

Unrepairable Love /

I married a man novel alternative.

Chapter 131: Is Something Chasing You?

“Damnit, baby. You are gorgeous,” Donald said before dropping his lips to mine. It was like kissing for the first time, a rush of butterflies and urgent need flooding my body each time his lips met mine. It would never get old. I heard the door close before Justin's hand found mine as well. I broke the kiss with Donald and turned to meet Justin's lips, kissing him just as passionately. The feelings were so strong. Before we went too far—this *is* their workplace—I broke the kiss, leaning against them, panting slightly. I noticed them fixing their pants, both sporting the bulge of an erection.

“I am glad you came,” Justin said, taking my hand and leading me to the couch. We sat down as Donald brought me water; Justin loves the expensive imported kind. They were good, but I could also get the normal ones and he was satisfied.

“I ordered lunch; it should be here soon. I am sorry I didn't order it sooner; Jocelyn had us a bit worried,” Justin said, and I could see the concern on his face.

“Is she going to be okay?” I asked. As much as I didn't like her hands on Justin, I did understand that she had been around for a long time. And I wasn't a heartless bitch, or at least I hope not. Justin sighed, placing his face in his hands before running both hands through his hair.

“This morning,” he continued, “Thanks for Rodrigo's advice to get her a prenup when she got married twelve years ago. Her dickhead of a husband served her with divorce papers. He knew one day we would make it, and she would be making more than her husband, and we made sure she was protected. He, on the other hand, didn't think we were worth shit and signed it. She makes more money than anyone in this company aside from probably Matt and the partners here. Now her husband is dealing with small-dick syndrome and can't handle being with such a successful woman.” I heard the bitterness in his tone when he mentioned her husband.

I never heard him speak with such venom before, and today, I would say he didn't have it in him, but I was surprised. He must be close to her to feel so strongly about the entire situation. Donald settled in on the other side of me, draping an arm around the back of the couch so that his fingers grazed Justin's shoulder. Justin seemed to release tension in his body just from that light touch. I wished my touch could bring him the comfort Donald's did. That thought took me so off guard that I missed everything Donald had begun to say, but it seemed serious. I stood abruptly, making them both look at me with concern on their faces, and I shook my head.

"I am sorry, I really need to use the restroom," I said, thinking of the first excuse I could.

Justin looked at Donald but nodded and told me where to go. I hurried to the restrooms, shedding my jacket on the way and draping it on a chair. It was too hot in here. I stepped in and closed the door, realizing that I had started to hyperventilate. What the hell is happening?

My ears were ringing, and I heard muffled voices. I felt a cool cloth gently pressed on my neck. Did I black out? I felt that I was lying on something soft; the last thing I remember was walking into the restroom. I could feel my legs elevated, and I knew for sure I did hyperventilate. The sounds started to sound like words, not muffled sounds.

"It has been ten minutes; she should be awake by now," I could tell that was Justin's voice. He sounded very close, but I didn't have the strength to move.

"I don't know what triggered this; I am worried," Donald's voice chimed in. My men were both here.

"I haven't even told her the bad news yet; I don't know if I even can right now."

Bad news? What bad news? I attempted to open my eyes, and it took me a minute. Donald and Justin were right by my side as soon as they saw me move.

"Oh my goodness, baby, you scared us," Donald said softly, stroking the hair off my forehead. I felt more connected to him than I did before. The worry in his eyes brought tears to mine. I didn't really know what just happened. After yesterday, I felt...

“What happened?” I asked, my mouth feeling dry. I tried to sit up but felt so weak. Both of them reached for me at the same time, helping me to sit up and taking the pillow from my knees.

“You ran to the restroom and we heard you fall. You didn’t respond to us, so we let ourselves in through the closet. I am not sure what happened, but you were panting,” Justin said, taking my hand in his. “Please, talk to us, baby girl,” he added so softly, and I reached up and stroked his face.

“I am sorry, I think... I just felt... overwhelmed for a moment,” I said. Donald tamed and handed me a bottle of regular water. I didn’t hesitate to take a sip; they watched me intently as if I could pass out again. I handed the bottle back to him.

“I don’t think I have ever passed out before, so I know it was just a response to being overwhelmed,” I muttered, the water making me feel better.

I watched both of them exchange glances again, and that stupid pang in my gut hit me again. I involuntarily squeezed Justin’s hand in reaction. This was the bad news; they didn’t want me in their lives anymore. Justin looked back at me with an intensity I have felt before, and as if he could read my mind, he glanced between Donald and me.

“I love you both,” he blurted out in a whisper, and I swear my heart stopped. My eyes flickered to him; his eyes began to glisten as he swallowed hard.

“I know it was probably super premature to say, but I don’t know what else this feeling could be. I have never felt it so strongly for another person other than my family, but this is so much different, and it was so strong. I can’t hold it in or keep it from you both any longer.” His voice was getting stronger with each word.

His mouth opened and closed like he was trying to form words while tears slid down his cheeks. Donald and I both reached for him, but I pulled back. I watched Donald wipe the tears off his face.

“I don’t want either of you to say it back until you are ready. I have just decided that I won’t keep anything from you both, including my feelings. I would never recover if I lost either one of you,” he said, looking between Donald and me.

I was speechless; this definitely wasn’t bad news. I knew how he felt; this connection the three of us shared was so strong, but I didn’t think I was ready

to commit to those feelings, not after being trapped in an unhappy relationship for five years, thinking it was love.

“Tuck, Justin,” Donald bit out, reaching for him and slamming their lips together. They fit so perfectly that it almost hurt to see. They didn’t really need me to be whole because I knew, regardless of my coming into their lives, they would have found each other. The pull was so strong; there was no way they could resist it, and I saw it from the first day I met them. It gets stronger every day. I needed air; this was a suffocating room. I scooted over and stood up, making a run for the door. I was an idiot; Justin just let us in, and I am running, but I can’t handle it.

“Amelia,” Justin called out, but I didn’t stop. I grabbed my jacket and ran out the door. The elevator was closing, and I called out to wait. A tattooed hand grabbed it right before it closed, making it open, and I ran inside.

“Is something chasing you?” An insanely deep voice asked. I looked up into the face of a gorgeous man with beautiful eyes, a messy bun, and pierced ears and nose, giving him a bad-boy look. Tattoos covered every exposed part of his skin except his face, and his hair was pulled up into a man bun. Why was every man I ran into at this place so damn hot? I looked away from the man.

“No, sorry, I am just late for something,” I said to the floor. He hummed as if he understood.

“I don’t think we have met. I am Griffin Creed,” he said, extending his hand.

I looked up at him again before taking his big hand. It was warm and surprisingly soft. Griffin Creed, the other CEO? Justin’s brother? His appearance shocked me now that I know who he was. I have never seen a man in charge look so... I didn’t even know. If he wasn’t wearing the most perfectly tailored suit and shiny and expensive-looking dress shoes, I probably would have thought this guy belonged in a biker gang of some sort. Maybe the mafia, actually.

“Amelia, I am a friend of Justin’s and Donald’s,” I said quietly.

He studied me intently with a smile tilting the corner of his mouth up. Gosh, I would have melted right off by that smile. He licked his lips before chuckling, showing me that he also had a piercing on his tongue. If I wasn’t so overwhelmed and confused by my situation, I know my panties would be...

“Interesting.” That was all he said before the doors opened to the bottom floor. I stole one more look at him before rushing off the elevator. My bodyguard saw me and stood up, but I bolted to the exit. I heard him swear and rush to chase me; I was faster than him and made it to my car. I hopped in and sped off, causing him to have to drive out of the way to his car. By the time my heart stopped pounding, I was on the interstate. My phone began to ring; it was Donald, and I declined it. It started again—Justin—and I declined it as well.

I was being so stupid but couldn't stop. I needed to step away, needed to think. The phone kept ringing until I finally shut it off. I didn't know where I was going, but I was going to drive until I cleared my head. So I just drove.

Chapter 132: We Are Entwined Together

It had been six hours since Amelia ran off. Six hours since Justin confessed his love to me. I groaned, dropping my face into my hands; it was so much. I wanted to bask in the happy feeling of Justin's love, but I was worried sick about Amelia. She'd turned her phone off, and I had no way of tracking her until Matt got back to us. We went home after an hour of waiting for some sort of information; Justin put a hand on my leg, which was bouncing up and down.

“We will find her,” he said softly, wrapping a hand around mine. He was so strong through all of this, and I had been a hot mess. I didn't understand why she was acting this way, especially after the amazing weekend we had. I felt her feelings for us—multiple times, especially that day we made love all day—but something was seriously wrong to make her run away.

There was a knock on the door before Matt walked in. We'd told him about our relationship; we didn't think we could hide it from him if he was helping us find her.

“We found her. She turned her phone back on about ten minutes ago. She's in Opin at the Bedwell Hotel,” he said. “She can't leave, so you guys need to go find a way to get there.”

“I called the hotel, and they said she checked in twenty minutes ago and she looked okay. I paid them off to make sure we could get there as soon as possible so that she doesn't suspect anything,” he added, and I stood on my feet abruptly.

“How would we get there in time?” I asked. Justin stood and walked to me. He wrapped his arm around me, and I didn’t realize I was shaking until being in his arms made me stop.

“I had one of the planes on standby for the last three hours. I will call them to tell them where we need to go,” he said into my neck, and relief shot through me at his words. Although Ogun is interstate, it would take a long time to get there by car, so going by plane is the fastest and easiest way.

“Do you want me to send Back with you?” Matt asked. Justin pulled back from me and turned to him.

“No, if they can keep watching the house, that would be great,” he said. Matt nodded and left, and he turned back to me.

“Come on, let’s go get our girl,” he muttered, pulling me into his body again.

I loved touching him, and when he touched me, I could hold him forever. But the pain of Amelia running was dulling the moment; I needed her just as much as I needed Justin. He placed a few kisses on my mouth before we gathered some things to leave. Matt sent us the location details, and on the way to the airport, Justin got it straightened out with the pilot. The closest airport to where she was was thirty minutes from the hotel. I felt numb and absolutely dreadful the entire flight. I don’t know how Justin kept it together because I was falling apart. What if she didn’t want to come home with us? What if she didn’t want to be with us?

I don’t think I could handle any of that. My mind drifted back to the weekend. Did we do something to make her doubt us? I locked down, and Justin’s hand naturally intertwined with mine. Then I thought back to today. We kissed her before we sat on the couch, and I got her water. Then I touched Justin, even though he was on the other side of her. Was I touching her? I remembered that I had touched Justin because he had been so tense and upset about Jocelyn, and I knew how my touch calmed him. But that was when she had tensed and ran to the restroom. I remembered that sickening sound I’d heard—something hitting the floor—and I had been about to knock down the door after she didn’t respond to me. But Justin calmly reminded me about the second door in the closet. She seemed to be awake, but she was curled in a ball, hyperventilating and unresponsive, and this fucking killed me.

I thought back to the moment she ran away; Justin told us he loved us, and I couldn’t keep my emotions at bay. I never cried in front of people, but I felt

safe with my people. Justin had wiped the tears away, but I faintly remembered her reaching for me.

“Dammit,” I gasped, realization hitting me.

“I know why she ran,” I whispered, emotions filling me again.

She promised to be open with us; she promised not to take a solo trip. Justin touched my cheek, and only then did I realize the tears had come back.

I looked into his eyes, which were now wet with unshed tears.

“Donald, I am drawn to a flame; your touch brings me peace and fights off so much loneliness that it is almost overwhelming to think about. I knew the moment I saw you stepping off the elevator that I wouldn’t be able to live my life without you,” I reached up through blurry eyes and wiped his tears away. I know exactly how he feels; there is no way I could ever live without this man.

“You bring me peace, Justin. Hope that I felt was lost, and I love you for that. I love you for being able to calm me down with just a touch, to know what I need and when I need it. I told myself I would never love again, but you made that impossible, both of you did. I have never felt so possessive over someone like I do you and Amelia. I feel like shit that she doesn’t know that; I feel like shit that she doesn’t know how much I love her and how much her leaving like this hurts,” I admitted through tears, and he nodded.

Chapter 132: We Are Entwined Together

“I don’t see a place where our relationship ends with her. We are all entwined together, and from the moment she stepped off the plane, I knew I needed her. Being with the two of you was like breathing, and it is so natural, but when I don’t have you guys, it is like I am suffocating,” he said softly, and I totally agreed.

I laid my head on his shoulder, and we let our silent tears flow until we landed. It was just nine at night when we pulled up to the almost-stretchy-looking Bedwell Hotel in an Uber. We had stopped to pick up food because I had a feeling she didn’t eat. I spotted her car as soon as we pulled into the parking lot. We hopped out of the car and headed inside. The man at the front desk was expecting us and told us what room she was in. The elevator was out of order, so we took the stairs two at a time, and when we got to her door, Justin stopped me from banging on it. He pulled me back down the hallway.

“Take a deep breath, baby,” he said, cupping the side of my face.

His eyes were red and swollen from tears, and his face was splotchy red. He was still incredibly handsome, and I pulled him closer to kiss him softly. He was my breath; he was my everything.

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I had no way of tracking her.

Stuck With My Three Hottie Bosses Chapter 133: Don't Hide From Us

Donald's kiss took my breath away, and when I told him to take a deep breath, I didn't mean mine. I was so in love with this man that it was hard to see how I managed all these years without him. But even though his kiss was breathtaking and my heart was pounding in my chest, I still felt the pain of Amelia's loss. So I broke the kiss, taking a step back, and saw the confusion in his eyes, quickly replaced by understanding. We needed each other, but we needed her too. We needed to show her how we truly felt. I took a deep breath and nodded at him.

“We stay calm no matter what she tells us. She is our main focus right now, and her feelings are our priority. We will get her back,” I said quietly, and he nodded.

His eyes, bloodshot from crying and exhaustion, still showed his strong determination and concern. I leaned in and gave him one more steady kiss before we turned back to her door. I knocked; there was no peephole, which annoyed me, especially when she flung the door open without even asking who it was. Her eyes widened, and she took a startled step back. I stepped inside, followed by Donald, who closed the door behind him.

“Hey, babe,” I said softly. I saw her eyes go from me to Donald and back as they welled up with tears. It broke my heart to see her feel so helpless.

“Please, don't be mad at me,” she sobbed, dropping to her knees.

I put down what I was holding and picked her up, sitting on the bed with her crying in my arms. I wished she knew how much she meant to me and that she didn't have to feel this way. Donald sat next to us, taking her hand and stroking it. When she calmed down, she abruptly pushed off my lap and stood up, backing away from us and shaking her head.

“No, no. Why aren’t you guys mad at me? I was so stupid; I didn’t mean to come this far. I just needed air and freaked out when I lacked the strength to follow you. Oh my goodness, is he okay? I hope I didn’t hurt him; I am such an idiot,” she rushed out, pacing and wringing her hands.

She was still in her tight turtleneck bodysuit, which was incredibly sexy. She’d discarded her pants and only had socks on; her legs were so distracting that I had to mentally pinch myself. Now wasn’t the time to throw her on the bed and make love to her senselessly, but you better believe I was going to once we straightened all this out. Donald went over to her, stopped her mid-stride, pulled her to his body, and she melted against him, wrapping her arms around his neck. Her leaving like this had really taken a toll on him.

“Please, baby girl. Don’t ever do that again; I was so fucking worried about you. We were both worried about you,” he said through tears into her hair, and she held onto him tighter.

I knew he always had to be strong and not show weakness, especially raising a little girl, but I was glad he felt safe enough around us to show his emotions. After a moment, she took a step back, her cheeks stained with fresh tears. She reached up and wiped his tears before they shared a soft kiss. He broke the kiss before it got too heated. I knew he craved her as much as I did, but we really needed to set things straight.

“Please, tell us what you ran from?” I asked. She lowered her eyes, but Donald placed a finger under her chin and lifted her face so her eyes were on us.

“Please don’t hide from us,” he whispered, smoothing one hand over her hair and down her back. I saw the shiver that passed through her and tried not to groan at the intensely sexual touch.

“I felt like maybe you guys don’t like me as much as you like each other,” she began, her voice shaking with emotion.

“It is elementary for me to have run, but I just couldn’t handle it because I don’t want to be hurt or in another loveless relationship.” She paused, wiping her eyes. “But when you said you loved us, and I just snapped... I’ve been told that so many times, and it was lies that scared me. If I wasn’t working for you, would I even still...”

Donald and I exchanged a look, and I nodded at him to tell her the news now. We couldn’t keep anything back from each other; this relationship wouldn’t

work otherwise. Donald took her hand in his and led her back to me; he sat next to me, and we took one of her hands each.

“We were going to talk to you over lunch about it,” he said with a sigh. I immediately saw the disappointment that filled her, but she stayed silent.

“Emily got accepted into Hollywood Academy; I found out this morning,” he said softly. Her face filled with surprise before a smile lit it up.

“My goodness, that’s amazing! That’s one of the best and most prestigious boarding schools for gifted children,” she said, and her reaction caught me off guard. I thought she would be much more upset about the news; I think Donald did too because his body relaxed.

“I know you came here because of her, but she was feeling...was evident,” I said. “I hope you will stay because of us. I can’t bear to lose you, baby girl,” he said. She looked between us, uncertainty evident on her face.

“What did we say when we had that talk before our entire relationship started?” I asked. She looked between us and then back at me, taking a deep breath.

“No flings or hookups,” she breathed out.

“And we meant it. We are not here for meaningless flings. You mean the world to us, and we would do anything for you. We want to love you and spoil you and make you the happiest woman in the world. We want to protect you and keep you safe; we will always chase you, no matter how far we have to go, to bring you home because we love you,” Donald said, the emotion clear in his voice.

“Equally, separately, and together—all at once, however you want to put it—to make you feel the most secure in us. That is how much we love you,” I added.

I watched her bite her bottom lip as she looked at us. I needed her to talk, but I wasn’t going to rush her. She looked so torn, and I knew she loved us, but I could also tell she wasn’t ready to tell us yet.

“So what’s the bad news?” she said reluctantly. My brows furrowed; I was confused by her question.

“What bad news?” Donald asked, looking from her to me and back.

She dropped our hands so abruptly and took a step back that dread filled me, and all the reassurance I was beginning to feel started to fade. I needed all this fucking distance to stop.

Chapter 134: How Do You Feel About Anal Sex?

Tuesday has been an absolute shitshow. I wanted it to be over, but right now it feels like we keep going in circles. I don't know how they found me, but they did, and I honestly don't know why I overreacted so badly that I ran to another state. Coming to Gunnison wasn't intentional, but when I stopped at the hotel and asked the man downstairs where I was, I was shocked. I don't want to be here, but I was afraid to call Justin or Donald.

I didn't think they would react very well. I knew I would have to pack my bags and find another situation, and I wasn't ready to face that. But after I opened the door and found them standing on the other side, I couldn't hold back my emotions. They looked so deflated, both of them with red, swollen eyes. They had been crying and didn't hide it. It made me feel like maybe they did have strong feelings for me. They both claimed to love me, and yet they had made me feel like they were lying. I am tired of the uncertainty.

“When I regained consciousness, I heard you say you don't know how to tell me the bad news,” I said quietly.

I watched Donald give Justin a long look, almost in frustration, before he stood and approached me. I took a step back. Hot. He reached out and gently grabbed me.

“Baby girl, the bad news was the fact that you will not be working with Emily. I know how much you were looking forward to it, and I didn't know how you would take it because I knew it would hurt you,” he said, turning me and backing me up until I was basically sitting in Justin's lap. He wrapped his arms around me, settling me in his lap.

“Why would I be hurt? Anyone who passes up such an exclusive invitation like that would be crazy,” I said, and he smiled softly.

“Well, I am glad you aren't hurt or upset. I care so much about you, and I know it was a lot to pick up your life and move here, but we will take care of you. You don't even need to work if you don't want to,” Donald said, coming closer. If he was anyone else, I would feel so claustrophobic right now, but it was him. I took his hand.

“I need to work to keep me busy while you guys are in Australia; I will go crazy,” I said. It was going to be hard to be away from them for so long, but there was no reason I would be going to Emily’s.

“If you think we are going to spend more than a night away from you, then you are mistaken,” Donald said, brushing my hair back from my face. Shivers ran down my spine at his words. They still wanted me to go to Australia with them?

“You want me to still go with you?” I asked. Justin moved so quickly that I didn’t even process it until I was on my back, lying on the bed, and he was over me.

“What is it going to take for you to understand and believe that we want you to be with us whenever we go? There is no way in hell we are going to be in another country and leave you behind. Six months or six days, no more unnecessary separation. Do you understand?” He said in a tone I had never heard before. It held so much authority that it did something to my body, and I nodded without hesitation.

“Promise you will never run away again. I know you aren’t used to being with, uh, grown-ass mature men, but you are now, and we do communication and we work things out. We don’t run,” Donald said, coming up next to Justin.

“If you want out of this relationship, then say something; we weren’t going to force you to stay. But we need you as much as we need us. We want you to love us as much as we love you.”

I looked between them. I was acting like an immature child. These men were the opposite, and I wasn’t ready to tell them I loved them, even though I know I did. I just needed more time.

“You don’t have to say you love us unless you are ready; we just need you to know our feelings for you,” Justin said, slightly trailing his fingers down my stomach. His touch immediately turned me on, and I didn’t want to talk anymore, so I just nodded. He smiled softly; the cloud that seemed to be settled over his expression lifted.

“What is on your mind, baby girl?” His expression had changed too; he looked almost relieved.

“I want to be with the two of you, and I am sorry I ran away. I won’t do it again. I was scared to call because I didn’t want you to be mad at...” I was cut off when Donald’s lip touched my neck, and I groaned.

“En...mit. Yes, we were confused and worried, but definitely not mad,” Justin said, moving over so Donald could straddle me. Justin nestled behind me and rested my head on his lap as I— I suppose we were done with talking, and I definitely needed to be touched. He slid the cloth up and over my legs. The laceration on my side had already healed, and the pain was gone. I am a fast healer, so I wasn’t surprised. He placed a kiss on my stomach and grazed his teeth down until he reached the top of my underwear, which, of course, he ripped off instead of taking them off like a normal human being. I felt the primal urge, the sight, the bond, and I know the sight of him being feral was just as attractive to him as it was to me.

Donald didn’t hesitate to go down, licking and sucking on my clit. My back arched at how suddenly he just went in, and Justin slid his hand to massage my still-covered breast. I could feel him growing hard under me.

“Oh fuck,” I gasped, rocking my hips and pressing my pussy into his mouth. His hands were around my body, and I reached my hand down and grabbed onto his hair and ground my hips against his face. He groaned and began throwing one of my legs over his shoulder and sliding two fingers inside me. I screamed as an orgasm took over my body, and Justin stuck two fingers into my mouth to muffle my screams and make me suck on them while pumping them in rhythm to Donald’s fingers in my pussy. It was so erotic that another orgasm rolled over me before the first one even stopped.

“Damnit, that was so sexy,” Donald said, raising his head to watch me as I came again. This was probably the longest orgasm I have experienced in all the amazing, mind-blowing orgasms they have given me.

“Yes, it is,” Justin groaned. “Let me taste her,” he added, and to my amazement, I watched Donald dip his head and coat his lips and tongue with my release before sitting up and straddling me. I kissed him. I could have come again from watching them kiss, Justin licking and sucking his lips and tongue. They broke the kiss and looked down at me. Both their lips were glistening now from my juice.

“So, how do you feel about anal sex, baby girl?” Donald asked with a crooked smile on his face.

Chapter 135: Cum Hard For Us

Donald watched Amelia's eyes grow large at my question. My already painfully hard dick twitched. I reached down and unhooked her bra, leaving her naked except for her stockings. I leaned down and sucked one nipple into my mouth while Justin moved around to attend to her other nipple. She arched up, her eyes closed, soft whimpers escaping her. Justin had to muffle her earlier because she was amazingly loud when she came, which was okay with us, but to anyone walking by, she would sound like the weak under...thness.

"Please," she whined, her entire body rolling to find more friction.

"Please what?" Justin asked between licks on and around her breast.

"Please fuck me," she whispered.

"Who do you want to fuck you?" I asked, leaning up to look into her face.

"Both of you," she responded without hesitation.

Yes, I immediately began to strip off my clothes, hopping off the bed. Justin had booked a hotel about ten minutes away—much nicer than this—but neither of us could wait at this moment. Once I was naked, I began to remove Justin's clothes. We kissed up and down her body until I needed him to stand up. He took the rest of his clothes off while I went back to kissing her all over until she was writhing and panting under my touch. I used the slickness of her cum to lubricate my dick, slowly rubbing my shaft through her slit and making her moan. I may have to rethink that because I forgot the lube in my haste to get here. Justin climbed back onto the bed, handed me the bottle of lube, and gave me a sexy smile.

"I can't go out of town with the two of you and not bring it," he said softly before turning his attention back to her.

She looked up at him, reaching to stroke his dick. He scooted closer so that the tip of his already dripping dick touched her lips. She opened her mouth greedily for him, and he slid into her mouth until he touched the back of her throat. He slid the hell deep into her pussy; she moaned around his dick as I slammed into her.

"Fuck, yeah, babe, that feels so good," Justin moaned as he slowly fucked her mouth.

It was amazing to see how well she could deep-throat; he was still too big to fit all the way into her mouth, but she took some solid inches. I reached down and pinched her nipples, and she came immediately, spurting all over my dick.

“Yes, cum hard for us,” I moaned into her ear as I leaned down to slow my thrust.

I placed kisses on her neck and down to her nipples as she came down from her high. I pulled out of her and sat back on my feet. Justin pulled out of her as well; she was so spent, and I was far from done, but she might need a little break. Both of us exchanged looks before returning our attention to her. We kissed every inch of her body as she lay there dazed. Every so often, she would let out a soft whimper, but she was spent. I didn't want to stop, but this was about her, so when she was done, I was done.

“Do you think we can move to another hotel?” I asked Justin. He nodded as he moved to get off the bed.

“Wait,” she said breathlessly, placing an arm across his leg. “I want to see the two of you together.” Her eyes darted a little more to look.

“There will be plenty of time for that, baby girl. We just want to make you feel good,” I said, and she smiled lazily.

“It is so hot though,” she reached over, her hands stroking Justin's still-hard dick.

“And you two are still so hard,” she practically purred.

Her words sent warmth down my spine, and I looked at Justin. His lip was caught between his teeth as he slowly looked over my body. She seemed to regain her strength and slid from under me. Justin moved closer until his chest was pressed up against mine. I wrapped my arms around his neck and closed the distance between our lips. I could still taste the hint of cum on his mouth, and we devoured each other. I pushed him back so that he was laying on his back, and he immediately pulled Amelia to him, bringing her lips to his. I took a moment to enjoy the view; they were both the sexiest people I have ever seen. She had a slim runner's physique with a great ass and perfectly perky breasts that fit so perfectly in my hands. Justin also had a runner's physique with more muscle, so he wasn't extremely lean but had nice bulk to him. Both of them naked together were erotic, and I could watch it all day.

I coated my dick with lube, then his ass. I wondered if he would cum when I started to fuck him. It was so sexy to me that, without fail, anal penetration always had this effect on him. I lined myself up and slowly began to push inside him. I watched as his eyes rolled back as his head fell back against the pillow, and he let out the sexiest moan. When I pushed all the way in, cum shot out of his dick and into my chest as his legs trembled. Gosh, that was so damn hot.

I moved slowly under Amelia's heated gaze. She ran her fingers over his six-pack abs and then up over his pecs before reaching down and stroking his still-hard dick. He buried his face in her neck as he moaned. Her eyes were dark and needy as she watched me fuck him. He was so damn tight, and I could live inside him.

"Oh fuck," he groaned, making me pound into him just a little faster.

Amelia's eyes traveled up over my cum-covered abs and chest until her eyes met mine. She sucked her bottom lip into her mouth, a lot of appreciation crossing her face and making my mouth go dry.

"Come here," I moaned slowly, and she obeyed me, straddling Justin and sinking down onto his dick. Her eyes rolled back, and her mouth opened in a little sigh.

I grabbed her, pressing my lips to hers as we both began to rock. Justin's moans filled the air as we both fucked him. The pleasure through my body was unreal as I felt my orgasm rising. I kept it at bay, devouring her mouth, and I felt her body beginning to tremble with her orgasm, so I pumped Justin's ass harder so that they began to cum together. I let myself cum with them, our moans blending together as one.

When we came down from our high, I lifted her off his dick and laid her down, pulling out and watching the cum slide out of his ass. Aside from watching them fuck each other, this was my second favorite sight. I reached down and pushed my cum back in with my fingers, making his legs tremble a little more.

"Gosh, fuck," he gasped as more cum leaked from his shaft.

"Damn it, baby, you are so responsive, and I love it," I told him, releasing him from my torture.

He hummed in response, his chest rising and falling rapidly. One arm was behind his head, and one was around her, who also was breathing hard. I

smiled. I wasn't done for the night, but they could take a little break. I stood up and went to the bathroom; the light flickered. I turned it on and looked around. I grimaced; she deserved better than this shithole. I've stayed in my share, but this one was fucked up. I grabbed some towels and checked them before wetting them and taking them back out to my loves.

I wiped them down each with a different towel before returning to the bathroom and wiping myself down. I found my clothes—which I now regret throwing on the floor—and slipped them on. Justin and Amelia were lying chest to chest, kissing lazily on the bed. I'm not even sure if they realized it hardened again. I couldn't definitely go another round, but not here. I went over and smacked their asses. She smirked and giggled, and Justin just used that to kiss her more deeply.

“Get up, this place is kind of nasty, and I want to get you both comfortable, so let's go,” I told them.

“Not just yet,” Justin murmured against her lips, and I smirked.

I walked around and pulled her off him and onto her feet. She tried to protest, but I smacked her ass again, making her whimper. She turned and faced me, wrapping her arms around my neck and kissing me.

“More,” she murmured, and I had to smile, kissing her back until she was panting.

“I will give you as much as you want, baby, but not in this cesspool,” I said, breaking the kiss.

“We have another place we can go, and I promise I will fuck you all night.”

Chapter 136: It Felt Like the World Had Ended

I ended up fucking Amelia again in the back of the car while Donald drove us to the other hotel. It was like she was possessed, and I couldn't get enough. Thankfully, the back seat of her car was spacious enough for her to ride me because I couldn't wait. I knew it was torturing Donald because the sounds she was making were so erotic. I stayed inside her until he told us we were a couple of minutes away.

She reluctantly climbed off my dick and sat next to me as we fixed our clothes. I pulled her lips to mine as I smoothed down her hair.

“You are so perfect,” I said, and she smiled, casting her eyes down. I wouldn't let her forget how absolutely beautiful our girl was and how much I fucking love her.

When we pulled up to the hotel, we hopped out and let the valet take the car. It definitely smelled like sex, making me chuckle as his eyes darted between Amelia and me. We went inside and checked in. It was the most luxurious hotel I could find nearby; it would have to do. It was much better than Bedwell, where we left a hot, sticky mess. I felt guilty, but I left a few thousand dollars and a note for the housekeeper, apologizing for the mess. The room at this hotel wasn't the largest, but it would do. It had a king-size bed and a sparkling clean whirlpool tub, which was all we really needed. I sent Donald and Amelia to the shower while I ordered room service. We ended up leaving cold food behind at the other hotel; not sure if we could reheat it.

I heard giggles coming from the shower, then moans, before the sounds of flesh against flesh filled the room. I peeked to see her pressed up against the glass shower while Donald fucked her from behind, his hands around her neck as he rammed into her. Her mouth was open, and her eyes were closed as she took every inch he had to give her. His muscles rippled as he fucked her, and my mouth went dry. I wanted to join them, but honestly, I wasn't sure if he was down for that again, even though he'd told me he would. He just never mentioned it after that one night a few days ago, so I didn't push.

I felt eyes on me and refocused; her eyes were still closed as she moaned with each hard thrust, but Donald's eyes were on me as he leaned down and kissed her neck and sucked on the flesh. He pulled her breast and squeezed, making her legs give out as she came. I groaned and stepped away from the door; he knew how to make my dick weep. The sound of sex stopped a few minutes later as I heard him groan. I waited patiently for them to rejoin me; maybe I shouldn't have watched them. I don't know why, all of a sudden, I felt guilty for invading their privacy. Donald came out carrying a limp Amelia and laid her on the bed, a towel wrapped around her waist.

“The water is still hot,” I said. I couldn't read his tone, but he didn't seem upset. I nodded and went to the bathroom, not looking at him.

I closed my door but didn't lock it. My shower was short and to the point. When I came out, he was standing against the wall. I didn't hear him come in.

“Amelia has passed out,” he said softly, and I snorted. Who knew we had a sex goddess on our hands? He tilted his head a little before handing me a towel,

and it didn't escape my notice how his eyes trailed over my body with appreciation.

“The food is here,” he said in that weird tone again, and I nodded, quickly drying off and wrapping the towel around my growing erection. Why was I so fucking horny right now? I followed him out of the bathroom to the buffet of food I'd ordered. He made a plate and then woke her, who protested.

“Baby girl, I know you haven't eaten since, probably breakfast, so you need to eat something,” he cooed, helping her sit up, and she reluctantly sat up and let him.

I focused on my own plate at the small table across the room and heard his deep voice but didn't pay attention to the words. The food was good, and I was starving, so I enjoyed it. I didn't realize how engrossed I was in my plate until he put a plate down on the table and dropped into the seat across from me. He buked over to find her tucked back against a few pillows so that she didn't lay flat on a full stomach. He was such a thoughtful man when it came to small things, and I didn't think I would have thought of that. I guess it comes from being with him before.

“Why did you and your wife divorce?” I asked before I could stop myself. The silence in the room made me look up to find him studying me while chewing slowly.

“Technically, we were never married. We were together for four years before I proposed, and we had Emily in the fifth year and broke up in the sixth. I postponed the wedding when she got pregnant; I was fine with eloping, but we went through a rough patch because she wanted an abortion, and I wanted to keep the baby.” He paused, shuffling his food around his plate. He left me for six weeks and wouldn't answer my calls or texts. I even tried locating her through a private investigator; if it was that important to her not to be a mother. I knew I wouldn't force her to have the child; I just needed to make sure she was okay. She came back still pregnant and told me she was sorry. I had to liven things out, and we made up; I was never the same, however. I think we worked it out because of Emily. She wanted to model and sail the world with no attachments, that included Emily and me as well.” He paused to chew his food.

“She didn't want to be taken care of, and she disliked that I tried to provide for her, even though she didn't have a penny to her name before we met. After she had Emily, I paid for her to have the best modeling coaches and built a top-of-

the-line home gym with everything she wanted to get her body back to where she needed it to be.” His eyes met mine through the silence as I waited for him to share the rest of the story.

“She still hated me; she never once held Emily, never looked at her, or talked to her.” His voice cracked, and he looked away, clearing his throat. “She blames me for guilting her into keeping something she didn’t want, and I told her she didn’t have to stay. I told her if she really didn’t want Emily, that she should parent her alone. I had been from the beginning, anyway.”

My heart hurt from the pain I could see in his eyes. I know he loves his daughter, so the fact that even though he only took full custody last year, he was the only constant in her life.

“She was never around, so I quit the shows and spotlight so I could be there with my daughter. On her first birthday, she came to the party with another man in her arms and told me she didn’t want to be with a man who was a pussy and didn’t respect women’s choices. She called me a misogynistic asshole in front of all my friends and left. One week later, I got served with eviction papers. I had bought our house in her name as a gift for her twenty-fifth birthday, so she kicked me and our daughter out. I didn’t fight it; it was just...things. So I took my belongings and Emily’s and moved in with my parents. They told me to stay and that they would help with raising her.” He said in a distant tone, and I was appalled by his words and saddened by the mistreatment.

“Just over six months ago, she finally signed over full custody of Emily. I don’t know why she waited so long; I’d been asking for years, but I think she got tired of having to do everything I wanted for my daughter. So here I am, trying to still work and give my little girl everything she wants and needs to fill the void of not having a mother.” He added with a bitter laugh and looked over to still-sleeping Amelia and then back to me.

“You two are the first I have let into my life since that day she walked out on me, and that was so fucking scary. The pain of her rejection of me and my baby was a scar that is still visible. I swore I would never fall in love again; I swore I would always keep Emily my first priority, and I wouldn’t let anything come between that. But then I met you, and fucking hell, when I got off that elevator, I swore my heart stopped. Then, when you stopped everything to help find someone for my daughter, a child you didn’t even know, I knew I was going to fall head over heels. And when I saw you standing with Amelia outside the hotel, that feeling of possession came over me so strongly that I

almost couldn't walk. The two of you bring out something in me that I always knew was in my nature, but no one allowed me to feel before." His eyes glimmered with unshed tears, and I felt my throat constrict with emotion at his words. He glanced at her; one tear fell down his cheek and broke the barrier.

"And when I saw how possessive she was about working with Emily and how happy she seemed, it was almost overwhelming, and I remember thinking maybe she would be the mother figure my daughter never had. It was such a silly thought, but I was so drawn to her that I knew if I started a relationship, it could only be with someone who could love my daughter as much as I do. And when I talk about Emily, the joy and excitement you both have for me and with me brings so much peace. And when I thought I lost the piece of me that made me feel whole again..." he stopped, looking back at me.

"I felt...it like the world had ended."

Chapter 137: You Both Saved Me

Donald was looking at me. I watched the tears roll down my host's face as I told him my story. I don't know if he knew he was crying for me, but I could see the pain in his eyes. I love him even more for it. When we got to Mom, he was strangely distant, and I had no idea why. The more I think about it, the more I think maybe it was because he wonders what would have happened if we never came here, or if she never told us her true feelings.

I thought about that while I listened to them. There was a feeling of desperation in the air, and I felt it too while I took her into the shower. Then I saw him watching, and the look on his face worried me a little. It was like he was torn, and I didn't know what it was, but the question he asked caught me off guard. I reached up and wiped the tears from his face. None of us really talked about our past, and maybe that was where we had it wrong.

"You both saved me," he blurted.

"I honestly have been alone for so long that I didn't know I needed saving," he continued. "The idea of having a child makes me happy. When the time comes to meet Emily, I'm going to be overjoyed, and if she ever..."

"...is in this anymore, I will have your back, and I will never leave you," he finished, his arms around me. His words broke the dam of emotion, and I fell to my knees in front of him, resting my head on his chest and letting the tears

fall. He wrapped his arms around me, and I felt all the love and comfort I'd always wanted and needed in a partner. I don't know how long we stayed like that, but I eventually leaned on his chest while kneeling between his legs.

"Come on, let's get some rest," he said, unwrapping his arms and guiding me to my bed. We shared a few slow, sensual kisses before climbing in on the other side of Amelia.

I woke up first in the morning to my phone buzzing. I looked over at them to find she had made her way and sprawled out on top of him. I laughed to myself before getting up and going to my phone. It was my daughter. I had postponed going home twice and immediately felt guilty.

"Hey, honey. How's my davor girl doing?" I asked, trying to push those negative feelings back. I threw on a robe and then went to the double doors that led outside into the chilly air.

"Hi, Father, I'm okay. I miss you. Will you be coming home to send me off to school? I have only three days left," she said. The tone of her voice made emotions fill me. She never was one to say "I miss you," and I felt bad that I was absent to the point where she missed me.

"I am sorry, honey. I know I haven't been home in a while; I miss you even more. And yes, I will be coming home to escort you to school. There is something I need to tell you, and it is one of the reasons I haven't been home in a while," I said softly.

"I know, Father, and I am happy for you. I am glad you aren't alone anymore," she said; her voice sounded more cheerful, and I took a deep breath.

"How did you know?" I asked, shocked. I hadn't told anyone.

"Because you have been gone so long, and you also sound happier when I talk to you. You also don't bug me with millions of calls a day like you usually do," she paused, and I heard her rustling around.

"When will I meet her?" I took another deep breath.

"People... Justin and Amelia," I said slowly, and the silence on the other end was deafening.

"Hello?" I called after a long moment passed.

“Sorry, that caught me off guard. So two people, a boy and a girl?”

“Yes,” she responded sheepishly, and I heard the door open. I turned to see a sleepy Justin walking out. “Is everything okay?” he mouthed, and I nodded.

“Well, I am happy for you, Father. You deserve double the love,” she said, and I smiled, tears pricking my eyes.

“Do you mind if they are with me when I come home?” I asked. I didn’t clear it with them, but I had a feeling they would prefer we stay together.

“I have to go through...pranda is taking me to the city for a shopping spree on your dime,” she said, laughing, and I smiled.

“Of course, I will see you soon. We’ll send our goodbyes,” and I hung up. I turned back to Justin.

Chapter 137: You Both Saved Me

“Emily?” he asked, and I nodded.

“She has been missing her father,” I said softly.

He came to me and wrapped me in his arms, turning his cold nose into my neck. We stayed silent through the embrace before we separated, and he took my hand and led me back inside. Amelia was still sleeping; we really wore her out yesterday.

“We need to head back so we can pack and catch a flight back home,” he said, going over to her. He leaned in and kissed her lips and then her neck. She rolled away from him, groaning. We may have to carry her out of here at this rate, and I looked at the time; it was just some minutes past nine in the morning. We had slept hard. Justin pulled the covers off her, revealing her perfect naked body, and my dick twitched in my pants. I rolled my eyes; she made me so fucking horny. He climbed on top of her slowly, kissing her from head to toe and back up to his face between her legs. What a fucking good way to be woken up. I went over and climbed on the bed, bringing my lips to her nipples, sucking and licking her perfect little nubs until she was writhing under our touch.

I looked down at Justin as he licked and sucked her clit while pumping his finger in and out of her. Our eyes met, and he smiled while sucking her pussy.

He enjoys oral so much that watching him alone could make you cum. She gasped as her body trembled through an orgasm.

“Oh fuck,” she moaned as she tried to squirm away from his mouth, but her legs were basically jelly. I chuckled and leaned up to kiss her.

“Good morning, sweet girl,” I mumbled into his mouth; she sighed, her lips curving into a smile. Our kiss deepened, and I pulled her on top of me so that her wet pussy was hovering over my hard dick. I untied my robe so that I could slide inside her. I hadn’t planned sex this morning, but why the rush? Her moans were loud and sexy as fuck as she sank down onto me. I rocked her hips while I slowly pumped up into her. She was heaven to be inside, and I didn’t want to rush. She rested her head on my neck while I slowly made love to her. Whether she loves me back or not, I wasn’t sure since she wouldn’t tell me, but I am sure I fucking love her. I looked over and saw Justin sitting back and stroking his dick as he watched us, his eyes dark with desire and his lips parted.

I smiled at him and flipped her onto her back, laying on top of her. I positioned us in a way where Justin knew what I wanted, and I heard his sharp intake of breath before I felt him come closer. I rolled my hips slowly into her, placing my lips back on hers and swallowing her moans of pleasure. I felt the cold lube on my ass a moment later, and a shiver went through me. He probed one finger inside me, and I groaned. Fuck, that felt good.

“Is this what you want?” he asked, his voice low and a bit raspy.

“Yes,” I mumbled.

He wasted no time, slowly pushing in, and it was a little easier than last time but still slightly painful. The pleasure I felt from being inside her overshadowed the discomfort until an overwhelming sensation came over me.

“Oh fuck,” I groaned, matching his rhythm as I pumped into her. I wasn’t going to last at all, but I needed her to cum first. I slid her down a little further and tilted her hips up so that I hit her g-spot with every thrust. Justin leaned down and placed kisses on my shoulder; his change in position made me slam into her, and I was not able to hold back the orgasm that overtook me. I felt her clenching around me as she came, and the warm feeling of Justin’s cum filled me up.

None of us held back our cries of pleasure as we all went over the edge.

Stuck With My Three Hattie Bosses

Chapter 138: Please Wake Up, We Need You

Amelia was exhausted from the ride home. She was younger than her men, but holy fuck, her sex drive was as high as theirs. She knew if she told them she needed a day or two break, they would understand, but she was nervous to do so. She was so fucking glad the idea of anal escaped Donald because she knew, for sure, she would be fucked in every sense of the word.

She hadn't complained when they showered together that morning and fucked even more in the shower. She didn't care who fucked whom; she was glad they had each other while she couldn't handle her mate. Honestly, she needed her period to come so she could have a break, but she had another week before it was due.

“Hungry, baby girl?” Donald asked from the driver’s seat, pulling her from her thoughts. Justin looked back at her, smiled, and she shook her head.

Justin looked at her a little too long, and she knew what he was thinking before he turned back, his mind on taking Donald’s hard cock. She let out a deep breath she didn’t even know she was holding. She berated herself for feeling this way, but she was sore. They were big men, and her pussy was sore and swollen from the amazing attention they'd given her. They had told her about Joanna, Griffin’s girlfriend, who was also in a polygamist relationship but with three men. Maybe she should ask her for some advice; they said she was around Amelia’s age, so that would be good. Her phone buzzed with a text from an unknown number, making her take notice.

“Too bad they got to you before I did, we would have had a lot of fun... M.” She read the message over and over until her hands began to shake. She didn’t know which one it was, but she knew it was them; they knew about Donald and Justin. That wasn’t good; they could be in danger.

“What is wrong, Amelia?” Donald asked, his voice taking on a tone she wasn’t familiar with. He never used her name like that, so she knew it was serious. She schooled her features, squeezing her hands tight to keep them from shaking, and met his eyes in the rearview mirror.

“Just one of the children from Maryland having a hard time adjusting to the new nanny,” she lied. Why did she lie? She knew; she didn’t want them getting hurt because of her. His gaze lingered on her like he knew what she’d said was

bullshit, but he just nodded, returning his gaze to the road. Her phone buzzed again.

“Tick tock, are your eyes on the clock... M.”

She tried to calm herself by breathing; they were almost home, and then they would have their security and be safe. Then she would tell them about the text.

“What the hell!!” Donald gasped a second before they were hit hard from behind. Her head whipped forward at the impact, and the seatbelt cut into her as it stopped her body from flying forward. She felt the wind knocked out of her.

“Shit, hold on,” Donald grunted as they picked up speed.

“Fuck, are you okay?” he asked. She managed a response, her heart beating fast. She felt movement as Justin moved to the back seat and buckled in next to her.

“Justin, call Matt; they didn’t get hit by accident,” Donald said sharply.

She collected herself, taking a deep breath and looking back at the large Ford truck hot on their heels. She couldn’t make out the faces, but she knew who it was, and tears sprang to her eyes. She turned to Justin, who was talking fast on the phone, and then to Donald, who was now going almost at the highest speed. She looked down at the GPS in the dashboard; it said they were only twenty minutes from home. She looked back at the truck a split second before a flash came from their window. In a second, they were spinning out of control, and she couldn’t breathe as they hit another car and began to flip. She felt Justin reach for her before he was thrown against the door. She squeezed her eyes shut, her head hitting the window and causing her ears to ring. She felt something warm cascading down the side of her face as the car finally rolled to a stop. She was hanging, so she knew they were upside down. She tried to open her eyes, but the pain in her head was so bad, and the ringing in her ears was almost deafening.

“Justin,” she called; her voice sounded muffled against the ringing in her ear, and there was no response. “Donald?” she called, but there was no response.

She forced her eyes open and looked in Justin’s direction; he was hanging upside down, blood dripping off his face. He was out cold; she heard sirens. Her hands shaking, she unbuckled her seatbelt, falling forward. She wiped the

blood blocking her vision and crawled to the front; Donald was also hanging upside down, blood dripping from his nose.

“Please, wake up,” she cried, feeling his pulse; he was alive.

“Donald, please wake up!” she screamed, her hearing returning. He groaned, but that was it.

“Amelia?” It was Justin. She scrambled back to him. His eyes were open, but they were glazed over. He was most likely concussed.

“Hold on, baby,” she sobbed.

She tried the door, breathing out a relieved sob as it opened. She heard a helicopter overhead and prayed it was friendly. She crawled out of the door and onto the ground, which was covered in glass. She gasped in pain as glass cut through her hands, but she had to keep going; smoke was starting to come from the car, making her choke. She needed to get them out.

“Someone, please help!” she cried out as she turned back to Justin, who now seemed more alert.

“Can you move?” she asked, reaching around for his seatbelt, and he nodded. “You have to catch yourself because the car is upside down.” He nodded again, and she released the seatbelt. He caught himself more gracefully than she had and turned to face her.

Panic filled his eyes, and he reached for her a second before she was yanked away by her hair, making her cry out. He lunged out after her.

“Amelia!” he yelled before she heard the sound of him being hit and a grunt.

“Justin!” she screamed, reaching up to the hand that had a death grip on her hair and was dragging her through the glass. Someone blocked her sight. She dug her nails into it, and it loosened enough for her to pull away. She felt pain all over as she scooted away to get to her feet. She made it all but half a step before arms warped around her.

“Stop fighting me, bitch. I am much stronger than you.” She froze, the voice sending panic through her.

It was Mark, and she looked up and saw Matthew fighting Justin, who seemed to have gotten some of his strength back and was now outside the car on his

feet. Matthew was a few inches shorter than him but was extremely muscular. She saw the glint of something in his hands as he lunged for Justin again, and she screamed. But Justin didn't seem alarmed as he dodged what she guessed was a knife. He elbowed Matthew in the neck before turning and punching him in the face, causing him to hit his head on the side of the open door and fall to the ground. Mark tensed as Justin turned, murder in his eyes. She didn't know he could fight, if you could call it that, but even with this crazy man restraining her, she found it incredibly hot. Justin started walking towards them, and Mark violently pushed her towards him, who had to slow to catch her so that she didn't fall into more glass.

"Are you okay?" he asked, looking her over, and she nodded. He pressed a deep kiss to her lips before pulling her back.

"Try to wake Donald; that smoke is concerning. I am going to catch that motherfucker." She nodded again, accepting another kiss before he sprinted after Mark.

Worry shot through her, but she pushed it down as she went over to Donald's door and opened it. He seemed to be slightly more conscious than before but not fully.

"Donald, we need you. Please wake up," she said and felt him for superficial injuries. She coughed on the smoke that was starting to billow out even more. She was going to have to drag him out; flames ignited from the back of the car, and she screamed, frantically reaching for his seatbelt. She knew a car explosion was unlikely, but a car fire was deadly. His seatbelt was jammed.

"Tuck!" she screamed. "Donald, please," she cried, shaking him.

Unresponsive, she had to think; she needed to cut him out of his seat. She looked around at all the glass; she would probably end up cutting herself more than the seatbelt if she used that. Then she remembered the knife. She stood up, slowly backed away from the car, and the knife was a foot away from Matthew's still body. She had to try. Shaking, she slowly walked towards him, taking slow deep breaths, and when she got to the knife, she slowly picked it up. It was big and looked sharp, almost like a hunting knife. She spared a glance at Matthew; he was unmoving. She let out a breath she didn't realize she was holding and turned, slowly walking back to the front.

Without a moment to brace herself, her leg was pulled back, and she lost her balance, falling face-first into the glass-covered ground. Her head hitting the concrete, causing everything to go black.

Chapter 139: I Will Never Leave You

I could barely hear Amelia screaming; it was muffled, but I knew it was her, and I couldn't move. Was I dreaming? The intense smell of smoke filled my nostrils, and I began to choke. I forced myself to open my eyes, and they immediately watered from the burn of the smoke. I reached for my seatbelt, which was cutting into me. My arms felt heavy, and I could barely reach the seatbelt release. I could feel the intense heat of what I now recognized as flames coming from behind me.

Justin, Amelia—did they make it out of the car? Were they passed out in the back? The fucking flames. I fought against the pain in my body and head and the acrid smoke. I unbuckled my seatbelt, falling awkwardly. Only then did I realize I had been upside down. No wonder I was having such a hard time getting out! I felt a searing pain as the fire licked up the back of my chair. The back of the car was engulfed in flames, but I could see just enough to realize the back seat was empty. Relief washed over me before dread set in. I looked around. I could hear sirens in the distance and a helicopter. Nothing else met the roaring sound of the flames. I stumbled away from the car; the heat was overwhelming. That's when I heard her scream my name.

“Amelia!” I shouted, running for cleaner air. That's when I saw her being dragged away by a man I didn't recognize. I immediately sprinted toward her, ignoring the pain radiating through my body. Even from this distance, I could see she was bleeding profusely.

“Amelia?” I yelled. Her panicked eyes met mine, and I saw a spark of relief in them. Tears streamed down her blood-covered face.

She was worried about me. The man spun around, bringing her in front of his body, a large knife pressed to her neck.

“Come any closer, and I will slit her throat.” He sneered.

He looked beaten up, a large gash across his face, his lips busted open. I could see shards of glass piercing both of them. She was shaking in his arms, and I felt terrified.

“What do you want from us? What will it take to get you to let her go?” I asked, trying to calm my voice. A lump formed in my throat. I wanted to break down seeing her so hurt, but I had to stay strong for her.

“I don’t want anything from you. Amelia and I have unfinished business. You just walked away; it wasn’t like you really cared about her. You just met. No one loves a whore. Someone who willingly spreads their legs for multiple men at a time. There are plenty of whores out there, so just go find another one. This one is ours.” He spat angrily. The knife nicked her neck, making her cry out.

I fucking hated this. I needed her away from that knife so I could get to this psycho. I needed to save her. I caught movement behind him and quickly glanced to see Justin crouching low, slowly approaching from behind. His clothes were covered in blood; I couldn't tell if it was his or someone else's. He caught my eye and gestured for me to back away. The look in his eyes was terrifying, so I took a step back. The man loosened his grip on the knife. When I looked at her, I saw fear and defeat in her eyes, and it broke my heart. I would never abandon her. I would die to save her, but I wouldn't risk her life, either. I looked at Justin, who was only a car's length away. He motioned for me to talk. I needed to keep him distracted.

“I will never leave you, Amelia. I will never abandon you,” I said, stepping to the side instead of back. The man turned with me. He didn’t want her dead; I don’t think he would have spared her this long.

“I love you,” she whispered. The man’s eyes flickered down to her. My heart pounded at her words, my breath shortening.

“I am sorry I was too stubborn to say it. I am sorry I was an ass and ran away. This is all my fault.”

“Baby girl,” I took an unconscious step forward.

“Stop talking! Stop the fuck talking!” the man yelled, frustrated. He mistakenly wiped the blood from his face with the arm holding the knife. Justin wasted no time running up from behind as I started from the front. Everything happened so slowly yet so fast at the same time.

She swung her fisted hand back, hitting his balls and making him howl and loosen his grip. She squirmed out and tried to run to me, but she wasn't fast enough. He swung out and slashed at her, connecting with her back. I yelled; I

got there in time to stop the second blow from connecting with her, but the knife cut straight through my arm. A second later, I registered that he had stabbed me through the arm and then Justin tackled him to the ground. The pain was almost blinding, but I gritted my teeth to stay conscious and caught Amelia in my arms. I think the shock from the blow had stunned her because when my hands touched her back, I could tell he'd slashed her deeply.

“Amelia, baby. You are going to be okay,” I said, pulling her into my arms. The knife hung limp at my sides.

“I am okay, I am okay,” she gasped, her body shaking as her eyes dropped to my arm. I could see her visibly turning white.

“He stabbed you, Donald?” she said, fresh tears pouring down her cheeks. I shook my head, unable to say anything as the pain intensified. My body began to shake, and I dropped to my knees, unable to stand anymore. This was not good.

“I heard the sirens; help should be here soon. You will be okay. Donald, please tell me you will be okay. This is all my fault,” she cried, trying to help me stand, but I could only feel pain. It was just my arm, nothing vital. It couldn't be; it was just my arm.

The sounds of scuffling made me look at Justin, who was beating the living shit out of that man. I didn't know he could fight—holy shit, Justin seemed like such a mild-mannered man. The man blocked every third blow, but Justin hit hard and relentlessly, not letting the man swing back. I heard multiple footsteps approaching, and the last ounce of adrenaline kicked in as I tried to shield her with my body.

Matt and five of his men, including Jack, approached, holding guns and dressed in kevlar vests. Jack immediately holstered his weapon and went straight to help Justin. I noticed another of Matt's men dragging two handcuffed men towards us. In seconds, Jack had the man face down and handcuffed. The last two of Matt's men cleared the rest of the area while he holstered his weapon and ran to us.

“Fuck, man. We came as fast as we could. The interstate was shut down, so we had to get the helicopter. They had some sort of crew, but we got them all. My men and the police are holding four of them, and an ambulance should be here in five minutes. Hold on, man,” Matt said, taking a sobbing Amelia out of my arms. I grunted, falling back, not realizing I had been leaning on her.

I closed my eyes and let the darkness take over. It was over; we were safe.

Chapter 140: We Will All Be Okay

I staggered back after a lackluster attempt to stop the attackers. I'd spent years training in tactical fighting with Matt. They thought it was fun to beat me up, and it took me a year to get the hang of it. I had nothing better to do sometimes, so we'd spend a few hours a day training. When I was out of town, I'd spar with other fighters, but I hadn't done any sparring since Amelia and Donald came into my life. I would have bet all my money that I wouldn't have had the skill, much less the opportunity, to protect the people I loved. I was so grateful that I did.

I fought hand-to-hand because I needed to that day. After I took down the fucker Mek, I ran into other guys, but I managed to hold them off until Matt and his men arrived. We worked well together; I'd trained with them for years, as if I were on their team. Lack came over and put a hand on my shoulder, essentially shaking me out of my shock.

"Fuck, man, I'm so glad you're one of us because these guys came prepared. We should have been prepared," he said, scanning the scene.

A few of them got a couple of body shots, but aside from hitting my head in the car, I hadn't been hurt. I gave him a nod before rushing over to Donald. I was numb, but the sight of him passing out with a knife cut across his palm was alarming. I knew I had to keep it together, even though I wanted to fall apart. The medics were putting him on a stretcher. I searched for Amelia through the chaos, panic hitting me when I couldn't find her. I tried to take a deep, measured breath, but the overwhelming reality of what had just happened started to crash down on me.

I called out, but it came out as a whisper. I couldn't breathe; I dropped to one knee, and Lack rushed over to me.

"She's in the ambulance with Donald. Come on," he said, helping me to my feet. He guided me to the ambulance Donald was being loaded into, and I saw her sitting inside, uncontrollably shaking.

When she saw me, she broke down in tears, and I pushed past Lack and ran to her, climbing in and taking her in my arms. The ability to breathe finally returned. The medics had wrapped her in a blanket, but it was already soaked through with blood. I'm assuming Mathew did it; that fucker is going to pay. I

don't care who I have to pay off to make sure the full extent of the law comes down on him.

"It's okay, baby," I whispered into her hair, which was soaked in blood as well. She had been so strong, and I was so proud of her.

"We'll all be okay," I said, and Matt walked up to me.

"I'll take care of everything here. I suggest we keep all this out of the office. I'll make sure the news doesn't get a hold of what happened, and the police records with your names on them will disappear. We'll just say it was a car accident," he said, keeping his cool, although I could tell he was extremely upset.

He was close to me and my family, and I knew he would beat himself up about not keeping us safe. He always called me stubborn; I never wanted any personal security. I didn't feel like I had anything worth protecting. But now, I did.

"Thank you, Matt. I don't know what we would have done if you hadn't come so quickly," I said to him. His eyes darted down to Amelia and then back to me. I read every emotion he was feeling in his eyes.

"You did everything you could. Don't beat yourself up over my stubbornness," I said softly. He nodded briefly, turning to leave before pausing and turning back.

"You did well, young pop," he said, the corners of his mouth tipping up before he left.

I hated when he called me that. I've been training with them for seven years, and they still call me that. They closed the door, and we drove off. They gave Amelia and me oxygen and I.V. fluids. With the combination of smoke inhalation, head wounds, and blood loss, they needed it. They checked my head wound; it didn't look serious. My phone was destroyed in the car, but I knew Matt would keep my family apprised. I didn't want to tell them because they were planning a wedding for Grallin and his crew, and I didn't want to dampen their morale. We would be okay for now.

The next few hours were a blur. They took Donald back to surgery while I stayed with Amelia as they stitched her up. She would have a scar, but otherwise, she would be okay. I could tell she was extremely depressed about it, but I stayed by her to comfort her. They gave us a private wing in the

hospital with the highest level of privacy; everyone who worked on Donald and Amelia had signed a non-disclosure agreement. Donald was a celebrity after all, and Amelia is... our woman. Their right to privacy was extremely important. Matt provided new clothes and new phones that Jocelyn helped him program for us. I was the one who needed mine, but I made sure to call Donald's family and told them he'd been in an accident. I was sending a plane to get them. His parents were a little surprised about me saying I was his boyfriend, but their concern for their son was all that really mattered.

It had been four hours since the accident, and Donald was still in surgery. I got hourly updates. They brought in the best surgeon money could buy to make sure he didn't have any nerve damage in his arm or hand from the knife cutting straight through muscles and nerves. They said he should have ninety percent full function in his arm by the time he recovered. I hoped he would be okay. I sat in the chair finally, after talking to my sister and brother, who had just been told. I had to keep it to a minimum. I held Amelia's hand while she slept. Matt had hinted that she couldn't tell us. He'd shown me the text minutes before the attack.

Her keeping it from us told me that she wasn't as secure in our relationship, and I needed to change that. I didn't want her to leave; I couldn't bear to lose her. All I had done was spoil her and shower her with affection, but she needed more. It was dark outside by the time the painkillers and overwhelming exhaustion wore off, and she woke up. She squeezed my hand, and I looked up at her.

"Hey, babe," I said softly, standing and moving to sit on the edge of her bed. Fresh tears came to her eyes as she watched me. I laid down next to her and pulled her close.

"It's okay, my love. Everything will be okay."

"It was my fault," she cried, her voice even more raspy than usual.

"No, baby. You can't control what other people do. They've been caught, and even though we have some bumps and bruises, we don't have to worry about them coming after us ever again," I said softly, stroking her hair.

She cried quietly into my chest until I felt her drift back to sleep. It broke my heart that she felt so guilty about this, but I would do anything in my power to help her through it. A nurse came to the door a few minutes later to inform me

that Donald was awake and asking for us. I looked down at Amelia, who was in no position to move.

“Is there any way we can get the bed put in the same room? I don’t want to leave her,” she looked around before nodding.

The nurse left, and I was waiting a good thirty minutes before Donald’s hospital bed was wheeled in. The room was a good size, but it was still cramped. He had some bruising on his face from where his head hit the steering wheel, but aside from that and his bandaged arm, he looked okay. As soon as he saw us, he let out a deep breath. I climbed out of the bed and went to him.

“Hey,” I said softly, reaching out and stroking her cheek.

“Hey,” he said back.

We let the silence pass between us for a while. I had so much emotion starting to build that I felt incapable of speaking. I felt the tears on my cheeks as I finally let the reality of everything crash over me.