



# Baked

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**Category:** Erotic, Romance, Dark, Horror

**Description:** Brownies anyone?

This is a dark romance book with horror. Please check triggers prior to reading.

**Total Pages (Source):** 45

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: May 21, 2025, 6:32 am*

## THE NIGHT IT ALL BEGAN

### HAZE

“Oh, shit.” The sound of the overwhelmingly intense bass thumping could be heard down the street as I pulled up to the curb and parked my car the best I could. “Damn, these fucking people sure know how to party.” Shouting and cheering grew as lights flashed from the enormous sorority house in the middle of Greek Street, as people flocked from all directions to it. My nerves seemed to have gotten the better of me, my usual habit kicking in as I lit the tip of my blunt and inhaled deeply. My throat and lungs were immediately filled with earthy smoke. A little too much so.

There it is. It slowly hit me.

“Fuck,” I coughed, smoke filling the car as I took another hit. I watched countless college students rush in the direction of the sorority home, nearly tripping over the curb. I coughed a laugh, nearly choking. “Fuck dude.” I wiped my eyes with a grin and grabbed my leather jacket, tucking a rolled blunt from my pocket behind my ear. Always had to make sure I had a second handy.

Here we go.

I was already feeling more at ease as I stepped out of the car, taking one last hit before tossing the blunt down on the pavement and snuffing it out with my boot. A group of people ran by, their hands preoccupied with spilling red solo cups as they rushed towards the same home. I brushed my black hair back and shadowed them, my nerves completely eased and relaxed. Normally, I didn’t like large crowds or going to

parties, but I had to suck it up. I wasn't here for me. And thanks to that blunt, I was starting to feel higher than a fucking kite.

God, I love weed. Without it, I don't think I'd even leave my room, let alone be here.

The music was so deafening, shaking the ground and only getting louder as I approached the house. People were partying in every direction, spilling out from the house and into the front yard, drunken students tripping over each other, one even passed out in the bushes. I had to force my way through the crowd, struggling to move thanks to my wide shoulders and frame. Despite being the age of most of the people here, I felt like a giant towering over them as I stepped into the sorority home, instantly hit with a thick cloud of smoke that smacked me in the face.

"Well, that's a pleasant fucking surprise." I chuckled, taking a large whiff, welcoming the earthy courage as it settled in my lungs.

"Haze!" My head spun to see her running down the grand stairs towards me, nearly spilling her red cup as she smiled at me. "Oh my gosh, you fucking made it!" I couldn't help but grin, cheesing like a kid to see her. "Ah!" Indigo slammed into me, knocking me back as I stumbled and tried to hold her. She just squealed and smiled, beaming to see me, her vibrant green eyes sparkling up at me. Indi had always been attractive, but seeing her blossom into this vixen before me had been a challenge. It was hard not to notice, even if I was just her brother.

"Well, hello to you too, Indi." I hugged her back. I could tell she had been drinking for a bit, the smell of cheap alcohol and booze seeping from her small frame. But I was just happy to see her. A small group of women joined her, their eyes all ogling me as they looked back between us.

"You guys, this is my brother, Haze!" Indi spun to face them, flicking her long black hair back as she gently patted my cheek. The women all shyly said hi. "See? Didn't I

tell you?” Indigo grabbed my face playfully, squeezing it as she spoke in a baby voice. “Isn’t he just the cutest little thing you’ve ever seen?”

One of the women grinned. “Nothing little from what I see.” She eyed my crotch and bit the edge of her cup. Her dark eyes contrasted with her long, vibrant red hair, and pale skin. Seeing her watch me in such a way didn’t exactly help my sudden erection, which I could feel becoming more noticeable each second. I tried to hide the size of my dick, tucked tightly along my leg thanks to my tight jeans.

“Easy, Indi.” I laughed, carefully removing her hand and repositioning myself. She swayed with the pulsating beat that ruptured through the house, giggling and bobbing her head. I wasn’t sure if she was just drunk, or high from the constant smell of weed, or maybe even both, but she was definitely messed up. And now grabbing another cup from one of her friends.

“Hey.” I took the cup from her grasp. “Don’t you think you’ve had enough?” She eyed me, those emerald eyes burning into mine.

Her hand slapped mine, taking the cup back. “Relax! You need to learn to chill and just let go!” Her entire demeanor was one I hadn’t really seen before, least not since we fucked around in high school many years back, sneaking out to parties and finding ourselves getting high in the back of trailers with people twice our age, getting trailer park tattoos and driving around blaring music at three in the morning. Those were the days. My eyebrow flicked as I watched her, forgetting she was my sister for a hot minute. Indi tossed the drink back with little remorse, challenging me. The women all followed suit, taking drinks and cheering. “Oh my gosh, how rude of me! Haze, these are my sorority sisters, Ginger, Ash, and Mary-Jane.” The three women waved their fingers at me with eager smiles.

“Ladies.” I smiled with a silly wave. Man, this was awkward. “How’s everyone’s night going?” The women all giggled to themselves. It was fun watching them squirm

and behave so bashfully around me.

Mary-Jane stepped forward, her long nails twirling a strand of her red hair as she eyed me closely. “You two don’t really look like brother and sister!”

“I know, right? Everyone says Indi is the pretty one, but I don’t know, I feel like I’m pretty cute!” I shouted over the loud music.

“Haze!” Indi whacked me again as we both laughed.

“Ah, I’m just playing! We all know you got the looks. Yeah, we’re brother and sister. Twins actually! But I’m older.” I winked, watching her cheeks blush.

“Do you go here?” Ginger asked over the loud noise. “Indi doesn’t like to share much about her brother—you’re like this giant mystery she keeps just for herself!”

“Oh, fuck off, Ginger!” Indi laughed. She moved closer, rubbing my arm. “I’m just protective of my big brother!” She made puppy dog eyes at me, quivering her lip. Something inside sparked as I watched her.

“Well?” Ash pressed. “Do you attend here too? ‘Cause I don’t think I’ve ever seen you.”

“Oh no, we’d remember him.” Mary-Jane’s lips curled as she watched me.

“Nah, I go to culinary school a few towns over!”

“Oooo!” The three friends exchanged a look.

“So you cook?” Ash asked.

I nodded my head. “I prefer baking.” Truthfully, my own college experience hadn’t exactly been the best, so I decided to come see Indi and take the weekend to just escape. She told me about this party and swore it was exactly what the doctor ordered. The added plus was seeing her. We hadn’t really seen one another in a very long time, thanks to my social anxiety.

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“Mmm, who doesn’t love a man that can cook!” Mary-Jane licked her lips.

Bake. It was clear she was enticed by me, and normally I’d be all for fucking around. But not here. And not with one of Indi’s friends.

The music shifted as people began to cheer and rush to the main room, shoving past us. “Oh my god!” Indi shouted, smacking my chest. “You guys! It’s our song!” The four women screamed and squealed. “Let’s go!” She tugged my arm.

“I’m good. You guys have fun. I think I’m just going to?—”

“No!” Indi pointed her finger in my face. “You need a break and what better way to chill than to get shit faced drunk and dance the night away. Haze, you have to join us! Come on!” Indi snatched my hand as the women surrounded me, corralling me to the dance floor. They forced their way to the center of the dark room, surrounding me, lights strobing as the music shook my eardrums. The smell of weed choked me out as it replaced the air of the room, red cups and bodies moving in all directions.

“Here!” Indi shoved a cup against my chest, spilling the dark beer.

“Fuck, my bad!” She laughed, trying to drunkenly clean it up.

“I got it!” I shouted, sniffing the drink. Fuck, it stank. “What is this?”

“Just drink it!” She smiled, her face drenched in red and green light.

“I don’t know, Indi! I need to be able to drive home!” Fuck, I sounded old.

“No!” She smacked my arm. “You’re staying here with me tonight! Now, drink!” She pushed the cup to my mouth as I shook my head and began to down the beer.

“God damn, this shit is nasty!” I coughed, finishing the drink.

“Who cares! You don’t drink it for the taste! Now, sit back and lose yourself in the music!” Indi began to dance, her friends suddenly lost in the crowded room as everyone moved to the controlling bass. I looked around, feeling lightheaded and tingly. I didn’t dance, nor did I prefer to party. But Indi was so persistent. She was beaming, moving in ways I had never seen her do before. It was intoxicating, watching her hips rock as her breasts, barely covered by her cropped t-shirt, bounced. She had no care in the world. Moving in such a way, I once again forgot she was my sister.

I gradually drank another cupful of beer, followed by a second and third, eventually losing count as I danced alongside Indi, doing exactly as she said, and lost myself in the music. My inhibitions dissolved, the weed and alcohol seizing my nerves as I somehow ended up closer to Indi, wanting to feel her move against me. Our bodies pressed together as she whipped her head over her shoulder to look back at me. I expected her to shove me away, but instead she only smiled, those green eyes sparkling as she leaned back into me and surrendered herself to the music. My hands gripped her waist, controlling her hips as we moved together, grinding against each other. Instinctively, my face buried into her long black hair, inhaling her scent as I nestled close and let go. Her comforting scent was buried beneath the beer and weed, but it was there, pulling me deeper, as her arms shot back and grabbed my neck. We danced, uncaring of what we were doing, too fucking lost to care.

Indi and I danced together for some time, drinking at least three or four more cups of that rank ass beer. Eventually, we stopped even noticing what we drank, consuming whatever was handed to us, taking a few rounds of shots throughout and just living. Indi’s friends eventually found their way back to us, the three women joining as we



all moved together, consumed by the never ending beat.

Damn, if this is how all her sorority parties are, I'll be here every fucking weekend.

The music changed, shifting, as Indi leaned forward, pressing her ass against my dick as she began to shake it, rubbing against me in ways no woman should unless they wanted to make a man hard. I had to bite my lip to control my moans. Deep down, I knew what we were doing was wrong, but I was too far gone to care. And as long as Indi was okay, then why should I be bothered? We were only dancing. What's the harm in that?

The beat intensified and grew, causing us to move faster, Indi's ass rubbing against my cock as if she liked what she felt. She stuck her tongue out, whipping her hair around as she pushed roughly into me, looking back at me. Her face told me she knew exactly what she was doing. And she fucking liked it.

My restraints and hesitations disappeared as I gripped her hips, digging deep into her bare skin and thrusting against her, pressing my hardening dick against her ass. Her mouth gaped open, and despite the loud music, I knew she had moaned.

What the fuck is happening?

Indi rose, turning to face me when her drunk friend Mary-Jane nearly tripped, bumping into us. Indi stumbled back, her friend now standing in front of me, pretending it was an accident as she apologized. "So sorry! How clumsy of me!" My eyes shot past her to Indi. Tossing her hair back, she turned and began to dance with some random dude.

"So, you two really are twins!" Mary-Jane pointed at me, biting the tip of her long nail. I looked past her and stared straight ahead at my sister, now grinding against some frat boy who probably thought he was going to score. It pissed me off to see her

dancing like that with him. She was my sister. My Indi. “So weird. You know, I kind of see it! The dark hair and eyes—You two look so much alike, but yet you’re so different!” I looked at Mary-Jane, her obvious try to get laid, killing my buzz. “So, I was?—”

“Hey!” My head snapped up to see Indi slap the man across the face. And all I saw was red.

I shoved Mary-Jane aside and rushed the dude, swinging my fist as it met his face, knocking him to the ground. “Haze, don’t! It’s fine!”

“What did he do, Indi?” I shouted. She blinked, shocked by my temper. “Tell me!”

“I didn’t do shit, man!” The guy on the floor spit, blood staining his mouth as he stood. “Just some dumb bitch playing games. Fuck.”

“The fuck did you call her?” I charged the man, but Indi stepped between us, trying to stop me.

“Hey! Calm down!” I was fuming, itching to put this man in his place. “Hey, hey!” Indi gripped my face, forcing me to look down at her, our eyes meeting. “It’s not worth it. He’s not worth it.”

“You’re not worth it.” The man laughed as the surrounding crowd watched, the music still playing as he eyed Indi. “Slut.”

Something in me snapped.

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“Nah, you’re right, Indi.” I smiled. “He’s not worth it.”

But you are.

Indi nodded, turning to walk away when I swung a second time, my fist slamming into his cheek as he fell to the ground. The crowd gasped as Indi shouted for me to stop. I kicked the man’s side, slamming my boot into his ribs over and over, seeing red. “Say it again!” I shouted. “Say it!”

“Haze stop!” Indi grabbed my arm, trying to pull me back.

“Say it again!” The man tried to protect himself, cradled into his own body.

“Haze!” Indi stepped in front of me, shoving me away from him. “Stop!” She forced me back as I watched him sit there, weak and pathetic on the floor.

“That’s right. Stay down fucker!”

“Hey!” Indi snapped. “Knock it off!”

“What the hell is your problem!” the man groaned, stumbling to his feet. His cheek was swollen and red, changing colors from my punch. He coughed and grabbed his side, hunching over in pain.

“My god, I am so sorry!” Indi tried to help him stand, but he swatted her away.

My fists tightened as my muscles bulged, my feet moving towards him when Indi

stopped me. “No! Enough.” The man eyed me, his friends helping him from the room as everyone returned to dancing like nothing happened.

“What the hell was that?” Ginger asked, bringing Indi a fresh cup.

“Yeah, what happened?” Ash asked, half consumed by the music, too lost to really care.

“It was nothing!” Indi shouted, taking a drink. “Just Haze being a protective older brother, that’s all!”

“How sweet!” The two screamed together, dancing to the music.

Indi watched me, her eyes barely visible over the cup as she drank it. Something in her gaze told me that secretly, she liked what I had just done. She liked watching me beat that man for her. And knowing this made me grin, even if my knuckles did sting.

“There you are!” Mary-Jane threw herself at me, wrapping her arms around my neck. “What happened? You just left me all alone!” My eyes remained on Indi, standing there, watching me back. “Oh my gosh!” Mary-Jane lifted my hand, seeing my sore knuckles. They were slightly swollen, tender to the touch. “Indi! Look!” She tugged me towards Indi, shoving my hand in her face. “Your brother is hurt! I should take care of him.” She batted her eyes, rubbing her fingers around my hand.

I looked at Indi, my face noticeably uncomfortable as I silently mouth the words: help me. She tried to not laugh, taking my hand from Mary-Jane. “I got it. You dance!” Mary-Jane huffed, tossing her long red hair over her shoulder and joining the others. “Damn.” Indi peered closer to my hand. “Let’s get you some ice.”

She carefully grabbed my hand and guided me through the crowded house to the kitchen, forcing her way through. My eyes couldn’t help themselves, falling down

south as I watched her walk. I didn't know what was wrong with me, but I was completely hooked on her. And knowing how wrong it was only made it feel that much more right in my head.

My mind raced, half buzzed and the other high as I watched her open the freezer. She was dressed in one of the most revealing things I had ever seen her in, that tiny ass skirt and her cropped shirt leaving little to my imagination. It took me back, seeing my sister dressed in such an enticing and sexual way. My curiosity got the better of me as she bent down, searching the freezer, her ass barely covered by the tiny jean skirt she was wearing.

Fuck, Haze. That's your sister. Knock that shit off.

I shook my head as she stepped back, bringing me a small plastic bag of ice. My dick began to ache as I tried to ignore it, hoping she didn't notice. Indi grabbed my hand, her fingers grazing my thigh ever so lightly as she took me into her grasp. I nearly choked on a growl. My body burned, reacting in ways I never expected, conflicted and fighting itself to remain calm. She held my hand up, placing the bag of ice along my knuckles.

"Fuck," I moaned lightly from the pain. Her eyes shot to me, sparkling as she pressed harder with a smile. I grunted, jolting at the pain she was inflicting in more ways than one. "Knock it off, Indi. That hurts," I growled again.

"Oh yeah? Or what?" She laughed. "You going to beat me too?" She playfully raised a brow. "Your poor, defenseless little sister?"

Fuck, what is she doing to me? I felt tormented.

"No," I whispered. My jaw clenched as I tried to restrain myself.

“Good. Now suck it up and be a big boy.” Indi pressed the ice against my knuckles, replacing her hand with my free one. She popped onto the kitchen counter, her tits nearly bursting from her cropped shirt while she crossed her legs. “So.” She pulled a cigarette from the tiny pocket of her jean miniskirt, placing it between her lips. “Light?”

I pulled the lighter from my pocket as she leaned forward, uncrossing her legs with her eyes heavily on me. I lit the cigarette, watching as she slowly pulled back, inhaling deeply before blowing a cloud of smoke into my face.

“Damn, Indi.” I waved the cloud away, trying not to inhale it. “Don’t you know those things are bad for you?”

“Bad, but so good, like lots of things.” I made a face as Indi sighed. “Yeah, well, it’s the best I got.” She looked around, finding a random cup, sniffing the contents before taking a huge drink. “Oh my god—” She spat the drink out. “That’s the worst fucking vodka I’d ever tasted!”

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“No way,” I teased her. “You’re just trashed.”

“Oh really? Then why don’t you try it, Mr. Hotshot!” She shoved the cup against my chest. “Well, go on! Drink!”

I couldn’t help but to laugh, taking a small sip. My smile fell immediately. “Indi?” I looked down at the cup, quickly pouring it down the drain.

“What’s wrong?” she asked, surprised by my reaction.

I rushed back to her. “Did you swallow any?”

“Now that’s a bit inappropriate for you to ask.” She smoked the cigarette with a laugh.

“I mean it. How much did you actually drink? Indi? That shit was roofied.” Her body stiffened.

“Oh fuck.” She lowered the cigarette. “For real?”

“Did you drink any?” I sternly asked again.

“I-I mean a little, but I think I spit most of it out.” I made a face. “Oh, chill out, Haze. There’s no way that was enough to do anything but give me a damn headache, which you’re doing right now.” She rolled her eyes, smoking the cigarette, dissociating from the moment. I stood there, trying to understand what must be going through her head, but I was too fucked up to really process anything.

“I’m really glad you came tonight, Haze. Things haven’t exactly been easy here. You know, college, grades, life and shit.” She blew another cloud of smoke. “It’s been hard. And I haven’t seen you since last year.” Her reddened eyes seemed to tear up. “Got some girl down at culinary school keeping you all to herself you don’t want us to meet?” Her smile returned, easing me.

“Nah.” I stepped closer, tossing the ice onto the counter before I tipped her chin up to me. “You know me. I just don’t like being around people.”

“Not even me?” Her whispered question stung. “I’ve missed you, Haze. And I don’t like it when you shut me out.”

“I’m not shutting you out, Indigo.” She sniffled, blowing smoke in my face. “But I’m going to take that away if you don’t stop doing that.” Her eyes stared straight into mine, her green irises identical to my own. Probably the only thing identical about us aside from our pitch-black hair.

She wrapped her plump lips around the cigarette butt, the tip burning bright as she inhaled deeply, gripped my face, and blew straight into my mouth. I instantly coughed as the hot smoke traveled down and into my lungs.

“Indigo,” I snarled.

“Listen here, Haze Osvaldo. I don’t care if you don’t like people or socializing. I’m not people. I’m your sister. Your twin. You don’t get to not like me.” Her foot raised and met my chest. “Understand?” I nearly lost my breath at the sight of her. Indigo gently kicked me back away from her.

“I’m here now, aren’t I?”

“For how long? You going to sneak out at some point in the night and go back to



your apartment until the next holiday, calling to say ‘sorry I can’t make it?’” She sounded hurt, which made me hate myself because I knew it was my fault.

“Hey.” I stepped closer. She tried to push me back with her legs, but I forcefully pushed them aside and grabbed her thighs, standing firmly between them. I could feel her muscles tightening, pulling me closer. It was a fucking turn on. “I’m not going anywhere. If you want me to stay, I’ll stay. You know I’d do anything for you, Indi.” She stared at me, pressing that damn cigarette to her mouth, taking another mouthful of smoke and blowing it in my face.

My scuffed hand snatched her neck, watching as her mouth gaped ever so lightly, her head tilting back. “What did I say about doing that?” I leaned in real close, plucking the cigarette from her fingers. “Enough.” And I swear, for a brief second, she fucking smiled.

As I released Indi’s throat, I leaned across her body and tossed the cigarette into a nearby cup. I was close enough to hear her heart beating rapidly.

“Oh, looky here.” Her fingers grazed my ear, tucking my hair back as she took the rolled joint I had stashed. “Someone really did come to party.”

“That’s mine,” I growled, putting it back.

“What? Can’t share? Not even with your own sister?” She made a pouty face. “Tell you what, let’s go somewhere private and enjoy this together.” Her eyes hit mine. “Just you and me.” My dick ached at her words.

“What did you have in mind?”

Indi’s smile beamed. “Follow me.”

She popped off the counter, nearly smacking into me, and took my hand. Indi guided me through the crowded house. We pushed past countless people, each more drunk or high than the last until we reached the foot of the stairs.

“There you are!” Mary-Jane suddenly appeared, attaching herself to my jacket. “I’ve been looking all over for you!” Her long fingernail poked the tip of my nose.

“Back off Mary-Jane. Haze has a girlfriend. Plus, he’s never really been into redheads.”

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Oh, protective.

Mary-Jane's face dropped at Indi's words. "What the fuck is your problem? And where are you two going?"

"To spend some much needed time together. Now, fuck off!" Indi rushed up the stairs, dragging me behind.

We continued weaving through the enormous house, coming to what I assumed was her bedroom. She swung the door open to find Ginger and Ash making out on her bed, halfway undressed.

"Oh shit!"

"Hey guys!" Ginger waved, smiling as Ash kissed her neck. "Don't be shy, come on in. Join us!"

"Yeah, join us! We're just getting started." Ash breathed through intense kisses while Ginger moaned faintly.

"Not this time." Indi winked, shutting the door. She turned to look at me. "Well, it looks like my room is preoccupied."

"We can always just head back to my ca—" Her finger stopped my words.

"The attic." Her eyes sparkled.

“The attic?”

“Yes!” Indi grabbed my hand, running down the hall as we approached the attic entrance. The simple, foldable wooden steps were down as if someone had already climbed them, a green light seeping from the square cutout in the roof. She turned to look at me, grinning over her shoulder. “Follow me.”

I watched, forcing my eyes from her backside, realizing she was wearing a vibrant red thong. I had to adjust myself, way too excited by the image now burned into my brain. “Hey, Indi!” I called out, keeping my eyes low as she stepped from the ladder into the attic. “I don’t think smoking in an old attic is exactly the greatest idea. Could be fucking spiders up there.” I shivered at the thought.

“Don’t be such a pussy, Haze!” Her voice fell down to me, her footsteps pacing around as they echoed through the ceiling. “Just get up here!”

Fuck, okay.

I did as she said, climbing the wooden ladder. It squeaked and creaked as my weight ascended, making me a little nervous as I questioned its durability.

I better not fucking break this thing. Or see a fucking spider.

My eyes widened at the unexpected sight before me as my head poked into the attic space, realizing it was anything but old and dusty.

“See?” Indi flicked her eyebrow at my reaction and I climbed to my feet. “This”—she motioned around the green lit room— “is anything but your average attic.”

The room was drenched in green from the neon light, a large hemp leaf with the words High Life beneath it. Multi-colored string lights were strung across the wood

planked walls, the music from downstairs pulsing through the room as it shook. A classic pool table sat in the middle of the large attic space directly under the vaulted ceiling and random couches and chairs were scattered about as if this was a commonly used party space.

“What the fuck.”

“Told you.” Indi smiled. “Not your average attic.” She got on her knees, pulling the ladder up, tucking the string handle inside the attic. “There. Now no one can bother us up here.”

I’d be lying if I said I didn’t like the sound of that.

“What the hell even is all this?” I asked, stepping towards the large, single window that looked out into the backyard, filled with people dancing, drinking, and smoking. The party was in full swing, spilling from the house out into the yard and street past it.

“This is where we come to party, smoke, or you know...chill out.” She winked at me. “Nothing too crazy.”

“Thisiscrazy.” And fucking impressive. “You come up here often?” I looked at Indi, watching her closely as she slowly stepped in my direction. I could tell she was plastered and high from the hot boxed house, just as I was, but I didn’t care. I was too fucking enticed by her. And as much as it should have, the thought of watching her in such a way didn’t make me sick. It made me hungry. For her. “How many people have you brought up here, Indigo?”

“Shhhh. Let’s not talk about that right now, Let’s just”—she pushed me against the side of the pool table and grabbed the joint—“chill.” Indi placed the joint between her lips, her arms on either side of me, looking up into my eyes. She had this immense

look of starvation swirling within her irises, a look that said she was just as lost as me. A look that told me there were no more lines left to cross. They were blurred, wiped clean from our minds, just like any restraints I had holding me back.

“Light me up, Haze.” Indi bent over with her ass raised high and her arms tucked between her legs, pressing her breasts together with the blunt firmly placed between her luscious red lips. My dick profusely ached as my jeans got tighter.

Oh fuck. I’m going to hell.

The lighter clicked, and I lit the end of the blunt while the two of us looked at one another, the flame reflecting in her reddened and glossy green eyes. For a moment, I swear she was purposely toying with me. Seeing just how far she could push me before I snapped. It was a dangerous game, one I wasn’t sure she was ready for.

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Indi slowly sat up, inhaling deeply before blowing a fresh cloud into my face. “Damn.” She pulled the joint from her mouth, the end stained by her bright red lipstick. “You always did know how to roll better than me.” Her light laughter filled my ears. I caught myself enjoying the view of her way too much, forcing my hungry eyes away.

Get your shit together, Haze. This is wrong. All of it.

“Don’t you dare turn away.” Indi snatched my face, forcing me to look down at her while she placed the blunt along my lip. “Now, let yourself slip away.” Her nail scraped my jawline, her intoxicating smile beaming as she took a step back and tossed her hair over her shoulder.

The smoke filled my mouth, the earthy smell sticking to the lining of my lungs as I took it all in. It clouded my vision, slightly burning my eyes. I was so focused on her, listening to the music beneath our feet and floating in the moment. “Tell me.” I gripped the blunt with my fingers, offering it back to her. “Why didn’t you like your friend hitting on me? You know, the one with the bright red hair?” I slightly choked on the smoke, coughing into my fist.

Indi gently took the blunt, taking another hit. “Mary-Jane isn’t right for you. Trust me.” Her eyebrows raised as she formed the last few words.

“Oh yeah?” My hand picked the blunt from her. “And you know what’s right for me?” I took another deep breath, purposely blowing the excess smoke into her face.

Indi cocked her head, making a face. “You’re my brother, Haze.” She gripped the

buckle of my belt, yanking me closer, our faces maybe an inch from one another. Her free hand plucked the blunt from my mouth, taking an extra long hit. She pulled me closer, our foreheads knocking as she squeezed my chin, forcing my mouth open before blowing smoke directly into it like she did earlier tonight. Only this time, she was so fucking close. “I don’t like sharing you, Haze.” Her whispered words trailed behind the hot smoke. I could almost taste them, desperately finding myself wanting more—needing more.

My body was reacting, fighting back to her every move and breath. The way my brain was working, the twisted thoughts that were haunting me, telling me what to do to her, they were all wrong. So fucking wrong.

“You need to be careful, Indi,” I growled. My hands gripped the edge of the pool table, my knuckles turning white as I squeezed it, fighting back my urges.

“Or what, Haze?” Indi stared up at me, our noses merely touching now. We were so lost, the drugs and alcohol coursing through our veins, controlling our inhibitions.

“Indigo,” I growled as she placed her hands on either side of me.

“I don’t know why, but I need you Haze.” Her words were the whispered begs every man prayed to hear.

No. Fuck. My body desperately needed her too.

“Don’t you love me, Haze? Or have you forgotten your feelings for me the same as you’ve forgotten to come home?” Indi leaned her head back and gazed straight into my soul.

“I could never forget you, Indi.” My jaw tightened. “And you know I love you.” My thoughts were wicked beyond belief, consumed by the idea of the things I could do to



her and nothing else.

“Then fucking show me.” She blew another cloud of smoke into my face.

Fuck it.

My hand grabbed the joint, quietly putting it out on the pool table before straightening my back. She watched me, cautious as to what I was about to do, my frame leering over hers while I removed my leather jacket. “I warned you.” I swear her eyes flickered at my words.

I snatched her face, purposely squeezing her hard before kissing her like it was the very thing I needed to survive. I expected her to fight me, to resist this sick thing happening between us, but she only melted into me, kissing me back as if she wanted this more than me.

Indi ripped my shirt from my body before her hands quickly removed my belt, whipping it from my jeans. I lost myself completely, ripping her tiny cropped tee down the middle, nestling my face between her full, bare breasts. I had never seen them before, but they were absolutely delicious. Her smell wrapped around my nostrils as I ran my tongue up her neck and listened to the desperate moan that fell from her lips. I had no time to play around. I wanted her. Now.

My hands gripped her ass and lifted her body in one swift motion. Her legs wrapped around my bare waist, pulling her body close against mine as we kissed, our tongues swirling together. I could feel her spine straighten and arch, purposely pressing her breasts into me, her nipples now hard as they slid along my bare skin. She liked what I was doing, and I fucking liked doing it.

“Haze,” she moaned my name back into me, lightly grinding against my body.

“Indi,” I breathed back. Her replied moans broke me.

Our bodies spun as I sat her on the edge of the pool table, forcing her legs wide. My hands trailed up her thighs, watching her body squirm and react as her head dropped back, enjoying my touch. My fingers trailed higher, grazing over her wet folds, picking up the material of her tiny red thong as I popped it against her pussy. She jolted and cried out, making my dick drip with excitement. I leaned over her body, pressing my bulge against her pussy as I kissed her neck, taking my time before my tongue met her ear. “Do you want me to stop?” I asked, the last bit of my sanity waiting for her response.

Indi’s eyes met mine. “Don’t you fucking dare.” She unbuttoned her jean skirt, eyes locked on me. “Take it off, and show me how you love me, Haze. I need to know.”

My mouth slammed into hers, the two of us groaning as we moved against each other, desperately wanting to feel more of the other. I quickly removed her skirt, dragging that dainty thong from her body. I had to stop and admire her toned body with curves in all the right places and various tattoos inked into her flesh. I couldn’t help but to salivate looking at her perfectly on display, her legs spread wide as she dripped just for me. Like a full fucking meal.

“Fuck,” I moaned, removing the rest of my clothes. I stood bare and fully exposed before her. The room was spinning as the colors of the lights and sound of the music below melted together and left us in this dreamy haze. I grasped my shaft, running the pressure of my hand down to the tip, watching it drip for her. Her eyes nearly sparkled at the sight of it.

I wasted no time stepping back between her legs. “I don’t like sharing you either,” I growled, pushing the tip against her wet body, using my hand to rub the tip against her swollen clit. Indi jolted. “I never have.” As the words left my mouth, I shoved myself deep inside her tight cunt, giving her no time to react before shoving her back

onto the pool table.

My hand gripped her neck as I drove my dick into her body and fucked her senselessly. Something came over me, driving this animalistic need to pound into her, watching her take me so fucking good. I needed to feel her slide up and down my swollen shaft, to see her wetness coat my skin as I moved with the beat of the music below. Indi moaned, holding my arm as she let me fuck her, taking me like such a good fucking girl.

“Oh Indi,” I grunted. “You’re so fucking wet.”

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Her back arched as her pussy clenched tightly around me. “I’ve dreamed of this,” she breathed. Her words were unexpected, lightly throwing me off. I wasn’t sure if I had even heard her correctly or if it was the influence of everything boiling in my brain making me hear it. But right now, I didn’t have time to press her about them. I just needed to fuck her.

“Harder,” she moaned, her legs wrapping around my body, begging me to completely bury my dick inside her. And I fucking did.

“I told you,” I warned, driving myself so deep my pelvis slammed into hers. “I’m going to break you!” Indi cried out, her mouth curled upwards.

Oh, you sick psycho. You want me to break you.

With a devious grin, I repeated the motion, quickening my pace as I knocked my pelvis into hers again and again, losing myself completely. Her body moved, her pussy dripping all over the pool table, tightening, telling me I was about to make her come. It made my body burn, knowing how good she felt.

“You don’t get to come until I say.” I moved faster, my own excitement growing. We were both so wet, so fucking wound up and ready to snap.

“Oh fuck!” Indi’s moans grew, her back arching high against the pool table, telling me she was about to come. Her nails dug into my arm. She was trying to fight it, to resist her orgasm, but I was fucking her too good. “No! No!” she cried out, her pussy contracting and pulsating around my dick, her wetness soaking me as she screamed, coming hard.

“Oh fuck!” I pulled out, replacing my dick with my fingers as I massaged her clit and fingered her wet cunt, milking her orgasm, my own rupturing from my dick all over her body. My free hand rubbed my shaft as I rocked within my grasp, fingering her pussy while I kept shooting my hot cum all over the front of, moaning as she continued to come alongside me.

“Yes,” she whispered, grabbing my dick and rubbed it along her sternum, rocking with my fingers. “Cover me!” My cum dripped all over her skin, shooting across her face.

“Oh fuck, Indi!” I thrust into her grasp, her fingers sliding perfectly along me. “You’re so fucking sick!”

We didn’t stop, despite the exhaustion from coming so damn hard. Instead, I flipped her body around, and fucked her again from behind, losing myself deep inside her cunt as the night bled together and eventually collapsed in on itself. I didn’t remember much after that, but I know it was the beginning of something new. Something I would never forget.

Indi was mine, and just like I told her, I didn’t like sharing. I never have.

THE NEXT MORNING

HAZE

My head ached as my body throbbed, the sun burning my eyes. I didn’t want to get up, but as I groaned and rolled around, the reality of the night before hit me like a fucking semi-truck.

Oh fuck.

I sat up, my head screaming as I tried to stop the pain. “Oh shit!” I gripped my head. My eyes peeled open, looking around. I was lying on a couch in the attic of Indi’s sorority house. I was naked, wearing only a thin sheet, slowly remembering what happened between us. My dick woke up quicker than me, instantly ready to feel her again.

Calm down. I tried to force it down, realizing what we did was so wrong, but so good. Wait. Where is Indi?

I looked around the attic, noticing no sign of her. I pulled my phone from my jeans and noticed it was dead.

Fuck. I need to charge it.

I quickly got dressed, wondering where she had gone as I approached the pool table, noticing a few new stains from us. A gentle scoff and smirk formed at the memories of last night. I leaned down, smelling her lingering wetness mixed with my own. Flashes of her body, dripping and aching for me, played in my mind. I leaned closer, opening my mouth as I licked the stain, tasting the faint residue of her, reminiscing.

Oh, where are you? I looked around, noticing her clothes were missing too. Maybe she sent me a text. I need to charge this damn phone.

“Hmm.” I pushed the attic door open, noticing the rope-like handle was no longer on the inside, telling me she must’ve left before I woke up. As I began to descend the wooden stairs, something caught my eye just off to the side. It was bright red and sitting all by itself. My hand reached for it, pulling what turned out to be Indi’s tiny red thong. My dick flinched beneath my jeans as I brought it to my face and closed my eyes while I inhaled.

“Haze?” I quickly stuffed Indi’s thong in the pocket of my jacket and climbed down

the attic stairs to find Mary-Jane waiting for me. “Uhhh, what’re you doing in the attic?” She crossed her arms.

Fuck. Think. And it hit me.

“Indi asked me to stay the night, but you know, couldn’t sleep in her room. It was a bit preoccupied.” I offered her a gentle smile. “So she said I could crash in the attic. Pretty sweet setup you guys got up there.”

Mary-Jane’s eyes studied me as I cleared my throat. “Hey, do you know where Indi is? I’m heading back and wanted to say goodbye.”

“Oh, yeah.” Mary-Jane pulled out her phone and scrolled through her texts. “Ah, yes. She said ‘Tell Haze I had to go, and I hope he has a safe drive back.’ I guess she had somewhere to be?” Mary-Jane shrugged.

“That’s it?” I asked, a little too desperately.

“I guess. She sent that at like nine this morning, so who knows where the fuck she is. Probably with one of her many hookups.”

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“Her what?” The words burned.

“Oh, you know Indi!” Mary-Jane twirled her hair. “Always fucking around with someone new. You know, you should really have a talk with her, as her big brother.” My jaw tightened at the thought of her being with another man. Mary-Jane stepped closer, placing her hand on my jacket. “It’s a scary world out there sometimes. People like Indi really need someone to watch out for them and keep them safe.”

I grabbed her wrist and stopped her. “I can take care of Indi.”

“Oh, I bet you can. I imagine someone like you can handle any girl, even the wild ones.” She stepped closer, running her nail along the underside of my chin. “If you ever want to play with a wildcard, you know where to find me.” Mary-Jane grazed my thigh, running her hand across my dick as a soft gasp left her eager lips. “Oh yes. Don’t be a stranger, Haze Osvaldo.” She slithered past. I couldn’t help but look over my shoulder and watch, my eyes falling to her swaying hips as her full ass peaked from the underside of those tiny shorts she wore. She stopped at a doorway and looked back at me. “Until next time, big boy.” She winked.

Interesting.

A low snarl vibrated in my chest as I turned and rushed down the hall and stairs. I moved so fast, bolting from the house to my car. Drunk people were stumbling from the sorority, empty solo cups and trash scattered all around on the grass. During the day, it looked so normal, but at night it was a whole other beast.

I quickly slammed the door and turned the engine over, plugging my phone in as I



impatiently watched the battery symbol flash, waiting for it to charge. “Come on, come on.” I needed to contact Indi and figure out why she left. And where she was. Mary-Jane’s words trickled into my skull as I envisioned her wrapped around another man, doing what she had done with me. My body tensed and burned at the idea. “Come on!” I screamed, hitting the steering wheel again and again. “Fucking charge!” The same dead battery symbol flashed back at me. “Fuck!” I threw the phone, hitting the steering wheel over and over, yelling with absolute rage. I needed to talk to Indi, and I couldn’t. “Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!”

My head slammed against the wheel as I stopped hitting it, panting from the exhaustion of anger, my head pounding and aching from the sunlight and being hungover.

Beep.

My head rolled as I peeked through my long, stringy hair, noticing my phone light up.

Beep.

Beep.

Beep.

Messages were flooding in.

Indi.

I sat up and snatched the phone, entering my passcode as I saw her name pop up. I had three unread messages from her. My stomach twisted and felt sick as I opened them, reading them silently to myself.

Haze, I'm so sorry.

I can't see you right now. I need some space.

Haze... I don't know what happened. I can't remember, but tell me it's okay. That everything is normal? Please.

Anger flowed through my veins. She was pretending what we did—everything between us—didn't happen. Or she didn't want to face the truth of it. She wanted to go back to the way things were.

“Indi,” I growled, squeezing my phone before responding to her.

Everything is okay. I'm heading back. See you later, Indi. She wanted space? Fine.

I tapped her name, moving through the motions as I found her location.

Ah. You're not far. I put the car into drive, following the directions on my phone.

She may have wanted space, and I would play along for her, but I couldn't give it to her. I could pretend like she wanted to, but I would never forget. What happened between us was meant to be. And I refuse to pretend it didn't happen. I remembered enough to know she liked it just as much as I did. And one day, she'd want more. She'd want me again.

I pulled up to the coffee shop, parking far enough to remain unseen. As I turned the car off and searched, I found her. She was sitting with the guy I beat up at the party last night, the two drinking coffee and talking as if everything was normal. It pissed me off to see her smiling at him.

What the hell are you doing with him?

My fists squeezed with jealousy, but then I remembered how her skin must still reek of my cum, knowing it was smothered all over her chest and face just hours ago.

Enjoy your coffee, little sis. Laugh, smile, and pretend to be normal. But I know just how sick and twisted you really are. We're the same. Twins connected by a dark secret.

ONE

### HAZE

“Nowthatlooks much better.” I tapped the top of the freshly baked bread with the tip of my finger, the hot bread burning me slightly. “Yes,” I shouted, the blunt in my mouth nearly falling as I did so. “Shit!” I took an eager hit, placing the nearly gone joint down on the small green ashtray. “Oh, look at that! Just the right amount of butter brushed along the top gave it the perfect golden crisp. You see that, Kush?” My head turned to see the oversized black cat struggling to reach the ashtray. “Kush, no.” I shook my head, pushing the ashtray away. “You can’t have the blunt!” The obese cat meowed at me, his ears falling in frustration. “Don’t you take that tone with me.”

“Scolding the cat again?” Her voice entered the room as she stepped into the kitchen. My heart nearly jumped at the sight of her, standing there dressed in a black and floral cami dress way too short and tight to be worn outside the walls of our apartment. I had to force my eyes away, pretending the sight of her breasts bulging from the dress didn’t excite me. She tossed her black hair, styled perfectly, over her bare shoulder.

“Indi,” I whispered.

Three years had passed since our night together. We spent the first one avoiding each other, pretending everything was normal. Eventually, she came around, convinced nothing had happened between us, eventually returning to how things were. Only this time, we were closer. After she graduated college, we got an apartment together to save money. She thought it was convenient that we worked in the same city now, this new arrangement making her life easier, when in reality I made it happen. She

thought I gave her space, done as she asked, but truthfully, I had shadowed her every move since that night. While she spent years avoiding me, I spent them lining everything up perfectly, curating my life to hers to ensure we wound up together. Even if it was only as roommates. For now.

“Who’s a pretty kitty?” she cooed, squishing the poor cat’s face. “Such a pretty boy!” She opened the kitchen drawer, pulling out a small bag of weed.

“Hey!” I tried to stop her, but she only smiled, sprinkling a small pinch over the cat as it purred and began to roll around in the vibrant green residue as if it were just ordinary catnip.

Fucking cat.

“You know you’re the reason he’s so fucking overweight. You spoil him.” I snatched the bag from her hand. “Next time, use your own weed.”

Indi giggled, petting the cat as she rolled around. “Oh, but Haze has the better weed. Isn’t that right, Kushy Kush?” The cat purred, stretching his stubby legs out as she bent over, scratching his stomach.

My eyes took advantage of the moment, sneaking a peek to see her wearing a thin black lace thong. Her ass looked scrumptious, knowing how much she prided herself on her image and her body. Indi worked in town for spare cash, but her main gig was modeling for subscribers. She was really good at it, but it was a struggle to be around. She would do shoots and recordings in her room, thinking I had no idea. She had a large following on social media, and always acted like that’s where her money came from, but I wasn’t stupid. I had been following her real career from the beginning, watching her lives when I could, silently viewing all her content subscribed under a fake name. A profile that was currently one of her highest contributors, and she had no idea. I used an old Halloween mask she’d forgotten about and hid my face. I’d

send her messages and pics at times, much like her other followers. But thanks to my high bidding, I got more one-on-one time with her. Oh, the things she did, the photos she posted—it was unbelievable. Her body was something she took pride in, as she should, and only made me want her more.

Indi sat up, turning to face me as I pretended to be more focused on the bread I made. “This smells amazing!” She inhaled, closing her eyes. I bit my lip. “What’s in it? It’s herbal but—” she asked, looking up at me, trying to pinpoint the smell.

“Rosemary. I baked it into the dough.” I removed my apron, shirtless and wearing only a pair of gray sweatpants underneath. I noticed Indi’s eyes dash down south for a brief second.

Oh, you can look all you want, little sis. Fuck, focus Haze.

“Where are you heading to dressed like that?” My eyebrow rose as I crossed my arms. She was too focused on Kush, now high, to notice my gaze.

I stared at her attire, the small dress barely covering her body, hugging and complementing it in all the best ways. The tiny straps and low cut front only emphasized her large and perfect breasts, and the velvet red material beneath the sheer black floral lace matched her lipstick perfectly. Her various tattoos were on full display all throughout her arms, legs, and neck, adding this dangerous look to her beauty. I had to adjust myself, pretending she didn’t make me horny as fuck.

“Carter is picking me up. We’re going out tonight.” Indi grabbed her purse and pulled her phone from it, groaning as she scrolled.

“Everything okay?”

“Yeah, just—” She looked at me for a second before forcing a smile. “It’s nothing.

You know Carter.”

Fucking Carter. He was Indi's current boyfriend. Another prick who begged for her attention until she finally gave them attention, only to turn out to be a major douche who only dated her for sex. He treated her like shit, like they always did. I tried to tell her. I wasn't sure if it was because I was her brother, or our past, but she always ignored me. The topic of her boyfriends eventually became off limits, and if I wanted to keep her here with me, I had to bite my tongue and watch every dick she paraded around, the relationships eventually all failing as I picked up the pieces. I didn't mind being there for her, I always was, but I hated seeing how much these fuckboys tore her down. None of them deserved her. And Carter had been the worst. He had her wrapped around his tiny dick, convincing her she had all these problems and needed to fix herself to be good enough for him. I'd never seen a man manipulate such a strong and confident woman, making her question everything. The way he made her work so hard to prove her feelings for him, jumping through hoops and always hanging onto his words. It was wrong. And I wanted to put that bitch ass in his place, but I couldn't. Not unless she wanted me to.

A knock at the door whipped my feelings back as Indi rushed to open it. Her smile dropped immediately as she saw Carter standing there with Mary-Jane, the redhead tugging his gaudy gold chain. I knew seeing them there must've upset Indi.

“Indi!” Mary-Jane squealed, pretending nothing happened, while jumping to hug her. “You look amazing! Oh, Carter here was just telling me you guys have plans for tonight!” She flashed a look at Carter, the blonde douche returning the smile. Mary-Jane pulled back and stepped between Indi and him as she made her way to me. I noticed his eyes following her, eventually meeting mine as his smile dropped.

That's right, I see you.

“So good to see you too, Mary-Jane,” Indi drawled, looking back at me. I could see

the disappointment in her eyes. It only made me happy, knowing my situationship with Mary-Jane bothered her so much. And if Mary-Jane could be relied on for anything, it was ruining Indi's relationships, which I was game for. "I'll catch you guys later."

Carter looked back at me, his face stone cold. "Haze." God, I fucking hated him.

"Carter." Indi and him left, closing the door behind.

"Oooo, what have you been up to?" Mary-Jane bobbed her bright red hair, smelling the bread that had finally cooled a bit. "Ew, what is that?"

"Rosemary."

"Not a fan." She popped onto the counter, pulling her phone out, noticing Kush now passed out on the floor. "Your cat looks dead."

I bent down, cradling the overweight cat. He purred, snuggling closer. "Nah, just so high he crashed. Indi gave him a bit of my stash again."



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Mary-Jane rolled her eyes. “I love your sister but that Carter can do so much better.”

Excuse me?

I carefully placed Kush on the couch, wiping the flour residue from the bread across my sweatpants as I approached her. She smiled, widening her legs to let me stand between them. “Oooo, hello daddy.”

A fake smile flashed across my face, quickly falling as I grabbed her neck. She immediately began to panic, trying to peel my fingers from her body as I only tightened my grip.

“H-Haze?—”

I leaned in close, whispering into her heavily pierced ear. “I’d watch your fucking mouth if I were you. You might fuck me, but I’m not your boyfriend. And you have no fucking right to speak about my sister in such a way.” Mary-Jane struggled, gasping as her eyes began to water. “Now, do the one thing your pretty little mouth is good for, and get on your fucking knees.” My hand aggressively released her neck as she coughed, gasping for air.

Mary-Jane eyed me as she slid from the counter and fell to her knees, pulled her head back, and began doing exactly as I asked. I pulled my aching dick from my sweats, grabbed a handful of her vibrant red hair, and shoved my dick into her hot mouth. Her nails dug into my lower back as she began to suck me off, gliding her tongue along my shaft and licking the tip. I closed my eyes, pretending it was Indi’s mouth.

“Oh yes,” I moaned. The idea of her pretty wet mouth being wrapped around my dick nearly sent me over. I grabbed Mary-Jane’s head and began to take control, shoving my dick deeper until it bounced off the back of her throat. “Take my dick,” I grunted, fucking her face harder and faster. “Take it!” Mary-Jane moaned with me, my dick unable to hold back or resist as I began to come hard into her throat, thinking of Indi. I could feel myself squirting down her esophagus as she began to gag. “Oh no, you swallow every last drop.” My pace slowed, my dick flexed inside her mouth as I continued to cum. “Swallow,” I growled. I could feel her throat contracting as she did so, ingesting every last drop of me, licking me clean. I eventually pulled away, panting.

“Someone really needed that,” she stated with a smile, rising as she wiped her mouth. I watched her, wondering if she had any idea that despite her pretty face and attractive body, she did nothing for me.

“What’re you doing here?” I asked, wiping my dick.

“I came to see you, silly.” Mary-Jane inched closer, stepping to her toes to kiss me. I turned my head away and rejected her. Her smile immediately fell. “Seriously? You can eat my ass, but I can’t kiss you after you fuck my face?” She rolled her eyes. “I will never understand you, Haze.”

“That might be for the better.” I sat down on the couch next to Kush, pulling the large green bong to my lap. Mary-Jane watched as I lit the bowl and inhaled, watching the smoke fill the neck.

“Can we not?” She huffed as I lifted the bowl and inhaled as deep as possible, letting the smoke fill my lungs. “Seriously? You need to get high right now?”

I tried to let the smoke settle before responding, coughing lightly. “Who said I wasn’t already high?”

“Jesus, Haze! Is this really what you want in life? To sit around, bake and... well... get baked?”

Is that really a question?

“I was really hoping we could go out tonight, like a real couple, and then maybe get some drinks and have some nice sex. Is that too much to ask for?” Even when upset, she was still pretty. But Indi was right all those years ago. Redheads weren’t my thing.

“Mary-Jane—” I coughed. “I already told you. I’m not your boyfriend. And I never will be. We can fuck around, but this”—I motioned to myself—“is the best you’re going to get.”

“You know, if Indi asked you to go out with her tonight, you would.” I knew she was trying to hurt my feelings, but her jealousy of my sister only made me smile. And she wasn’t wrong.

“Too bad I already got plans.” I looked down and began to pet Kush, still sound asleep.

“Sitting around smoking with your high, fat cat isn’t plans! Damn it, Haze, when will you ever grow up!” Mary-Jane stomped around before pulling out her phone. “Well, if you don’t fucking take me out, someone else will!”

“Have fun!” I shouted as she groaned. Mary-Jane flipped me off and slammed the apartment door behind her in a huff. It made me laugh.

“Poor Mary-Jane.” I spoke to Kush. “If only she knew I don’t plan to sit around here all night. Even if you are great company, you old putters.” I looked at my phone, opening the maps to find where Indi was. “Nah. I got bigger plans for my evening.”

Indi and Carter were out at a nearby bar. I knew they'd be there for a few hours and eventually make their way to his place. As they always did. And I fully intended to be there when they arrived.

“See you soon, little sis.”

Carter and Indi rolled up in his ridiculous sports car, his music blaring as he pulled past me. I could tell they weren't getting along as I watched from the shadows, my face hidden behind a classic ghostface-like mask. The garage door closed as they got out, exchanging a light argument. I crept around the modern home, slithering past the fence, and entered the backyard. Carter was a classic nepo baby, which meant he drove the most overpriced cars and lived in a home way too big for him. But the bonus to his ridiculousness was that he had a huge yard and never used most of it, which meant I could sneak around and be hidden by the trees and foliage surrounding the home. It was perfect, and I had learned over time the best way to move without being seen. It had become my routine, following them back here. It started as me simply shadowing Indi to ensure he didn't hurt her, but eventually it turned into me watching them, seeing them fuck, and being a little too turned on by it. Now, I would wait in the shadows and masturbate to them having sex, pretending it was me Indi was getting off to. My favorite place had become my usual spot just outside his bedroom window. It was perfect, allowing me to sit back in the shadows and watch without a single soul knowing I was there.

Indi walked into the bedroom, tossing her purse aside as her shoes were now in her hands. She seemed upset, shouting back towards the door. Carter quickly followed, his shirt partially unbuttoned exposing his ridiculous chain as he seemed to shout back. The two argued for a brief bit before Carter aggressively grabbed her by the neck. The motion made my body stiffen and blood boil. I began to walk closer, ready to break into this fucker's home and beat him senseless. I watched closely as Indi stared at him, spitting words. He made a face and let her go, stopping me in my tracks.

You lucky bastard.

The two argued a bit more before Carter sat on his bed, his head falling to his hands. She hesitated, approaching him before kneeling on the ground, apologizing and hugging him. It was clear what was happening. Carter was doing his usual moves, making Indi feel bad for being herself and manipulating her into being the bad guy when, truthfully, it was him. It was always him.

Fucking Carter.

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He watched her, soaking in her apologies and guilt, waiting for her to make the next move. And she did, as she always did.

Indi stood, unzipping her dress, carefully undressing and taking her time, her back to me as she kicked it aside. Carter watched her, enjoying this hold he had over her. It made me sick, but seeing Indi's ass and bare back only excited me, and I was ready to handle myself, even if it meant watching her fuck this prick.

I ducked further into the shadows and unzipped my pants, releasing my suddenly hardened dick, holding it in my grasp. I watched her intently, stroking myself as she crawled over Carter and straddled him, kissing him. She took full control, and I rather enjoyed it.

That's right. Take charge, show him who the real fucking boss is, little sis.

My hand rubbed faster, squeezing and adjusting the pressure as I neared the tip, pressing harder. My body ached and jolted at my own touch. "Oh fuck." I eyed her through the mask as she pushed Carter back, flipping her body around, straddling him in a reverse cowgirl. I had to bite my lower lip to restrain my moans, watching her retrieve his dick and insert it slowly into her tight pussy, her breasts perky and perfectly on display for me. "Oh," I moaned faintly. My tip dripped with precum as I consumed the sight of her riding him. Her breasts bounced and moved, her face twisting as I knew she was moaning, pleasing herself with his tiny dick. He laid there, letting her fully take control like the simp he was. Fuck, he didn't deserve her. She was way too fucking good for him.

Just pretend he's me, little sis. Imagine it's me you're riding. I'll be your horse, you

wicked little cowgirl.

My pace and pressure increased, my own orgasm growing as I listened to her faint moans seeping through the large glass window of Carter's room. I had to grab the side of the nearby tree to stabilize myself as I almost came. "Fuck," I breathed, pulling a small jar from my jacket pocket. "Fuck, fuck, fuck!" I was almost too late, barely holding back as the tip of my dick touched the cold jar, rupturing as my cum sputtered from my body and began to fill the jar with my orgasm. My back leaned back as I milked myself, pulling every bit from my dick into the jar, thinking of her. "Oh fuck."

It took me a few minutes to calm down from the high. My hand stroked my shaft a few more times, ensuring I got every last drop before closing the jar and admiring how much I came. "Only for you," I smiled, looking back towards Indi. For a second, I felt like she could see me watching her. Her face twisted as she cried out and came, staring out past the window in my direction. If I didn't know better, I'd say she did see me. But she didn't.

One day.

TWO

INDI

The vision of a man in a mask shot through my dreams, scaring the shit out of me. He was watching me, following me home as I tried to rush across the street. I tried to outrun him, but he was too fast, and like every other night, he caught me. This masked stalker started to appear in my dreams a few years ago. At first, I thought it was just a random thing, but then I realized one of my growing followers wore a similar mask in their profile picture. And soon, that same person had become one of my biggest subscribers. He'd send me harmless messages, but something about him

always left me on edge. It wasn't the mask, or the noticeably large sums he'd pay for one-on-one videos. No, he never said or did anything during those times, just sitting there with a black screen. No, it was fear of the unknown. This ghostface was a complete mystery to me. But I did know one thing. He wanted me.

My eyes shot open as I gasped. "Indi?" I turned to see Carter, still heavily stuck in sleep next to me. I had to grab my head to calm myself, my heart still racing as I realized it was just a nightmare. "What's wrong?" He sounded so tired.

"I—I?—"

"Shhh. Just... lie back down." His hand brushed my arm.

"I can't. I had that nightmare again. The one with that man in the mask?—"

"Ugh." Carter reluctantly sat up. "Indi, everything is fine. There's no fucking guy in a Halloween mask running around." I made a face, and he sighed. I had told Carter of the follower, but all he said was to block the guy. I half expected him to be more protective, but he wasn't. Granted, I didn't tell him about the messages, or private video calls, or even the random dark videos I'd received. But that was probably for the best. "Listen, you're safe here. Okay? No one will hurt you with me around. Now, please, let's go back to sleep. The sun isn't even up yet." Carter laid back down and almost instantly fell asleep.

Must be nice to sleep like a baby.

I rolled over and grabbed my phone. The screen lit up, almost burning my eyes as I scrolled through my social media. I tapped the private messages and searched until I found him. Carter had told me to block him, but I didn't.

It's just a message. It can't hurt you. He's just a fan. Just a fan.



I tapped the thread and scrolled through, reading his messages. For the most part, they were short and sweet. Nothing more than a “you’re a goddess” or “I want to worship you.” Nothing too crazy. Usually I just double tapped and hearted them, thinking nothing of it. He’d sent me a few random videos, completely pitch black. Wasn’t sure what those were about, but again, nothing crazy. I just ignored them. But the last message he sent was different. It was a video of him in that fucking mask, sitting in the dark, fully covered in all black clothing. Harmless. But what he did next made me gasp. I watched as his gloved covered hand reached down and pulled out his dick and began to rub it.

Oh my god!

I quickly swiped from the app and sat there with my mouth wide open. It took me a few minutes to shake the image of his enormous dick and that mask from my brain. I wanted to just go home. So, I opened my text messages and typed out my words.

Hey. Are you awake?

I waited anxiously, feeling more and more uneasy with each passing second.

Why wasn’t he answering me?

My fingers typed fast, sending a second message.

I need you.

Within the blink of an eye, he responded.

What happened?

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I felt relieved at his response, immediately typing back.

Nothing. I'm at Carter's. Can you come get me?

Already on my way.

I quietly looked back over at Carter, passed the fuck out. It annoyed me how much he cared only for himself. I wanted to whack him with a pillow and scream and shout. Times like this made me regret dating him. I just wanted out of here. Away from him. My feet hit the floor as I quickly dressed and gathered my things. It wasn't long before Haze texted me back saying he was here.

I met him at Carter's door. "That was quick. Were you nearby?" I asked, shutting the door behind me.

Haze grinned. "Sort of."

"And you were just awake this early? What the hell have you been doing?" I almost didn't want to know, noticing he was now wearing jeans and his leather jacket, telling me he had plans last night. "You know what—I don't want to know." I never liked hearing about his girlfriends and hookups, especially when it involved Mary-Jane.

"Don't worry about it. You needed me, so I'm here. Come on, let's get you back home." He placed his arm around my waist and walked me to the passenger side of his car and opened the door. I tried not to show my face as I ducked inside, my cheeks flustered by his touch. "Here." Haze handed me one of his oversized t-shirts. "Figured you'd want to change into something more comfortable." As he closed the

door, I inhaled his scent from the shirt, quickly tugging it over my body before he could see me.

I tried to unzip my dress, but it was stuck. “Fuck. Um, Haze?” He looked at me as he closed his door. “Do you mind? I can’t get it?” I turned, lifting my hair and raising the shirt to show him the back of my dress. He remained silent, so quiet I could almost swear I heard my heart beating.

What was he doing?

“Haze?” His fingers gripped the zipper, effortlessly yanking it as it unsnapped. The feel of his fingertips hovering over my skin gave me chills.

“I got you,” he whispered while he unzipped my dress. His hand remained still for a minute, resting on my bare lower back before he pulled back. “There.”

With a swallow, I dropped the t-shirt and pulled the dress off and through the neck hole, tossing it in his back seat. My eyes met his as he stared at me, making my cheeks blush once more. “What?” I asked.

His eyes fell to my lap. The hem of his t-shirt barely covered my crotch. I tugged at the end, pulling it down to keep my vagina from view. Haze laughed softly to himself. “Seatbelt, Indi.” My cheeks burned so hot I knew they were red.

“Right, right!” I immediately buckled in as he put the car in drive and drove us back home. The entire trip back we sat in silence.

Why the fuck would you think he was looking? You idiot. He’s your brother! Get your shit together, Indi. Stop thinking such things and just focus on Carter. Carter, right. My boyfriend. My boyfriend, Carter. I began to focus on Carter and his features. His long, wavy blonde hair, his blue eyes and toned body. How fit he was, thanks to

playing hockey on weekends with his friends. Carter was beyond attractive, which is why Mary-Jane couldn't keep her eyes or hands off him. It was bad enough she was still lingering around, hooked on Haze. But now Carter. I didn't like sharing with her...especially not Haze.

I don't know why he had to pick her...out of everyone he could have, why her? Why Mary-Jane? Was it something that happened that night? That night?—

The car parked and turned off as I realized how fast time had flown. I must've been lost in my thoughts the entire way back. The sun was barely peeking over the horizon as I yawned.

“You seem tired, Indi.” Haze opened my door for me. “Why don't you head back to bed? I'll take care of Kush.” He was always so sweet. Kush was technically my cat, but Haze always cared for him like he was ours. And I really appreciated it. As did Kush.

Truthfully, I wanted to go to back to sleep, but the fear of seeing that fucking mask suddenly crept back into my bones, making me nervous. “Maybe. I—I had a nightmare earlier.”

“What was it about?” He asked as we stepped into the apartment. Kush trotted over to us with his stubby little legs. He meowed softly, rubbing along our legs.

“Nothing. I think I might need to take some Melatonin or something.” I picked the heavy cat up and cuddled him close as he purred into me. “I missed you too, little man.”

Haze walked past me. “I might have just the thing.” He went into his room as I placed Kush back down. When he reentered the room, he had a small Ziploc of something in his hand.

“What’s that? More weed?” I teased.

“Special edibles, actually.” He shook the bag full of what appeared to be squares before pulling one out. “I made these the other night. Sugar-coated fruit bites infused with an extra special dose of THC. I made these for myself to help withrelaxing and sleeping.” He tossed an orange cube in my direction. “Try one.”

I examined the small cube closely, sniffing it. “Oh man, that doesn’t exactly smell right.”

“Oh stop. You haven’t even tried it yet!” Haze teased, watching me. “Go on. Eat it.”

I wasn’t sure why, but the fruit square made me a bit nervous. “Well, if it helps me sleep,” I whispered, tossing it into my mouth. The sugar coating was sweet, but it had a second taste to it I couldn’t quite pinpoint. A powdery substance that quickly dissolved with the sugar as the bitter and tangy orange flavor of the fruit edible flooded my mouth. The texture was odd, half hardened and half bouncy, like a gummy. My face tightened and moved, giving away my thoughts.

“Damn Indi, if you don’t like it, just say it.” Haze chuckled.

“No, no,” I swallowed the edible, trying to get the bitter aftertaste from my mouth.

“Just uh—not what I expected.”

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“It’s okay to say you don’t like it.” He stepped closer, removing his leather jacket and carefully placing it on the kitchen island. “Just use your words and tell me the truth.” My heart lightly raced as he stared down at me. His finger brushed my lower lip, causing me to gasp ever so slightly. “You, uh, missed a little.” He brushed a bit of sugar from the corner of my mouth.

“Oh gosh,” I wheezed. “Let me just—” Without even thinking, my mouth wrapped around his finger and sucked the sugar from his skin. His brow raised as I realized what I had done, quickly backing away with hot cheeks. “Good night!” I rushed past him, slamming my door behind me.

What the fuck? What the fuck? What the fuck? My brain raced.

“Goodnight, Indi,” Haze called from the kitchen.

Oh my god, get your shit together.

I closed my eyes, taking a few minutes to focus on my breathing before crawling into my bed. I curled up into his t-shirt and tried to focus as my head began to feel light. The edible had hit me way sooner than I expected as my head began to spin with the room.

This doesn’t feel right...what—I passed out.

HAZE

The numbers on my phone slowly changed as I waited, taking a few hits from the

bong we kept in the living room. Kush has been rubbing all along me, basking in the smell of weed. He was oddly awake for such an early hour, but it was entertaining, helping me pass the time. I wanted to wait, to ensure the special edible I had given Indi really took effect before doing anything.

“We should be good now,” I whispered to Kush. “Let’s go check on Indi.” The cat made all sorts of noises as he followed me to her door. I carefully opened it to see her passed out in her bed. She had kicked her blanket off and my shirt was barely covering her, her black lingerie thing on full display.

Passed out cold. Perfect.

Quietly, I stepped into the room and approached the side of her bed. She looked so peaceful in her sleep, her long, black hair waved all around. Her thighs were spread, allowing me to see more than usual, her stomach completely exposed as the hem of my shirt lay just low enough to cover her nipples. She looked so fucking appetizing, and it took everything in my power not to fuck her right then and there.

Control yourself.

My hand grazed her arm, listening as she moaned gently in her sleep. My dick was fully awake and ready, to the point it hurt. My fingers trailed along the fabric of my t-shirt, gliding so delicately along her nipple and breasts. It was torture. I wanted to feel her skin against mine, to listen to the sounds she made as I showed her how loved she was. But I couldn’t. Not yet.

Kush meowed, struggling to jump onto her bed. I turned and helped him as he nestled in next to her, joining her in sleep. Indi rolled faintly, my name dripping from her sleepy mouth.

Oh fuck. My dick throbbed uncontrollably. I need to handle this. Now.

I lifted the hem of my shirt enough to see one of her breasts and sat in the chair she had in her room and whipped my dick out. It was so hard and swollen, begging to be touched. My hand began to stroke the shaft as I eyed her immensely, studying every curve of her body and memorizing all her features. The night we spent together years ago reflected behind my eyes as if it just happened, coaxing me as I jacked off to the sight of her. This sick desire and obsession I had for her was getting out of hand. I found myself, much like now, needing to relieve myself more and more, only able to really get off to her. It was becoming unbearable, living in this endless torture of seeing the very thing I wanted and could never have. Oh, it was so wrong. But fuck, it was so right.

Fuck, fuck, fuck!

I came hard into my hand, spewing my excitement all over. "Shit!" I quickly tried to stop myself, rushing to the kitchen as I fumbled with my jacket, moaning and trying not to come all over the place. "Fuck. Oh fuck!" My hands untwisted the jar as I continued to come inside, adding to my jizz from the night before. "Yes," I moaned, holding nothing back, and I began to fill the jar up. "Oh, fuck yes." I quickly climbed down from the high and closed the jar, cleaning myself up immediately after. I examined it closely, proud of how much I had collected. "Perfect. This is more than enough."

I sat the jar down and changed my clothes before returning to the kitchen. Kush meowed, rubbing along my leg as if he knew I was about to light up and smoke while I baked. "Not right now, little man. You've had more than enough to last you a bit." The cat grumbled, clawing for me to pick him up. "Alright, but don't touch anything, okay?" I placed the fat cat on the counter as I gathered a few things. He sniffed the ingredients and patted the utensils, eventually coming to my special jar. I had to move him to the other side and place the jar up high in the cabinet. "Careful Kush. This is a very special ingredient just for Indi. We need every last bit." The cat meowed as I lit my joint and inhaled, feeling the smoke fill my lungs. "Ahh. Now, time to make some



brownies.”

THREE

HAZE

Music played through the kitchen as I danced, the blunt firmly between my lips, as I carefully removed the newest batch of my special brownies. “Fuck yeah.” I placed the hot dish carefully on the kitchen island, removing the blunt as I exhaled. “Oh yes, that’s beautiful!” I clapped my hands, flour shooting all over as Kush meowed next to me. “No way, I gave you some earlier! You furry little pothead.” His ears tucked back. “Uh-uh. You can play that game with Indi but not me.” The cat stumbled, frustrated with me.

Damn cat. I laughed quietly to myself.

“Now, while these cool, I need to finish this.” I pulled a bowl of whipped icing to the island, grabbing the jar filled with my fresh cum. I unscrewed the lid and gently scraped as much as I could into the icing, ensuring I didn’t leave any behind, mixing the two as best as possible. When it was ready, I placed the stainless steel bowl on the base of the mixer, attaching the right piece before turning it on and watching as my cum blended seamlessly into the icing, concealing it. “Perfect.”

“Wow. Someone has been a busy bee.” Indi’s sleepy voice hit me as I looked up to see her standing in the doorway of her room, still wearing my shirt. Her hair was a bit messy, telling me she must’ve slept well, thanks to my special edible. “Fuck, what time is it?” She stumbled into the kitchen, still fully coming alive. I was able to sneak a few peaks, noticing her breasts bounce and press against the t-shirt as she leaned across the island next to me, smelling the newest batch of my brownies. “Mmmmm. Haze’s special brownies. My favorite!” My eyes shot to her backside as she leaned closer, noticing her ass.

My favorite.

I had to force myself to look away. “I’m almost done with the icing.” Indi swiped the spoon I had used to combine all the ingredients, shoving it deep into her mouth as she tasted it, moaning faintly. God, she was such a fucking tease. “One day, I’ll get you to tell me what your secret recipe is.”

“Doubt it.” I smiled.

Indi leaned back, sucking the spoon as she eyed me, pointing to my apron. “I still can’t believe you wear that when you bake.” I looked down at my dirty apron, the words “Kiss the Chef” printed across it. “It’s so fucking small on you.”

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“Listen, this was a gift, okay?” I jokingly motioned to the apron.

“I gave that to you three years ago and didn’t realize it was a kid’s large!” Indi laughed. “I told you to return it!” She pointed the spoon at me, licking the special icing from her lips.

I couldn’t help myself, biting my lower lip while I grinned down at her. “I think it fits just right. Plus, it really shows off my figure.” I rotated, playfully flexing and showing off. I could feel her eyes drinking it up, her laugh trailing through the room.

“You show off,” she joked.

“Hey, this show off isn’t the only one who likes this apron. All my followers really seem to enjoy it. Especially when I flex my enormous muscles.” I moved my arms, dramatically flexing as she giggled.

“Your followers are a bunch of horny people who follow you to see you bake things in sexual ways without a shirt.” Indi stepped closer, pointing her spoon at me, swirling it in my face. “And you forget whose idea it was to even do those lives and videos of you baking in your tiny ass apron.” She placed her arms on her hips.

“Careful, I wouldn’t want you to ruin my famous apron,” I teased. Indi cocked her smile and raised a brow at me. “My fans would be so upset.”

“Your fans,” she wheezed, looking at the words printed across the dirty white apron. My eyes studied her, wondering what she was thinking in that beautiful brain of hers. “I tell you what, I’m going to show your fans whose boss.” Indi backed away,

running back to her room.

“Indi?” I called after her.

She quickly returned, opened a tube of red lipstick. “Hold this.” She pushed a small mirrored compact into my hand, adjusting it so that she could see herself. She ran the lipstick along her lips, painting her mouth a cherry red. I couldn’t look away, so transfixed and thankful for the apron. Cause without it, she would see how fucking hard I was. “There!” She popped her lips, snatching the compact, and looked at me with a smile.

“Indi. What’re you doing?”

She stepped closer, her green eyes sparkling. Her hands gently grabbed my sides, her soft touch halting my breathing as she slowly began to bend down, the sight of her eyes glued to me as her head fell making my dick jump with excitement. I had to swallow my feelings, my entire body rigid as I fought back the undeniable urge to fuck her on the kitchen island.

“Indi—”

“Don’t move,” she whispered. Her hands pulled her hair back, her eyes falling to my apron as she leaned forward and pressed her lips against my chest. My heart stopped, watching as she froze, carefully planting a kiss above the word Kiss, stepping back to admire her work. “There.” She beamed, proud of the perfectly placed kiss stain. “Now your fans and followers can admire your apron as much as they want, but you and I know the truth.” Her irises rose to me.

“And what’s that?” I asked gently, brushing my hair from my face.

“That I’m the boss. And you’re mine, Haze.” Her body squirmed, watching me watch

her. The tension in the small kitchen only thickened, the silence between us growing as we stared at one another.

What game was she playing? Was she being silly, simply stirring up trouble for fun? Or was she toying with me, seeing how I would react?

The mixer slowed and stopped, completely shattering the moment. Indi shook her head, pulling her eyes away. She wiped her mouth, returning to her usual demeanor. “I cannot wait to devour these!” She pulled a small crumb from a corner brownie, moaning as she ate it. “They’re so good! You really have a gift, Haze.”

I wanted to bury myself inside her at that moment, and I would have, if someone didn’t knock on the fucking apartment door. It pissed me off.

Indi looked at me, confused. “Were you expecting someone?” I shook my head, frustrated. She went to answer the door as I silently began to scrape my special icing from the stainless steel bowl and glaze the fresh brownies.

“Look at you.” The second voice instantly irritated me, making my arms bulge as I continued to top off the brownies.

“Mary-Jane.”

“Have you been baking all day?” she asked, eyeing the kitchen island.

“Yup.”

Indi entered the room, her smile completely gone, thanks to Mary-Jane. She stood next to her, crossing her arms and tucked her hair behind her ears. Mary-Jane eyed her, scoffing. “Rough night?” Mary-Jane scrolled through her phone.

Indi ignored her. I cut a square, smothered in icing and handed it to Indi. She flashed a smile, taking a bite as the icing dripped down her mouth and chin, falling onto her breasts. I salivated watching her, seeing how much she loved the taste of me, knowing she was swallowing my cum. She licked it from her flesh, completely unaware. And I fucking loved it.

Swallow every last drop, little sister.

Indi quickly ate the entire brownie and licked her fingers clean. “Damn, that was so good. And messy. I’m going to take a shower.” I laughed quietly to myself. Mary-Jane looked up from her phone, watching Indi skip to the bathroom.

“Anyways.” She rolled her eyes and turned to look at the brownies. “These look amazing!” Mary-Jane reached for one, but I slapped her hand with a spatula. “What the?—”

“Those are Indi’s,” I growled.

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“Seriously? I can’t even have a small piece?” I crossed my arms. “Fine. Wouldn’t want to pig out on this shit and end up looking like your cat anyways.”

Don’t fucking talk about Kush.

“What’re you doing here, Mary-Jane?” The question was becoming all too routine, as she kept showing up unannounced and unwanted at the worst fucking times.

“Well, I figured you probably felt so bad for the way things went last night—” Mary-Jane continued to ramble, talking nonsense about shit I didn’t care about, but my thoughts were focused elsewhere. I could hear the shower running, and kept looking right past Mary-Jane to see the bathroom door cracked open enough to see Indi. She was naked and getting ready to jump in the shower.

Oh fuck.

I watched her step into the shower, water gliding down her perky breasts, seeing more than enough. My jaw and every nerve in my body tightened, my sick desire completely consuming me as I tried to remain still. Mary-Jane continued to ramble, her words completely lost to me as I tried to watch her mouth move, my eyes dashing past to the door, catching glimpses of Indi, her hands running down her wet naked body as she closed her eyes and bathed herself.

I am in fucking hell.

“Haze?” Mary-Jane’s voice snapped me back to her. “Do you even hear me?”

No, I didn't hear anything she said. But I didn't need to. She wanted me to apologize and make her feel better. As always. And right now, all I wanted—what I needed—was to unload this unbearable horniness that was holding me prisoner. I need to fucking unleash this sexual tension that was rushing to my dick and hurting it.

Mary-Jane looked up at me, studying my face as if she knew what was up. Her lips curled and she stepped closer, tossing her phone aside. "You poor thing." She ran her hands around my waist and untied my apron, tossing it onto the floor. "Let me help you." Her hand ran up my chest, under my cropped shirt, feeling my skin as her lips hovered over mine. "Aw, sweet Haze, I know you're sorry. I can feel it rushing to your head. And not this one." She tapped my temple. "Now, let me forgive you." She kissed me, tugging at my hair. I knew Mary-Jane just wanted to be loved, and I couldn't give her that. But I could fuck her and fix my problem while appeasing hers. For now.

As she kissed me, my eyes darted back to the bathroom, seeing Indi again. And the image of her sent me over.

Fuck it.

My hands gripped Mary-Jane's waist, flipping her around as I bent her over the kitchen island. She gasped and smiled, enjoying every minute. "Yes," she moaned as I raised her mini skirt and pulled her thong down. I spread her legs and pulled my dick from my pants and pressed the swollen tip against her pussy. "Oh, yes." She cried out, leaning her body back.

"Stay still!" I gripped the back of her neck, forcing her head down as she gasped. "I'm in control here."

"Yes, daddy," she moaned.



I kept her head down, buried in her hair as I began to slide up and down her folds, trembling as I looked past her and into the bathroom, watching. I slowly slid my dick inside Mary-Jane's cunt, eyeing Indi as she rubbed soap along her breasts, bubbles glistening along her flesh, pretending it was her pussy wrapped around me. "Oh fuck," I moaned out loud, pulling back before reentering. My imagination took complete control, envisioning I was there with her in the shower, fucking her against the tile wall, our bodies creating their own bubbles. I could see it so clearly, our bodies slipping and sliding against one another as the water drenched us, steam filling our lungs as we struggled to breathe, too consumed with one another and willing to drown to be together.

God, Indi.

My speed quickly increased as my sick appetite grew. My nails dug into Mary-Jane's hips, knocking my pelvis into her ass as I slammed into her pussy, harder and harder. My pressure on the back of her neck only increased as I pushed her roughly against the kitchen island, knocking a few things over in the process.

"Careful," Mary-Jane whispered. I simply fucking ignored her and fucked her harder. I couldn't see her face, only her backside and red hair. "Oh shit," she moaned, beginning to come. My eyes glazed over the longer I looked at her, and with each thrust she began to look more like Indi, making this even more satisfying.

Oh fuck.

My body began to tighten and wind up, telling me I was about to come. I quickly pulled out, turning away from Mary-Jane as I grabbed a spare hand towel and began to spew all inside it, jolting and groaning as I came hard. My free hand gripped the side of the counter, my knuckles turning white as I gripped it hard and emptied all of my orgasm into the hand towel.

“Oh man,” Mary-Jane breathed. “You are so forgiven.” My heart began to calm as I slowed down, breathing through the end of my orgasm. “Haze?” I cleaned myself, turning to look at her.

“Sorry.”

“Sorry? For what? Giving me a good fucking?” She smiled, standing on her tiptoes while she kissed me. “Like I said, I forgive you. But next time, fuck me head on. I want your eyes on me.” She kissed me again, taking her time. “I like it when you watch me.” Mary-Jane licked the side of my face. She stepped away and fixed her clothes as I returned my dick to my pants.

I didn’t bother cleaning up our mess. I wanted Indi to know what happened here. Instead, I plopped down on the couch and loaded the bong. Mary-Jane joined me, tossing her legs across my lap while she fucked around on her phone. I lit the bowl and watched the neck fill, taking a huge fucking hit. Mary-Jane took a turn, the two of us sitting there getting high as Kush jumped around on the floor, pawing at the cloud of smoke.

“Look at this.” Mary-Jane shoved her phone in my face to show me something. It was a post of Carter, posing with two female servers. They were holding pints of beer, dressed in nothing but lingerie, hugging onto him as he smiled, wearing a pair of fucking sunglasses indoors. “What a dork.” Mary-Jane giggled, liking the post.

What a fucking douche.

“Since when do you follow him?” I asked, exhaling smoke. I didn’t care who the fuck she followed or fucked around with. But if she was messing with Indi’s current boyfriend, I wanted to know.

“Oh, he’s been following me for months. We message occasionally about the hottest

pop-ups and stuff. Nothing crazy.” She looked over at me. “Why? Is my Haze jealous?”

Nope. And I’m not your Haze.

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Mary-Jane leaned closer as she kissed my ear, lightly tonguing it. She made her way to my mouth, kissing me, repositioning herself in my lap. Indi walked into the room, drying her hair with a towel. She immediately stopped as she noticed us. Seeing the disgust on her face made my dick jump. I wrapped my hands around Mary-Jane's face, kissing her back as I watched past her and stared straight into Indi's eyes. Those vibrant green irises quickly peeled away and trailed to the kitchen, noticing our mess, and returning back to me. She knew exactly what we did.

That's right. I fucked your friend. Now, keep those eyes on me.

FOUR

INDI

The ring light was perfectly positioned, igniting the whole room in a bright, white light. My phone was clipped in the center, the camera flipped as I tried to position myself, but I was struggling. The angle I needed wasn't working with the stand, and I started to get really upset. It didn't help that Carter and I had been fighting for a few days. I had come across his post of him at a bar with a bunch of other women last week, noticing that Mary-Jane had liked the post. It wouldn't have bothered me so much if he hadn't just sent me a text beforehand telling me I needed to stop liking other men's posts, uploading sexual content, and to remove myself from the platform that paid me to do so. He was such a hypocrite, going out and surrounding himself with women who did basically the same fucking thing as me, but then degrading me for it. He hated what I did and who I was until we were alone in his bedroom, and then suddenly, he wanted that very thing from me. He'd act like what I did hurt him so badly I had to make up for it, and the only way to do so was by treating me like I

was his little whore. And like every other guy before him, I always fell for it, desperate to feel loved. Well, not this time. This time, I was going to fight back. If Carter didn't want me to post photos of myself all over, that just meant I was about to flood his newsfeed with them, posting the raunchiest to my social media to not only piss him off, but feel good about myself. Only, I was struggling to get my head in the right mindset and find the right angles. I knew what I wanted to do but figuring out what exactly to post was the real challenge. I needed to post something that would really make him jealous. But what?

“Shit!” I accidentally knocked the ring light over as my phone bounced onto the hardwood. I rushed to pick it up, noticing my screen was cracked. “Oh, fuck me!”

Great, now I can't take anything and I'm going to have to replace the screen.

The bedroom door creaked open as Kush rushed inside to me, meowing. My head spun to then notice Haze silently standing in the doorway. He quickly grabbed the chunky cat, knocking the bedroom door wide open. “My bad. This little man ran off with a mouthful of my stash.” I smiled as if everything was normal, but I knew my face gave me away. “Everything okay?” He looked down at my hand, holding the cracked phone.

“No,” I breathed. “My fucking stand fell and then I broke my phone. Now I can't take photos for—” I stopped. Haze didn't know about my subscription and what I truly did for a living. “Social media.”

“I see. And is there any particular reason you're wanting to take photos dressed like that?” He pointed in my direction. I was wearing a lacey black sports bra under baggy, camouflage overalls, purposely leaving most of my midriff and chest exposed. My cheeks burned.

“Well—” I cleared my throat. “I was hoping to post something that would make

Carter jealous and feel like shit.” I made a face. Haze raised a brow. “Don’t judge me!”

“Oh, I am sonotjudging!” He raised his hands in a playfully defensive way as Kush jumped down and stumbled away. “Butif you’re trying to make another man jealous, dressing like that isn’t going to do it.”

“What’s wrong with my outfit?” I crossed my arms in a huff.

“Nothing.” He grinned. “But if you really want to piss him off, the best way to do it is not by just showing your skin, it’s by fucking with his mind.”

Fucking with his mind?

“What do you mean?” I asked.

Haze stepped further into the room. “You want to drive this man crazy? Don’t just post sexy pictures of yourself. Post yourself with another man.” He sat me down on the edge of the bed, looking down as he spoke to me. “For example.” He removed his leather jacket and wrapped it around my shoulders. “Wearing another man’s jacket will make him go batshit crazy. He’ll sit and stir, wondering if you hooked up with the owner. Then his thoughts will fall down a dark rabbit hole, thinking about the idea of the two of you together, seeing it so clear in his mind, questioning everything he’s ever done wondering if he is the reason you ran into another man’s arms. It’s torture. And if you really want to fuck him up—” He tipped my chin up towards him. The look in his eyes was something I had caught glimpses of over the last few years. It was dangerous and scaring the shit out of me, as if he was looking down at me like I was his. But deep down, I think I liked it.

“You post pictures of another man just out of frame with your body wrapped around him as if you’re having the best fucking time of your life without your precious little

boyfriend.” I had to swallow. “Show him what exactly he’s missing.”

“So,” I whispered, “I need to make him jealous by posing with someone else?”

“Not just posing. You need to make it feel real. So real that he’ll want to slam his fist into the wall for even imagining another man with you, touching you, or even breathing the same air.” Haze dropped my chin. “Make him so fucking jealous he’d be willing to kill any man that dares to even look at you.” He stepped back and moved towards the open bedroom door.

But where would I even find someone to help me? I can’t just go pick up some random dude from the side of the road. And I need someone I feel safe with, that I know won’t take advantage of me in such a moment—I looked down at my brother’s jacket, feeling his warmth around him.

“Haze, wait.” He stopped. “I need you.” The words felt heavy in my mouth. “You obviously know what you’re talking about, and—well, there’s really no one else I trust enough to do this with.”

“What’re you saying, Indi?”

I swallowed hard. “Let’s make him jealous, together. Pose with me.”

I could see his mouth curl as he looked over his shoulder in my direction. “Thought you broke your phone.”

Shit. I did.

“Can we use yours? You can just text me the photos, right?”

Haze brushed his hair back. “Anything for you, Indigo. Especially if it means I get to

piss off Carter.” I felt way too excited.

What is wrong with me?

He turned to face me. “But we can’t take those photos here.” I shot him a puzzled look. My room wasn’t perfect, but it wasn’t that bad, was it?



“Why not?”

“Because Carter isn’t stupid. Well—thatstupid. He knows what your room looks like and knows you’re not the kind of girl to just bring strange men back to the apartment. He will immediately suspect something is up.” Damn, he made a good point. “Nah, if you really want to get to him, we’ll need to take them somewhere he has never been. Somewhere you know he’ll question and that insanity of not knowing will eat away at his thoughts. You want him to sit there, scouring your social media for hours, cross-examining all your followers and friends profiles, trying to pinpoint where you are, who you are with, and how this all happened.” His grin grew. “You want him to spend every second obsessed with wanting to know more.”

What a sick and twisted little game.

I glanced around, thinking. “What about your room?” The look he gave me took me back. I knew he craved his privacy and didn’t let anyone in his room, but I’d be lying if I didn’t admit I was curious about it. Or that I was a little excited at the idea of taking photos inside it.

“My room?”

“Yeah, I mean—” I picked at my nails. “Carter would never suspect it, and he’s never seen it, so.”

Maybe this was a mistake. Maybe I needed to forget the whole thing and just be the good little girlfriend Carter wanted and?—

“Okay.”

I looked up at him in surprise. “What?”

Haze smiled. “I said, okay. Come on.” He reached his hand out to me and led me across the hall to the closed door of his room. Adrenaline flowed through my veins as he opened it. It wasn’t so much as the mystery of the room itself but the idea of being in Haze’s domain. This was his sanctuary, his space. A space he didn’t let anyone into—except me.

The room wasn’t anything too over the top or ridiculous, but it definitely matched Haze’s vibes and personality perfectly. The bedroom was very put together and clean, the total opposite of mine. He had dark walls and furniture, his large bed centered off the single exposed brick wall as LED lights lined the top of the room, casting it into a deep shade of blue. He had a few shelves of various and random things, but the one that I liked most was the large wall shelf lined with various colored and shaped bong. Very Haze. The room overall was very mature, with the smallest hint of defiance, just like Haze.

I pointed to the lights along the ceiling. “So fancy.” I smirked. Haze smiled, stepping past me as he pulled out his phone and tapped at the screen. The lights slowly shifted colors from blue to green. “Really?” I teased.

Haze chuckled. “Listen, I don’t care how old we are, color changing lights are always cool.”

What a dork.

I felt my nerves shifting from comfortable to uneasy, unsure of what to say or do. Haze must’ve sensed it, because he carefully led me to his computer chair at the desk in the corner of his room. “Here.” He rolled it around for me to sit.

“Okay.” I said with an awkward smile. “Now what?” My body fidgeted in the chair.

“Okay, well, first off, don’t look so fucking weird.” Haze poked at me. “Relax. Remember, you’re out with someone else and purposely trying to piss off your boyfriend.”

“Right.” I looked around, trying to process my own thoughts. But nothing worked. I felt like my brain just shut down and froze and my body reflected that. “Oh my gosh, I have no idea what to do!” A nervous laugh fell from my mouth. Maybe I shouldn’t be doing this. “Like, do I just pose? Or should I?—”

“Indi,” he calmly said my name. “Just relax. Take a breath.” I inhaled slowly and exhaled. “Alright. Now, tell me. Why do you want to take these photos? What do you want them to do?”

“What do you mean?” I asked.

Haze knelt before me, sighing softly as he looked up at me. I had to squeeze my legs together as if something had shocked me, buzzing in my veins. “What do you want these photos to do? Are you wanting to just hurt Carter? Make him jealous? Or are you wanting to drive him fucking insane?” I simply nodded. “No, tell me.”

“I want to drive him crazy,” I whispered to him.

“And what would do that? What would drive Carter absolutely fucking insane?”

I already knew the answer. “Seeing another man with me.”

Haze nodded. “Okay. Now, tell me how? Would him seeing you stand or hug another man do the trick? Or is the thought of another man’s hands on your body, touching what he feels is his, do it?” I blinked at him, the idea of belonging to Carter making

me sick to my stomach. It was laughable.

I'm not his.

“Touching. He hates even the idea of another man looking at me. He gets so worked up when he thinks someone’s eyes are on me. Even yours.” What an odd thing for me to say out loud.

“Irony.” Haze smiled. I didn’t understand why he said it. He tilted his head with a flicked brow. “I have an idea, a few, but I need you to trust me, okay?”

“Of course.” Always.

Haze stood, focusing on his phone as he darkened the lights a little. He then connected his phone to a set of wireless speakers and played some music. “Now”—he raised the phone, telling me he had the camera ready— “pose. Not with your body. Pose with your intentions.”

*Source Creation Date: May 21, 2025, 6:32 am*

Pose with my intentions? It took me a few seconds to really break down his words and understand what he meant. And thanks to the music, my body gently morphed into a comfortable state, moving and twisting in a way that just felt natural to me. I tossed my hair around, posing as I smiled and laughed. Haze took photo after photos, the camera flashing almost each time as I moved and began to feel at ease.

He slowly stepped closer, and a random idea hit me. “Wait. If I’m with someone in their room, then I really need it to look real. Authentic.” I looked down at my overalls and nervously unsnapped the straps one by one, exposing my body and the lacey black sports bra under his oversized leather jacket. It was a little awkward, but I needed it to seem legit. And I needed to relax. “There. Now that’s more believable.” I continued to pose in the chair as Haze captured each moment.

Haze glanced at me over the phone, looking over the photos he had taken. “These are good, but I feel like you need more.” He sat for a minute in his thoughts. “I know what will really do the trick. Get on the bed.” I did as he asked, slowly approaching his large bed. My fingers grazed the dark comforter as I wondered how many women he had here. All these years, I’d never seen him with any, aside from Mary-Jane, but even she didn’t get this privilege to be in his room. “Sit.” I sat on the edge of the bed. Haze stepped close, gently spreading my legs as he stood between them, the phone in his hand peering down at me in a very interesting angle. “Now, pose for me. Show me just how wicked you really are, Indigo. Show me how much you want to hurt your boyfriend and how sickly obsessed you are for me, little sis.”

I knew he was only trying to set the tone and help me melt into the moment, but something about his words, the way he spoke them, hit me in a way I never anticipated.

My head gently dipped back as I modeled for my brother, eventually placing my hands on either side of me to show I had basically nothing on under his jacket. He took more photos, silently capturing my poses like a fucking artist. And I wanted to look perfect for him, his wicked little muse.

Haze stopped, scrolling through the images. “These are better, but I still think we can do more.”

“How?” I sheepishly asked.

He turned to look at me, walking close before pushing me back onto his bed. I hit the comforter with a loud gasp as my hair sprawled in every direction. Haze carefully crawled over me, tucking my torso between his knees. He leaned over my face, nearly catching my breath, and started styling my hair around me.

“W-what’re you doing?” I whispered, his smell choking my nostrils as my cheeks burned.

“Just trust me.” A few minutes later, he leaned back and pulled his phone back out, taking more photos of me. “Let’s take a video. It’ll make it seem more believable.” I bit my lip. “Just relax and smile for the camera. Remember, you want Carter to think you’re in another man’s bed, doing things he could only dream of you doing with him. You want him to burn with jealousy. Now, sell it, Indi. Show him how much better your life is without him, how much better this other man makes you feel.” The flash turned on as I heard the recording begin. I instantly smiled, doing what I typically did for my subscribers, but this time, I wasn’t performing for them. I was looking past the blinding light and staring directly into my twin’s eyes. I was performing for Haze. And it didn’t feel forced or fake like it normally did. It felt...real.

Without even thinking, I reached out, grabbing the buckle of his belt, tugging him

closer, biting the tip of my finger. His body rocked as he continued to record, his face hidden behind the bright light. I didn't know what I was doing, but it felt right, and I was determined to fucking sell it.

The light suddenly shut off and my vision was partially blinded from the brightness. It quickly returned as he began to record again, only this time he leaned down and grabbed my neck. At first it startled me, but I knew he wouldn't hurt me. So I relaxed and let him slightly choke me. It felt oddly good, the warmth of his skin wrapped perfectly around my neck, constricting my breathing ever so lightly. My mouth fell into a gasp and as his thumb rubbed over my lower lip, I couldn't help but smile. His thumb rubbed my lower lip as I grinned, enjoying his touch. I lost myself in the moment and stuck my tongue out. He pressed his thumb against it, gently pressing it into my mouth as I wrapped my lips around it and began to suck, performing for the camera.

His thighs tightened their grip around my torso as he filmed me, taking photos as he recorded me sucking him. My pelvis rocked while I moaned, my pussy suddenly aching as I forgot who we were.

The veins on his arm bulged as he, too, moaned softly. "Such a good girl," he whispered harshly from behind the phone. I wasn't sure if he meant it, or was just faking it for the video, but either way, I ate that shit up.

The flash turned off as he slowly pulled his hand back, dragging it along my sternum. "Now—" He stood. "Take off those fucking overalls. I have another idea."

Haze backed from the bed as I kicked the baggy overalls from my legs and revealed a matching pair of black lace panties. I felt awkward being so exposed to him, but I kept telling myself that he was doing this to help me. Nothing else.

Haze watched me closely, motioning his fingers as he silently told me to turn over.

Swallowing, I obeyed him and rolled onto my knees, facing away from him. He stepped closer and ran his hand up along my spine. The sensual touch made my heart jolt and skin prickle. "Scoot back," he whispered. I crawled backwards, my ass slamming into his pelvis. "There."

I glanced over my shoulder to see him raise the phone. I felt weird, unsure if this was something we should be doing. "Haze?" He looked down at me. "Are you sure?"

He remained quiet for a few seconds. "If you want to stop, we'll stop. But if you want to make your boyfriend jealous, then I suggest you listen to what I say and let me take control. Now, relax and let yourself just enjoy the moment. And let's make thatfucker regret everything he's ever done, 'cause I know after he seesthis,he's going to seethe with absolute jealousy."

"But..." I hesitated. "Is this wrong?"

Haze brushed his hair back, pulling a rolled joint from his jeans. He lit it, taking his time to inhale. He then crawled over my back, completely covering me with his hot body, and grabbed my face, forcing my mouth open as he blew a cloud of smoke straight into my mouth. I closed my eyes, inhaling as hard as possible, coughing faintly.

"It's just pictures," he whispered, placing the joint between his lips. My eyes stared into his, knowing there was no real harm in what we were doing. And any enjoyment I felt was an added bonus to pissing off Carter. Haze blew another cloud into my face, leaning back as he positioned himself behind me. "We good?"

My body buzzed, relaxing as the drug took effect on me. "Perfect."

Haze gripped my waist, yanking me against his body as I gasped. He then pulled his phone back up and aimed it at me. "Now, perform for me." The flash turned as he



began to record.

His hand gripped my ass, causing me to cry out unexpectedly, but it didn't stop me. Instead, it charged me. I leaned back into him, raising my ass higher. My back arched while I whipped my hair and turned slightly to smile at the camera, knowing just how much this would drive Carter insane. Haze slapped my ass with a loud grunt and I moaned, knowing he was recording me.

That's right, listen to me moan, Carter. Hear just how good a real man makes me feel.

Fuck, it felt good, moving and performing like I was.

Haze took a few photos of me and continued recording, reaching out as he wrapped his hand through my long hair and tugged, pulling my head high. I gasped out loud, clawing into his bedding as he did so, enjoying it a little too much. It sounded like he was moaning, but between my heavy breathing, the weed, and the music, it was hard to tell. Maybe I was just imagining it. But why? Did I want to make him moan?

Stop thinking and just fucking live in the moment. And I did.

Haze stopped recording, showing me the videos and photos as he smoked. I couldn't help but to squeal and cover my smile, beyond pleased with what we had so far. "Carter is going to fucking die when he sees these!" I bounced excitedly. Haze just smiled. I hugged him, wrapping my arms around his neck as he held me back, his hands gliding along my lower back. "Wait—" I pulled back, looking up at him. "I have an idea."

“What?” he asked.

“Come here.” I pulled him to the bed. “Sit.” He did, watching me closely as I took his phone and switched the lights to a vibrant red.

“What’re you doing, Indi?”

“Just—” I pushed him back onto the bed and crawled over him. “Here, take this off.” I gripped his shirt, pulling it over his head. “There.”

Haze laughed, somehow still smoking, amused by whatever I was doing. “Are you going to explain what’s going on?”

I tried not to stare at his built frame, covered in numerous tattoos. I knew my brother was attractive, but I tried not to look. That didn’t mean I didn’t sneak a few peeks. And if I was being honest, Haze was hot as fuck.

“Indi?”

I shook my head. “Just let me do my thing.” I took his phone, flipped the camera around and raised my arm high enough to see my entire body and only his lower abdomen, hiding his face. I perched my ass just right and spread my legs, adjusting the placement of his leather jacket around my arms, and began to take photos.

“Really? Now you’re using my body?” Haze joked.

“Fuck yeah.” I moved as if I had been riding him, placing my hand on his lower

stomach and snapped a few more selfies. I looked over to see Haze with his arms propped behind his head, smiling as he smoked. His eyes were fixated on me. And I got a wicked idea. "Smile," I teased, flipping the camera around as I took a photo of him. He grinned and posed. We both laughed and took a few more photos together, sticking our tongues out as if we were going to makeout, me kissing his cheek as he smoked, and other various questionable things. I sat back, scrolling through the pictures. "Look at your face!" I teased him. For a brief second, the darkness of his room and his photos almost reminded me of the masked man in my messages.

"Nah, delete that!" He laughed, pulling my thoughts back.

"Never!"

"Fine. Then we need more of you." Haze removed the joint, exhaling. "Come here."

I crawled over and leaned down, our faces touching as I took a few more selfies of us together. He placed the joint between my lips, holding it as I inhaled, snapping photos. "There." I blew into his face. "Now you have more of me." He stared at me, this dark and hungry look soaking his face. And for some reason, I wanted to kiss him.

"Let me see that." He took the phone, sitting up as I remained seated in his lap, confused. "There." He motioned his chin at me. "Don't move." I listened to Haze, straddling him as he began to take a few more photos of us. "Take it off." He pointed to his jacket. And I did without question. Haze then pointed the camera back at me. "Pretend to ride me."

My cheeks burned as I blinked at his words. "Haze."

"Do it, Indigo," he growled. The camera flash turned on. "Perform. Make me believe you want to fuck me. Make Carter believe it. And show him just how much better it is

being with me than him.” And just like that, I did.

My arms wrapped around his neck and I began to move as if I were riding him, rocking my body against his while he recorded me. He fell back, letting me move freely, smoking as he recorded me. His free hand moved up my thigh, squeezing it while I moved, grinding against him. My own hands began to travel along my skin, feeling my body and meeting his hand. He softly pressed into me, a bulge beneath his jeans rubbing against my aching body.

Oh fuck.

I could feel myself growing wet, liking the way he moved against me. His hand reached my sternum, trailing upwards. I grabbed it and looked straight into the camera as I moved faster, building my orgasm. I lost myself, falling into my habit of performing for the camera with the intent of coming. My body pressed harder against him, his hand squeezing my neck. I moaned at his touch and felt tight, the pressure building until I could do nothing but increase my speed and beg my body to come. And I did. Loudly.

“Oh fuck!” I rocked faster, rubbing my wet and aching pussy against his bulge, panting and moaning all the same. “Fuck, fuck, fuck!” I cried out, feeding my painful orgasm as his hand released my neck and played with my breasts, rubbing along my hard nipples until I couldn’t take it anymore.

Haze’s hand slowly fell and as I tried to control my breathing, the flash now gone as I realized what I had just done.

I bolted from his bed, backing away with absolute horror. Haze remained unphased, sitting up as he stared down at his phone. “Damn, you really know how to perform, Indi.” He scrolled through his phone, looking at the photos, tapping the video he just took. I could hear my own moans coming from his phone. He flipped it around,

showing me what he had captured. “Almost fooled me.” He grinned.

“H-haze—” I swallowed while rushing to step back into my overalls. “That—that was wrong.” His face told me he was confused. “I know we were trying to make Carter jealous, but that?—”

“Indi, relax.” He jumped from the bed and approached me. “It was just a performance. That’s all.” He gently kissed the top of my head, acting as though nothing had happened.

Did he really think it was fake?

“Here.” He handed me the shrunken joint. “Finish this and just breathe. I’ll send you all the videos and photos and you can do whatever you want with them, okay?”

I nodded, still unnerved by what just happened. “Just—” He looked at me. “Don’t send me that last one. I want to make Carter jealous, but that...that would do so much more.”

Haze grinned. “No worries.”

“Actually Haze? Can you just delete it?” I forced a fake smile.

His eyes met mine. “Sure thing, little sis.”

FIVE

HAZE

Indi’s moans filled the room as I watched the video of her riding me. She asked me to delete it, and I told her I would, but I didn’t. Instead, I kept it hidden in a private folder on my phone with all the other photos and videos we took. But this one, oh, this was my fucking favorite. She may think it was fake, but I knew it was real. I’ve seen her make that face and heard those exact noises before, and I knew she meant them. She liked riding me, and I fucking enjoyed every minute of it.

Kush meowed, startling me as I dropped my phone onto the bread batter before me. “Oh fuck,” I groaned, Indi’s muffled moans sinking into the dough. “Damn it, Kush.” I pulled the phone from the sticky dough, peeling it free. The cat made a few noises, scratching at the kitchen island, knowing what I had tucked in the drawer above him. “Oh, fine.” I opened the drawer and pulled the Ziploc out, sprinkling a small nugget over him. He pranced around, rolling in the heavily scented cannabis, purring and licking it up off the floor. “I swear, you’re a bigger pothead than the rest of us.” I laughed at the fat cat as he rolled around in it.

I turned to face the bread dough before me, sighing. I needed to record myself kneading it, but I didn’t really have the energy. What I really wanted to do was sit in my room and jack off to those videos of Indi on my phone. Now that I had the energy for it.

Speaking of—I grabbed my phone and paused the video. Where are you? I scrolled through and found Indi's location. She was close, approaching the apartment. Perfect. Thanks to a very generous donation from her masked subscriber, she had more than enough money to fix her phone. And I needed it fixed, otherwise I'd have no way to follow her.

Within seconds, Indi stepped through the apartment door, huffing and puffing. It was clear she was upset. Her cheeks were flustered, and she moved with a cloud of anger behind her.

"Everything okay?" I asked, gently kneading the dough.

"No!" she shouted. She threw her things down and swiped through her phone. "Look at this shit!" Her finger scrolled, showing me dozens of texts from her boyfriend Carter. I couldn't really read them as she scrolled so fast, but I noticed a few emojis and all cap letters. He wasn't just pissed. He was furious.

Good.

"I'm guessing Carter didn't like the photos you posted?" I tried not to smile. I knew Indi had posted most of the photos to her social media, carefully cropping me out as much as possible to avoid anyone knowing it was me. Mary-Jane was here when she did so, showing me like it was some insane news. And if her reaction was anything like Carter's, well, let's just say those photos did exactly as they were intended to.

"Oh, no." She tossed the phone onto the counter. "He's been blowing my phone up nonstop! I knew he'd be jealous and get angry, but this? No, this is a whole different level!" Her phone buzzed as another text came in, followed by another and another. "Oh my god! I should've left my fucking phone broken! Then I wouldn't have to deal with this shit!" I watched Indi lean against the counter and drop her head in defeat. "I just wish he'd leave me alone," she whispered. I wanted to feel bad for her...but I

didn't.

"Need to blow off that steam?" I asked.

She looked at me through her hair. "I don't think smoking is going to fix this, Haze."

I smiled. "Who said anything about smoking?" My hands gripped the dough, smacking it around on the kitchen island. "There are other ways to unleash that temper. Come here." Indi slowly walked to my side. "No, here." My flour covered hands positioned her in front of me. I then propped my phone up across the kitchen island and began to record us.

"Haze," she groaned.

"Oh stop. I need a video for my social media. And don't worry, I'll crop your entire top half out like I do when I post mine. No one will see anything except your hands. Imagine the reaction my fans will give." I returned to her and wrapped my arms around her shoulders and carefully placed her hands into the dough, manipulating them as we began to knead it together.

"What are we doing?" she asked, hesitant to follow my lead, eyeing the camera.

"Letting go. Now, press your fingers here." I moved her hand, puppeteering her through. "Like that. Yes. Now, give it a smack."

Indi turned and flashed me a face. "I'm not smacking the dough."

"Why not? My followers love it. Watch." I smacked the dough roughly as she lightly jumped. "See?"

Indi twisted her mouth, trying not to smile while she hit the dough.



“No, you call that a smack?” I took her hand. “Smack it like you mean it!” I moved her hand, whacking the dough. “Better. But this time, pretend it’s Carter’s face.”

“Haze,” she snapped. I raised a brow, stepping back as she shook her head and slapped the dough a bit harder.

“Almost.”

Indi slapped it again. She giggled, looking back at me as I smoked my joint. She then hit it again, harder, the sound echoing across the apartment. She hit it again and again, unleashing her anger in such a playful way. And I sat back and watched, knowing how good it must feel for her to unload herself. I finished the joint, tossed it into the sink, and stared, just completely consumed by her.

That’s right. Smack that dough. Show me your temper.

“Here.” I stepped back to her, surrounding her with my body. “Let me take over for a bit. You go get yourself one of the leftover brownies.” Indi ducked around me, snatching a brownie covered in icing. She had eaten almost all of them over the last few days, leaving barely any left.

Looks like I need to make more.

*Source Creation Date: May 21, 2025, 6:32 am*

“So.” She took a bite, licking her lips as she watched me from across the kitchen island. “Is this really what your followers like to see?” Her finger twirled in my direction as I kneaded the dough some more, careful to showcase my knuckles and bulging veins.

“Oh yeah. They love a good knead.” I picked the dough up and slammed it back down onto the kitchen island. I pressed my wrist down, pushing forward as I pulled the dough, staring right at her. She raised a brow, her eyes falling back to my hands as I rolled everything back together and slapped it one last time. “Nice and firm.”

Indi swallowed. “Let me try again.”

I stepped back, motioning for her to take a turn. “Be my guest.”

Indi finished her brownie, shoving the rest deep into her mouth. She then stepped in front of me, tossing her long hair over her shoulders as the smell of her shampoo hit me in the face. I inhaled it deeply, trying to keep my dick in place. It didn't help that she leaned slightly over, her tight dark green dress only highlighting her curves and perfect ass as she dug her fingers into the dough with a soft gasp and began to knead. “Like this?” she asked, moving like she had seen me.

“Almost.” I laughed. “Here.” I pressed against her back as she bumped into the counter. My arms wrapped around her body and I slid my fingers along hers, squeezing the dough. I could hear her breath shudder as our cheeks touched. “You need to make sure you fold it into itself, like this.” I moved her hands, showing her what to do. “There. Now, harder,” I whispered. Her lips parted gently as I noticed her head rise ever so lightly. “Harder,” I whispered again, watching her closely. She was

enjoying this, and so was I.

“Haze—”

Just then, Indi’s phone buzzed, making her jolt. I immediately pulled back, knowing the moment was gone. She began to panic, flour and bits of dough stuck to her fingers. “Shit! Can you get that? You don’t have to respond or anything, just, just let me know what it says!” She rushed to the sink, trying to wash her hands. I picked up her phone and typed in her passcode. It opened to her texts and my smile fell. It was Carter.

Indi, we need to talk. If you want this work, then we need to sit down and discuss this like adults. No more games, no more fucking around. I know my value, and if you want to be with me, then you should learn your own.

“Your boyfriend wants to talk.” I tossed her phone onto the counter, pissed by what he had said.

Fucking little bitch.

Indi eyed me. “That bad?” I made a face. “Shit.” She picked up the phone and read the message with a groan. “What should I do?”

Let me fucking break his neck.

I shrugged. “It’s your relationship. Do whatever you want.”

“Really?” She crossed her arms. “So if I decided to meet him and talk, you would just be completely fine with that?” Why was she snapping at me? I didn’t do anything.

“Why are you even asking me?” I stepped towards her, ripping the apron from my

bare chest as I glared down at her. “You’ve never wanted my opinion on your little relationships before.”

“Little relationships? I’m sorry, I didn’t realize dating someone exclusively for months was so?—”

“Boring?” I raised a brow.

“Boring? Wow. You’re right, and your whole fuck buddy thing you got going on with Mary-Jane is so much fucking better.” Oh, I hit a nerve.

I stepped closer, forcing her back against the counter. “It is. Because, unlike you, I’m free to do whatever the fuck I want whenever I want. I have no obligations to baby Mary-Jane’s feelings or try to constantly appease her. Why? Because that’s how I like it. You might not like what we have, but at least I don’t have to beg her to like me. She accepts me as I am, which is more than Carter will ever do for you, Indi.”

Indi glared back up at me. “Then why don’t I just leave so you can fuck your red-headed whore.”

“At least she’s not ashamed to be called one.”

“Fuck you, Haze.” She shoved past me, grabbing her things. “I’m going to see Carter.”

“I don’t give a fuck what you do, Indi!” She slammed the apartment door behind her. Kush rushed to my side and meowed up at me. “Yeah, I really hit a fucking nerve.”

Good.

I stood there for a good ten minutes before my phone buzzed. I checked it to see a

new text from Mary-Jane.

Indi sent me a text and said she wasn't coming home and we could have the apartment to ourselves tonight. Want me to come over?

I scoffed. Of course Indi texted her. Wait, if Indi wasn't coming home, that meant she was probably planning on staying with Carter. Not because she wanted to but out of spite.

Oh, so you think you can just run back to your boyfriend like nothing happened? Well, we'll see about that.

I typed my text out to Mary-Jane and hit send.

Can't. Have plans.

My mask shifted on my face as I stood in the dark closet, silently waiting for Indi and Carter to return to his house. It was late, and from what I could see on the app on my phone, they had spent most of the evening at a nearby bar, probably trying to talk through their shit. Now, they were almost back, and I knew she was with him. Not because she wanted to be, but because she was trying to hurt me. Which told me I was under her skin, and that's exactly where I wanted to be.

Minutes passed by as I waited in the darkness. I didn't exactly know what my plan was, sitting here in Carter's obnoxiously large closet, but I was here. Part of me was genuinely worried about what he might do to her. I wanted to know if he'd question her about the man in her photos and what she'd say. But then, I also was curious if all she really had planned was just to take him back. Fuck, she was driving me crazy. Nonetheless, I was here. The garage door opened, telling me they were here too.

Instant shouting filled the house as they argued. "Seriously? Wow. Real classy, Indi! You know, I thought we were really getting somewhere and now I'm just getting whiplash. I mean come on! You really can't expect me to be so calm after everything just because we had one dinner!" Carter shouted as he rushed into the room.

Indi shadowed him, her face flustered. "You're the one who said you wanted to talk! Fuck—I'm not the one in the wrong here, Carter! You are! You're always out with other women, hanging all over them, posting them, and suddenly you have the audacity to question me for the same thing?"

Carter forced a fake laugh. "I'm not the one posting myself wearing lingerie in some

stranger's bed!"

She put her hands on her hips and scoffed. "It's sure funny how much you used to like me posting selfies just like it. You were always liking my posts and sliding into my messages before we got together, talking about how much you loved seeing me post those things."

"Oh, don't even try to put that shit on me! You baited me—slutted yourself out. Your whole game is posting content and waiting for someone like me to reach out so you could message me back, teasing me like one of your subscribers! I'm not some obsessed fan in a mask, Indi. I'm your fucking boyfriend and I deserve some respect!"

You better watch your fucking mouth.

Indi cocked her head at him. "Are you fucking serious?"

"Oh yeah. I know all about your real job and its following. All those sick perverts who pay to watch you while you put on a little show. You think you're so much better than the whores you find on a street corner, just because everything you do is done behind a screen, but you're not!" Indi's eyes swelled with anger and tears. It took everything in my power not to bust from the closet and beat the shit out of that blonde haired douchebag. "Nowonder masked men stalk you on the internet. You slut yourself out making people like him feel like you want them, when truthfully, you're just looking for another paycheck."

I'm going to fucking kill him.

Indi slowly approached him, holding her head high as she looked up into his eyes. Her lower lip quivered while she smiled, showing just how fucking strong she was. "Tell me. Am I really a whore if you fuck me but don't pay?" Carter clenched his

jaw. “Because I’ve never taken a cent from you, and you’ve happily fucked this whore for months, completely unbothered by the fact thousands of people all over the world pay to see me do things. Things you could never imagine because your head is so far up your own entitled ass. Instead, you try to tear me down and force me to be someone I’m not. Well, I’m sick of it, Carter! This is who I am! And I’m done.” She grinned while tears fell down her cheeks. “Good luck finding another woman to do the things I did.” She grinned. “But when you do find her, don’t forget to ask for a receipt.”

There you fucking go. I was so fucking proud of her.

“Indi,” Carter called after her. “Indi!” He grabbed her arm, refusing to let go. My fists squeezed in response.

Her free arm swung as she slapped him hard across his face, knocking his grasp from her. “No!” He glared at her, burning bright red. “You don’t get to touch me.”

Carter heaved with anger, towering over her frame. His nostrils flared as he stood there watching her. “I will touch you as much as I fucking like.” His hand snatched her neck as she tried to fight him, shouting and trying to free herself.

“Let go of me!” she yelled. “Stop!”

Carter pulled her close, crushing his mouth to hers. She tried to resist, crying as he kissed her again and again. She whispered no, but he only kissed her harder. “You can’t leave me, Indi.” Her eyes widened as she stared at him, his hold releasing her neck as he held her face in his hands. “I’m sorry.”

You’ve got to be fucking kidding me.

“I’m so sorry. I only posted those photos to make you jealous because I’m crazy



about you. So crazy that I forget myself. I know you're not a whore, I'm just—so scared that you're going to wake up one day and realize you can do so much better than me.” Her face softened as she stopped resisting him.

Please tell me you're not actually falling for this shit.

“Carter.” She swallowed. “If I stay?—”

No.

“Then...Then you have to change.”

Indi, what the fuck.

Carter nodded, kissing her as he spoke. “Yes. Yes, I will.” They kissed each other. “I just need you to be patient with me. A man can't change overnight.”

I rolled my eyes in disgust. This fucker straight up just played her into staying with him. After everything that just happened, he fucking played her. Like he always did. Indi was better than this. Better than him.

“I know.” Indi kissed him back. “Let's just forget everything. And let's—let's just be together.” She led him back towards his bed, sliding her dress from her body. “Let me make it better.” She kicked her dress aside as he watched her, placing his hands along her flesh as she fell back onto the bed, ready for him. I felt sick to my stomach. Not only had she forgiven him, but somehow, she was going to make it up to him. To sleep with him like he didn't just insult her. It was so toxic.

Carter's phone rang, breaking the moment. He pulled back and turned away, glancing real quick before looking back at Indi. “I have to go.”

“What?” Indi sat up in shock.

“I’m sorry, it’s work.” He casually kissed her head, grabbing his things.

Her body slumped as she watched him rush away from her. “What—Carter. Carter, what am I supposed to do?”

Carter stopped, looking around the room. “Just keep yourself busy. Kitchen is stocked and you should have everything you need. Text me if you don’t.”

“Carter!”

“What?” he snapped. Indi made a face. “I’m sorry, but it’s work, Indi!” Carter quickly left as I listened. The garage door opened and closed, telling me he was gone.

Indi sighed, sitting on his bed in nothing but a delicious matching set of black floral lace with embroidered cherries. I knew it well, having seen it featured in many of her streams and content. She looked upset. I could only imagine the thoughts racing through her mind as she sat there, almost leaving the man who treated her so terribly just to end up back in his bed, alone. It hurt to see her, knowing the cracks he must have made in her soul to damage her enough to willingly stay with someone like him. Her desperation to be loved tugged at my heart. If only she knew just how loved she was, how badly she was wanted. If only she would accept the sick darkness between us. She would never experience these dark feelings that haunted her again. Not as long as I lived.

Indi sniffled, fighting back tears. She grabbed her phone, rolled onto her back, and

began to scroll through it. The way she was positioned was perfect. I could not only see her breasts pooling from her bra, but I could see what she was doing on her phone.

Indi was looking at the photos we took together, zooming in on our faces. It was interesting to see. I stepped closer to the closet door, watching her swipe through. She wasn't just aimlessly looking. No, she was thinking about me.

She moved from the photos to her text and began to type, pausing as she stared at her phone. “No, I’m mad at him.” She tossed her phone down with a frustrated grunt. She rolled around, kicking her legs, obviously bored. “Keep myself busy, huh?” She made a face, thinking before the hint of a smile formed. She then bit her lip, snatching her phone back. I watched as she tapped the screen.

Well, if she’s just going to doom scroll, then so am I.

I pulled my own phone out and noticed something. Indi had read my message. Not an ordinary text but the message I sent via my secret account. My video. I opened the thread to see she had seen it a while back.

Interesting.

“I’ll keep myself busy.” My head snapped back to Indi. Her face was lit up as she sat on her knees, slightly facing my direction as she looked through her phone. She sat it in front of her, looking at something specific, but I couldn’t tell what. I peered through the mask, watching as her hands slowly glided down her thighs.

What’re you?—

Indi began to feel her body, staring at the phone as she touched herself. My mask tilted as I watched, my hot heavy breath filling the closet.

Oh, you naughty little thing.

I quickly and quietly watched, my dick swelling as it ached for her, loving every second of the private show I was getting. She moved so sensually, gliding her hands along her curves. Her nails scraped her skin while she gasped faintly. I repositioned my phone, ensuring the flash was off as I pressed record, zooming in. She took her time, reaching her fingers beneath the thin lingerie and played with her nipples, moaning at her delicate touch. It was so fucking hot to watch, but I didn't just want to watch. I wanted to participate.

Let me join you.

With my free hand, I pulled my aching dick free from my jeans and began to stroke myself. My dick hardened and grew with excitement as I listened to her, enjoying herself. Her fingers traveled down her bare stomach and beneath her panties. She was massaging her pretty little clit, and as I watched, I rubbed my dripping tip. I moved with her speed, pretending it was her fingers playing with me.

“Oh,” Indi cried out as she gently began to finger herself. Her body rose and rocked against her palm as she looked at her phone, obviously turned on and driven by whatever she saw. I mimicked her movements, thrusting against my grasp as I, too, moved fast. It was a challenge to try and keep still enough to record her while masturbating, but even harder to stay quiet. Especially with her moaning so loudly.

Indi cried out again, the sound telling me she was nearing her climax. She increased her speed, ruthlessly fingering herself.

That's right. Fuck yourself like the wicked thing you are.

She began to cry out, leaning forward, rocking faster and faster against herself. It was so fucking delicious to see, milking my own impending orgasm as I watch, breathing

heavily beneath my mask. She nearly fell forward, knocking her phone across the floor as she gripped the edge of the bed and came with a loud scream. “Oh fuck!”

My curious eyes fell to the phone just outside the closet to see the video I had sent her of me in my mask coming for her. The video was zoomed in on my dripping dick as cum squirted all over my shaft. And I immediately came, faster than I’ve ever come before.

Jesus fucking christ!

I dropped my own phone, the sound thankfully hidden by the delicious noises Indi was making, and tried to control myself. I was spewing all over, grabbing one of Carter’s shirts to catch what I could. My eyes were fixated on her, the two of us so sickly obsessed with the other, coming at the fantasy we obviously both wanted. She just didn’t know it yet.

Oh, this is so fucking wrong. But so fucking right.

Indi’s body slumped, her heavy breathing filling the room as she calmed. She was out of breath, which told me how good the idea of me made her feel. I tried to calm myself, my own climax slowly relaxing. I had to look away to ensure I cleaned my mess up, realizing how much I came.

Damn, little sis. Only you could make me come so fucking hard.

*Source Creation Date: May 21, 2025, 6:32 am*

The sound of the floorboard creaking caught my attention as I looked up to see her standing outside the closet. She was staring down at her phone, now in her hand. I froze, hoping to remain unseen. “What is wrong with me?” she whispered to herself.

Absolutely nothing.

Indi’s eye slowly raised to the closet and for a brief second, I swore she saw me. But she didn’t. Instead, she exhaled and turned away.

SIX

INDI

“Indi?” Haze’s voice drifted through the bedroom door. “Everything okay?”

I had been hiding out, rotting in my room for the last couple days. I don’t know what came over me, but I was just—depleted. Things with Carter went right back to the way they were before, and no matter how wrong it was, I couldn’t stop thinking about that fucking video in my messages, or the one I took with Haze. It fucked with my brain, triggering this ongoing spiral of questioning everything else in my life and sent me down a depressive episode. And all I wanted was to sleep these overbearing thoughts away.

“Indi?” I knew he was concerned, but I didn’t know what to say. So I didn’t say anything. Kush’s muffled meows were followed by the sound of him clawing at my door. I wanted to let him in and snuggle him while I fell asleep to the sound of his soothing purrs, but I couldn’t face Haze. Not yet. I was too ashamed.

Kush's clawing intensified. "Indi, if I don't let this little pothead in, he's going to destroy your door." I smiled to myself, knowing how determined Kush was. "I'm going to crack the door open for him, okay?" I didn't reply.

The bedroom door slowly creaked open, lighting the dark room as Kush burst inside, prancing to the side of my bed. He meowed hysterically, clawing at the air for me to pick him up. "Okay," I whispered. "Okay, calm down, little man." My arms tensed as I raised him onto the bed. "Oh my god, Kushy-Kush. I'm not calling you fat, but damn, you're thick."

Haze's soft laughter startled me. I whipped my head over to see him standing in the doorway, wearing his cropped shirt and sweats, holding a small plate with a single brownie. "I'm sorry, I—" He placed the plate next to me. "I just know how much you love my brownies and figured one might cheer you up."

He was so kind and caring. And he always knew what I needed before I did. Maybe what I felt wasn't this bizarre and random sexual attraction to him, but instead just a deeper connection. I mean, Haze and I weren't just brother and sister, we were twins. And everyone always says twins have this undeniable connection with one another. Maybe that's all this was. A cosmic connection to my twin.

"Thank you," I whispered. I couldn't resist, immediately taking a large bit of the warm fudgy brownie. The icing he always used was the right balance of sweet and salty, melting in my mouth as it dripped down my face. It was absolutely delicious. And just what I needed. I ate the whole thing within minutes, licking and sucking the icing from my fingers. "God, that was perfect."

"Well, there's plenty more where that came from." I looked at him. "Indi—" He stepped to the side of the bed and crouched. I stared at him, eye level to me, while he gently ran his thumb along my lower lip. "You have some icing." Haze smiled, licking it clean from his thumb, his eyes staring straight into mine. My heart reacted

in all the wrong ways.

Just a twin connection.

“Well, there’s more in the kitchen. I made a small batch of them just for you.” He stood and pet Kush. “I’ll leave you two be.” He gently kicked the door, nearly shutting it. I watched him walk away and rip his cropped shirt from his body, tossing it aside. He raised his arms, stretching as the muscles along his tattooed back flexed and moved in ways that made my face burn and body ache. I had to force my eyes away.

Just a twin connection.

SEVEN

HAZE

“Oh, come on, Haze!” Mary-Jane snapped. “We’ve been fucking around for almost three years and we never do anything fun!”

I coughed on the smoke. “I disagree.” She flashed me a look.

“Getting high with your cat isn’t fun,” she snapped.

I looked over at Kush and scratched his head. “Says you.”

Mary-Jane groaned. “I’m serious, Haze. I’m a woman with needs. And I need to be taken out or you can find some other pussy to fuck. I’m done waiting to be appreciated.”

I couldn’t help but roll my eyes. Mary-Jane had become so needy over the years, and



if Indi didn't dislike her so much, I would've already dropped her and moved on. But Mary-Jane was so good at making Indi jealous and fucking with Indi's relationships. I needed that.

Time to suck it up, Haze.

"I'm serious, Haze. I will walk out this door and never come back if you?—"

"Fine." Mary-Jane blinked. "Let's go out."

She squealed, excitedly clapping her hands as she ran to me and hugged me around the neck. "Ahh, yes! Thank you! We are going to have so much fun tonight!" Doubt it. "Okay, I'm going to head out and get ready. Gotta look hot for my man. Ahh! We are going dancing, baby!" Mary-Jane rushed out the door, excited, brushing past Indi as if she didn't even exist.

"What was that all about?" Indi asked.

*Source Creation Date: May 21, 2025, 6:32 am*

I sighed, lighting the bowl of my bong. “Apparently—” I inhaled and strained my words. “We’re going dancing.” I coughed, smoke shooting from my nostrils and mouth as she looked at me.

“You...are going dancing? With Mary-Jane?”

I nodded. “Crazy, huh?” Indi didn’t say a word. “What’re your plans tonight?”

She looked down at her phone. “Nothing. Carter and I—” I rolled my eyes. “What?” she asked in a pissed off tone. “You asked.”

I made a face and raised my hands defensively. “I didn’t say shit.”

Indi scowled. “Oh, yes, you did. With your eyes.”

“My eyes? What the fuck does that even mean?” I tried not to laugh, but I was too high.

Indi crossed her arms. “Nothing. It means nothing, Haze. I hope you have so much fun dancing with Mary-Jane.”

So angry. “Yeah, well, fun isn’t what I’d use to describe it. Knowing her, we’re going to end up at that fucking night club she’s always going on about. The Red Eye or whatever the fuck it’s called.” Indi looked so pissed, and all I wanted to do was poke at that temper. “Fun or not, I doubt I’ll be coming home tonight. Don’t wait up for me, little sis.” I grinned up at her.

Indi tilted her head. “Since when do you sleep over at Mary-Jane’s?”

Oh, she was seething at the idea of me staying out. “Does it really matter? ‘Cause I’m pretty sure who I fuck is none of your damn business. Or do those rules only apply to you and your blonde haired fuckboy?”

Indi was fuming. “You’re right. It’s none of my business. Fuck whoever you want, Haze.”

I raised the bong high. “Cheers to that!” She scoffed and walked away in a huff.

Too bad the only person I want to fuck is you.

The club Mary-Jane had chosen for our night out was the one she always talked about, notorious for their themed parties and insane atmosphere. The Red Eye. It was huge, hidden between some old abandoned buildings on the whole other side of town, away from prying eyes or sensitive ears. It was a smart location, ‘cause this place was fucking insane. The Red Eye was beyond packed, everyone shoved close together like fucking sardines, dancing and drinking like it was a giant frat party. Colored lights strobed across the inside of the building, thin laser lights flashing back and forth in unison with the music busting through the speakers. The DJ was putting on a full show, playing the sickest mixes, smoking a fucking joint. Not only was there fog machines blowing through, but the entire fucking club was hot boxed with weed, and despite everything else, I really like it. Thankfully, I pregamed a bit to ease my nerves, otherwise there was no way in hell I’d be able to stand here.

Mary-Jane was dressed in a light green knitted two-piece with large golden sequin pieces throughout. The micro sleeves flared out at her wrists and tied into her twisted bikini style top that barely covered her tits. The matching mini skirt left little to the imagination, twisted and braided strands of the material hanging around her waist. Her red hair was pulled up high, exposing her tattooed neck and many ear piercings.

Her entire body glistened under the colored lights as I noticed her skin was smothered in body glitter. And I'd be lying if I said it wasn't even a little appetizing to see.

She ground against my body, drinking a dirty martini while I smoked one of my special joints. Mary-Jane leaned back and raised her phone up high. "Ahhh, smile!" She stuck her tongue out and took a photo of us.

"Seriously?"

Mary-Jane sipped her drink unbothered. "Oh, calm down and look how hot we are!" She turned the phone to show me the picture she took. "Think of how jealous everyone is going to be when they see this!"

And then it hit me. "Hey! Let's take a few more!" I shouted.

Mary-Jane's dark eyes sparkled at my enthusiasm, and she leaned in close, taking more photos. I completely played into it, smiling and posing alongside her, teasing everyone who would see them. Between the drugs and the idea of Indi seeing those photos, I found myself kind of liking this place more and more.

"Andddd there!" Mary-Jane showed me when she posted the photos. "Ah! We look so good together! Why don't we take photos together more often?" I shrugged and smoked my joint.

Because I hate taking photos.

Mary-Jane and I danced together while the music blared through the club and vibrated my bones. Time flew by and we were completely unaware of anything outside these walls. It was almost ideal. But what would have made it perfect was—

"There you guys are!" Indi's voice shot me back as I turned around to see her

standing there. She was wearing a flared denim miniskirt with a studded belt that matched her studded platform boots. The flowing black leather halter top barely hid her perky breasts, silver chains and sparkly jewelry tucked between them, hanging down from her neck. They matched the numerous piercings and even the clothespin style hair clips that were tucked along her temple and held her long black hair back from her face. She was smiling, her green eyes popping against the near black makeup and rhinestones surrounding them, the look complete with her seductive red lips. Fuck, she looked good. She was carrying two glasses of what I only could assume were Hennessy, smiling at Mary-Jane and myself.

The sight of her beneath the flashing lights nearly took my breath away. “Indi. What’re you?—”

“Indi?” Mary-Jane spun to face her, blatantly not happy to see her. “What’re you doing here? Are you here with Carter or?” She looked around a little too eagerly.

Indi shot back one of her drinks. “Nah! Haze told me you guys would be here!”

Oh shit.

Mary-Jane shot me a look. “Wait. You invited her?” I knew she was pissed.

*Source Creation Date: May 21, 2025, 6:32 am*

“Oh god no!” Indi whipped Mary-Jane around. “He just mentioned this place! I’m sorry, I don’t mean to crash!”

Mary-Jane cocked her head defensively. “Then what the hell are you doing here? Why aren’t you back home with your boyfriend?” I didn’t like the tone she was using.

Indi yelled over the music. “No! I’m sorry—Carter and I just got into this really big fight and I was out drinking when I remembered you guys would be here! I’m sorry, I don’t mean to be a bother. I just didn’t want to be alone right now! I mean, I can leave if me being here is too much! Wouldn’t want to ruin your night!” Her eyes shot to me. The corners of her mouth curled as she tried to hide her smile, but I saw it.

Oh, I see. Indi wasn’t here because of Carter. She was here to fuck with Mary-Jane and me. Game on, little sis.

“Can’t ruin this!” I shouted to her, smoking my joint.

“Haze!” Mary-Jane snapped at me. “Seriously?”

I wrapped my hands around her waist and pulled her close. Her head fell against my chest while she pressed her ass into me. “Oh relax, baby,” I whispered to her as my eyes shot to Indi. “I’m here with you. Let’s have some fun.” Indi intently stared back at me as she drank her second glass.

That’s right, eyes on me, little sis.

Mary-Jane's temper eased thanks to my words. She turned to face me and resumed dancing. I smiled, looking past her at Indi, blowing smoke in her direction. She slowly approached us and plucked the joint from my fingers.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," I warned.

Mary-Jane whipped around to Indi in disgust. "What the fuck are you doing?"

Indi smoked the joint, inhaling way too strongly. She coughed harshly and looked down at it in her hand. "Oh fuck! That's not a normal joint!"

I grinned. "Nah, it's my special cocktail!" The music increased. "It's laced with cocaine! Come on, give it back!" I offered my palm for her to return it. "You don't need to be smoking that!" I expected Indi to freak out and do as I asked, but instead, she raised it to her lips and inhaled again. Only this time, her eyes were locked with mine.

So fucking wicked.

Mary-Jane watched us closely. "The fuck is happening right now?"

"Indi here is about to be seriously fucked up, that's what's happening." I brushed past her, grabbed Indi's face, and plucked the joint from Indi's fingers. "Mine," I growled.

She fucking smiled.

Mary-Jane stepped between us, holding her drink high. "Why don't you" —she pushed me back gently— "just finish your shit and us girls will just dance together. Okay?" Her fake smile was all I needed to see. Mary-Jane was furious, but that didn't mean she was going to storm off. No, she was going to use Indi being here to her advantage to try and drive me mad.

The two women exchanged a look as if some silent challenge had just began. Mary-Jane sipped her drink as Indi opened her mouth to speak. “Might want to catch up! I’ve got a few rounds on you from the bar!” Indi pushed Mary-Jane’s arm as she drank her dirty martini, forcing her to finish it off. Mary-Jane accepted the challenge, eating the olives from her empty glass, licking the toothpick in a sexual way. “Classy,” Indi shot.

Oh these two are going to kill one another.

The music switched to the same song from that fateful night years prior. “Indi!” Mary-Jane tilted her head with a fake smile, pointing to the air. “It’s our song!”

Indi made a face, looking from Mary-Jane to me. “Oh my god! It is!” She stepped closer to Mary-Jane, and the two began to dance together, pretending nothing was wrong as I watched.

The smoke from my laced joint clouded my face, silently watching the two women dance together, each sneaking glances in my direction. They weren’t just dancing in competition against each other, they were dancing for my attention. And I ate every second of it up.

The DJ blended the song into another, the second more intense and heavy. I could feel the bass in my chest as the women danced together, their bodies pressed roughly against each other. It was such a turn on to see them move and rock in such intoxicating ways; the torture making my dick ache as I watch with such hunger. Indi stared at me, her sights locked as she spun her back to Mary-Jane and slowly slid down her torso, popping into her knees. Her hands grazed her skin, feeling herself while Mary-Jane looked at me.

I had to adjust myself, catching Mary-Jane’s gaze as her smile dropped. “What the fuck?” She shoved Indi away from her and charged me. “What the fuck is wrong with



you? Are you really looking past me to your sister?" She pointed to Indi. My sister stood there confused. Mary-Jane smacked my chest. "I'm talking to you!" She tried to hit me again, but I caught her wrist and squeezed.

I glared down at her, yanked her close, and whispered harshly into her ear. "I don't know what the fuck you're talking about, but you might want to check yourself!"

Mary-Jane snatched her arm free from me. I stared at her, eyeing her closely as her lips curled with a devious grin. "Oh yeah? How's this for checking myself, Haze?" She threw her empty glass against the dancefloor, turned around and rushed to Indi, gripped her face, and began to kiss her.

My body stiffened with anger as I watched her tongue my sister. Everything turned red as Mary-Jane watched me while she kissed her. I threw my joint down, and I fucking snapped.

"Get the fuck off her!" I pushed Mary-Jane from Indi who looked at me, completely baffled. My jaw clenched as I eyed her with raw, seething anger. "Are you okay?" I asked softly. Indi nodded with wide eyes while she wiped her mouth.

Mary-Jane scoffed. "Yeah, I fucking knew it! You're sick, Haze!" I glared back at her. "Fuck you!" She raised both her hands and flipped me off.

Fuck.

“Mary-Jane!” Without thinking I rushed after her, shoving through the crowd. She was fast, slithering through easily as I tried to keep up. “Mary-Jane!” I shouted with anger. She turned to look back at me. Her face told me she was scared, but I didn’t fucking care. I couldn’t have her leave and talk shit. “Mary-Jane!” I screamed through the music. She only moved faster.

Fuck!

A group of random dudes bumped into me. “Get the fuck out of the way!” I shoved them over, causing a scene. They shouted back at me, cussing, but again, I didn’t fucking care. ‘Cause thesecond I looked back, Mary-Jane was gone. “Goddamn it!” I raised my arms to my head. “Fuck!”

Who knows what Mary-Jane was going to do. She already didn’t like Indi, but now?—

Shit. Indi!

My body spun around as I charged through the crowd back in the direction I left her. The club lights lowered into complete darkness as the DJ spun the music into something new. The room cheered as white lights flashed, the smoke thickening giving me a headache. I tried to find her, desperately scanning every face. “Indi!” I shouted, forcing my way through the dancing crowd. “Indigo!”

“Haze!” I spun, spotting her. Indi was now standing on the bar, dancing to the music

with more drinks in her hands. She was beaming, trashed as fuck as a crowd of people were gathered around her, watching her dance. “Haze, over here!” She tossed back both her drinks, sticking her tongue out and shouting with excitement as the crowd cheered. She then dropped to her knees and whipped her head, dancing for the crowd in such a sexual way.

“Yeah! Take it off!” someone shouted, throwing a few bills at her.

“Strip!” someone else yelled.

Oh, hell no.

Indi smiled, sprawling across the bar with her ass in the air and shaking it. I pushed through the crowd towards her. “Indi!” She rolled around, squealing as she wobbled and stood back on her feet. The bartender simply sat back and watched, enjoying the view of the wasted women before him. “Indi!”

“Hey babe!” the bartender shouted up to my sister. “Come here!” She turned back to him, popping down into a squat, her skirt fluttering as she bounced. “Open up!”

Indi pulled her hair back, opened her mouth, and stuck her tongue out. The man raised a bottle of whiskey and poured a bunch into her open mouth. I charged the bar, knocking his arm away as he dropped the bottle and it shattered everywhere.

“What the fuck, man?” he snapped.

“Haze!” Indi squealed, staring down at me. “Oh, I’m having so much fun!” She played with her hair and twirled.

The bartender looked at her as well, grinning. “Yeah, you are!”

I grabbed the bartender by his collar and yanked him across the bar, his arms and hands grinding against the broken glass. “Keep your fucking eyes off my sister!”

He groaned, his arms and hands all cut up from the glass, bleeding along the counter. “Jesus! Chill the fuck out!” He tried to wriggle from my grasp, getting blood on my jacket. “Your sister is a grown woman! She doesn’t need her brother protecting her, do you, sweetheart?” he called up to her and winked.

Sweetheart?

He glanced up at Indi, who was too wasted to know which way was up, watching her dance. “Nope!” She smiled.

“See?” He grinned at me. “Now, if you could just?—”

My head fiercely slammed into his, knocking his bitch ass unconscious. His head bobbed and bounced against the bar top from the impact. The surrounding crowd gasped while I let go of his shirt and watched the man slump to the floor. A handful of people rushed to help him and I turned to look at Indi, unaware of what I just did. “Indi!” She turned to look at me, her smile falling as she saw the scene. “Come on. Let’s go!” I motioned for her to get down.

“What the fuck, Haze?” She pointed at the unconscious man. “He was so nice!”

“Get down,” I snapped. I moved closer, but she only backed away. “Indigo,” I growled. “Get. Down.”

She made a face. “No! I want to dance and have fun and party! I don’t need you, Haze!” The words stung.

“You’re so fucking wasted, you don’t know what you need!”

Indi flipped her hair over her shoulder. “Go fuck your whore!” Now she was starting to piss me off. “Go home, Haze!”

That’s it.

As Indi tried to turn away from me, I reached forward and grabbed her legs, pulling her forward as I tossed her body over my shoulder like a fireman. “Let go of me! Haze! Fuck, put me down!” She kicked her legs.

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“Not a chance!” I pushed through the crowd and aimed for the exit.

Indi slammed her fists into my back, grunting as she tried to break free. “Let me fucking go!” I slapped her ass and she gasped and fell silent. Within minutes, I found a hallway that led past the bathrooms to the back exit. It was dark, tucked away from the main part of the club and drenched in red lighting.

Perfect.

I repositioned Indi over my shoulders and headed down the hall. She squirmed again, kicking so hard she slipped right through my arm and hit the floor. “Ah fuck!” She landed hard on her ass.

“You done acting like a drunk fool?” I asked. She glared up at me.

I reached my arm out to help her up, but she slapped it away. “I don’t need you to fucking save me, Haze!” Indi groaned as she stood, stumbling and wiping her skirt. “I was doing just fine on my own until you showed up!” Her words were slightly slurred.

I stared at her fidgeting, the only light coming from the red lighting above. “I thought the whole reason you came here tonight was to not be alone?” Her eyes glared back at me. “So, which is it?” I stepped in her direction, closing in on her. “Do you want to be alone?” She backed into the wall with a soft gasp. “Or do you want to be with me?” Her breathing increased as she watched me. “Well? Which is it, Indi?” I leaned closer, my hair almost touching her face. “Answer me,” I growled, slamming my arms against the wall on either side of her.

“I—” Her mouth quivered in silence, those fucking green eyes burning into my soul. The tension between us thickened, and I felt my body itching, craving to feel hers.

Say it.

“I—I didn’t want to be alone.” Her slightly slurred words hit my ears.

“And who do you want to be with, Indigo?” I whispered. “Tell me.” Her body told me the answer, torturing my carnal desire for her. I wanted to ram my dick so far up her tight pussy and consume her very air, but I had to be patient. Not because I wanted to wait, but because I wanted to hear her say it. To admit the sick truth she tried to hide. Indi opened her mouth to speak, but instead of forming words, she leaned forward and kissed me. Hard. Her hands wrapped around my neck and tangled through my hair. She pulled me closer as I fell into her body and lost all control.

“Fuck,” I moaned into her mouth, kissing her back twice as hard as I gripped her face. I couldn’t believe what was happening. Indi was pushing into me with her body, fully aware of who I was. She was obviously starved, begging to be fed, and I was going to fill her up.

The bathroom door next to us swung open as a random guy stepped out, pulling our focus away as we broke free from one another. The man completely ignored us, disappearing into the club. Indi smiled, her cheeks burning. She grabbed my shirt and led me into the bathroom in a hurry. We both laughed, so fucking far gone. I shut the bathroom door and locked it, looking back at Indi. She was standing against the bathroom counter, breathing so heavily as I slowly stepped towards her, those fucking eyes of hers burning into mine. I was cautious, unsure if she wanted to continue what we started, or if she was going to suddenly realize how wrong this was. But she didn’t say a word, only bit her lower lip.

Fuck, I want you so bad. So fucking bad.

My body pressed against hers, my hand sliding along her collarbone. I brushed her hair back and gripped the back of her neck, forcing her head closer. She gasped and opened her mouth, and I couldn't look away. "Do you know what you're doing?"

"Yes," she breathed.

Fuck.

My grip tightened around the back of her neck as my jaw tightened with what little restraint I possessed. "Are you sure? 'Cause there's no turning back from this, Indi." I leaned in close, my mouth hovering over hers.

"I know," she whispered against my face.

My free hand grabbed her chin, forcing her to open her mouth wide. "No, I don't think you do. I'm not Carter, Indi. I'm not some pampered frat boy who plays things safe. I'm sick and twisted. And I don't play by the rules." She shuddered against me. "I will fucking break you, little sis." The faint moan that dripped from her mouth was all I needed.

With one swift motion, I slammed my mouth into hers and lifted her body onto the bathroom counter. Her legs wrapped around my waist as we made out with such hot and raw intensity. Years worth of building tension boiled to the surface and flooded between us. My tongue glided along the roof of her mouth, tasting her with a low snarl. Her fingers slithered through my hair, pulling me closer much like her legs. Her body rubbed against my swollen bulge, and I knew she must be dripping for me.

My mouth traveled from hers, kissing her neck as I ran my tongue along her skin and made my way down. She panted and groaned, liking what I was doing, her back arching. She leaned back and let me taste her flesh, widening her legs. My hands played with her body, feeling her breasts and curves. I couldn't control myself,



touching her every place possible. This was the fantasy I had been dreaming about for so long, and now that it was here, I couldn't contain my excitement and eagerness.

Indi leaned further back as my mouth reached her thigh, kissing her delicately. My hands squeezed her legs, and I kissed her lower, moving towards her pussy. "Yes," she cried out as I inched closer. I lifted her skirt and moved her panties aside as I nestled my head between her legs. Her pussy was beautiful, glistening from her wetness and waiting patiently for me to take a bite.

So fucking perfect.

My nose rubbed her swollen clit before replacing it with tongue. She jolted at my touch, leaning closer as I swirled around and massaged her, topping it off with a kiss. Indi whined and moaned, pulling my head closer. I pushed through her folds and slithered into her tight pussy, shoving deep. Indi cried out, rocking against my face. I groaned into her body, gripping her hips as I yanked her closer and began to eat her out, desperately enjoying myself and wanting to make her feel so fucking good.

Everything was fucking perfect. Indi was soaking my tongue as her walls tightened around me. I wanted to make her come. No, I wanted to make her squirt. To soak my face and leave me dripping in her orgasm.

"Haze," she breathed.

That's right. Say my name.

"Haze." She tapped my head. "Stop."

"I can't," I groaned into her, my own orgasm building. I wanted her so fucking bad, to come all over her pretty face, but I wanted to please her first.

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“Haze. Haze!” Indi kicked me back and jumped from the bathroom counter.

I watched her, so fucking confused. “What?—”

She stumbled to the toilet, lifted the lid, and began to vomit. “I’m so—” She continued to throw up, purging all her demons. “Sorry!” I knew she was wasted, but this told me just how fucking drunk she really was. And I felt bad.

“Indi.” I walked to her side, pulling her back as she continued to vomit. “You have nothing to apologize for.” She looked in my direction and nodded, her red eyes watering as she heaved into the toilet.

I stayed there, holding her hair back and rubbing her back until she was done being sick. Indi remained silent as I helped her clean up. Despite how fucking bad I wanted to finish what we started, I knew she needed to get home. “I think you’ve had enough fun for one night. Here, let’s get you home.” I gently picked her up and cradled her in my arms.

She wrapped her arms around my neck and nestled in close, quietly apologizing over and over. “Enough, Indi.” I kissed her head and carried her out of the bathroom. She was pretty wasted, starting to fade away as we made our way through the red-lit hallway and out the back exit. I remained silent, getting her safely buckled into the passenger seat of my car. She groaned and rolled her head, falling asleep as I buckled my own seatbelt and started the car. “I got you.” I drove from the club and began to head home.

The drive was pretty basic. Indi moaned and groaned in her sleep. I glanced over in

her direction a few times, wondering what she might be dreaming about. Wondering if she knew what she was doing with me in the bathroom and if she'd remember it. Or if, like before, she'd pretend it never happened.

God, she better not forget. My hands squeezed the steering wheel tight.

"Haze?" Indi startled me. I looked over to see her looking at me, her eyes barely open.

"Hey." I rubbed her thigh softly. "Go back to sleep."

She moaned, fidgeting in the seat. "Mmm. That feels good," she whispered. My brow raised and I couldn't help myself. I rubbed her thigh some more. She moved her leg closer, visibly enjoying my touch. I didn't stop. Instead, I gripped the steering wheel tight with one hand, and began to move my other closer to her pussy. I didn't care if she was half awake or wasted. I knew she wanted this, and I was going to give it to her.

My fingers slid under her lingerie and immediately began to massage her clit. She was wet and twitching for me. "Fuck," I groaned. My dick was swelling and aching. "Indi," I growled. I wanted to feel her so badly. To feel her wet walls squeeze around my fingers and listen as she screamed my name.

Let's see how wet you get for me, little sis.

And with that thought, my finger pushed through her folds and slid right into her pussy. Indi gasped, panting as I fingered her, using my thumb to rub her clit as I inserted a second finger. My focus on driving struggled as I listened to her, her body tightening around me. "Fuck." I shifted my pelvis, horny and hard as a rock. I moved faster, my heart racing as she squeezed me and began to come. "Oh fuck, Indi." I nearly drove off the road as she cried out in her sleep, contracting and pulsing around

my fingers. Her orgasm completely soaked me, seeping from her pussy out onto the passenger seat.

I'll never fucking clean that seat again.

"Haze," she moaned my name mid orgasm, and I nearly came at the sound of it.

That's right. Say my name. Know exactly who made you so damn wet and come so fucking hard.

EIGHT

INDI

I rolled around, waking from the most intense sleep as everything crashed into me. "Oh fuck." My head ached, a piercing sound ringing through my ears. "What-what the fuck happened?" After some time of adjusting to the light, I realized I was back home and in my bed. "What—how—" I looked down to see myself still wearing my outfit from the club. A burning streak of bright sunlight peeked through my bedroom windows, telling me it was morning.

Fuck. I must've really gotten wasted last night.

I stood up, wobbling as I tried not to vomit, still sick to my stomach. And with that thought, flashes of me throwing up in the club resurface. "Shit." My stomach growled, completely empty. "I need to eat something." I took my time walking from my bedroom to the kitchen. I could hear Kush scratching from the other side of Haze's closed bedroom. "Silly kitty." I smiled, grabbing one of the brownies he left out for me. I took a bite and leaned against the counter.

God, Haze has always made the best brownies. And this icing? So fucking good.

Wait. Haze.

My smile dropped, remembering how I crashed his date. How pissed Mary-Jane was at me. I smiled at the thought. But then I began to recall the next events, how things escalated at the bar and in the club bathroom and how Haze had to carry me out. The color drained from my face, remembering everything when loud, aggressive knocks pounded against the apartment door, scaring the shit out of me.

“Indi!” I jumped at my name being screamed. “Indi, open this fucking door!”

“Carter?” I licked my fingers clean, rushed to the door and unlocked it. Carter rushed inside past me, fuming. He was red and sweaty, telling me he must’ve run from his car to the apartment. “What the fuck are you doing here?”

He tried to control his breathing. “I thought you got your fucking phone fixed!”

I made a face. “I did.”

“Yeah? Well, I have been calling and texting you all night! What’s the point of having a phone if you don’t fucking answer! I’ve been worried sick about you, Indi! After you stormed off, I tried to follow you to talk things out, but I lost you at that trashy bar!”

I tilted my head. “Excuse me? You followed me?”

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He mocked my face. “Oh, don’t try to make it sound creepy. I was worried, okay? We’d just gotten into another fight and I just wanted to make sure you didn’t?—”

“Didn’t what?” I crossed my arms. “Oh, I see. You wanted to make sure I didn’t run off into the arms of some random guy?” I scoffed. “Wow.”

Carter looked me up and down, pointing to my outfit. “Considering you’re still wearing the same outfit and haven’t changed, I’d say my feelings were valid.” He walked up to me. “Who’d you sleep with, Indi?”

My face burned with anger. “No one. Now, go home, Carter.”

He sucked his teeth. “Really? No one.” He leaned forward and inhaled. “Doesn’t smell like no one to me. Who was he?”

I pushed him back. “I said go home.”

Carter’s mouth twisted. “Oh, I get it now. It was that guy, wasn’t it? The one from the photos you posted.” My cheeks burned. He wasn’t wrong. Carter snapped his fingers. “There. I fucking knew it. Who is he, Indi?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about. I didn’t sleep with anyone! I went to the club, hung out, came home and crashed. That’s all!” I grabbed his arm, trying to walk him towards the door, but he pushed me off.

“No, I know that look. There was someone else.” He glanced around.

“Carter, you need to leave.”

He looked past me to the hallway. “Why? Is he here? Oh Indi, did you bring your dirty little secret home?” He laughed sarcastically. “Figures. Well, come on then, let’s go wake him up!”

I tried to stop Carter as he moved towards the bedroom doors. “Carter—Carter stop!”

“No, I want to meet him! This elusive mystery guy must be a catch if you keep fucking him behind my back! Me! Your boyfriend!”

I grabbed his shirt and pulled. “Carter, stop!” He shoved me roughly to the ground.

“Hey!” We both snapped to see Haze charging Carter. He swung, punching Carter so hard he knocked him to the ground. “Get your fucking hands off her!”

I shot from the floor and ran to stop Haze. “Hey. Hey!” I pushed him back, trying to stop him. “Enough!”

His green eyes met mine, burning with such hatred and rage. “He fucking hurt you, Indi!” He was fuming, charged with this immense energy that made him see red.

Carter groaned in pain. Haze shot him a look and started to rush after him, but I pushed him back again. “Hey! No!” Haze snarled. “Look at me, Haze. Look at me! Stop this!”

“He fucking pushed you, Indi,” he growled. “That fucking bitch put his hands on you! I’m going to kill him. I’m going to fucking kill him!”

“No! Haze! I’m fine. See? I’m fine! He didn’t hurt me!”

Carter stood, holding his now bloodied nose, whimpering like a child. “Fuck! My nose! I think you fucking broke my nose!”

Haze nodded. “Good! Maybe next time you’ll think twice before putting hands on my sister, bitch!”

“Haze!” I snapped.

Carter eyed Haze as he moved closer to the door, panicking. “What the hell is wrong with you?” He rushed past me in horror. “You fucking psycho!” He opened the apartment door and ran out.

“Carter? Carter!” The door slammed behind him. And I was pissed. I turned to look at my brother. “What the fuck is your problem?” I smacked his chest.

He shook his head. “My problem? No. He fucking shoved you?—”

“No. Stop. Stop it! You don’t get to keep swooping in like I’m yours to fucking save!” His face tightened. “Whateverthisis.” I motioned between us. “It has to stop. Youhaveto stop, Haze.”

“Is that what you think? Oh little sis, when will you realize that you’ll always be mine to save?”

“Stop,” I whispered.

“And what if I don’t want to?” he whispered back. His expression softened as he watched me and stepped closer. “What then?”



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I stared up at him, swallowing, as I forced myself to speak. “I can’t do this with you.”

Haze licked his lips and leaned in real close as he whispered into my ear, “That’s not what you said last night.”

Flashes of us kissing flooded my brain. It made me sick to realize. “No.”

He leaned back and lifted his arm, brushing his thumb across my mouth. “No?” He smiled. “You don’t get to tell me no.”

My eyes began to water. “This is wrong, Haze. So wrong.”

He tilted his head. “Is it? Or are you just scared to really let go?” A tear fell down my face. “No other man will ever understand you like I do, Indi. We don’t just share blood, we share our entire DNA. I know you better than you know yourself. And deep down, you’re just as sick and twisted as I am.”

“Stop it!” I shoved Haze away. He smiled and watched as I rushed out the apartment door in tears.

What the fuck is happening?

HAZE

The night air was cool as a soft drizzle soaked my body. I had been outside the apartment, smoking, waiting for Indi to return home. It had been hours since she left in such a hurry, leaving behind her phone. I had no way to know where she was or

who she was with, and it bothered me. Left me anxiously sitting around, itching to know where she was and who she was with. I knew she was upset, but I didn't expect her to stay away this long. And it worried the hell out of me.

"You wanted to talk?" Mary-Jane suddenly appeared. She hesitated to get too close to me, still obviously shaken up and angry from last night. I had texted her earlier, asking for her to come over so we could talk and clear the air.

"Yeah." I tossed the bud down and exhaled. "You took off in such a hurry last night?—"

Mary-Jane scoffed. "Are you serious? Haze. You were looking at Indi like she was a fucking snack. Do you realize how sick that is? She's your fucking sister!"

"I was not looking at Indi!" I snapped. "I was fucking high as shit and was just watching you two dance! I mean fuck, isn't that what you wanted?"

Mary-Jane tossed her hair over her shoulder. "Oh really? You're telling me that's all you were doing?"

"Yes!"

She stepped closer. "Then why didn't you like me kissing her?" My jaw clenched, and she smiled. "Yeah, that's what I thought." She tucked my hair from my face behind my ear. "Goodbye, Haze Osvaldo."

"Mary-Jane. It's not what you think."

"Oh really? Then what is it?" She stepped closer. "What I think is that you're lying to me. I think this whole time I've been your little fuck buddy to help blow off steam while you hide your real sexual desires."

“It’s not like that,” I growled.

“Oh yeah?” Her eyes twinkled. “Prove it.”

All my anger and frustration with Mary-Jane exploded, and I kissed her. I grabbed her body close, slamming her against the brick wall of the apartment building. She smiled and wrapped her legs around me, pulling my dick from my jeans as I began to lift her dress, wasting no time.

She moaned as I slid inside her pussy and began to fuck her, looking straight into her eyes just like I knew she wanted. “Yes,” she breathed. “Use me. I’m yours.” She rode me as I buried my dick deep inside her. I ripped the strap of her dress and yanked the front of it down to expose her bare breasts. She pressed into me, moaning loud as hell when I bit her nipple, tonguing and sucking it as I fucked her. Her pussy clenched around me, and I felt her wetness dripping down my shaft.

Releasing her nipple with a pop, I asked, “Is this what you wanted?” She nodded, her eyes closed, too focused on her impending orgasm to even look at me.

I nestled my face against her, thrusting as I tried to coax my orgasm. It was a challenge, but just as I thought it was a lost cause, I looked over to see Indi standing not far away. She was staring right at me with a look of horror.

“Oh fuck!” Mary-Jane began to cry out, coming loudly.

I winked at Indi and she covered her mouth as I fucking smiled. She rushed into the apartment and my dick suddenly came alive. I pounded into Mary-Jane, refusing to let up. Her body ground against the brick wall and I knew it must’ve hurt, but I didn’t care. I just needed to come. And thanks to Indi, I was right there.

I pulled out of Mary-Jane, roughly dropping her body. My dick twitched as I came all

along the brick wall, spewing ropes of it everywhere. My body shivered and jolted, and I swallowed my moans, slamming my fist into the wall. It felt so damn good too. I emptied myself, dragging my fingers along my shaft until there was nothing left but my tender dick. “Fuck,” I panted.

Mary-Jane adjusted her dress and ran to me. She shoved me hard as I tucked my dick away. “What the fuck was that?” I almost laughed. “Seriously? You just went from having hot sex with me to treating me like some common whore!”

“Since when did that ever bother you?” Mary-Jane slapped my face. My entire demeanor flipped. I grabbed her neck and slammed her into the brick wall. “You better fucking watch yourself.”

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Terror filled her eyes. “Y-you’re hurting me, Haze.”

I leaned in real close, glaring into her dark eyes. “Good.” I released her neck. She slowly backed away, her eyes remaining on me as she moved. “Remember this the next time you try to start shit, Mary-Jane. We can go back to the way things were, or this.”

“Things were fine before. Let’s just—just go back to that. I’m-I’m sorry. Okay?” She nodded with a fearful smile.

“I was hoping you’d say that.”

Mary-Jane slowly made her way to the sidewalk before running away. I couldn’t help but to laugh. But at least now, she’d keep her fucking mouth shut about Indi.

Speaking of?—

I walked around to the apartment door and stepped inside. My body was drenched from the light rain outside, and I needed a shower. I tossed my jacket aside, kicking off my shoes to see Indi sitting on the couch. She sat crisscrossed, wearing tiny shorts and a raggedy old shirt that was cut and hung halfway off her body, exposing her shoulder and arm. Her hair was tucked behind her ears, and she was smoking from my bong while Kush rolled around the floor. Her eyes rose to me and locked with mine as she deeply inhaled the smoke.

“Careful, don’t want to smoke too much of that.”

Indi held her breath before exhaling a large cloud of smoke. “There’s no such thing as too much weed, Haze.” Kush jumped onto the couch next to her. “Isn’t that right, Kushy-Kush?” Her eyes returned to me. “You’re all wet.”

“That’s what she said,” I teased. She didn’t seem amused. “Oh, come on. Don’t play dumb, Indi. I know you saw us.”

Her eyes fell back to the cat. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

Oh, yes, you do.

I leaned over the armchair across from her and smiled as light drops of rain fell from my wet hair. “Did you at least like what you saw?”

She blew a mouthful of smoke in my direction. “I told you. I didn’t see anything.”

All I could do was grin like a fucking kid on Christmas. “And where have you been all day?” I asked.

Indi looked away, almost ashamed. That alone answered my question and ruined my cheerful mood. “I went to see Carter.”

My knuckles turned white as I squeezed the chair in anger. “And why would you do that?”

“You fucking broke his nose, Haze! I had to make sure he was okay and wasn’t going to fucking press charges or something!”

I snapped. “Press charges? Ha! He should be fucking grateful I didn’t beat the shit out of him! Or worse! Fucking little bitch?—”

“See? That. That is your fucking problem!” Indi shouted. Kush’s ears fell back as he watched us fight.

“Myproblem? Indi, he fucking put hands on you!”

She shook her head. “Oh my god, would you just fucking stop! I can take care of myself, Haze!”

I scoffed. “Obviously not. Or I wouldn’t have had to break that fucker’s nose. You’ve always been so weak when it comes to these fuckboys, Indi. You let them treat you like shit and beg for their love when you know deep down you’ll never get it. Youneedme to protect you.”

Indi lit the bowl of the bong and watched the neck fill with smoke. She then inhaled it all and as she exhaled, she looked at me dead in the eyes and spoke in the most serious monotone. “Yeah, well, it’s really none of your fucking business.”

Fine. I turned and walked from the living room in a hurry.

“Where are you going?” she called after me.

“To take a shower!” I stopped and looked back at her. “Not that it’s any of your fucking business.”

The shower was exactlywhat I needed. Not only did I clean any trace of Mary-Jane from my body, but I was able to sit and simmer with my thoughts. I was furious at Indi for crawling back to Carter.Again. What was it about that prick that made her so weak and easy to manipulate? So easy to break and put the pieces back together how he saw fit. He wasnothingcompared to her. And I think it’s time he learned.

I turned the shower off and grabbed my towel, wrapping it around my waist. I

cleaned the steam from the bathroom mirror and I stared back at my reflection. My fingers curled over the edge of the sink as I replayed the images of Carter shoving Indi, grabbing her by the throat in her home, and all the other times he ever dared to fucking touch her. My muscles bulged at the memories and I began to seethe.

I'm going to make sure he never hurts you again. I'm done playing games. You're my little sister. Mine. And no one fucking touches what's fucking mine.



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I walked out of the bathroom and into my room, closing the door when Kush brushed past. He skipped into my room and jumped on the bed as if this whole apartment was his. Entitled much? “Hey little pothead.” I scratched behind his ears. “Where’s your momma at?” Kush purred, rolling around on the bed.

Focus, Haze.

I stood in the middle of my room and the sensation of being watched crept up my back. I turned around and approached my cracked door, swinging it open to see Indi standing in the hall, blushing. “Can I help you?” I asked with a smile and raised my brow.

Indi blinked. “I—I was just—” I tilted my head at her embarrassment. “I was just wondering if you had any more of those edibles. You know, the fruit ones?”

“I don’t think you want one of those.”

She made a face. “Why not?”

I crossed my arms and leaned against the doorframe. Her eyes moved along my wet, bare skin, and I noticed. “Why do you need it?”

“I can’t sleep.”

Doubtful. More like this was the best excuse she could come up with after catching her sneaking a peek. “Really? After all that weed you just smoked, you can’t sleep?” She stared at me. Indi had no idea my special edibles were laced, just like the cocktail

she smoked the other night, but I wasn't going to tell her. It was too fun to mess with her. "Alright." I walked back into my room, grabbed the bag of edibles, and returned to the doorway. Indi tried to reach for the bag, but I snatched it back. "Uh-uh. You get one."

"Seriously?"

I handed her the small orange cube. "Trust me, that's all you need."

Indi hesitated before popping the fruit square into her mouth. I simply watched, gripping the knotted front of my towel. Her eyes fell to my hand before shooting back to my eyes. "So, got any plans tonight?" she asked.

Such a curious little thing. Despite our little argument, she just couldn't stay away. I have plans, but you don't need to know them.

I merely smiled and walked up to her, kissing the top of her head. "Goodnight, Indi." I walked back into my room and shut my door. "Sweet dreams."

Carter had finally pulled up to his house, completely unaware that I was hiding inside waiting for him. I'd had enough of him, and tonight, I was going to fix everything. I was going to make sure he never fucked with Indi again. And I was going to have a fucking blast doing it.

I secured the mask on my face and slipped my hands into a pair of leather gloves, anxiously waiting to pounce. Hidden in his closet like before, I listened as Carter entered his bedroom. His nose was bandaged, swollen, and bruised from my fist. It looked painful, and I felt so proud.

You got lucky.

He was consumed by something on his phone, smiling like a fucking idiot, giving me the perfect opportunity to surprise him. Adrenaline flowed through my veins as I mentally readied myself.

Time to make him pay for everything he's done to you, Indi.

My boot kicked the closet door open. Carter jumped. His eyes widened as he saw me charging him. "What the—" I swung my fist and punched him in the face. He fell back, groaning as he hit the floor. His nose began to bleed all over him. "Ah, fuck! My fucking nose! Help! Hel—" His head bounced off the floor as I roughly grabbed his ankles and dragged him to the other side of the bedroom. "No! Please!" He grabbed the foot of the bed, stopping me. "Help!" I struggled to keep my hold on him as kicked his leg free and slammed it into my chest, knocking me back. I nearly fell over. Carter quickly fumbled to his feet and stood up across from me. He was panicking, searching his pockets for something, when he noticed his phone on the floor between us. He eyed me closely, and I tilted my head, ready to strike.

Let's fucking go.

Carter shot forward, but I was quicker. I snatched his phone and looked at him, raising the large knife I had concealed in my jacket. He raised his hands and backed away, frightened. "Please," he begged. I looked down to see what fascinated him so much and froze at what I saw. On his phone was an opened message thread between him and fucking Mary-Jane. And in that thread were nude photos of them both.

I fucking knew it.

"Look, if it's money you want—take it. You want that phone? Fine. Keep it. Better yet?" He trembled, taking off that ridiculous gold chain he always wore and chucked it at my feet. "That? That's real gold, man. It's worth a ton of money. You can have it. Shit, you can have anything you want! Just—just please let me go."

I dropped the phone, pressing my boot against it as it shattered and broke.

Carter groaned. “Aw man! Why—why did you do that? You want cash? I got cash!”

“I don’t want your money,” I snarled.

Carter froze. “W-what do you want?”

I raised the knife high in his direction, the blade reflecting the bedroom lights as I rotated it and stepped forward. The color of his face completely drained while I waved it back and forth. “You’ve been a bad boy, Carter,” I sang as I tilted my head and inched closer to him.

“Hey man.” He began to shake. “Y-you don’t have to do this.”

“Oh, but I do.”

Right as I rushed him, Carter weaved and bolted to the other side of the room, barely escaping me. I swung the knife again and cut his forearm as he ran past and out of the bedroom. “Fuck!” he shouted, grabbing the bleeding wound.

I ran after him, barreling my body into his as I tackled him into the glass coffee table and it shattered beneath us. Carter groaned as he broke my fall, rolling as the glass cut his exposed limbs.

Time to suffer.

I realized I had dropped my knife during the fall and needed something else to use. Something bigger than the broken glass. Something I knew would hurt like hell. I looked around the room while he remained on the floor and noticed a hockey stick against the wall. It was propped up like some fucking display and looked to be worth something, signed by many players of a well known team. I nearly laughed at the sight of it.

Carter coughed, eyeing me, unable to stand. “You want it? Take it,” he groaned. “It’s worth a lot. Just take it! Please!” I picked the hockey stick up and walked back to him. He grabbed a large piece of glass and rolled onto his back as he swung it in my direction. I used the end of the hockey stick to whack it away and then whipped him across the face with it. I hit him again, so hard blood spewed from his mouth. Carter rolled onto his stomach and tried to crawl away, crying and bleeding.

Fucking weak ass bitch.

Just then, a wicked idea popped into my brain. “I don’t think so,” I teased. I bent down and dragged him back through the glass a few inches, the pieces shredding his chest and face as he cried out. Blood smeared along the floor as I pulled the red thong I always kept in my jacket pocket out and forcefully bound his arms behind his back. He tried to fight me, but it was useless. I gripped the top of his jeans and yanked his pants down, aggressively pinning his face down into the glass as he squirmed and cried out in terror while I slapped his bare ass hard.

“What’re you doing? No! Please, no, stop!”

“Shut up!” I grabbed a handful of his blonde hair and pulled as hard as I could as he sobbed. “I told you. You’ve been a bad boy. Now, it’s time for your punishment.”

As the words left my lips, I slammed his head down into the glass covered floor and slowly shoved the end of the hockey stick up his ass, rotating it as I thrust it inside him. He screamed and wiggled, fighting me, but I was stronger. And my anger and hatred for this fucking prick fueled like steroids. He was going to suffer for everything he had ever done to Indi.

“Please!” he screamed. “Please, stop!”

“What’s wrong, frat boy? You don’t like it rough?” I rammed the hockey stick deeper, pulling it back before reentering him. “Is that why you beat up women? Huh? You don’t like feeling like a bitch!” I fucked his ass with the stick, listening to him cry and scream, begging me to stop. It made me feel so good knowing just how much I was hurting him, hearing him beg me to stop. “Not so tough now, are you?” I grinned and laughed while twisting it inside him. “That’s right. Take it! Feel what it’s like to be dominated by a real man, bitch!” I fucked him harder with the stick, my own dick coming alive as I moved faster and faster. It wasn’t until I saw blood covering the hockey stick that I reluctantly stopped. I pulled it out of him and roughly shoved my fingers inside. “Feel that? I’m inside you. Oh, you’re so lubed up now I

could fuck you myself. But I'm pretty sure I wouldn't fit up your tight ass." I roughly fingered his ass for a moment before pulling back.

"Please," he wheezed as I tossed the stick aside, noticing my knife. "Why are you doing this?"

"Because." I grabbed the knife. "You hurt my sister."

Carter fell silent. His head trembled as he turned to look back at me with tears in his eyes. "Haze?"

I pulled the mask from my face and grinned. "How's it feel knowing you've been my bitch, Carter?" Tears rolled down his face as he stared at me. "Want to go for round two?" I licked his blood from my fingers with a devious grin.

"No! Please!"

"Shhhh!" I leaned forward and pressed the tip of the knife into his cheek, my face inches from his.

"Please, Haze. Why are you doing this?" He sounded so pathetic.

I scoffed. "Are you really that dumb?"

Carter eyed me. "Look man, I'm sorry. I'm sorry, okay? I-I promise, I'll never raise a hand to your sister again! I swear! Please!"

"Not good enough. Maybe I should just slip my mask back on and fuck you with the other end of the hockey stick. You know, the bigger one. Switch between that and my own dick."

“No, please!” I laughed. “Wait—the mask. You—” He looked at me and my smile faded. “You’re the stalker? The one who’s been creeping on Indi?”

I didn’t respond.

“I—I don’t understand. She said that guy—” It all clicked for him.

“See? Wasn’t that hard now, was it?”

Carter gagged. “Dude! She’s your sister!”

“Twin, actually. Our bond is much more complex and much darker than you could ever imagine.”

Carter scoffed. “That’s sick.”



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“Sick? No, what’s sick is watching people like you use her, treating her like a fucking whore! It fucking infuriates me to think of how badly you’ve treated her.” I pierced my knife into his cheek, digging it through his flesh as he groaned. “How all you fuckers abused her, taking her for granted. Indigo is a fucking goddess and you have all tarnished her, turning her into this plaything to use as you see fit. Well, not anymore.”

Carter’s blood ran down his face and pooled on the floor. “S-she’d never forgive you. Indi l-loves me. And if you kill me, she’d never forgive you!”

It was humorous how highly he thought she felt of him.

“Actually, I think you might have your facts a little twisted. In fact, let me show you something, Carter.” He sobbed quietly as I reached my free hand back into my pocket and pulled out my phone. I opened my private folder and played the video of Indi masturbating on his bed. Her moans filled the room as he tried to look away. “No, look!” I forced his face with my knife as he reluctantly watched.

“You’re sick, Haze. A fucking psycho!”

“Am I?” I scrolled back through the folder and tapped the photos we took. “Because I’m pretty sure she’s just as sick as me. See?” I showed him every single photo, swiping through.

“You. You were the guy?” he asked.

“It’s always been me.” I tapped the video of Indi riding me, her moans returning as he

watched in absolute horror, listening to her orgasm. “And I’m the only man who can make her come like this. The only one who knows what she wants. Indi and I are connected in a way you will never know.” I paused the video as a still photo of her face burned through the screen. “I’m the only one who can make her feel that fucking good.”

Carter trembled as I tucked the phone back into my pocket. “W-what’re you going to do to me?”

I sighed, standing as he remained between my legs. “Isn’t it obvious? I’m going to kill you, Carter. Not just for all the things you’ve done to my sister, but because you’re in my way. And once you’re gone, Indi will have no one left but me.”

Carter cried into the glass. “Please,” he sobbed. “You don’t have to do this. Please!”

I rolled my eyes as I stood up. “Shut up!” I kicked his ribs with my boot. He curled into himself and wheezed. He cried like a fucking baby, ruining the moment. “I said shut up!” I kicked him again and again, slamming my boot into his ribs and chest. He began to cough and spit blood, struggling to remain conscious. “Oh, no you don’t.” I bent down and rolled him onto his back.

“Carter. Carter!” I slapped his face as his eyes rolled to me. “Yeah, there you are. I’m going to need you to be awake for this next part, frat boy.” Carter mumbled, unable to focus. “Hey!” I slapped his face as he jolted.

“Haze,” he breathed.

I grinned. “Yes, that’s right. Say my name, you filthy little frat boy. I want it to be the last thing you do.” I reached down, pulling his dick out, eager for this next part. “Say my fucking name, bitch!” My knife slid across the thin tissue of his dick as he screamed and cried. He was so loud, making my ears nearly ring. I hacked away at

his penis, sawing it from his body, blood spewing in all directions. Carter made noises I had never heard, shouting and trying to stop me, but it was no use. He was too weak. And I was too sick.

“Haze! Please!” he begged with all his life.

I grinned as his blood hit my face and wrapped my hand around his shaft, pulling as hard as I could as it ripped from his pelvis. “That’s right, bitch. Say my name!”

Carter will never hurt you again, Indi.

I gently pushed Indi’s bedroom door open. She was sound asleep in her bed thanks to my edible. Kush sat up and ran to me, rubbing along my legs. He stopped and sniffed my pants, licking Carter’s blood. “Yeah, things got a little messy tonight. But I brought you something, little man.” Kush meowed as I reached in the small bag I had, pulling out Carter’s bloodied, limp dick. “Who’s a hungry kitty?” Kush’s eyes dilated as he eagerly waited for me to toss him the treat. And I did. He smelled the bloodied dick, licking it, before really sinking his teeth in. I watched him and shook my head. “You eat that whole thing and I’ll give you all the weed you want, you little pothead.”

I stepped past Kush, leaving him in the hallway, and walked into Indi’s room, sitting in her chair across from the bed. I propped my feet up on the side of her bed and pulled a joint from my pocket, quickly lighting it. She didn’t budge as I watched her sleep, dressed in another one of my t-shirts, only this one was more of a muscle shirt, and it barely covered her breasts.

A nice little reward for me.

As I took a hit, I noticed Carter’s blood all over my hands. It made me smile. “Guess you’re single now, little sis.” I eyed her closely. My dick hardened, noticing her half eaten brownie on the nightstand. “Looks like I need to make a new batch.”

My free hand unbuckled my belt and carefully retrieved my dick. I held the joint in between my lips while I pulled the red thong from my jacket, now stained in some of Carter's blood. It was the one I used to bind his hands, the same one Indi had left behind three years ago. I had kept it on me ever since, tucked safely into my jacket pocket. I raised the material to my face and inhaled deeply, remembering her scent. I then wrapped the thong around the base of my dick, tightly restricting myself with the makeshift cock ring. "I'm going to take my time tonight." I pulled out my phone and began to stroke myself, staring at her half naked body while I smoked. "Listen to how good I make you feel." I pressed play on the video and turned the volume up as Indi's moans filled the room.

No more sharing. You're mine, Indi.

NINE

INDI

The light from my phone nearly burned my eyes as I stared back at it. It had been almost twenty-four hours since I'd heard from Carter and that was not normal. Normally, he was blowing up my phone or posting all over social media, trying to get a rise out of me. But he'd been so uncharacteristically quiet. Too quiet.

Where are the fuck you?

I swiped through my app, hoping to see a new post or at least have something from him, and noticed an unread message. I sat up, tapping on the red bubble to see it wasn't from Carter, but the mystery guy. The one in the mask. My stomach twisted and turned into knots. He had sent me a new video. My finger hovered over it, hesitating.

Just play it. And I did.

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Immediately, I had to turn the volume down as my own moans filled the room. I dropped the phone in horror and backed away from my bed as it continued to play.

What the fuck?

My eyes began to water as I watched myself. I stepped closer, realizing that this video wasn't one I had posted for my subscribers. No, it was a homemade video of me masturbating. Alone. In Carter's room.

Oh my god.

My hand trembled as I picked up the phone and watched. The man was not only recording me in what appeared to be Carter's closet, but by the sounds of it, he, too, was masturbating. My hand covered my mouth as I held the phone and paused the video. Something curiously came over me.

I quietly shut my door and locked it before crawling back onto my bed, grabbing my headphones, and pressed play. The video continued as I turned the volume up and listened. My moans played loudly through the headphones as I began to come in the video, knocking my phone to the ground. The recorded video bounced, and I watched as the man zoomed in on my phone and my blood ran cold. I quickly paused it.

"Oh my god," I gasped out loud.

There, paused on my screen, was the video he had sent me originally. The one of him jacking off. And now, he knew I had not only seen it, but had watched it and masturbated to it. He saw and recorded the entire thing.

My finger tapped the play button as I continued to watch. The man dropped his phone, and I watched as he began to come. His impressive dick shot semen all over the place, making what I assumed was a huge fucking mess. And I couldn't look away. His head tilted down and I saw the ghostface mask for a brief second as he came onto the camera and the video ended.

He fucking knows.

I sat for a few minutes, unsure of how to react or respond. I wanted to call the police and report him, especially knowing he was in Carter's home. But if I did, Carter would freak out. He'd accuse me of cheating or inviting this stranger into his home. Fucking prick. Haze would hear too, and god knows what he would do if he found out I had a stalker. He was overprotective enough as it was. I didn't need him getting worse. Fuck, this whole thing was a real headache.

A dark curiousness began to creep from inside me as I looked back down at the video. I wondered what would happen if I didn't report him. Not just yet. My finger pressed the replay button as I watched the video again. My body began to burn, oddly enjoying it the second and third time around, replaying the video over and over. I eventually paused it and just stared at the screen. That fucking Halloween mask looked straight back at me and reached into my soul. And as scary as this whole situation was, I think I liked it.

Who are you?

And just like that, I did the most unimaginable thing. I held my finger down on the video and hearted it.

I'm so fucked.

"Haze?" I knocked on his closed bedroom door. Between Carter ignoring me all day

and that fucking video, I was struggling to sleep. It was nearly three in the morning and I just couldn't get my brain to shut off. So many mixed emotions flooded through me. I was scared to be alone in my room, wondering if my masked stalker was hiding in my own closet or something. Not because I thought he might hurt me, but because I didn't know what I would do if he suddenly appeared. "Haze?" I knocked again.

I should leave him alone?—

Haze's door creaked open. "Indi?" Kush forced his way out from Haze's room, leaving the door wide open. Haze was standing there, wearing nothing but a pair of sweats. I'd be lying if I said his body wasn't impressively fit. My eyes couldn't look away, admiring his toned muscles and the immense amount of large and impressive tattoos that nearly covered him. His hair was messy, half way sticking up, which told me he was dead asleep.

"Oh my gosh, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to wake you! I—" I turned to leave, but he grabbed my hand.

"Hey." He gently pulled me back. "What's going on? Is everything okay?" Within a second he snapped into this protective mode, looking past me as if he half expected some intruder to be there. As much as I usually hated it, right now I actually liked it.

My hand pressed against his. "No, I just...I just couldn't sleep. There's this—" I stopped. I couldn't tell him about the stalker. I had to be careful what I did say, because Haze was a loose cannon. "I haven't heard from Carter since yesterday, and I'm just really worried about him." It wasn't exactly a lie. "He never ignores me. Well, not like this. And I'm worried that—" My eyes unexpectedly began to tear up as I choked on the words. Maybe I was actually worried about him?

Haze pulled me close and hugged me. "Shh. It's okay. I'm sure everything is fine."

“What if it isn't?” I asked, turning to look up at him. “What if everything is all wrong?” I wasn't talking about Carter. Haze wiped my eyes and tucked my hair behind my ears. “Can I...can I sleep in your bed? Like when we were kids?” He watched me closely, silently nodding.

Haze stepped back and held his bedroom door open as I walked inside. The room was eerie, dark, and cold. He stood next to me and wrapped his arm around me. “Come on.” Together, we climbed into his bed.

“Goodnight, Haze.” I rolled and faced away from him.

Haze turned the opposite direction. “Goodnight, little sis.”

I tried to fall asleep, but my mind wouldn't stop. I drifted in and out of it for what felt like years, battling myself. It didn't help that Haze's room was so fucking cold. My body shivered, trying to stay warm despite his thick comforter.

Why is it so fucking cold in here?

Haze rolled over in his sleep. I guess he could tell I was cold, because he nestled in close and held me, pulling me up against him. His skin was warm and relaxing. Within minutes, I had stopped shivering and finally felt comfortable thanks to his body heat. His scent smothered me, surrounding me as I fell into it, allowing it to soothe me. I tucked in a little closer, pushing my ass against him when I felt something. My body froze as I realized he was hard.

Shit.



*Source Creation Date: May 21, 2025, 6:33 am*

I pretended to be asleep and tried not to move, but just then, he pushed it against me. He continued to rub his hard dick against my ass, his hands eventually trailing up my thigh and to my hip while the other slithered under my head. I couldn't tell if he was awake or just really lost in his sleep.

Haze slowly pulled me closer as a faint moan came from behind me. His hand moved from under my head and made its way to my breast, squeezing it. I tried not to make a sound. I was petrified. Not because I was scared, but because my own body was reacting.

Haze nestled his face into my neck, and I knew he was awake. He moaned, using my body to entice his own. I could feel my nipples hardening and reacting to what he was doing. His fingers grazed them and he let out a low, vibrating growl that made my pussy ache.

Stay strong, Indi. Just stay strong.

Despite how wrong it was, I remained still, and I let him continue. I enjoyed it too much.

Haze lifted my shirt and pressed roughly into me, and I could feel how hard he was. His moans made my skin prickle, filling my ears as his fingers moved from my hip towards my pelvis. My heart began to beat rapidly. I knew if he touched me there, it would be game over. But I couldn't stop him. It was too late for that. I simply had to endure.

Haze's finger reached my clit as he began to massage it, pushing harder against it. I

could feel his heart beating against my back as he moved between my folds and felt my wetness. “Fuck,” he breathed into my neck. He kissed my skin softly and entered me and I nearly died from how good it felt. He fingered me while grinding up against my ass, careful to not wake me. It wasn’t long before I felt my body try to tighten.

Fuck, no.

I was going to come if he didn’t stop. And if that happened, he’d know I was awake. Haze didn’t let up. Instead, he moved faster, moaning and grunting. I was fucking done for. No, I was fucked. I was going to come all over his fingers, and then everything would just fall apart. Fuck.

“Oh fuck,” he moaned loudly. “No!” Haze swiftly rolled away from me as he began to come. I tried to force my own orgasm down, but I couldn’t, not while hearing him come so fucking hard. My hands gripped the sheets as I bit the pillow and I began to come alongside him, listening to his groaning.

Fuck! Oh fuck!

My body tightened as my pussy squeezed and contracted over and over, soaking my panties. My thighs pressed together as I tried to hide it, pretending to still be asleep. My heart raced, and I had to hold my breath to keep myself from panting loudly.

Haze stood, and I stiffened, listening as he walked around the room. His bedroom door opened, and I opened an eye to see the bathroom light on, followed by the sound of the shower. Relief hit me and I exhaled, moaning faintly to myself, allowing myself to finish coming.

I waited a few minutes as my body relaxed before sneaking into my room and changing my panties. I was so fucking wet. I tossed the dirty ones aside and put a similar pair on before quietly sneaking back into his bed. Haze took a long shower

and eventually returned, slipping back into the covers and falling asleep as if nothing happened. But it did.

TEN

INDI

It had been a couple days since I slept in Haze's bed. We continued on as if nothing had happened, but I kept thinking about it. About him, my masked stalker, and Carter. My life had turned completely upside down, and I didn't know which way was up.

I sat on the couch, eating a bowl of cereal, watching some shitty ass TV drama, when my phone lit up. I tried to ignore it, but it continued to buzz, again and again. "What the fuck?" I picked it up to see numerous messages flooding my inbox. I scrolled through, each one repeating the same thing over and over as my eyes began to water.

No. No, this can't be real. This can't be happening!

My phone buzzed again, and I saw an unread message from him. I tapped it and read it silently to myself.

Check the news.

My heart sank. I nearly knocked my bowl of cereal over as I grabbed the TV remote and switched channels to the local news. There, staring back at me, was a photo of Carter, and beneath it were the bold letters spelling out the same heartbreaking thing everyone has flooded my messages with.

Carter is dead.

I turned the volume up and listened as the reporter spoke. “The local man named Carter Harris was found dead earlier this morning by his housekeeper. Details on his death are yet to be released to the public as the victim’s well known and prominent family have now stepped in to ensure privacy during their time of grief. What we do know is his death is not from natural causes. According to the victim’s housekeeper, there were clear signs of a struggle. The police are working closely with the Harris family to ensure whoever is responsible is caught.”

“Oh my god. Carter.” I cried as I watched the screen pan to an aerial view of his home, police surrounding the large property. Yellow crime scene tape was all over the perimeter as people rushed in and out. Footage played of a stretcher being carried out his front door and I gasped. It was Carter’s body, bloodied and covered in a white sheet. “Oh my god.”

My phone buzzed again, and I noticed a new message from my stalker.

You’re welcome.

My face ran cold. I quickly typed a reply, speaking out loud, and I sent it. “Leave me alone.” He replied almost immediately.

Never. You’re mine.

“Fuck,” I whispered as I blocked him. I immediately went to Carter’s profile and searched his posts, praying it was all a mistake. But all I saw were comments of people mourning his death. Hundreds and hundreds of strangers were wishing his family well and leaving crying and broken heart emojis all over his posts. It made me sick. “Fuck!” I threw my phone down and cried.

*Source Creation Date: May 21, 2025, 6:33 am*

Haze entered the room, wearing a cropped shirt and sweatpants. Our eyes met as he looked at me, concerned. “Indi?”

“He’s dead, Haze!” I sobbed. “He’s fucking dead!”

He sat next to me on the couch, taking my bowl of cereal as I immediately curled into him. I bawled like a baby, soaking his shirt with my tears. He rubbed my back and held me close, comforting me. The news continued to play as the reporters repeated the same information over and over. Haze’s muscles tightened as he held me close. “It’s okay,” he whispered as he kissed my head. “Everything is going to be okay.”

“How?” I pulled back. “Someone killed Carter! What—what if they try to kill me too?”

Haze tilted his head and digested my words. “Why would they kill you?”

Because my stalker killed him for me. And now he wanted me.

I wiped my tears. “Because—because I was his girlfriend. What if...” I couldn’t form the words. But I knew deep down, something was wrong and it scared the shit out of me.

“Indi, whoever killed Carter probably did it for something completely unrelated to you. He probably had some gambling debts or screwed over some drug dealer. They’re not going to come after you.”

“How do you know?” I asked.

Haze's face darkened. "Because I just do. And even if they did, you know I would do anything to protect you." I stopped crying and looked at my brother. Maybe he was right. Maybe this masked follower was just fucking with me and Carter's death really was unrelated. But one fact alone didn't sit well with me. My stalker was in Carter's home...in his closet. Which means he'd been there before. And if he knew how to get into Carter's house before, who was to say he couldn't do it again.

"I need a drink." I pulled away from Haze and searched the kitchen. I found an old bottle of vodka and began to drink straight from it. It burned my throat, but I didn't care. I needed to drown my fucking feelings and forget everything. I needed an escape.

Haze stood and walked towards me. "Indi." He tried to take the bottle away from me, but I dodged him. "Give it to me, Indi. You don't need to do this."

I tilted my head and took another swig. "Yes, I do." He watched me intently. "My mind is so fucking tangled and messed up! There's so much eating away at me, gnawing at my fucking soul. I fucking need this, Haze. I need to silence these—these sick and dark demons. I need to stop feeling everything all the time and I need to think that everything is going to be okay! Even if it is pretend!" Tears flowed down my face as I stared at him, choking back my cries. "I need to feel nothing." He clenched his jaw and walked away from me. I took another sip and coughed on the bitter aftertaste.

Haze returned a minute later and held his hand out. In it was one of his joints. I looked up at him and he was smiling. "If you want to feel nothing, then this is what you need. Not a bottle of cheap ass vodka." He took the glass bottle from my hand and raised the joint to my lips. I held it in my mouth as he lit his own and leaned forward. His green eyes bore into mine, staring so deep into my being as the tip of his joint burned and reflected in his irises. He pressed the end of his joint to mine, lighting it.

I took a large breath and realized it was the one I had smoked that night at the club. “Laced?” I asked with an exhaled cough. Haze grinned and nodded, smoking his own. “Good. But I’m still going to finish this.” I snatched the vodka bottle back.

Haze shrugged and moved past me to pull a second and third bottle out of vodka and whiskey. His joint burned between his lips as he grinned and walked towards the couch. “You coming?” I tried not to laugh, wiping my tears as I followed him with the first bottle. He sat on one end of the couch and took a large drink of the whiskey. I sat opposite him and downed some more vodka. We looked at one another, feeling the effects of his special weed settling in as we drank.

“You’re such a bad influence,” I teased him and laughed as I smoked some more.

Haze eyed me closely as his smile grew. “If only you knew.”

The day had melted away and blurred together. Haze and I got completely wasted and high as fuck, stumbling around as we danced and joked. It was nice to let loose and just be with my brother. I felt safe. And right now, that was exactly what I needed.

“Okay, my turn!” I stumbled to the armchair and stood in the seat of it still wearing my pajamas. I tossed my hair back and made a ridiculous pose.

Haze busted out laughing as he choked on his weed, smoke shooting from his mouth and nostrils. “What the fuck is that?” he asked, placing the bong down.

I nearly fell over and snorted, fixing my pose. “Oh come on!” I repositioned myself, trying not to fall over as I stood on one leg. I flapped my arms like a bird, laughing as I tried to remain still. “Take a wild guess.”

“Indi.” Haze shook his head. “What the fuck are you doing?”

I placed my hands on my hips with a smile. “You have to guess! I can’t tell you, that’d be cheating! Now, think pink!”

He laughed as he finished off the second vodka bottle. “Pink...fuck okay. Pig?”

“Pig?” I shouted. “I’m sorry, but since when do pigs fly!” I flapped my arms again. “Try again?” I wobbled.

Haze took another hit from the bong as someone knocked on the apartment door. His smile dropped. He looked from me to the door and stood up. “Fuck, I don’t know. Parrot?” He pointed to me.

“Close!” I snapped my fingers.

Haze shook his head and answered the door. The TV was blaring, but I could hear him speaking with someone. “Is it the neighbors coming to complain again? I told you to tell them to fuck off—” Mary-Jane suddenly entered the living room. “Oh, hey!” I waved at her.

She waved back, looking at me all weird. Her hair seemed extra vibrant and swirled like flames, but maybe that was the drugs and alcohol talking. I remained still in my pose. “What’re you doing?” she asked, looking around the living room at our mess.



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Haze sat back on the couch as I remained standing on the armchair. “We are playing charades. It’s Haze’s turn to guess. Maybe you can help him!” I posed. “Here. What am I?”

Mary-Jane studied me closely. “A flamingo?”

“A flamingo! Yes! Uh! That’s what I’m talking about! See, Haze? It wasn’t that hard!” I jumped from the chair and stumbled into Mary-Jane as she caught me. “Loser!” I held my fingers up in the shape of an L on my forehead and stuck my tongue out at Haze. He rolled his eyes. “I win, bitch!” I flipped him off, laughing as I fell back into the armchair.

Mary-Jane looked at us both. “Is this what you guys have been doing all day? Getting wasted and high?”

“Yup!” I twirled my hair.

“Haze?” She looked at him. “Don’t you think this is a bad idea?”

“Why are you here, Mary-Jane?”

She made a face. “I came to check on Indi.”

Haze silently watched her. “She doesn’t need you. She’s fine. Aren’t you, Indi?” I nodded.

Mary-Jane scoffed at him and approached me. “Hey, Indi? There’s something I need

to tell you. Something important.” I blinked.

“Enough, Mary-Jane. She doesn’t need to hear this again. She already knows.”

Mary-Jane shot him a look. “Back off, Haze!” I watched him tense. She turned back to face me and leaned down. “Indi, Carter is dead. Someone...” She choked on her words. “Someone killed him.”

I leaned forward, playing with her hair. “I know.” I smiled up at her. “Your hair has always been so pretty. I wish I could have red hair. But Haze doesn’t like redheads, do you, Haze?” She furrowed her brows and looked over at him. “He never has.”

Mary-Jane turned back to face me. “Indi, the police are asking everyone to come and talk to them. They’ve been trying to get a hold of you all day, but no one can get through.”

I leaned back. “Well duh. I turned my phone off.”

“Why?” she asked.

I looked at the TV, watching as the news played. “Because he won’t leave me alone, and I don’t want to talk to him.”

“Who?”

I looked at her as a single tear fell down my cheek. “The man in the mask.”

Haze slowly sat up. “I think you need to leave, Mary-Jane.”

Mary-Jane fell to my feet. “The man in the mask? Who is he?”

“Mary-Jane.”

“Indi, tell me. Tell me!” She shook my arm.

I closed my eyes as the image of his mask burned into my eyelids. “It was him. He killed Carter.”

Mary-Jane gasped as I opened my eyes.

“Let’s go.” Haze grabbed her arm and forced her to her feet. The two began to argue.

“Let go of me, Haze! The police need to hear what she said. If she knows who killed Carter then?—”

“She’s wrong,” he growled. “She’s too fucking messed up and doesn’t know what she’s talking about.”

Mary-Jane quietly watched him. “How do you know she’s wrong?” She looked from him to me. “I knew it.” She backed away from him. “I fucking knew it.”

Haze remained still. “You need to leave.”

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“Indi?” Mary-Jane called me. “Indi, come on. We need to go.”

I shook my head as all the negative thoughts and feelings began to pour from me and flood to the surface. “I can’t,” I cried.

“Indigo, please!” she shouted while she held her arm out to me. I took a deep breath and grabbed it. Mary-Jane helped me to my feet as we walked past Haze. “Everything is going to be okay. Just tell the police what you said and they can protect you.”

“Mary-Jane. Don’t do this.” Haze shadowed us. “Stop.”

She whipped around. “No! I have spent years wondering why I was never good enough for you! I always thought you were maybe just fucking around with other people or too high to commit! But I realize there’s nothing wrong with me, Haze. It’s you! You and your sick obsession with her.” She pointed at me.

“Indi.” He looked past her to me. “Indi, come on. Let’s get you back on the couch. You’re in no condition to leave.”

“Back off, Haze! You don’t speak for her!” Their fighting made me nervous, and my head began to ache as they shouted. “Indi, we’re leaving.”

“Mary-Jane!” Haze grabbed her arm and pulled her down. She screamed so loud I had to cover my ears as I watched him pull her through the living room by her hair. She cried out in agony as he then kicked her side. “You can’t have her!” He looked up at me and began to walk in my direction. “She’s mine.”

Fear flooded my veins.

“Stop! Indi! Run!” Mary-Jane groaned. “Run!”

My feet stumbled as I struggled to open the apartment door. The cold night air hit my face as I tried to run, but I was too wasted and too slow. I heard Haze scream my name as something hard hit the back of my head. I fell forward, smacking my face on the concrete as the world began to spin.

Fuck...

My consciousness began to slip away as I felt my body roll. I blinked through my blurred vision to see Haze standing there, dragging back into the apartment. “Haze,” I weakly whispered his name.

“I’m sorry! But everything is going to be okay, Indi. I promise.”

Mary-Jane’s cries filled my ears, and I fell down a dark, spiraling hole.

HAZE

Music played as I nodded to the beat. I broke apart the fresh cannabis flower along the baking sheet into small raisin-like sizes, crumbling them across the parchment lined baking sheet. Kush meowed, scratching my pant leg. “Go on, you beggar.” His ears fell back as he meowed again. “No, you’re right. We had a deal.” I pinched a small amount of the cannabis and sprinkled it along his back. He purred and made such adorable noises while rolling around and licking the remnants from his fur. “Pothead.” I laughed.

Faint groans from the other side of the kitchen island caught my attention. I placed the baking sheet in the oven and walked around, wiping my hands across my little

apron. Mary-Jane was trying to escape her binds, her hands bound behind her back as her ankles remained tied together. Her makeup was smeared across her face from crying, her screams also muffled by duct tape. Her dark eyes glared up at me, burning bright red like her hair as she tried to yell through the tape. She was so feisty and angry.

“Shhhh.” I bent down and squeezed her face. “Wouldn’t want to wake Indi now, would we? She had a little fall and needs to rest.” We both looked back towards the living room. Indi was passed out on the couch still. She wasn’t bound or anything, but that would happen in its own time. Right now, I needed to concentrate and finish this batch of brownies.

Mary-Jane tried to yell again, looking straight at Indi as if she could hear her muffled noises through the TV and music. It was pathetically amusing. I let go of her face as her head smacked into the floor. She eyed me with such hatred as I returned to baking.

I raised the whisk in her direction. “Don’t give me that look. I gave you a chance to leave, but you just kept fucking pushing. You wanted to save Indi, as if I would ever hurt her!” I scoffed. “What really throws me is why? I mean, Mary-Jane, you don’t even like her!” Her nostrils flared. “You never have. And honestly, I don’t think she ever really liked you either. I know I never have.” Tears rolled down her face, streaming her makeup more.

I guess after all these years I should’ve felt the smallest bit of regret for dragging her into all this, but I didn’t. I was relieved.

“Save your tears, Mary-Jane. I don’t deserve them.”

ELEVEN

INDI

My conscienceslowly crept back into my body, feeling my life returning to my nerves, my limbs tingling like they had been asleep for years. My head screamed and ached, pulsing in the most painful ways. I felt like I had been hit by a semi-truck and left on the side of the road to walk home half dead. Damn, it sucked.

“Fuck,” I moaned. Feeling returned to my body, and I tried to open my eyes only to realize something was covering them.

What the hell?

I tried to reach for my face but couldn't. My hands were stuck. No. They were...tied? I was unable to move. Something was wrapped around my wrists, keeping them behind my back. It felt like...rope? I completely panicked, realizing my legs were also constrained. “What the fuck,” I breathed. My limbs tugged and wriggled against the binds, attempting to pull free, but it was pointless. They were too tight. I was stuck, tied to—what is this? A a fucking chair? “Haze?” I cried out in fear. “Haze!” My throat burned as I shouted his name. Muffled noises filled the room as I listened closely. “Mary-Jane?” She screamed louder, confirming my fears. “Mary-Jane! Where are you? W-what is happening? Where's Haze?” Her sounds silenced as the sound ofheavy footsteps entered the room. I froze, listening as whoever they belonged to stepped closer and moved around me, circling me like its prey.

Who would do this?Then it clicked.Oh god. It's him. It's fucking him.My body trembled, and I tried to fight back tears.My stalker...he was here. Haze, where are you!

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“Please. Please, don’t hurt me.” A hand gripped my face, forcing my mouth open as someone breathed a mouthful of weed into mine. I coughed on the smoke, struggling to breathe as he dropped my chin and released me. “Please,” I cried out, unsure of where he was. “Don’t hurt us. Mary-Jane and my brother—they have nothing to do with this! Just let them go, please! I’ll do anything. Anything!”

“Anything?” His low grumbled voice sounded familiar, but I was too emotional to really place it. His hand reached around my body, pulling my shirt. Something cold touched my skin, and I jolted with a loud gasp, knowing what it was. “Don’t move,” he whispered harshly.

The knife slid carefully across my body as he used it to cut my clothes. I flinched with each yank, hearing the fabric of my shirt shred and tear from the harsh cuts, leaving tiny slivers and my body exposed. “Please,” I cried, almost certain I knew what he was going to do. “Don’t do this.”

“You said anything.” Before I could even react or process his words, his hand slid carefully down my chest, touching my breasts and bare skin before eventually reaching my pussy. He began to message me, my body strangely reacting as I arched back into the chair, pulling against the restraints across my wrists and ankles, trying to break free until it hurt. My mouth opened wide to scream, but he grabbed it with his free hand and shoved something inside. Not something. A brownie. He was forcing one of Haze’s brownies deep into my mouth. I nearly gagged on it, the icing dripping down my chin and onto my chest. “Shhhhh.” He blew another cloud of smoke into my face and began to finger me. I reluctantly breathed the earthy stank in while he moved deeper inside me. My body twitched and rolled. I tried to fight it—to fight him—but it was useless. It was like my brain was saying one thing, but my body



was feeling the opposite. “Stop resisting, little sis.”

My entire body fell rigid and my blood ran ice cold at his words. The person who tied me up wasn't my stalker. It was Haze. My brother.

I forcefully swallowed as much brownie as I could and spoke. “H-haze?” My lip quivered as I said his name.

Breathing hit my ear as he continued. “You know I would never hurt you.” He kissed the side of my neck, moaning faintly into my ear as he kept fingering me. “Not like Carter.”

“Stop this. Please,” I begged.

I tried not to like it, squeezing my thighs together, but it only seemed to excite him more. “Stop fighting me. We both know you want this. You've always wanted this. Ever since that fateful night we spent together in the attic of your sorority home.” My body began to tighten at the memory.

All this time, I pretended like I had no memory of that night, but it was a lie. I remembered everything. And the recollection of the things we did haunted me. I tried so hard to forget, sickened by how much I liked it. How much I dreamt of it even before that night. Being with Haze had been my fantasy for so long. The immense craving and curiosity for him rose when we were teens, and only grew over time. I always tried to hide it, to pretend it was just a phase. But it wasn't. And instead of allowing myself to give into the twisted and dark nature of my sexual desires, I denied myself. I thought if I pretended it never happened, slept with other guys and moved on with my life, that I could forget. But I couldn't. And now, it had all boiled to the surface.

“Haze,” I moaned as he moved faster. I tried to resist, but something about all of this

broke me. And just like that, I began to come. “Oh, fuck. Fuck!” I cried out. My body arched, pulling against the restraints while I rocked into his palm and ground against the chair, moaning and crying out. I completely lost myself and even smiled, my wetness completely soaking him. He slowly pulled his fingers from my body, making me jolt in absolute ecstasy.

My heart raced and felt like it was trying to jump from my chest, my breathing just as erratic. I almost felt dizzy and lightheaded, whether it was from the drugs, booze, or orgasm, I didn’t know. But I didn’t care.

What have I done?

The all too familiar sick feeling of regret and disgust with myself began to settle over me, and I lowered my head in defeat. Haze lifted my chin softly. “Don’t do that,” he growled. “Don’t apologize for being true to yourself. You have nothing to be ashamed of.”

Yes, I did. This was wrong. All of it. But I liked it.

Tears fell down my face. “What is wrong with me, Haze?” I sniffled. “What is wrong with us? Why are we like this?”

His hand dropped my chin carefully, and he untied the blindfold, dropping the red material at my tied feet. My eyes burned as I slowly raised them to look at him, crouched in front of me. He was smoking, looking at me with such caring green eyes. My eyes. He blew a cloud of smoke into my face before speaking. “You never did forget, did you?” I reluctantly shook my head.

“I knew it,” he grunted.

Haze stood and walked past me when I saw her. My face burned as her bloodshot

eyes stared up at me. Mary-Jane was bound much like myself, but instead on the floor. Haze must've done this to us both when he knocked me out before.

"Mary-Jane," I sobbed. I realized what she must've just seen and felt so much shame. "I'm so sorry," I cried. "I'm so sorry!"

Haze walked back, this time with a large knife. We both looked at him as he approached Mary-Jane. She screamed and cried, muffled by the duct tape around her mouth as she wriggled like a worm. "You did this to yourself, Mary-Jane!" he shouted at her.

"Haze. Haze, don't!" He looked over his shoulder back at me. "You don't need to do that. You don't need to hurt her!"

The corner of his mouth curled. "Yes I do, Indi. She knows too much. And this bitch is too stupid to keep her mouth shut." He turned back to Mary-Jane, crouching next to her. "I tried to give her a chance, but all she wanted to do was take you away from me. Just like Carter." He picked a strand of her hair up in disgust. "I never did like your fucking red hair." Haze used the knife to cut the strand.

"Carter?"

Haze straddled Mary-Jane and picked another strand of her hair up, cutting it roughly with the knife as she cried hysterically.

"Haze—" He glanced at me. "What do you mean 'like Carter'?" His face darkened with a devious smile. "What did you do?" He dropped Mary-Jane's hair and put the knife to her throat. "Haze, stop!"

"No! Don't you see? I have to do this! Not just for me, but for you, too. For us. Carter, Mary-Jane, even your ex boyfriend's, they're all in the way. All of them! You

don't need anyone else but me, Indi. Me!"

"Haze." I don't know what scared me more. His violence or his devotion to me.

He shook his head. "You want to know what happened to Carter?" He grinned. "I made him my bitch and taught that frat boy a fucking lesson. I made sure my face was the last thing he saw. No one touches my sister!"

Oh my god. My stalker didn't kill Carter. Haze did. It was him all along. Haze was the man in the mask, the one who was following me. Watching me. It was always him. And deep down, it was like I always knew.

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His eyes returned to Mary-Jane, seated between his legs. He pressed the blade into her skin as she screamed, blood seeping from the wound.

“Haze! Please!”

He stopped, holding the knife firm. “Why? You fucking hate her, Indi! You always have! And Mary-Jane here, oh, this whore isn’t that innocent, now are you?” He patted her face. “No, you see, something I discovered before killing Carter was that Mary-Jane and frat boy were hooking up on the side!” He laughed. “In some weird twisted way, we’ve all fucked each other! Ha! One big sick and twisted fucking family of whores!”

“I-is that true?” I asked Mary-Jane. She closed her eyes and looked away from me, confirming what he had said. “All this time. You listened to me cry about my insecurities and issues with Carter. You gave me advice and helped me through his bullshit, and you were fucking him the whole time!” I shouted at her. “Was he the only one?” She didn’t respond. “Answer me!” Mary-Jane shook her head. “Oh my god.”

“I told you, Indi.” Haze chimed in. “She never liked you. She hates you. She always has.” His knife returned to her neck. “Let me kill her for you.” Mary-Jane cried.

“No.”

Haze snapped his head up at me. “Why not?”

My wrists pulled against the rope around them as I glared at Mary-Jane. “Because the

only thing she has ever wanted is you.” I looked at Haze. “And I want her to feel what it’s like to have to listen to the one person she hates take the one thing she wants.”

Haze stood, completely shocked by my words. “What are you saying?” he asked, stepping closer. He crouched in front of me and gazed into my eyes. “What are you saying, Indi?”

I stared straight back, and I slightly raised my head with a smile. “I want you, Haze.”

“Indi,” he growled, tilting his head. “You don’t know what you’re asking for.”

I licked my lips. “Yes, I do. You’re right, Haze. I’ve always known. And I’m tired of pretending and lying. Tired of resisting.”

He rubbed his face. “If I cut you free, you better not run away. Don’t play games with me, little sis.”

I shook my head. “No games.”

Haze hesitated before leaning down and cutting the rope from my ankles. He watched me closely, leaning across my body to cut the one around my wrists. My hands dropped free. “What now?” he asked.

I wrapped my hands around his neck and leaned in as close as possible. “Break me.”

Haze scooped me up and his mouth crashed into mine. We kissed harder than I had ever kissed someone as he carried me to his room. I pulled him close, playing with his hair, completely consuming him. It was wrong to love him, but I didn’t care. I only wanted to be with him.

Haze carefully dropped me onto his bed. He spread my legs wide and tucked himself between them as I grabbed his cropped shirt and ripped it off him. I had to stop, admiring his bare and gorgeous chest. My fingers trailed along his muscles, feeling the definition of each and every one as I traced the tattoos. He is so fucking pretty.

“Indi,” he breathed as he watched me. My lips curled as I moved further down, reaching under his sweats. He moaned faintly as my fingers grazed his shaft, causing him to shudder beneath my touch. I struggled to grab his girthy dick, doing my best to feel every inch of him, rubbing my hand up and down. His body jolted, and he leaned closer, kissing my neck.

“Don’t stop,” he whispered into my ear before biting it. I squeezed him hard, pulling my fingers back towards me as I began to rub his swollen tip. It was dripping and overly excited. He gasped, biting my collarbone. “God, that feels so good.”

“Take them off,” I begged. Haze reluctantly pulled back and removed the rest of his clothes as I kicked my panties away. He looked at me, grinning as his dick stood hard, dripping for me. It made my mouth salivate at the very thought of it inside me. I never forgot how fucking good it felt.

Haze crawled along the bed and began to kiss me. He started at my ankles, kissing the marks left behind by the rope, and gently traveled up my leg. I moaned, squeezing the sheets as he did so. He kissed my inner thigh, biting it as I winced and cried out. He laughed, breathing against my skin. His mouth then moved to my pussy, kissing my tender clit. My back arched, and I leaned into him, feeling his tongue as it swirled around. I grabbed a handful of his hair with one hand, pushing him closer as he began to fuck me with his tongue. My pussy throbbed, desperately clinging to him as he moaned into me. My pelvis rocked against his face as I moaned. I could feel my walls tightening.

Oh fuck!

“Not yet,” he whispered into my body. He slowly pulled out and kissed my pussy. I whined as he laughed, kissing my lower stomach. He crawled closer, kissing my body all over. He made his way to my breasts and kissed them, those kisses turning into playful bites. Haze looked at me, and I watched as he opened his mouth and licked my hardened nipples ever so lightly. My body burned, his delicate touch making my walls contract, begging to feel him. It was too much. I wanted him too fucking bad.

My legs wrapped around his torso as hands clawed his back, pulling him closer. “I need you,” I whined. He released my nipple and lifted his head as his mouth met mine. We kissed a while longer, grinding against each other until it was impossible to resist ourselves anymore.

Haze rubbed my pussy with his finger, feeling my wetness. “You’re so fucking wet, Indi.” He played with me before pulling his tip to my body. I gasped as he rubbed it between my folds, our wetness mixing as we struggled to control ourselves. Haze looked at me, his eyes desperate and hungry. “Fuck, this is all I’ve ever wanted. You are all I’ve ever wanted, Indi. Ever since that night, I’ve been obsessed—addicted to loving you. I’ve spent every fucking minute of every fucking day trying to make you love me back.” It nearly broke me to know how much torture he must’ve been in all these years. How much we’d both suffered. “You’re mine, little sis.”

“You’re wrong, Haze,” I breathed. He made a face, telling me he was confused. I only smiled as I spoke. “You’re mine.” As the words left my mouth, I pulled his body close with my legs and let his dick slip deep inside my body. He cried out at the sudden pressure of my pussy as I inhaled so sharply, my breathing hitched.

Haze immediately began to fuck me hard, pounding into my body as I held him close. We were both so loud, completely gone and drowning in the darkness between us. And now that we were no longer hiding our desires, we were finally able to be completely and unapologetically sick. Together.



“Oh yes,” I moaned, digging my nails into his back. “Fuck me, Haze. Fuck me!” He pinned my arms above my head and lifted both my legs over his shoulders, driving his dick so hard into my pussy as he slammed into my body. I could barely breathe, unable to hold anything back as I began to come. “No!” I didn’t want to, not yet. I wanted to edge myself a little longer and enjoy this with him. “Fuck!” I immediately came, my walls squeezing his shaft as he groaned and thumbed my clit. I cried out, coming all over him, twitching as he milked my body.

“Oh fuck, Indi,” he moaned alongside me. “Fuck!” Our bodies rocked as Haze remained buried deep inside me and also came. I could feel his cum seeping from my pussy as he didn’t let up. It all felt so good, and despite coming so quickly, I didn’t want to stop. I wanted to keep going as long as I possibly could.

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I swallowed hard, my throat burning from breathing so instantly, and whispered to him. “Don’t stop.” Haze slowed his pace. “No,” I whined. He smiled while he released my arms and lowered my trembling legs. “Haze.”

“I’m just getting started, Indi.” He ran his hand down my body before pulling out as we both moaned. “Get on your knees,” he growled. I did as he said and rolled onto my stomach and knees. “Good,” he cooed. “Now.” He used my panties to bind my hands behind my back and gripped my hips, immediately shoving his dick back inside me as I cried out. “Let everyone know just how sick you are, little sis!” He drove his dick so far into my pussy it hurt, but I liked it. And I wanted more.

“Harder,” I breathed as he rocked my body. He did as I asked, grunting as he pounded so deep into me, his pelvis was slamming into my ass. “Yes!”

Haze reached forward and grabbed a handful of my hair and forced my head high. “I’m going to fuck you all night like the wicked little whore you are!”

I smiled. “That’s right,” I breathed. “Fuck me like your whore. Show me just how much you love your fucking whore, big brother.”

And he did.

TWELVE

INDI

Haze snored, completely exhausted from everything we had done. We had fucked

each other senselessly for hours, unable to fully satisfy the sick craving between us. And as much as I wanted more, I knew what I had to do.

I turned to look at him, sleeping so soundly and peacefully next to me. Kush was passed out at our feet. He had thankfully slept most of the day before while we fucked. I stroked his head as he purred, rolling in his sleep.

Sweet little man.

I quietly slithered from Haze's bed and grabbed one of his t-shirts. My legs ached as I moved and put it on, my wrists and legs sore from the ropes, but I needed to be quick. Thankfully, he was passed out.

I crept quietly to his door and cracked it open. It was louder than I expected, creaking as I froze in fear. Haze groaned, rolling around in the bed. I exhaled as he settled and carefully pushed through.

The TV was still playing, stuck on an endless loop of news coverage focused on Carter's death. The living room was a fucking mess, remnants of brownies all over the floor with the cut ropes Haze had used to tie me up. Mary-Jane was passed out, her blood staining her neck and clothes. I slowly bent down and shook her. "Mary-Jane?" I whispered. Her eyelids fluttered as she struggled to wake up. "Hey?—"

She immediately began to squirm and make noises.

"No! No! No!" I covered her mouth. "Shhhh. Please!" She stopped moving and watched me. I mouthed the words "be quiet" and gently removed my hands from her duct taped mouth. "It's okay," I whispered. I helped her sit up, carefully propping her body against the wall. She quietly sobbed. "Shhhh. It's okay. It's going to be okay. I'm going to get you out of here. I just need to find something to cut your hands free."

I searched for the knife Haze had used. It was on the floor across the room, near the chair he had me tied up to. Haze's snores stopped, and we both froze, listening. I pressed my finger to my lips and stared at Mary-Jane. Her eyes watered as we listened, my own burning with fear. I quietly backed away from Mary-Jane and peaked around the corner, trying to remain unseen. Haze walked from his room right past me and into the hall. He stretched his arms, wearing nothing but a pair of sweats, groaning before he stepped into the bathroom and shut the door. I pulled back and exhaled with relief.

Mary-Jane watched as I nodded and eyed the knife.

Okay, just stay quiet.

I slowly crawled towards the living room on my hands and knees, trying to remain quiet. I reached my arm out and snatched the knife.

Yes!

The toilet flushed, and the bathroom door swung open. My heart sank as Haze walked out into the hallway. I remained as still as I could be, desperately hoping he didn't see me, shaking with fear. Thankfully, he walked back into his room, completely unaware of me.

"Fuck," I silently exhaled.

Mary-Jane motioned with her taped hands, telling me to hurry. I crawled back towards her with the knife tightly in my grasp. She held her arms out as I carefully wedged the blade between her hands and started cutting the duct tape. It was wrapped so tight, layer upon layer, making it hard to cut. Panic and anxiety began to settle into my core as I struggled. I had cut through a few layers, making some progress, when I heard movement behind me. I looked up at Mary-Jane and saw her eyes bulging,

looking past me.

Shit.

I slowly turned, placing the knife between Mary-Jane's hands, and looked up at Haze. He was standing inches away with his arms crossed. "What're you doing, Indi?"

I slowly rose to my feet. "I can't let you kill her, Haze."

He looked past me at Mary-Jane before returning his focus to me. "And why is that?" he asked, cocking his head. "I thought you didn't care for her? I thought we agreed to kill her?"

"I don't," I snapped. "And I never agreed to kill her. But no matter what is going on between us, this—" I pointed back to her. "This is wrong. You can't just kidnap someone, tie them up and think people won't notice! You need to let her go."

Haze shook his head. "If I let her go, she's going to tell everyone about us. The world won't understand. They'll try to keep us apart!" He rushed me, grabbing my face as he spoke. "She knows too much, Indi. If we let her go, she'll tell them everything, and then they'll come after me. I'll be taken away. Away from you." Tears began to form in his eyes. "I can't live without you. I can't! I've suffered long enough, and now that we can be together, you want to throw it all away? For her? No. I won't let her ruin this. Without you, I am nothing. And I'd rather die than be kept away from you. Ineedyou, Indigo."

*Source Creation Date: May 21, 2025, 6:33 am*

“Haze,” I cried. “If we don’t let her go—if I let you kill her—that darkness will fester inside. It’ll eat away at me. I-I will suffer, knowing her death was my fault. It doesn’t matter how much you love me, Haze, because I will always remember what we did. I have spent years trying to bury this dark secret between us. Years of lying to myself and trying to forget. It was fucking agony! I don’t want to feel that again. I don’t want to suffer anymore! I know you’re scared. I am too. But if I let you kill her, a piece of me would die every day until there’s nothing left.” A tear fell down his face. “And when there’s nothing left of me to love, when I’m a shell of who I once was, is it really worth killing her?”

He pressed his forehead into mine. “No.” His tears hit my face as we stood there.

We weren’t just bound by our blood or this sick obsession between us. No. We were bound by our shared darkness. And until the world was ready to accept us, we were destined to fail.

Haze kissed my forehead. “I can’t lose you, Indi.”

I nodded. “I know.”

He pulled back and stared into my eyes. “But I can’t risk letting her go. I love you too much.” My heart sank. “I’m sorry, little sis.”

He gently backed away and tried to walk around me to Mary-Jane. She began to scream and panic as he neared her, knowing she was about to die.

Think, Indi. My heart raced with anxiety. Think!

“Wait!”

Haze groaned and looked back at me over his shoulder. “What?”

I swallowed hard. “Before you kill her, I want us to be the last thing she sees.” Haze raised a brow. “I want her to watch. To see and listen to us one last time, knowing we were the ones who killed her. Not just to protect ourselves or our secret, but for our love. For us.”

Haze turned back towards, grinning. “Alright then.” Haze walked past me and sat on the couch. I stared at Mary-Jane, a tear falling down my face as I forced myself to look away. Haze patted his lap. I carefully straddled him, the warmth of his body soothing mine as we kissed. For a moment, I forgot everything else in the world and focused only on him. My body yearned for his touch, grinding against him as he groaned and moved with me. We kissed passionately, our tongues sliding alongside one another as things quickly escalated. His mouth pulled from mine and traveled down my neck as he squeezed my breast.

My head fell back with a gasp and I caught a glimpse of Mary-Jane. “Wait.” I stopped him. “Wait.” Haze furrowed his brows as I smiled and crawled from his lap and landed on my knees, positioning between his legs.

His jaw clenched as he released a low growl. “Indi,” he purred.

I pulled my hair back. “Let me show her just how much I love you.” My fingers grabbed the waistband of his sweats, dragging them down past his knees and to his ankles. His dick stood straight up, the tip glistening with excitement, begging for me. My eyes moved to the brownies on the coffee table. “Perfect,” I whispered.

Haze watched, completely entranced, as I picked a brownie piece up and smashed it against his shaft. He bit down on his lower lip as I began to stroke him, lathering his

hard, girthy dick in his special dessert. “Stop teasing me,” he groaned.

I leaned in close, licking the chocolate covered tip nice and slow. “You’re mine, Haze. And I’m going to do whatever I fucking want with you.” Beads of excitement rolled from the tip as I licked it clean, listening to him moan.

My hands gripped his thighs as I dug my nails into his flesh and opened my mouth wide. I looked straight up at him as he watched me cover his dick with my mouth.

“Fuck,” he moaned.

My tongue slid along his shaft, tasting the brownie as I began to suck him. He thrustled lightly into me, fucking my face with direct eye contact.

That’s right. Keep those eyes on me.

I bobbed my head and moved faster, increasing my pressure until his tip was nearly slamming into the back of my throat. Hot precum dripped down my esophagus, and he nearly lost control. His hands curled into my hair as he took hold of me and fucked the shit out of my mouth.

“God, you take me so fucking well,” he moaned as I gagged. “Oh, fuck, Indi!” We moaned together for a bit until he couldn’t hold back any longer. “Fuck!” He busted inside my mouth, his dick flexing and flinching as he spewed down the back of my mouth. I had to swallow a few times, trying not to choke. He cried out, his eyes rolling back and panting as he continued to come. He took his time emptying himself before he slowed down and eventually let go of my head. “Oh my god,” he breathed. I pulled back, licking him one last time before stepping away. His eyes fluttered open as I stood before him. He smiled and grabbed my hand, but I didn’t smile back. Instead, I cried. “Indi?”



I quickly stepped aside as Mary-Jane stabbed Haze in his thigh. He screamed, and I slammed the large glass bong into his head and it shattered completely. He cried out in agony, bleeding from his thigh and skull. Mary-Jane ripped the duct tape from her mouth and grabbed my hand. Together, we rushed towards the apartment door.

“Indi!” Haze shouted after me. “Indi, wait! You can’t leave me!” My heart broke as Mary-Jane twisted the doorknob. “Indi!”

I stopped dead in my tracks.

Mary-Jane tugged my arm. “Indi,” she choked out my name. “We have to leave. We have to go!”

Haze looked straight at me, struggling to stand as he ripped the knife from his thigh. Tears burned my eyes as I watched him. I could see his heart breaking. “I’m sorry,” I cried. “Kush!” I screamed. “Kush!” The cat ran to me, completely ignoring Haze. I scooped him up and held him close.

“Indi,” he sobbed, falling to the floor, blood soaking his sweats. “Indi, please! You can’t leave me. You can’t leave me!” I closed my eyes and turned back to Mary-Jane.

I’m sorry. I’m so sorry.

And just like that, I walked away from my twin brother.

“Indigo!”

THIRTEEN

INDI

“There.” I slammed the packed box down in the trunk of Haze’s car. Kush meowed, rubbing along my legs. “I know. I miss him too.”

It had been a few weeks since everything happened with Haze and Mary-Jane. After we escaped, we ended up in the hospital being treated for our wounds. The police questioned us, and together, we decided to tell them everything. Well...not everything. Mary-Jane respected my one request to keep my relationship with Haze a secret. Instead, we simply explained that he was an overprotective big brother.

After speaking to us, the police searched the apartment, but there was no sign of Haze. Kush and I stayed with Mary-Jane until I could find a new place. Today was the first day I had been back here since everything happened. I slammed the trunk shut and carried the overweight cat back into the apartment. It didn’t feel right being here alone.

Kush jumped from my arms and ran to Haze’s room. “Kush!” I followed him to see a plate of brownies and a folded piece of paper. I grabbed the plate and picked up the note. “How—” The front door closed, and I jumped. “Hello?” I ran out into the living

room, carrying the items. “Hello?” I looked around, frightened by what, or who, I might find. I crept through the apartment, searching, but there was no one there.

What the fuck?

I plopped down on the couch, placing the plate and note on the coffee table, and held my head, staring down at the old blood pool from when Mary-Jane stabbed Haze. Kush jumped onto the coffee table trying to eat the brownies. “Hey!” I gently shoved him over. “You don’t need those.” He stepped on the TV remote and turned it on as the news played.

“According to authorities, local murderer and well known social media star, Haze Osvaldo, is still on the run. Police have confirmed he is responsible for the brutal and gruesome death of Carter Harris, saying he murdered the wealthy man to protect his twin sister, Indigo Osvaldo.” My cheeks burned. “Investigators believe the talented baker turned killer suspected the Harris family heir of domestic violence, taking justice into his own hands. Police are tracking his last known whereabouts but have little to lead off. They are asking all local residents to report any suspicious activities.”

I picked up the folded piece of paper and gasped. It was Haze’s handwriting, confirming that he was here.

You may have left me, Indi, but I will never leave you.

You’re mine, little sis.