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# RYAN

*Review*

A New York Ruthless short story

SADIE KINCAID

# ARYAN REVIEW

A NEW YORK RUTHLESS SHORT STORY

SADIE KINCAID

RED HOUSE PRESS LTD

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*For all of you filthy Ryan fans.*

*Another one just for you*

*Love Sadie xx*

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# JESSIE

Heavy bass music thumps in my ears. Two thick arms band around my waist, pulling me closer until my back is pressed up against his firm chest. I wiggle my ass, rubbing it over his hard length and earning myself a warning nip at my neck. Then his lips ghost over my ear.

“If you want to watch the rest of the show, you’d better behave yourself, baby. You know I don’t do the public fucking thing.” His warm breath dusts over my skin, making me shiver in anticipation.

“I know,” I say with a wicked smile, as I push my ass back against him, settling into a comfortable position in his arms as I keep my eyes fixed on the stage in front of us. The dull ache between my thighs grows more insistent as I watch the couple in the center of the room.

The woman wears nothing but a pair of crotchless panties, and a thick leather collar around her neck, while her Dom is dressed in black suit pants and shirt. She’s kneeling at his feet, drool dripping from her chin as he fucks her mouth with his fingers after he made her crawl to him. I’m so impressed by her confidence and her focus. With at least a hundred pairs of eyes on her ass and pussy, she crawled the length of the twenty feet of stage to get to him, never once taking her eyes off his face. And the way he looks at her... wow! It’s all super hot.

“Fuck,” I whisper, sinking my teeth into my bottom lip as I grind myself against Liam, making him groan as his cock twitches against my ass.

“You like what you see, baby?” he says in my ear.

“Fuck, yes,” I pant as heat blooms beneath my skin.

“You should. The first theme night has been a hit.” He kisses my neck and I drop my head back against his shoulder, taking my eyes off the scene on the stage for a few seconds as I allow him easier access to my throat. “You did a good job, baby. I’m so fucking proud of you.” He kisses me again, this time trailing his teeth tantalizingly over my sensitive skin and making wet heat sear between my thighs.

“Thank you,” I say with a soft purr. I love running our private clubs and I’m so relieved that my worries over the first theme night were entirely unfounded, because we sold out within hours of tickets going on sale, and it has been a phenomenal success. The ‘show’ on stage is just one of the many unscripted ones that’s taken place tonight. Anyone can get up there and perform, but this couple are clearly very well versed in public displays, and the connection between them is fire.

He skates a hand over my abdomen, dangerously close to my pussy. “Liam,” I whimper.

“I know, baby,” he groans in my ear. “I want to fuck you just as bad as you want me to, but we can’t leave just yet.”

I groan in frustration because I know he’s right. This is our big night. Along with our dedicated team of staff we’ve put a ton of work into it. A lot of important people have come here tonight and we owe it to our team to remain here for the duration of the evening. I wish we’d reserved ourselves one of the private rooms for a few hours though. I should have known spending time with any of my husbands in this place would leave me feeling wet and needy.

I snake an arm around Liam’s neck, pulling that delicious mouth of his closer. “We do have an office here.”

“Yeah, and it’s currently being used as a green room for the *talent*,” he reminds me.

“Damn!” Of course it is. I agreed to allow the dancers we booked for tonight to use the room to take a break, and to

change.

He dips his hand a little lower until it's resting at the very base of my abdomen, directly above where I want to feel him the most. He pulls me tighter, making hot pleasure pulse through my core. "We have two hours until I can take you home."

"Mmm," I murmur as my eyes drift back to the show on stage. "I guess I'll just watch someone else get fucked for now then."

"And while you do, you can think about how fucking hard you make me, and how hard I'm going to fuck you as soon as I can get you alone," he says with a deep throaty growl.

I blow a stray strand of hair out of my eyes. Yeah, that's not going to make this any easier at all.



"The boss told me he wants to see you downstairs. Room twelve." Rochelle, our club manager, says, lips quirking in a knowing smile.

I arch an eyebrow at her. The club will stay open as long as people are still here having fun, but it's two am and that means Liam and I can leave without feeling like we're abandoning the team. "The boss, huh?"

She tilts her head, eyes twinkling with amusement. "That's what he said to tell you."

"I thought all of the rooms were booked tonight?"

"Room twelve was reserved earlier and has been thoroughly cleaned to your exacting standards."

"Room twelve, huh?"

She nods her head. "I'll let the team know you're no longer available, Mrs. Ryan," she says with a soft purr as she unclips the thick velvet rope granting me access to the stairwell.

The bouncers standing at the bottom of the stairs nod to me in greeting as I pass. What the hell is Liam up to? I mean I can take a pretty good guess that it involves me getting naked given that he's waiting in one of the private rooms, but we could have easily done that in the car on the way home to our penthouse apartment, where his three brothers—my other husbands—are waiting for us.

*The Boss?* My lips curl into a smile, even if I am little confused, because while Liam Ryan fucks like a demon and has the body of a god, he's not usually into playing games.

My stomach flutters with excitement and anticipation as I push open the black door and step into the room. Liam sits in the large leather wingback chair, legs spread wide. His tie hangs loose around his neck and the sleeves of his white dress shirt are rolled up, revealing his thick tattooed forearms as he rests his chin on his hand. He's half shrouded in shadow but I can see his dark eyes raking over my body. He is one of the most handsome men I've ever laid eyes on, but I don't think I've ever seen him looking so damn fine as he does right now. Electric sexual tension crackles in the air between us.

"You wanted to see me, Sir?" I ask with a soft purr, closing the door behind me and playing into whatever game it is he has in mind.

"Hmm," he murmurs as his eyes lock on mine. "I believe it's time for your performance review."

Oh, so that's his angle? Warmth pools in my core. "Yes, I believe it is, Sir," I whisper, fluttering my eyelashes. "Are we doing it in here?"

His eyes twinkle with wicked deviance. "We sure are. So strip," he orders, his voice so low and commanding that it makes my thighs tremble and my pussy clench with need.

Reaching behind me, I pull down the long zip at the back of my dress and shrug it off slowly, while Liam watches me so intently I can almost feel the burn of his gaze on my skin. As I shimmy the dress past my hips and reveal my panties, I have to roll my lips to suppress a smile when I hear the animalistic growl that rumbles in his throat at the sight of them. They are

plain white cotton. All four of my husbands have different taste in panties and the plain white cotton kind drive this one crazy.

He adjusts his cock in his suit pants. “You wear them for me?”

I smile sweetly. “Yes, Sir.”

“Leave them on. Take off everything else,” he commands and the deep timbre of his voice makes me shiver.

I continue undressing, taking off my bra and slipping off my heels until I’m standing a few feet away from him in only a scrap of white fabric. I sink my teeth into my lower lip as I watch him. His eyes still full of fire and his muscles tense as he stares at me. “What now, Sir?”

He licks his bottom lip and then one corner of his mouth curls in a half smile. “Crawl to me.”

I blink at him in surprise. Of all of the words that I expected to come out of that man’s mouth, those were not even on the same page.

“Don’t make me repeat myself, baby,” he says, his voice a low raspy growl that makes my knees weak.

Holy fuck! With trembling limbs, I sink to the floor and fall forward until I’m on all fours. My eyes never leave his face as I watch a devious, sexy smile spread across his face.

Sucking on my bottom lip I slowly crawl forward, keeping my eyes on him as the sexual tension ratchets up about three hundred levels. My clit pulses with need and wet heat slicks between my thighs.

“That’s it, baby, all the way,” he says with a throaty growl as he squeezes his cock through his pants. I edge closer until I’m just a couple of feet away from him and I catch the scent of his expensive cologne. “Let’s soak those sweet little panties of yours.”

*Holy mother, why is this so damn hot?*

I look up expectantly when I reach him and he grabs hold of my jaw, pulling me up into a kneeling position. I shuffle

closer until I'm wedged between his hard thighs and the heat from him warms me from the inside.

I bat my eyelashes. "What now, Sir?"

He narrows his dark eyes as his tongue darts out to moisten his lips and I have to stop myself from lunging forward and kissing him. "Well," his eyes twinkle with devious intent, "this performance review will involve all three of your holes, and as you're already on your knees," he slides his thumb into my mouth and I swirl my tongue around the tip, "maybe we should start with this one."

I suck his thumb hard before releasing it with a wet pop. "If that's what you want, Sir."

Without taking my eyes off his I unfasten his belt and zipper before freeing his huge hard cock from his boxers. I wrap my hand around his shaft and he hisses out a strained breath that makes me smile. I love seeing my strong, powerful husband coming so easily undone.

"Let's see just how much you've learned since you started here, huh?" he says with a groan.

My pleasure. I squeeze his cock before licking the precum that weeps from the crown. "You taste so good, Sir," I moan softly before I wrap my lips around his shaft and suck him into my mouth until he hits the back of my throat.

He fists his hand in my hair, tangling his fingers through the strands at the back of my head as he shifts his hips until I take his entire length.

"So fucking good," he says with a groan. "You trained that gag reflex right out, huh?"

"Mmhmm," I murmur as I hollow my cheeks and suck him hard, because the quicker I can get him off like this, the sooner he'll fuck me and I was ready for him to do that about two hours ago when we were watching the couple on the stage.

"How'd you get so good at sucking cock, baby?" he says with a deep groan that rumbles through his entire body.

He threads his fingers tighter into my hair as he rocks his hips, fucking my mouth while I lick and suck his beautiful cock. I plant my hands on his powerful thighs, squeezing his muscles as he rocks into me and reveling in the control he allows me to have over him in moments like these.

I swallow, squeezing the crown of his cock in my throat and making his eyes roll back in his head. “Fuck, baby,” he grits out the words, pushing my head down further as he drives his hips upward. I take a deep breath through my nose, saliva dripping down my chin and wetness seeping into my panties as I suck him to a climax.

He releases his grip on my hair and sinks into the chair as I let him slip from my mouth, swallowing as much of his cum as I can, but some still drips down my chin and he brushes it away with his thumb. “You’re so fucking beautiful,” he rasps.

“Did I pass my review, Sir?” I ask with a flutter of my eyelashes.

He arches an eyebrow at me, gripping my jaw between his thumb and forefinger. “We didn’t cover all aspects of your performance yet, baby.”

I bite into my lip, clenching my thighs to stem the growing ache between them. Liam stands, his six foot four frame towering over me. He tips my head back, eyes raking over my body as they darken with heat and desire. “Crawl to the bed,” he orders.

Heat coils up my spine. He rarely shows this side of himself, at least not with me. He’s my best friend and my sweet, caring teddy bear, and given that his brothers, particularly the oldest one, have the whole bossy asshole routine down perfectly, I love how different my relationship with him is. However, I can’t deny how much I love it when he lets this side of himself out to play.

I do as he asks, crawling to the bed and making sure to wiggle my ass as much as possible and give him a show as I do. He rewards me by slapping my ass hard as he drops to his knees behind me as soon as I reach the huge four poster bed in the center of the room.

“Liam,” I groan out his name as wet heat sears between my thighs.

“Bend over the bed,” he says with a growl and another smack.

“Ow.” I pout dramatically as I lay my face against the crisp cotton sheet.

“Don’t pretend like that hurt, baby,” he says with a dark laugh. “I know you can take way more than that.” He curls his fingers in the waistband of my panties. “These are so fucking sexy on you,” he grunts the last words as he tugs them roughly over my behind until they’re sitting at the top of my thighs. “You know I love fucking you in these.”

“I do,” I giggle.

He spans me again and warm pleasure rolls through me. “Is that why you wore them?”

“Yes,” I admit on a moan.

“You knew I was going to fuck you before we got home?” He smacks my ass harder and I cry out. “Because I can’t keep my goddamn hands off you, baby, can I?”

He doesn’t give me a chance to reply before he slides two thick fingers inside me and ripping a deep guttural from deep in my core.

Liam groans too. “You know how much I fucking love how wet sucking my cock makes you, baby?”

“Uh-huh,” I pant as he drives his fingers deeper inside me, rubbing the tips against the sweet spot inside me while he spans my ass again.

“Because your tight little pussy is so wet, you’re dripping down my hand.”

“Liam!” I cry out his name as my inner walls clench around him and pleasure coils deep in my core, spiraling out until it winds through my limbs.

“Or is it the spanking making you soaking like this?” He spans me again to emphasize his point and I bite into the



covers as my hands fist in the soft cotton bedsheets. “Fuck,” he grunts as my pussy squeezes him like a vise and my climax tears through me like black powder.

“Liam,” I pant his name as I struggle to breathe.

He slaps my ass again. “Sir,” he reminds me with a growl.

“Sir,” I breathe.

He slides his fingers out of me and I hear him sucking them clean as he rubs his free hand over my back. “Time to see how well this sweet pussy can take my cock, huh?”

“Please, Sir,” I whimper, already needy for more of him.

Grabbing hold of my hips, his fingertips dig into my soft flesh as he lines the tip of his cock at my entrance.

“So tight, baby,” he grunts before he drives all the way inside me, making me moan loudly. He slams into me, pinning me to the bed. Heat and pleasure coil around my spine and I push my hips back against him, desperate for everything he can give me. “Your pussy feels so good wrapped around my cock,” he says with a deep, rumbling groan.

Leaning over me, he presses his hot mouth against my ear. “Let’s see how hard I can make you come with just my cock.” He rolls his hips, hitting the perfect spot inside me that makes me whimper desperately.

“Oh, fuck, Sir.”

“Fuck, Jessie,” he grunts as he drives harder. “Your pussy... you take my cock so fucking well, baby.”

“Yes,” I whimper as hot, pulsing pleasure rolls through every part of my body. And my sex god of a husband goes on railing me relentlessly, until I cry out his name and almost pass out with the strength of the climax he wrenches from my body.

I lay my face on the bed, panting breathlessly and craning my neck so that I can watch Liam. He pulls out of me, leaving a trail of my cum to drip down my thighs. He scoops some of it up with his pointer finger and then sucks it from his fingertip. “You taste so fucking sweet too, don’t you? Too fucking sweet

to resist?” He spanks my ass again when I don’t answer. “Don’t you?”

“Yes,” I groan.

He grabs my hair at the nape of my neck, yanking me backward until my back is pressed up against his chest. I whimper as pain burns through my scalp, making more wetness slick between my thighs.

“You’re doing so well, baby. You want to be a good girl and let me fuck this juicy ass now?” He slides his wet fingers between my cheeks, pressing the tip of one inside me.

“Y-yes,” I gasp, rocking back against him.

“Yes what?” He drives his finger deeper and I melt against him. Damn, he plays my body like he can read my freaking mind.

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good fucking girl,” he grunts in my ear before pushing me back down onto the bed. “But I think we need to get these panties all the way off you first, huh?” He tugs them down over my thighs. “These are fucking soaking.” He pulls them off and holds them in front of my eyes. “And this is all you. See how wet you got for me, baby?”

“Yes.” My cheeks burn with heat.

Then with a low growl, he presses them against my face. “Smell how fucking hard I make you come.”

*Holy fuck!* The scent of my own arousal fills my nose and I groan loudly.

“You want to taste too?” He wads them into a ball and wipes them over my lips. “Open.”

I press my lips together, wanting to see how far I can push my usually sweet, sensitive husband.

“Open. Your. Fucking. Mouth,” he growls.

The deep, commanding timbre of his voice sends pleasure and excitement skittering up my spine. A deep, aching heat

rolls in my core and I open my mouth, allowing him to stuff my wet panties inside.

Then without any further warning, he pushes the tip of his thick cock into my ass. The sensation of him stretching me open with only my own cum as lube makes pleasure and a delicious burning pain snake up my spine, each sensation fighting for control of my body. And when he bites down on my neck as he pushes his cock deeper inside me, pleasure wins out and I moan, the sound muffled by the damp fabric.

He leans over me again, his chiseled chest pressed up at my back and his muscular thighs flush against mine as he pins me flat to the mattress “Jesus, fuck, your ass is tight,” he says with a grunt. “Your review is going so well, baby, I think I might just keep you.”

*Yes please, Sir.*

“How about you become my personal assistant, huh? My own personal fuck-toy to use whenever I feel like it.”

Holy goddamn fuckballs, who is this guy and what has he done with Liam? I nod my head, my words of agreement far too muffled by my panty gag for him to understand.

“Yeah,” he grunts, teeth trailing over my shoulder blades. “Keep you locked in this room so I can fuck you all day and all night?”

“Hmm,” I mumble before taking a deep breath through my nose as he drives into me even harder until tiny specks of light pepper my vision and molten heat sears through my body. He pulls out slowly before driving back in hard again. And he does it over and over, relentless and frustratingly steady, keeping me on the edge of complete oblivion.

I moan as loudly as the gag allows, wishing I could beg him for more—or less—or to go harder—or stop—anything other than the delicious, slow torture of the way he’s fucking me.

I try to push backwards against him, but he holds me in place with his huge, powerful frame, laughing darkly at my efforts. “Aw, you want to come again, baby?”

“Mmff.” I nod as tears roll down my cheeks.

He pulls out slowly again. “You think you passed your review?”

I nod again.

“Yeah?” He drives back inside and I almost black out with the strength of the tremors that wrack my body.

“I dunno, baby,” he whispers hoarsely. “Maybe I’ll need to go another round or two before I decide.” He licks a tear from my cheek before burying his face in the crook of my neck. Then he places his huge hands over mine, uncurling my fingers from the sheets, before he raises them above my head and pins my wrists to the bed.

I whimper because I know he’s about to nail me into the afterlife, or at the very least a coma.

“You. Make. Me. So. Fucking. Hard,” he grunts close to my ear, punctuating each word with a thrust of his hips.

I take a deep breath through my nose. My heart races. Blood thunders through my veins. Electric pulses of pleasure vibrate through every cell in my body.

“I love you so fucking much,” he groans as he rolls his hips, rocking them slowly and sinking deeper into me than before. And it’s my undoing. I come hard, shaking and trembling as a torrent of arousal rushes between my thighs, making Liam groan loudly and appreciatively as I soak his suit pants. I struggle to breathe and he pulls the wadded up panties from my mouth, allowing me to suck in deep, bone shuddering breaths while he fucks me through the last tremors of my orgasm until he comes too, shouting my name loudly as he does.



“You did so good, baby,” Liam soothes as he cradles me in his arms and lies on the bed, pulling me snug against his chest. I nestle into him, completely naked while he’s still in suit, but feeling warm and spent.

“Thank you, Sir,” I whisper softly making him laugh.

“You liked that, huh?”

I sigh contentedly. “Yes I did.”

He drags his knuckles over my cheek. “My pants are soaked in your cum.”

I smile, draping my leg over his hip and ensuring our bodies as close together as humanly possible. “I know. But that’s all your fault.”

“Damn fucking right it is,” he says with a possessive growl as he bands one arm tighter around me, while tipping my head up so he can look into my eyes.

“I loved calling you sir,” I say with a flutter of my eyelashes.

He arches an eyebrow at me. “Yeah, I got that.”

I narrow my eyes in response. “It was super hot, but I hope you don’t do all of our staff performance reviews like this?”

That makes him laugh out loud, his chest rumbling with the sound and making me laugh too. God, I love him so freaking much it hurts.

“No, only yours, baby,” he assures me. “But I saw how hot that little show with the Dom and his sub got you, and well...” He traces the pad of his thumb over my cheek. “I would have been a fucking idiot not to take advantage of it.”

Before I can answer him, the door to the room opens, making Liam tense. Only three other people would be allowed to enter this room while we’re in here so I keep my head nestled against Liam’s chest, too tired to turn around and see which of his brothers have come looking for us.

“You two were supposed to be home hours ago,” Shane says and I smile. I should have known it would be him.

“I sent you a text, bro,” Liam replies. His arms tighten around me and he drops a soft kiss on the top of my head.

“Saying you’d be a little late,” Shane replies. Then the bed dips beside us and he places a warm, rough hand on my back.

“That was over two hours ago.” He nuzzles my neck, making me squirm and giggle in Liam’s arms. “Hey, sweetheart.”

“Hey,” I purr in response.

“We got a little sidetracked,” Liam says with a shrug.

“I was worried,” Shane murmurs, his warm breath on my skin making goosebumps prickle over my forearms.

“I can take care of our girl, Shane,” Liam snaps defensively.

“I know that, son,” Shane replies, his voice laced with a hint of a warning. “But I’m still going to worry about you both when you’re not home when you say you’re going to be.”

“He was undertaking my performance review,” I add, trying to add dilute a little of the alpha male energy in the room.

“Your performance review?” Shane asks, running a hand over my back before squeezing my ass cheek.

“Yep.”

“Seeing as how you’re both covered in cum, I assume it went well?” he growls.

“I passed with flying colors,” I giggle.

“Yeah, she’s good. I’m keeping her,” Liam says with a grin.

“You know,” Shane trails kisses over my back, “as the official head of the family, I have to approve any performance reviews.”

“You do?” I ask as he moves that hot, sinful mouth lower and my insides contract with anticipation.

“Yeah,” he growls before addressing his younger brother. “So maybe I need to check out just how good she is for myself before I can let you sign off on that review.”

A growl rumbles through Liam’s chest. “What do you have in mind?”

Shane slips a hand between my thighs, making me gasp. “What have you already done?”

“Fucked her everywhere,” Liam says with a wicked laugh.

“Hmm,” Shane murmurs appreciatively. “And you said she was good, right?”

I close my eyes and stifle a moan as Shane slides one thick finger inside me.

“She was very fucking good,” Liam groans.

“You didn’t come in her pussy though.” Shane says as he slides in deeper.

My cheeks flush with heat. “How do you know that?”

“You know I can tell the difference between his cum and yours, sweetheart,” he reminds me as he slips his hand from between my thighs. “Hold her still for me,” he orders his younger brother and the next thing I hear is the sound of his zipper being opened. The ensuing rush of arousal between my thighs makes me gasp for breath.

“Come here, baby,” Liam says as he pulls me flat against his chest, keeping his arms wrapped around my back as he hooks his feet over my calves, spreading my legs wide open for his oldest brother.

“Oh, fuck,” I moan softly as Shane holds himself over me, nudging the crown of his cock at my entrance.

He presses his lips against my ear. “I’m desperate to know if you’re as good as he says you are.” Then he sinks inside me, right to the hilt, filling me completely as he presses my body into Liam.

“Shane,” I whine his name as he rocks into me slowly while Liam holds me tightly.

“Fuck, my brother made you real wet, sweetheart,” Shane says with a grunt as he pulls out and slams back inside, hitting that sensitive spot inside me over and over.

“Sure did,” Liam chuckles, slipping a hand between our two bodies and rubbing on my throbbing clit.

My inner walls squeeze around Shane as he fucks me hard. He grunts and growls in my ear, his hot breath warming my skin. “He was right, you are good, sweetheart.”

Liam presses harder on my sensitive clit. “Told you, bro.”

I suck in a lungful of air. “Oh, God.”

“What have I told you about calling for him when I’m inside you,” Shane says with a menacing growl that makes my thighs tremble.

“Shane,” I moan his name instead.

“Good. Fucking. Girl.” He drives into me with each word and my aching pussy squeezes him like it will never let him go. “How many times you been fucked tonight and you still need more.”

“I-oh, fuck,” I whimper as the pressure of Liam’s fingers and Shane’s cock drive me to the edge of madness. I feel them both everywhere, as though my body has become a part of theirs and no longer my own. My head spins. Pulse thrums against my skin. I’m going to pass out.

“God, she’s fucking beautiful isn’t she?” Liam groans as he fists his free hand in my hair, tilting my head so that he can seal his lips over mine. His tongue slides into my mouth, possessive and all consuming, dominating me as much as his brother.

“She’s fucking perfect,” Shane growls in response.

And that’s it. I’m done. Coming apart in their arms as my entire core lights up like a firework display, sending heat and pleasure skittering through every nerve ending in my body. I come loudly, shouting a combination of both of their names—a word that sounds unidentifiable even to my own ears.

“There she is,” Shane grunts. “My little hacker.” He goes on fucking me, while Liam holds me in his arms and I think I must black out because the next thing I know Shane’s pulling out of me and warm cum is running between my legs.

“Holy fuck,” I whisper as my eyes flutter closed again.



“So can we keep her?” Liam asks and it makes me smile, because it was him and his brothers who convinced Shane to take me home instead of killing me the day they first found me.

“I think we gotta,” Shane replies breathlessly as he rolls onto his back, pulling me to lie between the two of them. “I’m not sure I could live without this pussy now I’ve had a taste.”

“You didn’t taste it,” I remind him with a soft, sleepy giggle.

He slaps my ass. “I was speaking figuratively, hacker.”

“It’s sure fucking sweet tonight, bro,” Liam says with a soft appreciative groan.

“I ate earlier in my office.” Shane grabs my jaw and turns my head before kissing me softly. “Didn’t I?”

“You did,” I say with a smile, recalling how he spread me out on his office desk while I was on a call and ate me out while I was trying to negotiate a contract with a whiskey supplier.

Shane checks his watch—the inscribed Breitling I had bought him for his fortieth birthday. “We’d better get home before everyone wonders where we are.”

“Yeah,” Liam sighs his agreement. “Who’s up with the tiny demons in a few hours?”

Meanwhile, I snuggle between their two hard bodies, smiling widely as I drift off to sleep in a state of pure bliss while I listen to my incredible husbands talk about our beautiful children.

Have you read Sadie’s latest series yet?

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