



# Eternal Pieces

**Author:** *Hana Meadows*

**Category:** Erotic, Romance

**Description:** The pieces we left behind have fit seamlessly back together and now we get to live our life the way we always wanted.

After a winter of making all our desires come true it's time to get back to the real world.

However, not everyone wants to see us happy. Some people don't agree with our relationship and think they can tear us apart.

There's one thing that will never be broken though: the obsession Max and Maddox have for me.

I've embraced the way they love me and it's only made us stronger. But can we manage the strains of pregnancy, my graduation and our wedding all at once or will something break again?

Eternal Pieces is Book Two in The Violet Delights Duet.

This two part story is an unconventional romance with themes on the darker side. There is a guaranteed Happily Ever After.

This book contains themes that are intended for readers aged 18+.

For an idea of what to expect please read the author's note at the start of the book or visit the author's socials.

**Total Pages (Source):** 78

## CHAPTER 1

### VIOLET

Stepping out of the shower, I hear Max and Maddox bickering elsewhere in the cabin. They're twins, so it's not unusual for them to argue over the tiniest things. I've become accustomed to it over the years, and they always work it out themselves, so I leave them to it.

Although it's winter, the day after Christmas, the cabin is warm and toasty. My fluffy towel is enough to keep me cozy as I grab some clothes from my dresser near the window.

Outside, the low morning sun filters through the snowy trees surrounding our little home. The scent of the gingerbread I baked yesterday is still in the air. It's all so perfectly picturesque. What I've always imagined home to be.

I'm not sure how I got here. Well, technically, I do. It was being stalked by my stepbrothers and participating in freaky sex games with them that led me to this moment, and I'm grateful for it all.

I've never felt so content before. It's the fairytale ending I always dreamed of ever since I could remember.

Sitting by the dresser, I dry my long hair and pull the blond strands into my usual high ponytail, letting a few strands hang free to frame my face. Then I change into a soft, cream jumperdress and dark red thermal leggings. The dress hugs my curves,

and I'm proud of myself for wearing more clothes that show off my figure nowadays. Living with Max and Maddox, I've grown to love every roll, dimple, and stretch mark. It's funny how not having to put up with my mom's fat-shaming has improved my mindset.

I take a moment to admire the rings on my finger. Two engagement rings for one love. Max and Maddox are a package deal, and the way I love them both is different yet equal. It wouldn't work with only one of them. Now I get to spend forever with them since, of course, I said yes to their joint proposal yesterday. They're going to have to work extra hard on next year's gift if they want to top this year's.

We've got nothing but free time this break. Plenty of time to celebrate our engagement. All my assignments are complete, and since my guys are occupied with whatever they're bickering about, I take some time to read in my cozy book nest I've made for myself by the window. The local indie bookstore had a big winter sale, so I stocked up and brought home a hefty stack to devour. Running my finger down the spines, I pick a title at random and settle into the pillows with it.

Eventually, the guys' arguing gets a little too elevated and distracts me from my book, so I have to head out to keep the peace.

I find them standing next to the Christmas tree in the main living room. It's still a mess of discarded paper and boxes from yesterday's gift exchange. There wasn't any time to tidy between being stuffed full of dick and a huge meal at the end of the day.

Max is squeezing a stress ball and glaring at Maddox, who is busy writing something on a giant whiteboard. Where did they find that thing?

They don't hear me approaching, so I sneak a closer look at the board. There are multiple tally marks under each of their names and a list of what seems to be rooms and furniture.

Max snatches the pen from Maddox's hand and wipes something out with the sleeve of his dark hoodie. "That one was me."

"No. I felt it on my dick. It was definitely me."

Max makes a point of adding an extra tally under his name. "You may have been inside her, but I was the one sucking on her clit. It was definitely me."

"Oh my god!" I screech, my cheeks burning as hot as the flames in the fireplace. "Are you two keeping score?"

They both give me a look that says obviously.

I pinch the bridge of my nose and sigh before pushing between them to get a proper look at the board. Now I see it. They're making a record of every time we've had sex in the last two days and who made me orgasm.

"Why are there illustrations?" I point to a crudely drawn trio of stick figures on a bed.

"Max needed reminding how I was the one to make you come last night when we tried those Kama Sutra positions."

"I still can't believe you bought me that." I cringe. It was one of the many naughty gifts they gave me for Christmas. Maddox also replaced my vibrators that he stole months ago and Max got me a fluffy bunny tail butt plug that I'm nervous to try out. My favorite gift will always be their proposal, though.

Maddox digs his elbow lightly into my ribs, making me giggle.

"What was it Dad always said? The best gift is one that gets the most use."

“Ew, Maddox!”

“Please, never mention our father when we’re discussing sex positionseveragain.” Max groans, sounding like he’s going to be sick. He runs his hand through his blond hair and turns away.

I tap my nails against the board, bringing their focus back to it. “Can one of you please explain why you’re keeping track of my orgasms?”

“I’m offended you don’t remember,” Maddox scoffs. “It was only yesterday when we said whoever gives you the most orgasms over Christmas gets to marry you.”

There have been a lot of orgasms since then. Most of them were strong enough to make it difficult to remember my own name, let alone a comment that I assumed was them playing games.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:54 am*

“You were being serious?”

“Of course.” Maddox shrugs.

Max places his hands on my hips and turns me to him. “I know you don’t want to make that choice, and we’re not going to force you. This is the fairest way.”

Leaning my forehead against his chest, I say, “I appreciate that, but wouldn’t the fairest way be choosing straws or something?”

Maddox comes up behind me and wraps his arms around my waist. Pressing his body close to mine, he locks me in tight between him and his brother. “This is the funnest way, though. Or do you not want dozens of amazing orgasms from your big brothers?”

He absentmindedly draws shapes on my stomach with his fingers, and the delicate sensation has me melting back against him.

They’re both so firm and warm. Their fresh and musky scent so comforting. It’s enough to have me forgetting what we were even talking about.

Maddox’s hands gradually travel lower to the hem of my dress and sneak their way underneath.

“Shouldn’t I—” My own moans interrupt me when Max cups my breast. “Shouldn’t I be the one keeping count?” I manage to ask even though I already know the answer. These small touches alone are enough to have me struggling to form a coherent

thought.

Max tilts my chin upward and smiles mischievously down at me. These carefree looks of his are becoming less and less rare as he realizes that I'm not going anywhere. I ran once, and I'm never doing that again.

"If you're able to count, then we're clearly not doing a good enough job." Max's breath fans my lips.

I gasp when suddenly his fingers are down the front of my underwear. Maddox has somehow hiked my dress up past my hips and worked my leggings down without me noticing.

The wet sounds of my pussy are unmistakable in the quiet surrounding us. "This is one needy pussy." Max groans, and they both chuckle. "Always so wet for us, no matter how much we play with you."

"You're a very greedy girl," Maddox purrs in my ear from behind.

I bite my lip to hide my moans as Max slides his fingers all the way into the entrance of my pussy and starts grinding the heel of his palm on my clit.

Cupping both their faces, I lean into Maddox and let my eyes drift shut, knowing I'm safe and cherished in their embrace.

Maddox kisses the sensitive spot beneath my ear as his hand travels all the way to my breasts, where he teases a nipple through the lace of my bra.

Max pushes his fingers deeper inside my pussy and I tense up, loving the way they feel when I squeeze them.

“She’s gripping me so tight. This’ll be an easy win,” Max chuckles. My brows knit together as I try to figure out what he’s talking about through my building lust.

“Don’t go getting cocky. It’ll only put you one ahead,” Maddox mumbles against my neck, his teeth nipping at my skin.

“I’ll make sure it’s a double then.”

They’re talking like I’m not even here. Under any other circumstance, I’d get off on that, but I can already see this contest of theirs being a point of contention until our wedding day.

Forcing my eyes open, I see they’re both glaring at each other. Which immediately takes me out of my good mood.

“Seriously?” I tug Max’s hand out of my underwear and slip out from between them to straighten my clothes. “It’s not fun for me if you’re going to be at each other’s throats about this. I’m already torn up with guilt that only one of you will be waiting for me at the end of the aisle.”

“Violet, sweetheart.” Max steps in front of me and places his palms on my cheeks, stooping so we’re face to face. “No matter who gets the honor of exchanging vows with you, we’ll both be standing up there with you. You’ll have our name, but you already have our hearts. So please don’t get upset. We’ll stop the game if you want. Won’t we, Mad?” He looks up at his brother, who nods at me sincerely. I give him an appreciative smile.

“Sorry if we took things too far again, baby. You make us all kinds of crazy. It’s hard not to get caught up in the moment.” Maddox comes to my side and wraps his arm around my shoulder, letting me lean into him. He gives me a sheepish grin as he runs his hand over the shaved side of his head.



“Did you say you were even?” I ask, and Max nods, his response firm. A teasing smile finds its way onto my face as a fun idea comes to mind. “As lovely as it is spending all our time together in bed, I don’t want to be stuck inside all winter break. It would be nice to actually touch some snow. How about a new game?”

They exchange a quiet look before saying in unison, “We’re listening.”

“After breakfast, I’m going on a hike through the woods. You two are going to give me a ten-minute head start, then it’s up to you to catch me. Whoever does gets to do whatever they want. If I get away, another round starts. We’ll see who can give me the most orgasms by the end of the day and find our winner that way.”

“Yes! That’s an amazing idea, baby.” Maddox yanks me closer and steals my breath with a kiss. “I’ll start making breakfast.”

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:54 am*

I don't manage to get another word out before he's sprinting to the kitchen. My smile falters when I see Max's moody face.

"What's wrong?"

"I'm not letting you wander off alone in the woods. You could get hurt or worse." He tenderly touches my stomach. "There could be a baby in here. It's snowing and freezing cold. What if something happens and we don't manage to find you?"

I understand his worries. We were meant to travel to town today and buy a pregnancy test, but the snow came down heavily overnight, and Maddox's car couldn't get through it. Meaning we'll have to wait a few more days to find out if our three is actually a four.

Taking hold of Max's calloused hands, I squeeze them reassuringly. "I promise I'll be fine. A bit of cold isn't going to hurt any potential baby, and I know you two. You say you'll give me a head start, but you'll be stalking me the whole time. If you really want to ensure my safety, then you'd better make sure you're the one who catches me first."

My teasing sets off the fire inside him, and his dark brown eyes turn into bright embers that stare so deeply into mine I can see the fantasies playing out in his head.

"Fine. But if anything happens—" He's cut off by a loud clang of pots and pans from the kitchen.

Pinching his toned stomach, I say, "Better fill up, you're going to need your stamina

if you want to catch me.” I run off, and he immediately chases, grabbing me before I can reach the hallway.

I don’t stand a chance against either of them, but it’s fun to rile them up. That way, when they catch me, those orgasms will be guaranteed to be the best of my life.

## CHAPTER 2

### VIOLET

Watching Maddox and Max demolish their pancakes and bacon reminds me of our breakfasts back when we were in high school. They ate enough for Max’s entire baseball team back then, and now it’s like feeding an army.

It’s nice, though, since I’ve never had to feel self-conscious about what I eat in front of them. Being a bigger girl has always made it difficult for me to eat in public. It’s like people think that because I’m fat, I don’t deserve to eat. That I should sit there and starve. Fuck that. My two guys and I love my curves. If I ever skipped a meal, I’m pretty sure they’d pin me down and feed me. That actually sounds pretty hot. Maybe I’ll try it out. Another day, though. These pancakes are way too good to skip. I add an extra one to my plate before Maddox has a chance to inhale the rest of them.

In the seat next to me, Max watches me out of the corner of his eye and transfers the remaining bacon from his plate to mine. When I raise a brow at him, he simply says, “You might be eating for two.”

Maddox’s face lights up. It does every time a baby is mentioned. “I can’t believe there might actually be a little Ostaire in you. Do you feel any different? Are your boobs sore?” He reaches out to grab them, and I jab the back of his hand with my fork.

“Ouch.” He rubs the pronged flesh tenderly. I roll my eyes. It wasn’t even that hard.

“If they were sore, then I definitely wouldn’t want you manhandling them. And no, I feel the same.”

Max takes his plate to the sink and makes another pot of coffee. “We should switch to decaf,” he says as he examines the packet of coffee beans.

“No way! I need my coffee,” Maddox says through a mouthful of pancake. “I’ll be grumpier than you without it.”

I giggle, and Max narrows his eyes at me. “I’m not grumpy.”

Maddox scoffs. “Sure, I can see the rainbows and sprinkles shooting out your ass from here. I’d hate to see you actually mad. Oh, wait, I did when you smashed my car up. Naked, might I add. I’m still haunted by your pasty white cheeks shining at me in the moonlight.”

Max’s grip on the coffee tightens, and some beans spill onto the floor.

Seemingly oblivious to his brother’s mood or perhaps not caring, Maddox blurts out, “Wait, you can’t have fish either, can you?”

“That’s only raw fish or too much tuna,” Max says deadpan as he sweeps the floor. His anger is lessening thanks to his new grounding techniques from therapy.

“So I don’t have to quit fishing?” Maddox sighs with relief. I’m still surprised about the recent revelation that he knows how to fish. Since moving into the cabin with them, I’ve discovered how outdoorsy they are. I never got to see that side of them before.

“Remember that time Dad undercooked his catch and we were sick for days after?”

Max’s brow furrows as he tries to remember. “I’m pretty sure that was because he let you grill it. That was also the weekend when it rained nonstop and the tent ripped because your lure caught on it.” A small smile tugs at the corner of his mouth.

Their reminiscing has me eager to get out into nature myself. “Do we need to talk about our plans for the day, or are you two good with me heading out first and you following after?”

Maddox reaches across the table for my hand and weaves his fingers through mine. “I can’t believe you want to do primal play. I mean, I should have known since you got off so much on us stalking you around your campus. If you want to try anything else, I have an entire list of things. Like pet play! We could dress you up as a puppy and have you lick peanut butter off our?—”

“Mad. Quit it already, you’re freaking her out.”

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:54 am*

“You bought her a bunny tail butt plug. A puppy tail is hardly any different.”

They both look at me, and I have no idea what my face is doing, but my brain is very confused as it tries to conjure up what Maddox is talking about.

“Pet play I can figure out, but primal play?” I ask, feeling more than a little embarrassed.

Maddox downs the remainder of his coffee and tells me, “It’s basically what you suggested for today. You run and we chase you with the intention to hunt you down with our basic primal instincts.”

Oh right. Primal. I guess that makes sense. I’m definitely not searching it up on the computer, especially not if Maddox’s search history is still on there.

While I finish eating, I watch as they tidy the kitchen. They move in sync with each other without needing to even try. I’m sure they’d hate me pointing out how similar they look right now. It’s more than them being identical twins. They have such a strong bond that they often don’t need words to make things work. It comes in very handy in the bedroom.

Max pulls his brother in close, and they start speaking in hushed tones. What are they up to now?

After a few minutes, they both look at me. The heat in their gazes makes my stomach flutter. Whatever they’re up to definitely involves me.

Max cocks his head and stares at me intently, while Maddox grins like he's won the lottery.

"Care to tell me what you're whispering about?" I ask.

"Nah, it's nothing. I'm gonna go get changed out of my sweats and into something more weather-appropriate." Maddox shoots me a wink as he saunters past me, and I eye him suspiciously.

"Max?"

He comes over and plants a kiss on the top of my head. "Take your time with breakfast, sweetheart. We'll be ready for the hike when you are." Without a second glance, he follows after his brother.

"Hmm." I'm sure whatever plan they're cooking up involves them somehow cheating at our game later. I'll still be winning no matter who the victor is. But why would they team up when they're pitted against each other for my hand in marriage?

"Have either of you seen my hiking boots?" I call out into the hall as I search through the mess of shoes by the front door. Neither of the guys answers, and I huff in irritation. I'm eager to get going so the real fun can begin.

After breakfast, I layered up in all my thermals and put on my thickest coat. It makes me resemble a light pink marshmallow, but it'll keep me protected from the icy chill the snow's brought down. All I'm missing are my damned boots. I could wear a different, less-safe pair, but Max would definitely disapprove, and I don't want to risk breaking something if I come across some ice.

Just when I'm about to give up, the front door opens, bringing in a blast of cold air and two red-cheeked men.

“You were outside this whole time?” I stand up with my hands on my hips, eyeing the light dusting of snow in their blond hair.

“Just making sure we still remember where all the good hiding spots are,” Maddox grins.

“I’m not sure how, but you’re cheating, I know that look, Maddox.” I point my finger at him, then at his brother. “And, Max, you’re meant to be the responsible one.”

“It’s Christmas. The time for joy and being reckless.” Max smirks at me and raises a smug brow as he nods to my feet. “Lost your boots?”

“I could have sworn they were here.” Annoyed, I gesture vaguely to the floor.

“Gimme a boost,” Max says.

Maddox bends down and cups his hands, giving Max a foothold to reach one of the wooden beams above us. He pulls down my missing boots and dangles them in front of me.

“You hid them?” I gasp.

“Couldn’t have you ruining the surprise by being ready before us.” He winks.

I’m more than a little suspicious, but I also want whatever they’re planning to remain a secret, so I don’t push for more information. After all, our forbidden romance has taught us that keeping things secret can be a lot of fun.

I sit down on the small bench by the wall to pull my boots on, and when I stand back up, a backpack is thrust my way.



“What’s this for?” I start to unzip it, but Maddox stops me and helps me to put it on instead.

“Some provisions for the day.”

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:54 am*

Wow, they've really committed to this. My heart thumps loudly, and I try not to cry. How did I get so lucky to have not one but two men willing to take such good care of me?

Not only do they both dote on me here at home, but they've made sure I've not missed college. They've given me time to study when all they want to do is fuck. Cooked all the meals when tests popped up. Now they're going out of their way to make our engagement special.

Max makes sure my coat is zipped up all the way and my boots are on tight enough, then he grips my shoulders and steers me out the door.

"You're eager to get rid of me," I huff playfully.

"We're definitely eager for something, baby." Maddox follows us out and cups the back of my head, pulling me in for a long kiss that heats my core. When he pulls away, I lean toward Max, and he gives me the same treatment, fueling the fire inside me that will keep me warm while I'm out in the cold.

"Better get running, little whore, you have no clue what you're in for this time."

With an eager inhale of air, I turn on my heel and rush down the steps.

"Sweetheart," Max calls to me. "You're going to want to head toward the lake. The view when the sun hits the ice is really something."

I savor a final glance at my two big men dressed in matching black winter gear. Huh.

It's not that often they dress identically anymore.

Max has his hands thrust into the pockets of his pants, his face stern, but with a softness only I can spot. His eyes hold a darkness that hides so many lust-filled promises and makes my blood sing for him.

Maddox grins and runs his tongue along his top teeth like he's imagining tasting me. He leans casually against the doorframe, not a care in the world, but the tension in his pose tells me he's ready to pounce.

I run, knowing I have the safety of them right on my heels and the certainty of more taboo desires coming to life when they catch me.

## CHAPTER 3

### VIOLET

The only sounds on the trail are my heavy breaths and the snow crunching beneath my boots. No sign of any stalkers yet. I'd say I wish I worked out more so this wasn't so difficult, but screw that. The only workout I need is when I'm squatting over my stepbrothers' dicks.

It's still hard not to think of them that way. Our parents are divorcing, so soon enough, there'll be no legal ties between us. In a way, I'll miss it. That bond is what brought us together. It also broke us apart. But I've accepted every part of what it means to love and be loved by them.

A disturbance in the snow to my right brings me out of my thoughts, and I stop in my tracks. I ran out of speed a few yards back so Max and Maddox could have easily caught up. That's what I've been hoping for anyway.

Looking around, nothing seems to be out of the ordinary. The tall, snowcapped trees are the only figures looming over me.

There's another sound, a rustling this time. I quickly turn to its location, almost tripping over my clumsy feet as I do. I expect to see the guys behind me, but they're not there. The sound doesn't stop, though.

Keeping quiet, I slowly move toward a large holly bush where the noise seems to be coming from. My guys could easily be lurking behind it.

To stop myself from laughing over getting the upper hand on them, I bite my tongue and suppress my victorious smile. In my head, I count to three, then rush around to the back of the bush.

"Oh!" I gasp breathlessly as a little winter hare jumps out from beneath it. "Hey, cutie." I squat down as it stares motionlessly up at me. Its ears twitch when a large shadow suddenly covers the snow around us.

"Cutie? You've never called us that," a distorted voice mocks.

"Careful you don't make us jealous." An identical voice joins in.

The hare bounds off as I turn to face the familiar yet strange voices.

Two figures in black stand over me. Their faces obscured by grinning, yellow neon masks. The same masks that I've not seen for months, except for in my wildest nighttime fantasies. My pussy throbs from the memories of what those masks brought to my doorstep the last time I saw them.

"You're teaming up to catch me? I thought you would have been working against each other." I attempt to act casual as I stand, but end up swallowing nervously at our

height difference. It's nothing new, but when two creepy masks are hovering above me, it's more noticeable than usual.

They're both standing with their backs straight and their hands in their pockets, making it hard to tell them apart. Until the one on the right cocks his head.

"You have to actually catch me if you want to do anything, Max." Feeling pleased with myself, I smirk at him, and take a sneaky step back.

The other one tilts his head, and they once again become identical statues staring silently at me.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:54 am*

They're playing me, but did I actually get it wrong? I never mix them up. Ever.

"I've played this game before and won. You two were my prizes. So don't think you can scare me like this now." My casual act is wavering.

"There's only one prize up for grabs this time," the one who I think is Max says, but now I don't have a clue, especially not with the voice changers on.

At the exact same time, they pull their hands out of their pockets and take a step toward me.

With my wide eyes fixed on them, I match their pace and keep the distance between us. Any cold I was previously feeling is long gone as my body is engulfed in flames at the thought of what they'll do once they catch me.

"The only way you're winning is if you make it back to the cabin with your clothes on."

"But a filthy little whore like you doesn't want that."

Another step has me struggling to stay upright as the snow gets deeper.

"No. Little whores love to be chased and punished."

My head swivels between them as I try to keep up with their taunts while keeping my footing on the uneven ground.

“She’s not even trying to run.”

“It’s like she wants to be caught.”

“She wants to be fucked.”

“To be used.”

“To be bred.”

“No, I don’t!” I shout, my defiant, bratty side slipping out.

“Alright then. We’ll give you a fair chance to get away. Throw a snowball at who you think is Maddox. If you get it right, you can run,” the one on the left says.

Quickly, I bend down and grab a handful of snow, packing it tight in my gloved fist. This shouldn’t be hard. I know them. Know every little thing about them inside and out.

Which is how I know the one who spoke must be Maddox. He’s bluffing and throwing his brother under the bus, hoping I’d assume he’s Max. But what if they’ve already planned this out? Is this what they were whispering about earlier?

Going with my instincts, I toss the snowball at the one on the left. Slowly, he looks down at the white smattering of snow clinging to his chest and lets out a low growl that sounds animalistic through the deep resonations of the voice changer. The one on the right barely reacts. Just keeps silently watching me. Max. If I had hit him, then Maddox would definitely be laughing. Which means I got it right.

“I got you!” I laugh, surprised.

In unison, they reach out to grab me, and I duck, running in the opposite direction with a huge smile on my face.

## CHAPTER 4

### MADDOX

Max and I watch as Violet runs from us, back toward the trail, thanks to how we positioned ourselves and not deeper into the woods where we could lose her.

I brush the snow off my chest before lifting my mask up, and say to Max, “I still can’t believe you actually said yes to this. You’re usually such a control freak.”

He shrugs. “She looked so proud of herself, how could I say no to that face? Anyway, if you were her, would you want to hear us arguing the entire week?”

I suppose not. Tugging my mask back down, I roll my shoulders and limber myself up for the next chase.

“Told you she’d get the snowball trick right. Our girl’s got a sixth sense when it comes to us.”

“Yeah, yeah. Stop gloating and go get her. You won the bet after all.”



## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:54 am*

Damn right, I did. Vi thinks this is some quick chase, but Max and I plan on making it last. Thanks to her ability to know who the most handsome one is out of the pair of us, even with a mask on, I get to hunt her first.

“You’re just a sore loser. Speaking of sore, how’s that leg holding up? Wouldn’t want you to put yourself out, so whynot head back early? Rest up and leave taming our girl to the professional.”

With an annoyed grunt, Max stalks off, flipping me off over his shoulder.

I don’t hang around any longer. The trail Violet has left for me is easy to follow.

Max and I spent a lot of time out here with Dad when we were growing up. After Mom died, all he did was work. Vacations here were the only times we could just forget about everything. He didn’t nag me about my grades, and Max didn’t have to practice baseball quite so hard. We still played it out in the clearing; it wasn’t like he was allowed a complete break from it. Still, it made him smile. We played for fun and nothing else.

I wonder if he’ll want to teach our kids how to play. I hope so. It was a huge part of his life; it would be a shame for him to leave it completely in the past, but that’s up to him.

Right now, I’m focused on making sure those imaginary kids become real ones.

Up ahead, Violet has stopped to catch her breath. I watch as she bends her perfect ass over and searches inside the backpack, completely unaware of her surroundings.

Creeping up behind her, I grab her hips and press my pelvis to her plush ass. She yelps in surprise and tries to move away, but I keep her glued to me.

“What do we have here? A lost little hiker needing some assistance?” I drawl out as she squirms against me. My cock growing thicker and stiffer by the second.

“M-Maddox?” she stutters anxiously.

“Were you hoping for someone else? Is your big brother’s cock not good enough for you anymore?” I rub my erection against her harder.

She tries to twist out of my grasp again, and this time I let her, only so I can see her face. I expect to find her shocked that I caught her so soon or at least desperately horny, but she’s grinning.

Catching me off guard she shoves the bag into my chest and paces backward. “I knew I had it right! I can tell you two apart with my eyes closed.”

“And your mouth open,” I add, recalling our fun cock taste-testing game a few months back.

Desire marks her face as she also remembers.

“I guessed correctly. Shouldn’t you be letting me run?”

“You’re gonna need to up your cardio if you want to get away from me, baby. Lucky for you I know the perfect way.” I grab my hard cock and she bites down on her lip, her rosy cheeks drawing me in like a moth to a flame.

“I’d suggest ditching the masks, but they’re quite the turn-on.” She giggles and runs away.

Little minx. “I’m going to spank you so hard when I catch you!”

Hooking the backpack onto my shoulder, I pursue her. Snow kicks up around my feet as I run through it. Violet squeals as I reach for her and manages to dodge behind a tree at the last second. When she pops her head out to taunt me I lunge at her and she dodges to the other side.

“Almost!” she calls out as she flees again.

This time, I don’t hold back and I run at full speed to catch up. Looping my arm around her stomach, I pull her up off the ground, her legs kicking out in front of her as she shouts, “Put me down!”

Spotting an old fallen tree on the ground, I sit down on it and lay her over my lap. With a satisfied sigh, I keep her pinned down with one hand while pulling my mask off with the other. “There, now we can chill and admire the view.” I set the mask down next to me and she looks from it up to me. There’s a hunger in her eyes that I’m sure is matched in mine.

From the way she’s squirming on my lap, I know she’s eager for me to start, but I feel like being mean and making her wait a little longer.

“You said you were going to spank me, so go on then. I need to be punished, Maddox.”

I stroke her ass and dig my fingers into the soft flesh of her cheeks through the fabric of her pants. “Call me big brother and I’ll do whatever you want.”

She lets out a little whimper, her breath coming out in short, visible puffs in the cool air.

“Please, spank me, big brother.”

Fuck. I don't know why those two words get me going so much, they just do. My cock is a stiff pole, aching to be released. But I don't plan on fucking her just yet and don't want it to freeze off so I leave it uncomfortably tight in my pants for the time being.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:54 am*

I swiftly unbutton hers instead and yank them down over her ass along with her underwear. Goosebumps immediately form on her skin as the frigid air hits her.

Rubbing my palm over her cheeks, I say, “Count for me, baby.”

I don’t hold back for the first hit, and she screams out, “One!”

“That’s my good girl.” I admire her rippling flesh before bringing my hand down again.Slap.

“Two!”

“My good little whore.”Slap.

“Three!”

Her skin reddens with each forceful blow.Slap.

“Four!”

“Want me to stop, baby?”

She shakes her head. “Never.”

I give her six more spanks before grabbing a fistful of snow to rub over the area and cool it down.

“Oh my god!” she gasps as it makes contact.

“Feel good?”

“Mm-yes.”

The snow melts quickly against her heated skin, and I grab another palmful. This time I glide it down to her pussy and sink two ice-cold fingers inside her hot hole.

Gripping my leg with both hands, her hips rise to allow more of my digits inside of her.

She’s so slick, and it’s not just from the melted snow. That spanking really got her off.

“Do it again, please.”

I slap her ass and she quickly amends herself.

“D-do it again, please, big brother.”

“That’s better.”

I hold three fingers deep in the snow until they start to ache, and Violet begs me to hurry up. To give her some relief I play with her clit with my free hand.

“I’m so close.”

Once I deem my fingers to be cold enough, I shove them into her without warning. She screams, coming instantly on them.

That's one orgasm for me.

I fuck her hard, my fingers coming back to life inside her, and slap her ass some more to drag her orgasm out. "Give me another, I know you can do it. After all, you're such a good little whore for me. You'll be such a good little wife as well. So come for me and be my bride."

She starts to sob, and I worry I've upset her, but only for a moment. She comes apart on me again and floods my hand with steaming hot liquid. "Fuck yes, baby, that's it." I praise her through it.

Two for me.

Squirting should really count as double, though.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:54 am*

Violet shudders on my lap as I withdraw my fingers and suck them clean. God, that's good.

"My turn," I tell her.

She mumbles incoherently as I lie her limp body prone on the log. Her pants are in the way, tangled around her ankles. I grab the pocketknife out of the backpack and cut them off her, allowing her legs to flop either side of the wood, opening up her pussy for me.

Straddling the log, I make myself comfortable behind her and lean forward, dragging my tongue over her pussy. She murmurs my name sleepily, her muscles tensing involuntarily.

I lick around her clit and up to her entrance. Swallowing all the delicious sweetness she gives me. I don't leave her ass out either. Nipping my teeth against her cheeks, I tease the tip of my tongue into her tight hole, knowing it's a quick way for her to get off. Chances are it'll be filled by me or Max by the end of the day, so I may as well start the prep now.

Violet tastes like all my favorite flavors combined into one. She's the perfect festive indulgence.

Dipping my index finger into her pussy I coat myself in her arousal and drag it up to her ass so I can work my way in. It's a tight squeeze, but I know she can make it fit.

"You gonna open up for me, baby? Get all nice and loose so I can put my big cock in



your ass?”

“Be gentle, please.” She reaches back and softly grips my arm as I ease in my finger up to the third knuckle.

“All that with no lube. You must be desperate to get fucked.” That reminds me...

Keeping my finger planted inside her, I grab the bag and unzip it with my teeth. The two things I’m looking for aren’t that difficult to find among all the other provisions we added.

“Did you get a good look in here?” I ask, knowing full well she has.

She shakes her head.

“There’s no need to be shy. I’m sure you saw the butt plug. Bringing it was actually Max’s idea. He’s going to be pissed I’m using it first.”

“Then don’t use it!” she quickly says.

“Vi, surely you’re not scared of this tiny thing?” I hold the toy with the white fluffy bunny tail in front of her face, her eyes growing wider. “Our cocks are much bigger and you take them just fine in here.” I make a point of curling my finger in her ass and stroking her inner walls. When her mouth drops open in a pleasure-filled moan, I slip the plug inside.

“Suck,” I command her and she obediently hollows her cheeks to wet the toy. Her nose crinkles where the fluff tickles her.

Sliding my finger free from her hole, I leave her to suckle on the toy so I can drip lube down her ass crack.

“My good little whore.” I chuckle when her cheeks clench from the filthy praise.

Popping the plug free from her mouth, she lets out a little whine.

“This is going to look so cute shoved deep in your ass.” I deliberately tickle her nose with the fluff.

“Stop teasing and just put it in already.”

I drag the tip down through the lube and circle it around her hole.

“If you don’t want this, you can tell me. It’s not like before. You can always say no.”

The small smile she gives me over her shoulder has my heart freezing and then thawing in an instant. That trust in her eyes is what makes me whole. I’m never breaking that again.

“I know. I want this. Want you.” As she finishes her sentence, I push the plug inside her and she groans from the intrusion. It’s small enough to slide in easily. Giving it a few firm twists and tugs, I watch her struggling to contain her enjoyment. I’m torn between admiring the pleasure on her face and the wetness leaking from her pussy.

Pussy wins this round. I keep playing with the toy and press my face to her heat, licking her clit and giving it a few gentle nibbles.

“I’m—I’m going to come again!”

“Fuck yes, you are. Come for me, baby. Come all over my tongue.”

With a loud wail that has a bird fleeing from its perch, Violet finishes on me for the third time.

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:54 am*

I'm greedy for more and even more desperate to be the one to legally bind myself to her so I start rubbing my thumb over her clit.

"I'm too sensitive. Give me a minute."

Reluctantly, I pull back and massage her thick thighs instead, giving her a chance to gather herself.

A prickling sensation on my skin has me scanning our surroundings, and in the distance, I see Max watching us without his mask on. His body is still, and his face blank as he focuses intently on Violet's expressions.

I raise my hand and wiggle three fingers at him. He glances at me in annoyance, but he remains where he is. He's not going to stop me. Vi's getting so much pleasure out of this, and that's what we both care about. Giving her everything she deserves after we were the biggest pricks on the planet to her.

That's why I know she'll enjoy what I'm going to do next. Curling my body over hers, I whisper in her ear, "Sorry, baby, I can't wait any longer." Not if I want to get those numbers up.

## CHAPTER 5

### MADDOX

I'm quick to unbuckle my pants and pull my leaking cock free. The crisp air makes me hiss, but Violet's pussy is radiating so much heat that I barely register the cold

after a few seconds. With one thrust of my hips, I sink inside her, a small choked whimper escaping me.

She's so wet, she's dripping onto my balls already. "Fuck, you're a horny slut. I got you absolutely drenched."

Angling her into a better position, I grab her hips and give her my all. There's something about being out here in nature with the sole purpose of breeding my girl that has me feeling absolutely feral. I want to fuck her so hard I'll see the bruises for days.

My balls slap against her with each solid thrust. My pelvis making her ass jiggle and causing the plug to fuck her in time with my cock in her pussy. She arches back, meeting me thrust for violent thrust. I'm whimpering along with her, but I don't care how I sound. The way she's squeezing me has me close to coming. If I want another orgasm out of her, I'm going to need to hold back.

I ease off enough to keep it at bay. "You're taking me so well, baby. Such a good little sister." Her pussy clamps down so hard I choke.

"Can I come? I need to come."

"Since when do you ask so nicely? Have I tamed the brat already?"

I reach down to play with her clit, but feel that the rough bark of the log is doing that job for me so I center my attention on her ass. I spank her again, and with the plug inside her, she screams louder than before.

It's a shame I can't see her tits bouncing like this, but the stunning view of her ass is more than good enough.

“I’m so close.”

Me too.

Gritting my teeth, I pin her lower back down as my cock swells. My balls draw up, ready to fill her with a thick load of come. If she’s not pregnant already, she sure will be after today.

“Here it comes, baby. Take your big brother’s come in your dirty little pussy.” I grab her ponytail and yank her head up so Max gets a better view of her pretty face as she comes.

My breaths come out in shuddering gasps as ecstasy rolls down my spine to my balls. Vi groans through her orgasm as I spill inside her, the spasming walls of her pussy milking me for all I’ve got. I bite down on my lip as I whimper from the comedown.

Lazily rolling my hips, I attempt to push my come closer to her womb. Neither Max nor Violet knows how determined I am to make her first baby mine. Ultimately, it doesn’t matter. The kid will look like both of us anyway. But it’ll be nice to one-up Max.

“Maddox, I’m gonna pass out. I can’t—I can’t come again.”

“But you feel so fucking good.”

“Maddox,” Violet whines, clearly wanting me to fuck her again even though she can barely move. I feel myself getting hard inside her.

“Ready to get fucked again, baby?”

“Just-just go a bit slower this time.” Her words are slurred.

I'm about to grab her hips when I'm yanked back, my cock spurting a line of come over her ass cheeks as I slide out of her.

“What the fuck?” I shout as I land on my bare ass in the snow.

## Page 11

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:54 am*

“We can’t carry on if she’s unconscious,” Max snaps gruffly, his foot way too close to my vulnerable balls.

“She can handle it. You’re just being too overprotective, like usual.”

As I get to my feet and pull my pants up, Max helps Violet to stand. She’s a little unsteady on her feet, but she seems content.

“I can speak for myself. I’m fine.”

My spine stiffens with pride. Vi’s really found her voice these past few months.

Ignoring her, Max grabs the bag and pulls out a bottle. “Here, it’s just water with added electrolytes.”

“Were you counting?” I ask Max smugly as he sits down with Violet on his lap and holds the drink to her lips. She squirms uncomfortably.

“Of course.”

Once he’s decided she’s drank enough, he switches the bottle out for a chocolate bar, which he feeds her piece by piece. She’s reluctant to let him coddle her, but she’s been so well fucked by yours truly that she doesn’t turn the attention down.

“You’ve got a lot of work to do if you want to beat me,” I say.

“She’ll be extra sensitive, so it’ll be easy.”

“I’m so glad this is going to be over after today. I can’t handle any more of your competitiveness.” Violet shakes her head and pushes the rest of the chocolate away, much to Max’s annoyance.

“Then you better eat this so you have enough energy for us to finish this today.” They scowl at each other, and eventually, Violet gives in, opening her mouth and sticking her tongue out for him to place the last piece of chocolate on.

Once she’s eaten it, she looks over at me. “I’m literally freezing my ass off here and you’re both fully clothed. That’s not fair. Make it even?” Violet bats her lashes at us.

“Gladly.” I grin and start undressing.

Max sets Violet on her feet and quietly follows suit. His eyes slowly move from the imprint Violet’s pussy has left in the melted snow on the log to her curvy body.

While we’re both trying to get our pants off over our boots, Violet makes a run for it.

I’d be mad that she played us, but it means I get to see that fluffy tail bouncing as her cute ass runs away.

“Good call on the plug,” I applaud Max, giving him a firm pat on the back that nearly knocks him over as he wrestles with his clothes.

Once we both manage to get our pants off, Max tosses his next to the backpack. He gives me a smirk that has me questioning his intentions. “You’ve had your fun,” he says.

“Yeah? Well, good luck beating my score. I’ve already worn her out, there’s no way you’ll get much more out of her.”



Max pulls out a small black controller from the bag's side pocket.

“What's that for?” I ask, going in for a closer look.

Holding it up, he grins at me and presses one of the buttons.

A loud scream of pleasure echoes through the woods.

No. Fucking. Way.

“Thanks for prepping her for me.” Max slaps me hard enough on the back to wind me and jogs off, leaving me with my jaw on the floor.

## CHAPTER 6

### VIOLET

“Oh my god!”

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:54 am*

It feels like there's a shockwave pulsing in my ass. The sensation is so strong and sudden that I have to grab onto the nearest tree so I don't collapse. If I want to be able to walk again, I'm going to have to take this thing out. I reach around to pull the plug free, but as soon as my hand gets near it, the buzzing gets stronger.

"Fuck!" I hiss, gripping the tree with both arms, my knees turning to jelly.

The toy may be in my rear, but I can also feel every sensation in my well-beaten and overly sensitive pussy. It pushes me close to the edge, and although I've never come like this before, I'm eager to chase that rush. I press closer to the tree, shamelessly grinding my body against it.

Before I can come, the vibrations stop completely. I groan out my protests against the bark, my knees wobbling. A dark chuckle comes from somewhere behind me.

My mind is hazy, and I struggle to turn to find its source, but I manage to rest my back against the tree to look around. I thought my stepbrothers would have been eagerly chasing me, but they're not here. Am I hearing things?

Now that I've had a moment to compose myself, I realize how cold my legs are. I'm grateful that Maddox left my boots on so I don't lose a toe. I hope there's an extra set of pants in that bag. It was a bad idea to leave it with the guys. I didn't have time to look through everything in there, so who knows what they could do next.

My legs are so weak that I'm barely able to lift my feet through the thick snow when I start walking again. After a few steps, the plug comes back to life.

“Ah! No, no, no.” Gritting my teeth together, I try to push through the painful pleasure and keep moving, but it’s too much. As soon as I stop, so does the plug.

A crunch of snow startles me, and without thinking, I flee.

My thighs usually chafe when I run, but they’re so slick with come that they glide over one another with ease for once. The plug isn’t buzzing in me right now, but I feel the solid object with every stride.

I’m so glad this is private property so some poor, unsuspecting hiker doesn’t see my bare ass dressed up like a bunny in the snow.

It’s humiliating, yet I love it. Being used and degraded by Max and Maddox is the hottest thing I’ve ever experienced. My legs are tired, and my feet are sore, but I keep playing the game because I want to.

I come to an unmarked fork in the road. If I remember correctly, the left path will take me to the lake. But I’m not ready to end this hunt just yet. Being their prey is a lot of fun.

I take the path to the right, and I barely manage three steps before I collapse, the toy vibrating inside me. All I can do is wait it out.

Once it stops, I force myself to my knees and try to walk, but the same thing happens again. “Okay, okay! I get it. I’ll go the other way.”

They’re herding me toward the lake. It can’t just be for a pretty view. They must have something planned there.

Turning around, my face smacks into a bare chest. My pursuer is sporting his neon mask, boots, and nothing else. The lack of tattoos means it’s Max this time.

He's actually chasing me without his clothes on. A rush of desire courses through me.

Looking down I see and feel his hard cock on my stomach. Precum leaks from the tip and leaves a shiny trail on my coat. Eager to taste it, my mouth starts to water.

Pulling my gloves off I reach down to stroke his cock. He shivers as my fingers caress him.

"You're a very bad girl, Violet." Suddenly, Max's hand is around my throat, and he's pushing me up against a tree.

"W-what did I do wrong?"

"You shouldn't be out here without your clothes on. It's dangerous." That word sends a thrill through me. I know exactly what dangers await me, and I can't wait to experience them all.

Buzz.

"Ah! God damn it, Max!" I'm starting to hate this toy in my ass. My hand flies off his cock and I loop my arms around his neck to keep myself upright. "The pair of you really don't play nice."

"We only do what's best for you. Are you having fun?"

"Yes," I sigh, needily. "You've caught me this time. So what are you planning to do to me next?"

"Give you your punishment."

I slide one hand down to push at his chest, but not to make him leave. It's the tense

push and pull between us that turns me on. I'll say I don't want the degrading words or the harsh treatment when the reality is my pussy is close to developing icicles from how much it's dripping.

I know exactly how to provoke him to give me what I need. "I'm sorry for being a bad little sister. Please don't punish me. I'll be good. I'll do whatever you want." I start manoeuvring his cock to my pussy, but he grabs my wrists and holds them above my head before I can get him there.

## Page 13

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:54 am*

Hoping he'll get the hint, I arch my chest toward him. But he ignores me and starts looking through the bag. I swear it's getting more attention than me!

"Come on, Max. Fuck me. Please."

My begging is stopped by his hand pinching my cheeks. "Hush now. You'll get everything you want. But first, you owe me a few orgasms."

There's something cold and firm in his hand. When he moves it from my face, I see a set of leather cuffs. Another one of their Christmas gifts to me.

Biting down on my lip, I patiently wait for him to cuff me. First, he strips my upper half until I'm completely bare for him, then he secures the cuffs and lifts my entire body, hooking my wrists over a thick tree branch.

"Um, Max. I'm not sure if this is a good idea."

"Don't worry, I've got you."

He holds my weight up and slides to his knees, lifting my legs onto his shoulders.

In one pull he has the mask off and his eyes linger on mine for a long second before he smothers his mouth with my pussy.

I lose track of everything as his lips suction around my labia. His tongue roughly parting them to get to my clit which is already poking out and ready for him despite its sensitivity.

My head tips back in bliss. I'm exhausted and way past sated, but I'll always want more.

"If I pass out, will you keep using me?"

"Only if you want me to. Do you want that, sweetheart?" Max mumbles against my pussy, each vibration from his rough voicerumbles through my clit. "Want your big brother to use all your holes while you're sleeping? I'll fill you up with so much come you'll be tasting it in your dreams."

"God, yes," I moan, my body going limp as I let the need to rest win.

Max isn't quite ready to lose, though.

I whine out a mix of pain and pleasure as—for what I hope is the final time—he activates the plug.

## CHAPTER 7

### MAX

My knees ache, buried deep in the snow. The cold is really getting to my nerves and I'll be even more sore tomorrow, but it'll be so goddamn worth it.

As soon as I turn the plug on, Violet's coming all over my mouth. That was easier than I expected, especially since Mad already wrung four orgasms out of our poor, exhausted girl. However, I'm not too worried about falling behind now that she's given me permission to use her if she does happen to pass out. It means I don't have to hold back.

Violet's hands clench into tight fists above the branch; her large breasts sway as her

entire body shakes.

I chuckle to myself. “Too much?”

“N-no. I can handle it.” Violet’s always been stubborn. It’s how she managed to go no-contact with us after the accident. Remembering that time is enough to make me angry. Not towards her. Nevertowards her. She had her reasons for leaving, the same way Mad and I had our reasons for stalking her to get her back.

“If you say so. The plug’s staying on until I beat Mad so...” I trail off and bite her thigh, leaving deep teeth marks in the soft, thick flesh.

“Your ass is bright red from our brother spanking you, maybe this should be how I leave my mark on you.” I bite her again, leaving another imprint of my teeth—of my ownership of her body.

Rolling her head against her shoulder, she tries to stop her moans. Despite the cold, her body is coated in sweat, and as much as I want to play with her forever, I know I can’t leave her out in these conditions for too long.

“You want my cock, sweetheart?” I ask between licks of her pussy.

“Yes. Please. I want my big brother inside of me.” She sounds like she’s drunk.

No doubt Mad got her to call him that. He’s into it more than me, but Violet will always be our stepsister as well as our future wife and the mother of our children. I hold onto every piece of her, storing them all away in my heart where they give me fuel to come out stronger each day.

“If you want me to fuck you, you’re going to have to give me another orgasm,” I demand.



*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:54 am*

“I can’t,” she whines. I stand up and hook my arms under her thighs, wrapping them around my hips.

“You’re at my mercy here, Violet and if I tell you to come then you’ll fucking come.” I shove two fingers deep inside her pussy. “You need to be bred. You crave it as much as you crave your big brothers’ cocks. Maybe even as much as you need to be degraded. So give me another orgasm and let me fill my pussy up.”

Tears pour down her face at the same time she soaks my fingers.

“See, it wasn’t that hard to be a good girl and obey me now, was it? Well done. You’ve earned yourself a nice big helping of cock.” As I speak I tug my cock free and work it into her entrance. There’s zero resistance. She’s loose and wet. Both signs of a pussy begging to be bred.

The sudden intrusion brings her back to life, and she’s gasping, writhing on me. My hard chest rubs against her softness, keeping her warm with my body heat. Her wet clit glides against my toned pelvis and she works herself into another frenzy.

Slowly, I graze my lips along her jawline. As soon as I near her mouth, she’s launching at me, claiming them with her own. With her tongue. With her teeth. It’s a messy, desperate kiss. It’s everything we are.

“More,” she murmurs into my mouth.

I pull back and drag my tongue down her throat. “Only filthy little whores who come when I tell them to get more. Now come.”

Latching my teeth onto her nipple, she screams, exploding around me.

“Mmm.” She can barely form the one syllable that makes up my name as her orgasm overtakes her. That’s three already and in quicker succession than Mad. I’m surprised I’ve not caught him watching nearby, keeping track of my achievements.

Violet’s body goes slack, her muscles twitching, and her inner walls milking me to completion. As I’m coming inside her, I realize she’s passed out on me.

“Violet?” I tilt her head up to see if she’s alright. Her eyelids flutter gently, and a small smile traces her lips. She’s fine, just well fucked. I kiss her lips before pulling out of her and unlocking the cuffs, letting them fall to the floor. Leaving everything behind, I focus on carrying Violet bridal style to our final destination.

Looking down at her, I wonder to myself how she gets more and more perfect with each passing day.

Violet will forever have me questioning what I’ve done to deserve her. Is it the almost constant physical pain I endure? The mental anguish that tore me apart when I thought I lost her?

I grip her tighter at that thought. It still scares me. No, we’re never losing her again.

I’ll do whatever it takes to keep her. And I know Mad will do the same.

I stare at her stomach, at the soft, squishy flesh that I love so much and will only love more as she grows bigger.

“I can’t wait to find out if my baby’s in here. You’re going to be a good girl and give us a big family, aren’t you?” I don’t expect her to answer, but her head rolls closer to my chest, and she mewls in her sleep.

“Once we know you’re pregnant, then there’ll be no stopping us from keeping you constantly bred. Your womb will be full with our come and babies every single day for the rest of your life.”

She’ll still get her career. She’ll get everything. Mad and I are fully prepared to pull more than our fair share of the weight as fathers. Violet is ours to breed, but she’s also ours to care for and cherish.

## CHAPTER 8

MAX

Breathing through my nose helps me to center myself and not focus on the pain in my hip as I carry Violet the rest of the way uphill. My body’s gone through more today than it has in years. But I can do this. In just a few moments, I’ll be able to rest with her.

Once I reach the clearing, I breathe a sigh of relief. I made it. And everything is still in place. Next to the frozen lake is the four-man tent that Mad and I set up earlier.

It had been stored away in the supply closet for years, but we found it still in good shape, and it’s more than big enough for our needs. Inside, we’ve laid out blankets and cushions, and there’s a picnic of festive food and drinks that Mad sorted. I made sure to bring toiletries and clothes for Violet so she’s as comfortable as possible up here for the night. A small portable heater is situated inside the entrance, and I kick it on with my boot as I step past.

I let out a relieved groan as I finally sit down and lay Violet on the cushions next to me, careful not to wake her. After zipping the tent back up, I take off both our boots and lie down next to her. Pulling her in to spoon, I drag a blanket over us both to warm her up. She’s shivering from the cold and probably from the adrenaline

comedown she'll be experiencing. This is the perfect end to our hunt.

Kissing Violet's cheek, I softly say, "You did amazing, sweetheart. Thank you for everything. You don't know quite how loved and appreciated you are."

"Max?" she murmurs in her sleep.

"I'm here. You stay asleep, I'll keep you warm."

I rest my face in the crook of her neck and kiss her softly. At the same time, I reach down and slowly pull the plug free from her ass. She sighs out a long, breathy moan as it pops out, but she doesn't fully wake up.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:54 am*

“Perfect.” I kiss her shoulder. “You’re so perfect.”

After a few minutes of kissing and rubbing against her, Violet’s shivering calms down, and she starts snoring softly. My cock is hard and leaking precum against her ass. I stroke a finger down her crack and push it into her hole to test her out. She feels slick, but I still make sure to grab a bottle of lube and a condom. I fully intend to finish in her pussy and there’s no way I’m risking giving her an infection if she’s pregnant so I wrap my dick up before pouring the lube over my length and onto her ass.

To give myself some extra lubrication—and as an excuse to feel how hot and wet she is—I slip my cock between her legs and glide it a few times along her pussy, coating it in a mixture of all three of our come.

Parting her cheeks, I pull my hips back and line up with her other hole. Its heat radiates onto my cock. I push forward so slowly that my muscles ache from the tension. It takes everything in me to resist not sliding all the way home in one go.

The head of my cock finally pops inside her and I groan loudly. “Can you feel that, sweetheart?” I pull out and push back in a little firmer this time, causing her to moan in her sleep. “You’re taking my cock so well. Letting me in like such a good girl. My obedient little whore.”

She squirms a little and I take that as a sign she wants me to really fuck her. Inch by torturous inch, I fill her until I’m seated inside, my hips pressed tightly against her cheeks. Her walls clench around me, her body desperately trying to milk me for more come.

“Fuuuck, that’s it,” I groan with pure carnal pleasure. I move a little faster, being careful not to go too hard.

Once I’ve set a steady pace I gently play with her clit, being sure to give the poor abused thing the softest touches.

The only sign of Violet’s orgasm is the sudden tight squeeze of her ass around my cock. It’s enough to have me almost coming.

I quickly pull out, tear the condom off and plunge into the vice-like grip of her pussy. Her hips buck back to meet me, allowing me in to the hilt as I finish inside her.

Blowing out a satisfied breath, I rest my forehead on her shoulder and let my heart rate settle down. My body trembles from the release. With my cock still snug inside her, I feel myself drifting off to sleep.

After a while, the sound of a zip has me lifting my head. Mad comes in naked and carrying all our things. He dumps them to the side, zips the tent closed, and hurries under the blanket in front of Violet.

“Oh, she’s so warm. I was freezing my ass off trying to find everything out there.”

“We brought extra clothes, you could have left them,” I mutter, closing my eyes and settling back against Violet.

“My car keys and phone fell out of my pockets.”

“You’re such a dumbass,” I mumble through a grin.

A wandering hand touches my balls, and I snap, “Mad!”

“Sorry, dude.” He laughs. “Didn’t realize you were inside her.”

His hand retreats, and there’s nothing but peace and stillness as the three of us lie together. Mad and I keeping Violet safe and warm, tucked between us.

Lifting my head, I peek open an eye to see Mad watching her sleep, a happy smile on his face.

“You’re not gonna try for another turn?” I’m ready to fight him if he expects me to abandon the comforting hug of Violet’s pussy.

He strokes her cheek with the back of his hand. “Nah, man. She deserves her rest after everything she’s done for us.” I know he’s not just talking about the chase or the orgasms.

## CHAPTER 9

### VIOLET

The bed is so warm and comfy, I don’t ever want to get up. I stretch my toes, then my legs, bringing some life back into my stiff limbs. Max and Maddox’s arms are wrapped around me, cocooning me between them. There’s a cock deep in my pussy and I’m pretty sure it belongs to Max judging by the angle. It’s not unusual to wake up like this. When we moved in together, I told them they’re welcome to my body whenever they like. Waking up to one of them using me is always the best start to the day, and right now, this is absolute bliss.

I feel them stirring along with me. “How long have I been asleep?” I ask.

“Almost two hours.” Max’s voice rumbles through my back. Without opening my eyes, I wriggle a little closer to him, bringing Maddox with me whose hard cock is

jutting into my stomach.

I remember passing out on a tree branch. Max must have carried me home. In a panic, I spin my head to look at him. “You managed to carry me all the way back? Are you okay? How’s your pain level?”

“I’m fine, Violet.” He answers in the same gruff tone he always does when I fuss over him too much.

“Look around, baby.” On Maddox’s cue, I rub away the sleep from my lashes and see we’re not at home, we’re snuggled up in a tent.



## Page 16

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:54 am*

Tears prick my eyes as I take it all in. The bed we're on is actually a huge pile of pillows and blankets set up with a lot of care to make sure everything's positioned in the most comfortable way. This must have been what they were doing after breakfast.

"You two set all this up?"

"Mhm." Max kisses my shoulder and rubs his hand up and down my arm. Maddox smiles softly at me and pinches my cheek.

"I love you both so much."

"Merry Christmas, sweetheart."

"And happy engagement." Maddox cups my chin and leans in for a kiss. His tongue invades my mouth and Max groans as my pussy clenches on his cock.

I almost forgot what led us to this tent in the first place. "So, who won my hand in marriage?" I put on a teasing tone to hide my nerves.

"Me," Maddox says, his hands roaming over my curves. "You gave me four beautiful orgasms, baby."

Sitting up, Max takes me with him and I groan as his cock pushes deeper inside me. I end up on his lap, gripping his thighs and catching my breath as I adjust to the new position. My legs fall open and Maddox's eyes focus on where his brother is in my pussy.

"No, you didn't," Max says deadpan.

“Yes, I did,” Maddox scoffs. “I nearly froze my balls off watching you fuck her on that tree. She only came three times for you.”

As they argue, I let down my mess of a ponytail and run my fingers through the tangles while I relax into Max’s chest.

He lets out a smug laugh that makes my pussy clench. I shift a little, but that only makes me feel more of him inside me. He tilts my chin up so I’m looking at him, his fingers delicately stroking the column of my throat.

“I promised our girl I’d fill her up in her sleep. You think I’m so selfish, I wouldn’t let her come as well?”

Maddox has a face of thunder as he gets up on his knees in front of me. “That doesn’t count if no one was around to see and she wasn’t even aware of it!”

“If a little whore comes in the woods and there’s no one around to hear, does she still make a sound?” Max’s breath tickles my ear, and I shiver with pleasure.

“I did dream about someone fucking me in the ass.”

Max bucks his hips up and possessively grabs my throat. Narrowing his eyes at me, he growls, “Someone?”

“You, of course.” I grin and roll my eyes at him.

“I still don’t think it counts.” Maddox crosses his arms over his bare chest. My eyes trace his tattoos and gravitate down to his long cock bobbing in front of him.

“From the sounds of it, you’re even. Again. So let’s call a truce for now.”

Before Maddox can object, I lean forward and take his cock into my mouth. I've had plenty of training and can take him straight into my throat in one go. He whimpers softly and threads his fingers through my hair. "Vi..."

I curl my tongue around his cock, feeling the veins and coating his length in saliva until it's dripping down my chin along with his precum.

He gets close quickly, and I feel him twitching in my mouth as he grows stiffer.

"Fuck, baby. I can't last. You're too good at that." He starts to pull me off.

"You're not done yet." I'm roughly forced back down by Max's large hand. "Finish sucking your big brother off like a good little sister." My nose hits Maddox's pelvis and the head of his cock pops into my throat making me gag loudly. His muscles clench, and with a shaky whimper, he spills down my throat.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," he chants, his fingers tightening in my hair. I have no choice but to swallow it all down as they both hold me in place.

My pussy pulses in rhythm with each shot of come from Maddox's cock. Max strokes my clit and I end up coming as well. My body goes rigid between them and Maddox has to hold my jaw open so I don't clamp down on his cock.

The tremors subside, and he slides out of my mouth. I'm panting as Max lays us back so I'm flat on his body, his cock making my pussy ache.

"What was that about?" Maddox huffs out a breath as he leans back on his elbows, face red and cock still half-hard.

"Five." Smug satisfaction drips off that one word from Max's lips.

## Page 17

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:54 am*

Five? Oh right. My orgasms. No wonder I'm so sore and tired.

"You asshole," Maddox sounds genuinely pissed off.

"Enough fighting," I try to say firmly, but my words come out weary.

"Shh, it's alright, sweetheart. Ignore him and focus on my cock." Max rocks his hips in wave-like motions, making his cock dip in and out of me. His hands are on my breasts, fondling my nipples and digging into the soft mounds.

"Can you come again for me?" he whispers in my ear. "It can be our little secret this time."

I whimper.

Maddox snaps, "I can hear you."

Then I'm choking on a scream as two of Maddox's fingers enter my pussy on either side of his brother's cock. He starts spreading me as Max continues to slowly fuck me.

"Maddox, that's a lot. I don't think I can handle you both."

"Don't worry, baby. I'll go slow."

Something cold touches my clit and drips down to my stretched entrance. Lube. How considerate.

I attempt to wriggle away, but Max wraps his arms tight around my waist and hooks his legs over mine.

“You’re helping him?”

“I’ll never say no to seeing your holes stuffed full of cock, sweetheart.”

“Spread her for me,” Maddox demands.

I shake my head as Max opens me up for his brother, forcing my knees apart until my thigh muscles are taut. The new angle has him hitting a sweet spot inside me, and my body is overcome with pleasure.

“That’s it. Look at her. The filthy little slut is begging for two big cocks to stretch her open.”

“You want that, sweetheart?” Max asks between kisses on my neck. “Want us to fill your pussy to the brim with Ostaire come? Make sure we’ve put a baby in there?”

“Yes. Yes, please. I need to feel you both.” As spent as I am, my body still sings for them and I feel like I might die if I don’t get to experience that beautiful stretch of them both in my pussy.

My prayers are answered by the firm press of another cockhead at my entrance. It takes a few short, sharp jabs for Maddox to breach me. My eyes roll back, and my ears ring. Another tidal wave of an orgasm on the horizon.

I’ll never understand how they’re both able to fit inside me like this. “It’s too much,” I sob.

Max tilts my face to the side and kisses away my tears. “You’re doing such a good

job. You were made to take us both. There's no one else who could handle this so beautifully. It's you and only you forever." The pain in my pussy fades thanks to Max's sweet healing words.

"I'm yours. Your little whore to use and breed. Please breed me. Fill me with both of your come so I don't know whose baby it is, only that it's ours." I don't know where the words come from, only that they're spilling out of me uncontrollably.

Max and Maddox move in tandem. Leaving me empty for the briefest of seconds before stretching me obscenely tight. Over and over.

I've long since lost the use of my limbs. My arms fall to the ground, and my legs butterfly open to accommodate them.

"I'm gonna come," Maddox chokes out.

"Hold it!" Max commands, then adds softly, "Let her come first."

Maddox whimpers, but doesn't stop moving. Neither of them does.

Max's fingers work overtime on my nipples in the race to get me to come first, but it's Maddox's thumb suddenly pushing into my ass that tips the scales.

"Maddox!" I call out his name in a high whine.

## Page 18

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:54 am*

“Fuck yes, baby.” He punctuates his words with harsh thrusts.

They both come with a loud grunt and the roof of the tent spins until all I see is black. Every tiny sensation on my body is heightened, but it’s their hot come in my pussy that I feel the most. When they pull out, it trickles down to my cheeks, and I sob at the loss of it, of them.

Feeling my vulnerabilities, Max holds me close until I calm down.

It takes all my remaining strength to roll off him, and I end up with my face buried deep in the cushions. Once I come back to my senses, I hear them arguing about numbers.

“You’re seriously tied again?” I groan. “I can’t do any more. My pussy needs an ice bath after today.” If I had the energy, I’d crawl out of here and bury my ass deep in the snow to cool down, but screw moving.

“We have plenty of time to figure it all out, lie back and relax,” Max says, rolling me to my back. I wince as something cold touches my pussy. “I’m just cleaning you up.”

Slinging one arm over my face I let him wipe their come off my pussy, ass, and thighs. He plants gentle kisses on each area. Once he’s done, he helps me sit up and shoves some extra cushions under my sore ass as well as draping a blanket over my shoulders.

“How are you both not ready to pass out like I am?”

Maddox passes me a mug of something hot, cocoa by the sweet smell of it, and a plate of food stacked high. Gingerbread, slices of meat and cheese, strawberries, and grapes. It's what seems to be a random assortment, but it's actually a selection of my favorites.

"Baby, we're always ready to fuck you. Your body is impossible to resist. Plus, we're strapping, virile young men." He flexes his arms, and I laugh. "We may have also popped one or two of Max's little blue pills."

As I eat, I try to think of a solution to our groom problem, but nothing comes up. Instead, an entire new list of worries forms. "There's going to be so much to deal with before the wedding." As well as all the planning, we have to find out if I'm pregnant and tell our parents the big news. I'm a little nervous about how their dad will react after I ghosted the family. And my mom...she's made barely any effort to keep in touch with me anyway.

"I need to finish the next few months of college and find a job. There'll be hospital appointments and cake tasting and—" Max shoves a strawberry in my mouth.

"And, Mad and I will make sure it all goes smoothly. There's nothing you need to stress about, sweetheart."

"You know what this means?" Maddox is suddenly full of even more energy.

"What?" I struggle to match his enthusiasm.

He loops his arm over my shoulders and lays an extra blanket over our laps. "We finally get to show you off like we always wanted to."

He's right. We get to walk hand in hand down the street, two engagement rings on my finger, and if anyone says anything, I'll keep smiling. Because I have nothing to



be embarrassed about. In fact, it's the complete opposite. I'm the luckiest girl in the world.

I'm picturing our futures together when Max suddenly leaves the tent and calls over his shoulder, "You're going to want to see this."

Maddox helps me out, and we all stand on a blanket laid out on the snow with another wrapped around us.

"What did you want us to—wow!" I'm stunned by the beauty of the frozen lake in front of us. The setting sun has turned the sky pink, and it reflects off the ice, making the lake look like a sea of sparkling pink and silver glitter.

"You always loved a sunset, I thought this would be a good end to the day," Max says quietly.

He planned this? They both did?

I'm left speechless. Happy tears blur my vision. Max wipes them away and smiles softly at me. There's no pain in his eyes, no darkness or anger. I look up at Maddox, who has an equally content expression as he stares at the ice. He senses me watching him and turns that smile toward me.

Every tiny worry fades away, and we let ourselves enjoy the sunset until the cold becomes too much to bear and we retreat to the tent.

Bundled up together inside, it's warm and cozy enough to spend the night thanks to Max and Maddox's efforts. After we eat some more, we're all ready to pass out. They tuck me in between them, piling blankets high on top of us before kissing me good night.

“Thank you for all of this.”

It may have been a game, a fun way for them to play each other for my hand in marriage, but through it all, they put me first.

“You don’t have to thank us for anything, sweetheart.” Max holds me tighter from behind while Maddox moves close enough for our noses to touch.

“You being our forever is all we need.”

## CHAPTER 10

### VIOLET

The snow has finally cleared enough for us to head into town and buy a pregnancy test—or twenty. I thought getting three would be enough, one for each of us, but Max is overcautious and wouldn't let up about false positives, so he cleared the whole shelf.

We're all a mess of anxious anticipation on the drive back home. As soon as the engine stops, I leap from the car and run to the bathroom, not caring about the melted snow and mud I'm tracking in with me.

I set the bag of tests down in front of me on the toilet and tear three open. I'd already read the instructions over and over in the car, so I know exactly what to do.

I'm mid-stream when the door opens. "Don't look!" I screech, my body automatically clenching and stopping my flow. "You can come in when this part is done."

Maddox just laughs and comes in anyway. He sits on the edge of the bath with his leather jacket and shoes still on and grabs one of the boxes to inspect. At least he's not watching. Unlike Max, who's leaning against the doorframe, those possessive brown eyes on me.

"You're not leaving, no matter how much I ask, are you?"

Max slowly shakes his head. I blow the hair from my face in a huff. "Fine. Can you look elsewhere at least?"

“We’re not bothered by a bit of pee, baby,” Maddox chimes in, and I glare at him for not taking my side. He quickly diverts his eyes back to the box, and I aim my glare at Max. He holds my gaze, a devious smirk slightly curling his lips, before he eventually looks up at the ceiling.

It takes a few seconds before I can start again. Once I’m done, I set the tests on the sink, and my guys move in to get a closer look.

The first few seconds drag on. “Maybe we shouldn’t look at them until it’s time. We don’t want to jinx it or anything.” I quickly turn away, and Max frowns at me.

“It’s fine if they’re negative. We’d never hold that against you.”

Maddox tucks a strand of loose hair from my ponytail behind my ear. “Even if it never happens, that would still be okay. We’re just happy we get to have you.”

I blink away my tears and bury my face into Maddox’s chest. He wraps his arms around me and rests his chin on my head. “You’re perfect no matter what, baby.”

I’ve wanted this for a long time. A loving family with kids. It sounds like the most boring, basic thing in the world to want, but when you grow up without any stability, sometimes the mundane is enough.

Not that life with Maddox and Max is ever mundane.

Like some unrelenting force, they tore my heart and life apart, but it was what I needed to truly see what I’d been missing.

They may have started out as my stepbrothers, but they were always more than that. From that first moment I saw them at our parents’ wedding when we were kids, I knew we had a connection. I just didn’t expect it to become what it is today.

“A minute and seventeen seconds,” Max says. I untuck myself from Maddox’s chest and see Max intensely watching the timer on his phone.

“I’m sure if we look now, it’ll be the same result as it will be in a minute,” Maddox says impatiently.

“Minute thirteen,” Max continues, narrowing his eyes at his brother.

While they’re distracted, I sneakily reach for the test to take a peek.

“Oh, no you don’t!” Max steps between me and the sink. Maddox tightens his arms around my waist, lifting me off my feet.

“It’s not fair the way you two always team up on me.”

“Don’t pretend you don’t love it when we double-team you,” Maddox jokes.

I try not to laugh, but it’s hard not to. He’s right. I do love it.

The wait for Max’s alarm to go off is less stressful for the last half thanks to Maddox easing the mood.

“Ten seconds,” Max sounds off, and I can practically hear us all counting down in our heads.

Three.

Two.

One.

The alarm rings and Max abruptly switches it off. “Ready?” He looks at me and then at Maddox, who is still holding on to me. Right now, the comfort of his strong arms around me is what I need.

Maddox walks me closer to the sink with Max keeping close to our side.

We all see it at the same time.

Two unmistakable pink lines stare back at us from all three tests.

None of us says a word as we take the revelation in. Maddox whimpers and I see from his reflection that he’s crying. Reaching up, I wipe his cheeks, and he puts me down so I can kiss away his happy tears. Then I hold out my arm for Max to join in our hug.

“We’re having a baby,” I say with the biggest smile.

Maddox asks what we’re all thinking, “What happens next?”

“Whatever Violet wants. This is all on your terms, sweetheart. We’ll book a scan and only tell people once you’re ready.”

I think all I want right now is to enjoy this moment with them both. Classes start up again in a few days, and it’ll be nonstop studying for finals. I’d rather keep this between us for a little while longer.

“How about we save the planning for another day and celebrate instead?” I lead them both to the bedroom.

“What did you have in mind?” Maddox cocks a brow.

“I can think of a few ideas,” I tease, lowering to my knees in front of them.

## CHAPTER 11

### MADDOX

After what was the best winter break of my life—days of solid fucking topped off with an engagement and a pregnancy—it’s been three months of hard work as I turn the building I bought with Dad’s help into an actual functioning auto shop.

It’s situated just on the outskirts of town, close enough to our home at the cabin so I don’t have to travel too far.

Music blasts throughout the large empty space, the drums of Architects bouncing off the walls. A warm breeze comes through the open doors and helps to blow away some of the old smells of dust and chemicals that linger no matter how hard I scrub the place clean. It sets my spirits high.

I whistle along to the music from the top of a ladder as I change another faulty bulb. Max is below me, helping to deep clean the place.

It’s crazy to think that one day it’ll be open for business. I get to finally have a purpose. Maddox the fuck up, Maddox the one who was never good enough, Maddox the second thought is now a business owner.

I may not have succeeded at high school or gone to college, but I know plenty about

cars, and I can't wait to show off my skills here. Between cleaning days, I've been using the space to fix my own baby up since Max fucked her with his damn baseball bat. She was pretty banged up, but she's all better now. I even got her a few aesthetic improvements, like new leather upholstery, since Max paid for it all.

"You could hire someone to do all this," Max grumbles, rubbing his shoulder as he scrubs a thick layer of grime off the windows.

"I could, but this feels more personal. Plus, we've got nothing better to do. I can't handle you sitting at home, checking your phone every two minutes while Vi's at college. How's your job hunt going?"

"I have an interview in two weeks."

"Another one? That's good. I hope you get it this time." He may not have any experience other than baseball, but he's smart. Way smarter than me. I'm shocked that one of the companies he's applied for hasn't picked him up yet.

He rubs the wet cloth against the glass harder. "Most places don't want to hire someone who might not show up every day because they're stuck in bed with crippling pain."

Realizing how pissed off he actually is, I climb down from the ladder. "Shit, Max, I didn't think it would be like that."

He gives me a look telling me to shut up already, but I can't drop this. "They're not allowed to discriminate, I'm sure Dad could get involved and help you out."

"I don't need his help." He tosses the cloth aside and heads to the small restroom on the other side of the floor. I follow him, and he glares at me in the mirror as he cleans his hands at the sink.



“Got something else to say?”

## Page 21

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:54 am*

“No...just...have you mentioned this to Vi?”

He dries his hands with a paper towel and scrunches it tight in his fist. I see the shake in his hands. Then I notice the lean in his posture. He’s been pushing himself too hard again.

“She doesn’t need to know. If you tell her?—”

“I won’t!”

Deciding to drop the issue, I check the time. We’re picking Vi up for her first scan in a bit anyway, so we might as well call it a day here. “How about we head outta here early and grab some burgers?”

“We’re barely halfway through clean up,” he protests.

I say the one thing I know will make him change his mind. “I’m sure Vi’s not had time to eat yet either. We can pick her something up. You can choose for her.”

As he thinks it over, I push past him to scrub my hands at the sink. The last thing I want is dirt in my car.

Like shrugging out of a too-tight jacket, I feel his anger ease from my own shoulders. I catch his reflection in the mirror, and a sharp nod is the only answer he gives me.

I knew that would work.

The wind blowing in through the open window of my car is helping me stay awake as we drive to the burger joint. I'm going to have to grab a coffee there so I don't fall asleep in the hospital waiting room. I barely slept last night, I was too excited and had to keep myself occupied by switching between eating Violet out in her sleep and playing video games.

At the drive-through, Max chooses a chicken sandwich for Violet, something to do with her needing the protein. He's been a bit over the top when it comes to feeding her now that she's pregnant. I'm not allowed anywhere near the meals he preps, and if Vi ever skips a meal, then he'll feed her by hand. Now that I think about it, I'm pretty sure she does it deliberately to get his attention. Not that it's ever not on her. She is the center of our universe after all.

I park in my usual spot at Violet's campus, far away from the trees so no birds can shit on my car while we wait. I learned that lesson the hard way.

"What do you think it's going to be? Boy or girl?" I ask Max after taking a bite of my hamburger.

"I doubt we'll find out today," Max mumbles, his hands stuffed in the front pocket of his dark gray hoodie and his eyes locked on the flag pole on the lawn ahead of us. I can't help but smirk as I remember castrating a certain creep called James while he was tied to it. That's what happens when someone fucks with our girl.

"I know. Just thought it would be fun to guess, help pass the time. You're extra grumpy today."

He doesn't say anything, and I doubt I'll get much more out of him until he knows Vi and the baby are healthy. Leaving him to his brooding, I scroll through my emails on my phone. It's weird having responsibilities now. There are so many businesses to communicate with to get everything I need to make my own one run smoothly.

Deadlines to meet. Payments to keep up with. It's a lot and I'm not used to it, but I am enjoying it.

Out of nowhere, Max gets out of the car.

"Where are you going?" I lean across the seat to ask him. He's not even touched his food.

"She's late."

Checking the time, I find she's only late by two minutes. "We're not going to miss the scan. Chill out."

"Something could have happened to her. You know what she's like. She loses track of time studying and forgets to eat. She could have collapsed."

That is an image I really don't need in my head.

"Just check her location on your phone."

She's aware we keep tabs on her, and I think it's actually a turn-on for her, the naughty girl.

Max gives me a look, debating whether to start the manhunt across campus for her now or to wait. With an annoyed sigh, he pulls his phone from his jeans pocket, and I see his shoulders visibly relax when he looks at the screen.

"She's on the other side of campus."

"I'm sure her class ran late or something," I reassure him. "Give her time to get here before you start stalking her again."

He doesn't get back in the car. Like a guard dog, he stands out front with his arms crossed as he surveys the grounds, checking his phone every minute.

Leaving him to it, I finish my food and steal a handful of his fries.

## Page 22

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:54 am*

Soon enough, Violet's walking out the doors. She's wearing a cute, fluffy cardigan over a light yellow dress today. Fucking adorable as always.

Her arm is linked with her friend Sarah's. They've really hit it off over the last few months. Granted they did get to know each other because of the shit James did, but it's nice to see Vi with a friend.

Judging by the excited way they're talking and the way Vi keeps touching her stomach, I'm guessing Sarah knows about the scan.

Violet spots us and excitedly waves, running up to Max. He immediately opens his arms for her, and she dives into them.

I get out of the car to say hi to Sarah while they have their moment.

"You excited, sweetheart?" Max asks Violet.

"Yes! And a little nervous. I couldn't concentrate in class. Sarah had to give me her notes. How about you two?"

I open my arms for a hug, and she comes to me, giving me a soft kiss. She smells so good, and I can't help but press my nose to her hair and breathe more of her in. So sweet and floral with undertones of us.

"We've been...managing."

"Don't lie, Max, we've been shitting our pants all day. We grabbed you some food,

by the way. Thought you'd be hungry."

"I'm starving, but don't know if I'll be able to keep it down."

I kiss her forehead tenderly. She's been dealing with some morning sickness, not too much thankfully. But still, I hate seeing her in any kind of pain. Max gives her a look like he's mentally battling the sickness away for her.

"There are extra tomatoes on it," he adds, and her eyes light up at the mention of one of her cravings. She's into a weird mix of tomatoes, olives, and peanut butter. Sometimes all at once, which has made me gag watching her dip an olive into the same jar I use to make my sandwiches.

"Slut!" Some guy shouts from across the parking lot, and Violet tenses in my arms.

"Brotherfucker!" Another guy jeers.

"What the fuck?" Max and I both shield Violet with our bodies as we look for who the hell thinks they can say that shit. Some dark-haired jock whose head is too small for his body is laughing with a group of friends who are all looking this way from across the lot.

Who the fuck do they think they are? Max's eyes lock with mine, and I know he's thinking the same.

First, Violet got harassed when Max and I weren't around, and now she still is when we're here? Some big brothers we are. This shit ends today.

Sensing what I'm about to do, Violet tugs on my t-shirt. "Ignore them. They're just a bunch of jerks."

“How long has this been going on?” Max asks, hatred for the guys burning in his voice. He’s already rolled the sleeves of his hoodie up, ready to fight them.

Violet swallows nervously. “Since last year. It’s not all the time, and it doesn’t bother me. So please ignore them like I do.”

Last year...

“Sarah?” Max snaps.

“Yes?” she squeaks back.

“Who are they?”

She looks at Violet, who shakes her head at her friend.

“Sorry, Violet, but they might be able to help. The dark-haired guy is Aaron, and the smaller one is Theodore. They’re the ones who have been saying shit like that to her. The others just laugh along with them. They’re...they’re friends of James.”

“It’s honestly fine. I don’t care what they think,” Violet persists.

My blood is pulsing, my fists ready for a fight. “It’s not about what they think. It’s about them having the fucking nerve to want to hurt you at all.” James is a rapist pig and who’s to say Aaron and Theodore aren’t the same?

Violet’s eyes go red like they always do when she’s about to cry.



*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:54 am*

“Shit. Sorry, baby. I’m not angry at you. It’s just...” I gently squeeze her shoulders and bend to look her in the eye. “Max and I worry when we’re not around to keep guys like that away from you.”

“Please. After everything with James, you’re lucky you had your dad on your side. But you can’t risk everything again because of those jackasses. I rarely see them anyway. They’re not in my classes, and it’s only if they randomly see me in the halls that they say anything.”

I share another look with Max. We’re still on the same wavelength.

“If they do anything else, you’ll tell us straight away,” Max says, it’s a clear command and not a question.

“I promise, I will. Can we leave now?”

“Sure,” I say, giving Aaron and his friends another glance as they get in their cars and drive off.

Violet hugs her friend goodbye and gets in the car with Max. I turn to Sarah. “Make sure Violet stays away from them.”

“O-okay,” she stammers, her eyes wide.

“Thanks.” I flash her a smile. “You’re a good friend to Vi. Now, I’ve gotta go meet my baby.” I can hardly stay angry when I’m about to meet a mini-me.

## CHAPTER 12

### VIOLET

My ass is sore from sitting on the hard plastic chair in the hospital waiting room for so long. Both my hands are also going numb from being held so tightly by Max and Maddox. The pressure, albeit a little uncomfortable, is reassuring, and it's helping to calm the nausea swirling in my stomach.

Maddox seems relaxed yet a little nervous. His knee keeps bouncing up and down, knocking into mine every few seconds.

To my right, I can feel the tension radiating off Max. He's not moved since we sat down fifteen minutes ago. His jaw keeps clicking where he's grinding it so hard as he stares blankly at the sitcom playing on the screen in the corner.

I give both of their hands a squeeze. This is a happy day, we get to see our baby for the first time. But being in a hospital stirs up a lot of dark memories for us all. Max's life was completely changed when he woke up in one after the accident. Maddox had to watch as his twin suffered, not knowing how to help. And I left them alone to deal with it all by themselves.

"Violet Cassidy?" The nurse finally calls us in. Hand in hand, we follow her through to the ultrasound room. She closes the door behind us, and I see her attention flick to our joined hands for a brief second. There's a lack of disgust or surprise on her face, like we usually get from strangers. I'm sure she's seen all sorts of different relationship dynamics while working here.

"I'm Dawn," she introduces herself. "If you can lie back on the table, please. I have a few routine questions we need to go through first before we start the scan. Is that okay?"

I nod and get comfortable on the table, smoothing my dress down on my lap. Max and Maddox stand at my side while Dawn sits at her computer on the other side. She has me confirm my details before firing off a few questions about my health and lifestyle.

When she asks, “What sort of exercise are you doing?” Maddox snorts out a laugh and answers for me.

“Plenty of cardio.”

I poke him in the ribs and he gives me a cheeky grin. Dawn blushes a little, but remains professional.

After a few more questions, she says, “That’s the boring bit over with. If you can lift your dress and pull your leggings down under your tummy, I’ll apply some gel and we can have a look. It’s a little cold.” She squeezes it onto my stomach, and butterflies kick up when she presses the device to my pelvis and starts moving it around. I give Max and Maddox an excited grin. They both give me a gentle smile in return, trying to shield me from their nerves.

We all watch the screen as the nurse searches for our baby.

“We think I’m at least three months along now, but it could be later,” I tell her to fill the awkward lack of conversation. She nods, but doesn’t say anything. I should let her concentrate, but my brain and mouth have opposing ideas. “My boobs have been pretty sore, and I’ve been kinda nauseous. Those are all good signs, right? We did a lot of tests and they all came out positive?—”

A firm hand grips my wrist.

“It’s alright, sweetheart.” Max stops me from getting too worked up.

The nurse keeps her eye on the screen, a slight pinch to her brow. “I’ll be able to tell you a clearer estimate of how far along you are in a moment.”

How far along? That means...I’m definitely pregnant! Which is a very good thing, so why does she have such a tense expression?

The longer she takes, the more worried I get. Did I make a mistake? Is there nothing there? Or is there something wrong with the baby? I tried not to think of worst-case scenarios before coming here, but what if?—

“Is that the baby?” Maddox leans forward, squinting at the screen.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:54 am*

“That’sababy. See over here?” She points to a second grayish circle on the screen. “This is baby number two and tucked behind them...” She pushes the device a little firmer into my stomach, and another gray blob comes into view. “Is baby number three’s head.”

“Three?” Maddox and I gasp at the same time.

She chuckles and presses a few buttons. “Yep, definitely three. You’re having triplets. Would you like to hear the heartbeats?”

“Yes! Yes, please!” I sob.

Tearing my eyes away from the screen is difficult, but I want to see how Max and Maddox are handling everything. Maddox’s eyes are brimming with tears, his chin wobbling, and Max looks frozen in time. His lips are slightly parted, and his eyes have a rare shine to them. I catch him letting go of a shaky breath, his fear being pushed out along with it, leaving pride in its place. He doesn’t look at me, but he squeezes my hand tighter, his smile growing.

We’re having triplets.

It’s going to take a while for that to sink in. What are the chances of my identical twin fiancés knocking me up with triplets? I’m sure Max will find out. I’ve caught him researching all sorts of baby and pregnancy-related things on his phone.

Will they be identical as well? Oh god, what if I end up with three mini Max and Maddoxes running around and causing chaos?

The nurse presses another button, and little, rapid whooshing beats push away every worry I have.

I break into full-out sobs as she lets us listen to each baby's heart. Max and Maddox hold my hands the whole time. I've never felt so deeply connected to them before.

"They're healthy? Growing normal?" Max fires off his questions that I know he's been holding back for my sake.

"From this quick look today, yes, I can't see any concerns. We'll run some routine blood tests anyway. I put them at roughly thirteen and a half weeks. The bloods will help tell us a more specific due date, but you're looking at a September birth. Bear in mind that multiple babies do tend to come early, so you should prepare for that."

Max nods, taking everything in for all three of us. I'm still crying happy tears, and the nurse hands me a box of tissues as she congratulates me.

Maddox is grinning from ear to ear. He grabs his brother and hugs him tight. "We're actually going to be dads!"

"You can book in for your sixteen-week scan before you leave. You'll be able to find out the sexes then if you want to know. In the meantime..." She hands me printouts of the ultrasound scans and a stack of pamphlets. "Keep a balanced diet, exercise regularly, and avoid stress. You want to keep your blood pressure down. There are a lot more possible complications with three babies. But I have a feeling you'll be well taken care of." She smiles at Max and Maddox, who are currently engrossed in their own conversation about baby names.

"I think so, too."

None of us can wipe the grins off our faces as we head to the car.

Maddox catches me by surprise and swings me around in his arms. “I’m so fucking proud of you, baby!”

“It was a team effort,” I laugh, holding onto his shoulders.

“Don’t do that,” Max scolds.

“What?” I question as Maddox sets me back on my feet.

“Belittle yourself. You’re the one growing three babies. All of this is thanks to you.”

“He’s right,” Maddox agrees.

I suppose he is. I need to stop selling myself short. I’m the proudest Mom to these little ones, and I want them to grow up with all the confidence in the world.

Maddox hops into the driver’s seat, and Max holds the rear door open for me so we can head home to celebrate. I hesitate in front of him. Lacing my fingers together in front of me, I nervously tell him what I’ve been thinking about for a while now. “There’s actually something I need to quickly do before we leave.” He waits for me to say more, and I take a deep breath, holding my chin high. “I’ve still not heard back from Mom since telling her our engagement news, but I’m hoping that if she hears her daughter is pregnant, she’ll respond.”

Max gives me a sympathetic look and grips my shoulders. “Sweetheart, I hate seeing you get your hopes up every time you contact her. She’s made it obvious what she thinks. I can’t see this changing anything with her.”

His words sting, but they’re true, and ultimately, they’re what I need to hear. He knows that, too. But...

“I still want to try. Even though she hasn’t been there for me like she should have been, I’d like our children to get to know the good parts of her.”

“There are good parts?” Max mumbles.

“Yes...deep, deep down.”



*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:54 am*

The look on his face says he doesn't believe that for a second.

I have enough self-awareness to know how much mental and emotional damage my mom did to me growing up. Some people would say she did her best under the circumstances, others would say that she only did what was best for her. But what would I say? All Max knows her as is a gold digger. Maybe I should cut ties with her completely. She's still my mom, though. It's not that easy.

I can't simply erase the happy memories. Even buried among the bleakest ones, they still manage to shine through. Like the time she took one of her boyfriends' credit cards and took me on a toy store shopping spree. Or when I was sick when I was little, and she kept me off school to spend the whole day watching my favorite animated princess movies together. We could make more of those memories with the triplets.

"Max, I need to do this."

I can sense the turmoil in him. All he wants to do is protect me, but he can't keep me bubble-wrapped and locked away at home forever, no matter how much he would love that.

In the end, he chooses to give me the space I need and goes to wait in the car with his brother.

I have to take a few deep breaths before I can hit call. It's hard not to be nervous waiting for Mom to answer. I feel like this every time I try to contact her. And every time I'm met with disappointment. This time is no different. I debate whether to

bother leaving a message when the call goes to her voicemail, but decide to since this might be the only way she'll find out my good news.

"Hey, Mom. I was hoping to catch you this time. Umm, I don't know how else to say this, but I'm pregnant! Max, Maddox, and I are having triplets." A sob escapes me, and I try to stifle any more. My crying is the last thing I want her to hear. "We just found out, and I wanted to tell you in person, but at least you know now. I lo...I hope you give me a call back."

I hang up and wipe my tears away with the sleeve of my cardigan. My mom's not even here, yet she's still finding a way to make me feel bad about my own happiness. No, I shouldn't dismiss her like that. She might call back later. She could just be busy.

Neither of the guys says anything when I get in the car. They probably heard everything I said, and they can always tell when I've been crying. Max unbuckles his seatbelt and climbs into the back with me, tucking me under his arm and kissing my temple. And just like that, my sadness starts to fade.

## CHAPTER 13

### MADDOX

"You want to know what's funny?" I ask as we sit on the couch finishing off our pizza and popcorn while we watch *The Great Gatsby* for what is probably the hundredth time.

"What?" Violet peers up at me from where she's draped across me and Max. Her head on my lap and her feet propped up on his.

"We didn't succeed in figuring out who's going to marry you during our winter

chase, but we did successfully breed you.”

“It’s so weird when you say it like that.” She squirms.

“What?Breed?”

“Yeah, it makes me sound like an animal.”

“I distinctly remember catching a little bunny to fuck and breed in the woods,” Max joins in with the teasing, his voice low. “Now she’s all ours to use whenever we want.” He starts pulling her leggings and underwear down. She lifts her hips to help him.

All three of us moan as Max slides his hands up and down her thick thighs. God, I love the way they look. The way they move. The way they feel. How it’s so easy for our fingers to get lost in the softness of her.

“Show Max your pussy, baby. Let him reward you for being such a good little whore for us and taking our come so well.”

Obediently, she allows her legs to fall open.

“She’s wet already.” Max trails kisses up the insides of her thighs and I know exactly when he gets to her clit. Her back arches, a needy moan spilling from her.

“He making you feel good?” I absentmindedly stroke her hair, my eyes glued to my brother’s fingers indenting her thighs.

She nods, drawing my attention to her panting mouth so open and inviting. I reach down to lift her dress over her chest and pull her bra down under her breasts, letting them spill free. They’re getting bigger by the day; she’s going to need new bras soon

to contain them. I'd rather she walked around the house with them free. If I had it my way, she wouldn't need to own clothes at all.

Her nipples are already stiff. I play with each one, giving both equal attention. "Do you think her tits are bigger already?" I ask Max, and she blushes.

He reaches up to cup one as I hold the other in my palm, feeling its weight.

"Definitely. Her belly is as well."

"There's no way I look pregnant yet!" she protests loudly.

"Sweetheart, I know the exact size of every part of you." He moves his hands to her stomach and grabs her firmly, his fingers digging deep into her skin. "I know how you feel in my hands. Know every curve, every line." He drags his tongue over a pretty pink stretch mark. "Every inch of you is perfection."

## Page 26

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:54 am*

Max moves his face back down to her pussy and I hear the filthy, wet sounds of her pleasure on his tongue.

Sliding my fingers up the column of her throat, I pivot her chin up so her lust-heavy eyes are on mine. “We’ll remind you of that every day. Praise you for how big you get. Reward you for how well you’re growing our babies.” I brush my thumb over her lower lip. “And I think you need a reward already.”

She shifts on my lap, just enough to watch me take my throbbing cock out. I ready myself for her hot mouth to envelop my length, for the whimpers that will inevitably escape me. I can never control myself around her.

My body shudders as she kisses the tip before circling her tongue around the head and sucking me in. Enjoying the feel of her, I lean my head back against the sofa and moan. “That’s it, baby. Take your big brother nice and deep. Show me how good it feels to suck on my cock.”

I take a breath, stopping myself from unloading down her pulsing throat too soon. When I look down she’s frantically bobbing her head in time to the rhythm of her pussy bucking against Max’s mouth. God, I love how desperate she always is for us.

Wrapping my hand around her throat, I bite back a whimper. I swear I can feel the head of my cock against my palm.

“Fuuuck.”

That’s insane.

Vi bats her tear-soaked lashes up at me and slows down to take longer and deeper sucks of my cock. Her tongue curls around me each time she pulls off.

“Good girl,” I praise her. “Savor your reward. Take your time to really enjoy it.”

Max chuckles, “She liked that.” I notice he’s replaced his mouth with his fingers so he can watch. Three of them pump in and out of her while he rubs her clit with his other hand.

“She also likes it when we tell her how much of a filthy whore she is whose only purpose in life is to be filled with our come.” I give her cheek a light slap.

“Fuck, she really liked that. Soak my face, sweetheart, then we’ll fill you with all the come you want.”

Tears pour steadily down her cheeks, her makeup staining her skin. Max dives back onto her pussy and she screams around my cock. The sensation of her throat squeezing me sets me off, and I massage her throat as I come down it.

She struggles to keep swallowing as her eyes roll back, her hips lifting off the couch.

Max growls, and I have to force my eyes back into focus after my intense orgasm. Liquid is spurting out of her, soaking Max’s face. The top of his white shirt turns see-through and clings to his chest.

“Holy shit,” I pant in awe. That might be the hardest she’s ever squirted. I’m kinda jealous that Max got to experience that one all by himself.

Vi taps on my stomach. Her throat working overtime on my softening cock. I smile down at her. She’s pleading with her watery eyes. For what? Another orgasm? More come? Oh, she’s choking.

“Oops.” I let go of her throat and my cock slides free from her mouth. She gasps for air and coughs a little.

“I really thought I was going to pass out then.”

“My bad. You feel so good on my cock. It’s hard to pull out of any of your holes.”

She sits up and wipes a drop of come from her chin. With a mischievous smile, she crawls onto my lap and smears it over my lips. My sensitive cock stirs back to life. Her drenched pussy sliding along my length.

Then she kisses me. I taste myself, and it only makes me want her more. This is what she should always taste like. Smell like. If I could have her always walking around with her face covered in my come I would. Maybe then assholes like James and Aaron would know to stay the fuck away from my girl.

Max grabs her by the ponytail and yanks her mouth off mine so he can steal a kiss.

Our girl.

Violet’s body writhes on my lap, her pussy dripping on me. With one of my hands on her hip and the other on my cock, I line myself up at her entrance. She guides herself down, letting her pussy slowly wrap around me.

She’s whimpering into Max’s mouth, and it makes him kiss her harder. Once she’s fully seated on me, I break up their kiss by tugging her dress over her head and unclasping her bra.

“Let me see these big titties bouncing while you ride my cock.”

She gets to work rolling her hips on my lap, increasing her speed slowly.

“Faster,” I growl, taking one of her nipples into my mouth, sucking hard and swirling my tongue around it.



*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:54 am*

“Maddox,” she moans. Her fingers curling into my hair.

I hear the snap of a bottle opening, and a few minutes later, Violet is whining out.  
“Slow down!”

She’s thrust upward and almost comes off my cock completely. Once she sinks back down I can feel Max’s dick inside her ass, stretching her walls, making her pussy squeeze me tighter.

“You. Can. Take. It.” He thrusts hard with each word. Violet cries out like she’s in pain. She probably is from the rough way he’s taking her, but I see the way her eyes roll back and her tongue hangs out of her mouth as she loses control.

“She’s loving it.”

Max smirks to himself and goes harder. He braces his arms on the back of the couch on either side of my head, forcing Vi’s body forward and pressing her breasts into my face, suffocating me.

Fuck me, what a beautiful way to die.

I take full advantage of the position and bite down on her nipple.

“I’m going to—” She cuts off with a stuttered gasp.

“Look at that.”

I manage to come up for air as Max pins her to him by her throat.

“The poor thing can’t even speak,” Max mocks.

Her mouth gapes in silent pleas. I rub my thumb over her lips. “That doesn’t matter. All she wants is to be fucked.”

Her pussy tightens and she comes around us both. I bury my face between her breasts as I whimper through my orgasm. The attitude quickly sucked out of me by her pussy.

Max gives her a few more sharp thrusts before he follows, coming in her ass. Violet collapses forward onto my chest, and I feel come dripping out of her onto my lap when Max pulls out. He falls onto the couch next to us, a happy-sated smile on his face.

“That’s our good girl.”

I feel her cheek lifting against my chest, and I can picture the serene smile that will be on her face.

Our perfect girl.

“You awake?” Max quietly asks in the darkness. Violet is fast asleep between us in the bed. I’ve been awake since I carried her limp, well-fucked body in here earlier this evening.

“Yeah.”

“I’ve been thinking…”

“That’s dangerous,” I joke, and he sighs. “Sorry, what were you thinking?”

I don’t know why I always have to play the joker; it’s just a defense mechanism hardwired into my DNA at this point.

“You should be the one to marry her.”

For a second, I think I’ve misheard him. I sit up, and Violet murmurs in her sleep, but doesn’t wake.

“You’re going to have to say that again.”

I see the dark shape of Max rising in the bed.

There’s a quiet moment before he says, “I’m serious. You should marry Violet.”

The sincerity of his statement hangs in the air. But I can’t accept it so easily.

“Why?” I keep my voice soft so I don’t disturb Vi.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

“Because you’re the one who makes her laugh every day without even trying. There’s no darkness in you dragging her down or making her worry. She gets to be carefree with you, and that’s what she deserves. We have three kids on the way, and I know you’re going to find it so much easier than me. You’ll even manage it all with a stupid grin on your face. So you should be the one who vows to give Violet that kind of easy love forever.” His voice is strained like he’s been holding onto this for a while, and it’s hard for him to let it go.

“Max. You make her feel those ways as well. She loves you. She loves us both.”

The bed shifts, and the lamp turns on.

Max peers down at Violet before holding my gaze. “I know she does. I’ll never doubt that again. Would you believe me if I told you it would make me happy seeing you two get to officially be together?”

I’m not sure what to say. I don’t want to turn him down. Of course, I want to be the one to put a ring on her finger. But...

“Are you sure?”

“Yes.” There’s no hesitation. No room for argument.

It’s settled then. I’m going to officially marry the love of my life.

## CHAPTER 14

MAX

Violet adjusts my tie, and I stare at myself in the bathroom mirror.

“I look ridiculous.”

“You look lovely. I’m jealous of everyone who’s going to be seeing you like this all day.”

After months of searching, I finally found a place that wants me. My first ever job is in the office of a printing company downtown. It’s a far cry from being a famous baseball star.

I’ve walked onto pitches with stands packed full of people to see me and my team. Had local reporters and photographers fawning over me when I was just a kid. But none of that made me as nervous as I feel this morning.

“They’re going to love you,” Violet tells me sweetly, kissing my cheek.

“How could they not?” I let my mask slip back into place so I can shield her from my negativity.

Leaving her to finish her makeup, I head to the kitchen to grab a coffee. Mad’s sat at the table in his black hoodie and jeans, drinking his own cup and sketching out plans for the garage.

“Wow, you look...smart?” He tilts his head, taking my suit in.

“Don’t start. My tie’s already choking me, and my shoes are pinching my feet. How am I supposed to wear this all day long?”

“You’re nervous. That’s normal.”

“Like you would know? You’ve never had a job before, yet you think you can run a whole business!”

He raises his brow over his cup of coffee, not letting my attitude get to him. Weirdly enough, he reminds me of Dad like that.

Wiping my hand over my face, I sigh, “I didn’t mean that. Yeah, I’m nervous.”

“I still don’t understand why you won’t ask Dad to help you get a job you’ll actually enjoy. We’re not built for being stuck in tiny cubicles all day.”

Dad dictated my whole life. I only played baseball because it made him happy. And after Mom died, we needed all the happiness we could get.

Now I want to find my way without him.

Steering the conversation away from me, I ask what always gets Mad going. “How’s the garage coming along?”

“Great, actually. I’m just working on getting some signage ready while the painters finish fixing the shoddy job we did. Hey, maybe I could work with your company to get the signs done?”

“Yeah, maybe,” I say noncommittally, turning my back to pour a coffee.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

“If you end up not liking the job, it doesn’t matter anyway. You have all that money from the trial.”

Yes. The money that I received for being run over. I definitely want to use that to support my family.

Luckily, Violet comes in, saving me from starting an argument.

She’s wearing the cutest blue, chequered dress today that swishes around her knees. Her hair is up in a ponytail like usual, and she’s put on blue eyeshadow to match her dress.

“Morning, baby. You look beautiful.” Mad effortlessly swings her around and kisses her. He sets her on her feet and crouches down, pressing his lips to her bump. She’s seventeen weeks now and starting to show. It’s true what they say about the whole glow thing. She’s fucking radiant.

We decided not to find out if we’re having girls or boys. As long as Violet and the babies are okay, that’s all that matters.

“How are my babies this morning?” Mad coos, he loves baby talking to them already. We’ve been taking it in turns to read to them most evenings. It helps Violet to fall asleep as well, especially when the nausea is keeping her up.

“Olive had me up at four am raiding the fridge.”

“Olive?” I exclaim, choking on my coffee.

Violet giggles. “Do you like the sound of it? I’m thinking the one that has me eating olives all night long is a girl.”

It’s kind of old-fashioned sounding, and I’m not too sure on it, but there’s plenty of time to think of something else, so I keep my mouth shut and nod.

“What about the one who has you craving tomatoes? Tom?” Mad asks.

“We’re not naming all our children after food,” I cut in.

“We should get to name one each since there are three of them and three of us.”

“It’s up to Violet.”

She taps her chin as she thinks. “I quite like that idea. But yeah, maybe we should steer away from food-related names.”

After checking the time, I pour my coffee into a to-go cup. “Do you have everything you need today?” I ask Violet as she finishes packing her backpack. I’m more on edge than usual since both Mad and I will be busy all day.

“No, I’m missing one thing!” She gasps.

“What is it?” I go to search her bag, knowing full well I already triple checked she has her water bottle, protein bars, and vitamins packed. I’m certain she has her smart watch on. I make sure she wears it every day so I can always keep track.

She grabs my tie and pulls me close. “A kiss.”

My first day is going way too slow. So slow in fact that I’m wondering if the clock on the computer has frozen. When it changes to the next minute, I groan and hit my head



on the keyboard. Nope, not broken.

Thankfully, no one can see me. There are about thirty people working on this floor, and we all have our own cubicles. It's weirdly isolating, but preferable to making small talk all day, so I don't totally hate it.

My job is to approve any new customer designs that come in from the website. The software tells me everything I need, so I didn't even need much training to do this. As long as the designs fit within the parameters of the print size and it's not too pixelated, I get to approve it. And that's it. Not going to be mind or ass-numbing sitting here all day at all.

I'm sure there's someone out there who would enjoy this job, but it's not for me. As much as I resented the baseball dreams that were forced on me, I do remember the good memories of playing it. How freeing it felt to be out in the sun all day. I'd never go back to that life even if I could. But this isn't exactly what I want either.

It's not time for my afternoon break yet, but my hip is aching from sitting in this chair for so long. I'm not going to be able to see the computer screen once the pain sets in, let alone get any work done. I go to find my boss, Stuart, to ask to take my twenty minutes early.

He's on the phone when I knock on the glass door to his office, and he holds his finger up to make me wait. By the time he's done, my muscles have stretched out enough to not need the break so desperately, but I might as well take it now anyway.

"Max." He smiles, motioning for me to sit in front of his desk. All of his family photos are facing outward, so I have to put up with multiples of his overly happy face staring at me.

"Is there a problem? You not finding everything alright?"

“The work’s fine. I just need to take my break now.”

He puts on his glasses and checks something on his computer. “Two hours early? That’s not something we do here, Max. Everyone sticks to their schedules, so it’s fair.”

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

“I get that, but in my interview, you said it would be fine if I needed time to manage my pain. Now is that time.”

The look he gives me is more of a wince than a smile. Stuart takes his glasses off and sets them gently back down on the desk. He’s a weaselly-looking guy, not much older than me, but the lines around his eyes and the thin mustache he thinks he’s pulling off add a good ten years to him.

“What did you say was wrong with you again?”

“Chronic pain,” I reply through my teeth, trying to keep this professional.

“Oh, that’s right. The car accident. You look like you’ve recovered well. How long do you spend in the gym? I’d kill to have muscles like yours after what you’ve been through.” He chuckles halfheartedly, his grimace of a smile permanently glued to his face.

“Would you also kill to feel like you’re about to collapse after every step?”

Awkwardly, he clears his throat and looks down at the open planner on his desk rather than at me. “I understand what you’re asking of me, Max. But as I’ve already said, it’s not fair to everyone else here if I give you accommodations. There’s room to stretch by your desk for a few seconds if you need to, and I’ll allow you to keep your pain medication on you.”

“But you said—” I stop myself short. I need this job. If I have to be the bigger man, then so be it.

“You said I could step out whenever I needed to. I won’t be long?—”

He holds his hand up, silencing me.

I don’t hear what he says next. I can’t stop staring at his stupid little mustache. It’s pissing me off. My ears start to ring as that familiar rage inside me starts to bubble up.

Keep it down.

“No,” I say.

“No? You can’t just say no. I’m starting to wonder if you’re actually faking this whole thing, so I’ll make life easier for you.”

Nah, I don’t need this shit.

“You know what? Fuck this.” I stand up and head for the door.

“Where are you going?”

“I fucking quit!”

He yells something about HR, but I ignore him and head for the elevator. When the doors close, I punch them until my knuckles bleed.

Fuck that guy. Fuck this job.

Am I acting entitled, thinking I’m too good for this place? Most likely. But when you’ve spent years having to relearn how to walk and questioning if killing yourself would be better than waking up to another day of pain, then you feel like the world

owes you something.

All I want is to be with Violet. To always be by her side and to do the same for our children. I'm aware of how unhealthy a mindset that is, but the fear of one day turning around and her not being there is what keeps me up at night.

My lungs feel tight just thinking about it, and the longer I stay in this elevator, the more my rage builds. It stops at the next floor, and a guy in a suit similar to mine gets on. I think he asks me if I'm okay, but I can barely hear anything over the ringing in my ears. I press myself into the corner so I don't end up hitting him, and he stares at me the entire time.

Come on. Come on.

The numbers above the doors count down in slow motion. Why won't this thing go any fucking faster?

When it finally stops on the ground floor, I squeeze through the doors before they've opened all the way and barge past the people waiting. They shout at me, but all I care about is the exit.

Pushing open the door outside feels like pushing a stone block. My arms don't feel like they're part of my body anymore. All of me feels detached. But the hit of fresh air as I step onto the sidewalk feels good. Brings me back to life a little bit.

I stagger down the street. People avoid me, and when I catch my reflection in a store window, I see why. I look like I'm drunk. My face is covered in sweat, and my legs keep buckling.

There's a park across the road. I can get away from everyone there.

I find a bench under a large tree, tucked away from the main view of the park, and fall back onto it. After a few minutes, I can breathe again. I grab at my tie, tearing it off and popping a few buttons undone. That's better.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

Leaning my head back, I remember what my therapist told me to do if I ever felt like this. I focus on the things around me to ground myself and take my focus away from the pain.

Five things I can see...the leaves swaying above me in the light breeze, an empty bird's nest resting on one of the branches, the blue sky backdropping it all. I lean forward and rest my elbows on my knees. There's a patch of purple flowers in the grass across from me. They remind me of Violet. She's like a perfect spring day, bringing me peace when she's near. The final thing I see is an old, faded baseball nestled in the long grass. Surprisingly, its presence doesn't irritate me. Instead, it makes me laugh.

I feel more at ease hidden away here in the dappled light of the trees than I have all day. Mad was right. We're not suited to being cramped indoors.

Taking my time, I move through the rest of my grounding therapy, and when I'm focusing on the three things I can hear, I recognize the nostalgic thwack of a bat hitting a ball.

I should ignore it, give Mad a call to talk through what happened today. Ninety percent of the time he's an ass, but when it comes to us being there for each other he cuts the joker act.

Or maybe I should book back in with my therapist. She said I needed longer with her, but I was determined to prove I'm happy as is.

The sound comes again, and this time it's followed by children cheering. Before I

know it, my feet are taking me toward the noise.

When I step off the path onto an open section of grass, I find a Little League game being played.

Since the accident, I've avoided everything baseball. I quickly skip past it on the television. I avoid social media entirely because I can't handle seeing my former teammates still playing it or messaging me, asking how I'm doing. But seeing it in real-time, I can't look away.

The kids look happy. How long did it take for that joy to be stripped away from me? Years? A few months?

I look down at my shaking hands and rub the tips of my fingers against my palms, feeling the roughness that's permanently layered onto me like a second skin. In the end, it was all for nothing.

It's what destroyed me.

If I had never played it, then I could have gone to any college I wanted. I could have left with Violet. Mad could have followed us and not had to suffer the guilt of making that choice. Me or her. It should have been her. He should never have stayed with me.

Something wet touches my cheek. Am I crying? For fuck's sake. I thought I was past this shit.

I wipe the tears away and start aimlessly walking, leaving it all behind me.

## CHAPTER 15

### VIOLET



Graduation is now only a few weeks away. It's really snuck up on me. Life has been a hectic blur of studying, tests, and hospital appointments. Maybe I was a bit hasty wanting to do everything at once. The sensible thing would have been to wait until I'd finished college before trying for a baby, but nope. Being the overachiever that I am, I thought it would be easy. How wrong I was.

After a study session with Sarah, we leave the library—the same one where I had my first hands-on encounter with my masked stalker-stepbrothers. It still makes me blush every time I go in there. I can never look at a bookcase the same way again.

I text the guys on my way to Sarah's car, letting them know she's taking me home today. I'm sure they already know that anyway, since they track my location all day long, but I like to check in.

"Oh, I forgot I took down the notes for next week's assignment for you. You missed it when you had to run out to puke." Sarah rips a page from the jotter in her bag and holds it out to me.

"Another one?" I groan, taking the sheet. I'd just caught up with everything. This last semester has been brutal. I'd be up all night stressing about it all if it weren't for Max and Maddox wearing me out in bed in the evenings or reading me and the babies to sleep.

I get a text, and assuming it's from one of my guys, I quickly check it. The smile I was wearing disappears, and I stop in my tracks.

You're a disgusting desperate slut

Fantastic. Another attempt at making me feel bad about my life choices. It's not the first text, and I know it won't be the last. Whoever's been sending these is clearly trying to get a rise out of me, but I'm so overloaded with college, wedding prep, and

growing three tiny humans that I actually don't care.

"Something wrong?" Sarah asks, giving me a concerned look.

I show her the text, and she has a more visceral reaction than I did.

"That's awful! Who would send something like that? Aaron?"

I shrug. "Maybe. Or one of his friends. It's just a text, and it's not like he doesn't say it to my face." I block the number, like I did all the other ones, and put my phone on silent.

"You don't seem phased by it."

## Page 32

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

“Is it weird to say I’m used to it? I hardly have the sort of relationship most people approve of, and James sent me the same sort of messages last year.”

“Could it be him?”

“If it is, then it’s not like he can do much else.” He’s in an entirely different city and not allowed to leave the house unless it’s for court hearings. If he were found to be texting me, that wouldn’t help his case, so I can’t see it being him. My gut tells me it’s Aaron.

“Shit,” Sarah whispers loudly as we turn the corner to the parking lot. Aaron is leaning against her car.

“Speak of the devil,” I mutter.

“What do you think he wants?”

“Probably to be a douchebag to my face. Come on, I’m not letting him intimidate us.” I link my arm through Sarah’s and steer her toward her car.

Aaron smirks as he watches us approach. “I thought your brothers would be waiting for you. Looks like they couldn’t be bothered with you today,” he jeers. “I don’t blame them. No one wants to be baby-trapped.”

“Aaron, will you just leave her alone?”

Sarah flips her long auburn hair over her shoulders and steps up to him. He bends

down so his nose is almost touching hers. “You’re not hot shit anymore, Sar. Well, you’re still hot. You can come hang out at my place as long as you don’t tell anyone.” He laughs and she shoves him in the chest, but he doesn’t budge. He’s jacked from years of college football. Easily triple the size of her. I gently put my hand on her shoulder and move her away from him.

Aaron swings his attention back to me. “You’re invited as well, slut. I don’t have to worry about wrapping it up with you.”

I wrap my arms protectively around my stomach.

“Jeez, I’m not a monster. I ain’t gonna hit a pregnant woman. Then again, are you pregnant? You’re a big girl and could have gained some extra pounds by consuming something other than dick. Speaking of...” He grabs his crotch. “You’re a hoe who fucks her brothers, I’ve got a whole locker room full of teammates who’d love to get to know you.”

I don’t bother correcting him on the brother part. He’s not going to listen to anything I have to say anyway.

“You’re gross, Aaron. No one would ever want to sleep with you,” Sarah snaps.

“I want to hear what the slut has to say. Sarah and your brothers can’t be here all the time to speak for you.”

“What is your problem with me? I’ve never even spoken to you before now.”

“What the fuck do you think?” he hisses, getting up in my face. “My friend is being called a rapist because of you two. He could go to fucking prison.”

A dark smile tugs the corner of my mouth up, and I step toward Aaron, making him

stumble back. “Oh, I get it now,” I say. “You’re scared.”

He narrows his eyes and wets his lips. Is he seriously nervous?

“My brothers can easily find out everything about you, and their father will bring you down just like James. Or they could deal with it themselves. You know what happens to people who think they can hurt me. I’m sure you still want to be able to toss a ball once college is over or have kids if you can find some poor woman to put up with you.”

By the look on Aaron’s face, he’s heard rumors of what happened to his friend. Or maybe he heard firsthand. I’m not sure how open a guy would be about recounting how he was tied naked to a flagpole and had a rope tied around his junk.

“Got anything else to say to me?” I ask smugly.

“No,” he sneers and stalks away.

“Wow. I didn’t expect him to actually cave.” Sarah laughs. “I guess all men are frail when their manhood is on the line.”

I laugh along with her as we get into her car. Her pop playlist starts when she turns the keys, and the mood is immediately lightened.

“You sure you don’t mind dropping me home?” I ask as she pulls out onto the main road.

“Violet. You are five months pregnant. I am not going to leave you hanging around for one of the guys to finish work. Anyway, it means we get to talk wedding plans.” Her eyes sparkle with excitement. “Since I’m your maid of honor, I’ve booked a few things for you—wait, I am your maid of honor, right? You’ve not officially asked me,

but I sorta assumed...”

“Yes, of course you are.”

I’m not having bridesmaids, and I didn’t think about asking. I’ve been struggling to keep up with everything with my baby brain.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

When I was younger, I always imagined a grand affair for my wedding day, a real-life princess fairytale ending. But now all I want is a little ceremony with the few people I'm close to there. No random family members I've never met before, or friends from high school who were never really my friends. Just me and the people I love.

“Good. Then you can't say no to these plans!” Sarah beams, buzzing with excitement. I think she might be more excited for my big day than I am.

Sarah was always someone I never thought I'd get along with, but now we're best friends. After everything came to light with James, her friends dropped her. Our schedules were similar enough that we were always at the same place at the same time. We'd spot each other eating or studying alone, and sort of naturally started hanging out together.

“Since graduation is so close, I've booked everything for after that. Including a few bakeries for cake tasting and a bridal store, but I remember you said you want to check dresses out online, so we can do that first. I have a list of florists and event organizers so you can find someone to pretty up wherever you choose for the big day. Don't worry, it sounds like a lot, but I'll email it all over.”

I'm speechless. My jaw hangs open, and I suddenly feel like crying. Stupid hormones.

“I overstepped, didn't I?” Sarah grimaces, taking her eyes off the road to see my shocked face.

“No! I’m—I’ve just never had a friend go out of their way for me like that before.”  
I’ve never really had a friend, to be honest, but I don’t mention that part.

“Oh, good.” She sighs. “Are you still set on having it before the babies come?”

“One hundred percent. There is no way I’m going to want to get all dressed up in white when I have three screaming bundles of poop and sick to look after.”

“Fair point,” she chuckles. “I can’t wait to squish their cheeks. Remember, I’m always available for babysitter duty if you ever need a break.”

“I’d hug you so hard right now, but you’re driving and I can barely move as it is anyway.”

“You can owe me that hug.”

She gets it as soon as she drops me off at home.

“Thank you so much,” I tell her as I squeeze her tight.

“You’re so welcome. I’ll email everything over as soon as I get home, and we can arrange a girls’ day to go through it all together, if you like?”

“Sounds perfect.”

I wave her off from the porch, only turning to unlock the door when her car is out of sight.

I’m on cloud nine as I search for my keys, but when I go to use them, I find the door already unlocked. My happy bubble bursts.



## CHAPTER 16

### VIOLET

My hand hovers on the door handle, my heart rate spiking. There's no obvious sign of a break-in. If Max or Maddox were already home, they would have told me. Maybe whoever left last this morning forgot to lock it? We all left together...I don't remember who was last out.

If there's someone inside, I'm not letting them get away with breaking into my home.

Slipping my keys between my fingers, I make a fist, ready to defend myself and my babies if it comes to it. Then I slowly open the door.

Everything looks normal.

I tiptoe down the hall, my mouth dry, my body packed full of adrenaline, ready to protect my home.

There's a noise from the kitchen. Is that the kettle boiling? What sort of burglar breaks in and makes tea?

I try to be as quiet as possible, but the cabin is old and the wood creaks under my feet.Crap.

“Violet? Is that you?”

“Mom?!” Dropping my keys, I find my mom making tea at the stove and looking through the cupboards like she has everyright to be in here uninvited. She doesn't even bother to look my way.

I can only see her side profile, yet she looks older. She's lost a lot of weight. Her gray roots are showing through where she's not bothered to bleach her hair blonde again, and she's wearing less makeup than she used to.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

I feel oddly nauseous seeing her in my house, making herself at home.

“How did you get in?” I ask, stepping further into the room.

“You really need to tidy up in here. Your cupboards are such a mess, I can’t find anything.”

“Mom. What are you doing here?” I raise my voice, and she finally looks at me.

“I still have the keys from Reginald. So it’s true then?” She raises a brow and purses her lips disapprovingly as she stares at my stomach. “I ignored your engagement because I had hoped it would fizzle out and just be some disgusting fling. Your brothers, Violet, really? It’s my fault, the divorce probably came as a shock to you, and now you’re acting out.”

I have to sit down and grip the edge of the table so I don’t do something I regret.

“What I have with Max and Maddox isn’t disgusting. Plenty of people have more than one partner. And it’s not like we’re actually related anymore.”

She curls her lip as she finishes making the tea. “I should have kept a closer eye on you. Vi, sweetie, you were always such a good girl. All you did was read and study. I was worried about it for a while, you having no friends and all that. But that was better than this.”

Taking a deep breath, I try to calm myself down. Not that it does much good.

“Mom, why exactly are you here? You can’t just let yourself into my life like this.”

She makes an offended noise and keeps her eyes on the mugs as she stirs the tea. The spoon clinking against the side grates on my nerves. “I thought you wanted to see me.”

“I do...but Mom, you’ve ignored pretty much all my messages.”

“I’ve been busy and I’m here now, aren’t I? What sort of grandmother would I be if I wasn’t here for the little ones? I may not approve of how they got here, but I’ll obviously still be here for them.”

That doesn’t bring me comfort like it should. Her words still sting after all this time, but I think she’s trying to make an effort.

“I appreciate that.”

She pushes one of the mugs my way, and I warm my hands on it. My stomach is too unsettled to drink anything right now.

“If you did change your mind on it all, I could help you out. I know a clinic in town that?—”

“Are you seriously offering to help me get an abortion?”

“I’m just trying to help.”

I steady my breathing and hold the mug firmer in my hands until the heat prickles my skin.

“Thank you for wanting to help, but we are very happy, and I am keeping these

babies.”

We return to the tense silence I’ve always been used to with her.

“How long are you planning on sticking around for this time?” I ask as politely as I can, but she hears the way my words are loaded.

“I have a hotel room booked uptown. I still have plenty of money from the divorce, so I can stay for as long as you need me. Or I could move in here?”

“No!” I snap a little too fiercely. “It’s pretty cramped living with two guys, I’m sure you’d hate it. A hotel room sounds much nicer. You get room service and don’t have to worry about making your own bed.”

“I suppose you’re right.”

She catches me up on the past few months as she drinks her tea, and mine goes cold. After her winter cruise across the Mediterranean with some guy called Ross, she flew back to Greece to stay with another guy she met there during the trip. According to her, he was moving too quickly for her liking, so she came back to America and stayed with an old friend in Chicago. Until she got my call and immediately dropped everything to come see me. I’m not sure what her definition of immediately is, since I left that message two months ago.

“I’m graduating soon,” I tell her. “It would be nice if you could be there for the ceremony.” I’m hoping that if I see her in a public space, she might not be so hard on me. Plus, the guys and Reginald will be there as a buffer. A very awkward buffer.

“I’ll do my best. But is there much point in it?”

“What do you mean?” I frown.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

“It’s not like you can do anything with your degree since you’ll be stuck at home with the babies all day.”

“I can still work. There’s a newspaper I’m aiming to apply for. I could work from home a lot with it. And I’ll have Max and Maddox to help out.” I don’t know why I’m justifying myself to her. Force of habit, I guess.

She makes a face, but doesn’t say anything else.

“What?”

“It’s nothing. Just that I can’t see those boys sticking around for long. They were always playboys. I wouldn’t be surprised if they were sneaking around behind your back.” She really can’t help herself. Max and Maddox have been nothing but completely faithful to me, but I suppose it would be weird if my mom knew they were both virgins when we got together.

“They’re not—” I cut myself off with a frustrated grunt. There’s no point saying anything else.

The silence grows thicker between us. I always made a point of excusing myself before it got to this point, but I’m stuck in my own home with her.

“I’m kinda tired, do you need me to order you a car back to your hotel?”

Her thin eyebrows shoot up in surprise at my dismissal, but she doesn’t push to stay any longer.

“I can do it myself.”

As she’s booking a ride on her phone, I busy myself with tidying the kitchen.

“It’ll be here in thirty minutes,” she says, and my shoulders tense. I don’t want to have to spend another minute with her, but thirty minutes is quick considering our location.

“How about you show me around while I wait?”

I suppose that’s better than awkwardly standing in here.

The tour of the house is brief, the place isn’t massive, but it’s big enough for our needs.

“This is the nursery?” she gasps as I show off my new favorite room.

Tilting my head back, I pray that some miracle has her car arriving earlier than expected.

“Yes, Mom, this is the nursery, and if you have nothing nice to say about it, I’d rather you wait outside.”

“I didn’t say anything! It’s cute. I like the yellow and all the ducks.”

I must be seeing things because I swear she’s actually smiling.

“When you were a baby, I layered blankets up in an empty drawer and slept on the floor next to you most nights. You were a very fussy baby. Your father was supposed to buy a cot with the bonus he received the Christmas before I had you, but he lost it in a poker game with his friends.” She gets a distant look in her eye, and for the first

time I can remember, I feel truly sorry for her.

“You never talk about Dad.”

“There’s nothing to say. We’re both better off without him.” She doesn’t sound like she believes that. Clearing her throat, she points out the cots. “You have three.”

“I already told you we’re having triplets. Reginald bought the cots for us as a gift.”

“All three? They look expensive. You’ve really landed on your feet, haven’t you? Enjoy it while it lasts.”

I don’t have it in me to argue. Ignoring her bitterness, I go over to the drawers and fold some of the baby clothes that have been sitting on top to put away.

After a while, Mom asks, “Can I see them?”

At that, I smile. I always love showing them off.

I grab one of the latest scans from my bedroom and bring it to her. “You can keep it.”

“They’re beautiful. I have to ask, though...are you sure those boys actually love you? I thought Reginald loved me, but you know how that ended.”



*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

“Yes, by you cheating on him.”

“He did the same to me. He was always spending time with his receptionist rather than me.”

I pinch the bridge of my nose. How can she lie so easily? I believed her when she first started insisting he cheated on her, but we quickly discovered she was lying when Reginald’s receptionist introduced her girlfriend.

“You know he didn’t. He never spent time with you because he couldn’t stand to be near you.”

Shit. That was too mean.

Mom’s expression hardens. “I always found it difficult to get close to you, but maybe we’re more alike than we thought. Max and Maddox will grow bored with you. I can’t imagine someone like you ever being able to find two people interested in you enough to stick around.”

Her words stab me like an ice-cold shard to the heart. The attack doesn’t stop.

“You made a mistake and hooked up with them. I get it, I was young once. They should have helped you to get rid of the babies, not dragged you along with this whole charade. No one’s going to want to date a single Mom with triplets once they eventually leave you. You’ll be all alone, and who will have to pick up the pieces? Me!”

“Why are you so sure they’ll leave me?”

“Because that’s what men do! They use you, turn you into a mother or a stepmother, and once they’ve had enough, you’re out on your own again.”

My body is shaking so hard I can barely stand upright.

“Violet, I’m only trying to help take those rose-tinted glasses off that you’ve always worn.” She stretches her arms out for a hug, and I back away.

“No. You’ve never put me first. If you had, then you’d know that for the first time in my life, I am truly happy. This isn’t some fantasy I’m living out like you do every time you play house with some new guy. What I have with Max and Maddox is real. Maybe if you weren’t so selfish, you would have gotten to experience true love once in your life. But no, you don’t even know how to love your own daughter.”

Her face falls. The waterworks are about to start and I’m not falling for them.

“Mom, I need you to leave right now. There’s only one road in and out of here; you won’t miss your car. So start walking now. Please.”

“But, Violet, I want to be part of this.” She gestures to the room around her. “If you’re so insistent on staying with them, then let me help you with the wedding, and then when the children are here?—”

“I’ll think about it.”

“I’m still invited then?”

Is that seriously what she cares about? A wedding invite?

I'm not sure what I want from her anymore. But right now I need her out of my house.

"I'll think about it," I repeat a little softer this time for my own sake, not hers.

For once, she takes me seriously and listens.

"Alright. I'm going. I'm staying at the Quartz Hotel, and I'm only a text away if you want to talk again. I'd love to make this right."

I don't believe that for a second, but I desperately want to.

My body feels so numb, I barely register walking her to the front door. Mom says something else to me, probably more reasons why my relationship will never work, or why she should stay, but it's all muffled.

This is too much to deal with, and my mind feels like it's shutting down to protect me.

Once she's out of sight, I head to the bathroom and throw up. Then I take a shower, hoping the heavy rush of water will bring me back to my senses.

It does, but I can't bring myself to leave its comforting heat. I want Max and Maddox here to make me feel better, but they're both busy with work nowadays. It would be selfish to make them drop it all for me. I'd be just like my mother.

## CHAPTER 17

### MADDOX

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

I'm halfway through building my desk when Max barges through my office door, his face red and sweaty.

"Did you run all the way here from work?"

"Violet's in trouble," he says without taking a breath.

I'm instantly on my feet. "What happened? Is she okay?"

"I don't know. Her heart rate spiked and then stopped completely."

Ah, this again. I should never have agreed to him monitoring her health this much. A few days after the first scan, I caught him doing it on his phone. I thought it was a good idea at first. Violet always wears her smart watch as an extra level of safety for us to track her, so why not monitor her health through it as well?

All it does is add to Max's anxiety. "Max...are you sure you're not overreacting? She could have just taken it off."

"Are you fucking serious? Get your keys, we need to go!" He's already slamming his way out of the room, giving me no choice but to follow.

On my way out, I tell the contractors that I need to leave and will be back by the end of the day. Hopefully.

Fuck. I'm trying not to imagine what the hell's happened to Vi, but I can feel Max's anxiety building inside myself.

Within minutes, we're in the car and speeding home. The cabin's not too far out, but it's still a bit of a drive. Enough time for the worst to happen.

"Have you tried calling her?" I ask.

"Of course I have. She's not picking up."

"What about an ambulance?"

"Just drive!"

There's no reasoning with him when he's like this, and I can't blame him. If there's one thing to make us lose our heads, it's Violet.

The door to the cabin is slightly ajar when we arrive. Max doesn't wait for us to stop before he rushes inside.

"Violet!" he roars so loud I can hear him clear as day from inside the car. I quickly follow after him.

Down the hall, the shower's running, steam coming out from the open bathroom door.

Fuck. She could have overheated. Slipped. Cracked her head open.

"Why didn't you answer your phone?" Max shouts.

Turning into the room, I find him in the shower with Violet, the water battering down on him and soaking his clothes. Her naked body is pinned to the tiles. My eyes go straight to her bump. He's not crushing it. He has some sense left in him, at least. Not much, though, from the way he's reacting.

“I didn’t hear it, I was?—”

“We thought you were dead!” he shouts, his grip on her arms tightening. She looks over at me, confusion in her eyes.

“Max, back off her. She’s fine.”

He presses closer to her, burying his face in her neck and wrapping his arms around her shoulders. “You have to answer.” He sounds like he’s crying. “You always have to answer.”

Violet strokes his back, soothing him. “I promise I will. I’m sorry I didn’t this time. You don’t need to worry, the babies and I are okay.”

I step forward to help her, but she holds her hand up and softly shakes her head. Giving them some time together, I turn the shower off and grab a towel.

“Why did you think I was hurt? Did my mom say something to you?”

Max unburies his face from her neck, no doubt having the same questions as me.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

“You’ve heard from your mom?” I ask.

“Why would she talk to us?”

Violet sighs, her head knocking back against the shower wall. “She was here when I got home. She’d let herself in with the keys she still had from your dad.”

Jeez, I know the woman reeks of entitlement when it comes to her daughter, but to actually let herself in like that?

“We’ll get the locks changed.” I shake my head and hold the towel out for Violet. “Let’s get you dry.”

She takes it, but before she can use it, Max lifts her and carries her to the bedroom. He snatches up her watch from the sink on his way out. I follow behind and see that he’s shaking, but he doesn’t let his pain show any more than that.

He sits her on the bed and stands next to me in front of her, taking a similar stance to mine with his arms crossed over his chest. I don’t think he registers the water he’s dripping onto the carpet.

“What did your mom say to upset you?” I ask Violet. “Your eyes are red. Don’t tell me it’s from the shower.”

Looking between us, she must know there’s no hiding anything from us. “Pass me my bathrobe so I don’t freeze, and I’ll tell you everything.”

We've spoken in depth about the woman before. After all, we were all part of the same family once. I saw firsthand the manipulative shit Charity said to Vi, the way she put her own daughter down with a haughty smile. From the sound of what she did today, she hasn't changed a bit.

"You're not to see her again," Max says, making his thoughts extremely clear. I feel the same, but I'm hesitant to back him up. As much as it pains us, we're supposed to be giving Violet more freedom now that she's ours, not less.

"Oh, you forbid it?" Vi snarks back. "You can't stop me from seeing people. I'm not sure what I want to do about her yet. I need some time to process. But it will be my decision in the end."

Sensing Max about to object, I cut in, "We respect that. Don't we, Max?"

"Not when it comes to Charity saying harmful shit in front of our children. It's bad enough what she does to Violet. I'm not allowing someone who can slut and fat shame her own daughter anywhere near them."

My head snaps to Violet. He shouldn't have said that.

"Fat's not a bad word. I don't mind if you say it. I know I'm fat, and you two don't seem to find anything wrong with it."

"Because your goddamn perfect," Max states.

Violet smiles at him, then drops her head. "Things were tense today, and a lot has happened since Mom and I last saw each other. She's hurting from the divorce and probably didn't mean to word things the way she did. I'll let the air clear, and if she ends up coming to my graduation, then maybe that'll be a sign that she can change."



Charity doesn't deserve that kindness. She's had more than enough chances in the past. Our Violet is far too good. Too nice. That's why she needs us, so she can keep being the sweetheart that she is while we deal with any darkness threatening to touch her.

Max grunts out a noncommittal response and lays down on the bed next to her, his feet dangling off the edge. At least he's not fighting her on it anymore.

"You didn't tell me why you're here," Violet says. "Why were you so scared?"

Max doesn't look like he's going to admit what he's been doing, so I tell her instead. "The heart rate monitor on your smartwatch is linked to Max's phone. He saw it go up and came to get me."

Her nose scrunches, making her look even cuter than she already is, as she figures out what I'm saying. "What heart rate monitor?"

"There's a fitness app on your phone," Max states. "I downloaded it and connected it to your watch and my phone. I track your heart rate, how much sleep you're getting, your water intake, and your weight to make sure it's not going down." He holds up the watch as he speaks and is about to put it back down when he thinks better of it and puts it back on Violet's wrist instead.

She gets a mildly surprised look on her face. I can't believe she's not angry about this. Then again, she learned to expect the worst from us in the past.

"I'll make sure it's deleted if you don't want it," I reassure her.

"No, you won't!" Max snaps, sitting up and glaring at me.

Violet pushes him back down and straddles his lap, her robe sliding off her shoulders.

“Fuck,” I murmur under my breath. She’s a goddess. My body is drawn toward her luscious curves, pulling me closer until I’m sitting on the bed next to them, ogling her cleavage.

“I’m not deleting it,” Max reiterates, still glaring at me. “It’s for the babies’ well-being as well as Violet’s. You know damn well she has to keep her blood pressure down.”

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

Like, his attitude is going to help with that.

“I don’t want you to stop,” Violet says, surprising us both.

She rolls her hips over Max’s cock, his eyes manage to darken even more than the angry black pits they’d already become.

“Look at it.” Violet holds her arm out, showing the screen of her watch to him. “Does it tell you how much I need you right now?”

Max’s eyes snap to hers. With a deep growl, he cups the back of her head and yanks her down, meeting her halfway since she can’t bend with the bump in the way, and kisses her. Both their eyes close, their hands eagerly exploring each other. Max pushes her robe further down her arms, and I help to get it off completely. She’s a work of art, so curvy and bursting full of life. Even her tits look as swollen and tight as her belly.

Max breaks the kiss off and presses his forehead to hers. “You still want me after this?”

“Yes. Always.”

“I’m not going to stop any of it. I can’t.”

Placing her hands on his cheeks, she looks at him like he holds the world in his eyes. “I’ll always want you both in every form you take. Even the darker ones. You’re scared, and that’s okay. I think about it too. The time when we were apart. But then I

remember how you track my location or how one of you always manages to text me when something's wrong. I know there's no getting away from you, and that's what makes me feel safe. I love that you're both so protective."

I rest my hand on her stomach, and her warmth spreads through me. "We love you, baby."

"I love you, too. Always."

Max grabs her hips and starts to move her, making her grind her bare pussy against his wet jeans.

"Oh, that feels good," she whispers, her eyelashes fluttering, her lip caught between her teeth. Using Max's calves for support, Violet arches back. Her body swaying up and down as she pleasures herself on him.

Max reaches down to unzip his pants, but Violet grabs his wrist first.

"Maddox, I need you to do something for me." There's a mischievous glint in her eyes.

"Anything, baby."

"Hold our brother's arms above his head."

I'm not sure what she's planning, but I'm interested to find out. Rolling off the bed, I grab Max's wrists and fight to hold them down on either side of his head. Christ. He's really been working out. It's a struggle to overpower him, but I win in the end.

"What is this?" he snaps.

Violet places her finger on his lips, and he quiets down. “You’re always in control and ninety-nine percent of the time I love that, but you need to learn to relax.” She rolls her hips on him again, her face pinched with pleasure. It’s safe to say I’m extremely jealous of my brother, but if I close my eyes I can feel the weight and heat of her on my own dick.

A soft chuckle has me opening my eyes. Violet’s smirking down at us, her eager little subs ready to do her bidding.

Leaning forward, her breasts hang above Max’s waiting mouth. She curls her finger, beckoning me to come the rest of the way if I want a kiss. Of course, I fucking do.

My tongue dances with hers, savoring each warm caress. She starts whimpering, and I hear Max making loud, wet slurping noises below us. What is he doing down there?

Violet grips my shoulder like her life depends on it and cries into my mouth. “Oh my god!” Her entire body shakes, an orgasm taking her by surprise. “What’s happening to me?”

“You’re lactating, sweetheart,” Max croons.

“Holy shit!” I gasp in awe, pulling back to see for myself. My grip on Max slackens, and his hands slip free.

A smear of creamy liquid coats his grinning lips. “I think I’ve found my way to relax.” He latches back onto Violet’s nipple. She yelps and tries to climb off him, but he holds her down.

I swear I can hear the release of her milk as Max forcefully sucks and my mouth waters. I should resist the temptation. That’s for our babies after all. Not for us to greedily take from her. But they’re not here yet. There’s plenty of time to collect it

for them.

“Fuck it.” Licking my lips, I start to zone in.

Violet catches the movement and shakes her head. “Not you as well.”

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

“Yes, baby. Give your big brother a taste of that milk.”

Her screams as my lips latch onto her other nipple quickly turn into moans of pleasure.

This is incredible. I’m actually sucking milk from my little whore’s breast. Not only is her heart completely ours, but her body knows who it belongs to as well.

“You’re so fucking sweet,” I mumble, catching my breath.

Lust and exhaustion glaze Violet’s eyes, her lips parting with soft pants. She cups the back of Max’s head, holding him in place on her breast, and reaches for me to do the same. It would be mean not to oblige her needs.

“How does this feel so good?” she exhales blissfully.

I would ask the exact same thing if my mouth wasn’t stuffed full of tit and milk.

After what could be a few minutes or a full hour—I’m too milk-drunk to tell—Violet wearily says, “I-I need to lie down.”

Max and I work together to make her comfortable on the bed. He takes his wet clothes off and lies next to her, popping a nipple back into his mouth. I do the same on the other side.

She cups our heads again. Nothing has ever felt as right as this moment. We’ve always belonged to each other, and now we’re fully connected.

It's not long before her grip on my hair slackens, her hands flopping down to the mattress where she's fallen asleep. I look over at Max and see he has as well, with her nipple still in his mouth. I'm just pleased he's found a new stress reliever. Hopefully, he'll be able to calm down for the rest of the pregnancy.

## CHAPTER 18

### VIOLET

It's a beautiful day as we drive to Max and Maddox's father's house. The sun's shining and there's barely a cloud to be seen, which is lucky as we've had to pull over at every stop going so I could find a place to pee.

We don't need to worry about being late since Reginald is way more laid back than he used to be. He's visited us a handful of times this year to help Maddox with his business, and we told him about the babies over dinner, not long after our first scan. This weekend we're visiting for a very different reason.

Monday is James' sentencing. Max and I won't stick around to see him hopefully go down since I need to get back for graduation, and they refuse to leave me alone, but Maddox will. We thought spending the weekend in the place where we got to know each other would help make the wait before the trial feel a little easier.

By the time we arrive at Reginald's, it's past noon and we're all starving. We pull into the driveway, and he comes out to greet us wearing a suit and tie like he always does. The man is always dressed ready for a business meeting.

He meets us as we're getting out of the car and pulls me in for a hug. I stiffen for a moment before reciprocating. I'm barely able to get my arms around him. It's a strange concept having a parental figure in my life who's so affectionate.



Max and Maddox come to my side, holding our bags.

“You’re so big now!” Reginald smiles, holding me at arm’s length to get a good look at my bump.

“Yes, she is,” Maddox says with an undertone of lust. I chuckle awkwardly.

We head inside and leave our bags at the foot of the stairs. Everything looks exactly the same as when I left. I wonder how Reginald manages to live in such a big place all alone.

“I tried cooking lunch, but I’m sure you don’t want burnt food, so we can order in instead. Anything you’re in the mood for?” He seems delighted to have us all here. I thought it might have been awkward, but it’s like we never left.

“Something nice and creamy,” Maddox answers his dad, and my head slowly rotates to look at him, my cheeks probably look as bright red as they feel. Ever since he and Max had a taste of my milk, he’s been non-stop cracking jokes about it.

“Creamy? Um, you can probably find something like that if we order Italian,” Reginald muses, searching in a drawer for some takeout menus. I want the ground to swallow me whole.

“How’s work been?” I ask while glaring at Maddox.

“Busier than usual because of the Mikael trial...” he trails off and looks awkwardly at me.

“It’s fine. We’re here because of him. How’s it looking? His dad got sent down pretty easily, will it be the same for him?”

He passes the takeout menus to Maddox. “I can’t say much, but the evidence is all there. Unfortunately, it’s a different judge this time.”

Usually, Reginald has a good poker face, but this time he seems nervous. I have a good feeling about it.

## Page 41

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

We sit around the table and catch up while deciding what to get for lunch. Maddox ends up making us all hungry for Italian despite the connotations that his dad hasn't picked up on. Thank god.

The doorbell rings about thirty minutes later. "That'll be the food. Max, want to give me a hand?"

Max looks at me like he wants me to make him stay, but I urge him to go with his dad. They could do with some alone time.

"Sure," he mumbles.

Maddox heads over to the kitchen counter. "Hey, Vi, can you help me make a coffee?"

"What do you need help with?" I push up off the chair, my back still aching from being in the car for so long.

He steps out of the way so I'm between him and the counter.

"I need cream for it."

"Why did you need my help for—oh, no you don't!" Wrapping his arms around me, he holds me in place and tugs the front of my dress down. "Your father is literally down the hall! He'll be back any second," I hiss.

"Better be quick then."

There's no getting out of this. He's got me locked in. Accepting my fate, I stop struggling.

Maddox chuckles in my ear as he reaches into my bra and pulls out my right breast. I had to switch to maternity bras after the first time they milked me. My breasts are constantly leaking, and with my midwife's go-ahead, I've started hand expressing, getting a supply of colostrum ready for the babies. The guys are more than eager to help me with it.

Maddox rolls my nipple between his fingers, stiffening it, and I bite down on my lip hard so I don't make a sound. Wetness pools in my underwear, and I pray I get a moment to change after this.

"I've been researching the best ways to milk you," he says quietly. I look down to see him kneading the flesh around my nipple. Tiny droplets of milk form on the puckered skin, and then a small spurt shoots out, hitting the wall.

"Shit!" Maddox aims for the cup, most of it splashing the counter rather than going into his coffee. "You're going to have to let me practice this more when we're back home. I could do those cool designs that baristas do."

I glare up at him. Footsteps suddenly sound behind us, and I squeak. "Hurry up and finish already!"

"Are you fucking?"

"Max, it's you," I sigh with relief.

I can't see past his brother's large frame, but I hear his voice getting closer. "Can't believe you got there first. I always imagined taking her in every room of this house. Sneaking into her room at night and going down on her. Fucking her over the kitchen

table before our parents came down for breakfast. Having her on her knees in the shower. Fuck, the fantasies were relentless back then.”

Maddox grows hard from his brother’s words and reaches down to adjust himself. I take the opportunity to put my breast back into my bra and slide away from him.

“We weren’t fucking,” I whisper harshly.

“You certainly look like you were—ah, I see.” Max spots the milk on the counter and puts down the bag of takeout he’s holding on a non-milky spot.

Maddox proudly lifts his coffee and takes a sip. “Fucking delicious.”

There’s barely anything in the cup. They make it sound like I’m some dairy cow producing gallons of milk for them, but half the time they stay sucking on my breasts just because they get off on it.

I try to quickly clean myself up before Reginald comes back in. His footsteps echo down the hall.

“Sorry, I had to take a call. Is everything alright?” He asks, looking between the three of us with a perplexed expression.

“Y-yeah, we just spilled some milk making coffee,” I say, smoothing my dress out.

“Oh, I’d love a coffee. Is there any left?”

“A full supply,” Maddox laughs, and I elbow him in the ribs, making him almost spill his drink.

“Sorry, I’m cleaning it up.” I grab a cloth and start wiping the countertop.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

“Don’t worry about it, I’ll sort it after we eat.”

“It’s my mess, I’ll?—”

Reginald takes the cloth from me. “Violet, I’m not having my pregnant daughter-in-law cleaning my house. Sit down, please.”

Maddox snickers quietly, and I shoot him a look over my shoulder as I follow Reginald to the table. I can’t believe my father-in-law is going to be cleaning up my breast milk. I’m absolutely mortified.

Thankfully, nothing else embarrassing happens over lunch, and the conversation steers toward safer topics. Mainly because every time Maddox starts to make a joke, I kick him under the table.

“How far along are you now, Violet?”

Grabbing my purse, I pull out our latest 3D scans and give one to Reginald.

“We just hit twenty-four weeks.” I rub my stomach tenderly.

He admires the scan and puts it on the fridge next to the others we’ve given him over the months.

Seeing them up there makes my heart feel torn. I love that he’s so excited and has greeted our entire relationship with nothing less than open arms. But it makes me long for that connection with my mom. I wonder what she’s done with the scan I

gave her. Probably left forgotten at the bottom of her purse. I've not heard from her since she showed up at the house.

"How's all your wedding prep coming along? Have you chosen a date yet?" Reginald asks.

"We have a rough idea, it'll be this summer, before the triplets arrive. I'm going to give myself a little break after graduation and then go at it full swing. My maid of honor, Sarah, is amazing at party planning, so she'll be helping out with it all."

"I'm here to lend a hand if you need it. Don't worry about the cost of anything. I expected to be paying for two weddings for my sons, so you get double the budget."

My jaw drops. Maddox and Max take my hands on either side of me.

"Wow, that's so kind of you."

Reginald nods his head and leans against the counter. He studies us, warmth filling his eyes. He looks a lot like an older version of Maddox like that. "Whatever you don't spend, I'd like to give to my grandchildren. I set up a fund as soon as you told me you were pregnant. I'll add any leftover wedding money to that, and it'll be theirs when they're eighteen."

"Are you serious?" Maddox chokes out.

"Thank you so much," I tell him, feeling teary-eyed.

"That's...generous. Thanks, Dad." Max smiles a little more than he usually does at his father.

"You're welcome. I know I said I'd have the whole weekend free for you, but I'm

afraid I do have to head into the office for a bit this afternoon. It's because of Monday." His words hang in the air. I know the boys have always resented how much their father works, but this time is different.

"Violet," Reginald clears his throat. "Are you sure you won't be there?"

"No, she won't," Max interjects sharply.

Part of the process against James was to give statements about what happened at college. They started as written ones, and then they wanted me to go in for a recording. I did both last year, and it was hard enough remembering what to omit about Max and Maddox's involvement without the baby brain. Reginald believes that my presence might sway the case in our favor, but I'm too worried I'll say the wrong thing and screw it up. The last thing I want is to accidentally get Max and Maddox in trouble for what they did.

"There's enough evidence for him to get sent down without her being involved anymore. You said so yourself," Max adds.

Reginald holds his hands up, dropping the subject. "It's your call. I'll see you later. Make yourselves at home while I'm gone. Your rooms are all still made up."

He heads out, the door closing behind him.

We're left in silence until Maddox breaks it. "Looks like you'll still get your wish, Max."

We both wait for him to elaborate, and he smirks. "You'll get to fuck our little sister in her bed."

## CHAPTER 19



MAX

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

“You’ll get to fuck our little sister in her bed.”

“I’m not sure if I want to have sex in your dad’s house. It feels wrong.”

Violet’s chair scrapes along the floor as she pushes back with her legs. I hold my arm out so the back of her neck slots into the palm of my hand. She squeaks as I close my fingers and hold her in place.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Leaning in close, I press my nose to her cheek and whisper, “We’re all alone. Maybe all of my fantasies will finally come to life.”

I feel her tense in my hold. “We shouldn’t do this.”

She’s not into it? I relax my fingers and let her go.

“It being so wrong is exactly why we should do this,” Mad says.

Violet’s smirking as she stands up and backs away to the door, one hand pressed to her chest. “No, you’re my big brothers. We could get caught, and it’s so...so dirty.”

Oh, fuck, she’s playing into the fantasy.

Mad and I are on our feet, prowling after her.

“Seems she wants to play, Mad.”

“I’m not sure if she’s ready to play our games. She looks far too innocent for that.”

Raking my eyes over her body, over her delicious curves, I say, “She was never innocent. Our Violet has always been a little whore waiting for the moment she gets to spread her legs for us.”

She licks her lips, her eyes on our growing cocks in our jeans. Not looking where she’s going, her back bumps into the doorframe. As she looks behind her, we take the opportunity to lunge for her.

With a scream, she’s running away up the stairs to her old room. Following her up, we take it slow and give her time to slam the door on us.

I head in first. Opening the door slowly.

“You can’t be in here.” She faces me and backs up.

I smile at her. The backs of her knees hit the bed, and I hear the door close behind me.

She sits on the edge of the bed, and I stop by her side, running my fingers along her jaw.

“We’ve got you now, little sister.”

I’m rock hard, and when I unzip myself, I hear the loud swallow of Violet’s throat. She stares at my length as I stroke it.

“It’s not going to suck itself.” I tap her cheek and she whimpers, opening her hot little mouth for me.

Bracing one hand on the back of her head, I thrust all the way in until she’s gagging and her nose is pressed tight to my stomach.

“Play with yourself while you worship your big brother’s cock. Touch that swollen clit until you explode for me.”

Her throat convulses around the head of my cock and I know my obedient girl is touching herself, getting herself off on my command. Knowing how much she trusts me has me bucking my hips in pleasure, ramming her throat with one sharp jab.

“I’ll never get over how fucking hot she is.” Mad walks up to Violet’s other side and wipes some drool off her chin. Her wary eyes stray from mine to keep watch of him.

I couldn’t care less what he does next. Relaxing my posture, I tilt my head back and leisurely use her mouth. Pulling out enough for her lips to hungrily suck on the tip and pushing back in when she’s about to take a breath. Each time her throat closes around me, my legs shake, and I grip her hair harder.

“That’s it, baby, give me a taste.”

Looking down at Mad, I see him squat in front of Violet, his cheeks hollowed out as he drinks from her swollen breast. It’s hypnotizing to watch. I can taste the sweetness on my tongue. Feel the warm milk running down my throat. I’m fucking salivating for a turn, but just as I open my mouth to demand it, Mad’s pulling away and lining his cock up with her nipple.

My movements slow in Violet’s mouth, my cock softly gliding over her tongue as I keep my eyes on that one breast dripping milk onto my twin’s cock.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

“I know you’ve got more in here for me. Soak my cock, baby, cover me in your sweetness.”

With my cock in her mouth she’s unable to look down at Mad kneading her breast, but I can see it all. The milk spurting onto his length until it’s dripping off. Violet’s eyes rolling back in her head. The fast jerky movements of her arm as she rubs her clit. It tells me everything I need to know. She’s loving all this attention.

As much as I want to stay in the warm embrace of her mouth, I need her milk covering my dick even more. I pull out, leaving her gasping for breath, but she doesn’t get a moment to catch it as I work her other nipple hard, milk shooting out and hitting my pelvis before I aim it at my cock.

“Oh, fuck. That feels so fucking good.” I stroke myself, massaging the milk into myself, my hand gliding smoothly over my length.

Violet lets out a little squeak when I catch her eye. “It would be rude not to share,” I drawl, bringing the tip back to her lips. I coat them in the mix of my come and her milk, glossing them insistently until finally she gets the idea and opens back up.

“That’s my good, obedient girl,” I sigh, closing my eyes and getting lost in the sensations her well-trained mouth brings.

Something hot and firm nudges at my length. Mad’s cock is trying to find its way into her mouth.

“Wait your turn,” I snap.

Violet gulps around me, and she looks relieved I've told him to back off, but that makes me change my mind.

"Got something to say?" I ask her.

She mumbles something incoherent from her full mouth.

"Did you hear that, Mad?"

He's holding her hand around his length now, making her jerk him off.

"Hear what?"

I scoff out a laugh as he whimpers.

"The little whore wants to be double stuffed."

Both of their eyes go wide for entirely different reasons.

I pull out, and she gasps for air. "You definitely won't fit."

Mad leans in close and grabs her chin. "We always make it fit, baby. Trust us."

I watch as she squeezes her thighs together, her arm moving faster where her hand is hidden under her bump.

"Open," I command, and she keeps her lips sealed tight. "Be a good girl."

"Come on, baby," Mad croons, rubbing the tip of his cock over her lips. "You know you want a taste."

She shakes her head, and I roll my eyes. Grabbing her ponytail, I hold her head in place and pinch her nose with my other hand.

Her panic turns into stubbornness, and she scowls at me, her cheeks glowing redder by the second.

“I can do this all day, sweetheart.”

She doesn’t give in, and I chuckle. Getting closer to her face, I whisper, “If you pass out, we’ll still use your body. You just won’t be able to enjoy it along with us. So. Open. Up.”

She looks to Mad for help.

“Sorry, baby, I’m not turning down ramming both our cocks into your throat at once.” He keeps stroking himself, and a shot of precum hits her cheek. “Ah, fuck, hurry up, please.”

Violet’s lashes start to flutter as tears leak down her cheeks. Her lips part on a huge gasp. Mad and I are on the same wavelength as we both hook a finger into her cheeks and stretch them wide. Our cocks nudge together as we slide over her outstretched tongue.

“Mmph,” she groans.

## Page 45

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

“Shit, shit, I’m going to come!” Mad grabs my shoulder.

“No! You fucking hold it. I want to see her choke on both our loads at the same time.”

He whimpers. Violet grabs our thighs, more tears streaming down her face. This is what I’ve always wanted. I spent so many nights jacking off to this image, granted my brother’s dick wasn’t in the picture, but back then I didn’t know this was possible. To have someone so willing to debase themselves for my and my brother’s pleasure.

We take it in turns to pull out of her, then fill her throat at once. Each time she thinks she knows what she’s getting next, I switch it up. Mad follows my lead without needing to be told what to do.

“Gag on it like a good fucking whore.”

I pull my t-shirt up and hold it with my teeth so I can get the best view. Violet’s greedy eyes take in my abs, and I flex my stomach to show off. I’ve put a lot of work into my body, and it’s been triple the effort to maintain, but so fucking worth it for Vi to look at me like that.

Her fingers trace over the scar on my thigh. It tingles, my muscles twitching under the skin. But it doesn’t hurt. All I’m feeling now is pleasure.

“I seriously can’t hold it.” Mad is sweating. I only now realize that he’s still holding onto me. It feels oddly right, the three of us connected in this unholy trinity in our childhood home, no less.



Dropping my shirt, I say, “You better suck harder, sweetheart. It’ll be you getting punished if our brother finishes too soon.”

She panics and swallows. One hand flying up to cup my balls and play with them just the way I like.

“Fuck, that’s it,” I encourage her and stroke her head. She screams around us as she hits her peak first.

“I’m-I’m coming!” Mad whimpers, his hips thrusting forward and freezing in that position as he comes in her mouth. It washes over my cock and Violet’s tongue laps us both clean. The sensation is my undoing.

“Take it all, sweetheart. Choke. On. It.” Mad’s cock has softened enough for mine to pop right into Violet’s throat where I empty myself. She gags around me, swallowing it down like a goddamn natural.

Stumbling backward, I slip from her mouth and brace myself against the desk. “That was—” I’m too out of breath to talk.

“Intense,” Mad finishes my thought.

“It was amazing,” Violet sighs, flopping back on the bed.

“Don’t go getting too comfy,” I tell her. She props herself up on her elbows. Her face is an absolute mess of tears, mascara, milk, and come. “I have plans for you to ride my face and then we’re milking you again before filling your pussy up and parading you around town.”

## CHAPTER 20

MAX

I've never felt prouder than I do in this moment. I'm walking through my hometown, hand in hand with my ex-stepsister who is now my fiancée, my come dripping down her thighs, and my babies in her belly. My brother looks just as smug as me on her other side in his sunglasses with a wide grin on his face. Between us, Violet is smiling sweetly, observing the scenery around her without a care in the world. This is how it was always meant to be.

We get a few looks from some old faces I recognize, and their shock only makes me feel smugger.

The town is small enough for word to spread quickly, so I'm assuming that news of our engagement and pregnancy is already out. Well, the pregnancy part definitely is now if it wasn't before. Violet's dress does nothing to hide the swell of her stomach.

"There's a new clothes store! Can we see if they have a baby section?" Violet picks up speed and drags us toward the store.

"Of course. But don't we have enough clothes? The drawers are packed full at home."

She stops and gives me a serious look. "Max. We are going to be dealing with three little poop machines, the more clothes the better."

"She's right," Mad agrees, and with that, we're heading into the store.

Violet hurries excitedly to the newborn section, and we follow slowly behind her, keeping watch like two bodyguards.

"Are you still sure about what you said before?" Mad asks once she's out of earshot.

He takes his sunglasses off, and there's a nervous look in his eye. I know exactly what he's talking about.

"Yes." I've thought about it plenty. Pictured Violet's face when she sees who's waiting for her at the altar. How she'll cry happy tears when she says I do to someone who's not me. And it doesn't make me sad because she's going to be doing it all with a part of me.

"We could draw straws instead?"

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

After checking Violet's okay, I pull him aside. "We tried to make it fair, and it didn't work, remember? I know you, Mad, as cocky as you are you'd never put yourself before Violet's feelings. You didn't have a breakdown when she didn't answer the phone. You put her first. So trust me when I say this is the right thing to do."

For once, he doesn't make a joke. He's always serious when it comes to Violet.

We don't need to say anymore. I feel it the moment he accepts that this is what's best.

Violet comes over, breaking us out of our silent connection.

"Look at how cute these rompers are! They're so tiny! They even have them in yellow to match our nursery theme." Violet holds the clothes up to show us, that oblivious smile still plastered on her face as it should be.

"Get as many as you want, sweetheart. You're right about the more the better." I lean in close and tip her chin up with the pad of my finger. "We should make sure we have plenty for all the babies that will come after these three."

Her eyes widen, her cheeks flaming red. "You're not joking about that, are you?"

I shake my head slowly, a wide grin forming. It's cute that she thinks all the talk of us keeping her constantly pregnant was ever a joke.

She heads back to the rack of clothes, picking a few more things out. Mad quietly watches her, appreciating her joy. I wrap my arm around his shoulder and pat him on the chest. "The way you're looking at her. That's the reason why it has to be you."

After a few more stores, we stop off to grab some coffee for the walk back to Dad's place.

"Violet, is that you?" A female voice calls out from across the street.

I pull Violet behind me as they cross over to us.

"It's only Chloe," Violet says, stepping into view. I immediately block her again.

Chloe, whose boyfriend was friends with James. I can't be sure whose side she's on.

"Hi! I didn't think I was going to see you around here again." Chloe pants.

"I've been busy with college and everything else. Max, will you please move?" I don't budge, and Violet takes it upon herself to circle around me. She gestures to her stomach with the hand with both engagement rings on.

"Oh wow! Congrats. Who's the dad?"

Violet points both her thumbs toward me and Mad.

"Oh. Oh!" Chloe's face goes bright red. She leans in to whisper in Violet's ear, and I'm about to pull Violet away when I hear what she says. "Good for you. I'm sorry for trying to set you up with James. I had no idea he was like that."

"What? A rapist?" Mad makes sure he's loud enough for everyone to hear.

"Um, I'll leave you to it. It was nice to see you."

Knowing we don't want her here, she starts walking away, but Violet calls out, "I have a new number if you ever want to catch up properly!"

Chloe hesitates, eyeing Mad and me.

“Ignore them. They’re just grumpy because I made them come shopping with me.”

They end up exchanging numbers, and Mad quietly says to me, “Why exactly are we okay with this? She left Violet alone to be fucking assaulted.”

“She didn’t know.” At least that’s what I’m telling myself to allow this. I’ll be sure to keep an eye on her if she does end up getting close to Violet again. But for now, I refuse to be the one to suck the joy out of today for her.

Dad’s already home by the time we get back. Violet heads straight upstairs for a nap with Mad following close behind. Before I have a chance to go with them, Dad’s calling me into his office.

I slouch down in the chair in front of his desk and shove my hands in my pockets. He always hated it when I used to sit like this, but it doesn’t seem to faze him anymore. I’ve been here far too many times for one of his talks. Usually, they were about how I needed to do more to secure my future. Guess I’m not too old for another one. In a way, I’m grateful for them. Now, I put all that obsessive training I had for baseball into caring for Violet.

“Did you have a nice time in town? Not much has changed since you moved.”

“You never bring me in here for small talk, so what do you want?”

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

He frowns at me, but to my surprise, doesn't reprimand me for disrespecting him.

"Alright, I'll get straight to the point. Maddox told me about your job."

I sit a little straighter. How does Maddox know I quit? I've been pretending to go every morning and then wandering around the city or hanging out in the park or gym until it's time to go home.

Dad leans forward on his desk and steeples his fingers under his chin. "Are you really happy there? You have plenty of skills and experience from your baseball days, Max. It's a shame to waste them. I've been speaking to coach Reid, and he says he'd love to have you assist him. You can work part-time if you need to." He nods toward my bad side. "How is it nowadays?"

"I'm managing," I say gruffly.

"I'm glad. I'll set you up a meeting with Reid before you leave Monday, then." He starts writing it down in his schedule.

"I don't want that."

The pen stops mid-word on the page. Dad slowly meets my gaze. "But it was your life. You can't leave it all behind because of what happened. Some of your old teammates are still in town; you could visit them, get a reminder of what you always loved. You can still make a career out of it despite everything."

"I'm not doing this again."

I stand up to leave, but Dad stops me. “Max, please. I...I only want what’s best for you. I don’t know how to talk to you anymore, you’re always so closed off.”

Turning back to him, I’m ready to lash out, but as soon as I see his somber face, my anger vanishes.

“When I first told you I got a job, you were happy for me. Was it a lie?”

“No. But I know you, Max. You can hate me all you want for pushing you so hard back then, but you enjoyed it. Until Violet came along.”

I open my mouth to interrupt him, but he carries on.

“I see it now. The love you were missing. I put so much energy into securing your future that I didn’t stop to see what you needed in the moment. I should have been a better father. Which is why I have to ask why you have this job? Maddox is starting his own business doing what he loves, Violet will have the babies to look after?—”

I scoff. “She doesn’t want to be a stay-at-home mom. She wants a career of her own.”

“Will she have time? I remember how hard it was raising twins, your mother didn’t want a nanny to help, so she did it herself while I worked until...”

“Until she died, and you chose to work harder. I don’t hate you for that. Not anymore. But it’s not what I want for my family.”

He walks around his desk so we’re eye to eye, and I see how tired he is. The trial’s probably taken a lot out of him, even though he’s not directly working it.

“Then what do you want? I can help.”



“I appreciate it, Dad. You’ve done a lot for Mad and Violet, and now for the babies. Honestly, all I want is for them to be looked after. You’ve done more than enough. The rest of it is up to us to figure out by ourselves.”

He gives me a solemn nod. I turn to leave, and suddenly he hugs me. “I really am proud of you, Max.”

My shoulders start to feel a little lighter.

Upstairs, I find Violet asleep in Mad’s bed. His body curled around hers, his hand resting on her bump over the covers. I leave them in peace and head across the hall to my room. I’ve not been in here since I left to find Violet. It’s been tidied up since then. New sheets are on the bed, and there’s not a speck of dust anywhere.

My trophies are all neatly lined up on the shelves where I left them. I used to stare at them each morning, psyching myself up to go to practice. Now I feel nothing when I look at them. Is this what moving on feels like? Have I reached the final stage of my grieving?

Deciding it’s time for them to go for good, I grab some trash bags and boxes from the garage and start clearing up.

I don’t realize I’ve lost track of time until I hear Violet’s concerned voice behind me. “What are you doing?”

“Sorting my shit out. I don’t need this anymore.” I smile at her, gesturing to the boxes. She doesn’t say anything, just gives me a worried look.

Letting out a lighthearted laugh, I take hold of her hands and sit her on the edge of my bed. “I’m not having a breakdown. This feels really good. I’m past it all now, so there’s no point holding onto any of it. I actually need to talk to you both. I have a

confession to make?—”

“It can’t be that bad if you’re smiling,” Mad says, leaning against my desk, his blond hair messy from sleep and sticking up at the top.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

Without hesitating any longer, I get right to it. “I quit my job. To be honest, I barely even started it.”

“What? When?” Violet gasps.

“I walked out on my first day.”

She brings her hand to her mouth and her eyes well with tears. This is why I avoided telling her for so long. I didn’t want to face her disappointment.

“Where have you been going every day?” Violet’s concern turns to confusion. Mad moves next to her and puts his hand on her shoulder. There’s a wary look in his eye. He thinks I’ve done something to hurt her.

“Nowhere in particular. But I’ve had a lot of time to think, and I know what I want to do. You two will have your dream jobs, and I’ll have mine. I want to be the one who stays home and looks after the babies.”

A chorus of sighs fills the room.

“That’s it? You want to be a stay-at-home dad?” Mad chuckles. “Damn, Max, you could have told us that at any point, you didn’t have to announce it. Does this mean you’ll have dinner on the table for me every night?”

“You’ll be doing your own chores,” I tell him, my tone lighter than usual.

“Did you think we wouldn’t be happy with your choice?” Standing up, Violet cups

my cheeks and searches my eyes. “You should have told us from the start. I just want to see you fully happy again. Maddox and I will accept whatever you want. And honestly, I love the idea.”

“You do?” A gentle warmth lights up my heart.

“I’m happy as long as you’re one hundred percent sure this is what you want.”

“A million.” I smile at her, picking her up how I imagine I’ll carry her home on our wedding night. Her legs dangling over my arm as she holds onto my neck. The weight of her in my arms is what grounds me the most. “You’ve always been my dream, sweetheart. Now you and these babies are my life.”

“I love you. Can you please put me down now? I weigh a ton.”

“You weigh the perfect amount.” I drop her gently onto my bed and admire the way she sprawls out on my covers. My teenage wet dream come to life.

I place my knee on the bed between her legs, forcing them apart. Staring at her heaving chest, I crawl over her. “All this work has given me quite the appetite.”

## CHAPTER 21

### MADDOX

We decide to spend most of Sunday clearing out our old rooms.

There’s not much worth keeping in mine. I’d already brought my video games and anything sentimental home with me months ago.

After a quick shower and a change into some clean sweats and a tank top, I head to

help Max and Vi finish up.

They're both in her room. She's humming along to some pop song playing out of her old speaker system. Her plump ass wiggling side to side in her daisy print overalls as she sorts through her drawers. I wonder if she's noticed the lack of panties yet. I put them all to good use last year.

Max is sitting on the floor, sorting through a pile of books. Neither of them has noticed her phone is lit up on the bed with multiple notifications.

"Baby, your phone."

"Oh, it's probably just Sarah wondering how the weekend's going. I'll text her back when I'm done," Vi says over her shoulder.

It keeps buzzing, and I try to ignore it, but its persistence is irritating me, so I decide to put it on silent. Sure enough, there are a few unread messages from Sarah, but they're from over an hour ago. The recent ones are from an unknown number.

Everyone sees how disgusting your relationship is but you

Those babies don't deserve a fat slut as a mother. They'll hate you when they're older

Watch your back or you'll lose it all

An uneasy feeling settles deep in my bones. I'm immediately reminded of the last time she had messages from an anonymous person. It can't be a coincidence that the day before James' sentencing she's getting them.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

My initial reaction is to hide the truth from her. But that's never done us any good before.

"Vi, baby, these texts..."

She spins, her eyes wide and full of guilt.

"You already know?" I ask.

She puts down the dress she's holding and looks at her feet. "I— yeah. I've been getting them for a while."

"What texts?" Max says, getting up and taking the phone from me.

"Why the hell didn't you tell us? These are fucking vile. This one says they hope you lose the babies, and we'll leave you."

Jesus, what sick person has been sending them?

Violet looks back up, her chin wobbling with shock. "They've never been that bad before. Usually, it's about how wrong it is for us to be together or how much of a slut I am. I don't care what anyone thinks of us, so I was deleting them and blocking the numbers."

"Numbers? How long exactly has this been going on for?" Max shouts. I shoot him a warning look, telling him to reel it in, and he does. "Sorry, sweetheart. I'm concerned, is all."

She stands there frozen and clearly in need of a hug. I'm about to go to her when Max swoops in first. Good. He needs to learn to be softer with her when his temper gets the better of him.

"Baby, you've been dealing with this all by yourself?" I ask.

"Sarah knows, but it's honestly not a big deal. Well, it wasn't until they mentioned my babies. Did they really say that?" Her words are muffled from the way she's pressing her face into Max's chest.

He tilts her chin up. "We'll get you a new phone, a new number. It'll stop, then Mad and I will deal with it."

"How? You can't go around hurting people. I graduate in two days. I'll never have to see Aaron again after that."

"They're from Aaron?" I knew we should have dealt with him from the start.

"I assume so. He's said some nasty things to my face before."

Closing my eyes, I take a breath. When I open them, Max's are on me. He gives me the tiniest nod. We'll deal with him. Violet doesn't have to know a thing.

"Are you sure you want to stay?" Violet's arms are locked around my neck. I have to stoop a little so she can reach me, but the discomfort is worth it.

"It's only for a day. Dad will drive us back in time for your graduation, I swear it. And if you miss me, then look at Max's face. I know he's not quite as handsome as me, but he'll do in a pinch." I wink at her and she laughs, the melodic sound of it always brings a smile to my face.

“It should be me staying,” Max says.

“No, it shouldn’t. You said it yourself. This is your life now, you don’t need to see his face to move on.”

“But you do?” He calls me out.

After seeing those texts, I definitely do. Once he’s away for good then all that’s left are his fuckface friends who think they can insult my girl and get away with it.

“Will you video call tonight?” Violet asks hopefully, pushing up onto her tiptoes to press her forehead to mine.

“Of course. It’s my turn for storytime with the babies. But right now it’s time for you to go home.” After unlocking Violet’s arms from my neck, I toss Max the car keys, and he goes to start the engine.

“I don’t want to leave you.” Violet’s tiny voice breaks my heart.

I try not to think of the moment she left for college and how I shut her out in this very spot, but it’s clearly still hurting her.

Pulling her close for another hug, I brush my lips against her ear. “It’s not like last time.”

It’ll never be like that again.



### CHAPTER 22

#### VIOLET

Oh, how I love waking up this way, in my comfy bed with a wet tongue lapping at my pussy. Max must have woken up super horny today from the way he's eating me out like he's starving.

I stretch my limbs, spreading my legs wider and grabbing the headboard for support. I'm close to coming, but he keeps ignoring my clit every time I get there. "Stop teasing and let me come already," I whine, lifting my hips higher.

He pulls away completely and I'm about to open my eyes to see what he's up to when the fat head of his cock presses against my clit. I bite my lip and moan as he rubs it there over and over.

"More. Please," I beg.

I feel him glide down to my pussy, notching himself inside, but not going all the way yet. He really did wake up ready to play.

"Max, please!"

"Max?!"

My eyes fly open at the same moment I'm filled in one hard thrust. Maddox is naked between my legs, biting back a whimper, his head tilted back the slightest bit. Dark

golden eyes lock onto mine, and I gasp.

“You thought I was my brother?” He lifts my ankles onto his shoulders and slowly pulls out. “That’s a first. I should get some kind of reward for you finally getting it wrong.”

“I don’t think that’s how rewards work.”

I exhale as he pushes back inside, his balls loudly slapping my ass. Cupping my round belly with his large hands, he thrusts in and out of me.

“Tell me how much you missed me, baby.”

So much. My heart ached for him.

Pretending to be bored, I idly stroke my fingers over the skull tattoo on his chest. “You were only gone for a day. I had Max to keep me busy.”

He stops, his cock deep inside me. Dropping my legs, he leans over and grabs my face, squishing my cheeks. “You’re lying. Want to know how I know you are?”

He slowly pulls his cock out of me and I feel every thick inch dragging along my inner walls as he exits, my eyes rolling back, my body shuddering. “How?” I mumble through his hold.

“A whore like you would never be satisfied with one cock.”

He pushes back into my pussy and I wriggle my hips to get more of him inside me.

“See?” he sneers. “So fucking desperate.”

He slams in the rest of the way and my pussy squeezes him like it never wants him to leave again.

“Ugh!” he whimpers. “That’s it, baby, choke my cock.”

I adjust my grip on the headboard as he fucks me harder. Every buck of his hips is brutal, matching the hungry fire in his eyes, but the touch of his hands on my skin is gentle. This is what being with him and Max is like. A constant tug between pleasure and pain. Degradation and praise. Light and dark. One moment they’re sweet, and the next the beasts inside them take over. I love every part of them. Because they’re all mine.

“Did our brother treat you nice while I was away? Did he make sure our needy little slut had her fill of come?” He straightens up again, butterflying my legs out, putting my pussy on full display to him. I try to look down, but all I see is my bump.

“Yes.”

Fingertips skate over my thighs, leaving goosebumps on my skin. They get closer and closer to my pussy, making it hard to focus on anything other than them.

“Tell me exactly what he did to you.”

They circle where we’re joined, lightly brushing the stretched skin of my opening.

Slap.

## Page 51

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

Pain flares in my swollen breast where Maddox just slapped it. I don't complain, not when the pleasure blooms shortly after.

"Focus!"

"Max couldn't keep his hands off me all day! First, he gave me a bath and teased me the entire time, not letting me come. Then he fed me dinner and carried me to the couch. I wanted to watch a movie, but fell asleep on his lap. Next thing I know, he's inside me, finally giving me that orgasm."

"Just one?"

"I-I don't remember how many. I was tired. Fell asleep during. Now you're here, inside me. I'm so glad you're home."

He swiftly pulls out, rolls me onto my side, and enters me from behind. I can barely keep up with what's happening.

I just want to come.

Either I accidentally said that out loud, or he's a mindreader because he replies, "I know you do, baby. I can feel how much you need me."

His warm body presses against my back, his hips rolling slowly.

"Will you please let me come?"

“Since you asked so nicely.” He slides his palm along my side, over my hip and down to my clit.

I’m a mess of tears as he plays with me, every touch slow and deliberate.

“Please!”

“Come for daddy.”

I scream out, my head flying back into his chest, my pussy sucking his cock in. His hand returns to caress my stomach, lovingly tracing over my stretch marks. Suddenly, he’s whimpering in my ear, hot come spilling inside me, overflowing onto my thighs.

When he softens enough to slip out, I roll onto my back. “Daddy?” I wheeze more than laugh, my body spent before the day’s even begun.

“Yeah, that sort of slipped out.”

“If you’re done, then Violet needs to get ready for the ceremony.”

“Morning, Max.” Maddox grins, resting his hands behind his head. “I was just helping our little sister wake up.”

“How long were you watching?” I ask, sitting up and forcing myself out of bed. Max shrugs and tosses me my bathrobe from the back of the door. “You didn’t want to join in?”

“Sometimes it’s nice to watch.”

I check the clock and see there’s enough time for me to grab a shower and eat breakfast before we need to leave. I wonder if Mom will show up today. If she

doesn't, at least Reginald will be there. Oh my god! How could I forget?

"Maddox, how did it go? Did James..." My mouth goes dry. He doesn't look angry, nor does Max. But they don't look entirely happy either.

"He got twelve years."

Twelve? That's it?

"Do..." I sigh. "Do you think he would have got more if I took the stand?"

They're both at my side in an instant. "Don't ever blame yourself," Max tells me firmly, leaving no room for argument. "You did what you could."

"When the time comes, we'll deal with him properly." The violence lacing Maddox's voice makes me shudder. I don't tell him it's a bad idea. Who knows? I might even help them.

"You look stunning, baby." Maddox runs his hands down my sides as he admires my outfit in the mirror. We're two of the few people left in the classroom that's been set aside for my group to get ready for the ceremony. I went for something more form-fitting today. A light pink dress with white flowers that makes my boobs and bump look huge. Low heels and pink eyeshadow to match. For once, I have my hair down in big, bouncy waves.

"You're sure it's not too much? It was a lot looser when I bought it."

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

“The only way this is coming off is when I tear it off you later.” He nibbles at my neck.

I turn in his arms away from my reflection. “Stop,” I giggle. “There are people around.” Most of the other students are too busy fixing themselves up or finding their caps and gowns to notice, but I hear a few murmurs of people talking about us. I ignore them like usual.

“Let them hear how beautiful you are. They’re only jealous.”

Blushing, I move the attention away from me. “Have Max and your dad found their seats?”

Maddox checks his phone while I look for my gown on the rack. “Yeah.” There’s something off about his tone.

“What’s wrong?”

“Your mom’s not here yet.”

“Oh.” I try not to let it get to me. Maybe she’s just running late, or she got the address wrong. Even though I triple-checked the text I sent her with all the information in. Perhaps it’s a good thing she’s not here. Especially after all those awful things she said. I’m sure the guys are pleased. I know they hate her.

“Forget about her, baby.” Maddox helps me into my gown and puts my cap on for me. “Don’t let her ruin your good mood. We’re all so proud of you.” He tilts my chin

up and kisses me gently. My gloss coats his lips, and he licks them, making me want another taste.

“There you are! We need to go.” Sarah rushes in and tugs at my arm.

“Wish me luck!” I call out to Maddox as she drags me away.

“You’ve never needed luck, baby.”

I try to look behind me to find where my family is sitting. I’m also hoping to see if my mom’s here yet, but there are too many people in the way for me to pick them out, and the sun is blazing over the quad, making it even harder to see. Sarah squeezes my hand and gives me an understanding smile.

After Mom turned up at the house, I told Sarah what happened. She has a similarly toxic relationship with her mom, so she understands why I’m feeling so torn about wanting to see her again.

I should never have expected anything from her in the first place. This is so typical of her, and it’s my fault for wanting more.

Soon enough, it’s my turn to head on stage. I’m not used to being the center of attention in front of so many people, and my nerves are getting the best of me. I’m sure Max is losing his mind watching my heart rate go manic on his phone. That makes me feel a little better as I take the steps up. I have nothing to worry about when they’re around. And they are always around.

I shake the hand of the dean and accept my diploma. With a proud smile on my face, I turn to try and catch a glimpse of my guys when someone shouts out, “Slut!”

My stomach drops.



“Slut! Slut! Slut!” More people join in. The chanting seems to be never-ending.

What the hell?

The dean murmurs quietly in my ear for me to leave the stage, but I can’t move. All I can do is keep looking for Max and Maddox. In my search, I spot Aaron and his friends at the back of the quad.

Of course, it’s him.

Does he really have nothing better to do?

Everyone starts to whisper among themselves. I finally find Max and Maddox thanks to the sun shining off their blond hair. They’re coming toward the stage. No doubt planning on carrying me out of here and making a massive display of the whole thing. I shake my head at them, and they freeze by the steps leading off the stage.

I can handle this myself.

The babies start kicking up a fuss in my stomach. Reminding me that those harsh words don’t matter. So what if they think I’m a slut? I’m a slut who’s in love with two men and about to have their babies and live the life of my dreams. There’s nothing wrong with that. It sounds pretty perfect to me.

My smile comes back easily, and with it plastered on my face, I walk to the front of the stage. The chanting quiets down as I stand there with one hand on my hip. Once it stops completely, I open the front of my gown and smooth my hand over my stomach, showing off my huge pregnant belly. I blow two kisses to Max and Maddox.

Someone hollers. Is that Sarah? She starts clapping, and I spot Reginald standing up on

the other side of the quad, clapping and smiling. A few others awkwardly join in. Most of the crowd is either confused or turning their nose up at the scene. I flip the tassel on my cap and keep my head held high as I walk off the stage, taking the hands of Max and Maddox as I descend the steps.

“I’m going to fucking kill him!” Maddox snarls.

“Not here.” Max gives him a look that I know spells danger.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

They pull me away from the crowd.

“Running off to blow your brothers?” Aaron shouts, and I cringe. Not because of his words, but because of what I know my brothers will do if they get their hands on him.

“Max is right, not here.” I force them to come with me into the closest empty hall.

Maddox starts pacing, running his hands through the top of his hair. “How fucking dare he?”

“I know you’re angry for me, baby, but I’m not upset,” I tell him. He shakes his head and smacks the wall. I look to Max for support, but he’s full of a cold fury that chills me to the core. There’s no stopping them now.

The doors burst open, and my guys rush to protect me.

Sarah yelps as she’s caught off guard, and they back off, keeping close to me.

“Are you alright?” she pants.

“Yeah, I’m fine.” I wish everyone would drop it now so we can move on. College is over forever. Aaron will find someone else to target and forget all about me.

“That was pretty badass,” Sarah chuckles. “Are you heading back out for pictures? Aaron’s gone, probably to get his party started, so he won’t bother you.”

I look at Max and Maddox’s angry faces. “We should head home.”

“Are you sure? You shouldn’t let that asshole spoil the whole day for you.”

“These little ones have tired me out already.” I pat my stomach. “I’ll be falling asleep on the spot if I don’t get a nap.”

“As long as you’re sure.” She hugs me, and before she leaves, she turns to Max and Maddox. “Thank you for getting James locked up.”

She doesn’t wait for them to reply before she goes to find her parents, who actually made it here for her today, all the way from France, despite their hectic schedules, unlike mine.

“I’m going to go pee. It’s just around the corner, so neither of you needs to go with me. Go find your dad, and tell him what happened, I’ll meet you by the car.”

Max and Maddox are both averse to the idea, from the way they don’t budge. “Please? You saw how I handled myself out there, and Sarah said Aaron’s gone, so I’ll be fine.”

“Alright. I need to go ask Sarah something anyway. I’ll meet you back here. I don’t want you walking to the car by yourself.” Maddox storms off, leaving an awkward air behind him. Max lingers in front of me.

I wave my wrist in the air. “You know where I am, and if anything happens to me, you’ll notice. Go. I’ll be two minutes tops!”

He watches me walk away, but doesn’t follow.

In the restroom, I grip the sink and take a deep breath. The babies are still kicking up a fuss, and I stroke my stomach to calm them down. “Your mama’s fine,” I tell them when in reality I’m shaken the fuck up. In that moment, I felt invincible, but it was

actually terrifying.

I take off my gown, folding it neatly next to the sink with my cap and watch on top, so I can splash my face with some cool water. My makeup runs a bit, and I fix it up with some paper towels.

Behind me, the door opens, and I look in the mirror to see who it is. “Mom?” I exclaim, turning to face her. She’s dressed up for the occasion with her pearls around her neck. But there’s a smudge of lipstick on her cream blouse, and the hem of her pencil skirt is fraying. Rather than point out all her flaws like she would to me, I simply state the obvious. “You missed the ceremony.”

“I saw it all.” She looks at me with nothing but disappointment, and I feel like a little girl again, desperate for her approval. “Don’t you see how hard your life will be from now on? Those boys stood there and watched you be humiliated.”

“They didn’t come to my rescue because I didn’t want them to.”

“And where are they now? I saw Maddox sneaking off with some girl. They’re probably hooking up as we speak.”

She can’t seriously think a lie like that will work on me?

“You haven’t cared about me my whole life unless it was about how fat I am. What changed?”

“Don’t be ridiculous. You’re my daughter, I’ll always care. That’s why I tell you when you’ve put on weight. No one wants to be the fat girl in the room.”

“Maybe I like being the fat girl.”

She scoffs and rolls her eyes.

Grabbing my hair, I groan loudly. “You’re impossible! I wanted to give you a chance, but you do this every single time.”

“Do what?”

I push past her out of the door.

“Violet! I’m talking to you!”

Turning on my heel, I look her in the eye as I tell her what I should have made clear the last time I saw her. “I’m done with you, Mom. All you do is try to manipulate me, and I’ve had enough. I don’t ever want to see you again. Not at the wedding. Not when these three are born. Never. Again.”

“You don’t mean that!”

I don’t spare her another word. I’m completely done with today. There will be no more second chances for anyone who thinks they can hurt me.

When I storm away from her for the final time, she doesn’t try to stop me. She doesn’t fight for me like you would someone you love. I’m not sure what I ever was to her. A mistake? An inconvenience? Nothing?

I feel free of her, but also the pain of cutting her out of my life stings. Max and Maddox will know how to make me feel better.

As I turn the corner, I wipe the tears brimming in my eyes and bump into a hard chest. “Crap, sorry,” I mumble.

They don’t move out of the way, so I try to step past them, but they block me again.

“I’m surprised they left you alone.”

I look up to see Aaron smirking at me. Can I not catch a break today?

As fast as I can, I step back, but he grabs me by my upper arms and shoves my back against the wall.

“Get off me!” I yell.

“You sent my friend to fucking jail!” he hisses in my face, keeping me pinned. I struggle against him, but he’s too close and he’s huge. I can’t risk the babies.

Max will come for me. He always knows when I’m in danger.

Steeling myself, I force my words out. “What do you expect me to do about it? James is guilty, I can’t change that.”

“I want you to stop swanning around the place like you fucking own it. You’ve nothing to be proud of.” He touches my stomach, and my breath hitches with repulsion. He’s not rough, but his hand there feels like the worst violation, and it breaks me.

“Please don’t hurt me.” The words rush out of me.

Max. Maddox. Please, come. Please.

“You’re a fucking nobody, a slut who ruins lives. You should have been fucking flattered that James took any interest in you at all.” He moves his hand to my throat, and I try to scream, but he cuts it off. “It’s pathetic the way you flaunt your incest relationship around. Everyone on campus hates you. Your only friend is James’ old fucktoy. Now you’re going to stop being so pathetic and do everything I say.”

I look down the hall, praying anyone will come.

Aaron laughs, spittle hitting my cheek, making me squeeze my eyes shut.

“No one’s coming. Look at me.”

I don’t. I can’t.

He lets go of my throat, and I breathe, but the air is immediately knocked out of me by a harsh slap to the face.

“I said fucking look at me!”

This time, I do what he wants, and I’m met with eyes that are filled with so much hatred toward me.



*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

“You and your inbred family are going to get the fuck away from this town. If I see you around here again after today, then you won’t have to worry about picking baby names.”

I brace myself for him to hurt me again, but he steps away. My legs give out, and I slide down the wall.

He spits at my feet and says, “Do I need to make myself any clearer?”

“No. I understand.” My voice comes out numb.

Everything becomes crystal clear in my head as I come to the realization that this is only going to end in pain.

## CHAPTER 23

### MADDOX

After getting what I needed from Sarah, I cut across the quad to where I left Violet. I’ll tell Max everything once we’re alone later. Vi doesn’t need any more stress today.

Reaching the hall, I find it empty. I took a little longer than I’d hoped, but I expected her to be here. Did Max take her back to the car already? He didn’t text to let me know.

Out of the corner of my eye, I see someone coming around the corner. They stop

when they see me.

Aaron.

The surprise on his face turns to smugness, and he saunters closer.

“You’re going to regret opening your fat mouth you fucking bastard!” I snarl at him as I rush forward, ready to punch him.

He holds his hands up. “I wouldn’t if I were you. After all, I don’t need to fight you back. Not when there’s a much easier and bigger target for me to go after.”

I stop myself before I hit him. “If you ever fucking touch her I’ll?—”

“What?” He gets close enough that I can tell he’s started drinking early. “Get me locked up like James?”

“You’ll wish you were behind bars so you wouldn’t have to live with the fear of what I’ll do to you.”

He barks out a laugh that echoes off the stone walls around us.

“Nah. You’re not going to do shit. I’ll get to your girl before you have chance to get to me. All it would take is one little fall for you to lose everything.”

Is this guy an actual psychopath? There’s no fear or remorse on his face, only smug satisfaction that he thinks he’s got to me. Unfortunately, he has. For now. As soon as Violet is safe at home, things will be very different.

“I will fucking kill you.”

“Sure you will, big man.” He starts to walk past me, but stops and adds, “I always wondered what a pregnant belly felt like. I don’t have to guess anymore. Still, I can’t help but wonder what pregnant pussy feels like. Care to share?”

Grabbing his shirt, I ram him into the wall. He’s bigger than me, but I’ve fought worse before. I can take him.

“What the fuck does that mean?”

“You might want to make sure your slut’s okay before you do anything else. Pretty sure I saw her crying back there.”

“You’re seriously fucked in the head to be threatening a pregnant woman. I know it’s all empty threats, though. There’s no way you’ve touched her when you can’t even say the shit you want to her face.”

“Wanna bet?” he laughs, but he’s not joking.

My grip on him loosens, and he pushes off the wall, shoving me away from him. I take a staggered step back.

He wouldn’t fucking dare...would he? I glance in the direction he came from. Vi has to be with Max. He’d know if she ran into trouble.

Putting Vi’s safety first, I run down the hall. “You better watch your fucking back!” I snarl at Aaron before rounding the corner.

## Page 56

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

I skid to an immediate halt. Violet is silently crying on the floor, her head in her hands. Dropping to my knees, I hold her tight. She startles, but hugs me back when she realizes it's me.

"Maddox," she hiccups.

"I'm here, baby. Did he hurt you? Touch you?" Please God, Satan, whoever the fuck I have to pray to let it be a no.

She shakes in my arms. I don't think I've ever seen her this scared before.  
"Aaron—he?—"

"Take it slow. I'm not going anywhere."

She buries her face in my shirt, her makeup staining the white fabric. Stroking her back, I patiently wait for her to be ready to talk.

"He was angry about James. He touched my stomach and said if we don't leave town, he'll hurt the babies." She grabs my shirt and looks me deep in the eye. "We need to find Max and go."

My whole body tenses, my muscles vibrating with fury. How dare he scare her enough to make her think she has to flee.

I want to chase after the fucker, hunt him down and make him pay. But Violet needs me more. "He's not getting anywhere near you again, baby. I swear on my life, you and the babies are safe."

“But—”

“I. Swear. It.”

Her big, teary eyes shatter my heart. I’m supposed to be the one to make sure she’s always smiling. Now look at her. I’ve failed.

I do my best to wipe away some of the makeup that’s run down her cheeks. That’s when I notice the red hue on one side of her face. It’s not from crying.

“He hit you?” The words barely come out; my throat is clogged with so much fury.

“He slapped me.”

Slapped? Fuck.

“I’ll kill?—”

“Don’t leave me!” Violet sobs.

“I’m so sorry, baby.” I press my forehead to hers. “I’m with you.”

If only I could transmit every promise to protect her, every apology for not being here when she needed me most, straight into her brain.

I’m going to make this right, but for now, all I can do is keep telling her that everything’s okay.

For a moment, she searches my eyes, and then she looks down at her stomach. Once her gaze returns to mine, I find a new determination in her.

Taking hold of my hands, she gets to her feet. “I always tell you to be careful. To not risk it all for vengeance. But I’m not saying that anymore. I’m done with giving people chances or trying to see the good in them. Do whatever it takes to keep us safe.” She places my palm on her stomach, and a tiny foot prods me. Fuck. My heart lights up.

Violet really has given us everything. Not only her love and her body, or the gift of our new family, but also the acceptance to be ourselves. She doesn’t stop us from keeping track of her night and day, or from being more than a little overbearing when it comes to her safety. Now she’s letting us protect her how we truly want to.

I need to find Max and get this started.

“What’s the quickest way out of here?” I ask. Violet points to a set of double doors at the opposite end of the hall, and I lead her through them. Everyone must be outside at the ceremony because the halls are empty. We make it to the parking lot without being seen. Max and Dad are waiting by the cars. They spot us, and Max instantly knows something’s wrong. He runs over full of anger and panic.

“What the fuck happened?” He scans Violet’s face, his fingers hovering over her crimson cheek. “Who the fuck did this?” He hurriedly examines every inch of her body. She lets him. Finally, he lifts her arm and asks, “Where’s your watch?”

“Oh, crap! I must have left it in the restroom. I’m so sorry!” Bringing her hand to her face, she sobs again, and Max holds her close, letting her cry into his chest.

“Don’t apologize, sweetheart,” he says to her sweetly, then he mouths quietly to me, “What happened?”

“Aaron,” I mouth back.

Max looks me dead in the eye and says, “It’s over.”

### CHAPTER 24

#### MADDOX

After explaining to Dad what happened, he agreed to go back home early. Max and I spent the rest of the day glued to Violet’s side. She didn’t complain or ask for space once. The close proximity is what we all needed.

Violet told us exactly what happened with Aaron and divulged how her mom sprang up out of the blue as well. I want to deal with both of them, but hurting Violet’s mom would hurt her. If she shows up again, I’m not sure what I’ll do.

For now, knowing I get to deal with Aaron is enough to calm the rage inside me.

Max and I tried to make the day as nice as possible for Vi. We took her mind off of it in all the ways she loves in the bedroom and watched her favorite movie after, cuddled up in bed until she fell asleep. There’s no denying that she knows exactly what we’re planning. It feels right to have her approval this time around.

Grabbing what we need, Max and I leave Vi sound asleep in bed and head to the car.

Earlier today, I got Sarah to tell me where Aaron lives. Turns out he’s part of a fraternity, and tonight is their graduation party. Luck must really be on our side because the party is actually a costume party.

I park a few blocks away, far enough away from the house to not have my car seen, but still within a good distance for a swift getaway.

We grab our costumes from the backseat and put them on once we near the party. “We’ve really got our money’s worth out of these masks,” I joke to Max. He doesn’t say anything back, doesn’t even chuckle a little. I can feel his anger. If I don’t deflect it with humor, I worry it’ll eat me up like last time. As pissed off and hungry for retribution as I am, one of us needs to keep a clear head and this time it seems like it’ll be me.

I’m no stranger to a house party, back in high school, I went to almost every one. But once Violet came into my life, they lost their appeal. Why would I want to be up close and personal with a bunch of sweaty strangers when I can do that with my gorgeous girl at home?

“Let’s split up. If you find him first, take him to a secluded room and text me where you are. I’ll do the same,” Max gives me my orders as we put our masks on at the edge of the lawn to the frat house.

I hold my baseball bat over my shoulder and salute Max. “Yes, sir. What are we actually going to do once we have him?” I have plenty in mind, but since we didn’t want to leave Vi alone all day, we couldn’t make any plans, and the car ride here was full of silent tension rather than devious plotting.

“We’ll figure it out once we have him. Try and find his friend Theodore as well. We saw that he was part of it back when we first should have dealt with them. He could be sending those texts as well.”

I nod, confirming I’ve received my orders loud and clear. At the front door, we part ways inside. Max heads into a side room that looks like it leads to a kitchen and the back patio; I take the main hall, which has turned into a dance floor. Loud EDM blasts



out of the speakers on the DJ's set-up.

It's packed tight in here. All sorts of costumes bump up against me. Slutty cops and bunny girls. One of them starts brushing up against me, and I nudge her away with the bat. I smirk as I imagine Vi dressed up in these outfits. Fuck that would be so hot.

There are some low-effort costumes as well, so no one pays much attention to my simple mask or cares why I have a baseball bat.

According to Sarah, the whole frat should be wearing togas. Very original. I spot a few jocks with white bed sheets wrapped around them and laurel wreaths on their heads. None of them are who I'm looking for. I could ask them where their friend is, but I can't risk being remembered here tonight.

The next room over is less crowded. A few couples are making out on the couches, and there's a game of beer pong being played on the pool table.

I'm about to move on to the next room when I spot another wreath-adorned head. Some girl dressed as a sexy cat has it hooked over one fuzzy ear as she makes out with a guy.

Pretending I'm going to the drinks table, I circle the couch. It's Aaron. I'd recognize his tiny head anywhere.

I flop down next to them, my knee knocking against her leg. She looks blankly at me. I wave my hand, and she doesn't blink. Lipstick is smeared across her dark cheek, and her mouth is losing a battle of tongues as Aaron persistently tries to get his down her throat.

I watch them for a little while, figuring out how to get him alone. The girl is pretty out of it, her eyes are glassy, and the light of my mask reflects in them, making her

look particularly cat-like. She doesn't stop looking at me as she struggles to keep up with Aaron's one-sided game of tonsil tennis. Is she not enjoying herself?

Aaron's hand goes between her legs, and she winces. No, she's really not into it. I'm surprised I care. Guess my upcoming fatherhood has changed me for the better.

"How much?"

Aaron abruptly breaks off his tongue wars and slips his hand out from beneath her miniskirt. "Who the fuck are you?"

"Whoa, man." I hold my hands up, the bat resting on my legs. "I heard you were the guy to see if I needed any party favors. Guess I'll look elsewhere."

I make to get up and he says, "Wait. Sash, fuck off for now. I'll find you later."

The girl barely registers what he's saying, but hops off his lap and staggers out of the room.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

“So how much then?” I repeat. “My friend is usually the one who buys our shit, but it’s my round tonight.”

Thinking he’s about to scam me out of everything I have on me, Aaron smirks and grabs his beer off the coffee table.

“Not here. Follow me.”

He takes me through another door that leads to the kitchen I saw earlier and outside to the patio. I’ve yet to see or hear from Max. He could still be searching, but something feels off.

“So who’s your friend?” Aaron asks, taking a packet of cigarettes out of the fold of his toga and lighting one up. He offers me one, and I shake my head.

“Joshua.” I pull the name out of my ass and hope for the best. “He usually gets his gear from Teddy.”

“Joshua...” Aaron mulls the name over as he leads me past the outdoor pool. More people are partying out here. All of them are too busy with themselves or each other to pay us any attention.

“I know a few Joshes.” He finishes the dregs of his beer and tosses the bottle into the pool. “Cool mask by the way. Reminds me of something. Is it from a movie?”

We stop by the closed doors of the pool house. It’s quieter over here. No lights on to attract the guests. The perfect spot for Max and me.

Aaron leans against a wooden pillar to scrutinize my outfit and waits for my answer.

“Yeah, a movie. So you gonna let me buy anything or not?”

He stares at me for a moment, dragging on his cigarette before flicking it to the floor and crushing it under his sandal.

“Sure. In here.” He points his thumb at the door, gesturing for me to go in first.

I take a look over my shoulder for any sign of Max, but don’t see him. Something still feels off, but at least the pool house will work for what we need.

Keeping myself alert, I head inside. Aaron closes the door behind us, and I sneak a look at my phone. No new texts yet.

“I keep it all in the kitchen, it’s just through there.”

Walking through the door Aaron’s pointing at, I keep the bat held tightly in my hand.

Shit. I knew something was off. Max is sitting on a chair, a bruise forming around his eye. His mask is glowing on the table next to him and his bat is in fucking Theodore’s hands as he chokes my brother with the metal.

“You really think James didn’t tell me about the dumb masks you guys wore? Fucking idiots,” Aaron mutters the last part. Catching me off guard, he knees me in the balls. I involuntarily let go of the bat, and he grabs it before it hits the ground. He yanks my mask off and drops it in front of me, then walks away with a smug smile on his face.

“Let my brother go you fucking psycho,” I wheeze, picking my mask up and stuffing it in the pocket of my leather jacket as I attempt to straighten up.

“Why the fuck would we do that when you came here ready to hurt us?” Theodore shouts, moving the bat closer to Max’s throat.

“You can’t scare us like you did James. And now that you have too much to lose you’re not going to do shit,” Aaron taunts.

Max’s face is pissed as he listens to the two guys try to sound macho, but he keeps still, biding his time. He’ll have a way out of this. That’s his thing. That’s always been his thing. My brother is the brains, and I’m the brawn. I just have to wait for his signal.

“What we have to lose is exactly why we’re going to destroy you. We should have killed your friend when we had the chance,” Max spits at Aaron.

I take a step forward, but before I can do anything, Aaron hits Max in the stomach with the bat.

“I’m going to kill you!” I snarl.

“Uh-uh.” Aaron points the bat at me, stopping me from getting any closer, and then aims it at Max’s knee. “Try anything and your brother will be leaving twice the cripple he came here as tonight.”

Max’s shoulders shake, his head tipped down. He’s laughing. Theodore shifts uncomfortably behind him. His head snaps up, and he locks eyes with Aaron.

“You’re on track to be a professional football player, you wouldn’t want anything to ruin that. Especially not when your mom’s killing herself working overtime at the hospital, and your dad had to take out another loan to support your dreams. All it would take is one phone call to the bank or one little medical slip-up for it all to come crashing down. You can beat the shit out of us here and threaten our family all you

like, but the only way you're getting away with any of this is by killing us. If we leave here breathing, your entire life will come crashing down."

"All these two do is talk shit!" Aaron shouts. "I've had enough, I've got a party to get back to." He gears up to hit Max on his good side. No. He's not going through that again. My brother, my twin, has experienced enough pain for more than one lifetime. If anyone has to go through anything like that again, it'll be me.

“Wait!”

Aaron stops mid-swing and looks at me.

“Break me instead,” I quickly say, holding my hands out in front of me. “I’m opening up my own garage, it’s my life’s dream to work on cars with these hands. But I’m telling you to break them. Leave Max alone, and we’ll leave for good, just like you said to Violet.”

Aaron frowns. He doesn’t believe me.

I move to the table and lay my hands flat on the wood. “Just fucking do it already! It can be payback for getting James sent down. You can have your revenge, and we’ll stay out of your way after this.”

“Mad,” Max warns me to stop. His eyes lock with mine. Fear and pain flickering in and out of them.

Trust me, I try to tell him through that unspoken bond that’s always been between us.

Aaron steps to my side and hovers the bat over my hands. “I’d heard about your reputation from James. The fact that you made him lose his balls should have had me believing it, but damn you really are crazy.”

He rolls his shoulders and lifts the bat above his head.

“There’s only one thing that makes me truly crazy,” I tell him with a wide smirk that

has me baring my teeth. The bat comes down. I slide my hands out of the way with less than a second to spare. “Violet.”

“Shit!” Aaron hisses. He’s off balance from his swing, so I ram my shoulder into his side and topple him. He knocks into the table, sprawling face-first into it and losing the bat. I grab it, and without thinking, I swing it at his back. His body arches, a howl of pain forced out of him from the sudden impact. I hit him again.

“You really believe my life’s dream is a fucking garage? Sure, I love it, but Violet, she’s my dream. Always has been. Always will be. My love for her is fucking eternal which is why it makes this so easy.”

In the background, I hear a fight. Max and Theodore are at each other’s throats. My brother can handle himself. I’m not letting Aaron get away with this.

I hit him again and again. Vertebrae crumble under the metal. For good measure, I bring the end down on his back and grind it into the bottom of his spine. His legs spasm out before falling limp. He slides off the table into a crumpled mess on the floor, sobbing quiet tears of agony.

“M-my legs. I-I can’t move them—” I swing the bat at his jaw, breaking it and silencing him.

When I turn to help Max, I find he doesn’t need me. He’s a bit roughed up, nothing serious.

Theodore has his hands in the air and his back pressed to the kitchen cabinets, as Max points the bat at his face.

“What are we breaking on this one?” I ask.



“Nothing! Please! I didn’t do anything to her, just went along with Aaron and called her a slut. That’s it, I swear! I didn’t do anything to-to earn t-that.” His terror-filled eyes are on Aaron, who’s sobbing on the ground.

“Where’s your phone?” Max asks coldly.

“There’s a pocket on the inside of the costume.”

“Mad.”

“Oh sure, I’ll be the one to put my hands on sweaty man chest,” I mumble as I reach inside the toga for Theodore’s phone.

Holding it up to his face, I unlock it.

“Check his texts,” Max commands. I don’t mind him taking his anger out on me right now by ordering me around. I get it. It has to go somewhere.

I scroll through Theodore’s texts.

“There’s nothing that’s been sent to Vi. Did you use a burner?” I ask Theodore, and he just looks confused.

“For what?”

I keep scrolling and check through his photos as well.

Holy shit.

## Page 60

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

“You’ve got a lot of homemade sex tapes on here. And I mean a lot!” I drawl. “Hey, Aaron, looks like your boy, Teddy, has a crush on you. There are a lot of close-ups of your ass. Nice tattoo, by the way. Now, do I need to ask if all parties involved consented?”

Theodore gulps.

“Of course they didn’t,” I sigh disappointedly.

“Go check Aaron’s.” Max gives me my orders again.

I pop the phone into my pocket and go to search Aaron’s body for his.

“It’s not on him.”

“Check again.”

“He’s wearing a damn toga, unless he’s hiding it between his ass cheeks it’s not here. Are you hiding it between your ass cheeks? I really don’t want to have to check.”

“Room,” is all he manages to say.

“Room? Bedroom?”

He grunts. Guess I’ll take that as a yes. “Want me to go get it?” I ask Max.

He shakes his head. “No, let’s get this done. After all, neither of these two are going

to say anything. Not now that we have evidence to earn them a one-way ticket to live with their friend James.”

“I won’t say anything!” Theodore quickly says.

I walk back over and stop at my brother’s side. “We know you won’t. But you still bullied our girl. What does spewing hateful words to someone who did nothing wrong earn you?” I pretend to think it over, but I know exactly what he deserves. Seems Max is on the same level. He looks me dead in the eye and smiles as he swings the bat into Theodore’s jaw.

I’m pretty sure some teeth fly out with the blood. “Gross,” I laugh to myself.

Standing over both guys and feeling immensely proud of ourselves, we survey the carnage we just inflicted.

“One word out of either of you and all these videos get leaked to your families, to your coaches, to any future employers, and to the cops.” I hold the phone up. Neither of them seems to be listening. Rude.

“Did you hear my brother, or does he need to repeat himself?” Max barks.

“Yes, we heard,” they answer Max weakly. I’m impressed that either of them can even speak from the gnarly way their jaws are now set.

“If you ever come after Violet or our family again, then you. Are. Dead. Understood?” I ask and they give me the same weak yes as they did Max.

“The cops will want to ask you questions about tonight. You’re both to tell them it was a break-in. Some guy in a balaclava beat the shit out of you when you tried to stop him and he left out the back. Again, are we understood?” Max leaves no room

for disobedience, and they both agree to tell his story. I'm impressed.

We leave through the back of the pool house, stopping off in the bedrooms on the way to pocket any valuables we can find. We'll ditch them on the way home, their absence will help cover our asses.

I'm feeling on top of the fucking world. Not just from the adrenaline or the violence, but knowing we have it in us to protect Violet and our babies no matter what.

When we get outside, Max stops me before we make our way to the car.

"You had that all planned out, right? You weren't really going to let him break your hands?"

"If it came to it, I'd give my life for you and Vi. But yeah, I knew what I was doing. I did almost shit my pants thinking he was gonna hit me at the last second."

Max smiles at me. Like really fucking smiles. It's taken so long to get to this point, but I feel like I finally have all of my brother back.

## CHAPTER 25

### VIOLET

My wedding is finally here.

## Page 61

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

Tomorrow I'm going to be walking down the aisle and marrying my soul mates.

We ended up choosing the Quartz Hotel for our venue. They have an intimate ceremony room that they hire out for weddings. It's nice, perhaps a little too fancy for my liking with all the gold trim, but since I've left things so late with the pregnancy, it's all that was available. Honestly, I'm just happy to be getting married. My plate has been overflowing for months, and I can't wait to not have to juggle so many things all the time.

We're staying here for the night, along with Sarah and Reginald. Sarah and I are in the bridal suite while the guys all have their own separate rooms.

It's a bittersweet feeling knowing it'll only be the five of us tomorrow. I have to stop myself from thinking about my mom. She broke my heart and my trust, and there's no going back.

Max went out of his way to find out if she's still staying here in the Quartz. Turns out she never was. I'm not sure why she lied or where she's been staying. It's not my job to care.

Maddox inadvertently helps me stop thinking about her by brushing a strand of hair behind my ear and pulling me from my thoughts.

We've just checked in and are waiting in the lobby for Sarah to get here before we part ways. Maddox has been excited all day, but now that we're about to spend the night apart, I can tell he's nervous.

“Are you sure you’ll be okay? You have everything you need? I’ve got the emergency bag ready to go in the car in case anything happens, and I don’t mind driving back home if you’ve forgotten anything.”

“Maddox, baby, it’s one night, and these three still need to cook for another two months. You’re both just down the hall from my room, and my phone will be on all night. So stop stressing.” I poke him in the chest, and he grabs my hand, kissing the back of it.

“I’m going to miss the fuck out of you,” he growls against my skin.

I blush. “Me too. But the strippers will keep me occupied.”

His eyebrows shoot up. “Strippers? I think the fuck not. If another man puts his junk anywhere near you, I’ll rip it—why are you laughing?”

A stitch forms in my stomach from laughing so hard, and I wheeze through it. Clutching my side, I wipe a tear away.

Max snorts out a laugh of his own, which takes me by surprise. “She’s kidding,” he reassures his brother. Then suddenly, he cups the back of my head, yanking me into his chest. Maddox moves in behind me, and I’m sandwiched between them.

Tilting my chin up, Max says, “She knows we’d never leave her needy enough to want another man anywhere near her. And if she does stray, we’ll have to teach her who she belongs to again.”

His cock twitches against my stomach and I gulp. “I’d never do that to you...” I lose track of what I’m saying as Maddox’s hand trails up my spine, his long fingers enclosing around the back of my neck.

“I can already think of so many depraved things we could do to her,” Maddox purrs in my ear, and I whimper.

Suddenly, their intense heat is gone. “Break it up! There’ll be plenty of time for that tomorrow night. In private. Not in a hotel lobby.” Sarah tugs me away from them.

Max smirks at me, dark promises of what will unfold tomorrow night swirling in his eyes. Maddox nudges his brother with his elbow and whispers something in his ear. The look they share has my heart racing.

I bite down on my lip as I imagine what secrets they’re holding onto.

“You boys are going to have to keep it in your pants for one night!” Sarah scolds, also noticing their looks.

She pulls something out of her overnight bag and puts it on my head.

“Is that a veil?” I run my fingers down the material hanging off the headband.

“Yep.” Turning to Max and Maddox, she says, “Time to say goodbye to the bride-to-be. She’s mine for the night.”

When I look up at them, I realize they’re stunned staring at the veil. Feeling embarrassed, I start to take it off, but Maddox stops me. “Don’t you dare. You look so fucking pretty. I can’t wait to see you tomorrow.”

Before Sarah can pull me away, Maddox grabs my face and kisses me hard enough to make the room spin. I can’t even take a breath before Max is doing the same.

“Have fun, sweetheart.”

“We love you, baby.”

“I love you both,” I say breathlessly, my feet dragging along the carpet as I’m led to the elevator. My guys keep their eyes on me until the doors close.

“Does it not get a bit much?” Sarah asks once we’re alone inside. “You know the constant watching and checking in?”



*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

“No,” I tell her the truth. “I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

I lean back against the headboard on what may be the softest bed in existence and let my fifth mocktail settle in my stomach. Or more like my bladder. I swear, all it takes is the tiniest sip for it to fill up these days.

“You have to tell me...” Sarah leans in close, a desperate need for information on her face. “Have they ever switched, and you didn’t know which one it was until after you’d had sex?”

Sarah ordered us some alcohol free cocktails from room service to go with the cupcakes she’d brought with her from a bespoke bakery. One of the drinks ended up being full of alcohol, so rather than cause a fuss, Sarah volunteered her services to drink it. I’m starting to think that was a bad idea, as she’s been asking me all sorts of intimate questions about my love life for the past thirty minutes.

Avoiding the question, I excuse myself to the bathroom. She makes room for me to get off the bed and accidentally knocks her drink over onto the sheets. “Ah, crap. At least this is my bed for the night and not yours.” She slurs her words. I’m surprised one jug has made her this drunk.

After using the toilet, I grab some damp cloths and help her clean up.

“So have they?” She sits back on the bed with her legs crossed, eagerly awaiting my answer.

“I’m not getting out of this one, am I?” I laugh and she shakes her head, her curly hair

swaying side to side. “Sometimes it’s hard to tell who’s where. There are a lot of limbs involved, and it gets difficult to know up from down after a few, you know...orgasms. I did wake up one morning thinking it was Max down there when it was actually Maddox.” I bite my lip as I remember the delicious memory.

“You’re living the dream!” She swoons. Her curiosity is far from sated though as she asks, “Do they have the same dicks? The rest of them is completely the same apart from Mad’s tattoos and hair, obviously! But like the natural parts are they all you know...” She wiggles her eyebrows at me.

“How many drinks have you actually had?” I laugh and sit down next to her.

She holds up the empty jug like it’s a trophy. “Umm, however many this was.” We both break into a fit of giggles. The sugary fruit juice has gone straight to my head, and mixed with my excitement about tomorrow, has left me feeling tipsy.

“Back to the question. What did I ask you again? I don’t remember, but I do remember that I wanted to ask you if you’re sure you’re happy.”

That took an unexpected turn.

“Why would you think I’m not happy?” I shift closer to her on the bed.

“Nothappyhappy. I know you’re super loved up with your guys, but this...” Spreading her arms out, she almost knocks the tray of drinks over again. I move them to the bedside table to be safe. “You had to settle for it, and I feel like I’ve let you down.”

“Sarah, you’ve done more for me than I ever could have asked. You went out of your way to plan all of this for me. You even got us matching pajamas.” I tug on the white, silknightshirt I’m wearing that has the wordbrideembroidered over the breast. Her’s

hasmaid of honor in its place. I'm very surprised she found any that could fit over my ginormous bump. "I shouldn't have left it until the last minute to find a venue, but I'm fine with it. So yes, I'm very happy."

"You're sure?"

"Yes. No more feeling down! Let's pick another movie and avoid any more cocktails for the rest of the night. You can tell me about your upcoming trip." I search the bed for the remote, and she tidies up the leftover cupcakes that have been our only food so far.

She groans and flops back down next to me. "Don't get me started on that. I'm dreading being stuck on a plane with my parents and having to tell them about my job."

Her parents are in the movie industry, and from what she's told me, they've always expected her to follow in their footsteps, but she's decided to carve her own path working part-time as a teaching assistant starting this fall.

She yawns and pulls herself back up, her head drooping onto my shoulder. "Why am I so sleepy? Alcohol usually has the opposite effect on me."

"You've definitely had way too much. We should order something carb-y to help sober you up," I suggest.

"Ooh, how about pizza? Let me order it, you're not to lift a finger!" she slurs, her body growing heavy against mine. Taking the remote out of my hand, she lifts it to her ear. "Two pepperoni pizzas, please."

"Okay, definitely time for bed." The remote slips out of her hand as I lie her down. Her eyes are barely open as her head touches the pillow.

“No! We need to do face masks and...I’ve ruined it, haven’t I? Please don’t hate me,” she mumbles.

“You’ve not ruined anything.” I’m not annoyed with her at all. I understand she’s still holding onto a lot of pain from her old friends all dumping her, and she thinks she needs to try twice as hard to be friends with me. But I’m not going anywhere.

I know how difficult it is to get past anxiety. Even when you think you’ve gotten rid of it, some roots still remain, tripping you up when your guard is down.

“You’re going to be such a good Mom.” She falls asleep with a smile on her face.

Switching the lights off, I softly close the door and leave her to sleep it off.

It’s almost midnight, but I’m not exactly tired. The sugar’s still buzzing in my system and keeping the triplets up as they practice kickboxing with my organs.

## Page 63

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

I grab a bottle of water from the mini-fridge on the way to my room opposite Sarah's. Leaving the lights low, I sit on the bed and flick through the television, but nothing catches my attention.

Instead, I decide to get comfy with my latest book. It's a smutty monster romance, and I'm almost at the part where I get to find out if they really can make it fit.

Before I get started, I check my messages in case the guys have checked in. There's nothing from them, but there is another hateful text from Aaron. I'd hoped that after what Max and Maddox did to him after graduation, the messages would stop. He must have nothing better to do in his hospital bed.

They didn't tell me the exact details of what happened, but I saw the news reports of a break-in at his frat house. The date lined up with the morning I woke up to find Max and Maddox covered in bruises.

Feeling a little lonely since my guys aren't here, I send them a risqué selfie with my full breasts in view, milk leaking out from them.

They see it, but don't respond.

"Spoil sports," I pout.

Slipping out of my nightshirt, I lie back on the bed with the intention of getting myself off before I turn in for the night. My breasts are sore, and I could do with expressing some milk first, but my mind is already running away with itself.

Two long, thick cocks take up all my thoughts as I slip my hand down my shorts and start to touch myself. Closing my eyes, I picture Max and Maddox watching me, stroking themselves to completion in time with me. My shorts are only getting in the way of my fantasy so I slide them off as well, leaving myself completely bare as I play with my clit.

I feel myself getting close, but the longing ache for them in my chest is stopping me from getting there. I need them here.

“Would you look at that? A perfect little pussy spread open for us.”

“Such a warm welcome.”

Gasping, I shoot up in bed. I know those distorted voices all too well now. This time they’re not in my imagination.

My two dark strangers stand at the foot of the bed in their neon masks. One of them has his head tilted as he watches me with a bundle of rope in his hands. The other has a very familiar baseball bat. My heart races as all my fantasies come to life.

“How did you get in here?” I ask breathlessly.

“That’s not something a little whore like you needs to know,” the one holding the rope says. The cadence of his words leaves no room for argument. Max.

“Look at her all wide open and bare like this. She’s asking for someone to break in and take this pussy.” Maddox trails the bat up the inside of my leg and presses the thick end of it to my pussy. Moaning like the whore I am for them, I part my legs wider, wanting to feel that delicious coolness against my wet, heated skin. But he pulls it away and laughs, shaking his head in disbelief. “Fuck, she’s a horny girl.”

They start to circle me. Each one taking a side of the bed, making it a struggle to keep my eyes on them both.

“It’s bad luck for you to see me before the wedding.”

“We get to see what’s ours whenever we like. No superstition is going to keep us away.” Maddox holds the end of the baseball bat to my chin, forcing me to focus on him.

I arch my back, letting them get a better view of my naked body. In the dim light, I can just about make out the large bulges in the fronts of their jeans.

Max drops the rope on the bed and picks up my book. “Did we interrupt something?”

Biting my lip, I nod and run my hands across the top of my breasts, avoiding my sensitive nipples. Maddox follows with the bat, and I cry out as he catches one of the tight buds with the metal.

Max leans in close and grazes his knuckles over my jaw. Anticipation builds inside me. Tilting my head up, I invite him to do whatever he wants to me. But he swiftly pulls away, leaving me longing for his touch.

“Lie down. Hands above your head. Legs open.”

I gasp from the sudden increase in volume as Max orders me around. But I don’t move. My eyes go to the closed door. To where Sarah is sleeping, two rooms over.

“Your friend can’t help you; she’ll be knocked out until morning,” Maddox says from my other side.

“How do you know that?” Then it dawns on me. “You had that alcohol sent up, didn’t

you?”

“Maybe.” Maddox shrugs, casually circling back to the foot of the bed, the bat swinging by his side. “Maybe it was laced with a sleeping pill. Or maybe your friend is just a lightweight. Eitherway, you’re ours for however long we want you.” Dropping the bat, he grabs my ankles and pulls me toward him.

I put up a little resistance. Just enough to turn us both on. “And how long is that?” I ask.



“Forever.”

Max tosses his brother the rope, and he binds my ankles to the bottom of the bed. Again, I resist enough to make it fun.

“Shereallywants this.” I can hear Maddox’s grin. Sliding his finger under the rope, he checks it’s not too tight. The softness of it reminds me of the rope we have in the bedroom drawer at home. They came prepared.

“You going to be a good girl and lie back?” Max grabs my hair and presses the side of his head to mine. The feel of his mask against my skin makes my pussy wet. “I don’t want to have to force you.”

I gulp. I’m sure he’d love to force me. Let’s see how much restraint he has.

With a naughty grin on my face, I gently roll my nipple between my fingers and slide my other hand down under my bump to my pussy. I have to arch my back to reach. Maddox makes a whining noise as he watches me part myself.

Max grips my chin tight and starts pushing me backward. “On your back, whore.”

“Only if you both strip first.”

There’s a pause. The only sound in the room is my wet pussy as I finger myself. Their masks turn to face each other, and Max nods once.

I stop what I’m doing and lean back so I can watch them both slowly remove their

clothes, leaving only the masks on. I'm reminded of how they got me pregnant in the first place. Our chase through the snow that should have been terrifying, but was safe and exciting, all because of them.

Their cocks stand proud and I intend to give them the full attention they deserve. I reach out to touch them, but forget my ankles are restrained. "Come closer," I whine, stretching my fingers out.

"Seems our little whore is not so obedient anymore. Shall we teach her some manners?" Maddox picks up the bat and trails it loosely from my ankle to my chin. I shudder with the need to have their warm hands on me and not cold metal. "Let's teach her how to be our good little wife."

"Lie. Down." Max clips out, and this time I do as he says. "Arms up." They each take a wrist and secure me to the bed frame. The way Max is so in control has me melting into submission.

"What happens next?"

I'm answered by Max's firm hand squeezing my breast.

"Ah. Careful. I'm sore. Didn't have a chance to express yet."

His fingers linger on my nipple, and he teases it, working the tight flesh of my breast until my milk starts dribbling out. He lifts his mask enough for his tongue to poke out and lick up the droplets.

"Max," I sigh, my body squirming. I try to rub my thighs together, but my legs are spread too wide.

He pulls back, the mask falling back into place, and grabs something out of my bag

next to the bed. My manual breast pumps. I'm not supposed to use it much in case it stimulates contractions, but since my breasts are overly full, my midwife gave me the okay to use it now and then to relieve the pain. Seems like now is one of those times.

I'm panting as I watch Max secure a pump to each of my breasts. My body works itself into an intense frenzy of lust and need.

His hands hover over them. Taunting me. Building up my nerves.

I'm unsure how this is going to feel, being tied up so helplessly as my breasts are pumped.

Max squeezes and my nipples are sucked tight into the silicone. He's slow and gentle at first, letting me really feel each pump. As soon as I get used to it, he speeds up.

My back arches as my nipples feel the full brunt of his squeezes, and my milk releases.

"Fuck, that's hot," Maddox groans, stroking his cock fast next to my face, one knee on the bed. "Open your mouth, baby. I want you to suck me while I watch you being milked."

He grabs my hair, lifting my head and shuffling closer until his cock is pushing at my lips. I don't wait to let him in. Salty precum paints my tongue as he slides in slowly, teasing my throat, making drool leak out of the corners of my mouth.

I want to see his face. Touch his skin. Hear his natural whimpers, not the artificial sounds of the mask. But I'm denied it all.

I'm so focused on Maddox that I don't realize Max has gone between my legs until I feel his tongue down there. He keeps one hand on a pump, and Maddox takes over

squeezing the one closest to him.

The sensations of Maddox teasing my mouth, the suction on my nipples, and Max's tongue are all too much yet not enough at the same time.

All I can do is moan around Maddox, my fingers and toes curling as I silently beg them to let me touch them.

## Page 65

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

“Does that feel good, baby? You like sucking on your big brother’s cock while your other big brother eats you out?”

He pulls out so I can answer.

“Yes,” I gasp.

His cock slaps my cheeks and smears over my lips.

“Want more?” he asks.

“Take the mask off. Let me see you.”

He chuckles, his fingers tugging at my hair as he pushes past my lips again.

“I think she needs some more discipline, don’t you, Max?”

He’s answered by my yelp around his cock as Max bites my clit.

Scrunching my eyes closed, I succumb to the pain as it eases into pleasure.

“Look at how much milk she’s making,” Maddox says in awe as he watches it drip into the silicone.

The praise fills me with pride and I suck him harder in return. Licking the underside every time he pulls out and kissing the tip before he goes back in.

“I’m close,” he whimpers.

So am I.

Max stops sucking on my clit. “Switch.” They swap places and I can feel the primal energy rolling off Max as he grabs both sides of my head and chokes me on his cock. My throat is filled, the slight burn of it turns me on more, and I buck my hips into Maddox’s waiting mouth. He pushes his tongue inside me and presses my clit with his thumb.

My eyes roll back, and I’m floating on ecstasy as they use my body the way it was always intended to be used. By them. For them. I’m eternally theirs.

“The filthy little whore’s going to come,” Maddox says against my pussy. His hands moving up to embrace my stomach.

Am I going to come? I can’t even tell what’s happening to me right now. All I know is that I’m drowning in pleasure.

They both stop before any of us reaches our orgasms.

It takes a moment for me to come to my senses. “Are you not going to fuck me?” I ask, barely able to see or think straight.

“Tsk.” Max slaps my cheek with his hard cock. “Mad, do we really want a bride who’s so eager to get fucked before her wedding day?”

Maddox stands up between my legs, the baseball bat now slung over his shoulders. My eyes go wide as I wonder what he’s going to do with it.

As if he can read my mind he gives me my answer by holding it to my pussy.

“A filthy little whore who does everything we say is exactly the kind of bride I want.”

I feel like I'm in a dream. This is all my wildest memories of them brought to the surface in one sordid package. The only way I'll know if this is real is if I can see their faces. But will they give me that? Tugging against my bindings, I beg them, “Let me see your faces, please!”

Maddox shakes his head. “It's bad luck before the big day, baby. Now, come on the bat for me.”

My body has a mind of its own and my hips are lifting, my pussy spreading around the length of the bat as I get myself off. I should be mortified that this is happening again, but I love it. Love them for the degrading things they make me do.

“We're looking forward to seeing you all dressed in white tomorrow, sweetheart.” Max lifts his mask just enough to kiss my cheek. Then he's shuffling away and sitting on his knees next to me.

“So excited in fact that we can't wait,” Maddox's words end in a high whimper. In my bat-riding haze, I didn't realize they were both still getting themselves off. Heat lashes my body. Hot ropes of come shoot out of Maddox's cock all over my round stomach and drip down to my pussy. Max's come coats my face and chest. Not wanting to waste it, I open my mouth wide and let it land on my tongue as I cry out through my orgasm.

“Oh my god!” I half-scream, half-choke, the feeling of their come coating my body like a second skin breaks my last defenses. I'm coming hard. The baseball bat is still between my legs, and I buck against it. No shame or embarrassment to be found. Only pure love, lust, and joy coursing through my body.

## Page 66

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

Someone wipes the come from my eyes and feeds it to me, I greedily suck their fingers clean.

The pumps are removed from my breasts. At some point, my milk must have stopped releasing and now my nipples tingle with numbness from overuse. Next, my limbs are freed. I lie here limp, used, and covered in come like so many times before. This time might be the best yet.

Bleary-eyed, I see Max and Maddox standing naked on either side of the bed. Their masks gone and replaced with wide Cheshire Cat grins.

I watch as they each raise a small glass of creamy liquid and clink them together over me. Oh, fuck, that's my...

"Cheers!" Maddox says.

"To a very happy marriage."

"With a very good little whore."

My eyelids droop. The night taking its toll on me. There's no need to resist sleep's pull. I don't need to worry about the distinction between my waking and sleeping dreams. My entire existence has become the sweetest dream imaginable.

CHAPTER 26

VIOLET



I'm just coming out of the bathroom when Sarah comes bursting into my suite. "Oh, thank god, you're up! I am so sorry I overslept! I swear I'm not usually this bad after drinking. Did I do anything dumb?"

"No, nothing mention worthy. Don't worry about it," I mumble, throwing a quick glance at the bed. There's no sign that Max and Maddox were ever here, on the sheets or my body. Luckily, they must have set my alarm for me before they left last night, since it woke me up on time this morning. "I was going to come wake you in a minute."

"I'm never drinking again." She clutches her forehead and leans against the doorframe.

I can hardly tell her the reason why she has a headache this morning is because Maddox put sleeping pills in her drink, so I awkwardly laugh it off.

"What do you have left to do? Have you eaten yet? What time is it? The stylist is coming at?—"

Spinning her around, I walk her out of my room and tell her, "We've got plenty of time. I'll order us some breakfast, and you can take a shower and reset."

She takes a deep breath and hugs me before running off to get ready.

The morning starts off slow and somewhat relaxed. I struggle to keep down my breakfast and end up skipping it altogether in the end. There's a tightness in my stomach that won't go away no matter what I do. It must just be nerves. Every bride-to-be gets them.

Once the stylist arrives, it turns into a whirlwind of brushes in my face and hair. Before I know it, I'm standing in front of the mirror, looking at a stranger. I

look...well, it's not how I expected to look. My hair might be the only thing that feels right. It's half-up. Purple flower crystals are braided through it that catch the light, making my head look like it's had a sprinkling of fairy dust.

My veil trails all the way down to the floor and matches my dress.

Layers of white tulle drape down from my hips, pooling on the floor around my feet. Lilac flowers are embroidered on the top layer and increase as they go down the dress, so it looks like I'm standing in a field of flowers.

Swivelling my hips, I get a good look at myself. It's gorgeous. Everything I wanted. Except for how tight it is.

It would be perfect if it weren't for the bodice. I know I put in the right measurements when I ordered it from the bridal store online. I quadruple-checked and then checked again. I even made sure to account for my ever-growing bump. So why on earth is it so tight? It's hard to breathe already, and I'm going to have to try and stuff more pads into the cups to catch any leaks. At least the skirt is loose enough not to squeeze my bump too tight.

Oh well. There's no changing it now. I'll only have to walk down the aisle and then stand up for the ceremony. And then walk back out of there. And then come upstairs. Nope, stop overthinking it. Everything will be fine. I just need to breathe.

"You hate it."

Was I being that obvious?

"I love it! It's just a little snug."

Sarah steps behind me in her lilac satin dress, a flower crown on her head, and starts

tugging at the dress like it's going to magically stretch if she pulls hard enough.

“When did you last try it on?” she grunts.

“I don't know. Two weeks ago, maybe? I knew I should have gone for a corset back and not a zipper. Ah, careful. You're crushing my boobs doing that.”

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

She abruptly stops. “Crap, sorry. Your boobs have gotten massive. Did you account for them growing when you sent the measurements?”

“No.” I bite back a sob.

“It’s okay! There might be a sewing kit in here somewhere. I’ve hung out in enough wardrobe departments to know how to do a simple stitch. I’ll see what I can do.”

Her hand-eye coordination is so bad that I’ve seen her stab herself with a fork when she eats. There’s no way I’m letting her near me with a needle.

“There’s no time! Shouldn’t you check in with the guys to make sure we’re good to go?”

She puts her hand on her hip and looks me over. “If you’re sure. God, Violet, you’re so pretty! They’re going to freak the fuck out when they see you. I’d bet good money that Maddox will cry.”

I wonder if he and Max are feeling as nervously excited as I am. Knowing them, they’re probably standing there like two perfect stone Adonis’ waiting for me to arrive. The swoon-worthy thought leaves me a little light-headed.

The nerves have really made themselves at home in my stomach now that I’m waiting outside the doors that lead me to my future. I keep getting nervous cramps. For a moment, I thought they were contractions, but surely I’d know if I was going into labor?

I startle from a knock on the door behind me. It must be Sarah coming to tell me they're ready for me, but why has she used the wrong door?

Holding the train of my dress up, I shuffle to open the door and almost slam it back in my unexpected visitor's face, but she puts her heel in the way first and pushes inside.

"You're not welcome here." I scowl.

The door closes with a soft click behind her.

Mom looks over every inch of me. I used to shrink down whenever she examined my appearance like this, but I stand taller and prouder than I ever have before.

Once again, she looks different. I don't remember the last time I saw her in jeans, but it takes me back to my childhood when she wasn't trying so hard to impress richer and richer men.

She's clearly not here for the wedding if she didn't bother to dress for it. She always went all out at any opportunity to put on a fancy cocktail dress.

"What do you want?"

Looking me in the eye, her harsh gaze fades, and she says two words that fill my heart with loathing. "I'm sorry."

"I don't want to hear it."

"Violet, I truly am. I didn't mean any of it. I was just bitter seeing you so happy. I'm entitled to my opinions about it all, but I've learned not to voice them, so can we please have a fresh start?"

Ah, I see. This is what she considers an apology.

It suddenly feels like a boulder is on my back again, weighing me down with defeat. A cold sweat comes over me, and I need to sit down, but I don't want to look weak in front of her, so I stay on my feet.

"This is what you came here for? Whatever else you have to say, I'd prefer you leave it for another day. I've just had my makeup done, and I don't want to ruin it."

Taking my hands, she smiles softly at me. "You look beautiful. I should have started with that. My baby girl is getting married."

I don't thank her for the compliment. That's all she really wants. Praise for pretending to be a good mother.

Pulling my hands away, I say, "I don't have time for this. You're not ruining today for me."

For a split second, I swear I see a lifetime of regret in her eyes. Maybe I should invite her in? If this is her really reaching out to mend that bond she broke, then I should give her that chance.

Turning away from her, I face the doors to center myself. Max and Maddox are just out there. I could ask them to help me figure it out, but I know what they'd say. And they'd be right.

"It's not normal to be jealous of your own daughter."

"Don't be like that, Violet, you'd feel the same if you were in my shoes. Imagine going through life sleeping with any man with a fat enough wallet to give your child a good life, then seeing that child get it all so easily. I know what those boys are worth.

I was their mother once.”

“Do you not hear yourself?” As I turn on my heel, a sharp stitch forms in my side. I press my hand to it and ignore it so I can get this over with. “I’m not with them for the money. It was never about that for me. Max and Maddox are my everything. I’d live on the streets with them if that were the only way to be with them. You’ve made it more than clear what you think, so I’d like you to leave now. For good this time.”

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

“Violet—”

The doors open behind us, and Sarah pokes her head around. “Oh, sorry. We’re ready for you.” She looks between us. “Are you okay?”

“Give me a minute.”

“You look pale, are you sure you don’t need me? I can get one of the guys to come in...”

“I can handle this.”

With a reluctant look on her face, Sarah closes the door, and I lock it shut.

“I am about to get married, so unless you have some magical change of heart in the next ten seconds, where you finally accept me for who I am, then go.”

That stitch comes back again, spreading across my stomach to my other side, and I wince. This is what I get for letting myself be stressed out by her.

I walk to the door Mom came in through and hold it open. “What will it be?”

The pain gets worse as I wait for her answer. It’s alright, babies. Mama’s dealing with this, you can chill out now. My legs buckle, and I grip the door handle tight.

“What’s wrong?” Mom hurries over and helps me to stay upright.



“I—I’m fine—ah!” The pain comes again. No. This can’t be happening. It’s too early. Way too early.

“Get Ma—” I can’t get a whole sentence out, the pain is too much. Something is seriously wrong.

“I’ll call an ambulance.”

I shake my head and point to the door where my lifelines are. I’m not doing this without them. I need them.

My knees give out completely. Mom stops me from hitting the floor and gently props me up against the wall.

“Max. Maddox. Please.” I beg her to understand, but she’s got her nose buried in her purse.

Another flash of pain takes hold of me. Is this a contraction? It feels wrong. So wrong.

“Mad!” I scream through it. “Max!”

My ears start to ring as the room spins. A thumping sensation travels up through the floor and courses through my body.

I manage to focus my gaze on Mom long enough to see her pull out her phone. Another falls onto the floor. In a panic, she tries to pick it up and drops it again. Am I seeing things? Why does she have two phones?

Something clicks in my brain, but I struggle to find the connection.

“Mom? What is that?” I can just about get the words out.

“It’s nothing. Just a backup. You weren’t supposed to see it.” She grabs it successfully this time.

Something tells me I have to see that phone. A wave of strength comes over me, and I push myself forward.

“Show me,” I demand.

“No!”

I grab her wrist and almost drag her down with me as I use her to hold myself up.

“Show. Me.”

I don’t know what I’m doing. I need to go to the hospital. I need Max. Need Maddox. But I need to see the truth for myself.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

There's no passcode to get into the phone, and although the screen keeps moving around I manage to open the texts.

My hand flops to the floor, the phone slipping from my grasp.

It was all her.

Those texts...they were never from Aaron.

I look up at her with two decades, worth of pain in my eyes. "Why?"

"This wasn't supposed to happen! They were just to scare you into doing the right thing!" Her eyes go wide with fear, but she's not looking at my face. I follow her gaze and see red on my dress. Why is there red?

"It's okay. I'm calling an ambulance now."

She presses the other phone to her ear, and at the same time, the door flies open, splinters of wood scatter through the air like confetti.

I break down in tears when I see Maddox's fearful face. Max is right behind him. They look so perfect in their suits. I'm sad this is how I get to see them, but I'm glad for it as well. I feel like I'm fading away. The closer they get to me, the less I feel them. If the worst comes then, at least I get to go with them in my memory.

MAX

I'm going to kill her.

That's the only thought keeping me sane as I pace the hall outside the room where Violet's currently having surgery.

I'm going to kill her mother for having any part in this.

The twisted bitch has been anonymously texting her own daughter for months, trying to get into her head and make her break up with us. She knew James was screwing with her in the same way last year and she thought she'd have a shot at it. All because she's fucking jealous.

If Dad hadn't gotten Charity out of there, I would have killed her on the spot. Seeing Violet on the floor like that... Hearing her cries of pain through the door.

Fuck.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

I've never felt so helpless before.

I should have done something. Should have known she needed me.

Now she's fighting for her and our babies' lives, having an emergency cesarean.

I'm going to be having nightmares of the moment I watched her slip away for the rest of my life. It was worse than the crash. Worse than every moment of pain I've endured since. Violet's pale, unresponsive face. The red on her white dress.

“Fuck!” I punch the wall. Mad is on me within seconds. Pulling me away before I can hit it again.

“We have to go find the bitch and make her fucking pay!” I snarl.

He forces me into a chair, and when I try to get up, he pushes me back down. “I want that too, but we can’t. Do you think Violet would ever look at us the same way again if we hurt her mom?”

“That’s if she ever looks at us again!” I snap. “She could be dying in there right now! All four of them could be!”

“They’ll be fine.” Mad sits down next to me. “They have to be fine.” His voice grows softer, less sure.

“What sort of parent even does that?” I drop my head into my hands. “Those texts were vile. She wished this exact moment on her, Mad. We can’t let her get away with it.”

Charity will be at her motel now. Not the Quartz that she lied about staying at. She only came back to see Violet because she blew through all of Dad’s money. He’d told her that she’d never see another cent from him, but Violet would always be looked after. I can’t believe someone could be so jealous of that and want to strip it all away.

“Let’s get through this first.” Mad squeezes my knee, and I let out a breath.

I don't know how to get through this.

I don't want to get through anything without her. But I realize I need to be here for my brother.

He's hurting as well. I didn't even stop to think about how he's coping. No matter what, we're in this together.

Footsteps echo down the hall, and I jump out of my seat, my jacket falling off my lap. A nurse is coming straight toward us. I tap Mad on the chest to wake him up. I'm not sure what time it is, but we've been here for hours and I haven't been able to rest at all. Sarah's been texting, and Dad dropped by, hoping to hear good news, but there was nothing to tell them. I sent him home with the promise that I'd update him as soon as we heard anything. I'd hoped that would have been sooner than now.

"Mister Ostair?" The nurse looks between us.

Mad shoots up next to me.

"Yes," we say at the same time.

"Violet is out of surgery. The C-section was successful, but she's going to be out for a little while longer. You'll be able to see her as soon as she's awake and wanting visitors."

Is it normal for a person's heart to break and then heal itself this many times in one day?

I'm filled with more relief than I know what to do with. Do I cry? Jump for joy? Punch the wall again?

"Are the triplets okay?" Mad asks, his voice rough.

"All three of them are up in the NICU," she says through a gentle smile. "You're welcome to come see them. Which one of you is the dad?"

"We both are," I say.

Her smile turns awkward. "Usually we only allow one—" She sighs and eyes our suits. "Were you both getting married today?"

"Sort of," Mad mumbles, looking at me.

"Yes, we were both marrying Violet," I tell her with more confidence.

She chews on her lip then I swear she mumbles, "Screw it," before saying, "We don't usually do this, but both of you come with me."

She leads the way up to the NICU. The room is bigger than I expected, and with way more babies in it. Some are quietly asleep, others are fussing. A few nurses and doctors are busy looking after them all.

I scan each incubator, looking for ours. How am I supposed to know which ones are—It's them. Three of the incubators are closer together than the others. A little pinkish-gray newborn in each. Instinctively, I know those are mine. There's a sharp stabbing pain in my chest that only gets worse the closer I walk to them.

Violet should be here for this. She's the one who made them. The one who suffered sleepless nights, daily back pain, and nausea. It should be her looking at them for the

first time. Not us.

I hover a few paces back and watch as Mad meets them.

“They’re tiny.” He keeps his voice to a soft hush.

“Only six pounds between them,” the nurse says.

“What happened?” I ask. We were told to expect them early, but there were no warning signs. Or if there were, I failed and missed them. A part of me worries it was my fault. We went too hard on her in the night. I knew the risks of expressing her milk like that, yet I did it anyway.

“Violet’s blood pressure dropped, which could have been the cause. But before you start worrying, there’s nothing you could have done. Once babies decide they’re coming, there’s no stopping them. This was the best outcome you could hope for, and these three were determined to meet you today.”

“Can we hold them?” Mad asks, his face pressed to the side of the incubator.

“Not yet, I’m afraid. They need a bit more alone time to make sure they’re strong enough to be near our adult germs. Sit with them and talk to them. Let them know their daddies are here.” She leaves him to it and smiles sympathetically at me as she passes by.

Mad presses his hand to the glass, and my fingers twitch. I can feel his intense need to touch them. To keep them safe. That’s all I want as well.

“Hey, babies. You’ve caused your mama quite a bit of trouble. It’s a good thing you’ve got two daddies to keep an eye on you now that you’re out in the big world. Your mama will be here to see you soon as well. I promise.”



He looks up at me and motions for me to come over. I want to. God, do I want to meet my kids, but my feet are frozen. It doesn't feel right without Violet.

## Page 71

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

Sensing my struggles, he straightens up, his brow furrowed with worry. “Max. There’s nothing we can do for Vi right now. But these little ones need us. Come say hello.”

I miss being the level-headed one. This would be so much easier if I could stop every worst-case scenario from playing on a loop in my head.

“Max. Do it for her.”

For her...

“You stay with them. I’m going to wait with Violet.”

“Are you sure?”

I nod. “I’m not having her waking up alone.”

“I’ll come with you then.”

“No. One of us should be here.”

He lets out a shaky breath and blinks away the tears burning both of our eyes. “Text me as soon as she’s awake.”

I turn to leave, but don’t make it a single step before he gives me the biggest bear hug.

“She’ll be okay,” he tells us both.

I should be getting some rest so I can function once Violet wakes up, but I can’t take my eyes off of her.

The doctor told me that the anesthesia should have worn off by now, and she’ll wake up in her own time. A selfish part of me wants to wake her early. Just so I know she’s okay. But my rational side has finally returned, and I’m letting her rest for as long as she needs.

Mad is still in the NICU. We’ve been texting each other updates, and he’s sent photos of the triplets. I can’t bring myself to look at them.

My eyelids are heavy, they have been for god knows how long, and it’s hard to tell if I’m hallucinating or not, but I swear I hear Violet’s soft laugh. When I look at her, I find her still unconscious.

Hospitals fucking suck.

It’s been over twenty-four hours since she was supposed to marry Mad. We should have been at home celebrating our union in every sinfully sweet way possible. Instead, we’re stuck in a limbo I know far too well.

The sun’s starting to set, and rather than close the blinds, I open them wider so that when Violet wakes up, she can see the sky. “You’d love this sunset, sweetheart. It’s so pink. Reminds me of?—”

“The lake.”

“Violet?” I spin on my heel. “Are you really awake?”

“I hope so, otherwise this is the afterlife. It’s quite nice if it is.” She’s smiling at me. God, that smile. I felt like I was losing the most precious piece of myself this last day, and that smile has pushed it back into place. Right where it belongs.

I take my seat next to the bed and slide my fingers through hers. “This is real. You’re awake.”

“Something feels different...” She blinks a few times as she looks around the room, eventually settling her gaze on me. “Where’s...” trailing off, her eyes wander down her body. She lifts the sheet and tentatively touches her stomach over her gown. “I feel different.”

“Careful.” I gently grab her wrist, being extra cautious not to knock the IV in the back of her hand.

She looks around the room again. “Where are they? Where’s Maddox?”

“They’re all in the NICU.” I see the sudden frantic questioning in her watery eyes, and I answer everything before she wastes her strength asking. “They’re all healthy. Just very small and needing some extra help. Mad’s been keeping watch over them while I’ve been here with you.”

“How long has it been?”

“Only a few hours since your surgery.”

“I want them back,” she cries, rolling her head into the pillow.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

“I know, sweetheart. As soon as you’re able to move, I’ll get you to them. You’re going to need to take it slow. They said you lost a lot of blood.”

Content with my promise, or maybe too tired to ask any more questions, she closes her eyes.

Sitting quietly with her, I text Mad the good news.

After a while, I assume Violet’s fallen back to sleep until she asks, “What about Mom?”

That one word sets my teeth on edge. I was lucky to know a mother’s love until I lost her too young. Violet got to have all those years that I missed out on, but what she experienced can’t even be considered love. It was petty and cruel.

“Gone. For good.” My words are sharp, yet Violet doesn’t flinch.

She licks her dry lips as she loses herself in thought. There’s a jug of water next to her bed that I’ve been replacing with fresh water every few hours, ready for when she wakes up, and I pour her a glass. After I help her to take the tiniest sip, she says, “The texts were really from her? I’d hoped they were some pain-fuelled fever dream.” Turning her head to the window, she sighs. The sunset reflects in her eyes, her unshed tears glittering in the glow.

“I know it’s supposed to be your call, but I can’t live with myself if I let her anywhere near you again. I’ve been thinking of the best thing to do, and I think you should get a restraining order.”

It's that or I wring the woman's neck.

Violet stares at the sunset for a minute longer before looking at me.

"Mad thinks so too," I tell her. I've not discussed it with him yet, but I know he'd agree with it over the alternative.

Violet purses her lips, and I think she's about to object, but there's a new fierceness in her eyes.

"You're right. I'll get a restraining order."

I'm genuinely shocked. I thought she would have taken more convincing. Vi's always been kind and given everyone a second chance, but she's learning for the better that not everyone deserves one.

"I'll get Dad to help out with it straight away. I'm not having her anywhere near us ever again."

"Did she try to come here?"

I was fully prepared to tell her the truth if she needed more convincing, but now that Violet's already on board with the plan, I don't want to hurt her.

"Max, please. For my own peace of mind, I'd like to know."

I'm wrapped around her little finger. "She didn't. Mad and I got to you, and she called for the ambulance, but she didn't try to come with us. Dad drove her back to her motel, and we've not heard from her since."

She gives me a quizzical look, and I explain everything I found out about Charity's

recent lodgings.

“Thanks to her, we didn’t get to say I do. She couldn’t have had worse timing. And these three...” Violet stops herself as she holds her stomach and remembers that the babies aren’t there anymore.

“They’re close, sweetheart. You’ll have them back soon.”

The brave face she’s been putting on crumbles, and she breaks down in tears. “I haven’t even met them, yet I miss them so much.”

“Mad sent me pictures if you’d like to see them?”

My question makes her cry harder.

I hold her as close as I can without hurting her and tell her that everything will be alright. This time, I know it will. She’s alive. That’s all that matters.

“I just want to hold my babies.”

“I know.”

“It hurts. It all hurts.”

I can call a nurse to take away her pain, but that hurt she’s feeling deep inside, that loss, there’s nothing I can do for her until she’s able to see her babies. And she will be seeing them soon because my girl is the strongest person I know.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

It takes the whole night and most of the next morning of Violet sleeping on and off before she's able to get out of bed.

Mad and I help her into a wheelchair and take her to the NICU. He gushes the whole way there about the triplets. "Just wait until you see her little nose! It's just like yours. I think she's your Olive. They still all need names. I've been waiting for you to see them before we put anything solid down, but Olive is really sticking for me."

I have to confess I'm a little jealous he's created such a bond with them already, but I'd gladly wait however long it takes to make sure Violet isn't the last one to meet her own children.

She smiles the whole way as she listens to Mad, but I see the sadness behind her eyes. As excited as she is for this moment, she feels guilty for not being here sooner.

"Do you think they'll know who I am?" she asks as we near the doors.

Mad abruptly stops.

Squatting down in front of her, I grip her hands. "Of course, they will. You're their Mama, and although they haven't seen you, they know you've been looking after them for months already."

She snuffles and nods. I wipe away her tears with my thumb. Mad leans over her shoulder and uses his index finger to angle her face his way. "Vi, you were brave enough to deal with so much shit this year, you're more than ready to be the strongest Mama in the world to these three. They already love you."



I move out of the way for Mad to take her inside.

When I saw our babies from a distance yesterday, I could tell how small they are, but up close, it's striking. They'd all be able to fit in one arm if I had the chance to hold them. Various wires and tubes poke out of them all. A ventilator helps them to breathe. I hope they can't feel any of it, or if they can, I pray that they'll never have to remember it.

"Two girls and a boy!" Violet exclaims, all her worries instantly lifted. "I was imagining having more of you two, but the little guy's outnumbered by his sisters. Is this Olive?" She leans closer to the middle incubator, and I join her.

"Wow, she really does have your button nose." They don't have their eyes open yet, but they wriggle around, making the softest sounds when we're close. "God, they're cute."

"I kept telling you they are." Mad bumps his shoulder into mine and smiles at me.

"Thanks for looking after them," I tell him, and I swear he blushes as he awkwardly rubs the top of his head.

"Hi, my beautiful babies, I'm your mama," Violet whispers to them. Mad and I hang back to give her the space she needs to introduce herself.

When I look at him, he's crying. "Quit it, you're going to make me start," I joke, but I can feel the burn in the back of my throat.

"I can't help it," he says quietly to me. "Look at them all together. It's what I always dreamed of. Our perfect little family. I never thought we'd get to have it together."

He's right. We're so fucking lucky to finally be here. All of us as one. I'm never

letting anything or anyone get between us again.

## CHAPTER 28

VIOLET

SIX MONTHS LATER

“I just need to give them all one more kiss!”

Max has his hands on my shoulders and is leading me toward the front door as I try to push my way back to my babies.

“One more, please!”

“Okay, one more and then you’re going,” he says, letting me go with a tired sigh.

Maddox is standing behind him, Evie fast asleep strapped to his chest, Olive and Tobias gurgling away in each of his arms. I press the softest kiss to Evie’s head so I don’t wake her after Maddox finally got her to sleep after walking around the cabin singing every nursery rhyme he could think of for the last hour.

I rub my nose against both Olive and Tobias’ squishy cheeks, giving them each a kiss. They’re not identical like Max and Maddox, but the way all three take after their dads is uncanny, so they may as well be. They each have a dusting of fuzzy, light hair and golden eyes. And of course, the cutest chubbiest cheeks that I can’t help but squish.

“Mama’s going to miss you so much!”

“We’ll all miss you, too, but we’ve got this. Go enjoy your spa morning, you’ve more

than earned it,” Maddox speaks softly as he gently bounces them.

Seems I’m not the only one who could do with a break. He looks exhausted. The past four months since we came home from the hospital have been nothing but babies. Feeding, changing, singing, spending hours trying to get one of them to sleep, only for another to wake them up after five minutes. An endless cycle. We’re all constantly tired. But we’re also all very much in love with our little life.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

The triplets are perfect. They came home after two months in the hospital and since then have been non-stop growing, they're the chunkiest little cuties and my boobs are really feeling it. Sometimes I feel like a milk machine; if I'm not pumping so the guys can help with feedings, then one of them is latched onto my breast. And it's not just the triplets getting their fill.

"I thought you didn't want anyone else touching me?" I pout, buying my time so I can spend as much of it as I can with my three little babies.

"We don't," Maddox snarls in that dark protective way that always sends a delicious shiver straight to my core.

"The masseuse has been fully vetted," Max adds from behind me like he's giving a military brief. "She's a happily married, fifty-eight year old grandma with over thirty years of experience."

"Thank you both for doing this for me." I cup Maddox's cheek and reach up to kiss him without disturbing Evie.

Max plants his hands on my shoulders. "Now it's really time to go, you don't want to miss your appointment."

Reluctantly, I let him pull me away and get me out of the door. He hands me my purse and car keys, and gives me a long kiss. One that feels like he's desperate not to let me go. But he does. I get into my new car. We ended up buying two more so we have one each, and it's made life with triplets a tiny bit easier.

I try not to cry as they all wave me off from the porch. As much as I need and enjoy a break from the chaos of Mom life, it's always hard to say goodbye. Every time it reminds me of having to leave them at the hospital once I was discharged. It was agony coming home without them each day and wondering if they missed me as much as I missed them. In the end, it was worth it to have three healthy babies with us now.

The spa is just in the center of the city. Max and Maddox surprised me with it last week and said I'm to go no matter what. They've been the most amazing fathers, doing all the cooking and cleaning while I was healing and letting me rest whenever I need it.

Sarah has become our on-call babysitter, and she loves every second she spends with the triplets. Reginald has visited a few times as well. He was actually the first to visit once we came home.

Mom is gone from my life completely now. I've not heard from her since I last spoke to her on my disaster of a wedding day. Not long after I left the hospital, I had the restraining order put in place. Knowing that if she ever turns up out of the blue again, I'll be within my rights to kick her out fills me with an extra sense of security. I'll never be manipulated by her again, and neither will my children.

I have the whole morning to enjoy myself at the spa, and I make the most of it by booking as many treatments as I can. By the end of it, I feel so relaxed I could float home. My boobs however are lead weights on my chest. Thankfully, I remembered to pack my breast pump.

When I return to the private changing room, I find my bag missing. Someone was in here?

I see the scrap of paper where my clothes should be, and my heart jumps into my

throat. Why is people messing with me becoming such a regular occurrence?

All the note says is, “Look behind you! X”

“How ominous,” I mutter to myself. They left a kiss, I suppose that should make me feel better.

Glancing behind me, I see a figure waiting in the corner. My masked men? A stranger intent on hurting me? My crazy mother? No. It’s none of those. Hanging on a coat hook on the wall is a wedding dress. My wedding dress.

It’s brand new. Not a single spot of blood insight.

Who put this here?

A soft knock on the door has me jumping out of my skin. I’m scared to open it. I don’t have my phone to call my guys for help. I’m stuck in here in a damn robe.

“Violet? Are you in there?”

“Sarah? What are you doing here?” I swing open the door to find my best friend dressed up like she’s ready for a wedding. Her dress is the same lilac one we picked together, and on her head is a similar flower crown to the one she wore on my wedding day.

She holds up a huge makeup case and shouts, “Surprise!”

“I—what? I don’t get what’s happening. Why are you here? Why is my dress here? I thought I was...” At this point, I don’t know what I thought anymore.

“Was the note too creepy? Sorry, I thought it would be a fun reveal.” She steps into

the room and sets the case down near the mirror.

“I’m having crazy deja vu.”

“Max and Maddox wanted to surprise you. Now that you’ve been pampered, I can do your hair and makeup, then we can head back up to the cabin so you can finally tie the knot.”

“I’m getting married? Today?”

She sits down and pats the padded bench next to her. “Yep. They didn’t want you to have to plan out a whole new day, but they also didn’t want you to miss out on it either. So they enlisted my help. You’re getting the wedding you always dreamed of. A nice, intimate affair, not that fancy hotel one you were putting up with before. Trust me, it’s going to blow you away.”

I sit down heavily next to her, my chin dragging on the carpet. “You planned my entire wedding?”

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

“We all thought you’d be glad to not have to do it yourself on top of everything else.”

Blowing out a breath, I shake my head in disbelief. “I am beyond glad. Beyond grateful. Sarah, this might be the kindest thing anyone has ever done for me.”

Before she can say anything else, I wrap my arms around her.

“You don’t need to thank me. What are best friends for, right?”

She looks me over and gets an excited twinkle in her eye. “Let’s get you ready for the big day!”

Once Sarah has finished my makeup and hair, and I’m in my dress, she drives us to the cabin. Everything feels so much calmer this time around. Even though this has been suddenly sprung on me, I prefer it. I’m surprisingly not nervous at all.

My makeup is simpler than last time, just the way I like it, and Sarah’s managed to almost perfectly replicate my hair. I had faith in her beauty skills anyway, and this way feels far more personal than a stranger doing it for me.

The one thing I’m outstandingly amazed by is my dress. Unlike last time, it fits perfectly. When I asked her how she managed to get the size right, she told me that it was all thanks to Max. I’ll have to get the information out of him later, but I have a feeling he measured me while I was sleeping. These days, once I fall asleep, I’m completely out of it, and the only thing that wakes me is the babies’ cries. So I’m sure he found a way to get my measurements in the night.



I step out of the car, and Sarah guides me around the side of the cabin. A dark purple carpet has been laid out on the ground, a trail of purple and white petals sprinkled on top. We follow it around to the back, where it keeps going all the way to the start of the woods. From there, Sarah leads me through the trees until we come to a small grove sheltered by the thick canopy above.

I'm left breathless as I look around me.

Fairy lights weave around the tree trunks, and glowing glass jars hang from the branches. More lights dangle between the trees, and a whole variety of flowers are nestled in cute little baskets all around. It's like a fairy's den. I'm in awe of it all, but it's not what's stolen my breath.

Waiting for me on the other side are Max and Maddox. They're wearing matching black suits. Maddox has opted for a black shirt rather than white, like his brother.

I'm taken back to the day we first met. We hadn't even spoken to each other, but something in our hearts connected, and we became each other's destinies.

"Hey, baby," Maddox greets me as I near them, his cocky grin is huge as he eyes me up and down. "You look stunning."

"I can't believe you did all of this."

"Our beautiful bride deserves everything she's ever dreamed of," Max says endearingly.

Reginald stands off to the side with Tobias in his arms, playing with the flowers in his buttonhole. Olive and Evie are fast asleep in the stroller next to him. It's decorated with more flowers. All three of them are dressed in the cutest little white rompers embroidered with lilac flowers.

“They’re gorgeous,” I sigh, getting a closer look and taking Tobias from him. “Hi, baby, don’t you look pretty today.” He gurgles back at me, his chubby arms reaching for my hair.

Sarah comes to my side and holds her arms out for him. “Come give Aunty Sar Bear some cuddles so your mama can have some time with your daddies.”

“Thank you,” I say softly as I pass him over to her.

Tobias grabs the flower crown off her head and giggles. She hugs me with one arm and kisses my cheek. “I love you, Violet. I’m so glad we’re friends now.”

“Me too.”

Reginald goes to stand behind his sons. He’s officiating our ceremony?

“Go on.” Sarah nudges me forward. I take the first step, and a song from my favorite movie starts playing. *Young and Beautiful* from *The Great Gatsby*.

I can’t help but feel a little shy as I approach Max and Maddox. Their eyes are glued to me. But with each step, my confidence grows.

“Did you finally decide who it’s going to be?” I ask when I reach their sides.

They share a quiet look. A secret I’m not privy to is exchanged between them.

“Mad is who you’ll legally be married to, but you get to have the ceremony with both of us.” Max wipes his thumb across my cheek, catching my tears. I’m glad Sarah used waterproof mascara on me, otherwise, I’d be a mess.

I don’t need to ask Max if he’s sure; the look in his eyes tells me everything. He’s

settled on this. I'm proud of him for putting his brother first. They've both been through a lot these past few years, Max more so. But I know he's been carrying a lot of guilt for the way he's treated us both, and we understand why he's acted the way he has. It doesn't justify his anger, but the way he's making it up to both of us is more than enough for me.

My eyes meet Maddox's. He holds out his hand for me. They both do. I take them and it feels like home.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

Reginald begins the ceremony, and it all comes so easily. There are no interruptions other than mine and Maddox's sobs, and a few cute baby noises that have all our hearts melting.

When it's time for the vows, Maddox goes first.

He takes hold of my hands and gives me a look that is nothing but pure pride and certainty. "Violet, baby, you had already given me everything I wanted when you chose to be ours, but you've kept on giving me things I didn't know I needed. Now it's my turn to do the same for you." He slips off my engagement rings and replaces them with a brand-new wedding band. It's a simple yet perfect design of a vivid yellow triangular diamond set into a golden ring.

"Every part of me is yours. Always has been. Always will be. I vow to always care for you no matter what. You have all of me forever." He plants a gentle kiss on my forehead before Max steals my attention by turning me to face him.

I'm trapped in his warm, golden gaze as he vows his love to me. "Mad is right. You own us. We'll do whatever you want of us, no questions asked. And we'll do it all with a smile because you're so perfect and you're all ours. We'll love you forever, sweetheart, you and our beautiful children." He looks over at the triplets, and my heart soars as his gaze softens on them. Love and joy shimmering in his eyes. It's been a wonder to watch him become a father. He's so patient with them, not once getting angry from their constant crying and need for attention. He's never complained about all the poopy diapers or the lack of sleep. He and Maddox have given us the safest home. A home that I will always be grateful for.

“Gold to match your eyes,” Max says, sliding the second ring onto my finger. I sob as I see the shape of the diamond and the way it connects on top of Maddox’s ring. Together they form a heart. My two loves filling one heart.

“It’s perfect.”

“Violet, is there anything you’d like to say?” Reginald asks.

“I know this is last minute, so you don’t have to say anything if you’re not up to it,” Max adds.

“I want to. Do we have the rings?” I look around, and Sarah comes over with a bright smile on her face and tears on her lashes. She’s cradling Tobias, and in his lap is a ring box. I take it and pop the lid open. They’re the ones I picked out for the last time we tried to do this. Two golden bands engraved on the inside. One says Forever, and the other Always.

I had prepared vows for the last time as well, rewrote them over and over until they felt right. But I don’t need them. The words I want to say come straight from my heart.

“Max, you’ve always been our strength, and I feel like you’ve passed some of that on to me. With it and your constant protection, I’ve been able to let go of the things that were hurting me and forge our life together. I wouldn’t want to do any of this without you, and I’ll never have to. You swear I’ll be yours forever, and I promise I will.” I put the ring on his finger, then look to Maddox. “Always. Maddox, you keep me sane on the darkest days. Make me laugh when I don’t even realize I need to. You hold me so close I can barely breathe. And it’s perfect. I don’t need to worry about breathing when I’m with you two. Because I know you’ll always protect me and our children. All I’ve ever wanted is a home, and I finally have it.”

After I slip Maddox's ring onto his finger, Reginald announces our marriage.

I'm curious who I'll get to kiss first. Did they have another contest between themselves to figure it out?

Everything becomes a blur as I'm suddenly squashed between the two of them, their hands hold me in place as they kiss me at the same time. It's messy and a little awkward in front of our family, but I'm so lost in our love that I don't care. This is who we are. All our messy, broken pieces fit perfectly together, and it's our never-ending love that will keep us eternally bound to one another.

## EPILOGUE

### VIOLET

When I pull up to Maddox's garage at midday, he and Max are outside chatting happily together. They're both wearing tight jeans and t-shirts, their abs visible through the fabric. I'm such a lucky girl to get to see that every day.

Max makes a swinging motion with his arms and laughs, probably demonstrating what one of his Little League kids did this morning at practice. He laughs a lot these days.

During his time being a stay-at-home dad, while Maddox was finishing getting his garage ready and I started an internship at the local newspaper, he spent a lot of time at the park with the triplets. They'd watch baseball games held by a local charity, and Max would tell the triplets all about his days on the field. I haven't seen him so engaged with the sport for a long time. It took Maddox and me by surprise when Max said he wanted to try out being a coach for the charity. Now, every weekend, he spends his time at the park teaching kids how to play baseball. I always told him I'd support him in whatever he chose to do, but seeing him find the joy he had once lost

feels right.

He and Maddox come over when I get out of the car and help to unload the triplets. They're wide awake after the bumpy drive down from home and are very excited to see their daddies.

"Dada, Dada!" Tobias babbles, reaching his arms up for Maddox to lift him. Maddox scoops him up and turns him upside down to blow raspberries on his tummy.

They're two peas in a pod, just as cheeky as each other.

"Did you miss me, little man?"

"Dada! Stop!" Tobias giggles uncontrollably.

Olive and Evie crowd around his feet, wanting the next go on the Daddy Maddox ride. Max sneaks up behind them and lifts them both onto his shoulders, making them squeal in delight.

I grab my purse and lean against the side of the car with my hands in the pockets of my dress as I watch them. It's gone so quickly since we brought them home from the hospital. I can't believe they'll be two soon.

Maddox looks my way and says, "I think it's Mama's turn next, don't you, Tobi?"

"No! My turn!" he cries.

"Oh, what a shame, guess I'll have to miss out," I laugh.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

Max and Maddox both take it in turns to kiss me before we head inside the garage. There's a large sheet covering the sign overhead, ready for the big unveiling. I'm so proud of Maddox for committing his all to this project.

Inside, we're greeted by Reginald, who gives me the biggest hug before the triplets swarm him.

Sarah is also here to celebrate along with Maddox's new employees I've briefly met before.

"This place is incredible!" I tell him as he walks me through the building. I can't say I've been in many garages before, but Maddox has made it more like a car showroom than some dirty old garage. The walls are painted white with large splashes of graffiti art on them. All the equipment is shiny and brand new. There are two red and black leather couches and a coffee table in one corner, with an entire coffee bar set up next to it. I'd happily wait there for my car to be checked over, especially if I got a front-row show of Maddox bent over the hood.

"I'm glad you like it. Max and I have put a lot of work into getting it to what it is. I'll show you the before and after photos, then you'll really see the difference."

"It was all Mad," Max says. "He's worked his ass off for this place and should be proud."

"I am." Maddox puffs his chest out as he looks around at his accomplishments. "Just wait until you see the sign. I have a feeling you're going to love it." He walks off ahead of us and gathers everyone outside. There's a table of drinks and snacks by the



entrance, and everyone grabs a glass of champagne on the way apart from me and Reginald, who seems to be very popular with the triplets today.

“Are you terrorizing your grandpa?” I pick up Olive, and she shakes her head, a sneaky smile on her face. “What’s that in your hand?”

“Candy!” She grins at me proudly as she holds up her chocolate.

Max takes Evie from his father before she can stick her candy in his hair, and we all watch as Maddox unveils his sign.

We count down with him. He tugs a rope, and the sheet tumbles down. “Welcome to Mad Max Motors!” He grins, spreading his arms wide.

Max has one eyebrow raised, and I can’t tell if he’s a fan of the name or not. Their father goes up to Maddox and congratulates him.

“Mad Max? Did you help him come up with that?”

“No, that was all him.” There’s a rough edge to Max’s voice, like he’s holding back his emotions.

“Do you like it?”

“I love it.”

Once Maddox finally has a spare moment, he jogs over to us and gives his brother a sheepish grin. “So what do you think of the name?”

“It’s good. Catchy.”

“Come on, you can say something nicer than that—hey wait!” Olive wriggles out of my arms, and runs to Sarah who’s chatting with one of the mechanics. He’s pretty cute. It’s the way that he’s looking at her that I approve of. Her cleavage is on full display, but his gaze is firmly on her face, and he has a dreamy look that I’m more than acquainted with from my guys.

Olive grabs her leg, and Tobias and Evie start running to grab her next. I start to rush over, but her new guy lets the triplets chase him around in circles, so I leave them to it.

“I think they’re in good hands,” I chuckle, then turn to Maddox. “I’m so proud of you, baby! We need to celebrate in every way possible.”

Maddox hooks his arm around my waist, pulling me close. “Every way?”

I place my hands on his chest and lean up so my lips graze his, “It’s your special day, I’ll let you pick which way.”

He grows hard against my stomach, and I rub against him. God, I need him so badly.

“How about we let Sarah take the kids tonight, and we head home early? I’ve not jerked off once since the last time I was inside you. I’ve been saving it all up for the next chance we have to put a baby in you. Your pussy’s going to be overflowing with come all night long.”

“As amazing as that sounds, we can’t just dump the kids off like that.”

He groans and rocks his hips against me.

Max clears his throat, and I quickly look around to make sure no one else saw our wanton display. It’s been almost a week since we’ve had a chance to do anything, and

I'm desperate for them.

"If you're feeling needy, sweetheart, all you have to do is ask us to take you to Mad's office. He had it soundproofed for that exact purpose."

"You didn't!" I gasp. "That's...that's extremely hot." I'll have to surprise him on my next lunch break. It might be one of the few chances we get to spend some quality time together since our schedules are insane.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 2:55 am*

With a sly grin, Max hands his brother a fresh glass of champagne and passes another to me. I shake my head. “None for me.”

Max freezes, his expression almost unreadable, but I know that look in his eyes. That possessive desire burning in them. He knows exactly why I said no.

“Too tired to drink?” Maddox asks, his brows furrowed with concern.

“Something like that.” I take his free hand and place it on my stomach.

“You’re pregnant?” he shouts. When I look over my shoulder, all the attention is on us. Guess the cat’s out of the bag.

“Yep. I checked three times this morning and they were all positive. I’ve been waiting for the right moment to tell you.”

Hurriedly shoving his champagne toward Max, Maddox picks me up and spins me around. “We’re having another baby!”

Everyone cheers for us, and my face burns with embarrassment.

“Wait,” he says, suddenly putting me back on my feet. “Is it just one baby this time? I don’t know if I can handle another three.”

I shrug. “Like last time, we won’t know until the scan.”

Max drapes his arm over his brother’s shoulder and smiles devilishly at me. “You

better get used to it because I'm still set on keeping our little whore pregnant for as long as possible."

I gulp as Maddox's expression slowly morphs to match his twins. He grabs my wrist and starts dragging me away.

"What are you doing? You have guests."

"Violet needs to pump, we'll be back in five!" he calls out to the crowd, and I'm left mortified as he pulls me into his office. Max locks the door behind us and closes the blinds.

"You can't just whisk me away like that. Everyone's going to know what we're doing."

Maddox takes his seat behind his desk and leans forward, his hands steepling together and his hungry eyes on me. I gulp and step back, only to be caught in Max's waiting arms.

"Where do you think you're going?"

"Bend over the boss's desk and spread your legs," Maddox instructs and I'm too horny to argue. I get into position, and Max steps up behind me, flipping my dress up. Pulling my panties to the side, he runs a finger along my pussy and lets out a possessive growl at my wetness.

In the meantime, Maddox is tugging down the neck of my dress and pulling my breasts free from my bra.

"Her cunt's fucking dripping for us," Max groans deeply, his cock replacing his fingers and causing me to fall forward onto the desk as the hot head rubs my clit.

“So are her tits.” Maddox catches me, only to bury his face between my breasts. He works them with his mouth until I’m leaking milk all over his paperwork.

“Ready?” Max asks, and I nod frantically.

“Please, fuck me already.”

He plunges in at the same time Maddox sucks my nipple into his mouth and drinks my milk.

I scream as the pleasure immediately hits me. The push and pull between them has me instantly losing control. I’m limp as they use me, tugging me between themselves like I’m a toy made to be shared by the two brothers. I never want it any other way. In Max and Maddox’s hands, I’m safe. Loved. Cherished.