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THEIR BOSS'S  
DAUGHTER

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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only.  
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advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

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## Chapter 1

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**S**truggling to get out of the breath-thieving, flesh-hugging evening dress, Saylor Fielding tried hard not to dissolve into a puddle of furious tears in the middle of her bedroom floor.

“They had to pull me out of a potted plant, Kelly. A potted plant, who does that? What is wrong with me?” She’d avoided them for five years and in just two occasions of meeting them again had thoroughly confirmed she was a silly air-head-klutz-gifted moron from outer space.

Giving up on removing the dress, she picked up her phone and collapsed onto the bed, annoying tears rolling down the side of her face and into her hair.

“Can you come over? My dress is wet... Don’t ask... And minutes away from strangling me to death.” She could ask Emily, their housekeeper, to help her out of the dress, just like she had helped Saylor get into it in the first place, but she knew Emily would be busy making sure the kitchen ran smoothly for the dinner party. And she was too embarrassed to ask anyone of the staff who had witnessed her fall into the potted plant. Yup, klutz.

“Already on my way,” said Kelly Mason, computer whiz, tech

heiress and best friend in the whole wide world. They had grown up next door to each other even though next door was about a ten-minute drive from one house to the other.

“You’re the best.” Saylor dropped her phone beside her on the bed, snagged a pillow and covered her face with it then screamed into it. How could her once in a life-time opportunity to get what she had wanted forever, go so horrifically wrong? Then again why was she so surprised? Finn Portland, Reid Amrose, and Jax Young had been rejecting her since she was eight years old.

The first time she had laid eyes on them had been at a picnic her father hosted annually for all his employees. Her little heart had been dazzled by the three young handsome princes whom her father had also invited. Her eyes had twinkled at their attention when they won the main prize at the picnic, a teddy bear almost as big as a house, especially for her. And when they called her Little Miss Saylor, she knew she had to marry these three boys her father seemed very affectionate toward already. She hadn’t questioned at that point how they came to be in her father’s life, just that they were there.

She had bragged to the bunch of other kids present of her plans to marry them and they had laughed at her calling her silly and informing her she could only marry one person at a time, to which she replied she could marry as many people as she wanted. Kelly had, of course agreed with her.

But Finn, nineteen years old then, Reid, sixteen, and Jax, fourteen, had ruffled her short curly hair, smiled at her and gently declined her offer by telling her a princess needed a prince and not one of them was a prince.

Her father had taken them under his wing and he loved having them around as much as she did. Whenever she saw them she vocalized loud and proud, and made them cards and arts and crafts, declaring she would end up marrying them. That they were a permanent fixture in her father’s life, meant she saw them

often enough. They were in and out of the house, learning about mining while they went to school.

They taught her how to swim, succeeding where both her father and five swimming instructors failed. They taught her how to play poker... for marshmallows and how to burp like a boy. And even when the thirteen-year-old son of one of her father's associates was mean to her by putting bubble-gum in her hair and sand in her shoes, they took care of him. That boy had been overly nice to her ever since.

But then adolescence had hit and when she started looking at them in a new light, she fled to a boarding school in Switzerland with Kelly out of sheer embarrassment. Not because she didn't like them anymore, but because she cringed at her childhood antics: she had openly adored them to bits, never failing to ask them if they'd marry her at every opportunity.

Those kids at the picnic had been right, she couldn't marry three people, she could only marry one. How silly a little girl was she? How utterly embarrassing. She planned never to face them again and dated like a boss throughout her teens and still did, but everything came crashing down around her when after almost five years of avoiding them she "fell" for them again.

She'd been summoned to her father's skyscraper for a serious dressing down about her second teeny-weeny accident in a year, but really it had not been her fault at all. She knew she could talk her way out of it. There was nothing she couldn't talk her way out of. The last time, she had gotten an increase in allowance and a new car.

As she always did whenever she waited for him in his office, she sat herself down in his massive custom-made leather chair and whirled herself around like she did when she was five years old. When her mom passed away, and her father refused to let her out of his sight for longer than a school day, she kind of grew up in his office here at work, as well as the one at home.

And of course, in the middle of making herself stone-dizzy

as she spun around and around, the door opened and in stepped three magnificent specimens of male. They immediately shrank her father's huge office with their potent testosterone, the sight of their entrance electrifying the air around her and sparks of visual pleasure shocked her nerves.

In one tiny moment, so utterly fleeting, her gaze had encompassed all three of them so thoroughly, that if she had to pick each one of them out in a crowd of thousands—blindfolded—she would not fail.

With every part of her on fire at the sight of their intimidating yet intriguing presence, she rushed to stand, felt the office under her Louboutin's cave in then promptly folded inelegantly to the floor in a heap of pink Prada.

Yet, everything had happened in a split second. From her spinning around then coming to an abrupt, rather stunned halt when they entered her father's office, to her descent downward as if she were an intoxicated rag-doll.

Finn Portland. Reid Amrose. Jax Young.

And with their identity came the realization that they hadn't just lingered intermittently in her mind here and there, they had in fact consumed her entire being untiringly in the five years she hadn't seen them.

Immediately, Reid and Jax were at her sides, their strong muscular hands on each of her arms as they raised her to a standing position until she faced Finn.

"You all right?" he asked with an enigmatic expression on his beautiful face. Did they even know who she was? She had changed considerably in the last few years and they had just gotten more... everything.

She didn't know which of the three to look at. Her gaze volleyed between them in awe. At some point she had told herself to stop acting like a maniac but no, she could hardly hear herself think with her heart pounding that loudly in her ears.

Words had escaped her, and she started nodding instead. Yep,

they'd turned her into a total nut job from day one it seemed. When her father entered his office, he'd given her a stern once over to ensure she hadn't broken so much as a strand of hair, but he also seemed to be the antidote she needed to right her senses.

She had never in all her adult life been caught so off guard by a man, let alone three of them all at once. They'd robbed her of speech too, forcing her to mutter incoherent crap when her father briskly re-introduced her to them, asking her if she remembered them.

Seeing them again confirmed she had never forgotten them.

But she scrutinized them differently as a woman now, not a cringy kid, or embarrassed teen. Particularly how blue Finn Portland's eyes were. What a gorgeous smile Jax Young had. And what seriously masculine fingers and palms Reid Amrose had when rather flustered already, she had to shake their hands.

She'd been severely hunk-struck, at once bewildered by the fact each of the three of them had a crazy effect on her whole body, and her mind, and her heart, which continued to thunder the whole time afterward.

All three of them dismissed her instantly once she stood on her own two feet again, turning their attention to her father, their boss, as they talked business, leaving her to gawk unashamedly.

But how could she be attracted to all three of them at once? Hadn't she already established as a grown-up that for every one woman out there, one perfect man existed? The ratio was one is to one. Not one to three.

Pick one. Pick one. Pick one.

It had to be Jax, his subtle though entirely masculine cologne had poured over her and made her skin sing, rousing her nipples to pebbles.

No, wait.

Reid. Oh Reid, in the short time she had spent in his company again, that chuckle of his as he'd helped her up from the floor singed her nerves and melted her panties.

Or was it Finn? Stern and mysterious Finn, whose gaze had glided down her body only once yet in that time demanded the submission of everything she was worth without saying a word.

And still she couldn't choose just one of them. She wanted all three. She couldn't deny it.

Finn Portland. Reid Amrose. Jax Young.

Kelly had listened to her bemoan her state of romantic affairs and had dissected their online lives but found nothing worthwhile except what she already knew about them—that they were foster brothers and lived in Nevada in the same house their foster mum had raised them in. They were illusive men. No social media, no photos, no girlfriends, wives, lovers—zip. But still they remained permanent fixtures in her mind, fueling her fantasies now in every vivid way her imagination, and loads and loads of Google searching, allowed.

She couldn't explain their unwavering power over her. The way her body thrilled for them as it did for no other men. She wasn't imagining any of that.

And if a failed marriage proposal at age eight wasn't enough and falling off a chair was even less enough, well for her last encounter with them, cue another spectacle.

She never attended any of her father's work dinners, including the ones he hosted at home. But once she saw the guest list, and after having her whole world capsized by meeting them again in her father's office, she decided it was now or never.

She was about to leave for a very small village in China which wasn't even found on any map, to do humanitarian work, to give back because she had always had so much. But first, she wanted to do something amazing, decadent, dirty, unforgettable. Crazy. And by crazy she meant dispossessing herself of her virginity because yes, she was very much in complete possession of it. Not from a lack of trying though.

Kelly would roll her eyes at Saylor's serial dating as she tried to find the one guy who would ignite pure animal lust in her, melt



her bones and her heart, because it had to be only one guy who could do that for her. She failed every time and unlike Kelly whose only interest was taking over the world, and not her status down there, Saylor was determined not to be a virgin by the time she had her next birthday. She regarded it as totally unacceptable. There had to be someone out there who'd rock her heels. Then she discovered three such somebodies and they ruined her subconsciously for any other man, now and in the future, she was certain.

She had gotten a total killer dress, knew she looked prettier than ever, sexier than heck and all grown up. A true seductress ready to take what she wanted. She never lacked confidence around boys. She'd nail this—and them—perfectly fine.

She skimmed her father's mining articles, knew the price of gold and what was happening in South Africa, so she didn't come off as a noob.

But oh, she'd been so enamored by their presence the whole night at the dinner, breathing in their magnificence like air. They fascinated her beyond comprehension, scorched her skin at the sight of them. Their raw ruggedness, their causal liteness but unmistakable power left her breathless. They didn't drink champagne, they chose beer, or whiskey neat. And their hands. She had shivered and touched her forehead to read her temperature more than three times. Images more vivid than her previous fantasies flitted through her mind.

She imagined being touched with those big rough hands of theirs gliding up her thighs. She soaked what little panties she wore when Jax licked his lips, when Reid ran his finger around the rim of his glass. And when Finn's jaw clenched at something someone said to him, she couldn't breathe any longer.

Even now as she lay on her bed, grossly humiliated, asphyxiation by dress moments away, soaked in champagne, waiting for backup aka Kelly, her pulse fluttered, and her body still burned. The thought that they were downstairs, being gorgeous without a

care, unaware of her plight and her misery at their rejection yet again made matters worse.

She pulled the pillow over her face tighter and let out another small scream. She had made such a complete debacle of herself that as of now she could never face them again no matter what. She couldn't go back. This was worse than a cringy marriage proposal when she was eight years old. This was next level humiliation. Unfathomable.

They were supposed to be captivated by her now that she had grown up and had proper boobs to show for it. They were meant to find her irresistible, alluring, and unable to say no to her. Except they did none of those things and said no, clearly and precisely, without any room for any misunderstanding.

"Say?" The door to her bedroom opened, and Kelly walked in.

Saylor flung the pillow aside. "I can't move. I don't think I'll ever move, Kelly. I think I'll just lie here forever."

"Come on, up, you're turning blue." Kelly hauled her up and fiddled with the zipper.

"It was ghastly," Saylor began. "First, they didn't even look at me, not until I had to go up to them and then too they seemed to look right past me. I mean look at this dress. It's like I'm wearing skin and I have a good body, Kelly." Her father hadn't been impressed with the nude shade of the second-skin dress even though it covered her completely, and while he knew telling her to change would not go his way, he kept trying to drown her in a winter coat he got one of the house staff to fetch from her room.

"Everyone with a pulse noticed me. But no, not them. How could they not notice me? How—"

"Take a deep breath," Kelly said behind her, interrupting her. Saylor did, and the zipper was freed. A flood of breath whooshed through her the moment the dress opened, and Kelly wriggled it down her hips and thighs to pool at her feet.

"They looked right past me. As if I didn't exist."

“Did you talk to them at all?”

“Yes, but oh they were so courteous and... and unaffected,” Saylor sobbed. “They’re just not interested in me at all. They wouldn’t even say two words to me before they found a reason to go somewhere else. I swear I felt as if I had the plague. I could have even laid myself down completely naked at their feet, and they’d have stepped over me.”

“You’re their boss’s daughter, Say. Your father thinks very highly of them. They’ve known you since you were eight years old. They must know how protective your dad is of you and they’re just respecting him and you, I’m sure.”

“I don’t want to be respected,” she wailed. “I want to be ripped apart and—”

“Wait. How much did you drink? You’re reeking of champagne. And why is your dress wet?” Kelly said then handed Saylor a robe.

“I didn’t drink at all. My dress is wet because I got showered with champagne while sitting in a potted plant if you must know.” She slipped the robe on and tied the ribbon at her waist.

Kelly smiled, frowned, then laughed out loud. Saylor couldn’t help herself either and laughed too. Doom had met a new level.

“What happened?”

“There was this woman whom they seemed to want to talk to. She was so stunning, I can’t even lie, and she seemed so familiar with them and I couldn’t help myself. I’ve never experienced jealousy before, Kelly, and I didn’t know what to do so I eavesdropped on them. I just had to know what they were saying so secretly to each other.

“So I hid behind a potted plant and I don’t know, somehow the three of them looked in my direction and I spun around like I was on fire and slammed into a waiter carrying a full tray of champagne, and fell into the very potted plant I was hiding behind, drenched in Dom Perignon. Nice, right?”

“Oh, Say, I’m sorry.”

“And worse? Of all the people around, they came to help me. Just picked me out of the pot and stood me back on my feet and tried really hard to hide their amused grins. I’m like a one-woman circus for them. I provide a couple of minutes of slapstick humor and that’s it.” She’d been so mortified at the spectacle she created of herself yet again in their company she had fled immediately, but halfway into her exit, she had stopped. She wasn’t leaving without them, so she inhaled a load of courage, turned around and marched back to them. And then stuttered and stammered her way into inviting them to the hotel room she booked for them because, well, wasn’t it self-explanatory?

“I asked them if they’d like to spend a night with me. Okay I was less succinct. I was all over the place. And they said rather stunned, “all three of us?” And I said yes, all three of you. Although I didn’t say anything I just nodded like my head was not really attached to my shoulders, you get the picture. And then they said the most horrible words in the world, “you’re the boss’s daughter.” Which meant *umm, no, we’re not going to go to the hotel room you booked and get naked with you.*” She pinched her lips together. “I wish it was Wednesday already, so I could go to China and never come back. I should just go farther and take a step right out of the atmosphere.”

“I’m so sorry.” Kelly hugged her tightly.

“I hate being the boss’s daughter,” she grumbled into Kelly’s shoulder and then went to her drawer where she kept a stash of chocolate, peeled back the wrapper and took an enormous bite. Could they really not find her the least bit attractive, enough to override their ethics? Ethics was so unsexy, she decided. Yes, she clearly understood how literal she was being.

Well, their loss. She’d be really good at sex too. She may be a virgin, but she wasn’t clueless. She’d inherited her mother’s love for romance novels, which served as a first-class education all on its own, she was sure. She’d be amazing at sex.

She even dragged Kelly with her to a few sex parties to satisfy

her curiosity and gain visual experience. Of course, Kelly had been bored out of her mind. Sex just didn't interest her at all.

Saylor took another bite of chocolate and groaned as she crept under the covers of her bed. "I can't believe I got a Brazilian wax for nothing."

"I can't believe you talked me into getting one too. And no I don't care how you think it feels like velvet and you can't stop touching it and we should do it all the time."

Saylor stuck her tongue out at her. She wasn't getting her first Brazilian without her best friend there for support, and support meant them holding hands while two technicians worked on them together. There was nothing weird about that at all.

"I love you," Saylor said, then, in the same breath, "Grrr. I'm going to be a virgin for the rest of my life, Kelly. If I can't have them, no one else will do. I think subconsciously I knew that all along, so even trying to find the right man was futile. Clearly, they don't want me. So there."

"Sex is overrated. I don't understand the appeal. It's so messy and fluids—other people's fluids." Kelly joined her and sat beside her, propped up by five pillows at least. "So no thank you. I'm happy to die a virgin. What were they saying when you were eavesdropping on them talking to that woman?"

"Oh that. She was inviting them to a club, The Eminence, I think. Never heard of it. No, she was seducing them into saying yes. The way she stood, how she touched each one of them, the way her voice turned all husky. She knew exactly how to do it which was apparently the way they liked it. They smiled at her like they never smiled at me." Just thinking about the episode made Saylor jealous all over again. She wanted to cry when she imagined them touching the woman, of them being naked with her. They certainly seemed to like her. Saylor desperately wished she was that fiery red-head then growled and stuffed her face with more chocolate.

“What else?” Kelly said as she reached for Saylor’s laptop, flipped the top and put it on.

“Apparently The Eminence is having a Troika Charity Evening and she wanted them to come.” Saylor balled up the wrapper, slipped off the bed and went to get another slab of chocolate from her other stash while Kelly clicked away at her laptop.

“Oh boy,” Kelly said.

“What?”

“The Eminence is a BDSM club. Really a kind of charity that specializes in... sex. And their Troika Evening—wait for this—is their yearly charity event where they auction off men in threes, hence troika, to wealthy female patrons. All proceeds go to orphanages. And it looks as if they’re already in the system. That woman worked fast.”

“What?” Saylor forgot all about the chocolate and scrambled onto the bed again, picking the laptop up off Kelly’s lap. Chunks of conversation came back to her. The stunning red-head had said she always had her eye on them, that she was a scout for The Eminence and they were perfect for their charity night. She had assured them their patrons were some of the richest, most beautiful women in the world. Bottom line it was for a good cause, she had said, and they couldn’t refuse. Saylor just never imagined it was for something like sex.

“Oh my god.” Saylor jerked her head up. “Do you know what this means?”

“No. But, you’re going to tell me anyway.”

“It means they actually do this or they wouldn’t have signed up. They share a woman, Kelly. They do do that. It’s not a weird idea for them. I thought maybe that was the problem. But no, they just don’t want me. I thought they would find me crazy if I suggested it, but really it’s just me.” Before even more despondence could take over, her brain clicked on something else. “I have to get in. I have to get in, Kelly. This, this right here is my

one last ever chance.” And lucky for her, her trust fund had just kicked in a week ago after she turned twenty-one. Money was no object.

She continued rambling about how perfect it was, how perfect everything was as she read on.

“No. Oh no. The Troika Charity event is like winning the lottery. You have to put in an offer and you’re only a winner if yours is the highest bid. How much do I bid? How will I know if it’s enough?”

Kelly took the laptop back from her. She didn’t take her attention off the screen as she spoke. “Hang on,” she said. “I just have to hack into their system and see what’s happening.” A minute passed. Then another. Saylor remained quiet, chewing her lips, unable to grasp what was happening. Could this be it?

“Okay, I’m in,” Kelly grinned at her. “You have about eight minutes to put in a bid for them. And here’s a list of all your competitors. You’re welcome.” Kelly handed her the laptop.

“Just like that?” Saylor asked dazed as she went through the list of bidders, the highest being four point nine million dollars.

“They have good security, took me a minute too long.”

“Kelly.”

“Six minutes, Say, bidding closes at midnight.” Kelly told her.

A zillion emotions zapped through her all at once. Wasn’t this what she wanted? Wasn’t this the only way? Her final, final, final chance.

Asking them didn’t work so she needed to pay them for their company, for them to notice her. They’d be alone. She’d be alone with them. This was her do-something-crazy-before-she-left thing, not the disastrous evening she had just had. She had to do it or live a half-assed life thinking about them since her conventional approaches failed her.

“It won’t work,” she said at last, dejection crawling up her spine. “I basically threw myself at them tonight and they ignored me. I then asked them, and they declined. I’ll still be their boss’s

daughter. Untouchable. They'd probably call my father to come and take me home."

"Not if they don't know it's you. We'll change your hair color, and you'll wear colored contact lenses and a mask. It's all very secretive and according to their motto, it's discretion first. They'll never know it's you if you still want to do it."

"But the fine print says both parties have to be willing, or all monies will be refunded no questions asked." Saylor read from the screen. "What if they're not willing at all no matter what I do to change my appearance? Maybe it's me, and they just don't find my core pretty at all."

"As if that's likely. Look at you, you're frigging gorgeous. And on the tiny off chance they're not willing, it's their loss and you get your money back. But at least you tried, right? Two minutes, Say. What's it going to be?"

"Yes. Yes. I want to do it," she said passing the laptop to Kelly once again. "I need to do this. I already failed in getting them to really notice me, so I have nothing else to lose, right?"

Kelly's fingers flew across the keyboard. "Wait, there's a questionnaire of sorts you have to fill out first."

"What kind of a questionnaire?"

"Hmm, basically how you plan on getting... fucked."

"You're kidding."

"No." Kelly started reading the text. "Please ensure the candidates you wish to tender for are suited to your preferences, particularly pertaining to BDSM terms. Okay, there are really only two main questions. First question: Are you a dominant or a submissive? And secondly: Please choose a safeword which will..."

"Submissive and Hades."

Kelly laughed. "It's almost as if you've put no thought into it at all," she said rolling her eyes again.

"Oh, shut up."

"You're in luck. Troika candidates, Finn, Reid and Jax are



masters after all. Perfect match then. You sure you still want to do this?"

"I have no other choice. It could be the best night of my entire life. Or the worst. I'm not missing it either way."

"Okay, you're Girl S," Kelly murmured as she punched in enough zeroes to put Saylor on top of the list. "And there you go, for a cool five million dollars you get three gold-mining masters, to have submissive, Hades safeword sex with you all together. Happy?"

"Ecstatic," Saylor whispered then threw herself flat on the bed, her breath laboring as her blood heated. How could this not be serendipitous? It had to be. There was no other explanation for it. This was fate taking a break from tripping her up every time she saw them. This was meant to be.

Was she mad to even contemplate something like this? Absolutely.