



Before. Then. Now. (Rockers' Legacy)

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Category: Dark Erotica

Description: For Violet, it's always been Luca.

For Shaw, it's always been Jagger.

And for both Violet and Shaw, it's always been each other.

But always doesn't have to mean only.

Sometimes forever doesn't look anything like what we imagined.

It's better.

Before. Then. Now. is a ***fun*** read.

Total Pages (Source): 8

CHAPTER ONE

violet

BEFORE

Heat bathed my body. I snuggled closer. Luca's heart pounded beneath my ear. He stroked his fingertips over my cheek, tucking my hair back from my face before he pressed a kiss to my forehead. Something thick and hard pulsed against my hip. I smiled, sleep slowly fading away.

"Luca." Nuzzling my face closer, I kissed his chest.

A ragged inhale jerked me fully awake, reality settling into that heavy yet empty spot where my heart was supposed to be. Not Luca. Never Luca. He wasn't mine anymore. Part of me wondered if he had ever been mine to begin with. Maybe I'd just been filling an empty spot for him until something better came along.

Some one better.

My chest squeezed painfully.

Stop it. Don't go there. Don't think about him and the future you were supposed to have with a boy who never did anything to earn your heart besides existing.

Choking down a sob, I lifted my lashes and met Jagger's blue eyes.

Heated blue eyes.

Something tightened between my legs. That needy part of me that I'd had to hide away. Luca had never touched me. I always had to do it myself—and never ever while he was in the same space as me. He didn't trust himself, afraid that even one taste of me would make it impossible to hold on to his control.

Unconsciously, I arched my hips against Jagger's, seeking relief from the throbbing hunger deep in my belly. His lashes lowered, his brow pinched, need glimmering from those intense, beautiful eyes. Skimming my tongue over my bottom lip, I shifted my leg, pressing my core against his thigh a little harder.

Another flex of that steel rod, but this time, it was against the inside of my thigh.

It felt so damn good.

Why had I never realized how perfect Jagger's lips were?

Did he know how much I wanted him to kiss me? Could he read it in my eyes? There was no way he didn't feel the wetness that ruined my panties. I was wearing baggy running shorts and an even baggier shirt. No bra. My nipples were so hard they ached. But not half as badly as between my legs.

I rocked against him. Once. Twice. A third time.

A whimper bubbled free.

Fingers brushed over my face again, but this time, they were softer, and I jolted. Regret was the last thing I saw flickering in Jagger's gaze before he blinked, locking away the hunger I'd glimpsed raging in those ice-blue eyes.

I wanted Jagger.

I wanted Jagger?

No!

I shook the thought away. No way. It couldn't—I couldn't. And wouldn't. Jagger was meant to be Shaw's. Not mine. Thoughts scrambling, I tried to come up with a reason why my body had betrayed me with one of my nearest, dearest friends. It was understandable that I would react so intensely. I was horny and Jagger was hot. Of course, my body would react.

Was still reacting.

Shit.

A hundred different emotions filled me. Regret. Need. Shame. Hunger. Disloyalty.

My clit had a fucking pulse.

“Hey, you're okay,” Shaw soothed, continuing to stroke my cheek, kissing my temple. She trailed her fingers down my neck, pushing my hair over my shoulder so she could nuzzle my ear. “You were just having a bad dream.”

I didn't respond, my breathing growing more rapid. A nightmare. That was a great excuse to cling to for why my body had been moving so restlessly. I didn't have to confess to my best friend that I'd been humping the leg of the boy she was in love with.

Her hand slid down my arm, found the hem of my shirt, and slid beneath so she could stroke the skin of my stomach soothingly. Her nails gently scraped over my flesh, and

I moaned. Fuck, that felt almost as good as having Jagger's cock pressed against my clit.

Goose bumps beaded along my entire body. My nipples had never been tighter. My entire body felt heavy. Achy.

Starving.

"Or maybe your dream wasn't so scary. Were you thinking of Luca touching you?" She laughed softly, the sound husky, a tiny hint of a rasp lingering from her own nap.

My core clenched, more wetness drenching my panties. Jagger sucked in another breath, his cock growing harder, thicker, against my center. It wouldn't take much. All we would have to do was shift my shorts and panties to the side, pull his cock free from his basketball shorts. And then I could feel him. Right there. Where he was twitching against me. I wanted to feel him bare. I wanted him inside me.

Empty. I was so fucking empty.

"I was having a nice dream too." Shaw's soothing touch became...different. She traced little designs on my skin, and that only amped up the hunger between my legs. Gnawing at me. Need. I needed to be full. I needed to be touched.

It wasn't like I was starved for affection or anything. I got plenty of that. Shaw and Jagger were always nearby, watching me closely. Fear was their constant companion when it came to me these days. Since the breakup.

Ever since the dark thoughts had nearly won. I'd considered ending it all. Thoughts of Luca, our ruined plans for the future, her .

I flinched, mentally shaking away thoughts of Megan. No. She didn't get to live rent-

free in my head, driving me deeper into the darkest parts of my mind, trapping me with the pain. I wanted to hide from it all. From the agony that still lingered. From the love that wouldn't die. From myself.

Ever since I'd voiced my thoughts, Shaw and Jagger had barely left my side. One or both of them was always there. My anchors to this world. My reasons for not putting an end to it all and moving on to the next life in the hopes that I would finally have relief.

I fell asleep tucked between the two of them often, my ear pressed to one's chest while the other spooned against my back. It was safe when they blanketed me from the rest of the world. I felt loved. Wanted. Needed.

Vital.

Shaw was never going to let me go.

And neither would Jags.

Which was why I had no business thinking of Jagger like that.

Or...Shaw.

I bit my lip.

Shaw inched closer, her front melting into my back, her warm breath brushing over my ear. I liked being there. Between them. Breathing their air. Feeling their skin against mine. Jagger's gaze shifted to Shaw, the hunger returning to his eyes tenfold. Another whimper tried to leave my throat. I liked the way he looked at her. I liked it a fucking lot.

Again, my hips moved without conscious thought, my butt pressing back into Shaw, causing her breath to hitch, her hand spreading out as she pressed her palm to my stomach and slowly traveled down. We were all so close that the back of her hand rubbed against Jagger's abs. His sun-kissed, chiseled, perfect abs that were bare because he'd tossed his shirt when we'd been out by the pool. After hanging out all afternoon, we'd come up to my room and turned on a movie.

Shaw had fallen asleep first, but I'd been quick to follow, the sound of Jagger's heart a familiar rhythm beneath my ear, like a lullaby.

"Wh—" Jagger's voice cracked, his breath shuddering out of him, brushing my cheek. "What are you doing, dimples?"

"Exploring. I've decided that Vi and I are in our experimenting era. Guys are useless. Especially you and Luca." She slipped her hand under my panties, moving lower until she was cupping my pussy, giving me time to say no. Or push her hand away. Or sit up and tell her she was crazy.

"Experimenting era," I repeated breathlessly. I didn't want to stop her. I wanted to know if she could make me feel as good as I yearned for.

"Yeah," she hummed, kissing my neck as she spread my dripping folds, finding and playing with my clit.

"Oh. Ohhhh. Oh...ahhh ." My brain shut down. There was nothing but Shaw's touch and Jagger's eyes. He caught hold of my wrists, his fingers wrapped around them so he could feel how crazy my pulse was. Just for a moment before he groaned and released me. He gulped, a silent plea on his lips that I couldn't make sense of because Shaw was pushing her middle finger inside me.

"That's good. I like that. I've never... No one has ever..." I didn't make sense, yet

Shaw understood what I was telling her. Her breathing became labored. Her free hand went beneath me until she was fully wrapped around me, and she began to play with my throbbing nipples. Tug. Twist. Tug. “Shaw. I. You. Please.”

“Shh, baby. I’ve got you.” She licked my ear before nipping at the cartilage. “You’re so wet. Have you ever tasted yourself?” I shook my head, unable to form words. “I bet it’s sweet. There’s too much honey on my hand for it not to be sweet.”

She added another finger. “This is how I like it. My middle and ring finger. I like going as deep as I can. There’s this spot right about...here.” I cried out and could hear the grin in her voice when she praised me. “Good girl. Let me know what feels good. Otherwise, how will I know what makes you come? Mmm. I like touching you more than I like touching myself. Your pussy is so tight, babe. I can barely get my fingers inside you.”

“Sh-Shaw!”

“I know, Vi. This pussy is fluttering. Greedy for relief. Desperate. You need to come, don’t you?”

“Yes!”

“I’ll help you, baby. I’ll give it to you.” There was no mistaking the sound of her fingers working me up. Squish. Squish. Squish. Her pace was perfect. The right amount of pressure to my clit while her fingers stretched me. Slap. Slap. Slap.

“Look at Jagger,” Shaw commanded. “Watch his face while he watches me get your pretty kitty to purr.”

“Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.” His tortured chant echoed inside my head.

I forced myself to look at him even as my eyes threatened to roll back into my head while Shaw played with me. My pussy gushed with another flood of pleasure when our gazes locked. He sucked his bottom lip between his teeth.

“She feels like silk wrapped around my fingers, Jags. I didn’t know a girl could get this wet. I think I like making her squish. I want to lick it off my fingers after she comes.”

“No!” He roared then quickly lowered his voice. No one else was home, but it felt wrong for him to be loud. Like he was going to shatter the invisible wall we’d carefully built around us. “No, Shaw. I get to suck her off your fingers. I might not be able to touch, but you are going to fucking feed me when you two are done torturing me.”

“I’ll think about it.” She sank her fingers deeper. Jagger’s eyes stayed locked with mine. Experimenting era. I liked that. It felt good. Shaw was safe. I knew she would never hurt or humiliate me. She was my best friend. A piece of me...my soul.

I loved her.

And now, I wanted her.

“Gods. Fuck. Gods. You two are beautiful. So fucking beautiful. I’m going to come just watching you. dimples, I’m going to shift back a little. Push her clothes out of the way. I just want to...see. Please .”

With a growl, she tore my shorts and panties away, then hiked up my shirt, showing him what she was doing to my nipples. Each tug tightened the muscles deep inside me. Deeper than Shaw was able to touch.

I pressed a hand just below my navel, my ache growing. Empty. I was so empty. I

wanted to be full.

Jagger grabbed hold of a pillow, clenching and squeezing the thick down with his fingers, his icy-blue orbs worshipping me. “That’s so pretty.”

“I told you it was. See this?” Shaw spread my lips, her drenched fingers rubbing in a V over my clit before dipping back inside me. “I’m the only one besides her who has been here. It’s mine now.”

I was going blind, my vision dimming until all I could see were Jagger’s eyes.

“She’s so wet. It glitters like diamonds. Do you two get waxed together?”

“Always.”

“Gotta keep my hands to myself.”

“But do you really?” Shaw taunted him. “Look at all this beauty in my hands. I’m calling dibs. But I’ll share with you if you want. All you have to do is touch. Here.” Shaw tugged my nipple hard. “Or here.” She traced a heart over my clit. “Or here.” She added a third finger, stretching me, making the world spin around me. “Don’t lie and say you don’t want to. Your dick is so hard, your tip is sticking out from under those shorts. You’re dripping come all over Vi’s sheets.”

My eyes dropped lower, wondering if she was joking. But faced with the proof of how turned on he was, I made a mewling noise at the sight. His tip was swollen and leaking. Suddenly, I wanted to see all of it. Him. Was he as thick as I’d felt earlier, or had I been imagining that? Would he have veins popping out of his shaft?

I licked my lips, wishing I could taste him.

“I’ve never...” I broke off, shaking my head. “Luca wouldn’t let me...taste him.”

“Gods.” Jagger’s entire body seemed to tremble. “I can’t, Vi. I can’t.”

“I know,” I whispered, tearing my gaze away, disappointment filling my chest.

“But I want to. I would let you both taste every inch of me if I could,” he whispered, his tone so low I almost didn’t hear him.

Shaw’s fingers set a faster pace, her palm slapping against my clit as she filled me up. Deeper. Please, deeper. I felt so empty. Even with her inside me.

“It’s okay, Vi. We don’t need to taste him. Or touch him. Or suck him. We don’t have to hold ourselves back. I can touch you anytime I want.” Shaw brushed her lips over my ear, whispering so it felt like we were alone. I closed my eyes, blocking Jagger out.

Shaw. Shaw. Shaw.

Something inside me exploded. Light and sound no longer existed to me. All I could feel was Shaw. I didn’t realize I was chanting her name until she tenderly shushed me, her fingers slowing to a gentle rhythm, but she seemed fascinated by how hard I was clenching around her.

Turning my head, I met her lips in a surprisingly soft kiss that ironed her name on to a part of my soul. She nuzzled her nose against mine. “We can touch and suck and fuck each other. As often as we want. There are no rules when it comes to you and me, baby. None. I’m going to make you feel good, Vi. I’m going to own this little body. You are mine.”

“You’re mine, too.”

“Yeah, Vi. I am fucking yours. First. Last. Always.”

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:47 am

CHAPTER TWO

luca

THEN

My favorite sound in the world reached my ears. Like a magnet, my gaze went straight to where Violet stood in her itty-bitty bikini by the pool.

Fuck.

All the blood in my head rushed south, tenting my board shorts in 2.6 seconds. Her head was slightly tipped back, so her hair cascaded over her shoulders, landing just a few inches shy of the small of her back. Her perfect ass jiggled ever so slightly, covered in nothing but a few scraps of purple cloth and strings.

Groaning, I angled my head to the right to get a better view. My mouth went dry when she took a few steps forward and hugged Shaw. She whispered something to her bestie before glancing over at me.

Ah, fuck yeah. I loved it when her eyes were on me, tracing over my ink and muscles. Nothing made my dick harder than when my wife watched me watching her. Did she even realize how beautiful she was? Doubtful. But that was another one of the million things I loved about the girl who had held my heart in the palm of her hand since birth.

Half the length of the pool separated us. Shaw and Jagger had come over to our house

to enjoy a kid-free Saturday in the sun. A rare break before I had to endure football camp. We would be back in West Bridge soon enough, and life would be chaotic again. It was fine with me, as long as Vi kept laughing and I continued to be graced with the spectacular view I was currently enjoying.

“Stop it!” Jagger growled, dropping onto the lounge beside me. He made a whining sound when Vi and Shaw both looked at him and giggled.

Fuck.

I was tempted to just pull out my cock and start stroking. Wasn't like everyone there hadn't seen my dick before. It was just the four of us. No housekeeper. No bodyguard. Just the people who brought Vi joy, spending the day together. I was comfortable enough with my body not to be shy about my dick getting hard. When a man's wife looked as good as mine did, it would have been an insult if I didn't sprout wood when I was presented with such a delectable sight. I doubted our friends would be offended.

They had eyes that saw just fine, and I'd call them both liars if they didn't agree Vi's ass was reason enough to rub one out instead of crippling myself trying to fight my body's natural reaction.

Jagger and I had been in sports together as kids and teenagers, so we'd seen each other naked plenty of times. And then there had been the countless weekends I'd been the designated driver for him and Lyric, chauffeuring their drunk asses around while they had sex with random girls in the back seat.

Shaw had made no secret of the fact that she'd seen my twin's dick a few times. She'd said it to throw jabs at Jagger way back when, which had landed with brutal precision. And there were the many times she'd walked in on me fucking Vi. Casually, like I wasn't balls deep in her best friend, the sweat pouring off me the only

thing between Vi and me.

Shaw didn't even blink.

But on more than one occasion, I'd caught Shaw checking out Vi's ass. Or her amazing tits. Or looking straight at her lips when she was speaking. I got lost in all things Violet too, so I couldn't blame Shaw. It was just those damned sighs Shaw made when she did it...

I didn't want to admit they caused my dick to twitch.

"Stop what?" Vi asked, nibbling on her bottom lip like she was sweet and innocent—and not the sexy little vixen I'd fucked hard in our bed that morning.

"Stop...this?" Shaw tossed out and slapped her hand down on Vi's ass.

"Fuck me," Jagger groaned, looking away from the girls. I didn't miss how he had to readjust his cock, but I was more interested in the way Shaw's hand squeezed the flesh she had just spanked and jiggled Vi's ass.

Hard.

Possessively.

The seams of my board shorts were no match for how hard my dick got watching Shaw bounce my wife's ass up and down like she fucking owned it. My throat went dry. Had Shaw always been that hot?

My brain wanted to say no, but my cock was already weeping yes.

I tried to look away. Shaw and Vi teased and joked around like this all the time. The

fact that I could feel the chemistry pouring off them at times? That was something I never let myself stop to think about.

Because if the thought so much as popped into my head, I got hard. And I didn't want to get hard thinking about Shaw. I really didn't.

But suddenly, I was picturing her bouncing Vi's ass like that on my cock. And that had come threatening to gush out of me like a fire hose.

Fuck.

"You're not playing fair, dimples. Come on, don't be mean, today of all days. You two are making Luca crazy. The poor asshole is trying not to come all over himself." Jagger kept his head turned toward the horizon, but from the corner of my eye, I saw him fisting his cock through his swim trunks.

I couldn't form words. My throat was locked. My cock was one deep breath away from completely shredding my shorts and spilling all over the place.

Vi looked straight at me, her tongue sneaking over her bottom lip as she gazed into my fucking soul and grinned like an evil mastermind hidden behind all that beauty. Turning her head, she whispered something to Shaw that made the other woman jolt.

Everything around me suddenly seemed to be moving in slow motion. Shaw's fingers tangled in Vi's hair as she cupped the back of her head. Something that resembled longing flashed over Shaw's face as she dipped her head and kissed Vi.

Shaw was kissing Vi.

Not a peck on the cheek or a quick smack of their lips together. But a deep, sexually aggressive kiss that had my wife moaning as she pressed closer. Grabbing that perfect

ass in one hand, Shaw eliminated what distance still separated them.

Ah fuck, it was jiggling again.

A tortured sound filled the air, and I was too lost in the pleasure of coming harder than I could ever remember to realize the sound came from me. The kiss went on. And on. And on. Shaw's hand flexing and bouncing. And jiggling.

And I kept coming.

There was no time to think. There was only delirious pleasure and watching the two hottest girls on the motherfucking planet kiss like they were starved for each other.

More.

I wanted to see Shaw touch Vi everywhere. I wanted to watch her kiss and lick and suck.

I wanted her to strip that purple bikini off Vi's body and then her own. I wanted to see Shaw squirm, her thighs becoming drenched while her ass lifted in the air, her head between Vi's legs while she ate my girl out.

I wanted to see that freckle I'd only gotten a glimpse of a few hundred times. The one that was on Shaw's right hip below the string of her black bikini bottoms.

I wanted her to suck on Vi's tits while my wife rode me. Cowgirl. Reverse cowgirl. Vi on all fours, her head between Shaw's legs, slurping up all that nectar.

It all played out in my head before I could stop it, the mental images sending me down a road I'd never traveled before—never allowed myself to travel.

Because it was wrong.

Wasn't it?

Shaw was...Shaw. She belonged to Jagger.

Vi was mine. And I'd kill to keep her.

But hadn't Shaw kind of been a little bit mine too? Just like Vi had been a little bit theirs . There had always been a small trace of something. A flicker in Jagger's eyes when he looked at Vi. Always with awe, but sometimes with longing. The same way Shaw looked at her.

Which was hot.

And that was wrong.

But what if it wasn't?

I tried to breathe, but that only caused more come to pump up from my balls.

Vi.

More.

Suddenly, the world began spinning. I needed to close my eyes. I only needed a few seconds to get myself together. But when I opened them again, Shaw was still squeezing Violet's ass. They weren't kissing any longer, though.

Which was a relief.

Denial was a hard pill to swallow, and fuck if my throat wasn't still desert-dry. Would I ever be fully hydrated again?

Seeing the glimmer in Shaw's eyes as she glanced at me over Vi's shoulder, I didn't care if I ever got another drink of water.

"I'm curious." Jagger's voice dropped lower than normal. "Did Violet ever tell you about the experimenting era?"

"The what?" I garbled, trying to make my tongue work again. Words didn't make sense to my oxygen-deprived brain, though. Exper...huh? "If I die, take care of my kids."

He smirked at me. "They really are hot enough to make a man feel like he's dying. But no worries, bro. I got your back. I'll adopt them, but only Vi gets to call me daddy."

"Jagger!" Vi admonished. "That isn't funny."

"Good, because I wasn't joking."

When had she gotten so close? Grabbing her by the waist, I pulled her down onto my lap. It was her own fault that my cock was still hard and I was covered in enough come to impregnate her at least five more times.

If I got a vasectomy now, would I be recovered in time to start football camp? Lyric had whined for weeks following his, but Mila had said he was fine. I didn't trust her judgment of what pain was, however. She'd given birth to my nephews without a single drop of drugs. It had been the girls who had required a C-section, because they weren't in a safe position for her to deliver naturally.

My sister-in-law scared the hell out of me.

Ignoring the mess I'd made, Vi peered those pretty eyes into mine. It took me a moment, but I sensed an ever-so-subtle hint of uncertainty, and my heart stopped. "Did I take it too far?" she whispered, and I couldn't figure out if she was talking to me or Shaw or herself.

My hands trembling, I cupped her face. Fuck, my entire body was shaking, aftershocks from the most intense release of my life still quaking my extremities.

I hated that she didn't know nothing she could do or say would ever be too anything . Somehow—by the grace of God or Remington, I wasn't sure which—somehow, I'd earned back the right to love this girl. That wasn't just for life. It was for eternity. There was no room between us for uncertainty ever again.

"That was so freaking hot. You blew my mind, baby," I told her, still slightly slurring my words, but my brain was quickly recovering in the face of her brief moment of uncertainty. "Now tell me more about this experimenting era Jagger mentioned."

Relief filled her eyes, and she giggled. Back to being sweet and innocent. And diabolically sexy. Christ, I loved her so damn much.

As if that giggle was her cue to move, Shaw dropped down right beside Vi.

On my lap.

They were both on my lap.

My tongue became glued to the roof of my mouth, my eyes refusing to move away from the sight of Shaw's tits beneath that small bikini top. How the fuck did she keep them contained? It was a difficult feat, but somehow, I looked at Jagger. If he wanted

to beat the shit out of me for ogling his wife's cleavage, I would let him.

But I saw no rage. No jealousy. Just open curiosity as he tipped his drink back and chugged the last of the Diet Coke from the cup, chomping down on a stray piece of ice.

"How long did the experimenting era last?" I asked, curious. We rarely talked about the years that we'd spent apart. It had nearly killed me to go no-contact with Violet. But she'd needed me to back off. Give her time to heal after I'd torn her heart from her chest. I knew the hard facts. Vi had been in a dark place mentally, with the kinds of thoughts that would have taken her from me permanently. Lyric would give me updates because I begged, but it was only the bare minimum.

I'd thought it had been therapy and then Remington that had gotten her through those lonely years. But now that I had my eyes fully open and I allowed myself to truly accept the chemistry that simmered between Vi and Shaw, I wondered if their experimenting era had been the real cure.

Vi shrugged. "It was pretty steady all the way up until I started dating Remington. You know that one thing you like me to do so much with my tongue? Shaw taught me to do that."

"Fuck," Jagger groaned, rubbing the palm of his hand over his groin.

Shaw's grin was wicked. "Jags loves when I do that. Don't you, babe?"

"You are killing me right now, dimples. These shorts are strangling my cock. Come here. I need you." Without hesitation, Shaw stood and walked the few feet over to her husband.

Jagger already had his shorts pushed down, stroking himself. Shaw tugged her bikini

bottoms aside and slowly sat down on his cock, straddling his lap. Vi's breath hitched as she watched.

It wasn't the first time I'd seen them like that. A few double date nights we'd gone on had ended with the two of them fucking in the back seat of my SUV on the drive home. But this was the first time I'd allowed myself to watch.

Jagger untied her top and tossed it aside, burying his face between her tits. "Walking around here, touching her all day. You knew you were torturing me."

"Maybe." Pulling the strings on either side of her bottoms, she let them fall away, giving us the perfect view of her ass as she bounced on his cock.

"You know what it does to me. You get off on driving me crazy." Almost angrily, he grabbed her ass and set a harder, faster pace.

"I was torturing myself too, babe. She looks good in that bikini. She haunts me. I miss her. Us. The taste of her honey on my tongue. The way her clit would get so hard for me. How her pussy locked down so tight when she came for me."

It was hard to miss the way Vi tensed at hearing the thickness in Shaw's voice. But I found it hard to focus on her when Shaw was doing something with her hips that made my head spin. Her cream coated Jagger's cock. I licked my lips, curious about how she would taste. Would she have a different flavor compared to Vi? Unable to stop myself, I wrapped my hand around my shaft and stroked myself. My balls were already tight, ready to spill again.

"Fuck, dimples. Fuck. I can't think straight. I can't. You don't get to play games with me like that and expect me not to want..."

"I'm okay with that, though. I never would have started it, not even back then, if I

weren't okay with it. Remember what I said? I'll share with you."

"Gods!" His bellow as he came hard ripped through the air. Shaw dropped one hand, her fingers rapidly fluttering over her clit until she cried out. Seeing the pleasure that rolled over her face, clenching through her entire body, I felt my own release rush up, spilling come all over my stomach and lap again, making a mess of me and Vi's legs.

I dropped my head back, wondering what the fuck had just happened to my life. I'd thought it was pretty damn perfect until I witnessed Vi and Shaw kissing. Now, I realized that maybe something had been missing. I should have paid more attention. Maybe whatever this was would have happened sooner.

"Shaw?" Vi whispered. Something in her voice had me sitting up straighter. She was looking at Shaw with her brows scrunched together, as if she didn't know what to do or say.

Struggling to catch their breaths, Jagger and Shaw turned their heads. Their gazes drifted over Vi, hunger darkening their eyes.

Vi was solely focused on Shaw. "You never said that you missed us. Why didn't you tell me?"

Shaw ducked her head. Shy had never been an adjective I associated with her before, but she had a vulnerability about her right then that had nothing to do with the fact that she was naked and had an audience while she fucked Jagger.

"I shouldn't have said that," she finally said after a few moments of tense silence passed.

"Why not?" Vi demanded.

“Because you don’t need me anymore.”

Tears filled my wife’s eyes. “That’s not true. How could you think that? You mean everything to me.”

Shaw swallowed hard. “It wasn’t supposed to be like that. I never meant to...”

“Love me?”

“Yeah.”

“I love you too.”

I smiled at that. Those words had always calmed something inside me. I’d been possessive as fuck over my girl when we were younger. But now, I could see all too clearly that Vi’s love was too damn special to keep just for myself. Shaw had always been in her heart. Maybe I hadn’t let myself acknowledge it fully, but it was hard to miss now.

Shaw would have to kill me before I let her have all of Vi, but sharing had never sounded more fun in my life.

Relief filled Shaw’s face. “Really?”

“I’m mad that you don’t already know that.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t say that. I just wish you would have said something sooner.” Vi huffed.

I stroked my hand down her back, pulling her attention back to me. “Well, you know

now. What do you want to do with that new knowledge, baby?”

She stared down at me for a moment before her eyes brightened. “How do you feel about an experimenting era 2.0?”

CHAPTER THREE

luca

I did not, in fact, get the vasectomy in time to start football camp. My coaches were grumpy as fuck about the delay, but they didn't argue. Remington still had my back from the grave. I'd been with Nashville my entire career and they treated me like royalty, but I was planning my retirement.

Not this season, but soon. My body was at peak performance. I was still a beast on the field. Continued to scare bodily fluids out of the opposing team's offense from the first Monday in September all the way up to the last week of January—and sometimes lasting until the first full week of February.

Every time my team had won our championship and moved on to the Super Bowl, we'd won. Like most players, I wanted one more shot before I walked away and focused on my family. Vi and our kids deserved my full attention without me being half crippled from one too many hits on the field.

It was with a pulse throbbing in my ball sac the day after my vasectomy that Vi gave me that sweet, innocent smile and informed me that she was pregnant.

With twins.

Again.

I had taken one of the painkillers an hour before, so I was seeing double of her. But

she had the first ultrasound in her hand, waving it around as she talked animatedly.

Pregnant.

It was easy enough to pinpoint when it had happened. That day she'd kissed Shaw in front of me for the first time. I'd lost control that day. How the hell was I supposed to remember something trivial like birth control when I'd turned into a man possessed watching my smoking-hot wife kiss the second-hottest woman I'd ever met?

That may have been the first time she'd kissed her best friend in front of me. But it hadn't been the last. Experimenting Era 2.0 was starting slow. I was sure that I was the reason she was taking things one step at a time instead of diving in headfirst. She wanted to make sure I was comfortable.

Apparently she still hadn't completely realized that she was my fucking world, and now that world had expanded a little. If it made Violet feel good, I was down for anything.

But only if that anything was with Shaw.

Which was a lie that I was done telling myself.

I was tired of pretending I didn't notice how Jagger looked at Vi. How lost he got, unable to tear his gaze away. The yearning that radiated off him in waves that would drown a normal person in utter despair if they didn't get what they ached for so deeply. I knew that look well—I had fucking been him those years I'd spent without Violet's love. He never tried to touch her, though. Which meant he had a hell of a lot more willpower than me. Because when it came to Vi and Shaw experimenting, I couldn't last two seconds before I was begging them to let me participate in some way.

Jagger had watched me go down on Shaw only two weeks ago. Something Vi had encouraged. Flat-out begged for it. But she'd barely gotten the words out before I was on my knees. At the time, I hadn't cared how Jagger felt about it. I'd take the ass-beating if he wanted to throw down.

He didn't.

He hadn't moved a single muscle while he watched us. Didn't seem to breathe until Shaw had come twice on my tongue. And then he was pulling her to him, fucking her right in front of us.

I knew why he hadn't touched Vi, though, and I respected him for it.

Jagger was waiting for Vi to ask. Or maybe to put him out of his misery and just take.

Admittedly, I was having fun with all the experimenting when we had private time with our friends. But it would all stop in the blink of an eye if Vi said it wasn't what she wanted. Her wants, her needs? That was all that I cared about. And if she wanted Jagger to kiss her, any part of her, I'd be down for that in a heartbeat.

"This is crazy, right?" Vi exclaimed, returning me to the land of the agony in my scrotum. She had on a pair of running shorts and a tank top that showed off a nice view of her tits.

I should not have been able to get so much as a twitch from my dick yet. The doctor had assured me that the swelling wouldn't be too bad if I kept an ice pack on my balls and took the meds he prescribed. That fucker was full of shit. My balls felt like they were the size of peaches, and I was half hard.

"Insane," I agreed, making a mental note in my high-as-fuck brain to double- and triple-check that my vasectomy had taken before I put my dick back in her.

“You said that out loud, babe.”

“Oh. Sorry. Did it hurt your feelings?” Fuck. I couldn’t tell. She was all bright-eyed and full of smiles. She’d even given me that beautiful laugh I was so in love with. But what if I missed something while I was lying there recovering from a little snip to the boys down south?

How did anyone get shit done on drugs? If this was what it was like every day for an addict, there should never have been an opioid epidemic. The most I’d ever done was get stupid drunk and do even stupider things. And that was plenty of experience with not being in control for one lifetime. A shudder crawled up my spine, regret making my stomach turn.

“Shaw. Where’s Shaw?” I glanced around, half expecting her to materialize out of thin air. I was surprised when she didn’t. Maybe I’d said the wrong name. “Jagger?”

Nothing.

“Where the fuck are those two?” Realizing I was swearing, I pressed my lips together and peeked around, hoping I hadn’t said bad words in front of my little princess. But Love Bug was absent. And there was no Grier chirping happily. Or Fallon terrorizing Elijah and Ethan. She scared the living hell out of them the majority of the time. They screamed when they saw her most days, then did absolutely everything in their power to avoid being in the same room with her.

It was not the cute kind of scared either. Not much frightened my sons, but Fallon? Yeah, those two were terrified of her.

Where Grier was the carbon copy of her mother, Fallon was a perfect blend of Jagger and Shaw. Which was dangerous as fuck, because that perfect blend wasn’t just Jags and Shaw. It was Emmie Armstrong and Dallas Cage, rolled into one small,

strawberry-blond hell-raiser. Those blue eyes might look all sweet and innocent, but they had flames in them that had us all on edge, waiting for the inevitable explosion from the little bomb Shaw had birthed.

“Jags and Shaw have the kids at their house, so you can recover without Ethan and Elijah all over the place,” she gently reminded me, her voice soothing a restless part of me while simultaneously making the heartbeat I felt pulsing in my balls hurt like a son of a bitch.

“Right. I remember. Jagger is on daddy duty all week. My parents and yours both said they would help out if he and Shaw need backup, though. No, wait. Shaw shouldn’t be over there.” I frowned, trying to think through the fog that had invaded my brain. I hated those freaking narcotics. “Why isn’t Shaw here? Didn’t you tell her yet?”

“Oddly enough, no. I wasn’t having some crazy life-changing catastrophic event, so I did an at-home test on my own and then had it confirmed at my OB. Because you Thorntons always seem to double down, I was adamant about an early ultrasound. You’re the first to know anything this time around.” She frowned down at the picture in her hand. “But now I’m wondering if you are even going to remember this when the Vicodin wears off.”

I snapped my fingers and was pleased with myself when they actually made the sound. Shaking away my amazement, I knew I’d have plenty of time later to bask in the success of what a good finger-snapper I was. Vi was more important.

All three of her.

Wait. There had been two of her just a few seconds ago.

“Why are there so many of you?”

Her brows lifted like she was confused. Or maybe she was upset. But she laughed. Did that mean she was happy? Or was it that fake laugh that should have chilled me to my bones? I couldn't tell. The damn pills were making everything fuzzy and numb. Which was a good thing for the amount of pain in my ball sac. That was next-level agony. No wonder Lyric cried when he had his vasectomy. Mila was a coldhearted bitch for saying my brother was a wuss. He couldn't help that she was a freak who had a crazy-high pain tolerance.

"How many do you see?" Vi asked, her voice calming the flare of anger that filled me on my twin's behalf. I should call Lyric and tell him I was sorry for doubting his pain when he had been brave enough to get snipped. It took guts to let some supposed professional get close enough with a knife to play mad scientist with his mojo.

Jagger had experienced it too. About a year after Fallon was born, Shaw had decided she was done populating the world with her mini me's, and Jags didn't hesitate to make the appointment himself. He told me about the pain, but again, I thought they were both overdramatizing it. Wanting extra TLC from their wives.

Ha!

Wait.

Vi had asked me something. How many who?

"Of me, Luca. How many of me do you see?"

"Three. No, two." I blinked and then blinked again. "No, three. Definitely three. But I'm not complaining, baby. That just means there is more of you to love."

Her lips twitched. Was she fighting not to laugh or cry?

Damn it!

I needed backup.

“I am so glad I decided to record this. I can’t wait to show you later. And then I’m going to show Shaw.”

“Shaw!” I yelled, remembering the important thing I absolutely needed to remember. “That’s what I was going to ask you. Where is Shaw?”

Violet cupped my face in her hands. “Shaw is at her house. With Jagger. And our kids. All of them, minus the two still in the oven.”

I covered her hands. So soft. I loved her hands. Don’t get distracted yet, idiot. I blinked up into those pretty purple eyes. They were all glittery with emotions I couldn’t name. A lump filled my throat, choking me. “But I need Shaw here so she can tell me if you’re upset. Because I really can’t fucking tell right now, baby. And that kills me. I need you to be okay. Okay?”

She kissed my nose. “High Luca is so adorable.”

No one had ever called me adorable before, least of all her. Adorable? Pfft . Had I turned into a puppy when they’d clipped my balls? I grunted and lightly swatted her on the ass before I grabbed my phone. I had to blink a few times before I could see the screen so I could call the right person.

“Luca?” Shaw’s voice finally filled the room. “You should be sleeping. Does Vi know you have your phone right now?”

“I know,” Vi assured her. Apparently I’d hit speaker when I’d tried to connect. “Oh my god, he is so loopy right now. It’s freaking adorable.”

“Stop saying that,” I grumbled.

“Please tell me you are recording.” Shaw’s amused voice rolled down my spine like silk.

“I’m getting it all. I might even edit and send clips to Lyric later.”

“Don’t make me have to kill my brother,” I pleaded, but maybe I didn’t say that out loud, because no one promised they wouldn’t.

“That’s going to be fun to watch. Remember how chill Jagger was the first day? And then, on day two, he became the biggest baby. But I couldn’t kiss his ouchie better for two full weeks.”

“Can she stop talking now? I feel my heartbeat in my left nut.”

Silence echoed in my brain. That was much better. Blowing out a breath, I slowly relaxed. No sexy voices that played with my head and made my dick jump. Closing my eyes, I started to fade into the nothingness of no pain.

Violet burst into giggles, startling me awake with my favorite sound of all time.

And the pain returned ten times worse.

“Shaw!” I shouted.

“What?” she yelled back, fear in her voice. “What’s wrong? Are you okay? Vi, what is going on over there?”

Vi couldn’t answer because she was bent over, laughing so hard she was practically crying.

Wait. Maybe she was just crying.

“Shaw, get your ass over here now. I need help. I don’t know if Violet is happy or sad. She’s laughing, but there are tears rolling down her face. Please, I can’t read her, and she just told me she’s pregnant.”

“Adorable,” Vi choked out.

“I’ll be there in five minutes.”

CHAPTER FOUR

luca

Stepping out of the shower, I grabbed a towel and wrapped it around my hips, checking my phone to see how much time I had before room service arrived with my dinner. Seeing a text from my wife, I felt a pang in my chest. I missed her so damn much.

Normally, she would fly out to whatever city when I had an away game, but she was still recovering from her third C-section. Some scar tissue from the previous two had made healing from this one take longer. I hadn't wanted to leave her, but I also had a responsibility to my team, which meant not missing the first game of the season.

Thankfully, Jagger was able to stay with her and our kids so I could focus on work.

Vi: I sent you an extra-sweet surprise to celebrate the first win of the year.

Me: Is it chocolate cake?

Vi: It's ten times better than cake.

Vi: It should be there soon. You can thank me later. Enjoy. I love you.

I didn't have time to text her back before the doorbell rang. All the rooms of this hotel were soundproof, so the staff had to use a doorbell instead of knocking. Making sure the towel was secure, I opened the door without checking to see if it was my

room service or not.

Shaw stood there with a bag from my favorite deli in New York and a small overnight case. She gave me the wicked grin I had come to love. “Hi, stranger.”

That sexy fucking voice was going to kill me. It rolled over me like a caress, making the towel tent so fast, it would have fallen if I hadn’t grabbed it to hold it in place.

Biting my lip, I scanned her from head to toe. Her hair fell in soft waves over her shoulders. No makeup, but she knew that was how I liked her best. A simple T-shirt and a pair of jeans graced a body I’d become increasingly obsessed with over the last few months. Mostly because I tried to limit myself on how much I allowed myself to give in. But when she did dirty things to my wife, it was hard not to beg for a little taste.

We hadn’t had the chance for private playtime with our friends in over three months, though. Jagger and Shaw had both been traveling a lot for work before and right after Aidan and Ciaran were born. Sometimes together. Sometimes alone. Vi had been recovering, while I’d had football practice and the preseason to deal with.

Shaw had been so busy with her schedule that I wasn’t even sure what city she was in most of the time. I got a few texts from her, to let me know she was okay or to ask me something about Vi. Otherwise, we didn’t have a lot of contact. And I wasn’t sure I liked that.

Vi worried about her bestie when she wasn’t close. Which made me worry about her as well. It had nothing to do with the fact that I was a little in love with her too.

Shaw waved the bag of food, pulling my attention away from the little nugget of truth I didn’t want to acknowledge yet. “Can I come in? Vi canceled your room service when you told her you’d ordered dinner because she knew I was bringing you the

grinder you love so much.”

Stepping back, I held the door, silently letting her enter. She dropped her small case on the floor and set the food on the TV stand before sitting on the end of the bed. Making sure the door was shut, I turned to watch her.

Silence stretched between us. We’d been alone all the time in the past. It had never been an issue for either of us. But that was before. Now...

Now, things were different.

Private fun time with Shaw and Jagger hadn’t been defined in detail, but it had changed a lot of things overall. Vi experimented with Shaw while he and I watched. I joined when I couldn’t hold back any longer. And then Jagger fucked his wife like a beast possessed him. He hadn’t joined in on the fun. Yet. But I could see that he was starting to break. He couldn’t hold on to that control forever.

Vi needed to put the poor man out of his misery already.

Despite all the times Vi and I had shared moments with Shaw, Shaw and I had never been one-on-one. This aspect of our lives? That was all because of Vi. If she wanted it to stop, it would stop. What she wanted and needed were all that mattered to me.

My heart feeling things for Shaw? That was a circumstance that I couldn’t control, no matter how badly I wanted to. But it wouldn’t lead into its own relationship.

“Vi said you won your game.”

I nodded, glad to have something to talk about. “Yeah. Their defense needs some serious work if they hope to win at all this season.”

“Jagger mentioned they have a shitty defensive coordinator when he texted me earlier. He was watching the game with Vi and the kids.”

“So, he knows you’re here?”

Her brows lifted, but she grinned. “He’s the one who confirmed my flight plans with my agent. I have a photo shoot tomorrow.”

“I mean, he knows you’re here. With me.”

Understanding filled those baby blues. “Yes, Luca. Jags knows I’m with you.”

My pulse spiked. “And he’s okay with that... With... You. Me. Us. I mean, Vi obviously knows. She texted me right before you got here. But Jagger might not. And I’ve already pushed some boundaries.”

She just sat there, looking up at me for a moment while I floundered, not even attempting to make this easy on me. Her hard-ass personality was one of the things I liked about her. Loved. But not when it was directed at me.

“Let me ask you something, Luca. Have you and Jagger ever talked about any of this? Me and Vi. The ‘experimenting.’”

“No,” I answered with a shrug.

“Men are so dumb. And I’m not only blaming you for that, because Jags is kinda brain-dead at times. I’m not going to get into his whole thing with Vi. That’s their issue to sort out. But just so we are clear on that front, I’m one hundred percent okay with Vi and Jags being together however they decide.”

Sucking in a breath at that, I gave a nod. “Full transparency, I am too. I wasn’t sure in

the beginning. But I know Vi has feelings for him. Like she does for you. Which is okay. She loved Remington too, and he became my best damn friend before he died. I've grown up a lot since I was a stupid kid. Vi loving other people scared me back then. I needed to be her number one. Now, I'm just fucking happy she loves me at all."

"Oh, Luca," she murmured. "You're number one in her heart. You know that, right?"

"I know."

"Good. Jagger is first with me too. But I'm not going to fight myself over being in love with Vi. Which he knows and accepts. Fuck, he's practically drowning in his own feelings for her. It's so ridiculous, but whatever. I'm not going to fix it for either one of them. They can figure it out for themselves. Or not. My point is, Jags also knows my heart is open to you. It's hard to love her without caring about you."

That confession hit me in a way I wasn't expecting. I looked away from her. "Same."

Her breathy laugh was sexy as fuck, drawing my gaze back to her without my permission. She was beautiful, and my body ached so fucking bad. I had to force myself to focus or I was going to pounce on her without clearing anything up. Vi had sent her to me, knowing how weak my control was when it came to her bestie. "But is Jagger okay with this?"

"If he weren't, I wouldn't be here. That's how this works, Luca. Complete honesty, especially to ourselves. Otherwise, that locks the others out and cheapens our entire relationship. And I'm sure as fuck not cheap, Luca." She stood. "I appreciate you caring about Jagger enough to ask questions like this. I still think you are both idiots for not talking to each other, but I've learned to accept the stupidity of men."

"I don't want anyone to get hurt."

“That’s sweet that you care about him.”

“He’s like a brother to me.”

A teasing light filled her eyes. “You ever watch your brother go down on Vi before?”

“He’s still breathing, isn’t he?”

She took a single step toward me, tilting her head to the side, her golden hair falling over her shoulder. “But you are fine with Jags eating up all that sweetness?”

“That’s different. She doesn’t love Lyric like that.”

“True.” She took another step closer. The air suddenly felt trapped in my chest, my vision narrowing to nothing except her. “Now comes the really hard question. You ready for that?”

I hesitated, then nodded.

“Do you want me here, Luca?”

Every muscle in my body felt zapped by that loaded question. I wanted to deny it, but she was right. Lying about anything at this point would ruin everything. “Yes. I didn’t know I wanted it, didn’t allow myself to think about it. But yes, I want you here, Shaw. I want you .”

Another step. She was so close, but so far away. “I’m going to tell you a secret. I was nervous coming here because I honestly didn’t know how you would react. But Vi was so excited about surprising you that I didn’t hesitate to give her what she wanted. She’s dangerous like that.”

She couldn't hide a flicker of vulnerability. Realizing just how much she was putting herself out there for me, I took a step closer to her, leaving only a few inches separating us. I offered her my hand. "Do you want to be here, Shaw?"

"More than I ever thought possible." She placed her hand in mine, giving it a squeeze before tracing a finger down my abs. "I saw a few clips from the game earlier. You were a beast on the field. I never told you this before, but I like how rough you get out there. All that brutality for the offense, but then you touch Vi with such gentleness. That's fucking hot, Luca."

Her fingers played with the towel I was surprised I was still holding in place. Releasing it, I let her see what she was doing to me. I was rock hard, ready to fuck her against the wall.

"You are massive," she praised, awe in her voice. "Can I suck it?"

"Fuck," I groaned. "You're trying to kill me. You want Vi all to yourself, don't you? That's why you're here."

Her laugh went straight to my cock. Wrapping her hand around my shaft, she looked up at me through her lashes. "Oh damn. You figured out my true motive."

She flexed her fingers, trying to tighten her grip. My cock thickened even more, showing her who was really in charge. "On your knees. Now."

She dropped in front of me, her head tipped back, looking up at me. I brushed my thumb over her lips. Opening her mouth, she licked me before sucking it. "Vi was so generous, sending me her bestie to fuck. Show me you want this cock, Shaw. I want to see how dirty this mouth can get to make Violet happy."

Moaning, she wrapped her fingers around the base and took me straight to the back of

her throat. She had no gag reflex. “Ah, fuck. That’s good.”

She twisted her hand as she stroked me while sucking as much of me into her mouth as she could take. Her hungry, wet noises, the way she looked up at me while she sucked me deeper and deeper, made my knees shake. I pulled back, causing her to whine in complaint, chasing after me so she could take all of me. Grinding my teeth to stop myself from shooting my load in her mouth, I lifted her to her feet and tore her shirt over her head.

Half blind with need, I stripped her. Inch by inch, I unwrapped the present my wife had sent me. Shaw’s tits filled my hands. Bending, I sucked on one nipple then the other, not being easy. Jagger fucked her hard every time. She could take it, and I wasn’t about to hold back.

Her pussy was already drenched. I parted her, rubbing my thumb over her soaked clit while I sucked harder. Her nails sliced across one shoulder, spurring me on. Turning, I took her down onto the bed with me. Our bodies crashed together in a blur of hands and lips, searching for spots that made us both delirious.

She pushed me to my back and turned, settling her pussy right over my face. Taking a handful of her ass in each hand, I buried my face in the treasure trove she offered. She cried out when I tasted her with my tongue, falling forward and taking my cock into her mouth. She was drowning me in nectar.

“Such a good girl, giving me this pussy to eat.” I squeezed her ass and spread her cheeks, playing with the hole Jagger had fucked the last time we were all together.

Her eyes had rolled back into her head when he’d slammed into her from behind. He’d played with her clit, finger-fucking her pussy. She’d been wild for him when he did that, screaming as she came so hard Vi had stopped riding me to watch them. I’d been unable to tear my gaze away either. Shaw had been so hot with a cock in her ass,

her hair a tangled mess while she was fucked from behind.

Pushing my finger inside her tight back hole, I felt her clench around me. She stopped sucking my cock, too lost in her pleasure. Her cries filled the room as she came on my tongue.

I rolled her beneath me, capturing her wrists in one hand and pinning them above her head. I let my gaze travel down, seeing the red marks I'd left behind. "You going to show Vi how hard I played with this body she gave me to fuck?"

She grinned, her mouth swollen from sucking my cock. "I bet it will make her so wet when I send her pictures. She's going to play with that sweet pussy all night. When you get home tomorrow, she's going to ride you so hard."

Come spurted from my tip, imagining how tight Vi was going to be when I fucked her. I dropped my forehead to Shaw's, searching for restraint. I hadn't even been inside her yet. I wanted this to last. Once I put my dick in her, I knew I was going to lose the ability to think clearly.

"Luca, please," she moaned. "I need you inside me. I can't take it anymore. It hurts. I need you to stretch me. Fuck me."

Breaths coming in harsh pants, I pushed her legs apart with my knee. Her pussy was as pretty as Vi's. Pink and wet for me. Weeping, desperate for my cock even though she'd just come.

"You're going to sixty-nine Vi the next time we're all together. Maybe Vi will finally put Jagger out of his misery and beg him to fuck her while she eats this pretty pink honey trap." I pushed inside her slowly. She whined, her nails biting into my chest, my shoulders, my back, the visual I'd given her while I stretched her pussy sending her straight into another release.

I locked my jaw and waited. She needed a moment, and so did I. I'd known she would feel good wrapped around my cock, but I hadn't realized it would send me into another atmosphere where nothing mattered but making her come over and over again.

When she came down from the high of a second orgasm, her blue eyes were glazed over. "Fuck me hard."

I gave her what she demanded. The bed hit the wall with each thrust, her cries echoing around the room. Thankfully, the walls were soundproof, or I would have lost my fucking mind with how loud she was. No way would I have let anyone else hear her and continue to breathe.

Her tits bounced with each thrust, and I grabbed one and squeezed. She screamed when I twisted and tugged on her sensitive nipple. "Yes! Like that. More. Harder, Luca. Please, harder."

Cursing, I flipped her, taking her on all fours. She lifted her ass, meeting me thrust for thrust, looking at me over her shoulder while I slammed into her harder each time. I grabbed her hair, twisting it around my wrist, pulling her back so I could kiss her shoulder, her neck, her temple. "Your pussy takes me so good, sweetheart. Jagger is a lucky man. He gets to fuck you anytime he wants. I can't wait to share you with Violet. Ah fuck, it's going to be so good. I'll take you from behind like this. But her head will be between your legs. We won't be able to fuck this hard. You'll be a good girl and let me take you slow and easy at first, won't you, Shaw? We can't hurt our sweet girl."

She whined, her mind playing out the vision. "I love the way she licks me. Oh god. She's going to get so wet for me."

Her inner muscles clenched down, trying to steal my come. Dropping her head back

onto my chest, she called out my name. I fucked her through the tremors, refusing to give her my come. Not yet. We had all night, but I wanted to savor this first time.

When she stopped spasming, I rolled us, wanting to watch her ride me. She pushed up so she was straddling me, her hands pressed to my abs to steady herself. Her hips rocked and rolled, her ass lifting and dropping, setting a bruising pace. She was going to feel me for days.

Filling my hands with her tits, I twisted her nipples, relishing how her pussy muscles contracted with every pull of my fingers. Her head fell back onto her shoulders, one hand moving to play with her clit. I slapped it away, replacing it with my thumb.

“Yes. I love that. Love it. Don’t stop. Oh my god. It’s good. Luca. Luca!” I loved how vocal she was. It made my cock even harder, hearing how much she wanted more. “Oh. Right there. Don’t stop. Please don’t stop. Harder. Oh god!”

“That’s it, sweetheart. Louder. Let me hear how much you want it.”

“I’m coming. Luca, I’m coming!” Her screams, the way her walls clamped down around my cock so hard I thought she would never let go, I couldn’t fight it anymore.

I rolled her under me, thrusting so hard the bed that was bolted to the floor shifted a few inches. Bellowing her name, I pumped her full of my come.

The world slowly came back into focus several minutes later. We were both still struggling to breathe. She was rubbing my back. Lifting my head, I looked down at her, worried I’d been too rough. “Are you okay, sweetheart?”

Shaw grinned. “That was intense, but I’m okay. Are you? We definitely tested the quality of the soundproofing. This place caters to major athletes, so they have to pad the walls extra heavy. But I dunno. I think your neighbors might have heard us, we

were so loud at the end.”

I tensed. “Don’t even joke about that. You want me to murder someone?”

“You’d kill an innocent bystander for hearing us have sex?”

“I’d end them for hearing how sweetly you come, yeah. Same as I would if they heard Vi. Those sounds are only for Jagger and me.” Rolling onto my side, I propped my head in my hand. As I ran my eyes over her, I surveyed the marks I’d left on her body. “You’re going to need some serious concealer or some Photoshop tomorrow.”

“It’s fine. It wouldn’t be the first time I’ve had to cover up a few bruises. I like it rough, and Jags always gives me what I want.”

“Are you going home tomorrow, or will you spend another day in New York?” I asked, worried about her being in the city alone.

“I have a late flight tomorrow. I don’t like being away from my family. My schedule has been so busy lately, I feel like my girls haven’t even seen my face in weeks.” She yawned, turning on her side and tucking her hand under her cheek. “I think I’m going to cut back a little more. Slow down and enjoy life instead of focusing on work as much. It’s nice that so many brands still want me to be their ambassador, but I’m tired. I miss my husband and babies.”

“I’m going to push my flight back and get us on the same one. I don’t want you here by yourself.”

She rolled her eyes. “I’m a big girl, Luca. I can take care of myself.”

“Did I say you couldn’t? I’m doing it for my peace of mind, not for you.”

“Aw, you’re such a sweet-talker. I don’t know why I ever thought you were a douchebag.”

I tapped her on the ass. “Sarcastic bitch.”

“There you go again. Giving me all the butterflies with your sugary words.” She closed her eyes, a smile still teasing her lips. “I’m gonna take a nap. Go eat your sandwich.”

I didn’t move. I couldn’t. Would Vi like it if I sent her a picture of the aftermath of her surprise for me? Did she know how rough I’d be with her friend?

My phone was in the bathroom. Torn between wanting to lie there watching Shaw sleep and texting my wife to thank her, tell her how much I loved her, I grunted to myself and rolled out of bed. There was no contest. I was going to pick Vi every time.

Finding my phone, I saw a missed text. The time stamp was an hour after Shaw first arrived.

Vi: I want a picture of her on her knees sucking you off. Pretty please.

Grinning, I snapped a picture of Shaw sleeping peacefully.

Me: Sorry, baby, she’s already worn out. I’ll get you that pic by the end of the night, though. I promise.

Her reply came almost immediately.

Vi: I hope you know I’m going to lock you in our bedroom for the next week. I’m aching for you.

Me: I'll bring home the present you so generously sent me, and we can play all you want, baby.

Vi: Deal!

CHAPTER FIVE

jagger

Luca bumped my shoulder as we walked toward the restaurant entrance behind our wives.

“You’re going to lose a tooth if you keep clenching your jaw that hard, bro,” he advised, concern in his voice. “You’ve been quiet all evening. Everything okay?”

“I’m fine,” I gritted out, thrusting my hands into my slacks pockets to hide how tightly I was curling my fingers into fists. I was not fine. I was fucking losing my mind.

All because of a tiny little blonde with purple eyes.

I’d been patient. Kept my hands to myself. For years. So many fucking years. For the first time in my life, I’d completely denied myself something I craved. Because I didn’t want to push her too far, too fast. Didn’t want her to have regrets. When Vi finally realized how much she meant to me, I needed her to fully understand every aspect that would change for us all.

Being patient was a virtue, but I was no godsdamn saint. Vi had yet to give me so much as a hint that she wanted to move forward with me. Shaw? She had taken their experimenting to new heights, and I loved watching them together. Being a witness to their private relationship was a gift. Watching their bond strengthen was beautiful. Seeing how happy they both were filled a part of my soul I hadn’t realized had been

empty.

But I was left adrift, wondering how Vi felt about me. She hadn't given me a single sign since this thing had begun with her and Shaw. Which was fine. I had remained patient, even though it was slowly killing me. She simply needed more time. When she finally decided the moment was right for us to explore our own connection, we would.

And maybe I could have continued being patient if she hadn't started icing me out. For the last few weeks, she had been giving me the cold shoulder. My texts got monosyllabic answers—when she actually answered. Half the time, my texts went unread. If we were in the same room, she would completely ignore me.

This was not how it was supposed to be between us. Ever. Even when Shaw and I were struggling to figure out our relationship, I'd always known Vi's place in my life. She'd been my best friend when I'd needed one the most. When it was hard to get out of bed in the mornings while Shaw refused to speak to me, Vi became my reason. She got me through the worst years of my life.

And now, she wouldn't even look at me.

It pissed me the fuck off.

Hurts. Hurts so bad, I can barely breathe.

Shaking away the thought, I focused on how Shaw had her pinkie entwined with Vi's as they entered the restaurant. Their heads were close together as Shaw whispered something to her bestie that had Vi giggling.

Luca grabbed my elbow, stopping me from following the girls. His eyes rapidly shifted from one shade of brown to another as they drilled into me. "Stop lying to me,

Jagger. I want to know what the fuck is going on with you. Look, I know I've been busy lately. I'm sorry I haven't been around, but you know you can tell me anything. There's nothing you can't talk to me about."

Scrubbing a hand over my face, I blew out a breath. "She won't even talk to me."

A lump filled my throat, the hurt I didn't want to think about twisting inside me until it was a struggle to keep standing upright.

Confusion pulled his brows together. "Who?"

"Violet. You haven't noticed how cool she is to me lately? I mean, when she actually acknowledges my presence."

"I noticed she didn't answer you a few times on the drive. But up until tonight, I hadn't noticed anything off with her. Honestly, I thought it was because you looked grumpy as fuck when we picked you and Shaw up."

I laughed dryly. "No, man. She's been avoiding me like the plague. Rarely answers my texts, and when she does, they are simple yes or no responses ninety-eight percent of the time. She won't even look at me. I don't know what I did to piss her off, but she's big mad. And the one time I dared to ask her what was wrong, she told me to look in the mirror. That was the last time she answered my messages. Four motherfucking days ago."

Understanding finally crossed his face, and he smirked. "Ah."

His response pissed me off. "Ah? That's all you're going to say about it? Fucking ah ? What does that even mean? Don't offer to listen and then give me bullshit in return."

Luca sighed, shaking his head at me. “You’re obviously hurting right now, Jags. And I get it. Vi’s attention is addictive. Once you have it, it’s impossible to give up. I feel for you, brother. But there’s nothing I can do to help fix this for you.”

I jerked my arm out of his hold. “Thanks a fucking lot.”

“Shaw and I already talked about this. We’re not going to hold your hands while you two figure out your relationship. That’s between you and Vi.” He clapped me on the shoulder. “But here’s a hint. Vi is more stubborn than you realize. If she has it in her mind about something, you have to prove to her it’s not what she’s made herself think it is. You two obviously are not on the same page. Talk to her. Or not. Talking is overrated sometimes. Actions speak a lot louder than words.”

“Actions,” I repeated with a disgusted grunt. “I refuse to act until she gives me the green light.”

“Shaw was right. You are brain-dead sometimes.” He slapped me on the back of the head, hard. “Open your eyes, dumbass. Her light has been green for a long damn time.”

“Hey, are you two coming?” Shaw called from inside the restaurant. “Our table is ready.”

Muttering a curse under his breath, Luca shoved my shoulder. “Get your head on straight before you come in. I’m not dealing with your stupidity tonight.”

“You have a lot of room to talk,” I snarled.

“See? So stupid you can’t even throw me a good comeback. I pulled my head out of my ass a long time ago, Jagger. Vi’s happiness is the only thing that matters to me. And guess what? She’s not happy right now. Because of you. Man up. Own how you

feel, and fix this.”

All I could do was stand there. Hurt poured off me, turning the pain to anger until I was vibrating. I was alone outside the restaurant, the establishment too selective for a stream of diners to be coming and going. It was why we so often picked this place, given that it offered the privacy we wouldn’t get anywhere else.

Grabbing the back of my neck with both hands, I squeezed, glaring up at the starless night sky. Luca hadn’t said much more than what Shaw had voiced about my relationship with Vi, but it was enough to give me pause despite the anger and hurt ripping through me.

Vi was sweet to Shaw’s spicy. I didn’t think there were many people who could be more stubborn than my wife, but many times, Vi had proven that she was the queen of stubbornness.

But why would she be stubborn about me?

She held all the power, and she knew it. I wanted her to choose when or even if we had something of our own. Didn’t she know how much I wanted her? How much I cared?

Had we talked about it, though? When had I ever told her I loved her?

A week ago.

I remembered the text. It had been a random thought that had gone through my head, and I’d sent the text. Wanting her to know I was thinking of her, desperate to talk to her, hoping she would give me something other than frost, I sent three simple words.

Love you, Vi.

And I'd gotten an ILY2 in reply. It had cut me deep.

But again, Luca was right. When Vi saw something one way, and she convinced herself that was the truth, it took a hell of a lot to prove to her it was something completely different.

What I should have said instead was, I'm in love with you, Vi. Maybe I would have gotten an entirely different response.

"Fucking hell," I muttered. "Stop being a pussy."

When it came down to it, though, that was the real problem. I was scared. If she didn't feel the same, it would kill a part of my soul. But as long as I didn't act on how I felt, I could pretend she loved me on the same level I loved her.

Owning that realization, I opened the door, only to find Shaw and Vi coming outside. Shaw arched a brow as she walked past.

Luca walked behind them, carrying a single to-go box. "Got you a cheeseburger and fries," he said, pushing the plastic container into my hands.

"You didn't eat?" I grumbled, following them.

"We've been inside for nearly an hour. The girls even had dessert." He pulled his keys out of his pocket. "Figured you weren't hungry. I'm familiar with how stupidity kills an appetite."

"Shut the fuck up."

"Tell me I'm wrong," he dared, slowing his pace to walk with me. My silence made him snort out a laugh. "That's what I thought."

Luca hit the unlock button on his key fob and opened the back door for Vi. I moved to do the same for Shaw, but she was already climbing into the front passenger seat. “Shotgun!”

“You’re evil, dimples,” I grumbled.

“It’s weird that we have been married this long and you didn’t already know that. Huh. You’re even more intellectually challenged than I gave you credit for. I am so relieved our girls didn’t get their brains from you, babe.” She gave me an indulgent smile before pulling the seat belt across her shoulder. “I love you, dumbass.”

Taking the back passenger seat, I waited for Vi’s nearness to hit me. As soon as Luca closed her door, trapping me with her scent, her heat, I dropped the takeout container with zero consideration for the mess it might make and grabbed Vi.

She squealed, but I swallowed the sound, crashing my mouth down on hers. She smacked at my arms, but I didn’t release her. I couldn’t, even if my life depended on it. Not when she tasted even better than I’d ever imagined she would. Twisting her hair around my fingers, I deepened the kiss.

With a hum, she melted against me.

Something shifted inside me. Everything realigned to finally fit perfectly in those spots that had been empty. I only meant for it to be a kiss. One small kiss. But hunger took hold of me. The world faded around us. There was only Vi. How her tongue shyly played with mine at first, before growing bolder. Her fingers unbuttoning my shirt, sharp nails scraping down my chest. She was wearing the dress Shaw had brought her back from Paris the week before, some new design that hugged her like a second skin yet was so easy to push out of my way in my desperate need to touch more of her.

Releasing her mouth, I trailed down her neck, tasting each inch I uncovered. “Gods, you’re so fucking beautiful.”

“Jags,” she moaned, rocking her hips against my cock, trapped inside my slacks. “A-are you sure you want to do this?”

My fingers bit into her hips, holding her in place in case she tried to move away. No. I finally had my hands on her. I wasn’t going to let her go ever again.

“I’m done being patient, Vi. I gave you time. I let you set the pace. But you were breaking both our hearts, baby. No more.” I captured her mouth again, biting into her bottom lip just hard enough to make her whine. Pulling her dress up over her hips, I tore her panties away until I could cup her bare pussy.

One mental picture after another flashed through my mind. The first time I’d gotten hard for Vi. How she had woken from a dream, rubbing herself against my thigh while Shaw slept behind her. I’d been blindsided that day, torn between what I’d thought was right and wrong, too young to know how precious the gift I was being offered truly was. How wet Vi had been as Shaw had touched her. They’d fallen into something new in that moment, and I’d dropped headfirst into uncharted territory within myself.

I would have given up anything to have been able to touch and kiss her back then. Anything but Shaw. Fuck. Shaw had offered me both of them, so beautiful and sweet. I could have had them both. All those years and it finally hit me that I could have been living this life all along. Loving them both.

“But you don’t want this,” Vi whispered against my lips. “You don’t want me, Jags.”

Hearing the doubt in her voice, that trace of pain she couldn’t hide, killed me. Knowing I was responsible for it made me wonder how Luca had let me live. Fuck,

how had Shaw? Vi was the most precious person in my world. She'd helped me heal when I'd thought nothing could ever stop the loneliness of missing Shaw. When she was close, I'd been able to think a little clearer again. Violet was the only reason I'd survived the hell of being without Shaw.

"No, baby. No. I want you. I have always wanted you. I just didn't know I could have you. And then I was waiting for you to tell me. But I'm done waiting." I reached between us, fumbling with my belt, ripping the zipper on my slacks in my rush to get my cock free. As soon as I wrapped my hand around my shaft, I guided it to her drenched pussy. I couldn't wait, couldn't hold back. If I didn't have her wrapped around my cock now, I was going to die.

"Oh god," she breathed, trembling as I pushed into her.

"I've been fighting myself for too long, Violet. You should have gotten a slow fuck our first time, but I can't hold on another second, baby. So you're going to get quick and dirty in the back seat." I shoved my cock inside her, slamming her down until she took it all. "Ah fuck, this pussy is tight. How am I supposed to restrain myself now that I've gotten inside you?"

"Jagger." Vi clamped around me, stealing all remaining rational thoughts from my head. I pumped her hips up and down, setting the pace. Her cries filled the vehicle, echoed through my head.

Finally.

Ah gods, finally.

"Turn her around," Shaw instructed, her voice breathless. "I want to see."

Thankful for spacious back seats, I lifted Vi and turned her so her back was against

my chest. I spread her legs wide and dropped her back down on my dick, giving Shaw the show she'd been begging me for.

"That's pretty," my wife moaned from the front seat. "Fill her full of come, Jagger. I want to lick it from her when we get home."

"Christ," Luca hissed. "I'm trying to get us there alive, guys. Don't make me wreck. I'm already shaking here."

"Undo your button and zipper."

While I played with Vi's clit, rubbing it in tight circles until she was dripping all over my balls, I could hear Luca doing as Shaw commanded. "You're already leaking. Can I touch you? You're in pain, Luca."

His groan was harsh to my ears. I tuned him out, focusing all my attention on Vi and making her come for me. "Jags, it feels so good. I'm going to come," Vi whined. "Oh. You're touching that spot. Oh god! I love that spot."

"Give it to me, baby. Let go. Soak me with all that sweet pussy juice." I took a handful of her tits, giving her a squeeze while I strummed her hard clit. She rocked her hips backward and forward, working us both toward that first explosion. I pressed a kiss to her ear. "Come for me. Come hard. Because I'm going with you. And then I'm going to fuck you again. And again. All the way home, my little love."

She shuddered, her pussy clamping down on me so tight I thought I was going to go blind from the pleasure. Bright light flashed behind my eyes, taking me straight into heaven with a tortured shout of her name.

CHAPTER SIX

violet

NOW

Heart in my throat, I watched as Luca gave his twin a back-pounding hug. It always took them a few minutes to stop and just reconnect again after being apart for so long. Two big men, both of them normally exuding power and strength that intimidated most people who didn't know them—and some who did—had a moment of vulnerability as they soaked up finally being back where they belonged. Side by side, as they'd been since the womb when one embryo divided into two identical beings.

Having watched the original Thornton terrors all my life, I knew how hard it was on both Lyric and my husband that they lived so far apart. When we were teenagers, Lyric had been a huge part of what we'd expected to be our happily ever after.

Luca would get settled into whatever team he got drafted to. Then I would pick a college and follow him. We would buy a house big enough that Lyric could live with us and he could open his ink shop. The Thornton Terror Twins would reign supreme in whatever poor unfortunate NFL town we landed.

Those plans had gone up in flames that still left some of us shuddering at the choices we'd made. In the span of less than twenty-four hours, every dream had turned to smoke. No one had survived that one disastrous night unscathed. Fate had taken all our endgame plans and cackled loudly as it had torn each and every one of us apart.

I didn't like remembering those years when all our lives had been in shreds that no one knew how to patch back together. But the memories weren't as hard to relive now. Remington had been the glue that had fixed us. He'd taken one dream and turned it into something tragically beautiful.

My first husband had been an angel sent to earth solely to love me and our daughter, but he'd also been the salvation that Luca was graced with. Even more than fifteen years since his death, I never spent a day not whispering a thank-you to his spirit that watched over me and the family I'd made with Luca.

Lyric and Luca visited each other several times a year. They couldn't go more than a few weeks without seeing each other before one of them got moody. Which was an understatement if I'd ever heard one. It was safer for everyone that we planned visits that weren't just for major holidays.

Mila and Lyric tried to bring their four kids to West Bridge or Santa Monica as often as they could. But because of Lyric's heavy schedule due to his art being in high demand, it was easier for us to go to Creswell Springs.

The brothers' first hug after not seeing each other for a while was always emotionally charged. But I knew it would be so much worse when it was time for our visit to be over. It got harder and harder to witness every time we packed up to return home.

I was hoping I wouldn't have to put Luca and Lyric through that too many more times. A lot of different factors were in play, but if all went well, my surprise for the brothers would be finalized before the end of our trip.

Shaw bumped her hip against mine as she walked over to join me, both of us smiling affectionately as we watched Luca press his forehead hard against his twin's. They needed a few moments to simply breathe in the same air. Without thought, I wrapped my pinkie finger around Shaw's, and we stood there absorbing the scene,

remembering all our good childhood memories with the two troublemakers before us.

And then a loud war cry came from one of the many savage children running around the large front yard, breaking the moment. We all turned to see what was going on. Not surprisingly, it was a Thornton who was causing trouble. I released a small exhale, glad it wasn't one of my Thorntons for once.

My two older boys were bouncing around after some of Arella's kids, and I was thankful to see that Aidan and Ciaran were on the customized play set. That was close enough to the ground to keep my blood pressure from shooting for the sky. My youngest tried to give me a stroke daily. But when he was around so many of his cousins, someone was always whispering suggestions that my no-impulse-control child was ready to explore.

Love Bug was waiting near Jagger for her cases to be unloaded, chatting to him about something that had him smiling and nodding to whatever story she was telling him. Fallon had spotted Amala, Calina, and Jessa when we'd first arrived and had run over to chat with Amala, who was her go-to source for information.

Which was a good thing, in my opinion.

With a personality so much like Aunt Emmie's, Fallon was the group fixer. She attempted to stay on top of situations where any of the others could—and usually would—get into trouble. Fallon would at least attempt to keep Jessa away from any of the other kids who struggled with impulse issues. The big brown eyes and deep dimples of Hayat's daughter were irresistible. A few choice words and a flutter of those thick lashes, and she could cast a spell on anyone.

All our demons were accounted for except for Grier...

Ian had his brother pinned to the ground in some seriously impressive jujitsu move. I

wondered if Sixx had been giving them lessons when he came with Ali to visit her sister, Abi. “I told you I was going to help Grier carry her things inside.”

“And I said there would be plenty of her crap that we could both help her,” Isaac raged back, trying to twist out of the hold. “Twenty people could help, and there would still be plenty of her crap for us to carry in. She has a case that’s full of just face goop.”

A sharp gasp quieted the boys quicker than anything I’d ever seen before. Grier stood a few feet from the fighting twins, her chin wobbling for all of three seconds before she slapped her hands on her hips and glared at Lyric’s sons, looking so much like Shaw at that age that a million different memories swam through my mind, making me smile. “My stuff isn’t crap. Or goop. And I don’t need or even want help from you two idiots.”

Ian and Isaac gaped up at her, their cheeks red from exertion and anger. Somehow, Isaac kicked out from under his brother and jumped to his feet. He took two steps forward to get to Grier, but she turned, letting her long blond hair flap back over her shoulder and smack him in the face like a whip. As she walked away, Ian swept his twin’s legs out from under him, sending him crashing to the ground with a painful-sounding crunch.

“Grier, wait up. I’ll help you,” Ian implored, jogging after her. “I would never call your stuff crap. It’s precious. Just like you. Hey, come on. Please don’t be mad at me because Isaac is practically brain-dead.”

She hmphed but didn’t give him so much as a glance.

“We will both help. I’m sorry, Grier. Come on, don’t be angry. I hate it when you’re mad at me,” Isaac pleaded. But my goddaughter had already tuned both boys out. She was Shaw 2.0 in every possible way, and I absolutely loved it. “I didn’t mean to call

your crap...crap. I should have said stuff. Or things. I didn't mean crap. Ugh! Will you please stop and forgive me?"

Grabbing her smaller carry-on that Jagger had just unloaded from the back of the SUV, she rolled it past the boys without so much as a flicker of her thick lashes in their direction. Jagger paused, placing another case on the ground for the other kids to grab, shifting his gaze from the boys to his eldest daughter to where Shaw and I stood on the porch, and then back to Grier.

His lips twitched, but he was quick to hide his grin by diving back into unloading the endless amount of luggage. There were so many of us, between Shaw and Jagger's two girls and my five monsters, that it took two huge SUVs to transport all of us anywhere we went together, which tended to be almost everywhere. It wasn't even the time of year for a major holiday. Our kids were on spring break, and everyone else had decided to spend it in Creswell Springs too.

"I know it gets cooler up here than back home, but dang, girl, that was arctic," Love Bug praised as she slipped the strap of one of her pieces of luggage over her shoulder. The two girls walked up the steps of the ridiculously large house Aunt Emmie and her friend Anya Vitucci had built for all our families to stay in when we visited for holidays, or just because.

There was plenty of space for all of our extended relatives, but if we were going to make Creswell Springs our home base, as I hoped to, we were going to need our own house. Our own space for our many...needs.

Which was my secret reason for our spring break visit. It had been chaotic trying to keep the surprise to myself, but I was so close to being able to reveal it.

As the girls walked by, Lyric held out his fist. "That's my girl. Don't let any little pricks disrespect you, kid."

Grier bumped her fist against his, a ghost of a smirk teasing her lips, her dimple appearing for all of a half second before she marched into the house with Love Bug right behind her.

Luca elbowed his brother hard in the ribs, making him groan in discomfort. “Don’t say prick around the girls.”

Lyric rolled his brown eyes, annoyance flashing over his handsome face. “For fuck’s sake, brother. You gotta calm down. Love is a teenager. She probably hears all kinds of foul language at school. Besides, prick isn’t even that bad. Remember how we were around Vi and Shaw at that age?” Both men tensed, going on a little trip down memory lane that had the potential to make either of them homicidal, thinking of anyone acting the way they had around our girls.

Shaw and I tried to hide our laughter behind coughs, but the guys were so lost in their thoughts for a moment, I doubted they heard us. Lyric shifted his head to look straight at his sons, leaving the past behind where it belonged. Mostly. “I could have called them fucking assholes, and no one could say I was a liar. Both of you walk over to the shop and assist your mother with whatever she and River might need help with. I find out you didn’t make it over there or didn’t help them, you’ll spend the next two weeks regretting every bad decision you’ve ever made in your short lives. Which, I can promise you, I’ve been keeping a tally of.”

“Can we go too?” Ethan ran over and stopped at the bottom step, his twin right beside him. They looked up to Ian and Isaac, which would have been adorable if my eldest set of twins weren’t so diabolical on their own. Add in Ian and Isaac influencing them, and that was a recipe for nuclear destruction. “We promise to help Aunt Mila.”

Luca shared a look with his brother, an entire conversation taking place without a word having to be uttered. Lyric nodded, and Luca glanced over at me. I shrugged, leaving the decision up to him, and he sighed. We didn’t have to worry about things

like we did back in Santa Monica. Or even West Bridge. Creswell Springs was safe.

Well, safer . But it wasn't the current residents I needed to worry about. It was the chaos my horde of heathen children left behind them wherever they went. But we didn't have to deal with paparazzi stalking us here. My kids could walk down the street to their cousins' house without needing a bodyguard. We could be ourselves here, because the town was protected in a way that was perhaps morally gray to most people. And that was oddly comforting to me. My family was safe and happy here, and it had a little to do with the Angel's Halo MC—and the mafia royalty who lived next door.

Now that Luca was retired and getting restless after a few years of just soaking up the joys of life, we needed a full-time residence. For all of us. Lyric and Luca's connection wasn't the only thing I'd considered when choosing our forever home. Creswell Springs could give us everything we'd ever dreamed of.

Luca grunted and gave our sons a firm nod. "Fine. But I find out either of you has caused any trouble and we're gonna have issues. You feel me, boys?"

"Yes, sir," they said in unison.

"Go on, then."

Lyric slung his arm around Luca's neck, half dragging him down the steps to where Jagger was still unloading. "Come on, slacker. Stop expecting Jags to do all the heavy lifting. Did you let yourself go? Your muscles don't work anymore?"

"Fuck you, asshole," Luca grumbled, the curse words flowing freely without Love Bug's "innocent" ears close enough to hear.

Shaw released a light laugh while she watched the boys chase after their cousins as

they walked in the direction of WomanLand that Mila co-owned with her sister-in-law River. It was a few miles away, but Ethan and Elijah needed the extra exercise to burn off some of the energy they'd bottled up on the plane ride.

"I love coming here," my bestie murmured. "Everything is different. West Bridge has those small-town vibes, but it always feels like it's missing something."

She was right.

It was missing something.

Us.

All four of us, finally together as a family like we should have been all along. We couldn't be us there, though. Not fully, like we could in Creswell Springs.

I touched my chest, remembering that spot that had felt so empty for such a big chunk of my life. It hadn't been empty in a long time.

And now, it never would be again.

CHAPTER SEVEN

violet

A scruffy cheek rubbed on the inside of my thighs while Luca's wicked tongue made a meal of my pussy. I scraped my nails over his scalp as I twisted my fingers around his hair, fighting back the scream that would be loud enough for the entire house to hear.

His hungry slurping only heightened the intensity of my rapidly approaching release.

"You aren't leaving this bed until you come one more time," Shaw warned, grasping my right wrist and pulling it away from my husband's head so she could nestle in and lazily lick over my engorged nipple.

"I... I..." Panting, I shook my head from side to side. It was too much, my body too overstimulated to make sense of what she was demanding of me.

Callused fingertips brushed my hair back from my face. Jagger was turned on his side, his head propped up on his hand as he watched the other two feast on my body. He caressed his fingers down my cheek to my neck before wrapping his hand around my throat tight enough to restrict my oxygen flow.

My inner walls clenched at the possessive hold, the knowledge that Jags held the control of how much air I got. Breath play was something we'd only recently gotten into. Like most things in our private time together, it had been a spur-of-the-moment thing that had left me weak from the force of the orgasm they had unleashed upon

me.

“No!” I hissed, trying to swallow the scream that was already shredding my throat from holding it back. I didn’t want to come yet. That would mean we would have to start the day, and I was so greedy for more time with my three favorite people that I wanted to stay in our room as long as possible.

“Can’t take much more,” Luca growled, nipping at my clit. “Spread her open for me. She’s going to come on my cock.”

“No fair,” Shaw whined even as she grasped one of my thighs. Jagger took the other, and they spread me as open as they could on the huge bed. The sheets beneath me were already saturated with my previous releases, as well as their own. “I wanted to play with her for a little while before you two started filling her with come today.”

“Later,” Luca promised, his tone gentling ever so slightly as he looked at her beautiful, pouting face. “I need her too much.”

Jagger strummed his fingers over my clit, coating his digits in my wetness before offering them to Shaw to lick clean. I gasped at the erotic sight, loving how she twirled her tongue around each inch, making sure to get every drop.

I was so lost in watching the two of them that Luca slammed into me by surprise, stealing the air from my lungs as my body stretched to accommodate him. My release rushed over me, but thankfully, Shaw sealed her mouth to mine, swallowing my shriek as my body began to convulse.

Cradling my face in her hands, she kissed me deep, her tongue teasing and exploring while Luca pounded into me. It was a gentle yet demanding kiss. Trying to steal my focus, take it all for herself while Luca rode me harder.

“Fuck,” Jagger growled close to my ear. His hard cock smacked against my leg as the bed shook from the force of Luca’s thrusts. “I need a hole. Don’t care whose or which one. Just need it now.”

Moaning, Shaw tore herself away from kissing me. She climbed over me, pausing only long enough to shake her ass in Luca’s face. I felt his deep laugh vibrate through my body. But then Jagger grabbed her by the waist and pulled her to him. As she slid down his cock, she gasped, her eyes rolling back into her head even as she pushed herself upright so she could ride him.

Jagger gripped her ass hard in each palm, forcing her to set a faster pace. Her perfect tits bounced, entralling me at the sight of them together. Shaw’s head dropped back, her blond hair in tangles, pure bliss on her gorgeous face. My supermodel lover had the majority of the world panting over her, but the only ones allowed to touch her, give her the pleasure she was lost in, were with her in this bed.

“Vi,” she moaned, her head turning ever so slightly so she could catch my gaze. My heart squeezed at the love flaming from those baby blues before they drifted hungrily over the rest of my body that she could see with Luca’s gigantic shoulders blocking her view. “Fuck, you’re so beautiful.”

Lifting my hand, I caught hers, our fingers entwining. That was all we needed, the small connection enough to send us both into the exquisite abyss of another release while our husbands filled us with come.

Jagger and Luca choked back their bellows of pleasure. Shaw dropped forward, already seeking me. I curled into her as much as possible, kissing her back, slow but deep, loving and gentle after the rough and wild way the four of us had just come.

Gasping for breath, Luca settled behind me, his hands rubbing over both Shaw and me as he held on to our connection. I loved how close he and Shaw had become over

the years, how their love for me had grown into a love for each other. My need for them was greedy, but I'd never felt a moment of regret, except for the rare times I wondered if we could have been like this all along. Not just now that we were older and secure in the lives we had built together.

Memories of the moments when we were teenagers and Shaw and I would torment Jagger as we kissed and touched filtered through my mind. If Jags hadn't been such an idiot back then, he could have joined us, but instead, he was forced to sit and watch as I would straddle Shaw on the lounge by my parents' pool and kiss her, play with her tits in her bikini top. Back then, it was nothing more than harmless fun to make Jagger regret not picking Shaw when he'd had the chance.

But I'd seen the glitter in his eyes as he'd watched Shaw slip her hand into my bikini bottoms and squeeze my ass, pulling me closer. He'd been starved, and not just for Shaw. But we never talked about that—at least not back then.

It was the annoying buzzing of our phones that finally forced us to pull apart. With one more deep kiss, Shaw sat up. It was her phone that was ringing the most, and she crawled across Luca and me to get to it.

I watched her grab the noisy thing, my inner walls clenching with another rush of need as she unashamedly moved around the bedroom, gathering what she needed on her way to the bathroom for a shower.

Jagger gripped my chin, pulling my focus to him. That same light that had been in his blue eyes all those years ago was brighter now as he captured my mouth in a kiss that was brutal compared to the one Shaw had just given me.

“You’re making me jealous of my wife, Vi,” he rasped against my throat. “Why is she getting all your attention this morning?”

“Her tits are amazing,” I told him with a smirk.

Jagger growled his agreement but squeezed my left tit, pulling at the swollen nipple. “Yours are pretty damn fantastic too, beautiful.”

“Agreed,” Luca said, filling his hand with my right breast. “So fucking perfect. Can’t get enough of you, baby.”

I arched back into him, and my breath caught when I felt his cock slide between my ass cheeks. He knew how much I loved having that hole filled, but he’d been nervous to fill it for the longest time. Shaw had been working him up to it, letting him use her body to show him how much fun it was. But my loves were always anxious about hurting me. Like I was fragile and would break if they weren’t careful.

All I wanted was for them to unleash all their love and need for me. To not hesitate and to ravish me. I craved the ache that would linger long afterward. The bruises that would be left behind. My heart belonged to all three of them, but I wanted them to own my body in a way that left no doubt in anyone’s mind who I belonged to.

A loud knock on the locked bedroom door had us all tensing. Shit. This was why we needed our own house in Creswell Springs. “Breakfast!” Jesse barked through the door. “You snooze, you lose.”

Jagger grumbled something I didn’t catch before rolling onto his back, pulling me with him. “Whose room is this supposed to be, yours or ours?”

“Dunno. Don’t think we even figured that out last night before Shaw pulled us in here and dropped to her knees for me,” Luca answered, pressing a kiss to the center of my back before rolling away. “As much as I want to stay here and eat nothing but our wives for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, I gotta carb up or I’m not gonna have the energy.”

“Sucks for you,” Jagger called after him as he shifted me so he was cradling me against him. “Just means I get to love on my Vi for a little longer.”

I barely heard Luca joining Shaw in the shower or her laughter at whatever he said to her. I was too lost in the look in Jagger’s eyes as he slowly spread my folds with the head of his cock and pushed inside me. I was still full of Luca’s release, making Jagger’s invasion easier.

“I need something from you, beautiful. I need it so bad I can’t think straight.”

“Yeah?” I stroked my hands down his back, the muscles clenching under my touch. That glitter in his eyes burned brighter. Higher. Hotter. Every inch of my body felt like a living torch. It hurt so much, each nerve begging for relief from the pain. “Take whatever you want from me, Jags, because I need it just as much as you do.”

CHAPTER EIGHT

shaw

Taking a sip of coffee, I walked out onto the porch and stopped. It was a nice view. Plenty of trees mixed in with the two other houses in the distance. A clear sky. Kids laughing and playing, enjoying their freedom. But it lacked the one sight I wanted most.

Vi.

Frowning, I glanced around the front yard. She'd said she was going out when she'd come downstairs earlier. But I assumed that only meant outside, not actually leaving. Luca was inside playing a video game with a few of the kids in the common room, and Jagger had been in the kitchen helping his dad and our girls make cookies. I didn't need either of them to keep me company when all I wanted was a little Vi time.

If I'd thought for a second she was going to be leaving, I wouldn't have let her out of the bedroom without me. Walking down the steps, I went over to where Aidan and Ciaran were climbing the rock wall on the play set. "Where's your mom?"

Aidan pointed toward the house next door. It was dramatically smaller than the one we stayed in when we visited Creswell Springs. More like a cottage compared to the hotel-sized structure behind us. "She said she had to talk to Sammy."

I paused with my mug halfway to my lips, my body tensing. Why the fuck had she gone to talk to Samara? That girl made me twitchy. And it had nothing to do with the

fact that Samara was beautiful, with her dark hair and perfect skin. It definitely didn't have anything to do with how Samara watched Vi. I'd noticed that she watched everyone closely. It was weird. Fuck, she was weird. But when those blue eyes of hers fell on my Violet? Every damn time, I got hit with a surge of possessiveness that made me irrational.

But it wasn't just because of that.

Samara was all bubbly to everyone, but there was a fire deep in her eyes that spoke of a banked rage that had yet to be unleashed. If it were ever set free and Vi got burned, I'd have to take up a life of crime because I would kill that girl.

"Thanks, buddy. You two behave. Remember the rules. We want to stay as close to the ground as possible. No jumping off roofs," I cautioned, blowing them a kiss before I turned to walk down the driveway toward the cottage. Just to be safe, I glanced back at them a few times, not fully trusting either baby Thornton.

When Ciaran had broken his arm the first time, Violet had been inconsolable until he was sedated and the bone was set. That was three breaks and five emergency room visits for stitches ago. She didn't have complete freak-outs like that now, desensitized to the trauma of having a wild child unleashed upon the world.

That boy gave me more gray hair than any of our other kids combined.

Before I reached the front door of the cottage, it swung open. Violet stepped outside, Samara behind her. It took restraint not to grab Vi and push her behind me. I wasn't crazy for thinking that this woman with those blue eyes that saw everything was dangerous. Even if Jagger laughed whenever I mentioned it to him, convinced I was only being territorial.

Which was also true.

Samara saw everything, and by that, I meant everything . She knew who Vi belonged to. Me. And outside of Jagger and Luca, I didn't share well. That meant anything. Not her precious laughter or her soft touches, and most definitely not her valuable time. It was all mine, which I graciously bestowed on a few select people outside of the family we had created together.

Samara wasn't one of those people.

"Hey," Vi greeted, slipping one arm around my waist.

I dropped a kiss on her lips, not giving a single fuck who saw. We hadn't been hiding our relationship, but we hadn't flaunted it either. Everyone in our family knew. It wasn't a secret that we kept from our kids or parents. We simply didn't want the paparazzi vultures to harass us. Of course, that hadn't stopped the press from making assumptions—like the time some idiot speculated that I was madly in love with my bestie's husband and was going to leave Jagger and our kids for NFL money.

As if I needed that shit and hadn't built a billion-dollar career all on my own. And there was the time a photographer had snapped a picture of Jags smiling down at Vi and posted it with some random headline that had been so ridiculous I'd laughed at it and promptly forgotten about the article.

I kept the picture after my mother-in-law was done suing the motherfucker, though. It was on a canvas in my library at the house in Santa Monica. I loved how it had captured the true depth of Jagger's love for our Violet. That stupid paparazzi hadn't realized the pure gold he'd found with that one picture. I would have given him triple what his tabloid bosses had paid him for it if he'd simply offered it to me first. Instead, he'd been left bankrupt with no one willing to risk Emmie Armstrong's wrath if they dared to hire him to so much as mow their lawn.

And I still got the full copyright to that beautiful photo.

“Hi,” I murmured, slowly lifting my head.

Vi’s smile filled all the places inside me that felt bare when she wasn’t close. I tucked a lock of hair behind her ear, letting my thumb trace over her bottom lip. “I missed you.”

“Did you?” she teased, stepping closer.

“You know I did, baby. I was thinking we could cuddle on the couch and watch a movie together. I need some quality Vi time.” I sneered at Samara. “You’re not invited.”

The other woman laughed. “I like you, Shaw. You make it so much easier to get through the day, knowing you’re here to protect such a precious soul like Violet’s. Plus, there is the added bonus that I only have the very random thought of stabbing you in the face for wanting Elias. Which I’m able to laugh off, because you obviously have no interest in my daddy. I like that about you so, so much. It is normally much harder to fight that impulse, but you and Vi are such a breath of fresh air that I don’t have to worry nearly as much about needing to hide a body.”

Danger!

“Sammy!” a familiar voice called. Tucking Vi closer, I looked over her head to see Hayat walking with Abi. “Are you being nice to my aunts?”

Still smiling, Vi waved at them. “Don’t worry. She’s been taking great care of me. Thanks again for all the help. I wouldn’t have been able to get any of this done on my own.”

“I feel like I owe you one after the last catastrophic visit,” Hayat said, regret flashing over that beautiful face, her wild curls seeming to have a mind of their own as they appeared to float around her with each step she took. “But I’m glad we could help

out.”

Luca’s niece grabbed Samara’s hand and tugged her toward Abi, discreetly putting herself between the raven-haired woman and us. Hayat was protective of Abi and Samara, but there were times I wondered if she was actually protecting everyone else from Samara. “Well, this has been enough entertainment for me today. I’m already exhausted. We’re going for ice cream. Don’t worry. Jessa is going with us.”

Vi’s laugh was weak, her eyes drifting toward where we could hear the faint shouts of the boys still playing. I caught sight of Ciaran and Aidan, and I was thankful when I saw they were chasing each other instead of on the rock wall. “That’s a definite relief. I’m going to go make sure my boys remember to stay on the ground, and then I’m taking my loves for a drive.”

Hayat’s eyes softened. “I really am happy we could help, Vi. Uncle Luca is going to love it. They all are.”

“We’re about to find out. Enjoy your ice cream.” Waving to the three of them again, Vi steered me back toward the big house.

“What was that about?” I asked when we were alone on our walk.

She gave me an impish grin. “A surprise. As soon as we make sure Aidan and Ciaran are not getting into mischief, I’ll show you.”

Her excitement was so infectious, I couldn’t help but catch it. Stopping, I gave her another kiss, this one deeper, hungrier. She was so beautiful. So full of life. She didn’t realize how much I needed her. How she had saved the pieces of me that would have died a long time ago without her. “I love you.”

“I love you too, Shaw. Now, come on. The husbands are going to want to see this too.”

An hour later, Vi directed Luca to park the SUV in a field just outside of Creswell Springs. We'd had a hard time for miles, making it up the narrow dirt road. If we hadn't had four-wheel drive, we wouldn't have made it halfway, but Vi had said everything was fine. Just a little farther. The clearing was massive, big enough for at least six football stadiums.

Jagger bobbed his brows up and down at her from the passenger seat. "Is the surprise getting to fuck you two in the back seat while parked deep in the forest?"

"That's part two," Vi told him with a laugh.

"Babe, you're killing me. Come on. Spill. I want to know what the surprise is." I looked around the area. "But first, tell me there are no bears out there. You are not getting out of this car if there is even a small chance of a bear eating you."

"No bears that I know of. But once construction starts, I'm sure that won't be a problem." She leaned back against the door, beaming at all three of us. "I bought this. All of it. Thousands of acres, limited access. To and from. It's all for us. Our family. There are so many of us, we need a lot of room and—even more importantly—privacy."

My heart gave a squeeze, tears burning my eyes. "Really?" I whispered. "You mean that?"

"It's why I was with Samara earlier. She's designing our house. And there will be a separate building that will have a recording studio. My dad can come up here to produce some of his music. That means Jagger won't have to travel so much. And then, over there?" She pointed at a spot over my shoulder, but I didn't turn to look. All I could see was Vi as the tears poured down my face.

"Over there is where the athletic building will be. Samara made that suggestion because it will be easier to get certain architectural structures she wants to implement.

Like a bomb shelter. I wasn't sure why she wanted to do that, but she insisted, and I figured since she is the professional, okay. There is plenty of space for a football field and everything that Luca will need for the program he wants to start for underprivileged boys. We will have a separate track and a field for a few other sports too, so we can be inclusive to underprivileged girls as well. That is, if the girls don't want to play football. What do you think about swimming? We could have an Olympic-sized pool housed over there. But I'm also thinking gymnastics. Mia and I have been talking, and she has a friend who knows a coach who will be able to get us started in that direction."

She pulled out her phone and turned it to show the guys a few pictures. "I know some of this might not make it seem as if we will have the privacy we want, but I promise you our home will be completely cut off from the rest of the property. And security will be tight at the dorms, so no one can accidentally stray over to our personal little haven. Our house is only for us—and guests when we want them. Each of our seven babies will get their own room, and we will have two primary bedrooms for our own personal use as married couples. But our room, the one for the four of us, that is an entire wing of its own."

Her excitement was so bubbly, I had goose bumps on my entire body. I couldn't even hear what she said anymore. But I'd tucked away the bomb shelter thing for later.

For now, I needed to get control over myself because I was ugly-crying. Tears and snot were not how I wanted to remember this pivotal moment.

Home.

Not just one I'd built with Jagger and our babies. But truly home. With Luca and his Thornton terrors and Love Bug. Home.

With Vi.

The guys kept nodding, their eyes sparkling with excitement too. A few tears leaked down their faces. But it was all because of her. Vi held each of us in thrall. She was our glue. To one another. To this world. Without her, I didn't think any of us would be here. Who knew what might have happened to us without her?

What I did know was that I was thankful. Violet had made this amazing life possible. She was my past, present, and future. My blessing. My grace. My love.

Just as much as Jagger was.

Jags and Vi were a part of me. They owned my fucking soul. And then fate had given me a third love, sneaking Luca into my heart without my permission. I hadn't even attempted to fight it when I'd first begun to fall for him. It was inevitable.

And now, I would get to keep living this incredible life with the three of them in our home.

Vi was animatedly detailing something about our house— our house , fuck!—when I lost it completely. Grabbing her face in both hands, I dived in for a kiss, needing to feel her so I knew this was real and not some dream that would never come true.

Tears still spilling down my face, I broke the kiss, pressing my forehead to hers. “Thank you, baby. For loving me. Us. Thank you. I can't wait for all those incredible things you have put into play for us. But I need a minute, okay? Just one minute. To stop and breathe and be grateful. Is that okay?”

She wrapped her arms around me, tucking her head beneath my chin where she belonged. “Yeah, babe. That's definitely okay.”

Home.

Finally.