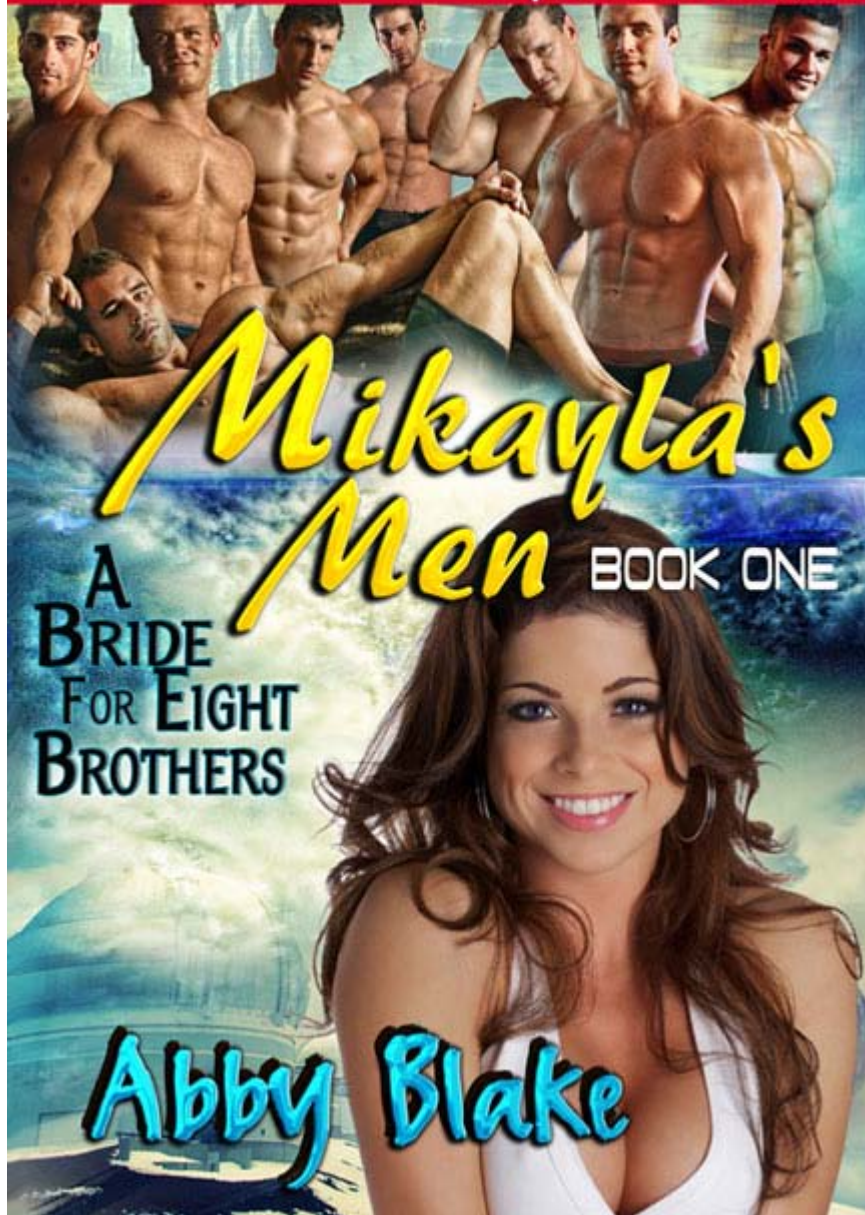


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LoveXtreme Forever



Mikayla's Men

A
BRIDE
FOR EIGHT
BROTHERS

BOOK ONE

Abby Blake

A Bride for Eight Brothers, Book 1

Mikayla's Men

Mikayla believed the wrong man and found herself stranded on a planet a long way from home. Faced with starvation or prostitution, she chooses to survive, but things don't go quite the way she expected.

Matt, John, Peter, Ryan, Ty, Lachlan and Brock have a small problem. She's a beautiful, talented, kind and incredibly sexy woman snowed in with them for the winter. But she is also a victim and in need of their help. Refusing to use her as the prostitute they paid for, they manage to find enough work to keep her busy.

But they hadn't counted on Mikayla actually wanting to fulfill the terms of her contract...

Snowed in for the winter with seven sexy brothers, can Mikayla live a fantasy without losing her heart?

Genre: Ménage a Trois/Quatre, Science-Fiction

Length: 30,454 words

MIKAYLA'S MEN

A Bride for Eight Brothers, Book 1

Abby Blake

LOVEXTREME FOREVER



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DEDICATION

This one is for my beta reader, Alexandra, who encourages, supports and kicks my ass in equal doses. Thanks, hun.

MIKAYLA'S MEN

A Bride for Eight Brothers, Book 1

ABBY BLAKE

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Chapter One

“Yes. I understand what you want from me.” Mikayla Noone tried to still her shaking hands and somehow convince herself that she was doing the right thing. The only thing she could, if the truth be told.

“Do you have any experience?”

“Not really.”

The little man's bored expression morphed into one of great interest at her nervous words. He looked her over again, the type of lecherous once-over that women had been enduring for generations. No matter how many times a man looked at her like that, it always made her skin crawl.

On this planet, they all looked at her like that.

“Define ‘not really,’” he said with a hopeful lilt to his voice. “Virgin?”

She shook her head, and the little man's interest seemed to wane. His eyes took on that bored look again, and his voice returned to its arrogant tone once more.

“Great.” The way he said the word made it clear he meant exactly the opposite. “What did ya say ya name was?”

“Mikayla,” she managed to force through her tightening throat. She glanced around the tiny room as several other women in various stages of undress milled about, getting ready for the big performance.

“Okay, Mikayla.” He said the word like it was an insult. “Prove yourself tonight, and I’ll give you a long-term contract. Fuck up, and I’ll sell you for whatever price I can get.”

Mikayla tried to hold back the tears that threatened to fall. She wouldn’t even be on this fucked-up planet if she hadn’t trusted the wrong man. The smooth son of a bitch had swept her off her feet with promises of love and happily-ever-after, but once they were outside the regions of Earth-controlled space, he had simply dumped her on the nearest planet.

So now she found herself trying desperately to earn enough credits to get home. The mining planet was a mostly human colony, but the males outnumbered the females by about three hundred to one. With so many single men on the planet, it was no great leap to know what this little man expected. Ironically, the few women she’d had a chance to talk with had told her this guy looked after his girls well.

She rubbed the spot on her upper arm that still tingled. If she’d known that the inoculation-contraception injection he’d given her had a twenty-five percent mortality rate, she might’ve reconsidered, but she hadn’t eaten in three days, and her choices were becoming more and more desperate. Luckily for her, she didn’t seem to be the one in four to die from her pimp’s idea of preventive medicine.

“Sherry,” he called over his shoulder, “get this one an outfit. She’ll be dancing the pole tonight.”

Sherry smiled at her and then quickly bought over a small scrap of material that looked like nothing more than a bunch of string—a very small bunch of string. Her pimp gave her one last assessing look.

“Don’t fuck up,” was all he said as he turned away.

Sherry touched her arm, and Mikayla almost leaped across the room. The woman looked at her with concern in her eyes, and Mikayla wanted to start crying all over again simply because it was

the first kind look she'd gotten since being dumped on this godforsaken planet.

"Sugar," Sherry said as she slowly looked Mikayla up and down, "we've all been where you are now. You need to relax or you really are going to fuck this up." Mikayla nodded self-consciously. "When was the last time you ate?"

Embarrassment heated her cheeks, and Sherry seemed to read the answer in her face.

"That long, huh? Beth, can you get...What's ya name, honey?"

"Mikayla," she managed to whisper.

"Get Mikayla a bowl of food, please. We can't have her falling off the stage from exhaustion."

Mikayla fidgeted, unable to stand still. "Uhm...thank you," she managed to mumble, completely ashamed by her predicament.

"No problem, sugar," Sherry said as she wiped a tear off Mikayla's cheek. "Us girls have gotta stick together. Just remember, the better you dance, the more clients you attract and the faster you earn enough money to get home."

Mikayla hadn't explained her predicament to anyone, but the look on Sherry's face suggested that it was a common story among these parts. With the uneven mix of sexes, there was only one form of employment for a woman, and it was the one thing Mikayla had never planned on.

And according to the guy who'd dumped her here, the thing she was really lousy at.

* * * *

Matt Davidson pushed through the crowd to take a seat near the bar. He didn't come here often, but when he did, he tried not to overthink it. He was a healthy human male with a healthy, normal sex drive, and on any other planet, he would never have considered paying a woman to have sex with him. But here on this icy rock, there

really wasn't an alternative. Jacking off helped, of course, but eventually he needed a real woman.

He spotted Sherry as several of the women started dancing sensuously to the slow, pulsing tones of a tune that had become familiar to him over the last several months. As always, Sherry's lithe body and sexy movements had him—and every other man in the place—paying close attention.

But tonight, there was a woman dancing beside her who looked new. Her movements were wooden, self-conscious, and Matt felt a pang of sympathy for her. Most of the women here weren't on this planet by choice, and he'd seen too many of them pass through this place. That's why he always hired Sherry. She was an experienced whore who was able to pleasure them both without making him feel like he was taking advantage of a woman who had no other choice.

But no matter how many times Matt convinced himself not to, he found his gaze sliding back to the awkward moves of the dancer beside Sherry. The new woman was simply beautiful. Her sad blue eyes belied the falseness of her smile, and she flinched and shook her head whenever a potential customer spoke to her.

Already, several of the working girls had left the stage and others had come on to replace them, but Sherry and the new girl danced on. Sherry seemed to be whispering urgently to the new woman, but Matt couldn't make out any of the words. Although he knew Sherry well enough to know something was bothering her.

The source of her agitation quickly became obvious when the owner of the club grabbed the new girl's hand, pulled her off the stage, and pushed her into the arms of a man Matt knew. The man smiled harder when the woman started to struggle. He forced both of her wrists behind her and then hoisted her over his shoulder like a sack of grain. Even over the loud thump of the music, Matt could hear the man's laughter.

Before he really understood what he planned, Matt was on his feet and heading toward the trio. The woman wriggled and kicked in terror, and it seemed to make both men laugh harder.

“Put her down, Evans,” he said to the man who’d once been a friend. Matt then turned to the owner of the club. “I’ll buy this one for the year. How much do you want for her?”

Chapter Two

Buy her? Jesus, she didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

One moment, she was about to be forcibly introduced to the duties expected from a whore, and now she had another guy haggling to buy her. When her pimp had threatened to sell her, she'd been so desperate she hadn't really considered what he'd meant.

Was she being sold into slavery?

"Sixty thousand credits," her pimp and slave trader demanded.

Her blood ran hot and cold. That was about ten times the amount she needed to get off the planet and a huge sum of money in anyone's language.

"Ten thousand," the new guy countered.

And then back and forth they haggled. Offer, counteroffer, offer.

The man still holding her over his shoulder laughed, smacked her ass hard, and threw in his own offer, and suddenly the new guy seemed the far better choice. Her heart pounding, her breathing shallow, terror still trembling through every muscle, Mikayla listened as three men chose the course of her future.

* * * *

Eighteen thousand credits! His brothers were going to kill him. Buying a whore wasn't exactly a tax deduction.

He'd almost backed away from the outrageous sums being discussed, but then he'd caught the desperate look on the woman's face and realized that going with his instincts was the right thing to do. Whatever the consequences of spending so much money, he'd

deal with them with a clear conscience. Evans would've raped the girl—even though on this planet there was no law against it—and Matt's sense of humanity wouldn't have let him walk away under those circumstances.

Strange how the farther away from Earth he and his brothers traveled the fewer human traits the people had. Considering that most here were human in a genetic sense, it was quite disturbing.

He hustled the girl out of the club with a protective arm around her shoulders. To say she looked terrified was a complete understatement, but she'd nodded effusively when her pimp had demanded that she forgo her cut if he sold her at such a low price, so she'd clearly shown a preference between him and Evans.

Matt wanted to offer her comfort but wasn't sure exactly how to do that without giving her the wrong impression. Despite his reason for coming to this club, he had no intentions of having sex with this woman.

"What's your name?" he asked as he pushed his hand into his pocket in order to resist the urge to brush her hair from her eyes.

"Mikayla," she said, looking him squarely in the eyes.

He smiled at the small flash of pride. She may belong to him in a fiscal sense, but she wasn't going to submit to him without a fight.

"Well, Mikayla, what do I do with you now?" She looked mildly surprised but wisely didn't make any suggestions. "Do you have a home? Family? Anyone you can call to let them know where you'll be for the next twelve months?"

She shook her head, her eyes wide as she processed his words. She seemed reluctant to answer, and it took him a moment to realize that if she was really alone on this planet, admitting it to a complete stranger could be a foolhardy move on her part.

She hesitated a moment longer before she voiced her lie. "Yes," she said, verbally stumbling over the word, "my fa...brothers will come l-looking for me." She nodded her head as if she'd solidified

the fake story in her mind. "My father and brothers will come looking for me," she repeated more forcefully.

Matt would bet every credit he had left, which unfortunately wasn't all that much, that she had no family to speak of, or if she did, that they had no concern for her welfare. But he wouldn't tell her. She needed the security the bogus story gave her, and he wouldn't rob her of that.

As pleasant as it sounded to have female company at their research station in the middle of nowhere, these weren't the circumstances he would've chosen.

"Well, Mikayla, let's get home so that we can get you settled in."

She glanced back at the club and then turned to follow him. That's when he realized she was still dressed in the skimpy string suit that all the dancers wore. The poor woman would be freezing. He shrugged out of his jacket and settled it around her shoulders. She quickly punched her arms into the sleeves but kept her hands curled inside the cuffs.

"Th-thank you," she managed to say through her chattering teeth.

"Is there anything you want to collect? Any possessions you want before we head home? It's quite a long journey."

She shook her head quickly, and it only seemed to confirm his earlier suspicion. If she had family, wouldn't she at least try to pass a message to one of the other dancers in case someone came looking for her?

He escorted her to his vehicle with a hand on her lower back. He didn't want to give her the wrong impression, but every protective, caveman instinct in him was demanding that he bind her to him. She was still in danger on this practically lawless planet, even with him by her side, and the sooner they got into the vehicle the safer she would be.

He opened the hatch of his modest flying pod and stepped into the vehicle behind her. His heartbeat slowed considerably as the door slid closed behind them, and his sense of urgency lowered. He helped her

into the passenger chair beside his pilot seat, but she hissed in pain when she lowered her ass onto the cushioned fabric.

“What’s wrong?” he asked.

“Nothing,” she said too quickly. If she was ill or injured, he needed to know, and he looked at her until she gave up and told him the truth. “It hurts. My ass, where he hit me,” she said, looking away like the assault had somehow been her own fault.

“Let me have a look,” he said in a tone that brooked no argument.

The obstinate woman argued, anyway. “It’s okay. It’s nothing, really. Just a bruise, I think.”

Alarm bells went off in Matt’s head. He’d heard the slap Evans had given her when she’d been struggling over the man’s shoulder but hadn’t really given a thought to how hard it must’ve been for the sound to be heard clearly over the loud music.

“Mikayla,” he said, grabbing her chin as she tried to look away, “I need to check before we leave the city. There’s no medical assistance at the station, so if you need a doctor, I need to know now.”

She looked embarrassed but let him help her to stand and then turned away and bent forward slightly so that he could inspect the injury. It didn’t occur to him that he basically had his face pressed against her pussy until the strings of her outfit shifted and the tender, swollen flesh of her slit was exposed.

Trying to remind himself that he was looking for injuries, Matt gathered the strings and moved them aside so that he could see her ass cheek more clearly. What he found doused his small spark of desire faster than a dozen cold showers.

Evans’ abuse had left a large, red handprint on Mikayla’s ass, and the welted skin looked raw and painful. The beginnings of what looked to be a huge, black bruise seemed to align with a ring or some other type of jewelry. Matt wouldn’t put it past Evans to have turned a large, ornate ring into the palm of his hand just so his blow would hurt her more. Every primitive emotion roared at Matt to go find the guy and pound him into the concrete.

But he resisted the urge. Barely. He had to get the vehicle into the air before he did something mighty stupid. Even if he locked her in the pod while he tracked down the asshole who'd hurt her, he couldn't guarantee her safety. Starting a bar fight might just be enough to land him in the lockup for a while, and he couldn't risk leaving Mikayla alone for so long.

He reached for the first aid kit and set to work.

* * * *

The man's warm hands slid over the heated flesh of her bottom as he soothed some sort of cool gel over the sore area. It felt weird to have a total stranger touching her in this manner, but for some reason, this man didn't frighten her the way the other had.

Although, considering that he'd just paid an enormous amount of money for her on a planet where women had virtually no rights, her problems could just be beginning. She'd gone to the club with the hope of earning enough money to get home, but that certainly wasn't going to happen now.

Terror of the unknown had her heart pounding uncomfortably again, but the man's gentle touch and deep, comforting words went a long way to keeping her from hysterics. She wasn't usually the overexcited type, but considering that she was basically a slave on this planet, she figured she was entitled to a moment or two of panic.

The man finished his ministrations, helped her back into his jacket, and then buckled her into the seat. The sting on her tender flesh was far reduced, and she looked up to him gratefully.

"What happens now?"

His eyes flared a moment, and he mumbled, "I have no idea," as he moved to take the pilot's seat. Mikayla didn't have a clue what he meant by that. She looked at him, knowing that her fear was very clear in her eyes, but she was unable to hide it.

When he caught sight of her expression, he leaned over and touched her face with a callused fingertip. “It’s going to be all right. We just need to get back to the station and talk with my brothers.”

“Brothers?” she asked in a squeaky voice.

Being purchased that way had been completely humiliating, but a part of her had rejoiced at being a whore to only one man. It wasn’t exactly what she’d planned, but it sure as heck beat the idea of being a whore to a dozen different men a night.

“How many brothers do you have?” She barely managed to force the words through her tight throat.

“Seven. Well, six plus me,” he said absently as he started the engine and lifted the small pod craft into the air. Seven? She could handle seven, couldn’t she?

“So...so after the year is up, what happens? Will I be able stay on to earn enough to catch a flight home?”

He grimaced and looked a little upset.

“I’m not sure. We’ll discuss it with my brothers when we get home.”

Mikayla slouched a little lower in her seat. She knew the laws on this planet were fucked up, especially where women were concerned, but the one she understood very clearly was that a woman was always paid for sex—consensual or not. Some of the girls at the club had come here simply because the money was good. Whoring was a dangerous business on most planets, but at least on this one the law made sure a woman got paid.

“Where do you live?”

Chapter Three

Matt glanced over to the woman in the seat beside him. She'd asked several questions, but the one that irked him was the one she hadn't asked. She still didn't know his name, and it was starting to bug him. He didn't want to be treated like some sort of hero for rescuing her from Evans, but it would be nice for her to at least *want* to know his name.

"How long have you been on the planet?" he asked, deliberately ignoring her question.

"Six days," she mumbled softly.

"So you came here to make your fortune and what? Changed your mind?"

"No," she responded angrily. "I came here with a...uh...friend and h-he left without me."

At first, Matt thought she was trying to lie again, the way she had when asked about family, but a quick glance to his right proved that she was upset rather than being deceitful.

"Explain," Matt ground out through clenched teeth. Thinking she was a whore who'd changed her mind was one thing. Seeing her as a victim of some man's malicious actions was another.

"What's to explain? He said he loved me, promised me the world, and at the first sign of trouble, dumped me."

Matt suspected that her lover had planned things a little more callously than she was seeing. There were no tourist-type attractions on this planet. The people here were mostly miners, and the town consisted of only the facilities required to keep the small community

functioning. That's why there were only a few women. The only employment opportunity they had was whoring.

But for a man who claimed to love Mikayla, dumping her on this planet seemed premeditated, perhaps even planned from the beginning. Matt had more questions but decided they could wait. She was obviously upset.

Her story, however, changed every partially formed notion in his head. He'd had a half-baked idea of sharing her services with his brothers. At least that way he could sort of justify the expense, but discovering that she'd neither planned nor chosen this line of work put a damper on his strategy.

What the hell was he going to tell his brothers?

* * * *

She watched out the window as the landscape changed. Snow seemed to cover everything until there was nothing but white, and still they moved farther into the ice fields.

"Where do you live, again?" she asked nervously.

"See that black dot on the horizon? That's our research station and living quarters."

She squinted but could barely make out the smudge in the distance. It seemed that everything was made of white at the moment, and she wondered how this guy even knew where he was going. *This guy?* God, she didn't even know his name.

"What's your name?" she asked and then, because she wasn't quite sure of the protocols between a whore and the man who'd paid for a year with her, added, "What should I call you?"

"My name is Matt. Just call me Matt," he said, sounding very irritated.

Uncertain what had sparked his anger, Mikayla chose to sit quietly and tried to pretend she was invisible. The last six days had been emotionally exhausting, and despite her fear of what was to come, she

felt her eyelids close. A small inner voice screamed at her that she should stay alert, but it was drowned out by her trust in the man beside her.

Despite his irritation, Mikayla felt certain that Matt would not hurt her, so when her eyes closed again, she couldn't find the will to stay awake any longer.

* * * *

Matt glanced over at the sleeping woman. She looked exhausted, and he didn't have the heart to wake her, but he wasn't sure how she would react to being carried off the flying pod. As soon as he opened the door, his brother John stepped up to the opening.

"About fucking time you returned. I should've come with you. Changed my mind only minutes after you left, so I thought I'd head into..." His words trailed away as his gaze landed on the woman sleeping in the passenger seat. He turned to Matt with a wide grin. "You bought takeout?"

Matt didn't even know he was going to do it until his knuckles connected solidly with his brother's nose. John staggered back a step but thankfully didn't raise his fists. God, what had he been thinking? As crude as John's words were, he wasn't really out of line. Matt had gone into town to buy a whore's services for a few hours. The fact that he'd returned with a woman in tow would've seemed completely natural.

John eyed him angrily but waited for an explanation. Shaking his head from side to side, Matt held up his hands and started with an apology.

"Sorry, John, that was out of line, but things are complicated."

"Complicated how?" John asked as he watched Matt suspiciously.

"Complicated as in she's not really a whore. Her boyfriend dumped her on this planet and left."

“So you’re what? Helping her out? Why bring her here? Why didn’t you just put her on the next transport home?”

“Yeah, well, that’s where it gets complicated.” Again, John eyed him suspiciously. There was less than a year between them age-wise, but John always managed to make Matt feel like the much younger sibling. He squirmed under his brother’s scrutiny. “I had to buy her for a year.”

“But you said she wasn’t a whore.” His brother looked confused. Rightly so.

“She isn’t. I think it was her first time, and Evans—you remember that sadistic prick?—grabbed her and was going to rape her, and I kind of reacted on instinct.”

“How much?”

Even though Matt had known the question was coming, he sure as hell didn’t want to answer. He braced for the reaction he probably deserved as he said the amount out loud. And, of course, John did the last thing Matt expected. John laughed.

“Pretty good price, but she should’ve earned enough to be able to afford...” His voice trailed off again when he looked at Matt. “Damn,” he said quietly, “she didn’t get her cut.”

Matt nodded, unsure he wanted to tell his brother that she had forgone her commission voluntarily. But it didn’t seem fair to let her pimp take the blame, so he explained in as few words as possible and waited for John’s reaction. Fortunately, John was a reasonable man and nodded his acknowledgement.

“I suppose we better figure out where she’s going to sleep and what she’s going to do while she’s here. The twins have been asking for help for a while now. I guess we could find something for her to do. Does she have any skills?”

Matt shook his head. If he were to be completely honest, he knew very little about the woman other than she seemed to have no experience working as a whore and that she probably had no family. Not much considering he’d just brought her to their work and living

quarters in the middle of nowhere. A couple of plots from horror stories popped into his head, but he quickly dismissed them.

She was exactly what she seemed—a woman who needed their help and protection—and he would find a way to do both somehow.

“You gonna wake her?” John asked as he stepped closer to the sleeping woman.

Matt hesitated. He didn’t really want to wake her. He’d rather carry her to his room, but she was still a frightened woman in a strange place, and waking up while he carried her could make things far worse.

“Mikayla,” he said softly. She didn’t stir. “Mikayla,” he said a little louder and this time touched her shoulder. Still no reaction. “Mikayla!” he called in exasperation and clapped his hands together, “time to get up.” Nothing.

John made an annoyed noise and shoved Matt aside. He unbuckled Mikayla’s seat harness and then bent to lift her into his arms. She snuggled against him for a moment and then seemed to fall back into a deep sleep.

John sent Matt a pointed look and then asked, “Where to?”

“My room,” Matt said without trying to analyze why it was so important to him that she sleep in his bed. He had no intention of sleeping in there with her, so he really had no logical explanation. John raised an eyebrow, but Matt just shrugged. “I’ll sleep in the lab.”

His brother gave him another assessing look and then turned to step out of the vehicle.

* * * *

John carried her all of fifteen feet before he realized that he had an erection. Even knowing that she wasn’t here as their private concubine didn’t seem to lessen the arousal he felt. Considering that Matt had punched him in the nose for assuming she was a prostitute,

he didn't even want to imagine how Matt would react to him panting over the woman.

In his defense, he had been heading into town to scratch his itch, so he was already feeling horny. But if he was to be truly honest with himself, he'd admit that it wasn't just any woman he was feeling arousal for—it was the woman in his arms. Good thing he was comfortable with denial because he sure needed a bucket load about now.

Maybe he should deposit her in his brother's bed and then do what he was going to do earlier and hop on the pod and head into town. He lifted the woman higher against his chest, and she sighed and placed a hand over his heart, and he knew then and there that he wouldn't be going anywhere. This woman called to him in ways he couldn't explain, which was kind of ridiculous considering that they hadn't actually met yet.

John smiled. Denial was a wonderful thing, he thought as he finally managed to convince himself that the attraction was just a physical reaction to her proximity.

As he lowered her to the bed, he was feeling pretty impressed at his ability to talk himself out of just about anything. That was, until she opened her eyes and gave him a sleepy smile. Then every decision he'd managed to come to somehow flew out the window, and he was lost.

* * * *

Mikayla woke in the arms of a very handsome man. He wasn't beautiful in a classic sense but attractive in a rugged, hardworking sort of way.

"Hi," she said shyly as she tried to slough off the last vestiges of sleep.

"Hello, princess."

“Are you one of Matt’s brothers?” she asked, looking around the room for Matt. She found him lounging in the doorway with a frown on his face. He didn’t seem happy with his brother. That certainly didn’t bode well for the future. If she was here to service the sexual needs of all seven brothers for a year then jealousy would make life difficult for all of them. Maybe he was just upset that John seemed to be getting first go. She shook her head to clear the silly thought. Matt seemed far more mature than that.

But then, what the hell did she know? She was in this situation because she’d believed a man’s words. She’d been proven very naïve in a most spectacular way.

The man in front of her nodded. “I’m John,” he said as he pushed that annoying curl of hair away from her eyes. “Can I get you anything?”

“Uhm,” she said, a little surprised by the question.

She’d expected to be the one serving them, so having this gorgeous man offer to fetch something for her made her heart ache just a little more. Since forgoing her commission, she’d wavered between calling herself stupid and congratulating herself on choosing the lesser of two evils. John’s actions certainly suggested that they were reasonable men who would treat her with respect despite the fact that she was essentially bought and paid for.

She was about to refuse when her stomach growled loudly. She could feel her face warming with embarrassment, but John just laughed softly, touched her cheek again, and said, “I’ll grab something for you to eat. Be right back.”

Matt stepped in the room looking tenser than he’d been only moments ago.

“When was the last time you ate?” His unwavering stare suggested he wasn’t going to let this go until he knew the truth.

“I had a bowl of soup at the club,” she answered honestly, but he seemed to sense what she hadn’t told him.

“And before that?”

“Not for three days.”

He looked so angry she wasn't sure she wanted to hear what he would say about that. John was back quickly with a bowl of something that smelled wonderful. Her stomach growled again.

“So you tried to find other ways to get home first?” Matt asked.

She nodded as she raised the spoon to her mouth. It was probably very rude to start eating while Matt was still talking, but she was so damn hungry.

“So your choices were become a whore or starve to death?”

She couldn't be sure, but she felt like that last sentence was directed more at John than it was at her. She nodded anyway.

Chapter Four

Damn. Every one of John's protective instincts kicked into overdrive. She truly was an innocent in a bad situation.

"I need to talk to Peter and the twins, but we'll figure out a way to get you home, okay?"

She glanced at him fearfully, and he wondered what the hell was going on. She wanted to go home, didn't she?

"But...", she glanced at Matt over John's shoulder, "but Matt paid for twelve months."

John relaxed a little as he realized her train of thought. Even as uncomfortable as she seemed at the idea of servicing their sexual needs, she had fully expected to be held to the agreement.

John moved to sit on the bed beside her and smiled reassuringly. "We'd rather get you home safely. Don't worry about the money."

"But, I, uhm, the least I can do is pay you back."

He was about to dismiss her words when he noticed the stubborn tilt of her head and clenched jaw. The woman seemed to have pride in abundance. Not something he had recent experience with, to be honest. All of the women he had known on this planet had been whores, so pride wasn't really something they'd advertised. They may have possessed the quality, but they'd never shown it to him.

John glanced at his brother and saw Matt's decision clear in his eyes—Mikayla was going home tomorrow, and no one was using her as a whore. John dipped his head in acknowledgement.

"Okay, how about we call it a loan. We'll get you home, and you can pay us back when you're settled."

Mikayla nodded as tears gathered in her eyes. She blinked rapidly, refusing to let them fall, and somehow that simple action made her a hundred times more appealing. He half-stumbled to his feet, managed a mumbled good-bye, and left the room in a hurry. His brother had bopped him in the nose once already today. There was no predicting what Matt might do if he noticed the raging hard-on John suddenly had for the woman they'd both just agreed they wouldn't touch.

* * * *

Matt stepped closer to the bed after his brother's hurried retreat. He'd only seen John blush like that once. They'd both been fifteen and flirting with a girl two years older. In fact, if memory served him correctly, John had made an exit not dissimilar to the one they'd just seen.

"Is he okay?" Mikayla asked.

"He'll be fine." He didn't want to talk about his brother, but then that really didn't leave him with much to talk about. They'd already agreed to send her home as soon as possible, and once Matt and John finished explaining the enormous amount of money he'd spent and why, he was certain that his brothers would help her in any way possible.

Before he could think of a conversational topic, she asked a question of her own. "Whose bed am I in?"

"Mine," he said with no small amount of discomfort. He wanted her in his bed—only for sleeping—but couldn't really explain why. Not even to himself.

She shuffled to the edge of the bed, the empty bowl balanced precariously in one hand as she tried to slide off the mattress without moving the strings that partially hid her femininity. Mikayla looked very awkward, but eventually she growled in frustration, gave up the attempt at modesty, and clambered off the bed.

He tried not to look, but he was human after all, and technically he'd already seen the smooth skin of her hairless pussy, so it didn't really hurt for him to see...And he couldn't keep the inner dialogue of excuses going. He should've turned away, simple as that. His mothers would've both been appalled at his lack of manners.

"Where should I put this?" she asked as she looked around the room. The string tassels had fallen back into place, but she tugged on the waistband of his jacket in a futile attempt to stay covered.

He turned to his wardrobe and grabbed a T-shirt. It would be way too big for her, probably hang to her knees, but the caveman in him wanted her in his shirt. God, when had he gotten so territorial? The woman didn't belong to him. They were sending her home. End of story.

"I have to go," he said more harshly than he intended. Trying to ignore her startled expression, he pointed to the door at the left of the bed. "Bathroom's over there. Get some sleep."

And with that, he practically ran out of the door.

* * * *

"He bought her home?" Peter asked, not even trying to hide the surprise in his voice. The story John was telling him sounded so out of character for their brother Matt that he kept wondering if John was playing a joke on him. Matt was always the quiet, serious one who never made a decision without considering all the angles. But then again, Matt did have a soft heart, no matter how much he tried to deny it.

"He wants to get her on the next transport to her home planet, but he basically cleared out his bank account buying her," John said.

"Why did he pay for a whole year? Couldn't he have saved money and just paid for a week?"

John rolled his eyes at Peter's words, and again Peter was left to wonder just how little he understood about this planet. Since they'd

accepted this survey contract eight Earth-months ago, he'd spent pretty much every moment working. Unlike his brothers, who made regular runs into town for supplies and whores, Peter hadn't even left the station.

His monk-like existence had often been the subject of good-natured ribbing, but simply put, women were trouble, and Peter had lived through enough trouble for one lifetime.

"Matt needed to pay for a whole year in order to settle her contract with her pimp. Without that he wouldn't have been able to bring her here."

Peter nodded his understanding, choosing to ignore his brother's exasperated tone of voice. "So he wants us to pay her ticket home?" John nodded again, and this time, Peter nodded with him. "Sure, no worries. Just let me know how much and I'll do a bank transfer."

"Thanks," John said as he turned to leave the room.

"Have you spoken to Brock and Lachlan yet?"

John froze midstride and turned slowly to face Peter. Peter could read the answer on his brother's face even before he spoke the words.

"They're not due back for another week. I think maybe we can handle this without involving them."

Peter grinned at John's carefully chosen words. It was no secret that John and Brock clashed over just about everything. They were practically complete opposites. John was an enthusiastic people person, and Brock...well, Brock simply wasn't. Brock had been called many things over the years, but brooding and intense seemed both accurate and inadequate at the same time.

Lachlan was almost as intense as Brock but somehow seemed more approachable, more human. Where Lachlan was comfortable in almost any situation, Brock did almost anything to avoid social gatherings.

Ironically, Peter got along better with Brock than any of his other brothers.

“Okay,” Peter said, trying to hide his grin, “but you’ll need to hurry. I expect the snow season earlier this cycle, and the data I’ve been collecting suggests that it could be a rather severe winter. We’re liable to be isolated for a lot longer than we first thought.”

John nodded sharply then left the room. Despite his determination not to even think about her, Peter found himself wondering about the woman currently occupying Matt’s bed. Would she prove to be as much trouble as the last woman he’d spoken to?

* * * *

“Hello, sweetness,” a deep voice said as she struggled to wakefulness. “Time for breakfast.”

The delicious aroma of something that smelled like bacon had her stomach growling loudly, and her eyes popped open. She blinked several times before she realized she wasn’t seeing double.

“Finally,” the man closest to her said with a huge grin on his face. “We were beginning to think you’d sleep the day away. Hungry?”

She nodded, wondering why she wasn’t scared of these two men. Maybe it was the familial similarities between them and Matt that put her mind at ease, or maybe it was the fact that Matt had promised that he and his brothers would protect her. Whatever the reason, it certainly was nice not to wake up frightened.

The previous three nights had been the most harrowing of her life.

“Oh, darlin’, what’s that look for?”

She shook her head, not sure how to answer. It probably wasn’t a good to start a conversation with, *I’m really happy I’m not scared of you*. She settled for, “I’m Mikayla, and you two are?”

It probably sounded rude coming out of her mouth like that, but they both broke into identical smiles and laughed easily.

“I’m Ryan, and this ugly fellow beside me is my twin brother, Ty. I told him to let you sleep, but he insisted that you be woken as quickly as possible.”

“Why?” she asked, trying really hard to wake completely.

“We just wanted to say hello to our new houseguest before Matt whisks you back to town and onto a transport home,” Ty said with a big smile on his face.

“I’m going home today?” She couldn’t really decide whether she was happy to hear that or not. Home hadn’t exactly been a positive experience. It was, after all, where all this had begun. With no family or close friends to guide her or question her reaction, she’d fallen far too easily for a man who’d turned out to be nothing like he’d pretended. She hadn’t even considered what she might do if the man who claimed to love her changed his mind.

Nope, as much as she’d wanted to go home yesterday, today, staying here in Matt’s bed, surrounded by men who hadn’t yet asked anything of her, seemed like the far better choice.

She didn’t even realize she was crying until Ryan and Ty sat on either side of her and wrapped their arms around her in a comforting hug.

“What’s wrong, darlin’?” Ty asked as he smoothed the tears from her face.

She shook her head, embarrassed to admit even to herself that the idea of being a paid whore to seven decent men was preferable to going back home to the problems that had been the cause of her current mess.

“Don’t you want to go home?” Ryan asked, leaning closer.

She’d always been a pretty lousy liar, so she didn’t even bother. Heat creeping up her neck and over her cheek bones, Mikayla shook her head and tried not to cry harder.

“So what do you want?” Ty asked in a kind voice.

“I’m sorry,” she said as she tried to grab hold of her emotions. Her problems were not theirs to solve. Matt and his brothers had already been more than generous. Despite the fucked-up laws on this planet, not one of the brothers had insisted she live up to the payment Matt

had made for her. "I should just go home. I'm sorry for causing you so much trouble. I'll...uhm...pay back the money as soon as I can."

"No need to panic just yet, sweetheart. There's a big storm coming that should ground all pod flights for at least a week, maybe more." Ryan glanced over at his brother, and the two of them shared some sort of wordless communication.

"That's right," Ty said, grinning. He stood and then held his hand out for her. She took it hesitantly, not sure what they were up to but willing to listen. "If we can keep you occupied for," he grinned and glanced at his wrist despite the fact he wore no watch, "say six, seven hours, then the storm will be upon us and you'll have to extend your stay at our lovely research facility."

"What do you say?" Ryan added with a waggle of his eyebrows. "Wanna play hide and seek?"

"Uhm...sure," she said even though she wasn't really sure at all. She wanted to stay, but she also didn't want to upset Matt. He'd gone to a lot of trouble to get her homeward bound, and she didn't want to ruin his efforts.

Ryan seemed to understand her dilemma and whispered conspiratorially, "Matt wants you to stay. He just doesn't realize it yet."

She nodded, sincerely hoping it was true, and then let Ryan and Ty lead her from the room.

Chapter Five

“Where the fuck is she?”

John noticed Matt’s growled words rang clearly over the loud thud from the door hitting the wall. Hell, the guy was in a serious temper.

“Mikayla?” John asked quite stupidly. Of course Matt meant Mikayla. She was the only *she* on the base—well, except for the creatures they’d been studying. “Is she missing?” John shook his head and mumbled an apology for the inane question. Matt would not be looking for her otherwise.

“Yes,” Matt managed to force out through clenched teeth. “She was in my room sleeping, and now she’s gone. Peter says we have a snowstorm rolling in, and if I don’t leave in the next hour or so, she’s going to be stranded on the base.”

“What about you?” John asked as he realized leaving now would strand Matt in the city until the snowstorm passed and only if it passed before full winter took hold. This planet was proving to be a contrast in extremes especially at this end of the world. Beautiful, crystal-clear summers with only slight snowfall and intense, extreme winters with heavy snowfall and frequent storms.

“I’ll sleep in the pod,” Matt dismissed easily.

“But what if...” John’s voice trailed off as he caught the desperation in Matt’s eyes. Matt needed Mikayla gone. John could see that clearly, but what he didn’t understand was why. “Maybe Peter knows where she is,” he said cautiously. “You check with him, and I’ll head down to Ryan and Ty’s lab.”

Matt nodded and left without another word. John shook his head in relief. He knew that if Matt had been thinking more clearly, he would've realized that the most likely place for Mikayla would be with the twins. They were their youngest brothers and, despite being in their thirties and accomplished veterinarians, still found time to goof off and clown around. It was exactly like them to whisk Mikayla away without letting anyone else know.

Fortunately, John's instincts had been spot-on, and he stood in the open doorway and watched Mikayla for a moment. She sat in a chair in the corner of the lab watching the video feed from an underground surveillance camera. She smiled serenely. The screen showed the den of one of the common species on this planet. The furry, hopping creature was very similar to a rabbit from Earth with a few notable exceptions—it was missing the cute, floppy ears, grew to about seven times the size of an average bunny, and was a ruthless carnivore. But on the screen, without an understanding of its size, it did look quite rabbit-like the way the mother cared for her young. John just hoped it didn't choose this moment to devour her babies, which, according to Ryan and Ty, was about a fifty-fifty probability.

"Princess," he said as he entered the room, "Matt's been looking all over the station for you."

"He has?" she asked, sounding not only surprised but maybe a little fearful. "I didn't mean to upset him." She clambered out of the chair. "Sh—should I go find him?"

John laughed quietly and stepped forward to touch her cheek. He knew he shouldn't, but there was just something about her that drew him closer with every breath.

"I see you've met Ryan and Ty," he said quietly.

She smiled over her shoulder at the grinning men but nearly jumped into the air as Matt entered the room.

"Mikayla," he growled, "where the hell have you been?"

Before she could say anything, Ryan stepped into Matt's path and answered calmly, "We've been showing her around the station."

Matt looked like he was trying to rein in his temper, and even though John knew Matt would never take his anger out on Mikayla, he stepped closer to her and placed a comforting hand on her shoulder. She seemed both relieved for his support and very nervous about something. Despite the fine shiver he could feel running through her entire body, she seemed determined, as well.

"There's a storm coming, so we need to leave now," Matt said, sounding for all the world like a man at the end of his rope.

"I don't want to leave." The softly spoken words took John by surprise but seemed to leave Matt completely speechless.

Needing to know the answer to Matt's next question even though the man hadn't yet asked it, John turned to Mikayla and asked, "Why?"

She shrugged and said, "I feel safe here, and, well, Matt paid a lot of money to rescue me, and the least I can do is fulfill my end of the contract."

"You *want* to be a whore?" Matt asked, managing to sound angry, surprised, and maybe a little disappointed all at the same time.

Mikayla nodded and crossed her arms aggressively as if preparing for battle. John couldn't help admire the woman's courage but was even more astounded by his brother's reaction.

"Honey," Matt said as he stepped closer to Mikayla, "it's okay. We've all agreed that the money is a loan. You can pay us back whenever you like. The important thing is that we get you home."

"No," she said very clearly.

John smiled as he realized the anger in her voice was quite possibly a match for Matt's. Very interesting.

"What do you mean no?" Matt seemed to want to say more, but Mikayla's belligerence appeared to leave him speechless.

"I mean no as in I don't want to go back to Earth. I wasn't safe there. How do you think I ended up here?"

"So you'd what? Rather spend the next year being a paid whore to seven men?"

“No, I’d rather stay here with you and your brothers,” she countered.

John almost laughed at her sassy attitude but decided the wiser choice would be to keep quiet. He could still feel a little swelling from yesterday’s punch from Matt.

“You have no idea what you’re asking for,” Matt said dismissively and tried to reach for her hand.

She took a step back, pulling her hand away from his. “Of course I do,” she said angrily. “Sex with seven men I know is far better than whoring at the club for a dozen different men every night and sure as hell an improvement over giving it away in the name of love to a man willing to dump me on this godforsaken planet.”

John knew the story from Matt, but hearing the anguish in her voice as she said it made the whole thing a lot more real. Hell, he couldn’t even imagine what it would be like to be betrayed so callously. He glanced at Peter, knowing that of all of them he would be the one to understand.

John gathered Mikayla in his arms and stared at his brother. Matt glanced at Ryan and Ty and then over his shoulder at Peter before throwing his hands up and giving Mikayla what she wanted.

“Fine, you can stay for the duration of the snowstorm. On your knees.”

John felt Mikayla stiffen in his arms and gave her a reassuring squeeze before loosening his hold. He knew this was Matt’s way of testing her, and John realized it was necessary. She really had no idea what she was getting herself into. If a few orders from Matt were going to change her mind, then it was probably good for her to know now while she still had a chance to catch the transport back home.

She looked nervous but did as Matt said. Clearly agitated, Matt motioned for John to step back and then slid his hand into Mikayla’s curly hair. He used his grip to lift her face up to him and spent a moment simply staring at her.

* * * *

Mikayla could barely breathe, a combination of adrenaline, fear, and arousal rendering her speechless. She could see what Matt was doing. He was trying to scare her into leaving, so she was more determined than ever to succeed at what he was demanding.

Surprisingly, the hand in her hair pushed her excitement higher. Her ex had ordered her around, but he'd never had anywhere near the impact those three little words and Matt's hand in her hair caused. She shivered with desire as he pressed his thumb to her lips and pushed the thick digit into her mouth. She closed her lips around him and watched as his eyes darkened. He pushed his thumb into and out of her mouth as he spoke.

"I like to be in control," Matt said as she used her tongue to lave the underside of his thumb. "And John here, he likes to fuck a woman's mouth, holding her head between his hands so she can't escape." He pushed his thumb deeper, deliberately hitting the back of her throat. She barely controlled the urge to gag, but his dark words still pulsed through her. "Now, Peter prefers to take a woman from behind. He'll just bend you over any convenient surface and fuck you until you cry for mercy." He lifted her to her feet effortlessly and pushed her facedown over the nearest bench.

Matt's warm hand pushed the T-shirt up and slid over her ass, grazing the moist lips of her pussy. She gasped as he teased the folds open but didn't actually penetrate her vagina. "And Ryan and Ty, they like to share."

She grunted as he pushed his thumb deep into her pussy. She could already feel her muscles fluttering with excitement. He wiggled the digit, withdrew it, and then pushed two fingers into her slit. He fucked her with his fingers until she thought she'd go mad with need. She squirmed against the bench, trying to ease her arousal, but his big hand held her pressed against the hard surface.

“Now the thing about sharing,” he said casually as if they were having a civilized conversation, “is that Ryan will want to fuck this pretty pussy while Ty takes your ass.”

Matt pressed his thumb against the rosette of her ass, and she couldn't help but press back against him. He pushed the thick digit into her anus, and she rocked against his fingers, needing, aching, wanting what his dark words promised.

His fingers and thumb fucked her pussy and ass as her whole body quivered and tingled. One touch of her clit and she'd be screaming her release. She panted, waiting, hoping he'd finish what he started but fearing this might have been part of his test.

“And that's all before you meet our brothers Brock and Lachlan. They're both Doms. Do you know what that means?” He didn't wait for her to answer. “It means they like to tie their women down and whip them before fucking every single hole. This bruise on your ass is going to feel like a feather compared to what Brock and Lachlan are going to do.”

She shivered with a touch of fear. Matt was trying to scare her, trying to get her to leave—and possibly succeeding—but then she saw Ty wink and realized that Brock and Lachlan weren't the ogres Matt was making them out to be. She'd read books of Doms and subs before and believed that it was usually about mutual satisfaction, not the sort of torture Matt described.

Matt's fingers stilled in her ass and pussy. “Ready to go home now?” he asked quietly.

“No,” she said breathlessly. His fingers started moving again, and she moaned at the delicious sensation. “I want to stay,” she said more firmly even though orgasm beckoned. Just one more thrust, one touch of her clit, one more intense sensation...

Matt slapped her ass, and the sting went straight to her womb. She whimpered as her climax swept through her, her legs stiffening, her back arching, her pussy and ass pulsing around his fingers. Matt continued to press into her, his other hand stroking soothingly down

her spine. She sighed as warmth flowed through her tired limbs and then sighed again when Matt withdrew his fingers slowly.

He seemed to be breathing as heavily as she was, and she tried to stand up, wanting to give him whatever he needed to experience the same sort of intense pleasure he'd just given her. But he held her down and wouldn't let her move.

She got the impression he was silently conferring with his brothers, and then he said tiredly, "Fine. You can stay until the storm is over. Then if you still don't want to go home, we'll figure out something more permanent."

He left the room without a backward glance.

* * * *

John watched his brother's painful looking gait as he walked from the room. Poor guy. Making a haughty exit while sporting the mother of all hard-ons was not an easy task. He glanced down at his own erection and then over to the woman who'd caused it. Hell, the woman was hot. She'd not only taken everything Matt had said and done, but she'd thoroughly enjoyed it.

He saw Ryan and Ty smile happily but noticed that Peter wasn't in the room. John wasn't sure when Peter had left but would bet a dozen credits it was before Mikayla's stunning climax. John made a mental note to get to the bottom of Peter's problem, but first he needed to deal with one very exhausted woman.

He made it to Mikayla's side before either of the twins.

"Come on, princess," he said as he helped her to stand and steadied her when she seemed to wobble. "Let's get you cleaned up and back to bed."

She nodded tiredly and leaned against him. She stumbled a step or two, so John lifted her into his arms and carried her the rest of the way to his quarters.

He helped her to strip off the T-shirt, and after more effort than he would've thought necessary, he managed to untangle her from the string outfit. It was the same outfit all of the whores wore at the club he and his brothers visited when the need took them, but for some reason, he didn't like Mikayla wearing it.

Matt may have paid for her to be their whore for a year, but the woman had chosen to stay even when she had another option, so to John's way of thinking that didn't make her a prostitute. Semantics, perhaps, considering that she'd agreed to have sex with all of them, but John could see the distinction.

He held the despised string outfit in his hand for a moment before opening the incinerator shoot and dropping it in. Mikayla smiled, suggesting that she was as glad to see the outfit go as he was.

He helped her into the shower, showed her where everything was, and left the bathroom. Then he lay on his bed, staring at the ceiling and wondering about proper etiquette. Should he offer her his bed and sleep in his office, or should he invite her into his bed for the night?

The latter appealed far too much, and he felt the erection that hadn't quite gone down start to swell again. She was beautiful and feisty and brave, and the least he should do would be to give her the choice.

A soft sound from the doorway alerted him to her presence, and he tried to keep his libido under control as she stepped into his bedroom wearing nothing but a towel. He mentally tried to berate himself—he'd seen her completely naked only minutes ago—but it didn't seem to change the fact that he felt highly aroused seeing her wrapped in a towel.

She seemed to be nervous and unsure what to do next, so he quickly levered himself off the bed and headed toward his closet. He grabbed a clean T-shirt for her but didn't really have anything else that would fit her. He made a mental note to order some smaller clothing next time he was in town, assuming, of course, that she didn't change her mind and leave when the storm was over.

John handed her the shirt and watched, slightly amused, as she managed to get the shirt on before removing the towel. Even after the incredible display she'd given them in Ryan and Ty's lab, the woman still held on to her modesty. On this planet, that was a rare thing.

"Are you hungry?" he asked, and she nodded enthusiastically. "Okay, I'll bring you some food, and then I want you to get some sleep."

She looked like she might argue, but her words were interrupted by a huge, jaw-cracking yawn. He laughed quietly and couldn't help but brush the wayward curls from her forehead.

"Will you stay with me?"

He shook his head, unsure whether she was asking for him to stay to keep her company or to keep her *company*. "Sorry, princess. I have a heap of work to do, and you really need to get some rest."

"Can I come find you after I get some sleep?"

He smiled at her words. It was nice that she wanted to spend time with him, but he suspected it had more to do with not being left alone than with any real attraction she felt for him.

"Sure," he heard himself say, "my office is down the far end of this hall. But get some sleep first. I'll be back with some food in a minute."

* * * *

Mikayla watched John as he walked from the room. He seemed to be a really nice guy, as did Matt and Ty and Ryan. She'd seen another brother in the lab, but Matt had been busy teaching her what to expect from all of his brothers, so she hadn't had a chance to meet Peter. At least she knew his name, but she'd noticed his absence when the fog of her climax had finally cleared from her mind. She worried what that meant but tried to put the disturbing thoughts aside.

Matt had told her about Brock and Lachlan's penchant for BDSM as a way to pour fear into her and get her to leave, but the thought of

being spanked had always given her a little thrill. Just imagining what two experienced Doms could do to her sent shivers rippling up and down her spine.

Ty and Ryan might enjoy sharing, but she felt instinctively that they wouldn't do anything she didn't want and would certainly never hurt her.

If truth be told, Matt was the one she was most worried about. He'd said he liked to be in control, but she'd basically taken that away from him by choosing to stay. He didn't seem averse to sharing a woman with his brothers, but he did seem unwilling to share her.

Had she disappointed him with her choice?

She lay down on the bed, pondering all that had happened in such a short time. Less than five days ago, she'd believed herself to be in love with a man who had, for the most part, treated her well. She'd only seen glimpses of a terrible temper, but he'd always managed to pull it back under control quickly.

However, the fact that he dumped her on a planet where women were considered walking vaginas didn't really mesh with the man's previous attentions.

Why had they come here in the first place? Surely, Jet would've known something about the planet before landing. Or, at the very least, learned the truth when they'd booked into the one and only visitors' hotel. She closed her eyes and tried not to remember how trusting and foolish she had been. God, she hoped she wasn't repeating her mistakes.

She woke several hours later, surprised that she'd fallen asleep so quickly but feeling far more refreshed and relaxed than she had in a long time. A covered plate of sandwiches sat beside the bed, and she grabbed them and ate ravenously. She'd never truly appreciated a full belly until she'd had to survive with an empty stomach for so long. Food was not something she would ever take for granted again.

The sandwiches finished and her other needs taken care of, Mikayla wandered around the room for all of five minutes before

going to the door and peering into the corridor. She looked up and down the long hallway, wondering which end John had meant. With a mental shrug, she turned left, figuring that if she was wrong she would just have to double back.

She knocked on the last door, and when a deep voice called, “Come in,” she twisted the handle and went inside.

“Mikayla.” Peter looked more startled than she felt. He recovered quickly to ask, “Is everything all right? Did you need something?”

“No.” Mikayla moved into the room a few more steps. She hadn’t planned on talking to him so soon but figured she may as well get the awkward questions out of the way while she had the opportunity. “I was just wondering why you left the lab earlier.”

He looked embarrassed for a moment but shook his head and replied, “My leaving had nothing to do with you.”

“So,” she asked, trying to get answers without offending him, “you don’t mind if I stay?”

“Not at all.” He gave her a slight smile.

“But?” she asked sensing there was more to his answer.

“But I won’t require your personal services despite what Matt may have told you.”

“Oh.” She had no idea what to say after such a succinct rejection. “I’ll...uhm...just...uhm”—*Where the fuck is the exit?*—“get out of your way. Sorry t—to interrupt.”

Finally, she managed to turn toward the door and make her escape. Hopefully before Peter saw the tears clouding her eyes.

Chapter Six

Peter watched Mikayla run from his office and felt lower than a slug. She didn't deserve his hostility. She wasn't the woman he was angry with, but trying to explain his reasons for wanting to avoid her seemed an awful lot to share with a virtual stranger. Especially when he hadn't actually told any of his brothers the full story, either.

He tried to return his attention to the geological survey analysis reports but couldn't seem to get his brain to focus. Somehow, he found himself staring at the doorway through which Mikayla had fled. He really should find her and apologize.

But he sat there instead and replayed everything that had happened with his fiancée fifteen months ago. His fiancée had been nothing like Mikayla, so he could only assume it was the presence of a woman—any woman, not Mikayla—that made the memories shaper, more painful. But still, it had nothing to do with Mikayla. His fiancée's choices had been her own.

He really needed to apologize.

* * * *

John was on his feet the moment she ran through his door.

"Problem, princess?" he asked as he pulled her into his embrace.

She wrapped her arms around his waist and held on tight. Mikayla shivered in his arms for a moment and then seemed to relax slightly.

"Not anymore," she said as she sighed and leaned against him.

He wanted to ask what had happened, but it felt so nice just to hold her that he set the questions aside. After a short while, he moved

back into his chair and pulled her onto his lap. She was quiet so long he wondered if she'd gone to sleep until she finally lifted her head and looked around his workspace.

"Nice office. What do you do?"

"I handle the finances and contracts mostly. Occasionally, I help Ryan and Ty in their lab, but for the most part, I do the administration work. Basically, I'm the guy who gets to pay the bills."

"Oh," she said, seeming more interested than he would've expected. "I've always loved numbers, mathematics, bookkeeping, accounting..." She trailed off when she noticed the smile on his face. "What's so funny?"

"Nothing." He tried to control the silly grin he could feel on his face. "I've just never met a woman interested in what I do. Most people think it's pretty boring."

"Really?" She seemed surprised by his words. "I know...well, I *knew* quite a few female accountants and bookkeepers back on Earth, but I suppose that would seem strange to a man who lives on a planet like this one."

"Actually," he said grinning broadly, "my brothers and I are only here on contract—a three-year geological survey mission and environmental impact study. Once we're finished here, we'll pack up and move on to the next planet."

"So where were you born? Where did you grow up?"

He laughed at her enthusiasm, happy to indulge her curiosity. "We actually grew up on Earth. Our parents still live in a small town in Nevada, where polyamorous relationships are the norm."

"Polyam...?"

"Polyamorous. It means multiple partners living in a committed relationship." He decided she looked really cute when she was confused, but tried to explain more fully. "In our family, we have two mothers and three fathers."

"So your brothers?"

“We know which mother gave birth to each of us, of course, but our dads are brothers, so no one knows for certain whose father is whose.”

“So sharing me with your brothers...?”

“Wouldn’t bother me at all.”

She smiled and bit her bottom lip, and he felt he understood the direction of her thoughts.

She hesitated before asking another question. “Would it bother the others?”

He had a pretty good idea she was referring to Matt—maybe Peter also, but mostly Matt. “Ryan and Ty always share, and Brock and Lachlan are both Doms, so sharing a woman is fairly standard for them. As for Peter, none of us are sure of the details, but he was engaged to a woman on Earth for a while, but something happened, and he’s been avoiding any sort of emotional entanglement since. Maybe that’s something you can help him to overcome.” He said the words before he realized the truth of them. Sharing a woman as sweet as Mikayla might just be what Peter needed to heal from the hurt of the past.

“I’m not so sure about that,” she mumbled against his chest, and he gently lifted her chin with his hand so he could see her face.

“Did he do something?” John asked, a little surprised at the anger that surged through him.

“No,” Mikayla replied, shaking her head vigorously. “No, he just said that he won’t be...ah...requiring my services.”

John smiled and pulled her closer once more. “Peter may think that’s what he wants.” He shrugged, trying to convince himself to stay out of Peter’s problems, yet added, “But a few months with you around, well, I’m fairly certain you can change his mind.”

She nodded against his chest and was silent for a while. Eventually, she whispered the last question he expected. “Does it bother you that I’m a whore?”

He moved her off his lap, stood her in front of him, and gathered her hands in his own. “Mikayla, Matt may have paid a lot of money to break the contract with your pimp, but no one here thinks of you as a whore—Matt especially. We all know the circumstances that brought you to this planet. You’re a victim, not a paid whore.”

“But,” she said nervously, “I chose to stay here as a whore rather than return to Earth.”

He chuckled but quieted quickly when he saw her sad expression. “Princess, none of my brothers will ever make you do anything you don’t want to do—not even Brock and Lachlan. As Doms, they might push your boundaries or ask you to try something you’d never considered before, but they would never hurt you. None of my brothers would,” he repeated, wanting to be certain that she understood. “What did you do back on Earth?”

She looked surprised by the change of subject but answered quietly. “I worked as an administrative assistant.”

He felt himself smiling at her soft words. “Well, then,” he said, quickly sifting the details through his brain, “it would seem that we’ve found an answer to our problem. All of us have paperwork and record keeping that needs to be done. You can work as an admin assistant and filing clerk while you’re here. God knows Matt could use some help with his paperwork. The man has handwriting that looks like chicken scratch.”

She giggled as he hoped she would.

“So, princess, now that you are officially an employee and not a paid whore, what would you like to do first?”

She spent the rest of the afternoon reorganizing his filing cabinets and setting up a more efficient system. Now if he could just get his libido under control. He sighed and adjusted his cock surreptitiously under his desk. Why the hell did he desire her more now that she wasn’t here for sex? He shook his head sharply and tried to concentrate on the report in front of him.

“John, can I ask you something?”

“Shoot,” he said, trying to sound more relaxed than he felt.

“Was it true? All that stuff Matt said earlier?”

The reminder of her sprawled over the counter in Ty and Ryan’s lab while Matt finger-fucked her to an amazing orgasm was an image burned into his brain forever. He tried hard to remember what Matt had said.

“The stuff about our...er...preferences?”

She nodded, and he found himself nodding back even though thinking of her in that manner was something he really needed to avoid.

“Oh,” she said in a noncommittal tone.

He wanted to ask more but at the same time drop the entire subject. Thinking of her on her knees as his cock slid deeper and deeper into her mouth was not helping the rigid hard-on that he was trying to control.

“If I’m hired as an administrative assistant, does it still make me a whore for wanting to experience the things Matt described?”

“Absolutely not,” John answered quickly. He and his brothers regularly attended the clubs in town to scratch their itches, so condemning her for the same type of urges would be more than a little hypocritical.

“Maybe we can explore that idea one day?”

“Come here, princess.” He stood and held his arms open, and she moved into his embrace without hesitation.

He bent to capture her lips, just the lightest feathery touch, but she responded so sweetly that he dipped his head lower and claimed her mouth harder. Her tongue danced against his, her soft sigh sending all of his blood rushing south.

By the time he broke the kiss, they were both breathing hard. But he had to slow down. If she came to him, he wanted it to be by choice, not because she felt she owed him. He pulled her closer against him and smoothed a hand through her curly hair.

“Whenever you need to scratch that itch,” he said deliberately, trying to disentangle his emotions from the idea, “you just let me know.”

She nodded but then stepped out of his arms, and he mourned the loss of her warmth.

* * * *

Confused as hell by her own longings, Mikayla took another step away and then turned back to the filing cabinet. She hadn’t really meant to start this conversation, but the dark words Matt had growled in the lab still sent tingles through her body.

Perhaps the weirdest part of all of this was that she trusted the brothers—all of them, even the two she still had yet to meet—and that was translating to physical desire. Strange how the idea of working as a whore for these men hadn’t seemed at all abhorrent but the idea of sex with strangers at the club had filled her with dread. If she hadn’t been so desperate, she never would have considered the idea, but now she was grateful that her actions had led her here.

She hadn’t had sex in quite a while. Jet had told her he loved her and respected her and had treated her like a princess until he’d dumped her on this planet. They’d had sex, but after the first few clumsy attempts, Jet had declared her inadequate and avoided sex with her from then on. She’d tried to not think about the man, but in hindsight she could see quite a few inconsistencies in his behavior. In fact, his actions seemed more like those of a man trying to maneuver her out of the picture.

Jet had literally swept her off her feet—and her home planet—within weeks of their first meeting. He’d asked her to marry him, promised her a bright future, and then abandoned her on this fucked-up planet without money or transport. She’d been so hurt by his actions that she hadn’t really considered that he’d probably never felt anything for her in the first place.

Which would suggest what? That someone hadn't wanted her around?

She shook her head at the ridiculousness of that thought. She was just an administrative assistant, nobody special, so getting dragged into some sort of conspiracy theory was very unlikely. Maybe it was just what it seemed—a selfish man who changed his mind.

She tried to release the anger that thoughts of Jet and his actions sent through her. Somehow, everything that had happened had bought her here, and for that, she was grateful. She glanced over at John. He'd gone back to his desk, but judging by his rigid stillness, he wasn't having much luck concentrating. She'd felt his hard cock pressed against her belly when he'd cuddled her before, and wicked ideas started to bounce through her head. She'd never actually given a blow job before.

"John." He looked up and smiled, but he shifted in his seat awkwardly, and she suspected that his cock was still hard. His gaze darted around the room, not really avoiding hers but not really meeting it, either. "Can you teach me how you like your cock sucked?"

That got his full attention. His eyes flared and seemed to grow darker, but he smiled and said casually, "Sure, one day."

"Today?" she asked as she stepped closer to the desk.

He moved his chair back so quickly he banged his knee, but when he got to his feet it was to step away from her.

"Princess," he said in a warning tone of voice, "Matt wasn't exaggerating when he said I like it rough. You need to be really sure this is what you want."

In answer, she simply lifted the T-shirt over her head and stood before him naked.

"I'm sure," she said when he still didn't move. "I want to learn what pleases you."

He closed his eyes, seemed to count to ten, and then stepped toward her. "As long as I get to return the favor," he said as he gathered her into his arms.

Already, her nipples were beaded with desire, and she gasped as the stiff peaks brushed against the soft material of his shirt.

"Me first," he said as he lifted her onto the edge of his desk. "Lie back, princess. I want to taste this pussy."

Heat pulsed to her core, and her legs fell open in invitation. He knelt in front of her and pressed her thighs open wider. She could already feel her cream coating her hairless folds. He held her legs hard against the desk, lowered his head, and swiped his tongue up and down her slit.

She moaned at the warm, wet, glide and gasped as he licked around her clit. She could barely breathe as he used his fingers to open her lips wider and then thrust his tongue deep into her sensitive flesh.

Over and over, his tongue delved into her pussy, his fingers toying with the swollen bundle of nerves that throbbed in time with his thrusts. He licked everywhere, swirling his tongue around and around until she was close to screaming. Overwhelmed, she tried to push his head away, but he hummed against her skin, pinned her hands in one of his own, and then pushed her over that invisible edge. Her orgasm ripped through her, every muscle squeezing and pulsing as her pussy walls fluttered against his tongue.

He soothed her with gentle hands and long, slow licks against her labia. Eventually, the storm inside her passed, and she lay exhausted across his desk.

"Princess," he said as he stood and then leaned over her to kiss her mouth, "you are delicious and very, very addictive. I think I'm going to want to do that quite often."

She laughed at his silly grin and let him help her up. But instead of letting her stand, he pulled her onto his lap. She cuddled into him

for several minutes, but soon her need to give him pleasure had her climbing off him.

She stood before him, wondering what she should do next, but he seemed to understand her dilemma. He levered out of his chair then stripped off his clothing. His cock stood long and proud between them, and her mouth watered at just the idea of tasting him.

“On your knees,” he whispered. She quickly complied. With a gentle hand, he lifted her chin so that she looked up at him. “I don’t want to frighten you. If things get too intense, I need you to squeeze hard right here.”

He lifted her hand to his balls, and she cupped them gently. She didn’t like the idea, and he must’ve read it on her face because he shook his head and said, “This is the only way. If I get too intense or I’m hurting you, it may be the only way to get my attention.” She swallowed nervously but nodded her head, determined to give him whatever he needed. “You don’t have to do this,” he said again. But he read her emotions correctly because he smiled, shook his head, and said, “Okay, we’ll start slow.”

He put a hand either side of her face, gently touching her lips with his thumbs. With exquisite care, he pressed first one and then the other thumb into her mouth. She ran her tongue over the invading digits and tried to smile at the expression on his face.

He ran the rough skin of his thumbs over her teeth, the sensation strangely intimate. He watched her closely, his eyes never leaving hers as he angled his body and slid the head of his cock over her lips.

“Open for me,” he ordered in a deep voice.

She opened her mouth as wide as she could, his thumbs pressing against her jaw, forcing her wider still. His cock slid into her mouth, massaging the roof as he slid back and forth in shallow pumps. Each time, he slid a little deeper, and she suctioned her lips around him to hold him there.

But he withdrew completely, running his slickened cock against her lips once more. Still holding her jaw, he again massaged her inner

mouth with his thumbs, and she swallowed around the intrusion. His eyes darkened even more, and he pushed the head of his cock back into her mouth. She licked the pre-cum from his slit, rolling his unique taste on her tongue.

He groaned and slid deeper into her mouth. His hands gripped either side of her head as he slid farther still and hit the back of her throat. She gagged, but he held her immobile. She pushed against his thighs, struggling to breathe, starting to panic.

“Swallow,” he demanded, and she tried hard to concentrate on doing what he asked. Finally, she managed to swallow, the action allowing his cock even farther down her throat.

“Good,” he said as he slid out and then surged back in. “Again,” he commanded, and this time, she did it a little easier. He smiled and repeated the action.

Slowly, back and forth, deeper and deeper, he fucked her mouth. He held her head captured, not letting her retreat. She braced herself against his thighs and relaxed her throat further. He groaned as he slid deep and stayed there.

“Okay?” he asked, using his thumbs to smooth her hair from her eyes. She nodded as best she could around his invading cock. He smiled and then whispered, “Hang on.”

He pulled out and thrust back in quickly. She nearly gagged, but he withdrew fast and did it again. In and out, he pounded into her mouth, giving her no quarter, no reprieve. She swallowed again and again, shaking with her own desire. Giving him pleasure this way was indescribable. Even held tight in his grip, she felt powerful, in control.

“Touch yourself,” he ordered, and she lowered her hand to her clit without hesitation. She pressed against the swollen flesh, amazed to realize she was on the verge of another intense climax. Mikayla shivered as he thrust into her one last time.

“Swallow,” he said breathlessly as his cum hit her tongue and slid down her throat.

She moaned at his salty taste, licking his cock clean and still pressing hard against her clit.

He pulled from her mouth, dropped to his knees, covered her hand with his own, and forced her body into orgasm. She moaned as heat flooded every nerve ending, and her knees and hips collapsed. But John was there to hold her up, gathering her into his embrace and kissing the top of her head.

“Princess,” he said on a panting breath, “that was incredible.”

She nodded in mute agreement.

Chapter Seven

Dinner was an interesting affair. Apparently, all of the brothers gathered for the evening meal each day. Brock and Lachlan had been delayed by the storm and probably wouldn't make it home for more than another week, but even with only five of them, it was a noisy meal.

They laughed and joked with each other. The camaraderie and respect between them was very obvious, and it was quite a pleasant experience for Mikayla just to watch the five of them enjoy their meal. Soon, talk turned to her sleeping arrangements. They were good-naturedly trying to outmaneuver each other by pleading their individual cases for why she should spend the night in their beds when John explained the events of the day.

"Administrative assistant? Finally," Ryan said happily, "John really needs somebody to get him organized."

Matt looked relieved, pleased, and pissed all at once, and she couldn't even begin to fathom why. He was the one who didn't want her to stay on as a whore, so why was he pissed at her now?

She tried to make eye contact with him, but he kept glancing away. Uncertain whether to confront him in front of everyone else, she hesitated, but he took the decision out of her hands.

"I apologize for my behavior this morning," he said stiffly. All eyes turned first to him and then to her. She didn't know what to say. As far as she was concerned, he had nothing to apologize for. "I'm very sorry, and it won't happen again."

He didn't look at anyone as he rose and left the room, and her eyes sought John's, silently seeking his counsel.

“Go after him,” he said with a smile. “He just needs a little convincing.”

She smiled a little wider when she saw the twins’ surprised looks. She winked at them both, tried to ignore Peter’s indifference, and hurried out the door.

* * * *

Matt felt sick. He’d practically forced himself on Mikayla this morning. God, he was such an insensitive ass. He hadn’t even thought about offering her some other type of work. Maybe he’d been on this fucked-up planet too long because it hadn’t even occurred to him that women were capable of something more than prostitution.

Embarrassment burned through him when he thought of how his mothers would react to that.

Shit!

He had almost made it to his bedroom when she came running down the hallway.

“Matt,” she said as she got closer and slowed to a walk, “I think we need to talk.”

She smiled at him kindly, and his heart twisted just a little bit tighter. God, why wasn’t she seething with anger over what he’d done? He didn’t deserve forgiveness, so why was she even talking to him?

“I’m sorry,” he said again. “If I could take it back, I would.”

“I wouldn’t,” she said firmly. He finally made eye contact with her and was stunned to see the passion in her expression. “This morning you gave me an incredible experience. One I’m not willing to forget.”

“But—”

She cut him off with an agitated wave of her hand. “Do you think,” she said angrily, “that men are the only ones who enjoy sex?”

“Ugh, no. I...uh...” He could feel the urge to ramble and slammed his mouth shut on the rest of what were guaranteed to be poorly chosen words.

“Okay, Matt. Here’s the truth. I loved everything you did to me this morning. Loved it. You managed to make me feel more wanted and fulfilled with just a few words than anyone else has in my entire life. John hiring me as an administrative assistant means I have a chance to pay back the money I owe you.”

He shook his head and was about to say that she didn’t need to pay back the money, but she growled in frustration and looked angry enough to want to twist his ears. He swallowed what he wanted to say and stayed quiet.

“Working as an employee means that I am no longer a paid whore. Which means I am free to make my own choices.” He nodded in agreement. “Which means that if I choose to have sex with any or all of you, then it’s what I want. Agreed?”

He nodded again, this time frightened to talk lest he give away just how turned on he was feeling. Choosing to have sex and choosing to have sex with him weren’t exactly the same thing.

She seemed to notice his dilemma, anyway, because she stepped closer and laid her hand over his rapidly growing erection. “You said you like to be in control. Should I back off?”

Hell no!

He smiled, feeling a little more relaxed than he had since first meeting her. *God, was it really only twenty-four hours ago?*

“Where were you planning to sleep tonight?”

“In your bed, of course,” she replied cheekily.

He laughed and opened the door, motioning for her to go in. She stepped into his personal domain and headed for the bathroom like she belonged there. Strange how comfortable that felt.

“Do you have a spare toothbrush?”

“Third drawer,” he replied as he wandered around the room tidying a few things.

It wasn't exactly messy, and she'd been there before, but it just felt necessary for her not to think of him as a slob. He heard the water running in the shower and briefly considered joining her but decided against it. As much as he liked being in control, it seemed important that she come to him by her own free will.

She came out of the bathroom wrapped only in a towel.

His cock surged to full life again, a reaction to her nearness that he couldn't really hide. He grabbed one of his clean shirts and threw it to her. She caught it easily and looked at him for an explanation.

He shrugged. "I like seeing you in my shirts."

She suddenly looked worried and maybe a little sad, and he moved quickly to pull her into his arms. "Matt, I think I need to tell you that John and I, we...uhm...this afternoon, in his office..."

Matt smiled and smoothed a hand over her damp hair.

"I know," he said, trying not to laugh at her surprise. "It was kind of hard not to hear. The building isn't all that big."

She burrowed into his embrace, hiding her embarrassment. "But the shirt?"

"I like seeing you wear my shirt. It doesn't mean I won't share you with my brothers."

"Oh," she said, still sounding confused.

He grinned and then helped her into the clothing and led her to the bed. She lay down on her back and watched him with wide eyes.

"I'm just going to grab a quick shower," he said and then pressed a soft kiss to her lips. He lingered longer than he intended, and by the time he straightened up and moved away, his body was crying out for the relief only orgasm could bring him.

But even after the shortest shower in history, by the time he got back, she was fast asleep.

* * * *

She woke with Matt's arm around her and his chest pressed against her back. The comforting embrace did little to hide his rigid hard-on. How could he sleep with an erection like that? Was he even asleep? She tested her suspicion by pressing her ass backward and sliding his cock between the crease. He hissed and moved away slightly. She moved closer and did it again.

"Honey," he whispered, "do that once more and you are going to get so much more than you bargained for."

She giggled and did it again.

Warm, impatient hands smoothed the shirt up and over her head. His cock slid against her delicate folds at the same time his hands both gripped her breasts. He squeezed her nipples as he slid his cock up and down the slick flesh of her pussy lips. He tormented her, plumping and teasing her breasts and nipples until she was practically begging him to take her.

She pressed back against his cock, this time managing to press the head against her vaginal opening. In one long, slow thrust, he entered her fully, grinding against her as he pulled her onto his erection. He held still, seemingly content just to be inside her, and she whimpered in frustration as he went back to teasing her breasts. He flicked her hard nipples then squeezed and twisted until she was writhing in his arms. He kissed her neck and splayed a large hand over her belly, holding her still, a finger pressing against her clit, keeping her at the edge of arousal.

Finally, he withdrew slowly and then thrust deep once more. Slowly, he built the rhythm, grasping her hip with his other hand, controlling her movements. He began to rock into her, thrusting hard, thrusting deep. She panted as her excitement spiraled higher, gasping and begging as her peak neared.

But then he thrust deep one last time and held still. She growled as he went back to plucking her nipples. She whimpered as he smoothed a hand over her stomach and thighs, and she moaned when he caressed her ass. But, still, he didn't move.

“Matt,” she said with a shake in her voice.

“Shhh, honey, I’ll take care of you.”

He started over. The slow, deep thrusts, the long, lingering stops, the demanding, teasing fingers until she was mindless with need. She wanted to cry when he pulled out of her completely. He rolled her onto her back, kissed her like she was precious, and then braced himself over her prone form.

He watched her face as he entered her body, her hips lifting to meet his thrust. But again he stopped, bending low to kiss and lick her already aching nipples. He smiled when he saw her expression and then whispered, “Hold on.”

His movement was explosive. He thrust deep, hard, fast. Her body burst with sensation as he took her more thoroughly, more completely than she’d even known possible. She screamed as her climax belted through her, rocking her hips against his, keening her satisfaction as he found his own release.

She felt his cock throbbing inside of her, her vaginal walls massaging him with the aftershocks of her orgasm. He fell forward a moment, crushing her with his weight, but then rolled so that she lay on top of him, his cock still lodged deep in her body.

She must’ve fallen asleep because she woke in his arms as he carried her into the shower. Carefully, he rinsed her down, dried her off, and then tucked her into bed. A few moments later, he crawled in beside her and pulled her in his arms.

Exhaustion stole her words, so she sighed her contentment and wriggled closer.

* * * *

Ty lay in his bed, wishing that the walls in the station weren’t quite so thin. Listening to Mikayla beg for Matt to give her an orgasm was one of the most erotic things he’d ever heard. Maybe even more arousing than this morning’s encounter in the lab.

Hell, he'd almost come with the couple in the next room. Every pant, every moan, every single fucking noise had come through the wall so clearly he'd practically felt like he was right there with them.

Ty tried really hard to ignore the erection throbbing against his belly.

Earlier, John's announcement that he'd hired Mikayla as an administrative assistant had thrown cold water over his heated plans. After the lab incident, he'd busily been planning when, where, how he and Ryan would enjoy her company. It wasn't until John's words sank in that Ty realized he'd been truly thinking of her as a whore. As much as he liked her, he hadn't planned an emotional connection, and he didn't think Ryan had, either.

Maybe the best thing they could do would be to back away.

It was obvious that Mikayla had chosen John and Matt. Their brothers both deserved to be happy, so who was he to fuck that up?

He rolled onto his side, groaning as his cock slid against the coarse hair covering his lower abdomen. Clearly, his body didn't agree with the change of plans. He stroked his hand over the turgid flesh, trying to think of any other woman besides Mikayla and failing miserably. He closed his eyes, forcing an image of the last woman he and Ryan had fucked together into his mind, but the picture blurred and morphed into Mikayla.

Closing his eyes guiltily, Ty gripped his cock harder, stroking the flesh more firmly, imagining Mikayla's heavenly heat as he thrust into her willing body. Longer, harder, stronger, he dragged on the rigid flesh, gasping quietly as his release took him by surprise. Hot seed spurted from his cock, landing on his stomach and chest, some even reaching higher.

He grimaced as he realized just thoughts of Mikayla between him and Ryan turned him on more than any actual memory of another woman. Angrily, he rolled off the bed.

By the time he'd cleaned up and replaced the sheets, the erection was back. Frustrated with his own unfathomable reactions to a woman

he'd already decided he shouldn't want, he climbed onto the mattress and rolled onto his stomach, hoping the deliberately inflicted pain would deflate his cock and let him sleep.

It didn't work.

Chapter Eight

Mikayla stirred the casserole, quite pleased with her efforts. She wasn't exactly a world-class chef, but she could hold her own in the kitchen. And considering that Matt, John, and Peter couldn't boil water between them, it was probably a very good thing.

For a little over a week, it had just been the four of them on the station. Ryan and Ty had taken off the morning after she'd first slept with Matt, and she'd worried that the timing had been suspicious, especially when neither had said good-bye. But both Matt and John had reassured her that the excursion had been planned well ahead of her arrival and the twins had probably chosen not to wake her so early in the morning. She'd tried to believe that even as she'd worried otherwise.

Lachlan and Brock were due back sometime in the next few days, and she was starting to feel a little nervous and maybe a touch excited. John and Matt had told her so much about their eldest brothers she felt like she already knew them. Matt had even explained the BDSM lifestyle in greater detail, his eyes glowing with desire as he described some of the things Brock and Lachlan might want to do to her.

As weird as it seemed, even being the only woman at the science station, Mikayla worried that Brock and Lachlan wouldn't like her. She wasn't exactly a submissive person. Even when she'd been faced with prostitution as her only option for survival, she hadn't exactly gone quietly.

"Hi, Mik," Peter said happily as he walked past the doorway of the kitchen. "Smells delicious."

She glanced up to smile at him, but he'd already moved away. At least he was talking to her. The fact that he'd chosen to call her Mik, a decidedly masculine version of her name, suggested he was trying to think of her as one of the guys. She wondered if it was working for him. She'd caught him watching her a time or two and sincerely hoped that John's prediction would come true. It was obvious that Peter carried a lot of painful memories. If nothing else, Mikayla wanted at least to try to help him get over the woman who broke his heart.

After all, she was getting very good at denying what was in her own head and heart. She'd known from the beginning that she would leave when her time here was done. Somehow she'd deal with the pain and go on with her miserable, lonely life.

"Who are you?" a gruff voice asked from the doorway.

John had told her that Brock and Lachlan were big men, but he hadn't told her they were built like mountains. Two nearly identical men with full beards and wind-reddened skin stood in the doorway, crowding the small room. Mikayla suddenly felt very, very tiny.

They both looked so serious that it took two attempts to find her voice. "M—Mikayla," she finally managed to stutter.

The one on the left stepped closer, crowding her against the kitchen bench. "Why are you here, Mikayla?"

She swallowed nervously, wishing that any of the guys were here to introduce her to their brothers. The man—Brock or Lachlan, she didn't know which—came even closer, touching a rough fingertip to her face. She closed her eyes against the strangely sensual touch and tried to find the backbone she knew she had.

"I'm here to..." *Cook dinner? File your paperwork? Follow your every command?* A dozen different answers ran through her head until a naughty impulse took hold. Something, she didn't know what, was telling her that these men already knew who she was and why she was here. She smiled impishly, looked the man in front of her in the

eyes, and said, hopefully the last words he expected, "I'm here to be spanked."

The surprised look was quickly hidden, and the very serious man smiled. God, all the brothers were devastatingly handsome when they smiled. The hand caressing her cheek slid down and over her shoulder and cuffed the back of her neck. She felt trapped by that simple hold, desire melting through her as he stared intently into her eyes.

He was silent for so long that she was about to blurt out something in a nervous response. But he bent and captured her lips with his own. The soft touch combined with his hold on her neck was amazingly erotic, and she found herself opening her mouth wide, silently begging him for a more complete possession.

After too brief a moment, he pulled back and stared into her eyes again.

"Sorry, little one," he said in a tone that suggested he wasn't sorry at all, "but you don't get to make demands." She whimpered quietly as his hand massaged the back of her neck, still holding her immobile and forcing her to look into his eyes. "Although, I do find myself agreeing with the spanking part. Turn and bend over the counter."

She could already feel her juices coating her pussy and wetting her panties. Breathing hard with excitement, she turned slowly and bent over the counter. The other man walked around the bench to stand in front of her. He grabbed her hands, pulling her forward so that she was off balance, her feet only just touching the ground.

A large, callused hand smoothed her dress up to her waist and pulled her panties down to her knees. She panted even harder as the warm touch smoothed over the soft skin of her ass. Just a little bit afraid, she began to wiggle, but the man holding her hands soothed her, running his fingertips over her face and through her hair.

"It's okay, baby girl," he said in a reassuring voice. "I promise you will enjoy this."

She wanted to talk, wanted to explain her moment of fear, but all she managed was a low moan when the hand on her ass rubbed harder, chafing the skin, warming her bottom.

Her clit throbbed. Her heart pounded. Her breath stalled.

And then the first smack landed. God, she would've scrambled off the counter if they hadn't held her so tightly.

"Hey," she cried as the sting radiated down her thighs.

A second slap followed the first, and tears sprang to her eyes. Was it supposed to hurt this much?

She closed her eyes, and tried to hide her distress, but tears still leaked past her lashes. She swallowed, preparing herself for a third blow, but cried out when it hit the top of her thighs. Her lower body felt both numb and on fire at the same time, and she screamed as the next blow hit even harder.

She was fighting their hold, ready to scream for reprieve when something strange happened. Her clit started to tingle, the sensation spread across her abdomen and down her thighs. The next blow landed, but instead of pain, it just intensified the incredible feeling. She stopped trying to struggle and lay quietly, waiting in awe.

The slaps came faster now, each pushing her closer to something incredible. She gasped as two thick fingers pushed into her pussy and finger-fucked her in time with the slaps. Harder, faster, deeper, more incredible, more intense, each sensation doubled the last.

Shaking all over, her body no longer hers to control, she groaned as heat exploded through her. Being held down so tightly seemed to intensify everything. Over and over, she felt doused in molten lava, the incredible burn pulsing through her blood in waves.

She breathed hard as both men soothed her with soft touches and quiet words. She felt her skirt pulled carefully over her tender ass, but the panties were dragged off her legs. "You won't be needing these anymore, little one."

Oh, thank goodness. The mere thought of the soft material pressed against her sore ass sent more shivers pounding through her.

Still limp and exhausted, she was wondering how to get her legs stable enough to hold her up when she was gathered in a warm embrace and carried from the room. She startled when she remembered the casserole, but he must've anticipated her worry.

"Shh...Brock will take care of dinner. Just relax and let me look after you."

She did as Lachlan told her, very happy to know which brother was which. After such an incredible experience, it seemed strange not knowing. She sighed as he stepped into a room she'd hadn't yet seen.

He carried her into the bathroom, set her on top of the bench, and turned to the tub. The cool surface of the countertop felt wonderful against her heated bottom. She watched as he added some sort of salt to the water and then moved back to gather her in his arms once more. He sat on the edge of the bath with her in his lap.

She relaxed into his embrace, feeling cared for and protected in a way that she'd never really felt before. Lachlan simply held her, rocking slightly as they waited for the bath to fill.

"Lachlan," she said quietly, not actually moving in his embrace, "did you know who I was before you came into the kitchen?"

It probably sounded like a silly question, considering the way she'd reacted to both him and Brock, but a small, insecure part of her worried that they'd mistaken her for a paid whore.

"Yes, little one," he said in a deep, comforting voice. "Even when we're off base, we report in every couple of days. John has kept us up-to-date with everything that happens around here."

She couldn't see his face, but she felt certain he was smiling.

"Everything?" she asked mildly embarrassed.

"Everything," he repeated with a quiet chuckle. But then he stilled and she felt a strange tension overtake him. "What was his name? The man who dumped you here?"

She almost blurted out Jet's name but thought better of it when Lachlan rearranged her in his lap so he could see her more clearly. The look on his face suggested Jet would learn a lesson he would

never forget just as soon Lachlan located him. As much as the thought appealed to her, she didn't want Lachlan, or any of the brothers, fighting her battles for her. As far as she was concerned, Jet was ancient history.

"It doesn't matter," she said quietly then quickly added when it looked like he'd argue, "I'll never see that asshole again. And I'd rather not stir up old wounds."

It was probably a little unfair to phrase it that way because Lachlan pulled her back into his embrace like she was as fragile as spun glass. Jet's actions had bought her here, so in some ways, she couldn't really regret the whole experience—even if it had been the most frightening of her life.

A few moments later, Lachlan twisted the taps off, lifted her dress over her head, and helped her into the bath. The warm water felt wonderful on her tired muscles, and she forgot to protest when Lachlan began washing her down. His touch felt wonderful.

* * * *

Lachlan watched her eyes close as exhaustion claimed her. She was beautiful, even more so than John's descriptions had suggested. He continued to rub the washcloth over her smooth skin as he admired Mikayla's delicious body and remembered her feistiness. She'd sassed them both in the kitchen. Even knowing who they were and what they liked, she'd dared them both to follow through. Her reaction to the spanking suggested that she'd never actually had one before, and he couldn't help but respect her courage. She truly was the perfect mix of confident woman and submissive lover he and Brock preferred. When John had described her, she'd sounded too good to be true, but the reality was so much more.

He touched her face lightly, and her eyes fluttered open. She gave him the most adorable sleepy smile, and he couldn't help but lean forward and kiss those beautiful lips.

“How long did dinner have to go?” he asked as he pulled back.

Her eyes flew open, and she looked ready to leap out of the bath. He placed a hand on her shoulder to still her movement. He gazed at her, waiting for a response.

“Uhm, the casserole had about an hour to go when you and Brock invaded my kitchen.” She said it with that impish smile, and he wanted nothing more than to lock her in his room and spend the next month exploring every inch of her. But feeding her was probably important, too. He smiled as all the ways he could feed her in bed flashed through his mind. His cock swelled painfully against his pants as he thought of feeding her his erection while Brock fucked her pretty ass.

Shit.

He stood quickly, trying to think about anything but the delectable, naked beauty in his bath and grabbed a towel.

“Come on, little one. Let’s go have some dinner.”

* * * *

Peter watched as Lachlan entered the dining room with Mikayla tucked tightly against his side. She looked happy and relaxed, and for a brief moment, Peter wondered what had happened after the couple had left the kitchen. Knowing his brother, they hadn’t been gone long enough for much more than a soothing bath. When Lachlan took a sub, he spent just as much time pampering her as he did fucking her.

Peter tried to ignore the erection swelling in his pants as he helped Brock place bowls of hot casserole on the table and then turned back to the kitchen to get Mikayla’s freshly-baked bread. The delicious smell had been teasing him for almost an hour, and he couldn’t wait to taste it. He couldn’t even remember the last time he’d had something as familiar as homemade bread. It seemed they’d bounced from one ugly planet to the next for so long that the idea of going home to Earth permanently suddenly held great appeal.

He shook his head with a soft laugh. One smell of home-baked bread and he was dreaming of home and family. Visions of a woman pregnant with his child invaded his imagination, and he couldn't help but acknowledge that she wore Mikayla's face.

Fuck.

Trying to distract himself, he asked the one question he probably shouldn't have. "You okay, Mik?"

He had to hold back the smile that threatened when his brother glanced at him, clearly irritated by the impulsive question. Lachlan looked upset, pissed, and intrigued all in one expression. He even looked like he was going to answer for her until Mikayla placed a hand on his arm and answered Peter herself.

Interesting. She might have been submissive in some ways, but she wouldn't let any of them take over her life.

"Just tired," she said as she snuggled just a little closer to his brother.

Unfortunately for Peter, he knew exactly why she was tired, having walked into the kitchen just as her spanking had begun. He'd sworn at himself, his mind demanding retreat, but his legs had held him solidly in the doorway. He'd watched as Brock and Lachlan quickly bought her to an intense orgasm. He'd never understood the appeal of BDSM practices, but after seeing that, he was starting to understand.

He'd suffered a moment of pure terror when she'd gasped in pain. He'd almost gone as far as to demand his brothers leave her alone, but thankfully, sense had kicked in before he'd voiced his disapproval. He knew Brock and Lachlan well enough to know that they would never hurt a woman, and both would've been deeply wounded if he'd seemed to think otherwise. Judging by the sweet, tired smile on Mikayla's face she'd found the experience quite enlightening also.

Peter couldn't quite hide his laugh—though he tried with a discreet cough—when Lachlan attempted to feed her. She gave him a warning look, pushed his hand away, sat straighter, and grabbed her

own spoon. After a moment of startled silence, Lachlan smiled, kissed the top of her head, and then started eating his own dinner.

In an attempt to hide his reaction, Peter grabbed his spoon and shoveled in a big mouthful of too-hot casserole. *Shit*. He'd been trying to overcome the urge to laugh, not burn his bloody throat, and he grabbed his water glass. By the time he'd doused the heat, he glanced over to see Mikayla watching him with a worried expression on her beautiful face. He smiled and winked at her across the table, and she seemed to relax slightly.

Over the last week, despite his decision not to, he and Mikayla had somehow become friends. Having a woman on the base certainly changed the social dynamics, but no matter how he tried to convince himself they were just friends, the leap in his pulse and the blood flowing south certainly disproved his attempts.

He glanced over to see John watching him closely, a neutral expression on his face but a knowing look in his eyes. John knew most of what had gone on with Peter's ex-fiancée, but even he didn't know the full story.

Peter hadn't quite managed to explain the reason Jessie had left him was because he'd wanted to share her with his brothers. Once she'd learned about the lifestyle his parents enjoyed, she'd looked at him with different eyes and the fake exterior had slipped. The glimpse of the woman behind the mask she wore was a little frightening. She'd calmly agreed "to lie with his miscreant brothers"—her words, not his—on the condition that he signed over the family business and its assets to her. Basically, she was willing to sleep with them for a price, and quite a high price at that.

How ironic that Mikayla had come to them as a paid whore, yet she was the one sleeping with his brothers by choice. It seemed so bizarre that the woman he'd loved had been such a cold, calculating, money-hungry bitch and the woman he'd told himself to ignore seemed to be the one he'd been seeking.

The one thing that still held him back, however, was that she'd told them all that it was just fun while she worked off her debt—as their administration assistant, not their whore. Once she had enough money to pay Matt back and get home with some cash still in her pocket, she'd leave them. They'd finish their contract here and move on to the next planet.

And with that simple thought, Peter realized the next contract held no appeal. For the second time in a long time, he wanted more. He truly wanted the life his parents led, one of love and family, respect and compromise. He glanced around the table, imagining what a family dinner would be like with seven brothers, their wife, and half a dozen kids.

Mikayla glanced at him, perhaps surprised to see him smile, and he couldn't help wonder if his brothers wanted the same. Maybe it was something they needed to discuss. Maybe they could talk Mikayla into something more permanent.

Maybe he really could have the life he wanted.

Chapter Nine

“Come with me, baby girl.”

Mikayla tried to hide how much Brock’s big hand wrapped around her wrist affected her. It was almost as if the moment Brock or Lachlan touched her in their commanding way she went as compliant as a kitten in its mother’s mouth.

She laughed at her silly imagery, and Brock gave her an inquiring look.

“Sorry,” she said, barely managing to hold back the giggle.

“Sorry, what?” he demanded sternly.

She had no idea what he meant, so she shrugged slightly and tilted her head in question. “Sorry, Brock?” She phrased it as a question and breathed out in relief when he smiled.

He ran the back of his hand down her cheek, and the unexpected tenderness in his gaze brought tears to her eyes. “That’s right, baby girl. Normally, I’d want you to call me Sir, but with so many brothers, I’d rather know that you remember who you’re with.”

She nodded in understanding. She’d worried the same thing herself, but the brothers had all been so different in their lovemaking that she’d had no trouble remembering.

Brock led her to his room located next door to Lachlan’s. She barely had time to glance around before he lifted her dress over her head and gave her another order.

“Hands behind your back.”

She did as he said, shaking a little from both excitement and fear of the unknown. He helped her to lace her fingers together, and with

his warm palms massaging her shoulders, he encouraged her into a kneeling position on the floor.

“Do you know anything about BDSM, baby girl?” he asked as he sat on the bed in front of her.

She shook her head and answered, “Only that I seem to like being spanked.”

He grinned and leaned forward to touch her face. “Yes, you do,” he said very seriously, “but enjoying a spanking and being a good sub aren’t really the same thing.”

She looked at him with a million questions running through her head. He smiled and rubbed a callused thumb over her lips.

“First rule of a good sub is to keep your gaze down.”

Surprised by that remark, she stared into his eyes for maybe three seconds before it occurred to her she was doing the exact opposite of what he expected. “Sorry, I—”

“Second rule is to never talk unless answering a direct question.”

She closed her mouth, biting her tongue to control the urge to speak out. Doubt began to drill through her. She’d grown up on Earth where men and women were considered equals, and the idea of being less than that was not very palatable. Suddenly, she found herself wondering if she could do this at all.

“I can see the doubt in your eyes, baby girl.”

She tried to look down, but he still held her chin with his fingers, and he refused to let her break eye contact. She wanted to blurt out again that she was sorry but at the last moment remembered that she wasn’t supposed to talk. Her vision blurred as she struggled to find a way not to disappoint him.

“I—I’m sorry,” she stuttered out before realizing that despite reminding herself a moment ago not to speak, she’d gone and done it anyway. She closed her eyes, but still the tears fell.

Brock leaned over, helped to unlink her stiff fingers, and pulled her onto his lap. He held her close, rocking slightly as she cried. God, as an independent, self-sufficient female, she hated tears, and yet she

couldn't seem to stop their flow. Brock simply held her, refusing to let go when she tried to leave.

The warmth from his embrace wasn't really something she wanted to give up, so she stayed where she was and cried for every fucked-up thing that had happened to her before she'd met Matt and come here to the research facility.

When she'd cried her eyes raw and her head felt stuffed with rocks, Brock carried her into the bathroom and ran a bath. He held her hand as she stepped into the warm water then left for a moment but was back quickly with a large glass of fruit juice. She drank it gratefully, the icy-cold fluid soothing her raw throat. Uncomfortable, she smiled at him shyly.

"I'm sorry," she whispered in a croaky voice.

"Do you feel better now?"

Surprisingly, she did. Brock wiped a cool washcloth over her heated face as she tried to understand why. She'd just had a full-on crying fest in the arms of a man she'd technically only just met. She should be really embarrassed but just couldn't find the energy. Mikayla smiled up at Brock, amazed to see he wore a look of satisfaction. Satisfied by what? She'd already proven she couldn't be what he wanted, so why would he seem happy about that?

He smoothed his hand over her forehead.

"Relax, baby girl, our time together is just beginning."

"But," she said, feeling thoroughly confused, "I don't think I can be what you want me to be."

"Baby girl," he said, making sure that he had her eye contact, "you are exactly the person I want you to be."

"I don't understand."

"Let me explain it this way. I want you to be all the things that you think make you a bad sub. I want you to be feisty and outspoken and confident. I know that's who you are inside, and I find it very appealing."

She wasn't quite sure where he was going with this, so she tried to keep her mouth shut. It didn't work. "How can those traits appeal to a man who wants me to bow my head and not talk unless I have permission?"

He smiled and helped her to stand in the tub and then held her steady as she stepped out.

"Simple," he said as he dried her quickly and then wrapped the towel around her. "The fact that your natural behavior is to do the opposite, when you do bow your head and stay quiet because I ask you to, it is a far more precious gift than you realize."

"So the fact that I'm not submissive is why you think I'll make you a good sub?" She gave him an assessing look, wondering if she understood him correctly.

He laughed, gathered her into his arms, and led her back to the bedroom. "That pretty much sums it up. I'll teach you everything you need to know."

Still confused but happy she hadn't disappointed him, Mikayla was about to climb onto the bed when another scary thought crossed her mind.

"Brock, I'm not sure I could be submissive in front of the others."

"I would never ask you to be," he answered very seriously. "Well, except with Lachlan. You know we like to share, right?"

"Share as in?" she asked, feeling a little more off balance. She was building relationships with all of the brothers, but she didn't think that's what Brock meant.

"Share as in play with the same sub at the same time."

"Oh," she managed to whisper, feeling very overwhelmed again. When Matt had told her Ryan and Ty would take her at the same time it had been an exciting thought, but the idea of two demanding Doms playing together seemed far more concerning.

Brock leaned over and smoothed the skin over her brow.

"Don't worry, baby girl, we'll take care of you. I promise."

* * * *

Brock held Mikayla as she slept. She'd been so exhausted from crying that she had fallen asleep almost instantly the moment she laid her head on his chest. He ran his fingers through her curly hair while he thought over the conversation he'd had with Peter earlier.

His brother had returned to the kitchen moments after Lachlan had taken Mikayla back to his room. Peter seemed especially concerned for Mikayla's emotional state, and it had taken all of three seconds conversation to realize that Peter was in love with the woman. It had taken another five minutes to realize that Peter wasn't sleeping with her.

The biggest problem was that after watching her reaction to a spanking there was no way in hell either he or Lachlan could ever back off. He just hoped that the seven of them could find a way to something that would make them all happy. Polyamory wasn't a foreign concept to any of them, but seven was a rather large number and more husbands than any relationship they'd known of growing up. Maybe there was a reason for that. Maybe seven men was four too many.

Hell, one cathartic, emotional outburst from the woman in his arms and he was already making plans for the future. *Shit.*

It's wasn't like she was the first woman to cry in his arms. As a Dom, he'd comforted many women at their most vulnerable. BDSM wasn't just about whips and handcuffs. It was also about the trust a sub placed in her Dom when she submitted. It was the part he liked most—that connection, the emotional release.

It had been far easier to read Mikayla than any other sub he'd known. She wanted to please him, wanted to please all of the brothers, and that first realization that she might fail had opened the emotional floodgates. For over a week now, she'd held herself together, refusing to give in to what she saw as weak emotions, but Peter had seen it and

made sure that Brock understood. Brock felt humbled by her trust. And Peter's.

He was almost asleep himself when Lachlan came into the room. He stood beside the bed, just watching the sleeping woman in Brock's arms for a long while before he stripped off his clothes and climbed in behind her.

Brock met his brother's eyes and realized that he'd probably heard everything from his room next door. The walls on this station were paper-thin, and in this instance, he was quiet grateful for it. At least he wouldn't have to explain every detail.

Lachlan ran his finger through her hair much the same way Brock had done earlier.

"She's the one, isn't she?"

Brock nodded. Yes, she was the woman for them both, but she also belonged to their brothers. The hard part would be figuring out how that was going to work.

Chapter Ten

She woke surrounded by warm flesh. At first disoriented by the cloudy feeling in her head and sinuses, Mikayla quickly remembered her pitiful emotional breakdown last night and wanted to do nothing more than hide her head under the blankets and never come out.

Unfortunately, the blankets were at the bottom of the bed, having been kicked off during the night. Sleeping between two massive men seemed to be a very warming experience. In fact, she doubted she'd ever be cold sleeping between these two.

"Finally, you're awake," Lachlan whispered in her ear.

He sounded exasperated, and she was about to roll over to ask why he sounded so impatient when he pressed his long, thick, very hard cock against the soft flesh of her ass. She giggled softly as he licked a wet trail up her neck and into the shell of her ear.

"Do you feel like playing, little one?"

She nodded, and Lachlan began whispering wicked instructions into her ear. She glanced at Brock's peacefully sleeping form and wondered if he really would like to be woken in such a fashion.

Lachlan helped her shimmy down the bed so that her head lay at groin level for both of them. Lachlan's hard cock bumped into the back of her neck as she wriggled into place and licked Brock's semihard dick. She sucked the soft flesh into the warm cavern of her mouth, sighing in relief as it hardened. A sleepy hand tangled in her hair and held her still while Brock rocked against her mouth.

"Oh, baby girl," he groaned breathlessly as he thrust deeper. She relaxed her throat like John had taught her and let Brock fuck her mouth slowly. "Mikayla, that feels incredible."

A deep chuckle sounded behind her, and then a strong hand gripped her hair and pulled her away from Brock's dick. "Look at him, Mikayla. He's not even awake, but he definitely knows whose giving him a blow job."

Mikayla shivered at the implications, but even as Lachlan guided her mouth to his own cock, she tried to rationalize Brock's reaction away. She was the only woman at the station, after all, so who else's name would he call?

Lachlan held her head in his hands, pumping shallowly in the awkward position, groaning when she pressed her tongue into the slit and licked out the pre-cum. Brock must've woken because Lachlan released her head and then a second set of hands gripped her and rolled her over. Brock's thick cock filled her mouth a moment later. She sucked hard on him, moaning as Lachlan's hands traveled down her spine and smoothed over her ass.

He moved lower, lifting her right leg into the air and pushing a finger deep into her pussy. She moaned around Brock's cock, the vibration tickling against her lips and tongue and transferring to his erection. He moaned in response but kept stroking in and out of her mouth in a steady rhythm.

The finger in her pussy was quickly joined by another, and she nearly screamed when Lachlan pushed in a third. His fingers were so wide that she felt stretched already. She'd tasted his cock only moments ago and knew it was even wider. She growled low in her throat as Lachlan kept the same slow, torturous pace as Brock, pushing his fingers in and out of her pussy, the muscles starting to soften, easing his way even as her excitement rose higher.

The hands on her head stilled her movements, and she swallowed around the thick head of Brock's cock just as Lachlan pushed his cock into her slit. One long, steady thrust and then they were both lodged as deeply into her body as they could go. Together, they pulled out slowly, and, together, they pushed back in. She moaned as her excitement suddenly leaped higher.

She could feel herself shaking, the fine tremors making both men groan as they began to speed their pace. In and out, harder, deeper, stronger, they pushed into her body, over and over, until she couldn't stop the shaking that overtook her. She was the verge of an amazing orgasm and dropped her hand to her clit, desperately trying to find her peak, but both men stopped moving and withdrew from her. She sucked hard on Brock's cock, but he pulled out with a loud *pop* and grabbed her hands.

"Naughty," Lachlan said as he lifted her hands over her head. "You don't get to come until we say so."

She blinked at him myopically, most of her brain focused on her own overwhelming need for climax. Brock rolled her over, transferred her hands into Lachlan's tight grip, and moved her up the bed. She found herself face-to-groin with Lachlan's glistening cock and opened wide when he pressed it against her lips. The salty tang of her own juices hit her tongue, and she gasped in surprise at the silky feel. Far more aroused now than before, she whimpered and lifted her leg in the hopes that Brock would fill her pussy the way Lachlan was filling her mouth.

Brock laughed and slapped her thigh lightly before pushing his cock hard into her with one deep thrust. She sighed as they slowly began the rhythm again. She could feel her pussy muscles pulsating around Brock's invasion, and she tugged against Lachlan's hold before she remembered she wasn't allowed to touch herself. Lachlan chuckled as he pumped shallowly into her mouth. She sucked harder, trying to pull him deeper, but he held her hands in one of his and her head with the other.

Brock did the same. The infuriatingly shallow strokes in her pussy were enough to keep her on the edge of orgasm but not quite enough to push her over. She growled in frustration, but her struggle to get more meant they gave her less. She wanted to cry when they both pulled out once again.

“Hands and knees, baby girl,” Lachlan said as he released her wrists. They both helped her into the position they wanted—Brock in front of her, Lachlan behind.

She tried to lick the cock bobbing near her face, but Brock held her away from him. She was about to scream in frustration when thick fingers plunged into her pussy, and she nearly fell forward.

Lachlan held her hip as he plundered her thick folds, the fast pace and forceful entry ramping her excitement so high she could barely breathe. He let go of her hip, wrapped his hand under her belly, and slid lower to squeeze her clit.

She exploded in movement, every cell in her body vibrating with the intense release. She panted as the rolling, rocking sensation of her orgasm flowed through every vein in her body. Her knees wobbled, and her arms collapsed, but Brock simply held her as Lachlan continued thrusting his fingers into her trembling flesh.

Even as the first orgasm waned, he forced her body into a second, incredible climax. Liquid heat flooded through her, and the intense sensation robbed her of breath. She was as limp as a cooked noodle when he finally removed his fingers from her pussy, but she stiffened again when she felt them press against her anus.

“Relax,” Brock said. The word may have been said softly, but it was definitely an order.

She felt a cold sensation as lubricant landed on her skin and was massaged into her back passage. She tried to relax as two thick digits pressed into her ass. She groaned at the strange feeling. Imagining a cock up her ass suddenly seemed far more exciting than the reality.

It stung, and she crawled forward, instinctively trying to escape the slight pain.

A loud slap landed on her ass, and she stilled at the reminder of how incredible her spanking had made her feel. That had hurt at the beginning, too, but then had morphed into something so amazing she couldn’t even describe it.

She must've relaxed because Brock said, "Good girl," and Lachlan went back to playing with her clit. The tiny nub throbbed with the attention, sending heated spirals of excitement all through her body even as the sting in her ass intensified. Lachlan added another finger to her ass, and she cried out in excited terror. Brock ran his fingers over her head and face, soothing her as the burn suddenly intensified and sent scalding heat to her clit.

She cried out again as the unexpected orgasm swept through her. Every nerve ending pulsed, throbbing and heating everything it touched. She barely registered the head of Lachlan's cock pushing into her until he was halfway in

Brock lifted her face up. "Okay, baby girl?" he asked.

She nodded and tried to smile, but then Lachlan pushed the rest of the way in, and she found herself shaking on the ragged edge of arousal once more. Brock watched her closely as his brother fucked her ass. He must've found what he sought because he tangled his fingers in her hair and guided his cock back into her mouth.

Together, they fucked her. Brock in her mouth, Lachlan in her virgin ass. Over and over, each stroke in and out pushing her need higher. She struggled against their hold, desperate for fulfillment even as her desire spiraled much tighter. Both of them began plunging into her, taking her harder, taking her faster, their rhythm lost, their movements chaotic.

And then she exploded into ecstasy. Bright, sparkling lights flashed behind her eyelids as her body pulsed with liquid fire. Both men fucked her harder as she shook between them. They both cried out their climaxes at the same time, and she struggled to swallow Brock's seed as Lachlan's cock swelled and pulsed in her ass.

Finally, completely, utterly exhausted, she collapsed against the bed, resting her head in Brock's lap with her ass still in the air. She didn't even want to think of how truly fucked she probably looked and really didn't believe she'd ever move again. Tiredly, she smiled at

the silly thought. She was head down, ass up, and she couldn't be happier.

* * * *

"Because she's different!" Ty's angry voice reached her even through the closed door.

Ty and Ryan had spent the two weeks at an observation post several kilometers west of the main station, and she'd missed them both terribly, but since getting back three weeks ago, they'd managed to avoid spending any alone time with her. They came to the dining room for meals, talked, laughed, joked, teased their brothers, and even flirted with her, but they didn't make any move to take her into their bed.

Mikayla hesitated a moment before entering, wondering if they were speaking about her but unwilling to eavesdrop on their private conversation. And besides, it was quite possible the "she" they referred to was one of the wild animals they'd been studying and not the only woman in their midst.

"Who's different?" she asked brightly as she walked through the door.

Ty startled and glanced guiltily in her direction. Well, that answered the question of who they were talking about. Now she just wanted to know why. She turned to Ryan and lifted an inquiring eyebrow in the hopes that he would spill the beans.

He did.

"Ty was just explaining all the reasons why the three of us—that's you, me, and Ty—shouldn't have some fun while you're here."

"Oh?" she asked, turning to Ty and sincerely hoping that this wasn't as bad as it sounded. "How am I different?"

Ty looked startled by her question, and he turned his frustrated gaze to his brother. Ryan chuckled and walked up behind her to wrap his arms around her middle. She relaxed back against his warm chest

as he rested his chin on top of her head. When it seemed Ty was unwilling—or maybe unable—to explain, Ryan spoke up.

“Different as in you seem to be getting along well with four of our brothers.”

“I am,” she said as uncertainty pulsed through her. “But I don’t understand what that has to do with it. I mean”—she swallowed hard before she voiced the lie—“we’re just having fun. It’s not like we’re involved or anything.”

“See,” Ryan said happily, his chin bouncing against her head, “just fun. No reason why the three of us can’t have a little fun, either.”

She nodded as best she could with Ryan’s chin on her head but couldn’t escape Ty’s intense gaze. If she had to guess, she’d say Ty didn’t believe her words any more than she did. The trouble was that she was already emotionally attached to the idea of belonging with all of the brothers, making a home here. Even if she’d only slept with Matt, John, Brock, and Lachlan, a big part of her wanted to belong to all of these men.

She tried to hide her turmoil from Ty but feared he could see right through her. The look on his face suggested he probably did.

Damn, she really had to control her emotions better.

She had a year here with them—a year to live a fantasy—and then she would walk away, head held high, dignity intact. She would have the rest of her lonely lifetime to hug the memories close to her heart.

“What’s the matter, Ty?” she asked in a husky voice, deliberately lowering the pitch in an effort to sound sexy. “Don’t you want me?”

He looked so surprised that she almost regretted the question. A quick glance down made it very clear that at least a *part* of him wanted her.

She smiled tremulously, suddenly feeling very guilty for her tactics. Ty was trying to protect her, trying to leave the way open for his brothers to build a relationship with her. Yet she knew a permanent relationship with them was unlikely. She wanted them all and, as weird as it sounded considering she was talking about seven

men, building a relationship with two or three of them felt dishonest. She wanted the fantasy, and since it didn't quite work like that in the real world, she'd pretend while she could and then move on before anyone got hurt.

She should really back off, but the thought had barely coalesced when Ryan's hands traveled higher, lifting her dress and exposing her to Ty's gaze. Inch by inch, Ryan lifted the soft material over her head and threw it aside. She wasn't wearing underwear simply because she had none left. Lachlan had torn her last pair off her this morning before spanking her ass and fucking her silly. She could still feel the delicious sting from Lachlan's hand as Ryan's ran over the soft flesh.

Ty's eyes darkened with desire, and he took a step closer. He seemed to hesitate a moment, but then he broke into a dazzling smile. Unsure what prompted his sudden mood change, she smiled tremulously and tried to look over her shoulder at Ryan.

But Ryan held her still as Ty advanced. Her breath hitched as Ty stalked closer, mischief in his eyes. She started to squirm in Ryan's embrace, the sudden tension in the room making her nervous. Ty's gaze didn't waver as he finally stopped in front of her, close enough to touch but not actually touching her.

She started to pant breathlessly as the twins seemed to wait for some sort of signal. Her knees wobbled as Ryan held her tighter.

"Fun?" Ty asked her, his expression looking very serious.

"Fun," she agreed nervously, wondering what the hell they had in mind.

"Fun," Ryan said from behind her just as Ty attacked. He tickled her as Ryan held her still.

Kicking and giggling like a maniac, she tried uselessly to get away. Between them they found every ticklish spot, even ones she didn't know she had. She squealed and wriggled as Ty tickled her belly button with his tongue, his hand dipping lower and tickling the back of her knees. Ryan tickled the tops of her thighs where they

joined her pelvis and then slid one hand to the back of her legs, tormenting the space where they met her ass.

All giggling stopped though when Ty caught one of her nipples in his teeth and bit down. The small sting traveled to her clit at the same moment Ryan ran a finger down the crease of her ass.

She choked out a cry as Ryan pressed his dry finger against the rosette of her ass.

“Has anyone fucked this pretty hole?” he asked.

She nodded as he increased the pressure. Without lube the touch felt more intense, more intimate, sweetly painful. She swallowed hard, every nerve ending on fire as Ty continued his gentle assault on her breasts and Ryan used his other hand to press against her pussy. Again he didn’t enter her, just played in the folds, spreading her juices across the swollen lips and up to her pulsating clit.

“Have Brock and Lachlan taken your ass and pussy at the same time?”

“N-No,” she managed to stutter out as both of his fingers pushed into her, but just to the first knuckle.

Her ass throbbed around the dry invasion, the delicious sting sending bolts of heat down her legs and up her abdomen. He wiggled both fingers, and she gasped as her knees gave out. Ryan released her, and she fell forward into Ty’s embrace.

Ty held her against his fully clothed body as Ryan left the room. She shivered with need as Ty soothed her with gentle touches and sucking kisses against her neck.

When Ryan came back into the room, he cleared off one of the counters. Ironically, it was the bench where Matt had given her the first taste of what it would be like to belong to seven men. Somehow it seemed a lifetime ago even though it had only been just over six weeks.

Ryan stripped, stroking his hard cock as he sat on the edge of the bench. He moved to lie on his back as Ty lifted her up and arranged her over Ryan so that she straddled his thighs.

“Ride him, darlin’,” Ty said as Ryan gripped her behind the knees and pulled her legs toward him. She lowered onto his cock, groaning as he brushed against her G-spot, and heat bloomed through her lower belly. Panting hard, she lifted and lowered on his cock a few times before he wrapped his arms around her and held her down.

He pressed her face against his heartbeat as a cold dollop of lube landed in the crease of her ass and slid down. Ty’s warm hand smoothed it over her skin, pressing it against her anus, massaging it into her forbidden hole. She winced at how much tighter her ass felt with a cock filling her pussy. Ryan must’ve felt her momentary fear because he began soothing her with gentle strokes of his hand up and down her spine.

“It’s okay, sweetheart. We’ll take it slow.”

She nodded against his chest, trying to breathe properly as a mixture of fear, desire, and curiosity wound through her.

As Ty pushed his cock slowly into her ass, Ryan pulled out of her pussy, thankfully easing Ty’s way into her body. As Ty retreated, Ryan pressed back in, the strange sensation of always having a cock in her taking her by surprise. Carefully, they continued to ease into and out of her body, slowly, cautiously building the pace.

She felt her body tightening, her pussy fluttering, her ass squeezing Ty’s cock. Dark desire wound through her, a slight tremor traveling all over her skin. Goose bumps rose at the same time heat flooded her abdomen. Suddenly, orgasm burned through her. She held her breath as the incredible sensation pervaded every inch of her body, her complete immobility making the feeling more intense.

Both men groaned and pushed into her at the same time, and she gasped at the full, almost uncomfortable sensation as they both emptied their cum into her. Her ass throbbed in time with Ty’s cock, and her pussy sucked and pulled at Ryan’s dick.

Ty ran his hands up and down her spine as she rested against Ryan’s chest. Exhausted, she lay panting like that, moving only a small fraction when Ty pulled from her ass. She was almost asleep

with Ryan's cock still inside her when Ty pressed a warm cloth against her ass and cleaned her up. Ryan shifted so that his cock fell from her vagina, and Ty helped her to her feet.

As she went to take a step, her thighs rubbed together, teasing her swollen clit. Her knees wobbled, her legs quivered, her ass throbbed, and she almost fell to the floor. Shocked, gasping for air, Mikayla moaned as orgasm swept through her. Ty caught her before she lost balance and then held her close as the unexpected climax overwhelmed her.

Finally, slowly, the shaking stopped, and she lay limp in Ty's embrace. He chuckled, and she tried to push away from him, completely embarrassed that she'd had an orgasm when nobody was even touching her. God, she hadn't even known that was possible.

Exhausted, she couldn't even get her arms to hold on properly as Ty lifted her high and carried her back to his room.

Chapter Eleven

Ryan watched as Ty carried Mikayla from the room and tried very hard not to admit his guilt even to himself. He'd told Mikayla and Ty it was only about fun. But he'd lied.

He couldn't quite explain what it was, but he knew for certain that it wasn't a casual, sexual relationship that he sought with Mikayla. Listening to Ty go on and on about her for the two weeks they'd been working at the substation—affectionately known as the Ice Shack because of its poor heating—had made him ache to hold the woman between them. The weeks back at the main facility since had solidified his feelings.

It wasn't that he knew Mikayla well, but he did know his brothers and, like Ty said, Matt and John were getting more and more attached to the woman. Since getting back to the main station, it was obvious that Lachlan and Brock had fallen under her spell also.

Selfishly, Ryan had wanted in, wanted to be a part of that something special that he could see growing between Mikayla and his brothers. But he knew Ty well enough to see that he felt reluctant to get involved. Not because he didn't want Mikayla himself, but because he didn't want to overwhelm her with the attentions of all seven of them.

Ryan moved to collect his and Ty's clothes off the floor. He should feel guilty for convincing Ty to join in the "fun" when Ryan knew it was far more, but once Ty had made love to Mikayla, Ryan knew Ty would never let her go. Now he just needed to convince Mikayla to stay.

* * * *

Ty carried the sleeping woman back to his quarters, holding her tightly against his heart. He never should've made love to her. Just the thought that she would leave them when the twelve months was up filled him with dread.

She smiled sleepily as he lowered her to his bed.

"Ty," she said as she grabbed his hand to stop him from walking away, "stay with me, please."

He managed to mumble a positive answer, but the lump in his throat wouldn't let him say more. Just the fact that Mikayla knew who he was, even with her eyes closed, sent something deep into his soul.

Ryan and Ty had often been considered by women as interchangeable—same looks, same job, similar personalities—but Mikayla was different. She saw them separately. Saw their differences and their similarities and had never treated them as anything less than two individuals. She was so special. How could he ever let her go?

* * * *

"Hey, Mik."

Peter tried to sound casual as he entered the kitchen, but it was kind of hard when the woman he'd found himself falling for was bent over trying to see into the oven. He desired her with a passion that bordered on insanity, but he held back, wanting more—needing more—than she claimed willing to give. From the beginning Mikayla had said it was just fun, just scratching an itch. She was probably even living her fantasy, but she'd made it more than clear she'd move on when it was over.

But Peter wanted more.

He needed the fairytale, the love, the whole package.

All of his brothers were having sex with her. Over the weeks, Peter had watched them good-naturedly vying for her attention and

growing more and more attached to the beautiful woman. But there had never actually been any fighting over her. Peter had never really thought a relationship with so many men and only one woman would work.

So far, he'd been proven wrong.

But then, they all claimed to just be having fun, enjoying Mikayla in bed, not exploring anything serious. Maybe they said so out loud, but he knew his brothers well enough to see they were falling for her.

If only he knew what went on in Mikayla's head, too.

"Today's my sort of anniversary," she said as she pulled a massive chocolate cake from the oven, "so I thought we might have a celebration."

"Oh?" he asked, wondering what she referred to.

"Three months since I met you," she said with her back turned.

She seemed very interested in her cake, but he wondered if she was avoiding looking at him for a reason. He hadn't registered that it had been such a short time, and he shook his head when he realized it felt like she'd always been here with them, that he'd always ached for her.

"So have you given any thought to what you might do when you leave here?"

She shrugged but kept her back to him, and a small kernel of hope sizzled in his brain. If she was falling for his brothers, maybe she would learn to love him, too. He swallowed hard as his head filled with images of the future he wanted.

"How long to dinner?" he asked as a plan formed in his brain.

She glanced over her shoulder in his general direction, but he didn't get a good look at her face before she turned to check the timer on the stove.

"About forty minutes."

"Okay, I'll let the others know."

* * * *

The evening meal was always a loud affair with so many people talking at once. The brothers always teased and ribbed each other over the slightest things, and she laughed at their silliness. Despite the fact that they were all over thirty, there were times when they acted like a bunch of teenagers. Tonight was especially loud, and she laughed at their antics and threatened to never make chocolate cake again.

For some reason, Peter seemed on edge. Over the last three months, she'd managed to build a friendship with him that was just as close as those she shared with his brothers. The only difference was that she'd never been in his bed. At first, she'd encouraged him to join the fun—that's all it was, no matter how much she dreamed of more—but had soon realized how much the woman he'd been engaged to had hurt him. Mikayla had backed away from a sexual relationship at that point, but she'd often wondered how he coped with being snowed in. It wasn't like he could jump a shuttle and visit town.

She grabbed a handful of plates and headed into the kitchen, unsurprised when Peter did the same and followed her. It had become a bit of a ritual. Even though the others had offered, she and Peter did the dishes every night together. It was a little thing, but she enjoyed talking to him about his day while the others talked in the other room.

Halfway through cleaning up, the dining room went suspiciously quiet, and Mikayla wandered in to find the room completely empty. Usually, she had one or more of her men waiting to whisk her off to bed, often for sex but occasionally just to hold her while she slept. Sleeping beside Matt or John or in between Ryan and Ty or Brock and Lachlan had become so routine that none of them had even bothered to find her a bed of her own.

It might've bothered some women—not having a space to call their own—but Mikayla found it strangely satisfying knowing that she was wanted in their beds. Except that tonight, they'd all left. Usually, they chose who she would spend the night with, and she'd been happy

to go along with their system. It took a lot of work keeping so many relationships running smoothly, even if it was just about the sex.

But tonight it seemed they'd left her with Peter, even knowing he was the one brother she'd never slept with. She turned to go back into the kitchen and almost bumped into Peter, who'd been quietly standing behind her.

"Disappointed?" he asked her quietly.

"What about?" she asked as she tried to rationalize the situation.

Maybe whomever she was supposed to spend the night with had gone to the bathroom or back to his office or lab to get something. There could be a million reasons why she'd been left alone.

"That I asked them to let us spend some time alone," he answered as he placed his hands on her hips and rubbed his thumbs over her pelvic bone. She practically melted at the gentle touch as she realized what he was saying. "Mikayla, will you spend the night with me?"

She was nodding and smiling even before she threw her arms around him and peppered kisses along his jaw. "Yes," she mumbled, and his hands slid around her and pulled her close.

God, as selfish as it sounded, Mikayla had mourned that she wouldn't share the same type of relationship with Peter as she did with the others. Somehow, her fantasy wasn't quite whole without that final connection. But now things felt complete.

Peter kissed her reverently, sipping at her lips, caressing her face with his warm fingers. When he pulled away, he smiled into her eyes and then led her back into the kitchen. She laughed as he guided her to the sink, and, together, they finished doing the dishes.

Finally, the last dish was washed and put away, and he grabbed her hand, threading his fingers through hers and rubbing his thumb over the back of her knuckles as they walked side by side to his room. She'd never actually seen inside his bedroom but wasn't surprised by the neat organization.

He led her to the bed, kissing her tenderly as he slowly undid the buttons down the front of her dress. She usually pulled this one

straight over her head, but the gentle, fleeting touches of his fingers against her skin made her feel desired and wanted in a way she couldn't quite describe.

She closed her eyes as he slid the material off her shoulders, and it pooled at her feet. He touched her breasts softly, lifting the sensitive globes to his mouth and worshipping the stiff peaks with his mouth and tongue. She held his head to her breast as gentle waves of heat whispered through her veins.

As he stood to look into her eyes, she helped him undo the buttons on his shirt, pushed it from his shoulders, then slid her hands lower to tackle the fastening on his jeans. They laughed together as she fumbled with the tight clasp, and he helped her to get the stubborn thing undone. Carefully, she pushed his jeans and boxer shorts lower, kneeling at his feet to remove them completely.

She glanced up at his long, thick cock, wondering what he would enjoy. She was about to wrap a hand around his length and kiss the mushroom-shaped head, but he helped her back onto her feet.

She watched as he grabbed a large, fluffy towel and spread it in the middle of the bed. Wondering what on earth he had in mind, she nevertheless followed him when he encouraged her to lie facedown on the bed.

All of his brothers had some sort of kinky preference, so she wasn't really surprised by his request. She lay still and tried not to wiggle impatiently as he moved around the room collecting some things she couldn't see. She bit her lip anxiously as some of the more extreme fetishes Brock and Lachlan had described ran through her head.

More than a little nervous, Mikayla jumped when warm oil drizzled over her spine but quickly lay back down at his gentle urging. Kneeling on the bed beside her, Peter used his fingertips to smooth the oil into her skin and massage her tired muscles. His touch was sure and strong and so heavenly that she felt like she melted into the mattress. By the time he reached her left foot and started at the top

again, this time on the right side, she was feeling a strange mixture of completely relaxed and totally horny.

She adjusted her position, hoping to press her mound against the bed more fully. Her whole groin felt numb with her arousal, and she shivered as he patted her bottom and asked her to roll onto her back.

He started the massage over, beginning with her shoulders and arms, down to her hands and fingers. He smoothed the oil over every sensitized inch, and she writhed against the bed, wanting more, wanting him. Slowly, his hands worked their way down her abdomen, dipping to the crease at the top of her thighs and then moving lower to her knees and calves. She giggled when he tickled her toes and then groaned as he gently eased her legs apart and moved between them.

He leaned over her, kissing her sweetly, possessing her thoroughly with his gentle touch. She gasped as his cock pressed against her opening and sighed when he slid into her heat, touching her womb, touching her heart.

His intense gaze captured her more thoroughly than rope or bindings ever could, and she closed her eyes as tears threatened to fall. He loved her with his whole body, kissing her, touching her, pleasuring her in ways she'd never understood. His simple touch built the tension inside her just as rapidly, just as hotly as anything else she'd experienced in the last three months.

She gasped as her orgasm pulsed through her, the walls of her pussy fluttering against his thick cock, his deep groan of satisfaction just as fulfilling as a shouted climax.

As they held on to each other, Peter kissed her neck, her face, her eyes. He worshipped her, and she felt a lump in her throat form at his tenderness. She felt cherished and cared for and completely loved. Every move, every action was filled with emotion, and she cried a little harder at the thought.

It felt so real.

But it wasn't real. It was just an illusion. She was the substitute for the woman Peter loved. Mikayla was just the girl his brothers

fucked. There was no emotion involved. They were having fun, nothing serious. Nobody was falling in love with anyone.

But that final lie didn't fool her because one person had fallen completely, totally, irrevocably in love—her.

She loved all of them.

Matt with his hero complex and kind heart. John with his mismatched sense of order and fun. Brock for his intuition and caring and Lachlan for his intense protection. Ryan for his crazy sense of adventure and Ty for his undisciplined approach to life. And Peter for his gentle, unassuming acceptance.

"Mikayla?" Peter asked, sounding so concerned that she cried even harder.

He rolled off her, and she wanted to cry buckets at the loss, but she tried to drag the emotions back under control. She was hurting him with her reaction and panicking him by not explaining.

The cowardly part of her demanded she flee his intense scrutiny.

"I'm sorry," she said as she rolled off the bed, grabbed her dress, and fled the room. She heard him call out, but she kept moving, wanting to outrun her own emotions, needing to hide from all of the brothers to lick her wounds and shore up her defenses.

She made it all the way to Ryan and Ty's lab, but instead of finding the solitude she sought, she found instead the other six brothers. A moment later, Peter came through the doorway behind her.

All seven of the men she loved in one room. How lucky could a girl get? Except that she wasn't lucky. She swallowed hard, not knowing what to do now.

"I want to go home," she blurted out, raising a hand to stop them as they moved toward her. She shook her head, frantically taking a step back but bumping into Peter behind her. She jumped like a scalded cat and sidestepped him before he could wrap his arms around her.

She could see the silent communication going on between them. She probably even understood what they were asking, but she needed space, needed time, and she couldn't answer their unasked questions.

"I want to go home," she repeated, her hands shaking as she tried to find escape.

"Why?" Peter asked. She couldn't look at him, didn't want to see the confusion on his face, but he stepped up to her, crowding her against the bench, his kind expression belying his aggressive stance. "Why do you need to go home, Mikayla?" He held his hand up to stop one of his brothers—she didn't see who—from trying to come closer. "Why, Mikayla?"

"Because I love you," she said to Peter. When he looked pleased, she felt lower than a slug. He needed to know the truth. "But," she said swallowing hard, "I love Matt and John and Ryan and Ty and Brock and Lachlan just as much as I love you."

He touched her face, and tears slid down her cheeks once more.

"I know," he said in a confident voice. He tilted his head toward his brothers. "So do they."

She glanced over miserably and was surprised to find them all smiling.

"We love you, Mikayla. Please don't go home without us."

Her tears fell even faster now. Either she was having a very strange dream or she was completely delusional. How could seven brothers all fall in love with her? As much as she wanted to believe, it seemed too incredible to be true.

She found herself enveloped in Peter's arms as each of the men she loved took their turn kissing her and repeating the words she'd never thought she hear from anyone. "I love you."

Epilogue

Waiting in the customs area of the spaceport on Earth, Mikayla sighed with a mixture of annoyance and relief as Lachlan maneuvered her onto a seat and lifted her feet into his lap. With strong fingers, he massaged the ball of her foot exactly where it was aching. She'd spent far too much time on her feet today, but she wanted everything to be perfect.

After nearly a year living with and loving the men of her most intimate dreams, she was finally going to meet her in-laws. Three fathers, two mothers, and seven sons all in the one room was more than a little daunting.

What if her parents-in-law didn't like her?

She groaned as Lachlan's heavenly touch did its magic, and her tension started to dissolve. She'd just spent twelve months holding on to her independence while surrounded by men willing to coddle, protect, and pamper her. If she was able to refuse their loving but unnecessary attentions, she would be able to handle anything her in-laws had to offer.

"Can I sit here?" The quiet question came from an attractive young woman.

"Of course," Mikayla said as she sat up a little straighter.

"Thank you." The woman practically collapsed into the seat beside Mikayla. "I've been so busy getting everything organized. It feels wonderful just to sit for a moment."

"Organized for what?" Mikayla asked curiously. She hadn't realized how much she missed occasional conversations with someone she wasn't married to.

"I'm getting married," the woman said. Mikayla glanced at the ring on her own finger, smiling at the seven identical gemstones set in a circle—one stone for each husband. "It was so fast," the woman gushed as her excitement bubbled over. "We only met three weeks ago, but he swept me off my feet, and now we're going to travel and see all the worlds I've read about but never thought I'd be able to visit."

Mikayla's breath jammed in her throat, her heart starting to pound as the familiarity of the woman's story.

"W—what's his name? Your fiancé?" she asked, feeling pretty silly. Just because Jet had been an asshole it didn't mean every man was. She had seven very good reasons to believe that.

"Jet," the woman said proudly, "Jet Killarney. He's so wonderful. He..."

The woman's words stopped when she saw Mikayla's face. Lachlan had stiffened beside her also.

"I—Is he h—here?" Mikayla managed to force out. Her stomach felt like it had climbed into her throat.

The woman looked a little freaked out at Mikayla's reaction, but she smiled as she looked at someone in the distance. "Oh, here he is now. Jet," she called and waved her hand high so the man could locate her in the crowded waiting lounge.

Before he could greet the woman, Mikayla stepped into his path. The slimy worm gave her a charming smile, not even recognizing her face.

She'd often wondered how she would react if she ever saw Jet again, but the million scenarios she'd imagined didn't even come close to what she actually felt. Bile rose up her throat at the thought that he may be planning to do to this woman what he'd done to her.

Her fist belted into his nose, the satisfying crack under her knuckles making her bolder. She advanced on him as he stepped back and would've landed a solid kick in the man's groin if Lachlan hadn't

wrapped his arms around her middle and held her back. She growled when he laughed quietly at her frustration.

“Little one, you have seven husbands. Please let us handle this.”

Gleefully, she thought of the damage seven men could do to this sleazy little asshole. But she knew it wasn't the way to handle it. Truly, violence wasn't the answer here, but surprisingly it did make her feel better to imagine her husbands defending her honor. How archaic. She was still trying to reconcile the self-contained woman she believed herself to be with the damsel in distress attitude she seemed to be experiencing when Jet finally recognized her.

“Mikayla? Fuck!” He glanced over his shoulder, looking nervous as hell when he spotted the security officer heading toward them.

Instead of reporting her actions and trying to have her arrested for assault, he turned and ran in the opposite direction.

Unfortunately for him, he ran straight into three of Mikayla's husbands, all of whom had seen her attack the man. They wouldn't let him pass, and Brock literally dragged Jet back to the security officer and Mikayla.

“Jet, what's going on?” his fiancée asked, sounding truly bewildered.

Jet ignored the woman, his eyes on the police officers now heading toward their rapidly growing group. Other passengers stood around, watching curiously as the drama continued to unfold.

After a brief discussion, the police officers asked for all of them to come down to the station so they could figure out the situation. Jet paled even more, argued loudly, and ended up traveling to the station in handcuffs.

Hours later, while waiting to be interviewed, Mikayla sat beside Jet's newest fiancée, Tracey, and quietly explained the reason for her actions and everything that had happened as a consequence of trusting Jet. The terrifying realization that Tracey had no family, no close friends, and had just given up her job to travel with Jet had both

women shaking with reaction. It seemed that Jet was looking for a specific type of woman—one who wouldn't be missed.

Once Mikayla explained what had happened with Jet just over a year ago, the police became very interested and started asking more and more questions. By the time they let her go to her in-laws' home, she was feeling completely wrung out.

She invited Tracey to stay with them also, at least until she could make alternate arrangements, and Peter, John, and Brock stayed at the police station in the hopes of finding out what would happen now. It seemed the authorities were more interested in Jet's pattern of behavior than her assault on him, so she managed to meet her parents-in-law without a criminal record—well, so far anyway.

Hours later, she sat sprawled on the lounge enjoying a few minutes alone. She'd managed to find a room for Tracey, and the poor woman had gratefully fallen into bed.

Lachlan came into the lounge room and knelt beside her to kiss her lips possessively. He pulled back and frowned. "You look tired," he said, smoothing his thumbs gently along the dark smudges she knew were under her eyes. He sat next to her, pulled her feet into his lap, and began to massage the aches away.

"I'm fine," she said with a smile but frowned in irritation when Matt came in and said the same thing. She was trying to sit up when Ryan and Ty arrived. They took over Lachlan's foot rub but had her giggling when they started licking and sucking her toes. Breathless with laughter, she finally managed to disengage them and pull her feet underneath her.

But all feelings of levity dissolved when Peter, John, and Brock entered the room looking grim.

"What happened?" she asked urgently.

"Mikayla, it turns out that you and Tracey aren't the only women to fall for Jet's charms. The police are still investigating, but it looks like that asshole was involved in human trafficking. He was probably

getting paid big money to dump women at the mining colony where we found you.”

“But he just abandoned me. He didn’t exactly sell me or anything.”

“That’s part of the ongoing investigation, but they think he was getting payments from a number of different pimps. Whoring is the only way for women to survive on that planet so they all knew you’d end up in one of their clubs eventually.”

“Tracey?” she asked, and Peter knew exactly what she meant without her needing to go into detail.

“She would’ve been his next victim. They’re looking into at least thirteen missing persons reports, but it’s going to be hard to identify them all because Jet preyed on women with no family, so there may be more that weren’t reported.”

“God,” she said, realizing that nobody would’ve reported Tracey missing because she’d told everyone she was getting married and moving away. If Mikayla hadn’t sat down, if Tracey hadn’t taken the seat next to her, if Mikayla hadn’t seen Jet and punched the scumbag in the nose...She leaned forward suddenly feeling very, very sick.

Damn.

She tried to take deep breaths without everyone noticing but of course they all noticed and looked at her worriedly.

“I’m okay,” she reassured them. “Just,” she swallowed, “feeling a little ill.”

Surrounded by all seven men whom she loved more than life itself, she realized that keeping her secret from them was going to be impossible. Yes, she felt ill thinking about what Jet had done to so many trusting women, but it wasn’t the only reason she was feeling off. She’d wanted to get their parents’ visit over with before she added more drama to their lives—so much for that theory—and she knew her husbands loving concerns would probably lead to a doctor’s appointment, and she really didn’t need one.

“There’s something I need to tell you all,” she said biting her lip nervously. “I’m...uhm...well, I did a te...” Seven men bristled with tension, and she realized that she was hurting them with her dithering, and so she blurted out her news instead. “I’m pregnant.”

Stunned silence.

She glanced around the room nervously as all seven men absorbed her poorly delivered announcement. She was starting to worry when they all began talking at once. She was handed from one brother to the next, hugged and cuddled and congratulated and thanked, but not one of them voiced any question on who may have fathered her child. Very obviously the one thing that had worried her was the least important to her men.

They were all going to be fathers in an emotional sense, and that’s all they needed to know. She truly was where she belonged, and she vowed to spend the rest of her days making the most of it.

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Abby Blake prefers to read or write romance over just about everything else—except maybe chocolate. Most days she can be found hurrying to do what needs to be done so that she can curl up with her laptop and her latest bunch of heroes.

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