



Hold Your Breath (Masked Men #5)

Author: *Jaye Pratt*

Category: LGBT+

Description: All I wanted was to add a little excitement to my love life, maybe take a risk and step out of my comfort zone.

Unfortunately, my bright idea to tie myself to a chair for my now ex-boyfriend went horribly wrong, and I got a little stuck. Humiliated, I had no choice but to call my stepbrother, Micah, for help, and because the universe has a twisted sense of humor, he brought his two best friends, Jace and Zac, along for the ride.

To escape the embarrassment, I left for my family's Easter holiday early, but I wasn't expecting company, especially not three masked strangers who seem to know exactly how to make me feel alive. They're everything I've been missing—bold, attentive, and completely irresistible. For the first time, I can truly let go of my fears.

When I can no longer ignore the truth staring me in the face, that all three men want me, I'm forced to confront my deepest fears. The walls I've built around my heart crumble, leaving me vulnerable to the possibility of something real. Now, I have to decide if I'm brave enough to take a leap of faith and be theirs, or if I'll let my fear keep me from the love I never saw coming.

Total Pages (Source): 14

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 8:05 am

Chapter One

Willow

Have you ever been so completely humiliated yet had nowhere to turn? Well, that is my current predicament. My boyfriend, or ex-boyfriend once I can get to my damn phone, agreed to try out something new in the bedroom. If only I had waited until he got here, because now I am stuck blindfolded and tied to a chair. Naked.

I planned it all out. First, I called him and asked him to come over. Sure, he vaguely mentioned he needed to talk to me before he said he was on his way. Then, after hours and hours of watching videos and practicing, I tied myself to this fucking chair .

Everything was going well until he came into the room, looked down at me, and shook his head. He then told me he'd met someone else, someone not so clingy.

My mouth might have taken over at that point. In the heat of the moment, I may have said some not so nice things and even commented on his lack of skill in the bedroom. In hindsight, I shouldn't have said anything while in such a vulnerable state, plus in my rage, I pulled at the ropes, causing the knots to tighten.

All the asshole did was laugh and drag my blindfold down.

Surely it would be classed as attempted murder. What if I die? I know I won't—my roommate Bray and his boyfriend Finn will be back in a few days. It will suck for them, though, because their first view of me when they hear my shouts for help will

be of my fucking pussy. At least it's cleanly shaved.

I was hoping to leave tomorrow for our annual Easter family getaway. It's at a cute mansion, if you can call a mansion cute, as it looks like something out of Bridgerton. My stepbrother Micah's great uncle on his mom's side left it to him when he passed away a few years ago, and every year we head up there to celebrate Easter. This year I swallowed my pride and asked Micah—through text message because I'm a chickenshit—if I could arrive a few days earlier than the rest of our family. My boss gives me some extra time off every holiday because she likes to spend it with her men.

I'm hoping my mother doesn't stop by my house. She likes to pop in unannounced, but she wouldn't understand this situation. She hates knowing I have sex before marriage; she is very conservative. In fact, Carol Brooks would have a heart attack if she could see me right now.

My stomach rumbles and the need to pee hits me hard. Fuck. There is no way I will be able to hold my bladder for the next few days.

My phone is on the bed beside me, but without the use of my arms, I can't reach it. Besides, I only have one friend who I can call, and he is hours away on holiday and won't be back until after Easter. That leaves my mother, my stepfather or... no... I couldn't call my stepbrother Micah. He would never let me live this down. Every girl back in high school was jealous of the fact that I lived with him, and so many wanted to be my friend just so they could get close to him. After a while I stopped trying to make friends, especially female ones. The irony is that Micah has never been my biggest fan. We barely tolerate each other for family events and weekly dinners.

Dammit, Willow. It's him or your mother.

I weigh up my options, spending too much time running through a few acquaintances,

but there's none who I would want to see me this way: naked as the day I was born, tied to a chair, with my legs spread. I can't even remember why I thought this was a good idea.

Neither Mom nor Micah will let me live it down, but Mom will want to change me. Micah will make subtle jokes in front of my mom just to watch me squirm. Though chances are Micah will let my call go to voicemail and I will have no choice but to call my mother in the end. Sitting here for a few days is sounding better and better.

A cramp in my arm has me rethinking things, and I know I have to take my chances.

"Hey, Dash," I call out to my phone's digital assistant. I love how you can rename them and pick a voice.

"Hi, beautiful. What can I do for you?"

I snort at the greeting. It's pretty ridiculous that I have to get my phone to tell me I'm beautiful, but it's not like I have men lining up. While I'm not conventionally pretty, I'm also not what would be considered ugly either. I'm just plain old boring Willow. I look like an innocent little girl, and I hate it. Every girl wants to feel hot, and yet no matter how hard I try, I still look like a school librarian. I wish my mousy-brown hair wasn't so lifeless—the joys of inheriting my grandmother's fine hair—but achieving volume is impossible and braids look ridiculous on me. My eyes are a common brown and don't sparkle with joy. They are average, along with the rest of my body. My breasts are too small for my shape, so my best asset is my ass, but it's covered in stretch marks, as are my hips.

I really thought Maverick could be the one, but I should have seen the signs, the hints he dropped he was over me. It was only recently that I had the courage to bare my entire body to him. Before, we always had sex with the lights out, or half clothed. And no way did I ever let him go down on me—I wouldn't dare open myself up, as

my insecurities would have gotten the better of me.

“Call Step Monster,” I instruct Dash.

“Calling Step Monster.”

The phone rings and, as predicted, it keeps ringing. I don’t know why I expected anything else from him.

“Hi, Brookie’s phone.”

Shit, I wasn’t expecting Micah to answer, let alone a stranger.

“Um . . . hi . . . is Micah around?”

The voice clears his throat. “He’s indisposed right now. Maybe I could take a message.”

Of course he is indisposed, he’s hot and has girls throwing themselves at him.

“Could you ask him to call Willow back? I’m kind of in a situation right now and could really use his help. ”

“Are you okay?” the man asks, and tears prick at my eyes.

“No, not really,” I admit with a sniffle.

“Shit,” the man blurts. “Hold on a second.”

“I have nothing but time.”

The man chuckles and I wait like he asked.

“Fuck, bro! Don’t stare at my dick unless you plan to do something about it.”

The man snorts. “Nothing I haven’t seen before. Willow is on the phone, and she sounds upset.”

I hear Micah scoff. “Willow, this better be good. I’m kind of busy right now.”

“I’m sorry to bother you, but I had no one else to call. I need your help.”

“Have you called your mom or the guy you live with?”

Micah brings out the worst in me. I’m not normally a petty person—I’m nice to everyone I meet—but when I get mad, my mouth has a way of taking over.

“Oh shit, why didn’t I think of calling them first? Oh wait, I did, then thought, No, I better not, because I’m fucking naked and tied to a chair in my bedroom and the only person I could call was you. Don’t worry, I’ll just call emergency services and one of your firefighter buddies can come and cut me free. They can laugh about it with you later.”

“Damn, I love it when you get mad.” His words are followed by a chuckle. “I will be there soon.”

He ends the call, and I try to wiggle my legs free. That way, the first thing he sees when he walks in is not my coochie spread wide open. This is going to make family dinners extremely awkward. I’ll have to move, maybe somewhere hot like Australia, so I won’t ever have to see him again.

Regret hits me hard. I should have just called Bray and begged him for a favor

instead.

Fuck my life.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 8:05 am

Chapter Two

Willow

Dash just confirmed how long it's been since I called Micah. An hour—sixty long minutes. That asshole made me wait. The sound of a truck pulling up has my heart thumping against my ribcage, even though guys as hot as Micah don't look sideways at a girl like me. At least we are stepsiblings, and I can file this under weird situations we helped each other escape.

Once, when I was in high school, he came home with hickeys all over his neck, and our parents would have sent him away to some military school. He begged me to help him cover them up with my makeup, as my mom wasn't born yesterday, and if he started wearing turtlenecks, she would have known something was suspicious. In contrast, Thomas, Micah's father, is a docile man, and he probably wouldn't have noticed.

"You really shouldn't leave a spare key under the welcome mat, Willy. Anyone could break in and have their way with you!" Micah shouts from the front door.

"Dick," I mutter under my breath. I'm going to kill him as soon as he cuts me free.

After a few minutes, the door handle to my room twists open and I wait, my heart thumping in my chest. I know as soon as the blindfold comes off, I will be beet red and die of embarrassment.

The material slides up and I blink, ready to cuss out my asshole stepbrother for

making me wait so long. However, I'm stunned into silence when it's not Micah standing in front of me. No, instead, it's the most beautiful man I have ever seen in my life. His shirt is stretched tight over his chest, and his jeans hug his thick legs. His brown hair is cropped short, and his green eyes smile without making this situation worse.

A second man walks into the room, his mouth opens, and he pauses for a second. He's probably shocked that I am actually naked and tied to a chair. "Yo, Brookie, we found her!" he finally announces.

This man is also smoking hot. His dark hair is styled as if he is on his way out, and his dark eyes don't sparkle; rather, they seem more unimpressed about having to be here. His muscles strain against his shirt and my embarrassment shoots up to a hundred as he smirks at me. "It seems you have gotten yourself into a bit of a pickle."

I huff as Micah walks through my door.

His blue eyes give me a quick once over, and he bellows out a laugh. Like the other two men, he is all muscle, which I suppose he needs since he is a firefighter. His blonde hair is styled, and it seems I've interrupted a boys' night out.

"Can you untie me, and we can forget this ever happened?"

Micah stops laughing and shakes his head. "I don't know, Willy. I feel like I need to hear the story behind this. You don't simply land naked, blindfolded, and tied to a chair every day."

"You never told us your sister looked like this," the first guy who entered the room says. I thought maybe we had a moment, but clearly he was in shock, and my heart sinks.

“Fuck off, Jace. You two were supposed to stay in the truck.”

“And miss this?!” Jace throws back. “Can anyone say awkward?”

“As amusing as this is for all of you, could someone untie me, please? ”

“Will you explain this situation first?” Micah presses, and I grunt.

“What if I promise to explain it when I’m not naked?”

Micah smirks and nods. He moves closer to me and kneels, placing a rough palm on my leg, and I swear he inhales. Fuck me, my stepbrother is kneeling between my spread legs.

“If I didn’t know any better, I would think you were turned on,” he whispers.

I don’t dare answer—the way my skin burns beneath his touch, if I say no, I would be a big fat liar.

The other two watch on as Micah unties me, and when I’m finally free, I rub my wrists and close my legs so fast my thighs clap together, and the heat from my cheeks is almost painful. All three men are simply standing in the room while I’m naked. I have never bared myself like this to anyone before—well, except the douche nugget who will get a piece of my mind later.

“Get dressed,” Micah demands. “We are going out for drinks, and you have some explaining to do.”

I open my mouth to argue that I have better shit to do, but I only have a date with the View4U app. It’s a video platform where you pay to subscribe and watch all things kinky. I might be inexperienced in the bedroom, but I want to experience new things.

Unfortunately, as my self-confidence is lacking, watching is the next best thing.

Ignoring him, I grab my dressing gown from the back of the desk chair and wrap it around my body.

“Maybe we should ring Carol and ask her what she thinks about this situation,” Micah goads.

“You wouldn’t dare!”

He pulls his phone from his jeans pocket and unlocks the screen.

I cross my arms over my body, calling his bluff.

His phone rings, and I figure he is calling one of his buddies until I hear my mom’s voice.

“Hey, Mikey. Is everything okay?”

He raises a brow. I mouth fine , and he smiles. “Yeah, everything is great, Carol. I was just checking in to see if you needed me to bring anything to the house for Easter.”

I suck my lips between my teeth. The biggest offense toward my mother is offering to bring food to a dinner she is hosting.

“Just your charming self. And what about those roommates of yours? You have been promising to introduce us.”

I hate family gatherings. My family is all about appearances, and I don’t care too much about dressing up to go to Micah’s estate simply to watch the cousins’ kids run

around finding chocolate eggs and spending the rest of the day on a sugar high. Then add in the tedious conversations asking when I'm going to settle down and have kids, as if that is all I'm good for. At twenty-four, I don't even know if I want to have any, and I only found my dream job a year ago. I have time to figure it out later, but the way my aunts carry on, you would think I'm nearing forty.

Micah clears his throat. It's interesting that he doesn't want my mom to meet his friends. "I will have to see if they are available and let you know."

"I know you boys must be busy working at the firehouse. They can bring their girlfriends as well."

Jace chokes on a suppressed laugh, and I turn my gaze to him. I wonder what's so funny about them bringing girlfriends.

"I will let you know."

They say goodbye, then Micah snaps at me, "You have two minutes to get dressed."

"Zac, if you don't stop staring at the girl, she'll get a complex," Jace says, and their friend flips him off.

"One minute and thirty seconds," Micah says, and this time it's me flipping him off. I head over to my walk-in closet and close the door to give myself some much-needed privacy. I quickly grab a pair of leggings, a long plaid shirt that is long enough to be a dress, a belt, and my black boots.

Once I'm dressed, I look at myself in the mirror and deem my outfit acceptable enough. I fix my bangs and twist my hair up into two little buns on the top of my head—the same ones my mom says are childish, but I think look cute.

A soft knock at the door has me turning my head as Jace pushes it open. “Brookie has a stick up his ass, so it’s probably a good idea to get going.”

He smiles as he runs his eyes over me, and I feel something I haven’t in a long time: sexy. It’s a weird feeling.

“I’m ready. Let’s get out of here before I kill him and tell our parents it was an accidental stabbing.”

Jace’s laughter bellows out as I follow him from the closet and into my room. I grab a small purse, shoving my wallet and keys inside, along with my phone.

Micah has never invited me out with him and his friends, and I wonder why tonight is any different. I could have explained the entire situation in a few minutes and not left the house.

Guess I’m about to find out.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 8:05 am

Chapter Three

Micah

Willow Lewis has always been under my skin. I don't hate her like she believes, but it makes staying away from her a lot easier. It would cause a massive controversy if I fucked my stepsister, but believe me, I have wanted to do just that for a long fucking time.

The thing about Willow is she is a good girl. She stays out of trouble, and she doesn't hook up with any guys who throw themselves at her, because those fuckwits might have had a problem with me if she did.

Willow deserves better than me. I'm a possessive asshole, and someone like her deserves to be free.

I had to leave her house to hear her story. My temper is on a hair trigger, and I didn't want her to see me lose my shit if her story goes where I think it will. It's the reason I brought Jace and Zac—I need them to keep me in line. They know how I feel about her and have been harassing me for a while to introduce them to my family, or at least to Willow.

Carol and my dad won't understand our situation. It's not common for three men to be involved with each other, and it's not something I'd ever considered until I met them. I thought they were joking when they asked me to have a threesome with them, and up until that point, I had only slept with women. I was curious about men and had fooled around with Cameron Jones in high school, with him begging to suck my

cock, but I hadn't gone much further.

Our dynamic works for us, but lately Jace has been expressing his need for a woman in our mix. Zac and I are not against the idea, and it's why I haven't been thrilled about introducing them to Willow. She is gorgeous but doesn't even know it. And she's also kind and will help anyone; she cares even when she doesn't have to. She is feisty when she gets angry, and she has a body to die for, with curves and an ass. Shit, I'm giving myself a boner.

"Earth to Micah," Willow says. "What do you want to drink? "

"Can you tell her she isn't paying for the first round?" Zac snaps, and I chuckle.

"No way, I wouldn't advise it."

"I'm an independent woman and can buy a round of drinks. You have no reason to pay for mine when your end goal isn't to end up in my pants."

Covering my mouth with my hand to hide my smirk, I watch Zac, who narrows his eyes at her. I know he is wondering if this is a fight he can win, and I shake my head.

"Who says it isn't my end goal?" Jace throws her way, and Willow's head snaps toward him.

She sighs, thinking he is joking. "Because men that look like you don't take home girls who look like me, and I'm okay with that. Let me get your drinks and then I will rehash the most embarrassing moment of my life."

She walks away without waiting for me to tell her what I want to drink. Good thing I'm not all that fussy.

As we all watch Willow stride to the bar and order our drinks, Jace kicks me under the table. “Why didn’t you tell us she looked like that?”

“Because if you stick your dick in her, it could cause a world of problems for me.”

“Bullshit,” Zac says. “We know you haven’t introduced us because you would have to tell her, then your parents, that you fuck men.” Zac is a moody prick, but he isn’t wrong.

“If you think I’m ashamed of the fact we fuck, you’re sorely mistaken.”

“Prove it,” Jace taunts.

I lean over the table between us and grab Zac by the back of his neck. He tries to pull away, but I force his head toward mine.

“How do you want me to prove it, huh? Do you want me to bend you over this table and fuck you, so everyone, including my stepsister, knows you’re mine? Because you know I fucking will.”

He smashes his lips to mine, and a startled gasp comes from behind me. Zac smiles against my lips, then pulls back.

“You’re a dick,” I murmur, before Willow puts the tray down on the table. Her cheeks are stained crimson, and I love how she can’t hide when she is embarrassed or turned on. Her skin goes such a pretty pink color. I’ve loved having fun with that over the years.

She clears her throat. “I guess I should get on with my story, so I can leave you three to it.” Her eyes dart between Zac and me, but she won’t ask.

“I think you should, pretty girl, because I’m very curious about how someone gets tied to a chair naked and has to call her stepbrother for help,” Jace teases.

She takes a large sip of whatever fruity bullshit she’s drinking, and I reach for one of the glasses. They all look to be the same.

“My ex... or, well, he was my boyfriend until today... We spoke about trying something new.” The red of her cheeks deepens.

“Was he trying to force you?” I snap, making her jump. I squeeze the glass, almost wishing it will break as a release for my anger.

“No,” she whispers. “I wanted to... now let me finish. After watching a video on View4U about how to tie yourself to a chair, I thought he might like it. Even though being naked like that is out of my comfort zone, I wanted to take the next step. However, when he turned up, he told me he wanted to end things, that he was seeing someone else and it was serious. It would have been fine if I didn’t get mad and pull against the restraints—it tightened them.”

“Why don’t you like being naked?” Jace asks. He is our nudist, and he only puts on clothes to leave the house.

“You have eyes, Jace. You saw me naked. I’m mortified that I went from zero people having seen me naked to four in one day.”

“What is View4U?” Zac asks, changing the subject.

She smirks. “It’s a video platform where you can watch videos on different kinks, or even just things you like. Normally I only watch ones with masked men, but the douche nugget said he would never wear one for me. I thought maybe role-playing being kidnapped and tied to a chair might work, but obviously it didn’t.”

Jace smirks at me and winks, which makes me grind my teeth. I know what he's thinking and I'm going to veto the idea before he can even finish the thought. "Is that what you want, pretty girl? To be chased by a masked man, tied up, and then let him have his way with you?"

Jace used to work regularly for a company called Wild Steps. They paid him well, and he is still listed on their books, even though he is less involved with them these days. Every now and again, he gets an itch, and he gets paid to scratch it in a safe environment. One reason our relationship works well is because we have open communication and make sure everyone's needs are met. Zac likes women, but he doesn't actively seek them out all that often. When he does, though, one of us is with him. He has a very traumatic past, and he doesn't trust women in the bedroom as a result. He isn't violent or anything like that, but occasionally PTSD will hit him out of nowhere and some women freak out.

Willow shrugs at Jace. "In theory, yes. Though I'm mortified enough after this experience that I think I will now go back to plain old vanilla sex and call it a day."

"Do you want to dance?" Jace asks Willow, and she raises her brow at him. But he flashes his panty-melting smile, and she finally nods, so he holds out his hand to her.

While they move onto the dance floor, Zac gets us another round, and I watch them dance. I'm mesmerized by the way she moves her body, the way Jace runs his hands over her curves... There is no space between them, and I know Jace has his cock pressed into her ass.

"Wipe away the drool," Zac snarks, appearing out of nowhere.

"I'm not drooling," I throw back, but wipe my hand over my mouth to make sure, and he laughs.

“You know Jace won’t leave this alone. You made a huge deal about not introducing us...”

“I know.” I sigh. “Maybe he would be good for her. I’m also realizing she isn’t as innocent as I thought.”

“What’s her mom like? I get she isn’t thin, but she is stunning. I’m surprised she has body issues the way she does. To be honest, the sight of her tied to a chair with her legs spread will now play a starring role in my spank bank.”

He isn’t the only one; I have an entire repertoire of images of her in mine. My favorite is her bending over in a dress last summer and seeing a sliver of her underwear; the innocent white cotton played into my fantasy of her.

Jace walks over to the table, sweat covering his brow as he takes a seat. “Willow needed a bathroom break. Just so you know, if I get her to sign up to Wild Steps, I’m calling Archer to ask him if he can assign me.”

He holds my eye and waits for the blowout, but what can I do? She is an adult, and it’s a safe way for her to explore. Jealousy swirls in my gut. He will get to know what it feels like to be balls deep inside her, but I can squash that emotion down because I know Jace wouldn’t hurt her.

Jace and Willow spend the next few hours alternating between drinking and dancing until Willow is wasted. I stop after my second drink so when she’s ready to leave, I can safely take her home.

“Sooo,” she slurs. “How long have you and Zac been a thing and why didn’t you tell us?”

I laugh. “Do you really think Carol and Dad would be okay with that?”

She shrugs. “Who gives a fuck what they think if you’re happy? You’re an adult—you have your own house and adult money.”

“It’s complicated,” I say .

“It’s not that complicated. We all fuck,” Jace blurts out.

Willow’s eyes go wide as she looks between us. “All three of you? I have so many questions and no idea where to start.”

She rattles off her questions and Jace does his best, in his drunken state, to answer things like: Are we exclusive? How does it work with three people? Do we have sex with women? Do people at work know?

The answer to that last one is: they do to an extent, but most don’t care—or they don’t say anything, as we don’t mix our personal life with work.

Willow eventually asks the classic “Who’s a top and who’s a bottom?” and Jace then turns the conversation to explaining in very intimate detail how it feels as a man to be fucked in the ass. This starts her off on a rant about how she wants a G-spot in her ass, because every time she has done anal, it hurt more than felt good.

By the time the bar is closing, Zac and I manage to get them in the truck, though it takes a lot of convincing that the night is over.

When we reach her house, Willow has passed out with her head on Jace’s lap, though he wakes as I lift her out of the car.

“I need you to fuck me when we get home,” he mumbles, before closing his eyes again .

Willow hugs into my chest, and I pull her in tight as I take her inside and tuck her into her bed. I wonder if I made the right decision to cross the line with her tonight. The line has been drawn for so long, but as I watch her curl into a ball beneath her covers, I wonder if it isn't time to come clean and tell our parents the truth. Maybe then Willow and I can be friends, as with the thoughts I have about her, I know there is no way we could ever be siblings.

Chapter Four

Willow

Waking up with a hangover always feels like I've been hit by a damn truck. My head throbs in time with the beat of my heart, and my mouth feels like I've swallowed a cup of sand. The harsh light streaming through the window stabs at my eyes, and I squint and groan in protest. I sit up slowly, but each movement sends waves of nausea through my body. The room spins, and I clutch the edge of the bed, trying to ground myself. Unfortunately, I have to move, no matter how much my body screams in protest. There is some last-minute work I need to finish before I leave this morning

.

I work for Celebrity Sync, a social media management company for the rich and famous. My boss Riley is amazing and just handed over to me the management of her brother and his girlfriend's social media accounts. She said, and I quote, "I'm sick of seeing my brother's cock every time some money-grabbing whore tries to bribe him with his old sex tapes." Little do the women know we have hired someone who removes those things from appearing online. The guy is a tech genius and worth every cent Riley pays him.

I get up, knowing there is no point wallowing in self-pity, and grab my laptop. Once in the kitchen, I turn on the coffee machine and set my emails to open while I go to the bathroom.

Showering quickly to wash away the sweat from last night brings back the memory of Jace pressed close to my body. Then the rest of the night comes back to me and the

questions I asked when I found out all three of them are together. I feel so bad for rubbing myself on my stepbrother's boyfriend.

Once I'm finished and dressed in the most comfortable clothes I own, I find my phone charging beside my bed. I don't remember how I got inside, let alone plugging my phone into the charger, but I grab it and check my messages.

I have a couple from Bray saying he should be home in a few days, and that he will let me know when they are leaving.

I decide to send a message to Micah.

Me: I'm so sorry for touching your friend, especially after knowing you're all together. And I don't think I thanked you for saving me yesterday. So, yeah, thanks.

After I hit send, I finish making my coffee and sit at the table, scanning my emails. I sort all my work ones into their specific folders, and any which need Riley's attention, I mark as urgent. One email sticks out and I go to move it to spam, but hesitate, then click on it.

Wild Steps. Interesting.

Maybe Riley signed me up, as I know her men run the website. She's told me to sign up if I ever want any of my fantasies brought to life. Could I do it?

I click on the link which takes me to their website, and I browse through the photos until a mask catches my eye. Once I enter that gallery, I subconsciously squeeze my thighs together and race to hit the membership tab.

Before I can chicken out, I fill out all the information they require, upload my ID, and hit submit. There is a disclaimer which says not everyone will get accepted. Selection

is up to their discretion.

I exit out of the Wild Steps site and turn back to my work, pulling up Sienna's social media account. I reply to comments and block any troll accounts which have left nasty messages. There is no way I could be famous and see that kind of hate. Someone has the nerve to call her a fat pig, and I want to reply so badly. It takes everything in me to remain professional, but I know comments like that are from people who are jealous of her talent and beauty. Some are because she is dating Braidy Jacobs. Every girl my age has grown up with him on their screens as the boy next door, and every romance movie he has done is swoon worthy. I save Braidy's socials for last, as I have to delete an inbox full of inappropriate images and marriage proposals. It's no wonder poor Riley doesn't want to handle her brother's accounts anymore. I have seen more of other female bodies this last year than I have my own.

A text notification pings on my phone, diverting my attention.

Step Monster: Don't be sorry, Jace had a fun night. Our situation isn't that complicated.

I snort. Of course it isn't because they don't overthink it. They simply go with the flow and have a good time.

As I go to respond, my phone vibrates, and Riley's face pops up on my screen. Shit, I didn't realize it was so late in the morning.

"Hey," I say as I answer the phone.

"Girl, you don't look so good. "

I chuckle. "That's because my stepbrother dragged me out last night and, well, I had one too many drinks."

“That sucks, but...” she says with a huge smirk. “I was helping Archer with something and would you believe whose face popped up on his laptop?!”

Humiliation would normally be my go-to reaction, but Riley has three men in her life who are all gorgeous. They dote on her like she is the most precious thing in the world, and it gives me hope I will be able to find at least one decent guy.

“I took a leap. Nothing can be worse than yesterday. Hopefully, it will bring some excitement into my life after I get back.”

Her eyes go wide, and she pushes me for information on what happened. Riley laughs at my expense, but I don’t blame her because it is slightly funny now that I look back on it, and I won’t ever make the same mistake again. She is disappointed I didn’t call her, and I remind her that one of her men would have been right up her ass as she saved me. Besides, for my own pride, there is no way I would have called my boss. I need to still be able to show my face every day on our morning call. As of right now, I am her only employee. Between the two of us, she hasn’t needed to hire a third person beyond her assistant, but Kelsey doesn’t have access to any of the celebrities’ accounts.

Before we end the call, Riley says to expect a text with a location and a request for preferences. She makes a joke about sending someone to the holiday house, and I reply it isn’t a terrible idea, as I will be alone for at least three days, maybe four. The estate is massive, and even though it is almost two hours away, it’s totally worth the drive. Besides, no one generally arrives until Friday or Saturday. According to my mom, Micah doesn’t need to work, as his inheritance from his mother and great uncle is enough to live comfortably for the rest of his life. I guess he loves his job, which I respect.

After I finish my work emails and scheduling posts for the next few days, I grab my suitcase and add a few last-minute items I forgot to pack, then head for the estate.

The drive goes smoothly, and I stop halfway to grab another coffee. Pulling up to the mansion gates, I input the security code into the keypad, and then as they open, I pull my car inside the property and slowly drive toward the house. I can't help but appreciate how stunning the grounds are, with beautiful hedges and even prettier flowers surrounding the house, and the water fountain is perfection. This house truly looks like it could be featured in *Bridgerton*. My favorite part of the property is the flower archway that leads down to the lake. The inside of the house is even more exquisite, featuring soft-pastel walls, fancy trimming, and large windows with thick curtains. Even the arches throughout the house add to its magical feel, and the vaulted ceilings make everything seem more spacious. Not to mention the chandeliers throughout are to die for. Honestly, I think I love this place more than I could ever love a person.

The mansion has ten bedrooms and fourteen bathrooms, all reflecting its grandeur. One room is specifically mine when I stay here, and I love the pastel-green walls adorned with framed paintings of the gardens, the large four-poster bed, and the oversized plush rug on the wooden floorboards.

The property manager always has the place ready a week before we arrive, and I use my key to let myself inside. Micah rents out the ballroom for events, and people can stay in the various rooms. His room is off limits and locked to the public, and it is on the opposite side of the mansion to my room. My room also has a lock, for which I am grateful. I called ahead and let the manager know I was coming in early, and she told me the fridge and pantry were fully stocked. My mom will still bring everything she needs. Carol is very specific about what she cooks with, which I find hilarious, but we all let her be. If she is happy, there is a lot less nagging.

As I walk through the house, I notice a few items have been moved, and I smirk to myself. My cousins, especially the younger ones, have broken priceless items before and it's about time things were moved. One of my aunts can be a real bitch, and according to her, my cousins would never break anything, even if we can all see how

spoiled and entitled they have become.

When I reach my room, I unlock my door and it's exactly as I remembered, until I notice a box on my bed and an envelope on top. I drag my case inside and walk over to the bed, picking up the envelope.

Willow

9pm in the garden. The Easter hunt begins.

The prize, you ask?

YOU!

My heart thumps wildly as I re-read the note. Damn, Riley's men work fast, but now the nerves bubble through my system as my shaky hands open the box. Pulling back the tissue paper, I huff out a laugh. There is no way. None. Inside is a very sexy rabbit costume, with not enough fabric to cover anything. I pull it out and look at it again. It's baby pink with a tiny crotch area—how is that thin scrap supposed to hide my lady flaps? They might swallow the material and the poor guy will think I'm wearing the costume backward. That isn't a good look for anyone. Scrap that, it's got a split. Crotchless is not something I would ever choose to wear.

Though I'll admit the bunny ears are super cute.

There is another small wrapped box which is labeled: Open me when you're getting ready .

Can I really do this? Or should I phone Riley and call the whole thing off? Maybe I'll take a few hours' nap first and then I'll re-evaluate.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 8:05 am

Chapter Five

Jace

My friend Archer was more than willing to let me take charge after I explained our situation. The guys had to fill out the forms like any other employees would, and though Micah was hesitant and still is, Archer explained that even if he and Zac don't participate, he will end their contract with Wild Steps after Easter.

Zac is open to seeing how it goes, but I'm all in after having felt her ass grind against my cock. I know I could do things the normal way—pursue her and ask her out—however, I'm far from normal, and Willow wants to get a feel for the things she likes. Though, from what I can tell, she's nervous about putting herself out there again. I wasn't even sure if she would fill out the intake form after the chair incident. Even if she thinks it was the most embarrassing thing she has ever experienced, she doesn't realize for me it was a fantasy. Walking into that room and seeing a fucking stunning woman blindfolded and tied to a chair... all I wanted was to drop to my knees and bury my face in her pussy. Speaking of faces, her ex deserves a punch in his. It would have taken an amazing amount of courage to do what she did, and he walked away. Joke's on him because now I get to play.

“Will you stop pacing?!” Zac snaps. “You're giving me motion sickness.”

Micah has cameras wired throughout the house. Once she reached the mansion, she went straight to her room and didn't come back out. After an hour, we snuck inside and holed up in Micah's room, waiting for her to appear.

“I can’t help it. It’s been so long since I’ve done anything like this and I’m excited. Just wait, you will soon understand why I kept working for Wild Steps for so long.”

“I don’t think I can do it,” Micah says, getting up from his seat at his desk and finally looking away from the surveillance footage.

“Stop being a big baby—I saw the way she looked at you. If you asked her to fuck you, I bet she would. ”

“I’m not an idiot. It’s just lying to her seems wrong.”

“So would you like Jace to call Archer and ask him to send in someone else?” Zac taunts.

“No,” Micah snaps, his hands balling into fists. “Maybe... I don’t fucking know.”

“She consented to this. Willow signed the waivers, and she never has to know it was you. She can live out her fantasies safely, but if you feel something more for her afterward, then we’ll tell her.”

“Once I step over the line, I don’t know if I can go back. Then what if she finds out and hates me?”

“I will fix it. It’s what I do,” I tell him.

Honestly, I think she needs people to build her up. I don’t know why her mother never did it—isn’t that what parents do for their kids? Mine did, and maybe it’s why I have all the self-confidence in the world. Which also helps in the nudity department. In fact, I’m surprised Micah or Zac haven’t forced me to put clothes on yet. I hate wearing them; I feel too restricted.

“It’s one night, so both of you come and watch. If you feel inclined, join in. If not, I’m happy to do all the work. But tell me, Brookie, wouldn’t sucking her juices off my hard cock turn you on?”

He whips his head around and narrows his eyes on me.

I smirk at him, and his gaze runs over my body, making me shiver, my cock already hard from his keen attention. “Don’t look at me like that. I need to go get everything ready. I have an Easter hunt to set up.”

“Of course you do,” Zac says.

I grab the duffle bag filled with goodies and tip it out on the bed next to Zac. He rolls onto his side, picks up the butt plug with the bunny tail attached, and chuckles. There is also a rabbit vibrator, and the remote to the vibrating egg I placed in her box, which I figure I’ll let Micah operate. I also have little plastic eggs with notes inside. I plan to give her fifteen minutes to find as many of these eggs as she can in the garden. They glow in the dark and shouldn’t be hard to locate, but whatever ones she finds, we will live out tonight.

“Who doesn’t like an adult Easter hunt before being chased by masked men and fucked hard? I know I wouldn’t be complaining,” I retort with a smirk.

Micah goes to get us a snack and Zac watches to see if she comes out of her room, while I resume snapping the eggs back together in preparation for tonight.

I’m going to prove to Micah he has feelings for her. For as long as I’ve known him, he’s always talked about her, and I don’t even think he realizes the little smile he gets when he mentions her name. If he still wants to be stubborn after this, he can go back to his life like nothing even happened.

Everything is ready. From our hiding spot behind a large shrub near the groundskeeper's shed, we all stare at the screen of Micah's phone. We watch as Willow takes a hesitant step outside the back terrace doors and fiddles with her outfit. I smirk, wondering exactly when she figured out the bunny outfit is crotchless. I wasn't sure if it would push on too much of a limit for her, but figured I would give it a shot—having to take that costume off to fuck her would be a nightmare.

“Oh fuck,” Micah whispers.

Oh, fuck is right. Willow looks delicious, and I plan on eating bunny tonight.

On the terrace, I placed a basket with an envelope inside. She notices it right away and picks up the envelope, pulling out the letter. We watch as she reads it, the corners of her mouth curving up just a little.

She has fifteen minutes to collect as many of the glow-in-the-dark eggs as she can, and whatever is written inside she gets to experience tonight.

“Maybe we should test to see if she is wearing the little gift I left on her bed,” I say, and Micah pulls the remote from his pocket.

As he turns it on, Willow's back goes ramrod straight and her eyes widen.

“I take that as a yes,” Zac says with a low chuckle .

Micah presses the off button, and her shoulders relax. She glances around and hesitates before snatching up the basket.

“Now we wait and watch. I have placed the eggs to lead toward the hedge maze. Once she reaches there, it's game on.”

We slide our masks on but keep the glowing function off, sticking to the shadows and watching as she hunts for the eggs. She shivers and Micah turns on the remote, making her pause and white knuckle the basket handle.

“Something to warm her up a little,” Micah murmurs.

“Oh god,” she whimpers and her knees buckle. Fuck, she looks beautiful under the glow of the moon. Then she moves her hand to between her legs.

Shit. I pull out my phone and tap the security app. I set it up so I could send voice-overs directly to the sound system.

“No touching, Little Bunny.”

Her head whips up to search for my distorted voice. She spots an overhead speaker—the ones used for outside events.

“Why don’t we stop and open one of the eggs?” I urge her.

She picks out the largest, and I smile, because I know what’s in that one .

She opens it and pulls out the fluffy butt plug and a little package of lube.

“You know what to do.”

She looks around. This will be a test to see if she is serious.

“I can’t do this,” she says just loud enough that we can hear.

“You can. But if it’s too much, use your safe word. Then you can go back to your life like nothing even happened. It’s completely up to you. Do you want to have fun,

Bunny?”

“Yes, I want to have fun,” she says in frustration, putting the lube packet between her teeth and ripping it open.

We all wait with bated breath to see what she does next, watching as she lubes up the butt plug—which I made sure was beginner’s size, since I don’t know how much she has ventured into anal. Once she’s pushed it inside, she looks around and waits. Zac whacks me in the stomach.

“What a good Little Bunny. Now turn around and bend over for us.”

She takes a deep breath and does as I ask. Holy fuck, that plug was an amazing idea.

“Now it’s time to run,” I say into the app, and her eyes widen as I flick on my mask.

I should have let her collect more eggs, but my cock is as hard as steel. I need to bury myself in that pussy, fast.

As I take a step forward, she doesn’t move.

I don’t wait for the others. They can either watch or turn their masks on. I don’t care either way.

I stride toward her, and something clicks. She takes off running into the maze, which Micah said is the perfect place because there are multiple entry points. It wasn’t built to keep people in, it’s where they hold high tea, whatever the hell that is.

She disappears out of sight, and I pocket my phone.

“Here, Little Bunny, don’t you want to have some fun?”

A second remote is in my pocket, and I slide my hand in and turn the butt plug on.

“Holy shit,” I hear her whisper.

I move toward the sound, and she squeaks as I come into view, then turns to run again. She reaches a two-way split, but Zac’s mask turns on. I know it’s him by the shape of his body. Willow gasps and takes the left path; we are herding her toward the center, which Micah says contains a covered area with flowers and a table. He has turned on the lights and it’s apparently magical at night.

We chase her into the large open area, and she pauses, causing us to stop, blocking the only exit. Micah wasn’t wrong. It looks so otherworldly, even I can appreciate it, but what will look even better is Willow spread out on the table while we feast upon her.

I pull the remote from my pocket and elbow Micah as he comes to stand beside me. He pulls his remote out and we both turn them on at the same time, causing poor Willow to drop to her knees.

“Oh god,” she pants and arches her back. “Please.”

We all move forward—so much for Micah not being sure—and I take the lead. “Please, what?”

She looks up and gasps, eyes darting wildly between the three of us. “Please, it’s too much, but not enough.”

Hearing her beg has unlocked something in me, something I didn’t know I liked. “Beg me.”

She blinks up at me, and I wait to hear those beautiful words.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 8:05 am

Chapter Six

Willow

I need it to stop—or turn up. It’s a whole lot of feeling and I don’t know what to do.

“Please,” I say again, hoping he can hear the sincerity in my voice. “I need to come.”

“All in good time, Little Bunny,” he says and presses the button to stop my ass from vibrating, and the egg inside me stops right after.

“Why don’t you open another egg, and I promise you an orgasm after.”

I glance at the man who just spoke, my brain still trying to comprehend there’s more than one of them. His voice has the same robotic tone as the other one, and I nod. I need a release. Honestly, I think I might cry if I don’t come soon.

Pulling out a smaller egg, since the last one contained a butt plug, I pop it open and a piece of paper drops out. I pick it up and read the typed block letters saying, FINGER YOURSELF. One of the masked men reaches his hand out and I pass him the slip of paper.

“On the table, Little Bunny. Spread those legs so we can watch how you get yourself off.”

My cheeks heat. I’ve never let someone watch me like this.

“Don’t be shy. What do you have to lose?”

He’s right. What do I have to lose? I walk over to the table while praying it can hold my weight. Then I slowly lie back, careful not to dislodge the plug, but keep my legs closed, though I can feel the weight of all the three masked men’s gazes.

“Show us how you fuck yourself when no one is watching.”

I take a deep breath. Fuck it, I won’t see these men after tonight. I want to try new things without feeling like I’m doing something wrong. Slowly, I open my legs, pushing away the thought of how Micah and his friends found me, but the memory, under these circumstances, turns me on. I picture them and the way they looked at me as I slide my hand between my legs and circle my clit, my nub so sensitive my body shudders as I run my fingers down and dip them into my pussy. A moan falls from my lips when I feel the egg inside me, and it vibrates again as I bring my fingers back up to focus on my clit. Using my free hand, I pinch my nipple through the material covering them.

“Oh fuck,” I whimper.

“Come for us, Little Bunny. We want to see what you look like when pleasure washes over you.”

The butt plug vibrates, and between that sensation, the egg, and my hands, it sets off a chain reaction. My toes curl, my back arches, and my entire being explodes.

My body melts into the table, and a smile takes over my face. I laugh deliriously. How is it possible this was the best orgasm I have ever had in my life? I’m blown away that something so earth shattering happened under these circumstances.

“Letting go never felt so good, huh?” one of the masked men says.

My eyes flutter closed at the bliss of utter relaxation.

“There’s no time for sleep, Little Bunny, not until you’re covered in our cum and you can’t stand on your legs.”

Just the thought of these three— three! —masked men standing over me, their cum dripping from my skin as I kneel before them, sparks a fire in my gut.

“Yes please,” I whimper.

The tallest of the masked men steps closer when I open my eyes. “Is that what you want? Us to cover you in our cum?”

He grabs my chin and makes me look at him, even though I can’t see his face. “Don’t be shy, Bunny, this is about you. If you’d like it, own it.”

“Yes.”

“Yes, what?” the third masked man says. “Use your words.”

“Yes, I want your cum on me. I want to be chased and caught. Be rough with me, and then cum all over me.”

“ Fuck ,” the tallest swears. “Fuck your eggs.” He grabs the basket and throws it away, and multicolored eggs scatter across the grassed area. “You’re going to get up and run, and remember your safe word because when we catch you, we are going to take what we want.”

Excitement and nerves tumble deep inside my gut, swirling around, making me almost nauseous.

“Ticktock, Bunny. If you want a head start, you better start running.”

Rolling onto my side, I wiggle my way off the table, but when I stand to my full height, something drags my hair back, and I fall against a hard body.

“When I catch you, I’m going to fuck this beautiful body into the dirt while you beg for more.”

He releases me with a slight push, and I take off, back through the maze. I know this place like the back of my hand, having spent every Easter weekend here for the past few years. My family is only tolerable in small doses, so I’ve always preferred to spend my time walking the grounds, marveling at how beautiful everything is here.

A chill is setting in. While the days are getting warmer, the nights are still cold as hell. Though if I die from hypothermia by the end of the night, I might die happy, or at the very least satisfied. My tombstone could read: Willow Lewis died thoroughly fucked.

My mother would love that.

The sound of heavy footfalls echoes around me, causing my heart to race. I know I’m safe, but am I really? Do I trust this website? I’m sure Ted Bundy’s wife trusted him until she found out what he did. The chances of them being serial killers are low, but not zero.

I can feel them herding me like an animal, a footfall here, a snapped twig there, the glow of a mask in my peripheral vision. Yet I still let them lead me away from the house and down toward the back garden, my favorite place on the grounds. It’s the one with the view of the man-made lake behind the house. Maybe it’s classed as a pond, but it’s sure as heck big enough to be a lake.

When I get to a clearing that slopes downward, I feel the three of them closing the distance between us. As I brace myself to run down the incline, both the egg and butt plug come to life, buckling my legs, and I fall. When I hit the ground, my momentum rolls me toward the lake.

I could have easily stopped my movement if I wasn't two seconds away from an orgasm. When I finally stop myself inches from the water's edge, so do the vibrations. I sigh with relief and roll onto my back, taking a deep inhale to help get my breathing under control.

"Hello, Bunny."

Looking up, I find the three masked men standing around me.

"It looks like you had a little tumble, but don't worry, we'll make it all better. Would fucking you make you feel good?"

I nod my head, but one of the masked men leans down and tangles his hand in my hair, using it to pull me up to my knees.

"You need to use your words. "

"Y-yes," I say, my teeth chattering as the night air sends chills down my spine and the cold sets in.

"I think she needs to be warmed up a little. On your hands and knees, facing the water. I'm going to fuck you hard and fast. Tell me, Bunny, are you on birth control?"

"Yes."

“Good.”

The one holding my hair releases it and I do as I’m told, dropping to my hands and knees and facing the water. There is one light on top of a pole attached to the small dock a short distance away, and it’s enough for me to make out the ripples in the water.

A hand lands on one of my thighs, and I flinch—they’re a problem area for me. They wobble and rub together and are not my most flattering parts of my body. If the man notices, he doesn’t say anything as the rough calluses on his hands lightly scratch against my sensitive skin until he cups my pussy and runs his fingers through my slit. He opens me before he slides his fingers inside and removes the egg. With a plop, it lands in the water, and I watch it sink beneath the surface.

“You should see how fucking perfect you look from behind, Bunny. That ass, so juicy and asking for me to make it red, and your pussy makes me want to bury my face in there and never come up for air. ”

His hands grasp my hips and my pussy throbs with need. If I didn’t know better, I would say the needy bitch has her own pulse. I push my ass out, and a sharp sting of pain is followed by the soothing caress of a hand. It has me so wet I am actually dripping—something I have never experienced with anyone else.

“Do you like that, Bunny, his hand coming down on your ass?”

Looking up, I see the man to my right has his cock held in the palm of his hand. I lick my lips, suddenly realizing how dry they are.

“I loved it,” I say, finding a confidence I didn’t know I possessed. Even though I know they are being paid to be here, there is nothing about their demeanor that gives the vibe that they are disgusted by my body. Their words make me feel a way I never

have before.

The man behind me brings his hand down on my ass again but squeezes, digging the tips of his fingers into my flesh. I smile, knowing I will have bruises tomorrow. What is normally a downfall of sensitive skin no longer feels like a negative.

“Look how wet you are for us, Bunny.”

His hand swipes along my pussy before his other hand twists beneath the strands of my hair, guiding my body upright so my back is flush against his front. Then he brings his fingers to my mouth.

“Taste and tell me how sweet you are.”

I hesitate. I’ve never done this, but it’s not because I didn’t want to; rather, it has never been an option. It feels dirty, yet I want to stick my tongue out and curl it around his fingers.

The hand lightly wrapped in my hair releases the strands and grabs my cheeks, squeezing until I open my mouth.

“Good Little Bunny. Now do what a good pet does—beg me to suck my fingers and taste your sweetness.”

“Please,” I whisper, squeezing my eyes closed. “Let me suck my juices from your fingers.”

Internally, I want to curl into a ball and die. Hearing those words coming from my mouth, I expect them to laugh, but when they don’t, I slowly open my eyes. He slides his fingers between my lips, and I close my mouth around them. I don’t know why I was so weirded out; the taste is slightly metallic, with a hint of sweetness—nothing

like I was expecting.

He pulls back slowly until his fingers are free, then he wraps his arm around my stomach, making me suck it in. Normally it's something I do without thinking, yet I was not inside my head for a second and let my guard down.

"Don't be shy, Bunny," the man behind me says, running his hand down between my breasts and over my stomach, only stopping when he grabs my pussy, a literal handful, and I want to die. I don't have a cute little Hello Kitty; I have a Garfield.

"Fuck, that's hot," the man on the left of me says, talking for the first time.

His words ease my discomfort at having a chunky pussy.

"I'm going to fuck you now. And remember, if I push on your head, hold your breath."

He releases my pussy and pushes against my back. My hands come down on the lake's edge, my fingertips brushing against the cool water. My eyes widen in realization. Oh shit, he is going to hold me under. I could shout Coco Pops and run back to the safety of my room, and I consider it for a split second.

Then his cock presses against my pussy, and the man on my left now has his cock out too. I turn my head enough to watch as the one on the right lazily strokes his hard length. The thought of them getting off watching me be fucked has me pushing back against the man behind me. He slams forward and I swallow down my moan as I almost fall headfirst into the lake. It's shallow here, maybe a little over ankle deep, but with the recent rain it's risen right up to the grass.

The masked man on the left squats and forces me to look at him. "If you can't say your safe word, tap your hand against the ground. Understand?"

I nod, but he growls. The sound is not as sexy as you would imagine through voice distortion, but the meaning is still clear.

“I understand,” I say.

The man behind me takes that as a green light and grabs my hips, thrusting forward so hard, I cry out as his cock hits my cervix. He doesn't take it slow, slamming into me in a rhythm that I've never imagined. Or maybe only watched in porn.

A whimper escapes me, but I cut it off. Though I have always wanted to be vocal during sex, when I hear myself or think about how I will sound, I never go further than a moan.

“I don't think you're fucking her good enough if I can't hear her.”

The taunt works, and my head is pushed toward the water. The cold shock against my face and scalp sends panic surging. I remind myself that I'm safe, but adrenaline jolts through my body and it's almost as if my survival instincts take over. My heart rate spikes, and my muscles tense. As I'm pulled to the surface and I gasp for air, he continues to fuck me like a savage animal.

My orgasm builds, and as I'm teetering on the edge, he pushes me back down. I've taken a bigger breath this time, and the panic doesn't consume me when I'm submerged. My orgasm hits me hard as my head is pulled above the water, my pussy clamping down tighter than it ever has before, and I scream out my release.

“Head up, Bunny.”

I lift my head and watch as the two men standing off to the sides come closer. The man behind me pulls me back away from the water's edge enough that the other two can stand in front of me, their cocks in their hands angled toward my face.

The man behind me digs his fingers into my hips and his dick jerks inside me as cum hits my face, over and over again, first from one man and then the other.

Holy shit, that was . . . wow.

My arms give way, and I flop to the ground, not caring that my bunny outfit will have grass stains all over it.

That was hands down the best experience of my life. I don't think I will be able to top it, but I know I will never forget.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 8:05 am

Chapter Seven

Willow

The sun shines through the gap in the thick curtains, the beam highlighting the smile creeping over my face as I remember last night. I reach my arms out over my head to stretch and every muscle in my body burns in protest.

Shit, how did I get back to my room? I must have passed out cold on the grass.

Sighing, I hesitantly peek under the covers. I'm still in the bunny outfit. I reach around and feel my ass—thankfully the butt plug is gone. That could have been a very awkward wake up.

Looking at the clock on the wall, I see it's almost lunchtime, so I roll out of bed and head to the bathroom for a nice hot bath. I love the older styled bathroom they have here with the freestanding tub.

While it fills up, I stare at myself in the mirror and grimace. I look like a hot mess. There are bright-green stains all over the bunny suit, but I still plan to keep it. My hair is also a mess, and I look like a racoon. I need to invest in some quality mascara.

Once I've had a good soak in the bath and my muscles are relaxed, I force myself out before I get wrinkly. I have zero plans today besides maybe going for a walk around the grounds and reading a good book. It's been a while since I picked one up, as my latest obsession has been the View4U app. Though after last night, I think I can live out my fantasies in my head.

My phone buzzes as I leave the bathroom and hunt for some fresh clothes. I find it on the bedside table, but when I swipe the screen, I don't recognize the number.

Picture Message

I gasp at seeing the image from last night. It's a photo of me from behind, and for the first time, I'm not disgusted by what I see. Normally I would focus on all the things I don't like about myself, but now all I can hear are the robotic voices in my head.

"You should see how fucking perfect you look from behind, Bunny. That ass, so juicy and asking for me to make it red, and your pussy makes me want to bury my face in there and never come up for air."

A vibration from my phone pulls me out of the memory and I see another message from the unknown number.

Since there are three of us and only one of you, we think it's fair we come back to see our Bunny again. Do you want to be our good girl?

I can't type yes fast enough, but then self-doubt creeps in, and I wonder if I've come across too needy.

Another image comes through, and it's a picture of a guest room. I know which one because of the pastel-pink walls.

Ten minutes. Blindfold on.

Ten minutes isn't nearly enough time for me to get ready or overthink things. Last night I almost didn't go outside. After getting dressed, I felt unsure about how I looked in the outfit, and the fact that it was crotchless had me in my head. However, I must have done something right if they came back. I have no sexy lingerie; I don't

even own any. What's the point when I'm not comfortable enough to wear it for me, let alone anyone else?

Just go lie on the bed naked, Willow. They wouldn't have messaged if they hated what they saw. It's all in your head.

Internal monologue Willow is right. Screw it.

I leave my room and walk down the hall, crossing over to where the other guest rooms are located. Once I find the right room, I twist the handle and take a deep breath. This is it, where I grow a set of balls and be brave.

Stepping inside, I close the door and remove my towel, throwing it over the back of an antique chair. Nerves swirl in my gut, and the blindfold is a momentary sticking point, but it's not like I'm tying myself to a chair again.

Maneuvering myself onto the bed, I pick up the blindfold and secure it in place. I need to do this for myself—I'm sick of being afraid. This is who I am, and I need to accept it. So what if I have thick thighs, my stomach wobbles a little, or there's some cellulite and stretch marks on my ass? I'm not the only woman in the world with these issues and hang-ups.

My pep talk doesn't calm my nerves, and my hands shake as I spread my legs and wait. With my eyes covered, I easily hear the twist of the handle .

“Hello, Bunny. It seems like you wanted to surprise us, and what a wonderful surprise it is.”

My chest rises and falls faster. “Don't be scared, Bunny. We won't hurt you.” Someone takes my hand and gives it a squeeze.

“I-I’m not scared. I’m insecure about my body.” It makes me feel like an idiot saying it out loud.

“I think we need to show our Little Bunny how much we love her body. Now promise us no matter what, you will keep your blindfold on.”

“I promise,” I whisper.

The bed dips beside me as one of the men lies down beside me.

“I’m going to help you sit on his face.”

I gasp. “But I can’t.”

“Do you want to see what happens to naughty little bunnies when they don’t do as they’re told?”

I know I have my safe word. I can use it at any moment and this will all go away, but could I really sit on his face? “He won’t be able to breathe.”

I swear I hear him chuckle. “Bunny, death by pussy would be the best way to go. Trust me, he will be able to breathe just fine.”

I take a deep breath, remembering I want to try new things, so I need to at least attempt it. Besides, there are three of them—no way would they let him die beneath me .

I switch positions so I’m on my knees, and the man beside me helps me move into place. “Here is the headboard. Now hold on to it,” he instructs.

I nod and grip the soft material of the headboard. Slowly I lower myself until I feel

his breath on my most intimate parts. I have never done this before, even lying down, and here they are throwing me in the deep end.

“You need to sit on his face.” The voice comes from my opposite side. It must be the third man who is talking.

“I am,” I squeak nervously.

Rough hands grip my love handles, and I’m pulled down onto his face.

“Oh fuck,” I moan as his tongue slides through my pussy.

His hands grip my sides, and every touch of his tongue makes me feel lightheaded. His fingers dig into my skin, and he guides me forward and backward. I copy the rocking motion, and after a few minutes, all my worries melt away.

Once I fall into a rhythm, their hands touch me everywhere. Someone’s finger slides down my spine, while someone else kisses my shoulder.

For a moment I consider taking my blindfold off, so I can see their faces. But I know it would all be over and decide against it—plus not knowing what they look like adds to the thrill .

My entire body tenses when someone runs a finger over the cleft in my ass before spreading my cheeks.

“Have you ever been fucked in the ass?”

I nod my head. It hurt every damn time, but I’m not about to tell them that. His finger rims my ass, teasing me in a way that feels so good.

“Lift,” the man behind me instructs.

I lift up a little and two fingers are pushed inside my pussy. They rub against my G-spot and my knees wobble. Right as I feel like I will come, the fingers slide out and I’m guided back to sitting, the man beneath me sucking my clit into his mouth.

“You are not going to overthink it, Bunny. I’m going to finger your ass, while my friend fucks you with his tongue.”

“And what about the third man?” I nervously ask.

“He is going to stand in front of you and you’re going to take his thick cock in your mouth like a good girl.”

I almost internally combust thinking about it. The bed dips on my right and I let go of the headboard, using my knees to hold up my weight.

All at once, things change.

The man beneath me grabs my hips and pulls me all the way down, and a hard cock is pressed against my lips. Precum teases my tastebuds and fingers breach my ass .

“Relax, Bunny. We won’t hurt you in any way you don’t want us to. Tap his leg if you need to stop and can’t use your safe word.”

“Okay,” I say, then the man in front of me pushes his cock into my mouth, twisting his fingers into my hair.

They all move in unison, and it overloads my senses in all the right ways—fingers in my ass, tongue in my pussy, and a cock in my mouth.

My entire body feels like it's on fire, and I know I won't last much longer. I need to come. Now. Clearing all the doubt from my mind, I scream around the cock in my mouth as my orgasm crests and my body shudders.

After I come back down to earth, my entire being goes limp and aftershocks flit through me. The man in my mouth pulls back, and the man beneath me lifts my hips and moves me, laying me on my stomach beside him.

“Do you want a cock in your ass, Bunny?”

“Please be careful.”

“There is no way we would be rough with this beautiful booty.”

I feel someone moving around the bed. I hate not being able to see what is going on, though it's not like I could tell the difference between any of them last night. They were all dressed the same and are relatively the same height.

The squirt of liquid on my ass heightens my anticipation.

“Don't be scared, Bunny.”

Large hands grip my hips and lift until I am on my knees with my head and forearms still against the mattress. I feel his cock swipe through the liquid on my ass, then the tip pushes into me slowly. It isn't pleasant, but I breathe through it, trying to keep myself calm.

Out of nowhere, someone plays with my clit, which is still sensitive from my last orgasm.

“You should see how well you're taking his cock, Bunny. Now you've had all three

of us in each of your holes, and I wonder how pretty you will look when you are filled so full you are leaking with our cum.”

I shiver at the thought. I’ve never considered it before. It was only a few days ago I couldn’t be naked in front of anyone, yet here I am now, naked and being fucked in the ass like I’m some damn porn star.

The burning eases and my pussy drips. Whoever is playing with my clit changes to stroking my pussy, mixing his fingers in the mess.

“Please finger me,” I beg. Heat scorches my cheeks, and I know they will be a bright shade of pink from my embarrassment at hearing my voice asking for something I want.

Fingers slide inside me, and I feel so full. The man behind me moves slowly, and the man with his fingers inside my pussy curls them, which makes my eyes roll back in my head.

“Bunny, you are doing so fucking good. I’m going to come all over your back.”

Warm wetness lands on my back in spurts, then a hand rubs the liquid into my skin. I feel powerful, wanted, and not like my normal self. Being claimed by these masked men, even for a short time, feels so good.

My body shakes uncontrollably, my legs want to close, and a sensation I have never felt before hits me hard. Liquid shoots out of me and tears spring to my eyes as I worry about how grossed out they must be.

None of them speak or react to it, that I can tell, and I’m shocked. My thighs are soaked, and no doubt so is the bed. The man still thrusting into my ass squeezes my hips as his movements grow jerky, then he stills behind me with a grunt.

These three masked men are ruining me in all the best ways.

The thought of this being over has my heart sinking. I've come to the realization that I won't be able to find someone like this in real life. It's not possible for someone like me.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 8:05 am

Chapter Eight

Zac

I have been a little skeptical about this entire thing. Jace needs a woman's touch—he craves it—and though both Micah and I are fine without it, if we are both honest, we would like it as well. However, adding a fourth is complicated, as we rarely take time off work and women like quality time, but the whole hearts-and-flowers shit isn't me.

It's been no secret that Micah has a thing for his stepsister. It's also no secret why he has kept us away, or more so Jace, who wears his damn heart on his sleeve.

Watching Jace take charge does things to me. He normally isn't so dominant in the bedroom with Micah and me—it's a whole new side to him, and I like it.

I have no issues sharing Micah and Jace with each other, but adding a woman is different. I thought I would get jealous, that a woman would take away all their attention, but I'm not as opposed to it as I once was. With the one-night stands we have shared, I always knew they would be gone once we were done, but now Jace wants something more permanent, and I wonder where I'll fit in that scenario. I probably want a woman's touch the least, don't like romance, and hate the expectation of having to remember to always put their needs first. I'm a selfish bastard and the guys know what to expect. The PDA the other night with Micah was all about staking my claim on my man because I am sick of him thinking he can hide us from his family. He isn't in the closet or ashamed of us, that much I know. Yet he's told us about his family and how stuck in their ways they are. It's clear he doesn't want the fuss of having to explain himself, and I get that.

“How long are we going to do this mask shit for?” I ask Jace as he walks out of the ensuite, wrapped in a towel.

It isn't his normal style—that guy is naked more than any person should be. He smirks at me and steps closer.

I part my legs so he can step between them, then grab the top of his towel, untwisting it so it drops to the floor. His cock springs free, already rock hard. I lick my lips and my mouth waters at the perfection before me.

His hands rest on my shoulders as I wrap my palm around him, pumping his length a few times before I lean in and close my lips around the head, sucking him into my mouth.

“Oh fuck, what did I do to deserve this?”

I pop off and smirk. “I'm reminding you who you belong to. In case you get lost in thoughts of her pussy.”

Jace chuckles and moves one of his hands to twist his fingers in my hair, ripping my head back. “I know who I belong to, Zac. I have ‘Property of Zac’ tattooed on my right ass cheek and your teeth marks as well.”

I snort. He lost that bet fair and square.

“Just admit she has a nice pussy, and you want to drown in it as well.”

He isn't wrong; she does have a nice pussy. Fuck, she has a nice everything. I want to bite her and leave my mark. Everyone has weird kinks, and fuck, I love seeing my bite marks tattooed on my men. Micah's is on his right shoulder blade, and if I had to pick a spot for Willow, it would be on her hip. The thought alone has me almost

coming in my pants.

Jace drags my head back to his cock and thrusts down my throat. The door handle jiggles, and I know it's Micah. Willow passed out cold after we fucked her and hasn't left her room, so Micah went to make us something to eat.

"If I knew you were on the menu, I wouldn't have gone downstairs."

"Don't be jealous like Zac. I think he needs a dick in his ass to make him feel better."

Liking the sound of that, I hum around Jace's cock, and he thrusts further into my mouth before he pulls out. Then he moves, dragging me by my hair along with him, until he is seated with his back against the headboard. "I think maybe it's you who needs the reminder about who you belong to."

"I think you're right, Jace. Get that ass up in the air," Micah demands, and I do as I'm told. Three men in one relationship make for a lot of Alpha moments. Micah's weight dips the bed behind me, and he grabs the back of my sweats, pulling them over my ass.

"I like it when you're all smooth for me," Micah says, before he spits on my ass and it rolls down my crack, his fingers rubbing it over my asshole. "I'm going to fuck you onto Jace's cock, and you will be our personal spit roast."

After being alone for so long, it was hard when I met Jace, but he was always there and never gave up on me. Then Jace sold me on the idea of bringing Micah into our relationship. I was hesitant at first, but he just fit, and it felt right. A tightness in my chest crushes around my heart. I won't ever go back to being alone. I need them—they always know when I'm in my head and like to fuck me out of it.

As I take Jace's cock in my mouth again, he bucks his hips up, and I hum around him

once more. I wait for Micah to fuck me. He likes to torture me by swiping his cock along my crack, stopping just where I want him, before pushing inside me at an excruciatingly glacial pace. I need him buried deep—I crave him. When I push my ass back, he chuckles and grasps my hips, slamming inside me and making my eyes roll back in my head. He knows how I like it, and he fucks me hard, straight onto Jace's cock as promised. I tuck my lips around my teeth because Jace isn't like me—I love the feeling of them scraping along my length.

Micah digs his fingers into my ass, hard enough to leave bruises as he bucks forward and smashes me into Jace, whose cock spears into the back of my throat as he uses me for his pleasure.

Reaching beneath my body, I wrap my hand around my length and stroke, chasing my orgasm. Fireworks explode as Jace unloads down my throat with a deep “Fuck.”

Micah slams into me a few more times through his release, then his weight settles on my back. “Was that good enough to remind you that no matter who we add to this relationship, you belong to us? If anyone tries to take you away, I'll kill them.”

I smirk as I push up and Micah rolls off my back. “So does that mean we are adding a pretty brunette to the mix?”

“Can we?” Jace asks Micah, hope sparkling in his eyes. He is a fool if he thinks Micah will say no.

“I guess this will be an Easter to remember. Willow's pep talk at the bar made me realize I'm sick of caring what my parents think. If they can't accept you, they can fuck off.”

“Do you think Willow will want us?” I ask. “She barely knows us.”

Jace scoffs. “She’ll want us. Look how sexy we are, and we can date her. It’s how you get to know someone. Plus, we already know she likes the orgasms.”

Micah shakes his head. “I hope you are ready for her feisty side to appear when she finds out it’s me behind the mask.”

“Why don’t we enjoy the time we have left before everyone arrives and then we can tell her?”

They both look at me and nod.

“Is Willow still in her room?” Jace asks.

Micah pulls up his phone and flicks through the security footage, then nods. “It looks like it. Why?”

“I’m going to set up an Easter hunt inside the house. I noticed a massive fireplace in one of the sitting rooms and I really want to fuck her on the rug.”

Both Micah and I laugh. Of course he does. He has fucked us in every inch of our house, and he can get very inventive.

“Take your phone. I’ll call if she leaves her room.”

Jace’s smile takes over his entire face. I love seeing him this happy. He does a happy dance, grabs his mask, and races from the room completely naked.

Micah sits next to me and opens his phone, then we watch Jace race downstairs and pull the hunting eggs from the kitchen along with some bigger sized ones. “Fuck those kids,” he says, not realizing we are watching him or that we can hear. Though I wholeheartedly agree with him.

We continue to watch as he sneaks up to her door and puts an egg down, and he places a basket beside it—the same one from the first night. He leaves her a trail of eggs leading to the sitting room. This has to be one of the most entertaining things he has done with no clothes on and I’m a little turned on by the mask.

Micah and I take turns showering while Jace continues to do his thing. As soon as we are both done and dressed, we get a message to meet him downstairs. We grab our masks and pull them on before leaving the room.

Once we reach the sitting room, I pause at the entry and shake my head. He has the sex toys gathered in a pile by the fire, and I wonder if he realizes how close they are. He should probably move them, as I’m not sure it will be easy to explain how a rubber dick melted into the carpet. Jace wouldn’t sugarcoat it, and poor Micah would be left to deal with his family.

I notice the handcuffs and I wonder if Willow will be okay with those after her chair dilemma. Though if I have any say in the matter, one day we will recreate that scene.

“Can we wake her up?” Jace asks excitedly, and Micah nods.

He pulls out his phone, and within a second, the security alarm goes off. We watch on the surveillance app as Willow rips her door open. Then he presses a button, and the alarm goes silent. She pauses, her hair a mess, then looks down and notices the basket and trail of eggs.

While we wait, Jace unwraps a large, hollow egg and takes a bite. I already know what he is going to do, so I elbow Micah and we both watch as he slides it over his cock.

“It’s going to melt,” Micah says, stating the obvious.

“I’m betting on it,” Jace throws back.

Micah pockets his phone and Jace tells us both to sit on the lounge because we will be watching this time .

The lounge is along the side wall and we both take a seat, and within a minute, Willow is standing at the entry. Her eyes lock straight on Jace’s cock.

He curls his finger, motioning for her to come in, and she does, closing the distance between them until she is standing right in front of him.

“On your knees, Bunny, it’s time for your Easter treat.”

She lowers herself to the ground, setting the basket of eggs beside Jace.

“Y-you want me to eat it?” Willow asks.

“I do, and if you’re a good girl, you’ll lick it clean. Then I will make sure our Bunny is rewarded.”

She places her hands on his hips, leans forward, and bites the end of the egg, causing the rest to fall to the floor, revealing his chocolate-covered dick. She leaves the egg where it fell and licks his base.

My hand finds its way into my pants of its own accord. I stroke myself beneath them, thankful I’m only wearing sweats. Watching her lick and kiss her way up and down his length has me ready to come in minutes. Jace moves slightly, and Micah grabs my hand, leaning in closer and subtly lifting his mask to whisper, “He has the same tattoo as me and your name on his ass.”

I quickly jump from the couch, almost tripping over my legs in my rush to move

around behind him. Pressing my front to his back, I grab a handful of his ass right over his tattoo.

Jace leans his head back onto my shoulder and I bring the fingers of my free hand to his asshole. Inserting one slowly, I massage his G-spot, knowing damn well he will fill her mouth in no time.

She wraps her lips around his swollen head, and as soon as she takes as much of him as she can fit, I add a second finger. His body twitches, and poor Willow coughs. I look down at her now that she has pulled off his cock, and she has cum dripping out of her nose. Unfortunately, my robotic laughter gives no context that I am not laughing at her, just at the situation.

“Oh my god,” she says, burying her face in her hands.

I push Jace aside so he can get his ass covered, then I kneel before her and lift her chin. Her tears make me feel awful. “Don’t cry, Bunny. Seeing you leak cum is fucking hot—I shouldn’t have laughed.”

Her eyes sparkle as I wipe away her tears. “You’re not grossed out?”

I shake my head. “Of course not.”

Micah comes to stand beside us and hands me a blindfold. I take it from him and slide it over her head. “I want you to lie back, Bunny, and I will show you just how much I’m not grossed out.”

I help her to the ground, then rip off my mask, putting it beside me on the rug. Straddling her, I slowly unbutton her top and let it fall open to reveal her perfect palm-sized breasts. I take one in my hand, leaning down, and lick her nipple. Then I blow on it to see it harden before sucking it all the way into my mouth.

“There is nothing gross about you,” a distorted voice says.

Looking to the side, Jace is beside me. I know this was supposed to be his show, and I go to move, but he shakes his head and hands me a pink vibrator that somewhat looks like it has bunny ears. I press the button and it purrs to life. This thing could take an eye out.

Placing the tip on her collarbone, I run the pink weapon down along her breast, and she shivers as I circle her nipple. I continue slowly down her body, and her stomach dips when I reach it—I fucking hate that she feels the need to suck it in. Repositioning myself, I lean down and press a kiss to her stomach, then help her shimmy out of the rest of her clothes. The guys must understand what I’m doing, as they both lie down and kiss her stomach, and I shuffle back, kissing her thighs while strategically placing the vibrator against her pussy lips.

I lift her hand and make her hold the vibrator. “Oh fuck,” she whispers .

We feather kisses on her skin, everywhere she could perceive as a flaw—her stomach, her thighs, her hips. As her orgasm nears, her body trembles. I kiss my way back to her upper thigh and lightly bite, and it sends her over the edge. She screams, louder than any of the other times we’ve made her orgasm.

Not allowing her to come down from her high, I rise onto my knees and take out my cock. Micah and Jace each grasp one of her ankles and lift, holding her legs up and bringing them toward her head, making her ass lift slightly off the mattress.

“Let us know if we bend you too much.”

She nods, and they pull her legs back a little more. Swiping my cock through her slick pussy, I make sure the head is good and wet, and when she lets out a needy whimper, I thrust deep inside her.

I need to fuck her.

I keep thrusting, not slowing as she moans, and my balls slap against her ass.

“You should see how perfect your cunt looks taking his cock.”

Micah has a dirty mouth and an excellent view.

Willow’s hand self-consciously moves to her stomach, which jiggles as I pound into her.

“Don’t you dare hide yourself,” Micah bites out, his voice distorter in his mask making his reprimand sound harsh. Willow winces, and he quickly adds, “Your curves are fucking perfection.”

I look over at Micah and smirk. He shakes his head at me and pushes Willow’s leg down a little and toward Jace, making her body slightly roll to the side, and her pussy tightens around me. As I move, she swears under her breath. I take her legs myself and the guys drop their hold on her now that she’s getting close. Jace stands and slips my mask over my head before he takes her blindfold off.

“It’s time to get your reward.”

Jace starts to jerk off above her, and Micah stands and slips his cock from his sweats, joining him. Both move closer to her head as she screams, “Fuck me harder!”

I do exactly as she asks, watching her tits bounce with each thrust.

My pelvis smacks against the perfect globes of her ass as I roll my hips into her, while Micah and Jace jerk themselves at a frantic pace.

“I’m going to come!” she cries out, and she completely shatters around me.

Jace lets go first and cum spurts onto her face. He’s quickly followed by Micah, and then I blow my load with a deep grunt, my hips stuttering as I fill her. Satisfaction washes over me when I pull out and she flops onto her back. Jace vanishes, but I stay between her legs, pushing my cum back inside her, while Micah strokes her hair. Every time we fuck her, it kills me that we have to walk away. I might not be good at the whole comfort thing, and I know I screw it up with the guys more often than not, but Jace and Micah are good at it. Jace needs to be cuddled, and Micah has the perfect arms for it. Fuck it . I scoop her up into my arms and she panics.

“I won’t drop you,” I say.

Willow thinks her weight is too much for me to carry, and it’s laughable. I may not be able to just pick her up and toss her over my shoulder like a rag doll, but she isn’t as heavy as she thinks she is.

She clings to me as I storm toward the stairs that lead up to her room. Micah doesn’t follow, and I’m grateful, because something has come over me and I need to make sure she knows she is fucking special.

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 8:05 am

Chapter Nine

Willow

One of the masked men shocks me by carrying me upstairs and sitting me on the ensuite toilet while he runs a bath. When the tub is full, he looks over at me with his mask still on. “You need to learn to love yourself. Every part of you is so damn perfect.”

I scoff, and I swear he growls before he stalks over and wraps his hand in my hair, tilting my head back. “I’m serious. Men like us would kill for a woman like you.”

“So claim me as yours,” I stupidly say.

There is a long pause before he replies, “It’s more complicated than you know, Bunny. It will all make sense soon. Relax, because we are far from done with you.”

And with that, he leaves.

I remain in the tub for way too long; my hands wrinkle, and the water goes cold. I have never loved my body, always feeling the need to cover myself and hide my flaws. If I really think about it, maybe it’s my mother’s fault. She’s always told me to dress to my size, that no one should see so much of my skin, and that showing my cellulite is not flattering.

But you know what? Fuck her.

Fueled by an idea, I get out of the bath and wrap myself in a towel, my hair still dripping wet.

I need scissors. Storming from the room like a woman on a mission, I round the corner toward the stairs and bump into a hard chest. With an oomph , I step back but lose my balance and fall on my ass, dropping my towel and flashing all my bits to none other than Micah's friend Jace.

"We have to stop meeting like this," he says, a smirk on his face.

"I'm so sorry. I didn't know you were coming today, or I would have been dressed." I pull the towel back around my body, and he offers me his hand, which I take.

"Don't get dressed on my behalf. I happen to really like the view. "

I open my mouth, but snap it shut. My first instinct is to throw back a sarcastic comeback, but this time I don't. "Well... thank you."

Seriously, Willow. You thanked him?! I slap my hand over my face and he chuckles.

"We came in a day early to enjoy the quiet before your family arrives and bombards Micah with all the questions."

"Good plan. They can be full-on. But as much as Micah hates me, I will have his back."

Jace's brows furrow. "He doesn't hate you—not even close."

Now it's my turn to frown, but before I can ask what he means, he changes the subject. "Now, what were you doing storming around the house in a towel? You looked furious."

“I was. I had an epiphany of sorts. My mom is always telling me to dress respectfully for my size and to cover my legs because I have cellulite, and I just thought, fuck it . So I was looking for scissors.”

He nods. “What does dress for your size even mean? I understand you’re not tiny, but you are beautiful and should be able to dress in whatever makes you comfortable. Though I wouldn’t suggest having your ass hanging out at Easter lunch, but I’m all for that in general.”

I snort and wonder why Micah hasn’t introduced me to him before the chair incident. Then I remember it’s because my stepbrother doesn’t like me.

“Would it be okay if I helped you? A second opinion could be insightful.”

Shyly, I nod. “Do you think Micah would be okay with that, since you’re his boyfriend?”

Jace smiles at me. “Babe, you leave Micah to me. Let me find the scissors and maybe you could put some clothes on. All that skin is making me hard.”

My face goes bright red, and before I can further embarrass myself, I scurry back to my room and slam the door. I swear I hear Jace chuckle.

Throwing on whatever clothes I can find, I make sure I look presentable. I don’t know why, maybe it’s because Micah and his friends are the first men who didn’t make me feel uncomfortable in my skin, besides my masked men. I scoff at myself—my masked men. I guess that has ended since my stepbrother has arrived early.

Once I’m dressed, I lay my outfit for Easter on the bed. A soft knock has me looking at the door, and Jace walks in, snipping the scissors in the air.

“Found some,” he says with a smile. “Now, what are we doing with them?” He walks over to the bed and looks down at the clothes. “What’s wrong with this outfit?”

I glance over at him and shrug. “I don’t know... it covers a lot of skin.”

Jace stares down at the ensemble a moment longer. “Okay, so first let’s get rid of these. You don’t need them; your legs are killer.” He picks up the stockings and throws them toward my suitcase. “The dress is pretty, so we can keep that.”

He then picks up the white long-sleeved shirt I was going to cut the arms off partway and tosses it in the direction of the stockings.

“But...” I whisper, and he looks over at me. “What about my arms?”

He raises a brow at me. “What about them? Are arms provocative?”

I chuckle at that. “No, but mine wobble.” Like an idiot, I hold my arm up and jiggle it to show him, and he laughs.

“Who cares? I don’t think I have ever walked past a woman and looked at her arms to see if they wobble. Plus, with no shirt, the dress will make your tits pop.”

“Do I want my tits to pop at Easter dinner?”

“My motto is: if you’ve got it, flaunt it.”

“What about if I get cold?”

Jace rubs his chin and then clicks his fingers, pulling his phone from his pocket. “Can you bring me my denim jacket to Willow’s room?”

He ends the call, and I open my mouth, ready to tell him there is no way his clothes will fit me. “What shoes are you wearing?” he asks, interrupting my train of thought.

“I was thinking these,” I say, showing him my tan ankle boots.

“Perfect.”

My bedroom door opens, and Micah strolls in, holding Jace’s jacket. “What are you two doing?”

“We’re picking Willow’s outfit for Easter lunch.”

“That sounds boring. I’m going to do whatever Zac is doing.” Micah smirks and throws the denim jacket at Jace. “You two have fun.”

Jace waves him off and I just blink like an idiot. I was sure he would snark some stupid, mean comment and tell me I’m an adult and can pick my own clothes.

“Put this on.”

Jace holds the jacket up, helping me into it, and I’m surprised that it fits reasonably well. Jace stares at me and grabs the scissors.

“What are you doing?” I ask him when he snips the material from in front of my stomach. He doesn’t answer as he does the same on the other side, creating a cropped effect. “Jace, you’re ruining your jacket.”

“Actually,” he says, helping me take it off. “I’m fixing it, and it’s your jacket now.”

“You don’t need to ruin your clothes for me. You don’t even know me.”

The look he gives me makes me feel like he believes otherwise, but then he just smiles. “Babe, you are Micah’s stepsister, so we’re family now.”

My stomach drops—of course he sees me as a sister. He’s Micah’s boyfriend, I remind myself, and that is why I have issues with men. I’m clingy and needy, according to my ex.

“How come you guys came in early?”

Jace finishes cutting off the bottom of the jacket and looks up at me with a raised brow.

You’re an idiot, Willow. You already asked him why he is here early. This man is making me flustered.

“Do you not want us here?”

“It’s not that... Micah just never comes in early,” I say, then slap my forehead. “Duh, of course he came in early! He brought you guys this year, which I am excited about. Maybe this year I won’t be the butt of everyone’s stupidity.”

“Is your family not nice to you?”

I snort. It’s not that they’re not nice. They’re opinionated, and they want things to run their way. “They are nice. They just think at my age I should be in a steady relationship, engaged, and wanting to settle down and have babies.”

“And you don’t want that?”

He holds the jacket out again for me to put on, and I shrug, then slip into it. “It’s not that I don’t want it, but I’m barely in my mid-twenties. I only just found a job that I

love, and now I don't have a boyfriend, so being engaged and having babies is off the table."

"I have no doubt you will meet someone and fall in love, Willow. And your ex is an idiot, by the way."

I chuckle. "That I know. I'm still pissed about him leaving me tied to a chair."

"I'm not. I wouldn't have met you otherwise. Your little pep talk at the bar changed Micah's mind about bringing us here."

"At least something good came out of it. My embarrassment, on the other hand..."

He stands back and looks at me in the jacket, then smiles. "There's nothing to be embarrassed about. The only shitty part was the hot girl tied to a chair wasn't there for us."

My mouth falls open, and I actually have no reply.

"The jacket looks amazing on you. Why don't we go downstairs and see if anyone has started dinner? I'm starving."

I slip the jacket off and throw it on the bed next to the dress. Jace holds out his hand and I take it, expecting it to feel weird, but he intertwines his fingers with mine and pulls me from the room. I can already tell that Jace is fun to be around—his presence makes you feel good, and I could really use that in my life. I hope now that we have met, Micah will be okay if Jace and I stay friends.

Jace and I find Micah and Zac out on the back patio, each with a beer in their hand. Micah turns his head as we walk out and his eyes dip to our hands. I try to release Jace's hand, but he just squeezes it tighter.

“Does anyone have any requests for dinner?” Jace asks the guys.

“We were thinking about firing up the grill and eating out here. It’s nice out tonight.”

I love the back patio; it overlooks so much of the gardens. But when I look toward the lake, I blush, remembering my first night here.

Jace leans into my side and whispers, “What’s got your face that pretty shade of pink?”

I turn my head and blink at him. “Nothing.”

Micah pushes his chair back and stands, causing my heart to beat a million miles an hour in my chest. I just know he is pissed about me being here with them, not to mention Jace holding my hand—but he literally won’t let go.

“I’m going to get the steaks. Willow, do you want to help me make the salad?”

I nod, and Jace finally lets go of my hand. He walks over and takes Micah’s seat, picking up the beer that was left on the table and finishing it one go, all while staring at me. When he smirks and releases his invisible hold on me, I follow Micah inside, mentally preparing myself for what is coming.

When we reach the kitchen, he is silent, and I can’t take it anymore. “I’m sorry.”

He turns to face me. “For what?”

I shrug. “For being here. For holding your boyfriend’s hand.”

The fire in his eyes has my knees trembling. He stalks toward me, and I shuffle away from him until my back hits the kitchen island.

Micah places a hand on either side of me, closing me in. “I knew you were here, Willy, and I like to share.”

He stares down at me and doesn’t break eye contact. I think this is the closest Micah and I have ever been, and my brain short-circuits. “B-but I thought you hated me.”

That makes him smirk. “I never hated you, Willow. I just never trusted myself to be around you. There is a difference.”

“Oh,” I squeak.

Micah pushes back and casually gets out the ingredients for the salad, placing them on the counter. I take a deep breath, then grab a cutting board and knife, and work on chopping everything up, tossing it into the salad bowl as I go. He takes the steaks out, and we stand side by side and get everything ready. I must have died or been thrown into a parallel universe because this is all way too amicable.

His arm brushes against mine and I wait for him to rip it away, but he doesn’t.

“Have you planned on how you’re telling the parentals about not only having one boyfriend, but two?” I blurt out.

He snorts. “Nope. I know Carol has a list of potential wives for me and is already talking about how cute her future grandchildren will be. I feel like it’s almost cruel to rip the Band-Aid off during a holiday.”

“Maybe, but no crueller than they usually are to me during the holiday. Aunt Angie always tells me to watch my portion sizes while I’m serving myself food.”

His head snaps to the side, anger swirling in his eyes. “She what?!”

“It’s no big deal. She does it every year.”

“You don’t need to watch what you eat,” he snaps. “There is not one thing wrong with your body.”

I want to laugh, to tell him I could name a few off the top of my head, but the way he speaks with so much conviction has me almost believing it as well. “Thank you. Can I ask you a question?” He nods, so I push on before I chicken out. “After we leave here, do you think it would be okay if Jace and I stayed friends? If he wants to, that is.”

He bellows out a laugh. “I’m not his keeper, so you would have to ask Jace. But from how much he won’t shut up about you, I’m confident he would also like to be your friend. If you asked nicely, I’m sure he would strip you naked as well.”

Now I scoff. “He would not.”

There is no universe that someone as hot as Jace would want to see me naked. Micah hands me the salad bowl, plates, and cutlery, then he grabs the meat, a couple of beers, and a bottle of wine—along with a wineglass—and we head outside.

I place the salad on the table along with the plates.

“Hey, Jace. If Willow asked nicely, would you?—”

“Micah,” I warn. “Don’t you do it.”

Micah only laughs.

“Would I what?” Jace asks, confused.

“Want to see her naked,” Micah rushes out with a grin, and as mortifying as it is, it’s actually nice to see him smile. I have known him for so long, and him smiling isn’t something that happens often.

“I have already seen her naked,” he says, and I give Micah a pointed glare.

“It was in the top four hottest naked people I have seen, myself being number one, of course. I look fantastic with no clothes on. Actually, is that an option right now? Because these clothes are making me feel trapped. ”

“Keep your damn boxers on,” Zac snaps. “We don’t need to be distracted during dinner.”

My mouth is hanging open; it’s official, I have died and gone to heaven. A naked Jace would be a heavenly experience.

He rips his shirt off and dumps it on the ground, then stands, flicks me a wink, and removes his pants. Leaving him in only socks and boxer briefs.

“That’s better. Care to join me, Willow?”

I shake my head. “I will save myself the embarrassment. I’m not even comfortable in my clothes.”

“It’s freeing when you don’t give a shit about what people think about you,” Jace adds. But his argument isn’t solid enough to make me want to remove my clothes in front of him and the others, especially when they all look like they walked off a firefighter calendar photoshoot. All those muscles could make a girl go weak in the knees.

Chapter Ten

Micah

Jace wasn't supposed to have gone over to Willow's side of the house, but he insisted on putting a note on her damn door and hadn't expected her to storm out of her room. He was excited she did, though, as he has been dying to hang out with her. Jace is like a damn puppy when he gets excited about something.

"If I looked like you, I wouldn't care what people thought either, but I don't."

Zac brings his hand down on the table with a bang, and I glare at him when Willow jumps. Sometimes he gets in his feelings and doesn't know how to process them, so he is quick to anger.

"There is nothing wrong with the way you look," he declares vehemently.

He isn't wrong, though his execution could have been better.

"I didn't mean to scare you," he adds with a slight wince.

"It's okay. But it's just hard to believe what you say about my appearance when I was teased throughout middle school and high school for being fat, or flat chested. Then my own family is always telling me to dress for my size. And men never say I'm sexy or hot. It's always 'you have a cute face' or 'you're pretty for a bigger girl.'"

Zac balls his fists—it seems he's grown attached to my stepsister. "You are fucking

hot, and your body is sexy as fuck. I have wanted to meet your family for so long, but I'm reconsidering that right now."

Willow blushes. Oh, this is going to be fun.

We have one day and two nights before our parents arrive, and we have agreed to tell Willow everything before then. We will lay our cards on the table and see what she wants to do next. I feel so shitty about deceiving her, but Willow would never have believed we wanted her. Her self-confidence is shit, and I wish she could see herself through our eyes. She has curves some women would die for. I love the thought of being able to dig my fingers into her flesh and grab a handful of her ass.

"Thank you for the confidence boost, Zac. I have been really trying to see myself in a different light the last few days."

"You know what you need to do?" Jace adds. He is full of useful advice, though he rarely follows it. "Look in the mirror every day after your shower, and instead of looking at your flaws, find something you like about yourself. It might be how sexy your lips look, or how nice your skin is, but make sure it's something different every day, and eventually you will have trained your brain to only see the things which are good. Everyone has things they don't like about their bodies—you should see my toes," he says, lifting his foot to the table and ripping off his sock. "Look at these monstrosities."

Willow giggles. "They almost look like fingers."

"I hate that my tooth is slightly crooked," Zac says, pointing to his bottom tooth, which is angled in the wrong direction.

"Oh, and Micah has really weird nipples. Like why are they so flat?" Jace jokes, and I grin, lifting my shirt. "When he is being a dick, I call him pepperoni nips."

We all laugh, and Willow seems to relax. “I really hate my stretch marks.”

This is kind of the opposite to where I thought Jace was going with this. Willow stands and pulls her pants down a little to show her stretch marks on her hips.

“See? Everyone has something, no matter how they look. We are all human and have flaws, but I think it’s best to find the things you do like about yourself and celebrate them. Like I have a really nice co?—”

“Jace,” I snap. “Be respectful.”

“Shit, sorry. I don’t think before I speak sometimes. Words just come out of my mouth.”

“It’s fine, you can say cock around me,” Willow interjects. “I’m not twelve.”

Zac gets up and collects the plate with the steaks, but I grab his wrist as he walks past, stopping him. He looks back at me and winks, letting me know he’s okay. Releasing him, I watch as he walks over to the grill.

“Cock, cock, cock, cock,” Jace chirps, and I shake my head at him. I swear sometimes he does have the mental maturity of a twelve-year-old. So many times, I have woken up to him putting his balls on my face. No idea why, besides the fact that he thinks it’s funny.

Jace asks Willow a million questions as I sip my beer and tune out, staring out at the lake. It’s weird... just last year when I was here, I couldn’t wait to leave and get home. Yet right now, I could imagine spending our weekends here and one day moving here full time. I love my job, but one day I would like to raise a family out here where it’s quiet .

“I wish I could live out here. It’s just so peaceful.”

The sound of Willow’s voice mirroring my exact thoughts pulls me back to the conversation. “Why don’t you?”

Willow’s eyes meet mine, and I can tell she isn’t sure if I’m being serious. “I have a house and a job.”

I smirk at her. “Your job is online. Plus, you’re the third wheel at your house, and you know it.”

“Shit, Brookie, tell her what you really think,” Jace throws at me, and I realize how bad it sounded.

“I didn’t mean it in a bad way. But your roommate’s boyfriend has dropped so many hints—I don’t know how you haven’t figured it out.”

Her brows furrow. “How would you know what he thinks?”

“Finn is the bartender at the bar we drink at. He is very vocal about wanting to settle down with his partner and live alone.”

“Just great,” Willow says, her eyes watering. “Of course, just when I think my life is on the right track, shit goes south. I can’t keep a boyfriend because I’m too needy, my best friend’s boyfriend wants me gone, and I wouldn’t be surprised if I get fired next.”

Jace wraps his arm around Willow and pulls her into his body, placing a kiss on her head. “Everything happens for a reason. If your stupid ex didn’t leave you tied to a chair, we might not have met, and I’m glad we did.”

“I wasn’t joking about you living here. It sits empty most of the year.”

Willow wipes her eyes and smiles at me. “I couldn’t impose on you, and I know you lease this place out for events and stuff.”

“Why doesn’t she move in with us at the house? We have more than enough room.”

All three of us look at Zac, who is cooking the steaks, so I add, “That is an option, I suppose, if you wanted to live with us.”

Willow looks back at me, pure confusion washing over her face. “I thought you didn’t like me. In all the years we’ve known each other, you’ve barely interacted with me.”

Jace laughs. “Babe, you read that completely wrong.”

Zac brings the cooked steaks to the table and returns to his seat, his focus back on Willow.

“I need to talk to Bray before I do anything,” she hedges. “He might not even want to live with Finn. From my understanding, he isn’t ready to take the next step... I’m only hoping it’s not because he feels sorry for me. Does anyone want another drink?”

Willow stands and we all nod. As she walks inside, I realize this is what we’ve been missing the entire time. Pushing back my chair, I get up and then head inside to help her bring the drinks out. She’s in the fridge when I walk into the kitchen, and I step behind her.

“You know I don’t hate you, right?”

A little squeak slips out of her, and she turns with our beers in her hands.

“You scared me, and how would I know that? For years you have avoided me.”

I chuckle. “Willow, I avoid you because you do things to me, and my dick shouldn’t get hard over my stepsister.”

“Have I entered a parallel universe?” she mumbles as she pushes her way past me and places the beers on the counter. I move behind her again and trap her between my arms.

“Hate to break it to you, Willy, but this is the same universe. I’m just sick of trying to please our parents. I want you, Willow, and have for a long time.”

I need to gauge how she will react to finding out we are her masked men. If she is repulsed by me, then it might be best to leave it as her fantasy and never mention it again. I move my hand to her stomach and slide my fingers beneath her pants, waiting for her to tell me to fuck off. When she doesn’t, I lean in and kiss her neck.

“Micah,” she whispers. “We can’t do this.”

“Why not?” I ask, pushing my erection into her ass.

“Because your men are outside, and it’s not fair to them.”

I chuckle against her neck. “They won’t care, but I respect that you do.”

It takes everything in me to push back and give her space. I want her to know it’s us, and I plan to make sure she knows by tomorrow.

“I will be outside in a minute,” she says with a slight hitch in her voice.

She doesn’t turn to face me once she’s spoken, so I take the hint and grab the beers,

making my way back outside.

“We need to tell her,” I say as I place the beers down on the table and sit back in my chair. “I knew this would open a can of worms. I wasn’t ready for it, but now that it’s open?—”

Jace cackles like a fucking hyena, and I kick his shin under the table.

“What did you do to her?” Zac growls out, and I follow his line of sight until I see Willow walking toward the glass door. She looks like someone kicked her puppy.

Willow slides the door open and walks outside with the fakest smile I have ever seen .

I don’t reply to Zac, but Jace intercepts Willow and makes her laugh with some dumb story. I almost wish her stupid ex never left her tied to that chair. Then I wouldn’t be here, questioning my fucking morals, wondering if what we are doing is right. Deep down, I know it’s messed up and I feel like a piece of shit.

After we finish eating, Willow asks if we need her help to tidy up. I tell her we will sort it out, so she excuses herself. The second she is out of sight, I take the last sip of my beer while Jace and Zac stare me down.

“What happened inside?” Jace asks.

“I might have made it known I want to fuck her.”

Zac runs his hand down his face and Jace shakes his head. “You’re an idiot. How have you known her so long but still know nothing about her?” Jace snaps. “Did you really think she would fuck you in the kitchen while we were sitting outside? She gets nervous just talking to me while you’re not around.”

“I know I screwed up. I forget she doesn’t fully understand our situation. Most women simply don’t care.”

“What do we do now?” Zac asks. “Do we come clean, or do we give her one more fantasy in case this all goes to shit?”

“I have an idea,” Jace says with a smile. “A way to come clean, but you might not like it. ”

If this all blows up in my face, I only hope she realizes I did it for the right reasons. I want her to know how fucking beautiful she is, inside and out. Someone like her deserves the world, and I would do my fucking best to give it to her if I had half a chance.

Chapter Eleven

Willow

After I ate, I had to get away from Micah—my head was all over the place. I don't understand how their relationship works. I could have sworn Jace was flirting with me, but I put it down to his personality. Then Zac blurted out that I could come and live with them, as if we have all been good friends for years, only to be followed by Micah touching me in ways that I have only dreamed about but never imagined would happen.

I'm still not convinced I'm not in an alternate universe. Maybe the aliens have abducted me, and this is their shitty way of entertaining themselves. It would just be my luck. Or perhaps I'm in a coma. Could that happen from severe dehydration? If I was left tied to the chair for days without food or water... oh shit, I'm in a coma and living out a fantasy.

I head back toward the house, on a mission to call Bray and ask him point-blank if he wants me to move out. The grounds are huge, and somehow I walked all the way to the other side of the lake. There really is nothing over here besides the property line and some uncleared trees. It's now night, and the walk back is spooky with shadows falling over the gardens, but deep down I love the thrill of being scared when your heart beats just a little faster.

Scary movies are some of my favorites—well, thrillers. The kind with jump scares. I could do without the gory stuff; instead, I want to be on the edge of my seat knowing something is coming and jump out of my skin when it does. Maybe it's why I wanted

to tie myself to a chair, even though being naked makes me uncomfortable. That thrill while I waited made my heart race. Although the rest was a shit show, I can't regret it. Since then, I have lived out some of my fantasies and I'm feeling better about myself. Is it possible to love who you are that quickly?

"Little bunnies shouldn't be out in the dark by themselves."

Pausing mid-step, I spin around to look for my masked men. I need to tell them now isn't a good time. While I enjoyed myself, now Micah, Jace, and Zac are here, so we need to stop. I don't think they would be thrilled with strangers at the mansion.

Only one yellow glow mask turns on and illuminates the dark. He wears a set of floppy ears, and I can't hold back my smirk. "We can't do this anymore. There are guests at the house."

"Oh, Little Bunny, we know. Tell me," he says, stepping closer. "Does the thought of being caught turn you on? Does it make that pussy wet knowing your friends might see you being fucked?"

I honestly hadn't thought about it, but now I imagine Jace watching, the same way he looked at me when he took my blindfold off, or Micah after the kitchen incident, seeing I'm not so innocent.

I nod because I'm almost instantly dripping.

"Let's play a game, Bunny. If you can make it back inside the house before I catch you, then I will let you go to bed. But if I catch you, I'll fuck you where I find you."

My heart rapidly thumps inside my chest. I know I can't outrun him, and do I really want to run toward the house where the guys are? The new version of me screams yes. I need to live a little.

The masked man takes another step. “Ticktock, are you going to run, Bunny? ”

I nod and race back toward the house. Admittedly, run is a very strong word for what I am doing; it’s more like a solid power walk. I cut across the gardens, though I know I shouldn’t because new grass is being laid. I can sense the masked man behind me, and the more I run, the more I think he is letting me get closer. He wants to fuck me where anyone could catch us.

Just as I find the beautiful archways that lead to the house and stop to take a quick breath, the masked man appears out of nowhere and wraps his arms around me from behind.

“Bunny, I don’t think this is close enough for an audience.”

He spins me around, bends, and throws me over his shoulder. I twist my hands into his shirt, holding on for dear life, afraid I’m going to be dropped on my head. But then maybe it will help me wake up from this bizarre dream.

He takes us to the side of the house, and I gasp as he puts me down. My hands wrap around the nearby railing to steady myself, and I see exactly where we are now standing. Micah’s room is on this side of the mansion, and the glow from a lamp in his room illuminates the space. His floor-to-ceiling windows are my favorite, not that he knows I have been in his room—but only to stand in front of his windows and admire the view .

“Now, Bunny, I’m going to fuck you right here. Let’s see if you can be quiet, or if your friends will see you.”

I never imagined I would be okay with public sex. While this isn’t exactly public, it’s as close as I will ever get.

“Let me see how wet you are for me.” He slides a hand down the back of my pants and squeezes my ass. “Do you know how perfect you are?”

I love the praise, but I’m already lost to his touch. The way his hand runs over the globe of my ass, how the tip of his finger runs through my wetness first, finding where he wants to go. The way he adds a second finger and spreads my pussy lips apart before sliding his fingers into me. I moan, and he twists his free hand into my hair and pulls my head back.

“If you’re too loud and they come outside, they will watch me fuck you. Do you think you can be quiet?”

I nod my head and bite down on my lip as he pumps his fingers faster.

“I’m going to fuck you thoroughly, so brace yourself.” He releases my hair before hooking his fingers into the sides of my pants, pulling them and my underwear down over my ass. “Fuck, I want to eat this ass.”

I suck my ass cheeks in, unsure how I feel about anyone eating my ass, but that thought is soon forgotten as he steps closer and presses the tip of his cock against my pussy. I’m so wet, if I pushed backward, he would slip right inside me.

Holding the railing, I go to do exactly that when he wraps his hand in my hair again and pulls my head up. “Look, maybe your friends like an audience.”

I gasp as I focus on Micah’s window, the sheer curtains hiding nothing. Micah and Jace kiss, and I feel like I’m intruding on a private moment, so I close my eyes.

“Open your eyes. Watch them.”

I don’t know why, but I open them, and now Jace is pressed against the window just

as my masked man thrusts deep inside me. I watch as Micah wraps one hand around Jace's neck from behind, and the other around his cock. My knees go weak as I imagine myself on my knees in front of Jace, and tears build in my eyes when I realize it won't ever happen.

"I won't let you come until they do. I want you to watch and see how much of a turn-on it is to be the voyeur."

"Oh fuck," I whisper.

His thrusts are slow and measured. He knows what he is doing and draws this out.

I'm mesmerized by Micah and Jace. The way Jace's hands are braced against the window, how Micah takes hold of his hips, runs his cock along Jace's ass, and the moment where Micah enters Jace. It's like I can feel it everywhere, the pleasure, the power. I want it all.

"Oh god ," I cry out, before slapping my hand over my mouth.

The masked man picks up speed, and I can feel my orgasm build, then he slows, letting it taper off, teasing me.

"What would you say if they knew you were down here being fucked? What if they are putting on a show for you?"

I manage to huff out a derisive laugh, and his thrusts stop, but he stays inside me. He wraps his hand around my neck but doesn't squeeze, merely positioning me so I can't turn my head away. "I'm going to come inside this pussy and remember how fucking amazing it feels."

It feels like he is saying goodbye, even though I only expected this to be a onetime

thing. “I want you to close your eyes, then just before you come, open them and look at the window.”

Once I shut my eyes, he moves again. “Play with your clit, Willow.”

I go still—that’s the first time the masked men have used my name. Normally it’s Bunny or Little Bunny. Brushing it off, I slide my hand down until I can circle my clit, and my impending orgasm barrels toward me with a vengeance. The sound of my wetness as he fucks me makes me feel like this is the kind of sex I have been missing all my adult life.

“Oh fuck, faster. Please, faster!”

He picks up his pace and I explode with a scream, not caring who can hear me. I open my eyes, and as I’m spasming around the masked man’s cock, I see Micah and Jace staring down at us. Panic sets in. Oh, fuck! I close my eyes, and when I open them again, they are gone.

“You have to go!” I blurt in distress. The man pulls his cock from me, and I turn to face him, yanking up my pants as he tucks himself back into his. “I’m serious! You need to go now. They know!”

The man grabs his mask and slides it up.

I blink a few times as my brain short-circuits. “Zac?”

“Hey, Willow,” he says softly. “I know how this must look?—”

The side door to the house flings open, snapping me out of my stupor, and I watch through tear-filled eyes as Micah steps out in just his sweats. Jace follows right behind him, still naked, and I back away—this can’t be happening.

“Don’t you dare run away,” Micah yells, and I flip him off. “Come inside so we can explain.”

I shake my head. I need to wake up. This must be my subconscious being a bitch because in no universe are the masked men Micah and his boyfriends—it couldn’t be.

“She’s in shock.” Jace is walking toward me in the nude, his cock amazing just like he claimed, and the closer he gets, the more at ease I feel. I don’t understand why I trust Jace, but his presence has a calming effect. When he reaches me, he puts his hands on my shoulders. “Please breathe, baby, then come inside and talk.”

After I nod silently, not trusting myself to speak just yet, Jace intertwines our hands and leads me into the house. The others have disappeared somewhere, but I mindlessly walk, knowing this is the part where I’ll wake up and realize it’s all been a dream.

We reach a sitting room and Jace ushers me over to one of the lounges, sitting down beside me, while Micah and Zac sit across from us.

“I need someone to explain what the fuck is going on,” I finally snap out, then jump up, moving away from them enough that I can see them all at once. “The masked men have been you all along? How could you? Was this some big joke? Oh shit, that’s what this is, isn’t it? Some elaborate inside joke. This is where you all laugh at me and tell me how easy I am and how much of a fool I have been.”

My mind keeps throwing things at me, and tears stream down my face. This is really cruel. “How could you do this to me, Micah? Do you hate me that much?!”

Micah stands from his seat and stalks toward me, but I hold out my hand as he gets closer. “You think this is a fucking joke?”

I nod. “How is it not a joke?” I ask, crossing my arms over my chest. “Look at the three of you and look at me. This whole thing was too good to be true.”

“Look at you?!” Micah shouts. “I have fucking tried hard to not look at you for years because you are perfect, sweet, and everything a man wishes he could have.”

He moves to stand right in front of me, and I scoff. “This was a horrible thing to do to me, and for what, are there cameras?”

“Just stop,” Micah demands. “This was no fucking joke. We wanted to give you this to show you how beautiful you really are. I knew if I made a move, you would freak out.”

“Freak out?!” I shout. “I think I am way past that. You’re you , Micah, and I’m me . I’m the ugly duckling who doesn’t turn into a swan. This is as good as it gets, and I’m okay with that.”

Micah reaches out for me, and I smack his hand away. It doesn’t stop him, and he steps in closer, grabs the back of my head, and pulls me toward him, his lips smashing against mine. My traitorous body melts into his before I push against his chest, forcing him to step back.

“I told you this was a stupid idea,” Zac states, and I look over at him and Jace.

“Yeah, I know it was. I was being selfish and wanted Willow to watch Micah fuck me while being fucked, so sue me. I was just praying she would understand why we did all this.” Jace stands in all his naked glory, and my eyes roam his body. “Eyes up here, baby. You can look at my cock once we’re done here.”

I smirk and shake my head before shifting my gaze back up to Jace’s eyes.

“I knew the moment I saw you tied to that chair that I wanted you,” he confesses. “I know we should have gone about this in a better way, but answer me honestly. If we had told you we wanted you, what would you have done?”

I shrug. “Probably thought you were joking and brushed you off.”

“Exactly. We wanted you to live out your fantasies and also show you how a woman should be treated. If, after all this, you still don’t want us, we’ll respect that. But, baby, know we want you. Willow, you fit with us.”

I look over at Zac, giving him a chance to say something. “I would be lying if I said I was on board with this at first?—”

“For context, he was on the fence about me joining their relationship as well,” Micah adds.

“I was. I hate the thought of being alone, yet letting people in is harder because it gives them the power to leave you.”

I look at all three men and blink through the tears. Jace grabs my hands and pulls me into his body. “We are so sorry for lying to you. It was only supposed to be for one night, but we couldn’t let you go. Now here we are, begging you to give us a chance, to date us, and see if maybe this could be it for you.”

“And what if it’s not?”

“Then, at the very least, I really hope we can be friends. I think you are an amazing person, and I’d like to get to know you.”

I really want to believe what Jace is saying, and before I know it, Zac and Micah are on either side of us, all three of them holding me.

“What about our parents? They won’t be okay with any of this.”

Micah chuckles. “Were you not the one who told me “fuck what they think”? It’s the reason I invited Jace and Zac to lunch.”

“I need to think about this. I’m overwhelmed right now, and I don’t know what to think. My subconscious wants to creep in and tell me I’m not good enough for any of you. That I’m too fat for men who look like you.”

Zac scoffs. “You are not too fucking fat; you are perfect exactly how you are.”

“I love that you have an ass I can dig my fingers into,” Micah says, squeezing one of the cheeks in question.

“And I get hard as stone when I think about biting your hip and sinking my teeth in.”

“Zac,” Jace admonishes with a laugh. “Give the poor woman some context or she might think you want to eat her.”

Zac smiles. “Oh, I do want to eat her out, but show her your tattoos.”

Jace turns, and I smirk at the bite mark and the Property of Zac tattooed on his ass. Micah pulls his shirt over his head, and he has the same teeth marks tattooed on his shoulder. I shiver at the thought that this beautiful man would consider wanting to mark me. Willow Marie Lewis, the chubby Goody Two-Shoes, me .

“You’re beautiful, Willow, inside and out,” Micah says with certainty. “Just because you’re not what society deems conventionally attractive doesn’t mean that we don’t think you are. You’re hot, beautiful, sexy, intelligent, caring, and everything that we have been wanting in our life. I admit I was scared for you to meet Jace and Zac, but only because I knew Jace would instantly see what I could, and he can be

relentless?—”

“You’re welcome,” Jace interrupts with a chuckle, and Micah flips him off before he continues.

“I was scared to want you, for all the reasons you are scared to want us, but you changed my mind. If you could so easily accept us for who we are, then fuck everyone else.”

Zac shocks me by moving forward and taking my hands. “Please forgive us. We didn’t intend to deceive or embarrass you. We wanted to empower you to take control and love yourself. Please don’t walk away from us.”

I blink away the tears as years and years of self-doubt swirls around in my head. Yet with how the three of them are looking at me, it all begins to melt away.

Page 12

Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 8:05 am

Chapter Twelve

Jace

After our discussion, Willow went to her room, leaving us to wonder if we screwed everything up. Zac and I might not have known her as long, but Willow is the kind of woman that once you meet her, it changes your life.

Zac sits with his head in his hands. He grappled with the thought of letting her in, and now the possibility that she might walk away has hit him hard.

“She will come around, I know it,” I say, trying to lighten the mood.

Micah sits beside Zac and pulls him into his arms. “Get up,” Micah demands after a while. He knows what his man needs, and I decide to give them some privacy.

I have a woman to comfort. Should I give her space? Yes, but that’s not who I am. I will always be in my people’s space, touching and praising them. I honestly think I require it more than the guys do. They simply let me do what I need. Loving on people is my love language.

After quickly swinging by Micah’s room to throw on clothes, I reach her door; I give it a little tap and twist the handle, not giving her a chance to tell me to fuck off. Though if she really doesn’t want me here, I will leave—I’m not an asshole who can’t respect boundaries when they are given.

Willow is curled in a ball with the comforter wrapped tightly around her body, eyes

red from crying.

“Can I come in?” I ask, and she nods. Closing the door, I move across the room and slide into the bed beside her, lying so we are face to face. “Are you okay?” She snuffles and gives me a small nod. “Please talk to me.”

“I’ll be fine. I’m just having a hard time believing you all want to date me. And I hate feeling like this. What went so wrong in my life that I think so little of myself?”

Reaching over, I move her bangs from her face. “Baby, I wish you could see yourself how I do. You know what? Maybe you need to take a leap of faith and let us build you up. And I have no problems bearing that burden—actually, I have an idea.”

I roll off the bed and leap to my feet, running out of the room. I probably should have told her my plan before bolting, but too late now. Instead, I hurry to the kitchen and open the drawer, grab what I’m looking for, then race all the way back up to her room, slamming the door behind me. Willow furrows her brows at me when I hold up a permanent marker.

“Blanket off,” I say, and she looks at me as if I have lost my mind—and maybe I have.

She flips the blanket off, and she is wearing too many clothes.

“I realize you haven’t known me long enough to trust me, but I’m really hoping you’ll take a chance on me and do exactly that.”

She bites her bottom lip, nodding hesitantly. “My best friend always tells me I’m too trusting.”

“I can’t wait to meet him, but ignore his opinion for the moment. Now, can you

please strip down to your underwear?”

Her eyes widen. “But you will see everything. My cellulite and stretch marks. What if you see me differently?”

“Baby, you could grow a second head and be covered in body hair, and even then, I don’t think I would see you differently.”

She snorts and shimmies out of her shorts. I wait as she slowly takes off her oversized shirt and I’m pleasantly surprised to see she has no bra on.

“Now that is a sight which is going straight to my spank bank.”

I move closer until I’m sitting beside her, then take the cap off the permanent marker.

“You won’t write mean things, will you?” she rushes out.

“Fuck no, just wait and see.”

I start with her stomach and write:

My body is unique and beautiful.

Then move to her chest.

I am worthy.

Continuing, I write on every free space I find.

I am loveable.

I am brave.

I accept myself for who I am.

Next, I add Jace and an arrow to her pussy because, well, I hope it makes her laugh.

Then I write sexy and hot a few times over her ass and tits. I don't stop until her entire body is covered, and as I am finishing, there is a knock at the door. Micah and Zac walk in to find Willow lying on her stomach and me straddling her waist. Both stop and raise a brow, making me laugh, and Willow joins in.

"What's going on here?" Micah asks.

"I guess you are both in time to have a look. Up you get, baby. Let me show you my artwork."

Scooting back, I hop off the bed and help Willow up. She tries to cover herself, but she thinks twice and drops her arms.

"Good girl," I whisper, and she shivers at my words.

We walk to the en suite, and I stand behind her. I watch as she reads what I have written, and her eyes water.

"No one has ever made me feel like this before," she whispers, running her fingers over the words. Micah and Zac stand in the doorway, watching quietly.

"Every word is true, and if you don't believe it, I will write them on you every day if that's what it takes."

She giggles. "I think using your words would be better—it might take a while to wash

this marker off.”

Her fingers slide down her stomach until they land on my name, and she giggles. “Yours, huh?”

Her eyes meet mine in the mirror, and I nod with a shit-eating grin. “I’m hoping so. I know this is overwhelming, especially with the three of us all coming on so strong, but I can promise it’s not as hard as it sounds. Out of all of us, I’m actually the neediest—I love to cuddle a lot.”

“What about sex?” she asks. “Won’t adding me to your relationship make it weird?”

“Who you have sex with and when would be entirely up to you—the same as it is for us. Sometimes we have group sex, other times we seek the one we need in that moment. Like just now, those two were banging.”

Willow looks over at Zac and Micah.

“We were. I get in my head sometimes, and Micah tells me what to do. Giving him control stops me from overthinking,” Zac admits.

“You will have all the time in the world to figure out if this kind of relationship is for you, but just know, now that we are in your life, good luck getting rid of us.”

Willow laughs at Micah, but his words couldn’t be truer.

“We would love an opportunity to get to know you,” I say, letting the enthusiasm in my voice reflect how keen I am. “Will everything be rainbows and butterflies? It’s unlikely. But please give us a chance to show you how worthy you are. You might see this face and muscles, but underneath I’m a needy slob. I forget to put my dirty washing in the hamper, and if it wasn’t for Micah, I would never have clean clothes

for work. Zac never has matching socks—I don't even understand how he loses them. And he is insecure, while Micah is the jealous type, but he is also our protector."

Willow nods. "Okay."

My eyes widen and excitement oozes out of me. I would never admit to it, but a little squeal also escapes. "Okay, as in... you'll give us a chance?"

She nods, and I wrap my arms around her waist and squeeze. "You won't regret this."

"She might when our families show up," Micah says.

"I can't promise I won't throw hands if anyone says something stupid," Zac adds, and both Micah and I laugh. We know he's serious.

"Why don't we start by telling them about us three? Let them lose their minds over that first. We could always save telling them about Willow for Christmas."

"No," Willow says, straightening, and she rolls her shoulders back. "If we are doing this, we stand together. I have spent years trying to be what they wanted and look where it has gotten me. You three have made me feel so special in a way I have never felt before."

Micah and Zac move to stand beside us, and all four of us look at each other in the mirror.

"Maybe we should show you exactly how special you are," I whisper in her ear.

"Or..." she says with a mischievous smile, her face turning a pretty shade of pink. "You three can show me how you fuck when I'm not around."

“Anything for you, baby, as long as you promise to touch yourself. Let us smell pussy in the air.” Before anyone can say anything else, I step back and drop my clothes to the floor—pants, shirt, everything until I’m naked.

Micah grabs my arm and rips me from the bathroom, manhandling me all the way to the bed, where he pushes me down onto my back, and my cock stands at attention.

“You want a show? We’ll give you one. Take those panties off and sit in that chair, legs over the armrests,” Zac demands, and when I look around Micah’s large body, she is already removing her underwear. Zac is positioning the armchair where I can see her, and fuck, she’s a glorious sight as she follows his orders. Our girl has her legs spread just for us. “One day soon, I want you tied to a chair just like the day we met, but this time we won’t be untying you quite so quickly.”

Zac’s words draw up the memory of her all tied up with her blindfold on and I can’t wait until she does that for us.

Micah leans over me and wraps his hand around my throat, then closes the remaining distance to press his lips to mine.

I moan into his mouth as he curls his hips and rubs his still-covered cock teasingly along my aching erection.

“Fuck, you’re so hard for me,” Micah growls against my lips.

“I’m always hard for you,” I pant out.

Micah pulls back and hooks my legs over his shoulders, pulling his cock from his sweats. He runs the thick head over my ass—lube would be great, and he must have the same thought.

“Zac, get over here and spit on my cock.”

Zac appears and leans between us, fulfilling Micah’s demand. I hear Willow moan and turn to see her circling her clit.

Zac must know what I’m thinking because right as Micah thrusts inside me, Zac drops to his knees in front of Willow and licks her pussy.

“Fuck, I think I have died and gone to heaven,” I mumble as Micah thrusts hard inside me. He bends my legs as far as they can go, so my knees almost touch the mattress.

Micah fucks me into the bed, and Willow’s accompanying moans and whimpers have me ready to blow my load all over my stomach.

“I’m going to come,” I huff out, and Zac appears out of nowhere.

Micah shifts back a bit, loosening his hold on my legs, and Zac leans down, smashing his lips to mine. The taste of Willow on his tongue and his hand wrapping around my cock combines with the ecstasy of Micah’s thrusts. My entire world explodes, and I come harder than I ever have before. It doesn’t stop as I dig my fingers into the sheets, shouting out a jumble of curses.

When I finally come down from my high, Zac lies down beside me and runs his finger through my cum.

“Can . . . can I join in?” Willow whispers.

“You never have to ask,” I reply, and her smile lights up the room.

She nervously gets up and moves to sit on the edge of the bed beside me. She joins

Zac in playing with my cum, and when she leans down to lick my stomach, my eyes roll back in my head. Where has this woman been my entire life?

Micah disappears, and I hear the shower start. He will kick himself when he finds out what he is missing. Zac stands and moves around the bed, always the quiet achiever.

“Hope off for a minute,” he asks Willow, and she moves off the bed.

I’m instantly disappointed she isn’t touching me anymore.

He lies down beside me after shucking off his pants—his cock looks like it might explode—and holds out his hand for Willow, pulling her toward the bed.

“Climb on,” he says. “I need your pussy on me. I want these assholes to be jealous that I will be the one going to bed smelling like you.”

She chuckles and straddles him. Willow’s hand finds his cock, guiding him to where she wants him before sinking down. Her eyes momentarily close as she takes his length. I want to see that face every day, the one where she is focused on how she feels and, from the looks of it, she is feeling fantastic. Zac grips her hips and rocks her, but she takes over, grinding her pelvis into him. And fuck if I want to be left out. I maneuver my body until my head is so close to their good bits I can smell them both, and my mouth waters. Zac lifts Willow, and I know it’s for my benefit, so I move my head and lick his shaft, which is covered in her juices, before flicking my tongue over her clit.

Getting my fill of them, I move back and watch them fuck. Micah steps out of the ensuite and must have the same idea, hurrying over to the chair where Willow was sitting, and we both watch until she screams Zac’s name. A slight pang of jealousy hits me—I need her to scream my name, but I remind myself we have time. Just wait until the morning, when I’ll make sure she wakes with my head between her legs.

Chapter Thirteen

Zac

I wake to the sounds of Willow's moans. As I roll onto my side, Micah's hands grab my waist firmly and pull me into his erection. Opening my eyes, I see Willow has her eyes closed, arm thrown over her face, and her mouth is in the shape of an O. I can't help my smirk. I know Jace is beneath the covers giving her a real Jace wake up for the second morning in a row. He likes to use his mouth to get people's attention and oral is no exception.

"Oh shit, I'm going to come," she whispers, and her body shudders.

"Now that is how we should wake up every day," Micah mumbles.

Jace pops his head up from beneath the covers. "There is nothing like the smell of pussy in the morning."

"I hate to break it to you all, but it's almost nine. We need to get up," Willow informs us in her sexy-as-fuck post-orgasmic voice.

I look over at the antique clock on the wall, and dammit, Willow is right. Last night was a blur of fucking, and lots of it. Yesterday, we spent the day lounging around the house, eating snacks and watching movies, all things we don't get to do very often. It was nice to be able to just chill. Willow was nervous last night because her family will be here soon, and as much as she wants to have our backs and throw herself into the mix, we told her we will leave it up to her. If she isn't ready and wants to see

where it goes first, we all understand. Shit, it's taken Micah years to introduce us.

"Fucking hell, we need to get dressed. Our parents should already be here," Micah huffs out.

We all get up and find our discarded clothes from last night. Willow locates the outfit she and Jace put together and takes it into the bathroom. Jace and Micah leave the room to shower elsewhere, but I sneak into the bathroom with her. I watch as she gets under the water, noticing she hasn't tried to wash off the marker. Not that it would do her any good—Jace would simply mark her again.

"Can I join you?" I ask, and she whips her head to the side, startled that someone else is here, but she nods eagerly. I strip out of my sweats and step into the shower. As she smiles at me, I take her hands, pulling her body closer.

"Are you ready for today?" she asks.

I shrug. "I suppose, but they're not my family. Of course, I hope they like me, but if they don't, as long as I have you all, that's what matters."

"I'm nervous about drawing attention to myself," she admits. "But I also know Micah will take the brunt of it."

Micah told me his family do Easter lunch here on the Saturday, and some of the family prefer to drive home and spend the Sunday with just their immediate family. I can respect that, and now that our unit feels complete, I can see the merit in not working Easter and spending the morning in bed, making my woman breakfast before we stuff ourselves full of chocolate. Shit, I didn't buy Willow an Easter present. I hope one of the guys thought to buy her something. I'm sure Jace was all over it.

"Of course he'll protect you. He won't let you take them on without him. "

“It’s weird,” she says, squirting body wash onto a loofah and soaping it up before placing it on my chest. “I always thought he didn’t like me, though I spent the first couple of years secretly fantasizing about my hot stepbrother. But now, after this weekend, I don’t see him as my stepbrother any longer.”

I chuckle as she lowers the loofah to my abs. “He has never seen you as his sister, not since you were eighteen, anyway.”

“I wish I knew that before now.”

“Turn around and place your hands on the tiles.”

Her soft movements over my abs have gotten me so turned on, and I’m even harder when she immediately does as I ask, spinning and placing her hands on the wall. I step up behind her, grabbing my cock. I have to bend slightly to make it work, as she is shorter than me, but who cares? And when I slip inside her, it feels like home.

“This is going to be quick.”

She nods as I thrust into her as hard as I can, and she shouts, “Fuck, Zac! Faster!”

The water streams down over us, and I answer her demand, fucking her into the tiled wall. Her lusty cries get louder, and I do nothing to stop them. If her family is here, fuck them—they can hear how I make her feel. The thought alone makes me puff out my chest, and if I was a bird, I would fluff out my feathers .

The second her pussy clamps down on my cock and she cries out my name, my balls tighten, and I let myself go. When my release is done, I pull back and spin her around. Then, using two of my fingers, I push my cum back up into her.

“Don’t wash that out. I want my cum inside you, and when it dampens your panties

later, you'll remember that you're mine."

She shivers at my words and nods as I turn the water off.

"Willow?"

Her entire body goes stiff. "Shit, that's my mom."

"Just remember, you are an adult. Having a man in your room is not a crime."

She snorts. "Remember you said that when she is planning our wedding over lunch."

I step out of the shower and reach for a towel. "Willow! Oh my gosh! I'm so sorry."

Her mother's eyes track down my body and I don't miss the way they widen when she reaches my cock.

I wrap the towel around my waist, expecting her mother to leave, but she doesn't. I grab a second towel and block her mom's view of her daughter, then wrap the towel around her body, pressing a kiss to her lips. "I'll meet you downstairs." I wink at her and turn back to face her mom. "It's nice to meet you finally, Mrs. Brooks. I will go put some clothes on before the official introductions."

Her mom nods and I slip from the bathroom, quickly making my way to Micah's room. Both Micah and Jace are already dressed and look at me in anticipation.

"We have a slight hiccup in our plan. Willow's mom walked in on us getting out of the shower."

Micah laughs. "Oh no, Carol will be downstairs with her sister in no time, planning out how many kids you two will have. It's all they do every year, talk about who will

have more children, or who is getting married.”

“I better get dressed and face the music.”

Jace already has my clothes laid out on the bed—he has the best style out of us all, and I have never gone to a family gathering before. Jace isn’t close to his family, and I have none. I think it’s why we have been pushing to meet Micah’s, hoping for the family we both missed out on.

Once I’m dressed, we make our way downstairs. Micah leads us over to his father and Carol.

“Dad, I would like you to meet Jace and Zac.”

Carol’s eyes widen. “It is finally nice to meet you both. Micah never invites his friends over. I am so sorry I walked in on you and my Willow. ”

“It’s so nice to meet you.” Jace holds his hand out to Micah’s father. “We have heard so much about you.”

“All good things I hope,” his father jokes.

“Oh my goodness, who are these handsome young men?” a woman who must be in her mid-to late-thirties asks as she joins us.

“This is my sister Angie, and she has no manners.”

“I have manners, but good-looking young men are simply scarce. You should set them up with someone from the gold club. Marnie’s daughter is single.”

I snort, and Micah growls. “There is no need. None of us are single.”

Micah's tone is a little snappy, but he gets his point across.

Willow finally joins us, and I take her in as she enters the room in her dress, Jace's denim jacket, and her cute little buns.

Jace elbows me. "Doesn't she look beautiful?"

All I can do is nod, but Angie scoffs. "She needs to be mindful there are children around. Her boobs are out."

"Respectfully, her boobs are amazing. I wish we could see more." I wink at her and walk toward Willow. She smiles as I reach her, and I decide to give her family a show. "Your aunt is a bitch," I whisper, "but let's give her something to complain about."

I plant a kiss on her lips and lean her back, holding my hand under her leg like one of those kisses you see in the movies until someone clears their throat. We break apart, and Micah and Jace are by our side.

"I think we need to hide for a bit," Jace says with a laugh.

"No way, we need to give them one more thing to gossip about," Micah retorts, wrapping his arm around Jace and pulling him to his side as he kisses his temple, then we all laugh and walk away.

The rest of the morning goes the same way. Micah decided he would do small touches, kisses on our temples, and brushes of our fingers. He is just waiting for someone to say something. By the time lunch is set up, their entire family is here. Micah and Willow's parents, Willow's aunt, her husband—the poor guy has barely said two words and looks too scared to contribute anything—and their children, though I'm not exactly sure which ones are theirs or how many. I also met a second

aunt who seems okay, and her husband, who is very boisterous, and some of the children belong to them. Then there's a single uncle, and from Micah's side there is an aunt who looks like a nun. There are also two uncles, their wives, children, and some cousins, but I couldn't tell you whose side they are from—all I know is there are people everywhere.

Carol has one of the gardens set up with tables and lunch is ready to be served. I sit beside Willow, and Micah sits between Jace and me. Their parents sit across from us, along with Aunt Angie.

Once the food is served, Angie keeps sneaking glances across the table, and I want to throw my fork at her, but that isn't good table manners.

“So, Willow, how did you find yourself a man who looks like that?”

Ahh, and there it is, the reason Willow is self-conscious. It's because the women of her family don't fucking lift her up.

I clear my throat. “I'm the lucky one. Willow is one of the best people I have ever met. And to top it off, she is beautiful.”

Angie tilts her head, the look on her face saying she doesn't believe me. “How did you meet?”

“It's a funny story, actually,” Willow starts, as I slip my hand beneath the table and rub circles on her leg with my thumb. “I tied myself to a chair, and called Micah to come and save me.”

“What a good big brother,” Carol gushes, and I suck my lips into my mouth to hold back my laughter.

“The best,” Jace confirms, and I hear Micah kick him under the table.

“I didn’t know Micah would bring his friends with him, and once they saved me, they invited me out for drinks. The rest is history. ”

Angie nods and moves on. “And what about you two? Where are your girlfriends?”

Micah looks at Willow and she nods. “About that, everyone needs to listen up, as I plan to say this once and once only. I didn’t plan for this to happen today, but since everyone is here, I will get it over with. Angie asked where my girlfriend is, and it’s complicated, because we are all together.”

The table is stunned silent until Angie laughs. “Good one!”

“It’s no joke,” I snap at the awful woman. “Micah, Jace, and I have been in a relationship for a couple of years, and recently Willow has agreed to date us as well.”

All hell breaks loose at the table. Everyone talks at the same time, and I think someone might even be crying, but I can’t be sure. A loud bang has everyone instantly going quiet and turning to where Micah’s father stands.

“The words coming from some of you who call yourselves our family are disgusting. My son’s life choices do not change the fact that this is his house, and you will not treat my son or his life partners with disrespect. If any of you have an issue, then you are free to leave.”

“Thanks, Dad,” Micah says, and his father narrows his eyes .

“You four, meet me in the kitchen now!”

We all stand, along with Carol, and head inside. I intertwine my fingers with

Willow's and grip her sweaty palm.

"Don't worry," I whisper. "We have your back."

She nods, and once we are in the kitchen, the four of us stand side by side as Micah's father stares us down. I can see where Micah gets his size and intimidating demeanor from.

"I'm disappointed in you, son—" He holds up his hand when Jace opens his mouth. "Let me finish. I'm disappointed that you hid this from us for years. While I might not understand your lifestyle, you are my son. I want you to be happy, and if these men make you happy, that is all I want for you. As for this development with Willow, I would be lying if I said I didn't see it coming."

"They all make me happy, and I'm sorry. I suppose I struggled with coming to terms with my family knowing I'm bisexual."

His father slightly cringes at the word, and to be honest, the man has taken it way better than Micah predicted. The wild card now is Carol.

"My only question is, will I get grandbabies?"

All four of us laugh. Willow's grip on my hand loosens. "It's only new, but if we all get our way, you will have an entire football team. "

Carol claps her hands. I can tell they are not one hundred percent on board with it, but right here is what family is really about—they will have your back no matter what. Even if they don't understand it, they can still respect your choices.

"Now let's go back out there and see who is left. Maybe we have weeded out the assholes."

“Tom,” Carol says, “Watch your language. That’s our family.”

“Don’t act surprised—your sister is the biggest asshole out there. I only wish you had the balls to stand up to her. The way she throws comments at Willow makes me want to strangle her sometimes. I have spent years intercepting that woman, so she leaves Willow alone.”

The way Willow’s hand squeezes mine tells me she didn’t know. She releases my hand and walks over to Tom.

“Thank you,” she says, wrapping her arms around the older man. “I thought everyone felt the way she did about me.”

Tom pulls back and looks down at her. “Never. You are the best daughter I could have asked for.”

“Okay, enough of this. We will ruin our makeup. Tom is right, though. My sister is an asshole, and I’m going to tell her right now.”

Carol takes off before anyone can say anything, and for a tiny little woman, she’s fast. We all rush to keep up, and once we’ve gotten back to the garden, Carol has already rounded up all of Angie’s children.

“You’re all disgusting,” she snaps. Then Carol marches straight up to her sister and slaps her across the face. Everyone at the table snickers.

“You slapped me!” Angie gasps.

“You bet your ass I did. I have let you treat my daughter poorly all these years to keep the peace. I thought your little digs wouldn’t bother her, but now I can see you are the problem, so you need to leave.”

“You would kick out your own flesh and blood and let them parade that lifestyle around like the sanctity of marriage between a man and a woman means nothing?!”

“What they do is their business, and you know what? If they treat each other with respect, they will do a thousand times better than Rob. That poor man has no personality left—you have sucked his soul dry.”

“You bitch!” Angie seethes, and Rob grabs his wife’s wrist.

“Enough. Let’s leave before you make this worse than you already have.”

Once Angie and her family leave, the rest of the day is uneventful. Some of the family ask polite questions, and the uncle, who admits he is gay, asks the most inappropriate questions, but at least he is polite enough to catch us alone. All in all, everyone takes it so much better than Micah and Willow predicted.

Sometimes family can surprise you—not mine, though. They let me down in every way a family could, but I’m glad I met Jace and Micah, and now Willow. They are all the family I choose, and hopefully one day I can call their family mine as well.

Chapter Fourteen

Willow

True to their word, the guys take me on dates in turn. Each man is so different, and I love it. I'm so grateful I have Riley to talk to about it all. While she might be my boss, she also has her hands full with three men. Bray, while supportive, doesn't understand our dynamic. It might be early in our relationship, but the guys cleaned out a room for me and we have agreed to give it a one-month trial run. At the end of it, if any of us think we have moved too fast, I will look for an apartment.

The guys are all at work and each has messaged me they will be home for dinner. Once a week, we make sure we all eat a meal together. Tonight, I have something special planned. I moved my stuff out of Bray's today while they were at work. I told them I was moving in officially on Sunday so they could help me transport and unload my things, but I'm an independent woman and can move my own furniture. The bed almost killed me, but I convinced my old neighbor, Mr. Stevens, to help me load it into the U-Haul.

It's still there—everything is, except for the chair I'm currently sitting in, which is placed in the middle of their—our—living room. I have tied myself to it and am anxiously waiting for them to get home, which should be any minute now.

The sound of a truck pulling into the driveway makes my heart thump loudly in the confines of my chest. I swear I can hear it in my ears. Every day so far, they have told me how amazing or how beautiful I am, and day by day I believe it a little more. But being so vulnerable has me second-guessing myself. Maybe I should have left this

experience in the past.

The sound of the key in the lock has me taking a deep breath.

“Baby, we’re ho . . . Holy fuck.”

I smile at Jace as his eyes lock with mine. A second later, Micah and Zac walk through the door, and they both stop dead in their tracks.

“Now this is the kind of dinner a man could get used to,” Micah states, dropping his duffle bag at the door.

“I get first dibs,” Jace calls out, running toward me. “I’ve been dreaming about this day since the first time.”

He drops to his knees in front of me and doesn’t hesitate to lean forward and inhale the smell of my pussy. It used to make me uneasy thinking about someone being so close, but now I have a hard time keeping them away. Not that I actually want that, but Jace always manages to convince me to let him eat me out while I’m doing the weirdest things, like cooking dinner or ironing their work shirts. They tell me not to do their ironing, and that they are happy to use a service, but I work from home and honestly love taking care of them.

“Oh, damn,” I moan, wishing I could twist my fingers in Jace’s hair as he licks my core. Tying myself to this chair was a terrible idea.

I haven’t shown Zac, but I got his mark tattooed on me. I know it’s probably too soon, and I had terrible anxiety about it, but Riley talked me off the ledge. Even if things don’t work out, the tattoo is a reminder of one of the men who changed my life for the better.

My first orgasm hits me fast, and Jace pulls back with a smirk as he wipes his face.

“That’s one.”

He winks at me. It’s their personal mission to see how many times I can come in one night .

Micah is next to stand in front of me, and with me sitting, I’m almost at the perfect height to suck his cock. He knows it, and as he pulls his dick from his pants and wraps his hand around it, my mouth waters. I want him to fuck my mouth, and he is well aware.

“I think our woman wants us to come all over her. She likes to be a dirty girl.”

I knew I wouldn’t be tied to the chair for long. They all help to untie me, and there’s a small sense of relief that they didn’t just pull the blindfold down and leave, even if the blindfold this time is hypothetical.

“What’s this?” Jace asks, running his fingers along the bandage on my side.

“A present for Zac.”

Zac smiles. “You didn’t . . .”

I nod. “I did.”

He grasps the edge and slowly peels it back, revealing the bite he gave me the other night. I took a picture of it when it was fresh and got the tattoo of it yesterday.

The smile that spreads across his face is priceless. “Does this mean you’re mine?”

When I nod, he wraps me in his arms and spins me around.

As he puts me back on my feet, Micah claps his shoulder. “It means she is ours .”

“How about we are each other’s?” I interject. “ Now, who is going to be the first to give me more orgasms? Last one there is a rotten egg and has to watch.”

Before they understand what I mean, I run toward the main bedroom. The house has five bedrooms, and when we got back from our family’s Easter, the main one was converted into everyone’s space. Then we each have a room we can go to if we need our own space.

When I reach our room and fling myself on the bed, I make sure my ass is in the air, so it’s the first thing they see. I’m facing away from them as they run into the room, but I hear, “That ass is mine!”

Zac flops down beside me, and when I shift to sit on him, Jace beats me to it and we both laugh.

Jace leans over and gets a condom and lube from the drawer. I have seen the guys fuck without condoms, but when I’m involved, they like to make sure they are wrapped, so things don’t end up in places they shouldn’t. As embarrassing as it is, my mom sat us down and had a talk about how women can get infections. It’s something as adults we already know, but it was funny watching the guys squirm.

When Jace lowers himself onto Zac’s wrapped and lubed cock, I see where this is going. Next, Jace guides me to face him, straddling his lap, and I sink down onto his cock. As I move my hips, Zac wraps his arms around Jace and places his hands on my thighs, and when the bed dips, I know Micah is behind me.

“Ready for me?” he asks, and I nod. I’m more than ready.

Micah slides his fingers in beside Jace’s cock and fingers me. They know exactly how to make me drip, the three of them all moving together. I need him in my ass, though—I love feeling full.

“Please,” I beg.

“Please, what?” Micah whispers against my ear.

“Please fuck me. I need you.”

With that, he removes his fingers and brings them to Jace’s mouth, which he eagerly opens, and at the sight of him sucking my juices off them, I almost lose it.

When Jace is done, Micah withdraws his fingers and grabs the lube. He squirts it on my ass, using the tip of his cock to spread it around. Then slowly he pushes in, little by little, letting me adjust after each movement.

When his hips are flush with my ass, I beg him to fuck me, and he eagerly obliges. With every thrust, he pushes me into Jace, and somehow, we all find a rhythm.

My orgasm builds as Zac’s fingers skim across my skin, leaving heat in their wake. The way Jace looks at me, as if I’m something he’s been starving for, makes my pulse race. And Micah’s words of praise, telling me all the ways I am utter perfection, are music to my ears.

I can’t think. I don’t want to think. I just want more.

These men are dangerous—being with them is intoxicating, and I never want it to stop.

My body tightens, trembles, then shatters as waves of ecstasy crash over me, and I scream out their names, one by one.

Micah is the first to move, and he helps me off Jace and pulls me into his arms. “Shower with me?”

I nod and we leave Jace and Zac in bed, heading into the en suite. Micah runs the shower and we both step in. Steam swirls around us, the hot water cascading over my skin, but it's nothing compared to the fire of his touch. His hands glide over my body, slowly tracing every curve like he's memorizing them. I shiver, not from a chill, but from the way his fingers tease along my waist, pulling me flush against him. The water drums against my back, but all I can focus on is him. His lips ghosting over my neck, then the deep, needy sound he makes when I press closer. My pulse pounds in my ears, and my breath hitches as his mouth claims mine.

Pulling back, I smile up at him. "I never imagined I would be this lucky. "

"We are the lucky ones. Thank you for giving us a chance to love you."

My heart thumps wildly behind my ribcage. "You love me?"

He nods. "I do. I know it might be too early for you to say it back, but my dad always told me when you know, you know."

"I know, without a single doubt, I love you and Jace and Zac. I don't know what I would do without you three."

"I love you too," Jace says, slipping into the shower.

"Me three," Zac says.

I don't know what the future holds, but right now I am happy. I have three men who worship the ground I walk on. Every day I wake up thinking it's all been a dream, but it hasn't. People might not understand our relationship, but when I'm with my guys, I no longer care what anyone else thinks about me. And they refuse to let me believe I am anything other than their perfect Little Bunny.

The end.

Loving the masked men novella series? You have all asked and there will be more but next up will be a full length masked people, yes that's right! Masked people, Aspen is a fiery FMC and is discovering she has a mask kink and likes to chase.