



Passion Victoria
Duncan and Alec

Becky Wilde

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Chapter One

In the small rural town of Passion, in Victoria, Australia; Duncan and Alec McLeod watched the men and women in poly-amorous relationships, interacting and having fun in the Four Passion Club. They felt envy pierce their hearts, as they watched their friends with their women. Alec and Duncan had bought the coffee shop in Passion, because they had wanted to expand their business into a franchise. They still had their original coffee shop in Bendigo, and had dedicated staff running the popular cafe.

The other reason they had moved to Passion was their hope of finding the perfect woman for themselves. They had hoped to start a relationship with the local female real estate agent, but she had left town and headed back to the city of Melbourne, before they could get the ball rolling. Now, there was another poly-amorous relationship in their midst; Hailey Wood and her fiancés, Dillon, Chance and Roman Bartram had moved to Passion no more than six months ago. They had saved Hailey from her insane adoptive brother and hadn't looked back since. They had recently moved to their renovated ranch home and had started a horse breeding, stud farm.

Alec and Duncan were having trouble watching all the happy people in relationships interact. They were thinking of moving back to Bendigo, but had decided to wait another six months. If they hadn't found the right woman by then, they were going to sell up and head back to their home town. It was hard feeling like a third wheel in such a small town.

“I've had enough, Alec. Let's go home,” Duncan said as he stood. His Scottish brogue thicker than usual.

Alec was with his brother in an instant. He hadn't really wanted to go to the club tonight. He knew all the

others were going to be there and it was torturing himself to watch the people so happy and in love. It was making him sick to his stomach; he was happy that his friends had found the loves of their lives, but he was so damn jealous he couldn't take much more. He followed his brother out into the parking lot, jumped into the driver's seat of his truck and peeled out of the lot with a screech of tires.

* * * *

Crystal Parish was driving through the dark rural countryside of Victoria, singing along to her music as she headed to Bendigo for a much needed break. She was tired of living to work, rather than working to live. She had spent the last four years of her life working her ass off, trying to climb the corporate ladder in the large telecommunications company she worked for. She was an IT expert, earning good money, and saving what she could so she could buy her own place. The cost of living in the large city of Melbourne was totally ludicrous; by the time she paid her rent, bills and food, there was barely any money left over to save. She was thinking of quitting her stressful job and moving to a rural country town, where she knew the cost of living was so much cheaper. Crystal's health was beginning to suffer and she knew she had to get out soon, or she would end up having a nervous breakdown.

Crystal was just passing the road sign for Passion, Victoria and knew she had heard that name before in the media, but for the life of her she couldn't remember why. She drove through the quiet country town, noting the shops along the main street and the one and only set of traffic lights. She wound down her window and breathed in the crisp country air. She was through the town within moments and put her foot down on the accelerator as she hit the one hundred kilometer an hour, speed zone. Just as she reached the limit, she heard a loud bang; instantly, she was struggling to keep her car on the road. She took her

foot off the accelerator, but she had too much momentum, and was unable to get her small front wheel drive car under control. She clung to the steering wheel with all of her strength but she just wasn't strong enough. She saw oncoming head lights and screamed with horror, as she realized she was headed straight for the other vehicle. She wrenched on the steering wheel hard, nearly flipping her small car in the process.

Crystal screamed again as she watched her car heading for a large tree. The sound of her small car impacting with a large tree trunk, was the most horrific sound she had ever heard. The explosion of the driver's side airbag and the force of it's deployment hit her in the face, and made her see stars. She groaned as she slumped against the side window of her car and knew no more.

* * * *

“What the hell? Alec lookout, that idiot is heading straight for us,” Duncan yelled a warning to his brother.

Alec had already seen the swerving car, and was already applying hard pressure to the brake pedal. He and his brother watched in horror as the car swerved away from them and impacted with a large tree. He pulled the SUV off to the side of the road, flipped his hazard lights on and jumped from the vehicle. He heard the slam of a door and knew Duncan was behind him.

Alec got to the driver's door first, wrenched it open, and placed his hand on the shoulder of the woman in the crashed vehicle to stop her from falling out. He reached in and undid her seatbelt.

“Duncan call the Doc. He's was at the club, he can be here faster than an ambulance,” Alec called out.

He wanted to pull the small woman from the wreck, but knew he should only do that if there was danger of the car catching fire. He didn't want to damage the woman anymore than she already was. He couldn't see her face, her

long hair was in wild disarray around her head. Alec felt the side of her neck and gave a sigh of relief when he felt a strong pulse.

The sound of a car screeching to a halt had him turning his head in that direction. He watched as Doc climbed from the back seat of Griff Ramsay's truck with his medical bag in hand.

“Move aside son. Let me check the driver,” Doc commanded.

Doc ran his hands over the woman, checked her pulse and blood pressure as well as her pupils.

“Well, this is one lucky little lady. I don't think she has any broken bones or spinal injuries, but I'm going to put a collar on her neck just to be safe. I want you to bring her back to my rooms so I can x-ray her, just to be on the safe side. She has a nasty bump on her head and since she's still unconscious, I want to make sure she doesn't have any other head injuries. She has a concussion and is going to have one hell of a headache when she wakes up,” Doc opined, as he pulled a collar from his large medical bag. Once done, he moved out of the way so Alec could get the woman out of the car.

“Duncan, get her purse,” Alec called over his shoulder, carrying the woman to his SUV. “You drive to Doc's clinic.”

Alec carefully climbed into the back of the SUV with the small woman in his arms. He sat down and lay the woman on his lap, his lower body cradling the upper half of her body. He brushed the long blond hair away from her face and sucked a deep breath. She was exquisite. Her face was pale, but considering she was out cold, that was to be expected. Her skin was soft and smooth, without a single freckle marring her features. Her nose was small and delicate, but what drew him the most was the lushness of her lips. He could just imagine those full lips, wrapped around his cock as he fucked her mouth. Alec felt his cock

harden and berated himself for lusting after an injured woman.

Duncan climbed into the SUV, looked over his shoulder at his brother and saw the small woman in his arms. He sucked in a loud breath as he saw the woman's face for the first time. She was an angel. Her skin so pure and creamy white, her lips so full, she looked like she was pouting. Her long blond hair was spilling over his brother's lap and arms. He could just imagine the feel of that mane sliding over his skin, his cock.

"Duncan we have to get her to the clinic. Get it together man," Alec stated as he gave his brother a knowing look.

"Shit, I'm so hard I could pound nails," Duncan advised as he got the vehicle on the road.

"Yeah, me too bro. I think we've found her man," Alec opined as he stared down into the woman's angelic face.

"Yeah, let's just hope she isn't married, engaged or already in a relationship," Duncan replied.

"She's not wearing any rings."

"That's means nothing Alec."

"Yeah I know. We'll just have to wait until she comes around and find out."

* * * *

Crystal moaned as light hit her retina. Someone was trying to pry her eyelids open and shine a torch into eyes. She moaned again as pain exploded through her skull and then settled down to a consistent hammering. The pain was so bad she felt sick. She could hear male voices and wondered where she was. She couldn't remember, and the more she tried, the worse the pain in her head was.

"Come on little lady. Open your eyes."

Crystal didn't want to open her eyes and felt her lips pout with reluctance, then tighten with pain, as her eyelids

fluttered open.

“Well, welcome back. I'm Doctor Cliff Wright, just call me Doc, everyone does. Do you remember what happened?”

“Um,” Crystal replied with a frown and licked her dry lips. “I was driving and something happened to my car. There was a loud bang, I couldn't control my car anymore. Oh God, I was heading straight for another car; I wrenched on the steering wheel. I think I crashed into a tree.”

“Yes, you did. What's your name?”

“Crystal Parrish.”

“How old are you Crystal?”

“Twenty four.”

“What day is it?”

“Friday, September ten.”

“Where were you headed, Crystal?”

“Um, Bendigo. I don't feel well Doc. I think I'm going to be sick.”

Doc grabbed a sick bag, quickly turned Crystal on her side and held her head as she lost the contents of her stomach. He tied the bag off, threw it away, then wiped Crystal's mouth and face with a warm damp cloth. He got a glass of water and helped her take a drink.

“Alright now?”

“Yeah, thanks.”

“Do you have anyone I can call for you?”

“No,” Crystal replied in a whisper then burst into tears. She moaned as the pain intensified and clutched her hands to her head.

“There, there now. Everything will be alright. The two men who were driving nearby looked after you; they are waiting in the outer room and have been very worried. They've offered to let you stay with them until you recuperate. I'm afraid to say your car is a right off. Do you have insurance?”

“No,” Crystal sobbed. “Oh God. What am I going to

do?"

"Don't you worry about a thing. Duncan and Alec McLeod will take care of you. They are very nice men. You can trust them," Doc opined.

"I can't expect strangers to take me into their home, Doc. No, I think I should head back home."

The sound of the door to the Doc's examination room opened, and it drew Crystal's eyes to the door. Two of the sexiest, muscular, most handsome men she had ever seen, stood on the doorway. She wanted to keep looking at them, to take in their features and physiques but her eyes wouldn't let her keep them open. Besides, it was just too damn painful.

"How is she Doc?"

"Crystal this is Duncan and Alec McLeod. These are the two men you avoided crashing into; and the first ones on the scene of your accident. Alec, Duncan, this is Crystal Parrish."

"Hey Crystal, how are you feeling?" Alec asked, as he moved further into the room.

"Like shit."

"I'm sure you'll feel a lot better, after you've had some sleep sweetheart. We'll take you home to our place and you can get some rest," Duncan commented as he walked up to Crystal.

He took in her long, strawberry blond hair, her angelic round face, clear creamy skin, her small stature and her luscious curves. But what drew him the most were her full pouting red lips. He held in the groan that was working its way up through his chest, and hoped like hell she didn't notice his hard cock pushing against the zipper of his jeans.

"I don't even know you," Crystal whispered as she struggled to keep her heavy eyelids open.

"You're in the country now, darlin'. We would help anyone in need," Alec advised.

"Okay," Crystal replied as she drifted down into

slumber.

“Now, I want you two boys to take real good care of this little lady. I want you to wake her every two hours, make sure she knows who she is, etc. She might be sick again, the pain in her head had her stomach a might upset. Keep her fluids up and don't leave her alone for the next forty eight hours. Of course, if you have any problems, call me.”

“Thanks Doc,” Duncan replied as her scooped Crystal up into his arms. The feel of her warm, soft body felt so right cradled up against his chest. She felt like home. He carried her out the door, to their SUV. He never wanted to let her go again.

“She's the one isn't she Dunc?”

“Aye. Now, we just have to convince her to stay.”

Chapter Two

Crystal felt so warm and comfortable. If it wasn't for the fact that her head felt like a hammer was inside her skull, pounding to get out, she knew she would be sleeping the night through.

"Wake up darlin'. What's your name," a deep accented voice asked.

Crystal cracked an eyelid open and stared at the face looming above her.

"Who...? Alec?"

"That's right darlin', now tell me your name," Alec demanded.

"Crystal Parrish."

"Good lassie. Now I'm gonna help you to sit up a bit, you need to drink some water," Alec stated, as he placed an arm beneath Crystal's shoulders, and helped her to a half sitting position. He held a glass of water to her lips and let her take a few sips.

"How's the pain in your head sweetheart?" asked another deep accented voice.

Crystal turned her head toward the other voice and frowned with concentration. "Duncan?"

"Aye, sweetheart. How's the head?"

"Pounding like a bitch," Crystal replied, her eyes beginning close once more. She felt the both sides of the bed sink down and forced her eyes open. She saw Alec and Duncan making themselves comfortable on top of the covers beside her.

"What are you doing?"

"We're keeping an eye on you. Doc didn't want you to be left alone for the next forty eight hours. We don't want to risk leaving you alone in case you're sick," Duncan replied.

"Oh," Crystal replied, her eyelids becoming too heavy

to keep open and slipped into slumber.

Crystal woke to sunlight kissing her face with warmth. She sighed, stretched and forced her heavy lids to open. She had a slight headache and was feeling decidedly groggy, but her need for the bathroom made her move. She flung the covers aside and gasped with horror as she noticed the large T-shirt covering her body. The only thing she had on underneath were a pair of panties. She covered her face as her cheeks flamed, knowing Duncan or Alex had seen her practically naked.

She swung her legs over the side of the bed and clutched the mattress as everything became distorted with her quick movement. She took a few deep breaths and let them out again. Once her vision cleared, she slowly got to her feet, and walked across the room to the door on the other side. She was nearly at the door when she heard the bedroom door open. She swung around, her vision swimming, and dizziness assailing her once more. She couldn't see a thing, didn't know which way was up and knew her wobbly legs were about to collapse from beneath her.

“Whoa there darlin'. What are you doing out of bed?” Alec asked as he swept Crystal up into his arms.

“Bathroom.”

“Don't worry, I'll get you there,” Alec promised as he breathed in Crystal's warm, intoxicating female scent. He wanted nothing more to lay her back down on the bed, strip the T-shirt from her sexy body and bury himself in her warm, wet heat. He stifled his moan and carried her into the adjoining bathroom. He slowly set her down on her feet, holding her waist until she was steady. “Can you manage by yourself, darlin’?”

“Yes, I'm fine. I just got a bit dizzy when I moved too fast. Thanks Alec,” Crystal replied, as he closed the door behind him.

Alec waited in the bedroom for Crystal to finish up in

the bathroom. He had to keep his libido on a tight rein. There was no way he could put any moves on Crystal, not with her still feeling so unwell. But once she was herself, he wasn't going to hold back. He and Duncan both knew she was perfect for them. She fit into their arms like she was made especially for them. They had no intention of letting her escape them.

“Feel better Crystal?”

“Yeah. You didn't happen to get my purse and luggage out of my car, did you?”

“We got your purse. Duncan's gone back for your luggage now darlin”

“Oh good. I'm dying for a shower. Do you think it would be okay if I used the shower?”

“Crystal, you don't have to ask. Just treat this place like home. You can do whatever you want darlin'. Just promise me something first?”

“What?”

“If you need any help with anything, give me a yell. Alright?”

“All right, thanks Alec. I don't know what I would have done if it you and Duncan hadn't come along.”

“Fate darlin'. It was meant to be. Now, I'll get you a clean towel. Feel free to use anything you need. There should be spare toothbrushes under the sink.”

“Thanks again, Alec.”

“No problem darlin',” Alec replied giving her a wink and a sexy grin.

Crystal smiled back, ducked back into the bathroom and closed the door. She stripped out of the borrowed T-shirt and her panties. She turned the shower on and sighed as the warm water cascaded over her head and aching body. She washed her hair, body and then just stood leaning against the cool tile walls. Her energy was totally gone. She didn't think she even had the energy to turn the shower off. The warm water had sapped the remaining strength from

her. Her legs began shaking as she struggled to lock her knees, to keep herself standing. She whimpered as her foggy brain registered the fact she was about to fall.

A large muscular arm banded her around the waist and Crystal found herself hauled out of the shower, up against a hard masculine body. She was vaguely aware of another set of hands drying her off with a towel. One of the men dried her hair then wrapped it up in a towel. Her body was rubbed down briskly, then she was floating once more. She felt another T-shirt being pulled over her head and arms, she was placed on the bed and covered up once again. She drifted off to sleep moments later.

“Lucky you checked on her, Alec. She could have injured her head again, if she'd connected with the shower frame.”

“Yeah, I know. Shit, I should never have left her alone. I want Doc to come out and check on her again.”

“I called him while you were tucking our sweetheart under the covers. He should be here any minute. In fact I think I hear him now. You stay with Crystal, I'll go and let Doc in.”

“Okay,” Alec replied as he sat on the edge of the bed. He smoothed the fingers of his hand down her pale, warm face. He could practically feel Crystal reaching into his chest and grabbing his heart with both of her hands. She was such a small, delicate, little thing. So soft and warm. She had a body any man would get hard over. He wanted to be able keep her under lock and key, give no other male the opportunity to hit on their woman.

Alec pushed his thoughts aside and rose from the bed to give Doc room to check Crystal over. He and Duncan stood off to the side, there was no way they were leaving the room. They had both been horrified at the bruises marring Crystals flesh. She had a large long bruise between her breast on her chest, which they knew had come from her seatbelt, holding her in her seat as her car had impacted

with the tree. She also had bruises on her arms and legs, plus the large bruise and knot on her forehead. They wanted to be able to take away her pain, cocoon her within the warmth of their bodies and never let go.

Doc looked up from examining Crystal and motioned the two men from the bedroom with his head. He took the lead, entering the kitchen, then helped himself to the pot of coffee warming on the hotplate.

“She's all right. She probably just overdid it, moving around too much, too fast. Let her sleep for no more than four hours and wake her up again. Make sure to wake her up through the night every four hours, just to make sure she's still alert and coherent.”

“Thanks Doc. I appreciate you coming to see Crystal,” Duncan said gratefully.

“You won't thank me when you get my bill son,” Doc said with a twinkle in his eye.

“We don't care about the money. I just wanted to make sure Crystal was going to be okay,” Alec replied.

“I know you two have been looking for a woman of your own. Just give that little girl in there some time to heal.”

“We will,” Duncan replied, walking Doc to the door.

“Bye Doc.”

“Bye son.”

Duncan found Alec standing in the bedroom looking at Crystal as she slept. She looked so peaceful with one of her hands tucked up beneath her cheek, her small body curled up in the fetal position. He indicated his brother to follow him from the room, so they could talk without disturbing their guest.

“How about we make some soup up for lunch? Hopefully Crystal will be awake by then and be wanting something in her stomach,” Duncan suggested.

“All right, I'll start chopping vegetables. Do we have any chicken stock left?”

“There should be some in the freezer. I'll get the stock and put it into the pot to defrost, then I'll help with the vegetables.”

“I'm feeling kind of lost at the moment, I needed something to do, other than staring at that angelic face in there. Do you think she'll stick around Dunc?”

“I hope so, Alec, but don't get your hopes up just in case.”

The two brother's worked in companionable silence until they had a pot of chicken and vegetable soup simmering on the stove. They made another pot of coffee and sat down to wait for their guest to awaken.

Chapter Three

Crystal woke to a delicious aroma of food wafting to her nostrils. She inhaled deeply, and snickered as her stomach growled. She couldn't remember the last time she had eaten. She saw her small suitcase on a chair by the door. She rose from the bed cautiously and sighed in relief as her head behaved. Her headache was finally gone and the only symptom she had was a bit of fuzziness. She pulled some clean clothes from her bag, dressed in her favorite pair of jeans and T-shirt, then walked down the long hallway barefoot.

Crystal loved the feel of smooth cool floor boards beneath her feet. She hardly ever wore shoes if she didn't have to. She got to the kitchen and looked at the shiny, new, stainless steel appliances; any woman would dream of having. She caught movement out of her peripheral vision, and turned her head to see Duncan and Alec sitting at a large timber table drinking coffee. She moved further into the room toward the coffee pot.

“Crystal, how are you feeling?” Alec asked as he jumped up from his chair, moving toward her.

“Much better, thanks.”

“Take a seat darlin' I'll bring a mug to the table for you. How do you drink your coffee?”

“White no sugar,” Crystal replied as she headed to the table.

“Hello sweet cheeks. I'm glad to hear you're feeling better,” Duncan stated as he pulled a chair out for her and saw her seated comfortably.

“Thanks. Me too.”

“Are you hungry darlin'?” Alec asked as he sat down beside Crystal, effectively placing her between him and his brother.

“I'm starving. I can't remember the last time I ate,” Crystal opined.

“When you've finished your coffee, I'll get you a bowl of soup and some rolls,” Duncan stated.

“Thank you. Both of you. I don't know what I would have done if you two hadn't come along,” Crystal said with a slight hitch in her voice.

“Where were you headed to Crystal?” Alec asked.

“I was heading to Bendigo. I just needed a few days away from the rat race, you know. Now, I'm going to have to try and get my car fixed with my vacation money.”

“What do you do for a crust, darlin?”

“I work in IT for a major telecommunications company,” Crystal answered, a frown on her face as she sighed.

“Don't you like your job?” Duncan asked.

“I used to. I've worked so hard to get to the top of the corporate ladder, but no matter how hard I try, there is always someone better than me and has more experience. To be honest, I've been thinking of throwing in my job and moving away from the city to find something else to do.”

“Do you know much about coffee?” Alec asked her.

“No, just that I couldn't start my day without a cup. Why?”

“We've been thinking of getting a website up and running. We own a couple of coffee shops and were thinking about selling ground blends of coffee through a website, as well as plungers and the extras that have to do with coffee. We've been searching for someone to hire and set up the website for us. Do you think you might be interested?” Alec asked as he held his breath in anticipation.

“Are you serious?”

“Of course we are, sweetheart. We wouldn't be asking otherwise,” Duncan reiterated.

“Well, if you think you might want to give me a go. I

would love to set up a website for your business,” Crystal said, trying to keep the excitement out of her voice.

To be able to have complete control setting up a website the way she wanted with no head honcho leaning over her shoulder all the time, would be the optimum opportunity for Crystal. She hoped Duncan and Alec were going to hire her. She couldn't wait to get started.

“So when do you want to start?” Alec asked Crystal.

“Wait a minute Alec, we need to give Crystal time to recuperate from her accident. The last thing we want is to see you collapsing again, sweetheart. How about you take a week to relax, and then if Doc gives you the all clear you can start work.”

“Shit. I need to go home to organize packing everything up. I also have to give my landlord notice. Oh no, what am I going to do about a car? I think I had better decline and just get a bus back home, but thanks anyway,” Crystal replied with dejection as she realized all the things she had to do before she could start work.

“How about if I drive you back home the day after tomorrow, on Monday. I can help you pack your things and then bring you back here?” Duncan suggested.

“Really? Why would you do that?”

“Because we need you to work on our website, Crystal. We've been searching for someone with IT experience willing to set up our on-line store. If it means helping you out to get you to move here, then I will,” Duncan replied.

“Oh my goodness. Thank you,” Crystal said leaning forward. She threw her arms around Duncan's neck and placed a kiss on his cheek.

Duncan hid his grin at Crystal's enthusiasm, he wanted to turn his head and cover her sweet lush mouth with his own, but he held back. He didn't want to scare her off before she was even settled in Passion. He wrapped an arm around her waist and hugged her back.

“Oh sorry. I didn't mean to behave inappropriately boss,” Crystal stated as she drew away.

“I wasn't offended, sweetheart. You can do that to me whenever you feel the need. So do you like the room we've put you in, or would you prefer a different room?” Alec asked trying to make Crystal comfortable again.

“I love it. What's not to like? Once I get a bit more money behind me, I'll start looking for my own place to rent,” Crystal opined.

“You can stay here as long as you like darlin'. You won't be upsetting us at all. In fact it might be kind of nice to have someone else to share the cooking with for a change,” Alec advised with a smirk at Duncan.

“Speaking of which, I'll get the soup.”

“Can I help?”

“No sweetheart, you just stay right there and relax.”

They all sat down and ate their soup with warm crusty rolls from the oven. The soup was just right for Crystal after being ill; it was not too heavy and not too light. Once they were done eating, Alec took all the dishes and put them in the dishwasher, while Duncan led Crystal into the living room.

“Come and sit down here, sweetheart. Relax and I'll put a movie on.”

Crystal was feeling tired again so she sat down on the sofa and curled up in the corner. She felt her eyes begin to droop not long after the movie started playing. She felt one of the men pick her up and place her in between them on the couch. Her head was resting on a hard warm muscular thigh, and her feet were picked up and put over another set of warm hard legs. She drifted off to sleep feeling safe and secure for the first time, in a very long while.

Duncan and Alec watched Crystal as she slept. She was such a beautiful woman. She was not much more than five foot one, and her frame was petite but she had such a lush hour glass figure, which had them both hard as soon as

they were in her vicinity. Her waist was so small and her blue eyes sparkled with inner warmth and passion. They could see she would be a fiery little hell cat when riled and knew her passion would match theirs. They wanted to lay her down and fuck her until none of them would be able to walk, but they both wanted to wait until she was safely living in their home permanently. They didn't want to scare her off before they had her within their reach. The next few days were going to be sheer and utter hell. But the wait would be worth it in the end. They just hoped they could convince Crystal she was meant for the both of them.

Chapter Four

Crystal spent the rest of the weekend recuperating. When she wasn't napping she was on the phone organizing the cancellation of her utilities, lease on her apartment, change of her address and the resignation for her current employment. She was surprised at the acceptance of her resignation so quickly. Usually a company asked for at least a month's notice which she would have had to work out; however, the company didn't quibble over her resignation at all. She finally realized she was just another number in a large corporation, not a person with any feelings to them. She felt as if a huge weight had been lifted from her shoulders and knew she had done what was right for her own peace of mind.

Monday morning arrived way too soon. Crystal was up and about at six am, preparing to head home with Duncan, to pack up the small one bedroom apartment she had been leasing. She had arranged for a small cheap moving company to come and collect her large furniture and put it into storage for her. The only items she was going to bring back to Passion with her, were her clothes and other personal items.

Crystal entered the kitchen with the plan of cooking breakfast for her two new bosses. She found Alec and Duncan in the kitchen already cooking while they drank their first cup of coffee. It looked like they were early risers as well. If she wanted to cook for them, she was going to have to rise even earlier. Having their own business obviously kept them on their toes. No doubt they started their days early and finished late.

After they had eaten and said goodbye to Alec, Crystal and Duncan hit the road. The drive would take them no more than two hours, but that also depended on

how bad the traffic was, once they hit the city of Melbourne. Peak hour was notorious for the bumper to bumper stop and start, as cars crept along the major arterials, especially if there had been any car accidents.

Duncan drove with the radio playing music quietly in the background. Crystal took in the scenery she hadn't been able to see before, since she drove through the night before her accident. The window was cracked a little and she breathed in the delicious scent of eucalyptus and gum trees. She loved living in Australia, she wouldn't want to live anywhere else in the world. She had planned to travel eventually, to see other parts of the world but knew she would always want to come back home. She knew now that her travel plans would have to be put on hold. There was just no way she could afford to travel now. Maybe when she was older she would have enough money to see other countries. She had always wanted to go to Scotland, Ireland, England and America, but now everything had changed. She loved Duncan and Alec's Scottish Brogues. She could sit and listen to them talking for hours. She gave a sigh and leaned her head against the side window.

"Are you alright, sweetheart?" Duncan asked when he heard Crystal sigh.

"Yes. I was just thinking about how quickly my employers accepted my resignation. Large companies don't seem to care one way or the other for their employees. It's like we're just another cog which can be replaced at anytime, not a person with feelings."

"Aye, I think you maybe right, sweetheart. Well, you're no longer just another cog, you are going to be working for us now and we always take care of our employees," Duncan stated.

"I can see that you do. I can't wait to get started on your website. Why don't you tell me a little about your business?"

The next hour and a half was filled in with Duncan's

musical brogue. Crystal listened to everything he told her about his and Alec's business, and by the time they hit the city, her panties were wet just from his voice. She also had a lot of ideas running around in her head for their website. Crystal squirmed in her seat to relieve the ache in her throbbing pussy. She crossed her legs and squeezed them together, trying to relieve her dripping pussy and the incessant ache. By the time Duncan pulled into the underground park for her apartments, Crystal knew she was going to have to change her sopping panties. She just hoped Duncan couldn't smell her desire.

Crystal led the way to the elevator and stood to the far side as she watched the lit numbers indicate the floors passing. Her breathing was becoming erratic being in such close confines with Duncan. She had the scent of his cologne in her nostrils and the combination of his own unique scent merged with the cologne drew her to him. She had to forcibly restrain herself from jumping his bones. Crystal had never felt desire for a man before, it was a totally foreign feeling, and it was beginning to make her restless.

Sure, she'd had self induced orgasms before, but she had never felt a cock sliding in and out of her pussy. She'd never even wanted to, until now. She had begun to think that she was frigid, or that there was something wrong with her. That was one of the reasons she had concentrated on her career, rather than relationships. Why it had to be now she had no idea, and it wasn't just Duncan that got her libido revving. Alec seemed to have the same effect on her. When they were both in the same room with her, the simmering embers of her arousal flared into massive proportions. Crystal wasn't going to act on her desire. She was going to concentrate on the business side of their relationship and hope like hell she could get through living with them without giving herself away, until she could get her own place.

Crystal led Duncan down the long, dimly lit hall until they reached her apartment door. She froze when she saw her door was slightly ajar. She covered her mouth to keep her gasp of fear contained. Duncan grabbed Crystal by the waist and pulled her back down the hallway, near to the door for the stair well.

“I want you to stay here, sweetheart. I'm going to go in and take a look around. If there is any danger at all, I want you to run down those stairs to the lobby and call the police. Alright?” Duncan waited until Crystal gave him a jerky nod, leaned down placed a kiss on her lips and walked back down the hall.

Crystal didn't want Duncan to go into her apartment and get hurt. She wanted to call out to him and stop him, but knew if she did, she would alert the people or person in her apartment to his presence, if they were still there. So instead, she kept her hand over her mouth, trying to contain the sobs of fear rising in her throat. She watched Duncan disappear into her apartment and held her breath until black spots formed before her eyes. She took her hand away, gasping much needed oxygen into her burning lungs and prayed Duncan would not get hurt.

Crystal watched Duncan return to the hallway, her legs nearly buckling with relief. She watched him stride down to her and without a word he pulled her into his arms, wrapping her within his warmth and security.

“Whoever it was has gone, baby. We need to call the police and make a report of breaking and entering. I want you to be prepared when you go in, Crystal.” Duncan stated as he leaned her away from him so he could see her face. “They've wrecked everything sweetheart. You're not going to be able to salvage anything to pack up and move. Do you have any enemies? Someone who may want to hurt you?”

“No,” Crystal replied as she shivered in reaction. A fleeting thought of her junkie father ran through her mind, but she pushed it aside. She hadn't seen or heard from him

since she was sixteen years old. The day her mother had been buried was the day Crystal had left home. Her father didn't even know where she lived, and she hadn't bothered to contact him either.

Crystal had watched her father abuse her mother for years. When her mother had gotten sick, he had turned his fury to her. He had hit her a few times screaming at her to give him her money. Of course she hadn't, even though she had stashed the money she earned from her part time job under a floorboard beneath her bed. Crystal had been saving every single cent she could, in preparation of leaving home. The day her mother was buried was the last day she had seen her father. She hadn't looked back since.

“Come on, baby. Let's see if you can find anything to take with you, and I'll call the police,” Duncan advised, wrapping an arm around her waist for support.

Crystal whimpered as she stepped into her small living room. Everything she owned was ruined. The furniture had been slashed, the stuffing was spilling out, her books were ripped, anything that could be smashed had been. She felt her knees wobble, wanting to collapse beneath her as she stared at the destruction of her things. She turned around into Duncan's chest, gripped his shirt and cried. Everything she had worked for was gone. All those years of scrimping and scraping, gone with the snap of the fingers. She had nothing left.

Duncan soothed Crystal as she cried. He ran a large hand up and down her back, as he hugged her to his body with his other arm. He didn't try to placate her, just held her until she was done.

“Oh, I need to check on my mom's jewelry. I had it in a box on my dresser in my room,” Crystal explained as she pushed out of Duncan's arms. She stumbled her way through the debris and she stood staring at her room from the doorway. The box was gone and her room looked as if a cyclone had swept through it. Her eyes were drawn to the

mirror of her dresser and the crude letters in the lipstick writing on the mirror caught her attention.

You owe us bitch. We'll be back!

Duncan was just in time to catch Crystal before her legs collapsed beneath her. He picked her up in his arms and cradled her against his chest. He could feel her shivering in reaction and knew she was going into shock. He walked over to her ruined mattress sat down on the side of it, picked up what was left of her quilt, shook it out with a hard flick and wrapped it around her body. He leaned to the side unclipped his mobile from his belt and dialed the police.

Duncan just sat with Crystal on the side of the bed, rocking her in his arms trying to comfort her. The police arrived and took their statements, but they didn't hold out much hope of finding whoever had wrecked her apartment. They dusted the entire place for finger prints and asked Crystal if she had any insurance.

"No," Crystal replied, turning her head into Duncan's chest, sobbing once more. When she had herself under control once more, the two police officers took down the description of her mom's jewelry, but since it wasn't unique in design, they didn't hold out much hope of getting it back to her. Crystal was utterly devastated.

Duncan called on some friends he knew who lived in the city and owed him a favor. He arranged for them to come in to clean out the apartment. He also called the company Crystal had arranged to come and pick up her furniture for storage, and canceled. He picked Crystal up in his arms, heading for the elevator. He met his friends in the lobby, thanked them, took Crystal's apartment key and placed it through a mail slot for the landlord. He then carried her back to the elevator, taking her down to the basement car park. He settled her in the front passenger seat of his SUV, walked around, and then got in the driver's seat.

Duncan made sure Crystal was buckled into her seat belt and watched with concern as she slumped against the door with her eyes closed. Hours had gone by since they had arrived at her apartment and he was beginning to feel hungry, but he knew food would be the last thing on Crystal's mind. He buckled up and began the drive back to Passion.

Duncan turned the radio off so he could listen out for Crystal, in case she started crying once more. When he heard her breathing change to a deep rhythm, he knew she was finally asleep. He flicked his Blue Tooth on, making sure his microphone was close to his mouth and called Alec. He wanted Alec to be home once he and Crystal got back. She was going to need both of them. Duncan and Alec were lucky enough to have such great dedicated employees and knew they would keep things running while they weren't at the shops. Duncan listened as Alec cursed over the phone and promised to be waiting at home for them.

* * * *

Alec was waiting out on the timber decking as Duncan pulled to a stop close to the house. Crystal was just waking up and sat up straight in her seat. Duncan watched as she gave a shudder, took a deep breath, pushed her shoulders back and unclipped her seat belt. Alec opened the door for her and lifted her out of the vehicle into his arms. He cradled her against his chest, with the damaged quilt still wrapped around her small frame and kissed the top of her head.

"Come on darlin', I have dinner waiting for you and Duncan. Come inside and eat," Alec stated as he carried their woman into the house.

"I'm not hungry," Crystal replied listlessly.

"You haven't eaten since breakfast baby. You're going to eat something if I to force it down your throat," Duncan

growled from behind.

“What did you say?” Crystal asked, incredulous over what Duncan's high handedness.

“You heard me. You're going to eat.”

“Hey, I'm not a child you can order around.”

“No, you're not, but I'm not letting you make yourself sick by neglecting your bodies needs. Now, I suggest you do as you're told, because you're not going to win this argument,” Duncan spoke in a soft deep brogue, but Crystal knew he meant everything he said.

Alec hid his smile as he placed Crystal on a chair at the table. He helped her out of the tangle the quilt was in, wrapped around her body.

Crystal jumped up from her chair, hands on her hips, fire in her eyes as she glared at Duncan. She must have seen the determination in his face, because she didn't say a thing, she just sat back down and slumped in her chair.

Alec placed three plates of roast beef and vegetables on the table, took his own seat next to Crystal and began to eat. He watched Duncan eying Crystal, and knew he was about to order her to eat, just as she picked up her utensils. Alec sighed with relief but also disappointment. He had wanted to see their woman and his brother go into battle, hoping the results would end up in bed. He shoved another mouthful of food into his mouth to hide his grin. Things were going to be a lot more interesting now that Duncan had unleashed his true nature. His brother was such an arrogant dominant bastard at times and he knew Crystal had an inner passion, an inner fire which was yet untapped. He couldn't wait for the games and fireworks to begin.

Chapter Five

Crystal was quiet throughout the meal. She sat picking at her food, but when she caught Duncan glaring at her, she just glared right back and then would take another bite of food. Alec and Duncan finished eating way before she did, so Duncan got up and made them all coffee. He and Alec sat at the table drinking their coffee until Crystal finally pushed her half eaten meal aside.

“Thanks for dinner Alec, it was delicious.”

“Well, I'd like to take the credit for it, but I picked it up at the diner on the way home. I'm glad you enjoyed what you ate of it though. I'll clean up the dishes. Why don't you two go into the living room and unwind?” Alec suggested.

“No. I'll do the dishes. It's the least I can do after everything you've both done for me.”

“No. I want you to relax tonight Crystal. There will be plenty of time for you to pitch in with the chores later,” Duncan stated, crossing his arms over his chest not willing to relent.

“I'm not my namesake, you know. I'm not made of glass,” Crystal spat at Duncan, placing her hands on her hips.

Duncan stalked toward Crystal, a predatory gleam in his eyes. He didn't stop until he was toe to toe with her, placed a finger beneath her chin so he could look down at her and see her eyes. “I know you're not baby, but you need to learn what I say goes. You're living in my house, so you will play by my rules.”

“Do you know how fucking arrogant you are? For the love of..., ah. What the fuck are you doing? Put me down you big buffoon.”

Duncan carried Crystal over his shoulder into the living room. She was going to learn her first lesson. No

woman of his was going to have trashy cuss words coming out of her mouth. He sat down on the sofa, hauled Crystal off his shoulder and placed her over his lap face down. The first smack to hit her ass had her bucking and screaming at him.

“What the fuck? Who do you think...,”

“I don't like to hear cuss words coming out of your mouth. Every time you swear, I'm going to put you over my knee and tan your sexy butt,” Duncan stated as his hand landed on the other fleshy globe. He felt his cock harden as Crystal wiggled and whimpered on his lap. He gave her another smack, then smoothed his hand over her denim covered ass. When he heard her moan again, he knew he was turning his little woman on.

Duncan flipped Crystal over on his lap until he had her upright facing him, straddling his thighs. He took in her dilated pupils and her elevated breathing and knew without a doubt, his woman was horny. He slowly leaned down and covered her mouth with his own. When she moaned and opened her mouth to him, he ravished her. He thrust his tongue into her mouth, dueling with hers, nearly shooting his load in his pants at her exquisite taste. He slid the hand he had resting on her hip to the waistband of her jeans, pulling the button free. He slid the zipper of her jeans down, sliding his long fingers into the waist band of her panties, smoothing his fingers through her pubic hair. He slid his hand and fingers down into her folds and groaned into her mouth as her cream coated his digits.

Duncan stood up from the sofa, placing one of his large hands beneath her ass and headed to her bedroom. He heard Alec's footsteps behind him, as he lowered Crystal to the large bed. He kept devouring her mouth, not wanting to give her body time to cool off. He wanted her on the edge, ready and willing to take his and Alec's cocks in her delicious body.

Duncan followed her down on the bed, lying at her

side, giving Alec access to her sweet curves. He slid his hands into the waist band of her jeans, tugging them off and over her hips, taking her panties with them. He opened his eyes, to see Alec lift Crystal's shirt up over her breasts, taking her bra with it, then lean down to suck a coral, pink tip into his mouth. He slowly weaned his mouth from hers, nibbling and licking his way down her neck, until he was level with her other breast. He sucked the little hard peak into his mouth, laving it with his tongue, which had Crystal arching her chest up, pushing more of her soft flesh into his and Alec's mouth.

Duncan slowly released Crystal's nipple with a loud pop, then slid down over her stomach, licking his way around her navel, then down to the top of her pubic mound. He watched as Alec moved up to her mouth, kissing her with open mouth abandonment. He kissed the top of her mound, breathing in her unique delectable scent, pushed her thighs apart, making himself comfortable between her splayed thighs. He flicked his tongue out barely touching it to her engorged clit. She bucked her hips up smashing his nose and mouth into the warm, wet flesh. Duncan lost complete control, opened his mouth and ate her pussy like a man starving.

He slid his tongue down through Crystal's juicy folds, thrusting his tongue into her wet, creamy sheath, groaning with pleasure as her sweet flavor burst over his taste buds. He lapped up her juices wanting, needing to taste more. He placed a finger at the entrance of her tight hole, massaging the tip around her sensitive flesh, then began to push into her cunt, as her felt her muscles begin to contract around the tip of his digit. He slid his finger into her wet pussy until he was in to his second knuckle, all the while he flicked his tongue over the sensitive bundle of nerves, at the top of her slit. He slid his finger out slowly, then pushed it back in again. He made sure to slide over her sweet spot and groaned as he felt the spongy flesh inside her distend.

He withdrew his finger, added another, then slid two fingers into her hot, tight, wet cunt.

Duncan glanced up to see Alec pinching Crystal's hard nipples between his thumbs and fingers, talking softly near her ear. He could just make out the words his brother was saying, over Crystal's whimpering.

“You are so fucking sexy, darlin'. Duncan is gonna make you cum so hard. Don't tense up on him, Crystal. Let him pleasure your body,” Alec stated in his deep raspy voice. His brogue more pronounced with his desire.

Duncan began to thrust his fingers in and out of Crystal's cunt, going a little deeper with every pump of his fingers. When he felt the thin membrane of skin against the tip of his fingers, he wanted to shout with joy. Their woman had never been with another man. The possessiveness he felt for her at that moment, rose up and filled his heart, like no other woman before her had ever been able to do. His heart was so full of emotion he felt tears prick the back of his eyes. No other man would ever get to touch their sweet Crystal. He picked up the pace of his pumping fingers, licking her clit rapidly. He felt the first flutters of her sheath ripple around his fingers, and knew she was about to go over the edge. He rubbed against her G-spot, growling low in his throat at the squelching sounds her pussy emitted, as he pleased her. As Crystal screamed out and clamped down on his fingers hard, he thrust them into her body as far as they would go, breaking through her hymen, wiggling his fingers inside her, making her ride out her climax until the very last spasm stopped.

Duncan sat up on the bed between Crystal's legs, licking the abundant sweet release from his palm and digits. He had never tasted anything so good. He wanted to dive back down between her legs to start pleasuring her all over again. He watched Crystal open her eyes, as her breathing began to slow.

“Oh my. What did you do to me?” Crystal whispered,

looking down her body, her eyes connecting with Duncan's. "Shit, what the hell am I doing? Oh my God. You two are supposed to be my bosses. Let me up. Get out of my room. I can't believe I let you do that to me."

"Calm down, Crystal," Alec stated as he gave her room to move.

"You have nothing to be ashamed about, baby. You are perfect in every way. You're such a sexy little thing. You make me so hard, I want to hold you down and sink into that sweet little pussy of yours," Duncan growled out, his brogue thicker than normal as he looked over her body once more.

Crystal grabbed hold of the quilt, pulled at it until it covered her naked body from the two men's eyes. She couldn't look them in the eye and knew her face was the color of beetroot. She wanted a crack in the floor to open her up and swallow her whole.

"I can't believe you would take advantage of me like that. My God, you're supposed to be my employers. What the hell is with that?"

"I didn't see you trying to pull away from me, baby. In fact you were thrusting those hips up trying to get more. Do you think we haven't seen the fire in your eyes when you were looking at us? Don't you dare deny that Crystal; and I know damn well you've seen the way we look at you. Every time we did I could smell your cunt creaming for us," Duncan replied, getting to his feet, crossing his bulging, muscular arms over his massive chest, his hips thrust forward.

Crystal had to lower her eyes to the floor. Every time he took that assertive pose, she wanted to walk over to him, rip his shirt off and lick him up. Maybe she hadn't been as good at hiding her feelings from them, as she thought.

"Look at me, Crystal," Duncan demanded, walking closer to her. He stopped next to her, lifted her face to him by placing a finger beneath her chin.

“Don't deny the chemistry between us, sweetheart. We both want to make love to you. We would give you so much pleasure, you'd be begging us. Don't walk away from something that could be real good, without giving it a chance. I know you're inexperienced, baby, and you have no idea how much that turns me on. To know no other man has ever licked your pussy 'till you orgasm, or sunk their cock's into that hot, creamy cunt. The thought gets me so hard I'm on the verge of cumming in my pants. Please just think about being with us before you turn us away,” Duncan stated. He leaned down, placed a gentle kiss on her lips and left the room.

“Crystal, I want nothing more than to make love to you. To show you the pleasure to be found in your own body. Think about what you could be throwing away before you make your decision,” Alec advised, placed a kiss on her lips and left without a backward glance, closing the door behind him.

Crystal stood rooted to the spot, her mind in turmoil with her body. She wanted nothing more than to give into the two brothers. She wanted to let them make love to her, to show her what her body was capable of. Now that she had a taste of it, she wanted to throw herself at them, beg them to fuck her brains out. She needed to think before she did anything. Crystal was one of those people who overanalyzed every little thing; weighing the pros and cons of every action and decision she made. She learned to be that way from a very young age. It was hard to break habits of a lifetime.

Crystal dropped the quilt to the floor, grabbed some clothes, entered the bathroom and ran a bath. She was feeling totally wrung out. She'd had a bitch of a day and to top it off, she had nearly had sex with two men. *Crystal, you're turning out to be a slut, not a cold frigid bitch after all.*

Crystal stood beneath the warmth of the shower and

let her mind wander. She had a feeling her father was up to his old tricks. He had borrowed money before from loan sharks, who had ended up taking something of her mom's or hers as a repayment. It looked like her dad had known where she had been living after all. The last thing she wanted was to place Duncan and Alec in danger, as a result of her father borrowing money from the wrong crowd, to support his habit. Her dad had always used their rental home address, but what if he had known where she was; and whoever he had borrowed money from were now after her.

There was no way she could get involved with Alec and Duncan now, even if she wanted to. She had to protect them because she was afraid she was already falling in love with them. They had been so compassionate with her from the beginning. They hadn't even known her and they had taken care of her. God what a mess. She was going to have to get on-line, do a search on her father, to see if she could find out what was going on. If she was putting Duncan and Alec's life in danger just by staying in their house and working for them, she was going to have to find away to leave.

Chapter Six

Crystal was up and about way before Alec and Duncan. She had trouble sleeping, and had barely managed to get a few hours of shut eye in, before the alarm on her mobile had gone off. She had already put the coffee pot on and had breakfast cooking when she heard movement down the hallway. She placed the platter of bacon, eggs and toast on the table, then sat down to drink her coffee and nibble on a piece of toast.

Crystal's appetite always seemed to take a nosedive every time she was worrying over something and this morning was no exception. She had just finished eating her piece of toast as Duncan and Alec walked in.

“Morning baby.”

“Morning darlin.”

“Morning,” Crystal grumbled in response.

“Thanks for cooking breakfast, sweetheart,” Duncan said as he sat down, picked up his mug of coffee and took a sip. He picked up the tongs and began to load his plate with food, then passed the tongs to Alec.

Alec loaded his plate as well, and they sat companionably as the two men filled their stomachs. Crystal was nervous about being in the same room as the two McLeod brothers, now they knew she lusted after them. The last thing she wanted to do, was for them see the arousal she felt for them in her eyes or on her face. She kept her eyes down on the table and listened as the two men talked.

“Are you alright, sweetheart?” Duncan asked.

“Yes, I'm fine.”

“Darlin' look at me,” Alec stated before Duncan could. He waited for Crystal to look up, but when she didn't, he knew something was bothering her.

“Crystal, what's wrong? Did I hurt you last night?” Duncan asked, holding his breath. The last thing he wanted to hear was he had hurt her, making her shy away, wary of him or Alec about ever touching her again.

“No,” Crystal replied without looking up, red tingeing her cheeks with embarrassment.

“What's the matter then, sweetheart?”

“Nothing. I didn't sleep very well. I'm just a bit tired, that's all,” Crystal replied.

“I want you to look at me when you speak to me, Crystal. Don't ignore another direction from me or Alec. Not unless you want to end over my knee again,” Duncan demanded.

“Screw you, Duncan,” Crystal yelled, rising to her feet, running for the back door.

Duncan caught her before she had taken more than a few steps. He hauled her back up against his chest as he moved back into the kitchen. He picked her up and placed her ass on the kitchen counter, trapping her between his muscular arms, leaning on his hands on either side of her hips. He glared down at her, but underlying the steel in his eyes was a hunger so intense, Crystal wondered why she wasn't on fire. She was burning up from the inside out. Her lower belly felt heavy, her panties were becoming damp, her pussy leaking with desire.

Duncan leaned down slowly and stopped when his mouth was centimeters away. He could feel Crystal's breath brushing over his lips, a tantalizing moist heat that drove him to distraction. He never once took his eyes from hers. He moved the last centimeter separating their mouths. The instant their mouths touched, electricity sparked between them turning the glowing embers up into a rapacious fire. He consumed her. He thrust his tongue between her lips, parrying and tangling it with hers. He pulled her from the counter and groaned as Crystal wrapped her arms and legs around his body. He placed a large hand on her ass, pulling

her crotch into his own, as he dry humped his cock into her pussy. He was beyond control. He had to have her, and it had to be now. He couldn't hold back anymore.

Duncan took her to the table Alec had cleared hurriedly. He placed her across the smooth wood and followed her down, never once removing his mouth from hers. He ripped her jeans and panties open, pulled them down over her hips, legs and feet. Once the encumbering clothes were gone, he removed his mouth from hers, snagged a chair by hooking his ankle around it and sat down to feast.

Duncan ate her pussy like a man dying of thirst. He held her hips down as he opened his mouth wide, covering her whole vulva and sucked. He cream coated his tongue, making him growl with appreciation, her unique erotic flavor exploding on his taste buds. He slid his tongue up between her juicy folds, lapped at her clit as he shoved two fingers deep into her cunt. He twisted his hand around, palm facing up, pumping his fingers in and out of her tight, wet sheath, sliding the pads of his fingers over her G-spot again and again. He felt the first flutters of her impending climax, quickened the pace of his pumping fingers, giving a firm tug near the opening of her vagina. The keening screams as Crystal neared her peak only egged him on. He wanted her to cum in his mouth and he wasn't stopping until he had what he wanted. He growled deep in his throat as she clamped down on his fingers, opening his mouth to receive her gushing climax. He kept pumping his fingers until the last spasms faded away, making sure he licked her clean, not wanting to miss a drop of her sweet release.

Duncan stood up, kicked the chair away, pulled his jeans open, pushing them down to his knees. He covered his hard cock with latex, aimed for her tight hole and pushed the head of his cock into Crystal's tight, little cunt. He moaned as her flesh enveloped the head of his cock, wanting to plunge into her, but knowing he had to go slow.

He didn't want to hurt Crystal; and since she'd never had a cock before, he reined in his passion.

Duncan slowly began to push into Crystal's body an inch at a time, holding still every time he gained more depth. He slid back out a little, pushing back in he gained another inch into her wet heat. He began rocking his hips with a gentle thrust, retreat rhythm and gave a sigh of relief once he was buried to the hilt. He grasped Crystal's hips firmly, beginning a slow steady pace, sliding his engorged cock in and out of her tight cunt. He had never felt anything like it. He was in heaven.

Duncan kept his thrusting hips at a slow and steady, until Crystal wrapped her legs around his waist, digging her bare feet into his buttocks, trying to get more of him. Duncan tried really hard to keep a tight leash on his passion, but the feel of her hot, juicy pussy clamping and releasing around his hard length, plus the feel of her feet digging into his ass, broke his control.

Duncan grasped her hips in a tight grip, letting his hunger take over until he was pounding in and out of Crystal's vagina. The sound of his balls slapping against her ass made the fire in his body burn hotter. He opened his eyes to see Alec kissing Crystal with an open mouth hunger, as he pinched her exposed nipples between his thumbs and fingers. Alec weaned his mouth from Crystal's, giving her the freedom she needed to gasp in oxygen.

“Oh my God. Duncan, I need more. Please?”

“What do you want baby?”

“I don't know. I need more. Fuck me, please. Fuck me,” Crystal sobbed, tears of pleasure leaking from the corner of her eyes.

“You feel so good baby. I love the way your wet, little cunt gloves my cock. Don't worry sweetheart, we'll give you what you need. Alec strip off, have you the gel handy?” Duncan rasped through panting breaths.

Alec knew what Duncan wanted. He hurriedly

stripped his clothes off, grabbed the small tube of lubricant and a condom from his pocket. He covered his cock with latex, opening the tube of gel as he watched Duncan pick Crystal up in his arms.

Duncan moved to a chair, sat down on it and ravished Crystal's mouth with his own. He and his brother were about to fuck Crystal into nirvana. He opened his eyes and watched Alec move up between his and Crystal's spread thighs. Duncan grabbed onto Crystal's ass cheeks, spreading them wide for Alec.

Alec touched his gel coated fingers to Crystal's little dark pucker, massaging the cold lubricating gel into her hole. He slowly caressed and massage the sensitive nerves in her anus, until her body began to open of its own accord. He very carefully slipped the tip of a finger into her back entrance and groaned with approval as her hot skin and muscles clamped down on the tip. He slowly but surely forged his way into her ass, wiggling his finger about, stretching her sweet little hole. He withdrew his finger, placed the tube of gel at her puckered entrance, squirting a generous amount of the lubricant into her body. He placed two large fingers on her tight skin and pushed his way in. When his fingers were in to the second knuckle, he slowly spread them and brought them back together, in a scissoring motion. He slid them back a little, then thrust them in all the way as her muscles released, opening her body to his penetration. He repeated the thrust and retreat, as well as the scissoring motion, until Crystal's ass muscles were completely relaxed.

Alec withdrew his fingers from her ass, coated his latex covered cock with more lubricant, aimed for her dark hole, and began to push his hard cock into her anus. He groaned out loud as his cock popped through her tight sphincter muscles, holding still to give Crystal time to adjust to his size.

“Oh, it hurts. My ass is burning. You're going to rip

me in half,” Crystal sobbed.

“Do you want me to stop, darlin'?” Alex asked, waiting with trepidation for Crystal to answer. Knowing as much as he wanted to push his way into her asshole, he would pull out if she wanted him to.

“No. Please, I need...,” Crystal cried.

“What do you need, Crystal?” Alec asked.

“I need you to fuck me. Please? Both of you fuck me.”

Alec didn't reply as he breathed a sigh of relief. He was so overcome with emotion, his heart filling with love for their woman, and began to push his way into Crystal's ass. Alec took his time, gaining depth into their woman's body. The last thing he wanted to do was really hurt her. He slowly but surely rocked his hips back and forth, gaining a little more depth with every forward thrust. He could feel sweat pouring down his face as he kept his libido under tight control. Alec let his breath whoosh out with relief, once he was buried balls deep in their woman's ass.

Alec pulled his hips back, until he was nearly all the way out of her dark entrance, then forged his way back in. As he pushed in, Duncan slid his cock out of Crystal's pussy, their cocks sliding against each other through the thin skin of Crystal's body, separating their cocks from each other. Duncan slid his cock back into to her cunt and Alec slid his out once more.

The two men set up a slow easy thrust and retreat rhythm gaining speed every time they pushed back in. The mewling sounds Crystal made as they fucked her, were such a turn on, they had trouble keeping themselves from pounding hard and fast.

“Yes. Oh, this is what I needed. My pussy is so hot and wet. I can feel you both. You feel so good.”

Crystal's words were enough to send Alec and Duncan out of control. They began to pound into her body fast and hard. Duncan made sure he dug at her G-spot with

every forward thrust of his cock. The sound of Crystal's moans and the slapping of their bodies connecting with hers, only sent them higher. They lost total control. They began to fuck her at the same time. Both their cocks shuttling hard and fast in and out of her tight holes, so she was either completely filled with them or nearly empty.

Duncan felt the first ripple of Crystal's cunt and knew she was on the verge of climaxing. He felt the warning tingle of his own impending release at the base of his spine. He slid a hand down between their bodies, lightly pinched her engorged clit between his thumb and finger, and growled as Crystal screamed. Her body clamped down hard on his and Alec's cocks, clenching and releasing as she milked the cum from their balls with her tight rippling muscles. Duncan and Alec both roared as Crystal drew them over the edge into rapture with her.

Duncan and Alec looked at each other over the top of Crystal's head. Their eyes speaking to each other, only the way really close relatives could. They were both stunned at the nirvana they had felt loving Crystal together, and knew they both loved her totally, unconditionally. There was no way in hell they were letting her get away from them. They each knew they would give their own lives to keep her safe.

Duncan tilted Crystal's face up to him. She had gone totally boneless on his lap as her climax receded. Her eyes were closed, her breathing was slowing and she had a satiated smile on her angelic face. There were also tear tracks streaking her beautiful cheeks. She had passed out in their arms.

"Looks like we fucked her into oblivion," Duncan said, as he gazed down at their woman.

His face was so full of love at that moment, Alec was glad Crystal wasn't awake to see it. He knew if she had, she would run like hell in the opposite direction. Their little woman seemed to fear emotion from others. They had no idea why, but they intended to find out.

Chapter Seven

Crystal came to, just as Duncan eased her down into the large spa bath. He placed her on his lap and began to wash her body with the bath gel and a sponge. She felt totally wrung out and satiated. She didn't want to ever move again. She lay her head back and rested it against Duncan's shoulder and watched Alec move toward her through the slits of her eyes.

"How are you feeling darlin'?" Alec asked, as he took one of her feet in his hands and began to massage it.

"Like cooked spaghetti."

"Ha, well that's a good thing baby. That means we did our jobs right," Alec opined.

"If you had done any better, I'd be dead," Crystal sighed out, closing her eyes.

"Are you sore darlin'?"

"Yes. You can't touch me again," Crystal replied with a hitch in her voice.

"Why not baby?" Duncan asked.

"Because I can't resist you two, and you both know it. God, if anything happened to either of you...", Crystal's voice wobbled.

"Why would you think something would happen to us Crystal?" Duncan asked, tilting her head up to his so he could see her eyes.

"I don't know," Crystal whispered, tears leaking from the corner of her eyes.

"Yes you do. Don't lie to me, baby. Why are you worried something will happen to us?"

"Let me up," Crystal demanded as she pushed Duncan's arms away. She stood but was pulled back down onto Duncan's lap. He turned her around so she was straddling his hips, facing him.

Alec moved to sit beside Duncan and Crystal, wondering why she was so worried about them. He watched the interplay between his brother and their woman, knowing she didn't have a chance in hell of evading Duncan and his questions.

"I'll sit here with you all day, if I have to. Now answer the question Crystal. What the fuck is going on?" Duncan demanded.

"I think my apartment was trashed because of my father. I haven't seen him for years, I didn't think he knew where I lived," Crystal explained.

"Tell us the rest, baby." Duncan commanded.

"My father is a junkie. He used to beat on my mom until she got sick. I think she was just so battered and bruised she gave up living, and willed herself to die. Then he started in on me. He would come home high. Because mom was always in bed, if he wanted to beat on someone, he would beat on me. The day my mom was buried was the last day I ever saw my father. We often had strange, horrid men coming to our house, taking anything they could sell, in compensation for money he had borrowed. I think he may owe a lot of money for his habit. God, only knows who he borrowed money from this time. He always gave our address to whoever he borrowed from. But what if he knows where I live and gave my address instead? If they find me living here with you, I could be putting your life in danger," Crystal lowered her head onto Duncan's chest and sobbed.

Duncan looked at Alec, he knew his expression of fury mirrored his brother's. They wanted to hunt down her father and beat the crap out of him for hurting his daughter, then they wanted to find the men who had wrecked her apartment and rip them apart with their bare hands. They couldn't believe how some people had no morals and would threaten and intimidate an innocent, defenseless woman.

"Don't cry darlin'. We won't let anyone hurt us and

there is no fucking way they will ever get near you. We love you, Crystal. We won't let anything happen to you," Alec advised as he rubbed his palm up and down her back. Trying to soothe and comfort her.

Crystal's tears slowly dried up, she sat upright on Duncan's lap, turned her head toward Alec and looked at him with wonder.

"You love me? Really?"

"Yes, I love you darlin'. You make our lives complete. We had just about given up hope of ever finding you. We knew there was a woman out there somewhere for us. Someone to complete us and make us whole. We were about to sell up and move back to Bendigo. Then that horrible night, you crashed your car in front of us, which has turned out to be the best night of our lives. We finally met you," Alec said, his brogue thicker than usual, emotion making his chest tight.

Crystal launched herself from Duncan's lap and landed on Alec's with a splash. She wrapped her arms around his waist, straddling his thighs, hugging her to him tight.

"I don't know what I did do deserve meeting you both, but it was the best night of my life, too. I love you both so much. How I can love you after knowing you for such a short time is beyond me, but I do. I love you both with my whole heart."

"I love you too, baby," Duncan replied, leaning forward he placed a gentle kiss on her lips, then pulled back again. "Now, we'd better get ready and go into the shop, we have work to do, sweetheart. On the way you are going to tell us everything about your father and I'm going to get my good friends, Tom, Noah and Zach who just happen to be cops to do a little investigating as well. I don't want you to worry about a thing. You let us handle this problem with your father. Alright?" Duncan asked.

"Okay," Crystal replied, got up out of the tub and

dried off. She couldn't wait to get started on creating the shop website.

* * * *

Crystal, Duncan and Alec arrived at the coffee shop, the delicious smell of coffee was in the air and it had Crystal inhaling deeply. Alec introduced her to their staff, then led her to the office out the back. She was glad to see a couple of desks with the latest computers for her to work on.

“You can work on this computer darlin'. This is more for back up purposes than anything else. If you need anything just ask one of us, alright?”

“Thanks Alec. Do you think I could get a cup...,” Crystal stopped talking as Duncan entered the room with three mugs of coffee in his hands. He had two handles in one hand and another in his other. He had such large sleek hands. Just seeing them as he carried the mugs, got her panties wet.

Duncan placed the mugs down on the desk beside Crystal; he pushed the one for her towards her, then picked up the other two, and handed one to Alec.

“If you keep looking at me like that baby, I'm gonna strip you naked and fuck you right here,” Duncan growled.

“Sorry,” Crystal whispered, lowering her eyes to her mug, her cheeks heating with embarrassment at being caught out ogling.

Duncan moved closer to Crystal, tipped her head up to his with a finger, leaned down and kissed her until they were both panting.

“Don't ever be sorry for wanting us, baby. I was fooling around, sort of. You get me so hard every time you look at me like that. I want to pick you up and bury my cock in your sweet, wet cunt. I'm going to check on the supplies out front while I finish my coffee, then I have an appointment. I want you to stay here with Alec,” Duncan

advised, placing a light kiss on her lips and left the room.

Crystal watched his tight ass as he walked away, then remembered Alec. She looked up and caught his lascivious grin, smiled in return and got down to work. When she worked, Crystal totally zoned out from her surroundings. Nothing penetrated her concentration until she was finished or satisfied with what she was working on. By the time lunch time came around, she had set up the template for the website. Now all she needed was a list of products and prices.

She already had a server picked out, and even though the cost would be a bit more than other servers, she knew it was the best one for the coffee shops on-line products, services and needs. Crystal sat back in her chair, stretched out her tired aching muscles and looked around her. Alec was no longer working at the other computer in the office. She hadn't even heard him leave and wondered where he had gone.

Since she was getting hungry and could also do with another cup of coffee, she went to the office door and peeked out into the shop. The shop was a hive of activity as the employees were run ragged trying to serve the influx of customers. Crystal decided to see if they needed a hand. She had worked in a coffee shop part time, when she was still in school. She walked out, stopped one of the young women as she was about to take a tray of coffee and sandwiches to a table.

“Hi, I'm sorry, I can't remember your name?” Crystal asked.

“Amy.”

“I was wondering if you'd like some help since it's so busy in here. I can help out by making coffee and sandwiches if you and the others can ring up the prices on the register, since I don't know how much anything is. I worked in a coffee shop when I was still at school.”

“Oh my God. Yes, yes, yes. Please. We are run off our

feet as you can see. Any extra help would be greatly appreciated,” Amy replied, then hurried over to the customers with their order.

Crystal walked over behind the counter and got to work. She made coffee and sandwiches to order. Placed slices of cake on plates and mixed milkshakes. She'd forgotten how much fun it was to work in a busy coffee shop. By the time the lunch hour rush was finished, she was so hungry herself, her stomach was growling.

“Crystal, you are unbelievable. I have never seen anyone work as hard or as fast as you do,” Amy complimented. “Thanks so much.”

Neither of the women saw the two men sitting close to the counter drinking coffee and eating sandwiches look up when Amy called to Crystal. The satisfaction in finding their quarry was evident in their eyes.

“Hey, no problem Amy. I had fun, it brought back memories, you know.”

“Why don't you go on out back, I'll bring you a sandwich and some coffee. You must be starving,” Amy suggested.

“Thanks, that would be great. I am rather hungry,” Crystal replied, turning toward the rear office.

“Crystal Parish?” called a strange male voice.

Crystal turned toward the voice. A man she had never seen before was eying her up and down. She could tell he was tall, his head was bald and his was built like a body builder.

“Can I help you? Do I know you?”

“Sorry, I thought you were someone I went to school with. Obviously I was wrong,” the stranger replied with a shrug and sat down again.

Crystal turned away, walked through the door and went back to work. She didn't give the stranger another thought. She got back to work, eating the sandwich and drinking her coffee as she thought about the best way to

present the shops products for sale. She had asked Amy where Alec was, but all she could tell her was that he had an appointment. But luckily for Crystal, Amy had known where the product brochures were kept and had passed them over. Once she had finished eating, she lost herself in her work once more.

Chapter Eight

Duncan was at the police station talking with Tom and Zachery Beech and Noah D'Angelo. They were the three policemen of Passion who were in a poly-amorous relationship with Elizabeth (nee) Smart; most people called her Beth. He had Noah run a police check on Crystal's father. What Noah had found out, was enough to turn his hair gray. It seemed her dad had gotten in with a bad crowd. The police in Melbourne had picked him up for attempted burglary. Crystal's father had spilled his guts. It seemed he owed a large sum of money to the underground mob who ran black markets. They were into importing drugs, weapons and also prostitution. It seemed they were also suspected of selling women to pay off debts to overseas connections. Duncan had immediately picked up his mobile and called Alec to meet him at the station.

“You're going to have to keep a close eye on your woman, Duncan,” Noah opined. “These bastards are vicious mongrels. They won't hesitate to kill.”

“Fuck it. Our little woman has been through enough. We'll just make sure she stays with a least one of us, twenty-four hours a day. I'm not letting her out of our sight,” Alec stated, punctuating his frustration by slamming his fist down on Noah's desk.

“I'll send out a warning to everyone to be on the look out for any strangers hanging around. I'm afraid there's not much more we can do unless we see them do something. Did the police find any prints in Crystal's apartment?” asked Noah.

“No, nothing they could go on anyway,” Duncan answered.”

“You know all the men of this town will keep an eye out. You call the Ramsay brothers on the Triple R, and let

them know to keep their eyes peeled, Duncan. Alec, since you deal with the Ben and Jack Landon, you can call them. I'll call Tony, Colt and Bear Spencer and Tom can call the newest special forces retirees to settle in Passion, Dillon, Chance and Roman Bartram. With everyone aware of what could go down and having us all alert to strangers. I don't think or want these mobsters getting within a cooee of Crystal. Now then, now that the business side of things is over, when are you going to bring your woman to the Four Passion Club to meet our women?"

"How about tomorrow night?" Alec asked. He was all for Crystal meeting the other women in Passion in poly-amorous relationships. The more comfortable their woman felt the better happier he and Duncan would be.

"How about seven tomorrow night? That way everyone should have time to finish up work and we can meet at the club for dinner?" Duncan suggested.

"Sounds good. Make the arrangements with the others when you all call with this stranger alert. That way everyone gets a bit of notice," Tom suggested from the sidelines. "Although, knowing most of the women in this town, they will no doubt jump at the chance at not having to cook. You know as well as I do, Noah, Beth will never refuse a night off from cooking."

The men finished up their meeting, Noah, Tom and Zach of course got back to work. Duncan and Alec headed back to the shop. They had a fair bit of work to catch up on. Most of it was paperwork; and even though Duncan hated doing it, he was the one who always ended up taking control. Alec always seemed to be on the phone to suppliers and customers. They needed to figure out a better system and knew Crystal had more efficient ways to run their office.

* * * *

Crystal was hard at work and didn't notice her men

were back. They had stopped in the cafe section and found out their woman had many talents and had won their staff over by lending a hand when things had been hectic. Duncan and Alec had decided Crystal had worked enough for the day, but planned to pick her brain tomorrow over their computing and ordering systems. Plus they wanted to take her home and make love to her well into the night.

The smell of coffee close by drew Crystal's eyes away from her work. She looked up to see Duncan and Alec watching her from the doorway. They were so ruggedly handsome, they drew her breath from her lungs. They moved further into the room. Duncan placed the mug of coffee on the desk, then stood looking down at her. The hunger in his eyes, told Crystal he was barely restraining himself from stripping her naked and fucking her brains out. She glanced over to Alec to see his expression mirrored his own. Her pussy clenched, releasing pussy juices onto her panties, making them wet. She squirmed in her seat, lowering her eyes to the desk, and picking up her mug of coffee. The sound of the office door closing and locking, had her motion freezing her arm in mid air, the mug of coffee half way to her mouth. She looked back up at Duncan and Alec, then drew in a ragged breath as Alec removed the cup from her hand.

“What are...?” was all Crystal got out before they pounced on her.

Alec pulled Crystal up from her chair, covered her mouth with his own and drank her in. He couldn't get enough of her. One look, one word from their woman, had his cock filling, stretching, as blood drained from his brain down to his rod. He needed her, now.

Alec thrust his tongue into the depths of her sweet mouth, over and over again. His lips slanting this way and that, devouring her. He felt Duncan move up close to them and knew he was pleasuring their woman. She moaned into his mouth, making his flames burn higher, hotter than they

ever had before. He and Duncan removed Crystal's clothes quickly. Alec picked her up, carried her to the other desk, and set her ass down on the edge. Duncan moved to the desk, removed the papers behind her and Alec laid her back on the smooth wood surface. He went down on his knees, lifted and spread her thighs wide, then covered her pussy with his mouth. He sucked on her dripping cunt drinking in her delicious cream, while Duncan covered her mouth with his, muffling the whimpering sounds she made in her throat.

Alec slid his tongue up between her wet folds and twirled his tongue around her engorged clit. He thrust two fingers into her tight, wet hole and began pumping them in and out with a fast, furious pace. Alec growled in his throat as Crystal's muscles rippled then clamped down on his fingers hard. Crystal screamed into Duncan's mouth as he watched his brother pinch her nipples between his thumb and index fingers.

Alec didn't let up he kept right on going. He sucked, twirled and laved his tongue over Crystal's sensitive bundle of nerves, until her head hit the edge once again. He sent her over the edge into rapture with the flick of his tongue, a pump of his fingers and moaned as her cunt gushed her climax all over him.

Alec and Duncan soothed Crystal's shaking, spasming body back down from her climatic high. He rubbed the palm of his free hand over her lower abdomen as he withdrew his fingers from her dripping cunt. He slowly savored the taste of her sweet juices as he cleaned her up with his mouth and tongue.

"Oh. What did you do to me?" Crystal asked when Duncan finally released her mouth.

"I made you cum darlin'. Did you like it?" Alec asked, a wicked smile on his face.

"Fuck yes."

"Watch that mouth sweetheart. You cuss one more

time, I will put you over my knee and spank that sweet, sexy ass,” Duncan growled.

Crystal flopped back on the desk, her thighs lax, her body totally boneless. She opened her eyes once more, watching as Duncan moved around the desk until he was standing between her thighs. He went down on one knee, about to take his turn giving their woman pleasure, then froze as a knock sounded on the door. He stood up looking at his woman with regret in his eyes and knew play time was over for now. Duncan grabbed some tissues from the box on his desk, wiped Crystal clean and helped her to redress. He watched his woman rummage through her purse, spray a little perfume at her throat, smooth her hair down, then sit at her desk.

Alec opened the door to Jason and Sean Gallagher. The two brother's ran a catering supply warehouse, with the help of their artist wife, Natasha (nee) Cameron.

“Crystal, I'd like you to meet Jason and Sean Gallagher, they run the catering supply warehouse in town. Jason, Sean this is Crystal Parish,” Alex introduced.

“Please to meet you,” Crystal replied, looking at the two men from beneath her eyelashes. Praying to God, her cheeks weren't as red as they felt, hoping the two men wouldn't pick up on the fact she had just cum.

“You too Crystal. We've heard so much about you,” Sean replied, a twinkle in his eye as he looked from, Duncan, Alec and back to her.

Sean quickly turned away from Crystal, not wanting to embarrass her anymore than she was. He and Jason both knew they had interrupted the trio, the scent of sex was still in the air. The perfume Crystal had sprayed did not quite cover the musky odor; and Alec's lips were still glistening with moisture.

Sean looked at Jason and saw his brother's smirk. He had to bite the inside of his cheek to keep his humor in check. He gave Alec a wink, then surreptitiously wiped his

hand over his lips. He couldn't contain the chuckle rising from erupting when Alec wiped his fingers over his lips, put them into his mouth and sucked them clean.

Jason had no qualms whatsoever in hiding his mirth. He burst out laughing as he bent over holding his stomach. The two men erupted once more when they heard Crystal's "Oh my God," which sent them off into another peal of laughter. They watched as Crystal buried her face in the arms she placed on the desk. Jason finally spoke when he got himself under control.

"Don't worry sweetheart. We've been caught fucking our wife a time or two as well. Tash's reaction was pretty much the same as yours."

"Oh, for goodness sake. I'll leave you gentlemen to talk. I'm going to get more coffee, since I didn't get to drink the last one," Crystal advised. Her cheeks hot enough to resemble sunburn. She rose from her chair, picked up the mug of cold coffee from her desk and left the room. The laughter from four, deep male voices became muffled behind her as she closed the door.

Chapter Nine

Crystal made herself another mug of coffee since the two young women behind the counter were busy filling customer's orders. She took her mug to a table near the window and watched the people of Passion pass by. She thought about what her father may have done and wondered if Duncan had found out anything from the police. She hadn't had a chance to ask him, since Alec and he had pounced on her when they had virtually walked into the office.

Crystal finished her coffee. Since her men were still in the back, she decided to do some window shopping. It had been quite a while since she had allowed herself the extravagance of looking into shop windows, dreaming of buying whatever she wanted, when she wanted to. Window shopping had been one of Crystal's favorite past times, when she wasn't working, which had been a rarity. She hadn't taken time out of her busy lifestyle to stop and smell the roses, since she had first moved out of home. She didn't wander far, but she did lose herself in contemplation as she perused the goods displayed in the shop windows. She was sighing over a pair of boots she knew would look great with jeans, but knew she would never own them. They were priced way over anything she could ever afford.

Crystal turned at the squeal of rubber sliding on bitumen. She looked up to see a dark sedan coming to a stop nearby. The car drew level with her, the back door opening to reveal the man which had called out to her in the cafe earlier in the day. She watched as he got out and move towards her with determination. Crystal felt the hair on her nape rise up, warning her of impending danger, but the warning came too late. The tall, bald muscle bound stranger, grabbed her around the waist, and placed a hand

over her mouth to stifle any screams she may make with his large hand. She glanced toward the coffee shop but her men were not around. The door to the shop opened and Crystal saw Amy emerge onto the walkway. Crystal's eyes widened, beseeching Amy to do something, knowing there was nothing the young woman could do. Crystal stomped her sneakered foot down onto the man's foot, even though he cursed, she knew she hadn't done anything to slow him down. He dragged her over to the car, as she flailed her arms and legs, trying to detain the stranger from getting her into the vehicle. The last thing she saw of the streets of Passion, was Amy running back into the shop. The car tires squealed as the driver planted his foot on the accelerator.

Crystal fought like a wild cat. She knew she had to get out of the car if she could. She was afraid she would never see the two men whom she loved with her whole heart again. She kicked, punched and scratched, until her head exploded with pain as the stranger clipped her beneath the jaw, knocking her into unconsciousness.

* * * *

Amy burst through the office door, tears streaking down her face as she yelled incoherently to Duncan and Alec. It took precious minutes to calm their distraught employee down, so they could figure out what had upset her so greatly.

“He took her,” Amy sobbed out.

Duncan and Alec felt terror sinking into their stomachs, making them feel as if they had swallowed lead. They knew without asking who she meant.

“Who took her darlin’?” Alex asked, his voice shaking as he tried to stay calm.

“There was a man in here earlier today. He's big, bald with huge muscles. He called out to Crystal by her full name asking if they had gone to school together, which I thought was strange at the time, because he was quite a few

years older than Crystal. When Crystal turned towards him, he said he had made a mistake and she wasn't the Crystal Parish he knew. We thought nothing of it. I just saw that same man kidnap Crystal off the street, drag her into his car and speed away.”

Duncan dialed the police and his good friends, Noah D'Angelo, Tom and Zach Beech. He told them what Amy had seen and knew his friends would be onto the situation in seconds, alerting all the men of Passion. Noah said he would send Zach down to the shop to talk to Amy, and he was going to see if he could find the dark sedan.

“Amy, thank you sweetheart. You did good,” Duncan advised as he drew the distressed woman into his arms, trying to calm her down. He led her to a chair, gave her a few tissues, trying to remain patient as she got herself back under control. Zach arrived just as her tears stopped.

“Amy, do you know Zachery Beech?” Duncan asked.

“Yes. Hi Zach.”

“Hi Amy. How are you doin'?”

“I'm good but we have to find Crystal. He took her,” Amy sobbed again.

“Do you know who it was you saw? Had you seen him before?”

“He was in the shop earlier today and thought he knew Crystal. He called her by her full name, but when Crystal turned to him, he said he was sorry, she wasn't the Crystal Parish he knew.”

“You're doing great, Amy. Can you describe him to me?” Zach asked as he sat on his haunches in front of the young woman.

“He was Caucasian, around six foot three, I guess. He was built though, Zach. He looked like a body builder. Oh and he's bald.”

“Did he have any distinguishing marks on him? Say, a tattoo, scar, anything like that?”

“Not that I can recall.”

“Do you think if I showed you a photo of him, you would be able to pick him out?”

“Yes. Oh, he had really strange eyes. Sorry I forgot. One was blue and the other was green.”

“Good girl, Amy. That's the sort of information I need. Now, did you see the car he was driving?”

“He wasn't driving. He pulled Crystal into the back of the car and it sped off. The car is a dark blue sedan and I can give you the registration plate number.”

“You ever want to change jobs and work for the police force, sugar, you let me know. You are amazing. You've been such a great help,” Zach replied, rising to his feet. He grabbed his portable radio and relayed all the information supplied by Amy back to Noah.

Duncan moved to Amy as she rose to her feet. He gave her hug and kissed the top of her head. “Thank you, Amy. We owe you sweetheart.”

Alec took Amy from Duncan's arms, gave her hug and kissed her temple, “We are forever in your debt darlin'.”

“Are you alright to get home by yourself, Amy? I know Jason and Sean would give you a lift,” Zach stated.

“I was going to walk, but I really don't feel safe enough right now.”

“No problem sugar. Come on I'll take you home,” Jason stated, placing a hand at her elbow, guiding her out to his car. “I'll be back as soon as I see Amy safely home.”

“Wait a minute, Amy,” Zach called, as he heard Duncan's fax machine beep. He waited for the mug shot he knew Noah had been going to send him, picked it up and walked out where Jack and Amy were waiting for him.

“Is this the man you saw, sweetheart?” Zach asked, handing her the paper.

“Yes, he's the one who kidnapped Crystal.”

“Thanks again Amy. You've been a huge help,” Zach replied. He took the proffered paper back from Amy. His

gut clenching with fear for his friend's woman. Amy had just identified one of Christoph Blane's henchmen, one of the worst underground mobster's alive in Melbourne. Zach was back on his portable radio as soon as Amy walked out the door. He had a feeling this was going to end up a statewide hunt.

* * * *

Crystal woke up. The throbbing in her jaw told her she was alive. She listened intently, hoping she was alone for now. She needed to know where she was and if she could escape by herself, but, she didn't want to alert her kidnappers to the fact she was awake. When she heard no one nearby, she opened her eyes to slits, and began looking about her from beneath her eyelashes.

Crystal was in a darkened bedroom. She moved her head up to look at the curtain covered windows and knew it was night time. She had no idea how long she had been out of it and grieved the fact she had been knocked out. Now, there was no way to know where she was. Crystal gingerly sat up, the movement making her jaw throb as more blood rushed to the injury. It subsided to a dull ache, so she pushed the pain to the back of her mind. It wasn't the first time she had experienced pain from a man's fist, but she hoped it would be the last. She moved her legs off the side of the bed, rose to her feet, moved to the window, pulled the curtains back and looked out into the dark.

Crystal couldn't see any street lights, so she knew she wasn't in or near a city. She had to be in the countryside still. But where? She bent her head down to examine the lock on the window, wondering if she could slide it open, then saw the large wooden board on the outside sill of the window with nails hammered into it and the wooden window sill. She knew she was out of luck. She heard a thump on the other side of the door. Moving quickly, she got back on the bed, lay down, closed her eyes and tried to

keep her breathing even and deep. She was glad there was no light on in the room, not making her more easily visible.

Crystal heard a key turn in the door, then a squeak as the hinges protested their lack of oil. Her ploy didn't work. One moment she was lying on the bed, the next, large hands hauled her up and pulled her from the room. She squeaked in surprise to her rough treatment and knew she would have bruises left behind from the large, rough hands gripping her upper arms. She blinked a few times as her eyes adjusted from the darkness of the other room, to the bright lighting she was now in. The man holding her, suddenly released her and stepped back. Crystal watched him warily as he moved around her and sat down on a worn leather sofa. It was then she noticed two other men in the room.

Crystal stared at the three men as they watched her intently. Her body began to shake with fear, as she looked from one cold, expressionless stare to the next.

“Who are you and what do you want with me?” Crystal spat out, using the anger beginning to rise within her. She didn't want them to know they scared her, but knew she failed when one of the men gave her an icy smile, which didn't reach his eyes.

“Your father owes me a great deal of money. He used your address for collateral. He seems to have disappeared, and since he owes me, I thought you being such the loving daughter you are, could pay me back in his stead.”

Crystal looked back to the man who had spoken. He was dressed in a suit and tie, looking for all the world like an executive in a business meeting. He sat back on the sofa, looking far too relaxed for her comfort.

“Look, I don't know who the hell you are, but let me tell you, I haven't seen or spoken to my father in years. Find someone else to pay for his habit,” Crystal stated, then moved toward the front door.

“Ah, ah, ah. I don't think so. You're not going

anywhere. You are going to pay me back for your father; or I will make you work off his debt.”

“Who the hell are you?”

“Christoph Blane, perhaps you've heard of me?” Christoph advised. “No, I don't think you have. I'm not surprised. You're such a good girl aren't you Crystal. Always doing what you're supposed to, never breaking the law. I don't think you've even had a parking ticket, have you?”

“You've had me investigated? What the hell for? Look, Mr. Blane, I don't know you and to be honest I want to keep it that way. Send one of your lackeys out to search for my father and make him work off his own debt. I have my own life and it doesn't include working for you.”

“Hm, well I was considering hiring you out. But I think I need to reconsider my options. You're really quite beautiful, maybe we can come to an arrangement; just between the two of us. What do you think, Crystal?” Christoph asked, moving lazily up from the sofa toward her.

Crystal took a step back, away from him. This man gave her the creeps. There was something familiar about his name, but she couldn't remember where she had heard it before. Maybe she'd heard of him through her father, when she was younger. There had always been men coming and going in her house, taking whatever they wanted as compensation for the money her father owed them.

Crystal took a step back with every forward step Christoph took. She was too frightened of him to take her eyes from his. She came to a stop when her back hit the wall. She was trapped. She wrapped her arms around herself protectively, as he stalked closer. The hair on her nape rising when he finally stood in front of her. She flinched as he reached out, picking up a few strands of her hair, rubbing them between his fingers and thumb.

“You smell very nice, Crystal. Your hair is so soft. I'll

bet your smooth skin is even softer. What do you say we find out?" Christoph said, leaned down toward her.

Crystal knew what was coming. She felt the dread sink into the depth of her stomach, making it roil as bile tried to rise up her throat. Her breathing was fast as fear and adrenaline took over, preparing her body for the inevitable flight or fight situation. She turned her head away at the last moment, and heard the evil sound of Christoph Blane's laughter. He placed his hot sweaty hands on her face, holding her head still and lowered his disgusting wet lips to hers. Her body took over.

Crystal used her knee and nails at the same time. She kned Christoph Blane so hard in the balls, she hoped she had ruptured his testicles, and she clawed her nails down either side of his face. The feel of skin beneath her nails, had her gagging as her nails sank into his skin and ripped at his flesh. She had the satisfaction of seeing the evil man drop to the floor and roll about in agony. She jumped over him and ran for the door. She didn't get very far. She was hauled back by the large brute whom had first abducted her. She kicked scratched, punched and screamed, trying to gain her freedom. A large fist to the jaw knocked her reeling. Pain exploded through her jaw, up into her head. She literally saw stars until blackness finally claimed her.

Chapter Ten

Duncan and Alec saw fear on their friends face as he walked back into their office. They had never known such fear before; they felt the strength leave their legs, their hands were shaking, and they felt sick to their stomachs.

“What?” Duncan asked, his brogue thick, emotion clogging his throat.

“I just showed this picture to Amy. She says this guy is the one who kidnapped Crystal. His name is Darren Rich, he works for the underground mobster, Christoph Blane. He usually works with his brother Adam Rich, who was the one who probably drove,” Zach replied quietly.

“Fuck,” Duncan whispered, his legs finally giving way. He was just thankful a chair had been close by.

Alec roared with fury, turned and hurled his empty coffee mug at the wall. Zach flinched as the dull sound of the mug hit the plaster with the sound of ceramic breaking when it hit the tiles on the floor. Zach wanted to tell his friends that everything would be alright, but he couldn't lie to them. He was scared to the pit of his stomach for their woman. He knew what this bastard was capable of. He only hoped he wouldn't hurt Crystal too bad, since she was a woman.

Noah and Tom arrived at the shop from the police station. Duncan was actually thankful the shop was now closed for business. A few moments later more of the men in poly-amorous relationships, living in Passion, turned up as well. Duncan and Alec were relieved to see Tony, Colt and especially Bear walk in the door.

Alec was at the counter making everyone coffee when the three Spencer brothers entered. The room quieted down as Zach filled everyone in on the situation with Crystal's abduction. No one said a word as they took in the

information and processed it. Every male in that room knew Crystal's life was in jeopardy.

Bear finally broke the silence, his deep voice loud to their ears. "Have you got something of Crystal's here at the shop? Anything will do. Keys, purse, jumper, anything," Bear reiterated.

Duncan jumped up from his seat, hurried from the room and was back in moments. He held Crystal's purse in his hand. He spilled the contents out on the table in front of Bear, then placed the empty purse on the table as well. Alec moved closer to Bear, coffee forgotten, as he watched his friend look over the contents strewn in front of him. Bear picked up quite a few items, holding them in his huge hands, then putting them back down again. He finally picked up Crystal's purse by the handle, trembled slightly, breathed deeply then closed his eyes. Tony and Colt moved behind their brother, placing their hands on his shoulders.

Bear looked like he had fallen asleep sitting up in his chair. His breathing remained slow and steady, but the tight grip he had on Crystal's purse, gave him away. His knuckles were white. Duncan and Alec had heard of the three Spencer brother's gifts, but they had never seen them at work. They held still, not making a sound, hoping and praying the three brothers could get a feel of where Crystal was at. They watched and waited.

Bear shivered in his chair as he followed Crystal's essence, her spirit. He had never had to explain his abilities to anyone and didn't know if he could put it into words. It was like he was following a cold apparition of the person he was tracking. He followed Crystal out of the shop as she wandered, peering into shop windows. He saw her turn at the sound of screeching tires, and felt her fear as a large male stalked towards her. Bear's own adrenaline kicked in as he watched Crystal being hauled into a large dark sedan, and praised her in his mind as she fought back, trying to escape the man and the car. He literally felt the large fist

slam into his jaw, as the bruiser knocked Crystal out. He stayed with her as the car sped into the night and eventually pulled up at a secluded house not far from Daylesford. Crystal had been carried into a bedroom in the house and locked in. When she came to, he saw her looking for avenues of escape.

He felt her being hauled out into a brightly lit room, and her terror of being raped by Christoph Blane. He cheered her on in his mind, as she slammed her knee up into the man's groin and raked her nails down his face. She ran for the door but was stopped by the bruiser planting his fist to Crystal's jaw again. He felt the pain explode into his own jaw and head, his body swaying as stars exploded behind his eyes.

He slid off his chair to the floor. He was still aware of everything, knew his brother's caught him beneath his arms and eased him down to the floor, so he wouldn't hurt himself. He was shaking with cold and was so tired, he just wanted to curl up and sleep. He didn't give into the urge though, he lay still on the floor, breathing evenly and deeply, as he tried to regain some of his strength back.

"Is he alright?" Bear heard Alec ask.

"Yeah, he's fine. Have you got anything to eat? Something full of sugar and get him some coffee, the heat from the drink will help him warm up again," Colt advised.

Alec headed over to the counter, made a coffee adding sugar to it, then grabbed a slice of chocolate hedgehog from the fridge. As he was heading back over to Bear, he saw Tony and Colt helping Bear back up into the chair.

"Hey man, I'm sorry. If I knew it would be that hard on you, I never would have asked you to go through whatever you just did," Alec apologized, as he set the hot sweet coffee on the table with the hedgehog.

"He's fine Alec," Colt replied for his brother. "It just saps his strength for a bit. Bear will be back to normal as

soon as he's had his coffee and slice.”

“What were you and Tony doing?” Duncan asked curiously.

“We can link our minds to Bear's. We see whatever he sees. Sit down Alec and I'll tell you what we saw,” Tony suggested.

The next hour was spent going over what the three Spencer brothers had seen, as Bear followed Crystal's lingering essence. They let Noah, Tom and Zach know where the felons had Crystal held up. Noah got onto his portable radio, calling on the Daylesford police station. He wanted as many law enforcement officers helping them on their dangerous mobster hunt.

Colt got on his mobile and called the newest male members of Passion, in to help as well. His good friends Dillon, Chance and Roman Bartram had not long left the special forces behind. They had moved to Passion less than twelve months previously and were now in a poly-amorous relationship with their woman, Hailey Wood. The three men had rescued Hailey from her insane adoptive brother, with the help of Samson, Griffith and Connor Ramsay from the Triple R Ranch. The Bartram brothers were such mean looking bastards, Colt wondered how the hell they had been able to claim Hailey. It was a wonder they hadn't sent her running at her first glimpse of them. The three brothers had wooed the physically damaged Hailey, right into their arms.

Ben and Jack Landon the two men who owned the adult store in Passion, and now married to Toni (nee) Cameron, were working behind the counter of the shop. They kept the coffee coming, as all the men discussed the best strategical plan of attack. Their brother's in law Jason and Sean Gallagher, married to Toni's sister, Tasha, were helping out by taking the coffee mugs around the room; and washing any of the dirty dishes. The four men wanted in on the hunt for one of their own; and were more than capable of helping out. They planned to be back up for the military

trained men of Passion, just in case they were needed.

Sam, Griff and Connor Ramsay, owners of the Triple R Ranch and instigators of the first poly-amorous relationship in Passion, which had made nationwide news, when their woman Simone (nee) Angel had virtually told the whole town of Passion to fuck off and mind their own business; which had been captured on camera by the media. They had been the first men to share their woman, now wife, and the newspapers and media had hounded the four people until Simone had stood up for herself and her three men. The three Ramsay brothers were quick to add their ideas on the best place to launch their attack, since they knew the Victorian countryside better than any other man present. The three men planned to be in on the hunt and attack, just like the rest of them. They were all firearm experts and knew they would be needed.

Dillon, Chance and Roman Spencer arrived not long after Colt had called them, armed to the teeth with weapons. The men were ready to head out a couple of hours before dawn. They planned to surprise the mobster and his henchmen as sun rose in the sky.

They all headed out to their vehicles, armed with rifles, pistols and whatever other firearms they had on hand or borrowed. The Daylesford police were going to be back up with some of the men who were not going in for the first attack. They had two teams going in, a total of eighteen men from Passion and another five from Daylesford.

Duncan and Alec rode with Noah, Zach and Tom. They were too distracted to be driving and didn't want to be a danger to themselves, or anyone else on the road. A total of six vehicles left Passion in a line as they headed out toward Daylesford, to rescue one of their own.

* * * *

Samson, Connor and Griffith's wife Simone, had opened up the Four Passion Club, where all the women

converged, supporting each other in their vigil of prayer, as their men went off to help rescue Crystal. Simone poured soft drinks from behind the bar with some help from Hailey. Toni and Tasha sat close to each other holding hands. While Beth held a portable hand held radio, listening in on the men and keeping the women updated. Nikki sat at Beth's side. It was going to be a long night.

Chapter Eleven

Crystal's face and jaw were throbbing like a bitch. The pain was making her head thump so viciously, she felt ill. She knew she was in deep shit. She only hoped she had damaged Christoph Blane's balls enough to be permanent. The thought of him putting his hands on her again made her shudder. She was back in the bedroom, no doubt locked in again. She desperately needed to use the bathroom, but was too scared to move. She didn't want to alert her abductors to the fact, she was awake once more.

Crystal's full bladder eventually won out. The last thing she wanted was to pee her pants. She gingerly rose from the bed, biting her tongue as the ache in her jaw exploded up into a full blown stabbing pain. She opened the door on the other side of the room, relieved in more ways than one to find a bathroom. She used the facilities, then washed her hands.

She was horrified by how much her face was distorted in the mirror. She had a large black and purple bruise on the lower right side of her jaw and it was so swollen, she looked like she had been in another car accident. She tried to open her mouth and had to hold the scream of pain in as her vision blurred. She gently felt around her bruised flesh, but even that was too much pain for her to bear. When the pain finally settled down to a harsh aching throb, Crystal rummaged around under the vanity until she found a clean wash cloth. She wet the cloth with cold water and applied it to her jaw. She hoped the cool material would help get some of the swelling down.

The pain diminished a little more as she applied the cool compress to her jaw over and over again. Crystal's brain began to work. She set about searching the vanity, looking for anything she could use as a weapon. She looked

in the bedroom closets and drawers, then went back to the bathroom again. She studied the mirror when she realized it was sitting out from the wall a little more than was usual. She grabbed the bottom corner of the mirror, gave it a tug and nearly fell backward as the mirror opened up to reveal a hidden cabinet. She found a pair of nail scissors, a small metal nail file as well as an unused hypodermic needle.

There was a small vial of liquid medication in a bottle, so Crystal picked it up to read the label. It was a bottle of insulin, obviously someone here or previous lodgers was, or had been a diabetic. Crystal pulled the plastic safety covering from the sharp needle, plunged it into the upside down vial and pulled the syringe back. She watched the needle casing fill to the brim with insulin. She carefully recovered the sharp end with the protective plastic, placed the needle on the counter and rummaged some more. There was nothing else useful for her to use. She put the nail file and scissors into the pocket of her jeans, picked up the needle and went back to the bedroom. She lay down on the bed, placing the needle beneath the pillow and thought about her men.

Crystal thanked God for the night her tire blew out and crashed her car into a tree. That had been the best night of her life. Crystal had planned never to become attached to one man, let alone two. After watching the way her father had treated her mother, Crystal had vowed she would never fall in love. She had shied away from any man, not even interested in a relationship. Her father had taught Crystal to be wary of men for two reasons; one was because of the strength they had, and the second was how little control men had when they were angry. She now knew she had lumped all men under a too hard basket; and kept herself in the too scared to commit basket.

Alec and Duncan had shown her how wrong she was. Not all men were like her father. Duncan and Alec hadn't even known Crystal, yet they had taken her into their

house, then into their arms and hearts without a backward glance. They had broken through the hard wall she had caged her heart in, breaking it wide open.

Crystal was never going to look back again. She had the rest of her life ahead of her and she intended to live it to the fullest; which included returning the love of her two men. She wanted to make babies with them, spend the rest of her life loving, living, laughing and fighting with them. She wanted to grow old with them and she wasn't about to let the three men out in the other room take that away from her. If she was going to go down, she was going to make sure she took at least one of them with her.

* * * *

Noah pulled his car up no more than half a mile away from the secluded house, set amongst the bush, fifteen minutes out of Daylesford. Two police cars from the Daylesford station were waiting for them. The five other cars following behind stopped and the men convened on the side of the road. They made sure to keep their voices low and soft, not wanting any noise to carry to the house not far away. They had no way of knowing how many men were with Christoph and were hoping it was still only him and his two henchmen.

“Listen up everyone. We have no idea if this bastard has called in any more of his men. I want you all to be very careful. I don't want you going there with your guns blazing until we've reconnoitered the situation. Roman, Chance, Dillon, I want you coming in with me, Tom and Zach. We are going to meet these bastards head on. Tony, Colt and Bear, I want you three coming in from the back. San, Griff and Connor I want you coming in from the east side and you guys from Daylesford come in from the west. Anyone else choose which of us you want to back up, and cover us if necessary. Don't shoot unless absolutely necessary. I don't want to have Internal Affairs coming in down on my

head. Alright, are we ready?” Noah asked. When everyone nodded they took off.

They moved with the stealth of jungle cats, not one man amongst them stood on any branches or made any noise loud enough to alert the enemy they were coming. The men in the first team moved in the lightening shadows until they all had their backs to the wall of the cabin style house. It wasn't very large and Noah thanked God, the nearest neighbor was more than a kilometer away.

Dillon had supplied the leader of each of the four groups with specialized communication equipment, which came in very handy. Noah let them know he was about to go in with his partners, by clicking the microphone three times. He knew the other three teams would be in the house any way they could within moments.

Noah moved around the corner to the front door, kicked the door in and stormed through the doorway, his partner's on his heels. He heard the sound of glass breaking on either side of the house, another door being kicked in at the back, and knew the teams coming in from the east and west and north were in the house.

Noah pointed his gun at the stunned mobster lying on the sofa in the living room. He watched Christoph Blane blink the sleep from his eyes and a murderous expression began to show on his face, as he slowly inched his hand to his waist.

“Just give me an excuse,” Noah growled at the mobster, then watched the hardened criminal flop back on the sofa, his inevitable surrender plainly on his face. Zach moved in, pat the bastard down, removed two weapons from him, then cuffed him tight.

Tony, Colt and Bear entered from the rear of the house with Blane's two henchmen trussed up like turkeys in cuffs. Sam, Griff and Connor as well as the five members of the Daylesford police station entered from the east and west sides of the cabin.

“Did you guys find Crystal?” Noah asked, not taking his eyes from the three men now seated on the sofa together.

“No,” they all answered at once.

“Well, spread out and find her,” Noah ordered.

They searched through all the rooms and couldn't find her anywhere. They looked under beds, in cupboards, drawers anywhere they could think she maybe, and even some that were just plain ridiculous. They couldn't find her.

“Fuck it. Where is she?” Zach asked as he grabbed Blane by the front of his shirt.

“I don't know. She must have escaped, because the last time she was checked on, she was in that room asleep on the bed,” Blane replied.

“If we can't find her, I'm going to knee you in the balls harder than that little woman did,” Bear growled out in an icy voice, his stare just as cold.

“Bear I found Crystal's shoe in the bathroom. You want to sit down and see where she is,” Tony called, as he threw the shoe to his brother.

Bear caught the shoe in one large hand. He didn't even have to close his eyes to concentrate. Crystal's essence was so strong he knew instantly where she was. Bear was off, Crystal's shoe forgotten in his hand. He entered the bathroom, his brothers on his heels and he stopped to look up at the roof access hole. The square of plaster was in place, if he hadn't know since holding Crystal's shoe, he would never have thought to look in the ceiling. Alec and Duncan had one hell of a smart woman.

“She's up there, call Alec and Duncan. She has weapons ready and is fired up to use them. There is no fucking way I could fit through that hole, and besides she's got a hypodermic on her and is not afraid to use it,” Bear stated with a grin.

Alec and Duncan arrived moments later, Alec was actually the taller of the two brothers but he was also a little

leaner. They both called out to Crystal so she knew they were coming for her. The last thing they wanted to do was scare their woman anymore than she already was. When they didn't get a reply, they began to fret.

Alec climbed up onto the vanity counter, nearly bent in half so he wouldn't hit his head on the ceiling. He pushed the plaster square covering the man hole in the ceiling to the side, took the torch Tony handed him and stood up straight. He had to turn one hundred and eighty degrees before his torch light hit his woman. The sight of her curled up asleep, a hypodermic needle clutched in the hand beneath her cheek was the most beautiful sight he had ever seen. He used the strength in his arms and pulled himself up through the hole into the roof cavity.

"Crystal, wake up darlin'," Alec said loudly.

He watched as his woman jerked upright, nearly hitting her head on the roof in the process, put the needle to her mouth and pull the plastic covering from the sharp metal end.

"It's alright darlin'. We're here now. Put the needle down, Crystal," Alec crooned as he crawled through the low space on his belly.

"Alec?" Crystal asked so quietly he barely heard her.

"Yes, darlin', it's me Alec. Duncan is waiting for you down below. Are you alright? Did they hurt you baby?" Alec asked in a low soothing voice, wanting to keep his woman calm.

"No. I'm okay. Oh, I think baldy broke my jaw," Crystal said through her teeth. "It hurts like a mother fucker."

"Turn your head so I can see darlin'," Alec stated in a gentle voice. He felt rage consume him when he saw Crystal's face. Her lower jaw on her right side was black and blue and swollen out of all proportion. He pushed his fury back down as he concentrated on Crystal. "Do you think you can crawl back over to the man hole darlin'?"

“What sort of question is that? Of course I can. I'm not helpless you know,” Crystal replied.

Alec didn't let her know he could hear the tremor in her voice as she spoke to him. He could tell she was talking through her teeth, and hoped like hell her jaw wasn't broken, just badly bruised. He'd been on the receiving end of a broken jaw before and knew the pain she would be going through. He'd had his jaw wired shut and had to drink anything he consumed through a straw for two weeks. Pure hell. Alec shone the torch and lit the way so Crystal could see where she was going. He kissed her on the temple as she lay next to him in the small space, as she took a breather.

“Not much further darlin'. Come on let's get out of here, Duncan will be pulling the ceiling down if we don't show up soon,” Alec stated, knowing his woman could hear the smile in his voice.

Crystal finally made it to the man hole. She turned her body around one hundred and eighty degrees and rolled over onto her stomach. Alec moved up close to her and held onto her arms and hands, slowly lowering her through the hole. He was down beside her moments later.

Crystal slid down into Duncan's arms and knew she was safe, she was home. Duncan's warmth and scent enveloped her making everything right in the world once more. Alec slid down from the roof cavity, jumped down off the vanity, slid up behind her, enclosing her within his embrace and warming her with his body heat. She looked up into Duncan's eyes and went deaf.

Duncan had only caught a glimpse of the bruise on Crystal's jaw. He had been so set on getting her back in his arms, he hadn't taken much notice. When she looked up at him and he saw her swollen distorted, bruised jawline he roared in fury. Crystal was just able to make out his question over the ringing in her ears.

“Who?”

“Baldy,” Crystal replied, her hand going to her face to cover her disfigurement.

Duncan pulled her hand down from her face, placed a butterfly light kiss on her injury and whispered into her ear. “You are so beautiful, sweetheart. Don't hide any part of yourself from me. I love you Crystal.”

“I love you too,” Crystal replied, then promptly burst into tears.

“Oh, darlin', everything is alright now. I love you Crystal. You're safe baby,” Alec spoke in a quiet soothing voice as he scooped her up into his arms.

“I love you too,” Crystal sobbed out through clenched teeth.

Alec carried Crystal out into the living room and was just in time to see Duncan pull baldy up by the scruff and plant his fist against the large man's jaw. He watched with satisfaction as the man reeled back, slumping onto the sofa out cold. Duncan walked over to Alec and took Crystal from his arms, into his own.

Alec picked the unconscious bald man up once more, using his incredible strength, planted his fist into the bald man's jaw the same place Duncan had. He dropped the man back on the sofa, following his brother and woman from the house.

Chapter Twelve

Crystal woke up sandwiched between the two loves of her life. It had been a week since all the men in poly-amorous relationships, plus the policemen from Daylesford had rescued her from the evil mobster, Christoph Blane and his two henchmen.

Duncan and Alec had taken Crystal straight to the hospital in Daylesford to get her some medical attention. Apart from a badly bruised jaw bone and flesh she was fine. The bruising and swelling was going down, but her skin still had taken on a sickly yellow tinge. Her jaw was nearly back to normal, she only had a twinge or two of pain if she was trying to please her men with her mouth. They had put a stop to that the instant they had seen her wince in pain. There was no way they were letting her do anything for them but lay back and let them pleasure her. Not until she was fully healed and had no pain at all.

Crystal did a half yawn, which she had learned to do over the past week with an injured jaw, and stretched out her cramped muscles. Her hands came into contact with two hot, hard, pulsing cocks and she couldn't stop her hands from wandering. She wrapped her hands around her men's hard flesh and began to slide her hands up and down their long, thick shafts. She was still so in awe of their size, her fingers didn't meet her hand as she attempted to wrap them around their stiff rods. She pumped up and down their lengths, reveling at the feel of their silky smooth, hot flesh, with an underlying steel beneath her palms. She knew she would never get enough of them.

"You're playing with fire darlin'" Alec advised as he thrust his hips up into Crystal's hand.

"Hm, I know. I want to touch and fuck you and Duncan, any chance I can," Crystal replied.

“You can fuck me anytime you feel the need, sweetheart,” Duncan replied as he leaned up on his elbow, resting his head in the palm of his hand.

Alec turned over onto his side, turned Crystal's head to his and covered her mouth with his own. He slanted his mouth over hers, again and again, and again. He thrust his tongue into Crystal's mouth, swirling and tangling it with hers. He heard Duncan move on the other side of Crystal, opened his eyes to see his brother sucking on one of their woman's nipples. Alec withdrew his tongue from Crystal's mouth, weaning his mouth from hers. He kissed down over her jaw, being careful not to hurt her, then licked his way down her neck, over the top of her breast, until he was at her nipple and sucked the semi hard peak into his mouth. He laved, nibbled and licked that hard little tip, savoring the taste of her flesh.

Duncan released Crystal's nipple with a loud pop, licked his way down to the underside of her breast and laved it with his tongue. When he and Alec had Crystal arching up into their mouths. Duncan growled with appreciation, and moved his hand down over her mound until he found the little sensitive nub at the top of her slit. He slid one of his fingers over her clit, down through her moist folds until he found her wet dripping hole. He wiggled his finger around the edge of her tight wet cunt, gathering her cream onto the tip of his finger. He moved his hand back up over her vulva until her reached her engorged clit once more. He smoothed the pad of his finger over and around the protruding bundle of nerves, until he had Crystal bucking up into his touch.

Duncan couldn't stand anymore, he crawled down between Crystal's splayed thighs, laid down on his stomach and stared at her pretty, pink pussy. He breathed in her delicious musky scent and lowered his head to her flesh. He pushed her thighs apart and up, opening her up for his delectation.

His first lick was from ass to clit as he savored his woman's unique flavor. The first taste had him on the edge of control. Duncan shoved two fingers into Crystal's cunt as he flickered his tongue over her clit rapidly. He turned his hand palm up so the pads of his fingers could reach her G-spot when he was buried into her dripping vagina, to the second knuckle on his fingers. He began to pump his fingers in and out of her tight sheath, as he licked and nibbled on her clit, making sure he dug at her sweet spot with every slide of his digits. He pushed in deeper and faster with every pump, until he had Crystal writhing and mewling beneath him. He growled around her clit as he sucked it into his mouth, when he felt her pussy ripple along the length of his buried fingers. He picked up the pace again and was pleased as Crystal screamed her release, her internal muscles clamping down on his fingers hard, as she trembled and bucked, covering his mouth, chin and hand with a gush of her cream.

Duncan slid his fingers from Crystal's body as the last flutters of her pussy died down. He licked his hand, fingers and her cunt, not wanting to waist a single drop of his woman's release. When he was done, he moved to Crystal's side, until he was once more level with her and ravaged her mouth. The thought of her tasting her own cream on his lips and tongue, made his own arousal burn higher.

The sound of Alec ripping open a foil pack, penetrated the passionate haze fogging his mind, as he weaned his mouth from Crystal's. Duncan watched as Alec moved down between Crystal's spread legs, align his cock with their woman's pussy, and forge in with one powerful thrust.

Alec groaned as he buried his cock balls deep into Crystal's cunt. He held still giving her time to adjust to his penetration. When she bucked her hips up at him, he knew she was ready for his loving. He picked her up, by sliding his hand beneath her back until he got to her shoulder

blades, and pulled her up onto his lap. He grabbed her buttocks, spreading her fleshy globes wide, giving Duncan complete access to Crystal's ass. He watched as Duncan coated two fingers with lube, and knew when his brother began to massage his fingers into Crystal's asshole. Her muscles rippling around his hard flesh with excitement.

Duncan massaged his lubed fingers against Crystal's dark puckered entrance until her muscles relaxed, her body opening up to him. He pushed the tips of his fingers into her dark channel, wriggling them around, spreading the lubricating gel. He gave her time to get used to his penetrating fingers, her muscles clenching and releasing around his fingers. He pushed his fingers in all the way as her muscles relaxed, opening her ass to him. He thrust his fingers in and out of her hole, making sure she was fully coated with the lube, preparing her to take his large cock.

Duncan withdrew his fingers from Crystal's anus, grabbed the lube, coated his latex covered cock, aimed then pushed. He and Crystal groaned together as the tip of his dick, popped through the tight ring of muscles of her bottom. He pushed again as she released, using her muscles to push back and allow him entrance to her ass. Once he was buried to the hilt, he held still as he gripped her hips in his large hands.

“Ooh, you feel so good,” Crystal groaned. “I love it when I have one of you in my pussy and the other in my ass. Please, fuck me. Fuck me, hard.”

Alec and Duncan lost total control of their raging desire. They began to fuck Crystal like there was no tomorrow. They pounded in and out of her holes with no rhythm at all. They let their bodies dictate their needs as they thrust into Crystal's body. The sounds Crystal made as they loved her, only spurred them on to give her more. They had their woman on the edge of climax within moments, and sent her careening over the cliff as they pounded in and out of her body. They didn't stop when she

reached her peak, but kept right on going, sending her into climax after climax.

The feel of her rippling along the length of their cocks only spurred them on more. The sound of their flesh slapping with Crystal's echoed through the bedroom. She clamped down on their cocks again, as she hit another peak, pulling and milking the cum up from their balls, along the length of their penis' and out into the end of the prophylactic, protecting their woman. Duncan and Alec threw their head backs, their muscles and sinew bulging with effort as they roared out their own releases.

They all slumped together, their rapid breathing loud in the quiet room, as they tried to regain the strength back into their limbs. Duncan eased his cock from Crystal's anus, rose to his shaky legs, heading to the bathroom. He got rid of the condom, wet a wash cloth with warm water, then cleaned himself up. He rinsed the cloth and made his way back into the bedroom.

Alec and Crystal were lying on their sides, snuggled together on the bed. Duncan approached, lifted one of Crystal's legs, then wiped her pussy and ass clean. He chuckled when he heard her groan, then popped her on the ass before taking the cloth back to the bathroom and throwing it in the dirty laundry hamper. Duncan got back into bed, pulled Crystal's back up against his front, wrapping his arms around her waist as Alec got up and went to the bathroom. When he was done, Alec crawled back into bed, pushing his ass into the curve of Crystal's body, gave a sigh as she threw an arm over his waist and they all fell asleep.

* * * *

Crystal entered the Four Passion Club she had heard so much about, since arriving in Passion. The din of glasses, cutlery and crockery clinking together could be heard over the sound of chatter and the juke box playing.

There was a large group of people centered around one of the tables in the middle of the room, other tables and booths surrounding it.

Crystal let Alec and Duncan lead her over to the large group and waited as her two men introduced her to everyone. She had heard so much about these people in the last week and had been impatient to meet them all. She recognized some of the men's faces since they had all worked together to rescue her from the clutches of the evil mobster, Christoph Blane.

Crystal watched as they all interacted and knew without a doubt she was well and truly home. She was where her heart was meant to be and knew she would never go anywhere without her men at her side. She watched as Simone Ramsay from the Triple R Ranch, goad one of her three husbands, Connor, as she cussed him from the side of her mouth. She heard Connor chastising Simone for her trashy mouth, but the sparkle in his eyes belied his discipline.

Crystal saw Toni shudder, then glare at her two husbands, Ben and Jack Landon the two owners of the adult shop in Passion, and had an idea the two men were torturing their wife with some sort of hidden toy.

Crystal glanced over to Toni's sister Tasha and saw her looking into her husband's eyes as her two men, Jason and Sean Gallagher, gave their wife all their attention. She saw Zachary, Tom and Noah, watching their wife Beth as she was chatting with Nikki.

Nikki's three men Tony, Colt and the large intimidating Bear, watched their woman with indulgence, as she waved her small hands in the air, punctuating whatever she was talking about.

Crystal watched as the newest members to Passion, Hailey and her three men, Dillon, Chance and Roman Bartram were talking amongst themselves. Hailey must have felt her watching, because she looked up, gave Crystal

a smile and a wave and headed over to Crystal, gave her hug and kissed her on the cheek.

“Are you alright Crystal?”

“Yeah. Never better actually,” Crystal replied.

“I know what you mean. We are so lucky to have met the loves of our lives. I mean look at them all. Every single one of these men are built studs. They treat us women like we are so precious. I've never seen anything like it before I came to this little country town,” Hailey opined.

“Yeah, life couldn't be much better.”

Crystal and Hailey became aware of the noise around them diminishing. The juke box was silent for the first time that night, the noise of dishes and cutlery clanking stopped and the sound of chatter waned. The two women looked up, turned around to see Duncan and Alec down on their knees at Crystal's feet.

Crystal saw Hailey smile and wink at her from her peripheral vision, then move away, back to her men. She focused once more on Alec and Duncan. They each reached out and took one of Crystal's hands into their own.

“Crystal, you are the love of our lives. You make us feel complete. You are the air we breathe, the light and joy in our lives. You feel like home sweetheart. Would you do us the honor of marrying us and spending the rest of your life with us? We want to have children with you, grow old with you. What do you say baby?” Duncan asked as he held out an open jewelery box, which held a sparkling ruby with a diamond each side held in a setting of yellow gold.

Crystal felt tears leaking out of her eyes, roll down her cheeks to fall off the edge of her jaw. She could see the love her two men had for her, shining out at her from their eyes. She took a deep breath, pledged her heart and soul to her men, and asked a question that had been plaguing her for the last week.

“I love you both, more than my own life. You've shown me how it feels to be loved and to give love in

return. I would like nothing more than to marry you, have children with you and grow old with you. There is only one problem. I can't choose between the two of you. I love you both equally and refuse to make that choice. I don't see how I can marry the both of you, since polygamy is illegal.”

The crowd of people involved in their own poly-amorous relationships answered the question for Duncan and Alec. The voices filling in the quiet of the club room.

“You marry the oldest male, of course.”

Crystal launched herself down into Alec and Duncan's arms, laughing loudly with joy. “Yes, of course I'll marry you both.”