
ENDLESS LOVE

Finding Forever Book Six

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Jesse Jones
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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

Chapter 1

Gillian sat in the elaborate sunroom of Kenric Manor as she watched the setting sun glistening on the snow that overlooked the cliffs. She wrapped the blanket lying on her shoulders tighter as she thought about everything that had happened. She was still reeling from the information she had obtained from her half-sister, Evelina DeLuca. Not only had Gillian discovered that she had a sister, but she had uncovered that the same priest who had abused and tortured her husbands was her brother. Gillian had also been told the identity of her father. Beside her sat a file of pictures and documents that Lucian had specified for her to see. She still couldn't bring herself to even open the envelope, let alone read its contents. Gillian didn't hate her father, but she would be lying if she said she felt something for him. How could someone have feelings for a person who had never been in their lives? Gillian had struggled her entire life, and if Lucian had really cared about her, he would have intervened. Rubbing her stomach where her unborn child slept, Gillian let out a sigh. She would never abandon her child like Lucian did her.

Gillian snuggled deeper into the chaise lounge she sat on as her thoughts drifted from her baby to John and Patrick. After their meeting with Evelina today, they had talked briefly before calling a meeting with Duff, Luther, and several guards. John had asked Gillian to sit in the meetings so she would be privy to all the information, but she had wanted time alone to think. John and Patrick had been deep in talks all day, and if Gillian was being honest, that terrified her. She knew something had to be done with the information uncovered today, but Gillian didn't want to see anyone die. John and Patrick would take care of Benito and Geno, but she didn't want to know specifics of their plan, unless it took them away from her. Gillian had wanted to go talk to Evelina again, but John had given her strict orders to stay away from the woman. He said they would talk with Evelina again tomorrow, but Gillian had so many questions that she wanted answered now. Gillian had also been surprised at how well her husbands had handled the information about Joseph. She was just glad they didn't hold any negative feelings toward her. They still loved her and that was all that mattered.

"Madame," Gillian heard Stewart say as he approached the area where she was sitting. "It's time for dinner. You haven't eaten all day, and John requests that you join him and Patrick in the sitting room."

"Okay, Stewart. Tell them I will be there in just a minute."

"Yes, madame," Stewart simply replied before he turned and left the room.

Gillian let out a loud sigh as she stood up and pulled the blanket off her shoulders. As she began to fold it back up, her thoughts again wondered to Evelina. How the hell did she have a sister? She believed that Evelina was telling the truth, and no one in the room could have missed their identical eyes. Gillian believed that Evelina's emotions were real and could see how confused, scared, and frustrated the younger woman was. Evelina had gone from leading a seemingly normal life to being hunted

by a madman. Gillian could relate on so many levels to those same feelings. She had been in the exact same predicament when John and Patrick had entered her life. Gillian wanted to help her, but she was still leery of being hurt. She didn't know Evelina any better than a stranger on the street so it would be important to keep her guard up. Emotionally, Gillian was conflicted. Maybe she would feel better after talking to John and Patrick. At least she would know what they intended to do with Evelina and the information she had given them.

Tossing the blanket on the back of the chaise lounge, Gillian made her way toward the sitting room. A smile touched her face when her stomach growled loudly. "I'm on my way to eat now, my little one. You'll get your belly full soon."

"Should you be talking to yourself?" Duff asked, coming up behind Gillian quickly. As he watched her jump in surprise, he said, "I didn't mean to scare you, sweetheart. Who were you talking to?"

"The baby," Gillian replied with a grin on her face as she rubbed her stomach through her clothes.

"Um, lovey, the baby can't hear you. It's not even a baby yet. It's more like a small vegetable or marble," Duff said, looking at Gillian as if she was losing her mind.

Rolling her eyes, she smiled. "He can hear me, and he is a baby, just a really tiny one. You're supposed to talk to your baby while pregnant so they can get used to your voice. John and Patrick are supposed to talk to him too."

"Oh, I want to see a picture of that." Duff laughed, thinking of how ridiculous his mates would look talking to the woman's stomach.

Slapping Duff on the arm, Gillian couldn't help the smile on her face. "Stop laughing. It's sweet to see a man talking to his unborn child. Get ready, because when the baby is finally here, you're going to be Uncle Duff."

"I don't like kids," Duff said, scrunching his nose in disgust.

"I mean, I won't mistreat your bairn, but I'm not holding the little bugger until he's at least five or six."

"We'll see about that. Something tells me you'll change your mind," Gillian remarked laughingly. Hearing her stomach rumble with hunger again, she asked, "Are you joining us for dinner, Duff?"

"No, sweetheart. I'm going to check on Auggie and make sure she's okay. I think I'm going to eat dinner with her."

"Auggie? Is that Evelina's nickname or something?"

"I guess. That's what she asked me to call her."

"How is she doing?" Gillian asked, unable to read the emotions she saw flashing in Duff's eyes.

"She's scared but doing all right, I think," Duff replied, thinking of the attractive redhead he had just left in a guest room upstairs. "I know it may not seem like it, but Evelina has been through her own trauma. John didn't help things by scaring the shit out of her. She's convinced that John is going to kill her rather than help her."

"John isn't going to kill Evelina, Duff. He just doesn't want me getting hurt."

"How are you feeling, by the way?" the Scottish man asked in concern, stroking Gillian's cheek. "I know this must be hard on you, pregnant and all."

"Honestly, Duff, I don't know what to think," Gillian said softly, looking into his amber-colored eyes. "This is all so surreal, but I've learned that my life isn't exactly typical. Deep down, I believe Evelina about Lucian, but I don't know how I feel about her yet."

"And Lucian? How do you feel about that piece of shit? He fucked up the life of not one of his kids, but all five. Father of the year, he is not."

"You know it's weird, Duff. I guess I should hate him, but I don't. I don't really feel anything. There is just this weird void. If

Evelina loves him, that is her business, but it's hard to feel something for someone when they were never a part of your life."

"I know exactly what you're saying, lovey. I feel the same way about my own da, if he even was my da. Mum said he was, but she fucked so many men when she was high and drunk, who knows? Anyway, I'm not going to bore you with my personal life, but I do know how you feel. You can't pick your parents, right? One of the many reasons why I am never having kids."

"Who knows? You may change your mind when the right woman comes along."

"I highly doubt it." Duff smiled, releasing Gillian's lovely face. "Well, I should get you to dinner before Johnny and Patty call out the search squad."

"Don't worry about it, babe. I can find my way there. Besides, you look tired. Make sure you get some rest."

"Will do," Duff said simply as he watched Gillian walk away before turning to head toward the kitchen himself.

Gillian quickly made her way toward the sitting room. Duff was right. She was surprised that John and Pat had not come looking for her. Both men had texted her multiple times while she sat in the sunroom, asking if she was okay. Truth was Gillian did feel fine physically but was just emotionally overwhelmed. She knew that things would be good emotionally as long as she had her husbands on her side. Gillian could make it through anything, with John and Pat by her side. She just hoped that the new revelation of Benito working with Geno didn't send her husbands, in particular John, off the deep end. John would want revenge, but what lengths would he go through to get it?

Stepping into the sitting room, Gillian was pleasantly surprised to see her men sitting at a small table in front of an ornate, roaring fire with an intimate dinner for three. The lights in the room were low and light, and classical music played overhead. What made the room even more special was the beautiful

Christmas tree that was sparkling in the corner of the room. The table was set, full of candles and fine china, and as soon as the smell of the roast hit her nose, Gillian's mouth began to water. When she walked over to where her husbands sat, John and Patrick both stood up and kissed her on the lips before John pulled out her chair and they all sat down.

"Oh, my gosh, this looks wonderful!" Gillian giggled, placing the white linen across her lap. Looking at her men, she asked, "How did I rate a dinner like this?"

"You've been through so much shit today that we wanted to treat you to something nice." John grinned, loving the soft smile on Gillian's face. "We knew you wouldn't want to go out, so Ramsey helped us out."

Picking up her hand to kiss the back of it, Patrick added, "Plus, we know you're a foodie who likes to eat. How are you doing, sweetheart?"

"We want the truth, kitten. Don't sugar-coat it, either," John said, cutting into the roasted lamb and placing it on their plates.

"Physically, I feel good, but emotionally, I'm not sure," Gillian said honestly as the trio began to eat. "I am still in shock that I have a sister. There is also a part of me that is glad to know the identity of my father, even though I have no real feelings for him. The one thing I can't wrap my head around is why you would have children and never involve yourself in their lives, or even worse, intentionally hurt them."

"These men were monsters, kitten," John replied, not understanding the mindset of someone who could do these things, either. "I know Lucian is dead, but had you ever thought of having a relationship with him?"

"No, actually. At one point in my life, like I told you and Pat, I had wanted to know his identity, but I was never able to find it out. I didn't want a relationship, though that's the weird part. If I had found out who he really was, I never would have even contacted him."

"Lucian was a coward, lovey. You're better off never having met him," Patrick scoffed as he poured her a glass of non-alcoholic red wine. "What kind of man hangs both of his daughters out to dry? It took a month for the bastard to die. Why didn't he reach out to John or me personally, instead of sending his daughter? His actions disgust the fuck out of me. If he were still alive, I would hunt the fucker down and kill him myself."

Reaching over to grab Patrick's hand in hers, she said softly, "It's okay, pup. Lucian can't hurt anyone now. Let's just hope he made peace with his creator because if he didn't, he'll pay for his sins." Gillian then looked at John and locked eyes with the billionaire. "There is something that I want to ask you. I know you told me that you wouldn't hold Joseph against me, and I believe you, but what about Benito and Geno? Will you be leaving me soon to find them?"

John cupped Gillian's face as he stroked her cheek. He then leaned in to kiss her gently on the lips. "I'm not leaving you, kitten, and neither is Pat. I gave you my word, and I meant it. Like I told you in my office, they both are going to die. I don't expect you to understand this, but there is code in the underworld, baby, that has to be followed. You don't let those who fuck you over live to tell others about it."

"Look, I get that, John, but I don't like it because it puts you and pup in danger. Plus, I don't want to see anyone die, no matter how evil or nasty they are. I just don't understand how you plan on doling out this vengeance from home. Won't you have to leave?"

John and Patrick looked at each other a moment before John said to Gillian, "Not if we bring the fight to us."

"What?" Gillian asked heatedly. "You would bring Geno and Benito to Kenric Manor? Are you crazy?"

"We wouldn't bring them directly to the manor, lovey, but we would bring them to London," Patrick remarked, trying to

quickly reassure her. The last thing he wanted to do was get his pregnant wife upset.

"We think we have a plan, kitten. Would you like to hear it?" John asked, looking directly into her emerald eyes. He could see the fear and apprehension in her eyes, but John didn't want there to be any more secrets between them. When Gillian nodded her head yes, John took her hand in his and kissed its palm. He then said, "You heard us tell Duff about a meeting, to transition the power over to him, right? Well, Benito will be present at that meeting, and I think we can lure Geno there as well."

"But Benito will know that Evelina came to us. He'll be hiding out and—"

"Not if he thinks we didn't believe her and turned her away," John replied, taking a drink of his wine. "This power exchange requires Benito's attendance. If we get Benito, I have no doubt that he will give us Geno. I have already reached out to Benito as if nothing's happened. He has no idea we know he's a fucking mole."

"Are you going to make Evelina leave?"

"Yes, but she will be protected and guarded at all times. We are going to hide her away," Patrick added. "Evelina will leave, first thing in the morning. Benito will never suspect we know about the betrayal, and we'll make sure of that."

"How are you going to do that, though?"

"Let us handle that part, kitten. Pat and I didn't get to the top of the food chain by accident. The night of the meeting, though, you will be safe and sound, here in the manor. You trust me, don't you?" John asked,

"You know I do, Bear, but—"

"There are no buts, baby," John replied, cutting her off. "Pat and I will work with Duff and Luther, to ensure that everyone is safe. I know you want to stop us, kitten, but this plan will work because only the five of us will know the details. Pat and I will be safe, I promise you."

Knowing that she was not going to win this battle, Gillian leaned forward to kiss John on the lips. She knew he and Patrick were alphas and could clearly handle themselves in dangerous situations. Gillian had no doubt that John would leave no stone unturned and that his execution of the plan would be flawless. Looking at both of her husbands, she took a small drink and sighed. "Can this plan at least wait until after Christmas?"

"Of course, it can." John smiled at his beautiful wife. Leaning over, he kissed the side of her neck where the pulse beat before he looked at her plate and said, "You're not really eating. Are you sure you are feeling all right?"

"Yeah, I'm okay. I'm just getting tired," Gillian said, taking a bite of the vegetables on her plate. "Blame Patrick; he kept me up all night."

"Don't blame me, kitty. I think you seduced me a couple times. Should I tell John about the doctor's visit?" Patrick smiled before he too leaned over and kissed her lips.

Gillian brought her finger to her lips and made a shushing sound before she grinned. "What happens in Ireland stays in Ireland."

John rolled his eyes and downed a glass of wine before he looked directly at Patrick and said, "I saw what happened last night, fucker. Kitten is just getting over her own sickness, and you were just shot. It wouldn't have killed you to be a little more thoughtful, boyo."

"Asshole, you're just pissed because all you got to do is watch last night." Patrick laughed as Gillian joined him. "I would think your wrist would be sore today with as many times as you jerked off last night."

"Yeah, laugh it up, you Irish bastard," John growled, flipping his brother off. "When I have finally healed enough from the surgery, I'm getting kitten all to myself. I might even take her away."

"Play nice. You both need to learn to share," Gillian said,

biting her lower lip to hide her smile. Wiping off her mouth, she reached over and began stroking John's bearded face as she grinned, "I did miss you last night, Bear. I wish you could have been my patient too."

Returning the kiss, John said huskily, "I admit I did like seeing you in the doctor's coat. Do you have a nurse's uniform?"

"I'm sure I can get one. Is that something you would like for Christmas?" Gillian asked playfully, feeling John's hand sliding up her bare thigh under the table.

John growled in his throat before he smashed his mouth against Gillian's in a demanding, passionate kiss. Just as his fingers ran along the crotch of her wet panties, John heard Patrick clear his throat and say, "Let kitty come up for air, mate. Our bairn needs to eat."

John mouthed 'I love you' as he broke the kiss and pulled back to resume eating his food. He licked her sweet taste from his lips before he poured himself another glass of wine and took a drink. Deep dimples played on his handsome face as he said, "You look a little flustered, kitten. Is everything okay?"

"You know it's not fair that you and Patrick wield all the control," Gillian replied, hating the smug smile she saw on John's face. Damn, he could make her lose control so easily!

"We think it is." Patrick smiled as he and John burst out laughing.

"Well, one of these days, the tables are going to turn, boys," she said, taking a bite of her roast. "Just wait and see. This woman is going to have you two bowing at her feet."

"We already do, kitten," John remarked, looking into the eyes of the woman who made his heart skip a beat. "Pat and I just prefer to throw you over our shoulder and dominate you once we're done bowing."

"You know I'm trying to keep down my dinner," Gillian said in mock disgust as she rolled her eyes when both men burst out laughing. "Can we change the subject, please?"

Patrick leaned close to Gillian and nuzzled her neck before saying, "Sure, sweetheart. How about we talk about the big Christmas celebration you have planned?" He then looked at John and shrugged. "It would seem our wife has quite a few plans for the holidays. Has she shared any of them with you? Sound like we might be busy, boyo."

"No, she hasn't," John remarked calmly, casting his eyes toward his wife who was sitting and eating demurely. "I was hoping that Christmas would be intimate, with just the three of us here at home."

"It will be, Bear." Gillian smiled, taking a drink of water and wiping her mouth. "Christmas Eve will be just the three of us, alone, under the tree."

"And Christmas Day?"

"It will still be just the three of us, except for dinner. I'm inviting a handful of people, all of whom you consider family, to eat with us. As soon as I can, I'm going to buy each of them some gifts. You and pup will need to help me, though. Take Luke, for instance, what the hell do I get him for Christmas? I have no idea what he likes."

"Luke will like anything you get him, kitten." John said, finishing the last bite of his meal.

"So, if I buy him a scented candle and a gift card to Walmart, Luke would like that?"

Patrick and John both burst out laughing at the imagery Gillian had conjured up. Luther, in a Walmart? No way in hell! John's laughter died down first as he said, "Okay, you made your point, wife. No need to be a smartass. I think we might be able to help you with things like that."

The grin on Gillian's sensuous lips was wide when she said, "I appreciate that, Bear. I am nowhere near done with shopping, by the way. Pup and I didn't make a dent in my list yesterday, and we were all over Dublin."

"Don't worry; we'll help you get it done," Patrick commented,

wiping his own mouth and leaning back in his chair to rub his full, flat, muscular stomach.

"Are you excited for Christmas, Bear? I know pup is because we talked about it yesterday, but you, John, you've been pretty quiet on the topic. I know this will be your first, and I really want you to enjoy it. This is something that we'll share with our children someday."

"Kitten," John began, grabbing her hand to hold in his. "Any time I get to spend with you is special to me. I think your decorations are beautiful, and I can't wait to make Christmas a wonderful Kenric tradition for our little family."

"I love you so much, Bear," Gillian cooed happily as she kissed John's lips softly again. "You can be so sweet sometimes."

"Make sure you don't tell anybody. I have a reputation to protect." John grinned. "Now, are you finished eating, lovey?" When Gillian nodded yes, John said, "How about we take the dessert upstairs to our suite? Maybe Patrick and I could treat you to a nice, warm bath before going to bed."

"I would absolutely love that." Gillian smiled, standing up and turning to head toward the door. Before opening the door, she looked over her shoulder and said, "Well, are you boys coming?"

John and Patrick looked at each other and chuckled before they stood up and almost ran out of the room.

A couple hours later, the trio sat naked and surrounded by bubbles in the oversized, jacuzzi tub. Gillian sat between John's legs, leaned back against his chest as Patrick massaged her tired feet. Her golden husband had such wonderful hands, but then so did John. The billionaire's hands were busy roaming her body as his lips grazed her slender neck. Gillian's fingers played with the hair on John's long, muscular legs and massaged his thick thighs. She could not even begin to express how relaxed she felt or how loved. Gillian was really enjoying having two husbands, especially when she was the center of their undivided attention.

"Why did you have to wrap our wounds up again?" John asked, loving the feel of Gillian in his arms. Every inch of her body was so ridiculously soft. It felt like the petals of a rose.

"To keep your bandages dry." She half-moaned, sinking even further into John. "You can't get them wet yet." Then to Patrick, she sighed in ecstasy. "God, that feels so good, pup. I hope you don't plan on stopping."

"You just sit back and relax, lovey. Let your men take care of you." Patrick smiled, kissing her dainty, manicured toes, massaging the arches of her feet.

"Okay," Gillian sighed as her eyes feasted on Patrick's tattooed chest. Her blonde husband was so gorgeous and masculine, and his body was a fine-tuned machine. Damn, she was one lucky woman.

"What are you thinking about, sweetheart?" Patrick asked, seeing the desire light her green eyes. He knew exactly what she was thinking about, and it made his cock begin to harden.

"I was just thinking how magnificent your body is, pup, and how all of it belongs to me." Gillian smiled, moving her foot down to rub the area above his dick. Feeling John shift behind her, she said, "Don't worry, Pooh Bear. I haven't forgotten about you. Your body is just as magnificent. I feel so safe and protected when you two are around."

John's hand slid down Gillian's stomach and into her neatly trimmed pussy. As his fingers manipulated her clit, he whispered in her ear, "You'll always be protected, kitten. Tell me how much you love me."

Gillian felt her hips instinctually moving against John's hand as Patrick began sucking on her toes. Her arm reached behind her to rub the back of John's dark head just as her mouth found his in a kiss. Breathlessly breaking the kiss as John quickened his movements with his hand, Gillian said, "I love you so much, Bear. Never leave me, baby. I can't make it without you."

"You'll never have to," John replied, kissing her lips again.

When he ended the kiss, John trailed his lips to her neck. Nuzzling the sensitive skin under her ear, he whispered, "Let me make love to you, kitten. I want to be inside you."

"I don't want you to hurt yourself, baby," Gillian began, but her words were cut off with a moan when Patrick cupped her feet around his cock and began fucking them as John pulled at her sensitive clit, before slipping two fingers inside her pussy.

"I'll be careful, baby. Now let me inside of you."

Without a word, Gillian pushed herself up from John and Patrick and stood on her knees in the middle of the extra-large tub. She then pushed Patrick back, so he sat on the edge of the bathtub. When he did as she commanded, Gillian positioned herself between his legs and wrapped one hand around his cock. As she began stroking it and edging the rim, she looked back over her shoulder at John and said in a husky voice, "Well, what are you waiting for, Bear? Come fuck me."

John's cock immediately hardened at his wife's sultry words. He then watched Gillian bend over and begin sucking Patrick's cock as she spread her pussy wide as an invitation to him. John immediately got behind his wife on his knees and edged the head of his massive cock. He then gripped her hips as he eased every inch of his dick into her pussy. John's head fell back in immense, wonderful pleasure when Gillian tightened her vaginal muscles around him as he pulled out of her tight, wet pussy. He smacked her soundly on one ass cheek as his cock fell out of her warmth. John licked the palm of his hand before gripping himself and easing back into her pussy.

As John began to take Gillian from behind, Patrick undulated his hips in and out of her mouth. He groaned in pure bliss as she sucked and softly bit at his cock. Patrick knotted her long, silky hair in one hand before he pulled his dick out of her mouth and smashed her lips against his. Passionately kissing his wife, Patrick moaned into Gillian's mouth when her small hand replaced her mouth and began roughly jerking at his cock. Breaking the kiss,

Patrick pulled her ear lobe with his teeth before he whispered in her ear, "Jack me off, kitty. Let me come on those beautiful tits."

Gillian smiled at Patrick as she began jerking him off with both hands. As she did this, she felt the Irishman's hand begin to massage her clit. Gillian let out a loud, lusty cry as John pumped her pussy from behind, harder and faster, and Patrick played with her pussy. John's cock was quickly gliding in and out of her as his ball sack slapped against the lips of her cunt. She cried out again when John gripped her breasts and slammed her back against his chest. Feeling herself on the edge of an intense orgasm, Gillian felt her vaginal walls tighten around John's cock before she exploded and felt the salty liquid running down her inner thighs. Gillian's voluptuous body bucked and jerked against John, but he stopped her movements when he yelled out her name and came deep inside her womb. She felt him shove his cock as far in her as he could and lock her upper body against her chest. As John's dick spasmed inside Gillian's pussy and he rode his own wave of pleasure, she felt Patrick's thick, hot semen dripping on her nipples and down her stomach. Licking her lips as her body began to relax, Gillian pulled Patrick down and hugged herself between her two men. His lips quickly found hers as John's mouth seared a path down her neck.

"Did you guys enjoy yourselves?" Gillian smiled, her body fully relaxed. Suddenly, her eyes were becoming very heavy and she was fighting the urge to close them. "I know I did."

"I always enjoy being inside you, kitten. I do love you just a little," John teased, his cock softening while inside of her. He could feel the area where he was shot begin to throb, but he didn't care. John had needed Gillian more than any drug she could give him.

When she didn't respond, Patrick whispered, "I think our wife is falling asleep. I say we put her in bed and call it a night ourselves, boyo. I think we've earned it after the day we've had."

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"I think so too, boyo." John smiled, loving the feel of Gillian in his arms.

Tonight, both men would sleep well.