W. He tugged my panties to the side with one finger and stroked his middle finger over my clit like he’d been given a detailed map and had studied it. Hard.

His mouth lifted in a smile at the way my lips popped open. “You’re soaked for us already. Such a good girl. Do something for me. Reach down and stroke yourself. Get two of your fingers nice and coated for me.”

I bit my lip hard but I found myself wanting to do what he said. I also hoped that if I pleased them, they’d forget about the public punishment. My fingers bumped into his as I followed his command and I shuddered at the feeling. When I brought my hand up, I was ashamed to see just how wet my fingers were. They glistened in the dim lighting.

W stroked my clit while pulling my hand closer and holding my gaze as he sucked my fingers into his mouth. I’d never seen a man look as starved as he did in that moment. His eyes burned as he let my fingers pop free and he quickly pulled his other hand away from me, making me whimper. He stood up and turned away but I heard the words he growled at M. “Tastes like fucking heaven.”

T pulled me to my feet and reached down to straighten my panties, which involved a lot more touching than it probably needed to. He pressed into my back and wrapped his arm around my waist. “Look up there.”

Oh, god. On the stage, dead center, was a contraption that looked like it belonged in a contractor’s shed. It looked like a workhorse with extra pieces along the sides. Padded in thick leather, it was matte black with straps spaced out, as if... Oh, hell.

I took a step back, fear gripping me. They wanted to strap me into that thing? In front of everyone in the club? Were they fucking nuts? I knew better than to ask that but my gaze must’ve given it away.

M stepped in front of me and held my gaze as he gently and methodically pulled my straps back into place. “Be glad we’re going to put you over it fully covered.”

My feet felt magnetized to the floor as they walked me to the stage. I thought my humiliation on stage had ended once they'd won me but apparently not. I could hear a murmur of curiosity from the crowd as M gripped my upper arm and helped me up the steps. My breathing was too fast as we stopped at the side of the contraption.

"I'm going to give you a choice, angel. You can be put over it either way, depending on what direction you want your ass pointed."

I didn't hesitate.

"Away from the room. Please. Sir."

His wicked smile made me feel like I'd chosen wrong.

"You want to watch the crowd, huh? Okay."

CHAPTER 4

Reagan

Oh, god. My heart hammered painfully. I was going to have to see the crowd watch me being punished. M directed me where to go and I followed his instructions while shaking like a leaf. I couldn't figure out why I was just going along with everything. Yes, I needed the money. Yes, I wanted to be a good friend to Harley. Yes, the men around me were wildly attractive, but I was straddling a leather and woodtoy in front of a crowd of people. Simply because they told me to. I was going to need to do some self-evaluating after everything was said and done.

"That's right, angel. Rest your stomach along the pad there and stretch your arms out just like that." M guided me until I was on all fours with my body resting on the cool leather bench. He made quick work of tightening the straps over my wrists and

ankles, effectively pinning me in place. Still, he wrapped a larger strap over my back and rested his hand on my calf. “I want her head back.”

T stood in front of me and quickly gathered my hair into a braid at the back of my head that he expertly worked into a makeshift rope. I couldn’t tell what he was doing until I felt the strap over my back shift and then T stepped back and whistled low.

“Jesus.”

I tried to drop my head forward to look away from the crowd but I couldn’t. He’d tied my hair to the leather strap and I was locked into place. I couldn’t move anything more than my fingers and toes. I couldn’t even tip my head forward without the strands of my hair pulling painfully.

“That’s fucking beautiful.” W came to stand in front of me and he pressed two thick, calloused fingers over my tongue. “I’m normally not as needy for the bondage stuff but this... I think you were made to be tied down and fucked hard, kitten.”

I’d never felt so trapped. A growing sense of panic blossomed in my chest but as I closed my mouth around his fingers and sucked, a sense of quiet washed over me. I forgot the crowd, the spanking horse, the way I couldn’t move. I just was.

“I think the name ‘kitten’ works for you. T was right. You’re our perfect little pet for the night, aren’t you?” W pulled his fingers free and stepped out of my line of vision. Just like that, he was gone and he took my calm with him.

I gasped as I felt one of them press into me from behind. The way the bench had me spread out meant that my lower body was fully vulnerable to them. I felt rough denim against my thighs and heat as the impression of a long, hard erection dug into my sex. I wanted to ask a million questions. What were they doing? What was going to happen? Were they going to have sex with me in front of everyone? Would I use my

safe word if they did?

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“W is going to stand up front and watch you. If you close your eyes during your punishment, you’re going to get even more. This is an easy one. You are slow to follow our commands and you have quite the attitude. A bare-handed spanking should be enough to correct you this first time.” M gripped my hips and rocked himself against me. “I want you looking out at the crowd, angel. Watch them as they watch you take your spanking.”

His dirty words filled me with desire and before I could process what that said about me, his hand came down hard on my right ass cheek. I yelped out of shock more than pain and the crowd laughed. Shame burned more than the spanking and I squeezed my eyes shut.

Immediately three more hard spankings landed.

“Open your eyes!”

I whimpered but did as he said. I could see strangers everywhere, their eyes greedily taking in everything. I wanted to argue and refuse. I didn’t want to see them watching. Except, when M stepped back enough to slip his fingers past my panties, I felt how wet I was.

He took his time coating his hand in my juices and the next spanking he landed stung worse and made a sound that told my secret. They all knew I was wet from a spanking. I tried to hang my head and my hair pulled tight. Wincing, I tightened my fingers on the bench padding.

T stroked his hand down my spine and spread my lower cheeks wide. He tugged my

panties to the side and groaned.

“God, kitten. If they could see how red and swollen and dripping wet you are, they’d know what a naughty little kitten you are. Getting wet from a spanking...What are we going to do with you?”

I whimpered when I felt one of them yank my panties down. The cool air touched my naked sex and I almost used my safe word. They were looking at methere. I’d never let any partner look at me like I was then, so exposed and open. Panic clawed at my chest and I opened my mouth to call the whole thing off.

W’s face filled my vision, a knowing smile on his lips.

“We’re the only ones going to see that part of you tonight, kitten. And trust me when I say that we like what we see. My brothers both look like they’re ready to eat you alive.”

M’s voice was even deeper as he spoke.

“You’ve got the prettiest pussy I’ve ever seen, angel. So pink and wet. And this asshole is begging to be used. Every man in this place besides us is a loser tonight. Let’s get your punishment over so we can steal you away and defile you.”

The first touch of his fingers over my sex happened at the same time as another spanking. He didn’t tease me; he pushed two of his fingers deep in me and curled them.

W stood up and smiled down at me while speaking to his brother.

“How does she feel?”

“Tight. Dripping wet.” M raised his voice so the crowd would hear. “You’re going to show these folks how you come, angel.”

CHAPTER 5

Reagan

I stiffened and shot a worried look at W. I couldn’t have an orgasm in front of a crowd. Was he crazy?

“Switch places with me, M.” W winked at me and moved out of sight.

M walked around to stand in front of me and I saw the thick bulge in his pants. He was as turned on as I was. I looked up at him and swallowed nervously. He squatted down so we were eye-to-eye and ran his finger over my lips. His gaze was so intense that I struggled to hold it.

“You listen when I tell you to do something, angel. The first time.” He slid his fingers into my mouth and I tasted myself on them. “You’re going to give me what I want tonight, aren’t you?”

I nodded as much as I could with his fingers in my mouth and my hair tied back. I felt W’s hands on my ass and the combined sensations from the two men were intense.

“Look out at the people watching you as W eats your pussy and makes you come.” M pushed his fingers deeper, forcing me to swallow down my gag reflex. “Look at them and see what you’re doing to them.”

W slid his fingers through my sex and spread my lower lips. His breath ghosted over my wet flesh and then his mouth was on me. Hot. Wet. Twisted. He flicked his tongue over my asshole and let out a low growl when I jerked around my restraints.

“Where is his tongue, angel?” M pulled his fingers free and gripped my cheeks. “Tell them.”

I couldn’t say it.

“Tell them or I’m going to turn this bench around and show them.”

“My ass!” I glared at him, another mistake. I gagged as he pushed his fingers even deeper than before and used his hold on my mouth to turn my head where he wanted it. I tried not to look out but the movement caught my gaze.

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A young guy had an older woman bent over a table and he was fucking her while watching me. She had her hands twisted in the tablecloth as she watched, too. The guy ran his hand up her back and gripped her hair, tugging her head back so she was in almost my exact position.

W pushed his tongue past the tight ring of muscle just as T spanked me hard. The guy spanked the woman just as hard and I heard her sharp intake of breath. That was when I realized the room had gone silent. The low music was gone. The murmur of voices was gone. Every sound I made would be just as easily heard as that woman's.

M had to be a twisted mind reader because he pulled his fingers from my mouth and spoke to his brother.

“Let them hear how wet our little prize is.”

I wanted to object but W slid his fingers in fast and deep and the only sound that came out of my mouth was a long, drawn-out moan. He worked his fingers in and out of my core hard, unrelenting. The sound of my wetness was almost instant. Shame and arousal collided inside me.

“Look around, angel. Look at how many people are loving watching you. You're going to be a good angel and come for them to see, aren't you?” M's voice said he knew I was. He leaned in and spoke directly to me, so low that only I'd hear. “They wish they were up here with you. Too fucking bad we bought you. You're ours for the night, aren't you? They can watch you come on my brother's mouth but that's all they'll get. The face you make when you come on my cock is for my eyes only.”

W replaced his fingers with his tongue and T spanked me again. The sound of my breathing was only slightly overshadowed by the sound of flesh slapping flesh. There was more than one couple having sex while watching me. In a moment of defiance, I locked my eyes on M's. I knew I was going to come for everyone to see but I didn't want to look at them when W pushed me over the edge.

"Such a defiant little thing, aren't you?" M growled. "You're going to be fun to break. Now come, angel."

W's tongue slid over my clit and it was all too much. I came hard, moans ripping from my clenched jaws. I kept my gaze on M and he smirked.

"I should shove my cock down your throat right here and now for blatantly disobeying me."

"Do it! Teach her a lesson!" A man called out from the back of the crowd, earning him several excited cheers of agreement.

M's face shifted into something terrifying and even in the throes of my orgasm I flinched back from it. He swung to his full height and planted his body firmly in front of mine.

"She is ours to fuck and punish. If we needed help with either, we'd be in the crowd with you, watching. Show's over."

I sagged in relief. The orgasm slowly slid away and I was a breathless mess. I wasn't so out of it that I couldn't stop and appreciate that I'd been won by the three cowboys around me. As much as they'd been willing to show, it was clear they had hard limits and I was safe with them.

"I put you in the suite at the end of the third floor. Everything you need should be

there. If not, there's a tablet on the entry table you can use to contact me." Hunter was back again, her voice still somehow professional until she dipped her head to grin at me. "You lucky duck."

I barely noticed the straps being removed and then I was in T's arms. I gasped and tried to get down right away.

"No, put me down. I can walk."

He ignored me and gripped me tighter, one arm under my knees and the other around my back.

"Stay still, kitten."

"I'm no kitten. I'm too heavy to carry." I didn't stop struggling but he didn't budge.

"Not for a big man like me, kitten. To me, you're just a little thing. Now stop moving or I'm going to bend you over these stairs and spank your ass raw." His expression said he meant it. I stopped moving. "You never did answer my question about liking cream earlier."

I bit my bottom lip and lifted one shoulder in a shrug. Blow jobs weren't my favorite thing to do typically but nothing about the three cowboys was typical. I had a feeling I'd like most things with them.

I didn't notice a single thing about my surroundings as he carried me up two flights of stairs with his brothers charging ahead. I'd just orgasmed in public and I was heading into a night with not one, not two, but three men. Instead of feeling like murdering Harley, though, I was starting to feel like maybe a thank you card would be needed.

CHAPTER 6

Tate

She felt too fucking good in my arms. Her curvy body was soft and her skin was silky smooth. She smelled like peaches and sex in a way that made my mouth water and my dick throb. I liked going down on women but I was suddenly feeling more like West. I wanted to make my home between her thighs and eat her for every meal.

When I moved through the doorway into the suite, I hesitated for a moment. With West and Mills staring back at me, I couldn't help but wonder if we'd lost our fucking minds. We didn't share women. That wasn't our thing. We'd fucked the same women at times, just because Devil's Den was a small town and women who liked our special type of sex weren't super common, but sharing had never been in the cards.

Until her.

One look down at her pretty face and I was over my hesitation. If it meant I got to have her, I'd share with my brothers for the night.

Her vibrant blue eyes were wide as I set her down in front of me. She jumped when Mills pressed into her from behind and then tried to laugh it off.

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“Sorry.”

Mills brushed her hair away from her neck and pressed his mouth to her shoulder.

“Do you need a minute?”

Another awkward laugh.

“Um, no. I think that would be a bad plan. I don’t want time to overthink this.”

I cupped her chin and lifted her face to mine.

“If you don’t want this, say so, kitten.”

An annoyed look came over her face for a split second and I almost laughed. She really was like an angry little kitten.

“I think I’ve already proven I want this. There are some things that can’t be faked.”

Mills slowly pushed the straps of her nightie off her shoulders.

“Someone is feeling a little sassy, aren’t they? Was I wrong about you being my angel? Are you really more of a kitten with claws?”

Her cheeks darkened but she kept her gaze on mine.

“My name is Rea.”

West grinned and moved closer as he unbuttoned his shirt.

“A little Rea of sunshine? Somehow, I think kitten fits better.”

“I think it’s time we unwrap our prize.” Mills didn’t give her a chance to slow him down. He dragged the nightie over her head and tossed it across the room.

I didn’t see him take off her panties because I was starstruck by the best pair of tits I’d ever seen. Full, with petal pink nipples that were puckered and begging for attention. My brain sizzled out for a second and I found myself licking my lips. I was starting to wonder if West’s pleasure kink was contagious.

“Isn’t that the fucking cutest thing you’ve ever seen?” Mills gripped her hips and turned her around. “A heart-shaped birthmark right there on your ass? I’m starting to think someone dreamt you up for us, angel.”

He was right. Just over her full and luscious ass was a heart-shaped birthmark. I ran my hand over it and was seconds from dropping to my knees to kiss it when Mills took over.

“Let’s see if you’ve learned. On your knees.”

She went straight down with a slight grunt when her knees hit the glossy hardwood floor. She kept her gaze on his feet and whispered softly.

“Yes, Sir.”

“Crawl to the bed. Be a good kitten.”

There was a momentary pause and I waited to see if she’d tell Mills to go fuck himself but she didn’t. She went to her handsand knees and started crawling across

the floor, her full ass swaying as she did. Just as I was appreciating the view of her swollen lower lips, West vocalized my thoughts.

“Fuck, kitten. Your pussy is beautiful from every angle.” He glanced back at me and Mills. “She’s been good. I think she deserves a reward.”

Mills flashed a rare grin.

“She does, or you do?”

Without waiting for us, West scooped her off the floor and tossed her on the bed. She bounced on her back and went up on her elbows to watch him but he was already face deep between her thighs.

“No more holding back. No one will hear you in here but us and we want to hear you.” I moved up the bed to kneel next to her head. “The only reason you should be quiet is if there’s a cock bruising those pretty lips. Understand?”

Her face softened in pleasure.

“Yes, Sir!”

Mills pulled a side chair closer to the bed and sat with his legs stretched out. There was a moment of awkwardness as our eyes met but Kitten cried out and it was forgotten. It wouldn't be so hard to share if she kept making those sounds.

I dipped my head and tasted the skin of her breast, taking as much as I could get into my mouth and sucking. Her little mewls of pleasure grew louder. Moving to her nipples, I ran my tongue around the pink flesh and only took the little buds between my teeth when she made the right needy sound. I wanted to spend a few hours focused on those tits but I forced myself to slip off of the bed. Something else was calling my name.

A closet on the other side of the suite held a variety of toys and tools. Despite the softer ropes hanging there I went for a rougher cord. The darker side of my brain wanted to leave marks on her body. We'd never see her again but I wanted her to see us for a few days every time she looked at herself. Gripping the rope, I tried it between my hands and then turned back to the bed. A thrill went down my spine when I found that even in the throes of another orgasm, my little kitten had her wary eyes on me.

West, sensing her change in demeanor, looked up and followed her gaze to my hands. He wiped his mouth along the inside of her thigh and flashed a smirk.

“Looks like it's time for T to have some fun with you, kitten.”

Mills sat forward, his focus intense on our subject. He was seeing the same things I

was. Her breath came faster, a deep flush stained her cheeks and chest, and she was pressing her thighs together without West between them. She was nervous but she was still thoroughly turned on.

I dropped the rope next to her feet at the end of the bed and took my time unbuttoning my shirt and tossing it aside. Her rapt focus spurred some pride in me and I casually flicked the button to my jeans open, loving the way her pupils ate up all that bright blue with desire. Moving up the bed, I straddled her hips and dragged the rope over her chest.

“Rough, isn’t it?”

Her tongue stole out to wet her lips.

“Yes, Sir.”

Fuck, she was a fast learner and so eager to please. Even with the cute little displays of defiance she was so fucking submissive. I caught her wrists and easily tied them together with a knot she wouldn’t be able to remove. I watched as she tested them and sank my teeth into my lip as I watched her pale skin turn red beneath the rope.

“Want to know why?”

She gasped when I snapped her bound arms over her head and hooked the knot over a post at the top of the headboard. It seemed like the club thought of everything. She tested the constraints again and without control of her hands I felt her legs shift more behind me.

“Yes, Sir.”

“When you’re home in your comfy surroundings tonight, tomorrow, maybe even the

day after, I want you to look down at your wrists and see this moment. I want you to remember how thoroughly you gave yourself to me. Tied up with three strangers. Kitten...Do you have any idea the things we could do to you?"

There were nerves in her eyes but that defiant chin lifted just the slightest.

"I'm not stopping you."

CHAPTER 7

Mills

My hands itched with the need to turn her ass hot and it seemed like Tate read my mind. He shifted off of her and easily flipped her over. On her knees with her hands stretched out in front of her she was a vision. I stood where she could see me and made a show of slowly removing my belt. I'd never use it on her, not when she was so brand new, but she didn't know that.

Her mouth parted as her breathing increased. "M?"

West appeared at the foot of the bed with a bottle of lube and a small plug.

"The only thing better than a red ass is a red ass with a pretty little plug in it, don't you think?"

Rea's head snapped back to look at him over her shoulder. The glare in her eyes was just what I wanted to see. I didn't usually like such a naughty kitten in bed but her anger was exciting as fuck. Especially when there was nothing she could do about it.

I found myself grinning again and shook my head at myself. I wasn't sure what kind of pervert it made me that the most I'd smiled in what felt like years, was while

sharing a woman with my brothers.

“Plug her. Then I’m going to spank that ass hot. Depending on our kitten’s attitude, someone might need to plug her throat, too.”

That earned me a dirty look but when I dragged my shirt over my head, her expression returned to one of hunger. She watched me even as West spread her cheeks and worked on plugging her. Her nostrils flared but that was the only sign of discomfort she showed. West clearly had the same thought I did because he grunted and went back to the closet, returning with a larger plug.

“Little bro likes to see a little bite with his pleasure, huh?” Tate teased West, but West was so focused on pushing the larger plug deep inside Rae that he didn’t care.

She’d gone red and her hands clenched into fists where they were tied to the headboard.

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“Too big.”

I clicked my tongue at her.

“You don’t get to decide that tonight. We own you, angel. That’s our ass. We decide what fits.”

West tapped the end of the plug and it vibrated to life. He palmed her cheeks and groaned.

“I can’t wait to get my dick in this ass, kitten.”

I watched her eyebrows pinch and nearly laughed. Her struggle to be obedient was clear. I was more than happy to help her, lucky for her. Reaching out, I grabbed her inner thigh and dragged her body closer to my side of the bed. Turning the vibrator off, much to her annoyance, I landed my first real spanking of the night. The crack of my hand on her ass filled the room and was only bested by her yelp.

I landed blow after blow, moving all over her ass and then to the back of her thighs, all while she cried out and struggled to shift away from me. Her skin burned bright red, some spots in the perfect shape of my hand. As much as she struggled against the spanking, I could hear the breathy moans she couldn’t help. When I’d painted her skin the color I wanted, I reached under her and it took two strokes of my rough fingers over her clit for her to come all over my hand.

“Pretend all you want, angel. Like you said, there are some things that can’t be faked.” I didn’t stop manipulating her clit, even when her moans grew into higher

pitched shrieks and she yanked at her restraints. “Stop fighting it. Come again and then maybe you’ll have earned one of our cocks in this pussy.”

West turned on the vibrator in her ass again and that was all it took for her to throw her head back and scream. She came hard enough to soak the bed beneath her. West moaned at the loss of all her delicious cream, cream he’d rather be drinking down than watching soak away. We really were a kinky bunch of fuckers.

Tate proved just how much when he unhooked her limp arms from the bed and picked her up. He carried her to the couch and put her down beside it. West held her steady while Tate got more rope and tied her spread ankles to the couch legs before bending her forward and using a longer length of rope to attach her arms to the other side. Her ass and pussy were on full display and with her face turned to the side, we’d still have full access to her mouth.

“Beautifully done.” I circled behind her and watched her skin rise with goosebumps. “That deserves a gift. You take her first.”

Tate grunted. “Happily.”

Both of my brothers stripped naked and I had another moment of disbelief before Rea’s moans brought me back to the moment. West was teasing the plug in and out of her ass while Tate rolled on a condom. I moved around to the other side of the couch and let her watch me finish undressing. The look on her face when I was finally naked was one I’d take with me to the grave. I’d never felt like a bigger man.

“Are you a good little cocksucker, angel?” I couldn’t help being more vulgar than normal with her. The way her nostrils flared and her eyes widened was such a fucking turn on. I could almost feel her hand across my cheek already, her anger at my audacity nearly tangible. Like the good girl she was, though, she swallowed it down and licked her lips before answering.

“I...I don’t think so.” The admission cost her. She looked down at the couch and blinked as if she was shocked she’d said the words out loud.

West was quick to reassure and comfort but I held my hand up to stop him. I didn’t need him to white knight at that moment. I wanted to do it my goddamn self.

Tate was waiting behind her with his cock in his hand but he seemed content to wait. I moved closer to her and tilted her head up. Tate saw she was hesitant and gripped the braid he’d put in her hair earlier. He tugged her head back and I shot him a nod of gratitude.

“Did some asshole make you think you weren’t good at sucking cock, angel?”

She groaned and blinked back a sheen of tears.

“I’m just not good at it.”

I growled and surprised myself by leaning down and licking away the single tear that slipped free.

“Do you want to suck my cock, angel?”

She was just as shocked by my move and it was clear she answered without thinking.

“I really do.”

“You want to please me?” I saw her nod and ran my fingers over her lips. “Then you’ll be good. Eagerness to please goes a long way with me, sweetheart.”

Her eyes widened at the sweet term of endearment. Thinking better than to call it out, she licked her lips and gazed at my painfully hard cock.

“I’ve got that.”

And I didn’t call her out for making her need to please sound like a medical condition. I stroked her cheek and looked up at Tate. He took the cue and took his place behind her. With me standing close to her head, West knelt next to the couch and cupped one of her tits in one hand and her sex in the other. His fingers teased her clit even as Tate entered her. With the plug still in her ass, I knew she had to be tight as fuck around him.

Her mouth popped open in pleasure, and a little shock I was sure.

“Oh, god.”

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I stroked my cock and moved closer. I wanted to hear the sounds she made before I took her mouth. That didn't mean I wasn't going to get as close to that full mouth as possible.

Tate swore wildly as he sank his full length in her. It didn't even occur to me that I was watching my brother fuck for the first time. Rea and her pleasure were the only things that mattered.

CHAPTER 8

West

Our sweet little kitten turned into a wild cat when stuffed full of cock. She threw her head back and cried out for more while arching her back into an intense bow to get more of Tate's cock in her. She had no idea just how full of cock she was going to be before the night was over and the thought had me pressing my dick into the side of the couch to ease some of its ache.

Tate pulled out and thrust back inside hard, drawing another scream out of Rea. I was addicted to the sound of her pleasure already. I wanted more. I also felt an insane desire to leave my own mark on her perfect body. Tate started a hard and fast pace, fucking her with an intensity that seemed to shock her.

I leaned forward and kissed her soft side. I kept my fingers on her clit with one hand and with the other I pinched and stroked her nipples. Her screams of pleasure grew muffled and I didn't need to look up to know that Mills was doing his best to teach our kitten that she wasn't a bad cocksucker. I trailed my mouth up and down her side

and back, taking little nips along the way. I sucked her flesh until she wore bruises from my mouth up and down her back.

“Fucking hell.” Tate gripped her hips hard and the sound of their flesh cracking together was as loud as the muffled screams from her. “I’m never going to last. She’s too fucking tight.”

Mills bumped my shoulder.

“Take my place.”

As I rested one knee on the couch and offered Rea my cock, I saw Tate pull out and Mills take his place. Just as she took my cock past her plump lips, Mills thrust in hard. She rocked forward and took my cock to the back of her throat without trying. She gagged and her eyes watered but she didn’t try to dislodge it. She blinked up at me, her eyes all but black with need.

Mills wiggled the plug as he fucked her and with Tate’s fingers between her thighs she came hard. Her mouth locked around my cock and she sucked hard as she screamed, the vibrations nearly sending me to an early grave.

“We’re taking this ass before the night’s over, angel. We’re not leaving until you’re walking with a limp and are covered in our come.” Mills slapped her ass hard and then stumbled back a few steps. “W. Your turn.”

I didn’t complain it was like a game of hot potato as we all struggled to last as long as possible. Not if it meant having my cock inside her. I pulled on a condom and bent down to suck on her engorged clit for a few seconds before lining my cock head up with her swollen pussy and thrusting deep.

She cried out and her pussy tightened wildly around my shaft. It was the best thing

I'd ever felt. I grabbed the plug and fucked her with it at the same time, loving the way it made her clench down on me each time I pushed it deep.

Tate and Mills were both standing near her head, taking turns fucking her mouth. I reached around with my other hand and tapped her clit as I watched Mills thrust the entire length of his cock down her throat. She bucked against the intrusion but when he pulled out, she lifted her face for him to do it again.

"It's time to find out if this kitty likes her cream." Tate stroked her his hand down her back as his other hand worked his dick. "Open your mouth and stick your tongue out, kitten."

Her pussy clenched at the command and I worked the plug harder, knowing we were all about to come. It was insane, coming like that while my brothers were right there but none of the potential awkwardness touched my cock. He was a beast who'd found his beauty and he didn't give a fuck who watched.

Tate came with a low growl and I watched as he painted Rea's tongue and cheeks with his come. Her body gave a responding clench with each messy streak. He shifted out of the way as soon as he was done and Mills was right there, holding his cock to her tongue as he jerked off. I slapped her clit harder than I meant as my own come tightened my balls and burned down my spine. It set her off.

Rea came with a scream and I lost control even as I saw Mills spray come all over her face. I filled the condom as I continued to thrust into her, dragging the last drops out of both of our orgasms. She went limp between us, her body held up only by Tate's ropes. Her face was covered in my brothers' come but she was still somehow the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen. Especially when her eyes fluttered open and a smile tilted her lips.

"Wow."

Having had a taste, I felt my own need for control roaring up my back.

“We’re far from finished, kitten.”

She swallowed audibly and looked back at me.

“Good.”

Mills knelt next to her and slowly ran his finger over her face, collecting all the come there. Then he pushed it past her lips into her mouth and growled when she didn’t immediately swallow.

“You’re not leaving this room until your stomach is full of our come.”

Tate worked at the ropes around her ankles and groaned down at his dick.

“She’s going to fucking kill me. I haven’t been hard again so fast since I was a teenager.”

I knew the feeling. I threw away my first full condom of the night and slipped another one on.

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“I want her on her back this time. I want to watch her face as I fuck her ass.”

Mills grinned, the expression almost strange on his normally intense face.

“Leave the ropes off for now, T. I think we should see how our dirty girl likes being held down by us as her ass is used for the first time tonight.”

Rea let out a needy whimper and any sense of restraint was gone. It seemed we’d met our match. The sweet little kitten in our bed for the night was just as kinky as we were. She proved it over and over again in more than a dozen positions that night. The last time she took all three of us at the same time, her abused body stretched tight around our cocks. When she came that time, it ended with her passing out.

The sun was already up when I pulled the blanket over her and stepped away. Our night was finished. Tempted as I was to leave my number, I stopped myself. One night. It wasn’t more. It couldn’t be.

CHAPTER 9

Reagan

One Year Later

The small bakery in Devil’s Den, a tiny town not too far from Dallas, or the club that had caused all of my current issues, was adorable. I’d appreciated it from outside the large windows or I wouldn’t have noticed a single thing because as soon as I stepped inside, every customer in the place swung around to look at me. And then froze.

I suddenly wished I'd brought Harley with me instead of Lucky. Harley would've happily gone to war for me if all the strangers gawking at me didn't react well to my presence. Lucky might grow into a fierce protector, but right then, he was just a cranky three-month-old.

Not that the people gawking at me and Lucky had any reason to react badly to me. They had no clue who I was. Even a small place like Devil's Den had to get people passing through. I wasn't sure, though, judging by the way they were looking at me like I was an alien with three heads. I was starting to think it was a bad idea to show up to the first open business I saw.

No. I had to do what I came for. I straightened my shoulders, crossed my fingers, and hoped like hell that I hadn't spent one night a year earlier with married men.

"I'm looking for Mills, Tate, and West Hellstone."

Almost immediately the entire place erupted into chaos. Lucky let out a wail at the sudden commotion and his entire face turned red with anger as he let the world know he was pissed. Yeah, Lucky seemed to take after his fathers. At least what I knew of them made me think that. He sure as hell hadn't gotten his stink face from me.

A redhead with beautiful green eyes came at me and when I shifted to protect Lucky from her, she froze and held up both hands.

"Oh, god! I'm so sorry! We're acting nuts, aren't we?"

Another redhead appeared beside her, eyes wide and smile wider.

"No fucking way. Our big brothers knocked you up, didn't they? Holy shit. Sorry to freak you out. I'm Vera. This is Nellie. I'm losing it. Our holier than thou, self-righteous brothers went out and got someone pregnant. You're stunning, by the way.

What do you use on your hair? I'd kill for straight, shiny hair like yours. And your eyes. God. I'm going to have to use you in a book."

I stammered and took a step back.

"Um..."

A third woman with a short, pink bob pushed past the talker.

"Vera. Stop. You're scaring her. I'm Maxie. This is my bakery. Lucky for you, you showed up on opening day and I've got a ton of stuff for us to eat while you get settled and my sisters pester you with a million questions."

I looked back at Vera.

"How did you know?"

"That those three got you pregnant?" She reached out and reverently touched Lucky's foot. It earned her a scowl from him. "If you hadn't asked about them it might've taken us a few seconds longer. But another one of our brothers has heterochromia. Our dad did, too. The same colors and everything. Plus, that scowl? That's got Mills written all over it."

I felt like a thousand-pound weight had been lifted from my shoulders. I'd been terrified the guys wouldn't believe me. Why would they? The only things they knew about me were physical. They didn't even know my name and yet, there I was, with a baby in tow.

"Oh, come on back, you poor thing." Maxie wrapped her arm around my shoulder and led me through the still gawking crowd. She only stopped next to three big men to point out a beautiful little boy. "This is Hank, our son, and my husbands, Arlo,

Shepherd, and Rhett.”

I did a double take. Husbands?

Rhett, with an easy grin on his face, nodded at me.

“Yep. Husbands. Seems like all of the men around here like to work in groups to get our women. Wouldn’t have imagined Mills, Tate, and West, had it in them to share, though.”

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My face burned hot and I looked away quickly. Having people just know that I'd been screwed sideways by three different men at the same time was a lot to handle.

Maxie gently slapped the big man's arm.

"You're embarrassing her."

I cleared my throat and hiked Lucky higher on my side. For just three months, he was a giant baby. At twenty-five pounds, he was in the ninety-ninth percentile for baby boys his age. We'd already had multiple trips to a pediatrician to make sure he was healthy. He was. He was just massive like his dad. Dads? I sighed.

"It's okay. I'm just...surprised."

"What's this little fella's name? He's a big boy." Shepherd reached out and lightly brushed his finger over Lucky's hand, just for Lucky to snatch his hand back in a fist and basically brandish it at the man. "Oh shit. He really is their kid."

I bounced Lucky and patted his back. "

He's not always so cranky...That's a lie. He is. His name's Lucky. He just turned three months."

The women around me all winced. Vera pressed her hand over her groin.

"Are you okay? Seems like you're the lucky one if you're still in one piece after delivering that little giant."

“Jesus.” Nellie pushed her sisters towards the door to the kitchen. “She’s never going to want to be friends with us if y’all keep embarrassing her. Go. Get in the back so we can feed her and trick her into liking us.”

I’d already decided I liked them but by the time I shoved the second pastry into my mouth, I knew it was meant to be. I swallowed and licked my fingers clean before realizing I looked like I had no manners at all. I groaned and picked a piece of flaky pastry off of Lucky’s head.

“That’s embarrassing. I probably look awful. I just showed up out of nowhere with a baby and now I’m scarfing down your food and dropping pieces of food on your nephew’s head.”

“Forget all that. We’ve all had a new baby and understand you’re probably always exhausted, always starving, and always ready to cry.” Vera smiled kindly. “And always horny, if you’re anything like me. That part was the worst. Keeping it in my pants for enough time to heal was awful.”

It felt too early to agree entirely with all of those things but I wanted to. I swallowed down a lump in my throat, proving at least part of what she’d said was completely accurate.

“Do they know?” Maxie pushed a cupcake towards me and they waited patiently without judging as I ate it all before answering.

“No.” I wiped a smudge of icing from Lucky’s forehead. “I didn’t know how to find them...”

“They knocked you up and just ran off? I’ll kill them!” Nellie stood up and looked like she was ready to make good on her threat.

Which meant I had to admit my most embarrassing secret.

“No...We met at a club and spent the night together. There were no names exchanged...”

Vera reacted first. “If we were talking about anyone other than my brothers, I’d say that’s hot. How’d you manage to track them down now?”

Arlo stepped into the kitchen behind me, startling me. He looked at me and then winced when he turned that gaze on his wife.

“Was it Club Devil?”

I turned hot enough to cook an egg on my face. I couldn’t look at him as I nodded.

“What the fuck is Club Devil?” Vera grunted. “And why don’t I know about it?”

“It’s a...private club. We went to it a time or two back in the day. Long before you, sweetheart.” He moved closer to Maxie and pressed a kiss to the top of her head. “When everything happened last year, your brothers seemed like they needed an outlet. We gave them our invitation to a private event.”

“Oh, my god. Are you telling me that my big brothers went to asexclub?!” Vera screeched the words and gripped her curls tight. “I’m losing it here. Part of me is so disgusted to know that about them but the other part of me is already halfway to this Club Devil. The books I could write!”

Maxie shushed them and reached out to gently touch my arm.

“Hey. It’s okay. We’re not judging you. I promise.”

I angrily swiped at my tears with the arm not holding Lucky.

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“You should be. I went to a sex club and got knocked up by three men I don’t know. I’m an idiot. And now I’m here, meeting their family before they even know Lucky exists. They probably don’t even remember me and I’m eating cupcakes with their sisters. I’d run back home with my tail between my legs if I didn’t believe they deserved to know.”

“Hey! Don’t talk about our new sister like that.” Nellie laughed at my wide-eyed expression. “We grew up in a family with nine brothers. The three of us need reinforcements. And you’re our nephew’s mother. That means you’re family...Oh, my god. I don’t know your name.”

I groaned. “I’m definitely proving to be a great addition to the family. I’m Reagan.”

“Well, Reagan, welcome to the family.” Vera didn’t hesitate to wrap her arms around me. Lucky made a growling sound as he swung his arms, hitting both of us. “Shit. He really is their kid. I know we keep saying it but he even has their grumpy growl already.”

CHAPTER 10

Reagan

With just the four of us sitting in the kitchen, I motioned to Lucky.

“Eating helps. Is it okay if I feed him?”

“You don’t need to ask! Go ahead.” Maxie busied herself with a tray of cookies and

gave me privacy as I settled Lucky at my chest.

He latched on like he did every time and I smiled down at him.

“He’s a grumpy old man all the time, except when he’s breastfeeding. He’s all cherub as long as my boob’s in his face.”

Vera groaned. “Come on. You’re making it too easy. He’s just like his daddies.”

I laughed more easily than I had in a year. I stroked Lucky’s back and then looked up at his aunts. He had aunts. That brought more tears to my eyes.

“The hormones are awful right now. I promise I don’t usually cry like this. It’s mortifying.”

“It’s fine. You’ll find out soon enough that you should never be embarrassed in front of us. We’re all messes. Nellie has a cat which frequently gets out and terrorizes the town. I’ve been known to motor-mouth myself into humiliating situations. And Maxie...” Vera looked at her sister. “Well, I think she’s perfect but that means she’s too genuinely kind to judge us.”

“Not true. I judge you for that cat, Nellie. Papa Jack should be in the jail your husbands run.” Maxie smiled at me and then rolled her eyes. “And I’m hardly perfect. Just know you don’t need to be embarrassed over anything in front of us.”

I couldn’t wait to tell Harley about the three of them and introduce her. Mason would love them, too. Though, at seventeen, he wasn’t exactly at a stage where he showed much enthusiasm for anything. The two of them had dropped me off and promised to leave me to it while they went back to the motel outside of town until I called.

Reality knocked before I was ready for it to. I had to remember why I was there.

“I should find your brothers and—”

The bell over the front door to the bakery rang and when Maxie peaked out of the kitchen door, I knew it was them by the look on her face. She looked nervous and that just made me feel even more nervous.

“It’s fine. It’ll be fine.” She peeked again and barely dodged the door when it flew open.

Mills, who I’d called M, stormed in looking ten years older than when I’d last seen him. His brows were furrowed with anger as he glared at his little sister.

“You didn’t tell us about the bakery opening. You didn’t think we’d—”

I froze when his eyes landed on mine. I just sat there, not saying or doing anything. It didn’t even occur to me that Lucky was still attached to my breast.

Mills’ eyes narrowed and he forgot all about his anger at his sister.

“What the fuck are you doing here?”

I winced at his sharp tone. Before I could answer, Tate and West shoved in behind him. They looked me over with gazes equally as hostile and distrusting as Mills.

“Guys, this is—”

“We know who she fucking is. What we don’t know is why she’s sitting in your bakery like she belongs with a—” Mills froze again when he noticed Lucky. He did a double take and then managed to look even angrier. “With a fucking baby. What is this?”

“Relax, Mills. Jesus.” Nellie stood up and put her hands on her hips. “This is Reagan and Lucky. Y’all already know each other, though. What I’m not getting is the attitude. Dial it back.”

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Tate stepped closer and lowered his voice.

“You shouldn’t be here. With our family? It’s—”

“It’s fucking weird.” West, the one who’d been the softest with me during our night together, crossed his arms and scowled. “Maybe you should leave. If you have something to talk to us about, it shouldn’t be here, like this.”

Feeling more embarrassed than ever I pulled Lucky from my chest and yanked my shirt down. Lucky, never happy to have his meal interrupted, opened his mouth and let us all hear how angry he was. I patted his back and stood up, suddenly desperate to flee. I looked at the three women I already felt a budding connection with and told myself I wasn’t going to cry.

“I’m sorry. I’ll go.”

“No, you’re staying. If my brothers can’t act like decent human beings, they can go.” Maxie mimicked West’s pose. “And you wonder why you weren’t invited.”

“What is this?” Mills took a step closer to me and my body felt a flare of arousal. “Is this some sort of shakedown? You come here with a fucking baby, thinking you can fool some poor fucks into supporting you? Not going to happen, lady.”

“Look at him, idiot.” Vera huffed at her brothers and came over to put her arm around me. “Open your eyes and look.”

Lucky was still furious and his screams had only slightly died down. The moment

Mills got close enough to examine him, Lucky froze as he spotted the large man. His little mouth twisted down in his fiercest scowl yet but he stopped crying and reached a single fist out to Mills. It was gut-wrenching to see him instantly react to Mills, almost as if he could feel that the man might've been one of his people.

"It's not possible. We were careful. We weren't going to chance getting something from a sex club, for god's sake."

I felt like he'd slapped me. I held Lucky closer and blew out a shaky breath.

"This was a mistake."

"What the hell did you just say to my best friend?"

Everyone snapped their head around to see who'd snuck in the kitchen. Harley and Mason stood behind West and Tate, cramped in the corner of the kitchen, but Harley wasn't one to be put in a corner so easily. She had murder in her eyes but it was Mason who really worried me. His face was a mask of calm anger, something he didn't typically do.

"It's fine, Harley. Let's just go." I'd never been more grateful for her not listening to me. With the car outside, I could just slip in and we could drive back to Dallas and forget Devil's Den had ever happened.

"Who the hell are you? And is that another kid you're going to pawn off as ours? Sorry, kid. I don't know what your mom told you but we're not your daddy. Good luck." Tate grimaced. "Seems like you're going to need it."

"Stop it, you asses! That's your kid. Just freaking look at him!" Maxie gripped my shoulders and gently turned me so I was facing her older brothers. "Look at his eyes."

“These are the guys, Rea? No way. They don’t deserve to be around Lucky. I’ll stay home with you and help out. I’m not going to leave you and Lucky with these fucking assholes to be verbally abused.” Mason shouldered his way past Mills, his much smaller frame bouncing back but it didn’t stop him.

“Let’s go.”

CHAPTER 11

Reagan

“Language.” I realized how stupid it was to correct Mason’s swearing at that moment and sighed. “Forget it. Swear all you want.”

“No. We’re not leaving until these cornbread motherfuckers apologize to you for implying you have some sort of STI.” Harley was about as pure as fresh snow but she had an alter ego who came out when it was necessary. “The audacity of you big dickwads treating my best friend like that. I should drag you all out by your ears and kick your asses up and down the street. Who the hell raised you?”

Maxie coughed. “Pretty sure our mother would’ve sounded just like them.”

Mills stumbled back a step at that. His face turned red with anger and I was sure he was going to explode. Instead, he ran his hands down his face and took a few deep breaths.

“What makes you think he’s ours?”

“I haven’t slept with anyone else.”

“Really? You sold yourself at a sex club auction and you want us to believe you

haven't been back there for more money?" Mills saw Mason reaching for him and easily pinned Mason's arms behind his back to pin him to the wall. "Watch it, kid."

I panicked.

"Stop it! Let him go!"

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“I’m just stopping him from attacking anyone or getting hurt. He’s a kid but he’s old enough to know there are consequences for swinging at people.” Mills glared at me over his shoulder. “Go outside. We’ll talk away from my family. My family, which you had no business infiltrating.”

“Jesus, Mills! She was trying to find you three, not spy for foreign leaders. I’m so disgusted by your actions right now!” Vera shoved Mills away from Mason and wrapped her arm around Mason’s shoulders. “I’m so sorry. We think he was dropped on the head a lot as a baby. Or maybe he was one of those babies they experimented on by leaving them in a room with no human contact or comfort? That would explain a lot.”

“Outside, Mason. Please.” I looked at Harley, who was staring down Tate and West, daring them to move a finger towards me or Mason. “Harley, you too. We’re ruining Maxie’s grand opening and I think we should just go home.”

“At least give me your number, Reagan. No matter what our idiot brothers say, we’re not letting you leave thinking you don’t have support here. That’s our nephew and we’re going to help you in whatever way we can.” Nellie glared at her brothers. “And you’re not ruining anything. This town loves a good show and judging by how silent the front of the bakery is, I’m assuming they’re all listening to this with their breaths held so that they don’t miss a single word.”

“Nellie’s right.” Maxie quickly packaged up a box of treats. “Take these with you. Then come to my house tonight for dinner. I’ll write the address on the box for you.”

Tears filled my eyes and I would’ve agreed to anything to get away from Devil’s Den

right then.

“Sure. Thank you.”

Tate stepped into my way as I tried to hurry past them. He barely looked at me but his eyes lingered on Lucky, more importantly, they lingered on Lucky’s unusual eyes.

“Shit.”

In a haze of shame and horror, I somehow got outside. Standing on the sidewalk with Mason, Harley, and Lucky, didn’t bring me the relief I was hoping it would. Especially not with Mills, West, and Tate following us out and standing in front of us. I felt like I was trapped in a nightmare. Of all the ways I’d imagined the baby reveal going, I’d never considered the guys accusing me of being some sort of whore. Why were they being so judgmental about me going to the club when they’d been there, too?

Mason glared at Mills and shifted so he was standing slightly in front of me.

“If you’re going to keep talking to my sister like that, we’re leaving. She doesn’t need any of you. She’s got me. She just wanted to do the right thing and tell you. I told her this was a stupid plan and y’all proved I was right. We would’ve been better off staying at home.”

Harley finished the wall separating me from the guys by standing shoulder to shoulder with Mason.

“Let’s just pretend we were never here. Lucky isn’t your kid so you have no reason to let this be more than a bump in your road to buffoonery. We’ll go our way, you go yours.”

I bounced Lucky on my hip as the warm sun started to annoy him. I didn't even know what to say anymore. I felt shell-shocked. I also felt a whole lot of regret, like maybe I'd opened a door better left closed and locked tight. The men in front of us weren't anything like what I'd imagined they'd be. They were cruel and hard, nothing at all like what I wanted for Lucky.

"He's really ours, isn't he?" West tried to step closer but Mason and Harley didn't budge.

"Yes." I grunted when Lucky screamed in my ear. "We'll go. Just...forget it."

"That's not going to be possible, sweetheart." West looked at his brothers and then back at me. "How about we all take the rest of the day to calm down and try this again tomorrow?"

"We're leaving." Harley looked at me over her shoulder. "Don't even think about giving these assholes a chance to treat you like dirt again."

"That's not going to be possible. If that's our son, we have rights and responsibilities. Meet with us at the diner tomorrow around lunch and we can sort everything out with calm heads." West looked back at his brothers. "Right?"

Tate nodded. "Yeah."

Mills still looked at me as if I'd shown up and murdered his family.

"Fine."

"Rea?" Harley shot me another look.

"One more chance tomorrow." I knew I'd disappointed my best friend but I still felt

like Lucky deserved a father, or three, in his life. I'd caught them off guard so maybe they weren't at their best. Maybe after some cooling down time they'd be better.

"I don't think you should be going to dinner or hanging out with our sisters." Mills studied Lucky and shook his head. "Even if he is ours, that doesn't mean you need to invite yourself into our family."

I'd hit my maximum capacity for the day. Embarrassing tears streaked down my cheeks. Mason noticed and led me to Harley's car. I let him help me into the backseat but I struggled to bite back my emotions as I buckled Lucky into his car seat.

Harley flipped the guys off before getting behind the wheel and turning to face me.

"You don't have to meet them. You don't owe them anything."

"Let's just go back to the motel. I need some time to build up my defenses." I glanced out the window and saw the three men staring at me, each of them with their feet spread wide and their arms crossed. In boots and cowboy hats they looked like a dream, but that was a lie. They were a nightmare.

CHAPTER 12

Reagan

“Wow.” Harley slowed the car to a crawl as she leaned forward to get a better view of the ranch. Maxie and her husbands had a beautiful home and a massive property which made me think I could take up ranching if it meant I got to wake up to their views every morning.

Mason was still in a bad mood but even he let out an appreciative whistle.

“I thought ranchers were supposed to be poor.”

Harley laughed.

“Ever heard of Yellowstone?”

Lucky was in a mood of his own as I pulled him out of the car. He screeched and yanked on a fistful of my hair. I took a deep breath and nearly choked on it when I saw the most beautiful horse striding over to us. I loved animals. Especially large ones.

The giant black horse stopped next to me and sniffed my head before lowering his nose to do the same to Lucky. Lucky gurgled happily and my heart doubled in size as I watched him get as excited as his momma over an animal.

“Bob!” Maxie came charging down the front steps of her porch with a worried look

on her face. “He can be an ass! Don’t let him close to Lucky!”

Bob huffed and scraped one of his back feet on the driveway. He even shot a look at Maxie that seemed like a lot of attitude went with it. As if to prove a point, Bob rested his chin on top of my head.

“I don’t even know how you got out, Bob!” Maxie swatted the horse’s back end lightly with a laugh. “I’m so sorry. He’s mine and he’s got an attitude problem ninety-nine percent of the time. It seems like he likes you, though.”

I reached up and patted Bob’s thick neck.

“He’s beautiful. I never would’ve believed you about him having an attitude if I hadn’t just seen him side-eye you.”

Lucky laughed his squeaky little laugh and blew spit bubbles at Bob. Mason eased closer and patted the sassy horse. We were all mesmerized by his size and beauty while Maxie watched with a giant smile on her face.

“We both want to work with animals. Mason’s going to be a vet.” I smiled proudly. “He starts college in the fall.”

“Wow! Maybe you should open your first office around here. We could always use a vet that specializes in large animals.” Maxie’s smile stretched even wider. “I think this little guy is going to join the family practice eventually. I wasn’t sure he had an expression that wasn’t a scowl.”

“Dinner’s ready! Come on in!” Arlo called from the porch and waved at us. “I’m eating in two minutes and if ya’ll aren’t there, I’m eating without you!”

Maxie rolled her eyes.

“Get him a ranch and he suddenly thinks he’s from the eighteen hundreds.”

Rhett stepped out on the porch and pointed at Mason.

“Hey! It’s the kid who swung on Mills! Come here, kid. I’m going to teach you some techniques that’ll guarantee a hit next time.”

Harley hurried after Mason.

“I’m going to learn them, too, because I have a feeling that ass is going to need to be punched more than just once. No offense.”

“None taken.” Maxie held her hands out to Lucky to see if he’d go to her and he looked between her and Bob a few times before reaching for her. “Things won’t be easy with my brothers, Reagan. Especially Mills. Honestly...I wouldn’t wish co-parenting with my brothers on my worst enemy. They have giant hearts and they mostly mean well but they’re so off course most of the time. I don’t know what you’re hoping to get from them, if anything other than just a dad for Lucky, but I hope it’s not a fairytale romance.”

Her words hurt but I refused to acknowledge even to myself why that could possibly be.

“They bought a night with me during an auction at a sex club. I hardly expect a fairytale to spawn from that.”

We slowly walked toward the house with Bob at our side.

“If you only knew how much crap they gave all of us over our relationships. They acted like we were monsters for loving the way we do. And then they went off and did the same thing?!”

I blushed again at the memories from that night. They hadn't dulled for a single moment.

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“All three of you have multiple partners?”

She broke it down for me and even told me about three of her other brothers who shared a wife. It seemed the Hellstone family was just a little kinkier than Mills wanted to admit. I listened with rapt attention to every detail, so awestruck by their family already. It crossed my mind that maybe it was inappropriate to act like I was part of the family but for a girl starving for a family structure, I couldn't make myself leave.

Mason hit it off with Maxie's husbands and even Lucky and their son, Hank, sat peacefully together. It felt crazy but I felt like we all fit. Maxie was just so welcoming. Harley loved her, too. They all made us feel so welcome over dinner and when Vera and Nellie joined us for dessert, the men took the kids to the living room to watch football. Mason finally had someone who liked football as much as he did, it seemed.

“Why do you look like a cartoon with stars in her eyes?” Vera took out her phone and snapped a picture of me. “I'm sure this is creepy but I really am going to use you in one of my books.”

I rested my chin on my fist and sighed.

“You're a wildly popular romance author. Maxie is a badass rancher with a beautiful horse. Nellie is a freaking mechanic. All three of you are amazing. And your men seem amazing, too. This is not normal. At least not where I'm from. I never would've expected y'all to welcome us in like this.”

“We’re nothing special.” Nellie waved me off. “What was your family like? If we seem great, I’m a little worried for you.”

Harley held my hand under the table and smiled at me. She knew all the gory details. She knew more than I’d probably ever share with another soul.

“I didn’t really have one. Until my parents died when I was eighteen and I took Mason in and we became our own little family. Then we moved to Texas and Harley joined us. With Lucky, we’re a family of four.”

“Well, your family just got a whole lot bigger, babe. You’ve got all of us.” Vera leaned in. “And just because of us women, you’ve got the Dolls, too.”

I raised my eyebrows.

“What do you mean?”

Harley and I both leaned in until the five of us were in a little huddle over the table. The energy in the room sparked as Vera told us who the Dolls were and how they’d come to be. A secret club for the women in town that no men knew about, sounded like heaven. And just really, really cool.

“Come to a meeting with us. You won’t regret it.” Nellie reached across the table and took my free hand. Vera and Maxie both rested theirs on top.

“That sounds amazing!”

CHAPTER 13

Reagan

I stared at the back of Harley's car as she left and felt a bit of the happiness I'd felt after the previous night's dinner fade. She had to go back to the city and to her job but I suddenly felt a lot more alone and lost in the world without her. She'd been my roommate and best friend for so long. It would be weird sleeping so far away from her.

Mason leaned against the open motel door and frowned.

"Now what?"

I pasted a smile on my face and shrugged like I wasn't panicking.

"Now we see what happens next. I'm going to meet with Lucky's dads in town soon and, depending on how it goes, we could be bunking here for a little while or we could be going back to Dallas."

"I like it here." He looked around the motel parking lot. "Well, maybe nothere. This place gives me the creeps. How are we supposed to get to town without a car? And how long can we afford to stay here?"

I swallowed down a wave of frustration. I knew we weren't exactly in a great position but I didn't know what else to do.

"I'm going to call a cab. And maybe we'll find something a little more permanent in town if we decide to stay."

"Can I stay here while you go meet those assholes today?" He looked back at where Lucky was lying on his play mat. "I can watch Lucky if you need me to."

I considered it and then shook my head.

“I don’t know how long this will take and I do want them to be able to see Lucky. This way you won’t have to worry about handling any breast milk to feed him.”

Mason shuddered and faked a gag.

“It’s disgusting. A guy shouldn’t have to think about his sister’s boobs, Reagan. I don’t want anything to do with that milk.”

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At the end of the day, he was still just a seventeen-year-old boy and I loved him for it.

“You’re a dork. Do you need anything before I leave?”

“A new set of eyeballs and to have my memory erased?” He grinned and ruffled my hair. He was already over six feet tall and as lanky as the day was long. He loved that he towered over me. “Other than that? Nothing. I’ve still got plenty of shit from the gas station.”

“Language.” I finger combed my hair and went through my duffel bag for something to wear. I was overthinking it, of course. I wanted to look good but I didn’t want to look like I was trying to look good. I didn’t want them to think I was some desperate woman trying to get to them. It wasn’t about that. It was about Lucky having a dad, the way that Mason and I hadn’t.

“Just wear your jeans and a shirt, Rea. They already saw everything, right? What’s it matter now?”

Sometimes I didn’t like how logical Mason could be. Especially when it involved him calling me out.

“I’m just trying to find the right outfit, Mason.”

He sank down on the bed and picked up his gaming controller.

“Whatever.”

In the end, I wore my jeans and a gauzy, flowy top that made me feel like I would've been a great person to take to Woodstock. I added a touch of makeup, all while telling myself it was for me and not anyone else. When I finished, I felt decently put together.

“Mason?”

He glanced over and nodded.

“You look like you're going to stick a flower in a cop's gun right now.”

“Thanks?”

He snorted. “You sure it's okay that I stay behind, Rea? If you need me, I'll come.”

I returned the favor and ruffled his hair. “I'm the adult, remember? You're the kid. I've got this. You just sit here, gorge on junk food, and play your game.”

I packed up Lucky and his things after calling one of the two cabs around and then leaned down to plant a kiss on Mason's head. He pushed me away like I expected him to.

“Gross, Reagan!”

“Love you, too, Mason. I'll be back. I have my phone if you need me. Just call if you need anything.”

“Oh, my god! Go! You're never this weird about leaving.” Shooting me one last glare, he focused on his game and I doubted he even heard me leave.

I sat outside our room, waiting on the cab, and wondering what I'd been thinking

when I shaved. I'd wasted a good shave on men who didn't deserve it. Nor did they want it, if how they'd reacted to me the day before was any indication of their feelings towards me.

Sighing, I sat on the curb in front of our room and gently rocked Lucky in his car seat. He'd already fallen asleep and his little lips were puckered like he was dreaming about lemons. I lightly brushed my finger over his cheek. I was still so amazed by him. His birth had felt like it would kill me but it was all worth it when I held him. I'd instantly fallen even more in love with him. I couldn't comprehend how my own mother had walked away from Mason and I so many times.

A bright green minivan pulled up in front of the hotel and a man with matching green hair hopped out. He had to be nearly a hundred years old but he moved like a man a quarter of that. He looked at me with bright, kind eyes and wagged his finger.

"You're lucky you called me instead of Mo. Mo scares babies. And his minivan is the most putrid color. Orange. Can you believe that? You're not a Hellstone, are you? I know most of 'em but I'm having to update my list of banned riders since the damn family just keeps expanding. Pardon my language."

I grinned. "The Hellstones are banned?"

"You bet. I'm not letting hide nor hair of a Hellstone in my van ever again."

I held up my hands.

"I'm not a Hellstone. You're safe with me."

"Good! I'm Rudy, by the way. But you'd know that considering you called for Rudy's Uber." He gripped my hand roughly and shook it. "Now, let's get you and this baby loaded up. I have a reputation to keep, ya know? I'm not some slowpoke

like Mo.”

I smiled to myself as the two of us installed Lucky’s car seat. The characters of Devil’s Den just kept getting better and better.

CHAPTER 14

Reagan

The diner at lunchtime had to be the worst place for a meeting with the three men who knocked me up during a single night of crazy sex. It was packed. The way everyone turned to look at me when the bell over the door rang made me want to run and never stop. It felt like everyone was there to hear just how the Hellstone brothers were going to react to me. As if the day before hadn't been bad enough. I spotted them at the back of the diner, their large bodies shoved into a booth. It took effort to make my feet carry me in their direction.

The hush over the diner didn't lift until I was standing next to the empty seat next to West and Mill scowled past me. That single look from the man broke the spell and the diner was once again filled with the sounds of talking and silverware scraping plates.

An older man slid an extra chair over for me to put Lucky on and nodded a greeting at me.

“What can I get you?”

Mills' scowl grew even more severe.

“Don. In all the years you've owned this place I've never once seen you take an order.”

I glanced between the two of them as I settled Lucky's carrier and slid into the booth. I stayed on the very edge, too nervous to even pretend to be comfortable.

"Thank you for the chair. I never know quite what to do with this bulky thing but putting it on the floor feels wrong. I've only been a mother for three months... Sorry. I don't know why I'm telling you that. Thank you, though. For the chair..."

The man had been sending Mills a dark glare but his face softened as he looked back at me.

"My wife was a nervous wreck until our first son turned eighteen, I'm pretty sure. Most things feel wrong when you're new at them."

I found myself smiling up at the man, charmed by his effort to settle my nerves.

"What I'm hearing is that it's going to be a long eighteen years, huh?"

"Do you want anything to drink or not?" Mills broke the easy spell and reminded me why I had every right to be nervous.

"Um... I'm good, actually." Lucky let out a little cry and I looked down to see he'd woken up and wasn't happy that no one was holding him yet. I scooped him up and held him to my chest, a sense of peace washing over me at the weight of him there.

Don lightly patted my shoulder.

"My wife raised five kids and is now helping raise our seven grandchildren. If you need any help, just stop by and I'll get her to run over."

I covered his hand with my own and nodded.

“I’ll take you up on that. Thank you so much.”

Don turned his scowl back on Mills.

“As for you lot, I’m not serving you a damn thing until you learn to treat the mother of your child better. I heard about how you acted yesterday and I’m not going to make it look like I support that kind of behavior.”

Tate scoffed. “That’s the great thing about living in a small town, huh? Everyone hears about everything but no one bothers to get all the information before making up their mind.”

“Reagan?” Don proved then that he’d heard plenty, enough to even know my name. “Would you like anything to eat or drink? It’s on the house.”

Three sets of eyes bore into me. I shifted in my seat and shook my head.

“No, thank you. Be careful offering that if I come back with my little brother, though. He’ll eat you out of business.”

“Let him try.” Don smiled and winked at me before strolling away.

“You’ve got to be fucking kidding me.” West grumbled from next to me. “That’s a new low.”

“This is why you have to fucking go.” Mills stared at me without softening a bit. “How did this happen? Did you poke holes in the condoms? Did you think you’d trap a few rich assholes and be set for life? Sorry, angel, you only snagged three ranchers who make just enough to get by.”

I swallowed down my hurt feelings.

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“You were there. When the hell would I have had enough time to sabotage your condoms? I don’t know how it happened. Trust me when I say I was shocked when I found out I was pregnant. I didn’t even know who y’all were.”

“Whatever your plan is, it’s not going to work.” Tate leaned forward. “You’re not going to get out of us what you want.”

“I just want Lucky to have a father!” I lowered my voice and rushed on. “I found the three of you so Lucky would have a chance at having a dad. I don’t want anything from y’all, except for you to meet your son and maybe decide to be in his life. His life, not mine.”

“Fine. If you want him to have a dad so much and that’s all you want, leave him with us.” Mills watched my face twist in horror. “What? Do you want money for him? If it’ll make you leave, we’ll pay you to leave him and go.”

My jaw dropped. I licked my dry lips and slowly tucked Lucky back into his carrier. I could feel them studying me and I wanted to scream. I wanted to lose my mind and attack them for even suggesting I’d let them buy Lucky from me. I was his mother. I loved him more than I loved life. I would never walk away from my son.

“If he’s really ours, you need to leave him with us and walk away. We’ll give him a good life.” West sighed heavily. “He deserves a chance in this world.”

“And you don’t think I could give him that?” I stood up and ignored the way everyone around us watched me. “You think you know me. You have me all figured out. You spend one night with me, at a club we were all at, and now I’m just a whore

who would sell her son to you? I don't want your money. I don't want anything from you. And if this is who y'all are... Lucky and I are better off getting far, far away from you."

"You opened this can of worms. We know about him now and you don't get to just take him and run." Mills stood up and frowned down at me. "He's ours."

"Go fuck yourself." I stormed away from the table and out of the diner with the fires of hell burning inside me. I couldn't remember ever being so angry. I'd procreated with the biggest assholes in the entire country.

CHAPTER 15

Reagan

"Ma'am?!" A woman with a clipboard and a too-wide smile approached me on the sidewalk in front of the diner. "Hi! I don't recognize you. My name is Samantha Drury and I'm a member of the Third Baptist Church. I'm going around today, getting folks to sign a petition to change the town's name. Would you sign it for me?"

After walking out of the tense encounter with the Hellstone assholes I was too thrown off to keep a neutral face. I scrunched up my nose and tilted my head to the side.

"What's wrong with the town's name?"

She let out a fake laugh.

"Oh, dear. It's named after the devil. That's just wrong."

Even though I knew she was being serious, the part of my brain that hadn't grown up yet swore up and down that she was making a joke. Unfortunately, at times that part

of my brain was the loudest. I laughed. It wasn't a fake laugh like hers or a cute laugh, even. I guffawed. Out of all the things in the world the woman was worried about, the town's name was what she chose to crusade for?

"It's hardly a laughing matter. This town was founded by lost and corrupt men. It's time we brought the church back into focus. Every day we let this continue is one more day we earn God's disappointment. Having our town named after the devil is disgusting. Our children play for teams that have the devil cheering them on in mascot uniforms. It's deplorable."

"You're serious? You think the name of the town is going to be its downfall? Isn't there something real you can focus your time on, something that would actually make a difference?" I shook my head and looked down the street, hoping to see Rudy waiting close by.

"Where's your husband?" Taking in my blank face, Samantha clearly thought she'd won. "Oh. You're a single mom, huh? No idea who the father is? That makes so much more sense. Obviously, a woman like you isn't going to mind a town of sin. You'll fit right in."

"Lady, you'd be smart to get the hell away from me. I'm having a shitty day and you're not making it any better. I've got hormones firing from every direction and if you're not careful, some of them are bound to knock you right on your ass for talking to me like that."

"How dare you? I should call the police for you threatening me! I am a good, God-fearing woman and you should show a little respect." She crossed her arms and stared down her nose at me. "I'm going to pray for you."

"You're going to need to pray for yourself pretty soon. I'm serious. I don't appreciate being called names and judged. Your cause is stupid and I hope the devil mascot

pushes you down at the next game you attend. You're a jerk."

"You've got a lot of nerve!" She actually moved even closer to me and tapped me in the chest with her clipboard. "You're—"

"That's enough!" West shouted as he pulled me back a step. "Leave her alone, Samantha. You want to push your bullshit petition, go do it somewhere else."

I was surprised at his sudden appearance but more than happy to watch Samantha's mouth flop open then close, as she tried to figure out what she wanted to say back to him. I moved back a few more steps and shook his hands off of me. I wasn't going to thank him for saving me from Samantha being an asshole when he and his brothers had just done worse.

"West...Of course you're tied up with this woman." Somehow the woman decided sticking her nose even higher in the air was the answer. "Is this your spawn?"

"Yeah, he fucking is. Do you have an issue with that?" West shifted, blocking Samantha from looking at Lucky. "If you do, you should head on down to the bar and ask your husband why having an issue with the Hellstones is a bad idea."

With a red face and a whole lot of huffing she stormed off, leaving West and I together on the sidewalk. I sucked in a deep breath when he turned around to face me. I was so angry at him and his brothers but there was still something in his gaze that made my blood pump faster. And then there was the simple fact that he'd claimed Lucky.

"You—"

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“West! There you are! I’ve been looking all over for you.” A beautiful blonde with the poutiest lips I’d ever seen in person came rushing over from across the street. She was wearing a low-cut tank top and the tightest shorts I’d ever seen and I was instantly envious of her figure. She definitely hadn’t had a baby just three short months ago. She didn’t take a second glance at me as she wrapped herself around West’s arm and smiled up at him. “You left your hat at my place the other night. Want to swing by later and grab it?”

A sick feeling of jealousy washed over me and I rejected it as hard as I could. It wasn’t my business if West hooked up with a woman who could’ve been a Playboy model. That didn’t mean I wanted to sit around and watch it happen. I didn’t plan on waiting around to hear what he had to say but when I tried to slip away, he caught my upper arm and held me still.

“Wait a minute. I’m not done talking to you.” West seemingly ignored the other woman and squatted in front of me so he could look at Lucky more closely. He reached towards our son and Lucky latched onto his finger with a frown on his face. He tried pulling it towards his mouth and his frown turned into a scowl when West resisted. “Sorry, little dude. I think it’s probably best you only chew clean fingers.”

I shouldn’t have but I stared down at West in awe. He’d softened his voice and lowered it like he was having a private conversation with his son. Our son. He rested his big palm on Lucky’s belly and a look crossed his face I didn’t recognize, but it made me want to cry. He’d claimed Lucky. I could forget all the shitty things they said to me if they’d be good fathers to Lucky. They didn’t need to like me, only respect me enough to raise a son with me.

“I’m sorry. I don’t know you. You’re not from around here, are you?” The blonde had her hands on her hips and an assessing look on her face. “Melanie Boyd. I own Petal, the florist shop down the street.”

“I’m not from around here, no. I’m Reagan—”

“West? Are you going to come over to get your hat, or not?” She cut me off and focused on West. “I guess I could ask Tate or Mills to give it back to you.”

A stiff breeze could’ve knocked me over. As much as I didn’t want to be bothered, I was. I could still hear their voices, husky with arousal, telling me they’d never shared a woman before. I thought we’d shared something special but it seemed like maybe that was a lie. It sure seemed like they shared Melanie if her raised eyebrow and smirk said anything.

I had better things to do than sit around and have their relationships shoved in my face. I gently stepped away from West so his hand fell away from Lucky.

“I have to go.”

“Where?”

I felt my face slip into a scowl and quickly relaxed it. Scowling was Lucky’s thing.

“Mason’s waiting on me. Good luck getting your hat back.”

CHAPTER 16

West

I sat across from Mills and Tate after the rest of the ranch hands had left for their

morning tasks. I'd cooked breakfast that morning and no one was sticking around for seconds. I was still pushing the rubbery eggs around on my plate, my brain full of unwelcome thoughts of Reagan and our son.

"What a fucking week." Mills sat back in his chair and ran his hands over his days-old beard growth. "Just when I think things have settled down, here comes life, ready and willing to kick me in the mouth."

"I'm still just trying to comprehend the fact that we have a son. Well. One of us does." Tate looked between us and shrugged. "Not that it matters. We were all there, we all contributed. He's ours. Right?"

I nodded.

"I'm not interested in starting a custody battle with my own brothers. We do everything else together. What's the difference?"

Mills dropped his hands to the table harder than necessary, making the plates and silverware rattle.

"We do not share everything. We share nothing and look what fucking happened."

"I just meant that we live in the same house, we do the same job, we might as well raise the boy together." I shrugged like it was that simple and not eating away at me, too.

"It's for the best. I fucking doubt a single one of us is cut out to raise the boy right, but with three of us, we might just make a decent parent." Mills stood up suddenly and paced to the windows which looked out at the barn and the land beyond. "We have a kid. That changes things. We have to figure this ranch out and make it better. I'm not going out without knowing our son has something good to call his own. I

refuse to leave him something like what our parents left us.”

I noticed Tate sigh and raised my eyebrows at him.

“What?”

“I don’t fucking know. I’m still in shock at seeing Reagan again. I don’t know what I’m thinking or feeling. Just that I’m not thrilled that she’s here. What happened was supposed to be a dirty secret that stayed at Club Devil. It’s not supposed to come to town and have dinner with our fucking sisters.”

Jolene walked through the front door then and shoved her gloves into her back pocket.

“We’ve got to get that cattle moved to the north pasture and we don’t have enough hands to take care of everything. I’m sick of pulling extra weight because you cranky motherfuckers have run everyone off. Get someone else out here or I’m going to take Maxie up on her offer and leave this place.”

I stiffened. Losing Jolene would be a death blow. The woman did anything and everything better than the rest of the ranch hands. She wasn’t replaceable.

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“I put an ad in the paper a few days ago, Jo. I know you’re getting fed up but I’ve got a couple of guys coming in this afternoon. Give me a few days and I’ll have it sorted.”

“I’ll give you two days and then I’m gone. I can’t be left alone with that idiot Bo. I’m ten minutes away from ringing his neck every moment it’s just the two of us trying to work on something. We need a goddamn buffer.” She turned and stomped back out, leaving the three of us in even deeper shit.

“You posted an ad?” Mills’ quiet voice told me that he was annoyed. “You didn’t mention it.”

“I didn’t think we had the time to wait around for you to make up your mind to do it.” I knew I was pushing his buttons but it’d been more than a long fucking week; it’d been a long fucking year, closing in on a long fucking decade.

“We run this place together. That means we make decisions together.” Mills walked back to the table and slammed his hands down on it. “I’m fucking serious, West. We’ve been doing this shit for too long. We each make calls like we’re solo owners and it’s fucking up the ranch.”

I stood up and glared at him.

“So, it’s my fucking fault now that the ranch is failing?”

“I didn’t say that!” He swore and then his face twisted in fury as he looked towards the front door. “Are you fucking kidding me?”

Standing in the open doorway to our house was Reagan. She looked like she'd been standing there for long enough to have heard us fighting. Well. At least she knew she really wasn't going to get shit out of us if that's what she'd really shown up for.

Reagan's shoulders slumped and she turned around to leave. Tate moved fast, though, and he was at the door, reaching for her before she got very far. She jerked away from him.

"Don't. The ad didn't say the job was for y'all or we never would've come here."

I stepped out on the porch and saw her little brother standing at the bottom of the steps, arms crossed as he frowned.

"Which of you is looking for work?"

"Neither of us now that we know it's here, with you." She turned back to me and I saw that she had Lucky strapped to her chest in a piece of cloth that didn't look very secure. She followed my gaze and gave me a look that could've frozen hell. "I spent nearly an entire paycheck to buy the best and most secure sling to carry him in. He's perfectly safe."

"Do you have any experience working on a ranch?" Mills addressed Mason directly. "I'm assuming you're looking for work, too, if you're here. Or are you just backup?"

"Don't bother—"

Mason cut his sister off and stood up straighter.

"I'm going to college to become a large animal vet. I've done a few classes and I've read a lot. I've never worked on a ranch but I'm a fast learner."

Reagan spun around to face him.

“Mason, no. You don’t need to work here. It’s not—”

“You didn’t give me the choice when you decided how you were going to pay for my college.” It was clear there was tension between the two siblings that hadn’t been there before. “What’s the pay?”

I told him while Reagan tried to kill me with her eyes.

“We need the help but it’s not easy labor. The pay’s good for these parts but we’ve had a few hands quit lately because apparently, we’re assholes to work for. Or so we’ve been told. You want the job, you have it. Hands are welcome to stay in the bunkhouse. If you don’t have a way of getting here at five in the morning, every morning, I suggest you stay here. Three meals a day are provided here in the main house.”

Reagan gently bounced Lucky but I could see her panicking.

“No. Mason, come on. I’m sorry I didn’t tell you but I wasn’t going to let you miss out on college because we were broke. You deserve to go to school without worrying about the cost. Let’s go. Please.”

“You’re not paying, Reagan!” Mason shouted but when he saw his sister’s crestfallen face, he lowered his voice. “I’m sorry, Rea, but I’m not going to college for free because you did...what you did to pay for it. I’ll take care of it myself.”

“I’ve already sent the money in, Mason.” She moved closer to him. “Please, come back to the motel with me. Please.”

“Do I have the job, or not?”

Mills had his eyes on Reagan when he answered.

“You have the job.”

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She shook her head and then turned around to face us.

“Fine. Hire me, too. I have more experience working than Mason and I would’ve graduated as a vet tech years ago if money wasn’t an issue.”

Tate shook his head. “Absolutely not.”

“Can I start now? I brought my stuff.”

“What the hell, Mason?” Reagan grabbed his hand. “Can we just talk about this?”

“No.” The kid leaned down and kissed Lucky’s head before looking down at his sister. “I love you. Go back home to Harley.”

Mills nodded toward the barn and started walking in that direction. “My office is in the barn. We’ll fill out some paperwork and then get you started.”

Reagan watched her brother grab his stuff from the back of Mo’s taxi and chewed on her bottom lip. Her eyes filled with tears and they slipped down her cheeks. Before Tate or I could say anything else she rushed back to the taxi and took a painful amount of time unwrapping Lucky before she could get him in his seat. Mason and Mills were already in the barn by the time Mo started to drive away.

CHAPTER 17

Reagan

“I don’t know what I’m going to do, Harley. Mason’s so mad at me.” I sat in the open doorway of our motel room since the AC unit was on the fritz and the night air was cooler. “I don’t know why I told him the truth. It went from us talking about finding jobs here since we’re planning to stay for at least a little while longer, to him telling me he was worried he wouldn’t be able to go to school this year and then to me admitting to him why I spent the night with the Hellstone brothers.”

“God, Rea. No teenage boy wants to hear that his sister sold herself to pay his way. He’s probably at that bunkhouse trying to cut his own eyes out right now.”

“Thanks, Harley. That’s really helpful.” I glanced back at Lucky and wondered if I’d made a huge mistake in coming to Devil’s Den. I still wasn’t sure what kind of fathers the Hellstone brothers would be, even if they were willing. What kind of men would try to buy a baby from its mother?

“Stop thinking so much, Rea. I know this isn’t what you wanted but you just have to go with the flow for a bit. Mason will get over the shock of finding out you spent the night at a sex club to pay for his tuition—”

“I went in your place!”

“I know! I’m just saying, he’ll get over it. And I’m not holding out much hope but maybe the guys will come around and realize they’re being the world’s largest dicks.” She sighed. “Then maybe you’ll get the fairytale I know you were plotting in your head.”

I ground my teeth together.

“I wasn’t plotting any fairytales, Harley. The only thing I wanted is for Lucky to have a good father, or fathers.”

“Sure.” She said something else but I couldn’t hear her over the pounding of my heart.

The motel owner, a creep named Dave, had stepped out of the main office and was watching me. He’d always given me the creeps but when I had Harley and Mason with me, I felt untouchable. All alone, I felt like a sitting duck. When he started coming my way, I thought about ducking back into my room and slamming the door shut but the reality was the locks barely held the door shut, much less secure.

“Rea?”

I swore.

“Sorry, Harley. I’ll call you back. Dave is heading my way.”

“Are you okay?”

I took a deep breath and told myself I was overreacting.

“I’m good. Of course. I’ll call you later.”

I hung up just as Dave reached me. He leaned against the door frame and grinned at me. His white t-shirt was stretched out around the neck and arm holes and it was stained from sweat and god only knew what else. His jeans were somehow both too large and too small for his oddly shaped body and he wore open-toed sandals which showed off his hairy feet.

“Well, well. Look at you. All by your lonesome. Where’d all your people go, pretty girl?” He reached out and touched a strand of my damp hair. “It must be my lucky night to finally get you all alone.”

I shuddered and leaned back in the chair to put space between us. I should've stood up when I saw him coming but I hadn't and it was too late now. If I stood up, I'd be right in his space.

“They’re coming back. They’re on their way back from Devil’s Den now.”

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“You sure are a pretty thing.” He reached for me again and a deep voice shot through the night from behind him.

“What the fuck do you think you’re doing?”

Dave and I were both shocked when we saw it was Tate Hellstone coming toward us like some sort of avenging demon. In the dark motel parking lot, his cowboy hat kept his face in shadow but the size and build of him was threatening without the dark scowl of his face showing.

“Touch her again and I’ll break your arms off and beat you to death with them. Go back to your office and don’t fucking think about coming out until we’re gone, you piece of shit.” Tate grabbed the front of Dave’s shirt and shoved him away. “And you.”

I squeaked as he turned his thunderous gaze my way.

“Me?”

“What the fuck are you thinking? Staying in a piece of shit place like this with our son. Staying alone in a piece of shit place like this with our son. And sitting with the door fucking open like a beacon of light to all the fucking monsters of the night. You’re fucking lucky you’re not mine or I’d bend you over and spank the hell out of you. Now get your shit together. You’re coming with me.”

I was so in shock over his threat that I stood, turned into the room and started packing my bag. It took me a few seconds to snap back to attention.

“Hey! I’m not going with you. With the way you and your brothers have been acting, you’d probably take me out to the woods and leave me to die while you stole Lucky.”

Tate took two menacing steps toward me and gripped my upper arms. Before I could process what was happening, he’d spun me around and landed two hard slaps to my ass. They were serious slaps that stung and made me jump away from him while holding my ass. When I looked back at him, he was breathing like an angry bull and staring me down.

“I suggest you get your shit together. You’re coming with me one way or another.”

“But—”

“You’re not keeping Lucky here! You shouldn’t want to. Jesus, Reagan! Think about your son!” He started grabbing the few things I had around the room and shoving them into my worn duffel bag. “I’m not arguing with you and you’re not getting an option. You can come willingly or I’ll tie your ass up and take you that way.”

The spanking and the threat of ropes made my face flare and I cursed my body for reacting. I had enough sense to understand his threat was real, though. I gathered all of Lucky’s things and gently tucked him into his carrier. I didn’t say anything else to Tate. I was confused by his appearance and his attitude. He’d threatened Dave for me. He’d spanked me. He’d also implied I hadn’t been thinking about Lucky, which made me want to shove him down.

His truck was parked across the parking lot, in the dark, but with a clear line of view to my room. He watched me set up Lucky’s car seat and then waited outside my door for me to climb into his truck before he went around and got behind the wheel.

“I could fucking shake you.”

I crossed my arms and leaned my head against the window.

“What’s new?”

“You’re lucky I was here.”

“Why were you here?”

He pulled onto the highway and headed back towards Devil’s Den.

“I heard that you were staying here. With our son. It’s a dangerous motel for anyone, much less a single woman with a baby. You could’ve gotten our son hurt.”

“I carried Lucky to term all by myself and I’ve taken care of him for three months without your help. As much as I want him to grow up with a father, it’s not because we need you to save us. I’ve been on my own for a very long time, first taking care of Mason and now Lucky. Thanks for your input, but go to hell.”

“How’s taking care of Mason going for you?”

I felt the words like a punch to the chest. I didn’t have anything else to say to him, so I remained quiet as panic and shame fought inside me.

“Reagan... I—” He cut himself off and grunted. “We’ll be there soon.”

CHAPTER 18

Reagan

I hadn’t planned on ever finding myself back at the Hellstone ranch, much less the same day Mason had walked away from me. I especially didn’t plan on following

Tate into the main house as he carried everything but Lucky in his big hands. The house was dark as he led me upstairs and down a long hallway to a plain room with a small bed, a dresser, and nothing else.

“It’s not going to win any hospitality awards but it’s a world better than that piece of shit you were staying in.” Dropping my bags on the floor next to the bed, Tate turned around and stared at me with his hands on his hips. “You need a bed for Lucky.”

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I needed a swift smack to the head because I was sure I was dreaming.

“Why did you bring me here?”

He held up his hand. “Stay here. I think there’s a crib or something in the attic.”

I sat on the side of the bed and grimaced as a plume of dust came up around my head. It had clearly been a long time since the Hellstone’s had had company. I looked down at Lucky just as his eyes popped open and he opened his mouth to scream. I didn’t have to check a clock to know it was his last feeding time of the night. I didn’t hear Tate coming so I pulled my shirt up and let Lucky feed.

I had no clue what I was doing. I knew I didn’t belong in the house with Tate, though. I needed to leave as soon as I could. I’d have Harley come pick me up as soon as she could and Lucky and I would retreat to Dallas for a while.

“I’ve seen one of these things at my sister’s house for Hank.” Tate walked into the room with a vintage looking bassinet and froze. “You’re...”

I glared at him. “I’m feeding our son. Don’t make it weird.”

He cleared his throat and put the bassinet close to the bed. Instead of leaving, he stood there, watching me. “Is he okay?”

“Of course, he is.” I cradled Lucky closer. “This happens to be his favorite thing to do so he’s doing great right now.”

Tate's eyebrows shot up and he smirked. "He must take after his daddy."

My cheeks flushed and I glared up at him. "Really?"

He shrugged. "What do you want me to say? Your tits are out and I'm a red-blooded man."

"More like cold-blooded."

"Hardly." Tate took a deep breath and tore his eyes away from my chest. "Do you need anything to make it through the night?"

"A room in a motel without a creepy Dave?" I stood up and walked to the other side of the room. "I can't stay here, Tate. You and your brothers offered to buy my son from me today. You clearly think the worst of me and I'm now convinced all three of you are monsters. As soon as Harley can, she's going to come pick us up and take us back to Dallas. It's clear to me that I'm not supposed to be here."

He moved towards me. "You'll stay here until we figure shit out with Lucky."

"I don't owe you anything more than what I already did. I hunted the three of you down and spent money I didn't have to get here to make sure I gave you a chance to be a father to Lucky. I went above and beyond. Now I'm done. I'm going back to Dallas and if you want to be Lucky's dad, you'll figure it out. I wanted a father for him. I didn't have that and Mason barely did. Lucky deserves a father but he deserves a father who doesn't treat his mother like a money-hungry whore."

Tate stepped even closer.

"What were we supposed to think?"

“Anything else! Even if you did think that initially, I’ve given you multiple chances to listen to me and change your stupid minds. If anything, y’all have just become more offensive each time.” I turned away from him and blew out a shaky breath. “Y’all are awful, Tate. You’re cruel and nasty for no reason. I don’t want my son to learn to be a man from men who are so openly hateful.”

“Too fucking bad.” His voice was tight as he swore and then stomped out of the room, slamming the door as he went.

Lucky jolted and let out a loud wail before dissolving into a screaming fit. I rocked him and quietly sang to him but it wasn’t helping. He was pissed off he’d been scared and taken from his dinner before he was ready. He wasn’t going to stop until he tired himself out. Still, I tried. I walked around the room, doing everything I could to soothe him.

When the sun came up the next morning, I’d only had a few hours of sleep and I’d had to sleep sitting up against the headboard so my body ached. I felt like death but I couldn’t take a sick day. I still had a little human to take care of and I had to find a way to get away from the Hellstone’s.

The bedroom door swung open just after the first rooster crowed. Mills was on the other side, his face already set in a dark scowl.

“Come downstairs. We need to talk.”

“You could always ask, asshole.” Still, I followed him downstairs and to the kitchen. West and Tate were both standing next to the stove, struggling with a pan of eggs.

“Tate told us you were keeping our son at that seedy motel. What the fuck were you thinking? How can you say you care about him and then take him to that place?” Mills jerked the fridge open and pulled out a package of sausages. “I don’t want you

here but Tate was right to bring you. You can't be trusted to keep the kid alive if you're okay taking him to that shithole. You'll stay here until we figure out what we're going to do with him."

I laughed.

"The hell I will."

"And you'll work for us. Can you cook and clean? You wanted a job? Now you have one. You'll cook three meals a day for everyone on the ranch and you'll keep this main house clean." Mills raised a single eyebrow like he was waiting on me to thank him.

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I took a few seconds to just breathe before I lost my cool completely. I made sure I wasn't holding Lucky too tightly and then I walked back towards the stairs.

"We're leaving."

Mills huffed and came after me. "You're not leaving."

"The hell I'm not." I made it up two steps before Mills caught me by the back of my shirt and stopped me. I spun around on the step and would've fallen if he hadn't been there to steady me. "You need to let me go and take me to town or I'm going to start screaming about the three of you kidnapping me."

He rolled his eyes.

"Relax with the dramatics. No one's kidnapping you."

"What the fuck do you call this then?"

"We're giving you a safe home and a good job. I'd call it pretty fucking generous."

"I never should've come here! I hate you! I hate all of you. Lucky would've been better off never having a father! Now let me go!" I jerked away from him once more and he let me fall back on my ass. The stairs dug into my back and I cried out.

Mills' face transformed with worry and he rushed to help me to my feet.

"Fuck, angel. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to let you fall. Let me see your back."

“No!” I was mortified as tears poured down my cheeks in a mixture of pain and shame. I struggled to my feet and cradled Lucky as close as I could without crushing him. “Don’t touch me. Don’t ever touch me again. I hate you so much. As soon as I can get away from here, I’m going to. I never want to see you again.”

CHAPTER 19

Mills

I sat at the head of the table and moved the burnt sausage around my plate. I couldn’t eat it and not because it was charred. I felt sick over the look on Reagan’s face when she fell on the stairs. She’d been in real pain and I’d caused it. I hadn’t meant to but I shouldn’t have let her go so suddenly. Everything I’d done since she showed up had been out of shock and paranoia and even I could admit that I’d been worse than ever.

“Reagan?” Mason’s surprised voice made me look up and I saw Reagan standing at the other end of the table, her eyes full of fire.

She planted her hands on the table and leaned forward. The whole scene would’ve been more intense if she didn’t have a baby strapped to her chest.

“I’ll stay but only so I can save up enough money to buy a ticket out of here. I’ll be your little maid and cook but I don’t want to hear a word from any of you. I don’t want you to talk to me, look at me, or even think about me. You’ll spend time with Lucky, only if you can guarantee that you’re not going to flake out of his life whenever the whim hits. You’re not going to be his future trauma by being deadbeat dads. I’d rather tell him you died in a fucking plane crash than have him grow up knowing men with no worth fathered him. Do you understand?”

Jolene coughed as she swallowed something wrong. Looking around the table, she swore.

“You knocked the poor girl up and treated her like shit, didn’t you? You three are more like your parents than I’ve ever cared to see. I’m going into town to get a real meal and to think about whether or not I want to work for men like you.”

I stood up, riddled with emotion. Anger, regret, shame, and even desire as I stared down the table at Reagan and watched her chest heave.

“Everyone out!”

Mason stood but he hesitated.

“Reagan?”

She didn’t take her eyes off of me.

“You heard your boss, Mason.”

He swore but followed the rest of the guys out. When it was just my brothers and Reagan, I sat back down and rubbed my jaw.

“You’re not telling Lucky that we died. We’re going to be in our son’s life.”

“That’s what I’d prefer, but only if you aren’t such pigs.” She slowly made her way around the table.

Tate growled out his demand. “We’ll look, talk, and think about you because you’re the mother of our child and we’re going to parent that little boy together.”

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“You don’t talk to me right now. I’m still furious that you spanked me last night.” Reagan’s next words were lost to West and I both shouting at Tate.

“You fucking spanked her last night?”

“What the hell, Tate?”

“She was trying to stay in that filthy motel.” Tate looked back at her. “I’m not sorry.”

I glared at my brother but tried to stay focused. “He’s right. We’re going to have to talk, Reagan.”

“Fine. Only about Lucky, though.” She stopped next to me and stared with a shocking amount of heat in her pretty eyes. “Just so we’re clear, I came here with no expectations from y’all and you still disappointed me. I just wanted to do the right thing and you’ve made me regret it. I don’t want anything from y’all. Not friendship, not money, not a single fucking thing. And the next one of you who thinks about touching me is going to find out what it feels like to get tasered.”

Tate smirked and reached out to lightly graze her hip. With a surprising amount of speed and agility, Reagan whipped a taser from one of the folds of Lucky’s wrap, flicked off the protective cover, and pressed the taser to Tate’s arm. West and I watched in shock as Tate jerked and let out a high-pitched yelp.

“That’s for spanking me.” She tased him again. “And that’s for touching me after I said no touching. Jerk.”

Lucky cackled like I'd never heard a baby cackle. He even pointed his chubby little finger at Tate. Reagan bounced him and laughed with him.

"Isn't that funny, Lucky? Daddy screams louder than you do." She looked at our plates and headed towards the kitchen. "I'll make a real breakfast and you can call the ranch hands back in half an hour to eat."

Tate stared after her and then looked at us as he rubbed his arm. "I don't know if I want to spank her or fuck her right now but I'm hard as shit."

I threw my head back as I laughed and then I realized everyone else was quiet. Looking up, I saw that they were all staring at me. Even Reagan. I scowled at them and held up my hands.

"What?"

Reagan slowly started unwrapping Lucky. "If I didn't know you were such an ass, that laugh would've made me think you were almost normal."

My stomach tightened and my heart thudded harder as she leaned down and pressed Lucky into my chest. I was frozen as she wrapped him to my body.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm going to be cooking and I don't want to burn him. I'd put him in a little swing or something but you kidnapped me to a house not very suited to babies." She stroked Lucky's back and met my eyes. "This is what you want. You want your son. That means you hold him and love him and help take care of him. If you need to read a book or something to feel better equipped, I can recommend a few."

Lucky looked up at me and then reached up to smack me in the face before he

grabbed a fistful of my beard. I grunted but was too afraid to move and upset him.

“Are you sure this is safe?”

“It is unless you’re planning on doing a cartwheel or walking into a wall.”

“Why would I do that?” I was horrified. I was suddenly very aware I’d never held a baby before. At least not since Nellie was a baby, two decades earlier.

“Just sit there and try to relax. If you have that option, anyway. I’m not quite sure you came with that setting.” She glanced over at Tate and her lips twitched. “How’s your arm?”

“Hard. I mean hot. I mean...Jesus Christ. It’s fine.” Tate’s face turned red and I stared in shock as my twin blushed.

West snorted as he tried to hold back a laugh. In a matter of minutes, she had us acting like some alien version of ourselves. I felt an odd sense of acceptance settle over me, though. We were dads. At the end of the day, we had to change. I didn’t want to become our parents. I didn’t want to fucking scar Lucky beyond belief and continue to haunt him long after I was rotting in the ground.

Tate waited until Reagan was in the kitchen to put his elbows on the table and his head in his hands.

“Fuck.”

West nodded.

“Yeah, I think you moved trouble straight into our house.”

Lucky hit me again and gurgled. I slowly lifted my hand to rest it on his back.

“He’s so little.”

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“Gray is going to be an asshole about his eyes.” Tate reached over and gently ran his finger over Lucky’s fuzzy hair.

“Let him.”

CHAPTER 20

Reagan

I was cleaning up dinner that night when the front door of the house burst open and around ten women rushed in. Vera and Nellie were leading the pack but Maxie was there, too. The guys were at the table, Lucky giggling happily in West’s arms, but Tate and Mills each jumped up until they saw who was coming in.

“Why are you here? Did y’all work things out? I hope you made them work for your forgiveness because they were giant dicks to you.” Vera made a face at her brothers.

“Whatever you’re doing, stop, Reagan. It’s time for our...girl date...”

“We didn’t work anything out other than a work schedule.” I rolled my eyes in the guys’ direction. “How did you know I was here?”

Maxie held up her hand.

“Jolene told me and I told everyone else.”

An older woman I didn’t recognize stepped away from the group and wrapped me in a hug, completely ignoring the sponge I had in my hand.

“Oh, honey. You’re just as beautiful as these ladies described. I’m Sugar Moore. I own the local dentist office and I’m a whiz with kids so as soon as your little one is ready, come on in. You’ll get the girl date discount.”

Mills came over to stand against the island behind me.

“What girl date?”

I shot him a look.

“I don’t think it’s any of your business. You’re my boss, not my boyfriend.”

His eyes flashed and for a moment I felt like I was staring into the eyes of the man who’d fucked me senseless at Club Devil. We were back at that night, his body sweaty as he fucked me with that same expression on his face. His eyes dipped to my mouth and I watched as his hands tightened where they gripped the counter.

“Oh, Mills. Relax for once in your life.” Nellie waved him away and wrapped her arm around my shoulders. “Okay, this is going to be a challenge but you’re coming with us and you’re going to leave Lucky with our brothers.”

I hesitated. They’d never been alone with Lucky. They’d only held him a few times. I couldn’t just leave my son with...his fathers. Taking a deep breath, I looked back at Mills and searched his face.

“Are you comfortable watching—”

“He’s my son.” With those three simple words Mills ended the debate before it started.

I washed my hands and ran them through my hair.

“Should I change? I should change. Right? I’ll go change really fast.”

I was back downstairs in just a few minutes, dressed in a pair of leggings and an oversized t-shirt which hung off my shoulder. The other women had been dressed casually so I figured it’d work. Vera whistled when she saw me. “No bra? You’re a tease, aren’t you? I love it. Well. I’d love it more if it wasn’t my brothers you were teasing.”

I coughed out a denial. “I’m not— no one’s teasing anyone.”

Nellie nodded and glared at her sister.

“Good. Because that would imply you’re still interested in our brothers and you shouldn’t be. At least not until they prove they’re worthy of you.”

A woman I quickly learned was Ava, owner of Pearly Things, stepped forward and ran her hands through my hair.

“You have so much hair. If we didn’t have plans already for the night, I’d insist on getting you in my chair and giving you a cut. I bet you’d look amazing with a butterfly cut.”

Maxie fluffed the ends of her pink hair.

“Ava does my hair monthly now. We had to stop for a while when I was pregnant with Hank and that was painful. I’ve learned that after going pink I don’t want to go back to any other color.”

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West cleared his throat.

“As much as I care about how exactly my sisters feel about their hair color, I have questions for Reagan.”

I crossed my arms and raised my eyebrows. I was still disgusted with all three of them but if they were going to keep Lucky for the night, I needed to play nice.

“What?”

“Do we feed him? How do we feed him? Will you be back before it’s his bedtime? What time is his bedtime?”

He would’ve kept going but I huffed and cut him off.

“It probably would’ve been nice if you’d thought to ask these questions when I first arrived, instead of trying to buy me out of a child and send me away.”

The women gasped and started shouting at West but I grabbed his arm and pulled him over to the dining room table where Tate and Mills sat with Lucky. Mills had taken Lucky back and as soon as Lucky saw me, he reached for me.

Scooping him out of Mills’ arm, I turned away from them and lifted my shirt to let Lucky feed. “I’ll feed him again now and he won’t want more until around ten. I’ll have to start pumping and getting him used to a bottle if y’all are going to spend alone time with him. He goes to bed when he’s tired. He’ll need a diaper change soon. Don’t leave him anywhere high up while you try to throw the old diaper away

because he will roll and if you break my son, I'll break your life. Understand?"

Nellie came over and rubbed Lucky's back. "I remember the first time I had to leave Waylan alone. Of course, I left her with the leaders of a motorcycle gang, so it was a little different. For all their faults, these boys won't let anything happen to Lucky. Will you?"

Mills looked like he was struggling to remain calm and I could practically see smoke coming out of his ears.

"He's our son. We'll protect him with everything we have."

Lucky had already fed just a bit earlier so he pulled away and gurgled happily while fully exposing my nipple. I covered up and didn't look anyone in the eye as I handed Lucky back to Mills.

"I'll see you soon, baby. I love you."

It was painful to walk away but Vera and Nellie were there, tugging me along.

"Don't worry. We all understand how painful this moment is for you. We won't keep you out long." Vera wrapped her arm around my shoulder. "This is just an introduction to the club."

I bit my lip and tried to be strong.

"Of course. Everything's fine. I'm fine."

"Ten bucks says she cries within ten minutes." Maxie laughed when the other women turned to her in shock. She grinned at me. "No one is used to the new version of me yet."

“New version?”

She nodded. “I’ll tell you all about it.”

CHAPTER 21

Reagan

I waved one last time to Vera at the front door of the Hellstone house before letting myself inside. Despite the fun I’d had, even though I had cried, I was desperate to have Lucky in my arms again. It was crazy how a few hours away from him made my heart feel like it was ripping open. I listened for any sounds as I walked the first floor but I didn’t hear anything. Moving upstairs, I searched room by room until my entire body tingled with panic and my brain filled with the worst possible scenarios.

I searched the entire house again, screaming the guys’ names. Still, there was no sign of them. I raced back out the front door, hoping Vera was still there so she could help but she was long gone. I spun in a circle, going over the worst possible scenario possible. The guys had decided they didn’t want to share Lucky with me and they’d taken him.

All of their trucks were there, though. Not knowing what else to do, I took off running towards the rest of the ranch, screaming their names. They had to be somewhere. My stomach clenched painfully with fear as I heard some of the horses in the barn chuffing and reacting to my screams. I was scaring the animals but I couldn’t find my son. I couldn’t—

“Hey! What are you screaming about?” Tate stuck his head out of the barn. “Now I see where Lucky gets it from. Jesus. You’re scaring the horses.”

I charged towards him and shoved past him.

“Where is he? Where’s Lucky?”

Tate’s confused expression turned to anger.

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“He’s in the office with West, Mills, and Mason. What the fuck did you think we did with him?”

I ignored him and jogged to the other side of the barn where I could hear voices. Bursting through the doorway of the office, I was panting and probably looked crazed but I couldn’t breathe until I saw Lucky.

Mason jumped out of the chair he’d been in across from Mills and West and hurried towards me.

“Rea? What’s wrong?”

Lucky was strapped to West’s chest, sleeping peacefully. I sucked in a harsh breath and let out a near hysterical laugh. My heart pounded against my rib cage and my stomach threatened to empty itself right there on their office floor.

“Reagan?” Mason gripped my shoulders and gently shook me. “Did something happen?”

It took me another few seconds to be able to speak.

“No. Nothing happened.”

As my fear slipped away, fury took its place. I wasn’t going to show Mason, though. I forced a smile and did my best to seem fine. He studied my face and I had to struggle to keep my emotions hidden from him.

“Why are you breathing so hard?”

I let out a shaky laugh, one much less hysterical sounding, and wiped a sheen of sweat off my face.

“I jogged over from the main house. I guess I should start working out or something because I’m winded from so little effort. That’s embarrassing.”

He looked down and suddenly gagged before holding his hands up and backing away. “What the hell, Reagan?!”

I looked down and blanched as I realized I was still holding the basket of sex toys I’d been given at the club meeting. Right on top were several different colored dildos and jars of lube. I felt my entire body go bright red and my mouth flopped open and shut a few times while I tried to think of something, anything, to say. Nothing came to me before Mason decided he was out.

“I’m going back to the bunk. I don’t need to see that kind of shit, Rea. Gross.” He gave me a wide berth as he left with a final nod to his new bosses.

“Language!” I called after him but it felt a little silly when he was working a real job and living away from me. He was growing up too fast.

Tate closed the office door behind him and crossed his arms over his chest.

“Where the hell did you go?”

I shook my head, understanding the meaning of a secret and unwilling to spill the Doll’s Club’s secrets.

“Doesn’t matter.”

“You just came home with a basket full of sex toys. I’d say it matters. Where the hell were you? Did our sister take you there?” Mills stood up and leaned over his desk. “Jesus. How many jars of lube does one woman need?”

I tried to deflect.

“Do you realize you scared the shit out of me? I got to the house and I looked around and couldn’t find my son anywhere. You can’t just leave with him without telling me. I have to know where he is.”

“We didn’t go anywhere with him. We’re still on the property. He wouldn’t stop screaming so we brought him to see the horses.” West stepped forward and glared down at the basket. “Did you go to a fucking sex party?”

“Did you go back to Club Devil?” Mills’ nostrils flared as he planted his fists on the desk. “Is that where you were?”

I scoffed. “You’re kidding, right?”

“No, we’re not kidding. You just came home with a basket full of sex toys!” Tate tried poking around the basket and I pulled it away from him.

“Let’s get a few things straight. I don’t owe you an explanation about where I went or why I have a basket of sex toys. What I do is my business. Also, this is not my home. I didn’t come home with a basket full of sex toys. I came to the place I’m currently visiting with a basket full of sex toys.”

“How did I think you were so sweet that night at the club? You’re a pain in the ass.” Mills sat back in his chair and growled. “This is your home. You’re living here with our son. It’s a home. You’re home. We’re the fathers of your son so that makes you our business. If you went back to Club Devil tonight, I swear, Reagan, I’m going

to—”

“Going towhat? Spank me again? Try it and lose an arm.” I held the basket to my chest when Tate kept trying to look through it. “For three men who think I’m a gold-digging whore, you sure are acting like a bunch of jealous little boys right now. Why would you care if I was at Club Devil, getting my bell rung by some other guys? Now give me Lucky. I’m going to feed him and then we’re going to bed.”

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West growled in my direction before swinging open the office door and leaving with Lucky still strapped to his chest. I hurried after him, angry I was having to jog to keep up with his long gait. I was just angry in general. I'd had such a fun time with their sisters and the other Dolls but coming back to them was a buzz kill.

West went straight upstairs to the room I was staying in. "I'm not jealous, kitten."

I bristled at the name and put my hands on my hips as I watched him delicately undo Lucky's wrap.

"Don't call me that."

He stepped closer.

"I'm not jealous because I know you didn't touch another man tonight. Or if you did, he didn't make you scream. I know what you look like after you've been fucked good and hard and made to come a dozen times. I know the way your skin stays flushed for hours after and the way your mouth bruises. You look like you had a perfectly respectable night."

My body betrayed me and reacted to his words as if he'd stroked my clit. I bit back a moan and took Lucky from him.

"You're an asshole."

He smirked. "Yep."

CHAPTER 22

Reagan

Harley came back that Friday to visit and insisted we go into town to get away from the den of snakes, as she called the Hellstone's house. She was in love with plants and flowers and it often led us to random hole-in-the-wall florist shops all around Dallas and the surrounding areas. Because of that, it was no surprise when she dragged me to the only florist shop in Devil's Den.

With Lucky strapped to my chest and happily chewing away on his pacifier, we made our way into Petal. The shop was tiny but it was adorably decorated and smelled like heaven. A row of massive fridges took up the back wall of the shop and dozens of different types of flowers filled them. It was a dream, especially for Harley. I was happy to tag along until I saw the woman standing behind the counter.

All at once I remembered that Melanie Boyd, the woman who'd made it clear she had some sort of claim over the Hellstone men, owned Petal. I kicked myself for not remembering but, to be fair, I'd been more focused on her blatant display of ownership over West the day I'd met her. If seeing me bothered her as much as seeing her bothered me, she didn't let it show.

"Well, hello again, Tegan. Welcome to my shop." She smiled but I could see the spark of battle in her eyes.

"It's Reagan." I forced myself to smile and pointed to Harley. "This is my best friend, Harley. She's visiting for the day from Dallas."

Harley was a smart cookie and she instantly picked up on the weirdness. "I'd stay longer if you weren't living with those neanderthals."

I quietly cleared my throat and tried to tell Harley with my eyes she had to stop talking. It was useless, though, because I sensed Melanie sharpening her claws.

She stood up straighter and crossed her arms. “Neanderthals?”

“The Hellstone jerks. She’s living with them now.” Harley pointed to the refrigeration units. “Is it okay if I look around? I’m in school for horticulture and I’m working on—”

“You’re living with the Hellstones?”

I swallowed a little too loudly and looked around. “Yep.”

“Why?”

Harley finally realized what the weirdness was. She grimaced and turned to face me. “Actually. I think we should—”

“Why are you staying with them?”

“Because they asked me to.” I wasn’t giving her more than the bare minimum. I didn’t want to give her even that. I could tell she was taking every word I said and chewing it up to throw it back at me as soon as she needed to.

“They asked you to.” She repeated it and laughed. “Yeah, right.”

Harley put her hands on her hips. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“It means that Mills, West, and Tate, are mine and they’d have no use for your friend.” Melanie wasn’t pulling any punches, it seemed. She wasn’t even going to pretend to be civil anymore.

I was surprised the tiny town hadn't spread the news fully yet that I'd had their child.
Maybe she just didn't absorb information she didn't like.

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“This is their child. I’m only staying there so they can spend time with Lucky.”

“I was with them last night and they didn’t mention anything. Maybe they’re ashamed to tell me they made a mistake in the past. Silly boys.” Melanie scrunched up her nose and looked both Lucky and I over. “I’m not the type of woman who would let a baby mama and her brat scare me away.”

Harley shoved her purse strap over my shoulder and reached for her earrings.

“I’m going to kick her ass. Hold my stuff.”

“Come any closer and I’ll have the sheriff arrest both of you.”

“Harley, let’s just it go.” I didn’t want Harley to get into trouble because of me. Even if I would’ve loved to smack Melanie just once myself. “I’m not interested in fighting for three men I don’t want.”

“You just remember they’re mine. It’s already disrespectful that you moved in with three taken men but know that if you cross a line and try anything with them, I’ll be sure that everyone knows what a homewrecking slut you are.” Melanie flicked her fingers at us. “Now, shoo. Get out of my store.”

I had to practically drag Harley away. That didn’t mean she wasn’t still running her mouth. That was Harley, though. She was a loyal friend to the end and even though it wasn’t in her personality to start a fight, she’d finish one for a friend.

“Gladly! I’m surprised anything stays alive in here anyway, with your awful

personality. I hope every flower you grow or touch for the rest of your life is just a little smaller than acceptable.”

I barely made it out onto the sidewalk before I laughed.

“Sick horticulture burn, babe.”

She straightened her shirt and took her purse back.

“You have to take her men.”

I snorted and then had to bounce Lucky because the sound scared him.

“Harley!” I laughed as I bounced.

She looked back through the windows of Petal and flipped Melanie off.

“Take her men and then watch her grow old, alone, with just her tiny blooms and even tinier personality.”

“Down, girl. I’m fine. You don’t need to go nuclear for me. Promise. Now, let’s go get something to eat and never talk about that horrible woman again.”

I was fine. I hadn’t come to Devil’s Den to steal anyone’s men. I had a three-month-old, no job, a little brother a few months from starting college, and new stretchmarks I was in no hurry to show off. Melanie could keep her men.

I wasn’t going to think at all about how it bothered me a little. Or about how I’d been having dreams over that night at Club Devil.

CHAPTER 23

Reagan

Lucky's screams woke me the next night. Before I could get untangled from my blankets to get up, my bedroom door opened and Mills came in. He glanced at me before focusing on scooping Lucky out of the bassinet.

"Go back to sleep. I'll take care of him tonight." He pressed Lucky to his bare chest and gently bounced him the way he'd seen me bounce Lucky. He'd also started quietly talking to Lucky over the past few days and he did it then. "Hey, buddy. What's all the noise for? Huh? Your momma was trying to sleep, you know."

Something in my chest cracked at the moment I was experiencing. It was the first time one of them had stepped in to take care of Lucky in the middle of the night. Seeing the giant of a man cradling our tiny son was alluring in a way I'd never expected.

Lucky wasn't as charmed as I was. He'd stopped screaming but he was still fussy and seemed intent on voicing his anger, through any other sounds he could make.

I stood up and moved closer. "He's probably hungry. He was so tired earlier from his big day on the ranch with y'all that he barely ate any dinner."

Mills reluctantly handed Lucky over and watched me move back to my spot at the head of the bed. He didn't so much as blink while I slipped my tank top down for Lucky to feed. "Can I stay?"

My stomach fluttered. I had to clear my throat to be able to speak clearly.

"Sure."

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He sat down at the other end of the bed and ran his hand through his hair. “Maybe you could start pumping a little during the day so we can have bottles ready at night? That way you won’t have to get up every time.”

I leaned back in my pillows and frowned. “That’s a good idea.”

“You’re frowning.”

I realized I was and shook my head.

“Sorry. I’m just a little surprised. I’m used to getting up with him every night. I didn’t expect you to offer.”

His face was mostly in shadow but I could still see the way he scowled.

“I can help. I’m not useless, nor do I want to be a deadbeat dad who doesn’t help.”

Sighing, I leaned my head back against the headboard and looked up at the dark ceiling.

“That’s not what I said.”

“Is it what you think?”

“Mills...” I felt Lucky getting fussy and switched him to the other nipple. At times that was all it took for him to settle. “I don’t think you’re a deadbeat dad.”

His voice was deeper and I felt like he'd leaned closer the next time he spoke.

"But you think I'm an asshole."

That made me smile. I looked at him and had to bite back a laugh. He was being almost human and I didn't want to laugh in his face and ruin the momentary truce we'd happened upon.

"And you think I'm a whore trying to get something out of you."

He winced and then ran his hands over his face.

"I don't. Not anymore."

We were quiet for a few minutes, the only sounds being the breathy little noises Lucky made while feasting. I thought about what it meant that Mills had changed his horrible opinion of me. Probably nothing. It had to be a good thing for co-parenting, though, that he didn't hate me.

"I looked up some stuff about babies. He's big for his age, isn't he?"

Lucky was already falling asleep so I gently pulled him away and held him out for Mills.

"He's incredibly big for his age. A few weeks ago we were in and out of the pediatrician's office trying to make sure he was growing so fast for normal reasons. He is. He's just got big daddies."

Mills held Lucky close and stared down at him. He gently ran his finger over Lucky's little cheek and smiled at the scowl Lucky gave, even in his sleep.

“Clearly, the scowling is a nature over nurture thing. I’m going to let everyone know that the next time they complain about my face.”

I moved closer after fixing my tank top and gently lifted the side of Lucky’s shirt. He had a little birthmark on his side that almost resembled a four-leaf clover. I didn’t know why I suddenly felt like sharing but it felt so rare to have a decent moment with Mills that I didn’t want it to end.

“I spent my entire pregnancy trying to think of a name. Harley, Mason, and I settled on three that we each wanted and decided on the day he was born that we’d look at him and decide.

“He could’ve been Matthew, Grady, or my pick, Peyton. When I saw him, though, and I got to hold him, I knew that none of those were right. This little birthmark and his eyes...they’re special. So, I named him Lucky and one of the nurses asked if I thought he’d be a gambler.” I rolled my eyes and let out a happy sigh. Having Lucky had been the best day of my life. He was the best thing to ever happen to me. “He doesn’t have a middle name yet. Maybe you’ll laugh at me but I had a lot of hope that you three would be happy about Lucky and I wanted to leave a part of his name, his birth, for you.”

Mills swallowed audibly and when I looked up at him, he was staring down at Lucky with clear emotion on his face. “You’re going to let us choose his middle name?”

“Yeah. Lucky having a father, or fathers, means so much to me, Mills. I’ve been honest this whole time. I didn’t come for money or anything else. I just want Lucky to have a dad in his life. I grew up pretty much without one and the men in my foster homes weren’t any kind of father figure I wanted or needed. I desperately wanted it, though, and I made some bad choices out of that desperation along the way. I know Lucky will make his own bad choices but I don’t want them to be because I never tried hard enough to give him both a mom and a dad.”

“Bad choices like selling yourself to older men at a sex club?” He saw my face shift and shook his head. “No, angel, I meant it in a real way. I’m asking. I’m not judging you.”

I shifted and wrapped my arms around myself.

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“No. I sold myself at a sex club because Harley was supposed to do it and chickened out. When I found out about the money, I knew I could use it to pay for Mason to go to college, so I couldn’t walk away. I meant bad choices which came before that night.”

Mills took a deep breath and blew it out slowly.

“There were so many ways that Lucky might not have happened. If we hadn’t gone that night. If Harley hadn’t backed out. If we hadn’t outbid that asshole. If the fucking condoms had worked. Heislucky.”

I stared at him and found myself enjoying talking to him. In the middle of the night, he wasn’t so bad. I glanced at his lips as he slowly smiled back at me and I felt need blossoming in my core for him. Before I could get carried away, though, I thought about Melanie. The woman was an asshole but I wasn’t a homewrecker.

I moved back a few inches and forced a smile. “I hope Melanie gets this side of you, Mills. You seem mostly human and even a little nice in the middle of the night.”

His eyebrows pinched together in what looked like confusion.

“Melanie?”

I let out a fake laugh.

“Melanie Boyd? The woman you and your brothers are dating? Is it some sort of secret or something? Melanie told me a couple of days ago when Harley and I

stopped by her flower shop. I'm surprised she didn't tell you. She doesn't seem thrilled about the idea of me staying here. Don't worry, though. I made sure she knows I'm not a threat. I'm just here as Lucky's mom."

CHAPTER 24

Mills

For days after that night in Reagan's room I thought about telling her Melanie was full of shit. I didn't, though, because Reagan believing we were taken was one more barrier between us. If she didn't give us those pouty lips and bedroom eyes, we were less likely to snap and fuck her senseless. No matter how much we wanted to fuck her senseless, we couldn't. It would blow shit up and she'd leave with Lucky. I'd suffer blue balls if it meant we got to keep our son under our own roof.

It wasn't easy, though. The way she pranced around the ranch without a bra and so comfortably breastfed Lucky in front of us killed me. Those little flashes of breast were all it took to have me rock hard and in pain. I felt like a creep but it was involuntary. If she knew the thoughts filling my brain when she fed our son, she'd probably never feed him in front of me again.

I considered telling West and Tate the lie I'd let Reagan believe but I knew my brothers well enough to know that if they saw a pathway to getting back between Reagan's thighs, they'd take it. They would've loved to correct Melanie's bullshit and announce their eligibility.

That's what was occupying my thoughts until Jolene asked Reagan to help her with a cow on Mason's advice, and I ended up carrying Lucky while watching Reagan work with Jolene. I leaned against the fence and watched as Reagan scanned the cow and then jumped into action. The heifer was going into labor and Jolene knew I'd do anything and everything else on the ranch but the births pushed my gag reflex. I'd

never been able to handle them. Until it was Reagan shoving her arm in places the sun didn't shine. I couldn't take my eyes off of her as she moved fluidly around Jolene like they'd been working together for decades.

West and Tate joined me at the fence and we all watched as Reagan stepped away from the cow and sent us a quick look before talking to Jolene and then coming our way. Her face was pinched and she looked concerned.

"You need to call your vet. The calf is presenting posteriorly. She's been in labor for two hours and hasn't progressed. Jolene agrees." She clenched her hands together and chewed on her bottom lip. "I've assisted a few dozen calvings but I've never had to pull without a vet present. I don't want to start today so get them here as fast as possible."

I had a few dozen questions about her experience but they'd wait.

"I'll call but the fastest he'll get here is an hour."

Jolene came over and shook her head.

"We need to do this now. She's showing signs of distress. Call the vet but you're about to prove you're worth, girl. Come on."

Tate jumped the fence and gripped Reagan's shoulder.

"Can you do this?"

Taking a deep breath, Reagan looked back at the cow and then nodded.

"We need supplies and help if we're doing this. We need to secure her. We need to wash and then we need lots of lubrication."

Jolene glanced towards the barn and swore.

“We don’t have lube. I meant to order some to keep on hand but we’ve been shorthanded and—”

“I have some.” Reagan was already climbing the fence. “I’ll grab it and be right back. Get her tied to the fence.”

West and Tate jumped into action securing the heifer while Jolene ran to the barn to wash her hands and arms. I stood there, holding our son, silently panicking after calling the vet, because the idea of Reagan standing behind a restless cow in pain scared the shit out of me. Accidents happened on ranches all the time. Anything could happen.

Before I had a chance to call the whole thing off Reagan was back with her arms full of the lube she’d brought home in the basket. She practically vaulted over the fence and tossed a jar of the stuff to Jolene before opening one herself and coating her arms in it. She used two more to coat the cow’s vaginal cavity and then she was there, pulling a calf like it was nothing.

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She worked quietly, talking calmly and gently so she didn't spook the heifer. "Alright, we're making some progress, girl. Just keep pushing with me. She's having contractions every other minute and I'm going to use this next one to pull with more force. Get ready to catch."

My jaw dropped as I watched her pull the calf out a couple of minutes later. Jolene caught it before it hit the ground and then Reagan quickly moved around to untie the heifer so she could turn around and see to her calf.

"The vet can help make sure she delivers the placenta since it probably won't come for another hour or so." Reagan let out a watery laugh and then sniffed. "I'm not crying."

West picked her up and set her down on top of the fence. "You're amazing. You made that look easy."

Tate pushed West out of the way so he could stand between Reagan's thighs and hug her, birthing mess and all.

"I never knew birthing a calf could be sexy until now."

Reagan glanced over at me and our gazes locked. There was my chance. Tell her Melanie was a liar and take her back to the house to fuck away the adrenaline I was sure was coursing through her body. I frowned and looked away.

I heard Tate grunt and didn't need to look back at them to know she'd pushed him away. The sound of her feet eating up the dirt as she high tailed it back to the house

made it clear.

“Jesus.” Tate groaned. “She’s going to be the death of me.”

Jolene spoke from behind him.

“I’ll be the death of you if you run that woman off. I like her.”

That was the problem, I knew. Everyone liked her. Adding Jolene to the list of people who liked Reagan just topped the cake, though, because Jolene was hard to win over. Since she’d arrived in Devil’s Den, Reagan had been invited out with our family more times than we had.

And that was another reason to keep our dicks in our pants. Messing with her just spelled trouble. None of us were serious about settling down with a woman, so fucking her would be just that, fucking. If she got her feelings hurt and cried to half the town about it, life would just be harder. Plus, it wasn’t like we were going to start some weird ass relationship with her, where we all three dated her. We didn’t do that. She’d have to pick one of us and that spelled out a whole other load of shit. We just had to stay away from her. With our dicks, anyway.

CHAPTER 25

Reagan

“Sunday dinner at the diner with the family! I love this!” Vera stood up at the packed table and grinned. “To it becoming a tradition!”

I cheered along with everyone else and laughed when Lucky screeched along happily. I was sitting next to Maxie so Lucky and Hank could see each other and the two boys were in heaven staring at each other. Everyone but the oldest Hellstone brothers were

there. I figured they were just coming late. Or that they'd been grouchy and refused to come. That wouldn't have surprised me at all. They'd been extra grouchy lately. Especially Mills. We had had one decent night and then he'd gone back to asshole Mills.

Vera's husbands sat next to her with their daughter sitting on Reed's lap. Nellie's husbands were busy trying to wrangle Waylan. Waylan wasn't interested in being wrangled, though. She was more interested in challenging the boy across the diner to arm wrestle her. Her stepdads were all cops but I worried Waylan was going to grow up and become an outlaw. The girl was wild. Maxie's men sat on her other side, the three of them cranky they weren't holding their son. It was a full table with so much life and happiness that I couldn't help grinning.

"How are things at the ranch?" Maxie had to raise her voice to be heard over the rest of the table. I was pretty sure the diner had never been so loud.

"Um...Good? I helped birth a calf. That was fun. I've been working more with Jolene. I really like her." I shrugged. "Other than that, it's fine."

She raised her eyebrows but before she could say anything, she looked behind me and I saw her cheeks go pink. I turned to look at what she'd spotted and smiled. The guys had made it after all. Only they didn't smile back.

They stomped over, the three of them moving in one big unhappy unit. Mills, as always, took the lead.

"Well, this looks cozy."

Vera swore from the other side of the table.

"Shit."

I looked back and forth between the siblings and realization dawned on me. No one had invited them. They'd been left out of their own family dinner while I'd been invited. Guilt instantly ate at me and I looked around for another table so we could make them fit.

"This is really nice. You invite a practical stranger over your own brothers." West sounded hurt and I hated it.

"We didn't think you'd want to come..." The excuse sounded weak coming from Nellie. It seemed to just add salt to the wound.

"Fuck it. If you don't want us involved in family events then—"

I jumped in before Mills could finish his thought and say something he'd regret later.

“We can make room.”

Still clutching Lucky to my chest, I stood up and spotted another table. I grabbed it and tried tugging it closer. Arlo jumped up to help me and then I breathlessly pulled the chairs over and pointed to the table.

“See? Now you can join us.” I forced a smile, doing my best to fix what was a shitty situation. “We haven’t ordered anything yet so the timing is perfect.”

“Is it, Reagan? Is the timing just perfect?” Mills growled the words out at me and glared like the meal out without them had been my idea. “Is it just so perfect that you’ve wedged your way into our family?”

“Mills!” Nellie scolded her brother but I tuned everything out.

My face burned and I was instantly so embarrassed to be sitting at a table of people I barely knew, acting like we were the closest family. I was imposing on them. They probably wanted to spend time with Lucky and just put up with me. I’d been skipped over for family after family all my life so I didn’t know why I’d suddenly thought myself so special.

It was time to bow out gracefully. I cleared my throat and felt every eye in the place turn to me. Forcing a smile that felt as weak as a one-stick dam, I moved to stand in front of Mills and handed him Lucky.

“You’re right. This is your family. Stay and have dinner with Lucky.”

“Wait, Reagan—”

I cut Maxie off with a wave of my hand and begged my eyes to stay dry for just another few seconds.

“It’s fine! Y’all enjoy your dinner!”

Everyone but Lucky’s fathers called for me to stay but I was humiliated and I was going to cry. I couldn’t possibly stay. I hurried out of there with my head held as high as possible and then took off down the street in the direction I thought the ranch was in.

It was a warm day and the sun beating down on me only added to how sorry I was feeling. Tears slowly leaked down my cheeks and I missed the weight of Lucky on my chest. I wiped my eyes and sniffed. I really was having a pity party on the side of the road like a toddler but I couldn’t help it. I—

“Hey, sweetheart!” A loud car pulled up next to me. “You need a ride?”

I could smell his Axe body spray from where I stood on the sidewalk and my stomach soured automatically.

“No, thanks.”

“Aw, come on, baby. You’re way too pretty to be walking down the side of the road like this. Let me take you home.”

I stopped and wiped my eyes again.

“What about me says that I feel pretty or would want to meet a stranger right now? I’m sorry but I’m having a shitty day and I’d like to be alone.”

“This is Devil’s Den. There’s no such thing as strangers.” He started to open his car door to get out and I gripped the taser still tucked into my pocket.

“You get out of the car and I’ll kick your ass up and down Main Street, Ryan.” West strode toward me with Lucky in his arms. He pressed Lucky to my chest and then swung around to face the pushy guy. “She’s off limits. To you and everyone else around here. Remember that and you can keep your fucking teeth.”

I glared at West.

“I’m off limits? Oh, really? Why is that?”

“I’m sorry. Was I misreading your body language when I came up? You didn’t seem very interested in Ryan but now you are?” West didn’t sound very sorry. He sounded pissed.

I jabbed my finger into his chest, officially just as pissed as he was.

“No, I’m not interested in him. He tried to pick me up while I was walking home crying. He didn’t even ask if I was okay.”

“Then what’s the problem?”

Ryan leaned over the passenger seat.

“Are you okay? Do you want to be on-limits?”

“Oh, my god. No!”

West yelled at the same time I did.

“Get fucked!”

“The problem is that you think you can control who I can or can’t talk to. Meanwhile you’re dating the flower girl with the psycho attitude!” I shook my head and turned to walk away.

“Excuse me?” West shifted around me so he was blocking my path. “I’m not dating anyone.”

“Fucking her. Whatever you’re doing with her. I know all about it and it’s fine. You just can’t be such a major hypocrite!” Tears were pricking my eyes again and I stomped my foot, furious with my emotions. “Stupid tears. Stupid hormones!”

When I looked back at West, I saw he was grinning. Before I could question him, he walked around me and moved to Ryan’s driver’s side door. He leaned down and said something to Ryan which had him speeding away. West’s entire attitude changed and when he came back over to me, it was like he’d taken drugs or something. He seemed so much happier.

“What is going on?”

“Why do you think I’m with the flower girl with the psycho attitude?” He gently took Lucky back from me and then took my hand. “Come on. I already put Lucky’s car seat in my truck. I’ll drive us home.”

I tried to tug my hand away but he wouldn't let me.

"She told me. And when I talked to Mills about it, he didn't deny it."

That made him stop walking.

"Are you serious?"

I frowned and nodded. "Yeah."

He took a deep breath and held my gaze.

"Listen to me. Here's the truth. I have been with Melanie in the past. We all have. Never at the same time, though, not like how we were with you. As far as I know, none of us have been with her in over a year. Since before you. I don't know why the fuck my brother would let you think that shit but he and I will talk about it. I don't give a shit about Melanie or why she's lying, other than I don't appreciate that she was clearly trying to hurt you. I haven't touched another woman or fucked anything besides my hand since our night together. Got me?"

My mouth had gone painfully dry. I couldn't speak so I just nodded.

"I'm taking you home, you're going to feed Lucky so I can help you put him down to sleep, and then you and I are going to talk." The way he said talk made me think dirty thoughts.

I swallowed down a lump of nerves and nodded.

"Okay... Sure."

CHAPTER 26

Reagan

The drive to the ranch was quiet. West played an old country station on the radio at a low volume and he quietly hummed along while tapping his fingers on the steering wheel. I had to shove my hands under my thighs to keep from fiddling. I was nervous. I didn't know what West expected or didn't expect. I didn't understand where we'd landed.

When we got to the ranch, West helped me get Lucky out of the truck and then carried him to the bottom of the stairs before handing him to me.

"Go ahead and get him sorted. I'm going to grab something and then I'll be up."

My feet carried me up the stairs but my brain stayed with West. My mind was racing, wondering why Mills hadn't told me the truth, what West wanted to talk about, and how I'd gone from crying to hovering on the edge of an inappropriate amount of arousal in so little time.

I sat down on the edge of the bed and then startled slightly at the rocking chair that had been added to my room since the last time I'd been in it. I stood up and walked around it, wondering where it'd come from. Not wanting to look a gift horse in the mouth, I settled in the chair and gently rocked Lucky while feeding him. After a few minutes, his little body went slack as he fell asleep and I decided I was going to kiss whoever moved the rocking chair. It faced the window so I could look out at the back of the ranch and appreciate the land that stretched on for miles and miles.

"Hey." West stepped inside my room with a tray filled with fresh fruit and a pitcher of ice water. "I know this isn't exactly dinner but I'm not a cook. How do you like the chair? Our grandma used to rock our dad in it when he was a baby. Ourmom rocked us in it. At least she did until she had the girls. That's a story for another day, though."

“I love the chair. So does Lucky. Thank you. And thank you for the fruit. I probably don’t eat enough fruits and vegetables so this is good.” I eased Lucky away from my chest and rested him in his bassinet. “I bet growing up on a ranch you got all the vegetables you could handle.”

“And then some.” He sat on the bed with the tray and smiled when I sat beside him.

“If there were ever a fresh vegetable in a home I stayed in when I was growing up, it would’ve been because someone stole it thinking they could smoke something out of it. I found several apples turned into pipes over the years. I took Mason in and knew I needed to pretend to be an adult so I tried to make us eat a balanced diet. Between the cost of the fresh stuff and the fact that both of us have the palette of a couple of toddlers, I gave up the balanced diet dream pretty quickly.”

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West popped a grape into his mouth and studied me.

“You did a good job with him. I’m assuming all the good parts of him came from you, anyway. He’s a hard worker and a quick learner. Mills already told him he has a job waiting for him after vet school if he wants it. We’d go in half with Maxie’s guys to pay his salary. As you saw, having a vet this close would be an asset.”

I froze with a strawberry halfway to my mouth.

“You’re serious? That would be amazing for him!”

“I’m serious. He’s Lucky’s uncle. No matter what, he’ll always have a place here if he wants it.” Grabbing my hand and pushing it the rest of the way to my lips, West watched as I bit into the berry. “Same goes for you.”

I sat and ate a few more bites while thinking about his words. He let me.

“I’m not trying to steal your family. You guys are always going to come first with your sisters. I hope you know that.”

He let out a bitter laugh and shook his head.

“Don’t worry about that right now, kitten.”

I tried to lighten the mood and smiled.

“You’re right. I have plenty of other things to worry about instead.”

West seemed contemplative for a few minutes as we ate in silence. Finally, he lifted his eyes to mine and the look he gave me was intensely curious.

“Was there anyone after us?”

My back stiffened.

“Are you doubting that Lucky is—”

“No! No, Reagan. That’s not why I’m asking.” He cleared his throat. “I told you mine so I was hoping you’d tell me yours.”

I took a huge gulp of water and faked a laugh.

“You want to exchange sex secrets now?”

“No.” He took the tray and put it on the floor so there was nothing between us. “I want to know if you were able to let another man touch you after that night with us.”

I crossed my arms and stared at the wall over his shoulder.

“That’s invasive.”

He let out a soft laugh. “You’re invasive.”

Scoffing, I stood up and planted my hands on my hips in front of him.

“What the hell is that supposed to mean?”

“It means that you snuck into my head and spread yourself around.” He stood up so we were toe-to-toe and I was tipping my head back to look up at him. “You’re not

answering my question, though. Has there been someone else since us?”

I wanted to lie. I wanted to pretend I hadn't been at all bothered by our night together and I'd moved on to many more men after. I wasn't a liar, though.

“No.”

He gripped my waist and let out a shuddering breath.

“The idea of touching anyone else after that night never crossed my mind, kitten. It would've been wrong to feel another woman under me when all I would've been thinking was about how you felt.”

I scowled at the image his words painted. It wasn't hard to see Melanie as the woman under him. Whether it was the hormones or maybe I'd just lost my mind, I grabbed his shirt and tugged his face down so we were eye-to-eye. I didn't even know what to say. I was angry over nothing but I wanted to shake him for the thought of him and Melanie existing in my head.

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West ran his hands down to my ass and jerked me up his body until he had my thighs wrapped around his waist. Spinning, he kicked the tray and stopped to see if it woke Lucky up. When it didn't, he grabbed the ancient baby monitor and strode into the bathroom with me. He set the monitor on the bathroom counter and silently shut the door before spinning me around so I had no choice but to stare at our reflections in the mirror.

“I’ve spent a fucking year stroking myself off to the thought of you, kitten. Then you show up here and we fuck everything up so bad that you don’t want to come near us and I thought I was going to have to have someone tie me up in the barn to stop me from climbing through your window at night. Do you feel that?” He made sure I felt his thick erection pressing into my ass through our jeans. “That only works for you now, kitten.”

The woman in his arms didn’t look like me. She looked wanton, with blown out pupils and her lips parted as she breathed like she’d just run a marathon. I watched as she gripped the countertop and arched her back, rolling her ass against West’s hardness. When my eyes caught on West’s hungry face, I couldn’t look away.

“Reach back and touch me, kitten.” He braced his hands next to mine on the counter, his body surrounding me.

My hand shook when I reached back, excitement and nerves clashing together. I had to wedge my hand between our bodies but then I was cupping him through his jeans and we were both moaning together.

“Get on your knees. Show me you want this as much as I do.”

CHAPTER 27

West

There was something extra filthy about making the mother of my child drop to her knees for me and it filled my head with a buzz of energy. Reagan squeezed herself between my thighs and the cabinet behind her, looking up at me the whole time. She was so fucking gorgeous with her big blue eyes filled with desire and her cheeks flushed with need. Her hands shook as she fumbled with my jeans.

“What did you think about?” She licked her lips and slowly worked my jeans down my thighs. Her fingers were cool against my waist as she hooked them into the top of my boxer briefs and tugged them down. Her eyes went wide as my cock sprung up at her but her lips tipped up as she looked between it and my eyes. “When you stroked yourself off?”

I wound my fingers through her hair and tipped her head back.

“Even though I’ve seen you stuffed full of cock, you still look so innocent to me, kitten. It makes questions like that feel extra dirty. You want to know what I thought about while I fucked my fist? Open your mouth and warm my cock and I’ll tell you.”

She shivered and whimpered before opening her mouth and taking my cock in. She held half of it in her mouth and went still, eager for me to tell her what she wanted to know.

I fought the urge to sink more of my dick in her mouth and smiled at her.

“You’re still such a good girl, kitten. I thought about this. You. On your knees. I thought about pushing you to take more until I heard that sweet little gag when I hit the back of your throat. I thought about you on that stage and about how I should’ve

taken your mouth in front of everyone so they knew better than to even think about you.”

Her eyes followed my free hand as I reached back and yanked my shirt off. Her tongue shifted from side-to-side on the underside of my cock and she’d started making a low humming sound that sent chills up and down my back.

“I replayed every moment we spent together. Like I said from the beginning, I’ve never been a man to share but I thought about how you looked getting fucked by my brothers while you sucked me off. Or how tight your pussy squeezed me while you choked on one of their cocks.” I tightened my grip on her hair and exhaled roughly. “I dreamt of having you again. Over and over again until you passed out from coming so many times. I usually come to the image of your swollen pussy leaking my come. That’s a fantasy you’re going to make real for me, isn’t it?”

She pouted when I pulled out of her mouth.

“Yes, West.”

I pulled her to her feet and dragged her mouth to mine. Kissing her hard, I didn’t take my time to kiss her gently. I stroked my tongue past her lips and drank in the taste of fresh fruit on her tongue. I inhaled her exhales and held her hair tight enough to have her moving up on her tip toes to alleviate the sting. When I tried to loosen my grip, she grunted and dug her nails into my chest. I tore her clothes from her body, desperate to feel her silky skin again. She shoved at my jeans until we were both breathing hard, naked bodies pressed against each other. Her hard nipples dragged over my chest and my dick leaked precum onto her stomach.

I bit her bottom lip and growled.

“How the fuck does a woman like you who can be so goddamn hard during the day

turn into such a fucking angel as soon as her pussy's wet? Huh? You are bossy and mouthy as fuck. Don't get me wrong, kitten, I love it. I love your claws. I just really, really, like this version, too. I like how you go all soft and let me do whatever I want with you. You'd let me tie you up and spank you until you cried before I finally fucked you. You'd let me eat your ass until you begged me to fuck it. No matter how much you seem to hate us, there's something in you that trusts us. Right, Reagan?"

Her eyes were blue flames as she glared at me but when I slipped my hand between our bodies and cupped her sex, I found her dripping wet. She bent her legs to give me more space and her eyelashes fluttered closed when I pressed my middle finger over her clit.

"Please, West..."

Something cracked inside my chest. Hearing her beg and knowing how much she wanted me was a drug.

"I'm going to give you what we both want and need. You should know something, though."

She cried out as I eased my finger into her, testing to see how ready she really was for me.

"What?"

I curled my finger and swallowed the moan she let out.

"I don't know if once is ever going to be enough."

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Reagan's eyes widened but her walls clenched down on my finger, giving away how she really felt about the idea. Her lips parted.

"I thought about you, too."

Her confession broke something in my brain and I felt my control slip. Spinning her around, I pinned her hips to the cabinet and cupped her breasts.

"You thought about me?"

She gasped and caught herself with her hands braced on the mirror. Her gaze caged mine.

"All the time."

"Spread your legs and arch your back, kitten." I didn't wait. I kicked her legs wider and gripped my dick to line up our bodies. Gaze still locked with hers through the mirror, I eased in the head and then I sank the rest of my dick inside her in one hard stroke. I barely got my hand over her mouth before she let out a window-shattering scream. Her pussy clamped down on me and I felt her heartbeat fluttering up and down my length. "Fucking shit, baby. I think you're even tighter now. Jesus. You okay?"

She sank her teeth into my palm and rocked her hips. It was all the answer I needed. I wrapped my arms under hers and cupped her full breasts again. I held them tight and stroked her nipples as I pulled out and thrust deep again. Arched over her, I looked like I was trying to consume her and maybe I was.

The sound of my thighs slapping into her ass was loud and then there was the steadythump of her hips hitting the cabinet. It was rougher than I should've been but the look in her eyes demanded more. I reached down and hooked my hand under her knee, dragging it up so she was practically splayed over the counter. Her mouth slipped open under my palm and she let out a whine of pleasure as her fingers curled against the mirror.

I fucked her harder and growled. "Look, kitten."

She followed my gaze and gasped. The mirror was low enough and the way I had her spread made it possible for her to see my dick thrusting in and out of her glistening pink pussy. My cock was coated in her cream and the sight was pornographic. Knowing it was our sweet kitten's cream made me fuck her even harder. She reached down and rubbed her clit in fast little circles while sucking three of my fingers deep to stay quiet.

I pushed them deeper and held her pinned while I used her body. Our eyes met again in the mirror and I dipped my head forward to kiss the crook of her neck.

"Come for me. Come all over my cock and milk my come out of me. I want to see your pussy messy with my load, kitten. I want to make you filthy."

Reagan's eyes rolled back in her head as she screamed around my fingers and came like a wrecking ball. Her cunt slammed down on my length and her wet heat sucked me in so hard that I lost my rhythm and all semblance of control. She shook violently in my arms and I had to hold her tight as her orgasm triggered mine and we both continued to rock against each other as every last drop of our pleasure was ripped out of us.

Breathing hard, I pressed kisses all over her upper shoulders and back. Easing my fingers out of her mouth, I rubbed her drool down her throat and over her tits. Her

body was flushed and slumped forward but her eyes stayed on mine. I was still hard inside her but I wasn't cruel enough to take her again so soon. I knew she'd be sore from how I'd fucked her.

I eased out of her and glanced down. In the mirror, we were both able to watch my come slowly leaking out of her. I shuddered and reached down to scoop it up without thinking. I rubbed it into her clit and higher, covering her in my come from cunt to neck. I was a man possessed as I painted her body but I couldn't stop until she was covered.

"So beautiful." I cupped her sex and stared at her. "You look like mine."

She leaned into me and licked her lips.

"You've marked me. How am I supposed to mark you? It only seems fair."

I let her go so she could turn in my arms and then I let out a deep grunt when she put her mouth over my chest and bit. Once she'd left a deep enough mark she nodded like that'd settled everything she'd ever wondered. I gripped her head and pulled her mouth to mine for a deep kiss.

"West..." Reagan stepped back and pulled me with her towards the shower. "Clean me up?"

I looked at all the exposed skin around her neck and shoulders and smiled.

"You're not leaving this bathroom without my mark on you in one way or another."

Her eyes flashed.

"Challenge accepted."

CHAPTER 28

West

Reagan was passed out in the tiny twin size bed with her arms and legs splayed out in every direction. There were a lot of things we needed to update in the house but I was going to make sure her bed was one of the first ones. I wanted to crawl into that bed with her but there was no way I was fitting in her tiny ass bed. She didn't so much snore as hum in her sleep. It was cute.

I rubbed my face and scowled at myself. I didn't typically refer to things as cute. Yet...She was cute. She was also sexy, infuriating, funny, gorgeous, and so many other things. Like smart and talented. Her work with the pregnant heifer had impressed the hell out of me. She was a hell of a woman and I was still feeling blissed out of my mind she'd let me touch her.

I heard a door shut downstairs and knew it was time to face my brother. Pushing away from the wall, I walked over to Lucky's bassinet and made sure he was sleeping before I grabbed his monitor and headed downstairs.

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Mills and Tate were already standing at the kitchen island with a bottle of whiskey between them. Tate looked worn out and Mills looked like he was ready to hit someone. Lucky for him, I was ready for a fight, too.

Tate looked at me and groaned.

“What now?”

I kept my eyes on Mills.

“Do you want to hear an interesting story? Apparently, Melanie Boyd showed her ass to Reagan and told her we’re all her boyfriends and we’ve been fucking her together and all this other shit.”

Tate’s face shifted into a dark scowl.

“What the fuck? I haven’t been with Melanie in over a year.”

“Same.” Still, I kept my gaze on Mills. “Reagan was convinced we were taken men. She couldn’t understand why I was getting pissy when I found Ryan trying to pick her up on the side of the road tonight. She said it was pretty hypocritical of me to get jealous when I was already taken.”

Tate picked up on the tension between me and his twin.

“What’s going on?”

“Yes, Mills, what’s going on?” I grabbed his glass from him and drained it. “Why the fuck would you let Reagan believe that we’re involved with Melanie?”

“What?” Tate shifted from foot to foot. “Did you, Mills?”

Mills yanked off his cowboy hat and threw it on the counter. His hair was a matted down mess underneath.

“Yeah, I fucking did. She made an assumption and I didn’t bother correcting her.”

“She didn’t make an assumption. She was told explicitly that the three of us are taken.” I wanted to hit him. “Why wouldn’t you correct her?”

“Why would I? It’s not like shit can happen with her. It’s easier if she thinks we’re with someone else.” He swung open the fridge and grabbed a beer. “Jesus. You think I—”

Whatever he was going to say was cut short by Lucky’s piercing scream. It was so loud and alarming that the three of us charged towards the stairs right away. We raced up to Reagan’s room and burst in, ready to save the day. Reagan was already up, grabbing Lucky, though.

She looked up, alarmed that the three of us had just charged into her room.

“All three of you this time?”

I resisted the urge to pull her into my chest and just watched as she lifted her tank top and let Lucky feed. I was only slightly ashamed of the way my dick hardened at the sight.

“He’s in a mood.”

It was true. Lucky was still screaming his little head off. His little fists were angrily pushing at his mom while his face turned bright red. Reagan took a deep breath and pressed her hand to his forehead. She frowned and gently bounced the little guy.

“He feels a little warm.”

Mills shifted closer. “Does he need the doctor?”

She let out a shaky laugh and shook her head.

“No. He’s okay. If he stays like this, I’ll take him to the clinic in the morning.”

“What’s wrong with him?” Tate was just as worried as his twin.

“I think he’s going to cut his first tooth soon. He’s been a little fussier lately and he’s starting to try to shove everything and anything into his mouth.” Reagan sank into the rocker and shifted Lucky to her other breast. In all the movement, I saw one of the marks I’d left behind. If Tate or Mills saw it, they didn’t say anything. “I’m not looking forward to it. I still have nightmares about one of the kids in one of the foster families I was placed with teething. She was a sweet baby until she started teething and then it was like I shared a space with the devil.”

“Lucky’s cranky as it is. How much crankier can he get?” I moved closer to her and smiled when I saw her eyes move over my body. It did a lot for my ego to see her checking me out but I did my best to contain it.

Tate settled on the floor on her other side and stretched his legs out in front of him.

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“Was Mason in the system with you?”

She let out a relieved breath when Lucky latched on and went quiet as he fed. Then it looked like she replayed Tate’s question in her head and I watched her shoulders sink with what looked like the weight of the world.

“No.”

Mills sat on the floor in front of the bed and I made a point of sitting closer to her, close enough to gently lean against her leg. I rested my hand next to her foot and let my fingers lightly brush over her smooth skin every so often.

“Um... No. Mason stayed with his parents until they died. We had the same mom. She had me and things were bad enough that she lost custody. Instead of fixing her shit to get me back she just started again with a new man and baby. Of course, nothing was all that better but they got away with it the second time around for some reason. Mason never got put in the system. When I found out about him, I did what I could and then I took him in as soon as I was able.”

Mills’ frown was even darker than usual.

“Your mom just let you stay in the system. What a piece of shit.”

Surprisingly that brought a smile to Reagan’s face.

“Yeah, she was. She wasn’t even the worst, though. I went through a few homes that made my shitty mom look like a dream. Even still, I was lucky compared to what

some kids deal with.”

We were quiet for a moment and I wondered if my brothers were thinking about the same thing I was. It wasn't hard to imagine Reagan as a little girl with her big eyes. She would've been fucking adorable. The idea of anyone hurting that little girl made me want to break shit. Then my brain naturally went to the same place it'd been going more and more often. My own sisters had gone through hell with our mother. Right under our noses and we'd never noticed... With disgust, I wondered if we would've let Reagan suffer, too. Would we have missed the signs the same way we had with our sisters? It scared me to think about how bad things would've had to get in order to get our attention.

Mills sighed.

“Our parents were great to us when we were growing up. I always thought we grew up like a fucking sitcom. I assumed the same would be true for our sisters but it wasn't.”

“It wasn't?” Reagan looked at the three of us and frowned. “It wasn't.”

CHAPTER 29

Reagan

“We've learned a lot about our parents over the last couple of years and it hasn't been pretty.” West chewed on his bottom lip and grunted. “They treated us like we were royalty most of the time but apparently our mother was abusing them all in one way or another. She sent Nellie away pregnant at sixteen and never told any of us she didn't leave by her own choice. She tortured poor Maxie. And we never knew a thing.”

I looked down at Lucky and shook my head.

“Lucky will never go through anything like that. He’ll never spend a single night wondering if anyone in the entire world loves him. He’ll always know. That’s one reason finding y’all was so important to me. I want him to know what it feels like to have familial roots. I want him to be tied to a place. I’ve always felt like a balloon with a string just shy of anyone’s reach. I floated from place to place without a single attachment for most of my life. When I took Mason in, some days it felt like he was saving me as much as I was saving him. He tethered me.”

I could feel the haunted look on my face and tried to make it something less depressing. I could tell that none of them were buying it, though.

Tate reached over and squeezed the back of my calf.

“Lucky for you, we have long arms. There’s never been a balloon I couldn’t reach.”

Tears made my eyes burn and I turned away from them to hide the emotion his simple words had made me feel. I doubted he meant the words as seriously as they felt to a woman like me but I didn’t care right then. I just wanted to feel the warmth they caused.

“Tate’s right, kitten.” West pulled my feet into his lap and held them. “You aren’t floating away from here. You and Lucky are home.”

I let out a watery laugh.

“I don’t know. It seemed different tonight at the diner. You guys made it pretty clear that while we may be staying here, we’re far from being home. And it’s probably my fault. I want a family so desperately I probably hijacked y’all’s.”

Mills growled and shook his head. “I was wrong. I acted like an ass and I’m sorry. You belong with our family, angel.”

I raised my eyebrows.

“Who are you and what did you do with Mills?”

He grunted.

“Funny.”

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Lucky had fallen asleep again but I didn't want to end the moment we were having.

"It seems like we've all had a pretty clear example of what not to do as parents. If we can all get along, this kid has a pretty good shot at turning out normal."

"Normal. What the fuck is that?" West snorted. "He's got three dads, was conceived at a sex club, and is definitely going to hear and see some shit around here most kids probably wouldn't."

I quirked an eyebrow. "Like what?"

He shot me a look that made me blush. "You want to get into it?"

I shook my head and wouldn't meet anyone's eyes. "Nope."

Tate's hand tightened on my calf. "Care to explain?"

I stood up and tucked Lucky into his bassinet. He fussed for a moment and then settled again. When I turned back to the guys, I was fully prepared to move the conversation along without ever again acknowledging the question hanging over the room.

"I'm going to run down and get something to drink since I'm wide awake."

Somehow that meant I ended up in the kitchen with all three of them watching me as I gulped down a glass of water. I felt almost as exposed as the night on the auction block. I shifted my weight from foot-to-foot and did my best to not blush. After

hooking up with West, my brain was sex-focused and I figured I was reading into sexual tension that wasn't actually there.

"Well. I guess I should go back to bed..." I left my glass in the sink and cleared my throat. "Lucky should sleep through the rest of the night."

"Need me to tuck you in?" West's smirk was out of control as he inched closer to me. "Did we forget to mention this house is full service?"

Mills growled and slapped his brother's arm.

"Relax, asshole."

"I can tuck myself in, thank you. Also, I've tasted some of your service and I'll pass." I realized my words could be twisted and rushed to correct them. "I mean you're a shitty cook so full service would be a joke."

West slipped away from his brothers and wrapped his arm around my waist.

"I'm going to ignore that hurtful comment."

Leaning into his side, I looked up at him and smiled. I didn't realize that having crazy hot sex would make me feel such a connection with him. It did, though. Or maybe he'd just screwed all of my tension and stress away.

"I should've told you that Melanie was lying, angel. I'm sorry." Mills stared past me, out of the wall of windows. "I figured it'd be easier to keep my hands to myself if you didn't want me anywhere near you."

The tension in the room grew thick and I bit my lip. Mills had apologized twice. West was openly touching me in front of his brothers. And Tate was just watching me with

a hungry look on his face. I didn't understand how so much had changed in one evening but it had. Things felt different between us.

I stared up at Mills and swallowed a lump of nerves.

"Is it hard to keep your hands to yourself?"

He groaned and pushed fingers through his hair.

"It was easier when I could lie to myself and say that you were just here for money."

"Are you not telling yourself that anymore?"

"We all know it isn't true, angel." Stepping closer to me, Mills wrapped his big hands around my waist and slowly pulled me into his chest. "Which means I'm really, really struggling to keep my hands to myself. I know I'm still an asshole, though, and you shouldn't let me touch you. You should slap the shit out of me and run."

I gripped his shoulders and pulled myself up to press a kiss to his cheek.

"How about you let me decide what I should or shouldn't do?"

"Fine." Mills' eyes darkened as he stared at my mouth. "You going to decide soon?"

I slowly untangled myself from him and decided to torture myself by kissing West and Tate on the cheek, too.

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“Right now, I’m going to go back to sleep. I’ll see y’all in the morning.”

Climbing the stairs with their eyes on me made me want to sprint up them with my hands over my ass. I couldn’t imagine they were getting my best angle but I forced myself to stay calm. I didn’t look back. I just let myself back into my room and shut the door.

I knew what I wanted but it felt crazy. I needed time to think about it. I needed space to not make a choice with my body instead of my head and heart.

CHAPTER 30

Reagan

After breakfast, Mills asked me to come check on some cattle with him and Mason. He even asked to have Lucky on his chest as he drove us around the ranch in a side-by-side. There was just something magical about seeing our son strapped to his wide chest. Magical, and sexy as hell. I kept stealing glances at the pair of them while he drove us over a few spots of rougher terrain.

“Damn. You should see how he drives over this place when you and Lucky aren’t here, Rea. I thought I’d broken my tailbone.” Mason leaned his head forward, cutting off my view of Mills. It was probably for the best.

I turned so I could face my little brother and couldn’t deny myself the pleasure of reaching out and pinching his cheek.

“You look so much older already, Mason. It’s only been a week or so and you already look more like a man. What’s a whole summer going to do to you? I’m going to miss my baby-faced little brother.”

He turned red and swatted my hand away.

“Come on, Reagan!”

I didn’t get to see him much since he’d started working and I decided it was as good a time as ever to bring up the tuition conversation again.

“I think you should save whatever money you make this summer. I know you didn’t like the way I made the money but I made it and I get to choose what I do with it, Mason. I’ve already sent in the money for tuition. Can we just leave it at that?”

Mills shifted uncomfortably and cleared his throat.

“Almost there.”

“I told you no, Reagan.” Mason sat back with a stern expression on his face and I knew it would take more than just asking to convince him.

“Do you want to know something? The moment I found out about you I felt such a strong need to protect you and take care of you, Mason. Every year you didn’t have everything you wanted and needed made me feel like I was failing you and I hated it. I hated not having enough to take care of you properly. You deserve the world and I want to help give it to you. The moment I sent in that money to pay for your tuition...I felt like I was finally getting something right. It didn’t matter how I got there, but that I did. Don’t take that away from me.”

Mills parked the side by side and sat perfectly still, staring straight ahead.

“Let her do it, kid.”

“But—”

“No. Whatever your reasons are for objecting, throw them out. You heard her. It means something to her to take care of you. Let. Her. Do. It.” Mills’ shoulders slumped. “Even if your sister never really failed you, there’s something to be said for an older siblings’ guilt.”

Mason studied Mills and I saw the quickly developing hero-worship in his eyes. Maybe that would’ve completely terrified me when we first got to Devil’s Den but it wasn’t as scary after getting to know the man a little more. Finally, Mason sighed.

“What about her and Lucky? She should keep the money for herself.”

“We’re going to take care of your sister and Lucky, kid.” Mills shot me a look that dared me to argue. “Got it?”

“Fine. I’ll let the college keep the sex money.” Mason heard me gasp and laughed. “Only kidding, sis. Can we get to work now?”

I stayed where I was and watched Mason head over to the pasture where the other hands were milling around.

“Thank you.”

Mills grunted.

“I just have to say, angel, it’s really painful to be the man who paid for the sex during a conversation about your little brother not liking that you were paid for sex.”

I turned back to him and smiled.

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“Sorry? If it’s any consolation he doesn’t look at you any differently. I think you and your brothers are quickly becoming his role models. Which is only slightly worrisome considering our current circumstances.”

“He should find better role models.” Mills rubbed his hands over his face and then nodded to the cattle. “Get to work.”

For once, his gruffness didn’t rub me the wrong way. I could feel the angst rolling off of him and knew he was beating himself up about his sisters after the conversation we’d had the night before. I didn’t know how I was so sure I knew what he was feeling but I was. I was also sure he didn’t want to talk about it with me.

Moving closer to him, I leaned down and kissed Lucky’s head. “Be a good boy for Daddy. Maybe give him some extra love, Lucky, instead of all the sass you’ve been giving me.”

Mills stiffened when I didn’t pull away after kissing Lucky but instead raised my head and hesitated with my mouth close to his. I wanted to kiss him. I wanted it desperately but I knew it wasn’t the right time. Instead of doing what I wanted I pressed a kiss to his cheek and hovered there before pulling away.

“While I have some doubts about his role models' grumpiness and judginess at times, I happen to think he could do much, much worse.” I flashed him a quick smile and then headed toward the ranch hands, eager to get to do some real work. I only glanced back at Mills once and flushed when I saw he was watching me.

Later in the day I was working outside the new barn with Jolene when I heard Lucky

let out an angry cry. I could tell by the ache in my chest it was time to feed him so I headed to the office where Mills had him. The midday sun had bested me and I felt like a crispy piece of toast as I entered the office and walked around the desk to take Lucky.

“Whoa. Hold on, Reagan.” Mills shot out of his chair and grabbed me with one arm while he held Lucky with the other. “I should’ve been keeping a closer eye on you. Here. Sit down. Let me get you some water.”

I tried to tell him I was fine but he was already shouting for Jolene and pushing me into his chair. I was hot, sure, but I was okay. “Mills—”

“Get me water, Jolene. And next time I trust you to watch over someone, you need to fucking watch over them.” His tone was furious. “She barely stumbled in here.”

“Mills!” Lucky was still crying and my head was throbbing. “Don’t shout at her. I’m a grown woman.”

Jolene’s weather-worn face appeared in front of mine as she pushed a bottle of water into my hands.

“For the first time ever, the asshole’s right. He should shout at me. He should have my ass for me not watching you better.”

Mills was barking orders into his phone.

“Bring a truck around to the barn. We need to get Reagan to the clinic.”

I groaned. I didn’t feel the best but I was fine. I was a grown woman who was responsible for looking after herself so I needed the two of them around me to relax.

“I’m fine, dammit.”

“Take Lucky, Jolene. Tate is bringing the truck around. Get him in his car seat.” Mills handed our son off and then came around the desk and picked me up like a bride. When I rested my head on his shoulder he swore. “You’re burning up, angel.”

“Probably a sunburn.” I pouted. “I don’t want to go to the clinic. Can’t I just go inside and rest? I need to feed Lucky.”

“You’re going to the clinic and that’s that. Now just be quiet and save your strength.”

I sighed. “Your bedside manner sucks.”

CHAPTER 31

Mills

Doctor Bianca Shawn had taken one look at Reagan and jumped into action. She’d had us stretch her out on the floor since it was cooler and prop her feet up. Then she’d done what she called an aggressive treatment for heat exhaustion by hooking Reagan up to an IV for fluids. I sat on the floor with Reagan’s feet in my lap and my stomach in my throat. She’d looked so out of it and I couldn’t stop seeing the slightly dazed look in her eyes. I’d let her get sick. I was supposed to take care of her and she’d ended up in the clinic hooked up to fluids.

Tate sat by her head and kept a cool cloth across her forehead. He looked up at me and frowned. I could feel his concern oozing into my brain from whatever fucked up twin magic we had and I did my best to shut it out. The only person he needed to be concerned about was Reagan.

Lucky whined from his carrier next to me and I reached over to gently rock it. He

would've starved if Reagan hadn't thought to pump an extra few bottles to store in the fridge. I could've taken out the mother of my son and his food source. What the fuck did I know about babies? If Reagan died, how the fuck would I feed Lucky?

"He's spiraling again." Reagan's soft voice jerked me out of my thoughts. She hadn't said a lot since getting her IV and I could tell she'd felt worse than she wanted to admit. I looked up to see her eyes focused on me.

"Tate, make him stop."

Tate just sighed.

"Welcome to life with Mills. He's not just an asshole to other people. He's an asshole to himself, too. Maybe even more so."

I scowled at my brother.

“Shut up, Tate.”

The door to the exam room opened and West came in carrying Nellie’s giant cat, Papa Jack. He was holding the cat out in front of him like a bomb but his focus was on Reagan. “Are you okay? Is she okay? I would’ve been here sooner but Nellie’s asshole cat attached itself to the mailman again and that man’s so fed up with the cat he was threatening bodily harm. Now I’ve got this fucking cat and Nellie isn’t answering her phone. Is Bianca sure she’s okay?”

Papa Jack twisted his body around and scratched West’s face before rocketing himself out of my brother’s arms and into the room near Reagan. We all froze. The cat was a fucking terrorist and I was going to do more than bodily harm if he scratched Reagan. Reagan didn’t know the true depravity of Papa Jack’s crimes so she innocently reached out to pet him before we could tell her to freeze.

“What a pretty kitty.” Reagan casually scratched the cat behind his ears and smiled when he purred and curled himself into her side. He’d gone from demon to innocent kitten in the blink of an eye. “This is the cat which supposedly terrorizes the town? I don’t believe it.”

West knelt next to Reagan and tried to reach over and touch her but the demon cat appeared once more and tried to claw him.

“Fucking cat.”

Reagan tutted at the cat and pulled him closer, keeping her arm between it and West.

“Be nice, cat, or you’ll end up as a fluffy tail on the end of some mailman’s keychain.”

Tate let out a deep sigh and pinched the bridge of his nose.

“She’s okay. Heat exhaustion. She’s getting fluids and will need to take it easy for a couple of days. She’s also going to have quite the sunburn.”

I looked away. It was my fault. So much shit was my fault and I’d gone through life feeling like a fucking hero for the things I’d done at war. What did that matter when I’d let so much devastation happen at home?

“Stop it, Mills.” Reagan pressed her foot to the center of my chest and added enough pressure to get my attention. “I can feel you trying to make this your fault. I’m an adult. I’ve worked on ranches in Texas for long enough to know better than what I did today. I was just excited to be working outside and I ignored my body. It won’t happen again.”

I looked at West and nodded to her feet.

“Come sit over here and keep her feet elevated.”

She sighed. “Mills.”

As soon as West was in my spot I left. I went straight down the street to the bar and ordered a double shot of whiskey. Bianca’s wife, Meredith, owned the bar and she studied me while pouring my drink. I knew news traveled fast in our tiny town but I was still surprised when Meredith asked how Reagan was doing.

I cleared my throat after downing the whiskey and nodded for another.

“She’s okay.”

“Is there a reason you’re here and not back at the clinic with her?”

I scowled.

“My brothers are there. I didn’t leave her alone.”

“That’s not what I asked, cowboy.” She refilled my glass and made herself busy wiping the bar down. “I asked if there’s a reason you’re not back at the clinic?”

“Why would I be?” It was hard to stay nice when I felt like shit and just wanted to get drunk enough to forget everything.

“Oh, Mills.” Meredith laughed easily and leaned across the bar. “Let me let you in on a little secret. This town talks. Always. But it especially talks when it’s had a few drinks. There’s nothing I don’t know. Plus, I hang out with your sisters and Reagan’s joining us now. I know things.”

“There’s nothing to know.”

“Bullshit. I know that woman showed up with your kid and you and your brothers instantly moved her into your house. I heard that you broke every traffic law on the books getting her to the clinic and you looked, and I quote, ‘pale and petrified’.”

“Who the fuck said I looked pale and petrified?”

“You can sit here and get drunk, Mills, or you can go back to the clinic and sit with Reagan like I’m assuming you want to.” She left the bottle and walked away, leaving

me to my choice.

I hated small town gossip. I hated that everyone knew everything. There was no hiding in a town so small, no matter how desperately you might want to hide certain things. I took the bottle and made my way to a dark corner of the bar. I wasn't leaving the bar until I was fucking drunk off my ass.

CHAPTER 32

Reagan

“Maybe you should come back inside, kitten.” Tate moved to stand in front of me on the front porch, blocking me from the morning sun I’d been bathing in.

It’d been a week since I’d nearly given myself a heat stroke and the guys were still acting like the sun was poison. I looked up at him and frowned.

“Get out of my sun, please.”

“Your skin just healed. You’ve looked like a lobster shedding its shell for a week.” He braced his hands on the arms of my rocker and leaned down so we were eye to eye. “Don’t make me carry you inside. You do and I’ll consider it a request for a spanking.”

I gasped. “You wouldn’t.”

He just smirked. He would. He would definitely spank me. Matter of fact, he looked eager at the prospect.

I pushed him away and stood up.

“Fine. Fine, fine, fine. I’ll go inside.”

West was in the living room, sitting on the couch with Lucky in his arms. He looked

up and frowned when he saw me being shepherded in by Tate.

“Your cheeks are pink. Are you feeling okay?”

I sank down on the couch next to him and reached for Lucky. He scowled at me and grunted before turning his cheek into West’s chest, effectively rejecting me. I couldn’t help the tears that filled my eyes. The guys had been insisting on spending more and more time with Lucky to let me rest and they were bonding so well but I didn’t want to be forgotten.

“Shit. Don’t cry, kitten.” Tate knelt in front of me and shot a dirty look at West. “What’d you do? Bribe the kid with something?”

“He doesn’t love me anymore, does he?” I buried my face in my hands and cried. “I’m going to lose my baby and your stupid brother is still avoiding me.”

Tate sighed. “Lucky would punch each of us in the throat to get to you. You’re his mom, Reagan. You’re not losing him. Ever. On the matter of our stupid brother...”

“Forget I said anything. I’m sorry. I must be getting my period or something.” I wiped my eyes and blew out a shaky breath. “It’s fine. Everything is fine.”

Lucky let out a wild squeal and started kicking his feet wildly while reaching for me.

“Now I’ve emotionally blackmailed my son into coming to me! Oh, god.” I still pulled Lucky into my chest and rocked him.

“I think she got too much sun again...” West saw my expression shift to anger and held up his hands. “Forget I said anything.”

“Where is your stupid brother? What is he doing?” I realized how insane I sounded

and took a deep breath. “You know what? Ignore me. I’m just in my feelings today, apparently.”

“What do you need?” Tate braced his hands on my knees. “Need me to set up mommy and me therapy appointments for you and Lucky? Need me to hunt down Mills and shove my foot up his ass? Or bring him here so you can do the honors?”

I let out a small laugh.

“Mommy and me therapy appointments? Really?”

“I’m desperate here, baby.” He looked as desperate as he sounded. “I don’t have a clue what’s happening but I don’t want to see you cry.”

“I think I just need to do something. I’ve been sitting around for a week and I feel like I’m going crazy. I have too much time to think and that’s never been a good thing for me.” I looked out the window at the beautiful summer day and sighed. “After Lucky goes down for his nap, could we maybe just take a little walk?”

West hesitated. “If Mills sees us letting you go for a walk in the sun, he’ll murder us. How about we sit on the porch, in the shade?”

“How about if I perish from never seeing the sun again?”

“Fine.” Tate cut his brother a look and shrugged. “If Mills gets pissy, he can come complain to her. We’ll take you for a short walk, close to the house. We can’t go too far from Lucky anyway.”

I grinned and felt a bolt of arousal at the look Tate gave me. He looked like a stern parent who wanted to lecture me about my attitude but instead he just shook his head and looked away.

“Thank you.”

As soon as Lucky was down for a nap, I was on my feet and practically bouncing in my eagerness to get out of the house. I changed into a pair of shorts and an off the shoulder top so I could feel more of the sun on my skin. I slipped my feet into sandals and then grabbed the baby monitor. Tate had moved the bassinet downstairs so Lucky would be just a few feet away from us if he started waking up.

West waited for me by the front door with a baseball hat in one hand and a bottle of sunscreen in the other. “The cost of doing business, kitten.”

I wanted to stomp my foot. “Can I at least put the sunscreen on outside? On the porch in the shade is fine, but I just need some fresh air.”

“Tate’s already waiting out there.” West pulled the hat down on my head and patted my ass as I walked by him. “Lucky for the both of us, you left a lot of skin unprotected. That means we get to touch more of you.”

“You get to touch...? I can put my own sunscreen on. Don’t be silly.”

“We’re not being silly. We’re being manipulative and taking advantage of the situation. Get it right.” He pushed open the door for me and followed me out. “Alright, kitten. We need to protect all of this pearly white skin. Good thing you have two men here willing to help.”

I stood between the two of them and acted like I was bothered by what they were doing. In reality, I was sorely missing their touch.

“Do your worst.”

CHAPTER 33

Reagan

My knees were going to buckle. Tate and West rubbed sunscreen lotion into my legs in long, firm strokes that made my head spin. I’d forgotten all about the sun or about taking a walk. I just wanted them to keep touching me. Having two giant men squatting on either side of you so they could rub your legs... It was an experience.

I was so worked up that when they both stood up to start on my shoulders, I leaned back into Tate and groaned.

“Forget the walk. Just stand here and rub me for another hour or so.”

Resting his chin on my shoulder, Tate rubbed his hands up my arms.

“I think I could manage that.”

West gripped my hips and smiled.

“No, come on. We should definitely take the walk and get some sun. Right?”

I narrowed my eyes at him.

“You’re being a turd, aren’t you?”

He shifted closer so I was pinned between the two of them.

“I’ve missed touching you.”

“You’ve been touching me all week.”

“It’s not the same.” Lowering his mouth to mine, he kissed me softly. “You scared the shit out of us, Reagan. Things are different now. The idea of something happening to you woke us all up a bit. But we’re still trying to give you space and time to catch up to us.”

Tate let out a quiet laugh.

“We’ve been giving you time to heal. If you want us to stand here and rub you, though, that’s a pretty good indicator you’re feeling better, isn’t it?”

I gasped at the feeling of his lips on my neck.

“I feel better. I feel a lot better.”

He intertwined our fingers and continued torturing me with his mouth on my neck. West trailed his hands up my stomach and grazed my chest on his way to cupping my cheeks and kissing me again. I could feel them both harden on either side of me and I rocked my hips back and forth to rub against them both.

Tate’s lips grew firmer and his teeth joined in, leaving stinging bites he soothed with his tongue. Each sting sent a bolt of arousal to my core and I couldn’t help the moans I let out.

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My mind was a mess of questions but my body wasn't making room for asking them. My mouth was too eager to continue on kissing West. Even more so when he trailed his hands back down my stomach and into the top of my shorts.

"Oh, god..." I moaned as West's fingers stroked me over my panties. "I need—"

"Oh, good gracious!"

A sharp feminine cry made me jerk hard enough that I headbutted Tate and nearly broke West's fingers as I ripped them out of my shorts. I swung around to see who'd snuck up on us and winced when I saw it was Samantha Drury, the church lady who wanted to change the town's name.

"What in god's name is going on here?" The woman should've been melting in the summer heat, wearing what had to be ten pounds of powder blue ruffles. "Is this the kind of debauchery that goes with the Hellstone name?"

Tate was holding his nose and blinking rapidly as his eyes watered from the pain.

"Debauchery, lady? You busted up the party before things could really get going. What do you want?"

"I came to talk to your brother about signing my petition. Where is he? I don't have anything else to say to the three of you sinners." Samantha stuck her nose up and looked anywhere but at us.

"What petition?" West clenched and unclenched his fist while scowling at her. Then

he looked at me, looked down at my crotch, and raised his eyebrows. “I’d like a massage for my poor fingers later, using the muscles that nearly broke them.”

I swatted his arm and ignored his last statement.

“She’s trying to change the town’s name. Apparently spending a ton of money on new signage, new uniforms for the school sports, and whatever else would surely pop up is worth it if it means the town looks more holy. Or something like that.”

That won me the focus of Samantha’s ire. She sent a severe glare at me and shook her finger.

“I should’ve known. When you acted so rude over the name change, I should’ve known you were another one of the...women...around here who live in sin and carry out the devil’s work.”

I just smiled.

“Do you hear yourself? And I wasn’t rude. I simply pointed out the flaws in your plan. Fiscally, it doesn’t make any sense to change the town’s name. It’s also just silly. It’s a name. It doesn’t matter.”

“Of course, you would think that.” She looked me over from head to toe and clearly found me lacking. “I don’t know what I was thinking coming here. It’s this awful family the town was named after and it’s this awful family that’s been bringing these torrid affairs to town. One woman and multiple men... It’s wrong. It’s ungodly. It’s... It’s just plain disgusting!”

My mouth got the better of me. My feelings were being stomped on but I wasn’t a fan of showing that while they were still actively being stomped on.

“It’s clearly something you’ve never tried. And I don’t know what torrid affairs you’re talking about. The relationships intown with one woman and multiple men are all seriously committed marriages and relationships with children. And I don’t appreciate you talking about my friends and then using the word disgusting. What if I said the idea of you in bed was disgusting to me? It’s just fucking rude, isn’t it?”

“Committed relationships? That’s a joke! You’re just telling yourself that so you feel better about using your body in this awful way. You’re just getting used up by men who’d rather share one body than go out and do the work to each find a good woman of their own.”

The screen door behind us slammed and Mills came out like a bull seeing red. He had Lucky in his arms with a bottle and the sight almost melted me right there on the porch. He moved in front of me and raised his voice.

“I suggest you get back in your car and get the fuck off of my ranch before I call the Sheriff and have you hauled off for trespassing and harassment.”

“Harassment? I’m not harassing anyone. I’m just trying to make a difference in this town while there’s still hope!”

“Your petition is dead, lady. Go home and make your own family miserable. You’re not welcome here.” Mills looked back at me and then swung back around to Samantha. “Talk about my sisters or my family again in that way and I’ll show you what a devil a Hellstone man can be. Now get off my fucking property.”

We all stood there in silence until her car was gone.

Unable to stay silent a second more, I gently rested my hand on Mills’ back and took in a deep breath.

“Thank you.”

He cleared his throat and went down the rest of the steps off the porch.

“Yeah. I’ll keep Lucky in my office so y’all can finish what you started.”

My chest was heavy as I jogged after him.

“Mills, stop!”

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He stopped but didn't turn around to face me.

“Would you rather I not have Lucky?”

I walked around him so he'd have to face me but the look of pain in his eyes was a punch to the gut. It physically hurt. I pressed my hands to my stomach and shook my head.

“No, Mills. Of course, you can keep Lucky. He's your son. I haven't seen you and you've—”

“Get on back in the house, angel. They didn't finish putting sunscreen on you and I don't want you to burn.” Without another glance at me, he stepped around and continued on to the barn, his long legs and cowboy boots kicking up dirt as he went.

West stopped next to me as he frowned after his brother.

“I'll go and talk to him. Do like he said and get inside, though, kitten.”

I slowly nodded and walked back to the porch. Tate pulled me into his arms when I reached him and I let him hold me. Mills had watched us long enough to see his brothers putting sunscreen on me but he hadn't joined us. He wanted us to continue while he took on babysitting duty.

“He hates me, doesn't he?”

Tate swore.

“No. No, he doesn’t, sweetheart. He’s just an idiot. He’ll come around.”

“Come around to what? What are we even doing?” I pushed away from him and wrapped my arms around myself.

“He’ll come around tous. In case you haven’t noticed, we’re a family, Reagan. You’re ours. We didn’t do ourselves any favors when you first got here but you being here on the ranch has shown us that this is where you belong. With us. West and I know that. Mills does, too. Didn’t you hear him call you hisfamily? He’s just too busy beating himself up to realize he’s fucking up.”

I gaped up at Tate.

“I’m...yours?”

He laughed and nodded.

“Yeah. You’re ours. I never thought I’d have a relationship like my sisters but I’ll be damned if you didn’t sneak up on us, kitten. You belong here. With the three of us. Not because we’re too lazy to each find our own woman or whatever stupid shit that lady said, but because you’re perfect for us. If you haven’t noticed it already, you will. Once you get past some of our rougher edges, we’re great.”

I pressed my forehead into his chest and rolled my eyes.

“I don’t even know where to start with that, Tate.”

“Come on. Let’s get you inside. I’ll cut you a slice of pie from the diner if you’re nice to me.”

CHAPTER 34

Mills

I hung up on Nellie and stood up with a growl. West and Tate were in the house with Lucky and I didn't want to stop and bother them so I just jumped in my truck and took off. It had nothing to do with wanting to be alone with Reagan. It didn't. Being around her was torture. Seeing her and wanting her, knowing my brothers were having her...It was fucking hell. I figured I deserved it, though.

She was happy with Tate and West. They were happy with her. I just needed to stay out of the way. I didn't want to ruin their chance at happiness, even if seeing them all together tore at my insides.

Still. When Nellie called and said Reagan was drunk and needed a ride home, I didn't hesitate to go after her. It was late enough that the roads were pitch black and empty and the thought of Reagan getting home on her own filled me with anger. I wanted to shake her. I wasn't even sure if she was supposed to be drinking while breastfeeding. The last thing Lucky needed was to become even more like me by getting a taste for liquor.

When I pulled up on Main Street and saw Reagan swaying on the sidewalk all by herself, I saw red. I couldn't turn off my bad attitude, even when I knew I was wrong, and that moment was no different. There were days it felt like I wouldn't have a personality if it wasn't for how fucking grumpy I was. Another reason for Reagan to run from me.

She didn't run when she saw me, though. She grinned and stepped off the sidewalk, nearly breaking her neck in the process. I caught her against my chest and held her tight. I didn't fail to notice her barely-there dress or the feel of her pebbled nipples.

“What the fuck do you think you're doing? Why are you outside all by yourself? Do you realize how dangerous that was? Jesus, Reagan. Is it even safe for you to drink?

What were you thinking?”

She giggled and looped her arms around my neck.

“Always so cranky, Mills. You need to get laid.”

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I picked her up and grunted when she wrapped her legs around my waist.

“Jesus, Reagan.”

“You already said that.” Her head rolled to my shoulder and she sighed. I couldn’t smell alcohol on her but it was clear she was hammered.

“You came to get me.”

“Who else was going to? You could’ve gotten yourself killed.” I put her in the truck and buckled her in after prying her arms and legs from around me. “I’m going to have a long talk with my sisters about their influence on you.”

Once I was behind the wheel I took a moment to look at her and clenched my jaw when I found her staring at me. She had her bottom lip caught between her teeth and her skin was flushed. She’d worn her hair down and it was all over the place, sliding forward to block the eye-popping amount of cleavage the dress was showing.

“I asked Nellie to call you.” She leaned over with both elbows on the console between us.

“I know. You drank too much and needed a ride home.”

She smiled. “Nope. I just had to say something to get you alone. You’ve been avoiding me like the plague.”

A wave of shock rolled over me. Staring at her, I realized she really wasn’t drunk.

The conniving little brat had lied to get what she wanted. I was pissed off, even if another part of me was flattered that she'd resorted to lying to get to me.

"Are you fucking serious?"

She shrugged.

"I'm not drinking until I'm done breastfeeding Lucky and seeing how much he enjoys his feedings, I'm not sure when I'll be drinking again."

"You lied." I shook my head and threw the truck into drive. I didn't go over the speed limit but I fucking wanted to. If she hadn't been in the truck I would have flown home. Just one more reason to be annoyed.

"Yeah, I lied. I had to. You won't talk to me, Mills. You won't even sit in the same room as me." She stomped her foot and growled. "I did what I had to do. Pull over so we can talk."

"No! I'm not doing whatever you want just because you say so. I'm not your puppet. I'm taking you home and then I'm moving into the bunkhouse."

She gasped.

"No, you're not."

"Yes, I am."

"No, you're not! This is stupid!" She threw her hands up. "Just talk to me! What did I do that pissed you off so much? I thought we were getting past you hating me and now? Look at you."

“I don’t hate you, goddammit! I just need some space.”

She grabbed the door handle.

“Stop the truck.”

“Get your fucking hand off that door, Reagan.” My heart jammed itself in my throat and I slowed the truck down, just in case she lost her mind and jumped out.

“Stop the truck!” She yanked her seatbelt off and I barely got the truck stopped before she threw the door open and got out. She glared back in at me and flipped me off.

“I’d rather walk home if this is how it’s going to be.”

“I bet you wish you’d called Tate or West now, huh?”

She froze.

“No. I got who I wanted. Unfortunately, who I wanted has a stick up his ass and would rather move out of his own house than talk to me.”

“Get back in the truck, Reagan!” I didn’t let her words get to me. She didn’t really want me. She was just—running. She was fucking running away. “Reagan!”

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We were outside of town and there was nothing but open fields all around. She'd taken off running west, in the direction of a small creek. She'd never see the creek until she was already falling over the small bluff that shot out over it. There was plenty of field she'd have to get through before she reached the creek but I had no doubt Reagan was stubborn enough to reach it and break her fool neck when she fell in.

I was out of the truck and chasing her without another thought. I felt like a wild animal chasing its prey as I pushed my body to move faster. I was closing the distance between us and I could hear her ragged breathing as she struggled to run in her bare feet after kicking off her shoes.

"Reagan! Stop!" I tried to reason with her one more time. "You're going to hurt yourself!"

"Go to hell!"

I growled and decided I'd had enough. We were running through a field in the dark like a couple of idiots and one of us was going to get hurt. Charging forward even harder, I caught up to her and snagged her around the waist.

She screamed as we both went down and even after I'd fallen on top of her, she still fought me like a fucking tiger. While I was busy trying to brace myself so I didn't crush her, she was shoving at me, trying to knee me, and snapping her teeth like she would've loved to bite off a piece of me. All the while she screamed at me like I was the one attacking her.

I finally managed to get a grip on both of her wrists so I could pin them in the dirt over her head and I used my weight to pin her hips to the ground. Then I glared down at her and shouted.

“Stop it!”

“You stop it!” She tried to buck her hips against me again but it was useless. I had her pinned. Her chest heaved and the tiny dress was doing a piss-poor job of keeping her tits contained.

“Don’t fucking look at me. You don’t want me? Fine. Let me up and I’ll go home and fuck your brothers.”

I gripped her arms tighter.

“That’s fine. That’s what you’ve been doing and it’s been fine. I don’t care.”

“No, I haven’t! What you watched on the porch is the only thing I’ve done with your brothers since you decided to pull this stupid vanishing act. It doesn’t feel right, knowing you’re unhappy. I’ll get over it, though. I’ll go straight there and let them have their way with me now. Just get off me first.”

“You’re lying.”

She tried to twist away from me and screamed when she couldn’t budge.

“I lied to get you alone tonight. I haven’t lied to you any other time. Believe what you want, though. I’m done.”

I switched my grip so I had both of her wrists in one hand and then I reached into my pocket to grab my phone.

“If I call them right now, they’d say the same?”

“Yes! You giant asshole! For some stupid reason, I thought I missed you and didn’t want to do anything to hurt you, like pretending you aren’t a big part of whatever the hell we have together.” She turned her head to look away from me and exposed the long length of her neck. “I hate you.”

I tossed my phone aside and gripped her chin, forcing her to look at me again.

“You should.”

She bared her teeth at me.

“Maybe I should. And maybe I wish I did. But I don’t.”

We were both breathing hard and glaring at each other. I wanted to scream at her to leave me alone to my misery but I also wanted to fucking possess her in every possible way. My hand shook with restraint and desire as I slid my hand down her throat and over her chest. I left it splayed out between her breasts and felt the way her heart pounded against it.

“What are you waiting on, Mills? Would you find it easier to touch me if you threw money at me first?” She shocked me so much with that question that I loosened my grip and that was all the sign she needed to fight her way out from under me.

CHAPTER 35

Reagan

I somehow managed to buck the big idiot off of me and scrambled onto my stomach to crawl away. I was furious. I didn’t want to get away. I wanted Mills to snap and

take me. I wanted him to wake up and realize that I wanted—

“Get back here.” Mills grabbed my ankles and yanked them backwards, dragging me over the dirt until he was straddling my thighs again, but with my stomach pressed into the ground. When I tried to lift my chest, he planted one big hand in the middle of my back and held me down. He was breathing hard as he adjusted himself so he was sitting lower on my thighs. Just as a breeze tickled my ass, I felt him go still.

“Mills?”

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He growled and arched his body over mine so he could speak right against my ear.

“Where the fuck are your panties?”

I wiggled and tried harder to get out from under him. I suddenly felt like an idiot for my whole plan of getting him alone and pushing him.

Mills sat up and I heard a whistle of air just before a loud crack filled the air. It took a second for the heat to blossom across my ass and for me to realize he'd spanked me. I screamed even though it hadn't hurt all that bad. It was shocking and more than a little embarrassing when I wasn't expecting it. He didn't care. He landed two more hits just like the first.

“You decided you'd stand all alone in the dark on the side of the street in a tiny fucking dress and no panties?!” He leaned over me again and that time he let his weight rest on my body, pressing me into the ground. I could feel the rough denim of his jeans against my heated ass and could do nothing but let him finish the game I'd started. “You need a fucking keeper, Reagan.”

I growled back at him, unwilling to stop fighting him.

“You need a fucking keeper, Mills. I don't need anything. I'm doing just—Oh!”

He ground his hips into me again and nipped my ear.

“Shut up. Just...shut up. Is this what you wanted, angel? You wanted to push me into doing what you want, what you think is best? You think you want this? Fine.”

I gasped and breathed in dust as he shifted so one of his knees was between my thighs. He kept his hand on my back, pinning me to the ground, but his other hand slapped my inner thighs to spread them out. He reached under me to palm my lower stomach and forced me to lift my ass in the air for him. It was a degrading position with my head down and my lower body presented to him with nothing hiding it. I should've been fighting to knock some sense into him. I wasn't.

“Fucking keep your back arched and your pussy in the air for me, Reagan.” I didn't think it would be hard until he spanked me again, but between my thighs that time. I screamed and tried to close my legs out of instinct and Mills was there, forcing me to keep them spread. “It's a simple command, angel. Pussy in the air.”

I dug my fingers in the dirt and screamed as he spanked me again and again. It was more painful than when he spanked my ass but after the third strike, I felt the tingling in my clit turn into a rabid pulse. I panted and cried out his name and then came without him touching me other than to spank me.

“Reach back and spread your ass open for me.” His voice told me there would be no argument.

I was so lost in my orgasm and desire for him that I just did as he said. When I felt his tongue stroking my ass a moment later, my eyes rolled back in my head and I cried out.

“Oh, fuck, Mills!”

“I'm going to fuck this hungry little pussy now, angel, and you're going to keep yourself spread open for me so I can slid into your asshole if I decide to. Because you're mine. You wanted this and now you've got it. I own this pussy.” He slapped it again and then pushed two thick fingers deep, fucking me hard and fast with them. Then he moved the same fingers to my ass and spread my wetness there. “And I own

this ass, too.”

I stopped breathing when I heard him spit and use his saliva as extra lubrication to push his finger deep into my ass. It was so dirty that my brain couldn't process it fast enough to know if I loved it or wanted to punch him.

I heard his belt buckle rattle as he undid his pants and shove them down with his free hand. Then he spread my legs even wider to plant himself between them and pressed the thick head of his cock against my core.

“Do you feel that, angel?” He pushed an inch in and paused. “Do you feel my bare fucking cock splitting you open?”

I gasped and cried out as he thrust the rest of his thick length into me. He didn't give me a chance to catch my breath before he was taking me like I was a horse he needed to break.

“I own it so I can fuck it raw, angel. Isn't that right?” He pulled his finger free from my ass and growled when I tried to move my hands. He gripped them and pinned them to my back as he continued to fuck me so hard that my eyes rolled back in my head and every breath was more of a grunt. “Tell me you want me to fuck my come into you.”

I screamed as an orgasm hit me hard and slammed through me hard enough to steal my breath. I couldn't tell him anything because I couldn't breathe.

“Tell me you want me to breed this pussy. You want this, angel? Then take it.” When my legs collapsed, he followed me down and continued to fuck me into the ground. He let my arms go and gripped my shoulders. “Goddammit, angel. Let me hear you.”

I sucked in a gasping breath of air and screamed his name.

“Yes! Oh, god, yes! Mills, fuck me! Fuck me!”

He reached around to grab my throat and forced me to arch my back and twist my head to the side so he could kiss me. It was as rough as his thrusts but when I saw his eyes, I saw an emotion that shocked me as much as it scared me. He was fucking me like he hated me but the look in his eyes was soft and warm.

“Come again, angel. Come for me one more time and then I’m going to fill this pussy with my come. Understand?”

I tried to shake my head but he didn’t release my throat or let me look away.

“I can’t. It’s too much.”

“You’re going to come again, angel.” He jerked my hips back up and reached under me to find my clit. The moment he found it, my body tightened. It didn’t matter if it was too much. He wanted it so he was going to take it. “Come for me, angel.”

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I wasn't sure I was in control of my own body anymore, not when it shattered for him on command. As I came with a sharp cry, he pounded into me a few more times and then I felt his hot seed coating my insides. Hearing the sounds he made as he came and feeling him come inside me dragged out my pleasure until I was a limp mess on the dirt ground.

My rough breath sent up plumes of dust as I laid there, exhausted. I was pretty sure my legs wouldn't work if I tried to stand up so I was happily willing to sleep right there where I lay.

Mills covered my body with his and gently kissed my shoulder.

“Are you okay?”

I grunted and then let him roll me over so he was straddling me and cupping my face. I felt a stupid grin stretch my lips and sighed.

“All good.”

He swore and gently wiped my face.

“I was too rough.”

I opened one eye to glare at him.

“Don't start.”

CHAPTER 36

Tate

I jerked upright in alarm at the sight of Reagan walking into the living room. She was covered in dirt and mud, from her face and hair to her feet. Every part of her looked like it'd been dragged through the mud and roughed around. She was even walking with a slight limp. The look on her face was pure bliss, though.

“What the—”

Mills walked in behind her, his face a mixture of concern and desire as he watched her every move. He was almost as dirty as she was.

“There’s my baby.” She cooed at Lucky, who was safely tucked into West’s chest with a bottle. “Momma needs to get cleaned up and then she’ll be back to cuddle you.”

“What the fuck happened?” West looked between the two of them and grunted. “Does this mean you’re done hiding, Mills?”

Mills just grunted back at him.

“Go get cleaned up, angel.”

Reagan smiled at West and then looked at me.

“I could use some help.”

I was off the couch and had her in my arms before anyone else could move. I carried her up to my bathroom and shut the door behind us. I turned on the hot water in the

shower before standing in front of her and cupping her face in my hands.

“Everything okay?”

She smiled and nodded before telling me what she’d done. I almost felt bad for Mills. The man had a control issue and Reagan had just worked him like he was a kid’s puzzle. He’d gotten to fuck her senseless, though, so I didn’t actually feel bad for him.

I was amazed by the woman in front of me. She didn’t take shit from us and she fought for what she wanted. No part of me thought we deserved her but she was ours and there was nothing that would change that.

“I don’t know how any of this works. If there are rules or something, I don’t know them. I just know that I’ve been with West and Mills since coming here with Lucky and I want you, too.” She slid her muddy hand down my shirt and sighed. “I’m pretty disgusting right now, though. You might not want to be near me.”

My chest warmed.

“I don’t know how it works, either, kitten, but I appreciate you wanting to take me of me, too. You don’t have to do that right now, though. Let me get you cleaned up and tucked in for the night. We can revisit the rest tomorrow. First thing in the morning, if my dick has anything to say about it.”

Her smile was soft and sweet as she looked up at me.

“I like this.”

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I raised my eyebrows while reaching around to unzip her dress.

“This?”

She shrugged out of the dress and then stood in front of me, completely bare.

“This. You. Me. Your brothers. Lucky. All of it. I like it.”

I swallowed a surge of arousal and quickly stripped down to my boxer briefs before testing the water and pulling her into the shower with me. “I like it, too, kitten. I do have a question, though. Did Mills steal your underwear? Or...?”

She stared at my briefs and frowned.

“I didn’t wear any. Take those off.”

I gritted my teeth and tilted her head back into the water.

“No. I’m keeping them on so there’s some barrier between us. I’m trying to take care of you, not jab you with my cock.”

She was quiet as I lathered shampoo into her hair and took my time washing it out. The amount of dirt and mud going down the drain made me want to kick Mills’ ass. Reagan didn’t seem to mind.

“So. You were just out and about tonight with no panties on?”

She looked up at me through her lashes and smiled.

“Yes.”

I shampooed her hair a second time and sent her a stern look.

“Reagan. I’m not Mills. If you try to tease me I’ll tie you to your bed, make you come with my tongue a handful of times, and then I’ll leave you tied up there all night.”

I groaned as her pupils dilated and her cheeks flushed. She liked it. She couldn’t have been more perfect for me if she’d tried. She toyed with the band of my briefs while I rinsed her hair and added conditioner.

“Tate?”

I shot her a wary look as I grabbed a washcloth and added a healthy amount of bodywash.

“Yeah?”

“Why do I like the idea of you tying me up so much?”

I squeezed my eyes shut and groaned even louder.

“Hush, kitten. Just let me wash you.”

She stayed quiet for all of two seconds. As soon as I ran the washcloth down her back, she moaned and arched into me. I had to tug her hand away from my dick a couple of times but when I reached between her thighs to clean her pussy, I was too far gone. I could see the evidence that Mills had come inside her and when she tugged my briefs down, I let her. She wrapped her hand around my cock and stroked.

“Tate, I just want to touch you. Just touch, okay?”

It only took a few seconds for her to want more. She tried to drop to her knees but I wouldn't let her.

“No. Not tonight. You're worn out. Let's rinse you off and get you ready for bed.”

“Will you stay with me tonight?” She knew I'd say yes and when I did, her smile was mischievous as hell. “Thanks, Tate.”

“I'll go down and get Lucky. Get some clothes on and get in bed.” I lightly slapped her ass and wrapped a towel around my waist while heading downstairs. As much as I was telling myself to keep it PG, my body was screaming at me to get back upstairs with her and give her what she wanted.

West looked up at me when I walked into the living room and snorted. “Don't fucking point that thing at me.”

I looked down at my erection and scowled. “I'm doing my best. I'm just trying to put her to bed.”

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“It’s clear to me there’s something you and Mills both need to learn. Reagan knows what she wants and you’re better off listening to her and giving it to her.” He gathered Lucky up and passed him over to me. “I’ll take the bassinet up.”

I held Lucky close and smiled when he frowned in his sleep. Looking back at West, I cleared my throat.

“You saw her when she came in. Mills clearly wore her out. I don’t want to hurt her. I’m also starting to realize that this is weird. It’s weird, right? I’m asking you if I should go upstairs and fuck the woman we’re sharing.”

West rolled his eyes at me.

“It’s no weirder than the fact we’re all sharing the same woman and I’m over that already. Just do what she wants. She’s pretty upfront and open about it.”

I carried Lucky upstairs with that thought in my mind. I had to trust Reagan to know what she wanted. West put the bassinet outside the door and squeezed my shoulder.

“I won’t always be so gracious about sharing. Enjoy it while it lasts.” With an eyebrow wag, he strolled back downstairs like he didn’t have a care in the world.

“Weird ass family.” I muttered to myself and slid the bassinet inside and tucked Lucky in it. He grumbled for a second and then his face relaxed as he slept. I stroked his cheek and leaned down to sniff his little head before leaving him in peace.

Reagan was sitting on the side of the bed and she still just had a towel on. She walked

over and checked on Lucky before dropping the towel and crawling naked into her tiny bed. She smiled at me as I walked over.

“Hi.”

I glanced back at Lucky’s bassinet and frowned.

“I should’ve left him with West. I don’t want to traumatize the kid.”

“Tate. Get your ass in this bed right now.” She waited until I turned the light off and settled into the bed behind her to say more. “I was weirded out by the idea of him being in the same room while I have sex, too. I did some Googling and he’s still young enough that it’s okay.”

I wrapped my arms around her and grunted when she pressed her ass into me.

“You were Googling, huh?”

“Just nothing loud or crazy. And maybe we stay under the covers.” She snorted. “And if he asks when he’s older, we were just wrestling.”

I laughed into her hair and held her even closer.

“This is enough for me tonight, Rea. I promise you that I don’t need anything more if you’re tired.”

“Tate... Do you not want me?”

I swore and pulled her leg over mine so she was open for me. I shifted my hips and rocked my hardness into her so she could feel just how much I wanted her.

“I want you, kitten. I want you more than I should say. I just don’t want you to feel like you need to prove to me that I’m equal to Mills and West.”

She looked back at me.

“I just want you, Tate. No subtext.”

She was already wet enough for me to coat my cock in her juices and slide inside. We both moaned quietly as her body stretched around me. With one arm under her head and the other draped over her hip, I slowly rocked in and out of her while kissing her neck and shoulder. I cupped her breast and teased her nipple and then stroked down her stomach to gently circle her clit.

“Oh, god, Tate.” She rolled her hips as I kept the same deep, slow pace.

I held her tighter as we moved together.

“Tonight, you’re my princess, Reagan. I want to take care of you and show you how precious you are. Tomorrow, maybe you’ll be my tied up little sex kitten and I’ll show you how hard I can make you beg to come. Don’t forget who I really am, baby.”

She pressed her hand over her mouth as her cunt pulsed around me, milking the come from my cock. I held her tight after we came together, my cock still buried deep inside her. I was still hard after the quick and easy sex but I was satisfied to just hold Reagan for the rest of the night. She proved once again that she was more than okay asking for what she wanted when she started rocking her hips just a few minutes later.

I smiled into her hair and gave her what she wanted.

CHAPTER 37

Reagan

I hurried downstairs the next day and rushed to the kitchen. I wasn't sure how to act in front of all three guys after the night before but I'd put off facing them for so long that I only had a few minutes before Nellie showed up to pick me up for brunch. I threw caution to the wind and did what I wanted to do, praying none of them pushed me away.

West was first, leaning against the island with a sandwich in one hand and a baby bottle in the other. Lucky was strapped to his chest, grunting as he reached for the bottle. I worked around Lucky to kiss West on the lips and then I pecked Lucky on the top of the head, much to his displeasure.

Tate was next and I blushed as I thought of the warning he'd given me the night before. Don't forget who I really am, baby. There wasn't a chance of that happening when I couldn't get the image of him with a coil of rope in his hands out of my head. I gripped his neck and pulled him down for a kiss and danced away from him when he tried for more.

Then, there was Mills. Standing farthest away from me, his arms crossed over his chest, he looked like an angry statue. I didn't let his vibe scare me away. Not after the night before. I wedged myself between his arms and chest, pulling out a few strands of my hair as I did. It earned a small smile from the big grump, though, so I counted it as a win. I peppered kisses up his chest until he groaned and bent down so I could kiss his mouth. He acted put out but I could feel his heart pounding against my hand on his chest and his cock hardening against my stomach.

“Where are you going?” West’s smile was contagious as he watched me. “You look beautiful.”

I blushed and fixed my hair after moving away from Mills.

“Thanks. Nellie’s picking me up. We’re having brunch. Harley’s coming, too. Maxie’s making pastries and I don’t plan on coming home until I’ve gained five pounds.”

A honk sounded from outside and I hurried around the kitchen, giving them each another kiss before saying goodbye to Lucky and hurrying towards the front door. If I hadn’t glanced back just before leaving I might not have noticed the looks on their faces. I hesitated, stuck for a moment between going with my friends and staying to take care of the guys. They looked sad. I’d never seen the exact expression on their faces before and I knew it was about their sisters.

Nellie honked again, though, and when I looked back at the guys, they were smiling and waving me away. I left but I didn’t feel as light as I had. I didn’t like knowing they were hurting and that I was unintentionally adding to their pain.

Nellie swore when I opened the door to her vintage car and a black ball of cat jumped at me. “Papa Jack!”

I easily scooped the fat cat up and put him in my lap before seat-belted myself in. I snorted.

“Not that I need the seatbelt. If we crashed, the sheer weight of this cat would hold me in place.”

“Holy shit. He let you grab him.”

I shrugged. "He likes me."

"First Mills and now Papa Jack. I think you're a witch." She pulled away from the house and saw me glance back a time or two. "What is it?"

I wasn't completely sure if I was right about the guys' feelings and I wasn't completely sure it was my place to say anything even if I was. I shook my head and smiled.

"Nothing."

"I'm nervous to ask this but did your plan work last night?"

I felt my face go red and realized I was petting Papa Jack a little aggressively when he growled.

"Um... Yeah?"

"You got him to talk to you finally?"

"Not exactly. He pissed me off, I ran from him into a field, he chased me, and I taunted him into basically screwing my brains out. But we didn't really talk...And that was way too much information to share with you." I groaned. "I'm just out of sorts. Your brothers are...a lot."

She faked a gag and reached over to slap my arm.

"God, woman! Why would you tell me that?!"

"I don't know! It was good. And then we went home and Tate washed my hair for me in the shower. He double shampooed, Nellie." I fanned myself. "And then he used

conditioner. Without me asking him to. He just did it. And he let it sit while he cleaned the rest of me. It was full service. Better than some salons I've gone to. The things I would do to have my hair cleaned by that man for the rest of my life..."

She jerked the car to a stop and Papa Jack slid into the floorboard with an angry hiss. She ignored him and stared at me with wide eyes.

"For the rest of your life?"

I helped the cat from the floor and tried to hide how flustered I was.

"You know, the expression? Just being dramatic. I didn't mean...It's not like...How about we just drive?"

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“I love my brothers, Reagan, but are you sure you’re not experiencing some kind of Stockholm Syndrome or something?” Driving again, Nellie rushed on. “They’re great, they are...They’re just...rough. I mean, we heard how they talked to you that day at Maxie’s. We all know they aren’t perfect. And you’re...so amazing, Reagan. You’re sweet and funny. We all love you so much. Don’t feel like you have to be with them to stay in the family, okay?”

I wasn’t sure if I was more heartbroken or pissed for the guys. I knew they weren’t perfect. I’d wanted to stab them more than once since arriving in Devil’s Den. I also knew they loved their sisters and would’ve been deeply hurt to know Nellie felt that way about them, like they were horrible and the only way I’d want to be with them would be because I was tricked or something. I didn’t want to snap at Nellie and I wasn’t sure how to navigate anger in such a new friendship so I just blinked a few times and shook my head.

“We should talk about something else.”

She looked at me in concern.

“I said too much. I’m sorry, Reagan.”

“It’s fine. Forget it.” I wanted to change the subject but I couldn’t get the words out around the sudden lump in my throat.

“It’s not fine. I was an asshole. I really am sorry, Reagan. They’re my brothers and we have a lot of history but that doesn’t mean I should shit talk them, especially to you.”

“They’re not all bad, Nellie. I know they can be assholes, trust me. I wanted to kill Mills just last night. Bad men don’t hold their son the way they do, though. Lucky has their hearts already. It’s the most amazing thing to watch. And I know they carry a lot of guilt about y’all’s history, whatever it is. Mills especially. You should give them a chance to prove they’re better men than they maybe showed before.”

“You love them.” She parked in front of Maxie’s bakery and stared at me in awe.
“Shit.”

I wasn’t ready for that yet so I held up my hands and shook my head.

“We’re not talking about that or anything else, especially not in front of everyone. I’m not ready.”

“Of course. I really am sorry I upset you.” She smiled and shrugged. “I am kind of happy for them that they somehow snagged a woman who will fight for them.”

I rolled my eyes.

“Let’s go eat. I’m... Hey, Nellie?”

“Yeah?”

“What are you doing with Papa Jack? He can’t go into the bakery. Maxie would murder you.”

She grinned. “I like to keep my men on their toes. Once or twice a week I let Papa Jack loose on the town and they have to chase him around while cleaning up whatever mess he made. They still haven’t figured out it’s me. They think that either it’s Waylan or that Papa Jack has magical powers.”

CHAPTER 38

Reagan

Harley gave me a ride back to the ranch after we spent far too long eating Maxie's baked goods and gossiping. She wanted to see Lucky so she was going to spend the night and I was beyond happy to spend some time with her. There was something going on with her and I wanted to get to the bottom of it.

"Stop staring at me like that, Rea." She rolled down the windows and immediately had about a hundred strands of hair in her mouth. Same as me.

"You think force feeding me my own hair is going to stop me from asking you what's going on?" I spit out a few more strands and tried to hold my hair down.

"What? Sorry! I can't hear you!" She punched the old radio until it came on, so loud that we both jumped.

Unfortunately for Harley, I knew her car was a piece of shit and that the last guy who'd worked on it had done some incredibly weird things to it. I reached over and hit the button to turn on the hazard lights and the whole car turned off. As we slowed to a stop in the sudden silence I smirked at her.

"Fuck you." There was no heat to the words as she dropped her head back and groaned. "I'll tell you. You can't say anything to me, though. I mean, you can and you should. I'll need you to. Just be nice and don't judge too harshly, okay?"

I frowned. "Did you murder someone?"

"No!" She looked at me like I was crazy. "And if I did, I wouldn't tell you! First of all, it's when killers talk that they get caught. Second of all, it would be so messed up

of me to make you an accessory after the fact. Third of all, you're just crazy enough to try to help me hide a body and you don't need that energy in your life right now."

I grabbed her hand.

"As much as I love your numbered lists, I need you to stop stalling and tell me what happened."

"I got invited to another auction."

“I’m not going for you again!”

“I’m not asking you to!” She dropped her head forward on the steering wheel and instead of honking, the car started. We both lunged to turn off the radio before we were deafened. After the small panic, Harley word vomited it all up. “I didn’t want to go to the auction as a virgin, Rea. I’ve heard of some of the kinky shit that happens and I didn’t want to lose my virginity to some rich guy in his eighties.”

I gaped at her. “You’re a virgin?”

“Not anymore.”

I screamed. “Harley!”

“I know! I have this guy friend who deals drugs and—”

“You screwed him?”

“No! I lost my mind, Rea. I bought ecstasy from him. I thought it would help make me relax enough to just do it, you know?”

“You took ecstasy and lost your virginity?!”

“No! Well, sort of. Oh, my god, Reagan. Just let me get it all out.” She watched me pretend to zip my lips before continuing. “I bought one pill and then I went to this house party in a rich neighborhood. I even safety pinned a condom to my shirt so I didn’t forget to use one. Not through the condom, of course. Just the wrapper. And

I'm on birth control. I'm not a complete idiot. I went to the party and I was about to take the pill when the cops showed up!"

I gasped. "No!"

"Yeah! I can't go to prison for drug possession, Reagan. So, I freaked out and ran. I dove over a fence and then I thought I needed to take the pill so that if I got caught, the cops wouldn't find the drugs. So, I took it. And then I jumped another fence and ended up at this fancy party. It was crazy, Rea. It was a sexparty. I slipped upstairs to hide and wait it out and I ran into these guys..."

I couldn't stay silent. "What the fuck?! And then what?!"

"I don't know, Rea. The drugs hit and these guys were so hot. They were in masks, though, I think. I don't...I don't remember much of it. Just that it was way better than how I thought losing my virginity would go."

My mouth was hanging open and I was pretty sure I'd never be able to shut it again. Of all the things I could've ever imagined Harley saying, that would've been the last of them. I stared at her and blinked. She'd taken drugs, accidentally attended a sex party, and lost her virginity to "These guys?"

She chewed at her cuticle and nodded.

"Three. I think you spoke too highly of your night of sex and I just...went with it."

"I... Wow."

"I woke up the next morning and fled the scene of the crime while they were still sleeping. Now I have the auction coming up and I'm no less scared." Turning to face me completely, Harley grabbed my hands and frowned. "I have to do it. I need the

money. I can't put it off any longer. Talk me through everything again? From the moment you arrived, to the moment you left. I need to know every little thing there is to know."

I nodded.

"I can do that. I also have a little money saved up that you can have, Harley."

"No. Never." She blew out a deep breath and squared her shoulders. "I'll take money from men like the ones at that club but I would never take money from you. You actually deserve the money you've earned."

"Come on. Drive us to the ranch and I'll make you a drink so you can relax while I tell you everything."

CHAPTER 39

Reagan

I saw Harley off the next day and then went in search of Lucky and the guys. West had strapped Lucky onto his chest earlier that morning and all four of the males I lived with had trotted happily away with a full diaper bag. I hadn't known that sight could be a turn-on until I'd watched Mills pull it over his shoulder. My mind was full of the things Harley had told me about losing her virginity and of all the worries she had about the auction. It occurred to me that I'd been lucky I hadn't had much time to panic. I'd gone into the auction pretty much blind and I hadn't been given time to compose a full panic. Just a minor one.

I was also thinking about how Harley had admitted her opinion on the guys had changed. She no longer wanted to strangle Mills. She'd sat with them the night before and watched them with Lucky and, same as me, had forgotten all her previous

misgivings. I had butterflies in my stomach and clouds in my head as I walked across the ranch.

I was starting to believe that maybe I could have my happy ending, and in a way I'd never dared to expect. Tate and West had called what we had a relationship. I still wasn't sure about Mills but he hadn't been avoiding me since our night in the field. He'd been...attentive. Harley had even commented on how much he watched me. There was hope that maybe I'd have the family I'd always wanted and maybe I'd be able to give Lucky a happy home with his dads.

Jolene walked out of the barn and spotted me. Her face twisted into something worried as she came towards me.

"Just the person I was hoping to see. There's a cow in the north pasture I'm going out to check on. Want to come with me?"

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“Sure thing. As long as you don’t mind waiting while I find Lucky and snuggle him real fast.” I motioned towards the barn and smiled. “Are they in there?”

“Well, Mills is but Tate and West had to run to town to grab—” Jolene was cut off by the sound of a soft feminine giggle. Her frown deepened. “Tate and West went to town to grab something for—”

I missed whatever else Jolene said. A sinking feeling crushed all those butterflies in my stomach as I glanced back toward the house and saw a red sports car. I hadn’t noticed it while telling Harley goodbye but I knew it belonged to the girly laugh coming from the barn.

I wasn’t sure why my stomach was crashing so insanely but as I inched closer to the opening of the barn, I had a lump in my throat and a dangerous feeling closing in over my head. Whatever I was about to see wasn’t going to be anything I wanted. Maybe it was the way that laugh fluttered out of the barn, like a caress. Or maybe it was hearing Lucky’s soft coos right along with it.

Mills had his back to me and his big frame blocked out the woman on the other side of him at first. Lucky was in his carrier, resting by their feet. Then I watched two skinny arms come up and wrap around Mills’ neck. He shifted and I could see that she was pressing her body to his from knee to shoulder. I could also see that it was Melanie Boyd.

My entire body erupted in unpleasant tingles as Mills’ arm came up around her waist. He was hugging her back. Worse. He was holding her. She lowered one of her hands and brought it around his back and I watched in absolute horror as she pushed a tiny

scrap of material into his back pocket. I twisted away, the low murmur of their voices lost on me. I was already halfway to the house when I spun back around. There was no way I was going to let Lucky sit there while Mills hooked up with Melanie. It was disgusting to even think about.

Melanie was already coming out of the barn, eyes bright as she spotted me. In a tiny jean skirt and a tiny pink tank top, she looked like a sexy farmer Barbie. Knowing she probably didn't have panties on, since I figured that's what she slipped into Mills' pocket, just made the short skirt even worse. Had Mills flipped it up and taken her over his desk? Had that jean skirt just been bunched at her waist while she rode him?

Her face split in a wide smile.

"Oh, hey. You're still here?"

She had the confidence of a woman who'd just won. All I had was my hurt and anger and dead butterflies. I couldn't engage with her and expect to make it out with any pride left.

I walked past her and nearly collided with Mills as he was coming out of the barn. He grunted and tried to grab me with the hand not holding Lucky but he let it drop when he saw me wince away from him. I stared at his boots, wondering what they'd just seen, and squeezed my eyes shut.

"I came to get Lucky."

"What's wrong?" Mills sounded genuinely confused and it raked up and down my spine that he could play so innocent.

I glanced over my shoulder at Melanie getting into her car and let out a bitter laugh.

“How’s Melanie?”

Mills grunted. “You’re mad that Melanie was here?”

I jerked my gaze up to his and found him smirking. He thought it was a joke, clearly. He didn’t look bothered, or busted, at all.

“Did you fuck her in front of Lucky?”

Seeing his head snap back and his smirk die should’ve been pleasing but it wasn’t. The confusion and then anger that fell over his face just made me angrier.

“I’m sorry? Did you just ask me if I fucked Melanie in front of our son?”

“I did. And I’m still waiting for an answer.”

“Are you nuts?” He put Lucky down beside us and grabbed my upper arms to lightly shake me. “Is this a joke? You can’t seriously be accusing me of fucking Melanie.”

“I saw the two of you! She had her hands all over you and you were holding her. You have her underwear in your pocket, for god’s sake! Don’t lie to me.” I growled as tears pricked the back of my eyes. “I don’t have any say over who you fuck but I don’t want it happening in front of Lucky.”

“Her underwear?” Mills reached back and pulled out a tiny red thong. He dropped it as soon as he saw it and swore.

CHAPTER 40

Reagan

“Come into the office so we can talk.”

“No. I don’t want to talk about her. It’s none of my business.” I leaned over to grab Lucky but Mills stopped me and pulled me back upright before I could. “Stop it, Mills.”

“We’re going to talk. I tried the ‘avoiding you’ thing and you refused to accept it so here we are. You’re coming into my office with me to talk. Now.” He grabbed Lucky’s carrier in one hand and my arm in the other. “This is fucking ridiculous. Goddamn Melanie.”

I struggled but as soon as I saw the desk, I yanked hard enough to fall back on my ass.

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“I don’t want to see where it happened!”

After setting Lucky down Mills turned to me and yanked me up. He put me down on top of the desk and braced his hands on either side of my thighs.

“I didn’t fuck Melanie. Are you going to trust me?”

I shoved against his chest.

“You were holding her!”

“I hugged her back! I didn’t realize you’d react like this over a hug!” He groaned at the ceiling and blew out a deep breath. “Just...stop. Give me a minute to calm down. I don’t want to—”

“She had her hands all over you. She slipped her hand into your back pocket! Why did she do that if she didn’t feel like she had the right to? And maybe if it wasn’t the woman you fucked before me, I wouldn’t feel like this. She’s made it more than clear that I’m just a stepping-stone back to her. And now you’re holding her!” The tears were starting to escape but as mortifying as they were, I couldn’t stop them.

“Jesus Christ. I’m telling you I didn’t do anything with her. Despite how it looked to you, I didn’t do anything! Can’t you trust me that much?”

“No!” I wiped at my eyes and shook my head. “I know what I saw. If there’s nothing there, why did you hold her? Why did you let her touch you like that? How am I supposed to trust you? I barely know you!”

“I hugged her. If she’d touched me for much longer, I was going to tell her to stop. How the fuck she slipped a thong into my pocket without me noticing, I don’t know. What I do know is that she came in, we chatted, I gave her a donation for the charity she runs, and then she left. Fuck, Reagan! Most of the time we spoke, I talked about you and Lucky!”

“How am I supposed to believe that? Tate and West have made it clear they want something more with me but you haven’t. I had to trick you into touching me. You’ve been so closed off since I got here and now you expect me to just innately trust you? How, Mills?”

I saw the moment I said the perfectly wrong thing. Mentioning Tate and West during our fight did something to him and the new, softer Mills vanished.

His mouth was twisted in a cruel line as he leaned closer.

“Yet you expected me to blindly trust you when you showed up here with a kid, smelling like desperation? No home, no job, no fucking car. Just a woman we paid for... You and everyone else thought the worst of me when I didn’t immediately trust you but you can’t return the favor and trust me now?”

I clutched my hands over my stomach as his words hit like physical blows. I blinked up at him as my anger fled and only hurt remained.

He turned away and didn’t notice my change of expression. He was still in the middle of a fight he’d already won and he was kicking a dead horse without realizing it.

“You and everyone else think the worst of me, don’t you? How fucking easy my family opened up for you and let you in, though. A complete stranger who got knocked up in a sex club. Everyone has trusted and accepted you, Reagan, but you aren’t returning a fucking iota of that to me. I didn’t fuck Melanie. Like you said, I

have you in my house, tricking me into fucking you. Why would I need her?”

I pushed off the desk and scurried around it. Those stupid butterflies were rotting away in my stomach and I felt like vomiting. He hated me. He had to. Why else would he talk to me like he was? His blows were low and especially cruel, meant to cut. Hewantedto hurt me.

He spun around and opened his mouth to continue his tirade but he stopped dead in his tracks and made a sound I'd never heard a grown man make. It was closer to a wild animal in pain than it was human. The anger pinching his eyebrows disappeared and his chest rose and fell even faster.

“Fuck... I'm... I didn't mean that, Reagan. I'm sorry. I just—”

I wiped my eyes as fast as the tears came and held up my hand to stop him from coming closer to me. I sucked in a shaky breath and shook my head.

“I... I have to go.”

“No, angel. Stop and let me make it right. I shouldn't have said that shit. I just... I got upset and... Fuck! I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. Just stay here and talk to me.” He edged his way around the desk. “I fucked up. I don't feel like that about you, Reagan. I just said it to... Shit.”

“You said it to hurt me.” I saw the confirmation in his haunted eyes. “You did a good job. I can't be here right now. I have to go. Just let me.”

“Angel, please. I swear to god I didn't touch Melanie more than what you saw and I swear to god I didn't mean that shit I said.” He tugged at his hair roughly. “I can't stand to see you cry. Please, just let me make it better.”

I picked Lucky up and walked out of the barn, Mills following silently behind. Jolene swore when she saw us coming and quickly turned away. I didn't stop. I walked into the house and upstairs to my room. At some point Mills stopped following me.

CHAPTER 41

Tate

I stared at the staircase with a deep scowl on my face. It'd taken Mills less than two hours to somehow ruin what we'd established with Reagan. She was closed away in her room and she wasn't coming out. She'd been kind enough to our feelings to lie and say she just didn't feel well but it didn't take much to hear the tears in her voice and to understand that she was hiding from all of us. Not just Mills.

I blew out a deep breath and glared over at Mills.

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“Tell me again what happened.”

He sat forward and rubbed his hands over his face.

“No. I’ve already told you three times. I’m not repeating it again.”

West walked over from the kitchen with a glass of whiskey.

“Why the fuck were you touching Melanie?”

Mills growled and shoved off the couch to go face to face with him.

“I hugged her back. I didn’t think it would be that big of a deal. How the hell was I supposed to know that touching her would set Reagan off?”

“How would you feel if you walked up on someone shoving their hand down Reagan’s pants? While she held them?” I stood up and walked over to the stairs. I just wanted to go up and force my way into her room so I could hold her. “I fucking know how I’d feel. I would’ve ripped the guys’ arms off.”

“I fucked up! I get it. I fucked up in multiple ways. I don’t know what to do. I tried to apologize.” He tugged at his hair and paced. “I don’t know how to fix this. She won’t even talk to me.”

“Try harder! Go up there right now and make it right.” I heard the knock at the front door and glared at it. We didn’t need company right then. We needed time alone with Reagan to makeshit better. Before I could yell at them to go away, the door swung

open and Maxie let herself in.

She looked at us, standing at the bottom of the stairs like a bunch of kicked puppies, and put her hands on her hips.

“What happened?”

A sinking feeling washed over me. Had Reagan already called our sisters to tell them about Mills’ fuck up? I was feeling as sensitive about our sisters as Mills lately and I wasn’t sure how I felt about the idea of them hearing bad shit about us from Reagan. The relationships with them were already strained. They already didn’t seem to care for us all that much. If we ever hoped to repair those relationships, Reagan couldn’t tell them every single fuck up we made.

Movement at the top of the stairs caught my attention and I looked up to see Reagan standing there with a forced smile on her face and a scowling Lucky in her arms. She let out a fake laugh and rolled her eyes.

“Nothing happened. I’m just pms-ing and I think your brothers were debating how to approach the dragon lady upstairs.”

She was lying. I wasn’t sure why, but she was.

Maxie laughed easily and hurried over to take Lucky from her as soon as she reached the bottom of the stairs.

“All of our brothers used to disappear when one of us got our period. I thought they’d grow out of it.”

“Are you going somewhere?” Mills subtly moved closer to Reagan but she was so closed off that it was useless. With her arms wrapped tightly around her midsection,

she was blocking all of us out.

She looked uncomfortable at his question and cleared her throat. Before she could answer, though, Maxie jumped in.

“Actually, yeah. She’s coming with me to dinner with Nellie and Vera.” Maxie bounced Lucky against her hip and grinned when he glared at her. “She tried to get out of it but no one can say no to chicken pot pie night at the diner.”

Reagan shifted from foot to foot and stared at the floor.

“I’ll just grab his bag and we can go.”

“Is everyone going?” West’s quiet question made Reagan’s shoulders stiffen but Maxie was so busy playing with Lucky that it didn’t seem to register to her that West sounded upset.

“Um, I don’t know. Maybe?” Maxie laughed at Lucky’s grunt of disapproval and finally looked up at us. She waved us off as she backed away. “Should we send some pie back home to you?”

Reagan cleared her throat again.

“Actually, Vera asked me to stay over at her place tonight so I’m not coming back here. If y’all want chicken pot pie, you should probably come to the diner.”

Maxie shrugged.

“Yeah, sure. Whatever you want. Come on, Rea. Let’s get there before all the good tables are taken.”

I was still trying to process that Reagan wasn't planning on coming home that night when she slipped past us and left without another word. The sound of the front door shutting was loud in the suddenly silent house. I felt like I was being hit from multiple sides as I walked over to the couch and sank into it.

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Mills pulled his fist back and slammed it forward into the wall, cracking the wood plank he'd struck and leaving his knuckles bleeding.

"I can't do this."

West grabbed his shoulders and steered him into the kitchen to shove his hand under the faucet.

"What? What can't you do?"

"I know I've been a shitty brother. I missed things I should've seen. I judged our sisters too harshly. I wasn't always here for them. But goddammit, I've apologized and I've tried. I can't fix it if they aren't willing to give me a chance. They act like we aren't part of this fucking family, and maybe that's the way they'd prefer it, but we're a fucking part of it."

I hung my head and blew out a deep breath.

"You're right."

"I feel the same way. We all messed up but they aren't giving us room to make it right. They're shutting us out. Just like Reagan." West grabbed a handful of paper towels and held them to Mills' fist. "And if she goes to them to tell them all of her grievances with us, things are just going to get worse. We're never going to have a relationship with our sisters. They're going to invite Reagan and our son to their homes and events and eventually Lucky will be old enough to wonder why his aunts hate us."

I shuddered. “No. This shit has to end.”

“And Reagan?” Mills looked between us. “How do we fix that?”

I didn’t know. It was clear none of us knew what to do. We were in over our heads. Reagan was important to us but I wasn’t sure any of us were ready to label just how important she was. It still felt so new. I wasn’t willing to lose her, though. She was meant to be with us, with Lucky.

“We just have to make it clear to all of them that Reagan is ours and that we’re human. We make mistakes but that’s no excuse to get together and shut us out. If we’re willing to talk about shit, they should be, too. Things have to change. With all of us.” West shot Mills a look. “You need to apologize again for the stupid shit you said. And then we need to make it clear to Reagan and our sisters that we’re fucking trying. That deserves a little effort from them, too.”

“So, we’re going to the diner?” Mills grabbed a kitchen towel and tied it around his knuckles. “I’m not going to make a scene this time.”

“There’s a first time for everything.” I smirked at the dirty look Mills shot my way. “Let’s go get our family.”

CHAPTER 42

Reagan

“I need to talk to y’all about your brothers.” I swallowed a large gulp of sweet tea and tried to shove down the urge to cry with it. I felt more emotional than ever after fighting with Mills and telling Tate and West to stay away. No matter how upset I was with Mills, though, I couldn’t get the image of his shoulders slumping when he found out about yet another family event he wasn’t invited to out of my head. He’d

crushed my feelings earlier in the day but if there was a chance I could help keep his from being crushed by his sisters over and over again, I was going to take it.

Maxie, Nellie, and Vera, were all sitting closest to me in the middle of the tables we'd taken up at the diner. Their husbands were spread out around them, each keeping a kid or two busy. Arlo had Lucky and was having a blast watching Lucky scowl at everyone and everything but Hank. It seemed Lucky and Hank were already best friends.

"What'd they do this time?" Maxie shook her head. "I knew something was wrong. You look like you've been crying."

"God, those men. They can be such idiots." Vera rolled her eyes and leaned forward. "Tell us everything they did so we can skin them alive for you."

I put my glass down a little heavier than I meant to and rattled the silverware on the table.

"Honestly, it seems like that idiot gene runs in the family."

Nellie sighed.

"Shit. We did it now, didn't we?"

I nodded.

"Yeah, you did. There's no reason to assume your brothers did anything wrong, but you did. That wouldn't even be so awful if you gave them a chance to be here to defend themselves but you don't. None of you ever invite them to anything. Do you think they don't notice?"

“I told them they could come tonight.” Maxie’s cheeks were flushing. “I mean... Right?”

“You mean that sad invite you threw out after telling them everyone was getting together? That was pathetic and you know it. I love you guys like you’re my own sisters but you can’t keep doing this to your brothers. Every time you don’t invite them to something, I watch it hurt them. They want to be your brothers so desperately but they don’t know where to start and none of you are helping.” I took a deep breath and shook my head. “I’ve heard enough about everything that happened before I got here to know they let each of you down. They’ve fucked up. What was the point in telling them how they failed each of you if you didn’t plan on giving them a chance to be better?”

Nellie sighed and sat back in her chair.

“It really bothers them when we don’t invite them?”

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“Yes! It hurts them. Whether you want to see it, or not, your brothers are like little boys when it comes to their sisters. They know they fucked up and they just want to be invited to the family again. They think you hate them, that the ways they failed you are too big for you to move past. Yet you accepted me with open arms. I was a stranger. They watched you treat a stranger so much better than you’ve treated them. It’s not right.” I groaned as tears burned my eyes and slipped free. “Jesus. What a mess. I’m sorry. I’m sorry for being blunt about it but I need y’all to see your brothers through a different lens.”

Vera crossed her arms and frowned.

“Well, tell it like it is, why don’t you?”

“Maybe we haven’t been fair.” Maxie blew out a deep breath. “They just come across as jerks so often. Like with you. We all heard how they spoke to you.”

“And that’s an issue for them to work out with me. They’re flawed men, I’ll give you that. I’m so angry at Mills right now that I could strangle him. They make mistakes. I’m pretty sure your husbands do, too, though. Men are dumb. It is what it is. Intention matters. Your brothers love y’all. They’re desperate to have a relationship with each of you.” I clutched my napkin tight in my lap. “Can’t you try for them?”

“I didn’t know it meant so much to them.” Maxie sighed. “Of course, we can try. They’re our brothers and we love them.”

“We just don’t always show it...” Vera groaned. “I don’t have to apologize to them or anything, do I?”

I couldn't help laughing.

"I think just inviting them to a family event would be enough."

"Wait. Why are you mad at Mills?" Nellie wagged her brows. "The honeymoon stage can't be over that fast."

"And how much do you love him if you're mad at him and you're still down here fighting for them?" Vera leaned across the table to playfully slap my arm. "A lot, clearly."

I scowled at Nellie. "You told them?!"

She cackled. "No! You just did."

"You love them?" Maxie wrapped her arms around me and hugged me tight. "I should've known. You're protecting their feelings way more than we ever have."

We were all so huddled together that the rest of the world had fallen away.

"We're not talking about that. We're talking about me being mad, them being sad, and you three being nicer."

"So, are you going to tell us why you're mad?" Vera rubbed her hands together. "Even if we're nicer to them and start inviting them places, we still want the gossip."

I took a long drink of my tea and thought about it. It didn't take me long to come to my answer. No. If I needed to complain about Mills, I could call Harley.

"Nope."

“At least tell us if we need to knock some sense into him.” Nellie looked over my shoulder and then back at me. “Or all three of them.”

“They’re stupid men. Of course you could always knock some sense into them.” I rolled my eyes, clearly joking, and then jumped about a foot in the air when Mills spoke from directly behind me.

“Telling our sisters all the bad shit about me that you can, Reagan?” Mills sounded hurt but he also sounded furious. “Did you tell them I cheated? Or that I called you desperate?”

Turning to face him, I saw Tate and West at his side, looking just as frustrated as him. They were all mad at me, that much was clear. They all clearly thought the worst of me. They thought I was ranting to their sisters about them.

“Because they don’t hate us enough as it is.” Tate scowled around the table. “Why not add to it?”

Their sisters were in as much shock as I was. After fighting for them, to have them show up and act like a bunch of assholes was just...terrible.

“Maybe we should all carry this to one of our homes so we aren’t fighting in front of the whole town?” Arlo stood up with Lucky and gently handed him to me. “Our house?”

“Oh, are we invited there? Maybe check with your wife because I’m not sure we are.” Mills turned his glare back to me. “Instead of talking to me, you had to come to my sisters? Do you hate me so much that you want to keep our family apart?”

I realized two things in that moment. The first being that Mills was unfairly beautiful when he was furious. The second, and most important, being that no matter what I

did, they'd never trust me. If Mills could accuse me of trying to keep his family apart after everything I'd told him, he didn't know me and he never would because he didn't want to.

I used their sisters' justified outbursts to silently slip away.

CHAPTER 43

Reagan

I got lucky when I ran into Jolene as soon as I stepped out of the diner. She took one look at me, one look past me into the diner, and swore. I didn't even have to ask her for a ride. She just pointed at her truck and helped me get Lucky's carrier locked in before driving away from town.

"You okay?"

I let out a watery laugh.

"I don't know."

"That's a no, then." She sighed heavily. "They mean well. They're just idiots. If it makes a difference, I don't think anything happened with that flower bitch, Melanie. Not for her lack of trying, either. Mills only has eyes for you."

I stared out the window as the fields passed by.

"Maybe so. He doesn't really see me, though, Jolene. I've told all three of them about how desperately I want a family and always have. I told them all about being raised in the system and fighting to save Mason when I found out about him. Family means something to me. It's the reason I came here to find them and stayed even when they were assholes. I fought for them tonight. I told their sisters to stop leaving them out and I was making progress. Because I see how much it hurts them and I care. Then they came in and accused me of trying to keep their family apart."

She swore again. “Fucking idiots.”

I looked down at Lucky and sniffed.

“Maybe I’ve been so desperate to give Lucky a happy family with his dads that I’ve ignored the obvious. They don’t really care about me. Not really. If they did, they never could’ve accused me of that. Mills was right, I guess. I have been desperate.”

“He called you desperate?”

“It doesn’t matter. I can’t do this, Jolene. I can’t keep hoping and crossing my fingers that I’m somehow going to get the happy ending that Nellie, Vera, and Maxie got. The sex is good, but that’s about it. You can’t build a healthy family on that. They think the worst of me over and over again.” I sniffed again, trying to contain my tears. “Maybe they’re right, sometimes. The way I reacted to seeing Mills hugging Melanie wasn’t great. I was jealous and I lashed out. That’s not healthy, either. This whole thing has been unhealthy but I’ve just been hoping and praying they were it for me.”

Jolene reached across the small truck to hold my hand. “I—”

“Will you take me to the bunkhouse, Jolene? I need to talk to Mason.”

“Of course. And then what?”

“And then I’m going to pack up and go. I can’t stay in that house with them for another night, playing family like everything’s great. It’s too hard.” I stroked Lucky’s cheek. “I’ll write out some sort of plan for us sharing Lucky before I go. I don’t want to keep them apart. No matter what they say or think. They’re good dads. They love Lucky and he loves them.”

“Reagan...Maybe stay at the bunkhouse for a night or two? Sort everything out before you leave. Those guys are stupid but I think they care about you.” Jolene heard me grunt and rushed on. “I’ve never seen them act the way they do with you. I would’ve sworn they loved you if you’d asked me this morning, Reagan.”

“And now?”

She let out a bone deep sigh.

“I still think they love you. I just think they love sabotaging themselves more.”

“You know I love them?” When she nodded, I had to wipe tears from my cheeks. “I do. I love them so much. I wish it mattered.”

The rest of the drive was quiet. She drove me straight to the bunkhouse and turned the truck off.

“I’ll wait to give you and Lucky a ride to the house.”

I would’ve sent her away but the night air was cool enough that I didn’t want to get Lucky sick. “Thank you, Jolene.”

The bunkhouse door opened and Mason stuck his head out. “I thought that was you. What are you doing here?”

I hurried to his side and hugged him tight.

“I’m going back to Dallas. I just wanted to let you know.”

He stammered and pushed away from me.

“What? What are you talking about?”

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“I wasn’t planning on staying forever, Mason. I’m just...cutting my trip a little short. I love you, kid.” I bit my lip to stop myself from crying. “You’re doing great here. I’m proud of you.”

He stepped outside fully and shut the door behind him.

“I thought you and the guys were...together?”

I looked down and shook my head.

“No.”

“Rea...”

I hugged him again, even tighter.

“I’ll call you as soon as I get back. I’ll be with Harley, of course.”

“You can’t go back there, Reagan. Just stay here. If you don’t want to stay in the main house, you could stay in one of the cabins. The guys would let you.”

I pressed a kiss to his cheek and smiled.

“Love you. The guys will have Lucky half the time, so don’t worry about missing the little man and his attitude.”

I didn’t give him a chance to keep arguing. I hurried back to Jolene’s truck and told

her to go. I didn't look back at Mason to see if he was still standing there, watching. I couldn't. I was already so close to fully breaking down.

I said goodbye to Jolene without giving her a chance to say more, just as I had with Mason, and then I hurried up to my room to pack my things. I didn't have much so it didn't take long. What took time was sitting down and writing out what amounted to a custody schedule. Writing down the times I'd be forced to give Lucky up felt horrible but I couldn't be unfair. I wouldn't do that to the guys.

The longer I stared at the paper, the more I started to worry I couldn't go back to Dallas. I wasn't sure I could be that far from Lucky at any given time. Staying at the ranch wasn't an option, though. I didn't know what to do.

Lucky's angry cry startled me from my emotional dumpster fire. He was hungry and he screamed until he latched onto my breast. That was another issue with being away from him. He liked breastfeeding more than he liked bottles. He'd eat no matter what but he was never as happy with a bottle. Walking away from the ranch meant leaving Lucky without his favorite means of eating.

He fell asleep within minutes of feeding and I settled him in his bassinet while I held the notebook again. Staring at him while holding the sheet of paper that would take him from me fifty percent of the time made me feel like a monster. I was giving him up. I was so lost in thought I didn't hear the guys arriving home or coming up the stairs. I only realized they were home when my bedroom door swung open.

I didn't have time to hide the notebook I was staring at with a distraught expression on my face.

CHAPTER 44

Reagan

West's eyes ate up the paper with a fierce intensity. When he looked up at me again, he looked as distraught as I felt.

"No."

Tate came into the room and took the notebook from me. His big body tensed more and more as he read my words.

"West is right. No. This isn't happening."

I pulled my knees to my chest and hugged them tight.

"It is. This...This isn't working. I want something on paper for us so there's no confusion."

"There's a hell of a lot of confusion if you think you're leaving and going back to Dallas." Tate dropped the notebook on the bed beside me and squatted in front of me. "Come downstairs and talk to us."

I looked over at Lucky and took a deep breath.

"I'm all packed up. I should go so I can get a room for the night."

"You're not going anywhere." Mills' jaw muscles worked as he clenched and unclenched his teeth. "Come downstairs, Reagan."

Frustration at being ignored bubbled up and I unfolded my body from the bed.

“Fine.”

I sidestepped each of them and grabbed the baby monitor. My heart was pounding away in my chest but I already knew the outcome of the conversation. I was leaving. I hurried down the stairs and went to the dining room table. I put myself on the opposite side from them and crossed my arms as I waited.

Tate stood across from me and gripped the back of a chair.

“Our sisters told us what you were doing when we came in like a bunch of assholes.”

I shrugged. “Okay.”

“Why were you arguing for us after the way I talked to you?” Mills seemed genuinely confused and it made me ache even more.

“I’ve done everything I could to show you who I am. I’ve made it clear how much family means to me. I was willing to stay here even when you three were being awful to me in the beginning because I wanted a family for Lucky. For you to think I’d do anything other than fight for your family shows you haven’t paid attention at all. You don’t know me. Maybe you don’t want to. I don’t know. This talk isn’t going to change what I saw tonight, though. Whatever I thought was happening here...I was wrong.” I wrapped my arms around myself and held on tight. “You’re never going to let me in. You don’t trust me any more than I trust you, apparently. Worse, you don’t trust my motives. You think I’d try to come between you guys and your sisters. The way you looked at me tonight...I don’t want that anymore. I want to leave. Iamleaving.”

West pulled out a chair and sank heavily into it.

“You’re already in, Reagan. We trust you. Things with our family have been tense and it made us act stupid tonight.”

Mills gripped the back of his neck.

“It’s my fault. I fucked up a lot today. Don’t take it out on my brothers, Rea.”

I frowned at him.

“You did fuck up today. You hurt me. You talked to me like I was nothing. But you didn’t fuck up alone. All three of you thought the worst of me tonight.”

“Just like you thought the worst of me today.” Mills leaned forward with his hands braced on the table. “You thought I fucked Melanie.”

I nodded. “I did.”

“Can’t we just chalk this day up as a loss and move on?” He sighed. “Please, Reagan.”

“No. I can’t keep doing this. Everything with you three has been one extreme after another. The way I feel... It’s too big to be healthy. It hurts too much when you look at me like you hate me or talk to me like you did tonight. I’m leaving.”

“I care about you, Reagan. Doesn’t that matter?” West stared up at me with so much emotion shining in his eyes that it felt like I was being strangled by it.

I squeezed my eyes shut and shook my head.

“How can you care about me when you think I could try to alienate you from your family?”

With a surprising amount of anger Tate slammed his hands down on the table.

“Don’t question our feelings for you. We care about you, Reagan. We’ve crossed so many of our own boundaries to be with you and we haven’t regretted it for a moment. You’re worth it. You belong here with us. We made a mistake tonight and our sisters made sure we knew it. I was fucking humbled and I feel like a piece of shit for questioning you. I want to make it up to you. I want to spend all my time with you, Reagan, so I can fix this and prove to you that I want and need you. I can’t do that if you run away, kitten.”

Tears peppered my eyes but I blinked them away.

“I’m sorry. I’ve already made up my mind. I’m going.”

“No.” Mills came around the table and pulled me into his chest. He held me with my arms limp at my sides and rested his chin on top of my head. “You can’t leave, Reagan.”

“I have to. This is just going to keep happening and I can’t take it. The longer I stay, the stronger I feel for y’all, and the more it’s going to hurt.” I inhaled his scent greedily, knowing I might not ever get that close to him again. “I don’t think I can go back to Dallas. Being that far from Lucky would kill me. I’ll find somewhere in town to stay.”

“Stop it.” Mills held me tighter. “You’re staying here. We’re going to fix this.”

I shook my head but Mills gripped my hair in his big fist and held my head still. Tears leaked out faster.

“There’s nothing to fix.”

“Let her go, Mills.” Tate’s voice was flatter than I’d ever heard it.

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“No!” Mills took a shuddering breath. “No. I’m not letting her walk out.”

“She isn’t leaving tonight.” Tate sighed. “It’s too late and I highly doubt she’d chance hurting Lucky by going out in the dark to find a place to stay. Let her go and we’ll talk again in the morning. We all need some sleep and to clear our heads.”

As soon as Mills’ arms loosened, I pushed away from him and hurried upstairs to my room. I couldn’t handle him holding me for a second longer because I was so close to cracking and accepting whatever scraps they’d give me.

I locked myself in and curled up under my blanket in bed with all of my clothes still on. Their words banged around in my head for hours until I finally passed out. Even in my sleep, their sad faces haunted me. I knew I was doing the right thing, though. So, when I woke up just a couple of hours after falling asleep, I texted Harley to ask her to come pick me up.

CHAPTER 45

Reagan

“Are you going to answer that?” Harley spoke around a big bite of her breakfast sandwich. “If you aren’t, maybe turn it off? I’m starting to hear that ringtone even when your phone isn’t ringing.”

I ignored the call, just like I had the first fifty. It was clear the guys weren’t handling my disappearance very well. They hadn’t expected me to be gone when they woke up. Harley had been awake when I texted her, though, and she was desperate for

something to get her mind off the upcoming auction so she'd gotten in her car and come straight to me. I'd snuck out with my things and Lucky before the sun came up.

"Well?" Harley swallowed and turned to look at me. "Judging by the tears and the pouting, it doesn't seem like you actually want to leave them. And judging by the incessant phone calls and texts, it doesn't seem like they want you to leave."

I picked at my own sandwich and rested my head on the seat with a heavy sigh.

"I'm doing the right thing."

"I'm not sure either of us know what the right thing is anymore. You got knocked up during a sex auction and I accidentally got high and lost my virginity so I wouldn't lose it during a sex auction. Your supposedly wrong thing led to Lucky being born. I'm still waiting to see what mine brings..." Sighing back at me, she shrugged. "I just think you were happy with them."

"You hated them until a couple of days ago." I rewrapped my sandwich and tossed it back in the bag. "This sucks. Everything sucks."

"I hated them until I saw them with you and Lucky. They're probably stupid but they love Lucky." She hesitated. "I would've sworn they loved you, too."

I scoffed. "Don't."

My phone started ringing again but when I looked at it to ignore the call again, I saw that it was Maxie. Harley saw, too, and nodded for me to take the call. I didn't even get to say hello before Maxie was talking.

"Reagan? Are you okay? Mills just called me and said you left and they didn't know where you went. They're freaking out and now I'm freaking out because I've never

heard Mills sound like that.”

That was all it took for me to start crying again.

“I’m okay. I’m just moving out.”

“Where are you?”

“I’m with Harley. We got breakfast and now I’m about to—”

“Come over.” Maxie didn’t sound any less stressed. “You’re not going back to the motel and there’s nowhere else for you to stay in town. You’ll move in with us. We have plenty of room. You can have an entire side of the house to yourself.”

I hesitated and when I did Harley took it as her chance to speak up.

“She’ll do it!” She looked at me and my shocked face. “What? You need a place to stay and Maxie is awesome.”

“Thanks. You can come, too, Harley. If you get tired of Dallas, I mean.”

“I might take you up on that depending on how this auction goes. Did Reagan tell you about it?” Harley saw me shake my head no and smiled. “Of course, she didn’t. She’s the best, isn’t she? Well, I’ll tell you everything when we get there. Is one of your fine husbands going to be cooking breakfast? I’m still hungry.”

Shep spoke up. “This fine husband will start cooking now.”

I sat there in silence as they finished the call without me. Harley grinned at me when she handed my phone back. I just sighed and shook my head.

“I don’t even know what to say.”

“You’re welcome. You have a home now.” She pulled out of the empty parking lot we’d been loitering in and headed towards Maxie’s ranch. “This keeps you close enough to reconsider things, too.”

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“Oh, my god, Harley.” I ran my hands through my hair and tugged at it. “I’m not reconsidering things. This is for the best. They don’t trust me and they’re just going to keep hurting me. I love them but it’s not enough.”

“You love them?”

I groaned. “Just drive, Harley. I don’t want to talk about it.”

My phone rang again and I saw it was Mills. Again. I silenced my phone and dropped it into my purse so I wouldn’t see the screen light up. My chest hurt and it just got worse with every call.

“Fine.” Harley managed to stay quiet for thirty seconds before she couldn’t contain her thoughts anymore. “Reagan, you love them. Did you tell them?”

“No.”

“You should’ve told them.” She grunted when I elbowed her. “I’m serious. You’re shooting yourself in the foot. The guys aren’t perfect by any means but I think they’re perfect for you. Whether you can admit it right now or not.”

“Why are you doing this?” I wiped more tears away. “I need your support, Harley.”

She frowned but nodded.

“Fine. I’ll be quiet for now.”

I did my best to pull myself together but when we pulled up to Maxie's ranch and she stepped outside with her three husbands, I lost it. I doubled over in my seat and quietly sobbed. Jealousy and doubt consumed me until I wasn't sure which way was up or down. I felt lost. Those butterflies of hope which had been fluttering at the idea of a family with the guys had lifted me so far off the earth that the crash felt like it was going to kill me.

"Oh, Rea." Harley leaned over and held me. "It's going to be okay. I'll make sure of it."

I tilted my head to look at her.

"I love them. I just can't accept pieces of them when I can't be sure they'll ever fully trust me, right? They want me, though, and this feels like walking away from the family I always wanted. I don't know what I'm doing. I was so sure last night. I was sure ten minutes ago. But I swear to god, Harley, seeing Maxie with her husbands feels like being kicked in the chest. What if I'm making a huge mistake?"

"Oh, babe." She held me tighter. "It's just one day. You get some space today and when you wake up in the morning, think about it again. One day won't break anything. Just give yourself the time to think about it. I want you back with them, too, but you need to be sure of your decision."

Maxie opened my door and knelt beside the car to join Harley in hugging me.

"Oh, Reagan. I'm so sorry. I don't know what happened but I'm here for you."

I cried harder.

"I shouldn't be here. You should be comforting your brothers. Not me."

“Oh, hush. I can do both. Now get out of this car and get inside. Shep’s making waffles.”

Harley groaned.

“If dying from jealousy was a thing, y’all would be ordering carnations for my funeral right now. Don’t do that, though. I hate carnations. I know they’re the funeral flower but I don’t want it. I want anemones, something hard as shit to keep alive and fickle as hell.”

Maxie let out a muffled laugh.

“Noted.”

CHAPTER 46

Mills

Sitting outside of Maxie’s house with a six-pack of beer and Hank Williams playing on the radio, I was about as low as I’d ever been. Three days. It’d been three days since I’d seen Reagan. Those three days felt like three different lifetimes.

I was bleary eyed and exhausted after staying up all night, watching Reagan’s window. I saw her light go off around nine. It came on multiple times through the night and I could picture her getting up with Lucky like I was in the room with them. I hated whatever curtains Maxie had hung up in that room because I couldn’t catch sight of even a shadow of Reagan. I was desperate to catch a glimpse of her, desperate enough to camp out at the end of Maxie’s driveway like a fucking creep.

I didn’t have anything else to do. I couldn’t face my brothers. I couldn’t face Jolene, or Mason, or any of the other ranch hands who’d come to like seeing Reagan and

Lucky around the ranch. It was my fault she was gone. I'd cost my brothers everything. I could see the anger in their eyes, even when they tried to hide it. We all knew it was my fault. I led the fucking charge into the diner to confront Reagan and our sisters. I was the asshole who accused Reagan of trying to break up our family.

I didn't even know where the accusation came from. It was like every fucking issue I'd ever had came out when she was concerned. I'd never realized I had issues with trusting women. I'd never taken a relationship seriously, or even attempted to have one, but there was something about Reagan that brought out the worst of me. She scared me. I knew I didn't deserve her but it was too late for my heart to back off. She had so much power over my health and happiness and it scared the shit out of me.

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I downed another beer and closed my eyes. I could only see the pain on Reagan's face when I did, though. The pain and then the determination to leave and have better. I forced my eyes open again and flinched in surprise when I saw Maxie riding up to my window on Bob. I didn't want to face her. I'd let her down, too. I was starting to wonder if there was anyone I didn't let down.

Needing some fresh air, I got out of the truck and leaned against it.

"Maxie."

She looked down at me and sighed.

"You look terrible."

Nodding, I held my hands out and looked down at myself. I wasn't sure what day my clothes were on but I could smell myself and it wasn't good.

"Yep."

She climbed off of Bob and leaned on the truck next to me.

"You're acting a little creepy, Mills."

I nodded again. "Yep."

She sighed and turned to face me.

“What happened?”

I let out a bitter laugh.

“I fucked everything up. I said horrible shit to her and then I accused her of trying to break up our family. You heard that part.”

“I did.” She was quiet for a few moments and then she grunted. “You know...It shouldn’t be surprising that you’re fucked up, too, Mills. Our parents did a number on all of us. Some more than others, of course, but I don’t think you escaped unscathed.”

Scowling, I turned to her and shook my head.

“They never did anything to me. They treated us boys like gods. I don’t have an excuse for being this way, Max.”

“You’ve taken a lot of hard hits over the last few years. When everything came out about how Mom treated me, you took it hard. I know you still feel guilty about it, like you should’ve saved me somehow.” She crossed her arms and looked out at the ranch. “I was angry at you for a while. I let you blame yourself. It wasn’t your fault, though, Mills. You weren’t there. And when you came back, you took on the role our parents made for you. You were always the workhorse. You did everything for them and they promised you everything in return.”

“You should be angry at me, Maxie. You should fucking hate me. I hate me. I treated you like shit. If anyone was treated like a workhorse, it was you. I never stopped to appreciate you and I need you to know I’m sorry. Your absence at the ranch was fucking gutting for a while. I never knew how much you did.”

“Why aren’t you mad at them, Mills?” She saw me getting ready to argue and cut me off. “Not for me or for Nellie. For you. Why aren’t you mad at them for yourself?”

My eyebrows slammed together.

“Why would I be mad at them for me?”

She laughed.

“Mills, Jesus Christ. They promised you the ranch and forced you to give up any life you might’ve wanted away from this place. They tied you to that place and then they ran it into the ground without ever mentioning to you that they were saddling you with debt out of the ass and more work than you could ever handle. I saw the paperwork when you first took over. I saw you sitting up for hours every night, drinking yourself into a stupor while trying to make sense of everything. They lied to you. You should be furious with them for that.”

I shook my head.

“No. I had a bad couple of weeks in the beginning but I handled it.”

“It was the entire first year, Mills. I watched you.” She grabbed my hand and squeezed it. “You never told anyone else back then. Not even West and Tate. Have you ever told them?”

“No.” How could I? How could I tell them we’d been betrayed by our parents? Our parents had promised us the ranch but when I came home, they’d been parceling it out for gambling money. I’d fought day in and day out to get the land back and I was still struggling to pay off their debts.

“You didn’t escape our parents without your own trauma. You’ve been a brick wall with everyone since that time. You shut down.” Maxie let out a slow sigh and then wrapped her arms around me. “I didn’t see it until I watched you try to sabotage your chances with Reagan. I don’t know if you’re scared to let someone in for fear of

being betrayed again or if you're just so hardened now that you can't let people in. Either way, you have to figure your shit out."

I let out a low laugh even as my eyes filled with tears.

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“I’m sorry. I’m sorry for everything, Maxie. I should’ve been better. I should’ve taken better care of you. I want to make it right. I want to come to family dinners.”

“I’m sorry for all of us being so inconsiderate. We should’ve been inviting you, Tate, and West, the whole time. Reagan made sure we saw how much we messed up on that front.” Maxie pulled back and scrunched her nose up. “You stink. You need to go home and take a shower.”

“Is she okay?” I looked towards the house and searched desperately for a sign of her. “We’re supposed to pick up Lucky later today. I’ll go home and shower before then.”

“She’s about as good as you. I have to believe that if y’all play your cards right, you can win her back. I want it to work out, Mills. Figure out your issues and win her back.”

I scrubbed my hands down my face and nodded.

“Yeah... Yeah, I’ll do that.”

She looked in the truck at the empty beer cans and sighed.

“I’ll have one of the guys drive you home. No more parking out here, getting drunk. I don’t want people to think we have a pervert in the family.”

CHAPTER 47

Reagan

I hadn't been able to hand off Lucky myself. I'd hidden in my bathroom while Maxie passed Lucky and all of his things off to his dads. I'd strained to hear their voices, even though I knew it would hurt. I'd rushed to the window after I heard the door close downstairs to watch them leave. And then I'd crumbled into a thousand pathetic little pieces.

The first night I hadn't been able to sleep. I'd clutched my phone in my hand and waited for a call to let me know something was wrong with Lucky. The second night, I'd cried until Maxie forced me to take melatonin and go to sleep. The third and final night, I couldn't stop pacing. I'd never been away from Lucky for so long and I was desperate to see him again. Desperate enough that when I saw Mills' truck coming up Maxie's driveway, I didn't wait to let Maxie handle the hand over.

I took off at a run out of the house and met Tate at the back door as he opened it to bring Lucky out. I didn't wait for him to reach in to get him. I climbed into the truck and unbuckled Lucky, anxiously bringing him to my chest and holding him as tight as I could without crushing him. I didn't even realize I was crying until Tate reached up and wiped my eyes.

"You're killing me, kitten." His low voice was subdued and when I looked over at him, he looked like he hadn't slept or shaved in weeks.

"Was he okay? Did he take his bottles okay?" I looked down at Lucky to keep my eyes away from Tate.

West opened the other back door and leaned in to look at me.

"You look like hell, woman. Did you sleep at all?"

I blushed and shook my head.

“I mean, yes. Two nights ago, I think. I don’t know. I missed him so much.”

“You could come with him, Rea.” Tate lightly gripped the back of my neck. “Put us all out of our misery and come home.”

I looked around and frowned when I noticed Mills’ overwhelming presence was missing.

“Where is he?”

“Miss him?” West gave me a weak smile. “He’s not handling missing you very well.”

My chest tightened.

“Is he okay?”

Tate sighed.

“Define ‘okay’. I think this has brought up a lot of shit for him and he’s trying to work through it all. We all are. We all want to be the men you deserve.”

“Lucky missed you. This split custody shit is not for the weak.” West took a deep breath and blew it out slowly. “Now get back inside and out of this heat. We’ve got to get back to the ranch and Mills.”

I was numb as I gathered Lucky and his things.

“I saw him here. Sleeping in his truck.”

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Tate cupped my face and stroked his thumb over my cheek. “Don’t worry. We’re going to take care of him.”

For hours after they left, I was consumed with worry for Mills. I couldn’t think of anything else. It drove me downstairs and into the kitchen to find Maxie.

“I think you and your sisters need to go check on Mills.” I bounced a cranky Lucky on my hip and chewed on my lip. “Tate and West mentioned a few things and I think they need y’all. I think Mills needs y’all.”

Maxie looked up from her slice of pie and raised her eyebrows at me.

“Sounds like you want to go yourself.”

“Please, Maxie.”

She stared at me for a few moments longer and then nodded.

“Of course. I’m going to tell him that you sent me, though.”

I didn’t care. I just wanted to know he was good.

“Tell him whatever you want. Just make sure he’s okay, please.”

After she left, I sat in my room with Lucky feeding him and waiting impatiently to hear about Mills. So much time passed I was getting ready to find a way over to the ranch myself. I couldn’t relax until I knew Mills was good.

Darkness had fallen by the time Maxie got back. I hurried down to greet her at the front door and stumbled back a step when I saw how tired she looked.

“What happened?”

She shook her head and went straight to the kitchen to fall into one of the chairs.

“Men are so dumb.”

I paced in front of her, too nervous to sit.

“Is he okay?”

“He’s fine. He’s an idiot. I had to browbeat him into talking to West and Tate. He’s been stewing inside and making himself sick instead of just talking to his brothers.” She groaned. “Talking to them is exhausting. I don’t know why you want to spend the rest of your life doing that.”

I stammered. “I-I don’t.”

She laughed.

“You just sent me over there to make sure he was okay. You can’t lie to me, Reagan. I’m not going to tell you what we talked about because I think that’s their place to do. I’ll just say that they’re all fine. They miss you. I’ve never seen them so lost before but I don’t think it’s necessarily a bad thing for them to suffer a little without you.”

I sank into the chair across from her.

“I don’t want them to suffer.”

“Why not? You are.”

“It was my choice to leave.” I groaned. “I’m going crazy, Maxie.”

“Go home.”

“I can’t. It’s not that easy.”

“It is. Go home, Reagan.”

“I can’t!” I stood up and sniffed. “I can’t. This all has to be for something. Thank you for checking on them. I’m going to spend some time alone with Lucky.”

Maxie sighed.

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“It’s only a matter of time. They’re working to be better for you, Reagan. That’s going to need a response soon and you’d be crazy to walk away from the men you clearly love when they’re fighting so much for you.”

CHAPTER 48

West

I shot a worried look at Mills over the table at the diner. I’d never seen my oldest brother break down before but it’d been a long few days; made worse by his revelation that our parents had fucked him over and left us all in a state of financial failure. He’d never told us. He’d given up all of his savings and worked hard to get the ranch back to a good place but he’d done it all alone and he’d suffered for it. We’d all suffered for it. In the two days since he’d cracked, after Maxie cracked him, things already felt different. I felt closer to him.

“I’m fine, West.” Mills flashed a small smile and rolled his eyes. “A guy has one little mental breakdown and suddenly everyone’s worried about him.”

Tate slapped his shoulder as he slid into the booth next to him.

“One little mental breakdown? Is that what we’re calling you crying like a baby?”

“Yep. Unless you want me to shove my foot up your ass.”

I laughed but the sound froze in my throat when the door to the diner opened and Reagan walked in with Maxie and Nellie. I catalogued everything about Reagan in a

single sweeping glance and I was on my feet before I even understood what I was doing. She was sad. And tired. I could see the bags under her eyes and I wanted to wipe them away.

She looked over and spotted me striding across the diner towards her. Her eyes went wide and she shifted Lucky in her arms so he was between us instead of at her side. She looked up at me when I stopped in front of her.

“West...”

I didn’t know what to say. I’d strode over like a lunatic and all I could do was stand there and stare at her. Luckily, Lucky had my back. He squealed for me and nearly punched his mom in his efforts to get to me. I gently took him and smiled down at him when his normally cranky little face lit up with a smile.

“That decides it. Looks like we’re having lunch together.” Maxie patted my back and winked at me. “Y’all mind moving to a table?”

Reagan looked like she was going to argue but Maxie gave her no room to. It was amazing to watch my sister, the sister who’d always been so easily walked all over, command a situation without hesitation.

I rested my hand at the small of her back as she followed Maxie to a table. I watched goosebumps form on her neck and clenched my jaw to stop my body from reacting like a horny teenager. I wanted to drag her into my chest and kiss her until she promised to come back home and never leave. I couldn’t stop myself from leaning closer to whisper against her ear.

“You look beautiful, kitten.”

She stopped at the table and looked at me over her shoulder.

“Did you pick up lying lately?”

I smiled and slid my hand around her waist.

“No. You’re beautiful. An absolute sight for sore eyes. And if you don’t point out that I look tired, I won’t point out that you do, too.”

Her lips quirked up at the sides.

“If you think I look tired, you should see how I feel.”

Maxie had wrangled Tate and Mills over from the booth and I knew my private moment with Reagan was over. Tate and I sat on either side of her and Mills chose the seat directly across from her. Maxie and Nellie sat on either end side of Mills with matching grins on their faces.

“Isn’t this fun?” Maxie smiled and elbowed Mills. “I’m so glad we ran into y’all. Consider this our first official family outing of many. Even though we’re not all here.”

Lucky grabbed my beard and tugged at it while making happy sounds. I rubbed his back and leaned in to inhale his special baby smell. God, I missed him. I missed him and his mom being in the same house with us.

Reagan’s phone rang and she looked at it with a guilty blush staining her cheeks. I had to wonder if she was thinking of all the calls she’d ignored from us.

“It’s Harley. I’ll be right back. Sorry.”

I watched her slip outside and when I looked back at my family, I could tell we were all on the same page. Reagan had to come back home.

Mills leaned back in his chair as he watched Reagan.

“I’m going to ask her to come with Lucky when we pick him up tomorrow. I don’t want to take him away from her again.”

Nellie leaned into him and smiled.

“You’ve grown into such a nice young man.”

I laughed at his scowl.

“Are you okay with our plan of basically kidnapping her, Max?”

She smiled.

“I don’t think you’ll do much kidnapping. She’s desperate for y’all. She just thinks she has to do this. One little push and she’s going to run home. She wants y’all and wants to be there with you. But let’s not call it kidnapping. And let’s not let her know that I’m in on the plan.”

Mills nodded.

“We’ll ask first and hopefully that’ll be all it takes. Knowing her, though, she might like us kidnapping her.”

Maxie gagged.

“Nope. I don’t want to hear stuff about your sex life.”

He smiled.

“I thought we were closer now. We can share everything.”

Maxie shook her head.

“Not a chance. We don’t share everything. Just most things.”

Tate suddenly swore.

“What are the fucking chances?”

I looked back and saw Melanie fucking Boyd coming into the diner, her sights set on us. I saw Reagan watching from outside, her face pinched. It was time to put an end to whatever games Melanie was playing.

“Hey, there, boys. How’s it going?” She leaned against my chair and tried to run her fingers through my hair. When I swatted her hand away like an annoying fly, she just laughed it off.

Mills sat forward and rested his arms on the table.

“I’m glad you stopped by. We need to have a talk and, apparently, we need to do it in public so you don’t try to twist it into something it’s not.”

Maxie and Nellie sat back and crossed their arms over their chests, silent guards for their big brothers. I felt a jolt of appreciation and love for them in that moment that made me realize I wanted and needed to spend more time with them. They’d grown into amazing women.

“I want to make it clear that Tate, West, and I, are no longer interested in any kind of relationship with you. We haven’t been in a long time. We’re interested in Reagan and Reagan alone. Whatever chance we had at remaining civil and friendly went out the window when you slipped your dirty thong into my pocket and tried to make Reagan think I wanted you in any way at all.” Mills kept his voice low and as he

spoke, his eyes were as cold as I'd ever seen them. "You tried to hurt the mother of our child and the woman we care about above anything else in this world. Never again. You're no longer welcome on the ranch. We're no longer doing any business with you. Understood?"

I heard Reagan return but I didn't expect her to add on to what Mills had to say. She was full of surprises, though.

"Excuse me. You're blocking my seat. And to be clear, Melanie, it is my seat."

"I wasn't... It... Screw you, Mills." Melanie left in a huff and slammed the diner door on her way out.

Reagan calmly sat in her chair and leaned over to tickle Lucky's belly like nothing had happened.

"Aren't you a happy baby? Did you think that was funny? Huh? Was that funny?"

Mills sat back with a smile on his face that spread when Reagan met his gaze.

"It is your seat, angel."

CHAPTER 49

Reagan

“Thank you, Maxie. I appreciate you doing the hand over with Lucky tonight. If you had heard how desperate Harley sounded, you would’ve agreed to be at her side, too.”

Harley hissed at me.

“I wasn’t desperate.”

Maxie laughed.

“It’s fine, Rea. You’re a good friend. Plus, I know that the hand over is painful for you. I’m glad you’re going out tonight. Have a little fun. Get a little crazy.”

Harley gasped after unzipping the too tight dress she’d had on.

“She’s going as my bodyguard and nothing more. Between the two of us, we almost have her back where she belongs. Who knew we’d have to fight so hard to get her to go back to the three sexy as hell men who want to give her good sex and love? Crazy, right? Also, I think I’ve gained weight. Nothing fits. Am I getting bigger? You’d tell me, right?”

I rolled my eyes at her and shook my head.

“You’re the same perfect size as always. And I’m ignoring everything else you just said. I just wanted to check in on my boy one more time.”

“He’s fine. I put him and Hank together and took pictures of them scowling back and forth at each other and then cackling about it. These boys are going to be troublemakers when they’re older. We’re in for a hell of a time, Rea.” Maxie said something to one of her guys and then giggled. “I think I’m going to send Hank with my brothers, too. I deserve a night of wild and crazy sex, too.”

I laughed.

“You know, I heard this rumor that you used to be quiet and docile, Maxie. I think someone lied to me, though.”

“Hmm. I wonder where you heard that? Now, get going and have a great night! I’ll text you when Lucky goes with his dads!”

I hung up and shoved my phone into my purse. I watched as Harley kicked off the dress and stumbled into another one. She was an anxious mess and I felt terrible for her. We’d already talked a dozen times about how she could back out but she wasn’t going to. She was determined. All I could do was be by her side.

“You’re a lot happier today.” Harley lifted her hair and spun around so I could zip her into the tight black dress. “How much longer until you go home to your men?”

If she’d asked me the morning before, I would’ve still been stubbornly swearing that I wasn’t. After the meal at the diner, though, I wasn’t so eager to stay away from the one place I wanted to be. “I don’t know.”

“Ah, so soon then.” She looked in the mirror and whined. “No, no, no! I look horrible. No one’s going to bid on me, Reagan. I’m going to be mortified! I wonder if anyone’s ever been left standing there with no bids before or if I’ll be the first.”

“Harley! Look at yourself! You’re absolutely stunning. Men are going to be fighting

to get to you.” I firmly believed that, too. She was beautiful and she was going to break hearts.

“I don’t even know why I’m trying. I’m going to strip down to my underwear as soon as we get there, right?” She turned away from the mirror and threw her hands up. “Why do I care? Why does it matter what I’m dressed like? They won’t be paying for my clothing choices. Let’s just go. I need to get there and get this over with before I vomit.”

I wanted to argue that she shouldn’t do it if she felt so sick over it but I’d already tried and I didn’t want to push her. I did the only thing I could and I held her hand.

“Who knows? Maybe you’ll meet the man of your dreams.”

“Or men of my dreams. Devil’s Den has really made me think that three men is the way to go.” She locked her apartment door behind us and sighed wistfully. “I mean, Maxie has it figured out. Her men cook for her and clean for her and they’re even good in bed. She has everything. I’d even settle for two out of the three.”

I grinned.

“Which two? What if they’re good in bed and cook for you but they’re so disgustingly messy you start to hate them?”

“We’ll be a four-income household, Rea. We’ll be able to afford a cleaning service.” She waved at one of her neighbors and flipped another one off as we passed them. “Go to hell, Aaron.”

“Up yours, Harley.”

I shook my head.

“So, I can see you’ve made friends in your new place.”

“Oh, that guy? He’s harmless.” She burst onto the street in her tight dress, impossibly long legs, and five-inch heels and I watched men lose their brain cells when they caught sight of her. “Can I tell you a secret?”

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I moved around a man who'd stopped walking to stare at her.

"Of course."

"I've been thinking of going back to that house. The big one with the sex party?" She stared at me over the roof of her car. "I don't remember much more than flashes of those men, Reagan, but there was something there."

"You aren't going back to a strange house to find the three strangers you slept with while on drugs!" I motioned for her to get in and I started to list off the dangers as I buckled my seatbelt. "One. They could be anyone. They could be married! They could be mobsters! Two. You don't know what they're like. Maybe they're monsters! Three. You burst into that party on drugs. Who knows what you missed. Maybe there was some crazy cult shit happening."

"Is that how I sound normally?" Pulling into traffic, Harley took a deep breath. "Tell me I'm brave?"

I smiled.

"You're the bravest, Harley. You're a wild rose bush growing in a desert."

"What color?"

I tried to remember everything she'd told me about roses.

"Black. Because it doesn't just mean mourning. It can mean transformation and new

beginnings.”

She happily clapped her hands, letting go of the steering wheel as she did.

“You’re the best listener ever!”

“The wheel!” I grasped my chest and swore. “I want to get home to my son, Harley. Keep your hands on the wheel.”

She grunted. “Sure thing. Sounds like a grand plan.”

CHAPTER 50

Tate

I frowned when Maxie opened the door.

“Where’s Reagan?”

She shifted from foot to foot and winced.

“She left.”

My stomach dropped.

“What?”

“Not like for good, or anything!” She let out a nervous laugh. “I tried to get her to stay but she’d already made plans.”

“Plans? With whom?” I looked back at West and Mills coming up the porch and

scowled. “She’s not here.”

“What do you mean, she’s not here?” Mills stood with his hands on his hips. “We’re supposed to kidnap her, though.”

“I really tried to get her to stay. I don’t know what happened but she got a call and then she got dressed up and said she had a date.”

My blood boiled.

“A date?!”

Lucky frowned at me from Maxie’s arms.

“Yeah. She wouldn’t tell me much more than that. Um... I don’t want to tell you this next part. I don’t really understand what’s happening with her.” Maxie swallowed audibly and looked down at her feet. “I just happened to see her phone screen when she was lacing up her boots. She’s going to...Club Devil.”

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“The fuck she is!” Mills stomped back down the stairs and then froze. “Will you watch Lucky tonight, Maxie?”

“Of course!” If Maxie suddenly sounded a little too perky, I chalked it up to nerves at having to tell us the fucked-up news.

“You’re sure it said Club Devil?” My stomach was crashing lower and lower while my blood pressure was climbing higher and higher.

“Yeah. I’m sorry. Maybe she’s just acting out before coming back home to y’all? Or maybe she just needs to sow a few wild oats?”

“I’ll sow her wild fucking oats, goddammit.” West stomped to the truck, his face red with anger. “Come on, Tate! Get in the fucking truck and let’s go get our woman.”

I nodded to Lucky as I backed away.

“Thank you, Maxie. We’ll pick him up in the morning if we aren’t in jail for murdering the sorry fuck who dares touch Reagan.”

She waved easily.

“Sure thing. Be careful!”

Mills drove like a bat out of hell out of Devil’s Den.

“This crazy, beautiful, infuriating, sexy woman. I’m going to bend her over and

spank her ass raw for this.”

I grunted. “She’s coming home and she’s coming home tonight. I don’t care if we have to tie her to our bed. A few dozen orgasms should take the fight right out of her.”

“Why would she go back to the club? Does she want something we weren’t providing her? West leaned forward from the backseat. “There’s three of us. How could we not be providing her with something?”

“Don’t care. We’re what she’s getting.” Mills passed a slow-moving car and continued to break every speed limit around. “She has no business going alone to that place. If she wants to go for some reason, we’ll take her. If she wants to be fucked on stage, we’ll fuck her on stage. While blocking anyone from seeing a single inch of her body, of course. Whatever she wants or needs, she’ll get it from us. And she’ll like it.”

As soon as the club came into view, it was clear it was a busy night. The parking lot was full but Mills parked right in front of the front door. When someone came rushing at him, telling him he couldn’t park there, he tossed the man his keys.

“Move it or take it. I don’t give a fuck. I’m getting my woman back.”

Security was waiting on us just beyond the door. There were fifteen beasts staring us down and waiting for us to cause trouble. The guy in charge stepped forward, cell phone in hand.

“My associate told you that you can’t park there.”

Mills went toe to toe with him.

“The mother of my child is in there and I’ve come to retrieve her. You can either let me pass so I can find her and leave or you can stay in my way and get rocked when I decide I’ve waited long enough.”

“Sergei, stand down.” One of the owners we’d met the night of Reagan’s auction came from a hidden doorway off to the right. “I got a call from Shep a little bit ago, giving me a head’s up. Your lady snuck off, huh? As long as you keep yourselves together, you have full use of the club to find her and punish her.”

My dick threatened to lengthen in my pants but I ignored it. We had to get Reagan first. Punishment could come later.

“Appreciate it.”

“Go ahead, man. The night’s young.”

I clapped him on the shoulder as we moved past and then we were back in the club. It was the same as the night we’d found and won Reagan and my blood pumped hot and heady through my veins at the memories.

Mills was more animal than man as he lifted his head and looked like he was sniffing the air for traces of Reagan. I was considering the thought that he’d lost his mind when he locked in on something across the room and took off.

We cut through the club, ignoring the stage where everyone seemed to be focused. Instead, we were zeroed in on a sexy little thing sitting by herself at a high-top table, legs crossed and high heel swinging as she sipped from her drink. She might as well have been naked for all the good her dress was doing hiding her body. Her hair was curling down her back in big waves and she had on more makeup than normal. She’d dressed up for the asshole she was with.

I slipped past Mills and pressed into Reagan from the side. She gasped and tried to jerk away but I grabbed her thigh and held her tight.

“Where’s your date?”

She gasped again and leaned her head back to look at me.

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“Tate! You scared me! What are you doing here?”

I shifted around and wedged myself between her thighs, forcing her dress higher and higher.

“I asked you a question. Where’s your date? Is that the kind of man you want, kitten? One who would leave you alone at a table when anyone with half a brain could see you’re fucking begging to be stolen away. What kind of man would leave you all alone when anyone could come along, spread these beautiful thighs, and make a meal of you?”

Her eyes went heavy but then she blinked and shook her head.

“Date? What are you talking about?”

Mills pressed into her from behind, wrapping his arms around her stomach and holding her pinned to the chair.

“Your date. The person you came here to meet. Maxie told us. You think you can just slip away from us, angel? There’s not a chance in hell we’re ever going to let another man touch you. You’re ours. Ours to take, ours to fuck, and ours to love. You’re coming home. No more games.”

I could feel the heat from her core and it called to me like a siren. Sliding my hand up her thigh, I slipped it under her dress and ran my fingers over her panties.

“There’s no way in hell that he can make this pussy weep like we do. This is ours.

You need a reminder, kitten?”

She dropped her head back on Mills’ chest and sucked in a broken breath.

“I... I came with Harley. The auction. No date.”

Even as the words filtered through my head, I was too far gone to process them. We were all lost and so deprived of Reagan that there was no stopping what had been set in motion.

“Spread your thighs. I want to feel what only belongs to us.” I didn’t recognize my own voice as I growled at her. She obeyed, though, and that was all I needed.

CHAPTER 51

Reagan

I wasn’t sure what was happening but my men were surrounding me and they were...excited. I didn’t know what they were talking about when they mentioned a date but they were set on warp speed and I didn’t think there would be any slowing us down. The moment I’d heard Tate’s dark, needy voice in my ear, my body had responded like he was water and we’d been in the desert for years. Maybe it was missing them. Maybe it was the sexual environment around us. Whatever it was, the air between us crackled and I knew I was well and thoroughly fucked before it’d even happened.

Mills had his arms locked around my waist, pinning me to the chair while Tate spread my thighs so wide that my dress rolled up to my waist and my damp panties were on display. A flame of embarrassment rolled over me but West was there, freeing me of it.

“Look at those pretty wet panties. I know you didn’t wear those for anyone else. You were thinking of us peeling them down your thighs, weren’t you? You know what I think? I think they aren’t wet enough.” Without a word, he and Tate switched places. He went to his knees between my thighs and growled into my thigh. “I’ll fix that.”

I might’ve screamed when he buried his face between my thighs and licked me over my lace panties. My eyes rolled back in my head at the immediate pleasure but Mills brought me back quickly.

Cupping my breasts, he pinched my nipples through my dress and bra, hard enough to make me gasp and buck my hips at West.

“Don’t think you’re going to have a night of easy pleasure, angel. No, no. You were a bad girl and bad girls get punished. You came here without us to meet someone else. That’s unacceptable.”

I whimpered and then gasped when Tate spanked the top of my thigh. I couldn’t catch my breath. It was all too much, too sudden. Then West yanked my panties to the side and stroked his tongue over my clit. I came fast and hard, my body proving just how much I’d missed them.

West lifted his head and smiled at me, face wet with my come.

“Again.”

Mills wrapped his big hand around my throat and held my head against his chest.

“You’re coming home. You’re coming to my bed and you’re going to stay there until we’re old and gray. No more running. You belong to us, little angel. Where’s your date? I want him to see what a naughty little kitten you can be for your men. Maybe we’ll let him watch as you choke on our cocks like a hungry little thing. Or maybe

we'll let the entire club watch as we spank your ass cherry red and then fuck it."

"Oh, god!"

West ate me almost violently, with loud growls coming from his chest. He lifted my hips higher and even dipped his tongue down to my ass. When he went back to my clit, he pushed two thick fingers deep in my core and twisted them around, stretching me and preparing me.

Tate gripped my face and twisted it to face him. He ran his tongue up my cheek and then nipped me before taking my mouth in a rough kiss. We were both gasping for breath when he pulled back.

"Are you ready to be a good kitten?"

Source Creation Date: July 7, 2025, 6:11 am

West pulled back and it gave me a moment to think. I knew I was forgetting something and when my eyes passed over the stage and Harley standing on it, I gasped and sat up straight.

“Harley. I have to be here for Harley. That’s why I’m here.” I pushed their hands away and kept my eyes on my best friend. In just her panties and bra, she looked nervous and I wanted to hold her hand. “Oh, Harley. It’s okay.”

Tate didn’t look at the stage and I found I was glad for it, but he just silently gripped my thighs and ran his nose up and down the side of my neck.

I knew Harley was freaking out but even I was surprised when just before the bidding started, she clutched her hands over her stomach and shouted.

“I can’t do this! I’m pregnant!”

My mouth fell open in shock but then she looked at me and I knew by the slight widening of her eyes that she was lying. She was just panicking to get out of the auction. It was hard for me to say she was making the right choice when I was currently being mauled by the men who’d won me in my auction.

Harley started to leave the stage but she stopped when the crowd parted and three massive men approached her. They said something to her and then one of them picked her up bridal style and carried her away without a word to the confused crowd. Harley looked back at me and waved so I assumed she was okay.

“No more distractions. On your knees, kitten.” Tate stepped back and made room for

me to slip to the floor in front of him. He ran his hand over my hair and bared his teeth at me. “The little kitten upset the big, bad wolf. Want to know how she can make him feel better?”

I glanced down at the log tenting his pants. I wanted him to take it out and force it past my lips. Not that there would be much force. I was dying to please them. I was on fire to please them.

“That’s right. Such a smart little kitten.” His eyes darkened even more and his lips twisted in a dark smirk. “I need something a little different tonight, though. I need to show everyone in this fucking place who you belong to.”

My stomach took flight. My heart pounded wildly. He didn’t mean... He did. My core dripped with excitement at the possessive fury coming off of Tate. He wanted everyone to see how I took him as he marked me as his.

“On the stage. Crawl over.” He stayed beside me as I crawled, not a thought in my head to ignore his demand. I wanted to. I wanted to be his. He followed me up the steps and to the middle of the stage. “Stay.”

I sat still as he walked away and came back with a chair. He positioned it so our sides would be facing the crowd, then he slowly, painfully slowly, freed his cock from his pants and sat down.

“Here, kitty, kitty.” He slowly stroked his length and I lit up with jealousy that anyone else would see it.

I crawled between his legs and batted my eyelashes up at him. Rubbing my face against the inside of his thigh, I begged without words for him to let me have him in my mouth.

“Give me that throat, kitten.” His deep voice and that taunting pet name pushed me over the edge into my own version of wild need.

I gripped him at his base and ran my tongue up the length of him, moaning as his taste filled my mouth. I lapped at him like his special pet name and was rewarded with a deep growl and his fist in my hair.

“I said, throat.” He pressed his tip past my lips and then pulled my head down on him until he touched the back of my throat and I gagged. “That’s better. Go on. Suck me off while everyone watches, kitten. Show them who owns you.”

I could hear people murmuring and the idea they were watching made me want to show off for Tate. I wanted everyone to know that he was mine as much as I was his. I worked my mouth up and down his shaft, teasing the tip with my tongue each time I came up and letting him batter my throat each time I went down. I was desperate to taste his come and to please him.

His fist tightened in my hair and he groaned when I lifted my eyes to his, mouth still full of him.

“West wants to play, kitten.”

CHAPTER 52

Mills

Reagan made noises that would get me hard at the thought of them until the day I died. Her blow job could only be described as enthusiastic. She took Tate deep and there was a smile tipping her stretched out lips up each time she came up. She was putting on a hell of a show and I was getting tired of sharing. My control was hanging on by a thread.

Watching West move her body so he could wedge himself under her made me even harder. I could almost taste her juicy little pussy on my tongue as he yanked her panties to the side and made her ride his face. Reagan's sounds got even better and I saw more than a few people in the audience reacting to them.

"Ride his face, kitten. Let the big, bad wolf eat you up." Tate dropped his head back but he couldn't let her out of his sight for long. He jerked his head back up and groaned as he watched her gag on his cock. "Fuck, kitten. You want your cream, don't you?"

I would've rolled my eyes if Reagan hadn't practically purred for him. I'd stayed away as long as I could. I squatted next to her and trailed my fingertips over her shoulders and back. "As soon as you finish here, angel, I'm going to throw you over my shoulder, carry you to the first room I can find, and then I'm going to fuck you so hard you scream. This ass is mine tonight."

Her body stiffened and her moans grew frantic around Tate's dick as West made her come again. She reached out and grabbed my hand, a connection I hadn't known I needed until she did it.

Tate shouted and the crowd watched as Reagan sucked his come down her throat like the angel she was. She didn't miss a drop and finished him off with long, leisurely licks while she purred for him.

"That's my good kitten." Tate tucked himself back in his pants and West slipped out from under her. "Your turn, Mills."

Source Creation Date: July 7, 2025, 6:11 am

I picked Reagan up like she weighed nothing and tossed her over my shoulder. I landed a few slaps to her ass on the way down the stairs and then I left my hand there to cover the magic between her thighs from prying eyes. No one but us got to see that.

Another security guard appeared but he just silently pointed us down a hallway and toward an open room. I barely glanced around the room before tossing Reagan down on the massive bed and chasing after her. I had her dress off in seconds and was yanking her panties down with my teeth when West cleared his throat.

“This is the shadow room.” West read from a small plaque near the door. “That entire wall looks out over the club. We can see everything and everyone but they can only see our silhouettes. I think our security buddy wanted more of the show.”

I turned my head and swore when I saw it. The glass wall was so clean and pristine that it looked like it wasn’t there at all. It looked like we were in the club and there were people standing around, watching us. “You’re sure they can’t see details?”

Reagan writhed under me, her knees coming up around my hips.

“Oh, god. That’s... It’s... Just touch me, Mills.”

I heard Tate leave but I was focused on our woman. I gripped her chin and turned her face so she was watching people watch her. I ran my nose up her throat and bit her earlobe. “You like the idea of people watching you. Such a dirty girl. You want them to see us?”

She whimpered and reached down to grab my ass, doing her best to jerk my hips into hers.

“I want them to see me owned by you.”

That one sentence shoved me over the edge of my sanity. I kissed her hard and then yanked her bra off. I kicked my clothes off and stood her up in front of the glass. It felt like there were people two feet from us, watching. I cupped her breasts and growled into her ear. “Hands on the glass, angel.”

She did as I said and I nudged her legs apart. Her thighs were shiny with her wetness and when I pressed my cock against her opening, more of her juices greeted me. She was dripping wet.

Tate slipped back inside. “Shadows only. Fucking insanely hot shadows, but no details.”

That was all I needed. I thrust every inch as deep as I could go and growled against Reagan’s ear as she screamed. “Let them know I own you. Scream for me.”

Fucking Reagan harder than I ever had while people watched from the other side of a thin glass was intoxicating. Knowing they couldn’t see her but they could see me fucking her, lit me on fire. Her fingers clawed at the glass as she took my cock hard and fast and screamed for more. I wanted more, though. I pulled out and then pressed against her ass.

“I own all of you, angel. Relax this ass for me.” My dick was so wet from her core I was able to glide inside as soon as she relaxed. I fucked her ass in short, lazy strokes as I stretched her and got her used to the invasion. “Tell them where my cock is, angel.”

She cried out and panted.

“My ass.”

“Louder.”

“It’s in my ass!” She screamed it as I thrust deep. “Oh, god, Mills. You’re in my ass. Fuck me, please!”

I bent her forward and something twisted worked its way through my body as the man on the other side of the glass pushed his hand in his pants and started jacking off. I wrapped Reagan’s hair around my fist and brought her head up so she could see what he was doing.

“Look at what you’re doing, angel. He wishes it was him in this tight ass. It’ll never be him, though. Tell me why.”

She stared at the man’s quickening movement and slipped her hand between her thighs.

“Because I’m yours!”

“Let’s show him just how much you belong to us.” I twisted her around and looked at West. He was naked and stroking himself already. “Fuck her mouth.”

“My fucking pleasure.” He came over and stroked Reagan’s face. “I’m going to do this again later, kitten, but the next time I do it, I’m going to have your sweet come all over my cock.”

A crowd gathered outside of the room as we lost control. I took Reagan’s ass with a hunger that made me rougher than I would normally be. Each deep thrust rocked her

so deep on West's cock that she gagged. Her fingers were busy between her thighs, stroking her clit until she came and her legs gave out on her. I picked her up and continued fucking her, lost in the pleasure.

I was close to coming and I wanted even more before I did.

“Are you ready to take all of your men?”

Tate swore and lay on the bed. I never pulled out of her ass as I moved her over Tate and he lined his dick up with her core. The feeling of her ass tightening around me as he filled her cunt was enough to make my eyes roll back in my head. West wasted no time in standing on the bed and pulling her mouth back to his cock. With her full of our cocks, she practically vibrated as she came again. Then we moved and she came apart between us.

We fucked her hard, riding her with all the need we'd been feeling for her. It was rough. I left marks on her shoulders and back with my mouth and teeth and Tate did the same to her tits from below. We were possessed with the need to have her for good. My fingers left marks on her hips as I gripped her hard. The first slap to her ass made her scream around West's cock. The rest set her off again and her coming pushed us over the edge.

Source Creation Date: July 7, 2025, 6:11 am

I fucked her ass so hard that I lost the ability to speak or do anything more than rut her while spanking her red ass. Over and over again, I drove into her until my balls tightened and I shouted my release like a wounded animal.

Tate and West came next while Reagan still twitched between us, her body unable to handle more pleasure. Our come filled her and leaked out of her and I'd never seen anything better in my life.

"Come home." I wrapped my arms around her and picked her up so I could stretch out on the bed with her on my chest. "Please."

West moved over to the wall and tugged a curtain across the glass wall to shut the rest of the world out. He slid into bed next to me, his focus on Reagan. "You belong at home with us. You're our family."

"You're our everything, Reagan." Tate settled on my other side. "I'm miserable without you."

She blinked sleepily and rubbed her face into my chest.

"I was going to come home soon."

"Just had to come here on a date first? Where did the bastard go, anyway?" West stroked her hair out of her face. "If he touched you, he has to die."

She shot me a catty look, suddenly more awake.

“It was just a hug.”

I growled at her.

“Touché, little angel. I was wrong. Just because someone’s physical touch means so little to me, doesn’t mean it isn’t wrong.”

She sighed happily.

“I wasn’t on a date. Harley asked me to come because she was nervous about the auction. I don’t know why Maxie told you I was on a date.”

Tate grunted. “Seems our sister has turned into a meddling brat.”

“She knows—” Reagan sat straight up and looked at us with wide eyes. “You said yours to love.”

West snorted. “That was a long time ago, kitten.”

“Do you mean that?”

I smiled up at her.

“I love you, Reagan.”

West and Tate repeated the words and we watched as she melted. Her heart practically thumped in her eyes like a cartoon as she looked at us.

“I love y’all, too.”

It felt too good to hear those words. I still wasn’t sure I deserved them but I was

going to make sure that I did over the course of my life.

“Maxie’s watching Lucky so we have the night for us.”

Reagan curled up on my chest and let out a loud snort.

“You just broke me. If you think you’re getting your big penis near my little butt again, you’re mistaken.”

I laughed and cupped her ass.

“That’s not the only place I want to be buried deep, angel.”

Epilogue One

Reagan

Three Months Later

I stared down at the two pink lines and let out a happy laugh. I was pregnant. Of course, I was pregnant. The guys and I had sex like it was a sport and we were going for the gold, and we never used protection. It wasn't something we'd explicitly talked about, though, having another kid. We'd been too busy getting used to our little family to talk about adding to it.

Lucky was squealing downstairs with his dads, the four of them playing with the stray puppy which had just shown up earlier that week. A new puppy and a new baby. What a week. I smiled at my reflection and turned to the side to mold my shirt to my belly. I couldn't wait to go to Bianca to find out how far along I was. I hadn't had my period in months but it was pretty irregular after giving birth so I hadn't suspected anything. I could kind of see a baby bump, though. Or maybe it was a cupcake bump from visiting Maxie at the bakery.

“Mama! Mama!”

My heart still thumped harder at hearing Lucky's first word over and over again. I shoved the test into my pocket and hurried back downstairs to be with my family. All five of the males in my life-of course the puppy was a boy, too-were on the living room floor, staring up at me as I came closer.

“Where'd you go?” West wrapped his arms around me as soon as I was close enough and pulled me down into his lap.

I buried my face in his neck and inhaled his familiar scent.

“Bathroom.”

Devil, the name the guys had voted on for the puppy, climbed into my lap and licked my face. I groaned at his decidedly un-puppy-like breath while West laughed and held me captive.

“Get her, Devil. Give her all those stinky kisses so you’ve got none left for the rest of us.” Encouraging the puppy, West suddenly groaned when I turned the tables on him and wiped my wet cheek against his. “Oh, gross.”

I crawled away from him while I could and settled into Tate’s lap. He held me tight and nuzzled my neck until I shivered. Then I noticed something shiny tied to the end of Lucky’s pacifier clip. Afraid of what he might’ve gotten into, I rushed forward to grab it, just to find myself holding a ring. A diamond ring.

I stared down at it, completely dumbfounded. How the hell had he gotten a ring stuck to his—I screamed when I realized what was happening. Lucky glared at me and I had to apologize to him before turning to face my guys.

“Is this—?”

Mills smiled back at me with his heart in his eyes. The cold man who scowled nonstop was still there but when he was with his family, he came alive. Emotion shined in his eyes as he held out his hand to pull me into his lap.

“I never expected you, angel. You came out of nowhere and you knocked me on my ass. The way I feel for you...it’s big. It’s scary how much I love you some days, Reagan, because you mean everything to me and you’re just walking around in the world, so soft and vulnerable. But I’m not too scared to go after what I want anymore. I want you as my wife. Marry me, angel.”

Tate moved closer and gripped my thigh.

“You are the reason I wake up every day, kitten. You make me laugh like no one else and you make me crazy like no one else. I want to spend the rest of my life falling asleep with your taste on my lips. I don’t want another day to go by with you not tied down to us. I don’t want to risk losing you again. Marry me and make it harder to ever leave us, Rea. I love you.”

West put Devil aside and brushed the hair out of my face.

“I love you so fucking much, Reagan. I would give up everything for one more day with you if I had to. You make life worth living. You gave us Lucky when we didn’t deserve either of you and I want to spend my life giving you everything, the same as you did for us. Marry me. Marry me and make me the happiest fucking man in the world.”

Lucky watched us curiously and clapped his chubby little hands.

“Mama! Mama!”

Tears were flowing freely as I pulled out the pregnancy test and showed them with a laugh.

“Shotgun wedding?”

West jumped to his feet and pulled me up. He picked me up and spun me around while he laughed and shed his own tears.

“You’re having our baby!”

“Yes! Yes, I’m having your baby and yes, I’ll marry you!” I went from him to Tate,

and then to Mills, crying and holding them as it sank in for all of us that our family was growing. One of them slipped the ring on my finger at some point and I stopped to stare at it while Mills held me tight. “Is this real?”

He kissed the side of my head.

“It’s real, angel.”

I had a family. A big family and it was steadily growing bigger. Everything I’d ever wanted had come true in bigger ways than I ever dared to imagine. The zombie butterflies in my stomach that had come back to life were thriving.

Epilogue Two

Mills

Five Years Later

“Incoming!”

The shout came a second too late and I watched as a football hit West in the chest. He grunted and caught it, his eyes already traveling to the culprit. Of course, it was one of the triplets. They were in town from Harmony Valley for the family reunion and they were just as rowdy as their fathers had been growing up. Gray, Owen, and Keaton, were in the yard watching their boys cause trouble with grins on their faces.

West tossed the football up and caught it.

“You’re in big trouble now, Myers!”

“I’m not Myers! I’m Blue!” The triplet who definitely wasn’t Blue, but was probably Quinton, shouted back.

Reagan came out of the house with a tray of cupcakes in her hands. She saw West take off after our nephews and rolled her eyes.

“I swear I married grown men.”

I snagged her around the waist and quickly passed the cupcakes off to Vera as she passed by. Holding my wife against my chest, I stole a kiss and cupped her ass. She was eight months pregnant and she absolutely hated the way she gained weight

during her pregnancies but I couldn't get enough. The fullness of her ass while she was pregnant never failed to get me hard.

"There are kids everywhere, Mills. You can't maul me." She didn't pull away, though. If anything, she wiggled that ass into my palms. "I love you. Thank you for doing this today."

My heart flipped the same way it did every time she told me she loved me. I held her even tighter.

"I love you more, angel. I'd host a thousand family reunions if it made you happy."

Lucky was a streak of color as he sprinted off the porch.

"Gross! Daddy's touching Momma's butt!"

Reagan pressed her forehead to my chest and groaned.

"Three... Two... One..."

"Gwoss! Gwoss!" Lucky's permanent shadow, our third child, Luca, raced after Lucky.

Tate was waiting on the steps to catch Luca. Luca was the reason I was going gray. He was also the reason our house had become a plastic house of rounded corners and bumpers. I wasn't sure what a normal home looked like anymore.

"Alright, little man. One more attempt to run off the porch steps and I'm putting you in your helmet." Tate held him in the air and laughed when Luca's little legs kept kicking. "Fine, fine. Go!"

Reagan gasped and looked down at her belly. “Oh, no. Did you feel that? The baby heard Tate say go and started kicking up a storm. I can’t handle another Luca, Mills. If this boy is as wild as Luca, I’m going to move in with Maxie.”

I grinned. Maxie had Hank and then two little girls who were as sweet as pie. Hannah and Cara were in the house having a tea party at that exact moment, doing everything they could to avoid all the rowdy boys. I was sure there were days when Reagan would’ve loved to escape to Maxie’s house for a few minutes. Or days.

“Never going to happen, angel.”

Tate came up the stairs and pressed into Reagan from behind.

“You talking about trying to get away from us again, kitten?”

Her pupils dilated as her pregnancy hormones did their thing. She sneakily rolled her hips between us and licked her lips.

“How long until this is over?”

I let out a loud laugh.

“Hours, baby. I bet we could sneak away for a few minutes, though.”

She groaned. “We can’t. Every single member of our family is here. The kids are on the loose. Devil is harassing Papa Jack and Bobby. And your single brothers are about to light off fireworks, I’m pretty sure. Where did they even get those?”

Source Creation Date: July 7, 2025, 6:11 am

I glanced back to where Kyle, Jamison, and TJ, were indeed about to set off a firework. Taking on the same role I always had, I eased Reagan into Tate's arms and growled.

"You three light that firework and I'm putting my foot up your ass!"

Jamison grinned and wagged his eyebrows at me before lighting it. TJ and Kyle had the good sense to get out of my way as I tackled Jamison. Rolling around on the ground with my little brother was something I hadn't done since I was barely out of my teens. I pinned him and lightly patted his cheek.

"You're still weaker than me, Jamie." I leaned down and blew a raspberry on his forehead before climbing back to my feet and dusting my pants off. "Maybe you need to come back to work on a real ranch to bulk your muscles up."

I grunted as I was tackled from behind by Keaton. He tried his best to get me in a headlock but I barely outmatched him. It turned into an all-out wrestling match with all of the Hellstone brothers and then the boys joined in. I took an elbow to the stomach from Lucky and then Luca finished me off with a knee to the dick.

I rolled away from the dog pile and groaned.

"There goes my chance at more kids."

Reagan's angelic face blocked out the sun above me and her happy laugh was music to my ears as I eased her to the ground next to me.

“I saw there was a penis injury and came to kiss it better.”

I rolled us over so I was on top of her and leaned down to kiss her.

“You’re a dirty girl, baby.”

“Keep it PG, perverts!” Waylan groaned and put her hands on her hips as she looked at her adoptive dads. “You’re all so horny.”

Henry, Seth, and Woodrow, all looked about as horrified as I felt at hearing that word come from my niece’s mouth. While they were all stammering, Nellie came to their rescue.

“Waylan! You’re traumatizing your fathers.”

The triplet’s mother, Billie, sighed as she walked past.

“We’ll watch the kids. You two grab your other two horn dogs and get lost for a while. I remember the pregnancy hormones too well.”

Reagan grinned. “Really?”

Nellie laughed. “Such a skank.”

I jumped to my feet and picked Reagan up.

“You better have been calling me a skank, little sis.”

Tate and West appeared at my side and Tate took his chance to steal Reagan from me. He took off at a fast walk towards the barn.

“You snooze, you lose!”

Reagan looked at me over his shoulder and bit her lip.

“Meow.”

“If we’re not back before the party ends, just...take our kids home with you. I have a wife to satisfy.” I took off after them, my heart full and my body light with happiness.

The End.