



a
RYAN
Revelation

A New York Ruthless short story

SADIE KINCAID

ARYAN REVELATION

A NEW YORK RUTHLESS SHORT STORY

SADIE KINCAID

For all of you filthy Ryan fans.

This one is just for you

Love Sadie xx

NEW YORK RUTHLESS SERIES

This is a novella connected to the New York Ruthless series, set after the end of Ryan Renewed. It is a dark Mafia, reverse harem romance which deals with adult themes including scenes of an explicit sexual nature.

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CHAPTER I

JESSIE

“Babies?” Mikey asks as he takes a bottle of tequila from the highest cupboard in the kitchen.

“Bathed and in their pajamas. Conor is putting them both down now,” I say with a smile as I take a seat at the kitchen island.

“Babysitters?” his twin, Liam asks as he places the lemon wedges, shot glasses and salt cellar on the island in front of me.

“They’ll be here at nine-thirty.”

“Car?” Mikey adds, heading over to us with the bottle of Cuervo in his hand.

“Booked for ten,” I reply.

“Incredibly short, tight-fitting, sexy dress?” Liam asks with a wink.

“Laid out on the bed and ready.”

Mikey arches an eyebrow. “Ridiculous green shamrock hats and glasses that Conor and Shane are going to hate but will wear anyway because you’re going to ask them to?”

“Locked and loaded and ready to go,” I reply with a triumphant smile.

I have them stashed in a bag in the basement, because where is the fun in being married to four incredibly sexy Irish men if I can’t make them dress up for St. Patrick’s Day?

“Then seems like we have plenty of time for a game of Never Have I Ever then?” Mikey gives a wicked grin and pours three shots of tequila.

“Okay, but this time you can only say things if you don’t know for certain one of the other people hasn’t done them,” I warn him and he laughs out loud. “Because last time I got so drunk I almost passed out and Conor had to carry me to bed—and not in the good way.”

“True, bro. Jessie passing out drunk before nine p.m. is not going to end well for any of us.”

“Is it my fault that our wife here is way more sexually adventurous than us?” Mikey replies.

“I am not,” I protest.

“Hmm,” Mikey murmurs as he runs a hand over his beard as though deep in thought. “Pretty sure you’re the only person in this room who needs four people to keep them satisfied, Red.”

“I do not...” I start to say but both Liam and him laugh so hard that I don’t bother protesting further. “Just don’t get me drunk, Mikey Ryan.”

“I won’t, Red. Promise.” He leans over the island and gives me a soft kiss on the lips. “I’ll even let you go first.”

I sit back, and my nose wrinkles as I try to come up with my first statement. “Never have I ever cheated on a partner,” I say with a smirk.

“Fuck,” Mikey grins and takes his shot.

“Dammit,” Liam groans as he does a shot straight after.

I stare at him, open-mouthed. “Liam Ryan!”

“What, baby? Mikey had a shot too.”

“Yes, but I kind of expect it from him,” I say making Mikey laugh again and Liam shake his head as he pretends to be offended.

Mikey is still laughing when their eldest brother, Shane walks into the room a moment later. Upon noticing the open

bottle of tequila and shot glasses on the counter in front of us, he rolls his eyes. “You three need to pace yourselves. Especially you, sweetheart,” he says as he slips an arm around my waist and gives me a brief kiss on the cheek. Then he presses his hot mouth against my ear. “Because the only thing I want you passing out from, is me fucking you too hard.”

A shiver runs the length of my spine, but I don’t get a chance to respond before he turns his attention to Liam and Mikey. “And I’m not cleaning up your puke all night.”

“Yes, Dad,” Liam says with a roll of his eyes.

“Sure, Daddy,” I whisper. I intended it to sound all purring and seductive but instead I’m giggling like a naughty teenager.

Shane’s entire face darkens and he glares at me, running his tongue over his lip. The entire room crackles with tension. Without another word, he picks me up and hoists me over his shoulder. When I protest he smacks my ass—hard.

“Hey, we were kind of the middle of something and we’re going out in three hours,” Liam yells as Shane walks out of the room.

“I’ll be done with her in one. Two tops,” Shane replies.

Mikey makes a clicking sound before he adds. “New kink unlocked.” Both he and Liam burst into laughter while my head spins from hanging upside down.

“Can I walk to wherever you’re taking me?” I ask.

“No, because naughty little brats are carried,” he growls and smacks my ass again, making me squeal.

As he heads down the hallway I hear footsteps coming toward us.

“Babies are sound asleep,” Conor says after he’s just walked out of our children’s nursery. “Would take an earthquake to wake those two now.”

“Good, because I plan on making their mother scream this goddamn building down,” Shane says making his younger brother chuckle.

“Let me see her,” Conor says, and Shane turns sideways so Conor can talk to both of us. He cups my chin in his hand and arches an eyebrow. “Were you drinking tequila with the twins?”

“Well, I was going to, until I got forcibly removed from the kitchen.”

“So what did you do?”

“Um,” I chew on my lip. “I called Shane daddy.”

Conor looks at his older brother then, amusement all over his face. “I see,” he says with a knowing nod.

“Yeah,” Shane agrees with him although I’m unsure what he’s agreeing with. I feel like I’m out of the loop. I swear these two can read each other’s minds just like Liam and Mikey can.

“I gotta grab a shower and something to eat but then maybe I’ll join you,” Conor says, his wicked grin flooding my body with heat and desire.

“We’ll be in the end room,” Shane tells him and I shiver. That room is where he takes me when he either wants to punish me, or fuck me like a demon – or both.

Conor laughs darkly before he gives me a sweet kiss on the lips. “Good luck, angel. Try not to pass out before I get there.”

“I’ll do my best,” I flutter my eyelashes and Shane resumes carrying me down the hallway to the end bedroom. It used to be Conor’s bedroom but now we all share a room so we had it sound proofed. It’s kind of become our grown up play room. It can only be accessed with one of our fingerprints to ensure no guests can enter—or tiny toddlers when our kids get older.

As soon as we’re inside the room, Shane kicks the door closed and sets me on my feet beside the huge chaise lounge—or sex sofa as Mikey has aptly named it. He looks down at me, his eyes narrowed and his six foot two frame towering over me.

“You want to call me that again, sweetheart?” he asks, his deep, low voice melting my core.

“Daddy?” I whisper, my legs trembling in anticipation. I’ve never had daddy issues, despite having good reason to, and I have never *ever* had a daddy kink. Neither has Shane, as far as I’m aware. So I have no idea why the hell he’s looking at me like that or why I’m about ready to melt into a goddamn puddle on the floor.

He steps closer until his body is touching mine and trails his fingertips over my cheek. “What have I warned you about drinking with those boys, Jessie?” he growls.

My brain takes a few seconds to compute what he’s saying and then I realize we’re actually doing this.

“I’m sorry,” I whisper, fluttering my eyelashes.

He dips his head, ghosting his lips over the shell of my ear. “You know those boys are only interested in you for one thing.”

“But they’re my friends.”

“Friends who only want to fuck you, sweetheart. Did you let them fuck your tight little holes?”

I gasp as wet heat sears between my thighs. Damn, this is way hotter than I thought it would be. But then Shane Ryan makes everything hot. “I’m sorry, Daddy,” I purr.

“Hmm?” He rubs a hand over his jaw. “What shall I do with my naughty little slut?”

I nibble on my bottom lip as he slips off his suit jacket and rolls up his shirt sleeves. I swear if my pussy could talk she would shriek with delight at the sight of his thick, tattooed forearms and the promise of the spanking I’m about to get.

Shane sits on the sex sofa. “Take everything off except the panties,” he growls and heat blooms across my chest.

I keep my eyes glued to his as I peel my dress over my head and toss it onto the floor beside me. I take off my bra, and his gaze drops to my hard nipples for a moment before his eyes meet mine again. When I’m left in only my panties, he holds out his hand. My heart rate kicks up about two hundred gears as I curl my fingers around his and allow him to pull me

onto his lap—but I'm not sitting on him. He pulls me forward until I'm lying across his huge thighs.

I breathe faster and harder as his hand glides over my ass and he kneads the soft flesh of my cheeks in his huge palm. The weight of his hand disappears, and I suck in a breath and prepare for what's about to happen. He smacks my ass hard and I mean to play along with his little game and shriek in feigned horror, but I moan instead because Shane Ryan's spankings are a gift from the heavens.

He spanks me again, and I bite my lip but another moan escapes anyway.

“Sounds like my naughty slut is enjoying her spanking a little too much.”

“I'm not. I promise,” I giggle.

Tension vibrates through every muscle in his body, and a deep groan rumbles in his chest as he rolls my panties down over my ass cheeks until they're resting at the top of my thighs. The next smack is way harder and I squirm on his lap.

“Did you let those boys touch you, sweetheart?” he growls as he slips his hand between my thighs. Finding me soaking already, he sucks in a sharp breath. “Who made you all wet like this?”

“You did, Daddy,” I whimper.

He smacks my ass hard with his other hand and slides his middle and pointer fingers up through my folds. “Did you let those two boys in the kitchen touch you here?”

“Yes.”

Smack!

He pushes two thick fingers deep inside. “Did you let them put their fingers in you?”

“Yeah,” I whimper as wet heat slicks his fingers and earns me another sharp slap on my ass.

“So who made you this wet, sweetheart?”

“Only you, Daddy,” I whisper.

He slides his fingers out of me and I whine in frustration. “Only good girls get to come,” he growls before he spansks me again.

His slaps grow harder and faster until my ass is throbbing and he has to press one hand on the small of my back to keep me in place as I squirm. He could simply order me to stay still like he usually does, and I would, but I guess that doesn’t fit into this little scenario we’re playing. Pleasure and heat and anticipation burns through my body. Every time his palm connects with my ass it makes me wetter and more needy for him.

“How many times did you let those boys fuck you, sweetheart?” he asks, taking a quick break to rub a soothing hand over my inflamed skin.

“I don’t know.”

“You don’t know?” he hisses, dragging his fingernails over my sensitive flesh.

“I lost count,” I whimper. “I’m sorry, Daddy.”

“Such a naughty fucking slut,” he groans as he starts spanking me again with one hand as he presses the tip of his finger against my asshole. “Did they fuck you here too?” He edges inside me.

“Y-yes,” I gasp as waves of pleasure roll through my core. “P-please. I’m sorry,” I cry. “I won’t do it again.”

“No more drinking with those boys in the kitchen?”
Smack.

“No.”

“No more letting them touch you or fuck you?” *Smack.*

“No, Daddy.”

“Goddammit, Jessie,” he roars, tearing my panties all of the way off before he grabs hold of me like I’m as light as air. Then he sits me on his lap so I’m straddling him.

I swallow as I look into his eyes and they are so dark with heat and passion and longing that I already feel like I’m going

to have to be carried out of this room on a stretcher. I think I've unleashed something in him that I might never be able to put back—but I am one hundred percent here for it.

“Who is the only man who gets to fuck your tight little pussy?” he asks and the deep growl of his voice makes me shiver all over.

“Only you,” I whisper, catching my bottom lip with my teeth.

“Yeah? So take out my cock and sit on it,” he hisses. “Use that tight little cunt of yours to make me come .”

“Yes, Daddy,” I purr, grasping for his belt and zipper so that I can work his cock free and do as he asks as soon as humanly possible. I am so hot for him I think I'm going to implode as soon as I feel him inside me.

Wrapping my hand around his thick shaft, I squeeze and he sucks in a stuttered breath that makes me smile to myself. So he thinks he's the only one in control?

“I said sit on it, not play with it,” he growls.

“You're so bossy,” I protest as I shift my position, lining my pussy up with the crown of his cock.

“You have no fucking idea, sweetheart,” he says as he places his hands on my hips. “Now sit.” He pulls my hips down until I sink onto him, taking him to the hilt as he stretches me wide open.

“Jesus,” I gasp, my body adjusting to accommodate him filling me so completely.

He holds me still, staring into my eyes with a wicked look of deviance in his. Running his nose over my neck, he grunts in my ear. “I bet those boys didn't fill your sweet pussy this good?”

I trail kisses over the thick column of his throat, working my way up and brushing my lips over his ear, I squeeze his cock with my pussy muscles and whisper. “They kinda did, Daddy. They made me come real hard too.”

He bites down on his lip and I see the internal struggle he's having between tossing me onto the bed and spanking me with his belt, and making me ride him until he comes. He wraps his huge arms around me, pulling me closer. "Well, I hope it was worth it, sweetheart, because you won't be coming for the rest of the month," he says with a wicked grin.

I blink at him. There's another two weeks in this month. We're still just playing, right?

"Now make me come like my good little slut," he demands.

I roll my hips over him and the sensation of him deep inside me makes my core turn to molten lava. Shane might try and stop me from coming but I'm so close to the edge after his spanking, he'll have a pretty tough job.

My eyes roll in my head as my slick pussy coats him. Every time I move, his thick cock massages those parts that make my thighs tremble.

"That feel good, sweetheart?"

"Uh-huh," I moan as he holds me tighter and takes control of my movements, pulling me down onto him as he lifts his hips slightly until he's pressing against my G-spot and my entire body shivers with an impending orgasm.

"I can get so deep into you like this."

"Yes," I agree, rocking my hips for more friction.

"Yeah?" he grunts.

"Yes, Shane," I cry out as my orgasm is about to hit.

"No," he laughs darkly, grabbing hold of my hips and lifting me off him until my incredible, life altering orgasm ebbs away like waves on a shoreline.

"Why did you do that?" I protest.

"I already told you, sweetheart, no coming for the rest of the month."

"But that's —" I don't get to finish my sentence before he pulls me back down on top of him, slamming into me at the

same time until my teeth rattle in my head.

“You’re still gonna make me come though,” he growls.

“What if I refuse?” I pant, staring into his dark eyes.

He’s still holding onto my hips and he rolls me over him again. “Then I’ll just use your sweet cunt to make myself come.” He winks at me and my ovaries almost burst.

I place my hands on his firm shoulders. “Can I come if I promise to be a good girl from now on, Daddy?” I purr.

“No,” he shakes his head.

“You’re so mean.” I pout.

“Yeah,” he grinds out the words as his cock pulses inside me. I widen my thighs, sinking lower as I grip his shaft with my inner muscles. Squeezing and releasing until his eyes start to roll and his jaw ticks with tension.

He’s about to learn that two can play at this teasing game. Right when he’s on the edge, I stop.

But it only makes him hold me still and fuck me instead. Driving his hips upward and hitting that sweet sensitive spot deep inside me over and over again until I’m about ready to explode in a flurry of starlight and electricity.

“Fuck,” he grunts, his fingers digging into my hips as he grinds his own climax into me whilst leaving me teetering on the edge of absolute oblivion. My ass and pussy are throbbing and my entire body is pulsing with heat and energy – and all he has to do is flick the switch and I’ll be gone.

But he doesn’t. Asshole!

“Shane, please?” I whimper, my hand sliding between my thighs so I can get myself off instead. But he catches my wrist and holds me tight, pulling me toward him until our foreheads are pressed together.

He breathes hard and I rest my free hand on his cheek until his eyes lock on mine again. He lifts me off him until I’m sitting on his lap, dripping his cum all over his suit pants.

“That was...” he shakes his head as though he can’t find the word.

“It was epic until the end,” I pout and he laughs softly.

“I’ll make you come now, sweetheart. Just give me a minute.”

“Are you okay?” I ask with a frown.

“Yeah, but I think I just blacked out,” he laughs harder and the sound soothes every frayed edge and nerve in my body, making me laugh too. “Maybe give me a heads up if you ever plan on calling me Daddy again, yeah?”

“Hmm. You kind of got a little feral on me there,” I whisper. “And mean.”

He brushes my hair back from my face. “I’ll make it up to you.” He stands and carries me to the giant bed before tossing me into the middle. “You want my fingers or my mouth, sweetheart?”

“Um, both?” I say with a frown. “Given that you just almost blacked out and all because I rode you so hard, I figure I deserve it.”

Shane glares at me as he starts removing his clothes. “Don’t be a brat, Jessie, because I will happily still spank your ass instead and that threat of not letting you come for the rest of the month will become a promise.”

Just smile at him sweetly, Jessie. Say sorry, Sir because you know he’s in one of his controlling alpha-hole moods. “Your brothers wouldn’t allow it,” I say instead, my tone dripping with sass.

“Oh, so you want my belt, is that it?” he asks as he unbuckles it.

Dammit, yeah, I do. “No.”

“Too bad, sweetheart,” he growls as he pulls it off and the sound of the soft leather against the fabric makes my pussy drip with need. “On your hands and knees. Now!”

I mumble a fake protest but I flip over and push myself onto my knees.

“Your ass is fucking beautiful, Jessie,” he says right before he brings his belt cracking down right across the middle of my ass cheeks, making the already tender skin sting. Tears prick my eyes as a rush of pleasure washes over me. “And this pussy...” he growls as he trails the tip of the leather through my folds, making me whimper. When he flicks it lightly, grazing my clit, my knees buckle.

“Easy sweetheart,” he says softly. “You pass out on me tonight and my brothers will be super pissed.” Then he smacks my ass with his belt again until I moan his name.

I lose count of the number of times he spansks me but by the time I hear the familiar sound of the buckle dropping to the floor, I’m about ready to slip into unconsciousness or come on command. The bed dips behind me as he crawls onto it, rubbing his huge, soothing hands over my ass cheeks.

“Such a good girl,” he whispers before he slips two fingers inside me. Wrapping his free arm around my waist, he gently lowers me to the bed as he finger fucks me. “Spread a little wider for me.”

I can barely move my legs but I shuffle them further apart, allowing Shane to slide deeper inside. When he brushes my clit with his thumb, my climax rips through my body like black powder is running through my veins and he just lit the fuse.

It’s a good thing I was already lying on the bed because my entire body trembles and shudders as he rips a sound from me that I didn’t even know I was capable of making. My orgasm is still skittering through my body when he lies over me, pushing my thighs wider apart before he sinks his cock into me.

“Shane,” I moan, my cheek pressed against the mattress as he starts to nail me into it.

“I know, sweetheart,” he growls in my ear, driving into me harder. “Spanking you makes me so fucking hard.”

My head spins as my next orgasm builds so quickly, catching the sparks of the last one and igniting into a full blown inferno as it sears through my body.

“I can’t,” I cry out, unsure of what it is I’m telling him I can’t do— speak, think, control my bodily functions?

Shane presses almost the full weight of his body on mine, his lips on my neck as he kisses and bites the soft skin. “You squeeze me so tight when you come, sweetheart,” he grunts and I go off like I just went supernova, screaming so loud I swear I made a glass shatter somewhere.

“Fuck, Jessie,” he groans as my pussy squeezes him for dear life, tipping him over the edge along with me.

I’m still seeing stars when he rolls off me, wrapping his arm around me and pulling me close to him as I remain lying on my front and trying to learn how to breathe again.

“You’re a devil, Shane Ryan,” I mumble when I finally regain the ability to speak.

“And you are fucking hellfire, Jessie Ryan,” he says before he presses soft kisses over my shoulder.

“Hmm. My ass feels like it’s been bathed in hellfire,” I giggle.

He rubs his hand over it softly. “I’ll take care of it as soon as I can feel my legs again,” he says drily making me laugh out loud. “It looks beautiful.”

“Like a candy cane?” I ask.

“Better,” he replies before he bends his head and trails kisses over the tender skin there. “I didn’t intend to be so rough because we’re going out later. Will you be able to sit down okay?” he asks, his voice tinged with a concern I rarely hear post spanking and making me wonder just how red and belt striped my poor ass is.

“I’m sure I’ll be fine. And I kind of pushed you. What can I say? I guess I needed that belt of yours,” I purr like a contented cat.

“I love my naughty little brat,” he laughs darkly and then his lips disappear and he jumps up from the bed, leaving me lying alone.

SHANE IS RUBBING arnica gel onto my ass when the door opens and Liam walks into the room. I smile at him as he strolls toward the bed. “What the fuck, Shane?” he says with a sigh as he gets closer and notices my belt striped behind.

“I’m fine,” I assure him as he lies on the bed beside me, rubbing his warm, strong hand gently over my back.

He narrows his eyes at me. “Are you sure, baby?”

I hear Shane chuckling softly as he goes on rubbing the soothing gel onto my ass. Liam is such a sensitive soul – my gentle giant.

“I’m sure.”

He looks up at his older brother. “Did you have to leave your hand prints and your belt marks all over my wife’s beautiful ass, Shane?”

“She likes my marks on her, don’t you sweetheart?”

“Kinda.”

“Only kinda?” he asks, grabbing a handful of my ass cheek.

“Okay, a lot,” I squirm in his grip, giggling as Liam slaps Shane’s hand away.

“Leave her poor ass alone, bro,” Liam says with a roll of his eyes. “I have plans for it later.”

“You do?” I ask him, my eyes widening with excitement.

He grins at me, his dark brown eyes twinkling with deviant delight as he leans close and gives me a soft kiss. “I *always* have plans for your ass, baby,” he whispers, sending shivers of pleasure and anticipation skittering around my body.

“I can’t wait,” I tell him as he lays down next to me, our noses tip to tip as Shane goes on rubbing cool gel into my

skin.

“Me neither,” he growls before inching forward and sealing his lips over mine. I moan softly as he slips his tongue inside my mouth and his hand to the back of my head, crushing me against him as he deepens our kiss.

He tugs my hair at the roots as he claims my mouth, making heat bloom beneath my skin and soft, desperate whimpers escape my throat. Liam is still kissing me when the bedroom door bursts open and Mikey walks in before loudly announcing that we have a problem. “Babysitters have canceled. Chester has stomach flu.”

Liam groans as he breaks our kiss and we both look up to see Conor walking into the room after his younger brother and closing the door. His eyes land on me, raking over my naked body as I lie between his two brothers.

“You call it a problem. I call it an opportunity,” he says, placing his hand on Mikey’s shoulder and grinning widely.

Mikey frowns at his older brother while the rest of us wait for his explanation.

Conor rolls his eyes before he goes on. “We all have the night off. We have two sleeping babies who are unlikely to wake until morning, and a naked wife who looks to me like she just had the spanking of her life. And we all know how fucking feral that makes her.”

Mikey starts grinning while Liam laughs softly.

“I am not feral,” I protest.

“Um, you kind of are, baby,” Liam says as he gives me a soft kiss on the forehead. “But we love it.”

“Man’s got a point,” Shane adds, pushing himself up into a sitting position. “And now we don’t have to wear those God-awful St Patrick’s day hats you bought.”

My mouth drops open in shock. “You knew about them?”

He leans down and presses a soft kiss on my ass. “When are you going to learn that I know everything, sweetheart?” he growls.

“You must know I also got us huge green glasses with shamrocks on them?” I say with a giggle.

“Yeah, we found them too, angel,” Conor adds as he starts pulling off his t-shirt.

“You would have worn them though, right?” I ask. “I mean just in the car. Just for me?”

Shane cups my jaw in his hand and tilts my head back so I’m looking into his deep green eyes. “We would do anything for you, sweetheart,” he whispers before giving me a quick kiss on the mouth and jumping off the bed.

Conor pulls his sweatpants off, revealing his already hard cock. Then he climbs onto the bed and lays down on his back beside me. “You okay with her ass, bro?” he asks Liam who nods his agreement. “Come here, angel,” he says to me, taking hold of my hand and pulling me up until I’m straddling him. He grabs onto my hips as his cock twitches against my pussy. “You’re so fucking beautiful,” he hisses as one hand glides over my ribs and he palms one of my breasts in his other, squeezing softly and making me gasp.

“Did you and Shane work out some daddy issues?” he laughs softly as he grabs a handful of my ass.

“Hmm,” I chew on my lip. “I don’t have any daddy issues, but I think I tapped into a new kink for your older brother. He let his animal side loose.”

“I can hear you, sweetheart,” Shane growls and I turn my head to see he’s sitting on the sex sofa watching his brothers and me while Mikey is busy pulling off his clothes too.

“I know,” I smile sweetly before turning back to Conor who’s suddenly no longer smiling. His eyes are dark as he stares at me, his tongue darting out as he licks his bottom lip.

He holds onto his cock with one hand and gives it a quick tug until precum seeps from the crown. I lick my lips because I want to taste him, but he grabs my jaw. “No,” he says with a shake of his head. “Sit on my cock, angel. Let me feel how wet your spanking made you.”

I shift myself into position, lining the tip of his length at my entrance while he holds still. I sink down onto him a little, easing the tip inside me and reveling in the tormented look on his face as I tease him. My upper hand lasts all of three seconds before Conor grabs my hips again and pulls me down onto him.

“Jesus, Conor,” I moan as he hits my G-spot and my pussy flutters around him. “You boys are so impatient tonight.”

“I told you to sit, angel, not fucking hover,” he grunts as he rolls my hips over him, causing warm waves of pleasure to roll over me.

I arch an eyebrow. “I’m pretty sure I remember you telling me that many times before.”

“Hmm. And I’m gonna make you sit on my face later too. After I clean you up in the shower.”

“I’m not dirty,” I feign my indignation.

“You’re about to be, baby,” Liam says, crawling onto the bed behind me with a bottle of lube in his hand.

“Yeah, you’re gonna have four lots of cum in you soon, and I only want to taste yours, angel.”

“Me too. I only want to eat pure, uncumtaminated pussy,” Mikey laughs. Then he crawls onto the bed beside us, one hand behind his head as he strokes his cock with the other. He watches me intently while one of his brothers fucks me and the other is coating his cock with lube. I reach for his free hand and he laces his fingers through mine, lifting our joined hands to his lips, he dusts them over my knuckles.

Liam places one of his huge hands between my shoulder blades, pushing me down gently onto Conor, who slides his arms around my waist and holds me tight against his chest.

“You okay?” he asks, his breath dusting over my hair.

“Yeah,” I breathe out as Liam pushes the tip of his cock into my ass. He rubs my still tender skin as he edges deeper inside. “I’m almost in, baby,” he grunts with the effort of holding himself back. “Relax a little more for me.”

“I got you, angel,” Conor soothes, pressing my face into the crook of his neck before he palms my ass cheeks and spreads me a little wider, allowing his younger brother to slide in deeper.

“Oh, God,” I moan against Conor’s skin as my ass and pussy burn from the stretch of them both inside me. But it feels so good to be so full of them. Warmth pools in my core and I slick Conor’s cock with a rush of release.

“Come here to me, baby,” Liam growls as he pulls me up, pressing my back against his chest and wrapping his arms around me while Conor grabs onto my hips again.

Liam’s hand dips between my thighs and he rubs my clit softly, making my entire body tremble.

I place one hand on the solid muscle of Conor’s chest to keep myself steady as he drives his hips upwards while Liam rocks into me at the same time. Mikey holds onto my other hand while he grips his cock in his other. My gaze locks on his and the heat in his eyes as he patiently waits his turn makes me shiver.

“Mikey, why are you just lying there watching?” Shane’s deep, rumbling voice grabs my attention and I turn my head to see he’s moved to the side of the bed. Dressed in only his suit pants, which are tented with his erection, he looks as equally hot and delicious as his three brothers.

“She has three holes, right? So why aren’t you filling the other one?” Shane looks past me and at his younger brother with a wicked grin on his face.

“I-I,” I stammer as heat sears my cheeks.

Shane cups my face in his hand. His thumb pressed against the underside of my jaw, he angles my head so that he’s looking down into my eyes. “I want to see you taking all three of my boys, sweetheart,” he growls.

His boys. Why is that so hot? I mean he all but raised his younger brothers, he’s more like a father than a brother, but when he calls them his boys, it does something to me—turning my internal organs to molten lava.

I try to swallow. “Could you maybe get me a drink of water please?”

I love sucking Mikey’s cock and the thought of having all three of them inside me is beyond hot, but my mouth is so dry.

His eyes narrow. “You need some lubrication, sweetheart?”

“Yes, please,” I breathe.

Liam and Conor slow their movements, rocking gently while my attention is on Shane.

Shane’s eyes don’t leave mine as he changes his grip on my jaw, until he’s squeezing my cheeks, opening my mouth wide for him. He tilts my head back further and then he leans down, bringing his face a little closer to mine.

My heart beats wildly against my chest. Conor, Liam and Mikey have their hands all over my body while their older brother holds my head still.

“Is your throat dry?” Shane asks with a wicked glint in his eyes.

“Uh-huh,” I breathe out, open-mouthed.

He leans a little closer, purses his lips, and then the devil spits into my open mouth. His fingers grip my cheeks tighter so I can’t swallow and his saliva runs over my tongue and down the back of my throat.

He arches an eyebrow. “Better?”

Better? That was hotter than hell. I make a noise that sounds vaguely like yes and he releases me from his grip.

“Good girl, now suck Mikey’s cock and make them all come. If you do a good job, I might allow them to let you come too.”

I nod my understanding, too sensitive and close to orgasm to argue with him. Then I turn back to Mikey who is kneeling beside me with his cock in his hand.

He threads his fingers through my hair, guiding my head while he pushes his cock into my open mouth until he hits the

back of my throat. “Fuck! Me!” he hisses. “You’re so fucking good at that, Red.”

I almost melt into a puddle as the three of them fuck me at the same time. I swear if they weren’t all holding onto me then I would fall into a trembling heap. Every cell in my body is desperate for release. They are everywhere. Their hands on me, their cocks filling me, their scent blanketing my body as they take what they want, but there is something reverent in the way they hold me. Hard and gentle at the same time. They grip me tightly—fingertips digging into my skin—but I feel their love and protection coursing through them and into every fiber of my body.

And while they’re fucking me, Shane and Conor tell me what a good girl I am. Liam kisses my neck while Mikey brushes away the tears being squeezed out of my eyes from gagging on his huge cock. His fingers tighten on my scalp and he tugs my hair as I suck him harder. A few seconds later, he comes hard against my throat. When he slides out of my mouth I don’t even have the energy to wipe the saliva and cum that escapes my lips, but Mikey wipes it for me as Liam and Conor grunt and groan letting me know they’re close to the edge too.

“Aw, we got to let her come, Shane,” Mikey says.

“Hmm,” Shane cups my jaw in his hand, turning me to face him again. “You want to come, sweetheart?”

I mean is that even a question. “Yes. Please?”

“What do you think, boys?” he says to Conor and Liam.

“I’m always in favor of making my wife come,” Liam groans, his lips pressed close to my ear.

“She’s been such a good girl taking all three of us,” Conor says, brushing my hair back from my face.

Shane winks at me. “Then you’d better take care of her then.”

“Fuck,” Liam grunts as he pushes deeper while rubbing on my clit.

At the same time Conor holds me steady while he circles his hips, rubbing the crown of his cock against my G-spot. And the very second Mikey grabs my face and slides his tongue into my mouth, I come apart. A billion tiny explosions go off in my body at the same time. Flickering starbursts of electricity that converge in one spot between my thighs as I soak the four of us with my cum.

“That’s my girl,” Liam grunts as Conor roars my name.

Then I hear muffled voices but they’re drowned out by the blood whooshing in my ears and my own labored breathing as my head spins. Mikey releases my mouth from his and I suck in deep breaths.

By the time I can focus again, I’m lying on Conor’s chest with his arms wrapped around me while Liam and Mikey lie either side of us with their hands resting gently on my back.

“You still with us, angel?” Conor asks with a soft chuckle.

“I don’t know,” I admit.

“So much better than going out,” Mikey says with a contented sigh.

“And we’re only just getting started, baby,” Liam adds.

“Hmm. I definitely need a drink now though,” I protest.

“Refreshment break before round two,” Mikey declares.

“Hmm,” I close my eyes and nestle my cheek against Conor’s chest. “I’ll just wait here.”

Then I feel another hand on my back and the scent of Shane’s cologne as he leans over me and kisses the back of my head. “You relax with Conor, sweetheart and we’ll be back with some food and drink soon.”

“Sounds perfect,” I purr.

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