

O'CONNELL'S FOREVER

BJ ALPHA

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DEDICATION

Wishing you a Merry goddamn Christmas!

Love the O'Connell's.

X

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PROLOGUE

MA

These past few years have been more eventful than any before.

I've lost my husband, a man I was married to for over forty years, a man dedicated to his family and the organization. To me.

My sons have found the women they love, and now I have a brood of grandchildren, an ever-growing family. And it's only expanding further.

I thank my lucky stars every morning I'm able to get out of bed and see my boys become the men they were always destined to be.

The incredible way in which they're carving out their children's and grandchildren's futures. The next generation of Mafia.

As we pull into the boys' estate, I smile to myself. This really is an O'Connell family compound.

Each of their homes are covered in Christmas lights—Con's being the most elaborate; no doubt he's paid a ridiculous amount of money for a designer. While Cal has clearly tried to do it himself, the head of the light-up reindeer is missing, and I chuckle, wondering if Cal lost his temper with it or if Prince and Keen have been using it as target practice.

The car pulls to a stop outside Con's house, and my body warms with the love that gathering our families during the holidays always brings.

It will be a very O'Connell Christmas.

CHAPTER ONE

CAL

All I wanted for Christmas was to spend it with Lily, Reece, and Chloe. Instead, my son has disappeared with his own family to go on vacation at my mortal enemy's home, and my wife has insisted we all pack up and stay at Con's mega mansion next door. Next. Fucking. Door!

I stuff another gift into the suitcase with a huff.

"You know, you can just run back and grab the gifts after the kids have gone to bed, right?" I turn my head over my shoulder to face Lily. She stands in the doorway with her arms crossed over her chest and a fleeting smile on her pretty face. God, she's stunning.

"I'm leaving Chloe's gifts here. I'm just taking yours."

She nibbles on her lip. "Oh. I thought we agreed on not getting each other gifts this year."

I spin to face her. "We did. Did you not get me anything?"

Her eyes narrow, then she breathes out a rush of air. "Cal. I didn't buy you a gift, exactly. No."

"But you got me something?" I raise an eyebrow, my heart racing as I trail my gaze down her luscious body. "My ma will be there all weekend," I add, even though she knows this already.

Her tongue pokes out, and she licks her top lip, and my cock springs to life in my joggers.

Merry fucking Christmas to me.

I drop the gift and stride toward my wife, and her face flushes on my approach. Yeah, she knows what's coming—me.

Grabbing her arms, I pin them above her head with one hand and delight in the air whooshing out of her luscious lips and her pupils dilating with the same need I feel. Her breathing turns heavy as I stare into her eyes before smashing my mouth against hers with such force she nips at my tongue. The sting only heightens my desperation for her further. My cock throbs as I use my free hand to unbuckle my pants, and I revel in her whimper when I grind against her. Fuck yes! She's going to get it so damn good.

“Daddyyy, I want a new Barbie with blue hair not yellow!” Chloe pushes past the door, and I jolt away from Lily at warp speed. My shoulders sag and my cock deflates as I turn my back to our daughter and quickly buckle my pants.

“Daddy, did you hear me? I want a Barbie with blue hair!”

I spin around to face her while trying to regulate my breathing. Her eyes drill into mine, and her lip sticks out in a pout. It's borderline adorable if it wasn't so fucking frustrating.

Great! Now she wants a fucking Smurf-like Barbie. Fan-fucking-tastic.

“I want one from Santa.” She stomps her boot-clad foot on my toe.

“Chloe,” I grit out. “Fu . . .”

“Come on, sweetie, let's go and adjust that Christmas list while Daddy finishes packing.” Lily widens her eyes at me and nods at the doll in Chloe's hand. Of course, I got her the new Barbie with the blonde hair. Jesus, I didn't even know you

could get one with different colored hair, otherwise she'd have a whole array of the multicolored little fuckers to dress, including the blue one I didn't buy.

“Cal?” Lily questions with worry in her eyes.

I open mouth to explain it's late and there's practically zero chance of me getting her a blue Barbie but clamp my jaw shut when disappointment laces her face.

Great, now I need to locate a blue one.

On Christmas fucking Eve.

CHAPTER TWO

OSCAR

I calculated the exact time Paige would ovulate in order for me to fill her with our second child. Tightening the spreader bar into position, I take in her heavenly body.

Her hips are shapelier now from carrying Brennan, her milky soft skin has faded-pink lines from the stretch of her bump—my mouth waters at the memory—and her generous tits have filled out further with the milk she produces to nourish our son.

I kneel between her spread legs, my cock weeping at the sight of a bead of milk dripping from those darkened engorged, swollen nipples I long to taste.

But not yet. First, I want to play with my little toy before Brennan rises from his midmorning nap.

“You’re a little tease, aren’t you, Paige?” She shakes her head from side to side, her hair splayed out. The red streaks seem emphasized against the white pillow, like a siren calling for my attention. I lick my lips when she moans around the ball gag; a punishment for screaming so loud when I thrust into her sleeping form this morning.

Slowly, I trail my finger along her stomach and down toward her trimmed small patch of hair, a patch I have grown to crave. Especially when it’s coated in my cum. “Mm, you’re a tease and a bad girl.” I slide a finger inside her pussy. Of course, it’s wet—from my cum. I add another, relishing the clench of her muscles. She’s such a good girl, always

performing when I need her to and doing her exercises when I insist.

When my cum soaks both digits, my cock jumps in appreciation, but I want to give her more, I want her swimming in it, basking in my possession, giving her body no other option than to accept my seed and grow my baby.

Removing my fingers with a wet pop, I suck them into my mouth, and the groan of satisfaction that escapes me is nothing short of animalistic. Then I replace them with the head of my cock. Her eyes fill with lust as I ease inside her, enjoying the stretch of her pussy around me. Inch by inch, I sink my cock into her cum-filled pussy, relishing the feel of wetness coating her walls and coating me too.

Her arms are stretched out and tied to each bedpost, giving me the ultimate control I crave.

Leaning over her, I wrap my hands around her pretty little throat, making her pussy pulsate in approval. “Mm, you like that, don’t you, little doll? You like me treating you like my little toy.” I thrust my hips forward, slamming into her so hard her eyes widen. “Mm. So fucking good.” Again, I pivot my hips and repeat the action, and every movement earns a moan from deep inside her.

Again and again until my pace becomes frenzied and sweat beads on my forehead as I swirl my hips against her. My stomach muscles bunch up as I surge inside her like a man possessed. Harder and harder until the sound of the metal clanging against the bedposts becomes the rhythm of my thrusts. Music to my fucking ears as I continue my mission to impregnate her.

“You’re going to give me a baby, Paige.” Her eyes lock with mine. We’ve had this discussion multiple times, where I

insist on having another baby close to Brennan's age, and she insists on waiting a while longer. I have no intention of waiting, and she knows this. "You'll give me a baby. Whether you want to or not!" I stare back into her green orbs, and my body swells with pride when her pupils widen, the determination behind my words hitting her. I'll do anything in my power to have what I want. And she fucking knows it. I own her.

To remind her who's in charge and she's no choice but to follow my wishes, I tighten my hands further around her slender throat, careful to hold her pulse point while doing so. Her pussy tightens around me, loving the thrill of me choking her out as much as I do. "That's it, you can come, little doll. You can come on my thick cock." I breathe out with a tenderness to my tone, allowing her to come, and in return, she'll gift me with another baby.

Her eyes roll and her body tenses beneath me, and the bounce of her tits makes my heavy balls draw up as her milk flows freely between us, all the way down to where I'm pounding her pussy. "Fuck, that's incredible." My mouth falls open in awe of her body. In awe of her. "Incredible," I breathe against her muzzled mouth while my eyes lock with hers.

"Come," I whisper through bated breath as my orgasm takes over, and like the good girl I know her to be, she obeys my command, and her pussy clamps around me, milking my cock for my cum.

My eyes close as the sensation overwhelms me, filling her once again, guaranteeing another generation of pure genius.

Our family relies on it, after all.

CHAPTER THREE

FINN

The twins scream as if they weren't fed a few minutes ago. Kingston and Knight are as demanding as their older brother, Prince, who runs round the room with his underpants on his head, banging his chest like Tarzan. I lift my feet to rest my boots on the coffee table and grin from ear to ear as I sit back in my chair, gnawing on my toothpick while the chaos around me unfolds. Crossing my arms over my chest, I smirk to myself—motherfucking bliss, this family life.

“Daddy, do you like my lipstick?”

And just like that, my heart plummets, my feet drop to the floor, and my blood turns to ice as I turn to face my daughter.

My little Princess.

“Huh?” My gaze scrambles over her body until it locks on to the huge smile encompassing her pretty little face that reminds me of her mother at the same tender age.

Bright-red lips beam back at me, and somehow, I suck in a sharp breath, taking my toothpick with me. Ho-ly shit.

The wood wedges at the back of my throat and panic sets in as I try but fail to spit it out.

Oh shit. My hand moves to my throat as I choke on the damn toothpick. Princess watches me with her nose scrunched up. I ignore her look of disgust as saliva drips from my mouth, and I gurgle around the wood in panic.

I bang my fist against my chest, as if that's going to free the little fucker up, then I shove my fingers into my mouth,

wincing as I snap the damn thing in two and shards of wood splinter the roof of my mouth. Fuck, that hurts.

“So, do you like my lipstick?” Princess sticks her hip out and settles her hand on it while she waits for my reply.

How the hell am I going to do this? I drag a hand over my hair and blow out a deep breath.

When I gaze back into her dark eyes and her smile falls, I’m done for. Of course, I will tell her she looks damn good, no matter how heavy it sits in my stomach that my daughter looks like a fucking teenager and not the nerdy, gawky kind. Nope, the kind you want to lock up and kill every fucker who dares to look at them.

“It suits you, Princess. You look real grown up.” I swallow back the knot in my throat and feign an approving smile, but it’s worth it when her face lights up and she bounces on the balls of her feet.

“You’re the best dad ever!” She throws her arms around me, and mine wrap around her.

This is going to be the best damn Christmas ever.

CHAPTER FOUR

BREN

“I don’t understand why we need to pack all this shit up to go three doors fucking down,” I grumble, glaring at the suitcases I have to load into the trunk, simply to drive down the street to unload at my brother’s house. I should be unloading in my wife, not doing this crap.

“We could just sleep here, then spend an hour over there. Why the hell do we have to sleep in the same goddamn house? You know the boys settle better in their own beds, Sky.”

“They do.” She agrees while bouncing Isaac on her hip.

I sit up on my elbow. “So, we’ll stay here and drop by Con’s for half an hour or fifteen minutes in the morning?” Hope builds in my chest as I wait for her reply.

“No. We’re going to stay at Con’s, and the boys can sleep with us.” I throw my head back on the pillow and swallow the rage I feel.

“How the hell am I meant to give you a daughter when our bed is occupied by three little cock blockers?” I groan, staring at the ceiling.

Sky giggles. Giggles . . . As if I’m fucking joking.

“You do realize I’m pregnant already, right?”

Turning my head, I face her; she somehow becomes more appealing every day of my fucking life, reminding me how lucky I am to have her and our kids.

Her long blonde hair shines like satin in the glow of the bedroom light, and my mouth waters at the sight of her tits

sitting heavy and swollen on her chest. Her small bump is barely there, but, fuck, I love her pregnant. Eager to get in on the action my mind conjured up, my erect cock drips precum.

“He ready for a nap yet?” I nod toward Isaac, our latest addition. He’s only a month younger than Brennan but just as big.

Sky bites into her bottom lip, then glances down at Isaac, who tries stuffing his entire fist in his mouth, leaving a trail of dribble behind when he realizes it won’t fit.

“I can pop him in the crib if you can be quick?” She tilts her head to the side and raises an eyebrow at me like that’s even a question that needs answering.

I’m popping open my jeans before she reaches the door to the nursery.

When she steps back into the room, I have my cock out, pumping it in my fist. “Mm, fuck. Hurry up and climb on, baby. I need to feel that tight pussy stretched around me.”

Sky moves quickly, bunching up her dress as she clambers onto the bed. She straddles my thick waist and pushes her panties to the side. I don’t ask if she’s wet—my girl is always wet for me, and when I line myself up and surge inside her, I have all the confirmation I need. Her snug little pussy drenches my cock in her essence. “Oh god, Bren. You’re so big!” she pants out. Fuck yes I am.

It’s always more intense for her this way, especially when I grip her hips in my palms and force her down on me, not giving her any choice but to accept every inch.

“Mmmm,” she moans, making my balls bunch up way too fucking soon.

“Get your tits out for me, baby. Let Daddy watch you play with them.” I bite into my cheek when she drops the straps of her dress and her heaving tits fall out. “Mm, fuck. Best goddamn sight. My woman bouncing on my cock with her big tits out.”

I grind my hips up with each thrust, rubbing on her clit with vigor. She clenches around me, and I grit my teeth at the sensation as her pussy strangles my cock.

“Feed me those nipples, baby.”

“Oh god.” She throws her head back. Her long hair brushes against my balls, and it feels in-fucking-credible. When she leans forward, I raise my head to meet her tits, lapping at her nipples and sucking her milk into my mouth as she pushes her tits together.

Moans vibrate my throat when her warm milk flows into my mouth, and the excess dripping down my chin turns me into a madman while I thrust up into her crazily. “Oh, Bren,” she whines.

I leave bite marks while I attack her tits like a hungry animal. I’m vicious and ruthless in my assault on her small body, greedy to take my fill of her.

“I want your cum, Daddy,” she whimpers.

Her words, coupled with her peaked nipple in my mouth dripping with milk, are my undoing, and my balls draw up.

“Good girl,” I grunt out in appreciation.

“I’m Daddy’s good girl,” she pants as her orgasm forces her pussy to convulse and her body to tighten.

“Yes. Yes. Fuck, yes. You’re Daddy’s good girl.” I power inside her one more time and let my cock pulsate while I’m as

deep as possible. Fuck, that feels good.

My orgasm explodes, along with a burst of milk into my mouth, and when Sky presses my head against her tit, I see fucking stars.

Before I know what's happening, my body still reeling from having my mind blown, Sky's tongue glides over my cock—cleaning me up like always. “That's it, my good girl.”

My thick fingers weave into her silky locks, and I massage her scalp. Yeah, my girl can have whatever she wants for Christmas. Even a sleepover three fucking doors down.

Her tongue laps around my balls, and I drop my head back with a heavy groan while I get hard again under her delicate touch.

Merry goddamn Christmas to me.

CHAPTER FIVE

CON

Scrubbing my hand through my hair, I glance around the kitchen—it’s a fucking mess. My brothers and their families will arrive shortly, and I can’t figure out how to use the goddamn oven. How the hell can it be so difficult to heat up some food? I rub a finger over my lip as I contemplate cooking the turkey in the microwave instead of this thing. *If I cut the turkey in half, will it all fit?*

“Con?”

Spinning on my heels, I face Will. My gaze travels her body from head to toe. Fuck, she always takes my breath away, and with her being pregnant with our little miracle, I feel like my chest will cave in with the force of the air being sucked from my lungs.

Her being pregnant is everything.

I’ve waited since I was a teenager for this moment, and I intend to care for her like I should have when I was an idiot and she was pregnant with Keen.

“What are you thinking?” Her soft voice pulls me out of my thoughts before they descend into the pit of regret, into something much darker, and I refuse to go back there.

I blink away the past. “You should be resting.” My feet bring me toward her, and then my palm cradles our precious bump. Her shoulders relax under my touch, and my heart swells with how much she needs me.

We need one another.

A heavy huff leaves her lips, and my eyes dart up to scan her face for the reason behind her action. “Con, I’m done resting.” She drags a hand through her hair. “I’m tired of resting.” She blows out again, making my lips twitch when she pouts.

The closer it gets to Will finally giving birth, the less I’ve allowed her to do. She did it all alone last time, and I refuse to let her do anything alone this time.

She casts her eyes around the kitchen, and they narrow. “What the hell happened in here?”

My eyes work over the kitchen once again, and cupboard doors are open, flour covers the counters, and half the fridge’s contents are out on the counter.

Her eyebrow raises. “Is that a gingerbread house?” The premade dilapidated gingerbread house I decorated with Keen slumps to one side, the blue frosting and candy dripping onto the floor.

I scrub a hand over my head and shift from foot to foot. It didn’t quite go how I was expecting it to go when I ordered the marzipan Christmas figurines to make. But, fuck, we tried.

“Yeah, it didn’t work out so great.” I tug on the ends of my hair at what a fucking shitshow it turned out to be. The figurines look like something our dog, Peppa, hacked up, and that’s always worrisome.

Will’s soft hand caresses my arm, and her warmth seeps into my skin and bloodstream, settling my thoughts.

“You did amazing, Con.” Her lips find the corner of my mouth, and my hand weaves around her back to tug her closer. I open my mouth and let her slide her tongue into mine,

swallowing down her moan when I hold her chin in place. Then I grind my bulge against her, desperate for some friction.

“Oh god, Con. I need you to fuck me so bad,” she rasps out.

My eyes flare open. “Fuck yes,” I grit out as a sudden urge to show her what she means to me takes over.

The need to control the situation and the fact Will lets me take out my frustration in myself on her turns me on all the more. My balls ache as my cock becomes so hard it threatens to burst when I spin her around to face the counter. She lifts the shirt of mine she sleeps in, exposing her bare ass. My blood pumps faster at the sight of her nakedness. “Fuck, baby,” I pant out with need.

Will grips onto the counter, and I snag the bottle of oil. Bringing it to my lips, I bite the cap off and spit it out across the room, then I drizzle the oil over the crack of her ass, and it drips onto the floor.

“My naughty girl is about to get her ass fucked.” I drop my jeans and boxers to my ankles in one swoop, then wrap her long locks around one hand while the other hand strokes the thick head of my dripping cock up and down her asshole.

“Play with your clit, Will. Play with it while I fill this ass full of my cum.”

“Oh, Con,” she groans.

I drag the tip to her hole and push inside slowly, gritting my teeth while doing so. “Fuckkk me, that’s good, baby.” A whimper leaves her as I push the final inch inside, and she sucks in a sharp breath. She knows I’m about to fuck her hard and fast. Her fingers flick over her bud as I draw almost all the

way out, and I chuckle when she tenses beneath me, waiting for the onslaught on her ass.

When her body vibrates with pleasure at her touch, I take the opportunity to slam back inside her, stealing the air from her lungs. “Ahhh” leaves her mouth, followed by soft moans of encouragement.

I stare down at my cock stretching her asshole wide, the muscle struggling to contain me. Fuck, that’s hot.

“That’s it, baby. Take my cock in your ass.” I slam inside her at a punishing pace. “Take it all.”

The moment she convulses, I let my own orgasm follow. “Milk my cock, Will. Milk it dry with your tight, filthy little asshole.”

“Oh god, Con. Yes, yes, yessss.”

“Fuckkk,” I bite out as my warm cum floods her ass and pumps out of her hole around us. Jesus, that’s so fucking good.

As soon as I’ve shot my load, I pull out and drop to my knees to lick her clean. I draw her globes apart, and my cum drips from her little hole, then I bury my face against her to taste our pleasure. *Mm, fuck, that’s incredible.* I lap at my cum mixed with hers, flicking my tongue from her pussy up toward her ass.

The front door opening has me freezing, and Will’s body stills.

“Will? Con? I’m here!” My ma’s voice echoes off the walls, as if taunting us.

“Oh, shit.” I stand and fumble to tug my jeans and boxers up. My cock is still rock-hard, so I wince when I trap the head in my waistband. Jesus, fuck, that hurt.

“Con?” Will’s terror-filled eyes find mine, and her tousled hair, heated cheeks, and the scent of sex permeating the air are an indicator of our passion. She pulls my shirt over her body, and I groan when my gaze latches on to her pregnant stomach. Fuck, she’s beautiful.

“Ma, don’t come in here!” I bellow as my feet slip and slide in the oil coating the floor. “Oh, shit, don’t step on there, baby.” I point down toward the slippery floor.

Then I take a hold of Will’s hand to help her step over the hazard. “Con! I have cum dripping down my legs, and I’m only wearing your shirt.” Her eyes are wide, but I can’t help but puff my chest out with pride. Her full bump is on display through the T-shirt, and her nipples are peaked.

Her tits have become swollen, waiting for the birth of our baby, then the fact she has my cum flowing from her ass, well, that’s an added bonus to her already impeccable beauty.

“Daddy, why does Mommy have frosting on her foot?” I finish zipping up my jeans and turn to Keen. His nose scrunched up as he stares at Will’s foot.

My mouth opens but nothing comes out.

I try again. Shit, still nothing.

As my mind whirls for an answer to Keen’s question, Will lets out a high-pitched screech. “Oh my God, Peppa. No. No, don’t lick that!” She tries shoing our dog away from her foot.

“Shit!” I spring into action, scooping Peppa under my arm. “Will, go through the back door, then outside and round the front. Keen, buddy, I thought you were playing on your Xbox while I tidied the kitchen?”

Will shuffles past me, opening the French doors to sneak out of the kitchen and reenter the house so she can come

downstairs again freshly showered. It's a move we know all too well from doing many times as teenagers when we weren't allowed to be alone in the same room.

"I heard a funny noise"—my eyebrows shoot up at his admission—"and my batteries died in my controller." He holds up the controller in one hand. "So I went into your room and found some." I nod in understanding, barely listening to my son's ramblings as my erratic breathing regulates once again. Casting my eyes around the kitchen, I realize what a close call we had. We need to try and contain this shit to the bedroom when we're expecting visitors. "And I found this. What is it? A microphone?" My eyes latch on to the toy Keen is waving in his hand like a prized trophy. "I wanna try it." He searches for the button, the one I know to be on the base, and my mouth drops at the realization it's not a damn microphone.

Holy shit, it's Will's vibrating wand.

"Buddy, that's not a microphone." I snatch it from his hand and try to bury the hurt look on his face.

"Then what is it?"

As the kitchen door opens with my ma approaching, I stuff the wand into a kitchen drawer. "It's a . . ." My words hang in the air as my brain scrambles to find a suitable function for the device.

"A what?" Keen steps forward, and I slam the drawer shut and step in front of it, my heart hammering in my chest.

"A whisk, buddy. It's a whisk."

"What's the big surprise?" my ma asks as she opens the door, and her eyes take in the carnage, and I wince.

"Nana!" Keen rushes toward her. "Santa is coming tonight!"

“He sure is!”

I step toward my ma, bending to place a kiss on her cheek. “Oh, Con. Come here! You have frosting on your cheek!” I rear back from her, eyes wide, her touch making me recoil in horror.

Dropping my head, I mumble, “Ma, it’s fine. I need to shower.” I make a quick exit, sighing in relief as I head upstairs to wash the cum from my face, but knowing this will be the best Christmas ever, I bounce with each step I take.

WILL

Stepping out into the freezing snow, I'm not sure where my husband's head was at with practically pushing me out the damn door in only his thin T-shirt. The snow-covered ground leaves my feet numb as I walk around the covered patio table and head to the front door where I can sneak inside, take a quick shower to wash off Con's cum, and head downstairs like nothing has happened before all our guests arrive.

My body shivers as I weave through the labyrinth of covered garden furniture. *Jeez, it's cold.*

Quickening my pace, my feet slide across the snow, and then I trip on something wrapped around my feet, but luckily, I stay upright, grasping onto the wall to stabilize myself. My heart hammers. *Oh, God, that could have been disastrous.* Anger floods me. Con is such a fucking idiot sometimes! I can't believe he told me to come out here while he greets his ma in the warmth of our home. The poor woman has witnessed Bren having his dick out enough times, and if anything was going to kill her off, it would be that monster he packs. I roll my eyes, then glare at the offending item that caused me to almost have what could have been a very nightmarish Christmas.

Of course, it had to be one of his goddamn Christmas light cables. The moment Cal put up decorations outside his house, Con took extreme Christmas planning to whole other level. He wasn't even happy with the designer that came out and practically reconstructed our home to create what Con envisaged as the North Pole on steroids, complete with a damn toy workshop the kids are convinced has real elves working in there at night.

Nope, he went "rogue," as Oscar called it, creating a "catastrophic fire hazard" when he did a safety assessment before deciding whether he and his family would join us for Christmas or not. I'm sure it took Paige a lot of weird sex and the promise of another baby for him to change his reluctant mind.

I glare at the crisscrossed cables at my feet. How fucking ridiculous; he can never be happy, he always wants to go further, better. My jaw clenches. This stupid idea of his could have caused an accident. "Well, not today, motherfucker!" I tug on the wires with all my strength and grimace when the Christmas lights around me flicker.

I smirk down at the loose cable with triumph, and with a bit of luck, nobody will notice. Or when they do, hopefully Con will be far too enthralled in Christmas to care. I throw the cable to the side of the house and unlatch the gate, but as I'm about to step through it, a dark shadow makes me jump, and my hand flies toward my chest. It takes a moment for my eyes to register who it is. David, one of our security team, glares down at me and places his arm on the wall, stopping my movements. His eyes roam over my body, and I take a step back.

Not the first time I have felt uncomfortable at his blatant perusal of me, and when his eyes lock onto my bump, I fight to cover myself, using my arms as a form of defense. Ew, the man has no morals.

He clears his throat. “What are you doing out here?” His dark eyes lift toward mine, and he licks his lips, then my stomach rolls.

Yep, he will have to go.

I fake a smile and refuse to give him the details, especially eager to get inside before frostbite sets in. “I locked myself out.”

Silence.

He doesn’t move a fucking muscle, and I swear my teeth are chattering at the temperature.

“Anyway, I best . . .” I leave my sentence open and wave my hand toward the driveway.

“Yeah,” he responds before lifting his arm to allow me by. I rush past him, not giving him a chance to question me further, and when I do, I’m convinced he sniffs me, but I refuse to think more about it.

I peek my head around the corner to make sure the coast is clear and no guests are arriving. Creeping into the house, I head for the stairs, careful not to slip again, desperate to get warmed up before the chaotic world of the O’Connell brothers and their families arrive.

CHAPTER SIX

LILY

“I want a Santa workshop at my house. Why does Keen have one at his house? Why don’t I have one at my house?” Chloe whines from the backseat, and irritation claws inside me at how precocious she’s acting. I swear she gets it all from Cal; her dramatics and tantrums are a mirror image.

Turning my head to Cal, the tic in his jaw is evidence of his pissed-off attitude. I move my hand to rest it on his thigh, hoping to dissipate the tension and enjoy our Christmas together despite significant family members missing.

“Santa has lots of workshops, Chloe. He has so many elves too. So maybe next year he might need a workshop at our house?” I smile back at our daughter, trying desperately to turn the mood around.

“Fucking ridiculous,” Cal grumbles. “He did this to spite me, you realize that, don’t you?” He turns to face me.

Blowing out a breath, I sigh and try to rein in the giggle about to escape my lips. “You know what Con’s like, and you can be just as bad, Cal.” I shrug at the implications toward their childish antics.

His head rears back, as though shocked at my words, which is just ridiculous, given the recent designs for the extension of our outdoor pool to rival Con’s tropical paradise.

“I wouldn’t say I’m competitive, Lily.” He balks, and I choke on air at the seriousness in his tone.

He turns into the driveway, and my eyebrows furrow at something missing. “Mommy, why aren’t Santa’s elves

working in the workshop?” I turn in to face Chloe; her arms are pressed against the window with her face smushed up against it. “I want my blue-haired Barbie.”

I don't miss the grinding Cal's teeth make at our daughter's demands.

“Looks like Santa's elves finished early for the night. They're all ready for tonight, Chlo.” I summarize as Cal places the car into park.

She unlatches her seatbelt, opens the door, and jumps out when she sees her nana opening the front door with Peppa tucked under her arm.

Cal turns to me. “Don't tell him the lights are out. Dipshit probably tripped the fuse.” His tone is full of childish jest, and I shake my head and roll my eyes but follow Cal when he gets out of the car. The snowflakes thicken as we quicken our pace toward the light illuminating the porch.

Something tells me even though it's dark and cold on the outside, it will be so much warmer and full of life inside. I smile to myself as I step inside Con's mega mansion prepared to have the best Christmas we can without Reece and his little family.

FINN

I shove the door to Con's house open. How come every fucker gets a greeting but me? I have two kids, two tots, a shit ton of presents, along with multiple bags for one goddamn night, and no meet-and-greet service I know all my brothers will get.

Stepping over the threshold, I drop the bags to the floor in the foyer and bend to place the twins down on the sparkling marble floor. This place looks like a goddamn palace, not a home. "Go make some mess, boys." I smirk to my messy-haired twins who have chocolate-covered fingers and mouths. They scoot off on their butts in different directions while Prince pushes past me and darts toward the kitchen.

"Prince! Don't break anything," Angel bellows from behind me, making me chuckle.

Charlie rushes straight to my ma, and my heart swells with love when ma embraces her and Angel.

"Your kids are filthy." Con's voice snaps me out of my daze, and I roll my head to face my younger brother, who stands with his hands on his hips glaring toward the twins trying to stuff baubles from a bowl in their mouths.

"Yeah." I shrug. "They ate chocolate in the car."

“You fed them chocolate knowing they were going to be eating a meal this evening?” Oscar questions from over my shoulder, so I turn to him entering the house.

“Fucking shoot me for being a good parent and feeding my kids.” I shrug, unable to see the issue.

Ignoring his grumbling about healthy eating and being irresponsible, I make my way toward the bar in the living room and hope Bren is here already. Putting up with the parent patrol is not my idea of fun. Con used to be the exciting brother, now he’s become all domesticated and shit; he’s losing his carefree edge, that’s for sure.

A crash echoes off the wall, and I know it’s something to do with one of my boys before anyone voices it. So I flick the cap off the brandy, throw myself into a leather chair, and kick my feet up onto a table.

Might as well make the most of the childcare.

CHAPTER SEVEN

ANGEL

Warm hands grip my hips from behind, and he pulls me back, pressing my ass against his rock-hard cock.

“Darlin’, I need to borrow you for a minute,” he rasps out.

We’ve only been here half an hour and he’s already trying to steal me away.

I place another plastic block onto the tower I’m building with Knight and Kingston and bite into my bottom lip, ignoring Finn’s remark.

He sighs. “Darlin’,” he drawls, crouching down and pushing his hard cock into my ass again.

I’m bent over on the carpet, and he’s in the perfect position behind me. I can’t help the whimper that escapes my lips when thinking about it.

Slowly, I place another block on the tower, earning a squeal of excitement from Kingston.

Finn’s hand slides beneath my top and over my stomach, and when he pops open my jeans, I push up to my feet. Knight swipes the blocks to the floor, earning a scowl from Kingston who mimics his actions, only hitting the blocks harder. Boy, does he have a temper on him.

Finn jumps to his feet and spins to face our niece. “Princess, you wanna earn some green?”

Her head snaps up from her phone. “How much?”

Finn’s eyebrows knit together, and he crosses his arms over his chest. “Twenty?”

She gifts Finn with a serene smile, attempting to appear innocent, but we know Princess better than she realizes; she's cunning, witty, and mature for her age. "Make it a hundred and I'll take the blame for that too." She nods toward Prince, who is cutting the hair off Chloe's doll, and my eyes widen in horror.

"Fuck," Finn grumbles while dragging a hand through his already messy hair.

"Yep, he's a crazy in the making." She grins, as if knowing she's about to earn a hundred bucks. "And Nana is watching Uncle Bren's kids so . . ." She shrugs, knowing we don't have any other options with the other adults doing something.

"Fine." Finn pulls his wallet from his pocket and slaps the cash into Princess's hands.

"Prince. Put that doll down before I break your hands with your daddy's hammer," she barks toward my son, and my mouth falls open at her words, then he shocks the hell out of me by doing exactly what she said.

"Come on, baby, let's go. I need some fucking," Finn growls into my ear, sending a thrill down my spine at the promise behind his tone.

FINN

“The SUV?” Angel asks as I slide into the driver’s seat and push the chair as far back as it can go.

“Yeah, darlin’. We haven’t fucked in the car in forever.” I glance over my shoulder toward the messy backseats. Car seats, junk, and toys are spread everywhere. There’s no chance of fucking in the back.

“They have beds.” She points toward the house.

“Don’t ruin my plan, Angel, and at least it’s in the garage.” I shrug. “Now, get naked.” I wiggle my eyebrows, and she shakes her head with a laugh.

I pop open my jeans and watch in awe as my wife strips down to her underwear. The confidence oozes from her. Her tattoos seem to shimmer under the garage lighting, and when the light catches her pierced nipple, I groan. Sliding my cock out of my boxers, I pump it like a madman. “Mm. Fuck, Angel. Climb on, darlin’. Climb on my cock.”

She climbs into the SUV, naked, and my mouth waters to taste her. Then she straddles me, and I let go of my cock to take hold of her thighs. Fuck me, she’s beautiful. “Fuck, darlin’.” I nuzzle into her neck and help her tug my T-shirt over my head. Her hands roam over my body, flicking my nipples with the tips of her fingers before she slowly works her

way up to my face. She holds my jaw in the palms of her hands, then slams her lips against mine. Determination to fill her as quick as possible strikes me hard as my cock leaks excessively. She lifts herself while I line my cock up at her pussy, and when she slams down on me, taking me all in one go, my eyes roll from the unadulterated pleasure coursing through me. “Fuck,” I groan into her mouth, our tongues lash together as she bounces her wet, warm pussy on my cock.

“Fuck, Finn.” She moans, and I nip at her lip, then grip her throat, holding her in place for my tongue to continue its invasion on her needy mouth. I thrust up inside her with fervor, and the other hand grips her ass cheek before gifting it with a sharp slap.

“Rub your tits on me, Angel. Rub them.”

She throws her head back, and I allow it, but my tattooed fingers remain locked around her neck. I watch in rapture as she rubs her tits against my chest, and the piercing grazing my nipple has my balls aching with a need to come. “Fuck yes,” I breathe out.

“Finn, I need . . .” I continue my onslaught, slamming up into her while slapping her ass sharply.

“I know what you need. I know exactly what you need.” I remove my hand from her ass and push two fingers into her mouth. She sucks them without instruction, and the feel of her tongue lashing over my fingers has me groaning in ecstasy. Jesus, she’s incredible.

Then I pull them out with a pop and push my fingers between her ass cheeks. With no further preparation, I shove them into her ass. She tenses, her whole body coils tight, and the feel of her pussy convulsing around my cock has my balls drawing up as I surge inside her one final time. Cum spurts

from my cock with such force my body jolts forward before I can do anything to stop it taking her with me. The horn on the car sounds, and the alarm to the garage goes off as our heads snap forward and our eyes find one another's. She pushes forward so her ass is no longer on the horn, then the door to the garage opens, and Bren comes through the doorway with a gun aimed in our direction.

“Shit.” I choke on a sardonic laugh, making Angel swipe at my chest as she scrambles to cover her tits from my brother's view.

Bren lowers his gun and shakes his head before turning and closing the garage door behind him.

“Merry Christmas, darlin’.” I grin at her, and when she smiles back, my entire body comes alive with warmth despite the cum trickling down my balls becoming colder by the second.

That's what my Angel does to me, she's the light guiding me in my darkness. She's the warmth against my cold. But most of all, she's what makes me whole, what makes me feel.

Through her strength, my Angel gave me life again, and I sure as shit intend to live it.

“I love you, Finn O'Connell.” Her hair blows around her face, the golden locks shining like a halo, a true angel. I can't help the way my lips tug up into a cocky grin at my analogy.

“Love you more, darlin’.”

CHAPTER EIGHT

BREN

It took me almost two goddamn hours to fill the car and then empty it only three doors down. A bead of sweat drips down my spine as I heave the last of the dozens of bags from the trunk.

After discovering Finn and Angel fucking in the garage, all I can think about is getting Sky alone long enough to fill her up again. Afterall, Ma said she loves watching the kids. I just need to ensure she has mine first.

I tug down the hatch but misjudge moving out of the way. “Motherfucker!” The hatch door slams into my forehead, making me stumble backward.

“Don’t drop the bag, Bren!” Sky shouts from the doorway.

I grit my teeth. Don’t drop the fucking bag? Seriously?

“Oscar says you need to put the presents in Con’s annex at the bottom of the garden,” she whisper-yells, and I huff at the fact I now have to traipse through his goddamn property to hide the gifts. They were perfectly fine at our house.

“Come on. We’re going to be late for dinner!” she shouts while skipping across the driveway. My gaze snaps in her direction, and the moment my eyes land on her, all fury is drained. She’s a fucking vision standing in the doorway with the light behind her, her blonde hair blows in the winter breeze and illuminates her lithe form. She looks like a fucking angel. No, scrap that. I shake my head, unable to think of the word angel and my woman in the same context ever again.

Nah, she looks like a fucking fairy from the Disney movies she watches with the boys.

Slamming the hatch shut, I stride toward her with the bags thrown over my shoulders, and the stretch of my T-shirt chafes my chest with each step. I meet her at the door; Jesus, she takes my breath away.

Her startled blue eyes meet mine, and her mouth falls open. “Oh, Bren, you’re bleeding.”

I grunt in response, then melt into her soft touch when she places her hand on my cheek, and my body sways at her tenderness.

This is what Sky does to me, she has the ability to transform the man I am into someone unrecognizable, the ability to make me hers. When in reality, I don’t belong to a goddamn soul; they all belong to me.

Apart from her.

She raises onto her tiptoes, and I bend to meet her, our lips a hairsbreadth from one another.

“One of your kids just shit under the Christmas tree,” Con snipes from behind Sky. My lips tip up into a smile. That’ll be Sam; kid still drops his pants whenever he has the chance.

“Ma! Can you clean up the shit?” I shout as I pull Sky into my arms and step into Christmas hell.

ANGEL

The house has been decorated beautifully, much like our own. Only Con's house feels like you stepped into a cross between Narnia and Santa's workshop.

There're Christmas trees in every room downstairs, each with a different color theme. In our house, we have one, and I barely kept that one up with the twins trying to attack it every two seconds. Prince only encourages their intrigued behavior, while Charlie grumbles each time one of her ornaments has been moved higher to prevent the twins from reaching them.

"How's things in your house?" Lily asks me from behind.

My eyes lock with hers, and I raise my glass in salute to freedom, then take another sip of my cocktail. "Chaos."

She throws her head back on a laugh. "You're pleased to be taking advantage of the childcare too, huh?"

"Oh, yes." I'm a mother of four lively kids, and the fact there're so many of us together for the night means I get to let my hair down, at least a little.

"I can't wait until I can drink again," Sky admits.

"That's because you're always pregnant." I point toward my cute nephew in her arms.

“Bren said we can keep going until he gives me a girl. Besides, he likes pumping me full of his cum.”

I snort into my drink with how blunt and open Sky is with her thoughts.

“You really are like a breeding machine, Sky,” Paige comments. She doesn’t have Brennan with her, which is no surprise, as he’s constantly attached to Oscar’s hip.

Sky flicks her blonde locks over her shoulder. “Oh, I know. I’m so lucky.”

Again, I stifle the fit of giggles bursting to get out.

“That’s one thing you could call it,” Lily mumbles.

“How are you coping without Reece being here?” Will asks Lily, and I turn my attention in their direction.

“Me?” She points to her chest. “I’m coping just fine. Cal, on the other hand,

is beside himself.”

“Dumbass,” I grumble. We all know what a shitshow Cal created when Reece announced his personal choices.

“Right. But as long as Reece is happy, I can deal with anything. It was inevitable we were going to have Christmases apart at some point. As much as Cal hates it, he’s a fully grown man now, not a kid anymore.” Lily shrugs.

I scoff. “Jesus. I’d be thrilled if someone told me my kids were going away for a while. Cocktails, a good fucking whenever I want and, more importantly, wherever I want.” My lips tip up into a smile at imagining the bliss, and when I cast my eyes over toward Will, I notice the blush on her face. Mm, someone had some good fucking earlier. They say it helps bring on labor.

A throat clears behind me, and I turn in my chair to face Cal. “Lily, I, erm.” He brushes a hand through his hair. “I need to borrow you a minute”—his eyebrows furrow—“or two . . .”

“Oh, okay.” Lily places her drink down and heads toward Cal.

“I think someone is about to get a good dicking.” I snicker and waggle my eyebrows toward the girls.

“He’s so sweet to her,” Sky says, and I laugh a little louder at her words.

CHAPTER NINE

CAL

Lily's hand tightens in mine as I lead her upstairs and into the bedroom we'll be staying for the night, and my feet quicken as we approach the room.

Jesus, I need to let off some steam, preferably down my wife's throat while she gags around my desperate, throbbing cock. "Are you tense, Cal?"

I choke on her words. "Tense? That's an understatement, Lily." I kick the door closed, and after a quick scan, I realize there's no lock, so any of the kids could walk in. I've had too many interruptions over the past few years to risk another. With that in mind, I bypass the bed and stride toward the bathroom, practically shoving Lily inside. My shoulders relax as I flick the lock, but before I turn around, Lily tugs me by the collar of my shirt, then shoves her tongue into my mouth. *Fuckkk, yes.*

"Cal, oh god, we need to fuck," she pants out between messy kisses as she fumbles with my belt.

"Jesus, you're desperate for my cock, aren't you?"

"Yes." She shoves her top over her head. "Yes, so fucking desperate."

She pushes down her jeans, and I slap her ass before lowering my pants. "Filthy girl." She looks over her shoulder and smiles at me, batting her lashes. Then I notice her lacy red underwear I've never seen before.

"Holy fuck, baby. Did you wear this for me?" I drag my finger over the crisscrossed lace on her lower back.

She bites into her lip. “It’s your Christmas present.”

My cock leaps with fucking joy, and I lick my lips.

“Are you going to unwrap me or am I?” She turns to face me, exposing the bra with holes allowing her nipples to escape. My mouth waters to sample her.

Without giving her an answer, my hands find her hips, snapping the strings of her panties and sending them pooling to the floor. Then I latch onto her nipple, sucking one, then the other into my mouth. Her fingers thread through my hair. “Oh god, please, Cal.”

My cock weeps, forcing me to step back. I want nothing more than to drop to my knees and worship her. The heat between us is electrifying as my eyes roam over her delectable curves; every fucking inch of her is beauty.

Lily’s hands disappear behind her back, freeing her tits from the flimsy lace fabric, sending it to the floor with her ruined panties. “You need to put that mouth to work. I need your tongue lapping at my pussy.” My eyebrows shoot up in response. Then she shocks the hell out of me and lifts her ass up onto the counter, spreading her legs so her heels are resting on the counter with her.

Her pussy is slick with arousal, and my mouth waters to taste her. I throw my shirt to the floor and drop to my knees.

“Oh, fuck, Cal,” she breathes out.

With one hand on her thighs, my grip holds her in place while I use my free hand to create a V, then I drag my tongue up her slit and down again, reveling in her rapid breaths for air. Her ass raises with each downstroke of my tongue as she pushes her pussy into my face. “That’s it, baby, face-fuck me.”

Using my thumb, I press it into her pussy, pushing down on the muscle separating her ass, knowing how wild it drives her. The sharpness of her nails scraping my scalp is an indicator of her unraveling. “Fuck, Cal. Jesus, more.”

I suck her clit into my mouth, kissing it, smothering it with my lips while pushing my thumb in and out of her wet hole. Wetness coats my abs as my cock drips with precum, desperate to get in on the action. She face-fucks me with vigor. “Yes. Yes. Yes,” she chants. My eyes travel over her body, and I watch in awe as she throws her head back, her pussy tightens around my digit, and her body convulses as she floods my mouth with her juices, making my eyes roll back in the process and my cock pulsate with need.

Slowly, she comes down from her orgasm, and our eyes lock.

Pushing up from the floor, I stand and swipe my hand over my mouth while stroking my cock vigorously with the other. “On the floor, baby. Prepare to swallow.” Her eyes alight with want. “A lot,” I tack on as precum leaks from the tip, and I groan in ecstasy at my touch.

Lily kneels before me, and I feel like a motherfucking king with her submitting and her mouth open, ready to accept me.

“Daddy!” A knock lands on the door, and my shoulders tighten in fury. Every. Fucking. Time!

Well, not today, absolutely not to-fucking-day. I get a goddamn Christmas too.

Lily sighs and moves, as if to stand, but I move quicker, tugging her head back and plunging my cock into her mouth. She chokes on the sudden impact, but I ignore her, turning my

attention to what I want for a fucking change, and I want to shoot my load down my hot-as-fuck wife's throat.

"Daddy!" Chloe gets louder. "Keen said there's no such thing as a blue-haired Barbie," she whines.

I ignore her, continuing my onslaught of my gorgeous wife's mouth. She gargles and splutters around me as I fist the base of my cock while assaulting her throat. "Take it," I grit out between clenched teeth.

"Dadddddy!"

"Chloe, Daddy is busy right now!" I bark toward the door while Lily's tongue pushes into my slit, making my balls draw up eagerly. Fuck, that's good.

"I've been good, so will Santa bring me a blue Barbie?" she drones on as I pummel Lily's mouth so hard I hit the back of her throat. I can't help the gasp to slip from me as she gags around me. Fuck yes.

"What are you doing?" Chloe whispers through the door, and Lily's eyebrows raise, as if taunting me about my response.

"I'm . . ." My mind goes blank when my filthy minx rolls my balls in her palm.

Jesus, mother of fucking god, that's good.

I bite into my bottom lip so hard blood pools on my tongue, yet I fail to care about anything other than the thrust of my hips and my orgasm approaching as I use her mouth for my pleasure.

Tears streak her face, and my grip tightens in her hair to force her head back and forth over my solid length.

"Daddy, what are you doing in there?"

“I’m . . .” Lily drags her tongue over my sensitive head, then moans, causing vibrations to ripple down my cock and precum to pump into her mouth. I struggle to rein in the inevitable, my body locks tight. Fuck. “I’m coming!” I hiss through my teeth as my cum shoots from my cock. My head falls back, and my mouth falls open.

“I hope you’ve been a good boy for Santa too, Daddy, ’cause then you get a present.”

My chest heaves as I come down from the high of my orgasm and slowly slip from Lily’s mouth.

“Daddy’s been good, honey.” Lily smiles widely in jest, and I laugh in response.

I offer Lily my hand, and she allows me to pull her to her feet. “Yeah, Daddy got the best Christmas present ever.” I slam my lips against Lily’s in appreciation.

“I want the best Christmas present ever!” Chloe grumbles, and I choke on a sardonic laugh.

“I really hope you sorted the Barbie,” Lily whispers as she drapes her arms around my neck, but my body coils tight, knowing how disappointed she will be tomorrow.

Both of them.

CHAPTER TEN

OSCAR

I count down, taking deep breaths as I tug at the collar of my shirt.

Bren is seated at the head of the table even though it's Con's house, he is the Don of the family, so as a mark of respect, he has what would have been our father's chair and his family surrounding him.

Ma sits at the opposite end of the table, which is where I'm seated. My preference is to be as far away as possible from the chaos of Bren's and Finn's feral spawn.

Feeling Paige's eyes on me, I tilt my head to the side to view her, and she smiles brightly, the glow of her energy makes it feel like a bubble encompasses us. With Paige by my side, I can achieve anything.

"Os," one of Bren's many offspring gurgles in my direction, but I ignore him, worried if I pay him any attention at all, he will not stop this strange obsession with me.

"What the hell are you feeding him?" Con stares in Brennan's direction, his lip curled at my son's meal.

My eyes lock with his before I answer. "It's venison blended with breastmilk."

Finn scoffs and rolls his eyes. "Of course it fucking is." I ignore his petulant outburst. The man has no clue how to create a fully functioning human ready for society.

Con rears back. "Venison?" he quizzes.

I finish eating my broccoli—which tastes like my mother’s, even though Con said he was doing the cooking—before answering him. “Yes, venison.”

“Ossss,” Samuel drones out in an annoying voice that has me wanting to tape his mouth shut.

“As in the deer?” Con asks like an idiot.

I hate having to explain myself. Anger floods my veins, but I continue on with this charade they call a family meal and chew my food before swallowing, then wipe my mouth on the napkin before replying, “Yes. A deer. It’s full of the B vitamins that his body craves. A terrific source of essential nutrients.” I don’t know why I give him the extra information; the man will do nothing to utilize it.

Con’s face morphs into horror. The moron has never read into his son’s diet. My son wouldn’t shovel his mouth full of mashed potatoes and ketchup, that’s for sure.

“Like Bambi?” Charlie asks, and I turn to face my niece.

“Ossss!” Samuel bangs his spoon on the table, trying to garner my attention.

“He’s eating Bambi?” Chloe’s bottom lip quivers.

“Not Bambi,” I respond honestly.

“Nah, it’s not Bambi. It’s Bambi’s mom.” Con chuckles, throwing his head back on a laugh while draping his arm over the back of Will’s chair.

“Her mommy?” Chloe becomes hysterical, the shrill noise she gifts the room with has me wanting to turn the table over in annoyance.

Paige places her hand on my thigh, the simple gesture a show of support, and the warmth of her touch grounds me to

the spot.

“Actually. Pretty fucking sure it’s the dad. Right, Oscar?” Finn chimes in, and I narrow my eyes in his direction.

“Like the reindeers?” Charlie asks, and this time even I wince. Returning to my meal, I steal a glance at my son who happily accepts another portion of his nutrients from Paige. My boy is a genius already, his cognitive skills second to none, but until I’m certain he is capable of not creating a mess, I insist on us assisting him.

“Like Rudolph?” Keen asks.

I lift my head toward Keen. “Yes.”

His face turns into a crooked smile, which is nothing short of maniacal. “Cool. Did you kill him yourself?”

A piece of carrot lodges in the back of my throat, forcing me to hit my chest and take a drink of water.

“Ahhhhhh!” Chloe screeches in an Oscar-worthy performance. “Rudolphhhhh.”

“Jesus!” I glance toward Cal, and his head is tipped up toward the ceiling as he pinches the bridge of his nose.

“I—” She snuffles through tears, stammering as she speaks. “Won’t . . . get . . . any . . . presents . . . from—” She struggles to breathe through the haze of unnecessary tears. “Santa. Nobody . . . to bring them.” Cal fusses around her like an idiot.

Sky stands and walks around to Chloe, caressing her head. “Don’t worry, Chlo. Santa has lots of other reindeers,” she coos, but Chloe’s screeching only gets louder.

“Can you tell her it’s not fucking Rudolph?” Cal snaps, sending a glare I am sure is meant to be threatening in my direction.

Of course, the man needs someone else to pacify his child. I exhale through my nose and give him what he needs. “It’s not Rudolph.” My voice is as monotone as ever.

Cal throws his arm out toward me. “See. It’s not Rudolph.”

“Ya know, I think it’s Dasher, his best friend.” Finn chuckles. Cal flies across the table toward my smug brother.

A heavy thump on the table jolts my brothers. “Jesus fucking Christ. Stop arguing and eat the damn meal Ma made.” The deep tone of Bren’s voice and his methods in controlling the family remind me of Da, and for the first time, I acknowledge the similarities with pride.

Cal pulls back, straightens his shirt, then takes his seat without another word while Finn smirks in his direction, enjoying every bit of riling our brother. His behavior earns him a smack on the back of the head from Angel, and my lips tip up when he chokes on the damn toothpick he insists on chewing on.

“You do realize I did a lot of cooking too, right? Ma can’t take all the credit for it.” Con crosses his arms over his chest like a petulant child, staring at Bren, who ignores him and shovels another forkful of potatoes into his mouth.

“And why the hell is baby Bren wearing headphones while eating?” Finn’s eyes narrow on my son, and I grind my teeth at the nickname he’s bestowed upon him.

“His name is Brennan,” I grit out. “Use his name accordingly or don’t bother addressing him at all.”

“We all know you named him after your favorite brother, just own it.” Con grins, making me want to take my knife to his smug face and carve him until he’s unable to smile.

Instead, I ignore their childish banter. I clear my throat. “It’s to drone out conversations that are irrelevant. He’s listening to classical music; it’s a proven benefit to help stimulate neurons.”

Con’s eyes widen. “Shhiiiiit. What the fuck’s a neuron anyway?”

How the hell can I be related to such idiots? I consider my response. After all, it’s not Con’s fault he is inept. Then I run through my breathing techniques, counting as I take in air, then release through my nose before replying. “And that is why Brennan will not be subjected to such conversations.”

Con glances round the table, brows furrowed.

“He’s growing his intelligence.” Cal puts him out of his misery.

Con sits back in his chair and drapes his arm over Will’s shoulder. “Baby, I think we need to get our little one headphones too.”

Will smiles toward him, then brushes her fingers over his jawline before gifting him with a kiss.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

OSCAR

Lily steeples her hands on the dining table. “So, what do all you kids want for Christmas?”

Bren’s kids start blabbering unintelligible words at her, and I smile inwardly when Lily nods as if understanding every broken syllable they’re attempting to say.

I’m fluent in multiple languages and can barely understand a word they say—apart from the word that haunts me—*Os*. I squirm at the memory of having to babysit them. I’m sure I have a form of PTSD from the experience, but still, it renders me grateful for my own son. A mastermind in the making.

“I want a blue Barbie!” Chloe announces out of turn. Cal drops his head back and stares at the ceiling again. Chloe will be disappointed tomorrow morning. Maybe we can leave before that meltdown ensues.

“We just dyed my Barbie’s hair blue,” Charlie throws out, and Angel nods in agreement.

“Yeah, it’s not like you can buy a blue-haired Barbie anywhere.” Angel jokes.

Cal’s head snaps up. “Do you have any dye left?”

Angel’s lips thin. “I’m not sure. You could always use blue food coloring?”

“We have some in the cupboard,” Con confirms.

Cal’s shoulders sag. “Thank fuck!” He blows out a breath.

“I want a knife like my dad’s with my name on the blade.” Prince grins. The child is barely out of diapers and already

wants weapons. I'm momentarily impressed. Finn smiles down at him with pride. "Getting the twins one too." Finn smirks while Angel looks at him with wide eyes.

"What would you like, Keen?" Lily asks.

"A baby that doesn't cry. I don't like it when babies cry. It makes me want to hurt them." Con chokes on a laugh at his son's words while all the women look to one another then their babies with their brows raised to their hairlines. I have nothing to worry about where my son is concerned, he doesn't need to make a noise to be seen; his intelligence speaks volumes already.

"What about you, Princess?" Lily asks my niece.

Princess blows out a deep breath. "I want Sam to come home for Christmas."

My eyes dart to Finn's, who is oblivious to his daughter's words. He's pushing food into Knight's and Kingston's hands, and I wince at the mess they're creating.

"Sweetie, I told you. Sam is really busy working." Angel sighs as if she's had this conversation multiple times with Princess. I almost want to scoff, but I refuse to allow a reaction to slip from my carefully orchestrated mind. Sam is not working. He is sticking his dick into anything that moves because he refuses to deal with his past.

"Christmas is a time to be with your family," Princess whines, then sticks her lip out for emphasis.

"Told ya, choose a doll or something." Finn drags a hand through his hair. "Can get you one of them, darlin'."

"I want Sam!" Princess pushes back on her chair and storms from the room.

“That girl is going to get her heart broken.” Ma sighs.

“Over my dead fucking body. I’ll gut anyone that hurts my girl,” Finn grits out.

“And take their skin off!” Prince grins. Finn sticks his fist out for him to bump while Angel rolls her eyes.

“Speaking of family. Has anyone heard from Teddy?” Cal asks.

“He said he’d try to come.” Ma shrugs. “I understand he has a lot going on with the club.”

A lot is an understatement. I’ve been keeping a watchful eye on my brother’s MC, and I’m happy our half brother keeps his distance. I’d rather not get involved in dealing with an MC; they’re a different breed to Mafia.

Cal nods at Ma’s analogy, but even I can hear the disappointment in her tone. Still, the woman is surrounded by family and a multitude of grandchildren to keep her busy.

“What are you doing with Brennan?” Con asks. Every cell in my body is heightened at Con’s constant questions regarding my son’s welfare. Paige explained it’s because he looks up to my parenting techniques, and I can only agree, knowing I excel in this skillset. Still, the mindless questions are exhausting.

I make the proper gesture for milk with my hands and ignore my brother until Brennan gurgles. My son is too young to reciprocate the motion yet, but I’ve every confidence he will develop the skill shortly.

“Oscar has been teaching Brennan sign language.”

“No fucking way!” Con’s mouth falls open. “That’s a thing?”

“That’s why he’s wearing headphones, he’s blind,” Keen chimes in, and I wince at my nephew’s inaccurate comment. It’s a good thing the poor child has other skills valuable to the Mafia life that don’t require using intelligence.

“Keen, honey, Brennan isn’t blind or deaf. He’s just listening to music. Uncle Oscar is teaching him sign language so he can ask for things before he’s able to talk.”

Keen scrunches his nose up. “Well, that’s dumb.”

Yet another reason my son is listening to classical music and not people of below average intellect.

“I miss Pussy,” Chloe whines yet again, setting my nerves on edge. The child is relentless in her pursuit for unnecessary attention.

“Speaking of Pussy, did the damn cat make it to Mexico okay?” Con asks me.

“Pussy is fine. I have numerous pieces of photographic evidence that all is well.”

“Of course you fucking do!” Cal snipes, still bitter about Reece’s relationship with him, given the circumstances around recent events. Had the man only listened to reason.

I turn my venomous gaze toward Cal. “It’s not my fault you chose to judge your son’s—”

“Can we not do this again!” Lily snaps, her face falls, her jaw clenches, and her eyes narrow before she masks the anger and hurt behind Cal’s previous actions and paints a smile on her face.

“Who wants dessert?” Con asks, quick to change the subject.

Bren’s head darts up from his plate. “Who made it?”

Con's eyebrows furrow. "Ma made it."

Bren's eyes narrow. "Then what the fuck did you make?"

"I mashed the potatoes."

Bren huffs. "Figures."

Con crosses his arms over his chest. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"Lumpy as fuck," Bren grumbles under his breath.

Con's shoulders tense and his jaw tightens. "Go bring us a dessert, Con." Will taps his forearm, but he doesn't move. "The baby is making me crave something sweet," she tacks on.

His face softens, and he glances toward Will, who gifts him with a soft kiss to his lips. He pushes back on his chair, throwing Bren a death glare as he leaves the room.

Will blows out a deep breath. "Jeez. You've no idea how many times this baby has gotten us out of a situation." She giggles.

CHAPTER TWELVE

CON

Bren is an ungrateful fucking prick. He should consider himself damn lucky I invited him to this family meal. His kids are feral little fuckers that none of us have the patience for; even Ma struggles with their behavior.

Lifting the tray, I stride toward the dining room with pride. I did a good fucking job assembling the tray of desserts, even if Ma made them all, I still helped make the best Christmas Eve ever.

I kick open the door and place the tray down on the table and take my seat. “You did good, baby.” Will kisses me on the cheek, and I pull her closer, tangling my hand in her waves of hair. I revel in her breathy pant when my lips collide with hers.

“Jesus. Get a room,” Bren grunts while leaning over the table to help himself to the bread-and-butter pudding.

I smirk in his direction. “I have plenty of rooms. You’re sat in one right now.” Will pulls me back into the kid-friendly kiss to divert me from arguing with my brother.

“The cream is runny,” he complains.

Ma sighs. “Ahhh. I knew I forgot something. I meant to whisk it.”

The kids help themselves to cookies, and their conversations play out like background noise while Will and I stare at one another. “You’re so fucking beautiful. I can’t wait for this baby to come, and then I’ll put another one in you.” I peck her lips. “And another.” I gift her with another kiss. “And

another.” She stifles a giggle at my playfulness, but she has to know it will happen.

“I got it!” Keen declares from the doorway while my mind plays catch-up with what the hell he’s got.

Holy. Fucking. Shitballs.

No.

My body freezes, and my mouth falls open as I glance around the table. Everyone’s eyes are wide and mouths agape at Keen wielding Will’s vibrating wand, but Bren seems none the wiser and sticks his hand out for Keen to pass it to him.

Oh, shit, god no.

“Brennnn, I don’t think that’s a . . .” Will starts, but Bren lowers the wand into the jug of cream and turns the switch on, ignoring her attempts to warn him. The vibrating and the motion of the wand can only be described as a jackhammer noise, pounding the cream into thickening in the jug.

“I mean, it’s working,” Will whispers as we all stare at Bren in horror while the cream splatters his hand and up his arm.

When he finally stops the wand, he takes the jug and dishes himself a portion onto his bread-and-butter pudding.

Will moves toward my ear, speaking low. “Should we tell him?”

I can’t help the way my lips tip up in delight. “Nah, let the fucker choke on it.”

Everyone at the table stares frozen as Bren’s spoon moves toward his mouth, and when his thick lips clamp over the spoon, Finn lets out a snort that Bren’s kids annoyingly mimic.

Bren's eyebrows furrow as he tucks into his dessert. "Taste's good," he grunts and lifts his eyes in my direction, coaxing me to argue.

"Is it wand-er-ful?" Finn chuckles, making me snort in laughter.

"Can tell Ma made it," Bren tacks on.

I sit back in my chair and watch on with my arms crossed and a wide smile perched on my face. "You're right, she did." I lift my shoulder. "Even Will played a part in making the dessert." I feel Will's eyes search my face. "She helped provide the cream." I grin from ear to ear. Cal tries his hardest not to chuckle but fails miserably, Finn full on belly laughs, and even Oscar's lips twitch at my comment.

Bren's eyes work around the table, realizing he's clearly missing a joke.

"I have a purple one of those but mine has glitter too." Sky smiles while pointing at the wand on the table.

Bren's gaze latches onto the device on the table, and his body jolts. Slowly, his darkened gaze rises to meet mine. His face reddens, his veins pulsate on the side of his neck, and the grip on his spoon tightens. "You. Little. Fucker!" His words come out deadly.

I lick my lips and go in for the kill. "Taste's good." Then I gift him with my signature cocky grin.

The roar that leaves his lips is nothing short of animalistic as I make quick work of pushing back on my chair. My dumbass brother is quick on my heels as my brothers cheer and the kids chant, "Get him!"

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

WILL

“Get him! Get him!” the kids are chanting away, clapping as Bren thunders up the stairs after Con.

“They’re such children sometimes,” Sky comments while bouncing Isaac on her hip. Her small bump on display has me envious at how easily she carries babies. You’d think with Bren’s huge genes, she would be big, but no, it looks like she’s shoved a small soccer ball up her T-shirt.

“I hope he doesn’t punch him in his jaw again. Honestly, he’s constantly complaining of the pain there,” I admit, sitting forward, but a sharp pain across my stomach forces me to sag back into my chair and rub over my baby bump.

The lights flicker, and my head shoots up, and the kids gasp, and then before we know what is happening, the lights go out.

“What the fuck?” Finn snipes out.

“Paige, take Brennan,” Oscar says.

I can barely make out movement in the room. “Keen, give me your hand.” I turn to face my son, but my eyes narrow and it takes a moment for me to realize the seat where my son was is now empty. My hearts races and a sharp ache hits me in the stomach. “Shit,” I blow out as a wave of pain washes over me.

“Will, are you okay?” Angel asks. “Is it the baby?”

My mouth goes dry while people move around me, the touch of a hand on my shoulder and her voice by my side lets

me know she's there for me. "Do you think it's the baby coming?"

I clear my throat. "I don't know. Can we get some lights on? Keen isn't in his chair."

"Keen, get the fuck on your seat until the lights come on, otherwise I'm going to kick your ass." Finn's sharp voice cuts through the children's noise but the seat remains empty.

"Prince?" Finn questions next, but his son doesn't respond. "Great, little shits are probably playing hide and seek again," he huffs.

"Oscar, watch the room and contact Bren and Con. Finn, you locate Keen and Prince, and I'll figure out what's wrong with the lights," Cal instructs.

"I think it's best if I go and find Bren and Con." Oscar asserts himself.

Cal's deep sigh fills the room. "Oscar, it's not a discussion."

Another surge of pain rolls through me. "Oh God." I cling to the dining table, but then a soft hand grazes my fingers.

"It's okay, sweetheart. I'm here." Cyn's soft voice helps ease the anxiety creeping over me as she slides her warm hand into mine for comfort. Her touch anchors me through the pain, and I slowly breathe out through my nostrils, knowing it's only the beginning . . .

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

CON

Bren strikes me again, and the pain lances through my jaw and into my head. “Okay, okay.” I splutter, hoping he hasn’t knocked a tooth out.

My brother eases off me, then lifts me to my feet by the scruff of my shirt.

The lights flicker as our eyes narrow on one another. Bren releases me, and I work my jaw from side to side. I smile, knowing my brother took it easy on me. Many a time I’ve witnessed Bren break someone’s jaw with one punch, but he’s never done that to me, no matter how many times he’s hit me.

Darkness surrounds us, and I jolt with the awareness I can’t see a damn thing.

I hear Bren pull his gun from behind his back, and I bend down to grab mine from my ankle strap.

“You have a generator?”

“Yeah, in the garage.” I drag a hand through my hair, knowing my brother will be pissed. “Isn’t rigged up. Unhooked it for the Christmas lights.”

Bren hisses through his teeth, and I wince, knowing I fucked up. “Any ideas why the lights went off?”

“Probably tripped the fucking fuse,” I admit.

“Probably,” he replies, but the uncertainty is clear in his voice.

“You check on the family. I’ll try and figure out the lights.” Bren’s commanding tone leaves no room for argument.

“Got it.”

Then I turn my back and move toward the stairs. “Con?”

I freeze at my brother’s voice. “Yeah?”

“How the fuck do I get out of this mega mansion of yours?”

I choke on a laugh. “Straight down the stairs, turn right, then follow the corridor to the front door.”

“Gotcha.”

He pushes past me, practically knocking me out of the way. “Dumbass motherfucker,” he spits while shoulder checking me.

I could tell him Peppa took a shit in the cake tin his dessert was baked in, but now’s probably not the best time.

WILL

Another contraction hits me hard, and I bite into my lip to stop myself from screaming and upsetting the kids, and my grip tightens in Cyn's hand. "Breathe through it. Let's get the lights on, and then we can get you somewhere more comfortable, sweetheart." I nod at her words, even though I know she can't see me.

Oscar did a head count using the light on his tablet, and it appears every child is accounted for, apart from Keen and Prince. He then placed them in the corner of the room with Angel, Paige, Sky, and Lily watching over them, much to Sebastian's and Samuel's annoyance, the two have not stopped screeching "Os" for what feels like an eternity.

Another contraction takes over me, making my back arch, and this time, I cry out, "Ahhh!"

"Ossss!"

"For Christ's sake, Oscar will you just speak to them!" Paige snaps from the corner of the room.

The silhouette of Oscar standing at the door and tilting his head back would be comical if I wasn't in so much pain right now. "What?" he snipes.

"I love you, Os," Sebastian shrieks.

“Os, I wove you” comes from Samuel.

“I’m in literal hell.” Oscar sighs, and I now realize why he suggested leaving the room. The man would clearly prefer to be in danger than be locked in a room with children. “Again,” he adds on.

Wetness floods my chair, and my stomach plummets. “My water just broke.”

“Come again?” Oscar asks.

Pain radiates from my back into my stomach and around again. “My water just broke.”

His deep breathing can be heard above the women’s gasps and the children’s chatter. “I cannot deliver a baby with the background noise, Will. Press your legs together or something,” he spits out.

My nails curl into Cyn’s skin, and I’m about to apologize when Oscar grumbles, “Finally.”

The door opens, and with his phone torch pointing toward us in one hand along with a gun in the other, Con stands there. His eyes lock with mine, and his face falls in concern. “Will?”

“She’s having the baby,” Oscar informs him in such a stoic voice you’d think he was discussing the weather.

Con’s arms fall to his side. “Will?” His wide eyes meet mine.

“My water just broke.”

“Shit. The lights are out.”

“Clearly,” Oscar grits out. “Where’s Bren?”

Con’s eyes don’t leave mine while he speaks. “Gone outside to try and get the generator up and running.”

Oscar opens his mouth to speak, but Con holds his hand up to stop him. “Fucking save it!”

Then he moves toward me. “How long until the baby comes?” he asks, falling to his knees beside me. Love seeps from his eyes, filling the panic in my heart with a love so strong my breath stutters.

“Nobody tells you how long until the baby arrives, she needs medical attention. Paige, swap places with Ma,” Oscar commands from the doorway. “What the hell is taking them so long? And why the hell do we have an additional adult roaming round the house?”

“What?” Con’s head snaps sideways to face Oscar.

“My system shows an additional adult on the heat sensor.”

Panic rushes through me, making my heart jackknife in my chest. “Where’s Keen?” I blurt out in panic. Because if there’s someone in the house who shouldn’t be, that means Keen could be in danger. “Prince too!”

“Are you sure it’s not one of the guys?” Con asks, the worry clear in his voice, because we know Oscar wouldn’t make a mistake like that.

Oscar ignores him and holds his phone up to his ear. “Bren. Redcars.”

The moment the family safe word, redcars, slips from Oscar’s mouth, a sob catches in my throat. The women and children fall silent. Con jumps up from beside me and goes over to the dining table, then places his hand beneath it, retrieving a gun I didn’t know was housed beneath the woodwork. He ejects the magazine, checking it before clicking it back into place. His tousled hair falls over his eyes, and I long to push it back and gaze at him with the pride I feel, but

as more pain courses through me, I can't help but scream, "Ahhh!"

"Oscar?" Con spins to face Oscar who gives his head a shake in some silent conversation.

Con's shoulders fall, and he walks toward me, then kneels so our gazes clash. "I need you to trust me, Will."

"I do." I nod through tear-filled eyes. "Paige is going to take care of you."

I open my lips to tell him I need him. "I'm going to protect you. All of you." The sincerity in his tone has my lip wobbling. "I love you, baby." His lips clash with mine in a messy kiss that leaves me breathless, and when he pulls back, I take in the now empty room, apart from us and Paige, leaving me with a tremor of fear.

As Con turns his back and heads through the door, Paige turns her attention toward me. "I need you to listen to everything I tell you, Will. You got this, okay?" Her stern voice has me nodding with confidence, when, in reality, I'm petrified.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

CON

The moment Oscar uttered the word redcars, I knew what we had to do. I retrieved the additional handgun, checked the safety, then nodded in agreement when Oscar gave the command I knew was coming. As much as I don't like the idea, I don't doubt my brother for one minute, and I know he would never do anything to put his wife in danger.

He pressed the button to a panel that opens a door and allows access to a safe room—thank fuck the power to it is linked to an external source—where, while I gave Will a reassuring kiss we both needed, Oscar led Angel, Lily, Ma, Sky, and the kids into there, locking them in securely.

I linger in the darkness of the foyer, waiting for my cue, knowing Finn and Cal are now back inside the house, sweeping it to locate my son. I guard the dining room, where just beyond the door my wife is struggling to contain her groans of pain. Sweat drips down my back, I want nothing more than to see the birth of our baby, but this is far more important. I only wish we weren't using her cries as bait.

Movement filters through the shadows, the squeak of heavy boots a clear indicator it's not one of my brothers. Only Finn wears boots, and this man is far taller. The realization makes me question if I should tackle him or just stick a bullet in him. When he slowly opens the door to the dining room, a glimmer of light shines through, and I opt for the latter, delivering three swift bullets: two to his shoulder and one to his leg. He goes down with a roar while I fly through the air, unable to contain myself any longer. Straddling him, I land a

solid punch to his face, followed by another, then another until his eyes roll to the back of his head and he's unconscious.

“C . . . Con?”

Will's voice forces my fist to stop midair and turn to face her.

Paige shines her phone in my direction, allowing me to see Will. Her tear-streaked face is a thing of beauty that causes my racing pulse to slow down, helping me to breathe easily once again.

“The boys?”

I can't help the lie that slips from my mouth; I only hope it's the truth. “The guys have got them.”

Her shoulders relax, and I know I did the right thing. Right now, Will needs to concentrate on having our baby.

Her lips tip up into a smile, and that alone allows me to take in the situation. My body is frozen in place as I scan my wife, and she's now on the floor and her legs are open with Paige between them.

White noise happens around me, and my head spins, but my feet remain glued to the floor as panic builds inside me. Oh shit. Oh shit, this is it.

“Con, you can join us.” Paige nods toward Will with a soft smile, and I glance down at the piece of shit security guard, David. He's out of it, but I need him alive.

“The baby will be here any minute, Con.” The urgency behind Paige's words has me scrambling to my feet to situate myself behind my wife.

Bending down, I kiss her sweaty forehead as our hands entwine on either side of her. “I love you,” I murmur into her

hair.

“I love you too,” she grits out, her fingers tightening around mine like a vise as she bears down through gritted teeth.

“Nearly there, Will. Keep going,” Paige coaxes.

Will releases a loud scream, and my ears ring. “Ahhh!”

“Fuck, baby. You’re doing it!” I grin from ear to ear at how incredible this all is. How fucking fantastic my wife is. I kiss her hair when she squeezes tighter, grateful for her stamina. “Come on, baby. You can do this.”

With one final push, the tension slips from her, then the room fills with a cry, and triumph rushes through me. “Holy shit. You did it. You did it, baby.”

“You did it, Will. You have a beautiful little girl,” Paige declares while proceeding to push a gooey-looking baby into Will’s outstretched arms.

“A fucking girl, Will. You gave us a girl.” My eyes blur with a surge of love so strong my body sways, and I stare down at the love of my life tending to our little girl.

Will gently wipes our little girl with her blouse, and it’s only now I notice her top half is naked, apart from her bra. “Thank you,” I tell her, every ounce of gratitude, every ounce of fucking love spills from my lips. “I love you so fucking much.”

She tilts her head to face me, and her hazel eyes shine with admiration. “I love you too.”

“What are you going to call her?” Paige asks as she wipes her hands on a napkin.

I lick my lips, deep in thought. We had agreed to wait to see what the baby was and what it looked like before choosing a name. My eyes flick down to the soft brown head of hair, a wrinkled pink body, and delicate features. “Eve. I think we should name her Eve,” I suggest.

“Eve?” Will whispers while stroking over her plump little fist clutching her finger. “Like Christmas Eve?”

“Exactly that,” I breathe out, unable to take my gaze from theirs.

Will smiles with tears in her eyes at our little girl. “I love it. Eve Cynthia Paige O’Connell.”

I smile at the reference of my ma and Paige and couldn’t be prouder. They deserve the recognition. O’Connell women are fucking strong, each and every one of them, and my girl will be too. She’s going to be a forced to be reckoned with; I can feel it in my veins.

The door to the dining room opens just as the lights flicker back on. Cal enters first with Keen hot on his heels, and the tension in my shoulders eases at my son’s approach. “Is it a boy?” he asks.

My grin encompasses my face with pride. “No, buddy. It’s a girl. Her name’s Eve.”

He glances down at Eve in her momma’s arms before scrunching up his nose. “I’ll look out for her.” He gifts me with a chin lift that makes Will chuckle. Then he spins on his heel, gifting David’s body a swift kick in the balls. “Piece of shit has been watching my mom.”

“What?” Cal quizzes, his eyes darting from mine to Keen’s in question.

“I saw him watching my mom through the window while she was trying on dresses Auntie Paige sent her over.”

“Oh my God, he’s been giving me the creeps for weeks.” Will gasps.

My spine bolts straight and anger surges through me. “Why the hell didn’t you say something?” I snap, but then I soften when her hurt eyes meet mine. I lick my lips. “I’m sorry, baby.”

“I just thought I was paranoid,” she admits.

The prick sealed his fate further; he’s a dead man.

Anger bubbles inside me, and my eyes scan over the room in an attempt to disperse the feeling of my control slipping.

Bren appears in the doorway, his clothes disheveled, his eyes unfocused as he rubs his head.

“What the hell happened to you?” I quiz.

“Fell on the fucking kitchen floor and hit my head on the counter. Goddamn slippery as fuck in there. I don’t know what’s been spilled.”

Will stifles a chuckle while I smirk at his words. I hadn’t cleaned the oil up as much as I thought I had. Oops.

“Con, can you help clean me up?” I snap my eyes down toward Will and jolt at the realization my woman is very much on show for my brothers to see.

My jaw sets, and I breathe in a sharp breath. “Can you all fuck off out the room? We need some privacy!”

“House is secure, Finn has located Prince. It appears him and Keen were going to the Christmas workshop?” Oscar’s tone is laced in annoyance as he glares in my direction,

making my face heat with the insinuation that this is my fault. I tighten my jaw and lift my chin. There's no fucking way this was all my fault, and then my shoulders drop, knowing I fucked up. "Oh, and the power surge was due to a Christmas light cable becoming disconnected and water seeping into the electrics. One of numerous cables that never should have been used in the first place."

Okay, so maybe that bit was my fault. I scrub a hand over my head. "Could have been worse." I shrug.

Oscar's eyes widen ever so slightly, and he breathes out of his nose before he shakes his head in what I'm sure is his way of banishing my comment, then he casts his eyes over to Paige. She gives him a slow nod, and his posture relaxes slightly. Anyone else wouldn't have noticed, but growing up with Oscar as your brother, you come to read his reactions, even when he thinks you've no idea.

"You can thank me for your niece now." I smirk at him in jest.

He turns to face me, and his lips tip up into an unusual smile. "Congratulations," he comments before dropping his mask into place, making me wonder if I imagined the smile.

He turns his attention away from us, and instead goes over to the safe room panel to let in the chaos.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

WILL

I stroke over Eve's hair; it has a slight kink in it, so I wonder if it will become wavy like her father's and Keen's. She opened her eyes to take a peek at us both before closing them and drifting off to sleep, but you couldn't mistake the bright blue in them; she's going to have her daddy's eyes too.

The children and babies were full of excitement when the safe room door opened. Cyn came over and squeezed me and Eve so hard, Con had to tell her to loosen up her grip.

Sky was her usual fussy self and acted oblivious to the fact that she is pregnant herself. She was already telling Bren how much she would love a little girl after the baby she is pregnant with, which leads me to believe she knows the baby is a boy. She sits proudly on Bren's lap while he strokes over her hair in a motion I'm convinced calms himself more than her.

"She looks just like you," Con whispers from beside me.

I shake my head. "I was just thinking how much she's like you. She's identical to Keen when he was born." He jolts behind me, and my heart aches to reassure him. "I love you, Con." I turn my face toward his, and the emotion splayed out on his would bring me to my ass if I wasn't already sat on it. Sorrow, regret, and guilt bleed from each tortured wrinkle on his face.

"I know, baby. I just wish . . ." He struggles to rein in his emotion with a low sob leaving his lips. With my free hand, I entwine it with his and give it a reassuring squeeze that he replicates.

“I know.” I lick my lips. The guilt continues to eat away at him, especially at pinnacle points in our lives; Keen’s birthday, Christmases, and now today. “But what’s important is . . .”

“Here and now.” He confirms, repeating the words I continuously tell him. The past is in the past, it’s the present that matters.

“Forever. That’s what’s important.” Bren points in our direction. “Forever.” He reiterates, firmer this time.

Con clears his throat and blinks away his emotion. “You’re right, forever.”

A shrill noise breaks through the air, slicing into the calm room, and all our heads turn to one another in question.

“What the fuck now?” Bren bellows, standing so quickly he barely manages to stand Sky on her feet.

“Fire!” Oscar announces with urgency.

“Shit.” Con scrambles up from behind me before pulling me to my feet. “Fuck, baby. Can you walk?” He scans me up and down. “I’ll carry you, okay?” He doesn’t give me chance to reply. I can only nod with a whimper.

The women gather up the kids while Oscar leads us out of the room toward the front door. Smoke bellows in from the kitchen, and Con’s hold on me tightens, with Eve tucked safely against my chest.

“Keen, hang on to my shirt and do not leave my side!” Con barks out, making Keen nod eagerly.

“I’ll bring the stiff,” Bren grumbles. I glance over Con’s shoulder, watching Bren grab a hold of David’s arm and dragging him behind us. I don’t have it in me to explain he’s not dead, yet. That Con is insisting on ending him.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

BREN

With the women, babies, and mutt secure in Cal's house, me and my brothers stand side by side on the roadside, watching Con's mega mansion go up in flames.

"Jesus, you said the fire service is on its way, right?" he asks Oscar, his voice laced in despair while he glances around as if a fire truck is going to suddenly appear.

"They are. It appears the snowfall has increased, so there's a slight delay."

Con scoffs. "My whole fucking house is ruined."

"Hey, look on the bright side, at least you get Christmas at mine." Cal smiles from ear to ear with his arms crossed over his chest, looking like the cat that got the cream, and even I want to punch him in the balls for his shitty timing.

"You got Eve," Oscar tacks on, and I'm pretty damn impressed with my brother's caring comment.

Con's shoulders ease, and the tension in his body softens. A smug smile graces his face. "Yeah we fucking do."

Finn scuffs his boot against the ground, drawing my eyes toward his lowered head. "Problem?" I spit out, because clearly, he has something to say.

He clears his throat. "Not exactly a problem."

Irritation itches beneath my skin; why the fuck can my brothers not just say shit? Why do they act as though I'm difficult to approach. I'm the most approachable motherfucker I know.

My fists pump beside me. “Spit it fucking out, you dipshit!” I bellow, and my brothers jump.

Finn clears his throat. “Found out how the fire started . . .”

Oscar’s eyes narrow in his direction.

Finn doesn’t utter another word. Not a single one.

His lack of words has me stepping forward in anger. “Well?” I snide out.

When his eyes finally meet mine, a slither of vulnerability flash in them, making my body still and my stomach sink. Shit, what the hell happened? Finn never looks like this, I’ve only witnessed it once, and that was when the truth came out about Angel. It’s something I never wanted to witness again; that day was filled with enough heartbreak and anguish, it’s something that will stick with me for an eternity. All of us.

“Seems I got myself a little Firestarter,” Finn mutters with a nervous chuckle.

Our eyebrows furrow as we all take Finn in from top to toe. Then from behind him, Prince steps forward and all our questions are answered, because hanging from my little nephew’s mouth is a blunt match.

Con rocks back on his heels, Cal blinks half a dozen times like an idiot, Oscar shakes his head and rolls his eyes as if unperturbed, then continues to type away on his tablet while I stand there frozen.

“I made a bonfire.” Prince steps forward. “A big one.” He places his hands on his hips and lifts his head as though pleased.

“There weren’t any elves in Santa’s workshop.” He shrugs, making my eyes bulge further in horror.

“I think we should throw him on the fire.” Keen appears from nowhere, his lip curled into a snarl as he glares down at the piece of shit that dared to betray us. “Do it!” he coaxes when he turns to face Con.

Con looks to me for instruction, and I lift a shoulder. Hell, if he wants to burn the fucker in front of his kid, he can go ahead.

His lips turn into a maniacal smile, and I know his decision is made. He lifts David from off the ground with a heavy groan, steps toward the flames, somehow raises him above his head, and launches him toward the flames with a strength I hadn't realize existed in him.

The boys whoop and holler when Con turns to face us, and the triumph on his face is illuminated by the flames behind him.

“O’Connell’s forever!” Keen shouts.

“O’Connell’s forever!” Prince copies.

Footsteps approach from behind us, and our women and children join us by our sides as the kids go mad with hollers and cheers.

With the snow falling around us and the street lit up by the flames of our children’s indiscretions, warmth spreads through my body,

“Forever,” Sky whispers in my ear as she bands her arms around my waist.

“Damn fuckin’ right forever, baby,” I grunt out with pride.

EPILOGUE

CYN

The children open their presents, and I take in the joy on each and every one of my family's faces.

Luckily, Oscar had the sense to insist on the gifts being in Con's annex. He was concerned about the children snooping; rightly so.

Con hasn't left Will's side, and with Eve in her arms, I know they will create the family they should always have been. Keen is dressed in his new combat clothes and has his collection of toy guns lined up.

Finn sits with Angel on his lap, and my heart fills with the warmth at the love they show one another. He might not be able to take away her past, but he will slay her demons, one by one—that I'm sure of.

Prince is delighted with his personalized knife and shows it off to his brothers, both too young to understand a thing he's explaining to them. He refuses to remove the match from his mouth, and I wonder if this is a sign of things to come. His rebellious streak is uncannily like his father's. Kingston and Knight sit beside him, latching on to his every word, and he proudly takes them under his wing with a patience reserved only for them. The three share so well together but not with others. That will be interesting as they grow older. I smile to myself at the thought. Finn and Angel will have their hands full, that's for sure, and so will whoever takes those boys on.

Princess has the attitude of a typical teenager even though she's not quite old enough to be one. She barely lifted her head

from her phone until Sam surprised us with his arrival, and now she sits happily beside him, swiping through photos of events this year, each one he's missed and each one she asked him to attend. The way she looks at him like he's her savior is heart-warming, it's a shame the poor boy has so many demons he can't enjoy life and expand our family with one of his own.

Cal has been stressed all morning after Chloe woke him and Lily early. The poor child went to bed with dark hair and woke with blue. At some point during the night, she took it upon herself to use the food coloring Cal left out and dyed her hair. Her hands too.

Thankfully, she's thrilled with it, so despite Cal's winces every time he locks eyes with his daughter, all is well.

And no matter how many times Keen torments Chloe about looking like a Smurf, she reminds him she is in fact a real-life blue-haired Barbie. I laugh at the fight and determination behind her eyes.

Oscar and Paige have spent the morning doing their baby yoga class. When Finn asked if it was code for something else, Oscar informed us all that we should try it, to keep a positive mind for the day ahead. Nobody took him up on the idea. Not that he would offer to show us, my son is far too enthralled in his little family.

I often wonder what Bren and Sky's children will become. Seb, Sam, and little Issac are expecting another sibling, and something tells me my son won't stop having children until Sky has a girl. I smile to myself, remembering how Brennan had told me the exact same thing. Of course, we weren't aware of the heartache so many years can bring.

I have my girls, the boys have extended our family and chosen wisely enough I have a daughter in each and every one

of their partners.

“Ma, you have a visitor.” Cal breaks my trail of thought, and I snap my eyes up toward the door.

Teddy steps into the room, into the chaos, but all I can hear is my heart beating so fast I feel like I might pass out.

He glances round the room before his eyes land on mine. Tears blur my vision. *He came, he actually came.*

My legs shake as I stand and move toward him.

His pitch-black eyes stay locked on me, and I don't miss the gulp of his Adam's apple, and that reaction causes my lip to tremble. I open my arms to greet him, and when his scent engulfs my nostrils, I sob against his chest.

“She never gets emotional like that when she hugs me,” Con jokes on a whisper.

“Fucking dipshit!” Bren clips him on the back of the head.

Finn points his toothpick in Con's direction. “That's 'cause nobody likes you.”

Con scoffs. “Eve likes me. Don't you, Eve,” he coos at his little girl nestled in Will's arms.

“And everyone likes Pussy too, right, Dad?” Keen smiles from ear to ear.

Cal chokes on his drink.

Teddy clears his throat. “Actually, I wanted to introduce you to . . .” I step back as Teddy speaks, and he steps away from the door before making a motion with his hands. “My family.”

My heart soars on his words as confusion floods the room.

A young girl, with long hair so blonde it appears white, of a similar age to Sky, steps into the room, and clutching her hand is a small boy; he can't be any older than six and his features mirror hers, the startling green eyes extraordinary.

“We brought gifts too.” She bites into her lip, and I move toward her to reassure her, but Teddy holds his arm out to stop me. “She doesn't like being touched,” he grinds out.

“I understand, son.” I nod at him, and his shoulders relax.

“Teddy said the children would like these?” She places a bag on the floor, then bends down and lifts a bundle of cuddly toys out.

“Tigers!” Keen exclaims. “Awesome, thanks, Teddy!”

“Mm . . . Merry Christmas, son.” I choke on my words.

“Merry Christmas, Ma,” he replies, and the softness of his words force my eyes to close on the memories assaulting me, the hours, years I spent longing to hear those very words. I'll remember this day for a lifetime, the first Christmas my son called me Ma. Teddy's arms embrace me once again, as if hearing my thoughts, and it only makes me hug him tighter.

The front door slams shut, and I lift my head, as numerous footsteps approach the room.

“Who are you expecting?” Bren asks Cal.

Cal rears back, his expression blank.

“Why the fuck do we have Russians in the room?” Reece's voice fills the room. “Oh, and Merry fucking Christmas!” he roars, and Pussy darts out of his arms and runs for cover.

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

BJ Alpha lives in the UK with her hubby, two teenage sons and three fur babies.

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