



# *Las Vegas*

*A Moresome Tale*

By Demi Alex

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2665 S Atlantic Avenue, #349  
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## *Chapter One*

“Show me your tits!” hollered the greasy-haired jackass ogling my chest from his bar stool. If a slight breeze came through the club, he’d surely tip over and land flat on his drunken face.

“Keep dreaming,” I said, waving daintily and forced a smile, pretending I was dumb and didn’t recognize the sleaze he was made of. After driving halfway across the country with Grandma in tow, then spending my Friday night explaining my predicament to the nice officers, and finally being sent on my way after I’d paid a hefty fine with what was left of my gas money, I wasn’t in the mood for any more drama.

This was a true test of my ability to stand on my own. It was as if every person I’d known and loved had vanished from my life in a matter of weeks. I was on my own. Well, I did have my uptight and out-of-reach mother, but she’d basically washed her hands of me with husband number five and joined the high society lifestyle. I had to make it on my own.

At least the casino management had been nice enough to give me a voucher to a restaurant of my choice, which meant I wasn’t going to sleep hungry. I picked the pub because it was quieter than the other options, plus the dress code seemed lax. All I wanted was some comfort food, a large Coke, and a safe parking space for the night.

“Come on, toots.” The jackass’s pudgy hand dove under the counter and he did a fantastic impression of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. How he managed to remain on the stool was a total mystery. “I got money.”

“You can’t afford me.”

“Five Benjamins say I could,” he insisted, pulling the rolled hundred dollar bills from his pocket and waving them in the air. “Come on, spread the joy.”

“You want me to spread the joy by showing you my boobs? I don’t think so.” But in truth, that money was mocking me bad. *Real bad.* Whatever.

*That’s right, sweetie. No reason to compromise your principles for my last request. If I’d of known it would have put you out so much, I never would have said a thing. Forget about the silly Eiffel Tower.*

Groaning, I dropped my head into my hands and pressed my fingers against my temples. I couldn’t handle the fact that my grandma’s voice had replaced my conscience—not while I sat in a pub, and not after the mess I’d made. How was I to know that they had the observation deck screened in? All I’d wanted to do was fulfill Grandma’s wish of being ‘sprinkled’ in the wind off the Eiffel Tower. And, yes, I realized I wasn’t in Paris, but I was sure she would have liked Vegas too.

“Playing hard to get.” Sleazebag stood and staggered around the bar. Standing only a few feet in front of me and fumigating my personal space with his potent breath, he placed five bills on the counter. He shrugged and slowly, as if to build expectation, added an extra one. “I never paid six hundred buckaroos to see a broad’s tits before. You should be honored.”

At that point, the pub’s noise level dropped a few decibels. I could feel the gazes glued on my chest. The air stilled and engulfed us in its vacuum. I reached for the golden urn on the bar and pulled it into my lap, rounding my back over my precious possession.

“Stanley, you’re spooking the lady. Leave her alone,” the waitress said, waving him away with the flick of her wrist. “Can’t you see she’s not interested?”

But I was. The crisp bills, arranged neatly across the bar, were calling my name. I wasn’t dumb; I was a wiz at statistics, so if those babies made it to the blackjack table, I’d find a way to grow my loot and to take Grandma to France. *France and the original Eiffel Tower.*

“The trick is to know when to walk away,” I whispered, lost in thought and ignoring the growing crowd.

Mr. Sleaze oozed even closer, reclaiming my attention. “So what’d a ya’ think?” he slurred.

“Make it ten, and I’ll even pose for your camera.”

He coughed, or perhaps he gagged, in surprise. I leaned forward in feigned concern and gave him a peak of what he had coming, lest he thought a grand was too much for only a look.

Judging his interest from the sweat beading his forehead, I was pretty sure he'd come up with the rest of the cash. So, I jiggled just a little, bending lower and pretending to check if he was okay. Just when he looked up again, I straightened my back and raised my breasts to his eye level. He continued to cough, so I handed him my glass of water and granted him a come hither smile. "Well?"

"Can I be in the picture?" Smirking like a jackass, Stanley licked his lips.

"Sure. But wouldn't you like to look?"

"I'll give you twelve if you give me enough time for both," Stanley offered.

I wasn't sure how much further I could push the issue, so I nodded in agreement.

Sucking down what was left of my Coke, as if the sugar-filled drink would give me any courage, I placed the glass on the bar, returned the urn to the counter, moved it in by six inches or so, then hopped off the stool.

"Ready?"

"Um, guess so—yup," Stanley stammered, motioning for the bartender to take his camera and turn it on. "First, you show me those bazookas. Then, we pose."

"Kay," I said, crossing my hands and closing my fingers on the hem of my t-shirt. Inching the cotton up my belly, I felt goose bumps rise on my skin. With a slight tug, I pulled the worn material over my chest and my tits bounced free. Covering my face, but not pulling the shirt over my head, I paused. "Good?"

"Oh, baby," Stanley crooned.

"C'mere." Hot, strong, and authoritative palms covered my nipples and thick long fingers closed on the soft flesh. "Drop your shirt. I'll double it, Angel," a deep brogue demanded.

## *Chapter Two*

My breasts swelled against Danny boy's hands, and no matter how much I told myself this was a simple business transaction, my body didn't agree. Tingles raced over my skin and a heat blazed in my core. Moisture pooled between my thighs and I ached for his hands to roam south and relieve the pressure.

"No way, bud. I saw her first," Stanley protested.

Danny boy held tighter and pulled me against him. His chest rose as he inhaled and his obvious muscles pushed against my back, offering support and security.

A man with raven-colored hair stepped between Stanley and us and raised an authoritative finger of warning. "The lady is with us. You got what you asked for, so tuck that money back into your pocket and go."

I couldn't see the guy's face, but from the width of his shoulders, the sculpted lines of his back, and the narrowing of his hips, I could tell he worked out—a lot. His stance resonated confidence and his tone left no room for argument. So what choice did Stanley have? He shoved the money into his pocket and walked away.

Lowering my shirt, I secretly wished Danny boy wouldn't remove his hands, but he did. By breasts ached for his return, but instead he adjusted my shirt, closed his hands over my waist and twirled me around to look at him.

"Why would you compromise yourself for that scumbag?"

Damn, his eyes shone like the stars in a clear midnight sky. Dark, warm, and friendly, they managed to make me question my intentions, but no way would I let him know. Who did he think he was, touching me like that and making decisions about what I did with my body?

"You're judging me?" I asked.

“No, Angel,” he insisted, shaking his head. Black hair rippled like waves across his forehead, but his gaze didn’t stop reaching through me. “I can’t imagine why you would settle for any deal from the likes of that guy. You’re beautiful, gorgeous in fact, and absolutely breathtaking. I’d think it would take much more for you to do that.”

“Like, twenty-four hundred?” I stepped back, held out my hand and leaned on my right hip.

“You must need the money something bad,” a voice came from behind me. The muscleman that had stepped into the scene earlier lifted my hair over my shoulder and arranged it gently on my back.

I pushed my upturned palm closer. I had to claim the money and get away fast. A deal was a deal, and I was in desperate need of some financing. The longer I stayed, the harder things would get.

I had to admit, the situation had taken a weird turn, but it was interesting. These handsome *strangers* actually intrigued me. I wouldn’t mind getting to know them. *And getting to know them much better*, desire whispered.

“Listen, it’s been great chatting with you fellows, but I need to go. I have places to be and people to see.”

Danny boy raised a brow. “Right. Where and who may that be?”

“You’re assuming way too much for a man who cups a woman’s breasts without her consent.” My hand grew heavy under his scrutiny, but I stood my ground. Two thousand plus dollars was halfway to my trip to France. Which reminded me... Without breaking eye contact or dropping my awaiting palm, my free hand reached over and grabbed poor Grandma off the bar. I tucked her safely under my arm. “I owe you no explanation. But, unless you’re a man who doesn’t keep his word, you certainly owe me something.”

“Ryan,” the second man, clearly the muscle or enforcer, interfered. “Don’t antagonize her. Give her the money.”

“Blarney. I can’t let her walk without an explanation. She deserves better,” Ryan said, placing his palm in mine and caressing my wrist with his fingertips. “Tell me, Angel. Why?”

It hit me like a runaway eighteen-wheeler on a Smokey Mountain descent. Ryan knew my name and I hadn’t told him what it was. Plus, he wasn’t bulldozing me. He was being nice. He actually appeared concerned.



“Do I know you?” I closed my fingers around his hand and searched his eyes for an answer, knowing damn well that I’d never seen him before. In order to forget a man like him, I’d have to suffer from medical amnesia. He wasn’t easy to forget. He was very, very, very impressive. “I don’t believe I’ve agreed to report to you.”

His hand caressed up my arm and settled around my elbow with a gentle squeeze. “Answer me. What would drive you to something like this?”

My stomach did somersaults and sweat trickled down my back.

It almost worked. I almost gave in to his commanding gaze and answered his question like he was entitled to it.

“Where do you get off being entitled to my personal life?”

As the words left my mouth, I realized that he might have no right to ask, but I really wanted to share. Weird, eh?

Looking into my eyes, he stroked my worries into compliance and, without a single word, settled them neatly into a ‘can do’ pile.

“I need money to travel abroad. I have commitments to fulfill. I need to get to Paris,” I offered reluctantly.

“Two and a half thousand dollars will buy you little more than a one way ticket. You’ll need much more to actually eat and sleep overseas, and at least that much to get back.” With a shitload of arrogance and assumptions, Ryan guided us to a corner table while he talked. “I don’t think that putting a price on your body, regardless of how beautiful it is, is the way to make that money. What do you do for a living?”

I slid into the middle of the circular booth and each of the men took their places on either side. Snug and comfortable, I rested my elbows on the table and raised my shoulders.

“A little of everything and anything.” No way was I adding that I did absolutely nothing at the moment because of a failed business venture that I’d convinced my grandmother to fund with her life savings for me. I guess the middle of Tennessee wasn’t the right place for a French bistro. “I’m sort of a free spirit.”

“Pleased to meet you, Miss Free Spirit. My name is Liam,” said the man who had effortlessly shooed Stanley away.

“Oh, then you’re not Danny boy, either.” I laughed at my little joke, because I really had wanted him to be a Danny. It just seemed appropriate. They looked like they were related, but Liam didn’t have half the heavy accent Ryan did. “Are you brothers?”

“Cousins,” they replied.

Damn they were good looking: tall, built, handsome, with extremely sexy low voices. I licked my parched lips as I stared at their hands against the dark wood.

“Here for a family business and a reunion of sorts,” Liam added. “What brings a Southern girl to Vegas?”

“Family.”

Tall, almost dark and handsome slipped into the booth beside Ryan. “Right. I’m Brody. Who are you, gorgeous?”

“This is the young lady who believes that it is okay to exhibit her body for cash.” Ryan was clearly the most uptight of these three men, because Brody smiled big and Liam bumped my shoulder.

“Sorry I missed that. I’d gladly pay for whatever you wanted to show me,” Brody said. “What has your panties tied in such a knot, sweetheart?”

Green eyes gleamed with real interest. Strong and dominant features framed his friendly face, but it was the breadth of his upper body and the sprinkling of brown curly hair, peeking from the button down shirt on that marvelous chest, that held my attention the most. He, just like the other two, was extremely athletic. All I could think of was what they’d look like without their shirts, how their naked bodies would feel against mine, and if they could use those hands in talented ways to make my body sing.

“Sweetheart? You’re very distracted.” Brody reached over and touched my hand. “Are you in trouble?”

“No. I’m here because of family obligations,” I replied at last, pulling my fingers from his. “I had no idea the Eiffel Tower observation deck was screened in. That little detail ruined my initial plans and landed me in a heap of inconvenience, not real trouble.”

For fear of sounding like a bimbo about substituting Vegas for Paris, I was unable to truly explain why I was there. I pictured how things would have been different if I’d been able to scatter Grandma’s ashes from the top as she’d wished. Instead, the stupid mesh barrier hindered her final journey and she would have been trapped in it till the rain had washed her down the

beams of the tall structure. When I'd tried to cut a tiny hole for her, the police had shown up and the judge had imposed a *reasonable* fine of three hundred dollars.

I was practically penniless, jobless, and still carried Grandma in the urn.

*These are the sorts of boys you should keep company with.* Grandma was back in my head. *Not only are they handsome, big and strong, and not afraid to protect you, they are Irish.*

At first, I didn't understand what she implied, then it was so clear that I would've had to be blind to miss the dig at the Scottish father who had abandoned me when I was only three months old. My mother, Irish or not, wasn't much better, but at least she was around for Christmas dinners and a birthday phone call.

"So, how are you planning on overcoming those inconveniences?" Liam asked.

I glanced at him, and squinted to remember that he was speaking about the fact that I was still carrying Grandma in the urn, had no money to speak of, and was now relying on the money Ryan had offered to make my next move.

"It is Vegas, you know." Accepting the fresh Coke the waitress placed before me, I swirled the straw and watched the bubbles fizz as I considered my words. "I'm going to take the money Ryan *owes* me and make it my lucky night. I'm pretty okay at the tables."

Shaking his head, Ryan raised his hand for the waitress to wait for our order. He downed his dark beer in one shot and then ordered four bacon cheeseburgers. When the waitress left, he shifted his body so that he was slightly behind me, but still managed to look into my eyes.

"If it's money you need, I have a proposition for you. The odds are much better in my scenario than they are on the casino floor." Ryan covered my hand with his, and I was an instant goner as his sensual heat seeped through my pores. "How about I give you all the money to meet your *obligations*, let's say ten grand, and you call it a night?"

"I can't just take your money," I answered, shocked at his proposal. "That's nuts."

"Why? I can afford it. It's not crazy."

"Who are you guys? And what the heck are you really doing in Vegas?" I asked, looking at Liam. Nobody had ever given me anything for nothing. Nobody. Not even my grandma. Grandma had insisted that I finished my marketing degree, which she paid for, before giving me the money for the café. Lots of good that had been.

"We're the O'Connors, originating from Skryne Hill just outside Dublin. We're here to start a new venture." He opened his arms and indicated the space around us. "Basically, we're

bringing our family's business to the States. The contract becomes final on Monday. Anything else, milady?" Ryan rolled his hand and leaned over the table as if to bow.

"Congratulations," I said, meaning it with all my heart, but just a little sad that I'd lost my little piece of Europe in the States, my first and probably last business venture. "I'm happy for you. And, I really appreciate your offer, Ryan, but I can't take your money like that."

"Then earn it," he insisted. "You flashed your breasts for that scumbag. Dance for me and my boys tonight."

"Just dance?" An unexpected thrill ran over my body. In the strangest way imaginable, I wished he'd have asked for more than dancing. I knew it was timid of me, but if he would have asked for something physical, real physical, perhaps I wouldn't have felt so bad that my panties were damp at the mere thought of spending the night with him—they.

"Sweetheart, you can do anything you want to me," Brody offered. "And I'll return the favor tenfold."

"I'm in," Liam agreed, dropping his napkin on the table.

"There are three of you," I pointed out.

"We're partners, Angel," Ryan said. "We do everything together."

I almost creamed myself with that. A night with three freaking gorgeous Irish cousins was a fairytale come true.

Vegas, Sin City, really held the luck of the Irish where I was concerned.

"Deal," I said, offering Ryan my hand.

## *Chapter Three*

“C’mere, your hand won’t cut it.” Ryan’s thumb stroked my cheek and he sealed my mouth with his heated lips. His tongue swept in and possessed my will. If I hadn’t been sitting, my legs would have given way. His kiss consumed and dizzied my sensibilities with its power. His intoxicating taste spread through me and I never wanted the kiss to end. When he pulled away and stared into my eyes, I moaned with the loss.

“Eat fast,” he told the others. “Angel is in a hurry.”

Liam took one bite and half his burger was gone. Brody swallowed what he was chewing and pushed the plate away.

“Ready,” they said in unison.

Excitement bubbled within me and I was so anxious to ‘dance’ for the men. Truth was, something told me that tonight would be different. Something told me that these men knew how to please a woman and I had nothing but pleasure to worry about.

“Your place or ours?” Brody asked.

“Yours,” I immediately responded. Couldn’t imagine us getting it on in a 1992 Bronco.

“We can order room service later.” Liam took my hand and slid out of the booth, easily pulling me with him. “I’m taking you straight to the Jacuzzi tub. In spite of the way my cousin has bamboozled the conversation, I know how to make you relax.” He stared at the other two men. “You finish your food.”

Just like when he’d spoken to Stanley, there was no room for argument. What surprised me was the ease with which Ryan and Brody accepted Liam’s rather strong suggestion.

Handing me the urn, he moved my hand to his hip, insisted that I grab hold, and then wrapped his arm around my waist. He guided us through the pub and to the casino’s lobby

elevators, shielding me from the rowdy patrons with his muscled body. Using a key card, he hit express mode and the mirrored contraption smoothly ascended. He didn't speak till we arrived on the penthouse floor and we exited.

"You really are an angel, aren't you?" Liam smiled at our reflections in the hallway mirror. "You're so light and fair with that golden hair. I don't know what brought you to this town, but whatever it is, it must be real important to you. Especially, if it had you fraternizing with the likes of that guy in the pub."

"It is," I whispered. "It was the only way I could think of to honor my grandma's last wish. But, I messed it up. I let her down. She was always so supportive of me. I can't do anything right."

"Is that Grandma?" He touched the gold urn tucked against my body.

I nodded, wiping a tear from the corner of my eye.

"Don't worry, love. From the way you care about her, I can tell she was a special lady. I'm sure she knows how hard you tried, and that circumstances beyond your control came into play." He kissed my temple and lingered against my hair as his warmth spread through me, igniting a longing to burrow within his safety.

How weird was that? Safety with a man, a very powerful and commanding man, I'd just met.

"Sometimes you need to go on instincts," I thought aloud.

He opened the door and an enormous suite spread out before us. My mouth dropped as I turned to the right and looked at the fully equipped kitchen with the latest gadgets and what looked to be a craps table for a breakfast bar.

"I never learned how to play craps," I mumbled.

"Don't worry. You have no need for any of that. Brody does the cooking—exclusively. We stay out of his way and out of his kitchen, except in very extreme circumstances."

"Great. I wasn't sure if you had instant oatmeal." I walked through the vaulted entrance, done up with some kind of gold trim, and removed my shoes before I stepped onto the plush ivory-colored carpeting. "The dining room table is big enough for a party."

"Duly noted," he said, twisting me in his embrace and walking me backwards till my ass hit that same dining table. Lowering his head, he kissed the side of my neck and bent further till

he buried his face in cleavage and breathed loud. “We’ll certainly have a party here. The main course is sure to be exquisite.”

He nibbled up the other side of my neck and finally captured my lips. Boldly, his tongue commandeered my hungry mouth. The juncture between my thighs thrummed and my clit pulsed with expectation. His thigh pushed against my core and I tangled my fingers in his hair.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this,” I breathed against his mouth.

He stopped and straightened, concern framing his gaze. “You object?”

“No, no. That isn’t what I meant.” I brushed his lips and stole a small kiss. “It’s just that this kind of thing is out of character for me.”

“We guessed that much, Angel.” He tucked a stray wisp of hair behind my ear. “You’d tank at poker. You aren’t very good at hiding your emotions, but I honestly believe you’re looking forward to spending time with all of us. What I don’t get are those doubts dotting your eyes.”

I didn’t have a clue how to respond. Nor did I know if he expected me to. I scraped my teeth over my lower lip and looked around the sitting area in order to avoid his gaze. A Lucky 7 slot machine lit up the corner and ruled over the room. There was a big screen television set, two full-sized couches and three plush chairs. The ottomans doubled as tables, and the floor-to-ceiling windows afforded a breathtaking view of the twinkling strip.

Peeling my butt off the table, I realized I’d been sitting on a replica of a blackjack table.

“You guys are really big into the gaming stuff. Where is the horsey section?” Surprised that such gaudiness could actually look good, I walked over to the slot machine and picked up a coin from the bucket on the side. Pulling the knob, I watched the colorful pictures spin till the machine stopped on a row of sevens. Lights went off and a siren sounded the win.

“It’s been ages since things went my way,” I cooed, honestly thrilled at the result.

“Really? How long?” Liam skimmed his upper lip with the tip of his tongue as he crossed his arms over his broad chest.

“At least a year,” I replied, recalling the moment I’d walked away from all I’d loved and trusted to care for my grandmother. I had no choice. I had to do it.

As the coins dropped into the bin, I scrambled to fit the bucket under the shoot and catch the winnings. “Wonder how you can get any work done living in this place?”

Liam laughed, clearly amused with the difficulty I was having collecting the coins before they overflowed the bin and hit the floor. I dropped to my knees and swept the endless stream into a pile. The damn machine kept ringing and showering me with loot.

“Love, I’m going to run you a bubble bath, and while we wait, I’ll give you a tour of the penthouse.” He came close, bent to my level, used his finger to lift my chin and brushed his lips over my mouth. “I promise to address any doubts before we’re done.”

My heartbeat sped up. The truth was that I was scared of the immediate and physical results of this little tryst. Fine, it wasn’t so little, and I didn’t have the experience to know what to do. I had the desire, I wanted to learn, and I ached to encounter such indulgence at least once in my life. But drooling over three gorgeous men and dreaming about getting it on with them was huge. It was a fantasy—more than I could have ever asked for. But, could I handle it?

“Angel, stop frowning. I promise to make it good,” Liam said, straightening and strutting into another room.

Shit! Had I said what I was thinking aloud?

I shrugged, shaking my head. I hadn’t. I wasn’t losing my mind just yet.

I could hear the water running. A floral scent drifted into the room and teased my sense of almost-peace. I so wanted to drown my worries in the sweet smelling heat. When Liam returned, it was no surprise that I was ready for my bath. My body ached from the long drive and the stress of figuring how I was going to pay for the road trip. The court fine had left me with nothing, so I not only wanted to spend the night with the men, but I needed the money.

They’d only asked for dancing. Technically, I could dance all night long and walk away with ten thousand dollars. Our deal would be complete. And I knew they would pay me without complaint. I was the one who insisted on fantasizing about making love to three gorgeous men...Ryan, Liam, and Brody. I even harbored the secret aspiration to have them simultaneously. I was hot and bothered. I wanted to escalate the physical activities from naughty and electrifying to wicked and explosive.

No more doubts. No more silly worries. I was in Vegas and I was going to maximize the experience. Smiling like the wicked woman I was transforming into, I accepted Liam’s outstretched hand.

“This place is temporary till we get settled and the pub is officially ours.” He stroked his thumb over the back of my hand as we walked across the large living space. “You saw the



kitchen, dining, and sitting areas when we came in. There are three bedrooms and four bathrooms. The best feature of the penthouse is that all the bedrooms have a magnificent view of the Vegas lights. This town is electrifying.”

Holy cow! That was the same word I’d just thought. I laughed.

“What’s so funny?”

“I was just thinking of electrifying things, too.” I swung our entwined hands and shuffled my feet. “This is a really nice apartment.”

“The decor is a little over the top, but it’s comfortable, and we could stand to enjoy it for now. Like I said, it’s temporary. We want to buy a house and move on with our life. It’s time and we’re ready.”

“So what’s the hold up?”

“Our lifestyle has taken a unique turn—for lack of a better word—these past few months. It’s difficult to explain,” he said, slowing his pace at the entrance to a luxurious room that was a suite in itself. “But with you, love, I have a feeling that I’ll have a chance to clarify our distinct ways.”

A tingle danced in my core and heat raced to my cheeks. Even though I was dying to ask why and what, I was also frightened to hear it. I wimped out and decided to focus on the night at hand. I didn’t need detailed explanations—didn’t need to get attached.

“Another nice room,” I said, pointing to the paintings of the racehorse over the head of the bed. “I guess this room belongs to the horse enthusiast in the family.”

“Cute,” he said, running his index finger down my nose. “Since he’s the oldest, and this is the master bedroom, it’s Ryan’s. But he arrived late last night, so his things are still packed and can be moved easily. This is now your lucky room. Maybe the riders will inspire you.”

“What?”

“The key is inspiration.” Once again, he pulled me against his hard body and fit his erection against my tummy. Wrapping his arms around me, he claimed my mouth. This time his kiss was harder, demanding, and his tongue didn’t let up until I wound my hands around his neck and tangled my fingers in his hair. “You need a little inspiration, Angel. Maybe the view from this room will inspire you.”

Races horses or not, the room was much better than the cab of my car. But, I didn't need my own room. I'd be gone before they knew it. A few hours of getting to know each other, maybe a few more of the kind of festivities sex dreams are made of, then I'd be on my way.

"Do you need help getting ready for your bath?"

I stared into his dark eyes and shook my head.

"Okay, then." He cradled my face in his warm palms and brushed a tender kiss on my lips. "There's a robe on the chair. If you need anything else, just call. I'll be in earshot."

Liam left and I stood in the center of the room, feeling very alone. In less than an hour, I'd grown accustomed to company again. I wanted him with me and felt the loss when he strolled out the door.

Thankfully, the trickling of water sidetracked my darkening mood and I looked forward to a relaxing bath. I entered the ensuite bath and my jaw dropped in awe from the beauty and elegance that illuminated the room. I had to force myself to inhale the warm moist air. Candlelight flickered along the marble perimeter of the large tub. Steam fogged the mirrors on the ceiling, and the scent of glorious flowers filled the air. With all the luxurious trimmings a woman could imagine in an upscale hotel, it was like stepping into my private tropical paradise.

The décor in the bathroom was pure elegance. No gaudy gambling memorabilia in this refuge. No view to the outside, either. However, a heavenly mural of a lush green garden adorned the walls and more than made up for the lack of windows.

Placing Grandma on the dressing table between the two copper sinks, I shed my clothes and let them pool around my ankles. The marble floor was wonderfully heated, and warmth sank into the soles of my feet.

*Grams, I wish you could see this place. You'd really like it. It's truly a bathroom from a fairytale and fit for a princess. Okay, maybe an adult fairytale, but I wasn't about to let my grandmother in on that one. I eased one foot, an inch at a time, into the water. And don't worry. These men aren't taking advantage of me and it isn't something bad. They are so handsome, so sexy, and so attractive. I'd want to be with them no matter what. I like them all, and if I had to choose one of them, it would be impossible.*

The good thing was that I'd been granted the permission not to choose.

I wasn't lying to Grams. It wasn't about the money anymore. Actually, the money was beside the point. My insides melted when Ryan touched me. My pulse raced when Liam kissed

me. And Brody, well I couldn't put it into proper words, but when he looked at me, I wanted to dive into the emerald abyss of his gaze and lose myself. If I was completely honest, the money was a bonus and my excuse to indulge in a night of fantasy and decadence.

Yeah, I knew it wasn't customary to feel so attracted to three men at the same time, but from the way my clit pulsed at the mere thought of each or all of them, there was no question that I had to have them. Separately or together, my body craved their possession. It needed to know their passion.

It didn't take me long to lose myself in the pleasure of the bath and to let doubts of my sexual abilities take flight. Within minutes, I had submersed myself beneath the bubbles and looked up out of the water at the welcoming glow of the candles. I pictured Liam, naked and beautiful, strolling into my little paradise and joining me in the water.

## *Chapter Four*

“Did you call for me?” Liam’s muted voice sounded. “Angel!” His water-distorted face appeared above me.

Strong hands cut through the water, gripped me beneath my arms and yanked me from my peace.

“What is wrong?” He yelled so loud that he undid what the water had done to calm me.

Hastily trying to sit up and respond, my bum slipped on the soapy surface and I would have gone under again if he hadn’t practically tugged my arms from their sockets.

“You’re hurting me,” I breathed.

He let go and sank to the floor beside the tub. “Sorry. You startled me. Actually, you scared the shit out of me.” Still staring at me like I was a ghost, he rubbed his palm down his face. “What in the world were you doing under the water?”

“Enjoying my bath,” I answered, perplexed with his panic. “Relaxing.”

“There are better ways to relax than drowning, Angel.”

“I wasn’t drowning. I was letting the water soothe me. You know, I wanted it to take me away and all that funky stuff.” I lifted my shoulders and realized the compromising position I was in. Naked, in a tub of bubbles, I argued with the man who really turned me on. Any moment now the water would boil over.

“Okay, okay.” Liam raised his hands in defeat. “I might have overreacted a little.”

“A little?”

“Fine. A lot.” He crossed his arms and pouted, invisible steam escaping from his nose, like an angry, very angry, macho-man bouncer who’d been duked by some punk in line.

“If I was in trouble, I would have called you,” I said, gathering what was left of the bubbles around my chest.

“I thought you had.”

Silence settled between us and we agreed, without spoken words, to let the subject drop. He leaned his elbow on the edge of the tub and ran patterns through the soapsuds with his finger.

“Angel, if you want to talk, I’m here for you.”

I didn’t respond. I kept collecting the frothy cover and slipped a little lower into the water.

“I mean it, you know.”

“Not to be rude, but I’m not in the mood for talking.” I couldn’t tell him what I really wanted from him. It was so wanton, so out of character for me. “But, that doesn’t mean you should worry. I’m not going to drown myself or do anything stupid. No matter how rough things are, I believe they will work themselves out. I can handle what life throws at me. I always have, and I always will. My plan is to let the bad stuff exhaust itself. Eventually, only good things will come.”

“I like that philosophy,” he said, smiling and massaging my shoulder. “Never hesitate with me. Ask, and I’ll find a way to make it happen.”

I believed him. I knew he’d make anything I wanted happen. But, was it fair? Should I allow it?

Strong fingers kneaded the tension from my shoulders, and I could only sit and hope he wouldn’t stop. Like magic, his hands dispersed my hesitation, and desire and confidence seeped through my pores, empowering me to ask him for what I dreamed of for the night.

“Liam?”

“Yes, love?” His hands massaged down my arms, reaching my fingers and lifting them out of the water. Rubbing encouragement on them, he worked from the thumbs to the pinkies, patiently waiting for my request.

“I want to do more than dance for you and your cousins,” I whispered, biting my lower lip. “I want tonight to be a night that fantasies are made of. Sexual fantasies.” I paused and searched his face for a reaction. He grinned and dropped his gaze in an encouraging manner. “I want to lose myself in the moment, to seduce all of you and to make you call my name as you climax.”

Shit! I'd said it. The strength that pounded through my chest at the admission was so liberating, so exciting, and so sinful. I loved it.

"Okay."

"Okay?"

"Sure, Angel. It's your call." Grasping me beneath the arms, he lifted me and brought me to my feet. Liam reached for a bath towel and unfolded it, then held it open. "Come on, step out of there and dry off. You need to dress before the others get back."

"But you just agreed. I said I wanted to seduce all of you."

"I understand. I said I'd allow that. You don't need to be naked to accomplish your goal," Liam replied, maneuvering the towel like a matador did his cape. "However, you do have to *seduce* on my terms."

Electricity zipped through me at his commanding sexual tone. My legs followed his orders and I stepped into the towel, fully aroused and curious as to his terms.

"We're going to put a few twists in this night."

"I'd say that three of you will have me twisting alright."

"You'll need to be open to various experiences, open to things that you may not expect. Plus, you will continue to ask permission," he instructed, wrapping the towel around my body and patting me dry. "None of us will hurt you in any manner, but if you feel uncomfortable, you must let me know immediately. You know how this works. Are you in agreement?"

It was a well-intentioned question, but I wasn't going to admit to my inexperience. "No. I'm good."

"I didn't ask if you're good." Turning me to face him, Liam raised my chin to look into my eyes. "I'm the judge of that. I asked if we're in agreement about this sexual experience. No lying allowed, Angel."

My knees grew weak, my heart hammered in my chest, and the lump in my throat prevented me from speaking. I shook my head in acquiescence.

"Okay, then. I'll guide you." Cupping the full curve of my bottom, he held me upright as he dropped to his knees to dry my feet. When he was done, he let the towel drop and brought his mouth to my abdomen. Circling my stomach with slow, torturous licks, he heightened my arousal and tingles spread within me. His hand splayed over the inside of my thigh, moving to my core as his tongue dipped into my bellybutton.

“Please, please touch me,” I breathed, taking tiny steps to open my legs. “Please?”

“Nice, sweetheart. You learn quick.” He blazed kisses across my center and along my hip as his hand continued on its path up between my thighs. “Touch you, I shall.”

He spread my swollen flesh and circled my clit with his thumb. A thick finger slid into my channel and I whimpered with the pure bliss of the intrusion. I closed my eyes and let wonderful sensations fill me as he stroked my pleasure, first slow, then fast.

“Don’t come,” he instructed, slipping in a second finger and stroking deeper.

Grasping his shoulders for support, I bit my lip and tried not to let the frenzy of feelings take control of my body. Breathing was difficult, standing was worse, and as if he realized my dilemma, he rose to his feet and lifted me in his arms, then carried me to bed.

My body protested as he placed me on the soft surface and stepped away.

“Your costume is on the pillow. Put it on and come into the dining area.”

Clearly, our brief interlude was over. I was left high and wet, no sweet release, no chance to seduce him.

“When we are alone, I accept all responsibility for you. When we choose to be with Ryan and Brody, I also accept responsibility, but in those circumstances, we’ll be equals in the power we possess. Let me know if you don’t like something and I’ll rectify the situation. However, if at any time you feel uncomfortable, just say ‘jet plane’,” Liam called over his shoulder as he walked toward the exit.

“Jet plane.” I was certainly uncomfortable. “Jet plane, jet damn freaking plane.”

He laughed, turning to look at me with a twinkle in his eyes. “What is it, love? What’s wrong?”

“I’m absolutely uncomfortable.” I sat up and crossed my arms over my chest. “You get me all hot and bothered, instruct me not to come, and then dump me on the bed like a sack of potatoes and walk away. What am I supposed to do with all this *extra* energy I have surging through me?”

“Use it to seduce *me*, *us*, Angel. Use it to raise the stakes.”

## *Chapter Five*

There were two options.

One: to do as Liam instructed and use that damn energy, otherwise known as frustration, to make him burn the way I burned. Or, two... Who was I kidding? There was no other option. I wasn't about to walk away. I wanted this night more than anything. And if I was really honest with myself, I welcomed Liam's control.

A poof of emerald satin and white lace covered the pillow, teasing me and calling to be put on. I couldn't imagine dressing like a green marshmallow to get my man—correction—men, but these weren't typical men. They had kinks, and I was about to indulge in them.

Rounding the bed, I closed the door and set to examining the outfit, picking it up one piece at a time. The frilly skirt was topped with a corset-style bodice. A white lace shirt belonged beneath that. Green stockings and a white leather garter belt lay under the shirt. The last and tiniest article of clothing was a silk green thong.

All the trimmings of a sexy leprechaun.

Well, I could make some alterations and throw the guys a bit off kilter. That would be heightening the stakes. I began the preparations. Scissors, needle and thread, and body lotion. I had all I needed in the top drawer of the bathroom's vanity to alter the costume and draw a reaction. I could play with the best of them. I had my own surprises.

*Tread carefully, darling. These boys play for keeps. Make sure you're ready for them. And, most importantly, don't do a thing for me. Do only what is right for you. I love you.*

\* \* \* \*

Dressed and teetering on the five-inch heels of my leather thigh-high boots, with the green stocking peaking over the top, I placed Grams in the room safe and chose the combination.



Happy that she was secure and away from what was about to happen, I cracked the door and peaked out. All three men lounged in the living room, plates of food on the square table before the couches, and drinks in their hands. The party was about to begin, but the cousins looked totally relaxed and comfortable. They talked and laughed amongst themselves like they did this sort of thing on a daily basis.

Heat trickled through me. I wouldn't mind being with them on a daily basis. In spite of their controlling ways, I felt secure and looked after. With all the options and outs they'd offered, I wasn't hesitant about spending the night with them.

Large, bare feet sprawled over the carpet. They all wore jeans, and Ryan and Liam each sported white t-shirts. Brody had lost his shirt all together and the sprinkle of curly hair in the middle of his muscular chest trailed a line to his zipper.

I wet my parched lips at the thought of going down on Brody, and added the act to my list of requests for Liam. Excitement pulsed over my body as I thought of asking Liam, the enforcer, the protector, and clearly the authoritative controller of my sexual night, for permission to perform.

Liam must have heard me, for he glanced at up and smiled. "Ready, love?"

I nodded, trying to contain the enthusiasm bubbling inside.

Liam picked up a remote, turned off the television set, and lowered the lights.

"Gentlemen, I present our private dancer for the night. She's about to spread her wings and fly. Our job is to clear her way and let her soar." Liam pressed a button on the remote again and a sultry instrumental drifted from the overhead speakers and filled the room.

"Dance for us, Angel," Ryan invited, adjusting his seat for a better view and spreading his arms in invitation.

Brody moved the plates aside and patted the top of the coffee table. "Your stage."

Accepting his outstretched hand for stability, I climbed onto the sturdy surface and looked down at the three handsomest men I'd ever met. Positioning my feet a little wider than my hips, I closed my eyes and let the music seep into my soul.

My hips rolled with the melody, and as the song's rhythm picked up, so did my tempo. Gaining confidence, I opened my eyes, added tiny steps, and eventually shoulder rolls. Encouraged by the large smiles of appreciation, I included the seductive arm movements I'd learned from the limited belly dancing classes I'd taken at the gym.

“Liam has informed us of your request,” Ryan said in an official voice. “We’re happy to learn of it and gratefully accept, but we need to hear it from your mouth to confirm that you haven’t changed your mind.”

The song kept going, but my body stilled.

“Don’t stop dancing, baby.” Brody stepped up behind me on the cocktail table, wrapped his arms across my body and settled his hands on my hips. Giving them a slight nudge to continue gyrating, he lowered his mouth to my ear and kissed the sensitive skin. “I didn’t waste all that food again for you to stop dancing. Tell Ryan what he wants to hear and we’ll make it happen.”

My hips swerved and my ass brushed over Brody’s hard cock with each pass, making me very aware of his interest. Once, twice, three times. I searched Liam’s eyes for more direction, and when he nodded his approval, I inhaled deep, resolving to trust in my feelings.

“I want a fantasy night with all three of you,” I breathed.

“More,” Liam instructed.

“I want a night of sexual bliss and ecstasy with you.” Grinding against Brody, I squatted in my renewed dance and felt the cool air caress my naked pussy in the process. “Please, Ryan, accept my request.”

If Ryan saw the alteration I’d made to my panties, he didn’t react. “Angel, we will gladly oblige any request you have. Do you trust us?”

Once again, my hips came to a stop. I rose on stiff knees and stared down at him. What did trust have to do with sex?

I swallowed hard. “You’re not into pain, right? No whips and chains?” The words stammered from my mouth, but the thought intrigued me.

“Maybe, but not tonight,” Ryan assured.

“Excuse me?”

“What Ryan’s asking is...do you trust us to make tonight a memorable experience?” Liam elaborated, remaining seated, but doing more to calm me with his voice than any other man could have done standing beside me. “Will you allow us to decide how to make tonight special?”

“No pain?” I asked.

“None that you wouldn’t want, love. No whips and chains.” Liam grinned, as if knowing that the idea held its own appeal in the recesses of my mind, but realizing the reality would have me running out the door.

“Then, yes. I trust you.”

Ryan stood, but didn’t need to stretch much in order to cup my face and claim my mouth. Long and hard strokes of his tongue mingled with mine, sealing the deal better than any handshake ever could.

Brody’s hands stole beneath my skirt and covered my mound. Finding the way I’d sewn the panties into one long cord, he tugged and the material slipped into my folds, pressing against my clit. “Nice touch,” he whispered, trailing his finger along the side of the wet material. “I believe you’re already primed for us.”

Ryan deepened the kiss as Brody dipped his finger into my pussy. My clit sizzled as the silk rubbed against it and heat spread through my body. Each time Brody moved in and out, the burn intensified. I struggled to fill my lungs with oxygen amidst Ryan’s kiss, and my heart soared with the knowledge that I was in for a night of physical delights. What more could a girl want?

“First, we feast,” Brody announced, moving his hand and stepping off the table.

“You’re still hungry?” I looked at him, taking his outstretched hand and falling into his embrace. He claimed my mouth, stole my questions, and kissed me till I fell against his chest, dizzy and totally at his mercy.

The music changed and the lights dimmed further. With no physical effort, he lifted me off my feet and walked me to where Liam sat. Slowly, he lowered me onto his cousin and dropped to his knees before me. Arranging my body over Liam’s, Brody placed my hands into Liam’s warm palms, and Liam closed his fingers around them. Hooking my legs over Liam’s calves, Brody raised my skirt and exposed my neatly trimmed curls to the cool air.

“Only a fool wouldn’t follow a leprechaun to the end of her rainbow and his pot of gold,” Ryan added, stepping behind Liam’s seat and reaching over our shoulders to slip his hands inside the lace of my shirt and beneath the corset bodice. “You’re so small and the shirt dwarfs you. It won’t do.”

Ryan played with the leather ties holding the corset in place and tugged, relieving the pressure and causing my breasts to spring forward.

“I like the second costume alteration,” Liam said, intertwining his fingers with mine so that I couldn’t cover up. Blowing on my right nipple as it poked through the slit I’d cut into the shirt, Liam held me still. “Easy access is conducive to heightened stakes, love, but it wasn’t necessary. You’re losing the frilly shirt.”

Ryan helped me out of one sleeve, then the other, and as Brody licked a trail up my thigh and had my mind spinning with delight, his cousin removed my shirt. The warmth of Brody’s breath on my clit preceded the slide of his tongue between my folds, and I gasped and bit my lip as his teeth grazed my clit. Nipping at the pulsing nub and sending tingles to my core, he filled me with his fingers and stroked the erogenous zones buried deep inside.

I took a deep breath and exhaled loud as Brody worked his magic on my clit. He bit, then soothed the thrumming ache with his tongue, bit again, then sucked the pulsing tenderness into his mouth. Moaning, I raised my hips and pushed against his face.

“I’m guessing this is pain you welcome,” Ryan said, rolling my nipples between his fingers.

“Yes,” I breathed, rotating me hips. “More, Brody. Suck harder. Make me come.”

Liam chuckled. “Patience, Angel. Let the man get a taste of your wonderful sweetness before your come. Make him work for it.” His fingers tightened on my hands, as if knowing that I wanted to hold Brody’s head against me and grind my way to climax.

“I love how big your chest is for your tiny frame.” Ryan’s palms covered my breasts, allowing the hardened nipples to escape between his fingers. “Such a waste to let them wait for pleasure.” He walked around the chair and knelt beside us. “One for Liam,” he said, lifting my breast and offering a nipple to his cousin, who leaned over my shoulder and first gifted me with a set of licks and then groaned as he wet the soft flesh beside the rose tip. “One for me,” Ryan added, lowering his mouth and suckling the aching peak.

I’d never appreciated my large, heavy breasts as much as I did at that moment.

Moans escaped between my lips. Extending my chest and squeezing my muscles around Brody’s fingers, I asked for more. My body rocked as they manipulated the excitement splintering within me. The only thing that would have made the moment better would have been for Liam to strip off his clothes and join the action in a bigger way. Much bigger. I could feel him straining against his jeans—his zipper grating my butt cheeks as I pressed down on his erection.

“All things in good time, love,” Liam said against my ear. “Let the pleasure take you. Let go.”

And I did.

## *Chapter Six*

Arms and legs like jelly, I remained on Liam and welcomed the security of his arm across my abdomen. My breathing finally returned to normal, and a moist warm cloth swept over my exposed core, reminding me of the precarious position I was physically in. I'd never been so grateful to a man for holding me still. Surely, I'd be on the floor if it weren't for Liam's muscled arm.

"Well, I'd say that was the best ten thousand dollars we've ever invested," Ryan said, winking at his cousins, and leaning over me to brush his lips over my mouth. "Angel, you sure can dance."

Instant trepidation popped my bubble of heaven. I wasn't ready for our deal to end. I wanted more. I thought I'd made that clear to Liam earlier, but maybe they didn't want anything more from me. Pushing off Liam, I took the washcloth from Brody and planted my feet on the floor between Liam's legs.

"Thanks." I stood and headed toward the suite to get my things. "Keep your investment. The dance is on the house."

"Love?" Liam's fingers closed around my wrist. "Why are you in a hurry? I planned the whole night for us."

"You did?" My heart jumped with hope. He'd heard. He wanted it too.

"Your wish is my command." Liam rose to his feet and his arms encircled my waist, and turned me so that my bare breasts rested on the crisp material of his shirt. "Ryan didn't mean to offend you. He meant it as a compliment."

"Damn sure compliment," Ryan added.

“What I’m saying has nothing to do with money.” Liam brushed his knuckles over my jaw. “You see, not only do we have to live up to your expectations of a fantasy night, but I’d like for you to consider staying with us.”

“But —”

“Stay,” Liam insisted. “Not because you need money to fulfill your grandmother’s wish. Stay because you want to. Stay because you’d regret it if you left. Stay because you feel the need in here.” His fingers touched the skin covering my heart, then lifted to my chin and tilted my face so he easily sealed his mouth over mine.

Wrapping my arms over his shoulders, I entangled my fingers in his dark hair and kissed the man who commanded my heart and body.

“I want to,” I breathed against his lips. “I really do.”

He hushed me with another kiss, and as our tongues mingled in an erotic dance, I lost myself, and any doubts I’d harbored, in Liam’s embrace.

\* \* \* \*

“Time to get going,” Ryan announced, pulling a cape from the closet. “This might come in handy.”

I stared at the emerald green cloak and couldn’t stop from laughing. It reminded me of an *earth-friendly* Little Red Riding Hood outfit. “You’re really into dressing up?”

“If you prefer to stay the way you are while we ride through the strip, I have no objection.” Grinning, Ryan dropped the cape on the couch and raised his brow.

“That’s okay,” I quickly replied, pushing out of Liam’s hold and reaching for the cloak that Ryan pushed further away. “I think the green is this season’s black. Looks very runway couture.”

“We’re going for a ride, Angel.” Ryan grinned and raised his brows in a teasing gesture that had him looking so tempting and sinful.

“I thought we were indulging in a night of *sexual bliss*?” I asked, baffled at their intent to leave the suite.

“We are,” they all said at once.

“The unplanned and unknown is often a fantastic aphrodisiac.” Liam placed a hand on my shoulder and drew me against him, again. “You asked for something memorable, something out of the norm, and we plan on delivering. Now step into the pretty panties that Brody is

holding for you and trust that your gorgeous smile will be glowing all night long and illuminating the freedom your pleasure will bring.”

When he put it that way, how could I refuse?

I turned to Brody, who was squatting next to me, holding a cute looking rubber shield with a tangle of elastic strings. “Those are panties?”

“*Your* panties,” Brody assured, motioning for me to raise my foot. He slowly fit the elastic around the tall and skinny heels and then pulled the barely there covering over my mound. The silicon flower covered the triangle of golden curls I’d carefully trimmed, and when he secured the elastic straps, I felt a hardness push against my clitoris and another part my pussy lips. “Make sure the button is on your beautiful clit and the rubber bullet slips into your delicious honey.”

I nodded, adjusting the toy as instructed. Liam was right; the mystery of the night added to the sexiness of our scenario, but I couldn’t help wondering why they were doing all of this. I was more than willing to get it on with all of them, I wasn’t hiding it, and I needed no wooing. So why all the extras?

Searching for more clothes to wear, I found nothing in the room. Even my pants had disappeared.

“Your cape,” Ryan said, holding it open for me.

“What? I’m still half naked,” I protested, pulling on the short hem of my outfit and pushing my boobs into the bustier.

“Not naked enough,” he answered, dropping the cape onto my shoulders and tying it at the neck. He ran a finger down my nose and then kissed the tip. “You’re so beautiful, Angel.”

Tucking my hand into the crook of his arm, Ryan nodded and the men started out of the suite. We rode the elevator in silence. Nothing audible, nothing but the pounding of my heart in my ears. When we reached the lobby, the cool air swept beneath my cape and up my legs and against my bare pussy, which was tingling with anticipation.

I took a step and the silicon between my legs vibrated to life. Brody met my gaze, smiled, and blew me a kiss.

“Oh,” I gasped as he played with the remote in his pocket. “That’s ni-c-ce.”



“I knew you’d enjoy toys,” Brody said triumphantly. “You’re so receptive, so sensitive to touch. I should’ve insisted on the nipple clamps, they would have had you jumping me by now. But, nooooooooo,” he drawled. “Liam didn’t want you to scare.”

Nipple clamps? My stomach did a somersault at the thought. I rubbed my palm over my chest and dispersed the mental stinging that had settled on my boobs.

“I could rub those for you,” Brody offered, his green eyes sparkling with amusement. “Or we can wait till we get in the car?”

“Car,” I said way too quick, drawing more laughter from the cousins.

Outside the grand entrance to the casino, I held the cape tightly closed and snuggled close to Ryan, drawing on his strength to continue standing as Brody played with the most wondrous remote control. It was the first time I’d experienced a clitoral vibrator, and the toy was rapidly climbing my list of favorites.

When the limousine pulled up to where we stood, Liam opened the door before the driver had a chance to get out and Ryan scooped me onto the backseat.

“Brody takes his toys too seriously,” Liam said, untying my cape and then loosening the bustier and giving me room to inhale more oxygen into my lungs. “I’m proud of you, love. Other than the red in your cheeks, you’re keeping the look of a climaxing woman well under the covers.”

“Ohhhh... Fuck!”

I was in full panting mode by then. My breasts escaped the bodice and bounced free as I slumped against the leather seat.

The car was moving, building lights blurred, and the strip was a continuous display of energy swooping over my body. No way could I focus on a single thing. Brody must have turned the control up on full power. The sensations ricocheted through my core and I squirmed for some relief.

“That’s it,” Brody encouraged. “You can ride the tiny dildo if you like, or you can ride one of us.” He pulled the remote from his pocket and twisted the knob, slowing the intensity and allowing me a moment to think.

“Screw that,” Ryan grunted, shifting in his seat and unzipping his jeans. “When I’m here and you need servicing, I take care of you. You don’t need a fucking dildo. C’mere.”

Taking me by the waist, he lifted me off my seat and onto his lap, turning me one hundred and eighty degrees so that I straddled and faced him. Gentle not to hurt me, he moved the silicon away from my center, but left it covering my curls.

The toy continued to vibrate as he pushed his thick erection into my channel. "Ride that, Angel. Take it any way you want."

I grasped his shoulders, trying not to move much and allow time to adjust to his exceptional size. Ryan patiently stroked my back, nodding as I looked into his eyes. He settled his hands on the swell of my hips and guided my movements, slowly, tenderly, and in the most commanding erotic strokes imaginable.

When I could breathe, I inhaled deep and held it. Using my thigh muscles, I rose up, moved my hips and maneuvered his cock around the sensitized area.

"Take your time, Angel," Ryan breathed, as I leaned forward and he captured my nipple with his lips. Between slow, torturous licks of my breasts, he said, "You're so perfect. Soft, gentle, adventurous, and full of life. You're everything wonderful in a lovely little package."

Guiding me closer, he suckled each nipple in turn. Rising off his seat, he thrust deeper into me and quickened our rhythm as the eroticism of our joining danced through my core and over my whole body.

"I don't want to take my time."

"Don't."

And, I didn't. I threw my head back, tilted my hips, and allowed the heat to shoot right through me. Over and over, feeling it from my toes to my fingertips, I came undone as Ryan thrust one last time and climaxed. He pulled me onto his chest and kissed the top of my head.

## *Chapter Seven*

“I don’t understand why we’re here.” I looked around the club, which in all reality was an erotic dance club with gambling. “I mean—we were fine in the privacy of your suite. Now, we’re in the middle of a crowd and we can’t continue with our plans.”

“But we can,” Liam informed me with a grin. “And we will.”

I couldn’t see how. There were tons of people all around us.

Scantily dressed—and that was being extremely generous—women slithered on polished gold poles, danced in locked cages and wore collars that were chained to the heavy bars, entertaining the customers all in the name of Lady Luck. The waitresses were topless, with the perkier breasts I’d ever seen, and dressed in tiny plaid skirts adorned with four leaf clovers.

Granted, the majority of the clientele was male, but there were a few women sprinkled in amongst the crowd. The bare-chested men employed by the club also got their fair share of attention. Glistening and muscled, they completed their ensembles wearing black pleated trousers that showcased their blessed endowments. What surprised me was that none of the staff wore shoes. Barefoot seemed to be a lucky state to be in, for most of the patrons had removed their own shoes as well.

“Why isn’t anyone wearing shoes?” I asked.

“Tradition,” Liam said.

“Better put, it’s superstition,” Ryan clarified, wrapping his hand around my waist and pulling me closer to him. “Most gamblers are known for their superstitions. They have certain rituals and routines they don’t dare deviate from, especially if they’re winning. The original owner of the club claimed that if you left your shoes at the door, no bad luck could follow you in. Practically no one wears their shoes.”

“I’d say that’s rather superstitious.” I rubbed the soft leather of my boots. “Why didn’t we take off our shoes?”

“We’re not gambling, Angel. We already hit the jackpot—with you.”

“Look at the redhead.” Ryan gestured toward a row of slot machines and a gorgeous auburn-haired woman sitting second from the left, no shoes on her feet. “She takes a sip of her drink, then places the glass to her left, touches the top of the machine, kisses the tips of her fingers on her left hand, makes as if to pull the handle with her right hand, but always hits the “Max Bet” button with her left.”

Dumbfounded, I watched as the woman repeated the sequence of moves three more times. The next time, the machine flashed and the light on top blinked like mad. She won. The sound of money dropping echoed through the area, even though no actual coins fell into the bin.

“Virtual coins. The noise is for old-times sake,” Ryan explained. “The machine generates a receipt for the winner to take to the cashier.”

“So this is a really superstitious casino *and* a strip joint?” I asked, appreciative of how the two enterprises fit and made sense in Sin City.

“Amongst other things,” Brody offered, turning on the vibrator again and making me jump in my seat. “It’s a private fantasy club, sweetheart. Anything goes.”

A female dancer, in nothing more than gold stilettos, stepped onto our table. I guessed she wasn’t gambling either, so her costume was apropos. One hand moved over her large breasts to the rhythm of the music and the other played over her waxed pussy. She rounded her hips and slid a finger along her glistening folds, rubbing the little button she exposed as she widened her stance.

“Wow,” I breathed, amazed at her brazen openness. No shyness in her dance. I couldn’t stop staring at the voluptuous brunette rolling her nipples and rubbing her clit while she danced for us.

“You’re a lucky girl,” she said, hooking two fingers into her pussy. “If you’d like more company, my shift is over in ten minutes.”

Speechless, I shook my head and continued to gawk. My clit pulsed and moisture pooled between my legs as the dancer showed us how good she tasted by smiling devilishly as she licked her juices off her fingers. The smell of sex engulfed us and served as the only barrier to the gazes of the other customers in the club.

A patron waved some bills in the air and the brunette winked, stepped off our table and sauntered over to him. Saddling up to the corner booth, she wiggled her breasts in his face and accepted the money. Securing her earnings on her strappy sandals, she whispered in his ear, then sashayed back to the stage.

“They’re prostitutes?” I asked, still watching her dance.

“No. No one pays for sex in here.” Ryan pulled the cord of my cape and the heavy green material fell to the floor, exposing my heaving chest that was about to bust out from the bustier. “Sex is only between the patrons. If you had accepted her offer, we would’ve had to leave when she was done with her shift. She’s not allowed to have sex with anyone other than herself in the club.”

“But *you’re* allowed,” Brody suggested.

The shock must have looked real amusing as it registered on my face. He laughed real hard and outlined the curve of my décolletage, slipping a finger under the halter and brushing against my nipple.

By then, my vision had adjusted to the strobe lights and the flashing distractions in the club’s dimness. Yet, I found it difficult to tear my gaze from the company I was with. Sipping the spicy brandy in my glass, I swallowed the heat and enjoyed the burn on the way down as it strengthened my commitment to the night of passion with these men. Maybe I wasn’t sure where it was going or how to handle specific situations, but I was sure that I wanted to be with them. And, the tiny voice in my head said to follow their lead for they wouldn’t disappoint.

“Look around, Angel. Tell us what you see,” Ryan coaxed, pointing toward the slot machines again.

Beside the woman who had won the coinless treasure, and who was still continuing with her ritual, all the other stools were occupied. On the corner, a shirtless and broad shouldered man sat pin straight. The waist of his pants hung low and revealed the top of toned and attractive ass cheeks. Only after admiring his tanned rear did I notice the man wedged between Cute-ass’s legs and the machine. A blond head bobbed in rhythm to the strokes his hands made on the other man’s calves.

“He’s blowing Cute-ass,” I whispered in awe.

“Correct,” Ryan said, clearly fighting back a chuckle. “Last week, the guy whose ass you admire won twenty grand while coming in his lover’s mouth. They’re very superstitious and believe they can do it again.”

“Yeah,” Brody added. “Blondie thinks that the better the blowjob, the bigger the payoff.” The clit vibrator hummed stronger. “Enjoy the scenery.” He winked and leaned over to brush his lips softly beneath my ear.

My hand shook from the restraint to inhibit my climax. The damn toy, added to the decadent setting and sexual energy in the place, had me so wired that I wanted to spread my legs and take care of business immediately. I glanced at Liam, chewing on my lower lip as he grinned knowingly.

“Stand up,” Ryan instructed, placing his foot on the base of my stool and cupping my backside as he guided me to perch on the edge of the leg rest. “Look beyond them. Check out the card tables.”

My breath stopped. A man pushed a woman, face-down, onto the green felt, raised her long skirt over her back, covered her shoulders and her head. Her ass was high in the air and her feet dangled above the floor. He spread her legs and rammed his dark cock into her. She bucked and he pumped faster, banging her on the table in front of so many onlookers. In spite of the skirt concealing her identity, she was far from shy, for she reached back and moved his finger to her anus, drawing audible approval from the gathering crowd.

Amazed at the sexual display unfolding before us, I stared, swaying side to side on my perch in order to look over the shoulders of the other spectators.

“Do they offend you?” Ryan swept a finger down my cheek to draw my attention.

I shook my head.

“You like?” Brody asked, getting up from his seat and walking to stand behind me. Snaking an arm around my waist, he slid the other hand up my thigh and played his fingers along my dripping folds. “Does it excite you?”

Unable to speak, I nodded and spread my legs in the hope that he would put me out of my misery and fill my aching core. Brody didn’t disappoint. Working with the vibrator, he teased my clit while his slipped in and out of my wet entrance.

“You’re soaked,” he proudly announced. “Obviously, our Angel has a naughty side and likes to watch.” He settled the toy on my clit again and inserted two fingers, pumping deep and spreading my moisture. “What else do you like, Angel?”

The pressure built as he inserted a third finger. Shivers raked my body and I clasped the edge of the table to remain on my feet. I couldn’t fight it much longer. I looked at Liam, pleading for a solution to the dilemma I was in. I wanted to come. I needed to let the pleasure erupt and satiated the physical ache, but I couldn’t let myself go.

Liam reached down and gathered the cape in his hand. He draped it over my shoulders, and then tied the ribbon, giving me the privacy I secretly needed.

Locking his gaze on mine, he nodded. “You will sneak it—in public. Everyone’s attention is centered on the blackjack couple,” he said against my lips, before kissing me.

As if on Liam’s command, the climax splintered through me, and Brody’s hold tightened on my waist. He held me against the security of his chest and allowed me the freedom to ride the wave without fear of crashing.

“You are so beautiful while you come.” Ryan’s voice roused me from the orgasmic haze. “I could watch those pouty lips tremble all night long.”

“In private?” I asked wistfully.

A twinkle sparked in Ryan’s eyes. He shifted in his seat and leaned his right elbow on the table, rubbing his chin with the back of his hand. “Interesting. I was under the impression that you liked this place.”

Butterflies wrecked havoc in my belly, trying to determine if he was teasing me or if he was testing me. Brody was still supporting me, so I let my head fall back on to his shoulder as I inhaled the sex-scented air and thought of how to put my wants into words.

“I do like this place. It is wild, wicked, and dripping of hedonistic allure. It is a perfect definition of Sin City. Gambling. Sex. Alcohol. And, more than anything... Temptation.”

I glanced about the room; saw the dancers enticing their audience, the tables and machines calling those who tested fate, and the almost-naked bartenders keeping the happiness flowing.

“But, I have the three of you,” I added, brushing my fingers simultaneously over Ryan’s hand and Liam’s jaw. “There is nothing more I want. Nothing more I need to make *my* dream a reality.”

“We’re done here,” Liam stated, tossing a bill on the table. “Let’s go.”

“Good answer,” Brody whispered against my ear.



## *Chapter Eight*

If it hadn't been for Brody holding my hand and coaxing me to relax and enjoy the few minutes before the fantasy I'd requested became a full-fledged reality, my heart would've burst from my chest during the car ride. But it didn't, and the excitement filled every cell in my body, multiplying my anticipation with each mile we travelled.

At last, we exited the elevator and Brody held down the 'open' button while Liam lifted me into his arms. Ryan walked ahead and unlocked the suite.

"You wanted a party, a party is what you'll have," Liam announced, depositing me on the massive table in the middle of the living area.

"On the blackjack table?" I asked, recalling the couple going at it on the other blackjack table. My butt slid on the smooth surface and chafed just enough to remind me that if I made love to them simultaneously, it too would be getting some action. I squeezed my thighs, wondering if I was ready for that kind of intensity.

"On the dining table," Brody interjected. "Baby, you're the main course, and I'm a starved man." He lifted my feet, so they rested on the edge of the table and the cape dropped to either side of my legs, exposing my pussy to the cool air. He fit himself between my thighs and grinned, running a thick finger between my moist folds, before snapping the straps around my thighs and removing the silicon toy. "The appetizer looks absolutely delectable."

"You don't procrastinate," I said, smiling at Brody. "You cut to the chase."

Nodding in agreement, he arranged my legs and continued to play at my core.

"Time to reveal your cards, sweetheart," Ryan pulled the cord holding the cape on my shoulders and let the heavy material drop behind me. "Have I told you how beautiful you are?"

Tingles danced over my skin as he removed every piece of clothing covering my torso. When he reached my legs, he ran his hand down their length and announced that I could keep the stockings and killer boots on.

“So I guess you guys aren’t in the mood for a game of strip poker?”

“Strip, yes. Game, no.” Ryan placed my palm over his heart. “Sweetheart, we have all the time in the world for anything you else you want, but right now, we need to make you ours.”

There was a knock at the door. My heart jumped as Liam smiled and moved to answer it. Sprawled on the table, I was naked, completely available and exposed to anyone who entered the suite.

“No time for our original plan of body paints,” Brody explained. “We needed to improvise. I hope you like chocolate.”

A woman’s polite voice offered to arrange the assortment on the table, but Liam assured her it wasn’t necessary. They had it all under control. I glimpsed a bit of shiny red hair bobbing in agreement behind his broad frame and sighed in relief with the realization that the woman was leaving. Liam must have signed for the delivery, for he pulled a wheeled tray inside the threshold and closed the door.

“Cover her eyes,” Liam instructed.

Ryan reached for a linen napkin and constructed a quick blindfold. Encouraging me to relax, he fit the contraption over my eyes and tied it around my head. “Loss of sight will heighten your other senses.”

And, it certainly did. Someone, probably Brody since he had stood snug between my legs, fit luxurious fingers between my moist folds and spread my most private covering with sizzling precision. A clang and a ring of metal on metal reached my ears as the rich and tempting scent of chocolate tickled my nose.

With fingers still holding me open, a warm and moist, yet firm, object slid against my quivering pussy and up to my pulsing clit. The *thing* circled my clit slowly, torturously, and eventually dipped in and out of my channel. It wasn’t large or too wide, but the most pleasurable ache swelled within me, and throbbed from my core all the way up my chest to settle in my throat.

“I want you, not a toy,” I begged.

“You’ll have us,” Liam reassured. “The plug is for preparation.”

“Preparation?”

“For the future,” he replied.

The grate of a zipper indicated that someone else was ridding himself of clothing.

“Please,” I rasped. I wanted to see them. I wanted to witness what they did. “Take off the blindfold.”

A chocolate dipped strawberry touched my lips and I welcomed it into my mouth. Biting into the delicious fruit, the sweetest juices released and managed to drip down the side of my jaw. Someone licked at the moisture and up to my mouth till he kissed me.

One of the other men climbed on the table behind me. Scooting us along the smooth surface, he cradled me against his naked chest and between his muscular thighs until my ass was barely on the edge of the table. Hands closed around the soft flesh of my breasts and circled the pebbled peaks, but didn’t indulge in a touch of the straining nipples, escalating my need to be touched.

More hands slid down my spread thighs, tracing the length of my wet folds and maneuvering the unknown object to my ass. Instinctively, the muscles between my legs clenched.

“Relax.”

I wasn’t sure who’d said that. I was so wrapped up in feeling that I’d stopped thinking. The object rested against my virgin entrance, but didn’t intrude. Apprehension settled in the bottom of my stomach and it was difficult to swallow past the knot in my throat. I wasn’t dumb and I knew they were preparing me for anal sex, but what I wanted at the moment was to be fucked, the traditional way, and fucked so incredibly that my head would spin from the pleasure. I exhaled loud when the pressure dissipated, even as the lubricated plug played at my ass.

Trying to listen for movements, I closed my eyes behind the blindfold. I felt them before I heard them. Warm breath caressed each breast as lips closed about my nipples in unison and warmth tingled through my chest. Possessively, tongues and lips swept down my ribcage, up to my neck, and finally captured my mouth.

I wasn’t sure who was where, but neither did it matter. I kissed mouth after mouth, arched into palm after palm, and slipped into an abyss of sensations and caring, freely given by each of them. I thought I could distinguish between their touches, differentiate their scents and

tastes, but I was so enthralled in their ministrations that my body hummed like a high-voltage cable, stretched over a field of lush scenery.

Teeth grated over my right nipple, fingers filled my pussy, and ecstasy splintered in rays behind my eyelids as a climax ripped through my body. The plug inched inside, stretching my anus and shooting wonderful pain to my sensitized core, amplifying the orgasm.

“Push against it till it is completely in. Concentrate on keeping it inside. It will make the sensations of our movements more acute.”

“Concentrate?” I rasped, barely able to stay conscious from the pleasure consuming me. “I don’t believe I can think at all.”

“Don’t let it slip,” Ryan whispered in my ear. “If you do, I’ll have to replace it with my dick, and I think that your beautiful little hole will be too sore to continue with what we have planned. Trust me. You want what we’ve planned.”

There it was again. Trust. And the weird thing was that within the span of a night, I did. I trusted them.

“I want it. I really do.”

“Keep it in,” Liam repeated.

At first, the plug’s intrusion was uncomfortable. But very soon, my body grew accustomed to it and welcomed the sensations it intensified. Buried like a treasure between my cheeks, I held it tight, elated that I could please my men with the accomplishment.

Encompassed in their passion, I almost felt guilty that I ached for one of my men to fill my core and complete our joining, but I physically couldn’t stop the yearning. Climax or not, I wanted them more, and I wanted more of them.

When a muscular body fit between my thighs, I trembled with anticipation. The smooth and sheathed head of a cock found my entrance and pushed inside, soothing the ache and filling the void. He pumped deeper, stroked magic and bliss to my most sensitive spots, and I moaned my appreciation as I let myself adjust to his size and fall under his spell.

Because of the control and exquisite pleasure of his strong possession, I guessed it was Liam. Brody’s scent stayed behind me, supporting my head and keeping me grounded. A different pair of sculpted thighs straddled my torso and lowered a stiff and moist erection between my breasts. Ryan had a thing for my tits, and when he held them together and slid his shaft between them, his distinct groan filled the room.

Hands lifted my head so that I could flick my tongue and taste the warm chocolate spread on the cock fucking my boobs. My pussy tightened and held the other man tight inside. I licked. I sucked. I lifted my hips and ground my clit on his groin as I twisted beneath their weight and reached for a third cock with my hand.

Ryan, I guessed, pushed up, his balls slapping against my chest. He pumped in and out of my mouth as I worked my tongue and lips to taste as much of him as possible. Fingers tangled in my hair, held me gently off the table and quickened the pace. I sucked harder and was rewarded with his salty warmth coating the back of my throat as the other cock plunging deeper, faster, and harder ravaged my pussy. My climax exploded the moment my other man erupted inside me and filled me with pure ecstasy.

I wasn't sure if my vision went black or if it was the blindfold, but the comfort and security of the men's arms holding me caused the rest of the world to fade away. We were all that mattered. All that existed.

The cock in my hand remained hard, but when I twisted and tried to close my lips around it, I was gently put off. "We have other plans."

As if in a dream, they shifted and I stretched my hands searching for them. Chests with hearts beating wild, muscular thighs that twitched as I ran my fingers over them, and strong determined faces that always found a way to deliver numerous kisses floated in the images of my mind.

I quickly learned of their *other plans*, as the thick glorious cock, I believed was Brody's, plunged into my channel and the thrill of an impending orgasm built all over again.

"Ah, yes," I cried, pleasure rippling through me from the long erotic strokes. "I want more." A sweet cock pushed through my lips and changed my words to delicious moans.

Accepting all three in turn, I sizzled with excitement as they possessed and claimed every inch of my body and heart. I'd never known a night like that before, and I was sure I never would again. My Irish men had made things perfect, they'd made my fantasy a reality, and I cherished them more than I thought possible.

"Why the blindfold?" I whispered, spent and curled on my side with my head resting on a lap.

“Does it matter who was where or when?” Liam surprised me by placing a tender kiss beneath my ear as he explained. “We want you to have us as individuals, as a team, as a whole. The same as we each take you, separately and together.”

Honestly, it was a bit much for me to process in my current state of mind, or lack of one. The euphoric afterglow of our encounters hummed through me and consumed my every thought. I ran my fingers over the handsome lines of his face. He kissed the tips.

“Where you the first inside me?”

No answer, rather Liam pressed his mouth to the inside of my palm and groaned with the contentment. Next thing I knew, a cool piece of metal snaked around my wrist.

“You’re ours,” they said in unison and removed the blindfold.

Gold sparkled on my wrist.

“Thank you,” I breathed.

## *Chapter Nine*

Snug between my men, long, sensuous lovemaking filled my sleep, and I dreamed of sweet passion. I awoke, holding Brody's morning erection in my hand and Ryan's cock swelling between my ass cheeks.

"Good morning, sweetheart," Ryan said.

"Morning, baby," Brody added, brushing his lips against my mouth. "Did you sleep well?"

"Yes, oh, yes." Stretching in the sheets, I smiled at the handsome man looking at me like I was the only woman in the world. "I slept very well. Sorry last night didn't go as planned."

"Excuse me?"

"I never seduced you. You never called my name at climax," I whined in the most sensual manner I could muster. "You did all the seducing. I did all the calling."

They laughed and gifted me with hugs and kisses.

"Oh, you've seduced us alright. You still want to hear us call your name, eh?" Brody tucked my hair behind my ear, rested his palm against the side of my face, and held my gaze.

"Angel?"

"Yes?"

"Then we'll have a repeat performance without a blindfold one day soon. That way we won't need to keep as quiet." The sunlight spread across his chiseled jaw and highlighted his concern.

"Why not now?" I replied, sliding my fingers up his cock and circling the bulging head. "Please, Brody. I need you. Ryan?"

I pushed my surprisingly satisfied and tender ass against Ryan's groin and he slipped between my legs. His hand snaked around my waist and fitted me to his body. His mouth dropped to my shoulder and trailed kisses along the curve, heating and reassuring me simultaneously. "You need to rest."

"How do you know my name? I never told you my name is Angel."

"We didn't." Brody raised my face and claimed my lips, cupping my breast and teasing my nipple between his fingers. I closed my eyes and let the sensations take me. Being with them was right, being with them was proper, but there was one person missing that would make our union complete. "The moment the guys saw you, they knew you were our special angel. So, we named you Angel."

I smiled at the happenstance. Coincidences like this didn't exist. Knowing my name was so much more. They were so much more. I smiled because if I'd never been arrested, I would have never walked into the pub they were going to buy and I would have never met any of them. Weird how things happened, but who was I to question?

"Liam," I called, wondering where he'd disappeared to.

"I'm here," he replied from the doorway. "I was putting the coffee on because Sleeping Brody was a little preoccupied."

"Please come back to bed. I'd really like to make love to you in the daylight." I invited, remembering that he'd said all I had to do was ask and he'd deliver.

"When I make love to you again, Angel, I'll never let you leave. You'll be ours. We'll be yours." It was a warning and a promise in one. "But for now, Ryan is right. You need to rest."

\* \* \* \*

We feasted on fresh fruit and cheese at the breakfast table, but it was already afternoon. The night had been magical and so much more than I'd ever dreamed of. It didn't make sense, but I was falling for all three of them. They were each different and yet so strong and capable.

"I don't know how this is possible," I said, shaking my head and covering my mouth. "I don't know what to do?"

"Play the next hand." Ryan chuckled, letting his gaze run over my almost naked body. "It was your idea to play strip poker. You have two pieces to go."



Sighing, I covered the juncture between my legs. The two pieces left were my bra and t-shirt. I'd lost everything else—even the extra clothes I'd borrowed from them. "I don't get how all three of you still have your pants on."

"I took my shirt off," Brody offered. "You choose to keep yours."

"But you're still wearing socks and shoes. I'm almost done. It's not fair. Each time one of you win, I lose a piece of clothing. It's three on one."

"And that's the way we like it," Ryan said.

A smile formed on my lips. I liked it that way, too.

"Full house." Liam smirked and placed his cards on the table. "Shirt, please."

"You're cheating. You must be."

"Shirt..."

With a sigh, I slipped the shirt over my head, and wiped the moisture on my forehead. I might have been naked, but it was so damn hot in the suite. "You guys make my head spin. I don't know how it is possible to feel the way I do about all of you. I'm so hooked on you. Each of you. What am I supposed to do about this?"

Ryan took my hand in his. "It's not like there is much of a choice, sweetheart. We're here and like I said earlier, we're not going anywhere."

"We can understand that it is hard for you to accept all this so fast, so we'll take things slow," Liam assured.

"Yeah," Brody agreed. "We'll look for a house over the weekend."

"Sign the final papers for the pub on Monday."

"And on Monday afternoon, we fly to Paris."

"That's slow?" They were bombarding me with changes. They had it all figured out. No problem. No sweat. I rubbed the heel of my palm into my forehead and bit my lip. What would happen when others figured out our relationship?

"Love, you're ours and we're yours." Liam leaned his elbows on the table and fit his thumb inside by bracelet, caressing my wrist. "We're in this together. And we don't give a damn about convention. The only allowance I make is for you to have enough time to realize that."

"And then?" I asked, wondering how I was going to present these men, who had no intention of slipping away, to my uptight and proper mother. *Mother, I realize you're an uptight bitch and basically don't give two shits about how my life is going, but I have some news to*

*share over our annual dinner with your stuck-up, prim and proper, country club family. These are my boyfriends. I do them all and want more. And no, I never plan on sharing any of them with any other woman. I want them to myself.*

“Then, you marry Liam—since he is the lucky lad to have spotted you lifting your shirt over your lovely boobs—and we live happily ever after.” Ryan stood, kissed the top of my head, and went to pour more coffee. “Simple.”

“Simple?”

“Yeah,” Brody said, laughing and shrugging his shoulders. “You should be glad it was Liam. If I had found you, we’d be getting married in a drive-thru chapel this very moment. I wouldn’t be as logical and patient.”

“And what if I don’t agree?” They had some nerve assuming my life for me. They had our future all planned out and hadn’t even bothered to ask me. “What if that isn’t what I want?” They looked at each other, dumbfounded and silent for the first time. Liam was the first to move. He came and sat beside me, pulling me onto his lap and fitting his large palm between my thighs.

“Love, we’ve told you how we feel. Now, we’re asking you how you feel. Do you want us? Do you want to stay with us?”

Dumb questions. Of course I did. I just wanted to be asked.

I smiled and sealed my lips to Liam’s. “Yes,” I breathed between kisses. It would have been stupid to deny the best thing that ever happened to me. I really just wanted a say in the matter. I wasn’t ready to relinquish all control and choices about my life. I had worked hard and fought to make my desires known to my family and friends. I wasn’t a pushover.

“Good. Then I’ll respond in like when you ask me to marry you. As for now, it’s time to get going,” he said, cradling me in his embrace and carrying me to the bath so I could get ready for our house hunting.

## *Epilogue*

*Be true to your heart, sweetie. Allow it to lead the way and you will never be lost or alone. My love is with you, always.*

Those were the words Grams had left me with as the wind carried her over beautiful Paris. I'd accomplished my mission and fulfilled her final request on our first night in the City of Light, and I was going to follow her advice and be true to my heart.

Knowing Grandma would have wanted me to enjoy her favorite city, it wasn't difficult to throw myself into the role of a tourist in love and visit all the attractions on the arms of my men. The trip was memorable, but not memorable in the ways I'd initially imagined—it had been romantic and fun and sexy, but not the erotic adventure I had expected.

Standing on an ornate bridge overlooking the Seine, I watched a pair of lovers, sitting on a bench in the middle of the walking path, entwined in each other's arms, sharing a passionate kiss as the sun set. Clearly blind to all the passersby, their lips lingered and the kiss deepened with an intensity that heated my cheeks and dampened my panties with desire. Good thing I was wearing a skirt, or my jeans would have been soaked and very uncomfortable.

The two were lost in their devotion, arduously engaged as if they were the only people on the river crossing, if not the only two in the world.

Grandma had been right all along. Paris was the most romantic place on earth.

The young man's hand slipped beneath the hem of the woman's shirt, obviously lifting her breast, his thumb plucking at her nipple. The breeze carried the woman's moan, long and deep, to my ears. She pressed into her lover, her fingers searching his groin and cupping his package. Impressed with what she'd found, she broke the kiss, smiled coyly, and nodded her head as if to say *let us finish this at home*.

As the couple strolled toward the Right Bank, I offered my three men a disgruntled look. They grinned knowingly, and Brody even had the gall to wink. We had been in Paris for three

days, and other than an occasional tease to my senses, things had been, for the most part, platonic. We hadn't rounded the bases since the day Liam declared that he would answer yes when I proposed to him. We barely played ball.

"I don't get why you won't touch me. It's cruel," I grumbled. "You have me so wired, but you won't do anything about it. I'm sick of this *being gentlemen* thing. I don't do it for you anymore? Or, are you trying to force my hand—better put, force me to ask for yours?"

Brody and Ryan chuckled.

Liam encircled my waist with his large arms, and pulled me back into his chest. "You're the hottest woman on earth, Angel. Just being in your presence makes us pant for oxygen because we want to worship your body every minute of the day. But, we must prove to you that we're in this for the long haul, and that what we have between us is more than just lust."

"I know it's more than lust," I responded breathlessly. I knew they were going to great lengths to impress me. But damn.

"So, I am content to..." Liam threaded his fingers in mine before wrapping our joined arms around my torso, "simply hold your hand, take you in my arms and draw you close and feel your warmth..." he then placed a series of kisses along my neck, "to inhale your sweetness, and listen to the naughty words you speak in your sleep," he whispered in her ear.

My head lolled back as his voice weaved a hypnotic spell.

"We hope," Liam continued, "that you will decide to make us permanent. We want to love you."

"To love and honor you," Ryan added.

"And cherish you for the rest of our days," Brody completed.

"Will you marry me?" The words slipped past my lips with no hesitation.

Strangely enough, Liam didn't answer right away. Instead, he unfolded the embrace and turned me around to face him. He cupped my face in his large palms and captured my mouth in a long sensual kiss that made me dizzy.

"Are you sure you want this, Angel? Are you ready for such a commitment?" Liam wasn't making my proposal easy. He bombarded me with heavy-duty questions that my actions had already answered, but that was my Liam. I would have him no other way. "We want no regrets. Maybe you haven't noticed, my cousins and I are used to dominating situations, but we

don't want to push your hand. It is most important to us that you don't feel obligated to ask. We don't want you to do this because you're wired and because you're horny and—"

"And, because I can't wait to get you back to the hotel and rip off all your clothes and have my way with you?" I offered a small, wicked smile. "Or even more, because I can't wait to make it back to the room?"

My fingers undid the tiny buttons on my shirt and I unsnapped my bra, allowing my breasts to spring free. The cool air hardened my nipples as I played with them and licked my lips.

"Fuck me," Ryan groaned, pushing his way to me and twisting me in his hold, quickly lowering his mouth to suckle my tit in public. Cupping my breasts together, his tongue licked from one nipple to the other as I tangled my fingers in his hair and moaned my appreciation as a tour boat passed beneath us and camera flashes twinkled on the water.

I guess we weren't arrested because the tourists considered the display a part of the city's pulse, or either it was dark, and Brody and Liam obstructed the other's view on the bridge.

"Shit, just say yes," Brody groaned, nipping, not so gently, at my neck and rubbing his cock against my side. "Not only are my balls going blue, but my dick is going to explode."

"Yeah," Ryan agreed between sucking and licking. "Otherwise, I'm going to strip her right here and we'll be seeing the inside of a French jail cell real soon."

Liam shook his head and with his finger on my chin, turned me to meet his gaze. "Angel, seriously—"

Guiding Ryan's mouth back to my chest, I placed my finger over Liam's lips, halting his admonishment. "I want this. I want you. All of you. And a jail cell sounds pretty good—as long as I get to share it with you."

I leaned into Brody's cock. "Make love to me. Now. Here. Lift my skirt. I can't wait any longer."

I unzipped his fly and wrapped my fingers around his wonderful erection.

"No stripping. No jail cell." Liam insisted, crossing his arms over his chest. "No love making till there is a ring on your finger."

Brody peeled my hand off of his cock and put it back in his pants, shattering my hope for a quick release. Ryan re-hooked my bra and adjusted my clothing, leaving the shirt open for his view and allowing easy access for his hands.

“Don’t look so heartbroken, baby.” Brody moved his body behind me and walked me toward the balustrade. “Ryan will call the jeweler, he’ll meet us in the room, and we’ll have that ring on your finger before your second orgasm.”

“And the first?” I asked in a whisper.

He slid his hand beneath the band of my skirt and into my panties. “Spread your legs.”

The wind blew my shirt open and Ryan cupped my breast and strummed my nipple. I grabbed onto the cold cement barrier, spread my legs and welcomed Brody’s fingers as the breeze wafted under my skirt. Liam’s mouth found my lips and we became the envy of other lovers out for their evening stroll. Flashes adorned the river as I claimed my first orgasm.

\* \* \* \*

*Life is good.*

*Life is perfect.*

*My men are my world and the light within it.*

*There is one, or two, or a few good men out there for every woman.*

*Open yourself up and they’ll walk into your life when you least expect them.*

*Just remember to hold on and enjoy the ride!*

## *About the Author*

Demi Alex is a hopeless romantic who sits at her neighborhood café and fabricates stories of magical interludes between her fellow java worshipers. Writing since elementary school, she's been published since junior high, but her stories have taken on a much spicier and more mature tone in the past years.

Needing to taste the flavors life has to offer, Demi attended college in New York. Long before graduating, she developed a passion for 'people watching'. Lunchtimes on St. Patrick's steps and afternoons in the Village led to mornings and nights at the computer, typing away like mad to put on paper the stories that played in her head about the colorful people she'd seen and placed into hypothetical relationship in the depths of her mind.

Traveling as often as work would allow her, Demi has since added to the topographies in her writing and does personal research of all her settings in order to make her stories speak to her readers. Her characters can be found in any town or city, but their attitude is what sets them apart. They let loose and experience what is thrown at them!

"What would life be, if we didn't take a few risks along the way and place our hearts on the line? Boring! So come on—let loose."

Demi invites all readers to send her scenarios on a 'what if' they had made a different choice and decision at a certain time. "If you write to me about that specific choice, and I can give you an alternate ending, I'll name the character in the story according to your wish."

You can find her at [www.DemiAlex.com](http://www.DemiAlex.com).

## ***More Demi Alex Books from Resplendence Publishing***

### ***Key West***

*What a time for a revelation!* The moment Prince Charming proposes, Addison London realizes that she is about to say “yes” to a lifetime of love and stability—and *constancy*—having never really lived her life to the fullest, and runs.

As a straight-laced good girl grown into a responsible, respectable woman, Addison is always prim and proper, and...well, boring. She always does the right thing, plays it safe, makes the right decisions, and suppresses her own longings to meet the expectations of others.

But she will have no regrets. Before committing to a life wrapped in a white picket fence, she will have a little excitement and adventure, she will throw caution to the wind, and she will live out her most secret sexual fantasies—if only for a weekend.

Desperate to break free, she travels to Key West and surrounds herself with willing, gorgeous men. All she has to do is pick *one*. But with only one weekend in the tropical paradise, and one chance for a hedonistic experience meant to last a lifetime, she discovers that “one” is not enough. After all, what happens in Key West stays in Key West, right?

### ***New Orleans***

*Who makes life-altering decisions based on a fortune cookie?*

Sans her family and sans a job, Lilly Marie is completely alone in the world. With only a broken heart in tow, she has nothing to lose by packing it up and starting over in the sultry Big Easy. And after all she’s been through the past year, encountering an eccentric woman in Jackson Square and actually following her instructions to “step onto Bourbon Street and into her future” doesn’t seem so weird. Who is she to question “destiny” when she’d uprooted herself because of a tiny piece of paper tucked inside a cookie?

What Lilly doesn’t expect is for a hero to save her from a rampant bicyclist and whisk her away to a place called *El Destino* to meet his family— “family” being four of the handsomest men Lilly has ever seen. Whether it is fate or coincidence, the sizzling and sexy men of *El Destino* take her into their capable hands to prove that there is no such thing as happenstance, and that undeniable passion and true love can cure any ailment, including a broken heart.



### ***Cuff Me Lacy***

Three months is way too long to wait for some simple, low-down, straight forward sex. It's not like Officer Chrissie Hansen is asking for prince charming to offer her the love of a lifetime. All she wants is a good orgasm that she doesn't have to work for alone.

At least with "The Bull" she knows what to expect. But when Patrick MacKlick returns to her life and tempts her with new options, she discovers that lace can imprison a heart better than handcuffs can.

### ***Unwrap Me, I'm Yours***

Hope Verdetti lies to her mother about having a phenomenal fiancé who surprises her on a trip to Vegas. Now, her family expects him to come home with her for the holidays. She needs a man that fits the bill—and fast!

After seven interviews with hired applicants in three days, she finds her solution in the neighborhood coffee shop. Sexy and irresistible Jon Edwards volunteers for the task, having an agenda of his own.

With their holiday agreement set, Jon turns up the heat and gives Hope the present of her life...himself.

### ***Knight in Shining Amour***

An uncharacteristic storm catapults Effie Genes to the night medieval Rhodes fell into the Ottoman hands. Pulled onto Lord Kevin's stallion, the modern-day Effie experiences the war and degrading occupation of her birthplace, as passion and danger dictate the fate of lovers born five hundred years apart.

Lord Kevin risks his life to keep Effie out of a Sultanzada's bed and claim her as his own. But once he has her in his arms, will he need to release her in order to save her?

***Also Available from  
Resplendence Publishing***

***Belonging to Them* by Brynn Paulin**

On the run from her past, Rayna Halliday is devastated when her old car breaks down in the middle of nowhere. She soon finds that her ex has managed to block her credit cards, her accounts and even her cell phones in an attempt to exert his control over her. Giving in to him is something she refuses to do.

When the owners of O'Keefe's Gas and Repair come to her rescue, they make her an offer that tantalizes the forbidden desires within her—she can find a way to pay for the car repairs, or she can belong to them for two weeks and they'll see to her repairs for free. At the sexual mercy of four gorgeous men for two weeks... Why not? She can have fun and get things straightened out, all at once. But there are two problems heading her way: an ex on a rampage and her heart that's in for more than just fun.

***FU* by Mia Watts**

When a screw-up by the Fullerton University Housing Office leaves Parker Galloway shacked up with four sexy men, Parker thinks four just might be her lucky number...as long as she can get Kei Yamamoto to join in the fun.

But will taking advantage of FU's mistake end up getting all five roomies kicked off campus, or will it be the closest thing to heaven Parker has ever experienced?

***Ultimate Ultimatum* by Dakota Rebel**

Annabelle has been dating Mike, Kyle and Josh at the same time for quite a while. She believes they are all happy with the arrangement until one night they drop an ultimatum on her. They inform her that she will have to pick one of them or they will decide for her. Torn by her love for all of them, she figures that she would rather be alone and heartbroken than to have to choose between them. But when the time comes to share that decision with the men, she finds out they've had a different plan in mind the whole time. One that will ultimately satisfy all of them.

***Just Right* by Bronwyn Green**

When Department of Natural Resources officer, Gwendolyn Locke, hits a black bear on the way home from work one night, her entire view of reality changes. She discovers that shape-shifters

exist, and she's just become Goldilocks to three gorgeous, very aroused men who also happen to be werebears. Being snowbound has never been so hot.

### ***Oriana and the Three Werebears* by Tia Fanning**

Oriana Ricci has taken over the family business—flying cargo and rich tourists around Alaska's barely inhabited Kodiak Archipelago. When her plane malfunctions and she's forced to make an emergency landing, she finds herself stranded in the middle of a National Wildlife Refuge. With no civilization for miles and no hope of rescue, she thinks all is lost... Until she stumbles upon the entrance to an underground bunker.

Jack, Jordan, and Jonathan McMathan own and operate a secret intelligence firm contracted by the US Government. Hidden away in an old Cold War spy station located the middle of the Kodiak National Wildlife Refuge, the brothers are not only able to do their top secret jobs safely without fear of discovery, but are better to protect their other, more personal secret: They have the ability to shift into Kodiak bears.

Like a fairy tale gone bad, the brothers return home to find their lunch tasted—or eaten, their computer chairs adjusted—or broken, and a beautiful blonde sleeping in one of their beds. This situation poses a big problem for the brothers... Their location is now compromised. But more importantly, what are they to do with the lady?

### ***The Elves and I* by Catrina Calloway**

Marni Sands is spoiled, pampered, and has never done a day's work in her life. Arrested for speeding through a small town traffic circle, Marni's defiant attitude makes the judge think long and hard about her punishment. He assigns her 'community service' in Christmas Town, where she's to (*horror of all horrors!*) work with the elves that live there and help them create toys for some very needy children.

Meet Kip, Noel and Eldan, the three hot and hunky elves assigned to keep Marni in line. She needs a firm hand—on a very luscious part of her beautiful anatomy. It is hard to discipline such a gorgeous human, particularly when she divulges a painful secret—the mystery that has kept her miserable for most of her life.

If tough-love won't work, the elves have only one solution: to turn Marni into a caring elf, capable of holiday cheer, they must make love to her as often as possible. Only then will they be able to convince her that good can triumph over evil and love really does conquer all.

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