



Shared (Men of Club Triskelion #5)

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Category: Action&Adventure

Description: Three hearts. Two dominants. One love that breaks all the rules.

VICTORIA

As a confident Domme, I'm used to getting exactly what I want. When I bid on Conor Evans at a bachelor auction, it's for one night of power and pleasure. But I never expect him to ignite something inside me—a dark attraction that threatens everything I've built with Elena.

ELENA

Being Victoria's submissive is nothing short of perfect—until the night she brings Conor into our lives. The pull between us is undeniable, and I find myself torn—between loyalty to the woman I love and this dangerous new desire I can't seem to control.

CONOR

When Victoria bids on me, I'm immediately intrigued. Beneath her commanding exterior, I sense a woman who craves submission as much as she exudes control. Then there's Elena—sweet, obedient, and just as irresistible. She's the perfect balance to Victoria's dominance. I never imagined I'd be drawn to both of them but now I can't get enough.

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GLOSSARY

This novel contains dialect commonly found in Ireland and Great Britain.

Arse—Ass

Bloody—Fucking (loosely)

Blyat—Fuck

Cailín dáigh—Stubborn girl

Cailín leanbh—Baby girl

Lass—Woman/Lady

Mam—Mom

Mo chéadsearc—My first love

Mo chuisle—My pulse

Mo grha—My love

Malen'kaya printsessa—Little princess

Neamhghnách—Extraordinary

Piscín—Kitten

Plemyannik—Nephew

Rud ar bith do mo dheartháir—Anything for my brothers

Thieves-in-law—Honorary title, equivalent of a ‘made man’

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CHAPTER ONE

CONOR

Why the fuck am I doing this?

“Seriously! Why the fuck am I doing this?” I huff, crossing my arms, slinking into my leather armchair, and glaring at each of my brothers.

Declan stares back at me and obnoxiously clears his throat as he overtly looks at the rest of my family. “Do I need to state the obvious?”

I still don’t quite know which of my idiot brothers—or their wives—decided that hosting a bachelor auction at the club would be a good idea, but they are absolutely set on the idea of this event. All of them are even more adamant on the idea of me being one of the bachelors in the auction. Or the bachelor of the auction.

“I know the four of you are married, and that’s why you aren’t doing it,” I gruff. “I’m asking why the fuck do I have to do it?”

“C’mon big guy,” Layla flirts, arching a suggestive brow. “The ladies—and some of the men—will go fucking feral for you. Especially if we tell them about the”—her eyes dip to my crotch, and she clears her throat—“hardware you’re sporting.”

Unable to hide my annoyance, I give my brothers my best death glare. I’ve spent a good portion of my life dealing with their jokes and putting up with their shit, but this? This might take the cake.

“We obviously can’t force you to do it.” Tristan shrugs, leaning against the doorframe. Flashing his cocky grin—the one that usually precedes him getting his way—he continues, “But we did already send out the announcement to the members. Including the part about you being included.”

“Of course you fucking did,” I snarl, gritting my teeth and shaking my head. “So, I’m just supposed to roll over, get up on stage, and be a happy prize for the highest bidder?”

“Roll over. Bend them over.” Finn begins laughing so hard he chokes out the rest of his joke between cackles, “Get bent over.”

“I am not getting bent over,” I spit. “I will do a lot of shit for this family, but that is where I draw the line.”

“Fine, don’t get bent over,” Declan, now sitting on the arm of the couch, chuckles at me. “This might actually be good for you, Con.”

Tightening the cross of my arms, I cock a brow and ask, “What the fuck is that supposed to mean?”

“Maybe you’ll meet someone new,” he answers. “Someone you’re interested in for more than a few hours before ghosting her.”

Rolling my eyes, I exhale loudly. “I don’t ghost anyone. I just... don’t feel the need to seek an everlasting relationship with every woman who lets me see her naked. Not everyone is in a rush to get hitched like the lot of you.” I glance over at Liam, who upended all our lives and has been married for all of six months.

“Don’t look at me like that,” Liam grumbles. “You’ve been dragging your feet for years. It’s time to put yourself out there, whether you like it or not.”

“Or not,” I snip. “I’ve got time. No one’s waiting for me to settle down.”

“You might find you actually like having someone who doesn’t just end up in your bed and out the door before breakfast,” Catlin chimes, with her ever-sweet voice.

“Low blow.” I shake my finger at her. “You know you’re far too innocent and beautiful for me to fight with.”

“That was the plan,” she bubbles with a wink. “You’re overthinking it. You’ll be fine. You’re handsome, well-built, and don’t have a ring on your finger. The women will fight for you. Besides, it’s a charity event, not an episode of *Married At First Sight*.”

“Again—” Layla interrupts and drops her eyes to my crotch, “The ladies will be excited as hell that you are participating. Trust me.”

“Fine.” I obnoxiously roll my eyes, giving in to this argument that I’m clearly not going to win. Rory joins us from the back of the club, and I blurt, “We’re forcing him to do this too, right?”

“No such luck, Con.” Rory shakes his head. “My graying hair and bullet-wound-ridden body aren’t exactly a huge selling point. And I don’t think I can pull off the little black speedo and bowtie Layla has picked out for you.”

“The fucking what ?” My eyes blow wide as the room erupts with laughter.

Slapping his hand on my shoulder, Rory chuckles. “I’m fucking with you... But now that I brought it up, I wouldn’t put it past her.”

Great... Now I’m going to be up for auction wearing a black banana hammock.

“This is fucking bullshit!” I huff. “Is anyone else doing this fucking event?”

“Jorge,” Layla interjects.

“Hey, I’ve got a good idea,” Finn suddenly chimes in, his eyes wide with mischief. “What if Jorge joins you in the auction?”

I freeze. “Jorge?” I look at Finn, a little too uncomfortable at the idea. “Are you seriously suggesting that Jorge and I auction ourselves off together? As some kind of... package?”

“I can’t say I object to that idea.” Jorge gives me a too-flirtatious wink.

“Nope.” I vehemently shake my head. “You’re missing a few key components to be my type, Jorge.”

“Come on. Maybe just consider it a little bit?” He smirks. “You’re my last chance at nailing down an Evans.”

“I’m going to suggest you don’t hold your breath.” Maintaining his stare, I seriously ask, “You can’t seriously be happy about getting roped into this shit?”

“Um, yes. Yes, I can,” he retorts. “I’m actually crossing my fingers that there are ropes involved with the big burly Daddy I hope bids on me.”

“I’m not happy about it, Jorge. You realize that, right?”

He shrugs. “Hey, if nothing else, it’s for charity. You’re doing something for a good cause.”

“And if you’re lucky, a gorgeous woman will bid on you and you’ll have one hell of a night,” Tristan adds, that ridiculous cheeky grin spreading across his face again.

“For fuck’s sake,” I gruff. “I already said I’d do it.”

But I sure as fuck don’t have to like it.

CHAPTER TWO

ELENA

Walking through the apartment, I am no longer able to ignore the heaviness of the guilt filling my chest. My gait slows, and I pace outside Victoria's office door, drawing her attention as I try to find my words.

"Yes, Elena?" The curiosity of her tone carries into the hall. She understands me better than anyone I've ever known, often knowing when something is bothering me before I do. The two of us have always been open with each other; it's one of the many reasons I love her. We share everything—our fears, our dreams, our desires—and we don't keep secrets from each other. Except this. I'm struggling to confess this one... The thoughts lingering in the back of my mind actually have me a little concerned that I'm going to tarnish the beautiful life we've built together over the past three years.

As I step over the threshold, I'm momentarily blinded by the sun shining through the window. It casts a warm, golden light across the room, lighting a path as I walk toward Victoria's desk. My nostrils fill with the rich aroma of the coffee she's sipping from her leather office chair as I take a deep breath. She stares back at me over the cup as she lowers it from her lips. Pushing her chair back from the desk and tapping her thigh, she instructs, "Come, tell me what's on your mind, sweet girl."

"Vic," I choke, my voice betraying the nerves I am trying desperately to hide, as I take her offer. She stares back at me with understanding eyes, and I fidget nervously with the hem of my skirt, trying to find the nerve to admit my confession. One I

should have made weeks ago.

Her perfectly manicured nails and soft fingertips dust along my jaw, cupping my chin when she reaches it. Using her light hold, she demands my tentative gaze. “No secrets.”

After taking a deep breath, I exhale, “I’ve been thinking about something.”

“Clearly, sweet girl.” Victoria smiles at me, with an expression I can’t quite discern. She sets her coffee cup on the desk before us and slips her other hand over my hip, pulling me into her. “What’s on your mind?”

I hesitate for a moment, but I can’t ignore this thing I’ve been feeling or harbor the guilt it’s causing me any longer. “I’ve been thinking about something... Something that I wasn’t expecting... That might surprise you.” My voice is shakier than I was I hoping, clearly showing my nerves.

Vic’s brow furrows slightly, and she squeezes my hip. “You know you can tell me anything, right?”

I give a timid nod and a small smile, trying to reassure us both. “I know. I just... I don’t... I don’t know how you’ll feel about this.”

“Just say it,” she encourages gently.

Slipping my hand over hers, I lace our fingers together. It’s a feeble attempt to hold on to her, knowing what I need to say might break us. “I miss being with men, Madame.”

The weight of my words hangs in the air between us, leaving the room suddenly feeling too small—suffocating. I knew Victoria would be surprised, but her silence

and complete lack of reaction are terrifying. Her confident demeanor doesn't break in the slightest, and her husky voice finally slices through the silence. "What are you asking for?"

Not expecting her reaction, I try to find the right way to explain myself. Instead, I ramble, "We both know that we're attracted to men as well as women... And I'm not saying I want to leave you or that I'm unhappy with us. I just... I feel like I put that part of me in a box when I started seeing you. But lately, I've been feeling this pull... A need. And I don't want to hide it from you."

Victoria takes a takes a long, slow inhale, her fingers tightening around mine comfortingly—immediately relieving the panic I've been putting myself into over my confession. She isn't angry. She is quiet and processing, trying to make sense of what I just shared.

"I'm not willing to risk losing you, Elena," Vic softly informs. "But I also understand what you're trying to say. I'm not opposed to what you're asking, but I need to make sure it doesn't change what we have."

She's trying to hide it, but the uncharacteristic vulnerability in her voice causes my heart to ache. The thought of hurting her—or worse, losing her—tears at me, but I couldn't ignore these feelings any longer. I love her far too much to hide this part of me from her—the part yearning for something that no matter how hard she tries, she can't give me.

"You are everything to me, Vic. The last thing I want is to lose you," I profess, my voice thick with emotion. "But I need to be honest with you about who I am and what I want. I love you, and I want to be with you... But I want you to share me with a man?—"

"You mean... You aren't looking to date a man while we're together?" Vic

interrupts, her tone laced with confusion.

“No,” I exhale, vehemently shaking my head. Shit! I fucked this up... “I am one hundred percent committed to us and what we have! I’m not asking you to open our relationship. I’m not looking for another partner. I just... Sex. I want sex with a big fucking guy that can throw me around and overpower me.”

“Tell me how you really feel.” Vic chuckles at my admission, and a heated flush flares over my cheeks.

“I love you, and I want to keep being with you.” I squeeze her hands and press my forehead to hers. “And if you say no, I understand, Madame. And I’ll figure out how to be okay with that. Because you are worth far more to me than what I’m asking for.”

Vic presses her soft lips against mine with a gentle, lingering kiss. When she pulls back, her breath wisps over my lower lip. “I appreciate you being so open and honest with me, sweet girl. I’m open to giving you what you asked for.”

“Is that a yes?” I blurt with an arched brow.

“I’ll do anything for you,” Vic responds with a smile, pressing her lips back to mine. “Usually, I’d want more time to find a suitable partner”—Vic pauses to draw my attention to the open email on her laptop—“but it appears fate was on your side with this one. I know just who I would enjoy sharing you with.”

CHAPTER THREE

VICTORIA

Staring at my reflection in the bathroom mirror, it feels almost surreal how fast this night has come about. I smooth my hands over the outfit I carefully chose for tonight's occasion—a tight black leather miniskirt paired with a sheer white blouse that clings to me in all the right places. My hair is tousled, and every detail of my makeup is perfect. I add the final touch—a pair of strappy black stilettos that make my legs look even longer than they already are.

I run my fingers through my hair one last time, trying to smooth any stray strands before heading into the bedroom to ensure Elena is ready.

And is she ever...

Elena is standing by the bed, admiring herself in the mirror. She is wearing a deep red dress with a scandalously low neckline that hugs her generous curves. Her long, dark hair cascades over her shoulders. The confidence radiating off her is undeniable. She is stunning—as always—but tonight, she looks particularly seductive. She's daring the club to try and ignore her.

Without noticing me, she takes a seat on the cream ottoman at the foot of the bed. I stare at her in silence from the threshold for a moment as she fumbles with the buckle of her strappy heels. "Let me help you with that, sweet girl," I insist, crossing the room and carefully lowering myself to her feet. I run my hands down the length of her calf and pull her foot into my lap, affixing the buckle she was struggling with.

When I reach for the other, I stare up at her and confess, “You look...”

“Gorgeous?” she asks with a smirk, when my words trail off.

“Always.” I nod with a flirtatious wink. “I was going to stay almost too good to share... Almost.”

The flush on her round, naturally rosy cheeks deepens, and I can’t stop the smile that tugs at the corners of my mouth. Sheepish and embarrassed, she mirrors my expression. Fuck, I love that look. I’d do anything to see more of it. Apparently, including sharing the woman I love.

Tonight is supposed to be fun, something different. But a small part of me— okay, maybe a big part— is hesitant. Being with a man isn’t new for either of us, as we’ve both had prior relationships with men—her as a submissive and me as a Domme. For as secure as I am in what the two of us have together, I would never forgive myself if giving into this desire of hers was the reason it crumbled.

“Thank you again, Madame.” Elena’s soft voice pulls me from my thoughts. “Thank you for being so confident in us that you can give me this.”

Whether or not it was her intention, the words immediately alleviate my hesitations. The morning of her confession was spent discussing of how this could play out. We agreed this auction is the best option for us to expand our boundaries and meet her needs. Neither of us is interested in seeking a long-term relationship with a man, but the thought of sharing someone—sharing the experience of someone else—is thrilling to us both. She gets the roughness she’s craving as we both tend to her. And I... I get control over both of them. We get to enjoy the pleasure of one night with a man without a commitment or any of the complications that would normally be involved in finding a suitable third for an evening.

My phone dings, and I glance at the screen. “Our car is downstairs.” Grabbing my clutch from the dresser, I quickly check to make sure I have everything we’ll need—keys, a credit card, some cash, and, even though the club has plenty, condoms—and shove my phone into it.

The city is alive with lights and noise when we step out of the building. With our fingers laced together, we ride in silence to Club Triskelion. Elena squeezes my hand as my driver pulls to a stop beside the bouncer-guarded velvet ropes. “If at any point you decide you don’t want this, sweet girl”—I return her squeeze—“use your safeword. We don’t have to do anything you aren’t comfortable with.”

“Just nervous, Madame,” she insists as we climb from the back of the Town car.

The club is busier than usual, the auction enticing less active members to make an appearance. The sounds of laughter and chatter mix with the low hum of music and clattering glasses. We make our way through the excited crowd, Elena’s hand firmly in mine as I guide her through the maze of bodies—a sea of gorgeous men in tuxedos and beautiful women in shimmering dresses.

The auction stage, a raised platform, is in the middle of the club, surrounded by tables and chairs for bidders. “Ms. Conrad?” a young, attractive usher calls, garnering my attention to an empty table with a reserved sign. “Your table.”

“Thank you.” I nod, pulling out a chair and helping Elena into her seat before allowing the usher to do the same for me.

“They’re about to start,” he informs us. “Can I get you any drinks before the bidding begins?”

“A martini for me, extra dry. And my sweet girl will have a French 75. Thank you.”

He disappears into the bustling crowd as Tristan Evans steps onto the edge of the stage, a microphone in hand and a devilishly charming grin on his face. “Ladies and gentlemen,” he calls into the crowd, “welcome to tonight’s bachelor auction. We have some incredible men lined up for you. They’re here for your pleasure, for your bidding. Tonight is about fantasy and, for some of you... about letting go your inhibitions.”

The first bachelor is called to the stage. He’s tall, with broad shoulders and a confident—yet slightly arrogant—grin. His muscles ripple under his fitted suit, and the tables surrounding us immediately begin to buzz with excitement. He widens his smile, clearly used to the attention.

“What do you think?” Elena leans close and whispers in my ear. “Or too much?”

“He’s definitely appealing,” I admit, referring to his physical appearance. “But we’re going to wait. I know exactly who I want for you this evening.”

My disclosure causes Elena to bite at her lower lip. The auction carries on. Man after deliciously attractive man going for a price higher than the last, and I can sense Elena’s excitement building. The next man is introduced, and the spark in Elena’s eyes bursts into a wildfire.

I knew he’d be perfect.

CHAPTER FOUR

CONOR

Do the auction, they said. You'll have fun, they said. Bull-fucking-shit.

An evening spent leaning against the back wall of the club, with no drink in hand or woman on my arm, while I wait my turn to be auctioned off is not even remotely what I would consider fun. Fucking someone's hot wife, that's fun. I finished my glass of Jameson nearly an hour ago, and had I known my brothers had forbidden any of the bartenders from serving me again this evening, I might have nursed it a little more.

Twirling the empty glass in my hand, I watch Tristan auction off some twats who are far too excited about this event. Poor bastards probably can't get their dick wet without a little help . Each of them flexing muscles and flirting with the crowd in hopes of going for a higher bid.

"You're up next, big guy." Layla steps next to me, appearing out of nowhere, and squeezes my bicep. She slides the empty glass from my hand and replaces it with a single.

Not even remotely attempting to hide my sarcasm, I swallow the amber liquid in a single gulp and respond, "Great."

"Maybe try to pretend this isn't the absolute worst night of your life," she quips with a smile and shake of her head. Normally, her brattiness is a trait I am absolutely

enamored with. Tonight, I'm so fucking annoyed at being guilted into this event that even her playful bratting is grating on what's left of my last nerve.

The poor bloke on stage auctions off in record time, but not a record-setting bid. I watch as he eagerly walks into the crowd with a woman old enough to be his grandmother. Tristan gestures for me to join him on stage. Giving me a swat on the ass, Layla is all too perky when she shouts over the crowd, "Go get 'em, Conor."

At least it's finally my turn. A few quick bids and I will be done with this fucking auction.

With a confident step onto the stage, I'm catcalled like a hot woman walking past a construction site. I'm an Evans. I'm used to attention. A lot of attention from a lot of different women. But this... this isn't the same. I'm not used to—nor am I interested in—being paraded around like a piece of meat for the highest bidder. I prefer to choose the women I bed.

My luck, I'll get won by the most vanilla couple here—and forced to endure Missionary Martha's fantasy of a slow, boring fuck while her husband watches.

Tristan rambles meaningless drib into the microphone about what an amazing catch I am and how eager I am to fulfill the desires of the lucky lass that wins me. Fighting the urge to roll my eyes, I force a cheeky smile and the chatter of the women in the audience grows louder.

"Who wants to take Conor home tonight?" Tristan asks, and I rub my hand over the stubble on my jaw, trying to hide my irritation with this whole situation as shrill screams of excitement fill the club. "Bidding starts now!"

He no more than finishes his sentence and paddles begin to fly into the air. Bids are called out almost immediately—the usual meager bids that every bachelor received as

they stood in my place.

“One hundred thousand!” a familiar voice shouts from the back of the club, her tone high and eager. Shaking my head, I chuckle as Tristan scowls over his shoulder.

“What?” I mouth, shrugging. I can’t see Layla in the darkness at the back of the club, but I can guess with near certainty that she’s grinning from ear-to-ear knowing what that little stunt is going to mean for her perfect arse . If I’m lucky, she’ll be the final bid, and this will be over with.

“One hundred and fifty thousand!” another woman calls, her tone confident that her pockets are more than deep enough to cover her bid.

The bids keep coming, faster and higher. And suddenly, this stupid fucking auction is a whole hell of a lot more interesting! I watch—almost in awe—as the bids continue to climb and the paddles don’t slow.

Tristan continues to work the room, enticing more bids, even though it isn’t remotely necessary at this point. I barely acknowledge the numbers being called, only hearing the hum of the room and excited murmurs of anticipation.

“Two hundred and seventy-five thousand,” a mature blonde calls from beside the stage. I’ve seen her down the viewing hall. She is most definitely not a Missionary Martha. Oh, please let this be the final bid!

From the corner of my eye, I see another white paddle sliding into the air, and I let out a heavy sigh. This can’t possibly go on much longer. As the only single Evans, I expected to be the highest lot of the night. What I didn’t expect was the price that some of these women would be willing to pay for that. A quarter of a million to get fucked by me. I’m a stellar fuck, but even I think that’s absurd.

Tristan leans into the microphone again, his voice cutting through the hum of the crowd. “Do I hear three hundred thousand?” His tone carries my disbelief at this current situation. “Three hundred thousand for my brother, Conor Evans. Any take?—”

“Three hundred thousand,” a sultry feminine voice calls from behind me, the rich, husky tone causing me to spin on my heel to find the source as goosebumps prickles down my arms.

CHAPTER FIVE

ELENA

“Three hundred thousand,” Victoria calls out the outlandish bid Tristan is asking for, causing my breath to hitch again.

The first time it happened was the moment Conor Evans stepped onto the stage. His reputation precedes him, but it doesn’t do him a shred of justice. He is tall—easily several inches over six feet. His broad shoulders and well-defined muscles were immediately noticeable under his well-tailored, dark charcoal suit, but it was his face that mesmerized me. He has a strong, scruff-covered jawline and gorgeous full lips. The Tom Hardy kind you daydream about teasingly exploring every inch of your body. And those eyes—deep pools matching the purest of exotic oceans—that pierce through the room. He carries himself with an air of confidence—not arrogance—and it’s absolutely magnetic.

“Vic?” I lean close and whisper-shout her name. “I mean, Madame. You do know who that is, don’t you?”

Giving me a playful smirk, she asks, “What do you mean?”

“Conor... Conor Evans.” I tip my head, dropping my voice as I lean closer in hopes no one will hear me. Everyone knows who they are. Apparently, everyone but Victoria. “The Evans brothers... They’re not just club owners. They’re powerful... Dangerous... They are... mafia.” I glance back up at the stage as I wait for Victoria’s response, my heart racing as he stares at the two of us. Despite the warnings I’m

trying to give her for both of our safety, my body responds to him in a way I wasn't expecting—his raw physical presence and my sheer intrigue making me yearn for things I know I shouldn't.

Ignoring the gorgeous man towering over us, Victoria slips her fingers under my chin and turns my attention toward her. "I see the way you look at him. The way you react to him... You want him. Don't you?" Her voice is soft and calculated. This is no longer solely about fulfilling my desire—it has morphed into a dangerous game. A game of power and money, and she knows exactly what she's doing. She doesn't care about his mafia ties or his family's notorious reputation.

All my ignored warnings aside, she's right.

All I can think about is the way he looks—his strength, his power, the way his eyes seem to look right through me, and the things I can't stop imagining him doing to me. "I want him," I breathlessly blurt, as though I can't hold back my answer.

Tristan continues to call for bids, his voice a smooth, practiced cadence as he continues to work the crowd, encouraging people to throw their money around in hopes of winning. The room buzzing with excitement, Tristan's gaze settles on us as he awaits the next bid.

"Tonight is for you, sweet girl. And I'm going to ensure you get everything you want and more," Victoria whispers, confidently lifting her paddle.

"Your bid, Ms. Conrad?" Tristan asks, and my heart skips a beat. This is crazy. Victoria lowers her paddle with poise. Her tousled dark hair falls over her shoulder and frames her face, accentuating the subtle red lips that the slight flush on her usually porcelain cheeks. Even here—at a kink club—she exudes the powerful elegance that originally attracted me to her.

Squeezing my hand, Victoria calls out, “Five hundred thousand!” It’s an outlandish bid. Half a million to appease my desire. Shocks and gasps ripple through the crowd as people gawk—some stunned, some impressed.

“Madame?” I choke, but Victoria doesn’t falter. The money is insignificant to her. She comes from what people refer to as old money—generational wealth. So much of it, she could buy me a Conor Evans every night of the week and probably still never need to work a day in her life.

“Going once... Going twice...” Tristan calls over the grumblings of the women Victoria has clearly outbid. The room falls silent. No one daring to challenge the price she has just announced. And then, to my surprise, Tristan shouts, “Sold! To the stunning couple in the front!”

Conor steps off the stage and walks toward us, his eyes locking with mine, a rush of excitement and anticipation rushes through me. I can’t bring myself to break our stare, and it only fuels this strange and undeniable pull between the two of us—heat, need, and curiosity.

With her arm around my waist, Victoria pulls me close and whispers into my ear, “I would’ve paid double, sweet girl... to see that look of pure desire you have painted across your face. Maybe triple if he ruins your sweet pussy the way I’m expecting him to.”

“What?” I gulp as he reaches our table.

Ignoring the man she just paid an obscene amount of money for, Victoria stands from the table and gestures for me to join her. She takes my hand with hers and pulls me behind her as she takes a step into the crowd. Looking over her shoulder, she commands, “This way, Mr. Evans.”

CHAPTER SIX

CONOR

“This way, Mr. Evans.” My winning bidder’s rich, husky voice calls over her shoulder. She’s absolutely gorgeous—tall, lean, and athletic, with sharp, mesmerizing hazel eyes and brunette hair that cascades around her face. Her poise, the way she moves, is commanding. Strong. She holds herself with such authority, such dominance. There is no doubt in my mind that she is the one in charge. Dommes generally aren’t my partner of choice, but there is something undeniably magnetic about her... and the way her voice rumbles through me.

I follow behind her and her partner, noticing their laced fingers and the undeniable chemistry between them—moving together perfectly in sync as they lead me toward a private room at the end of the exhibition hall. When we step into the room, I get my first real look at the woman with her.

She is equally as stunning with her black hair and dark eyes. Her generous curves fill out her dark red dress in all the right ways, which is undeniably alluring. It’s not just her shape that’s drawing me in; it’s her understated confidence and the way her soft, rosy cheeks grow more flushed with excitement the longer my gaze rakes over every inch of her.

They are both beautiful—gorgeous in completely different ways—and I am irrefutably attracted to them. I lock eyes with the woman in charge—the one who bid on me with such confidence. Ms. Conrad, I believe Tristan called her. Her hazel eyes do not falter from mine, they shimmer with authority as she slides her hand around

mine with a firm grip. “Victoria Conrad.” She shakes my hand.

“Conor Evans.” I smirk. “But I believe you already know that.”

“And this is Elena.” Victoria withdraws her hand from mine and gestures to the voluptuous woman beside her, watching me with a soft intensity as though she’s trying to figure me out. I extend my arm, and her dark eyes widen with excitement as her small hand slips into mine, both of us clearly feel the electricity between us. “I have one rule for you tonight, Mr. Evans,” Victoria divulges, quickly garnering my attention.

An intrigued smile spreads across my face. “And that is?”

“I know your reputation. I’ve been a member more than long enough to know your interests.” Victoria’s words are deliberately slow for effect as she takes a seat at the edge of the bed and crosses her legs. “You’re ours for the night. We are not yours. You aren’t in charge here.”

“Is that so?” I flirtatiously retort, closing the distance between us, only to find myself met with her palm pressed into my chest.

Pushing me back just far enough to grant her room to fit between me and the bed, Victoria rises, her body sliding up mine. Her hand is still firmly pressed to my chest as she lightly rubs her face along my jaw and whispers, “I know you aren’t used to submitting, but we both know curiosity has taken hold. You want to know what I was so eager to pay for, don’t you?”

I don’t answer her; I don’t need to. She can feel my heart thumping in anticipation as clearly as she can feel my cock growing rigid against her stomach.

“You’re going to be a good boy for me,” she demandingly whispers, her lips dusting

along my jaw. “Just for one night. You’re here to please Elena at my direction.”

I swallow hard at her challenge. One night... My submission is a small price to pay for the chance to spend an evening with these two.

Victoria raises an eyebrow, the tiniest smirk pulling at the corner of her lips. She takes her hand off my chest and moves it to my stomach, assessing my response in a way that causes my heart to race. She’s in charge, and I’m so intrigued to know where this is going that I’m going to follow her lead. Begrudgingly.

“Good boy,” she praises, gesturing for Elena to join us. Elena’s arm brushes against mine as she steps beside me, and she glances up at me with a shy but eager smile. Her timid desire is fucking intoxicating. Victoria places Elena’s hands on my chest and glides them toward my shoulders, slipping my suit jacket down my arms. With their hands now on the buttons of my shirt, Victoria softly commands, “Unwrap your gift, sweet girl.”

Elena works to rid me of my clothes, her fingers fumbling from the distraction of Victoria’s kisses on her bare skin. Her lips run the length of Elena’s neck and down her shoulder as she undoes the zipper at the back of her dress. My heart thumps from the grueling eternity it takes for Elena to undress me, By the time my pants slide down my thighs and her dress ripples to the floor, my cock is rock hard.

“He is fucking exquisite,” Victoria purrs against the crook of Elena’s neck, causing her to let out a tiny whimper of agreement as she licks her lips. “Nearly as perfect as you.”

Victoria wraps her hand around my cock, skillfully unrolling a condom as she slides her fist from tip to base and back. Fuck... A low growl rumbles in my chest, a pained mixture of enjoyment and fighting my need to take control as she repeatedly fists my length. “Are you wet for him already?” Victoria asks, reaching her free hand between

Elena's thighs. "Because he's fucking hard as hell for you."

"For both of you," I grit through my teeth, unable to hold my tongue as Victoria's finger slips inside Elena's already slick cunt. She pulls her glistening finger free and presses it to my lips before shushing me. My tongue darts from between my lips, licking at her finger, needing a taste of the sweet scent filling my nostrils.

"So eager," she taunts, lightly pushing me to the chair behind me. She walks Elena backward over my thighs and lifts my cock, pressing my tip against to Elena's inviting entrance.

Elena waits patiently for permission, hovering just above me. Victoria nods and Elena slowly lowers into my lap, pained whimpers blow over her lips as she struggles to fit me. Fisting her thick hips and fighting the urge to drag her over me, I hiss, "Fuck... You're so fucking tight."

"Look at you, taking every thick fucking inch," Victoria croons as Elena buries me to the hilt. Victoria places her hands over mine, guiding Elena over my length. "You look so fucking good, stretched wide and riding his cock."

"Thank you, Madame." Elena's voice quavers as she continues to adjust to my size.

Dropping to her knees between our feet, Victoria stares up at us. "You'll look even better doing it with my face buried in your cunt." Without hesitation, she runs her tongue over my balls and through Elena's pussy, the three of us moaning together. She licks and sucks without abandon, causing Elena to grind over my length as she quickly hurtles toward her release.

While I'm not new to threesomes, this is a new and unique experience. I'm not used to the women being this into pleasing each other—usually it comes off as more of a chore while they wait their turn with me. But Victoria is as eager to make Elena come

as I am.

Slipping my hand around Elena's throat, I tip her head. Pepperling a trail of wet kisses along her neck, I groan, "Ugh... she's right. You're fucking gorgeous riding my cock and her face."

CHAPTER SEVEN

ELENA

“Are you going to come for us?” Conor gravelly whispers, his tongue dragging along the shell of my ear. Roughly gripping the skin above my hips, he forces me to keep my pace. Victoria swirls her tongue around my clit before she draws it into her mouth as her eyes lock onto mine. Holding my stare, she sucks relentlessly and teases the swollen nub with her tongue, practically forcing me to scream my answer to Conor’s question.

“Yes,” I breathlessly exhale. “I’m so fucking close.”

Conor fills me unlike any cock—or toy—I’ve ever had, his piercing sliding along my walls with every gyration. The fullness of him and Victoria’s ever-talented tongue has me hovering on the brink. Spreading me wider, she grinds the hard flat of her tongue against my clit, and it’s my undoing. Desperately crying out in pleasure, I clench around Conor, and he nips the crook of my shoulder. “You feel so fucking good, quivering around me,” he groans against my neck.

Vic doesn’t stop her assault on my clit. Instead, she licks and sucks with greater fervor, demanding another orgasm from me. Licking up my neck, Conor taunts, “Your Madame seems very eager to watch you come all over my cock again.”

“Three more for me.” Victoria pulls her arousal-covered lips from my clit, temporarily replacing them with her vigorously strumming fingers. “And then I’ll let him fuck you exactly how you want.”

Burying her face back between my thighs, she quickly pulls two more orgasms from me. Her short, manicured nails dig into the flesh of my shaking thighs as I teeter between the pleasure and pain from the repeated laps of her tongue.

Grinding his hips into me from below, Conor's heavy, warm breaths waft over my breast. "When she makes you come... How do you want to be fucked?"

"Hard... Rough... Feeling your firm hands..." I pant between labored breaths, "Knowing you can have me... however you want." He tightens his fingers around my throat, giving me a small taste of what I'm asking for, and I unfurl for them. My whole body shakes as another orgasm explodes through me, and I cry out my release.

"Such a good girl," Victoria praises, leaning back on her heels and wiping her fingers through the arousal glistening over her chin. A pleased smile on her face, she stares past me to Conor. "Such a good boy, too. Waiting so patiently to fuck her the way you're used to."

Victoria slowly spreads her knees, her already short skirt inching up to her hips, revealing to us both that she is pantiless. She slips her fingers coated with my arousal between her thighs, her middle and index fingers disappearing inside her. "I'm going to enjoy watching you fuck her," Vic informs Conor as she begins to ride her hand. When she turns her attention to me, she rocks over her fingers. "Almost as much as I'm going to enjoy watching you get used like the little slut you want to be."

Wrapping a firm arm around my waist and the other across my breasts, Conor pins me against him. His chest presses against my back as he takes a deep breath. "You might be her slut, but you're going to be good fucking girl for me," he whispers against the side of my face. I barely manage to gasp before he begins pounding into me from below. His girthy length repeatedly fills me, as both of us enjoy Vic pleasuring herself, as we grunt through his savage thrusts. "My good... fucking girl... needs to come... for me."

“Fuck!” I squeal, gripping the upholstered arms of the chair as I come solely from the massive cock slamming into me.

Using his hold around my hips and chest, Conor lifts us from the chair with ease and carries me to the bed. Growling, he tosses me onto it. “I’m nowhere near done with you yet. Pet that sweet kitty, keep it purring for me.”

Turning on his heel, he extends a hand to Victoria. She rises to her feet, and he cups her face. “And like it or not, while I might be her gift tonight, I’m done with you yet, either.” His lips crash against hers, and I’m surprised at her willingness to allow his tongue between her lips. While kissing her hard and deep, he rids her of her sheer blouse and walks her to the bed. The two of them climb on beside me before finally breaking their passionate embrace.

“Your pussy tastes fucking incredible from her lips.” Conor slides down the bed and between my thighs. “But I bet it tastes even fucking better on my tongue.” He licks the length of me, his delighted groan vibrating over my clit.

“Now you know why she’s my sweet girl,” Victoria shares before reclaiming my lips. With the taste of me still on her tongue, she plunders my mouth until Conor has her swallowing my screams as he demands another orgasm with his tongue.

Conor leaves a wet trail of kisses over my soft stomach and up my breasts, giving me a moment of reprieve from the overwhelming euphoria. Pressed against my entrance, he pins my hands above my head and slides the entirety of himself back into me. His rough hand grips my thigh, and he yanks it over his hip so he can take me even deeper than before. Lying beside me, legs splayed, Victoria watches us and rubs over her clit.

“You feel so fucking good,” Conor grunts between thrusts. The curved barbell running under the ridge of his thick head grinds against my G-spot, and I can’t stop

the wave from washing over me again. “And watching you come is fucking addicting.”

Releasing my hands and slowing his thrusts, he glances over at Victoria who’s vigorously working her fingers into her pussy. With my hand to pressed against his mouth, he kisses my palm before whispering against it, “Be a good girl and help your Madame.”

CHAPTER EIGHT

VICTORIA

Conor's gaze is locked on mine, and it burns through me as I watch the two of them. Fuck...watching him give her what she wants is so fucking hot. Yet, no matter how intensely I strum at my clit— and fuck, am I ever determined— I'm unable to bring myself to climax. He sucks Elena's middle and index fingers into his mouth, not breaking our stare as he fucks her slowly. When he withdraws them, they're both thoroughly coated with his saliva. "Tonight might be about Elena, but I'm still a fucking gentleman," he insists, sliding her hand toward my needy pussy. He rubs her fingertips around my slick entrance and presses them into me, not stopping until she's buried deep inside me. "Ladies always come first."

His gesture defies my lone rule for him, and, at the same time, has Elena pleasuring me at her will instead of mine, challenging our dynamic. I should be furious. Fucking enraged. But Elena feels so fucking good thrusting and curling inside me that I can't deny he knows exactly what I need. He sloppily kisses Elena's heaving breasts and roughly palms mine, not once breaking his stare with me. He pinches my already taut nipple, rolling it between his fingers as his tongue swirls around Elena's, and I can practically feel his tongue swirling around mine.

"Harder." I slap my hand over his and force him to tighten his hold on my breast, clamoring for control and trying to deny how much I like his defiance—his dominance. Our hands bringing me closer to the release that's been eluding me, and I demand, "Fuck her harder."

Conor obeys without hesitation, lifting his hips and driving into Elena hard and deep. A squealed grunt of bliss billows from her lungs as he repeated slams into her, every thrust forcing her fingers to slide into me at a rougher pace. And fuck, does it feel good. After licking my fingers, I return them to my clit and meet her fervor with my own.

“That’s it,” Conor croons to Elena when she works a third and fourth finger into me. “Stretch out her pussy as you match my thrusts, baby girl. Fill her like I’m filling you. Show her how fucking good it feels to take my cock.”

Elena fucks me with nearly her whole hand, and the pleasure builds like a grumbling warmth in the pit of my stomach. I watch Conor’s thick condom-covered length repeatedly disappear into Elena’s soaked pussy as my hips rise from the bed, needily meeting her. “You’re going to come for me,” he grits between long, fast strokes, his eyes darting between us. He slams into Elena, and she screams in pleasure, another powerful orgasm wracking her already exhausted body. Conor wraps his calloused fingers around my throat, giving a squeeze just enough to demand my attention. With his eyes fixed on mine, he swirls his tongue around my nipple and commands, “Both of you.”

As though on cue, my body follows his instruction. My back arches from the bed, and breathy, silent cries tremble over my lips. Unrelenting pleasure fires through every nerve in my body, and I come so hard that tears trickle down my cheeks. Not pulling his eyes from me, taking in every trembling moment of my euphoria, Conor’s hips sputter and a pained expression pulls at his face. He buries himself into Elena and grits, “Fuuuuck!”

“Fuck...” My fingers rub over my lips, and I’m thankful they muffle my breathy echo. Rolling onto my side, I dust my hand over Elena’s ruddy cheek. She stares back at me—fully satiated—through heavy lids, struggling to keep her gorgeous eyes open. It isn’t a problem she’s struggling with alone. While I only came once tonight,

it has completely ruined me. In ways I'm not willing to think about right now. Cupping Elena's cheek, I ask, "Was it everything you wanted, sweet girl?"

"Yes, Madame," she struggles to answer through her grogginess. Her eyes slowly drag to Conor, who is carefully pulling his condom-covered length from her. "And more."

"It was my honor, baby girl," Conor insists, tossing the condom into the trash. When he returns to the bed, he places a soft, chaste kiss on Elena's lips. Hovering against them, he whispers, "You were incredible." He leans over her and places a similar kiss at the corner of my mouth before whispering, "As were you. But together, the two of you... neamhghnách ... fucking extraordinary."

I pull Elena into me, and her soft body nuzzles against me, her silky hair tickling my sensitive skin as Conor gathers his clothes from the floor at the foot of the bed. His gaze lingers on the two of us entwined as he leisurely redresses, covering his impeccable physique and that glorious, monstrous cock he has been blessed with. My tongue involuntarily drags over my lower lip at the thought of it, and a smug smirk pulls at the corner of his mouth as though he can read my private thoughts.

"It really was a privilege." Conor dips his hand into the breast pocket of his jacket draped over his arm, and pulls out a glossy black-and-gold business card. He places it on the bedside table beside my clutch. "A privilege I would very much enjoy the honor of again."

He doesn't press his interest or linger. He knows what this was. Conor walks from the room as abruptly as we whisked him into it, leaving me alone with my love curled against me. Holding her tighter, I can't pull my eyes from the gold-foiled card on the bedside table.

Just like I can't pull myself from these thoughts...

CHAPTER NINE

CONOR

“So...?” Finn draws out the word, making it beyond obvious that he’s dying of curiosity.

Annoyed, I turn my attention from the road and glance toward him in the rear of the Suburban. “So? What?”

“Don’t play cute and naïve. It doesn’t suit you.” He shakes his head with a scowl, driving home his point. “You usually can’t wait to share every detail of your conquests, but it’s been days, and you haven’t so much as uttered a peep about those two gorgeous women.”

“The honeymoon phase over?” I ask, looking back at the traffic in front of us. “Cat not putting out day and night anymore so you need to get the details of my sex life?”

“Nope. I practically had to pull him off her to get him to come with us,” Liam chimes in from the backseat beside Finn.

“Fifteen minutes,” Finn huffs. “It was all I was fucking asking for. Maybe twenty.” The two of them bicker about Liam’s impatience and Finn’s lack of respect for other people’s time, and for a moment, I think I might have actually dodged this conversation.

The grumbling subsides, and Finn leans between the front seats, propping his elbows

on the center console. I expect him to press the matter. Instead, he's silent as Liam asks, "I'm not going to lie. A Domme and sub... both absolutely gorgeous. I really want to know how that played out."

"You can't be serious?" I bark. "When I fucked Layla, no one asked how two Doms went."

"That's because we were all listening outside the door," Finn snickers, and I can't help but wonder how truthful that statement actually is.

"The lot of you aren't going to let this go, are you?"

"Nope," Finn and Liam chorus, with Tristan now joining in from the seat beside me.

I shoot him a glare. "Really? You too?"

"You're the one that brought up fucking my wife. Again." He shrugs with a smirk. "You clearly brought this on yourself."

"Fine," I huff. "It was enjoyable, and we all left satisfied."

"For fuck's sake." Finn rolls his eyes. "I could say the same fucking thing about breakfast. Give us the shit you know we're asking for. Like, were you a good boy for Ms. Conrad?"

"Jesus fucking Christ," I snarl, slamming on the brakes and spinning around to face Finn. "Were you fucking listening outside the door?"

A shit-eating grin spreads across his face, and I realize he has clearly just pulled the upper hand with a good fucking guess. He cocks a brow and teasingly affirms, "Conor Evans is a good boy."

“Watch yourself, Finn,” Tristan warns from the front seat. “From the look in his eyes, you’re one comment from pissing blood until next week.”

“Not even,” I mumble under my breath. “And don’t get shit twisted. Victoria had my hands wrapped around her throat as she submitted to me.” I let out a slow breath, my thoughts immediately drifting to the thump of her rapid pulse beneath my fingertips as Elena’s fingers drove her over the edge.

“Fuck...” Liam exclaims from the back seat. “You actually like the two of them, don’t you? We were all giving you shit about doing the fucking event to finally meet someone worth being serious about.”

Now you fucking tell me...

For the past week, the Victoria and Elena are the only fucking things I can think about. I’ve had more fucking threesomes than I count, but the two of them were more than I’ve ever even fantasized about. And with my vivid imagination about my brother’s wives, that’s saying a fucking lot. Victoria and Elena are individually striking—completely different from each other—making them an irresistible pair.

“You’re going to do something stupid and reckless, aren’t you?” Tristan asks, turning in his seat as he assesses me.

“What makes you think that?” I ire back, not needing a reply. The rules we made for the auction were strict and kept things from spiraling out of control. “I’m not naming names, but I have it on damn good authority that one someone else isn’t adhering to the ‘one night only’ rule.” I leave out the part about that couple not having even fucked yet—for my point, it’s vaguely irrelevant. We’re clearly breaking the rules out of temptation—one of us giving in and the other fighting it.

“Because you’re a fucking Evans,” he sighs. “Not one of us hasn’t done some stupid

shit for a woman we barely knew. It's fucking foolish, but none of us can stop you from pursuing her."

"Them," I correct him. "I'm not interested in one of them over the other."

"Both?" Tristan raises a brow at my correction. "I guess that's better than the scandal that would be if you broke up their happy home."

"Fuck it!" Finn shouts, glancing at Liam. "If this asshole can give away half our empire, what's a tiny rule about not fraternizing with the lovely ladies who bought you?"

"You're so fucked," Liam chuckles quietly behind me. "You think one woman had all of us down bad... Those beautiful women are going to fucking destroy you."

"I want to keep fucking them, not marry them," I huff, pulling into the parking spot and turning off the car.

When he slides from the back of the Suburban, Liam mumbles, "Yeah... That's what the rest of us thought, too."

CHAPTER TEN

ELENA

Startling awake with a gasp, my heart slams against my rib cage as my mind continues to race. Fuck... that felt so real. Sliding my hand beneath the soft Egyptian linens, I press my hand against the needy ache between my thighs, only to find my panties are completely soaked.

Closing my eyes, I bite my lower lip and recall the vividness of the dream I just woke from. Conor's hands rubbing over my body and playfully toying with my clit as he fucks me slow and deep from behind, repeatedly bringing me to the brink before denying me. The ache I'm grinding my palm against is the result of my subconscious edging me. I roll onto my stomach and slip my fingers into my panties. Trying to push thoughts of him from my mind, I rub my clit, desperately seeking the relief my dream didn't provide.

It wasn't supposed to be this way. The auction was supposed to be nothing more than one night of indulgence. It wasn't supposed to mean anything. Yet I can't stop thinking about it—about him. Every touch, every kiss, the feel of his cock, and the way he commanded my body. It all plays on a loop in my mind—even in my sleep.

Palming my breast and plunging my fingers inside me, I lose my ability to push him away, and imagine his rough hands dusting over my skin as he fucks me with his thick cock. I come hard and fast, my release shooting through me, and I bite my pillow to stifle the moan that rattles from my lungs.

Guilt washing over me, I swallow thickly, bury my face in the pillow, and groan, “Fuck!” The shame filling me stretches much further than the fantasy I just came to—somewhere much darker. A magnetism pulling at me, making me want to return to him so I can experience him again... and again.

And it’s fucking terrifying.

With a shaky breath, I climb from the bed and discard my wet panties before also removing my camisole. I glance at the clock. 7:23 a.m. Victoria is likely in her office but hasn’t actually started her day. I walk slowly down the hall, pulling a thin robe over my naked body. Reaching the door, my legs begin to tremble, like they might give way beneath me. My heart hammers in a painful rhythm I can’t control, and my palms grow clammy.

This could ruin everything...

“Sweet girl?” Victoria calls from her office. “This pacing nervously outside of my office is starting to become a habit.”

“Sorry, Madame,” I respond, my voice cracking, barely above a whisper.

“Come in.” Her voice is warm and inviting.

Pushing the door open and stepping into the room, Victoria stares at me in silence. The air is thick, and it’s apparent I have something on my mind. She studies me for a moment before breaking the silence. “Talk to me,” she says softly, but with a firm undertone.

I stand before her, trying to gather my thoughts, feeling like my breath and my words are both caught in my throat. How do you tell the woman you love you’re lusty for someone else? “I... I’ve been thinking... Or... I can’t stop thinking... About the

auction,” I stammer through my rambling thoughts before pausing and trying to collect myself. “About Conor.”

Barring a slight narrowing of her eyes, her expression doesn’t change. “About Conor?” she echoes with something in her tone I can’t quite put my finger on.

Shifting uncomfortably and fidgeting with the sash of my robe, I nod as my heart begins beating harder than it did pacing outside her office. Terrified to hurt her, I’m unable to stop myself from confessing my full truth. “There was just... something about it. Something... different. The chemistry between us—between all of us—was so... intense .”

Victoria stays silent, exhaling a long, deep breath with her gaze fixed on me. She doesn’t look angry or disappointed, but my inability to read her reaction has my chest tightening.

“I’m sorry,” I whisper, my eyes falling to the floor shamefully. “I don’t want to betray you. To betray us . But I’ve can’t stop thinking about it. I’ve been fantasizing about him since that night. I can’t seem to let it go, and I?—”

“Elena,” she interrupts me with her husky, commanding voice. Panic takes hold, I’m unable to breathe, and I clutch at my chest. She stands from her chair and stalks toward me, her presence overwhelming. Reaching me, she grips my chin and tilts my face up to hers. Forced to meet her gaze, I’m surprised not to find the betrayal I was expecting in her soft hazel eyes. Instead, I find something else—something I can’t quite place. With a calm yet firm tone, she tells me, “I know you, better than you know yourself. I understand what you’re feeling. And I know what you need.”

The weight of her words is crushing, like our whole relationship is crumbling on top of me. I want to argue, to tell her that she’s more than enough. But I can’t. I feel something that I can’t shove inside and ignore. And it scares the hell out of me.

“You didn’t betray me, sweet girl.” Victoria softly strokes her fingers over my cheeks, wiping away the wetness of tears I didn’t realize had started to fall. “I am the one who brought him into our lives, and that’s something I’m struggling with as well. It’s okay to struggle with your desires if you’re going to be open with me. I don’t want you to hide them or bury them. If this is something you need to explore—that we need to explore—then we need to talk about it.”

Is she saying what I think she is?

“I love how open you are with me, Elena.” She presses a kiss against my lips, lingering against them. “As my submissive, it’s my job to care for you and to guide you—to give you what you need. I can’t deny what I saw between the two of you. If you want him. If you want anything with him, I’m confident enough about us to give that to you.”

Her expression softens, and she peppers a trail of kisses across my damp cheek. My pulse quickens again, but with a nervous excitement instead of a trepidatious fear. A slow, tentative breath blows over my lips, and I swallow hard.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

VICTORIA

I've been watching Elena closely since the night of the auction—frequently distracted, like her mind was elsewhere. The subtle shift in her behavior was apparent from the moment we returned home, a pained hunger in her eyes and a restlessness that weren't there before; both impossible for me to ignore.

I've been fighting the temptation to push her on this for days, wanting to let her come to me on her own. I didn't need to force this discussion, because I know my Elena too well. I knew the turmoil she was going through. Standing before me, drenched in vulnerability, she looks so fragile—the struggle she'd been harboring much deeper than I suspected. The lingering thoughts she's having about him are tearing her apart.

I know... because they're doing the same to me.

Wiping a slow rolling tear from her rosy cheek, I stare into her dark eyes. They are wide, full of uncertainty, and aching with the need for honesty and reassurance. Both of which she will get from me. Always.

"I want him." The words tremble over her lower lip so softly that they're barely audible. Her shoulders drop as she releases the weight of her confession. But the fear filling her gorgeous dark eyes doesn't dissipate.

"Thank you for telling me, sweet girl," I whisper, my voice steady and filled with warmth.

“I’ve been... I’ve been wanting to say something for days,” she admits a little shakily. “But I didn’t know how.”

“I know,” I inform her, smiling gently and brushing a strand of hair behind her ear. Trailing around the shell of her ear, my fingers trace down her neck. “I saw it. I saw how you responded to him. How you were on fire under his touch, the same you are for me right now.”

I dip my fingers beneath the thin silk of her robe. My fingertips graze the taut flesh of her nipple, and she lets out a tiny gasp as I undo the sash, pleased to find her bare beneath it. Running my hand over the curve of her hip, I cup her ass and press my lips to the crook of her neck. I walk her backward toward the couch overlooking the city, kissing the length of her neck. After laying her on the cushion, I climb between her legs and trail kisses to her heaving breasts.

“I loved watching you with him... being with you with him... I don’t want you to hide that from me...” I pepper the words down her stomach. Seamlessly, I hook her thigh over my shoulder and graze my lips up toward her core as she writhes needily beneath me. “I want to provide that to you... To be a part of it.”

I swipe my tongue through her pussy, silencing myself from speaking the thoughts about Conor I’m not quite ready to admit—especially to myself. “You always taste so good, sweet girl,” I groan against her, enjoying the whimper it pulls from her. Dribbling saliva over my fingers as I lick at her, I press two of them into her pussy. Her back arches off the couch, and she lifts her hips into me, silently requesting more. Kissing along her thighs, I slowly thrust my fingers into her again, curling them just enough that they tease her walls when I withdraw them. Elena’s breath catches, and she spasms around my fingers, already so close to coming for me.

Elena lifts her head, her gaze meeting mine as I lick at her soft, glistening, pink flesh. She looks away briefly, almost shyly, as though the vulnerability she’d shown earlier

has suddenly caught back up with her. She still isn't comfortable with the depths of her own confession. I want nothing more than to alleviate her guilt. To soothe it. Sharing my truth will put her at ease.

My truth I'm uncertain how to handle.

Elena isn't the only one who can't stop thinking about what happened in that room. I enjoyed it... far more than I was expecting. Watching him fill her with his thick, pierced cock was undeniably erotic. And the way he commanded her body... Fuck, I couldn't push the images of him fucking her and making her come from my thoughts if I tried. Not that I want to .

But that's just the tip of my interest in exploring this. I love being in charge with my partners. I always have. Even before I knew of this lifestyle. I crave the honor of earning their submission and being gifted with leading them, both in and out of the bedroom. But when his fingers wrapped around my throat and he demanded that I come, I felt something I can't explain. It was like part of me I didn't know existed came alive for him. I enjoyed when he took charge of me.

A lot.

Drawing Elena's clit into my mouth, I flick it with my tongue and suck at it, relishing in how it causes her to grind her hips against my face. Thrusting my fingers deep, I curl them against the spot that always causes her to unfurl for me. And my sweet girl doesn't disappoint. She explodes beneath me, quivering around my fingers as her clit throbs against my tongue.

Without pulling my fingers from her, I kiss up her soft belly and over her heaving breasts until I reach her mouth. When I plunge my tongue into it, she kisses me back with fervor, licking the taste of herself from me until we're both breathless. Pulling apart, I press my lips to the shell of her ear and whisper, "You aren't the only one

who wants more. I want him, too...”

Elena lets out a small, surprised gasp at my admission, excitement sparkling in her deep chocolate eyes. Staring into my mine, she licks at her fingers, coating them with saliva before pleading, “Please let me, Madame.” I pull my skirt up to my hips and spread my thighs until I’m straddling her, silently giving her the permission to please me like she asked. Such a good fucking girl . She rubs her slick fingers over my bare pussy, parting my lips and rubbing over my clit with intent.

She pulls her hand from between my thighs and lifts it back to her mouth, sucking her fingers into her mouth with a delighted moan. “Does my sweet girl like the taste of me?” I ask, forcing her fingers deeper into her throat.

When I finally release them, she gasps for breath and pants, “Yes, Madame.”

Lacing my fingers into her deep umber locks, I climb up her body and settle myself over her face. “Show me,” I demand before lowering my hips and guiding her mouth to my pussy. She laps at me eagerly, her tongue expertly dragging through me, gripping my thighs and pulling me closer as though she’s unable to get enough.

We spend hours keeping each other coming on our fingers and tongues, not stopping until both of us are completely exhausted and beyond satiated. Holding her against me, our limbs intertwined, I press my lips to her forehead. “Even if I share you, you’ll always be mine.”

CHAPTER TWELVE

CONOR

Walking into the lounge, my boots echo lightly as I tread across the white marble floors. I immediately notice Victoria. She's sitting alone at a small table near the bar, her back straight and posture perfect—a Domme in full control of her surroundings. I can't help but appreciate the power that radiates from her as she watches me approach, waiting impatiently for me.

She wouldn't discuss what she wanted on the phone, but I could guess—and had my own wishes. “Conor,” she greets me, her sultry voice smooth and measured.

“Ms. Conrad,” I reply, keeping my tone neutral, though a slice of intrigue creeps into my chest.

She shifts in her seat, dropping her elbows onto the table and slightly bowing out her chest as a cocky smirk tugs at the corner of her mouth. “You've had your tongue my mouth, my tits in yours, and your cock in my girlfriend. I think you can call me Victoria.”

“Victoria.” I tip my head, trying to hide my amusement as I take the seat across from her. Looking at her, I try to read her and figure out where this conversation is headed—what offer, if any, she is going to lay on the table.

She takes a slow sip of her martini, her gaze not once wavering from mine for what feels like an eternity. “I'd like to discuss an arrangement with you.” Her offer is crisp

and calculated.

“Go on,” I respond, leaning in slightly, letting her know I’m open to listening to her.

“I’m interested in repeating the other night,” she states matter-of-factly.

I shake my head, the gesture immediately affecting her controlled demeanor. “I’m not. You asked for one night with me as your good boy, and though I tried, we both know I didn’t succeed.”

“You didn’t,” she recounts.

“We both know damned well I’m not going to submit to you.”

“I know,” her voice falters, and her eyes momentarily drop to the table between us. And now I’m fucking intrigued . This isn’t about merely repeating the other night or having me as a bull for Elena. This is about them . It’s about her.

Unable to hide my curiosity, my brow raises. “Are you afraid to admit you’re interested in submitting to me, Victoria Conrad?”

Her stare hardens, and she takes a sharp breath, slowly exhaling it and gathering her refined composure before answering. “I want to explore it, but I have terms.” She has a slight edge to her tone, and I momentarily place it as aggression before she releases her authority. Even now— asking to submit to me—she’s trying to maintain control.

“Terms?” I ask, trying to mask my eagerness. “What kind of terms do you have in mind?”

Her eyes flick between me and her drink. “First, this is casual. Nothing serious. We’ll see you once a week, maybe more. No strings. No commitment. Just sex.”

Settling against the back of my seat, I pretend to let her words marinate. The two of them for a few hours a week? Completely non-committal? Did I hit the fucking jackpot or am I fucking dreaming? Fuck it... if it is a dream, t's a good fucking dream.

“And I'll be fucking you as well?” I ask, my voice deep but filled with an uncontrolled curiosity. The thought of sinking inside of her—and commanding her body again as she rides my cock—sends a thrill through me. “Both of you submitting to me.”

Victoria pauses, her fingers tightening slightly around the stem of her glass. “Yes. Occasionally,” she answers. “I enjoy providing pleasure more than receiving it.”

“Trust me... having your pussy wrapped around my cock would provide me a great deal of pleasure,” I retort smugly. Her cheeks redden—a reaction I was not expecting. I enjoy this glimpse her poise faltering. My thoughts quickly drift to her losing her control, letting me crack through her icy demeanor, seeing her fall under the weight of submission, and letting herself be taken...

I need to see her fully let go.

A renewed serious expression spreads over her face. “And Elena?—”

“I already know how much I enjoy her sweet cunt,” I interrupt, Victoria's eyes narrowing as her jaw clenches. I am unable to discern if her response is jealousy or something else.

“My relationship with her will not change. I will still be her Madame, and she will submit to me.”

“Understood.”

She nods, her gaze not breaking from mine as she regains her stoic composure. “This will never be more than I’m offering,” she states with a challenging intensity. “We aren’t interested in anything serious. This is nothing more than sex and a little exploration of submission between three consenting adults. It will not go any further.”

I almost laugh at the foolhardiness of her statement, assuming that I would want more. “Do yourself a favor,” I playfully scoff. “Make sure the two of you don’t fall in love with me.”

Victoria chuckles and finishes the last of her martini. “Then it’s settled.” She sets her empty glass on the table and stands, seemingly satisfied with the arrangement we’ve come to. “Friday night. Here at the club.”

“My place,” I correct when she dictates the details of our next encounter.

Hesitating for a moment, she reaches into her purse, pulls out a card, and slides it across the table. With a commanding tone, she gruffs, “Fine. This is my cell. Text me your address.”

“Please,” I press, both for my amusement and to test her. The more she exudes her control, the more I want to challenge her. The more compelled I am to push back, forcing her to relinquish a little of the power she is clinging so desperately to. “I want the two of you alone. And you not concerned with the eyes of the club watching you explore your submissive side.”

The honor of watching her let go and finding her submission... I don’t plan to share that. Her submission will be mine and mine alone.

“Please,” she begrudgingly whispers, stepping from the table.

Grabbing her wrist just firm enough to cause her to pause, I keep my voice equally as low and gravelly. “Good girl.”

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

ELENA

Sitting on the couch with my legs tucked beneath me, I anxiously trace the rim of wine glass in my hands. I've been impatiently waiting for Victoria to return from her meeting with Conor for several hours. The door of the apartment clicks, and my nerves are suddenly mixed with hesitation and the fear of disappointment.

She steps into the living room, and her gaze immediately finds me. There's something new and different in the way she looks at me—something possessive. She stares at me in silence, her eyes briefly glancing disapprovingly at my glass, but she doesn't comment on it. After placing the stemless glass on the coffee table, I'm surprised to find my hands shaking a little as I stand. "Madame? How did it go?"

Her lips pull into a controlled smile as she places her Dior purse on the chair and removes her camel-colored overcoat. She is silent but carries a calm confidence that silently lets me know everything went according to plan. Her plan .

She collects the glass I filled without permission when she walks past the coffee table and carries it into the kitchen with her. Her heels click across the hardwood floor with every confident step. Dumping the glass, she turns to face me, leaning back slightly against the counter. "He agreed," she states simply, but I can hear the delight she's trying to mask. "We will be meeting at his place on Friday night."

Unable to hide my excitement, a broad grin spreads across my face. Seeing my happiness, Victoria's eyes soften for a moment. Just as quickly, she returns to her

controlled demeanor. Her tone businesslike she shares, “There are rules, sweet girl.”

“Yes, Madame. Of course.”

“It will be the three of us together, a dynamic different from what you are used to,” she explains, and my face contorts slightly with confusion. “You will be my submissive, always. But when we play, you’ll be his too, so long as you continue to desire his dominance.”

“Understood, Madame.” I nod.

“I, too, will offer him my submission,” Victoria discloses, shocking me. But knowing how grounding and freeing I find submitting, I immediately comprehend her interest in exploring another side of herself. “But I even as I do, I will also continue to graciously accept yours.” Closing my eyes, I let out the breath I didn’t realize I was holding. I swallow hard as I absorb the full weight of her words, relief washing over me. Our boundaries and the comfort I find in our dynamic aren’t changing.

Stepping forward, barely aware of my own movements, I wrap my arms around her neck. “Thank you,” I whisper, squeezing my arms tighter and pulling myself onto my toes to hug her. “I don’t know what to say except thank you, Madame.”

“You don’t have to thank me, sweet girl. I’m doing this for both of us. I want you to be happy and to have what you need,” she responds, the intimacy of her husky voice vibrating through me. “And truly, I’m thankful that you’ve shown me a part of me I didn’t know existed. We’ll explore this together. You. Me. Us .”

Her words burrow warmly into my chest. Us .

“I take care of my girl because I know how appreciative she is for everything I provide.”

“So much, Madame.” I place a soft kiss against her cheek. “I am so thankful for you and everything you do for me.”

Victoria looks down at me, her gaze growing intense—darker. Her lips curve into a smile, a dark and devilish smile that I have come to know far too well. “Tell me, sweet girl... Just how grateful are you?” she asks slowly, seductively, and I hang on every word.

The way she asks—knowing that I can’t take this arrangement with Conor for granted—makes my heart race. Victoria wants me to thank her. She wants me to show her my appreciation, proving my gratitude.

My throat bobs with my swallow, my pulse quickening as I meet her gaze. My stare falling between us, honoring the power she holds over me, I whisper, “I’m so grateful, Madame.”

Cupping my chin and lifting it gently so I meet her eyes, I watch as her smile deepens, radiating approval. “I believe you,” she husks. “And you will show me, won’t you?”

“Yes, Madame,” I inhale, acknowledging her command. A subtle one, but a command, nonetheless.

With my eyes locked on hers, I lower to my knees. I stare up her body and run my hands up the sides of her calves. Slipping my fingers under the hem of her black pencil skirt, I inch it up her thighs as I continue to slide my hands toward her hips. As her skirt bunches around her hips, Victoria leans against the counter and watches me slide her black lace panties down her legs. She lifts her foot, and I carefully slip the sheer, delicate fabric over her heel. Repeating the process when she lifts the other.

Victoria takes a small step forward and widens her stance, leaving her bare pussy

only a breath away from my lips. So close that I can smell her sweet musky scent. Tipping my head back, I part my lips and stick out my tongue as I position myself beneath her and wait.

“Such a good girl,” she croons, her hands sliding into my hair and fisting it lightly. Using her tender grip to hold me in place, she rocks her hips and slides herself over my tongue. I press it more firmly against her, and she slowly swirls her hips over it.

Licking and sucking as she rides my face, I mutter into her pussy, “I’m so fucking grateful for you, Madame.”

She grinds over my tongue, riding my face hard as her moans fill the kitchen. Her hips spasm and her thighs squeeze against my cheeks when she comes. She tightens her hold on my hair, the burn radiating around my crown, demanding I let her continue to use my face. And I do so eagerly, needing to please my Madame.

“Fuck!” she hisses, coming again and abruptly sliding from my face. She pulls me to my feet and roughly claims my mouth, licking the taste of herself from my lips and tongue. Asserting her dominance, she firmly bends me over the counter and yanks my leggings over my ass. Her hand slaps against my ass cheek, spanking me, the heat of her palm burning against my skin. “And I’m just as grateful for you,” she breathlessly growls, shoving her face into my pussy from behind, licking so needily that my eyes roll back as I claw at the counter beneath me.

Fuck...

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

VICTORIA

A FEW DAYS LATER

“Madame... I... I ca... can’t,” Elena pants as I repeatedly thrust into her again, causing the bulbed-end of the strapless dildo inside me to grind against my G-spot. I don’t heed her plea. I can’t... Instead, I grip her hips and increase the depth of my slow, hard thrusts. Every drive of my hips forcing both of us to the brink again. “My sweet girl can take everything I give her,” I urge, my words soft and tender, knowing she’ll use her safeword if she has truly met her limit.

Ever since I told Conor I wanted to explore my submission with our arrangement, I’ve been compelled to push Elena’s limits—subconsciously clinging to my dominance as though I’ll lose her submission the second I give myself over to him. I have been so much rougher and more demanding with her than usual—my need to claim her growing only more feral as tomorrow night grows closer.

Holding her thighs open as I fuck her, I rub my thumb over her clit. Overwhelmed with pleasure, her eyes roll back into her head, and a near silent whimper blows over her quivering lower lip. Her hips buck toward my hand, her body demanding more even as her brain screams that she’s had too much. “Vic...” My name breathlessly trembles from her with a pained moan when I pull another orgasm from her. So many tonight that even I have lost count.

“One more for me,” I demand, against her soaked pussy as I firmly rub my thumb in

circles around her swollen clit. I know she's at right at her limit, her safeword resting on the tip of her tongue as I continue to push her further than I have for our whole relationship.

"Yes... Ma... Madame," she pants between labored breaths. Teasing her with the tip of the dildo, her thighs begin shaking in my firm grip. She's so fucking gorgeous like this. Sweat beads her along her hairline, and tiny droplets rest above her upper lip. Beneath it, the pouty lower one quivers like her legs, the countless string of violent orgasms absolutely wracking her beautiful body.

Slowly pressing the entirety of the dildo protruding from me into her, I stroke her flushed cheek and whisper, "That's my good girl." A small smile tugs at her lips with my praise, and I want nothing more than to kiss them as I drag her over the edge a final time.

Bending my body over hers, I kiss her heaving breasts as I undulate my hips. When I claim her mouth, she repeatedly fills mine with her whimpers, the release I'm demanding from her growing closer with every thrust. Sliding into her slow and deep, I brush my lips over hers again. Unable to hold back my own impending orgasm, my sputtered cries blow over her face. Struggling to keep my rhythm, I kiss along her neck. "Let me watch you come again, sweet girl."

Lightly kneading at her ample breast, I roll her tight nipple between my fingers as my other hand slides into her damp, matted hair. "That's it," I praise, watching the euphoric bliss spread over her face. She grips my waist and pulls me deep, her body spasming beneath me as she loses control of herself again. Staying where she wants me, I brush my hand over her cheek. "You're so fucking beautiful when you come."

"So are you, Madame," she tenderly cups the side of my face. Staring into my eyes, she whispers, her voice cracking, "I love you."

After carefully pulling the dildo from her and then myself, I toss it to the foot of the bed before settling on the mattress and pulling her into me. Leaning against me, she shifts with unease. “What’s wrong?” I ask, knowing immediately that something is plaguing her.

She worms her way closer to me until there is no longer room for air between us. Stroking her hands over my bare skin, she lies, “That’s it. I love you, Vic.”

“I love you too, sweet girl.” I kiss the words against the top of her head. I would press the matter, but I am near certain she’s struggling with the same ailment as me. Conor fucking Evans. Our life is perfect. Fulfilling. Had I chosen any other man at that auction, we likely would’ve had our night of fun with a third and fell right back into our little bubble of bliss.

Instead, I chose him. Powerful. Alluring. Charismatic. And full of a fucking magnetism that has us both being pulled back to him. Fucking dickmatized. Both under the spell of his massive pierced cock. That must be it. After a few enjoyable romps with him, Elena and I will get him out of our system, and things will go back to how they were.

While I stroke her hair, Elena falls asleep, nuzzled against me. Listening to the soft sounds of her slumber—and being equally exhausted—I’m close to sleep myself when my phone buzzing jostles me awake.

“Vic?” Elena mumbles, still half-asleep.

“Shhh... It’s nothing,” I whisper, reaching for my phone and wondering who is possibly texting me this late. “Go back to sleep.”

I lift it from the bedside table and swipe it open to find two text messages from Conor spread over the past hour. I was so enthralled with Elena I must not have heard my

phone.

CONOR

155 West 53rd Apt 32C

The doorman will be expecting you at 8pm

8pm is good

I'm about to set the phone back on the nightstand when I realize there's something neither of us have discussed.

Will you have condoms, or do I need to supply them again?

We don't need them.

Yes, yes, we do.

We have no idea who else you're sleeping with.

And while you might be clean, you DO realize that neither of us had any reason to be using contraception until you came into the picture, right?

Fair point...

I will pick some up tomorrow

It'll be at least a month before we contemplate not having them in the picture.

I'll be counting the days.

I shake my head at his audacity.

And then we can discuss it.

Nah... You'll be begging me to slip into you bare...

Telling you what a good girl you are for me...

As you beg me to claim your pussy.

I swallow hard as I read his texts, unable to deny the physical reaction they cause between my legs. Flustered, my thumbs slide across the screen, typing and deleting as I try to find a proper response.

Keep dreaming.

I don't have to. The two of you will be here tomorrow night.

See you soon, cailín dáigh

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

CONOR

Leaning back in one of the oversized chairs in the lounge, the coolness of the leather seeps through my shirt as I take a long sip of whiskey. Lowering my glass from my lips, I sneak a glance at my watch. 5:23 p.m.

“Con?” Tristan calls from behind the bar. “Can you meet with the three new members tonight? Show them around the club?”

“No,” Layla answers for me as she reaches for my empty glass, a bratty smile spreading across her face. “Pretty sure the big guy has other plans tonight.”

Befuddled, I stare back at her. I haven’t said shit about tonight’s plans to anyone.

“What?” Layla shrugs. “You’ve checked your watch at least ten times in the last thirty minutes. You clearly have somewhere to be.”

Grabbing her wrist, I playfully yank her into my lap. She squeals with laughter as I wrap my hand around her waist and pull her tightly into me. “You’re such a fucking brat,” I whisper against her ear. “And you know exactly what you just did.”

Pulling away from my tight hold, she stares at me with a sheepish, smug grin. “Well... you could’ve lied,” she quietly retorts, slipping out of my grasp before I can yank her into my lap again.

Fuck, do I ever love her...

“Hey!” Tristan jokingly barks. “Stop looking at my wife like that.”

Scoffing at him, I shrug my shoulders. “Like what?”

“Like you’d like to make her yours.” It might be because I’ve fucked her, but I’m closer to Layla than I am with my other sisters-in-law. While she is nearly perfect, and I joke plenty about my desire to fuck all the gorgeous women my brothers have married into our family, that’s a boundary I could never actually cross. At least not without being invited first.

“You better be careful,” Layla teases, snuggling into Tristan. “It’d be a shame to miss your hot date because you’re getting the snot beat out of you over me.”

“You know you’re worth it, sweetheart.” I wink at her, enjoying the scowl it draws from Tristan.

“Hot date?” Finn chimes. “Is that why you trimmed your beard and smell like you sampled the cologne counter at Macy’s?”

“Don’t be a twat.” Declan swats the backside of his head before joining Tristan behind the bar. Turning his attention back to me, Declan proclaims in a fatherly tone, “You look good.”

“He better,” Finn mutters.

My brows furrowing, I gruff, “What the fuck is that supposed to mean?”

“Victoria Conrad... I love you, brother, but she is well out of your league. Well out of all our leagues.” He takes a seat at the bar, and the room falls silent for a second,

the shift in energy palpable. It feels like the teasing suddenly took a backseat to the knowledge Finn—of all people—was about to impart. “Do the lot of you know nothing?” He looks at the inquisitive faces staring back at him.

“Enlighten us,” I huff.

“She’s not like us,” he shares . “She’s high society. Old money. Like the Vanderbilts, the Rockefellers, and the Conrads. She sits on the boards of several philanthropies, spending the family money for good. She has done so since graduating from Harvard six years ago. Now, her girlfriend... that’s a different story.”

We all stare at him with varying degrees of confusion written across our faces. “How the fuck do you know so much about the two of them?” Declan breaks the silence and asks the question running through all our thoughts.

“How do you not?” Finn exclaims excitedly. “It was a huge fucking scandal when Miss High Society started publicly dating not only a woman, but a twenty-year-old high-school dropout from a blue-collar, single-parent home. It was all over the news.”

“The news?” Declan air quotes with a smirk. “You’re one of those tabloid readers, aren’t you?”

“No!” Finn crinkles his face as he feigns disgust at the accusation. “I just read the headlines at the grocery store.”

Tristan scoffs, “When the fuck do you go to the grocery store?”

“Finn, mo ghrá , the news stand would’ve at least been a little believable.” Catlin squeezes his arm and gives it a condescending pat, acknowledging the truth behind Finn’s dirty little secret.

“Fine,” Finn huffs. “But where else am I supposed to read about women abducted by aliens and forced to help repopulate their dying race?”

Layla deadpans, “Amazon.”

“It doesn’t matter.” I shake my head, shrugging off the information he just provided. “It’s not like we’re dating. The three of us had fun together, and we’re simply going to have more fun together.” Hopefully, a lot more .

“Sure.” Declan nods condescendingly. “That’s what they all say.”

“Why does everyone keep saying that?” I huff. My eyes darting back to Finn, I snip, “Wait! How the fuck did you know I was seeing them tonight? None of you were here when I met Victoria the other day.”

Finn looks around the room, eyeing the security cameras placed throughout the lounge. “Actually... Cat and I were in the security office, so I could give her a thorough debriefing”—Finn winks at me—“on the new security system.”

“For fuck’s sake,” Declan exclaims. “Can the two of you fuck at home? Or at least in one of the many rooms we have specifically for that purpose.”

“We could, but it’s not nearly as fun.”

“Finn!” Catlin shushes him as her cheeks pinken. She has grown so much since she joined our family, but more often than not, we still embarrass the shit out of her with our openness about sex. She leans forward with a sweet smile. “So, you’re just going to see the two of them and go along with whatever they want?” Her voice is soft but pointed, making it clear she’s asking out of genuine curiosity, not judgment.

“Pretty sure you’ve seen me down the hallway enough times to know I’m into group

activities,” I respond, watching her cheeks burn red at the realization I know she’s watched me. “And if two gorgeous women want to invite me into their bed, I think it would be rude of me to say no.”

“Sorry you asked?” Declan asks her.

“A little,” she answers. “But intrigued.”

“Ask all the questions you want, piscin .” Finn pulls Cat between his legs. Leaning his chin onto her shoulder from behind and wrapping his arms around her, he possessively pulls her into him. “But know, I will never fucking share you.” He lowers his voice to just above a whisper. “Your pussy will only ever belong to me.”

“I do have to get going”—I stand from my chair—“but if you’re going to prove that, I can wait a little while longer.”

“Conor!” Catlin’s admonishment is shrill.

“What?” I shrug. “I’ve heard you come plenty. Can’t say I haven’t fantasized about seeing it?”

Rounding the bar, Declan plants his hands on my shoulders. “Unless you’re looking to get the piss beaten out of you by both Tris and Finn, you might want to go.”

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

ELENA

The elevator dings when we reach the thirty-second floor, and I squeeze Victoria's hand as we step through the open doors of cab. "Apartment C." She ushers me toward the door to our left.

She lifts her hand, but the door pulls open before her knuckles ever reach it. Conor is standing on the other side of the threshold, wearing nothing but a pair of blue jeans. My gaze rakes from his broad shoulders to his rippled abs. The deep V protruding from his waistband is practically an invitation to admire the bulge resting against the zipper.

"We're getting straight to it, I see," Victoria muses, leading me into the apartment. It's not the bachelor pad I was expecting. His apartment is light and airy, with the last of today's sun spilling through the floor-to-ceiling windows, accentuating the slight golden undertones of the sand-colored walls. The lightness of the walls is offset by the deep chestnut leather furniture adorning the space.

"Actually, you're early, and I was still getting dressed," Conor retorts, pulling a tight white T-shirt over his head. "I have whiskey on the terrace to toast to the three of us exploring one other."

Unable to bite my tongue, I ask with a chuckle, "Do you often toast your sexual conquests?"

Stepping close and slipping his hand over my hip, he pulls me against him. He towers over me, and his eyes dart between me and Victoria as he slides his free hand slowly down her arm. “Only when they’re as gorgeous as the two of you.” Grabbing both our hands, he leads us through his apartment toward the terrace.

It is equally as spacious and similarly decorated; the leather replaced with dark umber patio furniture topped with plush sand-colored cushions. The terrace is surrounded by a short glass wall, providing a completely unobstructed view of the skyline and the sun slowly setting behind it.

“The view is quite remarkable, but neither Elena nor I particularly enjoy whiskey,” Victoria announces, taking a seat in an oversized chair and pulling me onto her lap.

Ignoring her statement, Conor opens the bottle and pours into the amber liquid into the three glasses waiting on the table. Lifting one, he takes a small sip as he rounds the table separating us and steps behind the chair we’re sitting in. His free hand lightly snakes around my neck, sliding up my chin and tilting my face up toward his. “Everyone likes whiskey cailín dáigh ,” he informs Victoria. “If you think you don’t, you just haven’t it sampled it correctly.”

He lifts the glass, filling his mouth. As he bends over me, he lightly squeezes my jaw, urging me to part my lips. He presses his to mine and lets the warm liquid dribble over them, spilling into my mouth and down my chin. When I swallow, it burns my throat as droplets trickle down my neck. “Elena seems to enjoy my Jameson,” Conor gravelly whispers with a smirk as I stare up at him needily. “You can tell me you don’t like it after you taste it from Elena.”

His fingers slip into her perfectly styled hair, pulling her face to mine as he fills his mouth again. Leaning over, he lets the whiskey spill over his lips again, this time allowing most of it to pour onto my chin and run down to my cleavage. Vic licks up my neck, gathering some of the Jameson as it trails down my skin, her lips meeting

mine as Conor's do. All three of our tongues intertwine as they clean the whiskey from my chin, and they both take turns plunging their tongue into my mouth.

"Everything tastes good on you, sweet girl." Victoria peppers the words down my neck. Pressing her face against my exposed cleavage, she laps up the trails of whiskey that spilled beneath my dress.

Conor hooks his fingers under the spaghetti straps of my dress, and he slides them off my shoulders. Victoria pulls the dress down my body, my breasts spilling free as it bunches around my waist. I lift my hips from her lap, allowing her to pull it completely from me. She haphazardly tosses my dress onto the table as Conor grabs another glass of whiskey. "Your sweet girl is becoming a delicious, sticky mess," he teases, trickling the contents of the glass over my parted lips before pouring the rest onto my heaving breasts. The warm liquid cascades down my body, filling my navel and running over my thighs.

The two of them lick and suck at my breasts before Conor kneels at our feet. Licking down my stomach, he stops to suck the whiskey from my belly button before lapping at my thighs. My entire body is on fire as they both tend to me, cleaning the spiced stickiness from my skin. Conor spreads my legs wider, and a devilish smile spreads across his face.

"It appears that both my girls are going to be a mess." He drags his tongue along Victoria's thigh beneath me, a shiver running through me as goosebumps prick over her skin. He pulls me from her lap and onto his. Grabbing the final glass from the table, he pushes the flowy skirt of Victoria's dress up and drips whiskey over her thighs. He downs the remnants of the glass, roughly placing it on the table as he swipes the spiciness around my mouth with his tongue. Running my hand along Victoria's wet thighs, I grind myself against Conor. Without pulling his lips from mine, he speaks through our kiss, "Ride my lap as you help me lick her clean."

With Conor's hand on my ass, helping me grind over the hardened length in his pants, we both lick along Victoria's thighs. A chorus of moans and groans rise from all of us as we grow even hungrier for each other. "Fuck," Conor groans into Victoria's panty-covered pussy. "I'm going to enjoy the two of you."

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

VICTORIA

The sun having set and darkness spilling over the city, Conor stands from the floor of the terrace with Elena wrapped around his waist. Carrying her effortlessly with one hand, he takes mine and leads the two of us further down the terrace and into the open door of his bedroom.

It's equally well-decorated as the rest of his apartment, only darker. The walls are deep shades of gray, coordinating with the even darker furniture. The décor is brightened by the cream-colored linens on the bed, the iron sconces flanking it, and the lights of the city filtering through the floor-to-ceiling windows.

Setting Elena on the edge of the bed, he grips her panties and pulls them off. He tosses them to the floor and reaches for the hem of my dress. I stare back at him, fighting the urge to take control as he gathers the fabric into his fists. He pulls the dress over my head, dropping it on top of Elena's panties. Slipping my fingers under the strings on my hips, I rid myself of my panties and add them to the pile of clothes.

Conor's slightly disapproving gaze rakes over my body as he unbuttons his jeans. What is that look for? I am more than capable of removing my own panties. When he takes off both his pants and the black boxer briefs beneath them, his eyes dart between the two of us. "The two of you are so fucking beautiful that I don't know where to start." His words come out gravelly, as if he's holding back.

"With Elena," I assert.

He closes the distance between us, pulling me flush to him so that his hard, thick length presses against my stomach. Conor dips his head and whispers, “I’ll go slowly with you.” Pressing his hand between the two of us, he dusts the back of it along my bare pussy, causing me to gasp. “Because I know I’ll have you on your knees and begging for my cock soon enough.” I open my mouth to refute his claim, but when his hand brushes against me again and his length throbs against my stomach, I suddenly find myself at a complete loss for words.

Conor leads me to the bed, positioning me behind Elena and resting her back against my chest. He quickly rolls on a condom and climbs between our spread legs to align himself with her entrance. With his eyes locked on mine, he presses his tip into her as she arches against me in pleasure. “You’re going to watch every stroke, wishing I were filling you as she writhes against you.”

He slowly inches his long, thick cock into her—her tight pussy struggling to stretch enough to accommodate him. “Tell your Madame how good I feel, baby girl,” he grits, easing into her.

“He feels so fucking good,” Elena exhales on a moan, her fingertips digging into my thighs as he quickly buries the rest of himself inside of her. “He’s so... big... I can fee... feel him... everywhere.”

Resting on his knees, he builds up to fast, deep thrusts. I do as he commanded, watching him slide in and out of my sweet girl, her body convulsing against me with every orgasm he pulls from her. And I hate how right he is. My pussy flutters with every movement, wishing he were sliding into me. Lifting my hips, I try to grind against Elena as I seek some semblance of relief.

“Does my cailín dáigh want my cock?” he taunts, slowing and climbing over us both.

“Yes,” I blurt, not even realizing the word fell from my lips until his brow arches.

“Scoot back,” he demands, without pulling himself from Elena. He slides her toward him so that her head is resting on my thigh as he continues to fuck her. He pulls my other leg over his shoulder, spreading me wide and putting me on display for him. “Look at you. Fucking dripping with need. Be a good girl and beg for it.”

I know what to say. Please fuck me... I need your cock... I want you inside me. The words are on the tip of my tongue, but I can't bring myself to say them. He licks up my inner thigh, his tongue swiping through my pussy as he cups the back of Elena's head and pulls her toward his mouth. “It might not be tonight, but you will beg for me.” His words blow over my throbbing clit.

Their tongues lick me in tandem, the two of them kissing as they eat my pussy. Conor lifts his hips and drives into Elena. The deep thrust causes her to moan against my clit, eliciting a blissful whimper of my own. Working his fingers into me, Conor mutters, “You're going to come on our tongues, but we both know you're going to be wishing it were my cock.”

The two of them are relentless, passing my clit between their mouths as they moan their pleasure against me. They pull a string of unrelenting orgasms from me, my whole body trembling as they continue to overstimulate me. “Please...” I cry out, half-wanting them to stop and half-needing Conor inside me.

“Fuck, baby girl,” Conor grits as Elena comes again, her guttural cries vibrating so hard I nearly fall over the edge with her. “You're going to make me come.” Sucking my clit into his mouth and roughly curling his fingers into me, his thrusts into Elena become savage and unbridled. A feral groan rises from his lungs, ruining me a final time as he buries himself in Elena.

Conor releases my clit and slowly drags his fingers from me as I float through a euphoric bliss. He kisses Elena, and I vaguely hear him whisper something about how amazing she is before he climbs up my body. When he settles between my legs, his

still semi-rigid condom-covered cock rests against my pussy. He presses his damp lips to mine, smearing my taste across them as he presses his tongue into my mouth. “Are you ready to beg yet, cailín dáigh ? Because as much as I enjoy feeling you come on my tongue and around my fingers, I need to know what you feel like wrapped around my cock.”

His question goes unanswered, and he climbs from the bed as I check on my sweet girl. “I’m going to take a quick shower,” Conor calls from the en-suite, the sounds of water filtering into the room. “If the two of you are staying, you’re welcome to join me.”

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

CONOR

I can't deny how much I enjoyed the evening with the two of them as I walk Elena and Victoria to their awaiting car. But there's more to it, an undercurrent of something deeper between us—something that doesn't fit into the tidy little arrangement Victoria negotiated with me.

The cold night air prickles goosebumps over their bare skin as I hold them both against me. Opening the rear passenger door of the Town Car, I give Elena a soft kiss and help her into the car. As Elena scoots across seat to make room, Victoria slips from my side to follow behind her. I roughly grip her wrist, stopping her. After pulling her from the car and to her feet before me, I growl, "I want to see you again tomorrow."

"I have a charity event until six. Elena and I could be here by?—"

"No, cailín dáigh ,," I interrupt her. "Just you."

She vehemently shakes her head. "That wasn't our arrangement."

Neither was coming two nights in a row...

Slipping my fingers under her chin, I tip her face up toward mine. "Are you serious about wanting to explore being a switch? About submitting to me?"

“I know we don’t know each other very well, Conor Evans, but I don’t enter into agreements I don’t intend to uphold.”

“Then I’ll see you tomorrow night. Alone,” I softly command. She opens her mouth to argue, and I rest my finger over her lips. “I’m not asking.”

A trepidatious look spreads over her face, and her brows furrow. “Con?—”

“I’m not asking,” I repeat myself. “I’ve seen glimmers of your desire to let go and relinquish your control, but I don’t think you can do it in front of Elena. Just you and me. An opportunity to let go without worrying she’ll see you as anything less than the magnificent Domme you are. If I’m wrong, I’ll at least send you home satisfied.”

She stares up at me in silence, her thoughts visibly running rampant as she contemplates my request. Her usual poised and slightly icy demeanor returns. “No. Our arrangement is for the three of us. The only one-on-ones will be the ones that were occurring before we brought you into the picture.” Gripping my hand and pulling it from beneath her chin, she lowers it to my side before continuing, her tone growing more assertive. “The two of us will be here at eight next Friday unless you let me know you’d like to pull from the agreement that we’ve made.”

Without giving me a chance to respond, she elegantly slides into the car and shuts the door, effectively ending our conversation. Not what I was hoping for. Their car pulls away from the curb, and I stand there for a moment, the sounds of the bustling city washing away the solemn silence of their leaving.

Needing a drink—and not wanting to have it alone—I glance at my watch. Plenty of time to head over to the club.

When I get there and make my way inside, the familiar hum of voices and clinking glasses is soothing. This club is my second home; it’s comforting. Scanning the

lounge, my brothers and their wives are taking up our usual spots. But my eyes are drawn to Layla sitting alone at the bar. Sipping her drink and scanning over the guests, she looks surprised when she sees me.

I try to shake off the reason that led me here as I head over to her. “So...” she exhales, raising an eyebrow as I take the barstool next to her. I might be able to fool the others sometimes, but Layla can always see right through me. “You look really fucking glum for a guy who just spent the night fucking two gorgeous women.”

“That fucking obvious?” I wave down the bartender to bring me a drink.

“The big guy not want to come out and play?” she smirks. “Or was he a tad too eager and ended things too soon?”

“God, you’re a fucking brat,” I playfully snarl at her assumptions of my performance. “And you know damn well I don’t have either other those problems.”

She grips my forearm and gives it a tender squeeze, and the bartender sets my double of Jameson before me. “Seriously, Con,” she presses. “What’s up?”

“It was fine.” I stare into my drink.

She leans in a little and whispers, “Yes, fine. Because you always look this sullen after you’ve had a threesome with women beautiful enough that I’ve questioned my own sexuality more than once over either of them.”

“Enough about me. I want to hear more about that .”

“Nice try, big guy.” She smirks. “You tell me yours and I’ll tell you mine.”

“You know I can’t pass that up.” A victorious smile spread across her face. Fuck,

sometimes I hate how well she knows me.

“I asked to see Victoria alone?—”

“You fucking idiot!” she exclaims, slapping my arm. “Why would you do that?”

“It’s not that bad.”

“Hey, Tristan. I’d like to fuck your wife, but without you around,” she mocks, staring at me wide eyed and throwing her hands into the air as she finishes. “You do realize how that sounds, right?”

“It’s not like that,” I correct her, shaking my head.

“Maybe. But that’s what it sounds like.

“Oh fuck...” I mutter into my glass of whiskey before finishing the rest of the double.

“I fucked this up, didn’t I?”

“Fucked what up?” Declan chimes, walking into our conversation.

“The big guy asked to see the girls separate.”

Smacking his hand up the backside of my head, Declan gruffs, “You fucking twat.”

“For someone who lives on threesomes, you’re pretty fucking stupid.” Finn’s voice drips with condescension as he sidles up to the bar. “Rule number one, you never split them up or give one more attention unless you don’t want to see them again.”

“It wasn’t like that,” I insist. “I was trying to help.”

“Yes, because your cock is clearly the fix to whatever the issue is,” Declan ridicules me, and I dip my head to avoid another swat that I know is coming.

“You care that you fucked this up, don’t you?” Layla asks, studying my face.

Scrunching my face, I refute her observation. “Don’t be fucking soft. I’ve fucked them twice. There’s nothing more to it than that.”

Without missing a beat, Layla asks, “When’s the last time you fucked the same woman twice?”

I think back through my conquests—too many nameless or faceless women to count—in an attempt to answer her question.

Fuck...

CHAPTER NINETEEN

VICTORIA

“We appreciate your very generous donation.” I shake hands with another benefactor who probably has no idea what today’s charity luncheon is actually in aid of. Wandering through the small crowd, I mingle and make small talk with a fake smile. On top of already being annoyed that I’m spending my Saturday afternoon here instead of with my sweet girl, I could still strangle Conor fucking Evans over his blatant audacity last night.

I’ve been stewing over my interaction with Conor since my Town Car pulled from the curb last night, leaving him dumbfounded. Mulling over the situation I’ve put us in, I have repeatedly come to the same decision... This is a horrible fucking idea. The sexual attraction both Elena and I feel toward him— and the insane amount of enjoyment we get from being with him —isn’t worth him pushing us to ruin our relationship.

Pulling my phone from my clutch when it buzzes, I nearly don’t open it when the notification alerts me that it’s a text from him.

Conor

I’m a fucking idiot

Because of what you said? Or the fact it took you nearly a day to admit to it?

Both. I don't do this

What? Apologize?

Whatever THIS is.

I can't remember the last time I fucked the same hole twice

Fuck.

I didn't mean it like that.

This is one hell of an apology, Conor.

I laugh at his string of messages, the culmination of which is a glaring reminder of why I primarily date women. Inadvertently, I draw the attention of one of our biggest benefactors. I fawn over him, letting the old man know how unbelievably thankful I am... all while trying to find an excuse to end this conversation to get back to my relentlessly vibrating phone.

I'm a fucking idiot

I won't do it again. Asking to see either alone of you again.

It was with good intentions, I swear, but it was wrong.

You'll submit IF and WHEN you're ready. Not a minute before.

I can't push it on you

I look forward to seeing you both again on Friday if you haven't decided to tell me to

fuck off

I stare at my phone blankly. I've been thinking about calling this arrangement off all day. But his apology suddenly makes that feel like the biggest mistake I could possibly make. I can deny it all I want, but there is a reason Elena and I were so driven to pursue the arrangement we offered.

Sex... It's just the sex.

Glancing around the room, I note that the crowd has begun to thin. I, too, can probably feign an excuse to get out of here a little early.

Elena and I will be there in about two hours.

We'll be coming separately. Try not to fuck her if she gets there first.

I'll be a good boy

The fuck you will...

Chuckling, I send a quick message to the car service to send a vehicle to Elena and another to her, letting her know to get ready. After suffering through another hour of outlandish ass-kissing and letting the charity director know I'm feeling under the weather, I head upstairs to the ladies' restroom to freshen up quickly before heading downstairs to my own awaiting car.

On the journey to Conor's, I shoot him a text to see if he has the supplies needed for my sweet girl tonight.

Actually, I purchased one from the club just for the two of you

Nevertheless, I'm fucking intrigued what you want it for

You can find out as you fuck us both

And no, I will not be begging for it.

I won't have to.

You know this is the opposite of submission, right?

Tell me your cock isn't hard from the ideas swirling through your thoughts

After pulling up to his building, I shove my phone into my bag and slip from the back seat when the driver opens the door. Nervous energy courses through me, and my heel taps against the tile floor of the elevator cab as I travel to his floor. Like last night, he opens the door as I arrive. "Lube in the bedside table?" I ask, walking past him and heading straight to the bedroom. "With what I asked for?"

"Uhh... yeah," he stammers, caught off guard.

"Elena will be here any minute. I'll be in the bedroom getting ready." This is just sex. That means we can simply do what we're all here for and be on our way. Stripping from my clothes—and keeping my heels on—I fold them neatly and lay the pile over the arm of the upholstered leather chair in the corner. Confidently crossing the room, I open the drawer of the nightstand, withdrawing a bottle of lube and a handful of condoms. I drop both onto the bed beside the wand Conor laid out for me.

I take a seat at the edge of the bed and spread a generous amount of lube over the head of the wand. Hearing Elena's sweet voice carrying through the apartment, I lean back on my elbows and tease myself with the heavy vibrations of the toy as I wait for them to join me.

“Fuck...” they chorus, stepping into the threshold and taking in the sight before them.

With the powerful toy trembling against me, I pant, “Come, get on top of me, sweet girl.” Conor and Elena work together to free her of her dress. Her tits bounce as she eagerly crosses the room to me, and the vision of her is enough to do me in. I collapse onto the bed with a breathy whimper as Elena climbs onto the bed and straddles my thighs. “Put that big, beautiful ass in the air for Conor as you ride me.”

“Fecking hell,” Conor groans, unable to strip out of his jeans and T-shirt fast enough as he watches the two of us writhe against each other with the wand wedged between us. He grabs one of the condoms from the bed and rolls it over his length. “Can my baby girl be patient and let her Madame go first?” Conor asks, situating himself between my legs and behind Elena.

“Yes!” she screams into my neck as the vibrations between us bring her over the edge.

Conor presses his tip against my entrance. “You’re so fucking ready for me to sink inside you.”

“Please.” The single word trembles from my lips.

“That sure sounds like you’re begging to me, cailín dáigh,” Conor teases, gripping my thighs and pushing into me. I’ve watched him stretch Elena, but feeling his thick cock and that barbell ease into me is blissfully painful. He’s so fucking huge that he barely fits. Yet, he is just the right size to fill me to brink.

“Oh my God!” I scream, the vibrations of the wand and Conor repeatedly burying himself deep in my pussy, causing me to orgasm violently. Euphoria shoots through me so hard it’s as if the wand is shaking through every nerve in my body. No wonder Elena can’t get enough of coming on him.

Struggling with the relentless thud of the wand against my clit, I hook my legs over Elena's hips. With the toy firmly wedged between us, Conor pulls from me and presses into her. Both of us are dripping with arousal, and he sinks into her with ease and quickly works himself to a brisk pace. Elena buries her face in my neck, and the screams of her release are muffled by my body.

"Both of you feel so fucking good when you come," Conor groans.

CHAPTER TWENTY

ELENA

With Victoria's legs wrapped around my waist, Conor teases us both, repeatedly giving us each a handful of strokes before switching to the other. He rubs his hands over us both. "I can't get enough of either of you."

And he truly can't.

But none of us can get enough.

We spend glorious hours pleasuring each other. Fingers, tongues, the wand, and Conor's cock all causing more orgasms for me and Victoria than I can possibly count. Even Conor has spilled into several condoms throughout the course of the evening.

Exhausted, the three of us collapse onto the mattress in a sweaty tangle of limbs, and I find myself firmly nuzzled between Conor and Victoria. With the room bathed in moonlight and the faint glow of the city beneath us, their hands roam over me as they each hold me against them—his firm body pressed to my stomach, and her soft body spooning against my back. I return their tender touches, dusting my hand over Victoria's thigh and lightly tracing invisible patterns over Conor's chest.

This is new. The three of us curled together. But it feels... peaceful. Almost surreal. Lying in the darkness, listening to the sounds of our breathing, I'm flooded with emotions—coming to the realization that it is so much more than the three of us being together physically. There is an undeniable connection between us.

As though he can read my thoughts, Conor whispers, “It’s never been like this.” His soft tone is heartfelt and full of honesty.

“Conor...” Victoria returns his soft tone with a slightly gruffer one, lifting her head onto my shoulder to meet his gaze over me.

Not heeding her unspoken request to drop this conversation, my tone is filled with curiosity and affection as I ask, “What do you mean?”

“I always thought something like this would be... complicated,” he answers, and his hand brushes along mine. “But with both of you, it feels right. Like the three of us?—”

“Fit,” I finish his thought with ease, because I feel the same.

Conor smiles, pressing his lips to my forehead. “Yes, cailín leanbh .”

My heart warms at his touch and the tender Gaelic—that I don’t understand. “What does that mean?”

“Baby girl.” He dips his head and places a soft kiss on the bridge of my nose.

Squeezing me possessively, Victoria silently watches my interaction with Conor.

“That’s different from what you call Victoria, isn’t it?”

“Yes.”

Turning my face to kiss her over my shoulder, I tiredly ask, “And what is it?”

“Mo cailín dáigh ,” Conor answers.

Victoria gives a slightly disapproving hum before breaking her silence. “I think all of us are exhausted. This is a conversation for a very different time. We should get going, sweet girl.”

“My stubborn girl is right,” Conor replies with a slight chuckle behind his words. “But it’s 2 a.m. The two of you are staying right here.”

“Please, Vic,” I ask, my words as heavy with the slumber I’m trying to fight as the tension suddenly fills the room. Watching and listening to the two of them struggle for the alpha role between the three of us is more amusing than it should be. She’s the ultimate brat to tame . Which is ironic because she fucking hates brats. I fight desperately to hold in the snicker that thought causes. “I’m far too tired to get dressed and head home.”

“Stay,” Conor insists, his arms wrapping a tad tighter around us both. “I want you to.”

The slow, heavy sigh Victoria expels is near silent, but the warmth of it blows over my skin. “Just this once.” Brushing my hair out of the way, she presses her lips to the shell of my ear and whispers, “I love you, sweet girl.”

“I love you, too,” I return the sentiment, not realizing how intently Conor is hanging on each word until the moonlight twinkles in his eyes. Reaching behind me and pulling Victoria tighter to me for comfort, I nuzzle against the warmth of Conor’s chest.

Dropping his strong muscular arm over us both, Conor’s voice is light and subdued when he speaks the final words before the room falls silent. “Good night, cailín leanbh . Good night, cailín dáigh.”

We lie together—fitting together like a puzzle—the quiet of the room slowly

enveloping us. Exhaustion has taken hold, but the soft comfort of us entwined speaks volumes. With both their soft breaths fluttering over my skin, I drift to sleep.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

CONOR

Morning light shines through the windows, the warm glow stirring me from my sleep. Still fuzzy, drifting between dreams and reality, I savor the quiet for a moment before feeling beside me. The sheets are still holding her warmth, but I'm saddened to find that Elena has already slipped from the bed.

Turning to my other side, I find my chest pressed against Victoria's back. Her dark chestnut hair fans across the pillow, and I inhale the intoxicating scent of her jasmine shampoo. Slipping my arm around her waist, she sleepily pushes herself into me. Our first moment that isn't overshadowed by the tension of our power dynamics. There is no holding back—only the warmth of each other's touch.

"You look fucking gorgeous like this," I mutter to myself, gingerly pulling her tighter, being careful not to wake her. But it doesn't matter. Victoria stirs. She lets out a soft groan before shifting onto her back and opening her stunning hazel eyes. Tired and still hazy with sleep, she turns onto her side to find me watching her.

Her voice is thick and still heavy with sleep. "Like what?"

"Imperfect," I reply, pressing my lips to her collar bone. She lets out a slow breath and shifts slightly. Her body still pressing against mine, she moves enough to untangle herself from me. There's a subtle awkwardness in her motion, like my admission made her uncomfortable. But she doesn't say anything in response. She just lies there, her body against mine as I run my fingers through her thick locks. I

can feel the weight of her thoughts on my shoulders, and a quiet unease settles in my chest. This... thing. The three of us. Things shifting in me that I don't fully understand. Things I'm trying to figure out.

She glances across my chest, clearly noticing that there's only the two of us in bed. "Where's Elena?"

Trying to gather my thoughts, I mutter, "I don't know. She wasn't here when I woke."

"We should probably get up." Victoria slips from beneath my arm and tosses back the blankets to climb from the bed.

I nod in agreement, though I would rather stay in here with the woman I woke up next to. But the fleeting moment has passed, and the tension is beginning to hang between us again. We both find our clothes and dress, the silence between us almost deafening. I want to say something— anything to soften her for me again—but I don't have the words.

I follow Victoria to the kitchen where we find Elena. She has music playing softly on her phone and is dancing at the stovetop as she flips pancakes. Unlike me and Victoria, she is completely relaxed. She moves around the kitchen as though this isn't complicated and the three of us aren't tangled in uncertainty.

"Morning," Elena greets us cheerfully, a bright smile lighting up her face.

"Morning, cailín leanbh ." I step behind her and pull her wiggling arse against me. Her hand slips over mine around her waist, and she strokes it tenderly as I place a soft kiss against the side of her neck.

"Pancakes?"

Victoria kisses her cheek before taking a seat at the small kitchen table. I grab plates for Elena and pour cups of coffee for both me and Victoria. Handing her a cup, I take the seat across from her. “Thank you.” Victoria’s voice is quiet but her tone polite, her eyes flicking to mine before looking away.

With only the table between us, Victoria suddenly feels distant. Maybe it’s just me. Maybe I’m overthinking, and I just miss the feel of us intertwined with each other. Maybe I just miss that glimmer of submission. That’s what it is.

Upon finishing the pancakes, Elena serves them and places a plate before each of us, quickly returning with syrup from the fridge. “I would’ve made something else, but this is literally the only thing I could find,” she admits with a small laugh.

“I keep it handy for when my niece is here,” I explain. “She loves pancakes.”

We eat in relative silence, the clinking of forks the only noise in the room. It’s quiet and slightly uncomfortable, but I like it. Every time I glance across the table at Victoria and Elena, I feel a comfort that I can’t explain. Setting my fork on my plate, I confess, “Cat was right.”

They both look at me inquisitively, my admission not making sense to either of them. “What do you mean?” Victoria asks.

“My sister-in-law,” I clarify. “Having women stay for breakfast... This is nice.”

Elena looks at me, her eyes soft and showing her vulnerability—mirroring what I am feeling. She glances at Victoria, as though seeking approval, before breaking the returned silence in the room. “It is.” A small smile spreads across her face as though she is having the same thoughts as me.

I could get used to this.

The thought catches me off guard. This isn't real. The three of us aren't a throuple. I am merely a third wheel for them to have some fun with. The weight of my realization is heavy. The truth of it unsettling because it doesn't feel right. I might barely know them, but I like falling asleep with them in my arms and waking to know they're still here.

"I want to explore this." I gesture between the three of us. It's been an eternity since I had a consistent woman in my life, but I cannot deny our connection. I don't do this—relationships—and I feel like I'm bumbling through this like an inexperienced teenager. "I like being with both of you. I like the three of us together."

The two of them glance at each other, Victoria's unsettled gaze landing on me. "I know you're a couple, and what I'm saying is messy. And I don't want you to say anything right now," I quickly blurt before she has a chance to denounce my interest in pursuing something meaningful with the two of them. I hold Victoria's stare, slowing my words as I continue, "You and me. You and Elena. Me and Elena. The three of us together. Whatever happens happens."

"Conor—" Victoria's voice cracks.

"I'll take you as you are," I clarify. "I'm just asking you to think about it."

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

ELENA

The last hour at Conor's apartment was... strange. Nothing was wrong, but after his confession, there was an awkwardness in the air, like the three of us were all trying to figure out the hell we were doing. Conor, the only one of us who was vocal, is clearly grappling with his feelings. Victoria—more guarded than ever—has been unable to pull her hands from me. Like if she lets go, she's afraid that I'll slip away. And I've been trying to ignore what I'm feeling since that first night. Thoughts that are becoming near impossible for me to pretend they don't exist.

The drive from Conor's apartment is quieter than I expected. Both of us lost in our own thoughts. Victoria and I don't say much as the Town Car makes its way through the traffic of the busy city streets. The two of us sitting in some in-between moment where everything is suspended between what is and what might be. I can't shake being concerned about the transition that I sense is coming.

I steal a quick glance at Victoria, finding her shoulders slightly hunched as if she is carrying the weight of a thousand unspoken thoughts. She has been uncharacteristically solemn since we left Conor's place, and I know she's wrestling with the idea. A burden she shouldn't carry alone.

"Hey," I whisper, breaking the silence as I place my hand on her thigh. My voice soft and tentative. "You okay?"

She turns to meet my gaze, looking exhausted, this morning clearly taking an

emotional toll on her. “I’m fine,” she responds, her tone not carrying the same conviction as her words. “Just tired.”

“Yeah. Me too,” I lie with a slow nod. But I’m not tired. If anything, I’m restless. I have thought about it plenty, but what happened this morning makes the idea of us—the three of us—feel real. Too real.

The car pulls to the curb in front of our building, and we make our way upstairs. Stepping inside, I immediately kick off my shoes and head to the kitchen to get a glass of water. Following me, Victoria leans against the counter and crosses her arms as though bracing herself for something.

“I’ve been thinking,” I mutter, unable to lift my eyes to meet her gaze as my heart pounds in my chest. “About Conor. About this... situation. Before he said anything. And I can’t deny that I am curious.”

A slight scowl pulls at the corner of Victoria’s mouth, but she doesn’t say anything, and I take her silence as a sign to continue.

“I mean...” I pause, unsure how to put my jumbled thoughts into words. “I know we just met him. And I know this is fast and crazy, but I’m interested in exploring what he’s asking for. There’s something there, Vic. I can feel it. For all of us.” I didn’t mean to speak for her, but it’s the truth. I saw the way she looked at him—the same way she looks at me.

Victoria exhales a long, slow breath and looks at me like she is preparing for a storm. She’s trying to process everything I just shared; the hesitation and pain in her eyes breaks my heart. “It’s not a relationship,” she gruffly dismisses me, uncrossing her arms and letting them hang loosely at her sides. “At least, not for me.”

Her response doesn’t surprise me, but it still stings a little. She is always

cautious—calculated. She never does anything without thoroughly thinking it through and being certain she knows exactly how things will play out. It's something I love and respect about her. But this... this is different. Feelings don't play by the same rules as business transactions. Feelings are messy... Unpredictable. And that scares the fucking hell out of her.

Turning to face her fully, I take a step closer and slip my hands into hers. "You can try to ignore this all you want, but I know you, Victoria. As well as you know me. I can see it in your eyes. I can see it every time he looks at you. And every time you look at him. Hell, even when you watch him look at me. You feel something for him as clearly as you feel something for me."

Her lips press into a thin line, and her jaw clenches. She isn't angry—not really—but she's defensive. "It's not that simple, sweet girl. It never is. You know that."

I find myself at a loss for words, unsure how to respond. I've known her long enough to know when she's holding back. And right now, she is doing everything she can to shield herself from something she isn't quite ready to face. It is clear—to me if not for her—there is a part of her struggling with this new reality. A part of her feels something for Conor that she is too afraid to admit to herself.

"Maybe not." I take a deep breath and squeeze her hands reassuringly. "But that doesn't change the fact that there's something between the three of us. Something we're all cognizant of... Even you."

She shifts uncomfortably, her gaze breaking from mine and falling to the floor. Wrapping my hands around her waist, she pulls me into her and embraces me—tightly. "I don't want to complicate things," she whispers so softly I almost think it's to herself. "You and me... We have something great, Elena. And I don't want to risk losing that."

Sliding my hands up her back, I return the tightness of her embrace. It's a simple gesture, but it provides her with a relief I know she so desperately needs. "I get that. I really do. But this... It doesn't have to ruin what we have."

She presses her lips to my forehead, and they tremble against my skin. "I can't lose you," she mutters.

Her vulnerability tugs at my heart. There's so much she isn't saying. So many things she's afraid of if we allow ourselves to explore this with Conor. "You will never lose me. Ever ." My voice shakes with the weight of the uncertainty we're both feeling. "But I think we owe it to ourselves to see where this goes. To see where it leads."

I'm not stupid. This won't be easy. I know that. We will all have fears and hesitations that we need to work through. It could be messy. It would change us. But maybe, just maybe, this could be the most amazing thing ever to happen to us. And as terrifying as this is, I'm willing to take that risk. I need to.

She pulls back from our embrace and dusts the back of her hand along my jaw. With a soft but resolute tone, she promises, "I'll think about it."

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

VICTORIA

Standing in the living room of our apartment, I stare out of the window and listen to the hum of the city below. Elena has been giving me space to think things over. She disappeared into the kitchen a bit ago to start dinner and has been singing along to Taylor Swift as she prepares our meal.

Walking onto the terrace, I lean against the rail and stare into the void of the skyline, my thoughts repeatedly drifting to the conversation I had with Elena this morning. Her words repeatedly echo in my mind...

You can try to ignore this all you want, but I know you, Victoria. As well as you know me. I can see it in your eyes. I can see it every time he looks at you. And every time you look at him. Hell, even when you watch him look at me. You feel something for him as clearly as you feel something for me.

I didn't want to admit it—not to her nor to myself—but it was true. There was something between Conor and me. There was something between the three of us. I lie to myself every time I say I don't want to complicate things. In reality, I am running away from something that scares the ever-loving hell out of me. Losing control .

The only way to approach this requires me to admit that I can't plan what is going to happen—with him and with her. A soft sigh slips from my lips, and I rub my hands over my face, trying to wash the fog from my thoughts. It's not that I don't want to try, but that I'm afraid of what this might cost me. But Elena is right... I can try to

pretend that I don't feel something for him, but I can't ignore how I feel when our eyes meet or his warm breath blows over my skin. It's the same pull I feel with Elena—different, but unmistakable. Conor Evans is like an extra piece to an already completed puzzle.

After several minutes, I head into the kitchen where Elena is chopping vegetables with her back to me. She glances over her shoulder when she hears me come in and gives me a soft smile. "Everything okay?" she asks, placing the knife on the counter and wiping her hands on a towel.

Swallowing my hesitation, I nod. "Yeah. I've been thinking about what we talked about earlier. About Conor. About the three of us."

Her eyes glimmer with hopeful anticipation. "And?"

Gripping the counter before me, as though it will stabilize my feelings and thoughts, I exhale slowly. "I don't want to complicate things," I share, watching the glimmer fade from Elena's eyes. "But I also don't want to keep pretending... I need to stop running from my feelings. I don't want to lose you, sweet girl. I don't want to lose us. But I think you're right... Maybe we need to see where this goes. See where he fits into our lives."

Taking a step toward me with her eyes softening, Elena reaches out to grab my hand. "I know it's scary..."

"I just... I don't want to mess this up," I mumble. "I don't want to hurt you."

"You won't. You aren't capable of hurting me." Elena squeezes my hand, full of confidence in me and certainty about us. "But you need to stop carrying that fear on your own. If we're doing this, we're in this together. The three of us."

I nod, her words soothing my hesitation and some of the anxiety in my chest. Taking a deep breath, I lift my phone from the counter. I pull up Conor's contact information. "I'm going to tell him." I hesitate for a moment, my nerves twisting in my stomach, quickly dialing his number before I can change my mind. The phone rings for an eternity before he answers. "Hello, cailín dáigh ." His voice echoes through the phone—warm and familiar—yet laced with curiosity.

"We're in," I blurt, getting the words out before I have a chance to second-guess myself and chicken out. There is an unsettling silence on the other end, and it causes my heart to race. I suck in a breath and feel myself holding it, suddenly afraid that he's going to back away from what he asked for.

"You are full of surprises, mo cailín dáigh ," he praises when he finally breaks the silence. "Is mo cailín leanbh there, too?"

"Yes," I answer, putting the phone on speaker and placing it on the counter. "Elena is right here with me."

"Can you come for dinner? At six-thirty?" I ask, glancing at the clock. It's just past five, and this will give us time to finish dinner and change before he arrives.

"Six-thirty works," he replies, unable to hide his chipper excitement. "I'll be there."

"We'll see you then." I end the call, staring into space for a moment.

Dinner is casual, just the three of us sitting around a small table on the terrace. Our unease fading as we share a bottle of wine and a simple meal. Conversation flows freely, despite the undercurrent of our dissolving agreement and budding relationship—although somehow that feels like it doesn't need to be discussed right now.

I don't know when it happens, but at some point, the words don't matter. It's just us—me, Conor, and Elena—enjoying one other's company. With our clothes on . Small glances and soft smiles are shared across the table, connecting the three of us more than words ever could.

With the sun falling over the city, and the terrace lit only by the small gas firepit and city lights of the surrounding buildings, we sit comfortably snuggled against each other on the couch. I'm on Conor's lap, and Elena's lying beside us, her head resting on my thighs as Conor strokes her hair. Conor's hand brushes mine, just the faintest of touches. Staring into his soft, yet intense eyes, something inside of me snaps; the last remaining thread of tension unraveling. Leaning in, I close the distance between us and press my lips to his.

He kisses me back—slowly and gently, unlike any time before. This isn't out of neediness or for gratification. It's something else—something more intimate. Pulling back, both of us breathless, Conor looks at me with a steady gaze. “The two of you...” he muses, his hands roaming over us both.

Needing more of him, I crash my lips back onto his. This isn't soft or gentle. It's anything but. Both of us paw at each other, pulling Elena from the couch to join us. Our tongues tangle as the three of us share in each other. My breaths heavy, I pant against their lips, “Please... Take us inside.”

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

CONOR

The night air turns cool by the time I pull into the valet at the club. Opening the rear door of the Tahoe, I take Elena's hand and help her from the backseat. With her arm tucked into the crook of mine, we round the SUV to Victoria. The two of them walk with me, one on each arm, and we pass through the velvet ropes when the bouncer parts them for us.

For the past two weeks, the three of us have dived headfirst into this relationship—in secret. Dinners, drinks, and conversations until sunrise happen nightly at their place or mine. Sometimes together. Sometimes just one of them. All of us getting to know each other intimately, a connection I've never sought with any of the women I've seen before. And the sex. Fuck... The sex. Individually, they are incredible. But together... The three of us fit in a way that is natural and electric—perfectly.

The two of them look so fucking good tonight. Elena, in a simple black dress that hugs her figure. It's the perfect fit for the quiet confidence that she exudes. Victoria is dressed in a low-cut red top and black leather pants, a bold look that matches her fire and raw intensity. My heart races—and my cock twitches—with every heated look I take at the two of them. Together, the two of them alone will draw the eyes of every man, and most women, inside the club. Only tonight, it isn't just the two of them.

Pausing at the door, I rub my fingers over both their arms. What we are about to do is big. Huge, especially for me. It's going to put us on the center stage. No more secrecy. I glance at them both and softly ask, "Are you sure?" They both stare up at

me—Victoria with a bit of hesitation behind her hazel eyes—and silently nod their response.

Tenderly, I give a reassuring squeeze to Victoria's upper arm. With the things she has shared about her history, I can only imagine how vulnerable she feels. It was only a few short years ago that her entire family shunned her for openly dating a woman. The hypocritical, self-righteous bastards completely cut her off from the family, leaving her with nothing but her irrevocable trust fund. A measly hundred million dollars. I know she doesn't need to worry about that here. My family and the members of the club—or virtually anyone in our lifestyle—would never judge our relationship the way her family would.

I open the door, letting them enter like the gentleman I am before walking in myself. Stepping between the two of them, they retake an arm each, and the people seated at the table beside us stare in our direction. "Let them all look as much as they want," I murmur, my voice just loud enough for both of them to hear. "There isn't a man in here who wouldn't love to have you both draped over him."

A sly grin tugs at my lips as we walk toward where my brothers usually sit near the bar, heads turning toward us as we make our way through the crowded lounge. There are whispers and gawking faces. They can gossip. They can all fucking stare. I am perfectly fine with it.

Victoria squeezes my arm, her lips curling into a small, teasing smile. "You look like you're feeling a little too confident tonight," she teases, her tone laced with amusement.

I laugh, my eyes flickering to hers. "Every staring set of eyes is wondering three things, cailín dáigh . How we fuck... Which of us is in charge... And if they're going to get the pleasure of finding out this evening."

“We didn’t discuss fucking at the club,” Victoria huffs.

Unable to hide my playful smirk, I rebuff, “We didn’t discuss not fucking at the club, either.”

Victoria rolls her eyes and shakes her head, clearly not amused, as Elena chuckles. She always enjoys my teasing—something she doesn’t indulge in herself.

I spot Finn at the bar, sitting with a drink and his usual cocky grin as he watches the scene unfolding in our wake. He raises an eyebrow as the three of us approach. “Well, well, well,” he muses, leaning back in his chair. “Being subtle about breaking this news, I see.”

“It’s not a big deal,” I lie. It’s a fucking huge deal. I couldn’t care less about announcing our relationship to the club. It’s my brothers—and their wives—I care about. We don’t hide shit from each other, and while they all know I’m sleeping with Elena and Victoria, I’ve been holding back how deep things have quickly become between us.

Finn stares at us as we cozy into an oversized chair for two, Elena on my lap and Victoria sitting on the arm with my hand resting on her hip. “What?” I gruff.

His eyes darting between Elena and Victoria, he jests, “Oh, nothing. Just wondering how the fuck you managed to convince not one but two women that you’re actually worth dating.”

“It’s his huge cock,” Victoria quips without missing a beat, causing Finn to erupt with laughter.

“I fucking like you.” Finn shakes his finger at Victoria. “You’re going to fit right with this family.” Learning that unlike her family, mine will accept us with open

arms, his playful, warm-hearted statement causes a tiny smile to pull at her lips.

Elena, quieter and more reserved than Victoria, fidgets uncomfortably on my lap. My poor girl barely has a family of her own and Vic's was completely unaccepting of her having anything to do with the Conrad name. Rubbing my hand along her thigh, I lean close and whisper into her ear, "They're going to love you, too, cailín leanbh ." She nods with uncertainty. "Trust me."

Turning to face me, I can see the worry written across her furrowed brow and slightly saddened eyes. "How do you know?"

"They're going to love you"—I cup her face and stare deep into the dark, molten chocolate pools of her eyes—"because I love you." Her eyes blow wide at my admission—words I've never spoken to a single woman that surprise even me, yet I want to profess them to both these amazing women.

"I love you," she mutters, her eyes growing teary. I press my lips to hers softly, my tongue darting lightly between them as I squeeze Victoria's hip. Pulling back from our kiss, I look at Victoria, who is watching us.

"Not just Elena." I stare up at Victoria, lightly shaking my head. "I love both of you." She doesn't have the same reaction as Elena —she barely has a physical reaction at all, other than a tighter grasp on my hand. It's not exactly the reaction you hope for, but with her... That subtle movement tells me what she's not able to. As with everything, she will... if and when she's ready.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

ELENA

ONE WEEK LATER

“Vic!” I shout her name through the apartment, echoed by my uncontrollable laughter. “You have to come in here!”

Following the sound of my laughter, she rushes to the bedroom to find me standing beside the bed, tears streaming down my face as I struggle to breathe. She takes in the sight of me before seeing our collection of toys sprawled across the bed. More correctly, our new collection of toys.

Pulling open the drawer to entice Vic to play this afternoon, I found Conor’s handiwork. Every single dildo and vibrator we own has been replaced. The new ones all looking very familiar.

“Is that...” her voice trails off as she slowly walks from the threshold across the room to the bed. “He didn’t...” She lifts a flesh-colored silicone dildo from the bed to inspect it, her fingers running over steel of the King’s Crown piercing through the ridge of the head. She drops it to bed and lifts another... and another. Strap-ons. Double-ended dildos. Strapless dildos. Ones with room for a bullet vibe and ones without. But all of them an exact replica of Conor.

Shaking her head with a look of disbelief on her face, she swipes my phone from my hand. Unlocking it, she quickly dials his number. The phone rings one before he

answers, “Hel?—”

“Seriously, Conor?” she gaffs into the phone.

His roarish laugh echoes through the phone as though he knows exactly why she’s calling. “The two of you aren’t having nearly as much sex without me as I thought,” he chuckles. “Because I’ve been waiting for this call for days!”

Vic counts the toys scattered across the soft white duvet. “Sixteen copies of your cock... All with jewelry matching yours.” She shakes her head, gathering them all into a pile at the foot of the bed as I start to finally catch my breath from laughing so hard. “Was that really necessary?”

“Necessary? No.” He continues to snicker. “But if either of you are going to be riding a cock, it’s going to be mine. Always.”

A mischievous smirk pulls at the corner of her Victoria’s lips, slowly spreading into a devilish smile. “Clothes off, sweet girl,” she instructs, pushing the button to put the phone on speaker and tossing it onto the bed. “You clearly wanted to play or you wouldn’t have found these. And well, Conor wants to know I’m fucking you with his cock. It’s only fair I give you both exactly what you’re asking for.”

“Wh... What?” Conor exclaims as I toss my shirt to the floor and undo the button of my jeans. “I’ll be there in fifteen minutes.”

Victoria sheds her maxi dress as I wiggle from my skinny jeans, pushing them down my legs with my panties. Her eyes roam over my naked body, her tongue dragging seductively across her lips. “Good for you,” she teases. Victoria playfully pushes me onto the bed and lifts a thick purple silicone dildo from the bed. She grabs the lube from the bedside table and drops it beside me. “I’ll have my sweet girl a sloppy panting mess by then.”

Pressing my thighs apart, she kneels at the foot of the bed. Licking through my pussy, she teasingly rubs the thick tip of dildo against my entrance. Licking and sucking at my clit, she slowly works the thick head into me. A pained whimper blows over my lips when it finally slips inside. “No wonder he loves pressing into you so fucking much,” she kisses against my clit and upper thighs. “Your tight little cunt is working so fucking hard to take this fat cock. Stretched and so fucking full to take him.”

“Fuck,” Conor growls, reminding me that he is listening to the two of us, the sounds of an engine turning over in the background. “Are you stretching her without me?”

I cry out in pleasure when Victoria plunges the rest of the dildo into me, every inch of me suddenly filled. The soft flat of her tongue glides over my clit as she thrusts the thick silicone into me. Overstimulated with the pleasure she’s providing building in my core, I struggle to breathe as she continues to fuck and lick at me.

“Don’t hold back, sweet girl.” Her words vibrate against my sensitive pussy. “Let him hear you come.”

Victoria doesn’t leave me an option. She sucks my clit into her mouth as she vigorously thrusts every inch of the dildo into me. My fingers laced in her hair, I pull her tight to me and ride her face as the tension in my stomach explodes through me. “Vic!” I scream her name as my thighs tremble against the sides of her face.

“That’s my good girl,” she praises, pulling back and exposing her chin, glistening with my arousal.

Urging me to roll onto my stomach, Vic grabs the lube from the bed and slathers a generous amount of it over her fingers. “Has he stretched out this hole yet?” She rubs her fingers over my taunt asshole as her lips kiss over my cheek.

“N...no...” I pant, Vic carefully working one of her fingers inside me. She moves it

in slow circles, gingerly stretching me, sliding the dildo in and out of my pussy at the same leisurely pace. Knowing I'm ready, she adds a second a finger and a guttural groan rattles from me. "Have you not told him how much you love having your ass fucked?"

My face buried in the sheets as she pleasures me, I moan, "No, Madame."

"Fuuuuuuuuck," Conor growls through the phone.

She pulls out her fingers and drips a generous amount of lube over a second dildo. "Does that mean I'm going to take your sweet ass with his cock before he does?" she asks, smearing the lube along the massive length of silicone.

"You wouldn't," Conor snarls, the gruffness of his voice echoing through the bedroom.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

CONOR

She wouldn't...

Racing through the city, I weave through the heavy traffic and blow through intersections and red lights, my speed increasing with every second this phone call continues. My cock is rock fucking hard and straining against the zipper of my pants, needing desperately to be set free. Needing desperately to sink into one or both of my girls.

“Ma... Madame...” Elena’s soft, tentative voice is filled with hesitation.

“You’re going to take this thick fucking cock in your tight little ass,” Victoria demands, her husky voice echoing through my Tahoe. “And you’re going to do it with your pussy equally as full.”

“You wouldn’t fucking dare,” I growl, hooking a sharp right onto their block.

But I know she would. Victoria would fuck Elena’s arse with a copy of my cock solely to push my buttons. Fucking brats...

“Take a deep breath and relax, sweet girl. Let me in. It’ll feel so fucking good,” Victoria urges.

Pulling half onto the curb, I barely have the SUV in park before jumping from the

driver's seat. The door still wide open, I race into their building and slap at the button for the elevator. I stare at the lights above the doors, floors away, and decide to take the stairs. The sounds of Elena's sweet whimper echo through the empty stairwell, a cry toeing the line between pleasure and pain as Victoria praises, "That's my good girl."

Traversing the stairs three at a time, I make my way to the twelfth floor. "Look at you," Victoria croons through the phone in my hand as I reach the door to their apartment. Turning the doorknob, I let out an annoyed exhale when I find it locked. "Eagerly letting me slide every inch of his thick fucking cock into your beautiful ass."

I slam my shoulder into the door, and it splinters off the hinges and flings into the apartment, with me barreling in behind it. Elena's soft cries of pleasure take me in mass, fluttering through the apartment. Yanking my shirt over my head, I rush through the apartment and toward the master bedroom at the rear.

When I storm through the bedroom door, my feet are cemented to the floor at the sight before me. Elena has her beautiful, round arse in the air and is fisting the sheets beneath her, a look of absolute bliss on her face as Victoria fucks both her holes with replicas of me.

"You're so fucking full," I mutter from the doorway, startling them both.

Victoria stares into my eyes as her lips dust over the swell of Elena's arse. "And she takes it so fucking well."

"Do you have any idea how long I've thought about fucking that tight little arse?" I undo the zipper of my jeans, providing a bit of relief to my cock as I cross the room. I stroke myself and watch Victoria fuck Elena. "Make her come," I demand. "Then I'm going to fill her and mark that beautiful tight arse as mine."

Driving the silicone into her, Victoria urges, “Do you hear that, sweet girl? He’s going to fill this perfect little hole with cum once you come for me.” Elena’s thighs shake, and she claws at the sheets, her screams muffled in the thick blanket beneath her when she completely falls apart.

Victoria carefully pulls from Elena’s arse , and I stare at the beautiful gaping hole she’s made for me. “On your back, cailín leanbh ,” I urge, rolling her over and shoving my pants down. Grabbing the bottle from the bed, I hastily slather lube over the length of my cock and press with ease into the hole Victoria prepared for me. “Let your Madame ride your face as I fuck your arse . Thank her for getting you so nice and ready for me.”

As I thrust slow and deep into Elena’s tight arse , Victoria climbs onto the bed and straddles her face. “Your tongue always feels so fucking good,” Victoria pants her praise. She leans forward and wraps her hand around the base of the toy still buried in Elena’s pussy, matching my pace and fucking her with it.

“Your arse feels so fucking good.”

Elena’s cries—hushed by Victoria’s slick pussy—are fucking intoxicating. Pulling back, I drive into her and take her arse without abandon. Victoria meets my need, grinding on Elena’s face and filling her pussy with short, vigorous thrusts of my cock’s clone. Elena unfurls for us over and over again, both of us pleasuring her through each orgasm as we relentlessly pull another from her.

Roughly slipping my hands into Victoria’s dark locks, I drag her face to mine and demand her mouth. Our kiss is rough and sloppy, fueled with a feral need—the same with which we both claim Elena’s curvaceous body. Victoria grips my shoulder, her nails digging into my skin as her cries of euphoria fill my mouth. I swallow them, fighting the need to come. But it’s futile. Elena spasms around my cock when another release fires through her, and I lose control. My balls tighten, and I spill into her arse

with a guttural moan that echoes through the apartment.

I pull the toy from her pussy and then myself from her arse , watching my cum trickle from her. Fuck, that's glorious. I inch up Elena's body as Victoria climbs from her face and falls, exhausted, to the bed beside her. Pressing my lips to Elena's, I lick the delectable taste of Victoria's cunt from them before plunging my tongue into her mouth. Every inch of her mouth tastes like mo cailín dáigh , and I can't get enough of her.

“The two of you are so fucking incredible. I need to go clean up, but we are nowhere near done.” I pause to kiss Victoria as I step over her and then off the bed. “You can decide which of your holes I'm going to mark as mine while I'm in the shower.”

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

VICTORIA

While Conor showers, I clean the mess we made of my sweet girl—wiping away the lube on her skin and the cum trickling from her ass. After tossing the cloth to the floor, I slide onto the bed with Elena. Exhausted from both of us having thoroughly used her, she lays with her head partially on my shoulder and pillow beneath us.

Ten minutes later, Conor steps into the threshold of the bathroom doorway, his cock miraculously as hard as it was when he stormed into the bedroom. “Cailín dáigh,” Conor croons, leisurely stroking his length as he pads across the hardwood floor. “Am I claiming your pussy or your arse?”

Uncertain how to answer him, I opt to avert his question. “Elena is far too tired for more.”

“My cailín leanbh can rest. She can drift to sleep, knowing that by the time she wakes, you’ll also be mine.”

Conor grabs the lube, parts my legs, and settles between them on his knees. “I have only dabbled in a little oral ass play,” I inform him. “There is no way you are fucking my ass.”

“Are you telling me that we need to train your virgin arse so I can have the pleasure of being your first?” he asks, and I nod, feeling the unfamiliar burn of embarrassment on my cheeks. A pleased smile pulls at the corner of his lips as he grips my hip and

rolls my body. “On your stomach. We can start stretching that tight little hole while I mark your perfect cunt as mine.”

When I follow his command, Conor grips my hips and pulls me onto my knees, so my ass is in the air—the position leaves me vulnerable and on display for him. He rubs his thumb over my asshole as he presses the thick head of his cock against my cunt. Still slick with arousal, he sinks into me and fills my pussy with every inch of him with ease.

“Fuck... After feeling you this way... I’m never going to get enough,” Conor groans from behind me. He takes me with long, deep thrusts as I stare into Elena’s heavy eyes. I startle when cold lube trickles between my cheeks and over my asshole. “Relax, cailín dáigh . We’re going to go nice and slowly. Just enough to show you how good it will feel to have your arse fucked.”

Taking me with languid strokes of his cock, Conor rubs his thumb around my tight hole, slowly increasing the pressure. Flexing my hips, I dip my lower back and push my ass higher into the air, surprising myself at how eagerly I’m seeking more. “Take a deep breath and slowly blow it out for me,” he softly instructs, burying himself in my pussy. I do as he asks, pursing my lips and expelling a deep breath. As the air blows from my lungs, Conor eases his thumb into my ass. My breathy exhalation becomes a feral groan. “Such a good fucking girl.”

“Doesn’t it feel good?” Elena asks, stroking my face. Her voice is groggy, and her eyes are heavy as she fights against her impending sleep to watch Conor claim me too.

Unable to muster words as he tenderly finger-fucks my ass at the same pace as his cock thrusts into my pussy, I mutter, “Uh-huh.”

He takes me slowly, letting me get used to the feel of his thumb in my ass. It feels

good, but it takes a bit for me to get used to the sensation and relax. When I do, he slowly increases his pace. He grinds against my ass as he repeatedly buries his cock into me. “You’re doing... so fucking... good. Taking me... in your... soaked pussy...and your... tight arse .”

I pull my sleepy girl into me gently with a hand in her hair. I moan against her lips as an orgasm fires through me—my asshole clenching and my pussy quivering. “Fuuuck,” Conor groans, “Your bare cunt feels so fucking good. Now be a good girl and come for me again.”

He doesn’t leave me much choice. Our skin claps as he slams into me, taking me at a brutal pace. The way he knows I like to be fucked. His cock. His thumb. Fuller than I’ve ever been and being pounded in both holes. He drives deep, and I come so hard it teeters between pleasure and pain. “I can’t... It’s too much...” I pant, only to be met with the same words I have said so many times to Elena.

“My good girl can take it.” Conor is breathless and unrelenting. “You’ll keep coming for me until I spill into your cunt. Because you want me to mark it as mine.”

Fisting the sheets, I cry out in pleasure as Conor fucks orgasm after orgasm from me—each of them crashing through my body like waves against the shore. My whole body shakes against the bed, and my pussy relentlessly spasms around his cock.

“Mine!” Conor painfully growls through gritted teeth, his cock twitching as he spills inside of me. Abruptly pulling out, he shoots a ribbon of cum against my thumb-filled asshole and plunges his cock back into my pussy. Now buried deep in my cunt, he works his thumb in and out of me, pushing his cum into my ass.

“Good fucking girl,” he praises me as he catches his breath. “Your cunt and your arse . Both of these tight little holes are mine.”

Conor climbs off the bed and returns with a damp wash cloth. Wiping it over my body, he cleans me with the same thorough tenderness that I did Elena after he claimed her. Dropping the cloth on the floor, he slides into bed and between the two of us. Elena and I both nuzzle into him—our heads resting on his chest and his arms wrapped around each of us.

I lovingly stroke Elena's face as Conor places a soft kiss against my forehead and then hers. "My girls..."

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

ELENA

TWO WEEKS LATER

“At the same time?” Catlin gasps, staring back at me with wide disbelieving eyes from the other side of the fire pit. She stammers in complete disbelief, “That’s not... I’ve seen it... That’s not possible.”

“Cat. Piscin .” Finn chuckles, giving a tender squeeze on her shoulder as he hands her a glass of wine. “I know you’re curious, but you really need to stop asking questions you aren’t ready to hear the answers to.”

“Good for you!” Layla exclaims. “Getting fucked by him and then Tristan was more than enough for me. I can’t imagine taking them both at the same time.”

“Want to find out?” Conor teases, sliding into the seat beside me and pulling me into his lap. “We don’t even need Tris cramping our style this time. You. Me. And one of the toys I had made.”

Layla shakes her head. “Are you trying to get in trouble?” When Conor let me and Vic know he had fucked Layla once, I was expecting things to be awkward between all of us. But surprisingly, it isn’t. It sounds gross to say it out loud—knowing they’ve had sex—but she’s like his sister. At least now. He loves her as deeply as he loves each of us, just in a very flirtatious, platonic way. “Tristan would beat the snot out of you before you managed to get your pants off.”

Tristan snakes his arm around Conor's neck and snarls, "Stop trying to fuck my wife." Tristan tightens his hold, and Conor's face turns a bright shade of red as he struggles to breathe.

"Again?" Vic sighs, returning from the beach with a very pregnant Sasha. Turning her attention to Tristan she smirks. "Choke the shit out of him."

Conor slaps at Tristan's hands, trying futilely to break free of him. "For fuck's sake," Declan gruffs, joining all of us on the patio. "You have two gorgeous women in your bed every night. Stop being a twat and trying to fuck your sister-in-law. He will kill you."

Tristan lets go, and Conor gasps. He slips me from his lap and stands. Struggling to catch his breath, he winks at Layla. "It'd be fucking worth it. Cat, Sasha, Quinn"—he winks at them as he says their names—"they'd all be worth it."

"Fuck Tristan," Declan snarls, "I'll fucking kill you."

The girls and I all laugh, as his brothers all chase Conor off the patio—each ready to beat the shit out of him.

"Five of them and we pick the salacious flirt," Vic grouses, taking Conor's now vacant seat beside me.

Catlin laughs. "Trust me. Declan has nearly killed Finn more times than I can count for flirting with Quinn."

"Don't let any of them fool you." Quinn stands and glances over the railing at the sounds of a scuffle coming from the beach. "They all enjoy it. It gives them a reason to beat the piss out of each other."

Growing up with just my semi-absentee dad, I never knew what it was like to have a family. Vic was the first consistent person in my life—until I met Conor’s family. Like he promised, all of them have welcomed Vic and me with open arms. I love how committed they are to each other—including us. The teasing, flirting, and occasional punches aside, not one of them is unwilling to drop everything to show up for someone else when needed.

“Sorry I’m late,” Ivan apologizes, stepping onto the patio from the living room. “Got tied up with work.” Work... The downside to Conor’s family. The scars on his chest and stomach are a constant reminder that the late nights, split knuckles, and occasional blood-splattered clothes could lead to him getting injured again—or worse.

“Malen’kaya printsessa ,” he exhales, reaching the fire pit. “You are looking like you are ready to birth my plemynnik any day now.”

Walking back onto the patio and dusting the sand from his slightly disheveled clothes, Liam smiles as he shares, “Three more weeks, Ivan.”

“Jesus!” Sasha exclaims, seeing the same split lip and bloody nose as the rest of us.

Liam wipes them both with the back of his hand, smearing a little blood across his face. “It’s nothing. You should see the other guy.”

“Are the lot of you ever going to grow up?” Quinn huffs.

“Probably not,” Finn chuckles, his laughter joined by all his equally bruised and battered brothers following behind him. Boys will be...fucking idiots. Conor comes up the stairs last, definitely having taken the bulk of the playful fight on the beach.

“I need to talk with all of you,” Ivan chimes, the seriousness of his tone causes the

lighthearted atmosphere to immediately feel heavy. His eyes flit between those of us sitting around the fire pit. “Maybe inside.”

Something about his words and the way he says them makes my stomach drop. This family shares everything, the men don’t hide what they do from any of us. Nothing he has to say without the women present is going to be good. As though he can sense my discomfort, Conor flashes his charming smile at me as the six of them make their way into the house.

None of us say a word, each watching their discussion through the wall of windows separating us from them. Scowls cover everyone’s faces as the conversation quickly grows livid. Slipping her hand over mine, Victoria gives mine a squeeze—and I’m unsure which of us she’s trying to comfort.

This is not good .

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

VICTORIA

After what feels like an eternity, the guys make their way back onto the patio. Finn pulls Catlin from the fire pit, her face falling flat as though she knows that he has ominous news. Sasha, Layla, and Quinn each walk from where we sit when Conor approaches looking solemn.

“Con?” His name cracks off Elena’s lips in a whisper as he kneels before us both.

He cups her cheek and gingerly explains, “It’s okay, cailín leanbh . Finn and I are going to help Ivan and Rory with something. Dec is going to take you two home.”

“No,” I huff, knowing he won’t listen. I shake my head and cross my arms, sulking like a brat. I know this is his life. While I don’t like it, I’ve never had this reaction to him needing to go out late at night. I can’t explain why tonight is different, other than something about this just doesn’t feel right. I’ve had a sinking feeling in my gut since they walked inside. I want to tell him that I have a bad feeling about whatever it is that Ivan needs them for, but I also know you don’t put that shit into the universe. You don’t jinx them like that.

“Don’t do that, cailín dáigh .” He rubs his hands along my thighs as I pout. “It’ll be a couple of hours max. The second we’re done, I’ll come to your place and climb into bed so you can wake up with my arms wrapped around you. Around you both .”

“I’m ready whenever they are,” Declan interrupts, inadvertently informing me how

direly Conor needs to get wherever he is needed.

“We’re right behind you.” Conor nods, dismissing Declan and taking both our hands as he stands. The three of us walk through the house toward our awaiting car. Goodbyes after a family dinner usually last as long as the night itself. Tonight, they are unnaturally short, each of us giving a quick hug to those we pass on our way out the door.

Everything about this feels wrong.

Catlin climbs into the backseat of Tristan’s sleek black sports car with Layla, the look of concern on her face mirroring the mine. I wave awkwardly at the three of them as they pull from the driveway while I wait for Conor to finish saying good night to Elena.

He rounds the back of Declan’s Suburban and pulls me into him. “I love you, cailín dáigh.”

“Don’t you do that, Conor Evans,” I snip. “Don’t tell me you love me like you’re saying goodbye.”

Holding me firm against his chest, he strokes my hair. “Always so fucking stubborn. It’s a few hours. You can go a single night without my cock fucking you to sleep,” he teases.

“That’s not fucking funny.” I shove away from him.

Grabbing my wrist, he yanks me back into him with a thud that knocks the breath from me. “You know this is my life. You knew it before we started any of this. This is my life. It will always be my life.”

“It doesn’t have to be.” I shake my head. “You know I can take care of us.”

His lips purse and his brow furrows slightly. “And who will take care of my brothers?” he asks rhetorically. “You know this isn’t about the money. This is about family. Rud ar bith do mo dheartháir.”

I hear the words he’s saying, and I know how close he is with his family, but the meaning doesn’t register. My family is equal in size to Conor’s but I’m certain my brother would be more likely to slit my throat to inherit my portion of the family fortune than risk a papercut to save my life. His notion of ‘family’ isn’t the same as mine. And while I love his, I absolutely hate the danger that it can put him in.

“If you want to have this argument, we can.” He squeezes me tighter before releasing me from his embrace. “Do you want me to wake you when I get home? Or do you want to wait until morning?”

Scoffing, I hate both options since they mean he won’t be coming home with us.

“When I get home it is.” He smirks, opening the rear passenger door for me. I climb into the SUV and take the seat beside Elena. Conor leans into the door and buckles my seatbelt, a gesture I usually find endearing. “I lov?—”

I shove my fingers against his lips to silence him. “You can do that when you get home, too.” My bratting hiding my upset. He cups my left cheek and presses his lips to my right.

Letting his hand slide from my face, he tells Declan, “See to it they get home safe.”

“Always, brother,” Declan promises. He looks between the seats and catches Conor’s gaze. “You make sure you get home safe.” His words are both a demand and a request. He is equally as concerned for Conor’s safety as I am.

Conor's throat bobs as he swallows hard. He gives a quick nod and echoes Declan, "Always, brother."

Regretting nearly every second of the last few minutes, I part my lips to speak but find myself silenced by the door of the SUV closing. Elena reaches for my hand. She laces her fingers with mine and gives me a firm squeeze as Declan slips the SUV into drive.

Conor, Ivan, and Finn all climb into Finn's Bronco, and we follow them to the end of the driveway. They pull from it, heading in the opposite direction as us and I watch them slowly disappear through the rear window of the SUV.

CHAPTER THIRTY

CONOR

“We have done a lot of stupid shit?—”

“ A lot of stupid shit ,” Finn interrupts to repeat my words with significantly more emphasis.

“But this is fucking idiotic,” I finish my statement. “Suicidal even.”

Victoria and Elena both had every right to be upset when I sent them home without me. Our women might not be actively involved with this side of our business—as we try to keep them as safe from it as possible—but they all understand the risks. And none of them are idiots; they can read a room. They all knew the moment Ivan asked to speak with us in private that things were going to turn south.

And did they ever...

One of Ivan’s high-level thieves-in-law was taken in by the police a few hours ago under the guise of running a traffic light. No field sobriety test. A routine traffic stop that led straight to the police station. Definitely not an obtainable offense. It means one thing and one thing only. The bloody bastard has turned informant.

Ivan turns in the front seat to face me. “I think I was pretty fucking clear at the house that this was a really bad fucking idea.”

“What is the fucking alternative?” Finn asks, glancing into the rearview mirror as he defends his ludicrous plan. “Six consecutive life sentences at Sing Sing? Or maybe we get lucky and just get the death penalty.”

Fuck, that’s bleak.

“Who knows what he’s already told them?” Ivan speaks, pulling me back from my spiraling thoughts. “If they’re moving him to a safe house, it’s because they’re expecting his information to be worth protecting.”

We all know Ivan is right. Vlad, his thieves-in-law, has been integrally involved in every bit of our operations since Liam merged us with the Bratva . Extortion. Assault. Battery. Arson. The permanent removal of a few human hindrances to our businesses. If he shares and testifies to a fraction of what he knows, we’ll all be spending the rest of our lives behind bars—the women we love left with nothing and no one to take care of them.

Victoria can be mad that I’m putting my family above her, but what she’s thinking couldn’t be further from the truth. I’m doing it for my family—because Victoria and Elena are my family. Tonight is to protect them as much as it is for myself and my brothers.

“Are we just planning to storm the safe house with guns blazing? Or do we actually have some sort of plan?” Finn asks. “I mean, I’m good either way. Just curious.”

Before he can answer, my phone dings in my pocket. I pull it out to find a text from Rory.

RORY

Two Sheriff’s cars just pulled up out front, and there are far too many armed cops at

the door for it to be shift change.

They're moving him now.

Follow them

We have to know where they're taking him

Keep me posted, we can't be more than five minutes from you

I tell Finn and Ivan, who both spit a slew of expletives at the information. Rory drops his location as he follows the convoy through the city, and I provide Finn with his location. Watching the movement on the map, I cast it to the dash. "Make a left."

"And slow down," Ivan urges from the passenger seat.

I watch Finn's eyes roll in the rearview mirror as he sighs, "Yes, mam ."

"Seriously, Finn," I gruff. "Ivan's right. We don't need to be pulling up on the police brigade at ninety miles per hour. They don't need any heads- up that we're coming."

"Fine." Finn lets out another heavy sigh and lifts his foot off the accelerator, slowing us to just a few miles per hour above the speed limit.

Rory's name flashes on the dash, and I answer the call on my phone. His voice carries through the SUV's speakers. "I'm parked down the block. They're walking him in now. Single family home. Looks like they're setting up cops at the front and back. This is going to be a fucking blood bath."

There is an air of hesitation and nerves in his tone. Although—after taking a handful of bullets to the chest and nearly dying a few years ago—I can't exactly blame the

man. I've been shot and stabbed before, but nothing nearly as serious as what he endured trying to save Quinn from being abducted by the Bratva.

"Are you up for this?" I ask, my question geared toward Rory but open to the men in the car with me as well.

"Fuck you," Rory snips with a tinge of annoyance. "I wouldn't be loading an extra mag right now if I wasn't. Why don't you kids get your arses here already?"

I shake my head as Finn teases, "How the fuck did we all agree to add a second Declan to this family?"

"Don't be a fucking twat." Rory does his best to mock Declan, his accuracy makes Finn grip the steering wheel and grit his teeth. As though Rory can see Finn's reaction, he chuckles, "You're all fucking lucky to have me." He's right. We are. In the past few years, I've spilled as much blood beside Rory as I have with my blood-brothers. He might not carry our name, but Rory is an Evans through and through.

When we turn onto the street Rory is parked on, I immediately spot the police cruiser parked before a small brick Cape Cod surrounded by a waist-high wrought-iron fence. There is one officer in the car, one pacing the front yard, and I can only imagine at least one more covering the rear of the house.

Down the block, we pass Rory and pull into the driveway of a home with a for sale sign posted in the yard. My heart beats a little harder than usual, and I wipe my sweaty palms on my thighs of my trousers. "Circling back to Finn's question... Do we have a fucking plan or are we just going in guns blazing?"

"I've got an idea," Finn blurts.

Oh fuck...

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

CONOR

I swallow back a mouthful of whiskey from a bottle I grabbed out of the back of Finn's Bronco and spill some down the front of my shirt before passing the bottle to Ivan. Following my lead, he splatters some on his shirt and throws back a shot. His face scrunches like he just drank drain cleaner. "Ugh... fucking whiskey."

"Next time, I'll make sure to stop and pick up a bottle of vodka first," I snark, pulling on a baseball hat and taking the bottle back from him.

Assuming we all live to see a next time...

Ivan and I stumble together down the sidewalk, our boisterous voices echoing in the otherwise empty street as we continue to pass the bottle of Jameson between us. "What's happening?" Ivan fakes a loud, drunken slur as we cross the street toward the police car.

"Move it, unless you want to be taken in for public intoxication," the officer climbing from the car barks.

"We don't have time for the two of them." The officer patrolling the front yard shakes his head at the other cop as he joins us on the sidewalk. Turning his attention to us, he gestures for us to keep on our way. "It's nothing that concerns you. Just head home."

The cop standing beside the cruiser narrows his eyes and looks at me suspiciously, tentatively reaching his hand toward my hat as the other wraps around the butt of his holstered gun. Fuck... He tips my hat just far enough to get a good look at my face. “Christ! They’re Eva?—”

The knife I plunge between two of his ribs and into his lung cuts his words short. Before the other cop has a second to react, Ivan drags a knife across his throat. Both lay bleeding out at our feet as my eyes dart toward the house in hope that the short outburst wasn’t loud enough to draw the attention of anyone inside. Silence — other than the wet gurgles of last breaths beneath me.

“Fuck,” I exhale.

“You hoped this would be easy”—he scoops his arms under one dead cop and drags the slender man toward the back of the police car—“but we all knew this was going to be dirty. Pop the fucking trunk, and then I’ll help you with the big one.”

Us Evans aren’t saints by any stretch of the imagination, but we’re quite cautious about killing cops. It’s messy, and it brings heat—and it’s best to only do it out of necessity. Staying alive and out of prison is a necessity, you fucking twat.

By the time we’re stowing the second cop, Finn and Rory join us at the front gate of the house. Finn tosses a ski mask at each of us, matching the ones he and Rory are already wearing. I quickly pull it over my head and pull my gun from the waistband of my pants. Ivan takes the lead, pushing through the gate and leaping up the front steps. The rest of us are right behind him, stomping up the concrete steps and barreling through the solid navy door.

Shots ring out, and my nostrils fill with drywall dust as we storm into the house. “Blyat !” Ivan grits. Spinning toward him, I spot a crimson stain quickly spreading across the sleeve of his shirt. He shakes his head. “Just nicked me.”

Rory and Finn both fire their guns from beside me, jarring my attention from Ivan. I turn just in time to watch two plain-clothed cops fall to the floor. Stepping through the threshold and into the living room, I quickly scan the room to find it empty. By the time I see Vlad lingering in the dark corner beside me, it's too late.

He shoves the muzzle into my side with such force that I'm surprised it doesn't break skin or crack a rib. "I'm not getting out of here alive." His thick Russian accent makes his mumbles barely comprehensible. "But that's going to make two of us." His words are loud and fucking clear. So loud that I don't hear the gun when it fires. I hear nothing as a searing pain shoots repeatedly through my side. It's so agonizing I can barely cry out as I struggle to gasp for a breath. Loud bangs echo around me, and a faint metallic taste washes over my tastebuds as my knees buckle. I hit the floor with an audible thud, but all I can feel is the agony in my chest. I stare into Vlad's lifeless eyes as I suck in short, wet breaths, and it takes me a minute to notice the hole in his forehead.

The thump of my heartbeat echoes in my ears. It muffles Finn's cries as he drops to his knees beside me, tearing the mask from my face. "Fuck! Con!"

"Finn," I choke on the thick, metallic liquid filling my mouth. Grabbing the bottom of his shirt, Finn wipes my face, staining it a deep red. Blood... I'm fucking drowning in my own blood.

"I'm gonna need your help, Con," Finn demands, slipping his arms under mine. "I can't carry your big ass of here."

"Fuck y—" I gurgle, trying futilely to push myself up off the floor as he tries to lift me. Shoved onto my back, multiple hands grab at me, and I'm jostled around as the three of them—Rory and Finn under my arms and Ivan holding my legs—carry me down the hallway.

Struggling to maintain his hold, Rory breathlessly grits, “If my old ass can make it, so can yours.”

Fuck... It’s bad...

My eyes jolt open when my side burns. Blinking rapidly—and struggling to keep my eyes open—it takes me a moment to realize I’m in the back of Finn’s Bronco. He’s straddling me and pouring powder over the oozing holes in my side. Quick Clot. The blood pumping from me slows, but it does nothing to stop it from filling my mouth.

“Vic...” I beg. “Ele?—”

“They’re on their way,” Finn interrupts, nodding. His words and face are reassuring, but his eyes give him away. They are filled with a mixture of sadness and fear.

“Finn...” I squeeze his hand.

“No!” he barks, with tears welling in his eyes. “Don’t fucking do that! We’re almost there. Just a few more minutes.”

I inhale the mouthful of blood and cough, causing the sticky crimson to splatter over us both. Struggling to keep my eyes open, I mutter, “Okay.” But it’s not . Every breath growing harder then the last, I fight against the hazy darkness at the corners of my vision. I fight hard, but as we squeal to a stop everything slowly goes black.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

ELENA

The harsh, insistent ringing of my phone jolts me from the deep haze of sleep. On the other side of the windows, the city is still dark and quiet—it's too early for anyone to be calling. My mind and body are both still groggy, and I slide from Victoria's embrace across the otherwise empty bed as I struggle to reach for my phone on the nightstand. My heart pounds as I squint at the brightness of the screen.

Catlin.

I blink at her name, an anxious wave of energy washing over me as I swipe to answer.

She would never call this early.

Something's wrong.

"Elena, it's Conor." Catlin's voice cracks through the phone, her words rushed and unsteady. "He... he's been shot. I don't know much. I don't know if he's okay. It sounded bad when Rory called me. I'm on my way to your apartment. We'll be there in a few minutes to pick you up and bring you to him."

My chest tightens, and I struggle to breathe—my body going numb as I struggle to process what Catlin said through the fog of sleep. I don't know what to do. Or what to say. "Cat... Is he... How bad... Is he?" My whisper breaks, and I can't bring

myself to ask the question because I'm afraid of the answer.

"I don't know," she answers, clearly fighting back tears of her own. "I'm on my way. The two of you need to get ready. We'll figure it out at the club. Just... hurry. We'll be at the front door in a few minutes."

She hangs up before I have time to respond. I stare at the screen—frozen as a frantic panic tears at my heart, making it hard to breathe. Conor... Shot... My mind races, trying to process what Catlin told me, but all I can picture is his broad smile. That stupid fucking grin. The cocky bastard who looks at the world like he is invincible.

The apartment is silent except for the sound of my erratic breathing and the thump of my pulse pounding. I throw off the covers, and the cold night air hits my skin, sending a shiver through me. Swinging my legs over the bed, my bare feet hit the floor, and I glance across the bed at Victoria. She's still sound asleep, her dark chestnut hair splayed across the pillow and her face untouched by the nightmare I'm about to wake her with.

"Vic?" I whisper, my voice trembles as I crawl across the bed to her. I nudge her lightly, and she stirs, blinking as she wakes up. Her eyes flutter open, but she's still shrouded with sleep. "Wake up, Vic. Something's happened to Conor. He's been shot."

Victoria's eyes snap open at the mention of his name, the depths of my words registering immediately. With her gaze locked on mine, confusion morphs into panic in an instant. The sheets fall from her body as she bolts upright and stares at me with wide eyes.

"What?" Despite her voice being hoarse with sleep, she's fully awake. "What happened?"

Blinking rapidly and fighting back the tears welling in my eyes, I struggle to find the words. “I... I don’t know. Catlin called me. He’s been shot. She doesn’t know if he’s okay. They’re bringing him to the club. We have to go. Catlin will be downstairs any minute.”

The color drains from her face, and she hops out of bed, grabbing clothes and robotically pulling them on. The urgency in the air is thick, and the apartment is silent as we rush through the motions of getting dressed. I have to get ready. Catlin is on her way. We have to be ready. I can’t think about Conor right now or the fact that everything might be different tomorrow. I can’t... Every bit of me is focused on one thing—getting to him.

Slipping on my shoes, I glance at Victoria to find her face pale and wearing the same mask of determination as me. We don’t say anything because we know the weight of this moment.

I lace my fingers with hers, squeezing tightly as we wait what feels like an eternity for the elevator to reach the ground floor. With brisk steps, we head outside. The cold air hits me hard when we step onto the street. Even though Catlin’s outside in her SUV, it does nothing to remove the chill coursing through me.

The drive to the club is short but silent except for the hum of the engine. I keep my eyes on the road, focusing on anything but the terrifying images I keep having of Conor—bleeding and fighting for his life—only to watch the city carry on around us as though nothing has happened. Like my whole world hasn’t just been turned upside down.

“Is he going to be okay?” Victoria asks, barely above a whisper.

Wordlessly, I grip her hand tighter, and she glances over at me, showing a side of her I didn’t know existed. Her eyes are teary and full of concern. She looks frail and

fragile—nothing like the Madame I’m used to.

The Suburban screeches to a halt in the valet at the front of the club and we jump out. The doors open as we rush toward them. Stepping into the lounge, we both stop dead in our tracks.

Finnigan. Rory.

They are standing before us, and the sight of them causes my stomach to drop and nearly brings me to my knees. They’re covered in blood. Conor’s blood. It’s splattered across their faces, seeped into their clothes, and staining their hands. “Where is he?” I scream, my plea full of desperation.

Finn’s face is tight with pain—his jaw clenched and eyes grim—as he shakes his head. He doesn’t say anything, and it’s somehow worse than hearing the words I’m dreading.

My voice breaking, I demand again, “Where is he?”

“Conor’s in the back,” Rory finally answers, his voice low and heavy. “The doctor is with him. He’s not... It’s not good, Elena.”

“What do you mean, not good ?” I struggle to speak the words through shallow gasps as my eyes dart between Finn and Rory.

Unable to meet my stare, Finn looks away, and I know... It’s not good . Conor might not make it. He doesn’t say it, but I can see it in the way he stands. And in the way Rory stares at me, trying to hold it together.

I need to get to Conor.

Pushing between the two of them, I do the only thing I can. I run.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

VICTORIA

I follow Elena into the club. The viewing hall feels long and narrow, as though it's stretching endlessly before me. My feet grow heavier with every step, like some cruel reminder that I'm walking toward the inevitable.

Elena stares through the pane of glass before her. Every bit of hope gone—her shoulders slumped, and her face sullen—as she looks at the very thing I'm terrified to see. I focus on Elena with every step I take past the window, unable to bring myself to look at the other side.

I need to be strong for her.

Taking a moment, I close my eyes and turn. When I open my eyes, my breath catches in my throat as I stumble forward and press my hands to the cold sheet of glass. It's everything I didn't want to see. Conor is sprawled across a makeshift surgical table—pale, blood-soaked, and barely recognizable.

My vision is blurred with tears as I watch the doctor. He's working in a frantic hurry, trying to save Conor. Trying desperately to keep him alive as blood spills over the sides of the table. The thick liquid drips to the floor, landing in the awaiting pools and splattering over the doctor's previously white sneakers.

I'm frozen—unable to watch but equally unable to look away. My heart hammers, and I can't breathe. I slide down the wall, my legs giving out. The icy tiles burn

relentlessly against my skin, but it doesn't matter. Nothing matters . I can't feel anything but the heaviness in my chest... The weight of everything I left unsaid... All the things I was too afraid to say.

The tears come fast and hard. Uncontrolled. I bury my face in my hands. My body shakes, and I suck in short gasps as my body betrays me with sobs I can't control. I try to pull myself together—to be strong—but I can't. I can't rid my thoughts of him, pale and lifeless on that table. His blood slowly staining the floor, every drop leaving me emptier.

He's slipping away, and I never got the chance to say it. And now it's too late . The thought of him just lying there, as if he's already gone, rips through me. I never expected to cry like this—not for him—but I also never expected to love him this much. Pained wails rattle from my chest as my tears spill down my face.

A hand slides over my shoulder, and I flinch. The warmth and softness of it is familiar—grounding in a way that feels like a lifeline—but I can't bring myself to look up. Acknowledging them means I have to admit that this is real. That this isn't a nightmare and I'm not going to wake up from this reality.

“Vic... baby... We're all here.” Elena's soft, shaky voice whispers into my ear. I look up from my hands to find her sitting beside me. Her face is streaked with tears, her dark eyes red and pained, matching her hollow expression. She looks broken—it's like looking into a mirror. Her arms reach out, and without thinking, I let her pull me into her, enveloping me in her warmth and sorrow.

I fall into her embrace like it's the only thing that's going to keep me from shattering into thousands of pieces. I lean into her, my tears soaking the soft cotton of her shirt as her soft, warm breaths blow over the top of my head. She holds me, both of us keeping each other from falling apart. Keeping me from falling apart..

I blink through my tears, forcing my burning eyes to open, to focus on the hallway. Catlin is kneeling next to us, her face streaked and her red eyes full with grief. Layla and Sasha's expressions are equally somber as they squat beside us, their hands on our arms, offering what comfort they can.

The door beside us opens, and the doctor walks out slowly. "I did all I could." His tone is somber. Suddenly, it feels like Elena can't hold me tight enough to keep me from capitulating. "All we can do now is wait."

"Vic," Elena whispers, cracking with the thickness of her emotions. "We need to go... to be with him."

I nod in agreement, but I am unable to bring myself to my feet. With steady hands, Elena grabs mine and pulls me from the floor. She's holding it together, but even with how broken I am, I know my girl—she's holding on by a thread.

She leads me into the room and to the table he's resting on. I reach out but stop short of touching him. I don't know if I should. But I need to . I need to feel him... To know he's real... To know he's still here. My hand hovers above his—still stained rust with blood—and my fingers shake. I can't do it . Not like this.

"Con," I whisper, my voice so ragged and broken it sounds foreign. "I'm so sorry... so sorry." I don't know if he can hear me, and I don't know if it matters, but I say it again, anyway.

I hear a soft rustle behind me and glance over my shoulder. Elena stands beside me. and her fingers brush against mine as she takes my shaking hand and whispers, "It's okay, Vic." Lacing our fingers, she gives it a reassuring squeeze as we fall silent. The room is filled with the sounds of labored breathing and the comforting beep of machines reminding us that Conor is still here.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

ELENA

Conor's brothers wander in and out of the room as I sit by his bedside. My hand resting gently on his, I wait for any sign that he's still with us. Still fighting. But there's nothing—no response, no movement. His fingers are cold, and the pulse beneath my touch is so weak, I barely register it. I find myself constantly checking his chest, making sure it's rising and falling—painfully reminding me of the countless hours I spent as a hospice aide, watching patients die, before I met Vic. The steady sound of the machine beside him is the only reminder that he's still alive, and even it seems to grow quieter with each passing day.

I can't stop staring at him, my mind replaying the events leading up to this over and over again. How we should have demanded that he come home with us. I want to shout at him—demand that he wake up. I want him to look at me the way he always does—with that cocky grin that says everything is going to be okay. But I can't. All I can do is sit here—helpless—while I wait. Being strong for him and willing him back to us.

My poor Victoria. She seems to be losing herself more and more by the day. She's barely left his side since we stepped into this room three nights ago. Her cheeks are hollow and her face is pale from lack of sleep. She's barely eaten a thing. She is a sliver of the Madame I know and love. She's sinking into a deep well of despair, and there's nothing I can do. I'm as helpless to stop it as I am of saving Conor.

I've tried to pull her from this room, to convince her to eat, to take care of herself, but

she's pushed me away repeatedly. She's been so quiet and distant. I've listened to her cry when she thinks I'm sleeping. Seeing her like this is breaking me, watching her fall apart when all I want to do is hold her. I don't know how much more the thread she's hanging by can take.

Shifting in my chair, I try to find a comfortable position. It's futile after the hours I've spent sitting here. I glance at Victoria, who's curled up in a chair on the other side of Conor's bed, her arms wrapped around her fragile body. My eyes lock with her teary ones, and a pang of guilt tears at my heart—guilt that I'm not doing more to help her. But I don't know how. I'm not the strong one.

A soft knock at the door startles me, and I glance up to see Tristan in the doorway. His eyes flick to Conor, then to Victoria, before meeting mine. "We all know he's a stubborn arse. He will pull through this," he insists, his voice steady but not quite convincing. He gestures for me to join him, and I take the opportunity to give myself a few minutes of reprieve from the seat.

Walking from the room, I pause in the doorway to look at Victoria, still silent, still crestfallen. She didn't move when Tristan joined us; her gaze stayed fixed on Conor. She has her hands clenched into fists, her knuckles white from squeezing them as tightly as she has her arms wrapped around her body.

"Have you tried talking to her?" Tristan asks softly, looking through the window to Victoria.

I shake my head. "She won't listen. She won't even look at me. She's so lost in herself that... I don't know what to do. She leads me... I don't lead her."

"You do," Tristan softly explains. He places a hand on my shoulder and gives me a reassuring squeeze. "She might lead you, but you, as her submissive, are the powerful one in your relationship. And right now, she needs you to take the lead. She needs

you to be the strong one.”

“I don’t know how,” I murmur, swallowing hard, trying to hold back the tears threatening to rise again.

He squeezes my shoulder again, his blue eyes boring through me. “You do. You, better than all of us, know exactly what she needs.” I know he’s right. I know there’s nothing more I can do for Conor except wait for him to wake up. But Vic... I can help her. Tristan’s hand slides from my shoulder, down my arm, and to my hand. He holds it tenderly, his expression softening as he promises, “He’ll wake up. You know he will. He’s a stubborn fucking arse . You know he won’t go down without a fight, Elena.”

I nod, but his words feel as hollow as my chest. A glimmer of hope that I’m not sure I believe in anymore. I want to believe. God, I fucking want to believe . But it’s hard when every passing moment feels like it could be the last.

Tristan tightens his grip on my hand and glances at Vic and Conor. “Let me sit with him for a little while. I’ll keep an eye on him so you can take care of her.”

My legs are stiff from sitting for so long, and every step into the room toward them is painful. I walk to Victoria and kneel beside her. “Vic, baby... You need to take a break,” I gently insist, brushing her hair back from her face. Her eyes meet mine, but she isn’t looking at me. She’s barely there. “We need to take care of you. Tristan is here. He’s going to stay with Conor. Just for a little while, okay?”

Her throat bobs with her swallow, and I know she’s heard me. She’s just... lost. Standing, I press a kiss to her forehead, and my fingers gently encircle her wrists. “Please, Vic. You need to eat. You need to take care of yourself. For you. For me. For Conor .”

Her eyelids flutter, and finally, she looks up at me. Her eyes are dull—devoid of their usual sparkle—full of heartache. But the pain in her eyes is enough to let me know she's still there. I haven't completely lost her, too . Slowly, almost reluctantly, she lets me pull her to her feet. She's so fragile that I practically carry her as we walk to the door.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

ELENA

Stepping into the hallway, I pull the door to Conor's room shut behind us, silencing the beep and soft hum of machines. Carrying the bulk of Victoria's weight is nothing compared to the emotions I've been harboring for days. "Just a little further," I murmur, keeping my voice steady as Vic leans her head on my shoulder. She blinks at me, her dark eyes tired and distant. Holding her against me, I can feel her trembling beneath the thin fabric of her shirt, and it's nearly too much. Enough to break me. "I'm here, Vic"—I tighten my hold on her and force her to take a few more steps—"I've got you."

I guide her down the hallway. Her feet shuffle against the floor, her body and mind both too tired to lift them. We reach a private room at the end of the hall, and I push the door open with my shoulder as I lead her inside. Passing the bed—where someone graciously left us both a change of clothes and takeout—we step into the adjoining bathroom. It's small, but it'll do. I pull her up to the counter of the sink for balance. "All right. Let's get you cleaned up."

Her eyes fall shut, the weight of exhaustion obvious. The lines under her eyes are darker than they should be, and she's like a broken doll in my hands. I step away for a moment to grab a towel and turn the shower, giving the water a second to warm as I strip us both out of our clothes.

She takes a few shaky steps as I lead her into the shower. Once under the spray of the water, the tension in her shoulders loosens a little. Gently, I press a damp washcloth

to her face, wiping away days of sweat, exhaustion, and the remnants of tears still staining her cheeks. She doesn't flinch as I rub the terry linen over his skin. Instead, she stands before me like she's too tired to care. About anything but Conor .

"It's gonna be okay," I whisper, more to myself than to her. She needs it, even if it only echoes in this shower. "I'm here, Victoria. You're not alone."

Her lips part slightly, but she stays silent. I add an orange-scented soap to my cloth and continue to work it over her skin in slow, rhythmic motions. I clean every inch of her as though I'm trying to wash away the weight of worry and fear she's shrouded in. Adding more soap, I use the same cloth to quickly clean myself before joining her under the warm spray. My arms wrapped around her, I hold her for a moment as the water washes our fragrant suds down the drain.

Turning off the shower, I help her step on the bath mat. I wrap a towel around her, and then one around myself, before gently drying her. "You're doing so good," I whisper as I run the towel over the water on her legs.

When both of us are dry, I lead her from the small bathroom and into the room. I hand her a soft pair of leggings and a loose shirt when we reach the bed. They're nothing fancy, but they're clean and will hopefully make her feel a little more like herself again.

"Do you need help getting dressed or...?" Her eyes glance up at me briefly, the look behind them unreadable, but it's enough to give me pause. I allow her a moment to answer or begin dressing, but I don't get either. "All right. I'm here. I can help you."

Carefully, I pull the leggings up her legs and slip the soft shirt over her head. I can't help but notice the way her bones feel as I dress her. She's too thin, too fragile. The last few days have taken everything from her. With my hands on her waist to steady her as she sits on the edge, I put on her socks before taking the seat beside her.

“I’m so proud of you,” I praise, reaching behind her and opening one of the takeout containers to find a BLT and chips. Lifting half the sandwich, I hold it in front of her. “But I need a little bit more from you.” I expect resistance, but she opens her mouth and wraps her hand over mine. She pulls the sandwich toward her mouth and takes a child-sized bite. Good girl... I don’t push, letting her take what feels like an eternity to eat most of the sandwich. Grabbing a napkin, I clean her face and clear the bed of the remaining takeout containers.

I draw back the covers, and Vic slowly falls toward the pillow. I slide into the bed beside her before covering us both. I wrap my arm over her and roll, curling into me and resting her head on my shoulder. The room falls silent, except for the soothing hum of the heater, our soft breaths, and the occasional shuffle of footsteps in the hallway.

I run my fingers through her damp hair, breathing in the rich citrus lingering on her skin, trying to offer some small comfort, even if it’s only for a few minutes. “We’re going to get through this,” I whisper, even though I’m not sure if I believe it myself.

She shifts slightly, her body relaxing against mine, and momentarily, the tension in her body eases. I hold her tighter, just a little, and let myself finally succumb to the exhaustion I’ve been fighting.

We’ll rest. For now. I’ll take care of her. And when she’s ready, we’ll face whatever comes next. Together.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

VICTORIA

Coming to, I find myself entangled with Elena. Glancing over her body, I don't see Conor. I hastily feel behind me, only to find the sheets cold—I'm not waking up from a horrible nightmare then.

Bringing her hand to my face, I give it a soft kiss before slipping from her embrace and climbing off the bed. It's like I'm being torn in half. I want to stay here in her warmth, but I need to be by his side. I need to be there when he wakes up.

The guilt hanging over me is suffocating. Guilt that I didn't tell him how I felt. And even though I wanted to, I was so scared of truly giving myself over to him that I just kept fighting it. The idea of being his in every sense—surrendering to him and his dominance—terrified me. I didn't want to lose myself in him, because I was afraid of how much I'd need him. How much I do need him .

I need him as my Dom and my partner. I need him to take control when I can't— like Elena is somehow doing for me. I need him... and now that I've admitted to myself, I don't know how I'm supposed to live without him. I hate myself for not realizing it sooner. For making him wait while I pretended I could do this on my own. Pretended I didn't crave him in ways I couldn't put into words.

I settle into the hardbacked, unyielding chair beside his bed, ready to wait for him. I'm not leaving again. They can't make me. Not when I still haven't told him the most important thing I need him to know.

My hand rests over his, and I watch his chest rise and fall, matching the steady but distant beep of machines. I shift, trying to get comfortable in the chair again, but nothing feels right. I should've stayed in bed with Elena and gotten a few hours of sleep. I know I need it . But every time I step from his bedside, it feels like I'm abandoning him. Like if I let go, I'm going to lose the last piece of him I still have.

Unable to fight my exhaustion, I let my head drop onto his thigh. I try to fight it. I don't want to fall asleep... To miss anything. But my body is too tired. My eyelids are so very heavy, and darkness overtakes me.

A sudden, sharp movement rips me from my sleep. My eyes blow wide, and my heart stops. I jerk upright, my breath catching in my throat and my gaze immediately snapping to Conor. He's moving. I can barely process what I'm seeing. His fingers twitch—barely—but it's enough to make my pulse race. His body shifts ever so slightly, a faint tremor running through him. I lean forward, holding my breath, every inch of me frozen in disbelief.

“Conor?” I whisper, my voice trembling with hope and skepticism. And then, just as quickly as it started, the movement stops. He goes still again, and my heart sinks. I can't breathe. You can't fucking leave us . “Conor,” I plead, louder and more desperate. “Please, come back to me.”

Tears sting at my eyes, blurring my vision. My hands shake as I squeeze his fingers tighter, a stupid attempt to will him back. “Please,” I beg, my voice breaking, “I love you. I love you so fucking much, Conor. I'm so sorry I didn't say it before. Please, don't leave me like this.”

But there's no answer. No response. Nothing.

I lean forward again and press my forehead against his as sobs wrack through me, raw and unrestrained. “I love you,” I whisper through my tears. “I need you.

Please...wake up. Please don't leave me."

My heart is cracking and on the verge of shattering, I know it. A soft squeeze of my hand. Light and so faint, but unmistakable. Conor's fingers twitch around mine again, and this time, I know it's intentional.

"Oh my God," I gasp. My lower lip trembles as I gasp for air. "Conor? Conor, please...please, come back to me." My tears fall faster now, streaming down my face without restraint and dropping onto his body. I don't care. I just need him to wake up. I need him to hear me. I need him to know.

"I love you," I repeat, my words barely a whisper now. "I'm so sorry. I'm sorry it took me so long to realize how much I need you. How much I love you." The words are tumbling from my lips for the first time, and I can't hold them back anymore. "Please don't leave me. I can't live without you."

He moves again. This time, it's not just his fingers—his whole body shifts. A soft groan, so small I almost miss it, slips past his lips. His eyelids flutter. Slowly, his eyes crack open, and the sharp, familiar blue of his gaze meets mine. He's awake .

"Conor," I choke, fighting the array of emotions rushing through me and tangling together. My hand cups his face, my fingers trembling as I trace over the unruly stubble covering his jaw. He's silent, and his gaze is fuzzy, but he's here. He's here.

" Cailín dáigh ," he croaks. His voice is hoarse and raw. But hearing him speak—calling me his stubborn girl—it's enough to melt my heart.

"I love you," I blubber uncontrollably through my tears. "I love you. I'm so sorry I didn't let you give me what I needed. I should've given you all of me. I need you. I need you so much."

His hand presses against mine, and he struggles through his pain and exhaustion to smile. “Am I going to have to nearly die every time I want you to admit that I’m right? That I know what you need?”

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

CONOR

Victoria's soft, annoyed chuckle is a lifeline pulling me through the thick fog. "Elena! Guys!" she shouts, and it rings through my skull, far too loud for my aching brain.

"You're awake," a familiar voice flitters into the room from the hallway, followed by Finnigan. His face is a mix of relief and amusement; he's grinning like he won some kind of victory.

"Of course, I'm awake," I croak, my voice sounding alien.

"You've been out of it for days, Con." He smirks with a hint of uncomfortable nervousness. "You scared the fucking shit out of us."

I try to sit up, but my body protests; the effort echoing from my chest with a grunt. I sink back against the pillow, wincing at the throbbing inside my side and chest.

"Easy, big guy," Layla croons from a seat beside my bed. She looks like she's been through the wringer—they all do—her clothes rumpled, face makeup-less, and her hair in a tousled bun atop her head. "Your body... You've been through a lot."

"Yeah, yeah," I mutter, closing my eyes for a moment as I try to steady myself. While I won't admit it to anyone, it's clear I'm not exactly in a condition to do much. I feel like I've been hit by a fucking Guinness truck.

Elena steps into the room quietly, as if she doesn't want to disturb any of us. Lingered by the door, she looks both relieved and worried. I can't help but smile at the sight of her. "Conor," she exhales softly, walking to the side of the bed and taking the seat Layla is vacating.

"Cailín leanbh," I rasp, trying to lift my hand to her. It feels like lifting a ton of bricks, but I manage. She takes it, and her fingers are warm against my skin. Holding both my girls, I momentarily forget about the pain tearing through my side.

Elena's smile fades a little, and her brows tighten with her lightly clenched jaw. "You scared the hell out of me, Conor. We didn't know if you were going to... Well... If you were going to..." She trails off, unable to finish her thought, her eyes dropping to my hand as she fights back tears.

I squeeze her fingers, trying to reassure her. "I'm fine. I just... feel like I've been hit by a freight train, but I'll survive."

Liam snorts from the other side of the bed. "A freight train, huh? More like a freight train and semi-truck. Maybe a few cars, too."

Declan lets out a quiet laugh, shaking his head. "That's one way to put it."

I roll my eyes, though it makes my head spin a little. "Yeah, whatever. I'm not dead, so quit with the jokes. I'm trying to fucking recover over here."

They all laugh, and it's like the tension that has been building breaks a little. I want to stay in this moment, but every bit of my body is demanding rest. Trying to ignore the dull throb in my chest, I grit, "I think I might go back to sleep for a while. It's been a hell of a week."

"You've been asleep for a fucking week," Tristan quips, leaning back against the

wall. “You sure you don’t want to stay awake for a little longer and enjoy the celebrations? I’ll grab you a Jameson.”

I shoot him a look, half amused and half too tired to argue. “You guys have fun with that. I’m good with more sleep.”

“Sleep? Over whiskey?” Tristan cocks an amused brow. “Next, you’ll be choosing sleep over sex.”

Liam and Declan exchange a quick glance before chuckling.

“I’ll stay with you,” Elena says gently, her voice a soft comfort. I glance over at her, and she smiles. It’s not her usually bright smile, but it’s enough for me.

“You sure you want to?” I mumble, my voice still thick with grogginess. “I’ll just... snore and drool all over you.”

She laughs softly, shaking her head. “I don’t mind. I’d rather have you alive, blanket hogging, drool and all.” She leans down to kiss my forehead, and it’s enough to make me feel her warmth spread through me.

My brothers and sisters-in-law make uncharacteristically quick work of saying their goodbyes, leaving me alone with my girls.

Victoria steps beside the bed. Her face is pale, and her hair is mussed, but she is still as beautiful as ever. “Is this okay?” she asks, lifting the sheet and hesitantly climbing onto the bed. I nod, and she doesn’t hesitate. She slides into the bed beside me, her body fitting against mine. She curls into my side and rests her head on my chest.

Elena climbs into bed beside us until I feel her warmth against my side. “I don’t want to get too close... to hurt you,” she whispers, instead of snuggling into me.

“I’ll be okay,” I assure her. “You won’t hurt me. But even if you did, it would be worth it.”

Elena scoots closer until her body is lightly pressed against the bandages on my side, and her head is resting on my shoulder. It hurts like fucking hell, but I’d endure far worse to have both of them in my arms again.

I want to lie here and talk, but I can’t. My eyes flutter shut, exhaustion finally settling in. The ache in my chest and the sharp, pulsing pain of my wounds is pushed into the background as my mind drifts—focusing on the sound of Elena’s breathing, the steady rhythm of Victoria’s heartbeat, and the warmth of their bodies against mine—lulling me into the deep, comforting darkness of sleep.

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

VICTORIA

“Hey, sleepy girl.” Conor’s deep voice wakes me. His fingers run along my face, tucking my hair behind my ear. “Do you plan to sleep all day?”

I don’t know how long I’ve been asleep, but I could sleep for days. Forcing my eyes open, I glance over Conor’s chest to find the other side of the bed empty. “Where’s Elena?”

“She got up a couple of hours ago,” he informs me, continuing to stroke my face. “She made me promise not to wake you for a while, because you ‘really needed to get some sleep.’”

I don’t argue; I can’t. I barely slept for days, terrified he’d wake—or worse—while I was sleeping. “You scared me, Conor.” I try to sound strong, but my voice is small and vulnerable.

“You can’t get rid of me that easily.” He tightens his hold on me and presses his lips to my forehead. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to.”

“I thought I’d lost you.” I shift on the bed to meet his gaze, but when my eyes meet his, I find myself at a loss for words.

“Never,” he exhales, cupping my face with both hands. “I could never hurt you like that. Your heart is safe with me, cailín dáigh. ”

I close my eyes, trying to hide my tears from him. Only to have him pull me closer and press his full lips against my pursed ones. It's soft and tender, silently emphasizing his promise. Pulling back ever so slightly, I open my eyes to find his deep blue pools staring back at me. "Always." His promise vibrates against my lips as he pulls me back to him. "I'd crawl through hell and fight the devil for you, because you're mine."

My lips crash against his—probably harder than they should—but I need him. He kisses me back with a longing like nothing I have felt before. His tongue plunders my mouth as his fingers lace through my tangled locks, pulling me so hard against his mouth it hurts.

"You're mine," he growls, his lips dragging over my jaw and down my neck. His large hands wrap around my waist, and he grimaces as he pulls me on top of him until I'm straddling his hips.

He grinds me over his hard length beneath me, and I gasp, "Are you sure?"

"I'm not asking," he grits. Gathering the fabric from the crotch of my leggings into both his fists, he tears a hole in them to provide him access to me. "You need this. You need to feel me. To know this is real. That I'm here."

He fists his cock and lifts it upright as he urges me to raise my hips with his other hand. Aligning himself at my entrance, he drags me over his thick length. "Mine... Never fucking leaving you."

"Promise?" I cry, tears trickling down my face as I bury his cock inside me. I ride him slowly, savoring the feel of him filling me as his gaze bores through my soul. "Forever?"

Instead of answering, he slaps my ass, the spank echoing around the room as moves

my hips to ride him. I hold the pace he's asking of me, slow and deliberate, yet quickly hurtling me toward the edge. His hands roam over my body—dusting over my skin and palming my breasts beneath my shirt—as I ride him. They continue up to my neck, and his fingers wrap around it ever so gently, leaving me wanting more.

“I submit... to you...” I pant through the labored breaths of my quickly approaching release. “I’m yours.”

“My girl,” he croons, tightening his grip around my throat. “Ride my cock and let go for me. Let me see you lose control.”

Leaning into his hold around my neck, I ride him hard. Repeatedly impaling myself on every inch of him. I rub my fingers over my clit, desperate to give him what he's asking for. What he's demanding. What he knows I need. My orgasm comes hard and fast, firing through me like a bolt of lightning. Flying from my mouth with a scream as I crumple onto Conor.

Fisting my hair, he pulls me up to his mouth. He kisses me hard before tearing me away with his grip in my locks. “Fuck me,” he grits. “Or I’m going to bend you over this bed and tear every fucking stitch I have, fucking you until I fill your tight little cunt, marking it as mine.”

“It’s yours,” I husk, struggling to ride him but needing to obey nonetheless. “Because I’m yours.”

My palms planted against the mattress beside his face, I slide myself over his cock. Pain radiates around my scalp as he repeatedly pulls at my hair, demanding my stare and pace. “That’s it,” he pants his praise, tightening his hold. “Just like that. Keep bouncing that perfect arse for me. Show me how you fuck when you’re unbridled.”

“Fuck... Conor...” I cry, pain and bliss both fighting for control.

“Fucking come for me.” Conor fights a grimace. “I want to feel you spasming around me when I come.” He drags me back to his mouth and claims mine with the same need that I’m riding him. As though my body has no say, I do exactly what he’s asking. The pleasure building in my stomach detonates, shattering me. My whole body shakes, and I fist the sheets beneath us. I groan my pleasure into Conor’s mouth, feeling him grow more rigid inside me.

My pussy spasms as my body struggles with the wave of pleasure, and it’s his undoing. His cock twitches, and his guttural moans rattle from his lungs into mine—filling me with both his breath and his release.

Both of us breathless, I slide from his body and nuzzle against him as I try to catch my breath. “You have no idea how fucking beautiful you are when you let go.” Conor struggles to catch his own breath and is clearly in pain. “Seeing you submit... I would’ve given anything for the pleasure.”

Sliding my hand gently over the bandages covering his side, I whisper, “You nearly did.”

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

ELENA

Conor moved into our apartment a couple of days ago when he was well enough to finally be moved from the club. We all figured this was best so that Vic and I can look after him while he recovers. He might be here—and alive—but it all feels surreal. Something between all of us isn't the same. It hasn't been since that night, and I can't quite figure out what it is.

Conor's laugh echoes through the apartment—real, genuine, and hearty. I seek out the source of it, and I find him stretched on the couch in the living room with his feet resting over Victoria's thighs. From the hallway, I secretly watch the two of them for a moment. They are so comfortable together, in a way that causes my heart to ache—both with happiness and jealousy.

Victoria is back to her old self. Poised, controlled, and ever-present... And happy. After watching her fall apart for days, I know I should be delighted for her. I should be... But all I can think about is how I have somehow lost my connection to both of them. I'm here, but I feel like a shadow. For the first time since we brought Conor into our lives, it feels like a threesome—and I'm the third wheel.

Conor catches me watching them, his eyes locking onto mine as he gives me a cocky half-smile. And for a moment, we're the only two people in the room. A short fleeting moment. He slides his feet from Victoria's lap and pushes himself from the pillows he's resting on with a grimace. She reaches forward to help him—the role she's assumed since he woke up—but he shakes his head and pushes her hands away.

“I’m good,” he mutters, gingerly rising from the couch. “I need a shower before bed.”

Vic opens her mouth—likely to volunteer her assistance—but before she has a chance, Conor focuses on me and asks, “Can you help me, cailín leanbh ?”

“Uh...um...yeah,” I stammer, caught off guard. His bright blue eyes—full of vibrance and life again—don’t leave mine as he crosses the room slowly, lightly holding his side to ease the pain with every heavy step he takes.

I struggle to maintain his gaze as he reaches me. Pausing briefly next to me, he towers over me and whispers, “Thank you, cailín leanbh .” I follow him toward the room the three of us are sharing. I can’t even call it our room right now. He pads into the attached bathroom while I gather clean dressings from the overly-organized container that Vic is storing them in at the foot of the bed. Hearing the water turn on, I take my time finding the extra-large gauge and medical tape. I struggle to hold it in my arms while digging through the dresser for fresh boxers and sweatpants for him—figuring he needs a few more minutes to finish showering before he’s ready for me. The privacy same I would for any patient.

Stepping into the threshold of the doorway, I stop in my tracks and a near-silent gasp blows over my lips. Conor is naked, his head hanging toward the bandages and his palms on the counter, naturally flexing every muscle in his thick arms. The position is doing the same for his well-defined back. And it definitely it isn’t hurting his tight backside, either.

Not noticing my entry, he stares deeply into his reflection as he works to pull the bandages from his chest and side. His brows furrow, and he clenches his jaw from the discomfort. Peeling the soiled gauze away, he reveals the still-fresh wounds. Jesus... How did he survive this? My hands trembling slightly, I move toward him, and his eyes meet mine in the mirror. From the way he looks at me—with a longing intensity—I suddenly feel unsteady on my feet.

He turns to face me, and my breath catches in my throat as my eyes fall to his wounds. “God... Conor...” My heart suddenly aches over how close we truly came to losing him.

“I’m okay,” he whispers, a tiny smile pulling at the corners of his mouth as he grabs my hand. He pulls it toward him and gingerly presses it to the wounds from the bullets he took. My fingers shake, and I can’t help but be acutely aware of every breath he takes. How his body stiffens as he glides my fingertips over the red, raised tissue. “I’m still here, cailín leanbh .”

I bite my lip, trying desperately to hold it together.

“I’m still here,” he repeats, sliding my hand over the steady thump of his heart. He dips his head and presses his lips to mine. The kiss is soft and hesitant as we reacquaint ourselves with each other. All my doubts and hesitations disappear, and for the first time in days, I remember what we feel like.

Conor’s strong hands find my waist, pulling me into his as our kiss deepens. His tongue plunders my mouth, desperate and urgent. Frantic. He dips his hands beneath my shirt, slowly dragging it up my body as his hands roughly slide up my spine. The shirt pulling over my head forces us to break our kiss, and I breathlessly mutter, “You’re still here.”

Haphazardly dropping my shirt to the floor, his eyes don’t leave mine as he undoes the bow of my baggy sweatpants, and they drop to the floor. “Still here.” His words vibrate against my lips as he leads me backward toward the shower.

CHAPTER FORTY

ELENA

The warm water cascades over us when Conor pulls us under the spray. Even through the trickling water, I can feel the heat radiating off his body. He runs his hands over my shoulders, and a delighted shiver prickles over my skin.

Conor's fingers trace the curve of my arm, moving with a soft, deliberate touch. Sliding his hand across my back, he pulls me tight to him, which draws a soft whimper from me. His lips dust across my forehead, and he whispers, "I'm still here. I'm very much alive."

Gripping my thighs, he winces as he hoists me around his waist and drives my back into the icy tile of the shower surround. "Con..." I cup his face, concerned I'm going to cause him to hurt himself.

"I'm okay," he insists. "You need this. You need to feel me... to know that I'm here, cailín leanbh." He crashes his lips against mine, not giving me a chance to argue. Reaching between us, he aligns himself with my entrance and slowly eases into me. Buried to hilt—leaving me full and more connected to him than ever—he promises, "I'm never leaving you. I love you far too much to ever hurt you like that."

"I love you," I choke out on an exhale as Conor gyrates his hips. Pinned against the wall, my body fits against his like we're one, and he claims me like never before. He isn't rough or demanding. It's not rushed or urgent. He doesn't fuck me. His hands slide over my skin like he's savoring me with every touch.

The heat from the water fills the shower with steam, and it envelopes the two of us as Conor leisurely thrusts into me. Every inch of him feels so fucking good. He palms my ass as his lips trail down my neck. “I can feel you quivering around my cock.” He peppers the words up and down my neck. “Are you going to come for me?”

“Yes,” I moan, teetering on the edge, mere thrusts away from losing myself in him.

He groans against my neck, and I swear I can feel the vibrations against my clit. “Come for me. Squeeze that tight pussy around my cock”—his hands slide to my quads as he thrusts—“and these thick fucking thighs around my waist.”

I give him exactly what he’s demanding. My back arches from the icy tiles, forcing him deeper. I cry out in pleasure, clenching around him and raking my nails down his back as sheer bliss shoots through me. He picks up his pace, pulling a string of whimpers from me when my orgasm hits.

“I fucking love the sweet sounds you make when you come.” Keeping his pace and taking me with long languid strokes, he licks up the length of my neck. “Was that what you needed? Or do you need me to fuck you until scream to make you realize I’m still here?”

I hesitate, caught between how much I like the tender way his cock is sliding in and out of me and wanting him to own me the way I know he can.

Abruptly pulling from me, he drives the entirety of himself into me with such force that he bottoms out against my cervix. I cry out in a mixture of pleasure and pain. He does it again, and I bite my lower lip through my grunt. Conor’s eyes roam over my face, watching my reaction to his brutal thrusts. “Dirty fucking girl. You like it hard and fast, don’t you?”

I struggle to form a single word to answer him— yes— and he slows his hips to a

teasing pace. “Please.”

“Tell me what you want. Tell me how to make you scream.”

“Fuck me,” I breathlessly plead, my tone laced with a ravenous need. “Like you own me... Until you fill me.”

“I’ll fuck you”—he slams into me—“I’ll always fuck you and give you everything else that you need. Because you’re mine.” He holds true to his word. My back slides up and down the smooth tiles as he repeatedly impales me on his thick length, the piercing through the tip dragging along all the right places.

I grunt and shriek through every brutal thrust, my hands clawing at his shoulders as he sloppily kisses and sucks at my neck. His jaw ticks as he fights against the pain in his side. It clenches and he hisses through his teeth, “Fuck... this pussy feels so fucking good. My pussy.”

Every thrust hurts him, yet it does nothing to deter him. Instead, he takes me harder. He sinks his teeth into the crook of my neck, and I whimper against his ear, “Yours.” I come again, screaming his name. Satiated, but needily wanting more. “Fill it... fill me... until I’m so full... that you’re dripping... down my thighs.”

“Oh. Fuck, Cailín. Leanbh ” he growls through his thrusts, plowing into me and burying himself deep. Stilled and panting, he stares into my eyes for what feels like an eternity. “If you’re going to ask like that, I’ll happily fill your sweet cunt day and night.” His heavy, breathy words waft over my cheek.

Without warning, his hips quickly work to a vigorous, eye-rolling pace that has me—has us both—hurtling toward a release. “Eyes. On. Me.” he demands, his voice pained. “I. Want. To. See. You.”

With my gaze locked on his, pleasure explodes through me, and a feral scream comes from my lips. He matches my animalistic cry, a guttural groan rattling from his chest as his cock twitches, shooting his release into me.

Sliding himself fully into me, he pins me against the wall and presses his forehead to mine. It's silent—other than the spray of cooling water and our heavy breaths. We don't need to say anything else. I know everything I need to from the way he holds me against him and stares into my eyes.

He fucking loves me... and he's still here.

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

VICTORIA

Lying in bed, I listen to the passionate sounds coming from the bathroom—Conor’s gravelly demands and Elena’s cries of pleasure. Fuck, I’ve missed listening to her come. Nearly as much as I’ve missed watching it. As much as I want to join them—to heal us—I know they need this. Just like I did. I don’t mind giving them space, but I can’t deny the ache they’re causing between my thighs.

Rubbing my wand over the lips of my pussy, I tease myself with the vibrations to the sweet aria of her whimpers billowing from the shower. Parting my lips and spreading myself wide, I rub the thick buzzing head over my clit. The vibrations are so strong that I bite my lip to stifle my moans. It’s been days since my last orgasm, and I’m so needy that the wand takes just seconds to throw me over the edge. I come hard, my thighs quivering as I listen to Elena scream Conor’s name, but it doesn’t alleviate the ache. I turn up the speed and grind it over my clit, forcing myself to come again and again as I listen to her screams of pleasure. God... those fucking sounds. My trembling thighs ache, and my clit has grown sore, but it’s not enough... It’s not what I need.

The water stops, and I hear the soft murmurs of their quiet conversation and the sounds of towels rustling. They step out of the bathroom, both wrapped in towels and matching smiles. They’re fine. They’ve found each other again. I’m happy for them—I truly am—but I’m struggling to hide my jealousy.

I turn my head and press my cheek into the cool pillow, trying to hide what I’m

feeling. Elena's feet from me, but she feels worlds away. The distance between us is so vast that I don't know how to reach through it—how to get her back.

Our entire relationship, I've been the strong one. The one who leads her and holds us together. But since Conor's injury, everything feels upended. She watched me crumble, picking up the pieces when I should've been the one comforting her. She's seen me at my rock bottom, and I don't know how to go back to being the person she needs. The person I was.

They reach the bed, and the mattress shifts as Conor slides in behind me. He rubs his hand over my bare shoulder and whispers, "Thank you for giving us a little time. For understanding that she needed me the same way you did." I don't answer; I can't answer. Without turning to face him, I nod into my pillow.

He pulls me into him as Elena jostles the mattress when she climbs into the bed. Her arm brushes mine, and for a fleeting moment, everything feels normal—like nothing has changed. The three of us nuzzled together in this bed like one perfect unit. But it passes, and every bit of longing I have for what Elena and I had between us rushes through my thoughts and pulls at my heartstrings.

I press harder against Conor, tentatively sliding my hand across his chest toward my sweet girl—wanting desperately to touch her, but I'm afraid. What if she can't love this broken version of me?

"I love you both." Conor's voice is low and deep, breaking the silence and tearing me from my thoughts.

Tenderly squeezing Conor's hand, Elena softly replies, "I love you, too." I squeeze my eyes shut, trying to hide my reaction to her words—remembering the way she would look at me as she whispered those same words to me.

Keeping my eyes closed, I will the tears not to come—tears I can't seem to stop falling these past few days. It's like I'm mourning the intimacy the two of us— no, the three of us— had, and it's slipping further away with every day that I struggle to address my issues.

The sheets rustle, and the mattress quakes slightly. I open my eyes to find Elena staring at me across Conor's broad chest. She slips her hand over mine, our interlaced fingers resting between us over Conor's heart. She stares into my soul, her deep dark pools full of sadness and need. "I love you, too, Vic."

Her words and the longing in her gaze are enough to make me melt into the bed. Instead, it churns in my chest. A dull ache, trying to heal my vulnerability so that I can be strong for her again. To be the person she needs.

"I love you too, sweet girl." My voice cracks, alerting them to the emotions I'm trying so desperately to hide from the two of them. Neither of them says anything, but Elena squeezes my hand a tiny bit tighter, and Conor tightens his arm around me.

"I'd endure anything for this." Conor kisses my forehead and then Elena's. "Anything to be here with the two of you."

The room falls quiet, and I listen to the two of them drift into quiet sleep—their breaths growing soft and shallow, with Conor occasionally inhaling on a snore. A disruptive sound I hated until a few nights ago. My tangled thoughts keep me from my own slumber. I lie in the dark and listen to the two of them at peace until exhaustion finally pulls me under.

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

CONOR

A FEW DAYS LATER

I take another sip of my coffee, the bitterness of the dark roast biting at my tongue. Sunlight filters through the kitchen windows, casting shadows across the table in the breakfast nook as I take my seat. Elena sits across from me, our cups and a plate of croissants between us.

We don't say much, but it's comfortable. Simple. I can't seem to stop myself from watching her, sipping her coffee and biting into the flaky pastries. Her mussed-up black hair falls into her face and over the rosy hue of her round cheeks. Fuck, she's beautiful.

The light shuffle of feet draws my attention toward the other end of the kitchen. I turn my head, and my breath catches. Victoria is a mess. Her hair is tousled, falling in loose tangles around her shoulders. Her robe is untied, hanging open at the front, revealing my grossly too-large T-shirt beneath it. I can't help but smile at the sight. She's a wreck—a side she doesn't show the world—and it's fucking breathtaking.

“What are you smirking at?” she scoffs.

Standing carefully, holding my side as I push myself from the seat, I grit through the sharp stab of pain—a welcome consequence from my shower with Elena the other night. “You,” I exhale, crossing the room to her. Pressing my lips to her cheek near

her ear, I whisper, “Good morning, sleepyhead.”

She rolls her eyes, fighting the smile pulling at the corners of her mouth. “Good morning.”

Slipping my hand around her back, I nudge her lightly and gesture toward the table. “Come sit. We’ve got coffee and pastries.”

Not one to usually eat breakfast, she feigns a small protest but walks toward the table and plops into the seat beside Elena. My eyes flick between the two of them as I retake my place across the table. They’re inches apart, but you’d think there was a wall between the two of them. And I don’t like it.

As the pain in my side has dulled over the past few days, I’ve grown acutely aware of the tiny changes in their behavior toward each other. They aren’t looking at each the way they used to. The fleeting touches and lingering glances between them have all but disappeared.

I might be an idiot— at least, according to Declan, most of the time— but I know when things aren’t right. And something hasn’t been right with the two of them since I got hurt. Setting my coffee cup on the table, I blurt, “We need to talk.” Poor fucking choice of words. The kitchen immediately grows silent, and Elena freezes mid-bite as an unpleasant scowl spreads over Victoria’s face.

“Not like that. I didn’t mean it in the breakup way.” I quickly bumble through my correction. “But we need to talk.” It’s not a question or a suggestion. I love my relationship with the two of them and miss what we were just a couple of weeks ago.

“About what?” Elena asks hesitantly, her tone laced with insecurity.

“I’ve been watching you,” I admit, my tone sounding much harsher than I intend.

“Something is off. It has been for days. The two of you are avoiding each other. You’re not the same.”

Victoria’s eyes narrow, but she stays silent as she tightens her hold on her coffee cup. Elena’s lips press together, like she’s holding back a response. “Conor,” Elena blurts out my name, unable to bite her tongue. “What are you trying to say?”

“That I’m not blind,” I reply firmly. “And I know neither are you. Something is going on. I don’t know what it is, but it’s affecting all of us. And I don’t like it.”

The room grows silent again, minus the hum of the refrigerator. I’ve just opened a can of worms, and judging by the looks on their faces and the sudden tension in the room, I might’ve gone a bit too far this early in the morning. Maybe this was a wine and whiskey conversation, not a coffee one.

Victoria leans back in her chair, defensively crossing her arms over her chest. Her voice quiet, and laced with disbelief, she asks, “Do you think we’re hiding something from you?”

“No, cailín dáigh .” I shake my head. “I don’t think you’re hiding anything from me. I think you’re keeping something from each other . My girls don’t do that. The two of you are so fucking comfortable sharing what’s on your mind. Hell, it’s how I wound up here.”

I meet Elena’s gaze and then Victoria’s, both of them clearly feeling what I’m voicing. “This”—I gesture between the three of us—“This doesn’t work unless all of us are willing to do the work to hold us together. We all need to be open and honest about what we’re feeling.”

I wait for either of them to say anything, the silence absolutely unbearable. Elena’s gaze falls to the table, and her hands curl around her coffee mug like she’s clinging to

it for comfort. “I don’t know what’s going on with us.” Elena’s voice is barely a whisper as her eyes stay glued to the cup between her hands. “But I feel like Victoria doesn’t want me anymore.”

Victoria tightens her arms around her chest, but they no longer look defensive. Instead, she looks like she’s holding herself together.

Standing, I round the table and kiss the tops of their heads as I inform them, “I’m going to club for a bit. You two... You need time. To talk this out.” I don’t wait for a response because I don’t want to give them time to argue with me. As I head toward the door, I call over my shoulder, “I love you both. I’ll be back in a few hours.”

I just made a mess and left it for them to clean up, but they need it.

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE

ELENA

The door shuts softly behind Conor, and I could kill him. Based on the look on Victoria's face, she shares my sentiment. I can see the news headline now. Man survives three gunshots to the chest; brutally murdered by lovers two weeks later.

I stand from the table and dump the remnants of my coffee into the kitchen sink as Victoria sits near-motionless at the table. Her gaze is out the window, and her fingers are twisting the sash of her robe—only showcasing how uncharacteristically uncomfortable she is.

I don't know how long we sit there, but it's too long. I can't bear it anymore. The tension in the room is so thick that I feel like I'm struggling to breathe. "Did I do something wrong?" The question spills from my lips without thought, the words escaping like a breath I didn't realize I was holding.

As the words fall from my tongue, Victoria blurts, "I'm so sorry, sweet girl." Her apology is muttered, but in the silence of this apartment, it sounds like a scream. It's the first time—in a really long time—I've heard her say those words. And it fucking hurts. They're like a stabbing ache in my chest. I grip the counter, fighting between the urge to comfort her and the need to know what she's apologizing for.

She takes a deep breath, like she's bracing to shatter my world. "You didn't do anything wrong, sweet girl." I blink, trying to fully comprehend what she's saying.

“Is it me and Conor? Just Conor?” My voice shakes because I’m terrified of her answer. “Is having him in our relationship the problem?”

Victoria looks at me—really looks at me—with a soft vulnerability behind her eyes. She breaks my stare, and her gaze drifts down to the table as she fidgets nervously with her robe again. “No,” she states firmly. “This is on me.”

She shifts in her seat for a moment before deciding to get up. She paces across the kitchen and into the adjoining living room space. Her back to me, she shakes her head as she painfully confesses, “I don’t know how to lead you. How to be your Domme. Not after you saw me so fucking broken that you had to bathe and feed me.”

She says it like it’s a weakness, like she’s ashamed. Her words slice through my heart, her raw emotion forming tears in my eyes. I didn’t know what was behind the distance between us and the walls she’s slowly been building. She’s been carrying her vulnerability like a burden, suffering under the weight of it alone.

“Vic...” My voice cracks with the pain I feel for her. “You can’t be strong all the time. No one can. That’s why you find people to love you... To care for you. When you falter, we’re there to catch you... To lift you up. I didn’t do anything that you or Conor wouldn’t have done for me.”

Her expression sours, and her brows furrow. I know she wants to argue that she should’ve been the one to take care of me. But she’s wrong...

“You’re human, Vic. You hurt like the rest of us. I can’t fault you for that. I would never fault you for that.” My thoughts pour out of me uncontrollably, like I can’t hold them back. “You’ve been building me up from my lowest for years. The least I could do was give you a few days of the same when you needed it most.”

I feel like I’m saying things I should’ve said earlier. Things that Conor shouldn’t

have been the only one to speak up about. “Seeing you at your lowest changes nothing for me,” I exhale. My eyes lock onto hers from across the room as I slowly lower to my knees.

She’s struggling with my admission; it’s written across her face. She needs to know that it’s okay not to lead all the time. Sometimes, it’s okay to let go, let us in, and let us help.

“I’m still yours,” I whisper, my voice steady but full of emotion as I kneel for her. “You’re still my Madame. That hasn’t changed. I’d crawl across this city on my hands and knees if you told me to.” It’s the truth. I’d do anything she asked of me. But in this moment—as I stare up at her from the floor—I’m silently praying that she asks. That she takes this opportunity I’m giving her to find herself. To find us.

She stares back at me in silence, and for a second, I think she might not get what I’m offering. I’m about to push myself from the floor when her expressions shift and I catch a familiar glimmer in her dark, chestnut eyes.

“What about across the room?” she asks, her tone slightly hesitant but growing in strength with every word, giving me a glimpse of my Madame. She’s accepting my challenge... My invitation.

I hold her gaze, not willing to break this connection between us. Not now. Not when she’s finding herself again. “Is that what my Madame wants?” I teasingly brat.

Her back straightens, and she suddenly towers over me from across the room. She’s radiating that gorgeous natural poise of hers. A messy bun and Conor’s ratty T-shirt does nothing to hide her suddenly commanding presence. She moves closer, a subtle grace in her steps, as she makes her way to the center of the living room.

My Madame... She’s fucking radiant. Standing before me is a woman who knows

what she wants. And what she wants right now... is me.

Statuesque, she curls her finger, inviting me toward her. "Crawl to me, sweet girl." Her words are soft, but they hit me with a force that rattles me to my core. My heart races in anticipation as I drop onto all fours. Not once breaking eye contact, I take my time, slowly and deliberately, crawling to close the distance between us. I can feel the heat of her gaze on me—the power of her presence—and for the first time in days, everything feels right with us.

Reaching her, I stare up her body as she beams down at me with pride. "I've missed you, sweet girl."

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR

CONOR

The wind slams the door behind me as I walk into the club. It smells different from usual—the lingering chemical scent of a hospital. Fuck, how much blood did I lose in here? Even with the strange aroma, it’s comforting here. Like a second home. Walking toward the bar, I run my hand over my short hair.

It’s probably way too fucking early, but I bark, “Double Jameson on the rocks.” I don’t look up to meet either Declan or Tristan’s faces, I need the drink. The burn of whiskey running down my throat will give me something to focus on other than... well, everything that may or may not be happening in Victoria’s apartment.

Declan slides the glass across the bar to me. “I’d argue, but fuck... You almost died. Have the whole fucking bottle.” He places the half-full bottle beside my glass and leans against the bar.

I stare at the whiskey in my hand, the thought of downing a whole bottle before noon not exactly seeming like a bad idea. I could forget about the chaos bomb I dropped this morning.

“A whole bottle at 9 a.m.? Living with the loves of your life not going that well?” Tristan smirks, entering the room with an air of sarcasm.

I take a long sip, relishing in the burn running into my chest. “I left them to work through some shit,” I mutter, my eyes focused on the bar top. “After I stirred the pot.”

Tristan arches a brow and slides onto the barstool beside me. “So, it’s safe to they’re either fucking each other’s brains out or killing each other,” he teases, his lips curling into that damn cocky half-smile.

Shaking my head, I let out a deep, heavy sigh. “Exactly.”

Declan chuckles, leaning over the bar and grabbing the bottle. Uncapping it with a quick twist of his wrist, he pours himself a shot. “Well, at least you have an alibi. Or, if you want to go the other route, you know a few guys that can help clean that up for you.”

I laugh, somehow finding his dark humor comforting. The rattling from my lungs hurts like a son of a bitch, and I grasp at the wounds on my side. I throw back the remaining whiskey and lean against the bar, muttering—mostly to myself—“Fuck... I hope they’re making up.”

“What do you want, Conor? Seriously?” Declan asks, quickly refilling my glass as I stare into the amber liquid swirling into the ice.

“I want them to work it out,” I answer, the knot in my chest tightening. Only, I don’t know what they’re working out. I don’t know why Victoria has been pushing Elena away. Fuck... for all I know, it’s me. They were happy together for years before I came into the picture.

Fuck... what if it is me?

I love them both far too much to walk away. But I need them both. I don’t think I could pick between them with a gun to head. They’ve both taken an equal hold in my heart.

Tristan turns on his stool and plants his hand on my shoulder. “Here’s the thing, Con.

You've got two women who, for some ungodly reason, both want to be with you?—"

"Fuck off," I jokingly interrupt, rolling my eyes.

"And that shit is messy as fuck," he continues. "You've got your relationship with each of them, their relationship, and your relationship as a whole. All of those relationships need to be good for it to work. So, let them fuck. Let them fight. Either way, they've got to figure out their shit."

It stings, but it's true. I stirred the pot, and I forced them to talk, but I can't fix their problems for them. They have to do that on their own.

"I'm worried they'll fall apart over me," I lament, shaking my head.

"Jesus Christ, big guy!" Layla exclaims, and I can practically hear her eyes roll from across the bar. "That's some big fucking ego you've got there."

"Well, sweetheart, that's because it's the same size as my di?—"

A scowl on his face, Tristan interrupts with a smirk, "Watch yourself, brother. I'm not above putting a fourth bullet in you."

Layla reaches us, and he wraps his arms around her, pulling her between his thighs. "My ass will probably regret this later"—she leans back against her husband—"but the world does not revolve around the Evans men."

"Yours does, mo chuisle ," Tristan gruffs in her ear, eliciting a smile.

"Shit happened when you almost died." Her tone is sharp, but her eyes give away the worry she had that night, too. "The two of them went through the ringer. Their roles reversed, and the woman who fought so hard over submitting to you totally fucking

crumbled... leaving her submissive to pick up her pieces. Trust me, what they're working through doesn't have shit to do with you and your"—her eyes drop to my crotch—"big ego."

She's probably right... she's always fucking right.

Tristan rests his chin on Layla's shoulder as he stares at me, the faintest hint of seriousness crossing his face. "Elena and I talked when Victoria hit rock bottom. She knew exactly what she was doing when she took control. I have faith, Con. She's a smart girl. If she knows that's the problem, she'll figure out how to give it back."

God... I fucking hope so.

CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE

VICTORIA

I listen to the soft hum of the city outside the windows as I pet Elena's hair. We're lying naked on the couch—my head leaning against the armrest and hers on my upper thigh. She shifts slightly, lifting her head when I brush a stray strand of hair behind her ear.

We've spent the day reconnecting—physically and emotionally. Both of us are exhausted, but when her eyes meet mine, I can't deny my desire to have her fingers lingering on my skin again. I've missed her—this—more than I realized.

Lifting her up my body, her nipples teasingly dust over my skin. "I fucking love you," I mutter and press my lips to hers. It's slow and gentle, quickly deepening like it always does—our love and unbridled need for each other pouring into this simple act.

I slide my hand up her my back, and my fingers thread into her hair as I pull her closer. She responds, pulling at my waist to eliminate any distance between us. Maybe I just never noticed it before... I might be her Domme, but my sweet girl has been in control of me this whole time. I live to give her what she needs.

When we break our embrace, we're both breathless and panting. Tightening my hold in her hair, I hoarsely whisper, "I need you."

Yes, again.

“Yes, Madame.” Her voice is steady, but her eyes match my urgency.

“I liked you on your knees earlier, sweet girl.” I brush my lips over hers and loosen my grip of her black locks. “Kneel for me.” Without hesitation, Elena pushes herself from my body and climbs from the couch. She drops to her knees, her soft stomach resting lightly on her upper thighs and her ample tits pressed between her arms. Fuck...

Sitting up, I turn on the couch to face her. I lift my right leg while staring into her gorgeous dark eyes, and slowly, I drag my foot over her thigh and plant my toes beside her knee. I repeat the motion with my other leg, leaving me spread wide and on display for her as I watch her eyes grow ravenous.

“I want your face buried in my cunt.” Hooking my finger under her chin, I force her to look at me while pulling her onto her knees and between my thighs. “Your tongue licking over my clit until I’m coming all over your face. And you’re going to do it staring into my eyes so I can see how much you love having my cum on your tongue.”

She eagerly nods, barely mustering a response. “Yes, Madame. Please.”

Her tongue darts out, and she flicks the firm tip over my clit. She licks through my pussy at a slow torturous pace. Her gaze not breaking from mine, she does it again and again—dragging the warm, wet flat of her tongue through me. She licks through me again and places a soft wet kiss around my clit.

“You feel so fucking good,” I pant as her hands slide up my body. Cupping both my breasts, she kneads at them as she continues to delicately lick and suck at my pussy. Every swipe of her tongue works to pull my release from me.

I feel the rapid pounding of my heart as I squeeze my hand over hers. Using her

whole body for momentum, she fucks me with her face. “Mmmmm,” she groans into me as her tongue swirls over my soft skin, and the vibrations nearly do me in.

Making an O with her mouth, she encircles my clit and sucks ever so lightly. The subtle pressure has me on edge. An edge I barely cling to when she flicks her tongue over my clit between the soft bouts of suction.

My hips lift from the couch, needing to meet her tender touch. But she holds fast and maintains her gentle pressure and slow pace. My sweet girl is teasing me. “Be a good girl and make me come,” I instruct, lacing my fingers through her hair and pushing her round face firmly into me.

She gives me exactly what I’m asking for, licking at sucking with firm precision. Holding her against me, I grind against her face until my thighs begin to quiver. Elena sucks my clit into her mouth and massages the tight swollen bundle of nerves with her tongue, and it’s my undoing. I fist the couch behind my head, pulling at it as I dig my toes into the hardwood floor when the release building in my core fires through me. I come so hard that my whole body lifts from the couch, but she doesn’t stop. She continues to drag her tongue up the length of my pussy—every swipe trembling through my body like an aftershock.

I pull her onto the couch with me, until she’s straddling my splayed legs. “Hands on the couch, sweet girl,” I pant, licking between the swell of her heaving tits dangling in my face. Dragging my tongue over her breasts and around her tight pink nipples, I press my hand beneath her thighs and run my fingers through her pussy. “You’re soaked.”

She’s fucking dripping with need. Coating my fingers in her arousal, I rub them over and around her clit. She grinds over them, riding my hand as I suck and tease her breasts. Her hips work hard and fast, demanding that I make her come. A demand she might regret when I refuse to stop.

“You can do it,” I urge. “Come all over my hand like the needy girl you are.”

Her grip tightens on the back of the couch, burying me in her heaving bosom as she cries out from the pleasure of her first orgasm.

CHAPTER FORTY-SIX

CONOR

Returning from the club, I hope I gave them enough time to clean up what I left behind. Fumbling with my key in the lock, all I can think is, “Here’s to hoping it not murder scene.”

Stepping into the apartment, it’s quieter than usual—until an all-too-familiar scream fills the space. My footsteps are light but deliberate as I make my way toward that sweet sound.

Fucking hell... Definitely not a murder scene.

Victoria is reclined on the couch, her legs splayed and wet pussy on display. Elena is straddling her lap and needily riding Vic’s hand. I could watch the two of them fuck all day.

My foot shifts on the floor, and the soft sound of the creaking floorboard gives me away. Both of them freeze for a second before turning toward me. Vic’s eyes are wide, and a blush flares beneath the ruddy hue on Elena’s cheeks. I clear my throat to break the silence with humor. “I see you’ve made up.”

Elena coyly chuckles, glancing down at Victoria. “Don’t stop on my account,” I insist, taking my time crossing the room.

“I didn’t intent to,” Victoria husks, dipping her fingers into Elena’s pink pussy.

Fuck...

The three of us haven't been together since I was shot. And based on my rapidly growing cock, it's been far too fucking long. I know it's going to hurt like fucking hell, but I don't care.

Unbuttoning my trousers, I shove them just low enough to free my throbbing cock as I step between Vic's legs and position myself behind Elena. Running my hand down her spine, I press myself against her. "Can my cailín leanbh handle my cock, too?"

"Yes... puh... please..." Elena glances over her shoulder at me. She's soaked—arousal is dripping from her—and I can't help but to drive the entirety of my cock into her tight little cunt.

"Ohhh, fuuuck!" I tremble on an exhale.

Victoria continues to rub her soft fingers between Elena's legs as she kisses over her jiggling breasts and up her neck. "Does it feel good?" she teasingly whispers. "Is his huge cock going to make you come all over my hand?"

Her body shaking and too overwhelmed to speak, the only answer Elena provides is a series of short, rapid nods. She clenches around my cock so hard I nearly spill into her. "Fuck, cailín leanbh," I grit through my clenched jaw. "Don't milk my fucking cock until I've fucked your Madame, too."

Firmly gripping Elena's hips, I fuck her hard and fast—needing to make her come before she does me in. "Fuck. Fuck. Fuck!" she screams as I drive deep and Vic strums vigorously over her clit. Coming so hard her body gives out, Elena collapses on top of Vic.

Pulling out of her, I drop to my knees and thrust my cock—covered with Elena's

sweet arousal—into Victoria’s equally wet pussy. “Two perfect fucking cunts,” I groan, thrusting into her. “My two perfect cunts.”

I wrap Vic’s legs around my waist and squeeze her thighs as I drive into her hard and fast—unable to pull my eyes from Elena’s still quivering pussy just inches from my face. Releasing my hold on Vic’s right thigh, I grip the crook of Elena’s hip and hold her in place as I bury my face into her from behind. A trembled squeal flies from her mouth when I rub my tongue over her already swollen clit.

I moan against her and feel her quiver on my tongue as her arousal cascades down my chin. “You taste so fucking good,” I groan, pulling back from her pussy. She falls to the couch beside us, exhausted. Licking my fingers, I plunge them into her and insist, “You aren’t done yet.”

I fuck her with my hand as I drive my cock into Victoria’s warmth. Trying to stay buried in her, I climb to my feet. With her legs still around my waist, I sink ungodly deep from this angle. “Conor!” Vic screams out my name, and it pushes her over the edge, her head lolling on Elena’s shoulder as her thighs tighten around my waist.

Blinding pain shoots through my side and radiates around my chest. I need to come before I fucking pass out from trying. “Cailín dáigh,” I grunt, pulling out of her. “Suck your sweet pussies from my cock.”

Vic eagerly follows my command, dropping to the floor beside me and taking my cock into her mouth. She laps at me with her tongue as she bobs her head over my length—taking more each time. I curl my fingers in a trembling Elena as Vic swallows me down and presses her lips to the skin around the base of my shaft.

Holding the back of her head, I let her set the pace. Not that it matters. I’m seconds from spilling down her throat. Elena comes again, clenching around my fingers as Vic hollows her cheeks, and my cock grows more rigid, spasming in her mouth as I

shoot my release over her tongue with an animalist roar.

I come so hard that the searing pain in my flank causes my vision to blacken around the edges. Abruptly, I pull my fingers from Elena's cunt and fist the couch cushion between her splayed legs for balance.

Staring up at me with concern, Vic lets my softening cock slip from between her lips. "You okay?"

"Yes." I nod, carefully climbing onto the couch beside an already groggy Elena. She curls up beside me, laying her head on my bare thigh as Vic takes a seat on the other side of me and nuzzles against my chest. "I've fucking missed this. The three of us," I confess, my hands roaming over them both as I wince. "I'd endure so much more than a little pain for the pleasure of being with both of you."

CHAPTER FORTY-SEVEN

ELENA

TWO WEEKS LATER

The moonlight dances over my bare feet as I pad across the cool hardwood floor of the living room. Glancing into the kitchen, I find Conor sitting at the counter, and I can't help but shake my head at the sight. His broad frame is hunched slightly as the doctor re-sutures the bullet wounds running down the side of his chest. Again.

Hearing me approach, the doctor looks up from his work and wipes at his brow with the back of his hand. The poor man keeps getting called here day and night because Conor can't seem to stop tearing through his stitches.

"I know you're happy to be alive and all," the doctor laments, trying to maintain a professional demeanor—a difficult task when you're doing house calls in the middle of the night dressed in pajama bottoms, a hoodie, and a pair of athletic sandals. "But maybe tone it down just a little. This is the fifth time in two weeks I've had to come patch you up."

Being careful to stay out of the doctor's way, I step closer to them. As I pass, Conor firmly grips my wrist and playfully—though aggressively—pulls me between his thighs. Holding me firmly to him, he dips his head and places a soft kiss in the crook of my neck.

"Are you blind, doc?" he shoots back, his tone dripping with playful confidence. "In

all the times you've been here, have you somehow managed to not see the two gorgeous-as-fuck women walking around this place? Because I'm pretty sure you wouldn't be giving yourself the same shitty fucking advice."

The doc's eyes flit between the two of us—lingering on me a bit longer than he should—and he visibly gulps. Clearing his throat as though trying to regain his composure, his eyes drag from me back to his work. "Okay, maybe just don't require any more restitching at 3 a.m.?" He huffs with a mixture of exasperation and annoyance, but I catch him trying to hide the smirk pulling at the corners of his mouth.

Conor chuckles as his hand runs around my hip and over the curve of my ass. He continues to dust his large palm over my body, and his eyes glint mischievously as he looks up at me. "Based on the way he's looking at me, you might get called back before the sun comes up," I snicker. I'm rewarded for my bratting with a hearty laugh from Conor and an incoherent mumble of irritation from the doc.

"I was wondering where you disappeared to, sweet girl," Victoria announces as she joins us in the kitchen. She kisses the side of my neck and then drops a second on Conor's bare shoulder. "Feeling better?" she asks, resting her hand gently on his thigh, her fingers teasingly brushing against the bare skin of my leg.

It's strange how quickly everything has fallen back into place. How natural it feels. But I'm trying not to overthink it. The three of us just fit... like we were always meant to be. Even with the challenges we've faced—and will likely face in the future—it all just works.

I look at Conor again, his eyes still twinkling despite the discomfort of the doctor working on him. He meets my gaze, his expression softening slightly as he picks up on the fact that I'm lost in my thoughts. His lips curl into a lazy smile as his gaze wanders between me and Victoria.

Watching the three of us with intrigue as he finishes the final stitch, the doc sighs. “At least try to keep your... um... enthusiasm in check. You’ll heal faster if we aren’t re-stitching you every couple of nights.”

“Are those doctor’s orders?” Conor scoffs, his amusement only further annoying the man.

“You’re impossible.” Vic shakes her head before turning her attention to the doc. “And you’re a saint for putting up with him.”

“Hey!” Conor exclaims. “You—both of you—are just as much to blame for him being here as I am. Only, in my defense, I can’t help it. The two of you have fucking ruined me.”

Having finished his sutures and with fresh gauze covering Conor’s new stitches, the doc washes his hands and grabs his bag. “Take it easy,” he insists again as he heads toward the door. “No more vigorous midnight escapades.”

“No promises. Besides, it’s well after midnight,” Conor calls over his shoulder as the man steps into the hall. The moment the door clicks shut, Conor’s eyes roam over both me and Victoria. “Are my girls tired?” he asks, rubbing gingerly the fresh bandages running along his side. “Or are the two of you up for another round?”

“You’re incorrigible.” I lightly slap his chest. But even as the words leave my lips, I can’t deny my interest.

“Promise not to need more stitches?” Vic teases.

Pulling us both into him, he kisses up the side of my neck and gravelly whispers, “Definitely not, cailíndáigh .”

CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHT

VICTORIA

Sitting in the living room with a book in hand, I've spent more time enjoying the warmth of the midday sun shining through the window than I have actually reading. My thoughts are elsewhere anyway, reminiscing about how the three of us got here.

A shadow catches my eye in the hallway, and I look up to find Elena wandering the short length of the hall. "Are we back to pacing, sweet girl?" I ask, knowing she's nervous about something. She lingers in the hall a second longer, unsure if she wants to join me in the living room.

When she steps into the room, I can practically feel the weight of whatever's on her chest from the pained look on her face. "Is Conor not home yet?" she asks, her voice tight as her fingers twist together nervously.

I shake my head, trying to offer a reassuring smile. "Not yet, sweet girl. Talk to me. What's wrong?"

Elena shifts her weight from one foot to the other. Her fidgeting only amplifies her current discomfort, and it causes my anxiety to stir with every sway. She takes a deep breath before speaking again, trying to find her nerve. "I'd rather wait for Conor," she mutters, her words soft like she feels she's already said too much.

"What for me for what, cailín leanbh?" Conor asks, stepping into the room and startling us both. Before she has a chance to answer, he pulls her into his arms and

presses his lips to hers.

Elena pushes away from him, her eyes darting nervously between the two of us. “You should probably both sit,” she insists softly as her whole body tenses.

Conor tenderly cups her face, staring down at her with concern in his eyes. The same concern is currently causing my stomach to twist into knots. “No secrets,” he insists, reminding her of the one rule we have in our relationship. “What going on, cailínleanbh ?” His question is laced with worry.

Elena’s throat bobs as she swallows. She glances at me for a second before vulnerably dropping her gaze to the floor. “I... Um...” she stammers, struggling to find the right words before blurting, “I’m pregnant.”

I blink in shock, my eyes fixed on the two of them as I try to comprehend the words she said. I’m pregnant. Pregnant. My sweet girl is pregnant. My mouth gapes open, but I find myself speechless as my mind struggles to catch up. “How?” The word falls from my lips before I can stop it.

Conor looks at me with a steadfast, serious expression. “Victoria, cailíndáigh... When a man and woman love each other very much?—”

“Shut up, Con!” I exclaim, rolling my eyes at his attempt to decrease the heaviness in the room. “I know how. But we’re both on the pill.”

Elena bites her trembling lip as she struggles to look up from the floor to meet my gaze. Her dark eyes are full of apprehension. Fear that I’ll be upset. That I won’t be happy. “I missed a couple when everything happened,” she quietly confesses, her voice cracking a little. “I doubled up after... but I guess it was too late.”

“You’re having my baby?” Conor asks, his hands sliding over her stomach with

unimaginable joy as he pictures our new future together. It's beautiful . His excitement is palpable, and it's clear that despite the surprise, he's absolutely thrilled with her news.

Staring up at him, Elena nods as tears well in her eyes. "Yes." She barely finishes the lone word before his lips are on hers—gentle but eager. It's overwhelming to watch, my heart swelling with love for the two of them.

Sitting across the room, I share silently in their happiness. Our happiness . This wasn't in the plan—at least, it wasn't for me. Not for a really long time. But if I'm being honest with myself, not a single thing with Conor—or the three of us—has even remotely followed what I had planned.

I open my mouth to congratulate her but pause when I feel a sudden tinge of panic.

How long has it been?

When was it that Conor got hurt?

He spent about a week at the club, and he's been living here for—what?

Six weeks?

My mind races as I try to quickly confirm the dates. And then it hits me. "Shit!"

Elena's eyes snap toward me, and there is no denying the sadness filling them. "Are you... upset?" she asks, clearly expecting me to be angry or disappointed. "I know we haven't talked about this, and it's a surprise, but I was hoping..."

Rising from the couch, I shake my head. My voice soft but sure, I insist, "It's not that, sweet girl." Crossing the room, I reach out and take her hand. "I'm so fucking happy

for you. For both of you. For us. ” I swallow hard, forcing the knot in my throat to loosen—. “Just... I didn’t... I...”

“You didn’t what?” she asks defensively.

I squeeze her hand, trying to reassure her I’m not the slightest bit upset with her. “I just didn’t realize I’m late, too.” The words tumble from my mouth uncontrollably. Hearing my realization out loud crashes down on me like a ton of bricks, and my chest tightens.

Elena returns the gesture as her eyes soften. She stares at me in disbelief as my body courses with the same nervous energy I’m sure she was filled with a few minutes ago. A hesitant smile pulls at the corner of her mouth, and she asks, “You’re... late?”

I nod, trying to swallow the sudden wave of emotion, unsure how I feel about this and worried about how Conor is going to react.

“You’re...” Conor stares at me with wide eyes, and I struggle to know what he’s thinking. His gaze lowers, and eyes dart between both of our stomachs as a look of absolute joy spreads across his face again. “Both of you... We’re having a family.”

He wraps his arms around us both, peppering kisses over both our faces until a small chortle rattles from him. “Something funny about knocking up both your girlfriends?” I tease.

“I was just thinking.” He shakes his head as a cocky grin spreads across his face. “Declan is going to lose his shit.”

CHAPTER FORTY-NINE

CONOR

Sitting on the balcony, the three of us have ended up curled into a heap on the couch. With her legs draped over the armrest, Victoria has made herself comfortable, using my broad thigh as a pillow. Elena is nestled into my side, her head rests on my shoulder, playfully twirling Victoria's tousled dark locks with one hand. We've been out here for hours, talking and laughing as the sky shifted from the orange hue of sunset to the dark twinkling night sky. The city beneath us is distant—almost nonexistent—like the three of us are living in our little universe.

The girls are talking nursery plans but, lost in my own thoughts, I'm not really registering their conversation. My hands roam over them without thinking—one stroking Elena's soft hair, the other gently grazing Victoria's cheek as she stares up at me. I don't realize I've fallen silent until my deep voice booms, "Marry me."

Both Elena and Victoria gasp in unison, looks of sheer surprise on their faces as a sudden thick silence falls around us. "What?" Elena asks, her words tremble slightly from shock, matching my own reaction to my unplanned proposal. Her gaze darts between me and Victoria as though she's waiting for the punchline. With an arched brow and a quieter voice, she asks, "Really?"

My heart hammers, suddenly terrified I may have misjudged their responses. I nod. "Yes."

"Yes." Happy tears well in Elena's eyes. Her gaze falls from me to Victoria, and her

excitement softens quickly, as though she realizes the potential wedge she may have shoved between the three of us.

“This isn’t the 1950s, Conor,” Victoria insists, her tone light but laced with a hint of seriousness. She pushes herself up from my lap and sits at the edge of the couch. “We don’t have to get married for you to make honest women out of us.”

I let out a heavy sigh and shake my head, unable to hold back the amused smile spreading across my face. “Jesus fucking Christ, cailíndáigh. Always so fucking calculated and pragmatic.” Lightly gripping her chin, I pull her face toward mine and force her to meet my stare. “Do you love me?” I ask gruffly.

Her gaze unwavering, her eyes soften as she answers, “Yes.”

“And do you love Elena?” I ask, knowing full well the answer.

Her lips curl into a small smile, the kind she only gives when she’s being completely honest. “Always.”

“Do you want to spend your life with the two of us?” She pauses, her eyes flickering between us. Watching her, I can’t help but think how much I love and respect that she isn’t one to rush a decision. Even if it is annoying as fuck sometimes.

Elena shifts slightly, lifting her head from my shoulder to look at me with a soft smile. Her eyes fall on Victoria, and she reaches out for her hand. “I love him. As much as I love you, Madame,” Elena confesses. “No more. No less. But I only want this if we all do.”

“Yes,” Victoria mumbles so softly that if her lips hadn’t moved, I wouldn’t have known she had spoken. She nods, and her lower lip quivers as she repeats herself. “Yes... But you do know that polygamy is still illegal in all fifty states, right? We

can't actually get married.”

“For fuck’s sake, cailíndáigh.” I laugh, pulling them both into me. Elena places a kiss against my cheek as Victoria leans forward, her lips landing on the corner of my mouth. Parting my lips, I return her tenderness as Elena’s lips dust along my jaw. She leaves a trail of wet kisses down my neck as my embrace with Victoria grows deeper.

I pull back from Vic and turn my head to find Elena’s soft pink lips. I press my tongue between them and take my time exploring her mouth. Vic brushes Elena’s hair over her shoulder, exposing her throat and providing access for her soft lips. Elena moans into my mouth when Vic nips at the tender spot beneath her ear.

Their lips meet, and I lace my fingers through their locks as they kiss and lick at each other, Victoria taking her time before plunging her tongue into Elena’s mouth. Fuck... My wives are fucking beautiful . I watch them for a moment, my fingers tightening in their hair as my cock grows harder with every delicate swipe of their tongues.

I invite myself into their kiss, my tongue lapping at both of theirs. Their hands paw at the heaving breasts before them, only making us all grow more needy. Using my grip in her hair, I drag Elena’s mouth to mine. I kiss her hard, unable to get enough but needing Victoria all the same. I claim Vic’s mouth with the same urgency. My mouth grazes between the two of them, my need for more growing unbearable.

“We need... to head inside...” I breathlessly pant as I drag my lips from Vic’s to Elena’s. My cock throbbing, I break away from them and gravelly whisper against their cheeks, “If we stay out here much longer, your neighbors are going to see how fucking stunning you both are when you’re filled with cock and screaming my name.”

CHAPTER FIFTY

ELENA

The moment we're inside, Conor grips his shirt and tears it over his head. He drops it to the floor as he reaches for my wrist. Wrapping his fingers around it, he pulls me into him. The three of us stumble toward the bedroom, unable to pull ourselves away from each other.

His lips dust along the length of my neck, and his fingers gather the loose fabric of my oversized shirt as he teases, "You're wearing far too many clothes for what I want to do with you, cailín leanbh."

He gathers the cotton and slowly drags it up my body. Victoria's hands snake around my waist as the shirt clears my head, her fingers working deftly to undo the button of my pants. "Definitely too many clothes." She shimmies my pants down, and the luxurious fabric ripples off my legs, leaving me in nothing but a pair of white lacy panties.

"Always so fucking eager," Conor snarls at Vic, tearing the straps of her dress from her shoulders. It tickles down the backs of my bare legs as it flutters to the floor behind me. "Keep the enthusiasm, cailín dáigh, because I want you that greedy when I finally take your ass tonight."

His words cause Vic to nip at my shoulder, and pain shoots like electricity straight to my pussy. It flutters, and goosebumps ripple up my spine as I whimper with need. "It appears both my girls are impatient tonight," Conor taunts, rubbing his

fingers firmly over the lace between my thighs. He licks up the length of my neck as Victoria rids me of my panties. “Ask nicely and I’ll give you what you want.”

I rub my palm over the massive bulge beneath the rough denim of his jeans as we reach the bedroom, my gaze not breaking from his. “Please,Sir. Can I have your cock?”My plea is breathless and needy.

A pleased smile pulls at one side of his mouth as he quickly rids himself of his clothes. He falls onto the mattress, bringing us both down with him. “Always, cailínleanbh. ”

I climb over his thighs and straddle him. His cock twitches when I reach for it . Wrapping my fingers around it, I align him with my entrance and slowly slide myself down his thick length. Vic licks at my nipple and sucks it into her mouth as I take Conor’s final inches, causing my mouth to gape and my head to fall back as I groan in pleasure.

Slowly swirling my hips, I take a minute to adjust to Conor’s size before riding him. He’s so thick and long that he rubs against every inch of me, stretching me nearly tothe brink.

“Mmmm... You feel so good,Sir,” I moan, working myself over his length. “He’s going to feel so fucking good in your ass, Madame.”

“I’m going to enjoy your wet fucking cunt first,” Conor grits, thrusting into me from below. Grabbing Victoria’s leg, he drags her off my nipple with a pop, pulling her up his body and situating her over his face. “I’m going to enjoy both my cunts while I get this tight ass ready...” His words are muffled—vibrating against the soft skin of her inner thighs—as he drags her onto his face.

She rides his face and watching her enjoy him only adds to the pleasure swelling in

my core. I swirl my hips, needily sliding over his length. “I love watching you ride his thick fucking cock, sweet girl,” Vic mewls her praise as she presses her lips toward mine. We both ride Conor—me on his cock and her on his face—whimpering into each other’s mouths.

“My sweet girl is so close.” Vic’s breathy words vibrate over my chin and down my neck as she kisses her way to my breasts and presses her slick fingers against my clit. She rubs lightly, applying just enough pressure to bring me to the edge.

“Come for me,” Conor demands, pulling his face from Victoria’s pussy. He thrusts into me hard, quickly working up to a brutal pace. I pant and grunt through each of his demanding drives. “Don’t make me tell you twice,” he threatens as he buries himself in me, and it does me in.

My release fires through me, and I quiver around his cock and claw at Victoria’s back. The cries of my release fill the bedroom. Not giving me a moment of reprieve, Conor instructs, “Lean back, cailín leanbh.” Doing as he instructed, I plant my hands on his muscular thighs for support and keep riding him as Victoria kisses down my stomach.

Conor’s hand slides up her back, and he pushes her face between my thighs. His words muffled in her thighs as Vic hovers above his face, he commands, “Eat your sweet girl’s pussy, cailíndáigh . I want her fucking screaming and quivering around my cock when you come all over my face.”

She licks up my pussy, the tip of her tongue flicking over my clit. Fuck! He buries his face in her again, and she moans into me. The vibrations tingling over my clit as she sucks it into her mouth. It’s too much. “I can’t,” I call out, but my cry falls on deaf ears. Vic licks and sucks at me as her hands pull at my hips to drag me over the languid thrusts of Conor’s cock.

My arms shake, and my thighs tremble as the two of them make quick work of

bringing me right back to the edge. Conor presses a finger into Victoria's ass as he relentlessly licks at her pussy, and she comes hard, screaming into my pussy, dragging me over the edge with her.

"Sir! Ma... Madame!" I scream, my nails digging into Conor's thighs, trying to find some reprieve from the agonizing rush of pleasure firing through my body.

Fuck... I'll never get enough of being worshipped like this.

CHAPTER FIFTY-ONE

VICTORIA

I fucking love the taste of her...

The only thing better than the taste of my sweet girl on my tongue, is apparently enjoying it with Conor's face buried in my pussy as he teases my ass.

Since the night Conor learned he'd be the first to fuck my ass, he has been determined to get me ready for him. A finger. Then two. Jeweled plugs, slowly growing in size. And me, learning how much I actually enjoy the feel of him in my ass.

Still, the thought of his cock is mildly terrifying.

He slides me from his face, and I find myself lying on the bed beside Elena. Her eyes are heavy, and she's clearly floating on a cloud of bliss as she nuzzles into me. Conor drags her hand between my thighs as he slathers lube over his fingers and cock. He gingerly eases two fingers into my ass, and I nervously clench around him. "Relax, cailíndáigh," he urges, just a little more.

Closing my eyes, I take a deep breath and focus on the pleasure Elena is providing to my clit as he continues to stretch out my ass. He withdraws his fingers and replaces them with the foreign feel of the thick head of his cock pressed against me. Elena kisses along my shoulder and up to my ear. "Focus on me."

Turning, I find her lips on mine and her tongue darting through them. She kisses me softly—teasingly—matching the pace of the light circles she’s drawing around my clit. Her tongue massages against mine as Conor presses into me. There’s a slight pinch of discomfort as he stretches me wider than any of our prep.

“You’re doing so fucking good,” he praises, stilling with just his tip inside me. He stays motionless, dusting his fingers over my splayed thighs, giving me a moment to adjust to him. “Can you take more?”

I nod into my kiss with Elena, not wanting to break myself from her distraction. “I’ll go slowly,” he promises, gently easing himself into me. His hips press against my ass and realize that I’ve taken all of him. He pulls out slowly and then eases back into me, his cock feeling so different from his fingers. The sensation is unlike when he’s buried in my pussy. “Your virgin arse is taking me so fucking well, cailíndáigh,” Conor grits through his clenched jaw, fighting to maintain control. “So fucking tight... Too fucking tight...”

Elena slides her hand through my pussy, pressing her fingers into me as the heel of her hand continues to rub over my clit. The sensation catches me off guard, and a breathy gasp blows over my lips when it nearly pushes me over the edge. “Oh fuck,” Conor growls, his fingertips digging into my thighs as I quiver around him. “Come for us. I want to feel your ass clenching around my cock as you come. Squeezing me so tightly that I’m forced to mark your ass as mine.”

“Faster,” I breathlessly plead, placing my hand over Elena’s and grinding her palm against my clit. “Please.”

Conor increases his speed enough to give me what I’m asking for without hurting me. Both of us are right on the brink and mere thrusts from losing control. I place my free hand over his, and he laces our fingers together. “C... Con,” I cry, my whole body exploding as my orgasm crashes through me. Every thrust of his cock trembles

through me like an aftershock.

“Fuuuuuck, Vic,” Conor matches my cry, his cock twitching inside me as he spills into my ass. He stills and stares down at me—enjoying my euphoria for a moment—before sliding himself out. “You did so fucking good,” he praises. “I’ll be right back, cailíndáigh . We need to clean you up a little.”

Conor retreats to the adjoining bathroom, and Elena kisses my neck and jaw. A damp wash cloth in hand, Conor returns a minute later. He runs it up my thighs and between my cheeks, thoroughly cleaning me of lube, cum, and any mess I may have made.

Content with his work, he tosses the soiled cloth to the floor and climbs into bed. He curls up behind me, bending his knees into mine and spooning me as I nuzzle against Elena. He drapes his arm over us both and pulls the three of us tight.

In this moment—the three of us an intertwined bundle of limbs—I know we are perfect for each other. I don’t need my family or the world to understand what we are or how we make it work. It’s crazy... We all know that. No one could convince me that this is wrong, because everything about us feels right.

The room is quiet and cloaked in the darkness of the night. We’re all on the verge of sleep when Conor groggily mutters, “I don’t know what I did to deserve the two of you, but I’d do it a thousand lifetimes just to have this moment again.”

CHAPTER FIFTY-TWO

CONOR

ABOUT A MONTH LATER

If someone had told me a year ago that I'd be getting married, I would've laughed. Hell, even a few months ago, I wouldn't have believed it. Yet here I am. If the state or the church allowed it, I would have walked them both down the aisle of Our Lady of Grace and said our vows before Father O'Flaherty the morning after they both agreed to be my wife.

But this is equally as special; standing barefoot on the beach, surrounded by my family, with two radiant beauties dressed in white before me. We don't need a big church or a lavish event—just the three of us confessing our love and devotion to one another. The rest of the world doesn't need to understand it, because the people we care about most—and who love us unconditionally—do.

We give our vows and say our 'I do's' as the sun sets over the horizon. The warmth of the day wanes as we exchange rings—a diamond set in a Celtic knot for each of them and a titanium band with a matching engraving for me. All of them a visual reminder of our intertwined hearts and eternal commitment to each other.

Tonight's family dinner has been transformed into our reception, and champagne is already beginning to flow as I make my way up the steps to Declan's patio with a gorgeous wife on each arm. "Now?" I ask them quietly not to draw anyone's attention. As much as it has fucking killed me to keep this secret from my brothers, I

promised both of my girls—my wives—that we'd wait until they were both sure about their pregnancies. Along with seeing a doctor to make sure they were healthy, I also wanted to make sure that this was what both of them truly wanted.

I lift a glass of freshly poured whiskey from the table, the condensation dampening my hand. Taking a generous sip, I try to find my words before quieting the already loud conversations of my boisterous brothers and the clatter of glasses as everyone takes their seats. I take a deep breath and tap a knife against my glass; the clink failing to be heard over the excited conversation. "Hey!" I shout, my voice booming over them all, silencing the table as all eyes turn toward me.

"I've... I mean, we've got an announcement."

I pause for a moment to glance at Elena and Victoria one last time—wanting to ensure they're ready to share the news—and Finn shouts, "For fuck's sake, spit it out already. Some of us are hungry."

Fucking Finn...

Getting a quiet nod of approval from them both, I announce, "We're pregnant."

The patio is dead silent, minus the crashing of waves against the shore. I stare back at my family around the table, wondering if they heard me right. Smiles spread across faces, and one by one, the congratulations roll in. Tristan is quick to stand, walking toward us with a delighted grin. "So, which of you am I congratulating?" he asks, his gaze flicking between Elena and Victoria.

The girls glance at each other, and Elena's cheek pinkens slightly, causing me to chuckle. "Yeah... um... that's... both of them."

Tristan raises an eyebrow, looking at us in disbelief, his mouth gaping, and for what

feels like the first time ever, he's at a complete loss for words. "Congratulations, ladies. Seriously. This is amazing news." He places a chaste kiss on both their cheeks before giving me a hug and patting me on the back. "Congratulations, brother."

"I would get up to hug you both," Sasha apologizes, cuddling the nursing newborn in her arms. "But Aiden... I swear all this boy does is eat."

Everyone makes their way to us to hug the girls and give their congratulations, with Declan being the last to our end of the table. "Seriously?" he asks, with a hint of jealousy and disbelief painted across his furrowed brows. "Both of them?"

"Yeah... seriously." I grin and nod before turning my attention back to my wives with a proud smile. "Best guess at this point is that they're about a week apart."

"What's the matter, old man?" Finn teases, playfully jabbing his elbow into Declan's side. "Worried that Conor's gonna field that baseball team before you?" He lets out an obnoxious laugh that I can't help but join in on.

"Quinn, sweetheart," I call to grab her attention. Struggling to keep little Rory in his seat, she looks up at me with a look that would cause an army to retreat. "I'm so sorry for what my brother is going to do to you later."

"And tomorrow morning," Declan adds to my apology, his eyes twinkling with a devilish smirk at his wife. "Might as well throw in every night until you're growing round with my babies again. I told you I bought this big house to fill it."

"Again? Can't we just get a dog?" Fiona sighs exasperatedly, slumping into her seat, as the rest of us laugh.

"I know you won't believe me now"—Liam reaches over from the seat next to her and pulls her closer—"but one day, you'll enjoy having a bunch of brothers and

sisters.” She looks up at him like he’s full of shit, a sentiment I shared when I was her age. “Trust me, nugget.” He lowers his voice to just above a whisper. “I hated all these fucking assholes when I was your age.”

“For fuck’s sake, Liam,” Declan grumbles before turning his attention to Fiona. “No more talking with your uncail Liam.”

Laughter erupts around the table as I take my seat between my two beautiful brides. Slipping a hand into each of theirs, I can’t help but smile. The two of them are better than anything I could’ve imagined. Lifting their hands to my face, I place a kiss on the back of each of them. “I can’t wait to share my life with you.”

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CONOR

FIVE YEARS LATER

It's crazy how much things have changed and how big these weekly dinners on Declan and Quinn's patio have become. The massive space almost feels too small for all of us, yet it continues to accommodate our rapidly growing crew. The sound of the ocean crashing against the shore serves as a constant backdrop to the evening. It's a soothing calm against the expected chaos unfolding before me.

My boys, Grady and Sean, splash around the pool with Rory, Kira, and Aiden. The five of them are inseparable—their laughter echoing through the air as they dunk each other under the water and chase each other around the pool. They remind me so much of my brothers and me at that age, especially as they ignore Fiona's pleas to stop splashing her. And fuck, we're all in so much trouble.

Liam and Sasha are sitting beside the pool—their feet in the water—taking turns to snuggle their newborn daughter, Clara. She's just a few months old, and I can't help but smile at her little coos and big blue eyes.

"No. It's hot!" Declan exclaims for the umpteenth time tonight. I turn toward his voice to find him standing beside the fire pit, trying desperately to keep his toddlers, Emma and Owen, from touching the flickering flames.

"And this is why you don't let them outnumber you," Quinn teases from across the patio with a playful glint in her eyes. "You did this to yourself."

Scooping up a toddler in each arm, he carries them across the patio and sets Owen in her lap, holding onto a now-squirming Emma. Bending down, he places a soft kiss on her forehead as he confesses, “I’d put a hundred more babies in your if I could, mochádsearc.”

Because of complications with the younger twins, Quinn can no longer round out the roster for Declan’s baseball team. But that definitely hasn’t slowed his enthusiasm for fatherhood. His obsession with breeding that poor woman... even logic won’t stop him from trying.

Across the patio, Tristan and Layla are sharing bottles of wine and whiskey with Jorge and Rory. The four of them are carefree and content—laughing at the ridiculousness of our child-fueled chaos.

Finn and Catlin sit beside them, a ridiculous smile plastered on his face. They learned this morning that Catlin is pregnant, and he is over-the-moon excited. Having watched him for years with Fiona and all the other kids we’ve added to this family, I have no doubt that he’ll be an amazing father.

Crossing the patio, I make my way to Elena and Victoria, who are sitting together on a sun-drenched bench. Victoria’s hand is resting on Elena’s swollen belly, the two of them in quiet conversation. Elena’s eyes meet mine, and a smile spreads across her face as I approach. She looks as radiant as ever. Pregnancy suits her.

I lean over the back of the couch and wrap my arms around them—my hand finding its way to her belly, gently rubbing it as I press a soft kiss to her temple.

“How’s my little girl doing?”

Elena chuckles, “Kicking the shit out of her mommy.”

“I meant my other little girl.” I rub my hand on her belly as my gaze drifts to the

tired dark-haired beauty lying on Vic's lap. Lifting Delaney into my arms, I pull her up to my chest, and she nuzzles her face against my neck. "How's my sleepy little princess?" She quickly drifts to sleep in my embrace as I smile at her, excited to know her little sister will be joining us shortly.

Staring at my wives, I can't help but think if it weren't for the stupid auction I was so adamantly against, I never would've met either of them. The two of them have completely changed my life.

All these women have .

Playboys, loners, and a heartbroken widow... All of us now a husband. Each of us a better man— well, at least in some ways —because of the amazing women that came into our lives and were just crazy enough to want to join this family.

I close my eyes for a second, taking it all in—the laughter, the screaming, the sighs of exhausted parents, and the love that surrounds us all.

And none of us would change a thing.