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## Chapter 1

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### Granada, Spain

**P**iper Mallery lifted her face to the ornate doors leading to her destination: a palatial mansion, expansive grounds, and her fantasy.

Her breath hitched.

Carved geometric figures decorated the thick wood, the barrier three times her height. Overhanging palms blocked the intense sun. Bushes bearing thick, fragrant flowers lined the walk on her side, those blossoms clinging to vines that crept up pitted stone columns, the petals wiggling in the breeze.

Sweetened air bore an undercurrent she wanted to believe was male musk. An aphrodisiac calling to a female, enticing her to surrender in whatever way he demanded.

Her legs went watery.

Until today, she'd never traveled farther than Southern California, specifically Los Angeles where she worked, or had worked, as a studio make-up artist, mainly for reality TV shows. On set, she'd catered to D-list celebrities who wanted to look twenty when they were on the dark side of fifty, or treated her as

if she were their personal slave, demanding she fetch designer water, sushi, and Teuscher chocolate, the best in the world. When she explained the treat was readily available in Zurich, not the neighborhood convenience store, they went ballistic on her.

She'd sucked up the abuse until she didn't have to. Shortly after her twenty-fifth birthday, she won the lottery despite her bosses claiming only fools would waste money on those tickets.

After paying off her debts, buying her folks the house they deserved, and giving a hefty sum to charity, she'd wanted to experience life as she never had. Similar to heroines in historical romance novels, the lusty Spanish ones being her fave. Some would call her silly. Wrong. She'd been deprived. Her proverbial good girl looks kept her invisible to hot guys and made her ache for a man—or men—to dominate and pleasure her in ways she'd never known. Bondage. Submission. Discipline. And whatever else might be on the menu.

While dolling up the has-been stars, she'd learned about Cravings, an exclusive club catering to the elite's fantasies. The service had orchestrated her stay on these private grounds, explaining their staff would decorate the mansion to resemble the fabled Alhambra, a palace and fortress known for its gardens and harem. In times past, female prisoners from wars or pirate raids became the Sultan's spoils, obligated to surrender to whatever he wished carnally. Their sole purpose to become sexual creatures, their flesh perfumed, cunts bared so their Master could see their plump, slick folds ready for his cock. Once inside the walls, privacy no longer existed. A woman's will would belong to whoever owned her.

The sun broke through the fronds, its rays bearing down on her shoulders.

Dizzy from heat and anticipation, she locked her knees.

Footfalls sounded on the other side, drawing near. The carved wood trembled and separated, each door opening fully, hiding whomever had allowed her entrance.

She drifted forward, no longer feeling her feet or legs.

Marble columns as numerous as forest trees populated the vast grounds, sunlight tinting the stone a pale gold. Water poured within fountains, wind catching the flow and spraying it upward to form brief rainbows.

Beautiful, but she wasn't certain what to do or where to go. Stopped, she hugged her purse, the only item she'd taken from home. Cravings advised her not to bring toiletries or clothing.

At the time, she'd giggled. Now...

Her T-shirt, jeans, underwear, and sandals didn't seem enough somehow, making her feel more exposed than when she was nude.

Music from flutes and reeds glided on the heated air, bringing to mind naked bodies reclined against crimson silk, a man's powerful muscles and a woman's soft curves.

A sudden gust blew through, pulling leaves off branches. One landed on her foot. She toed it off.

Tapping sounded in the distance.

White flashed.

She gripped her purse.

Three tall men approached on the stone path leading to her, their hands large, fingers long. Strikingly white robes grazed their legs and leather boots. Ivory cloth fashioned as a headdress covered their hair and faces, but not their eyes.

One's irises were hazel, another's light brown, the third almost black, their lashes thick and dark, the same as their eyebrows, their complexions ranging from bronze to olive, gazes intent, male hunger filling them.

Moisture seeped from her pussy. The world ground to a halt.

Her fantasy had begun.

The doors slammed behind her.

She flinched and spun around.

Two guys—one European in coloring and appearance, the other black as night—secured the iron lock then padded her way,

their attire reduced to white turbans and loincloths. Both were brawny and hung, the bulges between their legs pressed against cloth eunuchs might have worn in times past. The bristly cheeks and stiffened dicks on these two contradicted any notion they were no longer fully male. Here, testosterone ruled.

She forgot to breathe.

The tapping from the others' footfalls stopped. Each towered over her, making them easily six-four. The hazel-eyed one snapped his fingers.

The white servant snatched her purse and tossed it aside, nearly hitting a peacock preening in full display. The bird squawked and hurried past, its brilliant feathers shaking.

Before she could ask why the hell her purse was on the damp grass, the black guy pulled her tee up to her bra.

*What the fuck?* Panicked, she didn't understand whatever was happening, Cravings not having shared the script with her. "Whoa. Hold on. Don't—"

"Quiet." Mr. Hazel Eyes pressed his forefinger to her lips. "We command. You obey."

His voice rumbled, its timbre dangerous and foreboding, the Spanish lilt fucking romantic.

Her insides fluttered. She leaned into him and inhaled deeply, liking his woodsy, masculine scent. "Who are you?"

He pressed harder against her mouth.

She licked his finger, something she'd never done to another man.

Surprise flared in his beautiful eyes, gold flecks lightening the color. Composed, he drew back his hand and looked down his nose at her. "I'm your master."

She'd hoped as much. "I meant your name." She touched his robe to feel his heat, disappointed she couldn't, yet surprised at her assertive behavior. So unlike her personality in the real world, but then this was her fantasy. "Tell me."

He frowned.

Didn't matter. She had to know. "I'll keep asking until you do. So, *please*, what's your name?"

His mood changed, becoming unreadable. "Rafael."

Its awesome sound rolled off his tongue. Her mind went gooey.

He gestured to his companions, her other masters. They stopped on either side. He spoke to them. "The slave wants to know our names."

Being their carnal property during her stay was legendary in a way she didn't want to analyze. She smiled. "I do want to know, so tell me."

They exchanged glances. The dark-eyed one gripped her shoulders. The third one stepped behind and swatted her ass, the licks hard, the cracks loud.

She stiffened at the punishment, then reeled, the sting brief, soothing warmth replacing it. Upon facing her disciplinarian, she sagged against him, indulging in his solid bulk plus his leather-and-tobacco scent. Prudence warned her to obey him and the others, but she couldn't. "I still want to know." She gripped his robe. "Tell me your name... besides Master."

He pressed his mouth to her ear. "Cristiano."

Damn, this country had a beautiful language, adding music to every word. "Thanks."

She eased from him and touched the cloth covering the third one's face. "And yours?"

His gaze slid to Rafael before returning to her. "Dante."

*Wow.* She'd never known guys' names or accented English could be so arousing. "Take this off." She tugged on the cloth. "I want to see you." She spoke to the others. "You too."

No one moved, her requests dismissed. *Fuck that.* Her good girl days were over. However, she wasn't averse to using some sugar. "I swear, I'll obey whatever you say or do, but I have to see you first."

Dante yanked his headgear off. Black, shoulder-length locks

swayed over his shoulders, the thick, silky waves gleaming in the sun.

Her breath caught.

She guessed him to be in his late twenties, his masculine features a perfect complement to his olive complexion, his stubble luscious, mouth full and rich. Even after working in Hollywood, she'd never seen a male to compare, so handsome he didn't look real. More like a hero Madison Avenue would use to sell unnecessary products to hopelessly infatuated females.

Images flashed in her mind, showing him damp from the ocean, hair slicked back, water dripping off his long, sooty lashes, muscles rippling.

An odd yet familiar scene. *Why?*

He slipped his arm around her waist. "You obey me now." Holding her tight against his broad chest and hard cock, he slanted his mouth over hers and plunged his tongue deep inside.

Her knees sagged bumping his.

He tightened his grip and kissed her deep, wet, and long, his clean taste heavenly.

Dizzy, she gripped his robe to keep from collapsing, her racing heart keeping time with his. No romance she'd ever enjoyed started like this. Greedily, she suckled his tongue deeper, loving his crisp scent and the faint spicy tones beneath it. If this never ended, she'd be happy, except she had to try the others too.

Not letting her consider escape, he cupped her breast and thumbed her nipple through too many clothes.

She regretted having stopped the servant from stripping her and wouldn't make the same mistake again. Breathing hard, she ground against him.

Someone pulled her away.

Rafael. He'd ditched his headgear, revealing the seductive man beneath, also late twenties, definitely in his prime. If sin and temptation had a description, he'd fulfill it easily, his features rough and male, skin bronze, his stubble every woman's dream.

Wind ruffled his dark brown hair, adding to his untamed appearance and the shameless hunger in his eyes.

He tasted like peppermint, his kiss rougher than Dante's, his grip harder but not hurtful. Closer to possessive and pure alpha.

Slumped against him, she let him do whatever the fuck he wanted and she desired.

Their tongues played and danced. When she tried to fill his mouth, he battled her, maintaining command, but also gentled his kiss, exploring her mouth and savoring the moment as she did.

Rough was nice, but few things could match a man controlling his natural urges to delight in a woman and lose himself in wonder.

They grasped each other and turned in a slow circle, both trying to get closer.

Someone tugged her away. A protest rose to her throat only to die there. She couldn't bitch at Cristiano for wanting his turn. Like the others, he was in his late twenties, his light brown locks tousled, his lighter complexion and classic good looks ideal for a boardroom where he'd crack the whip to make his staff obey. A smile touched his sculpted mouth. Affection shone in his creamy eyes.

Not expecting the emotion, she melted into him.

His firm yet tender embrace undid her further, his flavor bearing a slight cinnamon taste, his kiss a gift she hadn't expected. As rousing as the others' passion, it was also touching, showing her his sensitive side. She snuggled close.

He thrust his tongue deeper, his stubble rasping her skin, his inner beast unleashed.

She liked that too and met him at every stage, giving herself fully.

A growl poured from him then a pleased sigh.

The best music she could have asked for, the flutes and reeds muted beneath it. Lost in her own pleasure, she surren-

dered to her basest needs, her pussy wet, her nipples so tight they stung.

Hands were all over her, pulling down her jeans and panties, removing her sandals.

*Rafael and Dante?*

The servants. When she was naked from the waist down, the black guy hauled her away from Cristiano and yanked her tee up. Instinctively, she fought him.

Rafael was at her side in a moment and clasped her neck, his thumb beneath her chin, tilting her face to his. “You’ll offer no opposition to them. As our concubine, you have no choice or freedom from this moment forward. You will let them strip you, punish you, bathe you, and prepare you for Dante, Cristiano, and me. Do you understand?”

Her cunt grew congested, a pulse beating deep within, producing additional moisture. “When do you get naked?”

Holding her to him, he paddled her naked ass hard, the smacking noises punctuating the otherwise quiet day, the discipline a total turn-on, her sharp breaths appreciative.

Dante took over, spanking her until she couldn’t pull in enough air to vocalize.

Only Cristiano remained a gentleman, not punishing her. Still gasping, she gave him her best smile.

He squeezed her ass cheeks.

*Shit.* The stinging returned, chasing away the pleasant heat.

Rafael pressed closer. “Do. You. Understand?”

Too winded and aroused to form words, she nodded.

He released her and pointed. “You’ll speak when we tell you to do so. Not before.”

Macho was one thing. Keeping her from saying what she wanted for her fantasy was another. She frowned.

Dante swatted her ass twice. “You’ll agree to and enjoy everything we do from this moment forward.”

Tempting fate, she squared her shoulders. “Will it be good?”



Cristiano snapped his fingers. “The rope.”

*The what?*

The white servant produced the item, its coils glistening in the light.

Dante spoke to the black guy. “Strip her.”

He did, faster than she’d ever done.

Nude, she forgot her sexual slave role, pressed her hand to her pussy, and draped her arm across her breasts, hiding both.

Rafael lifted his chin. “You’ll pay for your defiance later. For now...” He glanced at Cristiano and Dante.

Cristiano ended her modesty by holding her hands together in front, his grip steel. Dante wrapped and knotted the rope around her wrists then spoke to the servants. “Bring me the whip.”

Her pulse jumped, but she didn’t dare say a word. God, this was hot.

The black guy delivered the cat-o’-nine-tails.

She shrank back.

Using the tool, Dante eased her toward him. “Obey us without hesitation to spare yourself punishment with this.” He drew the cords up her inner thighs.

They tingled.

Arms crossed, Rafael and Cristiano strode in a wide circle, taking in her nudity from every angle.

Dante dragged the cords over her stomach, breasts, and throat.

She forced down a swallow.

Raw male hunger flashed in his eyes.

Again, the ocean image intruded. She ignored it, preferring this reality, and leaned closer.

Stopped in front, Rafael grabbed the whip from Dante and pressed it against her upper thighs. “Spread your legs.”

Heat stung her cheeks and throat. She pushed her feet farther apart.

Cristiano shook his head. “More. Lift your arms above your head. Display yourself. Show us your cunt and tits.”

She’d been wrong about his sensitive side. He was pure animal, commanding and daunting... in the best possible way.

Her excitement spiked, skin burning. Although she wasn’t model thin, her curves didn’t bother her. Countless hours at the gym had made her firm and strong. She gave them what they demanded.

Dante stroked her puffy folds.

Weakened, she fought to keep from voicing her delight and hoped to God when they fucked her, they’d allow her ecstatic shouts.

He touched her nub.

*Gawd.* Pleasure exploded in her clit, streaming warmth and delight to her inner thighs. Jaw clenched, she struggled against making any sound.

Rafael ran his thumb over her bottom lip, tickling it.

She bounced on her heels to keep from giggling.

Cristiano swatted her ass. “Keep still while we observe you.”

Dante offered the whip. “Use this if you have to.”

“Don’t worry, I will.” He held it beneath one arm, ran his fingers down the furrow between her butt cheeks, and circled her anus.

The area came alive, the pleasure overwhelming. Air hissed through her teeth.

Rafael touched his nose to hers. “What was that?”

She shook her head, not allowing his taunts to unglue her further.

His arrogance fell away, replaced by unrestrained lust. He cupped her breasts in his large hands and flicked his thumbs over her nipples.

Delight shot from them to her throat and down to her pussy, Dante rubbing her clit, making the nub harder and more responsive.

The spacious grounds jerked and swayed around her, the world spinning too fast. She closed her eyes, prepared to wail her climax, not caring if they whipped her for doing so.

Cristiano stopped first and lowered his hand from her tightest opening.

Dante followed, no longer teasing her clit, but rather stroking her far less sensitive folds.

Rafael took her nipple into his mouth, its heat intense, his brazen tongue surveying her areola and tip, his suckles hard and entitled, befitting a master.

She dug her nails into her palms to avoid crying out.

Dante tapped her hands.

Another rule she'd broken. Ever the obedient slave, she loosened her fingers.

Cristiano brushed her hair off her shoulders and stroked her jawline, his gentleness returned. Fine with her. She liked it too.

Rafael's suckling grew lazy. He used and fondled her boobs at his leisure, proving his ownership without barking one command. Finished with her first breast, he loved the other, his hand slipping over her stomach.

It wiggled.

He cupped her furry mound and drove two fingers into her cunt.

She gasped at his intimate invasion and pushed to her toes.

He released her breast, straightened, and spoke to the guys. "See if she's to your liking. She's not going anywhere." He eased his fingers deeper inside and spread them, stretching her pussy for his and the others' cocks.

Her lids slid down.

"No." Dante lifted her face to his. "While we regard your nudity, you'll watch. Within these grounds and walls, you can't hide from our desire or your obligation to serve and pleasure us. What you see on our faces will tell you if you'll receive our tongues, hands, and cocks or the whip."

She opened her eyes.

Despite his hard words and tone, warmth filled his gaze.

Her heart made a weird twist. If she'd been a hopeless romantic, she would have said it was opening to allow him inside. The others too. Ever since becoming a woman, she'd wanted to share deep and abiding emotions with a man, but couldn't here. This wasn't anywhere close to real, but a structured fantasy. The sole thing she'd hoped for when she'd contacted Cravings.

Never in her wildest dreams had she imagined anything like this or them.

Lost in Dante's sweet allure, she stared. He did too.

Cristiano shouldered him, breaking the magic.

*Damn.* She lowered her face and told herself she should be grateful for the interruption. Someone had to keep a level head here. It sure as fuck wasn't her, and they weren't even naked yet. Once they were, she didn't want to consider what would happen to her remaining good sense.

Rafael worked his fingers in and out of her cunt.

She shivered, forgot restraint, and pushed into his touch, wanting more.

Dante stepped from side to side, observing her breasts and mound.

Cristiano dragged the whip across her ass. "Her cheeks are plump and firm, an excellent target for the strap."

Dante stroked his chin. "Or a paddle. Perhaps the crop."

Sweat prickled her neck and throat. Men's palms, straps, and even paddles were okay in her world, but whips and crops? Uh-uh. She wasn't into horrible pain, bruising, or blood and had specified as much in her Cravings contract, along with other stuff she did and didn't want.

The guys regarded her intently. She guessed waiting for her to protest so they could discipline her into silence. No fool, she kept her tongue, putting her faith in an ironclad contract they had to follow, ultimately meeting her demands, not theirs.

They traded a look. Cristiano and Dante stepped back. Rafael eased his fingers from her pussy.

*No, come back.* She missed his touch instantly, feeling empty and unfulfilled.

He sniffed her scent on his fingers.

She liked that.

Cristiano gestured the servants to her things.

She went cold then too hot, disquiet pressing close. They couldn't expect her to get dressed and order her to leave because she hadn't responded as they wanted. That wasn't the game, dammit. This couldn't be over. She lowered her arms.

Rafael grabbed the rope trailing from her bound wrists and marched down the path, tugging her along, Cristiano and Dante on either side.

The fantasy continued. If they wouldn't have noticed, she might have skipped or run ahead, urging them to keep up.

They rounded a corner. Gardens lusher than those behind them opened up on one side and stretched to a point too far to see the end. Flowers in kaleidoscopic colors mingled beside topiaries, palms in every imaginable size, ferns, and plants she couldn't name. Leaves swayed in the steamy breeze. Birds swooped in and out or floated on the balmy air.

Although she knew uber rich people existed, having seen many in Hollywood, she had no idea anyone lived like this. On the other side stood a monstrous palace-like structure Cravings had deemed a mansion. No way. This baby stood elevated on a slight rise like the entrance to paradise and the pearly gates.

Peacocks ambled across the emerald green grass. Other animals—possibly exotic—peeked from behind bushes, their eyes glinting within the heavy shade.

A brief stairway led to the front entrance, water cascading down the steps.

Its cool touch eased away the bite from the hot stone. Luxuriating in the relief, she drooped, unaware how tense she'd been.

When they reached the front doors, they swung inward, other servants, clad like the first two, pulling them aside.

Rafael proceeded ahead.

She stopped, unable to move. The domed ceiling rose a hundred or more feet, its construction, white marble and gold fashioned in a lacy geometric pattern. Outside light poured in from numerous arched windows at the top.

A humongous fountain stood directly beneath it and caught the rays, winking them back. Water danced merrily from the center. Stone animals surrounded the base, their opened mouths allowing streams to flow from them in gentle arcs.

Several bushes and a few trees decorated the courtyard's outermost areas, gold-and-marble columns every-damn-where, and rounded doorways on three sides, each shading interior areas.

Rafael gave her a stern look for halting then glanced at the guys. They each swatted her butt.

The stings and resulting warmth felt good. Despite her satisfaction and awe, she had to forge ahead to the greater treasures awaiting her.

Rafael chose an entrance to their left, his boots and the others' slapping the marble floor, those sounds not nearly as fast as her galloping heart. There had to be a dozen plus bedrooms in this place, each boasting satin sheets, pillows, comfy mattresses, and more condoms than any guy could use in a year.

If Cravings had a listing on Yelp, she was going to give this structure five stars even though riches, position, and power had never impressed her. Now, it had, though only because the service said they'd decorate the interior to match the real Alhambra. She hoped they hadn't lied. It wasn't fair for any one person to own such wealth in a horribly unequal world. She preferred to believe numerous investors owned and rented this place on a regular basis so those not blessed could spoil themselves for a short while.

They entered numerous shadowed areas lit by kerosene lamps, the kind Aladdin rubbed to get his genie to appear, their slapping shoes and feet producing the only sounds. The outside music didn't play in here, leaving an eerie but peaceful quiet. It was also surprisingly cool. Not from air conditioning, rather a persistent breeze that whipped past the columns and around walls, delivering sweetness from vegetation and the guys' scents.

Rafael's woody fragrance reached her first, then Cristiano's leather-and-tobacco, followed by Dante's clean, crisp cologne, their musk infusing each. Emphasizing her subservient state as their slave or concubine. A lovely word, same as harem, meaning forbidden in Arabic.

Within these walls, nothing carnal would be off limits, her flesh available to use as they pleased and she desired.

Expectation coursed through her, heightening her need and leaving her legs rubbery. She struggled to match their hurried pace and determination to reach the goal: her bound and spread, their hardened cocks filling her cunt, mouth, and anus, individually or three at once.

Perspiration trickled down her temple. She brushed it off despite her bound wrists.

The rope tugged.

Rafael slowed then looked over, danger and mischief in his eyes.

She surrendered her will further, hoping he saw that she wanted whatever he did, possibly more.

Faint splashing sounded.

Domed entrances on the right and left showed closed doors. Ahead, meek rays lightened the persistent gloom. Heavy perfume scents drifted toward them.

She craned her neck. Past Rafael, a large entrance led to a cavernous space, shadows dancing on the gold-and-aqua walls, male servants milling about. Noise from rushing water and its slight odor reached her.

Before coming to this spot, she would have focused on the numerous young men here—each sinewy and attractive—or been concerned by her nakedness and tried to maintain some dignity. The room didn't allow it.

A shallow pool sprawled inside, its length half a football field, marble columns at opposite ends, water splashing into the space from stone fountains protruding from the walls. Lamps weren't necessary here, the high windows allowing enough brightness to illuminate each corner. Light sparked like glitter off gold moldings, adornments, and moisture.

Talk about epic.

Two small tables stood near the pool. On the first, lay towels, soaps, and bottles whose contents she couldn't identify. On the next, something shone dully but was too far away for her to name. Other than that, there was no other furniture in here.

Given the pool, nothing else was necessary.

Rafael held out the rope to the black guy from outside. "The irons first."

Her heart skipped a beat. Those items she couldn't see from this distance must be what he meant.

The servant held four metal cuffs in his big hands—thick black velvet covering the irons on the inside—and gave two to the other guy who'd help strip her. He attached manacles to her ankles and rotated them until the eyebolts on each faced outside rather than in. The black guy removed the rope from around her wrists, locked the cuffs on them, then positioned the eyebolts on the inside.

Another servant, European like the first, joined them, a long chain dangling over his palm. After running it through the eyebolts on her wrists, he drew the links toward him.

Her arms lifted.

She looked at her guys and blurted, "When are you three getting naked?"



A new servant ran up, carrying a belt, paddle, and riding crop.

*Crap.* Cristiano had also grasped his whip and tapped it against his leg, his gesture menacing.

She lowered her gaze then recalled doing so was also against the rules. What the hell wasn't? Regarding each guy, she bit her lip to show how sorry she was for speaking without permission.

Dante and Cristiano glanced at each other, their lips twitching as they fought smiles.

Rafael's mood grew dark. Whether he was putting her on or not, she didn't know but his cocky manner was crazy good.

She forced a whimper, making the sound mournful as fuck.

He sagged then promptly straightened and approached so fast, she stepped back. The taut chain jerked her arms upward. He grasped the links and shot a warning look at the servant. After bowing slightly, he released the chain and stepped back.

Rafael faced her. "You want us naked?"

If there was ever a question he didn't have to ask, that was it. She nodded.

"Why?" He gestured imperiously, as a sultan might. "You may speak."

Her words poured out, "I want your cocks in my mouth, cunt, and anus. For you to take me in all possible ways and then some." She tucked in her chin, playing the docile captive. "I want to serve you, Cristiano, and Dante, obeying your every command, delivering my flesh for your pleasure and punishment."

Rafael's eyebrows lifted.

His surprise then pleased smile touched her soul when it shouldn't have. Sex was the sum total of their relationship, if you could call their brief involvement anything so fine. For now, it was enough. Given the boring life she'd led, this was nirvana on steroids.

The servants behind him watched, their attention riveted to

her pussy and boobs. Their presence didn't matter, except for adding a voyeuristic touch. Only Rafael, Cristiano, and Dante counted.

Rafael whipped off his robe and dropped it to the side. Dante and Cristiano did the same to theirs. Bare-chested, they wore only their boots and black, loose-fitting pants. Each owned a muscular yet lean form, their big bodies chiseled perfection, abs defined enough to count.

The world she'd known changed, becoming better... more exciting.

Crisp brown curls graced Cristiano's chest, their color a shade lighter than his other hair, his nipples ruddy. Nothing marred Dante's smooth skin, unbroken except for a mole near his left shoulder, his nipples small and dark, belly flat, his navel a half-moon shape. Veins decorated Rafael's powerful biceps and pecs. Dark, silky hair furred his pits and trickled below his navel to beneath his waistband.

Their erections tented their silky pants.

Her mouth went dry, despite the show having only begun. She wanted everything.

Rafael snapped his fingers at her then pointed down. "On your knees. Remove my boots then the others'."

Her pulse ticked up. When she'd decided on this carnal dream, she'd had initial doubts, telling Cravings she didn't want any men in her fantasy who were involved in entertainment, whether they were actors, directors, or whatever. She'd known too many jerks in Hollywood to endure their pompous shit here. Nor would she abide anyone rich or into themselves. She'd wanted normal.

They'd ignored her orders and sent her freaking gods.

On her knees, she removed his boots, an easier matter than she'd expected. His feet were large, his toes well-formed and long, dark hairs dusting them. Without direction, she kissed his ankle.

His toes curled.

Someone cleared his throat. Someone else breathed harder than she did.

Dante and Cristiano's feet were as nice as Rafael's. As a rule, she wasn't into much on a guy other than their nuts, dicks, chests, and faces, but for them... None had a mole or hair that didn't belong. Their balls and cocks had to be as great.

Anxious to see the prizes between their legs, she sat back on her heels and awaited Rafael's demand for her to strip them. As the lead alpha, he wasn't letting the others run the show. She suspected Dante would soon challenge him—as he had by kissing her first—and Cristiano would also dispute his rule. His initial tenderness hadn't put a dent in his hardcore ways.

Rafael handed her chain to the black servant who tugged on it until she had no choice except to stand. Once she had, he led her toward the pool and the column nearest them that faced her guys.

Confused, she still followed.

Rafael spoke to the black servant and the other one from outside. "Bathe and prepare her for our use. Remove the hair from between her legs, so she can't hide anything from us. Oil her anus thoroughly to make certain entry for the device and our cocks is easy."