



Three Scary Mafia Men and a Klutzy Girl

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Description: Sometimes a girl just needs a bottle of wine, a box of chocolates and a phone-controlled toy to brighten up her lonely Friday night.

Except if you're Lorelei Johnson then it doesn't happen without incident.

The toy breaks and gets stuck somewhere... it shouldn't, and she spills wine on her phone causing it to malfunction so she can't turn it off either.

Desperate, she seeks help from her tech-savvy long-time childhood friend who happens to live next door.

Except he's not home and instead Lorelei walks in on three superhot but very scary men, ransacking her friend's house, looking for what she has no idea, all while she is being zapped awkwardly into the stratosphere at random intervals.

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Chapter One

“Perfect. Perfect. Perfect.”

Lorelei Johnson inhaled the heady profusion of aromas. There wasn't just one signature scent. Oh no. She splurged on all the scents. Lavender bath salts. An apricot bath bomb. Rose petals. Vanilla candles. The bouquet of fragrances was unusual, but she liked it.

She waded her fingers through the silky water in the tub, then adjusted the temperature, making it a little hotter.

She deserved this indulgence. Not because she did something amazing like earned herself a promotion and a raise, but she deserved this because she had been her usual self and that meant she had left behind a series of blunders in her wake.

As the accountant of a small office furniture manufacturer, one of those blunders settling in her dust for the week was this: Paying the electricity bill to the plumber, which, as the accountant of a small office furniture manufacturer was expressly her job. But worse than that, she had broken the coffee machine.

Nothing garnered her more loathing looks than breaking the coffee machine in an office full of people who relied on said beverage for various reasons ranging from needing to stay awake, to not killing anyone or just to procrastinate.

The whole thing started spraying coffee everywhere then it just died. No more coffee.

Paisley and Mayim had told her it was all right while they gritted their teeth; it could have happened to anyone they had said... almost begrudgingly.

Roberta had given her death stares every chance she could.

Harvey had called her a big klutz and sulked the whole day long. Of course, out of everyone in the office, only Lorelei was the one capable of breaking a perfectly good operating piece of equipment, he added.

Yes, he'd brought up the printer debacle from last year but that hadn't been her fault at all. She had however taken the blame to spare a very pregnant Barbara, a sales rep, from the office wrath.

Mr. Ramirez, her boss, had told her she would be buying a new coffee machine; the money would be coming out of her wage.

She would have enough left over to add a small bar of chocolate to her daily meals of noodles until her next paycheck to make up for being the most despised employee of the week.

But hey she was a glass-half-full kind of girl. In her line of business, which was the business of falling over things, sometimes just thin air and breaking things without even trying, she had to have a positive outlook. She needed to maintain that outlook or her life would look very bleak.

Most twenty-four-year-olds were out on dates, or dancing the night away on a Friday night, with their pretty long hair set in curly waves and expertly applied makeup, and amazing fashion sense.

But Lorelei was the sad minority whose pin-straight hair curled for nothing and no one, her fashion sense was a little nonexistent, purposefully so, and equipped with

two left feet, that simultaneously eliminated dancing and dates.

But again, her trait was to make something positive out of everything. Sure it was a Friday night, and she shouldn't be home, but she had a bubble bath supreme lined up, a nice bottle of wine, a box of chocolates, and a... toy.

A toy she had taken close to five months to finally work up the courage to buy from an online store, and that only after she had called in six times, changing her voice each time to make sure she hadn't been misled the other five times when they said their packages were delivered in unmarked delivery vans and unmarked packages. They understood their 'clients' need for privacy.

She had shut her eyes and finally sent the single item in her shopping cart down to check out and had eyed her door like a hawk three days later when the package was due to arrive. She hadn't even lifted her head when she signed for the delivery, she had been too red-faced. It arrived yesterday and today seemed like a perfectly good day to try it out.

The sex toy, known simply as The Min didn't make sense to her because while Min was an Egyptian god who held his erect phallus in his right hand and a flail in his left hand, this toy was merely an egg-shaped head attached with a tail of sorts. So their mythology was a bit off because The Min would have worked perfectly fine for a dildo.

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But what did she know, she was a twenty-four-year-old virgin with a slightly eclectic and mostly useless bank of knowledge that no one really cared about. She was good with numbers too, although her job as an accountant at Comfy Office Furniture didn't add much prestige to her numerical accolades but that was okay.

It was easier than being the daughter of a supermodel after all.

Lorelei shrugged out of her robe and dipped her toes into the silky water.

Bliss.

She climbed in and submerged her body, breathing in the heady scents and sighing. She tilted her head back, closed her eyes, and allowed her thoughts to mellow out. And then tried again.

But clearing her mind was an impossible thing to do being her. She was twenty-four years old; she felt the need to remind herself as often as she could, had no new exciting job opportunities lined up, no plans to get married, in fact, she'd never been in a serious relationship ever.

Maybe it was time she accepted the fact that she was going to remain a spinster well into old age. A nagging voice at the back of her head told her she wasn't trying hard enough to land herself a husband. Sure she had been asked out a few times.

Their most important customer at work, for one, had sent her flowers and a dinner invitation. He was a great guy with deep dimples and easy-going nature. But she had made up some excuse and he had gotten the message immediately.

The guy who came in to refill their water had asked her out for coffee and of course, the new guy at work as well had done the same. She had said no to them all.

She'd convinced herself they were either blind or were being silly because who really wanted to be with her when she acquainted herself with the floor more than anyone else she knew?

At least she had Morgan Jules, her close friend since childhood who happened to live right next door to her. He was sweet and funny and knew everything about her and still remained her friend.

They usually watched movies on a Friday night when he was free, which was rare. He worked almost all hours as a technician in some groundbreaking, secretive technology company. Even the building he worked at looked like a spaceship. Yes, at least she had a very good friend to fall back on. What more did she need?

It would be better if she declared herself celibate for life, thereby eliminating all her other problems of not being married and having children and a picket fence and a dog called Ruffles.

Well, she did at least try to have a boyfriend when she had been seventeen years old. But the guy soon turned out to be into older women and became instantly smitten with her mother. She could hardly blame him. Hence it wasn't easy being the only daughter of a supermodel who at forty-nine looked well... twenty-five. That relationship with that boy had lasted all of five minutes for Lorelei.

Thinking about that guy reminded her that she had a five-year school reunion to attend.

Well, notto attend.

There was no way she was going alone and facing all her classmates. Everyone knew her boyfriend had dumped her for her mother and her last year of school had been horrendous which was over and above the mini mishaps she created.

She never wanted to face any of those people ever again but especially Brooke Pincot. The bane of her high school experience. The stunning heiress who was perfect in every way and who Lorelei's mother had compared her to almost every day of her life.

The same girl who had tossed Lorelei into a fountain when Lorelei decided to attend her first school dance.

She didn't need to go to her school reunion and face her nemesis. Besides Brooke Pincot was leading the charmed life. She came from money and married into more money. She launched two beauty product companies and was voted businesswoman of the year by some woman's publication.

Lorelei managed to keep a goldfish alive for three whole weeks. She could put her pants on without stumbling over and yeah, that was about it.

Five-year school reunion? Hard, concrete no thank you.

She didn't care that Morgan had insisted they would both be attending together and screw everyone else. He usually convinced her to do lots of things, but she wasn't going to give in and do that one thing.

She gave an unladylike snort and then tried to sink lower into the water but her left butt cheek seemed stuck against the tub. She shimmied a little, her stuck cheek gave way and she promptly slid under the water before she could control herself.

She managed to gulp down a mouthful of water and the taste of scented bubbles

tickled her palate.

Not nice.

Great.

With her hair unintentionally soaked, she was forced to shampoo and condition it using the hand-held shower head in the bathtub before she stepped out. She wrapped both her hair and her body in a towel.

She poured herself a glass of wine, picked out a chocolate from the jumbo-sized box then gobbled up two more before she took a sip of her drink. Carrying her wine and the box of chocolates to her bedside table, she set them down, sat on the bed, and inspected the toy.

After a bit of wrestling to get the package open, she retrieved the neon pink device and stared at it for a few moments. It looked exactly like the picture on the packaging. An egg-shaped head with a kind of tail attached. It had come in two sizes, small and large and she had chosen the smaller size... to start with at least.

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Retrieving her phone from the charge station on her bedside table, she quickly followed the instructions to get the device connected to her phone. Easy peasy and she didn't burn her house down in the process which given her day coupled with machinery, became a big possibility of happening.

By now the towel had soaked up her wet skin, leaving her moderately damp. She unwrapped the towel from her head and didn't bother with anything else. Her hair would dry on its own into its normal straight tresses.

She rose from the bed and snatched a tub of body butter from her dresser then spread it all over her skin until she practically glowed with the cream.

Here goes nothing.

If nothing else she hoped for at least a couple of great orgasms that would put her into an exhausted sleep well into midday tomorrow.

She glanced at her window once more to make sure the curtains she had drawn before were still indeed properly closed. Usually, she didn't fuss much about her self-care. It happened under her covers in the dark and without any fanfare. But tonight she wanted to be bold, sexy, and uninhibited. All qualities she didn't normally possess.

She dimmed the lights even though she had an urge to turn them off completely but she resisted. She ran her hand over her breast in what she thought was a seductive way but she was convinced it would have looked awkward if she'd had an audience.

An audience? What was wrong with her? She hadn't had a single guest attending

sexy times with her ever and she was talking about an audience?

She shook her head to clear it of her silliness and started again. This was good. This was her getting in touch with herself properly, mentally and physically since there would be no one else for the job. It was just her and herself.

She gave herself one more customary fondle, emptied the glass of wine, and then poured herself another one before she climbed onto her bed. She scooted down until she lay flat on her back then parted her thighs.

Her hand slid down her body and she complimented herself on how soft her skin felt because again no one else was going to do so. She slipped her fingers between her thighs and parted her folds. She played with herself until she became wetter, then she reached for the toy.

Here goes nothing for real.

Chapter Two

Lorelei squirmed alittle when the coolness of the toy touched her heated pussy. She probed a little more, then a little more.

Okay then.

It actually felt really nice. It was smooth and comfortable enough that she wanted to explore her depths further. She rubbed her clit and allowed herself a full moan. Yep. No censoring of verbal throes of passion allowed here.

The dome slipped in deeper, as deep as she could comfortably allow what with her being a virgin and everything. Besides she had never stuck anything into her pussy before, so she had to go slow and shallow the first time.

She didn't want to inadvertently injure herself. She would never live down that kind of humiliation if she had to get someone, like a nurse or doctor involved. She had read about enough horror stories that sent adventurers to the ER.

Slow and easy was the way to go.

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The snarky part of her brain decided to make an appearance to tell her she was completely fucking pathetic over-thinking a simple expedition of masturbation with a toy when she was a grown-ass woman.

She instructed that part of her brain to kindly shut the fuck up.

With the toy now embedded inside her parted folds, her pussy nice and wet thanks to the attention she had given herself, and the tail end sticking out from between her legs, she turned and collected her phone.

Now for the fun part.

Gliding her finger against the screen of her cell, she initiated the vibration.

Oh good god.

She hadn't even turned it up to medium and already the sensation was extraordinary.

She waited a while, keeping the same speed, her hips writhing as she enjoyed the buzz inside her.

Tentatively she turned it up a little more. She squealed in shock then bit the side of her hand as an orgasm sped through her with lightning speed, taking her by complete surprise. She fumbled to turn off the vibration on her phone while her head spun around in both awe and pleasure. She had never experienced anything like it before... well of course she hadn't because she hadn't used a toy before but gosh did it wreck her.

She glanced down at her body. Her eyes widened at the sight of her quivering limbs which were now pressed tightly together with the toy still lodged inside her.

When her breathing simmered down, she couldn't stop the smile from spreading across her whole face.

Ooh, she should totally be eating chocolate while this was happening. She blindly reached for one and popped the golden ball into her mouth. An explosion of caramel and chocolate decorated her tongue and increased the broadness of her smile.

Again. Again.

She reached between her thighs and pushed the dome in slightly deeper. Her confidence seemed to soar the same way she had with her climax.

She was keen to try the timer function. It was bound to add some anticipatory tension, she decided. She fiddled around and set it to go off in ten minutes. This time she decided to skip the medium zone and headed straight for high. What's the worst that could happen? She'd die while coming?

She set her phone down on the bedside table; she didn't want to keep looking at the time and snagged another chocolate. She had to keep her strength up, didn't she?

The waiting seemed to drive her nuts but she had to forcefully stop herself from checking how many minutes had gone by already.

It was a stupid game to play but she couldn't deny waiting had made her wetter.

When it happened, she was not at all prepared. This time she came as if she were possessed. Her orgasm vibrated through every cell in her body, electrifying every strand of hair she owned.

She sat up as if she could escape the magnitude of the sensations which were just too much for her and momentarily paralyzed her brain.

Frantic to stop the onslaught of orgasms on her, she reached between her legs and tried to remove the still vibrating toy. She gripped the tail end of the toy and pulled until she held it in her hand.

But why weren't the vibrations stopping? Was her mind playing tricks on her?

She cried in utter shock when she realized part of the toy had become detached from the tail end. The tip of the egg-shaped dome was still inside, while the rest of its body had remained attached to the tail, but at least it had stopped its furious pulsing inside her.

Trying not to panic just yet, she tried to remove the dome, but she was still too wet and for the life of her she couldn't get a firm grip on it because it was too damn small.

She rocketed off the bed when the tiny part inside her started to vibrate again. Oh god, help her.

Off.

She had to turn it off. But in her haste to get to her phone, in her untamed and now unwanted *la petite mort*—great she had climaxed herself into French now—she had knocked over the bottle of cabernet sauvignon and had drowned her phone in the wine.

Squeezing her thighs together as if that would stop it, her movements frenetic, her breathing labored and erratic she grabbed her phone and not caring used her white comforter to dry it as best she could.

But her phone wouldn't go on. Real panic started to set in.

"Fuck my life," she cried, completely hysterical now.

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She couldn't get her phone to work, and a piece of the toy was stuck inside her. She cried in relief when the buzzing stopped again. She had to use the time she wasn't being assaulted with self-inflicted orgasms wisely.

She tried once again to remove the toy. Nothing worked. It kept escaping her fingers. Even doing unsightly squats, which made her feel embarrassed for herself making her cry more didn't help.

The window seemed a little longer from one phase of getting her rocks off to the next, so she tackled her phone after she slipped into her robe.

She didn't have time to try the rice thing if that worked at all. She tried to open the phone, maybe if she removed the battery that would stop everything, but she trembled so much she couldn't even do that, and she didn't have any tools whatsoever to help her either.

She nearly dropped her phone when the pulsing started again but it was only for a short while before it stopped. Maybe that was the last time it would go off again?

It wasn't.

She suffered what she now called her dignity destroyed for a full two minutes before it stopped again. That's just the kind of luck that was made for her specifically.

Her only option was to smash her phone to pieces. But she couldn't bring herself to do that. The phone, a proper upgrade from the ancient device she had been using before, had been the last birthday present her father had gotten her the year before he

died, and she planned to keep it forever. She couldn't shatter her last happy memory of him before he became sick.

She was screwed.

She couldn't sit through another round. She would simply expire. But she would rather die than go to the ER—she'd be one of those people she had vowed she'd never be.

Morgan.

He was her only hope. Her best friend. A technological whiz. There wasn't anything electronic he couldn't fix. He repaired her faulty washing machine. Her blow drier. Not only could he fix machinery, but software malfunctions were his passion.

He would help her get her phone sorted or find a way to jam the signal to the vibrating toy stuck inside her lady bits. She did not doubt his ability to get her out of this debacle. Yes, he would tease her forever about it, but that signified the nature of their friendship.

After he disconnected the toy from the app, she would have to put aside her pride and go to the ER after all. She shuddered to think of all the judgmental stares that would come her way. She couldn't be certain she would feel so bad she would humbly tell them she had learned her lesson.

But whatever happened to beginner's luck? This had been her first time, surely it wasn't the time for such mishaps except she was Lorelei Johnson, Klutz could easily be her middle name.

If only she hadn't dropped the bottle of wine while orgasming the living daylights out of herself.

She had to get moving.

Except it was time for another round of Lorelei's vagina versus malfunctioning maniacal sex toy.

Chapter Three

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Lorelei snorted and sobbed through that episode and cried in relief again when it finally stopped.

It was already after ten in the evening which meant Morgan had to be home. She quickly looked out the bedroom window of her double-story house and thanked the universe for the small mercy. Morgan's lights were on, so he was definitely home.

He was her only saving grace.

She couldn't endure another moment of it if the toy decided to go off again. Not caring that she only wore a robe and a broken piece of a sex toy inside her, she slipped her feet into a pair of bedroom slippers and then raced downstairs while she still could.

All she needed now was to tumble down the stairs.

She already envisioned the coroner's report. The deceased had a toy stuck in her woohaw.

She slowed her pace a little to prevent falling over but her fear of another round found her flying out the door as she half-walked-half-ran to Morgan's house.

The night was pretty quiet. But then again, the majority of the residents of Rosepalm Springs, New York, were retired.

The house she lived in was the same house she had spent the first three years of her life in. Before her parents divorced and her mother moved to the city after finding the

suburbia way of life stifling for her beauty and her mind.

Lorelei was then shared between her parents but she preferred living with her dad in Rosepalm than with her glamorous mom in the city.

Six minutes had passed since her last attack. Maybe it was over? But she wasn't going to risk it so she'd better make sure it wasn't still connected to her phone lurking like a ticking bomb.

She started to bang on the door, but the door slid open.

"Morgan," she called softly.

Rosepalm was a safe enough area that residents could leave their houses unlocked without any worry. Like her, he had inherited the house from his deceased parents.

She often teased him that he secretly worked for aliens in his fancy office buildings, and he wasn't who he said he was despite them growing up alongside each other. He usually just grimaced and said all he did all day long was capture boring data and nothing else. He was at the lowest level of the company and didn't think he was smart enough to progress any higher.

But strangely, a new kind of apprehension rose inside her. What if Morgan was lying somewhere injured? What if he had tried to get help but collapsed as soon as he unlocked the door?

She pushed open the door and stepped inside.

"Morgan," she shouted, looking around the foyer for any signs of his prostrate body.
"Morgan? Where are you?"

No answer.

Frowning, Lorelei took a step forward, then stumbled backward when three complete strangers emerged from the living room and strode into the foyer.

She blinked repeatedly to clear her sight. Oh god. What if over-masturbating did in fact make one go blind? No, if that were the case, she wouldn't be seeing anything at all. Maybe over-orgasming led to crazy hallucinations?

How else were there three really tall, well over six feet if she had to guess, mesmerizingly gorgeous but at the same time rather scary-looking men standing before her in her friend's house when clearly, he didn't seem to be home after all?

Dressed to immaculate perfection in tailored suits that magnified their extensively broad shoulders and what could only be muscular-defined chests, they made it impossible for her not to stare open-mouthed at them.

She had never in all her sheltered life seen men of this caliber before. Tall, she had already established that, stunningly beautiful in a sort of rugged beastly way, with an aura that tinged the wrong side of baneful. Surely, she must have conjured them out of thin air.

But no matter how many times she blinked and shook her head the three men did not disappear.

"Who...who are you?" she whispered in a fear-infused voice. Belatedly, she realized she was still very much naked under her robe.

She inched her way closer to the door, ready to escape if she needed to.

"Where's Morgan? What are you doing in his house?"

The men remained silent. Instead, they closed the distance between them and her and seemed to suck all the air from around her.

She swallowed awkwardly around the lump in her throat.

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Were they killers? They looked like the killers she'd read about or watched in movies. Well-dressed, silent assassins who knew countless ways to kill her with their bare hands.

What had they done to Morgan? Had they already killed him?

Shut up, she ordered herself silently. She was jumping to the wrong conclusions. For all she knew they were Morgan's work friends, and maybe he was in the kitchen preparing drinks.

Yeah right, and she wasn't the uber-klutzy daughter of a supermodel mom.

No, she had to be reasonable about it before she made an utter fool of herself which inherently was something she didn't want to do in their presence.

"Who are you?" she asked in her normal voice, hoping they would finally answer her instead of looking at her as if she were an oddity from another planet.

Oh, yes. She was completely aware of the looks they were giving. Their thick shiny brows dipped to the center of their foreheads. Their hands nestled in the pockets of the trousers that hugged the muscles in their thighs like a jealous lover.

Seriously, what was wrong with her?

They were looking at her strangely because there she was, her hair a static mess, thanks to her wild solo sessions, her face without a stitch of makeup and if her cheeks looked as hot as they felt, she sprouted an ugly crimson hue in her cheeks. No soft

rosy blushes for her.

To top that off she was wearing a robe that reached mid-thigh, nothing whatsoever underneath... well if one didn't count the broken piece of a sex toy still very much stuck inside her.

Oh god.

These men weren't Morgan's friends. Something had happened to him. Or maybe he was still at work, and they had just broken into his house. They didn't look like regular thieves though. Which meant they were something more sinister altogether, just as she had predicted before she opted to approach it more reasonably.

She had to leave. She had to get help. She had to start screaming and hope she would be able to rouse someone... anyone from their slumber and come to her aid.

She eyed them one more time before she made a mad dash for the door.

She didn't get far at all.

One of them stepped forward with the grace of a sleek powerful animal and casually sealed off her means of escape. The scent of his rather expensive cologne caught onto the air around her. Strange... well stranger things started happening to her body.

Lorelei spun around and pressed against the door, hoping she could teleport herself onto the other side instantly.

She gulped down her breath when he looked at her and she stared up into his magnificent dark gray eyes set in a face that was so uniquely attractive, if her life wasn't in their hands, she would find it hard pressed not to stare openly at him.

His glorious jaw remained tight and controlled. His expression gave nothing else away besides the deep frown creasing his forehead.

This was how she was going to die, and no one would ever find out what happened to her. Or to Morgan.

No. Not today buster.

She wasn't going to go down without a fight, not on her worse day. All she had to do was lift her knee, smash his balls and run screaming out into the street.

But whatever plan she had to knee him and quickly escape was thwarted when he reached out and took a full grip of her hair, pulling her toward him. Goosebumps littered her skin before she was overwhelmed with volcanic heat.

Her body reacted in the strangest way. As if her temperature had spiked to feverish degrees. Maybe to top it all off she was coming down with some bug as well. That would be her luck behaving in its usual way.

"You want to tell us who you are?" he asked.

"I asked that question first. And if you don't answer me, I'm going to start screaming until someone hears me and calls the cops," she countered, displaying a degree of bravery she didn't feel one ounce of. She didn't care that she may have squeaked a little.

Also, she hated the sound of his voice. It was filled with too much authority, and dominance and it weakened her damn knees.

He growled at her but in an instant, he unfastened the tight knot of the belt of her robe. She didn't imagine his sharply indrawn breath when his hand patted her down

as if he were looking for weapons but instead found her horrendously naked.

That had to be the beginning of more humiliating things to come her way which seemed to be the tone for her whole freaking evening.

She cried out and tried desperately to jerk free of his hold. The touch of his large and calloused hands on her bare flesh melted her brain. No man had ever, ever touched her naked skin before and it just so happened that the first man to do so would also be the same man who was probably going to kill her.

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What on earth did she do to deserve all this?

“Where’s Morgan Jules?” he asked.

Lorelei opened her mouth and then closed it. If they didn’t know where Morgan was that meant he was possibly safe. Maybe in hiding if he knew these three men were looking for him? Oh, Morgan, what have you gotten yourself into?

Her mind reeled with incidents from the last week with Morgan. She hadn’t seen him in person since Tuesday but that was hardly anything to be alarmed about since they had gone grocery shopping the Saturday previously and out for lunch the Sunday.

She waved goodbye to him on Tuesday on her way to work but she was late already, so they didn’t talk. He had called on Thursday... but it had been from a number she hadn’t recognized and even that wasn’t a big deal, he did that sometimes when he was at work.

Their conversation had been brief since she had to go to a meeting. But now that she thought about it, he had sounded a little distant. He didn’t even come up with clever ways to tease her about breaking the coffee machine when she told him about it quickly, just that he would be working late the next two nights. Had he even come home the night before? She didn’t know because she had passed out by eight that evening.

“I don’t know where he is,” she said, trying to mask her relief that he might be safe by fastening her gown again which proved awkward to do with his hand still gripping her hair. Every time he pulled a little her nipples hardened, and wetness seemed to

drip from her thighs.

Oh god, she still had the broken part of a sex toy stuck inside her. She had momentarily forgotten her reason for coming over to Morgan's house in the first place.

Fuck on a spear, never mind a stick.

"Are you working with him?"

"What? No. I'm an accountant at Comfy Office Furniture. I don't work with Morgan. I—"

"Is he your boyfriend? Is that why you're here naked under that robe?"

"What? No. No. No. No. I'm his— Morgan is my friend. I don't know where he is. I came over because... because I needed to ask him... something."

But everything was against her now. Lorelei, more mortified than she could ever be, felt the stark incessant pulse electrify her pussy from the toy still inside her. The sole reason she was here at Morgan's house. To seek his help with fixing her phone so she could turn off the device running amok inside her.

Instead, she had found three strangers. Now she was going to have an episode in front of these unknown men. In her friend's house without her friend anywhere in sight. But hopefully safe.

No. No. No.

This had to be the pinnacle of all her disastrous moments put together.

Her breathing took on a dark heavy rhythm and her eyes misted with tears of horror and frustration. With renewed strength, she pushed away from the man still holding her hair captive. His eyes narrowed but he released her on his own accord.

She turned and fumbled with the door, but the hand pressing it down destroyed her mightiest efforts to escape.

Please, please, please, not now.

She had never in all her life been more frozen with indecision than at that moment. Her flight and fight responses were a muddled mess. She moved away from the door as the vibrations rolled through her. Maybe she should be lucky the intensity had been lowered significantly. Hopefully, this was the start of it dying off completely.

But moving away from one man had her bumping into another.

God save her soul.

She couldn't believe her eyes. Despite her pussy being zapped with thrilling but very unwanted pulses coursing through her, she couldn't deny the second man was equally gorgeous and as scary as the first one.

His hair was also dark, but while man number one had his brushed back without a strand out of place, man number two had his soft and wavy with a lock that seemed to constantly fall onto his forehead. But that hardly softened his look. Intense blue eyes stripped her of her breath. His scent and the heat emanating from his body screamed power and danger.

She stumbled away from him and turned straight into man number three.

Why did they have to look so unbelievably attractive and yet also so menacing at the

same time? Man number three, with his dark hair cut incredibly short at the sides and just a little longer on the top, stroked his jaw as he narrowed what she thought were his hazel-colored eyes at her. Nothing detracted from the symmetry of his face, and she couldn't stop herself from gasping.

The buzzing inside her was still at a minimum, and lucky for her the toy was conveniently silent.

But for how long? With the misalignment of her inebriated stars, it wouldn't be long before the app, operated by a ghost clearly, upped the speed and intensity to the mother-load of speed and intensity.

Just kill me now.

Chapter Four

When they decided totake matters into their own hands and deal with the Morgan Jules situation by themselves, Justin Candler and his partners and best friends had no idea a strange but very pretty girl, dressed in a bathrobe and naked beneath with her hair standing on end as if she had been electrocuted, would walk in on them.

He took his time analyzing her. Was she a spy? Was she working with Jules? Was her deer caught in the headlights act just that, an act?

There was no way Jules was working alone. The scale of his transgression was phenomenal. Yet he didn't belong to any organization, any mafia unit. He wasn't even working undercover for any law enforcement. He must have had help. though.

Was she his femme fatal?

He glanced over at Ian and Drake, and they seemed to share the same sentiments about her. She confused them. Which was a rare occurrence. They had enough street-smart training, and experience to size people up immediately, but they couldn't seem to get a read on the dark-haired girl before them.

But there was something else going on with her that hit them differently. Something they weren't accustomed to but which affected all three the same way.

What the fuck?

At the age of thirty-five, he thought his days of being surprised were over. And

nothing had surprised him... until now.

Growing up on the streets and then being placed in an orphanage robbed Justin of everything innocent in his childhood. He had seen things no child should have to at the orphanage where it was survival of the fittest.

But it was also where he had met his best friends, his foster brothers, the men he would die for. Ian Sanson and Drake Litton, all within the same age bracket, early to mid-thirties, with Justin the oldest, were the only men he trusted.

They had saved each other's lives more times than they could count and had protected each other against bullies twice their age when they were barely ten years old themselves.

They had survived. But it had come with a price. By the time they had reached the thirteen-year age mark, a crime lord had come by the orphanage shopping for boys he could train to do his dirty work for him.

He had picked Justin, Ian, and Drake at first glance, without a question asked. He had called their arrogance intelligence, their fearlessness power. He had molded them to the exact degree of violence he required, stealth to go undetected, and the ability to withstand unspeakable forms of torture without giving up anything.

They had had many opportunities to slit his throat when he slept at night. Or take the hundreds of thousands of dollars he kept in his safe at home that Ian could break into with his eyes closed. But they didn't for some reason. Yet they all knew what that reason was. Who were they going to be if they had their freedom?

Whatever fate had set out in their paths had their parents not been so neglectful, discarding them to the street as if they were bags of garbage, had been changed. They were who they were because of the lives they had led.

Nothing could change that.

So, they stayed. And when Antonio DeMarco, better known as The Don died, he had left his entire multi-billion dollar empire to the three of them. The Don's business interests ranged from legitimate mining ventures, which they closed, to trading arms and collecting protection fees from tiny little countries The Don could wipe out if he so chose.

He had sat at the tables of presidents and that of the world's most wanted criminals. And for the last ten years, Justin, Ian, and Drake had done the same. As a trio, exactly how The Don had instructed on his dying bed.

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He had found them as a trio in the orphanage and now they would run his empire as a trio. Because three was better than one, he had said. Three meant there were always eyes behind them, in front of them, and beside them.

They were bonded for life.

The thing that had fascinated The Don the most about them had been their unwavering loyalty to each other. He couldn't fathom how three strangers who shared no blood could have a bond so strong. He didn't understand that the bond of fear was stronger than the bond of blood. Alone and unwanted in the world was enough to create a tsunami of fear and that's what had glued them together.

The Don had remained in awe of their friendship, their demand for equality amongst the three of them. He had wanted that kind of a relationship himself. A brotherhood. But he had killed his three brothers in cold blood when they had tried to steal from him and he hung his only best friend when he fucked his mistress.

The time they had lost their virginity, The Don had arranged a woman skilled in the art of fucking. He had told them just like they shared everything in life, so too should they share a woman.

That had been their first and last time since their taste in women differed so much. But The Don had joked that the next time they felt compelled to share a woman, that was the woman they were going to marry. They had laughed off his prediction.

They weren't the marrying kind. Not then, not now, not ever.

Justin demanded obedience. Nothing like a submissive calling him Sir to get his cock hard after he had spanked her ass a brilliant shade of red just because she belonged to him. So far none of the submissives he had been with had required he return to them. He was always upfront about those things too so there was no confusion.

Ian preferred a woman who would let him experiment on her body. In a way, he also liked his women submissive, eager to please him with a wave of orgasms he orchestrated.

Drake? Drake loved nothing less than a woman with a look of defiance on her face, a brat even but still doing as she was told regardless. He liked to see how far he would let himself be pushed before he took her in hand.

They weren't unaccustomed to beautiful women falling at their feet. They had the looks, the power, and the money to ensure they were never short of female company if they were looking for it.

It might not have been spoken out aloud amongst them, but something had changed in the last couple of years for them. Sex had become a mandatory thing that had started to become an unconscious thing at first then occurring less and less for each of them.

Justin clenched his jaw and put a halt to his thoughts. He had no idea why the sight of her had prompted his whole life to flash before his eyes in full vivid color and all the darkness that went with it.

That usually happened to people who were facing the end of their life, yet he had never before been so aware of the heat in his blood, the savage need to strip her down so he could fully inhale the scent. The fragrance from her body had only teased him for a moment when he had gotten close enough to her to shut the door and keep her inside. But then touching her messed with his head.

He wanted to continue touching her and feel the smoothness of her skin tantalize his senses. But those were immediate things. What surprised him and felt like he had been punched in the gut with a wrecking ball was the fact that he planned to never let her out of his sight. Ever. No woman had made him feel this way.

Another glance in Ian and Drake's way confirmed they were feeling the exact same way. All his thoughts were reflected by them. It was rare they had the same reaction to the same woman. In fact, it had never happened before.

Although it wasn't as if they all wore their emotions visible for everyone to see. No one looking at them would guess that this lovely creature, undeniably fragile under their dangerous touch, had capsized their worlds in the first five seconds of seeing her.

Under different circumstances, he would have slung her over his shoulder, taken her to a bedroom, and shared her six ways to Sunday.

They were powerful men who took what they wanted no matter what it was. They weren't familiar with the concept of asking or depriving themselves of something they wanted. They never had to ask permission; they were given things, commodities, and women if they merely looked their way.

But she was different. She was a challenge they weren't looking for.

They didn't know who she was. Or what she was capable of doing. Would they have to hurt her in the process of getting back what Jules took from them?

What was her connection to their number one enemy of the week? She said he was her friend. Was that true? Did friends visit each other late at night in nothing but a robe?

The thought of her belonging to Jules made him grind his teeth which made no sense at all.

And why was she acting so strange? So jittery. Currently, she seemed to be doing some sort of... dance between them. Holding her hand on her side, doubling over, breathing laboriously. What the fuck was she doing?

“Ooh. Ooh. Ooh. You must let me leave... please, right now,” she said, frenzy filling her sultry tone. “Please, you don’t understand,” she begged again and tried to make it for the door. This time Drake moved over and blocked her exit again.

Her gorgeous face with those vivid dark eyes and lush lips looked flushed and hot, and fucking sexy. His attempt to search her body for weapons had ended as soon as he realized his hands had touched her bare skin underneath her robe and his blood had run hot.

Justin clenched his jaw to stop his cock from hardening further. He couldn’t understand the indescribable need to fuck her, to feel her coming over his cock. For the three of them to fill every hole she had as she begged them to bathe her in their cum.

He didn’t need verbal confirmation from his friends to know they wanted her between them, a part of them inside her. They have never simultaneously wanted the same woman in all their lives before even though their first-time having sex had been with one woman thanks to Antonio DeMarco.

What the fuck was wrong with them all?

She was now a person of interest in their mission to take back what was theirs from the little shit Morgan Jules and then they were going to kill him because no one crossed the DeMarcos as they were known, carrying on the name of the man, The

Don, Antonio DeMarco who had made them what they were today.

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They were going to use her any way they could to lure Morgan out of hiding and end this tedious business with him.

And her?

He didn't know quite what they were going to do with her afterward and that irked him because they always knew what to do. Always.

Chapter Five

Lorelei wanted to cry. Like huge, big ugly hysterical woe-is-me sobs which were hard to do when she was trying not to orgasm in front of three strangers.

Maybe if she did ugly cry, would that frighten these strange men away so she could deal with her problems by herself?

She couldn't believe the power of her thoughts. Hadn't she decided she would start small in her journey of self-sexual discovery because she didn't want to end up in the ER? What had happened instead? She was going to need the freaking damn ER.

Hadn't she mentally mentioned sexy times in front of an audience too and how that was never going to happen? Bingo. Here lies the three strange men audience.

She had done nothing but baited her universe in the most unconscious manner imaginable. If she said she didn't believe in disappearing acts, would she actually disappear from this nightmare?

But yes, she was useless against them, okay more than useless with a toy malfunctioning in her quim—another example of her thirst for worthless information; possessing the British slang for her vagina.

She needed to get rid of the toy inside her so she could help Morgan. There wasn't anything in the world she wouldn't do for her friend.

But first, she needed not to orgasm.

Which she could manage if the intensity didn't magically increase. Still, while the waves teasing the walls of her pussy were subtle, it felt more like a slow build-up, a long foreplay before she did eventually come. It was now or never for her to escape.

Using every bit of control she was worth, Lorelei squashed her thighs together, trying to prolong the effect before disaster struck but also praying the vibrations would stop before she got to that point.

Breathing as if she were in labor because surely that would help—not that she'd ever been in labor, but she had watched enough movies to know what it was supposed to look like, she kept shifting around in the small space of the foyer, the rest of the area taken up by the three huge men surrounding her. The strange looks they were giving her became more pronounced.

Blue Eyes, with the short, short hair and sublime male features still guarded the door, his arms folded over his wide chest.

She allowed her gaze to sweep over the three of them.

Fear slipped down her spine. They were huge and despite being mesmerizing to look at, they were also scary.

These were bad men dressed in suits that cost thousands of dollars.

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She shuddered at the sight of their tattoos, visible on their fingers and peeking out from the collars of their pristine white shirts. If she combined their tattoos with the aura they gave off, she was ninety-nine percent certain they weren't smartly dressed chefs who could prepare fugu without intentionally killing anyone or whip up a perfect soufflé time and again in their sleep.

No, they were in fact killers or crime lords, mafia, or something like that. And somehow Morgan had crossed their radar. But she reminded herself, that as long as they didn't have him, he was safe wherever he was.

Almost whistling through her breaths now, she became acutely aware of her broken phone in her pocket. When scary man number one, yes, she had now added the word scary to their epithets, or Gray Eyes, had given her a body search, she may have ruined him for life when he found bare skin instead and he didn't bother to check her pocket after that.

If they found her phone and managed to fix it, they would have access to what was in it. If she knew Morgan she knew where he would go when he needed to clear his head. She had pictures of them at the cabin on her phone. He had sworn her to secrecy about the location of his haven and she would never betray him. She wasn't going to take any chances in case they could trace his whereabouts from the pictures.

She was so, so screwed... while being screwed at the same time.

"I need the bathroom," she said quickly and headed toward the passage. Great. Now they would think she had a hard time controlling herself in the face of fear. Well duh. Did they have any idea how freaking intimidating and fear-inducing they were?

Blue Eyes, blocked her way to the bathroom. She didn't bother trying to push her way through. She just wouldn't succeed.

God, she needed to sit. She turned right into Morgan's living room. They followed her. But nothing prepared her for the sight she encountered as she glanced around. They had turned everything upside down. What the heck were they looking for?

Fuck.

She spun around and faced them. At least she could put more distance between them now that they were in a bigger space.

"Look, my name is—" She bit her lip then used her fingers to fan herself. Could the situation become any more ridiculous? "Lorelei Johnson. That's my name. I'm an..."

Oh no. Why did it feel as if she were going to come? "Orgasm," she blurted. Fuck no. She bit harder into her lip, drawing a tiny drop of blood but at least she diverted that close call. "My name is Lorelei Johnson. I'm just an accountant. I work for a small furniture manufacturer. Comfy Office Furniture. You can look me up." She sped through her words, trying to get in as much as possible while she could.

"I live next door. Morgan is just my neighbor. An acquaintance," she choked on her lie. "An acquaintance I call my friend because I use those words interchangeably. I know I shouldn't. I... I ran short of... sugar and I needed it... I was making a cake... I have a sweet tooth and I thought maybe my neighbor, who is my acquaintance would be kind enough to lend me a cup of sugar... That is... aalll."

She howled out the last word.

Her fate turned up the dial and went straight into an utterly cruel twisted version.

Gone was the subtle humming of the toy. In its place? Roaring, scintillating shocks that spread from the center between her legs through her whole body. She couldn't control her quivering and opted instead to sit down on one of the chairs in Morgan's living room. She pressed her legs together so rigidly, that she may have been a statue.

But she couldn't stop the rolling climax any more than she could stop the world from turning.

She couldn't believe she was going to come.

Here.

Now.

Trapped in her friend's house by three men she didn't know at all, who could very well end up killing her anyway. They obviously hadn't expected her to interrupt them. She had gotten a glimpse of Morgan's enemies. She would be able to recognize them in her sleep. The thought shocked her. She had only met them what seemed like five minutes ago but she would never, ever forget them. Not a single one of them.

Her thoughts took a jumbled turn then her mind blanked completely. Crying out in what sounded like sheer misery to herself, she fell to her hands and knees. Her whole body quivered. She lifted one of her hands and bit the side of her palm to stop herself from making any sounds. This was bad enough. Moaning while she came? That would be blasphemous given the circumstances.

Her nipples ached so badly, that she thought they would explode if she didn't touch them. But she couldn't. She couldn't do anything that would remotely add to the fact that she was in fact blowing her own trumpet.

Not daring to breathe in a staggering fashion proved an impossible feat. Conflicting

emotions and thoughts punctured her control further. Her mind suddenly became filled with the faces of three men she had never met before. She couldn't deny that the scorching, feverish heat in her body was because of them.

The sight of them had rocked her world. She had been entranced. And even her fear had added to the crazy and curious arousal that had occurred the first moment she laid her eyes on them. Everything she had just said made zero sense, so she was better off believing that her maybe excessive solo venturing had damaged some key faculties in her brain, namely her common sense.

For one split second, before she gave in, the toy stopped vibrating. Her body instantly backtracked as her heart pounded inside her chest.

She couldn't describe her relief. But it was all short-lived.

Hazel Eyes, who had been guarding the front door before, dropped down to his haunches in front of her. He slipped his finger under her chin and forced her to raise her face up to his. She was sure her cheeks had morphed into two blood-red tomatoes.

"Did you just come?" he asked, his voice rough, laced with a tinge of amusement.

Lorelei sprang up from the floor and tightened her already too-tight belt. She still had her pride if nothing else.

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“I did not,” she said forcefully, which was true.

Hazel Eyes did not believe her at all. She didn’t care.

It was time she took charge.

She had maybe another ten minutes before her next installment if she was lucky.

Chapter Six

Panic whirled around her like a black cloud. She had to get out of there. This time for real and immediately.

“Look. I already told you who am I. I have nothing to do with whatever you have going on with my neighbor.” She congratulated herself on not calling Morgan her friend. “I’m going to leave and you can carry on with whatever it is you’re doing here.” To make her point she waved her hand around Morgan’s ransacked living room.

She started to walk backward.

Then promptly fell over an ottoman she knew was there but had forgotten in her haste to escape. She expected to hit the floor with a painful thud, her head banging on the hardwood floors, and possibly lose consciousness in the process too.

Except this time she never met the floor. Gray Eyes and stern demeanor caught her before she tumbled over. Her robe opened and she flashed a good portion of her

naked thigh. Trying her hardest to keep her modesty intact, she simultaneously tried to jerk free of him and conceal her nakedness with the robe.

Then the worst thing happened yet again. The whirring inside her started up again. She couldn't do this again.

"Arg," she shouted. Up to now, she had resisted the urge to scream for help. They would probably gag her before anyone heard her. She didn't stand a chance against them except maybe in the wit department. It was time she came clean, haha, and then they'd see it was just a case of wrong place wrong time.

She pulled herself up and stomped her feet.

"Okay look. I don't know where Morgan is. Like I said I live next door. I'm not his girlfriend. That's not why I'm standing here naked underneath my robe." She had to tell them the truth. They looked like really busy men with zero patience for drama theatrics and that was what her situation was in a nutshell.

"I'm here in my gown and nothing else because I had an emergency. I... I was playing..." Fuck, wrong word. "I was using a toy and it broke off and I needed someone to fix... to drive me to the ER." She almost mentioned her phone, which was still deeply nestled in the robe's pocket. She either had to hide it from their sight or escape before they discovered it on her person. "I need to get it removed. It tends to malfunction at random intervals.

"I saw the lights on here, I thought Morgan was home and that's why I'm here. I'm basically having a medical emergency and it might become serious if I don't get seen immediately. That is the only reason I came over here. It really is just a case of wrong place wrong time. So I'm going to leave and get myself to the ER another way."

"What kind of toy?"

Her exit was now yet again blocked. Big bad bullies.

Right.

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She swallowed, lifted her chin, and poured a good amount of pride into her voice. It wasn't as if she was the first person to use a sex toy. Sure it had to be her that the sex toy would literally break off with the smallest part still inside her and her drunk phone, literally her drunk phone, was still sending off signals to the toy.

"It was...is... It's a sex toy."

"How did that happen?"

For fuck's sake.

"I'm telling you the truth. Now I'd like to leave. Please."

"Drake, check her," Gray Eyes said.

"Check me?" she squeaked. Surely, he didn't mean check her as in see if she really had a sex toy stuck up her pussy. "Are you insane?"

Hazel Eyes came toward her. Oh, flip, the symmetry of his face was so perfect she couldn't help staring. She couldn't help staring at all three of them for that matter.

"You get away from me."

"We can do this the easy way. You come to me and spread your legs. Or..."

The man with short hair and formerly known as Hazel Eyes had a name and his name was Drake.

“Are you fucking insane? I am not letting any one of you touch me. Ever.”

She tried to put a good space between them, but who was she kidding? They were big and powerful and bullies on top of that and she was just clumsy little Lorelei.

For a moment she thought her desperation might give her the strength of a lioness, enough to push Blue Eyes out of the way from blocking her escape.

It was like hitting a brick wall.

She kicked and screamed, but soon he spun her around, pinned her against his body, holding her still without even trying.

Drake reached her and to stop her legs from kicking out, he wedged his thigh between them. She was sandwiched between two men, while a third stood with his hands in his pants pockets and watched.

“I’m not going to hurt you. Not yet anyway,” Drake said. She continued to struggle. At one point she tried to bite his face off and couldn’t believe it when her teeth sank into the little flesh on his jaw.

Instead of ordering her to release him, Blue Eyes with his soft wavy hair did something way more underhanded.

He slipped his hand around her breast, squeezing but not hard enough that it hurt, but the threat was there. Her engorged nipple, a dark pink bud peeked between his fingers.

Drake looked down and saw the same thing the man behind her could see. Her aching nipple was hard and a shade darker now.

Lorelei was quite certain she heard them both rumble against her. Scarlet with humiliation at her body's betrayal, she released her teeth from Drake immediately. The man behind her did the same to her breast.

Drake rubbed his jaw. "I look forward to making you pay for that later," he said darkly but with that signature amusement of his that she had heard before in his voice. The shiver that slithered down her body spiked all her nerves to stand on edge.

"Do you know what Jules took from us?" he continued, with almost a conversational tone as he undid her belt. The only sound was her hard pants.

He had undone her belt and parted her gown.

"Ten million dollars," he said, his hand drifted down her flat stomach to her neatly trimmed mons. She gasped and she didn't know which made her gasp more. What he said or his touch.

She couldn't move without bumping into hard muscle, reminding her how inconsequential she was between them. They could crush her with their little fingers if they so chose.

"It's not about the money so much. We have plenty more. One million is stupid, the penalty a broken neck. Ten million? That's an audacity punishable by a very slow, torturous death."

Her body couldn't handle the conflicting sensations. She couldn't believe that Morgan would have done such a thing. Ten million dollars? What need would he have for that much money?

But all her thoughts crashed into each other when Drake's finger slipped between her very wet folds. She felt swollen—which made sense considering all the orgasms she

had had, even what she believed were just phantom ones.

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She bit her lip and closed her eyes. She went through her whole life without ever being touched by any man, by choice, yes, but in one night, two strange men had put their hands on her naked body.

One of them was touching her soaked pussy. She couldn't withstand the myriad thrills that sparked off her skin. The deep-rooted flush wrecked her whole body.

In between the tumultuous but extraordinary sensations, grave bouts of humiliation coursed through her.

If he touched her a little more, a little deeper he would find the toy and they would know she had been telling the truth. The truth would solidify just what a klutz she was. She couldn't even go through one session of fun times with a sex toy without turning it into a debacle of epic proportions.

Why was she like that? But she knew the answer to that.

One word. Mom.

Again she didn't know why she cared whether these men saw her as a klutz or not. It was never going to matter to them either way whether she was a graceful princess or a clumsy idiot. They just wanted their money back that Morgan had somehow allegedly taken.

She whimpered as Drake pressed the tip of his finger inside her. She couldn't believe the fullness she felt at being touched that way.

She closed her eyes as she soaked his finger.

God help her.

Her clit pulsed. She didn't think it was possible but somewhere, somehow, her body rose to his touch. What was wrong with her?

Her hands immediately went to his chest, her fingers forming a fist against his strong heartbeat.

She couldn't bear to look at him and dropped her head the instant she knew the tip of his finger touched the silicon of the toy embedded at an awkward angle inside her. If only her arms had been longer, she would have been able to remove it herself.

If only.

His breath lingered on her hair; she definitely heard his growl before he removed his finger from her pussy.

"She's telling the truth about the toy."

He didn't need to add that she could still be working with Morgan, which is what they still believed, and that she knew where he was.

She started to tremble the deeper his finger slipped up. Without thinking she gripped his wrist. Her fingers curled around what she could of his wrist.

"Oh god," she whispered. Her head fell back against the hard muscular chest of the man behind her. He scorched her body where he touched her with his. Her back against the strong steady beats of his heart. Her thighs against his powerfully corded ones. Her ass was against his cock.

She cried out and pressed further into him as Drake's finger swept through her. He lifted her leg with his free hand, opening her wider for Drake.

If she came right at that moment, she wouldn't care what happened for the rest of her life. She would flee the country and live out her days in a cave somewhere.

"Please, don't," she begged. Please don't what? Make her come again? The toy going off again seemed to be the least of her problems now.

The walls of her pussy tightened around his finger without her permission. Drake roared at her. She tried to relax. But she was so highly strung she was rigid.

"Breathe," the man behind her said softly. As if she had been waiting for him to tell her to do so, Lorelei released her breath. Drake pushed up further inside her.

She whimpered as he seemed to get a grip on the toy. He started to roll it out of her.

She was so wet he could have easily lost his grip on it again.

He swept the toy out first and it was the man behind him who captured it at the entrance of her pussy before Drake pulled his finger from her.

He gave a look she couldn't read before he passed that same look onto the other men. She had no idea what that meant.

Under different circumstances, she would have rejoiced at the removal of that damn piece of toy but now her pride lay in tatters. She would have gladly faced an entire medical facility's staff than just these three men.

She refastened her robe, once the man behind her released her as well.

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“Thank you,” she said stiffly. “Can I go now?”

“No. You’re coming with us.”

Chapter Seven

Wait. What? No.

Lorelei realized she had spoken those words only in her head. She’d been too stunned to speak.

Without her brain and her pussy being zapped into the stratosphere at freakishly irregular intervals of varying intensity levels, she could finally fully process what they had said about Morgan.

Oh, Morgan. Did you really steal ten million dollars from these men?

Which brought her back to another question. If he did, why did he do it?

Also, they were taking her with them?

“Excuse me?” she exclaimed. “What? What do you mean I’m going with you? Where? Also no. I’m not going anywhere with you. I’ll be no use to you at all. I don’t know Morgan that well and I won’t be able to help you. I am going home. So, goodnight.” She crossed her fingers for two reasons. One in the hope they believed her and let her go and two, she at least made a graceful exit which is to say, not trip over anything.

She needed a moment to clear her head so she could start putting her efforts into finding Morgan and getting answers. She also needed to sit in a corner alone and try and decipher if the last thirty minutes or so of her life had really happened.

How did she go through her entire day without knowing they existed, to have them take over her world? She didn't even know all their names, except Drake, and not because he had introduced himself. Oh no. She had overheard him being called Drake.

"Just acquaintances?" Blue Eyes held up a small, framed photo. Panic dropped like a boulder into the pit of her stomach.

There was nothing Morgan hated more than having his picture taken. Usually, she could wear him down maybe twice, three times a year to take one with her, but that was about it. The pictures she had on her phone consisted of only a few of Morgan and one at his secret cabin. He cherished that place. His father had built it with his bare hands and Morgan had helped him.

She understood him needing to keep his father's memory alive. She was doing the same with her phone. Ordinarily she couldn't care about things like that, but that phone was the last thing he had given her for her birthday. She really hoped she could get it fixed and if not, she would still carry it around with her. She never claimed not to be sentimental that way.

The picture that Blue Eyes held up was taken about three years ago at the beach. She put her sun hat on his head and kissed his cheek as she took the picture.

Okay, now she was screwed. Officially.

"Okay. Fine. Morgan is my friend. I've known him my whole life. But I swear I don't know anything about the money, and I don't know where he is. I haven't seen him

since Tuesday when I waved goodbye to him on my way to work.”

“We think you know exactly where he is and you’re going to tell us one way or another.”

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This was getting bigger than she was. It was also getting more dangerous.

She was now also convinced there was nothing legitimate about them. If they were anything but respected businessmen, they would have the law involved in getting their money back... if Morgan did indeed take it.

Crime lords? Criminals? Scary mafia men? When people stole from them, they went after them this way. Normal people didn't break into other people's homes and ransack the place. Also, what were they looking for anyway? Their ten million dollars hidden in Morgan's sofas.

Everything got too real too quickly.

"You're going to kidnap me?" she asked in a small voice.

Gray Eyes lifted his jacket away from his body, purposefully. She staggered backward when she noticed he was carrying a firearm.

"Are you going to tell us where he is?"

"I don't know where he is."

"Is that your final answer?"

"Yes." She started to hyperventilate. The true nature of her situation made itself known and she was now perilously and precariously too deep in it. Despite her deep terror of these men, protecting her friend outweighed her fear without question. When

she had thought they might kill her when she found them in Morgan's house it had been more, haha, they were going to kill her. Now it was yeah, this was really truly how she was going to die.

It was too late to start screaming like a maniac now, not that before would have been a better time. Gray Eyes still had his gun, then and now. The outcome could have been the same. A bullet to shut her up.

"Are you... are you going to... torture me?" Oh god, please not her nails. She had a genuine fear of her nails being physically removed from her fingers. She had watched too many movies with Morgan.

"We have our means."

She clenched her fists. She was so mad at Morgan she wanted to throw a chair at him. She'd miss but she'd still get some satisfaction from it. How did he get tangled up in this mess with these men? She was definitely going to throw something at him when she saved him from this disaster. That's what she was going to do. Save her best friend in the whole wide world because he would do the same for her.

She had to stay strong. She had to stay sane.

She was going to die. For real, for real.

"Can I at least change into something more practical?"

"We'll allow it. We'll also need your cell phone. Laptop. Any other communication device."

Oh shit.

“Well, I don’t own my own laptop. I use the company one and I leave it at work. And my cell phone broke. I spilled wine over it.” It was easier for her when she told the truth.

“I see. Where’s your cell right now?”

“It’s... It’s getting repaired at the shop. In the mall. By a nice man who speaks six languages and...”

Shut up, Lorelei.

That’s what happened when she lied. She kept adding exaggerated details as if she couldn’t help herself. She was glad she stopped before she included, he owned an alligator in his backyard.

“Ian will go with you,” Gray Eyes said. Ah. Now she had a second name. Ian.

She lost all her natural ability to breathe like a normal person when Ian strode toward her, bent down, wrapped his arm around her knees and hauled her over his shoulder.

Her world tilted upside down in an instant.

Indignity was something Lorelei was not unfamiliar with, but this destroyed her.

Being carried out in the dead of night over the shoulder of a man whose name she had just learned, in a robe and nothing more took first prize on her scale of ignominy.

Her attempts to make a noise, mostly to insist she could walk on her own two feet were instantly shut down with the threat of a spanking.

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She couldn't believe her ears.

Did he threaten to spank her?

She did pat herself on the back for her fast thinking though when it came to her cell phone.

The information on there, if the device could be fixed, could reveal Morgan's hideout cabin.

She might be clumsy but she wasn't stupid. If they couldn't torture information out of her, they would use her to lure Morgan out into the open.

She quickly surmised that the chances of them returning to Morgan's house were slim as they wouldn't have any reason to do so, at least not anytime very soon. But they might be tempted to search her house for her phone, if they believed she was lying.

While being carted out of Morgan's house, she increased her struggles and wiggles to be put down then surreptitiously removed her phone and tossed it into the potted plant in the foyer.

Miraculously, she didn't miss.

The phone didn't fall from her hand and shatter. And none of them had seen what she had done. It worked in her favor that Gray Eyes and Drake had walked in front with Ian carrying her, behind them.

Now the chances of Morgan finding the phone were slim to none. But at least her phone would be kept safe until she returned.

If she returned.

Ian carried her to her house. Not taking his eyes off her made her feel increasingly exposed as he made quick work of finding her bedroom and then setting her down.

She turned a blood red as he took in what she would call her crime scene since her night of fun had turned into a night of debauchery and the evidence thereof remained visible for anyone to see.

The lingering fragrances of her bubble bath and her body butter still clung to the air. In the open box of chocolates on her bedside table, at least five were eaten already. The overturned bottle of wine. The rumbled bed looked as if two people had tossed about in it except it had just been her and her toy. And oh dear, the red wine stain on the pristine white comforter.

She had no idea what any of the three of them might think of her, but it couldn't be good. Clearly, she didn't discriminate. She made bad impressions on both the law-abiding population and those who didn't abide by the law. Perfect.

She gathered up a pair of track pants, a T-shirt, and as discreetly as she could, a set of underwear. She was going to take her shower first before she was going to be kidnapped and no one was going to tell her otherwise.

She walked into her bathroom then closed the door behind her. Not a moment later, the door opened at the same instant she had removed her gown. She shrieked in horror and tried to cover herself up again but a mocking voice in her head told her he had already seen her bits. In fact, Ian had taken her breast in his hand and made her nipple swell to twice its size.

“The door stays open. You have three minutes or I’m taking you as you are.”

She had no smart retort, so she glared at him for a second and stepped into her shower with her robe still covering her. Luckily her cubicle was on the left side of the door, so he didn’t have a direct view of it from the bedroom.

She lathered herself up hastily. She totally believed he would come in there after three minutes and drag her out whether she had soap in her eyes and was dripping wet or not.

Once she turned off the shower, she remained in the cubicle, dried herself off then proceeded to get dressed there.

She couldn’t deny she felt a lot better with some proper clothes on. She pulled on a hoodie and quickly packed a bag. One overnight bag was all that Ian allowed her.

“But how long will I be incarcerated?” she asked, sarcastically.

“As long as it takes.”

Fine.

After packing in lots of underwear, socks, pajamas, jeans, track pants, and T-shirts, she collected her toothbrush and her hairbrush, a bottle of lotion, moisturizer and deodorant.

Ian carried her bag and then she was bundled into a car that had been parked across the street. She hadn’t noticed it before, but then again, she had been speed walking... speed running to get Morgan to help her out with her lady bits dilemma. She hadn’t paid much attention to anything else around her then.

She scooted over to the other side of the passenger seat at the back, childishly wanting to get as far away from them as possible in a confined place. Naturally, it didn't help.

Drake was already seated on the other end and Ian slipped in the front.

She felt constantly on the brink of a real honest-to-goodness panic attack.

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How she played this would determine Morgan's safety. She had to be smart. She had to find it within herself to be smart.

They drove through the sleepy residential area of Rosepalm and into the city. Bright lights beckoned like stars at the nightlife around her. Her stomach turned inward when Gray Eyes turned into the underground parking area of a magnificent glass building.

She knew instantly where they were. The Vermilion was the most popular and hottest nightclub in New York. Not only because it served free drinks to everyone, only the most sought-after, most expensive DJs were allowed to feature their skills there. She had never been there, of course simply because she would stick out like a sore thumb.

Why were they bringing her to a nightclub of all places?

Chapter Eight

Bewildered, Lorelei allowed herself to be led from the car and guided into an elevator.

She was taken up to the tenth floor but as the elevator rose from the glass cubicle walls she could see the nightclub below.

Hundreds of people, all young and free and having the time of their lives, danced and drank and enjoyed the night away.

Girls dressed in skimpy little skirts and sequined tops swayed to the music she couldn't hear because the elevator was clearly soundproof. She also assumed the

glass was tinted and allowed her to look out without being looked at.

Eventually, the doors opened to a plush receiving area.

She staggered into Drake accidentally when her gaze brushed over a man more than seven feet in height, his bald head completely marked with ink. So were his hands. He seemed to be bursting out of his suit.

“Boss,” he said, his tone filled with respect, lowering his head as he seemed to address all three men as boss. Beside him she noticed another man who wasn’t as tall but almost just as large, dressed in a leather jacket, his face marked with piercings. She didn’t know what was happening, but the man’s presence seemed to make them clench their jaws collectively.

Ian pressed his palm to a pad on the wall and a massive white engraved door opened into what completely took her breath away.

A vista of sheer magnificence engulfed her. The penthouse as she discovered was bigger than anything she had ever seen. The space was open plan, the furniture pure white with tones of leather and bursts of color here and there.

The look and feel screamed power and masculinity. Every piece, from the art to the furniture, to the rugs on the marble tiled floor to the state-of-the-art kitchen had price tags Lorelei couldn’t begin to imagine.

She was overwhelmed and felt uncannily alone in this space with these men who had no sympathy or pity for her. She didn’t belong here. But that wasn’t the issue. She hadn’t been invited. She had in fact been kidnapped and brought here.

She stood as awkwardly as ever in the middle of the living room, unsure what to do next.

“This will be the room you’ll be using,” Drake said as he gripped her arm and dragged her along. He shoved her into a room and dropped her overnight bag on the floor.

“Stay here,” he warned as he shut the door in her face.

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“Thank you, Mike. Bring him in. That will be all for the night. See you tomorrow,” she heard Ian say before the door actually clicked closed. She vaguely heard Mike wishing them a good night.

Just as she had stood dumbfounded in the middle of their living room, she stood dumbfounded in the bedroom assigned to her, facing the door.

She could vaguely make out voices and then suddenly the sound of a man screaming reached her ears. She nearly jumped out of her skin. Her chest heaved as the agony-filled voice of the man pierced her eardrums.

Slowly and unsure she inched her way to the door and pressed her ear against it.

“Justin, please, please. I’m begging you. I have a family.”

Justin? Gray Eyes had a name after all, and it was Justin.

Justin. Ian. Drake.

“You should have thought of your family before you decided to change your alliance.”

“You knew what would happen when you joined our enemies, Ace. What did you think was going to happen? That we would give you our blessings? You stole business from us and money and now you’ll pay the price.”

“Please, please. Please. I’m begging for my life. I made a mistake. I’ll make things

right. I'll..."

The genuine fear in the man's voice grew more and more disturbing for Lorelei to hear.

"Okay. Wait. I know when their next shipment is coming in. I'll give you everything. Please, just let me live."

"Go on."

Her eyes misted with tears as real dread filled her veins. She barely listened to the man spill details about some arms shipment as he gave them the specifics.

"I told you everything I know. I'll work in the kitchen here at your club for the rest of my life, but please, please, don't kill me."

"It's too late for you, man. You know we can't let you get away with stealing from us and live."

Lorelei stumbled backward as a shattering scream pierced her eardrums.

Panting and quivering, she bumped into the bed as she staggered away from the door and then plopped herself down.

Did they kill him? Right there in their living room?

Oh god, what had she become involved in?

Beneath it all, she was still just a clueless little virgin with no real-life experience or any street-smart credentials to call upon, kidnapped by men who lived in a different world. A world where they ruled, and law and order didn't apply to them. She was so

out of their league, she was a corpse already.

What were they going to do to her once they were done with her? She had no intention of giving them even the tiniest bit of information on Morgan, no matter what they did to torture her. But once they had no use for her, what then? For the first time in her life she wasn't exaggerating her thoughts.

This was real.

Morgan had gotten involved with the mafia. Would they dump her body in a river somewhere when she was of no use to them? Human traffic her to the other end of the world? Those possibilities were so real she whimpered in fear for herself and Morgan.

She was scared witless and seriously doubted she was going to make it out alive, either way. She clenched her fists so tightly together to stop herself from crying hysterically.

It started with one stupid toy. And of course Morgan's own stupidity. Where was he? Was he safe? Why was he doing this? Did he know who he was messing with when he took their money? But what if he was innocent? That gave her some hope. If Morgan was innocent and they'd had the wrong people, they might just be able to escape with their lives intact.

She had to believe that Morgan wouldn't do so something as stupid as take money from the men who tended to kill those who crossed them. Scary men. Mafia men.

Please be innocent, Morgan. Please be innocent and I'll find a way to get us out.

She curled up on the bed and sobbed herself to sleep. But her dreams were chaotic and filled with violence. She became aware of herself tossing and turning, trying to

escape the images in her mind.

She cried in frustration as her dreams took a deeper hold. Blood stained their pure white rugs and trailed over their marble tiles to their front door. She saw herself standing in the middle, this time in a sheer nightgown that revealed her nakedness beneath.

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She watched Justin wipe his hands clean of blood. Ian used a napkin to scrub out the crimson stain on his white shirt. Drake poured a drink, his knuckles still bloodied.

Suddenly they came toward her. She couldn't move. She couldn't escape them.

An orgasm raked through her as she stood there, as they forced her to look at them. She wanted to stop it. But she couldn't. She didn't wish to.

Glimpses of Justin touching her naked body, of him catching her when she had stumbled over the ottoman in Morgan's living room. The scalding heat his hand had left on the small of her spine that she had felt through the thickness of her robe. The breathlessness he had created just being that near to her.

A montage of Ian tossing her over his shoulder, his large, calloused hand gripping the flesh of her naked thigh to hold her in place.

That same hand touched her soaking wet pussy to remove the small piece of the sex toy that had gotten stuck inside her. She gasped and pressed herself against his body, against his cock without realizing what she was doing.

Drake parted her folds, his finger flicking over her clit to get to her center which had made her knees weak and her pussy wetter. The feel of him touching inside her, the most intimate private part of her body and she hadn't even protested when Ian lifted her leg to open her up wider for him.

The way he had curled his finger around the toy and then rolled it out of her. He had been so gentle, but she dripped so much she soaked his finger with her arousal. The

dark warning he had issued of payback when she bit him. Was he going to bite her back?

Those images merged into one and then they were touching her. Six hands were all over her body. Three mouths, biting, sucking, licking her, marking her. Three cocks inside her.

Their cocks inside her...

She leaped from the bed in a cold sweat, her T-shirt under the hoodie she wore clung wetly to her.

She rubbed her face and told herself it was a dream. A nightmare... if she ignored the fact that her panties were soaked through, and her nipples still ached to be touched.

Chapter Nine

Lorelei managed to fall asleep again but woke up way too early the next morning.

She had no idea what the day would hold but it couldn't be anything good. How could it be when she had been captured by the mafia and they were using her to get their money back?

Again, she repeated inside her head that no matter what they did to her, she couldn't say anything about Morgan, about the cabin, anything at all. If they found him they would kill him. Just like the man called Ace. She could still hear his cries echo around in her head.

She gingerly rose from the bed, opened her overnight bag, grabbed fresh clothing, and entered the en suite bathroom. Everything was sheer luxury, from the marble bathtub to the gold-rimmed mirrors.

She took a shower that felt as if she were standing under a waterfall and used the guest soap to clean up. After that she dressed in another track pants and a loose T-shirt, yeah fashion wasn't her strong point. She had made sure that was the image she portrayed to her mother if only to be left alone. She wore skirt suits for work and jeans, track pants and shorts seldomly on the weekends.

Her stomach dropped when the knuckles of someone rapped against the door.

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Dear god.

Was today the day it ended for her? She was so frightened she wanted to crawl under the bed and never come out. But she wasn't a coward. She would face her executioners head-on despite being petrified of what they were going to do to her.

"Hello, are you awake, Missy?"

Lorelei frowned at the cheerful female voice on the other side of the door but at once that comforted her. She needed a friendly face if that friendly voice was anything to go by.

She opened the door.

"Oh, there you are. Did you sleep well, young lady?"

"I... yes, thank you." What was she going to say? No, I had a sex dream where the very men capable of killing people which happens to be their business were the ones fucking me.

"Good. Come on, Breakfast is ready." She linked her arm with Lorelei's and led her to the dining room. "My name is Mrs. Fox and I've taken care of this trio since the first time they came to live with The Don when they were still young little boys."

Lorelei stiffened at the sight of the three of them. She clung even closer to Mrs. Fox who she had just met.

Wait, did she say The Don? As in the head of the Italian mafia? They were taken in by the head of the Italian mafia when they were still young?

She didn't need any more proof. And after what they had done with Ace, no more speculations were required either.

They were the mafia.

Fuck.

She was in over her head.

Still, her gaze had no filter or fear and settled on the three of them. Freshly showered and dressed in their immaculate suits, they still continued to mesmerize her as much as they scared her.

They could easily be on the covers of magazines for the rough, tough, powerful but smooth and sophisticated looks they had. But they were killers. They were going to kill her and Morgan if they found him.

"It's not every day I make it up here. But when I do, I always cook my boys a full breakfast."

What would she call that kind of breakfast for these kinds of people? A breakfast for killers?

She wondered how they explained her presence in their home. Next in line to be killed?

She was losing her mind. Fear messed with her thinking.

“And this is my granddaughter and their goddaughter, Gianna.”

Lorelei looked at the young girl who emerged from behind the door of the fridge. With her pixie-style haircut and huge blue eyes, the girl waved at her with an apple stuck between her lips. She pulled out the apple and came rushing toward Lorelei.

“Oh, you’re fucking gorgeous,” Gianna squealed then hugged her. Unsure, Lorelei hugged her back and decided she liked the girl dressed in denim shorts, a tank top with cute butterfly tattoos on her arms and piercings on her eyebrow and nose.

“Gianna, language,” Justin said, without looking up from his laptop. The stern tone of his voice sizzled down her spine.

Gianna stuck her tongue out. “Don’t let these three ogres scare you. I have some pepper spray, remind me to leave it with you,” she whispered, only she whispered it loud enough that they could hear.

“When do you go back to school?” Ian asked. He had been reading from a newspaper and Lorelei in her state of confusion didn’t know why she found that... made her breath catch.

“Never. I’m dropping out.”

“The hell you,” Drake said as he lifted his glass of orange juice and took a sip. Lorelei spun away from him when she realized her attention had been on his lips and he had caught her staring.

“Uncle Drake, I thought you were the coolest.”

“Don’t mind them. She gives them a hard time because they’ve spoiled her. Lorelei dear, can you help me bring in the muffins while I get fresh coffee?”

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She smiled and followed Mrs. Fox to the kitchen and took the platter of still steaming muffins from her. She was doing fine and had almost made it to the table when she tripped over the rug.

Everything seemed to happen in slow motion. As it usually did. But like the ottoman when Justin had saved her from hitting the floor, this time it was Ian who somehow with great stealth and fluidity of motion, caught her around her waist, brought her up front and helped her balance the platter of muffins.

The scent of his cologne coated her. The power in his body against hers reminded her of how he had helped her before when they had removed her malfunctioning toy.

Only one of the muffins hit the floor. She quickly fled out of his grasp.

Stupid rug.

“Are you all right, deary?”

She nodded so hopelessly embarrassed.

“Now, sit. Eggs?” Mrs. Fox asked.

Lorelei nodded tentatively and soon Mrs. Fox handed her a plate piled high with everything on the table.

She ate because she needed her strength and she was sure everything tasted amazing but all she tasted was apprehension and dread. She helped Mrs. Fox clean up, as

Gianna chatted while eating a bar of chocolate, without any major incidents if she didn't count knocking over a glass that Gianna caught before it shattered to the floor and nicking the tip of her finger when she put a knife away.

Mrs. Fox quickly wrapped it in a band-aid and kissed her on her forehead. That was something her father would have done. Her mother, on the other hand, would have shouted at her for having the grace of a drunken antelope and not bothered to tend to her, because she needed to meditate on why she had birthed the biggest klutz to have ever lived. In the end, those kinds of episodes were better than dressing up for beauty pageant after beauty pageant. Lorelei had found a solution to deal with her mother and keep her peace for a small price of being called a klutz.

After a while, Mrs. Fox and Gianna left but not without Gianna telling her she would come to visit her again soon but this time she whispered it in Lorelei's ear.

Alone with the three of them again, Lorelei had no idea what to do. The one thing was certain, she couldn't do this limbo thing anymore. Waiting for the ax to fall. Her head to roll. Her body to be wrapped in a carpet and flung into the river. Like what had happened to Ace.

"I think you should know I trip over invisible objects at least once daily, as you've already seen. Sometimes twice. I broke my leg, my wrist and my toe. And I would have cut my whole finger off but I restricted myself from doing so," she said holding up her band-aid-covered index finger. "In fact I stumped my toe so many times it's practically numb. I have bruises I didn't know I had skin to bruise."

She cringed as she listened to herself spouting off her credentials, which would make her a perfect candidate for a session of torture.

"I'm a walking disaster and pain is my friend. So if you want to torture me into giving you answers, can you just start now? This wait is making me crazy."

She really was spiraling.

Justin placed a cell phone in front of her, then connected it to a number she didn't recognize.

"Tell him to deliver the memory stick in person or you're dead."

What? Did they find a way to locate Morgan? Memory stick? That's what they had been looking for. Did the memory stick have offshore account details? Oh, Morgan.

"Hello." Morgan's voice sounded on the other side of the phone. She never thought she would hear his voice again.

"Oh my god, Morgan. Are you okay?"

"Lorelei? Is that you?"

"Yes. How did you get this number? Are you okay? Where are you?"

He didn't seem to know anything.

"Oh fuck. They have you? The DeMarcos? Fuck. Lorelei, listen to me, did they hurt you? Touch you in any way."

She didn't need to be told they were in fact the DeMarcos.

"No. Morgan, you listen to me, whatever you do, don't meet them anywhere, they'll kill you. I can take care of myself. Just leave them the memory stick somewhere and run. Please. If they find you they're going to kill you. They want you. They're not interested in the money. Run and don't ever come back." She disconnected the call immediately.

The kind of silence that ensured was the kind that spelled her doom.

Shaking, she finally glanced up at the men.

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Justin had removed his suit jacket and was in the process of rolling up his shirt sleeves. The sight of his corded forearms drenched with tattoos sucked all the air out of her lungs.

Still, she forced herself to stay rooted to the spot despite her body trembling and turning what felt like a hundred degrees hotter.

She felt flustered and almost delirious by the time he slid his leather belt through the loops of his pants.

Instinctively she knew what he was going to do to her.

“Did you follow the instruction you were given?”

“No,” she said defiantly. What did she have to lose? She could have saved Morgan’s life by warning him. That was worth it.

Chapter Ten

They were changing and they couldn’t deny it anymore.

Justin knew that under any other circumstance they would have ended Ace’s life right there and then. The crime he committed was the worst. He betrayed them. He stole from them. Just like Morgan Jules.

But now they were going soft.

They had roughed Ace up a little. Broken six of his fingers before then sent him on his way. Once he recovered, he'd be paying his dues by washing glasses in the kitchen of Vermilion.

They should have killed him.

The day before they met her, they would have. But something held them back. Maybe it was because she was so close by, in another room. They didn't want to infect her with the blood they drew and yet that was who they were. That was who they had decided to be when they stayed and took over Antonio DeMarco's legacy.

Fuck, she was making them soft. They couldn't be known as the most successful, most lethal mafia unit if they went around sparing everyone's life and making them work for free in the kitchens of the clubs they owned. They would be laughed out of their top spot.

She had to go.

And their one chance to get their vengeance on the piece of chicken shit, Morgan Jules who thought he could get away with stealing their money, she blew by warning him not to follow their instructions.

They had gotten lucky when their people discovered he had signed into one of his gaming profiles from a cell phone. The GPS had been scrambled—he was smart that way—but they'd had a cell number at least until he changed it again. It was enough to let him know they had Lorelei. Instead, she had begged him to give up the memory stick but not himself. That wasn't going to work. They needed to make a proper example of Jules.

Now he was forced to... touch her. She had to know her place with them. They demanded obedience.

But fuck... touching her again...

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Drake had mentioned how incredibly tight she had been when he had removed the sex toy from her pussy. And the way she reacted to being touched by him, he was certain she was still a virgin. When Drake had delivered that information, he had unleashed something else inside them.

A fucking virgin. Untouched by any other man. Not that it would matter if she weren't a virgin.

They wanted to own her. Mark her as their property. Let the world know she belonged to them. But she didn't fit in their world. She was too sweet, too fucking beautiful. Innocent.

They were monsters and they would devour her whole. They didn't own her yet and already the thought of any other man touching her boiled their blood. They may have gotten a bit soft when they spared Ace's life but if another man so much as touched her or looked at her, they would kill him with their bare hands and keep their heads as trophies.

Yeah, she had to go.

They wanted this business with Jules over.

“Pull your pants down, Lorelei, and bend over the table.”

“No,” she said, crossing her arms over her chest. She did a good job of hiding her delectable body with clothes that were too big and baggy for her. But each of them knew the hot curves, the full breasts, the perfect little nipples, the pretty pussy she

was hiding.

“Is that your final answer, sweetheart?”

She swung her gorgeous face in Drake’s direction. “Yes.”

“You do know that’s twice in a row you disobeyed two instructions, right?” Ian helped her see what a deep hole she was digging for herself.

“Last time. We asked you to pull down your pants only and bend over the table. Still, no?”

“Still no.”

“So be it,” Ian said, then retrieved his cell phone from his pocket.

She had escalated things to another level now.

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Lorelei remained in place, her shoulders straight, her chin raised. She was not going to pull her pants down, bend over the table, and let Justin use his belt on her. She had done the right thing, by warning Morgan and she would stand by that.

If they wanted to spank her then they’d have to come and get her. But she was sticking by the principle of it and that was all.

It annoyed her that her nipples strained through her baggy t-shirt despite her wearing a bra. And that her panties were uncomfortably wet. She didn’t know why she was aroused. How could this arouse her at all?

She had been kidnapped, held prisoner, and now three of the most fascinating, most indescribably gorgeous, and unequivocal dangerous men had threatened to take their belt to her ass. That's what had aroused her? Her helplessness against them? That no matter what she did or said they would do what they wanted with her?

As if they had taken away her control and that had set her body on fire.

She physically shook her head. She was being impossible. She couldn't allow her body to have a say as far as they were concerned. In her head, she knew they were going to make an example out of Morgan for daring to cross them.

That should be the only thing that mattered to her.

Panic prickled her skin as she watched both Ian and Drake remove their jackets and roll up their sleeves. She closed her eyes against the sight of their equally splendid forearms. She couldn't take anymore.

She sucked in a huge breath when Drake closed the distance between them. His cologne hit her first then his heat.

She swallowed nervously. Part of her mind frantically wondered why Ian had retrieved his phone when she had made her final decision not to obey. Who was he texting and why? Did it have anything to do with her? Was she just being paranoid?

"If you had just listened, Lorelei," Drake murmured.

A ping sound echoed around the apartment. Ian went to answer the door and brought back with him a brown paper bag that contained what, she had no idea.

But it all looked too ominous for her comfort.



She froze when Drake moved behind her. He grasped the hem of her loose-fitting T-shirt and dragged it up her body.

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She also refused to react. But that was harder to do when he had whipped off her T-shirt leaving her in her track bottoms and a bra.

Oh god.

She wasn't going to survive this. She had overestimated her abilities.

Everything was wrong with her world.

Drake dragged his finger down her back.

"Are you going to fight me? Call me names?" he asked softly.

She sealed her lips against falling for his taunts. All she wanted to do was scream at them, call them names, ask them if they were deranged, and why did they have this effect on her when they were her enemies.

But she remained still.

"Refusing to pull down your pants and bend over the table has now resulted in you losing all your clothes and an extra punishment."

He snapped her bra open and before Lorelei could shield her breasts from their view, he pushed her into the table, forcing her to balance herself on her hands.

He grabbed her hips and pulled her a little more away from the table so that her spine arched deeply.

There was no way out of this for her. Still, she refused to say anything. Her defiance was the only thing left of her pride now.

He then tugged at the waistband of her pants and dragged both her panties and her pants down to her knees.

Lorelei gritted her teeth as Drake bent to his hunches. Her fully exposed ass and pussy clear in his line of sight. So too was her wetness.

A single tear dripped down her cheek. Her self-pity had reached bounds undiscovered.

Drake unfastened her sneakers, removed them both, and then pulled her pants and panties from her legs. He kept her socks on and somehow that made her heart flutter.

She couldn't turn her body off from reacting to the sensations all three of them evoked. Even though it was Drake touching her, the fact that Justin and Ian watched him do so added the same amount of fire to her soul.

She found she couldn't separate the men from each other. She couldn't think about them individually, she didn't just have one preference.

She couldn't choose between them.

She didn't know what that made her.

### Chapter Eleven

Lorelei almost choked on her own breath. Ian had carried his brown paper bag to the table in front of her.

He pulled out a string of beads.

She had perused enough sex toy shops online to know what they were meant for.

She was not going to get through this with any of her already fast-depleting dignity intact.

Out of nowhere, Drake slapped her ass so hard that a cry of sheer agony burst from her. She was certain his handprint would remain etched in her skin for days to come.

“So fucking pretty,” he said then traced the redness which she could feel was blooming fast.

Dragging the string of beads with him, Ian slipped in behind her.

She started to pant before he touched her. She was already heaving intensely when he gathered the beads in the palm of his hand and rolled it against the super-drenched, aching-hot center between her thighs.

Lorelei’s elbows gave in, and she found herself leaning her whole upper body onto the table for support.

She clenched her hands and her jaw. She shifted and swayed, and she so desperately wanted to cry out loud. But she bit her lip to keep her silence. But when Ian pressed his thumb into her asshole, she shot up from the table and whimpered.

“Down, girl,” Drake said in front of her. She so wanted to defy him. She had a feeling he enjoyed her doing what he wanted but doing it with her defiance was still visible.

She obeyed and lowered herself back onto the table.

Ian removed the wet beads from her pussy and then came to face her again.

“This is what you’re going to do, Lorelei. Listen carefully. There are six beads on this string.”

She died a small death as Ian swept his finger against the wetness she had left there. She could smell her juices and her humiliation seemed only to make her wetter.

“For every one strike of Justin’s belt, you need to put a bead inside that fucking hot and so damn tight little rosebud ass of yours. Do you understand?”

Lorelei stared back at him in mortification. The words fuck you, fuck all of your died on the tip of her tongue before she could voice it.

Everything about her body seemed to change. Even her thoughts seemed to process differently now. Who was she? What had she become?

“If you follow the instructions properly, you’ll only receive six stripes with Justin’s belt. If you fail. If a bead falls out, you’ll keep receiving whips until you succeed. Understood?”

She nodded when she really wanted to ask them what sick game this was that they

wanted her to play. But she would come off as a hypocrite given how utterly wet she was and how her body seemed to be screaming for this kind of sadistic pleasure.

Ian laid the beads on the table in front of her, then both he and Drake disappeared from her sight.

The heat from the three of them cast a shadow of flames on her back. They could see everything.

The first strike came with the pain delayed. But when it hit, tears gushed from her eyes.

They gave her a few moments to pick up the beads. She didn't.

But the second one, that one did her in, completely. She was on fire and the only relief was getting through it so they could stop.

She picked up the beads. Her hands trembled. She rested her face on the table and feeling her way around the beads she slowly pushed one into her ass.

Nothing in the universe could have created such unbelievable ignominy and savage arousal in her at the same time. Her clit pulsed. Her skin sizzled. All emotions escalated when the sound of their deep grunts penetrated her pores as she pushed a single bead into her asshole.

Justin struck her again.

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She was sobbing now. She didn't hesitate with bead number two. Or three. Or four. The sting of the leather seemed to outweigh the forceful stretch of her virgin ass but sometimes she didn't know which was worse.

The stretch in her ass compounded every other sensation driving through her. Wetness drizzled down her thighs. Her ass would look as blood red as it felt thanks to Justin's belt.

She struggled with bead number five, clenching and not daring to breathe until Justin delivered his strike. The sixth bead was her undoing.

Her mind blanked. Her pain had evolved as if she were in a simulation and could choose whatever she wanted to feel. She chose to feel heat and fullness. The pressure of the beads in her ass rolled against the walls of her pussy.

Every breath she took rocked her and made her clit pulse.

"Good girl." She heard them say softly behind her as their hands stroked and caressed her.

She sobbed in confusion when she realized that pride had replaced her pain. That she wanted to please them. It was all wrong.

She didn't matter to them at all. She was a pawn. A bargaining chip.

And here she stood, losing her body to them.

Her last bit of shame came in the form of an orgasm when they pulled the beads from her ass, slowly. She couldn't contain it or hide it from them. Not when she shuddered and shook and hated herself for not being in control.

She wanted nothing more than for them to touch her pussy. To feel their cocks slide into her.

To know what taking them inside her body would feel like.

Her body fell for them already. Maybe because she was so inexperienced, so naive yet she knew that was a weak argument. None of those things contributed to the way her body responded to them.

But as long as she kept her head, she could save Morgan from them.

As long as she kept her heart, she could save herself from them.

## Chapter Twelve

Lorelei soon discovered being alone in their apartment didn't mean she could walk out. She had tried that and instead collided with the big burly Mike who apparently stood guard outside her prison.

A week had passed since her punishment, earned because she had refused to tell Morgan to deliver the memory stick in exchange for her life. She had shouted at him to leave. She could take care of herself.

She only hoped he had listened and that he would soon make arrangements to leave the memory stick somewhere and leave the country. Somewhere he won't be found. Ever.



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She was forced to eat her meals with them every night. She sat in stony silence. But on the days that Mrs. Fox and Gianna arrived, she engaged in lively conversation with them pointedly ignoring the men who had belted her and made her stick anal beads up her ass as her punishment.

How much longer were they going to keep her here? What was going through Morgan's head? Every day she prayed he would give them their money back and just disappear.

After a week and a day, while Lorelei was alone in the apartment, going mad, she couldn't contain her happiness when Gianna dropped in to visit.

She didn't have many friends. She didn't try hard enough, she understood that. Morgan had been all the friend she needed but she had developed a soft spot for Gianna from the first moment she met her.

"We need to get you out of here for a bit," Gianna said after she raided their fridge.

"I don't know what you know about why I'm here, but I'm basically their prisoner."

"Yeah. I don't get involved with my godfather's business as per their instruction. Whatever you're here for, I can tell you it's about getting vengeance. That's the most important thing to them. It was the way of the Italian mafia, and The Don raised them after bringing them from an orphanage and they kinda took on that trait from him. No one crosses us and gets away with it," Gianna said, deepening her voice and swinging her arms about.

Lorelei laughed. “That’s pretty much it.”

“I can get you out of here. At least for a couple of hours. They won’t even know. Mike owes me. Obviously, we’ll have to take him with us, because you can’t escape. But he’s all right. Hang on.”

Lorelei didn’t hold her breath. There was no way Gianna would be able to get her out of the apartment for a bit.

A few minutes later, Gianna and Mike strolled in.

“You’re covered, but you have to solemnly swear to a few things. Mike insists. I told him I trust you and you wouldn’t do anything silly. So do you solemnly swear not to try to run at all?”

Lorelei smiled. Where would she go anyway? It’s not like she could contact Morgan herself. Now that he knew the DeMarcos had her, he also knew he wasn’t safe at his cabin anymore. He would have found another place to hide. And she didn’t have any way of contacting him because clearly, he kept using a different phone.

When they had made her call in sick at work, she’d had half a mind to tell them where she was and that she had been kidnapped, but that would only get the cops involved and wouldn’t help Morgan in any way.

She had to stay to make sure Morgan didn’t end up like Ace, the man they killed the first night they had brought her here.

She had to stay here. She had to wait and see what Morgan’s next move would be. She only knew she would take a bullet for him if she had to.

“I promise.”

“Not to try to call someone you shouldn’t?”

“I promise.”

“See, she’s good to go.” Mike nodded.

“One hour, Gianna. I don’t want your godfathers to string me by the balls.”

“Fine. One hour. What do you want to do? Anytime, as long as it takes one hour.”

Lorelei couldn’t resist Gianna’s infectious nature.

“Can I get a tattoo in one hour? A small one?” she said, glancing at the butterflies on Gianna’s arm.

“A tattoo? Yes,” Gianna shouted. “I know the perfect place. And it’s close by. And a small one shouldn’t take more than an hour. Let’s go.”

“Can I put on a pair of jeans first?”

“Why are you still here? Tick tock.”

Lorelei quickly changed her track pants for a pair of jeans. Soon they were riding the elevators down.

“We have to go out through the kitchen. I’m not allowed in the club even when it’s closed and I’m nineteen years old, can you believe that? My godfathers are the worst. What are you getting? Your tattoo?”

“I don’t know,” Lorelei said as Gianna took her hand and raced through the massive kitchen of the club. Mike, hot on their heels. “Maybe the middle finger on my ass,”

Lorelei said without thinking.

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“Ooh, a fuck you to the world from your ass. I love it and I’ll get one too.”

They exited the kitchen with Gianna dragging her along. They walked down the street and turned into a small shop. While Gianna spoke to the artist, Lorelei looked up at Mike.

“That man you brought to the apartment that night.”

“Yeah. Ace?”

“Yes, him. How much did he steal before he started working for the enemy?”

“Ten thousand dollars,” Mike said disgustedly. “No one steals from the bosses and gets away with it. He deserved what he got.”

Lorelei gulped down in agitation, but before she could ponder things further, Gianna dragged her back behind the black curtains.

Oh gosh.

Okay, then she was getting a tattoo, on her ass, a small one, flipping off the world. What did it matter? She was as good as dead anyway.

She was told to lower her jeans and lie face down on the bed.

She was just about to say she changed her mind when the curtain was flung open and all three DeMarco men stormed into the already small space. She jumped off the bed

and while struggling to get her jeans up, she bumped into the table of tattoo equipment and would have probably done some serious injury to herself if it weren't for Drake who grabbed her arm and slammed her into the safety of his body.

She was so winded. She would have done some serious damage to the tattoo place as well, and possibly also broken their printer if she went flying over the low table.

Drake wrapped his hand around her arm and dragged her out.

She ducked her head to avoid the stares she was receiving while being manhandled by one man while the other two led the way.

Gianna next to her couldn't stop apologizing.

"It's not your fault your godfathers are Neanderthals," she said loudly enough that they could hear her.

## Chapter Thirteen

After being tossed back into the apartment by three very angry, scary men, Lorelei raised her chin.

She had done nothing wrong.

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“I wasn’t going to escape. I wasn’t going to try and contact Morgan because I don’t know where he is anymore.”

“No, you were going to get a fucking tattoo,” Ian roared at her.

“On your ass,” Drake followed.

She frowned. How would that have affected their lives in any way? It was her body. Her choice.

“It’s my body and I can do what I like with it.”

“No,” Justin growled. He closed the distance between them. His hand crept into her hair as he tilted her face up.

“Your body belongs to us. Every inch of your skin and what lies beneath belong to us. Your mouth, your breasts, your pussy, your ass? Ours. No one gets to touch what’s ours. We say what goes on in your body and on your body and what doesn’t. You want a fucking tattoo, you get our permission first. Do you understand?”

She didn’t answer.

“Do you understand? You belong to us.”

Tears started to gather in her eyes. All her emotions collided with each other

“Why? When you’re going to do away with me as soon as you can?”

“Is that what you think?”

“Yes,” she whispered.

Justin raised his head and stared into her eyes. He used his thumb and swept it across her tears.

“Fuck,” he said softly before he bent his head and kissed her. He played with her lips then forced her to part them for him. His tongue swept in and she gasped at his heat. He deepened the kiss and she collapsed against him. He brought her fully against his body. His cock hardened against her.

Weak and astounded that a kiss could feel that way, Lorelei dazedly let him pass her onto Ian who kissed the breath from her soul. He cupped her face and while his thumbs gently stroked her cheeks, he demanded everything from her.

Then Drake nibbled on her lips before biting her.

“Payback,” he said and Lorelei cried out as he bit her again. Hard. She whimpered in his arms but didn’t try to pull away. When her lips were swollen enough he licked them so gently that she sighed into him.

Desperation sparked under her skin.

She didn’t know what the future would hold. They killed Ace for such a minuscule amount compared to Morgan’s ten million dollars. There was no way they were going to let him live. There was no way they would let her live too.

They owned her. Like they said.

This was where her life ended. And it hadn’t been that much of a good life either.



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They shouldn't have any interest in her except as far as luring Jules out of hiding. Sure, they'd find him on his own but that would take longer.

Their patience was running out. It felt as if Jules were toying with them. Oblivious to who he was messing with and seemingly unaware of what they were going to do to him when they found him.

Morgan Jules was not going to see the light of another day. By association and if they lived up to their reputations neither would Lorelei. She was on Jules' side and that meant she was just as much their enemy.

But she had intrigued them and while they were unaccustomed to this amount of interest in a female, they found themselves digging into who she was. They'd wanted to know everything about the dark-haired girl, with her big brown eyes and perfect lips, stunning smile, and soft sultry voice. Whose tresses were rivers of silk, soft and shiny and long enough to wrap their wrists around. The girl who displayed such fierce loyalty to her friend despite her being petrified of them.

Oh, she didn't show it outwardly, her pride wouldn't let her, but they scared her and she'd be right to be afraid of them.

She grew up between Rosepalm and the city, a result of shared custody when her parents divorced.

Her father had been an office manager. Her mother was a famous model in her teens to late twenties and she and Lorelei seemed to be estranged. Lorelei looked nothing like her mother. Where her mother was blonde and blue-eyed, Lorelei inherited her father's dark features.

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They found out she had won a staggering number of child beauty contests before she suddenly stopped being entered into them altogether.

She studied to become an accountant; her credentials impressive enough that she could work in corporate. Instead, she worked for a small office furniture manufacturer earning a tenth of the money she could have earned.

The one thing they came away with was Lorelei downplayed herself, hiding behind a curtain of baggy clothes.

But coming home and finding her gone had turned their worlds upside down.

Justin, together with Ian and Drake had faced situations where their lives were in the balance and the chances of them making it out alive had been close to zero, but fear was not an emotion that ran through their veins. So they couldn't explain the raging, pounding emotion that destroyed them when they came home to find her missing.

She had changed everything in the week that she had been in their apartment, taking up such a minuscule amount of space, yet overpowering everything in the home they had lived in for the last five years, with her lovely presence, her sweet scent, the sound of her footsteps as she walked around in her little pairs of socks.

They'd instructed her to eat her meals with them just so they could look at her, her exuding beauty creating torment on their bodies. Had it been any other woman they would have taken what they wanted and fucked her every night she was there.

None of them would admit that the reason why they didn't touch her that way was

because of the simple truth. If they started they would never stop. Not after laying their eyes on her for the first time and not after observing how her magnificent body responded to their punishments.

Fuck, seeing her dainty hands stuff her lovely virgin asshole with those beads had given them all a case of torturous ball blues. Something they had not experienced in all their lives.

Even the thought of a fucking inconsequential tattoo artist touching any part of her body sent them straight into caveman mode. They didn't care what she had to say. She belonged to them. Every sexy thought-destroying inch of her belonged to him, Ian, and Drake.

And now nothing mattered except possessing her. All of her.

“Take off all your clothes, sweetheart.”

Chapter Fourteen

She wasn't being herself. The old her wouldn't have been this brave. Maybe this was what happened when someone faced the end of their life. They did crazy things... because they wouldn't be alive for the consequences. They did things that defied logic.

Without a moment of hesitation, she took off her T-shirt, her shoes, then her jeans, her bra, and her panties.

Justin retrieved that same brown bag that had contained the anal beads from a drawer in a desk. Her eyes widened for a moment before she gasped softly as Drake scooped her up and carried her to the bed.

Ian laid himself down on the bed and Drake placed her over his face, so that she was facing his feet. Her pussy was draped over his mouth, she balanced her hands on his chest, then clutched his shirt as he started to lick her.

Justin and Drake moved in behind her.

Then they planted her body with a hundred kisses. Three mouths. Six hands. They came around her and sucked her nipples leaving her peaks glistening from their mouths. She saw stars behind her eyes as they dragged their mouths down to pussy and sucked. Her back arched over Ian's face, the hotness of all three of their tongues lapped her like three hungry men taking turns to drink from her.

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Drake bit into the flesh of her ass at the same time as Ian captured her clit between his teeth, and Justin engulfed her pussy lips and pulled them into his mouth. Their ministrations were so gloriously rough and hard that tears started to leak from her eyes, but nothing could stop the orgasm that plummeted out of her.

Shame flushed her body as Justin and Drake swept their fingers into her folds and scooped out her wetness. She gave them an endless supply because Ian hadn't stopped sucking her clit into his mouth.

She grew rigid when Justin and Drake used those same wet fingers and penetrated her ass. She moaned unconsciously. Her attempts to escape them were thwarted when Ian bit her clit to keep her in place.

“We’re going to share you, Lorelei. The three of us here in these two holes,” Justin said as he stroked her pussy and her wet ass. “But first we have to start preparing you.”

The rustle of the brown paper bag incited her nerves as she remembered the last time with the beads. She couldn't gather her thoughts as Justin glided what she felt was a butt plug into her pussy.

She then immediately clenched her ass when he pressed the device against the entrance of her tight asshole.

She forced herself to take it. It was big and the burn was fucking incredible, but she took it against all the odds. Until the fullness in her ass made her feel as if she would be splintered apart. Panic zoomed in on her.

“I can’t... I don’t think I can keep it inside me...”

“You will.”

They picked her up and every movement seemed like agony. They made her kneel at their feet and as she watched in awe as they released their cocks from their pants, she forgot all about the enormous butt plug in her ass.

“Suck our cocks, Lorelei.”

Nothing fascinated her more than their huge, long, and thick cocks. She sucked and licked and kissed their heavy vein-ripped cocks.

“Remember the size and feel of our cocks when we fuck you, little one.”

Her fascination dimmed when she realized they would penetrate her with them and then she grew scared and anxious. Unsure she could take them all. She didn’t need to see the fear that was also mixed with pure arousal and submission to know that’s what they saw in her eyes.

“Fuck. Now,” Justin roared.

When they placed her back on the bed and parted her legs, a deep blush spread all over her again. Justin parted her folds with his fingers and then placed the head of his cock at her entrance.

“Look at me,” he commanded. She raised her eyes to him and gasped as he pushed in deeper.

“Nothing between us. Ever,” he growled as he gathered her in his arms and buried his cock inside her. Lorelei cried as a sharp and tremendous pain slipped through her,

taking her virginity with her. She couldn't breathe, certain the fullness in her ass and the unbelievable fullness in pussy was enough to suffocate her.

He was too big. She would never be able to take all three of them if she couldn't handle one of them and a butt plug half Justin's size. She tossed and turned and continued to groan as Justin stretched her fully. It never occurred to her to stop him. She didn't want that.

He reached between their bodies and played with her clit until she came. Her gushing wetness soothed away some of the pain and soon Lorelei started moving beneath him.

She released a long moan when he pulled the butt plug from her then pouted when he slipped his cock from her pussy. But then he lined his wet cock to her asshole. The butt plug had opened her up a bit, but it was nothing compared to him. He gave her sparse moments to get used to his size.

He slipped two fingers into her pussy and fully penetrated her ass. When he moved in and out of her, Lorelei thought she would die. She so desperately needed to come. Like her life depended on it.

"Come for me, sweetheart."

She stared into his face and released herself the same moment that Justin filled her ass with his cum, crushing her body to his as he gathered her up in his arms.

When he released her, Ian took his place and did the same. He branded the inside of her pussy with his touch then slipped into her wet ass and rolled her clit until they both came. Drake did the same and by the time he had made her come, her nipple in his mouth, and his thumb brushing her clit, she clenched her entire body so hard that Drake growled and emptied himself inside her.

She was so exhausted she fell into a deep slumber, half waking when they took care of her. Bathed her, massaged her used previously virgin ass with oils.

“The next time we take you, you’ll be on the pill.”

Clean and content and deliciously sore, Lorelei allowed herself to drift into a dreamless sleep.

She didn’t know what was going to happen. Nothing had changed. Morgan had still taken their money. They still wanted it back and they wanted him to pay for it with his life.

Her fate matched her friends, that wasn’t going to change. But at least she wouldn’t die a virgin.

Chapter Fifteen

Lorelei woke up with a start. She had slept the day and the night away.

Hunger gnawed at her and after putting on a pair of sleep pants and a tank top she exited the room for the kitchen. She was alone in the apartment and the emptiness inside her seemed to drown her.

She picked up an apple and munched on it. Gianna came to visit when she was halfway through.

“Don’t worry, I learned my lesson. We’ll stay indoors and get up to mischief here. So... Were they very hard on you?”

Lorelei blushed a thousand shades of red. Suddenly everywhere they touched her burned.

“A little,” she said, avoiding eye contact with her new friend.

Had she just added more sorrow to her life though? Now that she knew what it was like to be touched by them, she didn’t think she could survive without it.

Which was just as well, she didn’t need to survive.

They were in the middle of another conversation, thankfully when Mike entered the apartment, a cell phone in his hand which he handed to her. Dread settled in her tummy.

Did they find another way to reach Morgan?

She shuddered when the phone rang.

“The bosses say you should answer it.”

She hesitated for a moment. Her fingers trembled as she slid it across the screen.

“Lorelei.”

“Morgan.” The sound of her friend’s voice had relief washing over her.

“I’m giving them their money back. We have a deal.”

“Morgan,” she said, turning around, her back to Mike and Gianna. “Why did you do it?”

“I was stupid, Lore. You know me. I didn’t think they would miss it. I took it in small increments. I was certain I could double that with cryptocurrency and eventually I would have put their funds back. I guess I needed a loan. I mean they’re worth billions. You would think a couple of millions would go undetected. I was stupid. I got arrogant and I put your life in danger. I’m sorry. I hope you can forgive me.”

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“There’s nothing to forgive.” Even after taking their money, she could never be mad at Morgan. He was her pillar. They were each other’s solace. They were all the other person had. And Morgan was constantly coming up with new ways to make money quickly.

She swallowed. “What kind of a deal did you make?”

“I give them their money back in exchange for you. I have their word they won’t harm you or me. They’re not the type of men to break their word. I believe them.”

“Okay,” she said, then had to shake her head to clear her throat. She had no idea why she wanted to cry.

“It’s the reunion today, did you remember?”

“Our school reunion?”

“Yeah. That’s where the deal will go down.”

“Are you insane?”

“A little. But it’s all arranged. Do you remember my secret locker in the old gym, where the reunion is being held tonight?”

“Morgan? They’re going to kill you as soon as they have the stick.”

“They won’t. I have their word.”

“They’re the mafia.”

“And they gave me their word. I trust them. The reunion, the old gym? That’s where I hid the stick. I thought I could get it back before but then they shut the place down and I couldn’t get to it again. Until tonight that is. They’re opening the gym for the reunion. They bring you to the reunion. I give them the stick and they go away. Easy. See you soon, Lorelei. I’m sorry. I was stupid. I thought I would get away with it.”

“Morgan wait—”

But the call disconnected.

Lorelei gave the phone back numbly to Mike.

Without saying a word she went into the bedroom she slept in and sat on the bed, ready to start crying.

“What’s wrong? Was that your friend?” Gianna had followed her and now sat beside her.

“They’re going to kill him,” Lorelei sobbed.

“They might not.”

“They killed a man called Ace right here in their apartment for taking ten thousand dollars from them. Morgan doesn’t—” And I let them touch me and do shameful things to my body and I repaid them by coming for each of them multiple times.

“Wait a minute. Ace? I know Ace. I saw him working in the club’s kitchen. His fingers, on one hand, are probably broken because they were in a cast, and one of his fingers on his other hand was in a bandage but he seemed to be using that hand,

which looked like a nightmare to use.”

“He’s not dead?”

Did they really spare his life? Still, it didn’t matter. What Morgan did was incomparable to what Ace did.”

“Yes. Ace is very much alive. Unhappy but alive. Did your friend make a deal with them?

“He’s giving the money back that he took from your godfathers in exchange for me. So I guess I’ll be free.”

“If that’s what my godfathers said they were going to do. That’s what they’re going to do. Trust me. If they say they’re going to kill a man they do. If they say they’re going to let him live, they do. Just trust me.”

As if everything came together in her head, a lightness elevated her heart. She believed Gianna. More importantly, she believed Justin, Ian, and Drake. If they said they were not going to kill Morgan and set her free then that’s what they were going to do. She did trust them. Wholeheartedly.

They were giving her up now.

But the reunion was the last place she wanted to be but it was okay. She just had to do it this one time. She didn’t want to think of what her days would look like after them.

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But the thought of going to the reunion made her stomach turn. Everyone knew her as Klutzy Lorelei and now she would have to face them all.

“Tell me about this reunion you have to go to. Why is that bad?”

“Because I was a klutz even at school and everyone knows me that way. And this reunion is a black tie event so do the math,” Lorelei said waving her hands over her clothes.

“You’re perfect the way you are.”

“I used to do beauty pageants when I was young. Can you believe that?”

“Yes, I can. But wow.”

“My mom used to be a supermodel and she wanted me to end up in the same industry because anything less would be a disgrace. So she made me do all these pageants which started when I was three years old. I hated it. Until one day I slipped on stage and my mother punished me and said I couldn’t attend the next one.

“I saw this as an opportunity and so I kept purposefully getting clumsier and clumsier until shedenouncedme. I had the grace of a sloth and I loved that more than beauty pageants and modeling. Eventually, she left me alone, and then avoided me. We’re both happier this way I think.”

“Oh, Lorelei. Can I just say your mom is a loser?”

She smiled at Gianna. “Now I have to go to this school reunion where everyone knows me as Klutzy Lorelei. And I’ll definitely run into my bully, Brooke Pincot.”

She had no choice.

Gianna said a hasty goodbye to her and left Lorelei very confused about her abrupt departure. As for the reunion, she only had to look at it as if the glass was half full.

They could all resume their normal lives again. But the heaviness in her heart bothered her and she wished she could turn it off since she had no reason to feel that way.

She put it down to Brooke Pincot and the mean girls club. They would have a field day when Lorelei arrived in her best pair of jeans and her best T-shirt, currently as the prisoner of three mafia kings but not for long, until her friend Morgan handed over a memory stick in exchange for her freedom. That was how her life had turned out.

A few hours passed until she finally forced herself to take a shower and at least wash her hair. She had spent extra time scrubbing her skin and washing her hair because she had nothing else to do.

When Gianna returned, Lorelei had just thrown on a robe.

“Oh good, you’re showered and are positively glowing.”

“What’s going on?” she asked, eying the streams of people entering the bedroom.

“You’re going to your reunion, silly and we’re helping.”

“No.”

“Yes.”

Gianna wouldn't take no for an answer.

“You're doing this on your terms. And no one else's. Show them who you really are.”

Lorelei stopped arguing and two hours later, she had hoped to think she had transformed into a princess, but no, she looked the same except with make-up and a dress so stunning, so perfect she wondered if it were real.

She looked at herself in the mirror. Her hair had been allowed to cascade down the side of her shoulder freely.

Her makeup was light and the gold shimmering floor-length dress hugged all her curves.

“Stunning,” Gianna said softly.

She felt overdressed. The reunion was merely a cover-up for a transaction, she shouldn't have allowed Gianna to talk her into dressing up. It was okay, all she needed was to change into her own clothes. But mostly she didn't want Justin, Ian and Drake to see her this way. That was not the reason for her going to the reunion.

But then she lost her breath just as she was about to turn and go back into the bedroom.

She caught a glimpse of Justin, Ian, and Drake coming toward the bedroom. They boggled her mind with their sheer male beauty. Dressed in sleek tuxedos with their usual air of super attractiveness and dangerous aura, they set her alight all over again.

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Had they dressed up to take her to her reunion? Not, that wasn't it, stupid girl. They were getting their money back.

They stood still as their gaze slid over her. Her cheeks turned red at the bold perusal of every part of her.

"The limo is ready, Boss men," Mike said.

"You're not going to kill him?" she asked. She needed to hear them say it to her this time.

"No."

She sighed in relief and stopped herself from crying.

Drake offered her his arm and guided her out. Justin stood in front of her and Ian on her other side.

She was too nervous to talk. And the closer they got to the school the more her apprehension grew. Morgan was going to be okay. But the reunion made her want to throw up. She wanted to stay in the car until Morgan gave them the stick. But she alighted the limo anyway and forming the same formation around her they entered the school gym now elegantly decorated for a black-tie event.

She stalled at the entrance.

"Ready?"

“What if I fall?”

“Then we’ll catch you,” Ian said.

“Everyone will call me Klutzy Lorelei.”

“Then we’ll cut their tongues out,” Drake said.

“They’ll remember the time I fell into the fountain and laugh at me again.”

“Then we’ll kill anyone who laughs at you,” Justin said.

She had no idea what she was doing. But she was going to do it anyway.

They entered and she got her name tag and then had to receive enviable and very surprised looks when she explained that Justin, Ian, and Drake were with her.

She thought she was going to faint but the instant her gaze landed on Brooke Pincot, now Brooke Sterling, surrounded by her mean girl club, same old, same old, everything she had ever felt about school disappeared.

Brooke of course was the first one to get to them. She recognized the DeMarco men instantly as the owners of a string of nightclubs, hotels, and cruise lines, all over the world. She even knew they were no longer in the mining sector. She dragged her husband over and introduced him but it was clear prim and proper Brooke Pincot, the school sweetheart, couldn’t take her eyes off Justin, Ian, and Drake.

“You never expect to meet such important people at a reunion filled with people who are such underachievers,” she said conspiratorially. “I’m almost embarrassed to be associated with them. But duty calls/ My husband here is in Congress and I would love for you to come over for dinner one night. Oh, please do.”

Lorelei could see Brooke's mind work. They didn't go to school with her, so who did they come with? It was only after a good few minutes that she turned to Lorelei and gaped.

"Lorelei?"

"I'm sorry, do I know you? Excuse me, I see my friend," Lorelei smiled goodnaturedly, snug between Justin and Drake this time.

"It was a pleasure to meet you in person, Congressman Sterling," Ian said before they could walk away. "But we'd appreciate it if you'd settle your bill at Vertigo. You asked for some of our best girls but they don't come cheap for the stuff they do."

Ian winked at her. Brooke gasped so loudly she attracted everyone's attention. If Lorelei was drinking something she would have splattered out every last drop herself.

"It's true," Ian added, giving her smile. "You get to decide what we do with that information. Later."

But she couldn't spare another thought on Brooke Pincot and her cheating husband. She meant nothing to her anymore. But the sight of Morgan shattered her heart. She ran to him and hugged him tightly.

She ruffled his red hair because it looked odd when he actually combed it down. His suit as usual was a little too big but how she loved him.

"You cleaned up," he said, smiling at her. He was okay. He was alive.

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“Gentleman. I guess if you’re going to kill me, you’ll have to do it somewhere else?”
He tried to be casual but Lorelei heard the fear in his voice. Poor Morgan.

He took a deep breath. “I’m sorry, Lorelei. I was stupid and if I thought I was going to endanger your life... I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay,” Lorelei said quickly to stop her tears from messing up her makeup.

Morgan held out his hand. The memory stick lay in his palm.

This was the exchange. Her freedom and her life for their ten million dollars back.

As soon as one of them took the stick, she would step over to Morgan’s side. Then it would be over. She didn’t want to look at them. She didn’t understand why her heart was breaking. Was she mad? This needed to end.

Morgan needed to be safe.

Yet she couldn’t bear to live a day without seeing them.

She was mad for thinking that. Stupid, stupid, stupid, Lorelei.

“Keep it,” Justin said at the very same moment that Ian and Drake wrapped their hands around her arms.

“We’re keeping her,” Drake said before they pulled her toward the exit of the gym.

What was happening?

She kept glancing behind her at Morgan who had a confused look on his face.

“Wait, I don’t understand. Why are you doing this? He gave you back your money,” Lorelei cried as they ignored her and instead shoved her into the car.

By now she was mad. What kind of a game were they playing?

“Let me out of this car right now. We had a deal. What are you going to do to Morgan?”

“Nothing,” Justin said.

“What? What is going on?”

“The deal was our ten million dollars back in exchange for you. We’re not giving you back. Jules can keep the money.”

Shock didn’t describe what she felt. But then soon her anger and frustration bloomed and exploded.

“So you think you bought me from Morgan for ten million dollars?”

“That was the deal.”

“No one owns me.”

“We do, Lorelei.”

“I’m not a piece of property.”

“You’re ours.”

“I’m not an inanimate object that can be shuffled and bought and sold at your whim.”

“Can you be our wife then?”

“I’m not some—What?”

“Fuck, woman, we don’t care about the money anymore. We want you. And we would give up everything and anything to have you.”

“For life.”

“The mother of our children.”

“The woman in our bed night after night after night.”

“Our wife.”

“But... why?”

“Why? Because we fucking fell in love with you within the first minute of seeing you for the first time.”

“Because you made us think of things we never wanted. Never thought we needed. Until you. Now we want you. For life. As our wife.”

“Because only you had the power to make us, three big dominant scary mafia men dress up and take to you to a fucking reunion so we could take down the names of everyone who treated you less than the fucking queen you are.”

“Gianna told you everything I told her, didn’t she?”

They nodded.

“But... I’m terrible.”

“Say that again one more time, Lorelei, and you won’t be able to sit for a week.”

“You... Love me?”

“Forever.”

“Forever.”

“Forever.”

She ruined her makeup. Tears streamed down her face without any control. They actually loved her? How was that possible?

“In case you’ve forgotten, you don’t get a choice. We love you. We’re making you our wife. That is all. Any complaints? You can come and sit over our laps and we’ll fuck them right out of you. Understood?”

She laughed and cried and nodded.

“I love you. I love you. I love you.”

Could a girl get any luckier? Three times the love. And all hers.

As soon as they got her home, they stripped her down and worshiped her body. Somehow her wetness had taken on a different level. It was her body not holding back, not even in her head, or her heart.

With sheer reverence, they stood back and gazed at her naked form. Instead of feeling shy, she felt bold.

“We’re going to claim every part of you as our own, Lorelei.”

She knew what that meant. Her body melted. Her heart ascended. Her fear of her

body being incapable was replaced by the utter will to give herself to them to do as they pleased.

“And fuck, if we get you pregnant, Lorelei, do you understand. We’re not using protection.”

“I understand,” she said softly.

She was carried to the bed, her pussy licked until Drake, lying beneath her slipped in easily. He sucked her nipples as Ian lined his cock to her pussy entrance as well. She froze but Ian slapped her ass.

“Don’t,” he said softly in her ear, leaning over her, his hand at her throat as he squeezed. Ian slipped out and Drake slipped in. Over and over until they caught her by surprise and they both slipped in together.

She sobbed and writhed in their arms. But when Justin lined up his cock to her ass, she was beyond apprehensive. This was what would tear her apart.

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“We’re going to teach your body to accept us, sweetheart. Just trust us.”

She did.

So she gave herself over. Completely. She tried to calm her breathing, deep breaths in and out.

“You’re fucking perfect,” Drake said, both he and Ian lay still inside her. Justin grunted and entered her fully.

She froze and shook her head. But their words of love, whispered fiercely and possessively took her to another sphere in the universe.

Her mind took and guided her body. These were the men she loved, as a trio. She had to accept them as a trio inside her body as well. Tentatively she started to move and when the feeling just blew her mind, as if she had reached some erotic level of nirvana, she moved again and again.

They gave her enough time to play with them inside her pussy and her ass, to get used to the fullness, but then they took charge. They made love to her. They caressed her. Stroked her body with their cocks. Fucked her and made her come all over their beautiful shafts and then they showered in her cum. Filling her. Sealing her to them forever.

The three loves of her life. And it had started with a sex toy and ten million dollars.

Epilogue

Lorelei glanced at the people she loved most sitting at the table around her. She was six months pregnant and as heavy as a house. She barely reached the table, but she closed her eyes and absorbed the happy bliss around her and their familiar voices.

They had moved out of the penthouse apartment above the nightclub they owned and now lived in a beautiful house that was really a mansion.

Her three very possessive, very attentive, and very sexy husbands whose love for her never wavered, sat on either side of her. Mrs. Fox was there too. Gianna and Morgan as well. Mike had become part of her family too.

And of course Lorelei's mother. Still as gorgeous as ever but she had reached out to Lorelei and had apologized and Lorelei had forgiven her. A little.

They were patching things up and with the support and protection and love from her husbands, her life was a fairy-tale. She couldn't wait to welcome their daughter into the world.

As for Brooke Pincot, her tormentor at school? She never gave her another thought. The information Ian had on her husband was forgotten, just like Brooke herself.

Good luck, little darling, your dads are going to lock you in a palace and throw away the keys.