

Becky Wilde



Passion Victoria

Hailey's Secret



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Publishers Note: *This is a work of fiction. All names, characters, places, and events are the work of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to real person, places, or events is coincidental.*

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Authors Note

Dear Reader.

In this book the subject of rape is prominent as the heroine tries to come to terms with the physical and mental abuse she was put through by someone supposedly close to her.

In no way do I condone rape, physical, verbal or mental abuse of any kind. I am not a psychologist or psychiatrist.

This story is all fiction, from my imagination. My heart goes out to anyone who has suffered in anyway and the tears and emotion I felt writing this story are genuine.

That said, I hope you enjoy this book the way it was intended.

Becky Wilde.

Chapter One

Hailey Wood gave a sigh of relief as she saw the sign indicating the turn off for the small country town of Passion, in Victoria, Australia. She'd heard of the poly-amorous relationships in the town; and had seen snippets on TV. The town seemed friendly and more than enough distance away from the big city of Melbourne, yet close enough, for her to take off again if necessary.

Hailey had been on the run for the last two years of her life. Her life was in danger, not only physically, but her mental well-being as well. She couldn't get the incident out of her head. It haunted her wherever she went; and he seemed to find her no matter where she ended up. She was so sick and tired of running; of not being able to put down roots. She went from job to job, town to town, with little or no sleep. She had dark circles under her eyes, and knew they were bloodshot and red rimmed. If she didn't get to rest soon, she would end up collapsing, or falling asleep behind the wheel, killing herself and some other innocent bystander. She couldn't live with the thought of hurting anybody. She needed to book into a motel and sleep for at least the next twenty-four hours.

Hailey followed the main road through the small town, until she saw a sign for a

motel. She pulled into the parking lot, turned off the engine and closed her eyes. She breathed in deeply, and slowly let it out. She grabbed her keys and purse, exited her small car and entered the motel reception office.

Hailey signed the register and paid cash for the next two nights accommodation. She took the keys to her room from the young woman, went back to her car, grabbed her luggage and entered the room. She locked the door behind her, dropped her possessions where she stood, kicked off her shoes and fell on the bed. She was asleep seconds later.

* * * *

Dillon, Chance and Roman Bartram exited the reception office of the only motel in the town of Passion, Victoria. They were here to visit their air force comrades and best friends Tony, Colt and Bear and their woman Nikki. They made their way down to the motel room they'd booked for the next few days, opened the door and entered. They all showered and put on clean clothes while they waited for the meal they'd ordered through room service. The three brothers had arranged to meet their friends tomorrow and took the time to relax after a long day of travel. They ate their meals, then settled back to watch the television news as they tried to decide what they were going to do with their lives, now that they were no longer in the services. They all had a fair idea of what they wanted out of life and had plenty of cash and time to choose

where they were going to settle down.

They were just about to retire to bed when they heard a strange noise from the room next to them. Chance gave a hand signal which his brother's immediately obeyed; they stopped all movement and listened intently. They heard a whimper and what sounded like someone crying. The noises didn't cease, in fact they began to escalate until a blood curdling scream pierced the night.

The three men fixed their half discarded clothes and crept to the door of their motel room. After Dillon's quick surveillance of the parking lot and surrounding building, they moved within the shadows of the night. Chance and Dillon kicked in the door to the room, where the scream had emitted from. They were in the room in seconds, to see a frightened pixie of a female sit up on the bed, with wide frightened eyes, opening her mouth ready to scream once more. She didn't get the opportunity.

Dillon moved with amazing speed to the small woman and covered her mouth with a large hand as he wrapped an arm around her waist. "It's alright sweet thing, we're not going to hurt you. We heard you scream and wanted to help you. If I remove my hand, will you keep quiet? I don't want you waking up the entire motel complex."

The small bundle of woman in his arms gave a nod of her head, so Dillon slowly uncovered her mouth.

"Are you alright, little darlin'" asked Chance.

Hailey stared at the three enormous men standing in her room. They were so sexy, she could feel her body responding. It surprised her so much, that she couldn't answer the man. She had never felt desire before; it was such a foreign feeling, so she gave a nod of her head instead.

“Are you hurt?” asked another of the men.

Hailey shook her head indicating she was fine. She cleared her throat a few times before she spoke, and was only able to manage one word, “Nightmare.”

“Okay, must have been one hell of a dream,” stated another of the men.

Hailey just nodded in affirmation as she continued to stare.

“I'm Chance Bartram and these are my brother's Dillon and Roman. What's your name sweetheart?” asked Chance.

“H...Hailey.”

Well, Hailey, we're sorry to bust in on you like that, but we just got out of the military, and years of habit is hard to break. We thought you were being hurt by the way you screamed. We'll leave you to it. Make sure you move one of those chairs over and put beneath the door handle of your door. Sorry, but we busted the lock trying to get to you,” stated Dillon.

Hailey watched the three huge, hunky men leave her room, closing the door behind them. She placed a hand over her racing heart and breathed deeply, trying to calm herself. She had never been so scared, then turned on in

her life. The three men all had similar features proving their paternity. They had dark blond hair and bedroom eyes, a female could drown in. Dillon's eyes were the lightest blue she had ever seen, Chance had darker blue eyes and Roman's had been a blue-gray color. They had all been dressed casually in jeans and T-shirts. Their muscles had rippled in their arms as they moved, drawing her attention to their large biceps. She had seen their ripped pectorals and abs moving beneath their tight shirts. Hailey gave a sigh, even though she had just seen these men for the first time, and they were exquisite masculine specimens, she knew she would never do anything about it.

She scrambled off the bed, grabbed a chair, tilted it back on two legs and shoved the back of the chair beneath the door handle. Feeling a lot more secure, she stripped out of her travel worn clothes, then slid beneath the covers of the bed. It took her quite a while to drift to sleep again. The events which had triggered her recurring nightmare, spun around and around in her brain. She didn't want to remember that horrible time, so she pushed it to the back of her mind and let her mind drift back to the three Bartram brothers. She fell asleep with a smile on her face, for the first time in twenty-four long months.

She woke up screaming. Tears ran down her cheeks as she sobbed out her pain. She couldn't deal with the recurring nightmare much longer, or she would end up having a nervous breakdown. She hadn't slept through a night for the last two years and knew if she

didn't get a decent night's sleep soon, she would end up on the verge of collapsing. She was so tired; no tired was too tame a word. She was utterly exhausted.

A knock on her door stopped her tears as she fearfully crept closer to the door. She realized she was naked and went back to the clothing she had carelessly dropped on the floor. She pulled her jeans and T-shirt on, sans underwear and crept back to the door as the knocking continued, becoming louder each time.

"Hailey, open up. It's Chance," stated Chance in a deep husky voice.

Hailey removed the chair from the door, opened the door a crack and peeked through the gap. "I'm sorry if I disturbed you," Hailey said as she bit her lower lip anxiously.

"Let me in," Chance commanded as he looked down at the sexy woman.

"Uh no, I'm good."

"No you're not," Chance stated grimly. "Let me in sweetheart."

"I don't think that's such a good idea. I don't even know you," Hailey opined.

"No, I don't suppose you do," Chance replied with a frown. "Are you sure you're okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine. I'm sorry I disturbed you, it won't happen again," Hailey stated.

"Well, okay. As long as you're sure you're alright?" Chance questioned again.

"Yeah. Goodnight Chance, and thanks," Hailey said then quietly closed the door.

She decided she was going to have to remain awake for the rest of the night. The last thing she wanted was to disturb Chance and his brothers again, keeping them awake all night long with her screaming. She gave a sigh, replaced the chair, grabbed the TV remote, and then crawled back onto the bed. She stacked two pillows behind her back and sat up, determined to remain awake for the rest of the night

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“Is she alright?” Dillon asked when Chance entered their room.

“Seems to be. I think she keeps having nightmares. She wouldn't let me in, says she doesn't know me. She is so sexy. She's such a little thing, can't be much over five four. I love her short brown hair, the way it frames her pixie face, but her eyes just seem to pull you in. I've never seen eyes that color of blue, they're almost violet. I know we've had a lot of women in our lives, but there is just something about her.”

“Yep, I felt it too, bro,” Dillon stated.

“Yeah, so did I,” opined Roman. “I think she could be the one we've been looking for.”

“I do too, but she's scared out of her mind about something. I wonder who she's running from. We're going to have to take it real slow, if we want to have a chance with her,” Dillon opined.

Chapter Two

Hailey showered, dressed and left the motel room and went in search of somewhere to have breakfast. She didn't bother taking her car. She walked down the quiet street of Passion, taking in the scents and the slow pace of the country town. She felt like she could breathe for the first time, in a long while. She took in the shops of the town, noting everything one could ever need, could be bought in Passion, without having to travel to a larger town or city.

She spied an open café, entered and took a seat. She ordered a toasted cheese and tomato sandwich and a much needed cup of coffee. She had just finished eating and was sipping the last of her coffee when the bell above the door gave a tingle. She watched as three men and a small petite blond woman entered the shop. One of the men was huge, making the woman look like a child next to him. They sat down at a large table and ordered coffee and breakfast. She noticed the three men seemed to be really attentive to the female with them. When Hailey realized she was staring, she lowered her eyes sheepishly, hoping they hadn't seen her curiosity.

Hailey ordered another cup of coffee and the waitress had just set it down in front of her as the bell gave another tinkle. She ignored it, staring at her coffee cup as she tried to figure out what she was going to do, and whether she should leave town, or find a job

and rent a place. She heard a familiar voice greeting the people across the room.

Hailey looked up to see Dillon, Chance and Roman shaking hands with the three men and kissing the small woman on the cheeks. She felt a surge of jealousy and quickly lowered her eyes, hoping the Bartram brothers wouldn't notice her.

“Hailey,” called Chance.

Hailey looked up to see Chance, Dillon and Roman looking her way. What disconcerted her even more were the other people staring at her as well. “Hi,” she replied with a small hand wave then looked back at her coffee. She heard footsteps approaching and lifted her head to watch wide eyed as Chance made his way towards her. He slipped into the seat beside her and gently tilted her face to his.

“How are you feeling, sweet thing?” Chance asked.

“I'm good,” Hailey replied and flinched away from his touch.

“Okay, if you say so. Why don't you come on over and sit with us?” Chance asked.

“Um, no. Thanks for asking but I need to get going.”

“Where are you headed?”

“Um?” Hailey had no idea how to reply to that question, so she gave a shrug of her delicate shoulders.

“Are you in trouble, Hailey?” asked Chance.

“No,” Hailey replied quickly, her eyes widening in alarm. Picking up her coffee cup she took a sip.

“Are you sure you don't want to join us sweet thing?” Chance asked again.

“I'm sure but thanks for asking. I need to get going,” Hailey stated as she rose to her feet. Since she had already paid for her coffee and breakfast, she grabbed her purse and left the café without a backwards glance.

Chance went back and sat down with his brothers and friends. Colt, Tony and Bear were grinning at him with knowing eyes.

“Who was that?” Tony asked.

“Hailey,” replied Chance.

“Hailey who?” asked Colt.

“Don't know,” Chance replied.

“Where and how did you meet her?” asked Bear.

“We heard her screaming from the motel room next to ours. We busted down her door 'cause we thought she was in trouble. Turns out she was having a nightmare,” Roman stated.

“Oh my. You three probably scared the poor woman out of her mind,” Nikki opined.

“Yeah, I suppose we did,” Dillon said on a sigh.

“That poor woman, woke us again a couple of hours later with her screaming,” Dillon supplied. “She looks haunted, with those dark smudges beneath her eyes. We think she maybe on the run from something or someone.”

“Oh look she left her cardigan on the back of the chair,” Nikki stated as she started to get to her feet.

“I'll get it sugar,” Dillon said. He picked up the garment and breathed deeply as Hailey's scent drifted to his nose.

“Give it to Bear for a minute,” Nikki commanded.

Dillon didn't hesitate, he knew about Bear, Colts and Tony's extraordinary extra perceptive senses.

Bear reached out and took the cardigan. He closed his eyes, breathed in deeply and let the breath out slowly. Everyone at the table watched Bear intently. Chance, Dillon and Roman became alarmed as the color leached from Bear's face. His hand shook slightly as he handed the cardigan back to Dillon.

“What?” Chance, Dillon and Roman asked together.

Bear breathed in and out deeply a few times and cleared his throat before he answered.

“It's not my story to tell. She's in trouble, has someone after her. If you are going to do what I think you are, you need to move very, very carefully,” Bear stated.

“We'd already figure that one out, Bear,” said Roman.

“More fragile than glass, guys. One wrong move and she will shatter,” Bear opined.

Chance, Dillon and Roman gave a nod of their heads. They were going to protect that little woman, whether she wanted them to or not. She was theirs and they were not letting her get away.

Hailey wandered up and down the main

street of Passion. She window shopped, sighing over clothes she needed but couldn't afford. She only had three pairs of jeans, a pair of shorts, a few T-shirts, a jumper and a cardigan. She needed to find work. She was running out of money fast. The jobs she had been working only ever paid minimum wage and because she was on the move all the time, petrol, food and accommodation ate away at her savings. Not that she had much.

Hailey stopped when she saw an advertisement in the front window of a clothing store. The job being advertised was for a bar attendant, in a club called Four Passion Club. She pulled her cell phone from her purse and programmed the number into her phone, then headed back to her motel room.

Hailey sat down on the side of her bed, took a deep breath and dialed.

"Four Passion Club, Connor speaking."

"Um, I was wondering if the bar attendants job is still available?"

"Sure is darlin'. Where are you calling from?"

"I am at the Passion motel," Hailey answered.

"Okay, what's your name?"

"Hailey."

"Well Hailey, have you got any experience?" Connor asked as he leaned back in the chair behind his desk.

"Yes, I...I worked in a licensed restaurant for a couple of months," Hailey replied.

“Okay. Can you come in for an interview now, Hailey?”

“Uh, yes. But I don't have anything fancy with me to wear for an interview at the moment.”

“Don't worry about that, darlin', just come in what you're wearing,” Connor stated. He gave her directions to the club and told her to arrive in half an hour. It would only take her ten minutes to get to the club by car.

Hailey picked out her best T-shirt, grabbed what little make up she had and went to the bathroom to tidy her appearance as much as she could. She highlighted her eyes with a little shadow and black mascara, ran a brush through her hair and put on a light lip gloss. She spritzed herself with her favorite perfume, grabbed her purse and keys and left.

Hailey walked through the doors to the Four Passion Club, gave her eyes time to adjust to the dim interior and made her way to the bar, where a man was working. The club wasn't open to the public yet, but she figured the doors had been unlocked for her.

“Um, hi. I'm Hailey and I have a job interview with Connor,” Hailey said.

The huge man behind the bar made his way to the end and came around to greet her.

“Hi, Hailey. Pleased to meet you, I'm Connor,” Connor stated and offered his hand in greeting.

Hailey took the big handsome man's hand and shook it.

“Come to my office, Hailey,” Connor stated and led the way. “Take a seat.”

“Thanks.”

“I haven't seen you around before. Have you just moved to Passion?” Connor asked as he studied the young woman. He noted the dark smudges beneath her eyes and the haunted expression she wasn't quite able to hide. His heart went out to the little woman and he knew he was going to hire her for the job. She looked like she could use a helping hand. She was totally different from his wife Simone, but something about her nervousness reminded him of her when he had first met his wife.

“Do you have some place to stay yet?” asked Connor.

“No, not yet. That's next on my to do list,” Hailey answered with a wary smile.

“Okay, you're hired. I'll give you a three month trial period and if you decide you like working here, you can stay on. You'll need to fill in an employment form with all the necessary details. Is that going to be a problem for you Hailey?” Connor asked as he looked at her.

“No,” Hailey lied. She felt as if Connor could see through to her soul and didn't like it one little bit. She just hoped to God, he wouldn't find her too quickly this time. She didn't want to have to run anymore. She gave Connor a wan smile as he rose to his feet.

“Welcome aboard Hailey. When do you want to start?” Connor smiled down into her extraordinary eyes.

“As soon as possible would be good,” Hailey replied.

“Well how does eight tonight sound,

little darlin'?"

"Um, good."

"Good, you can meet my brother's and wife before you start your shift. I'll give you a five hour shift for your first night. Okay?"

"Thanks Connor, I really appreciate you giving me this opportunity. I won't let you down," Hailey stated.

"I know you won't. See you tonight," Connor said as he watched Hailey leave. He wondered why the mention of his wife had put her more at ease. He gave a shrug of his shoulders and went back to his office.

Hailey drove back through the main street of Passion and quickly pulled her car into a parking lot outside of the real estate office. She got out and looked at the properties for sale and lease in the window. She saw an advertisement for a fully furnished bungalow attached to the back of a large house for lease. Letting out an anxious breath, she entered the shop.

Another large handsome man was sitting behind a desk, talking on the phone. Hailey wandered around and looked at the properties being advertised on the walls of the real estate office, while she waited patiently for the man to finish. She turned to face him as he hung up the phone.

"Hi, I'm Steven. Can I help you with something?" Steven asked as he held his hand out to shake.

"Uh, yes. I'm Hailey and I was interested in the bungalow you have for lease in the front window," Hailey replied as she

shook his hand.

“Sure, take a seat Hailey. Can I get you anything? Coffee, water, anything at all?” Steven asked.

“No, thanks. I'm fine.”

“Alright then. I haven't seen you in Passion before. Are you new here?” Steven asked curiously as he eyed the gorgeous woman in front of him.

“Yes,” Hailey squeaked out then cleared her throat. “Excuse me,” she apologized. “I've just moved here and have just been employed by Connor at the Four Passion Club. I start my first shift tonight.”

“Good. It's a fantastic place to work. The rent for the bungalow is fifty dollars a week, but you'll need to pay four weeks bond and four weeks rent in advance. Is that going to be a problem?” asked Steven.

“No,” Hailey answered. “I can give you the money right now.”

“Okay, I'll just get the lease forms for you to fill in. The lease is for three months at a time, if you want to renew you'll have to come back and fill out another form,” Steven advised. “Do you want to see the bungalow before you sign the lease? It's not the newest of places, but it's clean and tidy.”

“No, that's okay. I'm currently staying at the motel. It will be good knowing I don't have to pay every day to hire a room,” Hailey replied.

Hailey filled out the lease forms and handed over the last of her cash. She had no money left to buy food, and hoped to God her

payday wasn't too far away. She shook hands with Steven and took the keys from his outstretched hand.

"I would really like to get to know you better Hailey. Would you go out with me on one of your days off?" Steven asked.

"Um, no. Sorry, but I'm not interested," Hailey replied nervously.

"Hey, no problem, but you can't fault a guy for trying," Steven replied with a smile, trying to put Hailey at ease.

She gave him a wan smile and left his office. Steven watched her go. There was something about her that made him want to pick her up and give her a hug. She looked like she could use a friend.

Hailey slowly walked back to the motel, collected her belongings and headed to her new home. It was just off the main street of Passion. She liked the large house the bungalow was attached to and was thankful when she saw a gate into the backyard she could use, without having to go past the windows of the house. She walked through the gate, up the three steps to the bungalow and unlocked the door. Steven had been right, the place was by no means modern, but it was fully furnished, including crockery and cutlery. She was thankful she had a couple of bath towels and a set of sheets with her. She wandered her small new home and nearly squealed in delight when she saw a washing machine and vacuum cleaner, in the small laundry.

Hailey emptied her car of her belongings, threw her bags down on the

bedroom floor out of her way, then pulled her sheets out and made the bed. Shit she didn't have any blankets or quilts. That was another thing she was going to have to buy. Once done with the bed, she looked through the kitchen cupboards and found a couple of cans of baked beans and tuna. Depending on how long it was until pay day, she might be able to survive after all.

Chapter Three

Chance, Dillon and Roman noticed the small blue car which had been parked outside Hailey's motel room was gone. They looked at each other and cursed.

"Fuck, she's gone," Dillon stated as he looked at the cardigan in his large hand. He had wanted to give it back to Hailey, the perfect opportunity to see her again.

"I'll see if I can find out from reception where she's gone," Chance stated as he left his brothers.

Dillon and Roman waited in their room impatiently for Chance to return.

"She checked out. The woman in reception says she didn't say where she was going," Chance stated with a frustrated sigh.

"Well, not much we can do about it now. Maybe I can get Bear to tell us where she went," Dillon suggested, as he held up Hailey's forgotten cardigan.

"Yeah, maybe," Roman stated disappointedly.

"Alright, let's see about renting a place for a while, then we can look around for the perfect place to set up a horse breeding farm," Chance suggested.

The three men headed out to the real estate office, and much to their delight had the keys to a large house in their hands an hour later. They headed back to the motel, repacked their overnight bags, put them in the back of the large dual cab truck and went shopping.

They bought enough groceries to last them a month; planning on restocking their new kitchen freezer, fridge and pantry. The real estate agent, Steve had advised them the owners were on an extended vacation, traveling the continent and had no idea when they would return. The house was fully furnished and equipped with everything they would need, except food. He also advised them he had just rented out the bungalow attached to the back of the house, to a young woman for three months. The three men hadn't been happy about that; not wanting some young woman hounding them day and night once they moved in, but decided there wasn't much they could do about it. They headed for their new home planning on putting their supplies away and making themselves comfortable. They were heading over to have dinner with Tony, Colt, Bear and Nikki, and afterwards they were going to the club for a drink.

* * * *

Hailey was so tired, but she was too scared to take a nap. She spent the afternoon flicking from TV channel to TV channel, not being able to concentrate on anything. She flicked off the TV and wandered around her small new home. She felt content for the first time in months. She didn't want to have to leave Passion, but knew she would eventually, when that monster caught up with her. She picked up an old local newspaper from the small coffee table in front of the sofa and

flopped down to read it.

An article on the second page drew her attention when she saw a picture of the blond woman and the large men she had seen in the café that morning. The article said the woman Nikki Sprite had been kidnapped and rescued by her three men, Tony, Colt and Bear. Hailey dropped the paper back on the table, in shock. That small woman had three large men. Oh, she was so lucky to have the protection of the three men. What was it like to be loved by three men? Oh no, she was not even going to think about that. She had enough problems as it was without thinking of those three Bartram brothers. There was no way she could let one man near her, let alone three.

* * * *

Hailey walked through the front doors of the Four Passion Club. Connor was standing behind the bar, talking to two other men and a voluptuous red headed woman. She walked over and greeted Connor.

“Hey Hailey, glad you're here early. I'd like you to meet my brothers, Sam and Griff, and this is our wife, Simone.”

“Hi,” Hailey greeted with a shy smile. She couldn't believe what she had just heard, and hoped like hell her in-credulousness didn't show on her face.

Simone walked over and gave her a hug and kissed her on the cheek. Hailey tried not to flinch as she shook hands with Griff and Sam. She looked back to Connor asked him what he

wanted done behind the bar.

Hailey worked nonstop for the next two and a half hours. She was totally exhausted and so hungry she felt as if her stomach was cleaving to her spine. She looked up to see Connor watching her from the other end of the bar. He motioned toward her, so she made her way down to him.

“Why don't you go take a break, sweet thing. If you want something to eat, just go on into the kitchen and get the cook to make you something. If you can, I'd like you to stay on until closing, one of the other bar attendants has called in sick,” Connor advised.

“Sure, I can stay, but you don't need to feed me,” Hailey stated belligerently.

“Hey, don't get your back up Hailey. I just figured since I've asked you to stay so late, you could use something to eat to get you through the longer hours. It's your choice,” Connor stated.

“I'm sorry for snapping, Connor. I guess I'm a bit tired and food does sound good,” Hailey apologized.

“Then go get something, and don't come back until you've eaten,” Connor said with a smile, softening the command.

“Thanks Connor,” Hailey replied and took off for the kitchen. Saliva was already pooling in her mouth.

Hailey resumed her chores after she'd eaten a decent meal of vegetarian lasagna.

Because she hadn't eaten since early that morning, the food sat heavily in her stomach and made her feel even more tired.

She ignored it though and kept up with the orders for the bar. The noise level in the club was escalating, giving her a headache as more and more people arrived. She looked up as movement caught her eye and stared at three large men with scowls on their faces. She backed away before she realized what she was doing and where she was, schooled her features into a polite mask and asked Chance, Dillon and Roman what she could get for them.

“Three beers, thanks Hailey,” Chance ordered.

Hailey pulled the beers from the tap and collected the money. She placed Chance's change on the bar in front of him and gave a gasp as his large hand covered hers on the bar.

“We're sorry we missed you at the motel, sugar. We have something of yours we wanted to return,” Chance stated, as he scrutinized her tired pale face. She looked more exhausted now than she had this morning.

“What?”

“You left your cardigan at the café, baby,” Dillon said from beside Chance.

“Oh, well you can bring it back here, if you come again,” Hailey replied.

“Oh, there's no doubt about that sweetheart,” stated Roman with a grin.

Hailey pulled her hand from beneath Chance's and worked her way along the bar filling orders. She gave a sigh of relief as she saw the three brothers heading towards a large table where the blond woman Nikki was sitting with her three men as she talked to Simone.

The night seemed to drag for Hailey. She was constantly aware of the Bartram brothers and felt the hairs on the back of her neck prickle every time they looked her way. She continued to ignore them and gave a sigh of relief when the last call for drinks was given. It was two thirty am and Hailey knew if she stopped she would fall asleep where she stood. She watched as the crowd left in dribs and drabs and started piling dirty glasses into the dishwashers beneath the bench on the other side of the bar.

“Hailey, thanks so much for staying so long, I really appreciated the help. You worked like a real trooper. Why don't you head on home, honey? I'll get Sam and Griff to help me finish up,” Connor advised.

“If you're sure,” Hailey stated hesitantly.

“Yes, I am. Go on home and crawl into bed.”

“Thanks Connor,” Hailey replied as she grabbed her purse and keys from beneath the bar and headed to the doors.

“Hailey, wait. Let Griff walk you out to your car.”

“I'll be fine, but thanks.”

“That wasn't a question Hailey, we walk all our female employees out. We like to look after the women of this town.”

“Come on, Hailey,” Griff said as he opened the door for her.

Hailey followed Griff out the doors and was actually thankful for their security measures. She felt safe as Griff waited next to

her car, until she was in safe and sound with her engine running. She gave him a wave and she headed for home.

Hailey was inside her bungalow with the door bolted behind her in no time. She stripped out of her clothes, donned her large sleeping shirt and crawled into bed. She was asleep thirty seconds later.

Chance, Dillon and Roman heard the gate to the backyard shut, then the door to the bungalow close through the open kitchen window to the house.

“Guess she was out partying till all hours,” Roman stated as he turned from the window. “I couldn't see her though, she must be young, and she's not very tall. I could just make out a moving shadow. I think we should put a light outside her door so she's not coming home in the dark. I know if that was my sister, I'd be worried about her.”

“Yeah, we'll do it first thing tomorrow. Then I want to go looking at some farm houses. Apparently a couple of houses have been sitting empty, they were foreclosed by the banks. The drought was tough on a lot of people and now there are the floods to contend with. I'm just glad this area isn't prone to flooding. It was a hell of a mess we had to help clean up in Queensland. It's going to take a long time and a lot of work before a few of those towns are back up and running, and just when they thought it was all over they're hit by a cyclone,” Dillon stated with a sigh.

The three brothers sat at their kitchen table talking quietly about the weather

extremes and damage as they sipped their coffee. The cups were loaded into the dishwasher and Chance was about to close the kitchen window when he heard a noise. He gave his brothers a hand signal and they all stood quietly, listening intently. They heard it again. It sounded like a whimper which quickly escalated into a blood curdling scream. They knew that scream, they'd heard it the night before.

"Hailey," Chance stated and took off running, his brothers on his heels. He followed the noise until he stood at the door to the bungalow. Chance wanted to kick the door in and make sure she was alright. He lifted his leg ready to kick out, but Dillon stopped him with a hand to the thigh.

"She could be hurt," Chance whispered, not wanting to alert anyone they were close by.

"No, she's dreaming again. Listen.

What do you hear?" Dillon asked.

"Hailey, whimpering and screaming."

"And?" Dillon asked.

"Just Hailey, no one else. Okay, she's dreaming, but she shouldn't have to go through that by herself," Chance explained quietly.

Dillon signaled his brothers to move back inside. They closed the back door, the kitchen window and adjourned to the living room, making themselves comfortable on the sofa and chairs.

"I agree she shouldn't have to go through her nightmares alone, but look what happened last time. She bolted. She doesn't want any help. I think she was embarrassed she

woke us up last night with her screaming. I don't want her running again. I want her to feel safe. We need to give her time before we go prying into her life. She's not going to open up to us if she isn't given time to become used to us. Just be thankful for now, we know where she is and we can keep an eye on her, make sure she's safe," Dillon stated.

"I don't like her working at the club. Did you see all those men ogling her?" Roman asked with a scowl.

"Yeah, I did. She is so naive, she was totally unaware of the men around her," Chance supplied.

"No, not all of them," Dillon stated with a smirk. "I caught her eying us from the corner of her eye a few times."

"Well, that's a good sign," Chance grinned as he stood. "Yeah, but one step at a time. I'm heading to bed, night."

The three men took to their beds and were asleep within five minutes. They all dreamed of holding Hailey in their arms.

Chapter Four

Hailey woke up and did a load of wash, then hung it out to dry. She opened a small tin of tuna and ate it straight out of the can for breakfast. She was thankful Connor had let her eat at the club last night, otherwise she would have been in real trouble. She was lucky enough to have had two meals yesterday and hoped her hours ended up being just as long tonight. Then hopefully she would get another free meal. There was only a small can of baked beans and one more small can of tuna left in the cupboard. She'd found out from one of the female waiter's, payday wasn't for another five days. She had no idea what she was going to do.

Hailey spent the rest of the day, watching TV. With no money and nowhere else to go, there wasn't much else she could do. She slept poorly again last night. Waking herself up screaming and had ended up sobbing, for over hour She hoped like hell whoever lived in the house, hadn't heard her. She couldn't go on like this for much longer. She knew she was on the verge of collapse now. She prayed to God she could make it through the week, so she could get some money.

Hailey turned up for her shift at the

club and immediately got to work. She saw Conner eying her from afar as she worked one end of the bar, and he the other. He came close to her as he grabbed a bottle of spirits and gave her a quick once over.

“Hailey, are you alright? You don't look well,” Connor asked.

“I'm fine, thanks Connor. Just had trouble sleeping,” Hailey replied with a smile.

“Okay, if you say so. Don't be afraid to tell me if you're coming down with something though. I'm not a slave driver and I don't want you spreading germs to my customer's and staff.”

“I promise. I'm fine, just lack of sleep,” Hailey reiterated and got back to work.

Hailey only worked five hours that night. She was thankful because she was so tired, but she also needed food more than sleep. She gave a wave to Connor as one of the bouncer's walked her out to her car. He introduced himself as he walked by her side.

“Hi, Hailey, I'm Matt. Just give me a yell if I'm around and I'll walk you to your car. It's too dangerous for a woman to be walking out alone at night time.”

“Thanks Matt, I appreciate it.”

“No problem, you drive safe now,” Matt said as he waved her off.

Hailey felt disappointed she hadn't seen Dillon, Chance and Roman at the club that night. She gave a tired sigh as she parked her car in the side street by the back gate, got out, locked her car and went inside. She fell into a restless sleep within minutes.

She could feel eyes watching her as she lay on her bed, too afraid to move or open her eyes. She felt movement and knew he was moving closer. She tried to keep her breathing even and deep, hoping he would leave if he believed she was still asleep. She felt the mattress dip as he sat down beside her. She was so scared, she knew he had been watching and waiting for an opportunity to get her alone. His parents were out for the night celebrating their wedding anniversary.

They had adopted her when she was ten years old and thought for the first time in her life, she would feel loved. Instead she had been used as a maid. She went to school every day, but when she got home her chores started and didn't finish until she was told to go to bed. She always ended up doing her homework beneath her bed covers by torch light.

She had turned nineteen six months ago. She was waiting for an opportunity to leave but didn't want to be thought of as ungrateful, since they had put a roof over her head, clothes on her back and food in her stomach. It didn't matter to her that she worked for everything they gave her. She was just grateful she was no longer living in that horrible orphanage. She felt his sweaty hand push the hair back from her face and gave a moan as she turned over, hoping he would be alarmed at waking her and leave. It didn't seem to bother him though. He grabbed her shoulder and pulled her back over onto her back, covered her mouth with his hand and ripped her nightgown from her body. She cried out

beneath his hand, struggling and slapping at him trying to get free. He released her mouth and grabbed hold of her hand, he pulled them up above her head and held them securely to the mattress with one large hand. She screamed out before he could cover her mouth again, "No," she screamed as she jerked awake.

Hailey sobbed as she relived that horrible night two years ago. Tears coursed down her cheeks as she curled herself into a ball, trying to get warm. She was so cold, tired and hungry. She wanted to give up, but didn't want to give that monster the satisfaction. She would fight for every day of freedom she had, moving from one place to the next, until she had to move again.

Hailey arrived and started work at her usual time of eight pm. She was the only one behind the bar at the moment as Connor had taken the night off and the other attendant was on a break. She began to feel a little frazzled as exhaustion and lack of food weighed her down. She turned quickly and clutched the edge of the bar as she was swamped with dizziness. It passed quickly, so she kept going as she filled drink orders. The other attendant arrived back to help, so Hailey made her way back to her end of the bar. She served quickly and efficiently not stopping until everyone had their orders. She looked up as three more people approached the bar, and looked into the eyes of Dillon as he spoke to her, his brothers on either side of him.

She could see his mouth moving, but

frowned, because she couldn't understand a word he said over the loud buzzing in her ears. She felt what little blood she had in her head and face drain away, then felt herself slowly sink down into the dark depths of the hole, coming up to swallow her whole.

Hailey had no idea how long she had been out of it, but when she woke it was to see Connor, Dillon, Chance and Roman standing and kneeling around her supine figure, as she lay reclined on the sofa in Connor's office. She felt her cheeks flush as she made to sit up.

"No. Don't you dare move sweet thing. Connor's called for a doctor to come and check you over. I don't want you passing out again," Chance stated.

"I'm fine. I'm just a bit tired," Hailey stated.

"I don't care, Hailey. You're not to move until the doctor gives you the okay," Connor stated in a steely voice.

"Connor, Doc's here," a voice yelled through the door, just before the door opened.

Hailey tried to sit up again, but a firm hand on her shoulder prevented it. An elderly man walked in, took in the scene then asked the men to leave the room.

"Alright now young lady. I'm Doctor Cliff Wright, I hear you're not feeling very well, so I'll give you the once over," Dr. Wright said as he got some equipment out of his medical bag.

"I know what's wrong with me Dr. Wright. I'm not really sick," Hailey stated as she looked up into the elderly Doctors kind

eyes.

“Now, you just lay back and relax young lady, let me do my job,” Dr. Wright stated. “And call me Doc, everybody does.”

“Okay, thanks Doc.”

Doc checked Hailey over, asked her a few questions and looked at her over his eye glasses with the sternness of a father. “You are to take a week off work. I want you eating three regular meals a day and sleeping in between. If you don't start looking after yourself little lady, you're going to end up in hospital.”

“Okay, thanks Doc. Um, is it alright if I pa...”

“By the way, don't worry about me sending you a bill, Connor already took care of it since you were on his property,” Doc stated over his shoulder as he made for the door. He opened it and left without a backwards glance, closing the door quietly behind him.

“What's wrong with her Doc?”

Connor asked with concern.

“Now, you know I can't tell you that young man, there is such a thing as patient confidentiality. You owe me one hundred dollars for the call out, Connor. You can put it on my bar tab. Feed the girl before you send her home and give her two weeks' pay upfront,” Doc stated with a wink and wave as he walked off.

Hailey prepared to face Connor and the Bartram brothers. She took a deep breath ready to talk them down, then gave sigh of relief as she saw the empty hall. She made her way

back towards the bar. Connor was just coming out of the kitchen with a loaded plate in his hand. He grasped her elbow and pulled her along towards the table where Dillon, Chance and Roman were sitting.

“Sit down and don't move from there until you've eaten,” Connor commanded in a steely voice.

“Connor, I'm so...”

“Don't say it Hailey. If you were my woman, I would put you over my knee and tan your ass.”

Hailey's mouth dropped open as she watched Connor walk away.

“Hailey eat,” Dillon stated.

Hailey looked up at Dillon, Chance and Roman, she opened her mouth to speak, thought better of it when she saw the look in her eyes, and instead shoved a forkful of food in her mouth.

She watched as she saw laugh lines appear at the corner of Dillon's eyes but his mouth remained still. Hailey didn't speak until she had eaten more than she thought possible, leaving half the plate full of food. She leaned back in her seat with a sigh and picked up a glass of water.

“How long since you've eaten properly Hailey?” Chance asked.

“Um,” Hailey hesitated then gave a shrug of her shoulders.

“When was your last meal Hailey?” Chance tried again.

“She ate here a few nights ago when she first started,” Connor replied on her behalf.

“Have you eaten since then Hailey?” Roman asked as he moved his chair in closer to her.

Hailey flinched when Roman's foot nudged hers as he moved his chair.

“Shh sweetheart, I'm not gonna hurt you,” Roman stated earnestly as he looked into her face.

“S...so...,” Hailey halted the word when Dillon held up his hand.

“We don't want you apologizing all the time, sweet thing. You have nothing to be sorry for. Now, what did Doc say?” asked Dillon.

“Not much,” Hailey replied with a shrug. “Thanks for the food Connor. I'm sorry you were called in. I'll get back to work now.”

“You will not,” Connor stated firmly.

Hailey looked up at Connor with tears in her eyes, “I'm sorry, I'll leave right away.”

Connor reached over and gently enfolded her wrist in his large hand.

“I'm not sacking you Hailey, but you need some rest. You're so tired you're dead on your feet; and no I'm not complaining about your work. You're one of my best workers, but I don't want to see you run yourself into the ground and end up in the hospital. You are going to take a week off and rest up. I don't want you back here until a week from tonight,” Conner commanded, then handed her an envelope and left before she could open it.

She stared down at the money in the envelope and watched as the money inside began to blur through her tears. She felt the tears rolling down her cheeks, but couldn't

seem to stop them, they kept coming faster and faster. She felt hands on her arms, guiding her away from prying eyes. She hoped no one was looking at her, she hated to be the center of attention and she usually didn't cry, well only in her nightmares. She hated people seeing her cry. She couldn't see where she was going but let herself be led. She heard a door close behind them and the noise from the bar was shut out.

“Hailey, what's wrong sweetheart?”

Chance asked as he seated her.

Hailey couldn't answer, she was crying so hard and fast, she sniffed indelicately and tried to hide her face behind her hands.

Connor was already in his office calling his brothers to bring Simone to the club for a bit of female support to his new bar attendant. He had just hung up the phone when Roman, Chance and Dillon had walked into his office with a quietly weeping Hailey. It broke his heart to see her crying so hard, but she never made a sound. He was glad now he had called Simone. The little female currently surrounded by big tough men, crying her eyes out needed the compassion of another woman.

Dillon, Chance and Roman could see Hailey's shoulders shaking as she cried silently. They felt so helpless, so useless. They wanted to comfort her, take her in their arms and let her cry, but they had seen her flinch back from being touched. They didn't want to upset her any more than she was. They gave a sigh of relief when the door opened to Simone, Connor's wife. They all left the room, quietly

closing the door behind them leaving the two women alone.

“Hailey, what's wrong?” Simone asked as she sat down on the sofa next to the weeping woman.

Hailey just shook her head, her hands covering her face as she cried quietly.

Simone moved up closer to Hailey and wrapped her arms around her. She rubbed her back soothingly as she held Hailey and waited for the storm to burst. It didn't take long. Hailey buried her face against Simone's chest and bawled her eyes out. Simone gave a sigh of relief as she began to make sobbing sounds. She didn't want Hailey to lock away her emotions anymore. Simone had a feeling she had been doing that for way too long as it was. She just let Hailey cry out her pain, as she made soothing noises, not saying anything or doing anything but hold her. It took a long time, but eventually she cried herself out.

“Are you okay, Hailey?” Simone asked trying to keep her own tears at bay. The last thing Hailey needed was to see Simone cry with sympathy for the other woman's pain.

Hailey raised her red eyes, opened then closed her mouth and gave Simone a nod. Simone gave Hailey a pat on the shoulder, walked over to the desk picked up the phone and ordered a bottle of scotch and cola, as well as a jug of water. There was a quiet knock on the door a minute later. Connor bought Simone what she wanted, then left again closing the door behind him, without once speaking or looking at Hailey.

“Do you want to talk about it, Hailey?” Simone asked as she poured two double scotches and added some cola.

“No. I'm okay,” Hailey rasped out. “I'm sorry for crying all over you.”

“Hey, you don't need to apologize, that's what friends are for. Come on girlfriend, drink up,” Simone stated as she downed her drink quickly.

Hailey did the same and came up coughing and spluttering. Simone laughed at her then poured two more drinks. “I suggest you sip that one, if you're not used to drinking.”

“So, where are you living?” Simone asked.

“Oh, I found a bungalow attached to the back of a house. It's great, not too expensive and it came fully furnished.”

“Oh, well that's good. Who's in the house?”

“I have no idea. I haven't seen anyone or met the owners yet.”

“Why not?”

“Uh, I'm not much of a people person,” Hailey replied.

“For someone who doesn't like people much, you're doing a fantastic job with the bar. Connor sings your praises all the time. He says you work your ass off,” Simone stated with a smile.

“Well, at least I can do something right,” Hailey muttered.

“Hey, don't put yourself down. You're a wonderful person and my gawd, you should

see all the men drooling over you as you work. They can't keep their eyes off of you," Simone opined.

"They can't?" Hailey asked fearfully.

"Hailey, no one here would ever hurt you honey. What happened to you Hailey?" Simone asked with a frown.

"Um," Hailey said and shrugged her shoulders.

"Drink up girlfriend. I'm beating you," Simone said with a grin as she stood and made her way over to the desk where she had left the alcohol. She brought it back with her and put it on the little table next to the sofa and potted plant.

Simone didn't talk much, she just sat companionably with Hailey, keeping her company as she Hailey downed another drink.

"You know, I really like men, but I don't like them to come near me," Hailey slurred.

"Why not?" Simone asked lightly.

"Cause they're too strong."

"Well, I suppose so, but that can be good if you need them to help you," Simone replied.

"Help. No one's ever wanted to help me. You know, I thought I was going to have a good life when I got adopted, when I was ten. Ha, what a laugh," Hailey said then hiccupped into her glass.

"I love that my husbands are so strong. They help me out all the time. They won't even let me carry the groceries in after we go shopping," Simone stated with a dreamy smile

on her face.

“Oh, that's nice,” Hailey slurred.

“My adoptive parents used me like a maid from the first day. Don't get me wrong, I didn't mind working to keep a roof over my head and all. It was way better than the orphanage. But I couldn't stay when my adoptive brother raped me. It doesn't matter where I go, he always seems to find me. He's such a monster. He leaves messages for me on my car, when he can't find where I'm hiding. He scares me. The last message said if he can't have me, then no one else can either,” Hailey stated with a shrug of her shoulders. “He'll find me again. and then I'm gonna have to leave the first home I've had in over two years.”

Hailey started laughing hysterically, soon her laugh turned to sobs. Simone wrapped her arms around Hailey and gently took the glass from her hand.

“I grew up in an orphanage too, Hailey. I can understand why you wanted to get out,” Simone sympathized. “Don't you dare run, girlfriend. The men of this town are strong. I can get my men to get word out to look after you.”

“No. Don't want anyone else to get hurt,” Hailey slurred as her eyes drooped down. She was so tired. She curled up on the sofa and let sleep claim her.

Simone left Connor's office and slowly walked her way back to where Connor was sitting with Dillon, Chance and Roman.

“Hey angel, how is she?” Connor asked Simone, as he helped her into the seat beside

him.

“Oh, Connor. She's been to hell and back,” Simone sobbed.

Connor pulled his wife onto his lap, wrapped her in his arms, holding her as she cried. He rubbed her back until she had herself under control, he handed her a handkerchief and let her dry her face. Simone looked up at her husband as she told him what Hailey had told her.

“She grew up in an orphanage, the same as I did, but she was adopted when she was ten years old.”

“Well, that's better than you had it baby, at least she got out of the system,” Connor stated, but held his breath when his wife shook her head.

“No. She would have been better off in the orphanage, Connor. They used her as a maid, a fucking servant. And do you know what Hailey said? She said she didn't mind having to pay her way, for having a roof over her head and food in her stomach. She's running Connor. She's running from a monster. Her adoptive brother raped her two years ago; and now he's following her wherever she goes. He leaves notes on her car when he can't find her, telling her that if he can't have her, then no one else will either,” Simone finished on a sob.

“Fuck. I'll kill him,” Chance roared.

“Not if I get there first,” Dillon stated in a hard voice.

“She's so alone, Connor. She's just moved into a bungalow at the back of a stranger's house. She doesn't even know who

lives in the house, says she's too shy to go and introduce herself. She doesn't like being around men, she's too scared of them," Simone said quietly.

"Shit," Dillon snapped out.

"What?" asked Connor.

"We rented that house not long after Hailey moved into the bungalow. We want to help her, we've heard her screaming and crying in her sleep but we didn't want her to pull away from us anymore than she already has. We want her as our woman, she's perfect, but we're too scared of making her run," Dillon sighed with frustration.

"What the hell do we do now?"

Chance asked.

"Love her," Simone replied with a smile.

"We want to Simone, but we don't want her running," Roman said.

"Just use your instincts. You guys are more used to using your instincts than any other men I know. You've lived by your instincts, why stop now?" Simone advised.

"Hmm, you may have something there. Thanks Simone," Dillon stated with a smile.

"Okay, let's take our woman home."

"Hey, I'll be watching and if you hurt her, you're gonna have me to deal with," Simone stated fiercely.

"The last thing we want to do is hurt Hailey," Chance said.

"I know, but I'll still be watching."

"Yes ma'am," Roman replied and tipped an imaginary hat at her.

Chapter Five

Hailey woke up with a pounding headache. She kept her eyes closed and moaned as she put a hand to her head. She moved her legs and froze, then she gave a shriek of fright and flew from the bed. She ran into the wall and fell back on her ass. She scrambled to her feet again and turned around to look at the bed she had escaped.

Dillon sat up, got out of bed and approached Hailey, cautiously.

“Are you alright sweet thing?” Dillon asked as he frowned with concern.

“What the hell are you...am I doing here? Where is here for goodness sakes and why was I in bed with you?” Hailey screeched.

“Calm down, Hailey. I'm not going to hurt you, sweetheart. You're here because you were so drunk you passed out. We brought you home so we could look after you. We didn't want you getting sick in your sleep. Besides you only live out back,” Dillon stated with a smile.

“Y...you own this house? The house I'm renting the bungalow from?” Hailey asked incredulously.

“No, we don't own the house, Hailey, we're only renting it until we can find our own place,” Dillon advised.

“You have got to be kidding me? How long have you lived here?”

“Calm down, sweetheart, I don't want you making yourself ill. We didn't know you

were renting the bungalow until after you were already here, so don't go thinking we set you up. We had no idea you were here until we heard, uh, saw you coming home one night."

"What's going on?" Chance asked from behind Hailey.

Hailey gave a squeak of fright and flew across the other side of the room. She slid down to the floor, clutching her head. She couldn't take anymore, she had had more than enough. She dropped her head down and began to cry. She didn't make a sound as she sat in the corner of the strange room, clutching her pounding head, her shoulders shaking as she cried.

Dillon moved silently, touching her gently on the shoulder so he wouldn't scare her again.

"It's alright, Hailey. I promise you, we will never, ever, hurt you sweetheart," Dillon spoke quietly, soothingly, as he scooped the small defeated woman into his arms. He picked her up, carried her in his arms and sat down with her on his lap. He cradled her against his large body, rubbing a large hand up and down her back. Soothing her as he made crooning noises. He knew when Hailey stopped crying, her shoulders stopped shaking and her body slumped down on his, her muscles going lax with tiredness.

"She told you didn't she?" Hailey asked her face still buried against Dillon's chest.

"Didn't she?"

"She didn't tell us sweetheart. We overheard her telling her husband," Dillon

murmured quietly. “She asked him to keep an eye out for you and make sure you were kept safe.”

Dillon didn't feel guilty about telling Hailey half the truth, not when her life was as stake.

“I'm sorry I scared you, baby,” Chance said, as he sat down next to his brother and Hailey. He placed a tentative hand on her back, beneath Dillon's hand and began to rub her back in gentle soothing circles.

“S'okay,” Hailey mumbled her face still buried against Dillon's chest.

“Why don't I get you something for your hangover while I get you a coffee?” Chance asked quietly.

Hailey raised her face for the first time since Chance entered the room. He fell in love then and there, when he saw Hailey's red rimmed and blood shot eyes. “Please.”

“How do you take your coffee, sweetheart?” asked Chance as he stood.

“White no sugar, thanks.”

“Are you alright now, Hailey?” Dillon asked as he savored the feel of her in his arms.

“Yes, sorry,” Hailey replied as she made to move from Dillon's lap.

“Ah, don't be sweetheart,” Dillon said as he gently helped her to her feet. “Come on let's get that pain medication into you and some coffee.”

“Okay,” Hailey replied as she followed Dillon.

She looked around as she followed him. The house they were renting was

gorgeous. She stopped in the doorway to the kitchen. It was a chef's dream with all the most up to date appliances and so much room, it was criminal. The kitchen combined with the dining room was bigger than her whole bungalow.

"Come in and take a seat, baby,"

Chance said as he walked to the table with mugs of coffee. He placed the cups down and then went back and got Hailey some pain medication and a large glass of water.

"Thanks."

"No problem. What do you normally eat for breakfast, baby?" Chance asked as he leaned against the kitchen counter sipping his coffee.

"Um, whatever. Actually I don't eat much," Hailey replied.

"Well, I'm not letting you leave until you've eaten. Do you like bacon and eggs?" Chance asked as he turned to the refrigerator.

"Yes, I do," Hailey answered as she half rose from her seat.

"No, you don't sweetheart. Sit down and finish your coffee," Dillon commanded as he moved to the kitchen to help his brother.

"Morning," came a deep husky voice from the doorway.

Hailey turned and saw a sleepy Roman leaning against the door jamb to the kitchen. She quickly lowered her head, when she realized he only had on a pair of jeans without a shirt. She felt her face turn crimson as she muttered a reply, "Morning."

Hailey couldn't believe how turned on she was, just from seeing Roman's naked,

masculine chest and delineated abdominal muscles. She knew it was desire she was feeling, she'd heard other women talking about it. She'd never experienced this liquid molten feeling in her lower abdomen or moisture seeping from her pussy, until she had first come in contact with the three Bartram brothers. It was a strange feeling. She squeezed her legs together to ease the ache between her thighs; and hoped like hell they couldn't hear her panting. She kept her head down, picked up her coffee mug and gulped down the rest of her coffee. She became aware of the silence in the room and was too nervous to raise her head to look at the men. She jumped up from her seat and made for the back door.

"Hailey, stop," Dillon called out.

Hailey hesitated, then began to move again. Her hesitation was enough for Roman to catch up with her and gently take hold of one of her shoulders.

"Hailey, we would never hurt you. Please, come and sit down, eat some breakfast. It's okay, sugar. I promise to go and put my shirt on, right away. I don't want you to feel uncomfortable," Roman stated quietly, unhappy with himself for upsetting Hailey. He guided her back to the table, then left the room. He was back a few moments later, but noticed Hailey still wouldn't look at any of them. He sat down at the table next to her, placed a finger beneath her chin and lifted her eyes to meet his.

"You have nothing to be embarrassed about, Hailey. Just because I had my shirt off,

didn't mean I was going to jump on you,” Roman advised, trying the placate her.

“I know,” Hailey replied looking directly at his eyes.

“You do?” Roman asked in confusion.

“Here we go,” Dillon said as he placed a plate in front of Hailey and another in front of Roman. “Start eating before it gets cold.”

Dillon grabbed the other two plates from the counter, placed them on the table and sat down to eat. He watched Hailey, making sure she ate enough before she pushed her plate away.

“What are you doing today, sweetheart?” Dillon asked.

“Not much,” Hailey replied.

“Well, we're going to check out a few properties for sale. Would you like to come with us?” Dillon asked.

“If you guys wouldn't mind me tagging along,” Hailey said hesitantly.

“We wouldn't have asked if we did, baby,” Chance stated.

“Does half an hour give you enough time to shower and change?” Roman asked as he looked at the clock on the wall.

“Yeah, I'll be ready,” Hailey said as she stood, took her plate into the kitchen, rinsed it and placed it in the dishwasher. “Thanks for looking after me and for breakfast.”

“You're welcome, Hailey,” Dillon replied as he watched the small bounce in her step as she left.

“Shit, I really fucked up, didn't I,” Roman said when he heard the slam of Hailey's

door.

“No, you didn't,” Dillon replied.

“Yes, I did, Dillon,” Roman contradicted. “She couldn't even look at me when I had my shirt off. She was as skittish as a horse near a snake. She tried to bolt out of here so fast.”

“Yeah, she was skittish, but not for the reason you think. I was watching her as she squirmed in her seat and it wasn't because she was afraid of you. She was scared of what she was feeling,” Dillon advised, as a slow smile spread across his face.

“Oh? Oh, are you sure?” Roman asked uncertainly.

“Yeah, I'm sure. Now, all we have to do is start getting Hailey comfortable around us without our shirts on.”

“You're a wicked man,” Chance smiled. He couldn't keep the grin off his face, all the time he was getting ready.

Hailey was ready with fifteen minutes to spare. She paced her small living room as she watched the seconds tick by. Her heart started pounding in her chest when a knock sounded on her door.

“W...who is it?” Hailey called.

“Hailey, it's me Dillon. Do you have an iron I could borrow?” Dillon asked through the door.

“Sure,” Hailey replied, as she opened her door. She felt her mouth drop open when she saw Dillon standing on her doorstep, shirt in his hand, jeans hugging his slim waist and thighs. She couldn't get over how tanned his

chest was and how the muscles rippled beneath his skin as he moved.

“So, can I come in and use your iron sweetheart?” Dillon reiterated.

Hailey moved back away from the doorway so Dillon could enter. She stood and fidgeted as he scanned the small living space. Clean, neat, but way out of date.

“This looks cozy.”

“I...I'll get the iron,” Hailey stated and almost ran from the room.

She came back with the iron and handed it to Dillon, expecting him to leave. She watched him as he studied her, through lowered eyelids. She could feel her breathing picking up pace and didn't know what to do to stop it.

“You have very beautiful eyes, Hailey. I've never seen that color before,” Dillon said as he moved towards her. He watched the pulse at the base of her throat beat faster. He let his eyes wander the length of her body, then met her eyes with his own once more.

“I love your lips, sweetheart. Very sexy,” Dillon murmured as he slowly lifted his free hand, gently sliding his thumb over her full lower lip. He took the iron from her hand, turned and walked out her door.

Hailey sank down onto her sofa. Her legs felt shaky, too weak to hold her up. She just hoped Dillon hadn't noticed her gawking at his hot body.

Chapter Six

Hailey listened to Dillon, Chance and Roman talk on the drive to the first property for sale. She heard the enthusiasm in their voices, as they spoke of their future plans to set up a horse breeding stud. Hailey had always loved the thought of being around horses, she had learned to ride when she was in the orphanage. She had dreamed that one day her handsome knight would ride into the orphanage sweep her up into his arms, seat her in front of him and ride away with her, to live happily ever after. Sometimes she wished she could go back to that time, when she was young and innocent. Where the only pain was feeling lonely. The pain an adult had to endure was way too deep, too debilitating. She wanted to feel normal, wanted to be able to have a normal relationship with a man. She gave a sigh, knowing she would never experience the loving relationship between a male and female. She was just way too scared of physical intimacy.

“Are you alright, sugar?” Roman asked, from the seat next to her in the back of the truck.

“I’m fine, thanks.”

“What was the big sigh for?” Roman asked curiously.

“I was just thinking of the dreams we have when we’re children; and how much reality can change our dreams, hopes. Sometimes it would be so much easier if we could remain a kid forever.”

“I understand where you're coming from, Hailey, but if we remained kids, we would never be able to make our dreams a reality. We'd never know the love a man and woman can share. We wouldn't grow wiser from our mistakes, we wouldn't grow into the humans we are. The world would be a very different place if we all remained kids,” Roman philosophized.

“I suppose so, but some of us will never experience any of that as adults.”

“Well, some might be too scared to reach out and grab life with both hands, when the opportunity arose. But a lot of people would decide not to let any hurt stop them, and experience life to its full extent. I'm not saying it wouldn't be scary, or one of the hardest things someone who had been hurt had to do. A person who has been hurt by someone could close themselves off and hide away, or they could tell themselves, it wasn't their fault and move forward, grabbing opportunities as they arose,” Roman suggested quietly.

“Yes, they might, but most people have someone to catch them if they fall or to tell them when they're wrong; and others might put themselves first and become selfish. Not worrying about the danger they could be putting others in,” Hailey replied.

“Yeah, and some would trust the people at their back, to help protect them, keep them safe from harm. We're here, I'm glad you came with us sugar. It'll be good to get a woman's perspective of the houses we'll be looking at,” Roman said with a wink, unclipped his safety

belt and hopped out of the truck when it stopped.

Chance got out of the passenger side front door of the vehicle, opened Hailey's door for her and gave her a helping hand out of the truck. He saw the pensive look on her face, tilted her chin up so her eyes met his.

"Are you alright, baby?" Chance asked.

Hailey nodded, then surprised the shit out of him and his brother's. She stepped forward and wrapped her arms around his waist, resting her cheek against his chest. Chance could feel her trembling, but didn't comment on her physical reaction. He wrapped his arms around her and held her firmly against him, resting his chin on the top of her head.

Dillon and Roman looked at each other, then back to Chance and Hailey. Neither of them could stop the grin from spreading on their faces. They both wanted to step forward and ask Hailey for a hug as well, but knew if they let her set her own pace, she would eventually come to them. They headed for the veranda surrounding the large worn farm house instead.

Hailey stepped back away from Chance, then looked him in the eyes. The emotion she saw on his face, in his eyes, literally took her breath away. They were such handsome, strong, rugged men. She let her eyes devour his physique, then gave a sob and threw herself at him. She reached up with two hands, grabbed his hair and pulled his head down to hers. She placed her lips on his and

gave him a closed mouth kiss.

Chance wanted to take control of the kiss, but hesitated, not wanting to scare Hailey away from her first attempts of affection, seduction. He slid his lips over hers, slowly, still letting her have control. She gave an audible gasp and pulled away.

“Sorry, I don't know what came over me,” Hailey stated, her eyes lowered to the ground, her cheeks crimson.

“Hailey, please don't be embarrassed. I love being hugged and kissed, baby. You can do that to me anytime,” Chance advised. “Come on, let's go look at the house.”

Hailey preceded Chance into the empty farm house. It was sad that someone had lost their home due to circumstances beyond their control, but at least whoever it was still had their lives.

Hailey liked the house instantly. It needed to be renovated inside and out but the house was enormous. There were six bedrooms, three bathrooms, a huge kitchen, as well as a study, a butler's pantry and beautiful timber floor boards. She could envisage the kitchen with the latest appliances, new cupboards, light fixtures and a fresh coat of paint. She heard the murmur of her men's voices as she wandered about the house. Wait. When had she started thinking of the Bartram brothers as her men. She took a deep breath and let it out slowly. She was such an idiot, as if they would ever want her permanently.

“What do you think about the house, sweetheart?” Dillon asked as he came upon her

in the kitchen.

“Oh, Dillon it's fantastic. It's so large and roomy. It would be so easy to get lost in here. I can just imagine what it could look like,” Hailey opined enthusiastically.

“Yeah, me too. Let's go look at the out buildings,” he suggested, holding a hand out to her.

Hailey didn't hesitate, she stepped forward, placed her hand in his and they went outside. Hailey breathed in the scents of the pine, eucalyptus and gum trees, as well as the clean crisp air. She walked with Dillon in companionable silence until they entered the barn.

“Wow, this is bigger than the house,” Hailey said. “I can imagine more horse stalls on the other side as well as the ones already here. You could have an office at the end to run your business from and another small room over there for saddles and stuff. You'd need to put in a sprinkler system and an alarm. I can just imagine the scent of hay and horses, it would be so much nicer than breathing in smog from a big city. Oh, sorry, listen to me rambling.”

“I love listening to you baby. You portray a mighty clear image, I could see everything you said,” Dillon murmured.

“You could?”

“Yeah. Come on, let's see what else is here,” Dillon said as he tugged on her small, fragile hand and led her from the barn.

There was a hay shed quite a distance away from the barn and house. As well as a

corral attached to the barn, and fenced off paddocks close as well. There was an overgrown vegetable patch at the rear of the house and the veranda went around the whole house. Hailey could just imagine herself sitting out on the veranda after working in the garden all day, watching the stars sparkling in the sky as she sipped a cool drink.

“So what do you think Dillon?”

Chance asked as he stepped out on the veranda.

“It's good, but I want to see a few more places before making a decision. We have three more to look at and then I think we should grab some lunch in town,” Dillon suggested.

“Hey, that sounds good to me. As long as you're paying bro,” Chance smiled when Hailey laughed out loud for the first time.

Dillon, Chance and Roman watched the way her whole face lit up as she laughed with her whole body. She threw her head back and the sound of it was so beautiful it filled them with joy.

They spent the rest of the morning driving and looking at properties for sale. Hailey liked them all, but the first one was still her favorite. They took her to the café in Passion, where she had left her cardigan. They sat back and enjoyed a quiet lunch, discussing all the properties, weighing the pros and cons of each.

“Which one did you like the best, sweetheart?” Dillon asked as he leaned back in his chair replete from lunch.

“The first one was the best, I think, but

you guys are the one's wanting to buy, so you have to do what's best for you and the business you want to set up," Hailey said with a smile. She couldn't believe how comfortable and relaxed she was becoming in their presence and wanted to savor each moment.

"Hmm, I liked the first one as well, but the third one had less work needed on it and the price was better," Chance stated.

"Yes, it was, but the house was smaller and there were no outbuildings. If you put the cost of renovating a house and having to build your outbuildings too, you'll probably find it more expensive. Plus the first one had way more land, the corral was already built and the paddocks looked to have new fencing," Hailey suggested.

"Wow, you should have been a real estate agent, baby. You took everything in didn't you," Roman said with pride at Hailey's logic.

Hailey flushed but looked pleased by the compliment. They finished up at the café and Dillon drove them all back home.

"Do you want to hang around and watch a movie, sugar?" Roman asked as they got out of the vehicle.

"Only if you've got nothing better to do," Hailey replied.

"Come on then, you can pick out what we watch," Roman said as he led Hailey inside by the hand.

Hailey picked out a movie and sat in the far corner of the sofa. Dillon, Chance and Roman sat on the large sofa, making sure not

to crowd Hailey. She was so relaxed her eyelids began to droop.

“Hailey, why don't you come and sit between Roman and I, put your head down on my lap. If you drift off you won't fall sideways and hurt your neck.” suggested Dillon.

“Hmm, okay,” Hailey whispered as she slid along the sofa when Dillon got to his feet. He sat down in the corner, where she had been and put her head on his hard thigh.

“Swing your feet up onto my legs sugar, so you're more comfortable,” Roman suggested.

Hailey didn't hesitate, she curled up on her side, her head resting on Dillon's lap and her legs over Roman's. She was fast asleep a moment later.

The three men didn't bother watching the movie, they sat and stared at the beautiful woman curled up asleep on the sofa. She slept through the end of the movie and kept right on sleeping. Roman and Dillon didn't want to move, they wanted Hailey to get as much sleep as she could. She needed to recover from the exhaustion she was suffering. She looked much better, but still had dark smudges beneath her eyes.

She moved restlessly a couple of times. Dillon looked down to see her eyeballs moving rapidly beneath her closed eyelids. She was dreaming. She gave a whimper as she moved again. Dillon smoothed a hand down the side of her cheek, trying to calm her frantic mind.

All of a sudden she bolted upright, her eyes open, as she screamed a loud blood

curdling pitiful scream full of pain, betrayal and fury. Dillon wrapped his arms around her and pulled her onto his lap. She fought him the whole time, kicking, screaming, scratching and punching, until finally his crooning and rocking seemed to penetrate her subconscious mind. She began crying. She soaked his shirt as she sobbed her heart out, bringing tears to the eyes of the men witnessing her pain and horror.

She finally looked up, tears still coursing down her cheeks and on her eyelashes. "Please, make it stop. I can't stand it anymore. I don't want to relive it over and over again. I just want it to stop," Hailey said in a tortured voice.

She stood up, turned to face the three men watching her as she watched the moisture in their eyes run down over their cheeks. The muscles in their jaws twitching as they held in the fury of pain they felt for her.

"Make love to me. Please," Hailey whispered. "Make his touch go away."

"Hailey," Dillon began, his voice much deeper than normal. "You don't know what you're asking of us sweetheart. You've never had the touch of one man, let alone three. You've only ever had the touch of a monster. We don't want to frighten you, sweetheart."

"Oh, you don't want me because he had me. Sorry, I'll just go," Hailey whispered as more tears coursed down her cheeks.

Dillon moved like lightning, he wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her back up against the front of him. "No. That never even entered our minds. We have wanted

to make love to you from the first moment we set eyes on you. We knew you were scared of something and wanted to take things slowly. We didn't want to scare you away sweetheart.”

“Then please, make love to me. It's what I want.”

“Are you sure baby?” Chance asked.

“Yes, I want you to erase it. I want it replaced by something good and loving. Please?”

“Alright sugar, but remember if you change your mind and want to stop, let us know. It doesn't matter when, if you want us to stop at any time, say stop or no. Okay?” Roman asked.

Hailey nodded, took Dillon and Roman's hands in each of hers and led the way to Dillon's room.

Chapter Seven

Hailey stood beside the bed clutching Dillon and Roman's hands at her sides. Now that she was here, in the bedroom she had no idea what to do.

"Who do you want to kiss you first, sweetheart?" Dillon asked as he looked down at her bent head. "You choose, none of us will be angry or upset being chosen over the others."

"You," Hailey whispered.

Roman let go of Hailey's hand and moved back away from her and Dillon, not wanting her to feel trapped. He watched as his brother tilted Hailey's face up to his and bent down to place his lips on hers.

Dillon slid his lips over her closed mouth and sighed at the first contact with her lush lips. Hailey pulled away from him and looked him in the eyes.

"I don't know what to do. I've never done this before," she stated with anguish.

"I know sweetheart. You're so precious, to us you are still a virgin. Do you trust me Hailey?"

Hailey gave a nod of affirmation.

"I want you to open your mouth to me sweetheart. I'm going to kiss you with my mouth open and slide my tongue in to touch yours."

"Will I like it?" she asked innocently.

"God I hope so, but if you don't you let me know, okay?"

Hailey nodded again and watched his mouth descend to hers once more. She kept her lips slightly parted, panting heavily as she waited.

His open mouth slanted over hers. She gave a groan as she felt desire pool low in her belly at the first contact. He slid his tongue over her top, then bottom lip, preparing her, easing her into the kiss. He slid the tip of his tongue into her mouth and touched the tip of hers. She groaned out loud into his mouth as she felt her pussy ache. This is what she'd heard other women talking about. This is what she'd wanted to experience the first time she made love. She threaded her fingers into Dillon's hair, clutching him to her as she began to kiss him back. She copied what he did, which had both of them moaning. Her body felt itchy, restless, so she began to rub her body over his. The kiss went on and on and on. She didn't want it to stop, but she needed more air. She pulled away from him, panting through her mouth as she looked at him. She gave him a smile when she saw he was panting just as much as she was.

"Wow," she whispered, running the tip of a finger over her swollen lips.

"Wow is right," Dillon reiterated.

"Can we do it again?" Hailey asked.

"Honey you can do that as much as you want. Why not try it with Roman or Chance as well?"

"Okay, Roman," Hailey said as she held her hand out to him.

Roman moved forward slowly,

cautiously, not wanting to seem too eager and scare her. He let Hailey take control.

Hailey stood on tip toes, reached up grabbed two handfuls of Roman's hair and pulled his mouth down to hers. She didn't hesitate she threw herself into the kiss, holding nothing back. She slipped her tongue into his mouth, tangling it with his as their lips and mouths slanted over each other's again and again.

Hailey pulled back and literally jumped into Chance's arms. He caught her to him as she wrapped her arms and legs around his waist. She swooped down kissing him with a carnal need she didn't know how to appease. She wriggled her hips and felt his hard bulge rub against her pussy. She thrust her hips as she wriggled and squirmed, their mouths imitating the sex act. She moaned out loud throwing her head back, not wanting to stop the delicious feelings at her crotch.

"Baby, you're close to having an orgasm. Will you let Roman and Dillon play with your breasts to enhance your pleasure?" Chance rasped out.

"Oh, yes. Please. I want you to touch me," Hailey sobbed. "It feels so good. I don't want it to stop ever."

"Why don't we get you out of your clothes, sweetheart? It will feel so much better, if you take your clothes off. I promise we'll keep ours on, so you won't get scared," Dillon confirmed.

"Okay, will you help me?"

"Yes, baby," Chance answered.

He carried her over to the bed and sat her on the mattress. He leaned down and began kissing her once more. She was lost as soon as their mouths touched again. She felt Roman and Dillon removing her clothes as Chance kissed her, but didn't get scared. She wanted them to touch her all over, especially the achy part between her thighs. Chance picked her up and gently placed her in the middle of the bed. He climbed on, sat on his haunches between her thighs, as Roman and Dillon lay down on either side of her.

She watched them with open eyes as they took in her nude body. She'd never been ashamed of her body, just the fact it had been used by someone without her consent. She could see the hunger and appreciation in their gazes and felt beautiful and feminine for the first time in her life. The power to know she could make them feel desire was heady, powerful.

"We are going to touch and kiss you, Hailey. We want to touch and kiss your breast and nipples, your legs, stomach, arms and your vagina. If we do something that makes you uncomfortable or you just plain don't like, tell us and we will stop. Alright sweetheart?" Dillon asked.

"You want to kiss....?"

"Oh yeah, baby. It makes woman feel really good. Are you okay with that?" Chance asked.

"As long as it feels good," Hailey said skeptically.

"It will, sugar," Roman reiterated.

Hailey kept her eyes open as she watched first Dillon then Roman wrap a large hand around each breast and begin to massage her flesh gently. She arched her chest up, trying to get more contact. She needed their touch, knew it could feel better, but didn't know how. She gave a deep guttural moan as they each flicked a thumb over her nipples and felt them harden and stab up into the air.

"That's it, sugar. Just lay back and enjoy the pleasure we can give you," Roman whispered into her ear.

Chance began to run his hands up and down the inside of Hailey's thighs. She could feel her vagina getting wetter and wetter the closer he came to touching her there. She opened her legs, giving, wanting, needing him to touch her as his brothers were touching her breasts.

"Please, Chance," Hailey begged.

Chance didn't hesitate, he ran his fingers through the hair covering her pubic mound, eliciting another moan from her. He slid his fingers down, sliding them over her outer lips, holding in the moan in his throat as he felt her dewy wet lips. He slid a gentle finger in between her folds, gathering some of her cream and running the tip of a finger over the sensitive bundle of nerves hidden within her soft flesh at the top of her pussy.

Hailey arched her hips up into his touch as he watched her face and his brothers pinch her turgid nipples between their thumb and index fingers. He rubbed with a little more pressure until she was writhing under their

ministrations.

“What are you doing to me? It feels so good. More, please, I want more,” Hailey pleaded.

Chance began to rub her clit faster as Roman and Dillon bent their heads down and sucked her nipples into their mouths. She screamed out as they gave her, her first ever orgasm.

Hailey moaned, twitched and panted as her body exploded and spasmed with pleasure. She hadn't known such ecstasy was possible and now that she'd had a taste, she wanted more. She wanted so much more. She wanted it all. Oh God, she was in love with them.

The three men moved back to give her room as she came down from her climactic high. They ran their hands over her arms and legs, helping to soothe her as she came back to herself.

“How do you feel, sweetheart?” Dillon asked as he looked at her, a gentle smile on his face.

“Wonderful. When can we do that again? I want you naked. All of you right now,” Hailey demanded.

“I don't think that's such a good idea, baby. You have no idea what we want to do to you. I don't think you're ready for what we need from you yet,” Chance advised.

“So tell me.”

“One of us would want to fuck your pussy, another would want to take you in your ass, and one of us would want to fuck your mouth,” Roman stated. He wanted her know

what they wanted to do with her. So if and when the time came she wouldn't be surprised or shocked.

Hailey felt her face turn red at the crudity of Roman's explanation, but she was also turned on by it. She grabbed hold of Dillon's arm as he began to get off the bed.

"I want you to do that with me. I want you to feel as much pleasure as you gave me. I trust all of you not to hurt me. I love you all, so much," Hailey blurted then covered her mouth with her hand.

"Oh Hailey. We love you too, sweetheart. You don't have to do anything if you're not ready, okay. We will never pressure you into doing anything you don't want to do or you're not ready for,," Dillon reiterated. He leaned down and kissed her on the mouth. Their tongues tangling, their lips sliding back and forth until they had to pull back to breathe.

Roman turned her head to his and took her mouth. His kisses were so much more demanding than Dillon's, but she loved the way he took command. He didn't frighten her in any way, he turned her on so much.

Chance nudged Roman out of his way and kissed Hailey as well. His touch and taste was just as exotic and enticing, as his brothers were. She loved them all so much, they each touched her in a different way. She knew it would break her heart if something ever happened to any of them. Chance pulled back and stood to his feet, Roman and Dillon followed suit.

Hailey watched as they began to

remove their clothes. She could feel her pussy becoming damp again as her juices leaked out onto her thighs and ass as they revealed their muscular bodies to her. They were so sexy. They all had wide broad shoulders, which tapered down to slim waists and long muscular legs. Her eyes moved back up to the hardened flesh between their thighs and she gasped out loud at the sheer magnificence of their size.

Dillon crawled up on the bed between her thighs looked into her eyes and he bent his head down to her sex. He kept his eyes on hers as he opened his mouth and licked her from top to bottom. He gave a sigh of satisfaction as Hailey closed her eyes, pushing her pussy up into his mouth. He closed his eyes and savored the taste of their woman's juices. Gave a growl of appreciation as her flavor exploded on his taste buds. He licked and laved her protruding nub, moved one hand to her hips to hold her steady and inserted a finger into her tight sheath. He sucked her clit in between his lips, flicked it with his tongue as he pumped a finger in and out of her tight wet pussy. She shot over the edge with a scream. Dillon growled with pleasure as he lapped up every drop of her cream, not wanting to waste it.

He grabbed a condom he had thrown onto the bed from his jeans pocket, covered himself with the protection, held Hailey's hips and began to push into her tight hole. Dillon watched Hailey's face, ready to pull out if she told him to, but hoping she would let them love her to completion. He slowly but irrevocably pushed into her, rocking his hips forwards and

backwards, inching his way in until he was buried to the hilt. He made sure he didn't cover her totally, not wanting to remind her of her past experience, but also wanting his brothers to have access to their woman's body.

Roman was taking her mouth with his in an open mouthed tongue dueling kiss while he pinched and plucked at one of her nipples. Chance was sucking her other nipple, laving and flicking the peak with his tongue.

Dillon began to thrust his hips, sliding his large cock in and out of Hailey's body, the exquisite, sensational, pleasurable friction causing them both to moan out loud. He stopped with his penis embedded in her, picked her up and sat her on his lap, making his brothers move away. He pulled her down with him as he lay on his back, spreading his thighs wide, giving one of his brother's access to her bottom.

Hailey tried to move against the flesh buried between her legs, she wriggled and squirmed, but Dillon wrapped his arms around her lower back and held her still.

"Shh sweetheart. We'll take you there I promise, just give Roman time to prepare your bottom for him. We are gonna make you feel so good," Dillon whispered against her ear, making her shiver.

"A little cold, sugar," Roman said just before his cold fingers began to massage over the hole of her anus. He smirked when he heard her gasp. He massaged and played until she was moaning. She was trying to rock her hips on Dillon's cock as she licked and bit at

his neck. He slowly penetrated her ass as her muscles began to relax. Roman made sure he wouldn't hurt Hailey in any way, shape or form. He indicated to Chance to open the tube of lubricant, to squirt some more of the cold slippery gel onto Hailey's little pucker and his slightly buried finger. He began to push his finger into her bottom as she opened to him more and more. He withdrew his finger, poured more lube on two fingers and pushed them into her tight hole. He slowly pumped them in and out of her body, scissoring his fingers, stretching her tight muscles and skin. He withdrew his finger, covered his cock with latex, then a copious amount of the lube and began to push in.

“Are you alright, sugar?” Roman growled out.

“Yes. More. Please.”

“We'll get there Hailey. Let me go slow, so I don't hurt you,” Roman said through gritted teeth. He could feel sweat forming on his brow, and running down the sides of his face as he kept a tight leash on his control. He held still as he felt the top of his cock pop through her tight sphincter muscles. When her body stopped clamping down on his cock he began to push forward, inch by excruciating inch until he was buried all the way in.

Chance moved up beside Hailey, turned her head towards him, as he held the base of his cock. She looked up into his face as she leaned down and wrapped her soft sweet silky lips around his engorged flesh. She sucked him in and down with a vengeance which had him

groaning out loud in pleasure. She began to twirl her tongue beneath the underside of his cock, making him moan more, as she repeatedly laved his sweet spot. She began to bob her head up and down to a rhythm in her head, giving him the most intensive pleasure he'd ever felt.

Dillon and Roman began to move in and out of Hailey's body alternately. They started off with slow push and pull movements, creating a pleasurable friction along the length of their cocks and the walls of her pussy. They slowly increased their pace as they watched her suck Chance's cock into the depths of her mouth and throat, her cheeks hollowing out as she moved over him.

They increased their pace again, moving faster and faster, deeper and deeper, in and out of her body making her moan around Chance's cock. They felt the walls of her cunt and ass, flutter around their cocks, so they upped the pace until they were pounding in and out of her tight holes.

"Baby, I'm gonna cum. If you don't want a mouthful pull off now," Chance yelled through his teeth.

Hailey sucked harder and faster, not relenting or giving an inch. She bobbed her head and swirled her tongue on the underside of his hard penis. Chance threw his head back and roared his completion, as he felt his cock spew his load out the end of his dick from his balls. Hailey swallowed him down, her throat closing tightly around his cock until she'd milked and sucked every bit of cum from him.

She pulled off as he began to soften.

Roman reached down between Hailey and his brother's body, flicked her clit with a finger and groaned as her pussy and ass muscles clamped down on them hard. She cried out loud as she hurtled over the edge of the cliff, her body trembling uncontrollably with pleasure.

Her body milked the cum from Roman's and Dillon's balls. They both yelled out as their cum spewed up and out into the ends of the condoms. The spasms of their buried flesh enhancing Hailey's climax until she flopped down on top of Dillon, replete.

They lay still, panting for breath as they came back down to earth. Roman slowly pulled his softening cock from Hailey's body and headed to the bathroom to clean up.

"How are you feeling, Hailey? Are you alright?" Dillon asked.

"Mm, wonderful. So good. Love you all," she slurred then drifted into sleep.

Chapter Eight

Hailey woke to the smell of food cooking. She yawned, stretched and winced as she felt unused muscles protest. She was aware of a heavy warm arm wrapped around her waist and a hard muscular body plastered up against her back. She turned her head on the arm she was resting on and gave a smile as she looked into Dillon's eyes.

“Hey,” she whispered.

“Hey yourself, sweetheart. You slept good?”

“Yes,” she replied with another stretch and yawn.

“I'm glad. How does a bath sound?” Dillon asked.

“Wonderful.”

“Come on, then. We've got about half an hour before dinner is ready,” Dillon stated as he helped Hailey to sit up then scooped her into his arms and off the bed. He carried her into the adjoining bathroom, set her down on her feet and started the bath. He picked her up again and stepped into the tub.

They both sighed as the warm water slowly lapped their bodies as the tub filled. They sat in the tub and washed each other, laughing as they found ticklish spots. When they were clean Dillon pulled Hailey onto his lap and looked down into her face.

“Are you alright sweetheart? No regrets?”

“No. Dillon I love you and your

brother's so much. I feel so full of happiness and joy. I don't want anything else intruding on that. The past is the past and has no benefit infringing on the present and the future.

"You are so strong and brave, sweetheart. I love you too," Dillon replied before he kissed her.

"Hey you two. You've got five minutes until dinner's ready," Roman growled.

Hailey felt guilty, until she looked up and saw Roman was smiling at them. She smiled back then stuck her tongue out at him. He was laughing as he left the room.

"Come on. We'd better get out before he complains about dinner burning," Dillon said with a smirk.

"Hmm, wonder what it is? I'm so hungry I could eat a side of beef," Hailey opined.

"Oh yeah? I'd bet you couldn't. There's nothing on you now sweetheart. You don't eat enough to keep a bird alive."

"I do so."

"Do not."

"Do too," Hailey fired back, then burst out laughing as she realized they sounded like a couple of kids.

They dried off and got dressed and headed out to the kitchen, dining room for dinner.

She proved him wrong. Hailey had been so hungry she'd gone back for seconds at dinner and ended up eating more than her men had. She helped Dillon clean the kitchen and load the dishwasher, then adjourned to the

living room.

“You know Hail's I would feel a lot better if you moved in with us, instead of living out there in that old bungalow. What do you say, sweetheart? Do you want to move in here with us?”

Hailey didn't hesitate, she launched herself into Dillon's arms and kissed all over his face. “Yes, yes. I would love to move in with all of you. I get so lonely by myself.”

“You don't have to work either, baby. Not if you don't want to, we have more than enough money,” Chance stated from beside her and Dillon.

“Now that is something I can't do. I need to feel like I'm pulling my weight financially as well. I don't care how much money you guys have, I like to work and keep busy. I wouldn't feel right not earning money,” Hailey said as she glared at Chance.

“Hey, I'm not saying you can't, babe. I'm just saying you don't have to if you don't want to,” Chance stated with contriteness.

“Sorry, I just need to feel as if I'm contributing to the running of a household. I've had to work from the time I was ten years old, and don't know how to be idle,” Hailey advised.

“It's alright, sugar. We just want you to be happy. If you want to work that's fine with us, but if you ever decide you've had enough, that would be okay too,” Roman suggested.

“Where am I going to sleep? I wouldn't feel right sleeping with just one of you every night. I don't want to be seen as favoring one of

you over the others,” Hailey opined.

“You let us worry about that, sweetheart. You sleep wherever you feel comfortable and we’ll work out the rest. I don’t want you worrying about anything unnecessarily, alright?” Dillon asked.

“Okay, but if you guys have any problems with what I do or don’t do, I want you to come tell me. Please?”

“I think that’s a great idea babe, and if you have any problems you have with us, you’re to come to us too. It’s the only way we’re going to make this relationship work. Alright?” Chance asked.

“Yeah, sounds good to me. I’m so glad I’ve still got four days left of my time off, but I still feel a little guilty. I feel fine now,” Hailey stated, then covered her mouth as she yawned.

“Yeah, we can see that sugar,” Roman stated facetiously.

Hailey gave a laugh and poked her tongue out at him.

“Careful Hailey, I just might be able to find something better for that tongue to do,” Roman said with a leer and a waggle of his eyebrows.

Hailey just gave him a sleepy smile as she curled up on the sofa between Roman and Chance. She lay with her head on Roman’s lap and her feet across Chance’s lap. She was sound asleep minutes later.

Hailey enjoyed her time off with her men. They spent their time looking at farm properties, going out to lunch and looking at horses. She was having the time of her life, for

the first time in her life. She was scared it was all a dream, scared the dream would shatter and she would wake up again in the reality of a nightmare. She lived each moment as it came, but deep down she was waiting for something or someone to come and take it all away again.

They visited with Simone, Sam, Griff and Connor one afternoon at the Triple R ranch. They all went horse riding much to Hailey's delight. She took to riding like a duck to water. Sam told her she was a natural and offered for her to come out anytime if she decided that she wanted to go for a ride again. As long as she took an experienced rider with her. Simone invited them to stay for a barbecue. Hailey helped Simone prepare salads while the six men gathered around the cooking meat, drinking beer while they chatted.

"You're looking so much better, Hailey. The time off has done you a world of good, and if I'm not mistaken, those three handsome men out there might have something to do with the content, happy, well-loved look on your face," Simone said with a grin.

Hailey laughed and knew her cheeks had gone crimson.

"I didn't mean to embarrass you. I'm one of those people who opens their mouth and changes feet before my brain kicks in. You have nothing to be embarrassed or ashamed about Hailey. What you have with those three men is precious and don't you let anyone else tell you any different. I know what I'm talking about honey, I'm married to three of the most wonderful men in the world. If you love them,

hold on tight and don't let go."

"You're the best Simone, thank you. I really needed to hear that right now," Hailey said as she moved and gave her new friend a hug.

"Hmm, well now, let's get this food out onto the table before Connor starts bellowing from hunger," Simone stated in a voice husky with emotion.

"Angel, the meats done," Connor yelled.

Simone and Hailey couldn't stop themselves from laughing as they carried the covered bowls out to the veranda. They all enjoyed their dinner, talking and laughing, getting to know each other better. The men seemed to click just as Simone and Hailey did. Dillon, Chance and Roman asked for advice on how to go about setting up their horse stud, then listened intently as Connor, Griff and Sam suggested ideas.

Her men asked Simone's men their opinions on which property they thought was best out of the ones up for sale. When Connor spoke up, he surprised the hell out of Hailey. He was such a demanding, arrogant man, or so she thought. She learned differently from his opinion.

"Hmm, well now watch and learn boys. Hailey did you get to see any of these properties?" Connor asked curiously.

"Yes, I saw all of them."

"Which one did you like the best sweetheart?" Connor asked.

"The first one we looked at. Why?"

“Just wanted to know. Why did you like the first one, over all the others?” Connor asked.

“Well, there was lots of room. I could envisage how the house should look, when it was fully renovated and the out buildings were all structurally sound. There was more land and the price was better value for money. There wasn't any work needed for a corral or the paddocks and the barn only needed a little work. Why?”

“Because women are always smarter when it comes to a house. They can see what it should and would be like from the heart,” Connor stated philosophically.

Hailey couldn't answer around the lump in her throat. She felt moisture pricking the back of her eyes so she gave him a nod and lowered her head.

She saw Simone get up from her seat, in her peripheral vision, walk around to Connor, plant herself on his lap. She wound her arms around his neck and kissed him. “I love you Connor.”

“Ditto angel,” Connor replied in a deep voice.

Hailey felt Dillon and Chance rub her upper thighs, soothing her as she tried to regain control of her emotions, as she picked up her glass of water and took a few sips.

Hailey helped Simone and Connor clean up the dishes and kitchen, then they sat out on the veranda sipping coffee as they watched the stars in the sky. It was so peaceful. Hailey could envisage herself with her men,

sitting out on the veranda of their house as they wound down from a busy day. Relaxing with the tranquil solitude of the country night air, the sounds of animals and the smells of the native flora. She could see herself sitting in a rocking chair or on a swing bench seat feeding her baby as her men sat beside her. She wanted it all and she was going to fight to get what she wanted and keep it. No matter what, no one and nothing was taking her men, or her away from her men.

They finished their coffee and thanked Simone, Sam, Griff and Connor for a wonderful dinner. Hailey gave Connor a hug and whispered in his ear.

“Thank you, Connor. You're a very special man,” Hailey whispered then kissed his cheek. Connor gave Hailey a wink and a smile.

“Hey,” Chance stated with a pretend snarl, “Get back over here woman.”

They were all laughing as they waved goodbye.

Roman carried a sleepy Hailey from the car into the house. She wrapped her arms around his neck and snuggled into his large warm body.

“Where do you want to sleep tonight sugar?” Roman asked as he carried her inside.

“I'll sleep on the sofa,” Hailey answered.

“You will not,” Roman said in a hard voice.

“I can't choose to sleep with one of you over the other, Roman. It's not fair that you're asking me. I want to sleep with all three

of you,” Hailey supplied around another yawn.

“Hailey, we understand and when we get out own place, you will be able to sleep with all three of us. We'll order a custom made bed big enough for all of us to sleep in, but there's not much choice at the moment. We want you to be comfortable and happy. If you like sleeping in Dillon's bed then that's where you'll sleep. If you'd rather share Chance's bed or mine then you'll sleep there. If you want to be loved by all three of us then that's what will happen. If you want to be with one of us at a time, then that is okay as well. If you want just two of us, that's what will happen. We'll never be jealous of each other, sugar, we're brothers and we love each other. I'm not saying we won't fight, because I know damn well we will. We have in the past and we will in the future, but we'll work it out between us. We don't want you getting in the middle of any of our fights. Okay Hailey?” Roman asked.

“Yes. I love you so much my chest hurts. All of you,” Hailey said as she looked at Chance and Dillon over Roman's shoulder.

“I love you too, sugar,” replied Roman.

“Love you babe.”

“I love you too, sweetheart.” Dillon replied.

“Now. Where do you want to sleep, Hail's?” Roman asked again.

“I'd really like to sleep with you tonight,” Hailey replied as she touched a hand to Roman's cheek.

Roman smiled down at Hailey, turned

her around so she could kiss Dillon and Chance
goodnight, then carried her to bed.

Chapter Nine

Roman helped Hailey remove her clothes, leaving her in her panties.

“I’m cold Roman. Can I sleep in one of your T-shirts, please?” Hailey asked as she shivered.

“Course you can, sugar,” Roman replied as he pulled a shirt from a drawer.

He helped her put it on over her head and tucked her beneath the covers. He quickly stripped down to his boxers and slid in beside Hailey. She moved up against him before he could pull her over. She lay on her side, her back to his front with her head resting on his arm. She wiggled until she was comfortable and gave a sigh as he wrapped her in his arms. She was asleep moments later.

Roman lay awake for a long time, savoring the feel of Hailey in his arms. If he could have kept his eyes open, he would have watched her sleep all night long. She was such a precious bundle. She had so much love to give. He and his brothers wanted to spend the rest of their lives filling Hailey's life with love and laughter. They wanted to see her stomach rounded as their child grew in her belly. They wanted to grow old with her.

They hadn't told Hailey, but Chance had been trying to find out about her past. He'd been searching for the asshole who had taken her body without her consent. They wanted to torture him the way the bastard had tortured their woman. They knew he was going to find

out where she was and come after her and they would be ready.

When Simone and Hailey had been inside fixing the salads for dinner, he and his brothers had spoken with Sam, Connor and Griff. They had told them about the three policeman in town also in a poly-amorous relationship. Sam had suggested he could get in touch with Noah D'Angelo, Zach and Tom Beech, on their behalf. The local police officers would be able to spread the word through the town of Passion to keep their eyes open for any suspicious strangers. Dillon, Chance and Roman had jumped at the chance and had wanted to meet the three cops.

Roman finally drifted to sleep, feeling peaceful and complete holding Hailey in his arms.

* * * *

Hailey gave a moan as she felt a warm wet tongue slide through the folds of her pussy. She spread her legs wider, wanting to feel more of the exquisite pleasure. She felt two warm wet mouths sucking and nibbling on her hard nipples. She wanted more. She couldn't get enough, she arched her breasts then her hips up into the mouths on her body, moaning deep in her throat.

"Hmm, you taste so good, babe,"
Chance rumbled out from down her body.

He slid a finger into her wet tight hole, sliding his finger in and out of her body as he flicked his tongue over her prominent clit again and again. He added another finger and turned,

then twisted his fingers around within her body, until the pads of his fingers were rubbing over a particularly sensitive pleasurable spot inside her throbbing sheath.

“Oh, more,” Hailey moaned. Just before Dillon covered her mouth with his.

She mated her tongue with his, kissing him back with all the love she felt. They were overwhelming her with pure sensation, she never wanted to stop feeling. She could feel the warning flutters in her pussy as her womb ached, coiling tighter and tighter as Chance pumped his fingers in and out of her body, faster and faster, continually rubbing the sweet spot inside her. She couldn't stand the pleasure but never wanted it to end.

Roman was at her side sucking and plucking on her nipples. He licked and nipped his way up her neck until he reached her ear. He gently blew his warm breath over her ear and watched with satisfaction as she quivered with pleasure.

“Don't tense up, sugar. Chance is going to make you feel so good. You're going to feel like you need to pee, but trust him Hailey. We would never do anything to embarrass, humiliate or harm you. I want you let go when you climax, sugar. Let us make you feel good,” Roman breathed against Hailey's ear.

Hailey pulled her mouth from Dillon's, arched her head back and screamed with pleasure. Her body shook as she flew to the stars, she felt her body expunge fluids as her pussy clamped down on Chance's fingers. She had never felt so loved, so special as they sent

her to heaven on earth.

Chance sheathed his cock with a condom, aligned himself with Hailey's body and began to work his way inside her. He moaned with pleasure as her body began to glove his cock in warm, wet flesh. He'd had sex plenty of times but none of it compared with this, with their woman. She was the love of their lives, their bright light shining in the darkness. He held still when his cock was buried to the hilt. He gently scooped her up into his arms, sitting impaled on his cock and lap, as he maneuvered them into position. He took her mouth with his, spread her legs wide with his thighs and held her hips still for Roman's penetration.

Roman moved up in between Hailey's spread legs, drizzled some cold lube onto the pucker of her anus and began to massage it into her sensitive skin. He felt her open and close a few times until her muscles finally relaxed. He gently pushed two fingers into her anus, gently massaging the slippery lube into her body. He pumped his fingers in and out of her ass until she began to push her hips up into his hand. He withdrew his fingers, put on a condom and lathered his cock with lube and began to push into her tight hole.

Roman took his time working his cock into Hailey's ass. He rocked his hips gently, sliding in and out, going deeper with every thrust until he was in all the way. He and Chance held still, giving Hailey time to adjust to their dual penetration.

Dillon moved up next to Hailey's head,

turned her head towards him and thrust his hips forward. He didn't need to say anything. Hailey opened her mouth wide and began to suck and bob over the length of his aroused flesh. He began to thrust his hips in time to her rhythm, being careful not to push too far into her mouth. Hailey wrapped her hand around the base of Dillon's penis and pulled him further into her mouth. He let her have her way and began to rock his hips as she sucked, then twirled her tongue around the head of his cock.

Chance and Roman began to move. They were so turned on watching Hailey giving Dillon a blow job, that they couldn't hold still anymore. Roman pulled out of her ass then pushed back in. Chance slid back then pushed back in to her tight wet cunt. They moved in and out of her body alternately, making sure at least one of her holes was filled with a cock, keeping her pleasure heightened.

The sounds of Hailey's slurping and sucking mouth escalated their passions to unbelievable heights. They couldn't get enough of her. They began to move faster and deeper as they thrust in and out, over and over again. Chance and Roman heard Hailey groan around Dillon's cock and he moaned in answer as her voice sent vibrations rushing down to his balls.

The sound of their balls slapping against her flesh echoed through the room as they pounded in and out of her body. Chance made sure to dig at Hailey's sweet spot with every penetration, as he slid in and out of her tight wet pussy. He felt the first ripples of her sex as they began to grip his cock, clamping

down on his flesh harder and harder until she snapped. Hailey screamed around Dillon's rod, the vibrations so intense as she sucked him deep then swallowed sent him over the edge with her. Roman and Chance roared out their own pleasure as their balls drew up against their body then shot their loads of cum out the end of their cocks into the tips of their condoms.

Hailey gave Dillon a last suck then let his softening cock slide out of her mouth, she licked her lips then slumped down onto Chance's chest. She was breathing heavily along with her men as they too tried to slow their breathing. She closed her eyes as she savored the feel of her men running their hands over her body as they soothed her back down from her climactic high.

Hailey showered and dressed as her men went out to make coffee and breakfast. She made her way to the kitchen and sat down to eat and sip at her coffee.

"What do you want to do today, sweetheart?" Dillon asked as he put the pancakes he had made onto a large plate, then carried it to the table.

"Well, I need to do some laundry and I was going to pack my stuff up and bring it over. If that's alright?" Hailey asked.

"Hail's, you don't need our permission to do what you want or need to do. Just as long as we now where you are or going, we're happy," Chance stated.

"Hmm okay. Just be patient with me, it's going to take me a while to get used to all

this,” Hailey opined.

“I have to go out soon, sweetheart. I have an appointment I can't break, but if you need help with anything Roman will be here to help you,” Dillon said. “Chance has to go out, too. Hopefully we won't be gone too long.”

“Okay, I'll be fine you know. I've been looking after myself for quite a while now,” Hailey said with a smile. “Besides, Roman will still be here.”

“Just make sure you ask him for help if you need it. I don't want you hurting yourself or tiring yourself out too much,” Dillon stated.

“I will I promise. Now go, you don't want to be late,” Hailey said, then gave Dillon a kiss.

Chance gave her a kiss as well, then she watched as they both left, looking back at her over their shoulder's before they were out of sight. She gave a sigh of pleasure, her heart was full of love. It was so nice to have someone worrying about her for a change. It made her feel loved, special and worthy for the first time in her life.

Roman and Hailey cleaned up the breakfast dishes and wiped down the counters. When they were done she left for her bungalow. She changed into clean clothes, put on the laundry and began packing her meager belongings. While she waited for the wash to finish in the machine, she cleaned her small living space. She vacuumed and dusted, she also cleaned the small bathroom until it sparkled and smelled fresh. She hung her wash out on the line, then began to carry her stuff to

the house. She put her things along one wall of the living room, until she could work out where to hang her clothing and store the rest of her things. Roman was on the phone in the kitchen, not wanting to disturb him she went back out to the bungalow for another box.

She walked through the open door to the bungalow and froze. Something wasn't right. She didn't know what it was, but she felt fear slither up her spine, making the hair at the back of her neck stand on end. She wanted to move, to back out the front door but for the life of her she couldn't get her leaden limbs to obey. Her heart was pounding in her chest so loudly she could hear nothing but the roar of blood and the rapid beat of her heart. She couldn't breathe, even though she knew she was panting with fear, she couldn't seem to fill her lungs with a decent breath of air.

The front door to her bungalow slammed closed behind her. Hailey spun around and backed away as she faced the monster in her nightmares. She felt so cold, yet sweat was appearing on her skin, her hands felt cold, clammy and slippery. She wiped them down the leg of her jeans as she backed up until she felt the wall against her back. She gave a whimper of fear as she looked into the angry, yet vacant eyes of her tormentor. She felt sick to her stomach and stars began to form before her eyes, she gulped in a breath of air as she inched back to the kitchen counter where she knew the carving knife was hanging on the wall. She slowly reached up trying to put her hand on the knife without taking her eyes from

him. The smile of knowledge he gave her chilled her to the bone, his eyes were still void of any expression. She turned her head to locate the knife and pulled it from the hook it was hanging on. She didn't see him move, but felt him at her back and side as he wrapped an arm tightly around her neck, covered her hand which held the knife then placed the blade against her throat.

Hailey had never been so afraid in her life. She could feel her body trembling with fear as the point of the knife blade pricked the soft skin of her throat. She felt a trickle of blood run down her neck as he held her tightly against him. She could feel his erection against her body and had to concentrate on keeping the bile churning in her stomach from erupting up her throat. Every time she swallowed she felt the knife point dig into her skin as the muscles in her throat convulsed.

"I told you I'd find you, you little slut. Did you think I'd let you run from me when you belong to me. I know you've been doing three men. You've proven you are the whore I thought you were. You're mine and if I can't have you, neither can they. I'll bet they don't pleasure you the way I can. Why else would you need three men?" he whispered against her ear, then licked the outside.

Hailey whimpered again, she wanted to call out, to scream for Roman to come and help her. But she couldn't seem to find her voice and even if she could she wasn't sure she would. The last thing she wanted was for one of her men to be hurt or killed, because of her.

He began dragging her back towards her living room, across to the front door and out to the side gate in the fence. The gate was standing open, he wouldn't need to release his hold on her to open it. He pulled her over to a dark small four door sedan, opened the front passenger door and pushed her inside.

“Slide over, you're driving,” he said.

Hailey moved as best she could and slid over the handbrake and center console of the car. At least she wouldn't have the knife at her throat anymore. She made to grab for the door handle and make her escape, but before she could he held the knife against the large artery in the side of her neck.

“No you don't, start the car or I'll kill you here and now.”

Hailey turned the key and gave another whimper as the car started on the first go. She was so scared she could hardly see straight. She reached for her seatbelt and put it on, put the car into drive and put her foot down on the accelerator. She didn't even look for traffic before she pulled the car onto the road. She was so scared it hadn't even entered her mind. She drove turning where he told her to, her hands were gripping the wheel tightly to prevent them from shaking but there was nothing she could do about her trembling leg. She hoped someone would see her erratic driving and stop the car. Her only hope was to be seen by the law and pulled over. What were her chances in such a small town? She had no idea where she was or where they were going, her mind was too frantic with panic to

assimilate her surroundings.

How long she drove for, she had no idea. Slowly the fear began to reside, pure fury began to permeate her body and mind. She didn't want to die. She wanted to spend the rest of her life loving her men and being loved in return. She let the anger consume her. Hailey finally began to take notice of where they were. Some of the landmarks looked familiar, but she couldn't quite place where she'd seen them before. It suddenly hit her, she was driving out near the Triple R Ranch. She obviously hadn't been driving for as long as she thought. She'd let her fear consume her. Well she wouldn't any longer. She was going to hang on to her fury and use it to her advantage. She would escape the bastard or die trying.

"Pull over," he commanded.

Hailey did what he said, trying to look like she was still afraid. She was going to keep looking meek and frightened until the opportunity she waited for presented itself. He was going to slip up soon. Someone as insane as he was would eventually.

He grabbed hold of her wrist with bruising force and pulled her over the handbrake and center console. She kept the cry of pain contained as the handbrake hit her thigh and dug into her flesh with bruising force. He dragged her from the car, not allowing her to get her feet beneath her. Her knees landed on the gravel road, scraping her skin through her jeans. He pulled her to her feet, then placed the knife point against her throat once more. He climbed over the barbed wire fence keeping the

knife digging into her skin.

Hailey spun and slammed her balled fist into his ear. He didn't let her go. His grip on her wrist was so strong it was almost inhuman. He pulled her over and through the fence, not caring about the wire tearing her skin. Hailey screamed in pain as the wire ripped into her thigh. His demonic laughter at her pain fed her rage, she held onto it, kept feeding it. She knew she was going to need every single ounce of her anger.

Chapter Ten

Roman got off the phone and began to wonder where Hailey was, what she was doing. He'd heard her bring a load of her stuff in while he was on the phone, but hadn't heard her come back. She seemed to have been gone a long time. His gut told him something was dreadfully wrong. He ran out the back door and over to the bungalow. The front door was wide open and so was the side gate. He walked through the front door of the bungalow and knew it was empty, but he still searched looking for signs of his woman. He made his way into the small kitchenette, his knees nearly buckling with fear as he saw a fresh drop of blood on the kitchen counter. He let out a roar so loud, full of fury and fear it was a wonder he didn't bring the neighbors running. He pulled his mobile from his pocket and called his brothers using the conference call facility on his phone.

"She's gone. He kidnapped her right from beneath my nose. Chance since you're already at the police station, you work there with them. Dillon call Bear, Tony and Colt get them to help. I'm going to call Sam, Griff and Connor. She's hurt guys, I found a drop of blood on the kitchen counter in the bungalow. Keep me informed, I'll do the same," Roman demanded. He disconnected the call, dialed the Triple R Ranch.

"Triple R Ranch, Connor speaking."

"Connor I need you, Sam and Griff's

help. That bastard has just kidnapped Hailey, I think she's hurt, I found a drop of blood on the counter of the bungalow,” Roman ground out through clenched teeth, barely keeping it together.

“Calm down Roman. I'll get Sam and Griff together, we'll start searching. We'll find her mate, don't let your emotions rule you. You know how to plan, push your emotions to the back of your mind, use that military training you've got.”

“Yeah, thanks Connor. Call me.”

“I will,” Connor replied, before he put the phone down.

Roman took a couple of deep breaths, held them, let them out slowly. He let his military training come to the forefront of his mind. He began to plan, he needed his brother's to work with him. He grabbed his keys, one of Hailey's T-shirts from the box against the wall, jumped in his truck and started the engine. Roman headed for the Passion Police station where he knew he would find both of his brother's.

Roman entered the police station to find his brother's, talking with six other men. Noah D'Angelo, Tom and Zach Beech, as well as Tony, Colt and Bear. Roman pushed his way through the me-lee of men to Bear's side.

“I've brought one of Hailey's T-shirts. I think it's been washed since she wore it, but do you think you could do your thing? See if you can find her, please?” Roman asked, anguish evident in his voice.

“Yeah, but I need to sit down. Come on

through to the kitchen,” Bear stated, turned and exited through the doorway.

Roman watched Bear take a seat, stretched out a hand for Hailey's shirt. He took it into his huge hand, closed his eyes, breathed in and out a few times. He watched Bear closely as he went into a trance like state. He didn't even realize he was holding his breath until he opened his mouth to gulp in much needed air. He felt the hair on his nape prickle then ease as he felt a small cool breeze brush over his skin. Bear opened his eyes, his face was leached of all color. Roman waited impatiently for Bear to come back to himself, to tell him what he had seen if anything.

“She's a few hundred meters from the Triple R Ranch house. Noah, call Sam, he has her on Triple R land,” Bear yelled out.

“Is she alright, Bear? Is she hurt?” asked Roman.

“She's alive, Roman,” Bear replied.

“Tell me Bear. I need to know,” Roman demanded.

“I don't think...” Bear began.

Roman moved over to Bear, grabbed the front of his shirt in a fist, “I need you to tell me, Bear. So help me, if you don't I'll beat it out of you.”

“Roman,” Dillon barked out, as he entered the kitchen. “Get a hold of yourself, man.”

“Sorry.”

“Hey no problem. Don't beat yourself up. I've been where you are,” Bear replied, understanding.

“What did you see, Bear?” Tony asked from behind Dillon.

“She's alive. She's determined to escape or die trying. He's nicked her throat, probably with a knife. She's got a slash down her thigh” Bear advised keeping his eyes on Roman.

He watched Roman's knees buckle slightly. Then by sheer will and determination, he pushed himself upright. The cold hard mask which formed over Roman's face gave even Bear the chills. He was glad the fury in Roman's eyes wasn't directed at him.

“Where is she?” Roman asked through clenched teeth.

“About a kilometer from the Triple R ranch house, to the west.”

“Let's go,” Roman yelled over his shoulder as he left the room. He knew his brothers were on his heels.

“Dillon, Sam just called Connor's found them,” Noah advised as he, Tom and Zach followed the three men out of the police station.

Dillon, Chance and Roman got into Roman's truck. Roman hopped into the driver's seat, started the engine and screamed out of the parking lot, tires spinning. They sped through the town of Passion, screeching around corners as they flew along the roads. What should have taken twenty minutes took half the amount of time. Roman pulled the truck to a halt where Sam and Griff were waiting for them, at the side of the road. Dillon and Chance were out of the truck before it came to a complete stop.

Roman was not far behind.

“He's got her tied to a tree in the middle of the paddock. She seems to be alright for now, though she is injured. Connor is keeping an eye on him through a pair of binoculars. There's not much cover surrounding the area, we're going to have to be very careful and quiet to get the jump on him. Someone's going to have to distract him, so we can get close enough to get her out alive,” Sam informed.

“I will,” Roman stated as he began to move.

“Roman wait. Here, take these with you. If you get a chance use it,” Sam advised, handing over a small revolver and a knife.

Roman tucked the revolver and knife into the back of his jeans waist band. He moved around the trees shielding the paddock from view of the road, climbed the fence and casually strolled towards Hailey and her kidnapper.

Roman stopped when he was ten meters away from the man holding his woman captive. He didn't dare look at Hailey, knew if he did, saw her injured, bleeding he would lose complete control of his emotions. He couldn't afford to do that.

“Oh good. Someone else has come to play. What's your name?”

“Roman.”

“Roman, ha ha. What sort of name is that?”

“What's your name?” Roman asked in a calm voice. He knew by the way the man sung his words, he was insane.

“You mean my adopted sister hasn't told you? I thought you were smarter than that Hailey. Tell him my name, my little whore.”

“David,” Hailey answered in a quiet voice.

“No, no, no, Hailey. Tell him my full name. I like people to know who their dealing with.”

“David Andrew Morton,” Hailey rasped out through a dry mouth and throat. She willed Roman to look at her, but he kept his eyes glued to her adoptive brother.

“Well, David Andrew Morton, it seems as if we're at an impasse. I'm not leaving without Hailey. I suggest you let her go now, so you don't get hurt,” Roman suggested calmly.

“Now, that's where you're wrong. It's not me that's going to get hurt. No, no, no, not me. You're going to be crawling at my feet by the time I've finished with you. Oh yes, he he. Yes, you will. Come closer Rome, Rome, Roman. I want you down on your knees. Now.” David demanded.

He didn't move fast enough for his liking. He should have done what he was told as soon as he told him to. Yes, he should. David moved up beside Hailey. He put the point of the knife to the side of her neck and began pushing. He wasn't ready to end her life yet. He really did not want to kill Hailey, but he would if he had to. The voices kept telling him what to do. He wished they'd leave him alone. He was sick and tired of listening to them. They were drowning him. Making him

lose himself.

Roman didn't take his eyes from David, but did what the madman wanted him to. He slowly sank to his knees as he waited for the opportunity to get David away from Hailey. He only needed an instant in time so he could gain the upper hand, take control of the situation.

David pulled the knife away from Hailey's neck, turned, pointed it at Roman. "Why did you have to come and spoil my fun? He he, I'm so clever. I can rhyme my words that makes you a nerd."

Roman hoped David kept talking to himself as he kept his eyes on him. He had seen movement behind the tree Hailey was tethered to. The last thing he needed now was for David to see whoever was creeping up behind him.

"Why do you need Hailey, David?" Roman asked.

"Why? How dare you ask me why. It's none of your damn business. Hailey, Hailey, do the dishes girl. Hailey, Hailey, wash the floor. Hailey, Hailey, I'm sick of your name. They never had any time for me. All they ever did was call Hailey, Hailey," David quoted.

It looked like he was fighting an internal battle of some kind. Roman needed David to move to the side of the tree. At the moment he was standing too close. He needed to give Connor the opportunity to get off a shot.

"Why did they like Hailey better than you David?" Roman goaded.

"They did not," screamed David.

“They loved me. Yes, they did. You don't know what you're talking about. You weren't there.”

“So tell me,” Roman demanded.

“Why should I tell you? No, no, no,”

David screamed as he held one hand to the side of his head. “Get out and leave me alone.”

“They liked Hailey better because she did everything they told her too. Didn't they David? How could they like Hailey over you when she wasn't even their daughter? They loved Hailey more than you did. What did you do to make them hate you David?” Roman goaded again, hoping he would lose what little control he had left.

“No,” David screamed as he charged Roman, knife raised in his hand ready to strike. The gun shot echoed through the air. David fell in front of Roman, the back of his head had a gaping hole in it, where blood and brain matter leaked from.

Roman was on his feet, at Hailey's side in an instant. Connor cut the rope from around her body. He caught her as her body crumpled into his arms as he went down on his knees. Roman knew he needed to see to her injuries, he couldn't seem to make himself move. He cradled Hailey's upper body in his arms, while Connor cut Hailey's jeans from her injured thigh.

“Oh God, Hailey. I'm so sorry, sugar. I shouldn't have let him get to you. Hailey wake up. Please, don't die on me, us. We've only just found you. We bought the farm for you baby. We want to marry you, have babies with you.

Hailey, please wake up, sugar,” Roman pleaded. Unaware of the tears rolling down his cheeks.

Men came from everywhere. Dillon and Chance had to literally pull Roman away from Hailey, so the paramedics on standby could work on her injuries. The cuts on her neck were superficial but the slash on her thigh looked bad. She had lost a lot of blood. They set up a drip, wrapped her wounded thigh and took off at a run with Hailey unconscious on the stretcher. They had her in the back of the ambulance and on the way to the hospital in moments.

Dillon took hold of Roman and hugged him, grabbed him by the shirt and shook him. “Get it together man. None of this is your fault. Come on Roman, we need to get to the hospital. We don't want Hailey waking up without us.”

Chapter Eleven

Everyone arrived at the hospital within moments of each other. Roman was the first person through the door to the emergency room. He walked over to the nurses' station and asked about Hailey.

"Excuse me, I want to know any information you can give me regarding Hailey Wood, please."

"You are?" asked the nurse.

"I'm Roman Bartram, her fiancé. How is she?"

"The doctors are still working on your fiancé Mr. Bartram, please take a seat. The doctor will be with you as soon as he can," the nurse replied.

Roman was too wired to sit down. He paced the waiting room in agitation. He wouldn't be able to calm down until he knew Hailey was going to be alright. Someone handed him a cup of coffee. He sipped at it, not really tasting it. It could have been poison for all the notice he took. They waited for a long time. Roman's patience was at an end. He was just about to burst through the emergency room doors as they opened.

"Are you with Hailey Wood?" asked the female doctor.

"Yes. I'm Roman Bartram, Hailey's fiancé," Roman stated, holding a hand out in greeting.

"I'm Doctor Olivia Wright. Hailey is going to be fine. It will take a while before she

is back on her feet. I want to keep her in overnight. We've had to give her quite a bit of blood to replace what she lost, as well as saline solution to rehydrate her. The slash in her leg was pretty nasty, which has been repaired. She should be able to walk on it by tomorrow but only for short periods of time. She's going to feel very tired as a result from her blood loss."

"Thanks, Doctor Wright, I appreciate everything you've done for Hailey," Roman said gratefully.

"Just doing my job. I expect you'd like to see Hailey. If you'd like to follow me, I'll take you to her."

"Doctor, my brothers are also Hailey's fiancés. Is it alright if they come too?" asked Roman.

"Sure," Doctor Wright answered without the bat on an eyelid. "Please, call me Olivia."

Roman, Dillon and Chance entered the cubicle in the emergency ward, they stood around the bed their woman was laying in. She looked so pale and defenseless. They moved in closer to her. Roman pulled a chair up close to the bed, sat down, gently took her hand in his, being careful not to touch the IV in the back of her hand. Dillon sat on the end of the bed, whilst Chance sat down in a chair on the other side of her.

"She should wake soon. Don't let the fact she is still asleep bother you. She's been through a trauma, her body needs to recuperate. Talk to her. I'll leave you to it," Olivia stated then left.

Roman smoothed his thumb on the inside of Hailey's wrist as he listened to Chance talk to her.

"Hailey, you need to wake up now. We need to know, to see, you're going to be alright. You scared the shit out of us, babe. I love you Hailey. We have a surprise for you. You have to wake up so we can give it to you," Chance demanded, his voice full of emotion.

"Listen to us, sweetheart. We want you to wake up. We're allowed to take you home tomorrow, but you need to wake up first. I love you Hailey," Dillon declared.

"Hailey, I'm so sorry I didn't know your nightmare was near. If I hadn't been on the phone, I could have prevented you from being kidnapped and hurt. I'll never be able to forgive myself, sugar. Please, wake up Hailey." Roman rasped through the lump in his throat.

Hailey could hear her men talking to her. She struggled through the layers of fog, reaching for the surface of her mind. She knew she was safe, her men surrounding her. She wanted to reach out, hang on to the sound of their voices. She could feel lethargy pulling her back down into the black abyss. No, she couldn't give up. She had to keep fighting. She needed to feel the arms of her men around her. She loved them so much.

Hailey used all her strength until she could feel them touching her. She sighed with relief, finally knowing she'd won another battle. Her eyelids fluttered, light pierced through her retinas. She ignored the throbbing pain in her leg, she pushed through the final

layer to see the faces of the men she loved with her whole heart.

“Hailey. Thank God,” Roman said, as she opened her eyes.

“Roman,” Hailey whispered. Her throat was sore and dry. She tried to lick her lips but her tongue felt as if it was stuck to the roof of her mouth.

“Here baby,” Chance said holding a glass of water with a bent straw sticking out of it for her.

Hailey took a few sips, swirled the cool moistening liquid in her mouth, swallowed, then had more water. She nodded when her thirst was appeased for the moment.

“Roman it wasn't your fault. Please stop blaming yourself. He was mad, insane,” Hailey reiterated.

“I know, sugar. But if I had been more vigilant, David would not have gotten near you,” Roman opined.

“Roman, if it hadn't been today it would have been another day. He was insane, nothing or no one, would or could have stopped him. It wasn't your fault. Please stop blaming yourself. Would you have blamed Dillon or Chance, if I was with them at the time? Please, I don't blame you, your brother's don't blame you, so stop blaming yourself.”

“I love you so much, Hailey. I couldn't have lived with the guilt if he had killed you,” Roman stated.

“I love you too, Roman. Stop going over the scenarios of what if. Someone wise once told me to grab life with both hands, not

to dwell on the past, but to live for the present and future.”

“Love you, baby,” Chance said from her side. He leaned down and kissed her dry chapped lips. It was the best kiss he'd ever had from their woman. She was still alive.

“Hailey, I love you so much. I can't wait until we can get you out of here,” Dillon said from his seated position at the end of her bed.

“Me either,” Hailey stated around a yawn.

“Get some sleep, Hail's. We'll be back first thing in the morning to bust you out of this joint,” Roman said with a wink.

“Love you guys,” Hailey muttered just before she drifted to sleep.

* * * *

Hailey was ready and waiting the next morning. She'd been showered with help from a nurse; she couldn't wait for her men to arrive. She'd slept fitfully throughout the night, the noise of a hospital intruding, making it difficult. As well as not being held by all or one of her men. She was still in the curtained off cubicle of the emergency ward. The incessant noise was giving her a headache.

“Hail's, how are you feeling?” Roman asked as he walked through the curtain, Dillon and Chance close behind.

“Good. Did you bring me something to wear?” Hailey asked hopefully.

Roman held up a plastic bag with a

shop logo on the front.

“Oh, Roman. You didn't have to buy me anything, I have clothes back at the house and bungalow,” Hailey said. She was secretly delighted since Roman had bought her something.

“I love you, sugar,” Roman said, bent down and kissed her on the lips.

“Love you, too.”

“I bought you a pair of new track pants. There a size larger so they won't rub on your thigh and irritate your stitches,” Roman advised.

“You're such a sweetheart,” Hailey opined.

“Nah, just didn't want you uncomfortable. Do you want some help putting them on?”

“Yes, please. Wait a minute honey. Dillon, Chance come and give me a kiss,” Hailey demanded.

Dillon and Chance moved forward, kissed Hailey in greeting then moved back for Roman to help her dress. She was dressed in no time at all, wearing a new pair of sweat pants with one of her men's T-shirts. She felt so loved, her heart was bursting with emotion.

“I've already gone through all the paperwork, so let's get out of here,” Hailey said impatiently.

“Allow me sugar,” Roman said a moment before he scooped her up into his arms.

“I can walk, you know. A few stitches aren't going to stop me.”

“I know, Hail's. Humor me, I need to feel you in my arms again,” Roman said in a husky voice.

Hailey wrapped her arms around Roman's neck, placed her head on his shoulder and snuggled in. “Can we stop at the café for breakfast? The food served here is terrible,” Hailey stated in distaste.

“We sure can, sugar. What do you have a hankering for?” asked Roman.

“Hmm, since horse isn't on the menu, I guess I'll have to settle for pancakes. No, maybe bacon and eggs. I'm so hungry,” Hailey said just before her stomach growled loudly.

“So I can hear,” Roman said with a laugh. “I'll order everything on the menu if you want it, sugar.”

“No, but I might just order the pancakes and the bacon and eggs,” Hailey advised with a grin. “Whose driving?”

“I am,” Chance answered. He leaned down and kissed her passionately before Roman got in the truck, keeping Hailey on his lap.

“You know I should be sitting over there with a seatbelt on,” Hailey stated as she pointed to the other side of the seat.

“Wait a minute,” Roman said. He proceeded to pull the seatbelt out over the both of them then clipped it into the slot. “Better?”

“I really don't think,” Hailey began with a frown.

“Good. Don't think, sugar,” Roman said before he took her mouth with his own. The kiss he gave her was so carnal, Hailey

wanted Roman to strip her down and fuck her in the back seat of the truck.

“Hey, behave you two,” Dillon growled, the smile on his face evident in his voice.

Hailey pulled her mouth from Roman's, she panted for breath, as she gave Dillon a wink.

“Alright, let's go get some breakfast,” Dillon said as he climbed into the back seat of the truck.

“Hey. Do I look like a chauffeur to you?” Chance asked over his shoulder.

“I can get in the front seat with you,” Hailey suggested.

“Not on your life, sugar,” Roman growled with mock anger, his arms tightening around her waist.

“Can we just go please? I'm really hungry,” Hailey stated.

“Sure thing babe,” Chance answered as he started the vehicle.

They arrived at the cafe five minutes later. Dillon scooped Hailey out of Roman's arms, carried her inside the cafe and had her deposited comfortably in a chair. Her men sat down next to and across from her, they perused the menu then ordered when the female waiter stopped at their table.

“I'll have the pancakes and the bacon with eggs, thanks,” ordered Hailey.

“I'll have the same, please,” ordered Roman.

“I'll have the bacon, eggs, sausage, hash browns and toast,” ordered Dillon.

“I’ll have the same,” Chance said pointing to Dillon.

“Hailey,” squealed a familiar feminine voice.

“Simone,” Hailey replied.

“Oh my God, girlfriend. Are you alright?” Simone asked. She approached Hailey and gave her a hug.

“I’m fine,” Hailey replied as she returned the hug.

“I’m so glad. I was so scared for you,” Simone stated in a tremulous voice.

“Yeah me too.”

Hailey watched as Sam, Griff and Connor walked up behind their wife, surrounding her, comforting her in her emotional stress by placing their hands on her back and arms. Hailey stood carefully, as her leg twanged with pain, progressed slowly over to Connor, wrapped her arms around his waist and hugged him tight. Connor returned her hug, awkwardly placing an arm around her, while patting her on the shoulder with the other.

“Connor, thank you for saving my life. I’ll never be able to repay you for that, but if you ever need anything, or if I can do anything for you, please just let me know.”

“Aw, now Hailey, I would have done it for anyone,” Connor said uncomfortably, feeling his cheeks get hot.

“I know you would have, but I still thank you from the bottom of my heart,” Hailey replied. She reached up grabbed his hair and pulled his head down to her, she gave him

a noisy kiss on the cheek, giving a chuckle as she watched his face turn red.

Connor didn't say anything just gave her another pat on the shoulder. He loved the way women were so emotional about things, loved the way they were always wanting to touch and how soft they were, but he wasn't used to anyone but his wife touching him anymore.

Hailey went back to her chair and grinned widely as she watched her men thank Connor. The display of affection was laughable, they thumped him on the back, shook his hand and thanked him verbally. They all looked so awkward it was funny. Simone and Hailey glanced at each other. They noticed they were both biting on their lips to contain their mirth. It broke free. They laughed and laughed until tears were rolling down their cheeks. It was such a great stress relief, in that moment a bonding friendship between the two women was forged forever.

Chapter Twelve

Hailey gave a sigh as the last of her stitches were removed from her thigh. They had been driving her mad, the itching they had caused had been phenomenal. Her men were driving her crazy too. At least one of them had been with her twenty-four seven since she had been released from the hospital. They didn't seem to want to let her out of their sight. As much as she understood, she also needed some time to herself.

Whoever was babysitting her would occupy her time by playing games, watching movies or just snuggling with her. They hadn't made love with her since she'd been home, she was beside herself, her body was crying out for their touch. She loved the time she got to spend one on one with each of her men, but she was becoming restless, wanted, needed to get back into a normal routine. She was so horny she wanted to jump their bones all at once, over and over again.

Simone had visited her once and she had brought the blond woman she had seen in the café the first day she had arrived in Passion. Nikki Sprite was such a fun woman to be around and her men were all so protective of her, she made her and Simone laugh with her antics for freedom. She loved to goad Tony and Colt the most, she said Bear was a pushover and gave her whatever she wanted. Hailey thought that was astounding since he was the biggest of her men, but you should never judge

a book from a cover. Simone and Nikki couldn't wait to introduce Hailey to the other women in Passion involved in poly-amorous relationships. They said the women, Antonia and Natasha Cameron and Elizabeth Smart were down to earth with wonderful senses of humor. Hailey was looking forward to it. She'd never had female friends before moving to Passion.

Hailey sauntered out of the Doctor's office grabbed Dillon's hand, pulled him along behind her, out the door to the truck.

"What's wrong sweetheart?" Dillon asked, a frown marring his face.

"Not a thing. I'm just in a hurry to get home," Hailey replied with a gleam in her eye.

"Okay, as long as you're sure nothin's bothering you," Dillon said, trying to contain the smile threatening. He knew damn well what was wrong with Hailey. It was the same thing bothering him and his brother's. He helped her into the truck, quickly walked around and got in behind the wheel. He started the ignition, checked the traffic, reversed from the parking space and headed home.

It had been Dillon's job to go to the Doctor's with Hailey, while Chance and Roman set up the celebrating they were going to do once her stitches were removed. He knew what was awaiting Hailey's return. He pulled into the drive moments later.

Dillon hopped out of the truck, went around to Hailey's door, scooped her up into his arms and carried her inside.

"I can walk, you know," Hailey stated

as she wrapped her arms around Dillon's neck and snuggled into his big, warm body.

"I know you can, sweetheart. I love the feel of you in my arms, we all do," Dillon replied and kissed her on the head as he walked. He took her straight into the bathroom.

Hailey gave a sigh of delight. There were candles lit around the bath tub which was full of steaming scented water, awaiting her to luxuriate in. Dillon slid her down the length of his body, helped her undress, then into the tub. She sank down with a sigh, the warm water with scented oil, relaxing her senses as she sat chin deep.

"Oh this is so nice. Thanks guys," Hailey called, loud enough for Roman and Chance to hear her.

Chance entered the bathroom with two glasses filled with wine, Roman on his heels with another two. They set the glasses on the rim of the tub, stripped from their clothes, then all three of her men joined her in the large spa bath.

Hailey picked up a glass, she took a sip of her favorite wine as she closed her eyes. She felt so decadent sitting in the tub with her men, drinking wine, candles flickering light from the ends of the tub. The oil in the tub would go a long way to replenishing what moisture had been lost at her injury site. She gave a slight jerk as she felt hands wrap around each of her ankles, then slid down to her feet. She opened her eyes, looked at Chance and Roman as they began to massage the arches of her feet.

Dillon lifted her by the waist, sat her on

his naked lap, slid his hands up her sides, over her rib cage, until he reached the outer swell of her breasts. He slid his hands over her wet skin, cupped her breasts in his large hands and kneaded her flesh.

Hailey moaned as arousal kicked in, she thrust her breasts into Dillon's hands, trying to get contact on her nipples, where she needed, wanted his touch the most. Chance and Roman moved closer to her, slide their hands from her feet, up over her calves until they reached the inside of her thighs. She could feel the ache in her pussy. Her clit began to throb, her vagina clenched and released, begging to be filled. They slid their fingers over her delicate folds of flesh. One of them teased around her wet hole, whilst the other flicked her clit.

Dillon stood up all of a sudden, making Hailey give a shriek of surprise as he took her with him, lifting her with his strong muscular arms. Water sluiced down their bodies; he stepped from the tub, Roman and Chance following.

Dillon slid her down the length of his body, held her steady until she was safely on her feet. He grabbed a towel and began to rub her briskly, impatiently, hunger emanating from his eyes. He stared down at her, drying himself, watched her eyes cloud with hunger as she followed the movements of the towel over his body, then back up to his face. He gave a growl, picked her up and quickly moved towards the bed. He lay her in the middle and followed her down as he covered her mouth

with his own.

Hailey felt as if she was on fire. She wanted, needed the touch of the men she loved. She felt like an animal in heat. She couldn't wait for her three men to make love to her. She kissed Dillon with an unrestrained intensity. She couldn't get enough of his touch, taste. She wanted him so badly, she wanted all of them buried in her flesh. Touching her everywhere at once. She tangled her tongue with his, sucking and nipping as she let her hands wander down his muscular back. She kneaded her small hands into his buttocks, pulling him harder against her, arching her hips up into his.

Dillon growled into her mouth, before he weaned his lips from hers. He pushed her thighs wide with his own, moved back from her, using his arms; he sat back watching her with a predators intent through passion filled eyes.

Roman reached over, turned her head to him, bent down and took her mouth with a salaciousness which took her breath away. He thrust his tongue into her mouth, tangling with hers, ran his over the inside of her cheeks, tickled the roof of her mouth. He weaned his lips from hers, kissed his way over her cheek to her jawline, nibbled her ear as he nipped his way down her neck. He reached her collar bone, slid his tongue along and over her sensitive silky skin until he reached her breast. He flickered his tongue over her hardened nipple, then sucked it into his mouth, suckling her flesh hard.

Dillon slid down the bed as he watched

Roman suck on Hailey's nipple whilst Chance kissed her mouth. He bent his head down, ran his tongue through her wet folds from bottom to top then curled his tongue around and over her engorged clit. All three men listened to the sounds Hailey made as they pleased her. Getting more turned on, the louder she got.

Dillon pushed a finger into her tight, hot, wet cunt, sliding his finger in and out of her hole, making sure to rub her G-spot. He placed a hand low over her pubic bone as she arched up into his touch. He licked, laved and nibbled at her clit, pumping his finger in and out of her pussy over and over again. When he felt the telltale flutters of her internal muscles, he added another finger, sliding the pads of his fingers gently but firmly over her sweet spot. He opened his mouth to receive his sweet tasting reward as Hailey's vagina clamped down hard on his fingers, as he sent her over the cliff into nirvana. He didn't stop pumping his fingers until the flutters of her walls stopped completely.

Dillon moved up between her spread thighs, aimed his hard cock for her hole; he thrust into her tight sheath with one powerful surge until he was buried to the hilt. He picked her up from the bed, sit her on his lap, impaling her more deeply onto his cock.

“Dillon, what did you do to me?”

Hailey gasped out, around heavy breaths.

“Didn't you like it?”

“I loved it, honey. I've never cum so hard in my life,” Hailey stated, as she placed a hand against his hair stubbled cheek.

“I made you cum real hard, didn't I sweetheart? I love it that I could make you squirt Hailey. I'll do it all the time, if you want me to?”

“God, yes. I loved it Dillon. I thought I was going to pass out from too much pleasure.”

“We could never give you too much pleasure, baby,” Chance growled from behind Hailey.

Chance pushed on Hailey's shoulder to get her and Dillon to lay back on the bed. Dillon lay on his back, with Hailey laying on top of him, still impaled on his cock.

“Cold,” Chance warned, before he placed two fingers against Hailey's anus. He massaged the cold lube into her hole until he was breaching her with the tips of his fingers. He paused, giving her body time to adjust to his penetration. He felt her muscles slowly relax around his finger, quickly pulled them out of her body and replaced them with his latex and lube covered cock.

Chance slowly began to work his way into her tight ass. He groaned with pleasure as her flesh and muscles enveloped the crown of his cock. He slowly but surely pushed in to her body; he held still when he was balls deep.

Roman slid up the bed until he was level with Hailey, he turned her head towards him and took her mouth with a carnally passionate kiss. He slowed the kiss down, pulled his mouth back from her; he held his cock in front of her mouth, waiting for her to open up to him.

Hailey opened her mouth wide, swirled

her tongue around the corona of his dick, making sure to flick the sensitive underside with her tongue. She moved her tongue back up to the top, licked over the hole, gathering the drop of pre cum and gave a moan as his sweet salty taste exploded on her taste buds. She opened her mouth wide and sucked him down into the depths of her mouth. She set up a rhythm of suck, a swirl of her tongue, to bob her head back down, her mouth enveloping his flesh, only to start all over again.

Chance withdrew his cock until just the tip was still inside Hailey's tight ass, he pushed back in with a groan as his hard cock was once more enveloped in her flesh, her muscles gripping tight.

Dillon pulled his cock from Hailey's warm, wet pussy as Chance pushed back in. They set up a slow easy rhythm, not wanting their pleasure to end too soon. They wanted to savor the sensations of being balls deep as they slid their cocks in to the deepest depths, then out, letting the friction of the slide caress their flesh. They watched Hailey suck Roman's cock, their eyes glittering with fire, arousal so high they never wanted to leave her body.

When Hailey began to rock her hips forward and back, urging them to move faster as the walls of her cunt fluttered around their hard flesh, they lost control.

Dillon and Chance began to pound in and out of her body at the same time, watching her suck, bob and moan around Roman's rod. They placed their hands at her hips and waist, each of them holding her still as they slammed

into her hard and deep.

Roman gave a roar as he threw his head back, pushed his cock to the back of Hailey's throat and spewed his load into her mouth. He finally pulled his cock out as he began to soften, Hailey licking him clean.

Hailey gave a whimper as her internal muscles coiled tighter and tighter, Dillon and Chance were slamming in and out of her body. She threw her head back, screamed her pleasure as she clamped down on their hard flesh. She saw stars, her vision fading, the pleasure unbearable. She was vaguely aware of her men reaching their peaks, giving a roar which faded into the distance as she slumped down on top of Dillon, drifting into a peaceful slumber. She didn't stir as her men cleaned her up, tucked her in and left the room after redressing.

Chapter Thirteen

Hailey woke to the smell of coffee and food. Her stomach growled, she yawned, stretched, and headed to the bathroom. She took a quick shower, dressed and wandered out into the kitchen.

Her men were already sitting down, a plate of hot food and coffee waiting for her on the table.

"Hi, sweetheart, how are you feeling?" Dillon asked with concern. "We weren't too rough on you, were we Hailey?"

"No. I'm fine," Hailey replied as she sat down. Her men had cooked up some stakes and vegetables. She loved that she didn't have to do all the cooking. They took it in turns, cooking and cleaning up.

"We want to take you for a drive this afternoon, baby," Chance said with smile.

"Okay. Where are we going?"

"It's a surprise sugar," Roman replied.

"Oh, I love surprises. I've never had one before," Hailey advised moisture prickling the back of her eyes.

"How can you know you love them then, sweetheart?" Dillon asked with a smirk.

"Cause I've never had one. Just the thought of you guys giving me a surprise, has me so itchy, I want to leave now."

"Eat first Hail's. You need to keep your strength up," Roman said with a waggle of his eyebrows.

Hailey dug into her food and didn't say

another word until she'd eaten her fill. She noticed her men watching her with amused expressions, but didn't let it bother her. She was too excited, she wanted her surprise and she wanted now.

Hailey removed her half eaten food and began to clean the kitchen whilst her men finished eating. She was almost done, she only had their plates and cutlery left to do, by the time they'd finished.

"Hailey, you don't eat enough," Dillon said as he wrapped his arms around her waist from behind her.

"Yes I do. I'm half you size, Dillon. If I needed more food, I would've eaten more. My body lets me know if I need more, stop worrying, I'm fine."

"I love you Hailey. Of course I worry about you. You've been through hell, I don't want you getting sick," Dillon said with a frown.

"I'm as healthy as a horse. I feel fine. I promise to tell you if I feel under the weather. Okay?"

"Just make sure you do sweetheart."

"Can we go now? The dishes are done."

"You're an eager little thing ain't you sugar," Roman stated as he picked her up in his arms and twirled her around.

The sound of Hailey's laughter was the most beautiful sound in the world to her three men. They were never, ever letting her go.

Hailey sat in the back of the truck with Chance. He'd wrapped her scarf around her

head, blindfolding her so she couldn't see where they were headed. She was so excited she couldn't sit still and her mouth was going a hundred miles an hour, trying to find out what was going on. Her men wouldn't tell her, they were totally silent on the drive, much to Hailey's frustration.

She finally felt the truck slow and turn, the noise of the tires crunching on gravel. She breathed deeply smelling eucalyptus and gum trees through the crack of her open window. She thought they might be on the Triple R Ranch for a visit with Simone and her men.

The truck stopped and doors were opened then closed. Her door opened and two male hands reached in to help her out. Dillon and Roman were holding her hands, she could tell by their unique scents. They led her a few steps, turned her around not letting go of her hands. Chance moved into her from behind, snuggling the length of his body up against her back.

“Close your eyes, baby. Don't open them until we tell you,” Chance stated from above her. He removed the scarf from her eyes and she held her breath, waiting, letting the anticipation build.

“Open your eye, Hail's” Roman commanded.

Hailey opened her eyes, blinked a few times to clear her blurry vision and opened then closed her mouth. She looked from the farm house to Dillon, back to farm house, to Roman, then turned around to face Chance.

Chance turned her back around to face

the house and his brother's. He moved around until he was standing with Roman and Dillon. As one they all got down on their knees, keeping their eyes on Hailey's face.

"Hailey, I love you," Roman said his voice deep with emotion as he took one of her hands in his.

"I love you, baby," Chance stated taking her other hand.

"Hailey, you are so special sweetheart. You are strong, loving, sweet and gentle, I love you with my whole heart. You are the air we breathe, you light up our lives. You complete us. Hailey, would you do us the honor of marrying us? We want to spend the rest of our lives with you. We want to make a home with you," Dillon stated as he swept his hand toward the house behind them. "We want to fill our home with love, laughter and children. You'll marry me on paper sweetheart, since I'm the eldest, but you will belong to all of us. You will be married to all of us in our hearts. What do you say Hailey? Will you marry us?" Dillon asked again.

Hailey stood with a hand covering her mouth. Tears streamed down her cheeks, as love overflowed from her heart. She threw herself down into Dillon's arms, then wrapped an arm around Chance and Roman's necks, bringing them in close until they all touched their heads with her.

"Oh my. Yes, I'll marry all of you. You complete me too. You give me hope and strength I never knew I had. You've filled my heart with so much love, I can hardly contain

it. I want to grow old with you. Yes, I want to make a home and children with all of you. I love you all so much, it hurts,” Hailey sobbed.

“Ah Hailey, we love you the same way. You've made us so happy sweetheart,” Dillon said then took her mouth with his.

Roman and Chance kissed her too, hugged her and held her as they all laughed and cried at the same time. Dillon slid his hand into his jacket pocket and withdrew a small box. He opened the box and presented it to her. The ring was set in gold with three large diamonds across the top. Roman held Hailey's shaking hand as Dillon slipped the ring onto her ring finger of her left hand. She wrapped her arms around their necks and hugged them again. Her men pulled back, wide grins across their faces. They weren't done yet.

Chance slipped his hand into his jacket pocket and pulled out a sheaf of papers. He handed them to Hailey. “We want to get married in a week baby. This is your wedding present from all three of us.”

Hailey took the papers, opened them up and began reading. She covered her mouth and began to sob. Each of her men running hands up and down her arms, head, wherever they could reach.

All of a sudden Hailey bounded to her feet twirled in a circle and let out a scream of pure joy and happiness.

“You bought me this house. Oh my God. You bought me a house. Oh I can't wait to start renovating. I know just how it's going to look when it's finished. You bought me a

house,” she sobbed again and threw herself at her men.

She couldn't wait to get started on the renovations. Once they were done, she planned to get started on their family. She was grabbing life with both hands and never letting go.

She couldn't wait to start the rest of her life, her three men by her side.