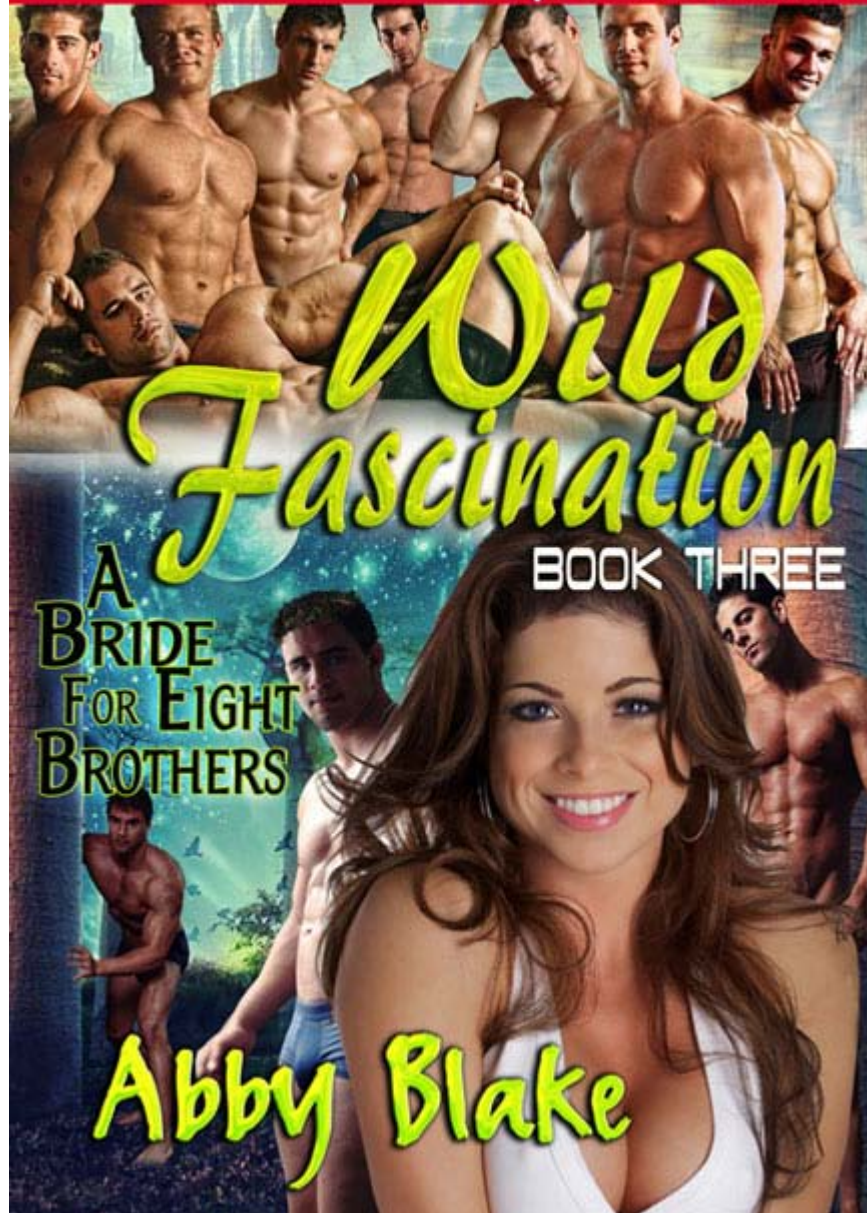


Siren Publishing

LoveXtreme Forever



A Bride for Eight Brothers 3

Wild Fascination

A woman from Peter's past is back to stir up trouble, so Ryan and Ty take their wife to Earth for a quick holiday. When Mikayla learns of the legal action against Peter, she insists on standing beside her man. Trouble is, that's exactly where Peter's ex-fiancée wants her.

Meanwhile, Lachlan, Brock, John, Matt, and Bryce are setting up the research base on a new, uninhabited planet. But there's something strange about this place, and it only gets worse when Mikayla arrives. Can they identify the source of the problem before their fascination becomes a danger to the woman they all love?

NOTE! You are reading Siren's newest serialized imprint, the LoveXtreme Forever Series. This is Book 3 of 6 in the A Bride for Eight Brothers collection. These books are not stand alone. Each is a continuation of the previous book and must be read in the numbered order. Each book may end on a cliffhanger but usually with a happy-for-now for the heroine and one or more men. The final book contains a happily forever after for the heroine and all her men.

Genre: Ménage a Trois/Quatre, Science Fiction

Length: 24,459 words

WILD FASCINATION

A Bride for Eight Brothers 3

Abby Blake

LOVEXTREME FOREVER



**Siren Publishing, Inc.
www.SirenPublishing.com**

ABOUT THE E-BOOK YOU HAVE PURCHASED:

Your non-refundable purchase of this e-book allows you to only ONE LEGAL copy for your own personal reading on your own personal computer or device. **You do not have resell or distribution rights without the prior written permission of both the publisher and the copyright owner of this book.** This book cannot be copied in any format, sold, or otherwise transferred from your computer to another through upload to a file sharing peer to peer program, for free or for a fee, or as a prize in any contest. Such action is illegal and in violation of the U.S. Copyright Law. Distribution of this e-book, in whole or in part, online, offline, in print or in any way or any other method currently known or yet to be invented, is forbidden. If you do not want this book anymore, you must delete it from your computer.

WARNING: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000.

If you find a Siren-BookStrand e-book being sold or shared illegally, please let us know at **legal@sirenbookstrand.com**

A SIREN PUBLISHING BOOK

IMPRINT: LoveXtreme Forever

WILD FASCINATION

Copyright © 2011 by Abby Blake

E-book ISBN: 1-61034-342-5

First E-book Publication: April 2011

Cover design by *Les Byerley*

All art and logo copyright © 2011 by Siren Publishing, Inc.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED: This literary work may not be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, including electronic or photographic reproduction, in whole or in part, without express written permission.

All characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any resemblance to actual persons living or dead is strictly coincidental.

PUBLISHER

Siren Publishing, Inc.

www.SirenPublishing.com

Letter to Readers

Dear Readers,

If you have purchased this copy of *Wild Fascination* by Abby Blake from BookStrand.com or its official distributors, thank you. Also, thank you for not sharing your copy of this book.

Regarding E-book Piracy

This book is copyrighted intellectual property. No other individual or group has resale rights, auction rights, membership rights, sharing rights, or any kind of rights to sell or to give away a copy of this book.

The author and the publisher work very hard to bring our paying readers high-quality reading entertainment.

This is Abby Blake's livelihood. It's fair and simple. Please respect Ms. Blake's right to earn a living from her work.

Amanda Hilton, Publisher
www.SirenPublishing.com
www.BookStrand.com

DEDICATION

For Alexandra

WILD FASCINATION

A Bride for Eight Brothers 3

ABBY BLAKE

Copyright © 2011

Chapter One

“Where the hell is he?” Mikayla asked angrily.

Brock had no idea where Lachlan was, and it was starting to piss him off. Mikayla wriggled her ass as much as she could considering she was tied down, and then growled in frustration.

When she had detailed her plan, Brock had obliged, mainly because he couldn’t bear to see his wife upset. But now he had his sub facedown over Lachlan’s spanking bench, her legs tied open, her ass and pussy just waiting to be spanked and fucked, and all he could do was sit here and wait for Lachlan to show his face. Shit! What was it they said about the best laid plans?

“Maybe you should go and look for him?” Mikayla suggested hopefully. He gave his woman an incredulous look that she probably didn’t see. No. Fucking. Way. He had never left a sub unattended when she was tied down. There was no way he would start with his wife. The fact that she was laid out ready for Lachlan to whip her ass made Brock feel just a little bit insane. All this effort for Lachlan and the guy probably wouldn’t even show up.

Brock sat beside Mikayla caressing her spine in long, sweeping strokes. She moaned quietly and mentioned Lachlan’s name again.

Damn.

“Quiet, sub,” he said, trying to hide his irritation. He wasn’t jealous. He loved sharing his wife with his brothers, she was perfect for them, but it was starting to irritate him that Mikayla was trying so hard to get Lachlan’s attention. For weeks now she’d been goading him, teasing him, taunting him and generally being an all out pain in the ass just to get him to spank her. Brock had even been quite impressed by Lachlan’s refusal to be manipulated by their bratty sub until he’d noticed the man’s lack of interest in everything else as well.

Lachlan hadn’t been himself since learning of Mikayla’s miscarriage, and even though Brock shared his disappointment, Lachlan seemed to be taking it to extremes. It was obvious that something more was going on in Lachlan’s head, but Brock was certain his eldest brother would work it out in his own good time.

“Let me up,” Mikayla demanded.

“No,” Brock said in the most commanding voice he could muster.

“Brock, damn it, let me up so I can go find him.” One hundred percent pure irritation slid into his mind. She was his sub and wife as much as she was Lachlan’s, and unlike Lachlan, Brock didn’t let his subs top from the bottom.

He moved around to stand in front of Mikayla. She lifted her head and looked him straight in the eye, and every dominant tendency roared to the surface.

“Eyes down, sub,” he growled. She looked startled but quickly did as he said. He’d given her a lot of leeway since her pregnancy and miscarriage, but that was over. Either she was his sub or she wasn’t, but he wouldn’t let her pretend. He caressed the top of her head as she rested it on the spanking bench. She’d been tied this way for longer than he usually liked, but he needed to get a few things understood between them before he removed her bonds.

“Are you using your safe word, Mikayla?” She tried to lift her head again, but he held her still by her hair.

“No, S–Sir,” she said in a trembling voice. He worried at her tone but continued to hold her immobile.

“Do you remember your safe word, sub?”

“Yes, Brock,” she said in a stronger voice. Feeling a little more confident that he wasn’t frightening her with his abrupt change in demeanor, Brock caressed her hair once more, allowing her to move her head slightly as she stretched to a more comfortable position.

“Tell me your safe word, Mikayla.”

“Chipmunk, Sir.” He smiled at his naughty sub, glad that she couldn’t see his loss of control. The woman certainly knew how to push his buttons. She’d changed her safe word from red to chipmunk at the same time his brothers had been calling him by every animal name on this stupid icy rock of a planet. Just his luck he’d break a leg when the only medical help available was his smart-ass younger brothers who were veterinarians, not doctors. He couldn’t wait to move on to their next contract. Two more weeks to finalize their data and forward the reports and recommendations, and they could pack up and get the hell off this fucked-up planet.

“No, sub,” he said, feeling the need to correct Mikayla’s bratty behavior, “your safe word is red. Is that understood?” He’d indulged her too long, and it was time to move back toward normal. And besides, being manipulated by his sub was not something he was ever willing to accept. Mikayla knew what he expected, had known since their very first time together, and he needed to get back to the relationship that made them both happy.

“Yes, Master,” she said in a very submissive voice. His cock grew thicker with just those two soft words. She usually called him by his name, but when things between them started getting really intense, the word seemed to pop out of its own volition. Brock hoped this was her way of signaling that she understood his need.

“Good girl,” he said as he caressed her neck and shoulders softly. “I’m going to undo your bonds. You can stretch and move your arms and legs, but I want you to stay lying facedown.”

“Yes, Master.” His cock twitched, pressing painfully against the zipper in his jeans.

He moved quickly, releasing her arms and legs and massaging the muscles to make certain that the blood was flowing properly. She moaned quietly as he released the straps just above her knees and helped her to move her legs. Brock caressed her inner thighs, pleased to feel her slick juices coating the skin.

“Baby girl,” he said in a rough voice, “I need you.”

* * * *

Mikayla swallowed hard. Brock was more intense than she’d ever seen him, and a small sliver of fear tickled down her spine. She knew he wouldn’t ever hurt her—well, maybe a little of the good kind of hurt—but he took his responsibility to his sub very seriously and made every effort to be certain he never injured her. Just remembering some of the orgasms he’d coaxed from her made that small fear morph quickly into arousal and then overflow into desperate need.

He needed her? But, oh, how she needed him, too.

Brock had always been the most demanding of her husbands but also the most loving. After every session, he held her and pampered her, and always made her feel like she was the center of his universe.

She tried to stifle her moan as he lifted her from the spanking bench and draped her over his shoulder so that all the blood ran to her head. A moment later he placed her against the wall and tightened all of the straps into place. The last one went around her waist and she shivered in anticipation knowing that Brock only used that restraint when he expected the session to be long and intense.

He stood behind her, his warm hand caressing her ass. “Are you comfortable, sub?”

“Yes, Master,” she replied, trying to hide the warble in her voice. She could already feel her pussy pulsing in anticipation. Her cream slid down her thighs, the tangy smell of her arousal filling the room.

“Count for me, sub. Twenty to warm up.”

The leather flogger caressed the skin on her ass, gliding slowly over her flesh. He lifted it away and brought it down against her, the delicious sting already playing havoc with her thought processes.

“One,” she finally remembered to say. A second followed quickly, and she bit back the demand for more. Brock would gag her, no hesitation, if she started making demands now. At this moment, he was her Master, and she needed to curtail her impulses. The fact that she hated the O-ring he used as a gag was deterrent enough to stay quiet, for now.

Her ass and thighs were starting to heat as his lashes took on more force. She counted automatically, barely aware of the numbers coming from her mouth, her concentration turning inward as desire flooded her veins. She shook as the final slap of the flogger grazed her pussy. Her knees gave out, her weight falling against the brace around her middle.

Brock caressed her tender flesh with his warm, work-roughened hand for a moment before moving into her line of sight. “Are you comfortable, sub?” She was buzzing with adrenaline, shaking with arousal, and about to have an incredible orgasm, and he wanted to know if she was comfortable? Seriously?

“Yes, Master,” she managed to get out when she finally remembered how to talk.

“I have a new toy,” he said, caressing her jaw with his fingers. “I believe you’re ready to try it, sub.” She nodded even knowing that he wasn’t asking her permission. If she wanted him to stop, she just had to use her safe word, but she was so close to orgasm the last thing she wanted was for him to stop. She heard him rummage around in one of the closets, and then he was back, standing behind her, caressing her bottom for a moment.

“You have a beautiful ass, sub. I love seeing it this color. Count them for me. We’ll start with ten.”

She stayed very still. Not knowing what Brock held in his hand was disconcerting. Last time he’d done this, she’d been introduced to

a thick strip of leather. Brock had left a beautiful row of stripes on her ass and given her the most incredible of orgasms, but she hadn't been able to sit comfortably for several days.

She had a feeling that whatever he had now was going to be even more intense.

Whatever it was hit her ass with such force that she grunted in pain. He rubbed over the spot slowly with his hand, obviously admiring the reddened skin. She closed her eyes against the tears that threatened to escape. Her ass had begun to throb just from one blow, and he expected her to take ten for starters? Her safe word was on her lips but the number one came out instead.

The second blow hit her other cheek, and she sucked in a breath at the painful sensation. She squirmed against the wall, her body trying to protect her even when her mind begged for more. "Two," she said, trying not to clench her cheeks in anticipation of the next blow.

The third and fourth came quickly, the fifth even harder, and then the pain morphed into more. Her orgasm started as the sixth blow landed. She was barely aware of Brock counting the rest for her as every nerve ending buzzed, and her brain shut down to anything but the incredible sensations spiraling through her.

She barely registered the removal of her bonds but fell into Brock's embrace before she could hit the ground. He swung her into his arms, carried her back to the spanking bench, placed her facedown, and entered her pussy in one long, hard thrust.

She squeaked as her second orgasm burst. Brock grabbed her hips, pressed her against the bench, ground her clit against the soft leather, and pounded into her harder and harder and harder. Gasping, squirming, begging, Mikayla took everything he had to give and wanted more.

She felt him swell, her pussy lips convulsing around his hard length, and then he pushed deeper into her, holding her down as he filled her with his seed. For long moments he just held her there, breathing hard against her back, his cock twitching inside her.

* * * *

Shit. What had he done? The woman had suffered a miscarriage only a few months ago.

He'd been so desperate for her that he'd forgotten and nearly lost control. Nearly. It had taken every ounce of strength he'd had left to undo her bonds and move her to a more comfortable position before he fucked her like a wild thing. He'd been so close to cramming his cock into her back passage and taking her against the wall that he shook a little with the realization. Fucking her ass without lube or preparation likely would've been very painful for her and possibly resulted in injury. He wasn't pleased with his train of thought.

He lifted away from her, acknowledging that in his desperate need to claim her he'd probably pressed a little too hard against her back as well. God, he hoped she'd forgive him. He lifted her into his arms, cradling her high against his chest as he studied her face. Tears streaked her skin, her eyes red and watery, but she gave him a contented sigh and practically purred as she nestled in his arms.

God, he loved this woman.

He placed her gently on the bed and then went to run a cool bath. Her ass would likely be very sore for a few hours, and he intended to make sure he cared for his sub properly.

"Thank you," she whispered as he turned to leave. He turned back wanting to be certain why she was thanking him. After all, he had promised the ten hits with the paddle were for starters. Maybe she was thanking him for *not* following through on that. Judging by the small hiss of pain as he'd lowered her to the bed, Brock suspected that ten was about all she could take.

When he raised an eyebrow, she smiled and explained.

"Thank you for treating me like you used to. Everyone has been tiptoeing around me since the miscarriage, and it feels really lovely to be treated like I'm not about to shatter into a million little pieces."

He shook his head. Had they really been treating her differently? They'd been very concerned for her, both emotionally and physically, but had he and his brothers treated her so differently that she'd felt unloved? A shiver racked through him as he realized that he really had treated her differently. Hell, he'd been ready to sit her on his knee and feed her—something he knew she absolutely hated—just because he'd treated her roughly. Nothing they'd done today was any more painful or any less pleasurable than their most intense sessions before she'd fallen pregnant.

"I'm sorry," he said as he settled on the edge of the bed and touched her face. "I guess we've been a little overzealous trying to protect you. I promise to try harder to get our relationship back to what it was before."

She smiled sweetly, obviously relieved that he understood her needs.

He moved away, back into the bathroom and began to run a cool bath. His sub was precious, loving, independent, and strong, and when she gave him her trust like she'd done today, there was no greater gift. He planned never to take it for granted again.

"When do we move to the new research station?" she asked from the doorway.

"What? Tired of this messed-up planet already?" he teased. Considering that the men outnumbered women by three hundred to one, and Mikayla had been dumped here by a people-trafficking ring, he probably shouldn't be making jokes. Add that to the fact pregnancy was outlawed but rape was not and that it was the coldest motherfucker of a planet he'd ever been on, it was a pretty safe bet none of them would mourn the need to leave it behind.

Mikayla smiled as if she knew what he was thinking then moved into his embrace as she waited for his answer.

"We have about ten days worth of reporting left to do, and then we can pack up the station—most of it comes with us—and head for the jungles of M789zi."

“What are the laws like?” she asked, sounding slightly apprehensive. Shit, who could blame her? A man who’d claimed to love her had abandoned her on this planet. Fortunately, Matt had been there to rescue Mikayla from her first client and would-be rapist and had brought her here to their research station. It was only natural that she’d want to know of the laws of the new planet. Although, Brock doubted any planet could be as fucked-up as this one.

“There aren’t any people on the new planet, so there are no actual laws. Basically, it will be you and me and your other seven husbands.”

She hugged him harder, seeming quite pleased by that assurance.

* * * *

After a soothing bath, Mikayla curled into her husband’s warmth, snuggling closer as thoughts of the next planet filled her head. It felt wonderful to lie here exhausted, sated, and loved. She’d missed this more than she realized. Brock had been attentive and caring since her miscarriage but the pampering always felt a little awkward. There was nothing quite like the exhaustion that followed an intense spanking session and amazing orgasms. She felt weak and vulnerable, and it made Brock’s care for her seem so much more special.

She just hoped they’d be able to move past the problem now. She wasn’t fragile, and she was glad Brock finally realized it.

Of course she still had seven other husbands who needed to know the same thing.

Chapter Two

“Hello, sweetheart,” Ryan said as he walked into the lab, “what are you doing in here so late?”

“I just wanted to make sure everything is finished before we start packing up tomorrow.” It was a plausible excuse but not entirely the truth. As weird as it sounded, even to her own ears, she was going to miss this place. Everything good that had ever happened to her had happened on this base, and even though her arrival on this planet had been unexpected and terrifying, it had led to her being happier than she’d ever imagined possible.

Somehow, Mikayla Noone, the girl that no one wanted, ended up being loved by eight incredible, amazing men. And most of that had happened here. It was the coldest, most fucked-up planet she could ever imagine, but still it felt like home.

“What’s that look for?” Ryan asked quietly. Damn. The trouble with having eight husbands was that sooner or later they were going to figure out what was going on in her head.

“Just a little nervous, I guess.” She shrugged, trying to give the impression that it didn’t matter. Ryan didn’t buy it. He pulled her into his embrace, rested his head on top of hers and somehow saw directly into her heart.

“You’re going to miss this place.” She nodded against his chest, half-relieved that he knew and half-worried he wouldn’t understand. “Did you know,” he asked quietly as he pulled her closer, “that the entire station gets moved? About the only thing we’ll leave on this planet is some foundation supports. Everything else pulls apart like a

jigsaw puzzle, and when we get to the next planet, it all gets put back together.”

“Seriously?” It wasn’t that she wanted to call him a liar, but, well, Ryan was known for goofing around, and it seemed just a little too incredible. The whole base? At the moment it housed nine adults, office space, living quarters, storage areas, and the lab. It wasn’t a large building, but it certainly didn’t fit her idea of a mobile home.

“Seriously,” he said in a reassuring voice and a tighter cuddle. “Everything will look exactly the same on the next planet. In fact, if you stayed inside the lab or the living quarters the whole time, you wouldn’t even know we were on another planet.”

That gave her a small measure of peace. She was taking her husbands and her home to the next planet, so it was hardly a move at all. But she hugged Ryan tighter just in case.

“Damn,” Ty said as he came into the room. “I was hoping to find you alone, so we could run off on our holiday and leave the extras behind.” Mikayla laughed at his words. Ty would never actually consider a holiday without at least Ryan with them, but he did enjoy teasing his brothers. Fortunately, Ryan was immune to his words.

“Is Peter ready to go?”

“Yep,” Ty said as he glanced around the lab. “We’re all set to leave in the morning. Unfortunately, Matt and Bryce are insisting you stay your last night here with them. I tried to explain that we will be really busy on the next planet and that we needed to spend every moment with you until then, but sadly they disagreed.”

Mikayla was on the verge of laughter when Ty’s words finally struck her as odd. “Wait. I thought the planet was uninhabited. What will keep us so busy?”

“Uninhabited by humanoids or sentient species according to the advance survey team, but there’s plenty of life on the planet. Bugs, insects, spiders, creepy-crawlies.” Ty said it like she should go all girly and react with a squeal, but she just raised an eyebrow. After

her experiences, she was far more frightened of humans than tiny little insects.

“Okay,” she said slowly as she tried again to convince herself that a holiday would be all right. Ryan and Ty worked really hard, so they definitely deserved some time off. “So, uhm, where are we going?”

“Well, Peter has appointments on Earth for a few days, so we’ll go see Tracey and make a decision from there.” Mikayla nodded, feeling a little more enthusiastic. Speaking to Tracey once a week wasn’t quite the same as seeing her face-to-face. Despite the woman’s reassurances, Mikayla wasn’t convinced that Tracey was over the whole *nearly abducted and sold into prostitution* thing, so checking in on her was a pretty good idea.

“Okay,” she said, starting to feel just a little bit excited now. “Tracey lives in California these days. It’s summer there, too, so maybe we can spend some time on the beach.”

Ty and Ryan seemed quite happy with that.

“Come on, darlin’,” Ty said as he held a hand out for her. “Let’s go contact Tracey and see if she can recommend a luxury hotel nearby.”

“Luxury?” she asked, feeling just a little uneasy. Would that word ever mean anything good in her mind again? It had been the one word Jet had used over and over as he promised her the world and then dumped her on a planet where the only way for a woman to survive was by prostitution. She tried to hide the shudder, but Ty felt it anyway.

God, what was wrong with her? She’d been off the planet before—except of course that was when she uncovered a human trafficking ring, discovered her pregnancy, got left behind on Earth because pregnant women weren’t allowed on this planet, and then had a frightening miscarriage. Of course it had also been when she saved Tracey, met Bryce, and forged a deeper understanding with Matt. So, her last trip to Earth wasn’t all bad, but she was still in no hurry to repeat the experience.

Ty must've guessed her thought process because he pulled her closer and whispered, "We'll be beside you the whole time. I promise, no matter where you go, you will have at least two husbands by your side."

Tears filmed her eyes as she nodded. It annoyed the hell out of her to feel so insecure—despite her loving husbands' reassurances—but she couldn't seem to shake it. She just hoped that when things settled back into routine on the new planet that she could regain that sense of peace she'd discovered here on this icy mining planet.

Even knowing where the irrational feeling came from hadn't really helped her to overcome it. She'd spent most of her younger years being shuffled from one foster family to another, so continuity was something she now seemed desperate to hold on to.

"Maybe we could stay with Tracey," Ryan said evenly. Mikayla smiled at that idea. It was one thing to drop in on a friend. It was quite another to bring three husbands with her. And besides, it would be quite pleasant to stay in a hotel. Maybe a smaller, less luxurious hotel than Ty had in mind, but something close to Tracey so that they could visit every day would be nice.

"Let's call Tracey," she said, determined to ignore the hard thumping of her heart as anxiety swelled through her once more. She ground her teeth together. God, she was going to get this annoying fear under control if it was the last thing she did. "I'm sure she can recommend something to suit us."

Ty smiled, still looking concerned, but she grinned back and forced herself to relax. It was going to be all right. She would have Ryan, Ty, and Peter by her side, so she had nothing to fear but fear itself.

Now, if she could just unclench her jaw.

* * * *

The hotel was quite surprising. Small enough to have a friendly feel to it and classy enough that no one raised an eyebrow when Mrs. Davidson checked in with three husbands. Their suite had three rooms, two with double beds and the main with a king-size. Everything seemed clean, well maintained, and comfortable.

“What shall we do first?” Ryan asked as he carried all of their suitcases into the main room. Peter had some sort of business in New York and would join them in a couple of days, so for now she’d share the main room with the twins.

“I’d like to visit Tracey, but I think I need time to recover from traveling,” Mikayla said as she sat in the seat and kicked off her shoes. She’d spent almost all of her time at the station barefoot, so having to put on shoes—even comfortable sandals—was proving to be more difficult than she’d expected. She’d love one of Lachlan’s foot rubs about now, but there was no way she was going to say that out loud. The last time Ryan and Ty had given her a foot rub they’d made her laugh so hard she’d almost fallen off the sofa. She definitely didn’t have the energy for excessive giggling at the moment.

“Okay,” Ty said, taking a seat beside her, “Tracey’s place is only a few blocks from here, so we could probably walk.” She tried to hide the grimace behind a smile, but he noticed it anyway.

“Sore feet?” he asked, sounding very hopeful.

“No,” she said quickly, moving to sit on them before he could get any ideas. Ty grinned but made no move toward her.

“Maybe we should have a nap first,” Ryan said, wiggling his eyebrows suggestively. She laughed at his antics. A nap sounded wonderful, but with these two she was unlikely to do any actual sleeping. “Or maybe,” he said, stalking closer, “we can play around and then have a nap.”

She smiled as he lifted her straight off the sofa and into his arms. Mikayla didn’t need to look back to know that Ty was right behind them. By the time they had her naked, they’d kissed just about every inch of flesh she owned.

Writhing in the middle of the bed as Ryan licked her pussy and Ty suckled her breasts suddenly seemed like the best idea they'd had in months. She tried to lift her hips to force Ryan's tongue deeper, but he pulled away and laughed at her impatience.

"Sweetheart," he admonished, "we need to do this properly if you're going to get the right type of sleep." She rolled her eyes at his teasing.

"Please, Ryan, I need you inside me."

"Well, since you asked so nicely." He surged over her, his cock thrusting hard and deep in a single movement. Ty laughed as his brother held still, pinning her to the bed and refusing to move. She growled at his literal interpretation of her words.

"I think," Ty said with a huge grin on his face, "maybe you needed to be more specific."

"Fine," she said, rolling her eyes and bucking her hips against Ryan's hold. "Please fuck me." His eyes darkened as he began to move leisurely. He slid in and out of her pussy, the slow glide and gentle rhythm surprising in its appeal. Ty leaned over and kissed her just as calmly, the soft press of his lips against hers quite satisfying.

Ryan pulled away but Ty quickly took his place, slowly riding her as pressure built rapidly despite their gentle loving. She began to breathe deeper, more rapidly, and Ty started moving faster. She was squirming, trying to get closer when he pulled away and let Ryan take over. Ryan slammed into her, his balls slapping her ass as her arousal spiked, and she started to shake. Over and over he fucked her, his hands grabbing her buttocks and lifting her to him, forcing her to take more. He changed the angle. Ty found her clit with his finger, circling, pressing, grinding against the hard button until she screamed her release.

Ryan pounded into her harder, his breathing labored as he groaned his own release. Again, he pulled away and Ty took over, thrusting deep into her quivering pussy, setting off a second, more intense

climax. Mikayla moaned as she felt him hit his peak and release his seed into her body as well.

After a few slower, gentler strokes, Ty finally stilled inside her. They lay together, still joined as he softly kissed her jaw. "I love you," he whispered.

"So do I," Ryan said from beside them as he caressed her face and swept the hair from her eyes. "Rest now."

She nodded sleepily, quite willing to follow orders. "I love you," she mumbled to them both as Ty moved to her side and encouraged her to lay her head on his shoulder. She barely had the energy to roll over.

* * * *

"She's asleep already," Ty said softly. "I think traveling really wears her out. Or should I say," he said with a concerned frown, "the anxiety travel causes wears her out."

Ryan nodded in agreement. It was obvious that Mikayla didn't like change. She'd been jittery for the last month at the research station and, despite his and Ryan's and Peter's reassurances, was still uneasy about taking this holiday. He knew her last visit to Earth hadn't been entirely pleasant, but something told him it was more than that. Mikayla rarely mentioned anything of her life before meeting him and his brothers, so it was quite possible the reason ran a lot deeper.

Lately, Ty had found himself wondering more and more about their wife's past, but he genuinely hoped Mikayla would simply explain it to them when she felt comfortable enough. It wasn't as if any of them had asked her a direct question about her childhood, so she wasn't deliberately hiding something, she just hadn't offered any information freely. They knew she had no living relatives, but that was about the sum total of their knowledge. Ty couldn't help but shudder at the idea of having no family. Having grown up with seven

brothers and five parents, his life had always been filled with many, many people.

There had been times when he'd wished for a little peace and quiet, but he'd always known that when he needed his family, they would be there for him. A touch of guilt slipped through his mind as he thought of how awful it must have been for Bryce. Even though Bryce had assured them all that it had been his choice at the time, Ty couldn't miss just how happy Bryce was now with his brothers and Mikayla.

* * * *

Ryan rolled over, feeling agitated. "I'll go check the messages. I'm hoping that Peter has some good news. I can't believe that bitch is trying to sue him." He didn't bother putting clothes back on, just headed for the communication equipment provided with the room. Most people on Earth still used personal mobile phones, but having spent very little time on their home planet in recent years, neither he nor his brothers had felt the need. It would've come in handy about now, though. Waiting for a message via the global networks was a pain in the ass.

As soon as Ryan logged on, Peter's message flashed up. It wasn't marked urgent, but that didn't really mean anything. Peter said he would handle the situation, so it was unlikely he'd be sending an SOS for help. His message was short and succinct. "Not much to report. Nothing has changed. The lawyers are still arguing, and Jessie won't back down. I'll let you know if the damn thing goes to court, but at this stage it looks likely."

Ryan didn't like the sound of that. He didn't know much about Peter and his ex-fiancée, but he did know that she'd hurt his brother pretty badly. So badly that Peter had nearly walked away from Mikayla for fear of being hurt again. Fortunately Mikayla with her loving heart and quiet acceptance had overcome his doubts, and now

Peter was as happy as the rest of them. At least he would be if he didn't have a potential lawsuit hanging over him.

Ryan headed back into the bedroom and simply stood beside the bed watching his wife sleep in his brother's arms. Ty opened his eyes and Ryan shook his head. "No change," he said quietly. "The bitch is still after his money."

Ty shook his head slowly, obviously as disgusted by the frivolous lawsuit as Ryan felt.

"I'm going to grab a shower and order some lunch." Ty nodded and then closed his eyes again, but Ryan could see the tension in his brother's jaw. They were all on edge over this damn lawsuit, but so far they'd managed to keep the news from Mikayla. They were trying to protect her from worry, but more than once Ryan wondered if they were doing the right thing.

As he stepped into the shower, he wondered how quickly his lovely wife would castrate them all if she found out they were keeping secrets.

Chapter Three

Tracey looked really well. Mikayla had talked to her at least once a week since the thwarted attempt to abduct her several months ago, but she'd worried that Tracey had been putting on a brave face. Considering how wonderful she looked, Mikayla's concerns seemed unfounded.

"I'd like you to meet someone," Tracey said nervously as she grabbed Mikayla's hand and dragged her into the living area. "This is my," she hesitated, glanced at the man, blushed, and then said, "my...um...friend, Rick. I live here with him and his brothers, Tony and Ashton."

Rick looked amused at the introduction but smiled and waved hello. He greeted Ryan and Ty with a handshake, offered them a cold beer, and led them onto the back veranda.

Mikayla smiled. She'd never been slow on the uptake, and she raised an eyebrow in question. Tracey's face colored even more, but she nodded slowly. "Does that shock you?"

Mikayla couldn't hold back the laugh. "You're talking to a woman who has eight husbands. I don't think my best friend sleeping with three men is going to shock me."

Tracey looked very relieved, and Mikayla had to wonder how many people had reacted poorly to Tracey's choice of partners. It still shocked Mikayla that people could be so narrow-minded. Despite the fact that polygamy for both men and women had been legal for generations, some people just had to victimize anyone who didn't think the way they did.

“I’m sorry about your miscarriage,” Tracey said kindly. “Have you thought anymore about trying again?”

Mikayla smiled, knowing that Tracey only raised the issue because she was concerned for her. Mikayla hadn’t quite been able to hide her fear of becoming pregnant again from another woman. Tracey was also a nurse, so she probably had experience dealing with people who’d suffered unexpected loss.

In some ways Mikayla felt her grief was a little silly. She’d barely been pregnant and had only known for a few weeks. One of the doctors had even—rather tactlessly—explained that the ectopic pregnancy would never have grown into a fully developed baby, so she hadn’t really lost a child at all.

But it felt like she had. It felt like there was a hole in her heart where her love for her child would’ve been, and she couldn’t quite find the courage to risk going through all that again. Her husbands were very supportive of her decision to put things off for a while, but sooner or later she would have to face it or risk never having children. Her men would make wonderful fathers, and they deserved the chance to try again, so she knew she couldn’t be a coward forever.

“I’ll talk to them all when we get settled on the new planet,” she said, trying very hard not to shake. Tracey looked pleased. Even though most of their friendship had been over subspace communication, Mikayla was very glad for the woman’s understanding and quiet support.

Hopefully—Mikayla thought as she threaded her arm through Tracey’s and headed out to the veranda to join the men—Rick, Tony, and Ashton were worthy of Tracey’s love, and they would be able to build a happy life together. Tracey was a complete sweetheart, and she deserved to be loved properly.

Tracey took a seat next to her lover and snuggled into the man’s embrace. Rick smiled happily. “Does this mean the secret’s out?” Tracey smiled shyly, but Mikayla didn’t miss the adoration in her eyes. She seemed truly happy, and after everything that had happened,

it was so lovely to see. Mikayla suddenly felt really glad they'd come to visit.

She snuggled between Ryan and Ty, feeling more relaxed than she had in weeks.

* * * *

"When did Peter say he was going to get here?" It had been three days, and she was sure he'd been intending to join them in two.

"Maybe tomorrow," Ty said.

"Maybe?" she asked as suspicion niggled into her brain. Both Ryan and Ty had been quick to trivialize Peter's need to be in New York, but the fact that he hadn't joined them when he was supposed to certainly suggested he was dealing with something that wasn't as unimportant as her husbands had led her to believe.

"He just has one more meeting, and then he'll be here," Ryan said, looking just a little bit uncomfortable.

"What about?" Every impulse was telling her she was missing something. She asked the question in a casual voice, yet her need to know was anything but.

"Oh, you know," Ty said, looking very uncomfortable. "Business and contract stuff."

"Doesn't John handle all that?" She was definitely smelling deception now. When they both looked unable to answer, she knew her instincts were spot on. "Okay, Mr. Davidson, spill. Why is Peter really in New York?"

"Maybe Peter should tell you himself," Ryan said, looking more uncomfortable than she'd ever seen him.

"Maybe you should tell me, and I can decide for myself if Peter should've told me." She crossed her arms and waited. Damn it all to hell. She knew they probably believed they were protecting her, but not knowing what was going on with one of her husbands was far worse.

“Sweetheart,” Ryan said in an attempt to placate her.

“Don’t you sweetheart me! Explain it to me, Ryan. I am your wife, and I demand to know what the hell is going on.”

Ty stepped forward. He looked like he was about to embrace her but changed his mind when he saw her fierce expression. “Mikayla, it’s nothing serious. Peter is just having some trouble with his ex-fiancée.” He must’ve realized by the steam ready to come out of her ears that he’d phrased that very, very badly. “I mean,” he said, quickly correcting himself, “the woman is trying to sue him for breach of promise for calling off the engagement. If he’s seen her at all, it will have been on the opposite side of the negotiation table while their lawyers argue.”

Finally, she let Ty pull her into his arms, but so many questions buzzed through her head that she didn’t quite know where to start. “Breach of promise? I thought she was the one to call off the engagement? How could she be suing him?”

“We’re not sure, darlin’,” Ty said as he ran his hand up and down her spine in a soothing motion. “But it would seem that none of us got the full story of what happened between them.”

“I want to talk to him.” They both looked wary but eventually nodded, and Ty headed toward the communicator.

“No,” she said quickly, “face-to-face. How long will it take to get to New York?”

Ty quickly called up the local transport schedule. “Looks like the new sky-pods run every two hours. The trip takes less than an hour. If we catch the next one, we can be there before his next meeting starts.”

She nodded decisively. They were going to New York.

* * * *

Peter sat in the coffee shop downstairs from his hotel room. He scrubbed a hand over his face as he mentally went over everything his lawyer had told him in the past three days. When he’d broken his

engagement to Jessie, Peter had no idea this type of civil suit was even possible. The woman was going after everything he owned and then some. She'd even managed to make his suggestion that he share her with his brothers somehow seem like she'd been engaged to all of them. Peter's lawyer was actually quite concerned because if she somehow proved that, she could basically go after all of their assets.

Damn. He'd called off the engagement because Jessie had demanded he hand over the family business in exchange for sleeping with his brothers. It had felt so cold, so calculating, and certainly not the loving relationship he'd envisioned for him or his brothers. Peter couldn't imagine the gall it took to go after the family business when she'd never actually been part of the family.

He closed his eyes as images of the woman who did love him filled his mind. Mikayla was everything he'd ever hoped for. She loved him and his brothers equally, had never asked for anything more than their love in return, and had actively assisted in their family business wherever she'd been able to help.

Mikayla was the woman who completed him. Not just him, but all of his brothers. She'd even seen into Bryce's soul and managed to bring him home where he belonged. Yet if Peter's ex-fiancée had her way, she'd make sure Mikayla was homeless with the rest of them.

Damn. He missed his wife more each minute. The reminder of the woman who'd claimed to love him but had only been interested in money made Mikayla seem even more precious. He'd nearly decided to skip the afternoon's negotiations just so he could go to California and visit his wife when an angel's voice called his name.

His eyes flew open to see the most amazing mirage, and then she was in his arms, kissing him, holding him, reminding him of everything that was good in his world.

"Mikayla," he breathed on a sigh. He glanced up to see Ryan and Ty behind her, but he couldn't even be mad that they'd brought her to him. No matter how complicated the lawsuit was becoming, he was

very glad to see his wife. She snuggled into his arms, and he held her tight.

“You should’ve told me,” she said quietly. He couldn’t deny that. He should’ve told her. He’d wanted to protect her from the ugliness of his ex-fiancée’s ambitions, but selfishly he needed her close.

“I’m sorry, Mikayla. I should’ve told you.”

“You should’ve,” she agreed, “but the three of us will be beside you for this afternoon’s meeting.” He opened his mouth to protest her involvement, but she put a hand over his lips to stop the words. “And we’ll talk about honesty later. Right now I need my wayward husband to make love to me.”

Ryan and Ty’s faces lit up with excitement, but Peter was quick to douse that idea. He might share his wife with his brothers, but he wasn’t about to share her in his bed. They both gave him rueful looks, indicating that they knew full well his thoughts on that matter, but they smiled and indicated for him to lead the way.

Peter sent his brothers a nod of gratitude and then lifted his beautiful wife to her feet. They held each other close as they headed to his hotel room. It still didn’t feel quite real as he left his brothers in the living area and took his wife into his hotel bedroom. She kissed him all over as he tried to strip her of clothes. He carefully levered her shoes off and kissed the red marks where they’d rubbed her skin raw.

Mikayla was so beautiful in such a natural way that he couldn’t imagine anything more perfect than his wife pregnant and barefoot. It was such a sexist attitude that he didn’t voice it out loud, but he hoped that one day soon he could convince her to try again. He could understand her reluctance after the miscarriage and was more than willing to give her time, but he loved the idea of her as the mother of his children.

She sighed as he lifted her onto the bed and began worshipping every part of her he could reach. He dipped his head to taste her honeyed warmth and massaged her thighs as they began to quiver. She tilted her hips higher, demanding more, and he gave it to her,

unable to deny her anything. She rode his tongue, her hands fisted in his hair, her pussy slick and swollen. She moaned when her orgasm hit and he gentled her with soothing, long strokes of his tongue.

She tugged his hair, and he moved up her body, fitting his cock against her entrance, pressing in slowly as he watched her face. She held him with her body, trapped his heart with her love and ensnared his soul for all time.

When his orgasm came, he sighed at the perfection of the moment and caressed his wife's lovely face. She smiled sleepily and he rolled onto his back, pulling her over him, staying inside her where he belonged.

It wasn't long before Ryan and Ty woke him, so he could attend the negotiation, but this time he wasn't going alone. This time he had his family to support him.

* * * *

Mikayla's first glimpse of the woman who would sue her husband was disconcerting. Dressed in a formal power suit with high heels and perfectly styled hair, Jessie Evans made Mikayla feel more than a little underdressed. Mikayla glanced down at her simple cotton sundress and smoothed a wrinkle from the front with her slightly shaking hand.

Maybe this was a really bad idea. Peter had spent the last hour arguing that she should stay at the hotel with Ryan and Ty. When she'd explained that her place was at her husband's side, he'd tried to order her to stay behind. That hadn't gone down very well. She might enjoy being submissive in bed, but that didn't mean she would let her men dictate her life outside of the bedroom.

She swallowed nervously, tried to find the courage she thought she possessed, and quietly listened to the conversations going on around her. The woman smiled at her, the expression far from friendly, and Mikayla tried not to feel even more intimidated.

Even though Peter held her hand in a comforting grip, and Ryan and Ty stood off to her left, Mikayla couldn't quite shake the cold contempt she sensed from Peter's ex. The woman's smirk certainly seemed derogatory. She looked Mikayla over for another moment, apparently assessing her potential as a rival, and then dismissed her just as quickly. To say the woman was extremely intimidating was probably an understatement.

What Mikayla couldn't quite understand was how Peter would've ever considered himself in love with her. The woman gave off a vibe that surely every other person in the room could sense. Or maybe not. Mikayla was the only other woman in the room. The men seemed oblivious to Jessie's malice. Mikayla glanced away, trying not to look in the woman's direction. A moment later she realized her mistake.

"Ryan, Ty, how lovely to see you again."

"Again?" Ryan said, sounding startled. "I've never even met you."

"Oh, darling, how you wound me. Peter is being positively arctic, but I never expected you two to reject me as well." The woman did a good job of looking stricken, but Mikayla could see through the ruse even if the lawyers couldn't. Everyone in the room watched the exchange closely. The woman's lawyer even smiled slightly as Jessie Evans played the jilted lover to a waiting crowd. "Peter even brought a date to our reconciliation talks. I've tried so hard to have him love me, but he couldn't be more callous if he'd taken a knife to my breast."

Mikayla rolled her eyes. She may have felt intimidated by the well-groomed bitch, but the woman was laying it on a bit thick. Reconciliation talks?

"Is that what you're calling it now?" Peter asked disdainfully. "Reconciliation? It sure feels like you're trying to sue me for everything I have. That's not reconciliation in my book."

"Well, I can see by the little homewrecker attached to your arm that you have no intentions of trying to settle our differences, so I

have no choice but to protect myself and ensure my financial future.” The sweet smile the woman managed chilled Mikayla to the bone. It was the sort of smile a predator wore when the prey had nowhere else to go.

Peter’s lawyer stepped up to him, urging him not to engage in any more conversation, but Peter seemed unable to walk away from such obvious lies. “Mikayla is not a home wrecker, she’s my wife. I met her nearly two years after you and I broke up.” The look of interest in the woman’s eyes was quite chilling. Obviously she’d heard something she liked. “And as to your financial future, I suggest you go find some rich fool to hand over his money and leave me and my family alone.”

The woman did it perfectly. Her bottom lip quivered, her shoulders shook, a strangled gasp escaped her perfectly made up lips, and then she managed to rush from the room while looking both heartbroken and distressed without getting a hair out of place. Displaying concern Mikayla doubted they actually felt, her lawyer and several others followed.

Peter’s lawyer shook his head. “I really wish you hadn’t said that.”

Peter shrugged, clearly not concerned by his lawyer’s wish. The man turned his attention to Mikayla. “Are you married only to Peter?” She shook her head as Peter became very still. “How many brothers are you married to?”

“All of them,” she answered in a small voice. What the hell was going on? Polygamy was legal. Granted, eight husbands was unusual, but it was certainly no crime.

“Damn, Peter, I really wish you hadn’t said that.”

“Why?” Ryan asked as he stepped forward to take Mikayla’s other hand in his own.

“Because now Ms. Evans has reasonable proof that your engagement was a promise to marry all of you. I can practically

guarantee that her lawyer is tracking down your marriage certificates as we speak. This could get really ugly.”

Peter nodded his head, his hand squeezing Mikayla’s tighter, as the gravity of what he’d done seemed to sink in. Mikayla wanted to reassure him that Jessie probably would’ve found out about their marriage anyway, but it was probably best for her to remain silent now and listen to what their lawyer was saying.

“Contact your brothers. We need to consider offering some sort of settlement. If this gets to court, she could very well win half of all of yours and your brother’s assets and maybe even a yearly alimony payment.”

“But she’s never even met us,” Ryan said through his tightly clenched teeth. The lawyer just shook his head.

“It will come down to your word against hers. Even if you can prove that you’ve never met her, she’ll just claim that Peter was speaking for all of you.” The lawyer grabbed his notepad and started packing his briefcase. “I’ll speak to her counsel on the way out, but I’m sure they won’t be back at the negotiating table today. They’ll want to gather every bit of information they can, so they can claim a huge payout. You should expect a particularly unpleasant day tomorrow.”

* * * *

Ryan couldn’t quite believe he was being sued by a woman he’d never even met, let alone that she was suing him for breaking an engagement he hadn’t been a part of. Hell, from what their lawyer had said, the woman’s claim was not only solid but likely to cost them plenty if it ever got before a judge.

“We need to contact the others,” Peter said tiredly, “and let them know the mess I dragged them into.”

“Peter,” Mikayla said softly, her heart obviously breaking for him. “This isn’t your fault. You have every right to search for love. Just

because she wasn't the right woman for you doesn't mean you did anything wrong." He didn't look convinced. "We are a family. We'll get through this as a family. Okay?" He nodded. "No more secrets. We need to know exactly what's happening. Where did she get the idea to claim she was engaged to all of you?"

Peter looked uncomfortable but managed to force the words past his throat. "Because I asked her to consider meeting my brothers and maybe sharing their beds."

Ryan didn't think he could be any more surprised than he was at the meeting. Turned out he was wrong. Peter had wanted to share a wife even before they'd met Mikayla? It seemed so far out of the realms of possibility that Ryan had to look to his twin for confirmation. Ty just shrugged, clearly as astonished as Ryan.

"But she never met them?"

"She met John, who didn't say if he liked her or not, and Matt, who disliked her immediately, but not the others. I think she just got lucky today with Ty and Ryan because she knows my youngest brothers are twins."

"What happened when you suggested she sleep with the others?"

Peter rubbed his hand over his face, and Ryan could see the toll this was taking on him. Peter had always been rather serious, but today his skin looked pale and unhealthy, his eyes were puffy, probably from lack of sleep, and his shoulders slumped forward in defeat.

"She demanded that I sign over the business and all of our assets to 'lie with my miscreant brothers.'" He used his fingers as quote marks indicating they were her derogatory words, not his.

Less than four hours ago, Ryan couldn't have imagined a woman so callous as to demand that sort of payment under the guise of love, but having met Jessie Evans, he now had a very clear picture. The woman was a first-class bitch.

Chapter Four

Ty lay on the bed, his wife cuddled to his side, his twin cuddled behind her, and his older brother asleep in the chair beside them. Mikayla had insisted that they needed to be together tonight, and Ty had wholeheartedly agreed. Of course, Peter wasn't going to climb onto the bed, but at least by having him this close, Mikayla had been able to fall asleep.

His eyes strayed to Peter's sleeping form. They'd managed to get all of their brothers into a conference call, and after the expected surprise, concern, and much arguing back and forth, they'd finally agreed to fight. Jessie Evans had no genuine claim over them, and to hand over their hard earned money without standing up for themselves just seemed wrong. Fortunately, Brock, Lachlan, Matt, Bryce, and John had managed to get the station pieced together and were able to lock up and travel back to Earth if it became necessary.

Ty really hoped it wasn't necessary.

A quick call to their lawyer had confirmed that a court date had been set for six days time. They'd been surprised by how quickly the system worked until their lawyer had explained that Jessie Evans's legal team had applied for the date nearly two years ago. The negotiations had just been part of the usual legal process under current laws. No case could go to court unless they could provide proof of failed negotiations.

Considering that Peter's lawyer was about to tell them to go to hell, Ty was fairly certain that would count as failed negotiations.

* * * *

The next afternoon Ryan ground his teeth as he listened to their lawyer explain what would happen next.

“As expected, her legal counsel was quite pleased that you didn’t show up to the negotiating table.” Their lawyer was a pleasant, middle-aged man with spectacles and thinning hair, and there was no doubt he knew his stuff. So far everything he’d predicted had come true. “Mrs. Davidson, they will definitely try to use your marriages as a way of proving Peter’s intent. They may even drag up some personal details to try and paint you as a husband-stealing, gold-digging whore.”

“Hey,” Ryan protested, but their lawyer simply held up his hand.

“Get used to it,” he said, shaking his head slowly. “These are the type of things that are liable to be said in court. If you react violently, the judge will kick you out of the courtroom and be less inclined to listen to your side of the story.” He twisted his pen in his hand as if trying to find the exact words to get his point across. “If you seem to be upset, then the lawyers will use the offensive terms over and over in an effort to provoke you to violence and get you kicked out of the courtroom. Am I making myself clear? Their aim will be to get you to lose your temper. You need to stay very tightly in control.”

The man took his glasses off, rubbed a finger over his left eye, and directed his attention to Mikayla. “I’m sorry, Mrs. Davidson, but this is liable to get very ugly, and you will likely cop the brunt of it. I want you and your husbands to be prepared for what you may encounter in court.”

Mikayla nodded, obviously determined to stand up to the woman bold enough to sue her husbands, but every instinct Ryan owned screamed at him to remove his wife from the legal line of fire.

“Can we still make an offer?” Ty and Peter were obviously having the same thought process because they nodded in agreement to his question.

“That would be a very bad idea. Making an offer now would show weakness, and once the sharks smell blood in the water...”

“No,” Mikayla said decisively, “I will not run and hide over a few nasty names. I know who I am, and I know why I married all of you.”

She glanced around the room, daring any of them to dispute her right to make that decision. Their lawyer looked quite pleased.

“Excellent,” he said. “I think it would be helpful if you were able to take the stand, perhaps explain the circumstances of your marriages. How you met them, why you decided to marry all of them not just one or t—”

“Hell, no,” Ryan said as he turned to Mikayla. “Sweetheart, you don’t have to do this. We’ll just pay the money. I don’t want you going through this.”

Mikayla smiled so beautifully Ryan’s heart hurt just thinking of her being savaged by Jessie Evans and her posse.

“It’s not about the money,” she said, touching his face with her fingertips. “It’s about right and wrong. Peter did nothing wrong. We can’t let her win like that.”

“But I don’t want you hurt,” Ryan said as he pressed her hand harder against his face and closed his eyes.

“I won’t be,” she said, sounding very confident, “because I have my husbands beside me, and I know that they’ll love me no matter what some nasty woman or her lawyers say.”

Ryan nodded, wanting to say more, but also stunned by his sweet wife’s conviction. She may have looked fragile, but she possessed a streak of courage a mile wide.

* * * *

Mikayla tried to sound very confident. She needed to fix this. Despite the fact that Jessie probably would’ve learned of Mikayla’s marriage to the brothers eventually, she couldn’t help but feel responsible for setting all of this in motion. If only she’d abided her

husband's orders... She shook her head slightly. Nope, she couldn't even finish that thought. Following the orders of eight bossy husbands was a sure way to lose the person she believed herself to be.

It wasn't easy to hide the shaking in her fingers, but somehow she managed. She glanced at Ty and Peter's worried faces and forced herself to smile calmly. Going to court and standing up to this woman was the right thing to do, but a small worry niggled at the base of her skull. Despite everything she'd just told them about knowing they would love her no matter what, a small voice inside her whispered insidiously that maybe she was wrong.

Her husbands knew very little of her life before meeting them, and they knew absolutely nothing of her life before being abducted by people traffickers. They knew she had no family, but she'd always managed to avoid questions about her childhood. None of them even knew she'd been in the foster care system until the day she'd turned sixteen.

And not one of them knew what happened after that.

Their lawyer was still talking, and Mikayla tried to return her focus to the conversation.

"...we may well be able to convince the judge that Jessie Evans is actually the gold digger, but she plays the role of scorned lover quite well." Mikayla smiled, very pleased to hear that she wasn't the only one who could see past the woman's act. "But we need to be careful, or Peter will just be seen as a man who moved on to greener pastures with scant regard for the woman he'd promised to love."

He turned to Mikayla and held out his hand. "I will try to minimize the damage, but things will get a little rough. Let me know if you have any questions," he said as he shook her hand. "I'll see you in court on Thursday."

She nodded and followed him to the door. Once he'd gone, she turned to face her husbands. They all looked a little pale, and almost as one they started talking about her involvement in the court case. She held up her hand to silence them.

“Simple fact,” she said very clearly. “Nasty things are going to be said about me whether I am there or not. At least this way I get to defend myself.”

Ryan and Ty nodded thoughtfully, but Peter still looked miserable. Before he could apologize again, she moved into his arms and pressed a kiss to his lips. “First, I want a nap,” she said on a yawn, “and then I want to go back to California for a couple of days.” He nodded, pulled her closer, and turned toward the bedroom.

“Oh, no, not this time, brother,” Ryan said as he followed them into the bedroom. “You can sleep in the chair if you want, but I want my wife in my arms. So you can either sleep on her other side or watch from a distance. Either way, Ty and I aren’t going to be left out. Not today.”

Surprisingly, Peter nodded, perhaps in resignation, and then climbed onto the bed and dragged Mikayla into the middle. He didn’t look comfortable when Ryan slid onto the other side, or when Ty stretched out at the end of the bed and wrapped a hand around Mikayla’s ankle, but Peter stayed there and held her as she fell asleep.

* * * *

Traveling back to California was a very good idea. Ty watched his wife talk animatedly to Tracey and her partners. Mikayla appeared relaxed, and it was certainly distracting her from the stress of the upcoming court date. As childish as it seemed, Ty was still hoping for a miracle so that he could spare his wife the pain and humiliation of having her life with them dissected and vilified.

Tracey laughed as her partners pulled her in for a tight hug. The four of them seemed very happy together. Rick, Tony and Ashton seemed very protective of Tracey in much the same way Ty and his brothers were toward Mikayla. They were also cops, and even though Ty worried for Tracey’s well-being if her partners were hurt on duty, he also felt relieved that Tracey was well protected.

He shook his head minutely as he realized his faith in the human race had certainly been tainted by their experiences on the ice planet. Although, the realization didn't make him want to protect his wife any less.

"So have you set a date?" Mikayla asked in a very excited voice. He tuned in to the conversation hoping to catch on to whatever he'd missed.

"We're not planning anything over the top. Rick's parents and sister aren't pleased with their choice of lifestyle." Mikayla could tell by the way Tracey spat the words "choice" and "lifestyle" she was not thrilled by her soon-to-be in-laws' opinion. "And you know I have no family, so we thought we'd just have a civil ceremony with a couple of work colleagues and a few close friends." Tracey glanced up at Ty and then back to Mikayla. "When do you go home?"

By the beautiful, excited smile across Mikayla's face, Ty figured they weren't going home until after Tracey's wedding. And at the moment he couldn't think of anything more perfect than giving Mikayla a good memory of this trip to Earth.

He nodded when Tracey looked at him, and then the women giggled like teenagers and got down to the serious business of planning a wedding.

* * * *

"As you can see, Your Honor, Mr. Davidson and his brothers are all married to Miss Mikayla Noone. I offer these marriage certificates as evidence that clearly supports Ms. Evans's claim that her engagement to Mr. Peter Davidson also included his brothers." The bailiff handed the paperwork to the judge who looked through them without changing the expression on his face.

Jessie Evans had arrived at the courthouse wearing a simple, yet elegant and obviously expensive, summer dress. She was the picture

of sweet innocence, and it made Peter want to strangle the woman. Obviously he'd given her far more ammunition than he'd realized.

It would've been difficult to sell the claim that Peter would fall for two such wildly different women, but by dressing in a similar fashion to Mikayla, Jessie had a much better chance.

How the hell had he missed Jessie's real personality? He'd once thought himself in love with the woman, but clearly the person she'd pretended to be was not the real person underneath. Peter clasped his hands together tightly, trying to still their shaking, as the judge turned to speak to Mikayla.

"Mrs. Davidson," he said in a kind voice. "Can you tell me the circumstances of your marriages? Where did you meet your husbands?"

She explained in a clear and concise voice exactly the circumstances of their first meeting, holding her head high as she explained about the human trafficking ring and her brief time spent in the world of prostitution. She left nothing out, and he couldn't have been more proud. Mikayla was one in a billion, and he'd thank every deity known to man for the rest of his life for bringing her to him.

Peter glanced at the woman he would've married and frowned at the malicious smile on her face. It was the only hint he'd seen that the woman wasn't quite as in control as she seemed. Surely the judge wouldn't consider that smile sweet.

"Why did you agree to marry all seven of the Davidson brothers?" the judge asked, seeming just a little perplexed that a woman could want so many husbands.

"Because I love them," she said simply. "And it's eight brothers. I met Bryce a few months after I married Lachlan, Brock, John, Matt, Peter, Ryan, and Ty in a civil ceremony the last time we were on Earth. My marriage to Bryce was filed, witnessed, and approved via intergalactic channels several months ago."

"Who the fuck is Bryce?" The woman's screech was so unexpected that Peter didn't even realize it was Jessie's voice until

she jumped to her feet and screamed the question again. She looked like she intended to march up to where Mikayla sat and confront her nose to nose. Peter and his brothers were on their feet in an instant, but fortunately her lawyers and her father held her back. It didn't stop her from hurling obscenities. "Can't you tell the little whore is lying? Why would they even want that pathetic excuse for a woman as their wife? Let go of me!" she yelled at her father and pushed the man away. "She probably just gives them really good blow jobs."

"Ms. Evans!" the judge growled as he hit his gavel against the desk. "Counsel, control your client, or she will be removed from my courtroom."

The whole room had turned to watch Jessie throw her tantrum, but Peter's eye were only for his wife. She gave him a soft smile and sat serenely while the courtroom exploded in movement. He could hear Jessie's nasty words spewing from her mouth, but none of it meant a damn thing. Mikayla was his soul mate, his one true love, and he would cherish and protect her to his last breath.

* * * *

Mikayla couldn't quite believe the relief coursing through her. Some of the accusations that had been pointed her way had been completely hideous and very untrue, yet others had hit just a little too close to home. Living in such isolated circumstances, she really hadn't given much thought to how society would judge a woman with eight husbands. How ironic that the worst vitriol came from a woman wanting to steal seven of them from her.

She watched, surprised and maybe a little concerned for the woman and her mental health. The way she seemed to have completely lost her composure didn't quite seem normal.

Mikayla sat there, trying to look calm and composed but jumped in fright when the judge banged his wooden hammer against the desk and ordered Jessie be removed from the room.

When Jessie's frantic screeching finally faded down the hallway, the judge turned to Mikayla. "Mrs. Davidson, in light of the fact that Ms. Evans was obviously unaware of an eighth brother and, therefore, not as knowledgeable of the Davidson brothers as she claimed, I am dismissing her claim and finding in your favor. The court thanks you for your time." He smiled then said with a suspicious gleam in his eyes, "Go home to your husbands, Mrs. Davidson. It's obvious that they love you, and it's exactly where you belong."

She nodded as tears filled her eyes. She did belong to her men, and they belonged to her, and hopefully the past would leave them alone now to get on with their lives.

Chapter Five

Proposed Mining Planet M789zi.

Mikayla sighed as she entered the last report into the computer. Her satisfaction lasted all of two seconds before Ty dropped a heap more onto her desk. They'd been working their collective asses off since returning home three weeks ago. Tracey's wedding had been perfect, and she'd promised to contact Mikayla as soon as she returned from her honeymoon.

Tired but happy and relaxed for the first time in a long time, Mikayla put off starting the new pile of work and instead watched the newest specimen they'd collected. The cute little fur ball held a piece of vegetation between its paws as it munched away and watched her at the same time.

"What are you going to call it?"

Ty spared a glance at the cage and replied, "I'll need to do a complete genetic workup to be able to classify and name it correctly, but for the moment I'm calling it 'mouse.'"

Mikayla rolled her eyes. Men. He could've called it anything he wanted—they were the only ones on the planet for heaven's sake—but no, Ty had to call it a mouse. Plain, old, boring, little gray mouse! It may have looked a little like an Earth mouse, but it was far prettier. It had a cute elongated snout that twitched when food was near and luminous, expressive eyes that reminded her more of the marsupials in Australia back on Earth than common field mice. She watched it turn in a circle several times like a dog, and then it settled down for a nap.

“Why isn’t it frightened of us?” They’d been told the largest creature on this planet was an insect, a teeny, tiny insect, not a mouse-like creature the size of a man’s fist.

“I suspect that on this planet he’s the ‘king of the jungle,’ so he’s never needed to be frightened.”

“Oh,” Mikayla said, feeling a little stupid. She probably should’ve guessed that herself. The preliminary reports on this planet had discounted mammals—obviously incorrectly, judging by this cute little fur ball—reptiles, birds and pretty much all other life forms. Insects were scarce, though with so much plant life that would need insects for pollination it suggested they were not as scarce as they seemed.

“So what does this mean to the survey work and the contract in general?”

“Not sure yet,” Ty said as he came to stand beside her. She wrapped her arms around his waist and rested her head on his chest as they both watched the furry little creature sleep. “We’ll need to do a more intensive study of the local wildlife to determine how mining will affect them. Clearly the original survey was incomplete, and we can’t really rely on any of the information provided, so we’ll need to repeat that first.” Ty pressed a kiss to the top of her head and pulled her closer. “Then when we get the geological survey results, we can determine whether the impact on the local environment can be minimized, whether the mineral ores are in sufficient quantities, or whether the proposed mining will need to be abandoned.”

He pulled her closer and inhaled deeply. “You smell delicious.” She giggled as he ran his tongue around the shell of her ear, but he groaned as he pulled away slightly. “If we didn’t have so much work to do, Mrs. Davidson, I’d consider taking the afternoon off.” She had no doubt on what an afternoon off with Ty would involve. She smiled as lots of sensual ideas ran through her mind.

Despite working side by side for most of the workday, Mikayla hadn’t spent much down time with Ryan and Ty since they arrived

home. They hadn't even gotten sweaty in the lab since that last time on the ice planet. Memories of the incredible orgasms they'd given her as they acted out their fantasy flooded through her brain, spreading heat to every inch of her body.

Ty sucked on her earlobe, and then nibbled his way to her lips. He kissed her, thrusting his tongue into her mouth, mimicking the ideas running through her head. He finally lifted away to draw a breath. "Hmmm, you taste delicious, too."

Ryan came into the lab looking rather harried. He smiled when he saw them pressed together but quickly broke up their fun.

"Sorry, Mikayla, but you two have about a million specimens to tag and identify, so unless you're planning a quickie against the wall, you're both out of luck."

Mikayla felt Ty's cock twitch against her hip and gasped when he rubbed himself against her. "What do you say?" he said with a suggestive leer. She laughed and went to move back to the counter where she'd been working. Ryan and Ty were always about the long, drawn-out—or as they called it—proper loving, so she was a little surprised at Ty's reluctance to let her go.

"You sure I can't talk you into being bad?" She laughed and swatted his hands away.

"Later," she promised, trying hard to ignore the arousal coursing through her veins.

* * * *

Ryan took a moment to study Ty's stiff movements. It was obvious that his brother was ready, willing, and able to not only please their wife but to do a very thorough job. At the beginning of a new contract, Ty was usually completely obsessive when they first landed on the planet. The man literally spent months barely sleeping and forgetting to eat while they explored their newest assignment. But this was the first time he'd had a wife to distract him.

Ryan watched his wife as she went back to entering reports into the lab's database and tried not to laugh at his brother's groan as he attempted to sit down with a hard-on. He'd been encouraging Ty for years to find some sort of balance between work and play, and Mikayla had managed to get him to do it just by being there. Ryan smiled at them both as images of what he and Ty would do with their beautiful wife when they had the chance invaded his mind. The woman was incredibly responsive to their every touch and gave the most incredible blow jobs. God, he felt the rush of blood to his groin as images of Mikayla on her knees taking his cock deep in her throat, his hands holding her still as he fucked her mouth over and over and over invaded his mind.

Shit. Ryan was half out of the chair before he realized what he was doing. It seemed Ty wasn't the only one being distracted by their beautiful wife today. Ryan discreetly adjusted his cock and tried to sit back down without groaning in pain.

A moment later he was out of the chair again. Damn. Sensual ideas invaded his every thought, and if he didn't find something to distract him, he was going to have Mikayla up against the wall in a matter of moments.

He left the lab to track down Peter. Technically, even though they didn't have an actual schedule, it was Peter's night with Mikayla. Considering the condition that both he and Ty seemed to be suffering, he felt it worth a quick chat with his older brother. Hell, the way he was feeling he'd be willing to beg and offer the man anything to swap nights with him and Ty.

He scrubbed a hand down his face feeling out of sorts. Hell, he hoped a full night of loving their wife together would help.

* * * *

Peter watched his brother's agitated movements and waited impatiently for him to speak. He still hadn't been able to rid himself

of the guilt he felt for bringing Jessie Evans into their lives, and a part of him worried that Ryan was finally going to get around to saying something. Hell, Peter had called himself every fool name under the Earth's sun, surely it was his brother's turn.

Concern started to infiltrate his mind as Ryan didn't immediately start to speak. Ryan was usually clowning around, so it was quite a rarity to see the man lost for words. But Peter couldn't force any words past his tightening throat either.

"We need her," Ryan finally blurted out.

Peter nodded carefully. He knew Ryan and Ty needed help in the lab at this stage of their contract. They always did, but they already had Mikayla helping them, so he wasn't sure what Ryan meant by "needing her." Confused for a moment, Ryan's meaning finally became clear when the man adjusted the rigid length of his cock to a more comfortable position in his jeans. Judging by the pained expression on Ryan's face, it wasn't comfortable enough.

"You're talking about tonight?" Peter asked. Ryan nodded quickly. "Sure, I've got a heap of work to do anyway, but whatever you two are planning, don't play too rough. Mikayla spent last night in Brock's bed, and judging by some of the sounds, I think Brock has some new toys." He shook his head as he laughed at his observation. "Those two have been going at it like bunnies for the last few months. I guess Mikayla likes his new toys. Lucky he didn't come on holidays with us, or we mightn't have gotten any time with her." Peter knew he was babbling, but the silly relief of not having to listen to his brother's criticism, no matter how well-deserved, was making him a bit giddy.

Ryan nodded stiffly and left the room, leaving Peter to wonder if he was the reason for his brother's out of character behavior or not.

* * * *

For the rest of the afternoon, Ty struggled to concentrate on his work. Discovering and identifying new animal and insect species had always been his favorite part of a new planet, but this time it just didn't seem to hold his interest. Over and over his gaze strayed to the woman working on the computer beside him. Mikayla glanced up and caught him staring once more.

Geez, it was almost like he was a randy teenager again. Sex seemed to be about the only thing in his mind.

"Ty? Everything okay?" Her soft, sweet voice full of concern did absolutely nothing to deflate the painful hard-on threatening to burst open his pants.

"Uh, sure," he managed to mumble and then turned back to the specimen he'd been trying to classify. He could feel his face burning with embarrassment. What the hell was wrong with him?

He could sense her studying him, trying to understand his unusual behavior, but he didn't really have an explanation for his condition. Regressing back to his teenage years was not something he wanted to admit out loud. He was so busy trying to convince himself that it was just imagination that he didn't hear Mikayla move until she touched his elbow.

And then he was lost.

"I need you," he whispered as he hauled her onto his lap, lifted her dress over her head, and swept her underwear to her ankles. She smiled and helped to undo his way-too-tight jeans and then moved to straddle him. He thrust into her quickly, ramming his cock to the hilt without pause. She gasped and moaned at the abrupt intrusion but didn't pull away. Mindless with need, he lifted her and dragged her back onto his cock, his hips tilting to take her deeper with every thrust. Already he could feel his climax nearing, and he swallowed, trying to slow himself down, trying to remember Mikayla's pleasure as well as his own.

Unable to reach her clit in this position, he pushed a dry finger straight into her ass, wiggling the digit as her pussy began to cream

around his cock. Her orgasm hit her just as his began, his dick pulsing, throbbing, shooting his seed deep into her body.

She fell forward, completely spent, as he held her close and worried at his own loss of control. Never before had he taken a woman without seeing to her pleasure first. Only his wife's amazing responsiveness saved him from being the kind of asshole lover he despised.

"Damn it, Ty!" Ryan's voice sounded angry, hurt, and amazingly breathless. Before Ty or Mikayla could react, Ryan had lifted Mikayla off Ty's lap, pressed her up against the wall, and driven his cock deep into her slick flesh. Just like Ty, Ryan set a ridiculous, frantic pace. Realizing that his brother was beyond reason, Ty moved to hold Mikayla in his arms, cushioning her as his brother fucked her. She moaned in delight at the new angle, and Ryan was able to press against her clit. She screamed as she exploded in orgasm, Ryan right behind her. Both of them grunted with the final thrust and then stilled.

All three of them breathed heavily for several moments before Ryan pulled away, slowly extricating himself and helping Mikayla to her feet. She wobbled with exhaustion, and Ty wrapped his arms around her so that she wouldn't fall.

"Come on, darlin'," he said in what he hoped was a soothing voice. "Let's get cleaned up." She nodded tiredly and let him lift her into his arms. She was completely exhausted, and by the time he got her to the shower, he understood why. Faded pink stripes covered her ass and thighs, and if Ty were to guess, he'd say they'd been done by a leather belt of sorts. The lines were very straight and uniform, so it was obvious that Brock knew what he was doing.

Ty traced the faded pink line and asked curiously, "Did this hurt?"

Mikayla turned and smiled reassuringly. "Yes," she said with a wink, "but in a very good way."

"Maybe one day I could watch." He wasn't even sure why he'd said that. He'd never been interested in bondage or pain for pleasure, but his wife's beatific smile had him salivating for it. His cock grew

again and he groaned as need pulsed through him once more. “Maybe you should get some rest,” he said to Mikayla as he backed away from the shower. He had intended to climb in with her, but considering his state of mind, it could be a very, very long shower.

Mikayla looked at him with a raised eyebrow, obviously picking up his strange mood swings. “I’m fine,” she said slowly. “But maybe you have a different reason for me to stay out of the lab?” She held his gaze, daring him to be dishonest. When he didn’t immediately answer, she crossed her arms and waited.

Embarrassed that he would even consider lying to his wife over something so trivial, Ty nodded and smiled. “It would seem that Ryan and I are both very distracted by our lovely wife today. We have plans for you, Mrs. Davidson, so maybe you should get some rest while you can.”

She looked a little concerned, and he wanted nothing more than to step into the shower and pull her into his embrace. But, considering his cock was pressed hard up against his jeans again, he knew exactly where that would lead. So he took a step back and tried to smile reassuringly.

She smiled back but couldn’t hide the concern in her eyes. Feeling his control slipping once more, he nodded and left the room before he could do anything stupid.

* * * *

Mikayla washed herself down as worry wiggled through her brain. Ryan and Ty had stopped treating her like something fragile long before any of the others, but their behavior today was definitely out of character for both of them.

Did they regret fucking her in the lab? The sex had been raw and aggressive and a stamping of ownership, rather than the playful lovemaking they’d resorted to recently. She’d loved every moment of

what happened in the lab, but it was the aftermath that had her troubled.

By the time she got out of the shower, she was feeling more tired than she'd thought she should be, but considering what happened last night, maybe it wasn't so surprising. Her session with Brock had left her completely sated, and she'd slept well, but if Ryan and Ty were serious, she was in for a long night. When those two started playing with her, the lovemaking could go on for hours. Maybe she should get some sleep while she had the chance.

She crawled naked into Ryan's bed, pulled the sheet up to her shoulders and curled up for a quick nap.

She woke to a warm arm around her middle and a thick cock pressed against her ass. Mikayla opened her eyes to find Ryan lying in front of her. Ty pulled her closer, kissing the back of her neck and rubbing his hard cock against her butt cheeks. Ryan leaned in to kiss her softly, but the heat quickly caught them both, and he began kissing her deeply, frantically. She moved against him, writhing between the brothers as her arousal grew.

Thick fingers found her clit, pressing and massaging the needy button until she was crying out for their possession. Cold lube made her gasp, but Ty quickly worked it into her back passage, setting every nerve ending alight.

Ryan lifted her leg, pressed his cock against her pussy, and entered her in one smooth thrust. Mikayla saw the strained look on his face as he controlled his entry and reined in his need, so she smiled reassuringly. Ty spread her ass cheeks, placed his cock against her anus, and hurriedly pushed his way into her tight back passage.

Together they held still, letting her adjust, kissing and caressing her soothingly. As heat built, they started moving slowly, carefully, one sliding in as the other slid out, over and over until she was moaning with pleasure. She could feel them both trying to hold back, trying to control their lust, but then, like a dam breaking, they suddenly got more forceful, needier, thrusting deeper, harder. Their

breathing harsh, their grunts animalistic. Fingers, she didn't know whose, found her clit and squeezed hard. She screamed as orgasm crashed over her, and her men started pounding into her ass and pussy at the same time.

The intensity overwhelmed her. They came in unison, filling her body with their seed, grunting their release, whispering their love.

Finally, exhausted and replete, all three lay collapsed on the mattress, still joined, still wrapped in each other's arms, but Mikayla was so exhausted that sleep claimed her quickly.

* * * *

"What the hell was that?" Ty whispered irritably. It seemed easier to yell at his brother than to accept his part in the whole mess. Ryan shook his head, obviously feeling as annoyed as Ty. Never had they lost control like that. Double penetration took practice and finesse. They were always aware that Mikayla could be injured if they didn't show some restraint, but today neither of them seemed in control of their libido.

Thank god Mikayla had fallen asleep with a smile on her face. If she'd been hurt or upset, he would never have forgiven himself.

"I think..." Ryan took a deep breath and tried again. "I think maybe we should get off the base for a few days. Let Mikayla have some time with the others."

Ty nodded. Whatever the hell was going on with his hormones seemed to be affecting his brother as well. At least if they were off base, they couldn't accidentally injure the woman they loved. And the time away might also give them a chance to understand this desperate need to claim the woman who already belonged to them.

Chapter Six

What the fuck?

Peter stood in the empty lab and looked around irritably. It seemed that both of his youngest brothers had decided to goof off again. Despite the fact that Ryan and Ty were qualified veterinarians and research scientists with a very important function within their family business, somehow they still managed to act like a couple of teenagers at times. Granted, it wasn't usually this early in their contract, but then they hadn't had a wife to play with before.

Peter was about to go find them and tear a strip or two from their hides when the cage with the small little mouse-like creature caught his attention. The tiny animal had some sort of liquid coming from its eyes that looked a lot like tears. It was currently rubbing the fluid all over its fur. Curious. Was the creature ill, or was it some sort of grooming habit? Now if he just had a veterinarian to ask.

Damn it! Peter spun from the room as his anger spiked. He'd already told Ryan that he and Ty could swap his night with Mikayla. God help them if he found them in bed with their wife. As much as they all loved the woman, they still had a business to run.

Peter stomped down the hallway, images of what Ryan and Ty and Mikayla were probably up to fueling his anger. Memories of the first time he'd seen Mikayla orgasm skipped through his mind. She'd been facedown over a bench in the lab as Matt finger fucked her pussy and ass and explained all the dark needs of each brother. He hadn't been lying. Peter loved to take a woman from behind, just bend her over and plough into her heat again and again until they were both screaming in orgasm. But, so far, he'd managed to control his darker

needs with Mikayla. She was his wife, and he loved and respected her and would always be the gentle lover her other husbands weren't.

He growled low in his throat as his cock lengthened and throbbed in his pants. Great. Mikayla was currently being fucked by two irresponsible husbands, and he was left standing in the middle of the hallway with the mother of all hard-ons.

He ran into Ryan and Ty as he turned the next corner. His fist connected with Ryan's jaw without him having given the action any real thought. Surprised at his own behavior Peter took a step back.

"Peter? What the fuck?" Ryan clenched his hands and looked angry enough to tear him to shreds. Ty looked ready to help him.

"I said you could sleep with her tonight, not fuck her all afternoon." Peter wasn't even sure where the words were coming from. He just knew if he didn't get them out, he was going to throw more punches.

Ryan dropped his fists and took a step back.

"We're sorry," he said in a defeated tone. "Look we're...um...going to collect some more specimens. You know... Maybe climb the mountain to the west and see if we can find any other signs of life that the first team missed."

Peter nodded carefully, still trying to rein in his anger. What the hell was wrong with him? He didn't get jealous. Hell, he'd given up his engagement to Jessie because she hadn't been willing to sleep with his brothers. Sharing Mikayla with them was like a dream come true. And having Jessie out of their lives was a godsend. He shuddered at the very thought of life with that woman.

"Report in twice a day," he said even though he knew his youngest brothers knew the protocol better than he did. "Stay safe," he managed to force past his numb lips before he turned stiffly to go back to his own office.

By the time he made it back to his workspace, he was sweating from the strain of his hard cock against his pants. He flicked the lock

on the door, undid his jeans with a grateful sigh, and stroked the turgid flesh soothingly.

Every cell in his body demanded that he find Mikayla and slake his lust, but a small amount of sanity held him back. Whatever had happened with Ryan and Ty would've left her exhausted and, knowing those two miscreants, maybe even a little raw. He couldn't imagine her wanting another cock fucking her right now.

Images of what he wanted to do danced through his imagination as he stroked his cock more rapidly. A moment later his orgasm burst from him. Pearly white seed coated his hand and splashed onto his pants as his climax went on and on. He leaned his head back on the headrest for a moment as he tried to calm down. Shaking, breathing heavily, Peter finally grabbed a cloth, cleaned himself up and then tried to tuck his already recovering cock into his pants.

But images of fucking Mikayla from behind, claiming her aggressively, marking her with his cum, filled his head again.

What the hell was wrong with him?

* * * *

Dinner was a strange affair. Ryan and Ty had taken off on a specimen gathering hike, apparently having found their unexpected, unplanned excursion absolutely urgent, and Peter kept looking at her with an equal amount of lust and worry in his eyes. Lachlan was still keeping his distance, and John, Matt, and Bryce seemed unusually subdued.

Only Brock seemed to be his normal self, but when he joked about spanking Mikayla's ass, Peter looked like he was going to strip the flesh from Brock's hide. She hadn't even gotten around to asking Peter why his knuckles were swollen and seemed to be bruised.

With the awkward meal finally done, Mikayla stood to collect the plates expecting Peter to join her like he usually did. But tonight he

seemed completely out of sorts because he grabbed her hand and placed the dishes back on the table.

“The others are capable of washing the dishes, aren’t you, brothers?” They all looked at Peter like he’d grown a second head—the dishes had been Mikayla and Peter’s sacred nightly ritual ever since they’d met—but all of the men nodded their agreement. A moment later, tucked tightly against Peter’s side, Mikayla found herself walking quickly toward Peter’s living quarters.

As soon as he had the door closed, he lifted her dress over her head and discarded it carelessly. He dropped to his knees, pulled her panties down, and pressed his marauding tongue against her clit a moment later. Weak at the knees, Mikayla almost fell on her ass, but strong hands held her pressed against his face. Licking, sucking, nibbling, Peter worried her clit until she was gasping, on the verge of orgasm, ready to explode.

He stood, his eyes looking wild. He pulled her against his chest, and shook as he spoke words she’d never expected to hear from him. “Tell me to get out. I want you too much. Tell me to leave, so I don’t hurt you.”

Shivering with her own need, Mikayla wrapped her arms around him and held on tight. “I love you,” she said, hoping he understood just how much those three little words meant, “and I know you’d never hurt me.” She pulled back and looked up to his handsome face. “And besides,” she said, rubbing her aching clit against his hard erection, “I’m not fragile.”

“You don’t understand,” he said, taking deep, gulping breaths as if his control held by a thread. “What Matt said that day in the lab, about our darker desires”—she nodded—“he wasn’t exaggerating. I...I like to take a woman from behind. Oh god, Mikayla, I need you.”

She smiled, pulled from his arms, and crawled onto the end of the bed, her ass in the air as clear invitation. Peter’s movement was explosive. He dragged his pants to his knees, grabbed her hips, and thrust into her in one hard shove. He slammed into her over and over,

his fingers digging into her soft flesh as he pounded her. Thrilled, gasping for air, practically purring from his violent possession, she screamed when he slapped her thigh.

It didn't hurt, but it was so unexpected coming from this man that she tipped over into orgasm. Her pussy milked his cock as he plundered her soft flesh. Harder and deeper, stronger until he growled and held still. She could feel his cock pulsing as he pumped his seed deep into her womb.

He fell forward onto her, pressing her face down into the mattress, his weight cutting off her air for a moment, until he rolled to the side and pulled her with him. She could feel his cock slowly softening as her pussy pulsed with aftershocks.

"I'm sorry," he said very quietly. Tears filmed her vision at the anguish in his voice.

"Why?" she asked, trying to hide her own disquiet.

"I promised myself that I'd never get rough with you. That I would love you and worship you for the rest of our lives, and I just broke that promise."

"Peter," she said as she tried to roll over, but he held her still. She lay in his arms for a moment wondering what to say to alleviate his guilt. Because it was obviously guilt driving him at this moment. "I didn't ask you to make that promise," she whispered finally.

"But I wanted to honor you as my wife not take you like a common whore." She didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Taken the wrong way that could be considered an insult. She tried to roll over again to face him, and after a moment's resistance he let her.

Touching his face softly, she said, "Peter, I love that you love me enough to lose control. You didn't hurt me, in fact I loved every moment, so please stop beating yourself up. I love you. Everything about you. The gentle, the rough, the wild, I'll take it all and love you forever."

He looked slightly relieved by her little speech, but he still had a haunted look in his eyes. Hopefully, time would prove to him that she

was serious. He leaned forward, kissed her gently, and gave her a goofy grin. "Can I make love to you properly now?"

She smiled at the touch of humor. "Of course."

Hours later every muscle and bone in Mikayla's body felt melted and pliant, and she fell into a deep sleep beside her husband.

* * * *

Mikayla wandered through the empty lab wondering what on Earth to do next. She'd finished inputting all of Ryan and Ty's notes into the computer, but with them still out collecting samples, there was no more work coming in.

She checked that the live specimens were properly housed, watered, and fed, watched the little furry critter clean itself for a few minutes, and finally sat back in her chair. She supposed that she could go see if John or Matt had some filing they needed done, or maybe get an early start on dinner, but she felt restless without Ryan and Ty here.

She still didn't understand their sudden withdrawal. It had literally taken months after her miscarriage for them to return to the energetic, athletic, and demanding lovers she'd known, but now, after some of the most incredible sex the three of them had shared, Ryan and Ty had disappeared from her life completely. Mikayla growled silently at her own overdramatization of the problem, but it really did feel like they were gone for good. They hadn't even said good-bye.

"Ah, there you are," John said happily as he entered the lab. "I've got a spare afternoon as soon as I feed and water the critters."

"Already done," she said, taking his hand and showing him the various cages and their unusual inhabitants.

"Well then," he said with a brilliant smile. "Would you care to join me for a stroll in the gardens?" He held his elbow out for her to take, and she laughed at his impersonation of a proper gentleman. He

was the one who'd taught her how to suck cock, so she knew he was anything but.

"Why certainly, kind sir," she managed to say between giggles.

The garden was really just a small clearing that was still part of the research facility's compound, but it was full of interesting plants and strange colored flowers that practically defied description. The preliminary reports had identified that most of the plant life on this planet was poisonous and, therefore, explained the lack of animal life. Considering what they'd found so far, it seemed a poorly researched idea.

As they walked further, Mikayla noticed that John didn't seem to be walking quite so naturally as he'd been before. A quick glance at his crotch answered the question as to why. She stepped in front of him, stopping his forward momentum with a hand over his hard erection.

"Is there something I can help you with?" she asked with a wide grin on her face. John returned her grin, but his eyes had the same wild look as Peter's had last night. John nodded frantically and pushed her to her knees. Without pause he ripped open his pants, grabbed his cock, and shoved it into her mouth. Surprised by his rough entry she gagged as he hit the back of her throat. The sound seemed to settle something inside him because he pulled out and then slid back in slowly. Carefully he built the rhythm, his hands shaking in her hair as he obviously held himself back. Mikayla moved to brace one hand against his thigh and wrap the other around his balls. He'd always warned her he could get pretty rough, but until this moment she hadn't really believed him.

"Good girl," he said shakily as she gripped his balls tighter. He held her still as he fucked her face, sweat pouring down his abdomen and thighs as he seemed to strain to hold on to his sanity. A moment later his movement faltered, lost rhythm, pushed deep and held as his cum poured into her throat. She swallowed frantically to keep up,

licking and sucking him clean and then managing to caress his softening cock with her tongue the way he liked.

Finally she unwrapped her stiff fingers from around his balls. She'd been concentrating so hard on not hurting him accidentally that her hand cramped as she removed her grip. He saw her predicament and helped her to stand as he kissed each finger on her sore hand.

"Are you okay, princess?"

"Yes," she said with a smile. When he grabbed for her dress, she moved out of his range. He raised his eyebrow in silent question. "I...um...I'm good." When he frowned, she realized he wouldn't let up until he had the full answer. "Yesterday was kind of intense. Between Ryan and Ty and Peter, I don't think I need another orgasm for a while." John still didn't look convinced but he nodded.

"Did they hurt you?" He looked quite angry at the thought, and she moved into his arms quickly to reassure him.

"No. None of you have ever hurt me. Not ever. And none of you have done anything that I wasn't happy for you to do. Are you listening to me, John? I'm just a little worn out, but nobody did anything to hurt me."

He nodded stiffly and she leaned up to press a kiss against the underside of his jaw. Desperate to placate his anger at his brothers she tried to inject a little humor. "And besides, that's one you owe me. Next time I need an orgasm, I'll be ordering you to your knees." He laughed softly and hugged her harder.

"I'm looking forward to it."

* * * *

Lachlan came into the kitchen while she was cooking dinner. She felt a strange type of relief when she saw him. Peter and John and Ryan and Ty had all been acting out of character, so she was a little relieved to see the brother who wasn't sleeping with her at the moment.

“You look tired, little one,” he said by way of greeting.

She nodded warily. The one and only time she’d been sick since meeting her husbands, Lachlan had basically taken over her life. He hadn’t let her eat, drink, shower, or sleep alone until he was convinced that she was one hundred percent well again. She almost giggled out loud at the memory. He’d been very sweet, but once she’d started to feel better, his overprotectiveness had begun to chafe.

Ironically, a little TLC wouldn’t go astray at the moment, especially if it *wasn’t* coupled with wild sex. She’d had more than enough of that for the moment.

“Can I help with anything?”

“I’m nearly done,” she said confidently, “but I’d love a foot rub in a few minutes.”

Lachlan smiled at her request, perhaps even a little relieved that she wasn’t trying to goad him into spanking her like she’d done for the last few months. They hadn’t made love since before her miscarriage, but even though his physical withdrawal hurt, she felt emotionally closer to him now than she ever had. Overall, it had been a good thing for them to step back from the sexual side of their Dom/sub relationship for a while and get to know each other better.

She finished the vegetables, checked the roast, and then sat sideways on the kitchen stool beside Lachlan. She leaned against the wall as he lifted her feet onto his lap and gave her another of his heavenly foot rubs. The man really was a master at massage.

“When will Ryan and Ty be back?” she asked. Lachlan continued to knead the ball of her foot as he glanced up to her face.

“I’m not really sure. The trip wasn’t exactly planned, but they’ve checked in twice today, so they’re all right.” He looked at her thoughtfully for a moment, perhaps debating whether to ask his question. “Do you know why they left the way they did?”

She shook her head. “Not really, but it was right after sharing me. They got a little rougher than usual, but nothing bad happened. They didn’t hurt me or anything.”

“I was talking to John, and he was worried he got a little rough with you, too.” She didn’t want to nod a yes, but she couldn’t really lie. Lachlan saw the answer in her eyes because he nodded as if she’d said yes. “Peter doesn’t seem to be himself either.”

Lachlan just waited for her reaction to that statement before he pulled her onto his lap and held her close.

“I’d say there was something in the water,” she half-heartedly joked, “but we brought the water with us.”

“What about the others?”

She shook her head against his chest. “They’ve been normal. Honestly, the sex has been wonderful—maybe a little too abundant—but definitely good. It’s been their reactions afterward that are concerning. Ryan and Ty took off on an unplanned excursion, Peter has been moping around all day, and John went and ratted himself out to his big brother.”

She felt Lachlan’s chest rumble with laughter. It did sound a little funny when she said it that way, but it was essentially what John had done. Half of her men were acting weirdly, and it would be really nice to understand why.

“Could there be something in the water?” she asked, feeling just a little freaked. If they all started pulling away she’d be even more alone than when she’d miscarried. At least back then she’d had Bryce to hold her. Lachlan must’ve felt the shiver of apprehension that worked its way down her spine because he pulled her closer and ran a soothing hand through her hair.

“Probably not the water, but I’m beginning to suspect that something Ryan, Ty, Peter, and John were exposed to is affecting them somehow. Maybe something increasing their libido or overriding the control center in their brains.” He was quiet for a moment then lifted her off his lap and placed her on her feet. “Sorry, little one, but I need to talk to Matt. With his background in pathology he might be able to identify something with a few blood tests. I’m

sure Peter and John would be happy to hand over some blood if it meant finding out what's going on."

Mikayla nodded and stepped back to the oven to check her roast once more. Lachlan was almost out the door but turned back quickly to give her one more instruction. "If any of your husbands come on too strong, use that earsplitting whistle Ryan taught you, and I'll come intervene."

She rolled her eyes, certain that even affected by some unknown chemical, her husbands would cut off their favorite body parts before ever hurting her. Mischief gripped her and she couldn't help but ask the obvious question. "And what if that husband is you?"

Lachlan assessed her for a moment and then said confidently, "It won't be."

He left the room before she could come up with a smart-ass answer. Unfortunately, even though she knew it was meant as a reassurance, she couldn't quite shake off the thought that he'd managed to resist her for a couple of months, so chemical or no, he'd had plenty of practice.

She decided to make dessert as well, anything to keep her hands busy and hold the tears at bay. Damn.

Chapter Seven

“We can’t go back to the lab in this state.” Ryan rolled his eyes at his brother, the master of the understatement. They’d left Mikayla behind in the hopes of getting their libidos under control, and things just seemed to have gotten worse. They’d only been away from the base for one night, yet he’d had more wet dreams than he could remember even from his teenage years. He was almost convinced that if he masturbated one more time he was going to rub the top layer of skin off his cock.

“So what do we do?” he asked Ty. He felt completely exasperated, but heading back to the lab and Mikayla just didn’t sound like a very good idea. Ty shook his head, obviously having no answer to his question.

“Do you think the others are affected as well?” Ryan felt his blood run hot and cold at Ty’s softly spoken question. What if the others were walking penises as well? Ryan sure felt like his cock was doing the thinking for him.

“I don’t know,” he said, trying to hold the fear for Mikayla in check. At the moment he and Ty probably presented more of a problem than any of the others. He couldn’t imagine Lachlan or Brock or even Matt not contacting them if they had such a serious problem. “But maybe we should call in. Explain to Matt. See if he can find a reason for what’s happening.”

Ty nodded and reached for the communication equipment.

* * * *

John looked as relieved as Peter felt. It was childish and pathetic, but he was really glad he wasn't the only one affected by whatever was going on. Matt led them both into the lab, gathered the stuff he would need to take blood samples, and set to work.

Once he'd collected and labeled their samples, he grabbed a new needle and turned it on himself. He cursed a blue streak as he tried to collect his own blood. It took Peter a few moments to realize that Matt's hands were now shaking. He'd been fine when they wandered into the lab.

"It's in the lab?" Peter asked Matt. John made a noise of surprise, but Matt seemed to be gritting his teeth as he nodded.

"Buzz Lachlan. Tell him to keep everyone out of the lab. Until we know what's affecting us, no one else comes in. Are we clear?" Peter nodded and headed over to the intercom system. He hesitated when John asked, "If whatever is affecting us is in here, wouldn't it be better to leave?"

"Maybe," Matt said slowly. "When was the last time you were in the lab?"

"Yesterday," John answered quickly.

"And do you feel like its effect lessened over time?"

Peter glanced at John and then shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe a little."

"Did you feel it spike when we walked in earlier?"

"Yes," John answered, "but I was thinking of Mikayla." Peter nodded in agreement. He, too, had been thinking of their lovely wife, a subject he'd had on his mind a lot the last day or so.

"Okay, whatever is doing this is A, in the room, B, has lasting effects that maybe reduce slowly over time, and C, seems to reinfect with additional exposure. My best chance is to stay here in the lab, test everything, and try to match it back to whatever contaminants we find in our blood work." Matt ran his hands down his face, clearly feeling overwhelmed. "Assuming of course that it actually shows up in our blood work," he added.

“We should stay here as well, help however we can. It might be enough to distract us so that we’re not tempted to seek out Mikayla,” John said quietly. Peter heartily agreed. There was no way to tell how Mikayla would cope if all eight of her husbands suddenly became animals only interested in sex.

“Shit,” Matt said as he undid the top button of his jeans. “You’ve coped with this for how long? I’m ready to go insane, and it’s only been a few minutes.”

“It wasn’t this bad before. It’s like it multiplied tenfold. Tell us what to do,” Peter demanded as he tried to ignore the throbbing in his own groin. “What are we looking for? What are the most likely sources?”

Matt shook his head as if trying to clear it. “On an alien planet it could be practically anything.”

“What would it be on Earth? It’s a type of aphrodisiac, right?”

“Seems to be,” Matt agreed in a strangled voice. “Something airborne, maybe an animal pheromone or scent? We’re certainly reacting like dogs to a female in heat.”

The intercom buzzed before Peter actually got around to calling Lachlan. Fortunately, it was Lachlan.

“I’ve just heard from Ryan and Ty,” he said without preamble. “They’re both affected, even more so outside the compound. Have you been able to get the blood tests started?”

“Not exactly,” Matt said, still sounding like he was clenching his teeth, “but I’m fairly certain that something in the lab is causing the problem. It’s affecting me now as well. Almost the moment I walked in the room my heart rate and blood pressure shot up, and well, I seem to be suffering the same symptoms.” He dropped his hand over his hard cock but seemed to realize what he was doing and deliberately pulled back.

Peter glanced down to realize he was doing the same thing. He ripped his hand away and tried to think clearly.

“Do Ryan and Ty have any theories?”

“Only that it seems to be worse outside the compound,” Lachlan replied.

“What about you, Matt?” Lachlan asked, but before Matt could answer, a memory popped into Peter’s mind, and he moved quickly to interrupt the conversation.

“Lachlan, I remember reading something about a study on mouse tears back on Earth. There was research that suggested that the male’s tears were an aphrodisiac to the female. When I was in here the other day, the gray mouse-like critter we’ve got in the lab had some sort of fluid leaking from its eyes and was rubbing it all over its body. Could it be mating season for these things? Would another animal’s mating musk affect humans?”

They moved closer to the little critter’s cage and watched as the little ball of fluff groomed itself and smoothed its tears all over its body. The damn thing was practically shining with so much fluid covering its fur.

“Hell, it’s a solid theory,” Matt said with an awkward shrug as he once again adjusted his cock.

“I’ll get onto Ryan and Ty. See if they have any objections to dropping our furry visitor back into the wild.”

Matt, John and Peter waited in tense silence until Lachlan’s voice came through the intercom. “Okay, Ryan says releasing the creature will at least give us an idea if the effect is lessened over time—assuming that the critter is causing the problem. If nothing else it will eliminate one possible cause and we can go onto the next. Make sure you release it outside the compound. The last thing we need is one of these things crawling back into our quarters,”

Matt nodded at his brothers then moved to grab the cage containing the mouse-like creature. Peter moved closer to the intercom. “Lachlan, keep Mikayla safe. Don’t let any of us near her.”

“Understood.”

* * * *

Matt tried to walk a straight line with his eyes damn near crossed and his cock so hard it practically had a personality of its own. He walked out the gate and several hundred yards into the brush land before opening the cage door and letting their former guest leave.

What happened next was a little disconcerting. Several gray furry bodies came running from different directions, all landing near what Matt was beginning to suspect was a female. Some of the newcomers fought amongst themselves, others tried to mount the tiny creature. They were wild and aggressive, and the female seemed to thoroughly enjoy it.

She made a loud purring sound as she rubbed her eyes and then smoothed her paws all over her furry body. The noise and mating musk seemed to drive the males into a frenzy. And damn it all to hell, Matt could feel his own erection getting harder. How was that even possible?

But it did lend credence to Peter's theory.

Spinning on his heel, Matt practically sprinted back to the compound and locked himself back in the lab with Peter and John. He headed straight for the intercom.

"Lachlan, I think we have a fairly solid theory. It looks like it is mating season for those creatures. Maybe Ryan and Ty should head back to the compound, avoiding every critter on this damn planet, and we'll see if we can lessen the effect with medication or vitamins or something." He glanced at his brothers, relieved to see their faces less strained. He realized then that, even though he still felt incredibly horny, and his cock still had a mind of its own, he wasn't quite as frantic as he'd been around the furry creature. "We need to contact a couple of medical researchers and see if they can find a permanent solution. Hopefully it's only a seasonal thing, but this is going to affect mining operations rather severely. I don't even want to think about what could happen in a mining colony affected by mating musk. Hell, we thought the last planet was fucked up."

“I’ll get onto it right now,” Lachlan assured him. “Good job, guys.”

Matt looked over at Peter to see the man smiling. “What’s so funny?” he asked, feeling his irritation spike unreasonably. Thank god Mikayla wasn’t here because he had an awful feeling he’d be fighting his brothers for the right to mount their wife. Shit.

“I was just thinking,” Peter said, his voice sounding like he held back laughter, “that we’ve just discovered the first women’s perfume that can overcome erectile dysfunction.”

Matt started to laugh, Peter and John joining him a moment later. Hell, the medical possibilities were enormous, and there was a really good chance that they would far outweigh the possible profits from mining. Maybe their contract on this planet would be done early.

* * * *

Mikayla sat on the sofa flanked by Bryce and Brock. It felt a little over the top, but considering that her *musk-affected* husbands now outnumbered the *not-musk-affected* husbands, she could understand the inclination. She just hoped this didn’t convince them all to tiptoe around her again.

“How much longer?” she asked, trying to sound like she wasn’t whining. She’d been sitting around for two whole days. Having nothing to do was starting to piss her off. At least in the lab she would have computer work and filing to do. She hadn’t even been allowed to cook the evening meals.

“Baby girl,” Brock said in his warning voice that usually preceded an O-ring gag, “you need to be patient.”

“Fuck patient,” she said very deliberately. Hell, if he made her wear the gag, at least it might lead to something more interesting than sitting around and staring at the ceiling. Brock grinned, obviously well aware of her intentions, and then went back to reading his book. Damn, he was a really good Dom.

She growled in annoyance. Bryce chuckled at her pathetic tantrum but pulled her onto his lap and held her tight. He didn't, however, let her wriggle against his cock. Damn. Maybe the mating musk had affected her, too. She certainly felt ready to mate with all her men.

"I just got a communication from the medical research labs," Lachlan said as he walked through the door. "They're sending three scientists to continue the work Matt has begun. All of them are women which I think is a damn good idea considering what the musk does to men. They should be here in a couple of days."

Mikayla was on her feet as anger surged through her.

"Did you just say that three women are coming to the same facility that is not only my home," she growled as she started pacing back and forth, "but also happens to contain five of my husbands affected by the need to mate?"

Lachlan's smile was *so not helping* her temper.

"Baby girl," Brock said again, this time more forcefully. She'd just about had it. Dom or not, husband or not, trying to protect her or not, she wasn't putting up with anymore condescending bullshit. If she wanted to be angry about other women moving in on her men, then she had the right to be fucking angry.

Bryce seemed to be holding back a laugh, but Lachlan's next comment had her rounding on him in anger.

"It would seem, little one, that the men are not the only ones to be affected by the mating musk." She really, really wanted to hit him about now, but the fact that she'd have to jump just to reach his smug face and that she'd probably break a bone in her hand against his chiseled jaw, held her back.

Oh, yeah, and the fact that violence was wrong.

And he was her husband, and she loved him.

What the fuck was wrong with her?

Chapter Eight

Ty looked up as Lachlan entered the room with Mikayla draped over his shoulder. His cock immediately leapt to life at the proximity of his mate. Great. So much for getting over the musk's effects. He'd begun to think that the worst was over, but one glimpse at his wife as she hung ass up, facedown over Lachlan's shoulder had his libido screaming back to life.

"Where's Matt?"

"Here," Matt said as he entered the room. He took a step toward Mikayla but then changed his mind and took a step away. Ryan entered the room behind him, and Matt held his arm out to hold him back. Ryan looked pissed at his brother's heavy handedness, but when he saw Mikayla, he too took a step away.

"Matt, it would seem that men aren't the only ones affected by the mating musk. Can I suggest you take a sample of blood before she recovers from the orgasms Brock and Bryce just gave her?"

Ty's cock throbbed painfully as images of Mikayla in the throes of climax rolled through his head. Matt must've been imagining them too because he seemed to shake himself before he nodded and moved quickly to grab the equipment. Lachlan lowered Mikayla to a sitting position, and that's when Ty noticed the ball gag. "Tried to bite me," Lachlan explained. Mikayla hummed as she tried to reach for Lachlan's cock. He moved out of the way and gave her a warning growl. She simply tried again.

"She's been edgy and impatient for the last few days, but it wasn't until she learned that three female medical researchers are on their way to the planet that she went completely berserk." Lachlan held her

arms by her side even as he explained her behavior. “If Brock and Bryce hadn’t been there to help me, I’ve would’ve had to tie her to the spanking bench.” Mikayla made a noise so full of longing that Ty figured she really liked that idea.

A theory was working its way through Ty’s brain, but he wasn’t sure if it was based in fact or his own needs, but he voiced it anyway, looking to his twin for either confirmation or a smack upside the head.

“In the wild, mating musk is usually followed by frenzied mating.” Lachlan raised an eyebrow daring him to finish that sentence. “I mean,” Ty said carefully, “once the mating is done the musk’s effects seem to dissipate quite rapidly.”

“So you think that by all of you mating our wife, you’ll all recover faster from the musk’s effects?” Lachlan sounded skeptical, but he was smiling slightly.

“It’s a fairly sound theory,” Ryan added. “And I know that I feel in control enough that I’m no longer a danger to her. What about you, Ty?” Ty nodded, trying to discourage the erection tenting his pants. If they wanted to convince Lachlan that they were in control enough to keep Mikayla safe, it was probably best done without a cock hard enough to drive nails.

John and Peter walked into the lab, saw Mikayla, and both immediately turned around to leave.

“John, Peter,” Lachlan called them back. “We have another issue.”

Concern covering both their faces, they walked into the room, careful to stay as far away from Mikayla as possible.

“Mikayla wants to mate with all of you.” The woman in question nodded her head enthusiastically. “Ryan and Ty think it’s probably a way to lessen the musk’s effect. We’re expecting visitors, so I’m pretty sure our wife would be much happier if you were all back to normal.”

Peter looked skeptical, but John looked willing to try just about anything to get over the mind-numbing effects of the musk’s

chemicals. Lachlan must've seen Peter's concern because he spoke as he removed the gag from Mikayla's mouth and touched her face lovingly.

"I'll stay as well, just in case anyone gets out of hand. Although," he said as he finally released Mikayla from his gentle hold, "I'm beginning to think it's not Mikayla who needs my protection."

She smiled at Lachlan, the type of smile that suggested evil intent, and then slid off the table and stalked toward Ty as she discarded her clothes. Naked, she moved into his arms, and he held her close, kissing her gently. She practically purred as Ryan moved up behind her and started kissing her neck and shoulders.

Determined to take it slowly, Ty kissed Mikayla's jaw, then her neck and then left a wet trail with his tongue as he lowered to worship her puckered nipples. She held his head to her breast as he sucked, licked, and nibbled on her hardened nubs. She grabbed at his shirt, dragging it over his head, but he latched back on to her breast the moment the material was clear. She pushed her hands behind her back and by Ryan's low groan Ty figured she was undoing the zipper on his pants.

Ty's cock throbbed in answer to his woman's need and he lowered his hands to release it from the confining denim. Mikayla lifted his head away from her breasts, her fingers insistent and demanding in his hair and pushed him lower to her mound. Pleased by her demand and more than eager to oblige, Ty thrust his tongue into her wet folds, separating the flesh and seeking the bundle of nerves that would send her excitement into overdrive.

She gasped as he found it, her taste delicious on his tongue as he tormented her over and over. She writhed at the sound of the lube bottle and then Ryan was thrusting his fingers in her ass, preparing her for his possession. Groaning, Mikayla dragged Ty by his hair once more, her leg wrapping around his hip as she offered him her pussy. He quickly shoved the material of his jeans out of the way and plunged into her hot, wet slit.

Ryan lifted her off her feet as he thrust into her ass. Suspended between them she sighed contentedly and held still for a moment before kissing him softly and issuing a single demand. “Fuck me.”

Ryan chuckled, but they both did as the lady requested. Thrusting harder, deeper into her body Ty panted as his excitement curled higher. He could feel the walls of her pussy grabbing at his cock, trying to hold him inside her. He could feel Ryan as he thrust in counterpoint, and then he could feel nothing but frantic need as his desire to claim his woman, to mark her as his own, overwhelmed him.

Grunting with the effort, Ty was barely aware of his brother’s identical noises, but when Mikayla exploded into a writhing orgasm, he couldn’t hear anything but the roaring in his own ears. He pushed into her one more time, and then his cum pulsed from him, the orgasm going on and on. He felt Ryan follow a moment later. With the three of them pressed together panting hard, Ty had forgotten about their audience until John cleared his throat behind him.

* * * *

John could barely think past the need to fill Mikayla’s mouth with his cock. Watching Ryan and Ty take her together had ramped his desire far higher than any stupid musk could do. He held Mikayla as Ryan and Ty carefully extricated their cocks and then lifted her into his arms.

She moaned in delight and nipped at his jaw. “Watch those teeth, princess. I’m about to fill that mouth with something I’d rather you not bite.” She giggled happily, and he leaned forward to kiss her reverently. Whether she was affected by the musk or not she was definitely the perfect match for them all—loving, creative, adventurous, sexy as hell.

He glanced over at Peter realizing that his brother already had the lube out and was slicking it over his hard cock. John raised an eyebrow at Matt who grinned back, lifted his naked ass onto the low

bench, and held his arms out for Mikayla. She crawled onto him quickly lowering onto his cock. John moved to the other side of the bench, nudged his brother so that he lay sort of diagonally across the bench and then tapped his cock against his wife's delectable lips. She flicked out her tongue, teasing the slit and nibbling the head but she squeaked in surprise when Peter pushed into her ass.

"Peter?" she asked quietly.

Peter looked worried, but a moment later his face broke into a brilliant smile when his bossy wife ordered her husbands around once more. "Thank god, now fuck me, please."

The three of them tried to build a rhythm but the angle was awkward, the table probably uncomfortable, and John had to keep shoving Matt out of the way so that he didn't accidentally end up rubbing his balls on his brother's face. In the end the four of them were so busy laughing that Mikayla's orgasm took them all by surprise.

She hummed against John's cock, sucking him deep, holding him captive until he groaned and gave her his cum. He heard his brothers' grunts as they plunged in and out of her body, and then they, too, followed their wife into bliss.

Stunned by the awkward but rather satisfying foursome, John moaned as Lachlan moved to extract Mikayla from the sweaty clinch.

"Happy now?" Lachlan asked Mikayla. She nodded sleepily, and John watched as Lachlan lifted her against his chest and told her to say goodnight to her husbands. Considering it was only just past midday, John figured that they wouldn't be seeing their wife at dinner today.

He watched Lachlan cradle her close and realized that whatever problem had been dealing with since Mikayla's miscarriage he seemed to have gotten over it. John shook his head. About time.

Chapter Nine

Mikayla snuggled into Lachlan's embrace. She was sweaty and sticky, and stuff was starting to dry in uncomfortable places. She'd never been so happy to hear the shower running in her entire life. Lachlan helped her to her feet and held her hand to balance her as she stepped into the shower stall. She turned her face into the warm water, letting it soothe her from head to foot.

After a moment she felt Lachlan step in behind her. Relieved, pleased, and already needy for the man who'd denied them both for so long, she turned and wrapped her arms around his waist.

"Thank you," she whispered.

"Little one," he chuckled as he worked shampoo into her hair, "I just watched you make love to all seven of my brothers. Did you really think I'd be able to resist you after that?"

She shrugged her shoulders, not willing to admit that she'd actually thought he could. He'd been so strong, so stubborn over the last few months that she really didn't know what to believe. "Although," he said on a quiet chuckle, "I think maybe I'll avoid foursomes. God, I thought Peter was going to fall off the table he was laughing so hard."

She giggled at that. It had felt rather strange, considering the man had his cock up her ass at the time, but the orgasm the movement set off had been quite enlightening.

They fell silent for a moment. "Lachlan, you do know the miscarriage wasn't your fault, right?" She said the words slowly, not wanting to break the mood but finally feeling the time had come. She needed to know why he'd pulled away from her over the last few

months. Lachlan had been reticent to make love to her when she was pregnant, but they hadn't been intimate at all since her miscarriage.

"I'm sorry I wasn't there for you," he said, not actually agreeing with her statement. He looked so sad that for a moment she couldn't form words. She'd been fairly certain that his protective nature had made him feel like he'd let her down, but having it confirmed made her ache for him.

"You were," she said. He raised an eyebrow in disbelief. "What I mean is, you were on the ice planet rescuing Brock. You were exactly where I needed you to be at the time." He nodded slowly as if he hadn't thought of that angle. She knew without a shadow of a doubt that he would've been with her if circumstance had allowed.

"But I'm still sorry I wasn't there for you."

"Okay, how about next time I get pregnant," she said as she tried to swallow her fear of another miscarriage, "you and the rest of my husbands make sure to stay on the same planet with me."

"Deal," he said in a rough voice as he touched her face with his fingertips. "I love you, Mikayla."

"I love you, too, Lachlan."

She pressed a soft kiss to his lips, and then he eased her into the stream of water, rinsed the shampoo from her hair, and then ran the soap over her back and shoulders. He lowered to his knees taking his time to clean her in ways only a Dom would consider his duty, and then he stood and quickly washed himself down.

A few minutes later, sitting cross-legged on the bed, Lachlan sat behind her to dry her hair more thoroughly. "I should whip your ass for lying," he said as he tugged on her hair hard enough to get her full attention.

"Lying?" she asked in a squeaky voice. It figured that the one time she wasn't angling for a spanking she would manage to earn one.

"Yes, lying. Did you think you would fool me, little one?"

She shrugged not really wanting to dig herself into a hole.

“Aren’t you going to try and convince me I’m wrong?” he asked as he pushed her forward so that her shoulders and face rested on the mattress and her ass lifted into the air. He ran a warm hand over her bottom, stroking over the flesh he was threatening to whip.

“Well, I was affected by the musk in a way.” He grunted and leaned over her to laugh quietly in her ear.

“And how did you figure that, little one.” He pressed his hard cock against her ass, and she had trouble remembering the darn question.

“My husbands needed help and, well...um.” She moaned as he rubbed his cock up and down her slit. “Um...I couldn’t leave them like that with three other females about to land on the planet.”

“I see,” he said, sliding his cock slowly into her pussy. “The musk made you territorial, and you had to fight for your men.” He pulled out and slid back in slowly.

“That’s right,” she managed to gasp. “I was protecting my men just like you all protect me.” He surged into her pussy, slapping his balls against her skin and then holding still.

“So the sex with Bryce and Brock who weren’t affected by the musk was what?”

She felt her muscles flutter around his invasion as she tried to concentrate enough not to admit to her deception. She groaned as he pulled out of her completely and then pressed back in hard.

“Tell me,” he taunted. “Explain to me how you were protecting Bryce and Brock by fucking them both so hard they could barely move afterward.” He chuckled in her ear. “Tell me how you knew that fucking the others in the lab the way you did would take the edge off their lust.” She groaned as he began pounding into her harder, deeper. She gasped as he ground his cock inside her, pressing her clit hard against the mattress and raising her desire a whole lot higher.

“Tell me again,” he panted close to her ear, suddenly very serious. “Tell me again how much you love me.”

Her orgasm started before she could get the words out, and Lachlan plunged into her over and over as his excitement grew. She screamed as every muscle in her body shook with her release. She panted as she felt his cum pulse deep into her body, and she felt tears spill from her eyes when he whispered how much he loved her.

He pulled his cock from her body and rolled her over carefully. Warm fingers wiped away the tears on her face, and his soft voice pleaded one more time. "Tell me."

"I will love you until the end of time. You're mine, Lachlan Davidson, and don't you ever forget it."

He smiled, leaned over to kiss her softly, and then pulled her back into his arms. They lay quietly together for a moment, but then he chuckled and said, "Don't think this gets you out of a whipping. You lied to me, little one, so you'll pay tomorrow."

She snuggled closer. She could barely wait.

Epilogue

It felt strange to have neighbors. Even on the ice planet that had essentially been an established mining colony, she hadn't had any actual neighbors. Now they had a second, smaller research station basically parked at their front door. Thankfully the three female medical scientists had quickly identified the chemical part of the creature's mating musk that affected humans and discovered its effects could be overcome by daily doses of a simple, specially blended multivitamin elixir.

The women had used so many medical terms when explaining the problem and cure that Mikayla had barely understood a word. Still feeling a little territorial over her men, she'd contacted Tracey, who'd contacted a medical friend, who'd explained that the science behind the discovery seemed solid. So now, Mikayla breathed a little easier.

It wasn't that she didn't trust her men to be faithful, but after seeing them affected by the mating musk, she didn't want there to be any misunderstandings between them and three unattached women. The fact that the women had more in common with her highly educated husbands hadn't missed Mikayla's notice either.

"What is that delicious smell?" Bryce came into the kitchen with a broad smile on his face. She enjoyed cooking, but she wasn't exactly a master chef.

"Just pot roast," she said as he pulled her into his embrace. He still limped on his damaged leg but stubbornly refused to get it fixed. There was a procedure that would easily replace the damaged thigh and hip bone with a polymer implant, but it meant several days in hospital and weeks of physical therapy. Bryce had simply refused to

go back to Earth to get it done. Considering what happened last time they were in a hospital, she couldn't blame him for his reticence.

"Nope," he said against her hair, "the delicious smell is far sweeter than pot roast. It must be you." She giggled as he kissed and nibbled her ear for a moment, but then Matt seemed to grow serious.

"I'm sorry we didn't figure it out sooner," he said as Bryce hugged her closer. "Are you okay?"

She looked at Matt, wondering how the hell he could think she wasn't okay. "Matt, I'm fine. More than fine. None of you did anything to scare me. Hell, I was more concerned that my husbands were pulling away, and I didn't know why."

"I can't describe how intense and immediate the pheromone's effects were. It was kind of frightening. I'm really glad I wasn't anywhere near you at the time."

He looked so remorseful that she couldn't decide whether to drag him into a hug or verbally smack him upside the head. The guy not only got a full dose of the mating musk at its strongest, but he managed to stay calm enough to identify and remove the source. It didn't matter how wild his need for her had been, he'd recognized the symptoms immediately and controlled himself.

But gentle reassurance never worked with this husband. She eased out of Bryce's embrace, marched over to Matt, and waved a finger in his face. "Matt Davidson, you are, *seriously*, the biggest pain in the ass." The look on his face would've been comical if his remorse hadn't been so ridiculous. Bryce laughed behind her as she said, "Matt, you did everything right, so stop with the guilt already."

"Finally," Bryce said with a laugh, "the voice of reason."

Matt grabbed her hand, held it to his heart for a moment as understanding flowed between them.

"I love you, Mikayla," he said as he touched her face with the back of his knuckles.

"I love you, too. Now take me to bed," she said in the bossiest tone she could muster. Bryce smiled at her words, and after a moment

of surprise, Matt grinned also. He winked, lifted her in his arms, and whispered two words, “Yes, ma’am.”

End of Book 3: Wild Fascination

**To be continued in
Book 4: Keen Inclination**

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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

Also by Abby Blake

Ménage Everlasting: *Fire*

Siren LoveXtreme Forever: A Bride for Eight Brothers 1:

Mikayla's Men

Siren LoveXtreme Forever: A Bride for Eight Brothers 2:

Sweet Captivation

Ménage Everlasting: Altered Destinies 1: *Lost*

Ménage Everlasting: Altered Destinies 2: *Runner*

Available at

BOOKSTRAND.COM



Siren Publishing, Inc.
www.SirenPublishing.com