



THEIR
Virgin
PRIZE

EVERYONE IS WATCHING

LORYN FOX

Their Virgin Prize

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LORYN FOX



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CHAPTER 1

Clover

“**Y**ou’re not getting cold feet, are you, Clover?”

“It’s not my feet that are the problem.” I cross my legs and clench my trembling hands over the knee that lands on top, locking my thighs together as if that will prevent what’s about to happen. Instead, it only makes it harder to ignore the breeze washing over my shoulders. They’re bared by cutouts on the sleeves of my slinky dress. Gunner Blackwood had his driver deliver the outfit, including a set of wicked midnight heels with red soles, when he picked me up earlier.

My neighbors probably assumed the guy made one hell of a wrong turn when his posh limo bounced down the rutted red dirt of our trailer park’s main drag. It hadn’t been a mistake, though. Gunner knew as well as I did that I might have chickened out if he hadn’t had one of his high-class henchmen deliver me directly to the discreet doorstep of this swanky lair.

Rubbing my thumb over the fine black material that stops short of my knees helps soothe me some. I’m sure it cost more than all the Goodwill finds in my dresser. At least that’s what I call the stacked cardboard boxes tipped onto their sides. I covered them in previously crumpled wrapping paper I salvaged from the dumpster the day after Christmas one year. Hell, the dress even had tags on it that didn’t seem like knock-off labeling to me. I’ve never owned something brand-new before, never mind designer.

Gunner’s chuckle shakes me from my racing thoughts. It isn’t sinister, but it’s weighty. For a wealthy proprietor, he has at least a modicum of honor. If I hadn’t gotten that vibe from him, there’s no way I could have even considered going through with this insanity.

“Some lucky bastards from my club are going to warm you up, sweetheart, don’t worry about that.” He twirls a gold pen over his substantial knuckles as he studies me. I don’t know why I care what he sees, but I’d be lying if I said I didn’t. I sit up, pretending to be as ritzy as my surroundings. It’s a stretch. Gunner nods. “There’s a lot riding on tonight’s performance, Clover. I know we went over everything on the phone, but so there are absolutely no miscommunications, you understand you won’t have a choice in who takes your virginity? We’re going to auction it off.”

“Yeah.” The galloping of my heart and the ringing in my ears make him seem like he’s talking to me from the end of a long hall instead of the other side of a polished desk in a plush back office attached to one of the city’s most infamous pleasure dens. Lacquered wood gleams all around us despite the moody lighting.

I’ve only heard whispers of the things that go on here, but the flyer that swirled on the wind like a paper airplane and crash-landed with a flutter at my feet a little more than a week ago was an advertisement in search of a woman willing to sell her virginity to a group of men. Plus allow them to livestream the event. That seemed perfectly in alignment with the rumors I’ve caught.

I guess when you’re rich, you can buy pretty much anything that turns you on.

Gunner clears his throat, drawing my attention once more. “Our members are tested regularly, as you were before tonight. They don’t use condoms and won’t with you since the doctor’s report says the IUD procedure was successful.”

“It was.” My response is half whisper and half croak. So much for sophisticated. I suspect that’s not what Gunner’s customers really want anyway. Otherwise, why would they have fished me from the gutter when they could have any number of socialites instead?

“Take a few deep breaths. Think of this as an adventure, if you can.”

I snort, shattering any illusions about my class. I’m not doing this for shits and giggles or to be rebellious. My life is firmly rooted in reality, not fairytales. “Most people have a crappy first time. I might as well get something out of mine, right?”

And by *something*, I mean an enormous wad of cash.

“You’re going to be compensated, of course, but I’m willing to bet you’ll enjoy parts of this too. You should try to anyway. The viewers on the

livestream will appreciate that more. Remember, every penny of their tips will be added to your take for the night.”

“But you’re still going to pay me the guaranteed base fee in advance, like you said?” I bite the inside of my cheek to keep from seeming desperate, but the truth is...I am. My virginity is the only thing I have of value, and a Scrooge-McDuck-sized pile of gold is my only hope for saving my brother.

I can’t think of that now, though, or I’ll lose it completely.

I need—no, we need—this deal to go through.

“I’ll transfer the money to the bank account we set up for you as soon as you sign the final consent forms. You can verify the deposit before you go onstage.” Gunner slides a stack of papers across the desk and turns them around to face me.

I scan them, past legalese like *binding*, *indemnity*, and *remuneration*. That last one’s got a dollar sign, a number, and a half dozen zeros following it. The tip of my finger runs across the massive amount. It doesn’t wipe away.

“Some people would say this makes me a whore, you know?” My croak is accompanied by my eyes slamming closed. I imagine my brother’s face and the desperation that strained his voice when he begged me to help him. If I don’t do this, I’ll never see him again.

“Well, I say it makes you resourceful. And brave.” Gunner flashes me a devilish grin. “If the guys wouldn’t cry foul, I’d be tempted to try to win you for myself.”

I swallow hard then try to shake off the icicle of fear that spikes down my spine, inspiring shivers.

It’s just one evening of sex. *It’s just one evening of sex. It’s just one evening of sex.*

Boys have been trying to get me to spread my legs for them for free, or force them open, since I was twelve. It’s about time I make a smart decision and use what very little I have to my advantage. Maybe this is the first step on the road to a better life for my brother and me.

If I do this, we’ll have a chance to break the cycle.

“Clover, are you in or out? I have an alternate, just in case, but she’s not going to be nearly as popular as you are. I have a feeling you’re perfect for one of our trios. Just their type. Still...we have options.” The lines etched into Gunner’s brow intensify.

He's about to replace me? Screw that.

The clock is ticking, and I'll never find another opportunity like this one.

I snatch the pen from his hand and scribble my name on the dotted line. If my signature is wobbly from the tremble in my fingers, well, that'll just have to be good enough.

Gunner taps a few keys on his laptop then spins the device to face me so I can read the screen. The transaction is complete. I pull out the phone he insisted on providing me to keep in touch and open the bank app he pre-installed. I've never needed more than my pocket to hold what little cash I've had. More digits than I can fathom flash onto my balance. Enough to buy my brother his freedom and the time he needs to get back on track. Even a place with a real foundation where we can live in peace after this nightmare is over is suddenly in the budget.

All I have left to do is earn it.

Bolting to my feet, I wobble. A lot of firsts tonight. Wearing heels is one of them. Five-inch stilettos wouldn't have been my pick, though I like what they do to the shape of my legs and the illusion of power that comes with being taller. I'll take all the bravado I can get.

"Perfect." Gunner levers up from his massive leather wingback chair. He sticks his hand out to shake, and his warm grasp lingers, steadying me, as he rounds his desk and nudges me toward the door. "It's truly a pleasure doing business with you. Several of our luckiest members will certainly agree. I can feel the club's waitlist about to explode."

I'm fucked up. So is my life, and tonight is just another example of how badly. But for once, I'm finding a way to make something of nothing. And if that means selling myself to a bunch of rich dudes who get off on nailing virgins in front of their equally rich friends, so be it.

Gunner wraps his hand possessively around my elbow, probably to protect his significant investment. What does it say about me that I soak in any hint of reassurance? "I'd offer you a drink to fortify your nerves, but you're not old enough for one, and I'm not about to lose my license."

Fine by me. The sooner we get this over with, the sooner I can get my brother back. Hopefully, these playboys will be so riled up by the idea of a public fuckfest that they won't last very long. "No more delays. Let's go."

CHAPTER 2

Wesley

“**W**hy the hell did you drag me here tonight?” Briggs grumbles from my right as he swirls the single globe of ice in his expensive-as-fuck, though not overpriced, glass of whisky.

“What, you had a hot date with your boxers and streaming some dumb reality show?” Grant laughs from my left. My two best friends are constantly ribbing each other, but their barbs don’t hold any malice. Not here at Gunner’s club, nor in the boardroom where we’ve built our empire, and certainly not in the mansion we call home.

“At least we saved you the trouble of finding decent porn to jerk off to before bed.” I shift on the tufted burgundy sofa we’re sharing. A dozen or so others are set up on tiered risers, arranged in a multilevel semicircle that cups the curved front edge of the stage before us. The couches are filled with guys who are closer than simple friends, who get off on playing together—like we do. It’s an exclusive group made up of people who have a whole hell of a lot to lose, which guarantees we keep our collective mouths shut about what goes on in this place.

Say, for example, auctions for the right to publicly deflower virgins with your buddies.

Briggs might be bitching now, but he’ll be into it when the action starts. I’m as sure of it as I am about the accuracy of the financial reports I certified for our company’s quarter end last week. Not to mention the record profits accounted for in those documents.

There are two things I love—money and group sex.

None of us can resist the allure of an uninhibited woman being conquered by several men.

Or better yet, passing one around between us.

“It’s just that I prefer my hook-ups willing, eager, and skilled. Who wants a girl who doesn’t even know what she’s doing when she gets her hands on us?” Briggs contorts his face as if he’s just been told he’s eaten sushi that was left out overnight.

“I guess we’ll see how it goes down, but...my dick doesn’t seem to mind.” Grant adjusts the crotch of his impeccably tailored suit pants. They don’t leave a lot of extra room for the bulge he’s already sporting.

His state doesn’t surprise me considering the meeting we had earlier and the deal he negotiated to get our company’s app into the hands of millions of new customers overnight. Victories like that—epic ones that level us up and secure our future—always hype him up.

Truth be told, that’s why I pushed so hard to come to the club tonight. To celebrate. By reveling in our preferred vices. We’re exhausted, sure. Grant from endless schmoozing, me from crunching the numbers to structure the deal, and Briggs from providing the security for the visiting executives, our facility, and the corporate secrets plenty of rivals have tried to steal. More than rest, we need this time as a unit to refresh.

Reconnect.

Play.

It isn’t until Gunner’s right-hand man splits the burgundy curtains shielding the stage and welcomes the crowd that I realize we’re about to be more than spectators. Because behind him, a woman who captures the attention of every cell in my body peeks out of the gap left by the auctioneer’s entrance.

All I can see are her eyes, and I know. Tonight is going to change our lives forever.

They’re partially obscured by smoky shadow and dark liner but it doesn’t expunge the terror twinkling in them.

Come out, little lamb. We’ll make you enjoy our bites.

“Thank you for joining us here for this special event. Without further ado, please give tonight’s guest of honor, Clover, a warm welcome.” The auctioneer extends his hand, and the young woman emerges fully from the part in the velvet curtains, which hide whatever else is on the stage.

Clover teeters into the spotlight and blinks as if she can't believe she's really there, blasted by the attention of a roomful of horny lechers, before scanning the room for the exits.

As if the men surrounding her would let her leave now.

"Holy shit." I don't mean to hiss the curse, but it feels like someone's knocked the wind out of me.

The girl is hauntingly beautiful. Well, woman. Though she's young enough to be skirting the limit, I'm certain she's not jailbait or Gunner wouldn't have chosen her. He's not risking his club for messing with anyone underage. But she's fresh, untamed, and—apparently—inexperienced.

The energy radiating from her captivates me. Part trepidation and part defiance. All survival.

Her slumped posture certainly isn't refined. Slightly defeated. But with the readiness of a scrappy fighter. Awkward—like a fawn taking its first uncoordinated steps—and gorgeous as fuck in mile-high heels and a skintight black dress I would love to rip from her with my teeth. She's a seductive well of untapped potential and plenty of promise along with the slight chance she might go utterly feral on anyone who tries to trap her. Tame her.

A hazard I'm willing to risk.

Grant, Briggs, and I can handle it. Her.

Definitely not a turnoff. I shift in my seat, spreading my legs so there's more room.

My knee bumps into Briggs's. He snorts. "She's definitely your type, Wesley."

"And not yours?" I huff. "Yeah right."

Curled auburn hair brushes her bare shoulders as her eyes dart around the crowd. Fiery red highlights blaze in the focused beam of the spotlight, revealing her true colors.

Is she evaluating us just as keenly?

Wondering who will claim her innocence and if they'll be cruel or kind?

Her gaze swipes past mine then snaps back. Our stares lock.

She points her chin high, though there's no fooling us. She's scared shitless, but she's ballsy and street-smart enough to do her best not to show it. A wise move in this shark-infested auditorium.

Still, I can practically read her desperate thoughts. *Please buy me. Please help me.*

The onyx dress hugging her almost too-slim, girlish figure creates a stark contrast against her porcelain skin. As I consider the crowd of old-money aristocrats surrounding us, I figure Grant, Briggs, and I must seem less like creepers than some of our elders ogling her.

“She’s going to be ours.” The certainty is the same as the one that punched me in the gut when I met Grant and Briggs at a frat party and we ended up triple-teaming the captain of the cheerleaders hours later. We haven’t been apart since.

“Shit.” Briggs groans. “This is going to get expensive quick.”

“I’m the CFO, let me worry about the bills.”

“What do we know about initiating virgins?” Grant hesitates. “We don’t go easy on our women, and I’m not starting tonight.”

“You think anyone else here will either?” Briggs sighs.

His protective instincts have been triggered. Good.

“If we don’t buy her, some of these other bastards will. That’s for damn sure. The only way to guarantee it’s done right is if we do it ourselves.” They accuse me of being too logical sometimes, but somebody has to think straight.

“Always the practical one.” Grant claps me on the shoulder. “Okay, I like it. Besides, we had a big win today. We deserve to let loose. Let’s do it.”

As if he hadn’t already made up his mind the moment Clover stepped on that stage.

Just like I did.

The three of us have always been into the same women. For different reasons, perhaps. What started out as a frat habit has turned into a lifestyle. These days, I can’t imagine seducing a woman without Grant’s charisma or Briggs’s physique to back me up.

Even aside from the deal we inked earlier, Gunner could have named his price.

We’re good for it.

“Yeah, I won’t let her end up in the wrong hands. Some of these guys play rough. Rougher than us, even. She’s not ready for that.” Briggs drops his voice to a bass rumble.

I consider the set of three members one row in front of us and their knife-play kink. Or several of the sadists scattered around the club. No shame in enjoying whatever you like with consenting adults, but there's no way this girl could give permission for something she doesn't yet understand.

"She's got everyone's attention. Look at her." Grant hasn't blinked once since she was ushered into the spotlight. "She's fucking gorgeous. Young and untested, but...wild. There's fire in those eyes. I can see it burning from here."

"No one else will touch her." Briggs folds his arms over his chest, risking the destruction of his poor shirt buttons when his pecs bulge.

"She's not the sort of woman to put herself out there like this, is she?" I glare over my shoulder at Gunner, who's leaning against the bar behind us, grinning. "Where'd you find her, and what did you do to convince her to get on that stage?"

He shrugs. "Seemed like she needs the money pretty bad. I didn't ask what for. I'm not a life coach, I'm a sex club owner. I don't care if it's for a Ferrari or a college degree. Maybe a house. She's from a—*hmm*—sketchy neighborhood, shall we say."

"You bastard. You knew how much she was going to bring in and you took advantage of her." My hand balls into a fist against my leg.

The club owner only laughs. "Damn straight. I compensated her fairly, but yeah. I saw a hell of an opportunity, and I took it. If you don't like the idea of someone else plowing that fresh pussy, you better break out your wallets, gentlemen. I'm a businessman, same as you three."

"Well, I'm making it our business to get her out of this mess." Grant turns to me and Briggs. "Are we on the same page?"

Briggs glowers at Gunner. "Yup."

"She was meant for us." I have more in common with a savage than a gentleman at the moment, and I'm not the only one. I wouldn't be surprised if a brawl broke out for the right to claim Clover. If it did, we'd still win with Briggs on our team.

"Sometimes you're even smarter than I give you credit for, Wes." Grant knocks his shoulder into mine, shoving me into Briggs. "This is the best idea you've ever had."

Before we can congratulate ourselves, the auctioneer draws our attention back to the spectacle in front of us and the woman waiting for us

to own her, even if she doesn't know it yet. "Members, who's going to start us out? The opening bid tonight will be five hundred thousand dollars."

Clover gasps, her shaded eyes widening impossibly as she whips her gaze toward the auctioneer. She has no idea of her worth.

I swear to myself right then, we'll enlighten her.

Grant gets it, though. He's already rising. He puts his fist in the air, curled around his bidding paddle, and calmly offers, "Five million."

Clover bursts into laughter. Until she realizes the rest of the room is silent.

This is no joke.

Then her stare wings to Gunner, who nods subtly. She slaps one hand to her chest as if to keep her heart from flying out of it, and her pale skin blanches further.

Men around the room shift, and mutters break out. Most of them are wise enough to realize that once Grant, Briggs, and I have our minds set on something, there's no sense in wasting their energy competing with us.

Except for that one lecherous fool, who raises his paddle and calls, "Six million."

Grant hasn't lowered his, and won't. "Ten. I can do this all night, but there are other activities I'd rather partake in instead."

It's a lot of money, but Gunner knows it's nothing to us. So does the rest of the assembly.

Briggs swings his *I-dare-you* scowl around the room, warning the rest of the attendees it's futile to resist when we're determined to have Clover.

Grant leans across me and punches Briggs's shoulder with a loose fist. "We told you it was a good idea to come tonight."

"Why the fuck do you two always have to be right?" He groans, knowing he's never going to hear the end of it.

"Quit dicking around and seal the deal, Grant. You're the closer. This is your job." I refuse to miss out on this opportunity.

My gaze is locked on Clover's. Damn, even her name is stunning.

Does she understand she's already ours?

Teaching her how to unravel is going to be a highlight of my life.

Though she's probably standing there thinking it's about to be one of her worst moments. She's hugging herself as she rocks from side to side, shifting her weight on those death-trap heels.

Damn, she's petite. Will she be able to take the three of us, Briggs especially?

No one is foolish enough to compete with us.

"Easy enough. Bidding will end at ten million. Going once... Going twice..." A gavel bangs. "Sold, to Grant, Wesley, and Briggs."

Without waiting for my roommates, my partners—the other parts of myself—I stride toward the woman who's waited her whole life to surrender to us, then take the stairs to the stage two at a time. She doesn't flinch as I approach, so I gather her freezing hand in mine and lift her knuckles to my lips. "Very nice to meet you, Clover. I'm Wesley, and I'll be one of the men to introduce you to desire. This is Grant, and he's Briggs."

"Nice to meet you?" Her tone implies there's some question, though I'm going to do my damndest to convince her it's true soon enough.

"The pleasure is all of ours." Grant steps up beside me and cuts in, wooing her with his charm while Briggs towers behind us, providing a screen for a bit of privacy from the onlookers. We leave the majority of the talking to Grant, as usual.

With a whoosh, the heavy curtains are yanked aside, unveiling the set for our lewd performance. An enormous round bed is draped with crimson silk sheets. It's surrounded by a thousand white pillar candles of various heights, dripping wax down ornate wrought-iron stands.

Clover yelps and lurches away from the sudden motion, wavering on shoes she's obviously not used to. It's instinct to catch her, to wrap her in my arms and hold her tight as Briggs widens his stance and Grant coos to her in an attempt to set her hair-trigger nerves at ease.

She relaxes into my hold, ever so slightly.

Illumination washes over the four of us as the candles are augmented by professional-grade light boxes and the red dots on multiple cameras begin to glow, providing several angles from which to view our debauchery.

"Congratulations, gentlemen. Don't forget to put on a good show for our members at home." The auctioneer nods to us as he slips from the stage, leaving us and our prize alone at the center of everyone's attention.

I've never considered myself an exhibitionist before, but the thought of the entire planet witnessing us stake our claim to Clover is certainly not a turnoff.

I glance at the bed where we'll show her what it's like to be possessed. Not only by one man, but by three.

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CHAPTER 3

Claver

I'm so dumb. Why did I think, for even one second, that these men would rescue me? That they were safe compared to the rest of the deviants who appraised me as I shivered before them?

It only took a glimpse of their eyes up close to realize my mistake.

They might look refined on the outside, but behind the thin façade of their impeccable suits and handsome faces, they're every bit as dangerous as the others. They're older than me—by a decade, at least, though not four or five like some of the patrons.

Virile enough to get it up and have plenty of stamina for their perverted conquest.

I'm fucked. Seriously fucked, or will be shortly.

Might as well get it over with.

I reach behind me to whisk the zipper of my dress open, but the burly dude with the hint of black-and-gray tattoos peeking from beneath his collar and cuffs, *Briggs*, captures my wrists and pins them in the small of my back. Spine arched, my chest shoved out, I'm presented to his buddies. Wesley, in a suit as black as my dress with a crisp white shirt that echoes the neatness of his short hair and the fine tortoiseshell frames of his glasses, stalks forward. Grant flashes a disarming smile and radiates a best-mate vibe that offsets Wesley's intensity, though he matches his friend step for step.

They corner me, catching me between the three of them.

Grant trails his knuckles down my cheek. I jerk backward, but that only plasters me against Briggs's rock-solid torso. They tighten their triangle

around me, hemming me in.

Wesley hums. “Oh no, prize. Let us unwrap you. There’s no rush.”
Except there is.

Who knows what’s being done to my brother? I’m sure it’s a lot worse than this.

The deadline set by his captors is less than twelve hours away.

I tense and shift my attention to the dark rafters overhead as if I can tune out the three men invading my personal space. Grant brushes my hair aside. The rasp of his five o’clock shadow prickles the sensitive skin beneath my chin as he murmurs, “You’re ours, little miss. Don’t bother trying to run this show. We’re going to play with you however we like. I promise, if you go along with us and let us teach you about passion, you might even find you like it too.”

Yeah, right. It’s going to hurt. There’s no way it won’t considering how they tower over me and the massive ridge indenting my lower back. But Gunner has made sure it will be worth the pain.

My disbelief must show. Or maybe they mistake it for regret.

“Don’t make us ask for a refund.” Wesley is definitely the bad cop in their trio.

They wouldn’t do that, would they? My gulp is audible. I should have read Gunner’s contract more closely. Can he take the money back if his customers aren’t satisfied?

“You didn’t come here tonight because it turns you on for people to watch your initiation, did you?” Briggs wonders from behind me. Our hushed conversation is barely detectable, even to me, never mind the cameras or the crowd. A private moment at the heart of a spectacle.

I bite my lip and shake my head, closing my eyes in a futile attempt to ward off the reality closing in on me.

It seemed like no big deal when I weighed my nonexistent options. Just lie there and think of anything else as they sate themselves. That was before I was in their midst, about to be defiled while who knows how many people witness me being ruined.

In this moment, I can’t deny the true price I’ve paid.

These three men are going to strip me bare, turn me inside out, and use me for their pleasure...

While everyone is watching.

Grant *tsks*. “Open your eyes. Focus on us. Look at us. Only us. Wesley, Briggs, and I are going to make sure no one on the other side of those cameras can see a damn thing. Tonight you belong to us. And we protect what’s ours.”

“You do?” It comes out as a squawk.

“Yes.” Briggs doesn’t hesitate.

“Don’t think that means we’re going to go easy on you, though.” Wesley’s handsome mouth pinches into a frown. “We’re not that sort.”

I can’t stop my hand from lifting to cup his jaw.

Kind of like me, he might be more than people have led him to believe. A gasp parts my lips at the feel of him against my fingers. Strong, angular, yet not at all cold. He’s so damn hot beneath his calculated exterior he practically sings my fingers.

This isn’t going to be anything like I imagined.

Who are these men and why are they touching parts of me I’ve sworn to keep off-limits? Places much deeper than my skin or even my pussy.

“This will go easier if you let us do what we’re best at.” Grant tucks an errant strand of my hair behind my ear then shifts his stare to Briggs. “Do the honors, my friend.”

Briggs growls in my ear. His thick fingers skim from my nape to the golden zipper at the top of my dress. With each inch of my back he exposes, he runs his palm over it, touching where no one has explored before.

Grant is there to hold me upright when my knees go weak at the sensation.

Wesley reaches between us and wraps his hand around my throat, transforming his long fingers into a fleshy necklace. They dig in just enough to capture my entire attention. Restricted airflow forces me to slow my breathing and concentrate on drawing deeper to fill my lungs before I can hyperventilate.

It’s impossible to look away from the piercing green of his gaze. Flecked with gold. Fitting.

What the hell have I gotten myself into?

“That’s right,” Grant murmurs as Briggs continues to split my dress down the back, revealing my body, bare except for a wisp of scarlet lace that hugs my hips and the tiny attached silk string that rides my ass. When he’s finished, he feeds the main garment forward, dusting it from my shoulders.

My dress pools on the floor around my fancy shoes.

The curves of my bare breasts and ass are limned by the dancing candlelight. A collective gasp runs through the crowd as my silhouette is emphasized. It reminds me that we're not alone, although my world is already narrowing to only these three mesmerizing men occupying the limelight with me.

Grant and Wesley take the tiniest step back to admire the view. My nipples harden beneath their appraising stares. I desperately want to attribute the response to the cool air circulating through the club rather than the electricity sparking between us four costars. It's safer that way.

They bought the right to use my body, nothing more.

My heart wasn't part of the bargain.

"Damn." Grant grins as he turns to his right. "Those are the prettiest tits I've ever seen. You're a genius, Wesley."

"Perfect." Briggs doesn't stop at looking over my shoulder. He cups my chest from behind, his huge hands covering my breasts as he grinds against my ass. He squeezes just until it's uncomfortable before allowing his hands to fall away, leaving me breathless.

"We need to move if we're going to do more than stare at her all night." Wesley releases me, certain Briggs will take over.

I squeak as the behemoth scoops me into his arms. He marches toward the enormous bed, waiting for them as if I weigh no more than the pillows he lays me down on. There's a mountain of them piled on the round mattress elevated on a black platform at the center of the stage. The flickering amber glow from the ringing wall of votives glimmers across my skin.

Instinct drives me to hug myself, drawing my legs up to shield my body from view even as my owners begin to strip without hesitation. Wesley folds his suit coat and builds a neat stack of clothes as he reveals a cut physique beneath the fancy wrapping. Briggs is far less careful, whipping his shirt off and leaving it where it falls.

Damn, he's sexy in a primal sort of way.

The skulls and roses entwined around his massive arm are beautiful and terrifying all at once.

"And now the real fun begins." The auctioneer sounds more like a sportscaster as he commentates the action, blow-by-blow, for the audience

—both those in attendance and those watching remotely. “How will our lovely Clover handle being breached for the first time?”

I curl tighter inward as if that’s any sort of defense against them.

Wesley cuts a pointed stare to Briggs.

When the colossus flings off his left shoe, it smashes into one of the nearby candles. A molten blob of wax splashes directly onto the lens of the livestreaming camera with the closest and most intrusive vantage point.

Its red light goes dark.

Was that intentional?

The auctioneer reassures the viewers at home not to worry as they adjust the broadcast to one of the more distant perspectives.

Grant grins as he stands at the edge of the bed, bare-chested, barefooted, and working on his leather belt. Their stunt is no accident.

I reach my hand out to Wesley, and he comes closer to take it. He bends over to kiss my forehead then my cheeks. I long to melt into his surprising affection, but I’m too scared.

“You can’t make Gunner mad,” I whisper while he’s concealing my face. “I *need* this paycheck.”

“We can cover you,” he promises in a barely audible murmur as he leans in to nibble on my ear. “The cameras, the cash, all of it. Whatever he paid you, we’ll double it.”

I would worry he didn’t know how much we’re talking about if they hadn’t bid ten million dollars for the right to have me first. When I don’t respond, he tries harder.

“No, triple. It’s only fair.” Wesley smirks and trails his fingers from my lips down my chin, along my neck and to my collarbones. He traces every curve as if trying to memorize the shape of me. It’s getting harder to remember what we’re arguing about when he looks at me like that—possessive and admiring.

Grant unintentionally shatters the moment when he whips off his belt. I flinch at the sound of the leather snapping against itself, but he doesn’t stop until his pants are open and shoved off his trim hips. He’s built somewhere in between Wesley and Briggs—with the ridges of a distinct eight-pack yet not bulging with muscles—making me feel like dirty Goldilocks.

The instant his cock bobs into view, thick and oh-so-hard, I lick my lips.

Out of nerves. Not desire.

Or at least that’s what I tell myself.

Wesley chuckles and is quick to shed his own pants as Briggs does the same. He's every bit as proportional as I feared. *Holy shit.*

One of these dicks will be the first I ever take. The one I'm never likely to forget.

In that moment, I'm sure of it. No matter how I arrived here, this is a night I'm going to remember forever. One I don't know that I'll ever repeat because no experience could be as intense as this. Maybe I'll be a one-and-done kind of girl.

They're going to destroy me for anyone else.

"The moment is at hand. As I'm sure plenty of you are as well." The auctioneer's crass joke is delivered in a tone that's less smooth now, as if he too is impacted by the scene playing out before him.

Despite Wesley's earlier reassurances, I can't risk failing to meet my obligations.

I shimmy out of my panties, slipping my feet from my shoes to do so. Then I shift so that I'm more prominently displayed to both the men on the couches—who are leaning forward, some of them rubbing the crotches of their suits or the hard-ons that are being withdrawn from open zippers all around me—and to whoever might be on the other side of those cameras.

I spread my legs the barest bit, giving them a teasing glimpse of the shadowy spot at the apex of my thighs.

The thought of strangers screen-capturing the moment I'm no longer pure or recording the whole performance and plastering my humiliation across the web for the entire world to view traps the breath in my lungs.

"Stop that." Briggs climbs onto the mattress, crawling toward me. He uses his bulk to cloak my most private bits again. The weight and pressure of his body over mine should be suffocating. Instead, it's as comforting as I've always imagined one of those fancy weighted blankets might be. "What did Wesley tell you? You're *our* prize."

I relax beneath him as if he's ironed me flat.

"Good girl." He drops a light kiss on my nose. "We don't want you tense when you're taking us."

"Who's going to do the honors?" Grant asks, though it's not my opinion he's soliciting.

"I vote we each take a hole." Wesley smirks.

Wait. What? Is that part of the bargain?

I don't dare object.

Maybe I don't want to either.

"Of course." Briggs rolls his eyes as if it was a foregone conclusion. "But who's getting dibs on that sweet cunt?"

"Rock, paper, scissors?" Grant's smile is infectious, though it should horrify me that my sacrifice is only a game to them. He and Wesley join Briggs and me on the bed. Kneeling over me, they form the points of a triangle as they extend their fists a foot or two above my torso.

When their hands meet in the middle, Briggs grins. "Fair enough."

They bob in perfect unison three times before flashing their selections.

I don't need to see the results to know who won.

Grant slaps Wesley and Briggs on their shoulders. "Sorry about your luck, boys. You're welcome to my sloppy seconds. And thirds."

They're just kidding, right? My eyes bulge.

The crowd chuckles as if they decide a woman's fate so cavalierly every day.

Maybe they do.

Why does the idea of that make me squirm beneath them, and definitely not in disgust?

CHAPTER 4

Claver

Oblivious to my warring thoughts, the men spring into action. Wesley and Grant stretch out on either side of me as Briggs strokes his wide palm over his mouth and chin.

“That’s right. Briggs is going to get you ready,” Wesley coaches. Heat radiates from my living guardrails, chasing away any lingering chill. They lean inward, their shoulders touching as they make a teepee above me, obscuring most of me from view. “He loves to bury his face in a pretty pussy, and you’re going to need some help to take Grant.”

They’re a well-oiled machine. They’ve already flown into motion as if they’ve choreographed their approach without so much as a word between them.

It’s clearly not *their* first time.

Wesley and Grant work in tandem, each drawing one of my thighs toward them, draping my knees over theirs. They leave me open to Briggs, who wastes no time fitting himself to the space they made for their best friend.

When his breath washes over me, I gasp and draw back. Even the puff of air is enough to feel like full contact to my nerves, which are on high alert.

Wesley chuckles. “This is going to be more fun than I expected.”

“Fuck.” Grant groans and shifts, his rock-hard cock stabbing into my hip. Soon it will be somewhere closer to my center.

Briggs nuzzles between my legs, drawing deep of the scent of my fear mixed with my growing arousal. If nothing else, they’re good at sharing.

What chance does a virgin stand against three skilled men?

None. So I surrender.

“Ah, that’s our good girl.” Wesley nips my shoulder the instant I relax, sinking deeper into the luxurious silk sheets.

“That’s right. Let him make you feel good.” Grant kisses my cheek, sweet where Wesley is stern.

Briggs extends his tongue and licks a warm, wet trail along my slit.

I shudder. This time fear has nothing to do with it. My toes curl where they dangle in the air behind Grant’s and Wesley’s legs.

“You liked that, didn’t you?” Wesley asks with a smirk.

He knows damn well I did.

“Hmm.” I’m incapable of speech, or anything except clinging to him and spreading my legs wider to make room for Briggs’s huge shoulders.

“Put your fingers in her,” Wesley barks to Briggs. “Stretch her out for Grant or he’s never going to fit in that tight cunt.”

His crass language shocks me, but it also turns me on.

Grant softens the impact. He puts one hand low on my belly and rubs gently. “Don’t worry, little miss. We’ll come together just fine. Briggs will make sure of it.”

As if to prove him right, Briggs pairs the pressure of his blunt finger with light sucks on my clit.

My entire existence expands. What have I been missing?

Not much in my whole life has felt good. And this...this is incredible. I’m desperate for... “*More.*”

“They’ve got her now. Trapped between them, begging already. Isn’t she pretty?” The auctioneer fills in for those who can’t see through the wall of flesh my three soon-to-be lovers have built around me.

I moan when I realize I uttered my need out loud. I mewl and writhe on the bed between them. There’s something alluring in every direction. No matter where I look, touch, shift, there’s manflesh and temptation. “What are you doing to me?”

“He’s eating that sweet pussy,” Wesley teases as Grant pets me everywhere he can reach.

I try to resist. It’s impossible.

Yes, they’re defiling me, but they’re protecting me too. No one’s ever done that before, and I’m powerless to stop the arousal their fierce

possession rouses in me. Not to mention the impact of their touches on my knees, my torso, my neck, and my breasts.

None of that compares to what Briggs is doing, though. He electrifies me when he slides his finger into my unused opening and begins to work it deep.

“Is she wet for us?” Wesley asks.

I’m mortified when Briggs withdraws long enough to hold his hand up high, where everyone can see what they’ve done to me. His hand glistens in the light of a thousand flames, none of which are burning as brightly as the one they’ve lit inside me.

The crowd cheers and shouts encouragement.

“Even our bashful Miss Clover can’t resist these three billionaires.” The auctioneer laughs.

Billionaires? Are they really, or is he exaggerating?

I don’t have time to wonder, or a brain cell with which to care, when Briggs fits his hand back to my core—this time with two fingers that he scissors apart wider every time he opens them.

My hands reach out to either side of me, instinctively searching for purchase so I don’t get washed away by the rising tide of rapture. They land on Grant’s and Wesley’s cocks, and I grip them, holding on for dear life.

The men groan and fuck into my fists, showing me just how much they have to give me.

I’m scared by the intensity of the sensations that crash over me, waves that start at the place where Briggs and I are connected.

This wasn’t part of our deal.

I never intended to enjoy this.

To give them my ecstasy for free.

Then again, I didn’t consider I might have to resist experts intent on eliciting a sensual response. They touch, kiss, and knead me from shoulders to knees and back. My lips part so I can drag in a ragged breath. When Grant dips his head and suckles one nipple while Wesley uses his teeth on the other in time to the wriggling of Briggs’s fingers, a jolt of lightning zings upward from my center.

My eyes fly open and lock on Wesley’s. “Go with it, prize. We’ve got you.”

Stupid or not, I want to believe him. That anyone, even a near-stranger, could have my back.

I cry out as Briggs digs deeper, stroking some hidden recess while Grant rubs my clit in time to his friend's motions.

My entire being gathers, collects into an unexpected storm of rapture, then rains down over us, soaking Briggs's hand and the crimson sheets. I clutch Wesley's and Grant's cocks, strangling them while I shake and squirm, though they don't seem to mind.

What the hell was that? And when can I do it again?

Gasping for air, completely unraveled, at first I don't realize they're already repositioning themselves.

Grant and Briggs switch places. While Grant pushes up onto straight-locked arms above me, Briggs pins me down with his mammoth forearm, the heel of his hand landing on my chin as he pries my mouth open to feed me the proof of my depravity.

Wesley tells me what to do. "Yes, suck his fingers clean, Clover. Be our good girl. You know you want to."

At the same time, he repositions my legs so that they're splayed even wider as Grant takes up the job of blocking the view from the front. His bare ass is on display instead of my most private parts, which only my three men can enjoy.

Up close, and very personal.

I can't tell if blood is rushing through my ears as my climax subsides or if the crowd is grumbling. I tell myself it's the former because I'm not about to let anything taint the bliss my buyers have given me. It's an astonishing and precious gift.

Wesley and Briggs barricade me in, shielding either side of my torso. Each of them takes one of my legs and drapes it over their hips in my now familiar position, exposing me to their friend.

Grant wastes no time sinking into the place they arranged for him.

His imposing presence over me should induce claustrophobia. Instead, he's my living, breathing, sexy shelter. Other than the top of my head and my legs from the knees down, there's not much of me for the cameras that surround us to broadcast.

The thump of his erection landing on my mound returns my attention to him.

My body is still humming from what Briggs has done to me. But this is no finger, or even two.

I turn toward Briggs—my protector—for reassurance, and he swoops in, kissing me, sharing the taste of the pleasure he elicited from me. I quake as the feeling he’s given me reawakens.

It’s like an itch I can’t scratch.

But Grant’s thick cock might be able to do the job for me.

I struggle beneath him, needing *something*, though I’m not experienced enough to know exactly what yet.

“Relax, little miss.” He looks to Wesley for assistance.

Wesley nips my earlobe and presses tighter to me. He stills my motions and draws my focus to him. “Let Grant in, and he’ll help you feel so much better.”

This is it. The moment they paid for and the one I’ve been dreading since I decided to call the number on Gunner’s flyer. Yet suddenly, I can’t wait an instant longer.

My back arches, and I present myself to the three men surrounding me.

“Such a good girl.” Wesley rewards me with a caress on my neck. He chuckles when he realizes how much I like it, then replaces his hand with his mouth. Just like Briggs did to my pussy, he sucks, the pressure likely to leave a mark. Their visible claim, which will last beyond this single evening.

Help me.

Briggs grunts and shoves his massive cock against my hip. There’s no mistaking how much he’s into this too.

Wesley surprises me when he reaches between my legs. Instead of touching me, he fists Grant’s cock and tugs to position his friend at my entrance. “It’s time, Grant. Get in there. Make our little Miss Clover a woman.”

“Did you hear that, folks?” The auctioneer groans along with several of the men in the crowd. “Prepare yourselves. This is the moment we’ve all been waiting for.”

I moan. What am I doing? How can I be enjoying this?

“Ignore them.” Wesley bites my neck. “We’re all that matters to you right now.”

I jerk, accidentally embedding the tip of Grant’s cock in my pussy.

My wide-eyed stare locks on his as we’re joined the barest bit.

With a curse, he puts one hand on Wesley’s shoulder and the other on Briggs’s, using his partners to support himself instead of crushing me as he

clenches his ass, flexes his hips, and begins to drill deeper.

“Oh!” I cry out, my hands clawing him as my heels drum against Wesley’s and Briggs’s thighs. “He’s so...big.”

Chuckles and less-amused, more-aroused curses surround us along with grunts and hushed whispers of awe. How many people get to share a moment this special with those who appreciate it?

Maybe I’m luckier than I realized.

“Does it hurt?” Briggs asks as he comforts me, stroking my hair, my shoulder, and my breast before rubbing gentle circles on my mound.

“Some.” I try not to wince because, despite the pain, I don’t want it to stop.

“Slow, Grant.” Briggs doesn’t blink as he monitors the situation. “Pull out a bit before you feed her more.”

Grant does as instructed, his jaw clenched and words beyond him as he strains to keep from plunging balls-deep in a single stroke.

They have me held down with no way to escape, not that I would run now.

Not when Grant is impaling me, stretching me, blowing my mind.

He’s so hot and heavy. Resistance and pressure are building, compressing everything at my core, driving me toward the place Briggs introduced me to just minutes ago.

Wonder floods me. Is this what I’ve been missing?

I should have done this sooner, but I know, even deeper within me than Grant can reach, that it wouldn’t have been like this with anyone else. It feels like I was made for these men. Spent my entire life moving toward this moment.

The crowd must think so too. There are shouts and cries of encouragement. Some that give me the impression more than a few onlookers have made messes of their pants at Grant’s first intrusion.

Rather than dousing whatever they’re kindling in my spirit, that knowledge fans it.

I’ve never had this much power before in my life. For someone like me, to have even a shred of control over an entire room of rich and influential men is as new as fucking one.

And I could easily get drunk on it.

Grant roars and sinks deeper, inch by inch.

My body takes him in, holds him tight. And soon his pelvis is plastered to mine.

“There you go, Clover. You’ve got all of him now,” Wesley murmurs as he pats my abdomen, above where Grant is buried. “You’re stuffed full of his cock. How does it feel?”

I can’t believe it. He’s embedded entirely within me. I’m sheathing him. It’s so strange. A little uncomfortable. Yet wonderful. Of course I can’t say any of that. Not when it’s taking every bit of my concentration to keep from flying apart around Grant.

I whimper and writhe beneath him instead.

When Wesley sucks harder on my neck, my entire being squeezes inward, including the parts wrapped around Grant.

“Oh fuck.” He groans. “I’m not going to last. There’s no way.”

“You’re doing better than I could have, man.” Briggs’s stare is glued to the place where Grant and I are locked together. “I’d have shot my load all over her before I even made it inside.”

I moan. The thought of seeing a titan like him brought to his knees by a not-so-innocent like me is seductive and arousing.

“You want us to make a mess of you?” Wesley misses nothing. He smiles down at me. “Good girl. We’re going to, don’t you worry.”

“I have to move,” Grant rasps, his voice shredded.

“Ready?” Briggs asks, his consideration so unforeseen it makes me open wider to them.

I nod. “Please.”

Grant is happy to deliver. He withdraws only far enough to give himself space to reunite us, faster this time. When he bottoms out, we both inhale sharply. In unison. He begins to rock, fucking me deeper into the hold of his two best friends.

“You’re such a good girl, Clover. Taking his dick like that. You’re so hot and snug. Never been used before. You’re going to make him come fast. Embarrass himself in front of all these people because he can’t resist you.”

I reach up and clench Wesley’s shoulder. I wish I hadn’t chewed my nails down to the quick in the days leading up to tonight. Not only was my anxiety unfounded, but now they’re too blunt to scratch him, to get him to shut the hell up as his friend sullies me in every way.

Because as quickly as Grant is going to come, I think I’m going to fall first.

Again.

What have they turned me into? A needy, helpless, sex-craving wanton. That's what.

"You're a first for us too, Clover. We've never had a virgin before." Wesley's hand snakes lower and slips between my mound and Grant's slapping pelvis. The tip of Wesley's index finger slides across Grant's shaft, testing the place where I'm split around his friend before gliding upward.

And when he touches my clit, I scream.

My entire body clenches around Grant.

"Killing me, Wesley," Grant pants as he fucks faster, harder, filling me so well.

His strokes are fluid. Relentless.

Briggs chuckles then lowers his mouth to mine, swallowing my cries. With him on one side, Wesley on the other, and Grant above me, I'm sure there isn't much for anyone but them to see.

They're hoarding me for themselves.

"Put him out of his misery." Wesley bites my shoulder, hard this time, cutting through the haze of bliss so I can focus on his commands. "You're going to come on his cock and drag him with you. He's going to flood that pretty pussy. Leave his seed in it. Is that what you want?"

I didn't know it until right then. But yes, that's definitely not making me any less turned on.

In fact, his words combine with Grant's merciless drives. And when Briggs slides his hand beside Wesley's to rub my clit in tandem with him, there's nothing I can do but give them what they want.

I scream again as I shatter around Grant, gripping him impossibly tight. The rhythmic, reflexive pulses of my muscles do what I wouldn't know how to on purpose. They seduce him into surrendering with me.

He roars and hunches over, slamming furiously into me with short rapid-fire strokes that extend my orgasm even as he's about to achieve his own release.

Three men stare at me from inches away as my passion is unleashed.

"Go. Do it. Give it to her." Briggs shocks me when he slaps Grant's ass as if they're football players on the field together. A team intent on maximizing our mutual satisfaction. The impact drives Grant deeper within me, if that's possible, and sends him over the edge.

He explodes.

Hot blasts paint my insides as he empties his balls at the far reaches of my pussy. Jet after jet pumps into me, echoing my own pulsing spasms. They're enhanced by Wesley squeezing my neck as he admires my blissed-out expression and Briggs continuing to play with my clit until I yelp.

Only then does Grant withdraw, with a sigh that mirrors mine.

When I can finally breathe again, I have the urge to scurry into a dark corner where no one, least of all me, can scrutinize the instinctual response these men inspired in me.

Grant's chest is bellowing, helping reduce my awkwardness for being so affected. I shove his shoulder and scoot backward now that rational thought seeps into my lust-soaked brain.

"So that's it, right? It's over? We're done?" It takes a few tries before I can push up from the mattress, my entire being wobbly as I search for something—anything—to cover myself with.

"Get your perfect ass back on this bed, prize," Wesley commands, his hand manacled to my wrist. "Now."

Briggs snatches my waist and drags me down, immobilizing me in my spot between them with his giant paw on my shoulder.

"Did you really think we were going to let you out of here without thoroughly enjoying your first time?" Wesley huffs as if he's offended.

How can they think they haven't pleased me already? Not only once, but twice!

"Shit, no. We're not through with you. Only I've had a taste of being inside you. Besides, you're going to come for us until you can't stand a single additional second of rapture." Grant smirks. "That will give me time to recover so I can fuck you properly next go-around."

Briggs cracks his knuckles.

I melt at the thought that this could be only the beginning.

"We said we'd cover you. That doesn't mean we're going to let your first time be a massive disappointment. Oh no, good girl, you're going to love every second of us possessing you. And when we're finished, there will be no doubt who you belong to." Wesley pats my cheek. "Lie back, look pretty, and let us make this so damn good for all four of us that nothing else will ever compare. All you have to do is take what we give you. And enjoy."

Something in me snaps. Everything on my shoulders suddenly weighs less as the allure of someone promising to bear my burdens seduces me

completely. It's the sexiest thing he could have said.

I recline, spread my legs, and wait for their next instruction.

Someone in the crowd groans, "Fuck, yeah. You've got her now."

And I don't even care, because it's true.

Wesley, Grant, and Briggs can do anything they want to me.

They bought me. They own me.

They imprinted themselves on me from the inside out, and I'm forever changed.

I'm theirs.

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CHAPTER 5

Grant

I may have had the privilege of taking Clover's virginity, but she's done something to me no one else has ever managed. She's hooked me with a single taste, and it's time for my friends to find out exactly how addictive she is.

I could warn them, but I don't want to.

The instant she wrapped around my dick, fit to me—and between my partners—so perfectly, I knew. She's the woman we've been searching for.

Not only for a night, but forever. Now that I've had her, I'm never letting her go, and they need to forge the same bond with our girl.

We're not the only ones spiraling higher, buoyed by lust. The crowd is as energized as we are. Someone starts a chant that catches on, crescendoing until everyone surrounding us is shouting, "Fill her up! All her holes! Fill her up! All her holes!"

At this point, I'm afraid they'll riot if they don't get at least some of what they've come for. We took the prize, made her ours, and we're not leaving her behind. No one outside this room will see an inch of her flesh despite having subscribed for exactly that.

But *this* we can do.

Besides, it's only fair that Wesley and Briggs get their own pieces of her since I've already used the best bit.

I'm the one with the clearest head, my epic orgasm having taken the edge off my need. So I slip into the lead. "You heard them, little miss."

Her beautiful eyes widen as she realizes she's not escaping this situation. "Can I do that? Is it possible?"

“Let us prove that it is.” I smile.

Wesley would say I’m working my charm on her, but that’s not it. Joy comes naturally when I study her expression—trepidation giving way to curiosity.

She was made for this. For us.

I cut my stare to Briggs. “Turn her onto her side, facing Wesley, then kneel by her head.”

He doesn’t argue, sure I’m in tune with our collective needs. There’s a reason I’m the CEO of our company. I understand our goals, and I get the job done for us all.

As soon as he adjusts Clover’s position, I slide into place behind her, blanketing her back. Wesley obscures her front while plastering himself to all her soft bits from her breasts to her flat stomach and down to her mound. His dick tucks between her thighs, and he can’t help but rock, riding her slit, which is dripping with a mixture of her ample arousal and the mess I’ve made of her.

She hums and arches, pressing herself closer to him, which shoves her tight ass against my crotch. My dick perks up despite how she so recently milked it dry. I hope she forgives us, but this isn’t going to be an all-night affair. She’s too damn enticing for her own good.

Clover moans as Wesley rubs over her clit with the full length of his shaft.

I spear my fingers into her hair and use the grip to steer her open mouth to Briggs. She’s not ready for his girth in her tighter parts tonight. Fortunately, he’s a blow-job man anyway. “Suck him.”

Expecting to have to teach her how, to guide her slowly along him, I’m surprised when she gobbles him up. Briggs pounds his fists on his hips and his eyes roll back as if he’s struggling not to shoot in her mouth at the first contact of her sweet lips ringing his erection. She suckles him as if it helps to soothe the overwhelm we’re inducing as we bombard her senses with novel pleasure.

“You’re going to take all three of us at once,” I tell her directly in her ear. “This time, we come together.”

Her purr echoes along Briggs’s shaft, eliciting a growl from him. “You better hurry if you don’t want me to make a liar out of you.”

I don’t mean to rush her, but I have to orchestrate this carefully if we’re going to pull this off. “Wesley, distract her. Give her your dick for real

while I prepare her ass.”

Her eyes fly open, and she looks up at Briggs from beneath her lush lashes. He strokes her hair and keeps her pinned to him, his thick cock gagging her, making it impossible for her to object. Besides, she won't want to when I'm done with her.

I've completely forgotten anyone but the three people in front of me exist until Gunner's partner, tonight's auctioneer, darts onto the stage and tosses me a bottle of lube. I owe him one.

Wesley understands the plan. He sucks on her neck, which drives her wild, despite how close that puts him to Briggs's balls. The three of us passed the point of discomfort with each other years ago. We'll do anything to bring our partner pleasure. Especially when she's Clover. The lover we've been practicing for all this time, even if we didn't know it.

She groans on Briggs's dick when Wesley slides into her pussy, the second man ever to do so. He glides deeper, his way eased by the deposit I made in her and her own sweet slickness.

My cock twitches and begins to refill as I watch my best friends obsess over Clover. It's a relief to see them losing their shit as easily as I did when I buried myself in her.

She's different. She's the one.

I smirk at them. Briggs shakes his head ruefully and Wesley grumbles, “Asshole.”

It's supposed to be an insult, for luring them onto a one-way street to passion and something as new to us as fucking is to our Clover. *Love*. But it's a reminder too...

The cap of the bottle snicks open before I coat my fingers with lubrication. I watch the show while I give the gel a few seconds to warm up—Briggs is stretching Clover's lips into a tight O while Wesley lifts her top leg so that he can fit more completely inside her. She's moving now, undulating between us as if trying to get closer to us all at once.

It helps to spread her ass for me, allowing me to reach her tightest hole. When I nudge it, she chokes a bit on Briggs. He strokes her face while I whisper in her ear, “Let me in, Clover. Relax. Concentrate on sucking Briggs and hugging Wesley, and soon you'll have us all. I swear, you're going to love this as much as we do.”

For emphasis, I flex my hips, allowing her to feel the thickening ridge of my dick in the small of her back. She obeys, going pliant again.

Wesley curses. He strokes her slowly, just warming her up, not being serious about his fucking. It's got to be torture when I'm certain he wants to ride her hard. But I'm sure he's aware the best is yet to come.

My finger sinks into her past my second knuckle. "That's right. Good job, little miss. Can you take another?"

She nods, bobbing on Briggs's fat cock. He stares up at the ceiling, likely praying for stamina.

I chuckle, and Wesley glares. "Easy for you. You've already blown once. Hurry the hell up."

I've never had so much fun torturing them.

Especially since it means pleasing Clover at the same time.

I fit a second finger into her ass. Then a third. I can feel Wesley slipping back and forth through the thin wall of tissue separating us.

She's taking us so well, pushing against the pressure, that I'm sure she's ready for the real thing.

Damn, she's going to annihilate Wesley.

My cock pumps up to full stiffness at that thought. There's no more reason to delay.

"Switch." I tap Wesley's shoulder with my free hand, tagging him in.

We pull out of Clover at the same time, his dick slipping from between her legs as my fingers withdraw.

A bead of sweat drips down Briggs's temple as he struggles to hold on despite Clover's persistent suckling. If she needs his cock as a pacifier, I'm sure he's more than willing to provide whatever comfort he can. That's his thing, after all.

She mewls, crying out at the loss of us within her untried passages.

"We're coming right back," I promise her as Wesley and I trade places.

I kiss her breasts, drawing them into my mouth one at a time, infusing her with as much rapture as I can while Wesley becomes the first man to breach her ass with his cock.

"Ohhh." She gasps around Briggs, who pulls out momentarily to keep from being bitten by accident.

Wesley slams his eyes shut as he carefully fuses them. He wraps his hand around her neck as he possesses her bit by bit. "Such a good fucking girl. That's right, take my cock up your ass, prize. Take it all."

She pants as she stares up at Briggs, incapable of forming her request verbally, but he understands.

He swipes his thumb over her lower lip with a smile before introducing his cock to her once more.

Immediately, she draws on him, using the fullness in her mouth to ease the one in her ass.

“I’m in.” Wesley grunts. “Come on, Grant.”

“You’re ready for all of us.” It’s not a question. I’m telling her.

Clover nods anyway. She shifts her legs a bit wider, inviting me home.

I accept the offer without hesitation.

It’s easier this time, pressing into her, despite Wesley occupying her ass. Our dicks rub against each other, stimulating Clover from both sides of the flesh barely dividing us.

She shudders, her hand reaching up to cup Briggs’s balls where they land on her forehead. His chest bellows as he watches Wesley and me fucking her in time to his thrusts between her lips.

The crowd roars. The auctioneer shouts over them to the audience at home, “She’s done it. She has all three of them. Damn, that’s beautiful.”

It’s then that the bed lurches, and I realize it’s spinning in a slow circle. I take one moment to make sure that Clover is still covered. The most anyone can see from any angle is my, Briggs’s, and Wesley’s bare asses as we fuck our winnings.

Let them watch us own her, make her ours, so long as she’s for our eyes and our dicks only.

Together, we begin to ramp up our efforts, our restraint being tested by Clover’s young, supple body and her wild spirit. She’s gathering around us, her own climax approaching.

I’m almost disappointed. I don’t want this to end.

But none of us can hold off the tsunami of ecstasy barreling down on us.

Wesley whips his head up and says to Briggs, “She’s getting close. Hold on, just a little more. We almost have her.”

Briggs’s jaw clenches and he nods once.

As if that alone is enough, Clover stiffens.

She stops breathing.

And when Wesley leans in and bites her neck then sucks hard, guaranteeing she’ll wear the imprint of his teeth for a week at least, she comes apart in our arms. And on our dicks.

All three of them.

I join Wesley, sipping on the sweet flesh beneath her jaw, making sure to brand her so she knows who she belongs to. Not only for this session but when she looks in the mirror tomorrow and the day after and for as long as it takes us to convince her she's ours.

Briggs gets it. It's our frenzied possession that tips him over the edge. His balls pulse near my face as he erupts, threatening to drown Clover. She gulps him down, drinking his passion.

When a rivulet escapes, I'm so overcome by rapture, crazed with it, that I lean in and lap it from the corner of her mouth. With that, I'm gone. Adding to the load inside her. Filling her pussy with every drop I can muster for the second time.

Wesley can't resist the rippling of her ass around his dick as she comes and comes, the filling in our vulgar sandwich, her orgasm shaking us all like an earthquake.

He shouts her name as he unloads deep into her. It's probably my imagination, but I swear I can sense the searing heat of his release as he paints her insides with it.

Clover is mewling, writhing on the bed, obliterated by our shared orgasm.

Given how intense it is for me and my best friends, I can't imagine what it must feel like to go from never having been fucked to such an extreme experience.

One that has ruined me—and hopefully her—for anyone else.

I'm not sure how long we hang there, rocked by repeated aftershocks.

But eventually, I become aware of shuffling and side conversations from the sofas. People recapping their favorite parts of the event with awed and jealous undertones.

They've seen everything of her they're going to.

We need to get out of here and come up with a plan. Because there's no way we're letting our girl leave us now that our arrangement is complete.

I withdraw from her with a soul-deep groan my best friends echo.

Clover reaches for us, but we're already in motion again.

Briggs grabs his clothes from the floor. He tugs on his pants and shirt as Wesley and I do the same, leaving ours unbuttoned and abused, rumped where they're usually ironed.

I can relate.

Then Briggs swipes his suit jacket and uses the fabric that was tailor-made for his expansive shoulders to blanket Clover instead. He wraps her in it then gathers her into his arms as I turn toward the crowd.

From across the room, I stare Gunner dead in the eyes. “The end.”

Wesley straightens his fogged glasses and takes a bow when the crowd whistles and claps.

As we stride from the auditorium toward the elevator and our quarters upstairs, the auctioneer thanks everyone for joining then apologizes for the realities of live broadcasts before the extra lights and those red eyes on the cameras finally go dark.

There’s no need to say anything as all three of us ride the same brainwave.

We need to get Clover somewhere private so we can seal the larger deal and make her ours for more than one mind-blowing, life-altering night.

It’s going to be the most important negotiation of my life.

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CHAPTER 6

Claver

Briggs's tree-trunk arms are latched around my knees and my shoulders, yet he's cradling me more than crushing me. It would be so easy to curl up here and forget the real world and all my problems. But I can't.

I squirm in his hold. "Put me down. I have to go."

"Absolutely not." Wesley shakes his head at his friend and leads the way in our mini-parade, Grant following behind Briggs and me.

"This wasn't part of the deal!" I brace my palms on Briggs's chest and shove, but I might as well have slapped my hand against a slab of granite.

Wesley opens a room that has their names engraved on a golden plaque beside the door.

A personalized space at the club? They must be frequent visitors.

I'm not sure why that thought sours my stomach. Maybe some foolish girly hope of being special, particularly to the person—or people—you shared your first time with. Doubly so because it exceeded my every expectation. Even before I consider my now bloated bank account.

They probably make every woman they spoil together feel like this—wrecked in all the best ways.

Wesley ushers us inside and locks the door behind us.

I'm trapped.

Worse, I'm tempted to give in without a fight. But I'd never be that selfish.

River needs me.

Briggs sits on a plush leather couch, its coffee tone masculine and warm at the same time. He sets me on his lap, and we're immediately joined by Grant and Wesley.

"Are you alright, Clover?" Grant wonders as he runs his fingers through my hair, which is likely as tangled up as I feel right now.

"No." In so many ways. I'm confused, boneless, scared, sore... desperate.

Though it seems pointless, I tug the lapels of Briggs's coat until they overlap on top of my chest and all the way to my knees. I'm swimming in the luxurious fabric, pretending it's armor instead of half a fancy suit.

"I agree Gunner shouldn't make more off tonight than you did. What'd he pay you?" Of course Wesley assumes I'm upset about the money. What else would he assume about a woman who sold herself?

"Three million." A flush blossoms on my chest and seeps up my neck to my cheeks. What must they think of me?

"We'll match the ten we gave him for finding you and bringing you to us." Grant doesn't hesitate.

"I can't be bought." I squirm and thrash, but I'm no more successful in breaking loose from Briggs's hold now than I was earlier. He keeps me tucked against him.

"Tonight would say otherwise." Wesley's green eyes are locked on mine, daring me to deny it.

I groan because they're right. "Fine, but except for this one time, I swear I'm not a whore."

"Of course not. You were a virgin. And now you're our prize." Grant cups my cheek in his hand and rubs his thumb over it in soothing circles.

"Only for tonight. That's over. Time for me to head back to the streets. I have more than enough for what I need—"

"And what is that exactly?" Grant is the voice of reason.

Briggs and Wesley let him do the talking. It's clear that's what he's best at.

When all I want to do is scream and run—chased by my mortification and the bone-deep knowledge that I'll never meet a man that can live up to these three—Grant's calm is as seductive as the motion of his hips was earlier.

I'd love nothing more than to stay sheltered in their arms all night.
Or forever, for that matter.

But I can't.

Every second I delay is one more my brother suffers.

River is certainly sick. He might be hurt, or worse, by now.

Tears well. How could I have forgotten even for a second? How could I have enjoyed what these three billionaires did to me when River is suffering? He's not able to save himself. I have to do it for him. "My brother. He's in trouble. I need to go. Right now. *Please.*"

It might be the first time I've begged in my entire life.

"Let us help you. Whatever's wrong, we can fix it. We owe you that at least." Briggs tenses beneath me, his muscles bunching.

"No!" The thought of them being dragged into our filth is sickening. "The jerks who have him are dangerous."

"So are we," Briggs insists. And I believe him.

I saw the way the other men at the club tonight backed down, how they respected this trio, even if they've been kind to me and honorable in their own twisted way.

"Just not to you," Grant reassures me, swiping the tears I didn't realize I shed from my face.

"You don't need my trouble. No one wants this kind of disaster." I know, because nobody's ever stuck around before.

Why the hell would they when they've already gotten what they paid for?

"Tell us and let us decide for ourselves." Briggs spreads his legs, and I sink deeper into his hold.

"Fine, but then you'll let me go?" It's probably the fastest way to get out of here.

It was easier when I could pretend this was only about money.

Why are they being like this? First, making me enjoy their claiming and now trying to take care of me? Those are my weaknesses, though I'll be damned if I show it. Letting strangers take my V-card is one thing, but allowing them to undermine the walls that have kept me safe on my own...

I'm not that reckless.

Except, what if they can help me save River?

I swallowed my pride to be here. I can choke down some more if it means he has a better chance. "My brother got mixed up with some bad stuff."

“Details, Clover.” Wesley is impatient, earning glares from Grant and Briggs.

It’s fine. I don’t have time to waste. “He told me he had a plan to get us out of the trailer park and on our own. For me to go to school. For us to make a better future for ourselves. Our parents were never around, lost in their own issues. Drinking mostly. River didn’t tell me he intended to sell drugs to buy our freedom or I never would have let him do it.”

“I’d hate to see how he reacts if you inform him of what you did for him.” Grant pinches the bridge of his nose. “If I was your bro, I’d kick our asses.”

For the first time, maybe I understand a little more about how River got started on this slippery slope. I would do anything for him, and I think he would say the same. We’re all each other has.

“The problem is, our parents are drunks, and I’m pretty sure he inherited some of their addictive personalities. Once he was around that stuff all the time...” The tears flow faster, and Briggs starts to rock me, helping me tell the whole story.

“He started taking them instead of just dealing?” Grant asks. They really do understand.

I sniffle. “Yeah. And now he’s so messed up, he even stole from his bosses. He couldn’t help it. A little less than two weeks ago, he overdosed. They brought him back, but probably only because they want their money. They tracked me down, abducted me, and took me to some scary dude’s house.”

Fear threatens to suffocate me, but Briggs’s unflinching grasp helps me keep going.

“They told me I had to come up with a million dollars to pay River’s debt. River begged me to do it. To find a way. *Any* way. He was detoxing, so sick, and he swore he wants to get better. To get clean. I need Gunner’s money to repay the dealers and set River up in a residential inpatient program for a year. That’s the only real shot he’s going to have to avoid spiraling like our parents. It’s...a lot. Impossible, I thought, until I saw Gunner’s advertisement.”

“Son of a bitch!” Wesley stands and paces.

“There’s no way in hell you’re walking into some drug lord’s lair without me.” Briggs refuses to let go, though his meaty hands are far gentler than the ropes that bound me when the drug runners tossed me in

their trunk like a sack of garbage. He growls, "Is that where you got the bruises on your upper arms?"

I nod, shocked he noticed. They've faded to a sickly yellow from the deep purple and reds of two weeks ago. I thought I'd concealed them well enough.

"Then I'm going to need to speak with these fuckers anyway." His jaw tics as he clenches his teeth.

"Talk, not kill. Right, Briggs?" Grant clears his throat.

"We can start there."

"That's very sweet of you, in a deranged sort of way. But, no thank you. No one's murdering anyone. Especially not River. You said if I told you, you'd let me go. Now I have to get out of here." I try to sit up, pushing them back, but they still don't budge.

"No, prize. *You* said that. We did not agree." Wesley shakes his head.

"Sure, you can leave. But you're not going anywhere without us." Briggs stares into my eyes from a few inches away so I can see the determination in them. If I thought he was letting Wesley take control on the stage earlier or Grant do the talking afterward, I might have underestimated his role in their partnership. He's their guardian. And maybe mine too. "Definitely not while you're mixed up with scum like that. They're not playing around."

My brow quirks because I might have been innocent before tonight, but I've never been stupid. These men aren't ones to mess with either. Could they really want to stand by my side? At least until my family's nightmare is over?

If they do, I'd be foolish to shove past them.

"We're going to handle this for you." Wesley returns with my dress and holds it out. Briggs rises and lets my legs down so he can slide me into it. Wesley zips me up as Grant strokes my hair and adjusts the fabric so I'm decent, if mussed and barefoot. They're even taller now than they seemed before.

I laugh internally at their fussing. What does it matter now if their peers can see my flesh?

Apparently, the three of them have suddenly become territorial.

"Are you sure?" It's reflexive to reject their offer. If it was only for my sake, I would. But River...

He can use all the help he can get.

Grant stretches his hand out to me. “We’ve got you. And your brother too. Anything important to you matters to us.”

Before we can bail, several bangs on the door cause me to jump like a startled kitten.

My three billionaires automatically form a line in front of me.

“I’m coming in!” Gunner bellows from the hall. “We need to talk.”

Wesley huffs.

Gunner storms into the room with the auctioneer and a third man who was staffing the entrance earlier. He barks, “What the fuck was that stunt? Do you know how many pissed-off subscribers are blowing up my inbox right now?”

“I’m so sorry, Gunner.” I go on my tiptoes to peek between Wesley’s and Grant’s shoulders. Despite what the guys have said, I’m terrified I could lose the means to bust River out of that drug dealer’s hellhole.

Wesley shrugs, but Grant nudges him aside.

“You have nothing to apologize for.” Briggs turns to me and covers my lips in a searing kiss. It’s part remnants of the flames from before, part fierceness, and all much more tender than I would have imagined him capable of.

I relax, and when I blink my eyes open again to glance at our visitors, Gunner’s grimace is lightening into a lopsided smirk.

Thank God.

“I never thought I’d see the day you three fell.” Gunner looks over at his two partners ruefully. The auctioneer puts his hand on Gunner’s shoulder and squeezes. Are they more than associates?

Seems likely given the business they run together.

“Might not have believed it if I hadn’t seen it myself.” The doorman slides his glance to me, and Briggs bristles, angling his broad shoulders so they block the man’s view.

“Sorry, Gunner, but we’re going to need to finish this conversation later.” Grant sighs. “There’s an urgent matter we need to resolve for Clover.”

He doesn’t spill my secrets, or pass judgment, or leave me even when he has an excuse to. If I wasn’t already half in love with the man, all three of them, that would have done it.

“Fine, but bring your checkbook next time you show up here. You’re going to owe us for every single refund we have to issue to the subscribers

for that shitty livestream.”

“We’re good for it.” Wesley grins.

“Best money we’ve ever spent.” Grant shrugs. “Though, to be honest, I’m not sure that we’ll be back.”

What does that mean?

“Seems like maybe you’ve found what you’ve been looking for.” The auctioneer’s professional demeanor cracks just a bit as he mumbles, “Lucky bastards.”

Hearing them speak of me like a true prize instead of the trailer trash I’ve been all my life is almost enough to make me forget the shitshow my existence is outside of their arms. But even if it means losing everything I’ve found, I have to help River.

I fidget beside Briggs.

“We can work out the details later. Clover’s got somewhere to be. And we’re sticking with her.” He smothers my hand in his.

Briggs steals my heart when he does as he promised he would.

Gunner tosses the auctioneer a wry smile. “They really are the most fortunate fuckers we’ve ever met, aren’t they?”

“Your turn is coming.” Grant fist-bumps Gunner.

“All the money in the world isn’t usually enough to buy what you’ve found tonight. Don’t take that for granted,” the auctioneer adds.

“Thank you.” Grant shakes their hands. “We’ll make this right.”

“Damn straight you will. Now get the hell out of here.” Gunner steps aside and lets us pass.

I cling to Briggs when he lifts me to carry me from the club with Wesley in front of us and Grant behind. Apparently, he doesn’t intend to let me walk ever again. That’s probably for the best since I’m pretty sure my legs stopped functioning when these men imploded my body or maybe when their loyalty melted my soul into a puddle of goo at their feet. Besides, the shoes Gunner had given me hadn’t actually been functional.

I bury my face in the crook of Briggs’s neck and hide from the other patrons we pass. They clap, whistle, cheer, and shout congratulations as my three billionaires whisk me to safety where they can formulate a plan to rescue River, like I’m starting to realize they saved me.

CHAPTER 7

Briggs

I'm a man of few words. It's easier to let Grant do the talking and Wesley do the thinking about math and other shit I don't care about. But this... This is all me. I'm not letting anyone take Clover from us, or threaten our family by choice.

I may not speak much, but I act. I just hope it won't frighten our girl away when she figures out I have the spirit of a barbarian.

"Stay here, I'll pull around." I deposit Clover into Grant's arms and leave them inside the door.

I jog to the car we brought tonight, glad it is a luxury sedan and not one of our collection of sports cars so there's plenty of room for our precious cargo. Amped up on adrenaline and the high of a solid fuck that I'm sure is only the beginning of so many better shared experiences to come, I relish the opportunity to stretch my legs.

Now we just have to clear this one pesky roadblock.

I intend to smash through it.

Sliding into the driver's seat, I rev the engine and squeal the tires as I race to pick up my passengers. My two best friends plus the woman we were meant to share.

I owe Wesley for insisting we come out tonight. He's never going to shut the hell up about being right either.

The nerd opens the door for Grant then holds it as Grant dips inside still clutching Clover. I don't blame Wesley for climbing in behind them, sticking close to our prize instead of taking the front seat.

Once everyone's in, I gun it toward the skyline in the distance. Not in the direction of our home, but on the way to the security department of our firm. I check the rearview to make sure we're not followed and catch sight of Grant's raised brow.

He's no idiot—he knows what I'm after.

Well, I'm not about to waltz onto a drug lord's turf without firepower.

That would be dumb.

City lights create a strobe effect as we streak past. Within minutes, I'm veering into the underground parking lot attached to our corporate headquarters.

Swinging into my private spot directly in front of the elevator, for when I need to minimize exposure for high-profile visitors, I'm out of the car the instant I shift it into park. I waste no time before plucking Clover from Grant then wrapping myself around her until I have her and the guys piled into the steel box and on the way up to our offices.

"I don't suppose you're going to let me handle this myself?" I flick my gaze from Wesley to Grant, then down to Clover's flushed face. She's got to be exhausted, strung out on adrenaline and the aftereffects of her initiation, but she's struggling to keep up with us. She's a fighter.

"Hell, no." Grant scoffs. "You're going to resolve the situation, but we're going to back you up."

"I have to see River for myself and make sure he's okay before you give anyone the money." Clover might be young, but she's not a pushover. It's better to keep her close so I can watch over her than risk her getting into trouble when I'm not around. I respect her allegiance to her brother. "And honestly, I'd still rather you let me do it alone."

"Absolutely not," Wesley barks.

"If one of you got hurt because of me, I couldn't handle it." She clutches my shoulder for a moment, so I squeeze her tighter.

"None of this is your fault. You're doing your best to put an end to what other people have done. That's respectable, it is. But Clover, they're not going to let you waltz in there, write a check for your brother's mistakes, take him, and go." Grant spells it out, as always. "River knows a lot about them. Their operations. He's one hell of a liability."

She frowns as if she hadn't considered that. "You think they're going to take my money...then what?"

“What we’re saying is we’re not going to let you find that out, babe.” I stand up as tall as possible, bristling at the thought. It’d be easy for demons like that to take advantage of Clover. Hopefully, they realize they’ve more than met their match with me. No one is going to so much as scratch her otherwise flawless skin. “Besides, what are you going to do? Were you really hoping to cut them a check? Or maybe transfer funds from whatever account Gunner paid you at? This is a cash-only situation. Unless I’m mistaken, I don’t think you’ve got access to a suitcase full of hundreds at this time of night. Or, really, ever. There are regulations these days. Reports, protocols, hold periods...”

“But I need to get my brother. Otherwise, all this was a waste! I whored myself out to you for nothing!” Clover thrashes, and I set her down now that we’ve reached my office stronghold.

Besides, her words slice me deeper than a knife.

She scampers to the corner of the room and glares out at the sparkling city below. It’s dark, but it’s also beautiful. Sort of like the rest of the night.

Out of the corner of my eye, I catch Wesley hunching over as if Clover just kneed him in the nuts. Or maybe his not-so-cold, usually calculating, heart.

Grant claps him on the shoulder and looks at me pointedly. “She’s upset. She didn’t mean that.”

Wesley doesn’t let it go. He strides to Clover, spinning her around so her shoulders hit the cool glass before pinning her to the window with his palms slapped flat on either side of her startled face. “Careful how you talk about my prize, or I’ll put you over my knee and remind you of exactly what benefits there were to becoming ours.”

A gulp echoes around the room as our girl studies Wesley. She peeks over his shoulder to us for help. I only shrug. If she thinks we’re going to be any more lenient than our partner, she’s still got a lot to learn. At least when it comes to our newfound infatuation with her and the pedestal we’re not about to let anyone take her down from—herself included.

After evaluating the three of us, she gives Wesley a tiny nod.

“Let’s settle her issue and then we can work on the rest, huh?” Grant cuts the tension.

Wesley retreats, though he doesn’t stop drilling his heated stare into her wide, slow-blinking eyes.

I'm already on it, spinning on my heel to punch in the code to a walk-in safe concealed in the closet. Loading up, I slip an entire armory into every available spot sewn specially into my suit for such an occasion. It also conceals my holsters.

When I'm finished, I grab a few spares for the guys. They're not nearly as good as me with them, but I've made sure they're competent. We're too damn rich to take chances.

"I hate guns." Wesley accepts the pistol I hand him, but he holds it like it's radioactive.

"You're not going to need it. Take it just in case." I also give one to Grant.

He stashes it inside his coat.

"Can I have one too?" Clover wonders from the corner, sheepish following Wesley's admonition yet bold enough to ask anyway.

"Do you have any training?" I cock my head in her direction.

"No." She frowns like she doesn't like the idea either.

"Then sorry, it's not safe." No way am I facilitating a tragedy. "But I'd feel better if you'd take some pepper spray and a knife or two."

"That means we're all going together?" The tinge of disbelief and wonder in Clover's question steels my nerves and confirms my decision. She inches past Wesley and over to me like a wild animal learning to trust humans for the first time before holding out her hand for her weapons.

"Yeah. But in this, I'm in charge. You listen to me. All of you. Not a single question. If I tell you to do something, you do it. You hear?" I let my hand stay cupped around Clover's and the assortment of defensive gear I've selected for her.

Her dainty throat flexes as she considers my demands. Some of the attraction from earlier dances in her eyes like the city twinkling below. She nods. "Yes, sir."

She's perfect for us.

I scoop my hand behind her neck and crush my mouth to hers, giving her a taste of what danger does to me. She melts a moment before returning my intensity.

Yup, absolute perfection.

In under twenty minutes, I've grilled Clover for information, formed a plan, and piled us all back in the car. Our prize is tucked in the backseat between Grant and Wesley. I drive.

That's who I am. The doer.

They're quiet as we streak toward River's captors, giving me the space to do what I do best.

The instant we pull up to a wrought-iron gate in a neighborhood almost as fancy as our own and announce ourselves, we're let inside. Before we make it up the winding drive to the circular area beneath one of those overhangs Grant knows some fancy word for, the whole place is teeming with dirtbag criminals.

I know which one of them is in charge the instant I see him—hair slicked back, sunglasses on at night, and in no hurry, unlike the rest of his gang.

As instructed, everyone remains in the car until I can cover them as they exit and join me from a safe distance.

"Who the hell are these assholes?" the drug lord asks Clover with a look that would probably scare the piss out of most people. "I thought I told you to come alone."

I answer before she can. "We're a package deal. The four of us don't do anything solo anymore. And anyone who threatens Clover is a problem for us."

Funny enough, I don't even think I'm bluffing. At least not if I'm lucky.

"If this is some bullshit attempt to screw me out of my money—"

"It's not." I open the briefcase Wesley hands me, chock full of cash from his own office safe, and walk it slowly, steadily, toward the boss man.

When he reaches for it, practically drooling, I slam it closed and lock it. "You'll get the code for that when we're five minutes away from here with River safely in our possession. That's the only deal you're going to get. You should take it."

I'm no Grant, but this prick speaks my language.

He nods and has one of his men snatch it from me.

"Where's River?" Clover can't help herself, and I don't blame her. It's obvious her brother means the world to her. I hope someday I can say the same for myself, Grant, and Wesley. I'm willing to do whatever it takes to show her we deserve that. Including eliminating every last one of these fuckers if they've harmed her brother.

"Bring him out," I order.

The gang members shift, looking to their leader, who flashes a hand signal before a pair of street soldiers disappear inside. When they return,

they drag a scrawny, pale, dirty man and dump him on the ground none-too-gently. I swing one arm behind me, preventing Clover from sprinting toward the bait.

The head of the organization clears his throat. “What do you say I give you this briefcase back, plus the loser, and you let us have her instead?”

I’d bet three more briefcases, easy, that the drug lord planned to have her along with the cash the entire time and would have convinced her to trade herself for River if we weren’t there to stop her from taking that terrible deal.

“Don’t piss me off any more than you already have,” I growl. “She’s priceless. And she’s ours.”

River groans and thrashes as he tries to ward off imaginary monsters.

Poor kid is so sick he can’t tell they’re coming from inside him.

We’re going to do what we can to help him.

“Grant, you and Wesley take him to the car.” For once they don’t mouth off and instead do as they’re told.

Clover watches them go, staying close by my side as we rehearsed.

I’ll be sure to reward her for that later.

Grant and Wesley lever River off the ground. They each sling an arm around his back and half-carry him toward our vehicle. As they pass me, I release Clover. “Go with them. I’ll be right there.”

She squeezes my hand, sending a thrill through my chest, before she darts to her brother and whispers reassurance along with a streak of questions, trying to figure out if he’s alright. That’s not something I can spare attention for at the moment. My work here isn’t quite done yet.

Once my family is ensconced in the car—which might look like an unassuming sedan but is built like a tank with all sorts of security features, including bulletproof glass—I turn back as if I just remembered the point I’ve been stewing over for hours. “One more thing…”

“You’re awfully demanding.” The drug lord crosses his arms.

I draw my gun from my holster and point it around the unofficial army. “Which one of you bastards kidnapped my Clover and dared to leave your handprints on her?”

Unwilling to take my heat, a couple of the assholes shove one man forward. The boss flicks a finger in that direction. “It was him.”

I approach the fuckface who took our girl. Scared her and bruised her.

Before he can see it coming, I deck him with my free hand, knocking him flat on his dumb ass then kick him in the gut. I spit on him as he writhes and curses on the ground. “That’s for hurting her. If anyone ever dares to lay so much as a finger on her again, you won’t see my bullets coming. Do you understand?”

The drug lord clears his throat before croaking out a grunt of comprehension and, if I’m not mistaken, his respect.

Ignoring my bleeding knuckles, I stride to everything important in the world waiting inside the car for me and slide behind the wheel. I don’t peel out of the driveway but turn around under that overhang right in front of the crowd then roll through the open gate calmly, whistling along to the pop song playing low on the radio as I motor away at precisely the speed limit.

“You’re fucking insane, you know that?” Grant laughs as he hands me one of his monogrammed handkerchiefs for my hand.

“Yeah.”

“And we love you for it.” Wesley shakes his head.

“Call the bastard and give him the PIN,” I instruct Wesley.

They may have no honor, but we do, and I intend for this to end here. Right now.

“Where are we going?” Clover tears her attention from River just long enough to ask from the backseat. “The hospital is—”

“Way ahead of you,” Grant answers as Wesley is tapping on his phone. “There’s a doctor waiting for us at the hangar. He’s agreed to fly with your brother and stay on as his personal physician. At least until he’s stable after detox and comfortable with the transition to the country’s top rehab facility.”

River shudders. Sweat pours down his face, which is a horrible shade of gray-green.

“You’re going to be okay.” Clover clasps his hand. “You can do this.”

“I have to. I fucked up. So bad.” He groans. “I’m sorry, Clover. For putting you in this position. You should have let me die.”

“Never. I love you, River.” She hugs him gently to avoid causing him any more discomfort. “You’re ill. You’re going to get better, and then we can have important conversations. But until then, just remember I’m here for you, and I always will be. You’re going to beat this. And I’ll be waiting on the other side.”

When we roll up to the airfield, our jet is fueled and waiting. River peeks at us then turns to his sister. “Who the hell are these guys, and what are they to you that they’re willing to help us?”

“I’ll let you know when I figure that out.” Clover’s forehead wrinkles adorably.

Grant answers before I can even begin to formulate a response that will reassure her. “We’re her future.”

River still doesn’t seem convinced. He pulls himself together enough to study us then Clover before he asks, “Are you *positive* you’re safe with them?”

I hold my breath as she looks from Wesley to Grant and last to me before smiling softly and melting my heart. “Yes, that much I’m sure of.”

“Then that’s good enough for me. I love you too, sis. I’m going to make this right. I swear.”

“I believe in you, River.”

“One day I hope to deserve that.” He doubles over, the last of his reserves used up.

I raise my hand, and the medical team races to assist him, easing him from the car onto a gurney. We all get out so Clover can hug him one last time before our crew carries him up the aircraft stairs.

Clover doesn’t blink once as she watches her brother go.

When the cabin door slams behind him and the plane taxis toward the runway, Clover collapses against my side. I scoop her up, something I’ll never tire of doing, and cradle her so that she can wave at the jet taking off, though I’m surprised she can see it through her stream of tears.

Grant is there to soothe her when I don’t know the words. “He’s in good hands, Clover. With people who can help him heal. That’s the best you can do for him. You got him help. You did it. You saved your brother’s life. Your part is done.”

Wesley leans over my arm to kiss her cheek. “And now we’re going to take care of you just as well. Briggs, take us home.”

That, I can do.

CHAPTER 8

Clover

“Home?” My heart sinks as I think of my shitty trailer with its rotten floorboards, the ceiling that turns into a waterfall every time it rains, and the bathroom that hasn’t worked properly in at least three years. I keep it as clean as I can, but it’s certainly not up to their standards. “Uh, maybe you could drop me off at the club so I could get a ride from Gunner?”

When they stare at me as if what I’ve just said is the craziest thing that’s happened tonight, I try again. “Or maybe let me borrow one of your phones so I can call a cab.”

I left mine somewhere back at the club or I’d already be dialing.

Do I want to be by myself in the dip of my saggy mattress, the broken coil that pokes my ribs the only thing keeping me company after tonight’s drama? Of course not. Especially not now that there are bad guys out there with me at the top of their shit list. But it’s better than Grant, Wesley, and Briggs getting a glimpse of who I really am and the dump I come from.

They won’t be so quick to call me their prize then.

“There’s no way in hell you’re going back to your place alone. Absolutely not.” Briggs spins toward the car and plops me onto the backseat again. “I’m guessing it’s not especially secure.”

Considering it doesn’t hold up on a windy day, never mind against a group of organized criminals, I can’t exactly argue.

“Little Miss Clover, you’re staying with us.” Grant slides in on one side, and Wesley bookends me from the other. He doesn’t say if he means for the night or until this blows over, however long that might take.

Briggs exits the airfield and heads in the opposite direction from my house.

The truth is, I don't feel like arguing.

It's crazy, I know. We just met. But how much more do I need for them to prove themselves to me? They bought me so no one else could do their worst. Shielded me from the view of strangers while they gave me more pleasure than I imagined possible. Then they refused to run from my mess, handing me a million bucks plus whatever Wesley wired to my account as if it was as insignificant to them as Monopoly money. And if all that wasn't enough, they put their own lives on the line to face down a mob of brutal drug runners on my brother's behalf.

They protected me.

Stood by me, when no one else ever has.

If they want to keep doing that, why should I stop them?

My three billionaires are honorable, in their own warped way.

I have no defense against that.

We've been through so much in these past hours, it's worth a solid year of dating. I've learned more about them since sundown than I could have in a thousand polite conversations over fancy dinners. It's only made me crave them more with each passing second.

Lost in my thoughts, I don't realize we've turned off the highway into the sort of neighborhood I've only seen on TV. Manicured hedges obscure the mansions in the distance from full street view.

Briggs turns onto a paver drive and stops long enough to punch a security code into a pin pad. It unlocks a tall, metal gate with pointed spears on top that look both fancy and like they'd poke holes in anyone attempting to scale the fence.

It takes a bit before he rolls up to a gorgeous stone mansion that's at least part castle. It's not so formal that it doesn't seem welcoming, though. I'm hoping they have a comfy couch for me to pass out on when Briggs opens one of the five or six garage bays and parks their sedan next to an array of sleek, neon sports cars.

Damn, to think of how proud I am of the bubblegum-pink bike River hauled out of a junk heap and refurbished for me. I ride that thing everywhere. I'm so far out of my league, I might as well be in a different universe.

It's too late to change my mind and run. I'm ensconced in their fortress home.

They climb from the vehicle, then Wesley reaches to help me out.

Briggs hesitates with his hand on an ornate, matte-black door handle. I realize why when a skittering of nails on hard flooring is followed by a riot of deep barks. Briggs casts a glance over his shoulder at me. "Beast isn't a fan of strangers. Let me get him."

Wesley and Grant each take one of my hands and keep me close as Briggs goes inside. Through the open door, I watch as he snags Beast's navy collar in his unbreakable grasp. I see why they call the dog that. He's every bit as muscular as Briggs. His black-and-white coat ripples over top of his powerful form as he strains toward me, snarling and bristling at me for daring to trespass.

Beast is damn near as big as a pony and as fierce as a wolf.

I shy away, leaning into Wesley as Grant calls to Beast. "Hey, buddy, settle down. This is Clover. I know, it's weird. We've never brought a woman home before. It's okay, though. She's ours. You protect her like you do us. Got it?"

Never?

I'd ask them more about their female guest policy, but Beast's eyes lock on mine. He cocks his head sideways then transforms into a completely different animal. His tail wags furiously, and he lets out a yip that sounds a lot more like excited puppy than feral attack dog.

"Want to say hello?" Grant asks me. "Or we can put him up if you'd rather."

I've never had a pet. Most of the dogs I've been around have been the vicious sort. Not treated well enough to ascend beyond their animal instincts. But tonight is full of firsts.

I approach Beast slowly—my hands open flat, palms up—and let him sniff me. He lunges forward, drawing a squeak from me that quickly morphs into laughter when the pup licks them all over, smothering me in kisses.

Satisfied, Briggs lets him go. I rub Beast's face, scratching the base of his ears, loving how he leans into my touch like I did to that of his owners. I hug him, and he plants himself at my feet as if he'll do as good a job as his masters of making sure no one gets close enough to me to do any damage.

“I suppose I shouldn’t be shocked that Beast loves our Beauty.” Wesley grins as Briggs shakes his head in disbelief.

“Just like his fathers’, his bark is far worse than his bite.” I pat Beast on his big square head, and he peers up at me, his tongue lolling from his open mouth in a way that makes him appear to grin despite his impressive canines.

“Say that again when my teeth are near your bare flesh,” Briggs dares.

My fingers dart to the spot on my neck where they left their marks. Wesley, mostly, with his dominant show of possession. The area is warm beneath my touch.

Wesley smirks, causing my breathing to hitch. But I’m too exhausted to continue teasing them or take them up on the promises simmering in their stares.

“So where am I sleeping? Should I take the couch?” Exhaustion is swamping me now that the danger has passed and the adrenaline is wearing off too.

They exchange a pointed look, Wesley nodding, then turn toward me.

Grant speaks for them all as usual. “We have somewhere especially for you.”

“Oh, like a guest room?” I should have realized in a house like this they have plenty of space.

“Not at all.” Briggs shakes his head but doesn’t elaborate. He sticks out his hand. “Come.”

I grasp it and trail him through rooms straight out of the pages of a magazine. Wood, neutral earthy tones, and slate accents give the entire place a solid yet homey vibe. After we ascend a grand staircase, my toes sink into plush carpet.

The landing is wide and open to the main living area below.

There are four doors leading off it.

Three are ajar.

From the shades of blue and gray, and the beds—two rumpled and one crisply made, Wesley’s for sure—I can immediately tell these are their rooms.

But the fourth is shut.

“This is our private wing. There’s a guest house out back and plenty of other rooms you can explore tomorrow. But, this is where you’ll stay.” A

long, deliberate inhalation supports Wesley's decree when he adds, "This is for you, prize."

Briggs holds my hand and waits for Grant to open the door as if letting him make the final decision about whether or not to invite me into their inner sanctum.

He does.

I gasp. Inside is safe harbor. A refuge that includes a full wall of books, tons of plants, oversized lounge chairs perfect for reading or napping, and floor-to-ceiling windows that probably have a killer view of the grounds during the day.

Soft light emanates from lamps and LED strips strategically placed around the space. Beyond the sitting area, I spot a bedroom with the biggest bed I've ever seen. It's a four-poster draped in gauzy netting that makes it look like a proper cloud. On the other side is a bathroom with marble flooring and a tub sunk into the floor. It's also ginormous. It could qualify as a plunge pool. A shower that could fit most of my trailer in it is surrounded by clear glass walls that house three of those wide flat rain heads and a zillion jets that make me pretty sure I could wash a car in there if I needed to.

There's a door at the far end that I would bet leads to a closet worthy of a princess.

Their prize.

Holy shit. "You created this space for your lovers?"

"No." Grant is quick to correct me. "We've had plenty of those. But we've never brought any here. This is only for the one. We kept it ready for you. We've been looking for you all our lives, Clover."

Wesley swallows hard when I peek up at him, and Briggs seems to be holding his breath. But I'm the one who's speechless. If there was a single speck of resistance left in me, they vaporized it with that declaration.

"We're going to take care of you. Not only tonight. Always," Grant promises.

I reach for them and they come.

Briggs plucks me from the floor and holds me close as Wesley and Grant kiss my cheek and forehead. Then, together, they snap into action. Wesley strides to the bathroom and flips a golden tap. Water pours from a long slot in the wall that puts my accidental waterfall at home to shame. Steamy water fills the tub far faster than I would have imagined.

While it's rising, Briggs sets me down and undresses both me and himself. Grant adds a splash of oil that smells green—like rosemary or eucalyptus or something I imagine they'd have at an upmarket spa—to the water. I sigh when Briggs lifts me and carries me into the tub, holding me on his lap as Grant and Wesley stride down the stairs with several splashes to join us.

I'm shocked when they simply sit there and chill. Sometimes massaging the warm, scented water into my skin, loosening the muscles they strained earlier.

"She's done for tonight," Briggs rumbles to Wesley and Grant.

No one—not them, and certainly not me—argues.

I float after that, half asleep or lost in a trance of pure relaxation as they wash my hair and clean the makeup from my skin. I moan and shift when Wesley washes between my legs, taking away the sticky proof of their claiming.

"Don't worry, prize. We'll put that back in the morning." Grant kisses me soft and slow. He finishes his own bath before climbing from it and opening the closet. If I wasn't nearly passed out, I would have shrieked. It's more like a dressing room or a personal boutique that I can't wait to explore.

He selects a blush silk robe and brings it to me just as Wesley and Briggs finish toweling me dry. Once he's wrapped me in luxury and Briggs has tended to himself, he lifts me again, this time carrying me toward the bed.

We pile in together, with Beast at our feet.

After they tuck me in and strip the robe from me, I curl up between them and swear I'm asleep before my head hits the very soft pillows.

Surrounded by their heat and strength, I don't budge until morning.

CHAPTER 9

Claver

When I finally wake, I realize I've never slept so soundly. I didn't jerk from a nightmare once, startled by a rat in the trash or because of the neighbors arguing again.

That dream was so vivid. Happy for once.

I open my eyes to three handsome billionaires and their adorably ruthless dog.

All of them study me as they surround me in their plush bed.

Blinking, I scrub my face with my fists. Nothing about the vision changes. It wasn't a dream after all. "Oh."

"Did you think we were going to disappear?" Wesley frowns as though I've offended him.

"Not exactly. It's just...hard to believe you're real. Yesterday I had no one. Now there's you three. Beast. All this." I wave my hand around. "I know what convinced me to leap, but...you don't need to settle. How can you be sure so soon?"

"Time is irrelevant," Grant explains. "We've wasted enough of it to know when something feels right. Better than ever before. Hell, I knew the moment I saw you."

"Same," Wesley echoes. Briggs nods and caresses my cheek more tenderly than I would have imagined possible with his large hand.

"We're not letting go. We're keeping you. Forever, if you'll stay." Grant leans in and kisses my nose, then a bit lower. His lips seduce mine, proving again how connected our desires are. In seconds, I'm already hungry for more.

But I need to be sure because when I give them all of myself, there won't be any taking it back. "Won't you miss going to the club? You have your own room there. Obviously, you liked it."

"It helped pass the time while we searched for someone we could share. Keep for ourselves." Wesley leans over Grant to grasp my chin and turn my face toward him so I can read the absolute truth in his stare. "And now that we've found you, no one else will use what's ours."

I have no idea what comes over me, except that I enjoy the tingle that races through me at their possessive tendencies. "What if I liked it? What if I want to do it again and show off my new skills in front of all your rich friends?"

"Don't make us tie you up." Wesley might or might not be joking. "We'll keep you here as our captive until you realize we're right. This is your destiny. With us. *Only* us."

When I don't object, Grant smiles. "We're happy to convince you if you need."

"Let's pretend I do." I'm breathless as I consider their sensual threats.

Briggs doesn't talk about it. He does it.

He jogs through the sitting room, across the hall, and retrieves several ties from who knows where. On his return, he leaps onto the mattress, bouncing as he settles at my side. His bulk causes the rest of us to jostle together.

Grant and Wesley seem to forgive him when they each accept a strip of silk and get to work. Before I can so much as think of escaping, they have my legs spread, one ankle tied to each of the posts at the foot of the bed. Briggs gathers my wrists together and binds them before attaching them to a slat in the headboard I assumed was decorative.

As my gaze wings between them, I realize they're already fully awake. Each man has a hand on his cock, stroking as they kneel with Grant on one side, Wesley on the other, and Briggs between my thighs.

"Are you sore, prize?" Grant asks, his hand trailing down my center from my chin to my mound. "Don't you dare lie."

"Some. But if I'm going to have trouble walking for the next few days, you might as well make it worth it." The thought of holding them inside me again far outweighs the discomfort it might cause.

Briggs groans. "The last thing I want is to hurt you, but if you're sure..."

“I haven’t had you yet. I want it. You.” I wish I could reach down and stroke him or taste him again. Sucking on him at the club kept me calm, gave me something to concentrate on.

There’s no easy out now. They’re playing for keeps.

“Grant, help her.” Wesley grips Grant’s shoulder and pushes until he folds in half, his face tucked upside down against my core. He doesn’t seem to mind Wesley taking control, instead doing as he’s told. His tongue snakes out and laps along my slit, throwing me back to the things they showed me last night.

I want more of that.

More of them.

A moan escapes me.

“You’re such a good girl, Clover.” Wesley dips his middle finger between my parted lips. I suck on it, pacifying myself until the initial shock of Grant’s contact thaws me. Wesley replaces his fingers with his cock and I swallow around it, getting it slick with spit.

He withdraws after just a few strokes while Grant flicks his tongue over my clit, revving me up faster than one of the cars in their garage.

“You’re going to focus on me.” Wesley straddles my torso. But instead of putting his dick back in my mouth, which is probably hazardous to his health given what’s about to happen, he tucks it in the valley between my breasts.

It takes some effort, but he gathers the mounds together to create a soft, slick channel to ride while Grant introduces his fingers to my pussy. It causes my back to arch and my legs and arms to tug at my bindings. There’s no closing myself to them now or ever again.

That thought alone, plus the fact that I don’t want to, is enough to set me off. I quake beneath Wesley and Grant, my pussy drawing on Grant’s fingers as strongly as my mouth did on Briggs’s cock last night.

“She’s never going to be more ready,” Grant growls to Briggs. “Come on, big guy. Stretch her. She wants it.”

Briggs peeks over Wesley’s shoulder, and I lift my hips, hoping Briggs understands that Grant is right. He knows what I need.

When Briggs still hesitates, Grant takes matters into his own hands. Literally.

Briggs’s eyes widen then his tip nudges the apex of my thighs as Grant guides him home.

Pressure builds as he leans in. I couldn't have imagined it would feel this way—intense, burning rapture that expands with each inch he plows into me. He pushes past the initial resistance of my body as Grant does his best to reignite the passion that flamed out after the fast release he gave me to whet my appetite.

Wesley pats my cheek, reminding me to look at him. “You can do this. Relax, prize. Take everything he has to give you.”

It's a lot.

Being bound amplifies every tiny motion, the silk tugging on me to keep me open and in place for whatever they choose to do.

“Briggs and Grant are going to make it so good for you.” Wesley slides between my breasts, a pearly drop of fluid appearing at his tip before he paints it across the mounds.

They already are, though I'm incapable of letting them know except by moaning louder.

“Is that the spot?” Wesley chuckles when my eyes roll back. He matches his pace to Briggs's. They don't rush me, but it isn't all that long before I'm crying out, craving more from them.

Who knew I could be greedy?

I need my men. Especially when I look down at Wesley working himself on my chest and Grant jerking his cock in time to the circles he's drawing around my clit with his talented fingers. They turn me on so much, all I feel between my legs is Briggs stoking my arousal with only a hint of the pain I imagined his fat cock would cause.

Before they taught me better.

I'm not sure how long it's taken for them to ramp me up again, but I can see the sweat on Briggs's shoulders and the tightness of Wesley's jaw. I'm torturing them as much as they are me.

I don't mind that at all.

“Someday we're going to last with you. You make us look like rookies,” Wesley snarls.

If this is what they think of as an underwhelming performance, I'm not sure I can handle them at the top of their game.

“I don't want to wait. I need all of it. Now.” I strain at my bonds, but they refuse to cave. At least until I make myself more clear. “The three of you. Inside me. You said you'd put your come back. Fill me full of you.”

“We can take turns—” Wesley's pupils dilate as if he likes the idea.

“No.” I thrash. “Together.”

I don't even know what I'm asking for except that I need to know they feel it too, this overwhelming sense of oneness. The four of us become something different, something whole, when we're linked.

Briggs groans. “If we're going to try it, you better get over here. I'm about to lose it.”

Wesley's wide eyes make me certain that's not something Briggs says often.

“She's so sweet.” Grant moans as he draws himself up, wiping his face on the back of his hand.

“Give me some.” Wesley shocks me by twisting around, his cock heavy on my breastbone. He grabs Grant's hand and licks the shiny trail off his knuckles. “Fuck, yes. She is.”

Then he's diving beneath me, raising my body so he can slip under both me and the silk ties before laying me on his chest. His dick rides my crack. Though I remember how it felt to hold him there—taboo and sexy—I want them to pour themselves inside my pussy. Drench it.

Wesley murmurs in my ear, “I'm not sure we're all going to fit, but I think we can get close enough to give you what you need. To make sure that pussy is overflowing with our come. To stake our claim where no one else will ever go.”

“Yes!” I writhe on top of him as much as I can, given my restraints. He aligns himself, tucking his head into my opening alongside Briggs's shaft.

“Oh fuck,” Briggs shouts.

I can relate.

They sear me as they stretch me, stuff me with their heat.

“Get in here, Grant,” Wesley commands.

“How?” He straddles one of my splayed thighs and knocks Briggs off-center. It's not graceful, but they manage.

Grant and Briggs are plastered together from hip to knee as Grant fits himself to my opening.

When he presses inward, just the slightest bit, the sight and the burn of my body attempting to accommodate all three of my men is enough to break us.

I throw my head back onto Wesley's shoulder.

He doesn't waste the opportunity to feast on my neck, his hand rising up to wrap around the parts his mouth isn't sucking and biting.

The instant the four of us are joined, even just a little, I fly.

And I take them with me.

I smother them with my rippling pussy as I climax, wringing Briggs's release from his balls.

He pumps it into my depths.

"Yeah. Fill that cunt." Wesley cheers him on an instant before Grant falls too.

He shudders, his body twitching with short jabs that embed him a tiny bit farther. He empties himself both in me and along Briggs's length, which only makes the big guy's orgasm roll on and on.

Wesley is right there with them. He adds his contribution, sending spurt after spurt to mingle with his best friends' fluids, spread across me and each other. He holds my hips up, angled so that I keep as much as possible in me despite the rivulets squeezing out between the three of their dicks. The position also gives me a vantage point to obsess over something I never could have imagined but certainly will never forget.

"Yeah, you see that? You're full of us." Wesley grunts as I reach capacity. Spillage glazes his balls and slides down Grant's shaft, our pleasure combined inseparably.

The thought of them coming all over each other while they soak me only makes me hornier. I scream as I continue to orgasm—or maybe do it again, one last time—before we collapse into a heap.

I long to move—to curl around them, between them, and snuggle—but I'm still bound in place.

Wesley realizes it first and unties my hands, nudging Grant and Briggs to take care of my ankles.

I groan when Briggs finally slips from me, leaving me empty except for the sticky heat pooling at my center.

Maybe I'm becoming more like him already. I don't think, I just do.

I run my fingers down to my opening and swipe some of their slippery release from between my legs.

Rather than taste it myself, I hold my hand out to Grant. I curl my fingers so only my index finger is extended. He looks to Briggs, then Wesley, who says, "Do what she wants."

Grant takes it into his mouth and sucks it clean, humming as he does.

I offer the next one to Briggs, who does the same.

And finally, I turn to Wesley. He devours the third.

It's the flavor of us. And now that they've sampled the delicacy, they're as enamored with it as I am.

"Innocent, my ass." Briggs laughs as he shakes his head, clearly not upset.

"It's cute how insatiable you are. And devious too." Grant leans in to place a kiss on the tip of my nose.

"Only with you three. I've never wanted anyone else and never will." No point in denying it.

I'm afraid to believe it's true yet my gut tells me that this is my place and these are my men. For once in my life, I'm going to do something self-centered and take what I want...no *need*, more than anything.

Their protection.

Their lust.

Their love.

I might be their prize, but it's clearly me who's won.

Three times over.

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Epilogue

WESLEY

It's been a year since I've stepped foot into Gunner's club. It seems like forever ago and yet like no time has passed at all. It's that way when every moment is occupied with Clover and our obsessive love for her.

I certainly don't miss anything from before we discovered her. She gives us everything we could have desired, and more.

We brought her home the night we won her, and she never left.

It's time we make sure she never will.

There's a party here tonight that we've come for. So have a bunch of our acquaintances. Gunner and his two partners—Fitch and Kane—of course. But also Clover's newfound besties—Melody, Rose, and Riley. Melody and Riley live here in the city and have a ton in common with Rose, Melody's childhood friend, who is the wife of three billionaires of her own. Arlan, Finn, and Matthew run in the same circles as Gunner, establishing international clubs not so different from this one. Melody's three men include Ethan, who owns a bar in the city with Werner and Ryan. A passion project he personally oversees, despite his wealth. Riley is his little sister, closing our loop.

Tonight, Clover's the guest of honor once again.

Except this time she has no idea.

She's busy chatting with her friends and their lovers—our network of like-minded confidants—at this supposed charity benefit and hasn't yet picked up on the tension growing between Briggs, Grant, and me.

"How's your brother doing?" Gunner asks Clover.

“Well, thank you. He just graduated from his program and moved into a sober living facility. Progress hasn’t exactly been linear, but he’s doing the hard work and heading in the right direction.” Clover beams, her pride in River evident.

She looks even more gorgeous than usual in a glittering gold gown Grant picked out for her.

I can’t wait a single second more to lock things down.

“Ladies, gentlemen, would you excuse us for one second?” I try to keep my calm but it’s tough.

Especially when the men around us, in on our plan, smirk.

When I hold my hand out to Clover, she accepts it without hesitation. If she expected us to head to the bar or a quiet corner for a private discussion, she doesn’t balk as we turn toward the center of the room instead. The three of us lead her up the stairs to the stage in the main entertainment room of Gunner’s club.

The one where we fell for her.

The fact that she would join us up here once again—and fuck us for the whole world to see if we would let her—does things to me. She’s claimed us every bit as fiercely as we have her.

And it’s time to make our stake official.

“Thank you all for joining us.” Of course Grant knows what to say. “Tonight is the one-year anniversary of the best night of my life.”

“When you stole that sweet virgin pussy from us!” someone interrupts with a catcall.

“Not only because of that.” Grant chuckles. “But because the moment we laid eyes on Clover, we knew she was meant to be ours. Not only for her first time, but for all her times. And all of ours forever after.”

“What—?” She tugs my sleeve, trying to get my attention, but no way am I going to spoil this moment. The one we’ve been waiting for since we realized how much we enjoyed sharing.

Briggs hugs her tight to him before placing a kiss on her coiffed hair then dropping to his knees. Grant and I join him as I take the jeweler’s box from my pocket.

Clover’s hands fly to her face, and she covers her mouth with trembling fingers. At least until Grant reaches up and draws her left hand to him. He kisses her knuckles before speaking only to her, despite the fact that the crowd of important people can hear every word. “Clover, we love you.

We're already yours and have been for a year. Please say you'll stay with us for as many more as we have. Marry us? Be ours officially?"

I open the box and present a ring that glitters in the spotlights overhead.

We had it custom designed for her by one of the world's most prominent jewelers. A pink pear-shaped diamond surrounded by a trio of the highest-quality white ones, set in a perfect triangle on a delicate gold band. I hold it out and she lets me slip it on her finger.

The rocks dwarf her knuckle.

And they're utterly insignificant compared to the emotions she stirs in us.

"Is that a yes?" Briggs can't handle the tension. Me either.

Clover squeals and flings herself at us, bowling us over. "Yes!"

The audience laughs as she climbs on top of each of her men, one at a time, kissing our faces before whispering her assent to her now-fiancés individually in addition to her blanket acceptance. When she gets to Briggs, he clamps his arms around her petite waist then levers himself up, raising her high above him.

She's officially our prize. For good.

"In that case, we have one last show to put on." My dick hardens in my suit pants at the thought of what's to come.

"Hmm?" Clover tilts her head, reminding me of her lapdog, Beast.

"Come here." I stride to the curtains. They part to reveal a black leather tattoo table. I pat it and Briggs lifts her into position.

She whimpers but stays put when I raise her beaded skirt, which sparkles beneath the bright lights.

I walk it over her perfect ass, leaving her lacy white panties in place. As if anyone needed a reminder of how innocent she was. Before us.

A man with spiked hair, and enough piercings to make it likely he sinks in pools, tests out his tattoo gun. The resulting buzz has Clover jerking.

Briggs, Grant, and I move around to stand by her head. We start unbuttoning our dress shirts at the same time, revealing her name indelibly inked across our chests, over our hearts.

"Sure of yourselves, huh?" she sasses despite her body bared to the entire room.

"Certain of our love for you," Grant replies.

"Now it's your turn." I know Briggs's palms must be itching to slap her perfect ass, pointed up to give the artist an ideal canvas. "Don't say no,

Clover.”

She doesn't make a peep.

“Go ahead,” I order the tattooist, holding her panties aside.

He writes “Prize won by:” in elaborate script on Clover's ass.

She doesn't even flinch.

Then he looks at us. “Who's first?”

“Rock, paper, scissors?” I suggest.

Everyone—us, Clover, and the crowd included—chuckles at that.

“Worked out last time.” Grant shrugs.

We hold our fists in a clump over Clover's mostly bare ass, in sync as always. They bob three times before we shoot. This time it's my rock that smashes their scissors. *Fuck, yes.*

I take the tattoo gun while the other two go again to determine who's next. I remember the lessons the artist gave us leading up to tonight. With his guidance, I sign my name permanently on the part of our prize I had first. It's only fitting.

She doesn't budge, instead staring at our sparkling promise of forever wrapped around her finger.

Briggs then Grant go next. Soon we stand there, admiring our handiwork as I wonder exactly how many minutes it's polite to stay at this engagement party before we race home and fuck our fiancée.

After the tattoo artist finishes cleaning and bandaging Clover's ass, I pat her flank lovingly before covering her flesh. This is the last time anyone but us will see it.

Briggs helps Clover up.

Her cheeks turn rosy as the crowd bursts into applause, whistles, and shouts of congratulations.

Had she forgotten anyone else existed? It happens to me sometimes too, when I'm with them.

Clover, Briggs, and Grant have become all that matters in my world.

As we lead her back to the center of our circle, Clover stammers, “Thank you, everyone.”

“Sounds like we have another wedding to plan.” Melody lifts one hand, and Riley high-fives her.

“I have so many ideas and poly-friendly contacts saved from ours. I'll send them to you if you want,” Rose offers as her men level smitten smiles in her direction.

Their wedding was one I'll never forget, mostly because I thought we'd never get as lucky as those four. Yet, here we are. Clover answered every wish I ever sent out into the universe, no matter how impossible I thought they were.

I'm glad she has an entire support network who can assist her with planning our big day. One that understands what it's like to be committed to more than one man. Melody and Rose were the happiest women I'd ever met, until Clover, and I intend to do my best every day to make sure she takes that prize too.

I'm so focused on our girl, I don't do anything about the scowl Ethan is aiming in Gunner's direction every time the club owner seems a bit too smitten with Ethan's baby sister, Riley. Everyone knows your best friend's siblings are strictly off-limits. Especially one who doesn't turn eighteen for another four months and was only allowed into the club tonight to celebrate our special occasion while under the supervision of her extremely overprotective older brother. Hopefully, Gunner isn't dumb enough to fuck around and find out.

Kane elbows Gunner in the gut when he realizes Ethan is glowering.

I wouldn't want to make him angry. I like the way my face is arranged as is, thanks.

Behind the knot of women fawning over Clover's ring, Gunner raises his hands, palms out in Ethan's direction, as if promising he'd never poach the sweet young thing despite the flash of interest I recognize in his gaze every time he looks in Riley's direction.

"If I could cut in for a moment?" Gunner pulls me, Grant, and Briggs aside as Clover and the rest of the women freak out. She's so damn adorable.

At first, I assume Gunner's simply trying to escape Ethan's aggressive warning.

Then he hands a manila envelope to Grant, who is smart enough not to unseal it in public. "What's this?"

Briggs crosses his arms and spreads his legs, still not entirely having forgiven Gunner for putting our girl up for sale.

"It's a recording of your first time together. The livestream was shit, but we've got a hell of a lot of security cameras around here including a few with some better vantage points you weren't guarding against. It's the original file. There are no copies. No one but me has seen it."

“How much do you want for this?” Briggs growls as if it’s some kind of blackmail.

Gunner waves him off. “It’s an engagement gift. And an apology. I made plenty of money off the people who never want to miss out on our live events again. You showed them how much better it is to come in person than to watch remotely. We’ve raised our dues three times this year and still have a waitlist a mile long.”

Briggs nods and claps Gunner on the shoulder. “Thank you.”

“For finding our prize. For protecting her by giving us this recording. For creating a place for people with our tastes to practice safely. You deserve a woman of your own to share with your partners.” Grant cuts his stare to Fitch and then Kane. We can recognize in them what we see in ourselves, not to mention Rose, Melody, and their men.

A forever sort of bond, just waiting for the right partner to forge it.

Gunner, however, is looking across the room to Ethan...or maybe his little sister.

“Good luck with that.” Briggs snorts. “You’re going to need it.”

We smack each other on the back in a round of masculine affection before returning to the main gathering. Clover automatically rests her shoulders against my chest and reaches out to hold Grant’s and Briggs’s hands.

Our ring looks like it belongs on her finger, just like our names do on her ass.

I can’t wait to take her home and celebrate in private.

* * *

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* * *

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About the Author



Loryn Fox is the secret pen name of a New York Times and USAT Bestselling author. She writes over-the-top, extra spicy, why choose, instalove stories that will melt your screen while delivering a guaranteed happy ending.

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