



Sugar Baby (Sugar Life #1)

Author: *Harley Madison*

Category: Dark Erotica

Description: Four Daddy Doms. Three hours. Ten Thousand Dollars. Who wouldn't say yes to that?

I'm not going to bore you with my tragic backstory, because fuck that. I worked my ass off for the scholarships I have and the first day of the rest of my life is only four days away. My goal? Graduate college, get my CPA, and become an accountant. I know there are a few more steps, but that is my path because that shit is stable and will generate a more than generous living wage.

As compared to right now, when I have less than ten dollars in my account and my meal card doesn't activate for another two days. In swoops my roommate with her designer handbags and freshly done hair. She introduces me to an app that is going to stop me from being a cliché broke college student.

SugarLife.

Go out to dinner with some old dudes for a couple hundred dollars? Fuck yes.

But then I see their date invitation.

Four daddies looking for a baby girl to share for the night.

Their list of bedroom requirements has me squeezing my thighs together and my thumb hitting the accept button before my brain can catch up.

And the kicker? They're willing to pay me more money than I have ever had for a few hours between my legs.

I've done way worse things for less.

And I never saw a cent of that cash.

The more we chat, the more invested I get. I need to remind myself that it's only for a few hours. One night. It's not for forever.

They won't want to keep me.

No one ever wants to keep me.

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:18 am

Chapter 1

Emery

The shitty old couch protests as my roommate, Oakley, plops down onto the seat next to me. I side-eye her, then go back to crunching on the stale-as-fuck cracker, since it and the six others left in the pack are all I have left to eat until tomorrow.

A domestic situation is happening on the reality show I'm watching, the sixteen-year-old teen mom throwing a hissy fit because her baby daddy spent that week's rent on a new video game. Not for the first time, I wonder if I should have just let Tray knock me up when we were in foster care so that we could apply for a show like this. Between the two of us, our tragic backstories would have the target audience for this shit show all tied up in knots. Boo fucking hoo and all that shit.

"Hey, roomie."

"Hey," I force out through gritted teeth. This chick seriously needs to back off. Can't she feel the annoy-me-and-die vibes I have going on? I can't stand the fucking sunshine and rainbows that pour off her in waves. And why wouldn't she be that fucking happy?

Oakley wears designer everything. Even her workout clothes have expensive-as-fuck labels. I swear I saw some Gucci pajamas the other day too. Blonde hair, freshly blown and nails that wouldn't dare to have a chip. And her sections of the fridge and pantry are always stocked with fresh produce, which half the time ends up spoiled and in the trash, because for the two weeks we've been living together, she's barely

ever been home.

I force myself to breathe and remind myself that four days from now, I'll be starting my future. Monday can't come fast enough.

Which doesn't do me much good right now, because I can feel her staring at me. Giving up on the show, I face her. "What?"

She crosses her arms over her presumably surgically enhanced chest—otherwise, wow, that bra is doing fucking amazing things for her—and leans back, fingernails pointing to the ceiling, all the while eyeing my shittastic dinner. "You need to make some money."

Using just my wrist, I wave my half-eaten cracker, shoving down the acidic bitterness her words drag up my spine. "My meal card activates tomorrow."

She tucks her chin. "And eat the dining hall food, ew, no. Gross. Let me help you."

I eye her warily. "I'm not doing your fucking laundry."

Oakley barks out a laugh. "Ha, no. I only dry clean."

Huh, well, that explained that mystery.

"And I'm not asking you to work for me. I'm offering to show you a way to make money," she continues as she reaches up to run her bedazzled fingers through her hair.

I narrow my eyes. I've heard that line before.

I'll give you a Hamilton, if you'll stand on the corner and let me know if any pigs roll

by.

Take this package to the lady in the car. Give me the fifty, and you can keep the rest.

That kind of cash in my life as little as six weeks ago—fuck, right now too—would have made a huge difference in my day, but I’ve turned over a new leaf.

I’m a college student now. I got out. And I am going to stay out. Even if it kills me.

“Pass,” I state in a flat voice and then turn back to the TV as I reach for my glass of water on the shitty, scarred coffee table.

“Oh, come on, hear me out. You can’t tell me that you don’t need the cash. And I swear, it’s nothing illegal.” She squints her eyes for a moment, then shrugs. “I don’t think it is, anyway. Everyone involved is consenting, and if money or gifts exchange hands afterward, who’s to know?”

I look at the cracker clutched between my fingers, which may as well be cardboard with how stale it is.

Not illegal?

And everyone is consenting.

It doesn’t take an undergraduate degree to figure out what she’s implying. And if that is what she’s implying, then there’s no harm in hearing her out. Sex is the one commodity that I can trade without owing someone something. Men see my long, wavy brown hair, heart-shaped face, big hazel eyes, and the dusting of freckles on my cheeks after they notice my bubble ass and D-cup tits.

Puberty changed my life.

It took me out of one steaming pile of fucking shit homelife and dumped me into a cesspool.

But what the fuck ever.

I survived.

I don't need anyone's fucking pity.

I made it out. I'm at college. Yeah, my bank account has only a single digit balance at the moment, but my scholarship perks kick in tomorrow. As do the student loans.

Fuck me , the student loans. They are going to take me half a lifetime to pay back, but I know they'll be worth every cent when I'm working out of some office building, fifty-one stories up, looking out over all the people just trying to scrape through a day.

Glancing back at Oakley, I find her staring at me blatantly, and I just know this princess isn't going to let it go. "Fine, give me some more details."

She grins and unlocks her phone, tapping and swiping. "So, it's called SugarLife."

I keep my trap shut, even though a million questions fly through my head. If I learned anything growing up in the South Side of Chicago, it's that it's best to stay quiet. People tend to fill the void and you don't get smacked around if they forget you're there.

Oakley offers me her phone, open to some sort of app. I blink and then blink again at the image of some random chick, dressed in a see-through babydoll dress, nips on full display, hair pulled up in pigtails and sucking on a lollipop. There are words by her head, written in quotation marks.

Are you my next Mommy or Daddy?

“What the fuck?” I mutter, slowly scrolling down the screen. There are invitations for playdates, invitations to take a good girl shopping, requests for cuddle sessions. And constant opportunities to Sign up now . “People are actually into this sh-stuff?”

I correct my word choice, since clearly, Oakley is into this shit.

When I look up at her, she’s smirking at me. “You mean that baby girl, daddy shit? Yeah. I’m not into, like, the age-play stuff. I just pick the invitations that want something like a dinner date, to sext with them, or to sit and watch me do my makeup or whatever. Here, let me show you.”

She takes her phone back and starts tapping at the screen, I’m assuming to log in. My assumption is correct when she offers me her phone again, scooting closer, so she can see as she points things out. “See, here. I have my search filtered for my preferences, and then I can apply for any of the invitations that interest me. I can also post my own. All you need to do is set up a profile. You can leave it on private, so only daddies—or mommies—you approach can see your profile.”

She scrolls through a bunch of the invitations, but what catches my eye are the little pink gift boxes at the bottom of each listing. Some have one gift box and others have a few.

“What are the boxes for?” I ask, pointing at an invitation that has five pink boxes.

Oakley clicks on the invitation, opening it up and then scrolling to the section that talks about the gift boxes. “It’s how much the daddy or mommy is willing to pay or gift. One pink gift box usually represents one hundred dollars or less.”

Intrigued, I touch the screen, scrolling up to the description of the invitation.

Daddy in search of a good girl to take out to dinner and movie on Friday night, then to spend the evening clothed, cuddling in a hotel room. Goodbyes in the morning after breakfast.

I raise my eyebrows as I eye the five pink boxes. “So, that’s what . . . five hundred bucks?”

“Yeah, basically, and the expenses for the date are covered by the daddy,” Oakley responds as she casually clicks on the “Pick me, Daddy” button.

Neither of us comments on her action.

“So, are there other colors?” I ask as I lean back into the corner of the couch, TV completely forgotten. She’s caught my interest. If these people are willing to pay for me to eat good food, dress in a skimpy outfit, and talk to them for a couple of hours, why the hell shouldn’t I at least ask some questions? Asking questions doesn’t mean I have to follow through on the actions. Even though this sounds like easy cash.

And besides, even if I did follow through, I’ve done way worse things than being paid to go on a date to keep myself and others safe.

“Yep. So, pink is the lowest, which is basically hundreds. Then there is purple, which is thousands. And red, those are tens.”

I frown, her counting system seeming to be a little off. “Tens? As in ten dollars?”

She laughs, a slight mocking edge. “No, sweetie, ten thousand.”

I let out a low whistle. “People spend that kind of money?”

Oakley gives me a look that makes me feel stupid and naive. “People will spend

whatever kind of money they have to get their rocks off a certain way.”

“Fair enough,” I reply with a one-shoulder shrug. “Just seems like a crappy thing to waste your money on.”

Oakley bops her head from side to side. “I’d agree with you, but the majority of the daddies I have met up with so far are hella stacked in the wallet. That only want companionship for the specifics of the invitation and then they want you gone. And they don’t want to haggle.”

I nod. “Makes sense.”

It totally didn’t. If the daddies are stacked, wouldn’t it make sense that girls would be throwing themselves at them?

Glancing at the TV, I see that the baby daddy is sitting on the couch, playing his new video games while the newborn sleeps on his chest. Clearly, Mom has bailed or is sulking in the bedroom.

“Where’s your phone?”

“Hello, random question.” I turn back to Oakley with a raised eyebrow.

She rolls her eyes at me. “I’m going to set you up with your own profile, and then you can search through the app.”

“I don’t remember saying I was going to sign up,” I snark back at her. But I can’t stop my gaze from taking in how . . . good she looks, objectively speaking. I’m not into pussy, but I can totally check out a woman and determine if she is hot or not. And Oakley is hot.

Oakley laughs. “We can set your profile to private so that only profiles you interact with can see yours. Then you can be a creepy lurker for as long as you like.”

“I can remain anonymous?” I offer her my phone from where I had it tucked between my leg and the couch cushion.

I have exactly one—well two, with Oakley, but she hasn’t messaged me yet—people who can contact me through that phone.

Tray Brown.

We were both in the foster care system since we were little kids. Me at six and him at eight. Were he was removed from his family because of a father with preferences that get a person added to a special kind of register, whereas I was entered into the system because my parents are dead.

Too bad there are just as many depraved animals in the system as there are out.

“Unlock code?” she asks, thumbs hovering over the digital number pad.

“Four zeros,” I reply, watching as she taps away.

“That’s not very secure.”

I shrug. “There is literally nothing on there except for a couple of texts, the app for my student email, and Facebook. Good luck to anyone who steals it, since it only has a battery life of forty-five minutes.” Which is exactly why there is an extra-long charger cable hanging from the bottom of my phone, the cable leading to the wall plug.

“Right, okay. Well, the app is downloading. Look at the TV,” she orders and I don’t

even think about it before I do it.

I hear the sound of a digital shutter closing, and I turn back to her, indignation burning the bottom of my stomach. “Did you just take a photo of me?”

“Yep,” she replies without an ounce of care. “You need a profile pic. Don’t worry, it’ll be private too, and you weren’t looking at the camera. It’s actually a pretty cute photo.”

She flashes the screen at me, and I study the picture as objectively as possible. The light from the kitchen behind me puts my face into silhouette, and I’m thankful it’s hiding my features. Brown hair held up in a messy bun by a scrunchy. I was unfortunately blessed with naturally curly hair, but because it’s so thick and long, it’s just waves of frizz.

A black tank top with spaghetti straps, one of which has fallen off my shoulder. Also, it is very clear that I am not wearing a bra. I’m not stacked or anything, but I have a nice handful. Just enough that taking off my bra at the end of each day is fucking amazing, but not enough that I’ve had to go up to the next size shirt or anything.

My legs are curled up beneath me on the couch, and the lower curve of my ass cheek is peeking out in the pic through the hem of my booty-cut denim shorts.

Okay, fine, it’s a cute photo.

I make an annoyed noise and go back to watching the TV, which has changed over to one of the other couples. Twins at sixteen. What the hell was she thinking? And, of course, her baby daddy has done a runner on her.

Honestly, it’s somewhat surprising I’m not in the same position as the girl on the TV. Sex has been a part of my life since before I can remember. I honestly have no idea

what all of the fuss is about. It's gross, and some of the time it hurts, but mostly, it's just uncomfortable.

But without a cent to my name, it has been my only bartering system.

College is my exit plan from all of that.

“Okay, here you go. I’ve added enough details to get you past the bots. Scroll through all the profiles. The filters are turned off, so just make your own selections, see if anything catches your eye. You’ll need to verify your age and account with a picture of your license, if you decide you want to accept an invite. I’m going to go make some dinner.” Oakley hands me back my phone, then gets off the couch, not giving me even a second to protest or ask questions.

The invitations page captures my attention. Unlike on Oakley’s profile, the invitations appear endless. I click on the filter buttons and, holy shit, there are so many options. It’s almost overwhelming enough to lock the phone and go back to my shitty TV show.

But the fact that I have one dollar and six cents in my bank account says that maybe I should give this at least a second look.

Slowly, I work my way through the list.

Who are you looking for? Mommy, Daddy, Both, Don’t care.

Daddy. Definitely daddy. Absolutely no pussy for me.

Age range.

Uh . . . wanting to avoid potentially seeing college-age dick, I make the search for

older men. Thirty to fifty. Erm, no, wait. I adjust the oldest bar down to forty. Yeah, that's good for now.

Location. There are two options for this one—proximity and specific suburbs.

Proximity seems best. I set the limit to fifteen miles, because that's as far as I'm willing to travel by public transport, since owning a car is a pipe dream right now.

The list is endless.

Verified accounts.

Accounts with pictures.

Date type.

I pause. Date type? Clicking on that one, I find that its meaning is apparent. Basically, it's about how much sex am I willing to have on a date with them.

Meet-cute.

Kiss and don't tell.

Getting handsy.

Just a taste.

A quickie.

Stay the night.

I take a deep breath and let it out, before clicking out of the filter without picking a selection.

More scrolling through the filters reveals even more options. Limits. Preferences. Body types.

Blah blah blah.

I hit the search bar, leaving the majority of filters open. It takes a few seconds, and I bite on my thumbnail while I wait for the results to load.

My eyebrows raise when over three hundred results show up, even with my ten-year age range and fifteen mile radius. Damn, there are a lot of kinky assholes out there.

I instantly see my mistake by not selecting profiles with photos. Three clicks later, and I have that fixed, and the results slim down by over fifty percent.

I start scrolling, clicking on various profiles, trying to learn what all of the little icons mean. As I read through a bunch of profiles, specifically skipping down to the “my ideal sugar baby is . . .” and “My perfect date is . . .” sections, I start to get a bit of a feel for the app.

From what I’m seeing, most of these men just want some company. Maybe a little bit of something extra, once a connection has been formed, but they don’t want a full-blown relationship. Just someone to go to dinner with once a week or see a movie or show.

This actually doesn’t seem that bad.

I’m just about to call out to Oakley to ask what I need to do to fix up my profile when a steaming bowl of rice and beef stir-fry is shoved under my nose.

“Here, take this. I made too much.”

I drop my phone and quickly take the bowl with the fork hanging out of the top, words of protest dying on my tongue as the scent of garlic, soy sauce, and spices assail my nose. “Oh my god, this smells amazing.”

Oakley falls back onto the couch next to me, at some point having ditched her jeans and corset shirt for sweats and a tank. “Well, eat up. I had a bunch of things in the fridge that were either cook or toss, so there’s enough for at least one more lunch and maybe dinner each.”

I stare at her for a moment, and she doesn’t even bother to play coy. “I know what you’re doing.”

She shrugs. “Look, you can either eat the food or toss it in the trash. No skin off my nose, either way.”

“I’m paying you for this,” I mutter stomach cramping at the thought of warm food.

She shrugs. “I don’t remember asking you to.”

As I stare at the food, my mouth waters. Am I really prideful enough to toss out this food and wait to eat at the dining hall tomorrow?

No, no, I am not.

Besides, this is the most we have spoken to each other in the last two weeks, and the human interaction actually doesn’t suck too bad. Not going to jeopardize that by letting my pride stop me from eating her cooking.

I scoop up a healthy amount of food and stuff it into my mouth and have to physically

withhold the groan. Holy shit, I'm starving. I force myself to go slow—one, because I don't want to throw up after having basically starved for the past two days, and two, because I don't want Oakley to know how dire things have become.

"So, what did you think of SugarLife?" she asks casually, eyes glued to the screen.

I keep my attention on the TV as the first teen mom does her wrap-up interview for the current episode. "Seems okay, I guess. I can't believe how many accounts are on there."

Oakley laughs. "Yeah, I usually limit mine down to meet-cute and kiss and don't tell. That usually weeds out most of the profiles. Same for the invitations. I don't mind kissing a guy to make him feel special and to say thank you, especially if the gift boxes are right. Even if he makes my skin crawl."

"How does the money stuff work? Like, how do you actually get paid?" I ask, not at all thinking about the way my heart is beating a little harder at the idea of having three figures in my bank account.

"Well, once you both accept an invitation, their account is debited half the fee, and you can see it sitting in your wallet as a pending transfer. Then, when you actually turn up to the date, the daddy confirms you are there and that first amount transfers. At the end of the date, you both mark it as complete, and the rest of the money gets transferred. Then you just transfer the money, minus a small fee, into your regular bank account. The higher-paying invitations can have a different payment structure to make sure the sugar daddy or mommy isn't getting scammed."

I nod, scraping up the last bit of rice onto my fork as the credits begin to roll. "Thanks for dinner."

"No problem," Oakley calls out as I head to the sink to wash and rinse off my plate

before leaving it in the drying rack.

With every step from the kitchen to my bedroom, all I can think about is SugarLife and the fact that Oakley is making bank without selling herself.

Which begs the question—how much do dates that include sex pay?

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:18 am

Chapter 2

Emery

As soon as I'm alone in my bedroom, I pull SugarLife back up on my phone and go straight to the invitations, quickly adding in all the filters I didn't want Oakley to see.

The chick doesn't appear to be judgy, but with her only doing the non-sexual dates, I'm hesitant to let her see me assessing my true options.

When I get to Date Type , I unselect meet-cute , kiss and don't tell , and stay the night , leaving the three other options. While pretending to watch the end of the show with Oakley, I'd had plenty of time to contemplate what each of the options might mean, and this is what I came up with.

Meet-cute: completely platonic.

Kiss and don't tell: kissing only.

Getting handsy: hand jobs.

Just a taste: blow jobs.

A quickie: a fuck and run.

Stay the night: sex and spend the night.

My personal favorite is a quickie, in and out—pun intended. I won't have to spend the night pretending to enjoy having them wrapped around me, possibly asking for a round two or three. Potentially insisting.

Shudder.

I set the location to within fifteen miles and filter it for men only. I scan all the other options, happy with my basic selections, then hit Find Me A Date .

Cringe.

This app is four layers of cheese, and I am borderline lactose intolerant.

A little pink and blue ball rolls over and over as the app does its thing, then I'm presented with over fifty options. I purse my lips and raise my eyebrows. Seriously, so many kinky assholes out there.

I narrow my eyes at the profile picture on the first date request. No way is that dude under forty. I almost scroll straight past him, but then catch sight of the gift boxes.

Four purple boxes.

Four Gs? What the hell is he asking for, because there isn't a lot that I wouldn't do for that kind of money.

I've done plenty for a lot less.

I click on the date and scroll through the information.

An evening out with a special baby girl, dinner and dessert. Back to his place for a little fun. No age play, but yes to a little role-play. I glance at the date type; just a

taste.

Pursing my lips again, I honestly contemplate it as an option. Besides not looking forty, the guy's body shot looks pretty good. Like he was an athlete in a previous life and has since relaxed his workout plan.

I notice a little push pin icon at the top right. Clicking on it, I get a pop up, asking me if I want to pin this date for later with a little sentence in italics, stating that the poster won't know I've pinned their date. I tip my head from side to side as I decide and figure that the description didn't give me the ick, so there is no harm in pinning. I can always unpin later.

I continue scrolling and pinning, nothing really grabbing my attention beyond vague interest. I'm about halfway through the list when I see an invitation that has one red box.

Ten thousand dollars.

My stomach quivers, excitement thrumming through my veins. Literally, nothing so far has pushed a boundary for me. I don't think I really have any. They were all stripped away years ago. And now I'm wondering what could possibly be in this invitation that they would need to pay someone five figures to make it happen.

Swallowing, I click. My focus immediately latches on to the date type.

Just a quickie.

Okay, cool. No sleepover. A one and done.

So far, so good.

The next thing I check out is the profile. There are several pictures, and when I scroll through, I'm confused at first. Four pictures of different shirtless, headless torsos. I can see a nipple piercing on one, two have tattoos that run across their pecs and ribs, and the fourth is clean skinned.

All of them are ripped.

Twenty-four abs in total, paired with that V disappearing into low-hanging pants.

And the forearm porn is amazing.

Rolling my eyes at myself, I back out of the images and go check the username for insights.

Brat4Us

It takes me a moment, but the connection between the name and the images finally clicks into place. My eyebrows zoom up into my hair so fast that I feel the wrinkling of my skin.

Four daddies.

Well, I guess that explains why the date is 10K.

Holy fuck.

Questions launch themselves through my mind.

How would that even work?

Would it be one after the other? Like a train?

Or would they all use me at the same time?

Would I get to pick which holes they used? Because I'm not the biggest fan of anal, but with that much dick in the room, surely they would expect it?

I take a deep breath. The only way to find out is to keep reading. The rest of their profile is pretty blank, so I click back to the invitation for the description.

Four daddies want to pleasure a special baby girl. One night only. Play time only. No age play required, but role-play is a must. Real life age is just a number; if you have the soul of a baby girl, please contact us. And if you have a bit of a brat inside of you, even better. Your interests do not need to align perfectly with ours. We have not listed everything.

We want to spoil our girl.

If this sounds like the perfect evening, be a good girl and hit the Pick Me, Daddy button. Your daddies can't wait to play with their new toy.

Activities we are interested in: Hand jobs, fingering, oral (him), oral (her), anal (her), MF, MFM, role-play, vaginal penetration, double-vaginal penetration, triple penetration, stretching, fisting, sex toys, voyeurism, exhibitionism, light bondage, dom-sub, edging, and spanking.

My pulse flutters.

Be a good girl.

I reread the words, more than I probably should, but with every pass, the itchy feeling under my skin gets more persistent.

I know I've already checked most of the sex activities boxes, but there are a few on that list I haven't. Group sex being one of those.

More than a few, actually.

Double-vaginal penetration?

Stretching?

Fisting?

Not to mention, every single one after that?

And anal is on there.

My chest is tight. For ten thousand dollars, could I actually let someone do those things to me? And not just some one. Four someones. It would only be for a few hours. All of the times I've had to help Tray out of a bind, when he's gotten in too deep, were over in a few thrusts. Very few have lasted more than ten or so minutes.

But Tray was there. In another room, sure, because the guys obviously didn't want him watching us. But I'd known that, if I needed to tap out, he would put a stop to it. Or at least, I'd always assumed so. I'd never needed it. I lay there, and they did their thing. Yeah, a few times it had been uncomfortable and kind of gross, but it was for Tray. He would do the same for me.

But I don't have him now.

And that list . . .

Would they want to do everything on the list for this particular date, or is that like a

copy and paste or some shit? Or a long-ass checklist, where they just selected whatever looked good when they were posting their invitation? I bite the side of my thumb as I mull over my options.

And, really, there are only two.

Message or move on.

I mean, yeah, I could pin it, but that option isn't vibing right inside of me. It's either message or move on.

But ten thousand dollars.

That would set me up for the entire year. And if I ever chose to take on a few non-sex dates or got a part-time job, then I could put a chunk of the money toward my student loans.

I look down at my cut off shorts, which are literally that—a pair of thrift store jeans that I had cut into shorts. Maybe I could actually go to a department store and buy some new clothes, rather than relying on thrift shops.

I can't even remember the last time I owned something that wasn't a hand-me-down.

It's like I'm playing a weird game of "what would you do for ten thousand dollars?"

Would I let four old guys fuck me while I acted like a brat the entire time?

It's just sex.

I've been paid for it, in a roundabout way, in the past.

For food.

A place to sleep.

Tray.

How is this any different? I'll be using the money to keep me fed and clothed. Yeah, it's with more guys than I'm used to, but it's still just sex.

I hover my thumb over the Pick Me, Daddy button.

It's just sex.

One night and I'm set for the rest of the year.

I press the button and go back to scrolling through the options, none of which interest me right now. My heart jerks around in my chest as I swipe past dozens of invitations.

It's just sex.

I don't get a response from them before I fall asleep.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:18 am

Chapter 3

Emery

I shuffle out of my bedroom in search of the amazing smell. A music video plays on the TV while Oakley shakes her blue-panties-covered ass in the kitchen as she waves a set of tongs above her head.

I squint for a second, glancing back at my bedroom, wondering if I'm actually still asleep.

I run through all the points for still being asleep.

Oakley is normally asleep until midday—a quick glance at the oven tells me it's seven thirty-six.

Oakley isn't wearing enough clothes—just her panties and a worn gray midriff T-shirt.

But I guess, after all the things I was scrolling through on my phone last night and the accompanying internet searches to learn what the odd phrases meant—thank you, Urban Dictionary—it shouldn't be surprising that I'm dreaming about Oakley in her underwear.

When she does a half turn of her upper body, now using the tongs as a microphone, she spots me over her shoulder. Instead of acting surprised or embarrassed at being caught, she leans into her microphone and really goes for that high note.

I wince and cover my ears in fake pain. “Please, no. My ears are going to bleed.”

She just smirks and prances over to me, turns, and presses her back into my front, sliding down a little as she grinds against my body.

If I wasn’t so amused, I’d shove her off me.

But I’m starting to like my roommate, which is totally not something I expected to happen.

I roll my eyes when she points her microphone in my direction over her shoulder, but I relent and sing. Thankfully, unlike my roomie, I can carry a tune.

Oakley’s eyes widen, but then she grins and takes the mic back. She continues to use me like her personal pole until the end of the song, offering me the mic every now and then, until we’re both laughing so hard we can barely get the words out.

I gasp, sucking in air as my stomach hurts. Oh my god, I can’t remember the last time I laughed this hard. But the sudden scent of something burning hits me, and I sober up. “Ah, I think your breakfast is burning.”

Oakley’s face drops and she dashes toward the kitchen, an “oh shit” left in her wake.

I follow her in and see that the bacon she’d been cooking is slightly crispier than she had probably planned. Still edible, in my opinion.

She turns with a grimace. “We can go eat at the campus café, if you want? My treat, since I burned this?”

I frown at her, and wave at the pan she is pointing at me. “That is still totally edible.”

She raises an eyebrow at me, then looks at the food.

I can see the moment she is going to protest, so I step in and take the pan. “Here, I’ll take the crispier pieces, you can keep the ones on top.”

I quickly scoop the bacon out of the still-sizzling pan and drop it onto the plate covered with a paper towel. “Eggs too?”

Oakley nods and points to the two eggs sitting on the counter. I turn the heat down on the stove and put the pan back on the element, cracking the eggs into the oil left behind by the bacon.

I notice that there is bread sitting in the toaster and push them down to start toasting—fun fact, the number on the toaster dial is the amount of time the bread is toasting for, not the amount of toastiness

One of my first foster sisters told me that fact and taught me how to cook this meal on my first morning with her. The parents in that house were amazing, mostly because they were barely ever home, working two jobs each, leaving the older kids to take care of the younger ones.

Once CPS had caught wind of that little tidbit, they shipped us off to group homes. If only they’d known that letting kids look after kids had been a better situation than the one I was placed in after that, my life may have turned out a little different.

“So, did you find anything interesting on SugarLife?”

I startle and almost burn myself. Reaching for the toast, I drop it onto two plates and carry them over to Oakley at the small four person table, doing my best to act like her words haven’t set my heart to racing. “Not sure, to be honest. I scrolled through what felt like hundreds of invitations last night.”

“Yeah, the filters are your friend,” she replies as I turn back for the bacon and place it on the table as the eggs sizzle in the background. “Want a coffee?”

I nod and check on the eggs. Almost there. “That would be great, thanks. And, yeah, I did save a few, but I’m hoping to check out as many as possible, see what interests me.”

“Yeah, that makes sense. Honestly, two or three dinner dates a week, with a kiss when they walk you back to the car, and you’ll be making bank. Creamer, sugar?” I hear the thunks of two mugs being put on the counter.

“Yes to both. Is that how many you do?” I keep my voice nonchalant. If I get that brat gig, then I’ll only need to do the one. Which means I’ll need to come up with a cover story about why I’m not using the app but suddenly have a bunch of cash. I’ll just tell Oakley that I couldn’t go through with additional dates.

And I’ll definitely need to get a job to cover up my spending.

Easy peasy.

Or I could just tell her what I’m looking at.

Before I can entertain the idea, a coffee appears by my hand. “Yeah. Friday and Saturday nights are the easiest. But I usually do one on either a Monday or Tuesday. And I have my regulars as well, so I only really use the app if something interests me or I want the extra cash for the week.”

I take a sip of the hot beverage. Mmmm. “Nice. Okay, well, I’ll take another look today. Maybe pick a few. What are the chances that the gu—daddy will accept me?” I trip over the title, because it’s still weird.

Daddy.

Will I have to call them that?

Brat4Us had the only invitation that I applied for. The rest, while all intriguing, were just . . . meh. Yeah, if I don't hear back from the four daddies, I'll reach out to a few of the other invitations I pinned, but I'm honestly putting all my eggs in the one basket. Eggs.

Crap.

I quickly check the eggs. Phew. Not burned.

I turn off the stove and pick up the frying pan, carrying the entire thing over to the table. Oakley sits clear of the hot pan, and I scoop up one of the fried eggs, placing it on top of her toast and doing the same to mine.

“Very likely. The ratio of sugar babies and daddies-slash-mommies appears to be heavily slanted in our favor. There are bots out there—fake accounts. But I've been to a couple of Sugar Baby brunches and by all accounts, there aren't more than fifty of us in the area, so we service quite a few of the local mummies and daddies. I haven't been turned down yet.” Oakley uses a fork to pierce some bacon and put it on her plate.

I toss the pan in the sink and run some water over it so it's not a bitch to get clean later. “So, what you're saying is that I shouldn't ask a daddy to pick me if I'm not one-hundred-percent into what they want?”

Oakley shrugs one shoulder as she holds her coffee cup in front of her. “Pretty much.”

Well, fuck.

I really wish I'd remembered to bring my phone out here with me. But, in my defense, I barely had a need for the thing, normally. Tray is the only person who ever contacts me, and I haven't heard from him in a few weeks. Not since I told him I was getting out.

Other than that, I occasionally scroll social media, but not really. My last few years have been consumed by my need to get into college, get my degree, and get myself into a stable situation.

While numbers really fucking bore me, I'm good at them. And if there is one thing I learned in the foster system, money is the motivating factor for just about everything.

So, my life goal is to become a tax accountant. It's stable and dependable. Taxes are never going to disappear, and the job is in high demand.

"You don't have to use the app," Oakley says, her voice softer than I'm used to hearing. "I could always help you find a regular job."

I snap my gaze to hers and see worry written all over her face. Ah, fuck. My silence must have sent her scurrying down a bunch of self-doubt rabbit holes. "No, thank you. I might change my mind on that in a few days, but right now, I think I'll try the whole sugar baby thing. See if I can manage it."

The lie sits heavy on my tongue, which is a strange sensation. I've lied a million times, a million different ways. Usually, I lie to keep myself out of hot water, and a solid nine times out of ten, it has kept me out of that hot water.

So, why does this lie make me want to squirm in my chair?

I should just tell her I'm interested in letting four men rail me for a few hours in exchange for a shit ton of money. Surely, she wouldn't judge me. She's on SugarLife herself. She knows what's on there, even if she does filter it out.

Oakley seems to accept my words. Her phone lights up on the table next to her and, after checking out what it is, she shoots me an apologetic smile before picking it up and answering the call. "Hey, Daddy."

She pins her phone between her shoulder and ear, picks up her plate and coffee, and disappears into her room. I'm beyond grateful, because now I can dash to my room and get my own phone.

As soon as the screen lights up in front of me, I see the notification from SugarLife.

SugarLife

Brat4Us invites you to chat.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:18 am

Chapter 4

Emery

I check the time of the notification, and it's from about twenty minutes after I passed out last night.

Damn.

Okay, well. I can do this. Just, like . . . sext, right?

I've never had to worry about this part before. Usually, it's a done deal, and all I have to do is walk in and lie down on a bed or nearest piece of flat furniture.

Nerves zap down my arms, and I fall back until my butt lands on my unmade bed. Sliding my thumb over the notification, I wait for SugarLife to open, the pink and blue spinning ball taunting me as I get logged in.

I'm prompted for my license before I can continue to the chat, and I quickly get that uploaded. It doesn't give me any time to prepare myself, opening straight up to the message request once I hit submit . Fuck, will they see I've seen it?

I shake that thought from my head. Who cares if they know I've seen it? I don't know them and owe them nothing. I could totally ghost them. Block them, if they become dicks.

That little piece of perspective settles something in me.

I have a private account.

I'm anonymous.

I can decline and block.

Yes.

I let out a breath, ignoring that it sounds kind of shaky.

Once I click the accept option, I'm taken directly to the message thread, where several messages wait for me.

Brat4Us: Good evening, SugarBB_Emma.

I do a double take at the name. Sugar B B Emmy? Oh, wait. Sugar Baby Emmy. That makes sense. Also, props to Oakley for coming up with a name on the fly like that.

Brat4Us: We hope you're having a great evening. Could you please tell us a little more about yourself?

Brat4Us: As for us, we are four professional men in our late-thirties, who require discretion. We are looking for a baby girl to share and spoil for a night. We normally play on our own but will come together for the right girl.

Brat4Us: So, let's chat and see if you can be a good girl for us.

My stomach quivers as I read the last message.

Good girl.

I've never been called good girl before.

I've been shushed. Told to take it. To not cry too loudly.

Been called a bad girl, a dirty girl, a filthy girl, a naughty girl. Been with men who thought their dirty talk was a turn on, but honestly, I'd drowned it all out, fake moaning my way through the whole thing.

But a good girl?

That's new. The idea of being someone's good girl is . . . intriguing.

I hover my thumbs over the digital keypad for a moment, worry churning in my stomach that I might say the wrong thing and scare them off. Or turn them off. Is there sugar daddy etiquette I should be aware of? Do I call them Daddy straight away? Or do I need to be invited to call them that?

I shake my head at myself. I'm overthinking this. Forcing all the noise to the back of my head, I just let the words flow out of me.

SugarBB_Emma: Hi, Daddies. I'm not sure what to write. Honestly, I'm super nervous. I haven't done anything like this before. Being a sugar baby is super new to me.

The adult part of my brain is cringing at letting myself be so vulnerable, because fuck that shit, but at the same time, it's all true. This is totally new to me. Plus, I suspect that playing up the cute and innocent card might be the way to go here. Then a wicked idea occurs to me, and my thumbs fly over the screen.

SugarBB_Emma: Do you think you can teach me how to be a good baby girl?

My heart and stomach are trying to merge together inside of me as I reread my messages over and over again. I realize I haven't answered their question, so I quickly put a little bit of information about me into the chat and hope it's enough to keep me in the good girl column.

SugarBB_Emma: Also, I'm eighteen, I love trashy romance novels (but that's a secret between you and me), my roommate introduced me to SugarLife, and my favorite color is that hue of purple that is almost blue.

I bite the side of my thumb as I wait for a reply, but after thirty seconds and nothing, I figure they are busy or still sleeping or something. Locking my phone, I head back out to my probably now-cold breakfast, not surprised to see Oakley's door still closed. This time, however, I bring my phone with me.

Two bites into my food, and my phone lights up with a SugarLife notification. I almost choke in my haste to read.

Brat4Us: Good morning, Emma. Don't be nervous. We're very excited to talk to you. And this doesn't have to go beyond talking if you feel uncomfortable at any stage.

Brat4Us: As it happens, we are definitely the kind of daddies who like to teach our girls how to be good for us. Would we be your first daddies?

Brat4Us: Your secret is safe with us *winky face* Is there anything you would like to know about us?

When a sharp sting emanates from the side of my thumb, I quickly pull it from between my teeth, grimacing at the torn flesh that is now surrounded by the smallest amount of blood. Popping it into my mouth, I suck as I search for paper towels.

Successful with my mission, I wrap the folded towel around my thumb and scoop my

phone back up. I'm not really sure what to do with the first part of their reply.

Also, talking about them in plural is oddly weird, yet not. Like, I know there are four of them, but it makes it seem like they are all on the same page. I wonder if there is one speaking on behalf of all of them, or if they are all sitting together, formulating responses.

I really hope it's the second option.

SugarBB_Emma: Yes, you would be my first daddies. Is that a problem?

SugarBB_Emma: Have you ever shared a baby girl before?

I leave the thread open, not even caring that their message will come in as read upon delivery. I'm way too keyed up to wait for a notification, only to have to wait as I unlock my phone to get in.

Noting that the status under their username says they are typing, I force myself to eat a bite of my eggs while I wait for their reply to come through. I'm swallowing my second mouthful when their reply pops up, and the reason for the delay is evident by the lengthy message.

Brat4Us: It's not exactly a problem, more of a concern. Are you sure jumping into the deep end is the best way to start your sugar baby journey? We don't want you to get hurt. Do you think maybe exploring this lifestyle through some of the tamer date types would be a better idea?

Brat4Us: And to answer your question, no, we have not shared a baby girl before. We have yet to find the right one for us.

Brat4Us: We have shared women, but never in a baby girl/daddy dom setting.

My messy bun shifts as I wiggle in my seat. They're concerned for me? Some random chick they've never met before, who could very well be some old fat dude sitting in the darkness of his mama's basement, catfishing the shit out of them.

Why the hell do they even care? Is their concern fake? Something they think they should say? Like how you say "bless you" when someone sneezes because everyone within a ten-foot radius expects you to, but really, you couldn't give two shits about the person's soul?

The happy, squiggly feeling in the pit of my stomach is turning into something a little less pleasant and kind of uncomfortable. I decide to go with my version of the truth again.

SugarBB_Emma: None of the other invitations interested me the way yours did. I'm not a virgin. Sex isn't new to me. I might be young, but I know what I want. Yes, I'm nervous, but that has more to do with the sugar baby aspect of things than the idea of being with four men. I don't want to make a mistake as a sugar baby. I'm thankful for your concern, but I don't need it. You don't know me, but I can assure you that I only do things that I want to do. If you are able to trust me enough to know my own mind, I am happy to continue exploring this thing with you, all of you. But if this is going to be an ongoing issue, I'd prefer to know now so that I can withdraw my interest and go try a few of the tamer, less interesting, invitations.

I hit send before I can second-guess myself.

The uncomfortable feeling expands, compelling me to stand and traverse the tiny living room, doing laps around the couch and dining table while I stare down at the screen. My message is instantly on read, and I wish I knew what their faces look like, so I can imagine their expressions.

Are they pissed off that I stood up for myself? Did I just set myself up for failure?

Ten thousand dollars and my life for at least the next year is on the line here. If I truly have fucked this up, I'll have to do what both they and Oakley suggested and accept three to four dinner dates a week, meaning it would take me months to make the same kind of cash they are offering.

Why waste all of that time, when I can make the same amount of money in a few short hours?

I'm staring so hard at the screen, it takes me a few seconds to notice that the little green icon next to the username has gone dark.

I blink. Then I blink again.

Well, I guess I did fuck this up.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:18 am

Chapter 5

Emery

With music streaming from the loudspeaker on my phone, I wash the breakfast dishes while ignoring the heavy feeling in my stomach. It's been over an hour since I sent my message. I've showered, cleaned up my room, and now I'm stress cleaning the fucking kitchen.

This is so far from my norm, it's ridiculous.

I feel like one of those stupid women in a rom-com who is pinning after some dirtbag guy.

I don't even know their fucking names, for god's sake.

Urgh.

I throw the sponge into the last of the soapy water, the lack of dramatic splash only worsening my irritation.

A distraction is in order. Maybe I can look at more invitations?

The idea holds little appeal.

I need a resolution on this situation first.

Okay, time to set a boundary. If I don't have a reply from them, either way, by the time I go to bed tonight, I'll remove my interest from their invitation. Then they won't have access to me anymore.

Feeling moderately more in control of the situation, I yank the plug out and start drying everything. Just as I pick up the last of the coffee mugs, I hear Oakley's bedroom door open.

"Hey, sorry about that," she offers as she comes into the kitchen, carrying her dirty dishes.

I gesture with the towel. "No worries. Sugar baby duties come first."

She grins. "Totally. Anyway, want to go for a walk on campus? We can check things out and see what's what before the semester starts next week. We've got today until all the other students start arriving on the weekend."

"Sounds good," I reply, happy to have found my distraction. "Can we swing past Alderidge Hall? I want to find a good study spot, and the freshman forums all say that Alderidge has some of the best rooms."

Oakley nods, her blonde locks swaying with the motion. "We must have been reading the same forums. Let me go get ready, and I'll meet you back here in twenty minutes."

She's gone in a blink, disappearing back into her room, and I'm left with her dirty dishes. I stare at them, trying to decide if leaving them in the sink is too passive aggressive. The last thing I want is to let her get away with shit like this after only having lived together for a few days.

If there is one thing I have learned, it's that once someone gets something from you

one time, they will expect it for the rest of their lives.

Deciding to rinse them, so they aren't a pain in the ass later, I leave them sitting mostly dirty in the sink. It's the thought that counts, right? Hopefully, it'll appear that way.

My music goes quiet, and then there is a ding from the table.

I grit my teeth and force myself not to pounce. Nope. Instead, I gently fold the towel and hang it from the oven handle. Only then do I calmly walk over to the phone.

SugarLife.

Brat4Us has sent you a new message.

With a deep breath, I tap the notification, and the app opens up into the message thread.

Brat4Us: We're sorry, Emmy.

My stomach sinks. Well, that's that, I guess. I hover my finger over the X to close the message thread, but another message appears, and my heart leaps into my throat.

Brat4Us: You're right, we don't know you. Our only excuse is that, even though we have only exchanged a handful of messages, we are all feeling a small amount of protectiveness toward you. We would like to continue talking with you, if you are willing. Trust is a hard thing to manage, but we are willing to give it a try, as long as you promise to tell us if things become uncomfortable or you don't like what is happening.

Brat4Us: We can't promise not to show our concern when we think you might be

doing something that is not in your best interests, but we'll do our best to let you make your own decisions. Unless you want us to do that for you. We tend to care for our baby girls if they allow us to.

My chest feels tight and I'm so confused.

Care for their baby girls?

But . . . isn't this whole thing just an exchange of their "gift" for a few hours of my time while I call them Daddy and they use my body however they want? Why would they need to care for baby girls?

And besides, their invitation said one night only . That's a hit-it-and-quit-it type situation. No feelings need get involved.

Maybe . . .

Maybe if I make this thing between us happen soon, like tonight, we can leave the emotional shit for someone else to deal with. They can have their night, and I can get my cash. Then we can all go our separate ways.

I mull the thought over for a minute, my screen going dark as I take the time to truly think about it all, but my mind keeps getting stuck on what it will be like to have ten thousand dollars in my bank account.

I'm not sure I've ever had four digits in my bank account before, let alone five. In fact, I'm confident I've never had three.

Am I really going to let the fact that they may, potentially, care about me stop me from taking their money?

The answer comes swiftly: No.

Nothing is going to get between me and that kind of cash.

I reopen the app and type my response. I'm glad I was serious with them, but at the same time, I want to bring the flirty tone back.

SugarBB_Emma: Thank you. And I promise to speak up if I am feeling uncomfortable at any stage. Limits, right? I read about those last night.

SugarBB_Emma: Hypothetically, if a sugar baby would like the daddy of an invitation to actually make the described date happen, what would the sugar baby need to do? Asking for a friend *smirky face*

My message turns to read instantly, and I imagine four grown-ass men, sitting nervously while waiting for a response from an eighteen-year-old girl. The image makes me smile. I wonder if any of their baby girls have ever managed to wrap them around their fingers.

Brat4Us: Yes, those are limits. And hypothetically, if a sugar baby was interested in meeting up with a daddy from an invitation, they would definitely need to discuss limits. Any daddy who doesn't set boundaries for his baby girl is a daddy asking for trouble.

Brat4Us: If a sugar baby wanted to have a date with us, all she would need to do is tell us that she wants to play together in person. We would make arrangements for a hotel room for the evening and provide her with the details.

I don't even hesitate. I want this. I want to have this one night with them. In the back of my mind, a voice screams that I don't even know their names. We haven't shared pictures of our faces. What if they hit every branch on their way down the ugly tree?

But I slam the door on that voice. Most of the men who have used my body in the past haven't exactly been walking Gucci advertisements. Usually, severely underweight from more than recreational use of drugs or the complete opposite, with beer guts that hang over the buckle of their pants so badly that I wondered how they would actually get it in. Not to mention the complete and utter lack of hygiene. Fucking, ew.

With effort, I shove those memories from my mind and focus on my current situation.

SugarBB_Emma: Daddies, I would like to play in person.

Again, instantly read. I kind of wish I could just give them my number and we could talk over the phone.

I pause. Why can't we do that? In all seriousness, I'm not tied to this phone number. The only person who has it is Tray. And Oakley, but she can be easily updated. And to be honest, it probably wouldn't be a bad idea to cut off Tray.

Brat4Us: Thank you, Emma. We will get something organized and let you know the details. Are there any nights you are not free?

Brat4Us: We would also like to continue to chat with you, is that okay? Limits, boundaries. They are there to protect us as much as they are there to protect you.

I slip back onto the chair that I'd sat at while eating my breakfast. Limits and boundaries. I didn't lie earlier. Limits are something I looked up on Urban Dictionary. Apparently, there are two kinds of limits: hard and soft.

Soft limits appear to be the kind that you aren't one-hundred-percent excited about, but given the right person and situation, you could be persuaded to give it a try.

Compared to a hard limit, which is a firm no, end scene.

SugarBB_Emma: Tonight works best for me.

I bite my lip. Blatant, sure. But also, I don't really want to admit to being free every night for the rest of my life. That sounds ten out of ten lame.

SugarBB_Emma: Definitely happy to discuss limits. I'm not sure that I have any.

I want to ask for their names, even if they are fake names, just so that I have a way to differentiate between them. Not that I know which one I'm chatting with right now. Is asking for their names okay?

No one has ever called me Emma before, so it's as good as a fake one for now.

Okay, so what? Photos. Names. Limits.

My phone vibrates in my hand and I jolt, almost dropping it.

Brat4Us: Everyone has limits, Emma. You just haven't found yours yet.

I raise an eyebrow. I suppose that could be true.

SugarBB_Emma: Do you think you can help me find out what my limits are?

Brat4Us: We're counting on it.

Their answer is so swift, I'm wondering if they knew what I was going to say. And if that's the case, that is kind of . . . fun. A giddy thrill runs down my spine at the idea that they might be able to help me figure out what I like, rather than just taking what they want.

SugarBB_Emma: *Angel face* Am I allowed to ask for more photos of you? Also . .
. what do I call you? Are you all Daddy?

Instead of a response, I receive a notification that Brat4Us would like to share a private album. I quickly click accept and my mouth drops open.

Holy shit.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:18 am

Chapter 6

Emery

Cock. Big, thick, hard cock. Times four. And does that one . . .

I pinch my fingers on the screen and pull them apart, zooming in on the picture.

Holy fucking cheeseburgers. That one has a piercing through the slit that comes out on the underside of the crown.

I'm so transfixed by the four cocks, it takes me several long, heavy breaths to realize that they are attached to bodies. Headless torsos again, all missing their shirts again. But this time, the pants are undone enough to allow each man to have his cock and balls out.

As I try to zoom in more, because okay, I'm a little thirsty, I accidentally swipe left. My heart leaps, thinking that I might have accidentally deleted the photo before I was done inspecting it, but no, another image appears on my screen and my chest gets all fluttery.

What the fuck is that feeling?

Ignoring that, I pay attention to the new photo and see it's one of the men. He is reclined back on a dark brown leather couch, shirtless—because why not?—with short blond hair, the front few strands styled to flick up. More than a little light-brown stubble clings to his face. He has the palest blue eyes I've ever seen, framed by

spiky brown lashes. The smirk on his lips makes him look playful, but the gleam in his eyes makes a shiver run down my spine.

Assuming there are more, I swipe again.

Serious dark brown eyes stare back at me, and somehow, they haven't lost their depth in the 2D render. Stubble frames the man's lips and coats his chin, and he has that hollow beneath his cheekbones that draws your eyes to the center of his face, which is basically symmetrical. Thick, dark brows—the same color as his hair, which is long on top and shorter on the sides—frame his eyes.

He seems super relaxed, like he is lying back on a couch.

My eyes narrow.

Dark brown leather couch.

And is that . . .?

That's a bare shoulder to his right.

I flick back to the previous image and, yep, the skin tone is the same. Tan, like he spends time in the sun but doesn't live in it.

The second guy is slightly tanner, but not by much.

Okay, so, just because they took these photos when they happened to be sitting next to each other, it doesn't mean they are sitting next to each other right now.

Also, that first image—

I flick back to the first one, but no, that looks like it was taken at another time. In that one, they're standing in a line, all with no shirts, flies undone on their pants, one hand pulling down the waistband of their underwear so that it's under their junk. All of them seem to be around the same height, and from what I can tell, they will all be taller than me by several inches.

Assuming neither of the other two have the same skin tone as Daddy number one—totally internally snickering at myself—I can tell that he is not piercing dude and that he has a decent-sized cock, long and curved a little to the side.

Okay, so back to the head shots.

I flick past Daddy one and two, then take a look at three.

My mouth drops open.

Nuh-uh. No way.

Daddy number three is fucking hot.

He also appears to be sitting on the leather couch, the camera angle making it look like he is holding the phone directly above himself, head relaxed back, panning the majority of his body into the shot. He's also shirtless, and I can see ab definition as I trace the muscles down to the very low gym shorts.

Any lower, and his family jewels would be on display.

I scan back up his body and spy the nipple piercing, effectively ruling him out as dick-piercing dude. So, it's either Daddy number two or four.

Number three has dark brown hair pulled into a messy man bun. His beard is just shy

of scruffy—and what is with all these guys having facial hair? Is it an old guy thing? I can't think of anyone in my age group with facial hair. Maybe it's something a man does once he hits thirty?

He has a naughty smile on his face, like he's planning mischief and will happily drag me along for the ride. At first, I think his eyes are dark brown, like Daddy number two's, but they aren't. They're blue. A very, very, very dark blue, but still blue.

Nerves suddenly assail me.

If I'm being honest with myself, I can confirm that I find the first three highly attractive. But I also find Tray crazy hot. Hotness does not translate to good in bed. Not by any means. It just means that they expect to get it easier and put in less work.

And usually take more than you're willing to give.

I slam my eyes shut on that thought and take a deep breath.

Nope. New start. College. That whole other thing is behind me now.

Well, except for this one night with these gentlemen. Just to set myself up.

One last time. That's all this is.

It doesn't matter what they look like or how good they are in bed.

All that matters is the money that ends up in my bank account.

Opening my eyes, I swipe right at the same time and smile as I see the last photo. More of a baby face than the others and, yes, more facial hair. Light brown this time, which matches his sandy-brown curls that fall around his face. Hazel eyes stare back

at me. My smile slips from my face. There is a stillness in his eyes that hints at dark urges.

This man has a vise grip on my heart, and I know I'm looking at a kindred soul.

I inhale shakily and take in the rest of the image.

The big difference between this photo and the last three is that he isn't sitting on the couch. Instead, he is standing behind it and has angled the camera so that the heads of the three other guys are in the photo as they watch the massive television hanging on the wall in front of them.

Okay, so, yep. All attractive.

After one final flick back through all the pics, I press the X to minimize and go back to the chat.

Brat4Us: For now, you can call all of us Daddy. We'll let you know if that changes. Thank you for asking, Emmy.

I frown.

Well, that will get confusing.

I pause. Will it, though? It's only for the next little bit while we chat and then for a few hours in person tonight.

And, really, with the number of nameless men that have stuck their dicks in me, will four more make a difference at this point?

Filing that directly under no, I try to think of a reply when I'm struck with a moment

of inspiration.

I dash into the bathroom and swiftly pull off my sleep shorts and tug the scrunchy from my hair, letting the long brown strands fall down my back, ending just above the swell of my ass. With my back to the mirror, I mess around with my shirt until the very bottom of my underwear peeks from beneath the hem.

Using the front-facing camera, I hold the phone up, angling to get my reflection in the mirror and just a sliver of my face into the shot. I turn my head to the side and then tap my thumb on the screen to take the picture.

Good, but not quite right. I readjust a few things—pull the shirt up higher, gather my hair into less of a mess—then position myself to take the photo. But this time, I stand on my tippy toes and lean forward a little to make sure my ass really pops.

This time, the picture is perfect.

Quickly, I open the app and send the photo.

SugarBB_Emma: Okay, Daddies. I'm just about to take a shower. Can you tell me about what the perfect night with your baby girl looks like?

I attach the image and hit send .

My heart rate goes through the roof as a little zing zaps down into my pussy. I smirk at my phone when the message skips the delivered status and goes straight to read , wondering what they are thinking about me, about the image.

Bubbles appear and, not wanting to get caught in a lie, I quickly lock my phone and reach into the shower to turn it on.

I drop the rest of my clothes on top of the discarded shorts and twist my hair up into a messy bun once again, hoping that not too much of it will get wet.

As soon as I'm under the hot water, I hear the notification on my phone. The urge to get out and check it immediately is hard to resist, but I force myself to go through the motions.

I'm going to spend the next few hours teasing them.

Constantly sending them photos of my day.

And in every single image, I'll give them a tease of my body.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:18 am

Chapter 7

Emery

Brat4Us: A perfect night is hard to describe. The kinks we listed on the invitation are not exhaustive. With a baby girl that we only have one night with, perfect for us would be about sharing her. She would be wearing something sexy, but cute. Maybe she has her dolls and bears out. She would kiss all four of us. She would get on her knees and wrap her pretty lips around each of our cocks. She would bend over and use her greedy little pussy to milk each of us dry. She would beg for permission to come while we took turns at eating her out. And the entire night, she would be our good girl and call us Daddy.

I read their reply about twenty times.

Holy shit.

I unknot my towel and drape it over the bathtub because I'm suddenly hotter than when I was in the shower.

My mind conjures images of each of the things they described, flicking through them like a flipbook cartoon.

Would one of them want to fuck me while I blow another one?

I press my thighs together at the thought as a dull throb shoots through my clit.

And they want to take turns eating me out? Surely, not. If they are paying to have sex with me, why would they willingly go down on me? Not even Tray has done that to me.

I read the message, again, and my attention focuses on two key things.

Wearing something cute but sexy.

Her dolls and bears.

Well, shit. How am I supposed to get those? I tap my finger against the side of the phone as I think.

This is my make-quick-money scheme. But how do I fund the upfront expenses?

I look at my reflection in the mirror, damp curls forming from the wisps of hair that had gotten wet around my flushed face. Could I ask Oakley for a loan? I'd literally be able to pay it back the moment I get home from my . . . date? But she would have to be crazy to lend money to someone she's been living with for a week and she knows is broke as a fuck.

Right?

All I can do is ask, I guess.

I wrap my body back in the towel, scoop up my dirty clothes, and walk back out into the living room. Oakley is lying on the couch, holding her phone above her head while she scrolls. As I approach her, I mentally run through the lie I'm going to tell so that it comes out smoothly.

“Hey, so I need to rain check our walk around campus. I found a daddy to go on a

date with tonight,” I start as I prop my hip against the back of the couch. “He wants me to wear something cute and to bring my favorite stuffed animal with me.”

Oakley sits up, a smile lighting up her face. “Really? That’s awesome. See, I told you this would work for you!”

I shrug and pretend to feel a little embarrassed, which isn’t hard, because I am fucking embarrassed about asking to borrow cash. Although Oakley is cool about the sugar dating stuff, I can tell she hasn’t taken it too much past platonic dates and kissing.

Besides, I don’t know her well enough to tell her I’m going big for my first, and only, time as a sugar baby.

I do not need to make my living arrangement difficult. Hence, the lie. Which is probably for the best, because if I’m not lying to protect myself, then I’m bluntly honest. Not everyone can handle that.

“Yeah, but um, I need to buy an outfit.” Please don’t make me say it.

I stare at her, willing her to understand what I’m trying to say without actually making me beg her for it.

She looks at me for long seconds, and then it’s like in a cartoon when a light bulb goes off above her head. “Oh! Do you need some money?”

My shoulders sag with relief. I hadn’t even known they were tense. “Yes, that would be great, thanks.”

Oakley jumps up and dashes into her room, coming back out with several bills in her outstretched hand. “Here you go. No rush to pay me back. I know where you live.”

She says that last bit with a wink.

I laugh, even though my stomach is tight at the implication of consequences.
“Thanks.”

“Do you need help with the actual shopping?” she asks as she plonks back down on the couch.

I shake my head. “No, I think I’m good. I’ll pick up a little black dress from somewhere.”

Lie. Lie. Lie.

She nods, picking up her phone and reclining once again. “Okay, let me know if you change your mind. I can go book us a study room to share and we can do the campus tour tomorrow.”

Clutching my phone and the money, I head back to my room and close the door behind me before looking at how much cash she gave me.

My eyes almost bulge out of my head.

Five hundred dollars?

Fuck me.

I’d be fucking twitchy if I lent someone twenty, let alone twenty-five times that.

Reopening the app, I try to come up with something cute to say back, but I have nothing. So, I aim for bratty and hope I hit the mark.

SugarBB_Emma: *Smirky face* I need to go shopping.

Also, I'm just now realizing that they never replied to my picture message. I frown. Maybe I should send another one?

I glance down at the towel wrapped around my body and then strategically adjust the bottom edge until almost-pussy is showing. I mean, if I tilt the camera down a little more from where I'm holding it above my head, they'll definitely be seeing pussy. But it's all about the art of illusion . . . or so I've heard.

My idea from earlier returns with a little more clarity.

I won't just send them random sexy pictures. No. As I get ready for tonight, I'll keep them hooked by sending photos of my day as I get ready. Feeling a little smug about my evil plan, I set up for the photo. Since the plan is to send them continuous photos between now and our date, I don't bother too much with getting it just right before hitting send . Not all of them will be perfect, but if they are after perfect, then they've come to the wrong girl.

I'm bruised and broken, a little shattered, but mostly, I'm just done with this version of my world. I'm ready for my time to begin, and I am hoping that starts when I wake up Saturday morning.

I pop out of the app, open up the browser and start a new search.

What should a sugar baby wear on a naughty date with their daddy?

There are a ton of results, mostly blog sites. I click the filter button to view images only, and I scroll through the various types of lingerie the internet has available.

The girls all have their hair done in braids and pigtails with fluffy scrunchies.

Nightgowns made of see-through, flowy fabric with ruffles and bows. The models have modesty wear underneath, but it's clear that there isn't supposed to be anything worn beneath the sheer fabric.

About halfway down, I pause at the sight of a black lace bodysuit. The leg cutouts are high up on the models hips and the shoulder straps are tiny. But what really captures my attention is the massive black satin bow across the bust. Where you would expect there to be cups, there is only underwire, the edging of the black lace wrapping over the curved metal, leaving the model's breasts exposed, if not for the bow.

I click on the image, and I'm taken to an online store that provides an even clearer image of the outfit on my screen. There is a tiny arrow to the side of the image, so I click it and am rewarded with another angle of the lingerie. The back is low-cut and the ass converts into a thick G-string that disappears into the perky crevice of the model's ass.

Another click provides me with a third image and it's a flat-lay. When my focus lands on the crotch, my mouth drops open when I finally figure out why it looks weird.

I was wrong. It's not a G-string, well . . . the ass is. But the part that would cover my pussy has a slit down the center for what I'm sure is to allow easy access.

The outfit is basically gift wrapping.

It's fucking perfect.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:18 am

Chapter 8

Emery

I stand to the side of the entry to the lingerie store, staring up at the posters of the gorgeous women wearing the high-end undergarments. Their faces are in full makeup, and they probably starved themselves in the days leading up to the photoshoot. Not to mention all the retouching and mood lighting. But damn, they look amazing.

The fake tans are definitely helping.

I glance at the exposed skin of my forearms, and all I see is pale skin. I mean, my skin gets tan when I remember to spend time in the sun. But since bailing on my last foster home the day after I turned eighteen, because it was clear that my foster father was very interested in me staying in the house, I've become a bit of a homebody.

Couch surfing and bouncing through shelters while I waited for my college accommodations to open up became a full-time job. I did odd jobs here and there, like babysitting and dog walking, but the people I was doing the jobs for didn't have that much spare cash lying around.

Now, with the five Benjamins burning a hole in the pocket of my threadbare jeans, I'm struggling to find the courage to go into the store. I want to go in, and I definitely need to, because I'm pretty sure the originally-plain-white-but-now-gray panties and the bralette with the strap I've attempted to stitch back on aren't what they want to pay ten thousand dollars for. I'm just struggling to get my feet to move.

A woman brushes past me and, without a sideways glance, she enters the lingerie store, like it's as easy as walking into a grocery store.

I mean, I'm sure it is that easy. It's not like there are any physical barriers stopping me from getting in there. It's the mental ones. It's the thought of spending literally the most money I have ever held in my hand on clothes that are designed to be ripped off, rather than buying things I actually fucking need to live, like food and a good winter coat.

That is a complete mind fuck, for sure.

It doesn't help that the last time I went shopping was at a thrift store, and I spent a total of fifty dollars for an entire summer wardrobe. Two years ago. Hence the threadbare nature of my current outfit. I don't even know what size bra I actually need, always just having purchased whatever felt like it fit.

Okay, I need to do this. If I want that money in my bank account by the weekend, then I have to go in there and buy the things I need to make it happen. I'll be able to pay Oakley back as soon as I wake up tomorrow.

Taking a deep breath, I commit to my decision by opening up the SugarLife app and snapping a picture of the front of the store, being sure to get the golden logo in, before sending it to the guys.

SugarBB_Emma: First stop.

There has been radio silence since I said I was going shopping. So, when my message goes to read before I can exit out of the app, I start to wonder if I crossed some sort of sugar baby line.

Brat4Us: Do we get to see what you buy?

I pout.

I wasn't planning on showing them, because the outfit I want is so perfect, I want to surprise them with it.

But maybe I could play a game with them? Try on a bunch of other outfits and tease them with those, but never let them see the one I plan on wearing?

Would that be fun for them?

Shrugging, I decide to go with it.

SugarBB_Emma: How about I show you what I'm trying on? I want to keep my actual outfit for our evening a surprise, though.

I bite my lip and can't help adding one more thing.

SugarBB_Emma: Is that okay, Daddies? Or would you prefer to pick my outfit?

I really want it to be okay, because that bodysuit I saw online is freaking perfect. It's sexy but cute. And if I can manage to do my makeup just right, then I should be able to pull off the look I have in my head.

Brat4Us: That works perfectly for us, baby girl. We're excited to see whatever you would like to show us.

Phew. Okay. So, I'm doing okay so far. I didn't scare them off earlier.

Buoyed by their words, I manage to get my feet to carry me into the store. There's a privacy wall at the entrance that you have to zigzag around to get into the main area. And, holy fuck, I have never seen so much lace and so many tiny little bows in one

place.

After a few seconds of my wide-eyed staring, one of the sales ladies takes pity on me. Her figure-hugging, black tunic dress has a deep V in the front, showcasing her ample cleavage, and thick platinum blonde bangs form a line across her forehead while the rest of her hair is pulled back in a severe ponytail. If it weren't for the huge smile on her face, I'd think she was kicking me out of the store. "Hey there, you look like you could use a little help."

I nod, trying to keep the movement at a normal pace, instead of bouncing with the seriously out of comfort zone nervousness that I'm feeling. "Ah, yeah. I mean, yes, please. Sorry. I've never bought anything like this before."

Her expression turns understanding. "Okay, so can I assume you've never had a proper bra fitting before?"

When her gaze flickers down to my not overly exposed breasts in the tank top I'm wearing, I don't feel bad when I do the same to her and catch sight of her name tag. Lisa.

Shaking my head in response to her question, I unlock my phone and open up the web browser I left my earlier search on. "I'm actually here, looking for this, specifically."

Her gaze darts to my phone before she goes full Cheshire cat on me. "Ah, the Lola. She's beautiful, isn't she?"

The muscle above my eyebrow twitches as I force my face to stay neutral, because who talks about clothes like that? "Um, yeah. Gorgeous. I'd also like to try on a few other things as well. Do you have any of those see-through nightie things?"

It's Lisa's turn to will her face not to show her feelings, but when her gaze flickers down my body again, this time pausing on my clothing and how it's clearly seen better days, I can all but see the words inside her head written in neon flashing letters above her head.

Poor. Shoplifter. Can't afford to breathe the air in this store.

So, to cut off any conversations heading in that direction, I quickly reach for the wad of cash shoved into my pocket, because I want the lingerie more than I care about embarrassing myself. "I can pay. I have money."

For a beat, Lisa simply stares at my offered cash, but then all the tension leaves her body as the stick is removed from her ass. Figuratively speaking. "Sorry. We've had a few fitting room thieves recently. Come on, let's get Lola and while you try that on, I'll find you some other things that will look good with your body type."

With nerves filling my stomach, I follow her through the store. As we approach a rack filled with lacy one pieces, I spot Lola and grin. Lisa flicks through the rack, pausing to eye me critically before making her selection. Without a word, she leads me to the fitting rooms and links the black-silk-covered hanger to a hook on the wall.

"Leave your underwear on, but remove your bra. Once you have it on, call out and I'll check the fit."

Before I can ask any questions, she unwinds the gold rope from around the heavy red velvet curtain and pulls it shut, leaving me alone with nothing but my reflection on two walls and a dark red cushioned seat in the corner.

Well, okay, then.

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:18 am

Chapter 9

Emery

I empty my pockets of my phone, the cash, and a lip balm, and place them all on the chair. Then I toe off my worn sneakers and strip down to my underwear, leaving a pile of frayed and threadbare fabric on the floor.

My reflection stares back at me. I return the stare candidly, trying to see myself as though it's for the first time. Probably thinner than I should be, but at least it makes my tits stand out. I've always had a decent handful, with dusky pink nipples surrounded by creamy flesh. My ribcage dips into a thin waist and my hip bones protrude a little.

Nothing a few days of eating like Oakley won't cure.

Reaching for the hanger, I very gently untangle the straps and the little extra ribbon things that make the lingerie hang prettily. Gathering it into my hands, I marvel at how the lace is even more delicate than it looks, before I lift one foot and slide the fabric up my leg.

I do the same with the other leg, and as carefully as possible, I work it up and around my body. The lace feels like a second skin; Lisa evidently picked my size perfectly. Once I have the straps in place, I go about straightening everything and, can I just say, having nothing but a thick piece of black satin protecting your tits from the air conditioning is fucking weird.

The satin is slightly too loose, so I undo the bow and, yep, there are my nipples. I do my best to replicate the pretty bow, but it turns out lopsided.

“How are we doing in here?”

I roll my eyes at the use of the royal we . “Ah, good, I think. But I ruined the bow.”

“Mind if I pop in and take a look?”

“Sure.”

The red velvet is scooped to the side, and then I am not so alone in the fitting room.

“Oh, that looks amazing on you!”

If I hadn’t seen her eyebrows pop up in the reflection, I would have assumed that it was salespeople one-oh-one coming out of her mouth. But, no, I think she really means it. “Ah, thanks.”

Lisa smiles and nods before raising her hands in front of her, eyes darting down to the ribbon and then back up to my face. “May I?”

I give consent by turning to face her.

“If you could put your hands on your hips . . .”

She trails off as I do as asked, my attention firmly focused on one of the little gold hooks attached to the wall behind her head. The black satin loosens, but she only undoes the bunny-rabbit ears, leaving the under knot in place.

Her fingers brush against my skin, and I do my absolute best not to think about it.

“So, special occasion or . . .?”

“Ah.” I reply with a drag on the syllable, because fuck, what am I supposed to say?

Oh yeah, totally a special occasion. I’m going to let four old dudes fuck my brains out for a few hours, then they are going to shower me in cash. Yep.

No. So, I go with yet another lie.

Because what’s one more?

“No special occasion, just wanted to get something cute to surprise my boyfriend with.”

She smirks at me, with that knowing look only a woman can give. “He’s not going to know what hit him.”

Because I know she is expecting it, I grin and nod. “Right?”

Turning back to the mirror, I assess myself critically—tugging at the fabric here, fixing the strap there. Yeah, I can see my underwear through the lace, and when I turn around to look at the back, the thong nestles between my ass cheeks but doesn’t actually slip in.

“We actually have a sale running today. Buy one piece, get the second half off,” Lisa offers casually. “If you like, I can go and see if I can find a few other things that might look good on you. I think a dark purple or a red would work well with your skin tone. You said you wanted some negligees?”

I hum in response, fishing out the price tag. Before I take a look, I steel myself for a number that is going to be obscene for how little fabric I am wearing.

And, oh, yep. I was right.

One hundred and sixty-four dollars, plus tax.

Jesus fucking H Christ.

But, it's okay. I have the five hundred from Oakley and there will be enough left over to get a teddy bear or something. And in twenty-four hours, I'll have 10K in my account. I release a heavy breath. Yes to more pieces. And this way, if I want or need to do this whole thing all over again, I'll already have the right wardrobe for it.

"Ah, yes, please," I finally answer, agreeing to whatever. Lisa obviously knows what she's doing, and rather than looking like an idiot floundering around out there, I'll just wait and get her to do all the work for me.

She disappears from the room, and I'm left standing there, staring at myself mostly naked, and I have to suppress the urge to laugh. How is this my fucking life right now?

I reach for my phone and decide that a little teasing is in order. Holding up my phone, I snap a picture of the empty coat hanger, and then I sit on the chair and stretch my legs out in front of me, angling my knees a little. When I take the second picture, the angle of the camera makes it look like I'm naked.

Perfect.

I quickly open the app and send the two pictures.

I put the phone on the cushion behind me and glance down at myself. Should I be taking this off right now? Will Lisa care if I'm naked? Well, topless. Probably not, right? She's probably seen more tits than a regular at a strip club.

Careful not to jostle the ribbon, I get the bodysuit off and carefully put it back on the hanger.

Then I just stand there with nothing but my reflection to distract me.

Just as I start to feel uncomfortable, there is a tap on the side of my cubicle. “Can I come in?”

I cross my arms and cover my nipples from her view. “Yeah.”

Neither of us make eye contact as she hangs up three new outfits for me. “Put one of these on and then call out. I’ll be waiting just outside.”

As soon as the curtain flutters back into place, I reach up for the deep purple see-through dress thingy. A negligee? Is that what she called it? All I know is that it’s super cute.

Thin shoulder straps, cute light purple flowers where my cleavage will point down to, and then flowing purple fabric that makes a shushing noise when I rub it together.

I pull it on over my head and then get busy adjusting it enough that all my bits are appropriately covered, even if the straps are too loose. “Ready.”

Lisa eyes me a moment before a smile spreads. “Yes, I knew this color would work for you.”

She sets about adjusting the shoulder straps before locking eyes with me in the mirror. “Lean forward and lift your breasts so that they sit more in the underwire.”

Not even the least bit self-conscious, I do as she requests, and as soon as I straighten up, I can see the results. Damn, I look like I have a boob-shelf.

Lisa smirks. “Perfect. Shall we put this in the yes pile?”

I turn sideways and assess the look. “Yes. But ah, what do I wear underneath?”

“I thought you might ask that, so I pulled you a few options, one moment.” Lisa lifts the curtain a little and reaches out to grab something. Her hand returns with a deep purple string-thin G-string that has the smallest triangle of fabric at the front and a lace pair of boy shorts. “These two work best. Or you could go nude.”

As sexy as the G-string looks, I think I am going to go with the boy shorts. I’m supposed to be looking cute, not slutty, right? Wait, are G-strings slutty? Would my daddies like a G-string? Or completely nude?

My stomach tenses at the indecision, but I opt to go for the thing that makes me more comfortable. If they have a preference, they should have told me.

I point at the boy shorts and Lisa nods. “Perfect. Okay, next outfit.”

Lisa disappears again, but I sense she hasn’t gone far. Knowing that she has a big sale on this side of the curtain probably has something to do with that.

My phone vibrates and I almost jump on it.

Brat4Us: Teasing us?

I can’t help the silly smile on my lips as I type out my reply.

SugarBB_Emma: Are you saying you don’t like the pictures? Should I not send any more?

The bubbles that appear immediately on my screen are paired with a bubbly feeling

inside my chest.

Brat4Us: Bratting for us already? *evil smirking face*

I huff out a laugh.

SugarBB_Emma: *angel face* Not at all. I just don't want to keep sending pics if you don't like them.

Brat4Us: Keep sending them.

For some reason, that last reply reads like a growl in my head, which sends a line of fire down to my pussy. I clench; my thighs, my core, my ass. What the fuck was that? How am I getting turned on from fucking text messages?

Clutching my phone, I raise it to the mirror, bend forward at the waist, tuck my elbows into my ribs to push my boobs up, and take a photo of the dark purple and overflowing cleavage. If the cup moves slightly and there is a shadowy hint of a nipple, who am I to point that out?

"Everything okay?" Lisa calls out, and I jolt out of the bubble I'm in.

"Ah, yeah. Sorry, got distracted by my phone." I hit send and drop the phone onto the chair.

My heart is lodged in my throat, but I still take as much care as possible with the delicate outfit, removing it and putting it back on its own hook.

Lisa and I repeat this process with several more lingerie sets, and I take as many teasing pictures as possible. I don't get any replies, which leaves me with a cramped stomach.

Did they not like the images?

Did I make them too sexy? Was it supposed to be more subtle?

Oh shit.

Were they not sexy enough?

Page 10

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:18 am

Chapter 10

Emery

With spiraling thoughts, I pull my clothes back on and stuff my pockets full again, but keep my phone and the cash out, before heading out to the register to pay. I frown with confusion as I see literally every item I tried on, plus a few others in various states of tissue paper wrapping.

“Uh, I think there has been some confusion,” I start, the words slow to leave my mouth.

Lisa looks up at me with a smile as she expertly applies the flower-embossed sticker to the pink tissue paper. “Nope, no confusion. Your boyfriend called and has already paid for everything. He also added a few additional pieces.”

I blink at her. Then blink again.

Then I glance down at my hands and flick my focus between my phone and the cash. A weird, hollow feeling fills me, and I kind of feel like I am going to pass out, but not, at the same time.

“I’m . . . no . . . boyfr—” I stop speaking when my phone vibrates in my hand. Feeling slightly robotic, I glance down at my phone and see an alert from SugarLife.

I swipe my thumb over it and the message loads.

Brat4Us: Good girls who follow instructions get rewards. Thank you for the pictures. You look gorgeous in all of them.

I can barely breathe as I tap out my reply.

SugarBB_Emma: And what do bad girls get?

Brat4Us: Brats get exactly what they are asking for.

I scrunch my brows in confusion. What they're asking for? What does that . . . Oh.

A picture appears on my screen and holy fucking shit. My pulse skyrockets and my thighs tighten as a black leather paddle fills my screen. Words are embossed in reverse into the center of the paddle, and once I figure out what the bold italic lettering says, I start to wonder if I need an ambulance.

Daddy's Brat.

"Emma, is everything okay?"

My head snaps up at the use of my SugarLife name. Lisa's face is pinched with concern, and I do my best to smile at her. But when she lays her hands flat across the counter and gives me a stern look, I'm fairly certain I haven't convinced her. "Is everything okay?"

That snaps me out of it. I take a deep breath and shake off whatever those feelings were. "Ah, yeah, fine. Sorry. Everything is good, my b-boyfriend . . . he just, he surprised me. In a good way." I quickly add that last bit. Deciding that leaning into this might be the best plan, I bite my lip and do my best to look shy. "He sent me a dirty message about the lingerie and now I . . ."

I allow my words to trail off, and it seems to have the desired effect, because Lisa leans back with a smile, seeming to understand whatever message I'm trying to send her. "Ah, well. Let's get the last of these wrapped up for you. Wouldn't want to keep him waiting too long."

I nod, then stand by the counter as way too many black and pink tissue wrapped bundles disappear into several very classy, unmarked gift bags. My heart does a weird ka-thud when Lisa prints off the receipt and then tucks it into her drawer rather than one of my bags.

Well, okay, then.

Lisa rounds the counter and helps me to take hold of all the red rope handles. "If you need anything else, don't hesitate to come in. If I'm not here, the girls will be able to look after you."

"Thanks," I reply with a small smile. If everything goes according to plan, this will be my only trip into her store.

I walk out with bags that are surprisingly light, legs leading me in the direction of the mall's exit. With the massive glass sliding doors coming into view, my attention is snagged by a huge toy store. I pull up in front of the glass display filled with plush animals and stare at a beautiful brown teddy with a pale pink bow around its neck.

Would that be too much?

They want role-play, don't they? Carefully setting my bags on the ground, I pull out my phone and turn my back to the shoppers behind me so that I can check their original ad.

Yep, there it is.

No age play required, but role-play is a must. Real life age is just a number; if you have the soul of a baby girl, please contact us.

And what's the worst that could happen? They ask me to put it away and the night goes on.

I glance at the time on my phone and do some mental math. I have enough time to finish shopping, get home, and then . . . it occurs to me that I have no idea what the details are for tonight.

Glancing around, I spot a coffee shop. Scooping up the bags, I make my way to a table near the wall. I reply to their previous message before asking questions about tonight.

SugarBB_Emma: I've never been spanked before.

Not because of sex, anyway. I've been hit, and not just on my ass. I slam down the doors on that mental pathway.

SugarBB_Emma: Also, when do I get the plans for our date? I'm planning out the rest of my afternoon to make sure I'm ready for you all.

I nibble on my lip after I hit send . Was that too forward? This flirting thing is hard.

"Hi, can I get you something?"

Startling, I look up at the waiter and then kind of glance around. "Um, yes, ah . . ."

She offers me a menu with a tight smile.

"Thanks," I mutter and quickly scan it, looking for the cheapest drink on the menu.

“I’ll take a hot chocolate, please, to go.”

The woman nods and disappears behind the register next to the massive stainless steel coffee machine.

I’ve probably just bought myself five minutes.

Unlocking my phone, I check for new messages, but they haven’t replied yet. So, I open up a browser and do a new search.

How to be a brat for my daddy.

The first result is a link to some forums, and I click on that. I quickly find a post that is perfect for what I’m looking for—a brand new baby girl who loves to be good but wants to explore being bratty with her daddy and isn’t sure how to go about it.

Some of the responses make me cringe, telling her to act like a toddler and literally throw a tantrum. Ew, gross.

But then I find a comment that is actually helpful.

u:Daddys_Perfect_Girl

It depends on the baby girl and the daddy. If your normal dynamic is a good girl who is rewarded for her good behavior, then you only need to make a few minor adjustments. Talk back when he asks you to do something, or give him the silent treatment when you are busy playing or coloring. Small defiances will do the trick. I know they do for me and my daddy. He knows that when I refuse to clean up my drawing or go get ready for my bath that I’m asking for a spanking, without actually asking for it. He usually responds by railing me to within an inch of my life before making me come. Then I do what I was asked, and I’m back to my normal good girl

self.

Holy shit.

I literally have to cross my legs to try to relieve the throbbing of my clit.

Is that what they want from me?

And why the fuck does the idea turn me on so much?

I don't want to be spanked, do I? That paddle looks like it will seriously hurt. Pain is so not my kink. I've had sex with guys who've liked it rough, and it honestly hasn't done anything for me. Not that regular sex has done much, either.

"One hot chocolate."

I quickly lock my phone and place it facedown before taking my hot chocolate. The woman also offers me a folder, which I presume has my bill in it. Before I take it, I reach into my pocket and pull out the wad of cash. I shoot her a quick smile as I peel off a fifty and hand it to her.

She stares at the cash in my hand, mouth open a little, before taking it and the folder with her, not giving me a chance to mention the tip. Oh well, if she doesn't just take one, I'll give it to her when she comes back.

Even though she seemed angry, I'm going to give it to her anyway. Hospitality is fucking hard work, and she deserves whatever extra she can get.

No new notifications display on my screen when I turn the phone over while simultaneously taking a sip of the fucking amazing drink. I peek at the teddy bear in the toy store window again and wonder if it is as soft as it looks.

The woman comes back and offers me the folder. I take it, quickly checking the tip situation. She didn't take one, so I flick through the change, find a five, and offer it to her. "Thank you."

Her smile isn't quite as tight as the first one, but she says her thank you and heads back into the store.

Taking that as my sign to leave, I pick up all my things and aim for the toy store.

Page 11

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:18 am

Chapter 11

Emery

Two hours, a little bit of grocery shopping, and one taxi ride later, I'm home and I have details.

Brat4Us: The Armitage Hotel. Check-in has been completed. There is a key card waiting for you at the concierge with some paperwork. Send us a message once you arrive. We will arrive at 7pm, sharp. Be ready for us.

My stomach flutters unexpectedly.

Just under six hours to go. Okay, then.

I toss the frozen chicken and veggies meal I bought into the microwave and do a search for the hotel they booked. It's twenty minutes by car. I tap the side of my phone as I think about options on how to get there.

Uber is out, no money in my bank account. And as much as I should be stretching my cash, I'm going to opt for a taxi over a bus tonight.

The microwave dings and I take my meal out. Pinching just the corners to avoid the steam, I carry it over to the couch and turn on the TV before going back to the kitchen for my phone, cutlery, and a drink. Then I go grab my charger from my room because shitty old phone is going to shitty old phone.

Back on the couch, I get comfortable with my legs pretzeled under my ass. My meal is actually half decent for a change, and I'm glad I went with the more expensive frozen option.

Once I'm all settled, I start flicking through the channels, but nothing holds my attention. Eventually, I give up and stop on a reality TV show that I don't even bother to try focusing on—I'm just too keyed up.

Seven .

What do I need to do to be ready by then?

I stroke my fingers through my hair. If I wash it, I'll need to dry it. And style it. That's an hour to an hour and a half. And while I'm washing it . . . yes, I need to shave my legs. A quick check under my arms and, yeah, there too. Then . . .

I peer at my denim short, covered crotch.

Would that be taking it too far? I mean, I'm tidy and all, but not bare. Does a baby girl need to be bare?

Another internet search later, and most forums say it's a personal preference, but being bare helps them to stay in the baby girl mindset.

So, shaving there too. And carefully. I really do not need razor rash or a cut in that particular location.

Okay so, wash, dry, and style hair, shave all the places.

I can decorate the room with the children's art supplies and toys that I bought when I went looking for the teddy bear in the window. Which I also bought. Oakley's loan is

at about fifty percent of what I started with thanks to the daddy's paying for all the lingerie, and I'll definitely need to eat into the rest for the taxi.

I should be paid by . . . holy shit, I still don't know their names.

"Hey, Ems, how was shopping?"

I jerk in my seat, hand flying to my chest as I turn around. "Fuck, you scared the shit out of me."

Oakley shrugs. "Sorry? I wasn't exactly quiet. What's on your phone that has you so distracted?"

Buying myself time to answer, I stuff the phone into my pocket and clean up my mess from lunch. Should I tell Oakley my plans? We've lived together for a few days now, but up until yesterday, we've barely spoken.

If she reacts like a judgy bitch, then that's going to make us living together for the next nine months really fucking awkward.

But when I would do this type of thing for Tray, he would always be around if I needed him. Usually in the next room. I'd be busy with the man for ten minutes while he waited on the couch, and then when it was all over, we'd go out and get burgers or ice cream. Sometimes, he'd even buy me little gifts afterward.

All very similar to my plans for tonight.

But this is the last time. This will set me up for the rest of the year, especially if I supplement with a part-time job. It's my chance to actually make my life happen the way I want it to, rather than just letting the rest of the world use me.

Decision made. The added layer of security from telling Oakley is worth the potential of having a pissy roommate. This way, I won't leave the cops with zero leads if my dates chop me into pieces.

Not that they would expend much energy on a nobody orphan like me.

"I was thinking about the daddies I'm meeting tonight."

Nothing like ripping off the Band-Aid. And Oakley is quick too; she doesn't miss the plural.

"Daddies? Do you have more than one date tonight? Are they all on the phone?" she asks as she peels the skin off a banana.

"Uh, no. One date. Multiple daddies. In person." I refuse to blush over this. I'm not embarrassed. I'm just being efficient. And only putting myself through this one time.

The silence from the kitchen feels like a vise around my neck, slowly squeezing in an attempt to produce more words. I don't give them. I know not to. More words just lead to deeper holes and darker rooms.

Two chicks are getting into it on the TV, fake nails clawing at each other while stupidly long hair extensions are torn out. The noise of the bitch fight almost covers the quiet steps as Oakley comes to slip into the empty spot on the couch beside me.

I prepare myself for the lecture on safety and consent and not being taken advantage of and the potential threats and issues with this type of date.

But that's not what I get.

Oakley whistles, a long, drawn-out sound. "Way to jump into the deep end. I take it

this is the red box that has been absent all day?”

I turn to her with an eyebrow cocked. “How do you know it’s gone? I thought you stuck to the tamer date types?”

Oakley shrugs and takes a bite of her banana. “The forums have been buzzing all day.”

Not sure how to feel about that. “What type of buzzing?”

“Just curiosity about whether the account is going dark or if someone finally accepted the date. Apparently the date has been up there for a while. A few babies have chatted to them, but didn’t really make it past chatting.”

I scoop up another bite of food and stuff it in my mouth, before pointing my fork at her. “You can’t say anything. I don’t want my business being blasted all over the internet. Also, the invites disappear?”

She mimes zipping her lips. “Yeah, when the daddy—or daddies—accept the sugar baby’s request.”

Nodding, I reach for my glass of water and take a sip, not really sure what else to say.

“From memory, that invite also included role-play—specifically, baby girl. Do you know what that is?”

Her voice is light, no hint of how she feels about it. Which is good, because I don’t need her opinions on this. Opinions are like assholes. Everyone has one, but no one wants to see them.

“Yeah, I do, now. I had to do a search about it. Seems pretty straightforward. They

want to call me their baby girl and for me to call them Daddy. I need to act younger, be sweet and a little bratty.” I shrug, trying to remain unaffected by my own words, even though my stomach is acting like I chugged a bottle of soda. “It’s only for a couple of hours, and if I’m careful with the money, I’ll be set for the rest of the year.”

Oakley is gnawing on her lip when I glance at her.

I sigh. “Just say it.”

She shakes her head. “Nope. I’m not going to do that. I barely know you. You’ve clearly done your research about what they want, and if you’re comfortable with that, then who am I to tell you anything otherwise? But you’re telling me for a reason, so maybe if you explain why you told me, we can work out what you need.”

I stare at her. And blink. Then stare some more. The straightforward way she spoke makes processing the words a little harder, because honestly, I’m not used to them.

My entire life has been filled with social workers and parent-type figures all wanting to tell me how to best live my life. What I should do. What I shouldn’t do.

Don’t eat so much, you don’t want to get fat. No one likes a fat girl.

Emery, you should smile more. Foster families don’t want angry little girls.

Tray is bad news, Emery. You need to stay away from him.

Whatever you do, don’t cry. It’ll be over before you know it.

Narrowing my eyes, I examine her expression, trying to figure out her motives. Oakley stays completely still as I study her. For the first time in my life, I can’t figure it out.

Either she has no ulterior motives, or she's a sociopath.

And since history tells me everyone has an ulterior motive, I land on sociopath. Because why the fuck would she care about me? Like she said, we've only known each other for a few days. I've known people for years and couldn't give a fuck about them.

She doesn't know me and isn't willing to get into my business, which works for me. I don't need nosy bitches in my shit. As much as I like Oakley—for a roommate, anyway—I won't hesitate to put her on her ass if she gets in between me and my goals.

And right now, my only goals are to graduate, get my CPA, and move an entire state away to escape my old life.

Excluding tonight, of course.

"I figure someone should know where I am, in case shit goes sideways," I finally answer her.

Oakley nods and takes a bite of her half-finished banana. "That makes sense. Okay, so text me the details, and then I'll have everything to give to the cops. What timeframe for return would you like?"

This chick. I just told her I want her to have the details of my definite gangbang and potential murder location, and she just rolls with it?

Fucking hell. A gangbang. That's what tonight is, isn't it? Four men, one hole. Well, three, really. I clench my hand around my glass and try to swallow around my tightening throat. Two, if they respect my wishes.

“If I’m not back by lunchtime tomorrow, probably best to make the call. Especially if you can’t talk to me on the phone. Anyone could pretend to be me over text.” It’s her turn to stare at me for a moment, clearly wondering how I picked up that piece of life experience.

Slowly, she nods. “Okay, sure. So, you’ll send me all the details for tonight, oh, and their username. That’ll help track them. And if I don’t hear from you before lunch time tomorrow, I’ll call the cops and hand everything over to them. I can do that.”

With a tight smile on my lips, I gather up my things while two overly tanned people kiss on the TV. “I’m going to get my stuff ready and go to the hotel now.”

Her eyes hold concern, but she smiles. “Hey, just think. The next time we see each other, you’ll be ten thousand dollars richer.”

“Yeah. Minus five hundred. I’ll get that to you as soon as I’m back.”

She waves her hand at me. “No rush.”

“Thanks,” I reply before dumping my mess in the kitchen and disappearing to my room.

My heart is racing as I close my bedroom door behind me.

In twelve hours, I will be ten thousand dollars richer.

And I will have experienced my first gangbang.

Fuck me. Literally.

Page 12

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:18 am

Chapter 12

Emery

On my way to the hotel and then up to the room, I distract myself from my nerves by taking pictures to entice my daddies.

A photo of my legs and bags in the back of the taxi, my brand-new teddy bear on display.

A picture of the concierge sign at the front desk.

My hand holding the folder with the paperwork they mentioned earlier as I press the button for the elevator.

A picture of the room with my bags on the couch.

They booked us a one-bedroom suite, with a small living space. There is a couch, four-person dining room table, and a tiny kitchen. The bedroom is in a separate room, and one look at the king-size bed covered in a smooth, white duvet and a half dozen pillows almost makes my knees go weak.

My shock at the room's sophistication doesn't recede until I sit at the table to go through the paperwork.

The folder contains several sheets of paper. The first includes several long paragraphs, detailing how everything that happens tonight is consensual and that I

can opt out at any time without repercussions. I can walk away with the five thousand I'll be paid before the date begins if I choose not to continue with the evening.

Assuming I make it through the date, I'll receive the rest of the gift at the end of the evening when everyone is ready to part ways.

There is a whole paragraph about safe words and how this scene will operate using the traffic light system—red, yellow, green—and how the men will periodically check in. I am required to respond within seconds of the question, giving a true and accurate indication of my willingness to proceed. If I choose to stop at any point, pending satisfaction of my daddies, I can be paid a percentage of the remaining ungifted amount.

Completely fair, in my opinion.

Really, the guidelines are just incentive to follow all the way through.

The next four pages are copies of their most recent health checks, which are only a few months old and shows that they are all clean.

The last two pages are lists of sexual activities, with boxes to answer whether or not I am willing, unwilling, or interested in trying each item.

The first page is filled with all the things I would expect: oral for me, oral for them, single partner, multiple partner, vaginal penetration, condom use, anal penetration, oral and vaginal simultaneous penetration, oral and anal simultaneous penetration, vaginal and anal simultaneous penetration, double vaginal penetration, nipple play, breath play, spitting, hair pulling, kissing, and more.

Nothing on there shocks me too much, and I answer yes to pretty much all of it, except anal any kind. And the condoms. I know that they are for more than just

stopping me from getting pregnant, but if they are clean and I am clean, and me being on birth control, I mark it as unwilling . Most guys hate using them anyway.

The second page is . . . a bit surprising. I have to do an internet search for some of the options.

Role-play—baby girl, role-play—kitten, soft restraints—wrists, soft restraints—ankles, soft restraints—other, collar, leash, spanking, paddling, hard restraints, shibari, penetrative sex toys, stretching sex toys, vibrating sex toys, nipple clamps, tongue clamp, age play, free use, cock warming, punishment, humiliation . . .

My clit throbs while reading through the list. I look up the difference between role-play—baby girl and age play. Age play seems to involve the use of actual baby items, like bottles, diapers, and baby clothes in adult sizes, rather than just acting younger and calling my partner “Daddy.”

I glance at my teddy and coloring supplies. When I think of myself in my role-play age, I see myself as young, like six or so. Definitely not diaper wearing. Or bottles. But the idea of a pacifier is . . . intriguing. Ultimately, I mark age play as willing to try and write the number six next to it.

After sending pictures of my responses through the app, as well as a copy of my own medical record from the clinic at the last shelter I crashed out, I decide to up the ante.

If they’re going to torture me with that list, then I’ll have to make it worth their while.

I prop my phone on the countertop in the ensuite, aim it at the glass door of the shower, wait for the room to get steamy, and then set it all up. Using the time delay feature on my phone, I take photos of myself in the shower, all but my silhouette obscured by the steam.

After quite a few attempts, I send the daddies several shots, which turned out surprisingly well.

As I take my time getting ready, the minutes somehow simultaneously drag on and fly by. Before I know it, I'm sitting on the edge of the bed in my sexy, black-lace outfit, hair dried and straightened so that the ends tickle my upper ass. I divided the top section of my hair into two little pigtails, in a half-up, half-down look. For my makeup, I'd made the decision earlier today to just do mascara, opting not to spend money on anything else. Which is convenient, since that's basically all I own, besides a cherry-flavored lip gloss.

I stare at the digital clock on the bedside table, the red numbers illuminating the fact that they'll be here in fifteen minutes. My hands tremble as I clutch my phone, scrolling back through the photos of the daddies.

Jesus fucking christ.

Why am I so nervous right now? Even my thoughts are rambling.

It was never like this when I did a favor for Tray.

Is it because he isn't here?

Or because I said I wouldn't do this anymore, and here I am, going back on my word?

But this time is different, right?

This time is for me. For my future. Not to save Tray from some fuckup or to help him get ahead. Or because he feels like a fuck.

Goddammit, he has taken up far too many of my thoughts over the last twenty-four hours.

Cutting ties with him was supposed to clear my life of him.

It's been three weeks since I last saw him, not that he knew that was the last time he was going to see me. I'd kept my plans for myself to myself. He hasn't reached out and neither have I.

My phone buzzes in my hand and I glance down at the screen.

Holy shit, I only have two minutes until they arrive.

Below the time is a SugarLife notification and, holy fuck, there it is. My first half of their gift.

SugarLife

\$5,000 has been gifted to you from Brat4Us. You can find your gift in your Vault.

My pulse thunders as I slowly stand, unplug my charger from the wall, and go to the closet, where I stashed all my things, and put my phone into my bag.

Feet slightly heavy, I walk out into the main area of the room and look around, making sure everything is where I left it.

My teddy bear is on the couch, and my coloring book and massive crayon pack are on the coffee table. A music channel is on the TV, and I consider changing it to a kids' channel but decide not to. If they want it to be on cartoons or something, they can change it.

I kneel beside the coffee table—my back to the door, because I have a feeling I'll need the extra few seconds to gather myself—and pour out a few of the crayons.

I select one at random, not even sure what color I pick, and start coloring the first picture that interests me—a kitten playing with a ball of wool.

Okay, I can do this.

As I fill in the kitten with blue, I start to settle, my nerves turning from blaring alarm bells to a quiet noise far off in the distance.

I can do this.

Page 13

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:18 am

Chapter 13

Derek

The elevator music is jarring against the tension that fills the tiny space, which is barely large enough for the four of us.

Thirteen people maximum, my ass.

The metal of the doors is polished within an inch of its life, allowing me to see the other three in its reflection. We're all dressed relatively the same—slacks and button-up shirts. Xavier and Darcy both have the sleeves rolled up to expose their inked forearms.

As the numbers on the display panel increase, the more blood rushes below my belt, like the two things somehow correlate.

Tonight is going to kill off a dry spell we have all been going through. Not so much in terms of sex, because that's not an issue; there is plenty of that for us individually. But in terms of a woman willing to meet all of our needs as a group? We haven't found that in over a year, and that event wasn't satisfying enough for the amount of effort we'd put in to get the night in the first place. Nor had it filled the bank for the intervening time since then.

Hopefully tonight will prove differently.

All of the pictures we've received today indicate that it will be.

Emmy . . . She's gotten to all of us already.

The sassy little brat that put us in our place when we questioned her, telling me everything I needed to know about her.

Yes, she is young.

Yes, she is inexperienced when it comes to the sugar life. And to being a baby girl.

But she is confident when she speaks her mind. She is able to clearly communicate what she wants from us. Which is a major turn on for me—knowing we can trust her responses when we check in with her will allow all of us to settle into our roles with ease tonight.

And then . . .

I hit the brakes on that thought.

No. No and then . Just tonight. A singular event. That is all we're offering and all we will be getting.

She is offering us a service and we are paying her. As much as the SugarLife app likes to dress that up as a mutual exchange of time and gifts, it really boils down to the four of us paying to use this girls body at the same time.

I'm not even going to entertain the thought of something more.

We've been down that road before, and the aftermath nearly broke us apart.

The elevator dings, and slowly the doors open to an empty, nondescript corridor. It looks like any hotel hallway, with wall sconces every few doorways, key card panels,

heavy security doors, and symmetrically patterned burgundy carpet that runs the full length.

I rub my thumb over the key card that will gain us entry to our fantasy for the night as I step out of the elevator and make my way down to our room, my three best friends only steps behind me.

She should have received a notification that the first portion of her gift has been paid, confirming our date. She knows what time we will arrive.

As I reach the door with our baby girl on the other side, I glance down at my watch. Six fifty-nine.

I turn to check in on the other three.

Only Hudson looks at me, a smirk on his lips. His normally light-blue eyes are darker, and I can't tell if it's due to the lighting or how excited he is for tonight. He might not be getting the thing he craves the most tonight, but he'll be getting everything else.

No need to scare Emmy off before we can have our fun together.

Xavier's baby face is hard, jaw clenched, as if he's restraining himself. His blond curls tend to trick the women he is with into thinking he is the softer kind of dominant. The kind who is all about caregiving and coaxing their sub into submission.

They would be wrong.

He is the most extreme of the four of us and is usually the hardest to please. Emmy will have her work cut out for her with him.

Darcy meets my eyes with a raised eyebrow. I match his expression and then he gives me a nod.

Not bothering to see if it is perfectly seven o'clock, I hold the piece of white plastic against the scanning plate, waiting for the indicator light to turn green.

It does, with a beep.

Not giving myself a moment to hesitate, I grip the handle, rotate down, and push on the heavy door. I know what the room looks like from the photos Emmy sent us, but I'm unprepared for the vibe.

She has dimmed the lights, and there is a sensual music video playing quietly on the TV.

But what really captures my attention is the back of the girl kneeling on the floor between the couch and the coffee table, the tips of her toes appearing beneath her black lace-covered bottom, long brown hair almost tickling said toes, as she hunches over something.

That is one outfit she definitely didn't send us a picture of.

I make room for my friends, and it's not until the door clicks shut behind us that Emmy reacts to our presence.

When she whirls around, I catch my breath, because fuck. Even with all the pictures she sent today, I'm unprepared. Her face wasn't completely revealed in any of them, but we could tell that she was attractive, beautiful, even. Which, I won't lie, had left me somewhat skeptical.

It wouldn't be the first time a SugarLife account has tried to scam us.

But Emmy is real. And she is fucking gorgeous. And young. So fucking young. The smile on her face makes something inside of me snap. Joy lights up her entire being as she drops whatever is in her hand and rushes to stand up.

I almost lose my grip on my control and groan out loud.

Motherfucker.

The outfit she is wearing is . . . sinful, and not at all appropriate for a baby girl.

Delicious.

She's a goddamned wrapped present, with nothing but a satin bow covering her breasts. My eyes rake over her, taking in the way her waist dips the tiniest amount. Gaze trailing down farther, I can tell there is something odd about the crotch of the lingerie, but I'm distracted by her voice.

"Daddies! You're here." She rushes up to us, her hands stretched out. "Come and look at what I made!"

She captures my hand and Hudson's and starts to tug us in the direction of the love seat.

I glance at Hudson, and he stares back at me, wide-eyed. He must feel it too. This swooping feeling.

I'm off-kilter.

And with every step, my cock is getting harder.

I've never had a play start like this before, like we are mid scene and are the puppets,

not the masters.

Emmy's smile doesn't disappear as she drags us closer to what she wants us to see. "Come on, it's perfect. You'll see."

Somehow, I find my voice, clearing my throat before I speak. "I'm sure it's perfect, baby. I can't wait to see."

She beams, then drops our hands, turns to the side, and points at the coffee table in a ta-da motion.

I drop my gaze to where she points, and a smile spreads across my lips.

A partially completed blue kitten.

It's clearly done with crayons, but where a child's strokes would be haphazard and disjointed in an attempt to fill the entire outline, hers are done with purpose. The fur of the cat moves in slightly curved strokes, with several hues and thicknesses.

The drawing is perfect, and if we had any plans to ask her for more than just this one night, I would keep that picture in my office to view whenever I needed.

"Well, what do you think?"

I turn my focus from the artwork to her, still feeling like I'm at a disadvantage, and have to smother a laugh as she glares up at the four of us, her hands on her hips. And I do mean up. We have close to a foot on her. And she definitely didn't lie about her age.

She's barely legal.

And adorable.

Knowing that her SugarLife profile has a verification badge proving that she is eighteen is the only thing that keeps me in the room.

And the fact that breaking her down to her very core is going to be an absolute fucking pleasure.

Darcy steps forward and crouches down to take a look, his hand adjusting the drawing so that it faces him more directly. “Emmy, this is perfect.”

He looks up at her with a smile, and she melts, suddenly looking a little sheepish, hands coming together to wring her fingers. “It’s not finished yet.”

His lips quirk. “That’s okay, maybe you can finish it after?”

She pauses, her chest rising and falling as his words hit her. I can see it, the moment when she considers leaving, that little kernel of self-preservation.

The room stills as colors from the television flash over the five of us in the dim lighting.

Did she fall out of the scene?

Will she leave?

Is being confronted with the four men who she has been teasing all day, through the safety of her screen, too much for her in reality?

But then she nods, her features softening as she slips back into her role.

Wanting to reward her for sticking with us, I step closer, drawing her back to my chest with my hands on her hips. She rests against me, and I lean down to whisper in her ear.

“Do you remember what good girls get?”

She shivers in my arms, and I can't help but press my hard-as-steel cock against her ass.

“Rewards,” she replies in a whispery voice.

My friends move about the room, taking seats wherever they can, as I take control of our baby girl. Tonight isn't about any one of us getting our specific kinks met; it's more about the group play with a baby girl. I don't even begin to let myself imagine Emmy restrained and helpless, begging for release, as my friends take her over and over again as I sit back and watch.

No.

Tonight is about mutual, mostly vanilla, satisfaction for all.

Nothing more.

Maybe a little more. We'll see where the night takes us.

“What would you like your reward to be for coloring us such a perfect kitten?”

I keep my words low and trail one hand down over her hip, my fingertips spanning from her belly button, to the bare skin of the opposite thigh, and to just above the apex of her thighs. She sucks in a breath, and I move my other hand in the opposite direction, gliding it over the satin of the bow, over the swell of her breasts, until I can

cup the base of her throat.

“A kiss,” she replies breathlessly, tilting her head back as she instinctively tries to avoid the threat.

I tighten my hand enough that the erratic fluttering of her pulse fills my palm. “From who?”

“From all of you.”

I breathe in the scent of her, pressing my face into the side of her neck. She smells clean, freshly washed, but free of chemicals. No perfume or overpowering body wash. There is a hint of something else, something I’m sure is just her.

No overdone makeup to hide her blue eyes from us. No overpowering perfume to increase her age.

And I fucking love that she has kept everything simple.

The attention to detail is perfect.

I turn us both and point her in the direction of Darcy, who has propped himself against the edge of the table. “Whatever my baby asks for, my baby gets.”

Then I take a seat next to Xavier on the couch and get ready for my show.

Chapter 14

Emery

The warmth of his body leaves my back, and I'm left standing in the middle of the room, facing a gorgeous man. Slowly, I glance at each of the other men and fight the urge to fidget under their intense stares.

Nerves flood my system at being the center of so much alpha male attention. It's a stark contrast to the relief I was feeling only a minute ago, when my first glimpse of them confirmed that they are the men in the photos. The difference between the faces in the photos and the faces in this room is the look of hunger they're all wearing.

I've seen that look enough times to know that these men are going to use my body for their own needs, and I'm fine with that. It's why I'm here. And even if they cheat me out of the remaining money, I'm still five grand richer than I was, and that's way more money than Tray ever gave me. If he gave any at all.

The man I now face screams tortured artist and my soul aches, like it's found a match for the pain that surrounds it every time I look at a pencil. His long brown hair has natural highlights and is pulled up and away in a stylishly messy bun, which only draws attention to the way his dark blue eyes burn for me. Watch me. Wait for me.

It occurs to me that I may need to make the first move here.

He doesn't move, beyond breathing. His straight, dark brows lend a menacing quality to his features, which goes with the slightly-longer-than-stubble beard that frames his

mouth and jaw.

I've never had to make the first move before. Usually, the man would approach me. Sometimes, he skimmed his mouth over my neck in what was probably supposed to be a sexy way but was way off the mark. At least those guys tried to make it good for me. There hadn't been many of them, though.

Typically, the door would close, and they would tell me to remove my clothes, lie on my back, and spread my legs. Nothing beyond the use of a condom for prep, and then it was over a few minutes later. Some came in the condom, but most pulled out and shot their load all over me. Very few offered to help clean me up.

This is neither of those situations.

The way he smirks at me, eyes filled with a dark glint, says I need to make my mind up soon. "Changed your mind, princess?"

I almost scoff.

I'm no one's fucking princess.

I'm also not this blushing, innocent virgin. And I have no idea why I'm acting so fucking timid.

This is just sex. I'll spread my legs, they'll fuck me, and then I'll get what's mine.

This is no different to any other time.

Actually, one thing is different. This time, I'm the one who will be getting paid.

My mind does some quick math, and I almost laugh out loud when I calculate what

my hourly rate will be. Three-thousand-three-hundred-and-thirty-three dollars, assuming this lasts three hours.

That equates to over six-million dollars a year as a salary.

Reminding myself that the money isn't mine yet, I refocus on the here and now. I make eye contact with the gorgeous man and take a deep breath. This is the daddy who liked my drawing. He told me it was perfect, and it made me feel so good inside, but then I had to tell the truth that it wasn't finished. But he'd smiled and told me I could finish it after.

Forcing one foot in front of the other, I walk toward where he leans against the end of the dining table, his hands wrapped around the edge either side of his thighs, and his smirk slowly fades.

I have no idea what expression I'm wearing, but as soon as I'm within touching range, I reach toward the side of his face, tracing a finger down from his eyebrow to his cheek. I don't break eye contact, not even when his hands close around my hips and I step between his parted legs, suddenly feeling tiny and delicate.

I'm not sure what I'm doing, I just follow my instincts. Bracing my hands against his chest, I lean forward until my lower body presses into his. The hard impression of his dick pushes against my lower stomach.

His gaze burns a path across my face and I let him look.

I know what he's seeing. Oversized almond-shaped hazel eyes, dark brows, high cheekbones, and my perfectly styled, loose, wavy dark brown hair. Not to mention the freckles across the bridge of my nose caused by the summer sun, which I know make me look younger than I am.

I'm a goddamn baby girl wet dream, and he is a fallen angel.

But the longer I stand there, staring at him, the higher the precipice I stand on grows, and I know that the moment my lips touch his will be my undoing.

I thrust that thought out of my head and lean forward, my eyelashes fluttering shut as I press my lips to his. He doesn't immediately engage in the kiss, so I grind my lower body into his and lick across his lips.

His fingers tighten, leaving divots in my ass cheeks, and warmth builds in my thighs as I lose control of the kiss. His tongue joins mine, and I'm swept into him as he devours me.

I want to press closer, want to lean into him, but the hold he has on me keeps me locked in place.

Before I'm ready, he pulls back, and that fucking smirk is on his lips again. I realize he baited me to get what he wanted.

I scowl at him, and he grins before he whispers quietly, "I'll always give you what you need, princess, but it will always come at a cost."

Confused, I stare back at him, but before I can ask any questions, his hand grips my jaw, and he forces another kiss on me, the pressure on my face one step away from painful.

When he lets go, he turns me, then thrusts me in the direction of the blond man. I catch myself before I stumble into him. His seat on one of the chairs at the table gave him a front-row view of my kiss with Angel.

My lips still tingle as I stare into his icy blue eyes, so much lighter than Angel's. I'm

sure his smile is supposed to soften the look in his eyes, but they remain hard, almost cold, like he is assessing me and finds me wanting.

The next beat of my heart is painful, like I'm in trouble and know I'm about to be punished, but I have no idea what I've done wrong.

Fake smile still in place, he offers me his hand, and I get the feeling that I'm being lured into the viper's den. One misstep, and I'll be filled with enough poison to make my heart stop.

"Hey, kitten," he says quietly, using both hands to draw me into him. Standing between his spread thighs, I'm slightly taller than him, but he positions me to sit on one of his legs. I sit up straight, unsure where to place my hands.

I've never sat on anyone's lap like this, except for Tray's. But he would have me wrapped around him, usually with his hand down the back of my pants, cupping my ass for everyone to see.

My breath catches as this daddy's hand lands on my bare upper thigh, fingers incredibly close to the slit in the lace that will allow him direct access to my pussy. The heat that Angel started is stoked by Viper's teasing fingers as they draw light circles on the tender flesh.

Trying to breathe normally, I look into his eyes and wonder if he wants me to make the first move as well.

It's as though he can read my mind. His gaze drops down to my lips, flicks back up to mine, before looking down again as he uses the arm supporting my back to pull me toward him. I go willingly, wrapping one arm around the back of his neck and placing the other on his chest to help me balance.

His lips are gentle, teasing at mine, as if he is trying to find the taste of his friend. But I'm barely concentrating on that sensation, letting him do as he likes to my mouth, because my entire focus is on his hand as it smooths up and down my thigh. It's not the motion that has me so transfixed but the pressure and the digging in of his fingertips, which are surely leaving behind red lines deep enough to bruise.

He smooths the ache away on the upward slide, but continues the torture on the down stroke until my skin starts to protest and he feels me squirming in his lap. My eyes fly open, and I pull back from the kiss when I feel the hard length of him against my hip.

Is he hard from hurting me?

The ice in his eyes is darkened by the mocking look on his face. "What? Do you think we are going to make things easy on you? Dirty baby girls who whore themselves out for cash don't get to complain about a little pain."

I blink at him. And blink again. Dirty baby girl?

A little pain? Does that mean he's going to cause more?

My throat locks up, and I squeeze my thighs together as a heavy feeling unfurls in my core. Words don't come. And even if they did, I don't know what they would be. Lust is making my mind fuzzy.

Before my thoughts start to unravel themselves, he pulls me up to standing and tips his head in the direction of the man with the blond curls. "Go to your next daddy, unless you want to end things now?"

I glance over my shoulder at the blond man, who stares back at me with a blank expression, arms thrown wide over the back of the couch and the armrest to his right. Viper stands up, holding on to my waist and crowding into my space as he leans

down to whisper in my ear. “Are you going to be a bad girl for us, or are you going to scamper away like a scared little mouse? Are you going to take what we give you, or are you going to scurry away and not find out what we have to offer? Are you a good girl or a bad girl?”

Returning my gaze to his, I do my best to push away the haze that has fallen over my mind with his words. The way he says good girl seems like it’s a bad thing, that they want a bad girl. But their messages have been about a good girl.

Viper’s eyes give me nothing.

But it doesn’t really matter, does it? Whether I want to be a good or bad girl. Ultimately, what it comes down to is whether or not I am willing to stay.

And I am.

Just like Viper said.

I’m whoring myself out for cash.

My future. My dreams of my own house and a stable life.

That’s what this is about.

With that decided, I pivot on the spot but don’t make it far, since Viper’s hands still encircle my waist.

He leans down, his warm breath ghosting over my cheek as he talks in my ear again. “Good girl, go be bad for us.”

My pulse spikes at the use of good girl .

I focus on the daddy in front of me, the colors emitted by the TV screen flashing over his face as he watches me approach. He doesn't move a single muscle as I take a few steps to the space between his feet. Looking down at him feels wrong, and I have the crazy urge to kneel between his spread thighs.

We stay like that, staring at each other—him lounging back with his arms and legs wide, the blond curls leaving him with a boyish look that is completely and utterly destroyed by the ruinous look in his eyes. Nervousness creeps in, but I can't bring myself to break eye contact; it's like I am trapped and can't save myself.

I have no idea what he wants from me.

What if I don't have what he wants?

What if he calls an end to the night, and I haven't provided sufficient satisfaction?

Not knowing what else to do, I give in to my urge and lower myself to my knees. The moment my knee hits the carpet, he sharpens; his focus, his body language, everything about him becomes tight. But he remains motionless.

Tucking both my feet beneath me, I lower until I sit on my heels and place both my hands on my knees, simply following my instincts. When I'm settled, I keep my head lowered and peek up at him through my eyelashes.

A muscle in his jaw ticks as he stares back at me.

A predator studying his prey.

A hunter.

In a controlled motion, he leans forward and raises his hand to my face. I close my

eyes and brace for the impact of his hand landing on my cheek. I jolt, pulse racing, when all I feel are fingertips as they skate over my cheekbone, up and over my ear, and then to the base of my skull and into my hair.

Where his fingers tighten, forming a fist amongst my hair. Tension immediately fills my scalp, and I gasp out in shock.

“Look at me,” he orders, his deep voice barely above a murmur, but that doesn’t remove the undercurrent of steel from it.

My eyes fly open at the command, and I find him only a few inches away from my face. His gaze darts between my eyes before he uses the grip on my hair to tilt my head even farther back, extending my neck uncomfortably.

The heavy feeling in my stomach grows hot, causing a wave of confusion to rise inside of me.

What the hell is going on?

Why isn’t my flight instinct kicking in?

Why am I letting him do this to me?

Why is my pussy throbbing from this?

I’ve been manhandled, and worse, before, but it’s never turned me on like this. Not once.

My hands remain on my knees, not even twitching in an attempt to save me. Nope. All survival instinct has left the room.

Something on my face causes Hunter to smile down at me. A tiny thread of relief starts to unravel in my chest, but it's cut short when he closes the distance between us and crashes his lips into mine.

My lips part under the onslaught, and I barely keep up with the way he controls the kiss. His grip on my hair tightens, and then there is pressure dragging me up until I'm kneeling. He softens the kiss, allowing our tongues to move back and forth. He sucks on my lower lip and then comes back in for more.

I'm breathless and panting and needing . . . something.

I don't dare to touch him, in case that will bring this kiss to a stop.

I want to climb up into his lap. I want to feel his hands holding me, digging into me.

I want—

“Ouch!”

My hand flies up to my burning lip as I pull back from the kiss, staring up at Hunter wide-eyed, a metallic taste in my mouth. He smiles smugly as he licks the drop of my blood from his lips, but then the shutters come down and he goes back to reclining into the cushions, arms thrown wide again, as if the last thirty seconds never happened.

I pull my hand away from my lips and see the tiny flecks of blood on my hand. My confusion returns. I'm bleeding. And I'm alone.

My eyes dart to the door.

Should I leave?

“Baby, come here.”

I turn back to the very first daddy. He is holding his hand out toward me, and the smile on his face appears to be genuine and trustworthy. I stare at his fingers as my pulse thunders so hard, I can practically hear it. Slowly, I place my hand in his and turn my gaze up to him, praying I’m not making the wrong decision.

He continues to smile and nod encouragingly. With a gentleness that surprises me, after the rough manhandling his three friends just put me through, he tugs me toward him. I stand and walk to him.

With his free hand, he cups the back of one of my knees and guides it onto the couch beside his hip. Understanding dawns that he wants me to straddle him. I release his hand and place both of mine on his shoulders as I lower my other leg to the other side of him.

My breath shakes as the split in my lingerie is finally put under enough pressure that it separates and I can feel the rigid length of him through his pants pressing directly against me. I swallow and try to breathe. How long will it take for him to find my naughty secret?

His hands come to rest on my ass. “Hi, baby. Having fun?”

My insides squirm in nervous flutters at being called baby .

I nod, twisting my fingers into the fabric of his shirt.

“Yes, Daddy,” he corrects, voice gentle but firm. His dark brown eyes have wrinkles near the corners, like he smiles a lot. But right now they are serious, like he is laying down a rule that I should be paying attention to.

With that in mind, I repeat his words back to him, somehow slightly sad that I have disappointed him already. “Yes, Daddy.”

“Good girl,” he replies as his hands knead my ass, making me rock slightly against his hardness. “That’s good. Want more?”

The grinding pressure starts a slow burn in my core as my clit is rubbed between us. I moan and nod again as desire flows through me. “Yes, Daddy.”

He reaches up and presses his thumb into my abused lip. “This doesn’t hurt too much?”

There is a dull ache there, but I’ve had a completely split lip in the past that required stitches. In comparison to that, this barely registers, so I shake my head. “No, Daddy.”

His grip moves to my chin, and he gently tugs until my lips are pressing against his. Daddy lets go and pulls back a little before capturing my lips again. His hand goes back to my ass, and he makes me rock into him, over and over again, each surge of my hips timed perfectly with the movements of our mouths.

I fall into him, my chest pressing firmly against his, the hard knot of the satin bow digging into my cleavage, but I ignore it. Daddy’s fingers start to explore, slowly running down the back of my ass until they scoop underneath and his fingers can press against my crotch.

But his fingers don’t press fabric against me, and we both startle back from each other.

Me, because his finger just slipped knuckle-deep into me.

And him, because he just found my surprise for them.

His surprise melts into a heated smirk as he removes his finger and then drives it back into me. I moan, close my eyes, and tip my head back.

Getting fingered has never felt this good.

“Baby, you need to turn around and show your other daddies the naughty surprise you’ve been hiding from us.” His words are only loud enough for me, and he punctuates his order by turning one finger to two, and I can’t help but rock back on them.

My face flushes when his words register through my haze, and I open my eyes to look at him. I open my mouth to say something, anything, but for some reason, I’m embarrassed, even though this has been my plan all along.

“Turn around, sit on my lap, and spread those pretty little legs. Show your daddies the naughty slit you have in your lingerie. Let them see how wet that little cunt is and how ready you are for them to use you however they want.”

My chest heaves at his whispered words, and it draws his attention for a moment before his focus returns to my face.

“Now.”

My stomach tightens at the implied threat in his voice.

I lower my gaze and start to move. “Yes, Daddy.”

This is it. The kissing and grinding were just the prelude. This is the beginning of them taking their pleasure from me and me earning my gift.

Just a few more hours, and my future will be a little more stable.

This is the last time.

This is the last time that I will ever whore myself out for cash.

Page 15

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:18 am

Chapter 15

Darcy

My cock is rock fucking hard as I focus all of my attention on the way Derek's fingers are pumping beneath our sweet Emmy's ass. Her hips rock, and I catch the moans and gasps over the quietly playing music video.

Has he pushed her lingerie to the side and slid his fingers in? Or does little Emmy have a naughty surprise for us?

My attention snaps up to Derek's face, his hardened eyes staring at her. "Now."

I study Emmy as she takes a breath and then rises up off her knees with a quiet, "Yes, Daddy."

Derek, the fucker, keeps his fingers exactly where they are, and even from here, in the low lighting, I can see the wetness that coats the two digits as Emmy pulls herself clear and stands above him. I didn't think my cock could get any fucking harder, but I'm wrong—if I don't get my pants off soon, I'll be surprised if there isn't an indentation of a zipper running the length of it.

Emmy turns and repositions herself to sit with her back against his chest. Her knees are pressed together and her eyes are closed, like she is bracing herself. Derek whispers something in her ear, and she gives a single head nod, eyes still closed.

His hands slide down the outside of her thighs until he has to lean forward slightly to

cup the backs of her knees. He pulls them up toward her chest, her lower legs continuing to obscure whatever it is that he wants us to see.

But I'm starting to suspect I know what little miss Emmy has to show us.

And if I'm right, then I've seriously underestimated this girl.

Derek looks at the three of us as Emmy relaxes back into his hold, seemingly giving herself up to her fate. "Gentlemen, our little baby girl apparently has a very naughty side, and now she has something to show you all."

Her hands fly up to grip his forearms as he parts her thighs. At first, all we see is the black lace one-piece with a dark seam down the center. But then the seam parts, and my mouth fills with saliva.

Pretty. Pink. Smooth.

It's the cutest fucking pussy I have ever seen, and I'm already envisioning what it will look like with my ropes splitting her lips. But what color? Black? Pink? Blue?

I'm so lost in my mental imagery that I miss the start of what Derek is saying.

"... naughty little surprise for us. What do you think?"

I'm the only one with a direct view of the wet, pink flesh. Hudson gets up and walks past me to the far side of the coffee table and drags it toward the TV, opening up the space in front of Derek. Both he and Xavier then use it as a seat so that they can get a good look as they inspect what we've all paid for.

"It's pretty," Hudson says as he reaches forward and runs a finger right down the center, slipping in to the first knuckle before pulling away. He withdraws his hand

and then rubs his index finger with his thumb, inspecting the way her moistness lubricates his fingers. “Wet. Smooth. Probably one of the prettiest pussies I have ever seen. I’m looking forward to burying myself in it. It looks tight.”

Emmy’s breasts are all but heaving at the way Hudson is casually describing her most intimate place, and it draws my eye to the giant bow that adorns her chest. As she breathes, I catch glimpses of skin beneath the bow, and I start to wonder if the easy access slit isn’t the only naughty surprise Emmy is hiding from us.

I glance at Xavier, who is stoic as always, keeping everything buried deeply. The man rarely gives anything away when he isn’t in a scene; that personality trait is magnified when he has a play partner fully immersed in subspace. It’s highly unlikely that he is going to get his kink-itch scratched tonight. Well, except for that little bite earlier.

The rest of us should be able to get enough of a taste that it holds the demons at bay.

I’m starting to form a plan to get what I need from this baby girl. To see her all tied up while she begs for her daddy to fill her.

Yeah, I’m definitely going to make that happen for myself tonight.

“Open your eyes, princess,” I call out, adjusting myself to make sure my pants don’t do any actual damage to my cock.

Emmy swallows, and with her knees pinned open and spread wide, she slowly lets those long-as-fuck lashes open. Her hazel eyes dart between Hudson, who is rubbing his finger and thumb together beneath his nose, and Xavier, who hasn’t taken his eyes off that sweet, sweet pussy.

Then she finally looks at me, and I raise my chin. “What’s your color?”

Her answer is immediate, if somewhat breathless. “Green.”

There is a subtle shift amongst my friends. We’ve all gotten so caught up in the scene that Emmy has so beautifully orchestrated for us, that we didn’t stop to check in. But now that it’s done . . .

“Does that bow undo?” The question practically burns my tongue with the speed it leaves my mouth.

I need it to fucking undo. I didn’t bring any of my goddamn ropes, just like Derek didn’t bring any of his floggers, Hudson didn’t bring any of his toys, and Xavier didn’t bring any of his blades.

It has to undo.

For all of our sakes, it has to undo.

Emmy’s eyes are wide, her fingers leaving indents on Derek’s forearms as he continues to hold her open to us. “Yes.”

Derek must do something, because she sucks in a breath and then rephrases. “Yes, Daddy.”

My cock twitches, and I know the others aren’t unaffected.

Hearing those words will never get old, and the way Emmy says them, so breathlessly and effortlessly . . .

I push up from the table, pass by Xavier, and step between Derek’s legs before reaching forward and grasping one of the ends and tugging. The satin holds its bow, protesting for a second before slipping free. The knot sags between her breasts, but I

can see the firm swell hidden behind the shiny black fabric.

Emmy's eyes are trained on my forearm, staring at my exposed tattoos. So, I give her a second to look, slowly rotating my arm to show off the black and gray ink. A cracked artist's palette, a torn canvas depicting a half-finished woman, half-squeezed paint tubes spilling onto the floor, a wooden mannequin with the head by its feet all weave together around dark fabric and dead flowers—the dark side of my passion.

Lacking the patience to allow her to look her fill, I extend my arm and finish undoing the last scraps of dignity that Emmy possesses. When I've exposed both of her breasts, I stand there, staring down at her, taking in my fill.

The black underwire of the lingerie perfectly frames her breasts, the two half circles coming together in the center in a sharp point. I can imagine pretty decorations hanging from the dusky nipples that are on display—tassels, clamps, piercings.

I cut myself off from the thoughts of permanent shows of ownership and step back to allow Hudson and Xavier the same view. “Lower your legs and sit up straight for me, princess.”

Derek releases her, allowing Emmy to do as I requested. Once she is sitting upright, I gather her wavy brown hair and bunch it all together so that it flows over one shoulder. Quickly, I check in on her facial expression and find her staring at the ground.

With a finger under her chin, I raise her face to look at me. “Place your hands behind your back, palms out, fingers pointing to the opposite elbows.” When I release her chin, I pointedly make sure she is looking at the two men behind me as she follows my instructions.

Derek, clearly having figured out what I'm up to, has already gathered the loose ends

of the satin. He offers me one side, and I grin at him. Accepting the black fabric, I wind it one full rotation around the opposite wrist, then drape it over the palm of her hand.

I do the same to the other hand before tying the remaining ends together in a fisherman's knot at the center of her back.

The black satin looks fucking amazing against her skin.

My mental imagery of her pussy separated by ropes, that then flow up her body in a series of knots and ties, is filled with the black set that I have stored on one of the hooks in our play apartment. The apartment that has never been used but is perfectly set up for our ideal baby girl.

Quickly, I check that nothing is too tight by slipping a finger in between each of the pinch points and her skin. When I'm satisfied, I crouch down between Derek's legs so that I am eye-level with Emmy, and place my hands on her pressed-together knees.

Her eyes are focused on Xavier, who I'm sure isn't giving her any indication of his thoughts. If I didn't know what his kinks were, I would have thought he was into mind fucks.

But no, that's Hudson.

When she doesn't look at me immediately, I smile. "Princess."

She twitches but simply swaps her focus to Hudson.

Unable to help it, I grin. "Princess, you can look at me."

Her eyes drop down to me, and I reach up to caress her lips, rubbing my thumb over

the slightly torn flesh. “Still green?”

Her lashes flutter as her shoulders strain before she relaxes again. “Yes, Daddy.”

“Good girl, tell us if that changes.” I pause and wait until she gives me a nod. I glance up at Derek. “Could you please help Emmy to resume her previous position?”

Emmy’s mouth opens, forming a tiny O, but before she can protest or wiggle her way off Derek’s lap, he leans forward, scoops her back into his lap, and has her knees held open for me.

When the slit opens and bares her delicious-looking pussy right in front of me, a noise of pure fucking hunger rolls from my throat. “This is the prettiest fucking pussy I have ever seen, princess.”

And it is.

Pink. Shaved smooth. A delicate-looking clit. Lips that glisten with her own wetness. And an opening that looks like it will stretch so good around each of our cocks. It’ll probably protest when we put more than one into it, but training her to take all of us in her various holes will be part of the fun.

Well, it would be, if we weren’t only getting this one night.

I lean forward onto my knees, the silver necklace that I have tucked under my shirt working its way out of my collar. Ignoring it, I lower my face to within an inch of her beautiful little pussy and breathe in deeply, drawing in the scent of her. Fucking delicious.

A feminine noise has me looking up at Emmy. Her pupils are blown wide, and her breathing is rushing in and out of her mouth. “What are you—”

Before she can finish her question, I lick from her entrance, through her lips, and up and over her clit.

“Oh, fuck.”

I nip at her thigh and she squeaks out a noise.

“Watch your fucking language, little girl.”

She nods, eyes wide with shock and confusion. “Yes, Daddy. Sorry, but I just . . . you caught me by surprise. No one has ever done that to me before.”

A flush has risen from her breasts up to her cheeks, and I have to question how good of an actor she is. Has she fallen deep into the scene and is pretending that no one has ever gone down on her before? Or is she telling me the truth? Because, if so, that is a real fucking shame. Oral sex is my nirvana.

Having her tied and bound from the hooks in my ceiling so she hovers over my face, while I eat her out until she is crying and begging me to stop . . .

My cock pulses at the mere thought.

Regardless of whether this is a part of her scene, I decide to play along. I place my hand on the mound of her pubic bone and use my thumb to roll the hood of her clit around in very gentle circles. “No one has ever eaten your pretty little pussy before?”

She shakes her head, eyelids fluttering, mouth falling open once again. “N-no, Daddy.”

Something in my gut tells me she isn’t playing right now.

No.

She's really never had her pussy devoured to the point that she is screaming for it to stop.

That will have to be rectified, immediately.

“Thank you for telling me, princess.”

Then I replace my thumb with my mouth.

Page 16

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:18 am

Chapter 16

Emery

I stare down at Angel with my arms bound behind my back, the shock of pleasure from that single lick short-circuiting my brain.

I'm spread completely open for him, with no way to free myself. Pussy, ass, and tits on display. I'm completely at his mercy. Their mercy. Why isn't he fucking me already? That's what he is paying for, right? To fuck me?

Why the hell does he want to lick my pussy?

That fucking thumb draws one more circle around my clit before he removes it, and the tension that has been building in my core eases. It leaves me throbbing and needy in a way I haven't ever felt before. Totally unintentionally, I whimper and roll my hips in an attempt to maintain the contact, but I needn't have worried because that thumb—that warm, dry, pressure-applying thumb—is replaced by a hot, wet, sucking mouth.

It feels like my jaw dislocates with how far open my mouth is hanging. He doesn't go in slowly or gently, no. Angel goes in like a man eating his last meal. Mouth sucking, tongue lapping right over my clit, while his hands brace against the underside of my thighs and press my knees higher, opening me even farther for him.

I clench as the overall heat in my core sharpens and focuses all of its fire right onto the ball of nerves being manipulated by this man kneeling between my legs.

Daddy's hands beneath my knees tighten as I instinctively rock into Angel's mouth, grinding my ass into the hard cock beneath me. Daddy's hot breath flows down over my shoulder as he watches his friend eat me out.

My stomach clenches and my pussy feels empty, even as the fire is stoked within me to the top of the highest fucking skyscraper. The angle of Angel's mouth changes, and his tongue is flicking over my clit like the tip of a pencil shading in the shadowed section of a drawing.

"Oh, fuck," I manage on a whispered gasp as I can literally feel myself starting to leak.

I've had orgasms before, but they've all been at my own hand. And, honestly, they haven't really been worth it. Way too much effort. And the angle to finger myself was way too awkward, so I haven't really bothered all that much. And there's never been enough cash to buy myself a vibrator. Not that Tray would have bought me one if I asked for it. Apparently, he is man enough to get the job done, but I've never had him clock out properly.

But, holy shit, this is so different. I need to come so bad that I feel like I'm about to piss myself. And wouldn't that just be fucking embarrassing? Thanks for my orgasm, have a golden shower.

My tits are so tight, my nipples ache.

I'm momentarily brought back from the edge as lips brush against the shell of my ear.

"We haven't spoken about rules," Daddy whispers in my ear with his deep voice and it sends a shiver down my spine. "I won't speak for the others, because I know they have their own, but one of mine is permission." His nose nuzzles into the side of my neck, and my eyes slide shut as I tilt my head to the side to give him better access.

It's the best I can do. My brain left my body the moment Angel's lips touched the lips between my legs.

"Permission to come."

"I—what?" My head is hazy, and I'm not sure I understand what he is implying. My orgasm is. Right. There.

"My baby girls are not allowed to come unless I expressly allow it." Every one of his words rubs his lips against my ear, and I can both feel and hear the rumble of his voice.

I'm still struggling to follow along, but thank fuck, he senses that I don't understand and spells it out for me.

"Baby, this is your chance to orgasm before we spend the next few hours taking what we want from you. You do not have permission to orgasm again until all four of us are done with you. Then, and only then, will I bury my face inside that tight little pussy and let you use my mouth however you need. So, I suggest you ride his face until you cover him with your orgasm, because you will be begging for your next one."

As Daddy's words worm their way through my mind, one of Angel's hands slips down my thigh, fingers dragging against the bare skin until he traces over the outside of my entrance. I clench my hands around the strap of satin that runs across both my palms.

Gasping as a single finger enters me, my eyes open wide, only to collide with the intense gaze of Viper over Angel's shoulder. His features are cast in shadow from the TV behind him, but the way he leans forward, forearms resting on his wide-spread knees, hands clasped together as he studies me is . . . fuck, it's hot.

Like he's watching his prize filly be led through her paces by her trainer.

Cool air replaces the hot, wet suction as Angel blows on my overheated flesh. Returning my attention to him, I find him smirking up at me as he pulls his finger out of me and then reinserts it. But, this time, it's accompanied by a second. He maintains eye contact as he pistons his fingers in and out of me, and I'm completely captured by the heated glint in his eyes.

But then he crooks his fingers inside of me, and holy fucking christ. What the fuck was that? Nerves I didn't know I have light up, and pressure begins to build. He does it again and again, and I can barely breathe, every fragment of my mind concentrating on the spot where we connect.

I throw my head back until it falls onto Daddy's shoulder and thrust my breasts up, arching my back, a moan rolling from my lips. My clit is throbbing, and the way his fingers pump into me has my hips rocking, trying to keep him from leaving me. If I could draw my legs up any farther so that I could feel him deeper, then I would. But as it is, I can feel his knuckles bumping against either side of my entrance.

My blood tingles in my veins, like there isn't quite enough flowing to my fingers and toes, let alone all my organs. But I couldn't care less. I'm so fucking green right now that they could set me on fire, and I'd still scream that I'm green.

"What do you need, baby girl?" Daddy asks, his voice loud enough for all of them to hear. "What's going to push you over the edge for us? What's going to make you come all over your daddy's fingers? What do you need?"

My mouth is dry and my throat aches. "His mouth, please. I need more."

"Please, what?" Daddy reprimands, his hands squeezing my thighs almost painfully before releasing. "Ask him. Beg him for what you need."

The pain sends heat shooting down the backs of my thighs, and I gasp and throw the small amount of dignity I have left in the trash. “Please, Daddy. I need your mouth, on my—my pussy. Please. I need your fingers in my pussy and your mouth on my clit. Please. Don’t stop.”

Angel pauses as his features go hard, and there is a growl in my ear that I feel rumble in the chest pressed against my back. I dart my eyes between Viper and Hunter, and I can see they have stilled just as much, and a sinking feeling fills my stomach.

Did I do something wrong?

Was that not enough?

I swallow and try to find the right words. “Please, Daddy, I need you. I need to come.” I rock my hips on the fingers still thrust within me, slowly fucking myself on them. “Please use your mouth on my pussy, I need it. I need it so bad. Please, Daddy. I want it. I want everything. I want to come. I want you to use me after. I want to feel all of you inside of me. I need it.”

The truth of those last three words hits me. I really do fucking need to feel all of them inside of me. Whether that’s just the intense wave of desire that is slamming into me right now or not, I have no idea. I just want it.

I need these four men to fuck my insides out until they ruin me.

I have a feeling they already have.

The air in the room snaps and then Hunter is standing right next to Angel, his blond curls doing nothing to soften his features. A spark of fear thrills down my spine as he takes a seat next to Daddy and slides his hand to cup the back of my knee. I pause the motion of my hips as I watch him take control of my leg and slowly lower it until it’s

hanging over his thighs.

I'm distracted from Hunter as Angel lowers his mouth back to my pussy, finally giving me what I asked for. I only have a few seconds to watch as he closes his eyes and goes back to feasting on me, his fingers doing that crooking thing in time with the motion of his mouth. The fire in my core flashes back to full strength with two swipes of his tongue over my clit.

Then my view of him is obscured by blond curls as Hunter leans over me and captures one of my nipples in his mouth. Hot swirls of his tongue over the hardened peak cause me to thrust my chest up into his mouth with a moan. I close my eyes, just wanting to feel everything .

Fabric brushes against my arm and then my other leg is positioned the same as the first. Daddy's hands slip down to my ass, cupping and squeezing as a second mouth sucks my other nipple into its heat. Viper. It has to be.

That's when my mouth disconnects from my brain and words flow out with abandon. "Oh, fuck. Please. Yes, please, I need it. Oh my god. Yes, please, Daddy. My pussy, oh, yes, I can, it's right there, oh fuck, yes, please. More. More. I need . . ."

I have zero idea what I'm saying; all I know is that I need to come, right now. Right now, or I am going to lose my goddamn mind.

A sharp sting snaps through the nipple in Hunter's mouth, sending a bolt of lightning to my clit.

I half scream, half gasp as he holds on to the bite and sucks at the same time. My core clamps down as the fire explodes like fireworks, and I grind myself up into Angel's mouth. My stomach aches as my orgasm drags out for fucking ever. None of them stop. No, they continue drawing out the pleasure that has me soaring so high, I think

I'm going to burn out, but then Viper's mouth turns from sucking to licks and Hunter releases his bite to lap at my tender flesh with his tongue.

Angel removes his mouth from my clit but still continues to pump his fingers in and out of my pulsing pussy. My ass is cupped, but the massaging stops. All I can do is lay in their arms and stare unseeingly at the plain white ceiling as I try to figure out what just happened.

I mean, I know what happened.

But how? Why?

This has never happened before. Ever.

Not with one man, let alone four.

What the fuck have I gotten myself into?

Page 17

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:18 am

Chapter 17

Hudson

Fuck, she's magnificent. So responsive.

She's flushed from the neck up, eyes vacant as she comes down from her orgasm.

The way she begged for us to give her what she'd needed was more than any of us had been expecting. Nothing but surprises from our Emmy.

I smother my grin at that thought.

She isn't ours. Not permanently, at least.

Just for the night.

And with that thought, I get up off the couch and stand. Xavier follows suit, both of us stepping back from the three of them. Emmy is finally coming back down to herself, and I glance up at Derek. His lips are by her ear, and I know he is whispering words of praise and comfort—it's his daddy nature. The one that usually comes out after he has made her skin glow red and her tears run dry.

We're all the same. We'll tear her down, shred her into pieces, and then put her back together again. Over and over.

Maybe he is feeling it too.

The need to claim her.

If the night were to end right now, I have no doubt that we'd gift her the maximum amount. Everything has been perfect. She is goddamn perfect.

Emmy blinks slowly, then again, her head slowly raising from where it has been lolling on Derek's shoulder. Her gaze lands on my face, then moves to Xavier's, then slowly, it moves to Darcy, whose fingers are still inside of her. When she looks down at him between her legs, her mouth forms an O, and his head ducks down as he splays both hands on her thighs once more.

She tries to buck her hips as squeaks and moans burst from her lips, but Derek and Darcy hold her still for a bit of post-orgasm torture.

This time, I let my grin spread across my lips. Her head shakes from side to side as she tries to dislodge them both, but never once does she utter the words no or stop .

Just as it looks like she is truly in pain, Darcy pulls back and lets go of her legs as he stands, staring down at her. Derek repositions his hands from her ass to her thighs, continuing to hold her open for us.

Fuck, I want my turn at licking that pretty little pink pussy. A combination of her cum and Darcy's saliva coat the puffy, pink flesh, making it shine, and my mouth waters.

But that's it for now. Her pleasure is over.

Now it's our turn.

But before we go any further another check-in is required.

"Emmy, what's your color?" A tiny prick of irritation that we have to keep checking

in hits me. We've never found anyone like Emmy. Someone willing to not only give us group play but also a scene. And what a fucking scene she has given us.

Her chest heaves and her thighs clench, but she manages to make eye contact with me. "Green, Daddy."

Fuck. Me.

That is not going to get old.

Even though it can pull at the flow of a scene, we've all agreed to checking in with Emmy during each lull in play. Considering her lack of experience with this lifestyle and the somewhat extreme nature of each of our personal kinks, we know it's up to us to make sure that she is still consenting. The power dynamic leans in our favor.

We have the experience.

We have the numbers.

We have the overall physical presence.

And we have the cash that she wants.

And I have to keep reminding myself of that last part.

She's not at Obsession, the BDSM club we frequent, exploring a gangbang scene with four daddy sadists. No, just for tonight, she is letting four men use her body however they like for the cash they can offer.

The reminder of our situation leaves a sour taste in my mouth, and I wish I could have a stiff drink to wash it away. But none of us play after we've had a drink. Ever.

We take our responsibilities seriously when a submissive gives us all the power.

I take a deep breath and bring myself back into the moment.

There is nothing I can do about it now, even though I wish this was more than just a single scene.

I catch Derek's eye and give a subtle nod. He whispers something in her ear, probably telling her what's to come, since her eyes widen and dart between the three of us. He slowly manipulates her legs, first bringing her knees together and then lowering them until her toes touch the ground. He reaches beside him and tosses a decorative pillow on the ground just in front of them.

The tip of her tongue darts out and wets her bottom lip as she eyes the swell under mine, Darcy's, and Xavier's pants, all three of us clearly more than a little turned on. With her exposed breasts on display, arms still bound behind her back, and her long, brunette hair a mess from the way she tossed it around while we played with her, she looks utterly decadent.

Derek sits up, cradling Emmy against his chest so that she is forced to sit up as well. With her arms still bound, she can't do too much for herself, which is exactly how we all want her—at our mercy.

When she is upright, I step forward and help Derek bring her to her knees on the pillow between all of us. I steady her, cup her face with my hand, and force her to look up at me. Her pupils are still blown wide, and she tips her cheek into my hand. I hunker down to her level, pulling at my trousers to give my cock room as I do so.

When I'm at eye-level, I draw her close and kiss her. Releasing her face, I palm both of her breasts. She gasps, opening her mouth beneath my own, and I fuck my tongue into her as I tweak her nipples. Emmy makes a sound that goes straight to my cock,

and it takes more discipline than I'm happy with to pull back.

“Are you ready for us to use this pretty little mouth? You'll probably have bruised and swollen lips from how hard we are going to take it. It's nothing but a hole for us to fuck into. Just like your pussy. Nothing but a hole.” I don't mention her ass, since it's something she marked as not interested, even though I desperately want to see my cock, slick with lube, disappearing in and out of that tight little hole. “We're going to use and abuse both of them until we're satisfied that every time you use your mouth or try to sit down tomorrow, you'll be thinking of us with each flinch.”

Her throat works and her eyes are wide, but she doesn't stop looking me in the eye; the entire time, I twist and pull at her nipples until she is panting. Only then do I let go and stand back up, and with no hesitation, I undo my belt, allowing the metal clasps to clank against each other in a way that usually has subs losing their minds.

Xavier and Darcy follow suit, and Emmy's eyes dart between the three of us, watching as we all work our zippers down and pull the waistband of our briefs low enough that our cocks appear inches away from her face.

She's seen all of us in the pictures we gave her access to this morning. She knows one of us has a piercing through their crown and another has a curved cock. When her eyes land on Xavier's cock and widen, I know she's found the piercing. It's not his only one. The pictures we sent were taken about a year ago.

We've all had body modifications done since then, mostly more ink, but several more piercings. I doubt she'll discover all of them tonight, since this isn't about her exploring each of us. No, this is about all of us using her for our group kink dynamic.

If we had one more night . . . Fuck.

I reach for my cock and give it a single long stroke that Emmy watches with rapt

attention. Stepping right up to her, I press the head against her lips. She doesn't resist, and I sink my cock past her pink lips, the hot wetness of her tongue massaging the underside.

Her cheeks hollow as I pause, half my length in her mouth, and I feel the suction she applies, my balls tightening alarmingly at the sensation. Pulling back, I stare down at her as she sucks at the very head, tongue coming out to play with the slit. I swallow and have to breathe through my nose, willing my cock to calm the fuck down.

You will not come on the first fucking suck.

Jesus christ, it's like being fourteen all over again.

Changing gears, I reach for her chin and grip either side of her jaw firmly, then start to shallowly fuck her mouth. Small thrusts, letting her get used to the motion. She's good, stays perfectly still, letting me do my thing.

Emmy's focus is trained on my face, her head tilted back the slightest amount and, fuck, watching my cock disappearing in and out of such an angelic-looking face is once again pushing me to the edge.

I need to wreck her a little more.

On my next thrust forward, I don't pull up. I keep pushing in, slowly, until I'm pressing up against the back of her throat. Her eyes widen, and this time, when her cheeks sink inward, it's not because she is sucking. No. It's her first gag of the evening.

Her entire body convulses, and her eyes water as I pull back, but she doesn't draw away. Instead, she leaves her mouth open, the head of my cock resting on the tip of her tongue as she struggles to get herself back under control.

This girl.

I want to fucking keep her.

I change my grip to her hair, fisting it tightly, and drive my cock back into her, finally giving in to the threat of abusing her tender throat. But the surprises keep on coming. Where I expect to hit the back of her throat again, I don't. Instead, I slip right on past and sink in until her nose is buried in the dip above my cock and she is forced to break eye contact because of the angle.

And then she fucking swallows. Her throat muscles spasm around my cock. It takes me a moment to remember to pull back, so she can breathe.

I was so fucking wrong.

We aren't going to wreck her.

She is going to destroy us.

Page 18

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:18 am

Chapter 18

Emery

Viper's eyes are molten as he stares back down at me. His dick is glistening right in front of my face, but he isn't making any move to put it back in my mouth. I flick my tongue out and lick the tip, needing the taste of him again.

Those filthy fucking words he said while playing with my tits before stuffing my mouth full started the fire within me again. I'm so freaking eager to burn myself a second time that I'm willing to act the brat for them.

He stares down at me with a gaze that scorches. His nostrils flare before he takes a step back.

Beside him, Angel takes his place, his messy bun a little messier after having his head buried between my legs in the single hottest fucking moment of my life. I'm still a little high from it. If sucking all of their dicks like a pro will get me another orgasm like that, I'll suck every single one of them like they are goddamn lollipops, right down to the stick.

Angel holds his dick out for me, but I already have my mouth open. Like Viper, he starts off slow at first, but he doesn't stop halfway. All the way from the first stroke, and damn, my pussy likes that. I spread my legs a little, mostly for stability but also hoping to ease some of the ache that has started up once again.

It doesn't help. If anything, I want to press my legs together tightly to help with the

throbbing.

As he hits the back of my throat, I try to inhale. Past experience tells me that if I don't concentrate on letting them get down my throat, I'll have problems tomorrow.

I've sucked enough cock that I know relaxing into it and deep throating is better than trying to stop them going too far. They'll go all the way, whether I want them to or not. By relaxing, at least I won't be in pain for the next few days.

On his second thrust, I get it right, and he slips down the back. Leaning forward, I angle things a bit better to ease the pressure on my gag reflex. But I still gag, and through my watery eyes, I see that delicious V of his flex.

Oh, he likes that.

So, I give him what he wants.

With every single one of his thrusts, I give in to the urge and let my throat choke on his dick, trying to push him out of me. He grips both sides of my face and starts fucking my mouth for real. I feel every ridge and vein of the underside of his cock as it slides rhythmically over my tongue.

I startle and gag for real as hands that don't belong to Angel smooth along the back of my neck. My hair is gathered at the base of my head and then the grip tightens, the strands pulling at my scalp. Zings of pleasure zap down my spine, and if I could, I'd moan.

I'm past wondering what the fuck is going on and why this time is so different from the others. All I know is that this feels fucking amazing, and I'm going to take whatever they give me.

“Look at our little cock sucker. Are you enjoying having your daddies fuck your face?” Everyone can hear Daddy, but with Angel’s dick occupying my mouth, I can’t get any words out.

I hope a moan will be enough, because it’s all I can manage with my lips wrapped around the base of Angel’s cock and my nose buried in his manscaped pubic region.

Angel’s eyes slide shut as he tips his head back. “Fuck.”

Then he pulls all the way back and steps away.

I pout up at him. Why did he take it away from me?

My hair is tugged to the side, and I turn to look at Hunter. His expression is still stony, but his dick is straining, red, and angry. And fuck, he is the one with the piercing. Up close, the silver of the ring glints, a tiny pearl of pre-cum clinging to the slit, threatening to roll down the metal.

Hunter takes ahold of his cock and gives it a slow stroke, adding more to the pearl. Saliva floods my mouth at the sight. He steps closer, but I can’t reach for him with the way Daddy is still gripping my hair and my hands tied behind my back.

I squirm in place and stare up at Hunter. Why is he taking so long? Why won’t he just give it to me?

Then I remember my lip and the way he bit it, seemingly enjoying the way he hurt me. Made me bleed.

Was it the blood or the pain?

The way he licked his lips after . . . it was totally the blood.

I suck the still tender skin into my mouth, and his eyes snap to the action. Using my teeth, I worry at the small cut there until I can taste metal. Releasing my lip, I dart my tongue out to toy with the cut, making sure to tug at the torn flesh. Then I open my mouth wide, the sharp flick of pain letting me know the pose is pulling at the wound.

Hunter's pupils are wide, and I know I've hit the mark for him when he comes closer and uses the underside of his cock to rub against the blood and then smears it across my lips like lipstick. I'm surprised when the metal of his piercing is warm and not cold.

I don't take my eyes off his face. He's concentrating on my mouth and the way I stay perfectly still for him. His expression doesn't change as he slowly starts to sink into me. I relax everything—my tongue, my jaw, my throat—and he slides all the way down my throat.

There is a quick "Jesus christ" muttered from someone in the room, but I have no idea who said it. My eyes are closed, and I'm holding my breath, waiting for him to pull back so that I can breathe.

But he waits. And he waits. My throat clenches as my lungs demand air, but I'm determined to stay completely still and be a good girl for him.

He finally pulls back, and I can feel the piercing drag along my tongue as I suck in some much-needed air. I open my eyes and look up at him, a tear rolling down the side of my face from the effort it took not to gag and sputter all over him.

Hunter's lips are parted, dick still half in my mouth.

"Color," a gravelly voice demands.

I don't break eye contact with Hunter as I attempt to talk around his dick. "Green."

He must get the message because he surges forward, his dick going to the back of my throat again.

My fingers twist and grip at the satin restraints as he holds out longer this time, and I can't stop my body from heaving as he finally pulls out all the way. Saliva clings to his dick as I struggle to catch my breath.

My hair tightens against my scalp as Daddy's grip forces me to turn back to Viper and Angel. All three cocks are within inches of my face, and I desperately wish my hands were free. The idea of stroking two and sucking one—or even stroking and sucking two at the same time—has me squirming on my knees.

“Don't close that mouth. You keep it open, like a good little girl. If you need a break, close both hands into fists.”

At Daddy's words, I open both hands, spreading my fingers out wide, eyes darting between the three dicks. “Yes, Daddy.”

No sooner are the words out of my mouth than it is stuffed full with Viper's dick. He starts off with quick, short thrusts, and I do my best to suck and lick. But then he speeds up, and I have to concentrate on breathing properly.

Warmth coasts over my shoulder and down my back and then Daddy is talking in my ear.

“You look so pretty with those tears running down your cheeks.”

I stutter on an inhale and lose my rhythm as his free hand comes around my body and cups my breast, the gentle touch at odds with the punishing grip he has on my hair and the harsh thrusting of Viper's hips.

Daddy rubs his thumb back and forth over my taut nipple, and both of my breasts tighten painfully. I moan, but the noise is jagged and broken. Viper sinks all the way in until my lips touch the base of his dick. He thrusts shallowly, and I try to swallow around him.

Viper buries his hand in the hair on top of my head as he holds me still for him before he does two final short thrusts and pulls out.

Angel's cock is shoved into my gasping mouth, and I gag, the sudden intrusion hitting the back of my tongue as I start an inhale. But he doesn't give two fucks; if anything, it spurs him on. He puts one hand at the back of my head and takes his pleasure from my mouth.

"Suck those cheeks in, baby girl. Make that hole nice and tight for him. That's it, just like that. You're doing so good for us. I can't wait to watch them bury their cocks in your pussy and then back down your throat. Have you ever tasted yourself?"

I manage the tiniest shake of my head, but holy fuck, the imagery. I've never fucked multiple men at the same time before. Yeah, there have been multiple in a day, in one session, even, but it was one after the other, rather than at the same time like this.

My pussy clenches, almost demanding a dick fill it right now. The sensation is fucking foreign. My inner walls ache with a need I've never felt before. My stomach muscles are screaming as I spread my knees farther apart, heels grinding into the flesh of my ass as I try and find a way to alleviate the discomfort.

Just as Angel thrusts into my throat, Daddy pinches my nipple, sending a streak of pain from the tip to my core, and I gasp. Angel mutters a list of expletives as he slides down my throat. I choke and splutter, my throat spasming around his dick. He stills, a guttural moan leaving him before he, too, pulls out.

I manage to suck in two gasping breaths before Hunter enters my mouth again. He places just the head at my lips, his thrusts only deep enough to make the flare of his head rub in and out of my lips.

I close my mouth to form a tighter circle and then suck as hard as I can, swirling my tongue around the tip, toying with the ring and slit, chasing any taste of him that I can find. His shirt raises enough that I can see his lower abs contract, and I make it my mission to make him flex the entire time he uses me.

“You’re loving this, aren’t you?” Daddy’s hand squeezes my breast, almost distracting me. “Your hands are hanging loosely, not even a twitch. You’re loving the way they are using you, the way I’m controlling you. You want to be our play toy. For us to take our pleasure out on your hot little body. To use you until we’ve covered you in our cum. Don’t you, little girl?”

I moan, the noise so lusty, I’m shocked it came from me.

One of my knees slips off the pillow as I wiggle again, and I lose my seal on Hunter’s dick. My sudden movement seems to bring Hunter back to the room. He thrusts into my mouth and continues to do so, over and over, until all I can concentrate on is the inside of my mouth.

His cock is removed and another is added.

My eyes close, and I feel myself start to drift, mouth open, knees spread, breast massaged, as I revel in the hot sensation that thrums through my veins. I know I’m making noises, moaning, groaning, and slurping around the dick in my mouth, but they sound far away. Like someone else is making them.

My head starts to loll backward, and the only thing that keeps me upright is Daddy’s grip on my hair.

It takes me a minute to notice that there is no dick in my mouth. I open my eyes to slits and find that the room is slightly blurry and darker. My head is angled back, Daddy still gripping my hair, but I'm barely supporting myself.

My hair is released and I slump forward. I'm caught before I end up on the floor.

"Come here, princess."

I'm picked up, and the room spins for a second before I'm deposited back on my knees, the pillow beneath them. My sluggish brain doesn't register it until I am once again kneeling, but I was skin on skin with whoever picked me up.

Are they all naked? Or just shirtless?

I can't seem to work my way out of the fog enough to care beyond a gentle wandering of my mind.

"Open your eyes for me, pretty girl." Gentle fingers touch my chin, and I slowly open my eyes to stare up at Daddy. "What's your color?"

I hum. "Green, Daddy."

"Good girl. Open for me."

I smile. He called me good girl. I open my mouth and then it is filled. This dick is thicker than the other three, and I know it belongs to Daddy. I bend and lean closer so that I can take him all the way into my mouth, wanting to please him. Wanting to be his good girl again.

He weaves his fingers into my hair, and I imagine him tipping his head back and groaning at the ceiling.

My pussy throbs, and before I can even think about wanting a dick inside of me, I feel a warm, blunt object pressing at my entrance.

I moan, the sound deep and languid as I'm slowly stuffed from both ends, Daddy pressing down on my head and hands gripping my hips as a dick sinks all the way into me.

“Don't forget, baby girl. No coming. Not until the end. You'll get a reward for every time you stop yourself from coming. Come, and you'll be punished.”

My pussy clenches.

What would their punishment be?

Chapter 19

Xavier

Emmy's wet cunt squeezes around my cock, and I have to clench my teeth so hard the molars almost crack to prevent myself from ending my night way too fucking early. She is so goddamn wet and, by my guess, diving headfirst into subspace—if she isn't already there.

And the way she made herself bleed for me?

She's goddamn perfect.

Instead of pulling out, I rock Emmy forward on her knees so that her face buries into Derek's crotch, allowing him to feel the sensation of his entire cock disappearing into that amazing wet warmth. With her arms still bound, all that's holding her up is her own core strength and cocks filling her at either end.

And since she became fuck drunk while we abused her mouth, her core strength has most likely gone to crap. She's basically a rag doll between the two of us and, fuck me, if that doesn't make me rock fucking hard.

I pull her back onto me, burying myself in her to the hilt, gritting my teeth. To gain more control over her movements and to support her more, I release her hips and grip her restrained forearms.

I pull back on her arms, effectively levering her up just the slightest amount, and the

new angle allows me to push in deeper. My cock twitches inside of her as she moans and grinds her ass back into me.

Easing her forward again, I lower her back onto Derek. When I glance at him, his eyes are trained on where my body joins hers. The fucker loves to watch, which works for the rest of us because we love people watching our handiwork. Most of the time, at least.

But when I'm going deep into my kink, I prefer to do that without an audience. Most people are too . . . squeamish to handle it.

Deciding to fuck with him, I pull Emmy up so that she barely has any of his cock in her mouth and then pick up my speed, hammering into her. The backing sound of the music video playing on the TV is accompanied by the obscene slapping of skin on skin and the ball-tightening sounds that flow freely from Emmy's mouth.

Derek's expression hardens, the knuckles of the hand in Emmy's hair turning white. Her hair shimmies around her back with every thrust, and she puts up zero resistance, even though I can feel the tip of my cock nudging at the top of her core.

Electricity races down my spine, and I come to a halt, pulse racing as I concentrate on my breathing and will my orgasm away. Not yet. Sweat forms across my forehead, and it's taking every piece of my self-control not to thrust even just one more time.

Pulling out is going to be hard enough.

When I'm sure that I won't embarrass myself, I back out and slowly lower Emmy back down. Derek gathers her hair to one side and guides her head to rest on his thigh. Her pupils are blissed out and her cheeks are pink.

Derek's rigid cock is covered in saliva, and her lips glisten with it. I smirk at the mess

that surrounds the opening of his pants.

He's the only one of us still dressed, since Hudson, Darcy, and I took breaks between blow jobs to remove our clothing.

As I stand and step away, I stroke my cock several times, enjoying the slick feel of Emmy's wetness beneath my hand. I have to grip my balls as I twist the piercing at my tip, enjoying the ripple of nerves in the head.

When Emmy used her tongue to play with the metal, I lost all ability to function. Yeah, women have played with my piercing before; it's always a party favorite. But no one has ever sucked and licked it the way Emmy did. I was transfixed by the cut on her lip as she sent fire shooting up and down my dick with nothing more than her tongue and lips.

Mine.

The word has been playing on repeat in my head, booming from the darkest corners of my mind. As Hudson takes my place and lines up his cock, slipping inside of her with one smooth stroke, images flash across my mind.

Emmy on my padded table, wrists in cuffs near her head, ankles cuffed to the bottom edge, knees forced apart with a spreader. Lines of red along her thighs.

My gut tightens and my blood burns in my veins. Her skin is clean of tattoos and piercings. To see my marks fucking up the perfectly smooth, creamy flesh is a torment I'd gladly put myself through.

Hudson draws a particularly loud moan from Emmy, and a new vision of her ripples across my mind.

She's restrained, face-first against the St Andrew's Cross, her clothes hanging in tatters around her body. Her gorgeous brown hair is pulled to the side, and her head hangs against the cross as my cum runs down her thighs after I've fucked her with my knife against her throat, whispering to her that I'd slice right through her neck if she made a sound. That I'd continue to fuck her as her blood ran down over the both of us. But she'd be so good for me, keeping all of her scared noises inside, letting me rail her until I'm done.

Hudson drapes himself over Emmy's back and restrained arms, and slides his arms around her waist, pulling her upright until they are chest to back. His cock is still tunneling in and out of her, but now her breasts bounce for all of us to see, and he tweaks her nipples. Another scene appears in my head, and I fucking groan.

Emmy bound with her arms above her head, freshly pierced nipples blushing red as blood rolls down the sides of her breasts, a vibrator pressed up hard against her clit as she begs me to turn it off, head thrashing from side to side.

I turn away from the tableau in front of me, inhaling through my nose and holding it for four seconds. Holy fuck, just the thought of slipping one of my needles . . . Fuck. I have to stop thinking about shit that isn't going to happen.

This is just one night.

We all agreed.

Her body will never be decorated with my marks. My metal will never be threaded through her skin.

She'll never slate my bloodlust.

I'll never be able to lock her in my dungeon, where no one can hear her scream.

Emmy will never be truly mine.

I only get her for tonight.

Only tonight.

Chapter 20

Emery

Hands caress my breasts and the heat that has built in my core is so close to exploding that I'm holding my breath. I have no idea who is fucking me right now; all I know is that it feels amazing. My nipple is pinched, and I gasp as heat flares, but there is something I'm supposed to remember . . . Oh, fuck.

I shake my head and try to pull away. "No, no, stop."

Everything pauses, and I sob, the fire raging through me burning my veins.

So. Fucking. Close.

"Emmy? That's not one of our safe words," the voice behind me says, his cock buried so deeply inside of me, I'm sure the shape of my stomach changes with each thrust.

I shiver and try to get the words out through numb lips. "Was going to come."

Fingers pinch at my nipple, and I gasp, clenching my thighs as a simultaneous zing shoots straight up my vagina. Then both hands are gone and I'm lowered until the upper half of my body is resting on Daddy's legs again. His cock is only a couple inches from my face, and I desperately want it back in my mouth.

The cloth-covered thigh under my head shifts, the muscles going taut as Daddy shifts forward. He combs his fingers through my hair and tips my head back so that I look

at him, even if the angle is straining my neck.

For some reason, I think he might enjoy the pain he is causing me.

He traces a finger down my cheek. “Thank you for telling us.”

I blink, my brain struggling to come online and participate when it would prefer to be in the floaty haziness of a minute ago. “Reward?”

Daddy smirks down at me. “Yes, baby, you’ll get your reward. We’ll tally them up, and at the end of the night, you’ll get everything our good girl deserves.”

My lashes flutter. Good girl. That’s what I want to be.

I haven’t ever been anyone’s good girl.

I’ve been filthy.

Slut.

Whore.

Bitch.

Dirty.

But never a good girl.

“Okay, Daddy,” I reply quietly before humming out a moan as the dick that is inside of me starts to pull out. The backs of my thighs feel wet, and I wonder if that’s from me? Did I piss myself or is that . . .?

Surely not.

But I'm so horny.

And I already came once.

Yes, it must be that.

Shock rockets through me as the dick leaves me completely, and I gasp. My pussy feels open and empty. Hands grip my hips and someone leans over me, draping their body over my back before they press a kiss to my shoulder.

“Your pussy is fucking glorious, kitten.”

Viper.

I suck in a breath and close my eyes again as emotion swells in me, but then he's gone. I almost cry out, but then I feel someone else kneeling behind me.

Angel. It must be him.

Hunter took me first. I know, because I felt the piercing every time he entered me, dragging past my entrance and then rubbing that spot inside of me that lit me up from the inside out.

He used my arms to keep me hovering above Daddy's dick, my lips trying to keep him inside me, but all I ended up doing was silently screaming as Hunter rearranged my insides. Saliva flowed from my open mouth, down over Daddy's cock, and I had no choice but to stare at it.

A blunt head presses against my slit and then he slides into me and I could cry with

relief.

Fingers pull through my hair. I'm sure it looks gentle, but it's anything but. They tug and snag, but never heed to the resistance.

“Next time you get close to orgasm, baby, I want to hear you beg to come.”

My eyes fly open and I stare up at Daddy, my face gently rocking backward and forward against his thigh as his friend slowly fucks me from behind. I frown.

I don't have permission to come.

But he wants me to beg.

“But . . .”

He presses a thumb to my lips, and I eagerly suck it into my mouth, wishing it was a completely different part of him in my mouth. “But nothing. You still don't have permission to come. We would all just love to listen to you beg.”

Viper suddenly appears over Daddy's shoulder, and it takes my sluggish brain a minute to work out that he is standing behind the couch. “And kitten, it will let us know to slow down so that you don't earn yourself a punishment.”

“So, you can beg for us, or you can come. Reward. Or Punishment. It's your choice, baby,” Daddy explains as he removes his thumb from my mouth.

My lips form an O as I lower my gaze, which causes it to snag on Daddy's cock. Fuck, I want to be impaled on that again. Feeling helpless. Stuck. Used. Not being able to bob up and down, and only being able to use my tongue and jaw to pleasure him was . . .

Just thinking about it had my throat aching with need.

I flick my gaze up to Daddy's and then back to his dick.

He raises an eyebrow. "Do you want to suck my cock again, baby?"

I nod, eyes flicking between his face and his dick. "Yes, please, Daddy."

"What my baby wants," he replies as he grabs my hair and guides me over his dick.

He hovers my face there, his fucking amazing dick just out of reach of my mouth, as Angel pulls all the way out of me before slowly sliding back in. Needing to taste Daddy, I wait until Angel is almost all the way in, and then I use his momentum to reach out with my tongue and lick at the head of Daddy's dick like a lollipop.

Daddy makes a hissing noise before applying pressure to the back of my head. But because I was straining against his hold, I end up deep throating him in a single move. I gag and cough at first, my stomach clenching, and I hear Angel groan from behind me.

"Fuck, her pussy clenches when she gags. Do it again." He grips my ass with both hands and squeezes, hard, and pain flares across both cheeks.

Daddy adjusts his hold to either side of my face and raises my head. Then he thrusts his pelvis up as he forces my head down. Understanding the assignment, I gag so hard that my abs feel like they are touching my fucking spine.

Angel picks up his pace. "Fuck, fuck, fuck. Princess, you feel so fucking tight."

My body ricochets forward with every slap of my thighs against his, and I'd tell him his dick feels amazing if my mouth wasn't full of Daddy's dick.

The burning of my lungs becomes a secondary sensation as Angel picks up his pace, his dick hitting me just right and fueling the fire within me.

Way too quickly, I feel my orgasm building, but I can't get the words out.

Panic starts because I don't want to be a bad girl. No. Not tonight. I want to be good. So good. I don't want a punishment. Tonight is my only night to be a good girl. This is my one chance.

I shake my head from side to side and then remember the thing about my fists. Quickly, I form one first and try to turn my head to the side. As soon as my lips are free of Daddy's dick, I give them what they want to hear.

"Please, I need to come. Oh my god, I need it. Please. Daddy, can I please come? Daddies. I need . . . I need . . . fuck. Please. Your cock feels too good. Can I come? Please? Can I? I don't think I can hold it. Daddies, I need you, please."

Angel's thrusts slow, and then he pulls all the way out of me.

"No," I all but scream on a sob. "No, don't, please, I'll be good. Don't stop. I need more. Please."

Tears well in my eyes and my chest aches.

"Shh, baby. It's okay. You'll get your rewards," Daddy soothes, not bothering to wipe my tears away. His next word isn't directed at me. "Bedroom?"

Agreement must be reached because gentle hands pull me upright, then Hunter crouches down in front of me.

I've barely had a chance to get my fill of their gorgeous bodies during our time so far,

and now is no different.

He slips his hands between my biceps and my ribs and lifts me clean off the floor with his hands cupping my ass cheeks. His voice is low and husky when he says, “Wrap your legs around me.”

My hips twinge and my abs protest, but I lift my legs to wrap around his waist. Hunter repositions his hands, wrapping one around my back and arms while brushing the curve of my ass with the other. He raises me slightly, and then I feel his hand at my entrance, followed by him entering me. Once I am fully seated, he cradles me against his chest as we both catch our breaths.

When the overwhelming feeling of him inside me subsides a little, I clench my thighs around him and rock my hips, the urge to come still riding me hard.

A sharp sting flares in the side of my neck, and my body is conflicted over whether I should move closer or farther away from the painful bite. He releases his teeth, then sucks at my neck, like he is a vampire trying to drink my blood.

And maybe he is. Maybe he wants another taste.

Then he whispers, “I wish I brought my knives with me.”

Chapter 21

Derek

Xavier whispers something to Emmy, and she stiffens in his arms before jerking her head back to look at him, her long brown hair fanning out the smallest amount. She stares at him with his cock buried inside of her.

I tense, wondering if he's pushed her too far. Do I need to intervene?

But then she surges forward and takes him completely by surprise with a kiss. The muscles in her thighs tense as she pulls herself up, almost pulling right off Xavier before sinking back down. His fingers dig into the black lace covering her ass, and I know that tomorrow she'll have bruises from the punishing grip.

I clench my hands into fists around the edge of the cushion I'm sitting on, the fabric giving way in an unsatisfying squish. My cock is so goddamned hard that I could hammer nails with it. If I was more decorous, I'd give some sort of shit about how it's the only part of me exposed and pointing straight up at the fucking ceiling like a goddamn flagpole.

But I'm not, at least not in this part of my life. In my family and work life, I'm considered the straight-laced, rule-following asshole. Actually, that's true in this part of my life as well; I just unleash my base nature and desires as well.

Somehow, Xavier manages to walk toward the room that Hudson and Darcy have already disappeared into. I crane my neck until I can't see them anymore, then, and

only then, I force myself to stop and take a moment.

This girl.

I grip the base of my cock and give it a squeeze, refusing to allow myself a single stroke. I'm riding way too close to the edge, and tonight still has plenty more left to go.

Would she be interested in extending our invitation to encompass the whole weekend? That way, if tonight ends a lot earlier than we planned, then we could have more of her.

Something to bring up later.

A feminine moan comes from the room, and heat rushes up the back of my neck.

What are they doing to her?

Is Xavier still inside her?

Has Darcy sandwiched Emmy between him and Hudson?

Is Hudson eating that pretty little pussy as one of them tunnels into her?

My cock jerks in my grip, and I grit my teeth as my balls draw up. I quickly reach down and squeeze them hard enough that a shock of pain zips up into my stomach, helping me back away from the precipice.

Fuck.

"Fuck, yeah, princess, that's it." Darcy's voice sounds like he's talking with shards of

glass lodged in his throat, a sign that his night is as close to the end as my own.

Now that my orgasm isn't riding on the back of my heels, I'm able to get up and add my clothes to the pile on the dining room table.

My hand itches with the need to bring out some toys to torture Emmy with, but I didn't bring my play bag with me. No, I'd left that at our play apartment.

Several years ago, we'd all grown dissatisfied with only being able to play at Obsession, our local BDSM club. It wasn't that the club is subpar, far from it. Madame Devangelina, the owner of the club, has ensured that every item, implement, and prop is of the highest quality. Every room is well equipped for its purpose or theme. Nothing is worn down in a detrimental way, only from use. And the members are all vetted to within an inch of their lives.

No, it hadn't been the club. Instead, the casualness of the place, the laissez-faire vibe of it all bothered us. To this day, none of us are interested in casual plays—tonight being the exception. Finding a woman, of any age, who would like to engage in group play is a difficult thing. And getting them to engage in group play at a BDSM club was an even harder sell. Don't even think about mentioning our craving for a baby girl who is willing to brat for us on occasion.

So, we'd solved the problem by creating our own little house of terrors for our play partners. The condo is now open plan, of sorts. We left behind the master bedroom and en-suite, but had the remaining two bedrooms and bath demolished. The open space is filled with custom-built, handmade wood and leather furniture that meets our needs. It has everything from a dining room table to a St. Andrew's cross. Unfortunately, we've only ever used it in solo sessions and a handful of threesomes. We've never managed to find our unicorn. Until Emmy.

The invitation that Emmy accepted has been up for several months, almost a year, if

I'm more accurate. We've had a few curious sugar babies message us during that time, but we'd had no acceptances until yesterday. And the speed with which she'd accepted almost had me calling an end to things before they'd started.

But, just like she'd said, she knows who she is and what she can handle.

And, fuck, is she handling the four of us well.

Another feminine moan, then much deeper male groans spur me across the room to the doorframe. My gut clenches when the scent of sweat and sex hits me, and I see the four of them all writhing together on the bed.

Xavier gave up his spot between Emmy's legs to Darcy, who has all the pillows propped up behind him, allowing him to recline against the head of the bed with Emmy impaled on his cock, reverse-cowgirl style. Her arms are pinned between her back and Darcy's front so that those gorgeous fucking breasts are on display. Her head is turned to the side so that Hudson, who is kneeling beside the two of them, can fuck her mouth.

The way his cock turns her moans into unintelligible, sloppy gurgles is fucking everything.

My gaze roams down her body, stopping on Xavier's curly hair at the apex of her spread legs. Darcy's hands grip the undersides of her thighs, forming a perfect V for Xavier to fit between.

Stepping into the room, I spot an armchair in the corner, and I move to sit there. The angle is perfect for viewing the activities on the bed. I take my seat, then lean back, really wishing I had a drink to sip while I watch. But drinking and playing is not something we do, especially not on the first play.

From this new vantage, I can see that the strained expression on Darcy's face is because his cock is buried inside Emmy. His grip on her thighs isn't just holding her open, it's holding her up as he thrusts up into her, over and over again.

Xavier has his hands cupping her ass cheeks, supporting her as well, all while his mouth moves right over the top of her clit.

"Fucking hell, kitten. Yes, suck my cock like the greedy little girl that you are," Hudson rumbles as he thrusts in and holds his position so deep that I can see Emmy's throat convulsing around him.

A tear runs down the side of her cheek, her eyes are wide and pleading, and she gives a tiny shake of her head. Hudson pulls out, a string of saliva keeping him connected to her.

She doesn't waste a minute before she starts begging to come. "Oh god, please, please. Can I come? Please, Daddy. Please. I'm so close, please."

Darcy glances over at me, and I give a slight shake of my head.

He smirks back before lifting Emmy off of him and putting his glistening cock between Xavier's mouth and Emmy's pussy. Xavier pushes up to kneeling and stares down at Emmy.

She sobs, and my heart actually hurts for her, the pain she must be in. But then a drop of precum pearls at the slit of my cock, and I don't feel so bad about her pain.

"Take her outfit off," I demand as I give myself a slow pump. "I want to see all that smooth, creamy flesh as you fuck her into the mattress."

Darcy glances at me with a frown.

Internally, I roll my eyes. Taking the lingerie off results in her not being bound anymore. Well, too fucking bad. He wasn't supposed to tie her up tonight, anyway.

I'm not exactly the alpha of the group—the four of us are way too dominant for any of us to be in control of the others. No, I'm just the one who is able to keep his head better than the rest. Which tends to leave me in decision-making roles.

And right fucking now, I want to see her naked. And I know Hudson and Xavier will vote my way as well.

Hudson takes the choice out of Darcy's hands and leans her forward enough for him to make quick work of the bindings. He undoes one arm and slowly rotates it around to her front. Emmy barely seems to react to her newfound freedom, too busy making quiet whimpering noises as she tries to grind against Darcy with her head hanging forward, hair falling over her shoulders to curtain her face from me.

Xavier takes hold of her shoulders, steadying her as Hudson does the other arm. I frown when she doesn't seem to move, and Xavier must be having the same troubled feeling as me because he grabs her chin and forces her to look at him.

The look on her face is fucking glorious.

Pupils blown out.

Wet lips, puffy and pink.

A faint line of mascara down her cheek.

Sweat around her hairline.

“Color,” he demands.

She shivers, then manages to slur out one word. “Green.”

I relax and they all move, repositioning until Emmy is on her hands and knees with her ass aimed at Hudson. He reaches down, positions himself at her entrance, and slides in, bliss written all over his face. When he has a hold of himself, he leans forward and gathers her hair into one fistful grip and slowly applies tension until her head is pulled upright.

Her mouth pops open at the tight sensation, and Xavier takes the opportunity to hold his cock so that the head is resting on her lips. Her tongue snakes out and laps at the tip, tracing around the smooth skin until she finds the piercing. She sucks on the ring, drawing it between her teeth and licking at it.

Then her entire body rocks as Hudson finds a punishing speed, the claps of their skin colliding filling the room. On the counterthrust, Xavier starts up his own rhythm, the two of them owning her from both ends.

Veins appear in Emmy’s throat as she struggles to take both of them with her head tilted at such a sharp angle. My gaze roams all over her, snagging on the way her breasts are bouncing with the violent use of her body. Her fingers dig into the mattress beneath them, and her ass arches into the air.

She suddenly gasps as Xavier pulls back and allows Darcy in. He holds his cock out to her, slowly pumping it until precum appears. Emmy greedily laps it up, and I imagine the way her tongue would feel doing the same to mine.

At some point, I’ve moved my hand to pump my cock and haven’t noticed until my gut starts to clench, my orgasm once again trying to rule me. With great effort, I remove my hand and breathe through my nose several times to will it away.

I don’t think I’m going to get away with that a third time.

Darcy doesn't bother finding a rhythm; he simply uses her mouth for his own pleasure, and I think Emmy might actually be enjoying that more.

"This fucking pussy is so tight," Hudson grinds out as he slams into her as sweat beads along his forehead. "Such a good little fuck toy for me. Taking my whole cock like you were made for me, for us. Are you going to come for me, kitten? You going to come on my cock like the slutty little girl you are?"

Darcy thrusts once more before pulling out, and Emmy sucks in a lungful of air. "Daddy, please."

Darcy thrusts back into her mouth, cutting off her whine. While he is busy distracting her, Xavier and Hudson trade places. Darcy's moans have started to sound pained, and with the way Hudson is stroking his cock, I know he is fighting the edge himself.

We all fucking are.

When Xavier enters Emmy from behind, Darcy sinks the full length of himself into her mouth, holding there. Without her hair being held, it lies in a twisted rope down her back, and she has control over her angle. But even with that, I can see the way her throat has filled with his cock.

She gags, her stomach clenching as her body works to expel the foreign object, but he holds where he is, staring down at her. Xavier starts pumping into her, hands gripping her hips as he rocks in and out.

Emmy's face is red, and a vein has appeared between her eyes, along with a wild gleam as she struggles to hold in her primal urge to survive. But she is so good. She stays still, trusting in Darcy to give her air when she needs it.

And he does. When he finally lets her catch a breath, he pulls out all the way,

dropping her head. She continues to gag, her entire body jolting from her life saving actions, combined with Xavier's forceful thrusts.

Hudson is there to feed her his cock a little early for my liking, the daddy within me rising to the front as Emmy's eyes grow wide as her lips are stretched. The obscene noises that the four of them are making form the backing track to the dirty talk coming from Hudson and Darcy.

"Fuck yeah, suck that cock, little girl. I can feel the back of your throat as you gag. It's tightening around me, fuck, yes, just like that."

"She's such a good little cocksucker, absolutely fucking perfect at it."

"Did you need some air, kitten? Do you want to breathe? Or can you hold it for me? Can you be a good girl and hold it a little longer? You can do it, baby girl. Just a few more seconds, yes, fuck, that throat is so tight, kitten. You're making me so proud."

The entire time, Emmy stares up at Hudson as he fucks her face. Her eyes are glazed over, and with every piece of praise he gives her, she relaxes more. Submitting.

Jesus fucking christ.

I think this might be the best goddamn night of my life.

Chapter 22

Emery

My head feels fuzzy and my limbs are heavy, but that fire . . . it's burning me from the inside out. As my entire body thrums with its heat, I'm sure I am going to explode.

Everything is oversensitive, and I'm struggling to fight the orgasm that Hunter is driving me toward. He is hitting a spot inside of me that's never been lit up the way it is right now, and I have no idea if that's just him and his girth or the piercing, but fuck, I love it.

I never want it to end.

Suddenly, the burn in my lungs gets so bad that it pushes at the hazy, floaty feeling, and I try to pull my head away from Viper. Seeming to understand that I'm desperate, he pulls out too.

The way air seesaws in and out of my lungs is a distant concern, far less pressing than the fact that I am about to come. As soon as I can get my mouth to work, I beg for permission. I don't know how many more times I'm going to be able to hold it off, but I do love the way they tell me I'm a good girl when I can manage it.

"Please, can I come? Daddies, I need to come. Please. Please, Daddy. I—" I break off with a sob. Holy shit, I'm burning. I lower my head and try to breathe, arching my back and trying to get away from Hunter's thrust. "I'm going to be bad, no, no, no,

please, stop. I don't want to be bad. Daddy, no, please. Stop. I can't hold it. I can't. Please don't make me be bad. I want to be your good girl. No, Daddy. Stop. Please."

I'm empty so suddenly that I almost collapse onto the bed. My arms tremble, and my pussy clenches around nothing, my orgasm right at the fucking crest. All it would take is for someone to blow air on me, and I'd go up in flames. I manage to sob out my thanks, even as a gross, icky feeling starts to crawl down my spine. Like they have left me. "Thank you."

But then there is a calming hand, gently rubbing down my back. "Shh, princess. We've got you. One more, okay? One more, for us. Can you do it for us? You are doing so well."

I raise my head and stare up into Angel's dark blue eyes and hiccup my answer. "Yes, Daddy. One more. I can do it."

"Good girl, princess. Come here. Just like before, come sit on my lap. I'll fill you back up, and you'll feel so good." Angel holds his hand out to me, and I slowly slip mine into his.

He nods and smiles as I raise up onto my knees. Everyone shuffles around until Angel is leaning back against the pillows again. I swing my leg over his chest, but I lose my balance and tip forward, and he groans from behind me.

Angel's hands grip my ass cheeks as he spreads them apart to take a better look at my holes. Then I feel a finger tracing around the entrance of my pussy, and my mouth drops open.

"Look at this pussy, all puffy and pink. I can't wait to see what it looks like with our loads dripping out of it."

A shiver runs from the top of my spine, all the way down to where his finger is still tracing me. I've never had someone come inside of me. Not once. But, fuck, I want my daddies to come inside me. On me. Anywhere they want.

I moan and rock my hips but get a swat on the ass that shocks a gasp out of me as the sting spreads.

“Naughty girl, you’ll get what we give you,” Angel says as he squeezes right over my tender flesh.

“S-sorry, Daddy,” I stutter as I push myself upright and try not to cry. Why am I so emotional? Why does it feel like everything is so . . . much?

Once I’m sitting on his stomach, with his hands gripping my waist, I gather my hair, then lean back against him, not wanting to feel the long strands between us. I slide down his body until his dick is gliding along my pussy lips as I rock against him, needing the contact more than I can describe. Angel presses a kiss to my temple before whispering in my ear. “You’re perfect for us, princess. Even when you’re being naughty.”

I feel flayed alive; all of my insides are on the outside, and I’m scared I won’t be able to put them back in. I turn my head and offer my lips up to him. He looks at me with a little shock, but then leans down and takes my mouth in a bruising kiss. It only now occurs to me that, other than those initial kisses with each of them, and when I almost devoured Hunter, none of them have kissed me.

He tenses beneath me, rolling his hips, then the head of his dick is nudging my opening before driving into me. I gasp and drop my head back, enjoying the way he moves in and out of me.

“Do you like my cock in your pussy? I bet it’s stretching you so good right now, isn’t

it?”

“Yes,” I moan as I draw my legs up, needing to get more of him inside of me. I need more. Just a little bit more.

“Imagine how it’s going to feel when there is a second cock in there, filling you up so good.”

It takes several heartbeats for my fuzzy brain to puzzle out his meaning, and when I do, my eyes fly open. Viper is kneeling between Angel’s and my legs, his fist slowly pumping up and down his dick, his features tight as he watches my pussy stretching around his friend’s dick.

“Is he—”

“Yes, two cocks in this tight little pussy,” Angel cuts me off, his voice a deep growl. “Do you want that? Double stuffing you? Have you ever had two cocks inside your pussy? Or will we be your first?”

I gasp as the image assaults my mind, and I shake my head. “No, never. I’ve never had that before. But I want it. I want it with you. Please, Daddy? Can I have it?”

Moans come from several throats, but all I can see is Viper coming closer, stopping when his thighs press against the underside of mine.

“Kitten, you can have whatever you want.” Viper’s voice is gravel and bourbon, and I desperately want him to mean it.

I want them. I want all of them.

Angel pauses in his motions, settling deep inside of me, then I feel Viper pressing at

my entrance. I lift my head to try to see and, fuck, how are they both going to fit?

“Take a deep breath, kitten, you can do this for us. Be a good girl and do this for us,” Viper grits out, and I do as he ordered, inhaling deeply. “Good girl, now relax as you let it out.”

I try so hard to do what he says, relaxing as much as I can. My lips part as I’m filled with pressure, so much pressure. My entrance burns, and I want to clamp my thighs shut, but once Viper has his head in, he grips my thighs and pushes them up and out, opening me all the way up.

And holy fuck.

The burn is gone, and that delicious place inside me lights up again as Viper slowly, so fucking slowly, rubs against it. I whimper and twist my head because this is so much more than I thought it was going to be.

It’s almost too much.

I don’t know if I can do this.

“Color?”

The word comes from the darkened corner, where I know Daddy is sitting. His voice is heavy, the demand for my answer in the depth of the single word.

“Green.” But then I change my mind. “Yellow.”

“Yellow because it hurts, or yellow because of some other reason?”

“I’m so full, I don’t know if I can. I feel . . . I just . . .” I trail off as I roll my hips, and

my eyes roll back into my head. “Fuuucckkkkk.”

Someone—Viper, I assume—groans out the same expletive.

“I changed my mind, green. Green, Daddy. I am so green.”

The bed dips to the side, and I peek in that direction to see Hunter kneeling beside me, one hand squeezing the base of his cock as his hungry eyes practically burn me.

I shut my eyes again as Viper pulls out, then pushes back in again. I’m reminded of Angel’s presence inside of me when he pulls out as Viper pushes in. I moan and squirm and moan some more.

My breasts tighten painfully and my stomach is clenched. They slowly pick up their pace, and the wet noises that come from my pussy blend with the sound of heavy breathing.

“Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god.” I repeat the refrain over and over as my entire focus shrinks to the spot where I am connected to my daddies.

“Open,” a dark voice says before a dick is pressed to my lips.

Without opening my eyes, I open my mouth, and then Hunter is fucking it. He doesn’t go deep, keeping his thrusts shallow. I open my eyes to look at him, but he isn’t looking at my face. His concentration is on my stretched-open pussy.

I swirl my tongue around him and suck him into my mouth. He pays me no heed, continuing to watch the live porn in front of him. The hazy feeling is threatening to take over again, and I go with it, loving the floaty feeling that these men bring out in me.

As if they can feel my mind relaxing, the three of them pick up their pace, and Viper's sexy voice fills the room.

“Look at you, spread open for us. Taking three cocks like the good fucking little girl that you are. Your tits are fucking amazing, kitten. Rosy pink nipples, all tight and ready to be pinched. Play with them for us. Cup your breasts and squeeze those nipples.”

Like his words have direct control over my body, my hands raise, and I cup my tits, giving them a squeeze. As I roll my thumbs over my nipples and gasp around Hunter's dick, he slips into the back of my throat with a curse of his own.

“You love having your nipples played with?” Viper asks, though it feels like more of a statement. “I wish I'd brought a few of my toys. I could have made your nipples look so pretty for us. Tassels clamped on? Or a chain linking the two? Fuck, yes, the chain. Then we could pull and tug on it, drive you fucking insane. Squeeze those nipples again.”

I swallow and do as I'm told, but then whimper because the bolts of pleasure that streak between the taut peaks and my pussy bring me right up to orgasm. I squeeze my eyes shut and clench fucking everywhere.

I am not going to come.

No.

I'm not.

I've been good so far.

I can feel it, the explosion, it's right there. Right fucking there.

Oh shit, oh no. Fuck.

I let go of my tits and shake my head hard enough to dislodge Hunter's dick from my mouth. "No, I can't, don't."

The bed dips on the other side, then pain flares along my scalp as my hair is tugged tightly. I look at Daddy, who has finally joined us on the bed, and his face is menacing and angry.

"You fucking hold it, little girl. Do not fucking come. You do not have permission. This will all end the moment you do. We'll be done with you. Is that what you want? For us to be done? Or do you want more of this? More of our cocks filling that hungry little hole? Fucking you until you can't walk for days. To have our cum dripping out of your pussy? You fucking hold it, do you understand?"

My chest constricts, and fear fills me, pulling me back from the fire. As my throat aches with tears, I manage a wobbly, "Yes, Daddy. I can hold it. I can be a good girl."

He roughly turns my head back to Hunter's cock and lets go of my hair, the order in his actions implicit. I open my mouth and Hunter surges back in. Like before, he stays shallow, but then Viper's pace stutters.

"Fuck, you ready, kitten? I'm going to fill this pretty little cunt with my cum. Here it comes."

His thrusts become harder and more drawn out, and then he stills inside of me, his hands gripping me so tight, I know I'm going to be covered in bruises tomorrow.

I fucking love that thought.

"Oh fuck, I can feel it, so fucking wet. Jesus, princess, your pussy is about to have

two loads in it.”

Viper holds still, his face drawn in lines of pain and ecstasy as Angel’s pace picks up. Angel goes completely tense beneath me as his hips stutter a few times, and he groans loudly in my ear.

I’m beyond floating right now. I can feel them inside of me, and I can feel wetness building as I continue to suck and lick at Hunter’s dick. Viper is the first to pull out, followed by Angel, and they both groan, as if it physically hurts them to leave my pussy.

It hurts me. I feel empty. So fucking empty. And stretched. My opening feels like it’s gaping open, the lips sore and burning.

Hunter pulls free from my mouth as Viper moves off the bed and crawls down to take his place. I can feel Angel’s still-hard cock against the back of my thighs, but that doesn’t seem to bother Hunter. He has a feral look on his face as he lines himself up and thrusts in without any warning.

I gasp at how wet and full I am, and if I thought the noises my pussy made earlier were loud and sloppy, it’s nothing compared to now. Hunter pounds away at me and I whimper, wanting to close my legs. My pussy hurts so, so much. But I still need to come, so badly.

Hunter grabs my shins, crosses my legs like I’m a child, grips my ankles, then forces them toward my stomach. His hips never stutter; the brutal pace has me squirming and whimpering.

Angel grips my waist and squeezes hard. “Take it like a good girl.”

Tears well and my lip trembles, but my hips rock in time with his. The pain mingles

with my pleasure and, somehow, it feels good. I want him to hurt me. I want him to keep hurting me.

I never want him to stop.

Hunter's face is made of stone, the boyish features tensing as his eyebrows pull together. Then he growls and slams his hips in twice more before going completely fucking still, mouth slackening as he heaves in several breaths with his eyes closed.

He pulls out of me, his hand relaxing around my ankles, but before I can untwine them, Daddy's hand is there, gripping tightly, forcing my hips up even higher. I can feel the cum inside of me, all three loads mixing together.

"My turn, baby."

I moan and my head rolls to the side.

As he fills me, it takes all my concentration to not come. I float and concentrate on that sensation, distracting my body and mind from the very urgent need inside of me.

"It's almost over now, princess. You can do it. You can be good for your daddy. You've been so perfect. Let your last daddy finish using you, and then we are going to make you feel so good." Angel reaches up and tucks some of my hair behind my ear as he whispers words of encouragement that sound far away.

Daddy's dick rubs against all of my sensitive places, and with every inward thrust, he rubs his thumb against my clit. I want to pull my legs up higher. I want to push out. I want more. I never want this to end.

I want to float forever.

“Are you ready for Daddy’s load, baby?”

“Yes, Daddy, so ready,” I slur, my lips feeling weirdly numb.

Angel’s fingers smooth a line of heat up and down my ribs as Daddy groans, his dick doing several long, deep strokes inside of me.

Pride fills me.

I did this. I made them all come.

Me.

Little miss nobody.

I did it.

They all wanted me.

I was enough.

Daddy pulls out of me and his hands cup my ass, raising me higher. “Squeeze for me, baby.”

I’m not sure what he means exactly, but my body responds by squeezing the inner walls of my vagina. Cum oozes out of me.

Then fingers are there, pushing it back in. Now I’m empty, but full of wetness.

“Again.”

Lazily, I squeeze again and feel cum drip down toward my asshole.

“Fuck.”

It’s all scooped up and pressed back into me.

“You’ve been such a good girl for us. Perfect. Our perfect baby girl. And good girls get rewards. Come, baby. Whenever you’re ready. You have permission.” Daddy’s words are punctuated by a crooking of his fingers deep inside of me. They graze along that sensitive spot inside me and, this time, I give in to the fire.

I whimper and rock my hips, and as if he knows exactly what I need, Daddy’s mouth lands on my clit and sucks.

My whimper turns to a scream as I’m dragged straight into the fire. My world explodes, both mentally and physically. Heat engulfs me, flaring out from my core and taking my soul with it.

The hazy, floaty feeling surges up and steals me away on its current, and I happily go with it.

Knowing that I made them feel as good as I do is my last coherent thought before everything goes black.

Chapter 23

Darcy

Princess's body is completely lax on top of mine, and I know she has either fallen asleep or drifted off into subspace.

I keep stroking her sides, knowing that too many sensory changes will shock her out of wherever she has gone, and if that is subspace, coming back to this room with us too quickly will be a terrible drop for her.

Turning my focus to Hudson, I check in with him. "Is she okay?"

He kneels on the bed and gently touches her face, carefully looking into her eyes and then grins. "Yeah, she's floating."

I glance at Derek as he sits back on his heels, closing and lowering her legs carefully before gently massaging her thighs. "She was fucking magnificent."

A deep-seated happiness spreads through me, and I grin back at him.

"The room set up when we'd first entered..." Xavier trails off as he sits on the other side of us and reaches up to stroke her hair. "How did she know?"

I shake my head. "I don't know. But it was perfect. So fucking perfect." I press a kiss to her hair.

All of us keep our voices low, not willing to wake her up.

I huff out a quiet laugh and give her a tiny squeeze. “I have the insane urge to keep her.”

“Me too,” Hudson replies as he picks up one of her hands and threads his fingers with hers so that they are holding hands.

Xavier grunts in agreement, his fingers still fiddling with her hair.

Emmy’s body trembles, and she makes a tiny mewling sound before turning on her side and trying to curl into my chest. My gaze zooms up to Derek’s as I curl myself around her, cradling her to me.

Derek gets off the bed and walks around to the closet. After opening it, he pauses, staring at something on the shelf before reaching up and pulling out a blanket. He drapes it over the two of us, making sure Emmy is completely covered. When everything is settled, he looks at each of us. “What do you think about extending the invitation for the entire weekend? We can take her back to the apartment.”

My gut tightens. We’ve never taken a group play there. But I can see Emmy in our play room. Lounging on the couch. Hanging from my hooks with my ropes. Strapped to Xavier’s table. Bound to Derek’s cross. Crying beautifully on Hudson’s floor. “Yes.”

Hudson and Xavier echo my sentiment, and Derek relaxes.

“Double the gift?”

“On top.” I don’t give a fuck about the money.

Derek nods.

“What about after the weekend?” Xavier rumbles as he twists a strand of her hair around his fingers.

The room goes quiet.

“Let’s just get through the weekend first. She might not want to extend the invitation. This might have been a one-off for her. Something on her bucket list she wanted to check off. We’ll wait until she wakes up and we’ll ask her. Give her all the details about the apartment and what it will mean.”

“Give her more of a taste of what we all want,” Hudson adds. “Tonight, she got a peek of what we want as a group. If she says yes to the rest of the weekend, we have forty-eight hours to introduce her to our individual kinks. If she can’t handle the weekend, then the question doesn’t even need to be asked.”

We all nod.

But I can feel it. The hope.

The hope that we can keep her for more than just the night. More than just the weekend.

I can also feel the damn restraints they all have wrapped around that hope.

She’s it for us, I know it. I’ll spend the entire weekend proving it to them.

Emmy is ours.

I adjust on the bed, pulling her higher up on my chest. The movement jostles her, but

she resettles with her cheek pressed against me. Her naked body flush up against mine soothes something deep within me, and I have the insane urge to squeeze her so tight that my body simply absorbs her.

I replay the moment that we tied her arms behind her back and the way her eyes widened once she realized what was happening. The way she hadn't struggled but simply accepted that this was her new state of being. She never once fought her bindings; if anything, she seemed to sink deeper into the scene.

Imagery of her posed in a Hashira pattern against my wooden pillar assaults my mind, and if I was a decade younger, my twitching cock would be at full mast again. As it is, I have almost two decades on this young girl in my arms.

Keeping her for longer than a contract is out of the question. She has so much life left to live. And while we are all physically fit and healthy men, we are getting to that stage in life where we will be on the other side of what is considered prime.

Besides, what if she wants to settle down at some point? Get married? Have kids. We can't offer that as a group. She would have to choose one of us and the rest would have to watch from the wings. That would kill us.

For that very reason, we will have to agree to a contract period with her. And that's only if we can get more than the weekend with her.

Something cool and wet drips onto my thigh, and as okay as I am with bodily fluids during a scene, post-coital semen leaking onto my leg is a hard pass for me.

"She needs to be cleaned up," I say, doing my best to school my discomfort. The runny liquid is rolling down my thigh toward the duvet that we hadn't bothered to strip because we were in too much of a hurry. "Me too."

Derek smirks at me, the bastard knowing exactly what is occurring, but he does get up and disappear into the en-suite. Water runs for a few moments before he comes back with two wet washcloths.

Xavier holds his arms out where he is sitting. “Let me take her.”

Shifting Emmy in my arms, I carefully transfer her to Xavier—blankets and all—and accept the warm, wet cloth from Derek. While I tend to myself, Derek raises the blanket and carefully wipes her clean.

When I’m done with the cloth, I get up and toss it into the bathroom. Turning around, I take in the room.

Hudson has come and gone, apparently, returning with his briefs on, and several glasses of water have appeared on the bedside table. Derek is still sitting with Xavier, both of them naked—the same as me—except, Xav is covered up by Emmy’s blanket.

Fuck, Emmy.

We don’t even know her real goddamned name.

“Should we ask her for her name?” Apparently, my filter has disappeared.

All three of them look at me, my confusion reflected on their faces.

Then we all glance at the beautiful woman in Xav’s arms.

“I’m not sure I want more details. Even if she agrees to extend our time together, what if she doesn’t want more than the weekend?” Hudson muses quietly. He holds a half-full glass in his hands, slowly rotating it as he watches her. “If she agrees to

more than just the weekend, then—”

“Just to be clear, we’re talking about a contract, right?” I confirm, because there is absolutely no room for miscommunication in this situation.

Hudson inclines his head at me. “Exactly, a contract. If she doesn’t want one, then Sunday evening, we’ll part ways, never to see her again. Do we really need her name for two more days?”

I mull it over. Not having her real name will help me to keep this all in perspective. This girl has unraveled so many of the knots inside of me in the space of—I check the nightstand clock—fuck me, not even two hours. There are four of us and one of her, and we didn’t even last two hours?

“What if she asks for ours?” Derek asks, getting off the bed and heading toward the door.

I trail after him as I answer. “I think she should know our names, just so it doesn’t get awkward when all she can call the four of us is Daddy.”

“I agree with Darcy,” Xavier murmurs as Emmy stirs in his arms.

Hudson sits on the bed and reaches out to Emmy, linking his fingers with hers again, before nodding at me.

“Derek?” I call out to him.

He pulls on his briefs, then glances at me.

“Three yeses.”

He just nods.

My head snaps around when a very timid, almost sad voice enters into the conversation. “Daddy?”

I take a deep breath. Here we go.

Page 24

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:18 am

Chapter 24

Emery

My eyelids are weighed down by one hundred metric tons of . . . something.

It hurts to think.

Well, not hurts, exactly, but thoughts are hard.

Like my brain is floating through a pink cotton candy sky as it chases between thoughts, trying to string some sort of coherence together. But every time I manage to catch a thought, it disintegrates into pink glitter.

The murmuring around me isn't in focus and sounds more like a hum, blocked out by the cotton candy clouds.

Thinking of hurting—internally, I snicker at myself, because an actual snicker is too much energy—my whole body hurts like I've done ten rounds with my last fucker of a foster father.

No, wait.

I press my thighs together, and a deep-seated ache throbs in my pussy and upper thighs. He never caused that kind of pain. Just a broken arm and a messed-up face.

The warm pillow I'm lying on rumbles, and I can clearly make out its words.

“I agree with Darcy.”

I frown. Why is my pillow agreeing with Darcy? And who is Darcy, anyway? Do I know a Darcy?

My arms feel heavy as I try to maneuver them beneath me so that I can push myself up, but they don't want to cooperate.

Two bands of steel tighten around my middle, restricting my motions.

Another memory of being restrained by satin ribbons flashes into my mind, and everything comes back to me.

Four men. Daddies. Sex, so much sex.

Holy fuck. I did it.

I really fucking did it.

I'm ten thousand dollars richer.

Ten thousand motherfucking dollars.

It's over.

Done.

They are done.

Done with me.

A tsunami of despair crashes over my head, stealing my breath and locking up my throat. The glowy, floaty feeling draws away like a bubble bath down a drain, and I can't catch my breath.

They're done with me.

It's over.

A snarky voice in the back of my head is sneering at me.

Why the fuck are you being so goddamn emotional? This is exactly what you wanted. For them to fuck and run. They can drop the cash on their way out the door.

Tears burn the back of my throat, and nausea threatens to overtake me.

I open my mouth to tell them, but I still don't know their fucking names.

Whimpering, I force my eyes open and address them by the only name I have for them. "Daddy?"

The pillow-turned-man jostles me until we can make eye contact. Hazel eyes framed by frowning features stare down at me, and I whimper again, slinking farther back into his arms. Tears prickle at the corners of my eyes.

Oh, god. I'm going to cry.

In front of them.

Hunter's eyebrows raise in concern, and one of the steel bands uncurls from around me. He runs his fingertips across my forehead so lightly that I barely feel it. Not once does he break eye contact with me as he slowly traces a line through my hair to the

back of my ear, where he tucks the strands he has gathered.

“Shh, Emmy, you’re okay.” His voice is quiet and smooth, like honey left to sit in the sun. “Would you like some water?”

Movement in my periphery steals my attention away from Hunter.

Daddy is standing there in his underwear, bare chest on display. I didn’t have much of a chance to get a good look at any of them, but for an old guy, this one is in good shape. He has a hint of a six pack, and his pecs are defined.

When I do nothing but stare and blink at him, he slowly approaches the bed and sits on the edge, hiding his body from me as he offers me the glass. “Baby, you need to rehydrate. We don’t want you to experience a drop. Will you let us take care of you one more time?”

Instantly, I clench my thighs together, because, fuck, I don’t think I can let them have me again, even if I wanted to. Which I totally don’t. Tonight was a one-time thing. One night. No repeats.

Daddy chuckles and reaches forward with his free hand, tugging at the blankets near my waist. “No, not like that. Will you let us help you get cleaned up and settled? Were you planning on spending the night here or going home?”

Once he has the blanket loosened enough, he slips his hand beneath the soft fabric. Daddy’s fingers graze along my forearm until he finds my hand, slowly pulling it out of the warm cocoon, then pressing the cool glass into my palm.

I shake my head. “Going home.”

Smiling, he tips his head toward my glass. “Drink.”

Instantly, I comply and take a sip before trying to sit up a little straighter. Hunter flexes beneath me, and then I am being lifted until I am sitting upright on his lap, the skin of my back against the skin of his chest, and somehow the blanket continues to shield my body from them.

“Well?”

My gaze darts back up to Daddy, who seems to be holding in a laugh. “Huh?”

His lips twist in a grin. “Will you let us help you clean up? Can we take care of you until you feel like yourself again?”

Oh, right, that.

There is a coughed laugh from the other side of the room, and I snap my head in that direction. Viper’s fist is covering his mouth, but there are wrinkles at the corners of his eyes. He lowers his hand, and for the first time, I see his amazing smile.

He could be in a dental ad for perfectly white teeth.

I sigh and snuggle back into Hunter, glass clutched between my hands.

Wait, there was a question.

I narrow my eyes, and then it comes to me. I nod. “Yes.”

I frown down at the glass. Why does my brain feel so disconnected from my body?

“Come on, princess. Let’s get you in the shower,” Angel says as he offers me his hand.

I continue to hold my glass with one hand and slip the other into his palm. Hunter's arms tighten around me, like he doesn't want to let me go, but then he relents and Angel gives my hand a tug.

My legs are tangled in the blanket, but Daddy helps get me unwrapped. The cool air of the room feels amazing against my heated skin. With heavy limbs, I try to sit up and swing my legs to the side of the mattress, but my entire body protests, like I imagine it would the day after an especially strenuous gym session.

It doesn't help that Hunter's body is hard and unyielding underneath me, and I kind of don't want to get off.

"Here, let me take that. Then Darcy can help you into the shower."

The cup is removed from my hand, but I pay absolutely zero attention to that. No, my entire focus is on the gorgeous man with the brown strands of hair escaping his bun and floating around his face.

One side of his lips tip up into a half smile as he reaches for my free hand and pulls me from my perch on Hunter. "Nice to meet you, Emmy."

Angel is Darcy.

I study him in a way I'm positive is rude, but I can't help it. I love my name for him, but I have to admit that Darcy suits him. The dark blue eyes, with straight severe eyebrows, softened by the neatly trimmed beard that frames his lips and jaw—totally a Darcy.

But I'm still going to call him Angel—in my head, at least.

As soon as my toes touch the carpet, I'm hauled upright. It's one hundred percent one

of those cliché moments from a movie when the hero helps the girl, and when she stumbles into his chest, they do that cheesy stare-into-each-other's-eyes thing.

But it's totally not cheesy. My hand lands on his bare chest, and the full length of my body is pressed to his, skin on skin. Slowly, so freaking slowly, I tilt my head back until we make eye contact, and I could drown in the blue that surrounds his pupils.

If my entire body didn't ache like a ninety-year-old's, I'd totally be asking for a repeat of the last few hours.

Wait, how long has it been?

Are they all satisfied?

Was it enough?

My brow furrows and I lower my gaze.

Was I enough?

"Hey, where'd you go just now?" Fingers grip my chin and tilt my head back up so that I'm forced to make eye contact with Darcy again.

Hot, gross emotions swirl in my chest and clog up my throat. I bite my lip and give a tiny shake of my head. He frowns, eyes roaming over my features before he leans down and presses a kiss to my forehead.

An honest-to-god forehead kiss.

Tears threaten.

Distantly, I can hear a voice screaming inside of my head to pull myself together. That this is a transaction. He is only being sweet to me right now because he and his three friends just used and abused my body however they fucking wanted.

But I don't listen to the voice. I pick it up, wrap it in a canvas sheet, and stuff it in a box that I shelve in the furthest reaches of my mind.

This might be the only time I get to experience these feelings, and I want to feel all of them. Even if they don't make sense.

Darcy wraps an arm around my shoulders, then steps backward, turning to face the entry to the en-suite. I'd used it to get ready—not that I'd had a whole lot to do.

It is the nicest room I have ever been in. Period.

The shower is that walk-in style with no door, and the showerhead hangs from the ceiling. The tiles are all white and go to the ceiling, only broken up by the mirror that takes up over half of one of the walls. The sink is a raised porcelain bowl with an open waterfall spout.

Like . . . damn. The apartment I share with Oakley has a fairly nice bathroom. Everything works as expected and nothing leaks. No cracked tiles or broken mirrors. I thought that was nice. But this shits all over that.

The tiles are cold beneath my feet as Darcy walks me toward the toilet, where he guides me to sitting on the lid, which is blissfully cool against my overused pussy. He keeps hold of my hand while he leans around the glass wall of the shower and fiddles with the tap to get the water running.

Once he's happy, he turns back to me and smiles before pulling me up to standing and leading me into the steam-filling shower. He positions me out of the water and

quickly steps under the cascading stream.

He pulls the band from his hair as he steps backward under the water. Instantly, his wavy brown hair plasters itself to his head. Darcy holds his hand out for me, and when I place mine in his, he tugs me just the tiniest bit closer, before twirling me around like a dancer until my back is to him.

“We should probably wash your hair, but I don’t think the others would be pleased with me for stealing so much of their time with you.” He scoops his hands between my neck and hair, slowly gathering all of it into one hand. My eyes flutter shut as he continues working the heavy weight up my head until he can twist all of it into a messy bun, using his hair tie to hold it in place.

He peppers kisses down my neck, and I tip my head to the side to give him more access. The kisses aren’t the kind to set my blood on fire. No. These are the kind to help me pull myself back together, piece by piece. Like there is comfort to be had in this tiny glass room with the sound of water reverberating off the tiles.

Darcy wraps his strong arms around me, one along my waist and the other along my collarbone. I shift my head to the side and use the crook of his elbow as a pillow. He steps us backward, shielding me from most of the water falling.

“You doing okay, princess?”

Humming, I open my eyes and tip my head until I can see him. “I’m still kind of floaty. But it s’okay. I like it.”

And, apparently, I have no filter.

He grins and traces a finger across my forehead, dragging some wet wisps of hair away from my skin. “I’m glad you like it. You were perfect tonight. Everything we

could have ever wanted.”

I know the grin on my face is dopey, but there's nothing I can do about it. It's like my brain refuses to tell my face not to smile. Why the fuck do I care that he thinks I was perfect? I absolutely do not have a warm gooey sensation in my chest.

And I am absolutely not dying to beg him to keep me.

No. Fuck, no.

“Let's get you cleaned up. Then we can talk.”

Talk? What's there to talk about?

My heart hardens in my chest.

Is this when they tell me I didn't satisfy all of their needs, and they won't be paying the full gift?

Chapter 25

Emery

Darcy and I don't talk for the rest of the shower. He spends several minutes washing my body with the hotel-provided body wash and a small cloth. When I get out, I find Viper in nothing but his package-hugging boxer briefs waiting for me, a towel in his hands, like he plans to dry me himself.

A blush threatens to spread across my cheeks, but I refuse to let it get the better of me. Being naked in front of this man, or any of the others, is nothing to be embarrassed about. They just used me like I was their own fuckable sex doll.

The water shuts off behind me, and a tattooed arm reaches around me as Darcy snatches up the remaining towel from the shelf. I stand there, dripping on the mat, staring at Viper, but startle when I feel the softest brush of lips against my temple.

“See you out there, princess.”

Darcy skirts around me with the towel wrapped around his waist, and I get an eyeful of his back and the intricate lines of a tattoo that wraps over his shoulder.

When it's just me and Viper, I turn my attention back to him, goose bumps starting to rise on my skin from the cool air, wet skin combo I'm rocking right now.

He holds up the towel, outstretched between both hands. “May I?”

I manage to keep my face from revealing all my thoughts, but the effort results in me blinking like an owl. Eventually, I manage to nod, and the tension in Viper's shoulders relaxes.

He steps right into my space. I expect him to accidentally brush his fingers against me, but he doesn't. There is nothing but the terry cloth touching my skin as he goes over every inch of my body with the towel.

"Open," he quietly demands when he gets to my thighs.

I shuffle my feet open, staring down at the blond hair of the man kneeling at my feet, carefully removing water from my body.

For some reason, the fact that I don't feel his fingers brush against my pussy makes my heart tumble. The damn organ doesn't know what to do with itself, and it's unsettling.

It's supposed to just beat in my chest—circulate my body with blood and keep me alive. It is not supposed to be doing acrobatics.

When Viper is satisfied that he hasn't left a single drop of liquid on my body, he tips his head back and looks up at me—which, admittedly, isn't that far up, with his head being in line with my ribcage—and smiles. "All done."

When he stands, I come face to face with his chest and the absolutely gorgeous piece he has inked into his skin, which actually looks like a series of images that have been stitched together with time.

An eagle sits at the base of his throat, wings outstretched as its feet grip onto one of the many cursive letters written over his right pec. The font is outdated, slightly hard to read, but I can tell it's a quote about perseverance and strength.

His shoulder converts into the night sky, with several constellations clearly visible. The other side of his tattoo is made up of geometric designs, interposed with thorny roses and music notes. Before I even realize what I'm doing, my fingertips trace along the edge of a set of triangles arranged in a line.

He captures my hand, thumb across my palm as he cups my hand in his. "Hudson."

My eyes dart up to his face, and I remember my manners right at the very last second. "W—excuse me?"

"My name. Hudson. In case you wanted to know it. We didn't have much time to introduce ourselves," he responds with a wink.

Of all the fucking times, now is when my cheeks decide to bloom red. I lower my eyes, not really sure what he is implying. Did they not like it? They seemed to. Did I break some rule? Were we supposed to sit through stupid awkward chit chat before someone worked up the nerve to make a move?

Embarrassment still burning in my chest, I try to come up with a response, but I end up making a series of unintelligible noises. "I, ah, it was . . ."

"Come on, kitten. We'll get you dressed, and then we'll go see what the others are up to."

It sounds like a suggestion, but the way Hudson pulls on my hand until I follow him back into the bedroom lets me know I won't be getting my own way about any of this.

That's okay.

I can keep playing along for a few more minutes. Then we'll go our separate ways,

and everything will be over.

Besides, I'm kind of enjoying letting someone else take charge for once. Well, besides Oakley making me dinner last night. Holy shit. Had that only been last night?

Damn, that feels like it was a million years ago.

"Derek found your bag. I assume all of your things are in there?"

Hudson's very neutral tone snags my attention, my eyes zooming from his face to my ratty-ass backpack that's held together with duct tape and safety pins.

Ah, fuck.

With my eyes trained on the backpack, I nod.

Silence emits from the man by my side, like toxic smoke from a chimney, and it occurs to me that he is waiting for something very specific.

"Yes, Daddy." I ignore the slight shake in my voice. Hudson has the manners to ignore it as well.

Out of the corner of my eye, I see him raise his arm, and I flinch, a tiny whimper escaping.

Motherfucker.

If the silence a moment ago was toxic, this silence chokes me and makes my vision go black. My breaths stutter, and it is taking all my willpower not to grab my bag and dash out of the hotel room and into the corridor, naked as the day I was born. Fuck the money.

But then, a warm hand cups the back of my neck, and an equally warm body brushes against my arm, before lips press into my hair. “Get dressed, kitten. Then come out and talk to us. We have something we would like to discuss with you.”

I start to nod, but then remember myself. “Yes, Daddy.”

Another kiss, then he slips away from me, closing the bedroom door behind him. I am alone. So, so alone.

Tears are burning the back of my eyes, so I close them.

I will not cry.

I will not cry.

I don’t even fucking know why I want to cry.

I haven’t cried since—nope, not going there.

I inhale deeply through my nose, something I’d seen a TikTok therapist recommend on a live stream once, and hold it for four. I continue doing box breathing until I don’t feel like my emotions are going to explode across the room like a Jackson Pollock painting.

When I have myself under control, I open the bag and sort through my things until I have the clean sweatpants, oversized ratty T-shirt, fresh panties, and bralette elaid out on the bed. I stare at the clothing and regret not packing one of the negligees they bought me.

In my defense, I didn’t expect them to hang around like this. The men normally left before I could even sit up.

Once I have everything on and my bag zipped back up, I carry it over to the door and place my hand on the handle. Before I can talk myself into living in this room for the rest of my life, I press down and push the door open.

The low murmur of masculine voices cuts off as I walk into the living space. They are all seated in the positions of their kisses.

Darcy leans against the end of the table. Hudson is in the chair beside him. And Hunter and Daddy are on the couch. I wonder if I will get to know their names too? At the sound of the door opening, their heads swivel in my direction. I'd laugh at how psycho-movie the motion is, but my stomach is tied so tightly in a single gigantic knot, I'm pretty confident that if I open my mouth right now I'll vomit.

Not wanting to draw more unwanted attention to my backpack, I drop it on the floor by the kitchen, then pad over to the coffee table, which is still super close to the TV. I desperately want to curl my legs up and under me, forming a tight little ball, but I force myself to just cross my ankles under the table and to grip the edge with both hands.

They've all managed to get their clothes back on, but their shirts are in varying stages of done-up. Completely undone, partially done, fully done. Why the fuck am I noticing all of these tiny details?

"Emmy."

My eyes flutter shut, and I take a breath before forcing myself to look at Daddy. His gaze is roaming all over me, stopping on my white knuckles before coming to rest on my face.

"What can we do? What do you need from us right now? There is no wrong answer."

My mouth drops open as I stare at him.

What do I need from them ?

Have I stepped into an alternate reality? Was the doorway from the bedroom to here some sort of portal to a land where fuck-and-run doesn't actually mean run?

What the fuck does he mean, what do I need from them?

What words does he want from me?

I furrow my brows as I stare back at him.

Hunter makes an annoyed sound next to Daddy, and before I can actually puzzle out what my answer is supposed to be, Hunter strides across the room and scoops me up, bridal-style. My head spins with how fast he marches us back to the couch, turns, then sits back down with me in his lap.

Now, instead of staring at Daddy with an open mouth, I'm gaping at Hunter. This time, my words don't fail me. "Fucking excuse you. Put me back on the coffee table."

There is a huff of laughter from the direction of the table, but I don't break eye contact.

Hunter stares back at me, dark eyes unreadable, before giving me a one-word answer. "No."

I glare back at him and raise my hands to shove at his chest, but he captures both of my wrists in one.

"Let me go," I demand through clenched teeth. Involuntarily, my eyes dart through

the gap made by him and Daddy, spying the door. My heart rate escalates in a less than pleasant way, and I'm suddenly regretting telling Oakley not to check in with me until lunchtime tomorrow.

If I can get free, I can be gone in seconds. I can take the stairs instead of the elevator and dip out.

"Jesus, Xavier, let her go. You're scaring her."

The warmth of a hand landing on my knee and gently caressing it breaks through the thundering in my ears. I turn and face Daddy again as Hunter's—no, Xavier's—grip loosens on my wrists, but he doesn't let me go all the way.

Daddy has concern written all over his face, and it is so damn weird to see it aimed in my direction.

My mind rattles back around to thoughts from just a moment ago.

Why the fuck is he concerned about me?

Wasn't I just a hole—well, two—for him and his friends to stick it in? What's with this schmoopy-give-a-crap act?

"Emmy, breathe with me." It's a very clear order, and if it wasn't for the fact that my heart feels like it's in my stomach and the edges of my vision are going fuzzy, I would tell him to fuck off and demand to be allowed to leave.

They've gotten what they wanted. What else do they need me for?

Instead, I breathe, mimicking Daddy's inhalations and exhalations until the ringing in my ears fades away.

“That’s it, good girl. Relax, keep breathing.”

His words mesmerize me, and without consciously intending to, my body relaxes, and I tip into Xavier until I’m nestled against his chest. He finally releases my wrists, then wraps his muscular arms around my body.

Somehow, this calms me more, when not just thirty seconds ago, I was desperate to leave.

Leave. That’s right. That’s what I need to do.

But not yet. Right now, I just want to sit here, wrapped up in Xavier.

Page 26

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:18 am

Chapter 26

Emery

I must have dozed off again. Quiet male voices slowly pierce my consciousness, drawing me away from the heaviness that coats me.

“I’m on board with that. Need to make sure there are no more drops.”

“Okay, so everyone agrees. Extended aftercare, no taking her at her word that she’s fine.”

There are murmurs of agreement, and déjà vu hits me when I hear Xavier’s voice rumble through his chest.

Embarrassment curls in my stomach and blooms on my cheeks when I think about the mess I’d been in front of them.

Fuck, did I have a panic attack?

Jesus christ.

I haven’t had one of those since I was a pre-teen realizing the foster care system wasn’t all fucking sunshine and roses.

“What’s aftercare?” I ask, voice way more croaky than I expect. Opening my eyes, I scan the three men I can see and push up to sitting in the fourth’s lap.

Daddy—damn it, I still don't know his name. Actually didn't Hudson mention a Derek? So, if I'm sitting on Xavier, Darcy is leaning on the table, and Hudson is sitting on the chair, then the man holding my hands is Derek.

For some reason, that thought tumbles out of my mouth. "You're Derek."

He grins at me. "Yes. And you're Emmy."

I clench my jaw against the automatic need to correct him. They don't need to know my real name. I give a slow nod. "Yeah, Emmy."

His thumb rubs over the back of my hand. "To answer your question, aftercare happens after sex or a scene. It's different for everyone, but in general terms, it is the sharing of comfort and tending to physical needs that any of the play partners require."

I frown. This is so confusing. It's never been like this before. The only way I'll get answers is to ask the question. "I don't get it. Why would you want to comfort me after fucking me? Isn't the point of paying me so that you don't have to comfort me? I'm not a girlfriend."

There is a lot of silence in the room.

I probably should have phrased that better.

Derek frowns and looks down at the carpet, a muscle ticking in his temple.

Darcy straightens against the table. "He means cuddling, princess."

"And tending to any wounds, if there are any," Hudson adds from beside him.

My eyes widen, and I jerk around to stare at Xavier, my hand rushing up to my lip,

my mind focusing on the wounds portion of the explanation.

Silently, he reaches up and moves my fingers away before he touches my lip himself. He pulls the skin and seems satisfied with what he sees. “No more blood.”

Suddenly, I remember his whispered words: I wish I brought my knives.

Heat flashes through my body, and he smirks at me, as if he knows what I’m thinking.

“We think that, in future scenes, we’ll need to provide you with a lot more time and attention.”

Derek’s words capture my attention like a dealer’s ears hearing a corner kid scream, “Po-po.”

“Future scenes?” Had I gotten this wrong? Was this more than one night?

“Yes, but let me ask you a few things first,” Derek replies as he readjusts on the couch. “Did you enjoy yourself tonight?”

Memories of the two orgasms I had tonight, and how I shamelessly begged over and over again to come, flood my mind. Once again, embarrassment threatens to swallow me whole, but I shove that shit down. With as little emotion showing on my face as possible, I nod.

“Was there anything you didn’t like or wouldn’t be willing to do again?”

A bubble of disappointment inflates in my stomach when I don’t get reprimanded for not addressing him correctly. I shake my head. “No, I enjoyed all of it.”

Which is still fucking weird.

Why did the pain feel so good?

“You got a taste of a few of our kinks tonight. Would you be interested in exploring them further?”

My damned heart is back to lurching all over the place again. This conversation is going in a very particular direction, and I’m not a fucking idiot.

Are they really asking what I think they are?

And why does the idea of more time with them make my heart calm and soar at the same time?

“It would depend on what that would look like,” I reply, trying to keep my calm, but holy shit, I’m losing it on the inside.

Derek doesn’t hold back when he rattles off a list of terms similar to the ones in their invitation. “Group sex, free use, fisting, medical play, orgasm control, vibrators, spanking, paddling, flogging, restraints—hard and soft—shibari, double penetration.”

I hold my hand up. “Anal is off the table.”

He cocks an eyebrow at me, and I cock one right back.

His lips quirk as he holds back a smile, like I’m fucking cute or some shit. “Fair enough.”

Whatever.

“What’s medical play?” Everything else, I already know or looked up on Urban Dictionary.

Derek, Hudson, and Darcy look at Xavier.

I feel him shift beneath me, and then I feel him whisper more than I hear him. “I want to make you bleed for me. Pierce this virgin flesh, over and over, until the pain turns to pleasure and I can leave my mark on you. Eventually.”

My mouth drops open, and I swivel my head to look at him.

My pussy throbs, the sudden flood of pleasure not mixing all that well with how swollen I’m just now realizing I am.

“We aren’t going to put pressure on you to answer right now, but we would like to send you another invitation. It’s up to you whether you decide to accept it or not. You can walk away right now and never see us again. Or you can accept the invitation and do some more exploring with us.”

Swallowing, I break eye contact with Xavier and turn back to Derek. Having no idea what the fuck to say, I nod.

There is a gentleness to Derek’s eyes that I haven’t seen before.

“It is completely up to you, Emmy. There is no pressure.”

A knot loosens inside of me. “Yeah, okay.”

I pull my hands free of Derek’s grasp and glance around. “Ah, I should probably go now, right?”

Hudson smiles at me. “There’s no rush, but if you would like to leave, one of us will walk down and put you in your car.”

“Ah, I actually caught a cab here.”

Hudson nods. "A cab, then."

I wiggle in Xavier's arms, and just when I think he isn't going to let me go, his arms slip from around me.

Getting my feet onto the floor, I stand up with the knowledge that the four of them are watching my every move.

Wanting to seem confident and sure in my actions, I walk over to my bag and grip the strap that is still attached to the bag on its own. The men seem to be having a silent conversation before Xavier pushes to stand and walks toward me.

He saunters over and opens the door, reaching out his other hand for me. I take it, but before he can pull me through the door, I look back one last time.

My throat tightens as I take in each of them.

Derek has stood, hands stuffed into his pockets as he watches me leave.

Darcy stands by his side and has his arms folded over his chest, a portion of his bare chest on display.

Hudson is still seated, but he has turned around and propped his arm up along the back of his chair.

He gives me a small smile, and somehow, it makes my heart hurt.

The entire time, Xavier waits for me patiently. I take a breath so deep, my ribs hurt, then I turn on my heel and walk out. The door snicks shut behind us.

Silence surrounds us as we walk down the corridor and wait for the elevator. It continues as we go down and for the walk across the lobby and out onto the streets of

Chicago.

Not once does Xavier let go of my hand. Even with all the odd looks we are getting, since he is in his trousers and dress shirt, and I'm in flip-flops, sweats, and a tee.

Somehow, he manages to get a cab right away. As soon as it comes to a stop, Xavier pulls the back passenger door open. Before I can step into the car, he tugs on my hand, bringing me to a stop.

I turn to ask him what's wrong, but the words remain trapped in my mouth when he crashes his lips on mine. His tongue surges into my mouth, and I rise up on my tiptoes, sucked into the vortex that he is creating.

Then his teeth graze over the tiny cut, and I moan as he pays it particular attention. A sting reignites as he sucks on my lip, causing my pussy to flutter like it has another orgasm locked and loaded.

Holy fuck.

Xavier pulls back and stares into my eyes as he strokes my cheek with his thumb. Eventually, he steps away and gestures for me to enter the cab. I do so in a daze.

Once he closes the door behind me, he steps to the front and taps on the window of the passenger seat. The driver lowers the window, and Xavier withdraws a motherfucking money clip from his pocket and leans into the window, arm outstretched with two bills squeezed between his index and middle fingers.

“Please wait for her to enter her residence before leaving.”

The driver makes eye contact with me in the mirror before accepting the cash. “Yes, sir.”

Xavier steps back from the cab and stares at me as we pull away from the curb. I turn and watch through the back window as we pull into traffic, the lights from the surrounding buildings streaming by, until he is a body amongst the many on the sidewalk.

Turning back in my seat, I search through my bag for my phone.

Just as I get my hand around the device, I feel it vibrate.

My stomach clenches.

With a slight tremble, I pull it out and look at the screen.

SugarLife

\$5,000 has been gifted to you from Brat4Us. You can find your gift in your Vault.

SugarLife

Your vault balance is \$10,000.

Sweat breaks out under my bra. Ten thousand dollars. I have ten thousand dollars. I stifle a laugh with the back of my hand.

My phone vibrates again.

SugarLife

Brat4Us has sent you a private invitation.

Giddily, I tap on the notification, and the SugarLife app takes a few seconds to open.

The cab comes to a stop at a red light as the invitation opens and the message appears.

Emmy,

We had an amazing time with you tonight and would like to continue our arrangement for the rest of the weekend, if you are willing. We hope you accept.

If you choose to decline, we will validate your profile for you, so that any future daddies know you are real.

Your Daddies.

The list of kinks Derek mentioned earlier is listed as well. Below that, there is a new section.

Hard limit: Anal.

I scroll down just a fraction more, and my eyes nearly bulge out of my head.

Two red gift boxes stare back at me.

Twenty. Motherfucking. Thousand. Dollars.

To be continued . . .