



# You're ours now (Masked Men)

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**Category:** LGBT+

**Description:** Love is my favorite thing in the world. The grand gestures, the butterflies, the happily ever after. I live for it all. The problem? My love life is a total disaster. No one ever measures up to my three best friends—Storm, Zayne, and Julius. They're perfect in every way . . . except for the tiny detail that they don't see me as anything more than a friend.

When an invitation to a Valentine's Day themed matchmaking show lands in my email inbox, I think, Why not put my heart out there? Sign me up. Filming my video feels like a dream until I accidentally mention my fantasies about masked men and a little spice in the bedroom.

Fast forward to the big day, and I'm ready to meet my match. However, when I arrive, I'm not greeted by one man . . . but three. All masked. All confident. All dangerously familiar. As the night unfolds, these men teach me something I've never let myself believe: it's okay to want what I want.

This Valentine's Day, my love life might finally stop being a disaster.

And sometimes the happily ever after you've been chasing is right in front of you.

**Total Pages (Source):** 16

# Page 1

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Mum us says,

No TV show wants to film you being chased by masked men unless it's a thriller or porn. And if you're not being paid, I'm afraid it is a true crime situation, and someone will find your body in a ditch. And at the very least, wear protection—no orgasm is worth the risk. And do we even need to tell you to look behind the mask first?

Also, for fuck's sake, you know your best friends like you. Don't play coy.

Author us says,

Of course you sign up for that shit. Masked men chasing you and bringing you to multiple orgasms in a deserted resort are the best kind. Go get all the orgasms and let that cum slide down your legs, then let another masked man blindfold you and eat that shit straight from your pussy. Problem solved, you're all clean now.

You get all the dick in all the holes. And the bonus part is, your three best friends fuck you stupid in glow masks.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 11:05 am*

### Chapter One

Mellie

My life couldn't be more of a train wreck. I had everything all mapped out, yet here I am, twenty-five years old and still fucking single. I should be married by now.

"Stop laughing at me!" I snap at my friend Lily.

"I'm sorry, but it's funny. My guys would bust a nut if I choked them, but not everyone is into that kind of thing."

I can't hold back my groan.

I met Lily last year when her boyfriend North helped Storm with some work at our house. Lily tagged along, looking damn adorable in her work gear. She even had a pink hammer.

The lucky bitch has a life I'm envious of, complete with three extremely hot men. When she told me about how they met and the masks, I almost combusted. I wouldn't dare even dream of being that lucky; shit, I tried to be a little kinky with the last guy I was seeing, and he ran for the hills.

"Don't be afraid to like what you like," she replies.

"We can't all win the boyfriend lottery. I'd be happy with a simple spank— Oh shit! Hi, Eli."

Eli waves shyly from the background of Lily's video. He doesn't talk very much, so I know it's not that I've made him uncomfortable. Instead, he kisses the side of Lily's head and moves away.

"You live with your three very attractive best friends, Mel. Remind me again why you don't wrap yourself in a bow and see what happens?"

I inhale and close my eyes briefly. My best friends are my rocks, and we have known each other practically our whole lives. To them, I'm one of the guys, and they don't see me as anything more. Even if one of them did, I wouldn't want to go there—it would change the dynamic of our group. They have dated before and so have I, but none of them have brought any girls home. I am thankful for that; I don't know if I could have handled the emotions that would have stirred up. And that's not even mentioning the situationship between Julius and Zayne. I know they screw around, and my poor vibrator has gotten a damn good workout on the nights I hear Zayne's bed smashing against my bedroom wall.

"Because I don't want to ruin our friendship, and besides, none of them see me as more than a friend," I explain in a whisper when I hear someone's door close down the hall.

"I've got to go," she blurts. "Harlen's dragging me out to do some shopping. We'll have to catch up soon."

"Enjoy your perfect life and all the orgasms."

Lily laughs as she ends the call.

I throw my phone down on my bed and a light knock on my door has me sitting up and shaking off my disappointment at not having a boyfriend.

Julius strolls into my room. “Hey, Moo, I’m making breakfast. You hungry?”

I nod, covertly appraising one of my best friends. Julius is a combination of hot and nerdy, with unruly brown curls framing big brown eyes hidden behind glasses perched on rosy cheeks. I wish he realized how hot he is. He holds out a hand to help me off the bed.

“Is Zayne awake?” I ask, and he shakes his head.

“He didn’t get in until after two this morning, so he will be out cold for a few more hours yet. Storm should be back from his run shortly. He needed to clear his head. Ford has been on his ass again about working for their family company.”

The Wells family is extremely wealthy and owns Wells International. A portion was left to Storm when his mom passed away, and his cousin Ford was among those pressuring Storm to move two hours away to take his place at the helm since he turned twenty-five. Storm has been avoiding them for almost a year so far, as he does not want to move and dislikes the idea of working in an office. It’s not his style. I would never voice it out loud, but I hope he doesn’t go, though he needs to do what he thinks is best.

“Shit, it means he’s going to be grumpy.”

Julius nods as I take a seat at the kitchen island, preparing the bacon he has already gotten out of the fridge.

“Who’s going to be grumpy?” Storm asks, walking through the back sliding door and into the kitchen.

I turn my body sideways and discretely appreciate the view.

Storm is massive in every sense of the word. He is six foot five, with wide shoulders and lots and lots of drool-worthy muscles. He keeps his dirty blonde hair short, and his slate-gray eyes could bring any woman to her knees.

“You,” Julius says with a laugh.

Storm steps up behind me and wraps me in his arms, the sweat on them rubbing off onto my skin.

“Storm!” I squeal. “You animal.”

He leans in and rubs his face against mine, causing me to squeal again, but he simply laughs.

Julius throws a tea towel at me as Storm moves away. I’m wiping my face as I hear my phone buzz on the counter in front of me, but by the time I move the towel, Storm has my phone in his large hands.

“Hey,” I jokingly snap, and his eyes widen at whatever he’s reading. I only hope it’s not another email demanding I come into work on my day off.

Storm smirks as he hands back my phone. “You should do it, Mellie. If any of us deserves to find love, it’s you.”

Looking down at my screen, I scan the opened email.

Dear Malaney Foster,

Thank you for your interest in our matchmaking show, True Love’s Match. You are required to come into our office for an in-person interview. Please see the information listed below for more details.

I skim through the rest of the email. Now that I think about it, I do vaguely remember signing up a couple of months ago after a failed date. I was eating ice cream and binge-watching *Gilmore Girls* for the hundredth time, while poor Zayne sat by my side and held me.

Julius watches me curiously, so I slide my phone across the counter. He catches it and reads the email, then nods. “You should do it. You believe in all that lovey-dovey stuff. There must be a man out there for you.”

My heart sinks. I know there are plenty of men out there, but any who managed to get past the first date, I can’t help but compare to my guys. Why don’t they text me back or even text first like Julius, or touch me like Zayne does, or ensure I walk on the inside of the sidewalk like Storm? And then the handful who made it to meeting my best friends ran for the hills once they met them, unable to handle them being men.

“You really think so? What if I embarrass myself on television?” I ask them skeptically.

“Well, you can’t embarrass yourself more than choking a guy and him laughing at you,” a rough voice grumbles from the doorway.

We all turn to Zayne, who has stumbled into the kitchen wearing nothing more than his black boxer briefs. I shamelessly take in his tanned skin, sexy snail trail, sculpted V, and tattoos; though he might be slimmer than Storm, he is still smoking hot. His black hair pokes up at wild angles—clearly, he slept hard. When he notices me checking him out, his blue eyes sparkle with mischief, and he shoots me his cocky smirk.

“Excuse me, but if I’m not mistaken, it was you three dickheads who told me how hot it would be if a girl did that to you. Do you know how mortifying it was? I ran out practically naked to get away from him and left my favorite T-shirt there.”

Zayne chuckles as he encircles me in his arms, his naked, glorious chest pressed against my face. “I know because it was Storm and me who picked you up. Remember? You were hiding behind a dumpster.”

Zayne pulls the spare stool closer to my side and takes a seat, leaning his head on my shoulder.

“I’m having a quick shower, but save me a plate,” Storm says, leaving the kitchen.

“Man, how did you grow up living with him and not want to screw his brains out?” Zayne asks Julius as soon as we hear the bathroom door close.

“He isn’t my type—besides, our parents are married. It would have been weird.” Julius’s cheeks turn pink.

“But you have thought about him naked, right?” Zayne teases.

“Don’t pick on him. Be honest, we’ve all imagined Storm naked,” I quip as Julius returns to cooking our omelets.

“Do you imagine me naked?” Zayne whispers in my ear.

I snort. “Zayne, I don’t have to. I see you naked all the time. You don’t close the bathroom door, and you forget to put on clothes before you leave your room in the morning.” I’ve also seen Storm naked, purely by accident, a handful of times. It’s only Julius who I haven’t, as he’s more careful and locks the bathroom door.

Zayne laughs against my shoulder. “I haven’t heard you complaining.”

Julius slides a plate in front of me and points his spatula at Zayne. “Just because you have a nice dick doesn’t mean everyone wants to see it.”

“You talk a big game, but you love looking at it and putting it in your mouth.”

Julius’s face goes a deep red, and oh, how I wish I was a fly on their wall. Julius is shy, but I think he would be totally different in the bedroom.

We move our plates to the table as Storm walks back into the room. He’s now freshly showered, but shirtless and wearing a pair of basketball shorts that hang low on his hips.

I let out a sigh; I know I’m never finding a man who would be okay with this dynamic. Maybe Lily is right. Maybe I should wrap myself in a bow and beg them to seduce me. At least I know they would never shame me for wanting something more than vanilla in the bedroom.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 11:05 am*

### Chapter Two

#### Mellie

Today is the day of my interview for True Love's Match . I'm nervous. My palms are sweaty, and my anxiety is riding me harder than my ex ever achieved. To take the edge off, I down a couple of shots of vodka from the hip flask I have hidden in my purse. I mean, who the hell will know? Though I nearly choke on my third swallow when a guy wearing a headset rounds the corner. Quickly swallowing the mouthful, I cap the flask and shove it back into my purse, then try to act normal.

Problem is . . . I'm buzzed.

I'm a lightweight when it comes to alcohol, but the guys have always told me there's no shame—apparently a cheap drunk is a good drunk.

The man stops in front of me and looks at his clipboard, then back at me. "Malaney?"

I nod a little too eagerly. "Yep— Yes, that's me."

The man's face contorts, and I cringe. I answered too loudly, but I refuse to acknowledge it. YOLO and all that shit.

"Please, follow me." He doesn't wait for a response, simply turns and stalks down the corridor.

Scrambling to my feet, I chase after him. I follow him for so long I think he may be

lost, but then he finally stops in front of a door and pushes it open, motioning me to enter. Taking one last steadying breath, I lift my head high and walk inside, coming to a halt when I see the room is empty except for a camera set on a tripod, and a single chair set beside a small table. With a huff, I whirl around and face my guide.

“I thought I was being interviewed?”

“You are. Behind the camera is a two-way mirror. The questions will be asked over the speaker system and you will answer.” He doesn’t give me a chance to reply as he closes the door, leaving me standing there with my mouth agape.

I shake off my reservations. I’m here now and backing out won’t do me any good. Sucking it up, I claim the lone chair and look directly at the camera, which has its red light already flashing.

“Hello, Miss Foster.”

I startle and dart my gaze around the room. “H-hi.”

“Welcome, we will begin the interview for True Love’s Match now. If you could look directly into the camera as you answer each question, that would be appreciated.” I nod and wring my fingers together nervously as the voice continues. “Now, please state your name and age.”

“Malaney Foster and I’m twenty-five.”

“What do you do for work?”

“I’m an assistant to a wedding planner.”

“What are some things you like doing in your spare time?”

Storm, Julius, and Zayne flash through my mind. I love hanging out with the guys whenever I can. I push the thought away.

“I enjoy spending time with my three best friends.”

“What are the key qualities you are looking for in a partner?”

My palms grow clammy as my breathing turns choppy. I take a deep, steady breath and try to calm down, but the vodka is kicking in. Images of the guys flash through my mind. I think about Julius’s courteous nature, how attentive and romantic Zayne can be, and my big protector Storm, always making sure I’m safe.

“I-I want a man who is caring, loving, and protective.” I answer honestly, because any man I end up with needs to have the same qualities as my best friends. They have set the bar high.

“What do you desire sexually from your partner?” The question has me gasping and I reel backward in my chair.

“What?” I hiss.

“What are your deepest desires in a sexual relationship, Miss Foster? What do you crave? What do you need from your partner to give you the most fulfilling sexual experience of your life?”

I totally blame the vodka for my next words. It is the only rational explanation for why I am feeling aroused, and my tongue is so loose. While I have a dark and depraved side which is into some kinky, fucked-up shit, I’ve told no one about my desires. Not even my best friends know. To the outside world, I appear like a normal woman who loves vanilla and missionary, but the truth is, I hate that shit.

The words spew out of me before I can hold them back. “Primal play. I want a man to wear a mask and chase me through a deserted resort. He will pin me against a wall and take what he wants, but I won’t know who he is. The fear of the unknown will mix with the lust of the moment and create a perfect high—equal parts fear and sexual desire. I want to be sexually owned but still hold the power outside the bedroom, to be worshipped like a goddess but fucked like a cheap toy. I need a man like my three best friends, even if it emasculates my partner. He needs to have their qualities—I need him to be like Zayne, Julius, and Storm.”

The second I finish speaking, the room falls silent. Shit! I want the floor to crack open and swallow me whole. These people are going to call the police or something because what I described isn’t normal. “Please delete that... I was joking... making light of the situation.”

“Uh, we can certainly edit that out before it goes to air.” I can hear the cringe in the interviewer’s voice and I turn away from the camera in shame. There is a reason I have never expressed what I truly crave in the bedroom. People will never understand there are other preferences when it comes to sex; all they want to hear about is plain vanilla.

I fumble my way through the rest of the interview, though honestly, I don’t recall half the questions they asked. They thank me and say they will be in contact soon, but I walk out of the building feeling ashamed and utterly repulsed by myself. Once inside my car, I pull my phone out and see a text from Julius.

Julez

You got this, Moo. Call me when you finish

I stare at the message, wanting to reply but not sure what to say. My fingers hover over the keyboard for so long as I question if I should reply. Though I know if I don’t

say something he'll worry with it now on read.

Me

The second I push send, I literally facepalm. Julius won't accept a freaking thumbs up! Out of the guys, he's the one who picks up on my emotions fastest and knows if something isn't right. Sure enough, my phone rings. Releasing a tired sigh, I answer the call. "Hey."

"What's wrong?" His tone is laced with worry, just like I expected.

"Nothing, I'm fine."

"Bullshit. What happened, Mellie?"

The air rushes from my lungs. "I admitted what I like in the bedroom and then shit got awkward. I said some crazy things and then I told them I wanted my partner to be like you guys, but then I also said some other things?"

"Wait, hold up. You want your guy to be like me, Storm, and Zayne?"

I inhale sharply as I realize I just fucked up majorly again. I never should have mentioned that!

"Oh shit, it's my boss. Got to go. Speak soon, bye!" I end the call and slouch back in my seat, wishing I could wake up and redo this fuck-up of a day. "You're a fucking idiot, Malaney Foster!"

Let's just hope like hell Julius forgets what I said and doesn't tell the others!

### Chapter Three

Julius

I stare at my phone, speechless.

We have been best friends with Malaney for as long as I can remember, and I never expected her to say she's looking for someone like us! Mellie has always been off limits.

Though what she doesn't know is that I work for the company she auditioned for, and I'm the guy responsible for editing all the footage.

It's no secret we always flirt with Mellie—she's fucking stunning and a prize—but we know she won't cross that line with us, as she thinks we see her as one of the guys. I mentally scoff at the very idea. There is no fucking way any of us see her like that. She's too fucking beautiful. Zayne and I have heard her vibrator working overtime while we're fucking, and knowing she's getting off on listening to us sends us both over the edge. Damn... now I'm wondering what she looks like as she comes...

I sit here and tap the edge of my desk impatiently while I wait for them to send me her interview footage. She doesn't even know I pushed her application to the top of the pile. If there is a single person in this world who deserves to be loved and cherished, it's Mellie. Any son of a bitch would be lucky to hold her attention, not that anyone has ever been good enough for her so far. Storm makes sure I investigate anyone who takes her out, then his ass tracks her until she walks back in the door.

When my computer pings with an incoming email, I scramble to open it. My breathing is erratic, and my nerves are going haywire. While I know this is breaching her trust, and I shouldn't be watching it, I can't stop myself—I need to see it. I hit play, and a smile stretches across my face at the sight of her. Her wavy brown hair with blonde highlights is loose around her shoulders, and her hazel eyes are bright and round, though I can see they are slightly bloodshot.

She's been drinking!

I knew she was nervous, but I didn't realize she needed liquid courage to get through the interview. I recline in my seat and settle in to watch the clip of my girl fumbling her way through this disaster.

"Now, please state your name and age."

"Malaney Foster and I'm twenty-five."

"What do you do for work?"

"I'm an assistant to a wedding planner."

"What are some things you like doing in your spare time?"

She hesitates for a second and it's clear as fucking day to me—she is anxious but trying to appear professional and calculated in her response.

"I enjoy spending time with my three best friends." Hearing that fills me with warmth.

"What are the key qualities you are looking for in a partner?"

“I-I want a man who is caring, loving, and protective.” It shouldn’t irritate me how she is describing a guy that isn’t me, but it does. She has dated before, and while none of us liked it, what the fuck could we do? We’ve also dated before, but we never brought any of them home. It was only ever a fling, never more, especially when they found out we have a female best friend.

“What do you desire sexually from your partner?”

My breath hitches and I grip the armrests of my chair as anticipation builds.

“What?”

“What are your deepest desires in a sexual relationship, Miss Foster? What do you crave? What do you need from your partner to give you the most fulfilling sexual experience of your life?”

“Primal play. I want a man to wear a mask and chase me through a deserted resort. He will pin me against a wall and take what he wants, but I won’t know who he is. The fear of the unknown will mix with the lust of the moment and create a perfect high—equal parts fear and sexual desire. I want to be sexually owned but still hold the power outside the bedroom, to be worshipped like a goddess but fucked like a cheap toy. I need a man like my three best friends, even if it emasculates my partner. He needs to have their qualities—I need him to be like Zayne, Julius, and Storm.”

I stare at the screen, my jaw practically on my lap, and my eyes wide with surprise after hearing her deepest cravings. Though I know I shouldn’t be invading her privacy, I can’t stop. I need to know everything. “Please delete that... I was joking... making light of the situation.”

“Uh, we can certainly edit that out before it goes to air.”

“Thank you,” she whispers and keeps her gaze on her lap.

I hate how she feels ashamed. Stopping the video, I pull my phone out of my pocket, dialing both Zayne and Storm. I don’t give a fuck that they are at work; I have an idea, and I need them to be okay with it.

“Yeah?” Storm’s gruff tone sounds annoyed.

“What’s up?” Zayne says.

Turning the call to a FaceTime video, I tell them to shut up and watch the video. I flip the screen around and press play again—they need to see so they can understand. When it finishes, they are both silent. Once I flip the camera back around, I see both their faces are pinched and they’re clearly confused.

“It’s the interview Moo did for True Love’s Match . I set it up,” I admit, gritting my teeth as I wait for their response.

“The fuck did you do that for?” Storm snaps.

“What the hell are you up to, Julius?” Zayne speaks over Storm, his tone filled with warning.

“Did you hear her describe her perfect man?” I reply, ignoring Zayne’s question.

“What’s your fucking point?” Storm grits out.

“My point is, she didn’t describe one man—she described three... us three. She wants us, but is too scared to admit it to herself, let alone anyone else. I have an idea, and I need you both on board because I’m tired of watching her date somebody else.”

“What the fuck are you saying, Julez?” Zayne pushes.

“The idiot is telling us we need to make a move on Mellie,” Storm practically growls out.

I roll my eyes. “I know you guys have feelings for her.” Both Zayne and Storm clamp their mouths closed, refusing to confirm or deny my claim. “I have a plan to get us all what we want. If you don’t agree, then fine, but I’m doing this. I won’t watch her get hurt again by some fuckbag who doesn’t deserve a second of her time.”

“What are you suggesting?” Zayne asks.

Storm’s face contorts with anger and his pissed-off look is scary as fuck. “You can’t be serious!” he snaps. “This isn’t some fucking random girl. This is Mellie, our best friend?—”

“I get it,” I interject. “But can you honestly tell me you would be okay with her falling in love with someone else? Would you be okay being her man of honor while she marries some fucker who doesn’t deserve her?”

Storm grits his teeth and looks away from the screen.

“I want her,” I admit for the first time.

“What are you proposing?” Zayne hedges. I knew he would be the first to cave. This is way out of character for me, but when it comes to her, I would walk to the ends of the earth to make her happy.

“We fulfill her fantasies. We wear masks, we give her what she wants, and we don’t tell her it’s us.”

Storm scoffs. “How the fuck do you propose we manage that? This is Mellie we are talking about here—she will know it’s us. Fuck, she knows us better than we know ourselves.”

“But she won’t see our faces,” I remind him.

“What?” Confusion laces Zayne’s tone.

“I meant it when I said we give her everything she wants, starting with wearing masks and chasing her. I’ll pull her application from the show, but we won’t tell her. We’ll let her think she was successful, then we’ll plan everything she wanted.”

“What if she figures it out?” Zayne asks.

I shrug. “We’ll deal with the fallout.”

“This is too fucking risky, Julius. We could lose her and that isn’t something I’m okay with,” Storm argues.

I knew he would be the hardest to convince; as the noble protector, he would break anyone in half to save Mellie. He’s never made a move on her because he’s too scared he’ll wind up breaking her heart. She has always been so in love with the idea of love, and her heart is so damn pure. However, this dark and kinky side of her is something not even we knew about.

“I’m doing this with or without you guys, so either you help me or watch from the sidelines as she chooses me while you both miss out. You can take a leap of fucking faith and show our girl she doesn’t need to look for love because we’ve been here all along. We’re all she needs.”

We always worried having a female best friend would complicate things, but we’re

not hormone-filled teenagers anymore. I know what I want, and it is for my best friend to get what she wants. And there's absolutely no way some stranger can be trusted to give her what she needs.

### Chapter Four

#### Mellie

For someone who loves the idea of love so much, I'm a complete disaster. It's no surprise I didn't get a call back for True Love's Match . Who'd want the liability I would have brought? Not to mention there is no way they could air the content they filmed of me on any streaming service. Of course they wanted normal answers to their questions. I should have said I liked long walks on the beach and a nice quiet meal by the fireplace—now that's something they could film. Not that I desire those things, but shit, I didn't have to go balls to the wall straight up. Instead, I went directly to the things you normally have to warm people up to.

Thankfully, my boss just completed the biggest wedding we've done so far. It was magical, with ice swans and flowers everywhere. The cake was so big they brought it in disassembled and put it together at the venue. I would never want something so big. Instead, I dream of a ceremony with only family and close friends, and a boho vibe. Though I doubt it will happen soon. I have the next five days off, and I plan to spend them moping around the house, watching sappy love movies, and eating my body weight in ice cream.

Opening the front door, I step through and dump my bag on the floor, then slip off my shoes. "Julius, Zayne, Storm... are you guys home?"

There's no answer, so I guess no one is home from work yet. I stop at Zayne's room and twist the handle, popping my head in—it's empty. Strange, normally Zayne is home at this time of day. Maybe he got called in to the bar early or had a gig. As a

musician, he keeps weird hours.

I can't help my sigh of disappointment—I was hoping we could start our Valentine's Day movie marathon early. After my failed interview last week, he promised he would clear today and mope with me. Walking down the hall with a bag full of every flavor ice cream I could carry, I head into the kitchen and dump them on the counter. My phone vibrates in my pocket, but I ignore the message, expecting it to be my boss. I love being her assistant, but there are so many tasks she pushes on me, which shouldn't be my problem. She pays me well, though, so I won't complain too loudly. After stacking the ice cream in the freezer, I decide to read the damn text.

Unknown

Congratulations on making it to the second round of contestants for True Love's Match. You will be sent a location to attend for the next stage, so please pack an overnight bag. You will be sent updates and must follow the directions to remain a finalist. Please check your email and sign the attached waiver form. We will be in contact after receiving your returned form.

A squeal peels from my lips, and I jump up and down. Maybe I won't be spending Valentine's Day with my best friend, who's only doing it out of pity. Though I remind myself not to get too excited, as my potential match will have to actually ask me out on Valentine's Day first, but it's a step in the right direction.

Racing to my room, I then power on my laptop and open my email, clicking the link to the waiver. I scan the contents, and it all seems straightforward. It asks for my likes and dislikes, a safe word, and for a list of things I will consent to doing. It also wants me to upload my most recent STI results. Thankfully Julius is anal about all of us being tested twice a year. We got our results a month ago and since then I have been in a dry spell. It also states the only portion filmed is my arrival, and that I will be required to give an interview afterwards. It seems odd, but honestly, I don't know

what kind of show they are filming. Maybe it's a matchmaking service, and it showcases what they can do, like more of a documentary. I make a mental note to ask when I arrive.

Once I'm done and have submitted everything, I slap my laptop closed and slide off my bed. I pack an overnight bag as nervous energy flits through my system, but I shake it off. I want this experience just once because no doubt when I finally meet someone and settle down, my fantasies won't be a priority. If the last guy is an example, wrapping my hand around a bed partner's neck won't be something I do often, even if the thought of my dainty hands collaring a man makes me wet enough to pull out my purple vibrator and take it for a spin. I close my eyes and picture Storm's thick tattooed neck, but my eyes fly back open. Now isn't the time to have a sexual fantasy about my best friend.

My phone beeps, and I open the new text from the unknown number. It's a set of coordinates. A second message quickly follows.

Unknown

You have two hours.

Shit. Once I click on my destination, I see it takes an hour to drive there. Frantically, I throw my nice underwear in the suitcase, a dress, something casual to wear home, and my toiletries. Doubt creeps in as I zip up the suitcase. Can I do this? I want love and feelings, whereas this seems impersonal. But if it works out, maybe it could become love, so it's worth a shot...

Ugh. I have an hour drive to convince myself I can do this. It can't be worse than the many failed dates I've had in the last six months.

Grabbing my phone, I open the group chat and send a message to the guys.

Me

You will never guess what happened.

I send the message, and the bubbles appear straight away.

Storm

I hate guessing.

I snort at his reply. Storm is not a patient person; if he has something to say, he'll just say it.

Me

The matchmaking show chose me! I'm spending the night so don't wait up.

Julius

Is your location on? Can't be too safe.

Zayne

I knew they'd pick you. You're awesome.

Zayne

Don't do anything I wouldn't do.

Julius

You would do anything.

Zayne

Exactly!

Storm

Maybe I should go with you. What if the guy is a serial killer?

Me

STORM! Why would you say that? I'm going before you psych me out.

Julius

Be safe and call us if you need anything.

Zayne

Go find the man of your dreams. You got this.

Storm

Make sure he knows I will break his face if he makes you cry.

Storm's message makes me smile. It's nice knowing he has my back, although I don't want him to punch anyone in the face—even if tears are involved.

Me

Thanks guys. See you tomorrow.

They all send back an emoji.

Julius

Zayne

Storm

The guys are right, I can do this. I deserve this. And at the very least, even if the guy turns out like the rest of the duds I've dated, the experience will be worth it because this time they know my kinks, so a hand necklace shouldn't surprise them. Besides, from the sound of the email, this experience is all about me.

Before I can talk myself out of it, I grab my suitcase and head back to the front door, slipping on my shoes. After locking the door behind me, I drag my suitcase to my Ford Focus, throwing it into the passenger seat before getting into the driver's side. I connect my phone to the Bluetooth and set the coordinates on the GPS. Finally, I press play on my road trip playlist and reverse out of the driveway.

Here goes nothing.

Belting out the lyrics to a Pink song as I fly down the highway, I tap my fingers against the steering wheel. Each song that plays is like my own personal one-woman concert. The air is chilly, but I keep my window down, causing my hair to fly out around my face. Do I care if I look like an idiot? Nope.

Time passes, and before I know it, I'm pulling into a long driveway. The resort sign has faded, and I can barely make it out. My heart thumps hard, but I tell myself there is nothing to worry about, followed by a quick pep talk. Mellie, you signed a waiver,

nothing bad is going to happen to you. Enjoy yourself.

I pull into the parking lot and kill the engine. Since I left home, the sun has gone down and there are only old solar lights illuminating the path to the door inside. Damn Storm and his serial killer jokes. Add in the run-down resort and my mind is running wild.

Then my interview comes back to me, and I smirk. I asked for a masked man to chase me through an abandoned resort. Damn, this network must be loaded to be able to make good on that detail. To be honest, I wouldn't have minded where I was chased—a resort was the first place my tipsy brain could imagine.

Leaning over to the passenger side, I grab my small suitcase and drag it out, then click the beeper on my keys. Pulling out my phone, I turn on the flashlight and head toward the front doors.

This place would have been nice. Large overgrown trees surround the front of the building, and once the sliding doors are open, I can see the inside is in a little better shape. It's clear no one has been here in a very long time. Dust and debris are scattered on the floor and inside the building is dark. Even with my flashlight, I can barely see anything, and I wonder what I'm supposed to do next.

My phone beeps, and a message pops up from my unknown contact.

Unknown

Put your bag down and look up.

I drop my bag and lift my gaze to find a masked man standing at the top of a nearby staircase. My phone beeps again, and I dart a glance down as I clutch it tightly in my hand.

Unknown

The fun starts now. Use your safe word if you need to. But for now... RUN!

I look up again and see the masked man coming toward me. My heart beats frantically against my ribcage. I haven't showered and my hair looks like I have been electrocuted. As he gets closer, I make the choice.

I run.

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*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 11:05 am*

### Chapter Five

#### Storm

I'm a nervous wreck. Part of me regrets agreeing to Julius's stupid plan, but another part is excited that I can finally act on my fantasies with Mellie. I've stroked my cock to thoughts of her more times than I'd care to admit.

"So, we agree then?" Julius snaps, and I shake away my thoughts and face him.

"Dude, for the past fucking week I have been avoiding Mellie as much as I can. I'm so ready to have this shit over with," Zayne replies, and I grunt in agreement. He's struggling with this a lot more than I thought. He didn't have the best upbringing and won't want to do anything that might lose her.

Julius eyes us both skeptically, and I can tell he's still pissed I won rock-paper-scissors, meaning I get to chase her first. Julius wanted all three of us, but I vetoed the idea, as I knew it would overwhelm her. Mellie may think she knows what she wants, but she's wrong. She needs someone who is going to give her what she needs, and that's where we come in. I want to make her feel, forcing her to embrace the darker side I know lurks beneath the surface, itching to break free. She will finally get lost in the ecstasy of her orgasms instead of simply hoping for it to happen.

"I just sent her the text, and she's on her way. We need to get ready and move into position," Julius says.

Zayne and I nod and look over the outfits Julius has chosen. Zayne has gloves

covering the tattoos on his hands, and I have a balaclava underneath my mask, so my neck tattoos are covered. We all have matching black jeans, black combat boots, and black hoodies. Zayne, ever the romantic, chose the black-and-pink masks to represent Valentine's Day. Our masks are fitted with a voice distorter and pink LED lights.

The tension lingers between us as we change; we all know this could end badly if she finds out we tricked her. The best we can hope for is she gets to embrace that other side of herself. I agreed because I'm hoping if I finally get to have her, even just once, that this hunger will go away, and I'll be able to go back to being her best friend without picturing her on her knees with my cock deep in her mouth.

"How far away is she?" Zayne asks.

"Forty minutes out, so let's go." We follow Julius out of the room and walk through the deserted hotel. Acquiring this place wasn't hard. My cousin wants me to take my place in the family company, and this is a peace offering. If everything goes well for us tonight, I might even turn this place into a hotel or somewhere people can meet others with similar tastes. It would be exclusive, and attendees would be extensively vetted, of course, but it would be somewhere safe for them to explore their kinks without the worry of their identities being leaked. I know North and I would be able to remodel this place in no time, then the things we could do here would be endless.

We go over the plan thoroughly once more before Zayne and Julius split off, leaving me on the second floor. Julius has wired the whole place with cameras and audio. I have no fucking clue how he got this shit sorted so quickly, but if there's anyone who could pull off something like this, it's him.

I grip the metal railing and take a deep breath. I've been at war with myself all day, wondering if this is the right decision. When my earpiece eventually crackles, I cringe and clench my jaw.

“She’s here.” Those two words from Zayne set my blood on fire.

“I’m ready. Make sure she knows to use her safe word,” I grit out.

The second she enters the resort, she captures my attention. She looks fucking beautiful, her eyes widening with apprehension and excitement. When her phone beeps, she comes to a stop and pulls it out.

I release the railing and stand tall, waiting for her to notice the hunter poised above her.

Mellie drops her bag and then looks up. Her mouth parts on a silent gasp as she takes me in. Only when her phone beeps again does she tear her gaze from me. I stalk silently down the stairs as she reads the text, and the next time she looks up, I’ve closed half the distance to her.

She shoves her phone into her pocket, then turns on her heel and runs.

I smile behind my mask. This is going to be fucking fun. I slowly pace after her, giving her a head start. I don’t break into a run; instead, I allow her the illusion of being able to outrun me.

“She’s by the pool, hiding behind the bar,” Julius says through our comms.

I knew she wouldn’t get far. It’s dark outside, and she’s too smart to use her phone to light her way. I take my time before entering the pool area, making sure I close the gate behind me. The pool is empty, and the bar where she is hiding is dilapidated.

“You made a grave error, Miss Foster.” My voice sounds robotic and not like me, which I guess is the point.

Movement comes from behind the bar and I fight back my smile; Mellie has always sucked at hide-and-seek. She could never sit still and was always found first.

“Even in an abandoned resort, the pool gate lock still works.”

I’m nearly at the bar when she stands to look at me directly. Her chest rises and falls in quick bursts, and I almost mistake it as fear, but the look in her eyes is something else. Mellie’s gaze darts around, looking for an exit, but her only option is to give up or climb the fence. As I step toward her, she turns to flee, but this time I have every intention of catching her, and I give chase. She reaches the fence and scrambles to climb it, but it’s futile.

Wrapping my arm around her waist, I yank her back into me. She screams and struggles uselessly against my firm hold.

“Let me go!”

My protective instincts want to obey, but I fight them. “Use your safe word or I won’t stop,” intones my robotic voice as I carry her toward an old pool lounge.

She keeps struggling in my hold, but remains stubbornly silent, so I drop her on the lounge and step back slightly. Her eyes are filled with equal parts fear and arousal. It is then I realize this is what her look was before.

“Are you tapping out, Miss Foster?” I taunt. One part of me hopes she is, so this can be over, but my selfish side hopes she isn’t ready for this to end just yet.

Her eyes harden. “Never.”

I smile again behind my mask. That’s my girl. I bend and grip the tops of her thighs, forcing them open, and though she gasps, she doesn’t fight against me. As I skirt my

hands higher, she tries to push them away. I reach out, gripping tight to her throat, and she stills instantly. Now that she is compliant, I continue to trail my hand up her inner thigh. “This pussy will be mine.”

“Holy shit.” Her breath hitches on her words when I cup her through her pants. Then she forcefully exhales as I push her backward by her throat.

Leaning forward, I ease my fingers inside her pants, loving the way she is already shaking with need. When they brush against the material of her panties, I can’t help my groan. I’ve seen enough of her underwear over the years to know she loves to wear lace. Her breath hitches as I slip underneath the thin material and run a finger through her slick folds, making her cry out as I growl my approval. She’s fucking drenched already and I’ve done nothing but chase her. I circle her clit as I say, “Pull my cock out now and stroke it.”

She opens and closes her mouth, but no words escape. Though when I slip two fingers inside her tight, wet cunt, she arches off the lounge.

“Do as I fucking say.”

She moans and reaches out, fumbling with a button on my jeans before she finally manages to pop it open. “Fuck yes,” she breathes out as I quicken my pace in response. Yanking my jeans and boxers down, Mellie frees my cock, then wraps her dainty little hand around my shaft.

I hiss at the feeling of her finally touching me. I’ve dreamed of this fucking moment for years, but never imagined it would come true. When her warm hand pumps me, my brain fucking short circuits for a moment.

“Oh god, fuck,” she cries out, dragging me from my thoughts, and I slide my fingers out of her slick heat. “What?—”

But before she can finish, I yank her pants off. She stares up at me as I kneel between her legs on the lounge.

“You don’t get to come on my fingers, Miss Foster. Tonight, you’ll be coming on my cock.”

Her eyes burn with lust as I push her panties to the side and line myself up with her entrance. Her breaths are short and rapid. I know right now she will be second guessing herself, so I slam inside her, forcing her to focus on me and how she feels. Mellie’s scream rings out and she arches her back off the chair. Fuck, she is beautiful. I wish our first time together could have been different; I would have savored the moment. However, if this is the only way I can have her, I’ll take it.

“Fuck!” I grab her legs and throw them over my shoulders. Pushing forward, I fold her in half and fasten both hands on her hips, then pray this fucking chair supports the workout I’m about to put it through.

“Oh fuck, you’re so deep,” she moans.

My mask is now an inch from her face, the LED lights illuminating enough that I can see her eyes are glazed and her cheeks are flushed. I pull almost all the way out, leaving only the tip sheathed, before slamming back inside her. I groan at the feeling of her cunt strangling my dick. She fits me like a fucking glove, so perfect and wet and ready to be fucked.

I show her no mercy, slamming in and out of her with a hunger I’ve never felt before. The obscene sounds she makes as I continue to use her pussy as my cock’s own personal punching bag spur me on. This is a moment I will never forget.

“Oh, fuck— Yes, please— I’m going to come!”

My brows rise behind my mask. I know for a fact that Malaney has never come just from sex before and it has the beast inside me beating its chest. I have heard her complaining countless times to Lily that her only orgasms are from external stimulation. My ego is puffed up like a damn peacock right now.

“Wrap your hand around my fucking neck and choke me.”

Her mouth parts and her eyes widen as uncertainty flashes in her hazel eyes. Then she reaches out, wrapping her petite hand around my throat, and I groan. A ghost of a smile crests her lips at my reaction, and suddenly emboldened, she tightens her grip.

I draw back and slam into her again, and unable to hold off my orgasm any longer, I give her what she wants. Three more thrusts and her pussy clamps down on my cock, milking me as she screams out her release. In two more thrusts, I’m roaring out my own climax, and somehow I manage to stop myself from saying her name as I come. Shudders roll through us as we ride out the aftershocks. I have never come that hard before—it has robbed me of breath.

Both of us are panting and staring at each other. Her eyes are wide and filled with shame, and it pisses me off.

“Never hide what you seek most. Embrace the darkest of the sins you crave and allow us to fulfill all your needs,” I say as I pull out of her, only to look down and cringe. I didn’t use a fucking condom! While the darkest part of me loves that I’m inside her and I’ve marked her as my own, I also know Mellie has never fucked anyone bare before. She’ll no doubt panic soon.

As I stand and turn my back, I re-secure my boxers and jeans. If I stick around, I’ll wrap my arms around her and comfort her, which will destroy our plans. So instead I stalk out of there without a word, leaving Mellie alone with her thoughts.

Shit! I just fucked my best friend, and she has no idea it was me.

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*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 11:05 am*

### Chapter Six

Mellie

Holy shit, that was the best experience of my life!

Now I'm breathless and utterly spent. After I've fixed my clothes, I stand and look around. My phone is still in my pocket, so I pull it out and turn on the flashlight. I'm unsure what happens now... Do the lights come on and I give my interview? They had me pack an overnight bag for a reason.

My wet underwear finally registers in my overstimulated brain and my heart sinks. Oh fuck , what have I done? My partner has never not worn protection. I don't know the man in the mask—what if he has some disease? And I let him fuck me raw without hesitation! Tears prick in my eyes. How could I be so careless?

Letting myself out of the pool area, I walk back the way I came, hoping it will lead me to the lobby and my bags. On the way, I stop and message Julius.

Me

I did something fucking stupid.

Within seconds, my phone buzzes, and his handsome face fills my screen. I answer his FaceTime call.

“Hey, Moo, are you okay?”

I nod, trying to compose myself. “I’m more than okay, but I fucked up. He... he didn’t wear protection.”

“Hey, it’s okay. We’ll deal with it when you get home. Surely, they test everyone. And besides, you’re on birth control.”

My panic fades as his common sense overrides my fears. They asked me for my test results when I filled in the waiver, and I have been on birth control since I was sixteen. Not that I was sexually active at sixteen, but my mom didn’t believe that nothing would happen between me and three male best friends. She is secretly team Zayne; he is such a smooth talker, and my mom is a sucker.

“Do you need me to come and get you?” he asks, and I shake my head.

“I was having a moment and needed you. I’ll be fine—sorry to freak you out.”

“Never apologize, you know I have your back no matter what. Have fun, and if you need me, I’m only a call away.”

We say goodbye and I end the call, feeling a lot better. I continue toward the lobby and find my suitcase and bag exactly where I left them, except now there is an envelope placed on top. I pick it up and open it to find a keycard with a room number inside.

My phone buzzes with another message.

Unknown

Your room is on the fourth floor. We have delivered your dinner. Eat and shower because you never know when round two will begin.

Round two... Why does that excite me so much? The phone vibrates again.

Unknown

They say two is better than one.

What does that mean? Two men? Or that more of my fantasies will be fulfilled in round two?

Grabbing my suitcase, I head toward the stairs. This place is run-down and there is no chance I'm taking the elevator. I know we all die someday, but plummeting to my death in an old metal box won't be the way I go out. Though knowing my luck, I wouldn't die. I would lie there with all my bones broken and traumatize my best friends when they come to rescue me.

The first flight of stairs isn't so bad. I slow at the second, and by the time I reach the fourth floor, I'm practically wheezing. I flash my phone light onto the room card and check the number, and thankfully my room is the second door on the right. Once I swipe the card, the door clicks, and I push it open.

I gasp at what I see when I step inside. The overhead lights are dimmed, and the bed is covered in rose petals. A bottle of wine is chilling in a bucket of ice, little heart-shaped chocolates are placed on the pillows, and an extra box of them is sitting on the bedside table. Compared to everything else I've seen so far, this room is decadent. This is exactly what I would love if I had a boyfriend—a romantic surprise night away for Valentine's Day.

Placing my suitcase by the bed, I sit on the edge of it and move the tray of food in front of me, then remove the lid. My mouth waters at the sight of my favorite meal. It must be a coincidence because anyone can love steak and mini potatoes covered in garlic butter, with mini bread rolls on the side. Besides, these rolls look store bought.

Normally Julius bakes them himself from scratch, while Storm grills the steak. Zayne is the princess of the group and sits with me while they cook. We joke it's the rock 'n' roll lifestyle.

My stomach grumbles, and I pull the tray closer, then devour every single bit of food on the plate. I should have eaten slowly, as all I want to do now is fall into a food coma. However, there is no way I will do that when round two is on offer. If I only get one night here, then I plan to enjoy every second—it's unlikely I'll ever experience something like this again.

Once I finish, I move the tray to a small table beneath the old television mounted on the wall. Then, wanting to look nice for my mystery man, I gather my sexiest underwear and corset, and also my toiletries and a towel from the end of the bed.

When I walk into the bathroom, I find it's outdated but clean, and I sit my clothes on the vanity. Jumping into the shower, I turn on the tap and squeal when the cold water hits my skin, adjusting the heat until steam billows. I open the glass shower door and step out to grab my toiletry bag. Fishing out a shower cap, I secure it, as I don't have the time to reset my curls—I hope my masked man pulls on them as he runs his hands through the strands.

Once I'm clean, I turn off the water and step out, grabbing the towel and wrapping it around my body. I gasp as I look at the mirror—there's a message scrawled across the surface.

You're Ours Now

Did someone come in while I was in the shower? You're ours now... I hate cryptic messages; they confuse me.

I rub my hand over the message, erasing it, and smirk at myself in the mirror. I think

about the epic way I was fucked, and how he is the first to make me come from sex alone. Normally orgasms take me forever, and I need some kind of clit stimulation. I thought it was the only way women orgasmed until I met Lily, and that led me down a rabbit hole on Google. It's the reason I wish I had girlfriends in high school: girls talk.

The guys and I didn't talk about anything relating to me and sex until I was twenty-one, and only because I came home in tears after a terrible sexual encounter. The moron tried to shove his cock in my ass with no lube, and I was scared he ripped my asshole in half. Zayne offered to check for me, but Julius insisted on driving me to see his aunt, who's a doctor, and thankfully everything was intact. I dated a guy after that who was obsessed with anal, and I didn't mind it when it was done right, but he never gave me an orgasm without me playing with my clit.

I had been convinced I was broken, but Lily assured me I wasn't. She said I just needed to find the right sexual partner. I hope tonight wasn't a fluke because I enjoyed myself way too much to never do that again.

Once I'm dressed in my prettiest lingerie, I apply a small amount of makeup, then throw my hair up into a cute messy bun, leaving two strands out on each side. The distinct sound of my phone has me walking back into the room and checking my messages.

Unknown

Go downstairs to the lobby. There's no time to change. Walk outside your room and get into the elevator.

Shit, I should have worn more clothes—I might freeze to death. Though I suppose running will get my heart racing, and my lack of clothes is sexy. I grab the key card for the room and leave my phone on the bed, having nowhere to stash it in this outfit.

As I step out of the room, I leave the card on the floor beside the door. It's not like anyone else is here anyway.

My palms are sweating as I press the button for the elevator. When the doors open, I reluctantly get inside and press the button for the lobby, then close my eyes and keep them shut until the doors slide open. I'm surprised when I step out—it's no longer pitch-black. There is now a dim light, giving the room enough illumination to see.

I stand there and wait, unsure of what is coming next. Then the lights flicker and cut out, sending the room into pitch darkness, the contrast from the slight illumination making it darker than before. I haven't had time for my eyes to adjust, so I can't see shit. Spinning in a circle, I look for the glow of a mask. Will he even wear the mask? Shit, my brain spins with a hundred more questions, but before I can overanalyze them, the glow from a pink mask catches my eye. The rush of excitement and adrenaline has my stomach in knots.

I don't wait for him to say anything; I turn around to run.

However, I hit a solid brick wall.

I look up to find a second mask right there, then the man wearing it places his hands on my shoulders. The feel of his gloves on my skin is rough, but goosebumps rise at the thought of him pulling my hair.

"She was trying to run from us," a distorted voice says from behind me.

"Naughty girls should be punished," his companion replies.

"Let's give her a head start. If she can outrun us, she can have unlimited orgasms. But if we catch her, I think I will start by spanking her ass."

Shivers rattle down my spine—both options sound so good. Though being spanked sounds a lot better.

The man removes his hands from my shoulders and says, “One...”

I don’t wait, darting away as fast as I can. The thrill has my underwear soaking; never in my life have I been this turned on. This is what I want, though it doesn’t have to be all the time. I would still like to make love to someone, but I don’t want a man who thinks I’m fragile. Pull my hair, spank my ass, cut off my air just a little, and bite me. I blame Zayne for the biting kink. He gets overstimulated sometimes when he hugs people and will bite, not enough that it hurts, and he often doesn’t even realize he does it.

“You’re ours now. You can’t hide from us,” one of the distorted voices says.

In the dark, this resort is like a maze, a series of hallways and exits. I take a sharp left and push through a double set of doors as the sound of boots against the tiled floor grows closer. My eyes have slightly adjusted to the dark now and I can just make out the shadowy shapes of a bar. As I scan the room, the door across from me opens and another masked man steps inside, just before the one trailing me pushes through the doors I just entered.

Shit! My brain short circuits. I can’t decide what to do or where to run.

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*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 11:05 am*

### Chapter Seven

Zayne

Watching Mellie run from me dressed in her white corset and matching lace panties does things to me. And I've discovered running in these damn pants with a hard-on is almost impossible. Unfortunately, since we watched Storm fuck her in the pool area, my dick hasn't gone down.

I have been in love with Mellie since we were sixteen, and before that I didn't know what the feelings I had meant. While I should have told her how I felt before now, I'm not the only one who feels this way about her. Before I met North, I didn't think it was a good idea to pursue her—besides, I wouldn't have given up what Julius and I have. Now, as I watch her run inside the bar, I know it's the perfect place for us to both fuck her.

"She's gone inside the bar," I say over our comms.

"I'm about to step inside," Julius replies.

Storm is in his own head, feeling like a complete asshole for fucking her bare, even if he knows she is on birth control and that they are both clean. He feels guilty because she doesn't know it's him, and he's hating himself for putting her in a situation she didn't ask for. If she'd said she had a breeding kink, now that would be a different story. Storm needs to look at the positives. He made her come just from fucking, and that will be huge for her.

As I push through the doors, I spot Julius already on the other side of the room. Mellie whips her head back to look at me and I smirk behind my mask. Julius strides across the room, and I take a step toward her. Will she run or accept her fate? It seems she has given up running for now, but that's Mellie, exercise and her don't mix—she claims she's allergic.

Julius reaches her first, and steps in close behind her.

Her body visibly trembles, not in fear, but from his proximity. The way she responds to our touch is something out of my dreams, and I'm not ashamed to admit I dream about her often. I always keep it to myself, knowing it could change our friendship. It's what kept me away—a life without Mellie in it would suck. I love comforting her, touching her, and not having her in even a platonic way would kill me. She and the guys are the only family I have left, and nothing and no one will make me give them up.

I move forward until she is trapped between both our bodies. Julius made us wear some cheap body spray because she'd recognize our normal colognes, and the smell is making me nauseous while bringing back terrible memories of our teenage years. Mellie has hand-picked each scent we have worn since the day we turned twenty-one. I wouldn't care if she bottled up cat piss and told me to wear it—I'd do it for her.

"I can smell how turned on you are, Miss Foster," Julius says in his distorted voice. He is a fucking genius for getting these masks. "Is that for us?"

He wraps his hand around her stomach and slides it beneath the small scrap of material that covers her pussy. She nods her head as her chest rises and falls. Fuck, she is beautiful. I wish her hair was out; I love the curls. She has them piled up on top of her head, like she always does when she can't be bothered with the million products she uses. It's called the curly girl method or some shit like that.

“I asked you a question,” he demands, then pulls her hair from its bun and twists his fingers in the curls, yanking her head back. He slides his hand from her panties and brings his fingers up, holding them in front of her face. “I asked if this was for us.”

“Yes,” she pants.

“Good. Now part those pretty lips.”

She hesitates, but then her mouth opens.

He slides his fingers between her pouty lips, and she closes them, moaning as she sucks her arousal off him. With me, Julius is submissive in the bedroom. In his everyday life, he is always in control, so he gives that up in the bedroom and puts it in my hands. Mellie gets to experience a different side of him. Seeing the two people who mean the most to me in this world finally together gets me so aroused I have precum sticking to my boxer briefs. It’s all I can do not to wrap my fist around my length and stroke it as I watch them.

“Next you’re going to close your eyes, and my friend is going to taste you. I wonder, did you wash the cum from inside yourself when you showered?” Mellie bites down on her lip and closes her eyes. “Good girl, now keep them closed, or this all goes away.”

She nods her head in acceptance. He keeps ahold of her hair and pulls on it to tilt her face up, then nods at me. I slip my mask off and place it on the floor beside me as I kneel before her. Grabbing her leg, I lift it over my shoulder as I lean forward and press my nose to her pussy, smelling her through the lacy material. Fuck, she smells divine. Moving the flimsy scrap of fabric to the side, I lick her from top to bottom. Her pussy is already soaked, and I eagerly dip my tongue inside.

Her pelvis thrusts forward into my face in a demand for more, and I give her what she

wants, flicking my tongue over her clit. She moans and curses as I fuck her with my tongue. As she gets closer to her orgasm, I remove one of my gloves and push two fingers inside her, curling them to stroke over her sensitive spot.

“Don’t stop! Please don’t stop,” she begs.

“He won’t stop as long as you keep your eyes closed tight. You should see how good he looks with your pussy juices running down his face. The only thing that would look better is your cum dripping from his chin.”

At his words, her leg wobbles, and Julius wraps an arm around her waist to keep her upright. She bucks her hips as I fuck her with my fingers and suck her sensitive clit into my mouth. Mellie screams out her release, but I don’t stop, pushing her further and further, knowing what comes next if she just gives in.

“Oh god, I can’t go again,” she says.

“You can and you will. Listen to your body, let go, and enjoy,” Julius tells her.

I continue to stroke her G-spot and suck her clit into my mouth until her body is practically convulsing.

“Oh, no— Please! I’m going to pee.”

I chuckle against her pussy.

“That’s not pee. Now ride it out and I promise you’ll enjoy it,” I hear Julius say.

He’s right. If she can let go, what comes next will be magical, and I plan to drink down every damn drop.

“OH FUCK!”

Fuck yes. She squirts like a scene straight out of my fantasies, and I close my mouth over her pussy and take every drop before her body goes limp.

“Keep your eyes closed until I tell you to open them.”

Julius moves her to a table beside us and guides her to lie face down, her perky ass ready for me to bite. I stand and grab my mask, ready to pull it on, but not before Julius grabs me by the front of the shirt and pulls me into his body. He lifts his mask and his lips smash against mine, his tongue pushing between my lips as he tastes her on me and moans.

When he pulls back, I wink at him and pull my mask down over my face. I step up behind Mellie and run my hand over her juicy ass. Shit, I left my glove off. Julius hands it to me and I quickly slip it back on. Julius, the asshole, doesn't have many tattoos—not like Storm and I—we had to get a little inventive to cover them all.

“Please, can someone fuck me?” Mellie begs.

I look at Julius, and he nods for me to take the lead. Don't mind if I do. Stepping closer to her, I take my cock out of my pants and Julius hands me an open condom. Damn, I'm jealous of Storm feeling her cunt around his dick bare. Though I hope he's jealous too—I got to have her juices all over my face. I only wish I had time to grow my beard for the occasion so I could smell her on me. Some might find it gross, but fuck those idiots. Smelling her pussy all night would be a dream come true.

I roll the condom over my length and pull the scrap of material down over her ass, leaving it around her knees. Fuck, that's hot. Wrapping my hand around the base of my cock, I rub the head through her pussy lips, wishing I could feel her skin to skin. I know we promised to spank her perky ass, but now that my is cock out, all I can think

about is being inside her.

When she whines, I can't hold back any longer. I line myself up and push inside her, savoring every second of her warmth. When I'm all the way in, I wait and give her a second to adjust. Where Storm has length, I have girth. I wonder how she will go with Julius—his cock is a fucking weapon of mass destruction. It should come with a warning label saying: “wrecker of cervixes.” It's always the shy ones. I mean, don't get me wrong, none of us are small, but I'm wary if he will fit given how tight she feels around me.

When she pushes back against me, it snaps me out of my musings. I grip her hips and thrust deep inside her, wishing I could take it slow, but knowing even if I try, I won't last long.

“Fuck me harder. I won't break.”

Wrapping my gloved hand in her hair, I pull her head back until she opens her beautiful hazel eyes. “Do you think you could take two cocks at once?”

Her eyes widen as my thumb presses lightly against her ass, making it known what I mean. She nods. Oh, fuck yes!

“Is that what you want? One of us deep inside your pussy and the other in your ass?” Julius asks, now standing close by on her left.

“Yes, please.”

How can we deny her when she asks so nicely? I step back and pull the condom from my cock and shove it into my pocket. There is no way Julius can take her ass. He throws me a packet of lube, and turning my back, I lift my mask to rip the packet with my teeth. It's then I spot Storm standing in the shadowy corner of the room with his

mask off. I smirk at him. He couldn't stay away. He flips me off, so I ignore him and turn my attention back to the girl of my dreams.

After pulling my mask back down, I lather my cock in lube while Julius already has Moo flipped onto her back and has his cock out, condom on, and is swiping it along her pussy. I get close enough to hand him the lube, and he squeezes the rest on his cock. Neither of us will get to feel her pussy raw, but her ass is free game. Julius lines himself up with her cunt, and at snail speed, he pushes the head of his cock inside and her back arches off the table.

“Oh fuck,” she whispers. “Don't stop, please don't fucking stop.”

When he is finally balls deep inside her, I walk over and help her sit up. “Remember the rule—our masks stay on or this all ends.”

She nods her head as she wraps her arms around Julius's neck.

I help him maneuver himself so he is sitting on the table with her in his lap. Thankfully, these boots make me tall enough that my cock lines right up to her ass. Spreading her ass cheeks, I enjoy the view of her riding him. The way his cock looks as she takes him inside her has me ready to bust a nut. Removing a glove, I slip it into my pocket, and hope she is too caught up in the moment to notice. I slide my hand between them and push a finger inside her pussy with his cock.

“Oh! That feels so good,” she says with a moan.

Once my finger is nice and wet, I pull it from her pussy and press it into her ass. Her movements on Julius slow as he grips her hips and forces her to stop moving while I stretch out her ass with one finger, two, and then three until she is begging for my cock.

The moment I see the head of my cock pressed against her hole, I think I may have died and gone to heaven. This is a dream I never could have imagined.

“I need you both to fuck me—please! I want to be used.”

Her breathy voice making hot-as-fuck demands has me pushing inside her. I don't go fast, not until I know she is okay. She screams before I am all the way in, and I stop. Fuck, I'm hurting her. Julius looks at me over her shoulder. Will she use her safe word? I want to ask her what kind of safe word cheerio is. Most people use banana or pineapple or some kind of fruit, but not my girl.

“Why is no one moving?” she whines. “Use me, fuck me so hard I can't walk tomorrow.”

She wants me to use her? God damn . I push my cock fully inside her, not giving her time to adjust, but not so roughly I do damage either. She has Julius inside her pussy, making her ass so much fucking tighter. I can feel him and it's something I have never experienced before. I might bury my cock in his ass most nights, but this is something else. This is what I think euphoria feels like.

I shift my hips back and forth and slowly build a rhythm. Julius can't move much in the position he is in, but with each thrust from me, Mellie slides slightly forward, and I pull her hips back into me.

I won't last long at all, and Julius must feel the same. He rubs her clit, and her cries of pleasure fill the air. I'd almost forgotten about Storm, but the asshole turns his glow mask on behind Julius and Mellie gasps. Yes, baby, there are three of us.

He has his cock in his hand, stroking himself.

“I wonder if next time she can take three at once,” I say as she strangles my cock.

“Holy fucking shit,” Mellie screams.

I lose all resolve and come in her ass. After a couple final thrusts I pull out, smiling at the knowledge I’m inside her, and fuck , that makes me feel good.

Julius grips her hips tight as he finishes and Storm steps forward as he tucks his cock away and then runs his thumb over her mouth, smearing his cum across her lips. She leans forward in Julius’s arms, and I think she must nearly pass out from exhaustion. Storm grabs Julius’s shoulders and helps him to his feet, his cock slipping from her. He shifts Mellie so he can cradle her, and I move closer and pull the condom from his cock, shoving it in my pocket and tucking him away.

“Let’s get her to bed,” he says, and Storm and I nod.

This is a day that will forever be etched in my mind... but I’m not sure if I can walk away from it and pretend like nothing happened. Not now that I know how she smells, how she tastes, and how it feels to be inside her. Storm might have been right about his reservations.

We are completely fucked.

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### Chapter Eight

Mellie

I wake the next morning, feeling utterly used. I can still feel the ghost of their cocks inside me as I clench my thighs together, and I purr at the sensation. Fuck. I snap my eyes open and look around—I must have passed out last night after orgasming so damn hard. Sadness fills me; I'm not ready for this to end. What I experienced last night will be in the top five moments of my life.

Damn, I don't want this to be over yet!

I know the contract said I would have one night to fulfill my desires, but I'm not sure I will ever be able to go back to my normal, boring sex life again. I want what they gave me.

And holy shit. There were three of them!

While I may not have been able to see their faces, I sure as fuck felt each of their different cocks inside me, knowing without a doubt I got them all yesterday. I hate that it was only one night. I want more.

Climbing out of bed, I'm utterly spent, and there's a sense of sadness that has taken root inside me. I know the second I leave this place I'll never experience again what I did last night. Entering the bathroom, I use the toilet, then make sure I look semi-decent before grabbing my stuff. I move toward my suitcase and find a note resting on top of it. I eagerly reach for it and glance over the words.

Was one night enough?

It wasn't for us. Now that we have tasted you and felt that pretty little cunt, we want more.

Go home, Miss Foster.

If you want to feel the three of us slamming inside each of your holes, light a candle and leave it on your windowsill.

Make sure you want this, because we won't stop until you use your safe word.

You're ours now, baby.

A shiver runs through me. I already feel myself growing aroused at the idea of having all three of them inside me at the same time, but the thought quickly leaves me when I think about my three guys. There is no way they would ever be okay with random masked men coming into my room and making me scream. I close my eyes and release a sigh. It was a dream to think I would be able to have my cake and eat it too.

I take one last look at the room before stepping out into the hall. Not wanting to walk down four flights of stairs, I take the elevator to the lobby and drop the room card on the busted front desk before heading to my car. Julius wanted me to call him before I left, but I don't have the heart to right now. As soon as he hears my voice, he will know something is wrong. How the fuck do I explain to him I'm sad because I got the best fuck of my life, but I'm devastated I can't have a repeat because I live with the three of them?

I shake away my maudlin thoughts and turn the stereo up, getting lost in all things Taylor Swift and belting out the lyrics to "Look What You Made Me Do." The drive passes quicker than I had hoped, and I take my time parking my car, then grab my

things and head inside.

The moment I step into our home, I can't help but smile at the sight of Zayne, Julius, and Storm. They're sitting together in the living room watching some crime show. When they hear me approach, they all leap to their feet and smile, but it seems forced. Zayne is the first to greet me with an awkward hug, Julius waves, and Storm stalks from the room without uttering a word.

"Uh, I have to check something," Zayne mutters before he disappears after Storm, and I turn to Julius with raised brows.

He shrugs and smiles, but again, it seems forced.

"What's going on?" I ask.

"Nothing!" he shouts, then cringes.

I shake my head and decide not to push it. I'm too tired to deal with whatever is going on right now.

"Right, well I'm going to unpack, then take a nap," I reply.

Once I finish unpacking, I sit on the side of my bed and bury my face in my hands. When a knock sounds on my door, I look up to see Storm standing there looking awkward. I knew one of them would cave eventually—they always do. Though it's not normally Storm.

"Hey," he mutters.

"Are you okay?"

He nods. "Yeah, I wanted to see how your trip went."

A blush instantly coats my cheeks as memories of the night before run through my mind. I clench my thighs, trying to ward off the rush of arousal.

"Just looking at you, I can tell you had fun."

I bite my lip and try not to smile as I nod. "It was... everything," I breathe out.

Storm smiles and this time it's back to his usual cocky one. He stuffs his hands in his pockets and darts his gaze around my room. "You were safe?"

Rolling my eyes, I sigh. That's such a Storm thing to ask. "I'm on birth control and everyone gets tested. It's part of the rules of the show. I'm fine, I promise."

My answer seems to put him at ease. "I'm glad you had fun."

"I really did. God, it was everything and so much more."

His brows pinch as Julius and Zayne brush past him into the room. Zayne climbs behind me and wraps his arms around my waist, resting his chin on my shoulder, while Julius sits next to me and clasps my hand in his.

This right here is everything I could ever want. If I could have picked three guys to relive my night with, it would be them, but I know it can never happen. I don't know how the show was aware I wanted three men. While I never openly said it, I guess I mentioned my three best friends. Maybe that's why I got lucky and had three men there last night. God, what I wouldn't give to experience last night again, but with my guys as the masked men.

"So, you got what you wanted?" Zayne purrs as he places a kiss on the side of my

neck, sending a shiver down my spine. I fight my body's reaction, managing not to tilt my head and grant him better access.

"Y-yeah," I answer, a bit shy now that all three of them are staring at me with wicked glints in their eyes. "What did you guys do while I was away?"

Zayne stiffens behind me. Julius's grip on my hand tightens, and Storm refuses to look at me. Weird!

"I worked all day yesterday, then came home and fucked Zayne, so not much," Julius answers.

I nod on autopilot. "What about you?" I ask Storm.

He slowly drifts his gaze back toward me and smiles, but there is a heat in his eyes that I've never seen before. "I got to live out my lifelong dream."

My mouth pops open. Before I can ask what he means, he turns and walks away.

"I have a gig out of town tonight. Julez and Storm are coming with me, so you'll have the place to yourself for the night," Zayne says.

A pang of jealousy hits me. "I'm not invited?"

Zayne smiles, but it doesn't reach his eyes. What the heck happened while I was away? They are acting weird around me.

"We thought you would be exhausted and might want to catch up on sleep. Didn't think you'd be up to it. You know you're always welcome to come if you want." He places a kiss on my cheek, easing my worries.

I melt into him, enjoying his embrace. His hugs always make me feel content. “Nah, you’re right, I’ll stay home and read a book, then crash early. I have a wedding this weekend, so I need to be well rested.”

Zayne smiles and kisses my forehead before leaving, then Julius gives my hand a squeeze and follows Zayne.

I feel guilty for lying to them, but there’s no way I am going to waste my chance. I never get the place to myself, so tonight I’m lighting that fucking candle!

### Chapter Nine

#### Julius

I saw it in her eyes the moment Zayne told her we were going away for the night. She's going to light that fucking candle. The knowledge I'll get to be inside her again in mere hours has me rock hard. I stalk into Zayne's room without knocking and find him standing with his cock gripped in his hand. When he sees me in the doorway, no doubt looking stunned, he smirks.

"Close the door and get on your fucking knees." His tone is gruff and filled with need.

Much like me, he's excited and craving Mellie again. I close the door and stalk toward him, then drop to my knees before him and open my mouth. Zayne doesn't play around; he immediately thrusts forward and fills my mouth with his cock. I groan when the taste of his precum hits the back of my throat. We need this. I need him to help me take the edge off before tonight. I grip his thighs, digging my fingers into the firm muscles as I bob up and down on his dick. He palms the back of my head as he tries to guide me, but he's too excited and his movements are sloppy.

He won't last.

"Fuck, just like that, baby. I'm going to come down your throat, and then you're fucking my ass."

I growl my approval.

As I expected, he comes a minute later and I swallow every fucking drop, loving the taste of him. He and I have both dated in the past, but neither of us was serious with anyone—for two reasons. One, we would never give up what we share for anyone, and two, we're both in love with Moo. She is the only person we know who would accept us craving each other, yet never get jealous of the bond we share. However, both of us are too scared to make a move on her. Zayne, because he won't risk losing her, and me, well I'm a pussy. And then add in the complication of Storm.

Zayne uses his grip on my hair to pull me to my feet, then slams his lips to mine, tasting himself on my tongue. I love how dirty he can be. He reaches out without breaking the kiss and pushes my sweats down enough to free my cock. When he wraps his hand around my shaft, I hiss.

“Fuck, I loved watching your cock disappear inside her pussy.”

“Fucking her and feeling you at the same time made me come so fucking hard,” I murmur as he slides his hand along my cock. I can't take any more and slap away his hand. He groans, then releases me to bend over the edge of his bed. Fuck, the sight of him ready and waiting has more precum coating the head of my cock. I reach into his side drawer to retrieve the lube, squirting some onto my cock, and stroking myself before pressing forward. Zayne moans as I push inside his ass. Normally he's the one to top, but last night he saw the shift inside me.

Most of the time I submit to him, but today he needs me to take control, and I'm all too willing to obey. When I sink balls deep inside him, my grip on his hips turns bruising. Fuck, he feels perfect.

“I won't last, I'm on the edge,” I grit out through clenched teeth.

He peers over his shoulder and smirks. “Then fuck me hard and fast so we can be ready to fuck our girl tonight.”

His words trigger a haze that washes over me as images of him fucking Moo last night flash through my mind. I draw almost all the way out before slamming back inside him. It causes his bed to scrape along the wooden floor, but neither of us gives a fuck that Mellie and Storm can hear. They both know we fuck, and Zayne and I have heard Mellie getting off to the sounds we make. My thrusts are brutal, but Zayne takes everything I give him, grinding back against my cock, and forcing a growl of approval to escape me.

“You like that?” I snap. I reach out and grip the back of his neck, then force his face down into the comforter.

“Fuck, you’re going to make me come again, baby,” he pants.

“Good! I want my cum to stay in this ass all fucking night as a reminder that I own you. Am I clear?”

“Julez!” Zayne groans.

I slam inside him, and Zayne moans louder. “Answer me, dammit!” I roar as my thrusts grow harder.

“Yes, now don’t fucking stop!” he shouts.

I can’t stop even if I want to; I need to come so fucking badly.

Emptying everything I have inside him, I roar his name as I come. We’ve never fucked like this before. Part of me is thrilled to finally embrace this new side of us, but I’m scared that I pushed Zayne too far. I gently ease out of him, then pull him to face me. As I open my mouth to ask if he’s okay, he surprises me by gripping my face and slamming his lips to mine. I instantly melt, knowing we’re good.

After saying goodbye to Mellie—who is still sticking to her lie about being tired and heading to bed early—we head to Zayne’s car where all our masks and clothes are stashed. We climb inside and drive away, knowing Mellie will watch by the front window to wave to us off. We wave back and park around the block.

“How long do we wait?” Storm asks from the backseat.

“We can’t be too obvious,” I answer.

“Give it an hour or so. It gives us enough time to be away and for her masked men to arrive. If we go too soon, she’ll be too worried we forgot something and could come back.”

I nod in agreement with Zayne’s comment.

“You sure you can cut the power?” Storm asks.

“Yeah, I’ll head around back and kill the lights while you two enter through the front door. Then I’ll come through the back and surprise her.”

They both nod, then Zayne wonders aloud, “What if she figures this out?”

A whoosh of air escapes me. “You both saw the same video I did. She wants something, and we can’t let a stranger take it from her. This is Mellie we’re talking about?—”

“Exactly, Julius!” Storm’s voice booms through the car. “We broke her trust. She thinks she is on some fucking television show and has no idea she actually admitted her deepest cravings to her best friends. We tricked her.”

“I don’t give a fuck!” I snap. “She’s ours now and I’m not giving her up. You want to

back out, go right ahead, but I'm not. I can't."

The car falls silent, and I know they are both mulling over my words. Much like me, neither of them will walk away from her now that they've had her.

"We've all been in love with her for years," Zayne mutters. "After having her..." He releases a sigh. "I don't think I could watch some other fucker put his hands on her." He turns to face me and the look in his eyes hardens. "She's ours."

We both turn to Storm, who grinds his teeth before muttering, "I've loved her longer than the both of you. I'm not giving her up when I just got her."

"Then let's do this!" I command.

The three of us grab our outfits and masks, then change while cramped inside the car. I don't deny that Storm's worries are valid—this could blow up in our faces. And while I don't want to admit it, we must come clean or risk fucking this all up.

We wait till it's pitch-black outside before we climb out of the car and run the block back to our house. I smile at the sight of the candle burning in the window, then turn to Zayne and Storm and nod once. Pulling down my mask, I quietly slink around the back of the house and make quick work of killing the power, plunging the whole place into darkness.

### Chapter Ten

#### Mellie

I lit the candle ten minutes after the guys left, and ever since then, my nerves have been slowly growing. Though a part of me feels like an idiot, knowing I should be scared out of my mind that these men even know where I live, the other part is exhilarated at the prospect of them coming to my home. At the resort I was disoriented in the dark, but I know every inch of my house and can find my way through this place blindfolded.

I've picked out my sexiest lingerie, deciding on my Victoria's Secret purple bralette set and choosing not to wear my robe over the top. My nerves continue to ramp up as the minutes tick down. What if the guys come home? What if the thrill was only good somewhere else? And most importantly, is this what I really want?

Suddenly I'm plunged into darkness, and all my worries fly out the window. This is the feeling I chase. That second my heart beats a little faster, and the part of my brain which tells me to run kicks in. Even if I crave love, a happily ever after, maybe it's all in my head. I can get most of what I need from my best friends, but they are overprotective, and if they knew about this they would be here scaring away my masked men. It's the same as they did in high school, and no one was game to ask me out.

The candle flickers out, and my room is now so dark I can't see anything.

That is until a mask turns on outside and illuminates my room in a pink glow.

“Did you miss us?” the distorted voice says as he slides his hands under the gap in the window frame and pushes it up.

I’m thrown back to a memory of Zayne climbing into my bedroom window as a teenager and curling up with me anytime I was sad. My dad would have murdered him if he ever found him—not that anything happened, even if I wished it did. It was hard as a hormonal teenager, especially with Zayne. His touch made me want him, but now I know it’s his way of expressing himself. He didn’t get love from his parents, so any chance he got he would hug me or Julius, and on the odd occasion Storm.

Shit, the masked man has already slipped through the window. It’s too late to run.

As he stalks toward me, I take a step back for every step that he moves forward until my back hits the wall beside my bedroom door. He looks down at me, and the pink from the mask is so bright I see spots.

“I’m going to fuck you right here against the wall, and then we’ll play a little game. You said you wanted to be used like a cheap toy.”

I can’t form words. I know it’s stupid, but I have always wanted to be fucked and used exactly like that.

He spins me around and pushes my face against the wall. His gloved finger hooks into the back of my thong and he snaps the material with ease, sliding the thin fabric from between my legs.

“I’m saving that for later,” he says, leaning in closer and bringing my thong up to his mask as if he is sniffing it. The thought of him going home and holding it to his face as he pictures me has me dripping wet.

My bedroom door opens and the arousal between my legs intensifies as the two other masked men walk inside. One holds something in his hand and is spinning it around his gloved finger. As he walks over to me, I realize it's a blindfold.

He stands beside me and slides the material over my eyes. Once it's in place, I can't see a thing. Not even the glow of their masks.

Someone's ungloved fingers brush over my arm, leaving a trail of warmth in sharp contrast to the cool air around us. Every nerve in my body wakes up, hyperaware of the path the hand is taking. A shiver runs down my spine—not from the cold, but from the calloused finger tracing lazy circles on my skin. Each one makes my heart beat faster.

“Oh god,” I whisper as the hand moves down my stomach, until it reaches my pussy.

The greedy bitch needs his touch.

I move to grab his wrist and force him where I need it, but a large hand intercepts mine and pulls it above my head, along with my other arm.

The sound of a zipper has me clenching my thighs together as I feel a body step in closer behind me, then a hard cock presses against my ass, sliding along my crack.

“Fuck you're perfect.”

“Please fuck me,” I beg. I need one of them inside me.

The man behind me kicks my legs apart and wraps an arm around my waist, using the grip to pull my ass out. The thick head of his cock nudges my wet and ready entrance, then thrusts inside me.

“You’re so damn tight, strangling my cock as I fuck you.”

“Oh god,” I whimper as he thrusts into me hard and fast. I feel hands all over me and realize whoever held my hands has let them go, but I don’t move them. I enjoy the sensation of being touched everywhere. Someone rubs a thumb over my nipple through my bralette.

“Please,” I whine.

A fist wraps in my hair and pulls my head back, arching my neck. Lips press against my skin and teeth dig into the soft flesh between my neck and shoulder. I cry out in pleasure and pain, and after he lets go, a shudder rolls through me as he runs his tongue over the extra sensitive area. My orgasm builds and builds; at any second I might internally combust. I’m in a sensation overload, with his cock inside me, lips on my neck, and someone running their thumb over my nipple.

“Please what?” someone asks.

“Please make me come.”

I feel a large body move between me and the wall, and the thrusts behind me slow down. My eyes widen behind my blindfold at the sensation of a tongue licking my clit as I’m being fucked. Holy shit! As he grips my hips and sucks my clit into his mouth, an orgasm shoots through my body, and I gasp out something unintelligible. Every nerve ending tingles and white stars dance in front of my eyes.

The man behind me pulls me tight into his body and his short, quick thrusts soon have him finding his own release with a low grunt.

Before my legs can give way, one of them helps me lie down, maneuvering me onto my back. The floorboards are cold, but it’s quickly forgotten when I feel someone

position their head between my legs. I try to close them, knowing the cum inside me won't stay there for long, but my hands are slapped away, then my legs are pulled apart and held open.

I jolt as a tongue laves my slit, then circles my entrance before pushing inside me, lapping at the combined juices. I feel a second orgasm building already—I never imagined I would enjoy a man eating me out when I'm full of another man's cum, but fuck, it's setting me alight.

As my entire body trembles, the man moves and I'm flipped onto my hands and knees, though I'm barely able to hold myself up.

"Use me," I beg. Someone moves behind me and with no warning thrusts into me, stretching me, though I welcome the burn of pain. "I need someone in my mouth. Please, fuck my mouth."

Someone sucks in a breath, and a cock is pushed against my mouth. The precum is sticky against my lips, and I dart my tongue out to lick every drop.

"You want to be used, baby? I'm going to fuck your throat until you cry for me."

He thrusts inside my mouth, while the man behind me fucks me with slow, measured strokes. Unlike the cock in my mouth, which thrusts deeper and deeper until it hits the back of my throat. Each time it inches a little deeper, my gags spur the man wielding it on, until my eyes are watering and spit rolls down my chin. He uses his grip on my hair to keep my head in place, and both men find a steady rhythm as they fuck me. I lift a hand in the air, hoping the third man will get the hint. He does, guiding my hand around his shaft and helping me stroke his cock.

They use me until my body combusts. My pussy squeezes the cock inside me, and I scream around the one in my mouth. The cock in my hand disappears and moments

later warm, wet splatters land on my back, followed by a hand rubbing the cum into my skin.

With one last thrust, the man fucking my throat blows his load. I cough and gag but swallow it down, then gasp for air as he slides out. The man behind me pulls me upright, still sheathed inside me, and brings our bodies flush together. His hand wraps around my neck and he sucks on my neck in the same spot I was bitten before, while his other hand strokes my pussy. My body shakes at his touch and as he circles my clit, his cock swells inside me until his hot release fills me.

Arms grab me, and I'm lifted from the ground and placed on my bed, then the comforter is pulled up over me. My blindfold is removed and only one masked man is watching me. I smirk up at him and mouth, thank you . He nods and walks away.

I don't know how I got here, but I definitely don't want it to end. I need to reach out to the matchmaking company and see if these men will meet me unmasked. This is more fun than I have ever had in my life, and everything I have ever wanted in the bedroom.

The issue is I want more. However, I don't know how to incorporate more and keep what I already have.

### Chapter Eleven

Zayne

We waited for an hour to pass before we returned home. Mellie was already asleep, but I still snuck into her room and pulled her into my arms, guilt riding me hard. Mellie is my best friend. Knowing she wants to be used and seeing it are two very different things. While we waited, we talked it over and decided we will tell her it's us before Valentine's Day, which gives us two days.

None of us knows how to tell her or how she will react.

I want her, even if I don't know how it will work. Julius and I are okay with sharing. However, Storm is possessive when it comes to her, and I'm not sure how he feels about sharing her long term, as he clams up whenever I ask.

Mellie stirs and I close my eyes, pretending I'm still asleep despite the sun shining through her blinds. That way she can sneak out if she wants, or at least that was my plan. As she stretches, her perfectly round ass presses into my crotch, my cock perking up as it remembers what it felt like to be inside her, and I involuntarily thrust forward.

"Zayne?" she murmurs, rolling onto her back and blinking her eyes open.

"Hey, did you sleep well?"

She nods her head, then her face goes red. "I did, but I . . . um . . ."

She looks down to where her legs are covered by the comforter, and I can see she is searching for the right words. "I'm kind of half naked under here."

I smile and move on top of her, which isn't our usual dynamic. Holding myself up, I gaze down at her, feeling a strange satisfaction at seeing my bite mark on her neck, though I wish she knew it was me who put it there. I reach out and rub my finger over the spot, and she gasps.

"Did you get lucky last night, Mellie? Is that why you were acting weird before we left?"

She covers her face with her hands.

"Is that sex I can smell on you?" I ask, leaning forward and sniffing her. I'll take any excuse to know what she smells like after a night of fucking us. Then I tickle her and harden further as she writhes beneath me.

"Storm! Save me."

Within seconds Storm bursts through the door wearing nothing but his boxer briefs, causing both Mellie and I to freeze. There really is no better sight than this man half naked. Julius stumbles in behind him, sans glasses, so he'll be able to see fuck all.

"What are you doing?" Storm demands.

"Mellie ditched us to get lucky," I say, and she huffs.

"I did not. You weren't even going to invite me."

She reaches out and twists my nipple, making me jump off her. "Look, she has hickeys all over her neck."

“I do not,” she whines, as she wiggles her way to the edge of the bed while keeping the comforter covering her lower half. The light of the new day highlights her just-fucked hair and lacy bralette, which has shifted in her sleep, leaving her nipple practically hanging out.

My mouth waters and I clear my throat, glancing at her nipple, then back at her face.

She rolls her eyes as she fixes her bra. “What is wrong with you today? You’ve seen my nipples so many times, mister—you know I have no boundaries. And if we’re now having issues with it, tell your boner to go down.”

Sure enough, my boxer briefs are tented. “Morning wood.”

Julius laughs. “I’m getting my glasses, then making some eggs. Are you hungry, Moo?”

“Starving.”

“Hey, I had my cock in your ass last night. Where are my eggs?”

Julius flips me off as he leaves the room, but I know he will cook me breakfast—he always does. Mainly because he knows my cooking skills are subpar. I can, however, microwave like nobody’s business, but anything else is outside of my skill set.

“I’m taking the first shower, so throw me your sweats.”

I bite down on my lip to stop my fucking groan from escaping. Her naked pussy filled with my cum will be inside my pants. “Why don’t you have breakfast first and then shower? Julius will have our food ready within a few minutes.”

I throw my sweats at her, and she catches them, then I turn my back to give her

privacy. Instead of telling me I can turn around, she jumps on my back and wraps her arms and legs around my body.

“Giddy up!”

I breathe slowly through my nose in a discreet attempt to get my shit together, then take off at a run out of her room and down the hall, Mellie giggling the entire way. Julius eyes us as we fly into the kitchen, and I deposit her on a stool. I saunter over to him and enfold my arms around his middle.

“She smells so fucking good with our scent still on her. I think we need to tell her today.”

He relaxes under my touch, and I sigh. Whatever happens, we will not lose her—I’ll make sure of it. I know her better than I know myself. Mellie wakes up hangry every day, so Julius makes her breakfast and a cup of coffee. She likes to sit by the window when she works, as she enjoys the natural light in her workspace. Though she loves the idea of being a plant mom, she kills everything she brings into the house. And she hates wearing shoes on the carpet, preferring to be barefoot if she can help it. Mellie loves watching old reruns of shows because she likes to know what will happen, and there isn’t a movie about love she hasn’t watched. Even in winter, she must open the windows at least once a day—fuck knows why, but I freeze my sac off to make her happy. Her favorite color is forest green. She hates pickles and insists they taste like sweaty armpits or what she imagines a sweaty armpit would taste like. Literally the only thing I wasn’t aware of was her sexual desires, and that realization hurt because I thought I knew everything there was to know about my best friend.

A loud click has me looking over my shoulder to find Mellie snapping a picture of Julez and me, a wide smile on her face.

“You two are so cute. When are you going to call it and officially become

boyfriends?”

I snort and step away from Julius, leaning over the kitchen counter as I sass her. “Because we don’t only want to be boyfriends, Mellie. We have other needs and have someone else in mind to join us.”

Her face drops, but she quickly plasters on a fake smile. “You know you can bring someone here, if that’s what you’re missing.”

“Thanks for the offer, but the girl we want doesn’t even know we like her.”

“Her loss then,” she says, and the smile she gives us is real this time.

The three of us eat breakfast together. Storm has already left to meet North at the hardware store about a job they’re doing. After we eat, Mellie makes a phone call and checks some work emails, while Julius goes to shower, leaving me with the dishes.

I finish them up and put them away before I check on Mellie. She is absorbed in something on her laptop, so I head upstairs, hoping to catch Julius in the bathroom before he gets out of the shower. Unfortunately, he is already done and getting dressed in his room, so I step inside and close the door behind me. He looks up at me with a smirk.

“Don’t bother putting those sweats on. I want your cock in my mouth,” I tell him.

He slides his hand beneath the waistband of his boxer briefs, and I chuckle at his Marvel print underwear, which I bought him for Christmas. Stalking across the room, I step in close to him and grab his jaw, pulling him in for a steamy kiss.

It doesn’t last long before I spin us around and push him down onto the bed, straddling his legs.

“Do you think she will be okay when we tell her?” I ask him.

“I think she might worry about it ruining our friendship, but look at us. We fuck all the time and you’re still my best friend.”

“Sure, and me sucking your cock has nothing to do with that,” I quip as I move to slide off him, but he grabs my arm.

“I didn’t say that. Now stop filling your mouth with words and fill it with my cock. It won’t suck itself.”

“Bossy asshole,” I joke, hooking my fingers into the sides of his boxers and sliding them down so his cock juts out.

As far as cocks go, his is perfection. I won’t go as far as saying it’s pretty—can cocks even be pretty? I don’t think so, but pussy... oh, a pussy can be pretty. Specifically, our best friend’s. Nothing will ever compare to hers.

Leaning forward, I lick the precum from the tip and continue to the base, then right back up. I slowly wet every delicious inch before closing my mouth over the head, my lips stretching to the point the corners of my mouth burn. In no universe could I deep throat this monster, so I use one hand at his base while I work the rest of his length with my mouth, and my free hand massages his balls. Damn, I love watching him come undone.

“Oh fuck! I need you to fuck me while I come. Shit...”

Popping off his cock, I stand as Julius turns and places his ass in the air. It means he wants me to fuck him fast and hard, as he prefers to be on his back when he wants it slower.

I reach over to the bedside table and take out the lube, squirting it on my hand, then dropping the bottle back in the drawer. Before the liquid falls from my fingers, I wipe it on his ass and push my fingers inside him, pressing on his sweet spot and making him moan.

“Please,” he begs. “Please make me come.”

Stepping behind him, I line up my cock, then torture him by pushing inside slowly. I lean over his back and grab onto his shoulder, digging my nails into his skin as I thrust in slow, measured strokes, knowing that isn’t what he truly wants. “Wrap your hand around your swollen cock and picture Mellie beneath you sucking you while I’m fucking you from behind.”

“Fuck!” he roars.

I let his shoulder go, and fuck him harder, inspired by the same thought. In my lust-filled haze, I don’t hear the door open until an open-mouthed Mellie is standing frozen in the doorway.

“Either step inside and close the door, Moo, or?—”

Before Julius can finish his sentence, Mellie jumps backward and slams the door. I know he will want to chase after her. He propositioned her, and now his brain will race at a million miles an hour, but he needs to let her process.

I grab his hair and pull his head back as I lean over his body. “You’re not going anywhere until you blow your load. Now picture her on her knees staring up at you, with her mouth open, begging for your cum.”

His body shivers beneath me as he strokes his cock until he grunts out my name, then I finish by fucking him into his mattress.

### Chapter Twelve

Mellie

Embarrassment floods through me as I slam the door closed. I accidentally invaded their private time, but it was the looks on their faces which mesmerized me. Turning on my heel, I bump into a solid bare chest and glance up into Storm's slate-gray eyes.

His hands land on my waist to steady me. My cheeks heat more, and Storm smirks. "Did you like what you saw?"

I lower my gaze and remain silent as I try to get my breathing under control. The last thing I need him to know is how damp my underwear has become, and how I want to run to my room and ease the pressure with my trusty vibrator.

With him standing so close, the hallway feels smaller. His presence is magnetic, pulling me in like gravity. My pulse quickens as every inch of my skin becomes hyperaware of the lack of space between me and his shirtless torso. His eyes lock onto mine, intense and searching, as if he's trying to decipher a secret hidden in my gaze. The air is thick with unspoken words, and I can barely breathe. His hand hovers near my cheek, his fingers brushing lightly against my skin and sending a shiver down my spine.

I lean in, instinctively drawn to him by a force I can't control. Our breaths mingle, the heat between us rising. His lips part, and for a heartbeat, nothing else exists.

The world narrows to this moment, our connection, this almost?—

A sudden sound shatters the spell.

My phone rings, loud and invasive, cutting through the tension like a blade. We jerk back and stare at each other, breathless and bewildered. I turn away and pull my phone from my pocket. When I see the TV station's number, hope fills me and I move to my bedroom to answer the call, closing the door behind me.

"Hello?"

"Miss Foster, this is Grant returning your call."

"Yes— I mean, I know. Thank you for getting back to me."

"What can I do for you?" His tone is curt.

"I know you have privacy policies in place to protect everyone on the show but since I left the resort, I have—" I stop, not wanting to get the guys in trouble for seeking me out, so I change the direction of my question. "I wanted to know if there was any way the show would disclose the identities of the three masked men from the resort so I can contact them?" As the last word leaves my mouth, I cringe, realizing how stupid I sound. However, this show is my only link to the guys, and I need to know who they are.

"I'm not following you, Miss Foster. What resort and masked men?"

I roll my eyes. "There's no need to be shy. I know the show will have had safety measures in place and monitored our night."

"What night?" His tone is laced with annoyance, and I suddenly feel a twinge of worry.

“Th-the night you sent me to the resort and granted me what I asked for in my interview?” My voice sounds small and timid, and even I can hear the slight hint of panic.

“Miss Foster, your application was unsuccessful. No one from my network sent you to a resort. We don’t cater to your specific types of... needs. Now I’m sorry, but I must go.” He ends the call while I’m still reeling.

My application was unsuccessful.

But if that’s true, how did I end up at the resort?

And who are the masked men?

Was any of it real?

Tears prick my eyes as shame overtakes me. I know it was real because I’m still sore from having them inside me, but if my application was rejected, how the fuck did this all happen? I drop onto the edge of my bed and bury my face in my hands, fighting back the tears that threaten to break free. Then fear shoots through me—they know where I live!

They haven’t hurt me or forced me to do something I haven’t consented to, and I shouldn’t worry about them turning up with the guys at home. But my mind still conjures up various scenarios and none of them are good. These guys gave me everything I wanted, yet now I just feel used.

I spend the rest of the day hiding in my room, too ashamed to face the guys. I’d prefer they think I’m in here because I’m mortified that I walked in on Zayne and Julius, rather than having to admit the truth. How the fuck do I tell my best friends that I got played, let three complete strangers fuck my brains out, only for it all to be a lie? Oh,

my god—my stomach churns—I fucked them without a condom! I thought they had been cleared by the show, but now, I don't know.

As I roll over, the damn candle on my window ledge taunts me. My eyes narrow at the reminder of my stupidity. I leap out of bed and snatch the fucking thing, storming out of my room and down the hallway. The guys are sprawled in the living room, and when they see the candle in my hand, their brows pinch. I offer no explanation, tossing it in the trash with extra force, then retreat to my room so I can wallow in self-pity.

Barely five minutes have passed before there is a soft knock on my door. A sigh pushes past my lips—I had a hunch they wouldn't leave me alone for long. I scoot over, knowing Zayne will get in bed beside me the second they enter. Sure enough, he climbs under the covers and wraps me in his arms. I snuggle into him and allow his warmth to seep into me as I relax in his hold. Julius sits on the edge of the bed while Storm stays by the door.

“What's going on, Mellie?” Zayne hedges, worry filling his blue eyes.

“We're here for you, Moo,” Julius adds with a sad smile.

I bury my face in Zayne's chest, avoiding their gazes. These three know me better than anyone and will be able to see through my bullshit excuses.

“Tell me who we have to kill.” Storm's tone is filled with promise. I know without a doubt he means what he says.

I shake my head, causing Zayne to tighten his hold. The tears I've held off leak out. I know the second Zayne feels them soaking his shirt because he tenses, and a low growl stirs in his chest.

“Mellie, I need you to tell us what happened, baby. Who hurt you?” Zayne pushes.

“I was stupid.” I hiccup.

He strokes the back of my head lovingly. “You’re way too smart to be stupid,” he whispers, and places a kiss on the top of my head.

“I got played,” I whisper back, feeling so ashamed.

“By who?” Storm snarls.

“I didn’t get chosen for True Love’s Match . They rejected my application, but I—” I clamp my mouth closed, unable to finish.

“What do you mean?” Julius pushes.

“I went to the resort, saw the guys and... we did things. But when I spoke to Grant from the network, he said they never accepted me. So, I don’t know who these guys are, but they know who I am and... I was so stupid.”

Zayne holds me as I sob out my embarrassment, feeling like a total idiot. I let myself believe love was waiting for me, but I need to learn the only guys I can ever truly love and trust not to hurt me are these three. They would rather cut off their own arms than risk making me cry. I guess for a girl who loves the thought of love, I have to accept it’s not something I will ever experience. Those three masked men brought my fantasies to life and gave me everything I have ever craved and wanted, but they will only ever be a memory for me now. I have my guys, and I need to be happy with that. I may not be able to have them intimately, but at least I can love them from afar.

Zayne keeps me wrapped tight in his arms. I wish I never called the network and instead left our time as a fond memory. My stupid heart pinches as I remember that

tomorrow is Valentine's Day, and I have no plans. My entire life plan seems pointless, so I may as well curl up and sleep my way through tonight and tomorrow. Tears flow again, and Zayne's body stiffens against me.

"Moo, is there anything we can do to make this better?" Julius asks softly.

I blink open my puffy, tear-filled eyes. "If you could erase the last few days, it would be amazing."

Storm scoffs and leaves the room, and though I'd normally ask what his problem is, I don't have the energy to deal with him right now. I'm probably making him feel useless. He would want to find those men and get justice, but that isn't how life works.

"We can't do that for you, but how about we organize a Valentine's Day you'll never forget?" Zayne suggests. I go to veto the idea, but he cuts me off. "Before you say no, hear me out. We have been your best friends for almost two decades. If anyone can plan the best Valentine's ever, it's us. Please let us do this for you."

I snifle. "But don't you have your own plans? I would hate to mess them up."

Zayne laughs. "You know I clear my schedule every year for you. There is no one else besides Julez who I would rather spend V-Day with."

Storm strides back in. "If I'm forced to do all the hearts and flowers crap, you bet your sexy little ass I'm doing it with you."

My mouth falls open. Storm said I have a sexy ass?! In what universe am I living right now?

"So it's settled. We're going to give you a Valentine's Day to remember," Julius

says, leaning down and pressing a kiss on my forehead before moving from the bed. “I’m going to plan it out now. Storm, you can come and help.”

“Why me?” he complains. “I’m good with my hands, not with making love day plans.”

Julius chuckles, the sound drifting away as they leave the room.

“So what movie are we starting with?” Zayne asks, picking up my remote.

“The Notebook,” I reply, but of course he already has it up on the screen and I gently whack him with my arm.

“Do I know my girl or what? Now get settled in. I think we can smash at least two of these out before you fall asleep and drool on me.”

“I do not drool, thank you very much,” I huff out.

“Shh, the movie’s starting,” he jokes, even though he knows the movie so well he could speak it word for word, which he does as soon as it starts. Julius comes in with my ice cream, some popcorn for Zayne, a bottle of water, and fresh tissues.

We all know damn well Zayne will need them more than me—this movie gets him every time.

### Chapter Thirteen

#### Storm

Once Mellie fell asleep last night, Zayne joined us to finish our planning. We all agreed that giving her a Valentine's Day to remember is the priority, but equally important is telling her it was us. We could have done it last night, but with how upset and betrayed she was feeling, it was best to let her cool down a little.

I woke up feeling terrified today. This could very well end our friendship, and that's something I can't imagine living without. My every memory involves her.

She is the only girl I have told I would marry. Even if it was in the first grade, I meant every word. When I learned to ride a bike, she was right there cheering me on with her little pigtails and toothless grin. When I went through my awkward stage, she told me I was the handsomest boy she had ever met. Then when my voice cracked, she never laughed, only said my body was changing and I was becoming a man. She was there for everything, and I'll be damned if she is not by my side for the rest of my life.

I want to see her face as she walks down the aisle when I'm standing at the altar. I want her to be the mother of my babies. And I want to see her grow old.

Julius is already in the kitchen cooking us breakfast. We have the entire day planned out, starting with breakfast in bed, then we're going to take her for a mini hike, because let's face it, walking far isn't her idea of fun. Julius managed to get some disposable cameras for us to take photos, and we'll have a picnic lunch overlooking

the entire town. After that Julius has booked us into a painting class, and then Zayne has hired out an entire movie theater for us to watch the movie Valentine's Day. Once we are done, we will come back home where he has organized a company to set up roses, wine, chocolates, and the works. Then we plan to tell her everything.

I only hope she forgives us.

Even if she's pissed, I will spend the rest of my life making her see we did it because we care and wanted her to have her fantasy made reality. Sure, we should have come clean and given her the choice, but we know her and she wouldn't have agreed. Not because she didn't want to, but because Mellie puts us first, before herself. Now we need her to see what is right in front of her: three men so perfectly suited to her she never needed to go looking elsewhere at all.

Once her breakfast is ready, I gather her gifts, and Julius brings the food on a tray. Opening the door to her room, I snort at the sight. Zayne and Mellie are wrapped in each other's arms, Zayne's leg is thrown over the top of her, and her head is burrowed against his chest.

"Wake up sleeping beauties," Julius chirps, and both Zayne and Mellie untangle themselves.

Mellie smiles, and it's the best feeling after how down she was last night.

"Do you want to do gifts or breakfast first?" Zayne asks, wrapping his arms around her again once she sits up.

"Gifts," she says, beaming.

I nod and hold out the three gifts to her.

She nervously opens the smallest one first. Her eyes go wide, and her mouth falls open when she pulls out the dainty necklace. We each buy her one gift every year, and this year is no different.

The jewelry is from Julius, and he outdid himself with this one. It has each of our birth stones embedded in an infinity symbol.

“This is so pretty,” she says, and Zayne holds his hand out to her. She gives him the necklace, and he helps her put it on.

Next, she opens Zayne’s gift; he is always the wild card. Mellie could end up with tickets to Timbuktu or a plant. She unwraps a box, opening it to find a candle inside. She pulls it out and laughs, holding it up for us to see. It reads: light me if you’re horny. “There’s more in there,” Zayne says, and she digs around and pulls out a mini vibrator. She giggles and slaps him on the arm.

“I love it, thank you. Just what I might need tonight.”

“Now open mine,” I say, before I can think too hard about Mellie fucking herself while I watch.

She rips the paper from mine and the smile takes over her face. I got her a photo book of all four of us over the years. Her eyes water as she flicks through the pages and I almost regret my choice—of course it’s a stupid gift. Mellie suddenly jumps from the bed and flings herself into my arms, clinging to me and burying her head into my chest.

“Best gift ever,” she whispers against my neck. I squeeze her tight against my chest, hoping we do enough today so this isn’t the last time I get to hold her.

“Don’t crush her, she needs to be in good working order for what we have planned

today,” Zayne jokes.

I flip him off and put Mellie back on her feet. Here’s hoping everything works out the way we have planned.

As predicted, Mellie hated the walk, though snapping pictures helped take her mind off the fact that it was exercise, plus lunch at the top of the hike made up for the one measly mile. After we ate and Mellie took a million photos, we headed to our next stop where we all painted awful portraits of Mellie accompanied by so much damn laughter. Next, we moved on to the theater and even though the movie was one we had all seen a million times before, the smile on her face as we ate popcorn and listened to Zayne recite the words was totally worth it.

Now, as I drive us home, my stomach is in knots. It’s time for us to lay our cards on the table and see what happens. I hate surprises and not knowing how things will play out. We could say nothing and go on as normal, but none of us want to do that. We want her to know how we feel, though putting voice to our thoughts and emotions is going to be the hardest thing we’ve ever done.

“Why are you driving so slow?” She knows she has one surprise left, and Mellie loves surprises almost as much as she loves the idea of love. I only hope she has an open mind.

“I’m doing the speed limit,” I grumble, subtly pressing the gas pedal so the odometer reflects that.

Zayne, who is sitting behind me, grasps my shoulder and gives it a squeeze. I’m sure they are feeling these nerves as much as I am.

When I pull into our house and Julius clicks the button to open the garage, I’m hit with the overwhelming need to puke.

Once I kill the engine, Mellie excitedly jumps out of the car and the three of us trail behind her. She makes her way into the living room and squeals as she jumps up and down. There are candles flickering, wine chilling in an ice bucket, red rose petals scattered everywhere, and someone has moved the furniture to the side to make room for a human-sized dog bed, which is piled high with pillows and blankets. Fairy lights decorate the ceiling, and the entire room looks magical. I wish the circumstances were different.

“I’m going upstairs to change,” I mutter, turning and walking away.

The other guys both say the same and follow behind me. None of us say anything else as we all walk into my room, where we have stored the masks. I change into my sweats, but we leave our tattoos visible this time. The mood is somber as we pull our masks into place.

“This is it,” Zayne says. “Let’s go get our girl.”

If only it were so easy.

As we stride into the living room, the lights are off and the room is illuminated by the strings of fairy lights. Mellie hasn’t spotted us yet and is standing, happily squirting whipped cream into her mouth straight from the can. After a second, she looks over her shoulder and screams.

“Storm!”

I fucking break. She’s so panicked that she has called for me to save her. So I rip the stupid fucking mask from my face, revealing my identity, and her eyes go wide, her mouth dropping open in surprise. The other guys do the same and tears fill her eyes.

Zayne hurries across the room and takes her in his arms. I wait for her to yell and

fight him off, but she doesn't. Instead, she collapses into his embrace as both Julius and I move closer, lingering nearby, unsure what to do next. When she calms herself, she pulls back from Zayne.

"I need someone to explain, but first I need to sit." She walks over to the big dog bed and takes a seat in the middle, and the three of us do the same.

"I don't even know where to begin," I murmur.

"From the start would be good." She clutches her hands in her lap.

"I work for the company who is making True Love's Match," Julius says, and her attention falls to him. She doesn't look mad, but Mellie is good at holding in everything until she explodes. "When I saw your audition tape, I admit I got jealous, and it gave me an idea. You deserved to live out your fantasy, but I didn't want to put it in the hands of a stranger. So, I pulled your application."

She gasps and her hand rises to cover her mouth.

"I'm so fucking sorry, Mellie," I say, running my hand down my face.

"I'm not," Zayne states and we all look at him. "What?"

"You're not sorry we lied to our best friend?" I ask, and he shakes his head.

"I'm sorry for how Mellie felt yesterday, and I'm sorry we didn't come clean the day after it all happened. But I'm not sorry for being stupidly in love with her, and you shouldn't be sorry for loving her either. None of us should be, and if it wasn't for this stupid matchmaking show, none of us would have had the balls to say anything," Zayne snaps.

“You love me?” she whispers.

I nod. “I’ve loved you for as long as I can remember,” I say, as tears run down her pretty face. Leaning forward, I wipe them away with my thumbs.

“When I was sixteen, I knew I loved you,” Zayne adds.

“For me it was eighth grade, when you punched Zeke in the nose because he called me a dork, even though he was three times bigger than you,” Julius says, pushing his glasses up and wiping his eyes.

“But you’re all my best friends!”

“If that’s all you see us as, we really hope we haven’t messed up our friendship. If you want us to go back to how things were before, we will forget this ever happened. You are our world, Moo. We would do anything for you, including lying so you get to live out your fantasies, even if it’s one of the stupidest things we have ever done.”

“I’m just having a hard time believing it was you.”

“I fucked you on the pool lounge,” I say, and she smirks as her eyes sparkle at the memory. “And I gave you that orgasm you always complained you never had before.”

Her face flushes, either from embarrassment or arousal—either way, I’ll take it.

“And I had your ass,” Zayne says.

“Okay, okay, I believe you. But what does this mean for us, for our friendship?”

“No offense, Moo, but fuck our friendship. We want to date you. We want to make

you ours,” Julius tells her earnestly.

“I stand by what I said at the resort. You’re ours now, Mellie,” Zayne adds with his signature cocky smirk.

“The ball’s in your court. We understand if you need time to think it over,” I say, feeling more hopeful now that maybe we haven’t royally fucked everything up.

Mellie stands and looks down at us and smirks. “I think... I think I need a head start before you come and find me. The winner gets to cover me with chocolate and lick it off.”

She doesn’t wait for our reply, running out of the living room and down the hallway.

The three of us look at each other, stunned.

Well, fuck. I guess it’s every man for themselves because I plan to find her first.

### Chapter Fourteen

Mellie

My heart thumps wildly in my chest as I run through the house, searching for somewhere to hide. I can't believe it was them the whole time and they are in love with me!

I know without a doubt I love them—I always have—but I never thought they would see me as anything beyond their best friend.

Ducking into Zayne's room, I drop to the floor and scramble under his bed. It's the only one high enough for me to fit under.

"Moo, we know you're here somewhere," Julius sings out from down the hall, though his voice is not loud enough for him to be close.

I listen for footsteps, wondering how long it will take them to find me. Sure, I didn't try too hard to hide—why would I want to prolong this? It's something I have dreamed about so many times, but always discarded, thinking that it would never be a reality.

A hand encircles my ankle, making me squeal, and I'm pulled from under the bed as my heart races at the thought of who it could be. The instant I clear the edge, Zayne is on his hands and knees, crawling on top of me.

"You didn't think you could hide from me, did you, baby?"

I melt into a puddle of goo—Zayne called me baby for a second time. I’ve heard him call Julius baby from the comfort of my bed, and it would get me every time. His voice is as smooth as whiskey and can make me weak at the knees.

He smiles at me, and I wonder if I’m dreaming. That must be it. I will wake and this will all have been my imagination.

“Pinch me,” I whisper, and he chuckles.

“I’ll do one better,” he says, leaning down and nipping my jaw. “This is real, and since I found you first, I get to decide what to do with you.”

Zayne pushes to his knees and then stands, offering me his hand. Once he pulls me to my feet, he swoops in and throws me over his shoulder, his hand coming down hard on my ass.

“Oh,” I breathe out on a whimper.

Zayne walks us out of his room while shouting, “Hey, losers! I found our prize.”

He struts down the hall all the way to the living room, to where Julius and Storm are standing. Julius smiles and Storm looks like someone pissed in his cereal. He’s always been a sore loser.

“Does anyone have rope?” Zayne asks.

Storm’s scowl turns into a smirk. “I have cable ties.”

“That will work,” Zayne replies.

Storm walks over to the entry table, opens the drawer, and pulls them out. I internally

roll my eyes, thinking of the number of times I have told him to not put his work crap in there. It's only for our keys and wallets.

Zayne sets me down on my feet. "Strip for us, baby. We want to get a good look at you."

I shy away under the scrutiny of their gazes. If we do this now, there is no going back.

Storm strides over and hands Zayne the cable ties, then comes to stand directly in front of me. He reaches out and gently tucks my hair behind my ear. "Mellie, if you don't want to do this, you only have to say so. You don't need a safe word anymore. You say stop and we will."

"I want to, but I'm scared I will be all in and you will change your minds. I don't think I could recover from that kind of broken heart. You all mean too much to me."

"Nineteen years ago, I asked you to marry me. I might have been a silly kid, but even back then I knew you were my future. I'm not going anywhere, Mellie. The next time I get down on one knee and ask that question, you won't be able to tell me to wait until we are grownups. I'm all grown now, and I know exactly what I want—you."

"Undress me," I whisper, and he nods.

I look into his eyes as he runs his fingers down my arm, and they burn a trail on my skin with every torturous inch. My breath catches when he takes the bottom of my shirt and pulls it over my head, leaving me standing in my bra and pants. He doesn't look away as he trails a finger down between my breasts, along my stomach, and to my jeans. My stomach dips as he undoes the button and pulls the zip down. The house is so quiet you could hear a pin drop. He squats in front of me, slowly running his hands up my denim-covered legs, and watching him does things to me no dream

could ever replicate. This big, strong man is kneeling in front of me, undressing me, and gazing at me like I'm the most precious thing he has ever seen in his life. I wish this moment would last forever. He hooks his fingers into my waistband and slides my jeans down my legs, then pulls them off me, one foot at a time.

A body moves behind me and pushes my hair over one shoulder, kissing the other side. "Can I take off your bra?" Julius murmurs, and I nod.

Before I can overthink it, Storm slides my thong over my hips, and though nerves teeter beneath the surface, I push them down. I have no reason to feel nervous around them; these men would die for me, and I'd do the same for them.

When I am unclothed, Storm steps back, and I chuckle when I see Zayne is also standing there buck naked. Storm turns and shakes his head.

"What? I couldn't let her have all the fun. Besides, you'll have to get very comfortable with my nakedness—now I'll never have to wear clothes."

"I have no issues with you being naked or fucking Julius, but you can both keep your cocks away from me."

"Don't worry, brother. You're not my type," Julius teases Storm.

"Stepbrother," Zayne corrects. "I'm into some kinky shit, but relatives are where I draw the line."

We all laugh, and I'm thankful for Zayne lightening the mood. "I think it's only fair, since Zayne and I are naked, you two remove your clothes."

"Oh no, baby, you're not in charge here," Zayne says, stepping forward. His cock is hard and I wish he would order me to my knees so I can have a taste.

“Do you like what you see?” he asks, and I nod. “I want you to take your gorgeous ass and lie down on that blanket bed. I have plans for you.”

I do as he asks, scrambling over to the massive makeshift bed—which takes up most of our living room—and lying down flat on my back. Zayne kneels in front of me, leaning back on his haunches while he looks over my body, as if he is memorizing every curve.

Once he snaps out of his trance, he holds up a cable tie. “Hands above your head, baby.” I do as he asks, and he ties my hands together. “Now, I think we need to start with some chocolate.”

Julius moves the chocolate fondue machine closer, and Zayne reaches over and dips his finger in before bringing it to my breast and painting me, like he did earlier in the painting class. We all sucked except him—clearly he is the only one of us with artistic talent.

“Oh god,” I whine as Julius and Storm kneel on either side of me.

Zayne takes his time, slowly covering me in chocolate. Then Storm picks up the whipped cream and switches spots with Zayne. He puts a ring of cream around each of my nipples and a line down my stomach until he reaches my pussy, then squirts a bit on my clit.

Zayne dares him to lick it off, and Storm disappears between my legs. The first stroke of his tongue is like a shot of ecstasy to my system. I almost black out when Julius and Zayne’s mouths cover my nipples, and they suck the cream from my skin. I watch as Zayne leans over me and grabs Julius by the back of his neck, smashing their lips together.

Storm pops up from between my legs. “Whatever you’re doing just made her

extremely wet.”

“Do you want to see how much of a good boy Julez is for me, baby?”

“Yes please.” I nod enthusiastically as Storm dives back between my legs, eating me like no one has before.

“On your knees, baby,” Zayne demands, and Julius obeys. He doesn’t move from beside me as Zayne stands and steps in front of him.

“I want you to wrap those cock-sucking lips around me and let our girl see just how good you can be for us.”

Then Zayne shifts forward and grabs Julius by the back of the neck, guiding his open mouth onto his cock. Julius glances down at me and holds out his hand. I take it in mine as Storm sucks my clit into his mouth, sending shock waves through my body, and my back arches off the ground.

“Oh fuck,” I gasp. “I’m going to come.”

My entire core clenches and I come screaming Storm’s name. Once I’ve ridden my high, Storm moves, wiping his arm across his face and smearing chocolate on his long-sleeved shirt. He crawls up over my body and whispers, “Would you like to watch Zayne fuck Julius while I fuck you?”

“Hell yes,” I say quickly, making Storm smile down at me. Shit, I should have played it cool, but how many countless nights have I wished I was a fly on their wall?

“You heard her. Get naked and on your hands and knees,” Zayne orders Julius, who pulls back off Zayne’s cock.

Storm reaches over to the coffee table and grabs the knife from beside the strawberries, cutting the cable tie from my wrists. “On your hands and knees facing Julius.”

I switch positions while Julius and Storm undress, watching in fascination as Julius’s massive cock springs free. I know we fucked at the resort, but seeing it for the first time and knowing it’s him does something to me. He moves in front of me, so we are now both face to face.

“I love you,” he whispers.

“I love you too,” I reply just as quietly.

Zayne kneels behind him, then Storm moves in behind me, lining up his cock with my pussy. Though I feel the tip pressing against my hole, he moves no further, despite me pushing back.

“I’m going bare unless you tell me otherwise,” Storm warns.

“Please, I want to feel you again.”

The sound of plastic crinkling has me glancing up at Zayne, who’s ripping a condom packet open between his teeth. Holy shit, I’m about to be fucked while watching them fuck.

Julius leans forward and grabs my neck, pressing a kiss onto my lips. I gasp against his mouth as Storm thrusts inside me. Zayne must do the same because Julius pulls back, and his eyes roll.

Storm pulls back agonizingly slowly, then thrusts forward at the same glacial speed as I watch Zayne and Julius.

“Do you know what would make this better?” Zayne asks, and I shake my head. He grabs Julius by his curls and pulls him up, their bodies now flush against each other. “If you wrapped your mouth around his cock while Storm fucks you. Once Julius comes in your pretty little mouth, you can come. What do you say, baby?”

“Please,” Julius begs. “Please suck my cock, Moo.”

Storm thrusts deep inside me and grabs me around the waist to shift us forward, moving my mouth in line with Julius’s massive cock. Julius wraps his hand around the base and angles it, and I lean forward, then wrap my lips around the head.

“Oh fuck, I have died and gone to heaven,” Julius mumbles.

Storm thrusts forward, pushing me further onto Julius’s cock. I can feel my juices running down the backs of my legs with each thrust. I have never been this turned on in my entire life. If this is how sex will be with them, I could never go back.

I am thankful Julius keeps his hand around the base because there is no way I could take all of him, and with the frantic speed Storm is fucking me, I would be impaled in both ends, rotisserie style.

“You should see how fucking stunning you both look, taking our cocks,” Zayne praises.

Julius warns me when he is going to come, but I don’t pull away. I want to know how he tastes. His cum hits the back of my tongue and I swallow down everything he gives me.

“Fuck, Moo, tell us you will be ours,” Julius groans as he pulls back and his cock pops free of my mouth.

“Yes, I’ll be yours,” I gasp out as another orgasm hits me and rolls through my body like a tidal wave.

Storm roars from behind me as his fingers dig into my hips.

Zayne pushes down on Julius’s back and fucks him like a madman until he reaches his release, then all four of us flop onto the blankets, sweaty and spent.

Once we all catch our breath, Julius gets a washcloth and cleans me, then we spend the rest of the night touching and fucking until the sun comes up.

Things will never be the same after tonight, and I can’t wait to wake up each day and call them mine. Not only my best friends, but my forever.

### Chapter Fifteen

Mellie

It's nearly eight months later and I'm standing in the parking lot of the resort where it all started, my emotions warring inside me. I'm excited to see Storm's hard work finally paying off, but I'm also sad. The night after Valentine's Day, he told me how he and North would work together on the renovation. I was so blown away to learn he bought the freaking place just so he and the guys could fulfill my fantasy. These past few months with them have been everything. I have never felt so loved in my entire life. I'm so damn deep in love with these three men, and it annoys the hell out of me we took so long to get together.

Waking up every morning is different now. They aren't only my best friends anymore; they are my life. While I loved my job, when Storm approached me with the offer of being the one to coordinate the events at the resort, I couldn't say no. He said I would be the perfect person to help others live out their fantasies. Julius is the tech guy, and Zayne is the head bartender, even agreeing to play here some nights. If someone had told me last year that this is what my life would turn out like, I would have laughed in their face.

"What's with the sad face, baby?" Zayne asks as he strolls toward me.

The guys have been out here, finishing the last touches before tomorrow's grand opening—which coincides with Halloween—but I refrained from stopping by to avoid distracting them. Paint splatters cover Zayne's jeans, which he wears with work boots and nothing else, proudly displaying his tattoos, and he looks fucking edible.

He wraps me in his arms the moment he is close enough, and I melt.

“I’m not sad, just bummed I have to share this place with other people now,” I admit.

He pushes me back and bends slightly, so we’re now at eye level, then cups my cheeks in his large hands and smiles lovingly at me.

“Baby, this will always be our place. This resort will always mean so much to me and the guys because it’s the first place we got to have you. We wanted to do this so others might find the courage we lacked, maybe bring their lovers here and embrace their desires. This is all for you, Mellie.”

My eyes widen and my mouth parts. “W-what?”

“He’s right.” Snapping my head toward the voice, I see Storm coming toward us. I groan at the sight of him dressed exactly like Zayne. I swear living with these men and fucking them any chance I get means my panties are constantly destroyed from how turned on they make me by simply walking into the room. Storm pulls me from Zayne’s hold and smashes his lips against mine. I lock my arms around his neck and kiss him back feverishly. Before I get too lost in the kiss, I’m yanked away from Storm, only to find Julius smirking down at me.

“As much as I want to fuck you on the hood of your car right now, Moo, we have some things to go over before your last surprise.”

I perk up at the mention of a surprise. These guys have made it their mission to always keep me on my toes. “I love surprises!” I squeal.

“We know!” The three of them answer in unison, and their laughter causes me to pout. Julius kisses the pout from my lips, and I try to cling to him so he will lose his resolve and make true on his promise to fuck me right now, but the tease breaks the kiss and shoots me a wink.

“Let’s go, baby. We’ve got shit to do before we can do you,” Zayne says, grabbing my hand and leading me toward the resort.

They really have done an incredible job with this place—you would never know it was abandoned less than a year ago. I knew each of them was talented, but knowing and seeing are two very different things. I gasp as I enter the lobby and look around. Everything in here is brand new and alluring. The color scheme they chose is sexy and inviting. A shiver of need runs down my spine as they take me over to the reception desk and show me the wristbands.

“What are they for?” I ask.

“Red means they only want to have sex privately,” Julius answers.

“Orange is for people who want to fuck privately, but others can watch,” Zayne says.

“And green, well, that one is for you, baby,” Storm purrs, then attaches a green band around my wrist.

“What does it mean, though?” I press as I look up at him, and the dark, hungry look in his eyes has my thighs clenching.

“Green means you want to be fucked everywhere, on any surface inside and outside, and you don’t give a fuck who is around to watch.”

My mouth waters at Storm’s answer. These three have taught me to embrace all my desires and to never hide what I want. If I want to try something new, they are always happy to accommodate me and give me exactly what I need.

“You have one hour, baby. Go check out all the rooms.” Zayne’s tone is gruff and filled with desire.

I run my gaze over the three of them and frown. “Why an hour?”

“Because the sun will set in forty minutes, then you have just enough time to change and run. You are the first to experience everything this resort offers,” Julius answers.

“Run and hide as best you can, baby. Tonight, we’re going hunting, and make no mistake, Mellie, you are our fucking prey.”

I stare up at Storm with my jaw unhinged and need coursing through me. The guys saunter off with a chuckle, leaving me stunned and trying to gather myself. It’s fucking hard when all I can picture is each of them naked and thrusting inside me.

I force my mind to focus, first snatching the master key off the desk, then I head for the elevator. I didn’t bring any extra clothes with me, and it’s fall, so not exactly warm outside. But there’s already a fire ignited inside me, and I have no doubt these guys will have me burning alive from their expert touches within moments. Excitement has me rushing through the checks, and honestly, I am astounded by how they have set up the rooms to accommodate each type of kink. There are BDSM rooms, two-way mirrors, chains, whips, an orgy room, and so many more. All the thought and hard work that has gone into this place is fucking amazing, and I am so proud of each of them.

Another little detail I have noticed during my exploration is every room comes with a note, and in the last room I pick it up and read it.

All guests have undergone testing, and we implement all possible precautions to ensure everyone’s safety. If you prefer not to interact without a condom, you can find them in the side drawers of every room throughout the resort. Please dispose of them in the marked trash cans.

We monitor all public rooms 24/7. If you need a private room without video surveillance for safety reasons, please alert the staff. We call each of those rooms

every twenty minutes to ensure all guests' safety.

Enjoy your visit to Mellie's Den, and we hope you limp out of here tomorrow.

It still warms me to know they have named this place after me.

As I put the note back where I found it, I hear crackling, then a voice comes over the hidden speakers. "Tick-tock, baby. You have ten minutes."

The distortion of the words has my breath hitching, and I glance at my watch and curse. Checking the rooms took way longer than I intended! I groan in frustration at having nothing sexy to wear, but then an idea hits me. I turn slowly and stare directly at the camera up in the corner with a coy smile.

"As the only guest, I'm requesting that you turn off all the cameras throughout the resort. If you want to find me and fuck me, you'll need to do it the old-fashioned way." I slowly slide down my pants and kick them to the side, then toss my shirt on the bed, leaving me in nothing but my bra and thong. Just to drive my point home, I pull the elastic from my hair and let it flow around me, knowing they like it when they can tug on the strands while they fuck me. "I would hate to be the first person to leave you a one-star review," I taunt as I skate my hand down my body and cup my pussy, releasing a loud, needy moan.

"Start running, all cameras are down. But when we find you, you're going to pay for making us wait."

Smirking at the camera, I purse my lips in a kiss, then turn on my heels and run. I know for a fact the three of them are going to cheat. Julius would never really kill the cameras in case I somehow got lost. I take the elevator to the lobby, and the second the doors open, I run like hell. As I exit the back of the resort, heading toward the pool area, I spot the glow of a pink mask out of the corner of my eye. Squealing, I change directions, racing for the trail that leads into the forest.

I can feel his presence behind me, gaining on me, though I don't know which of my men this one is. The thrill of the chase has ruined yet another pair of panties, and I'm so wet the insides of my thighs are coated in my arousal. Veering off the trail, I head into the thick underbrush, but I quickly realize it was a stupid choice as another mask illuminates in the darkness, robbing me of air. I turn back the way I came, only to see the initial masked man has stopped mere feet away. In unison, they step toward me, forcing me to back up until I hit a solid wall. I crane my neck up and back to find the wall is another masked man. Shivers roll through me, and my nipples harden as the other two close in on me. Now that they are closer, I can tell who is who.

Zayne is the one who chased me, Julius is the one off the trail, and Storm is at my back.

He reaches around me and cups my tits, drawing a long moan from me. "Fuck, they feel so good in my hands," he purrs. The voice distorters in their masks always turn me on—it's the thrill of not hearing their real voices that gets me off.

"Are you wet for us, baby?" Zayne growls.

"I bet she's fucking drenched," Julius says as he steps into me. He cups my pussy and groans at what he finds. "She's soaked."

I whimper as he brushes his fingers against me, and Storm pinches my nipples. Julius makes quick work of tearing my thong away, and I barely catch my breath before he's yanking off his mask and dropping to his knees. I gasp the instant he swipes his tongue through my folds. Zayne moves forward, capturing my lips in a heated kiss, while Storm continues to play with my tits.

With how fucking turned on I am, I won't last long. My orgasm is already building, but I know these guys won't stop until they make me squirt. I won't be able to walk back to the resort, so they will be fucking me on the forest floor, and the thought sends a thrill of excitement through me.

“I can feel how close you are. Squirt all over him so Zayne can lick it off while I slam my cock inside your perfect little cunt.”

It's like Storm's words have a direct line to my pussy, and they tip me over the edge. I break the kiss with Zayne to scream through my release. Shudders roll through me, but Julius doesn't stop. He continues to suck on my clit while Storm tears my bra off. Zayne leans down to bite his favorite spot between my neck and shoulder, and I come so fucking hard I worry I might drown Julius. Not that he would complain about dying that way. I go lax in Storm's hold as Zayne releases me and drops to his knees by Julius. Storm pushes me to my hands and knees in the dirt, and I barely catch a glimpse of Zayne licking Julius's face before Storm slams inside me and I cry out.

“Fuck her so hard she feels you tomorrow,” Julius snaps.

Storm's hold on my waist turns punishing and I fucking love when he loses control like this and gets rough.

“Can you take all three of us?” Zayne asks.

I pant out a yes, needing to feel all three of them inside me, owning me. I love when they all come in each of my holes at the same time.

“Give her what she wants, but this pussy is mine,” Storm practically snarls.

He pulls out, maneuvering us so he is on his back and I'm now straddling him, then he sheathes himself once more. Zayne kneels behind me while Julius stands over Storm, his cock lined up with my face. I eagerly open for him, thirsting for the taste of his precum to coat the back of my throat. I wrap my lips around him as I feel Zayne squirt some lube on my ass. Moaning at the sensations, I grind down harder on Storm.

Julius's hand tangles in my hair as he takes control and thrusts his hips, making me

gag. They all love the sound of me choking on their dicks. Zayne pushes inside me, and I feel my body burning up. Fuck, this right here is what I live for; having all three of them inside me is the most powerful feeling in the world.

“Fuck, Mellie!” Zayne groans when he’s fully sheathed inside me.

“Hmmm,” I moan around Julius’s cock, then Zayne draws almost all the way out before slamming back inside me, causing me to groan louder. I never thought I would be the type of girl to love anal, but holy fuck, I do now.

“You want to come, don’t you?” Julius asks, his voice gone husky.

I flick my eyes up to him and nod as I choke on his monster dick.

“Give her what she wants. I need to come so fucking badly.” Storm sounds like he’s in pain, and I can feel from how hard his fingers are digging into my hips that he’s close.

“Hang on, she loves it when we all come together. Play with her clit,” Zayne demands.

Storm obeys, and instantly my eyes roll backward as pressure skyrockets inside me.

“Fuck, Zayne, get there. Her cunt is strangling the hell out of my cock,” Storm grits out.

I smile, moaning around Julius and grinding down on Storm just to fuck with them.

Storm snaps, meeting Zayne thrust for thrust, as I lose all control. The guys match his rhythm, and within moments, the four of us come hard, the various sounds of ecstasy like music to my ears. I swallow every drop of Julius’s cum and moan at the taste of him, while relishing the feeling of Zayne and Storm filling me with theirs. Though

it's the knowledge that our night is only beginning which sends another thrill through me. They are gentlemen, though; they will allow me to rest for half an hour before they fuck me senseless again.

This is everything I could have dreamed of and more.

They always say, "You're ours now," but the truth is, I think I have always been theirs. It just took me longer to realize it. I love knowing I'm theirs and they are mine. Valentine's Day this year was the best one of my life, just like they promised, and I can't wait to see how they top it next year.

"You have twenty minutes to catch your breath, baby," Zayne says as he pulls out of me, then holds out his hand to help me stand. I sway slightly as tremors continue to roll through me. "Find a better spot to hide because when we catch you, we're testing out the chain room."

My eyes widen at the thought of being restrained while they have their way with me.

"I want you chained and bound and at the mercy of our cocks," Storm adds.

"By the time we are done with you, you'll be passed out in a cock-induced coma."

Julius's last words send arousal pooling between my legs yet again. My best friends have created a monster who craves their wicked ways, and I am so fucking here for it.

Eight months ago, my love life was nonexistent, and I thought I would be single forever. Now I couldn't be happier—everything is perfect. Not only do I still have my best friends, but I get to be theirs and they are mine.

Who would have thought I would get my happily ever after and get to explore my fantasies at the same time? Certainly not me, but I thank my lucky stars every damn day.

Do you want more masked men?

Hold your breath

Or you can go back to the start and read -

Don't get Caught.