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Ménage Amour



Jenika Snow

Bittersweet:

A Story of Dominance and Submission

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When Piper agrees to go on vacation with her friend at an exclusive sex resort, she finds it has more surprises than she is ready for. Because what Piper doesn't realize is that when she agrees to play a submissive for two weeks, it won't be with only one dominant man, but four.

Piper finds out she has been hand selected to not only submit, but to be possessed and conquered by the towering men. To make matters worse, the four men that have chosen her to play their sex slave are the sovereign and arousing Grayson brothers--her employers and the men she has been lusting after.

With her identity hidden behind a mask of feathers and jewels, Piper allows herself to experience the delicious pleasures that only the Grayson brothers can conjure within her. But soon she realizes it isn't only her body that is in the game, but her heart as well.

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**BITTERSWEET: A STORY OF DOMINANCE AND
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Letter from Jenika Snow

Regarding E-book Piracy

Dear Readers,

I would like to thank each and every one of you for purchasing this story, and I would like to thank you in advance for not sharing a copy of it. There is an ongoing problem with e-book piracy, and I just wanted to say a few words about it. A lot of time and effort goes into creating a story, and when e-books are distributed illegally, it makes it more difficult for the parties involved in creating that story to produce more. My stories are not just my dream, they are also my livelihood.

So once again, thank you for purchasing this ebook legally and for not participating in e-book piracy.

With deep gratitude,

Jenika Snow

DEDICATION

The best and most beautiful things in the world cannot be seen or
even touched. They must be felt with the heart.

-- Helen Keller

I want to thank everyone who helped make this story become possible, but I want to especially say thank you to my dear friend and talented author Desmond Haas for helping me with this story. Without his input, *Bittersweet* would just be another idea in my head.

BITTERSWEET: A STORY OF DOMINANCE AND SUBMISSION

JENIKA SNOW
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Chapter One

“There is no way in hell I’m going to a sex resort.” Piper glanced up from the brochure her friend Lucie gave her. She knew disbelief covered her features, and she could hear shock lacing her voice.

“It isn’t a sex resort, per se.” Lucie looked down at her own brochure, excitement clear in her eyes.

“The hell it isn’t. There are naked people on the cover. How did you even find out about a place like this?”

Lucie shook her head and set the pamphlet down. “That doesn’t really matter. Listen, I know this is kind of extreme, but hear me out, okay?” At Piper’s silence, Lucie continued. “We’ve known each other for, what, fifteen years? Have I ever made you do anything you didn’t want to do?”

“Yes, as a matter of fact you have.”

“Okay, okay,” Lucie held her hands in front of her as if in surrender, “that blind date happened to be a fluke. How was I supposed to know he had that crazy fetish?” Lucie leaned back on the couch and sighed. “We need a vacation, Piper. Like a real one.”

“I agree, but to a sex resort?” Piper’s voice held speculation and a hint of irritation.

“Would you quit calling it that! It’s an exclusive resort catering to a woman’s fantasies, and before you go on saying you aren’t that type of person, may I remind you I have known you for more than half your life. I know all about you, including your dirty little secrets.”

Piper felt her face become hot. Lucie and she had been friends since they were thirteen, and although they shared everything, this whole scene was a little beyond the norm. “Even if I agreed to go, there is no way I could get the time off with such short notice.”

“Bullshit. You have been working at that firm since you got out of college and have hardly taken a vacation. If those pompous assholes won’t give you two weeks off, then fuck them.”

“Lucie!” Piper set the pamphlet down, and even though she sounded upset, she couldn’t help the smirk that tilted her lips. “Don’t talk about my bosses that way. They’ve been really great to me.” The law firm that Piper worked in was owned by the Grayson brothers. Just thinking about those four tall and heavily muscled men made her tingly all over. It was completely unprofessional to think of them so blatantly, but completely unavoidable.

“I’m serious. All the years you’ve been working there, you have taken, what? One week off, if that?”

Piper shrugged, hearing the impatience in her friend’s voice. “You just don’t want to go alone.” She knew how Lucie was, wild and reckless with a little bit of kinky thrown in there, but shy.

“No. I couldn’t care less if I went alone, you should know that, but the package is a two-for-one deal for all new female members, and this place looks incredible.”

Piper knew Lucie went to a place such as this, but suspicion threaded through her. “You’ve been here before, haven’t you?” She didn’t miss the pink that started to tinge her friend’s cheeks. “Is this about some man?”

Lucie cleared her throat. “No, I’ve never been there before.” Lucie’s eyes darted around, and Piper knew her friend was hiding something. “Okay, so when I went to visit my parents last year, I met this wonderful man, and well, one thing led to another if you know what I mean.”

Piper could only imagine. “So what? He’s going to be at this place?”

“We’ve been talking for the past year, haven’t seen each other but for that one weekend, but we decided to go to this resort. He apparently has been there before. He’s actually the one who told me about it.”

“Hold up.” Piper raised her hand to stop Lucie from continuing. “If you want to go with this man and spend some ‘quality time’ with him, why on earth would I tag along?”

Lucie was silent for a moment. “It isn’t like you’d be hanging out with us or anything. We wouldn’t even be really seeing each other.” Lucie played with the hem on her shirt, and Piper saw anxiousness in her face.

“What’s up? You’re acting all fidgety and weird.”

“It’s nothing.” Lucie glanced up and smiled, but Piper could clearly see how forced it was. “All I’m asking is that you think about it. Look over the pamphlet, see what they have to offer.”

Piper hesitated before she spoke, “When do I have to let you know by?”

“They only have those two spots left, and if I want to hold them, I have to let them know by Monday.”

“That’s only four days away! Even if I agree to go, how am I supposed to get those two weeks off? We would be going next month, right?”

Lucie nodded. “Just think about it. This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.” Lucie stood and grabbed her purse. “I have to go, but I’ll call you tomorrow, okay?”

Piper nodded but didn't move from her seat. When her front door closed, she picked up the pamphlet again and looked at the cover. Several nude and beautiful bodies graced the front cover. The ocean and setting sun were the backdrop, and every single person had a grin on their face.

"Bre'zail Resort," she read the name aloud and flipped the brochure open. There was a list of the "normal" things someone could do, such as swimming, hiking along the tropical terrain, or even scuba diving. All of those activities sounded wonderful, but of course those things weren't what held her attention or made her hesitant in going.

She scanned the next page which showcased all of the "adult" amenities which were offered. The resort was catered to fantasies, both mild and extreme. Her eyebrows rose as she read. Bondage, domination, submission, and even fetishes were amongst the many scenes that were offered. As she continued to read, she couldn't help the flush running through her. Reading about letting a man control her, pleasure her with his possessiveness and dominating demeanor, had her so hot she thought she'd burst.

That was one of her dirty little secrets, or so Lucie had called them. She had never told anyone as much, but when she got drunk one night with Lucie, years ago, she had spilled the beans, so to speak. It had been awkward and humiliating to say the least, but then Lucie had revealed her own secrets, and Piper didn't feel as embarrassed about the whole thing. She was a closet sub. Not anything extreme, but the very thought of a man taking control, telling her what he wanted and what he wanted her to do, made her so aroused she could scream.

Of course, she would never act upon her fantasies because, well, that is what they were, just a fantasy. As she continued to look at the pamphlet, she couldn't help the excitement she felt. It truly did sound like an experience of a lifetime, but it was a daring one.

It isn't like you would even see anyone you knew. The place is on a freakin' island. She set the pamphlet down.

Feeling resolve run through her, Piper decided she wouldn't make up her mind until she was sure she could take the time off. Just thinking about asking the Grayson brothers anything caused fear and trepidation to wash through her. They were a fearsome bunch, and just thinking about them made her pussy clench with the need to be filled.

Chapter Two

Piper stepped into the Grayson Law Firm building the following day. Her nerves started to assault her. What intimidated her most about this whole situation were the four men behind the double oak doors in front of her.

Grayson Law Firm was owned and operated by four brothers, four men which were, by far, the most powerful and frightening males she had ever seen. When they wanted something, they got it. It was as simple as that.

She was just one of the receptionists at the large and prestigious firm, but she had heard enough stories about the brothers that if she had been going up against them in court, she would have crumbled.

She stopped in front of Dawn's desk, the woman the Graysons' personal secretary. The woman eyed her up and down, and Piper felt the need to smooth the invisible wrinkles from her skirt.

"Can I help you?" Dawn's tone was irritated as she tapped one of her bright, red-painted nails on the desk.

"I need to speak with Mr. Grayson."

One of Dawn's perfectly manicured eyebrows rose. "There are four of them. Which one in particular?"

Piper felt her face heat. "Ian." Ian Grayson was the oldest of the four brothers and the one that seemed the scariest, in Piper's opinion.

"Do you have an appointment?"

Piper shook her head. Dawn knew the ins and outs of the Grayson brothers' schedule, and knew damn well Piper didn't have an appointment.

"I'll have to see if he has the time, but I'm sure he is busy."

Piper watched as Dawn picked up the phone and started to speak softly. Surprise flittered across Dawn's face, and she hung up the phone. "You can go in." She flicked her hand in the direction of the double doors.

Piper took a deep breath and pulled open one of the heavy doors. The first thing she noticed was how wonderful the room smelled. A mixture of expensive male cologne wafted around her and made her feel almost drunk. It took her about a second of breathing in deeply before she realized four sets of eyes pointed in her direction. She stepped the rest of the way in and closed the door softly. Piper placed her hands flat on the wood, and she swallowed roughly. She could feel the grains of the wood against her sweaty palms.

Ian, Logan, Brendin, and Jake Grayson all watched her with serious expressions, letting her know whatever she needed was interrupting them. The office was enormous, with an arched ceiling seemingly fifty feet tall. Floor to ceiling windows lined the entire back wall, and the four expensive wood desks lined up precisely, two facing the door, and the other two on the sides.

Marble and wood were the main makeup of the room, and it was after a full minute of her admiring the layout she realized someone kept clearing his throat. She looked in Ian's direction since he was obviously the one who had been doing the clearing.

"You needed to speak with me, Miss. Crane?"

The other three brothers still watched her, and Piper was amazed every time she saw the four of them together. They resembled each other in their bone structure, but aside from that they looked entirely different. Ian was the oldest and in his mid-thirties with a head of short, coal-black hair and eyes the color of sea foam.

Logan and Brendin were only a few years younger than Ian, but their experience and prowess rivaled those of their eldest brothers. Jake was the youngest of the four, his light features a vast contrast to his other three brothers' dark and brooding appearances. He had just turned thirty but still had the face of a man a decade younger.

“Miss Crane?”

She snapped her attention back to Ian and felt her face heat with embarrassment. “I’m sorry. I, uh...” Actually speaking to them was harder than she thought. It was a rare occasion when she put herself in a position where she was actually alone with the four of them. “I’m very sorry to bother you, but I need to request some time off.”

Ian stared at her for a moment, and she was aware the other three were as well. “If this is a vacation request, I am sure you can handle it with Melanie. Unless, of course, the procedure has changed?” He arched a brow, his stare unwavering, his tone slightly sarcastic.

“Well, no, sir, the procedure hasn’t changed, but this is kind of short notice.” She twisted her hands in front of her, but she kept her vision on Ian.

“How much short notice exactly?” He dropped his pen and leaned back in his chair. The leather made a soft sound as it accepted his weight.

“I need two weeks off the beginning of next month.” Again his brow arched, and he looked at his brothers. Each one of them seemed to communicate silently, and it unnerved her.

“That is very short notice, Miss. Crane. I’m not even sure we would be able to get a replacement for that time frame. Is everything okay?”

She nodded and swallowed again. Her throat felt like she had swallowed a gallon of sand. “Everything is fine, sir. I know how short notice it is, and I completely understand if it isn’t feasible. I’m sorry for disturbing you gentlemen.” She turned to leave, but a deep voice stopped her.

“I don’t really see a problem with it, do you, Ian?”

She turned around and looked at Logan. His sandy blond hair was slightly disheveled, and even though it wasn’t as impeccably styled as his older brothers, Piper knew he was a shark in the court room. She watched the four of them as they spoke softly with each other. She really couldn’t hear them, but it was either the vastness of the room

that hid their words, or the fact that she was so nervous she felt sweat drip between her breasts. It didn't matter much anyway because Ian's next words surprised her.

"Although the notice is extremely short, I don't see it being a problem. As you well know, we have a conference set up for the beginning of next month, and the firm should be rather slow. As long as you can find someone to cover those two weeks for you, I don't see why you can't take them off."

All of them stared at her again, and she smiled hesitantly. "Thank you very much." She opened the door and closed it behind her. She leaned against the unyielding wood and took a deep breath. The air had been thick in the room, and it had nothing to do with them scaring her shitless. Her hormones had been working on overload as well, and her senses seemed to be malfunctioning. Their smell and their gazes had made her so aroused the awkwardness of the whole situation had almost dimmed. Almost.

Dawn looked her over once and went back to shuffling a stack of papers. Now all she had to do was find someone to cover her time off, and she would be going on an adventure that would change everything. She just hoped she didn't live to regret it.

Chapter Three

Piper gripped the handle on her suitcase tightly as she stared wide eyed at the lobby. Since their plane had arrived on the small island, a stretch limo had picked Lucie and her up and had driven them to the resort. She stood off to the side as she watched Lucie check them in. It certainly didn't look like a sex resort, not with the fully clothed people milling around with tropical drinks in their hands. Lucie waved her over to the front desk.

"Give him your ID and the paperwork."

Piper set her bag down and fished out the requested material. Handing the concierge the items, she once again looked around the lobby. It was expensively decorated, but there was a touch of the tropics thrown in. It was only after she had made sure someone could cover her at work that she had told Lucie the trip was all clear. She had been surprised to find out she had to have a full physical, as well as a blood test, to make sure she was clean and healthy enough to engage in the activities.

Although prophylactics were readily available at the resort, one of the many pamphlets they had sent them had stressed the importance of taking extra precautions. Piper assumed they made sure to point this out because of how fast the sexual situations could escalate.

"Thank you, Miss. If you please step to the side, your bags will be taken to your room." The man behind the desk slipped them two key cards and told them where to go.

Piper took her key and looked at Lucie. "What now?"

Lucie smirked and picked up her bag. "Now the fun begins."

* * * *

Lucie and Piper had parted ways about four hours ago, and now Piper sat in her average-looking room, staring at the clock. The resort catered to about every sexual experience one could think of. Most were too extreme for Piper, but one had held her attention like no other.

She looked down at her entwined hands and breathed out deeply. She had chosen to participate in the submissive experience when she had first decided to come. In fact, the paperwork she handed to the concierge had said as much. Although this would be something totally new to her, there was a desire deep down in her screaming to be possessed and dominated.

Her heart fluttered in her chest, and her breathing became shallow. The very idea of completely submitting to someone left her breathless. Anticipation pounded through her like a steady drum.

She had been instructed to pack a small bag with only the essentials. She was to go to the front lobby where someone would transfer her to a different part of the resort. After she was dropped off, she would have an hour to acclimate herself to the new building, set up her toiletries and such in her new room, and relax before she was expected to join a small cocktail party. She didn't know what was supposed to happen at the party, but she hoped she would at least get a feel of how everything would play out.

She picked up her small bag and made her way into the hallway. Lucie had stopped by earlier, a bag in each of her hands, as she said goodbye for the two weeks. Piper had yet to meet the mystery man who seemed to have captured Lucie's heart. The whole situation appeared strange and surreal. Piper still couldn't believe she had agreed to come here, and during the plane ride over, she had been excited. Now that everything was sinking in and she was making her way toward the lobby, she started to have doubts. It was never too late to leave, this was all voluntary of course, but the idea of quitting

simply because she wasn't used to alternative sexual experiences seemed cowardly.

Once she was standing in the main lobby, she looked around, knowing she was to go with a group to a smaller, more discreet section of the hotel. She noticed some familiar women and walked up to them. She didn't need to ask if she was in the right group, not when they were excitedly talking about where they were going and what they would be doing. Piper knew she was in the right group, and that little knowledge sent a lead weight into her belly. She swallowed as they were ushered out and into a stretch limousine.

There were ten woman total, including her, now seated in the limo. The chatter was loud and slightly unnerving, but Piper sat close to the window and stared out the tinted glass. She had nothing to say, anyway, and even if she did, she clearly did not have the experience these women did of being a submissive. They spoke of their numerous times at the resort, and Piper felt completely out of her element. It was clear she was the "newbie" in this group and knew her inexperience most likely showed like a sore thumb.

This had always been a fantasy of Piper's, a deep, dark secret which she had hidden, until that one night when the alcohol opened her up. The women talked about what they did with the men sexually and had Piper's heart pounding so loud with anxiousness, she thought for sure they could hear it.

No one spoke to her, but that was fine. She preferred to keep to herself. Her thoughts were a jumble of emotion, anyway.

The drive was only ten minutes, but with each passing moment, Piper felt herself coil tighter and tighter. Once the car stopped in front of the small building, everyone got out, the female giggles almost too much for Piper to handle.

The building was a smaller, two-story version of the hotel. There were smaller condo-like structures to the side of the main building, and she idly wondered if there were more in the back.

Someone handed her a key and told her where she could put her belongings. Her room was only big enough to hold a twin-size bed and a small bathroom. She assumed the amenities weren't anything to rave about because she wouldn't be spending much time in it. She heated at the knowledge of what she was doing here and, more importantly, what would be done to her.

She set her bag on the floor and shut her door, noticing an oblong-shaped box lying on her bed. Walking with wobbly knees, she opened the lid and picked up the corset lying atop crisp, white tissue. The thing looked feminine yet lethal with the ribbons and ties. The side of it had silk laces, as well as the back. It was pretty enough, but Piper wasn't fooled. She knew a garment like this was one a man could fully appreciate. There was a pair of high heels, a feathered mask which would cover her eyes, and thigh-high stockings in the box, as well. No underwear of course.

She picked up the folded note and read it, looking between the clothing and the paper several times. According to the note, she was now in submissive mode. The men of the house had specific likings, and Piper needed to abide by those. As she continued to read, her face grew hot.

The men who will act as your dominantes have specifically selected you out of the group of women. They want you properly prepared and want you in the outfit provided. According to their specifications, you are to properly groom yourself, using the razor and shaving cream available in your bathroom. Once dressed, you are to apply the anal plug into your rectum and secure it with the harness. Instructions have been supplied. You are then to put on the mask and head into the lobby, where you will be introduced to your masters. If you choose not to participate, you are free to leave.

Piper knew she was owl eyed as she reread the letter. She didn't know if she was more surprised to find she had been pre-selected, that she was to wear an anal plug, or that she would be servicing more than one man. She wasn't too surprised that she had already been

assigned to men. She had supplied a photo of herself from the neck down. It hadn't been anything lewd, just her in a pair of shorts and a tee. That photo was what the dominators had gone by to choose their prospective submissive.

Her heart slammed against her ribs painfully, and her mouth was bone dry. She sat on the bed, holding the paper in her hand as she stared at the wall. Her eyes flickered to the box of clothing several times. She could see the thin anal plug peeking from underneath the tissue, and she turned her head quickly to stare at the white wall.

She could leave, but did she want to? This had always been a fantasy of hers, and although anal plugs and several men at one time had never been part of that equation, she couldn't deny that her pussy was wet or that her nipples were rock hard.

She glanced again at the sexual paraphernalia. She reached in and pulled out the sleek anal plug and the bottle of lube. Looking at the two for several moments, she knew she needed to decide. Her life was mediocre at best, and although she had friends and family she loved, she had never done anything remotely exciting in her life. This was a chance for her to open up, to be free and finally experience something she had only dreamed about.

She grabbed the box and headed into the bathroom, knowing she needed to take a chance, needed to fulfill the one thing in her life which was missing. She may have been apprehensive, maybe a little frightened of this new adventure, but most of all, she was aroused as hell.

This was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, and she wasn't going to run away like a coward. She was going to face it head on and enjoy it as much as the next person, maybe more.

Chapter Four

The sound of laughter and talking pierced through Piper's sensuality-filled fog. She slowly made her way down the stairs, gripping the banister so hard, she feared it might crack under her weight.

She had "prepared" herself according to her masters' specifications and couldn't help but feel exposed.

She had shaved her pussy until she saw not a single hair. The corset was snug and cut off her blood flow. The corset stopped underneath her breasts and with every move she made, the twin mounds bounced and jiggled. The anal plug sat uncomfortably in her ass and the ties she had used to secure it in place pressed against her pussy lips.

The cool air in the room wafted across her nether regions but didn't help in cooling her over-heated body. Although she wore the mask and no one could possibly know who she was, Piper couldn't help but feel completely bare. A stupid thought for sure, given the fact that her tits, ass, and pussy were laid out like a midnight snack for anyone passing by.

She stopped once she was at the last step and peeked around the corner. She couldn't see much, the twin, thick banisters blocked her view. She stepped onto the landing and made her way toward the room where the noise was coming from. For a moment, she feared she would be the only one dressed like this. The female laughter and talking weren't things she assumed a submissive would do, but she wasn't an expert on the matter.

As soon as she stepped into the room, she had a premonition of all noise ceasing, and everyone staring at her. Sweat started to coat her palms as she looked at the filled room. No one stopped talking and no one turned to look at her entry. She breathed a sigh of relief when she saw several of the women wore garments similar to hers and some were naked, save for pasties covering their nipples. She wanted to cover her pussy and breasts, but after a moment, she straightened her spine and took another step inside.

Every woman wore a mask, and that brought her a semblance of comfort. The men, on the other hand, didn't wear masks and were dressed casually. Piper moved to stand in the corner, not knowing what to do but feeling completely out of place. A server passed by and Piper snagged a glass of champagne. She wasn't much of a drinker, but she knew a little alcohol might help calm her nerves.

Thirty minutes and two glasses of champagne later, Piper was feeling more than a little relaxed. As she downed the last of her beverage, she nearly choked.

Oh. My. God.

As the sea of bodies parted, standing no more than ten feet from her was someone she would have never thought she would see at a place like this. Ian Grayson held a square-cut glass in his hand as he leaned against the wall. His three younger brothers were nearby. Their deep voices made everything else in the room seem small. She had never seen them in casual attire, but the button-down shirts and slacks they wore hung from their physically toned bodies with perfection.

She entertained the idea of sprinting out of the room but remembered the mask she had on. They wouldn't know who she was. Her dark brown hair was average, and besides, every other woman in the room had dark hair. Even though she was anonymous, her heart quickened. She brought her fingers up to her face, knowing the mask was still in place but needing reassurance.

The room suddenly became silent and everyone parted as a middle-aged man stepped in the center of the room. She realized her

hands were shaking as she distractedly listened to the man speaking. It took everything in her power to drag her attention from the four powerfully built men on the other side of the room.

“Welcome, guests! All of you are here, so it is safe to assume everyone is consenting to participate. The rules are simple, submit to your masters. Doing so will result in an experience you will not forget.” He clapped his hands. “Would the submissives please take your place?”

All of the women stood off to the side, and after a moment, Piper followed suit. She glanced at all the women, not knowing what was happening. Her skin felt tight, and her pulse hammered. She couldn’t help but continue to glance at the Grayson brothers. She realized she was on the verge of hyperventilating and willed herself to calm down.

Just as she felt a twinge of calmness settle through her, shock replaced that as she watched the men step forward. None of the Graysons looked at her, so she felt confident enough they hadn’t realized who she was. One by one, the men took a woman. Some men only took one woman, others took two. There was one woman who left with three men, and Piper couldn’t help the emotions going through her. No doubt if she wasn’t wearing the mask, she would have looked like a deer caught in headlights.

She expected any one of the brothers to take a woman, but all four of them hung back, watching with mild interest, as the female count dwindled until there was only her. She breathed heavily and felt faint. The corset constricted her from taking deep breaths, and she felt herself become lightheaded. Resolved to stay in control, she dropped her head, so that her hair fell slightly across her face, hiding her features.

There must be more women coming. No way are all four of them for me, she thought, as she glanced through the curtain of her hair. None of them had moved from their position, but each one was staring at her with a heated look. *They don’t know who you are.* In all honesty, she wanted to leave, run right out of there and never look

back. Even as she thought of doing just that, a spark flared to life inside of her. These beautiful and powerful men were looking at her as if they were starving and she was their last meal. They had no idea who she was, but she knew them. Oh, did she ever know them!

She couldn't pretend she had never thought about them on a not-so-professional level. She was, after all, a female, and they were powerful, gorgeous, and virile men. Her body heated as she let her thoughts run wild. This may be the craziest situation she had ever been in, but she didn't see why she couldn't play along. As long as they didn't know who she was and never found out, she could enjoy herself to the fullest. She didn't let the smile she felt tugging at her lips become full. She kept her head down, waiting for them to lead the way.

She heard the sound of footsteps and saw them approach. She could have moaned at the smell of rich, expensive cologne that assaulted her. It was the aroma of the Grayson brothers. That dark spice filled her senses and made her needy with want every time she inhaled the fragrance. A finger under her chin forced her head up, and she stared into Ian's light green eyes. His dark hair was impeccably combed, as if not even the promise of sex could stir his immobile appearance.

He stared at her for several long moments, his eyes drinking her in and making her knees weak. She was aroused even before she had seen and smelled them, but now, now she was beyond lust. The air did nothing to cool her swollen and overheated pussy lips. Ian had done nothing more than touch her chin, and she was on the verge of shaking with want.

Her eyes darted behind Ian's massive shoulder when she saw movement. Logan took a couple of steps toward her, stopping long enough to look at her body and then stepped behind her. She sucked in a gasp when Logan's hands slipped around her waist and his fingers skimmed along her upper thighs. Her flesh tightened, and goose bumps popped along her skin with every caress he made. Ian

stepped away, but didn't get far. He was down on his haunches in front of her, his hands gripping her legs and commanding her to open for him silently.

She looked at Brendin and Jake, seeing the heat in their eyes as they stared at her exposed pussy. Logan's hands snaked up the corset and caressed her breasts. His fingers tweaked her nipples, plucking them until they stood stiff and hard. His mouth sucked on her neck, his teeth gently scraping across her throat, as a fire ignited inside of her. Her legs went weak when she felt Ian's warm breath along her exposed cleft. She knew what it looked like down there, because after she shaved and got dressed, she looked at herself. The straps holding the anal plug in place slipped between her legs, pulling and keeping her pussy lips apart, as it attached to the front of the corset.

Her inner labia were on display, the color a bright pink. At least they had looked that way in her room. She was so wet now, she assumed more blood had filled down there and the color fluctuated. As Logan teased and massaged her breasts, Ian sucked in her clit. She stiffened on the first stroke, feeling moisture flood her channel when he sucked the hard bud in his mouth and drew on it vigorously. Ian's hand slipped between her legs, and she knew he was seeing if she had the plug in place. When his fingers pressed against it, he grunted, sending vibrations straight to her clit.

It was Logan's arms holding her up, and if not for that, she would have surely tumbled to the ground. She felt herself begin to coil tighter, knew her orgasm was close, but just when she would have let herself go, Ian popped her clit out of his mouth and stood up. She opened her eyes, not even realizing she had closed them to begin with. Logan stepped away but not before he made sure she was steady.

Brendin took a step forward, and Piper could see his Adam's apple working. "I think we should go to the room." His voice was hoarse, and when Jake affirmed, the four of them led her away. She didn't know where they were taking her, but she followed them when

they stepped into a courtyard attached to several other buildings. The condos returned to her mind as they led her into a separate building. The lights were off, and her heart beat harder, faster. She didn't know if she could handle what they had in store for her, but they had teased her just enough so that she wanted more, and she knew that was just what they were going to give her.

Chapter Five

She kept her mouth shut as they led her up a set of almost hidden stairs and into an opulent room. A king-sized bed sat in the center of the room and an intricately carved armoire opposite that. She had a feeling what filled that large piece of furniture was not clothing. The bed was covered in black velvet with drapes hanging from the canopy and down the four thick posts. Piper's eyes widened as she spied the ties at each of those posts, thick restraints she knew would be used on her.

The men moved in front of her and watched her. She didn't dare say anything, and even if her brain could have conjured up something, she didn't think her mouth could have formed the words.

"There are a few ground rules." Ian stepped forward, and Piper knew he was the ringleader. Not only was he the head attorney at the firm, he also seemed to call the shots afterhours as well. "You will refer to us by our first names, or simply, sir. You have agreed to do what we say, when we say it. If you choose to deny us, we will be under the impression you do not wish to participate any longer."

Piper looked into Ian's face, realizing how serious he took all of this. Ian continued as he took a step toward her.

"You are not permitted to come unless one of us specifically gives you permission to do so. If you are on the verge of coming, you must ask permission to do so. If you do come without said permission, you will be punished. Do you understand everything I have explained?"

She looked between the four of them, wetting her lips before she spoke. "Yes." At Ian's raised eyebrow, she corrected herself. "Yes,

sir.” He nodded as if pleased and stepped back in formation with his brothers.

“Remove your clothing.”

She took a deep breath, as she went about the agonizing task of unlacing the corset. The men didn’t offer to help, just stood completely still and watched her with heated stares. When the corset was finally loose, it slipped to the ground, and she stepped out of it. She now only wore the thigh-high stockings, heels, mask, and an anal plug.

“You are not to speak unless asked a direct question, and you will not remove the mask during your time with us. Mystery is all part of the allure.” Logan was the one who stepped forward and spoke, his darker green eyes raking over her flesh and causing her nipples to bud up harder. He moved so he was behind her again and ran his hands down her ribcage and along her belly. She sucked in a gasp when his fingers speared into her already drenched slit. His hands grasped her thighs and she felt him lower himself behind her.

The feel of his teeth scraping along the bare skin of her ass had a moan forming in her throat. She flicked her eyes to the other three men and saw each of them rubbing themselves through their pants. She could see the outline of their cocks, each one impressive in length and girth. She breathed out heavily, her stomach hollowing, as Logan’s masterful fingers found a steady rhythm, against her clit. His other hand slipped along her cleft, his thick fingers teasing her pussy hole until her inner muscles quaked with pleasure.

She moaned aloud, unable to hold in the noise, when Logan’s teeth scraped along her lower back and down her ass cheek. Over and over he did this, bringing her closer and closer to an orgasm which would render her unconscious. It had been so long since she had been with someone. It had been so long since she had felt this kind of pleasure.

She was aware of someone in front of her and opened her eyes to see Brendin and Jake standing before her. Their gazes were glossy

with lust as their eyes moved down to her exposed breasts with clear intent. Suddenly, they both grabbed a breast and started to massage them, tweaking her nipples between their fingers until they stood so stiff and hard, it was almost painful. This only inflamed her senses higher, brought her pleasure to a precipice, and made her legs shake.

Brendin suddenly latched his mouth onto her aching nipple, sucking harder as he pulled the bundle of nerves with his teeth. Jake had his mouth on her neck, licking and sucking, as his fingers pulled and teased. Their combined breath sounded harsh and labored. She looked at Ian, who stood back watching. He crossed his arms over his massive chest, and he appeared to be calm and collected. She could see the erection straining against his trousers, but aside from that, he looked completely unaffected. She opened her mouth and closed her eyes, when the suction from Brendin's mouth became harder, more determined. Logan's fingers moved along her slit, never penetrating her, driving her higher and higher. She was going to come, and she knew she hadn't been given permission.

"I'm..." She sucked in a great lungful of air when Logan dipped the tip of his finger into her already fluttering hole.

"What, baby?" Jake's voice was a rough whisper as his mouth trailed kisses along her throat and over her ear.

"Please, oh God. I'm going to come."

"We haven't given you permission." Brendin's voice vibrated around her nipple, and she clenched her teeth to try and stem the pleasure threatening to flow.

"That's enough." Ian's deep voice speared her lust. She opened her eyes and stared at him, feeling every move the three men made next to her with great sensitivity. Brendin's mouth unlatched from her breast with a resounding pop. Jake's tongue slid down her neck, once more, before he gently bit her flesh and stepped away. Logan was the last to leave, taking his hands away from her swollen pussy and spreading her ass cheeks. She felt the caress of his warm breath along

her skin, knew he could see the plug lodged in her ass. She felt a twinge of embarrassment.

She felt the firm squeeze of Logan's hands on her cheeks a second before he stood and took his place with his brothers in front of her. The four of them didn't move for the longest time, each one staring at her with a look of pure, heated intent. Finally Ian spoke, his voice steady and soft.

"Come here."

She took the few short steps necessary to stand in front of him. She knew they didn't know her name, knew the resort was adamant on each visitor having the strictest of privacy. She was thankful.

Her heart raced like a hummingbird's wings, slamming against her sternum and threatening to explode from her chest. The feel of Ian's finger caressing her lower lip had her throat tightening and her nipples tingling.

"You will pleasure each of us. Do you understand?"

She swallowed because of the dark promise in his voice. She nodded but didn't take her stare off of the light green eyes in front of her. Ian moved to sit on the edge of the bed, and she was aware of the other three moving. She didn't look to see where they were going, but it didn't matter. Their presence was as thick as the arousal lacing the room.

She got on her knees between his legs because she knew what he wanted. She knew this even before he started unzipping his pants and pulling out his cock. Her eyes widened slightly, and she swallowed involuntarily. Ian's cock was thick and long. The head was flared and a darker shade than the rest of his shaft. The slit already seeped pre-cum and she looked up at him. She lowered her head, all the while keeping her stare on his, until she felt the hot, silky tip of his erection brush against her mouth.

The wood of the floor was hard against her knees, but the slight pain did nothing to mask the fire simmering within her. She was keenly aware of the men behind her, could practically feel their eyes

on her spread ass and the plug nestled between them. She tried not to become self-conscious as she closed her eyes and sucked Ian's cock head in her mouth. He tasted salty and all male as she moved her tongue around the slit, bathing her senses in the masculine aroma and flavor which was all him.

She ran her tongue along the flared head, feeling the ridge making up the crown, and then sucked in more of his shaft. She wasn't an expert in sucking cock, but she found pleasure that he kept shifting in his seat. She brought her hand up and gripped the root of his penis, the hardness and silkiness a vast contrast. Her fingers didn't touch as she gripped him, his thickness impressive yet startling. She sucked harder, trying to bring more of his flesh into her mouth but only able to engulf half. She used her hand to massage what she couldn't reach, stroking him up and down, as her mouth did the rest.

She could hear his breathing increase, and she opened her eyes to look at his face. He was staring down at her, his jaw tense, his teeth grinding harshly, so the sound of teeth on teeth was loud in the room. She moaned around his flesh, working her mouth faster as she moved her head up and down. She knew he was getting close because his hips starting rising to meet her motions. He made a deep and guttural sound in the back of his throat, and she felt the first pulse of his orgasm fill her mouth.

Her clit throbbed with the need for release, and she ached to be touched, to be stroked. Jet after jet of his cum filled her mouth, and she greedily swallowed him. It was thick and salty, but purely male and all him. When his cock became flaccid, she let it slip out. She leaned back on her heels, breathing deeply, and she was acutely aware of the shift of air brushing along her engorged nipples when Ian stood. He stared at her as he tucked himself back in and stepped away.

She didn't move, remembering he said she was to pleasure all four of them. Logan sat where Ian had, and she was aware of the door opening and closing. She didn't bother looking back because she knew Ian had left, knew he had what he wanted and he needed

nothing more, at least not right now. She shivered at her thoughts and at the sensual look Logan cast her way. He didn't remove his erection straining against his trousers, and it took her a moment to realize he wanted her to do it.

She swallowed, still tasting Ian's spunk coating her mouth as she moved toward Logan, unbuttoned and unzipped his pants, and pulled his shaft free. He was about the same girth and length as Ian, thick and straining right toward her like it knew what she was about to do. The light caught the pearl of clear fluid dotting the lip, and she ran her tongue over it, darting her eyes toward his face and loving when he moaned softly.

Her body was beyond aroused. The juices freely seeped out of her vagina, and she knew the remaining men behind her had a clear shot of the glistening substance. She moaned against Logan's flesh, feeling his body tense as she sucked more of him inside. The more she lapped at his erection, the hotter she became. She gripped the heavy weight below his penis and massaged his balls as she hollowed out her cheeks. The heavy panting of Logan's breathing had her on the verge of climaxing. But without something to physically stimulate her, she would forever be on the verge.

The first shot of his cum in her mouth had her moaning wildly, sucking harder and massaging the heavy weight of his testicles faster. The second jet was more powerful, slamming into the back of her throat and sliding down. When the last spurt erupted from him and his dick became limp, he gently shifted her away and tucked himself back in his pants. His fingers grabbed a piece of her hair and rubbed it between his fingers. That simple touch shot right to her clit, making it more swollen until it throbbed between her pussy lips.

She panted, as she stayed on her knees. She heard the door open and close once more and swallowed, still tasting Logan's semen coat her taste buds. Two down, two to go. She looked over her shoulder, her eyes slightly widening, when Jake and Brendin started to unbutton their slacks in unison.

“Take off the shoes and get on the bed, pet.”

She shivered from Brendin’s deep voice and the heavy look of arousal on Jake’s face. She took off her shoes, rose, and moved onto the bed, crawling on her hands and knees, knowing they were getting an eyeful. When she made a move to turn around and sit on her bottom, the gruff voice right behind her stopped any movement.

“Stay just as you are.”

She could tell it was Jake’s voice which whispered to her, could practically hear his pent up desire laced in it. Brendin moved beside her, his cock in his hand as he lazily stroked it. Knowing they didn’t know it was *her*, Piper Crane, the woman who worked for them for years, made this entire situation surreal. It also made her hot as hell, and that alone confused the hell out of her.

She watched in heated awe as he palmed his thick erection. His fist moved up and down, root to tip. Although her jaw ached, her mouth watered, and her body heated further. Hands smoothing down her bare ass caused her to shiver, and she looked over her shoulder. Jake stared at her ass, spread her cheeks, and caused a gust of cool air to waft across her cunt lips. She felt the bed dip beside her and turned her attention forward. Brendin adjusted himself below her, gripping her waist and urging her further down. His cock moved along her throat and nudged her lips. The position she was in caused her chest to be lower than her ass. Her bottom spread impossibly wide, Jake intensified that feeling by gripping her thighs and pulling her open more.

Brendin grabbed his cock and ran it along the seam of her lips until she opened her mouth. His skin was scorching, so hot and smooth, and she moaned in delight. She closed her eyes and absorbed the feeling of his dick in her mouth and the tingle Jake brought her as he kissed and nibbled her ass and thighs. Jake’s mouth was like liquid fire, scorching her skin and leaving a trail of heat in its wake. His palms massaged her calves, his teeth nipped at her flesh, as his tongue soothed the sting away.

She sucked more frantically, drawing as much of Brendin's erection into her mouth as possible. He was big, and she wasn't able to get all of it in, but it didn't matter because what she couldn't suck into her mouth, she stroked with her hand. Brendin's panting increased, and she knew he was close. She spread her legs wider, hoping Jake took the hint and touched her where she needed it most.

She groaned in relief when Jake's mouth suddenly latched onto her clit, sucking on it hard and causing her breath to still in her lungs. She didn't stop sucking. She continued to pump her head up and down until Brendin ejaculated, and his sweet yet salty seed slipped down her throat.

She let go of Brendin's cock and groaned. Her climax was so close. Her nipples beaded, and all the blood rushed to her clit. All she needed was another hard pull on her clit, and she would go off, like a firecracker. It was as if Jake sensed her impending orgasm because he suddenly stopped and flipped her over. Brendin got off the bed and pulled up his pants. He stared down at her for a moment before turning and leaving.

Her mouth and jaw hurt, and her body was strung tight. She closed her eyes and breathed deeply. Ian's words replayed in her mind, over and over again and, at the time, she hadn't been worried about the whole "not allowed to come" thing. Now, though, she was seriously regretting underestimating the four men.

Clothing rustling had her opening her eyes and lifting her head to look at Jake. He had tossed his pants and was moving toward her, his motions like a jungle cat stalking its prey. She lifted herself up and went into position to give him head when his hands on her shoulders stopped her. She stared into his amber-colored eyes, confusion washing through her, when he pulled her down and wrapped his arms around her. Her body was tense as she heard him inhale against her hair, felt his hands run up and down her back, and then felt his lips at her neck.

Slowly the tension eased, and she let herself sink into his embrace. She could feel his erection press against her cleft, and she wondered if he was going to fuck her, but when all he did was hold her and kiss her neck, the thought quickly left her. His hand brushed the hair away from her face, and his eyes searched her expression. Her heart slammed in her chest, and she hoped he didn't recognize her. Lord knew the mask was embellished enough to where it hid most of her face, but still, if they knew who she was, it would only make this situation disastrous. The only way she was even able to tolerate this whole scenario was she knew they had no idea who she was. If they found out, she would be mortified, humiliated, and downright embarrassed.

No, this was better, better for them and better for her. When these two weeks were over, she could leave this place and return back to work without any of the repercussions of them knowing her true identity. It would be hell for her, true, but it was better than the alternative.

He looked at her mouth, and she thought he was going to kiss her, but instead he smoothed his hand over her head and curled his hips in, slipping his shaft between her pussy lips. He didn't penetrate her, just started a slow pumping of his hips, so his penis moved in and out of her cleft, gathering her wetness and teasing her clit. He put his head in the hollow of her neck and sucked on her flesh, increasing his thrusting until they were both panting. Even though his cock brushed along her clit with every down stroke, it just barely missed its mark of bringing her off. It felt damn good, but also pissed her off.

She was aching and needy and the knowledge she had, that when this was all said and done, he would be the only one sated, had anger brewing within her. She had asked for it though, knew what she had gotten herself into. It was her fault. She didn't have to stay, but she supposed she was a glutton for punishment, and boy, was this punishment.

“When I have you all to myself, I’m going to make you feel so good. I’m going to make you come so hard, baby.” His warm breath was by her ear, and his hips picked up faster. He bit her earlobe, and she gripped his shoulders, feeling his hot semen coat her pussy lips as his hand palmed her breasts. He grunted and his body jerked from his release. She could have screamed with the unfairness of it all. She wanted to come, damn it! His groan was filled with male satisfaction, and when he was finished, he went into the bathroom, came back with a warm rag, and cleaned her gently.

She closed her eyes. Her mouth was sore and her whole body ached. She felt his lips on her forehead and then heard his soft voice by her ear.

“Rest up. You’ll need it.”

They left her alone for a good while, and although she would have liked one of them to come in and relieve her, she was thankful for the small reprieve. She knew she would need it, if Jake’s words held any credibility.

Chapter Six

Piper woke the next morning, the burn of her arousal dimmed but far from gone. She heard the bedroom door open and sat up, bringing the comforter to her chest and covering her bare breasts. She felt the mask still on her face, albeit slightly crooked, but there, nonetheless. She adjusted it and stared at Ian, who stood just inside the door, his brows creased as he watched her.

“You do not hide yourself from me.” His voice was displeased as he shut the door behind him and took a few steps forward.

It took her a moment to realize he was talking about the comforter she covered her breasts with. He crooked his finger at her, beckoning her forward. Piper swallowed, hesitating a moment before she saw the rise of his eyebrow in question. His words suddenly crashed in her mind, and she got out of bed, knowing whatever punishment he had in mind was probably something she wouldn’t like. She stopped in front of him, staring into his sea-foam-colored eyes, and dropped her head. She desperately wanted to cover her body with her hands. The light was shining in through the window full force, and she didn’t doubt it showcased her many flaws.

She felt his finger under her chin a moment before he brought her head up and spoke. “I will let that little act of disobedience slip because you are trying to acclimate yourself to this whole experience.” His eyes searched her face, and she feared he could see through the mask to her true identity. “But make no mistake, little sub, if you disobey your master again, I will be forced to punish you. Am I clear?” His voice was firm and determined.

She swallowed and nodded. He ushered her into the bathroom, his wide-shouldered stance blocking her from escape.

“You are to wash yourself and then come down for breakfast. You can use the latter part of today to get used to your surroundings and what we expect of you. Your belongings have been moved into this bedroom for the remainder of your stay.” He pointed to her small bag in the corner. Ian looked at her for a moment, “although you won’t be spending much time sleeping.” Her pulse quickened as she watched him stride forward. He gripped his hands around her waist and lifted her onto the counter. She sucked in a breath as he positioned her legs on the counter so her thighs were spread wide, and then ran his finger down her cleft, parting the folds. She felt a twinge of embarrassment as she was on display obscenely. He continued to run his fingers around her labia, down her slit, and up to move small circles over her clit. Juices started to coat her inner walls, and she used her Kegels to try and stop the flow from escaping.

“Our pretty pussy needs to be kept smooth at all times. We don’t like hair covering what we plan on fucking.”

His words sounded so gruff and dirty, but it didn’t stop the heat from spreading throughout her body. The clamping of her pussy was a failure, and she knew when Ian stared up at her, he could see her cream glistening out of her. He cleared his throat and helped her down.

“Get cleaned up and come downstairs.”

He turned and left, shutting the door behind him as Piper stood there frozen. She looked around, just now realizing the opulence of the bathroom. She quickly bathed, re-shaved, although she didn’t feel she needed to, and stepped out of the bathroom. She made sure to put the mask back on, but it was starting to irritate her skin. She wore it though, because the alternative was not an option.

She adjusted the towel around her, not knowing if she was happy or disappointed no one lay in wait for her. She didn’t know what to

wear, but then she stepped further into the room and saw what lay on her bed.

Amidst the silk of the sheets and comforter was a thong, scratch that, a *crotchless* thong, a pair of thigh-high stockings and high heels, an elegant-looking bra with tiny jewels encrusted throughout, and, of course, an ass plug. Upon further inspection, she saw the panties were adorned with the crystals as well. She dropped the towel and slipped the bra on, her mouth falling open in shock as she looked down at herself. The nipples had been cut out, and now that she had the damn thing on, she could see tiny jewels bordered the hole to fully showcase the erect nubs and areola. She felt her face heat, and she put the panties on.

She knew the panties were the same way, the crystals making a line down each side of her pussy lips, so they stood out even more. After putting on the hose and heels, she picked up the new mask which had been left for her. Removing the one that currently covered her face, she put the new mask on and looked at herself in the bathroom mirror. Her reflection showed a woman she was unfamiliar with. Last night she had looked naughty, but the outfit she had on now seemed worse, more obscene and lewd even.

She could see how puffy and pink her labia looked, and her face heated further. It was a stupid feeling, really. After all, the men had seen her last night on her hands and knees, with a butt plug in her ass! Now, though, looking at herself as the tropical sun blasted through the window made her feel incredibly self-conscious. Her traitorous nipples poked through the bra as if they were seeking out a hot, wet mouth. Her random thoughts caused her vagina to clench in need.

She stared at herself, taking in the whole package. Her dark hair hung loosely and lifelessly around her shoulders. She twisted it and clipped it up, moving in different directions to see every possible angle of her body. She groaned when she looked at her ass, the string up her crack really showing the extra “plumpness” she so hated.

The mask she wore was in the shape of a butterfly, all sparkling jewels and colorful feathers. Although she would have preferred to lose it, for the sake of her sanity, she knew it had to stay. It was just sheer luck the men found the whole “mystery” appealing. She didn’t know what she would do if they told her to remove it. No, she knew what she would do—run away and never look back. Quitting her job was also something she would have to consider, because there was no way in hell she would be able to face them after everything.

Taking a deep breath, she headed into the kitchen. It wasn’t hard to navigate through the small apartment-type building. Although sheer curtains covered the windows, she could still see the courtyard outside. She heard male laughter and dishes clanging as she stepped into the dining room. As soon as she walked in, all noise ceased, and all eyes turned toward her.

She stood there frozen, her eyes darting to each man. Logan had a paper in his hand, his fingers crinkling the edges. Brendin’s knuckles were white as he gripped his glass, and Jake just had his mouth open. Ian, on the other hand, showed no emotion, just sat at the head of the table, coffee cup in hand as he stared at her.

“Um...Good morning.” She looked around for an empty seat and made her way toward it. Just as she walked past Logan, he wrapped his arm around her waist and brought her down on his lap. She felt his erection and gasped when his mouth covered her nipple.

Oh yes.

She kept her moan to herself, clenching her hands and biting the inside of her cheek until he finally released her. Her clit was already throbbing, and the fact that each man, except Ian, decided to smack her ass, fondle her breasts, or stroke of slit, did nothing to help tame the arousal still present from the night before.

Finally, she eased into the chair, very aware of the anal plug as it was pushed farther into her rectum by her movements. It wasn’t until the deafening silence brought her out of her thoughts, she looked up. Each man stared at her, their plates empty in front of them. Ian’s

words about serving them speared her mind, and she mumbled her apologies, standing and going into the kitchen.

She was thankful when she saw platters already set on the island, the dishes covered and ready to be served. She took each dish into the dining room and set it on the table, wondering if she was to actually serve their food to them or if what she had done was good enough. She didn't have to wait long because the men started digging into the food like they were starving. She sat down, knowing she should eat something, but she didn't have much of an appetite. When everyone had their servings, she reached across the table for the platter of scrambled eggs. She bit her lip when Ian's hand intercepted her, stopping her movement toward the food. She looked at him with wide eyes and swallowed roughly.

If this was part of the whole game, let's-starve-the-sex-slave, she wouldn't have any part of it. She was surprised when he tugged on her arm and pulled her toward him. She sat on his lap, squirming around slightly, until the hand cupping her waist slid up and pulled on her nipple. She froze. Her breathing and heart rate accelerated as she tried to calm her raging hormones.

Ian speared some eggs onto his fork and brought it to her lips. She was stunned for a moment, just staring at him, the fork poised right before her mouth.

"Open for me."

Oh my. His words were a gruff grumble, and she knew she couldn't disobey him, didn't want to for that matter. She opened her mouth, closing her lips around the fork and sliding the eggs off with her tongue. She was keenly aware his eyes on her mouth, a dark glaze covering his vision and which told of his desire. The monstrous bulge under her ass was a telling sign as well.

After breakfast, they all moved into the living room, but before she could get comfortable, Ian had his arms around her waist and was pulling her toward the bedroom. Her heart stuttered, and she prayed he did more than just tease her. Once he gestured her into the room,

he shut the door, making the air thick with not only her heightened arousal, but his as well.

His fingers went to his shirt buttons, and he started to undo them. “Get onto the bed and spread your legs wide, baby. I want to see my pretty cunt.” His voice was laced with sexual desire, and she complied without hesitation. He moved toward her, tossing the material on the floor, his fingers blindly undoing his pants.

He stood at the foot of the bed naked, his arousal straining toward her as if it had a mind of its own. She sat there, her legs bent, her thighs spread as wide as they could go. She knew she was wet, could feel the moisture coating the mouth of her cunt and pussy lips. He looked at her cleft, and it was so intense, it was as if she could actually feel him stroking her, touching her, tantalizing her.

“Touch yourself.”

She didn’t hesitate to slip her hand down her belly and across her bare mound. She speared her fingers through her slit, feeling the moisture coating her flesh. Her clit throbbed as she brushed by it, pulsing from the slight stimulation.

“I want you on your hands and knees.”

She shivered at how his voice dropped to a husky murmur. She did what he said and looked over her shoulder, watching him come up behind her. His hands slid over her ass, massaging the globes. He was breathing heavily behind her, and she felt the hard length of his cock press against her. She closed her eyes and clenched her hands, fighting back the desire to thrust her ass at him and beg him to fuck her.

There was no foreplay, and she was thankful. She needed to be fucked. His fingers teased her clit, rubbing the bud in small, measured circles as he aligned the head of his shaft with her pussy hole. She spread her legs further and felt his big body move in closer. Her eyes widened when he started to push inside of her. She felt stretched, but the slight burn was welcome. His hands gripped her hips, holding her steady, as he shoved his cock into her.

“Fuck, baby. You’re so little and tight. So wet and hot.”

She panted as he tunneled inch after huge inch into her. She dropped her head and closed her eyes, opening her mouth in a silent moan, as he finally seated himself inside of her. Her cunt flexed around his cock and his groan had her climax rushing for the surface. She gritted her teeth, remembering she needed to ask for permission to come. He started to thrust shallowly inside of her, and she realized holding off the inevitable was not an option.

“Oh. God. I’m going to come,” she breathed out, hearing the pleading note in her voice.

His hips started to pump faster, his hands gripping her waist tighter. “Come for me, baby. I want to feel my tight little cunt milking my cock.”

His voice was a rough whisper, enticing her, tormenting her. Her orgasm rushed forward, stealing her breath, and caused her to shake from the force of it. His hands pulled her hips back, while his cock drove into her and sent another orgasm crashing through her in waves of exquisite pleasure.

“Fuck...you feel so good.” Ian grunted, slamming into her harder and faster, until she finally felt the first twitch of his cock. His shaft seemed to grow thicker, longer, pulsed inside of her, shooting jet after jet of his cum, until finally he stopped pumping his hips.

She felt his hot breath on her back and gave up trying to hold herself up. He came down with her, coving her back with his chest and compressing her into the mattress. After a while, she struggled, her oxygen depleted from his massive weight. Thankfully, he rolled off of her and wrapped his hand around her waist, dragging her onto her side and against his chest. They both tried to catch their breath, the after-pleasure haze slowly starting to move into a relaxing feeling inside of her.

She was starting to drift off when she felt him move off of the bed. She looked over her shoulder and watched as he dressed. He didn’t spare her a backward glance, and she couldn’t help the anger

and hurt that bubbled within her. She reminded herself she was essentially here for her pleasure, as well, but she was playing the role of a submissive, and in this game she was to be giving pleasure and only receiving it when it was allowed.

He left the door open, but she didn't have to wonder long on the why of it, not when Logan, Brendin, and Jake came walking in, their erections straining against their pants. One down, three to go.

Chapter Seven

Logan's fingers were already popping the buttons free from his shirt as he sauntered in. Brendin and Jake were right behind him and, although they weren't making any move to undress, she swallowed convulsively at their raging erections and the intent clear in their expressions. Jake shut the door as Logan and Brendin moved to the side of the bed. She sat up, pushing the hair away from her face as she watched the three men.

"You are so beautiful." Jake's voice was soft, almost hesitant, and Piper couldn't help but smile.

"She has a fucking smokin' body, that's for sure." Brendin was a bit more obscene with his words, but Piper found herself heating once again, her pussy becoming wet, not just from the combined juices from her earlier fuck with Ian, but in preparation for the men.

Logan shucked his pants off and climbed on the bed, his dick bobbing as he moved toward her. She could see a glistening drop of pre-cum on the slit, and her mouth instinctively watered. She didn't know why she was acting the way she was, or why her body was taking control. She had never liked giving blow jobs, but with the four men who were dominating her, she couldn't help how delicious she found their taste to be.

Logan slipped in beside her and pulled her close. His body was hot and hard, the muscles under his skin flexing and shifting with his movements. She felt the bed dip behind her, and she looked over her shoulder to see Brendin sidling close to her. Brendin's hands made a trail of fire across her spine, over her ass, and between her cheeks.

She sucked in a breath when she felt him slowly remove the anal plug, feeling her body immediately relaxed.

Although she was relieved to have the offending object removed, she wasn't naive. She knew what these men had planned, knew what that butt plug had been intended for. She felt Logan's hand caress her cheek, bringing her attention back to him, so he could bring his mouth to hers. His tongue stroked along the seam of her lips, urging her to open for him, which she happily did. Her skin felt tight and hot as Brendin massaged the globes of her ass, gently spreading them and skimming over the tight bud of her asshole. She tensed, but Logan's mouth worked faster and harder, and she let herself relax as she enjoyed his ministrations. Logan's tongue swept along hers, exploring the cavern of her mouth. One of his hands tweaked her nipples, pulling them taut until they stood hard and long.

Logan broke away from the kiss to trail his mouth along her neck. She opened her eyes and stared at Jake, who stood just off to the side, his massive erection hard in his hand as he idly stroked it. Jake stared at her. He was aroused and not just because of his erection. Jake's eyes were glazed and were at half mast, his cheeks slightly red and his breathing visibly labored. It turned her on even more.

"You taste good, pet."

She brought her attention back to Logan, who was nibbling a scorching path along her collarbone. He lifted her leg over his hip and she was acutely aware of how open she was. Brendin took the opportunity to gently probe her asshole while Logan's fingers delved between the folds of her sex. She watched Jake step forward, and she knew what he wanted, knew what all these men wanted. It was the same thing she wanted to give them.

There was a rustling of noise behind her, and then she felt a cool liquid coat her anus. Brendin ran his teeth along her shoulder while his fingers slipped into her ass, stretching her, preparing her. Logan's fingers did the same to her pussy, and the sense of being filled by these two men had her entire body trembling. Logan situated himself

under her, pulling her body atop his and taking her mouth in a brutal kiss. She straddled his waist, feeling the hot length of his shaft sliding along her slick folds of her pussy and bumping her clit teasingly. She broke the kiss when she felt Logan position his cock at the mouth of her pussy, slowly pressing into her and causing a burn to engulf her.

Jake was in front of her, his cock still in hand as he guided it to her mouth. Although Jake appeared so young and inexperienced, she knew differently, she knew this man could give just as much pleasure as the other three. She hungrily accepted Jake's cock, sucking the crowned head inside and running her tongue along its ridge. She continued to slowly sink down on Logan's cock, groaning along Jake's shaft as pleasure and pain mixed into one. All of them were so thick, but the pleasure and pain mixed into one to cause a wicked burn to travel through her body. She let go of the cock in her mouth, panting as she felt Logan's entire length fill her. He let her adjust to his size, but soon there was movement behind her, and she felt something probing her asshole. She looked over her shoulder, sweat beading on her brow as she watched Brendin take position, his cock in hand, the head slowly pressing into her anus.

She gritted her teeth, feeling the fire travel across her as he continued to push his monster cock into her.

"God, you're so tight, baby. Bear down and this will be easier." Brendin's words were strained yet soothing.

"Come here, pet." She stared into Logan's face, his voice soothing, coaxing. She dipped her head and pressed her lips to his. She could hear the sound of Jake masturbating, his fist pumping along his shaft and filling the room with the sound of flesh against flesh. She made a small noise in the back of her throat once Brendin was fully inside of her. Her pussy and ass clenched around the cocks that filled her, causing both men to grunt in pleasure. There was pain, but pleasure overrode any discomfort as Brendin slowly started to pull out of her and shove his cock back into her ass. Soon Logan and Brendin

were picking up a rhythm which had the three of them groaning in pleasure.

Jake was in front of her, pressing his shaft against her mouth. She opened hungrily, running her tongue along the pre-cum coated slit and sucking with fervor. Logan pulled out, Brendin pushed in. Over and over they set a rhythm that had her orgasm climbing higher and faster to the surface.

She gripped Logan's shoulders, her nails digging into his flesh as she held on. He fucked her into oblivion. Her whole body shook from their motions, her breasts swinging freely from the momentum. She bobbed her head faster, needing to taste Jake's cum in her mouth. She felt his cock twitch in her mouth and knew he was close. She sucked harder, hollowed out her cheeks, and moaned around his flesh until he spurted his hot load into her mouth. The thick liquid hit the back of her throat, and she eagerly swallowed. She looked into Jake's face, saw how tight his expression was, and felt her own climax nearing the surface. She let his semi-hard cock slip from her mouth and threw her head back. Logan and Brendin pumped into her body, their skin slick with perspiration, making the thrusting easier, more erotic.

"Please," she gasped, gritting her teeth and praying they gave her permission to come. She didn't even know if she could have stopped it from happening if she wanted to. "Please, I'm going to come."

"Oh, fuck yeah, baby. Come all over our dicks."

"Tighten that pussy of yours, and milk our cocks."

She couldn't decipher who spoke, but it didn't matter. Their naughty language had her exploding with pleasure. She screamed out loud, a sound which seemed to set off Logan and Brendin's own orgasms. She felt dual heat fill her, their cum jetting out of their shafts and filling her up. Her pussy contracted, and both men groaned, their bodies stilling above and below her as they rode out their pleasure. She let her body collapse on Logan and felt Brendin rest his chest on her back. She squirmed after a moment, Brendin's heavy weight sucking the air right out of her. He took the hint and pulled out of her

slowly, rolling onto his side and bringing her with him in the process. The movement caused Logan's softening cock to slip from her, and they both grimaced.

"Fuck." She glanced up at Jake. He smirked and wiped the sweat from his brow, before picking up his clothes and leaving.

"That was so fucking hot." Logan mumbled against her breasts.

"No shit." Brendin's voice was a deep rumble behind her.

Logan and Brendin were still in bed with her, but she knew she would be alone when she woke. She couldn't deny the pang of hurt that caused, but she needed to remind herself she was their toy for the next two weeks. It wouldn't do her any good to let her feelings override what was really happening between them—nothing but a couple of weeks of intense pleasure.

She closed her eyes, feeling exhaustion take over, and let herself succumb to the drugging temptation of sleep. She still couldn't let her brain rule her heart though, not when she had wanted the four Grayson brothers since she had seen them all those years ago. She hoped she could come out of this with her heart still intact, but she doubted it. Even though she knew the repercussions, it didn't make her want to leave. She supposed she was a glutton for punishment.

* * * *

The next morning, Piper woke alone in her bed, although she wasn't surprised. She made sure the mask was still on and stretched, feeling her body protest to the movements but unable to keep the smile from her face. She went into the bathroom and started the bath, feeling the sticky evidence of the previous night's activities coat her inner thighs.

She locked the door, took off the mask, and slipped into the tub, quickly washing herself because she knew she wouldn't be given the luxury of privacy for very long. She had just got out of the tub and grabbed her towel, when someone knocked on the bathroom door.

She quickly slipped on the mask and opened the door. She clutched the towel to her naked body, as she stared wide eyed at Ian.

His gaze roamed over her body, and the chill from the open door caused goosebumps to pop out over her skin. A sarcastic retort about privacy was on the tip of her tongue, but the rule about not to speak unless spoken to came into her mind. She dropped her head, hearing the door shut again and then feeling Ian's body heat as he stood in front of her.

"Here, let me help you." His voice held a hint of sincerity, even kindness.

He took the towel from her, and her face became hot. It wasn't like he hadn't already seen her naked, but she knew who he was. He dried her off, and when that was completed, he went about the task of running his fingers along her pussy and cleft. She stiffened, knowing he must be looking for stray hairs, but she was unable to prevent her body's reaction to his touch.

Her juices seeped from her pussy hole, and she tried to clench her thighs together. He was strong and prevented them from closing. Instead, he stood and grabbed her hand, leading her out of the bathroom and over by the bed. Before she could utter a sound, he had her bent over the bed, ass up in the air as he spread her ass cheeks. She gasped when she felt his mouth on her cunt, his tongue pressing through the folds and parting them. He licked and teased, all the while squeezing the cheeks of her ass and bringing her closer to orgasm.

"Spread your legs wider."

His voice vibrated against her clit, and she complied, not daring to disobey. She moaned, closing her eyes as pleasure washed through her. "Yes," she breathed out when he sucked on her clit, drawing the small bud into the hot cavern of his mouth.

"Feel good, love? You want more, don't you." His endearments shocked her. It wasn't a question, but then again, the way she was thrusting her ass out and moaning with abandon, she assumed the answer was clear. He rose and pressed himself behind her, the sound

of his zipper sliding down echoed in the confined space. His cock was hard and insistent as it probed at her pussy hole. "Tell me you want it. Tell me who this cunt this belongs to."

His words were setting off shocks of electricity inside of her, and she pushed back, hoping to impale herself on his stiff shaft. His hands were firm on her waist, and she knew she would need to answer, before he gave her what she wanted. "Oh, God, you, it belongs to you. All of you." He grunted and thrust into her. She opened her eyes and they went wide as he stuffed all of those hard, thick inches into her. Her vision was hazy as she stared at the headboard. Eyes rolling back, she gasped as exquisite pleasure speared her. He was frenzied as he pumped into her, sliding his big cock into her until she was on the verge of coming hard. "Please," she whimpered, hoping that he would grant her this one reprieve. "I'm going to come."

"Do it, baby. Squeeze that tight little pussy of yours until you suck all the cum out of my cock."

His words were the only thing she needed to set her off. She closed her eyes as her climax peaked. On and on he thrust, never letting up, until finally he tensed, and she felt the hot jets of his semen spurt into her. He groaned, pulling her hips back hard. She felt his cock jerk as he emptied his load into her body, the warmth of his ejaculation nearly enough to make her come again.

Her legs could no longer support her weight, so she let herself fall to the bed. Ian came with her, turning at the last moment and wrapping his arm around her waist to pull her back, flush with his chest. They both panted, the after-sex high she felt making her feel intoxicated. The bed shifted, and she knew he was getting up. She didn't move though, couldn't move if her life depended on it.

Whack!

She squeaked, and her eyes snapped open. She looked up just as Ian slapped her ass again.

Whack! Whack!

Her cheeks heated, and despite the amazing sex she just had, her pussy tingled and her clit throbbed.

“I’ve set an outfit out for you on the dresser. Wash up and get dressed then come downstairs.” He gave her one last lingering look before leaving her room.

She lay there for a moment, trying to get her body to calm, but in reality, he had enticed her more. She had already taken a bath, but knew she needed to still clean herself up. Already she could feel his cum seep out of her pussy. She knew what was waiting for her downstairs—three more sex-crazed men who intended to make her scream in ecstasy. She shivered, hoping she would and could survive what they had in store for her.

Chapter Eight

Piper dressed in another corset, although a pair of “non-crotchless” panties were provided. Her breasts hung free, the underwire of the bodice pushing the mounds up and out so they appeared as if they were on display.

She put on her new mask and made her way downstairs, her heart beating in time with the steps she took. Even after cleaning herself up, her pussy was soaked, her arousal making her entire body aware of what was waiting just a few feet away. She stepped into the kitchen, finally seeing the time and amazed she had slept so long. She saw a covered dish on the counter and opened it, seeing an array of breakfast food still steaming. She walked into the dining room, the place empty and cleaned of any evidence of breakfast. She shrugged and ate quickly.

She could hear loud laughter and deep male voices coming from the patio. She made her way toward the back of the house, where the deck was. She looked out the window, surprised that there was an in-ground pool and a privacy fence surrounding it. She watched the men, only seeing Brendin, Ian, and Logan.

“Hey, princess,” Jake’s rough voice was right by her ear, his warm breath tickling her skin. “I was wondering when you’d get up.”

She turned around, and craned her neck back and looked into his face. She looked into his eyes, just now realizing the amber color had flecks of green within them. He wore a white button-down shirt, the first few buttons undone and showing the smooth golden skin beneath it. He looked like a frat boy, one who was ready to let loose without any care of repercussions.

“I’ve been up since I left your room last night.” He smirked and grabbed her hand, placing it on the front of his trousers.

Her eyes widened when she felt the impressive bulge he was sporting. She licked her suddenly dry lips, her nipples tightening as her skin tingled. It didn’t slip her mind Jake was the only one that hadn’t actually fucked her, well, Brendin hadn’t fucked her pussy yet either, but he did shove his cock up her ass, which was close enough in her opinion.

“You have?” Was that her voice, all deep and sexually laced? She hoped she didn’t get reprimanded for speaking without permission, or maybe she wanted Jake to punish her. The thought was tempting.

“Oh, yeah. I’ve been biding my time when I’d get you all to myself.” He leaned in and brushed his lips against hers. The contact was sweet and gentle. His hands landed on her shoulders, his thumbs running softly along her flesh, until goosebumps popped out along her skin. “We don’t need to tell them you’re down here just yet,” he murmured against her mouth. He took her hand and led her into one of the spare bedrooms, shutting the door quietly behind him, as he stalked forward. “Take the clothes off. Slowly, princess.”

She shivered at the intensity of his words. She did as he said, watching as a glazed look crossed his features and he, too, started to undress. When they were both nude, they stared at each other. His body was big and tall, but not as bulky as his brothers’. He had the physique of a swimmer, all toned, golden flesh. He walked up to her, running his finger along the edge of the mask, his expression suddenly going hard. She thought he meant to remove the mask, and she tensed, knowing she couldn’t allow that.

Whatever he had been thinking about left quickly because the troubled expression he had was soon replaced with a look that resembled...affection. She had to be misinterpreting it because he didn’t know her, aside from what she looked like naked, and he had no idea what her name was or who she really was.

“I’m going to make this so good for you, princess.”

She looked into his face, her eyes growing wide at the soft words he spoke. His lips crashed down on hers, his tongue sweeping into her mouth and eliciting a groan from her. His hands were everywhere, teasing her flesh until her knees were weak, and she feared they wouldn't hold her up. He plucked at her nipples, pulling the flesh and letting it go so it snapped back. The pain zinged all the way down to her pussy, and her clit swelled with arousal. She should be worn out from the sex she was having. Hell, she had just slept with Ian not more than an hour ago and already her body was alive with lust for Jake. He wrapped his arms around her, lifted her up so she was forced to wrap her legs around his waist, and carried her to the bed. The root of his cock pressed against her clit and slid along the folds of her pussy. He never broke the kiss, as he laid her on the bed, his erection pressing into her belly as he followed her down.

She could feel the warm liquid of his pre-cum seeping from his shaft, the feeling arousing her further. She thrust her breasts out, the action causing her nipples to rub along his chest and drag a groan from him. He was gentle and affectionate as he kissed his way down her neck, over her collarbones, and to her engorged nipples. He sucked one tip into his mouth, tugging and lapping at it until she was withering beneath him, pleading with him for more. She stopped talking, remembering she wasn't to speak unless spoken to. She bit the inside of her lip, the energy of trying to hold in her moans and groans becoming unbearable.

He let go of her nipple with a pop, looked into her face, and licked his lips. "Don't hold back. Let me know how much you like what I'm doing." He attacked her other nipple, working on it more feverishly.

She complied, the sounds coming from her were ones of need and want. When he reached her pussy, he gripped her thighs and spread them as wide as they would go. She looked down at him, and he looked up at her. Their eyes stayed locked as he slowly moved toward her slit, his tongue coming out and running up the length of it. The sight was erotic, fueling her arousal to a fever pitch. She threw her

head back when he sucked her clit into his mouth, his finger moving to the opening of her vagina and thrusting inside. The dual stimulation had her orgasm quickly approaching, but she wanted to wait, wanted to prolong the pleasure. Doing that was easier said than done.

Just before her climax peaked, Jake stopped. He sat up, staring down at her, his lips swollen and glistening with her cream. As he watched her, his tongue came out and licked her juices off of his lips. She swallowed roughly, taking in his perfectly toned body and long, thick cock. He was gentler with her than the others, as if he meant to savor her. He went slow, touched her as if he cared for her. A silly thought, she knew this, but it was still difficult for her to shake.

He settled himself between her legs, his shaft pressing incessantly against her cleft, nudging at the opening. He dipped his head down and nibbled her neck as his cock head found its mark and slowly pushed in. She gasped, lifted her hips, and urged him to enter her more. His hand on her hip stilled her actions.

“I want to go slow. I want to make this last. I’m not sure when it’ll just be me and you again.”

His words touched something in her heart, an emotion she wasn’t quite yet comfortable with. His erection slid into her easily. He stretched her wide, his girth shocking, once he was seated fully inside of her. Her muscles protested, a burning taking root within her, but it made the experience all the more real.

He started thrusting his hips, pulling out and pushing back in. His mouth on hers as he increased his tempo.

In and out.

Faster and harder.

She broke the kiss and sucked in air. He slowed his thrusts, pulling back until he was on his knees and gripped her waist, pulling her firmly onto his cock. She made an appreciative noise in the back of her throat, the new position causing her thighs to go wider, his cock to go deeper. His rapt attention was on her exposed pussy, his glazed eyes taking in the action of his cock moving in and out of her body.

Sweat beaded his brow, and he started to pant. The muscles in his arms bulged, his abdomen rippled, as he increased his movements.

“Tell me, princess. Tell me how you feel.”

She gasped, “So good. Oh, God, it feels so good.”

“Fuck, yeah it does. You are so tight and hot.” He moved his hands to where their bodies were joined, pulling apart her pussy lips, before running his finger up to her clit. “Whose is this, princess? Who owns this pretty pussy?”

“You do,” she breathed out, closing her eyes as pleasure washed through her. “It belongs to you.”

“Say it again.” His mouth was by her ear, his position changing quickly. She wrapped her legs around his waist, hearing the primal growl erupt from his chest. He lifted her hands above her head, holding her wrists with one of his hands, as he pounded into her. “Say it.”

“My pussy belongs to you.” She wailed out her release, his hips gyrating, so his cock pressed against her clit in agonizing ecstasy. He growled, biting her gently on the neck, as his body stilled and he came. His orgasm seemed never ending as his cum pumped out of his cock and coated her inner walls. He laid on top of her afterward, his face by her breasts, his warm, moist breath tickling her flesh. He rolled off, turning so he faced her and leaned up, bracing his head on his hand. He did nothing more than look at her, his fingers tracing the side of her breast.

“I think we might regret this.” His fingers ran along the edge of the mask again, but before she could answer, the bedroom door flew open.

“You motherfucker.” Ian, Brendin, and Logan stood on the other side. She didn’t know who spoke, but it didn’t matter. They each held the same expression. Irritation.

“You sneaky bastard,” Brendin muttered as he stalked away, the others following after they glared at Jake.

She looked over at him, not helping the smile covering her lips when she saw his amused expression.

“They’re just jealous.” He sighed, brought her closer to him, and tunneled his fingers through her hair.

She stared at the wall, closing her eyes, her smile vanishing as she assessed the situation. She had gotten herself in one hell of a mess.

Chapter Nine

The following day, Piper knew something was up with the guys. They each had worked her up until her arousal was near bursting, but they never let her get off. It was as if they were preparing her for something, getting her ready until she would wither beneath their touch. They never left her alone, either kissing her until she was breathless, sucking on her clit until she was about to come, or plucking at her nipples, making them hard and erect. She hadn't seen anyone else from the resort, but then again, she assumed that was the whole point. She was secluded with her masters, available to them twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. She was their willing sex slave.

She lay out in the sun next to the pool, a "command" from Ian, which she happily obeyed. She wore only her mask, which was really starting to grate on her nerves. There was a privacy fence surrounding the grounds, and although she was nude, her inhibitions were thinning. The thought of someone seeing her naked wasn't as frightening as it would have been before she ventured on this journey. The bright sun heated her skin and inflamed her arousal.

Before today, all the men would let her come without her having to beg, that is, all but Ian. It seemed Ian was always the one needing to be in control, always withholding her climax until she was on the verge of screaming, begging. It frustrated her and pissed her off. Even right now, if she touched her clit, she knew she would come. Her nipples stood erect, as if they were seeking out a hot mouth, maybe a firm nibble from a set of teeth. She really should stop thinking about

it because all it was accomplishing was making her wind tighter, the coil of desire inside of her ready to snap with just a touch.

She blew out a breath and sat up, shielding her eyes from the sun as she looked at the cool, glistening water. She stood and looked around, wondering what they were doing inside of the house. She slipped into the water, careful not to let her mask get wet. The liquid caressed her body like a lover's touch and caused her to grit her teeth from the sensations. Never had she been this aroused, never this desperate to have a man touch her. She wasn't a prude by any means, but the acts the Grayson brothers had performed on her left her body screaming with pleasure and, right now, frustration.

She went to her back and closed her eyes. The sun was high above her, kissing her skin like a gentle lover.. The water lapped at her flesh and, just as her body was finally relaxing, she felt fingers run down her spine. She squeaked and turned around, coughing as she swallowed water. Brendin gripped her waist and pulled her toward him, his stiff erection pressing against her thigh. She stared into his eyes, as one of his hands traced the corner of the mask. She could see his jaw clench and felt his hand tighten on her hip.

He moved them into the corner, and his mouth took hers brutally. She wrapped her legs around his waist as their kiss intensified. He broke the kiss, trailing his lips down her neck, his hands cupping her breasts at the same time.

"If we don't stop, I'm going to fuck you right here."

It sounded like a good plan to her, but she didn't voice her opinion. She let her head fall back and she closed her eyes. His mouth lifted from her neck and, in the next instant, he attached it to her nipple. She lifted her head and looked into the water, seeing his dark hair floating around him, while he suckled at her breast. She gasped and moaned deeply, while his teeth scraped over the sensitive bud. He brought his head out of the water, the liquid dripping down his face, his expression intense. His mouth was on hers in an instant again, and she felt the tip of his shaft press against her pussy's opening.

When he slowly pushed his cock into her, she brought her teeth down on his lip, biting gently as she groaned in relief. He thrust all the way into her, and her inner muscles squeezed his shaft in approval.

“You feel so good, baby. I could stay buried in you all day.” His voice a hoarse whisper against her ear, sending delightful shivers through her body. He pumped his hips, slowly at first, and then picked up speed. The water sloshed around them while he fucked her.

She gripped his shoulders, feeling her orgasm build ferociously. “I’m going to come.” She was gasping for air, praying he would allow her to find release.

His mouth was still by her ear, his breath ragged, as he spoke. “I want you to come all over me baby. I want to feel that tight little cunt of yours milk my cock. We don’t need to tell anyone about this. This will be our little secret.” He bit her ear lobe gently, and she came. His mouth crashed down on hers and a moan bubbled from her throat. His hands tightened on her waist, and he thrust once more into her before stilling. He groaned against her mouth, his hot cum spewing out of his cock with such force, she felt his pulses.

He removed his lips, both of their breathing ragged. He moved them to the stone steps of the pool, slowly pulling out of her, her pussy clenching his cock, not ready to give it up.

“Looks like the pool will need to be cleaned.” He leaned in and kissed her, his tongue swiping along hers in the briefest of contacts before he helped her out of the pool. He wrapped a towel around her before doing the same to himself. He pulled her close, nuzzling her neck, and then kissed the shell of her ear. “Remember, baby. Our little secret.” He pulled away and winked before gesturing for her to follow him into the house.

Her legs were wobbly as she followed him. She knew the rules had changed as soon as she stepped into the chill of the air-conditioned room and saw Brendin move to stand beside the others.

The four Grayson brothers stood in a straight line before her, their looks filled with dark arousal and something else.

“Are you ready to play, little sub?”

Piper swallowed and turned her attention to Ian. His dark words held a note determination and anticipation in them, making her body tense with awareness. It was a promise of what was to come. Ian stayed in front, waiting for her answer. She nodded and watched expectantly, anxiously, as the other men surrounded her, Ian staying in front, his look determined. They led her through the house and stopped in front of a closed door. The house was bigger than it looked and, although she had explored during her “free time,” this door was always locked.

She looked at each man, all of them staring at her and seeming almost...nervous? Yes, that was the expression they held. Almost as if they were apprehensive about what lay behind the door. Their body language made her anxious to the point her body became coated in a light sheen of sweat and her heart slammed against her ribs.

“Are you ready, baby?”

“Ready to let us make you feel so good?”

Deep male voices sounded by her ears, eliciting goosebumps on her flesh. She weakly nodded, bracing herself as Ian stared at her and opened the door. The room was dark and, as they led her through it, she knew this was going to be an experience rivaling all the others.

Chapter Ten

Piper stepped into the darkened room, sensing the men following behind her. Just as the door shut, a soft glow illuminated the room. It wasn't much lighting, just enough for her to see what was planned for her. Her heart pounded wildly. Piper looked around at the sexual paraphernalia which were meant to be used on her.

There was a swing-like device hanging from the center of the room, the ropes and ties and strips of leather making the contraption menacing. A table was opposite of that, with whips and floggers and an array of other instruments Piper couldn't identify lying atop it. She felt fingers caress down her spine, arms, ass, every exposed piece of flesh she had. She bit the inside of her lip, her body instantly becoming aroused, even though she had just climaxed.

The mask, along with the poor lighting, had her straining to make out everything. Someone urged her to turn around, but before she could see who it was, a hot mouth claimed hers. She instantly submitted to him, letting her body mold against his and letting herself get lost in the sensation of his tongue caressing hers.

Her nipples beaded and scraped along his chest, the rippling muscles pressing against her, a stark contrast to the softness of her own body. She felt someone playing with her hair, brushing the strands off her neck and tickling her skin. Another mouth latched onto the spot where her neck and shoulder met, licking and sucking, biting and nibbling until she was wantonly undulating her hips.

The man sucking at her neck pressed his chest to her back, his erection hard and hot as he thrust it against the crease of her ass. Whoever she was kissing also had a massive hard-on, his dick

slipping against the folds of her pussy and teasing her clit. There were so many sensations they left Piper breathless, left her needing to be filled in every possible way.

She heard a noise behind her, but the two men tending to her kept her busy, kept her mind and body on the brink of orgasm, so any other distraction quickly vanished. The man kissing her broke away, and she slowly opened her eyes. Her vision wavered, but she was able to make out Jake's face as he stared down at her. He caressed her lips, his eyes riveted to them. She licked them involuntary, heard his groan of approval and lifted her to her toes. He started to lower his head again, but just as their lips were about to meet, he stopped.

"We have a lot planned for you, princess." His voice was low and laced with sexuality.

The man behind her moved his mouth to her ear, speaking softly but roughly. "I'm going to do so many wicked things to you."

She instantly knew it was Ian, knew that deep and gravelly voice which always seemed to inflame every single one of her senses spontaneously. She was turned around and led to the swing. She swallowed as she eyed the contraption, looking at each man, and fear of the unknown assaulted her.

"We'll take care of you, baby. You have nothing to be worried about." Brendin stepped forward and embraced her, running his hands all over her body, making her a withering mass of lust.

She knew, if she had said no, they would instantly stop, would have respected her wishes without complaint. She couldn't deny she was a little frightened. This was, after all, an experience she wasn't familiar with. Someone lifted her into the swing, and she gasped and gripped the leather straps. Her legs spread wide and slipped into loops, and her arms were tied above her head. More leather secured around her waist and, when they were finished, each man stepped back and eyed her hotly. She felt unbalanced and exposed as if they could not only see her pussy on clear display, but as if her soul was presented to them.

She could see the engorged cocks each man had, and she felt herself grow warmer, wetter. She lifted her eyes up and saw what was holding the swing. A pulley and lever system made the swing accessible from all angles. She realized they could take her every which way imaginable. She dropped her eyes to the men again, watching as Brendin moved to the wall where he started to crank a lever. Piper tilted backward, so when Brendin was finished, it was as if she were lying on a table. Her legs were spread wide, her pussy lips pulled open, so she was completely open and at their mercy.

Jake and Logan stepped to her side, their cocks in hand, as they eyed her breasts and starting stroking their flesh. Her mouth watered at the sight of those big hands palming their cocks. The minimal light in the room caught the pre-cum seeping from the tips, showing exactly how worked up they were.

“You look so beautiful like this, love.” Ian’s words were thick and gravelly, filled with desire and dark promise.

She lifted her head and watched Ian step between her spread thighs. Brendin started working the lever again and the bottom half of Piper’s body lifted up toward Ian’s waiting mouth. She felt off balance, as if she would fall at any moment. Ian’s warm hands cupped her ass, and he brought his mouth to her pussy. At the first touch of his tongue to her clit, her body tightened. The orgasm in the pool with Brendin had been wonderful, but she had so much sexual build-up, it now seemed like an appetizer to what she really wanted.

His lips suctioned around her clitoris, sucking the small bud until her body shook. He moved one hand toward her pussy, his big fingers teasing her labia and gathering moisture from her pussy hole.

“Such a pretty cunt, little sub.” Ian’s words were muffled against her flesh, the vibrations sending shockwaves of pleasure coursing through her.

She felt a nudge at her cheek and turned her head. Jake’s cock was poised in his hand, aimed toward her mouth, and seeping with cum. Ian’s mouth continued to work feverishly against her slit, licking

around her pussy lips, sucking at her opening, and then bringing his mouth back to her clit to suck some more. She opened her mouth and greedily took Jake's cock in her mouth, sucking at the flared head and swallowing the saltiness of his pre-cum. She moaned around his flesh, as she brought her eyes up and looked at him. Jake's head was thrown back, the tendons in his neck standing in stark relief while he made strangled noises.

Ian was a madman between her thighs, and soon she felt herself spiraling toward climax. She sucked Jake's cock harder and faster, not able to take all of his length, but swallowing enough so that the taste of his cum became stronger. Jake was close, and that knowledge had her orgasm rushing toward the surface. Just as she felt her orgasm peak, she felt Ian shove two thick fingers into her pussy. Her body clenched around them, and she moaned deeply around Jake's shaft. Jake's orgasm exploded in her mouth, and she hungrily swallowed his semen, the pure, male muskiness of it making her hotter, more aroused.

She let go of Jake's cock as it began to grow soft and sucked in a great lungful of air. Ian's fingers were still lodged in her vagina, her inner muscles clenching furiously around them as if her body needed more. She closed her eyes and felt Ian remove his fingers and mouth from her pussy. She slowly opened her eyes again when she felt another nudge at her cheek. She groaned softly, surprised that even after the two orgasms she had so close together, she was ready for more.

"Tell us what you want, baby." Brendin rubbed the tip of his cock along her lips as he whispered to her.

"I ache for you, for all of you." A collective groan from the men was their answer. She felt something hot and hard press against her pussy hole and glanced up, odd angle that it was, and saw Logan gripping his shaft. His head was down cast, his eyes trained on her as he pushed himself into her. Her stomach hollowed with the force of her breathing. She dropped her eyes to Logan's cock. He was big like

his brothers, but even though she had been getting fucked by them regularly, the length and girth of his erection was still a shock.

She let her head fall back as she absorbed the feeling of his shaft pushing into her. The stretch of her skin around him bordered on pain, but the pleasure which followed was oh, so sweet. She didn't know where Ian had gone, but at that moment her brain wasn't functioning coherently to care. She could *feel* him watching, could *feel* all of them watching what was being done to her. It turned her on more.

Logan was able to thrust her onto his hard dick easily, the swing giving momentum, so she was moving freely through the air, her pussy sliding along his dick with force and speed. Grunts and curses rang out and she turned her head, feeling wetness coat her lips and opening her mouth instantly. She looked up as she sucked Brendin's cock, hollowing out her cheeks and loosening her throat. She still tasted Jake's semen in her mouth, and Brendin's flavor enhanced it all that much more.

She felt one of her legs lifting, and she tipped to the side. She momentarily stopped sucking to look at Logan. He adjusted the swing such that she was now on her side, her leg thrown over his shoulder as he rammed into her. He seemed to go deeper while his thrusts increased. She parted her lips and Brendin pushed his penis into her mouth again. He started to slowly fuck her face, his hips starting off slow but picking up speed. She moaned around his flesh as another powerful orgasm started to move through her back and into her belly. She could taste the little jets of pre-cum shoot out of Brendin and down her throat, and she happily swallowed.

Brendin and Logan pumped into her body, drawing out her climax until she was screaming in pleasure. Her mouth lost suction on the cock in her mouth as her climax intensified. She watched as Brendin gripped his shaft, the head of his cock still inside of her mouth as he swiftly pumped his fist. His abdominal muscles and forearm flexed and bunched a second before he made a gruff noise and ejaculated

into the cavern of her mouth. She swallowed what she could, but his cum seeped out the side of her mouth and dripped down her chin.

Brendin stepped away, his shaft slipping free of her mouth just as Logan gripped her thighs roughly and growled low. She turned to look at him, her mouth open as she panted. His hands were tight on her flesh, a spike of pain spearing through her, but she loved it, needed it. Logan watched her as he climaxed, his jaw clenched, sweat dripping down his body. When his cock gave one last mighty jerk inside of her, he breathed out roughly and pulled out of her.

She was overheated and sated. She closed her eyes, the cool air wafting across her skin but doing nothing to chill her. She felt Logan's hot spunk come out of her pussy and slide down her ass. It wasn't until she felt a hand trail along her side that she opened her eyes and looked into Ian's dark, hooded ones. *He hasn't had his turn.* Her traitorous body heated with arousal, grew wet and needy to have the man in front of her deep within her. The room wasn't lit enough for her to see if anyone else was in there, but she didn't sense anyone else. She knew deep down it was just the two of them, and that thought alone had her body and mind coming alive with what? Emotion? This was a dangerous game she was playing, one where she didn't know if she would come out with her heart still intact.

Chapter Eleven

Ian laid her down on the silk sheets, his hands smoothing over her skin so gently, so...caringly. Her time with the four men had caused her emotions to grow and intensify. His touch was soft yet full of longing. His eyes never left hers, and when he lifted his hand and touched her mask, she feared he would remove it. She shook her head, placing her hand lightly on his as she pleaded with him.

“I want to see you. Want to know the woman behind the mask.”

Ian’s words sounded so sincere, but Piper knew she couldn’t risk it. When she had been alone she had fantasized about them removing the mask, seeing it was her, Piper, the woman who worked for them, and caring for her as much as she cared for them. The Grayson brothers were powerful and ruthless men. What she wanted, they couldn’t give. Not because they were unattainable, but because she wanted the same thing from all *four* men. It was ludicrous to think she could have a relationship with all of them, as if they would want that. Sure, they had sex with her together, but this was a game, a fantasy which was being played out.

She couldn’t risk exposing herself and finding they couldn’t give her what she wanted, or worse, didn’t want to give it to her. She knew she was being selfish, but the heart wants what the heart can’t have.

“I want to know you.” He dipped his head and licked at her throat. She turned her head and shivered. “Tell me about yourself, love. Let me know who the real you is.”

In a breathless whisper, she said, “I’m no one special, just a submissive to grant your every wish and desire.” She repeated what she had read in the resort’s handbook, the “submissive code,” as it

had been called. She was to be no one, just a plaything for the masters. Her heart ached and, as much as she wanted to reveal her true self, to each and every one of them, she couldn't.

He lifted his head and stared down at her with a clenched jaw. He stared at her for several minutes before finally closing his eyes, defeat crossing his features. His body loosened, and he kissed her collar bone, trailing fire down her body until she begged him to fill her.

He covered her body with his, his cock pressing against her cleft as his mouth took possession of hers. He slipped his hand between their bodies and urged her to spread her legs wide. She complied, wrapping her legs around his waist and titling her head to accept more of his passionate kiss. His tongue swept along hers, teasing her, exciting her. He aligned the tip of his cock at her entrance and slowly started to push in. The feeling of being filled encompassed her and she wrapped her arms around him, knowing she would never have this feeling again. All four men had given her something that she would never forget. They had awakened emotions inside of her that would follow her for the rest of her life.

He moved over her slowly, thoroughly. His hips pumped with precision as his cock slid in and out of her. If she didn't know any better, she would have thought he was making love to her, but she knew better. He whispered against her flesh, encouraging her, telling her how beautiful she was. It was a dream for her, a fantasy to hear these soft words from one of the men she longed for, maybe even loved.

He pleased her for the rest of the day, letting her rest in intervals before bringing her to climax over and over again. Piper knew it had been something more, much deeper, or maybe she had just imagined it. Maybe her brain was trying to make her see what she wanted deep within?

* * * *

As the second week neared its end, Piper couldn't help the sorrow which filled her. That one long and pleasurable night with Ian hadn't been the only time, no, each of the men had been with her, seeming to make love to her instead of fucking her. Although she relished it, she couldn't deny she hated it equally. They had burrowed deep into her heart, their acts making her departure that much more difficult. She was a walking lie, knowing once she left this place, left them, she would go back to her normal life. She would forever know what they shared, but they wouldn't. It was frustrating, angering, and saddening.

As she sat at the table on the very last night of her stay, she couldn't help but feel the tension in the room. Her dinner sat uneaten in front of her, the sounds of clanking silverware like nails on a chalkboard to her. Hardly anyone had spoken all day, and the outfit they had chosen for her was the most modest she had worn since the beginning of her stay at the resort. Her breasts and pussy were covered, and she idly wondered if they were silently telling her, *"It's been really fun, but your stay here is done, and we don't need to look at the goods anymore."* She didn't know what they had in store for her tonight, but if it played out how the day was going, she was thinking a big, fat nothing.

She cleared off the table, picking up each of their plates, more out of habit than anything else. She went into the kitchen and deposited them in the sink. She looked out the small window above her and watched as a leaf skittered across the crystalline water of the pool. It wasn't as if she were proud to be a coward, hiding behind a mask and pretending to be someone she wasn't. She was ashamed, she could admit that, but only to herself.

She heard chair legs scraping across the wood floor in the dining room and braced herself. She knew they would be coming in, probably about to tell her it had been a good time and to thank her for the fucks. She heard the door open and stiffened, not having the courage to turn around and face them. When nothing was said, she slowly turned around. They stood in a line, staring at her, watching

her. She swallowed and walked toward them, feeling each of their hands caress her before they lead her out of the kitchen and into the bedroom.

They fucked her with a ferocity that rivaled her entire stay. They pleased her until her voice was hoarse from screaming and she couldn't move her limbs. It certainly wasn't making love, but she was okay with this kind of sex, okay with trying to forget her emotions and just feel. When she woke the next morning, the house was empty, and her heart finally broke. She allowed herself to cry, knowing she had no one to blame but herself. She stayed in this situation, knowing who they were and what they meant to her. She had kept her true identity hidden and cowered behind a façade, so the men she cared about, the men she had grown to love, would never know the truth. She was a fake, and now, completely and utterly alone.

* * * *

Several weeks had passed since her erotic journey at the Bre'zail resort. Piper stared at the little stick in her hand for the hundredth time, knowing she must need glasses or she was in some deep shit. She set the home pregnancy test down on the counter, right next to the other four she had taken only moments before. She breathed out and sat on the toilet, dropping her head in her hands, not knowing what the hell she was supposed to do.

Not only was she pregnant, she didn't know who the father was. Hell, the father could be any one of the Grayson brothers, four men, who didn't know she, their employee, was the woman they fucked for two weeks straight. It wasn't like she meant for this to happen. She had, after all, been on the pill, but apparently she was in the percentile that was screwed.

"Oh, hell. What am I going to do?" She thought out loud as she stood, picked up the pregnancy tests, and tossed them in the trash. She knew she needed to tell someone, knew she needed to confide to

Lucie about what had happened at the resort and the trouble she was in now. Not only would it be embarrassing as hell to confront the Grayson brothers and tell them she was the woman they had dominated, but to tell them she was pregnant, and to top it off, one of them would be a father and the rest would be uncles. Ha! That was something she was so not going to do.

She picked up the phone and dialed Lucie's number, knowing she was a coward for not speaking up but having no doubt her bosses, her *lovers*, would not be happy about this little revelation. The four of them were bachelors, all of them had ample time and opportunities to settle down but they decided to stay single and enjoy life. Also known as, sleep with whomever they choose, at any given moment. They were successful and gorgeous, so why would they want to be tied down to an average woman and a child? Of course she was only speculating, but she had heard enough of her co-workers gossiping about the many women the Grayson brothers went through.

Twenty minutes later, a knock sounded on her door. Once she opened it and saw the sympathetic look on Lucie's face, Piper knew it had been a bad idea to tell her best friend.

"Oh, honey." Lucie came in, shutting the door behind her and leading Piper over toward the couch. "Tell me everything." Lucie's eyes kept bouncing toward her stomach as if she could see the baby moving around.

"I'm only a few weeks along, Lucie." Piper said sarcastically.

"How did this happen?"

Piper looked at Lucie incredulously. "Do I really need to tell you how something like this happens?"

Lucie snorted before tossing her bag on the ground and taking Piper's hands in her own. "You know what I mean. I didn't even know you were dating someone." At Piper's silence, Lucie's eyes grew wide. "Oh my," her voice dropped to a whisper. "Was it a one-night stand?"

“For heaven’s sake, Lucie, you don’t have to whisper.” Piper sighed and took her hands from her friends. “I mean, yes and no.”

“Yes and no what?”

“Yes, it was a one-night stand, but then, no it wasn’t. I had sex more than once. It happened at the resort.”

Lucie’s mouth formed an “O” before she resumed an unaffected façade. “Okay, well then go tell the father and have him man up. If this is about him not stepping up to the plate, there are ways to get him to cooperate.”

Piper was shaking her head before Lucie finished. “It isn’t that simple. I don’t think the father would be very happy about this.” Piper was not about to reveal there was a possibility of four fathers in the mix.

“Oh.” Lucie leaned back and studied her quizzically. “Well, how do you feel about all of it?”

Piper shrugged, looking down at her hands as she spoke, “I don’t know, it’s still a shock. I know I want to keep the baby, but I almost think it best to leave the father out of it completely.”

“You really don’t think he would be happy at all about this?”

Piper looked into Lucie’s face. Her friend held only compassion and love in her expression. “I don’t know for sure, but I can only assume, by their professions, having a child out of wedlock probably isn’t something which is praised.”

“You mean his?”

“What?”

“You said *their* profession.”

Lucie looked at her with confusion, and even though Piper didn’t like the idea of revealing what had happened, she knew she couldn’t keep it from her best friend. “There is more to the story, Lucie. I have gotten myself into a pretty complicated situation.”

Half an hour later, Lucie was still staring at Piper with shock. “You’re not kidding, are you?” Piper shook her head, not knowing what else to say. “Well, I support you one hundred percent, honey. I

know this isn't the traditional way things are done, but a miracle is growing inside of you regardless." Lucie took her hands again and squeezed gently. "This is your choice and yours alone. I personally think you should tell them and give them the chance to make the call, if they want to be a part of yours and the baby's life, but no matter what you decide, I am here for you."

Piper couldn't stop the tears welling in her eyes. They flowed down her cheeks, and she embraced Lucie, feeling she had done the right thing by telling her. She saw Lucie to the door, knowing that her friend was right. She did need to give the guys a chance to decide what they wanted. Even if they didn't want to be with her, as much as that hurt to think about, the baby she was carrying deserved a father. Feeling resolve in her decision, she knew she had to come clean and decided tomorrow she was going to tell all, and damn the consequences.

* * * *

Although Piper had every intention of telling the Grayson's about her situation, with every passing day it grew harder and harder for her to tell them. They either weren't in the office or, when they were, all four of them were in the foulest of moods, so she didn't dare tell them.

So the days turned into weeks and the weeks turned into months. Lucie asked her once if she had told them, but when Piper just shook her head, the subject was never brought up again. It was now three months after she found out she was pregnant and although she was still early in the pregnancy, she was showing. Her clothes were becoming tight and a telling bump presented itself to the point where she couldn't hide it any longer.

She was evasive when her co-workers started asking questions, because what could she say? It wasn't like she could tell them the truth. Hell, everyone would think she was some kind of slut for not

knowing who the father of her baby was. The mess she had gotten herself into had just turned into a shit storm, and now there was no going back.

She sat at her desk and appeared busy. Breathing out roughly, she placed her hand on her belly and rubbed slowly. She heard the front doors open and glanced up, stiffening in her seat when she saw the four brothers walk in. They didn't acknowledge anyone in passing, and all of their expressions were distant, angry. She watched them until the last one entered the office. She sat there for a moment, knowing she couldn't postpone this for any longer.

Getting up, she slowly made her way toward their office, stopping at Dawn's desk for "permission" to enter. The bitch didn't look up or even acknowledge Piper's presence, which only pissed her off more. *Screw it.* Piper walked toward the double doors, knocking three times before opening it. She could hear Dawn's squeak of outrage and knew in a few seconds flat, the uptight cow would be charging after her.

Piper meant to seem strong and confident, but when she was finally through the double doors and four sets of eyes trained on her, all of those attributes faded.

"I'm so sorry. She just came in here." Dawn's raised voice sounded like someone had stepped on a cat's tail.

Piper looked at each man, noting that their expressions were guarded. Each of them sported fading bruises ranging in severity. She didn't dwell on it, didn't have the time or energy to wonder what had happened. Their expressions reminded her of an upcoming storm.

"You can leave us, Dawn." Ian lifted his hand and waved Dawn away. Piper breathed out, thankful they hadn't dismissed both women. It was clear the men were busy, if the stacks of paper in front of each one of them was anything to go by, but what Piper had to say was more important and she had already put it off long enough.

She heard Dawn close the door when she left, and Piper suddenly felt the weight of their stares.

“You needed something, Miss Crane?” Ian’s voice was hard, as if she were wasting his time.

Piper swallowed and folded her hands in front of her. “I...” How did she start? *Where* did she start?

“Well? We are extremely busy, Miss Crane, as you can clearly see.” Logan’s voice was clipped and final.

Try as she might, she couldn’t tell if his frustration was aimed at her or just because of his work. Probably both, she conceded. Piper felt her face heat and shifted on her heels. She could clearly see how frustrated they were, but the fact was she was on the verge of tears as it was and didn’t think she could actually spit the words out. “I...” One of them made an exacerbated noise, and she flicked her eyes to each of the men. Her throat was dry, her hormones unbalanced. She refused to cry in front of them, refused to show any kind of weakness. She was a coward, she knew this, but she could see how hectic their lives were, how important their job was.

They had no room in their life for her, or her baby.

She smoothed her hands down her skirt, knowing what she had to do next. “I’m putting in my notice.”

“A notice for what?” Jake spoke up, a calmer, less irritated expression on his face. The other three’s expression turned darker, as if what she had just said was incorrigible.

“I’m quitting. I want to thank each of you for your kindness and generosity throughout the many years I worked here, but, well, I think it’s time for me to move on.” She cared about the men she was staring at, but it was clear nothing would ever come of it. She needed to leave now before things got more complicated. She didn’t know what she expected, but a look of utter shock on their faces was not something which passed through her brain.

“You can’t just quit.” Brendin stood, the papers on his desk shifting from their spot with the force of his actions. “How in the hell are we supposed to fill the position? You’re one of the best employees we have.”

Of course, she knew he was exaggerating. She knew she was a good employee, but there were other people, employees that had higher, more prestigious positions which were more of an asset to the company than she was.

“Thank you, Mr. Grayson, but I am only a receptionist, and I have no doubts you can find another one quickly.” She made eye contact with each one, remembering all the passion they had shared in those two weeks. “I’ll work my two weeks, and I’m sure you will find a replacement well before the time is up. Again, thank you.” She turned to leave, knowing if she didn’t get out of there, she was bound to start crying. No one stopped her, but she didn’t know why they should.

They didn’t know who she was. They didn’t know she was the mystery woman who had fucked each and every one of them in every possible position. To them, Piper Crane was just one of the many receptionists who worked for them. They didn’t know she was “pet,” “love,” “baby,” or “princess.” She clenched her fists, knowing what she was doing was for the best. She couldn’t deny she wished they would have stopped her.

She finished out her day—depression, anger, and self-hate filling her. She was weak for not telling them, but she knew this was for the best. She wanted out of the city, had wanted to be away from the hustle and bustle of the business atmosphere for a while now.

Feeling a little elated with where her thoughts were going, she finished out the day with a small smile on her face, ready to face the world on her own terms.

* * * *

Her last two weeks were gone before she even knew it. She stood in her apartment, staring into the half-filled cardboard box she was filling. Yesterday had been her last day working at the firm, and although she would miss all of her co-workers, the people she had

grown to care for, she knew this was for the best. At least that was what she kept telling herself.

Lucie was busy in the kitchen packing up her dishes. Piper had found a cute little house to rent down in Columbus. She would be about three hours from Lucie and her friends, but it was close to Hocking Hill, a beautiful and scenic area with natural amenities to keep her mind off things. The peace and tranquility would do her good.

"I'm never going to see you again."

Piper glanced toward Lucie when she spoke. Lucie had said that exact statement thirty minutes ago. "I'm still going to be in Ohio, Lucie. You can come down and visit me all the time. We can go hiking, go check out Ash cave, and even check out the waterfalls." Lucie stopped packing and looked over at her. "I want you to be a part of the baby's life as much as possible, you know that."

"All of that sounds good, but I'm going to miss you like crazy." Tears started to swim in Lucie's eyes, and Piper couldn't help her own tears from surfacing.

"Don't start that. You know how emotional I've been lately." Lucie chuckled, and Piper walked over to her, wrapping her arms around Lucie's slim shoulders and hugging her tight. "I'm going to miss you, too. Don't worry. We'll talk all the time."

"I just don't understand why you have to move so far away."

"You know how much I've wanted to get away from the city. This is my chance to raise my baby in a place which is open and free."

Lucie sniffed. "What about work?"

"I have a little nest egg which will give me enough time to settle into my new home and look for a job." They stared at each other for a moment, both women crying harder, before they finally pulled themselves together and started packing again.

* * * *

Piper stacked the last box by the door and wiped her hands on her jeans. All of her belongings were pretty much packed, and tomorrow morning, a moving van would come. She moved over to the couch and sat down, leaning her head on the back of it as she stared at the stucco white ceiling. She cradled her belly, the small mound growing bigger by the day. She let her thoughts stray to the Grayson brothers, wishing things were different. A knock on her front door drew her out of her thoughts. She rose, seeing Lucie's oversized purse on the breakfast counter and smiling as she picked it up. She opened the door. "Forget something, Luc..." Her words froze in her throat when she took in the four, massive men taking up the hallway.

She knew her eyes had to be huge, hell, they felt as big as saucers. Ian, Logan, Brendin, and Jake all stood just on the other side, their faces a mask of anger. "Um, Mr. Grayson?" She addressed each of them as she stared into their faces, not knowing what to say or do. "What are you doing here?" She wasn't speaking to anyone in particular at that moment, but it didn't matter.

"We need to speak with you, Piper." Ian's voice was a rough growl as he took a step forward.

Her mouth opened and closed a few times, and she stepped aside, all four men piling into her small apartment. "What are you doing here?" She asked again, stunned Ian had used her given name, a first in all the time she had worked at the firm. She stood back as each of them looked around. She didn't miss how their fists were clenched or their teeth ground when they noticed the boxes.

"Going somewhere, princess?"

Her mouth dropped open, and she looked at Jake. He turned to fully face her, the other three following suit and watching her intently. *Holy shit!* She could have brushed it away, but that Jake had called her that exact name during their time at the resort was no coincidence. *They know. They've known this whole time.*

She would have been thrilled, elated even to know the men knew that she was the woman they had shared at the resort, but as her brain

started to process the information, she became angry, furious even. “Excuse me, Mr. Grayson. That is completely inappropriate.” If they wanted to act like what the five of them shared at the resort was nothing but a romp in the sack, then she could play along.

Jake snorted, never taking his view off of her. “You weren’t saying it was inappropriate when my cock was buried balls deep inside of that sweet little pussy of yours.” His voice was a deep whisper, a caress that had her dormant arousal awakening.

“Did you think you could just leave, baby?”

She looked over at Brendin, her mouth still open in shock from what Jake had just said.

“Did you think we would let you leave?” Logan took a step forward, his words a clipped growl vibrating the room.

“Or that we would want you to?” Ian had the last word, of course.

She looked between the men and her head became a dizzy array of information she couldn’t keep up with. She felt the world tilting, saw the floor rushing toward her quickly. Just before she hit the ground, strong arms had her and pulled her against a powerful chest. She felt the couch beneath her, felt a glass pressed against her lips, and felt the chill of ice water coat her taste buds.

She took a tentative sip, feeling herself calm and return back to normal. She took a deep breath, pressing herself against the back of the couch as she stared at four sets of worried eyes.

“Are you okay, love?” Ian reached out and stroked a hand along her cheek.

“I think I should call an ambulance. She looks pale.” Brendin rose, but she reached her hand out, snagging his thick wrist and bringing him to a halt.

“No, I’m fine, really. Fainting spells are common during...” She couldn’t seem to finish her sentence.

“Pregnancy,” Jake spoke up, his amber-colored eyes dropping to her rounded belly before his hand landed where he was looking. His

palm was warm and heavy, and soon each man had a palm on her stomach. She couldn't help her tears.

"Oh shit. Don't cry." Logan moved closer, sitting on the couch and pulling her so she rested on his lap. "We're no good at this. Please don't cry." He stroked a hand down her hair, but the tears still came, harder.

"I don't understand. Why are you here? How did you know about everything?"

Ian cleared his throat before speaking, "We are joint owners of the Bre'zail resort. We know every guest who attends the club." He rubbed his hand in small circles on her belly. "When you made the reservation, we couldn't believe it. We have been watching you for years, Piper. We have wanted you for that long as well."

Piper stared down at Ian, not sure if what he was saying was truly sinking into her brain. "What?" The word came out as a squeak and she quickly cleared her throat. "The whole time you knew it was me?" They all mumbled in agreement, but the words were muffled and unintelligible.

"We knew."

She shot her eyes to Jake, his hair ruffled and reminding her of what he looked like after he fucked her for hours. Her pussy became moist, and she shifted slightly. Her movements made her acutely aware of Logan's stiff erection beneath her ass. His hands tightened on her marginally before she brought her attention back to Jake.

"When we couldn't agree on who would be your master, we decided we all wanted you with equal intensity." Jake sat next to her, taking her hand in his and bringing it to his mouth for a gentle kiss.

"I'm sorry. This is just all so...surreal." Piper looked at each man, frustration, anger, and confusion boiling inside of her. "You guys knew it was me the whole time? Knew I was pregnant and didn't say anything?" Her voice started to rise slightly, but she didn't care. She was pissed and hormonal, and the fact that they had purposefully ignored her made her livid. She got off of Logan's lap and made her

way into the kitchen. She paced in front of the sink, her head downcast as she looked at the tile. She stopped and turned and looked at them. They all were staring at her, their expressions a mixture of frustration and sincerity.

“It wasn’t like that.” Ian rose and made his way toward her. She held her hand up to stop his ascent.

“I want to know why. Why the mystery, why the mask, if you knew who I was?” She refused to break her stare from Ian and heard a few muffled curses as each of the other three men rose.

Ian sighed before running a hand through his hair. The muscles in his bicep bunched with the small movement, and even though Piper was angry, she couldn’t help but appreciate the sight. “We care about you, each one of us. The time we spent with you just made us realize how much we want you in our life permanently. At first the mask was part of the game, but when you didn’t speak up about our identities, we assumed you weren’t ready to accept us. We want you to have all the time you need.” Ian blew out an exasperated breath. “We meant to transition into this smoother, but things got hectic. You knew it was us all along, so when you never spoke up, we thought you needed more time.” Ian swore before turning and looking at his brothers. He turned back toward her, taking a step forward, his expression one of pleading. “We needed some time to make it work too.”

“What are you talking about?”

Ian turned and looked at his brothers again.

“Tell her.” Brendin urged Ian, his voice stern yet hesitant.

Ian sighed before turning back to her. “We can’t promise you there won’t be complications with a relationship with us, but what we can guarantee is that we will always love and respect you. We want you, all of us, but we can’t all legally marry you, so...” Ian took another step forward until he was standing right in front of her. Logan, Jake, and Brendin followed suit, standing behind their eldest brother and staring intently at her.

“Marriage?” Piper whispered.

“Yeah, princess.” Jake smiled, a lopsided grin which was like a domino effect for the rest. “We came to an agreement one of us would marry you legally, that way you would always be ours.” Jake flicked his glance to Ian, his smile fading as his voice dropped low. “That is, of course, if you agree.”

Piper shook her head, not sure exactly what to say. She covered her hands over her belly. “What about the baby?”

“We can always find out who the father is later. The technicalities don’t matter much in the grand scheme of things. We will love the baby you are carrying no matter who the father is.”

Piper was silent as she stared at the guys, her chest hurting from the thick emotions that were passing between them. What they said about the baby touched her heart, made her throat swell and become dry, and her tears threatened to come forth. She cleared her throat, “Wait a minute, how did you guys decide?” She couldn’t help the elation filling her. She loved each of the men standing in front of her, and the idea that they wanted her, wanted her as their wife, had her smiling, her earlier anger vanishing.

“Well,” Logan spoke as all of the brothers looked at each other.

“Wait.” Piper thought back to the last day she had seen them. “Is that why all of you had bruises?” She stared open mouthed at them, shocked that they had fought over her. “You guys fought over who would marry me?”

As if her words had set something in motion, each of the men bent down on their knee. Ian was in front of them, holding a black velvet ring box up to her as an offering. Obviously Ian had been the victor in the battle. She covered her mouth, tears swimming in her eyes as she stared at her men.

“Would you do us the honor of being our wife?” Ian spoke as he popped the lid open.

Her eyes grew big as she stared at the huge diamond nestled against the silky, dark backdrop.

“*Our* wife.”

“Our love.”

“Our submissive.”

She looked up as each man spoke. She didn't know who said what, but it didn't matter. She loved the Grayson brothers with an intensity rivaling insanity. She wiped the tears from her face, each man's expression showing expectancy and a little bit of fear. She closed her eyes and nodded, crying harder as they each rose and embraced her. She was surrounded by four strong, powerful, yet gentle men, each one of them unique in their own way and giving her something special and private. She loved them and knew, although their relationship would never be “conventional,” it was exactly what they needed. She cried harder, thankful for how things had turned out and knowing, no matter what, as long as they had each other, everything was how it should be.

Epilogue

Piper sat by the fire, watching the men she loved read to her children in front of the flame's multitude of colors. The snow fell steadily outside the picture window of their cabin, the image something that would make even Hallmark weep with happiness. The life she had chosen hadn't been easy, not with the frequent criticism, outrageous looks, and blatant comments. But none of that mattered.

She had married Ian on the beach, the other three men standing close by as she and the eldest Grayson brother took their vows. The words she had spoken hadn't just been to Ian. No, she had spoken them to all of her men.

That night, she had showed each one of them what they meant to her. She had loved them, caressed them, and even submitted to the men in her life who would forever dominate not only her body, but her heart as well.

She had given each brother a child—Ian and Jake sons, Brendin and Logan daughters. Her life wasn't the easiest, but at the end of the day, she was with the people she loved the most, her men and children. They showed her nothing but love and acceptance. They took care of her children, making sure all of them were taken care of without question. When the lights were out and it was just the five of them in their room, they showed her who was her master and to whom she submitted to.

It was bittersweet agony, and she wouldn't change it for the world.

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jenika is just your average woman. She lives in the too hot northeast with her husband and their daughter. Thankfully, he shares her unusual sense of humor and naughty nature, so she is never out of ideas for her stories.

Along with taking care of their daughter, they have to keep an eye on Milo and Otis, their spunky cats. When not writing, Jenika works fulltime and attends school. Writing is Jenika's number one passion, but since life gets in the way, she isn't able to write fulltime (at least not yet.)

Jenika started writing at a very young age. Her first story consisted of a young girl who traveled to an exotic island and found a magical doll. That story as long since disappeared, but her passion for writing has stayed strong.

Also by Jenika Snow

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