



# Room One Hundred and Twenty-Five: All Access (Club Sin: Seattle Session 2)

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**Category:** LGBT+

**Description:** I am a cliché. Sadly, the trite sort that no twenty-eight year old professional woman aspires to be. Engaged to a suitable-read boring- man because I'm nearly thirty and marriage with baby carriages is the next step, I've resigned myself to a bland existence. Until I catch him on his knees for the wife of our employer the night of our rehearsal dinner. See? Cliché.

Stumbling into the elevator, tears of fury blinding me, I manage to select a floor leading to the one place in all of Seattle where even a cliché like myself can escape her banal existence. With a debit card loaded with honeymoon funds and a reckless desire to feel something, I join Club Sin.

Do I have a clue what kinds of things happen in the themed rooms? No. I sure don't. I've been as vanilla as it gets my whole life. I browse the list of rooms, feeling like a kid in a candy store filled with fancy confectionaries. With no partner in sight and a need to forget myself for a night, I let the bartender select a room for me. Room one hundred and twenty-five she says. She's got a good feeling about it.

With nothing to lose and no reason to say no, I take the key card she offers and read the label on the slim plastic. Room 125: All Access.

Well alright then.

**Total Pages (Source):** 13

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:16 am*

One

Hazel Voss

“ S he doesn’t know. I swear it, Vanessa. Even if she suspects—and she doesn’t because she’d have to pull her face away from a computer screen long enough to pay attention to the world around her—she’d never guess it’s you.” The hushed voices in the alcove near the restrooms belong to my soon-to-be husband and a woman I recognize by name only. I say by name because it’s been all over the guest lists as the plus one of my fiancé’s boss.

Contrary to Trevor’s whispered assurance to his employer’s wife, I’m neither stupid nor so buried behind my computer that I fail to notice the world around me. I notice plenty. Most of the time, it’s just not worth the effort to participate in any of it. The current situation is the best example of why my attitude is absolutely warranted.

“This is too risky to do here, Trev. Just wait and come over tonight. Jonathan will be with the girl he doesn’t think I know about. We’ll have the house to ourselves,” the woman, Vanessa, entreats him in a husky voice, her words interspersed with the sound of skin-on-skin as they undoubtedly grope one another.

And maybe, if I loved Trevor the way a woman loves the man she’s marrying, I’d have more feelings about what I’m only now learning. Possibly his betrayal would rip through me and crush my heart. Instead, the whole tawdry cliché feels predictable and trite. Make no mistake, his infidelity absolutely infuriates me. In this day and age, adultery creates unnecessary health risks as well as potential drama in the workplace when the parties involved are connected through employment.

I love Trevor, but I'm not in love with him. Nor is he in love with me. He needs a wife to present a settled image, and I'm ready play the part he needs. Or I was. So I'd thought.

"I can't wait. I need you now." The urgency and neediness in Trevor is a turnoff, and I'm thankful now for the rarity of our intimate relations.

In the six months we've been together, I can count on one hand the number of times we've had sex. Foolishly, I'd assumed that was due to my being off birth control and his determination to maintain the traditional order of things. Wedding, honeymoon, pregnancy, two kids and a dog in a house with a holiday greeting card life.

Huh, maybe, I am a stupid girl. I bought into his vision for our future, hook, line, and sink my battleship. Little did I realize, all those nights I was stifling my libido with tepid shower sologasms, my fiancé was busy playing needy sub for his boss's wife.

There's a soft thud, and I peek around the corner to see Trevor on his knees in front of a much older woman. Her frown contradicts the fierce clutch of her fingers in his short hair as she guides his head under the skirt of her knee-length dress.

"Fine. You can have a taste. But be quiet and no touching that little dick of yours or it'll spend the rest of the night in the cage." Her cool voice is in total control, despite the way his head nods beneath her gown, presumably with his oral efforts.

Tonight is our rehearsal dinner. The dining room of the posh restaurant on the thirtieth floor of The Centennial behind me is filled with the minimal family we both have, our friends, and work associates. Tomorrow is the day we're scheduled to exchange vows, a lavish reception arranged to impress his superiors and demonstrate Trevor's dedication to embracing family life that will follow the wedding.

Can I go through with it? Marrying a man for whom I hold no passion for is one

thing. Passion and love, those fairytales are quaint and I appreciate them the way one appreciates art on the walls of a gallery. The ideas are pleasant. Evocative even. But not inherently logical or necessary. So can I marry a man I don't love? Sure. But a man who doesn't respect our relationship? One who cheats on me? I don't think I can manage that.

Anxious bile rises in my throat, wine from the toasts we made stinging like acid trying to come back up. If I call off this wedding, and I have to, what will it be like going to work every day and seeing Trevor? Seeing Mr. Sindecott and knowing his wife is Trevor's desperate obsession? The information that Mr. Sindecott, Jonathan, cheats on his wife is more than I want to know about him. It tarnishes the image I've had of him almost as much as the one I've had of Trevor until now.

Disgust for all of it blazes through me, and without thought for the future or even beyond this moment, my phone's in my hand and aimed at the careless couple. Almost by rote, my fingers open a social media app, flick the livestream icon, and boom, suddenly I'm not the only one facing this dilemma.

Gasps filter through the polite chatter in the dining room behind me as notifications roll through the phones of the coworkers and associates here tonight. Chairs scrape over the highly polished marble floor as nosy people rush to their feet to find the source of the action.

"Trevor, you snake! Where are you? You're fired!" Mr. Sindecott's shout booms over the din, so loud from across the room that Trevor and Vanessa freeze.

I bite hard on the inside of my cheek to contain the bitter laugh that wants to break free when the woman my fiancé is on his knees for shoves him to his ass and steps back.

"Mrs. Sindecott, thank you for the lovely wedding gift. I do hope you held on to the

receipt,” I say.

The woman stands with her back against the wall, her shoulders proud and her chin lifted. Her entire focus is on the man storming into the hallway behind me.

“Jonathan, you’re creating a scene by bellowing like that. Surely, you’d prefer to handle this privately, the way you expect me to quietly ignore your little dalliances.” Cool disdain oozes from every word.

Trevor’s attention bounces between them, horror dawning in his eyes when he realizes his beloved Vanessa can’t be bothered to give a single shit about his humiliating termination. Huh, guess that degradation kink of his doesn’t extend beyond sexy times. A pity, considering he’s got a lot of mortifying moments coming his way.

“Allow me to be the second person to give you your walking papers tonight, Trevor. The wedding’s off.” I pull the ostentatious engagement ring from my finger, the weight of its removal feeling like an unburdening I may one day recognize as the biggest indicator of the near miss I’ve been saved from.

It’s tempting to heave the sparkling gem at his disrespectful face, but practicality wins out. I know he dropped a lot of money to buy it because he’s mentioned it often enough. I’m sure I can find some interesting ways to spend the funds I’ll get from pawning it.

“See you Monday, Mr. Sindecott.” I give my boss a chin lift and walk around him, ignoring the dropped jaws and whispers in the room. As the only one not a participant in these infidelity shenanigans, I’ll let the three of them sort it out.

Fate blesses me, and the shiny silver doors of the elevator open just as I reach the restaurant’s lobby. It doesn’t even matter that it’s going up and not down. Anywhere

but here is good enough for now.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:16 am*

Two

Ira Gilliam

There have been eyes on me around the clock, waking and sleeping, for so long now I can't recall what privacy feels like. Dramatic? Absolutely. Accurate though. The past four months have been hectic and exhausting. An entire team has been responsible for guarding me during that time, ensuring my safety and watching over me twenty-four hours a day.

And for what? Code I've offered for free use to benefit everyone. Apparently, that's the problem in a nutshell. The code I came up with, after months of working til my eyes crossed and I lost sleep, is too good at what it does. The powers that be in the world don't want sites to have the ability to whistle blow and shut down bot attacks.

Or at least, they don't want everyone to be able to prevent them. Of course, they want the ability to stop bot attacks and misinformation from harming their bottom lines. But making that safeguard available across the board? Yeah, that landed me on a whole lot of hitlists, especially with deep-pocketed billionaires who aren't pleased with anything standing between them and under-the-table political power.

The university where I teach a digital ethics course panicked when the code I'd developed during a leave of absence was released for free download online. Fortunately for me, I crafted the program during an involuntary leave of absence the administration imposed after my father passed away. The school had no rights over it the way they would have if I'd developed it while actively employed by them. Not that it stopped the dean and the university's legal department from requiring I go into

hiding and allow them to provide security to ensure my safety. The dark net had exploded with contract hits on my life, and the Dean insists on taking each one seriously.

They weren't persuaded that the student body wouldn't be at risk as long as I was notably away from the college. Ergo, here we are, four months in, the team of security muscle following my every move. And I do mean every move. Sleeping? One of them is stationed in the room with me. Showering? It's a good thing this safe house has transparent glass enclosures, or I have no doubt it would be showers for two. Even things as mundane as rubbing one out are either a spectator activity while under the team's protection or a nonstarter entirely.

About the only true privacy I've had in months is when the guys give me their backs so I can take a leak or shit in peace. Still, the risk is worth it if it prevents the sort of issue tampering and fear mongering that results in the will of the people being subverted. I hope. Not that I want to be killed for it, hence my willingness to put up with being protected and hidden away in a safe house. This apartment in the heart of Seattle is a world away from my little two-bedroom house in Mariposa, Nebraska.

Nonstop surveillance and no privacy aside, I like it here in Seattle.

Still, I can't wait for this to be over, so I can get home and return to my regular life.

"What's the problem?" Ridge Brandeis, the scarred-up mountain who provides most of the direct overnight surveillance for me demands. I assume the same scars that arc down the left side of his face and throat are the cause for the way his words rasp out like chewed rocks.

"Nothing," I sigh. There's no use whining about the situation, but I've learned Ridge won't relent until he has an answer.



“Come away from the window. You know it’s unsafe,” he says.

I’ve heard the warning a hundred times, and the argument that we’re on the twenty-second floor in The Centennial, a mixed-use skyscraper in downtown Seattle, carries no weight. The chance anyone in a neighboring building can even see me through the privacy glass installed on the residential floors of the building is nearly impossible. Even a top-tier marksman wouldn’t be likely to get off a viable shot on me here.

This location, for all its luxury and proximity to the city center, is a veritable fortress. Ridge and his brother, Gable, own the protection firm the university hired to protect me, and this condo slash safe house is one of theirs. As luxurious as it is, even a palace becomes a prison when circumstances prohibit leaving.

“It’s dark out. It’s dark in. There’s privacy glass. I think I’m safe,” I argue.

“What you think won’t keep you from a bullet to the brain if you’re wrong. Will it?” Gable, always on his brother’s side, adds. I hadn’t heard him come into the room, but it’s never a surprise to see him when Ridge is around.

“Trust the professionals, Ira. It’s our job to keep you alive,” Ridge says.

And maybe, that’s part of the problem I’m struggling with. This feeling of disquiet that’s been pulling at me more and more lately. I miss spending time with people who choose to be around me. People who like me.

Not that I’ve ever been the popular sort with boatloads of friends, but come on, I can’t even email my online gaming friends until all of this is resolved. I’m lonely. There. I admit it. I’m fucking lonely.

“I’ll stay away from the window. You can go back to whatever you were doing.” Even I can hear how petulant I sound.

I'm not a small guy, and it's been years since I thought of myself as a pouty weakling. As a teenager getting picked on for being a geek, I let misery lead me to snacking my way through the bullying years. A freshman in college, I found myself horrified to be matched with a jock roommate, Tishon Greves, who was determined neither of us would gain the freshman fifteen. He forced me to exercise with him daily, until the habit became so ingrained I work out here at the safehouse even now.

Luckily for me, the looks-obsessed gym rat I'd expected Tishon to be wasn't anything like the secret gaming nerd slash track star he turned out to be. Now, he works for the same gaming company that creates the multiplayer online games we love to play and he runs marathons for fun not scholarship. We're still super close, and I think I miss our workout sessions together most of all.

Too bad being around me right now is too dangerous for any of my friends. There have been several unexplainable incidents where my house, office, and even my car have been tampered with. It's safer for him and all the rest of my friends to be away from me right now.

"I was scheduling details for some other clients and making sure we have them covered. I'm done now. What's wrong with you? You're in a mood."

Gable's using his client whisperer tone of voice. I feel my hackles rising at the way he's managing me. I'm so sick of being handled as an asset who exists as a duty to everyone around them.

"Nothing's wrong. Fuck. Am I not allowed to be frustrated that this shit is dragging on with no end in sight?" Fury simmers inside me, turning my guts to acid. Logically, I know the university anticipates once the code I released into the world establishes itself as open access the danger will ease up.

Big money originally wanted to take me out to prevent the release of the program

because it will stop them from unfairly influencing public opinion with misinformation. However, once the code was released for open use, the threat morphed into a risk of abduction to force me to alter the programming so certain election tampering and social media mistruths could filter through and appear to be accurate information.

Thing is, even a program as good as mine can't undo years of voter influencing and the spread of misinformation. Everyone's so hopeful that for future elections, my program will at least keep a lid on it so voters aren't constantly bombarded with lies.

Maybe, it will. Maybe, it won't. Maybe, the damage is already too much to overcome. None of that is in my wheelhouse to figure out. Sure, it's selfish of me, but I feel as if I've done my part. Now, I just want the chance to get back to my regular life where I can spend my time with people who aren't being paid to care about me. Is that so much to ask?

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:16 am*

Three

Gable Brandeis

Ira's in a mood, and from the dark glower Ridge throws my way, it looks as if my brother is, as well. It's fine. By now, I'm so used to Ridge's doom and gloom it barely registers. He's been like this since the injury that forced him to retire from the police department we both worked for.

"Frustrated is fine. Grouchy is fine. At risk because of a temper tantrum is not fine." The force in my command has Ira's whole body moving before he even seems to realize it.

Not for the first time, I wonder if our target, the asset we've been hired by the University of Mariposa to protect, knows he's a natural submissive. He obeys me so prettily, even when I can tell his mouth wants to argue.

"Come help me with dinner. I want to discuss an idea for how we can alleviate some of this pent-up frustration. For both of you." I add the last bit so Ridge knows he's not off the hook.

Since Ridge and I own the company and I make the schedule, we end up working most protection shifts together. When we opened the firm, I did it this way so I was always around in case Ridge's injuries interfered with his duties, but it's been years since his hip replacement locked up during a protection contract.

About eight years ago, my brother had been working in the financial crimes division

as penance. Our captain had found out Ridge was scening with his daughter at the local kink club. Saying Captain Fisher had been pissed would be an understatement. Jonie may have been an adult, but she was still his precious innocent lamb as far as he was concerned. Fisher busted Ridge's ass down to blue collar and fraud investigations as a punishment.

Unfortunately, he couldn't have foreseen the permanent impact it would have. Ridge and his partner were headed to investigate a fraud report at the local credit union when a robbery in progress came through dispatch. Although it was an all hands on deck situation, Ridge and Jeff, his partner, had still gotten there first and spooked the getaway driver.

The two of them had both been mowed down by the robber's accomplice when she tried speeding away. Jeff didn't make it. Ridge survived, but with a shattered pelvis, his days of policing from anywhere but a desk were done and dusted.

"We didn't talk about this," Ridge grumbles.

There's a reason for that. If he has a chance, my brother will shoot down this idea faster than I can finish explaining it. Not because it's a bad idea, but because it entails a whole lot of things Ridge will think are impossible.

"We're going to talk about it now. So come on; potatoes need peeling and veggies for salad need to be prepped. I've got the roast going already. Let's go."

I turn and head down the short hallway. They'll follow me. Ridge because he wants to argue with me and Ira because he's a good, obedient boy. In the open space of the kitchen, I gesture to the pile of salad vegetables on the kitchen table with a chopping board and knife already laid out.

"Ridge, the salad please." I gesture to the chair, hoping he'll follow my silent

direction to sit down. He's been pacing behind Ira since we came on duty this evening to relieve the daytime duo who stays with Ira while Ridge and I sleep during the day.

"Fine. Bossy fuck," Ridge grumbles.

Ira follows him into the room, taking the seat in front of the pile of potatoes and waiting pot of salted water. I stop in the doorway, blocking the exit. There's no way I'll risk one or both of them storming out before I fully explain my plan. Since I thought of it, I've been working out the details for far too long to risk it.

"It's been three months since Ira left this condo. Four months since he came under our protection," I start out. The first month we were on the job the goal was to shelter in place with him, guarding his house with him in it.

"Aware," Ridge grunts while rough-chopping bell peppers and pushing them into a neat pile at the side of the chopping board. Ira says nothing, just watches me with his soft brown eyes magnified by his glasses.

"We get breaks from here. From each other." I gesture between Ridge and myself. "He doesn't."

"Again, aware." The groove between his dark brows deepens as his suspicion grows.

"Not to be crass, but as far as I'm aware, you haven't had a moment of privacy since we got here, Ira." I phrase it almost as a question.

But I already know the answer. It may be a step too far to know as much as I do. Doesn't matter. Something in Ira calls to me on a level no man ever has. I've known I was bi since my teens, even if I generally default to relationships with women. Still, there's something about Ira, something sweet and unique, even through his brilliance

and strength.

My interest and awareness of him goes well beyond what would be considered appropriate for a client. I could pretend that changes things, but it doesn't. I haven't had a real relationship since before Ridge got hurt, and while Ira is a client, he feels like more. He feels like mine.

The girlfriend I had when Ridge got injured left me because she felt neglected. No real loss, that one. Ridge is more than my brother. He's my best friend and the only family I have left in the world. Nothing matters to me more than being there for him, and I have zero regrets about it.

"You know I haven't." Ira's answer to my quasi-question draws my focus back to the conversation at hand.

"I've arranged a field trip. Tonight. Still in the building. And before you lose your shit, it's secure." I add the last bit for Ridge's benefit.

My brother's always played his cards close to his chest when it comes to his sex life, but I see the way he watches Ira. Like me, there's care and affection in his eyes when he's observing the younger guy. I don't know if he feels as strongly about our client as I do, but I know he feels something. Whether he'll take the opportunity I've created remains to be seen, though.

"How secure?" Ridge growls, even as Ira lights up like a kid at the holidays.

"Really?" Ira asks, hope lifting his voice from the droopy sadness of the last few days. When he filled out the protection detail survey, he marked his sexuality as being pansexual. Every time I see the light of excitement in his eyes, the memory of that little check-marked box rocks me.

Knowing everything there is to know about the assets we protect makes asking invasive questions like that necessary. It's never mattered to me, but then, we've never had a client like Ira Gilliam, either.

"Secure enough we can keep Ira safe up there. And it'll be exactly what he needs. What we all need." I inject confidence in my voice, knowing they both have to trust me. Especially once I confess the arrangements I've made in secret. Ridge might blow his lid, but I'm positive this is the right move.

I take a deep breath to steel myself for any arguments he might make and brace myself for their doubts, ready to argue whatever it takes to make this happen.

"We're going upstairs. Tonight. To Club Sin," I tell them.



## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:16 am*

Four

Ridge Brandeis

“ I ’m sorry. Going where?” There’s no fucking way my idiot brother and business partner wants to take a man under our protection to a fucking kink club. No. Fucking. Way.

“Club Sin. You know, the BDSM club taking up the top six floors of the building...” Gable drawls as if he’s not proposing the absolute absurdity of bringing a valuable asset from a lockdown safe house to a sex club of all places.

“I want to go!” Ira says, excitedly. In his shoes, I’d be excited to go on a coffee run, so I get it. I do.

“No,” I say. I place the knife I’ve been using to chop up salad vegetables to the side then push away the cutting board and already prepped veggies. My fists close on the tabletop, white knuckles so tense it’s taking everything in me to remain seated and not jump up to strangle my brother.

Jump up. Ha. As if I’m even capable of that these days. And fuck if that’s not the problem in a whole-ass nutshell. There’s not a damn part of me capable of jumping anywhere ever since that car pinned me to a wall and shattered my pelvis. Even my dick doesn’t seem capable of jumping to attention when it’s supposed to anymore.

Not that I give it much reason to. What’s the sense in having functional junk when there’s no one for it to work for. That’s not some pity party bullshit, either. No one

was willing to tolerate the hours I put in when I was on the force and whole. Now, I'm scarred up and move like an old man. Besides the looks and busted up body, my dick only works half the time, and rarely when I want it to.

All that to say, do I want to go to a sex club of all places? With my bisexual brother? I'm not knocking it. I've known I was attracted to men as well as women for years now myself, and the client I shouldn't want but somehow do? Fuck, no, I don't want to go upstairs.

"It's safe, Ridge. And we'll be there with him every minute," Gable promises.

"Wait, what? You'd watch me, um, be with someone there?" Ira stammers. His cheeks are fiery red. Even the tips of his ears are flushed with embarrassment.

"We could just watch. Or we could..." Gable lets his words trail off, his meaning clear.

I watch Ira piece together what my brother is saying. And what he's not saying.

"Are you guys—" Ira's eyes look about ready to pop right out of his head.

"No. Fuck. That'd be—" I bark.

"Relax, man. He's just asking questions. No, Ira. Ridge and I haven't ever done anything sexual together. And I'm not suggesting we would now."

"Then what, what are you offering?" Ira asks with an audible gulp. He continues peeling the potato in his hands, as though by rote, but at this point, he's scraping away nothing but pulp.

"We go. Check out the available rooms. See if any interest you. They've each got

themes, you know?” Gable explains.

“Just the three of us?” he asks the question I’m wondering, as well.

“We could just do that here,” I interject. I’m not sold on any of this by any stretch. Still, a circle jerk could be accomplished anywhere. No need to risk Ira’s safety by taking him to a sex club. Even a top tier one where exclusivity and security measures likely make it a reasonably safe place to bring him.

“I mean, yeah, we could, but there are girls up there, too. Women who have joined the club and might be up for a night of adventure with us.” Gable’s obviously been planning this for some time. He’s got an answer for every question.

“And you’d just...just watch me with a woman?” Ira asks.

“Sure. Unless...if you maybe...if you were interested in more,” Gable offers.

I know we’re both aware Ira identifies as pansexual, but to my knowledge neither my brother nor I have ever had any discussions with him about our own preferences. Not that I really have preferences anymore.

It would be enough for me just to see Ira happy. To be allowed to keep him safe. He’s grown on me over these weeks and months. More and more, these days, I realize the feelings I have for him aren’t the same as those I’ve had for the other clients for whom we’ve provided around the clock protection. Not even close.

Ira brings out something inside me. Something deep and protective, but also nurturing and fond. I want to see him happy. I want to cherish him. And if there’s a greedy, selfish, impulse inside me to mark him as my own and see how much his body can take before he shatters and begs, well, that part I’m certain I can keep locked away.

“Okay, yeah. Yeah, I definitely want to go. Ridge, please?” Ira turns pleading eyes to me, and I know I’m going to cave. Gable’s given up so much to stand beside me. And I want to give Ira the world, as long as it’s safe.

“Then it’s settled, gentleman. After dinner, we go upstairs.” Gable grins and dusts his hands together as though the effort of convincing us has been a monumental task.

“Fine, but we make a plan, first. Obviously you’ve done the legwork to make sure the club is safe. But you need to clue me in, too.” I’m not asking. I trust my brother with everything, but I still want to know the details for myself.

“File’s in the den on the laptop, saved under the file name ‘penthouse’ if you want to go review the details.” He gestures over his shoulder to the room we’ve turned into command central since we got here.

Sure, we have an office space for the business. Once we met Ira face to face, it was automatic for us to default to personally providing as much of his protection details as possible. We’ve got amazing operatives on staff, but there’s no way we would fully entrust Ira to anyone else. I think, even if it’s gone unspoken, we both know how the other feels about him.

I guess tonight is a trial run to see if he feels the same about either of us. And make no mistake; I’ll be happy if he and Gable are the ones who connect. Even if it makes me a third wheel, I know my brother will accept my need to continue keeping Ira safe, long after this current danger is over. Even if they become intimate, there’s no way my brother will cut me out. And that’s fine.

Just fine, I remind myself as I switch places with him and leave him chopping vegetables, so I can go review the file he’s compiled. I’ll be just fine watching the two of them fall in love. So long as I can be on the fringes of their love, it’ll be enough.

And with that, I lie to myself for the first time since I woke up in that hospital bed with my guts crushed halfway to the moon and back.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:16 am*

Five

Hazel

Elevators should ding when they open, right? I think they should, anyway. Otherwise, a girl can look real foolish when they open and she's not ready and she just stands there staring into space with tears gushing over blotchy cheeks. That's a thing that happens, yeah? No? Only to me? Yeah, okay. Sounds about right.

"Ma'am, are you okay?" The gentle masculine voice cuts through my daze.

"Huh?" Eloquent, that's me.

"You look lost. Are you alright? Do you need assistance?" The man clasps a soft hand around my elbow and leads me from the elevator carriage into a foyer so richly appointed I feel like a fraud simply existing within its space.

"Uh..." Here I go again, wowing the world with my incredible articulateness. You know what, though? Screw it. I think I'm allowed to be a mess right now. I just caught my fiancé on his knees in front of another woman the night before we're meant to get married.

"I have no idea why I'm here," I admit. "Or even where here is?"

"Dear one, I believe fate leads us to be where we belong when we are meant to be there. You've arrived at Club Sin. Have you heard of it?"

I shake my head, and he leads me further into the gleaming lobby.

“Then allow me to be the first to welcome you to our humble space.” The wink he gives me makes it clear he knows how wild it is to consider any of this place humble .

The man leads me to a small office labeled ‘new members’ and hands me a chilled bottle of water and a packet of tissues. He introduces himself as the club’s concierge and instructs me to call him Christopher.

Maybe, it’s because this entire evening has a surreal quality to it, or maybe, it’s because I have no fucks left to give, but when Christopher explains the purpose and rules of Club Sin, I’m all in.

Christopher explains the club has themed rooms designed for people to explore their fantasies and kinks. He tells me I’m not silly for contemplating spending the honeymoon fund Trevor and I have set aside to pay for a membership. Christopher is my new best friend.

Okay, that’s an exaggeration. Still, it feels as if there’s a bond here. I’ve always needed someone in my corner, urging me to go for it. Now, here’s Christopher in my hour of need, compelling me to do this wild and out-of-character thing for myself. And when I panic about joining as a single woman without a man at my side, it’s Christopher soothing my nerves and letting me know there are plenty of men beyond the club’s doors, just waiting to meet a beauty like me.

“I’m not beautiful,” I argue. He’s hearing none of it, though, and like the magical fairytale godfather he’s turning out to be, he produces a prepackaged amenities kit complete with hair styling tools and makeup to help me repair the damage caused by tonight’s drama.

“Tearstained and pink nosed, yes. Not beautiful? Darling, the unattached straight men

on the other side of that door will devour you. I promise you that. Now, before I leave you to your ministrations, please finish up your limits list, so I can input it into the system. If there are any gentleman looking for a match tonight, I want to ensure they meet your qualifications.”

“Anyone ever tell you you’re a well-dressed cupid, Christopher?” I ask, a tremulous smile battling through any lingering sadness. It’s impossible to be gloomy in the face of his relentless positivity.

“All the time, sweetheart. All the time.” He grins and winks before leaving me in the office to finish my paperwork and fix my face.

It takes only a few minutes. Most of my touchup comes from the emergency stash in my purse. But I’m not too proud to admit I absolutely indulge in the luxurious moisturizer provided in the toiletry kit for my face.

When I reemerge into the lobby, it’s still every bit as opulent as I first took it to be. This time, I take a moment to look around at the people grouped in small clusters around the room. There are sectionals and tables with comfortable-looking upholstered chairs spaced throughout. A fully kitted-out bar sits along one wall, though it’s clear no one here is hitting the sauce.

Soft discussions and laughter drift around me, but I don’t feel excluded. I cross to the bar and take a seat, mindful of the wine I had earlier, but any inebriation left behind has long cleared my system.

“May I serve you?” a young woman in a tuxedo shirt and vest with a black skirt asks.

“I, uh, I’d like a gin and tonic. Please,” I tell her.

Quietly, she turns and makes my drink. Her movements are quick and efficient, and



in moments, I have a rocks glass with my drink in it, on a coaster in front of me. So that's killed a whipping two minutes of the evening. At a loss for what to do next, I turn on the seat and rest my back against the leather padded bar rail.

Slowly, the room seems to empty as couples and groups pair up and move through to where I anticipate the elevators to the various rooms are located. Melancholy grips me as I watch more and more people moving to the next phase of their evening. Evenings where, based on the information Christopher gave me, they'll have way, way more fun than I've had in months. Years, maybe.

There's no rhyme or reason to the match ups, either. Pairings of two, three, four and more people move together to the elevators. It's clear Club Sin caters to every imaginable configuration of relationships and identities. Even though I'm alone, it feels as though a mantle of societal pressures dissolves from my shoulders while I relax into the feeling that here, in this space, there's no judgment preventing me from existing in whatever way I feel most comfortable.

Inclusivity is a heady drug, even for someone like me, who hasn't ever really felt othered. I imagine a place like this is a real haven for people who aren't free to be themselves in other spaces. Whatever energy in the universe guided me here tonight, I feel as if I've found one of those places that will make me better for having discovered it. It's an odd thought to have in the lobby of a sex club, but then, I'm always looking for silver linings.

After the day I've had, I need all the silver linings I can get, even if I don't leave here debauched and orgasmed within an inch of my life. At least, I'll go knowing my membership dues, paid with the portion of honeymoon funds I contributed to that debit account, are well spent.

Still, it'd be nice to be swept off my feet and into one of those kink-themed rooms. I look at the light-up board above the check-in desk near the entrance and see there's

still a wide selection of rooms available. Now, if only I had a prince to whisk me away into one of them.

I mean, shit, if I'm gonna fantasize, why not really do it up big and daydream I'm like one of the women I watched being escorted by more than one dashing prince? Two? Three?

Yeah, I close my eyes in a slow blink and imagine what it would be like to visit one of the rooms left on the board with two or three of my very own Prince Charmings. That would be more than a silver lining. That'd be an entire platinum cloud.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:16 am*

Six

Gable

Ira's nearly vibrating with nervous excitement as we exit the elevator into the Club Sin lobby. Ridge steps off first, of course, and I watch him scan the nearly empty space. I know he's clearing the room for safety, just as I am. I also know the advance team I sent up earlier is already in position, cleared by management accustomed to high-profile members.

"See anyone who interests you?" I ask Ira when he turns his wide-eyed gaze to me. He turns in a slow circle, and I watch his attention linger a bit longer on the people standing or sitting alone. There aren't many singles here, but the ones present are mind-bogglingly attractive.

"It's not a buffet, asswipe," Ridge grumbles quietly.

"Shut up, spoilsport," I chide. Ira says nothing, but his head moves side to side as he not so subtly scans the room.

A stunning woman with ice-blond hair and a shiny leather catsuit walks with lithe grace to the bar and gestures demurely for a fresh glass of wine. A young man reclines in an armchair near the floor-to-ceiling windows. He's got a glass of amber liquid in one hand and a book open in the other. Somehow, I get the impression he's just here soaking in the atmosphere and not really looking for play partners.

Small groups of people, who already know who they're here to spend time with,

wander toward a second set of elevators farther inside the club. I don't pay those folks much attention beyond assessing any possible threats. I don't spot our guys, but I'm fairly certain they've elected to remain in the club's security room.

There are a couple ladies gathered near the bar, chatting with each other, but I watch Ira's attention pass over them. A wash of warm affection rolls over me. It's more than mere attraction. I genuinely like the guy. He fits seamlessly with Ridge and me both. Light to Ridge's brooding; contemplative to my cynicism. Analytical the way we both are, too. Where my brother and my methodical focus lends itself to human nature and behavior patterns, Ira's is much more erudite.

Which, yeah, is a word he taught me a few weeks ago when he convinced Ridge and me to play some boardgames with him to break up the monotony.

"Her," he breathes. I follow his gaze to a woman seated by herself at the bar.

A fancy gown gleams in cobalt blue swirls around her legs, concealing them from view. The fabric drapes low over her back. It dips just beyond the curve of her hips to display an expanse of skin so pale she nearly glows against the brightness of the dress. Her face is turned to watch the flow of people to the elevators, a raw hunger evident, even in profile.

She's stunning, and his interest ignites my own. I cast a quick glance over to Ridge and see a guarded look on his face. For a moment, I wonder whether he's even slightly intrigued by this plan I've concocted. Without a doubt, he'll let me have it with both barrels the next time we're alone. Which is fine. I deserve his anger for not discussing this with him, but desperate times and whatnot.

"This is foolish. You know that, right?" Ridge is nearly silent, and I know he's being careful not to let Ira overhear him.

“Maybe. But I had to try something. His brain is too big, too busy, to tolerate this for much longer. And it’s too risky to let him work. Even if we firewall him away from the internet.”

“So getting him laid is the solution you came up with? Fuck, man. Seems even more risky.” He tries to hide the jealousy in his voice, but I hear it.

I can’t return what his injuries have stolen from him. I can’t force him to rejoin the land of the living when it comes to sex and relationships, either. Maybe, it puts too much pressure on Ira and tonight, but I can’t ignore the part of me that hopes Ridge’s care for Ira will push him to act.

And if it doesn’t? Then I can only hope the night smooths the ragged edges peeking through Ira’s psyche. The lighthearted geek with a passion for social justice and fighting corruption has slowly withdrawn and become morose.

“What do I do? What’s the protocol here?” Ira asks. I realize I’ve let myself become comfortable enough to relax when his question startles me. That’s a problem. Though the dossier I received on Club Sin made it clear this is a safe place, it’s my job to stay alert, especially when we’re outside the safe house.

“Depends on whether you want to approach her on your own or with us. As I told you downstairs, this place is designed for one-on-one play or group activities. What do you want to do?”

Ridge takes a step toward Ira, as though inescapably drawn to him, and I press closer, too. I’ve seen the lingering glances Ira gives me and my brother, but a little encouragement isn’t a bad idea.

As if she can feel our attention, the woman turns on her barstool to face us. There’s a tilt to her chin and a glassy sheen to her eyes that ensnare my curiosity, but the slow

smile she throws our way steals my focus.

“Hi.” Her hello as we step close enough to speak is husky. She lifts her hand in an aborted wave before tucking it under her leg and blushing adorably.

“Hello,” Ira answers. Ridge nods and slides a step to the side and behind our client. I smile at the awkwardness of this whole tableau and give her a chin lift.

“I’m Hazel. This... This is my first time here. Are you all—” She stops, unsure how to ask the question obviously on the tip of her tongue.

“Yes. Well, sort of,” Ira explains. “It’s complicated.”

“What does complicated mean? That sounds ominous, and I don’t want to step into anything messy. Not that you came over here for me. Or that. Or, oh shit, Haze, stop talking.” The enchanting girl hides her face in her hands, but not before I hear a giggle escape.

She’s adorable. I glance at Ridge and Ira to see they’re both as entranced by her awkwardness as I am.

“Let us buy you a drink. We can explain,” Ridge offers. “Well, my brother can. This is his rodeo. Ira and I are just along for the ride. Isn’t that right, Brain?” With more life in him than I’ve seen in years, my brother throws his arm around Ira’s shoulder and pulls the smaller man against him.

Ira cuddles into Ridge as if he’s done it a thousand times. Hazel watches them, a soft smile on her face, and nods.

“Yeah, okay. Tonight has been a study in being flexible and going with the flow. Why stop now?”

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:16 am*

Seven

Ira

My dick is so confused. For months now, I've been instructing it to ignore the way being around Gable and Ridge makes it hard. I've denied myself even the mental musings of what it would be like to be with either of them. Which, silver lining, has the effect of extra time in the safe house gym inside the condo where I've been staying. Still, even with the increased exercise time, I'm nowhere near as ripped as the brothers who guard me.

Until today, I thought the chemistry I've ignored was solely one sided. When Gable revealed his plan for us to visit the sex club that takes up the top of this building, I wasn't going to refuse.

"Would you like to join us at a table? We could get to know you a bit?" Nerves have my voice sounding shaky, and I battle back the embarrassment that comes from being less than manly.

It's hard not to feel emasculated having Ridge and Gable with me almost around the clock. And when they aren't here, their lethal counterparts who cover my protection detail are. It's enough to give a guy a complex. None of the guys are assholes about things. They all have this quiet confidence that silently proclaims they're ready for whatever happens. Instead of being turned off, I find myself imagining what it would be like to be in a situation where one of them rescued me for real. Spank bank material, no lie.

“I’d like that,” the beauty in front of me agrees.

I don’t know what Ridge or Gable look for in a woman. Though we’ve talked plenty over the months they’ve guarded me, their everyday lives when they leave the condo are still mysteries.

Do they think she’s as hot as I do? Was Gable serious downstairs when he implied he wanted to scene with me, not just be present protecting me while I got laid? Gable’s not the question Ridge is. Of the two, Ridge is definitely the more quiet. Stern.

A shiver runs down my spine when I recall how easily Ridge takes command of a room when he enters it. Takes command of me. I’ve never met a man I wanted to kneel for, though I’ve fantasized about one day finding one. Through the unfortunate luck of being hunted by wealthy oligarchs who believe controlling the country is their right, I’ve landed two. How will Hazel fit into that fantasy?

The four of us find an unoccupied table, and Gable orders waters for all of us from a passing server. A drink would settle some of my nerves, but I want to keep all of my wits about me for whatever’s coming next.

“So, have you guys been here before?” Hazel’s first question catches me off guard.

“No. This is our first time here. We’re not romantically involved,” I start to explain.

“We’re colleagues,” Ridge interrupts, taking control of the narrative and keeping the details of our situation vague. “Pansexual, the three of us. Tonight, we’re looking for an experience none of us have ever had.” He speaks with authority, and I blush at the realization he knows far more about my sex life—or lack thereof—than I expected.

I guess it’s not really a surprise he’d be able to tell I haven’t done anything like this before. Part of the dossier I had to provide when the guy’s company took over my



protection included a sexual history, ostensibly to rule out any threats from my past.

The truth of the matter is, I've never considered myself a highly sexual being. Sure, I enjoy an orgasm as much as the next person. But relationships take so much effort to keep the other person fulfilled, so I generally avoid them.

"I am, too," she says.

"Do you have a limits form filled out?" Gable asks her. At her nod, he pulls a sheet from the folder in the center of the table and hands it to me. I look down to see a checklist with a dizzying array of sex acts waiting to be marked as yes, no, or maybe.

"Good. May we review it while Ira fills his out?" Ridge's voice is a rough rasp over my nerves. A reminder that, of the three of us, their preferences are still an unknown entity.

"What about you two? Shouldn't you fill them out, as well?" I ask.

"Sure, but you two are the only ones who will get fucked tonight." Ridge's chuckle is dark with sensual promise. My dick, already half-hard just from the atmosphere and potential in the air, hardens to a painful throb.

I haven't had the privacy even to jerk off in the shower for months. My balls ache with unspent lust, and I know everyone in the room will be able to see just how little control I have when we stand up from this table.

"As long as no one expects me to be in charge," she gives an exaggerated shudder. "I think my rehearsal dinner tonight was proof positive being a Domme is not a turn on for me."

I want to know more details about this rehearsal dinner, and it's obvious my guards do, too. I'm sure I do a piss-poor job of hiding my surprise.

“You're engaged?” I croak. If I needed a boner killer, that thought is it.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:16 am*

Eight

Hazel

Three pairs of shocked eyes narrow on me, and I realize my mistake. I'm used to the upcoming, now-canceled wedding monopolizing every aspect of my life, and I forget it's not actually the sun around which the rest of the world orbits. None of these men have any reason to know about the shitstorm that just burned through my whole world.

"There's no fiancé. No wedding. Not anymore. I caught him on his knees for our boss's wife tonight during our rehearsal dinner. I livestreamed it as soon as I realized what was happening. Probably cost myself my job. Definitely ended things with Jonathan. Left the wedding planner downstairs cancelling everything. Joined Club Sin with my share of our honeymoon fund, and here I am."

I pause for air, gulping a bit at how easy it is to condense the implosion of my life into a short monologue explanation. Hysteria bubbles up until I'm giggling and tearing up at the same time. How is this my reality? From celebrating my upcoming wedding to sitting at a table with strangers about to have a kinky one-night stand.

"Your fiancé was cheating on you? Seriously? Did you know about it before tonight? Suspect anything?" Gable, I think he said his name is, rapid-fires questions at me.

"Yes, he was. Yes, it looked serious when his head was under the skirt of her gown and he was slurping like a toddler with a bowl of noodles. No, I didn't know about it, and no, I didn't suspect anything. We both work a lot of hours, and we were waiting

until after the wedding to move in together.”

The scary one, with the scar down one side of his face that should make him look intimidating and mean, glowers at me. But I’m not scared. Certainty in my gut says he’s furious on my behalf. More than Gable’s surprise and Ira’s sympathy, his outrage soothes the lingering hurt caused by Jonathan’s cheating.

“You didn’t love him,” Gable states with confidence.

“I did not,” I agree.

“Then why...” Ira’s thought drifts into silence, and I get it.

In today’s world, most people don’t need to marry for reasons other than love. Still, I hesitate to explain my reasoning. Each in their own way, these three are the sexiest men I’ve ever seen in real life. For whatever reason, they’re choosing me to talk to tonight. There aren’t tons of women alone here, but there are other options. There are at least a half dozen other girls they could have approached.

But they chose me. And if I tell them how desperately I want to be a wife and mother, there’s every chance they won’t look at me the same. The night will be over before it begins. There’s nothing less sexy for a one-night stand divulging she wants to be impregnated.

“Keep your secrets, beauty. It’s enough for us to know no man has a claim on you, no matter your choices tomorrow,” Gable assures me.

Ridge and Ira still look suspicious, as if they’re waiting for me to collapse into brokenhearted theatrics at any moment. Fun factarooni: I will not be. Yeah, I’ll probably wake up tomorrow and stress about the job situation. And worse, how much of a life setback it is to be staring down the barrel of thirty again without the prospect

of a husband and kids on the horizon.

“I’ll still be single tomorrow. Seriously. There’s absolutely no way the wedding will be back on. The biggest reason Jonathan wanted to get married was to look ‘settled’ to company leadership. Now I know why he was so worried about not looking like a bachelor,” I grumble.

I might not want to admit how desperately loud my biological clock is ticking, but I don’t want them believing I’m some sad sack. For some reason, it feels super important that none of these men pity me. Whatever their deal is, however they came to be together, but not really together, all of it pales next to the certainty I want to belong to all three of them tonight.

“Okay, Tiger, sheath those claws. We believe you.” Ridge throws a wink my way that should look ridiculous. With the rakish way the scar on his face cuts through his eyebrow, it looks naughty, instead.

“Back to the task at hand... Ira, you should finish filling out your limits list if you want Ridge and me to play with you and Hazel tonight. If you just want us to watch, that’s fine too.” Gable seems to be the ringleader of the trio, despite Ridge’s more serious bossy overtones.

“If you’re sure you want to...” With the way Ira’s eyes eat up the other two, I’m confused why Gable would offer just to watch. Even more than before, the dynamic between them catches my attention and leaves me wondering.

“We’re sure,” Gable promises. When none of them elaborate any further, I resign myself to the mystery.

“Do we need to reserve a room?” I ask. “I’m not sure how this works. I never even knew this place existed before tonight.”

“The available rooms are lit up on the screen behind the bar. Do you want to pick the one that sounds the most interesting?” Ridge makes the offer, and to be honest, it surprises me. I figured he’d want the control of making the choice.

I hand my limits form over to him and twist in the chair to see the big-screen monitor mounted on the wall behind the rows of top-shelf liquor. A lot of the rooms are marked as in use, but a lot remain lit green. Some are for things that seem pretty normal, like sensory play and orgasm denial, as well as rooms that I have no clue about. Primal? Fire play? Shibari?

“What does ‘free use’ mean?” I wonder aloud.

“Means submissives in the room agree to allow their bodies to become the pleasure tools for their dominants. However we choose.” Gable’s growl is filled with want and need. His eyes move from me to Ira, stoking my arousal and awakening a longing to be used by these men. All of them.

“And I’m the submissive?” I want to be crystal clear about this part. I want orgasms, lots of them, but I’m not about to run the show.

“You are. We won’t ignore your limits, but you’ll be our toy for the night, and we’ll use your body for our pleasure and yours, however we see fit. Yours and Ira’s.” Gable adds the last bit while swinging his attention to the slightly smaller man with Clark Kent glasses and a bashful grin that makes me feel as if he and I share a secret.

“You think I’m a sub?” Ira asks. He doesn’t sound upset by the idea, but he also doesn’t agree automatically.

“To us, yes. To her, no.” Ridge’s tone makes it clear there’s no question in his mind about it. Tension relaxes from my shoulders. I don’t have anything against men who don’t run around playing the big dog alpha role. But after the way my stomach soured

watching Jonathan be led around by his nose earlier tonight, I know I won't enjoy myself if I have to pretend to boss around any of these guys.

I need to be played with the way a doll is. Moved and directed in exactly the way that will bring us all the most pleasure. I need to be taken out of my head and away from the panic-inducing thoughts of what the future will bring.

“So, is this the room you want, then, Hazel? You want a room where you and Ira become my brother and my play toys for the night?” Gable gives me the final decision, but we already know I'll say yes. I'm nearly panting with anticipation. I nod.

“All access it is, then,” Ira confirms, giving Ridge and Gable a heavy look of expectancy.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:16 am*

Nine

Ridge

I follow the other three down the hallway to Room One-hundred-twenty-five with my head on a swivel. My brother leads the way, and I can tell he's clocking every detail, too. Apprehension threatens to overtake anticipation with every step we take. I attribute most of these feelings of misgiving to not being involved in the planning of this field trip for Ira.

Admittedly, had Gable brought the idea to me, I'd have shot it down outright. Seeing how much happier Ira is makes it obvious I would have been mistaken to refuse, and that in itself bothers me more than it should. Have I been holding back the people around me by being too set in my ways? Too intractable about things when there could have been workarounds?

"Are you a bodyguard or something?" Hazel's quiet question drags me from my internal obsessing. I push down the existential crisis of self I'm in the middle of and focus on her.

"Something like that," I reply. "Gable and I own a security firm. Ira is a client. You're not in any danger being with us tonight, though. So don't be alarmed."

Some people get weird about their own safety when they're in proximity to someone who's being protected. Hazel's observant enough to notice my brother and I don't necessarily treat Ira like a buddy or romantic partner. Not that he couldn't be both under different circumstances.



The idea of an alternate reality where I'm not half a man and Ira isn't in danger is a fantasy I've allowed myself a time or two since meeting the other man. Of course, in those daydreams, I'm never sharing him with my brother or a woman. Not that I'm averse to either of those things. Especially not now, with the limitations I have.

Since my injuries, I've faced the fact I no longer have the necessary equipment to be a good boyfriend. Just getting a hardon takes more time and way more effort than it ever did before, to say nothing about actually nutting. I can't even remember the last time I came. The amount of work and time it takes just isn't worth the disappointment these days, especially not when it's just me making the effort.

"I wasn't alarmed at all," she says. "Just trying to figure out the way the wind blows with the three of you. There's so much chemistry between you all, even though you?—"

She bites the words back, and unlike anyone else who I'd rather keep their thoughts to themselves, I need to know what she was going to say. What does she see when she looks at me?

"I what?" I prod.

"You're different than your brother," she confides.

"Well aware," I deadpan. Gable's always been the more lighthearted of the two of us. Even when Kendall, his bitch girlfriend, dumped him for taking too much attention away from her to help me with my recovery, Gable stayed positive about life.

"Not in a bad way. Just, um, just different." Hazel's feet slow, leaving Ira and Gable several steps ahead of us in the hallway. She turns to face me and puts her hand against my chest, right above where my heart has started to pound.

“When Gable looks at me, it feels like he sees a triple layer slice of cake waiting to be savored. But you?—”

My heart thuds heavily, waiting to hear what she says next.

“You look at me like a raider discovering treasure in a long-lost crypt. Like you’ll wrap around me and obliterate anything that so much as blinks crossly at me.” Her fingers curl into my sweater, pressing five perfect points into the meat of my pec.

Hazel Voss may have agreed to be a free use living sex toy in Room One-twenty-five tonight, with the agreement she’s not the one in charge, but her slender little hand clutched into my chest makes it clear she’s no submissive outside the bedroom.

Her hand on me drags a glimmer of need from my balls, a twinge I haven’t felt in so long I almost miss it when it happens. My cock twitches behind the zipper of my thick black-canvas cargo pants, and the shock of it makes me miss a step.

“You okay, man?” Gable asks, our delay finally catching his and Ira’s attention.

“We’re fine,” Hazel answers for me. Good thing, since my tongue is glued to the roof of my mouth.

“You coming, then?” Ira bounces like an excited puppy, and my woken-up dick likes watching his jubilation, too.

“Yeah, I think so.”

My brother doesn’t miss my innuendo, and his eyes narrow on me in shock. My struggle to perform isn’t something he and I have discussed. Ever. But he’d have to be blind not to have noticed I never go out. Never pick up anyone to hook up with.

When we're not working, we share a house not far from Ira's college. So Gable knows I never bring anyone home to stay over, either. Not that he does. He's nearly as much of a monk as I am, but I know he's had a few friends-with-benefit situations in the years since he and Kendall broke up.

"Oh, we definitely are!" Hazel chirps. She threads her arm through mine and tugs me to catch up to Gable and Ira. The keycard my brother waves in front of the door makes a barely audible click, the light turning from red to green as he pushes open the heavy, painted wood.

The nervous delight pouring from Ira and Hazel turns to wonder as all four of us pour into the room. The two of them race around exploring the furniture designed with an obviously kinky intent that turns it from an ordinary space into a sensual playground. Gable and I prowl the place with our attention on security and noting points of entry or exit. Still, even with my focus on making sure it's a safe place to play, there's no way to stop myself from considering all the surfaces ripe to take either Ira or Hazel on.

"What's your safe word, Beauty?" I memorized her limits list. Ira's, too.

"Can we just use the club's safe words? The color system?" Ira asks.

"That works for me," she adds. "I've never done anything like this. I've always thought sex was, I dunno, kinda silly."

More and more, I hate this Jonathan asshole. How could he have such a darling woman in his life and squander the gift? If Hazel were mine, she'd never feel as if sex were silly or as if another woman could take her place.

I may be not be the man I was, but I'm man enough to know if life brings a woman like Hazel around, you cherish her. How did she put it? Treasure discovered in a lost

crypt being worshipped? Yeah, that sounds about right.

Ten

Gable

“Hazel, Ira, clothes off. You have your safe words. Beginning now, you two are our toys, and we want to play,” I command.

“But Gable—” Ira stutters. He’s so used to me explaining the whys and hows of our protection detail, it doesn’t occur to him that tonight, from this point on, he exists for my pleasure. Discussion isn’t part of that, unless I decide it will be.

“Shh, toys don’t argue,” Hazel whispers. She throws a wink my way even as her hands slip under the narrow straps holding up her gown. The subtle sparkle of navy silk shimmers in the warm glow of the room’s lighting as it waterfalls down her curves to puddle on the floor.

Every male eye in the room is locked in on the vision she makes, riveted in place by her beauty. She stands in the semi circle of our bodies around her, proud in her tall black heels, black stockings connected to a lacy garter that presses straight lines up her exposed thighs to frame the scrap of satiny black panties covering her pussy.

My brother stifles a groan from his position behind her, and I know the view from the back must be as stunning. A strapless corset-like bra lifts her breasts high enough to almost create a shelf of them. My tongue pushes against the back of my teeth in an imitation of the way instinct urges me to suckle at the nipples I know the garment hides.

“There’s a good girl,” Ridge rasps. “Now, the bra and panties. Leave the stockings.”

The cheeky grin she throws over her shoulder at him should be a warning. When she pushes that barely there scrap of panties down over the curve of her ass, she bends low to pick them up from the floor, rubbing her tight cheeks against the front of his pants in a way I know would feel amazing if it were me.

“Yes, sir, Daddy, sir.” Her smutty little comment blows his pupils wide with lust. Envy pokes at me, wanting her attention on me, but I battle it back. The night is young. I’ll get my turn.

“What are you waiting for?” My sharp demand shakes Ira from the stupor of watching Hazel and Ridge. His fingers fumble to yank at the buttons of his shirt until I step forward to help him.

“She’s fucking beautiful,” Ira murmurs.

“That she is. And tonight, she’s all ours. I promise you this: I’m going to play with you. And her. And then I’m going to watch you play with her. And my brother play with you. By the time the sun comes up, you’re going to be so fucked out you won’t remember the stress you’ve been under.”

As soon as he’s completely naked, he sags into my arms to watch the way Hazel’s body writhes against my brother’s. There’s a sensual rhythm to her movements that hints at a tune only she can hear.

“Go lie on the bed on your back,” I tell Ira.

This time, Ira obeys without argument. His willingness to trust his pleasure to me brings a lump to my throat. Everything about tonight has been a surprise for him and Ridge, but I’ve been dreaming of being with Ira for months. Longing for it and

brainstorming ways to make it work in a way that includes my brother.

No, not sexually between Ridge and me. Not that such a thing is uncommon. In my rabbit hole research about closed polyamorous relationships, I discovered it's not uncommon for brothers to share partners. It's less common but not unheard of for them to be involved with one another. I'm not judging anyone who goes for that, but it's not for me.

I love Ridge, would die for him, but I'm not in love with him. And I know he's not in love with me. But while I don't have any intention of ever fucking my brother, I can't deny how sexy it is watching him fondle Hazel. Or how much I want to watch his big body rise behind Ira to rail him into oblivion.

"Go lie beside Ira. On your back, too. Ira, play with our girl while I have a quick chat with Gable." There's a thread of steel in Ridge's demand that has Hazel hurrying to comply and a shiver visibly running through Ira's muscular body. He's more slender than both my brother and me, but the home gym at the condo has given him a cut definition that wasn't there when we first brought him to Seattle.

"I thought I would just watch," Ridge grumbles so softly I know the duo on the bed can't hear him.

"Did I say you couldn't?" I shrug. I'm not here to force anyone into anything. The thing about Ridge is, he's a stubborn fuck.

Oh, I'm sure he's got his reasons for locking himself away and pretending not to miss sex and companionship. I don't know how I'd react if it had been me, but maybe, I would have turned into a hermit, too.

"Asshole. You just told Ira you'd watch me fuck him," he accuses.

“So? If you don’t want to fuck Ira, don’t. I will. I’ll make him scream and beg and cry for more. You can watch or you can do. It’s your call, man.”

“Dammit, you’re not hearing me. You’re a bastard for making me admit this, but I don’t know if I can.” Harsh self-loathing turns every word into a bullet, and for a moment regret stings my chest like an actual wound.

I never meant to humiliate my brother or push him so far he’s miserable. Perhaps, it was arrogant of me to assume I could drag him through his self-imposed suffering.

“Your fingers aren’t broken, brother. And I know that tongue works because you’ve been bitching at me with it for years. Work with what you got. Besides, this is about Ira. Not me. Not you.”

“Yeah, but—” he starts, falling silent at my harsh interruption.

“But nothing. That man watches you with stars in his eyes and adoration written all over his face. He doesn’t need your dick. He needs you.”

“And her? She’s a stranger. What if she’s disappointed if I can’t get it up?” Insecurity is such a rarity for him, it’s almost comical how unprepared he is to combat the feeling.

“Hazel’s not here because she’s some sexed up vamp. She needs to be worshipped. Adored. Pleasured and shown what a fucking princess she is. You can accomplish all of that without putting Tab A into Slot B. You know?”

Just call me Coach, because at this point, I’ve got the halftime speech down cold. I look over Ridge’s shoulder to watch the way Ira’s long fingers pluck at Hazel’s tightly furled nipples. His attention is completely wrapped up in what he’s doing, but she’s watching us through lust-drunk eyes. I clap Ridge on the shoulder and turn him



to see what I see.

“It’s time to play, brother. Our toys are looking lonely on the shelf, don’t you think?”

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*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:16 am*

Eleven

Ira

The foot of the bed dips when both Gable and Ridge crawl their way up to where Hazel is lying sprawled out next to me.

“I feel a little like a prey animal being hunted. How about you?” Hazel’s teasing whisper brings a smile to my face, even as arousal thuds so heavy in my balls precum leaks from my tip.

“Yeah, but in a good way,” I whisper back. It’s been so long since I’ve had sex or even come, I know my body’s on a hair trigger. Just playing with her tits has me ready to blow, and that’s without adding in the layer of hunger knowing Ridge and Gable are coming for us brings.

Hands grip my ankles, and a single sharp tug has me flipping to my back and widening my legs to make way for Ridge’s wide frame prowling up my body. I’m not a weakling. Definitely not the stereotypical computer nerd type. But the way he manhandles me as if I weigh nothing tears a low moan of desperation from my throat. Why do I love the way he’s moving me into place as if I actually am a sex doll existing for his pleasure?

Half of me expects him to go straight for my weeping cock. He’s always so efficient and economical with everything he does. It’s a surprise when, instead of touching me where I’m most desperate for sensation, he crawls up my body until his fully clothed one drapes over my nakedness. The contrast drives home the power dynamic, and I

lift my eyes to stare into his while he hovers over me.

“I’m going to use my fingers and my mouth to stretch you out, because I know it’s been a long time since you were with a man. Then I’m going to sit my pocket princess over there in my lap and we’re going to watch my brother fuck the hole I’ve loosened up until you come with your dick untouched.”

The smooth promise in his voice as he details the filthy things they’re going to do is almost enough to rush the process of my hands-free coming. I’m helpless to keep still underneath him, my body rolling and arching up into his in search of friction. He drops a hand to my stomach, palm pressing the tight muscles of my lower abdomen. My dick curves up between us, the back of his hand smashing it against his belt and rock hard abs.

I grunt, the pressure enough to have my eyes rolling and pleasure streaking through me. I’m so close it’s embarrassing. Too desperate to care.

“You’re not allowed to come without permission. Am I clear?” he orders. I nod, my eyes squeezed shut against the onslaught of lust coursing through me.

“What about me, Daddy? Do I have to wait to come?” Hazel’s body next to mine is warm, and she smells like jasmine, honey, and feminine lust.

“No, Princess. You get to come as many times as that little body can do it. Drown us all in that sweet goodness that pours from that tight little hole.” Ridge’s filthy demand makes her giggle until whatever Gable’s busy doing distracts her.

The high moan that vibrates through the air. Ridge and I both turn to look at Gable bent low over her middle. His chin rests on the pronounced ridge of her mons, his fingers twisted in the elastic cords connecting her stockings to the garter. He’s so much bigger than her that even with his fingers tucked under the elastic strips, his

thumbs disappear under his chin.

A sixth sense tells me he's using those thumbs to play with the hard knot of her clit. Mostly because that's what mine would be doing in his place.

"Good, because I'm already so close!" she whines. Her hips buck uselessly under his weight, making her tits jiggle and sway. Gable moves his face lower, nudging apart her plush lower lips until his nose brushes the jutting ridge of her clit and his tongue can lap at the entrance below it.

I distantly register the snapping lid of a lube bottle while the show Gable and Hazel put on distracts me. My balls are already so tight to my body it only takes the barest brush of Ridge's hand to nudge them out of the way and expose the center of me to his gaze.

"It's cold!" I yelp at the first drizzle of slippery wet lube.

"Good. You need a little help cooling off," he says.

He's not wrong. My body's so tightly coiled with the need to come I feel my orgasm cresting just out of reach. I want to take myself in hand to squeeze away some of the desperate urge to come, but somehow, I know Ridge will punish me if I touch myself.

"You remember your safe words?" Ridge asks, eyes intent on mine.

"Yes, but I won't need them. You're not going to hurt me," I assure him.

"It's been a long time since you had this, no?" He knows exactly how long it's been. Part of the background review they did when the university hired them included a deep dive into my love life. Or lack thereof.

Ridge and Gable are both well aware I haven't been with a man in years or with a woman since a few months before I released my code and became enemy number one for America's wealthy oligarchs.

"Yes," I grunt as one slicked-up finger gently swirls around the tight ring of muscles of my asshole.

"Then promise me you'll use your safe words if you need them. Stop or slow down, either is fine."

Tender appreciation floods me at his demand. Ridge and Gable have made an art of caring for me over these months. Tonight is just an extension of the way they have made protecting me feel more like devotion than a paycheck.

"I promise." My words come out a breathy groan as his finger breaches my body and slowly sinks deep. There's no hesitation or fumbling, just steady pressure until I feel his thick forefinger deep against me, his wrist twisting to cup his palm around my balls.

"Good man." Ridge praises as his mouth captures mine in a hungry kiss. Our first. Lips and teeth and tongues battle, though there's no question who is in control as he conquers me and licks into my mouth with determination.

He matches the stroke of his tongue against mine with the smooth entry and retreat of his fingers in my ass until I'm writhing and arching under him. His strong fingers scissor inside me, pressing against the long abandoned places inside me that bring the most pleasure. Finally, he nudges the tips of two fingers against my prostate firmly enough to make me see stars.

The only thing staving off my orgasm is the tight grip of his other hand around my shaft. His thumb and forefinger pinch so tight around the head of my cock the cum

throttling from my balls has no option but to retreat, ruining my orgasm and turning my entire body into a live wire of shocky twinges.

I lie panting beneath him as he eases back from our kiss. Still fully clothed. Control to my chaos. A flame of desire turns his dark eyes to coal and belies the iron control he's got on himself, though. Knowing how badly Ridge wants me fills me with a sense of power that doesn't need chest-thumping alpha energy to send me soaring.

Twelve

Hazel

“It’s like,” I gasp, “my very own live-action porn.”

Gable lifts his head from where it’s been buried between my legs to glance at his brother and Ira. My hips circle in a helpless search for the feel of his mouth, and he gives me a wink before ducking his head to my needy pussy once more.

“Then watch them and come for me, Beauty.” He doesn’t have to tell me twice. I’ve never been the sort who reaches climax easily, but everything about this scenario stokes my libido and revs my engine.

Each swipe of his talented tongue urges me higher and higher until there’s no avoiding the orgasm that tears through my body. Muscles I couldn’t name if there was money on the line lock up as pleasure fires through every nerve.

“Shit that’s hot,” Ira gasps, his hand blindly reaching to grab hold of mine.

“I want another,” Gable demands, his fingers pushing deeper and searching out the spongy patch that marks my g-spot.

“I-I-I can’t!” My voice is hoarse from screaming.

“You can, and you will. You choose the free use room, Hazel. That means I can use you however I want. And I want your cum to soak this bed and everyone in it,” he

growls.

“I’ve never come twice.” I’m pleading, begging, even though I don’t know what for. Mercy? More of what he’s doing? I have no idea.

“Prove her wrong, brother. Then trade places with me,” Ridge says.

Gable doubles his efforts, licking and nipping at my pussy while driving what feels like his whole hand in and out of me. I crane my head to look at where he’s finger fucking me, shocked to see it’s only two of his thick digits being used to make me mindless with need.

He uses his other hand to pluck at my nipples, moving from one to the other without lifting his mouth from me. I buck and writhe under him, but his shoulders on my thighs keep me mostly immobile.

It takes longer this time to reach my peak, but there’s no stopping Gable as he cultivates it with every stroke and kiss. Sweat coats my skin, and I’m sure I sound as if I’ve run a marathon. Ridge chuckles darkly when Ira makes a breathy groan, and that’s the only way I know the brothers are torturing us both with bliss.

“I need to come, Ridge. It’s going to happen as soon as you let go,” Ira warns.

“Then I won’t let go. This is my cock now, Ira. Mine for the night, and I’m not ready to give it permission to nut.”

The way Ridge and Gable talk about Ira and me, as if we’re toys for real, is hotter than it has any right to be. Far from feeling objectified or small, the way they’re manipulating my body to do what they want is empowering.

Gable does something with his hand, twisting it until his ring finger presses against



my backside while spit and my own juices make everything slippery. His eyes meet mine with a knowing glint.

“You ever had anyone in this ass, Beauty?” he asks.

“Never!” I’ve been curious, but never trusted a partner not to rush it and hurt me.

“Good. Then it’s mine before you leave this bed. Am I clear? This ass is mine to take, and you’re going to make sure no one else has it before me.” There’s a menacing threat in his voice that has my jaw dropping.

“I can’t control who?—”

He interrupts me by pressing his slicked-up ring finger inside me to the knuckle. His first three fingers are stuffed in my cunt, so my body feels filled to bursting.

“Tell me you’ll save this ass for me,” he demands. “And I’ll make you come so Ridge can fuck you.”

“I will! I will!” I babble. The feeling of his fingers wiggling inside me topples me from the knife’s edge of my climax into the abyss of pleasure. Wave after wave pulls at me until my bones turn to liquid and my eyes squeeze shut.

“There you go, brother. I think it’s your turn.” Gable’s voice comes through a tunnel, my brain almost completely checked out.

“Swap me. You have to pinch the tip like I am, or he’s gonna nut,” Ridge warns.

I keep my eyes shut as they shuffle and maneuver around the bed. There’s the jostle of clothing being quickly removed as hands trade places. The sound of Ridge and Gable unzipping their pants is a twin ricochet that’s unmissable, even over my and

Ira's panting breaths.

"Check in, Princess. What's your color?" Ridge is close enough I feel the warm puff of his breath.

"Green. So green," I promise.

"Then give me those pretty eyes. I'm going to pick you up, and we're gonna go sit in that chair." He acts as he speaks, lifting me from the bed and carrying me to the oversized chair next to the oversized canopy bed.

He turns me in his arms until my back is to his front, and I realize he's still mostly dressed. His shirt is still on and buttoned, his pants lowered just enough for me to feel the heated iron bar of his erection nestled between my butt cheeks.

"Put your legs over mine," he directs and helps me spread my legs over each of his. Ira and Gable watch from the bed, Gable crouched over Ira with his fist clenched over the other man's erection.

"Sink down on it, princess. And then sit as still as you can. We're going to enjoy the show, and you're going to give them one to watch in return."

My muscles are still jellified from Gable's two orgasms, but I wiggle until Ridge's angled in front of me, his fat mushroom head poked up between my lower lips. It's purpley and shiny with precum already, and so broad I'm not sure even with Gable's fingers prepping me that it'll fit inside.

With more wiggling and rocking my hips he's notched farther back, at my entrance. His hands at my hips guide me backward until I'm snug in his lap and he's hilted as deep as possible inside me.

“Now freeze, Princess. You can come, but only if you can do it without moving.” His directions seem impossible. To come I need to move, but his grip on my hips will make sure I can’t.

At least, that’s my assumption until he releases my hips and lets his hands go wandering. One goes up to tweak and pull at my breasts. The other slaps at my clit, exposed and on display, thanks to how his thick shaft spreads me wide.

“Fuck me, she’s a goddess,” Ira murmurs.

“Oh, I’m about to, pretty boy,” Gable chuckles, shuttling lube along his cock as he holds Ira’s erection tight in his other hand.

“Oh, fuuuuuck,” Ira groans as Gable pushes himself into the hole Ridge loosened while his brother was eating me alive.

“Be a good toy, Princess. And squeeze my dick as tight as you can without moving a muscle,” Ridge whispers in my ear, his fingertips pinching at my clit hard enough to shock a squeal from me.

“Yes, Daddy! Oh, yes!” I’ve never come more than once, and here I am, about to hit that peak a third time.

Forget about the drama of my broken engagement and all the worries for the future. Tonight is the best night of my life.

Thirteen

Gable

Watching the sexiest woman I've ever seen mounted on my brother's cock like a goddess is amazing. Watching it while buried eight deep inside the man I've grown to love is a whole other level. When I planned tonight, I had no idea how deeply it would impact me. The way the three of us would connect, the way we'd find a woman as perfect a fit as Hazel.

"I'm gonna fill this tight ass with my cum. Then I'm gonna watch it leak out of you while you fuck our beauty over there. Clear?"

Ira's eyes are hazy with lust, the ruined orgasm from before likely still cramping his muscles tight enough to make him sore tomorrow. That's okay, though. He'll get his reward soon enough.

"Please, can I come?" he whines.

"Not. Yet," I grit through clenched teeth, my own orgasm so close it's nearly unavoidable.

I keep my fist gripped around the end of his cock, fingers trapping the spongy head tight enough to keep his climax at bay. A quick glance to the side shows my brother rocking Hazel's body over his own with a glacial slowness I could never manage in his place.

I know he's got some lingering physical issues, but getting a hard on obviously isn't one of them. The girl's damn near cleaved in two by his meat, and instead of jealousy, all I feel is pride.

There's so much we don't know about her. So many secrets to uncover and facets of her personality to unveil. Knowing that does nothing to diminish the lightning-fast feelings of adoration for her that ignited almost from the first moment we met.

"She's so hot and wet and tight, Ira. You're going to miss out if you can't hold on 'til it's your turn to be in her." Ridge's encouragement carries a silky threat, almost a challenge.

"Trying!" Ira groans. The muscles of his body ripple and squeeze at my cock, drawing me deeper and milking at me.

"Almost, Ira. Almost." I rock into him forcefully, nearly bending him in half and allowing the cum throbbing in my balls to bathe his insides with me. Every thrust angles me so his prostate is pegged with each forward movement.

I join our mouths in a deep kiss as my orgasm wanes. Shudders and shivers wrack my body, distracting me enough that Ira's able to take control of the kiss. He sips at my lips, nipping along my jaw and soothing me, even as his own body rages in desperate need to come.

"Good boy," Ridge praises him, providing the words I'm too winded to offer.

"Now, come get your prize." He lifts Hazel high enough in his lap that his still hard erection slides out of her. It's shining with her juices and his precum, glittering in the light.

"But you didn't?" Hazel's disappointment is tangible.

“I will. Don’t you worry,” he assures her. One day, I’m sure he’ll explain everything about his injury. Let her see his scars. For tonight, I can only trust him to find satisfaction in whatever way he can.

“Get on your knees, Princess.” Ridge tips her from his lap and gestures for Ira to move behind her. Once Ira’s in place, Ridge takes Ira’s dick in hand and guides it into Hazel’s soaked hole.

“Can I taste her on you?” Ira asks, breathlessly.

“What a good idea,” Ridge croons. He stands and angles his cock so Ira can mouth and suck at it.

“Not going to last. Gotta come,” Ira groans.

“You can come when she does,” Ridge orders.

“Then help me. Please.” Desperation makes Ira’s plea almost a sob.

“Gable, you want to provide the assist here?” my brother offers.

“Absolutely.” I crawl from the bed to the tangle of the three of them and drop to my back. It takes a bit of wiggling to position myself so I can lick at Hazel, my tongue glancing off Ira’s cock as his hips make aborted little thrusts into her.

He’s nearly crazed with urgency, and when I palm his heavy balls and give the slightest tug, he’s helpless to stop the freight train of orgasm. Thick, milky cum splashes from Hazel’s body onto my face beneath her. It’s a combination of Ira and Hazel, and the flavor surpasses anything I’ve ever experienced.

“Oh fuck. Oh fuck, fuck, fuck,” my brother gasps. I hear the sound of Ira gagging and gulping, Ridge’s cum drowning him as he swallows it down.

Exhaustion slams into me. Judging by jumble of bodies that hit the floor all around me, I'm not the only one. There's a massive, luxurious bed mere feet away. None of us make a move for it.

"You know we're not letting you go in the morning. Right?" Ira says to Hazel.

"What does that mean?" she asks.

"It means we want more than one night. We want all your nights. All of us. Together," Ridge explains. There's a note of finality that's probably too certain considering how fast all of this is moving.

"I think I'm okay with that. I mean, it's not really a hard choice to make. What do I have to go back to? But are you sure?"

"If you can be patient with us until the danger to Ira is over, then we can take you home to Mariposa with us. Make you ours for always," I offer. With the election over and Ira's code officially released into the online world, it won't be long until the corrupt oligarchs of the country and their political lackeys lose interest in him.

Then we can return to Mariposa and resume our regular lives. Ridge and I can get back to providing less hands-on security for high profile targets. Ira can return to the classroom, teaching tomorrow's coders how to write programs that change the world. And Hazel? Well, I can't swear to it, but something tells me she'll fit right in with all of us.

"Well, that's not cryptic or anything," she teases. "But since I'm pretty sure live-streaming my boss's wife getting it on kinky-style with my fiancé is gonna mean I'm fired on Monday, your cryptic adventure sounds like exactly what I need."

"We are what you need. Absolutely. And you are exactly what I want. What we want." I'm not exaggerating.

Did I expect to fall ass over teakettle for a stranger in a kink club on the night I finally got make a move on the client both my brother and I have been falling in love with for months? Not in the slightest.

Do I regret it? Not in the slightest.