



Three Corporate Kings and a Hands-Off Bride

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Description: What's a girl to do when she hits her head so hard she sees stars and then the light, only to be saved by a sweet old lady who then proceeds to relay her future... for a few bucks?

If her name is Alicia Robertson, then she takes those predictions seriously and does everything in her power to make them happen. Even if the men the old sweet lady said she was meant to marry think she hit her head a little too hard.

What do they know anyway?

From the moment her dad died and they promised they would look after her, Alicia Robertson turned their world upside down, not in a good way. Having her live with them until she turns twenty-two and her trust fund kicks in is bad enough; now she has it in her head that she's destined to be their bride. Which part of hands-off is she not getting?

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Chapter One

What the hell was she up to now?

Cade Kissinger glanced at the text notification from their housekeeper, Alfred Amos. The only time Alfred ever messaged Cade, or his friends and business partners, Eli Nicholson and Baxter Gardner, was if their collective little pain in the ass, also known as Alicia Robertson, was up to something. And it was usually big and inconvenient because she didn't do small and minor, as they'd learned while living with her for the last eight months.

When her father, Tom Robertson, their lawyer, and the best man they knew, had passed away from a heart-attack, about a year ago, he'd appointed them her guardians, which meant they had to look after his daughter. And by looking after his daughter, Tom meant she had to stay with them until she turned twenty-two. Tom believed that with her living with them she would learn how to be money-wise and people-wise so that when her trust fund from her grandmother kicked in on her twenty-second birthday, she'd be able to spot unsavory characters a mile away.

At the rate things were going with her, she would probably give all her money away to the first sad bastard who wanted to get into her panties and her trust fund. They were not going to let that happen. Possibly ever. No questions asked. They were also probably better off sending her somewhere to become a nun. They hadn't ruled out the idea yet.

The last time Alfred texted them at work, she'd redecorated their entertainment room with pink. They told her to make herself feel at home in their apartment since she was

going to live there for the next six months, and she took that quite literally.

She turned their sleek black home theater, built for comfort with its black recliners, cinematic screen, and personal fridges, because they only needed beer to watch sports, into something that resembled... pink.

She brought in a pink popcorn machine, a pink cotton candy machine, disco lights, and a weird-ass giant teddy bear with a big pink bow that just fucking stared at them as it took up an entire recliner for itself.

She messed up their precious action movie collection by littering the shelves with rom-fucking-com stuff and musicals. And then she threw a hundred plus cushions into the air, or so it seemed, and where it landed was where it stayed. So many fucking cushions, as if they'd been living like infidels for their lack of cushions.

They would never admit it, but they now had popcorn and cotton candy with their beer, and they and the fucking teddy bear watched sports sitting on her fucking cushions.

She was a havoc wrecker. There were no other words to describe her.

Cade opened the text.

Sir, I do believe the little miss is planning to have a date. In her room. With a boy.

"The fuck does she think she's doing?" he growled out loud, grabbing his jacket and car keys at the same moment that Baxter poked his head into Cade's office.

"Let's go," Baxter said, and Cade didn't need to be told twice. They met Eli on the way to the elevators of their skyscraper building. It was the middle of the damn day.

Did she have no concept of time? Their PAs would have to postpone all their meetings for the day. They were busy men. Running a corporate company that made them billionaires was not child's play. They couldn't be leaving the office because their charge was bringing a boy home in the middle of the fucking day.

"This girl is going to drive us crazy," Eli grumbled. They decided to take Cade's car instead of arriving in three different cars and soon they were on their way to their penthouse apartment, which until the moment Alicia had arrived to live with them had been an extension of their office and where they crashed from time to time. It made sense they all moved into together when they'd become her guardians... kind of... They shared everything else, so babysitting their mentor's daughter should be included

It wasn't as if they were the pillars of moral society, too. Fuck no. They'd just hit their thirties and lived their bachelor lives with no rules and no strings. They planned to keep it that way, also. None of them were the domestic types and yet here they were, looking after Tom's daughter.

Luckily, the only thing babysitting Alicia required was vetting whoever she got close enough to date or even who she considered to marry to make sure they weren't just in it for her money. Or her body. Men were shits like that. They would know.

"I wonder if this schmuck knows what he's getting himself into with her?" Baxter asked as they drove through day time traffic.

"I think he should thank us for chopping off his dick, whoever he is. We're saving him from a life of being bossed around," Eli added.

The truth was Alicia Robertson was going to be the death of them. Sooner rather than later.

When they arrived at their apartment, they headed straight for her bedroom, not bothering to knock on the door either.

And fuck.

Chapter Two

Cade blinked at the sight before him.

Her whole room looked like some seductive male trap. Her bed was draped with gauzy fabric. Rose petals strewn fucking everywhere. The scent of patchouli, rose and sandalwood scented candles lay everywhere else. And fuck. Causally laying over the backrest of a chair, a pair of garters, panties and a bra made of fabric so thin, they'd be able to see her nipples and the slit between her thighs.

Ah, fuck again.

Where was she? She wasn't in her room and her bathroom door was open, so she wasn't in there either.

A gasp sounded from the door of her bedroom and there she stood with her full, lush lips, silky, dark hair, and big brown eyes, fringed with lashes as thick and silky as her hair.

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“You almost gave me a heart attack,” she cried. “It’s the middle of the day. What are you doing here?” She stepped into her bedroom, dressed in a long skirt and tank top, a bunch of fresh roses in her hand, and a camera hanging around her neck. What in the hell was she planning to do? Take fucking dick pics of her conquest?

“No, what are you doing here?” Baxter asked, spreading his hands to encompass her room. “With this beckoning prick boudoir, you set up for whatever dimwit you planned to ensnare.”

“Who is he?” Cade asked. Patience was not his strongest suit.

“Who is who?” She asked, setting the roses down and rearranging a damn cushion on a Persian rug on the floor. Did she plan to have sex everywhere in her room?

“The poor clueless bastard on his way to you,” Eli demanded. “Who is he?”

“Oh. Oh no. This is for my scrapbook. I’m manifesting the event, the mood and the theme.” She twirled around as if reconsidering her surroundings. “Maybe I’ll go a little darker than this. I don’t know yet.”

Cade turned to look at his friends. She had no idea about the wordless conversation they were having with each other. They’d rushed over here ready to break bones and bury the evidence, only to find she’d set this up to take pictures for her fucking scrapbook? A scrapbook?

“I have a scrapbook for everything now,” she said before going to her desk and handing Cade a very colorful book, the cover littered with embossed flowers.

“Lots of things to manifest. Plus, it’s really fun,” she continued. “You should try it sometime. I mean it’ll probably be about dull things like the stock exchange, core competency, paradigm shifts, KPIs, that kind of thing but hey whatever floats yourfetish,” she said distracted now that she held up her camera and started taking shots of her handiwork.

With Eli and Baxter standing on either side of him. Cade flipped through pages.

Fucking hell. She had pictures of lingerie and then stuck real feathers and ribbons to the images. There was a page for oils and lipsticks. The scent she wanted to remember when she lost her virginity—lavender and vanilla. And... a page dedicated to what she wanted to try after her first time.

Blowjobs. Hand jobs. Handcuffs. Bondage. Quickies. Spanking. Toys. Shower sex. Cowgirl. Reverse Cowgirl. The Socket—

Cade felt a burst of heat spread under his skin with the force of a tornado. He couldn’t breathe for some weird fucking reason. His tie was strangling him and he controlled himself just enough not to jam his fingers into the collar and rip it open.

He’d grown up with Eli and Baxter. They came from middle-class families and lived on the same street through all their childhood. They went to college together. They opened up their first business together by the time they were eighteen, guided by Tom Robertson, who offered them advice for free before they were able to retain him with a very lucrative package.

Cade, Eli, and Baxter shared a bond stronger than if they were brothers. They worked well together; they complemented each other’s strengths and weaknesses. And what Cade was feeling at the sight of her scrapbook, which she titled V Card Nixed, Eli, and Baxter were feeling the exact same.

“This is not going to happen,” Baxter said, and she turned around to face them, hands on her hips now. “This is the equivalent of a stranger danger van, but for unsuspecting bros.”

“We’re not going to let you ruin some poor bastard’s life when he falls for you so hard, he’ll crack his skull and all his common sense with it. Think of it as a community service to mankind. All of mankind,” Eli said.

“And we can’t trust you not to give away all your money to the first guy who tells you he loves you just to get into your panties,” Cade added.

“Okay, seriously,” she said, “I can’t be a man-eater whose going to put a spell on a guy and lure him into the... cupcake between my legs but then also be so dumb that I’ll give the whole of my trust fund away to the first guy who says he love me. Assassinate my character with one flaw at a time, please.”

“It doesn’t matter. The only guy who’ll be taking your virginity will be the guy who puts a ring on your finger, and only after we approve of him as your husband,” Cade said.

“So you’re allowed to be ‘Captains of Bang City’ with a bevy of different women every night, but I’m supposed to marry a man before I sample his wares?”

Sample his wares?

“Yes,” they all three said in unison.

Alicia sighed and looked as if she were getting ready to bang them except on their heads with a speech on feminism, which meant now was as good a time as ever to leave. They didn’t care that their argument was illogical at best, they just knew as far as Tom’s daughter was concerned, they were right, and she was wrong.

Cade walked out of her room, Eli and Baxter following.

“Hey, give me my journal back, you man sized hypocrites,” she called after them.

“No. Start another and manifest crocheting.”

They were going to burn the darn thing. That nunnery seemed more and more like a better idea. Surely Tom would approve. Cade wondered where he would find one.

Surprisingly, she didn't come after them. She didn't demand her book back. She didn't threaten them with an explosion of more pink in what was once their very streamlined bachelor existence or invite her New Age friends for a seance that would keep them up the whole night with their chanting, or exchange their beds for water beds while they were at the office.

“She gave up too quickly,” Eli said, as they walked into their study and poured themselves a drink.

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Alicia Robertson took more out of them than a meeting during an extremely hostile takeover with a gun wearing CEO and his gangster bodyguards.

“She’s up to something else,” Baxter said, taking a sip of his Scotch. Day time drinking was a perk of having her in their lives, in their home, in their goddamn heads.

But not one of them was going to talk about the strange sense of relief they felt that she was only taking pictures of her room, and they didn’t have to commit murder in the middle of the damn day.

And fuck, the things in that scrapbook, innocent as they were... just fuck. She had no right thinking about those things.

It was probably too dangerous being around her right now, not when their blood still stirred with fury that she wanted someone to touch her, someone they hadn’t even met, and downright frustration that she was living with them, in the first place.

One hundred and sixty-four days couldn’t pass quicker in their minds, so they could pack her up and send her as far away from them as possible.

They each had their own count-down timer.

Chapter Three

Well, clearly, they hadn’t heard about scrapbooking manifestation, Alicia Roberts thought as she started to clear her bedroom of all its seductive delights. In fact, she

hadn't heard of it either until that morning. But she woke up feeling restless, bored out of her mind, and a whole lemon meringue pie away from a complete existential crisis.

But a solution to her malaise came from her best friend in the whole wide world, Holly Jacobs. While Alicia lay in bed absorbing the bright spring sunlight, blue-eyed, blonde-haired Holly insisted that all Alicia needed was monkey, chandelier swinging, burning the sheets sex and all her problems would go away. Holly had only just lost her virginity to her boyfriend a few months ago and couldn't recommend sex enough.

Alicia now ended their conversations and texts with a reminder to chug down cranberry juice. She was a good friend looking out for Holly's urinary health.

But Holly's words lingered. She definitely needed a new challenge. So why couldn't it be her condition—or lack there-of—condition downstairs?

Being a virgin at twenty-one was probably unheard of. God knows her friends ripped her about it mercilessly—but she just hadn't been interested in dating. On the few occasions she did go out on a date, and everything seemed to be going fine; the guy was great, the ambience nice, but then the instant he kissed her, no stars would explode behind her closed eyes, and she would render the date unsuccessful and unequivocally over.

Holly had teased her that maybe she should try closing her eyes in the first place if she wanted fireworks to happen. But that was the other thing. She had no idea why her eyes remained open every time a guy kissed her.

Also, she supposed no man wanted to put his heart, soul and testosterone into locking lips with her with, his eyes closed, mind you, only to open them and find her staring at him, thinking about her shopping list while she did so.

In reality, on a scale of one to dateability, she was a fat zero. But... maybe it wasn't her fault. She just hadn't found the right guy.

Cue in her V card, particularly how she could go about losing it, because surely that would give her something to do for the next few weeks, or she was going to go quite crazy. For someone who always knew what they wanted, when and how, with a tightly outlined agenda, making the biggest decision of her life, for her life had started to give her nightmares. This had been the absolute perfect diversion—losing her virginity for once and all. She couldn't put off facing her reality forever, but she was buying herself some time.

She got online for tips and immediately discarded signing up for dating apps. No, it had to be more spectacular than a swipe right situation. Since she waited this long, she very much wanted to go out with a bang. Never mind stars exploding, she wanted planets to go poof. She wanted something with more oomph and glamor. It boiled down to finding the right candidate to get the job done.

Then she saw it.

Scrapbooking manifestation. So easy, so simply. Why hadn't she done this before?

And so her V Card Nixed project was born and now she was officially in her woo-woo era and loving it. Serious, life changing decisions had nothing on this.

All she had to do was stick some pictures of what she wanted, dreamed of, needed in her life into a book, decorate with fluff and bows, wait for the universe to read her aspirations and voila, her wants and wishes would be granted straight into existence. More people should be doing this. Seriously.

Given that she'd only started that morning, she was already a pro at scrapbooking—high achiever and all that. Also, she certainly had to be convincing

enough for her wardens—that's how she referred to them—Cade Kissinger, Eli Nicholson, and Baxter Gardner, to believe that it was actually going to happen. She was actually going to wish a guy into existence who was going to take her virginity by merely putting it out there in the universe.

Considering Cade, Eli, and Baxter were the quintessential wet blankets, if they had to give her a warning, then they anticipated she was capable of bringing it into reality.

If she knew anything about the three men her dad put in charge of her, she knew they were wondering what she was up to next since she didn't fight them when they took herVCNscrapbook,Oh she thought about it. It had been right there on the tip of her tongue to give them blue murder.

But then her heart started to pound out of nowhere, and she felt weak and dizzy and then excited and exhilarated. The weird feeling just grew and grew. The more she looked at Cade, Eli, and Baxter, the stronger her heart started to pound, her mind to swim in thoughts and flashes of memory. A vivid image of her mom flashed into her mind and stayed.

Mom.

Gone before Alicia turned twelve, taken by an illness that took her quickly, the memories Alicia had of her mother, remained glued in her head for all time. And suddenly Alicia knew it was time. She just knew what she had to do now. Had it been staring at her in the face all that time?

Her mom had left her a letter, one Alicia would receive only on her very special day, as her mom had called it. And now, nothing mattered but reading her mom's words.

She had to get married. That's when she would receive the letter her mom had left her. On her wedding day. That quickly diminishing but still very logical part of her

brain, told her she was just finding another way to deflect her responsibilities. She shut that voice down. Now was not the time for that.

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Invigorated, she started to clean up her room and was in the process of folding up the gauze drape she put around her bed when her phone buzzed.

“Hey,” she said, immediately answering the video call from Holly. “Are you done with your scrapbooking manifestation thing? Can I see it? Also, when I said lose your virginity, I meant meet a nice guy with good hygiene and manners and have yourself a couple of orgasms while you’re at it. But I don’t know why I expected anything less. I know you. You have to be prepared with lists and spreadsheets. Except I don’t understand you leaving this up to the universe.”

True. Alicia had a thing for the art of being nearly obsessively organized, preferably color coded in order of urgency. She’d be utter chaos without her lists. Staying five steps ahead of everything meant she was always prepared to succeed in everything she did.

“I still have a paper I need to write, and this is my fifth plea for an extension. See how disorganized I am?” Holly sighed. “Distract me. Let me see your VCN wonder book.”

“Forget that. I’m onto something new now. Something so big, I don’t know why I didn’t think of it before. Also, they took my VCN scrapbook.”

“What do you mean they took it?”

“They came home, thinking I had some guy in my bed, then they took my scrapbook and threatened to burn it after informing me again that they’re the keepers of my vagina and basically whatever goes there has to go through them first.”

Holly burst out laughing. It was true. Honestly, if she hadn't become instantly obsessed with her new manifestation, she'd be so much madder at them.

Alicia had no idea why her dad thought she needed protecting, or support from the three men he loved as if they were the sons he never had. She couldn't remember a time when they weren't around the house, being charming to her mom and learning stuff from her dad.

But if nothing else, Alicia considered herself very level-headed... when she needed to be. Plus she was smart. She could take care of herself. She had head screwed on properly and she wasn't used to making rash decisions.

No, scrapbooking manifestation was not a rash decision. Science would back her up here.

While she was getting A's in high school, while also being head cheerleader, she invented and successfully ran a dating agency for octogenarians.

When her grandma complained how hard it was to find good companionship at her age—she was eighty—because it was all about pairing people with common likes, which she found incredibly boring, Alicia came up with an idea at once.

Her granny wanted someone she could have robust conversations with about the things they hated together. Too loud music. Too much ice in their drinks. That one comedian who made fun of old people. So she decided to run a matchmaking campaign where she paired all the over age seventy people with those who shared the same pet peeves. She'd gotten three marriages and two live-in situations for her efforts.

Then she'd graduated summa cum laude from university with a degree in political science while volunteering at three charities, and a dog rescue center. She also

completed two fantasy romance novels of two hundred thousand words each.

Those were darn good books too, if she said so herself.

So really, maybe Cade, Eli, and Baxter needed protecting and support from her. They certainly needed more color in their lives. And that's what she brought to their dark, strict bachelorexistence. Fine, when they told her to make herself at home in their sleek penthouse apartment, she thought of the girliest thing she could do and started in the place where their testosterone thrived. Their home theater. She pinked the heck out of it, so much so, it gave her a head, but they just endured it, instead of her sending her away.

Since that failed, she gave in and introduced them to cushions and carbs and god knew they needed both of those things in their lives.

Chapter Four

They may have known that pillows came in different shapes and styles, but they certainly didn't care. And with their strict workout regimes, because good gosh they had abs for days, they deprive themselves of sugar.

She littered their place with continental pillows, bolster cushions, and decorative cushions in every shape, size and inners. She forced them to taste test quadruple chocolate brownies, peanut butter cups, macaroons and sweet tea, and helped them discover the joys of eating caramel popcorn with pickles. Then a turmeric shot now again for balance. She was basically showing them how to live a happy life.

"I can't believe they did that, Alicia. Burn your scrapbook? What? The sexy, gorgeous, shits," Holly exclaimed, outraged on Alicia's behalf. Holly thought there were no men better looking than Cade, Eli, and Baxter and she had a boyfriend who was no slouch in terms of looks either. Alicia didn't care either way.

Well, she cared a little when she bumped into near naked giggling women in the morning, grabbing cups of coffee Alicia had made and then bouncing back to their bedrooms.

Argh.

Although after the first month of her living there, they hadn't brought their bed buddy's home. They probably just did it in hotel rooms, or even in their offices, now. As if she were stupid or something and thought she assumed they'd turned into monks.

Her point was that Holly and the whole world's female population thought of them as the cat's whiskers where she thought of them as nothing but three heavy, burdensome, annoying unmovable obstacles she had to maneuver around to get through her day until she turned twenty-two in one hundred and sixty-four days.

Yes, she had a count-down spreadsheet for when she finally honored her dad's wish to the fullest and moved out on her own on her twenty-second birthday.

"Triple the shits," Alicia agreed. "But it's all good. I realized I was thinking too small." And now she would finally get to read her mom's letter. She also didn't mention the letter to Holly who she told everything to, but Alicia wanted it to be a secret just between her mom, her and the guy the universe was going to send her way.

"Too small?" Holly asked, almost hesitant.

"I needed something on a grander scale. Something completely and utterly life-changing. They gave me the idea, so I'll definitely be crediting them in my scrapbook."

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“Alicia, you know I love you, but have you checked your status yet?”

Alicia’s stomach turned a little. She didn’t want to think about that right now, but she could see where Holly was going with this.

Because yes, that was the other thing. Like a good daughter, she’d applied to Harvard Law, ready to follow in her father’s footsteps. She just hadn’t worked up the courage to see whether she’d been accepted or not.

“I have not,” Alicia said, biting her lip.

“You know you got accepted, don’t you?” Holly asked with all the confidence in the world. “You’re a freaking genius.”

Getting accepted somehow wasn’t the problem.

“It doesn’t matter, because right now I’m getting married.”

“What?” Holly cried, her eyes widening to twice their size.

Alicia always fantasized like every other girl out there about her wedding, Prince Charming himself standing there and waiting for her, eager to make her his wife. Her mom had done the same when she married Alicia’s dad. They were so madly in love and that love reflected on Alicia too. Alicia and her mom had lots of conversations about a fairytale wedding. They look at dress designs, and flowers and her mom even went as far as sewing little miniature wedding gowns for Alicia’s dolls.

And now suddenly it was all Alicia wanted.

She always wanted a husband, four kids, three dogs, two cats, and a parrot called Pirate. And she wanted to read her mom's letter to her, on her wedding day.

So manifesting marriage was not that far out of her wheelhouse of dreams.

“Holly, I present: Scrapbooking manifestation 2.0. The Marriage Clinch.”

Now that Alicia had spoken it out aloud: Scrapbooking manifestation 2.0. The Marriage Clinch, the idea, just got better and better.

While V Card Nixed had been a good one, she'd been looking for a one and done instance which would leave her essentially back at square one, sans her virginity.

What she needed was one man who could do it all. Take her virginity and be her husband. Why hadn't she thought of that before?

She trusted that once she started scrapbooking her wedding, the venue, the flowers, the seating arrangements, the cake, her dress, her ring, the soundtrack, the universe would hand her a perfect husband. The only one requirement she made, and which would go into the scrapbook as well, was that his favorite book had to be *Pride and Prejudice*.

After hanging up with Holly yesterday, she finished cleaning up her room and was grateful to Alfred who brought her up a sandwich and a brownie as a peace offering. It had been the tall immaculately dressed housekeeper, who had ratted her out to Cade, Eli, and Baxter, but given the change of the events after his snitching on her, she could hardly be mad at him. Besides, he made the best sandwiches in the world.

She then spent the rest of evening combing through hundreds and hundreds of images

all wedding related, and printed them all out, and stuck them into her new scrapbook, filling up page after page of the happy event that was coming soon to a wedding venue near her.

On her other laptop, her Harvard login page blinked insidiously at her. She ignored it and dived deeper into the creation of *The Marriage Clinch*.

It was then she came upon a vintage porcelain tea set that looked incredibly old but so precious that she just had to have it. It reminded her of something her mom had had, and she had no idea what happened to it. It would be part of trousseau, Alicia decided, and surely this kind of real-life manifestation could only aid in the universe sending her what she wanted.

Now, showered and dressed in a summer dress and heels, she grabbed her handbag, keys and sunglasses and rushed out the door, the address of the warehouse style store where they sold both second-hand and newly manufactured crockery, saved in her phone's GPS. She just needed to fill her thermos cup with coffee in the kitchen, then she was out the door.

With her meticulous planning, there was no room for her to get lost and she arrived at her destination right on time. The obscure warehouse, located in the busiest part of town, with no designated parking space, made finding anywhere to park even harder. And while she was a diligent planner, she wasn't exactly a rule follower, which meant she wasn't adverse to taking huge risks to see her plans through.

She made a quick decision to park her car in a no-parking zone. She was going to be no longer than ten minutes. She'd already spoken to a person at the warehouse, so the tea set Alicia wanted was already packed and waiting for her. All she had to do was swipe her card, and she'd be off again.

Except her universe seemed keen to play a really hard and painful trick on her...

head.

Chapter Five

In her heels Alicia ran across the road, and walked into the warehouse, thankfully completely empty, which meant she would be in and out.

A lone cashier in the front, filing her nails, told her to go to the back where she would find Amy, the person she had contacted. Alicia might have to shout for Amy, the cashier added, since she wasn't always at the counter.

Except it took Alicia forever to get to the back of the enormous warehouse, passing through aisles upon aisles where shelves were piled high with crockery. By the time she found Amy, fifteen minutes had already gone by, and Alicia wasn't so sure she was going to find her car exactly where she left it. After paying for her purchase, she hurried toward the exit, only to catch a glimpse of a tow truck nearby.

No. No. No.

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Not caring anymore, she ran the distance, her heels clanking on the bare cement floor, the bag containing the box with her twelve-piece tea set swinging at her side. Then she promptly bashed her head into a glass door that hadn't been there before, she would bet her life on it.

The impact sent her flying back onto her ass. Stars swirled around her head, before her eyes closed. She had no idea what was happening, but she was sure her soul lifted out of her body and now danced around her head.

Oh god. She could see the light.

She was dead. So, so dead. Crap.

"Are you all right?" And apparently posthumously, she sounded huskier, possibly like a smoker, and much older too... What?

"No, you're not dead. I saved you."

She wasn't dead. Wait, why did she sound as if she were answering a question and who was asking that question?

Alicia's eyes fluttered open and through the bright light, she saw a woman who looked about sixty-something with a shock of wiry silver curls, cheeks painted with layers of pink blush, sparkly blue eye-shadow and watery grey eyes. Was she looking at an angel?

"No. I'm not an angel."

Alicia gasped as a flood of air filled her lungs, bringing her out of her temporary comatose state. She tried to sit up, but the woman put a hand on her shoulder and told her to take it easy.

“I’m fine. My car...” she said, sitting up with the help of the woman. Alicia immediately noticed that not one of the two staff members of the warehouse she had encountered came to her, which meant that they had no idea she’d knocked herself out on their premises.

“You can’t drive, I don’t think, Miss. You need to call someone. You were lucky I saw you hit the glass and go down from across the road.”

“Thank you,” Alicia said heartfelt. She could have truly died right there. The warehouse didn’t look as if it ever teemed with customers. Her corpse would only have been discovered when the staff came to close the entrance doors at the end of the business day. She’d have been cold by then.

What was she doing? She’d driven across town to some out of the way place, to buy a second-hand vintage tea-set for her trousseau for a wedding that was never going to happen. This knock on her head was the universe telling her to stop fucking around. She was almost certain she’d gotten accepted into Harvard Law. It was time she got her act together and adulated the damn thing. No more excuses.

Scrapbooking manifestation? What had she been thinking? She hadn’t been thinking. Clearly that was the problem.

“You have someone you can call?” The older woman asked her.

Alicia nodded and took her phone out of her bag. She called Holly because she wasn’t calling Cade, Eli, or Baxter, that was for sure. Holly was already in her car coming to Alicia by the time she disconnected.

“Thank you, so much,” Alicia said again, taking one of the older woman’s hands in both of hers. She hadn’t even checked to see if her tea set had survived. If it had, it would be a damn good sign. If it hadn’t, it was a sign for something else. No. No more signs. Did she forget the stern talking to she’d given herself moments ago. Go home. Become a lawyer. End of story.

“I’ll tell you your fortune while we wait for your friend?” the woman asked, running her fingers down Alicia’s palms.

Well, she had just cheated death, and she was in a woo-woo phase of life...

No. That was over. She needed to—

“Okay,” she said, but shaking her head, warring with herself like a crazy person.

“Okay.” The woman carried on smiling, but no fortune fell from her lips. Alicia frowned, opened her mouth to say something, and then realized what was going on.

She had to pay the woman.

“How much do I owe you?”

The older woman shrugged. “Whatever you can spare, deary.”

Alicia fumbled in her bag and drew out a hundred-dollar bill. Was that enough? What was the going rate for having one’s fortune told these days? She took out another hundred-dollar bill and handed it to the woman, who looked at her in shock.

Okay, well, that was good. Maybe the extra tip would give her a better fortune.

“I see marriage... soon.”

“You do?” Alicia asked, shocked. Wait... what did this mean? Arg, she was so confused. Her head was going to explode. Yes, of course, it was going to explode. She had just banged it so hard that she rattled her brain.

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“Yes, you, my dear, you will marry a king. Not a prince, but a king. Mark my words. I see it in your future. You will be happy. A king. You will marry a king.”

A king? Really?

Well that was fun while it lasted, but she was back to being a lawyer now.

“Mom.”

“Alicia.”

Both Alicia and the woman glanced up to their respective names being called. A pretty girl wearing some type of fast-food apron addressed the woman, and Holly, frazzled and worried, addressed Alicia.

“I told you not to wander off,” the girl said to the fortune teller who also saved Alicia’s life.

“Jesus. We need to get you to a doctor right now,” Holly said at the same time as the girl spoke, although Holly’s attention was solely on Alicia’s forehead even while she gathered Alicia’s purse and the bag containing her precious tea-set.

Suddenly feeling woozy, Alicia had no idea how she got into the car with Holly.

“I’m going to marry a king,” she heard herself murmuring, while Holly forced her to stay awake. “I don’t even know a king. I know zero royalty,” she said, sitting up straighter in the seat of her friend’s car. “Do you know anyone who’s even remotely

royal?”

“You’re not making no sense, babe. Just hang on until a doctor can check you out, okay?”

She blew out a breath when thinking too hard made her head ache. True to her word, Holly had a doctor check her out and was only satisfied when he told her she was fine, except for a mild concussion, which was nothing anyway in Alicia’s books.

Thankfully, her car hadn’t been towed, but she was now saddled with a huge fine. Holly also had to get her boyfriend involved to bring Alicia’s car back from the parking space in which she’d left it.

And all she had to show for her near death experience and wonky fortune telling session? A bump the size of a planet right in the center of her forehead and no damn kingly husband.

When she walked through the door of their penthouse, she was exhausted, took off all her clothes, slipped into an old soft t-shirt, went straight to bed and crashed. But her dreams were haunted by the silver-haired woman.

What did she mean?

A king. What an odd thing to say to someone, anyway. Ordinary people didn’t marry kings, which just made what she say more unbelievable, which made her fortune telling a blatant hoax and that meant she wasn’t going to be very successful at the gig.

Even if she lied, and said you’re going to marry a tall, dark, handsome man, a kingly man, she’d have more of a success rate than telling Alicia she was going to marry a king, as in a real king. And for two hundred bucks, she could have at least tried to make her prediction a little more accessible.

Sigh.

A king.

Right. She was going to open her laptop and check her status, then go and be a lawyer, forget her mom's letter, and leave all this woo-woo scrapbooking manifestation fortune telling business behind. She couldn't avoid her reality anymore.

"A king," she scoffed one last time as she sat up in the bed, reached for her laptop caught sight of herself in her mirror, and gave herself a proper scare. She looked like a cyclops who had gotten into a bar fight with a chair. Okay, it wasn't that bad, and it didn't hurt as much now, thank goodness.

She flipped open her laptop, then shut it immediately.

How could she be so stupid? The answer had been staring her in the face the whole freaking time.

She knew exactly who she was meant to marry.

Chapter Six

Alicia flung the covers off her legs and jumped out of the bed. First, she had to check to see if her tea set had broken when she smashed her head on the glass door. Holly had brought it up to her room for her and Alicia now unboxed it. She cried in relief to find that not a single chip marred any of the cups and saucers. Okay. That was all she needed.

A ball of energy now that she cracked the code of her future, she whizzed out her bedroom, oblivious to time and went in search of them.

The three men her dad had entrusted her to until she turned twenty-two and came into a fortune... in terms of money, but not happiness.

It was already evening, and the sun had long since set. She looked in their bedrooms, then the kitchen, only to find Alfred supervising an array of staff, the counter tops lined with canapés, and mini desserts and the smell of the food so intoxicating that her stomach growled.

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Cade, Eli, and Baxter usually hosted business dinner parties at the penthouse. She usually stayed in her room to save herself from dying from boredom listening to corporate jargon. She stayed out of the way and Alfred always brought her up food to save her from going downstairs.

Still in her tattered t-shirt, in cyclops mode, she smiled at the servers who she jump-scared and headed to their study, where she knew she would find them.

Dressed in black bespoke suits that accentuated every single muscle they sported, she could smell just a hint of their cologne from where she stood, were her three men who were going to change her life.

“What the hell happened to your face,” Baxter roared at her, as if he were angry at her for getting hurt and worried that she was hurt.

“Alicia, what happened? Who did this to you?” Eli tried to keep his voice in his usual calm demeanor but failed.

“Talk,” Cade barked.

“Okay. You have to hear me out. Don’t say anything until I finish speaking, okay?”

“Start with who did that to your forehead right now or we’ll have to—”

“A glass wall, door, whatever. I ran into it at a warehouse that sells second hand tea-sets.”

“What is—” Cade started.

She could hear the impatience in his voice and see it in both Eli and Baxter’s expressions. She knew what they needed her to say.

“Holly took me to the doctor. I’m perfectly fine. It doesn’t even hurt anymore... that much. But, hear me out, please. So I went to buy this precious little tea set that I needed for my new manifesting project.” They opened their mouth; she held up a hand to silence them.

“There was no parking. I was going to be quick. I parked my car in a no-parking zone. And then I saw a tow truck, and I thought it was for me, so I started to run, while still in this huge warehouse.” She spread her hands, so they knew how big it was. “And then suddenly, this glass wall came out of nowhere and I ran straight into it and knocked myself out. A sweet old lady from across the road saw this happening to me and she came to my rescue. The warehouse was empty and the only two staff I saw didn’t even know what happened to me, so I could have just died for all I know if that sweet lady hadn’t come to help.

“Turns out she’s also a fortune teller and she told me my fortune while I waited for Holly to pick me up.”

“You called Holly instead of us?” Eli asked.

“It wasn’t a big deal, okay? People walk into glass doors all the time. Anyway... she told me my fortune. She said she saw marriage in my future. She said I was going to marry a king. Not a prince but a king. And then I thought I don’t know any kings, so clearly, she’s a con, but then... it hit me. I have to marry you.” She did not wait for them to interject.

“I have to marry all three of you. You’re my kings. Don’t you see?” She cried.

“That woman didn’t know me from a brussel sprout, but she said I was going to marry a king, and I know she means you three collectively. Cade Kissinger. Eli Nicholson. Baxter Gardner. The ‘ki’ from Kissinger. The ‘n’ from Nicholson. The ‘g’ from Gardner. King. King Industries. You own King industries. You’re my three kings rolled into one.” She didn’t stop talking now that she was on a roll.

“After you took my V Card Nixed scrapbook, I realized you were right. I should be looking at marrying someone so I can have a consistent supply of him.” Actually, because she needed to read the letter her mom had written her, one that she could only receive on the day she got married. They didn’t have to know that.

“Then I immediately started a scrapbooking manifestation for The Marriage Clinch. I wanted the tea-set to be part of my vision board. I had to go all the way to that warehouse, to bump my head,” she said, pointing to Ms. Cyclops on her forehead. “Only to meet the woman who would tell me exactly who I needed to marry.”

She took a breath, with her tattered t-shirt, messy hair and lump on her forehead shining like a lighthouse, she dropped to her knee.

“Will you marry me, Cade Kissinger? Will you marry me, Eli Nicholson? Will you marry me, Baxter Gardner?”

Her mom would approve of this. She loved Cade, Eli, and Baxter as much as her dad had. This was who she was meant to marry.

“No.” They all said in unison.

“Why not?” she asked, getting up off the floor. “It’s perfect. I don’t think you know exactly what a good wife I can be.”

“We’re not going to marry Tom’s daughter because she bumped her head a little too

hard and now thinks we're her knights in shining armor," Baxter said.

"We're not knights, Alicia," Eli said dangerously soft.

"And we're most certainly not kings," Cade added as they all three came toward her, stealing the air from her lungs. So close she found herself drowning in their cologne now, where before it had only been hints of their scent. Dear god she could see how beautiful they were, how thick their eyelashes were, how angular their jaws were. She'd never really paid attention to their looks, or maybe she had, and she'd completely brushed it aside.

A wave of heat covered her body. Her bare nipples poked from the thin threadbare cotton of her t-shirt. There was a slickness between her thighs now that she couldn't explain. A heaviness between her soaked folds.

A shuddering breath escaped her lips.

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“We’re bad men who’ll do bad things to you, Alicia. You should stay away from us.”

They left the room, and she sucked in another quick breath. Her body still trembled, and her heart had a weird beat to it.

She wasn’t backing down. She was only getting started.

Chapter Seven

Well, it was just Alicia’s luck that she would bump into Monica Freaking Matthews and her entourage, who saw her coming out of their study straight after they’d stalked from it themselves. Monica’s dad apparently was in the mining business with King Industries.

And the tall, super beautiful Monica, usually came with her father and brought her little friends along too when they held these business dinners. Alicia was always just too happy to avoid them all, despite Monica going out of her way to seek Alicia out. She always wondered why the girl was so threatened by her.

Monica staggered backward, holding out her hand as if she could ward off the demon that was Alicia. It was her big bump on her forehead, obviously.

“Oh my god. Keep Satan away,” she laughed, and the other girls joined in. “What happened to you, Alicia?” she then asked with false concern.

“I ran into a glass door, thanks for asking,” Alicia said smiling which somehow made her knob ache a little. Oh, right because she was pretend smiling and pretend smiling

always hurt her whole face.

“Oh bless your little heart, Alicia. You’re just too precious. You ran into a glass wall,” she said laughing again. “And what is that you’re wearing? Homeless chic?” Another round of high-pitched laughter. “I’m sorry, I couldn’t help myself.”

Alicia wanted to gag at the syrupy-sweet, condescending voice of her arch nemesis. First, she’d like very much to bless Monica’s little heart... with tar.

“Isn’t she just darlin’, girl?” Monica added, which was the cue for her equally leggy entourage to nod in approval at their collective condescension.

Seriously, could Monica only do sarcasm in a Southern Belle voice? She was a New Yorker, born and raised.

Alicia, on the other hand, could swear proudly in eight different languages, and she counted swearing like a sailor as one of those languages. One of her dad’s best friends had been a captain on a cargo ship. But she kept those words to herself.

“Just darlin’.” Monica gave her a vicious smile and strode away.

Argh. She didn’t have time for the mean girl club. She had three husbands to ensnare, and she was already one marriage proposal knocked down.

As soon as she reached her bedroom, she jumped into the shower and scrubbed her skin stupid, or rather until she glowed. Her last waxing session meant her body was still silky soft and completely hairless everywhere. Letting herself air dry, she stood naked in front of the mirror and stared at the knob staring right back at her.

Makeup was not going to cover it. She had to take drastic measures. She searched a drawer for a pair of scissors, got her phone and opened a video on how to cut bangs

and got to work.

The result? Not nearly as bad as she'd expected. She finger-dried her hair with a blow drier so it came out wavy, soft, shiny, including the fringe. Perfect. No one who already didn't know would guess she hid her third eye under her bangs.

She went for very sultry makeup. Smoky eyes, alluring lips. Then she stood in front of her closet. At the back of her mind she knew she was going to wear her little black dress, a sleeveless, above the knee, fitted, shift dress, but now it didn't quite go with the aesthetic she was after. Procuring three husbands.

She searched around the rack of clothes, growing despondent when she couldn't find the right dress. The one that screamed sophisticated sex siren. And yes, she understood she was still a virgin, but she could still be a siren.

Then she found it. The perfect dress had been a grandiose purchase she'd never been confident enough to wear. When she slipped into it, she knew she wasn't changing her mind. Black silk, hung loosely over her shoulders and down the front and back of the dress, leaving the middle of her back and torso bare. The silk fabric changed to lace on her hips and hugged her backside before it draped down to her ankles, in the front and as a train at the back in soft see-through chiffon.

Underwear not allowed.

She was running out of time, so before she started fiddling unnecessarily, she stepped in a pair of six-inch black silk pumps. For jewelry, she went with a set of statement earrings that hung down from her lobes like chandeliers.

She neatened her lipstick, fluffed her hair, and hurried out of her room, down the staircase, but once she hit the landing, she straightened her spine, and slowly strutted her way into the reception area, just off the luxurious dining room.

A hush fell over the room as all eyes turned on her. She was only interested in a pair of green eyes, a pair of blue eyes, and a pair of hazel-colored eyes. No one else mattered.

When they spotted her, their gazes swiftly glided down her body than up to her face before they were excusing themselves and coming toward her. Cade led them out of the hall. Eli and Baxter held her by her arms as they effortlessly pulled her along too.

Okay then.

She did, however, notice Monica's green stare on her. That was something. She'll take it.

They dragged her back to their study and locked the door behind them.

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Oh boy.

She stood facing them.

“Marry me,” she said, again and the same feeling that settled into her stomach when she asked them the first time took hold of her now. She couldn't explain it. Just that... she needed it.

She needed them.

And now, nothing in her life made sense.

Chapter Eight

Of all the things in the world, Eli Nicholson would have never guessed they'd find themselves in their study, facing Tom's daughter, wearing a dress that messed with their thinking, asking them to marry her.

On what fucking universe was this possible?

Did she have even an inkling of what they wanted to do to her?

Having her with them had been the purest form of torture they'd experienced. They'd gladly choose to have their balls seared with a hot poker than going to bed every night knowing she was within such easy reach and not fucking doing anything about it.

They'd kept their thoughts to themselves. Voicing it out loud in Alicia's world meant giving it birth. So they'd shut up about it. But that hadn't cured them. Nothing would. Not one of them could fuck another woman. Their dicks could be put in museums now. They were antiques, out of use.

Their only hope was that when she moved out at twenty-two, they'd go back to normal. They were only doing this to respect Tom Robertson, their mentor. The man who had guided them when they'd been a little too reckless in wanting to get rich too quickly.

But now... fuck. What were they going to do now when their cocks had hardened to concrete slabs in their pants? When she stood there like a virgin goddess in a dress that made her like an ethereal queen meant to destroy their minds and disrupt their control.

Taking her and fucking her right now seemed the only thing they'd collectively and silently agreed on. She burned the barrier they kept around her, and now they were circling her like the apex predators they were when it came to something they wanted. They fucking wanted Alicia Robertson—in all her holes, multiple times. They wanted to put her on the desk in their study and take turns dipping their cocks into her sweet heat, and the soft tightness, drove them mad, and then they wanted to fuck her deep, and hard.

Shit.

The thought of coming inside her virgin body with no protection, their raw cum filling her up, sticking to her flesh, their seed combined, and impregnating her destroyed them. Then coming inside her again and again until she was so sore and so full of their cum, all she could do was sleep in their arms, the excess of their seed dripping from her sweet body, evidence of what they'd done to her.

This had to stop. Eli roared in his head. He glanced at Cade and Baxter, going through their hell over this stunning girl who manifests things with scrapbooks and runs head first into glass doors.

Fuck their lives. Did Tom's daughter have to look like her and smell like her?

No. They needed to come up with a plan of action. But she wasn't safe with them anymore.

She didn't understand what would happen if they said yes to her marriage proposal. She didn't know the extent of their possessiveness when it came to her if she were their wife.

They glanced at each other again. Their minds made up. She was theirs now. Once they touched her, they were never going to stop. Ever.

This changed everything.

"Get on the bench on your hands and knees," Cade said. And this was how it began. How they made Alicia Robertson theirs.

She looked at each of them with her beautiful eyes, and just when Eli thought she was going to say no or give some wordy excuse, she stepped out of her high heels, gathered up the flimsy skirt of her dress, and climbed on the leather bench.

Her obedience at being told what to do made his cock jerk and ache to give her the pleasure she deserved for being a good girl.

He'd be lucky if he didn't come in pants. They didn't have much time—not with a room full of business partners in the next room, but then they didn't need a lot of time. Not this time around. This time they were just going to take from her.

She was the epitome of stunning beauty. Eli couldn't stay away from her, nor could Cade and Baxter. They strolled toward her; the fragrance of her perfume, a scent so familiar to them, fueled both their fantasies and their haunted dreams.

They ran their hands over her curvy body, soft, supple, so fucking feminine. She needed to be put on a pedestal and worshiped, and yet in that same breath, they wanted her on her knees, feeding on their cocks. Her eyes turned up to them in sweet supplication as she relaxed her throat for them, trusting them with her life.

Cade unbuckled his belt. She heard the sound. Her body tensed, but she didn't turn around to look. While Cade drew his belt from the loops of his pants, Eli and Baxter lifted the see-through fabric of her dress and laid it over the small of her back.

Fuck. She wasn't wearing any panties. Nothing stood between her bare ass and her pussy.

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Eli trailed his fingertips over her perfectly round ass cheek all the way under her to her pussy. She was soaking wet, her folds like warm velvet under his touch. Even the way she quivered when he dipped inside to feel the depth of her wetness was the most beautiful fucking thing he'd ever felt in his life. What would she feel like when they were fucking her with their cocks, shared between her pussy and her ass?

That was going to be up to her to decide if she wanted it or not. If she did, she had to understand what it meant to be their bride.

Chapter Nine

Alicia struggled to breathe. She couldn't think straight, either. When Cade asked her to get onto the bench on her hands and knees, her body had gone into a state of entrancement. Logic and reasoning didn't exist where she was now.

Something had happened. It was in the way they looked at her, the way their gazes slid over her body, blatantly, not holding back.

She couldn't fight the need to do as they asked. She had no idea what was happening to her, but something changed in the deepest core of her being.

Cade came to stand in front of her, his belt in his hand. Her mouth dried. Her pussy clenched. Her flesh sizzled as if it knew what was going to happen to her. Who had she become?

From the corner of her eye, where their bar was located, Baxter ran his fingers over an array of crystal decanters, all lined up on a tray. She didn't need to be an expert to

know that those decanters cost probably as much as the golden liquid inside them. Her gaze flickered back to Cade and his belt.

But then Eli started to touch her again. His fingers slid over her butt and then slowly to her pussy.

Dear god. He was touching her there, where she was so wet, she had started to drip her essence onto her thighs. And now he would know just exactly how aroused she was. He would know that their nearness, their touch, their everything was the reason she was so, so soaked.

Still, she was too inexperienced to appreciate the power of her femininity, and blood pooled in her cheeks, reddening her face with mortification.

Her gaze lingered on Cade in front of her, then on Baxter, who had lifted off the stoppers of a few of the bottles and seemed to be analyzing them. For what? What was he going to do? More to the point, did it have anything to do with her? Obviously not; she rectified. She'd been too engrossed in the way his fingers held the delicate crystal, the same way she'd been fascinated with the way Cade held his belt.

But then something changed. Baxter settled on a dome-shaped stopper. Alicia watched in confused fascination as he rinsed the piece of crystal off with fresh water from a pitcher nearby. Then forcing her to drown in his gaze, he took the stopper and sucked it before he started to come toward her.

What was going on?

She tried to look behind her, but Cade grasped her jaw and brought her to face him.

Eli and Baxter too now slid their fingers over her folds, up to her clit and then all the way down again, parting her labia this time and pressing their fingers into the shallow

part of her entrance.

She nearly careened off the bench at the torturously arousing touch. But Cade still held her in place now.

He wanted her to look at him while Eli and Baxter were stroking her pussy and rolling her clit between their fingers. The pain of the embarrassment of it all, that she couldn't control her body against them, and the pleasure their touch gave her combined and exploded in her heart.

But her heart skidded to a halt as Baxter glided the crystal stopper over her clit, then dipped it into her wetness. She couldn't stop the shudder that rolled through her body if her life depended on it.

"We're going to give you a taste of what our possession feels like, Alicia." Cade's voice broke into her erotic haze.

Eli bent behind her, and her arms gave way as he brushed his tongue over the tight rings of her bottom hole, shattering her modesty and leaving her in pieces as she trembled. Cade lifted her up, and this time Eli, wetting his fingers in the dam of her arousal, slipped the same digit into her butt.

Chaos swirled around her. She curled her fingers into tight fists, her skin on fire. Baxter continued to stroke her pussy with the glass stopper. She was a hot, drenched mess.

"Listen to me, Alicia," Cade said. Baxter brought the stopper to her buttock and pushed. Her eyes widened to saucers at the intrusive pain of being stretched in a place that was not meant for this. Surely.

"Baxter is going to put that stopper in your ass like a plug. And it's going to stay

there. I'm going to spank your ass with my belt, and Eli is going to keep his fingers inside your soaked little pussy.

“And then when your ass is hot to the touch, inside and out, and you come for us, we're going to lay you on your back and eat your pussy until you come so many more times you start to think you're going to pass out. And then we're going to pull your dress down and go back and do our business. Do you understand?”

Baxter slapped her ass with his bare hand as he penetrated her with the crystal stopper. The dome, embossed with flowers, created a maelstrom of new sensations inside her. The widening of her hole to fit the foreign object destroyed her, yet her fear, apprehension, and mortification manifested themselves as tormented pleasure. She wanted more the same way she wanted to be free of it.

Eli pulled at the folds of her pussy. All her nerves constricted, her breath hung between them, something hot and furious raced down her spine, and the throb between her thighs intensified so much she thought she was going mad already.

“Yes,” she whispered.

“Kiss my belt,” Cade ordered. She had no idea why the entire act of being asked to kiss the instrument that was bound to bring her new kinds of pain quickened her pulse even more.

She pressed her lips to the leather and closed her eyes. She kept them closed, using her other senses to read the room. To read them.

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The first strike to her bare bottom made her freeze and go absolutely still. She panted, somehow knowing that with every breath she took, the nerves under her skin where Cade had laid his belt would soon come alive again, and she would feel the blistering pain as if Cade had struck her again.

She was right. Her body was now in complete chaos. Her pussy tight, drizzling fresh juices all over Eli's hands, and Baxter's who joined him as well, Cade delivered the next shot, and this time she cried out, only to belatedly remember that right next door were some of their more prominent business associates.

Dead with angst that they may have heard her scream already and furious at them for not warning her to be silent, Alicia went through a cycle of torment and delight as she tried to silence herself through Cade's belt on her ass and Eli's and Baxter's more insistent attention on her pussy. The crystal stopper still inside her bottom hole, continued to drive her over the edge.

She shook her head from side to side, biting her lip so hard she tasted blood already, and now, an orgasm, like nothing she had given herself before, hurtled through her with the force of a runaway train, tearing down every defense she was worth, leaving her with nothing at their mercy.

She came so hard into Eli's and Baxter's hands that she collapsed onto the bench, only for Baxter to wrap an arm around her waist and bring her onto her knees again. She couldn't stay up anymore, but they were not having it. Baxter held her up while Cade issued another round with his belt and Eli caressed her clit with a masterful stroke. Baxter turned the stopper in her butt. She came again, thunderously hard. This time she couldn't completely stop her sob-filled whimpering, and it echoed around

the room.

Eli was the one to pick her up and carry her over to their desk that Cade had cleared for him. She was placed on her back, her heels removed, and their large, callous hands parted her legs.

If she thought they would remove the stopper, she was wrong. They ordered her to keep it inside her.

She shut her eyes. Her ass was on fire. Her heart refused to beat normally. She'd come twice already. Her pussy was a mess. So was her ass. She took comfort in the fact that, in the dimness of their study, they couldn't clearly see the most intimate part of her, the part where no man had seen or touched before.

Except them.

The startling absolute truth that assailed her then scared her. They were going to be the only men who would ever see her this way until the day she died.

But then Baxter turned on the lamp on the desk, maneuvering the head until her pussy was in the spotlight, and they could see everything: how she still pulsed from her orgasms, the sticky, hot cream that still drizzled from her since they still stood too close to her, and she could still smell their cologne. The bit of the flared-out stopper that nestled against her ass cheeks.

Dear god. She was not going to survive this. She was only a virgin. But her body was theirs already. Her mind powerless against them.

Alicia was forced to bite the side of her palm as they took an inordinate amount of time exploring her. They rubbed the tissue-soft skin of her labia between their fingers and growled softly. They pressed the side of her clit together, making her squirm at

the sensation. They parted her folds and peered inside her, slowly penetrating her with their fingers and watching intently to see how far they could go before she shuddered and arched her back, their intrusion making her feel too full, as if she were stretched apart more than her body could handle.

They touched her, played with her, and tested her, and they did that all under a bright light, missing nothing. They lifted the ribbons of her juices and then spread it back over her like spun sugar.

She didn't even try to stop herself from coming. But the instant she did, they lowered their mouths to her. Licking. Sucking. Nibbling. Teasing. Eating from her so voraciously it felt as if they were mining her, wanting to get to the depths of her with their tongues.

She would have bitten a chunk of her hand off if Eli hadn't taken her hand away from her mouth and replaced it with his. There was no doubt her teeth marks would be embedded in his flesh probably forever. Like a scar.

She came again and again. And again.

Chapter Ten

Dear god. What had they done to her body?

She couldn't stop quivering. Her pussy still seemed to spasm with every breath she took. And now there was a new kind of hunger inside her, one so voracious, so all-consuming it shocked her.

A hunger for them. To feel their cocks inside her. How had she gone from disastrous dating episodes and eyes-open kissing to wickedly wanton dark cravings overnight?

She wanted them with a desperation that was already insatiable, and it had only just begun but raged through her like wildfire.

She needed them naked against her, inside her, taking what they desired, and she willingly offered. They'd awakened her body, and she now ached for all of them with equal measure and intensity.

After using a glass stopper from one of their crystal Scotch decanters to plug her bottom hole, then Cade spanking her with his belt and them laying her open for their mouths on her hot, wet center between her thighs, she was one breath away from giving them her virginity. The deviant things they'd done to her hadn't scared her away. She was ready to beg them to take her.

Instead, they did the direct opposite. Still laying down on the desk, she caught them using fresh water from a glass pitcher to wet their handkerchiefs. Eli cleaned her face, where a bit of her mascara had run, and Cade and Baxter wiped at the wetness from both sides of her thighs. They cleaned her up meticulously, everywhere else but her pussy where she was still drenched and dripping and throbbed with never-ending blinding need. They avoided her bottom hole as well, not removing the stopper they'd lodged there either.

"That wetness stays," Cade told her as if he were reading her mind. She blushed, like it even mattered now.

"And the stopper too," Eli added.

Oh. Dear. God.

"A reminder of what we did to you and how your body responded," Baxter said huskily, running his knuckle down her folds then sucking her essence off.

They lifted her up into a sitting position, and the makeshift plug in her backside reproduced the stinging mixture of pain and pleasure at being penetrated there all over again.

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Eli and Baxter slipped her shoes back onto her feet. Cade then carried her off the table. She could barely walk. Not after her mind-blowing orgasms, her spanking, and definitely not with her ass filled with something that had no right being there.

She struggled to stand and immediately wanted to remove the stopper.

“Not yet,” Cade said, taking her hand.

Not yet?

She couldn't even take two steps with that thing still in her. But it was fine. She would hobble along until she got to her bedroom. Cade led her out of their study. Eli and Baxter behind them, witnessing the freakishly odd way she was walking.

Arg. Were they laughing at her?

Except Cade was going in the wrong direction. He wasn't leading her upstairs to the privacy of her bedroom, given everything that had happened in their study.

Oh no.

Cade, Eli, and Baxter took her back to the dinner.

“What are you doing?” she asked the three of them collectively, through clenched teeth and an even tighter clenched backside. Everyone was going to know what she'd been up to in their study.

“Just showing you what it would be like if you’re our wife,” Cade said matter-of-factly, then turned to face her.

“There won’t be a moment where you’re not wearing our scent on your body and our brand of possession on your ass, and in your ass, little siren,” Eli said, his voice rough, titillating her senses anew.

What the fuck?

As all eyes swung back onto them, Alicia wanted the marble floor to crack and swallow her whole. They may have smoothed out her dress and neatened her make-up and her hair, but underneath it all, she was a walking deviance.

“But I can’t be here. I have that thing in my butt,” she whispered urgently.

“But you can,” Eli said, giving her that knee-weakening smile.

“If you let it fall from those pretty, fuckable ass cheeks of yours, the glass will shatter and everyone will wonder what a stopper was doing under your dress,” Baxter said, mischievously.

She couldn’t believe she was having this conversation in front of a room full of their business associates.

“Are you insane?” she cried. “I can’t keep it inside me,” she went back to whispering. “I did not manifest this butt stuff,” she added, turning a brighter shade of red as she glanced around at their guests.

“You wanted to be our bride, so guess you can’t handle it,” Baxter grinned. Arg.

Oh, they were daring her. Taunting her. Possibly wanting her to change her mind,

retract her proposal, and run to the safety of her bedroom. Eli signaled a server, and they each took a glass of something amber in color.

“Wonder how a Macallan would go down with the taste of your pussy still on our tongues,” Baxter said before they sipped their drinks.

“Fuck. Never tasted better,” Cade said, and then they deserted her, leaving her to stand there, red-faced, heart hammering, butt clenching, pussy so, so wet. All signs pointed to her turning around and leaving.

Nope.

They’d almost won by a whisper. In answer she plastered a huge smile on her face, while underneath it all her mission was solely to keep the stopper from falling out of her.

They, on the other hand, were able to easily slip into their roles as the hosts, while she was now completely convinced every single person present knew what had happened under her dress.

Dear god, she was still so soaked that she had already started to dampen her thighs. If their guests hadn’t heard her scream that one time, then surely, they could see the evidence of what she’d let Cade, Eli, and Baxter do to her.

But they—Cade, Eli, and Baxter—never took their eyes off her, no matter who they were talking to. And she couldn’t concentrate on any conversation for shit. But somehow, she managed to get through it all.

“They’re never going to fall for you, you know.”

Just what she needed right that minute. Monica.

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“My daddy says it’s only a matter of time before one of them asks me to marry them,” Monica said, as she came to stand even closer at Alicia’s side, her tone ice cold. “It’ll be a marriage of convenience on paper, but they can’t do better than me.”

“Oh, bless your little precious heart, sweetie,” Alicia mimicked. She had a thing up her backside, Cade, Eli, and Baxter were having fun at her expense, her manifesting was going wrong, and she didn’t have the time for Monica’s crap. Not today.

“They’re already mine,” Alicia said. “All three of them.”

Monica laughed, but it quickly turned into a nervous one.

“You’re a pain in their butt, Alicia. Your dad just made you their burden. Everyone knows that. They didn’t want to take care of you, as if you were some five-year old that needed babysitting. Don’t forget it.”

Chapter Eleven

Alicia took a deep, fortifying breath and faced her nemesis. Any other day, and Alicia would have walked away. But yes, not today.

“Maybe I am a pain in their butt,” Alicia said. “They definitely are a pain in my butt.” More like literally a pain in her butt. Inside and out.

“But also, Monica,” she turned to face the girl standing next to her.

“Why don’t you go and ask them what I taste like? And when you get your answer,

please address me as Mrs. King from now onward.”

Oh god. She couldn't believe she said that. Mrs. King? What was she doing?

This was getting out of hand, even for her.

She'd asked them to marry her. They'd said no. The second time, they'd plugged her, spanked her, and feasted on her. But that was still a no, wasn't it? They hadn't exactly said yes. In fact, they were trying to scare her away.

She excused herself and went up to her bedroom, praying every single prayer she knew that she made it to her bedroom without that wretched thing falling out of her.

Once safe, she removed her dress and the stopper, then threw it away. She then took a long shower, put on a silk nightie, changed her mind, then changed it for her favorite tattered t-shirt instead, and went to bed.

But she couldn't sleep. It was 2 a.m., and she hadn't slept a wink. Before she could stop herself, her feet hit the floor. Before she could think about her actions, she'd already exited her bedroom.

The closest bedroom to hers was Baxter. She opened the door without knocking. Her intention was to move to Eli's next and then Cade's, and once she had awakened them and gathered all three of them up...

She actually had no idea what she was doing.

But somehow, they knew what she was going to do. Cade and Eli were in Baxter's room at that precise moment.

Were they waiting for her?

Alicia took in the sight before her.

They'd showered and changed into loose gray track bottoms and weren't wearing any t-shirts. God, they were gorgeous. Ripped with muscle and packed with power, their bodies were blatantly pure male perfection. It also felt like such a relief to be able to say it out loud in her head instead of keeping all those kinds of thoughts hidden. She found them disturbingly good-looking, always had even when she made herself think otherwise.

Her gaze drifted over the richly masculine room that now had rose petals strewn on the bed and on the carpet. The scent of lavender and vanilla candles perfumed the air. Her favorite scent combination.

This had been in her scrapbook... Her V Card Nixed project.

Without thinking, she ran to them. Her breasts pressed into the warm concrete walls of their chests. They pulled her closer and held her against them.

Holding her face in their hands while they kissed her with the same intensity, they had used their tongues on her pussy and god help her as she was passed around from one mouth to the other, she thought she was going to come just from their kisses alone.

Cade demanded her very last breath from her, forcing her to cling to him in sheer desperation.

He took what he wanted, and she gave willingly. He fed her newly discovered need to be dominated, and when she satisfied him, when he groaned from the taste of her tongue on his, she soared with pride.

Eli commanded her responses, he guided her, he steered her toward the dark

decadence of pleasure; then, trusting him without doubt, when he showed her a cliff, she willingly fell over, secure in the knowledge he would catch her again.

Baxter cajoled her, he teased, mercilessly, maddeningly. He made her shameless about her needs and greedy to the point where she bit his lip in the throes of frustrated passion. Then he made her pay for it by driving her crazier.

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She didn't only see stars explode behind her closed eyes. Everything around her and beyond was set ablaze like an inferno, the flames licking at her skin and tattooing their names into her soul.

They whipped her t-shirt off her body and stood back as they perused every inch of her. She wasn't wearing a bra or underwear.

Suddenly shy and self-conscious, hoping so desperately they liked what they saw, yet completely unsure, she lowered her head.

"Come here, Mrs. King. We know what you taste like. Now it's time for your mouth to know who owns it."

Did they hear her? Dammit, why had she let Monica get to her like that?

Wait, they referred to her as Mrs. King? What did that mean? Nothing. They just wanted her to know they'd overheard her conversation with Monica. It meant nothing, right?

But every thought she had fled from her mind as they peeled their track bottoms off, leaving them gloriously naked and fully erected.

"On your knees, beautiful."

She dropped to her knees in front of them, and then, with sacred reverence, she held their cocks in her hands, exploring the feel of them. The texture of their skin. She traced the thick river of veins that were wrapped around each of their cocks and

basked as they shuddered in her palm.

She licked her lips and opened her mouth. Their taste, the power that surged from them, penetrated her and would forever change who she was. She kissed them and ran her tongue down the length of them, feeling them pull taut as she planted wet kisses on their balls. She twirled her tongue around the wetness on the heads of their cocks; the taste so fine, so addictive, she put their whole shafts into her mouth and tried to suck more pre-cum from them.

She could feel them clench their jaws; she knew she was driving them crazy when they threaded their hands through her hair and pulled her off them. But she wasn't ready to stop, and at the same time she wanted to feel their cocks, still wet from her mouth inside her.

She wanted everything.

She needed to be close to them. She needed them inside her right now.

“Alicia, you need to understand what this means. This is the last time you'll be given a chance to back out. Because when we take you, we take all of you. We take your virginity in your pussy and your ass. Being ours means you have to take all three of us inside you. Can you do that?”

“Yes. Please. It's what I want. I want you. All three of you. Now.”

Detecting her desperation, Cade scooped her up from the floor and laid her down on the bed.

As if they couldn't help themselves, they lowered their heads to between her thighs and sipped on the wetness her body had created all for them. The tingle from Cade's belt marks still reverberated through her, and her body remembered the burning

stretch of the stopper inside her butt.

“You’re ours now. Every part of you belongs to us.”

Chapter Twelve

Suddenly apprehensive as reality sank in, Alicia tried very hard to keep her panic at bay.

She’d touched them. She knew their size, their width, and their length, and she immediately knew her body would not be able to take them. Not all three of them.

“What if I can’t?” she whispered, tears already starting to form around her eyes. “What if you’re too big to fit inside me?”

“Hey,” Cade said. He towered over her now, nestled between her thighs as she lay on her back. “Your body was made for us. We’ll fit inside you perfectly.”

She nodded, agreeing with him. She was made for them. They would fit inside her perfectly. And if not, she was strong enough to let them stretch her body to whatever capacity they needed.

“When we say you’re ours, we mean we’re taking you without any protection. Nothing will be separating our cocks from your pussy. If our seed stays in your body and you become pregnant, so be it. We’re clean, and you can trust us, Alicia.”

“I do. I trust you. Please, just touch me now.”

“Take my cock, sweetheart, and slip it inside you. As deep as you want to go. And when you want me to take over, tell me.”

She did as she was told. Was she imagining it, or did Cade get bigger?

Biting her lip, she pressed the head of his shaft against her, forcing her lips to part for him and her entrance to open up for him. She was also well aware that while she was trying to push him inside her, she was also trying to squirm away from him.

Cade lowered his head and took her nipple into his mouth, biting just hard enough to let her know if she moved—he wasn't going to move with her.

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She squeezed him a little harder and pushed a little deeper, but the instant she was met with a sharp, searing pain as her flesh opened up, she deserted his cock and flung her arms around his neck.

“I want you to take over,” she said urgently.

“Fuck,” Cade rasped as he took a hold of his cock resting at her entrance and guided himself inside her, much surer of her body’s ability to open up than she was.

She clung to him for dear life. Breathing haphazardly against his shoulder as he made his way deeper into her. Alicia cried, her body rigidifying as she felt every inch of Cade’s cock inside her, her muscles wrapped so tightly around him, she was denying him further access.

But she wanted more. She needed to feel him to the full extent of her body. She wanted him there. She wanted Eli and Baxter the same way.

Bracing herself, she lifted her hips and pressed up into him. Cade growled and added a little more of his cock inside her.

She couldn’t breathe. She started to panic, and Cade pulled out, then pushed back in again. He played with her, withdrawing straight after going too deep and then penetrating her again the instant she got her breath back.

She latched onto him. Pulsing around him, and she loved the way he looked a little out of control when she squeezed her inner walls and hugged his cock. The intense, mind-altering burning pain of being stretched subsided, and boldness grew in its

place.

She moved with him and held him back when he wanted to withdraw, forcing him to bite and suck on the side of her neck until he was once again in control. God, she needed Eli and Baxter. She needed them now.

“Ready?” Cade asked as if she’d voiced her needs out loud.

She nodded, and he flipped them over. She straddled him, his cock feeling even bigger inside her now.

Behind her, Eli and Baxter wasted no time. They lubed her forbidden hole with a scented lube. Pouring copious amounts of the lubricant into her, then it was Eli using his fingers inside her.

If she thought taking Cade was enough to shatter her body, Cade inside her pussy and Eli’s one finger in her bottom hole had her nearly hyperventilating.

“I’m going to go slow,” Eli said.

“No,” she shouted. Slow was exactly what she didn’t want. The spell would be broken if Eli and Baxter were not inside her body as well, she begged Eli to just take her. Now. She did not want to wait.

And so it began. For every tiny thrust of Eli’s cock into her ass, Cade pulled out of her pussy and Baxter filled his spot between her wet folds. They did the same thing over and over, but each time Eli went deeper, and each time Cade didn’t pull away completely, and suddenly she found herself with both Cade’s and Baxter’s cock at the entrance of her pussy.

She was going to die. She was going to die if they all three didn’t penetrate her

immediately, and she was going to die when they did.

She wanted them. So she begged again. And this time, they weren't playing. Eli fully penetrated her ass. Tears dripped down her face onto Cade's chest as he entered her pussy.

She whimpered, sobbing and tensed, but still so unbelievably wet. Her body was on fire. She was seeing stars. Galaxies.

She now had Cade in her pussy and Eli in her bottom hole.

Baxter. She needed him.

She whimpered his name and then he was there. Baxter lined his cock up next to Cade who was already fully embedded in her. Cade pulled her down so he could take her nipple into his mouth, and instead of feeling the sharp bite of his teeth, he licked her and sucked on her, drinking from her as if she could give him some sort of ambrosia.

He distracted her, but it only worked for a bit. Baxter was just too big. But nothing would have stopped her from taking him inside her.

She relaxed her body. She closed her eyes and imagined his passage inside her. She took care of her breathing until finally he was as fully embedded inside her pussy with Cade and Eli in her backside.

Maybe she'd entered another realm, or she was able to take the blinding pain and turn it into magnificent pleasure.

She gave them her body, and they moved in and out of her, making her come and then following her with their own essence.

Nothing could ever compare to this. To these three men.

Chapter Thirteen

Alicia gathered her t-shirt and tiptoed her way out of the bedroom, leaving Cade, Eli, and Baxter still sound asleep.

If she had any doubt that last night had not happened, the delicious soreness in her body would set her straight.

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God. She couldn't put into words how amazing they'd been. They fucked her, they made love to her, they made her orgasm in her sleep, they bathed her, and then they repeated the process all over again. The whole night long.

They made her body do things she would have never dreamed even remotely possible. Unconsciously, she held her hand to her stomach. They'd warned her they weren't going to use any protection. They didn't care if they put a baby inside her, but the first time they took her, they wanted her naked in every sense of the word. Wild horses couldn't have stopped her from giving them what they wanted.

Was their baby already growing inside her? A warm sweet haze settled around her at the thought. Wait. She needed to get a grip on reality. These thoughts were dangerous to have.

But there was something that was bothering her.

Something didn't feel right.

In the kitchen, she brewed fresh coffee and was surprised to find that it was so late in the morning already. She quickly checked her emails on her phone, the nagging feeling growing more intense.

She had to make a decision about law school. Her indecision was eating at her now.

She was startled when her phone buzzed with an unknown number.

"Umm... is this, Alicia Robertsons?" A voice said on the other side.

“Yes. Who am I speaking to?”

“Oh, thank goodness. My name is Cara; you probably don’t remember me, but you might remember my mom. You gave her two hundred dollars to have your fortune read? She has silver hair and wears blue-shadow. I’m sorry, I’m just trying to return your money. I had to beg the person who worked at the warehouse for your number. Her name is Amy. Is there a way I can get this money back to you?”

“But why?” Alicia asked, her voice small.

“This is so embarrassing. My mom is not a fortune teller. I don’t know why she said that. It’s the first time she’s ever done something like that. And I have no idea why she made you give her two hundred dollars. Can we meet somewhere so I can give the money back to you?”

“Umm... no. It’s fine. Please keep the money or donate to someone who needs it. Thank you, Cara, for calling me.”

Alicia sat in stunned silence.

Okay. She just needed to draw up a step-by-step list of instructions to follow. Actually, there was only one thing on that list. She had to tell them the truth.

A clearly crazy lady decided to play fortune teller and told her a big fat lie. And being Alicia, she just ran with it because it worked out so perfectly.

Okay, no time like the present. She tried to walk with purpose, but her steps slowed with dread.

Did she want to be their wife so badly? No, of course not. They were still pains in her ass. And she theirs. She lost her head, they all got caught up in the moment, she lost

her virginity, both of her virginities, and now it was time to sober up and face reality.

Right.

She stepped into the bedroom. They had just woken up.

“I have something to tell you. So, you don’t have to marry me after all.” As was customary when it came to them, she didn’t let them get a word in edgewise, more so because she would lose her nerve.

“So apparently, the fortune teller who said I would be marrying a king, who I surmised was you three because you know King Industries—that was an honest mistake actually on my part. But the fortune-telling lady is not a fortune teller. Her daughter just called me to give me back the money I paid her to have my fortune told. So...” She had to stop using the word 'so.'

“So...” Darn it. “Good news. You’re off the hook. You don’t have to marry me. So good morning. Have a great day at work today.”

She didn’t get very far before she was dragged back into the room and them blocking the door.

“That’s not how it works, pretty girl.”

“But I thought you would be relieved. Hooray. You don’t have to marry me. Also, I asked you twice, and you turned me down twice, so I just won’t be asking you anymore to marry me. There. We’re all... sorted. But her false bravado broke. All her emotions came to a speeding crash in her head.

“I’m sorry. I’m such a mess. I don’t know what I was doing these last few weeks. I tried to distract myself, and I just went down this whole weird rabbit hole of

manifesting things I have no right to have and don't deserve.

“I miss my mom, and there was a letter she wrote me that I would get on my wedding day, and I just wanted to read it so badly, and I... clearly don't have my shit together. I'm just a hot, sad mess. And I'm not feeling sorry for myself. It's the truth. I'm so sorry for dragging you all into my drama. Please, can we just forget everything?”

She didn't expect to go from falsely chirpy; I made a big mistake, but it's all good now to arg why am I like this so incredibly quickly.

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As for forgetting everything? The only thing she'd manifested was a lifetime of misery. How could she go back to being herself when she knew what it was like to be touched by them? Held. Taken. Owned.

Well, it had all been a lie. For them anyway. Not for her.

Chapter Fourteen

Alicia fidgeted in the silence that followed after her unappetizing meltdown. They still blocked the door, which meant she was trapped in there with them, cooking in her humiliation.

“What’s happening with law school, Alicia?” Eli asked.

Alicia whipped up her gaze at Eli. She wasn’t ready for the abrupt change in conversation. She expected them to tell her, Yes, she was a mess, and yes, she needed to get herself straightened out. She hadn’t expected them to get to the root of her problem in one go without her breathing one single word about it. She had no idea they knew anything that was going on in her life.

“Umm... It’s there. I think I got accepted. I think it’s time I start looking at what my life will be going forward as a lawyer. I think it’s time I grow up.”

Nothing could compare to the sinking heaviness in her heart at not being their wife or them touching her, but the whole law school was a far second.

“Hey,” Cade said softly. “You don’t have to be a lawyer if you don’t want to, Alicia,”

Cade added, surprising her with his observation.

“But I have to be a lawyer,” she said, her shoulders sagging. Why was this so hard for her?

“Alicia, if you think your dad wanted you to become a lawyer because he was one, then you got it wrong. You got him wrong,” Baxter said with unusual seriousness.

“But how will I be close to him if I’m not following in his footsteps?”

“Do you want to be a lawyer?” Eli asked gently.

Her eyes filled with tears, and she shook her head from side to side. She couldn’t even bring herself to say the words—no, she didn’t want to be a lawyer.

“I didn’t get a chance to tell him I changed my mind. I think that’s the reason why he died before I could tell him I was dropping out. So he didn’t have to suffer from the heartache of my decision.”

She would never have said that out loud to anyone else. Not even Holly. But here everything just poured out of her.

“And you think your dad is going to be happy knowing you’re following in his footsteps just to make him happy? Let the man rest in peace, Alicia; he doesn’t need your unhappiness at doing a job you feel obligated to do, following him around.”

She thought about Eli’s words.

Oh god. They were right. She knew this, deep down obviously, but maybe she needed to hear this from them. Her father wanted her to be happy. And the only way to make him happy was if she was happy.

“I don’t want to go to Harvard. I don’t want to study law. I don’t want to be a lawyer.” She exhaled noisily.

Again saying it out loud lifted a boulder off her chest. Because this was also how she was finally saying goodbye to her dad. She’d been holding onto him for dear life. It had been her unhappiness that made it impossible for her to say goodbye to him. Was it this easy? She just said she didn’t want to be a lawyer, and now she believed her father would rather her be happy over anything else. Why had she waited so long to do this?

“Thank you,” she whispered. At once she felt centered, a tiny glimmer of her old self returning, but now with a broken heart in tow.

Her breakthrough still didn’t take away the fresh heartache that now settled in her chest. Would she have to move out, despite her father’s wishes they look after her until she turned twenty-two?

It would probably be awkward for them to have her around and know what the inside of her body felt like around their cocks. For her, she realized it would be devastating. The worst kind of pain ever.

“Should I move out?. After everything....”

“When you moved in here, six months ago, we got really drunk that one night, and you know what we called you?”

“Brat?”

“That too. But we called you our 'hands-off bride. You were ours in every sense of the word. Our bride. No other man was going to touch you. But then, neither were we.”

“We planned to keep you here forever, Alicia, whatever it took, as long as we were still respecting your father and the trust he put into us to look after you. But nowhere did he say we could take you and make you ours.”

“So, no. You’re not moving out. And you’re certainly not going to be our hands-off bride anymore. Because we tried everything to keep our hands off her. You drove us fucking insane prancing around here with that sweet body. Your eyes. Your smile. Your laughter. You killed us, night after night.”

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“You’re going to marry us,” Cade took over from Baxter. “And not because a fortune teller said so or you manifested it.”

“But why?”

“You’re going to marry us because we fucking love you, Alicia. We’re so fucked up in love with you, we can’t think straight anymore.”

“You love me?” She asked softly, but her heart was thundering in her chest. “Truly?”

“All of you.”

“So much that we’re reading *Pride and Fucking Prejudice*,” Baxter said, gesturing to the three copies of her favorite book of all time sitting on a desk. She hadn’t noticed it before.

They were going to read Jane Austen for her when she knew without a doubt they would rather watch paint dry.

“It’s just *Pride and Prejudice*,” she said, smiling.

“Marry us. Say yes.”

“Yes.”

She threw herself into their arms, showering their faces with kisses. For someone who claimed to see the signs in everything, she certainly chose to ignore the biggest

one of them all. She was in love with them.

She loved them since the first day she saw them. She'd been fourteen when she just so happened to be home from boarding school and her father was having a meeting with them. And whenever she came home, they were there.

She had never seen any man on the planet look as gorgeous as Cade, Eli, and Baxter. By the time she turned sixteen, she still hadn't shaken off her infatuation with them, which made keeping a boyfriend so much harder to do.

Then she decided to take a practical approach. She drew up lists of pros and cons. She wasn't the kind of girl they dated. She had a great set of legs and really nice boobs, but they seemed to prefer skinny supermodels with beauty so rare and unique they were deities amongst all the rest of the female population. She had zero pros to work with, so she moved on. But she didn't really. She loved them more and more and more.

"I love you, Cade. I love you, Eli. I love you, Baxter."

They held each other the whole night long. And when she sleepily reached for them during the night, they made love to her so slowly, so deeply, shattering her body, healing her heart, and clearing her mind for the future that had been written in the stars.

Epilogue

It was her wedding day, and Alicia couldn't be happier if she tried.

She was marrying the three loves of her life, and she planned to love them until the end of time. This was her dream wedding, fully manifested with only the best of things. Tall, dark, broody, bossy, obscenely sexy, ridiculously possessive, fiercely

protective Cade Kissinger, Eli Nicholson, and Baxter Gardner. Her three best things in the whole wide universe.

They'd move the moon for her, and they showed it to her every single time they touched her, told it to her every time they whispered, I love you in her ear, and when they were away, she felt it in every call and text and thought they sent her way.

But butterflies now flew around in her stomach. A solicitor had just dropped off the letter her mother had written to her.

Holly, her maid-of-honor, naturally, shooed everyone out of the bridal room to give Alicia some privacy. She'd always known her mom had left her a letter. Up until Cade, Eli, and Baxter had stormed into her room and jinxed her V Card Nixed project, she always believed marriage was something that would happen on its own.

But then they told her the only guy who would be taking her virginity would be the one she married, and suddenly everything inside her shifted. She didn't start manifesting her wedding. She started manifesting marriage to them. To Cade, to Eli, and to Baxter. Even when she didn't know what she wanted, her heart already knew.

A smile spread across her face, and instead of the tears she thought would run down her cheeks and ruin her bridal makeup, all she felt was a surge of contentment. Confidently, she opened the envelope.

My dearest little love bug, Alicia,

Congratulations, darling girl. I know this is the happiest day of your life. I also hope you marry for love and laughter and friendship and protection. I hope your groom gives you all these things and you him.

I want you to know I'm smiling down at you. And I can see how beautiful you look.

And how happy you are. Know that I am happy too. Inside this envelope is my special little stone. I wanted you to have it now that you're married. I want the stone to always be purple for you. Hold it in your hand and see what it says. Always chase happiness, my sweet girl, in everything you do.

P.S. If you see Cade, Eli, and Baxter again, tell them I said hello. Tell them I wish them happiness too, and love and prosperity.

P.S. I always thought any of those boys would make my daughter a good husband one day when she is grown. I won't say too much on this now, of course. But I did always wonder what the universe had in store for the four of you.

Love and happiness forever

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:25 am

Mom.

Alicia took out the small stone from the envelope. It instantly turned purple in her palm.

“Thanks, Mom,” she whispered.

Alicia needn't have bothered with manifesting anything. Her mom had done so for her years and years ago already. She just had to get to that point in her life to receive them. Also, of course, she had to marry all three of them. She couldn't live without any of them.

And while her dad wasn't as poetic as her mom, he had his fair share in her happiness as well. He brought them together, all under one roof.

“Thanks, Dad,” she whispered.

She had a lifetime of happiness waiting for her. She had Cade, Eli, and Baxter waiting for her.

THE END