



Sweet Girl

Author: *Jenn Plummer*

Category: Erotic, Romance

Description: Dom

When I see my two best friends looking at my sweet girl with lust-filled eyes, we come up with a plan to ease her into the idea of being shared. One weekend, all four of us. Aidan and Cruz spend weeks flirting with her, edging all of us, and filling her head with dirty possibilities. What none of them know is that I don't just want to watch Emma with my best friends, I want her to be what keeps the four of us together forever. This is more than just one weekend of fun. I'm confident that our sweet girl is going to melt like candy for all of us. She wants this. Wants us.

Valentine's Day is just the beginning.

Emma

I'm desperately in love with my boyfriend. But when his two best friends start to flirt shamelessly with me, filling my head with tempting thoughts, my feelings for them rapidly change from platonic to desire. What's more complicated is that Dom seems to like it when they watch me, muddling my head further. Could Dominik want to share me with Aidan and Cruz?

I may be his sweet girl, but something tells me that whatever they are planning is going to be far from sweet.

****Sweet Girl is book 2.5 in the interconnected Aspen Ridge universe and can be read as a standalone. HEA guaranteed!****

Total Pages (Source): 40

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epilogue

NEW YEARS EVE

“Vashe zdorov’ye!”

“Cheers!”

The clink of glasses echoes through the expanse of our living room as I celebrate the New Year with my girlfriend and best friends. I wrap my arm around Emma’s waist, pulling her little body flush against mine, my free hand weaving through her hair, arching her head back to look up at me. Her expression is dazed and blissful, so happy and content in my arms, as she smiles up at me.

“Happy New Year, moya lyubov’, my love,” I whisper against her lips.

“Happy New Year, handsome,” she replies, her voice soft and slightly slurred from the shots we’ve been taking all evening. I close the space between us, gripping her tight and holding her so I’ve eliminated every bit of extra space between us, and then I claim her mouth. The kiss is brutal, her soft, cherry-coated lips opening for me as I drive my tongue into her mouth, tasting her sweetness. I ravish her like the greedy motherfucker I am, devouring her in a heated kiss that feels a whole hell of a lot more like fucking. My fingers press hard into her bare hip, as her nails dig into the flesh behind my neck as she matches my intensity.

It’s always like this between us—pure, unadulterated, unrestrained passion.

In the last few months since I've made her mine, it's gone from zero to "I'll do anything to keep you," in record time. I know she's the one. There's just one thing holding me back. I don't just want her for myself. I want her forus.

I break the kiss, long enough to drag the rough stubble of my beard across the soft skin of her cheek, trailing down until I reach the spot I can't get enough of—the bit of flesh where her neck meets her shoulder—and then I suck. Pulling the skin hard before biting, I lap at the spot and trail wet kisses to ease the burn. Her body hums to life in my arms, goosebumps scattering across her perfect skin. When she moans, arching her neck further into me, threading her fingers through the long hair at the top of my head, I know I could take her right here and she wouldn't fight me for a moment. Standing up to my full height and looking down at the beautiful woman in my arms, her eyes heavily lidded and shrouded with arousal, it takes all the restraint I have not to do just that.

"Fuck. That was hot," Cruz spouts from his spot leaning against the kitchen counter, his arms crossed at his chest, beer bottle in his hand. Emma spins in my arms, her ass nestled against my thighs, my hard cock pressing firmly into her lower back. I wrap my arm around her chest, pulling her further into me. Cruz's eyes rake over her body, stopping at where her pebbled nipples are peeking through her little dress. I rub my thumb aimlessly across the bottom of her full breast, loving that she's braless and that he's taking in his fill of her.

"Jealous, Cruz?" she teases, but my cock jerks behind my jeans and I know she feels it.

Cruz puts the beer bottle to his lips and tips it back, draining the remainder of the amber liquid into his mouth. He takes a few large, measured steps into our space until he's standing right in front of her, running his fingers down the side of her face, eyes holding her's hostage. Emma's breathing picks up, but she doesn't falter. Such a good girl. His fingertips stop at her mouth, gliding across the puffy mess I made of her lips.

“Never jealous, angel. Just hungry,” he whispers before turning and walking away, and I chuckle under my breath, releasing Emma from my arms. She sways slightly on her feet, and I don’t know if it’s from the copious amounts of alcohol or the lust that was just coaxed from her by my best friend.

The evening continues, the music playing loudly, my girl swaying her hips in front of where I lounge on the couch, my legs spread wide, arm perched on the armrest. I don’t miss the way my best friends, Aidan and Cruz, stare as she moves her hips to the music, her hands sliding up her frame, picking up her hair and holding it off her neck.

She’s a petite little thing with long, toned legs, hips just wide enough to grip, breasts that fit perfectly in my hands, silky blonde hair that hangs around her shoulders, and the prettiest blue eyes I’ve ever seen. I don’t blame them for looking. The feeling that rises in me is far from jealousy; in fact, it’s the exact opposite. My heart races at the thought of them touching her, licking her, fucking her—all while I watch her unravel beneath them.

Yebat’.

Emma lays down on the couch next to me after a while, the alcohol finally getting to her and making her sleepy, while the boys and I leave to talk random shit in the kitchen.

“Happy New Year, brothers. Another year behind us.”

“And many more to come if we’re lucky,” Aidan adds.

Cruz nods his head in silent agreement. The two of us have been friends since we were nine, many years of history behind us. Aidan came later, walking into my dad’s boxing gym, still in high school, trying like hell to get his photography business up

and running. He asked to shoot the boxers training there, and one of them happened to be me. He's around Emma's age, but age is just a number. The three of us are inseparable, tighter than anything in this fucked-up world. We may not share blood, but we're brothers by choice. I'd do anything for them.

The older we get, the more I worry that our merry band of misfits will be broken up someday by natural courses of life. Fuck that. Emma's the key to keeping that from happening. I just need to get everyone on board first.

After an hour, and ready to call it a night, I go in search of Emma to take her to bed. Walking into the living room, I find Aidan staring at my sweet girl lying on her stomach on the couch sleeping. Her dress has ridden up high, giving just a glimpse of the bottom of her perky ass. He either doesn't notice me coming into the room or doesn't give a shit.

"Like what you see, brother?"

His eyes don't leave Emma's body, lying motionless on the couch.

"Fucking right I do, and you know it. Hard not to reach out and touch her."

His eyes finally flick to me, gauging my reaction. Aidan, Cruz, and I have shared before. It's always been a one-night stand, and we've never shared a woman any of us have had feelings for. Not that Cruz has ever let anyone get close enough for him to develop feelings. The respect we have for one another has made it easy on us in the past.

We each have our unique kink, and there's never any judgment. He knows I'm a voyeur, and understands nothing turns me on more than watching. But right now, Aidan wants to know if Emma is off-limits. I walk over to her, kneeling at her side and running my hands over her long legs, up the curve of her plump ass, lifting her

dress the rest of the way as I do.

Leaning down, I drop open-mouthed kisses onto the soft flesh of her ass, her taste so salty sweet. Her skin pebbles with goosebumps, and even passed out drunk, she responds so beautifully to me. Such a good, sweet girl.

Aidan's breathing becomes labored as he stands behind me and watches. I know it's killing him not to shove me out of the way and worship her. Good.

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Moving my fingers between her legs, I grip the thin strap of her panties and pull them to the side, exposing her wet little cunt.

“This what you want, Aidan?”

He shifts on his feet in my peripheral. “Dom, don’t fuck with me. Just put me out of my misery already. Is she off-limits or not?”

I ignore his question and ask one of my own.

“You think Cruz wants to share her?”

“You know the answer to that question, asshole,” Cruz answers as he walks into the room, taking in the sight of Emma’s sleeping body, my fingers sliding through her slick center. It’s too dark for them to really see shit, but they can see enough to get worked up.

A breathy moan comes from her lips, her hips moving slightly, chasing the feeling I’m giving her, even in her sleep. I languidly push my fingers inside her heat, not looking away from the sight as I pull them back out, covered in her moisture. I repeat the process, gently finger fucking her in front of Aidan and Cruz.

The three of us are still, reveling in the erotic noises of my fingers pressing in and out of her soaked cunt. Her pussy walls flutter tightly around me, sucking me in as she comes undone for us.

“You think she’ll go for it?” Aidan asks, pulling my attention to him, genuine

curiosity and desire lacing his tone. He looks two seconds away from all of his restraint snapping.

I look back at my sleeping little love while I lick her sweet cream from my fingers. She's fucking perfect. A goddess. I'm a whole lot of man, but Emma deserves more than just me. She deserves all three of us. I can give her that. I can give it to all of us.

"Yeah. Yeah, she'll go for it. But we gotta ease her into the idea."

CHAPTER1

emma

"I fucking love Valentine's Day."

"You're only saying that because you've never had a date for it until now," my best friend, Lily, says, looking back at me from my closet where she's currently pulling out clothes for me to try on. We spent the morning together, and now she's making it her life's mission to find me something perfect to wear for my date in a few days. She's not wrong, this is the first Valentine's Day in my twenty-two years that I've been in a relationship.

After months of crushing on my boss and weeks of flirting, he finally asked me out not long after Halloween, and things got serious quickly. We've been dating for the last three months, but it feels more like three years with how close we are. Dominik Sokolov owns Knockout, an elite boxing gym in our small town of Aspen Ridge, Washington. He's a professionally trained fighter, just like his dad, and he hired me as a receptionist last year. He's the hottest man I've ever met and all freaking mine.

Working the front desk at a gym seems like it would be a nightmare, but with the way the men in our town look, it's not a hardship. I basically just ogle them all day long.

Especially Dom's best friends, Cruz and Aidan, who shamelessly flirt with me. Dom must know that it's innocent, or that the boys do it in failed attempts to get a rise out of him, because he's never acted jealous or put a stop to it. I definitely don't mind the attention.

"Exactly," I agree with a slight eye roll. "It's a nice change. Anyway, what do you think Wes has planned for you?"

"Something primal and wild, if it's anything like how Halloween and Christmas went."

"Oh, I'm sure Daddy Wes has something ridiculous up those tattooed sleeves," I joke.

Lily just married her ex-boyfriend's dad after a whirlwind romance—if you can even call it romance—and man do I love reminding her of it.

Finally deciding on an outfit, she pulls out a little red dress that I haven't worn yet and a pair of black stilettos.

"What about this?"

"I'm going to freeze my ass off in that, Lily. It's February in Washington for fuck's sake."

"Just giving Dom a reason to warm you up. C'mon, try it on," she chuckles while tossing the shoes in my direction.

Moving toward the bed, I strip out of my jeans and sweater and slip into the tight red dress. Lily zips it up behind me, and I step my feet into the high heels. My eyes roam my body in the mirror, taking in my long, toned legs, and the way the dress clings to my thighs and hugs my perky ass. Shifting side to side in front of my reflection, I

smile confidently. “Okay, bitch, you were right. This is the dress.”

“Hate to say I told ya so.”

“Shut up, you love to remind me when you’re right.”

“That is true. You look hot as fuck and Dom is going to lose his shit when he sees you. Hopefully you all make it to the party.”

My body heats at the thought of Dom ripping the dress off of me and consuming my body the way he always does. His appetite for me hasn’t lessened over the last few months, if anything, it’s only grown.

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“Something tells me your brain is imagining it. Snap out of it so we can go grab some lattes before you have to work.”

Lily smacks my ass as she steps out of my bedroom, leaving me to change into a pair of tight denim jeans, thigh-high boots, and a sweater. After hanging up the dress, I grab my purse and gym bag for work later, and I’m ready to go.

As Lily and I leave my parents’ house, which I am desperately trying to move out of, I’m not at all surprised to see Wes leaning against his car with his ankles and arms crossed. He’s so sultry smooth that it’s almost hypnotic. He’s old enough to be our dad, especially considering Lily used to date his piece of shit, slut shaming son, but fuck if he isn’t hot as sin. Totally not into the daddy thing, but I see the appeal.

“Hey, stalker,” I say to him as Lily walks into his open arms. He nuzzles into her neck, and I can’t help but smile for my friend. He’s everything she’s ever wanted and regardless of the age gap, they work, and it’s beautiful. Fuck society and their narrow beliefs. Love is love and all that shit.

“Hi, Emma,” he replies with a smirk. “Lilith, you ready to go?”

“What do you mean? We’re going to Bean Haven for coffee and more gossip.”

“Gossip, huh?” Wes says against Lily’s forehead as he presses his lips down to kiss her.

“Mhm. A lot of important things to discuss. Girl things.”

“Girl things,” he repeats with narrowed eyelids. “Do these things have anything to do with plans for Valentine’s weekend?”

“Possibly,” Lily answers.

“Well then, how about I drive you there since I have an early gift for you?”

Lily never stood a chance. She smiles up at him as if the world around her just melted away, and I know she won’t say no.

“Ugh. You two are ridiculous,” I jokingly chastise. “I’ll meet you there, Lil.” I look at Wes and narrow my eyes. “Try not to make a mess of her, okay, stalker? She needs to be able to sit in public with me.”

“No promises.”

Rolling my eyes, I hop into my little metallic blue beetle and pull out of my parents’ driveway to head downtown. I usedowntownloosely. It’s more like a quaint strip of street with cobblestone sidewalks, and nosey-ass shop owners. But the real gem is Bean Haven. Aspen Ridge’s staple coffee shop that has the best baked goods around. The town sits on the Washington coast, encased by the Olympic Mountains, and backs up to the Pacific Ocean. Its dense woods, near-constant cloud cover, and intense fog make it a prime spot for anyone looking to escape to an enchanted forest plucked straight out of the Brothers Grimms’ imaginations.

As much as I loved living in the city while at college, coming back to Aspen Ridge was always in the cards for me. I just hope I can get my writing off the ground and make a small living out of it, or I’ll be begging Dom to keep me on his payroll for the rest of my life.

My car slides into an open parking spot on Main Street, and I decide to wait for Lily

inside rather than out in the freezing cold. Even though the sun is peeking through the heavy clouds today, the cold is bitter and chills your bones. My boots crunch over the packed snow as I walk quickly across the brick sidewalk and into the warmth of Bean Haven.

The aroma of freshly brewed coffee and pastries fills my nose and my eyes close for a moment to enjoy it. If this place ever shut down, it would be a true travesty. I think the community would riot.

Surprisingly, there's no line today, so I walk over to the counter to order, still undecided between my two favorites.

"Hey, Emma. You look torn. Can I help you decide?" Hannah, the woman who runs the place says. She's a few years older than me, and the coolest chick to be around.

"I'm stuck between your apple cinnamon muffin and cinnamon roll," I contemplate.

"Well, the apple cinnamon muffins sold out a bit ago," she says apologetically.

"How do those fuckers sell out so fast? Let's go with the cinnamon roll and a vanilla latte, then."

"Take it up with Sawyer Hayes and his pregnant wife!" she teases as she starts on my order. While Hannah makes my latte, I look around for a spot to sit while I wait for Lily, when my eyes stop on a large, muscled man that is all too familiar to me.

His black hair is rugged and rough, like he runs his hands through it in the morning and is ready to go. The short strands at the top are pushed back slightly, with the sides shaved near to his skin. Skull tattoos decorate his corded arms in an outward display of his dark personality, which I've come to know over the last few months dating his best friend. A worn-in leather jacket lays next to him on the seat, a chain hanging out

of his tight black pants. Black seems to be his favorite color, and it suits him. He exudes confidence and power in a ruthless, doesn't-fuck-around kind of way.

He's the quintessential bad boy that every mother warns her daughter about. He's always been the town loner, keeping to himself or Dom and Aidan, but because of that, he's mysterious and intriguing. I know I should run the other way. But there's just something about him . . .

“Here you go, Emma!”

I turn back to Hannah and take my latte and pastry from her with a smile before walking up to the booth where Cruz sits, waiting for him to notice me. Hoping that he already has.

CHAPTER2

cruz

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I noticed her the moment she walked into Bean Haven. Her bright blonde hair frames her heart-shaped face, cheeks flushed from the cold weather outside. She's still bundled in a wool jacket that wraps tightly around her waist with a tie, her long legs looking so sexy covered in tight denim and thigh-high fuck-me boots.

My cock hardens behind my jeans, and I rub my palm hard against it under the table to relieve the ache. Emma is my best friend's girlfriend, but fuck if I don't want a piece of her. She's easily the sexiest girl in this town, almost too young for me, but not young enough for me to run the other way. I push my boundaries by flirting with her, loving how she reacts to it. After Dom made his plan to share her with our best friend, Aidan, and I, it's been open fucking season to get close to her. I need her to want me. To want us. She hasn't come close to shutting down my advances. In fact, every interaction tells me that she enjoys it. And hell if I don't love fucking with her.

I sip on my hot coffee, waiting for her to come to me just like I know she will. It would be almost rude of her not to sit with me when we're both here alone. While Emma has no problem saying fuck you to the world, she won't deny an opportunity to be on the receiving end of all my attention.

Her heels click on the hard floor as she leaves Hannah at the counter and walks directly to my table like a lamb heading unknowingly right into the den of the big bad wolf.

"Hello, angel," I purr.

I don't miss the way she rolls her eyes at the pet name and it only makes my dick harder. Fuck, I want to rip her apart.

“Want to join me?”

“Only until Lily gets here, if you don’t mind.”

“Now, why would I mind spending time with my favorite girl?”

She smiles as her phone chimes from inside her purse. Taking a seat across from me, she sets her things down and pulls it out, her shoulders dropping and a sigh releasing from her plump pink lips.

“Everything okay?”

She throws her phone back into her bag with a little more force than necessary, answering my question before her words do.

“Wes has stolen Lily away, so it looks like I’m stuck with you until I head to work.”

“Don’t act like you don’t love the idea of having coffee with me, angel. That hurts my feelings.”

I put my hand on my chest and feign heartache.

“Oh, shut up, Cruz. Have you talked to my boyfriend today?”

“Of course I have. We talk every day, perk of living together. Have you?”

“I woke up to a text from him, thank you.” She picks up her latte and brings it to her mouth, my eyes tracking the movement. “Then he stopped by my parents’ house for a kiss before going to Knockout.”

“And then Lily bailed on you. How lucky for me.”

Those perfectly plush lips are colored with a pink gloss that leaves a light stain on the lid of her white to-go cup. I wonder what they taste like. Her throat bobs as she takes another sip of the warm liquid and fuck if my hand doesn't itch at my side to hold her by the throat and feel the movement against my palm.

"Earth to Cruz. Did you hear anything I just said?"

My eyes slowly work their way back up to meet her gaze. Her blonde hair swishes around her face as she shakes her head in irritation.

"I was imagining what your throat would feel like beneath my hand when you swallow. Repeat what you said for me?"

The crimson flush that moves across her cheeks is so sexy. I love bringing any reaction out of her and can't wait for the opportunity to take my time to see what others I can force from her.

"You're ridiculous," she says as she tries to brush off my words as if they had no effect. Too bad her body betrays her. "I asked what you had going on the rest of the day."

"Why, want to get out of here? Put my wonder to rest?" I say with a wink.

"No, I don't want to get out of here with you," she lies, quickened breathing and a flash of heat that crosses her face telling the truth. "I don't know how Dom hasn't thrown you through a wall yet. I'm heading to work in less than an hour."

Little does she know, her precious prince is actually a truly fucked-in-the-head voyeur who gets off watching other people fuck . . . and dictating the scene in front of him. She'll find out soon, though.

“Huh. Weird. I’ll be going to the same place. Looks like we’re stuck together for the rest of the day. What a pity.”

“You seem utterly disappointed,” she deadpans.

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“Not at all, angel. Complete opposite. Now tell me, how’s the writing going?”

Her face lights up at my interest in something that clearly makes her so happy. The perk of living with Dom and Aidan is that I get to know Emma just by listening to her conversations at the house. I’m not a huge talker, but I observe everything. She may not have told me directly that she’s writing a book, but I’ve overheard her talking to Dom about it on more than one occasion.

“It’s going really well, I’ve felt pretty inspired lately. Just hoping I can break into the dark romance genre. It’s so saturated.”

“Dark romance, huh? What’s that exactly?” I ask, genuinely curious.

“It’s romance, but with darker themes. Usually explicit scenes, violence, power dynamics, obsessions, BDSM . . . those kinds of things,” she educates me without a hint of embarrassment or discomfort.

Well, fuck me. Now I’m really interested. She’s speaking my love language.

“And you’re writing about those themes? Tell me about it.”

“You really want to hear about my book?”

“I do,” I tell her honestly.

She spends the next twenty minutes going into detail about the novel she’s writing while I finish off my coffee and listen to every word. She’s so passionate about it that

I can't help but get sucked into her vortex, enraptured by everything she's saying. When she briefly skims over the sexual dynamics of the couple in her book, I don't press for more information, even though I'm fucking dying to know what's going on in that creative little brain of hers.

"You should be proud of yourself. You sold me. I want to be your first customer, so you better let me purchase a book once it's published."

"Thanks for saying that, Cruz. I wish my parents agreed with you," she says with a sigh.

"Fuck 'em, angel. Do you. You only got one life, you gonna live it trying to make everyone else happy? Living by anyone's standards but your own is gonna make for a sad life full of disappointment."

"Damn, aren't you wise."

"Not wise. Just determined to live for myself. I was born to a shitty-ass family in a world that doesn't give a shit whether you drown or not."

"Well, I'm glad you're here. I know Dom is, too."

"I wouldn't be if it wasn't for him," I whisper the confession, giving her just a little piece of me that I keep locked up tight.

* * *

Walking outside, a devious plan hits me as I stand in front of Emma's little bug. I wasn't ready to say goodbye to her, but when she got a phone call from her mother, I excused myself to give her privacy.

Checking my surroundings to make sure there's no one around, I open her driver's-side door and pop the hood, saying a quick thank you that she's just like everyone else in this God-forsaken town and trusts too easily. I quickly disconnect the battery, slamming the hood shut. I return to the entrance of the shop, pulling a cigarette from the pack in my pocket and lighting up.

A few moments later, Emma walks out and rolls her eyes when she sees me.

"That's gonna kill you, ya know."

"Nah, angel. It'll take something more exciting than cigarettes to take me out. Plus, there's still so much pleasure I want to experience," I say, raising my eyebrows suggestively.

Emma's hand comes hard and fast, but I just happen to be a trained fighter and have dodged hits since I was a toddler. My fingers curl around her dainty wrist before she has the chance to make contact with me with what was going to be a decent smack. One small tug forces her to step closer into my space. Her other hand goes to my chest to push me away, but I don't release her. My eyes flick down to her pink lips, and I'm desperate to know what they taste like. The only thing holding me back from swiping my tongue across her flesh and devouring her in a kiss that will leave them bruised and puffy, is that Dom is my best friend and we have a plan to stick to. As much as I want to say fuck it, I won't.

Dom and I met at Knockout as kids. I was nine when he caught me eating a stolen hot dog from Jackson's Hot Dog Stand in the alley between the gym and the chain link fence that borders the building and the edge of town. He brought me inside and gave me a safe place to hide away from my abusive father and alcoholic mom. Knockout became a sort of safe haven for me.

"Careful, angel. I like the pain," I warn, applying pressure to her wrist, causing her

veins to pulse under my thumb. “This’ll be your only warning. You’re lucky you’re getting that much.”

Those big eyes flutter closed at my words and my lips turn up in an unrestrained smile, something I don’t do often.

“You’re shameless, Cruz. Anyone ever told you that?” she nearly whispers, her breath noticeable in the cold winter air between us. I can feel the internal struggle she’s having between wanting me and her loyalty to Dom. If only she knew that soon, she won’t have to choose.

“No one but you.”

Emma’s gaze drops to the ground in response to my words. “I really need to get going, Cruz.”

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“Then why haven’t you?” I ask, my tone dripping with sarcasm.

We both look down at her palm gripping my black shirt in a fist. She’s been free to go for minutes now, yet she’s still standing here, suspended in this moment with me. Fuck, this girl.

She jerks her hand back as if it were burned, stepping away to put much-needed space between us. I miss the close proximity immediately.

Emma moves quickly to get to her car, but I step into her path, stopping her retreat from me, not ready for this little moment to end.

“Move out of my way. Didn’t your parents teach you manners?”

I squint at her, my head cocking to the side, but I don’t flinch from her words. Everyone in town knows that my parents were abusive pieces of shit that died in a house fire. What they don’t know is that I was the one who started it with them inside. They didn’t suffer—at least I don’t think they did, not that I care either way. They were too drugged out to even notice the place going up in flames.

“Shit, Cruz, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean it like that.”

“Angel, no harm, no foul. My family is at Knockout and that’s all that matters to me. I’ll meet you there.”

I move to walk away, heading toward my 1969 Chevy Nova that my boys and I rebuilt together over several years. It’s still a piece of shit, rusted all over, but it has

good bones.

I only care about three things in this shit world. Dom, Aidan, and my car. Everything else be damned. Even if this blonde little minx is starting to chip away at my icy exterior and occupying space in my mind. And has been for months.

I kill some time by lighting up another smoke, pulling a deep drag into my lungs, relishing the instant relief the hit gives me. It takes less than two minutes before Emma slams her car door, the sound reverberating through the air.

“Motherfucks!” she yells and my lips twitch into a satisfied smirk.

I watch as she pops up the hood and leans in, looking everything over as if she’s a mechanic. The thought of her in coveralls with nothing underneath, grease on her face, and hair pulled up stirs up some fantasy in my head. My cock swells against my tight denim jeans, pushing the metal of my piercing painfully against the zipper, only turning me on further.

I take a few measured steps in her direction.

“Problem, miss?”

She jerks upright, her head banging against the hood, hands flying up to clutch the spot she hit.

“Fuck! Cruz! Don’t sneak up on me like that. Jesus!”

Batting her hands away, I grab the sides of her face to pull her close to me.

“What are you doing, dammit?” she says as she struggles to get out of my hold, hands grasping my wrists to pull me away.

“Making sure you aren’t bleeding, you pain in the ass. Hold still.”

She settles after a moment, and I release her face, threading my fingers through her hair to check for a wound, coming up empty, thankfully. I’d feel like shit if I returned her to Dom cut and bleeding.

“You’ll live. Car won’t start?” I ask, playing stupid.

“It won’t turnover at all. Completely dead.”

“I’ll call my guys and get it towed to the shop for you so I can take a look later. We’re not jumping it out here while we freeze our asses off.”

Her shoulders sag in relief.

“Looks like I’m riding with you to work.”

“If you ask nicely.”

My lips twitch as I take in her frustrated features, her hip dips to the side as her hand rests on it with a little attitude. Biting my bottom lip, trying to hold back the toothy smile that wants to consume me, I wait for her to do as she’s told.

“Cruz, can I please get a ride with you to Knockout? It would mean a lot to me.”

“Good girl, angel. Now get your ass in the car,” I say as I slam the hood of her bug closed. I pull her gym bag and purse from the back seat and jog to my Chevy to find Emma already sitting in the passenger seat. Her perfect blonde hair and expensive clothes are such a contrast against the torn leather seats. It’s the first time I’ve had a girl in here, and for a moment, my cold, dead heart beats rapidly in my chest, my lungs seizing. She’s too good for me.

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Shaking my head to get my thoughts straight, I fire her up. The engine rumbles to life, vibrations rippling through the seats beneath us.

“Buckle up, angel. Wouldn’t want anything else to happen to you before I return you to Dom.”

I slowly back out of the spot on Main Street, saying a silent prayer that the streets have been cleared. With my right hand on the gearshift and the other on the wheel, I press the gas. The Nova’s rear tires spin for a second before gripping the snow-covered asphalt, kicking up slush as the back end fishtails slightly. Emma’s hand flies to the “oh shit” bar above her door. I chuckle under my breath as I fly down Main Street.

CHAPTER3

emma

By the time I get to Knockout, I’m amped up and really want a release. Cruz is such a dirty flirt, and I don’t understand how it doesn’t bother Dom. He seems to enjoy watching Cruz make me squirm. He’s so dark and mysterious you can’t help but want to peel back those layers and see what makes him tick. Watching him drive his car was hot as hell. He had an air of confidence, and I couldn’t look away as he shifted gears and worked the pedals. I know he could tell how he affected me and the moment he put the car in park, I grabbed my bag and jumped out, eager to put space between us and not face what I’m positive would have been some snarky comments about how turned on he made me. Even if all of them would have been right on the money.

I walk through the small lobby of the gym until I reach the ladies' changing room, quickly stripping out of my clothes and pulling on a pair of black high-waisted workout leggings and a deep-red sports bra. While walking to reception, I pull my hair up into a quick ballet bun and tie it in place.

Knockout Boxing Gym is open from before the sun rises to long after it goes down. I wouldn't call it a twenty-four-hour gym, but it's damn near close. People trickle in and out throughout the evening, which is the busiest time of day for us. Dom offers classes for boxing, Krav Maga, MMA, and self-defense, plus open mat and gym time. An injury in his wrist pulled him from fighting professionally, but that doesn't stop him here. There's only one other guy in town that can keep up with him, and the two trained together as teenagers.

One of the first things I did after returning home to Aspen Ridge from college last summer, was sign up for Dom's self-defense class. Shortly before graduation, while walking back to my apartment on campus late at night, someone grabbed me from behind. His hand covered my mouth, the other grabbing me roughly, shoving me against a brick wall in the alley I was walking through. I was able to thrash enough to free my mouth and scream while he shoved me onto the ground, trying his damndest to get his jeans undone and my dress up. Thankfully, someone else heard my screams and was able to intervene. I'd never known true terror until that moment. The entire thing has seriously screwed me up. As if I wasn't already before that happened.

A month later, after taking lessons at the gym to learn to defend myself, Dom hired me as his receptionist, and it didn't take long for us to fall for each other. His dominance, coupled with the patience he has with me, made it impossible to fight my feelings. The late-night, private lessons are a perk of the position that I will never complain about. Especially when they're followed up with orgasms.

"Well hello, beautiful. You're looking mouthwatering today."

I look up from my computer to find Aidan propping his forearms on top of the desk. The position makes the muscles in his biceps swell and given that he rarely has a T-shirt on, all his tan, tattooed skin stretches across his strong body.

While handsome as fuck, he is more pretty boy slick than Dominik and Cruz's gruff, ruggedness. His hair is dark brown and trimmed close at the sides, the top portion left loose and falls into his face when it's not styled back. His green eyes are striking and focused solely on me.

Aidan and I have known each other the longest. While we never ran in the same circles, we went through grade school together and shared the majority of our classes through high school. I'm not sure when he started rolling with Dom and Cruz or how that even happened, but he's the other member of their dynamic trio.

My core clenches tightly, and I squirm slightly in my chair. I'm going to hell. I shouldn't be getting turned on by my boyfriend's best friends. But they're just so ridiculously good-looking. Talk about mouthwatering. I have a dark, dirty little fantasy of the three of them tag-teaming me, and with the way they behave, you'd think the fantasy was mutual.

"Don't let Dominik hear you talking to me like that. You're a brave man, Aidan Cooper."

"Oh, blondie. You think he'd mind? Nah," he whispers the next words, his voice sultry smooth, low enough for only me to hear, "he'd enjoy it." He walks away, giving me a wink as goosebumps scatter across my skin and my panties pool with my arousal. Damn that man is so hot. I close my eyes for a brief moment before I feel the closeness of a body behind me, then warm breath as lips trail down the column of my neck.

"Mmm, you smell so delicious, milaya devochka."

Dominik.

His nickname for me has a smile spreading across my face. I reach behind me, running my fingers across the short stubble of hair at the side of his head, grabbing his neck and pulling him in closer.

“You think turning me on while I have work to do is a good idea? My boss wouldn’t be happy about that.”

His hand snakes around to my front, collaring my throat and tightening with just enough pressure to show me he’s in control right now. Just the way I like it. My chest rises and falls harder, my center dampening further as his lips trail across my skin.

“Oh, moya lyubov’, I disagree. I don’t think he would mind at all. Plus,” his voice drops to a breathy whisper, sending chills down my spine as my heart drops into my stomach, “you’re already turned on.”

My spine straightens, nerves taking over. There’s no way he knows. Chills spread throughout my body as his lips drop a hard kiss to the soft spot between my neck and shoulder that he loves so much. As he walks away, leaving me confused and aroused, I can’t help but wonder if maybe Aidan was right. Does Dom like it when his friends come on to me?

CHAPTER4

dom

“Blyat! You the one getting Emma hot and bothered?” I say as my hand smacks against the back of Aidan’s head.

“Ouch! English, asshole! English!” Aiden yelps, rubbing the sore spot on his skull.

“What happened to easing her into it?”

When I gave Aidan and Cruz the proposition about sharing Emma, they were more than willing. Eager motherfuckers. But they aren't the only ones. I've been torturously edged watching them play cat and mouse with my sweet girl for the last month, slowly getting closer and closer to her.

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A plan was formed that night that my crazy-ass best friends would pick up their game when it comes to her, fuck with her head, and break down any remaining walls she may have. We don't want her to have a single reservation when we all finally have her together. We want her to already be imagining what it will be like when the three of us claim her.

“What do you think I'm doing? I'm getting her used to the idea of me,” he retorts, wrapping his hands in tape to get ready for a sparring match.

“Mudak. She needs to get used to the idea of us. Not just you! The idea is to share her, idiot. I'm not giving her to you,” I grumble, frustration rising in my chest as I rip the tape from Aidan's hands to help wrap him up. He's about to get into the ring with Liam Hayes—who's out for blood lately— and I'll be pissed if I have to see him shatter his wrists because of piss-poor prep.

“I wouldn't take her from you. Chill out, you crazy-ass motherfucker, and you know that. You just like giving me shit.”

“It's just too easy not to.”

Emma and I have been together for three months, and I've wanted her since the moment I laid eyes on her last summer. Of course I knew she existed before then, but that was the moment that cemented what I wanted.

She came into Knockout—looking unsure and broken—to sign up for self-defense. It's not one of the popular classes since we live in a tiny-ass town in the middle of nowhere, but it's important to me to offer it so that both women and men have the

tools to defend themselves if they ever need it.

I could practically taste the trauma on her, and I definitely could see it behind her crystal-blue eyes. I would have done anything to make sure she never had that look on her face again, but something told me she didn't need me to save her. She just needed me to stand behind her and show her how fucking strong she is all on her own.

We started lessons and I learned more about her. Having just graduated from college, she was back living at home with her parents in Aspen Ridge, and not thrilled about being under their “suffocating” roof again. I hired her as a receptionist—that I didn't need—to give her a reprieve from home and so that I could spend more time with her.

She's addictive.

Intoxicating.

Exhilarating.

And I'm fucking obsessed with her. When I finally had her, it nearly broke me. The first time between her legs, I found her scars. She was even more perfect to me then, and I knew, no matter what it took, she was mine for eternity. I swore right there I'd make damn sure she never had a reason to hurt herself again. She hasn't opened up to me about why, but I'm giving her the time she needs to be comfortable enough to talk to me about it. I want to know all the hidden, dark pieces of her so I can heal every single shattered bit.

We've gotten to know each other deeply, but she isn't the only one keeping secrets. The one thing I've kept hidden from her is the fact that voyeurism is my kink. And I'm dying to watch her with Cruz and Aidan. She hasn't shied away from anything I've had her try, in fact, it's the opposite. She thrives under my demand and is so

eager to please.

I focus on the task at hand to distract myself. Having wrapped up for fights a million times before, I can do it expertly in my sleep. I pull it tight over his knuckles twice before crossing it over the back of his hand toward his wrist to create an X.

“You ready for this weekend?” Aidan asks me, breaking the silence stretching between us. I drop his hand and reach for the other one. A vivid image of Emma completely naked on all fours, choking on Aidan’s cock while Cruz fucks her from behind, flashes behind my eyes, and it takes all my restraint not to groan right here.

“Yeah, brother. I’m fucking ready.”

Emma thrives on new sexual experiences, and fuck, I can’t wait to see how she’ll respond to the Valentine’s weekend surprise we’ve planned for her.

Something tells me my sweet girl is going to enjoy it.

CHAPTER5

emma

I flip the lock on the front door of Knockout and head to the back of the gym, looking for Dom to start our workout. I hear the heavy thumping of gloves hitting flesh before my eyes are on them. Dom and Cruz are sparring in a ring, Aidan hanging out on the side under the ropes. Sweat glistens on both of their sculpted bodies. Dom is in nothing but a pair of black boxing shorts and a massive skull tattoo stretches across his entire back, shifting with every flex of his muscles while he boxes Cruz like the ruthless fighter he is.

Dominik has Cruz in both height and weight, towering over most everyone. Gorgeous

dirty blond hair falls into his eyes as he bounces back and forth on his bare feet. He holds his hands up in front of his face, cracking his neck side to side while he circles Cruz. He's a calculated fighter and it's such a beautiful thing to watch.

Cruz may be smaller, but there is nothing small about him. He's in fitted shorts, his thick, muscular thighs straining against the fabric as he dances with Dom, a devilish grin on his face that says he's not to be underestimated. He lives for this. A scar cuts directly through his right eyebrow and under his eye, like something had sliced him open at one point. It adds to his bad boy look in such a sexy way.

Dom's body language is stoic as Cruz lunges forward, pulling his arm back, and quicker than my eyes can follow the movement, he throws a punch toward Dom's face. Dom ducks under it, snapping two rapid jabs to Cruz's cheek with his left hand. Cruz stumbles back a step but quickly composes himself, a sardonic smile tugging at his lips. I cringe as I watch them circle each other, sparring in a synchronized dance they've clearly done a million times before.

I join Aidan at the ropes, his attention turning to me.

"You like watching them, huh?" I ask.

"Don't mind it. With their tempers, I just want to make sure they don't accidentally kill each other. I couldn't live with myself if that happened."

"Aww, you really love them, Aidan!" I tease, nudging him playfully with my shoulder.

"Unfortunately. Can't help who you love, Em," he says as he looks into my eyes.

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My heart flips over in my chest, butterflies taking flight in the pit of my stomach. Not wanting to hold eye contact or dissect such a profound statement, I return my gaze to the ring just as Dom and Cruz hug and turn their attention to me. Dom walks to the ropes and squats to be closer to eye level with me.

“My love. Are you ready?” His thick Russian accent is a sensual caress over my entire body.

“I am.”

Bracing my hands on the edge, I start to pull myself up when Aidan’s hands grab my waist, picking me up like I weigh nothing at all, making it easier to haul myself into the ring. His fingers press deeply into my hips, and I don’t miss the low hum he makes before he releases me.

Dom is on the other side, waiting for me, pulling his gloves and tape off so that he’s free to work out with me. Cruz climbs out of the ring, degloving, and takes up the vacated spot next to Aidan. Lovely, they’re sticking around to watch. Dom and I have been working out together the last few months, just the two of us, after everyone has cleared out for the night. It makes focusing so much easier knowing no one else is around.

I step into the middle of the ring, ready for whatever Dom has planned for me tonight.

He comes into my space, towering above me as he places his hands on each side of my face, leaning down to kiss me. Just before our lips touch, I speak up.

“Are they staying?”

“Kiss me, milaya devochka.”

Sweet girl. Dom grips me around the waist, jerking my body flush against his, claiming my lips in a brutal kiss that steals the breath from my lungs. My legs weaken, and a buzzing noise fills my head as I lose myself in the embrace, the world around us fading away. His tongue swipes against my lips, and I open eagerly for him, loving how deeply he kisses me. It’s all-consuming.

The moment he releases his hold on me, I stumble backward, falling against a firm chest. A thick arm circles my waist as a hand bounds my mouth, pulling me flush against them. I was so lost to Dom I forgot where I was and what we were doing. No one has ever joined Dom and me during a lesson before and I’m unprepared for one of them to catch me off guard.

My eyes must be huge because Dom flinches, no doubt reading the terror in my expression.

My mind becomes hazy as a flashback of this same position slams into me, true fear taking over and erasing all the progress I’ve made over the last few months training with Dom. The hard dick against my lower back signals that I’m in danger and need to escape. But I don’t remember how.

I jerk against the hold, wiggling in his arms and making unintelligible sounds against the palm of his hand around my mouth as I gasp for air. I struggle and fight to free myself but he’s so goddamn strong.

“Emma.”

I freeze. Dom’s voice breaks through my inner turmoil, demanding my attention and

breaking the grip that fear has over me.

I center my eyes on him and work to steady my breathing and clear my mind.

“Focus, moya lyubov’, remember how to fight back.”

I close my eyes for a brief moment to center myself, finding my calm so I can use my head and get out of this. Inhaling deeply, my senses are overtaken by the smell of leather and tobacco.

Cruz.

Ready to fight back, I brace my body against him, and with all the power I can muster, slam my elbow back into his ribs and drop all of my weight forward. His grip around my waist loosens just enough for me to spin out of his hold. He’s quick to reach for me again, but this time I’m ready. Pulling back a punch, I don’t hold back, his warning earlier a loud echo in my head.

“Careful, angel. I like the pain.”

He dodges the swing and lunges for my torso, tackling me down to the ground, the air whooshing from my lungs as we hit the mat. My legs wrap around his waist, my back arching as I squeeze with everything I have. He releases a heavy breath as my hands move up to press against his face, forcing him to bow backward. He’s quick to gather my wrists, forcing them above my head, and it’s then that I feel the hard length at my core, pressing into my center.

The sadistic asshole enjoys this.

Dropping my legs from around his waist, I drive my heel, repeatedly, into the back of his thigh. His breathing hitches on every impact. Deciding I need to get out from

under him, I use everything I have to buck him off and flip us. It takes me a few attempts, but I'm eventually able to get my feet flat on the ground, using my hips and the floor to flip us, forcing him to free my wrists.

"Fuuuuuuuck!!!" I scream, running on pure adrenaline because fighting Cruz is the hardest thing I've ever had to physically do. It's obvious he is only trying to restrain me, but he doesn't seem to be going easy on me at all.

Once I'm on top of him, something snaps. I rain punches down on his chest and stomach, and his forearms come up, bracing against my onslaught to protect his face. I pour all of my frustration, my anger, my fear, and hurt into each hit. All I see is red, and I scream again at the top of my lungs.

Before I know what's happening, Cruz sits up, collecting my arms at my sides and holding me close to him in his lap. My legs fall to wrap around his waist while I heave in big breaths of air.

"Breathe, angel. You did so well. Just breathe." His voice is barely a whisper as he speaks the words into my ear. His hard cock presses heavy on my core, my pussy throbbing and aching in response. I feel the wetness dampening my leggings, and I stand quickly to put space between us, feeling lit up from the inside out.

My eyes search for Dom as Cruz climbs out of the ring.

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“That’s my girl. How do you feel?”

“Amped up. Jesus fuck, I wasn’t expecting him to attack me, Dominik!” I yell, adrenaline making me feel out of sorts and crazed.

“That’s exactly why we did it. Practicing here with me, when you expect it, is only going to do so much. But to be blindsided? That’s when you will be able to tap into defending yourself like I’m confident you know how to. Now, do you feel better?”

I take a deep breath, trying to let the heady mix of adrenaline and arousal subside, but it feels like a live wire, pumping through my veins with nowhere to go. I shake my hands out and move from foot to foot.

Dom reads my expression, stepping closer and placing one hand on my ass to jerk me against him while the other slides up my chest, stopping to circle my throat.

“Does my love need a release? It looks like her energy has nowhere to go.” His breath tickles my ear, his voice low, and I nod slightly.

Dom’s hand slides from my hip to my front, fingers toying with the band of my leggings before dipping beneath them. He slowly descends until he’s cupping my pussy in his large, warm hand. He expertly spreads me apart, just enough for a thick finger to slip between my folds, dipping into my center before sliding back up to circle my clit.

“Sweet girl, you’re so wet.”

“I know,” I say on a deep sigh.

What I really want to say is, the feeling of your best friend’s big dick pressed against my pussy made me want both of you so bad I’m leaking through my leggings.

“I’ve got you. I’ll make the ache better.”

My forehead drops against his bare chest, my breathing coming in pants as he works me over like he’s done so many times before. My hands rub over his tattooed arms, loving the sticky sweat coating him, his veins swollen and throbbing beneath my fingers. He dips two thick fingers inside me hard, just the way I like it, the power of the thrusts forcing me up on my toes. He holds me close as he ruins me, right here in the middle of the gym.

“Oh, god, Dominik.”

“Come, moya lyubov’,” he whispers against my ear as the hand around my neck tightens, cutting off my air supply.

My body hums under his demand, eager to please him and obey. His fingers slide up to my clit, pressing firmly and drawing small circles around my throbbing bundle of nerves as I struggle to breathe against the onslaught of pleasure building deep within me. The world around us fades away as I focus on the sensations he’s igniting. Somewhere in the recesses of my mind is a quiet reminder that we aren’t alone and that Cruz and Aidan are watching me grind against Dom’s hand to chase the release I’m desperate for. Damn, why is that thought so hot?

My legs begin to shake as tears spring to my eyes, the pressure around my neck and lack of oxygen intensifying the pleasure building within, before pushing me over that glorious cliff of euphoria. Just as the orgasm hits me, Dom releases the grip around my neck and forces my head to the side.

“Open your eyes, milaya devochka.”

My eyes slowly open, and as I blink the tears away and my vision clears, I’m staring directly at Cruz and Aidan, who look feral. Aidan grips the ropes of the ring, while Cruz palms his cock over his shorts.

I gasp for air as I moan out the pure pleasure coursing through my body, unable to hold anything back, regardless of who’s in the room with us. Not that I want to.

As my climax fades, Dom pulls his hand free, bringing his fingers to his mouth and licking them clean in an obscene fashion.

“How does she taste?”

Aidan’s voice jerks me from the post-orgasm bliss and plummets me right back to reality, my brain regaining focus and clarity. So that wasn’t in my imagination. Holy fuck, Dom just got me off in front of his best friends. The way they are both looking at me, their eyes laser-focused, hungry—it’s clear how much they liked it. My heart thunders and drops like a heavy weight into my stomach.

“Sweet like fucking candy.”

“Fuck,” Cruz groans under his breath as he walks away.

“What a show, Em. You come so pretty,” Aidan says as he follows Cruz out of the building. My mouth gapes open as I watch them retreat. I turn back to face Dom, his arms crossed over his chest.

“Better?” he asks with a satisfied smirk.

“Ye-yes,” I reply, the words getting caught in my throat. Because what the fuck just

happened?

“Good. Now, let’s go again. This time, remember how to fight back from the very first moment,” he demands, as if nothing had just happened at all.

CHAPTER6

emma

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By the time we get back to Dom's, it's after midnight and my body is exhausted. The events at the gym have been on replay since Aidan and Cruz left. It was hard to focus on the workout when the looks on their faces as they watched me come are permanently etched into my brain. They looked so hungry . . . for me. Dom surprised me by showing me off like that, but the more I piece it together, the more it fits. I just need to find the time and courage to ask him about it.

All three men live together under one roof. They purchased it a few years ago as a foreclosure and worked to fix the place up and make it a home. The house sits on the outskirts of town, nestled about a mile deep into the woods. Tall Sitka spruce trees tower over the property, and snow covers the roof in a white, heavy blanket, the front porch illuminated by a single light above their front door.

As I step out of Dom's car, he's already retrieving my overnight bag from the trunk. His hand rests on the small of my back as we walk inside. The moment we step into the house, a wave of masculinity envelops me—the scent of leather and cedarwood the most notable. The subtle hints of cologne, mixed with the earthy notes in the air, erase the tiredness I was feeling in the car. Each of the guys is so different, but together, they create something so . . . refreshingly new and addictive. It's as if each of them has seeped into every inch of the house, warring and blending to create the most intoxicating scent and atmosphere.

“Well, look who decided to come home!” Aidan razzes from his spot on the couch, his laptop resting on his thighs.

“We're twenty minutes after you, shithead.”

“What was the hold-up?” he asks, raising his eyebrows suggestively.

I roll my eyes while taking off my winter coat to hang in the entryway closet. I slip off my sneakers and place them on the shoe rack before raising my arms above my head and stretching. My body feels the soreness of the workout, and if I’m already feeling it, tomorrow is going to be a bitch.

“Want something to drink, moya lyubov’?” Dom asks me.

“Whatever you’re having,” I reply, immediately regretting my words and grabbing his forearm to stop him. “Not vodka, Dom. Not. Vodka. A beer?” I shudder remembering the last time I drank it with them in a failed attempt at trying to keep up. Fairly certain I forcefully removed my entire stomach lining the next day.

Cruz laughs under his breath as if he’s remembering the same thing, his attention focused on cleaning a chunk of metal with a cloth. He’s sitting in a leather chair under a tall lamp in the corner of the room, looking like the gorgeous, brooding man that he is.

I plop down on the couch next to Aidan and look at his laptop, knowing he won’t mind.

“Whatcha working on tonight?”

“A shoot from last night. Drove into Seattle.”

“Is that where you were?”

He turns his head toward me, bringing us just a breath apart. His eyes, a bright shade of green, look like vibrant emeralds.

“You noticed, huh?”

“Oh, shut up. I’m just curious. Can you show me?”

He turns his laptop so that I can see his work, and an uncontrolled smile brightens my face. I knew that Aidan was a talented street photographer—being featured in multiple magazines and publications—but to scroll through his photographs with him next to me is a completely different experience.

“Aidan. These are incredible.”

Dom takes a seat next to me, handing me a cold beer and putting his hand high on my thigh, sending shivers through my body. The close proximity between both men aids the heat rising to flush my cheeks and my increasingly rapid heartbeat.

Clearing my throat, I murmur, “Thank you. Can you believe these photos?”

“He’s good, but you don’t need to tell him. He knows it already. It’ll inflate his head even more,” Dom says with a laugh.

“Oh, shut up, you jackass. You’re just jealous that all you can do is punch things for a living. Fucking caveman.”

“As opposed to clicking a button on a camera?”

“Both of you shut it. Everyone needs to be praised once in a while, Dominik. Especially when it’s due, and these? Holy shit.”

I slowly move through the slideshow, paying attention to every detail Aidan has captured with his lens. It’s nighttime, and the buildings are illuminated by streetlights. Strangers stand in a circle, huddled around a fire with their hands

outstretched, gathering the warmth from the flames. Snow is piled high, surrounding the brick buildings close to them, graffiti painted in various spots, bringing vibrancy to an otherwise dark and depressing area. In another one, a skateboarder glides downhill on a nearly empty road. The glaring red and blue lights from a police car spread color into the shot from the side.

I'm so caught up in each photo that I don't realize how much time has gone by. When I look up, Dom has fallen asleep beside me, his head relaxed back on the couch. Cruz has disappeared, and Aidan's focus is solely on me.

"These are . . . I don't have words. You have the eye for it, Aidan Cooper."

His lips lift with a smile, and it's so damn pleasing to see, especially knowing that I put it there. He's just so freaking handsome it almost takes your breath away.

"In all my years of doing this, no one has looked at my work the way you just did, Emma Davis."

My cheeks heat as a blush rises.

“You are so beautiful,” he whispers as his eyes flick down to my lips.

My eyes close for a moment as his words wash over me. There’s a heaviness in being under Aidan’s gaze. He looks at me like I’m the only thing that matters, as if I am the center of the universe. The world could burn around us, and he wouldn’t even notice. My heart flips, and a rush of nerves spreads through my body.

I’ve known Aidan for so long. He may not be aware, but he carries a sense of peace that is a calming balm to my soul. I’ve always been drawn to him, for that feeling of comfort he could bring, but lately? Lately, I’m realizing that he is so much more, and it’s hard to fight the pull to explore that. His eyes flit down to my lips again, and just as he moves a fraction of an inch, Dom’s grasp tightens ever so slightly on my thigh, just a twitch, enough to break me from this moment I’m caught up in. The arousal I was feeling is doused by a heavy dose of guilt and shame. What the fuck is wrong with me?

“Thank you,” I squeak out, unsure how to respond to his compliments when they carry so much weight and embarrassed by the fact that I was going to let him kiss me. That I wanted him to kiss me, especially while Dom was next to me.

I look away, instead focusing my attention on the fireplace that rests in front of us unused, the red brick old and worn. I clear my throat and turn to Dominik, shaking his arm to wake him up. “Hey, take me to bed?”

Without a word, Dom sweeps me into his arms, my legs instinctively wrapping

around his broad waist as his hands grip my ass firmly. My pussy aches in anticipation. Not a night has passed without him claiming me. He's insatiable, and I have no trouble keeping up with him.

By the time we reach his bedroom on the second floor, he's kicking the door shut and dropping me carefully on my feet, hands gripping my shirt and sports bra and pulling them over my head. His large body drops to his haunches, peeling off my leggings, wasting no time stripping me completely naked. Rough, calloused hands slide over the back of my thighs, pulling me forward as he presses his face into my pussy, inhaling deeply. I thread my fingers through his soft hair as he nuzzles his face closer to me, just breathing me in, running his nose back and forth across my flesh. It's so filthy and erotic, igniting me from somewhere deep within. A tiny ember that he stokes until my body has been consumed by a raging inferno.

"Dom . . ." My voice trembles and breaks as he gives in to what I need. My body sags deeper into him as my legs shake and weaken, the flat of his warm tongue gliding through my center from hole to clit. His hands grip my thighs tightly, fingertips pressing deep into my skin as he holds me still and devours my pussy with his mouth.

My legs shake uncontrollably, forcing me to brace my hands on his shoulders as my orgasm builds and builds, the pressure right on the cusp of that cliff. My stomach tightens, my spine stiffening before arching into his glorious, talented mouth, and just as I'm about to fall off that ledge, he pulls back, looking up at me with heavy eyes, his mouth glistening with my moisture. I whine out in protest, and before I can react further, he delivers a swift, firm slap to my pussy. I yelp and try to jump back but he holds me in place.

"Not until I say you can, milaya devochka."

He pushes me backward until my legs hit the edge of the bed, forcing me to lay back. I sit up on my elbows and watch as Dom undresses, his body a work of art. He's

covered in intricately detailed tattoos, and I've spent countless hours tracing them with my fingers. He grips the back of his shirt and pulls it off in that effortlessly sexy way only a man can, quickly followed by his bottoms. His already firm cock springs free—thick and veined. My mouth waters for the bead of precum leaking from his swollen head, knowing he's this worked up just from going down on me.

Eyes latched onto mine, Dom prowls up the bed as I try to scoot away. Having had enough of my games, his large hand circles my ankle, dragging me back down to position me exactly where he wants—under him. My legs are thrown over his shoulders, folding me beneath him. His thick cock nudges my entrance, and I brace myself as he pushes in. He thrusts in short, controlled movements, easing his way in, too big to sink inside me in one fluid motion. I bite down on my bottom lip, trying to stifle the moan threatening to escape. My walls tighten and spasm around him, stretching to accommodate his fat dick. Even though he got me ready for him, it's such a tight fit that I wince around the intrusion.

“That's my sweet girl, relax and let me in this tight little body.”

I bite down harder on my lip as he fills me completely, only giving me a moment of reprieve before his hips pull back and slam forward like the powerhouse he is. Being fucked by Dom is like being on the shore as a tsunami hits. Powerful. Destructive. Consuming. There's nothing you can do to fight it, relaxing into it as the waves crash and take you under is the only option.

His fingers find my mouth as he rocks into me, gently pulling my lip from between my teeth and tugging it down until it pops free.

“No, my love. I work for every single one of those noises, so don't you dare hold them back.”

My eyes widen at his demand but my pussy floods around him with a new wave of

arousal. Now would be a good time to ask him if he has a certain kink he's been keeping from me, but I don't want to ruin the moment if I'm wrong.

"Cruz and Aidan are home, I don't want them to hear me."

"They've already heard what you sound like when you come, moya lyubov'. They've seen what you look like. Don't you dare hold back."

"Dominik . . ." My eyes flutter closed as his words ignite the image of Aidan and Cruz's hungry expressions as they held themselves back while watching me come undone.

Shit. I want that.

But I don't give Dom what he's asking me for. I pull my lip back between my teeth as he starts to move inside me again, his thick length withdrawing to the tip and driving back in.

His eyes flash in a challenge, eyebrows raising as he captures my mouth with his own in a brief but passionate kiss before returning his gaze to me. Dom pulls back before pistoning hard inside me, jerking my body further up the bed, my hands shooting out to brace myself against the headboard.

"I loved it, milaya devochka. Making you come while they watched, seeing how bad they wanted you."

Moans spill from my lips unrestrained as his dirty words fill my head. His hips continue to thrust into me, grinding his pelvis down hard on my clit every time he fills me deep. Dom fucks like the ruthless fighter he is—demanding, controlling, every bit as powerful, focused, and hungry in the bedroom as he is in the ring. My arms stay stretched above my head, elbows locked, doing my best to keep my body

from moving farther back as I take every blow he gives me.

“You saw the desire on their faces, sweet girl. Saw how badly they wanted to feast on you. Did it feel good? Knowing they were watching you come with my fingers buried in your tight little pussy?”

His thrusts become harder and more rapid, hitting my cervix and making me cry out.

“Fuck. The way you came with their eyes on you. Gushing all over my hand. Admit it felt good, my love, let me hear you say you liked them watching me fuck you.”

Without having to ask, Dom gave me my answer. He’s into sharing me. He has to be. Or at least voyeurism to some degree. I scream out yes in between moans.

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“That’s it, moya lyubov’, let them hear how good I’m making you feel. Make them jealous that I get to fuck this tight pussy.”

His words hit their mark, lighting a fire that starts deep in my core and spreads like wildfire throughout my body. I do exactly what he wants—screaming my pleasure out for everyone to hear.

CHAPTER 7

cruz

The headboard bangs against the wall behind me, Emma’s moans unfiltered and wanton as Dom fucks the life out of her sweet little body. Lucky son of a bitch.

Watching him finger fuck her after she had been in my arms, fighting for her life, was hot as hell, and my cock has been hard ever since. No amount of jerking off has provided any relief. The moment I was in my car, I whipped it out, ruthlessly fucking my hand until I shot cum into the fist of my other one.

I know he was trying to ease her into the idea of being watched, of being shared by the three of us—something we all want. But fuck if I didn’t want to take her right there on the mat. My dick buried in her ass, Aidan in her pussy, and Dom in her mouth. The things we plan to do to her will wreck her in the best of ways.

I know his cock is filling her, but I close my eyes and imagine it’s mine. My hand creeps down until I’m grabbing my hard cock, toying with the barbell through the head before tightening my fist around the base. I stroke it dry, enjoying the rough

discomfort mixed with pleasure. I let her moans fuel me, pinching my engorged head on every upstroke. I picture her bright blue eyes, brimming with unshed tears, staring up at me, her desire and need written all over her perfect face as I fuck her with ruthless abandon. I want her to feel me between her legs for days, pump that sweet little cunt until she's weeping my cum down the inside of her thighs.

I know she'll be such a good girl for us. My free hand itches to touch her skin, to dick her down so good she'd do fucking anything for more of me.

I lose myself to the scene playing out in my head, her moans filling the empty room, fueling me as I chase my orgasm. My hand flexes as if it's around her delicate throat, restricting her airflow until I'm ready to let her breathe again.

I fuck my hand vigorously as she screams, her moans ringing in my ears until hot ribbons of cum pulse from my slit onto my abdomen and chest. Her face is all I see as I reach my peak.

After cleaning myself up, I manage to get a few hours of sleep, knowing it won't be long before I finally get to leave my mark on this perfect woman.

CHAPTER 8

aidan

I finish my workout and grab a towel to wipe the sweat from my face before jogging upstairs to make a protein shake and a cup of coffee. Dom and Cruz tend to sleep later than I do, but I've always been a morning person. No matter how late my nights run, I can't break the habit.

"Work, goddamnit, work!" A sweet feminine voice floats through the air, laced with frustration. My footsteps pick up their pace, wanting to get my sights on her first

thing in the morning.

I find Emma in the kitchen, wearing nothing but one of Dom's shirts. It hangs to mid-thigh, and I'm disappointed I can't catch a glimpse of the bottom of her ass. Her legs, however, are fully on display—long, lithe, and toned from the near-daily workouts Dom has been putting her through for the better part of the past year.

“Need some help?”

“For fuck's sake, Aidan!” she says as she jumps, her hand going to her heart. I laugh under my breath at her startle. “Is this your stupid contraption? Ever heard of a Nespresso? What is this monstrosity?”

“It's my barista,” I say in mock horror. “Be nice to her. I'll make you a cup. What do you want?”

“What do you mean, what do I want? Coffee. I want hot coffee. Preferably with an obscene amount of creamer.”

Goddamn. She's a viper first thing in the morning. That's fine. I've been dealing with Cruz's shitty personality since we moved in together. I can handle this little pixie too.

“Grouchy in the morning. Noted. Go sit, and I'll bring you something you'll like.”

She turns with a huff to stomp out of the kitchen, and I chuckle under my breath.

“Shh. She didn't mean it,” I say to my machine before getting started. Deciding to make her a vanilla latte since I've seen her order one at Bean Haven before, I get to work. While she's doing her magic, I grab my shaker cup and fill it with milk, adding a few scoops of chocolate protein powder and screwing the top back on.

I return to finish up Emma's latte, adding vanilla bean syrup to the milk and frothing it. I gently pour it over the espresso and pick it up, confident she'll enjoy it.

I find her sitting in Cruz's chair by the fireplace, scrolling on her phone.

"Here you go, Em."

"Wow. Thank you. This looks incredible."

I take a seat on the couch and start to drink my breakfast, watching as she purses her lips to blow on the foam before taking her first sip. The satisfied noises that come next are enough to get me hard.

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“Fuck, beautiful. That sound.” My cock hardens in my gym shorts, her moan perking him right up. I slide my palm over my shaft to adjust myself as inconspicuously as possible.

“Well, Jesus, Aidan, this is amazing. Holy fuck. Looks like photography isn’t the only thing you’re skilled at.”

“Oh, baby, trust me. I’m skilled at more than just those two things,” I say, giving her a little wink.

She shakes her head with a smile, playing off my words.

“Mmm. My god,” she moans again as she sips.

“Emma. I’m warning you. Keep making those noises, and I’ll be tempted to come over there and see what other ones I can pull from you.”

“What noises?” Dom’s voice breaks the spell Emma has me under.

“Just making your girl moan from the vanilla latte I made her.”

Dom walks into Emma’s space, dropping a kiss on her forehead. She smiles brightly up at him like he hung the fucking stars and moon, and I find myself jealous of their relationship. Dom hasn’t ever been the relationship type, not since shit went down with his psycho ex five years ago.

They had been steady fuckbuddies for a few months when she came to him one day

claiming she was pregnant, despite the fact that he wrapped it every time. Dom lost his fucking mind. He wasn't happy his child was being carried by someone he didn't feel shit for, but he was determined to make it work because he'd die before he bailed on his baby. The three of us fought for weeks over whether he would move her ass into the house with us when the baby was born. Something never felt quite right. A few months later, we still hadn't figured out what we were going to do. Having enough of the shit and following his gut, Cruz followed her to a crack house in Tacoma and recorded her shooting up with some lowlife pieces of shit.

After showing the video to Dom, he lost it. Bought a pregnancy test and made her piss on it right in front of us. Guess who was never pregnant? His trust issues run deep, but something about Emma broke through all those walls. If our little fucked-up family had a leader, it would be Dom, he's the strongest and most levelheaded, but he's putty in Emma's hands.

"Glad you made her feel good this morning, brother. I took care of her last night so it's only fair."

Emma's eyes widen as she looks from Dom to me and back again. Her face is a pretty mix of shock and arousal at his innuendo, her cheeks turning pink and her mouth dropping open slightly. Goddamn is she responsive.

"Happy to serve her, Your Highness," I deadpan.

"Thank you, Aidan, really. I needed this," she says in a much softer, more human tone than the creature I met in the kitchen.

"Good. You seem . . . happier?"

"Mmm," she moans between sips. "I am."

I set my cup on the coffee table and stand, her eyes widening as if she isn't sure what I'll do next, knowing her little mistake and my previous warning.

"Emma, Emma, Emma," I tsk. "What did I tell you?"

I walk across the small living room until I'm right in front of her, dropping down on my knees at her feet. Her face is flushed a bright pink that spreads down her neck, her chest rising and falling harder. Fuck, I love seeing her like this.

"Well?" I ask.

"That if I made that noise again you'd be tempted to come find out what other ones you could pull from me." Her voice is a hushed whisper and only turns me on further.

"Good girl. You were listening."

Her eyes flutter closed as she takes a quick inhale of oxygen. So, she likes praise. Noted.

I extend my hands toward her to spread those bare legs open when her knee raises slowly, her foot coming out and resting on my chest. Those bright pink toenails are a flash of color on her pale skin. The position gives me a clear view between her legs, a strip of bright crimson lace covering her hairless pussy, the bottom of her plump ass peeking out. I nearly groan out loud at the visible wet spot at her center. Fuck, she likes this just as much as I do.

She presses against me slightly, not enough to push me away, but enough to hold me back. She smiles behind her mug, and it takes all my self-control not to say fuck the plan and spread those legs and fucking devour her pussy with my mouth right here and now.

Fuck.

I look over at Dom, hoping like hell he'll just say fuck it and let me feast, but he shakes his head ever so slightly. I'm gonna fucking kill him for making me wait. I've waited long enough.

“Hey.” A black boot nudges my Vans where I sit against a shelf of books in the high school library. I pull my AirPods out of my ear and look up to see who's bothering me and I nearly choke on my spit.

Emma Juliet Davis.

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I've had a crush on this girl since before I knew what a fucking crush was. She's gorgeous, smart, and funny, and everyone likes her. Because, how could you not?

"What's up?"

What's up? Way to play it cool, Aidan, shit.

"Trying to hide out?"

"I guess? Just trying to find some peace and quiet for ten minutes."

She sits down next to me, shoulder to shoulder, and I have to work overtime to keep my breathing steady. She's so fucking pretty, and she smells like the red cherry lollipop she keeps popping into her mouth.

"Aren't you usually in the darkroom?"

She noticed?

"Yeah, Mr. Kirby let's me use it to develop my photography."

"That's pretty cool."

"You trying to hide out?"

Her eyes dart away, and she pulls the sleeves of her shirt down further over her wrists. Warning bells go off in my head. Maybe she's just as lost as I am. For the first

time since I've known her, she looks vulnerable, unsure, and tired. The kind of tired that's bone-deep and can't be fixed with a good night's rest.

Silence stretches between us, sitting in a random aisle of the library, while she continues to lick and suck that damn lollipop. I don't realize I'm staring at her until she speaks.

"It's wild cherry. Want to try it?"

Can sixteen year olds have heart attacks? It sure as hell feels like we can.

"Sure. Want to listen? It's Weezer."

"Sure."

She hands me the white stick holding her lollipop and I give her the AirPods I had taken out to talk to her.

The taste of wild cherry and something else that is just so her explodes on my tongue. Hell, I wish I could taste it from the source. Wish I could kiss her. Wish she'd look at a loner kid like me like I was someone important to her. If this is as close as I'll ever get to Emma, I'll die happy.

I've wanted Emma for years, and now that she's here, now that she's finally a goddamn option, waiting is killing me. I'm fucking done waiting.

CHAPTER9

emma

After the sexually charged breakfast and waking up fully thanks to Aidan's latte, I

followed Dom back to his bedroom to shower and get ready for the day. My panties were so wet that I was going to have to change them anyway and was thankful that I thought to pack several pairs, knowing how Dominik can be. Aidan is a flirt, but he's been more and more blatant with his desire for me. My head swirls with possibilities as I strip and step into the shower with Dominik, letting the spray of the hot water relax my tense muscles.

"I see your mind working, moya lyubov'."

Dom picks up the shampoo that I leave in his shower for the nights I sleep here and pours some into his palm before reaching for me. I turn and relax into his hands as he washes my hair. God, he's so attentive. His looks and touch alone tell me constantly how he feels. He's not much of a talker, but he shows love in everything he does.

It takes me a second before I decide not to show all my cards openly. How do you tell the man you're in love with that you desperately want his best friends? Even if said man seems to want the same thing. His show last night at the gym and then again while he fucked me senseless has turned my brain to goo, and there's only one person I want to talk to about it right now.

"Wondering if Cruz will have an update on the bug, I've got some errands to run today and writing to focus on before work this afternoon."

"We'll ask him when we're done here. But I can always drive with Aidan, and you can use my SUV. Or . . ."

I hitch an eyebrow at him, wondering what he's about to suggest.

"Or?"

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“You could just stay here. Cruz will be around, but he usually spends his days in the garage anyway, so you’d have the place to yourself to write. I want you in our space.”

I think about his offer for a moment. Both of my parents are retired, and writing at home isn’t the zen environment that I need to focus on my book. Dom’s house would be completely quiet for hours before I need to get to work.

“You don’t think the boys would mind?”

“Milaya devochka, I have a feeling that they’d like knowing you were here.”

“When you say things like that it muddles my brain, Dominik.”

His hands slide over my stomach to grip my hips, easily picking me up into his arms and pressing my back against the tile wall. His hard cock prods at my center before he works himself in, and I bite my lip as I look at his knowing face.

“Your body betrays you, sweet girl. Let’s give them another show, yeah?”

After Dom ravaged me, forcing screams from my lungs for everyone to hear, we washed off and wrapped ourselves in large towels, my body satiated and more relaxed. I get dressed in a pair of leggings and a cropped sweater that hangs off of one shoulder, and twist my hair up in a clip. Dom kisses my cheek as he leaves the room, needing to get coffee before heading to Knockout early. After I feel more human, I leave the privacy of his bedroom and go on a search to find Cruz to get an update on my car and figure out my plans for the day.

I find the three of them each holding a cup of coffee, standing together in the kitchen. Cruz is wearing a pair of black sweatpants that hang low on his hips, no shirt, and bare feet. My eyes travel up the expanse of his body, starting with that mouthwatering V at his hips. His abs flex in a six-pack that is so defined, my mouth gapes open slightly while I take him in. His eyes meet mine over the rim of his coffee mug, squinting as he watches me check him out. He gives me the most devilish, knowing grin before winking and returning to his conversation.

My core aches, as if I haven't been thoroughly fucked silly twice in the last six hours. Aidan clearly had the same idea Dominik and I did, and has already showered and put himself together. He's wearing a pair of jeans, brown leather boots, and a white pocket T-shirt that fits his body so well. He's so casually good-looking that it takes my breath away.

I'm so fucked.

Walking into the kitchen, I snuggle into Dominik's body, his arm wrapping around me tightly. Maybe if I focus on what's mine, all of this other chatter will disappear. It has to be all in my fucking head. Or they're testing me and I'm failing miserably.

"Morning, angel. Checked out the bug last night, looks like it wasn't the battery after all. Should have it up and running by the end of the week."

My shoulders deflate.

"About that . . ." Dom interrupts, everyone looking to him for more. "Everyone good if Emma hangs here at the house while we're all at work? She could use the quiet to write."

Cruz snorts obnoxiously and I shoot him a glare, wondering what his issue could be.

“You could move her in, Dom, and you wouldn’t hear a protest from us.”

That shouldn’t come as such a big surprise, but it does. Cruz is the silent, brooding type and isn’t one for vocalizing his support of anything. I look at him and squint my eyes, trying to piece together the part of the puzzle that I’m missing. There has to be an ulterior motive here.

“Whatever you need, Em. You’re welcome here anytime you want,” Aidan adds as he walks from the room, grabbing his keys off the counter as he passes us. A few moments later, the front door shuts behind him.

Dom turns to me, caressing my face, dwarfing my cheek in his large hand.

“Milaya devochka, it’s settled. You will stay here today and work from home, and if you want to leave, just let Cruz know and he’ll take you anywhere you need to go.”

He drops a kiss to my forehead and follows Aidan’s path to leave the house for the day. I watch him walk away until the door closes shut behind him, leaving me alone with Cruz. Turning to face him, his eyes are a cloudy mix of mirth and desire, causing my pulse to beat wildly. I tuck a strand of hair behind my ear and swallow, deciding the only way to deal with Cruz is head-on, playing this game he seems to thrive on.

“Looks like it’s just you and me, angel.”

“All alone, in this big house. Not a human for miles. I wonder how we should spend our time?” I add, loving how his eyes darken further, his eyebrows rising in both shock and excitement.

He takes two large steps in my direction, his bare feet nearly silent on the hardwood floors. It’s such a contrast to his usual heavy black combat boots. His hand reaches

out and grabs a strand of rogue hair that hangs around my face, tugging on it hard enough for me to wince, but I don't move away.

“I can think of a few things that'll let me hear more of those noises.”

“What, Cruz? You want to hear me cry out in pain?”

He leans further into my space, the thick stubble of his facial hair brushing against the side of my cheek. His breath is a warm whisper on my ear.

“Angel, I'd love nothing more than to hear you cry out in pain and pleasure.”

With that, he strides past me, up the stairs to his bedroom, closing the door behind him.

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What the fuck is actually happening?

* * *

Not able to talk myself off the ledge of lust, and lost to the fantasy of what it would be like to be shared by these three men, I throw on a sweatshirt that I found lying on the couch, get comfortable, and open my laptop to get to work. Opening up a new document, I start writing out everything that's been on replay in my mind, changing the names, of course, but the fantasy is very much coming alive on paper.

Hours pass as the words flow from my fingertips, a story weaving together that's filled with just as much love as it is passion, self-awakening, and acceptance. My breathing starts to increase, my heart rate pounding at a rapid rate as I orchestrate the relationship between these four characters.

“Must be a pretty spicy chapter to get you all hot and bothered like that, angel.”

I slam my laptop shut and clench my thighs together as if I were doing something wrong.

“Ooo. And you're touchy. What? Don't want me to read how your morally gray character spreads open the legs of his woman and feasts on her little pink pussy?”

My mouth drops open at his crude words. Even if they are fairly close to being spot on. Cruz has never spoken to me like that and it . . . does things to me. I shift in my seat, his eyes moving between my legs and giving me a knowing look.

I'm fucked.

CHAPTER 10

cruz

My cock is so fucking hard that it lays painfully against the zipper of my denim jeans. Fuck, maybe I should reconsider this commando thing. I take a solid two seconds to contemplate the backlash from Dom and Aidan if I fucked the shit out of her on the floor right now. I don't want anything more than to sink into her tight wet cunt and make her scream for hours, consequences be damned.

But I have to stick to the plan. God fucking help me. Not that the asshole exists.

"Too bad I can't help you with your little problem," I quip, motioning with my hand in her direction. "You can help me with mine though."

If I thought my words would stun her, I was fucking wrong. They goddamn excite her. I find myself teetering on the edge here, and if it were anyone but Dom and Aidan holding me back, her ass would be crawling naked to me across the hard floor right now before gagging on my cock.

"As much as I love your enthusiasm and willingness. . . throw on some shoes and meet me in my garage," I bark a little harsher than necessary before storming out of the room.

I stomp out of the house and across the gravel driveway to my shop. The place came with an old decrepit barn that had good bones. The boys and I worked our asses off to turn it into a functional repair shop. Took us over a year, but I've been running it for a few now. Business is good since it keeps the people of Aspen Ridge local and from having to drive thirty minutes to the closest garage in the next town over.

Once I'm in the office, I run the palm of my hand down over the length of my dick. It's still raging hard and only wants one damn thing. No matter how many times a day I'm jerking it, it's never enough. Ever since New Year's, when Dom set this damn plan in motion, I've been ready for her. Green light means go and all that. Except he's keeping us firmly in yellow and I don't do slow. I conquer. Pillage. Degrade. Hurt. It's all I know.

Being raised by two abusive parents will do that to you. If it wasn't for Dom and his parents taking me in and giving me a safe place to hide out, who knows if I would have survived. But I don't know how to be gentle or patient. Even if I'm enjoying the hell out of the edging.

I feel her before I see her, the air in the room ratcheting up several notches, thick with sexual tension. I pull out a joint from my desk and grab a lighter, needing something else to take the edge off. Turning, I see her leaning against the doorframe, still in my sweatshirt, a pair of leggings that hug her toned legs, and sneakers. She's piled her hair on the top of her head in some swirled nest, rogue strands falling loose around her face and at the base of her neck.

"You ever smoke before?"

"Pot? Pretty sure that's what got me through high school."

I nearly choke on my own saliva.

"Don't look so surprised. Our home lives were drastically different, Cruz, but don't think for a second mine was all rainbows and butterflies."

She's got a point, and I know I shouldn't throw stones of judgment. But it makes me pause and realize I don't know much about her history.

“Point taken. Let’s smoke this and then you’re gonna help me.”

“I doubt I’ll be much help, Cruz. I don’t even know how to change a tire, let alone the oil.”

Not surprised, but that makes things easier. No bad habits to break her from. Even if I would enjoy it.

“We’ll start there, then. Now let’s go sit outside. Don’t need my office reeking of marijuana.”

She laughs a little under her breath but follows me out back where a few chairs are already sitting out. I light up the joint, taking two puffs and passing it to her. Gotta give it to the girl, she holds her own—not a cough, choke, or wince—and takes it like a goddamn champ.

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It's hot as fuck.

"You should see your face right now," she laughs while relaxing further into her Adirondack chair. "You think I was lying, punk?"

Punk. God, I love how that sounds coming from her lips. Lips that are currently curled around the joint while she sucks in the smoke. Just as my cock had calmed down, he's perked right the fuck back up. She passes it back to me and I take a puff, holding it in my lungs and enjoying the little burn it gives as the high starts to wash over me.

"You always wanted to work on cars?"

"Yeah. They were the only thing that made sense to me. There are too many variables in everything else. I like the quiet work, the math, that everything goes together perfectly unless it's fucked-up. In that case, I love figuring out what's wrong and fixing it. Cars make sense."

She listens to every word, and I find myself easily opening up to her. Something I don't do, not even with Dom and Aidan. What is it about this woman that pulls the long-buried parts of me to the surface?

We talk about life, how the boys and I met and got close, living in a small town, and how she grew up with two overbearing, demanding parents who always made her feel like she wasn't good enough.

Her face falls slightly, and she shifts uncomfortably, I don't push but I know

something is on the horizon.

“You ever have this buildup of emotion, and it gets to this level that causes you to feel like you’re about to erupt? But there’s no eruption. No place to channel all that emotion?”

I answer honestly. Because that’s exactly how I ended up burning my parents alive in the hell they called a house.

“Yes.”

Her head turns to me, eyes facing down, nodding in collective understanding.

“I used to get so overwhelmed. And that’s not even the right word for it. More like, consumed? Like, I had to get whatever it was out before it ate me alive. I still feel it sometimes. The rapid buildup. Like a kettle about to blow.”

“I can relate to that more than you know. I think a lot of people can. Dom uses boxing as an outlet. Aidan runs.”

“What do you do?”

“Nothing anymore, baby. I’m dead inside.”

Her face falls, her lips, tinted blue from the cold, turn down in a partial frown, and I find myself not liking it at all.

“I used to cut.”

I try not to react, but I can’t help it. I grip the armrests of the chair, my blunt fingernails digging into the wood. The idea of her being pushed to the limit and

harming herself brings out a deep, feral response in me. I want to protect her. Save her. Erase all the painful shit from her past and carve out nothing but pleasure in her future.

“Where?” I grind out the words through clenched teeth.

“My forearms at first. Then the inside of my thighs. Those ones are much deeper than anywhere else.”

“They were easier to conceal,” I reply matter-of-factly.

Her eyes flick to me, making contact for the first time since the conversation started. I stand from my seat, walking the few steps to kneel down right in front of her. Pulling her arm out and holding it firmly in my hand, I push up the sweatshirt, finding the very faint scars crisscrossing and lining her forearm. I run my free hand over them, grazing her skin lightly. She sucks in a hard intake of air as the electricity jolts between us.

My words are barely a whisper, but there is no missing the seriousness of my tone when I say them. “The only release you should ever need from now on is from pleasure. But, if you ever need the pain, I want you to come to me.”

“Cruz . . .” she says on a rough breath.

“Promise me, angel.”

“I promise.”

CHAPTER 11

dom

I feel Aidan enter the gym before I see him, his rage and frustration palpable. I knew that he would be the one who struggled with waiting to claim Emma. Cruz likes the cat and mouse game and would probably edge and torture them both for a lifetime, the crazy motherfucker.

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“Fuck. You piss off Aidan, Dom?” My friend, Liam says as he lays down on the bench where I’m about to spot him. I grew up with him and his brothers in this gym from the time I was about twelve. His older brother, Sawyer, and I were both trained by my father—a former professional boxer, who held the World Boxing Association heavyweight title for several years before moving to America. Sawyer and I both had dreams of going pro, but his life took a different turn when he decided to run his family’s distillery, and I suffered an injury right before I was to compete at the Olympics as an amateur. My dreams were shattered, so now I work at my father’s gym, which I’ll someday inherit, and I keep a low profile, leading a calm life in middle-of-nowhere, Washington State.

“Yeah, I can think of a few things I did to get under his skin. C’mon, last set then I’ll go deal with this wild animal.”

“Good luck with that, he looks a little unhinged. Isn’t that more Cruz’s brand?”

I laugh at that because he’s right on the money. I spot Liam as he pumps out his last set until failure, the fucking beast. I leave him to finish his workout and head to my office, where I know Aidan will be waiting for me.

Just as I suspected, he’s pacing the length of the room, his hands balled into fists, definitely taking a page out of Cruz’s book. Aidan is like a loyal German Shepherd. Can be the softest to those on his good side, but fuck can he be vicious if you piss him off.

“Just get it out, brother. Everyone in the gym can feel your pissed-off energy.”

“Funny coming from you, considering you get to touch her anytime you want. Loved the show last night and this morning, by the way. Since when did you become such a sadist? Thought that was just Cruz.”

“It’s three days, Aidan. We decided on this together, and you were all for getting closer to her until Valentine’s Day when we will finally make our move. If we had jumped on it, she could have run scared. Or not looked at it the right way.”

“You’re scared she could leave you for one of us.” He states it like it’s a fact but couldn’t be more off base.

“You don’t know what you’re talking about. She won’t ever leave me. I want to get her to the point where she won’t leave any of us.”

His body relaxes slightly but now I’m pissed off.

“This isn’t a one-and-done for you?” he asks.

“You’ve offended me enough for one day, Aidan. I’ve always had all of our best interests at the forefront of everything I do. You know that.”

“Look, I’m sorry. I just want her, Dom. It’s hard to breathe when she’s around. She was never an option before, and I kept her firmly in that box until you said she was no longer off-limits.”

“I get it. But we’ve only got three more days. And it’ll be worth it. Trust me.”

“I do. I’m just ready.”

“You and me both, brother.”

Later that day, I take a break and pull out my phone since the boys and I haven't had much time to talk, just the three of us. I need to make sure everything is situated and in place for Friday, wanting everything to go off without a hitch for our sweet girl.

Me: Almost time. Everything in place?

Aidan: Flowers have been ordered. I pick them up Fri morning

Cruz: Wine's been purchased, got it in the garage

Aidan: I'll do the grocery run and pick up the other stuff when I pick up the flowers.

Me: We're on the list for the event

Me: You two ready for this?

Cruz: *middle finger emoji*

Aidan: Aww. He's such a lover

Cruz: You want a piece Aidan?

Me: For fuck's sake

Aidan: Nah. Pussy only for me, bro. But if I wanted cock I sure as shit would stay the hell away from the devil snake you've got

Cruz: Emma's gonna enjoy it. Can't wait for her to feel my piercing down her throat

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Aidan: So charming. She's gonna love it

Me: Fuck. Get your shit together. See u at home

The plan is pretty simple. Friday night is mine, where I'm going to take her out to a Valentine's themed party that I know she'll love, and we'll finally see if she's open to fucking all of us. The way I'm eager to watch her with them has hit an all-time high. Saturday she'll get alone time with Aidan and Cruz and experience everything they have to offer and hopefully connect with each of them on a deeper level without the group setting. I'm confident that she's going to melt like ice for all of us. I know my sweet girl, and she wants this.

Wants us.

CHAPTER12

emma

The rest of the week passed by in a blur. After being so inspired while writing at the guys' house, I took Dom up on his offer to use their place during the day to write until I had to be at Knockout for work. The story isn't my original plan, but what's been brought to life in its place is so much better. I feel slightly guilty for writing what's essentially my deepest fantasy of being shared by a group of friends. But, that's the fun part about writing and reading. You get to escape to alternate realities where the impossible is suddenly possible.

Anticipation courses through me as I get ready for my Valentine's date. I'm still in

the dark as to what Dominik has planned for me. All he's said is to keep an open mind and pack a bag to stay the weekend at his house. I can't help but wonder if Aidan and Cruz will be there or not. A sharp pang pinches my heart when I realize they very well could have dates of their own. While Cruz doesn't scream Valentine's Day wine and dine, he does seem like he'd be down for a quick fuck if the situation called for it. Nausea rolls through me at the thought, which is not a good sign. I have no right to be jealous about what or who Aidan and Cruz do.

After pampering myself, I pull on a lacy bra and panty set and, standing in front of the mirror, take a second to run my fingers over the faint scars on my forearms, trailing the same path Cruz took. The self-mutilation started when I was twelve. I realized that scratching myself gave me a release of energy that was bottled up with nowhere to go. It was much quieter than screaming, and the release was much better.

The pressure to be perfect, to not gain any weight, to always present myself as an extension of my wealthy parents, to stand up straight, to be this picture-perfect daughter for them, was too much. Lily and I clung to each other like a lifeline as our parents, who are also best friends, forced us to parade around town as mini, perfect duplicates of themselves.

"Smile, Emma darling, everyone is always watching."

Well, Mom, maybe the pressure is just too much and I don't have anything to smile about right now. What an embarrassment I've become for them. A degree in creative writing and a plan to be a dark romance author, of all things. The scratching quickly turned into biting, then cutting. The scars are carried with me, but I haven't cut for months, although when things get too heavy, the itch is always there. Training with Dominik has actually been the biggest stress reliever. It's given me a safe place to channel the energy when it gets too loud.

"The only release you should ever need from now on is from pleasure. But, if you

ever need the pain, I want you to come to me.”

Cruz’s words replay in my head and my heart does a funny thing in my chest. It’s hard for me to open up about this topic, but with Cruz, it was as easy as breathing.

Refocusing my effort on the task at hand, I do my makeup, opting to go with something more muted and “good girl” than dark and sultry. It is Valentine’s Day, after all.

I shake my head of the incessant thoughts of the three men that are consuming me, and focus on the night ahead. It’s the first time I’ve had a boyfriend on Valentine’s Day, and I can’t wait to spend it with Dominik. We meet each other on a primal level, the safety and comfort that man brings me is like nothing I’ve ever experienced before. He’s dominant without being suffocating, and he pushes me to be strong, giving me the power to take on anything on my own. I’ve never felt as powerful, beautiful, and alive as I do when I’m with him.

And Cruz and Aidan. That nagging little voice in my head reminds me.

After adding some waves to my blonde locks and moisturizing with my favorite body butter, I pull out the red cocktail dress that Lily and I picked out. Slipping into the smooth fabric, the dress hugs every inch of me, as if it was tailored just for my body. The bodice gives my small breasts just enough lift to give me some cleavage, without it being too much. I slip my feet into the black stilettos and buckle the rhinestone strap around each ankle.

Looking at myself in the full-length mirror, I feel pretty irresistible and so ready to actually have some fun on Valentine’s Day, instead of wallowing in lonely misery like every year prior.

Just as I’m heading downstairs with my overnight bag, the doorbell rings, signaling

Dom's arrival. Butterflies take flight in my belly and my cheeks flush in anticipation. Taking one last glance at myself in a mirror and swiping a quick coat of strawberry lip gloss across my lips, I eagerly open the door. Dom is the essence of strong, confident, and fucking gorgeous male perfection at its absolute finest. He's wearing a pair of denim jeans, a white button-up shirt with a black vest, and his sleeves rolled up to his elbows, putting his defined, tattooed forearms on full display. He's sans coat, which is so him—thriving in the feel of the cold winter air against his skin.

“Moya lyubov’, you look beautiful.”

My cheeks flame brighter under his compliment as his eyes rake sensually over my body.

“Thank you. You look pretty damn good yourself, sir.”

He leans into my space, cupping my cheeks and dropping a chaste kiss to my lips, licking along the seam.

“Fuck, you always taste so sweet,” he says as he licks his lips, savoring my taste. “You ready to go?”

“I am. Let me just grab my coat.”

Dom guides me down the steps of the house until we reach his Mustang. Taking my spot in the passenger seat, I don't bother adjusting the dress. As Dom settles in next to me, I don't miss the way his features darken as he notices how high the hem has ridden up. His right hand moves to my thigh, giving it a quick squeeze before grasping the gearshift and backing out of the driveway.

“So, when are you going to tell me where we're going?”

“All you had to do was ask, milaya devochka. We’re going to a party because I know how much you love to dance. Then we’re spending the weekend together at my house, where I have some things planned I think you’ll like. The rest is a surprise.”

Those damn butterflies return to my belly, taking flight and making my heart feel weird in my chest. Once Dom pulls onto the long, empty road that my parents live on, his hand returns to my thigh, his strong fingers pushing up the hem of my dress until they find their home between my legs.

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“Spread for me, my love. I want to feel you.”

Obeying, I spread my legs as far as I can as his fingers work the thin fabric of my panties off to the side and slide through my center. I blush knowing exactly what he’s found. I’ve been ready since the moment I laid eyes on him.

“So wet for me already.”

My back bows off the seat as two fingers are thrust inside me. He pumps twice before removing them and sliding up to find my clit, expertly touching me, giving me exactly what I need. Dom brings me right to the edge before pulling out and dipping back inside me, repeating the process over and over until I’m a panting mess next to him, grinding my pussy against his hand unabashedly.

Grabbing onto his wrist to hold him in place, I resort to begging.

“Dominik, please. Please let me come. I’ll do anything. Please.”

“Anything?” he says as he swirls around my throbbing, engorged nub.

“Damn it, Dom. Yes, anything. I need to come.”

“I’ll hold you to that, my sweet girl. Now come for me.”

He pinches my clit between his fingers and I combust. Everything around me fades to black as my orgasm finally crests. My scream echoes in the recesses of my mind as pleasure courses through my body, my legs shaking and my nails digging into Dom’s

forearm. As I finally come down from the high, I look at Dominik, his lips turned up in pure, delighted, male satisfaction. Instead of doing what he always does, he lifts his fingers to my mouth, running them across my lips.

“Suck, milaya devochka. And remember. You said anything.”

I comply, sucking his fingers into my mouth, my taste exploding on my tongue. Something tells me that I just made a deal with the devil.

After driving into town, we park outside a familiar bar in downtown Aspen Ridge. The Night Owl has been completely transformed. Lights have been replaced with red bulbs, massive bouquets of red roses line the tables and edges of the bar top, even the bar is illuminated with a red glowing hue. It's festive without being tacky. The place is packed with people. I guess when you live in a small town, there aren't a whole lot of options for places to celebrate.

Dom guides me to the bar where Ruby is slinging shots at customers like the badass she is. She's owned and run this place since before I was born. Another town staple.

“What can I get you two? Valentine's Day themed only. Menu is on the chalkboard.”

Dom orders a Red Hot and since I hate cinnamon, I go for a Red Velvet shot and inwardly laugh. Lily is always giving me shit for the weird-ass drinks I enjoy. Dom and I turn to each other, holding up our bright red drinks and cheers before slamming them back. I order something called a Mad About You, which I thought was fitting for the occasion, to sip on while we walk around.

Just as we're walking through the crowd, I spot my best friend sitting on the lap of Father Wes. He's not a religious man, but the pun is too good to give up now.

“Well, look who decided to leave the comfort of their cabin in the woods!” I yell as

we're approaching them. Lily stands to wrap her arms around me in a tight hug. I grab her shoulders and hold her in front of me, checking her out.

"Daaaaamn! Look at you, hussy! Looking fine as hell!"

"Have you looked in a mirror?"

"Wes has willingly let go of you, you think we can sneak away and dance before they go all caveman on us?" I ask her, wiggling my eyebrows. She turns and gives Wes a quick, chaste kiss before grabbing my hand. I quickly spin to Dominik and let him know I'll be dancing for a bit. He gives me one of his signature Dominik Sokolov smiles that melts my panties just as I'm whisked away by Lily to dance.

* * *

"Enjoying your night, fellas?" I say as I approach Dom and his friends while they sit at the bar after spending the last hour dancing with Lily. Cruz and Aidan turn to face me, and I'm greeted with two matching grins. My eyes flit to Dom, and all three wear similar expressions, like they know a secret and I'm the odd one out.

Aidan turns in his seat to face me completely and gives a slow, steamy perusal of my body before meeting my eyes with a look of appreciation that can't be missed.

"We are now," he declares, that damn grin not leaving his face, his lips turned up slightly in a sexy expression that makes my cheeks burn. God, the way that man looks at me.

"Are you having a good night, angel?" Cruz asks, and my cheeks flame brighter. I feel the warmth deep between my legs while visions of what Dom did to me in the car flash behind my eyes.

“It’s been a good night so far.”

“Ahh. So I’ve heard. My boy here kisses and tells,” Cruz proclaims, his tongue darting out to lick his lips slowly.

“Does he now?” I raise my eyes at Dom in question.

Dominik meets my eyes and takes a slow sip of his vodka to hide his guilty smirk. These men are going to be the death of me. A sane woman would be upset that her boyfriend was telling his friends about the dirty things he does to her, but knowing that he gloated to Cruz and Aidan? It only fuels the fire that’s been slowly stoked by all of them over the last few weeks.

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“Hmm. Let’s see if we can make it an even better night. Care if I steal her away, Dom? Join me on the dance floor, Emma,” Aidan announces with a wink. He grabs my hand before Dom can protest and hauls me to the dance floor.

CHAPTER13

dom

I relax on a barstool facing the dance floor to finish off my drink and watch as Aidan and Emma dance. He pulls her flush against him, one knee pressing between hers as they grind on each other and sway to the music. I’m entranced as Emma’s eyes meet mine, her hands working through Aidan’s hair and pulling his face into her neck. He responds by dragging his hands up her sides to her breasts and back down to her hips.

Watching my best friend and my girl is hot as fuck, and I have to readjust the hard-on that’s pressing painfully against the zipper of my jeans.

“You sure this is what you want? You really want to go through with this? Aidan has fallen fast and hard and you seem to have it bad for her. It’s not too late to call it before we get too far, Dom,” Cruz advises while sipping on his beer, ever the one to keep his feelings locked up tight.

I keep my eyes glued to the scene on the dance floor, thinking over his words. Voyeurism is my kink. I also get off by dictating the scene. And there’s nothing I want more than to tell my boys exactly how to please the woman in front of me.

I notice everything. The way they seek her out, the way they look at her and

shamelessly flirt, and I'd be stupid to ignore her reaction to them. Her face lights up when she talks to Aidan, the two of them lost in their own world, and I know she squirms and melts when Cruz is giving her attention. It's deeper than wanting to fuck her.

I know they want a taste of my sweet girl, and they know I want to share. But it extends far more than that for both of them. Aidan's just as in love with her as I am, and whether Cruz ever admits it or not, it's written all over his damn face that he is, too.

She's intoxicating.

Addictive.

Our sweet girl is going to be the reason we're tied together forever.

Aidan and Emma seem completely lost to each other and the beat of the music now. Her blood-red dress hugs her like a second skin, riding up her thighs, and Aidan's greedy hands roam over every inch. It's hot as fuck to watch them grind on each other, the way she molds to his body, his hands wandering all over her curves. Not an ounce of jealousy courses through me. The opposite actually. I'm turned on.

"Oh yeah, you're good with it. Fine by me. You know I've wanted a piece of her since you hired her. Which, by the way, you think I don't know that was for your own damn viewing pleasure and fun?"

"Fuck off. You're lucky I'm willing to share at all," I lie. "But this is her choice, Cruz. If she says no, it's over."

"We don't need to be told twice. No one wants to force anyone. Not unless she's into that. But I'm not gonna sit here and make it easy on her. You know she wants all of

us. We've all seen it."

Cruz drops his empty glass to the hard bar top and walks through the crowd, eyes focused on Emma. He easily steps in with them, not giving a fuck what anyone thinks. The red and pink lights flash sporadically around the dance floor, the music pumping loudly, but all I can see is the three of them. Emma's head drops back in a laugh as Aidan spins her around, her hair whipping wildly around her face.

A better man would be jealous of the possessive hold Cruz and Aidan have on her body, but only lust is ignited and flows through my veins. I watch them for several more songs before my resolve snaps. Ready to join them and be with my girl tonight, I slip in easily behind Emma, and she immediately drops her head back on my chest, my hands resting on her waist. Aidan and Cruz stay glued to her front and the view of Aidan peppering Emma's neck with open-mouthed kisses has my cock hardening further.

"Naughty girl," I whisper in her ear, my breath tickling her, goosebumps scattering across the area beneath my lips.

Aidan lays one last kiss on her jawline and meets my eyes in question. I give him a subtle nod in agreement, just as I did to Cruz. They wouldn't touch what's mine without my permission first. The three of us have been through too much together to fuck it up. The respect and love go deeper than anything else. But this? This, we planned. And the fact that they've both given me an out doesn't go unnoticed. Nothing will ever come between us.

Aidan frames Emma's face with his hands and hovers his lips in front of hers, waiting for permission. She responds naturally, tilting her head back as her eyes find mine, needing to know if this is okay with me.

Good girl.

I nod and she turns back to Aidan, accepting his kiss and meeting it eagerly. Their connection gets deeper as we continue to dance to the music. I kiss the length of her neck, dragging my tongue from the base to the soft spot under her ear. The feeling of her in my arms while my best friend makes out with her and the other holds her with me is exactly what I wanted.

The kiss breaks and she turns, meeting my eyes. I see my thoughts reflected back at me. She's ready to get out of here.

* * *

Once we're home, Emma drops her bag at the front door and turns to face me, lust etched into her features. I don't make her wait. Pushing her against the wall of the entryway, I lean down and take her mouth with mine and am granted the sexiest fucking moan. She tastes sweet like the Kiss Me shots she was shooting all night with Lily. I lick into her mouth before pulling her tongue into mine, sucking the flavor from her. Our mouths clash together in a frantic race to connect.

Reaching down, I grab the fabric of her dress and pull up, her arms lifting to aid me in ripping it from her body. Once she's freed, my hands find their home on the smooth skin of her sides, running down her body until I grip her ass firmly in my hands and lift. She wraps her legs around me, heels digging into my lower back, our lips never breaking the kiss. Fuck, she tastes so fucking sweet.

Ready to get things moving, I carry her to my bedroom and close the door behind me, but not completely, knowing my boys will be right behind us. With her still in my arms, I unsnap her bra, pulling it from her body as her breasts drop free from their confines. Dropping my head, I suck a nipple into my mouth, her hands moving to the back of my head to hold me in place. My tongue lashes at her smooth skin until her nipples are still, hard peaks.

“Dom! That feels so damn good, don’t stop.”

Her nails dig into my scalp as I suck hard, pulling off of her with a pop. Dropping her to her feet, I pull down her panties, ready to get my hands on that perfect little cunt.

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I sit down on the edge of the bed with the full-length mirror directly in front of us, the door to my bedroom right next to it, and I pull Emma onto my lap. Her naked body is so pliable in my large arms, and I easily situate her, her ass against my hard cock, each leg spread over mine, opening her up wide. My eyes don't leave our reflection in the mirror. She arches and gyrates against my cock that's pressing heavy against her lower back through my pants. My calloused hands run roughly up the smooth skin of her sides until I can cup her tits with my palms. She arches further into me, dropping her head back against my shoulder as I pull on her nipples. Rolling the stiff little buds in between my thumb and pointer finger, I pinch, just until she makes that sweet as fuck wince that I love to work out of her.

Fuck, I love the way this woman feels in my arms. The door in front of us flies open and Emma stiffens, trying to close her legs and cover herself with her hands. I keep her spread open, holding her still and on display.

Aidan stands frozen in the doorway, his eyes on my sexy girl. I recognize the feral, hungry look on his face—the one reserved for when he looks at Emma. The three of us planned this weekend expertly. We eased her into the idea of sharing her and now it's time for the grand finale. She'll either go for it or put an end to it. But I know my sweet girl, she wants them just as bad as they want her, and I can't fucking wait to watch it all unfold.

“Like what you see, brother?”

His eyes flick back to me, uncaring and unashamed that he just walked in on me about to fuck my woman, even if this was the plan all along. But Emma doesn't need to know that right now.

“Fuck yeah, I do. Look at her, Dom. She’s fucking sweet perfection.”

I drag my fingers across Emma’s neck, pushing her hair off to hang on one shoulder. My lips connect with the soft space under her ear before whispering to her.

“Are you okay with this, milaya devochka?”

“Are you?”

“Only if you are.”

She nods her confirmation, and my heart rate picks up. Such a good girl for me.

“You wanna taste of my girl, Aidan? Come get it.”

I spread my legs further to make room for him between us, spreading Emma impossibly wide, opening up that little pussy for him to devour. Aidan’s eyes flash to mine before stepping into the room, focused on the meal in front of him. Each of his steps is slow and purposeful, his eyes heavily lidded, taking in every smooth piece of her lithe body, her perfect, soft skin, her small, perky breasts, the tightness around her trim waist, and her glistening pussy—a beacon straight to her sweet cunt.

Aidan steps between our legs before dropping to his knees. Emma’s breath hitches, leaning back further into me.

“Relax, sweet girl. It’s going to feel so good,” I reassure her as I pull on her nipples some more. Her little moans fuel Aidan because his hands finally reach out to touch her, rubbing slowly upward from her ankles to her thighs, taking his time before dropping his head down between her legs and inhaling deeply. Cruz and Aidan are polar opposites. Where Aidan is soft and a giver, Cruz is hard and will pillage and take until depletion. The two sharing a woman is a recipe for fucking perfection.

Pleasure and pain.

Praise and degradation.

He looks up at us as he sticks his tongue out and runs the flat of it up her slit. Emma's legs strain on mine, already shaking. Her body is so damn responsive.

"Make our girl feel good, Aidan. Make her fucking weep for us."

He doesn't waste any more time, dipping his head into her and ravishing her for the first time.

"Ohh, god! That feels . . ."

"You like that, milaya devochka? You like to be spread out on my lap while my best friend eats your cunt?"

"Oh, god, Dom," she moans out her words as her body convulses.

"Oh yeah, she likes it. She just fucking gushed for me."

"Looks like I missed the party invitation," Cruz announces as he walks into the bedroom and shrugs out of his leather jacket, tossing it on the chair in the corner. Emma whimpers in my arms and it takes all of my effort to pry my eyes away from hers in the mirror to talk to Cruz.

"You're late, not our fault, asshole."

Cruz walks up to us, kneeling down next to Aidan, feral, unhinged desire set deep in his expression.

“How does she taste?” he asks, his voice deep and husky.

“Oh, god, this can’t be happening,” Emma moans as her hands grip the sheets on either side of us.

“God isn’t here, Em, just us,” Aidan says against her wet center.

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Cruz slips his hand in, and based on the way Emma moves, he's pushing fingers inside her, her body jerking back against me.

"That's it, milaya devochka, just accept what we're giving you. This is nothing yet," I whisper against her ear.

"Fuck, Dom. This pussy is so tight," he growls before removing his hand and bringing his fingers up to his mouth, sucking and licking them clean. "Oh, fuck, angel, you're making me so fucking hard right now. You taste so good."

"I know. She's so fucking sweet."

Aidan grips her thighs that are spread over my legs, digging his fingers into the meaty flesh of them, pushing his face further into her center.

"That's it, Aidan, fucking eat her. Make her messy. She needs to be good and ready."

"Oh, fuck, Dom. It feels so good."

"Finger her, Cruz. Now."

Cruz puts his hand back between Aidan and Emma, pumping firmly into her slick heat. He leans in, pushing my hand out of his way and sucking one of her nipples into his mouth. Her legs continue to shake, her arm snaking up and wrapping around my neck, pulling me into her. My lips trail open-mouthed kisses along her narrow neck, sucking and biting at the tender skin there, her moans filling the air as the three of us work in unison to bring her to the edge.

“Scream for us, sweet girl. Show them how pretty you are when you come.”

“Fuuuuuck!”

She does exactly what she’s told, her screams echoing off the bedroom walls.

“Fuck,” Cruz groans. “She’s gripping me so tight. Holy fuck.”

I don’t hold back my smirk. Her pussy is too good, tightening like a vise grip when she comes, it takes all my effort every time not to let her milk me dry. Aidan pulls his head back from her, eyes still focused on the pussy in front of him. Cruz pulls his hand back, his fingers slick with her arousal. He studies them for a moment before his eyes meet hers.

“Look what a mess you made, angel. Now clean it up.”

My eyes are glued to the mirror as Cruz wipes his fingers across her plump lips before stuffing them in her mouth until she gags. Her tongue curls over the digits as she sucks the arousal off, licking them clean before he pulls them out.

My hand runs through her hair as I praise her for showing my boys how good she is. I knew she would love having all three of us. Because she was made just for us.

CHAPTER14

emma

My mind is swirlingas my ultimate fantasy plays out. It’s hard to believe this shit is actually happening to me right now. If my hands were free, I’d pinch myself just to make sure I wasn’t dreaming.

Aidan stands, staying between our spread legs as he pulls down his gray sweatpants. His erection bobs free, slapping against his abdomen. Long and thick, the vein pulsing up the underside, his fat mushroom head red and angry. He's not as big as Dom's monster cock but fuck if it isn't pretty to look at and will still hurt like a bitch to accommodate.

Cruz undresses completely next. Unbuckling his belt and pulling his tight denim jeans down his thick legs, his briefs in tow. My eyes are glued against the straining length that hangs heavy against his thigh, his thick head decorated with a barbell, because of course Cruz would have his cock pierced. I take my fill of him, eyes traveling down the length of it until I see a second piercing at the base and my eyes widen when I imagine what that would feel like against my clit as I ride him.

"No one comes in her pussy but me. Come anywhere else. Got it?"

Aidan nods in agreement, his eyes never leaving my body as his hands flex at the sides, opening and closing methodically. An unnatural, guttural growl comes from Cruz, and I knew the moment Dom laid out his rule that Cruz would be the one who had an issue with it. Dominik claiming me in such a primal way makes my pussy clench in need.

I squirm on Dom's lap, trying to close my legs from the cool air hitting where I'm the wettest. His hands grip my waist tighter, holding me still.

"Was that not enough for you, milaya devochka?"

"Does our girl need to be filled, Dom? She looks awfully empty."

Aidan takes a step back as Cruz moves between my spread legs, grabbing the outside of my thighs and pulling me up off of Dom's lap. I gasp as my naked body connects with his for the first time. My legs wrap around his waist, my pussy lined up with his

cock, the pelvic piercing rubbing against my center. I curl my arms around his neck, my hand cupping the back of his head. He shifts me so that I rub against his piercing, the cold metal sliding against my wet core. Moans escape my lips as I lift my hips and repeat the motion, loving how it feels against my clit.

“You like that, angel? Just wait until you feel my cock inside you,” Cruz says, his voice a rough whisper against my mouth right before he bites down on my bottom lip, nipping and sucking until I feel the taste of iron on my tongue. Then he’s kissing me. As if our naked bodies pressed against each other wasn’t enough of a reminder that it was Cruz, his kiss shatters me into oblivion. He devours my mouth with dominance, his tongue demanding entrance, lashing at mine like he’s trying to punish me with his kiss. It’s bruising. Ruthless. It’s exactly what I would expect a kiss from Cruz to be like.

Lifting myself slightly, I rub against his length again until I feel the cold hardness of the piercing nudging at my clit, my fingernails digging into the flesh of his shoulders as I brace myself for the onslaught he’s giving me. If he fucks anything like he kisses, I’m royally screwed.

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But, my god, do I want it. Want him.

Hands come up behind us, gripping my ass and running up my back. Cruz drags his teeth across my bottom lip once more before releasing it, my head bobbing against the large body pressing against my back. Familiar hands brush my hair to the side, exposing my neck before a tongue drags up the length of it. Dominik.

“For Valentine’s Day, you get to be shared by all three of us.”

My eyes close as I exhale, his words dripping over me in an erotic caress.

“What do you get?”

“To watch, milaya devochka. I get to watch my sweet girl get ravished by my best friends. I know you can take it all. Show them what a good girl you are, yeah?”

“Ye-yes,” I stutter, completely consumed.

CHAPTER 15

dom

Knowing that Emma hasn’t ever experienced anything like this, I want to make it memorable so that she’ll want to repeat it. Cruz sets her down, turning her to face me. As if my words ignite something that has long lain dormant, she immediately drags her nails down my chest and starts to unbutton my jeans, pushing them down over my hips with my briefs. My cock springs free, bobbing upward, thick and hard as steel

for her. Emma licks her lips as she peers down at me. Before she gets any ideas and drops to her knees, I push her back to sit on the bed as I kick off my shoes and work my jeans the rest of the way off.

Aidan climbs behind her and palms her breasts from behind, kissing her shoulder as he does. Hands finally free, I lean down over Emma and take her lips. She eagerly opens for me, her tongue meeting mine in a tangle while Aidan pinches each of her nipples between his fingers. I can faintly taste her sweet cunt on her tongue, so fucking good.

“Fuck yes,” she moans against my mouth.

“Lay back all the way, sweet girl,” I tell her. Aidan pulls her by the shoulders to lay her back flush on the bed. I kiss down her chest, her flat stomach, dragging my tongue across her smooth skin that tastes like fucking sugar. Standing, I take a step back as Cruz replaces my position, laying down next to her. I use the moment to look at Emma spread out in front of me while my best friends run their hands all over her body, kissing and nipping at her flawless skin.

Fuck, it’s so hot watching them all together. I drop to my knees at the edge of the bed and pull one of Emma’s legs up, resting her foot on the bed, spreading her glistening pussy wide for me.

“You’re fucking weeping for us, sweet girl. Such a good pussy. We’re going to take such good care of you.” I kiss the insides of each of her thighs, licking up where her cum has spread to, loving the smell of her sex, the way she squirms to get me where she wants me. I take one long, torturously slow lick with the flat of my tongue up Emma’s center, collecting her arousal as I go. Fuck, she always tastes too fucking good, so goddamn sweet. Stepping back, I do what I’ve been craving to do for months.

Watch.

The three of them lay out on the bed in front of me, and I grip my dick in my hand, languidly stroking it to the scene. Cruz's thick cock rests heavy on Emma's thigh, her breasts flushed from the friction of their hands and mouths. Emma moans around Aidan's fingers as he fucks her mouth slowly with two of them, her cheeks hollowing out as if wrapped around a cock, instead. Fuck.

"Time to eat, Cruz. Lick our sweet girl. Slowly. Bring her right to the edge and pull back."

Cruz gives me a ruthless fucking stare but he's man enough to know when to shut his fucking mouth and let me do what I do best, lead. He knows that I can take away his fucking food right now if he chooses to protest for being told what to do. I know he hates it, but he'd hate to lose this opportunity more.

He moves between her legs, grabbing the bottom of her thighs and pushing them up to her chest, spreading her wide as fuck, stretching the delicate skin of her lips, and giving him the best access to devour her.

"Are you ready, angel? You don't get to come until Dom says you can." He pauses, cocking his head to the side before speaking again. "But, if you want to disobey him, I'm happy to teach you a lesson. I'd love to redden this perfect round ass. Do you understand?"

Aidan withdraws his fingers from her mouth so she can speak, her lips swollen and red. She looks around at the scene, her eyes wide like she's crashing back down to earth. A loud smack echoes through the room, followed by a high-pitched scream. I grin. If anyone could get her to submit, it's Cruz. And the hard smack she just took to her wet pussy seems to have worked.

“Yes. I understand.”

“Good, angel.”

His head dips as he pushes her legs up further, his tongue lashing at her swollen clit.

“Aah, fuck, fuck, fuck!” she screams, and I love the goddamn sound.

I watch as Cruz takes long licks, stopping at her clit to make small circles, then working his way back down to repeat the actions over and over. Her hips take on a life of their own, gyrating and fucking his face.

“Ohh. Yess. Cruz. Yes. More,” Emma moans.

Instead of giving her what she wants, he lifts his head and looks down at where his mouth was just claiming. Her hips move, trying to find that friction that she needs. I see the smack coming before it connects with her wet flesh and my cock throbs in response. Her little yelp is so fucking sexy.

She looks down at Cruz, a beautiful little scowl across her face. Cruz puckers his lips and leans above her cunt, letting a mouthful of spit fall directly onto her center. I watch as it travels down over her smooth flesh and disappears by her ass.

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“Holy shit, Cruz,” she gasps, her voice shrill and raspy, “did you just fucking spit on me?”

Another firm, wet smack followed by a moan, and Cruz drops back down to eat her sweet pussy. Her head drops back down to Aidan, and his mouth finds its home at her neck, sucking and lapping at the skin.

“Now use your fingers, Cruz. First one, then two,” I tell him, and he shoots me another evil glare.

CHAPTER16

cruz

She tastes like fuckingmine.I’ve wanted her spread out for me just like this since the moment she walked into Knockout. And it’s better than I ever could have imagined.

I’m fucked.

Before following Dom’s directions, I trace the path of my spit, licking down from the top of her pelvis right to her tight little asshole. I love the way she jerks back slightly as she feels my tongue rimming her ass for the first time. I don’t give a shit if she likes it or not, I want to taste all of her and she’s going to take every bit of what I have to give her. I circle that tight bit of muscle with my tongue before prodding at the center, her little moans and squirms fueling me. I dig my fingers into the meaty flesh of her thighs and my cock throbs painfully at her wince.

Keeping my head low to eat her ass, I circle Emma's pussy with my finger, teasing her slightly before driving it home. She's so goddamn soft and warm and her walls flutter around me. I pump twice before adding a second, pressing deep into her core and curling my fingers upward. She bucks into my hand and releases the sexiest fucking noises. I reward her by pressing my thumb hard against her clit. I want everything from her. I continue to eat her ass, loving the juices that leak from her cunt into my mouth as I lick and suck.

"You taste so fucking good, angel. You wanna come?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Too bad," Dom growls.

"Sorry, angel," I tell her smugly as I drop my head back between her thighs, even though I'm anything but. She can suffer all night and I'd be happy with it.

I bite down on her clit while fucking her with my fingers, switching my position so that my middle and pointer fingers are filling her pussy, and my pinky rims that wet ass.

When I look up the length of her body, Aidan's mouth covers her nipple, his cheeks hollowing around it as he pulls them to stiff peaks. She continues to writhe underneath me, pushing her pussy into my face. One of her hands is wrapped firmly around Aidan's girth as she works him over from base to tip and mine aches to have the same treatment.

Goddamn, this girl is so fucking hot. Her pussy drips arousal down my chin now, coating my hand in her juices. So fucking responsive.

With another swipe and a light bite, Emma's walls clench tightly around my fingers,

her clit swelling and throbbing against my tongue. She's about to come.

"Fuuuuuuck!" Emma screams as I sit up, pulling my fingers out and looking at her. Her legs shake in my hands as she screams out her frustration. This time, I don't hold back my smile. I fucking love this. That's it, angel, get mad, fucking scream for me.

"Let me come!"

CHAPTER 17

emma

These motherfuckers had better let me come. My body aches all over as my orgasm fades just out of reach, tremors wracking through me.

"Let me come, Dom," I demand.

"Again, Cruz. Right to the edge."

"Oh, god, no, no . . . Dominik!"

But it's too late. Cruz's hot mouth is back on my pussy, and I'm completely lost in the feeling. I've never had anyone eat my ass before and it doesn't surprise me that Cruz would be into it. Of course he would be fucking taboo and downright dirty. I gasp for air and squeeze my eyes shut, tears pooling in the corners. He expertly lashes at my clit, my orgasm building faster than before.

When I open my eyes, Aidan is staring down at me, his eyes so full of lust and awe that I'm momentarily swept up with just him.

"You're so goddamn beautiful, Em. Especially like this."

His words are always so sincere, carrying so much longing and depth that I can't help my next words.

“Kiss me, Aidan. I need you to kiss me.”

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He doesn't hesitate, his lips crashing down, moving against mine as we find a rhythm. His tongue swipes back and forth against my lips in the sweetest, sexiest caress. Aidan claims me as I greedily open for him, sucking his tongue into my mouth. It's consuming, lighting my body up so differently than I've experienced from Dominik and Cruz. Each of them is so opposite to the other and satisfies a different need that I didn't even know I craved.

Aidan pulls back slightly, dropping soft kisses to my lips, my cheeks, my eyelids, and my neck, while his fingers lightly glide over my sensitive skin.

"Aidan . . ." I moan as I grip his strong bicep to pull him closer.

"Fuck, I love hearing you say my name like that, beautiful. Never stop."

My orgasm builds rapidly, Cruz's fingers pressing deep into my pussy and rubbing against that sweet spot. Tears spill over my eyelids as everything in my body tenses, building like a fucking ticking time bomb. Just like before, Cruz pulls back right as my orgasm starts to peak.

"Nooooo! Oh my god, DOMINIK! Please!"

"Shh, it's going to feel so much better when it finally happens," Aidan shushes me. I blink away my tears and push Aidan back out of my way, allowing me to sit up and face my evil tormentors. I had no idea Dominik was such a sadist.

"You demented fucks. This is torture! Let me come! Or so help me I'll . . ." I don't get to finish that sentence.

Aidan moves quickly out of Cruz's way as my wrists are gathered and held above my head.

"Or you'll what, angel? Do fucking tell me. What will you do?" Cruz snarls, his face so close to mine, his grip around my wrists so brutally firm that I know it's sure to leave marks.

"I'll take care of myself," I say as confidently as I can, keeping my voice firm, not willing to quiver under him.

"While we'd all love to watch that, no the fuck you won't. Now behave or we'll edge you all goddamn night."

The arrogance of them. I do everything I can to fight Cruz off of me, thrashing and pulling against his hold on my wrists, bucking my hips and legs to gain momentum. His face turns up in a sick, twisted smile, his hard dick throbbing at my lower abdomen where he straddles me.

"Keep fighting me, angel. I fucking love it."

"Aah!"

Firm hands grab my legs, pulling them down and spreading them open. Soft yet firm pressure slides through my pussy lips and I know without looking that it's Aidan's cock rubbing back and forth. Cruz moves forward, straddling my chest, fist pumping his massive cock right in front of my face, the barbell shimmering with his precum.

"You're gonna suck him off, milaya devochka, while Aidan fucks you. And I'm going to watch as you finally fall apart." Dom's voice is firm and demanding, leaving no room for argument. I glance at him, his eyes focused heavily on me, his hand around that fat dick that I love so much, pumping it slowly, methodically—just like

everything he does. Something about him wanting to watch them fuck me senseless adds a layer to it all.

Each of them is so different, in the way they touch me, the way they speak to me—together it's a utopian dream I never want to wake from. Cruz slaps his cock head against my swollen lips, and I open wide to accommodate his thick girth. He wastes no time leaning forward over me, sliding his dick behind my lips, the metal of his piercing clanging against my teeth. The salty taste of his precum explodes on my tongue and I moan around his length.

Fuck, I love it.

Before Aidan can enter me, a new plan emerges. I plant my feet on the bed, using Cruz's preoccupied state with his cock in my mouth, and I release him with a shove, flipping us. He's so fucking heavy that I can only get him on his side, but he adapts quickly, grabbing a fistful of my hair and jerking my head back down onto his cock.

I shift to my knees, presenting my ass to Aidan while Cruz moves to lay on his back, my body between his legs.

"That's my sweet girl," Dominik praises, and I hum around Cruz's shaft. I swirl my tongue around the barbell, lapping up the precum that steadily spills from his slit. It's so him to have a piercing through the engorged head of his dick, and it turns me on further.

"Fuck her, Aidan. Or I will." Dom's warning is low and deep, almost a growl as he fucks his fist and watches the scene unfolding on his bed.

Aidan's hands run over my ass, squeezing and kneading. His grip settles on my hips, the hard mushroom head of his cock nudging my center for a quick moment before he presses through the resistance of my tight core. I moan loud and long, Cruz's cock

twitching in my mouth, his grip on my hair pulling tighter against my scalp as he presses me down deeper, shoving his cock down my throat.

“That’s it, sweet girl. Swallow him down. Swallow his cock like a good fucking girl.” Dom’s voice is the gasoline that ignites me into a full-blown wildfire.

“Oh, fuck, yes, Em,” Aidan bellows, his voice filled with so much pleasure and satisfaction. Like nothing could be better than this right now.

Because it couldn’t.

CHAPTER18

aidan

Sinking into Emma’s wet heat for the first time is better than all my years of imagining it combined. Her warm, slick pussy sheaths my cock like a fucking custom-made glove, the muscles spasming around me, gripping me so tight. I rub my palm up her spine, giving her a moment to adjust before I can’t take it any longer and have to move, needing the friction only she can give me.

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“Fuuuck, this pussy, Em. You’re gonna milk me so fucking good, aren’t you, baby?”

Her moans and words are nothing but unintelligible gurgles around Cruz’s dick as he forces her head up and down on him. It’s so fucking sexy. Holding her hips in my hands, I revel in the steady motion of pounding into her as her head dips down to take him to the back of her throat. Together we find a rhythm and I fucking lose it.

After all these years, I’m inside Emma Davis. This perfect, goddess of a woman who is way too good for the three of us. But maybe together we can find a way to keep her. Because now that I’ve tasted her? Felt her pussy squeezing around my shaft? I won’t give her up. Not to anyone.

“You feel so fucking good, baby. You’re making a mess all over me, Em, fucking dripping for us.” With that, I pull from her body, using my hands to spread her ass wide, and put my mouth back on her, licking up all that delicious nectar. I press my tongue against her clit, flicking it fast and hard. Her hips buck wildly as she gags wantonly against her moans. That’s it, baby. Ride it for me. Taking her right to the edge again, I jerk up, slamming my dick back inside her.

“Come, sweet girl. Come for your men.”

She explodes.

Cruz pulls her off of him, fist gripping his dick to jerk it as she screams out her pleasure.

Emma’s body jerks and shakes, her fingers digging into the flesh of Cruz’s thighs

until beads of blood ooze from the little half-moon puncture wounds. Her pussy clamps down so hard around my dick I struggle to pull back out and slam back in, her walls pulsing around me. My balls draw up tight, the telltale signs at the base of my spine tingling and signaling my orgasm is coming quickly. I pound into her, my motions erratic and rough.

“Don’t you fucking do it, Aidan. Come anywhere else,” Dom’s voice rings out, a dark, violent edge to it, a warning I don’t want to fucking take but I’ll deal with that shit later. This woman is ours now. I pull my aching cock from her little body, grabbing my shaft and jerking it hard, cum spurting from my tip, covering her perfect ass with ropes of pearly white. I’ve never felt something so fucking good in my life.

Her screams stop as Cruz pushes her head back down, his groans filling the room as he comes.

“Don’t fucking swallow. Hold it in your mouth.”

He grips her by the hair, pulling her to sit up on her knees, back flush against me. My hands instinctively grip her hips, my mouth going to her neck, sucking and licking up the sweat coating her in a thin layer. My hand moves between us, slowly slipping my fingers through her soaking wet pussy.

We all watch as Cruz grips her chin, that feral gleam in his eyes that promises his wicked ways.

“Open, angel.”

Her head tilts back against my chest as she obeys, opening her mouth wide for him. He stares at her mouth, full of his cum, before spitting. Her head jerks back against me as she snaps her mouth shut, Cruz’s hand covering her lips, the other wrapping around her throat. She may act repulsed by Cruz’s actions, but the way her pussy just

responded tells her dirty little secret. She wasn't just okay with it, she fucking loved it.

“Now you can swallow, my angel.”

She hums.

CHAPTER19

dom

She's a goddamn queen. I knew she would be perfect for me. For us. Watching her thrive between both of them was better than I could have dreamed. I know without a doubt she was made for this, made for this dynamic—a fucked-up relationship between a goddess and the three fucked-up men who only want her.

She leans against Aidan, her body sagging, boneless, as his fingers slowly work her up again. Cruz holds both of her tits in his palms, massaging, moving back and forth between sucking on each nipple. She did so fucking good taking both of them, but now I want her. Want to claim my sweet girl, paint her insides with my cum as she screams for us.

I walk to the edge of the bed, running the back of my fingers down her cheek. Her head sways in my direction, eyes heavy. The rapid rise and fall of her chest and thundering pulse make my cock throb.

“She ready for me?”

Aidan dips his fingers inside her, staying deep and jerking his hand. Her pretty eyes roll to the back of her head as her body tightens, the moans a steady flow from her lips. Aidan removes his hand from between her legs, holding it up for me to see. It's

fucking drenched. I chuckle, so fucking proud of her.

“Yeah, she’s nice and ready for you.”

Aidan joins Cruz in front of her, the four of us on our knees in the center of my king-size bed. I use my fingers to tilt her head to the side so I can kiss her, not giving a shit if her mouth was just full of cum that didn’t belong to me. Fuck, it only makes me burn hotter.

“You ready to come for us again, sweet girl?”

“I need you, Dominik. Fill me up, my love. Please,” she whines.

“Fuck,” I huff. She’s never called me that in return, and it makes me fucking melt for her all over again.

In one swift movement, my hands are on her waist, ripping her from Aidan and Cruz. Pressing her hard against the wall next to us, her legs wrap around me as I plow into her in one hard thrust. Her screams echo through the room and I hear the praise from my boys behind me, telling her how fucking perfect she is. I pound into her, pulling my hips back and slamming back inside her. Her tight walls spasm around me, gripping me, and even though she’s just been thoroughly fucked, she’s tight as hell.

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Moving her back to the bed, I collapse on top of her, pulling her legs up and folding her in half like I do every other night.

“Oh, fuck, yesss, Dominik!”

“Yeah, sweet girl, you’re taking me so well. You like me fucking you after you’ve been used up?”

I fuck her hard and deep, unable to hold anything back after watching that scene play out. Just like always, she takes it all and begs for more. Grinding my pelvis against her clit on every thrust, not willing to come until she gives us one more, I lean down and take her mouth with mine, sucking her tongue hard into my mouth.

“Come for us, sweet girl, come all over my cock.”

Her body winds up, tightening, her back arching into me as she grips the sheets in tight fists, her pussy fluttering around me.

“Just. Like. That.”

“Oh, fuck, yes, angel, that’s it,” Cruz praises.

“Such a good girl, Em, let go. Let us have it.”

She comes undone for us, screaming out louder than she ever has, tears streaming down her face, and those tears bring me right to the edge. Just as I’m about to pull out, Emma wraps her legs around my waist, grabbing my face with her hands.

“Come inside me, Dominik! Fill me up!” I erupt inside her, coming harder than I ever have before. Instead of falling down next to her, I sit up on my heels to admire what just happened. I look down at Emma’s legs, still spread open in front of me, her pussy dripping my cum. I swipe two fingers through her wet folds, gathering it up and pushing it back into her slickness.

“Keep it inside, milaya devochka.” Suddenly a fucking vision of her belly swollen, growing my child inside flashes behind my eyes, and a new kink is unlocked.

Shit.

CHAPTER 20

emma

Waking up to the rare sunlight peeking through the blinds, I take stock of everything for a moment. A firm body is plastered against my back, a leg threaded through mine, thigh pressing against my center. I know it’s Dom without looking.

Visions of last night float through my brain like a montage. My body aches in the best of ways, my pussy throbbing after having the life pounded out of it. God, did last night really happen? All of them shared me like it was the easiest thing in the entire world. Dom’s heated expression as he watched Aidan and Cruz take me exactly how he wanted them to will be permanently etched into my brain. The soreness I feel is a physical reminder of the feral way they all devoured my body. And I loved every moment of it.

After Dom finished, the three of them worked together to clean up. Aidan took me to the shower and washed me sweetly from head to toe, peppering kisses everywhere his hands touched. By the time we had finished, Dom and Cruz had changed the sheets and had a full setup of food and wine spread out on the bed. The four of us drank

champagne, ate good food, and watched trashy TV. It was perfect. But it's left me wondering where we go from here.

"I know you're awake, sweet girl. Your breathing changed."

I sigh before rolling over into Dom's arms, his fingers trailing softly up and down my spine in comfort.

"There she is," he whispers as he props his head up with his hand and smiles down at me. "What are you thinking so hard about?"

"Are we okay?"

His head jerks back slowly, his eyebrows arching in confusion.

"Moya lyubov', we will never not be okay. I know you enjoyed yourself last night, and you know that I did as well. What's the problem?"

"I did. It was the hottest thing, and the look on your face, Dom, god."

He chuckles before leaning down and kissing me. Just a chaste peck, but anything from him leaves me wanting more. It's never enough. Relief floods through me that it wasn't the alcohol or anything else that led to the insane sexcapades that happened last night between the four of us. It almost seemed . . . planned?

"Was it a one-time thing?" I ask him, biting my bottom lip as I wait for his answer.

"You haven't figured it out, huh?"

My head cocks to the side as confusion fills me. Figure what out? Dom plants a kiss on my forehead before climbing out of bed and throwing on his workout clothes. He

is so disciplined that I don't think any amount of teasing could get him to veer from his schedule.

“Stay out of your head and just enjoy.”

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And with that, he walks out of the room, leaving my head full of unanswered questions and butterflies in my stomach.

* * *

After dragging myself from Dom's bed and taking a hot, much-needed shower, I meander downstairs in search of coffee. Aidan is standing at the monster barista machine brewing something that has my mouth watering. He must hear me coming because he turns to face me as I enter the kitchen.

"Morning," I say sheepishly, not sure how to act around them after the experience we all had the night before. Will everything change now? Does he regret it?

"You sound happy this morning . . . Still"—he holds out a steaming mug of the sweetest-smelling caffeine—"don't want to chance meeting the sea witch again."

I accept his morning gift and force out a fake laugh. "Ha. Ha. Very funny."

He turns back to the counter and opens the microwave, pulling out a plate.

"Also, made you this. Pancakes still your favorite?" I stare at the plate blankly, shocked in the best way. Aidan shifts on his feet and he seems almost nervous.

"You made me breakfast?"

"Of course. After what we put you through last night, I knew you would need to refuel. Is that okay? I know I took a wild guess here, but I remember you loving them

when we were teens, and I saw you order it a few months ago while . . .”

“Aidan, hey. Yes, this is perfect. Thank you. It looks delicious.”

His shoulders sag as he visibly relaxes from my reassurance. I give him a smile, lifting to my toes to kiss his cheek. Taking my plate from him, I juggle my coffee and breakfast and get cozy in one of the three wingback chairs.

Setting my coffee on the table next to me, I devour half of my plate while Aidan watches me from the kitchen. It’s delicious, and I was so much hungrier than I realized. Looking up at Aidan, I meet his eyes, and my heart does that weird thing in my chest again. He looks so satisfied watching me enjoy the breakfast that he prepared.

“Aren’t you going to eat something?” I immediately regret my words based off Aidan’s reaction. His eyes narrow and his head cocks to the side as he saunters toward me, making my heart thunder, and I quickly set my plate next to my coffee.

“What are you doing?”

“I’m hungry, Em, so I’m going to eat my breakfast.”

“You’re . . . hungry?” I stutter, my voice shaky as the heat within my veins simmers, my heart pounding erratically against my ribcage.

“Starving.”

His knees hit the ground in front of me, not giving me any time to protest. My legs are spread open wide, his hands roaming over my thighs, my hips, and under my ass, pulling me forward where he wants me.

A gasp leaves me as Aidan's mouth covers my panty-clad pussy, inhaling deeply and sucking over the fabric. His warm breath over my core lights me up. I feel myself getting wet, desire pumping through me. It's so good, but not enough. My hands move of their own accord, weaving through his thick black hair. I spread my legs wider to accommodate his size, and his restraint snaps.

"Fuck, Em, you're fucking perfect. You're goddamneverything," he says, grabbing a fistful of the thin fabric separating us and yanking hard. My body jerks as the strand finally snaps, baring me to him completely. He doesn't rush like he did last time. He grabs the back of my thighs and pushes upward, nearly folding me in half and forcing my ass to hang off the edge of the chair, exposing every inch of me.

"Fucking perfect. Look how wet this pink pussy is." He hooks my legs over the armrests and slowly drags a finger through my center, rimming my hole and scooping up to my clit. He holds his finger out between us and studies it, the light shining through the window making it glisten and glow with my arousal.

"Is this all for me, baby?"

My heart flips rapidly in my chest, my breathing erratic as I watch him suck the cum-coated finger into his mouth.

"So sweet. So fucking perfect for me. You know how long I've wanted this?"

He repeats the process, sliding a thick digit through my center and feeding himself the wetness he gathers. I think I may die. The scene is so erotic. So fucking dirty. I think back to all the times I've spent with Aidan before this weekend and can't come up with an answer. I don't know how long he's wanted me.

"No . . ."

“Since the beginning, Em. I’ve pined for you, fantasized about you, jerked off to the thoughts of you, fuck . . . I’ve even pretended other womenwereyou.You know I can’t let you go now, right?”

“Aidan, I didn’t know . . .”

He pops his finger out of his mouth before sliding through my folds again. This time when he pulls out, he presses it into my mouth, my tongue wrapping around his finger and sucking it clean.

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“Well, now you know. Let’s make up for lost time, yeah?”

He hunches down now, burying his face in my pussy, taking long licks from hole to clit before pressing deeply inside. I rock my hips back and forth, trying to keep my moans down. I don’t know the rules for this. Dom wants to share me, but does that extend to being with them when he isn’t in the room?

As if summoned from the dead, he appears, not pausing as he takes in the scene in front of him. I, on the other hand, go into full panic mode and freak the hell out.

“Dom! Oh my god!”

I struggle to move away from Aidan’s mouth, but he keeps a tight grip on my lower thighs, holding me in place as he looks up at me from between my legs. His mouth glistens as his lips pull into a tight, shameless grin.

Dom walks farther into the room, taking a seat directly across from us. Relaxing into the chair, his arms sit on each of the rests, and his legs spread out comfortably. I can’t read his expression, and I try again to close my legs and push Aidan away with my hand. He renews his efforts by dropping his head back down and sucking my clit into his mouth. I can’t help the moan that escapes my lips as my head drops back onto the chair, but I don’t stop trying to push his head back.

“Don’t stop on my account.” Dom’s deep voice fills the quiet room, and my heart rate ratchets up.

“Dom . . .”

“Shh, sweet girl, let me watch him feast on you.”

I die. What the fuck is happening? As much as I wanted to believe it, I wasn't really sure what to make of it all. I feel like I'm in some alternate universe. Aidan chuckles against me before loosening his hold on my thighs, allowing me to relax further into him. He sucks little pulses on my clit as his fingers press deep inside me, curling upward and making me see stars.

“Oh! God! Aidan, that feels so good, please don't stop!”

I run my fingers through his thick hair as my eyes finally open and find Dominik staring at me. I hold his gaze as Aidan devours my body, sending me on a rapid climb toward an epic orgasm. This is different than last night. There's no hiding right now. No alcohol. No cloak of darkness. There's no escaping exactly what's happening.

“That's it, sweet girl. Let me watch you come. I love watching you be worshiped just like you deserve. You're so perfect for us.”

For us.

CHAPTER 21

dom

Fuck if I don't love the sight in front of me. My sweet girl bent up like a goddamn pretzel, having her cunt licked by my brother. Her face is flushed a gorgeous shade of pink, her pretty blonde hair a mess of wet waves around her head. I probably should have told her that this was okay, based on her panic when I walked into the room, but shit if her reaction doesn't make me feel like a king. She doesn't want to hurt me; I know she's loyal as fuck. But that loyalty needs to extend to Aidan and Cruz. I want her to know she has all three of us. This isn't just about her and me anymore. It's all

of us. I know after this weekend that my boys would back off, but I know how they feel. She's our glue. Our everything.

Cruz walks into the room just as Emma is arching into Aidan's mouth, her nails digging into the leather of the chair, her moans uncontrollable, her body wanton and crazed. He takes a seat next to me, leaning back comfortably.

"Well, shit, isn't this a sight to wake up to. Get her nice and messy, Aidan. I haven't had my fill yet and I want to take her ass before coffee."

Aidan must double down at the sound of that because within a moment she's a withering mess as she comes so prettily. Our sweet girl looks so beautiful as she screams out her pleasure. Before she has time to come down, Aidan stabs a piece of her discarded pancake and brings it to her mouth, her lips closing around the fork as we all watch her slowly chew. Syrup drips from her pouty lips as he slowly swipes it away with his finger, lifting it to his waiting mouth to clean off.

"Fuck." One word. Her voice is shaky, heavy with lust and desire.

Aidan picks up her blissed-out, boneless body and carries her to Cruz's bedroom down the hall on the first floor. We follow behind them, discarding our clothes as we go, anticipation and lust weighing heavily on me, consuming my thoughts, visions of Emma taking all three of us swirling behind my eyes.

Aidan lays her down carefully on the bed, stroking her face with his palm before standing and stripping himself of his clothes. She scoots back to the center of the mattress, eyes wide as she takes in the three of us standing naked at the foot of the bed, surrounding her.

Cruz is the first to move, kneeling, inching closer to our sweet girl.

Emma sits up on her knees, still more than a head shorter than him as she looks up to meet his stare. Cruz's hand snaps out quickly, grabbing a fistful of her hair at the back of her head and forcing her mouth to meet his in a brutal kiss.

The kiss goes on as Aidan and I move to the bed to join them. Emma's eyes are greedy as she looks at me, her hand coming up to lightly scratch at the stubble of my beard. I meet her in the middle, leaning down to steal a kiss, her tongue tangling with mine, lips so soft and tasting like sweet maple syrup. Emma pulls back, her lips red and puffy, eyes heavily lidded as she turns to Aidan, claiming his mouth next. There's something so blissfully crazed about sharing a woman, and while I know my boys can't wait to have her alone and all to themselves, there's nothing better than this right here.

Emma pushes Aidan onto his back and wastes no time sucking his cock down until he hits the back of her throat. My body jerks as I imagine the sensations of her warm mouth and slick tongue against the underside of my big dick. Emma's firmly in the driver's seat right now, and while I don't typically give up control like this, it's hot as fuck to watch her take the lead, and I'm more than okay with it.

"Holy shit," Aidan rasps as his hand automatically threads through her hair, holding her head in place as she swallows him down. "Fuck, Em, fuck!"

I let her have her fun, exploring his dick until I've had enough. Brushing Aidan's hand off of Emma's neck and replacing it with my own, I whisper, "Tap on my leg if you want us to stop." Aidan must feel the moment I take control of the rhythm because he grips the sheets next to him until his knuckles turn white.

With Emma on all fours while she downs his cock like a fucking pro, Cruz rubs down her spine from behind her where I lose sight of his hand between her legs. While I can't see his fingers pumping into her pussy, we all hear the moan vibrating around Aidan's cock as I press her head down near fucking flush with his base, the short

hairs there brushing her nose. I hold her there for a moment, cock stuffed so far that I'm blocking her air supply. I know exactly how much she can take and when she needs to breathe. I know right now she's relaxing her throat, handing over complete trust to me, just like she always does.

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“Fuck, that feels so damn good,” Aidan gasps. His eyes roll to the back of his head as her throat constricts around him. Sensations shoot through my entire fucking body, pleasurable pins and needles spreading rapidly as I control exactly how she fucks him with her mouth. I pull her up enough to heave in a breath before pushing her back down for more.

“That’s it. Suck his cock, milaya devochka.”

Her only reply is another moan. She moves one of her hands between my legs to cup my balls, one of her fingers rubbing the soft skin between them and my ass. I can feel the force of Cruz pressing into Emma with his fingers, brutally pumping into her pussy, the sounds vulgar and loud, the rhythm in sync with her bobbing on Aidan’s cock.

Aidan’s body tightens and spasms under her. “Fuck. I need a minute. I’m not ready to come.” I pull her off with a pop. His cock is covered in saliva and leaking precum from the tip. Emma swipes the bead with her tongue, flicking across the slit and making my cock jump in response to watching the dirty display.

“Don’t move,” Cruz says as he gives Emma’s ass a hard slap. She freezes as Cruz moves beside us, grabbing her face in his hands. “You listen so well, angel, I’m disappointed. I was hoping to have to break you down some more. Now, are you ready to be fucked?”

“All of you?”

“Yeah, sweet girl, all of us.” My answering statement makes everyone tense with

excitement.

I reach for the nightstand to get the lube and a condom, tossing the bottle to Cruz and the condom to Aidan.

“First, I want to taste you.” Emma motions for him to kneel in front of her, and she wraps her lips around his thick, throbbing cock. Cruz’s head drops back, blissed-out, eyes closed as he stares up at the ceiling, moans that he usually keeps bottled up escaping him as he uses his hips to pump viciously into her warm mouth. He’s a ruthless motherfucker, but she doesn’t protest for a second, she accepts everything he gives her.

“Fucking hell. Her mouth,” he says through clenched teeth as he jerks his hips, roughly fucking her face.

I know exactly what he means.

“Moya lyubov’, you’re going to suck me off while Cruz and Aidan fill your ass and pussy. I know you can take it. Is that what you want?”

She pops off of Cruz and nods her head in greedy confirmation. We all move into place—Aidan on his back, picking Emma up by her hips and settling her directly on his dick. She sinks down with a long, drawn-out hiss as she stretches around the intrusion. He uses his hips to thrust into her from below, hands grabbing fistfuls of her perky breasts, rewarding us all with a soft, prolonged moan from her sweet lips.

“Slow, Aidan. I need to get her ready for me, don’t come too soon, I want her stuffed with both of us.”

“Fuck you, dickhead,” Aidan seethes, but he slows his pace, gripping Emma’s hips and letting her rock on his lap rather than bounce. It winds her right back up, her clit

rubbing hard against his pelvis as Cruz chuckles under his breath.

“Relax, angel, it’s just my fingers right now. I’m going to open you up.”

Cruz sucks on his fingers and then spits into the crack of her ass as he starts to rub and press, prepping her to take him. My cock throbs hard in my hand, knowing she’s about to take both of them at the same time.

After a few moments, Emma’s whine is constant, and her hips begin rocking back onto Cruz’s hand. Aidan shifts further down, allowing Emma’s ass to pop out more. Cruz lines his dick up with her hole, right above where Aidan is filling her pussy, and starts to dip inside.

“Ohhh! Fuck! Shit! Shit!”

“Shh, baby. You can do it,” Aidan coos, rubbing his hands up her back in a lovingly encouraging caress. Cruz, on the other hand, delivers three rapid slaps to each of her ass cheeks that instantly bloom her skin with red marks.

“Relax, angel, or I won’t be fucking gentle. Relax and let me in. We’re gonna fuck you so goddamn good.”

She must listen because Cruz’s cock disappears further inside her.

“Shit! It burns! Please give me a second, let me breathe. Holy shit, I’m so full.”

“Full of your fucking men. You’re such a good girl, moya lyubov’. Taking them so well.”

Her voice is a desperate whine when she speaks again. “I need you, Dom. I need you all.”

Oh, my sweet girl. Fuck, I love her so goddamn much. She wants this just as much as we do. Cruz bottoms out as I move closer to her, my knees on the bed, her hand reaching out for me. I squat down and take her palm, pressing a kiss to the center and over the soft skin of her dainty wrist before righting myself.

She sits up slightly, moving off of Aidan's chest as she reaches for my cock. Happy to give her what she wants, I brush the hair from her face as she turns to the side and opens her mouth to accept me. Wet warmth envelopes my cock as I press inside, her silky tongue swirling around my thick head.

“Just like that, milaya devochka. Suck my cock while they fuck you.”

Her moans are nothing but gurgling sounds as she does exactly what I tell her to do. Our sweet girl, always wanting to please. She takes me to the back of her throat, tears beading on her long eyelashes before they spill over the rims and fall down her flushed cheeks as my boys start to move in sync within her.

Fuck, if this isn't perfect.

CHAPTER22

emma

I've lost all control over my body. I feel wild. Untamed. All my nerve endings have been ignited, synapses firing off at the same time and building an inferno that threatens to destroy me. Together, they devour, consume, and ruin. I'll never be the same after this.

I don't want to be.

The three of them fuck me like they're trying to bury parts of themselves deep within my bones, rewiring my core. They don't let up until they've squeezed every bit of pleasure from me. I come harder than I ever have before, feeling a gush of liquid leave my center as I scream around Dominik's thick cock.

"That's it, baby. Drench us. Let us have it all."

"Fuck, angel, this ass. You like being fucked in both holes like our dirty little plaything?" Cruz's filthy words go straight to my core, propelling me toward another rapid release. I do my best to relax, letting them all have their way with my body, all of us feeling pleasure at once.

"How's." Thrust. "My." Thrust. "Piercing." Thrust. "Fucking." Thrust. "Feel?"

I pull my mouth off of Dom and scream violently at the onslaught of both of them pounding mercilessly inside me.

“The way her pussy just gushed around me, I’d say she fucking loves it.”

“Oh, god. Oh, god!”

“Not God, milaya devochka, your men. Now give us one more before we fill you up.”

Tightening my fist around Dominik’s length, I stroke him brutally, just like he loves, my eyes squeezing shut as I brace for an orgasm that threatens to kill me.

“Fuck. Come, angel. Fucking come for us.”

“Ohhh! Fuuuuck!” My orgasm slams into me so hard that I see stars. It starts at my core and spreads rapidly, awakening every single cell and lighting a fire that consumes me. I don’t recognize my own voice as I scream out through the onslaught of pleasure barreling through me. I have an out-of-body moment as the breath leaves my lungs, my muscles seizing up as they coax every bit of pleasure out of me.

“Oh, fuck yes. That’s it, Em, that’s it, baby. Give it to us.”

Aidan thrusts two more times as he explodes, his orgasm taking over as he fills the condom with hot cum, the warmth pulsing through the thin latex.

Dom grips my hair as he shoves his cock back in my mouth, one of my hands grabbing his hip to pull him deeper.

“Christ, moya lyubov’,” Dominik seethes as he looks at me. “Fucking take it then. Swallow it all down, don’t spill a fucking drop.” With one last pump into my mouth, Dom shatters. He lets loose a deep moan and doesn’t take his eyes off of me, making my already spent pussy throb around Aidan.

Cruz is next as he comes with a loud groan, slapping my ass once, twice, three times,

before shoving himself deep inside, jerking my body forward. My eyes meet Dom's, nothing but pure unadulterated pride and satisfaction reflected back at me as I come down from the life-changing onslaught of emotions this experience has put me through.

Aftershocks plague me as they each slowly pull themselves from my body, their voices showering me with praise and gratitude. Firm, strong hands grab my hips and roll me gently onto my back. Dominik reaches down and brushes the hair from my face, looking at me with so much pride and adoration, his gaze strong as steel, emotion clearly written across his features.

“You did so fucking good, sweet girl,” Dom whispers. “Next time I want to take you in the ass while Cruz fucks your pussy.”

I meet his eyes. Question, lust, desire, and worry are written into my face as I gape at him.

He doesn't give me the answer I'm looking for and a shred of disappointment crashes into me. Could this really be it after this weekend? Can I go back to being purely friendly with Aidan and Cruz after all of this?

Aidan gets up to take care of the condom and returns with a warm washcloth. He spreads my legs as Dominik holds my back against his chest, cleaning me up, taking care to clean the inside of my thighs and not to rub my swollen lips too roughly. He tosses the rag to the side and lays down next to me.

Cruz and Aidan each take up a side, my back pressed to Dominik's chest, the three of them cocooning me. Hands rub up and down my sides, lips kissing my skin gently, fingers stroking through my hair. It's not long before my breathing becomes shallow and I drift off to sleep, wrapped in the comfort of all three of them.

CHAPTER23

aidan

Emma sleeps the rest of the morning, and I don't blame her. We went hard on her, especially for her first time taking all of us at once. She was so beautiful, accepting everything we gave. She felt incredible in my arms, my cock buried deep. The moment Cruz fully entered her ass, her walls tightened around me like a vise grip, his dick pressing against the thin barrier between her pussy and ass. I adjust my hardening cock in my sweatpants before flipping the grilled cheese sandwiches I'm making for a late lunch.

The sleeping beauty graces us with her presence not a moment later, her hair wet, face flushed and bare of any trace of makeup. I love her like this. She exudes self-confidence, and that's so fucking hot.

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She enters the kitchen, her bare feet padding across the old hardwood floor, and peeks over my shoulder. “It smells delicious in here.”

“I hope you like grilled cheese and tomato soup, beautiful.”

“We aren’t friends with people who don’t like those two things, Aidan. How do you know all my favorites?”

“Easy. I pay attention.”

She smiles brightly at that and leaves it alone, instead opening the fridge and pulling out a cran-raspberry sparkling water and taking up a spot at the dining room table. She’s so fucking beautiful, it’s hard to pay attention to not burning lunch when all I want to do is stare at her. Especially seeing her so at ease and comfortable in our space. We need to figure out a way to keep her here. She hates being at her goddamn parents’ house anyway.

Cutting our sandwiches in half, I drop Dom and Cruz’s onto plates and grab Emma and I’s, taking a seat next to her.

“Mmm. Thank you, Aidan. Do you do all the cooking around here?”

“Pretty much. Dom and Cruz can each make a dish or two, but it usually falls on me. I don’t mind it. They pick up the slack in other areas to make up for it. We’re a well-oiled machine at this point.”

“I mean, that’s obvious. The three of you are so in sync with each other. Lily and I

are very much the same way, minus the sharing partners,” she adds with a laugh before taking a bite of her grilled cheese. “We grew up together and share the same kind of trauma from all the pressure to be perfect, courtesy of our parents.”

“I think everyone leaves home a little fucked-up because of their parents, nothing any of us can escape.”

“You’re probably right.”

“We just gotta be the adults we want to be and make changes where we can. Fuck the rest of it.”

“Cruz said something similar recently.”

“Sounds like Cruz finally said something smart for once.”

I watch as she finishes eating her lunch, a look of pure fulfillment and satisfaction settling deep within her features. Dom and Cruz barrel into the room, grabbing their plates and joining us to eat.

There’s one thing I’m dying to do, and it doesn’t include anyone but Emma and I. She sets her plate down on the coffee table and sits up tall, her arms rising above her head as she stretches like a cat after a long nap in the sunlight.

“Don’t get tired on me. The day isn’t over yet, beautiful. You got Dom’s date. Now you get mine.”

Her eyes light up as she looks around the table, Dom and Cruz nodding in agreement. She stops on Cruz with a look of wonder, and everyone in the room knows what she’s silently asking.

“You’ll get time with me alone, angel, don’t worry. But it’s going to come when you least expect it.”

She visibly bristles and I don’t blame her. Scary ass motherfucker is a goddamn sadist.

“Are you ready?”

“Yes!” she says, excited as hell, and it fills me with so much warmth. I stand and grab her hand, pulling her from the chair and guiding her toward my bedroom. I have the room transformed just for this occasion. My bed is made with white sheets, and bright red rose petals are spread out on top. I watch her face as she takes in the room, and then when she shifts to me as I pick up my camera.

Her eyebrows raise, her lips falling apart slightly as understanding settles over her. I’ve been wanting to take photos of Emma for years. The number of times I’ve imagined her spread out naked on my bed is in the millions. And now I finally get that. If she’s willing.

“Can I take your picture, beautiful?”

Her smile is so fucking huge, lighting up her entire face as she nods her head in agreement.

“Good. I’ve been thinking about doing just this for so long, feels like a damn dream to be here with you right now.”

Her eyes flutter closed before pulling her bottom lip between her teeth in a seductive, sexy-as-fuck move that wakes my cock right up. Moving in my direction, she takes several steps before she’s standing right in front of me, dragging her fingers down my bare chest.

“You know, when you talk like that it fills my head with all these thoughts that I don’t know what to do with.”

“Good,” is all I say in return. I want her head a jumbled mess, as long as it includes me. I don’t care what happens after this weekend, but Emma isn’t going anywhere and I’m not giving her up. I love Dom like a brother, I would die for him, but he has to understand where I’m coming from, too. I boop her little nose and turn to pick up the gift bag before handing it to her as confidently as I can.

“You got me a gift?”

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“It is Valentine’s Day weekend.”

Her pretty pink lips turn up in a smile right before she opens the bag and peers inside. I love the look that washes over her face . . . pure excitement. Inside is a lacy pink lingerie set with matching garter. She pulls out the second item and raises her eyebrows as the memory dawns on her.

“You really do think of everything.”

She unwraps one of the cherry lollipops and pops it into her mouth before turning on her heel and dropping everything onto the bed. I expected her to go into the bathroom to change but I was clearly and gladly mistaken.

Emma strips out of her clothes slowly for me as I move my camera in front of my face to look at her beautiful body through the lens. She’s goddamn breathtaking and I can hardly focus while I watch her. The click of my camera goes off as I snap photos until she’s completely nude, standing in front of me like the goddess she is.

“Do you know how beautiful you are?”

“You make me feel that way.”

“I’ll remind you every day for the rest of your life, baby, if you’ll let me. You’re perfect.”

She blushes so prettily, tucking her hair behind her ear, and I admonish myself for not catching the movement on camera.

“Lay on the bed for me. I don’t want you to think, just be here with me, move however feels natural.”

“No lingerie?”

“Fuck the lingerie, baby, I want you laid bare. Will you?”

The fact that she crawls onto my bed, the petals falling into her as her weight shifts, means more to me than any words could. She knows how dangerous nude photos could be if they leaked, or someone had malicious intent, but she trusts me to keep them safe, to keep her safe. And fuck if that doesn’t make me feel important.

Emma lays down on her back, lollipop in her mouth, her hands moving to her perky breasts and pushing them together, one long leg stretched out straight in front of her and the other bent up with her foot flat on the bed. She’s a fucking sight. I walk around the bed and take photos of her with shaking hands.

“Good, baby. You look so damn seductive right now.”

She turns to face me, eyes right on me through the lens. “Have you ever done this before?”

Even though it’s a fair question, I hope she doesn’t think I could ever do something this intimate with anyone else. “Never.”

“Really?”

“Never felt the desire to photograph anyone like this except you, Em.”

This time I do catch the sheepish smile as she turns away and runs her fingers through her hair.

She moves through a few positions, her thighs rubbing together, and I know without a shadow of a doubt that this is turning her on. I hope it's also made her feel empowered, bold, and sexy. Because she's all of those things and more. I tell her as much as her eyes shift down to the tent in my sweatpants.

"Aidan?"

"Yeah, baby?"

"Does the camera have a timer?"

Fuck. My reaction isn't contained as a sly grin pulls at my lips, my body freezing. She spreads her legs open slowly in a tease, granting me access to gaze at her little pussy. Arousal coats her puffy lips, her center, and her ass, and I want nothing more than to clean her up with my tongue.

Her voice is low and thick with desire as she says her next words. "Will you take pictures of us?" Her hand dips between her legs, a finger slowly dragging along the wet seam of her lips.

My eyes meet hers now, lust and longing taking over as her eyelids blink slowly, her chest rising and crashing harder now. Setting up the camera on the shelf parallel to my bed, I check that the lens is capturing the entire bed before setting the record button. It'll be easier to pull stills from the video later, and once I'm over there with her, I'm not getting up again.

Shrugging out of my sweats, I kick them to the side before prowling up the length of her body, running my open hands across every inch of skin, my tongue following behind. I drop kisses everywhere. From the arch of her foot to her eyelids, there's not an inch of her that my mouth doesn't touch.

“God, Aidan. I love this. I don’t want it to end.”

Spreading her legs wide, I hook them over my shoulders as I come face to face with her wet center. “We’ve only just started, baby. Now relax and let me take care of you.”

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Going down on Emma is like eating the most rare, decadent dessert, prepared just for me. Her musky sweetness is heaven, coating my tongue as I take long, slow licks up her center, taking my time to taste every bit of her.

“Aidan! I’m going to come!”

That’s my beautiful girl. Come for me. I flick and lap at her clit until it swells ever so slightly, her body tightening under me as the waves of her orgasm take over. I don’t let up until I’m sure I’ve squeezed every bit of pleasure from her possible before moving lower, stuffing my tongue into her center and licking up all her cum, not wanting to waste a drop.

Looking up the length of her body, I see the red heart lollipop dangling from her hand. Taking it from her, I love watching the expression on her face morph from post-orgasm bliss to hot fervor. Using one hand to spread open her pussy lips, I circle her opening with the sucker, watching in rapt attention as I dip it inside and twist, cum pooling at the base of her slit. I lean forward and lap it up with my tongue, slowly moving the candy inside her.

“Jesus Christ, Aidan. Fuck. Are you really doing that?”

“Fuck yeah I am, baby. The first time we shared one of these it was your mouth that got it wet for me, now it’s your cum.”

“Oh, god!”

Gently fucking her with it, I spin it one last time before pulling it free and popping it

in my mouth, sucking her sweet cream off of it.

“Want some?”

Her eyes light up, remembering, and if I didn’t love her before, I fucking do now.

“Sure.”

She takes the sucker from me and sucks it into her mouth at the same time I drop my head back between her legs, lapping at the mixture of her arousal and cherry candy until she’s a whimpering mess.

“Aidan, please, up here, I want you.”

Refusing to disappoint her, I drop open-mouthed kisses up her pelvis and soft stomach, stopping to lavish each breast before finally claiming her mouth, our tongues tangling in a slow caress. I only break for a moment to grab a condom, sheathing myself so that I don’t have to pull out of her when I come.

After I’m covered, the head of my dick prods at her entrance as she wraps her legs tight around my lower back, pulling me into her. My cock slips past the initial resistance, filling her completely. I stay seated deep, grabbing her face between my hands and looking down at her.

“You’re so goddamn beautiful it hurts.”

“God, Aidan, you’re so perfect. So good. You make me feel so good.”

“Anything for you, beautiful, anything.”

I start to rock inside her, our hands roaming each other’s bodies. Our kisses become

desperate, raw. We're clinging to each other, trying to fuse together, deeper, not wanting this to end for anything. Fuck the outside world, the only thing that matters is this right now. I make love to her instead of fucking her, wanting to show her with my body everything that I'm feeling inside, hoping like hell she knows the truth.

"Come with me, beautiful, take me over the edge with you."

"Aidan!"

Her fingers thread through my hair, yanking my mouth down to meet hers as we both come, her walls spasming, milking me and taking me with her, my cum filling the condom as I let go inside of her.

Releasing her mouth, I pepper kisses all over her face, sharing air and breathing her in, doing everything I can to prolong this moment for as long as possible.

CHAPTER24

cruz

Night settles in the sky as I take the last puff of my joint before stubbing out the roach and walking back inside the house. After spending the rest of the day watching all of Emma's favorite movies, everyone went to sleep except me. The last month with Emma has been the best fucking foreplay I could have asked for. But the last two days have been better than any of us expected.

My heart rate picks up as I imagine how she'll react when she sees what I have planned for her. She experienced Dom and his voyeurism kink, I'm positive Aidan gave her some lovey-dovey lovemaking, and now she'll experience what I have to offer.

I take silent, measured steps as I climb the stairs to the second floor where Dom's room is. He knew to get the hell out of dodge after she fell into a deep sleep. While I'd much rather be in my own room, given the current circumstances, I'll take what I can get.

Slipping into the bedroom, I'm careful not to step on any of the old floorboards that are known to creak, and shut the door behind me.

Thankfully, Dom got her to sleep naked, and only a thin sheet separates me from what I want. I gently pull the sheet off of her, watching her skin pebble with goosebumps as the cool air hits her body. She doesn't so much as shudder though. My eyes rake over her sleeping form, her legs spread, one knee hiked up off to the side so I have a perfect view of her pink little cunt. I take a moment to admire her perfect flesh, marred in places where she's self-mutilated. She's fucking perfect.

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I push down my briefs, my fat cock bobbing free and hanging heavy against my thigh. Sitting as close to her as I can, I gently run my fingers through her folds, circling her hole, taking my time to coax the arousal from her. Her body starts to stir to life, slowly, her hips moving ever so slightly, pussy starting to weep just how I want it to. Fuck, it's such a pretty sight. Ever since Dom played with her in front of us on New Year's Eve, I've imagined this very scenario. Her body lying lifeless, unconscious, while I devour her. I'm completely aware that I'm a sick fuck, but I wouldn't take it if it wasn't already implied that I could have it. Even if pretending otherwise gets me harder than steel.

Having worked her up enough, I crawl on top of her, my cock falling against her pelvis. Her eyes flutter open, going wide as she takes me in, hovering over her naked, primed body.

“Shh, angel, go back to sleep. I'm just going to fuck this tight little pussy.”

“Cruz . . .”

Not wanting to hear a word from her, I slap my hand across her mouth, shutting her up but keeping her nose clear. Wouldn't want to accidentally suffocate her.

Lining my cock up with her slick center, my piercing leading the way, I press into her in one powerful thrust. I can hear her muffled moans as she gasps for air around my hand, and it's music to my ears. Her pupils are blown wide, darting back and forth between my own, watching and taking it all. She remains still, understanding settling over her as to what I came for, what I want from her.

My girl looks so good taking me. I fuck her hard and deep, controlling the pace. I grasp her hips tightly, relishing in the feel of her tight wet pussy fluttering around my cock. My hand releases her mouth and moves to her throat, holding her down while I rut into her like the fucked-up asshole that I am. I fuck her hard, bringing her right to the edge of orgasm before changing it up, not letting her come until I'm ready.

“You like being my little whore, angel? You like knowing I was playing with your little pussy while you slept so soundly?”

Her “yes” comes out in a raspy gasp, hands curling around my wrists, nails biting into the sensitive flesh. I groan loud and deep, her eyes snapping to mine.

“Harder, angel. Make me bleed.”

Her eyes roll to the back of her head, but she does what I command, blood beading around her fingernails as they dig into my flesh. Her pussy floods with slick moisture, coating my cock in her cum as I plow through it. The silent room is filled with lewd squelching noises that would embarrass anyone, but not my angel. She's fucking thriving.

I study the bleeding she caused, wiping some of it up with one of my hands and dragging it over the swell of her breasts when an idea strikes me. I slow my strokes, just hovering above her, nose to nose, in what could be taken as an intimate, loving gesture. Too bad I don't know how to be that for her. But I can give her new memories. I can give her a good pain to replace the old.

“You trust me, angel?”

Her reply comes with zero hesitation, only a quick, honest, and firm, “Yes.”

Pulling from her, I stand and grab my pants, removing my pocketknife and flicking it

open. Settling between her legs, Emma strains when I spread her wide open for me.

“Pain doesn’t have to erase pain, angel. Sometimes pain can bring so much goddamn pleasure your head will spin. I want to give you a reminder, that when things get too hard, when they become too much, you come to me. You need a release from the buildup, look at this.”

Her mouth falls open, forming a little “o” just as my mouth connects with her pussy lips in a rough kiss, my tongue lashing at her throbbing clit. I lick her right to the edge before pulling back again, blowing air directly onto her sopping-wet center.

“Cruz! Fuck, you’re going to kill me. Please let me come. Please, Cruz.”

“That’s it, angel, beg.”

I drop my head to feast again and repeat the process three more times until she’s a thrashing fucking mess. My face is coated in her juices, her pussy lips drenched and puffy, clit throbbing and swollen. I’m a fucking sadistic glutton because I know I could do this all night.

“Cruz! I can’t! I can’t take it anymore!”

“Can I cut you, angel?” whispering the words against her soft skin, she nods her head, giving me her consent, but it’s not enough for me.

“Use your words. Can I mark you?”

“Yes, Cruz.”

I suck her clit into my mouth, pulsing in quick sucks as her whole body tightens, release balancing right on that thin edge. Bringing my knife up to her inner thigh, I

lap at her clit until she plummets, flicking the knife into her just hard enough that the skin breaks open and blood pools to the sides, dripping down her leg. I carve the symbol into her flesh slowly, her screams of pleasure loud enough to wake the goddamn dead. It's fucking beautiful.

“Oh! Fuck! YES!”

The orgasm seems to go on forever, her entire body shaking as it rolls through her like a bomb. I lick her through it until she starts to settle, then I move to lick across her new mark. I'll make sure it's cared for properly later so that it scars over the ones she currently wears, but right now, I want to taste her lifeblood.

“Jesus Christ, Cruz. That was . . . what is it?”

“Take a look for yourself, angel.”

She sits up and looks between her legs. At the very top of her right thigh is a heart. A reminder, a promise.

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Instead of being pissed. Instead of being emotional. Instead of any of the normal reactions any sane person should have to being carved up like a Thanksgiving turkey, she grabs my shoulders and jerks me forward onto her, wrapping her legs tightly around my waist and digging her nails into my back. She gets me. She understands the meaning behind what I did.

“Fuck me, Cruz. Take what you need.”

I waste no more time before sliding through her slick folds and filling her completely, immediately driving into her at a ruthless pace. I pull quickly from her body, flipping her onto her hands and knees and driving back inside her tight channel. I rut into her like an animal fucks his mate—pillaging, conquering, claiming.

Emma’s cries get louder, the tight walls of her cunt throbbing around me, her head thrashing side to side. She’s close. I stuff two of my fingers into her mouth before grinding out my next words. “Suck. Get them nice and wet, angel, ’cause they’re going to be in your tight little asshole next.”

Delivering three slaps to her ass, I relish the way the meat jiggles and quakes before it blooms red with my handprint. Spreading her wide, I spit right onto her hole before rimming the tight muscle with my wet fingers. Her pussy clenches hard around me in response.

“That’s my dirty angel. You like it, don’t you?”

“Fuck! Yes, Cruz. Yes!”

As I breach her tight, puckered hole, her pants increase, her legs shaking and skin breaking out in a thin layer of sweat. I lean forward and lick up the length of her spine, loving the sweet, salty taste of her right now. My thrusts are hard and deep, allowing me to fuck her ass with two fingers, delivering a heady mix of pleasure.

“Cruz! Jesus Christ! I need to come!”

Instead of making her wait and edging her some more like I had planned, I reach around us with my free hand until I find her clit, slick with her arousal. Pinching it between two fingers, her body reacts so fucking perfectly, violently shaking, barely able to hold herself up.

A few more swipes against her clit and she’s gone. Her pussy convulsing around me, squeezing the shit out of my cock, is my undoing. I jerk out of her little body, gripping my cock hard and spraying cum all over her ass and pussy. My orgasm pummels me, and if it weren’t for how fucking sexy she looks—swollen, pink, ass open and ready, covered in ropes of pearly cum—I would collapse on her and sleep peacefully the rest of the night.

Instead, I spread her cheeks and press my open mouth to the dessert in front of me, licking and sucking up the delicious mix of our orgasms until she’s clean of it. Sitting up, I slap her ass and push her onto her back, climbing over her and using my fingertips to pry open her mouth. She opens wide, knowing what’s coming, and accepts her fate—craving it. Leaning above her, I spit the contents of my mouth into hers, pressing my hand to her throat and feeling her swallow it all down.

A deep primal growl leaves me as pride and something else fills my chest. Something that feels a whole hell of a lot like love.

CHAPTER25

dom

The four of us lay in my king-size bed with Emma snuggled in the middle, her naked body rising and falling with each of her labored breaths.

“She’s different,” Cruz whispers.

I meet his eyes over her sleeping form. “I know.”

“She can easily become an addiction, Dom. You need to tell us now if she’s off-limits after this weekend. I already want more of her. And not just sex. I want to talk to her. I want to know every part of her. This connection . . .”

The words that I know are difficult for him to express trail off. I give it a moment of pause, glad everyone is on the same page and finally being open about what we all want. Nothing about this weekend was just sex like when the three of us have shared in the past. We all feel the connection. There is something deeper, and fuck if that doesn’t make me feel good. This is what I wanted, hoped for. I knew she was perfect for us.

She fits in so easily with the three of us. I think about how comfortable Emma is with both of them, how she had zero hesitation, only eagerness. But the connection she has with each of us is very different and seems to complement everything she needs. Cruz, Aidan, and I, together, make up the perfect man for her. And fuck if it wasn’t some of the best fucking sex I’ve ever had. I couldn’t deny any of them even if I wanted to. And I know that I don’t want to. That was my plan all along. She will tie us together forever.

“If she was going to be off-limits after all of this, I wouldn’t have let this weekend happen. This is what I want.”

“Good. Because I couldn’t give her up, Dom. Not after wanting her for so long, not after having her,” Aidan admits, and I nod my head in agreement.

“Do you all mean that?” Her voice is raspy and hoarse from a mixture of screaming and sleep.

Knowing I’m the one that should talk, I speak up. “Is that what you want, moya lyubov’? You get a choice in this.”

Her pretty eyes dart between the three of us, and I know her answer without needing to hear it. I lean down and place a chaste kiss to her lips, pulling back and smiling down at her.

“Such a sweet girl. I love you.”

Pulling the little black box from behind me, I hold it in front of her. I wanted to give this to her on Valentine’s Day, but I wanted to make sure she would accept all of us first.

Opening the box slowly, she blinks at the necklace staring back at her. A simple gold chain lays against the dark velvet fabric of the box, four tiny hearts stacked in a line up one side. The bottom one holds a tiny pink diamond, the other three each holding a black onyx.

“Dominik. This is gorgeous.”

Yeah. We'll make this work.

CHAPTER26

emma

I sit across from Lily at Bean Haven and take a sip of my much-needed vanilla latte, savoring the flavor and enjoying the caffeine spreading through my tired veins. She looks up at me with a knowing smile and I can't help but roll my eyes.

"So, spill. How was your first Valentine's Day with a boyfriend?"

Better just rip the Band-Aid off. Can't be any worse than her shacking up with her ex-boyfriend's daddy dearest.

"Well, I started the day with one and ended it with three."

Lily's coffee spurts from her mouth, dribbling down her chin as she coughs and heaves air into her coffee-filled lungs. I toss a napkin in her direction, smiling and waiting for her to compose herself.

"Bitch. What did you just say? Three? Wait. No . . ."

"Oh, yes. I knew I was spending the weekend at the house with Dom, but I assumed he was kicking the boys out. Nope," I say, popping the "p" for good measure. "He shared me with Aidan and Cruz. But then, it got complicated. Or uncomplicated actually. There's always been more there with each of them, and finally being

together just kind of cemented it. They had the entire weekend planned ahead of time. We're going to give this thing a real shot."

She blinks at me blankly for a solid minute before talking.

"So, are you all . . . together, together?"

"Like do they fuck each other?"

"Yeah?"

"No, they're not into each other sexually. Just obsessed with sharing me"

"Good god. But three dicks? How the hell do you handle it?"

I laugh out loud at her question.

"How do you handle being chased through the woods and hunted like prey?"

"Okay. That's fair. But are you sore?"

Another loud laugh comes from me, and I slap my hand over my mouth as people start to look at us.

"Very sore. In the best of ways."

"Well, cheers for being fucked three ways from Sunday!"

"While that part is mind-blowing. It's honestly so much more than that. My connection with each of them is so different. Together they make up exactly what I need. Dom empowers me and gives me safety. Aidan comforts and cherishes me,

while Cruz unleashes this wild, uninhibited, free side of me. Altogether it's . . .”

“Perfect,” Lily finishes for me.

“Yeah. It's perfect. And for the first time in my life, I feel whole. Fuck everything else, because all that matters is that I have the three of them.”

“Well, babe, I can't say I'm not surprised. When you grow up the way we did, our parents should have expected us to go to the extreme with our adult choices after suffocating us for so long.”

“Cheers to freaking that. But, after everything we've been through, look at us now. Happy. Seen. Fulfilled.”

“So, what now?” she asks.

“Now, we just keep doing what we're doing. Living. Everything else be damned.”

epilogue

DOM

As I sit between Emma's spread legs, her sleeping body so relaxed, I slide my fingers through the cum leaking from her swollen, pink pussy, knowing exactly what I want next.

"New plan."

"She's ours, Dom. What more could you want?"

"It's not good enough. We need to bind her to us forever."

"Unfortunately, polygamy is still illegal, so only one of us can marry her, and I will fight you for that right," Aidan says.

"That's not deep enough anyway. Marriage seems trivial compared to what we have with her. No. We need to get her pregnant."

Aidan chokes next to me, covering his cough with his fist and trying to muffle it so we don't wake her. I meet Cruz's eyes where he lies next to her, running his fingers up and down her arm a gleam in his eyes.

"How would it work?" he asks.

"There's only one way to make it fair, boys."

They both look at me, waiting with focused curiosity and excitement.

“We run trains on her until she’s knocked up. We won’t know whose baby it is, ruling out any competition, and we all raise the baby together.”

“You really think we’re ready to be daddies?” Aidan asks, ever the voice of reason. The image hits me again, Emma naked in our bed, her belly growing with a baby, breasts heavy with milk.

“Fuck, I’ll be a daddy,” Cruz says, and Aidan and I chuckle.

“Yeah, time to ease her into the idea, brothers. We’re gonna breed her until she’s so full of our cum she’s bound to get pregnant.”

Our sweet girl will be such a sweet mama.