



Bound  
by Daddy's  
4 Dirty  
Friends

AGE GAP DAD'S FRIENDS MILITARY ROMANCE

BARBICOX

# **BOUND BY DADDY'S 4 DIRTY FRIENDS**

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AGE GAP DAD'S FRIENDS MILITARY ROMANCE

THEIR TEMPTATION

BOOK 11

BARBI COX

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## HOLDEN

I rush into the classroom and see Roman already there. He's frustrated considering he's grinding his teeth and his foot is bouncing on his knee. I sit down as the teacher gapes at me. "Um, I thought I called Emma's parents."

"You did," I nudge Roman as I sit beside him in the chair that's meant for kids and not adults, let alone us. "We're here. What's going on?"

"I'm sorry, it's just ... Emma's always talking about her mother." She looks at us. I'm sure she can see the similarities between Emma and me, so her gaze strokes over Roman. "Are you her uncle?"

"She has four fathers and one mother," Roman says.

We should be used to explaining this. Then again, we've never been called to deal with a behavior issue, and at a meet-the-teachers night, we divide and conquer. It's not conventional to have a family with one wife and four husbands. Hell, it wasn't conventional when the four of us guys met Sophia at work and decided we all wanted a piece and didn't mind sharing.

All these years later, four kids later, we're still having to explain that Gunner, Nick, Roman, and I are all in a relationship with Sophia and that we all take on father roles, no matter who's biologically related to our kids.

"Oh ... um.." the teacher licks over her bottom lip while gazing at Roman.

I glance at his face. He's annoyed, not interested in whatever fantasy is playing in the teacher's head. He clears his throat. "We're here about Emma. You said that she and a little boy got in trouble?"

"Emma has been an excellent student, focused, diligent, but today she almost hit another boy and, of course, I have to make parents aware when

something like this happens,” the teacher says.

“Miss ...” I start.

“Miss Pearson, but you can call me Lindsey,” she says with that same eager edge to her gaze.

“Miss Pearson, why did Emma almost hit the boy?” I ask.

“She told me he was pulling at her shirt and hair, that he had been teasing her at recess about something,” she waves her hand. “You understand that violence and shouting, especially with cursing, isn’t allowed in the classroom.”

“But our daughter being harassed is fine, as long as she stays quiet when she tells the boy to stop?” Roman says in a low, threatening voice.

“No, no, I didn’t say that,” Miss Pearson defends herself.

“Because it sounds like the harassment went on for long enough that she lost her temper and we know Emma can be rash, but she has two brothers and a sister, she knows how to handle being bothered,” Roman continues.

“This boy is being punished for picking at her and making her uncomfortable, isn’t he?” I ask.

“Well, his parents came in and they’re taking care of it at home. Emma, however, is looking at detention and missing recess for-”

“Absolutely not,” Roman stands. He has to force the chair off his thighs, but he towers over the teacher. “I will not punish our daughter for making sure her voice is heard and refusing to let a boy bother her.”

Miss Pearson shrinks a little “It was just some light teasing and if she continues reacting that way-”

“Then boys will leave her alone before we have to get involved,” I hiss. “Maybe we should set up a meeting with his parents.”

Miss Pearson looks between the two of us and takes a slow breath. “Perhaps we should have Mrs. Agosti come in.”

“Daddys!” Emma yells, running into the room. I pick her up and she cups her hand around my ear. “I didn’t hit him, Daddy. I was good. I even asked nice.”

“She asked nice, and he didn’t care,” I say.

Roman touches Emma’s back. “Princess, tell us what happened.”

Emma takes a big breath. “Johnny kept tugging on my hair and saying he wanted it. Then he pulled on my shirt! He wouldn’t leave me alone. I said ‘stop’ and he told me- told me to ‘make him’.”

“And did you?”



“Daddy Gunner says I shouldn’t let people touch me if I don’t want ‘em to,” she continues, out of breath. “But Daddy Nick says no hitting in school.”

“That’s right,” I agree.

“So I yelled at him and- and said I’d punch him if he wasn’t nice,” Emma settles on my lap and faces her teacher. “I got yelled at instead.”

Miss Pearson goes sheepish behind her desk. She sinks down a little and looks between Roman, who’s still standing, and me.

“It sounds like our daughter had to do *your* job. Do you make a habit of letting little boys do whatever they want and only punishing those who speak up, or are you just blind to what’s going on in your classroom?” Roman demands.

“Th-that’s not fair!”

“Emma has never had a problem with her behavior. We’re taking her to get ice cream after this. If you’d like to revisit the detention conversation, we’d be happy to have our wife come in and take it up with the principal,” I say.

Emma hugs me.

“Well ... I don’t think it needs to go-” Miss Pearson tries.

“You disciplined Emma and now want to put her in detention, but aren’t willing to take it to the principal?” Roman asks.

The woman trembles under Roman’s stare. Unluckily for her, she didn’t get Gunner and Nick. They’d calm this down with grace and still get Emma out of detention. She’s still lucky she didn’t get Sophia.

Our wife is a mother bear in every sense. If Miss Pearson thinks Roman is intense, there’s no way she’d be able to handle Sophie under these circumstances.

“Holden, I think we’re done here. Let’s get the twins and head home,” Roman says.

The teacher doesn’t argue, she just watches us walk out. I hear her sigh and whimper just before I shut the door. Emma grips my hand and sticks her tongue out at a little boy.

He sticks his tongue right back out at her. I squeeze Emma’s hand. “Is that the boy?”

“Yes,” she sniffs and raises her head. “I’ll tell Link.”

“Nope, it’s done. If it happens again, you tell the teacher and have her call Mommy,” I recommend.

Link will take care of it, considering he’s two years older, but we don’t

need more kids in trouble. Roman gets the twins gathered and we head home. The kids set up a concert in the back of the car, but when we get home, I can tell our gorgeous wife is eager to know what's going on.

Her auburn hair is up in a bun, her curvy body is packed into a sundress, and that intense look on her face, the way her lush lips push into a line, promises plenty of action if necessary. We never had a chance with Sophia. The age difference doesn't matter. The fact that she's one of our best friend's daughters doesn't matter.

She's perfect.

"What happened?" She asks.

"We took care of it, Bambina," Roman assures with a gentle kiss on her temple.

"I was smart, Mommy!" Emma says.

Nick gets the kids together and gets them ready for their after-school activities. Link has soccer, Emma has art classes with Nick, and the twins have an entire list of things they need, despite it being the second week of classes.

Sophia rubs over her arm and looks at me. Gunner jumps in, his long hair tied at the back of his neck, a slow smile spreading over her face. Sophia's ready to burst, I can tell.

"What was it about?"

"A boy was harassing our daughter," Roman says.

"Harassing?!" Her voice raises.

Gunner groans. "Fuck that teacher up, Sweets."

"Don't encourage that," I warn him before pulling Sophia close. "We took care of it, baby. Emma's not in trouble anymore. We put our foot down and supported Emma."

She calms a fraction and rubs my chest. "It's all taken care of?"

"It is. I'd be surprised if the teacher let it get that far in the future," Roman grumbles.

"You scared the teacher, didn't you?" Gunner asks with a slight pout. "Why don't I ever get to do it?"

"You get to do plenty when Link's involved," I argue.

"Yeah, but that's all good stuff. The teachers just want to rave about him or hit on me," Gunner snorts.

Sophia pouts at him. "You don't like how wonderful our son is?"

"I love it, but I'd love to prove I can do a lot more than be a proud papa,"

he says.

“At least it’s handled now,” she says, calming. “Always some excitement.”

“Oh, the teacher never saw it coming. She was so focused on how many dads Emma had, then sizing Roman up with some kind of dirty scene in her head she didn’t expect us to lose our temper,” I say.

Sophia rolls her eyes as Roman shifts. “I hate just being a piece of meat.”

“A very sexy piece of meat, apparently. Did you use your stern voice?” Sophia asks. “Either of you?”

I arch an eyebrow. “We both did.”

Roman arches an eyebrow at our wife, simple desire on his face. He takes a step toward her. “If you want to hear it, you’ll get it later.”

His tone is rough, leaving no room for argument, and Sophia pushes herself closer to me. She looks up at me. “Holden? You want to wait?”

“I want you, but we’re going to wait,” I say in the same tone. “You’re going to be a good girl for us.”

Sophia clenches her thighs together. “You two ...”

“Our wife went from on the warpath to eager for bed in five seconds,” Gunner says in a low voice as he comes up behind her and pulls her hips back against him. “We’re supposed to be going shopping for the twins, Sweets.”

“As if that changes how much I want you,” she rasps.

Of course, then we hear feet on the stairs. Gunner kisses Sophia’s neck and squeezes her ass enough to make her gasp. She tries to turn around, but I pull her against me and kiss her soft lips. “Get ready for going out.”

“I just need my shoes,” she says in a breathy voice before Roman stops her and kisses her.

“Eew!” Bash says, covering his eyes. Aria, his twin, comes up and does the same, saying it’s gross.

Link huffs. “Come on, Dad, we have practice!”

Roman releases Sophie and winks at her before grabbing his bag for practice. Link grabs the bag of cones and they head out. Nick holds Emma upside down as she squeals. “Daddy, I’m too big!”

“You’re never too big to be picked up, princess,” Nick teases.

All of her worries from earlier are gone. She giggles with Nick as they get ready to go for the painting class.

“I’m the best student, Daddy,” she says, once she’s right side up.

“You are.” He pats her head, then looks at Sophia. “You know just how

to behave.”

Sophia’s knees press together. I know she’s turned on, but we have places to go and things to do. “Alright, Aria, Bash, are you all ready to get in the car?”

“Do we have to, Daddy?” Bash complains.

“Don’t wanna go shopping!” Aria agrees.

“You don’t want to get some pretty folders?” Sophia asks. “Some new markers and crayons?”

The twins look at one another as if they’re not sure. After a moment of silence, they nod. “Okay!”

“And you get to choose dinner tonight,” I remind them.

“Let’s go!” Bash runs to Sophia and pulls her hand.

She follows.

*Retirement is perfect*, I think as I look over at my busy family.



## SOPHIA

**A**t the store, I keep Bash close. He likes everything I show him for school clothes and brings me a new backpack, too. As much as he likes it, I know he loves the one he has at home.

“Bash, you have a backpack at home, remember? The one we colored?” I remind him.

“Oh,” he says before putting the backpack on the hook.

I get him to the fitting room, and Aria joins me. She shows me a tutu. “Mommy, look!”

“You could be a ballerina,” I say with a smile.

She looks over and there’s another little girl with a purple tutu. Aria giggles. “So pretty!”

“I like the pink!” The little girl agrees.

They switch tutus before an attractive man comes over to collect his little one. “Hailey, we talked about running off.”

“But I made a friend!” The little girl complains with a pout. “I’m right here, Daddy.”

I smile. “It’s okay.”

“I’m glad she ended up here and not with someone questionable,” he chuckles. “I’m Dave.”

“Sophia,” I introduce myself. “Aria, do you want to try that on?”

“Please, Mommy!”

“Go on—no. That’s where Bash is ...” I trail off as she joins Bash in the changing room just as Bash comes out. He shows me his clothes and I pat the top of his head. “They look great, piccolo.”

“Italian?” Dave asks.

“Yeah, I’m not fluent, but some things stick.” I shrug.

“You can try it on, Hailey. In your own room,” he insists, showing her a room.

I always like seeing men with kids.

He faces me with a warm smile. “Have to love school shopping, right?”

“Oh, it’s something. That’s for sure.” I laugh.

“It can be easier with two adults involved, especially if you have multiple kids,” he looks me over. “I’d be more than happy to help. I could even share some coupons.”

“That’s very sweet,” I say. “I appreciate it, but I’m not-”

“Mommy, look!” Aria comes out and twirls in a circle.

Hailey comes back a moment later, and the girls spin and dance together. I smile. Dave moves closer. “You seem like a wonderful mom. Do you have any idea how attractive that is in a woman?”

I open my mouth to try again to say I’m unavailable, but Gunner’s voice fills in the blank. “Oh, her husbands are very aware of that and tell her.”

“Daddy!” Bash yells, running for Gunner.

Gunner sweeps him up in one arm and wraps the other around my waist. Dave looks at my hand, notices the multiple rings, then shoots a confused look at Gunner. “Husbands?”

As if I’m not still right here. God, I hate when men try to hit on me, then only look at my husbands. I put myself back in the conversation. “Yes.”

Still, Dave doesn’t look at me. “I didn’t realize she was taken, sorry.”

Before he leaves, Holden comes back, looking at some cute socks. “Are these too big for Aria?”

“I don’t know, love, you’ll have to catch her,” I say before kissing his cheek just to rub in a little more that I’m my own person.

Dave’s jaw drops as Holden rubs over my back. Holden arches his eyebrow, then Aria jumps on him. He catches her without missing a beat and she hugs him. “Daddy!”

“I… see,” Dave says.

“Aria, we gotta dance!” Hailey says. “We have tutus.”

Aria wiggles in Holden’s arms until he manages to hold the socks to her feet. He sets her down and Dave watches as our girls dance together. His eyes keep flicking to my men, then me, as if he’s struggling with a very hard math problem.

“Sweets, don’t forget that we owe the kids dinner, plus we have to beat your other husbands home,” Gunner says, enjoying the awkward moment.

Holden remains quiet, but keeps a hand on my lower back, sinking lower with every second until I know my face is as red as my hair. When I look over at him, all stocky, with his hand clenched to show off the muscles in his forearm, his short brown hair not hiding his intense eyes, I feel myself getting wet all over again.

I love it when they act like having me is something they want to show off.

“Right,” I whisper.

“And we don’t want to miss out on any time together,” Gunner says. “You know, family life ... marital life, all the perks of it.” He chuckles and kisses me on the cheek.

“Come on, Hailey. We still have more shopping,” Dave says, glancing back at the guys, then at me.

“I think we’re just about done, so we can get dinner and...” I trail off as Holden grabs my ass, palming it in his big hand.

“You’re married... to two men?” Dave asks when Hailey doesn’t move.

“Four,” I say. “For a long while now.”

“But that...” he’s struggling.

“It’s okay. I know it sounds complicated. Give yourself some time to work it out since we don’t have a pen and paper for you,” Gunner teases.

I elbow him.

“But... you can’t marry more than one man.”

“On paper, no,” I agree. “But if they all propose and we all live together, have kids together, parent together, then does one piece of paper matter?”

“Maybe we should all take Roman’s name,” Holden murmurs.

Dave takes his daughter and walks away, still glancing back at us. However, Gunner chuckles. I elbow him again. “You’re mean.”

“It was fun watching him try to make sense of it. That’s not mean, that’s just enjoying an opportunity,” he says.

“Neither of us made out with you,” Holden says with a shrug. “Considering he was very in to you ...”

“He was trying to ask her out!” Gunner says. “Our sweet wife.”

“Did you say no?” Holden asks me.

“I was getting to it!” I gasp. “Then Gunner butted in.”

“I don’t know. Are you trying to increase the harem size?” Gunner wiggles his eyebrows at me.



“Harem? What’s Harem, Mommy?” Aria asks.

“Not a word you need to worry about,” I say, then focus on the kids. “Both of you, go get changed!”

The twins hurry to do that while saying ‘harem’ back and forth to each other and giggling. I swat at Gunner. “You behave!”

“You know what happens if you don’t,” Holden says before his eyes disappear behind Gunner. “She’ll tie you up and swat you with the crop until you beg for more.”

I shove Holden, and he wraps his arms around me. “Just making a joke, baby.”

I follow his gaze to Dave and huff. “Terrible. Terrible!”

“We could still make out with you right here in the middle of the store,” Gunner offers.

He guides my head back and kisses me, his tongue brushing mine twice before Holden turns my chin and kisses me back. As if I might resist them. I swoon at them and draw back when the twins complain.

The guys laugh and we get to the register. Gunner’s holding both of our kids on his shoulders as they squirm and wiggle on him. He shakes them, and I put a hand against his belly.

“Gun, be careful with them,” I ask.

“He’s *always* careful, baby,” Holden says.

“I’m the baby!” Aria yells.

“No. I’m the baby!” Bash argues.

I roll my eyes as the woman at the register shakes her head. She’s seen us before and hasn’t ever asked questions. Honestly, I think all four of my men could be here, making passes at me, and she wouldn’t miss a beat.

“Thank you,” I say before grabbing the bags.

We get into the limo and Gunner sits next to me, playing with my hair as Holden teases the kids, saying he doesn’t understand what they want for dinner, even when they say ‘pizza’.

“Tacos?” he asks. “You want tacos?”

“I’m craving something,” Gunner murmurs.

I follow his gaze down the front of my dress and swat him.

“What do you want, Daddy?” Bash asks him.

“Pizza, of course. Who doesn’t want pizza?” He asks.

“Yes!”

“Oh, *pizza*,” Holden says, as if he’s getting it. “Why didn’t you just say

so?”

The kids try to wrestle him, and Gunner’s lips brush my ear. “I want something else spread on the table afterward.”

“Gun,” I whisper.

He kisses under my ear. “Just wait until they’re at school tomorrow and you’re all mine.”

“Don’t you have ... have a thing to do?” I ask, trying to remember the schedule on our fridge.

“You. You’re what I need to do tomorrow,” he says before nipping my earlobe.

I catch his hand on my thigh and hold it in place.

I can tell he’s not the only one who’s eager for a lot more. I want my husbands like I always do, but with school, all the kids’ activities, Roman coaching, Nick painting, me thinking about going back to school, and Gunner and Holden doing random projects just to try new things, we haven’t had a lot of time to enjoy each other.

“Mommy! Link says he got a loose tooth!” Aria announces as we eat dinner.

Link shoots her a look. “No.”

“If you do, that’s okay,” Roman says. “It means you’re becoming a man.”

“I am a man!” Link argues.

Roman holds his hands up.

“It means money under your pillow from the tooth fairy, remember?” Gunner asks.

Link still doesn’t like it. “It hurts and I want it gone.”

“Don’t yank it out, Link,” I warn. “Trust me, it won’t feel good.”

“But I want it gone ... Dad, can I play goal on Thursday?” he asks.

Roman nods with a slight smirk.

After dinner, we get the kids in bed, and I work on cleaning up around the house. As I’m bending over to put laundry in the washer, someone smacks my ass. I gasp and jump, looking over my shoulder to see Nick.

I blush and glance around. He comes closer and pulls me closer against him. “It’s been too long, sweetheart.”

“Too long since ...” I trail off.

“Since I’ve gotten to spank you, or had you all to myself,” he growls in my ear.

I whimper and rub myself against him. “All that artwork eats up your

time.”

“Maybe you should be my next reference. I’ll have you lie across my bed so I can paint you,” he says before kissing my neck.

“I don’t know if you’d get much painting done, gorgeous,” I pant.

“Maybe I should paint on you and take some photos,” he purrs in my ear. “Use my brush all across your body, trace every curve.”

“And you wouldn’t get distracted?”

“Oh, the paint would be more than smeared, but I think I could manage at least a few photos first,” he says before nipping at my neck.

I can feel the brush over my nipples, teasing me with a light touch before Nick gets involved, flipping me over and spanking me, messing up all the damp paint.

“Nick. Oh.” I rasp.

He jerks his hips back against me, grinding his hardness against my ass. I shudder. “I’m doing... laundry.”

“I think you’re *wearing* some laundry that needs to be done,” he agrees.

I turn in his arms and tug at his shirt. “So are you.”

“Hey! We’ve got a category 4 nightmare going on,” Gunner says. “Stop being horny and let go of our wife so we can calm Aria down.”

Nick watches me with his intense blue gaze as he walks away and I slump against the washer. My gaze flicks to the dryer. Didn’t Valerie tell me she enjoyed being fucked on top of the dryer since there was some added bouncing?

I huff and finish loading the laundry, grumbling to myself about not being able to be half as wild as we used to be.



## NICK

**W**e make it through the week and that weekend, Diana and Miles—Sophie’s parents—invite us to a tennis club. I’ve never played tennis, and I know the guys haven’t either. The kids, however, are thrilled.

They love their grandparents and we enjoy seeing Miles, considering he’s one of our best friends. Diana’s always a treat too. The way she flirts and makes Sophie blush and Miles roll his eyes in embarrassment is hilarious.

We get dressed for the day. Sophie comes out in a little tennis outfit and I’m sure I’m going to lose my mind today.

She’s cute, but considering how that dress fits her, I just want to rip it off her. Roman exhales when she bends over to help one of our kids. I know she’s got shorts attached to the dress, but it doesn’t hide how good her ass looks.

“I know,” I say as I sigh.

“It’s going to be an endless day,” Roman replies with half a smile.

“A very *hard* day,” Gunner agrees.

“There might be an area for the kids... or maybe Diana can take them for a bit,” Roman murmurs.

“Let’s stop thinking about that,” I blurt. “Before we get carried away.”

“Carried away with what?” Sophie asks while looking back at us.

“Daddies wanna play tennis,” Emma says with certainty, not hearing a thing.

“We’re going to have so much fun playing,” Sophia beams at the kids, then her eyes flick to us as she puts her hair up.

I think Gunner groans. Sophie blushes and squirms. The tension only

thickens on the ride over.

Sophie teaches the kids to play and seeing how much she loves it, how good she is with them, makes me crazy. Of course, the kids aim for Gunner when he's on the other side and they have plenty of fun.

Sophie comes over to play doubles on my team and looks me over. "You look good in white, Nick."

"Not as good as you do, sweetheart," I say, as I check her out.

"Are you talking about now or on our wedding day?" She asks, almost innocently.

God, that dress on her was so beautiful, so perfect. I motion to Roman and Holden. "Let's play."

We play until we're sore, but the kids are eager to keep going, so we pay some assistants to spend some time with the kids giving them pointers. We all sit at a table together, snacking and sharing drinks while we watch. Sophie's leg brushes against mine and I almost combust.

It's been far too long since I've had her. I know we're all busy, but it's impossible that we haven't been able to carve out some time.

"Nick, I'm thinking of going back to school for art. Do you have some recommendations?" Sophie asks.

"Really? For art?" I ask.

"Yeah. I find it calming and want to explore it more. Of course, I'd get to paint with you more often, but I think a hobby will be nice," she hums. "Roman has cooking, Gunner has his Legos, Holden enjoys blogging about movies. I don't feel like I have anything."

"There are a few excellent schools around," I answer.

We go back and forth a bit about schools and Sophie nods. "I'll have to apply and see what happens."

"We could see if Diana will watch the kids tonight, then we can see what happens," Gunner teases before taking a long drink.

Sophie's eyes dilate, and she takes a sharp breath.

"I heard my name!" Diana sings as she comes over. She sits on Roman's lap and pats his cheek. "It better be good things, my boy."

"Diana," Miles says. "We talked about this."

"Oh, Roman wouldn't do a thing. You know all four of these men are wrapped around Sophie's finger."

"Sure... her finger," Gunner smirks.

"Oh yeah, that's the only thing," Holden chuckles.

Miles hits the back of both of their heads. “We’ve talked about this. I could destroy all four of you at once, and I would over *my daughter*.”

We laugh, but Sophie’s approaching a new shade of red. She shoots us glares, and I take her hand under the table.

“You can’t be mad at them for loving her so completely. It would be worse if they didn’t. Then I’d help you beat them up,” Diana says with a wicked smile before taking a drink from the waiter before he can even say it’s hers. “Imagine if they ever flirted back!”

“Oh, we don’t have to, Diana. We know Miles takes care of that plenty when Sophie’s not around,” Gunner chuckles.

“No, full stop. Right now,” Sophie points at him, but uses the hand that’s tangled with mine.

The whole table bursts into laughter.

“I’m just saying, Roman, if you wanted to-”

“Mom!” Sophie doesn’t even wait to hear the rest. “The kids are learning tennis!”

Diana gives a soft smile. “Is that so?”

She gets up, but motions to me. “Come on, you saw how much fun your wife had playing.”

She loved it. The flush in her cheeks, that spark to her eyes. I get up and let Diana teach me. She wraps herself around me to get me to swing properly and I give her a look. “Are you trying to start a fight with me and Miles?”

“I like him all riled and jealous. It makes everything hotter,” she says with a shrug. “Plus, you have to impress Sophie somehow, don’t you?”

“I impress her,” I argue.

I notice one of the actual trainers eyeing us. She arches an eyebrow, then takes a ball to the shoulder when her gaze slips to Roman as he comes down to join us. Even in a sweater vest—one I’m sure he’s ready to rip off—women can’t look away.

He clears his throat and shows a half smile as Diana swings with me again. “Miles has requested this lesson to be more professional.”

Diana slides out of my arms and approaches him, dragging her fingers down his chest. “So I can be unprofessional with you?”

“Sure, for about three seconds until your daughter joins us,” Roman says.

Sophie comes in and steals me, kissing me right there on the court. I arch an eyebrow when she draws back. She tries to go to Roman, but I hold her in place. I’m already hard just from her marking her territory.

“Nope, not allowed to move,” I say.

She gasps, then looks down at where her ass is hiding my hard on. Sophie clears her throat. “Mr. Agosti, if you don’t get yourself over here right now, you’re going to miss out.”

“I warned you, Diana,” he says before kissing Sophie. I can see his tongue move with hers.

“Eew! Dad,” Emma complains.

He draws back from Sophie. “What is it, princess?”

“Come look at how hard I hit!” Emma insists.

Roman winks at Sophie and heads off. Holden and Gunner come down and we pass Sophie between us as we take lessons together. There are plenty of whispers, considering none of us are shy about touching her.

Still, I’m used to it and it doesn’t bother me at all until Diana stomps over to me as I’m resting and talking to the trainer about how to get the right serve that will keep a volley going.

“You need to go stand up for your wife,” Diana says.

I blink a few times, so used to her joking around, that the seriousness catches me off-guard. Diana pulls me up and I see Sophie’s a mix of frustrated and upset.

I jump up, in the middle of the answer I’m getting, and go over to her. I pull Sophie into my arms and tug her ponytail. “What is it, sweetheart?”

“People are judgmental here. I know anyone who meets us and knows our relationship *thinks* things or that they talk about us when we leave, but..”

“Who said what?” I ask.

“Some girls in the bathroom called me a whore for having four men. That I must have locked you guys in somehow or had something on you, or just..” she shakes her head. “It’s nothing bad, Nick, it just threw me off.”

“We know that’s not the case, Soph,” I say.

“It just hurt a bit. It got me thinking about what the kids’ friends and teachers might think, of how they could be bullied.” She sniffs.

I hug her and kiss the top of her head. “We can handle plenty, sweetheart. We still have some time and it doesn’t matter what others think, but when they *say* it to you, you let us know and we’ll take care of it.”

“None of that old military stuff when it comes to ‘taking care of it’,” Sophie grumbles.

I chuckle and kiss her forehead. Diana walks over. “I see a lot of talking and no action.”



“Mom, I told you it was fine. I’ve heard plenty about my relationship with my guys,” Sophie waves it away.

“Are you trying to get one or all of us to fight?” I ask.

“Well, I got to see a few punches on our last trip to Italy to see Roman’s family. Maybe I want to see more of that,” Diana says almost innocently.

I roll my eyes and notice the kids coming toward us. “I think the lesson is over. We should head home.”

“Head home?” Diana gasps. “No way. We can have dinner as a big family and if you don’t fight someone for calling Sophia that, Miles will.”

“Don’t bring Dad into it,” Sophie begs.

We end up at the dinner table and we get plenty of looks as we bathe Sophie and the kids with attention and affection. A woman at another table eye-fucks Holden. Of course, he doesn’t notice since he’s listening as Bash tells him about the lesson.

I notice though. The woman gets up and runs her hand over Holden’s back. He looks up and she motions to the bathroom. Without missing a beat, Holden takes Sophie’s hand and pulls her from her conversation with Roman.

“Baby, you should hear how much Bash loves tennis,” he exclaims.

The woman purses her lips and looks over the four of us. Roman kisses Sophie’s cheek and Gunner’s got a whole different scene playing out in his head.

She looks at me and arches her eyebrow. I flash my wedding band and she stomps before flipping her hair and walking away as if we missed out on a lot of fun.

Which makes me think about the fun we need to have with Sophie.

I try to touch my shoe against Sophie’s but Roman looks at me and arches an eyebrow. I nod toward our wife.

We don’t have to say a word. We all know we want her, and I’m sure that none of us are going to resist her tonight. We’ve waited for too long to have her. She lets out a ragged breath before Emma pulls on her skirt.

“Mommy, did you hear me?”

“Of course, princess. You want to come back here again?”

“Yes!”

“Maybe Grandma and Grandpa could bring you all back tomorrow,” Sophie answers.

Diana and Miles look up. Miles beams. “We’d be happy to!”

And that settles it. The kids are thrilled and we let them get their sugar

high with dessert, but Roman, Nick, Holden, and I are focused entirely on our wife. We're not getting in bed and going right to sleep tonight. There's no way.

I lick across my bottom lip and when we get in the limo, Diana whistles at us and winks. "You five have fun tonight."

Sophie opens her mouth, then closes it when Gunner pulls her tight. Gunner chuckles. "Oh, we're going to have *plenty* of fun. Take your time with the kids tomorrow."



## SOPHIA

I turn in the mirror and lean my head to the side. The skirt and shirt combo is cute, and almost professional, but shows a lot of leg. I don't want to hit 'sexy' at the PTA meeting. Roman and Gunner are going with me while Holden and Nick stay home with the kids.

The guys want to be involved in our kids' lives and their education. They insisted on us having a voice in the PTA as well. Roman comes in and wraps his arms around me, kissing down my neck.

After the tennis lesson, we had a good night all together, but how long has it been since I've been with my men one at a time? Since I've just gotten to enjoy giving one man my total and complete attention.

Roman keeps rubbing my hips and kisses across my neck. "You look beautiful."

"Not sexy, right?"

"You're asking the wrong man that question," he growls low in my ear. "You could wear a trash bag and I'd still find you sexy, Bambina."

I shudder and turn around to kiss him. He groans and kisses me back, clutching me against his hard, muscled body. His thick arms wrap around my back and he grabs my ass, grinding me against him.

"Hey!" Gunner yells. "One, I'm offended I'm not involved in this, and two, we have a place to be!"

Roman groans and lifts one hand.

Gunner gasps. "That's rude, Roman. Flipping me off is below you."

I draw back and still see Roman's hand in the air. I chuckle. "It's better than the 'F word' being used."

“I’ll make love to you later,” Roman whispers in my ear.

I suck in a breath and tremble. “We should go before... before I decide, we don’t need to go to this meeting.”

“Oh, we’re going,” Gunner says. “Right now.”

I give him a pout and he crosses the room to cup my face in his hands. “Don’t you pull that, Sweets. Don’t you even start or we’re going to be worked up for the entire meeting.”

“I don’t think I’d mind you two all worked up,” I mumble. “It might do you some good, considering how much you all like turning me on in public.”

Roman gives a low growl. “That skirt looks pretty long, Sophia.”

“Definitely *long enough*,” Gunner agrees while looking me over.

“For ... for what?” I ask.

Roman gets on his knees and I try to take a step back, but Gun is there, blocking me in. I love all my husbands, separately, together, or in any combination, but how Gunner and Roman feed off each other’s energies and always heat up a room it’s wild.

Gunner holds my hips in place. “If you want us worked up all night...”

Roman strokes up my legs as he watches me. His tan hands disappear under my skirt and I try to catch my breath as he continues stroking the back of my thighs.

“But we’re supposed to be in the car. It’s waiting downstairs and-”

“And I don’t think you need *all* these buttons done up,” Gunner says, undoing a button on my shirt to show some cleavage. He strokes over the top curve of my breast and I groan. He chuckles. “You’ve got me worked up now.”

Roman grips my panties and drags them down my legs after palming my ass. He kisses the inside of my knee before all of us look at my underwear on the floor. I step out of them and Roman tosses them into the laundry basket.

“We need to stop letting her buy those,” Gunner grunts.

“You never need them, Bambina,” Roman agrees. “Now, if I get bored during the meeting, I’ll just have to request that you show me where the bathroom is.”

“Roman,” I pant.

“And have a very good snack.”

I can barely handle the looks my men are shooting at me. I fan myself, then Gunner kisses my neck as Roman kisses me. Groaning I stand on my toes to make the most of both of them. They’re hard against me, and I’m sure

I'm going to lose my mind before the meeting is over.

It's a miracle we even get downstairs. In the limo, Roman strokes over my legs while Gunner wraps an arm around my shoulders. "So, Sweets, what's the PTA all about?"

"I have... I don't know," I pant, watching Roman's fingers as they massage my lower thigh. "I haven't been to one."

"A first for all of us," Roman says in that low, growly voice.

It's very hard to focus on anything, even when we're all sitting together in front of the teachers. I see more than one woman looking back at the guys with curious expressions. I lean over and whisper in Roman's ear.

The second he feels my breath on his neck, his hand tightens on my leg. His big fingers dig into my leg and I know he could rip my skirt off in a second if he wanted to. I grin. "Can you get me some water, amore?"

"Yes," he says before getting up.

Not one mom can take her eyes off him when he walks in front of them. I think they lose every thought in their head. Gunner strokes the back of my neck, then raises his hand. The teacher points at him.

"So you said you're implementing some new socially aware lessons into class? Can you say more about that?" he asks.

"Well, there are several things we're going to be addressing. You know how kids have access to more than—than they ever have before and we want to keep that in mind when we, you know."

An older woman takes over, but I just look at Gunner. He has a wicked grin on his face. I nudge him. "Did you make her nervous on purpose?"

"No, no. Our kids' education is important to me. I want to make sure that they're learning, keeping their minds open, and staying on top of world issues. If we have to make sure they're learning the things that matter, we will," Gunner says.

I see a woman fan herself and exhale. It doesn't matter that the man next to her takes her hand. I know she heard Gunner and I *know* that's what has her hot. We listen to the older woman explain a few things, but she's already losing me. I just don't care what she has to say about little things—ignoring the bigger issues.

Roman sits down next to me and hands me water. Another mom comes in, panting, apologizes for being late, and then looks around. Her eyes narrow on Roman. "Don't worry, I can find a seat."

Oh, she better not!

I kiss his neck while watching her, and her eyes dart away as Roman goes back to rubbing my thigh. He nips my jaw as I draw back. “Staking a claim?”

“Maybe I am,” I huff. “She was eyeing you like you’re a good chair.”

“Then I should make some room, since it looks like every chair is taken,” Roman says.

The woman is still floundering, but Roman stands, pulls me up, then has me sitting on his lap, my legs right against Gunner. The woman comes over and tucks her hair behind her ear. “Thank you, sir.”

“Roman,” he introduces. “This is our wife, Sophia.”

“Our?”

Another hangup, great.

After more conversation, they talk about some events that need planning, chaperoning, and a bake sale that’s being offered. Roman pays attention. He’s been wanting to do more baking and now he has an excuse.

Once the ‘meeting’ wraps up, he walks right over to sign up for the bake sale while Gunner wanders and finds out more about other events. The woman that sat beside Roman offers me her hand.

“I’m Katie,” she says.

“Nice to meet you. What grade is your child in?” I ask.

“One’s in fourth, one’s in kindergarten,” she shows me pictures. “How about you?”

“Oh, we have a full house. Two in kindergarten, one in second grade, and one in fourth,” I say. “A nice big family.”

“It sounds like it! Do your twins have Mrs. Cast?”

“They do!”

We talk about the class, gush over our children, and she sighs. “I wish my ex-husband would still be involved in school things. You’re lucky that your husband is.”

“Oh, thank you,” I say, hesitant to say I have more than one man.

I’m not ashamed, I’m not, but it’s so hard to make friends with women when I out myself. Katie moves closer. “There are some attractive teachers here, honestly, and I need a man that’s good with kids.”

“That’s smart,” I agree. “It’s important that a man be a good parent and an active parent when kids are involved.”

“Exactly!” she says, then lets out a low whistle. “Although, if I was lucky enough to have a husband like yours, I think I’d be happy to show up to events by myself as long as I go home to *that*.”

I laugh.

Two arms wrap around me, and I look back at Gunner. “Hi, Gun. What is it?”

“We should chaperone the father-daughter dance,” he says.

“You don’t think the girls would invite you?”

“I think Nick and Holden will enjoy being their dance partners. Roman’s intimidating, you know?” Gunner asks. “What do you think, Sweets?”

“If you want to put our names down, you can,” I say.

“Who’s this?” he motions to Katie.

“Katie... Campbell.”

“Nice to meet you. I’m glad our wife has someone to talk to at events like this. I don’t know if we’ll be able to come all the time,” Gunner says with a warm smile. “Do you want any snacks, baby?”

“Sure, but we can’t stay too long,” I say.

He gives me a bad-boy smile. “Don’t worry. We won’t be long.”

Katie grabs my hand the second Gunner leaves. “Whoa, I thought you were with the ... other one.”

I blush. “I have four husbands.”

She processes that, then leans forward. “That must be so hot.”

I laugh and nod. “It is. They are. I mean ... I love them. They’re wonderful and good parents and dreamy as can be.”

“You’re living the dream, you know that? I don’t even need to see the other two. If they’re anything like the husbands on display right now, I have enough information to be jealous.”

I grin and we keep talking until Roman comes and says he’s signed us up for the bake sale and he’s sure the guys will want to do the silent auction before Christmas. Katie gives me her number and waves while continuing to gush over my husbands *with* me, instead of around me.

It feels good. Even if one mom is on my side, that’s better than having to defend my relationship. At least the twins might have some friends that won’t be judgmental about our living situation.

As we go home, Gunner pulls off my shoes. I bite my lip as I watch him. “Are you excited about the events?”

“I am. I can’t wait to be the fun dad,” he chuckles while rubbing my ankles, and massaging them.

“I’m plenty fun!” Roman argues. “The kids love soccer, and I take them to the trampoline place all the time.”



“You’re *both* fun,” I tease, ending the argument before it can start. “Fun, sexy, amazing. Everything I could want.”

Roman kisses my neck. “Trust Sophia to save you from all the evidence I have.”

“I don’t need evidence! We can just ask the kids,” Gunner huffs.

I giggle and trade slow kisses with both of them. I want them to *feel* how much I love them.

When I draw back from Gunner, he exhales and looks at Roman. “We should have told the driver to take the long way.”

“We still can,” Roman growls.

“Oh no, you don’t. I have an early meeting about getting into one of the universities tomorrow,” I say. “Which means I need to be awake.”

“So which of us is going to be the bad influence?” Gunner asks with a wicked grin.



## ROMAN

**I**t's been a full month since Sophia started classes at a local college that focuses on fine arts. We've all had to pull more weight around the house, but I don't mind. I love our children come to us for their needs without hesitation.

The only thing I don't like is 'pick up' duty. We prefer a parent there to pick up the kids. We trade off, but somehow, I get stuck with it more regularly than anyone else. The line of cars is hell. None of it is efficient, and teachers and moms moon over me when I'm just trying to collect the kids and head out.

When I get up front, I don't spot Link right away and he's the one that gets everyone moving. I get out of the car and look over the top of it. I hear keys drop and look over to see a woman at least a few years younger than Sophia.

She looks at me, blushes, then gets down to find her keys. I spot them under her car. "Ma'am, a little more to the left."

"Oh," she says before grabbing them and standing up. "Thanks."

"No problem."

"I hate this line. It always gets me riled. Parents get so intense," she says.

"It could be a lot smoother if they had the kids stand and be ready," I agree before whistling. "Piccolo!"

"Dad!" Link yells. "Come on."

He has Emma's hand, Emma has Aria, and Aria has Bash. They climb into the car with Link in the front. He's thrilled that he can sit there without a booster seat now. The woman clears her throat. "I... I think I've seen you

before. At the PTA meeting. Aren't you the one who asked if the bake sale was exclusive to cookies and cakes?"

I'm flattered that she remembers me for that reason alone. I nod. "That was me. I didn't see you."

"Most people don't," she hesitates. "I'm Taylor."

"Nice to meet you, Taylor. I'm-"

"Daddy! Can we stop at McDonalds?" Emma asks.

"Roman," I finish. "Though I'm proud that four people call me 'Daddy'."

"I'd call you 'Daddy' too," she says under her breath before blushing when she sees me chuckle.

Two kids about Emma's age run-up to Taylor. She smiles at them and gets them in the car. "Maybe we could have a play date sometime. I'm always eager to meet more parents and my boyfriend would like to meet more dads."

"Sure. I'm positive we can make it work out," I say.

She shows me her social media, saying she never gives out her number. I nod and promise to set up a play date at some point. The kids chant for McDonald's until I pull in. I get myself a coffee and get happy meals for the kids after pretending I'm not going to get them anything.

I might be a good size and still in good shape despite the years, but I'm not sure I could take all four of our kids if they staged an uprising in the car.

Of course, there's a ketchup mess in the backseat by the time we get home. I clean up as much as I can at the moment, then get the kids upstairs. As soon as I set them free, I grab cleaner and head back to the car.

I know having children means some messes are inevitable, but that doesn't mean I can't take care of the possessions I have. I scrub at the back seat until I feel a hand slide into my pocket. I stand up, hitting my head on the roof of the car, then turn to see my wife.

Deflating, I sit on the seat. "Sophia. How were your classes?"

"I don't feel like I'm catching on, but the view of you bent over in jeans has fixed my whole day," she giggles.

God, she's gorgeous. I could search for an eternity and I still wouldn't find someone who could make my heart race like she does.

I pull her toward me holding her close, kissing her softly, our lips lingering together.

Sophia wraps her arms around me, then draws back. "Mayhem on the ride home?"

“McDonald’s needs to offer less ketchup,” I grumble.

Sophia runs her fingers through my hair, plays with it, then kisses my temple. “You’re so good to them.”

“I met someone today. Taylor, have you heard of her?”

“No. I know people by their kids, though. You know how much our kids love their friends,” Sophia says.

“I didn’t catch their names. She wants to set up a play date,” I explain. “I’m not even sure if our kids share classes.”

“I guess you’ll have to find out tomorrow or have one of the guys find out.” She sucks her bottom lip.

“I thought your classes ended early on Thursdays,” I grumble.

“One of my professors asked to see me after class.” Sophia doesn’t look happy about it. She sighs. “Don’t tell Nick, but I’m having a lot of trouble with my drawing class. The shading, the line work, it just doesn’t click, but I want it to. I do. I don’t want to give up, but I feel like I’m falling behind everyone.”

I stroke her back. “You’ll get it, Sophia. If you want to practice, you *have* Nick. I won’t tell him you’re having trouble, but maybe if you feel comfortable and no pressure when you practice.”

She considers it but shrugs. I rub her hips and stand, focusing all my attention on my gorgeous Sophia. “Something else wrong?”

“No, just thought it would be more natural, I guess. I know art takes work. I just didn’t think it would be so stressful. Then again, it’s school, so I guess that was naïve,” she sighs.

I smile. “It sounds like you need a massage, and maybe you should ask a specific husband to have a bath with you.”

“Are you passing me off to Gunner so you can finish getting that stain out?” She puts a hand on her hip.

I chuckle. “Absolutely not. Who do you think is going to give you the massage?”

She kisses me softly, nibbling my bottom lip. There’s still some kind of tension built up in her shoulders, but I don’t want to pressure her for answers when she’s already overwhelmed with school.

Sophia steps back and takes my hand. “Come on. Let the stain remover work, amore.”

I follow her back to the house. We take care of some chores, and while the kids are taking their baths, I pull Sophia away to rub her shoulders.

“I should be with them more. Maybe going to take classes was a mistake. I’m not doing well. I’m under so much stress, and I’m getting less time with them and you guys,” she murmurs.

I kiss her neck. “No.”

“You can’t just tell me no,” she argues.

Nick walks in, his hands still damp. He glances at Sophia, then at me. “Something wrong?”

“No!” she shouts.

“Sophia here is thinking of dropping out after just a month of taking classes,” I say anyway.

“Snitch,” she grumbles.

Nick sits in front of her after drying his hands. “Is there a reason? Is a teacher hitting on you? Are they being too critical?”

“Nothing like that!” She exclaims. “It’s just ... a lot. I wasn’t prepared for the amount of work and the intensity of the classes. I thought ... never mind.”

“Let it out, Bambina. Massages don’t work if you’re holding onto what’s bothering you,” I inform her.

She vents about how she can’t get what’s in her head or what’s right in front of her onto the page, how frustrating it is when she feels like she’s going in the wrong direction, how she misses having defined goals, basic numbers and problems that have one answer. Nick and I listen as she vents almost nonstop.

She melts into my touch. I can feel the tension leaving her muscles. “It’s so much after only focusing on the kids and helping you guys when I can.”

“It’s a change, sweetheart,” Nick says as he takes her hand and massages her fingers. “Art is subjective, and the artist is always the worst critic.”

“That’s what we’re told, but when I think something is terrible, it’s terrible according to my grade and when I think I did a good job, I barely pass!” She slumps back against me.

Nick and I share a long look. Neither of us is going to *force* her to stick with it, but she was so determined to try it, we want her to give it at least a semester. She can make friends, she can relieve some stress once she stops worrying about everything being perfect, and it’s a hobby of her own to enjoy.

“Have you only been drawing?” Nick asks.

“Yeah. We haven’t started painting yet in my painting class. We’ve just been going over brushes, color schemes, and classic artists. But how can I

paint if I can't even get a drawing down?"

"That's like asking how someone can sculpt if they can't paint. It's a different medium, sweetheart. Just because you're not great at one, doesn't mean you can't be great at another. I can't sculpt to save my life. I can't do collages and I'm terrible with colored pencils," Nick assures. "Don't give up just yet, okay? If you still feel like this at the end of the semester, then you'll just start coming to my class without grades, okay?"

"Okay," she gives in.

"All the kids are in bed," Nick says.

"Then it sounds like we have one more person to bathe," I say in Sophia's ear.

She looks up at me, and her eyes dilate. "Me?"

"Since Gunner is not here, he's working on Legos or asleep," Nick comments.

"Get him and Holden—even if they're asleep. We both know they'll be angry if they miss out on seeing our wife naked." My voice is low and gravelly.

Sophia pants. "All of you?"

"We have to take advantage of the moments we have together, Bambina," I say as Nick rushes to get the guys. "Maybe Nick should even spank you for thinking about quitting so early."

"It was just a thought!" she defends.

"Or I should spank you for holding out on me when you've been worried for so long," I grab her ass and she squeaks. She gets up and I chase her to the bathroom, following the trail of clothes she leaves behind.

I might not help my wife at school, but I can take care of her stress at home. Gunner, Nick, Holden, and I haven't complained once about taking care of the kids because we don't mind at all. We get more time with our family and none of us are upset about it.

Gunner comes up next to me, obviously having just woken up. He sees Sophie standing under the shower naked and tsks. "That's not a bath."

"A bath is hard for five of us to fit in," she murmurs with a hungry, demanding look in her eyes.

"Oh, you wicked woman," Gunner growls.

I take my shirt off as I trace every inch of her body under the water. I bet I could draw her from memory at this point.

It doesn't matter how many times we see her naked. The reaction is

always the same. We *all* want her *all* the time.

“I don’t have all night, husbands,” she says before leaning back against the wall and spreading her legs.

We all watch her, overwhelmed by her beauty and allure, grasping the truth we realize: she leaves us powerless.





## SOPHIA

I chew my bottom lip as the rest of the class files out. I've spent a month in this class, trying to focus on the subjects we have to draw, trying to pick up the skills, and kicking myself when I don't.

All my focusing and struggling haven't stopped me from noticing how attractive the professor is. He's close to my age, has gorgeous olive skin and his glasses make his hazel eyes even bigger and more beautiful. He's tall, with lean muscle, and tattoos running up one arm, disappearing under his t-shirt. He never bothers with formal clothing.

Honestly, he looks warm, and sexy all at the same time. Anytime he comes close to inspect a drawing, I get hot all over, and then feel twice as guilty when he walks away considering I have four amazing, perfect husbands at home.

And now I'm in trouble with this sexy professor because I can't make a single line on a piece of paper do what I want. I suck my bottom lip and look him over. I wonder if he's ever gotten a proper blow job. Something that's so consuming and intense that he can't help but come.

He's kind of nerdy, or maybe he just has a lack of confidence with women. It's kind of a turn-on, but there's no way that he's never been pleased, right? Girls go crazy for artists. It's the passion, the gentle side, all that emotion and determination and ...

No. I've got to stay focused. No, no.

*What the hell is my problem?*

Maybe I'm just trying to ignore the fact that I'm in trouble.

"Sophia, I'm concerned about how you're doing in my class," he says in

that easy, calm voice he always uses. I can't picture him ever raising his voice ... maybe he just needs a reason to be loud.

*No. Answer his question and stop fantasizing.* "I'm sorry. I'm trying. I just don't feel like I can get what's in my head onto the page."

"That's a lot of pressure to put on yourself." He sits next to me. There's paint all over his clothes, even on his hands. I nod and he continues. "I've noticed you looking at what other students are doing, then crumpling drafts."

"Imagine how much lower my grade would be if I would have kept those."

"Imagine how much you'd learn if you'd stop worrying about everyone else," he counters. "Art touches everyone differently."

*Oh, show me how.*

"I think if you focus more on your own page, more on what *you're* doing, you'll do better, Sophia," Professor Stevens says.

"I can't just exist in a bubble, Professor Stevens," I grumble.

"Zack, just Zack," he reminds me.

"Zack."

"I want you to sketch a plant. Any plant," he instructs.

"Now?"

He chuckles, flashing that gorgeous, slightly crooked smile. "Yes, right now."

I pull out my sketchbook and look around the room. Zack points at my page. "No references. Just sketch. Don't erase at all. Trust your hand. You know what plants look like."

I nod and sketch. The whole time, Zack speaks to me. "Just like that, Sophia. Don't second-guess yourself. It's beautiful. Keep going."

Every gentle compliment, every soft encouragement is so hot that I'm sure I'm blushing. I finish and stare at the little plant I drew. It's just like the one that Holden has been nursing back to health at home.

I stare at it in awe. There are some shaky lines, but since the whole thing is like that, with reaffirming lines and a defined shape, it might be better than any other sketch I've ever done.

"There you go. Just don't overthink it. Don't focus on one little line or detail. Let it come together before you judge," Zack says.

I look over at him and find him closer than I expected. He smiles and touches my shoulder. He's gentle with me. There's something more than friendliness in his eyes. I should make it clear I'm married. I should shut this

down before it can go anywhere, but my mouth is dry.

“I finished a drawing,” I say.

“And that’s going towards extra credit,” Zack promises. “I have faith in you, Sophia. I *know* you’re capable of so much.”

“You’re just kind,” I snort.

“I don’t offer extra credit to all students. But I know there’s passion locked away inside you and this is a great outlet ... one of many, but I think it matches your soul,” he says, squeezing my shoulder.

Sucking in a breath, I force myself to focus on the task at hand. “So, should I paint it or define the drawing or ...”

“Rip it out of your sketchbook, sign it, and give it to me,” he instructs. “I’ll put it in your portfolio.”

“Too bad you can’t sit here for every lesson and go over it with me like this,” I say, only half joking.

“I can always stay late with you, Sophia. I only have a cat waiting on me at home and she can always wait an extra hour or so,” he chuckles. “If you ever have questions, concerns, just need someone to talk to, I’m here.”

“Thank you,” I say, tucking my hair behind my ear. “I was sure I was just terrible at any kind of art.”

“No one is terrible. It’s just a matter of perspective,” he says. “Do you have plans for dinner?”

“I do,” I say, but ignore another opportunity to bring up my husbands. “I’ll see you next week.”

“Don’t forget to do your landscape drawing,” he calls as I hurry out of the classroom.

I pause in the hallway, trying to calm myself. My whole body is on fire, ready to act, but it’s so wrong. I’ve noticed how Zack has looked at me for the last two weeks. A mix of concern and curiosity. Now he’s fishing.

Letting him think I’m single is wrong. I have on all my rings, but few people think they mean anything because there are so many. I should clarify that I’m married—happily married—with four kids, but the words just got stuck in my throat.

“It’s fine,” I tell myself as I force my feet to the parking lot. “I’m not acting on whatever this is. Crushes are normal and fantasies are normal.”

*But I think as I get back in the car, my guys only fantasize about me.*

They’ve made it clear time and time again that I’m the only woman any of them wants. That I’m the only woman they think of, so how wrong is it of

me to think about someone else?

I kick myself the entire way home and linger in my car. I feel guilty despite not doing anything wrong! I haven't acted on it. I didn't accept his offer to go to dinner. I'm just talking to my professor about art. He gave me extra credit and didn't ask for anything else. That's not wrong.

But when I go inside, I know the guys will ask me about my day. They care about my education; they care about me. How long can I deal with these feelings before they burst out of me?

Is it the lack of regular sex at home? Is it because the excitement is gone? I still love my men. They're sexy, gorgeous, sweet, everything I could ever want, but something is off if I'm thinking about someone else right now.

It's not the first time someone has flirted with me since I've been with my guys.

After a few more breaths, I head inside. The guys ask me about school and so do the kids. When they ask me to draw for them, I do it without question. I remember what Zack says about not letting the pressure get to me. My kids love the drawings, and I see the love shining in my men's eyes.

I help put the kids to bed after dinner and then sit with Nick and Gunner. Gunner falls asleep on my lap and Nick stretches.

"I'm always available to help with anything school-wise, you know?" he asks.

"I know, Nick. I just want to do this on my own. Does that make sense?" I ask as I take his hand.

"It does. I understand that. I just don't want you to feel alone," he assures, kissing the back of my hand.

I give him a long, smoldering kiss before he goes to bed. Roman finishes up his baking for the bake-sale this weekend and then Holden surprises me by sitting beside me on the couch. He watches the T.V. for a long time, but I notice his good leg bouncing.

The leg with the prosthetic doesn't seem to share the same anxiety. I glance at Holden, then slide out from under Gunner before climbing on Holden's lap. "Is something wrong, love?"

"The other guys might not say it, but I'm kind of worried about you, baby," he admits.

"Worried? Why?"

Am I wearing my guilt on my face?

"I worry that you're going to drop out of school because you don't think

we can handle things here, that we won't be patient with you." he holds my gaze. "I don't want you to do that for us."

My shoulders drop. "You don't have to worry about that, Hold."

"Really?" He asks. "You haven't thought about it?"

"I have, but I'm dealing with it. I want to do this. I wanted it enough to push for it, to enroll and devote myself to the program," I say, "so I'm going to stick with it, Holden. Unless something drastic changes."

"And you'd tell me if you were planning to be done or if something was on your mind, right?" he asks.

I feel pinned under his gaze. "If there's something important, I know I can talk to you. I know that."

"Good," he kisses me and cups the back of my neck.

I hum as I kiss him back, teasing his tongue with mine until he groans and pulls me tighter against him. I grip his shoulders, then stroke down his chest. "I love you so much, Holden."

"I love you too, Sophia. You know I will do anything for you. I'll listen, I'll even come to class with you if you need some inspiration." He chuckles.

"You're so good to me." I sigh, feeling even worse, but trying not to let those emotions touch my face.

Zack doesn't get to take up headspace when I'm at home. I kiss Holden again, pulling on his shirt.

He gives in, lifting his arms so I can drag the fabric off him. He kisses me with passion, shoving his hands under my shirt and tugging at my bra. I crave his touch, want his love. As we work each other up into a frenzy, I find more hands on me.

Gun's there, touching me, kissing my back, helping Holden undress me until I can lose every worry, every concern, every thought in the love they bask me in. It's a quickie as far as they're concerned since all of us come once, but everything's fast nowadays with kids that don't sleep well and wander the house.

We lie on the couch together. My men keep cuddling me, hugging me, and loving on me, but I still feel like something is off. Maybe we need my parents to babysit more. Maybe we need to find time for date nights.

After years of marriage, I know we've been doing something right, but something has to be wrong with me—if nothing else—since I have this little crush on my professor.



## GUNNER

We set up for the bake sale while Sophia tries to keep the kids reined in. I chuckle as I watch her try to herd them. Roman unwraps his treats. He made tiramisu from scratch, cannoli, biscotti, and butter cookies. Nick put together some cupcakes with the kids, the kind that has sprinkles that turn the cake into a rainbow.

I had the smart idea of making cinnamon buns since we can pop them right out of the can and don't take long.

We have an enormous table compared to some families, but there's a woman who glowers at us as her husband gets a tent set up over her cookies. Oh, she wants a bake-sale battle, she's going to get it. We'll raise twice the money for the school.

I wave to her and she scoffs before turning to her husband.

We get everything set up, and Holden stretches. Roman fans himself under the growing heat.

It doesn't matter that it's New York. It's the start of September and it's still hot enough to make shirts ridiculous. I glare at Roman. "You ordered me to wear a button-up today."

"Because we're supposed to be kid friendly."

"Kids don't care!" I argue.

The other woman who's been shooting us glares all morning comes over and looks at our table. "Are any of these gluten-free?"

Roman crosses his arms over his chest. None of us like her tone.

Nick opens the igloo cooler on the table. "The gelato is! We have three flavors."



“Anything vegan?”

“No,” Holden answers. “That wasn’t a requirement. We can say that nothing contains peanuts.”

She sniffs and holds her head higher. “You should be more understanding. There are several vegan parents. Do you even have kids that go to this school?”

“Yes,” we all answer together.

She looks us over. “Well, I have seen none of you.”

“Gunner and I were at the P.T.A. meeting,” Roman says.

I wave to her. “Such a shame we didn’t have time to meet you.”

“I’m Fiona,” she says, touching her chest as if we should know her. “I’m in charge of several parent-based clubs and I pride myself on topping the fundraisers.”

“That’s great. I’m sure the money does wonderful things for the school,” Holden says.

“Just be more open-minded next time, and don’t expect to sell out, okay, dearies?” she says before pushing her sunglasses up her nose and stalking away.

“I think that was a challenge,” I growl.

“Gun, this is for the kids,” Roman says.

“Which clearly means we have to win. We have four kids to show up for,” Nick says. “Take off your shirt, Gunner.”

“Nick,” Roman says.

It’s too late though. I take off my shirt, revealing the black tank top under it. Holden unbuttons his shirt and Roman pushes his sleeves up his arms. I wink at Fiona as we steal half her eager moms.

We play along, describing the treats decadently, and I don’t mind flexing at all. Aria shows me a bubble machine we forgot to put out and we turn it on, attracting some kids too. Sophia comes over after a bit.

I know our tip jar also has phone numbers in it and the moms are flirting ruthlessly. One drools over me. “You know, if you take off that shirt too, I’d be happy to stuff a hundred in the jar.” She giggles.

“I don’t know, there are kids around, not to mention a lot of husbands I wouldn’t want to upset,” I say with a wink.

She pouts and I pull my shirt up to give her a look at my six-pack. She laughs loudly and claps before dropping a fifty in the jar. She gets a treat for her kid and adds more money to the jar before winking.

Sophie shakes her head. "You're terrible."

"I'm not complaining," the girl from the PTA meeting says.

"Katie, these are my husbands. You remember Roman and Gunner, that's Holden, and Nick," Sophia introduces.

Katie doesn't even look at us. She's too busy peeking in the cooler. "Oh, yes. Gelato!"

Her squeal gains us plenty of moms to provide for. Even some dads come over, more than ready for something cold. Holden talks football with some guys, and I see their confusion, considering how close Nick stays to Holden's side.

"I guess I didn't think two dads...well, you guys... It's great you're into football," one guy says.

"Why wouldn't I be?" Holden asks, confused.

Sophie laughs. "Holden, love, go have fun with some new friends. I'll take over for you."

"You heard her, get out of here, lover," I order.

Roman arches his eyebrow at me. I kiss his cheek. "You know you're my favorite."

He rolls his eyes, but I see a petite woman staring at Roman with confused, enormous eyes. He smiles. "Taylor."

"Uh-huh. Hi," she says.

"Last time we talked, we never introduced our kids. I think we should make sure they get along before we set up a full playdate," he says.

"They've already met," she says, then shakes her head. "Emma talks all about you and my daughter, Ashley, loves Emma to death."

"Great! Maybe we can all get together next weekend."

"All?" She looks between us guys and Sophia.

"Big family," Roman says, before bumping my hip. "I'm going to sweat through my shirt if you keep hanging on me."

"I need you to protect me from half of these moms," I complain. "They're worse than Diana. I think they are actually plotting to soak me with a hose or steal my pants or something."

"We have a wife. Have her protect you," Roman says.

"I won't use *her* as a human shield," I argue.

Roman sighs heavily. "Bambina."

Sophie joins us. "Yes?"

"Gunner's feeling shy," Roman says with a smirk. "Why don't you help

him? I think he's overheating. Might need to be sprayed with a hose or something."

That gets a whole other, unrelated number of tips coming in. Sophia dumps water over me and everyone laughs. I spit some of the water at her, then see our kids watching. Link is almost doubled over with laughter.

"Hey, you-"

"Dad, no, I'm dry," he argues.

I motion him forward, then chase him until I hug him. Of course, all his schoolmates are around, so they get to see me saying how much I love him, what a sweet little man he is, and how happy I am to have such a wonderful son.

He grumbles about how embarrassing I am but then walks back to me. "I'm still the favorite kid, right?"

"That depends." I cross my arms.

He looks over at the guys and Sophie. I grin. "We should find a hose to get Roman back."

"I'll get in trouble, Dad," he mumbles.

"No way. He can't ground you if I say it's okay."

We find a hose, but it doesn't reach the table and when Sophia catches us, she glares until we both drop the hose. Instead, she kicks an empty tub toward us. We fill it up and Sophie pulls Roman aside, kissing him, then acting like she wants to talk about something.

The second she's out of reach, Link and I splash Roman with the water. He gasps and turns around to face us. He sputters something out, then points at me. "Gunner, I'm going to kick your-"

"Little ears!" Sophie yells.

"You just wait until we get home."

Link runs off, but Roman pokes my chest. "I'm going to tie you down and make you watch without getting to touch our wife."

"You wouldn't be that cruel," I hiss.

"Oh, I can and I will. I'm going to be damp *all day*."

"Because I'm not?!" I demand.

Sophie gets between us. "Roman, you'll get your way if we still have the energy when we get home. Then I'll take care of Gunner."

"While I'm touching you the whole time," Roman insists.

Sophie struggles to swallow. "Fine, okay. Can we all kiss and make up?"

Roman looks at me, then kisses Sophie hungrily. She draws back the

second she can. “We are around kids!”

Roman just turns her to face me. I kiss her gently, trying to be appropriate. She kisses my cheek in thanks and motions between us. “Let’s go.”

“You heard the woman, Roman. Kiss me,” I order with a wicked smile.

He jerks me into his arms and dips me back. “You couldn’t handle a real kiss, Gunner.”

Instead, he gives me a one-armed hug and returns to our station. Before Sophia and I can follow, Fiona storms over. She points at me. “You are making a mockery of a proper bake sale.”

“You only say that because we’re raising more money than you and clearly having more fun,” I bite back.

“Because you’re basically stripping! This isn’t some wet t-shirt contest,” she growls.

Her eyes dip down to my body all the same. I chuckle. “Of course not. We’re selling a ton of sweets. We might not take any home.”

“You’ll take one home,” Sophia says, hugging me.

“The best of them all,” I agree, kissing her forehead.

Fiona huffs. “Your ‘marriage’, as you call it, is a mockery of the word. Four men and one woman living in sin under one roof. Your children will be ashamed once they understand how horrible you all are.”

Sophia gapes, but I refuse to tolerate that. I sigh. “Sophia, can you believe it? People are jealous of you for having four devoted husbands who show you a glimpse of heaven every night.”

Sophia blushes. “Gunner!”

Fiona stiffens with her back still to us. “Just obey the rules of the damn bake sale.”

“Selling goods and buying goods. Simple rules, but thanks, Fiona,” I say brightly.

Sophia walks me back to our table. “Are you starting things, Gunner?”

“It’s good for someone like her to have some competition. She’s been winning too easily,” I grunt.

“I love your spirit, but I’d rather not make enemies,” Sophia murmurs.

“She insulted us, and she came over and started it. You’re the only one who gets to boss us around and I’m proving it by refusing to let that woman get the last word,” I huff.

Sophie kisses my cheek and gets us and the kids any baked treats that

perk her interest, and by the end of the day, I'm sure we're sunburned, but we also have a full jar and only scraps of what we brought left.

None of us count the funds, we just hand them over to the administrator collecting funds. She gapes at Holden openly. He smiles. "I hope this helps keep the programs going."

"Oh, I'm sure it will," she says.

I chuckle softly, and Holden comes back to us. Nick carries Aria—fast asleep with chocolate smeared on her face—to the limo waiting for us to carry everything to and from the event. Fiona gapes at us, then her face goes red as she stomps a foot.

She's clearly fared better today under her tent, but that just means we get to take credit for how pissed she is. I wave to her politely and slide into the limo, closing the door behind me.

Link rubs his stomach. "I think I ate too much."

"We're definitely eating healthier tomorrow," Sophie agrees. "I don't think I want anything with sugar for a long while."

"Hopefully you want *some* sugar," I tease with a wink.

"You have far too much energy," she complains.

"Oh, it'll come in handy later," I promise, then smile at Link. "When I carry at least one of these kiddos to bed."

Because I'm clearly not thinking of the fun Sophie, Roman, and I are going to have tonight. We get the kids upstairs, settled, cleaned up, and then I sit on the couch. I swear, it's just for five seconds before I get in the shower, but somehow, I pass out entirely and dream of cupcakes trying to eat me.



## SOPHIA

Considering how sunburnt and exhausted we are after the bake sale, the rest of the weekend is just us lying around, rubbing aloe all over each other, and me doing homework. Nick sees my work and kisses my cheek.

“That looks so good, sweetheart. You never should have been worried,” he says.

I beam at him. “Thank you, Nick.”

“I’m serious. You keep this up and I’m going to ask you for specific drawings,” he says. “I’ll want them all over my room.”

I look up at Nick, and he gently strokes under my chin. “Maybe I’ll have to take some pictures, though, for the naughtier ones I want.”

“Nick ...”

“Which means acting it out... thoroughly,” he says against my lips. “Bending you over my bed in a thong and nothing else, spanking you until you beg me to be inside you.”

I groan and kiss him, jerking his shirt down so I can fit my lips to his properly. Nick’s tongue teases mine with light strokes. Every time I think he’s going to push it forward, he draws back like he’s playing keep away.

He draws back and kisses my temple. “I hope I gave you some incentive to finish your homework.”

“I’m very eager to be done. You know, maybe I could do it later and we could-”

“We both know how tempting you are, but I want you to finish your homework so I can reward you instead of punishing you thoroughly,” he says

in that low, heated voice that has me all kinds of heated.

I end up working until my sight is blurry.

I drag myself up to bed and find Nick and Gunner asleep, waiting for me based on their lack of clothing. I lie between my husbands, pulling them close to me. Gunner groans. "I'm up ... I'm up."

"No, you're not," I hum, rubbing his hip. "You can have me tomorrow night."

"Promises," he grumbles, but hugs me against him and goes right back to sleep.

In the morning, we all have a wonderful breakfast. All of us have plans today. The guys take care of the kids so I can go to school. Roman has a car waiting for me, so I don't have to struggle with all my art gear.

In class, Zack comes over and looks over my shoulder. My breath quickens when I feel him exhale across my skin. "You're doing much better, Sophia. I'm glad our talk helped."

"It did, I agree. Thank you for giving me your time like that," I murmur.

After class, I linger, determined to finish my sketch. Zack sits with me and this time, his knee brushes against mine. "I enjoy seeing you so lost to the world, Sophia. Your passion makes you shine."

I open and close my mouth before meeting his eyes. "Thank you, Zack."

"You don't have to thank me," he says with a light chuckle.

I glance down at my work and at the fruit bowl sitting on my table. I didn't get the banana right. The shading is wrong. I can tell. "This isn't a passing sketch, is it?"

"It is," Zack disagrees, taking the sketchbook from me and letting our hands touch.

My gaze flicks to his. We stare at each other for a long moment and he blushes just like I do. He clears his throat and focuses on the drawing. "It's the light point that's giving you trouble. Can I mark on this page?"

"I don't know. You haven't given a grade."

"It's an exercise. You get credit for doing it. Let me help, even if your independence is ... admirable," he murmurs, riding the line on the compliment.

"Okay," I agree.

He draws a circle. "So let's pretend this is the light source."

He takes his time explaining how the shadows would fall. We go back and forth for a bit, but his explanation makes so much sense, I can't believe I



didn't get it sooner. I sigh. "You're such a good professor."

"Thank you. I want everyone to love art, not just get a good grade," he says. "But I want *you* to pass. I'd like to see you in a level two drawing class too ... one of mine."

"Really?"

"I enjoy your energy in class. Even if you're unsure, you build others up, you inspire me, and you ... make me remember how and why I fell in love with art in the first place. I've loved teaching you these last six weeks, you know that," he murmurs.

Swallowing hard, I turn my eyes to the paper. I have to say I'm married now. He's being blatant.

"I know I'm out of place, and this is inappropriate. I'm your professor, you're my student," he sighs. "I'll go."

"You have another class," I remind him.

"Right. It's Tuesday."

"I need to go. I have to get home to my family," I say.

Zack blinks at me a few times, as if surprised. I touch one of the rings on my finger. "I do appreciate you, Zack. You're a great artist."

I hurry out the door and stop in the hallway. It would have been so easy to do more then. We were alone, with no cameras, and no one watching. Only I would know. But I did the right thing. I know I did.

"Sophia!"

I turn and see Zack. His hair is loose around his face now and he's rushing towards me. Shit is now when he kisses me, ruins every bit of logic I have left until I shove him into the bathroom and show him something I *know* I'm good at. How well I can perform on my knees and see what he's got going on?

"You forgot your sketchbook," he says, handing it to me. "Do another still life and bring it to me on Thursday. If you nail the shadows, that will go towards your grade too."

"Th-thank you," I say, taking my sketchbook.

He nods, but he's panting. I doubt it was because of the run. I take the sketchbook and hurry away. I know the guys are out with the kids right now.

Roman's coaching Link's soccer team. Nick is teaching a painting class. Holden and Gunner said they wanted to take the twins to gymnastics to see if they'd like it. Which means I'll be home alone to unpack how I'm feeling and deal with it. Because I *need* to fix this.

Apparently, ‘dealing with it’ is crying. I’ve been making excuses for the crush for a month now. Zack started flirting after two weeks in his class, always gentle, always easy to dismiss as compliments, but I’ve known it’s been more.

I never said I was married, never mentioned my kids, even though I wanted to do a family drawing to paint with Nick and the kids as my final piece. I’ve let it go too far, way too far, if I’m thinking about all the things I could do with Zack instead of thinking about sharing my progress with my husbands.

Is it because it’s forbidden? Is it because of the ‘itch’ some people talk about in a marriage? Where they want someone new just for the sake of excitement? Or am I like my mom, indecisive and ready to leave a good thing because it feels like there’s something missing?

But when I’m with my men, I don’t think about Zack.

Maybe I’m just broken or spoiled or stupid.

I sob into my hands, then grab a pillow when my palms get too wet. I let it all out the only way I can, since it makes little sense. Maybe I should switch teachers or I should do *something* considering there are still two and a half months left in the semester.

“Sophia?” Holden asks.

I look up at him and wipe my face. As if I can hide the fact I was just sobbing. I clear my throat. “The kids-”

“The doorbell alert told me you came home, and I wanted to surprise you.” He shows me flowers. “Nick always gets you flowers, but he didn’t want to wait, so he sent me to get them and bring them home to you.”

The tears return just like that. I wipe my eyes and Holden tosses the flowers on the table. He sits next to me and wraps his arms around me. I push out of his arms, frustrated with myself, with how much they love me, with my guilt.

“Baby,” he croons. “What’s wrong?”

I bite my bottom lip. “I don’t...”

Holden waits, but I see him send a text. I point at him. “You didn’t just text the guys.”

“Of course, I did. Something has made you this upset. We need to talk about it. Your parents can handle the kids on a school night.”

I groan and go back into a ball, crying on myself, even when Holden lifts me into his arms and tries to get me to unravel. I can’t. I’m even snorting and

hiccupping.

Roman comes home next, panting, sweaty, and alarmed. Nick and Gunner aren't far behind.

They sit near me, with Roman on the table, Nick behind me, and Gunner on the other side of Holden.

"What's going on, Bambina?"

I can't admit it. It will sound so awful. I glance at each of them through blurry eyes.

"No secrets, remember?" Nick asks. "None for us and none for you. We can tackle anything together."

"Are you afraid we're going to hurt someone for upsetting you?" Gunner asks.

Holden still says nothing.

It takes another ten minutes and a glass of water before I can say it. "I have a crush on my professor."

No one says a word. I suck in a breath. "I don't get it. I don't. He flirts with me, but people have before and I've always brushed it off without a problem. You guys know that. I've accepted none of his offers for dinner. I've only been alone with him when we're talking about art. But my mind wanders and I just ..."

I can't finish it.

"You have a crush?" Nick asks.

"On your professor?" Roman finishes through his teeth.

I curl in on myself tighter. "I would *do nothing* to hurt you guys. Never! I wouldn't cheat on you."

I feel that in my heart. Even if I'm shocked that Zack has fallen for me despite so many other people and that he sees me through my art, understands my struggles, and seems to do more than appreciate my looks, I wouldn't take a step past fantasizing. I wouldn't.

"I know," Holden assures me. "You'd never hurt us like that."

"I *hate* feeling this. So much. I don't even know *why*." I down more water.

Gunner clears his throat. "Well, we haven't had the option to be with you the way we want. It's been a long while since we've been on dates and dinner with the kids doesn't count. Remember when we were dating, and we agreed on group dates and one-on-one dates?"

"Yes," I answer in a sulky, rough voice.

“We keep saying we’re going to do it and then it happens for a bit and life takes hold,” Roman says with a nod.

“We should fix that. You have class, sure, but we can schedule around that,” Nick agrees. “The one-on-one dates can always end at a hotel, on a yacht, something like that.”

“You don’t know what’s making you feel like this?” Holden asks.

“I’ve been trying to figure it out for weeks. Maybe it’s because we can only have quickies. Maybe we’ve lost something in the run-of-the-mill life. I don’t know. I don’t think it’s anyone’s fault, but ... but I can ask to switch professors. I can. I will too because it’s-”

“It’s the middle of the semester. You’re not switching teachers. We’re going to fix this at home,” Roman says. “We’re going to figure this out, just like we’ve figured everything out.”

I sniff and nod, rubbing my arms, unwilling to look at any of my men.

“I just want the crush to be gone,” I say as guilt continues to weigh my stomach down.



## HOLDEN

Sophie's confession has me confused and a little hurt. Sure, Gunner, Roman, Nick, and I get hit on all the time, but I can say I've never fantasized about someone else. I haven't had a crush on anyone else since Sophie tripped into my life. The second I kissed her, I was wrapped around her finger and to find out that she's able to think about someone else has me bothered.

I clear my throat as Sophie calms down. If I wasn't holding her, I'd walk away. I'm not sure what to think or how to feel about any of this. She has done nothing, but I'm hurt all the same.

"Is it the fact that it's forbidden?" Gunner asks.

Sophie looks at him. She's angry at that insinuation. Roman touches Sophie's knee. "We want to figure out how to help you, Bambina. There's something that's missing here. We can give you quality time, but if there's something specific that we can do."

"I feel like when we can be physical, we're always looking out for the kids or we're all together, which is great. It is, but it's not ... what it used to be?" It's a question.

"Okay, so we need to do single dates," Nick says.

I slide Sophie into Nick's arms. Her eyes track me, so intense that I feel it as I head to my room. I sit there for a long moment. I feel twice as confused, considering the guys are fine with this. How can they be so understanding?

Rather than rejoining the discussion, I sit at the top of the stairs to listen.

"Holden is-"

"We'll talk about him in a bit. Keep talking about what's missing,

Sweets,” Gunner says.

“We’ve had such significant moments together. When we went on the boat this past summer and in the Keys. When we were in Italy, we had a great time. We have amazing moments together and I love all four of you. I’ve never stopped loving you—never,” she rambles. “But we just ... are here. I love having you guys around, and I love seeing you at school events, but anytime we get worked up, we’re interrupted. We don’t get to just go all out except maybe once every two weeks.”

“Soph-” Nick tries.

“I shouldn’t have gone back to school. We’re losing even more time together. I mean, when the kids are at school, we’re all here, but we’re working on our projects and I’m so, so happy you guys aren’t bored with retirement, but I just ...”

“We are *always* open to change, Bambina,” Roman stresses. “I’m not judging you for having a crush. I’m happy you’re not acting on it.”

“I hate feeling this. I have you four. My loving, supporting, divine husbands and when I’m with the professor...” I shake my head.

“Why don’t we try new things? We’ll make sure private time is an option. We’ll cover each other like we did when we were on our yacht trip. Dates, weekends together, fun alongside our obligations,” Nick plans.

“Yeah, I’m not complaining about more time with you,” Gunner chuckles. “Hell, especially more time alone.”

“You’ll have to fight me for the first one-on-one,” Roman says.

They bicker about who gets Sophie first until she’s laughing. Still, I can’t go down. I don’t have any right to be angry at her. She’s angry enough at herself. I’m bothered. I make room for the other guys, volunteering to do pickup from the kids’ school tomorrow, to update the schedule, to take care of some cleaning, and throw myself into it.

Sophie’s either being kept away from me, or is busy. Either way, I’m sure it’s better than us trying to talk when my head is so stuffed with how I feel.

Thursday, after Sophia goes to school, Roman confronts me. “What’s in your head?”

“It’s a punch to the gut.”

“Knowing she could have a crush on someone else?” he asks.

“Yeah.”

“I don’t bring up the age difference often, but we got all our crushes out of our system. We got to enjoy plenty of debauchery before we got with

Sophia. She didn't have that same luxury. We swept her up in a whirlwind."

"Yeah, but-" I can't make the words happen.

Roman takes a slow breath. "She felt so guilty even *thinking* about being with her professor. She was sobbing and willing to withdraw from classes, Holden. She's punishing herself more than any of us can punish her. Even right now, when she's terrified about saying the wrong thing to any of us, she's worried about you."

"Don't make me feel guilty," I warn him.

"I'm telling you what Sophia has been saying since you walked away. After we talked everything out and agreed to more one-on-ones and trying new things—considering how long we've been together—all she could talk about was you. If you were okay, if she hurt your feelings, if she shouldn't have said anything and just dealt with it. She *loves* you. That outweighs any crush she could ever have," Roman says.

I blink at him for a long moment, getting my brain to compute. Fuck, she loves me and I've had a stick up my ass because she *looked* at another guy and didn't dismiss him. She didn't act on it. She even got up the nerve to tell us instead of just moving on and ignoring it.

"Fuck," I breathe.

"If you still don't feel right, that's okay, but I want you to have that perspective as you think it through. Sophia loves you and no one could take her from us. Even if she might feel a slight something, she turns right back to us," Roman reminds me. "It hurts like a bitch to hear about it, but she's ours."

"I'm going to pick her up from school today," I decide.

"So you're getting the first one-on-one date?" Gunner demands, shutting the fridge and finishing whatever snack he's eating.

"That depends, I guess," I say, still not sure what I'm going to do.

I look at my watch. "The kids will need to be—"

"I got it." Gunner's hand shoots up. "I'm hoping to see Fiona so I can give her a smile."

Roman rolls his eyes and motions to me.

I get through a shower, dress up in jeans and a t-shirt, the same thing I used to wear when Sophie and I were working together. I head over to the university, find the building, then see the classroom with Professor Stevens' name on it.

Heading over there, I see students filing out. Sophie isn't one of them. I peek in and see her focusing on the statue set in the middle of the room. Her



professor watches her with a half-smile and affection in his eyes.

I hate it. I hate him.

Sophie's not even aware of it. She's focused on the statue in front of her. Her hand guides across the page and she sticks out her tongue a little as she shades. I smile when she makes a frustrated sound.

When I hear the professor stand, I enter the room. He stumbles over his chair. "Um, Sir..."

I cross the room and stand behind Sophie. She's got a good shape, but I can tell she's struggling with the face. I stroke over the back of her neck.

She jumps, "I can't-"

Her eyes meet mine, and her eyes dilate. "Holden."

"I get you tonight," I murmur. "But I wanted to see what you do here."

She smiles and shows me. "I'm struggling with the face. We're not supposed to do any fine lines, it's all shading and I'm struggling with the shape."

"Remember, you get credit for doing it. It's classwork," Professor Stevens says from his desk before moving forward. "And Sir ..."

"Remember when I said I had a family to get to?" Sophia asks. "This is my husband."

There's no hesitation. There's also no change in Professor Steven's frustration. I have a feeling he's known she's married. Why wouldn't he?

I stroke down the back of Sophie's neck and follow her spine down to just before her ass. She squirms as her eyes flick to her professor, then to me. "I just have to finish here, Holden."

"Feel free, I enjoy watching you sketch," I admit. She licks her bottom lip as I pull up a chair to sit closer to her. "I'm not in your light, am I?"

"No," she says. "I just don't have long."

"I won't interrupt," I lie.

I know it's a lie the second she crosses her legs. My wife needs some reminding that there's plenty of heat in our relationship. As she sets her sketchbook down on the desk and the professor gives up on closing the distance between us, he sits at his desk.

Sophie draws, gets frustrated, and erases again. I brush my lips across her ear. "Just relax and enjoy the process."

My eyes flick to Professor Stevens again as I stroke up Sophie's leg, dragging her long skirt up so I can touch her thigh. She lets out an unsteady breath. She tries to work on the face again as I keep teasing the inside of her

thigh.

She shudders and I kiss her neck. "I'm proud of you, baby. Keep going."

I tug on her panties, hooking my finger under the side and rubbing closer and closer to her pussy. I kiss Sophie's shoulder and she softens her moan as my knuckle brushes her entrance.

"Oh!" she breathes.

Her pencil clatters to the table and I notice she finished the face. It's not a perfect recreation, but it's damn good.

"Professor, *my wife* is finished," I announce, then lower my voice. "But I'm not finished with you."

I slide my fingers over her slit, finding her wet already. She squirms but presses against my hand. She takes my arm, almost like she's trying to hide what we're doing. Her professor looks at the sketchbook that I slid across the table.

My fingers keep teasing Sophie's clit until she digs her nails into my arms and lets out a ragged breath. The professor eyes her over the edge of the sketchbook. He doesn't deserve to see her come. He doesn't deserve to see what she looks like while she's being pleased.

I still my fingers and draw back. Sophie rests her head on my shoulder.

"It's good. You got the light perspective, like we talked about," he murmurs.

"I'm glad to hear it!" she says before beaming.

"Make sure it translates into your homework and you'll do very well, Sophie. I'm glad to see you progressing so much," he says.

"Good, that means you're all mine!" I jump up and suck one of my fingers, not caring if Mr. Professor man sees or not.

Sophia doesn't even look at him. Her eyes are on me and me alone. She takes my hand when I offer it to her and I help her grab her things. "We're going to dinner and then I have some surprises for you."

"Surprises?" she asks.

I grin and turn her around in the hallway, backing her against the wall to kiss her passionately. I'm sure she can taste herself on me and that makes it all the hotter. Sophie grips my shirt so tightly she drops her sketchbook. I pull her closer and nibble her bottom lip, then continue kissing down her neck as I palm her ass and grind her against me.

She moans and devours my mouth. I grip her hair tightly and draw back, smiling down at her. "You're only going to be thinking of me when you're

here from now on.”

“Yes,” she pants. “Is that the surprise?”

“The entire night is a surprise. There’s not a single plan. Just us, having fun,” I explain before taking her hand, picking up the sketchbook, and dragging her down the hall as she laughs.



## SOPHIA

**H**olden spins me outside of the school and I see he grabbed his own car. He doesn't do it often, at least, I don't think he does. He presses my back against the vehicle and kisses me again. It's as deep and intense as the one he gave me in the hallway. I groan and pull him closer. After his tease in the classroom, every touch, no matter how small or soft, is a tease.

I groan when he pulls away. "Hold, you're teasing me."

"Just wait until we get in the car. If you think I'll have both hands on the wheel ...." something playful and hot darts through his eyes.

Holden's always been a steadfast rule follower... unless it came to *not* fucking employees (me), but the fact he's dangling an offer like this is so surprising. I'm not sure if I'm dreaming or not.

Holden winks at me and opens the door. "We might need to go shopping."

"What's wrong with my outfit?" I ask when he gets in the driver's seat. He reaches over and shows how much fabric is in the way. Hard to argue with that. "Okay, but if we're going somewhere, then maybe it's better to have something between us before we get naughty."

He considers that, then slides his seat back, pulling me onto his lap. Holden bunches my dress around my hips, then slides his fingers between us as he kisses me like he's been starving for me.

I grip the back of his head and his shoulder as I rub myself on his fingers. He lets out a low growl and pushes my panties to the side, thrusting his thick fingers into me. I groan and press my forehead against his as my lips part.

"Holden!"

“Yes, baby, let me hear how much you like my touch.”

“What’s gotten into.... oooh.” My head falls back.

“Clearly, you’ve been thinking about him because I haven’t been making you come enough. I’m going to fix that,” he growls before nipping my neck. He continues kissing across my shoulder, over my collarbone, then over the small amount of cleavage I wore. “I’ll keep picking you up from classes until he gets the picture.”

Fuck, the combination of his words and his fingers working deep inside me has me going insane. I know the windows are tinted so dark that no one can see what we’re doing, but this is a new level of intensity for my husband. His possessiveness, his unwillingness to wait. All of it is sexy as hell and such a surprise.

His fingers work deep inside me as he continues teasing my clit with his thumb. I lean over and bite his shoulder to stay quiet.

“I’m going to make you come again and again,” he growls.

He proves it quickly. The way his fingers move, the tease of his panting groans in my ear, the way he growls and kisses me, bites me, fingers me. It’s too good.

“Holden ... Hold!” I pant.

“Come for me, baby,” he growls.

He adds a third finger, thrusting in fast until I nearly scream his name as I come apart. Holden turns my face and kisses me savagely. There’s nothing soft, there’s nothing gentle. He bites my bottom lip until I whimper, then soothes the pain with his tongue.

I love his demanding nature.

He sets me back in my seat and glances at my skirt again. “Maybe we don’t need to have you change.”

I reach under my shirt to pull the skirt up and over my breasts, then toss the shirt into the back. I do a fancy twist, set my hair free, and tuck the top of my skirt into my bra. My cleavage has Holden’s total attention.

“Fuck, I love you,” he breathes.

I laugh softly. “I always want to look good on your arm, Holden.”

“You’ll look better under me or on top of me... later,” he promises.

Somehow, he keeps both hands on the steering wheel unless he’s at a red light. Anytime we stop, his hands are on me. But after the first tease, I can’t resist. Not when he’s hard and trying to calm himself unsuccessfully.

I rub him through his jeans, loving how he curses, accelerates, and shoots

me warning looks I ignore so I can keep touching him. He finally pulls up outside of a bar. It's not one we've ever gone to. It's definitely a high-end bar considering how clean it looks, the melody playing, and the Edison lights hanging from the ceiling to give the tables *some* light.

Holden gets us a table in the back corner and slides into the booth with me, ignoring the other side. I nibble my bottom lip as our knees bump. Holden looks so damn good, and I'm already sizing up the length of the tablecloth.

"Whatever you're thinking about, you should do," Holden says in a dangerous whisper. "No holding back tonight. If we want to do it, we do it."

"Even if it means getting kicked out of the bar?"

"Oh, trust me. They won't kick us out," Holden assures me.

I shoot him a look and he gives me a naughty smile. "They wouldn't dare kick out their top shareholder."

"Holden," I groan. "I thought it was a surprise."

"I wanted to take you to another restaurant, but you got me so bothered, I couldn't wait." He drags me closer and kisses me without worrying about a single other person. I hear a few giggles, but then a throat clears. Holden draws back. "Yes?"

"Have you had time to look at your menu, sir?"

"Surprise us with drinks. Whatever house beer for me and something strong and delicious for my wife," Holden says without looking at the man.

"Um, an appetizer?"

I look at the menu, despite Holden stroking the inside of my knee lazily, and order something simple and easy. The guy nods at me and Holden lifts my chin. "What were you saying you wanted to do?"

I suck my lip and debate with myself. I know his rule of just doing what I wanted to do, but I feel like I should control myself. He grips my thigh tightly and drags me closer. "Show or tell, baby. Which do you want to do?"

I don't answer until after I've downed half my drink. Liquid courage is *very* real. Real enough for me to slide under the table. I squat there for a moment, stroking Holden's thighs until he moves forward and rests his elbows on the table.

He moves his hips closer to mine. "No one's looking."

That's enough of an answer to calm my worries. I pop the buttons on his pants and drag them down. I love when he doesn't wear boxers. I lick from the base of his cock to the top, then suck him between my lips. I hear

something thump on the table and a soft moan.

I slide further, sucking and licking as I move up and down his length. A low moan builds in my throat, but I muffle it with his thickness. Holden reaches down and holds my head in place.

He orders as I try to get my throat to stop spasming around his cock. Finally, his hand softens on my head, then I take him faster like I crave, stretching the boundaries of my desires until my eyes water and I can barely breathe. I draw back and focus on the head of his cock, just sucking and licking until Holden thrusts into my throat.

I groan and take him properly, remembering what he likes, how to swirl my tongue around him, how hard to suck, and then his nails dig into my hair as he floods my mouth with come. I hum softly and lick him over before popping off his cock and stuffing him back in his pants. I pull his shirt over his still-open zipper, but he takes care of that as I rejoin him in the booth.

A waitress looks over with wide eyes as I wipe my bottom lip. Holden turns my chin and kisses me again, tangling his tongue with mine before he gives me a long drink from my glass.

“That was a damn good surprise, Sophia,” he growls in approval.

I feel my face heat. I must be bright red. Leaning toward him, I’m ready to offer plenty more, but our food comes out. Everything looks amazing and one whiff of the food reminds me of how hungry I am.

We eat together as Holden grabs my thigh, teases me with *almost* touches, and tells me all about his week and random stories he’s reminded of. When he’s laughing and picking at the fries on my plate, I just watch him with absolute delight.

He stops midstory and clears his throat. “What’s that look for?”

“What look?”

“The one that’s all soft and ... sweet and ...”

“I love you, that’s all. I love listening to your stories, hearing you laugh, seeing you enjoy yourself,” I explain.

He moves closer and runs his fingers through my hair, drawing me close. “You keep talking like that, and I’m going to have to find the closest hotel instead of the best.”

“Haven’t I made it clear that I want you? That I love you, that I’m so thrilled about tonight that I can’t imagine anything better?” I ask.

Holden groans and pulls me half on his lap. His lips brush against mine, but then the waiter is back. “Your check, sir.”



“Of course.” He hands over his card without a look, then kisses me.

His tongue teases mine, then he focuses on me entirely, showing me exactly how intensely he feels with every curl and stroke of his tongue. I groan and melt against him, rubbing his abs and giving his tongue a soft bite, just to be cheeky.

“Fucking ... Sophie, you need to-”

“You told me not to resist a single urge, so I’m not.” I tap his nose.

He scribbles some kind of tip, grabs his card, and picks me up. He carries me out of the bar, not caring who looks.

Holden pulls into the first hotel—specifically ignoring motels—and gets the most expensive room, even though it’s just for the night. He has champagne sent up and demands a room service menu.

The whole time, he refuses to stop touching me. In the elevator, he backs me against the wall, lifts my leg over his hip, then uses his fingers until I’m on the edge of another orgasm. Holden kisses me, swallowing every moan, driving me absolutely insane, until I’m whimpering and ready to beg him to fuck me.

“Please!” I finally say when the doors open.

Holden guides me to our room without a word, looking professional and unbothered. I narrow my eyes when he opens the door. “You can’t tell me you’re not worked up after all of-”

He pushes me against the door, pulls my hips back, and then my skirt is out of the way and he’s buried inside me. A gasp leaves my throat as I adjust to his thick cock filling my pussy. I brace myself against the door.

“I’m going to fuck you so thoroughly tonight that I’m the only person on your mind for the rest of the week,” he growls in my ear before drawing almost all the way out and thrusting back into me. “But we’re not moving from right here until you come.”

Holden follows through, setting a relentless pace as pleasure spreads across my nerves, making me tremble and pant. “Holden!”

“You feel so fucking good. So wet, so tight,” he moans.

I whimper and come so fast, I’m almost embarrassed as my pussy tightens around him and I drag my nails down the door while nearly screaming his name. He pulls me up and kisses my neck. “There’s the first one. Let’s see if we can fuck on *every* surface in this room.”



## NICK

S ophia and Holden come home after I drop the kids off at school. Their hair is damp, their clothes ruffled, but considering Sophie's still blushing and Holden is wearing a huge smile, I know they had an excellent night.

Holden swats Sophie's butt and I let out a groan. She looks over at me and bites her bottom lip. "Something you want to say, Nick?"

"Something I'd rather do, sweetheart," I say, watching her ass shamelessly.

She goes right to the kitchen and fires up the stove. "Eggs?"

"French toast. Spoil us," Gunner orders before wrapping himself around her and kissing her throat. "Who left all these marks on you?"

"Holden," Sophie says happily.

"And how far do these marks go? I think I need to see and kiss each one," Gunner teases, pulling at her clothes. "And you need to be wearing *much* less."

"Gunner, I'm cooking!"

As if that matters. He leaves her panties and bra on, but nothing else. We all drool over our wife. She moves through the kitchen, actually making French toast and bacon. She hums as she cooks, then looks back at us.

Gunner's watching—shirtless—from the side of the kitchen. Holden's standing by the island, retracing the hickeys over her body, even though I'm sure he's planning on adding to it, while I watch from the couch, totally focused on her despite the T.V. playing in the background.

"Why's it so quiet down here?" Roman asks.

“I feel like I’m about to be pounced on,” Sophie complains.

Roman looks over at her and licks over his lips. “That’s a genuine concern.”

“Roman,” she holds out a fork as if it’s going to protect her. “Let me feed you all and then we can figure out ... what to do, you know?”

He purrs to her in Italian, and she draws back. “You either help me cook or you behave.”

Roman grins an innocent smile. “Of course, I’ll help you in the kitchen, Bambina.”

“She could use the help. She’s exhausted,” Holden says with a chuckle.

“Damn you, Holden. I want our wife,” Gunner huffs.

“At least her teacher knows she’s taken without question,” Holden shrugs.

I arch an eyebrow at him. “Did you fuck her on the table right there for him to see?”

“Nope. He doesn’t deserve to see her come. That’s for us and us alone,” Holden assures us. “But you’ll be thinking about me in class, won’t you, Soph?”

“You and your wicked fingers,” she grumbles.

“And everything else we got to enjoy in the hotel,” he sighs. “You should be lying down and I should be cooking, considering-”

“You did plenty of work last night,” Sophie waves the thought away.

She cooks us breakfast, then magically disappears. I look around in surprise. About ten minutes later, Sophia comes back, fully dressed. She stretches out on the couch with me with something in her hands. “I wanted to show you my sketchbook. I have homework to do this weekend, but you deserve to see what I’ve been working on.”

We look over her sketches together, and Sophia tells me the assignments. I can see her progress right there on her page. Just hearing her excitement fuels mine. I see a wonderful statue done without a single line.

Smiling, I adjust Sophia in my arms so I can kiss her forehead, her temple, then her mouth. She hums in her throat as she kisses me back, taking her time. I set her sketchbook down and flip her on top of me so I can slap her ass.

She gasps and draws back. “Nick!”

“Am I not allowed to appreciate my incredibly attractive wife?”

“That’s appreciation? I thought it was a punishment,” she mumbles.

I grip both ass cheeks in my hands, tightening and softening my grip over and over as she rubs herself against me. “It can be both. We both know that’s a lighter spank than what I’m capable of.”

“Yeah, well ... just because it is, doesn’t mean I’ve earned it.”

I arch an eyebrow and bring my hand down on her harder. She gasps and squirms on my lap. I soften my hand and kiss her. I know what I’d like to do with her, for how we can enjoy each other, but I’m debating between being patient and having her today.

We still have hours before the kids will be home, and I know Gunner has a new design for Legos to turn in tomorrow. Roman is working on *something*, even if I’m not sure what, and Holden is probably going to pass out soon.

Sophie looks around. “Is Roman upset with me, too?”

“No, sweetheart, why would he be?” I ask.

“Well, he’s certainly not here.”

I see him on the stairs, and I shrug. “Maybe you have to say his name three times, like Beetlejuice.”

“Roman,” she says, closing her eyes. “Roman ... Ro-”

Before she can say it a third time, he grabs her and picks her up. She squeals and squirms in his arms until he laughs and sets her down. She swats at his shoulder. “You scared me!”

“You were being so cute, but since you called,” he teases.

She sticks out her tongue, and he snaps his teeth at her before kissing her hungrily. She wraps herself around him until he drops her onto the couch. I pull her towards me as Roman fights with her clothes, trying to get more of her.

Sophie moans and lifts her hips.

“Roman, did you forget you have groceries to pick up?” Gunner yells. “Take the wife.”

Roman grins a wicked smile and agrees, pulling her up. “We’ll be back, Nick.”

The second they’re gone, I set up my ‘office’. I put on a vest and tie, along with some slacks. I grab some frame-less glasses and smile to myself. If she wants a professor, she’ll have a professor.

To finish it, I get a crop from our playroom. I text Sophie that I’d like to see her when she gets back and finish off the setup with her sketchbook.

It doesn’t take long for Sophia and Roman to get back. “Amore, Nick wants to see me about something.”

“I’m sure we all want to see plenty of you,” he growls.

I smile to myself and lean back in my plush desk chair. Sophie walks in and stares at me. After a thorough perusal, I arch my eyebrow. “Mrs. Agosti, shut the door.”

She does it obediently and sits in the chair I put out for her. “Nick-”

“Professor,” I correct.

Her cheeks go pink. “Really, we don’t have to-”

“Oh, we definitely need to talk about your grades. These sketches,” I push the sketchbook toward her, “are wonderful, but this isn’t an art class and apparently, I’m having trouble keeping your attention.”

“I ... Well, you aren’t, but the lesson is,” she says slowly as she catches on to what we’re doing.

I smirk. “Really? Because if I was keeping your attention, you wouldn’t be doodling and nearly failing my class.”

“Failing!?” she exclaims, standing.

“That’s right. I’m very *disappointed* in your grades. I’d offer you extra credit, but I don’t think that would get through to you,” I growl, standing as well.

She sucks in a breath. “So what ... what will get my attention, *professor*?”

“A punishment, a thorough, clear punishment that will give you incentive to get your grades up.”

“There might already be an incentive... on display,” she says, peeking at my slacks. “Or close to on display.”

“Don’t you go fishing for extra credit yet. Accept the punishment and accept responsibility for your actions. Clearly, there needs to be a reason you focus on the lesson. Maybe being uncomfortable in my next class will remind you of how important your education is,” I say in a low voice.

“Yes, professor. What do I have to do?” She asks, nearly trembling in her heels.

I sit down and pat my lap. “Come over here and lie across my lap. Prove you can be a good girl.”

She bites her lip, but a little moan still escapes. She walks over and lies across my lap, flipping her skirt up to reveal a thong. I groan and palm her ass. “Look at that, all ready for me.”

“I promise to take my punishment professor... then we can talk about extra credit, right?”

“You won’t need to talk about it,” I promise before bringing my hand

down on her ass.

She gasps. I use my hand a few more times until her ass is nice and pink. She moves, but I lock my arm over the small of her back and drag her panties down her thighs. "Oh, I'm not done punishing you, sweetheart."

"But... I took the spanking."

"You took half the spanking. We're going to make sure you've learned a lesson here," I say.

I see goosebumps rise on her legs as she kicks her panties off her ankles. "Professor, I should-"

I bring the crop down on her ass and she jumps, nearly popping up. I hold her down and tsk. "Well, that's no good. You need to stay right here."

"Yes, professor," she whimpers.

I swat her with the crop again, listening to it crack on her skin. She moans as I continue trailing swats down her thighs, then back to her perfect, round ass. When I'm sure she's not going to jump up, I switch hands with the crop and continue using it on her ass while rubbing her inner thigh.

"I don't think this punishment is very effective," I say before swatting her again.

She whimpers. "It is!"

"You're soaking wet. I'm not convinced it's working. I guess I'll have to be more thorough," I say.

"But-"

"Oh, your butt is very red, don't you worry about that," I assure before rubbing over her wet slit. I stroke over her clit, rubbing in fast circles. "You're not allowed to come until after you take your spanking. Do you understand?"

"Yes! Yes, professor, I understand."

I edge her once and she hisses at me. I swat her again and she gasps. "Please!"

I smile, loving the way she moans and pants, the sound of the crop on her perfect backside, and how wet she is. I thrust my fingers inside her, rubbing her G-spot, then pushing deeper until she's practically whining.

"Please, professor! I'll pay attention! I promise. I'll focus on every lesson!" she begs.

I still my fingers before she can come. Her pussy quivers and she lets out a frustrated huff. I gently stroke the crop up her thigh and over her ass. She trembles and peeks at me from over her shoulder. Her face is red, eyes wild,

lips parted.

“Please, Professor, I promise, I’ve learned my lesson,” she whimpers.

“Have you?”

“Yes!”

I drop the crop and she relaxes just in time for my hand to come down on her ass. She jumps and I chuckle. “Now, you’ve learned your lesson.”

I pump my fingers into her hard and fast. Under Sophie’s moans, I can hear how wet she is every time I thrust inside of her. She comes apart, whining, panting, begging me to let her come even though she’s already in ecstasy.

“That’s a good girl. I love watching you take my fingers,” I groan.

Sophie comes to from her climax, but I don’t still my fingers until she’s on the edge again. When I stop and pull her up, she fits her mouth to mine, sucking my tongue, kissing me hungrily, pressing her body against mine.

I stand while holding her close and finally pry my mouth from hers. “About the extra credit ...”





## SOPHIA

Nick backs me against the desk and I glance over at it. I shove the few items off, then bend over the desk, wiggling my ass at Nick. He groans. “Did I say I was going to fuck you?”

“No, professor,” I spread my legs wider to show him everything. “I took initiative.”

He groans and flips me over. Nick takes off my dress, rips my bra off me, and puts me on the desk while kissing me with blatant desire. We make out, not even bothering to stop for air despite how dizzy I am. I reach between us and undo Nick’s slacks, shoving them and his boxers down before wrapping my legs around him and jerking him closer.

He groans and pushes me back, kissing my chest. “You’re such a naughty girl.”

“Only for you, professor. I crave you so much. It distracts me in every lesson,” I pant, continuing with this incredibly hot roleplay.

He groans, then sucks my nipple into his mouth. He massages with his teeth, teases me with his tongue, and drives me absolutely insane. He sucks my nipple hard, then pulls away. Looking me over slowly, Nick grabs my knees and jerks me closer to him.

“You want me too, professor. I know you do.” I pant as I grab Nick’s hand and pull it up my body to cup my breast. “So have me. Extra credit or not.”

“That’s a breach of ethics,” he says with a wicked smile before adjusting his professor glasses.

“I’m worth it,” I promise, wrapping my legs around him and jerking him

against me. “Can’t you tell by how wet I am?”

“Fuck yes,” he readjusts, then thrusts into me hard.

I moan and my head falls back as Nick holds my hip in one hand and my breast in the other. He pounds into me, hard. Oh, fuck, we need to do this constantly. I need him inside me more often. Nick groans and moves his hand from my hip. He presses down on my lower belly and he feels so much bigger inside me.

Nick groans. “Fuck, you’re perfect, so perfect!”

“You’re so deep!” I moan. “Oh, yes. Don’t stop! Please, don’t stop!”

He doesn’t. He thrusts into me relentlessly. Every now and again, he lifts his hand from my breast to give my tits a light swat. He pinches my nipple hard while grinding inside me and I come apart, yelling his name as I grip the desk behind my head and tighten my legs around him.

Nick grunts with every thrust and I pull on his tie, sitting up to kiss him hungrily before ripping off his vest so I can touch him, watching his muscles shift under his skin, enjoying every bit of my husband.

Nick grips the back of my neck tightly, holding me in place as he kisses me like he needs, without restraint. I dig my nails into his ass and he tosses me back down to the desk, lifts my legs so my ankles are on his shoulders, and swats my thigh with every thrust.

“Oh fuck,” I pant as I feel the next orgasm starting in my fingertips. My whole body buzzes with expectation and my back arches. “Nick! Yes! Yes, Nick!”

He groans and jerks out to come on my belly and breasts. He pants and braces himself on the desk, hovering over me. I lean forward and kiss him again, taking my time to enjoy the way his kisses soften.

“Fuck, that was good,” he pants, stumbling and falling into his seat. I sit up and sit in his lap, my back against his chest. He looks me over and grins. “Very good.”

“My butt hurts from the hard desk,” I complain softly.

“Sounds like we’re going to need a shower then, so I can pamper you and kiss it better,” he says with gentle kisses.

I grin and race him to the shower. Nick follows through, washing me slowly, kissing across my ass, then bending me over, feasting on me. I can’t help but do the same for him, sucking his cock until he finishes in my throat.

After we wash up again, Nick lies with me in bed. I sigh and snuggle close to him. “That was so much fun.”

“I’m glad to hear it. Next Thursday, I’ve set up a date for us,” he murmurs.

“Yeah?”

“I’ve gotten you flowers every week since we proposed to you, Sophia. I think you’d like to see the nursery I go to,” he says with a smile. “When I’m the one doing the picking.”

I kiss his chin. “I’d love that.”

“We can put together bouquets for the girls, have a nice dinner, and spend time together,” he says.

“I love that idea. I don’t really want to wait,” I grumble.

He chuckles and kisses me slowly. “Yes, you do. We have plans for this weekend. Family time.”

“Oh?”

“Did you miss the date?” Nick asks.

I just blink at him, not sure what he’s talking about. He sighs. “It’s your parent’s anniversary. We’re throwing them a surprise party on the roof. We even have Val and her men coming.”

“You invited my best friend and her husbands?” I gape.

“Well, your mom considers her a daughter, so it felt right.” Nick shrugs.

I kiss him softly. I don’t remember why I wanted my *actual* professor anymore. It makes little sense. How could I ever think of him when I have my husbands, so thoughtful, loving, and so fucking sexy?

“Get a nap before the kids come home. They’re upset they didn’t get to see you most of the day yesterday. I’m sure they have plenty to tell you,” Nick says.

I nod and make myself comfortable against him. “Stay with me.”

“Always, sweetheart.”

When I wake up, Nick is already staring at the door. He’s somehow got clothes on and I see clothes laid out for me. I smile and slide into them just before I hear Link. “When is Mom going to be home?”

“Did something happen to Mommy?” Emma follows up.

“What, we’re not good enough for you?” Gunner asks. “You’re not enjoying our Nerf fight?”

“Mommy!” Aria demands.

“We want Mommy!” Bash yells.

“Now we know who the favorite is, Gun,” Roman teases.

I hurry to get dressed and head to the living room with Nick. The kids

attack. They drag me to the living room and demand to know where I've been, why I didn't come home. Once I explain I was with Holden, they move on to telling me everything I missed out on yesterday and this morning.

With all of them talking at once, I'm sure I only catch half of what any of my kids say. I listen as much as I can until Roman says dinner's ready. His eyes find mine as we eat and he gives me a demanding, expectant look that nearly has me wet all over again.

He never misses a thing and the little smile turning up the corner of his mouth as he cocks his head to the side proves it. He knows he can turn me on with one meaningful look. It's so supercharged with lust, I know that he's going to outdo Holden *and* Nick.

"Mommy?" Aria asks. "Why you red?"

Roman chuckles. "Mommy is a little distracted right now, that's all."

"What's wrong, mommy?" Bash asks.

"All the fun we're going to have this weekend with Grandma and Grandpa," I blurt.

None of the guys buy it. They chuckle and share looks that tell me they're planning something big too. Gunner licks his bottom lip. "You know, Sophie, you and I still have a present to wrap."

"Oh?" I ask.

"We could do that after dinner," Gunner suggests.

"No! We wanna play games," Emma says seriously. "Please, Mommy?"

"You heard the princess."

Emma sits taller. "No one argues with the princess."

Link rolls his eyes. "We all get to choose, though. Not just you."

They go back and forth until it's agreed that we'll play a game on the PlayStation that they like. The guys chuckle about it, but after dinner, we all get set up. I somehow end up between Gunner and Roman while Nick and Holden sit with the kids, focusing them on the T.V.

Electricity teases the air and I'm sure, absolutely sure, that something is going to happen. It teases my nerves through the first game and I end up in last place. After that, I pull myself together. I start doing well just in time for Gunner to touch the back of my neck.

It's something simple and fleeting, but I can't deny the effect it has on me. I shudder and bite my bottom lip, shooting him a look. He retreats, but the smile keeps playing on his face. Roman lays a blanket over our laps and gives me a look when he feels my gaze.

“You had goosebumps, Bambina,” he says casually.

“Right,” I grumble.

Of course, that means that he and Gunner take full advantage, casually touching my thighs, playing with my hair, pressing barely there kisses to my neck until need burns in my belly and threatens to ruin me entirely.

When the game ends, I know I’m wet. I shudder and watch Holden and Nick take the kids to bed. Roman turns my chin and kisses me deeply. He clutches me against him, nearly pulling me onto my knees. Gunner grips my hips and kisses across my shoulder after pulling my shirt out of the way.

I moan between them and try to touch them both as best I can. Roman draws back and grins. “Just wait until I get my day alone with you.”

“I don’t want to wait,” I whimper.

“Oh, I know, Bambina, but you will, because it’s worth it,” he growls.

“The next time I get my hands on you, I’m not going to stop, Sweets,” Gunner promises me. “I’m going to make sure that you’re so loud we have to use a ball gag or stuff your panties into your mouth.”

I moan and turn to kiss him, too. He grips my thigh tightly and trails his lips down my throat. “You already got Nick today. You have to wait.”

“I don’t want to be patient. Not with you two,” I complain.

“That’s half the fun,” Gunner chuckles.

“We get to watch you pine for us, constantly wanting more,” Roman agrees, turning my chin back to him with a vicious smile. “We’re going to make sure by the time we actually touch you, you’re so wet and ready to go, you can’t think about anything else.”

I groan at the idea of these two driving me insane. They know they can. We all know they will, and that just makes me twice as needy. “But I’m right here ... right now.”

I push the blanket off myself and spread my legs to show them. “Ready and aching.”

Roman slides his hand over my panties, rubbing me with teasing strokes before he pats me lightly. “And I can’t wait to take full advantage of you.”

“When the time is right,” Gunner agrees. “Maybe it’ll be tomorrow.”

“Doubtful considering that’s when the party is,” Roman says.

“So we should get to preparing and wrapping presents,” Gunner pulls me up and gives me a wicked grin. “So it *absolutely* won’t be tonight, babe.”

“You’re going to kill me,” I pant.

Roman licks his fingers slowly. “You’ll definitely live, Bambina.”

“Let’s go wrap the presents while Roman takes care of starting the decorations,” Gunner purrs in my ears. “Maybe if you’re a good girl, you’ll get something to look forward to.”

“Maybe,” Roman agrees with a wink.

I pant and nibble my bottom lip. “I don’t like, maybe. I like yes.”

“You’ll have us,” Gunner says. “Just before you start yelling and demanding.” He chuckles.





## ROMAN

I finish setting up the rooftop for Miles and Diana's anniversary party. Link comes up to me. "Dad, what is the party for?"

"Grandma and Grandpa's anniversary," I explain.

"What's an anniversary?"

"It's the day of the year a couple is married. Some people celebrate it every year, some celebrate it every five years," I explain.

"Do you and the other dads celebrate it with Mom every year?" Link asks.

"We do," I agree. "Every year."

"When?"

"The same day we were married," I answer.

"What do you do? I haven't seen you celebrate," Link presses.

I turn and arch an eyebrow at my eldest son. It doesn't matter that he's clearly Gunner's, from looks to questions to the way he tries to befriend everyone, he's mine. I take a slow breath and remind myself that patience matters with kids. They're figuring out the world and Link wants to figure out everything.

"We celebrate with Mom alone. Sometimes we take her somewhere new. Sometimes we take her to places that remind her of things we've done in the past. It's romantic," I explain.

His face screws up. "And Daddy Gun is... romantic?"

I smirk and lean toward him. "I think he's the most romantic of all of us."

"Ew," Link grumbles.

We laugh and finish. When Gunner and Sophia come out with the

presents, Link pretends to gag and Gunner looks over with interest. “Did I miss something?”

“No, Dad!” Link says before running off to get his siblings.

Gunner walks up to me and points at me. “What did you say to him?”

“That you’re a romantic,” I shrug.

“I am?”

“Oh, you definitely are,” Sophia giggles, sliding between us and then bending over to get something, rubbing her ass right against Gunner.

He sucks in a breath, unable to argue with her after that. She stands up and cups his cheek, almost kissing him. “You read with me in the bath. Never forget an anniversary or important moment. You are utterly and completely romantic.”

He leans forward, but Sophia kisses the corner of his mouth and darts away.

Gunner lets out a soft growl as he watches her.

Before he can chase her down to even steal a kiss, there’s a squeal and Valerie appears, hugging our wife. Valerie’s dark hair against Sophia’s auburn locks shows where one girl ends and the next begins.

They squeeze each other like it’s been years, even though they just saw each other a few months ago. I roll my eyes, but Hunter comes in and Gunner grins. They greet each other and Lief walks over to me.

He’s softened a bit since marrying Valerie, but there’s still something sharp about him. Of course, there is. Even if Hunter and his younger brother Chase seem kind and normal, they’re all lethal.

At least it matches Valerie.

Lief nods to me. “Thanks for the invitation.”

“It didn’t interrupt anything, did it?” I ask.

“No.”

As always, Lief barely has words for anyone. As more people file in, I sit down after saying hellos. I know Miles and Diana love parties, but I don’t love making small talk. I don’t enjoy wasting energy on a ton of people, even if there are plenty of kids to keep our own children entertained.

Gunner whispers something in Sophia’s ear and she rolls her eyes before coming to me and sitting on my lap. She glances at Lief and smiles. “What do you think of the weather, Lief?”

He chokes on his drink. He studies Sophia. “There’s only a ten percent chance of rain. I’d appreciate a few more clouds, to be honest.”

“I believe there’s a twenty percent chance for rain. I think it would make the party better, but it’s a bit too windy for me. I mean, just look at Valerie’s dress,” Sophia hints.

Lief looks away from Sophie and I follow his gaze to Valerie who keeps pushing her dress down.

“More wind would be better,” Lief mutters.

Valerie notices us and walks over. Lief glowers at Valerie and pulls her into his lap. “What did you share with Sophie?”

“Oh, I share plenty with her. Including conversations that lead to more,” Valerie teases while stroking Lief’s chin. He adjusts ever so slightly, and Valerie pants. “You know we can’t do that here.”

As always, I have no clue what’s going on between them. Sophia whispers in my ear. “He’s looking at her like he wants to drag her to bed.”

“How does it compare to how I look at you?” I growl before biting her ear.

She shudders, and I trail my fingers down her side and over her hip. Sophia meets my eyes and I let every ounce of desire I’ve been forcing down to show on my face. She shivers. “Amore ...”

“Let me guess ‘you can’t do that here’.”

She swats me and I pull her close before sucking her bottom lip, nibbling the same spot, and pulling her against me so she can feel how hard I am for her. She melts against me and draws out each kiss, stroking my tongue, teasing me until I’m hard, ready to drag her into the stairwell and fuck her against the wall like I need to.

“Happy Anniversary!” someone yells.

I draw back from Sophia, and she winks at me before trying to get up. I hold her in place.

“Oh, no you don’t, Bambina. You’re staying right here until I can stand,” I warn her.

“I didn’t break your legs,” Sophia argues. “Why would you be upset for someone to see you hard?”

“Because your dad has an excellent aim and I’m pretty sure he could hurt me,” I growl in her ear. “Do you want my cock in less than perfect condition?”

“I’d have a reason to kiss it better,” she says before kissing my jaw.

My whole body reacts. I hate how easily she turns me on and drives me crazy. It’s not fair. Not even a little. When she gets up, I have to think about

Lief teasing me just to go soft.

I congratulate Diana and Miles on their anniversary, but Diana giggles as she looks over at Nick and me. She bites her bottom lip. “Imagine an anniversary with four men all eager to be the best.”

“Diana,” Miles chastens.

“Or one man eager to be as good as four,” she says as she leans back against him. “This morning was fun.”

“Diana!” He hisses. “Sophia is right there.”

“And she has four kids and four husbands. If we do something new to her, I’ll be sure to whisper it in Gunner’s ear so he can take credit for it.”

Gunner rolls his eyes, but Sophia laughs. “Mom, today is about you and Dad ... your *entire relationship*, not just the secret parts.”

“Sure, sure. Where’s my *fun* daughter again?” Diana asks. “Valerie!”

“Making out with Lief,” Sophia answers.

I look over my shoulder and see that’s what happens while Chase watches.

“Then I have some chaos to start,” Diana raises her glass. “Lief, exactly where do those tattoos stop?”

Miles rolls his eyes. “Please tell me there’s an open bar.”

“Don’t get Mom so drunk that you have to carry her out of here,” Sophia begs.

“It’s not for your mother.” Miles walks off.

Nick, Gunner, and I all stare at Sophia. I arch an eyebrow at her. “If they’re focused on saying hellos ...”

“Don’t you even think about it. We have children to watch, and Holden can’t do it by himself. Plus, today is about my parents, not us. I’m serious about that,” she points at each of us. “I’m serious!”

She storms away and I have a feeling she’s going to play keep away all night. It makes me twice as frustrated. Just last night, I told her I’d wait until she was begging for me, but I feel like I’m going to beg soon.

Even if I haven’t begged at all while we’ve been together, I’m not sure I can wait much longer to have my wife. Especially after hearing her and Nick.

Sophia will never know, but I stood right outside the door, listened to every spank land, listened to her moan, and beg Nick to fuck her. It had me so hard; I ended up taking care of myself right there and then.

When she strips into a one-piece that might as well be a bikini. Gunner slugs me on the shoulder and I shoot him a glare. “Don’t look at her like that

or you'll get us all started."

"I know."

"And it's not like you can fuck her right here in front of the party," Nick agrees.

Not that it matters. We're all drooling over her. Holden picks her up, making her laugh and squeal when he wraps his arms around her. They start a game of volleyball in the pool with the kids.

Seeing our wife with our children, playing, giving them all her attention while in that damn swimsuit is so fucking sexy. A good mother, and an amazing wife, not to mention the way she teases us... it's so insane. I can't imagine anyone better for the four of us.

The sun sets, the kids set off fireworks, and Diana makes passes at us that are teasing. She grabs Gunner's ass and tells him he's her favorite. Miles tosses her over his shoulder, but she insists on staying and for once, Sophia agrees, saying that they can't leave without dinner.

The party thins out, and some people leave, like Valerie and her men. I'm pretty sure that's because of Hunter. He hasn't been able to stop staring at his wife with blatant hunger. It's so intense, so beyond lust, that I'm sure other people feel it, not just Valerie.

"You're so mean, Hunter," Sophia pouts. "Taking my best friend away before my parents have left is awful. You get her all the time at home!"

"Not enough," Hunter says.

"I promise to call soon!" Valerie says, not putting up a fight at all.

Sophia complains, but then Valerie's swept away. I'm jealous that I can't do the same. I drag Sophia to the bar and feed her a shot. She makes a face that's so damn cute. I can't help but kiss her. I feel the burn of the liquor on my tongue, but I taste *her*.

The scent of her perfume, her soft lips, the taste of her mouth, how she feels in my arms, all of it makes it impossible to let her go. I clasp the back of her neck, weave my fingers through her hair and grip tightly.

"Roman," she says against my lips before I steal her mouth again.

It's a brutal kiss. I'll be the first to admit it. I'm so drunk on her, I don't care who sees. She fists my shirt and sinks against me. I hold her up, keeping her right against me until she draws back. "Roman, our kids ..."

"Are very happy with their friends, playing and ignoring us," I growl. "I bet I could lift you up and kiss your cleavage, push your swimsuit away, lick over your-"

“I don’t know what’s going on here, but it’s way too secretive, don’t you think, Gun?” Holden asks.

I turn and look at them. Sophie slips free of my arms and hurries to our kids. She lifts Aria up on her shoulders so our daughter can touch the lights. They catch Sophia’s eyes when she looks back at us.

“That’s a woman that wants to be chased,” Gunner growls.

“Behave. Miles is coming over,” I snort when I see our friend stumbling towards us.

Miles rests his hand on my shoulder. “I think I might need some troops to help with Diana. She’s such a hellcat.”

“Just like her daughter,” Gunner smirks.

Miles smacks the back of Gun’s head and he dodges away, losing himself in the crowd while Holden and I try to help Miles keep up with Diana.



## SOPHIA

**D**ear god, they're driving me insane. Holden grabbing my ass, pulling on my suit until it rubs against my clit in the pool, Nick promising to use me as a model for a nude painting for Gunner's birthday, feather-light caresses, enticing half-whispers, and deep, velvety purrs that set me on fire, leaving me yearning for more. And then there's Roman.

God, those kisses have me so revved up, so constantly wet, that I don't know if it's from the pool or me. I'm betting its me.

My mom laughs at something someone says and I head over to her when someone grabs my hand and I'm jerked behind a tree. I gasp and find Gunner there. He covers my mouth with his hand. "We're on a very secret mission, Sweets."

"A mission?" I ask against his palm.

He lowers his voice, his lips so close to mine, I can almost taste the brandy on his breath. "A very secret mission. None of the guys can know. If they see me sneaking away with you, they'll get the wrong idea." His voice low and ragged.

"And what's the right idea?"

"I can't tell you!" he hisses, taking my hand in his. He glances around. "Okay, if we make it to the bar, then we should be able to get to the staircase with no one noticing."

"Why can't you tell me?" I ask, keeping my face serious.

"If you're caught, you'll tell. Even our kids know better than to tell you secrets," he teases.

I gasp. "Gunner! Maybe I'll shout and blow the entire mission."



“You know it’s true. I love you more because of it. You can’t ever lie to us,” he says in a low, gravelly voice that makes me want more of him.

“To the bar?” I ask.

“To the bar.” He squeezes my hand, peeks out, then shoves me back. “Hold on. Roman’s looking over here.”

“And they can’t know because they think you’ll fuck me?” I ask.

He groans. “Yes.”

Before I can ask another question, he drags me to the bar. I gasp as we get behind it. The attendant looks at us for a moment, then shrugs. Gunner looks up and kisses me. I kiss him back, assuming that not even the bartender can know what we’re up to.

It’s silly, and I end up laughing. Gunner laughs, then covers my mouth. “The second you snort, someone will know we’re back here!”

“I don’t snort.”

“Yes you do. It’s cute as hell, but remember, this is serious,” he says.

I bite my lip. “Right.”

“Put your game face on.”

I stick my tongue out at him and he kisses me, sucking my tongue until I forget all about the mission, all about the party, all about everything except Gunner and the way he feels against me, how he kisses me like he can bottle love and give it to me if he moves his tongue just right.

A moan teases my throat, but right before it comes out, Gunner draws back. He peeks around the bar, steals two glasses from the top, then we make a dash for the stairwell. He pulls me around the corner and I can’t stop my laughter.

He shakes his head at me. “You’re hopeless! You know your voice echoes here.”

“Shame we’re not getting naughty then, isn’t it? You’d be able to hear how wet you make me, how loud I moan for you,” I tease.

He presses me against the wall. He grinds against me and I gasp. “Gun, the mission.”

“You’re teasing me until I can’t focus on anything and you know it,” he growls in my ear before biting my neck.

I gasp and arch against him.

“You have so many marks from Holden. None from me. I don’t like that,” he says before biting me again, hard.

I whimper, but cling to him, trying to pull him closer, trying to get him to

touch me, to beg him to do *something* without even a word. He sucks my neck, licks across the mark from his teeth, until I moan.

He draws back and takes my hand. "We better hurry."

"Right, something crazy."

"A present for your father," he hints.

"Really?"

"Something like that," he chuckles before peeking around the corner.

He drags me down a flight of stairs, then another, and another, until we're home. I'm breathless.

"I need to work out more," I rasp.

Gunner walks to the kitchen and pulls down one of our most expensive bottles of bourbon. He pours it into both glasses and hands me one. I arch an eyebrow as I take it. "I thought ... I thought we were getting a present."

"Giving a present," Gunner says, looking me over. "I'm pretty sure if your dad saw you only in that, your mom wouldn't get any tonight."

I gape at him. "Gun!"

"Sweets, you know that your mother wants everything your father can give her and more, but here you are, strutting around looking sexy as hell," he says.

I'm ninety percent sure he's stripping me with his eyes, as if he's never seen me naked before. I realize then that we're alone together. He and I haven't been alone together for too long. I down the entire glass of bourbon.

Gunner walks around the kitchen and grabs my hand, pulling it behind my back so my breasts push up against his chest. I pant. "Gun ... what's the mission?"

"You," he says, watching me like I'm the only thing in the world he wants. He presses his forehead to mine. "You are the mission, Sweets. You are *always* the mission."

"You're never allowed to say you're not romantic again," I breathe.

"I can't let Roman and the guys think I'm a whipped puppy, especially with Valerie around," he grumbles, then pulls me closer to him, walking me backward somewhere.

I don't care where. I'm with him. That's all I need.

"Gun ..." I whisper.

"I love you, Sophia. Hearing that you were thinking about someone else, even enough to have a crush while you were with him, hurt."

"It hurt?" I ask.

“Of course it hurt,” his brow furrows. “I think of you almost all day, fantasize about you, dream about you. There’s no one else on my mind. It doesn’t matter how a woman looks at me. There’s only ... *you*.”

I let out a ragged breath. “You’re not supposed to say something that romantic, Gun.”

“Why?”

“I thought you got it all out when you proposed to me ... in your vows,” I say.

“How about I renew those vows?” he says until something hits the back of my legs. “Slowly.”

“H... how?”

“I promise to love you always, even though you can’t lie and every emotion is on your face the second you feel it,” he says before kissing me and tugging on the tie around my neck for my bathing suit. He draws back. “I vow to dream of you, think of you, masturbate to only you.”

“Gunner,” I huff.

The tie comes loose around my neck and I almost reach for my top, but considering how tight Gunner has me, touching it is impossible. I suck in a breath when his lips brush mine. “To kiss you every day and kill every crush you might have by loving you.”

“You always love me,” I whisper.

He grins. “Not like I’m about to. We’ve fucked. We’ve had sex. I’ve shared you with the guys, but I haven’t *made love* to you in far too long.”

“Too long,” I echo, unable to think.

“We need to fix that.”

Considering how vulnerable, how seen, how hot I am for Gunner right now, hanging on every word and action, I can’t imagine anything better than him *loving me*. Gunner takes a step back, releasing my wrist, and my bathing suit falls down. He holds it in place and kisses my neck purring in my ear, driving me wild.

“What are you thinking, Sweets?” he asks.

“I ... I’m not,” I answer as his lips brush my collarbone.

“You’re quiet.”

“I’m just ... feeling ... feeling you,” I answer.

Gunner lays me back and edges my bathing suit down to my hips. He grips my thighs, wrapping them around his hips as he kisses across my cleavage. “Every inch of you is beautiful.”

“Are you going to mark every inch, then?”

“I’m not going to mark you at all,” he whispers before licking between my breasts and up my throat. He hovers over my face. “We have time. That’s why we had to sneak. So I could give you everything you deserve. The guys will be rough with you, to drive you insane with need, to make you wild, but I don’t want you to miss the gentle things.”

“Gunner,” I whine.

He groans and kisses me. He draws it out, takes his time, but it means even more to have him like this. To have him kiss me slowly, suck my tongue, taste me so completely. Holy fuck, he’s been holding out on me in the tub if he can make even slow, tender kisses this hot.

He draws back and continues down my throat.

“Oh ... please.” I pant.

“I’m going to take my time and make sure you feel *everything*,” he insists.

His tongue circles my nipple before he sucks softly. He cups my other breast in his free hand, squeezing, playing with my nipple lightly, driving me insane. My back arches and I stroke over his back, pulling at his shirt.

He takes it off, then gets off me. I whimper as the cold settles in around me. Gunner lights a few candles and comes back to me. He drags the rest of my bathing suit off me and just drinks me in. “Look at you.”

“Please, do more than look. Fuck, Gun, please!” I beg.

He kisses me again, pushing me further up on the bed. I pull at his pants desperately, but he grabs my wrists and gently lays them down by my head. “No rushing.”

“But-”

He kisses my palm, then across my arm, his lips barely brushing my skin.

I gasp as he continues torturing me with the same softness until he gets to my hips. His eyes peek up at me and I know I’m going to lose myself. I stagger out a moan as he kisses the underside of my breast and cups my ass in his hand.

My eyes close and I lean back. Gunner groans and captures my other nipple in his mouth as his free hand slips between my legs.

I gasp as he fingers me slowly. Of course, he knows just what I like when his fingers thrust into my pussy, but the way he takes his time, savoring every moan, dragging out every touch, warming my whole body with need and desire, drives me insane.

This is so different, so intense, so wild that I don't know what to think, how to think, or what to do.

"I love you," Gunner purrs against my chest. "Let me show you how much."

"Fuck yes," I rasp.

He chuckles and rubs his thumb over my clit. I whimper and let my eyes roll back as he teases me with his tongue and fingers in a slow, intense pace that sets my whole body on fire. I cover my mouth as I come apart for him. It's that or screaming, and considering we haven't even fucked yet, screaming isn't an option.

Gunner kisses me again, slow and sensual. "That's just the start, Sweets."

"I want everything, Gun. All of you. Constantly. Forever."

"That's what you're getting," he promises me before kissing down my body. "I have plenty more to show you tonight."



## GUNNER

I spread Sophie's legs over my shoulders, then bury my face in her pussy. I remind myself to go slow, even though I want to devour her. I want to make her come so hard she never thinks of her professor again. I want her to see me and only me. To think about me even when she's in that class.

I want her to forget every feeling she's ever felt for him.

He'll never measure up, not to us.

So I take my time trying out everything. Sophia gasps, rubs herself against me, impatiently tries to take more than I can give her. I grip her thighs, then her hips, to hold her in place. I want to tell her to relax, to enjoy it, but I don't want to pull my mouth off her sweet pussy.

She tastes better than any bourbon and holy fuck; I love how she moans.

I suck her clit, use the tip of my tongue to tease her, and she lets out a sound close to a sob. Sophia gasps and moans, then comes apart for me, so much wetter than she was just a few minutes ago.

Moaning, I keep going.

"Gun!" she pants. "Fuck me, please."

I shake my head, letting my tongue zigzag over her pussy before thrusting into her. She trembles and tries to lift her hips. I fuck her with my tongue, then focus on her clit again, going back and forth until she comes again.

Sophia grabs my head. "Please! Please, I need you inside me."

I lift my head and lick my lips. "Are you sure that's what you want? Or are you eager to come again?"

"Please," she pants. "I don't want anyone to interrupt us. I need you."

I strip my pants, watching the firelight dance on her skin. I climb on top

of her and slowly kiss her, then again and again. Her mouth is addictive. Tasting her pussy and her tongue is so damn good, I groan.

Sophie writhes under me. "Please, Gunner."

"Patience," I pant.

"I don't have any! I need you!"

I chuckle and stroke through her hair. "So demanding when I'm trying to be sweet."

"Sweet is my job," she says, stroking over my back. "Demanding is yours."

I rub myself against her, taking my time until she whines. "Gun!"

I thrust into her, giving her one inch at a time until her nails scrape down my lower back. Sophie groans and grabs my ass. "All of you, Gun. I need everything."

"I'm going to spoil you with everything forever, Sweets."

I choose a slow pace. I'm afraid it's going to kill me, considering I can feel every bit of her. I kiss her shoulder, trying to keep control, but it's slipping away. Sophie does it to me every single fucking time. A kiss is enough to turn me on and even touching her pussy makes me so full of need, I'm sure it'll kill me one day. I'll die of a heart attack and be the happiest ghost.

I slam into her when she lifts her hips to take more of me. Just when I think I have her and me under control, Sophie flips me. She shakes her head. "You're too gentle. I need more."

"Sophie," I pant.

She holds me down and rides me hard and fast. She rolls her hips, bounces on me and pulls me against her chest. "Fuck, Gun. You feel so..."

"God, I love you. You, your pussy, the way you sound when you come," I say.

She moans and pushes me down. "I should dom you."

"No. You should behave!" I roll her over and laugh.

She gasps. "Gun!"

"Who said you were in control?" I demand.

She gasps when I up the pace. I thrust into her again and again, rolling my hips, giving her everything I can dream of. Even when she tries to take control again. I just hit her with a pillow. She gasps and pauses.

"Did you just-"

"Behave," I say before laughing.



She laughs with me, but instead of stopping our fun, it makes her pussy tighten and I groan, slamming into her harder. “You better hold onto that headboard unless you want a headache.”

She braces herself against it, and I pound into her. I make sure every touch is gentle, but fuck, even that is hard, considering how she feels under me. I cup her breasts, grab her hips, stroke along her thighs.

I kiss up her neck, then steal her mouth before she can argue about me being too gentle or too sweet. I grind deep into her pussy so she can feel all of me. She deserves a whole fucking lot.

“Gun!” she sobs when I pull away.

I can tell she’s close. She gasps, trembles, her pussy tightens like a vise around my cock and I’m lost in how beautiful she is. She grips my shoulders, then wraps her arms around my neck. “Yes, Gun! Oh, yes! Yes!”

“Come for me, Sweets. Come and show me I’m still in your fantasies,” I beg.

She does, she explodes around me, so wet and overwhelming that I’m sure there’s going to be a puddle on my bed. I don’t care. I up the pace, fucking her harder, faster.

“Yes! Fuck me like that Gun! I want to make you come,” she groans in my ear.

It’s naughty, hot, and even if we’re in private with candles all around us, I can’t help but remember seducing her at the office. The first time she walked into my private office and saw me stroking myself, thinking of her.

I groan and shudder.

Sophia’s nails drag down my back. “If you won’t mark me, I’ll mark you.”

“Fuck,” I hiss.

She bites my neck, and it does me in. I come, hard. I don’t even try to pull out. I’m too far gone. I shudder as I finish deep inside my wife. I’m half sure I tell her I love her, but everything disappears as I lie on top of her.

I blink a few times.

Exhaling, I think about Sophie, about having her like this, about never letting the kids or the guys get in the way of us fucking, having sex, making love, or even having a bath together. Dates need to be a weekly thing. We need to keep our wife happy. We need to remind her she’s more than a mother, more than a roommate, that she’s everything.

I’ve never stopped loving her, not for a day, an hour, or a minute.

“I love you babe,” I breathe. “Even when you’re at school. Even when I’m plotting how to knock that PTA bitch down a peg.”

Sophie laughs. “I love you too, Gun. That’s never changed.”

“You’re never going to have another crush now, Soph,” I say, lifting my head to look at her. “If I even *think* you have one, I’m going to fuck it out of you.”

“You and Holden both,” she laughs. “Not to mention Nick and his roleplay.”

“Mmm. Sounds like something we should all be a part of,” I chuckle.

She grins and holds me. “I don’t know what I ever saw in him. I love you four so much, there could be no one else.”

“Good,” Tenderly, I brush a strand of hair from her face, tucking it behind her ear, before leaning in for another gentle, lingering kiss. “Because I’m not done with you tonight.”

“You’re incredible,” Sophie whispers, as our lips part for a moment. Our eyes lock, and I can’t help but smile, feeling a deep connection and warmth between us. “They’ll notice we’re missing,” Sophie says against my lips.

“I hate when you’re right.”

“But I am right. I am and you know it. If this is all secretive...” she kisses my nose. “You’re going to wipe that smile off your face.”

“That’s not possible.” I feel it grow.

We laugh as we get dressed again. Sophia tries to keep my shirt, but I pull her against me and pull it off her. “Oh no. If my smile doesn’t give us away, that will.”

We wrestle for it which leads to another round of fucking before we get back upstairs. Because Holden and Nick are laughing and chasing after our kids and Roman is in a deep discussion with Miles I don’t think we’ve been missed.

I smirk at Sophie and let her go to drink at the bar. She gives me a giggle and a soft smile before running around with the kids. Nick walks up to me after a bit and shakes his head. “You almost got away with it.”

“Away with what?” I smirk.

“You ran off to have some of your own bourbon, didn’t you? I bet Sophia went to go find you.”

“She caught me before I could have much,” I huff. “I tried to argue, even gave her some, but I couldn’t even seduce her!”

“Did you try with your body or with the liquor?” Nick teases.

I gape. "I'm worth way more than my body. You just wait until the next school event and you'll see my mind at work."

"You're stuck on that lady, aren't you? We killed her in the bake sale."

"She's not going to raise more money than us at any event this year," I say.

Nick rolls his eyes. "Don't spend so much time plotting when we have a sexy wife that craves our attention."

I glance over at Sophie and see her watching us. I lick over my bottom lip. "Oh, I won't. Our wife is my number one priority. We should take her on a group date soon."

"We will," Nick promises.

"Roman will have her soon, I'm sure of that," Nick says.

Roman looks away from Miles to look at our wife. I can see the lust on his face. He craves her as much as I do. I want Sophie again. How did I wait so long to have her?

"I hope she enjoyed the break she had from us," I mumble.

"What do you mean?"

"I don't think any of us are going to resist jumping her whenever we get the chance now," I say.

"The kids are at school. I cut my art classes down to three times a week," Nick agrees. "I think Holden's focusing his blogging time for early morning or late at night... whichever."

"And Roman's ready to give up whatever he has to just to get more of her," I comment.

"You turned that design into Legos?" Nick asks.

"I did."

"Sounds like we all have a lot of time on our hands," he smirks at me. "And so does our wife, when she's not doing homework or in class."

"She has classes Tuesdays and Thursdays, right?" I ask.

"Yup."

"I think the professor might need to understand a little better that she's taken. Holden can be so passive. He thinks men understand hints."

"Are you suggesting we all go pick her up?" Nick asks.

"One at a time, maybe two at a time ... we could really shock the teacher by all picking her up," I plot. "He'll have to move on then."

Nick chuckles. "Since when are you this evil?"

"Since I found out our wife was fantasizing about someone else even for

two hours a week,” I say.

Nick chuckles. Roman comes over and we watch Diana and Miles sneak out. They’re giggling and laughing like a teenage couple, which means they *might* make it to the car. I laugh with Nick.

Roman snorts. “Get them both drunk and everything’s fixed.”

“So that’s the key to a successful marriage?” Holden asks as he comes over. “The kids are going to pass out as soon as we get them in bed.”

All eyes go to Sophie. She looks up at us and blushes. I smirk. “How heavy are they going to sleep?”

Roman smiles. “Let’s make her wait at least another day.”

“What, you get her tomorrow?”

Roman winks at me. “I do.”

“Good. Because we have a show to put on Tuesday. For a certain professor,” I say.

“About time,” Holden moans. “I fingered her while he was there, but I don’t think his crush will end as easily as Sophie’s.”

“Not without some convincing,” I agree.



## SOPHIA

**D**espite my husbands watching me like they can't resist even a touch, none of them touch me that night. We put the kids to bed and then they pass out. I fall asleep between Holden and Gunner.

Even when I wiggle, they don't wake up. I huff.

I toss and turn for half the night. I can't sleep. I can't help but think about what Roman has in store for me. Holden had me. Nick had me. Gunner had me. So why is Roman waiting? He's never been known for his patience.

Sitting up, I look for him, but he's not even in the room. I nibble my lip.

What am I going to do?

I can't just keep waiting. I'm going to read into every touch, every look. God, it's going to be worse than Gunner taking his time and drawing out every second. At least he was touching me!

Rather than sleep, I sit up slowly. Getting out of bed, I head downstairs to watch T.V. and to calm down, then end up sketching. I finish my homework by the time the sun comes up.

"You're up early," a deep voice greets.

Roman stands there, in only boxers. I look him over and feel my heart clench. How could I ever want anyone else? Every muscle on display, every bit of his tan skin, and ... oh god, how am I supposed to control myself?

He arches an eyebrow and cocks his head to the side. "Are you ready to beg, Bambina?"

I stand up and drop my robe, revealing the see-through, lacy nightgown I put on to tempt my men. It comes down to mid-thigh and shows off everything I know Roman wants. His gaze sweeps over me, raising

goosebumps and making me so hot, I'm glad I didn't bother with underwear.

"Sophia..." he trails off.

"Amore, can you really just watch me?" I ask.

"I might be able to," he says despite how rough his voice is.

I walk around the couch and spread my legs as I lean back against the furniture. He licks his bottom lip as I drag the nightgown up to my hips. I rub over my pussy. "Roman, you really want to keep me waiting?"

He takes a step forward and pauses. "I'm not the reason we're waiting. I said you needed to be ready to beg, ready to demand."

"Maybe I want you to beg this time," I counter as I spread my legs wider and stroke over my clit. I pull my wet fingers away and suck them.

He lets out a soft groan and takes another step closer to me. "You are riding a dangerous line, Sophia Agosti."

"I'd rather be riding you, husband," I breathe.

He lets out a small sound and grabs the lace of my dress, jerking me against him. "Beg for it then."

I look up at him. I've done plenty of begging. Over the years, I've begged him for plenty. Even when he's deep inside me, it might do him some good. I stroke his chest. "I've begged for you so much."

"I love to hear it."

My eyes flick up to his. "And I'd love to hear what you'd sound like begging to have me."

His eyebrows move up higher. He takes a slow breath. "Really?"

"If you want my pussy so badly. If you want me to kiss you, touch you, suck your cock," I draw out each dirty word despite how much I know I'm blushing, "then you'd be willing to beg for it. Unless you think you just get to have it since we're married."

He growls and grabs my throat in his hand. My eyes widen as he squeezes, his fingers digging into my skin and stopping shy of hurting me. I pant as his lips hover just above mine. "You know, I never assume I just get to have you, Mrs. Agosti."

"No, you're used to taking what you want," I murmur.

He presses me harder against the couch and his lips brush over mine, but he doesn't kiss me. He just teases me while squeezing my throat lightly. I love when he flexes the power he has over me. I love the way he takes control without shame or compromise.

"Roman," I pant.

Just before he kisses me or fingers me or anything else that I can tell he's thinking, we hear something upstairs. Roman releases me and looks me over as his cheeks turn red. He lets out a harsh breath. "What do you want for breakfast?"

"You."

"Bambina," he groans.

I look at him for a long time, almost confused. Holden was the only husband that walked away from me when I admitted to my crush. Is Roman hurt too? He's been teasing me, kissing me, offering me *something*, but never following through.

I suck my lip and grab my robe, pulling it on. Roman sighs. "Sophia."

"It's fine." I insist.

I go to my room and just sit there. I fixed things with Holden. I fixed things with Nick. I even fixed things with Gun! Is Roman holding out because he needs a reminder that I want him?

I pull my legs up and look at myself in the mirror.

Every insecurity rises back up in me. I never should have told them about the crush. I should have just sucked it up, been done with it, and ignored it entirely.

Monday passes and even though my men spoil me when the kids are gone, give me hungry kisses and Gunner insists on making lunch. He has a way with peanut butter and jelly, apparently. He toasts it which sounds terrible, but it's delicious.

We have a good time, but my eyes keep flicking to Roman. He watches me like he can't get enough of me, like he craves me, but he still doesn't touch. He's not tempted, no matter how much cleavage or leg I show.

On Tuesday, I prepare to go to class. Each of my men gives me a long kiss until Roman stands there, saying he's taking me. I swallow hard. "Roman, you don't have—"

"Oh, yes I do," he says seriously.

I suck in a deep breath and get in the back of the town car with him. He doesn't put up the partition, which means any hope of him touching me is gone. I hold my sketchbook until Roman steals it and tosses it to the side.

I look up at him. "Roman, if you're upset with me, just say it. Please, I can take it. I can."

He unbuckles me and drags me to the middle of the car. "I'm very upset with you."



“Roman,” I pant.

“Since when can you resist me seducing you, huh?” He demands as he pulls me onto his lap. I brace one hand on the roof of the car as we take a turn. “Do you like your professor that much?”

“No!” I gasp. “No, I want you. Didn’t I prove that on Sunday? Haven’t I proven it with every kiss? I crave you!”

“But you don’t beg,” he growls. “It’s all you had to do to have me.”

“I wasn’t sure if you wanted me,” I admit.

He pushes my skirt up my legs. “Your fucking professor doesn’t deserve to see you in a skirt.”

Then he yells at the driver. “Take the long way.”

The driver’s voice is thin. “The ... long way?”

“Give us an extra fifteen minutes.”

“Roman,” I pant.

He grips my skirt and pulls it up over my hips. “I can’t last another minute without being inside you. If you want me, take me, Sophia. We’re past begging and flirting.”

“Fuck,” I pant as I drag his pants down and slide down his hard cock.

He fills me so completely, so entirely, that I actually moan.

“Roman, oh my god!”

“Be loud,” he orders. “Driver windows down.”

“But-”

“Not all the way, but down enough,” he says.

The windows drop enough to throw my hair around. I pant as I roll my hips on Roman. He jerks me up and down. “Be so loud that the entire city hears you. I want the driver to dream of your screams.”

I moan and kiss him hungrily. He devours my mouth, softening every sound that leaves my throat as he pulls my top down enough to get one breast out. “From now on, you wear a bra and underwear to class.”

“Yes,” I rasp.

“Or I’ll follow you there, make an excuse, and fuck you senselessly in the bathroom. I’ll make sure he hears you. Make sure that the entire class knows you’re taken,” he snarls.

“I’m taken!” I yell.

“Talk to me.”

“You feel so fucking good, Roman. Your thick cock is like heaven inside me...” I trail off as he pounds into me, thrusting into me hard over and over.

I grip his hair and grab at him however I can. I nearly scream with ecstasy. I don't know how he drives me this insane. I'm so close to coming for him.

"Choke me," I pant.

He pauses, goes entirely still, then holds my chin, making me look at him. "What? Fucking in the car, with the windows down and the driver watching isn't enough?"

"I still have clothes on and I want your hand around my throat like the other night," I say, grabbing his hand and putting it there.

Roman looks at his tan hand around my throat, then squeezes the sides of my throat. I lift my chin and stroke over his arm as I ride him slowly. Roman groans, something low and feral before meeting every thrust of my hips.

He pinches my nipple with his free hand, rolling it between his fingers until I let out a strangled moan I'm sure next to no one hears. "Roman!"

"Yes. Be my good girl, Sophia. You come when I tell you to and not a moment before," he snarls. Sliding his thumb over my bottom lip with his free hand, then pushing it between my lips to suck.

"Oh, fuck. Fuck me harder Roman. Make me yours. So no one else exists!" I beg.

"Holy f..." the driver trails off.

"Don't kill us while watching my wife bounce on my cock," Roman barks.

I laugh softly and he tightens his hold, dragging me closer. "Something funny Bambina?"

"I'm not distracting you enough?" I get out before I roll my hips exactly the way he likes.

His eyes flutter and he lets out an intense groan before lifting us both off the seat with the power of his thrust. My head nearly hits the ceiling.

"I think we have a rapt audience," he hisses.

I look over and see someone in the car watching us. I don't care. Roman's hand drops from my breast and moves to my clit. I grab his broad shoulders as my vision dims. "Roman, I ... I ..."

"Come. Now! Right now, Bambina."

I scream as I come. Roman lets out a trail of curses in Italian before moving his hand and biting my throat, high enough up that anyone can see. I come again, my pussy clenching around his cock until I think I can feel each thick vein that runs through it.

He twitches inside me, then fills me up. We moan together as he shakes and continues thrusting, slower and slower as he pants and lets out a soft moan as he kisses over the bite mark I know is on my throat.

“Next time...” I pant. “Next time, I want you to beg for me ... or throw me against a wall and fuck me just like this.”

“With an audience or my hand around your throat?” He asks softly.

“Both.. either. As long as you.. as long as you want me, I want you to show it,” I rasp. “I don’t care where.”

“Mrs. Agosti, you’re so full of demands.”

“You love it.”

“I love *you*,” he corrects before putting himself back together. “And you’re going to be wet, feeling that bite on your throat all the way through class until I pick you up.”

“I love you,” I whisper.



## HOLDEN

Roman comes back from dropping Sophie off with his hair all over the place and a half smile on his face. That says more than enough. I smirk. “You finally had our wife?”

“I did,” he sighs. “It was overdue.”

His smile grows, and he collapses on the couch. He sighs. “I haven’t had nearly enough of her. Car sex is for teenagers eager to get their rocks off, not for Sophia.”

“Car sex?” Gunner asks. “I figured you’d use the special room Nick built after our vacation. One full of toys, a massive bed ... all the equipment you could need.”

“Oh, that’s next on the list,” Roman assures us, his hand appearing over the couch. “But our wife was worried I didn’t want her and we can’t have that.”

“She really thinks any of us could resist her?”

“Apparently,” he snorts. “I tell her to beg for me and she assumes I don’t love her enough to beg myself. That I don’t want her so badly I’m constantly hard.”

“We could take her on a very fun picnic,” Nick suggests as he comes out with a book of sketches. “I bet she’d love that.”

“We’d have to rent out the entire park for what we have in mind,” Roman says. “Maybe the kids need to spend a full weekend with their grandparents.”

“You think so?”

“I know so,” Roman says in a low voice. “Nick, you have a date with our wife on Thursday.”

“Yes.”

“Gunner?” Roman asks.

“Nothing set in stone, but I’m overdue for a bath and a new erotica with her. We need more positions to try,” he says before nudging me. “Holden?”

“I wanted to pick her up today in a limo. I love having the limited space and getting to fuck her for the entire ride,” I admit.

Gunner, Nick, and Roman chuckle, then Roman sits up. “Can I come with you?”

“To pick her up?” I ask.

“Yeah. I want to see the look on her professor’s face,” Roman says darkly. “Maybe seeing two attractive men with our wife will make him rethink things.”

“And you’re going to ask me to miss out on that?” Gunner demands. “I think we all need a good look at this professor.”

“He’s not better than you,” Roman chuckles.

Nick goes red. I arch an eyebrow at him. He scratches the back of his head. “She had a fantasy about a professor. I reminded her we can cover that just fine.”

“And made her ass so sore she didn’t want to sit at her parent’s party,” Gunner chuckles.

I swat at him, but he dodges it.

We end up bothering each other for the next hour. I keep flicking things at Gunner until he tackles me and tries to beat me in hand-to-hand combat. He gets an accidental punch in and immediately draws back. “I’m sorry, Holden!”

“You’ll have to answer to our wife for that,” Nick comments before throwing popcorn at Gunner.

I rub my jaw. “It’s fine. Gunner’s punches aren’t half of what Sophie takes from Nick.”

Gunner tries to land another one, but I twist his arm behind his back and push him down to the floor. He slaps his hand on the floor. I chuckle and let him up.

“Soon, you’ll have to train with our kids,” I tease. “With Nick teaching you everything you’ve forgotten.”

“Let’s go,” Roman orders.

I shove Gunner again, just because I can, then we pile into a limo. Roman wears jeans, a tank top, and nothing else. Gunner put on a leather jacket. Nick

has on a button-up, rolled up to his elbows, and I stay in a t-shirt and jeans.

When we pull up to the school, we see the professor following Sophie out. He touches her hand, and she pulls back slowly. She meets his eyes and says something that clearly hurts him.

Gunner whistles and both look over. I lean back against the car and shoot our wife a wicked grin. She looks over at us and her lips part. I can read her lips from here. "All?"

Roman drops his sunglasses. "*That's* who she was crushing on?"

"I know. Not impressive, but he's got kind eyes, I guess," I snort.

"Well, kind eyes won't go far compared to us," Gunner smirks and nudges Nick. "You're a better professor than him."

Sophie walks to us and looks at us. "What are you doing?"

Roman jerks her into his arms and kisses her hungrily, gripping the back of her neck until his fingers grip her hair tightly. She moans and her knees go weak as she clings to him. "Ro-"

Before she can finish speaking, Gunner jerks her close and kisses her hungrily, sandwiching her with Nick, who kisses her neck. I watch the professor as he gapes, then goes red. He clears his throat and takes a step back.

I wave at him teasingly before pulling my wife close. "I know you're turned on."

"What?" she gasps.

I pull at her shirt, slipping my hand in while the professor actually stomps his foot. I kiss her temple, and her cheek, then I whisper in her ear. "Your nipples are so hard, I bet your professor can see it from here."

She looks over her shoulder, then glances at Roman and Gunner, both watching the professor as he retreats into the school. She shoves me. "You are all horrible! Thinking you have to-"

I kiss her hungrily, gripping her ass, not giving a single shit about the asshole who thought he had a chance with my wife. Sophie moans and I draw back. "Are you unhappy we're making it clear you're ours?"

"No," she breathes.

"You *are* our wife," Gunner adds. "Do you need to be reminded of that?"

"What? No, how could I forget?" She looks at all of us.

Roman opens the limo and braces his arms on the top of the door. "Get in, Bambina. We have something to remind you of."

She looks between us, then slowly gets into the limo. We trade looks and

climb in one after another. Nick grabs her and kisses her hungrily. “This weekend you're ours.”

“I’m always yours,” she pants before he kisses her so deeply her toes curl in her sandals.

He passes her to Gunner. He kisses the obvious mark on her neck. Considering she has a darker mark there too, I’m sure Roman had his way with her.

“We all want you, Sophie,” I growl. “But right now, Gunner and Roman get to share you while Nick and I watch.”

Nick nods and strokes over his hardness. Sophie looks between us with wild eyes. “You want me now?”

“I told you, Bambina,” Roman growls as he shoves his pants down to his knees. “I wanted you thinking of us and only us in your class. Now every class, you get to wait to see who’s going to pick you up and whether you’ll make it home in time for dinner.”

“The kids?” she asks.

“Your father was more than happy to watch them for us,” Gunner says before getting on his knees on the floor and dropping his pants too. He pulls Sophia close and kisses her passionately. “Stop worrying. You’re all ours right now.”

Sophie moans and kisses him again and again as she lifts herself up so Roman can sit under her. When he guides her down, she takes his cock so perfectly. He spreads her ass cheeks so I can see exactly how well he fills her.

Our wife groans and gasps before adjusting so she can take Gunner down her throat. I reach out to her, stroking over her ass, palming her soft skin, then, when Nick gives me a nod, I spank her.

Her muffled moan fills the car. Nick watches from his spot as she blows Gunner. She slurps and sucks his cock, all kinds of noise. I’m curious, but I like my view better. Seeing her ass rise up, seeing Roman nearly slip out of her completely, then jerk her back down and slam into her is so fucking hot, I can’t resist stroking myself.

Sophie reaches back for my hand and guides it to her ass. I swat her ass again. I know it’s still light compared to what Nick gives her, but then Nick bundles her hair in his hand and guides her over Gunner’s cock.

“Fuck, Sweets. Your mouth is so hot,” Gunner groans.

“I love fucking you,” Roman pants. “I love watching my cock fill you over and over again, love seeing you take every inch of me.”



She moans with them. None of us can resist touching her, pulling at her clothes, having our wife just like we crave her—without restraint, with no reason to stop. Just us, making the most of every moment together.

Sophie lets out a wild sound, and Roman holds her in place before spanking her. “You’re so fucking naughty Sophia. No one told you to come!”

Gunner groans. “Seems like you need better control, Roman.”

Roman jerks her down on him so hard she can’t help but pop off Gunner. I know he’s punishing both of them when Sophia whines. She lets out a sob as Roman pounds into her. Just before she can come, he pushes her back down.

“Take Gunner in your mouth and make him come if you want to finish again,” Roman snarls.

I grin, and Nick forces her back down on Gunner’s cock. I squeeze her ass, drag my fingers up her back so she shivers. Gunner finally comes apart, nearly bending over Sophia as he comes with a shaking groan.

“Fucking hell.... Sophie... how do you?”

“Roman!” she yells when he stops again.

Shuddering, Sophie shoots him an angry gaze. He jerks her back, so she’s riding him reverse cowgirl and swats her thigh. “Spread your legs, Bambina, and take all of it.”

She obeys without question. He jerks her shirt down, exposing both breasts, then grabs her throat. Nick reaches out to stop him, but our wife lifts her chin and moans. “Fuck me! Fuck me like you love me!”

Roman snarls and pounds into her so hard and fast that I don’t know how she can handle it. She spreads her legs wider, giving us a view that makes me pant as my hand moves over my cock obediently.

Right when I reach the edge, Sophie’s mouth wraps around me and I come on her tongue. Roman nods. “Good girl, Bambina. You’re such a good girl,” he purrs.

She swallows and draws back. “Can I come?”

“You better,” Roman orders.

She grips my thigh and comes, letting me see her face. Her cheeks go red, her eyes are hazy before they roll back in her head and her lips part as her back arches. It’s so beautiful, I almost think I could come again.

The limo stops, and Roman lets out a sharp groan. Sophie trembles and then she slumps to the ground. “Fuck. I’ll never get tired of our fun in limos.”

Nick chuckles and I see he’s had to use a handkerchief. I didn’t even

know he carried them. He sighs and zips himself back up. Roman redresses our wife, who's still panting and exhausted.

I bundle Sophie in my arms as Roman gets dressed, then I get the pleasure of carrying our wife inside. As we get to the couch and I see how much Nick wants her, I smirk. "Not thinking of that professor now, are you?"

Sophie opens her eyes, looks at all of us, and exhales softly. She stretches and reaches for me, pulling me down to kiss her. She bites my bottom lip and draws back. "What professor?"



## SOPHIA

**N**ick and Holden get their turn with me, making me insane with need until they finally let me come. I'm fast asleep when our kids are picked up. I don't know who gets them. I just know that suddenly they're all around me. Link is painting, glancing at me every now and again while the girls are cuddled on top of me.

They smile up at me. Emma taps my nose. "Gotta stay still, Mommy. Link's painting us."

I smile, but can't find Bash. I hear some banging in the kitchen and Roman shushing our son. They're cooking together. I smile and stroke my girl's hair. "I love you all so much."

Link huffs. "Mom, please?"

I smile and lie back down. I let Link place my hands where he wants them and see Nick grinning at me when Link sits back down. He nods at me once and gently touches my ankle. It's so soft, and so sweet compared to what we were doing earlier. How can I not love them?

After Link finishes, he shows it to me. I gush over it, loving how he painted us in every color. It's not perfect, I know that. But it doesn't matter. All his love shows in the painting and that's all that matters to me.

Aria and Emma hop off me and insist on joining Roman in the kitchen. I look over the couch to see how he is with our kids.

The girls dance with Roman. He picks them up and spins them like princesses until Gunner joins in. He head bangs even though the music doesn't call for it and it makes Bash laugh endlessly.

Bash joins in and I laugh softly as Holden sits behind me and hugs me.

“Are you happy, baby?”

Link groans. “Dad, come on.”

He chuckles. “One day, you’ll love someone as much as we love your mother. You’ll understand how we feel then.”

I reach out to Link. “But you take your time. I don’t need you getting a girlfriend too soon.”

“Girls are gross,” he huffs.

“Hey!” Emma yells.

“You don’t count!” Link calls back. “You’re a sister, not a girl.”

“I’m a girl!” Emma yells.

“Me too!” Aria shouts.

I laugh as they keep bickering until both girls team up on him, tackling Link. Nick tries to fend them off, but all our children team up against him and take him down. He laughs and lets them win.

I rub Holden’s thigh. “We made this family.”

“Yes, we did,” he agrees in my ear. “I love them. I love you.”

“I love you so much, Hold,” I whisper in his ear.

“Even with my missing pieces?” he asks, motioning to his prosthetic leg. It’s another thing I expect the children to have questions about, but they’ve never asked.

I touch his knee and look up at him seriously. “What missing pieces?”

Holden groans and kisses me hungrily. He kisses me again and again until our kids make comments. Holden laughs, and I giggle against him. He brushes my hair out of my face. “We got lucky with you, Sophie. You know that?” I smile and cuddle against his chest.

We have a very loud dinner. I watch our children as they bicker, talk over one another, each want to show their projects, brag about their achievements in school. They sometimes throw food at one another, but Gunner intercepts and complains about them wasting their hard work rather than punishing them.

I love how they parent, love how they let the kids have fun, run with their passion, and are so involved in school. I nearly cry as I watch them all.

Once the kids are fighting sleep, we put them to bed. Link insists on reading to me. When he finishes, he takes my hand before I can leave. Gunner heads out after noticing our girls are asleep.

Link looks at my hand. “Mom, you said no girlfriends.”

“I did. You said girls are gross.”

“Can girls and boys be just friends?” he asks.

“Of course, my sweet little prince. There are plenty of girls who are just friends to guys.”

“And those are allowed?” he confirms.

“Are you friends with a girl at school?”

“She likes art too, and soccer. She wants to play on a team with boys. She says she can score on anyone,” he says with a toothy smile.

I hug him tightly. “Then I think you guys sound like best friends.”

“Thanks, Mom,” he says before kissing my cheek. “I’m glad you’re my mom.”

As I walk out of his room, I have to take a moment to myself. I put my back to the wall and wipe at my misty eyes.

Things aren’t perfect, they’re *never* perfect, but this feels pretty close to perfect. I put my hand over the locket that Roman got me on his birthday, because he insisted on it, and close my eyes.

Before I met my men, I’d never imagined a life beyond the rest of the week. I’d never had a plan for my marriage. Never imagined the happily ever after, the children, or the love I could have. I have all of that and more and every day; it gets better.

It’s hard to believe that our wedding wasn’t the best day of my life. Then that the honeymoon wasn’t the best it could get. Then my first child ... my second ... the twins. Every time I’m sure life can’t get better, it does.

A whimper leaves my throat and Gunner’s there. He glances at the bedroom and then takes my hand. “What’s wrong, Sweets? Did Link say something-”

“He did.” I sniff.

“What did he say? Did he learn another bad word? Is someone bullying him? We’ll take care of that bully without question.”

I laugh softly. “It’s not that. And don’t beat up any kids.”

“What, Sophie? What do I need to do?” he asks.

I stroke his cheek and kiss his neck. “No wonder our son is so wonderful.”

“Sophie,” he says softly, his voice tinged with a mix of vulnerability and pride. He cocks his head to the side, his eyes searching mine for understanding. “He’s not just my son.”

“I know, but he’s as wonderful and sweet as you are in private. He’s so happy to have a friend that’s a girl and he wanted to make sure it was okay,”

I chuckle. “We’ve done so much right with them and I know it’s not me alone, Gunner.”

Our eyes lock, and he leans in, pressing a tender, feathery kiss to my lips. “It’s all of us, Sweets. You know that. It’s Roman, Holden, Nick, you... none of our children would be as wonderful without all of us together.”

I rub over his chest. “You know ... there’s a silent auction next week. I bet if we go ... we can win whatever prize we want and one up that horrible woman again.”

His eyes go dark. “Oh, we will. In fact, I think I’ll have to win every prize.”

“That’s too far, Gun. Let some others win.”

“Fine. Fine. We’ll win plenty, and that woman can eat her own misery. She doesn’t get to be top dog anymore, especially when she’s such a... a mean judgemental bitch,” he snarls.

I laugh at how seriously he takes the PTA. We go to bed together and spend the night in each other’s arms.

Wednesday, my guys prove they love me, body and soul, all over again. Gunner shows me the plans for his next Legos project. Nick talks to me about posing and when we can do that, along with our date night tomorrow. Gunner takes me to the bath in the middle of the day to read with me.

We don’t get to anything exciting before the water cools. Roman and I cook a huge dinner and almost burn the sauce since we’re dancing in the kitchen and Holden ... Holden gets me to cuddle and watch a show with him, asking for my opinion on his blog.

My men, including me in their hobbies and in their little projects, means so much to me.

When I go to class on Thursday, I can’t stop smiling. I think of Nick picking me up from class, and the date we’re going to go on, and can’t resist drawing flowers. My professor comes over, but I barely look at him.

I take his advice and don’t look twice at him. I’m not tempted at all. Not in the slightest. How can I be when I know what’s waiting for me at home? I know the men I have. I know the love that’s in my life and I can’t believe that I have any room in my heart for anyone else.

Every thought is about my family, my guys, and my children. I don’t even realize the class is over until the professor.... I forget his name. He clears his throat and I notice everyone else is gone.

“So you’re married.”

“I think I said that in our first class,” I answer.

“You didn’t mention you have four men.”

“Four *husbands*,” I say, while snapping my sketchbook shut. “Thanks for a wonderful class. See you next week.”

I head out and throw myself into Nick’s arms when I find him waiting. Nick kisses me back and catches me, holding me against his body. I feel so alive, so complete.

“Did you have a good class?” he asks.

“I couldn’t draw anything but flowers,” I answer before kissing him again. “I think we need to find even more for me to draw.”

He laughs and tries to get me in the car without setting me down. We tumble in while laughing, and I kiss him again and again before we get in.

When Nick shows me the nursery, I’m swept away. There’s a book that Nick shows me that has meanings of flowers. I know it’s old, but I love seeing how carefully each flower is sorted. I look at it for a long while and Nick kisses my neck.

“I used this a few times, then I just noticed which flowers you touched, which ones made you light up, and started choosing those,” he whispers.

“Nick, you ... I had no idea,” I breathe.

“You’re always on my mind, sweetheart. I love you. Every day, without question, without reservation,” he purrs.

I look up at him and stroke his cheek. “Our girls are going to know just what to look for in a man. You four set such an amazing example for them.”

“Let’s show them the flowers they should expect too,” he chuckles.

We go back and forth, choosing the brightest, most colorful flowers for our daughters. The woman tries to reign us in, telling us to make more modest bouquets, to keep color and shape in mind, but I steal flowers from Nick, take the spanks he playfully gives me and while we make arrangements for our girls, I also set flowers I reject in Nick’s hair.

I braid my own and push my hair over my shoulder. When I finish, I find Nick putting a white rose in my hair. I blink up at him. “Nick?”

“Well, if I get a flower crown, you can’t leave without at least as many flowers in your hair,” he teases.

He puts them in, carefully placing them before asking me to look at him. He takes a photo and smiles at me before pulling me against him, his strong arms wrapping around me, His lips meet mine in a passionate, hungry kiss that ignites a fire within us. I’m sure this won’t be the end of our date. It can’t



be.

Nick draws back and presses his forehead to mine as thunder ripples across the sky. Nick looks up as a raindrop lands on his face. We pay for our flowers and get back in the car before the rain opens up and soaks the world around us.

I grin at my husband, and he kisses my cheek. “I hope this softness will balance out what I have in mind for later.”

“What roleplaying are we doing this time?” I ask.

“A husband eager to give his wife every spank she needs before she begs for him.”

I groan and kiss him again. I’ve missed this.



## NICK

**F**riday, we have another PTA meeting to go to. Gunner and Roman dealt with it last time. Holden's not interested in going to the meetings, just the events, which are perfect for Gunner. He's ready to take on Fiona again. He's been talking about it all week, saying that she needs to be taken down a peg... or eleven.

Sophia pinches him on the way to the meeting. "Behave."

"I always behave," he huffs.

"She means to behave *well*," I say.

"I behave well!" he argues. "Fiona's the one with the problem. I just love our family and I won't hesitate to defend us."

Sophie takes his hand and kisses his knuckles. "Be sweet for me. I'd be happy to reward you later."

Gunner takes a slow breath and leans toward her. I cover Sophia's mouth, so he kisses my hand. Gunner shoots me a glare. "We need to be unbothered and focused if you're going to behave."

"Or I can stay entirely focused on our wife. That will make sure I behave." Gunner keeps watching her like he can use her to take care of every bit of frustration he has.

I want to remind him we get her this weekend, that Miles and Diana are taking the kids so we can make the most of our special room, but it's a surprise for our wife. I kiss her neck and Gunner pulls my hand off her mouth to feed her slow, long kisses that make her tremble.

By the time we get to the kid's school, Sophie is fighting her blush. I get out and offer her my hand. Gunner puts his hand out once our wife is on the

sidewalk. I roll my eyes and pull him out, too. He bats his eyelashes at me. “Aren’t you sweet?”

I roll my eyes. “We’re just going to listen to the update and find out what the kids have going on for the rest of fall.”

“Right,” Gunner says.

Still, he keeps a hand on Sophie. He gets us three chairs in the back. A woman waves from the front to Sophie and she waves back. Our wife leans on my shoulder. “That’s Katie. She’s so sweet.”

The conversation is quick. Fiona, the one Gunner hates, asks a million questions, why the kids are learning ‘fake’ history, and why the parents don’t get a say in their children’s education? I shake my head at Gunner, but he comments loudly.

“Learning hard things creates stronger, smarter kids.”

A few laughs echo, but Fiona turns around and narrows her eyes on Gunner. “Says a man who doesn’t know the meaning of marriage.”

“Enough! Enough, we teach based on the curriculum set by the government. It prepares students for critical thinking, the ability to think for themselves, and lays the foundation for the rest of their education,” the speaker in the front says.

Fiona huffs and sits.

I can feel my eyelids growing heavy during the meeting. There are so many lists, and so much nitpicking that I’m ready to be done. But then Sophie gasps. I glance over and see Gunner rubbing further and further under her skirt.

She sucks in a breath and tries to close her legs, but she’s too late for that. I stroke the back of her neck and into her hair, massaging and tugging on her hair. I want to jerk her hair back and make her beg for Gunner’s fingers and his attention, spanking her every time she doesn’t.

“We... we have to wait. We have to...” she pants, then covers her mouth.

“So, we have the fall play put on by the fifth graders. The carnival will be just before Thanksgiving. They encourage students to wear *fun* costumes on Halloween and we’ll be sending lists of those rules home as we get closer. The silent auction will take place just before winter break, and that wraps up just about everything.”

“Did the bake sale pay for the rest of the field trips this semester?” Gunner calls.

“Yes. We’ve never had so much money raised! Thank you to all our

generous parents who brought their best-baked goods.”

“Sure, because that’s what raised the money.” A mom laughs.

Fiona shoots us daggers, but Gunner just waves and blows her a kiss. She turns around, clutching her necklace. Sophie sighs. “You’re terrible.”

“It’s not like they’re going to kick us out of the PTA. We’re excellent parents. If that woman wants to cause problems, she needs to be challenged. I will not let her opinions affect our children,” Gunner says in a low, lethal voice.

I arch an eyebrow at him. He’s so protective of our kids. I don’t know how I went this long without seeing it. Sophie kisses his neck. Then I tug on her hair, making her gasp. She looks over at me with lust darkening her eyes.

“Nick,” she breathes.

“Now who’s not behaving?” Gunner asks with a smirk.

Sophie turns to kiss my neck and up to my ear. “Are you going to be naughty with me?”

“I’m sure we can find an office or something fun to make the most of,” I purr in her ear. “Bring discipline back to the school.”

But then the meeting is over. Gunner goes to get some treats and Sophie just stays sitting with me. She swallows and shakes her head at me. “All of you are terrible at these meetings. I’m going to start only bringing Holden.”

“You wouldn’t dare,” I say against her lips before kissing her. “You love us being here.”

She hums in her throat. “Of course I do.”

“Almost as much as you love us picking you up from your classes,” I agree.

She lets out a sharp breath, and I wink at her. “I think we need to cool you off with a drink.”

The girl Sophie waved to comes over and beams at us. “Soph, so good to see your other husbands taking an interest in your kids’ education.”

“Of course. They all help with homework and events,” Sophie says.

“You’re so lucky,” she looks between Gunner and me, but her eyes linger on me. She smiles. “You look familiar. Did I see an interview with you or something?”

“Oh, yeah. I did an interview about going from a soldier to a model, then to an artist. I love the art classes I teach,” I admit.

“I’m sure everyone who attends loves them too,” she breathes.

“The kids always have a great time, even if there’s more paint on them

than their canvases,” I chuckle.

“I’d love more information so I can get my children in. I’m sure they’d love to do art more than once a week at school.” She plays with her fingers.

“Is it ... expensive?”

“Not at all. It’s more of a hobby of mine than a job.”

We talk more about the classes, then Katie focuses on Sophie, talking about teachers and classes. She doesn’t flirt with us, just gossips with Sophie. I see Fiona approaching Gunner as he talks with one dad about football.

I walk over to him and mutter. “Incoming.”

“Not her,” the dad groans. “I swear, she wants this entire school to teach only what *she* decides is important.”

“Gunner,” Fiona huffs. “Why are you here?”

“I’m honored you learned my name,” he says.

“Hard not to hear it considering you have a fan club,” Fiona hisses. “Women who like meatheads.”

“At least they have good taste,” he chuckles. “Is that insensitive to say to a vegan?”

She sputters as the dad with us tries not to laugh. He clears his throat. “My wife is calling me.”

“Superbowl Sunday, our house,” Gunner says.

“Hell yeah, but I’d love to see you guys before then.” He shakes Gunner’s hand.

“We’ll do a cookout or something,” Gunner says, ignoring Fiona’s attempts to get involved in the conversation.

She turns her attention to me. “How can you be here, flaunting your sham of a marriage for every parent to see?”

“Because our kids matter and our marriage is not a sham,” I say. “It’s happy, but I can see how that would be confusing for some.”

Her mouth opens and closes, then Sophie presses herself to my side. “We’re going to be late for dinner, gorgeous.”

“Oh yes, the other two boyfriends you have to take care of,” Fiona snorts. “Because your husband is okay with feeding your sin.”

Sophia looks between Gunner and me. “I don’t see any boyfriends, only my husbands. Plus my two husbands at home. I’m sure you remember Roman and Holden.”

“Can’t say I do,” Fiona snorts. “I don’t remember the names of adulterers.”

“You’ll remember our names soon enough,” Gunner assures her. “Sweets, we need to talk to your parents soon about watching the kids when we celebrate our anniversary.”

“Yeah,” I agree. “We’re going to need an entire week to celebrate. With the photo books.”

She looks between us and loops our arms. “Sorry, Fiona, looks like we have to go. Have a good night with your kids and... husband wherever he is.”

She turns, but Fiona spots her husband flirting with one of the younger teachers. I think we can still hear her screeching her name as we walk out. I bump her hip. “You’re terrible.”

“I don’t know what you mean,” she gives me an innocent smile. “We’re all so well-behaved tonight.”

Gunner chuckles. “I’m sensing a reward, Nick.”

“Think we can get it before we get home?” I ask.

Sophie takes a sharp breath. “You two are terrible.”

Terrible or not, the second we get in the car, Gunner has his hand between her legs, making her pant and moan. The driver we have, a man we’ve seen before, just turns up the music. I chuckle and kiss Sophie. “I think you’re getting a reputation for being too loud.”

“That’s not my fault,” she pants while grabbing Gunner’s arm as her eyelashes flutter. “Oh, fuck. It’s .. it’s you... both.”

Gunner smirks and kisses down her neck. “To leave her dressed this time or not?”

“We don’t have long,” I say as I cup her breast. “I think you’ll have to get her off for the both of us, Gun. Let’s see how long she can talk while you please her.”

“Ooh, a challenge. Love it.”

Sophie gasps, and her head falls back. “You two are going to... to.... ruin me.”

“Too late for that, Sophia,” I growl. “You’ve been ours for how many years now? Have we ever tolerated you simply being happy?”

“No!” She pants. “Oh... yes. Yes, Gun.”

“You have to be a lot more than happy for us to be satisfied, don’t you?”

“Yes!” she whines.

Gunner edges her, then I work my fingers between her legs too. We work together to get her off on the ride home. Sophie’s voice breaks before she comes and we settle for sharing her mouth, kissing her neck, kissing her

perfect lips, and taking everything we can get in the confines of the town car.

When we get upstairs, Sophia looks around for the kids, then puts her hands on her hips when she looks at Holden. “You know with hide and seek, you actually have to look for them.”

“I know just where they are,” he says.

Then she realizes Roman and Holden are both shirtless. Roman’s only got his apron on and Holden’s in boxers. She looks back at us and sucks in a breath. “Just us?”

“Just us, sweetheart. All weekend,” I say.

Sophie groans. “You’re spoiling me.”

“Every damn day,” Gunner promises. “But you’re a little overdressed.”

I take off my shirt and pop the button on my jeans to make it clear. “When the kids aren’t here, we don’t have a reason to be dressed, do we?”

“I love you all,” she says.





## SOPHIA

**F**riday night, we tease each other mercilessly, but my husbands don't push for sex. In fact, it's so much sweetness, watching movies, and talking about how far we've come since we first started flirting in my father's office building and how we got here. All the problems that popped up, all the ways we could have ended ... but we're here.

I cry since I can see Gunner's all misty-eyed when we go through our wedding photo album. It's the first time we've looked at it since my parents gave it to us. I touch my chest and shake my head as I look at all of us together, happy, beautiful, with hope and love in our eyes.

Has anything changed since that day?

My men still look at me like that. I'm still so hopeful about everything in our future.

Saturday is a different beast. After lunch, I see my men exchanging dark looks. They have some kind of plan. I'm sure of that. I narrow my eyes and point at Roman, who looks innocent.

"What are you four planning?"

"Fun," Roman says. "Why, do you have something against fun?"

"I feel like I'm missing something obvious right now," I glance at Nick. "Want to fill me in?"

He takes a long drink so he can't answer me, but that doesn't calm my nerves. They have something planned for this weekend, something beyond looking at books together. What can we do alone together that we can't do with the kids around? Other than sex, nothing comes to mind.

"You four are wicked. I don't know what kind of kinky-"

“We have a group date tonight ... did you forget, Sweets?” Gunner asks.

My mouth opens and closes. All my men look at me with expectant faces. I forgot. I shouldn't have, I know that, but I did. I swallow and clear my throat. “I figured last night was our date night.”

“Not even close, baby.” Holden chuckles. “We're going to be kids again tonight.”

“Is that so?”

The guys prove it as we all get dressed. I wear something cute but not black tie. My husbands get dressed. I have no idea where we're going as we get into a limo and none of them will tell me either.

“Come on, it can't be a secret,” I complain.

“Oh, yes, it can.” Roman chuckles.

I pout at Holden and climb half on top of him. I rub his chest and down to his belt, using my feminine wiles against him. “Can't you tell me, Hold? Something? Even a hint?”

“It'll be fun in a nonsexual way ... at first,” he says.

“That doesn't tell me anything!” I argue.

They laugh at me but keep giving me half answers.

“Gun, please!” I beg when the limo stops.

“You're so impatient. Just let us surprise you every once in a while, Sweets.” Gunner insists.

“We're already here, sweetheart. Give us one full minute and you'll know what plan number one is,” Nick insists.

I narrow my eyes at them, but when I get out, I find us in some kind of adult fun zone. They brag about an obstacle course, a bowling alley, an arcade, and an indoor race track. I gape. We've never done anything like this. Hell, I don't know why we wouldn't bring the kids to something like this since they'd love it.

“Why couldn't we bring the kids here?” I ask.

“Because Aria and Bash aren't big enough to get on any of the rides or to play on the obstacle course,” Roman explains, wrapping an arm around my waist. “Are you going to enjoy it?”

“I'm going to kick some ass in bowling and racing,” I say.

The guys take that as a personal challenge. I beat them all in bowling, but Nick surprises me by owning the race track. Even after three times around, he comes in first. Gunner says he's cheating, and it's his car that's the winner, not Nick. They go again and Holden keeps me in his arms, cheering Nick on.

Roman bets Gunner crashes into one of the teenagers racing, and Holden takes the bet. Holden ends up passing over ten dollars when Gunner veers into the tire-protected side when a teenager cuts him off.

Nick takes first again.

Gunner huffs and says he'll destroy us all in the obstacle course. He doesn't. Holden does. Roman laughs, not caring that he's in third, behind me.

He kicks Gunner back. "This is my favorite spot. I'm happy to be right after Sophia."

"Are you staring at my ass?" I demand.

"Maybe," he chuckles. "Maybe I'm staring at your thighs or imagining things for later."

I gasp and almost fall. Holden flexes his arms as the winner, and I kiss him for his win. Gunner points at him. "That's because you have a bionic leg. You're basically a cyborg!"

"That's *Mr. Cyborg* to you." Holden points at Gunner.

After we enjoy the arcade, playing different games, we head to an axe-throwing bar. Gunner proves he's plenty good at that. He threatens us until I pout, then he pulls me close, his strong arms enveloping me, and plants a passionate, hungry kiss on my lips. "You're too sweet to threaten," he murmurs, his voice filled with affection.

I steal the ax from him and take his last turn, missing the entire plank they have with the bullseye on it.

He groans and pulls me back against him. You know you're going to pay for that later, Sweets."

"That's only if you catch me later," I say as I put his drink into his hand.

We have fun and all my guys take a turn teaching me how to throw axes. It doesn't matter. Our kids could do better than me. It's fun all the same.

I drag Roman onto the dance floor, then we go to some fun restaurant that's fancy, but not fancy enough to have a dress code. We talk about the night. The guys tease each other, trading playful punches and shoves as they give each other shit and share embarrassing stories from when they were in the military and at work.

"I swear, the poor girl was sure Roman was in love with her and we have no idea how!" Gunner laughs.

I almost spit out my drink.

"I know you gave her access to my office, Gunner," Roman growls.

"It was so pitiful. We all tried to let her down on your behalf, but she was

so sure that you were in love and that all she needed to do was seduce you so you'd see it," he laughs.

I shake my head. "Jeeze."

"If it had been Sophie, I wouldn't have been half as angry," Roman says. "You could have saved yourself a black eye."

"You act like it was just me! We all agreed on it—even Miles!" Gunner defends.

They keep bickering and I just laugh before watching them lovingly. I'd been so worried about them being jealous of each other, first when we were going out and people were talking about which one I was going to choose to marry, then when we were married and I was trying to divide my time between them, then again when I started having kids and wasn't sure if they'd all want one of their own.

Seeing them so friendly and so happy together calms all those fears. I rest my elbow on the table and rest my chin on my hand as I watch them. They're so damn attractive, but so much more. They're so sweet, playful, *and fun*. I never thought that would matter as much as it does, but fun keeps things interesting.

I'm never allowed to be sad for long around them and I love that even more about them.

"Sophie?" Nick asks while rubbing my thigh. "You've been quiet."

"I'm enjoying all the stories, and loving each of you."

Holden chuckles. "The night isn't over. Do we want to go to a club and make the fun last or go back home?"

A quiet comes over my men as they look at one another. I'm not sure what they have planned at home, but I'm sure it involves a certain room we haven't all shared yet. Nick put so much thought into our naughty room. I know that. Everything is stored there away from the kids. I know there's an enormous bed; I know there are restraints for me... or Gunner.

There are a million possibilities in that room, but I've only been in there with Nick and Roman, never all of them.

My throat tightens as expectation and anticipation tighten my body. Heat snakes across my veins, but I have a feeling it's going to be overwhelming, different from when we were all in the limo together with limited space and options.

"Maybe the club and then home?" I suggest.

"Then that's the plan," Gunner says. "A lot of dirty dancing and follow

through at home.”

Roman watches me with hungry eyes. When we get to the club, he pulls me aside. “Are you putting off what we have in mind for later?”

“No,” I say.

“Are you nervous about having all of us at one time again?”

“No!” I insist. “I just want to make the most of our weekend, to do everything that excites us before we have the kids back with us and get to be involved with homework and projects again. Plus, this is the first weekend since my classes started I don’t have homework.”

“Okay.” He nods once. “Because if you’re not ready to jump into group sex-”

“I’m very ready. I want all of you, Roman. You know that. I just want to make sure that we all get to enjoy tonight.”

“Then you better get ready because I’m sure your feet are going to hurt by the time we leave,” he teases.

He twirls me under his arm and onto the dance floor. He leads me effortlessly, spinning me, teaching me steps, then holds me tight as he grinds against my ass. I wrap my arm around his neck and moan. “Roman, you are so hot.”

“How can I resist having you right here?” he growls in my ear. “Thursday feels so long ago.”

“Even twenty-four hours is too long to go without touching her,” Gunner argues as he slides his thigh between my legs, so I grind on him, too.

I moan and kiss him with passion. I love my husbands so much. I love how they can’t get enough of me. My time, my body, my love.

Gunner kisses my neck and then takes a step back, just as Roman does. I spin out and Nick catches me. He moves me with a bit more effort than Roman, but Nick’s still a wonderful dancer. I’m handed to Holden and I dance the night away with my men. We do some shots, have plenty of fun, then we’re back in the limo.

I rub my ankles, but the energy in the limo is different. There’s nothing light about the air here. I look between my guys and notice how eager they all are. Gunner keeps staring at my legs until he pulls them over his lap and his fingers creep under my skirt to tease my thighs, then my hips. He groans. “No panties.”

“Even better,” Nick says, eyes stroking over me. “Easier to get you in the position I have in mind.”

I suck in a breath as anticipation teases my nerves. Goosebumps break out over my skin and I squeeze my thighs together.

I'm already wet and there's no way my men are going to keep their hands off me. It doesn't matter if they take me to the special room or to bed or to the couch. I know they're all going to have me and I wish they would have ignored my request to go to the club.

We're going to be up all night.





## ROMAN

Nick and I lead Sophia to the special room we have set up. Nick opens the door with his key and Sophia sucks in a breath. We have gotten some additional things to offer her plenty of fun. A few additional BDSM setups give us all more access to her than a bed does.

“Oh ... my.”

The low lighting in the room, the red walls, the black floors, all of it hints at how naughty we’re going to be with her.

I hear a rustle and glance back at Sophia. Gunner and Holden are already stripping. Gunner shoves Holden lightly when he’s taking off his pants, making both of them laugh as Holden falls over. Gunner winks. “You might have come in first plenty, but I’m getting our wife first.”

“If you’re a good boy,” she pants.

I lead her over to an X frame. It’ll give us access to every bit of her. She looks down at it. “Isn’t it supposed to be standing up?”

“Normally, yes,” Nick says while taking off his own shirt and kicking off his shoes. “But you have four men to please, not one.”

“You’ll be able to touch me ... every way,” she murmurs.

I pull her against me and kiss her the way I’ve wanted to all night. My tongue strokes deep into her mouth and I bundle her shirt in my hands. I cup her bare breasts, tug on her nipples, and enjoy every bit of her warmth until she pulls back as Nick pulls her shirt off.

He kisses down her back. I feel a tug between Sophia and me and see Nick dragging her skirt down too as he kisses her ass. He gives her a hard spank and she moans. Then he pulls her hips back and I’m sure he’s eating

her out based on how she moans and pants.

“We can’t get enough of you, Bambina,” I growl. “You opened the floodgates.”

“I’m not sorry about that,” she pants. “Fuck, Nick, I-”

He cuts her off with a hard swat to her ass. Holden looks at some of our toys as Gunner comes over to cup Sophie’s breast and kisses her shoulder. I feast on her mouth, devouring every moan until she draws back to let out a loud yell as she comes.

Nick swats her ass again. “I hope you enjoyed that, Soph. I’m going to edge you plenty tonight.”

“Fuck,” she rasps. “But I’ve been good.”

“Doesn’t mean I don’t enjoy watching you get close.” He chuckles.

“Yes or no to the frame?” I ask.

She nods as she looks at it.

Gunner and I lay her down. Gunner puts the restraints on her wrists and grins. “How’s it feel being the sub this time?”

“Now that I know this is here, I’m going to think up excellent things for us to do here,” she warns.

His face goes red, and he licks his bottom lip. “You better.”

Holden joins us, but I stroke Sophia’s hair. “If it’s too much, all you have to do is say no or tap the frame with your knuckles.”

“You’d never hurt me, Amore. None of you would,” she says before moaning.

Looking down, I see Gunner spreading her pussy, then fingering her clit. I palm her breast, pinching her nipple, massaging and teasing her. A half-sob, half-moan leaves her throat as she writhes on the frame.

“Please, Roman...” she makes a frustrated sound when Gunner stops. Holden gets between her legs and licks over her pussy. She moans. “Roman, just ...”

“What, Bambina? I think you like what we’re doing right now.”

Nick kisses her slowly, then grips her hair tight, pulling back and kissing her so that her moans barely leave her mouth.

When Nick draws back, he whispers something in her ear. Sophia lays her head back. “Choke me and fuck me hard, Roman, please.”

“You want me to be rough?” I ask as I collar her throat. Gunner takes over, sucking one nipple between his lips while palming her other breast. Sophia whimpers and nods. I stroke the sides of her throat. “You want me to

choke you hard?”

“Yes! Please, please! Choke me while Nick spanks me!” she begs.

“I never said I was going to spank you.” Nick chuckles. “You haven’t been naughty all night.”

“Please, please. I want you all to be rough. Don’t hold back with me,” she moans.

Holden laps at her clit and Nick moves next to him, tapping his shoulder before Sophia can come. She makes a frustrated sound, but I see Holden hand Nick a butt plug. I don’t remember the last time we used one on our wife.

Nick swats her ass as hard as he can with this different angle. Her body jumps, but I tighten my hand around her throat. She moans and I grin. “I think you need something better than a ball gag to fill your mouth.”

“Yes, please ... Oh!”

Nick swats her harder and she gasps. He gives her a thorough spanking as Holden teases our wife with his cock. She licks across the head and he groans. “Convince me, baby. Show me how much you want my cock.”

“Hold ... I need ... I need you,” she says as I feel her swallow.

I tighten my hold around her throat and her eyelashes flutter against her cheek. Holden sinks deeper into her mouth, teasing her throat. Nick rubs something over Sophie’s ass as Gunner bites her breast.

“You’re so damn sweet, Sophie. I want to lick and kiss every inch of you,” Gunner says before licking across her hard nipple to prove it.

She grunts and her eyes open as she looks down. Holden draws back. “We want to fill you every way.”

“Yes! Please, yes!” she begs. “Please, use the toys and,” she trails off as a moan fills her throat.

“Gunner, you should be fucking our wife,” I growl.

He grins. Nick moves to the side and continues working the plug into Sophie’s ass. Gunner fills her with one sure thrust. Sophia’s back arches, and I squeeze her throat just as Holden fills her mouth again.

“You’re so fucking wet for us, Sweets. I think you need us to please you like this more often,” Gunner pants as he thrusts into her again and again.

She moans and her eyes roll back as she opens wider so Holden can fuck her throat. I grip her throat the way she likes it, then let up to feel her tits, then choke her again. When her whole body tightens, Nick swats her ass.

“You’re such a good girl for all of us.”

“So much tighter!” Gunner groans.

Nick fingers her clit and spanks her as Gunner fucks her harder when she begs him for more. Holden lets Sophia have control over blowing him and I enjoy watching her face, seeing her tremble, choking her, playing with her breasts, already excited about how the rest of the night is going to go.

This is just the start.

Gunner gasps and jerks out of her, making our wife moan. He motions to Holden and they switch places. Gunner shows Sophia his shiny, wet cock. "Taste yourself on me, Sweets."

"Yes... yes ... Oh, Holden!" She gasps as he eases into her, inch by inch. "Faster, please. Please! Let me come!"

Nick spanks her again. "You better pay attention and make Gunner come."

"This is just the start, Bambina. Wait until we flip you. Just wait until we get on the bed," I growl.

Her eyes roll back as she takes Gunner in her mouth. Holden slams into her and between him and Gunner, using her just like she wants, the whole frame moves on the floor. I grip her hair and make her take Gunner faster.

Gunner pants, groans, then comes.

Sophia gets to come right after, thanks to Nick rubbing her clit and Holden setting a relentless pace.

Sophia yells as she comes until I choke her with firm fingers. Holden jerks out and comes on her belly. He pants, but I can't see any change in the lust on his face. He wants more, just like we always do when Sophia's involved.

"Nick, help me flip her," I order.

He grins and we all get her restraints undone just to flip her over. She shudders as we flip her onto her belly. Nick strokes her back as he moves to her head. He lifts her chin. "How do you feel, Sophia?"

"So good, sir."

"Just good?" I ask.

Gunner chuckles, and Holden shakes his head. I give her a spank, sure that Nick would if he could reach.

"I'm vulnerable and can't close my legs." She tries just to prove it. "I love it. I love all of you."

"So you want more?" Nick asks as I rub the head of my cock over her pussy and press on the plug still buried in her ass.

She moans. "Yes! Yes, please! I need more!"

I thrust into her. I can't wait when her pussy is right there, soaking wet, begging for my cock. I hold her hips and slam into her again as Nick fills her mouth. He bundles her hair in his hand and guides her over his wet cock, as his head falls back in ecstasy.

I can't get enough of Sophia. She's warm, wet, and so fucking tight around me. I keep teasing her with the plug, pushing it, pulling it lightly, making her moan and pant, even as her voice is muffled more and more by Nick.

"Fuck, nothing gets me hard like watching our wife get fucked," Gunner groans.

"Tell me about it. I think she should dom you next," Holden chuckles.

Their conversation fades away as I thrust into Sophia faster and faster, needing to make her come before I do. I've never come first and I'm not starting that tonight.

She whimpers, tries to lift her hips to meet every thrust, and squeezes her inner muscles around me until I come apart. I swat her ass and groan. "You're pure paradise, Sophia. Absolute heaven."

"Yes, sweetheart. Use your tongue just like that. Take my cock all the way, sweetheart," Nick orders.

Sophia whimpers, then she comes for me. Nick fucks her mouth as she rides out her orgasm and I increase the pace, chasing my pleasure now that she's come. Nick lets out a sharp groan, then falls back, panting.

Sophia yells for me, begging me to come, "Roman, please! Fuck... please come. Come for me!"

I swat her ass. "I give the orders. Be a good girl and *make* me come, Bambina."

She moans. "Yes, yes! Fuck, I'm gonna."

That's the only warning I get before she comes again. She's so much wetter, so much tighter as her pussy spasms around me. I groan and bury myself all the way inside her, grinding my hips as she screams in ecstasy.

When she switches to Italian, telling me how much she loves me, and how good I feel, I can't hold back anymore. I come apart, filling her as I tremble and hold on to her hips just to stay in the moment.

I pull out when I finish, and lie on the floor as I pant. I can hear the restraints jingling and find Gunner and Holden freeing her. She moans. "That was so good."

"And now we can use the bed," Gunner says. "Let us see if Roman enjoys

watching as much as he enjoys showing you off.”

“Yes,” she pants.

I have a feeling we’re going to keep hearing ‘yes’ all night. I grin as round two gets started. We’re going to do this more often.



## SOPHIA

**S**ince my husbands and I have set up regular dates, quality time together, and haven't let extra things get in the way, life has been better.

Sometimes we even go out with the kids—like when Gunner insisted on going to a racetrack with Link to surprise him and me. I think he was just determined to beat someone, but we all had a great time.

Nick and I took the kids to a special museum experience where we got to walk through Van Gogh paintings. They loved it and seeing Nick full of passion and life knocked my socks off and made me swoon for him all over again.

Roman took me to see a play, even though I told him we'd have to see it again since he took full advantage of us having a private box.

Holden surprised the hell out of me by taking me and the twins to a 'live' dinosaur exhibit. It's been an amazing few months.

I think about that as I adjust Holden's dinosaur tie. He snorts and shakes his head. "I still can't get the damn things right."

"The girls won't notice," I promise before kissing his cheek.

"I can't believe Aria asked me. I thought she would have picked Roman," he mumbles.

It's the girls' first father-daughter dance. I told them they got to choose which Daddy they each took, but that the others would still be there. My mom and dad are watching the boys even though Bash threw a whole tantrum since he doesn't get to go.

I told them they'll get their own dances soon, but he was inconsolable until my dad promised they could go dancing. Nick comes in wearing a pink



button-up under his jacket. He looks at me for approval. “Does this match Emma’s dress?”

“Yes, handsome. She’s going to be blown away,” I say.

I hear Roman returning with the girls and push the guys into a room. They laugh. Holden catches me. “Are you that turned on by seeing us in fancy clothes, baby?”

“Yes, but you have to come to the door and show them the flowers!” I insist.

Both my husbands kiss me. They go to pick up the flowers, and then the girls come in, wearing their dresses. Aria’s all pink and sparkly. Emma has on a purple-striped dress. Roman follows them in and kisses their heads. “I think we’re ready to do their hair.”

“I think so. What do you girls want?”

Aria wants braids and I see Roman hesitate. When Emma asks for curls, he insists on doing that. Gunner helps me put braids in Aria’s hair, telling her how pretty she is and how he knows he’s going to have his hands full when she’s in high school.

“What you mean, Daddy?” She asks.

“Boys are going to want to date you,” he says, as if it’s obvious. “So smart, pretty, friendly..”

She snorts. “No dating, Daddy.”

“None?” he asks.

“School is important. That’s what Mrs. Jefferson says,” Aria says.

Gunner chuckles. “Pinky promise?”

Of course, Aria pinky swears with Gunner.

Once the girls are ready, we take pictures of them until Emma groans. “Mommy, no more!”

“You’re right.”

As it gets later, Emma keeps checking her Mickey Mouse watch. She says that her daddies are late. “Mommy, we can’t be last!”

“I know, princess,” I assure her, kissing the top of her head.

The doorbell rings and the girls run to the door to open it up. Roman and Gunner wrap their arms around me as Nick and Holden show up. They give the girls flowers and gush over their dresses, telling them how pretty they are, and how lucky they are to go with them.

It makes my heart all kinds of mushy. I take Gunner’s hand and suck in a breath. “The first dance of many to come.”

“Don’t start picturing them at prom yet, Bambina,” Roman teases.

I laugh. “I’m not ... yet.”

He grins at me and kisses my temple. I sway back against my husbands as Holden and Nick wink at me. “You girls want to go in a limo?”

“Yes, Daddy!” They agree.

We follow them downstairs. Holden keeps a close grip on Aria’s hand as he helps her into the limo. Nick does the same for Emma. I wave to them, along with Gunner and Roman. When they leave, I look at my husbands.

Gunner hugs me tight. “I can’t wait to see all the sweetness at the dance.”

“Are we allowed to accept if our girls ask us to dance?” Roman asks.

“I hope you do,” I answer.

We head to the dance at the gym. It’s nothing like a prom, but none of the little girls know or care. I love seeing them all dragging their dads around to introduce their friends. Aria and Emma are no exception.

Roman excuses himself to get us drinks while Gunner rubs my lower back. “So, we’re chaperones. What are we watching out for? I think parents outnumber kids.”

“I’m not sure, honestly. Maybe to keep dads from fighting each other?” I guess.

“Well, I don’t see Fiona, so I don’t think there will be any fights,” he grumbles.

Gunner has insisted on going to every PTA event. He’s even volunteered at the local library to read to kids and help with Legos that they have problems with. It’s brought him into Fiona’s circle of friends and Gunner—being himself—has made so many friends.

I know it rubs Fiona wrong. Even when Gunner doesn’t look twice at her, she makes some issue with him whenever they’re in the same room. I had to stop giving Gunner shit for it when I saw it happen for myself.

But then his eyes narrow in. I see Fiona wearing a dress that’s so modest, no one—not even the kids—can compare. She waves to her husband, who’s with her daughter. Aria runs over and hugs the little girl. I know they get along despite how much Fiona hates it.

I wave to Fiona, but she doesn’t even look at me. She’s giving Gunner a look that should turn him to ash. Gunner just kisses my cheek.

“I know, tonight is about our girls, not about that... woman,” he huffs.

“That’s right.” I turn around and lift my head so I can meet his beautiful eyes. “You’ve already shown her up, Gunner.”

He presses his forehead to mine. “Am I allowed to dance with you tonight?”

I grin and rub his sides. “Absolutely. I don’t think we’ll get yelled at for dancing ... appropriately.”

“Appropriately?” he chuckles. “Because we’re at a school event.”

“Exactly.” I rub his sides. “So be good and sweet, like we both know you can be. Save all that sexy mojo for when we’re alone tonight.”

He groans and kisses my forehead. “Have I told you I love you today?”

“This morning ... after breakfast ... when she found the Lego you were looking for when you were doing Aria’s hair,” Roman says.

I elbow him. “I never tire of hearing that you four love me.”

“I love you, Sweets,” Gunner says before pecking my lips.

“Amore,” I say to Roman.

He sighs and kisses my temple before whispering in my ear. “You know I love you, Sophia Agosti. I love you so much, I couldn’t resist replacing your last name with mine.”

I feel my face turn some shade of pink and giggle. Roman hands me lemonade and gives Gunner water. Gunner shoots him a look, but then we focus on our daughters. Seeing Holden bent over to dance with Aria while Nick picks up Emma to dance with her makes us all laugh.

After about thirty minutes, I learn the chaperones are there to take pictures and that’s about it. Fiona stays out of the way, even when she shoots us hateful looks. Gunner just strokes my shoulder, and my arm, and kisses my hand.

Roman massages the back of my neck until I hum. I know Roman’s taking pictures and Gunner’s got misty eyes when Emma comes up and offers him her hand, asking to dance. I think she calls him her favorite Daddy.

I hug Roman, and he rubs the back of my neck as Nick joins us. Nick kisses me and smiles. “I think Aria’s biding her time before she comes for you, Roman.”

“She’s going to wait until she’s got a sugar high, isn’t she?” Roman asks.

Nick chuckles.

We have a great time. The girls dance with all their dads and no one says a thing to them. They don’t even care when my girls pull me out for a fast song and introduce me to their friends. I love meeting their friends, love getting to be a part of their life.

We all get in the limo when we leave, instead of the town car. The girls are still bubbly. I whisper in Roman's ear. "We should take them to a fancy place to eat."

"Will they eat fancy food?" He asks.

"Name one restaurant that doesn't have chicken fingers," Gunner challenges.

Roman holds his hands up. "Who wants food?"

"ME!" both girls yell.

We laugh and take them to a very nice restaurant. Nick tells them to remember their manners since they're dressed like ladies. Emma helps Aria order without asking for help. I see Emma get worried when she gets a fancy glass.

She leans over to Nick, and he picks it up with her so she can drink it. Holden does the same with Aria.

I arch an eyebrow, but the guys don't explain.

Somehow Holden and Nick get the girls to try some salad, and I see Aria's eyes light up when she tastes the blue cheese dressing. She eats all of Holden's side salad, making me laugh. Gunner rubs my knee under the table. "Do you want me to hold your drink for you, too?"

"No!" I tease.

"I'll feed you," Roman offers.

He offers me a bite from his plate and I wrap my lips around it, watching him as I eat the food. His eyes darken and I lick my bottom lip. "Okay, no more of that."

"I can handle it," Gunner says.

And that lasts two bites before he has the same problem. Our girls glow all the same, pleased to be treated like actual princesses.

When we get home, I get them in bed. Aria tugs on my dress. "Mommy, is that what you and Daddies do on date nights?"

"Yes," I say, not willing to even hint at us doing anything else. "They always take me to fancy places to eat."

"And Daddy Nick always brings you flowers," Emma adds.

"Yes, he does," I say as I tuck them both in. "And you girls deserve the same. People you go on dates with should always treat you sweetly and take good care of you, just like your daddies do for me."

They giggle and whisper to each other until I give them a look. Emma giggles. "Aria said that Daddy Roman got real quiet after feeding you."

“He got red!” Aria giggles.

“Daddy Roman is shy about his romance,” I say, trying not to talk about it.

“Did we do good tonight?” Aria asks.

“You were both wonderful. You always are. I’m so proud of both of you!” I gush. “I got pictures to show Grandma and Grandpa, too.”

The girls keep giggling together as I turn on their nightlight. I remind them to go to bed since we have things to do tomorrow, but I can still hear them giggling as I leave the door ajar.

Nick pulls me toward him. “Are they happy?”

“Thrilled.”

“They’re not asleep,” he says. “I hope they don’t ask for you anytime soon.”

“Why’s that?”

“Gunner and I are stealing you for the rest of the night. Seeing you be such a damn wonderful mom is a turn on and you know it,” he says before dragging me away as we laugh.



## GUNNER

Sophie stirs next to me. I know she's restless. Even though she has this week off for Thanksgiving, she's nervous about the carnival we're going to with the kids since *all* of us are going and Link's friends have been asking questions. Her parents are coming over for Thanksgiving, but so is my family.

Both my sisters and my parents will be here. It's a lot for Sophie and I know that her anxiety spikes around holidays. There's a lot to do, even with the kids in school. We always help, but she likes things done a certain way. Which means she also has to give us orders.

I can't imagine having all of that in my head and feeling so much pressure. I pull her closer to me, wrapping myself around her.

I've told her I can't sleep very well when she's not with me—which is true—but I also do it because I know I'm a light sleeper, just like Roman. That means we can wake up and hold her when she has nightmares.

I rub her hip and kiss the back of her head. She makes a soft sound and I kiss her shoulder.

She huffs and stretches. I feel the change when she's awake. She stills and breathes differently. I glance at Holden, who's still in a deep sleep. Sophia's hand brushes over mine, then our fingers lace together.

"You never sleep well when you're stressed," I murmur.

"I'm fine," she huffs.

"Sweets, you know nothing has to be perfect. My family is wild and they care more about the kids and all of us having fun," I say.

"Yeah, because the food is perfect. All the décor is perfect so they can

focus on the fun,” Sophie argues.

“It’s because they care more about family,” I say. “I wouldn’t lie to you, Soph.”

She considers that, then rolls in my arms to meet my face. She touches my cheek and presses her forehead to mine. “I love you.”

“I love you too. How about we get the kids to help decorate this year? They’ll take care of that and you and Roman can focus on food. You know I’m happy to help too,” I say.

“You’re always helpful, Gunner. So consistently wonderful,” she murmurs before pressing her face against my neck, seeking comfort and warmth in my embrace. I feel her breath slow and steady. I can tell that she’s drifting back to sleep.

It isn’t long before I follow her into a peaceful slumber.

THE NEXT DAY, we go to the carnival. Roman says something to our wife and then Sophie just enjoys the carnival. We treat all our kids to as many games as they can play, and we let them try plenty of food.

Nick feeds Sophie cotton candy, then feeds me some when I open my mouth. Nick chuckles. “You’re ridiculous, you know that?”

“You were feeding our wife. I figured I might as well get in on it,” I shrug.

“Daddy, we wanna ride the fast one,” Bash says while tugging on my shirt. “Go with us?”

“You want me to go with you?”

“It’s a spinny one!” Aria giggles.

We get on the ride, and I realize exactly how intense it is. I’m definitely not twenty anymore. When we get off, I try to stand straight, but my stomach is lurching, my head is still spinning, and I’m not sure if I’m going to keep my stomach in place.

“Dad, you okay?” Link asks.

“I will be,” I say. “Just not young anymore.”

“You’re the youngest, Dad!” Link argues.

I laugh. “Your mom is definitely younger.”

Of course, going on one ride means that I’m the first one chosen to go on all the rides. When the sun is finally going down, I sit down with the rest of my family. Sophie rubs my shoulders and down my arms. “Are you okay,



Gun?”

“I will be,” I assure her. “After a good night’s sleep and some time on my feet ... not on rides. Nick, I’m tagging you in.”

“What?” Nick asks, looking up from his ‘walking taco’ or whatever he’s eating. “I don’t do spinning rides.”

“We’ll teach you!” The kids run off with him and Nick flips me off after he drops his walking taco.

Roman and Holden laugh as Sophia gasps. “You’re terrible.”

“Listen, I love our kids, but I also love not throwing up. Today, I can’t love both things equally,” I say simply.

“Gun!”

“I want to eat food and still be able to kiss you. Plus, I don’t want to be the first dad to throw up today,” I grumble.

Sophie giggles. “So, who’s going to go on the Ferris ride with me and see how much we can get away with?”

We all get up and chase her into line. I pick her up and Roman tickles her mercilessly until she squeals, laughing. Of course, the woman in front of us turns around and there’s Fiona. I swear, this woman is a walking cock-block. She’s just so nasty about anyone else enjoying themselves, even kids.

“I should have guessed it was you and your lot.” She looks us over. “Sophia, have you started cutting down your harem?”

“Nope,” she says around giggles. “I get them for life.”

“Sorry to disappoint you, but none of us are available for you,” I say sarcastically.

She gasps. “I would never!”

“Is that her way of saying she wouldn’t know what to do with us?” Roman asks with a completely blank face.

Sophia swats him. “Behave.”

“Oh, you know my *favorite* way to behave when you’re involved, Bambina,” he says before flirting with her in Italian.

Of course, Fiona doesn’t know that he’s basically talking his way into Sophia’s bed, but I doubt she needs a direct translation considering how Sophia’s eyes widen and she blushes as red as her hair.

“Roman, not in public,” she says.

“That’s my favorite place,” he says, pulling her against him and kissing her senseless.

I shrug at Fiona. “What can you do? We never got over those teenage

hormones, you know?”

“Get some control! And stop giving your children, mine, and everyone else’s a poor example of what to expect in life,” she orders, almost poking my chest.

“I think we’re a good example,” Holden argues. “Not settling for anything less than soul-consuming love and devotion.”

“This is a farce. Let’s go. We’re not riding near them,” Fiona says, dragging her husband away. Sophia keeps kissing Roman, completely unaware, even when Fiona bumps into them.

I bounce on my feet. “Okay! Okay, it’s my turn with our wife.”

“I’m not a hot potato,” Sophie huffs.

“Oh no, you’re something much sexier than a potato,” I purr, dragging her against me. “And that’s saying something because Roman can do some very hot things with the potatoes he cooks.”

“Whoa! Sex and food don’t go together,” he argues.

“Unless we’re licking desserts off Sophie?” I guess.

Holden laughs loudly, unable to hold it in.

We get on the Ferris wheel and Sophia comes right up against me. “You said it was your turn. What are you going to use it for?”

I grip her hair tightly as I kiss her. She moans into my mouth and grips my shirt tightly as we make out shamelessly. Another moan leaves her throat, and she looks back to see Holden palming her ass and pulling at her sundress.

“Fucking love sundress season,” Holden growls.

He rubs over Sophie’s panties from behind and I spread my legs and Sophies to give him better access. I grin at our wife. “I’m going to have to keep you quiet.”

We moan and give our wife an orgasm before we get far enough down on the ride. None of us wants to get in trouble. Roman adjusts himself obviously and Sophie shudders. “Remember, we’re here for the kids to have fun. We’re staying until the fireworks.”

“Sure we are,” I say with a harsh breath.

Of course, our wife gets her way. Holden and I hold the twins on our shoulders while Emma rides Roman’s back and Link just stares. He nudges Nick. “Can we paint that?”

“We can paint everything and anything,” Nick says, rubbing Link’s shoulder.

I watch Sophie’s face in the changing colors. The awe is beautiful. Her

lips part and she lets out a soft gasp. We'll have to take her to see fireworks more often.

It's a glorious end to the week.

The next few days are hectic and wild. As we get ready for Thanksgiving and we free up my normal room and Holden's room—the one that's almost always vacant—for my family, I notice Sophie getting more and more frustrated.

I plot with Diana, giving her puppy dog eyes and letting her grab my ass so she'll take the kids that Tuesday.

After she steals them away, without Sophie even noticing, I nod to the guys. Our wife needs to remember what's important. Roman keeps working on hanging our kids' artwork and Nick takes care of some of Sophie's school worries while Holden works on planning the menu for us to work on.

Sophie gets frustrated and stands up. "I know I'm still having that issue. I wanted to try doing monochrome since it's supposed to be a color study, but I'm not getting the subject to match the color and I keep wanting to include others!"

"Sweets," I say.

She looks up at me, then seems to notice how quiet it is. "Gunner, I thought you were with the kids."

"I was, but I figured we needed some quiet time." I shrug.

Sophie just blinks at me. Her mouth opens, then her brow furrows. "Why?"

Nick gives me a nod of approval. "You have all week to work on this. Let the inspiration come to you, sweetheart."

"But-" She watches as Nick carries her sketchbook away.

Her eyes flick to Roman, then Holden, who's making notes about things he wants at Thanksgiving. "You guys aren't bothered that our kids are gone today?"

"Nope," Holden pops the P. "We'll get them for the rest of the week."

"Right now, we can get some things set up and make less work for later," Roman says. "Take a breath, Bambina."

"Laundry needs to be done. We need to clean the rest of the house, we need to go grocery shopping and-"

"Grocery shopping sounds great!" Hold looks up. "I have all the recipes we'll be using marked and a list of what we need."

Sophie's eyes widen. "You already took care of that?"

“Yeah, why not? Also, we’re not making cranberry whatever. No one likes it. And we’re doing ham instead of turkey since none of the kids eat turkey.”

We end up at the grocery store and walk Sophie around. She loosens up as we kiss her and flirt with her shamelessly. Since we have two carts, we divide and conquer—and pass her back and forth.

Roman rams his cart into mine. “Listen here, this isn’t Mad Max.”

“Says the guy who needs to pass over his insurance,” I point at him.

His eyes flick to the right and I see why. Professor What’s-his-name is right there. We have had no problems with him since the week we picked Sophia up from school. He still watches our wife shamelessly, as she argues with Holden over dessert.

Without even seeing the professor, Holden kisses her hungrily, sucking her tongue and quieting her right there. When he draws back, he arches his eyebrow. She swoons a little. “Yeah. Cobbler sounds better than pie.”

I whistle at them, and Holden flips me off while Sophie giggles. “Next thing I know, you’re going to kick me out of the kitchen.”

“That depends on if the kids are there or not,” Roman teases, obviously rubbing our relationship in the professor’s face.

Sophie looks between the four of us and takes a slow breath. “You better get all that out of your system today.”

“I think that means no cooking,” I say. “I’m in.”



## SOPHIA

**A**fter the guys took control of Thanksgiving, it's been easy. The kids love helping in the kitchen and are so excited to play with their cousins. Gunner's sisters are happy to tease me and the guys, laughing at us whenever any of us get turned on or embarrassed.

Gunner is in his element. I know he loves his family; he loves being around them, and he doesn't get to see them nearly enough. One of his sisters, Jamie, comes over to stand with me. She bounces her new baby and I can see the exhaustion in her eyes.

"I don't know how you did four. I don't know how Zoe's been able to handle three," she admits. "One is hard enough."

"Trust me, it gets easier. Are you napping when he is?" I offer my arms out to her.

She puts him there and the baby stares at me, whimpers, then lets me adjust him. I bounce and rock at the same time, the way Holden always did when our kids were overtired. The little one goes right to sleep.

Jamie sighs. "Anytime I stop moving, he wakes up. He barely wants to be in bed."

"It'll change," Roman says. "It's not easy, but it will get easier."

I nod in agreement. She chats with us in the kitchen for a while, then bumps my hip. "You know, my dad was worried about this whole marriage thing. The quad-guy situation."

"Oh, I know. He made that clear at the rehearsal," I say.

Gunner's mom hadn't batted an eye, but his father had been skeptical. Supportive would have been a win. Anytime we've seen them since I feel

like he's looking for cracks in our relationship.

"He was excited to be here, though. Being invited mattered to him a lot," she mumbles.

We look over as he struggles with the Lego set and pulls out glasses. Gunner and Link both try to explain things until all three are laughing. Jamie sighs. "I've never seen Gunner so happy, honestly. He's silly and always cracking jokes, but since you guys got married, he's been different."

"Oh?"

"He calls all the time, always tells me I'm welcome here on layovers." She rolls her eyes. "Maybe it's because he doesn't think his friends will hit on me, but I always hear a smile in his voice now."

"You are welcome here," I say immediately.

She's told me that being a flight attendant is fun, but it can be lonely. She laughed when she got married since she was sure it would be impossible for her to make a relationship work with her schedule.

Jamie grins at me. "Thanks, but I will not risk hearing my brother trying to seduce you to bed."

"I do the seducing," Nick says before kissing my cheek. "You know, the kids are completely distracted and—"

"You got me yesterday!" I say louder than necessary.

Jamie laughs. The baby squirms in my arms until I go back to bouncing, and I shake my head as Nick and Roman both laugh. Gunner glances at me and arches an eyebrow at the baby in my arms.

Plenty of people have asked if I'm ever going to have a baby with Nick. I know that. I also *love* babies. They're sweet and warm, smell good, and there's something fantastic about seeing them become their own person.

I just don't know if I can do a fifth one. Right now we outnumber our kids and I'm worried if that balance shifts, we're going to be in no-man's-land. Still, Gun says nothing. His gaze focuses on my mouth and I shake my head at him.

They got to have me for *hours* yesterday to avoid this, but apparently, it doesn't matter if we go at it constantly, my men want me—even if they're not trying to get me pregnant, even if we've just gone four rounds, even if it's the middle of the day with family over.

"Hello!" My dad booms.

Jamie takes her son back and thanks me for the few minutes of rest.

My dad has on another 'grandpa' shirt and the kids all run to him, happy

to see him, even though he's not even close to a stranger.

Holden wraps his arms around me, kissing my cheek. "Want to help me with the cobbler top?"

"I thought we'd start cooking in the morning."

"Hell no," Roman says.

"Hell no, Mommy," Aria says.

Roman points at her. "Adult word."

She huffs. "Like fuck?"

I gasp and face her. "Aria Agosti! We have talked about you using that word!"

She pouts. "It's fun to say."

"It's a mean word."

Just like the first time I said it, all four of my husbands laugh. My father jumps in, though. "It's a not-nice word to say. Your dads know all about that. I'm sure your mom washes their mouths with soap when they say it."

"Sure. That's what goes in."

I shove some peaches into Holden's mouth and give him a look. He licks his lips after swallowing. He kisses my cheek. "You're right. That's adult talk, Aria. It'll get you in trouble, especially at school. And you don't want to get in trouble, right?"

"Right!" she says. "Daddy Roman, I wanna help!"

He sets her on the counter and lets her help him season the ham.

Once things settle down a bit, Gunner walks over. "A bad word, huh? A *mean* word, Sophia?"

"Gun," I warn.

"If you think it's so mean, you shouldn't say it behind closed doors," he says before stealing a peach slice and standing up.

His mom swats the back of his head. "A gentleman doesn't talk about what's said or done behind closed doors, Gunner."

"Yes, Mom," he says.

Then he winks at me and mouths. "Not a gentleman."

I point at him. He goes to talk to his sisters, but his mother stays. "Feel free to swat him when he gets mouthy like that."

"She does," Holden says brightly. "Not just with her hand either,"

"Holden, you're as bad as Gunner! I'm going to put you in time out," I warn him, threatening him with a wooden spoon.

"If that means I get the same time out you give Gunner in that special



room, I'm not going to complain," Holden whispers in my ear.

Somehow, I get forced out of the kitchen and onto the balcony with Gunner and my mother. Gunner's mom is actually smoking. She shrugs. "I wasn't able to kick all my hippie habits."

My mom laughs. "You know, there are benefits to Sophia having four sexy husbands."

"Why did I come out here?" I ask immediately.

Gunner's mom laughs. "Oh, I know! That Roman is a looker. Don't tell my husband I said that, though. He'd call me plenty of names for looking at a younger man."

"I like you," my mom says, offering her glass for a clink.

Gunner's mom motions for me to sit. I rub my forehead. Both women laugh at me. It's Gunner's mom that speaks. "Honey, you need to stop worrying so much. Didn't anyone tell you how marriage works?"

"I've been told a lot, from books to podcasts to."

"It's simple," my mom says.

"Very. See, guys don't always *want* to do things they end up enjoying, and there's no shame in bribing them a little. For the first five years of my marriage, I would just *do* housework topless, and wouldn't you believe my husband suddenly *really* wanted to help?"

I laugh softly.

"You have four husbands, darling," my mom says. "Let them show you what they're capable of sometimes. You're going back to school and you trust them with the kids, trust them with holiday prep and housework too. How else are your boys going to know what a good man looks like?"

"And your girls too," Gunner's mom agrees.

I grin a wicked smile. "You know, I might have gotten pictures of the Daddy-daughter dance that happened recently."

"And you're waiting until now to share!?" both women ask.

I laugh and hurry inside to get my phone. I show them all the pictures and they squeal. Of course, when they go back inside, both moms call my husbands adorable and sweet until they're all kinds of uncomfortable. Except for Gunner, he's glowing.

Everyone gets comfortable that night and then morning comes around and it's chaos.

Jamie's husband can't come, Zoe's husband is in the wrong place, the cobbler didn't settle correctly, and everything is chaos. Not to mention Aria

is throwing a fit after fighting with Emma.

I put a hand to my chest, but Roman takes over. “Gun, take care of the girls — they listen to you. Hold, let’s fix the cobbler. I think we missed something in the dough. Nick, can you get the directions set up for Zoe’s husband?”

All the guys go to work, leaving me to just stand there. I help Jamie. She’s not upset at all, she just gets it and ends up helping with the girls as well.

“I used to fight with Gunner all the time. He’d behead my Barbies!”

“No!” Emma says.

“Yeah, he would. But I knew if anyone was ever mean to me, Gunner would be right there to help. I knew Gunner would always help me with anything I couldn’t do on my own. He’d always make me smile,” Jamie says.

“Emma does that,” Aria mumbles.

“Exactly,” Gunner agrees. “And Em, I know that sometimes it’s hard to have a little sister that always wants to do what you’re doing, but that means she loves you a lot. If it’s too much, use your words and tell her you need some space, okay?”

I smile and rub Gunner’s shoulder.

“Okay,” Emma agrees.

Somehow, despite the craziness of the morning, dinner is easy. The kids love the food—even the vegetables. My dad and Gunner’s dad bond over their love of the History Channel and my mom and Gunner’s mom are already thick as thieves.

I can’t even remember what I was worried about. While Gunner’s family and my parents get all the kids settled with a movie, I walk out to the balcony to have a much-needed beer.

It takes less than a minute for arms to wrap around me. “What are you thinking about, Bambina?”

“About us, our family,” I admit.

“Not all the naughty things we’ve done right here?” He growls.

“I wasn’t ... but now ...”

“Hey, none of that. We can’t share you here,” Holden grumbles.

I laugh and kiss him softly before kissing Roman. Nick and Gunner join us. We watch the sunset together and I give each of my men kisses. They’re capable of so much and I don’t know why I keep forgetting that. They’re more than desirable men and capable parents. They’re adults who know how

to get things done, and how to support one another.

I pull them close, feeling the love and warmth of our connection. “I love you all so much. So much more every single day,” I say, my voice filled with emotion.

“Soph, we could live to be a million and never cram in enough ‘I love yous’,” Nick responds, his eyes sparkling with sincerity.

I smile at them, feeling grateful for the love we share. “So, you think we can handle all these school events we have coming for us in the future? We can handle our kids growing up, traveling for holidays, making the most of our kids being in school?”

“Without question, baby,” Holden says confidently.

“Hell, with all of us in love, our kids are going to have the best example of love anyone could ask for,” Gunner agrees, his voice full of pride.

“Plus, the older they get, the more we get to see them become their own people,” Roman sighs. “And the more time we get with you.”

Being with my men and my family, I realize fairytales aren’t just in books. They can come to life in the love we share, the memories we create, and the bonds we forge. Together, we’ll face the challenges and joys that life brings, knowing that our love will only grow stronger with each passing day.

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### **Valerie**

Closing my eyes, I let myself remember those three sexy men. Hunter with his tousled light brown curly hair, tan skin, wild and cocky attitude but with a body that begs to be licked and touched. Chase, he’s so smart and oh, so easy on the eyes. He had that almost bad boy rocker look with the sides of his head shaved, that single tattoo spreading across his chest, big arms straining against his shirt, and even those glasses. They made him look more dangerously sexy as if that’s even possible. It almost feels illegal looking at him. All of them!

Then Lief.

Lief the enigma. His honey-brown hair, pale blue eyes, hint of a beard, and those hot Norse tattoos that tracked up his whole right arm and maybe further. Beyond all that, he was huge, at least six foot three or four, and broad. Ugh, I’d felt exactly how proportional his *everything* was when we’d danced together. Who am I kidding? All of them were hung.

Hunter was a bit of an arrogant asshole from the first time I met him all the way through to the wedding, but the naughty, delicious things he’d said in

my ear while grinding against me had made me wet on the spot. Even though I hate it, I've always been a sucker for a bad boy and Hunter is that times ten.

Chase knew just how to touch me, got hard from my dance moves alone, and his determination to please and tempt didn't go to waste. He read me just right, made me feel hot and valuable, then gave me an incredible night that has fueled plenty of good solo sessions for me.

But Leif. Oh, Leif. There's something so dark and cold about him which means he has sexy secrets I'd kill for. The gentle offer for more than a dance in my ear and the most mediocre compliment ever had set my skin on fire. But when I'd been ready to capitalize, he'd been on the phone, then he walked away.

So I'd turned my attention back on Chase and had absolutely no regrets. Honestly, it had been the hottest night of my life. He did more than satisfy me. He loved my rough side, took every bite, and gave them right back to me. He manhandled me, gave me control just to take it back. Our back and forth was insane. He was intense, we were loud, and it was pure ecstasy. The kind of sex and passion a girl dreams about. And we'd just kept going and going. Round after round until we passed out and nearly woke up around lunchtime.

But I haven't heard a word from him since.

At least my vibrator is reliable. Plus, there's no confusion, shitty personality, risk, or compromise. It's just all about me and I get myself off every time ... alone. Then roll over and go to bed ... alone. Which used to be fine, but now that I'm staying in on another Friday night looking at a weekend with nothing to do but study, I hate my lack of relationship.

I have friends and colleagues, but ... but seeing Sophie so happy with four men wrapped around her finger has me questioning if getting my Ph.D. is the end-all be all that I want.

Maybe it's time to start considering a regular partner instead of my vibrator for emergencies. I could handle an actual boyfriend, or at least a regular friends' with benefits. At least I'd spend less on batteries that way.

Scrolling through my phone, I find Chase's number but I hesitate. It's been weeks. Do I want him to capitalize on a booty call? Won't I look desperate? And what would he think of me after? Would he want more than I'm ready to give or go and brag to his brother?

"Crap!" I toss my phone. "Can I just turn this brain off for one weekend so I can get laid?"

Since that's not going to happen and thinking of these three sexy men is

just making lust pool in my belly. I eat my pizza and try to focus on a documentary a professor recommended. When that doesn't cloud out fantasies of all three men playing a tug of war over me in bed, I check my emails and see a forwarded invitation from Sophie for some charity event. Gunner is going to represent their company and it's just an hour away. Tomorrow.

A reason to get out of the house – check. A reason to get dressed up and sexy – check.

A chance to get laid and stop thinking about that trio of tall handsome hunks that offered me themselves– double-check. Maybe Gunner will be a good wingman and do the job well. I email back saying I'll go and print the invite before changing for bed and getting a solid twelve-hour hibernation in.

The next day, I get some good quality studying done, so I feel productive for school, then get ready for the event. I style my auburn hair into lanky curls and pull on a black glittery cocktail dress that's backless and says, "down to fuck." After getting stiletto heels on, putting pepper spray in my purse, and applying my wine-red lipstick, I pull on a sweeping white coat to keep myself warm through D.C.'s lingering winter.

I check myself one more time in the mirror, then walk down to my car and I fight my way through traffic with the help of my GPS.

I can't believe the venue. It's huge, classy in that modern art way, and somehow makes me feel like I'm underdressed despite wearing the best thing in my closet. There are also so many people. Most of the guys are dressed the same, so I have no clue how I'm going to find Gunner by wandering.

Taking a slow breath, I reach into my little purse for my phone. I'm sure I still have his number saved.

"Val!" I hear a second later.

Gunner crushes me against him, nearly breaking my back. I push against his chest while laughing. "Thanks for the back crack, but don't break me!"

"I just don't know my own strength." He flexes his arms.

He's trying to hide it, but I can see the bags under his eyes and the exhaustion in his eyes. He's trying too hard. I tap his nose. "You look tired, Gunner. Pregnancy not as much fun as you hoped?"

I let him vent about it as he guides me to a table, then he sighs. His venting is different from Sophie's at least. He shrugs, then pauses. "I love Sophie so much. The mood swings are a little hard, but I want to do everything for her, want to be all over and when she's not jumping us, she's

trying to get a million things done.”

I believe it. There’s a whole nursery to put together, a ton of things to have ready for when the baby comes home, and life doesn’t stop to give even a second for Sophie to relax.

Gunner continues. “Nick knows just what to do. Just what to get, all of it. Holden gets to cuddle her all day, and Roman keeps her fed, so I’m trying to help out with something other than sex and it’s a lot.” He chuckles.

“I’m sure you have plenty to offer and I *know* how much she loves you, Gun. There’s just a lot going on with her hormones. She’s growing a whole human.” I remind him.

“Yeah, I know. That’s why I’m telling you and not her. I’m overthinking and you’re my sounding board. Congrats.”

“Does that mean I’m your bestie too now?” I tease, bumping his hip.

“Something like that.” He chuckles.

I glance at a group of guys as they walk in. Some are promising, that’s for sure. I lean over to whisper in Gunner’s ear as if anyone is paying attention to us. “Do you still have those wingman skills you bragged about forever ago?”

“Oh, you want to find out?” He rubs his hands together. “Point me at a man and watch me work for you, Val.”

I look around, trying to see if any guy immediately catches my eye. Instead, I get caught up in the event itself. It’s some kind of silent auction which means rich people are tying their pride to their wallets and happily one-upping each other. I bet none of them bid at the exact price of the things. They go over, just to show they can.

I’d love a class specifically on studying the psychology of different classes of people. The way it can cause social dilemmas and fundamentally alter experiences and sense of self. People watching is the best form of casual study. The way people interact, where they place importance, and the way they hold themselves, says so much about where they are mentally. It’s so entertaining to me.

Like Gunner, looking around while sipping from his drink, craning his neck, then smiling at me when I catch him and pausing to down his whole glass. If I didn’t know better I would say he’s waiting for someone else and doesn’t want me to know.

“Who else has been invited?”

“Half of the upper class in D.C.” He shrugs.

“Don’t avoid the question.”

“Would you rather I finally strip for you? Is that what tonight is about? Trying to see me shirtless after all this time because you couldn’t at the strip club?” He smirks.

I drum my fingers on the table. The quieter I am, the more he’ll spill. As predicted, he fills the silence. “It’s not like I know every millionaire, just a lot of them. And you cross paths enough times and you start to see familiar faces, you might even see some tonight.”

“You’re being extra cagy tonight.” I point out. “Can’t you just tell me what I’m in for? It won’t kill you.”

“You *hope* it won’t kill me.” He teases. “But you’d feel really bad if it did.”

Trying the silent stare again, he just narrows his eyes and focuses on me like we’re having a staring contest. I shake my head. “Just tell me. I’m not a fan of suspense.”

“Consider it a surprise.”

I take a drink from my glass and rub the back of my neck. “I-”

“Shouldn’t you be wandering around, finding some man you want me to seduce on your behalf? Not to brag, but I’m pretty good at getting friends laid.” He laughs.

I’m tempted to, but he has me all kinds of distracted with how shifty he is. Gunner loves surprising people, I know that. He’s also all about enjoying a moment when he sees an opportunity.

“I’m focused at the moment.” I follow his look to the entrance. “You have a secret and I want in.”

“Of course I do. I have the best secrets. I think you want another drink more, though.” He stares at my glass for a while. “Gin tonic.”

With that, he’s up and headed toward the open bar. I’m not going to like whoever is going to join us at the table. He’s made that clear, or he’d be bouncing in his seat, excited beyond belief and unable to keep it to himself. I just have to put the hints together. He said something about familiar faces. But he doesn’t know my friends and other than Sophie’s three other husbands, I don’t know his.

So, I would have only met them at the few things we’ve done together. Holden’s birthday party or the wedding. That limits things pretty intensely.

Something uncomfortable pricks at my brain. I bite my thumb nail for a second, then I get it. It’s so obvious. I swallow hard and shoot a glare in Gunner’s direction. He raises a glass to me with that damn smirk on his face.

Three people come to mind and it's a big, intimidating, overwhelming hell no.

### **Hunter**

"Is that Valerie?" I ask, nudging Chase.

He follows my gaze to the girl with dark hair and a sexy black dress. Cleavage on display, full-back showing tempting skin, the frustrated purse of her lips.

"Doesn't look like the Valerie I left at the wedding," He says smugly.

I elbow him hard. He's made it inescapably clear that he fucked her, twice. I got the first kiss, but he got the home run. Lief joins us while pocketing his phone. "We good?"

"Got the all-clear." He agrees. "I'm on call."

"Dad should be able to survive one night without us." I snort. "As good as we are, we should still be allowed a weekend off."

"Slacker," Chase says. "No wonder I get the better assignments."

There's no point in trying to correct him. He's dick deep in 'little brother' syndrome. Always has something to prove, but can be a manipulative little shit too. Leif goes to the silent auction, moving through people like a shadow. I make my way to the bar with my brother in tow. He would never admit it, but he hates situations like this.

He's a chameleon, Gemini that he is, but would much rather be one-on-one with every single person in the world instead of at an event where he can't know everything happening at the exact moment it happens.

Once we have our drinks, I spot Gunner with Valerie and head their way. Gunner meets our eyes, hair messy, eyes tired, tie a little cocked.

"If I didn't know better, I'd say you haven't slept in weeks," I greet.

He stands up and pats my back in a one-armed hug. "Nah, just waiting for the baby."

Chase gives him a fist bump and sits one chair over from Valerie. She's giving me a 'fuck off' face, but then takes a healthy drink. "Gunner, should I bother to look at the prices?" She asks.

"Put my name down for a spa weekend," He encourages her.

She starts to walk away, but I cut her off. "Long time no see, gorgeous. Did you miss me?"

"Haven't thought about you once. It's Hank right?"

"You wound me." I pat my chest. "I know you haven't forgotten my name, Valerie."



“So much faith in subpar kissing and basic dance skills.” She skirts by me that easily.

Every step she takes confirms she belongs on a runway. Her head held high, like no one in the room deserves eye contact and their judgment doesn't mean a damn thing to her, the sway of her hips. All of it makes me want to tame her.

Something about the chase turns me on. I've had too many girls throw themselves at me. It's easier, but I learned early that the easy things aren't the best things in life. Earning a win is so much better than having it handed to me.

“You're drooling,” Chase announces.

I wipe my mouth reflexively and sit by Gunner. He's balancing every drink of bourbon with water. He nudges me. “Don't look at me like that.”

“Like what?” I smirk.

“Like I've lost my fun.” He takes some of the hors d'oeuvres offered. “I haven't. I'm just not willing to embarrass myself tonight. Not with my wife at home waiting for me.”

“You need to get laid,” Chase chimes in. “Always does me good. Makes me more fun to be around.”

My eyes flick around the room quickly. No matter where we are, I feel the pressure of maintaining control. If any competitors or rivals are here, I'll need to check in. I'm hoping there aren't, just to make for an easier night of seducing Valerie, but being sure is more valuable.

“You look constipated.” The woman herself says.

Lief stands by her side like it's an accident. I stand and brush a lock of hair from her face. “Are you worried about me, sweetheart?”

“Just wanted to prepare in case tonight was going to be *more* uncomfortable.”

I lean forward to whisper in her ear. “You didn't seem too uncomfortable wrapped around me at the reception, even when I whispered my plans for the night in your ear. All that is still on the table by the way.”

“If I wanted it, I wouldn't have waited this long to see you again.” She pats my chest.

I see her eyes drop to my chest and then lift back to my face. That's right, baby, I'm all muscle. I'm no stranger to dedication and I'd make sure she had a good time, was satisfied in every possible way, would lose her voice screaming my name and begging for more.

Goosebumps prick her skin and I see her pulse thudding in her throat. I put my hand over hers. "If you want to sample something other than the food, let me know. I'm pretty tasty too."

She scoffs and jerks her hand away, taking her original seat. I'm not at all surprised that Lief sits next to her. He's sweet on her, despite not saying a word. Not her name, not any reference to her. His conversation is all work and fun facts from research he's done, or basic pleasantries.

"I bet you fifty they talk about the weather again," Gunner says when I sit. "Just like their first conversation."

I take the bet and we listen in. Lief hasn't ever met a conversation he wants to start, but Valerie shivers. "Not enough whiskey at this event to melt the snow outside."

"Nearly done. We're in March now." Lief says. "Although, there have been recorded years where it's lasted into April."

"May further north," Valerie says. "Did you know seasonal depression is most pronounced in winter in part due to the snow and overcast weather?"

I pay up and shake my head. The ice in my drink has more interesting conversations when they bump into each other. I nudge Gunner. "Make sure that goes toward fun and not ... diapers."

"We'll see." He chuckles. "Maybe I can convince Sophie to go out on a date."

"You'll need it," I say.

There's a dance floor and I'm about to try my luck asking Valerie to dance, but my brother beats me to it. She takes her time accepting, watching him carefully, then finally slides her delicate hand into his.

They follow the unspoken code of slow, appropriate dancing and I roll my eyes. Why my father sent us here, I don't know. Heading to bars, enjoying clubs, any of that would have been better. This is too stuffy and conservative. The only fun that we could have would be destroying the ho-hum with some actual life.

"You *do* look constipated. Something I don't know," Gunner says. "I was relying on you to make me feel alive, or at least give me a good story."

"Oh, work is fun," I assure him. "Lots of action, a whole lot of things I can't talk about because of the NDA, and you should have seen the vixen I brought home two weeks ago. She didn't leave for two days."

"Your house or the bed." Gunner smirks.

I clink my glass with his. "House. We made sure to break in just about

every room.”

“Can you confirm, Lief?” Gunner asks, trying to rope him into the conversation.

“The maids are effective, but I wouldn’t recommend a blacklight test.” He answers.

I chuckle. Lief’s lips curve up at the corner, then his eyes flick to the dance floor. I’m not in the habit of telling my friends what to do, but he seriously needs to make a move on Valerie.

I offered her all of us, to give her exactly what Sophie has. She could have all three of us focused utterly and completely on her pleasure and we have plenty of ways to give her that. Pleasure, pain, and everything in between that just makes fucking better.

But Lief is Lief. Even if I did tell him to ask her to dance, he’d shrug, or insist that it’s rude to make the first move. That’s what you get from a guy who grew up in the Netherlands, Norway, and Denmark. Luckily, he met us in college so he’s not completely hopeless.

Valerie and Chase come back and she continues standing, looking at Lief. She asks, “Dance with me.”

Not even a question. He stands and follows her to the dance floor. I smirk into my drink. I bet she’ll ask Gunner to dance too. She thinks she’s teaching me some kind of lesson. Please, I can play the long game. I’ve perfected patience over the years, especially if it means I’ll get what I want.

“You’re barking up this tree all wrong.” Gunner sighs.

I flick my eyes to him. “Calling me a dog?”

“If it barks like a dog, fucks like a dog ...”

I roll my eyes. “You’re full of shit.”

“Per Sophie, Valerie likes to have an actual conversation, not be hit on. Maybe when she’s tipsy she likes the direct come-ons, but I bet if you take it down about seven notches, she’d give you more than sass.”

“Who says I don’t like her sass?”

“It might get you laid,” Chase amends. “But what do I know? Not like I ... oh wait.”

“Jesus Christ. When is this charity going to be done?”

They serve dinner in answer and I check my phone quickly. Uncle Dino reminds me to avoid drawing attention but considering all the ass-kissing I see these old rich dudes doing to each other, it won’t be hard.

Chase goes to put his name on some things and Gunner does the same,

leaving my eyes to wander. There are plenty of hot girls here, but it's hard to tell who's family and who's a smart ex-sugar baby/ new wife. One girl with copper skin makes eyes at me while wrapping her lips around the straw, but I see that huge ring on her finger.

I may be a dog, but this dog doesn't actively jump into a beating. Married women are off-limits. Convincing a girl to leave a relationship isn't the kind of hunt I'm interested in. Valerie sits across the table and looks around the crowd, eyes landing on me.

"What kind of rich bitch are you?" She calmly asks me.

"Excuse me?"

"The kind that holds tight to their wallet or the one who flashes the black card just to get a few extra compliments?"

We watch each other for a long while and I smirk slowly. "I don't give a shit about my wallet."

"Ah, that kind of rich." She sits back like something's been confirmed.

"Are you interested in what's in my pocket, or what's in my pants, Valerie?"

She chokes on her drink, wipes under her gorgeous red lips, and spears me with a hot glare. I bite my bottom lip. "I'm just a little curious considering you had no problem rubbing yourself all over me at the wedding, hardon and all."

"I don't give a shit about your money."

"Don't want to be my sugar baby?"

"I don't want to be your *anything*." She hisses. "You treat girls like prizes to be won. Just because I forgot that for one horny, tipsy moment doesn't change what's obvious. I'd be a notch on your bedpost and I'm not interested in that kind of reputation."

"You don't get to have a place in my bed or on my bedpost unless you beg for it, sweetheart," I assure you. "And trust me, I'd make sure you beg before I'd even kiss you."

"I don't beg."

"You would for me. Want me to prove it?" I ask before taking a long drink.

Valerie's face flushes, but she doesn't back down. That defiant gaze, the slight pout to her lips, the way she's breathing hard. I may just have a challenge on my hands.

"I don't *need* anything from you, Hunter. I can get what I *want* from my

battery operated friend with the extra perk of not dealing with your attitude.”

“When you get tired of fucking yourself and want someone else to do it, call me.” I toss her my card and wink. “I expect it’ll be soon.”

## **Valerie**

It’s not fair that they’re this sexy. I figured I just remembered them better than they were but no if anything I downplayed it. If Hunter just had a random mole, or a giant wart on his face or was half as smooth, this wouldn’t even be a conversation. I mean ... I’m not shallow, but he’s my perfect brand of cocky and sexy.

But I won’t beg. I didn’t beg for Chase, and that’s a low blow I won’t pull out yet. I know better than to reveal the ace in my hand. So I sit back and sip. Then say, “Honey, if either of us is going to beg, it’s gonna be you.”

“Not a chance.” That bad-boy smile turns up his lips as he glances from my tits to my mouth. “I know what I offer.” He gets closer.

“And I know you’re dying to fuck me.” My lips turn up in a half-smile when his eyes go wide. “I bet I could get you on your knees, begging to taste my pussy, just a single taste. Like a drug you need to get through the next day.”

“So I should crawl under the table? That’s what you want?”

I wrap my lips around the straw and make sure my cheeks hollow out as I take a long drink, draining the whole glass. His Adam’s apple bobs in his throat and his eyes darken. Two can tease. When I lean back, I stroke a lock of hair, brushing my fingers over my cleavage.

“What do *you* want Hunter?”

Because wording matters with him, I can tell. He wants me to admit I’m interested. It’s a game to him. But now he’s set a bar. I’m not going to beg, he says he never will, so we’re at an impasse.

“Are you two playing nice?” Gunner asks, sitting next to Hunter.

“I could be nicer,” Hunter croons.

Chase sits back down and stretches. “I bid on a dinner cruise. If I win, would you like to join me, Valerie?”

The direct request takes me off-guard after the verbal sparring with Hunter. My eyes go to Chase and hold. “A date?”

“Why not? Unless you’re taken.”

Damn, I haven’t been on a date, a real date in a *very* long time. Hitting the

year mark since I met up with someone with romance in mind other than a quick lay. Because dating is hard when I'm married to school.

I nibble my bottom lip. "It would be hard. I'm trying to study for a big test right now while I'm planning my dissertation and keeping up with classes."

He cocks his head to the side. "I don't think I asked what you were studying. We were too busy doing other things."

There's the dig I was waiting for. I don't mind being the object in a game of tug of war between them, but I don't want to be a pawn. And I want him to work harder than he did the first time.

"Psychology," I say. "I'm working on my Ph.D., hence the limited time."

"But you came out tonight," Chase presses. "Can I convince you to give me just two hours?"

"Cute." I pat his hand. "I came here as a favor to this over-exhausted mess and his wife."

Gunner nods. "Can confirm. Sophie was worried I'd just pass out in the hotel if I didn't have someone to meet here."

"We're not good enough company for you, Gun?" Hunter asks, completely distracted.

They both focus on him, so I can head to the bar. I stumble and feel strong arms catch me. Turning my head, I see Lief. Now, if this one asked me on a date, I'd be torn. Because I'm pretty convinced Hell itself would have to freeze over for that, but I also think that Lief would be an amazing time.

"Thank you," I murmur.

"Water?" He suggests.

I nod. "It's your friends driving me to drink."

"Alcohol is a poison, Valerie." He reminds me softly with his gruff voice.

Oh god, his voice is a drug itself. How have I not tasted him yet? I shiver slightly under his gaze. His face is so ... closed off. Like he's never met an emotion he wants to show. Maybe it's the alcohol or how different he is, but I'm feeling confident.

"Do you *like* dancing with me, Lief?"

He dips his chin once.

"You should *ask* me to dance then. Girls like for men to show interest." I hint.

He hands me my water, but I suck from the straw while he holds it for

me. The condensation rolls over his hand and his eyes don't leave mine. I slide my fingers over his and the mix of hot and cold is wild.

"What else would you like doing with me?"

"Getting you sober." It's such a simple answer, so clear cut, no flirting at all.

I continue to watch him, trying that psychology hack, but he studies my face instead, taking me in. I waver on my heels and Lief wraps his arm around me. I swear the man has to be half-robot with strength like this. It's like there's steel under his skin.

"Dancing is hard when drunk. Flirting is easy," He murmurs.

"Talking from experience?"

"No. Observation."

"Observing is good. The best way to know what to expect from people."

"Sometimes." He qualifies.

"Going to school me on psychology?"

Shaking his head very slightly, he pulls me to the side. "I read that a person is what they do and why they do it. Action and motivation," He says.

"I've heard you can tell the character of someone by how they act when they have nothing to gain, what they do when no one is looking," I hum.

"What do you do when no one is looking, Valerie?"

"Depends on the day." I smile.

He considers that and then taps the bottom of my water. I drink it obediently. We say next to nothing as we sit together and I hate that I still don't know where his mind is. The simple, everyday psychology hacks aren't getting me anywhere and I'm not sure what to do with him. Which excites the shit out of me. This never happens. Most men are so predictable.

Even Roman would give *something* if I fished carefully. Lief isn't even *that* open. I cross my legs and look out over the crowd with him. There's a girl that's obviously interested in Hunter, despite the ring on her finger, and she's making her way over slowly, finding people to talk to along the way, things to distract her so it almost seems accidental. [Charmed by 3](#)