



Ravished
by Daddy's
4 Dirty
Friends

AGE GAP DAD'S FRIENDS MILITARY ROMANCE

BARBICOX

RAVISHED BY DADDY'S 4 DIRTY FRIENDS

AGE GAP EX MILITARY DAD'S BEST FRIENDS
ROMANCE

BARBI COX

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GUNNER

Roman comes in from the beach at around nine o'clock. I arch an eyebrow at him while taking a long drink of whiskey.

"Where's our wife?"

"Lounging on a chair, waiting for her legs to stop trembling," he smirks, clearly proud of his accomplishment. "I got her to stop worrying... and to stop thinking altogether."

"Don't try to make me jealous. I can manage that just fine on my own," I retort.

Roman's smile remains unfazed. "I know you can."

"Are we going to ignore the elephant in the room?" I inquire. "The guys still have Courtney."

"I think Courtney's a pawn. I'm betting she'll admit to sending the text and email—since there's a VPN on the yacht's computer—but she didn't take those pictures," Roman says while making a delicious-looking drink: pineapple juice, orange juice, and cranberry along with tequila.

"You sound sure."

"I saw Courtney talking to the captain when Nick and Sophie were out. I know it's possible, but the timing would have been tight considering she served us dinner before they got back," Roman points out.

"I didn't even remember that. I just overheard her complaining to the captain about us being exhibitionists and he

gave her a talking-to about professionalism,” I snort. “As if they don’t enjoy the free show.”

Roman chuckles and pats my shoulder. “In four days, we’re heading to Italy. No one else knows but us, the captain, Valerie... and company.”

A soft moan echoes before there’s a sharp sound and silence. I roll my eyes. “I think her *harem* is more accurate than company.”

“You set them up,” Roman says before heading back out to the beach.

I set Val up with the guys, thinking they’d scratch the itch and be done. I never expected her to have the patience for Hunter, but it was entertaining as hell and how is a man supposed to pass up that kind of option when it presents itself?

I sit on the couch, stirring my drink as I ignore the T.V. Nick’s upstairs, and Holden’s working hard to see if any of us have been hacked or if our phones are bugged.

Chase was supposed to be helping, but considering the occasional grunt and slam of a headboard against a wall, I doubt he’s doing any work.

“We should tell Miles,” I say to myself.

“That’s a great idea, Gunner. Considering he was a general in the military, he probably has the skills to deal with something like this,” I answer in a deeper voice.

“Not to mention he’s still plenty capable of kicking ass, especially where his daughter is involved. And the ass he kicks will be ours once he learns we’ve been keeping something from him,” I say in my normal voice.

“Daddy?”

I glance over and see Link. He rubs his eyes. I pat the couch next to me and set my nearly empty whiskey glass on the table. Link comes over and cuddles against me.

“Did you have a nightmare, kiddo?” I ask.

“Yeah. I thought there was yelling and someone coming through the window. A big monster with long nails and a neck like a dinosaur,” he says.

I wrap my arms around him and rub his back until his trembling stops. “You know we’d never let anything get you. Even a dinosaur-human creature.”

“Really?”

“Mommy would pull it out of your window and throw it in the ocean,” I say with a smile.

He nods and yawns. “Were you telling a story?”

“Me?”

“I heard you talking ... doing voices,” he sighs.

“I was. I was practicing a story so I can put you guys to sleep tomorrow night,” I say with a smile.

“What about tonight?”

“You’re the only one awake. Are you enjoying our vacation?” I ask.

He nods.

“What’s your favorite part?”

“The sting rays! They were so cool. All slimy and gross, but they kept trying to climb Daddy Roman,” Link says.

When he’s still restless, I tell him all about what he can expect in Italy. Kids playing soccer in the streets, getting to see Nonna, and helping her in the kitchen. How he’ll get to practice his Italian and have more than Roman and Sophie understand.

His eyes close, then he slumps against me as I watch him drift.

I smile and kiss the top of his head. He’s growing so fast. It feels like just yesterday that he was chubby, crying for attention, pulling on hair mercilessly. Now he’s really coming into his own.

“Gunner?” Sophie asks.

I motion for her to keep her voice down and she sees Link curled up with me. She takes a picture - because of course, she does - then kisses me softly. “Everything okay with our little prince?”

“He had a nightmare. I’m blaming Valerie... no... I’m blaming *Hunter* for that, considering he can’t keep his hands to himself,” I snort.

“They were loud?”

“Not as loud as they could have been, but I think it added to Link’s nightmare.” I ruffle his hair and watch him instead of Sophie. “We should tell your dad about what’s going on with the stalker.”

“He’ll get over protective, demand we stay home, try to control things, Gun,” Sophie explains.

“Just like another person I know.” I finally meet her eyes.

She huffs. “Roman’s right with this. We’re about to be in Italy.”

“That doesn’t mean the stalker is going to disappear. They don’t get distracted by a change in scenery,” I say.

“If Valerie and the guys determine that Courtney’s not the stalker, we’ll tell him,” she says.

“He can be an extra set of eyes, if nothing else,” I agree.

Link moves in my arms, and I smirk. “Your voice always makes him feel better.”

“I hope that never changes,” she gently kisses his forehead. “I love you, Link.”

Sophie watches me and smiles before kissing me full on the mouth. *Suck it Roman, I still get kisses on your day.* Sophie strokes over my cheek. “Sometimes I’m sure you’re sweeter than me, Gunner.”

“That’s classified. Only you and the kids get to know that I’m more than funny,” I say seriously.

She laughs softly and whispers goodnight.

I take Link to bed and tuck him in. When I try to leave, he clings to me. “Please, Daddy. Stay?”

“Of course, kiddo.”

I lie in his bed and tell him a story off the top of my head as he falls asleep against me. My own eyes feel heavy and the breeze from the ocean lulls me to sleep along with the crashing waves.

I wake up to one of the kids jumping on me. I groan as a knee hits my stomach. “Daddy!”

“Hi, Bash,” I wheeze.

Bash hugs me tightly. Nick and I get the kids bathed with more than a little difficulty when Bash stages a rebellion against clothes and runs downstairs. Valerie catches him without missing a beat and takes his hands.

“Where are you going like that?” Valerie asks.

“Everywhere! Don’t like clothes. Too hot,” Bash complains.

“Well, you can’t go swimming without your trunks, right? In fact, I bet your parents won’t let you leave the house without them. You don’t want to miss out on the fun, do you?” she asks.

He beams and runs back to me. “Trunks, Daddy.”

“I think you’re missing a please there,” I say.

“Please?”

“And the full sentence?” I prompt.

“Trunks please, Daddy,” he says.

I beam and wrestle him into his trunks, threatening to eat his feet now that I have them, just like when he was a baby. It makes him laugh every time.

Aria pounces. “Daddy can’t eat my feet.”

I chase the twins until I’m winded. Lief catches them both and lifts them up like they’re weights. They love it. Roman’s already whistling in the kitchen, working on breakfast.

“Two husbands are here. Three kids - good morning, Emma - so where is the wife?” Valerie says.

“Probably in bed, as exhausted as you should be,” Hunter growls.

Valerie shoots him a look. I realize she’s in Lief’s tank-top and arch an eyebrow as the guys see to the kids. “What’s going on with this?”

“Let’s see, my husbands packed everything and they think it’s funny, but I have nothing to wear.” She glowers at Hunter as he waves, completely shameless. “It’s not kid appropriate what they have packed, so now I have a sudden shirt dress.”

I laugh loudly.

Everyone else gets up and around, then Sophie finally joins us in a sundress. She takes one look at Valerie, then leads her best friend upstairs. Valerie comes back in a dress of her own and subtly flips off Hunter.

As all of us get busy in the kitchen, piling plates with food, I look over and see Sophie taking a video. Her eyes are all misty.

I wink at her and blow her a kiss. I point her out to Link and he waves, then runs to her. “Mommy, can I take videos today?”

“Sure, Link, but we’re going to have a lot of fun today and I don’t want you to miss out,” Sophie says.

He takes pictures and videos of us as we eat, and as we pile into a van that Roman rented. Valerie and her men stay behind, making Aria pout. “Why Lief not coming?”

“He’s looking up more ways to do your hair and Emma’s hair,” I say with a smirk.

Holden reaches back to Aria. “Seat belt stays on.”

She’s the escape artist. She’s smart enough to get herself into trouble, but not smart enough to get herself out. That’s when the puppy dog eyes come out. I buckle her and we make it to the launch point.

After a quick trip on a boat, we get to a floating island that has an inflatable water park for the kids to enjoy, snorkeling, lunch when we get to it, and plenty of fun for the kids. We each take a kid and slather them with sunscreen before all of us turn on Sophie. The kids put white handprints on her and I'm more than happy to rub it in.

Sophie puts some on my nose, then rubs it into my face before kissing me. "This is just what we need."

"Four sugar-high kids and a water park to throw them at?" I guess.

"Fun in the sun. A semi-expensive trip that a stalker wouldn't be able to deal with," she says against my lips. "Just our wonderful family."

"It's perfect, Sweets," I agree.

The kids have an amazing time. There are a few bruises, but Link loves snorkeling and when Bash joins, and can't get enough of the reef and fish, I have a feeling he's going to knock swimming lessons out of the park when we get back.

At lunch, I make sure all our kids get water and soda so they can keep going as we swim, splash, and forget about every potential problem that could bother us here.

That's how the next few days pass. It's a blur of excursions. Anything the kids will like, we do. We go to the aquarium, let Sophie's parents take them to see some land wildlife while we go on a sailing cruise with an open bar and plenty of adult dancing. As we make the most of our time here and, I remember Roman bought this house; I smile in anticipation of more time here.

We'll have plenty more fun in the Keys. Every spring and summer break, I have a feeling we'll be here.

On our last night, Sophie, Nick, Holden, Roman, and I linger by the firepit, drinking beers and staring at the stars.

There's no 'bad' here now. There's just us, basking in family vacation bliss.

SOPHIA

I look through the photos Link's taken as I lie in bed with the guys. In the morning, we're heading to Italy. I'm not sure I'm ready to say goodbye to the Keys, to Valerie and her men, to this slice of paradise.

"We'll come back right before school starts," Roman plans. "Just our family."

"You say that like you don't love having Hunter, Chase, and Lief around," Gunner chuckles. "I think you'll miss them when you can't grope our wife whenever you want."

Roman gives Gunner a huff. Nick laughs. "The kids will love it. Lief says it's warm enough here even in fall, so we could come here for their fall break too."

"Or we could visit family," I hint at Holden.

"I'll see," he grumbles. "I think the Keys are better."

"Is our budding artist going to be a photographer?" Nick asks, pulling me closer to him. I kiss his jaw, then down his neck. "He just might."

Nick looks at the photos and laughs. "I think he was having more fun watching over the camera instead of through it."

"We have plenty of selfies of them, and some excellent pictures of all of us. Not to mention the videos," I say.

"We'll do this again, Bambina," Roman assures me while kissing my temple.

“We’ll have enough memories. You’ll need more than one hard drive to store all the pictures,” Holden promises. “Plenty of material to embarrass them with when they bring dates home.”

“Don’t bring that up in front of my mom. She’ll bust out the photo albums again,” I say.

“Baby, you say that like I don’t *ask* to see them anytime I visit your parents,” he teases.

Nick takes my phone and puts it on the nightstand before kissing me hungrily. I melt against him, pulling him closer as I explore the toned muscle of his back.

“You’re going to get us all worked up,” Gunner warns.

I face him as Nick continues down my neck, and I lick my lips, closing my eyes. “Good. One more night together in the Keys.”

“We won’t be able to tease you on the plane,” Holden agrees, while dragging my pajama shorts off.

“I guess we’ll have to make the most of it now,” Roman purrs before kissing me so deeply that my toes curl.

Nick lifts my shirt and sucks my nipple hard. He soothes the sudden pleasure that feels close to pain with his tongue. He circles my nipple, teases it with just the tip of his tongue, drives me so insane with need that my hips grind against him eagerly.

Holden takes care of my growing need quickly.

He jerks my underwear off me and spreads my legs so he can taste me. All my men know how to please, but Holden always seems to have new tricks when his mouth is on my pussy. I know that I’m going to come for him. There’s never another option.

Gunner groans. “I love watching you being pleased.”

Holden groans against my pussy and jerks me tighter against him as his tongue flattens on my clit. My back arches and I whimper into Roman’s mouth. I feel a hand slide down

my body and then spread my pussy open to give Holden more access to me.

I gasp and pry my mouth from Roman. Nick sucking one nipple as he works the other between his fingers and Holden, watching me as he licks and sucks my clit nearly has me over the edge of sanity already.

Roman turns my chin up to him and rubs his nose against mine. "Come for Holden."

I whimper and then let out another moan. Roman covers my mouth with his hand. "Better be quiet or we'll have to get the ball gag, Bambina."

"Don't you remember, Roman? Our sweet wife prefers having one of us in her mouth," Gunner says, smirking at me.

I shudder and grip the back of Nick's neck as my thighs try to tighten around Holden. He holds my legs in place, growling against me. Even his breath catching on my wetness has me squirming with need.

Roman adjusts next to me, then I see his hard cock waiting for me. I pant and slide my lips around him. He lets out a hushed groan and nods. "Good girl. You're so good at taking all of us Bambina, you know that?"

Blowing Roman while Nick and Holden pluck at every pleasure point I have is too much. I come apart, whimpering around Roman's cock as my body tenses, then goes limp. Ecstasy buzzes along my nerves, and I hum slowly as I open my eyes.

Roman thrusts deeper in my throat and I roll to take him better. Holden moves, but still holds my leg up as he pushes his fingers deep inside me.

Gunner rubs my clit and groans. "You're so wet, Sweets."

"You taste so damn good, baby. I could have you for every meal and still want more," Holden growls.

Nick licks over my nipple. "We're going to make you come over and over tonight."

I nod eagerly as Roman thrusts deep in my throat again. He pants.

“You take me so damn good, Bambina,” He says in a low growl.

When I come for Holden and Gunner, Roman finishes down my throat with a deep grunt. He shifts behind me and grabs my ankles, spreading my legs and holding one nearly down to my shoulder. Gunner crawls over to me and kisses me softly.

“I think you’re going to need me to fill your mouth while Holden fucks you, Soph,” he says with just the hint of tease.

Holden slams into me, and I cover my mouth, trying to stay quiet. Nick’s hand comes down on mine and he smiles at me as Holden buries himself deep inside me.

I let out a pant, then Nick pulls my hand off my mouth while Gunner turns my chin to face him. He’s already so hard. I lick my bottom lip, then lick across the head.

He groans. “Don’t tease, Sweets. I need you *now*.”

As if he needs to prove it, he slides between my parted lips until he’s almost entirely in my mouth. I moan and let my eyes roll back as I take him deeper.

Roman purrs in my ear. “Take them both, Bambina. I know you’re greedy for them, so enjoy it.”

I whimper as Holden and Gunner move. They have different rhythms that keep me guessing and then I’m a mess of pleasure. Holden doesn’t hold back. He rams into me over and over as Nick rubs my clit and keeps pinching my nipple with his other hand.

I’m already oversensitive from my first two orgasms, and now having two of my men inside me while Nick teases me with his fingers and Roman teases me with dirty talk ... it’s too much.

“Fuck!” Holden hisses. “Baby, you’re so damn perfect.”

“Use your tongue just like that, Sweets. It’s so good. Yes! Just like that,” Gunner groans as his fingers tighten in my hair.

Holden grinds deep inside me, and my pussy quivers around him. I'm already riding the edge and I don't know if they're going to give me a break until they've all come. Even then, Roman will be hard again.

Gunner nods at me. "Take control."

I do what he says, grabbing his ass and pulling him closer to me, blow him the way I need. Fast and desperate, I lap at the underside of his cock, swirl my tongue around the head, suck until my cheeks hollow out.

I come apart as Nick ups the pace on my clit. I whimper around Gunner and Roman nods. "Come, Bambina. Let them know how good they feel, how much you like them filling you up."

My eyes roll back as pleasure races through my body, dragging me into pure ecstasy. I come back as Gunner's fingers scratch at my scalp and Holden grunts. His abs tighten, showing how close he is to coming. I squeeze my core and he nods. I do it every time he fills me completely and then he jerks out, coming on my belly just before Gunner comes down my throat.

I swallow, lick my lips, clean him with my tongue, and lie back, trying to cope with the tremors spreading from my legs to my core.

Nick adjusts as Holden wipes me down. He drops his boxers and grabs my legs from Roman. "You want me, Sophie?"

"Yes!" I pant hoarsely.

He grins and rubs himself against me, teasing me. I lift my hips, trying to get him inside me, but he holds my hips down. "Patience is rewarded, right Roman?"

"It is," Roman growls.

He moves and shows me he's already ready to go again. I look from his cock to him. "Again?"

"Have we ever been able to settle for only one round with you?" Roman asks while stroking through my hair.

“Take him in your throat, sweetheart. I’m not fucking you until I know that none of your moans are leaving this room,” Nick warns.

Gunner pulls my hair from my face as Holden kisses across my body, teasing my side, the underside of my breast, then my nipples. I take Roman back down my throat and Nick fills me inch by inch.

I whimper and lift my hips again, wanting him too much to be patient. Roman pants. “Fuck, you are so good, every time.”

“Yes, she is,” Nick grunts as he thrusts all the way into me. “Our wife is perfect for us.”

Nick fucks me hard and fast. Just before I come, he slows. Roman eases out of my mouth, even though I try to suck him back into place. As he leaves my mouth, Nick slides out of my pussy.

I whine. “Please, neither of you finished!”

“We will, sweetheart.” Nick assures as he and Roman switch places. “Roman wants to feel your pussy and you know I love your mouth. I bet Holden wants you to lick and suck him while Gunner fucks you.”

I glance at Holden, and he nods. “Then we’ll see if you want more, baby.”

I pant. “I always want you four.”

They grin at each other and then Roman’s all the way inside me, so deep, so big, my mouth opens in a silent scream. Nick turns my chin, and he thrusts between my lips. Roman and Nick match their paces, driving me insane.

Holden pats my clit lightly and the little buzz takes me even higher. I try to watch Nick as I blow him, try to moan enough that Roman hears how good he feels. I need all of my men to feel as good as they make me feel, always.

I gulp Nick’s cock deeper as I come, my eyes rolling back as my pussy tightens around Roman. He lets out a low groan and digs his fingers into my thighs while trying to hold out. Nick can’t.

He comes with me, then Roman jerks out and comes on my inner thigh, panting as he watches me.

He gently cleans me up and kisses just above my slit. “You don’t ever need to worry about us wanting you, Bambina.”

“We can’t get enough, baby,” Holden agrees.

Nick kisses me hungrily. “I want this every night ... except the nights I get you alone.”

I look at Gunner expectantly, and he grins. “I’m better at action. You won’t doubt how much I want you when I’m inside you, Sweets.”

I moan and give myself over to my men entirely, welcoming every orgasm—no matter who it belongs to. We wrap up just before the sun rises and I pant.

“I’m sleeping on the plane. The kids are yours,” I mumble.

The guys laugh and insist on cleaning me up before finally letting me fall into a much needed nap.

HOLDEN

Sophie sleeps on the plane, although I'm not sure how. Our kids are trying to sing louder than each other in a song led by Gunner. I massage my temple, then see Sophie stir. I pull her against my shoulder and wrap my arm around her. She definitely needs more sleep.

Roman gets up and passes out crayons and coloring books. He swats Gunner's head with one before dropping it in front of him. "You get the neon crayons. Make a pretty picture for your wife."

"You are several words I can't say in front of my choir," Gunner grumbles.

I stroke through Sophie's hair and roll my eyes. Roman nudges me, glances at Sophie, and nods. Nick comes over and takes Roman's seat on the other side of Sophie.

It's been musical chairs since the fasten seatbelts sign went off. Nick takes Sophie's hand and squeezes. "Think she's having sweet dreams?"

"I'd make them better if our kids were asleep," I say softly, thinking of all the wonderful ways I could wake her up.

"When we get to Italy, I'd like to steal her after dinner." I know the look in his eyes without needing an explanation. He looks her over. "We'll say hello to Nonna and I'd never miss that kind of cooking..."

"Done," I say simply.

Nick's eyes flick to Roman, and he nods. "Nonna and my mom will be all over the kids either way. With Massimo and Danny arriving tomorrow, there will be more than enough going on."

"Perfect," Nick murmurs.

Roman sits and leans toward him with a wicked grin. "Do me a favor and make sure she's loud enough that we have to cover for you guys."

I nod in agreement before we laugh. We take turns hanging out with the kids until they nap.

By the time we land, everyone is ready to get off the plane. Gunner holds Aria since she's mid-tantrum while I bounce Bash in my arms. He looks around.

Roman tells Emma and Link all about Italy. They've met his mom and Nonna along with Massimo, Danny, and Gio, but Aria and Sebastian haven't been to Italy. Link and Emma were so little. I don't know if they remember it.

Sophie stretches and takes my arm in hers, then Nick's hand. She gives him a squeeze. "Are you guys ready for Italy after soaking on the beach for a week?"

"Is that a comment about our drinking?" Gunner raises his eyebrows like a threat.

Sophie smirks. "Maybe it is. Who knows?"

Nick watches her with heat in his eyes. "You're getting all sassy again. It's been too long since I spanked you."

I smirk. "Did you apologize to her like she apologized to Gunner the first time she used the flogger on him?"

"Hey!" Sophie complains. "I was-"

"No apologies. You get all sweet when you're ready to be done," Nick winks at her.

"She's sweet even if she's the one giving the punishment," Gunner teases.

Sophie is bright red when we get in the town car. Of course, Gunner and Roman get in the van with the kids, which

means Sophie gets us.

Nick whispers something in Sophie's ear that makes her cheeks flame again. "You wouldn't make it awkward for the driver."

"And you're lucky there's not a partition. I think Holden would love rewarding you after a thorough spanking," Nick says in a deeper voice than I'm used to.

Sophie wriggles in her seat. As she gently nibbles her lip and crosses her arms, it's obvious she's feeling excited. Just like when she plays poker, her emotions are easy to spot, making her expressions an open book.

I twirl her hair around my finger. "I love sharing you with Gunner and Roman too, but there are so many more positions for three. Five gets difficult if we're all involved."

The driver's eyes flick back, and Sophie says something quickly in Italian. She trips over the words, but the man nods. She shoots me a glare. "We are in public."

"Didn't stop us on the yacht." Nick teases.

"You two are more in need of a spanking than me," she huffs.

"Are you going to wear that pleather dress again? I could get into it," I say.

"A pleather dress, huh? A shame we all didn't get to enjoy that." Nick's definitely as restless as Sophie is.

"You two need to keep it in your pants until after dinner," I warn. Sophie looks down at my lap pointedly, where I'm obviously hard. I shrug. "I can't talk about having sex with you without getting hard. You have me conditioned."

She smiles despite her determination to stay appropriate with the driver. As if we can't tip him enough to forget about the conversation. I turn her chin to face me and kiss her hard, guiding her hand to my lap. She hums in her throat and rubs over my hardness, squeezing and teasing me through my pants.

I notice the driver turn up the music and his eyes flick to mine in approval. I groan as Sophie rubs me harder, and then she gasps.

Nick has his hand between her legs. She glances at the driver and Nick keeps his voice low. "With the two of us, he won't see a thing. You know I only like to share your moans and your body with your husbands."

She shudders. "But-"

Sophie squeaks and I'm sure Nick's grabbed her ass. Her nipples poke through the front of her dress and I can't keep my hands off her. I pinch at them through the fabric and Nick steals her mouth.

His kiss is commanding, determined, and the sound our wife makes in response drives me insane. If the driver didn't yell at someone on the road, reminding me he exists, I'd already have her breasts free to enjoy. It's so tempting.

Sophie gasps as I put one leg over her lap and spread her thighs with my hand. Nick doesn't bother to move her underwear. He just teases her with light touches, running his finger up and down over the fabric until I can see how wet she is.

"Should I let you come before we get to the villa?" He asks her. "Even though you've been sassy?"

"Barely been sassy," she pants. "I think you should, Nick." She flashes me a smile.

He doesn't change the pressure. Sophie tries to lift her hips, but can't manage, considering how she's sandwiched between us.

I kiss her neck and keep pinching at her nipples. "I think you're going to have to beg, baby."

"Holden, help me." she sucks in a breath as Nick continues.

I smirk. I haven't seen them worked up like this before. It's new, exciting. Nick cups the back of her head in his free hand. "Make a sound and I'll stop."

“I thought you liked me loud,” she whimpers.

“Only when it’s us. Not when someone else could hear,” Nick says softly.

“Yes or no, baby?” I ask.

“Yes, please,” she says in a soft, trembling voice as her eyes dilate.

Nick slides his hand into her panties and her head falls back. She catches her lower lip with her teeth as she writhes between us.

“See how good she can be, Holden?” Nick asks before kissing her neck.

“Next time, I’ll be sure to get us a partition,” I assure them.

Nick grins at me, then kisses up Sophie’s neck to her ear. He nibbles her lobe, then changes the angle of his hand. Sophie grips our thighs hard and gasps before a little whimper leaves her throat. It’s softer than the music.

I turn her head to face me. “Keep stroking my cock. I want to feel your hand if I can’t have your mouth.”

She obediently reaches out to me, stroking me slowly. I undo my jeans and she slips her hand inside my pants without having to be told. Her fingers curl around my cock and I nearly let out a moan of my own.

I push my hand down Sophie’s shirt to cup and squeeze her breast. She trembles and gasps, but her eyes flick between Nick and me. He presses his forehead to hers. “I’m stealing you after dinner to finish this.”

“Because clearly you need alone time, even though you’re happy to tease me in a car.” She smiles.

Nick’s hand stops and Sophie lets out a frustrated breath. “I-”

“You better be good or he’ll start a counter for how many times he’ll spank you later, naughty girl,” I growl before she nods obediently and Nick’s hand works faster between her legs.

Sophie covers her mouth with her hand, tries to grind on Nick's fingers, grips me hard while stroking so fast I'm worried I'm going to be the one that comes and gives us away. I actually bite my tongue to try to control myself.

Then Sophie's hand stops and she whines softly. Nick slides his hand from her panties. "Since I can't spank you right now, you have to wait to come."

He spends the entire ride edging her, which means Sophie edges me. I'm almost as frustrated as she is. Once we get on Nonna's street, Nick offers Sophie his wet fingers.

She sucks one of them slowly. He sucks the other before kissing her hard. She whimpers and leans toward him, taking every kiss he offers until she's flushed and panting.

I turn her chin and kiss her just as hard, tasting her pussy the only way I can right now. She drags my zipper back up while making sure I'm stuffed away, then does the button. She kisses my cheek again.

"If I would have obeyed, you would have had fun too," she apologizes.

"It's probably better that didn't happen unless your mouth was around me," I pant as I put my leg back down.

"Nick?" she asks.

"I don't think you should be consulting him. He's the reason we're frustrated now," I huff, flipping him off.

He points at me threateningly, but then his door is opened. We unbuckle and slide out. I give the driver a good enough tip that he nods with an authentic smile when Sophie thanks him.

Nick takes Sophie's baggage and kisses her softly. She kisses me as well and grabs my ass playfully. "Shame Nick's not stealing you from dinner, too."

"Hours to wait," Nick says, more to me than to her. "And plenty of secluded areas are available."

"I like the way you think, Nicky," I chuckle.

Sophie squeezes her thighs together. “Why do I feel like I’m going to be frustrated until after dinner?”

“Because you’re smart as a whip, Sophie,” I say with a smile. “Smart, beautiful, sweet with an edge.”

“Oh, *now* you compliment my sass,” she grumbles.

I grab her ass for emphasis and Nick sighs. “You were baiting me and you know it. You loved being spanked as much as you love being fu-”

“Daddy!” Emma yells.

Sophie goes bright red. I pick Emma up and she shows me her camera before taking a picture. Of course, Sophie got them all disposable cameras before we left the Keys. We might just have to be careful now that all our kids are armed.

Roman looks between the three of us once Emma runs after Link into the Villa. “Something I should know?”

“Sophie’s going to be uncomfortable until dinner is over,” I inform him.

Sophie glances around, notes that all our kids are gone, then pulls off her underwear. She dangles them in front of Nick. “Am I?”

“Five,” he says in answer.

She pouts. “I think you’d give the kids more than that if they were naughty. Do I have to fling my panties somewhere for someone else to claim?”

“Those are mine,” Gunner argues.

Nick smirks, and Sophie smiles and laughs in excitement. “You’re asking for it, aren’t you?”

“You’re the one who has the tally. You tell me,” she says while surrendering her underwear to Gunner.

Roman chuckles and shakes his head. “I don’t know if you’ll get her alone *all* night at this rate, Nick.”

Roman kisses her temple and steals her against his side. I fan myself. “Since when is Italy hotter than the Keys?”

“Since our wife decided to tease us,” Nick answers with a wicked smile. “I love her more every day.”

SOPHIA

Even without my underwear, I'm a squirming, frustrated mess. My husbands know it too. Each little teasing touch has me on edge. I can barely focus in the kitchen when Roman and Gunner keep finding reasons to get close, wrap around me, kiss my neck or cheek.

Nonna finally swats Gunner with the towel and tells him to focus on work instead of me or she'll kick him out. Gunner grumbles but does get to work, not needing a translation. Roman keeps glancing at me with hungry eyes.

Nonna kisses my cheek and whispers in my ear. "It's good they still chase you."

"Not always," I say with a smile. "I don't want to ruin the food."

"Some things more important than food," she says.

When Link comes into the kitchen, she coos over him, loves hearing him speak Italian and eagerly follows where he leads ... which leaves me alone with two of my four husbands.

"You know, Roman" Gunner trails off.

"What? I don't want to get hit with a spoon," he grunts.

"It occurs to me that our wife was clearly having enough fun to make her wet and squirmy, but we didn't get to enjoy that. Nick gets her after dinner, so why exactly are we waiting?" Gunner asks.

Roman pauses, then his eyes find me. I jump and point at him. “No. I’m covered in flour, I have to get this pasta right and that means waiting.”

They keep approaching. I know they’ll win me over with one kiss, with one touch. My whole body is burning for release. “This is Nonna’s kitchen!”

“Try this sauce,” Roman insists, offering it to me on his finger. When I hesitate, he cocks his head to the side. “You don’t think you’ll like it, Bambina?”

I reach for the spoon, and Roman’s smile widens as he steps closer, his fingers coated with sauce. I steal a glance at Gunner, who appears as tense as a lion stalking its prey. Then, I lean forward and sensuously draw Roman’s saucy fingers into my mouth.

He crushes me against him just as Gunner catches me and holds me in place from behind. I whimper around Roman’s finger and he pulls his hand free to kiss me hungrily. Gunner kisses my neck. “Are you still wet, Sophie?”

I can’t answer when Roman’s tongue strokes mine. The sauce definitely tastes better on him. Gunner lifts my skirt and squeezes my ass in his hands. He keeps teasing me, not touching my pussy, but definitely hinting at it.

Roman releases me and rubs his hands up the outside of my thighs, under the apron and my dress. “You should answer Gunner.”

“Yes, Gun,” I breathe.

Roman groans, and then his hand is between my legs. In hindsight, taking off my panties was not the win I thought it was. It just means they have easier access to tease me. Gunner kisses me, swallowing every moan as he and Roman drive me insane. Roman fingers me roughly, until I’m holding on to him and Gunner to stay standing.

Just before I come, he jerks his hand away and sucks his fingers clean. He hums in his throat. “Gun.”

“Yeah?” Gunner asks, spinning me around so my back hits Roman’s chest.

Roman rubs my sides and lovingly, softly, kisses my temple. “I think we have a problem.”

“What could that be?”

“I don’t think the sauce tastes quite as good as our wife,” Roman chuckles.

“Gun, you know I’m dessert, not a main course,” I say.

He considers it. “I don’t know. I think I’ll need to try both.”

Roman motions for him to go ahead. I expect Gunner to do the same as Roman, but Gunner sinks down to his knees. “You might have hesitated when you had control, Sweets, but Roman and I don’t.”

I gasp as he lifts the skirt of my dress over his head and licks across my slit. I cover my mouth with one hand and Roman holds me up. “Don’t fall. Nonna might have to come check on you if she hears something.”

“We-” I swallow the moan threatening to bubble up in my throat as Gunner feasts on me. “We can’t get caught.”

“Exactly,” Roman says while gently kissing my neck. “Bambina, we’re starving for you.”

I whimper and grab the back of Roman’s head clumsily, trying to jerk him down to kiss me. He gives in, kissing me hungrily to help me stay quiet until my legs shake. I try not to show how close I am, but Gunner still pulls away before I can come.

He stands up, pulls me to him by my apron and kisses me so I can taste myself on his tongue. He groans and grinds against me as Roman’s hardness brushes my lower back. It’s just like our first time in Italy ... only twice as intense.

“See how good you taste, Sweets?” Gunner asks.

Roman brings us both over to the sauce and gives Gunner a spoonful from a new spoon. He tastes it, thinks about it, then kisses me again, tangling his tongue with mine until my core tightens with need.

God, their punishments are wonderful.

Gunner draws back. “I think you taste better, Sophie, but I don’t think we need to share how she tastes with everyone.”

“That’s a good point,” Roman agrees, then gives me a wicked smile. “Only Nick, later.”

I gape. Gunner chuckles. “I think you’re still at five spanks so far, but you did dare him to give you more.”

We finish dinner by some miracle considering I’m pretty sure Roman and Gunner are both watching me squirm with constant satisfaction. We sit in the courtyard as the kids continue to run around with their cousins. There are so many people, the villa feels like it’s a constant party.

Nonna makes a toast to family, youth, life, and love. We all raise our glasses. Link comes over to ask if he can try some of the wine and Roman gives him a sip. I stare. “Roman!”

“It’s Italy. Wine is for everyone in small amounts.” He shrugs.

Link makes a face and tells the rest of the kids they have better drinks than we do. I try to ignore the need still pulsing through me by keeping the kids entertained and eating, but anytime I start to get comfortable, Nick rubs my thigh. When someone starts singing, he lightly swats the inside of my thigh. Roman trails his fingers over my other thigh, pleasure and pain a toe-curling combination.

All of my men watch me with blatant hunger and, for a moment, I’m not sure they’re going to resist hauling me off to the first open room and having their way with me.

“Be careful, Bash,” Nick calls suddenly. He gets up when Bash stumbles on the cobblestone and falls.

As Nick takes care of that, Gunner fills the now empty seat and gently tugs my hair. “How dare you look more tempting than the food.”

“Gun..”

“Think Nonna will notice if I get under the table and finish what I started in the kitchen?” He asks with a bad-boy smile

that has me wet all over again.

“Roman!” a man at least as big as Roman says as he approaches with his arms out.

Roman blinks a few times, clearly in surprise. The man hits Roman’s back when he still refuses to stand. “You didn’t forget me!”

“Santino?” Roman actually looks pissed.

“All water under the bridge,” Santino answers. “You’re a good man now. I spot two of your kids. This the wife?”

He motions to me, looks me over a little too slowly to be friendly, and the corner of his lips lifts. “Dio si stava mettendo in mostra quando ti ha creato.”

I look at Roman and he stands and switches to Italian. “You’re flirting with my wife?”

“It’s not like she understands it.” He shrugs. “She’ll think it’s some pretty Italian compliment and see she could do better than-.”

“Amore,” I say gently, touching his intense flexing arm. What is it about Roman being so ready to fight that turns me on? The muscle, that look in his eyes, the way his jaw sharpens ... all of it makes me want to drag him away and show him that I’m his entirely. I switch to Italian as well, following his examples. “It’s fine. Your flirting sweeps me off my feet. His... falls flat.”

Roman kisses the top of my head before Gunner pulls me down into his lap. “Where do you think you’re going, Sweets?”

“It looks like you finished dinner, Sophie,” Holden says.

That immediately gets Nick’s attention. He takes in my blush, every panting breath, and a slow smile spreads over his face. It’s dark, filled with promises I can’t wait for him to capitalize on.

I pick at the broccoli on Gunner’s plate. “My plate might be empty, but it’s Italy. There’s always room for seconds and no reason to rush.”

Gunner laughs and shakes his head. “That’s not going to save you.”

“Who said I want to be saved?” I tease before biting Gunner’s ear. “I want all of you as worked up as I am.”

“You’re naughty,” he says before setting me on my feet and sending me into Nick’s arms.

“Sophie, I need to show you something,” Nick says casually, despite the look on his face. “If anyone asks, guys ...”

“You two went to give Miles and Diana directions, since they always get lost,” Holden chuckles.

Of course, my parents are coming. They love Nonna and my mom’s been begging to leave the country. All of those thoughts are gone when Nick takes me to his room. The halls are shockingly quiet.

Nick seems to realize it at the same time and shoves me against the wall, pinning me there while grinding against me. “Did you come since the car?”

“Well, some things happened in the kitchen. It’s fun to cook,” I tease.

Nick turns me around, putting my hands on the wall with his. He kisses the back of my shoulder. “You use a lot of words instead of demanding what you want.”

“I don’t know what you mean,” I say breathlessly.

Instead of spanking me, he just strokes over my ass with light fingers that have me squirming. He’s hard and rubbing himself against me, right where I want him to.

“Nick,” I gasp.

“This time, you’re going to ask me for it, Sophia,” he says darkly.

“I thought you had a tally,” I whimper.

“And I’m not sure you want it. I’d never spank my wife unless she wanted it, offered it up... teased me with it,” he growls.

I feel my face heat. Asking for it is so much more intense than just having it. Nick takes his time, continuing to tease me. His hand slides between my legs and his fingers ghost over my clit. I whimper as he groans.

“I love how wet you are, sweetheart,” he growls in my ear.

“Please, I need you.” I gasp. “I want you so much, Nick. It’s been torture since the car.”

“All I need is one sentence,” he croons in my ear. “One request. You know how much I enjoy spoiling you with what you want.”

It’s so naughty. Nick is sweet, no matter how naughty we get. The mix is intense, wild. I pant as he works one finger into me. I know he’ll tease me until I tell him what I want. He’ll edge me, keep whispering naughty things in my ear, will drive me insane.

“I want you to spank me,” I rasp as I look back at him, “sir.”

He grins. “Good girl.”

NICK

I bring my hand down on Sophie's perfect round ass. The sound alone makes her groan, but when I lift my palm, I see a little pink outline of my hand. I hum with satisfaction and give her another swat, lower on her ass.

She gasps and spreads her legs, pushing her ass out further, like a damn offering. I spank the other cheek, listening to her moan as my cock hardens against my pants.

"I wanted to do this in the car, with you bent over my lap, your mouth around Holden," I say before bringing my hand down on her ass again.

It jiggles as more pink blooms across her skin

"Nick!" she whines.

"I'll just have to do that next time, won't I?" I growl.

I spank her three more times, even though it's over the tally I gave her. Her back is still arched, her ass swaying slightly. I squat down and kiss over the redder areas. "It looks like you want more, Sophia."

"Please, sir," she gasps.

"You're so kinky," I tease, gently biting one cheek while spanking the other.

She groans and trembles. I spread her legs and see that her pussy is nearly dripping for me. Her legs shake and she pants. "It's been torture all day."

“We should take care of that, shouldn’t we? Go into my room, put you on your hands and knees ... then I can spank you while I fuck you,” I growl.

“Yes, oh, Nick, please. I need you!” She almost yells.

Spanking her makes her vocal, makes her more than willing to tell me just what she wants, what she needs to feel good. I spin her around and kiss her hard against the wall. I hold Sophie’s hands above her head as she sucks my tongue and rubs herself against me. I know that if I let her go, she’s going to try and strip me before we can get inside.

A part of me is still worried the kids are going to come after us.

Once Diana and Miles get here, they can take the kids while we go on excursions, or the kids can hang out with Massimo and Danny while we get Sophie all to ourselves.

I pick my wife up, bump the door that’s ajar and kick it shut before dropping her on the bed. I flip her quickly.

“Take your dress off and show me the position you want, Sophia,” I order my beautiful wife.

I turn and lock the door, kicking out of my shoes, pulling off my shirt, then pulling my belt from my pants. Sophia eyes my belt over her shoulder and bites her lip. I’m more than happy to use my hand on her, but the belt has to wait.

I undo my jeans and Sophia groans. “Please, sir. I need you.”

“Tell me how.”

“I need you to fuck me hard while you spank me until my butt is red,” she begs. “I want to come for you, then blow you until you finish down my throat.”

I smile and step out of my jeans, climbing on the bed behind her. “Let’s see if you can come fast enough to get everything you want.”

Gripping her hips, I slowly ease into her. Even though she’s wet, even though she’s begging for roughness, I want to

make sure she's ready for me. A little whimper leaves her throat once I'm all the way inside her.

"Show me how you want me to fuck you, Sophia," I say before spanking her.

She gasps and moves slowly, rolling her hips as she bounces forward and back. I spank her with every thrust until she's going at the pace I know she wants. She moans into the bed and I tangle my fingers in her hair, pulling her back.

"You know I like you loud, don't you?" I ask as I continue to spank her with my other hand.

"Yes! Yes, sir." She moans.

"Then why are you trying to hide your moans?" I demand before bringing my palm down on her ass again.

She groans. "Because I knew you'd spank me harder."

I grin and thrust into her. She whimpers, but keeps rolling her hips back to take me. Anytime she comes back, I surge forward until I grip her hip and set the pace. She follows obediently. I let go of her hair and continue littering spanks across her ass until she's whimpering and panting.

"Fuck, Nick! Yes! You feel so good," she yells.

"Prove it, Sophia. Come for me. If you want me to fill your mouth, you better come fast." I swat her again to prove it.

I pound into her, loving how wet she is for me, the wet sounds her pussy makes, how loud, how demanding. Her rhythm changes, then she drops to her elbows as she comes, her pussy squeezing my cock so tightly, I'm afraid I'm going to come before I can give her what she wants.

I swat her ass and she jumps, turning over as if she wants to hide her bottom from me. She pants, her red hair a mess, clinging to her face that's dewed with sweat. I motion her forward with a finger. "You want my cock, don't you?"

"Fuck yes," she moans.

She crawls back to me, gets on her elbows so her beautiful ass is raised high and then takes me as deeply as she can, using

her tongue as she sucks, but doesn't move. I swat her ass. "Take me like you want to, Sophia. Your ass is already red."

She moans and blows me the way she always does, with mindless determination. As if the only thing that matters is making me come. It's humbling and an ego-boost at the same time. I groan and keep squeezing her butt, using light and hard spanks to keep her going.

My abs tighten as ecstasy courses through my body. My eyes shut and my head falls back. "I'm gonna come. Help me, Sophie."

She moans around me and takes me deeper than she ever has. When her throat tightens, I come, gripping her hair in one hand and her ass in the other. She shudders with me as I rock into her throat, making sure she gets *everything* she asked for.

After I finish, I sit on my heels, panting as Sophie sits up, licking her lips and swallowing again. I hug her and fall over into bed. She sighs and snuggles closer to me, pressing her face to my neck as I stroke down her back and gently touch her bottom.

"Did I go too deep at the end?" I ask as the hazy post-come bliss lifts.

"No, Nick. It was perfect, so intense and wonderful, just like you," she sighs before kissing my pulse point.

I run my fingers through her hair. I like spanking her. I like us having this outlet and I'm so glad we tried something that makes us both wild. I tip her chin up and kiss her slowly, drawing it out as our tongues tangle. I release her bottom lip with a popping noise before kissing her forehead.

"You took your spanking well, sweetheart." I sigh.

"Gunner and Roman edged me in the kitchen. It was like they were in the loop," she says arching her brow at me.

I chuckle. "I'm glad they didn't let you come."

"It made it twice as intense when I finally did," she agrees, kissing me again. "So you wanted me tonight?"

“Our conversation can wait a little longer,” I say as I roll her onto her back. “I’m not done with you.”

“Nick,” she pants. I pump my fingers inside her again and her back arches. She whimpers and bites her lip, watching me under her lashes. “Oh, fuck!”

I swat her inner thigh with my wet hand before going back to her pussy. “You have a dirty mouth.”

“You bring it out,” she grips my forearm.

I keep fingering her, giving her orgasm after orgasm, until she tries to twist away. “It’s too much!”

I release her just like that. She goes limp on the bed, panting. I grin. “Nine orgasms since we got up here.”

She rolls back towards me, as if she can’t stand being away. She hugs me to her and strokes my back. “I love you.”

“I love you, sweetheart,” I answer.

After she catches her breath, I work on unknotting her hair with my fingers. We get through a shower after a bit longer, where I insist on doing all the washing for her. Just like I insist on lukewarm water. I don’t want her ass hurting more when I get to take care of her.

Once we’re back in bed, she kisses me softly. “So rough, and then so sweet.”

I keep petting her as I try to pull my thoughts together. It’s a losing battle and I know it. “Maybe we should invite Gunner up here. He’s usually in tune with my thoughts.”

“Oh, so you want *that* kind of fun?” She teases. “Want to know how I get kinky with him? Watch and get some pointers?”

“Listen here-”

“Holden helped. Maybe you want to flip the script and see if you like being swatted with a crop?” she wiggles against me, distracting me from the issue I wanted to talk to her about.

“Text Gun,” I order.

She grins. “And Roman? And Hold? I think Holden likes to watch.”

“And Roman likes to make the best videos,” I agree as I kiss her neck.

“Wait!” she exclaims, pushing me back onto the bed with more force than I anticipated. It seems our workouts with Link are building her strength. “You wanted to talk, didn’t you?”

I did. About something that doesn’t reach my brain while my naked wife is in front of me, tempting me with kinky sex that involves my three best friends. How can a man be expected to do anything but make that happen?

“Um ...” I trail off. “It was important. I think related to the stalker.”

She sighs and strokes over my chest, her fingers following the cut of my muscles. “That’s not allowed in Italy. We weren’t followed and as long as they’re not involved, I don’t see the point of ruining our fun.”

“So you do want Gunner and Holden up here and to leave Roman to Nonna and family?”

“Imagine him all worked up,” she giggles. “Getting more and more jealous until he’s barking orders at all of us.”

I chuckle, then remember the guy that approached them while I was dealing with the kids. My brow furrows as Sophia presses herself against me and keeps teasing me with her fingertips—dipping lower and lower on my body until she’s following my happy trail down ... down ... wait! The guy.

“What did the guy downstairs say to you? Roman’s friend?” I ask while rubbing over my abs to catch her hand.

I’m not jealous. It’s fine. She doesn’t want him. She made that clear, whether I know Italian or not. But if he insulted her ... well, I’d like to predict a group fight and be able to step in or stand aside as necessary.

“He said “God was showing off when he created you.” I hated it. It was so... it’s the kind of line you throw around at a

bar to get a girl to come home with you and he said that after Roman said I was his wife,” she scoffs.

“Definitely disrespectful,” I agree.

“I like your compliments, your spanking, your gorgeous blue eyes, and your intense self a lot more than anything that man could say to me,” she says before kissing me again. “Speaking of ... I think I need to ride you.”

I laugh. “I did promise more sex.”

“Yes you did, Sir. And I think my ass can take plenty more spanking. I don’t want you to ever hold back with me,” she says before kissing me long and deep.

My wife is perfect for us.

SOPHIA

I wake up in Nick's arms and smile. I touch his chest, run my fingers through his salt and pepper hair as I snuggle closer to him. He stretches his legs, then curls tighter around me, nodding against me.

His fingers stroke over my back and down to my ass. I squirm a little. He spanked me hard last night. I asked for it, but even that light touch has me preparing for another blow. I take an unsteady breath and Nick chuckles.

Nick is a mix of so many things. He's loving, an amazing father, so good at taking care of conflict, gorgeous, responsible, and now he has this dominant and serious side that I get to explore with him.

"You're staring at me," he remarks, cradling my cheek.

"You do it all the time," I mumble, even as my face flushes with embarrassment. "I'm allowed to stare too."

He grabs my ass once more, drawing me closer to him. "I wasn't complaining, sweetheart."

"You're beautiful," I whisper as I touch the stubble on his jaw. "I can't imagine you in combat. Maybe as a spy like James Bond, using charm and quick thinking to take out the bad guy and getting all the girls at the same time."

He laughs and clears his throat. "Greyson, Nick Greyson. Sorry, love, as fit as you are, I have my lovely bird at home."

The attempt at a British accent makes me laugh. He grins and somehow gets us in the shower. Rather than going for sex,

Nick takes his time cleaning me. When I squirm and pant, he just kisses my neck and his fingers trail up my thigh.

Dirty thoughts spiral through my head until my pussy is wet all over again. His fingers, covered in soapy bubbles, slip between my thighs and I gasp. "Please, Nick," I say against his lips.

"You know, once we get started, we'll end up in bed," he says.

"No, you can..." his fingers move and brush my clit, making me moan. "I could get off just like this and then get on my knees."

"Just like that, huh? Then you'll get dressed and be a good girl for me all day? No baiting for a spanking session?" He growls in my ear.

"Maybe if you're satisfied the right way in the morning, *Mr. Bond*, you'll like my sass a lot more," I hum.

"If we're going to do that role play, you need some kind of slinky evening gown and I need a cigar," he says calmly, but his fingers slide into me and I grab his wrist, looking back at him as my lips part. "So I think you should be my wife and I'll be Nick."

"Yes," I rasp.

I rub myself on Nick's hand and against the growing hardness against my ass. Nick kisses my neck. "You better come before the water goes cold. It'll put us both in a bad mood."

Before he can do much more, the door opens. The shower curtain is drawn back, revealing Gunner standing there. He shakes his head. "I got the text a little too late, Sweets."

"Not too late for this round," I insist.

Gunner grins and strips as I watch. Nick's fingers move faster inside me, hitting my g-spot over and over as his thumb keeps rubbing my clit at the same time. I hold on to his hip with one hand and reach behind me to rub my slick hand over his cock, too.

I watch Gunner as he approaches, then he steals my mouth in a hungry kiss while cupping my breasts and slipping his hands across my soapy skin. He groans against my mouth. “You’re so damn naughty on vacation.”

“You love it,” I pant. “Maybe I’ll have to ask Nick for lessons on how to spank you properly.”

Gunner chuckles when I sway my ass. Nick bites my shoulder and spanks me harder, making me gasp. Nick adds a third finger inside me. I see stars as I burst for him, my legs shaking and my knees giving out.

“Fuck yes. I love watching you come, Sweets,” Gunner says before swallowing the moans leaving my throat. I shudder as my knees give out and Gunner tsks. “I think we’re going to have to put you on the floor to share you.”

I feel his hardness brush my belly and I nod hopelessly. “I want you both. Right now.”

“That sounded like a demand,” Nick says with a dark edge that has goosebumps spreading over my skin despite the heat of the water.

“It was ... for Gunner. Get on the ground and fuck me while I blow Nick.”

Gunner and Nick help me to my knees, then put me in position. Nick strokes over his half-hard cock, teasing me, while Gunner rubs himself against my pussy.

“Fuck me!” I order loudly.

Both my husbands laugh, but Gunner kisses my back. “You’re just so damn slippery, I-”

I roll my hips back against him when he’s in position and he moans.

Gunner grabs my wrists, pulling them behind my back. Just as I’m about to say something, Nick thrusts between my lips. I moan at the overwhelmingly full feeling that always comes with being shared. My eyes lift to Nick as I tease him with my tongue, watching his abs tighten, seeing his intense blue eyes grow dark with desire.

Everything about being in control of his pleasure turns me on more. He runs his fingers through my hair. “I swear, you get better at using your mouth with every blowjob, Sophia.”

“How is your pussy always so perfect?” Gunner growls as he ups the pace.

My moan is muffled around Nick as his hips flex forward. I give them everything, trying to set a slow, sexy hot pace so they can see everything. It doesn’t work. Gunner slams into me hard and fast, rubbing my clit at the same time as Nick grips my hair tightly so he can direct my mouth over his cock.

“Open wider, sweetheart. Let me fuck your mouth,” he commands.

He fucks my throat, as promised, matching Gunner’s relentless thrusting. Little half-moans and wet sounds leave my throat as they both take me like we all need.

Gunner’s voice goes husky. “So ... fucking ... tight Soph.”

“Swallow every drop, Sophia. Every single-” He gasps and grabs my shoulder. I suck him harder, making him come apart.

He grits his teeth against the groan and finishes in my mouth. He gives a few half thrusts as his legs twitch and his hand tightens on my shoulder. I hum in my throat and clean him with my tongue, taking my time to appreciate the man in front of me.

Gunner keeps me bobbing on Nick’s cock until he grips my hips and jerks me back, making me pop off Nick as he pulls me completely down on his lap and kisses across my neck hungrily. “Finish me off.”

Nick nods while cleaning himself. Between the view and Gunner meeting every roll of my hips, it doesn’t take me long to come again or for Gunner to finish deep inside me.

We sigh, and Gunner nods at Nick. “I’ve got it from here.”

Nick tenderly presses his lips against mine in a gentle kiss, then leaves the shower so Gunner can take care of me. Gunner lifts me to my feet and passionately claims my lips in an intense kiss, locking his muscular arms around my waist. I

wrap my arms around his neck and kiss him back. We finish our shower and get ready by some miracle, even though Gunner keeps trying to get another round in.

“Gunner, we have to go down there. I promise, you’re going to tire of seeing me naked on this trip,” I say around his eager kisses.

“Impossible. If I had my way, we’d be nudists when the kids aren’t around,” he says while trying to stop me from putting on underwear.

“Please, you must have my body memorized,” I scoff.

“Doesn’t matter.” He opens the door for me when we’re both dressed, then pulls me against him. “Seeing you naked is still a miracle, Sweets. Every time.”

I don’t know what expression I have on, but apparently it’s not good enough. Gunner kisses me so deeply, so intensely, that I feel like he’s branding himself on me. He feeds me hungry kisses until my back is pressed to the railing.

Someone whistles, and he draws back. We look into the courtyard where Nick, Holden, and Roman wait with our children and my parents ... and someone new. Gunner tightens his hold around me. “Do you know that woman?”

“Not off the top of my head,” I say, as if my brain is in any working order after that make-out session.

He nods, then gives me a warm smile, taking my hand in his as we walk along the hallway. Gunner tells me about the plans to go to the vineyard today. I can tell he’d rather tour a bourbon distillery.

I poke his side as we join our family at the table. “I bet we can slip away plenty to have fun.”

“That wasn’t even a question—it’s the only reason I agreed,” he chuckles.

Nick sits with Bash on his lap, giving our son his undivided attention. Just as I’m about to continue teasing Gunner, Holden pouts at me. “I missed you last night.”

I kiss him softly. “Hold, you get time with me so often. How could you miss me?”

“I wasn’t the only one,” he says, lifting me and setting me on his lap.

Roman takes my hand and kisses the back of it. I look to the side and see Gunner there, Aria and Emma on his lap as they try to convince him to grow out his hair like Lief. “Then we can braid, Daddy.”

“Yeah! Just like Uncle Lief,” Emma agrees.

Gunner winces at the thought. The girls pull hair plenty. I’ve heard them complain about it. “Why don’t you braid Mommy’s hair ... or Romans?”

“I love our family,” I murmur.

Holden kisses my neck. I notice Link is missing and look around, just to find him playing soccer with some of the other boys. His eyes keep going to a little girl that’s sitting alone. I nudge Roman. “Does our son have a crush?”

“You know Link hates to see someone alone,” Gunner mumbles. “I bet he takes two minutes to ask her to play.”

“You’re on,” Roman says. “Winner gets Sophia tonight.”

“What rule says only one of you gets to have me?” I demand.

Roman chuckles and leans over, pulling me close to give me a soft, loving kiss that builds until someone clears their throat. My dad sits at our large table with my mom. Mom waves her hand at Dad.

“Let your daughter kiss her husbands,” Mom says. “Or are you feeling left out, Miles?”

She kisses him, then pulls him closer. I cover my eyes until Holden kisses me, long and delicious and drawn out. I hum in my throat, rubbing his muscular arms.

“By the way, I win,” Gunner says to Roman.

We look back and see Link teaching the girl how to play. I smile as Nick puts Bash on his shoulders and our girls try to

balance on Gunner's thighs. I give him a look. He tells them to stop, but he's glowing.

"Good kids, good husbands, an all around good life," I sigh, basking in my happiness.

"Well, well, I've heard all about you four," the new woman says, pointing at my men.

Her rich tan skin, long black hair and green-blue eyes make her stand out at the table. Not to mention her curves. I've only seen a body like hers on T.V. She's not much taller than me, but she's got that hourglass figure I used to crave.

"We have heard nothing about you," Roman says before offering me some food.

I happily take it and smile at him.

"Roman, Gunner, Nick, and Holden," she points at each of my men accurately, then giggles as she sits between my mom and Holden. "You certainly didn't undersell them, Diana."

"They're impossible to *oversell*, Anna," Mom answers.

"And good with kids. They're the dream every woman has," Anna continues, as if I'm not here.

Great. Another version of mom to moon over my men.

ROMAN

Even with the new woman looking us over like she'd want to request us in a hotel room, I know none of us are going to give her more than a conversation. Diana flirting is fun because it's harmless, but this woman feels like trouble.

Gunner rubs Emma's back, again flashing his wedding band. Nick leans back with a smile while continuing to bounce Sebastian on his knee.

Gunner sighs. "Okay, Roman might have been right. I think my son's trying to flirt. He's not old enough for that."

Gunner's not even playing things up with the woman at the table to get more of Sophie's attention. I follow his gaze to where Link is holding hands with the girl as she dribbles the ball.

Sophie smiles and switches from Holden's lap to sit across Gunner and prevent him from getting involved. "Not ready to give him girl advice, Gun?"

"No! What if it cuts into our Lego time? I need a few more years of building with him before it's 'uncool'," he huffs.

"Trust me, Gun. The second we get home and Legos are an option, Link will spend hours with you," Sophie promises him.

Gunner still grumbles. I reach over and rub my wife's knee. Anna looks between us and gives a wicked grin. "I'd love to see you all posing for Play Girl."

Sophia narrows her eyes. "Little ears are around."

“What’s that, Mommy?” Sebastian asks Sophia.

“It’s a magazine, piccolo,” she sighs.

“I’m serious though,” Anna says. “Maybe we all need to do a beach day.”

“We’re busy today,” I say, not leaving any room for arguing.

“There’s always tomorrow and seeing you four shirtless on the beach ... it must be the best view in Italy,” she fans herself. “I better get something to drink before I overheat.”

Nick chuckles, but Diana whispers something in Miles’ ear that makes him adjust.

Before I can pick on him, Bash squirms and clumsily makes his way to Sophie’s lap.

He finally whispers in Sophie’s ear and she nods. “Excuse us.”

The girls run off with her. Gunner leans back in his chair and points at Diana. “What’s the friend all about?”

“Anna works hard. She’s a designer. Of course she works on a team so she doesn’t get the credit she deserves, but she doesn’t get vacations either. What better way to get her to go somewhere than with five sexy men?” Diana asks while stroking over Mile’s chest. “I do have a favorite, though.”

Miles winks at her and takes a long drink. Diana grins. “It’s a good thing our room isn’t close to yours. Sophie wouldn’t be in the mood at all.”

Gunner laughs and I smirk. Miles has always had a way with women. I remember how loud he’d encourage Bella to get. I’m sure Diana is no different ... except he’d never share her. We have a lazy breakfast, even when Sophie returns. The kids all go play with my cousins’ children.

“It’s good for them,” Sophie says while taking my hand.

I nod in agreement, happy to let all the drama of the yacht sit on the back burner right now. Valerie and her husbands will figure it out while we enjoy life.

Anna finally rejoins us and sighs. “Italy is something else. Attractive people everywhere, fresh juice, amazing food.” Her eyes focus on me and she licks her lip. “I still think this view is the best.”

“Clearly you haven’t seen the ocean at sunset,” I say calmly. “Or the vineyards. Even in the cities, you can find some castles and-”

“There’s only one way I can think of improving what I currently see,” Anna says before laughing.

Sophie’s cheeks go pink, but considering how she’s pushing her lips together, I know the flirting is bothering her. Holden jumps slightly and glances at his foot. His gaze goes to Anna, and she winks at him before giving me a thorough once over.

“When is Massimo supposed to be here?” Sophia asks seriously.

“Massimo is always on his own schedule.” I wave away.

“Not since Danny came into his life,” Sophia reminds me.

“Bambina,” I breathe. She kisses Gunner’s cheek softly and then comes to my lap. I rub her thigh. “Are you jealous?”

“Not jealous, Amore. I’m ... uncomfortable. I don’t enjoy being flirted with and I don’t want you guys to deal with it when we’re on vacation,” she says while pulling at my shirt. “But I know you’re all modern day gods, so women are helpless.”

I chuckle and take her hand. The one that’s heavy with our engagement rings. I kiss each of her knuckles, then her palm, reminding her she’s already got us. She sighs softly and nods.

“We could sneak off right now. Anna’s got Nick talking about painting. Gunner’s counting down the seconds until he goes to play keeper. I bet you, Holden, and me could find somewhere to wait for Massimo,” I say while stroking up her thigh.

Sophia’s breath catches. When she opens her mouth, it isn’t her voice I hear.

It's Santino. "Roman! Look who I found!"

I turn with Sophie to see Santino walking with Massimo, Danny, and Gio. Gio notices Link and runs to him. I know they play video games together all the time, best friends. I smile at Massimo and Danny.

Sophia squirms on my lap, definitely wanting to go say hi, but now she can't move. When she tries to stand, I pull her back down. "I'm not kid friendly after that wiggling."

"Oh," she blushes.

I grin and kiss her neck. "Maybe you should climb under the table and fix that. I think the table cloth is long enough."

"My dad is right here," she hisses.

"You offered the same thing at the last company Christmas party." I wink.

She goes a deeper shade of red. "Roman!"

"You're right. It would just get us in more trouble since I know what giving us blowjobs does to you. You get all wet, demanding, overeager," I say in her ear.

Goosebumps rise on Sophie's skin, and she reaches for her locket. She rubs it while looking at me. "We could-"

"I hope you don't mind me joining for breakfast," Santino cuts off my wife again.

I shoot him a glare. He pulls up a chair as Massimo grabs my shoulders. "You're building your own team, aren't you?"

"No!" Sophie squeaks. "Stopping at four means we're not outnumbered."

Danny laughs and hugs Sophie without asking her to get off me. She whispers something in Sophie's ear that has them both laughing. Danny takes the chair Gunner left. When Massimo sees Gunner with the kids, he takes a few steps toward them, but Danny grabs him.

"Nope. We're going to have some adult time before you go play," she says.

He growls out something dirty in reply to her and she rolls her eyes. “Let’s eat and relax before the wine tasting. If you’re still sober after that ... maybe.”

“Tesora,” he groans before kissing her cheek.

“You’re terrible,” Sophie giggles.

We have a pretty decent breakfast, even though I catch Santino staring at Sophie’s legs and cleavage whenever he gets the chance. He asks all about her, how she ended up with *me*, not *us*.

Holden’s eyes stay on Santino and Nick keeps Anna’s attention.

When Santino asks why Sophie would settle for a boring ex-businessman so much older than her when she could have someone who offered more, I’m ready to be done. Sophie, however, strokes my chest, calming me.

“I didn’t *settle* for anyone, Santino. All four of my husbands are perfect for me. They’re a lot more than businessmen,” she snaps before switching to Italian. “And they’re the only men I want flirting with me.”

He blinks at her a few times, then Holden stands and walks to Sophie. She hops off my lap and takes Holden’s hand. He kisses her temple. “Let’s make sure the kids are happy to stay before we get Massimo and Danny moving.”

“Of course, love,” Sophie answers, happily following Holden’s lead.

Santino gapes at me. “Four ... she’s not just married to you?”

“No.”

“Which explains why she was making out with that one,” he points at Gunner, “this morning and you said nothing. I was ready to fight him.”

I take a drink of water and shoot him a look, saying nothing.

“I know we had our spats, but no one gets to disrespect you. This is ridiculous, Roman. One woman, one man! You can’t *enjoy seeing* her kiss the others. You can’t like knowing she wants to have sex with them, that two of your ‘children’,” he rolls his eyes on the word, “aren’t yours.”

“Our relationship isn’t your business, Santino. I haven’t seen you since I was a teenager and your opinion doesn’t affect how I feel about my wife,” I growl.

He glances at Gunner, then at Holden and Sophie when Holden makes her giggle by squeezing her ass. He shakes his head again. “There’s no way your Nonna is okay with this.”

“Ask her,” I suggest.

Nonna walks over and Aria runs after her, eager to see what she made. Nonna sees Sophie and Holden and kisses both of their cheeks.

Aria continues to follow her great-grandmother happily, begging to go into the kitchen, just like she gets to with me. Nonna smiles at me and takes Aria’s hand. The second Bash sees it, he’s running to join.

“Nonna!” Santino calls.

She perks and looks over. Aria and Bash tag along as she comes over. Santino switches back to Italian, considering Miles is glowering at him darkly. How funny, considering he didn’t want Sophia with all of us, either.

“Are you okay with your grandson sharing a woman?” Santino asks directly.

Nonna blinks a few times. “Sophie?”

He nods.

“Sophie’s a good woman. Gunner, Holden, and Nick are good too,” Nonna assures, then pinches my cheek. “And my Roman.”

“Nonna! Cooking please,” Aria asks.

Sebastian nods in agreement. “Please, Nonna?”

She squeezes their hands and takes them to the kitchen. I shrug at Santino's incredulous face. Our lives are different. I wouldn't change a thing when it comes to mine. I have my best friends and the woman of my dreams together, on top of having four amazing kids.

"Dad," Link pants when he stands by my side.

Santino shakes his head at that and takes a drink. I give Link my full attention. "What is it?"

"Gio says we're staying here today instead of going with you and Mommy," Link murmurs.

"Don't you want to stay, play soccer, let Nonna make you fat, and explore the villa?" I ask. "Don't tell Nonna I told you, but there are some secret tunnels."

Link's eyes shine. "Well ..."

"And Gio's staying." I glance past him to where the little girl keeps watching Link. "And I think you have a new friend."

"No one was playing with her because she talks ... different," he says, unable to really land on the word.

"Then it sounds like you're going to have more fun here than tasting wine," I kiss his temple. "Go have fun."

He grins. "Thanks, Daddy."

He runs off without a care. Gunner picks him up to steal the ball until he's tackled by all the kids for fouling.

"He's not yours," Santino says. "And neither is your wife at this point. We all expected more of you, Roman."

I snort and let him walk away. Let others think what they want. I am truly grateful for my amazing family. Sophia sits back in my lap and Holden sits close, motioning for Nick to join us.

"Everything okay?" Nick asks.

"Just Santino inserting his opinion into our relationship. Let's get Danny and Massimo and get to the vineyard," I decide.

Sophia inhales her food with Holden's help and nods. I kiss one of her puffy cheeks and Nick kisses the other. He stands, stretches, and I think Anna is going to keel over from the sight of his abs, but then he turns to get Gunner.

We're going to have a good day, no matter how oddly it's started.

SOPHIA

I love the vineyard. I have so many wonderful memories here with my men. I can't believe it was so long ago! As we take a tour, I try to focus this time, but then a hand grabs mine and Holden pulls me behind a large stack of barrels.

"I thought you'd want to pay attention," I hiss. "You love wine and-"

"I'll drink plenty, but I would rather do this," he says before kissing me hungrily.

I moan and pull him closer against me, stroking his tongue with mine, sucking his bottom lip, fitting as much into one kiss as possible. And it's impossible for me to pull away. Holden has learned to make every kiss mean something, but when he backs me against the cold stone of the wall, I have a feeling we're going to do more than just kiss.

He gets on his knees and I gasp. "Hold, we ..."

"I was too focused on the wine last time, not focused enough on you," he says while kissing across my thigh until my head falls back and I spread my legs for him obediently.

He makes me wild, absolutely insane. I glance between some barrels, sure someone will be watching, that we'll be found out, but then Holden's mouth fits to my pussy and every concern is lost.

When I let out a moan, he stops, his eyes on me. I cover my mouth as he continues devouring me. I roll my hips against

his face, welcome his tongue when he thrusts it inside me, try to fight my shaking legs.

He's too good at this and he knows it. I come apart and squeeze my thighs together. Holden's iron grip doesn't falter. He holds me in place, continuing to lick my clit through my orgasm. I pant when he finally stands.

I rub over his hardness. "We can't leave yet."

"No, we can't," he agrees with a naughty smile.

"I think that other women flirting with you gets you riled," I pant as he turns me around and drops his zipper.

"It makes me twice as eager to remind you I'm yours," he says against my neck before lifting me onto my toes and thrusting into me. I whimper, but Holden covers my mouth. "I am yours, Sophia. No one will ever understand me the way you do."

He thrusts into me hard and fast, panting in my ear before biting the lobe and slowing. "I've been yours since the last time we were here ... maybe even before that. I wanted to know everything about you, lose myself in you..."

I pull my mouth free. "Lose yourself in me *now*."

He chuckles and jerks my hips back against him. I let out a half-moan and his palm is back on my mouth. I watch him as he fucks me, still mostly clothed, but that demanding intense look in his eyes, the way his ecstasy feeds mine ... it's all so damn wonderful that I know him being naked, would just make me come more.

"Fuck, this feels naughty," he growls.

I nod at him. It's like we're two teenagers, trying to finish a quickie before we can get caught.

He groans against my shoulder and I roll my hips back against him. His other hand slips into the neck of my dress to cup my breast and pinch at my nipple until I come apart. Holden bites my throat as he comes apart, softening each of his grunts and moans.

I hum softly and grind against him again, making him hiss. “Fuck baby.”

“And now you get to have some wine,” I say.

He turns me around and kisses me hungrily as he redresses himself. I squirm and wrap myself around him, kissing him again and again until I hear Danny.

“Sophia!”

Holden chuckles and we glance out before returning. I bump his hip with mine. “Are you going to tell them you found me?”

“Oh no. I’d get more shit for letting you go somewhere alone here than for stealing you,” he teases.

Danny gives me a knowing look when we return, and when I feel the heat rise to my cheeks, her wicked smile returns. She loops my arm, stealing me from Holden easily. “You know, Massimo and I had a bet going.”

“Oh?”

“Before you got married to all of them, Massimo bet that you’d end up with Holden. Said that because Holden smiled around you and how you couldn’t stop blushing around him. It was done,” she informs out loud, loud enough that I know the guys hear.

“What about you?”

“I said that if you’d already been with all of them, you would not give it up. When I asked you who you liked on my wedding day, you didn’t look at any of them specifically. I knew it was all or none.” she holds her head higher. “I got to tie Massimo up for that, so thanks.”

Massimo grumbles, but Gunner laughs out loud.

Someone grabs my ass, and I turn to see Nick. He winks at me. We try several wines before Nick coughs and shakes his head, holding his hand up as if he needs air. I follow him and end up in his arms in a second.

“I knew you’d follow,” he chuckles.

“Oh,” I pant.

“Did you stay with Holden when you snuck away?” He asks.

“Yes.” I stroke over Nick’s chest. “I love sneaking off with you guys.”

He pushes me back into an area that’s empty, but well hidden. He kisses me deeply, nibbling my bottom lip, massaging my tongue with his, getting me so twisted and worked up that I sway forward when he pulls away. But Gunner takes over instead, kissing me like he’s starving.

I moan and feel him jerk me tightly against him. He slows the kiss, but that only makes it so much more intense that I’m afraid my heart is going to burst. Gunner draws back and lifts my chin, gently stroking just under my bottom lip with his thumb.

“You’re not drinking?”

“I got more than enough ... of the wine,” he says before fitting his mouth to mine again. He spins me and then Nick is behind me, the scent of his cologne mixing with Gunner’s until I’m dizzy.

There’s nothing better than being between two of my sexy men. Nick palms my ass and kisses my neck until Gunner releases me. Then Nick takes over, kissing me passionately as Gunner kisses over my cleavage and pulls at the bow on my dress to get access to my breasts.

They keep trading off with kissing me and touching me. I moan when Nick kisses me as Gunner sucks my nipple, swirling his tongue around the sensitive peak. Gun pinches the other one, tugging and rolling it between his fingers until I’m a trembling, needy mess despite just having sex.

“Please,” I pant.

“Should we let her come, Gunner?” Nick asks while palming my ass hard. “Or make her wait until we get back to the Villa?”

“I think the two of us could keep her plenty quiet,” Gunner says while pulling my hand to his hard on. “What do you think, Sophia?”

My full name on his tongue makes me shake. He’s been calling me ‘Sophie’ for so long that it makes me feel special. I pant and whimper, so utterly focused on these two men that I don’t notice we have company until someone clears their throat.

Roman arches an eyebrow at us. Nick chuckles. “Now you’re in trouble, sweetheart.”

Gunner pouts. “Roman, don’t give us that look. You know you-”

“This is a private tasting, so three people missing is noticeable,” he says while crossing his arms over his chest.

Nick winks at me and Gunner points at me with the promise of more later as the guys leave. I tremble under Roman’s intense gaze. He closes the space between us and knots his fingers in my hair, jerking me against him to kiss me hungrily.

I moan against his lips as he lavishes me with affection and love. He strokes down my back, flattening me against his body and showing exactly how hard he is. Roman fixes the tie on my dress without breaking the kiss, then holds my chin in his hand.

“You are too tempting for your own good, Bambina.”

“Couldn’t the wine tasting be more ... private?” I ask.

Roman offers me a tasting glass. I drink half of it, then swallow. Roman kisses me, his tongue sliding along mine before kissing me deeper and deeper. He draws back when I tug at his belt.

“I’m betting you and Holden had fun,” he says.

I nod slowly.

“And Nick got you last night,” he continues. “With Gunner this morning.”

“Si, Amore,” I agree.

“I get you tonight.” It’s not a question, it’s an order. “With Gunner.”

The breath sucks out of me as Roman leads me back to the tasting. I squirm as we take drinks. Gunner watches me with a slight smile and talks with Massimo, arguing that even though making wine is an art, it’s also an art to make a finely aged bourbon.

By the time we taste plenty of the wines, Roman buys four whites, Holden gets six reds, saying he has to stockpile, then we have lunch at the vineyard.

If we were ever going to move out of the city, I’d want to move somewhere like this. Where life moves at its own pace, there’s plenty for us and the kids to do, and we can throw ourselves into something wild and new.

We could go to vineyards, see all of Italy, one piece at a time, lose ourselves in every fantasy we have about the countryside, the city, and for our family. I sigh and feel someone take my hand. Holden’s fingers lace through mine.

“You seem a little distracted, Sophie. Danny tried to talk to you twice.” He leans closer. “Are you worried about something?”

Of course, I can’t stop thinking about what’s waiting for me tonight, but I’m not going to announce how horny my men make me to the whole table.

I shake my head and smile. “I was thinking of what it would be like to be in Italy for a year, traveling around the entire country, or being near a vineyard. The kids would love it.”

“Until it came time to work,” Massimo shakes his head. “Vineyards are *constant* work.”

“Don’t kill her dreams,” Danny hisses. “That was what I wanted to ask about. Is there anything specific that you want to see or do? We could go to Florence—you know... Romeo and Juliet? I’m sure we could take an overnight trip to Venice.”

“Well, we’re here for two weeks. What do you guys think?” I ask, looking at my husbands.

Danny shakes her head even as the food is placed in front of us. “Screw them later. I’m asking about what *you* want. Who says we need to bring the guys at all? We can go have fun together.”

I remember the whole deal last time I went somewhere alone. I glance at Holden with obvious worry, considering Massimo snorts. “You don’t have to worry about any issues with Danny. I’m pretty sure even organized crime is worried she’ll give them a verbal beat down that will make them look vulnerable.”

“I’d love to see your favorite places, Danny. But nothing that will take longer than a day.” I tighten my fingers around Holden’s.

I have full license to *screw* my husbands here since our kids have plenty to do and I will not pass up having all the fun we can pack into two days.

GUNNER

We make it back to the Villa in time for dinner. I sit down at the table first while the guys round up the kids. Sophia and Danny keep talking about what they're going to do with some girl time tomorrow.

Diana's friend sits next to me and slides me a glass of wine. "You looked thirsty, Gunner."

"Thanks, I've actually had my fill of wine today," I grumble.

"Who can have a 'fill of wine' in Italy?" She bats her eyelashes at me.

"I'm not a wine drinker, but just came from a wine tasting if that tells you anything," I answer. "Where's Diana ... and Miles?"

"Getting in some fun before dinner. I swear, they're like rabbits. A few years separated or divorced - she changes the word every time I ask - and now they can't get enough of each other," Anna rolls her eyes. "I get it though."

"Oh? That's how you are with your husband?" I guess.

"Look who's fishing for answers." She leans closer. "I'm very divorced and eager for fun. I knew Miles was drool-worthy, but you and the guys, god. I'd love to be at the center of a hot tub between the five of you."

"It sounds like you *want* Miles, but would settle for us," I point out.

She moves closer, nearly purring in my ear. “I *want* all five of you. I heard rumors that all of you used to have plenty of fun, but I’m almost sure it’s just rumors. I mean, how could all five of you be happy sharing one woman?”

“I’ll let your imagination work that out,” I say with a naughty smile.

She wiggles the chair closer to me. “Give me details. I want them all. Tell me how deliciously you share your wife with three other men without getting jealous or feeling frustrated about waiting your turn. Explain, please. I need plenty of answers.”

I lean closer, like I’ll tell her something juicy, then shake my head. “I like my wife being happy with me. Outing the fun we have behind closed doors might change things.”

She pouts. “Come on, Gunner. Let me live vicariously.”

“Ask Miles all about it. I know Diana’s been eager to try some different things. Maybe you can actually experience it instead of just hear about it,” I suggest.

“Gun,” Sophia says, sliding me a glass of whiskey.

I groan and pull her onto my lap, kissing her hungrily. “I love you so damn much, Sweets.”

She giggles and feeds me the drink before her eyes flick to Anna. I can tell Sophia’s trying hard not to be bothered. Still, the question is in her eyes. If she should be worried, if she should say something.

I kiss her cheek and take a drink of the whiskey she brought. It’s perfectly chilled, smooth, wonderful. I rub Sophie’s back. “This is perfect after all the wine we tasted.”

“Sophia, tell Gunner it’s fine to share about your wild four-on-one sex,” Anna insists.

Sophie gapes. “What?”

“I’ve never gotten to do anything so wild and I’d love to try it. Obviously, your very sexy husbands are wrapped around your finger, but just a story will hold me over,” Anna begs, clasping her palms together like it’s a prayer.

“I’d rather not. We just met and you’re friends with my parents,” my wife says slowly.

“And your husbands are Miles’ best friends,” Anna says, nudging me. “Right?”

“We don’t talk about Sophia with him,” I add in. “Where are our children and our husbands?”

“Am I not enough for you, Gun?” Sophie pouts. “Do you need more than me to be happy?”

I grin a slow, wicked smile. She blushes immediately as I brush my nose along hers. “I think I’ve proved multiple times over the years that’s not the case.”

I shift to her ear. “If you don’t want dinner, I can prove how much I enjoy being alone with you. We can start with a bubble bath, a book, then go act out a scene in bed.”

She shudders. “Gun, you’re not allowed to mix sweet and sexy like that.”

“You mean just like you do, Sweets?” I nip her earlobe.

She shifts on my lap, and just that bit of movement with our conversation is enough to make me hard. I hold her in place, even as our kids come out, wanting to tell her all about their day. They talk over each other, filling in sentences, trying to get her attention. Link tugs on me and whispers in my ear.

“Daddy, I want to show my new friends Legos. Angelina’s never played with them,” Link says.

“We can bring them out tomorrow,” I promise. “I’ll even help build.”

He beams.

We have a grand dinner. Even with Anna continuing to go around the four of us, asking for details of our sex life. Miles finally stops her, saying he doesn’t want to hear about how we made our kids. All of our kids agree.

It’s fun. I love dinners here. They’re loud, everyone eager to share everything. There’s not a slow moment, even when mouths are stuffed full of food. As dinner slows and talking

takes more time than eating, I pull my wife back on my lap and exchange a look with Roman. I didn't get long enough with her at the winery.

Roman nods once and says something to Nick. He nods and smirks at Sophia.

She lets out a harsh breath, and I hear Holden chuckle. We're all in tune with Sophie. Every little sound, every blush, the way she shifts, all of it tells a story. All we have to do is pay attention.

Holden asks Sebastian and Aria to show him how to play soccer and suddenly, every kid under the age of twelve is ready to help. Nick kisses Sophia's cheek and tells her to be good for us and gives her a light swat on the ass.

Anna groans, then fawns over Miles, turning her full attention on him and Diana. I take Sophia's hand and what's left of my drink and lead her to my room. Roman gets stopped by Nonna, but I just stick out my tongue and keep our wife moving forward.

She's all ours.

The second the door closes, I throw my drink back, set the glass on the counter, and pull Sophie against me. I kiss her hungrily, picking up right where we left off at the winery. She moans and melts against me, holding onto me to stay standing as I palm her ass and grind against her.

"Mine," I say against her lips. "All mine until Roman is here."

"I'm always yours. Sharing doesn't change that," she rasps as I kiss down her neck.

"Good."

I nibble over her pulse point and thrust against her so she can feel how hard I am just from kissing her. Sophie tugs at my shirt, trying to peel it off me, but I guide her back and shove her onto the bed. She watches as I jerk my shirt over my head and undo the button and zipper on my pants.

“Fuck, Gunner. How do you only get more attractive?” She squeezes her thighs together while watching me.

I chuckle. “You keep me in shape, Sweets.”

I climb on top of her, straddling her thighs and kissing her hungrily. I cup her breasts, squeezing and massaging as she squirms and grips my hips. I’m trying to wait for Roman, but I don’t think I have the patience, not when it comes to having Sophie. She tries pulling my pants further down, keeps rubbing me through them.

“Patience is a virtue,” I remind her.

“And I’m a sinner who doesn’t believe in that shit when it comes to my husbands,” she growls before kissing across my chest and jerking my hand to her thighs as she tries to spread them for me.

I groan and shove her backward. I tug the tie on her dress, opening it that easily. I love when she wears things like this. It tempts me constantly, knowing one pull is enough to have her naked or close to naked. I kiss across her chest, giving her hard nipples some extra attention.

“Gun, I need you!” she moans. “Please!”

I rub her through her panties, unwilling to really start. Roman said we’re sharing her and I’m trying desperately to hold on to that idea. I have to wait, to try and be good at least.

Sophie rubs herself on my fingers, demanding more friction, more pressure, more everything. It’s killing me not to give it to her.

“I want you,” she pants. “I *need* you. Deep inside me right now.”

“I love when you talk dirty, Sophie.”

“Roman’s taking too long. You guys have made me wait hours. I can’t keep waiting,” she begs. “Please, Gun. Now. Please!”

I pull her onto her feet and take her spot, sliding out of my pants and boxers, so she has me naked on the bed. She looks me over, her eyes zeroing in on my hard cock.

She takes a step forward, but I shake my head. “Strip. Show me exactly how much we’ve teased you by teasing me.”

Considering she’s not wearing much, I know it won’t take long. Sophie eases her dress over her shoulders, rolling her body until I’m the one ready to beg. She drops her dress to the floor and turns around. She wiggles her ass at me, then slowly bends down as she takes off her panties, spreading her legs until her panties are around her ankles.

Peeking at me from behind her leg, she smiles and shakes her ass. Fucking hell. We definitely need to add more playing before our sex. Seeing her so wet, seeing every inch of her on display, all this confidence, it’s making me so wild that I can barely keep myself sitting down.

I grip the sheets and take a sharp breath. “I’m ready to put on some music and ask for a lap dance.”

“You’ll get more than a dance,” she promises as she stands and turns to face me. Her perfect, perky tits, her shaved pussy, thick thighs are so damn entrancing I think I might be drooling.

“I know you want me to fuck you, Sweets. Show me how you want me to take you by using your mouth,” I encourage. “Fast, slow, rough, gentle. Set the tone for me.”

Sophie drops to her knees and crawls to me with a teasing smile. I’m fucked. I know it. She’s going to make me wait, just like I’ve done to her. She kisses along the inside of my thigh, taking her time until she licks from the base of my cock up to the tip. I groan as she keeps teasing me with just her tongue.

The door opens and Roman stares at the scene just as Sophie spreads her lips and takes me into her mouth. I groan through my teeth and glare at Roman. “Took you long enough.”

He doesn’t answer, just strips and positions himself behind Sophia. He kisses across her neck and shoulder. “Bambina, you’re not supposed to start without me.”

Sophie just hums as she takes me deep again. The vibrations from that sound, along with how hot and wet her

mouth is, make my stomach tighten.

Roman swats her ass lightly. “Clearly, you don’t want both of us at the same time. Otherwise you’d answer me.”

She pops off my cock after a suck so hard I think she’s trying to make me come with that one move.

“You weren’t in a rush to get here,” she counters before wiggling against him. “But now that you are..”

He grins and caresses her ass before kissing one cheek. He swats her again before working his fingers between her legs. She takes a sharp breath.

“You better keep Gunner in your mouth if you want me to fuck your perfect pussy,” he growls.

We’re definitely going to have fun tonight.

SOPHIA

Roman keeps working his fingers deep in my pussy. Anytime I get close to coming, he changes the angle, the pace, the way he's moving. It makes it harder to come. I feel like he's edging me on purpose.

Gunner flexes his hips, thrusting into my throat as I shudder and try to take him deeper. I love watching him move, love seeing how much pleasure I give him. It makes it so much hotter.

"Fuck, your mouth is perfect. I love your sass, I love the way you blow me ..." he trails off as his head falls back and he grips my hair.

"I want you soaking wet for me, Bambina. I want you begging me to fuck you so you can come with me deep inside you," Roman growls against my lower back before pressing a kiss there.

Even though I nod, I don't think he sees it, or if he does, maybe he thinks I'm just agreeing instead of trying to spur him on. Roman works a third finger into me and I groan as my eyes roll back.

Gunner tightens his hold in my hair. "Whatever you're doing, Roman, don't stop. I want her to come while I fuck her throat."

Roman chuckles behind me and fucks me with his thick fingers while Gunner takes control. He thrusts into my mouth over and over again. Between our moans and panting breaths,

I hear how wet my throat and pussy are as the guys make the most of our night together.

Gunner groans with me, nodding while stroking through my hair. “That’s right, Sweets. Take me nice and deep. Keep using your tongue just like that. It’s so damn good!”

My pussy tightens around Roman’s fingers and my legs shake as I try to hold out despite the pleasure building low in my belly. I’m so ready to come, so ready to go all night with both of my men.

Roman works his fingers into me faster and harder. My eyes roll back as Gunner fills my mouth again. I’m so overwhelmed, so stuffed full of my men that I can’t control myself. I let out a wild sound that Gunner’s cock can’t entirely muffle as I come for Roman’s fingers.

Gunner groans and tightens his hand in my hair. When my eyes open, all I see is the intense desire on his face. He pulls me off his cock and kisses me hungrily, sucking my tongue, then nipping at it. Everything feels so good. Every kiss and touch are perfect, even as he draws back.

Roman lifts me from behind and tosses me on the bed. I look between them, both so eager to please, that I whimper with the need that continues to grow despite having just come. Gunner cups my breasts, giving them both his full attention, kissing and teasing me as Roman eats me out, taking his time and savoring me like I’m a rare treat.

Gasping, my hips lift to rub against his tongue, just like I need to. “Oh, yes. Yes. You both feel so good!”

“Use his tongue, Sweets. Grab his hair and make him give you what you need, so you come for him,” Gunner encourages.

I grind against Roman’s face even as Gunner keeps working me up. I come again, whimpering and moaning. In one move, I’m on my knees again, facing Roman. He offers me his thick, long cock and I take him down my throat.

Roman nods, holding my chin up just enough that I watch his face as I blow him.

“Good girl, Bambina. Do you want Gunner too?” Roman asks.

I nod slowly, making sure he can tell what my answer is even though I don't want my mouth empty.

Gunner chuckles and grips my ass tightly. “Of course she wants me. She didn't even want to wait for you, hubby.”

Before I can pop off Roman and sass Gunner, Gunner thrusts into me hard. I groan and suck Roman deeper.

They bounce me between them, driving me wild. I'm so full of my men, so overwhelmed by their dirty whispers.

“I love how you suck my cock, Sophia. I think you'd be soaking wet even without Gunner filling your little pussy. You like this more, don't you? Can't get enough of us and our attention,” Roman growls.

“You're so damn wonderful. Such a perfect fit for us,” Gunner growls while increasing the pace. “I know you're close already. Don't you hold back on me. We'll keep making you come again and again until we're all satisfied.”

I whimper, but obey, coming apart even though neither of them stops. Roman holds me in place, continuing to slide across my tongue as Gunner pounds into me harder. He lifts my leg, changing the angle slightly and somehow diving even deeper into my pussy.

My body's on fire for them, just burning until all that's left is need and ecstasy. Roman pants and palms my breast with his free hand, tugging my nipple, teasing it with firm touches and light flicks.

“So fucking sexy,” Roman praises. “Such a good girl. Come again. Just like Gunner said. You're staying here until you're exhausted.”

I obey without question. It doesn't matter how often they turn me around, taking turns with my pussy and mouth. It doesn't matter what position they put me in. I come every time. They're addictive that way and I don't have the power to resist.

Not when they're so good at everything they do. Gunner thrusts into me, jerking my hip down as he leans forward to layer my breasts with kisses as Roman kneels by my head, letting me blow him until his abs contract and his muscular thighs clench.

He's close, very close.

"Yes, Bambina," he growls before dissolving into Italian that whips off his tongue so quickly I only catch words like "sexy", "love", and "perfect".

I meet his eyes and take him so deep I gag. It does him in as he lets out a sharp, demanding groan. He comes, filling my throat and holding me in place until he finishes. He strokes through my hair gently, his dark eyes on me and only me. Slowly, he draws back, letting me suck and lick until he frees himself from my mouth.

Gunner takes over, driving me insane with every sharp snap of his hips. "Come for me again, Sweets. I need to hear you come apart."

"Gun," I rasp.

He nods and kisses my neck. "Be loud for us."

I whimper, and a moan rips from my throat as he hits a spot so deep and wonderful inside me I can't think about anything but him. My eyes roll back and I claw at his shoulders as I come, dragging him down with me. He grits his teeth as his cheeks flush. He can't quite stay quiet, though. My name still echoes through the room.

He collapses on top of me and sighs. "That was so good, Sophie. So damn good."

Roman lies down on one side of me, turning my chin to kiss me between panting breaths as Gunner adjusts and kisses my shoulder, rubbing my hip.

"I love you both so much," I breathe.

Roman strokes along my chin softly and presses his forehead to mine. He doesn't have to say it when he looks at me with those soft, beautiful eyes and gentle smile. I tremble

between them. Gunner kisses my neck, pulling me against him.

“We love you, Sweets,” Gunner says in my ear.

“Which is why we’re keeping you here tonight,” Roman assures me and kisses my forehead. “Until tomorrow morning.”

“Good,” I breathe.

I’m so happy, so overwhelmed by the lingering pleasure from my two men, that I’m not sure I can form a full sentence. We rest for a few minutes and sigh. I wrap one arm around Roman’s neck and reach back to stroke Gunner’s side.

Roman’s eyes open, and he smiles at me. “Not satisfied yet?”

“Do you want a bath, Sweets?” Gunner asks.

“That sounds perfect,” I agree.

He kisses my cheek and hops up. I sigh.

“You guys are too good to me,” I say, sure that Gunner can hear.

“And you deserve it, Bambina,” Roman assures me.

Gunner has me in the tub with him. We read together, have another round of sex, then I’m turned over to Roman to shower, which leads to round three. They cuddle me in bed together and Roman teases me about what Danny and I are going to do tomorrow.

Gunner joins in, chuckling when Roman says we’re going to end up at some male strip club. Gunner says I can have that whenever I want. I love imagining all four of my men wearing cufflinks, ties, and little speedos with nothing else around the house, dancing and bringing me dinner.

That mental image is the last thing I remember before falling asleep.

When I get up, it’s to someone knocking on the door aggressively. I moan and roll away from Roman as he moves. Gunner welcomes me closer to him.

Roman says a few things to someone, shuts the door, and rejoins us. He kisses my forehead. “Apparently, you’re being requested, Bambina.”

“The kids?” I ask, sitting up even though Gunner pulls me back. I laugh and gently push against him. “Gun, I have to-”

“Anna and your mother have invited you to a girls’ day and they’re eager for you to join. Danny’s plans for a day together must have spread to the others,” Roman answers.

“Sounds like you’re going to have a fun day,” Gunner says softly.

“Yes,” I agree, despite not wanting to move. “Think I can get away with another thirty minutes of cuddling?”

“No way,” Roman kisses my forehead. “They want you to be ready.”

I groan and both of my husbands chuckle. I get up, still feeling like my legs are jelly from all the fun last night, but wrap one of Roman’s shirts around me before going to my room. I find Holden there, stretched out and fast asleep, with only a sheet over him.

How the hell am I supposed to give this up for girls’ day?

I get dressed, then crawl across the bed to kiss Holden’s temple. He hums in his throat and his hand strokes down my back. “Baby?”

“Go back to sleep, love,” I encourage him.

“Stay,” he says, reaching out to me. “It’s still early.”

“I wish I could, Hold,” I answer softly. “Promise me you’ll have a wonderful day until I come back?”

“Promise,” he says, lifting himself to kiss me softly. “Come back soon.”

I grin and nod in agreement. My mom, Anna, and Danny shake their heads at me when I finally come down, giving me a hard time about taking so long. I find Nick with the kids, being the world’s best father.

The girls try to rush me, but there's no way I can leave without kissing Nick. One of the kids complains when Nick draws out the kiss, but I peck the corner of his mouth and he grins. "Be safe today."

"Are you going to follow around to make sure of that?" I tease.

He chuckles. "I think I can trust Danny and your mother with you."

"Shame. I would have been happy to tease you from a distance all day." I tease.

He groans and kisses my cheek before whispering in my ear. "I'm sure you can tease me plenty, but be ready for the repercussions."

I finally make it out of the villa with the girls and happily explore a ton of sites I wouldn't otherwise get to enjoy. We have a great time, forget all about our men and throw ourselves into Italy completely and totally.

HOLDEN

I consider staying in Sophie's bed all day, waiting for her to come back, but I get a text from Nick asking for some backup with the kids. After getting ready for the day, I head downstairs to join him. The guys—Miles included—and I take the kids to places Massimo recommends, ending at the park we once brought Sophie to.

Aria shows me flowers and puts them in my hair. Emma joins in, eagerly dressing me up until the flowers have taken over. When we head back for lunch, our kids spot Sophie and run at her, Aria and Emma dragging me along. Diana gushes.

“Aw, Holden, you look like a fairy princess,” she says.

“I feel as powerful as a fairy princess,” I say with my head held high.

Aria giggles, and Emma squeezes my hand. I give her a flower to give to Sophie and they tell her all about their day.

“I thought we agreed just girls today,” Danny says.

“Yeah, say that to your husband who's...” Diana pauses. “Watching you.”

We glance over to Massimo, who's eagerly watching Danny with obvious desire in his eyes. She rolls her eyes. “That's his everyday look.”

The girls laugh, but refuse to explain to the kids. I kiss Sophie's cheek. “Thank you for giving me a nice wake up call this morning.”

“Maybe you’ll get an even better one tomorrow,” she whispers before kissing me softly.

“Ooh, someone’s jealous.” Diana giggles.

“Or confused,” Anna argues.

Sophie shrugs. “Not everyone understands loving four men. That’s not my problem.”

I follow Diana’s gaze to Roman’s ‘friend’, who’s definitely not happy seeing me with Sophia. I just shrug and kiss her cheek again. “Is girls’ day continuing?”

“They gave me from sunup to sunset. No overnights since apparently your wife will turn into a pumpkin,” Danny says.

I chuckle, but let them be.

Nick checks his phone as Roman and Gunner get the kids set up with Legos. I nudge him. “Everything good?”

“It’s getting better. I’ve been ignoring the messages, not even giving them a ‘read’ message and fewer are coming through,” he reports. “No pictures have shown up since we left.”

“That’s progress, isn’t it?” I ask.

“Yeah. Means I can focus on actually relaxing during our vacation,” he says with a smile. “I’m considering turning off my phone for the rest of the time we’re here.”

“If it gives you more freedom, do it. You deserve to make the most of our vacation while we’re here and while we have the option.” I put my hand on his shoulder.

He nods and hands me his phone. I shove it in my pocket so he can forget about it for the rest of the day. Around dinner time, while the girls are back out on the town, Miles joins us while Nonna has the kids making desserts.

“Anna’s a handful,” Miles grunts.

Roman laughs and Gunner nods. “She kept asking me to describe our sex lives.”

“Don’t.” Miles holds up his hand.

“She’s very into you,” Gunner chuckles. “Maybe you and Diana could”

He shoots Gunner a look.

“You’ve been with multiple women at once before. I think you should go for it,” Roman says easily.

“Especially if you’re at all curious,” I agree. “Is Diana curious?”

“I thought we had an agreement not to get involved in this kind of conversation when you guys started with my daughter,” Miles growls.

“We’re not saying a thing about Sophia,” Nick says. “We’re talking about the surprise guest that is eager to live out a fantasy while she’s here.”

I haven’t had a private talk with Anna, but the way she looks at us, how intensely she studies every interaction with Sophie, not to mention how she drapes herself over Diana and Miles, says plenty. She’s a woman who knows exactly what she wants and isn’t afraid to make it clear.

“She’s more than ready for you, Miles. Don’t you want to take a shot at an *adult* vacation as something other than ‘grandpa’?” I tease.

He points at each of us. “None of you are even close to helpful.”

“Oh sure, he says that now,” Gunner chuckles. “Just wait until the girls come back.”

“Diana and I haven’t talked about sharing ... with women.”

“Oh, but other men is fine?” Roman asks while taking a long drink of wine. “Or is just flirting enough to keep it hot with your wife?”

Miles sputters and bangs his hand on the table. “You four listen here. We will not talk about this.”

And that agreement lasts until exactly three drinks later. Miles sighs. “I kind of miss being more wild. I mean, Diana is

plenty eager to try new things in bed and she's brought up bringing in some guys, but I've only shared with you four."

"So why not try two eager and willing women?" Roman asks.

"You know what ..." Miles stands, sees said women coming back into the villa, and sits. "Maybe."

We all laugh and he shoots us glares, definitely not pleased with the reaction. Sophie comes over to us and sits in Roman's lap, kissing him softly before leaning over and kissing me. "How was your day, husbands?"

"We're trying to convince Miles to-" Gunner starts.

Roman covers his mouth. "Nope. Conversation is over and it's not one Sophie needs to be aware of."

Sophia looks at her father, at me, then at her mother and Anna as they stand with Miles. She blushes and says, "oh."

"Yep. It's better that you don't know, baby," I assure her.

Miles points at me. Nick smirks. "You know, Diana-"

"Don't you start, Nick," Miles orders.

"Well, Anna, I'm sure Miles-" Gunner tries.

Miles keeps fending us off until he drags his wife away. Anna winks at us and goes to spy on them while Sophie shakes her head. "You four are horrible with them!"

"We never said too much," Roman assures her.

"My poor dad, getting teased mercilessly by four of his best friends," she tsks.

"If Matthew was here, he would support us," I argue.

She gapes. "Terrible! All of you!"

"Oh yeah, are you going to punish us?" Nick asks teasingly. "Going to spank us?"

"I just might!" She points at him. "I have a crop and Gunner knows I can use it."

I smirk and she blushes. "You don't say a word."

We tease each other throughout dinner, but Sophie joins me that night after putting the kids down. She loves me slowly, taking her time with me and layering me with affection until I suddenly believe in making love instead of just sex.

In the morning, I wake to her, rubbing my shoulders, massaging them until I moan. “Baby?”

“Nonna wants the kids to herself today. Well, she and Roman’s mom want the kids. That means we’re free to explore Italy.”

“Shopping it is,” I hum.

“Oh no, you have all spoiled me plenty with shopping. I was thinking we could go to that little beach we went to last time, or find a castle to explore,” she purrs in my ear. “Find something all of us like other than tumbling around in bed.”

“Maybe we should rent a castle for the day so we can tumble around a balcony, throne room, armory-”

She kisses me fully on the mouth, shutting me up.

Sophie giggles as she pulls away. “What do *you* want to see while we’re here, Hold?”

“I’d like to see Florence, Rome, be a real tourist. We can even wear heavily touristy clothes,” I murmur. “Really play it up, with Roman included. I’d love to see him fight the urge to answer everyone in Italian and instead say he doesn’t understand.”

“No luck there,” Roman says from the doorway. “I couldn’t pretend to not understand.”

Sophie giggles and wraps herself around me. “What do you think we should do, Roman? Anywhere we haven’t seen, but need to?”

“The cathedral in town is ancient and beautiful. I thought we could enjoy the stained glass and architecture. We can window-shop too,” he hums.

“See, shopping,” I tease Sophia.

She rolls her eyes, but agrees. We drag her into different stores, but Gunner insists on stopping anywhere they're selling food. He shares every snack with Sophia. We take turns touching Sophia, but she's never without at least one of us wrapped around her.

More than a few women look and whisper. One guy does a double take of Sophia when Gunner and I both kiss her.

Nick glances around once, then touches his pocket, but doesn't pull his phone out.

I clear my throat. "You know, Gunner ..."

"What is it, handsome?" he asks.

"I've been thinking about the last time you and I had fun with Sophia," I start.

Sophie shoots me a warning look. I continue anyway. "Our wife got all dressed up for the occasion and swatted you until you were begging."

"I'd beg for her any day of the week," he winks at her. "Twice on weekends."

Nick rolls his eyes. "This is why Valerie gives you a hard time and calls you a puppy."

"He's a good sub ... when he wants to be," Sophia smiles. "But I see what you mean, Holden. I think we need to get Gunner some outfits. Maybe a maid's outfit."

"Hey! I handled the crop and the rope just fine. Anything else would just get in your way," he complains.

"What if you dress up like a male stripper and I have *you* give *me* a lap dance before I punish you?" Sophie plots.

"Or we could get him some fuzzy cuffs and a new toy to swat him with," I tease.

"Oh, is Gunner getting sassy now?" Nick asks.

Roman laughs loudly as we continue bickering and I bump Nick's shoulder.

“You should tease Sophia as ruthlessly as we do Gunner.” I smirk as I lead him into the pizzeria. “Then you’ll get plenty of her *sass* and we can see who can take spanks better—her or Gunner.”

“Oh, we all know who we’d rather punish and reward,” Nick says as we both look at Sophia. She glances back at us, notices our wicked smiles and hurries inside faster.

“I think we should use some rope on her too, keep her squirmy self in place until she’s so lost to pleasure she can’t handle not touching us,” Roman adds before following Sophie and Gunner inside.

Nick beams. “Sounds like I’ll need to have everyone’s help, then. I could use some help handling her.”

“However you’ve been handling her seems to work. Although, I think you told her the next time we were in a car ...” I trail off.

He goes from worried to plotting in a second. “Let’s make sure we get a town car with a partition for our ride home. Gunner and Roman will understand.”

“Or ... they could watch,” I offer.

Nick meets my eyes. “You ... you are a good one, Holden.”

When we go into the restaurant and Nick slides in next to Sophie, he rubs her thigh. She freezes before taking a bite and looks over at him. “Finally decide to join us? Did a scenic view get your attention?”

He arches an eyebrow. “A scenic view?”

“Yeah, I figured this would be a great place for you and Link to paint together. Like you told me, the first time we were here, artists bloom here.”

“I think Link and I can enjoy that ... tomorrow.” A wicked glint dances in his eyes.

Sophie blushes. “Nick ...”

“Roman, do you think we’d be able to get a limo to pick us up after we finish eating?”

Just like that, all eyes are on Sophie. She takes a sharp breath. “I’ve been good.”

“And I remember you begging for what I’m offering right now,” he says in a low, authoritative voice. “Or are you nervous about having an audience?”

She looks between us and Roman smirks while Gunner licks his bottom lip. The four of us haven’t had her since we got here, but I have a feeling that’s about to change.

“Do we have to wait until after we eat?” She asks while squeezing her thighs together.

SOPHIE

Roman immediately calls for a limo. Who needs food when I have all four of my husbands watching me with all of their attention? My guys only have me in mind and that feels like a first today. Italy pulls our attention away from all the problems of home and here's the proof.

And now I get to have all four of my men spanking me, fucking me, enjoying me. I can't wait to make them come. The sooner the limo gets here the better.

"Remember what I said I wanted to do the next time I spanked you?" Nick growls, low and threatening.

I shudder. "You wanted me to blow Holden while ... while you spanked me."

He takes another step closer and I dare him by stepping back. A slow smile spreads over his face. "That's right."

"Loving this already," Gunner says, watching with an intensity I'm excited to explore.

Roman licks over his bottom lip as he moves forward too. "You look excited, Bambina. Is this even a punishment?"

"Maybe ... are you all going to punish me?" I ask, stepping back again.

"Take another step back, sweetheart," Nick dares me.

I do exactly that and run into a wall. In a second, he's on top of me, pressing my body against the stone building. He grips my thigh and I see Holden and Roman casually move to

cover us from wandering eyes, as if any of them care about the public and what they see.

Nick strokes up my belly, between my breasts, and to my neck. His fingers ghost across my throat and I tremble. “Nick.”

“What do you want, sweetheart? Tell me how much you want my hand across your ass,” Nick croons, his voice a deadly hiss. “Tell me how much you want each of us to fuck you.”

I already know I’m wet, soaking wet actually. At the idea of my husbands being so brazen in public, talking up what’s going to happen right here on the road... It’s so fucking hot. I melt when Nick cups my neck so gently.

A little groan leaves my throat. “The limo can’t get here fast enough.”

“And if you’re a good girl, I bet Gunner and Roman will join in on the fun too,” Nick says in a low voice that sizzles through me.

I love being the entire focus of his attention. When his fingers curl in the baby hairs on the back of my neck, I can actually feel my nipples harden against my bra. I let out a sharp breath. “I’d like that.”

“It’ll work up your appetite, Bambina,” Roman says as his hand ghosts across my thigh. He grabs my ass hard. “And make sure that you think about us all the way through dinner.”

“I always think about you guys,” I rasp.

“Always, huh?” Holden chuckles.

“Yes!” I whimper as Nick rubs his thumb over my bottom lip and pushes it into my mouth. “I..” I suck his thumb gently. “I love having you home all the time. Love losing myself in you guys constantly, getting to kiss you, touch you, watch you. I wake up thinking about you and the kids. I go to sleep dreaming about all four of you.”

“Is that enough?” Gunner asks with a low chuckle in his voice. “I think you focus entirely on other things throughout the day, Sweets.”

“Unless one of us drags her away,” Holden says.

I swallow and tremble as need doubles in my belly. I suck Nick’s thumb again and hear Gunner groan.

The limo comes before my husbands can plan out anything else. I’m picked up and almost tossed into the limo, which makes my breath catch. Then Nick and Holden are there. Nick flips me over their lap, so my head is in Holden’s lap, my hips rest on Nick’s thigh and his hand rubs over my ass. Roman shuts the door and then it’s just us.

They put the partition up, and I tremble as I look at Gunner and Roman as they smirk. Gunner fills a glass with alcohol and watches. “I can’t wait to watch. You can dish it out, Soph, but can you take it?”

“Please, you guys!” I beg.

“Oh, it’s more than that. She does more than *take* it,” Nick says as he flips my dress over my hips and tugs my underwear against my clit. I gasp. And he nods. “What do you want, Sophia?”

“Please spank me, please!”

My ass is cold in the A/C. Goosebumps spread across my skin and I’m already shaking. Nick’s hand comes down on my ass hard and I feel it spread across my cheek. I whimper and swallow.

“Is that what you want, Sophia?”

“Yes!” I answer Nick happily. “I want you to spank me until my ass is red.”

I hear ice tink against a glass and see Gunner shift. My eyes flick to Roman, who’s grinning a wolfish smile. He rubs his thumb over his bottom lip—a tease I want to take advantage of.

“I don’t think she needs underwear for this. It’s blocking the view,” he comments.

“A good observation, Roman,” Nick says darkly.

They drag my underwear down my legs. I shift uncomfortably. I'm already soaking wet and almost ashamed of it. Nick adjusts, Holden and Roman move to make me comfortable on top of them. Roman lets out a low growl in his throat.

"Already wet, Bambina? After just one spank?" Roman asks.

"She can take plenty more swats before you reward her with a touch," Nick says while palming my ass.

He spansks me a few more times, and every sting makes me feel so good. It shouldn't. I know that. I should writhe and try to get away, but the way Nick commits so completely, the way my whole body begs for pleasure to balance things out, is so intense that I can't help but want more.

"Please don't stop!" I howl.

"Someone's being a little too loud. I don't want to share you with the driver. Holden, help our wife," Roman orders.

Holden shifts under me, and Nick's hand falls on my ass again. "Help him undo his jeans, sweetheart."

I do as I'm told, jerking Holden's pants down once we get the button and zipper handled. Holden strokes through my hair. "We're going to muffle all that talking unless you're asked a question."

His cock is hard and waiting for me.

Nick swats me again and Gunner speaks up in that sexy croon he uses when he's inside me. "You know what to do with Holden's cock, don't you, baby?"

I wrap my lips around Holden and take him deep. We groan together as I blow him. Nick keeps layering his spansks. Different levels of power, different places, but all so damn good.

I whimper and offer him my ass, wiggling it at him as I lift my hips for more. He doesn't disappoint. After a thorough spanking where I'm barely able to breathe around Holden in my throat, Nick's hand softens on my ass.

His gentle touches have me trembling. I moan around Holden's cock when another hand strokes between my thighs.

"Spread your legs as best you can, Bambina. Let me see how wet you are so I can take care of you," Roman purrs.

I obey without question. I plant one foot on the floor of the limo, offering myself up. Roman groans and gently pats my pussy.

Gunner shifts and my eyes flick to him as he adjusts his obvious erection. "So eager for more, aren't you, Sweets?"

I nod on Holden's cock until his fingers braid into my hair. "Use your tongue, baby. You know what I like."

Whimpering, I take as much of him as possible down my throat. I keep bobbing up and down, teasing the bottom of his cock with my tongue. A hand strokes down my back and I open my eyes to see Gunner sitting beside me now.

He kisses my shoulder. "You're such a good girl, for us."

Roman's fingers push into my pussy, and I gasp. Holden lifts his hips, thrusting himself into my throat. The two of them use me and I'm so overwhelmed with pleasure that I'm already riding the edge of an orgasm.

Nick brings his hand down on my ass again, and I moan around Holden's length. He grips my hair harder. Pulling it back for a better view of my mouth, moving over his hard cock.

"Yes, baby. Be loud for us. Let me feel how much you love this."

I lose my mind with them. Time doesn't matter, the limo doesn't matter; I have the four of them and that's all I need. Roman fucks me hard and fast with his fingers, making my core clench as Holden guides me over his cock again and again.

It feels so good and the random spanks from Nick make it even better. I come for Roman, then Gunner grabs my ass. "My turn to make our wife come."

Gunner works me faster, but edges me. I swear he and Nick are working together. Whenever I'm close, Gunner stops and Nick gives me a hard swat that sends shivers radiating through my entire body.

Finally, Holden comes. He fills my throat and Gunner pushes me all the way over the edge, so I'm seeing stars as I swallow everything Holden gives me. Nick gently strokes my ass, his fingers continuing down my legs.

Someone pulls my panties off my ankles and I see Gunner take them and pocket them happily. "Didn't we promise Sophie wouldn't have any panties?"

"I think we did the last time we were here," Roman agrees.

Nick swats me again, then drags me up. He adjusts me so my dress covers my ass and Gunner pulls me into his arms. He kisses my temple.

Nick strokes my ankle. "You should stop bringing underwear or Roman and Holden will shred them, sweetheart."

I glance at the two men in question and see they are more than happy to follow through on that. I swallow again and nod. "Okay. No more underwear for the rest of the trip."

"Or you're inviting a whole round of spanking and denial," Roman promises.

I suck in a sharp breath. Holden steals it away by kissing me hungrily, devouring my mouth, and sucking my tongue until I'm sure we're going to have an orgy right here in the limo.

Gunner takes me back, kissing me softly, drawing it out until I'm high on him. When he draws back, I fall against his chest. My ass is sore, but I know that even the lingering sting will be gone by the time we get home.

Shuddering, I reach out to Nick and Roman. "That was wonderful."

"Good," Nick answers.

“Anything that makes you come is wonderful, Bambina,” Roman agrees. Roman smiles at me before sucking his fingers clean. “I like these outings.”

“I bet we can schedule time where all of us are home with Sophie to do this more often,” Holden says casually.

All of my men agree, and I giggle in response. What else am I supposed to do when I have all of them eager to make me feel good?

Just before we get to the villa, Nick’s phone rings. All of our talking comes to a stop when he pulls out his phone. “Chase.”

“Answer!” Roman encourages.

“On speaker, gorgeous,” I ask softly.

He does and clears his throat. “Is there an update on-”

“She threw us off, but Valerie made things very clear. Courtney was the stalker. She was using another phone to text you, which Valerie found thanks to how she staggered herself coming in and out. Courtney paid two crew members to try and get more time with Nick and had them follow you guys,” Chase reports.

“That simple?” I ask in shock.

“It’s a good thing it’s that simple. I’ll be pressing charges,” Nick says.

“Great. She’s terrified, but it’ll make things clear since she’s half in love with you and... the rest doesn’t matter. We’ll take care of things here. You guys rest easy in Italy,” Chase says.

Nick sighs and I kiss his jaw before whispering in his ear. “No stalker. You’re all mine.”

He grins and bounces me just a bit. “I always have been, sweetheart.”

NICK

We get back to the Villa and immediately I'm roped into cooking dinner with Nonna. Apparently, we're going to have some guests, so we're all needed. I'm not convinced that's the case since Nonna always has visitors, but I won't complain.

She turns the radio up and bops to the music, bouncing a little and humming along as Sophie and Roman work like a well oiled machine. I smile and notice Nonna checking the oven. I bow and offer her my hand.

She adjusts her glasses, and Gunner says a few words I don't know. Nonna beams and takes my hand. I dance with her slowly, not sure exactly how fast the old woman can go. Roman laughs, then sweeps Sophie into a dance.

I twirl Nonna to Gunner, and she laughs happily. Of course, that draws Emma into the kitchen. Holden picks her up and dances with her. Gunner gets Nonna moving faster on her feet whenever he's not twirling her in circles.

Roman twirls Sophie to me and she giggles as I dance with her around the kitchen.

"This is the best way to cook," she says brightly.

"Is this why you and Roman take so long to get dinner ready?" I ask.

She smiles. "He can't resist. Then the kids get in on it when they're home."

“Now that I see what I’ve been missing out on, you can count me in on kitchen fun,” I promise.

Sophie kisses me, then I send her in Holden’s direction, taking over with Emma. She teaches me her own dance and I notice Roman watching with a huge smile. His eyes actually water when Aria comes in and tugs on his pants, eager to dance too.

He picks her up and spins with her. Nonna yells something and Roman translates. “The pasta!”

Nonna takes care of the pasta and when I invite her to dance again, she tries for English. “Am not so young.”

“You’re as young as you feel, Nonna. I think your dancing is better than mine,” I say.

Emma squirms out of my arms and offers Nonna her hand. “Dance, Nonna!”

Nonna lets a tear slip and eagerly dances with her great granddaughter. Roman and I take care of the food, occasionally trading in to dance with all of our girls.

After three songs, I’m dizzy, laughing with the guys, and watching Gunner chase the kids out of the kitchen and into another game. Nonna pats her heart wordlessly and Roman kisses her cheek. Link and Sebastian sneak back into the kitchen and cook with us.

Once just about everything is ready, I catch Nonna watching us all with adoration that doesn’t need a translation. I pull Link to the side and he shows me his rolls. I take one and split it with him, then motion to Nonna.

“Your Nonna likes to dance,” I say. “Have you offered to dance with her?”

“I danced with Mom,” he mumbles.

“I bet Nonna would love it too. We can even get a video of it and send it to her,” I plot with him.

He bounces a little. “I like that. She’ll be happy.”

“Very happy. It’ll be the best Christmas gift,” I assure him.

He does a fist pump, then runs over to Nonna and asks her to dance in Italian. I know that goes to her heart, too. She loves that the kids are learning Italian and staying so close to the rest of the family.

I take a video as promised. None of us can help but laugh when Link holds his arm up on his tiptoes for Nonna to fit under. She does her best, but almost falls over. Sophie helps catch her and keep her on her feet. She tries to teach Link a specific dance, and he tries, but he's got my two left feet.

It's still wonderful to watch.

Roman sighs. "Nonna's going to demand we come more often."

"We'll do everything we can," I agree.

At the end of the song, Nonna kisses both of Link's cheeks and he kisses her back. She holds his face between her hands as he beams, his cheeks flushed. It's a perfect picture. I end the video, sure I'll be pulling photos of more than one moment captured by video.

Link comes over to me and hugs me tightly. I pet his hair and kiss the top of his head. "She loved that, Link."

"It was so much fun! Seeing Nonna try to fit under my arm," he laughs and hugs me.

"Let's go get settled for dinner," I say when I see Nonna trying to clear us all out.

Link runs out, eager to get some food, but I linger by the door with Sophie as Nonna reaches up to get Roman's attention.

She hugs him and speaks in quick Italian. I look at Sophie as I wrap my arm around her. "She's thanking him for bringing us back here."

"I'm glad we can give her some fun in the kitchen, like she deserves," I say.

"Gunner used to be afraid of her," Sophie says. "He told me he didn't enjoy being yelled at."

“Well, now she has our kids to keep her happy and to teach,” I say in her ear. “They’re not as hopeless at cooking as Gunner is.”

She giggles. “Don’t let him hear that.”

“I’m just happy I don’t have to say that about you.” I tap her ass for emphasis. “Having to order takeout every night.”

“So you wouldn’t love me if I couldn’t cook?” Sophie demands. “I only know how to because-”

“I’d love you if you couldn’t cook, if you never did laundry, if all you did was mother, and love us, Sophia,” I promise.

She kisses me softly. “How can you be so damn sweet?”

We look on as Roman hugs Nonna and gives her a squeeze. I take a picture of it and wink at Sophie. “We’re going to start a photo album. The authentic kind.”

“It’ll save my phone, that’s for sure,” she sighs. “Plus, we’ll have unlimited ammo against the kids when they start dating.”

“Don’t remind me we have that in our future,” I grumble.

“When they start dating, that means more date nights for us,” she winks at me.

Just like that, I’m convinced to follow her out to the courtyard to eat. Sophie pulls us all together. “I know we celebrated Roman’s birthday already, but I think we should do it here too. Invite a ton of people, tell Nonna and his mom, plus Massimo.”

“You think he’ll like that?” Gunner asks.

“I think we’ll *all* like it,” Holden smirks. “The kids getting to party, us getting to see Roman in his element. It will be great.”

“I’ll let Miles know. Diana and Anna will be thrilled,” Gunner chuckles.

Sophie beams. “What do you think, Nick?”

“He deserves it. Who knows how many more times we’ll be able to get the whole family together like this?” I agree.

Sophie beams.

We have a wonderful dinner, but I notice that Massimo and that guy who keeps sniffing around Roman are having an in-depth conversation that looks far too serious to be positive. Roman nudges me under the table with a face that says not to worry about it. Not that I can entirely overlook what’s happening right in front of me.

Sophie brings out dessert, and our kids insist on joining us. Aria sits on my lap and devours her dessert, getting chocolate everywhere, then starts to eye mine.

“Daddy... you eat it all?” She asks.

“I’m planning on it,” I tease her. “Why, you still have room in there?”

“Yes,” she pats her belly.

I shake her a little and she giggles as I poke at her, trying to find the ‘room’ she’s talking about. She swats at me. “Am growing!”

I kiss the top of her head and hug her. “Then I guess a little more chocolate won’t hurt, but we have to be sneaky so Mommy doesn’t see.”

Of course, Sophie won’t care, but watching Aria trying to be covert with her dessert makes me chuckle. Roman rolls his eyes as he bounces Sebastian on his lap. Gunner holds Emma, even though she’s enjoying turning him and Holden into an obstacle course.

Link keeps hanging out with Gio until he storms over to Sophie and whispers in her ear. She gives him her full attention and then pulls him onto her lap.

“My little prince, that doesn’t matter.”

“It does so,” he argues. “Everyone always says we can’t have four dads. I don’t like it.”

“Just because someone says it doesn’t mean they’re right. You have four dads who love you and you have me,” Sophie promises.

“Uncle Mass’s friend says one dad per kid. He says you can only have one heart... husband,” Link huffs.

Sophia swallows and takes a slow breath. “That’s what most people have. Most kids have one mom and one dad. You, Emma, Sebastian, and Aria are special. You’re extra lucky.”

“Why?” Link demands.

“Because Mom has more love in her heart than just about anyone else,” Holden says without hesitation. “She can love all of us without any trouble at all.”

“Exactly,” Gunner says before grunting as Emma tumbles onto him.

Aria hugs me. “You love all us?”

“I do love all of you. We’re a special family. A wonderful family,” I tell her.

“Si. Don’t worry about what other people want. You do what you like, as long as everyone’s safe,” Roman agrees.

Link considers that, then deflates. “I don’t want to be special. I want to be normal.”

Sophie nibbles her lip. I know she’s been worried about this.

Gunner steps in. “Hey, normal doesn’t make a super hero. Normal doesn’t make an X-man. Normal is boring, isn’t it?”

He nods once, but I can tell it’s still bothering him. It’s something we’ve worried about for all our kids, but seeing it happen right in front of us definitely isn’t the ideal.

Link nods. “That’s right.”

“Exactly,” Holden agrees. “I have a secret for you. Come here.”

Link immediately runs over and Sebastian squirms in Roman’s arms until he gets to join in. Sophie leans over to

Roman and kisses him. I make a face at Aria and she giggles. “Daddy, kissing nice.”

“It’s nice, huh?”

“Yeah!”

I kiss her cheek, then her forehead, trying to avoid all the spots covered in chocolate. “You know, you’re going to have bath time soon so you’re not sticky, missy.”

She squirms right away, eager to run off. She escapes me for now, but I’m looking forward to getting more time with our kids. Link’s learning too much about the real world, considering he wants to be involved in everything, including adult conversations, but I want to hold on to the more innocent moments.

Sophia kisses me softly as she gives me the rest of her dessert. “Aria wasn’t very secretive.”

“She tried,” I say while feeding Sophia some of the decadent dessert.

“Thank you for being so good with that question,” she says before giving me a longer kiss.

I don’t know how she can have questions about my hard hand, but gentle nature when she can be overwhelmingly sexy and so damn sweet that I don’t need chocolate at the same time. I cup her cheek.

“I love you.”

Her entire face brightens. “I love you too. So much, Nick.”

“I love you too,” Gunner says before kissing my cheek.

“Don’t make Roman and Sophie jealous,” I remind him.

He kisses Sophie quickly, then tries to wrestle Roman into accepting a kiss as well, making us all laugh.

SOPHIA

I wake up with Roman wrapped around me. He didn't complain about getting me alone last night. I'm actually surprised Gunner didn't sneak into our room at some point. I roll against Roman and brush his hair from his face.

He doesn't know what he's in for tomorrow, but that's fine. He's going to get lavished with attention today while the guys work to get everything together for tomorrow. And he deserves it. He gave up work first, even though I know it was a hard choice for him to stay home and help me parent.

Roman works hard to keep us afloat, happy, to keep everything running. He deserves two birthdays.

I stroke over his cheek, and he leans into my hand, lifting his head from the pillow. He makes a soft sound and his eyes open slowly. "Bambina?"

"I know it's early."

"Didn't fuck you hard enough last night," he decides.

I kiss his forehead, then roll over, backing against him and rubbing myself against his hardness. He's hard every morning without fail. Roman groans and I guide his hand around my waist. "You can make up for that now."

"Going to spoil me, Sophia," he hums before kissing my neck. His low growl echoes deep in my soul. "Don't ever stop."

"I couldn't if I tried," I promise him.

Roman rolls his hips against mine, but I keep wiggling against him, teasing him with gentle rolls of my own until he adjusts me ever so slightly so he nudges my entrance. “Are you ready for me?”

I lean back and kiss his jaw. “I’m always ready for you, amore. Always.”

He lifts my thigh ever so slightly and keeps teasing me with his cock. It’s so hard it twitches against me and then he fills me so completely, so totally, that I moan. Roman nips my earlobe. “I love the sounds you make while I’m inside you, Bambina.”

“Fuck!” I pant when he slides almost all the way out before thrusting back in. “They’re all because of you.”

“Mm,” he answers as he finds a slow, agonizing rhythm that burns through my whole body.

I grab at his hip, missing twice, and then settle for holding onto his ass while my back arches.

“Be loud for me, Sophia,” he commands.

“Fuck; harder. Please, Roman. Faster!” I beg.

He rolls us over and jerks my hips back until I’m almost completely on top of him. He kisses across the back of my shoulder. “More.”

“You feel so good inside me!” I gasp. “I love how you ...” Another moan ruins the rest of my sentence.

He nips my neck and puts my hands on the headboard. I take every intense thrust he gives me, talking absolute nonsense, but every grunt and growl that leaves his throat is so damn good, I’d try to lasso the sun to keep hearing how good I make him feel.

“Look out the window, Bambina. Look at where we are and know...” he snarls as he rips the curtain open to show me the gorgeous, near ancient city around us. The vineyard in the distance, a whole vista for us to enjoy. “Know that I’d rather watch you come apart than enjoy the sunrise.”

My eyes roll back. “Roman!”

He slows his pace, but I refuse to allow that. I rock back against him, taking him the way I need. I peek over my shoulder and see him in the mirror in all his glory.

Every defined muscle tightening as he moves, his face, beautiful in ecstasy. He's perfect. Fucking excellent. "Roman, oh.... I can't... You.."

"Am I fucking every thought out of your head, Bambina?" He asks in that low, growly voice.

"I love you!" I yell. "Roman, I..." I come apart before I can warn him.

He lets out a deep throaty sound, then flips me over before taking me like he needs me. Everything until now might as well have been a warmup. He grips my hands tightly, his forehead brushing mine as we move together.

"Roman, oh my god! Yes, Roman!"

"Keep yelling my name, Sophia. Let the entire city know who makes you feel this good," he orders.

"You! Roman Agosti, yes!" I yell as another orgasm races through me.

My eyes close as my body separates from my brain. I'm so overwhelmed, so far gone into bliss, that I don't even realize he's come until I open my eyes again and find him slumped on top of me. I catch my breath, then stroke through his hair, brushing my fingertips along his scalp until he makes a sound so close to a deep satisfied purr, that I can picture him as a leopard stretched over me.

I smile to myself and lift Roman's chin from my chest. He's done it so many times to me it feels almost wrong to do it to my massive, gorgeous, once-terrifying husband. He lifts his head and gives me a dopy smile.

Kissing his forehead, I stretch until he finally moves the necessary few inches to kiss me full on the mouth. I part his lips with my tongue and tease him slowly. Roman hums in his throat and wraps his big hand around my head and kisses me back.

Each kiss is softer than the last until he draws back and lays his head on my chest. “Your heart is pounding so fast, Bambina.”

“That’s because of you too,” I laugh softly.

He makes a pleased sound, but we take our time getting ready. I enjoy just stroking his back, loving on him, kissing him whenever he lifts his head. We finally get in the shower together and take our time, enjoying touching and washing each other with slow caresses that make the shower steamy for plenty of other reasons.

By the time we finally leave our bedroom, breakfast is more than halfway over, but I don’t care. I cling to Roman. Gunner whistles at us and makes kissy faces until Holden shoves him. “Let’s take your humor out of elementary school.”

I greet my other three husbands with kisses before Roman drags me into his lap. He kisses down my throat, completely unaware of my raised eyebrow to Nick. Nick nods once. Holden winks at me, and Gunner rubs down my leg under the table.

They have plenty planned.

“Link, you want to paint with me today?” Nick asks.

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Great. I know this spot that Mom’s been bugging me about painting for years. I think we can work together and give her a great painting,” Nick decides.

“Daddy!” Aria and Emma run up to Holden and whisper in his ear, trying to talk over each other until he nods.

“Yes, girls, I think we can do that.”

Gunner pulls Emma off her feet and demands to know, too. I laugh and lean back against Roman. He hums. “I feel left out. None of our kids want-”

“Daddy!” Sebastian tugs his arm from around me. “Me too!”

Roman hauls him into our laps and smiles brightly before whispering in my ear. “Mommy, we have a party?”

“That’s right.”

“Daddy Roman would like to be included,” Roman says seriously.

“It’s a secret, Daddy.”

Roman gasps. “A secret from me?”

“Yes,” Bash says with clear authority.

I smirk when he wriggles away without giving Roman an answer. I tap Roman’s nose. “He gets that from you.”

“Oh?”

“He’s as stubborn as you are.” I kiss the corner of Roman’s mouth.

“Oh, I’m stubborn?”

“Very. No one can even spank me for that because it’s not sass, it’s the truth,” I say before tapping his nose again.

We keep kissing each other on and off until someone clears their throat. We look over and Roman spots his ‘friend’ Santino. He rolls his eyes. “Yes?”

“Still don’t get this.” He motions between us.

“It’s not for you to get. Sophia is my wife. I’m her husband. We have four wonderful kids and three extra guys.”

“Don’t call them extra!” I say. “Gunner, Nick, and Holden are just as much my husbands as you.”

“Not on paper,” Roman whispers in my ear. “Mrs. Agosti.”

The way he says it makes it sound so dirty that I can’t help but blush and squirm. I nibble at my lip. “Say it again.”

He completely ignores his friend and bites my earlobe before whispering. “Mrs. Agosti ... I’m going to ignore what’s going on and give you all my attention. You know what that means?”

I shudder. “We’re not leaving the bedroom?”

“We might ... just to get to see you in a specific light that I have in mind,” he growls.

“Four husbands—not natural,” Santino says anyway.

“Sounds like someone who can’t get four wives,” I turn on him, fed up. “Why are you so interested in *our* relationship?”

“Because Roman deserves more,” Santino says loudly.

“I have exactly what I want,” Roman argues. “I don’t need a once-bully telling me what I deserve.”

Santino switches to Italian, but I still understand perfectly. “You are a king here! You have women who still dream of you and would leave their husbands for you if they had the idea that you’d want them for even a night!”

“And I don’t want them. I want Sophia. I *have* Sophia,” Roman says clearly. “I love our family. I love having three of my best friends in the same household and being able to call *all* my best friends’ family.”

“But-”

“You don’t need to know anything, but you *will* respect my wife.” Roman lifts me and sets me on the table effortlessly.

I can see him preparing for a fight. It’s so sexy. That intense, heated look in his eyes, the way his jaw tightens, how his whole body prepares for battle. I swear, I can even see his abs tighten under his shirt.

Is it possible to drool over a fight? Oh my god, because I am.

“You deserve to be respected a lot more than this.” Santino motions to me.

He says a word I don’t know and before I can even ask, Roman’s on top of him, driving his fist into Santino’s face. Santino’s shocked face before Roman’s hand comes down on him a second time nearly makes me laugh, but then I jump on Roman and pull him off.

He almost tosses me off him, but when I catch his arm, he stops and looks at me with surprise. He pants and lets me pry

him off Santino, who's still conscious by some miracle, but has a bloody nose and a black eye quickly coming in.

I jerk my head to the side. "You better leave. Roman's a lot stronger than me."

He does just that, but I'm sure he still hears Link, who yells from upstairs. "Daddy Roman's kicking ass!"

"Who taught him that word?" I demand, whipping around to face Roman.

The man who nearly knocked another man out takes a step back from my fury. He holds his hands up in defense. "Not me, Bambina. I'm good."

I point at Link. "That was in Italian."

"We watch shows," Roman explains, then seems to come out of his trance. He smirks at me. "You're fierce, Sophia."

"You listen here, Mr. Agosti. You teach our children any more bad words and I'll bend you over *my* knee."

He takes a step closer and cups the back of my head. "Still a hell cat, aren't you?"

"You just got in a fight! At Nonna's house," I argue.

"Not the first time."

"Roman, I swear--"

He kisses me hungrily. I push him away, size up my husband, his eyes still gleaming from the fight and groan, jerking him against me by his shirt. His kiss sizzles through me until I'm more than ready to go right back to our bedroom or anywhere else he has in mind.

"I'm mad at you," I say, as if I'm just remembering.

"If you understood what he called you, you would have kicked him in the crotch. I just saved some time," he answers.

"What am I going to do with you?" I huff.

"Punish me, Bambina. Fuck me until I'm so exhausted, I can't fight anymore battles."

"It would take years," I argue.

“Luckily, you have forever.”

ROMAN

Before Sophie can think of another reason to stall, I drag her to a room I was never allowed in as a kid. It's one of the places that was 'adult' only. I was never told what the room used to be for, but considering the stained glass windows that show mermaids, ships, and nymphs, I have my guesses.

I toss Sophie on the chaise lounge, ignoring the fact that there's no bed here, and shut the door. There's no lock either. We're in a part of the Villa that hasn't been updated in decades, if not longer.

She looks up at me and drags me against her greedily, fitting her mouth to mine. I make short work of her clothes, then I'm inside her. "Bambina..."

"Oh, Roman ... yes," she pants softly.

It doesn't matter if she tries to quiet herself with this much stone around us. I hear *everything*. I can hear how wet she is, how her breathing changes when she's close. Even her heartbeat echoes through me. I lose myself in her happily.

It doesn't take either of us long to finish. Her legs slide down from around me as I roll us onto a blanket we tossed onto the floor. Sophie traces designs on my side, and when I finally open my eyes, I see her tracing the blocks of color across my skin.

She hums in her throat and looks around. "I didn't see this room last time."

“As a kid, I wasn’t allowed here,” I tell her while following a line of shadow over her skin. She’s beautifully dressed only in colored light. “Nonna was afraid we’d break the windows. Every family heirloom was stored here.”

“Did we just... on an heirloom?” Sophie gasps.

“No,” I chuckle. “The lounge is newer. The blanket we’re on... that’s in question.”

“Roman!” Sophie laughs and shoves me, only to pull me right back against her. “You’re horrible.”

“And you love me all the same,” I chuckle as I cuddle her against me.

“I came here a few times,” I say while playing with her auburn hair, all the redder in the light from the windows. “You know how Nonna is. Everyone wants to be here, kids play here, it’s open.”

“So why hide here, Roman?”

“I wasn’t always big. I didn’t start growing until I was fourteen, then I grew fast—muscle, height, size. I worked hard to get it all and genetics helped. But when Santino bullied me, shoved me around, made fun of me, I just wanted to be where no one else was. No one ever came here.”

“Oh,” she moves closer, her now big eyes focused on me alone.

“I felt like a prince around so many important things. I did break a vase and Nonna yelled, beat me in front of Massimo and all that, but mostly, I just liked to look at the things in here. I imagined I was a prince, a pirate, a hero. I got to dream of mermaids and nymphs. I read,” I mumble.

“And you never showed me this room,” she murmurs.

“Until now, Bambina.” I lace my fingers through hers and take a slow breath.

Nonna told me yesterday that she’s leaving the villa to me. I don’t want to wait until the kids are all grown up and have families of their own to live here. I don’t want to uproot our lives and bulldoze in either. This home has so much history, so

much love in every repair, in every update, that I don't want to undo what time has gone into this ... but I don't want to wish I'd done more.

“Roman, what are you saying?” Sophia asks softly.

“When the twins go to college ... do you want to move here?” I ask. “We can still keep the penthouse. They might want it or need it if they stay in New York.... I just ...”

My brow furrows. I've gotten better at talking with Sophia about how I feel, but sometimes, the words aren't there. Sophia turns my chin and kisses me softly. “Of course, Roman. I'd love for us to live here. To keep this place alive for you, your family ... the people who have memories here.”

I relax and press my forehead to hers. “If we weren't so established in New York, I'd want to come here now. I'd want to give our children the childhood I had. The memories of running through the city without a care.”

“Of eating too many grapes, thinking they'll get drunk?” She asks.

I laugh. “You remember that?”

“Of course I do!” She gasps. “I want our kids to be that innocent. Which is why they have no business knowing curse words.”

“Then you definitely better be quiet at home, or they'll learn some *terrible* words in the heat of the moment,” I tease.

She shakes her head at me and nips my lip. “Guess you better use that ball gag more often.”

I laugh with her, ending it with a kiss. We come back up from the kiss and laugh again. I stroke through her hair and look her over. I grope the floor for my phone, then stand up. Sophia reaches for me, then the blanket as I move it away.

“Roman! What are you doing?”

“Taking a picture for Nick to work with. Strike a pose, Bambina,” I order.

She shyly strikes one pose. Then another, and another. She goes for elegant first, then boudoir, with big doe-eyes and covering herself in a way that tempts a lot more. Then she stretches her whole body out, watching me with simple desire.

I take picture after picture, never settling for one. Every time she moves, it's another picture. She finally grabs my phone and pulls it away. "Get over here."

We go another round, then nap right there. I sigh against her when she moves. I drag her back to me and she groans. "Amore, let me up."

"No."

"But-"

"You're so comfortable," I groan. "I know why Gunner's addicted to you."

"I hope that's not all that gets you addicted."

We take our time again. This might be my favorite day. I love spending time with my wife and having her all to myself. No worries between us, not sharing her for the moment, not even with the kids.

We laze around until dinner and it's the first night I don't help with the cooking. I don't mind. I watch Sophie hum to someone playing the violin on the street. She slowly pulls on clothes—no panties as promised—but destroys me when she pulls on leggings.

I bury my face in the bed, and she laughs loudly. "This is better than a skirt if I'm not wearing underwear. Our children don't need to see anything."

"I love that you're right and I love you in leggings, you know that," I say as I watch her.

She wiggles her ass at me, and I swat her. She squeaks. "You and Nick ..."

"Don't give me more ideas," I warn her. "Because I'd happily bend you over and join in with Nick."

“Oh yes,” Sophia hums. “I can already imagine you and Nick spanking me while I blow Gunner and Holden ...”

“He’ll finger you, edging you the whole time. Just like you need while you’re being spanked. Right as Nick and I finish, Holden gets to make you come,” I say.

She bites her lip and squirms.

“Then we’ll all have our turn. Gunner will wait until he gets to have you. He’ll get to see you come over and over again,” I groan.

“All of you get to enjoy that,” Sophia pants. “I love watching you guys finish, too. You get all intense and...”

“You’re getting turned on, aren’t you?”

“You started the dirty talk!” She throws a shirt at me.

When she realizes she needs it, I grab it and hold on. She tries to pull it back and I arch an eyebrow. “You started it when you put on those damn leggings.”

“Because of the rule about me wearing panties!”

I pin her below me in bed and drag her shirt over her. I kiss her nose, then grip her hair tightly and kiss her hungrily, devouring every moan that leaves her throat and finally grabbing her wrists when she tries to strip me.

I draw back and braid my fingers through hers. “Oh no, you need food.”

“But you ...”

“Nope. Food. We will not insult Nonna’s cooking. She might beat us both. Then you’ll have to explain why you like it. And I’ll have to shove you out a door.”

“Why?”

“You will never see Nonna spank me,” I growl.

She bites her lip, and I shake my head at her. She slips away from me and I chase her, determined to stop her before she can ask for pictures or a whole damn story. I catch her just after she calls Nonna. I wrap my hand around her mouth.

Nonna comes out, sees me nearly kidnapping my wife and immediately yells at me to release her. I hesitate, then do what I'm told. I drop Sophia and see the guys looking over in confusion.

Gunner leans forward, his lips parting in a smile. It's like he knows something exciting is about to happen. Sophia moves closer with me on her heels. She clears her throat. "You've spanked Roman?"

Yup, all the guys are eager to hear this.

"Oh yes. He was naughty boy. Only one time... or ten," Nonna giggles, finding the words in English. "Why?"

Sophia turns to look at me and gives me a smile so wicked, promising so much terror that I grab at her again and Nonna points at me. I settle, but I know my cheeks are burning.

"I just can't picture him fitting over your lap," Sophia says.

"I do it now. If he be bad," Nonna points at me in warning.

"Has he been bad, Sophia?" Gunner calls out.

"It's important to be honest!" Holden agrees.

Oh, they're going to pay for that later. I shoot them an intense glare, but none of them are fazed. Our wife is involved, and that's as much as they need to know.

"So if he got into a fight?" Sophie asks.

Nonna claps her hands together in threat and points at me going right into Italian. "You're fighting in my home? Why are you fighting? You are a grown man! Not some little boy! Who was it?"

"Santino," Sophia answers without a question.

Nanna takes off her slipper, threatening with it.

Link bounces. "He punched him twice, Nonna!"

"In front of your son? You got in a fight in front of your *son*?" Nonna demands.

I take a slow breath. "He called Sophia a godless whore."

Sophia looks at me again. “I thought you said that was a bad word.”

Nonna looks at Sophia. “She doesn’t know what it means?”

I shake my head. She drops her shoe and steps into it without even looking down. Nonna reaches up and cups Sophia’s face. “He be a good husband. No spanking.”

She pats my cheek, then grabs my ear, tugging me towards her. “No fight in front of kids.”

“Yes, Nonna,” I say softly, still embarrassed.

She pats my cheek again, rougher than necessary, and turns me over to my wife. I give her a long look and she takes off like a track star. She’s going to get plenty tonight.

SOPHIA

I know Roman angles for exactly what he plotted out while I was getting dressed, but we eat so much and I get so full that I can't do anything but think about sleeping. The food is too good, everything is perfect.

And tomorrow, Roman is getting a surprise the second it hits two p.m. From what I understand, parties here last ten plus hours, and that's what Roman's getting. It's still a miracle that we all collapse into one bed.

Gunner cuddles against me, using me like a teddy bear. "I missed you, Sweets."

"Me too," Holden says, shoving Roman out of the way to get more of me.

Nick lies between the guys and right on top of me. I groan at the sudden weight, but Nick offers me wine. I sit up to drink some of it. When I lie back down, Roman's under me. He tousles my hair and hums happily.

"I like this," Holden says. "Roman's a fucking space heater."

"All of you are," I sigh. "This is great."

"Are you having a good vacation, Sweets?" Gunner asks before kissing my chest.

"So good," I sigh. "I didn't know it was possible to be this happy after four kids and an amazing wedding."

“A good second honeymoon?” Nick asks, while rubbing my thighs.

“Wonderful,” I agree.

After some more soft conversation, we fall asleep.

When I wake up, I’m only with Nick and Gunner. Gunner is snoring heavily, but Nick is gently brushing through my hair with his fingers. I open my eyes and smile at him. “Good morning, gorgeous.”

“Good morning, sweetheart,” he says before giving me a smile better than any sunrise or sunset I’ve ever seen. “I have something to show you.”

“Yeah? Is it a thing that requires clothes?” I ask softly.

“It is. But it’s a very good something,” Nick promises.

I get out of bed and get dressed, dropping a minty kiss on Gunner’s mouth. He groans. “Not yet.”

“Sleep as long as you want, lover.”

He smiles and squeezes my hand before letting me leave with Nick. Nick’s quickly joined by Link and they drag me downstairs. Link jerks a sheet off of an enormous canvas. I can tell they’ve both worked on it, but I know just where it is. That spot I kept telling Nick to paint. I stare at it, taking in every detail and welcome Link to tell me all about what he did.

“Daddy Nick did this and this and this,” Link points out other spots. “And we did this part together.”

“It looks so good,” I whisper. “We’ll find somewhere in the living room to put it. The second we get home, we’ll figure out the best spot for it.”

Link kisses my cheek and bounces happily. I love it. I remind all the kids that Roman’s party is a secret, but when he leaves the kitchen, I have a feeling he knows something is up. Aria giggles.

Roman sweeps me off my feet and kisses me hungrily. “Tonight, we’re ending the night the way we should have last night.”

I glance at our kids, who are definitely not far enough away for us to have *this* conversation. So I just nod. Roman nips my bottom lip. “Especially after that game you played with Nonna yesterday.”

“I’ve earned it. Are you going to make me beg for it, too?” I ask.

“That’s up to Nick. I’m spanking you either way. You were naughty,” he growls in my ear.

I take an unsteady breath and nod. We spend the morning with our kids. We take them shopping for souvenirs, play on the beach, exhaust them and distract Roman. Holden lies with me on a blanket as the guys play with our kids in the water. I lay my head on Holden’s shoulder.

“Do you think they’re happy?” I ask.

“I don’t think it’s possible for kids to be any happier,” Holden chuckles. “Are you happy?”

“I have the four most desirable men in the world as my husbands,” I sigh.

Holden kisses me in the way only he can. Gunner’s kisses linger. Nick’s kisses threaten to stop my heart. Roman’s zing through my whole body or tease my soul, but Holden ... Holden owns me with a kiss. It’s like nothing else in the world is real compared to him.

When he draws back, I just keep grinning at him. “This complete trip has been ... it’s a dream, Holden. I’m afraid I’m going to wake up.”

“I promise you’ll wake up and we’ll still be here.” Holden squeezes my hand and sighs.

“You’re waterproof now, why don’t you go join them?” I ask.

“I’m sore with all the walking and playing,” he admits. “Strange that the full leg is fine.”

I nip his shoulder. “It’s not strange. I know I appreciate all your time and the kids do too, but we can have a break of a

day. Roman got one yesterday. You can relax with me tomorrow.”

“Mmm. We can get rides to a few places if we want to. I don’t want you to miss out on Italy for me, baby.”

“I’m not missing out on anything if I’m with you, Holden,” I promise.

I get the kids to make a sandcastle with us, right where we are, and Holden lights up. He loves being involved with them. I know that. From terrified about being a dad, to being the one the kids go to for comfort.

Roman’s an amazing dad, loves teaching them, loves cooking with them. Gunner is the king of games. Nick has stories, art, is the one who is always there, but Holden, he’s the one they never have to impress. He’s always there with a smile or with the right words.

All my husbands are wonderful with our kids, all in different ways and I can’t get enough of seeing them parent. It turns me on so much and makes me fall for them all over again.

When we finally get back to the villa, I hurry the kids to get dressed in their nice clothes. Gunner gets Roman to have drinks with him, starting an argument about how hard alcohol is better than wine, which gets him going.

I get dressed in a nice dress that shows plenty of leg and a lot of cleavage. It’s silver and catches the light easily, so I know Roman will notice. I even put on the heels Gunner got me.

I put on as much jewelry as I can stand from what they’ve gotten me on this trip. Then we head downstairs. I feel eyes on me immediately and find Gunner watching me with pure lust. It’s not even close to kid appropriate.

Danny walks to me and takes my hand. “Look at you busting out the big guns. Worried Anna’s going to steal your men?”

Anna’s nearly as dressed up as I am. Her red dress has a “Jessica Rabbit” feel to it. But she’s hanging on my dad’s arm

just like my mom. Dad looks far too happy. I feel myself pale and Danny giggles. “I promise not to tell you, but you know I have to go ask.”

“Don’t. Spare me even the look. I know that they’re going to give it away. There’s already going to be alcohol. Please!” I beg.

Danny kisses my cheek and walks off. Massimo comes over. “Don’t bother arguing with that one. I only win about one debate a week. Only if I’ve studied for it beforehand.”

“I can’t look,” I say before turning around.

“I can tell you she definitely got something juicy, and it took about thirty seconds and zero answers,” Massimo chuckles. “I’m sorry Miles is your dad ... but I want to know.”

I immediately leave, heading for Nick. He sweeps me into his arms, bends me back, and kisses me in the most romantic way possible. I kiss him back and the kiss doesn’t end until I’m back on my heels, even though I’m entirely unsteady.

“Hi!” I gasp.

“You look so damn good and that’s the only thing I can do with the kids around,” he pants. “But tonight ...”

“Oh, Roman’s already made it clear that tonight is going to be very loud,” I pant.

“And, since it’s his birthday, he gets what he wants,” Nick says with plenty of dark promises laced in his tone.

I shudder, but when he releases me, I come to as I see more people filing in. A *lot* of people. I’ve never met half of them, don’t remember *any*, although the last time we were there, I was utterly focused on my four men.

Roman gets the picture then, but our kids act. They immediately tell Roman happy birthday all over again and he’s somewhere between overwhelmed and happy. I love watching the emotion play on his face.

The music gets louder and more people hug Roman. They bring him drinks; they insist on him dancing. I did not know he knew so many people here.

Massimo stands on one side of me and Gunner on the other, since he's been wrapped around me from the moment Roman left his side. Massimo shakes his head. "He's always been the popular one."

"Always?" Gunner snorts. "He's not *that* much fun."

"You sound jealous, Gunner," Massimo chuckles. "Is there a reason for that?"

"No!" I say loudly. "I love all my husbands equally."

To prove it, I make out with Gunner, not thinking, just acting. Gunner draws back at first, then shrugs and lifts me up to kiss me deeper, hungrier. Someone woops, but I just can't pull myself away from Gunner.

He draws back, and I giggle while sucking my bottom lip. Gunner gets me out on the dance floor and soon enough, I lose track of nearly everything, except our children, dancing with Nonna, Roman's mom, and Holden.

Nick joins with Gunner and me, twirling us both and having a great time. I take a break, sighing as I watch my family have so much fun all to celebrate Roman. Roman ... who I've somehow lost.

I search for him in the crowd and see a whole group of women trying to dance with him. Of course, he's dancing with Aria, but she scrambles free and joins me. Roman gets dragged into the crowd of women and can't move without rubbing against one of them.

I overhear one woman in Italian. "Santino says he's single. Can you believe it? Roman Agosti!"

"I just wish I wouldn't have taken Julian up on his proposal," another answers.

Danny looks at me. "Something is wrong."

"Aria, I think Danny would like to learn how to dance," I say, trying my best to keep my tone as light as possible.

"Oh, absolutely, Aria. I think we're going to get to see Mommy do something fun," Danny giggles.

“Mommy?” Aria asks.

I kiss her forehead. “I’m going to get Daddy Roman back.”

Danny winks at me. I walk out to the dance floor, and Holden wraps around me. “I might be drunk enough to strip again.”

I gape and face him. “Holden!”

“But that means we have to go somewhere alone,” he flirts.

“You’re ready for me already? But the party just started. The sun’s not even down!” I gasp.

Holden kisses across my neck and grabs my ass shamelessly. I groan and rub myself against him. “Dance with me.”

He does. I can definitely tell my husband has had more than two glasses of wine. He grins against me, treats it like some wild frat party, and I love it. I love how he owns, how hot he is. He doesn’t worry about anything else slowing him down.

I kiss him happily, but then I feel a tap on my shoulder. I turn and see Gunner. He pries Holden from me and motions to where Roman’s basically being swallowed up by a crowd. “He might be overheating.”

“Sophie, I bet if you kick off your heels and say something about stripping, he immediately comes over,” Gunner teases.

I smile slightly. “I’m not nearly drunk enough for that.”

“There’s a table you can climb on,” Holden offers.

“I would...” I smile and take the drink Gunner offers me. “If I was wearing underwear.”

“Say that, louder... and in Italian,” Gunner dares.

Well, if we’re playing truth or dare...

GUNNER

I know how possessive Sophia gets of us when someone else is flirting with us. She trusts us, but she wants our attention on her. I'm sure Roman isn't swayed by any woman, no matter who she is, no matter what kind of resume or looks she has. It doesn't even matter if the woman is naked. We all know his eyes are on Sophie and only Sophie.

But I don't mind getting her riled up. After a second shot, she pulls her skirt up a little, and Holden chuckles. I tell him to slow down and get some food since I've somehow become the reasonable one.

I twirl Sophia around and we cut through the sizeable crowd of women.

I pull Sophie close to me and see Roman's eyes focus on her as Sophie giggles and rubs herself against me. I chuckle. "Better calm down, Sweets. You might show a little too much."

"Oh, I think you can handle that. Do you want me to prove it?" She purrs in my ear. "I'm not wearing a bra either."

Roman's eyes narrow on Sophia. She leans back and peels her top away from her chest, showing me she's completely naked under her dress. I groan and bury my face in her neck, crushing her against me. "You're going to get me hard with that view."

"Good," she hums.

Roman's trying to get to our wife. She's not the type to tease so openly. Sophia turns around and rubs her ass against me. I hold her right against me and nip her ear. "You better behave. Roman looks like he's eager to punish you."

"Too bad. He has to wait until after dessert. Not to mention his damn fan club has him busy," she huffs.

"Do you need to go to time out with Holden? You can't hold two shots?" I tease.

"Yes, I can. One in my cleavage, one in a hand," she answers.

I pull her tighter. "And your other hand?"

"You should feel it," she answers with a dirty smile before she rubs me through my pants.

I groan and kiss her hungrily. She tastes like bourbon, but so much better that I can't imagine drinking without her. I want to taste it on her tongue, want her in every drink I have.

I devour her mouth, sucking and teasing her tongue with mine and drawing it out until she stumbles a little. I pick Sophia up and carry her to a table, setting her in a chair. I make her a plate of food and put it in front of her.

She moans and pulls me back to her, kissing me like I just hung the moon in the sky for her. She devours the food and I see some sobriety returning.

The party goes well once Sophie's focused on food. The kids have a great time dancing and running around with other kids. I know they're safe here since no one is leaving the villa, but I end up dragging Link back into the mayhem until he tells me how tired he is. I get all our kids in bed, come downstairs, and find Sophie dancing with Holden like they're pros. She's definitely not drunk since all her clothes are on.

Roman is still fighting the adoring crowd. Sophie notices, remembers how desperate she was to get to Roman and I step in just in time. She huffs. "Roman is-"

"A big boy who only wants you. Are three husbands together not enough?" I ask, motioning to Nick and Holden.

Nick arches an eyebrow, and she looks between us. “You three are more than enough.”

We prove it by trading her between us, kissing her, touching her, having plenty of fun. Roman looks over and I can tell he’s frustrated even if I can’t hear him. When I grab Sophie’s ass, someone jerks me away from her.

I expect Anna for some reason, even though Miles made it clear that he went for it and got a threesome he was too nervous to hope for. But it’s Santino. He’s got a black eye, a puffy nose, and a frustrated face.

“You don’t touch another man’s wife!” He snarls.

“Well, that’s awkward, isn’t it?” I snort. “Since I don’t remember Sophia marrying *you*.”

He raises his fist, and I dodge it easily. “It’s bad to fight at someone’s party. Roman’s the only one allowed to throw punches.”

He throws another and I dodge around it. “If I heard right, you called my wife something.”

He says it again. Of course, I learned Italian cursing first. I narrow my eyes and grab his hand this time, pulling it at an angle that gives me all the control. I could break his entire arm in this pose if I wanted to.

“You’re going to apologize to her,” I snarl.

“Fuck you,” Santino growls.

“You’re going to apologize to her and leave. You don’t belong here, and I’m not going to allow anyone to talk down to my wife.”

“Gun!” Sophie gasps as she comes over. “Let him go. You’re going to break his arm.”

“Oh I will, if he doesn’t behave,” I sneer.

I tug, threatening his wrist. He gasps. “I’m sorry!”

Sophie looks between us in confusion. “What?”

“I’m sorry for saying that,” Santino finally says. “I’m sorry. I said it. Now I’ll leave ... even if Roman deserves better.”

“He deserved better than having to hide from you as a kid,” Sophia snarls. “If you show up again, I’ll make sure plenty of people see me put you in your place myself. No one puts their hands on my husbands.”

I release him, as promised, and watch him stumble away. I wave him on and he grits his teeth, but goes. Sophie looks up at me. “What was that?”

“I know the insults and curses best. No one should call you that,” I pant. “Shame I didn’t do more damage.”

“Oh, lover,” Sophie pulls my face toward her, so I have to look at her and her lips mold to mine. She draws back when I stroke over her shoulders. I sigh and kiss her again. She smiles at me. “You’re such a good man, Gunner.”

“Roman can’t have all the fun and praise,” I grumble.

“I love *you*,” she insists. “You, Holden, Nick, Roman, and all our kids. My heart just keeps growing.”

“You should see a doctor about that,” I tease.

She laughs and kisses me again. “Let’s go steal our husband away from those ladies. You’re not getting enough attention and the birthday boy should be with his family.”

“You better get me a kiss out of this. You know how stingy Roman is,” I chuckle.

Sophie nods and offers me her hand. I take it and we fight through the crowd together. I grab her ass plenty and she giggles before pulling me against her and dancing with me. It’s so dirty and fun that I forget we’re on a mission until I see Roman.

I lift Sophie’s skirt just enough that he can see she doesn’t have underwear and then he makes it through the crowd and steals Sophie. He kisses her hungrily, crushing her against him as he claims her as much as he can while here. Sophie wraps

herself around him and accepts every kiss and touch he gives her.

He draws back, and I notice plenty of dejected women walking away. A few are confused considering how Sophie was dancing with me, but I don't really give a shit about their opinions. I've already put one person in their place, I'm not afraid to do it again. Hell, he has two other men to deal with if he wants to try again.

Roman pants. "I was trying to get back to you. Where are the kids? Where are Holden and Nick?"

"Nick and Holden are fine," I assure him. "Kids are in bed. They were exhausted."

"Shame," Roman sighs.

"You better give Gunner a kiss. He got me this close to you," Sophia says.

I chuckle when Roman grudgingly kisses my cheek. I shake my head at him. "So shy. I don't even get a proper kiss? I had to stop drinking to keep this one from dancing on a table!"

"I wasn't going to.... probably," Sophie huffs.

"Without panties too. You're naughty." Roman pulls her tighter against him, then kisses my other cheek. "Thank you, Gunner."

"There we go. Praise is what I live for."

Sophie whispers something into his ear, and his eyes scan around the courtyard. He looks at me. "Why didn't you break his hand?"

"That should be obvious. I'm not as mean as you are," I shrug.

Roman's gaze darts to Sophia and I nod once. He knows any of us, all of us, would defend our wife with violence. He follows me back to our table and Sophie stays on his lap, feeding him kisses. Nick rolls his eyes, but rubs her thigh. She rubs her toes over his thigh, letting him know he's not forgotten.

She really is something magical. To have all four of us but never let us feel unloved or second best. I spot cupcakes and pile a plate high for us. Sophie feeds Roman a cupcake, teasing him about who his favorite woman is, asking who he danced with, who he was catching up with.

He keeps telling her he was fighting to get to her, but I know she's really curious now that he's back in her arms. He gives half answers while Holden watches other people. "How do you have so many friends, Roman?"

"It's how it is here. If they know my Nonna, they might as well know me. If they knew me when we were kids, we're still friends. If we exchanged names, they're welcome to any event," he answers before licking frosting off Sophie's cleavage.

She giggles and I make a mental note to stash some cupcakes for later. We can lick the frosting off her body, enjoying her and the sweet treat.

Sophie points at me. "That gaze has to wait, Gun. The party is in full swing!"

"And you are staying sober," Nick says seriously. "I don't want you tipsy for what we have planned."

"Oh, so it's a formal plan now?" She huffs.

"I'm the birthday boy. That means I get what I want," Roman growls. "I want something very specific."

Sophie looks between us and the energy changes. She's very eager to be with us. I'm sure of that. She also wants to give us all of Italy. I know if it was a choice, she'd insist on us seeing the country, getting to do everything we could want to, anything that even raises our curiosity.

But none of us care about the location as much as we care about *her*. We want her whenever we can have her and we're going to have her tonight. I lick my lips when our eyes meet and she shudders.

"You four are going to get tired of me if you keep having me at this rate," she says.

“Impossible,” Holden says immediately.

“You’re as beautiful as the day we met, and I want you just as much as I did after that first kiss,” Nick agrees.

“There’s no one but you,” I whisper.

Roman purrs something in Italian, then grins a wicked smile. Nick pulls out my phone and looks through those recent photos.

“Not here!” Sophie squeals.

Of course, we pass the phone around and share the photos of Sophie, naked, beautiful in colored light, offering her gorgeous self up ... I take a ragged breath. “Roman, have you had a good birthday party?”

“A wonderful party, but I’m ready for it to be done... for the five of us.”

“Good,” Nick says seriously. “Because we need to get our wife alone.”

“But.... well, if that’s what the birthday boy wants,” she says.

All of us grin as we say our goodbyes. Roman makes it quick, then we have Sophie in our room.

“You’re the only present I ever want,” Roman says.

SOPHIA

I watch all four of my men as they decide what they're going to do with me. Of course, I'm ready for just about anything they could throw at me. I'm just the right level of tipsy. Leaning back on the bed, I drag the hem of my skirt up.

"Do you need me to flash you again, Roman?" I ask softly. "Maybe give you a better view than just my ass?"

He growls softly in his throat.

I giggle and spread my legs wider, dragging my dress further up. "Everyone's just going to watch? Do I have to fuck myself to remind all four of you what I like?"

I'm baiting them and I know it. Holden's already got his shirt off and Nick is working on his buttons. Gunner grabs my leg and jerks me down onto the bed, making me squeal.

"What do we think, guys? Do we give her what she wants, or fuck her until she can't make any demands at all?" Holden asks.

"Oh no, she's going to beg for what she wants," Nick growls. "Especially with that level of sass."

I swallow. "I'd rather show you."

"Bambina, you play our game if you want to come. That means being a good girl for all of us. Do as you're told and use your words," Roman warns.

"Doesn't my sass speak for itself?" I notice his hand smooth down his pants. "I know you want to spank me,

Roman.”

I try to roll over, but Gunner chuckles. “Oh, no you don’t, Sweets. You’re going to behave tonight. I want to see what you can pull off... before we tear that dress off you and I’m actually calling dibs on that.”

Holden chuckles and licks over his lips.

Good lord, the tension in the room is so heavy, so intense, so wild that I can’t help but want all of them. If that means behaving, so be it. I open my mouth, but I’m jerked all the way to the edge of the bed and Holden kisses me so hungrily, deepening the kiss until my toes curl and I can’t help but kiss him back.

The second I do, he draws back.

I whimper and he works on his slacks, working the zipper down. My eyes go to Roman, who’s now shirtless. They’re all shirtless.

“Spank me,” I breathe softly.

“What was that, sweetheart? Couldn’t hear you,” Nick says.

“I want you to spank me,” I enunciate each word as I look between Nick and Roman. “I want you both to spank me for flashing my ass on the dance floor, for being sassy. Spank me so each swat echoes.”

Roman grins. “How many times?”

I don’t know. I look at Nick. It’s not a decision I ever make. Nick arches his eyebrow and touches his own zipper. I shudder. “I’ll take as many as I deserve.”

Roman looks at Nick with an eyebrow raised and Nick’s lips lift in a smirk so wicked that I can’t breathe for a second. The look is so sexy on him. How the hell did I get such wonderful husbands? Such sexy, overwhelming, sweet, perfect husbands?

“Fuck,” I breathe.

I'm flipped over and find Gunner sitting there behind me. He grins and bundles me in his arms, holding me on his lap as his hardness brushes my thighs. "You've driven me insane tonight, Sweets."

"Yes," I pant, trying repeatedly to kiss him.

"It's our turn to make you crazy," he growls.

His mouth comes down on mine, and he devours me. There's nothing innocent or tender in the kiss. It's all need, desire and blatant, overwhelming passion. I claw at his shoulders and let him have my mouth, my tongue, everything the way he wants it.

I surrender completely. Gunner rips my dress right down the back. I feel his arms flex around me and I know I'm goo in his arms. I'm a melted puddle of a person, so eager and willing to have all my men, to claim them, to have them claim me!

It doesn't matter as long as we belong to each other.

Gunner draws back from the kiss and stretches out his arms behind his head. The wickedness in his eyes, how hard he is, the way his whole body is stretched out... fuck, I can't look at him without wanting more of him.

I try to claw my way up the bed to him, but I'm dragged to the foot of the bed until my feet hit the floor. I whine in my throat, and then Nick's voice fills the growing silence. "It wouldn't be a punishment if you got what you wanted, Sophia. Let me guess, you're soaking wet, aren't you?"

"I... Please, Nick. I can't help it," I whimper. "Touch me. Let me touch you. Something!"

"Holden, how about you find out how wet she is?" Roman asks.

Holden's fingers stroke up my thigh, and then he strokes over my slit. "Not nearly wet enough," he reports.

I shudder. "Please," I beg.

Roman's hand strokes over my ass, and his lips brush my ear. "Are you going to be loud for me?"

“Yes, amore... if you make me loud, I’ll be so loud all of Italy knows how much I love you all,” I pant.

“I think you get first spank,” Nick says before gently patting my ass.

I jump as if he gave me a full swat.

Roman drops his heavy hand on my ass, and I gasp. Gunner moves down the bed, his eyes on me and only me. Roman spanks me hard, layering his hand across one cheek. When I gasp, but lift my ass, he groans.

“Nick, I think I need you to join in on this before I forget that we’re punishing our lovely.. gorgeous... impossibly sexy wife,” Roman trails off. “Especially when I could see how wet she is on Holden’s fingers.”

As if on cue, Holden slides his fingers into me again. Gunner’s legs brush my hands and I gasp. Holden actually curls his fingers inside me, then taps my g-spot, reminding me how much better his fingers are than mine.

Just as I welcome the pleasure snaking through my veins, Nick brings his hand back down on my ass. “Our sassy wife needs to be made all kinds of sweet.”

“Very sweet, but I don’t want our wife to get too loud. We don’t need anyone interrupting,” Gunner says as he slides further down the bed.

“Good idea, Gunner,” Nick swats me again. “I think you can fill her mouth.”

Gunner does just that, offering me his cock. I wrap my lips around him and take him deep, as deep as I can. I almost gag as I blow him. Nick and Roman layer swats across my ass, spanking me hard and sure, but Holden’s fingers keep driving me insane.

It’s too much. I whimper and tremble.

“Holden, I don’t think she deserves to come yet,” Roman says.

Holden stills his fingers but leaves them inside me. Fuck! I whimper around Gunner’s cock, but he pulls my hair up in his

hands and nods. “Make me come, Sweets. Maybe they’ll go easier on you.”

I focus all my thoughts on him, sucking him deep, lapping at him, sucking him, pulling out every trick I know, focusing on every single thing that’s ever made him come. Gunner gasps. “Slow.... slow down. Fuck–Fuck, Sophie!”

His back arches and his hips lift until he’s down my throat, coming and filling my mouth. I suck him softly, licking him and finally swallowing when I come up. I get a few more swats from Roman and Nick, and I think I get even another one from Holden.

I’m trembling, aching from the constant edging. I nearly slide off the bed when Holden moves.

“Sophia?” One of my guys asks.

I hold up a finger. My hand flops on the bed.

“Check in, sweetheart,” Nick orders gently.

“I want to come,” I complain. “So much teasing.”

“Well, birthday boy, you’re up,” Nick chuckles.

“You’re going to have to move, Gunner, Holden. If you want, Sophie’s mouth,” Roman says.

Gunner nods, but Holden pushes him out of his way. I’m pushed up and onto the bed, on my knees. I take Holden in my mouth eagerly, not hesitating for even a second as I wrap my lips around him.

He groans and cups the back of my neck tightly. Roman slams into me and groans, staying completely still. I whimper and rock my hips back against him, needing him. God, it is need. I don’t just *want* my husbands. I need them with something so intense that I can’t relax.

Roman adjusts me ever so slightly and pulls almost all the way out before slamming into me again. I gasp around Holden’s cock. When Roman thrusts into me again, I feel Nick’s hands on my breasts.

He keeps tugging on my nipples, rubbing them, pinching them. Roman drives me insane. Holden disguises all of my moans by thrusting his cock down my throat until pleasure consumes me.

I combust, sucking Holden deeper. I want to scream as Roman continues. He keeps pounding into me, keeps pushing me past the boundary of sanity, keeps me in an near constant orgasm.

Everything is too much. Before Roman comes, Nick takes over. His pace is so slow, so tender compared to Roman, that I can't bounce back right away. I'm lost. The haze of pleasure sinks through me, and I know I'm lost.

I don't care who's in my mouth, who's filing my pussy, who's touching me, as long as all my men are groaning, panting my name, clinging to 'yes' and 'fuck' like they're words of worship. It destroys me and builds me up again and again.

I can't catch my breath. I can't get enough. The overwhelming orgasms only get higher and more intense until I nearly black out from pleasure and ecstasy alone.

When I come back to the present, I'm lying among my men. I open my eyes again, for longer than a quick blink, then I breathe, a full breath and I try to move. I try lifting myself up, but I'm still jelly.

"Baby?" Holden asks.

Roman's up instantly. He cups my face in his hands, studying me intensely. "Bambina, are you okay?"

"Yes," I say, voice raspy.

"You knocked out right after you finished with Gunner," Nick answers.

"Baby," Holden says, rubbing over my hip.

I giggle softly and lie back across my four very concerned husbands. "You ruin me. All of you .. ruin me. I love you all so much."

"She didn't eat enough," Holden says immediately.

“She ate plenty,” Gunner finally says as he lifts himself from the pillow.

“I love you all,” I repeat. “So much.”

“Sweetheart, you passed out,” Nick emphasizes.

Roman brings me water. Holden shows me food—no wonder he’s fully dressed—and Gunner offers me a bath if my legs can’t hold me up. All of it is overwhelming and so damn sweet. I take everything they offer, wanting to make them feel as good as they make me feel.

“Baby, you’re going to have to speak,” Holden says.

Roman’s still pacing.

“I’m okay,” I say, my voice still raspy. “Just ... floating on cloud nine, like I always am with you guys.”

There’s a collective sigh of relief and I giggle. “Were you guys worried you fucked me too hard?”

“Yes,” is the answer I get from everywhere around me.

It makes me laugh more. “You four couldn’t ever hurt me. You could *never* hurt me. The four of you couldn’t even...” I stretch my legs. “Couldn’t even flirt with someone else.”

Nick kisses me slowly, then each man follows suit until Gunner gets me in a bath and I realize then I could die of happiness as long as it’s in the arms of these four men.

HOLDEN

When Sophia comes back to us, we offer her wine, offer her everything we can. I'm still worried we pushed her too far. She actually passed out after the last orgasm. We knew she was okay, that she was just asleep. It had been a long day, but the worry had seeped in.

Seeing her now, smiling, biting her bottom lip in a robe with her damp auburn hair falling over her shoulder eases a worry in my chest.

But even wine, amazing sex, and our wife curled up with us, doesn't spare my nightmares. In most of my nightmares, war is the defining thing. I've learned to lucid dream my way out of them, turning them into dreams, but this time I can't. Not when I have my children instead of a platoon. Not when Sophie falls to the ground and—

I gasp as I sit up, fighting the lingering panic and need to fight to avenge my wife and children.

“Holden. Hold. Hey, it's okay,” Sophie promises, but it's not okay. She has to see that I... I hurt..

I can still feel the pain, can still hear the gunshots, can still see our children ... oh god, our children.

“Holden Thomas, you look at me *now*,” Sophia commands in a hiss of a voice.

My eyes focus on her, entirely on her. I take a few deep breaths and Sophie nods. She pulls me against her, getting up on her knees so my head is against her chest. She takes a slow

breath and hugs me tightly against her. She keeps stroking through my short hair as I focus on her heartbeat.

Strong, steady, sure. It's more real than the nightmares. I relax against her and exhale slowly. Sophie kisses the top of my head. "You're right here with me, love. In *my* arms. You're exactly where you belong."

I take a steadying breath, rubbing her robe, her skin. I remember everything the therapist has taught me. I remember every bit of work Sophie has encouraged me to do, and I take a few more calming breaths.

"Do you need water?" she asks.

"Do you?" I ask softly. "Did I wake you? Sophie, I'm so-"

"Shh," she pulls me back into bed and lays me back. "Let me take care of you."

"No, I have to do the taking care of. After last night-"

"Last night was one of the best nights of my life, Holden," Sophie says softly as she slips out of bed somehow and gets me water. She brings it back and sits on my lap, putting it to my lips. I wrap an arm around her and take long drinks until she nods. "There. I always get cotton mouth when I have nightmares."

"I woke you," I say finally, hugging her against me again. "The kids?"

"They're fine," Sophie promises me. "Do you want to go check on them?"

I nod. Nothing feels more important now that I know she's safe. Sophie walks me to our kid's room, never letting go of my hand. She shows me all four of them, lying in bed. I walk over to Sebastian and stroke the back of his head. He rolls and blinks a few times.

"Daddy?"

"Hi, Bash," I whisper.

"Morning?" He looks around.

“No, no,” I keep my voice low as I notice our other kids sleeping peacefully. “I had a bad dream and wanted to see you.”

Bash hugs me, and I melt in his arms. I get him back to bed and find Sophie watching with a loving smile. I wrap myself around her, hugging her tightly, and let her lead me back to bed. We look out the window together and Sophie keeps scooting closer until she wraps my arms around her.

“Baby, you don’t have to *make* me hold you,” I whisper.

“Do you want to talk about the nightmare?” Sophie asks.

“I want to hold you, feel you in my arms, memorize how your hair feels between my fingers, and... and stop time for just one moment.” I trail off and press my face to her hair. I close my eyes as I stroke over Sophie’s arms.

At some point she falls asleep against me and I spend the entire night holding her until she wakes to the sun. She inhales and rubs back against me, not entirely awake. I feel eyes on us and notice Roman.

“Are you okay, Hold?” he asks.

“Nightmare,” I say, keeping my voice low.

“Are you okay?” Gunner asks while rolling. He gropes the bed next to him and pants. “So ...” He sees her and relaxes. “I’ll get breakfast for us.”

He gets dressed and does just that.

Nick steals the blankets. I’m sure he’s exhausted.

Roman gets up and nods at me. “A bad one?”

“Very. Sophie helped. Now she’s paying for it,” I chuckle before kissing her temple.

It takes a while for everyone to get up and around, but when we do finally get dressed and take care of ourselves, our children run in, demanding to know what we’re going to do today. I’ve never been happier to see them all.

Since half the villa is still asleep, we take them to some local museums. I hold on to Emma’s hand the whole time as

she points at different sculptures and tells me about them softly. Link, on the other hand is a handful. He runs around, wanting to see everything, dragging our wife around until Roman catches her and holds them both in place.

Gunner takes care of Link, gently telling him we can't run in museums.

From there, we take them to get pizza and gelato. They need a nap after we *walk* back to the villa. Of course, that doesn't happen when they see Gio playing. They get their second wind as Sophie loves on Gunner, squeezing his hand and watching him with absolute love.

She looks at all of us like that, like she could be with us constantly, and it's just not enough. Roman dances with her to the radio that's playing. He dips her back, and she giggles, letting her head fall back so her hair nearly touches the ground.

Roman twirls her in my direction and winks at me. She twirls into my lap and collapses there as she sighs. "I love Italy, but I love you guys even more. I do."

"You proved that last night, baby."

She sucks her bottom lip and slowly looks at me from under her thick lashes. As if that look isn't enough to make my heart beat in overtime. My breath catches and I can practically feel my tongue tying itself in knots.

I would think that it was just me, but I've seen Sophie do the same thing to all of us. One look from her and the rest of the world is gone. It's just her. She gently touches my chest, stroking over my t-shirt.

"Have you been having more nightmares?"

"No."

"You'd tell me if you were ... right?" Sophie asks softly, all vulnerable and soft.

"Of course I would," I promise, putting my hand over hers. "I love you. I trust you. You know how much you mean to me."

I'd never hide something from you, even something as little as a nightmare."

"Promise?"

"I pinky swear." I kiss her palm. "Thank you for last night, Sophie."

"My love, you are..." She shakes her head. "Holden, there is nothing I wouldn't do for you. Helping you out of a nightmare when you give me heaven every day, when you are such a wonderful father to all four of our children, when you love me the way you do ... it's the bare minimum."

I hug her tightly and kiss her forehead. She rubs my chest slowly and kisses my neck. "How many times do I have to tell you four that I love you before you believe me, before you accept I will do anything and everything for you?"

"I've believed you since day one, but you just keep blowing me away," I tell her, kissing her softly, sucking her lip, releasing it with a pop, then licking deep into her mouth.

Our tongues slip and tangle, turning me on and softening every worry I've ever had all at once. I want to hold her in my arms like this constantly, to never let her go. I draw back and press my forehead to hers.

We pant together and she sighs. "Holden, how do you steal my breath like that?"

"I don't know, but I promise to keep doing it forever," I breathe.

She giggles and pulls me up. "Dance with me."

We dance, lounge at the villa, turn our children into princes and princesses of the villa, drink wine, enjoy the beach, the city, everything it offers. We take our time enjoying every bit of Italy we can, soaking up the sun and loving everything we have.

Sophie gives us each another day with her alone. I think I'll miss not having her in bed at first, but all the time with our children makes me happy. All of our adventures keep me so occupied. I dance with Nonna, talk to my brother on the phone

and send him pictures of his nieces and nephews, I never miss a moment indulging our children in their hobbies, and enjoy every stolen moment with Sophie until I get her for the afternoon since I insisted on spending the morning with our children at the park.

She lounges in my arms on the balcony. She hums along with a song playing on the street by some musicians that definitely aren't making enough. Sophie gives me some of her wine and then kisses me. She moans.

"Wine tastes better on you, Hold," she says against my lips, licking across my bottom lip again.

Her kisses are better than any wine. Our tongues stroke, tangle, and tease. I groan and stroke through her hair and whisper against her lips. "I love you. Here, at home. I love you across the world and back."

I push her dress up, and she jerks my pants down just enough. My shirt, however, that comes all the way off. She kisses me hungrily, panting her 'I love yous' against my lips until I'm inside her. I groan as she has me right there.

"You feel so good. I can never wait," Sophie pants.

"I love when you take control. Even if I'm just watching," I admit.

"I think you like to get orders, but in a different way than Gunner," she groans. "I love it."

Every moan, every sound she gives me as I meet every roll of her body, peel the rest off of her, enjoy her thoroughly, perfectly, as I kiss across her body, enjoy having all her attention on me, I can't stop telling her how much I love her.

"Fucking hell, Sophia. I love you so much, baby," I groan. "I've loved you since that first kiss. I loved you every time I've kissed you, even if I didn't say it."

"Hold... you can't..." she gasps and arches forward, pressing her face to my neck. "Say such sweet things while fucking me on a balcony at sunset. Too romantic, too... Too much."

“Come for me, beautiful,” I growl in her neck.

She gasps, and her pussy tightens around me. She bites my neck and yells my name. I let my head fall back and give up on restraint. I fuck my wife like I love her, pouring everything I feel into every moment until we come apart together. It’s everything I’ve wanted and more.

“Forever, baby,” I promise her.

“And not one day less, Holden,” she demands.

SOPHIA

In the morning, I linger with Holden. I stroke through his hair. Since his nightmare, something's shifted in all of us. Maybe it was because they were afraid they actually fucked my brains out or what, but my husbands have been perfect.

Maybe it's because I see them differently. Maybe it's because of Italy, because of the plans Roman has for our future, or how Holden has been. Because of... how all my guys have been.

Gunner has been taking control more. He's been responsible and sweet. He's been sober more times than not. Nick has been overwhelming in every sense and in the best ways. Roman ... he's been so loving and sweet.

All my husbands have taken their loving a step up and I'm not sure I can follow them. I feel like I'm my same self, unchanged.

"It's Roman's day with you. Our last day in Italy and you are his," Holden mumbles.

"I wanted to see you when the sun rose and make sure you slept well," I insist.

He kisses across my arm, playfully nipping the inside of my elbow.

After a few more phrases so loving and sweet, things we said to each other while making love on the balcony, I get

dressed and head to the kitchen. I know I'll find Roman there. What I don't expect is Nonna *not* being there.

"Roman?" I ask softly.

"Nonna's sleeping in. I think a part of her doesn't want to say goodbye tomorrow. She asked to be with the kids all day," he answers.

"Is something wrong?"

"Seeing her slowing down isn't easy. She's always been the strong one. She's why I am the way I am." He finally stops fiddling.

I'm ready to comfort him however he needs, but he turns and shows me delicately made pastries with fruit and chocolate. I look at it and at him. He smiles slightly. "I worried—for a while, actually—if our marriage would fail."

"Roman, you can't have."

"I mean, there's four of us, one of you. Seeing you stressed always made me worried. Plenty of reasons to be worried. I mean, guys practically throw themselves at you. I've seen it multiple times over. You never notice, though," he continues.

"Please—"

"And every single anniversary, every single year we add on to our streak, I get more of you. I learn more of you. I... love you more. And now, having you here, agreeing to move to my childhood home when we're ready, seeing you with the guys, I know... I know we're forever."

"We've been forever since I accepted the proposal. We've been forever since I told you I love you," I promise him, closing the space between us.

"Sophia, I ..." he swallows. "You, the kids, the guys, our family is my life, and it's better than any job I've ever had. It's better than anything I ever thought I could have."

"And I love our family. I love the life we've built." I reach up to hold his face in my hands. "When we go home, even when we're back in our routine, I'm going to remember date nights. I'm going to keep giving you four the attention you

deserve multiple times over so you never forget how much I love you. So you never worry.”

Roman lifts me and sets me on a table. He clears everything out of the way. He jerks me against him and kisses me.

Roman’s not nearly as good with his words. Even what he’s said is more than I’ve ever expected. His mouth on mine, though, it says plenty. He loves me. He loves me so intensely, words don’t matter between us.

I grip him tightly, rubbing myself against him. If this is how he wants to prove his love, I’ll take it. We’ve teased in this kitchen, we’ve pushed the envelope. We danced and cooked together the first time and now we don’t have to worry about Nonna.

“Roman,” I rasp. “Please don’t tease me anymore. I can’t take it.”

“Tease?” He breathes.

“If you don’t follow through, loving me with words, your heart, and your body right here and now, I’m going to seduce you... mercilessly,” I promise, grasping at straws.

He chuckles and jerks me tighter against him so I can feel how hard he is. “You do that every day, Bambina.”

He lifts my skirt, drags me against him and uses his fingers on me as he watches me. The look alone could do me in. The scorching heat in his dark eyes, the warmth of his mouth, the soul-binding, soul-stealing love there is too much.

I gape and gasp as I roll my body against his fingers, taking them deep. It’s not enough for either of us. I try to tell him, but can’t get the words out.

I fumble with his zipper, his pants, and push them down with my feet until he’s finally inside me. My back arches and my eyes close as ecstasy — pure and concentrated — sweeps through me and claims me completely.

“I love you, Roman,” I gasp.

“I love you, Bambina,” he grunts as he thrusts deep into me again and again, over and over.

I let myself drown in him, his affection, his everything. I grip his wide shoulders, bite his neck, suck in the same spot, try to give him as much as he gives me. Every day. Every moment. I gasp and hold him tighter.

“Roman!”

“Fuck, Sophia. Every time with you, every moment with you, every ...”

We can't keep talking. I want to and I know he does too, but we can't. We moan and grunt, trying to keep each other quiet. Roman's eyes never leave me. I feel it, but my gaze goes to the door again and again, expecting someone to walk in.

I shudder and finally give up fighting to watch the door. I don't care if we're found. Don't care if someone sees. I didn't care on the yacht. I was eager for people to see, to know that my husbands are mine. It made everything hotter.

Now, I don't care, because Roman loves me, because this is about us and only us, because... “Oh, god, Roman.”

“What do you need, Bambina?” He asks against my lips.

“Only you,” I pant.

He thrusts into me harder and I laugh softly. “And that. So much more of that, Roman. Yes.”

He increases the pace and the power behind each thrust until I think he's actually moving the table, but I wrap myself around him tighter, determined to keep him right here, in my arms, right where he belongs.

My toes curl, then my back arches and I gasp. “Amore!”

He comes only a few seconds after I do, growling my name and how much he loves me in Italian. I shudder and slowly come down with him, refusing to move at all. I hold him close to me. “I love you so much.”

“And we have all day to explore every side of that,” he promises me.

He feeds me in the kitchen, then carries me away. He shows me some kind of secret passage that leads to the roof. We look out over the city and I really do feel like a queen there, looking out over everything and imagining with Roman what it used to look like.

His hand never leaves mine and I wouldn't have it any other way.

When the sun sets, Roman leads me to our room. There are at least a hundred candles and I laugh, unable to help myself. "You're asking for a fire, Roman."

"Only half.. maybe less are real candles," he answers.

Roman lifts me and sets me on the bed. He strips me and strips himself before just lying down with me. He strokes over my naked body and I arch into his hand as if we haven't had sex three times today already.

I touch him as well, following the fading lines of his muscle. I giggle softly. "Am I finally fattening you up?"

"I think that's Nonna's doing. She refuses to let me leave a table unless I have two platefuls." he pulls me closer. "Is that your goal? To fatten me up?"

"I want you pleased in every way. All of you. I want you stuffed with good food, filled with wonderful memories. I want you overwhelmed with pleasure in any and every way I can give it," I hum.

"You achieve that constantly," he assures me. "This second honeymoon is perfect."

"Even with the kids?"

"Especially with our children running around. I love our family, Sophia. I love all that you've given us."

I snort and he rolls me back to him even as I try to get wine to give him. Roman brushes my hair from my face and makes me look at him, not giving me the option to look away for even a moment.

"Don't snort at me." He smiles.

“We made those children, so I don’t get all the credit,” I grumble. “If that’s all I add to this relationship-”

“Bullshit.” He growls. “You keep us fun, active—in and out of bed—and because of you, we are living our dreams. I think all of us got lost in work for a while, even after the marriage. I got out early, but the guys... they needed a nudge.”

“They needed a push,” I disagree. “If my dad hadn’t sold the company...”

Roman laughs and bites his lip. “We have been keeping something from you. Not on purpose, but we have.”

I sit up. “Roman, don’t you make me go talk to Nonna.”

“No threats, Bambina. Come here.” He insists, opening his arms to me.

There will never be a time I can resist him. I snuggle close to him and accept the kiss he feeds me. I love how he draws it out, makes it matter.

“Your father didn’t have a choice,” Roman finally says while stroking my side. “Holden was quitting. Gunner was complaining constantly—loudly to your father every morning. Your mother was demanding he retire so they could live in perpetual honeymoon. Even Nick had drafted up a two weeks-notice.”

“Why didn’t any of you ever tell me?” I demand.

“We didn’t have to. By the time Gunner was ready to be done and Holden’s month-notice was up, the buy-out was offered. Nick never had to give his notice. Every time he tried, your father would complain about us bailing on him and Nick felt guilty,” Roman sighs.

“You guys were willing to give it up for me?”

“No, we’re not that selfless,” he grins. “We love you close to an unhealthy amount, Sophia. We’re greedy for your time, and I think the guys were jealous of me.”

“Oh, stop,” I huff.

“Then you were pregnant again and Holden was determined not to miss out on more of our babies’ childhood. Nick couldn’t bear it. I could see the constant frustration in his eyes too,” Roman kisses me slowly.

“You four ...”

“Since I love you so much, and I got extra years-worth of your time ... I’m going to spoil you tonight,” he says.

“As if that’s not becoming a common thing. You guys are going to make me greedy and entitled,” I say softly.

Roman smooths out my wrinkled brow. “Plenty of women would already feel entitled to us, but you never want us to spend a dime on you. Let me give you all of your husbands tonight. However you want us, we’re here to serve you.”

I suck my lip and feel my eyes go misty. Today is supposed to belong to Roman entirely, where he has me and my undivided attention and he wants to share me to make me happy. I stroke over his chest.

“What about a veto?” I ask.

He arches his eyebrow. “Meaning?”

“I get just you tonight. When we get home ... it’ll be all of us with the kids. We’ll eat together. The girls get to do everyone’s nails. We devote all night to family time. Games, fun, everything ... including coloring books,” I offer.

Roman groans and kisses me hungrily. “Thank god. I was hoping you’d turn it down.”

I laugh and let him sweep me up in a night of decadence, lovemaking, and pampering.

NICK

I color with the kids on the flight home. Holden joins us after a bit and raves about our color choices. The girls are thrilled with their glitter crayons, and Link loves his watercolor coloring book. I notice Sophie reclining with her champagne. Gunner is asleep and Roman's dealing with our calendar as we fly back to New York.

With a stroke of Bash's hair and a kiss to Emma, I unbuckle and go to Sophie. She moves her legs for me and smiles. "Are you going to miss Italy, gorgeous?"

"Italy was great, but I'm looking forward to getting home. I'm thinking of repurposing one of our rooms," I say as I pull her hand into my lap.

Sophie arches an eyebrow. "Oh?"

"I'm thinking..." I gently stroke over her palm with my fingertip. She shivers and meets my eyes. "That we need a place that's all our own."

"What do you mean?" Sophie leans forward.

I kiss her temple, and her cheek, then gently bite her earlobe. "A place for us grownups to have the kind of fun we've gotten to enjoy on this vacation."

"I ... where?" She asks as her fingers stroke my thigh gently.

"We have two rooms that work as a gym. I think we can turn one of those into a soundproof room... considering how

loud someone likes to get.” I nip her neck. “When you forget about everything but us.”

Sophia nibbles her bottom lip and squirms as my hand continues up her arm and the back of my knuckles brush the side of her breast. Her nipples harden against the fabric and she crosses her legs as she adjusts.

“Nick...”

“The soundproofing means the rest of the world is gone and only we’ll exist. You can moan loudly. You can say whatever you want.”

“And considering how your spanks echo.” Sophia pants. “And how much you like spanking me.”

“Am I the only one who likes spanking?” I purr into her ear before nipping the lobe again.

“I like your spankings, you know that. I like when you take control, but sometimes...”

I grab her hand before she can grab my hardening cock. “Oh, no you don’t, naughty girl. You have to wait.”

Sophie finishes her champagne and sets the glass down. She moves the armrest and meets my eyes. “The kids are all the way back there. Can’t you keep me quiet?”

“I enjoy watching you wait more,” I croon.

Sophie makes a frustrated sound, and I smirk at her. I love seeing her all flushed and eager for more than a kiss. Her nose brushes mine. “Nick, you’re driving me insane.”

I almost kiss her, but draw back and press my lips to her throat. I lightly brush my mouth across her throat. I lick across her pulse point and her nails dig into my thigh. She shudders and pulls against her seatbelt.

“Am I distracting you?” I ask.

She shakes her head slightly. “What else is going into the room?”

I smirk. “I think it’ll be a good place to put all our fun toys. An enormous bed... some restraints.”

“And .. you?” she asks under her lashes as I draw back.

Sophie sucks her bottom lip. “And you.”

“Yes, sweetheart. I’ll be there.”

“Completely naked?” She moves closer, grabbing my shirt and tugging me to her. “On top of me ... kissing me, touching me ... *fucking* me.”

“All the above,” I purr against her lips. “Everything you could want.”

“Enough room for all five of us to try every possible position?”

I nod and cup the back of her neck. “We could even get kinkier things to make sure you stay exactly where Roman and I put you.”

Sophie melts a little bit against me. “You’re going to make me go through this entire flight fantasizing about this?”

“The flight, the drive home ... dinner. I might just keep whispering things in your ear if I think you’re getting too comfortable,” I plan. “I think I might have a fun toy in my carry on we could put to work.”

“The toy from the yacht?” Sophia asks.

“That one,” I say with a nod. “How long do you think you would last with that inside of you for the rest of the flight?”

Sophia moans and presses her lips to mine, kissing me hungrily. When her hand slides down my body, I barely catch it before she grabs my hard on through my jeans. When she moans, I draw back and hold her against the seat. She lets out a soft mewl of desire, but I keep her in place.

“You’re going to be a good girl and wear the toy for me, aren’t you? You won’t come until I give you permission,” I order.

“If I do come?”

I collar her throat and bite her lip gently before sucking the same spot. “I’m going to punish you. A thorough spanking,

edging, and making sure you don't get my cock until you beg for it."

She sucks in a breath before I gently squeeze her throat. Sophie uncrosses her legs, spreading them like an invitation. I kiss her temple. "Stay just like that."

"You've gotten naughty, Nick," she hums as she watches me reach into the overhead console. "It makes you even harder to... resist."

I chuckle. "Did I say you were supposed to resist me?"

She shakes her head slowly.

I grab the toy, turn it on, and offer it to Sophia. Her eyes flick between my face and the toy before she spreads her legs further, an offering I'm not strong enough to resist. I glance to the side and see Roman's caught on. He abandons Gunner and stands in the aisle as I move back to my seat. Sophie looks between us and Roman grips her hair and pulls back, kissing her hungrily.

Their tongues move together and he grips Sophie's leg, holding her thigh. I grab the other, fully spreading her legs, then lift her skirt. No panties at all. Perfect. I slide the toy into her, watching how part of it rests on her clit.

Forcing her legs together, I open the app and give her the most intense vibration setting. Sophie gasps, but Roman doesn't release her. He swallows every moan. I guide her hand to my cock, letting her feel me through my pants. Sophie grinds against the toy. When her thighs tighten and her hand squeezes me, I turn it off.

Roman draws back and grins at her. "There's an entire hour left in the flight, Bambina."

"I don't think our sweet wife can handle waiting that long," I say as I ramp up the vibrations slowly, letting each setting work before turning it off again. Sophia's a panting, whimpering mess. I lick my bottom lip. "What do you think, Roman?"

"I think she's going to get very demanding soon. So demanding, I might have to wake Gunner and encourage

Holden to get the kids napping,” Roman answers.

Sophie gets my buttons undone and slowly strokes me with her fingers. The higher I take the vibrations, the faster she moves until she’s close to edging me with her. Roman lets a soft sound leave his lips and unbuttons Sophie’s shirt to cup her breast and pinch at her nipple.

“Please,” she rasps.

“Oh no, I don’t think you’re allowed to come yet,” I growl, turning her chin and kissing her hard and hungry.

We keep teasing her with light and harder touches. I play with the settings on the toy until we’re having to cover her mouth with our hands or kiss her into silence.

A soft ding tells us to put our seatbelts on. I pout at Sophia as she shakes her head. “No, Nick, please, I just-”

“I see two cars in our future,” Roman says as he retreats to his own seat. He sits down and nudges Gunner. “I don’t want you missing the rest of the show.”

“What show?” He grunts.

I turn the vibrations all the way up and Sophie squeaks before biting her bottom lip. Watching her squirm in her seat, clenching her thighs together and panting is so hot, I can barely control myself.

Sophie squeezes my cock tightly. I grunt with her and turn off the vibrations. Her chest heaves and she whimpers.

Gunner hisses. “Fuck, why are we-”

“We are now descending!” A flight attendant says. “That means trays up, little ones.”

Sophie shakes her head at me. She tries to draw her hand back, but I catch her hand and suck her fingers before wrapping her hand around my cock again. She takes a ragged breath. “I’d rather have you inside me than this toy.”

“Even with all the fun vibrations?” I tease.

“You’re better. I need you and Roman... and Gunner. Please,” she whimpers.

“I just wanted to—oh!” The attendant looks at us and blushes, but doesn’t look away. Sophie turns, ready to say something, but the woman hurries forward.

“Were you going to be rude?” I ask Sophia.

“She was staring at your cock. It’s mine,” she growls.

I smirk. “You’re definitely going to be spanked *and...*” I ramp the toy back up.

She gasps, lets out a soft moan and strokes me faster with her fingers wrapped tightly around me. I lean over and bite her neck, wrapping my hand around hers. “Slow down or I’ll have to pull you down and have your mouth.”

Clearly that doesn’t bother my wife, since she moves into position eagerly. She takes my cock down her throat, muffling her own moans. I almost let her come, since I miss the button as she pushes me over the edge. I grit my teeth, trying to keep myself quiet so the entire plane doesn’t know what we’re doing.

My hips lift as I finish in her throat. Just before she can draw back, I turn off the toy and she shudders. She glowers at me as she draws back and she wipes her mouth. “You are-”

Another intense round of vibrations keeps her quiet.

By the time we land, she’s clearly having trouble focusing. I shoot Roman a grin and he talks to Holden. We get two cars instead of the one limo. Gunner grumbles about not being included, but I don’t have any doubt that he and Holden will share her later.

Roman and I get Sophie in a town car, put up the partition and then she pants. “Please ... no more teasing.”

“Over my lap.”

She nods eagerly. “Yes. Please, please spank me. Both of you and ... and the toy... and..”

“And what?” Roman asks. “Finish it, Bambina.”

“And let me come. I promise I’ll take the spanking well. I promise,” she whimpers.

“Over. My. Lap.” I enunciate each word. “Now, or your spanking will be twice as long and hard.”

She whimpers and gets on top of Roman and me. Roman pushes up her skirt and I hand him the controls and he grins while lifting Sophie’s chin. “You’re going to need to be carried home, Bambina. Every orgasm you wanted to have on the plane, you’ll get.”

“I will?”

“Depending on how you take the spanking,” he chuckles.

I bring my hand down on her ass and she gasps. Roman plays with the phone while holding her chin up so she has to watch him. I layer her ass with swats, bringing my hand down again and again. Every sound of skin on skin makes me harder. Her perfect, round ass goes red under my hand.

I nod to Roman. “Are you sure she’s earned it?”

“She has,” I decide. “Let her come and don’t turn down the vibrations until we get home.”

He grins. “You might have to be kept quiet, Bambina.”

“Please!” She begs, almost screaming.

I lighten my spanks as Sophie’s whole body shakes. This is one of the best car rides of my life.

SOPHIA

I lose track of everything but pleasure after the first orgasm. I don't know if my men send me somewhere else entirely or if the back-to-back orgasms are just impossible to think through entirely.

When the vibrations stop, I can still feel the rolling ecstasy that has my body captivated and the pulsing sting across my ass and thighs. I slump and hum softly. "So good. Such a nice car ride."

Nick chuckles and gently strokes over my ass. "The toy can be very nice."

"It's wonderful. I don't think I've ever seen you come so much, Bambina," Roman sighs. "Shame that we're at home before we can take care of you ourselves."

"You should should tell Roman about the plan for the new room," I sigh.

Nick chuckles. "That's for later."

My husbands get me out of the car with some difficulty. My legs don't seem to want to function. Roman holds me honeymoon style and kisses my forehead as I curl against him. I squirm against him, feeling how hard he is.

"You keep moving and I'm going to have to steal you to my room before dinner. Do you think Gunner and Holden can handle cooking?" He asks.

I shudder. "Nick?"

“Oh, Nick would definitely come with us, Bambina,” Roman chuckles.

Nick grins. “We can have a very fun ‘welcome back’ with just us.”

They follow through on that, stealing me right to the bedroom and delivering me right back to heaven. I lose track of who’s touching me, of who’s doing what since every single thing they do is so perfect, so beyond perfection that I need a new word for how my husbands spoil me.

As I lie between them, I catch my breath. “I thought ... I thought it would get less intense with time.”

“Not when you’re involved.” Nick chuckles. “I better make sure the kitchen’s not on fire.”

He heads down, leaving me with Roman. He takes my hand and pulls it to his chest. I smile up at Roman and kiss his chest. “Are you happy, Amore?”

“Thrilled, Sophia,” he assures me. “I’m always happy when I’m with you.”

“Softie,” I tease.

He growls playfully and proves exactly where he’s *not* soft until I’m not sure I’m going to be awake for dinner. After a brief rest, we head down to enjoy dinner. The kids tell us everything about vacation even though we were there.

I’m actually surprised by some of the stories—of when they were with my parents and when they played games at the villa. They’re so bubbly and excited. It’s beautiful to see. It’s perfect, wonderful, everything I’ve ever hoped for.

Bash babbles about enjoying the ocean and Link encourages Bash even more. Link plans for us to all go swimming again, as if he’s the parent here. I can’t help but beam at them. Emma comes over and tugs on my side.

“Hi, princess.” I pick her up and set her on my lap.

“Where did you and daddies go?” She asks softly.

“We had to talk about some things,” I answer, trying not to blush.

“Are we in trouble?”

“Why would you be in trouble?” I ask.

She cups her hand around my ear. “Uncle Hunter said a bad word.”

“What did he say?”

“It starts with F. Grandpa said it’s a bad word when Link said it on the boat. And then we all said it. Are we in trouble?”

I laugh softly and kiss her forehead. “No, Emma. That’s a mean word though. We don’t say that to anyone because it hurts feelings.”

Roman arches his eyebrow. “What word is that?”

“Fuck!” Aria says with a smile. “Grandpa says it’s bad.”

Roman covers his mouth so the kids don’t see him trying to hold back his laughter. I gape. “Yes! It’s a bad word. Just like I said to Emma, it hurts feelings.”

And all my husbands are a mess. They’re all hiding their smiles and laughter. Link looks confused. “It’s a bad word? But actors say it.”

“*You* are not supposed to watch movies from behind the couch after we put you to bed,” I say.

Gunner loses it. He chokes on his drink as he laughs.

“It is not a kid word! You can decide if you want to say it when you’re adults,” I say seriously.

Nick nods. “Yes. Yes. When you’re adults. Until then, we don’t say that word.”

The kids seem to debate that, but Emma looks at me. “Really?”

“It means no ice cream,” I say.

All the kids go quiet and nod in agreement. After dinner, the kids ask when they can get their photos from the camera.

We promise to get them developed tomorrow and after ice cream, even with the sugar rush, our kids are fading.

Bash is fighting sleep and getting cranky from it. Emma and Aria are picking on each other and Link barely has his eyes open. Gunner and Roman decide to put them to bed. Nick stretches. “The time change is going to take some adjusting.”

“We have time,” I remind him. “School’s not in session and none of you have anything to do for at least a week.”

Nick and Holden exchange a look and I point at them. “We can’t just pass our kids off to my parents. We need some *family* fun, too.”

“Of course. But maybe in a few days....” Holden trails off.

“Or tonight,” Nick hints.

“You guys are going to ruin me,” I sigh.

“Is that too much?” Holden asks while rubbing my shoulders. “Do you need some time?”

“With you four? I can’t get enough. You know that.”

Of course, they take full advantage of that. Holden and Gunner exhaust me and we all pile into bed, curled together. I wake up early in the morning. I stretch and get up, unable to sleep. The time difference is definitely going to take some time.

I go to the kitchen and find Gunner there.

He’s working on a full breakfast, complete with sprinkle-waffles. I smile and wrap myself around him. Gunner hums. “Good morning, Sweets.”

“We’re getting up early now, huh?” I ask him.

“Mmm, I think we are. But the kids are still fast asleep.” He sighs. “I’m glad Bash is comfortable getting in the water. I hated seeing him pout while everyone else played in the pool.”

“I know,” I whisper. “Are you going to give him more swimming lessons?”

“Oh yeah. He’s going to be a fish.” Gunner chuckles.

“Such a wonderful dad.” I hum, stroking down his chest and abs. “I love that about you. Love that you don’t wear shirts when you sleep.”

“Sophia, are you coming on to me?” Gunner gasps. “This early in the morning?”

“Are you going to complain?” I purr before kissing his shoulder.

“Maybe I need to hear more about what you love about me,” he teases.

I grin. “I love how playful you are.” Another kiss on his shoulder. “I love how much you make me laugh.” I tug at his boxers. “I love how you wear these little boxers that show everything when you’re hard... and how you like to act out the scenes in the naughty books we read.”

He groans. “Sweets, you’re going to distract me.”

I slide my hand into his boxers and keep working him until he’s hard as he can be. Gunner spins and presses me against the island. He pushes my nighty up as he drops to his knees. “You’re so damn naughty.”

“You love it,” I rasp.

“I’m about to show you how much.”

Gunner pulls my hips forward and buries his face in my pussy. I gasp and hold on to his head as I ride his tongue. He pulls out every trick he knows, driving me absolutely insane until he lifts my legs and lays me back on the island to make me come again.

I cover my mouth as I buck against his mouth. My eyes roll back as heat and ecstasy sweep through me. I squeeze Gunner’s head between my thighs until he pushes them down. He jerks me back to him as he kisses over my belly, his warm mouth sinking through the silky nighty.

It shouldn’t turn me on as much as it does, but I grab his shoulder and kiss him hard, tasting myself on his tongue. I rub myself against the bulge in his boxers before trying to push the fabric down with my toes.

He groans and does it for me before thrusting into me hard. My back arches and Gunner rips my dress, jerking it down to my hips as he licks and kisses across my breasts, focusing on my nipples.

“Gun!”

“I love having you to myself, Sweets.” He bites my shoulder. “There’s nothing like having all of your attention.”

“Fuck, yes. Yes!” I gasp. “I love you.”

“Say it again. Scream it until it wakes the guys up,” Gunner growls.

“Gun!” I jerk him closer. “I love you so much! Faster. Fuck me faster, harder... yes!”

He lets out a low grunt with each thrust, pounding into me. I wrap myself around him and kiss across his face, his neck, while touching his muscular back and feeling every move he makes.

“That feels so good, Sweets.”

“I can’t get enough of you!” I groan. “You feel so good, so thick inside me.”

“You’re perfect, Sophia. So beautiful.”

I whimper and nod before pulling his hand down between us to rub my clit. He pants and kisses me hungrily until the moans take over and I can’t make my mouth work with his. Gunner nips at my bottom lip.

“Come for me, Sophia. Come *now*,” he orders.

I come apart, combusting for him until I see stars. Gunner groans and pants before drawing back. “I want to finish in your mouth, Sweets.”

Gunner helps me get to the floor and bundles my hair in his hands as I wrap my lips around him and suck his cock hard and deep. I take him as far as I can, stretching my mouth so he fills my throat.

“Soph ... yes. Yes, just like that baby,” he gasps.

I bob on his cock, taking him the way we both need until his hold in my hair tightens to the point of pain. I stare up at him, drinking in every cut bit of muscle, the blatant love and lust in his eyes. I love seeing his lips part as he gets close, how he throws his head back, making his neck tighten.

“I. Love. You.” He punctuates each word with a thrust into my throat until he comes.

He fills my throat and holds me in place as I gently lick along his cock. I draw back slowly, sucking gently until his legs shake. I swallow and stand, kissing him softly. “You’re a better breakfast than waffles.”

He chuckles and leans back. “Damn it, Sophie. That’s so good.”

“Just like you.” I rub his hips and snap his boxers back in place. I nibble at his bottom lip and he sighs as I smile at him. “You’re wonderful, and I’m excited to make breakfast with you.”

“I feel like we won’t be able to finish making breakfast,” Gunner says as he has me face the counter. “Especially since once with you is never enough.”

ROMAN

We've been home a week and I'm not sure how it's possible to still feel like we're on vacation. Sophia works with the girls on a puzzle they colored together. Gunner is getting Bash all worked up and ready for swimming lessons.

Nick is taking care of 'something' he hasn't told us about while Holden is working with Link on a video game that Link's been trying to beat for at least a month. I look over at our family and feel my heart warm.

"Roman?" Sophia asks.

"Come on, Daddy! Help us," Aria calls.

There's so much of me in her face, but there's plenty of Sophia too. Sophia walks over to me after whispering something to the girls. She rubs my chest and kisses my temple. "We should take them to the zoo tomorrow. They'll love it."

"Now that we're back on the right schedule, we can spend plenty of time out and about," I agree.

"Now, come help us with the puzzle." She tugs on my wrist and pulls me to the table.

I help the girls, pretending to think that the wrong pieces go in different places. They laugh as they correct me, calling me silly. Emma sits in my lap and shows me how puzzles work, saying they're hard, but it's okay.

I squeeze her gently and kiss the top of her head. “You’re so sweet to me.”

“It’s okay, Daddy. Wanna read tonight?” She asks.

“I’d love to read to you. If you help me with the voices,” I encourage.

She beams up at me. I’m never going to tire of their smiles.

“Why don’t we show Daddies your photos?” Sophia asks once we finish the puzzle.

The kids drag us into the living room as they show us the photos. I notice more than a few of Sophia with us. There’s one of Nick dancing with her on deck. One of Gunner chasing her in the Keys. One of Holden and Sophia staring at each other and smiling. Then one of Sophia kissing me gently.

“I think we should get a photo album for these. What do you guys think?” I ask.

“Yeah!” Our kids cheer.

“And we can put our photos in, too,” Holden suggests.

Sophie gives us all a look and nods. “The best photos, of course.”

We all go out to the corner drugstore and shop for photo albums—just two to win the kids over and then we all go through choosing the best photos once we get back home. Holden helps us print the ones we want from our phones. The kids are ruthless with their own photos and everyone else’s.

“Daddy, Daddy!” Aria pulls out a photo and shows it to us. It has the sparklers from the Keys, but it’s almost all of us smiling. She waves it in front of me. “It’s the bestest one.”

“It might just be,” I agree.

She giggles with us.

We put all the photos together and the kids insist on writing the name of the photographer on the back. Nick looks at the photos for a while and I can see something working in his head.

“Daddy, what are you thinking?” Link asks.

“I think we can turn our left over photos into a work of art. You kids can cut your own photos to show the favorite parts and to make a lot of colors,” Nick says. “Then we can make it up together and put it in the living room.”

Of course, that starts a lot of crafting. As they craft, I nudge Nick. “What’s the project you’re keeping secret?”

He glances at Sophia and grins. “We’re going to have a place to have plenty of fun without worrying about how loud our wife is.”

I arch an eyebrow at him. “Are you taking all ideas?”

“I just set up the soundproofing. The décor is still up for debate,” he says with a wicked smile.

Sophia looks between us and narrows her eyes before one of our kids asks for her help since their safety scissors won’t cut properly. We craft with them, play games, then I read to the girls while Sophia reads to our sons.

I take her hand and she looks at how our fingers interlock. “Where are you taking me, Amore?”

“We’re going to do a movie night,” I say.

“Even though we have Link sneaking out to listen along?” She asks.

“It can be PG-13 and still be fun,” I pull her flush against me. “I think Holden and Gunner also want to weigh in about the secret room being built.”

Her face floods with heat and she opens and closes her mouth like a fish. “Nick wasn’t supposed to say anything until things were moving forward.”

“So much for being against secrets.” I lightly swat her ass.

She jumps and her eyes dilate. “Don’t you start this on a movie night. You know we can’t go at it in the living room anymore.”

“There are ways. We just have to be clever and keep *you* quiet,” I say.

“As if you four aren’t loud when you throw restraint to the side,” she grumbles.

I let her change into her comfiest pajamas, which happens to be one of my shirts and a pair of Holden’s pants. She sits with us on the couch as we go through movies.

“I think we need specific things for Sophie to wear,” Gunner says casually, out of the blue.

“What?” Hold asks.

“In that secret room. We both know how good our wife looks in black,” he says while eying her hungrily.

“Hey, there is a potential for little ears and-”

“I already told her we’re putting all our toys in there,” Nick comments anyway. “And any others we decide to surprise her with.”

“Don’t tempt me to spend hundreds on her.” Gunner smirks.

“At least a few restraint options as well. For Gunner too.” Holden chuckles.

Sophia adjusts and grumbles something about us needing to be punished. I kiss her neck. “What do you want, Bambina?”

“I want this conversation to wait until our children are out at their events,” she huffs. “Can’t we have a wholesome night with cuddling, snacks, gentle kisses, laughing at some movie we shouldn’t enjoy as much as we do.”

“You want to camp out in the living room, don’t you?” Nick asks.

“Not with tents...but maybe,” she says. “I think it could be fun. And I could remind you four to get your heads out of the gutter!”

“Oh, we just can’t help it with you, baby,” Holden growls, crawling towards her and kissing her. “You ruin all our self-control.”

“I think I told you at some point that we’d never get enough of you, Sweets,” Gunner agrees. “Did you think that meant while we were dating? While we were on vacation?”

“No, I just..”

“It doesn’t matter if we’re newlyweds, if we have four children and are on vacation, or ten years in the future, we’re going to want you and love you as much as we have since the day you flipped our world upside down by walking into our lives,” Nick insists.

Sophia looks at me, and I nod. “We have plenty of ways to love you, Bambina. We can be soft and cuddly, rough and intense, but you can never expect us not to think about pleasing you constantly.”

She blushes. “You four... It’s a miracle our kids didn’t learn the F word from how you guys whisper in my ear and tease me constantly.”

“Well, you have four of us to take care of,” Gunner says, stretching his arms over his head as if he’s innocent. He knows showing off a sliver of his abs is a near instant turn on for Sophia. “That means we all end up impatient at some point, Sweets.”

“Terrible,” she points at him.

“Mommy, I can’t sleep with all the talking,” Link grumbles. “How come you guys get to stay up and have fun?”

“It’s the perks of being an adult,” Gunner dismisses easily. “But you’ve heard how my back cracks sometimes, so ...”

Link laughs. “You’re old.”

Gunner gapes. “Well, now I’m going to put you back in bed.”

Sophia laughs brightly. Somehow, my plans to see how much we can get away with end up ruined. All our kids join us and we put on a movie that Sophia loves and wants to introduce the kids to. They groan at the kissing scenes—all two of them—and say it’s gross, especially when it means she has to kiss each of us over-eager husbands.

As the kids nod off, cuddled together or cuddled with us, I look over the family we've made. Sophia strokes through Link's hair and kisses Gunner softly, saying something that makes him beam without a trace of lust. Holden is half asleep with Emma and Aria using his legs as pillows. Nick is trying not to yawn while Bash does the same.

This is more than I ever knew to want. My best friends, our children, and the love of my life all in one place. All of us a family.

I know things might get difficult in the future, with the kids going off to school, the potential for life to get in the way, like it always tries to, and our eventual move to Italy shaking things up, but right now, this exact soft moment ... it's perfect.

Sophia looks over at me and mouths, "I love you". I grin and send her the same message while stretching out on the couch and offering an obvious invitation.

She wiggles away from Link without waking him and cuddles with me on the couch. I kiss her forehead. "I love you, Bambina. Our life. Our children. The guys. Love everything we've made as a family."

"Don't you make me cry, Mr. Agosti."

I chuckle and stroke through her hair. "I promise to always make you smile twice as much as you cry—happy tears included."

"I think it's impossible for me to be happier than with our family," she says.

I cup her cheek and deliver soft kisses. We have the exact night she wanted, sweet and innocent, falling asleep to the next movie that plays.

Waking up is entirely different. The kids want to do everything. Somehow, they found out about our plan for the zoo and that's the only topic they're willing to discuss. As everyone races around getting ready, Sophia keeps things moving. I wonder about the future again.

Eventually, our kids are going to figure out that our family is different. They'll have to deal with the questions from

others. When our kids bring home dates, there will be plenty of confusion, probably rumors, but at least no one will say they don't have the most devoted and loving dads in the world.

We'll fill every photo album. We'll make memories that the kids will hold on to even without pictures, and, when they eventually head off to college and start on their own, they'll know that we're always here for them.

Although ...

I watch as Sophia changes her clothes quickly, her graceful movements capturing our attention. I notice that Holden and Nick pause to watch her while Gunner boldly and unapologetically enjoys the view from the bed. A smirk plays on my lips as I think about the day when the kids move out, leaving us more time alone with Sophia.

She rolls her eyes playfully. "Really, guys?"

"There will never be a time I don't want to see you naked," Gunner growls.

Holden chuckles. "It's hard enough not to touch."

Nick winks at her with a mischievous smile as she bends over. "We can't help but look. Unless you're trying to tempt me into a passionate spanking session."

Our wife looks at me, her eyes seeking my thoughts. I smile warmly, playfully teasing, "You might want to get dressed before I ask your parents to watch the kids so we can explore the new room together."

She blushes, a joyful giggle escaping from her lips. "I love you all more than words can express."

Together, as a family, we continue to create our own enchanting story. With our wife's determination, there's no doubt we'll cherish every moment in our own beautiful version of 'happily ever after'.

If you enjoyed this book, you will LOVE [Bound by Daddy's 4 Dirty Friends](#)