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RYAN

New Year

A New York Ruthless novella

SADIE KINCAID

ARYAN NEW YEARS

NEW YORK RUTHLESS NOVELLA

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For Kate J

And for all of you who can't get enough of those Ryans.

Love Sadie x

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NEW YORK RUTHLESS

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
ONE

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SHANE

With my hand pressed against the bottom of Jessie's back, resting just above her perfect ass, I guide her through the crowded club. People move out of our way as we weave through the mass of bodies.

My three brothers and I, along with our beautiful wife, own this club and have kind of become well known around here. And while pretty much anything goes in The Peacock Club, Jessie Ryan is completely off limits. Even the briefest brush against her skin without our permission is likely to incur either mine or my brothers' wrath.

I'm happy for people to watch though — to watch me with her and to long for something that they will never have. Because whilst we are more than happy to share her with each other, we are incredibly possessive, bordering on psychotic, when it comes to anyone else.

She turns as I guide us toward our booth at the back. "Everyone looks so amazing, don't they?" she says with a huge smile.

Her eyes are shining almost as much as the Swarovski crystals that are shimmering on her dress. Conor picked it out for her and she almost cried when she saw it. It fits her like a second skin and is so short it barely covers her ass — but when she's out with all four of us, she doesn't need to worry about anything like that.

I press my lips against her ear. "Not as amazing as you, sweetheart," I whisper and she giggles softly, making my cock twitch.

"Where is our table?"

"At the back. Out of sight," I tell her with a wink.

"Oh," she breathes before chewing on her bottom lip, because she knows

what a table out of sight means.

“Yeah. So move your ass,” I tell her as I slide my hand lower and palm her ass cheek.

“Yes, Sir,” she purrs like a goddamn kitten and now I’m hard as iron for her.

My brothers got caught up in a little business when we first walked in here — nothing important but enough to keep them busy for the next twenty minutes or so and allow me some time alone with my wife. Usually, I’d handle any business problems myself but our date night last night got cancelled because of some work drama, so I’m being selfish for a change and taking whatever time with her I can get.

“Mr. Ryan, Mrs. Ryan,” a bouncer nods in greeting as he unclips a thick velvet rope that leads to an exclusive VIP area the very back of the club, reserved for only a very few select guests.

This part of the club was Jessie’s idea, and getting access to it isn’t about money, but a place for our most loyal and regular patrons to play. Anyone can apply to get a booth here, but the entry requirements are strict. It allows for a greater sense of security and privacy than in the regular booths which can be reserved around the rest of the club. I like that the exclusivity of this place isn’t about money and it’s exactly the kind of thing Jessie would come up with. You could be the richest man in the country, but if you’re an asshole too, you ain’t getting back here.

“Thanks, Kurt,” Jessie says sweetly before I guide her to our booth. She and my twin brothers oversee this club and she makes a point of knowing all of our staff members by name.

I take a seat first, sliding along the plush velvet and leather bench before taking her hand and pulling her to sit on my lap.

She wraps her arms around my neck and wiggles her ass against my groin as she gets comfortable. Now my already hard cock starts throbbing with the need to be inside her. We haven’t even opened the champagne which is sitting in a bucket of ice waiting for us yet, but I’m already about ten seconds away from fucking her.

“Unless you’re going to do something about that situation you’re creating down there, sweetheart, I’d suggest you stop your wriggling.”

“Well, maybe I want to do something about that *situation*,” she purrs and every drop of blood in my body feels like it rushes to my groin.

“Can I?” she whispers, running her tongue over her soft, full lips. Fuck

me, they're gonna look good wrapped around my cock in a few seconds.

I shift in my seat, my eyes narrowed as I search her face. We've never done this in public before — not that this secluded booth is exactly public — but I need to know she's fully on board. The devious look in her eyes and that flush on her skin tells me she wants it as much as I do.

“Be my guest, sweetheart,” I say as I look down at the bulge in my pants.

She smiles at me, so happy for my permission before she drops to her knees. Like I would ever say no to an offer like that from her. I palm the back of her head as she positions herself beneath the table and begins working to free my cock. Once she has, her fingertips trail over my shaft and I hiss out a breath. “Fuck, Jessie!”

She giggles softly before wrapping her fingers around my length and flicking her tongue over my crown. She murmurs appreciatively as she collects the precum before teasing me again with her skilled tongue. Her eyes are locked on mine, her beautiful blue irises obscured by the dark orbs of her pupils.

“Suck my cock, sweetheart,” I command. “Because as soon as you're done, I'm gonna slide my fingers into your wet little cunt and make you ride my hand as you scream my name in this booth.”

“Shane,” she breathes as her cheeks flush pink,

I cup her face with my free hand, rubbing the pad of my thumb over her cheek. “I love that you blush like a virgin even when you're on your knees in a sex club desperate to suck my cock.”

She narrows her eyes at me but then she wraps her perfect pink lips around my dick, swirling her tongue over the tip as she starts to suck.

I tighten my grip on the back of her head, my fingertips threaded through her thick hair and digging into her scalp as she gives me the best head I have ever had in my life.

“Jesus, sweetheart,” I growl as I push her further onto me while I rock my hips slightly. “You are so fucking good at that.”

She grabs my thigh with her free hand as I hit the back of her throat, struggling for a few breaths before she is able to accommodate every single inch of me.

Tears run down her cheeks as I fuck her hard. There is only so much control I'm willing to give her during sex and I reached my limit pretty much as soon as she started sucking.

She groans and sucks, and the sounds she makes are so damn beautiful as

she devours my cock like she enjoys it as much as I do.

“Such a good fucking girl for me,” I say as my other hand slides to the back of her head too.

She mewls around my cock and sucks harder — spurred on by the praise — her pretty head bobbing up and down as she brings me to the edge of fucking heaven.

I close my eyes as I come hard, spurting down her throat. She sucks eagerly, pulling every last drop from me as though I’m the best thing she’s ever tasted.

“Jesus, fuck!” I groan as the heat pulses through my entire body.

When I open my eyes again, my younger brother is standing awkwardly in front of our table. The look on his face makes me want to close my eyes again and pretend he’s not here.

I rub my hand over the back of Jessie’s head as she goes on softly suckling on my cock. “Liam? Something wrong?”

“Declan Boyle is here,” he says with a heavy sigh. “He’s with his wife.”

“Fuck,” I groan and Jessie looks up, releasing my dick from her pretty lips.

I hand her the handkerchief that I use instead of a pocket square. She takes it from me and wipes the corners of her mouth. “Who are they?” she asks.

I roll my eyes in annoyance and pull her up from beneath the table to sit on my lap again. “You remember why Mikey isn’t invited to weddings any more?”

She blinks for a few seconds before she realizes what I’m talking about. As the head of the Irish families here in New York, we get invited to plenty of weddings. Years ago, at Declan Boyle’s, my delinquent little brother decided it would be a good idea to nail the virgin bride at the wedding reception.

When they were discovered by Declan himself, he tried to cut off Mikey’s head with a butter knife. That was until Liam knocked him out before both he and his twin stole Declan’s new Maserati as a getaway car. I remember Declan being distinctly more pissed about the car than his wife. Needless to say, it took a hell of a lot of smoothing over.

Fortunately, Declan’s old man, Roy, is a lot more level headed and rational than his hot-headed son, and between us we’ve managed to keep the peace over the years.

“Oh no,” Jessie says, covering her mouth with her hand but still unable to hide the smile tugging at the corners.

“Is Roy with him?” I ask Liam.

“Nope,” he says with a shake of his head. “Just Kian and Evan.”

“Fuck!” I mutter. Kian and Evan are his brother and cousin. At least Roy would have kept them all on a leash.

“It was all okay and then she squeezed Mikey’s bicep and...” Liam shrugs.

That certainly wipes the smile off my girl’s face. “She what now?” Jessie snaps.

“Relax, my little wildcat,” I say with a laugh, wrapping my arms tightly around her.

“He only has eyes for you. Red,” Liam assures her before his eyes lock on mine again. “Things are getting a little *tense* down there, bro.”

I blow out a breath. Can we never just have a quiet night out? “I’ll sort it.”

Taking Jessie’s chin in my hand, I turn her head so she’s giving me her full attention. She blinks at me, her eyes still a little watery from having my cock rammed down her throat. I wish I could repay her right now for that because I hate to leave her wet and needy. Instead, I brush my fingertips over her cheek, my brows knitted into a frown as I stare at her. “I’ll take care of you later, sweetheart. I promise.”

“I know you will. Go do what you need to do. I’ll wait right here,” she says with a smile.

“No. I want you to go wait downstairs with Liam. Okay?”

She frowns at me. “Why? Is everything-?”

“Everything will be fine. This isn’t that kind of trouble. I promise,” I assure her. “I just need to have a talk with a few people and then we’ll all join you both.”

Liam holds out his hand to her. “Come on, baby,” he says with a wink. “Shane will sort this out in no time and we can get back to our evening.”

She nods at him and gives us both a faint smile as though she doesn’t quite believe us.

CHAPTER
TWO

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MIKEY

Declan Boyle is glaring at me with so much hatred, I swear he would slit my throat right now given half the chance. Not that he'd ever get it.

I can handle him though. What I don't like is the way that his wife, Heather, is looking at me — like she wants a repeat of what happened six years ago. God, I was so fucking drunk I barely remember it, but what the hell was I thinking? She's not even my type. All false tits, pouty lips and fake hair.

Still, now that I got a wife of my own, I completely get why Declan tried to decapitate me with a piece of wedding silverware — and why he's still kind of pissed about it. There is a vital difference between me and him though — if anyone other than my brothers ever did touch my wife, I would cut out his heart with a fucking spoon. No matter who told me that I couldn't.

Declan and his brother, Kian, along with their cousin, Evan are staring me down. Two women dressed in sequined dresses stand beside Declan's wife, Heather, and they all stare at me too. How the hell they got tickets to this event without me noticing I don't know. They must have booked them under one of the girl's names. Kian and Evan aren't hitched yet so I assume the other two women are their dates.

Conor stands between us all in no mans land while we wait for Shane. Nobody who knows him would dare pick a fight with Conor Ryan, but tension is ratcheting up. Declan's father, Roy Boyle, is well respected and he has a lot of loyalty and good men behind him. The last thing any of us need is a war with his family.

Suddenly Shane walks up behind me.

“Gentlemen,” he says in greeting. “Do we have a problem here?”

“Ask your little brother, Shane,” Declan snaps.

“I already know he doesn’t have a problem. I’m asking you,” Shane snarls at him. “You got five seconds to answer me before I have you all thrown out of here.”

“We didn’t do nothing wrong,” one of the women squeaks, her huge lips pulled into a pout.

“Declan?” Shane asks as he steps closer.

“Tell him to stay the fuck away from my wife,” he points a finger at me.

I pull a face in disgust but that only seems to make Declan even more pissed at me.

“He has no interest in your wife, I assure you.” Shane takes a step closer, grabbing Declan by the wrist.

From an outsiders viewpoint, it doesn’t look like he’s doing much at all, but the pain on Declan’s face says otherwise.

Shane is a strong fucker. He is the only man I know who can tear a man’s ear off with his bare hands. My brothers and I have tried to emulate that particular party trick many times over the years but have never been able to come close.

He bends his head closer to Declan’s. “Now either fuck off to your own little booth and stay out of our way, or leave. The choice is yours. But you ever point a finger at one of my brothers again and I will cut it off. Do you understand me?”

Declan glances between his wife and me. She’s clearly drunk — but I suppose you kind of have to be to get through being married to her boring, fat fuck of a husband. He’s a sleaze-bag too. Hitting on any woman within a two mile radius when he thinks nobody is looking. The fact that she walked straight up to me when she saw me and tried to give me a kiss didn’t exactly help matters. I pushed her away obviously – I mean I am only interested in one woman, but still, this asshole seems to think it’s my fault.

“We’ll stay away,” Declan mutters.

“Good boy,” Shane replies as he releases him from his grip and Declan immediately rubs his wrist. “And keep your wife away from him too.”

“Yeah, I’m very happy with my own wife, thanks,” I add, just because I feel like I need to say something.

Shane rolls his eyes at me and inclines his head toward the basement stairs, telling me it’s time to walk away.

“I hear you all are,” Evan laughs. He clearly thinks it’s funny. He thinks that he’s funny — that is until he sees the murderous look that flashes across my oldest brothers face as Shane stops in his tracks.

“What the fuck did you just say?” Shane snarls as he advances on Evan.

“I-I,” Evan stammers. “You all share her, right?”

Shane grabs him by the throat and lifts him an inch off the floor. “We do not fucking *share* her. What do you think she is, a fucking condo?”

The three women start to wail and shriek and suddenly all eyes in the club are gazing in our direction. Declan and Kian bristle with nervous energy, ready to fight if they need to, but they know they don’t stand a chance.

Evan opens his mouth to protest but Shane has him in such a chokehold that he can’t speak.

“He didn’t mean anything, Shane,” Kian pleads. “It’s an unusual arrangement is all he meant. Just let him go.”

Shane trains his glare on Kian now while Evan turns a deeper shade of purple. “Do you enjoy having the use of your legs, Kian? Because if you do, I’d think very carefully about anything you say about my wife.”

Kian swallows hard and looks at Declan and the two of them clearly have no idea what to do. Neither do I. There aren’t many people who can handle a super pissed Shane.

Conor runs a hand through his hair and shakes his head. “For fuck’s sake,” he mutters as he takes a few steps until he’s standing beside our older brother. “You know I’m down with whatever, bro, but this is our place of business. It’s Jessie’s club,” he says softly and it’s that realization that makes Shane release his grip on Evan’s throat.

If this was The Emerald Shamrock, he wouldn’t give a fuck about drawing attention — but these clubs are Jessie’s babies. She’s worked so hard on them.

Evan drops to the floor, rubbing his neck and gasping for breath.

“All of you need to leave. Now!” Conor says.

Kian helps his cousin from the floor and the bouncers who have been slowly gathering start to usher them all from the club.

“Well, that escalated quickly,” I say with a grin but Shane is clearly not in the mood. He walks right past me with a look of thunder on his face and heads toward the stairs that lead to the basement rooms.

“That wasn’t my fault, Con,” I say as he stands beside me. “I didn’t do anything. I was good, right?” I kept my mouth shut and my hands to myself

when I really wanted to smash Declan's face in and call him a cunt.

"No it wasn't your fault, kid," Conor assures me. "He'll be fine."

"Hmm," I say but I feel kind of sick. I hate it when Shane is pissed at me.

"Come on. Jessie and Liam must be downstairs," he says, wrapping an arm around my shoulder and together we make our way through the club.

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CHAPTER
THREE

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JESSIE

I sit on Liam's lap in the huge wingback leather chair. He rubs his beard over the delicate skin of my neck as he kisses me softly, making me squirm in his arms as I giggle.

"You're so damn ticklish, baby," he chuckles.

"You're so damn distracting, Liam," I say as I take his handsome face in my hands. "I know what you're trying to do."

"And what's that?" he grins at me.

"Make me forget that your brothers might be in trouble upstairs."

"No, baby," he shakes his head before he resumes kissing my neck as his hand slides up my dress. "If I wanted to distract you, I'd be fucking you right now," he murmurs against my skin.

"So this is...?" I purr as I run my fingers through his thick dark hair.

"This is me being alone with you and not being able to do anything but fucking touch you," he groans as his fingers brush my panties.

"Well, I know that feeling," I whisper as I drop my thighs open and I rock my hips against his hand.

"Hmm," he smiles his appreciation against my skin.

As his fingers curl around the edge of my panties, the sound of the door opening startles both of us. We look up to see Shane walking into the room with Conor and Mikey close behind him. Liam pulls his fingers back and rests his warm hand on my thigh instead.

"Everything taken care of?" Liam asks.

Shane grunts as he starts to pace the small room.

"Yeah," Conor says, winking at me before his eyes drift to his older brother and he frowns slightly. Shane seems super pissed about something.

“Probably better that we stay in here for the rest of the night though, Red,” Mikey adds with a grin.

“Fine by me. But will we ever have a night out here in The Peacock Club and not have some trouble?” I say with a sigh as I rest my head against Liam’s chest, recalling the incident at the Christmas Eve masked ball when an ex-boyfriend of mine tried to assault me. “At least it wasn’t me who caused it this time.”

“You didn’t cause it last time either,” Conor says, walking over and pressing a soft kiss on my forehead.

“This is the life we live, Red. Trouble kind of finds us wherever we go,” Mikey adds.

“I know, and I’ve kind of been thinking about that,” I say and suddenly I feel all of their eyes on me.

Crap! Why did I have to bring that up right now?

Liam’s muscles tense as his arms wrap around my waist protectively and his three brothers stand staring at me expectantly as they wait for me to finish my thought.

I take a deep breath and go on, trying to explain what I mean without causing a drama. “Especially now we have our babies to think of, and if you guys want more...” I chew on my lip, aware that I still haven’t given them an answer to their suggestion on Christmas Day that we have some more children.

Shane frowns at me. “Just what exactly have you been thinking, Jessie?” he barks, speaking for the first time since he entered the room.

“I was thinking about our future and whether this is it for us. Is this the kind of life we want for our children?”

“Are you suggesting that you’re thinking of leaving? Taking our kids away?” Shane snarls and the venom in his voice catches me off guard. “You really think we’d let you walk out with our babies in search of a different life?”

I blink at him, my cheeks flushing red. That’s not what I meant at all. How can he think for even a second that it was?

“That’s not what she said, Shane,” Conor says with a sigh.

“Sure fucking sounded like that’s where she was headed,” he snaps.

I open my mouth to tell him how wrong he is, but Liam speaks first. “I kind of agree with Jessie. If we have more kids then maybe New York City isn’t the best place to raise them.”

Shane's face almost turns purple with rage as he turns his attention on his youngest brother. "Are you fucking shitting me?" he snarls. "You have any idea how hard I worked to get us where we are? How many people I had to step on? How much blood is on my hands?"

"It's on all of our hands, Shane," Conor says, his eyes narrowed as he searches his brother's face for a clue as to what's causing this outburst.

"You all think it's so easy just to up and walk away from all this. You think if I could, I would have fucking done it before now?" he barks.

"Shane?" I say, jumping off Liam's lap and reaching for his hand.

He shrugs me off. "Ungrateful bastards," he mutters under his breath before turning on his heel and marching out of the room, slamming the door behind him so hard that it rattles the walls, and leaving the four of us standing staring after him and wondering what the hell has just happened.

"What the fuck?" Mikey mumbles.

"I'll go after him," Conor says.

I put my hand on his arm. "No. Let me. Please?"

"He's super pissed, angel."

"Yeah, I kinda got that. I can handle him. Let me go speak to him."

"Fine," Conor agrees. "If you're not back here in ten minutes I'm coming to get you myself."

I lean onto my tiptoes and kiss his cheek softly. "I'll be back soon."

"And if she's not, it's because Shane's bent her over something and is fucking his bad mood away," Mikey chuckles and I roll my eyes at him.

Conor opens the door into the hallway for me and I see the bouncers standing outside. "He went that way," one of them says, indicating his head to the fire exit at the end of the hallway.

"Thanks," I reply with a smile.

"I'll be right here watching that door," Conor says with a kiss on my forehead. "If he's not out there, you come straight back here to me. You got that? Do not go out there alone."

"I won't," I say, resisting the urge to roll my eyes because I know he's just being protective. And let's face it, he kind of has good reason to be.

A few seconds later, I push open the huge steel door and see Shane pacing the alleyway, running his hands through his thick hair. I turn and give a thumbs up to Conor to let him know I'm okay before I step out into the cool night air.

"Shane," I say, stopping him in his tracks.

“Go back inside, Jessie,” he hisses through gritted teeth.

“Only if you’re coming with me,” I reply as I walk over to him, standing so close that I can smell his expensive cologne as I stare into his dark green eyes and they burn into mine.

“I said go back inside,” he growls.

I stand my ground. “No.”

He glares at me like I’m his enemy rather than his wife before he spins me around until I’m facing the wall. His hand fists in my hair as he holds my head still and presses me against the cool damp bricks. “I’m not fucking playing, Jessie,” he growls and his words roll through my body.

“What are you gonna do, Shane? Fuck me in this alleyway?” I challenge him as I push my ass back against his groin. “Because if that’s what it’s gonna take, then go ahead.”

His fingers thread through my hair and he tugs my head back causing a sharp pain in my scalp that makes me gasp in a breath.

“I’m warning you, Jessie,” he growls.

I smile even as he keeps pinned to the wall. “You know I’m not even a little bit scared of you though. So, what exactly are you warning me about?”

He presses his lips against my ear. “Not scared of me?” he hisses. “Yet you want out of this life with me?”

His words are like a knife twisting in my heart. “I never said that, Shane. I never said anything about wanting away from you.”

“No?” he asks as his free hand slides down my thigh until his fingers reach the edge of my dress. “Cause it kinda sounded like you did.”

“I didn’t,” I whisper, heat coiling around my spine as his hand snakes further up my dress and between my thighs.

“When you question this life, Jessie, you question me. This is who I am.”

“This is what you do, not who you are.”

“Same damn thing,” he growls.

“No, it’s not,” I insist.

He rubs his jaw over the delicate skin of my neck, making me shiver as his fingers brush my panties. “Do you regret not accepting my offer now?”

“What offer?”

He tugs my panties to the side and I moan softly as his fingers brush my wet folds. “My offer to marry Conor and live a normal life?”

I suck in a stuttered breath. He may as well have just slapped me in the face. “Shane! How could you even ask me that?”

“Really? The woman who just told me she wants no part of this life. My life,” he growls as he slides a finger inside me.

“Fuck you!” I hiss.

“You think I would ever let you leave me?” He thrusts his finger harder and my walls squeeze around him.

“I never said that, Shane,” I breathe. God, he’s so blind sometimes. “Stop putting words into my mouth. I said that I was worried about this always being the way things are for us.”

He goes to argue but I cut him off.

“All of us. Because in case you hadn’t noticed, there is no us without you. There is no me without you,” my words catch on a sob in my throat.

His lips ghost over the shell of my ear as he pushes deeper inside me and wet heat slicks his finger. Then just as quickly, he withdraws his hand and I whimper in frustration.

“Fuck, Jessie,” he groans as he spins me back around to face him. Then he bends his head and presses his forehead against mine.

I place my hands on his beautiful face. “I’m sorry if I hurt you. I never meant to do that, I swear. I know this is what we all do. I just wonder if there might be a future where we don’t have to worry about running into an old enemy every time we leave the house. Not just your enemies, but mine too.” I slide my hands beneath his suit jacket, over his strong abs and onto his back. Pressing myself closer to him, I take comfort in his warmth. “I know you want to fight with me for some reason, but I’m not letting you. Not tonight. You know that I love you and I will be by your side until the end of time.”

He stares down at me, his features softening slightly.

“But I am also kind of disappointed in you right now,” I go on.

His scowl deepens again. “Why?”

“Because I was so ready for you to fuck me in this alleyway,” I say with a grin.

“Oh, sweetheart,” he growls as he unbuckles his belt and unzips his trousers. “You are so getting fucked in this alleyway.”

“Conor will be out here in five minutes,” I giggle.

“Then you’d better come real quick,” he says as he lifts me and wraps my legs around his waist. “Because I believe I owe you one.”

“I think you’re in credit where that’s concerned, don’t worry.” I bite on my lip as he reaches between us and tugs my panties aside before pulling out his thick cock.

He presses his forehead against mine again and his warm breath dusts over my cheek. “Are you wet enough for this because I’m not going to be able to hold back, sweetheart?”

“What do you think?”

“Hmm. You’re always wet,” he laughs darkly before he sinks his cock into my pussy and my walls squeeze around him as I cling to his neck.

“God, Shane,” I moan loudly and the sound echoes around the secluded alleyway.

“I got you, sweetheart,” he growls against my ear and I shiver making him lift his head and stare at me. “Fuck, you’re cold?”

It’s only now that I realize that the cold damp wall is at my back, but I had barely felt it until now.

“I guess,” I whisper as another shiver ripples through me.

“Hold onto me,” he says as he presses me closer to the wall, holding me up with the weight of his body as he starts to slip off his suit jacket. Then he slides it over one of my arms before grabbing me by my ass and lifting me away from the wall so that I can finish putting it on myself.

I smile contentedly as his residual body heat warms my cold skin.

“Better?” he asks.

“Much,” I purr.

He winks at me before pressing my back flat against the wall again. Then he seals his lips against mine, sliding his warm tongue into my mouth and kissing me so hard that he steals all the breath from my body. At the same time, he nails me to the wall with hard, punishing thrusts.

I cling to him, pulling his hair and sinking my fingernails into his skin as I fight to take everything he can give me. Because that’s the thing with me and him — it’s never enough. No matter how hard he fucks me, or how much he gives me, I will always want more.

My inner walls contract around him as he drives harder and deeper, and the familiar warm waves of pleasure start to roll through my thighs and core.

I moan but he swallows the sounds as he refuses to let me up for air. I bear down, grinding myself on him even as he thrusts harder, desperate to take every millimeter of him.

He slides one hand down my body, over the curve of my hips and onto my ass, before he lifts my leg slightly higher so he can change his angle and deepen his thrust. When he drives back inside me again my eyes roll back in my head and I swear I’m going to pass out if he doesn’t let up soon.

He breaks our kiss and presses his forehead against mine as we both gasp for breath while he goes on fucking me like a demon. “You fucking own me,” he growls. “You never get to walk away, you got that?”

“I know, Shane. I won’t ever...”

He presses his lips against my ear and a shiver runs down my spine as his hot breath dances over my skin when he whispers. “Damn right you won’t, because who owns you, sweetheart? Who. Owns. This. Sweet. Fucking. Pussy?” He punctuates each word with a thrust of his hips.

“You do,” I whimper.

“Yeah I do.”

“Y-yes,” I gasp.

“No-one can fuck you as well as me and my brothers do and you know that no-one ever will. Because you’re ours Jessie. Til death do us part, remember?”

“Shane,” I pant, closing my eyes as my orgasm starts to ripple through my body making my muscles tighten and release.

“Good girl. Squeeze my cock while you come for me,” he groans and it’s my complete undoing.

“Jesus, Shane!” I moan as I coat him in a rush of slick heat and my climax shudders through my body.

“Jessie,” he grinds out the word as he comes inside me with a final thrust.

His head is buried in my neck, his breath hot on my skin as the sound of the fire door opens behind us. Looking at it, I smile as my other three husbands walk out — all looking as delicious as chocolate dessert and as sexy as sin in their matching tuxedos.

“It’s just your brothers,” I whisper in Shane’s ear.

“Don’t give a fuck,” he murmurs against my skin. “I’d fuck you in the middle of Times Square when the ball was dropping if it wouldn’t get us arrested.”

“I’m sure you could talk your way out of it,” I say with a laugh.

“Hmm. I do happen to know the Chief of police,” he chuckles as he lowers my legs to the ground and pulls out of me.

“You feeling better now, bro?” Mikey asks with a grin as he approaches us. Shane straightens my dress before he fixes his trousers but as soon as he’s done he turns to his brothers.

“Yeah. I kind of got a little...” he winces, struggling to apologize because it’s not in his nature, especially not where his brothers are concerned. “I’m

sorry for taking it out on all of you.”

“No worries, bro,” Liam says with a shrug.

Conor walks up to his older brother and puts a reassuring arm around his shoulder. “That prick really got under your skin, huh?”

“I guess so,” Shane replies.

Meanwhile Mikey wraps me in his arms and kisses the top of my head. “You handle him so well, Red,” he whispers.

“I heard that,” Shane says making Mikey laugh and the sound vibrates through his chest and into my body, making me smile.

“We thought we should head home,” Liam says as he stands beside me and his twin.

“Really? It’s not even midnight yet?” I reply.

“Yeah, but do you want to go back upstairs to the club?” Conor asks with a grin. “Or you want to just be with us?”

There is only one answer to that question. I love The Peacock Club, but right now all I want is right here.

Mikey arches an eyebrow at me. “We’d only be in that room anyway, and our bed at home is way bigger.”

“True,” I whisper as a blush creeps across my cheeks.

“The car is out front,” Conor says with a wink before he pulls me from Mikey’s arms and wraps me in a hug.

“Then let’s go home,” I say, pressing my face against his jacket and inhaling his familiar intoxicating scent.

CHAPTER
FOUR

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CONOR

Jessie leans her head against my shoulder and I pull her close as we all walk to the waiting limo. I kiss the top of her head and the sweet smell of her makes my dick twitch to life. I should be fucking her in that private room in our club right now, but after our run in with the Boyles, and not knowing whether Shane would snap out of his bad mood, it seemed a better idea to head home.

She snakes an arm beneath my suit jacket, running her hand up my spine and my cock gets harder.

Yeah, I'm gonna fuck her in the limo.

Mikey opens the door for us as we reach it and she climbs in first. Shane hangs back a little, something still on his mind.

"You okay?" I ask him.

He runs a hand over his jaw. "Hmm."

"You don't sound all that convinced."

"You think she was right? Do we need to take a step back from all this?"

"Um, yeah," I laugh. "Not right now, but one day. That was always the plan anyway, right?"

"I guess somewhere along the way I forgot that. What if I don't know anything else though?"

I wrap my arm around his neck and kiss the top of his head. It's strange to be the one counseling him because it's usually the other way around, but he has changed so much since Jessie came into our lives, and even more so since we had kids. He doesn't close himself off from everyone and try to handle everything on his own any longer. And while we've always had an unbreakable bond, it has strengthened beyond measure these past few years.

But him relinquishing any kind of control is still a struggle for him and I get that completely.

“What? You’re Shane fucking Ryan. I have never ever seen you unable to do anything in my whole goddamn life.”

He laughs at that.

“But you know we will keep doing this as long as we have to, right? If we can’t all walk away clean then we never walk away,” I assure him.

“Never?” he frowns at me.

“We’re all in it together, bro. It’s the way it’s always been and that will never change. Just because Jessie worries about our kids doesn’t mean she wants out. You gotta know that.”

“I do,” he says just as Mikey pops his head out of the door.

“Come on,” he urges us to get into the car.

As soon as we’re seated, I press the button to speak to our driver, Caleb. “Hey, buddy. Take the long route home, okay. And when we get home, park up in the basement and feel free to see yourself out. We’ll take care of ourselves.”

“Yes, boss,” Caleb replies and then I release the button so that we have complete privacy again.

“The long way home?” Jessie asks with a pop of one eyebrow as she sits on Liam’s lap.

“Yeah,” I smile at her as I adjust my cock in my pants and check my watch. It’s a little before eleven. “Because I am fucking you at least once before next year, angel.”

Her cheeks turn a deep pink that makes me want to throw her on the floor and fuck her like an animal.

“Me too, baby,” Liam adds as he presses a soft kiss on her neck.

“Um, I am not being the only man in this car not to fuck my wife tonight,” Mikey laughs.

“Well, Caleb ain’t fucking her,” I scowl at him and he laughs harder.

“I mean this part of the car,” he waves his arms around the space for clarification.

“I guess I can wait until next year,” Shane says with a sigh.

“Yeah, you already had two happy endings tonight,” Liam says and both Mikey and I frown at him.

“Two?” I ask.

“Oh, yeah,” Liam chuckles.

“Fuck yeah,” Shane groans.

“Liam!” Jessie says as her blush deepens even further.

“I gotta tell them, baby,” he says, brushing her hair back from her face.

“Tell us what?” Mikey demands.

“Jessie was sucking my cock when Liam disturbed us earlier so I could come deal with Declan Boyle for you,” Shane answers instead.

“In public?” I ask. *Fucker!*

“It was in the private booth. Nobody could see,” Jessie says.

“No wonder you were so pissed earlier. I’m sorry, bro,” Mikey starts laughing again, holding onto his sides.

“Well, she had finished by the time Liam interrupted us.”

“Not quite,” Liam laughs. “I had to wait like twenty seconds for your soul to re-enter your body after Jessie sucked it out.”

That makes Mikey crack up and even Shane is laughing now.

“Liam!” Jessie says again but she is smiling as she looks around at the four of us. Fuck, she is so damn beautiful.

I hold out my hand to her while my brothers regain their composure and when she takes it, I pull her out of my brothers arms and into mine. “Let’s get you naked, angel,” I whisper in her ear and a shiver ripples through her body as I slip my hand beneath Shane’s dinner jacket which she’s still wearing, and start to slide down the zipper of her dress.

CHAPTER
FIVE

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JESSIE

I shrug my arms out of Shane's jacket and Conor tugs my dress down over my body. When he reaches my ass, I lift up so that he can pull it all the way over my hips and down my legs. He places it on the seat beside him as I sit here in only my panties and heels.

"Are you boys all getting naked too?" I ask with a pop of one eyebrow.

"No," he states as he shakes his head.

"Why not?"

"Because if for some reason we get pulled over by the cops, four naked dudes in the back of a limo is going to draw a whole lot of attention, angel."

"But it's okay for me to be naked if we get pulled over by the cops?" I ask with a grin.

"No because you would be wearing my jacket before anyone even got near the door. Trust me," he growls possessively.

"And you're not naked, sweetheart," Shane says as he looks at my panties.

In response, Conor fists his hands in the expensive lace material and tears them in half. "She is now," he says with a grin as he wads the torn fabric in his palm and tosses it to Shane.

"You could have just taken them off," I say with a roll of my eyes.

"I just did. Now less of the eye rolling, angel," he growls as he lifts me, spinning me around until I'm straddling him. "Or I will spank your pretty ass instead of letting you come on my cock."

"Well that sounds kind of hot too," I whisper as he starts to unzip his fly.

"Maybe I'll spank you anyway," he growls. "But you're gonna ride me first."

He frees his stiff cock from his trousers and the crown is already glistening with precum. He wraps his hand around his shaft and squeezes hard, making me lick my lips as I think about how good he tastes. “Not now, angel,” he groans. “I want inside your hot little pussy, so slide the fuck onto me.”

I rest my hands on his shoulders and hover over him, lining up the thick head of his shaft at my entrance. A deep guttural groan vibrates through his body as I sink a little lower, edging the tip in just a little. Then as though he can't hold back any longer, he grabs hold of my hips and pulls me down onto him until I'm so full of him I gasp for breath.

“Fuck, your pussy feels so good,” he hisses as his fingers dig into the soft flesh of my hips while he holds me still, allowing his huge cock to stretch and fill me.

“Conor,” I groan his name as I grind down on him.

Shane is sitting beside us on the bench seat and he brushes a stray lock of hair back from my forehead. “Just so we're clear, when I say I'm happy to wait until next year, I mean like two minutes after midnight, okay?”

I smile at him before Conor grips my jaw in his strong hand and turns my head back to him. “Don't look at him when I'm fucking you,” he growls and I bite down on my lip.

“Sorry,” I purr even though I'm not because I love bossy Conor so much.

He slides a hand up the inside of my thigh and rubs the pad of his thumb over my clit while he continues holding onto my hip with his other hand. He rolls me over his cock and I whimper and mewl as he hits the sweet spot deep inside me.

Then there are another pair of strong hands on my waist and a solid chest against my back as Liam joins us. He pulls my hair to one side, exposing the length of my neck before he peppers soft kisses over my delicate skin.

“You look so good when you're being fucked, baby,” he whispers in my ear. Then his teeth graze my sensitive flesh as he starts to suckle softly while his hands glide over my ribs until he's cupping my breasts, squeezing them in his huge hands.

“Oh, God,” I whimper as his and Conor's attentions have waves of pleasure rolling through my core and converging in one sweet spot between my thighs.

“Come on my cock, angel,” Conor commands and like it's been conditioned to do, my body obeys.

My orgasm crashes over me and I tremble in their arms as my cells absorb every delicious aftershock of pleasure.

“Good girl,” Liam growls in my ear and my pussy ripples around his brother’s cock.

“Such a slut for praise, angel,” Conor chuckles.

“You can’t call your wife a slut,” I protest feebly because I love every single word that comes out of these men’s mouths.

Conor slaps my ass and I yelp. “Never said you were a slut,” he says, his eyes narrowed.

“You kinda did, big guy,” I grin at him.

He glares at me and the fire in his eyes ignites one low in my abdomen. “On your knees,” he commands.

Liam shuffles back, allowing me some room to move and obey his older brother’s order. Once I’m on my knees, I look up at Conor, fluttering my eyelashes as his eyes burn into my skin.

“Suck my cock,” he growls. “See how good your pussy tastes on me.”

My tongue darts out and I lick my lip, sucking in a breath before leaning down and wrapping my lips around his thick crown. I flick my tongue over the end and taste his precum, mixed with the taste of my own arousal, as well as Shane from earlier — and it makes heat flush my skin.

Conor weaves his fingers through my hair and I rest my hands on his waist to steady myself as he fucks my mouth.

As I’m focusing on sucking Conor, I hear the sound of Liam’s zipper behind me and his groans of appreciation as he runs a hand over my ass. Then he’s pulling my hips backward and spreading my thighs apart with his knees.

“Such a beautiful fucking pussy,” he growls as he slides two thick fingers inside me causing me to groan around Conor’s shaft as I surge forward.

A few seconds later, Liam replaces his fingers with his huge cock, driving into me in one swift movement and pushing me further onto his brother as I take the entire length of both of them at the same time.

“Good girl,” Conor says as he rubs the pad of his thumb over my cheek, wiping away the tears as he hits the gag reflex at the back of my throat.

“Such a good fucking girl,” Liam agrees as he rubs his hands over my ass before grabbing hold of my hips. Then he starts to fuck me slowly, angling himself so the crown of his cock sweeps over my G spot over and over again.

My thighs are trembling as I try to focus on bringing Conor to climax, but

Liam is thrusting into me so deeply — with deliciously rhythmic rolls of his hips that make heat and pleasure coil around my insides — that it's hard to feel anything but my own pleasure.

Not to mention Conor's hands on me, guiding me further onto his dick as he grunts and growls in appreciation. I moan and mumble as he rocks deeper into my mouth until I take him even further, while he holds onto my head. My body goes lax — completely pliable as I let them take full control. I am literal putty in their hands, but this is exactly how I like it. I have never felt more free and safe and cherished as I am when I'm being dominated by these four incredible men.

"Fuck, angel," Conor groans as his grip on my hair tightens. He tugs at the roots as the muscles in his abs and thighs clench tightly. A few seconds later, he spurts his hot seed against the back of my throat and I mumble my gratitude as I swallow every single drop — sucking and licking his shaft until his muscles relax and his fingers slip from my hair.

He pulls his cock out of my mouth and I look up at him as he wipes my lips and chin with a sweep of his thumb. "You're fucking beautiful," he breathes out the words.

Then Liam leans over me, ghosting his lips over the shell of my ear. "You so fucking are," he whispers. "Hold onto Conor now, baby, while I fuck you properly."

Conor takes my hands in his, lacing his fingers through mine as I rest my cheek on his huge, powerful thigh while Liam grips my waist with his enormous hands, his fingers almost touching on my abdomen. Then he fucks me as hard as I have ever been fucked in my entire life, driving into me so deeply that my legs tremble as I squeeze him.

"Goddammit, Jessie!" he grunts as my walls ripple around his cock and I moan his name.

When my orgasm tears through my body like black powder a few seconds later, it seems to tip him over the edge and his fingers dig into my soft flesh as he holds me still while he pumps his cum into me.

Conor brushes his fingers over my cheek while Liam's hands rub over my back and ass as the last tremors vibrate through my body.

"You take our cocks so fucking well, baby," Liam groans as he pulls out of me, causing a rush of our cum to trickle out too. He catches it in his fingers and pushes it back inside me and that simple act makes my cheeks flush with heat.

“You mind using a little of that on her ass for me,” Mikey asks with a dark laugh. “I don’t think we brought any lube with us?”

“Hmm,” Liam chuckles as he sweeps his fingers up my seam and slides a thick finger into my hole. I arch my back in pleasure, still wanting more.

“So needy, baby,” Liam hisses as he works his finger deeper. “You ready for Mikey to fuck your ass now?”

“Uh-huh,” I murmur, lost to the sensations that are overwhelming my body, until Liam withdraws his finger and I whimper.

“I’m right here, Red,” Mikey growls as Liam moves and he slides effortlessly into his brother’s place. “You ready for me?”

“Yes,” I breathe.

He pushes his cock into my pussy first, coating it with cum before sliding back out and pressing the tip against my asshole. I push back against him, letting him know he doesn’t have to take it easy.

He guides his length in slowly, letting me adjust to his size and once he’s halfway in, he wraps my hair around his fist and pulls me upright, until the bare skin of my back is flush against his chest. His free hand slides to my hip and he starts to kiss my neck as he slides his cock deep inside me — filling me so thoroughly and exquisitely that I moan loudly, and his three brothers grunt and groan their approval.

Mikey laughs against my skin, keeping one hand in my hair as his other hand slides over my hip before he runs it over my body. Coasting over my breasts and my stomach, leaving a trail of heat in his wake before his fingers dip between my thighs.

“Mikey,” I whimper as he slowly starts to circle my clit.

I rock my hips into his hand and he groans into my ear. “This pussy is so fucking sweet, Red. If you weren’t full of Liam and Shane’s cum, I’d make you ride my goddamn face while I make you scream.”

His words vibrate through me, turning my bones to Jell-o. I writhe in his expert touch, but he holds me still while he goes on fucking my ass and rubbing my clit until wave upon wave of pleasure and heat is cascading through me.

“As soon as we get home we need to get you showered so we can all eat, angel,” Conor growls and my eyes lock on his to find him staring at me like he’s starving man eyeing his next meal.

“I second that,” Mikey growls as he drives harder and then sinks two of his huge fingers into my pussy while he grinds the heel of his palm over my

clit.

“God, Mikey,” I mewl as tiny specks of light cloud my vision.

“That’s my girl, show my brothers how hard you come for me, Red,” he whispers in my ear before he licks the length of my throat and I come apart in his arms.

Resting my head back on his shoulder, I close my eyes and pant for breath as he grinds out his release into me.

The sound of a champagne cork popping makes my head snap up and I look around to see Liam has just opened a bottle.

“It’s midnight and we missed the countdown,” Shane explains when he sees the look on my face.

“Oh no, did we?”

“I didn’t miss nothing. Starting the new year balls deep in my wife beats any countdown,” Mikey chuckles and Shane rolls his eyes while Liam and Conor laugh.

With a kiss on my neck, Mikey pulls out of me and starts to fasten up his suit pants. Meanwhile, Conor takes his handkerchief from his pocket. He stares into my eyes before leaning down and gently wiping between my thighs from front to back.

“Thank you,” I whisper.

“Any time, angel,” he replies with a wink before he pulls me up to sit on his lap. “As soon as we get home, I’ll help you get cleaned up properly.”

“And then no more coming in Jessie’s pussy for the rest of the night,” Mikey suggests. “Cause I don’t know about you all, but I gotta eat.”

“How about no more coming in the pussy until our wife gives us an answer to the question we asked her on Christmas Day?” Liam offers as he hands out glasses of champagne to his brothers.

I frown at him. It’s not like him to be the one to tease me, but I have kept them waiting on an answer. I was so shocked when they suggested that we start trying for another baby that I couldn’t speak for a minute, and then by the time I could, we all got distracted because Ella took her first steps.

I’ve been thinking about it ever since, and they haven’t pressed me on it, although I know they must all want to. It’s not that I don’t want more babies with them, I want lots more, but I didn’t realize they would be ready again so soon.

“Hmm. See how long she holds out on us then?” Conor says with an arch of his eyebrow.

I smile at the four of them. “I can guarantee all of you would cave within a week.”

“I’d cave within a goddamn hour,” Shane says with a wink and then he holds out his hand to me. “Come here, sweetheart.” I take his hand and shuffle onto his lap. “In fact, I can’t even wait another minute,” he growls as he runs his nose along my throat.

“I haven’t had my champagne yet,” I whisper.

“Conor will give you some of his,” he says, setting his own glass down as he unzips his suit pants.

“Hmm,” Conor agrees as he takes a huge mouthful. Then he leans over and seals his lips over mine, kissing me and passing the champagne from his mouth to my own. He goes on kissing me as Shane frees his cock and lifts me onto it, and a few seconds later I’m full of him and chasing my next orgasm.

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CHAPTER
SIX

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LIAM

The hot water runs down my back as I stare at her. Fuck me, she is too beautiful for words. After we said goodnight to our babysitters, we all needed to take a shower, but Jessie and me are on baby duty tonight, so we went to check on the twins first. By the time we stared at them and wished them a very quiet happy new year my brothers were done, so now it's just me and her.

I take the shower head down from the fixture on the wall and she grins at me.

“What are you doing, Liam?” She bites on her lip.

“Well, we got to get you squeaky clean, Mrs. Ryan,” I remind her as I push her back against the tiles. “Spread your legs wide for me.”

She obeys me instantly and I bring the shower head between her thighs, angling the jets on her delicate pink pussy lips. Her eyelids flutter and her cheeks flush a little pink.

“Oh, you like that?” I arch an eyebrow at her.

“Yes,” she whispers as she wraps her arms around my neck.

I flick the switch on the head to adjust the pressure as I direct it at her clit and she whimpers.

“You ever get yourself off like this, baby?” I ask, genuinely curious.

“Sometimes,” she breathes. “But I rarely shower alone.”

“Hmm,” I nibble on the soft skin of her throat as she sinks her fingernails into the back of my neck and rocks her hips, chasing her orgasm. But if she's coming, then it's going to be on a part of me.

I shut off the water and toss the shower head onto the floor. She blinks at me as she keeps her back pressed against the wall. I run my hands over her

wet body before I drop to my knees.

“Let’s see how clean we got you, baby,” I say as I hook her thigh over my shoulder to give me access to her hot pussy.

Her fingers thread through my hair as I pepper kisses over the top of her thighs and rub the tip of my nose over her clit.

“Please?” she moans softly and so I take her clit into my mouth, sucking off the excess water until all I can taste is her.

I sink two fingers inside her and groan against her skin when I feel how wet she is for me already. Then I finger fuck her as I feast on her sweet folds, sucking and licking and nibbling until she’s grinding herself onto my face.

“Fuck!” I hiss because it’s not enough. I need better access.

“Hold on, baby,” I warn her as I lift her other thigh to hook it over my shoulder.

“Liam, I’m too heavy,” she squeals but I’ve already lifted her and have her sitting on my shoulders before she’s even finished speaking.

“I’m going to pretend you didn’t just fucking say that, baby,” I growl as I look up at her.

“Sorry,” she whispers, catching her bottom lip between her teeth.

“You’re lucky Conor or Shane didn’t hear you, because you would so get an ass spanking for that.”

“I did hear and she will be,” Conor shouts from the doorway and her walls squeeze around my fingers, reminding me how much she loves to be spanked.

“Maybe I’ll have to join in then,” I chuckle before I lick the length of her soaking wet slit.

“Fuck, Liam,” she groans.

“You like that even better than the shower, baby?”

“Fuck, yes.”

“Good girl,” I say as I curl my fingers inside her and suck her throbbing little bud into my mouth.

She rewards me with a shuddering climax that explodes onto my fingers and tongue. I massage her inner walls with my fingers and nuzzle her skin as she rides out every last tremor. The only thing that gets my girl more worked up than a spanking is a little praise.

IT’S ALMOST four am and Jessie is lying between Shane and me. Her head on

my chest and his arm around her waist as he trails soft kisses over her back. We have been fucking her for hours and she's all but passed out now.

"The kids will be awake soon," Mikey says with a groan as he lays down beside me. "Who's on early morning duty?"

"Me and Jessie," Conor says with a laugh as he looks at her curled up on my chest.

"I'll get up with you," Shane says. "I think we fucked our wife into a coma again."

"You did not," she murmurs sleepily. "Almost though."

"I'll get up anyway, sweetheart," he replies softly.

"Thank you," she breathes.

We all lie in silence for a minute until she speaks again. "Tonight – last night — it was perfect. Thank you."

"Thank you, baby," I say, kissing the top of her head.

"It's only perfect because you make it so, angel," Conor replies with a yawn.

She sucks in a deep breath before she adds, "Oh, and also, I meant to say... yes."

"Yes, what?" Shane asks with a frown.

"Yes, we should have some more babies," she says with a soft smile as her eyes stay closed.

"You think she's dreaming?" Conor asks with a laugh.

"Don't give a fuck. We all heard it. Baby making is a go. I'm flushing those birth control pills as soon as I can feel my legs again," Mikey says, making all of us laugh.

"We might have more twins though, you know?" she yawns.

"That's okay. We'll still outnumber them," I tell her.

"Hmm," she mumbles as she drifts off to sleep.

So, we're having more kids. I mean I knew she'd agree but I wondered if she might need a little more time. I should have known she'd be ready when we are. She gives us everything we ever want and need.

I look across at my brothers and we've all got the same dopey ass grins on our faces.

The smile stays on my face as I close my eyes. This year is going to be our best yet.

WANT TO KNOW MORE?

Want to know where Jessie and the Ryan brothers' story first began? Turn the page for a peek at Chapter One of Ryan Rule.

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RYAN RULE

Chapter One Jessie

My lips curl into a smile as Nikolai runs the pad of his thumb down my cheekbone and along my jawline until it's resting on my lower lip. He pulls southwards, opening my mouth slightly. The smell of him, of whisky and cigars, assaults my senses, making my eyes water. Leaning forward, he towers over me. "You did good," he smiles.

"Thank you," I whisper with a flutter of my lashes.

"*Moya Kroshka*, I will give you your reward later." *My little one*. His pet name for me.

I smile at him because I can't trust myself to speak. Grabbing hold of my wrist, he bends his head lower, pressing a soft kiss against my temple. He is so close that I can see the vein pulsing in his neck. I imagine slicing a cold steel blade across it and how I would stand over him and smile as he clutched at his throat, desperately trying to stop his life from slipping away from him.

I hate Nikolai Semenov with every fiber of my being.

Suddenly, the sound of an explosion rocks the whole room, making my ears ring in my head. It's quickly followed by rapid gunfire and it makes us both look up to the door. My heart races in my chest and my pulse thrums with energy as I try to wrench myself from Nikolai's grip.

"Ivan!" he hisses to his bodyguard who nods solemnly as he draws his own weapon.

I can only stand and stare at them in shock until the adrenaline kicks in and I manage to wrench my wrist from Nikolai's hand. The action unfolds as

though I'm watching a movie and I'm not really a part of it. Before Ivan can even reach for the door handle, it blows off its hinges with a deafening boom. *Shit, Jessie. This is no movie!*

Instinctively, I cover my ears and dive beneath the desk. The room fills with flying splinters of wood, and smoke that catches the back of my throat. I cough into my hand as Nikolai barks orders in Russian, and then my heart almost stops when I look up from my hiding place. They walk into the room like the four horsemen of the apocalypse. Each of them fills the doorframe as they pass through it. Two of them hold semi-automatic weapons aloft as they scan the room for any signs of life.

Everything that follows happens so fast, but despite that, I see it as if in slow motion. Nikolai takes the first bullet. It flies straight through his neck and he drops to the floor, coughing and spluttering as the blood gushes out of the wound. Ivan takes the next two in his chest and stomach and he slides down the wall he was standing beside, leaving a trail of blood on the expensive damask wallpaper.

I crouch further behind the desk, covering my mouth to stop me from coughing, and praying that whoever those men are, they don't see me through the dust and smoke-filled air.

The one who is so obviously in charge walks straight toward my hiding place. All that's visible are two black shoes and black suit pants. He crouches down until he is looking directly at me with the greenest eyes I have ever seen. "You missed one, brother," he says in a voice that makes me think of rich velvet. I detect the hint of an Irish accent and realize that Nikolai has far more enemies than I had been aware of.

One of the men who is holding a semi-automatic approaches and aims the gun at me. I can't see the face of the gunman, only the muzzle of his weapon.

"Please. I'm not one of them," I protest.

The one crouching in front of me cocks an eyebrow. "You weren't working for the Semenovs?"

I swallow hard. I'm here in Nikolai Semenov's inner sanctum, dressed in jeans and a hooded sweatshirt, so I am clearly not one of his many whores. Not to mention, I'm sitting under a desk that has half a dozen computers on it.

"I was working for him, yes," I say, running my tongue over my lip. "But not exactly by choice. I have no allegiance to the Semenovs. I swear."

"You understand that we can't just let you walk out of here? You've just

seen us kill your boss and his bodyguard,” he says with a nod to his brother, who moves his gun closer to me.

“Wait!” I shriek. “I can help you.”

He narrows those incredible green eyes at me. “And how exactly do you think *you* can help *us*?” he asks with a smirk.

“I’m a hacker. That’s what I did for Nikolai,” I say as I edge forward and climb out from under the desk. I will not cower or hide away any longer. That’s never been my style. I’m damn sure I’m as strong as any man in this room.

He stands too and steps back, allowing me some space. I pull my shoulders back, craning my neck so I can look him in the eye. “And I’m the best.”

He laughs out loud as his brother beside us repositions his gun. “You think?”

“I know,” I snap back at him. “Let me prove it.”

“How?” He runs a hand across his jaw and then nods to his brother, who lowers his weapon.

“Whatever you need. I can hack into any security system anywhere. Banks. Casinos. I can access personal records. There is nothing I can’t find out as long as I have enough time. Take me with you and if I don’t prove my worth in two weeks, then you can do whatever you want with me.”

“Why do you assume that taking you with us is a better outcome than ending your suffering right now?” He narrows his eyes at me again.

I tilt my chin and glare at him. “I’ll take my chances.”

“So? Two weeks? You just allow me and my brothers to keep you hostage for two weeks?”

“I’m not exactly a hostage if I’m not being held against my will, am I?”

He frowns at me. “Don’t you have any family who might be looking for you, Little Hacker?”

“No. I have no-one.”

He looks behind him at the men I now know to be his brothers. They are the biggest men I’ve ever seen in my life and they are clearly identical twins. The sight of them makes my heart hammer in my chest as they bring so many buried memories rushing to the surface of my brain. I take a deep breath. *They are not them, Jessie!*

“She wouldn’t be the worst house guest we’ve ever had,” one of them says with a shrug and the other nods his agreement.

“She might come in useful, Shane,” the one beside me with the gun adds.

Shane scowls and turns to the one who just spoke his name. “Or she might turn into a massive pain in our asses, Conor. And we could save ourselves a lot of trouble by ending this right now.”

I look at the man he called Conor, who sucks in a breath before he responds. “It’s your call. But it can’t hurt to see what she’s made of. If Nikolai had her working for him, she must be good.”

I watch Shane’s jaw working as he considers what to do with me. My life is literally in his hands and I wonder what else I can do to convince him to spare me. I heard the Irish accent when each of them spoke and go with my last resort. “I also make an amazing soda bread,” I offer. I worked in an Irish pub for six months when I was nineteen and home-made soda bread was one of our most popular sellers.

The hint of a smile plays on Conor’s lips while Shane shakes his head in apparent annoyance. “Fine. Bring her,” he snaps to Conor before turning around and walking out of the door.



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Sadie Kincaid is a steamy romance author who loves to read and write about hot alpha males and strong, feisty females.

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