



Lies of the Stepbrothers (2 Wicked Stepbrothers 1 Innocent Girl 3)

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Category: Erotic, Romance, Adult, Young Adult

Description: "Claim my stepsister. Destroy my brother."

Aiden Castillo's plan is clear. He wants revenge on his twin brother Blane, who took their stepsister Emme Ford from him. Emme has made her choice, but Aiden won't accept it, always wanting to beat his brother at everything. What no one knows, however, is just how dark Aiden's mind really is ...

Twisted and insane, Aiden falls deeper and deeper into his dark fantasies, imagining having Emme for himself as his plaything. And eventually, he can hold back no longer, and he decides he has to have what was rightfully his, finally taking Emme from his brother, and making her his doll to play with.

Lies of the Stepbrothers is the third in a four-part series about forbidden love, dark desires and bad intentions. Look out for the final part, Game of the Stepbrothers, out in April.

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Chapter 1

I'm seething.

I'm enraged.

I'm totally insane, mad to the bone.

I've hidden it well for all my life. Pretended I was normal, just like everyone else, while my mind was filled to the brim with darkness. And now it's going to spill over and I

Am

Going

To

Go

Crazy.

I've searched for him for hours. Been to our apartment – though it never felt like it was mine – tried his job, tried the bar he goes to to get pathetically drunk because of the feelings ... All about those feelings.

Thank God I don't have any.

I finally make my way back to Emme.

My sweet, not-so-innocent Emme.

She should have been mine – I should have been the first. But he took that away from me, just like he took everything else. Because that's all that Blane does.

That's why I had to punish Emme. She didn't wait for me. The little bitch.

I'm coming back though, baby doll, and I'm ready for round two.

My mind is crazed, my fists clenched at the sides of my body as I walk back to Emme's house, my old home. But as soon as I turn the corner, I realize I have two problems.

First of all, there's a gate. A locked gate. And since I left in a rush, I didn't grab my keys. And I'm guessing if I ring the doorbell, my little doll might not be inclined to open it and play a good hostess. I have another problem though, and it makes me clench my teeth.

Because my twin's car is parked in the driveway, taunting me.

"Fuck," I mutter to myself, glaring at the car as if I could destroy it with a single gaze. But nothing happens, apart from the low angry growl that escapes my throat.

I realize, because I am sane, even though I am mad, that I am at a disadvantage here. I realize Emme's with him, and he's probably injected some sick, stupid ideas into her head, just like he always does.

And as I stare at my childhood home, rage seeping through the pores of my skin and creating a musky scent, I realize this won't work.

It's not the right time. Not the perfect moment. Not now.

I'll have to wait and it's fucking killing me.

I am not a patient man.

But I will be.

I will wait, and I'll be good – as good as someone as fucked up as me can be – until I get her. Until my hands wrap around her neck, my dick inside her pussy, and I take her for my own, finally claiming her.

Not now.

Not now.

Not now.

But soon, I promise my twin and my stepsister, a smile spreading over my face as I imagine their blood splattering my face.

I split before one of them spots me. I wander, roam the streets. I see everything, inhale their filthy scent, try to discern their dirty little secret from the strained expression they wear.

Passersby. My favorite kind of amusement.

I walk around until it starts to get light outside. Walk until my stomach starts to rumble. I get a takeaway coffee and a sandwich with the last money I have.

I think of the painting I left in Emme's attic. Her beauty, smeared with blood and guts. My perfect little doll, painted the way I see her. Dark, disturbing and messy.

My fists clench as I realize there's next to no chance of me getting her portrait back. It was one of my best – a piece de resistance. I need it, if I can't have her.

I try to memorize her as best as I can to recreate it.

Remember her milky skin, her incredibly long hair with the little kinks and waves she gets when she doesn't comb it out enough. I think of her sparkling eyes, the innocent curve of her lips.

And I let the darkness take over.

I don't know where I'll go. I don't know what I'm going to do.

I have no money, no prospects, no future.

Without my brother and my stepsister, I have no income.

But that doesn't matter, because I always get what I want.

And what do I want?

My brother's warm blood, smeared on my hands. Tasting Emme's tears as she cries over him. Fucking her as she begs for me to stop. Claiming her life, taking his.

Let me tell you another thing about myself.

I always get what I want.

So I'll roam the streets, if I have to. I'll sleep in this dark alleyway, if it brings me closer to my goal. I'll ignore the trash that litters it – be it people or garbage, it's all the same to me.

I pull my hoodie over my face, shielding it from the curious onlookers. I hide, because I don't want to be found.

Not just yet.

Chapter 2

3 months later

My life has changed, and not for the better. I'm a man of the streets now, claiming one corner in particular for my own. I snarl at other homeless people who walk by, desperate to keep at least this small piece of the sidewalk as my only possession.

Sometimes I'm fed, but more often, I'm hungry. I eat when I have the money, or when someone gives me a sandwich, takes pity on me. And instead of feeling grateful I'm consumed by the red mist, angered that someone would think I need help.

However, I really do.

I'm not a man that can take care of himself. I've been shielded by my father, and later, by my brother, and I've never had to work a day in my life.

Now, I know going back to anywhere where Blane might find me is too risky. So I stay here.

At first, I tried to find a job, but it proved to be useless. No one is hiring, and since I didn't even have a shower, they wouldn't take me as a bartender or something similar.

So I've started doing the one thing I've always been good at.

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I'm selling my art. If you can call these diluted, boring, de-personalized pieces art.

I am good at this, and I know it. But if you want to sell, you have to suit the needs of your buyer. And my buyers, people on the street - tourists and moms with strollers - probably don't want to buy paintings of a ripped open, stripped naked Emme.

Which is all I seem to be able to paint at the moment.

So I've settled for landscapes, even an odd portrait. But with every brush stroke, I have to stop myself from smearing red across the canvas. The color calls

to me, begging to be used. The people's faces asking for me to split their lip, gauge an eye out.

I fight all of those instincts, and then some, because there's still only one thing on my mind.

Revenge.

I make my first painting with things I find in the garbage of an art supply store, and it sells the same day. Pretty soon, I have a reputation, and people gather around my corner to see my newest works.

I don't ever tell them my real name.

Never look them in the eye.

I just take their money until I have a small stash in my pocket, the wad of paper notes getting thicker each day. But it's still not enough, because most of these people are just watchers. They don't buy shit, just stand around, admiring this and that.

As much as I want to smash their faces in, I prevent myself from doing so. Instead I smile politely, inquire what they like, try to get in their heads. Convince them I'm the next big thing.

It's just another day, the same as every one in my routine. I'm not selling today, instead fighting a hangover from two bottles of cheap wine I had the previous night.

I am not an alcoholic.

But there is no denying the fact - there's a certain kind of calmness at the bottom of each bottle. And pretty soon, they are becoming the only way I can fight back the red mist.

I'm slumped on my corner, the wind howling through the streets, but just then, it stops. And in the same second, my time stops still as well.

Because on the other side of the road, the one with the fancy shops with expensive things in the mirror, is a couple strolling by, their laughter soft and sweet, their conversation friendly. But the man's hand on the small of the woman's back suggest there's more to their relationship, especially when his palm wanders downward, toward her buttocks.

The couple are Emme and Blane.

They're walking by only a few feet away from me, not even noticing me. I

immediately feel the red mist settling over me and I spit on the sidewalk, snarling at the sight of them.

They made me this way.

They sent me here, to the prison of the streets.

They're happy without me.

The perfect couple.

Not for long.

I get up abruptly, my head pounding. Whether it is from the hangover or the anger I'm feeling I can't be too sure of, but I already know I won't be able to fight the red mist this time around.

They look perfect. He is in that stupid pea coat he always wears, his hair longer, ruffled from every time Emme runs a hand through it playfully. She's wearing a pretty floral dress and a cardigan, her hair long down her back. She looks fucking beautiful.

An insane desire to sear through her body with my cock consumes me.

Whenever I see something beautiful, an inner need wills me to destroy it. And wouldn't you know it, Emme is the prettiest of them all.

My hands immediately form fists at my sides and I head towards them.

Ready to smash Blane's face in.

Ready to finally claim Emme's pussy as my own.

"Are you the street artist?" someone interrupts me, standing right in front of me. A body steps in my way, bigger and broader than I am, and my eyes immediately shoot upward, annoyed.

"Get out of my way," I snarl angrily, already moving to get away from him, but he sidesteps me, blocking my way.

"I don't want any trouble," he claims, his hands up in the air, whether to defend himself or placate me, I can't be too sure. Not that I give a fuck.

"You're about to get some," I growl back at him, finally getting a good look at the man. He's about fifty, a silver fox. He's clad in a business suit, sharp and business like. He definitely doesn't look like he belongs to this side of the street, more suited to the other side with the luxury shops.

"I've heard of your art," he says, placating, ignoring my outburst. Over his shoulder, I see Emme and Blane going around the corner and I get even more anxious, desperate to get away.

"What of it?" I ask angrily, refusing to pay him any attention.

"I'm a gallery owner downtown. I've seen your work popping up on social media and blogs, and I'm intrigued," he explains quickly, and he finally has my attention.

A gallery owner? This could save me, I think, almost manic.

"Tell me more," I say, my anger dissipating, Emme and Blane momentarily forgotten, but always in the back of my mind. I focus on the man in front of me, who pushes a business card in my grimy hands. The stark white paper looks terrible against my

palms smudged with paint and dirt.

“My name is Mark Richardson. And I believe you have real talent. But there’s something more ...” He eyes me thoughtfully, flashing a perfect smile that I for some reason don’t want to smash in. Yet.

“What do you mean?” I ask suspiciously, my heart pounding in my chest. I’m hoping he doesn’t remember my face from a newspaper from when my parents were still alive.

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Fortunately, he has something else in mind.

“I see something dark in you. I see you suppressing your real talent. And I believe I can help you bring it out. And earn some money while you’re at it,” he says, winking at me.

He actually fucking winks.

“So, are you interested?” he asks eagerly, and I only think it through for a moment before nodding slowly.

He ignores all the dirt from the street that is caked up on my sleeve, grabbing my arm and pulling me into a hug.

“We’ll do great things together,” he promises me.

And somehow, I know we will.

Not that I care about this man.

The only thing I give a fuck about is getting back at Blane, and claiming Emme.

He’s a dead man, and she’s mine.

Chapter 3

1 year later

“Oh Aiden,” she moans beneath me as I yank her hair back as hard as I can. She yelps with pain but I don’t stop there, pulling just a little bit more so her throat is exposed to my hungry mouth.

I kiss her perfect, white and slender neck with determination. I don’t like how perfect it is, like a swan’s. The first time I saw it, I already decided I’d stain it with dark blue and purple.

That was a year ago, and I’ve been fucking her for the better part of the time that passed since then. As I pound deep inside her, I look at her face, twisted with ecstasy and pain combined.

She looks so much like Emme ...

Tall and slender, her long blonde hair falling down the back. Unfortunately it’s bleached, while Emme’s has that naturally golden quality to it. As I finger her coarse strands of hair I can’t help but remember Emme’s silky ones, slipping between my fingers.

Her face isn’t similar, her nose too small, her lips not full enough.

But she will have to do.

Though every single time I’m fucking her, only one thought goes through my mind.

This isn’t the real thing.

I grab her ass with both of my hands, biting at her neck as I pump inside her. She groans loudly, obnoxiously, like she’s a whore. I guess my cock made her that.

She gasps as I break the skin on her neck, drawing blood. I let it stain my lips, tasting

the iron in it and lapping it up like some deranged monster.

“Please, Aiden,” she begs, just like I taught her. “Please, I can’t take any more, I need to come now ...” She digs her nails into the skin of my back as she pants for more.

I move my mouth to hers and make her taste her own blood while she writhes under me. She tries to move away, squirming underneath me, but I won’t let her. I grip her tightly, moving her in tune with my own body.

“Take it deeper,” I order her, pushing as far as I can as she yelps with pain. “More.”

She does as she is told and her pussy fits my cock perfectly, taking all of me inside her. I can feel her walls contracting against me and she fits perfectly.

“Here you go, you little slut,” I moan

in her ear. “Here you go ...”

With a groan, I pump a few more times, ignoring her cries of pain as I tear her up on the inside. Finally, I come with a loud curse, releasing my come deep inside of her.

“Oh, fuck, Aiden,” she moans for me. “Fuck, you’re good.”

I can’t take any more of her babbling, so I slide my still rock hard cock out of her pussy, our juices leaking out of her, running down the inside of her leg.

“Want me to lick it?” she asks, trying to sound seductive as she dips a finger in the liquid, bringing it up to her mouth. She sucks on her pointer finger in a way I’m sure she thinks is sexy, but only repulses me now that I’m done with her.

I turn around without saying another thing and she scoots over to me, kneading my

shoulders and whispering what she'd like to do now in my ear.

"Would you let go?" I say roughly, pushing her off of me none too gently. "Get it together, Marissa."

She does as she's told sheepishly, just the way I taught her. As much as she annoys me, she's a good fuck - until she opens that goddamn mouth of hers.

I get my clothes on without bothering to take a shower. I know I reek of sex, but I have no intention of hiding the fact. In fact, it turns me on, knowing who I'm about to go see.

I don't say a goodbye to Marissa as I head out, but I do give her ass a smack. The satisfying sound makes me grin widely as I head out.

I head down the stairs, reaching the studio. I've come a long way in the year that has passed, went from a street artist to a house owner, complete with my very own studio where I sell stuff, too. And I'm doing pretty damn well, if I do say so myself.

"Adam!" a pleasant voice greets me and I turn around in time to see the door of the store opening and my benefactor walking in.

Mark Richardson is the man who dragged me up from the shithole I'd put myself in. He's the one I should thank every day for putting me in the position I am in today - a successful, up-and-coming artist.

And how do I thank him?

Let's see ...

Marissa strolls down the stairs, out of breath and reeking of my come.

“Hi, Daddy,” she says, blushing furiously.

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Richardson smiles widely, greeting her with a 'pumpkin' and a wide smile. The guy's clueless - or at least he pretends to be. When I met his daughter, she was eighteen, and I had her in bed in a matter of hours. I've fucked her every day since then, multiple times per day even, yet he's none the wiser.

"We were just upstairs looking at some numbers," she gushes quickly, trying to pull her ass out of trouble. She accompanies her story with a sweet, nervous smile, and the boss man just smiles back.

How stupid can you be?

"Adam," Richardson begins, beckoning me over.

I still haven't gotten used to the fake name I've made up for my new life. I kept my last name, just changing the first one to differentiate myself from the Aiden Castillo - not that anyone cares about that guy anymore.

Blane and Emme are still on my mind, every hour of every day.

I see them in magazines, tabloids. Shots of Emme's perfect long legs, my brother always next to her like a motherfucking dog. She's a socialite now, and he's taking care of the company.

I can't believe society just accepted the fact that they're together now. Fuck, he's her stepbrother after all, but no one seems to give half a shit.

I try to get back to reality, even when I feel the red mist settling over my eyes. This

time, I fight it back, though. I've gotten pretty good at doing that.

"What is it, Richardson?" I ask the boss man, my tone rough. You'd think I'd be nicer to the man that saved me from the streets, yet I despise him with all of my heart.

"I have an opening in a gallery next week, and you're my first choice," he says, beaming. "I want you to show the new stuff, you know - the canvases you showed me last week."

I furrow my brow, unsure of what to make of this. I usually choose my own shows.

"What gallery?" I ask hesitantly.

"Gaze," he says, and I immediately recognize the name as one of the most influential galleries of the moment. I know artists who are killing themselves trying to get in, and here's my option offered on a silver plate.

I think it through for a moment, but I already know what my answer will be. I'm already imagining the money it will put in my pocket, and it will only get me closer to my goal.

And that has stayed the same as the years go by.

Destroy Blane. Claim Emme.

It's my mantra.

"I'll take it," I nod.

Chapter 4

On the day of the exhibition, I'm nervous. And I'm never nervous, so that makes me even more anxious, itching to get the whole thing over with already.

Marissa delivers a perfectly tailored and ridiculously expensive suit to my apartment that morning, and I don't let her leave until I've fucked her nice and good, too.

It relieves the tension at last a little bit, pounding into her, using her body. It always makes me feel better when I degrade her, so I call her names while I do it.

The bitch begs for more, sucking my cock like she's a pro, while she was a virgin when I met her.

How things change.

"Adam," she says softly. "I really have to go now - I have to get ready for the show now."

She works as my assistant and I have her running errands all day, every day. But I'm not finished with her just yet, so I pull her back in the bed and fuck her another time, until she's begging for a break.

"Leave," I order her immediately after I'm done, and she does as she is told like a good girl. I watch her getting out of bed, and all I see are the differences between her and Emme.

They way her hips curve, her flat ass. It's so different from Emme's perfect body, her beautiful skin ... Skin I want to carve into, a body I want to ravage until she screams for me to stop.

When the time comes ...

She blows me a kiss as she leaves, the door shutting with a click behind her.

Let's get this show on the road.

After a steaming shower and a shave, I'm a new man. I put on my suit and I even decide to shell out for a cab to the venue. I spray some cologne as I head out, my heart pumping blood through every cell in my body.

The exhibition today is special because I'm showing some new work.

I've been keeping it pretty inoffensive with my canvases, though I'm more true to myself now than during my street days. Richardson wanted me to show more of my real personality, though.

The poor fuck has no idea what would happen if I were to unleash my demons on the blank canvas. I can already imagine his horrified face, and it delights me.

Riding in the cab, I think of the canvases I'm going to display today.

They're still tame - to me, at least.

It's portraits mostly, but with a darker twist. I re-imagined the people I painted, faces I saw in the street, women I fucked, passersby I walked by. I imagined them pained by injustice, by family feuds, by every day trouble and sickness.

I painted them the way they would be had their problems taken on a physical form. A scratch for an argument, a slash for a lost job. A streak of blood here, a splatter of it there.

I had to hold back when I was painting, stopping myself from taking it to another level. Richardson loved my dark side, though he realized it might be too much for the audience. He claimed the gallery where I was opening would be an amazing audience.

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They are calling my show dark and twisted, a new mind and a gritty imagination. I quite like the sound of that, to be honest.

The cab drops me off in front of the building, and I head in fashionably late.

I know Richardson will be pissed, but it's just another way to show him he's not the boss of me. Fucking his daughter being the main way of showing him that.

As soon as I walk in, I'm shocked by a crowd that has gathered, and when they lay eyes on me, a round of applause breaks out. They whoop, too, and I give a flash of perfect teeth as I walk to the center of the room.

I refuse to take the microphone someone offers me, instead heading straight for the bar.

Marissa and Richardson are next to me in moments as I order myself a double Scotch on the rocks.

"Great turnout," Richardson says proudly as he claps me on the back.

"So proud of you, Adam," Marissa gushes at the same time and I refuse to look at either of them, already feeling annoyed. I ignore them both and leave them to chatter to each other as I walk around the displayed paintings.

There's a 'sold' sign to more of them than I thought there would be, and I can't help the pride swelling deep inside me. I'll be sorry to see the paintings go. They're a special part of me, a lighter side of the fucked up reality.

Just as I turn around from a pretty innocent canvas, I hear a whisper going through the room, and my eyes land on a couple just coming inside the gallery.

She's wearing nude heels that accentuate her legs and some kind of skin tight dress that makes my cock bulge in his pants. He's looking uncomfortable in a tux, but the truth is undeniable.

They're an attractive couple, perfect for each other.

And his face is a mirror image of mine.

It's Blane and Emme, I realize with shock.

I haven't seen either of them since a year ago when I met Richardson. I've been thinking about them most of the time, and my plan is still in motion, but seeing them in person, I can feel my blood boiling in my veins.

"Fuck," I curse under my breath, gripping my glass tightly as I watch them moving through the room, smiling and making comments this way and that. What the hell are they doing here?

Richardson approaches them like some puppy, following them around the room, and even Marissa tails behind. It's like my two worlds are finally crashing together.

And seeing Marissa next to Emme, I finally realize I can't compare them. Emme's beauty outshines Marissa's attractiveness by a mile and I am immediately annoyed by the fact I can't have the real thing.

I realize I'm staring a minute too late, because the face I see every day in the mirror turns towards me, and I'm face to face with my twin brother.

His mouth gaps open at the sight of me and I raise my glass in the air with a smirk, toasting him.

Before I can do anything, he comes over in three long strides, until we're finally face to face. After two years and three months, here is my twin, Blane. And I have to fight every urge in my body so I don't rip his throat out.

"Brother," I say with a smirk and he looks at me with pure confusion.

But there's more there. He's anxious, scared. He's homesick, I can tell. He wants to talk.

I pity him for his weakness.

"Aiden," he says, his voice shaking with shock.

"It's Adam now," I say calmly. For once, I'm happy I changed my name. I'm sure Blane and Emme wouldn't be here had they known whose exhibition it was. "What are you doing here, anyway?"

"You're all the rage," Blane admits and a small smile crosses his lips. "I always believed in your art, Ai-Adam. You know that."

I smirk, not bothering to say a thing, and instead feeling sorry for the spineless prick he is.

I fucked his girl. I fucked him over. I ruined their lives, and I'm nowhere near done yet. Yet here he is, smiling at me like I'm a motherfucking prize at a festival.

He steps around awkwardly and finally clears his throat. I can tell he's about to start saying some emotional crap, but instead, I decide to cut him off immediately.

“So, back to work,” I say with a bored voice. I can see I’ve cut him deep to the bone, the disappointment clear on his face.

“Sure,” he says roughly. “I hope ...”

I don’t let him finish. I leave my boyfriend alone as I walk away from him.

I make sure to make my path cross with Emme’s, knowing it will drive him insane and make her uncomfortable. She hasn’t spotted me so far, but I make sure to bump into her when I pass by.

I take a whiff of her silky skin when I’m next to her, and there it is again, her unmistakable scent. She wobbles on her heels and steadies herself on me.

“So sorry about that!” she gushes, even though I’m the one who tripped her. Then, her eyes finally meet mine.

The moment when her expression full of apologies turns into fear is the moment I live for. I can almost hear her quickened heartbeat, smell the beads of sweat forming on her skin.

“No,” she breathes softly when she sees me, and I reply with a self-satisfied smirk.

She’s still terrified. Just the way I like her.

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“Get ready, sweet Emme,” I say softly, just loud enough for her to hear, but quiet enough to make her question whether that was really what I said.

I leave her flushed yet pale, and I’m out the door.

I don’t give a fuck about the exhibition again, my mind too preoccupied with Emme and what I want to do with her.

Won’t be long now ...

Chapter 5

I’m fucking another girl today.

I don’t remember her name, which I’m pretty sure she whispered in my ear huskily when I got to the club. That was right before she dragged me into one of the private rooms.

I’m riding her hard, my dick bumping against her insides, while she clenches, desperately begging for more.

“Yes, baby,” she moans for me, just how I like it.

But there’s too much acceptance here. She likes the pain. Embraces it. And I want her to fucking hurt, just like I am. But every time I pound harder, she just moans for more instead of asking me to stop, plead like Emme did.

I take her ponytail in my hand and pull it back roughly, making her head twitch backwards. She looks at me with shock, the surprise wild in her eyes.

“What are you doing?” she wants to know, her voice raspy, a hint of the fear I so desire already present in there.

“Making you come,” I tell her with a wicked smile.

I step away from her, my rock hard cock sliding out of her pussy as she begs for more.

I’m not done just yet.

I look around the room as the music from the front room of the club pounds, like my heartbeat pulsing the blood through my veins. It’s equipped for what we’re doing right now, which is exactly the reason why I came here.

Club Zero is a new discovery, and it’s the perfect way to get loose. I heard of it through word of mouth, though apparently, no one is allowed to talk about it. As soon as I walked in there for the first time, I realized why.

It’s a sex club.

A proper place where people meet up to have sex, no money exchanged.

There are rules, of course.

Rules that I love to break.

My eyes land on an assortment of sex toys discreetly placed in a chest of drawers. My hands linger on a few of them, but none of them please me. Finally, I have a winning

idea.

I grab my tie from the pile of clothes I came in wearing and stretch it between my arms, approaching the blonde again.

She's my type once again, as they all are. Tall, willowy and lithe.

She's got nothing on Emme, though, and once again, I'm left wanting more.

However, the look of shock in her eyes makes me excited, and that's gonna have to do for now.

I snap the tie in my hands and grab the girl in my arms before she can make a run for it. She yelps softly, but I've already taken her panties from their spot on the floor and stuffed them in her mouth, shutting her up.

I follow up with my tie, tying it tightly around her neck. As she stares at me with a mix of horror and horniness, I grab her and turn her so she's belly down on the bed.

I grab her thrashing foot and tie the other end of the tie to her ankle, making sure to make it nice and tight. She whimpers something I can't hear, and I soon realize she's in a tricky position.

She has to stay nice and upright, otherwise my tie could choke her.

The look in her eyes is wild and shocked, but her heart is pounding with desire, I can tell.

I grab her ankle as I approach her slowly, my cock stiff and ready for her.

"Here we go," I say softly, my gentle voice the complete opposite of my rough touch.

I step closer until I'm positioned at her entrance, her pussy dripping wet and ready for me.

"Take it deep," I order her, and tease her with my tip on her lips. She moans for more, but I've had enough of the gentleness. With a single thrust, I push my whole length as deep as I can.

She cries through the pain, hot tears falling down her face, but I'm nowhere near done.

I don't stop until her pussy is filled with my come.

I don't stop as she whimpers for me to do so.

I only finish when I'm done, untying her so she falls down like an old ragdoll.

I press a kiss to her cheek, smiling broadly as I get dressed, watching our juices running down her leg. I imagine hurting her more. Calling her names, slicing into her skin, scratching her with my sharp nails.

But I mustn't. I must be careful.

"Thanks, doll," I say to hear, and her glassy eyes follow me out of the room.

I bet she won't forget her first Club Zero experience.

It's late when I head out of the club, tired but pleased.

My mind is on Emme, as it has been since the night of my opening.

I think of her sweet pouty mouth, the perfect curve of her hips, her small but perfect breasts. I think of sliding inside her, fucking her until she begs for me to stop.

Soon.

I can't resist it. I decide to walk by the building of the company my father and Emme's mother built together. It's late and all the lights are out. The security guard gives me a strange look as I pass by, and I think better of lingering.

I can't fuck this up now.

She's almost mine. I can already feel her clit on my tongue.

"Aiden?" a voice interrupts my thoug

hts and I turn around abruptly, only to spot my mirror image. It's Blane, and I immediately regret my decision to pass this place when I see his half-hopeful, half-heartbroken look.

I don't respond, instead position myself guardedly with my hands crossed in front of my body. I'm not going to take shit from him in the middle of the night.

A few long moments pass and the silence is getting thick and uncomfortable.

"What are you doing here so late?" I enquire.

"Late night at the office," he shrugs, refusing to meet my eye.

I look at my watch pointedly. It's one in the morning. "Must be important," I say mockingly, getting ready to leave in the next moment.

But Blane's hand on my forearm stops me from moving forward and I immediately look at him angrily. I hate him touching me.

"Wait, Aiden," he says like some lost puppy. I pity him, I realize.

"It's Adam," I say sternly.

"No, it isn't," he says with a groan. "It's Aiden. It's the mother our parents gave you and you should be damn well proud of it."

I hate how he's lecturing me, already back in the role of the big brother even though it's been a long time since we've been anything close to that.

"Listen," he says with a sigh, seeing that he's upset me. "I just ..."

"You just what?" I interrupt angrily. "You remembered you had a brother all of a sudden? You've forgotten about me for a long time, and now you want a reunion?"

I grit my teeth and we have a stare-off, but Blane stops our eye contact first.

"I just miss you, Aiden," he says softly. "I was wondering if I could see you sometime. We are brothers ... we're twins, for fuck's sake."

I look at him, pondering what he said. I don't want to say yes, but thoughts of Emme keep coming into my mind. As much as I want to punch my brother in the face for it, he's currently the one closest to our stepsister.

And I want her for myself.

"I guess," I say non-committally, and the way his face lights up makes him even more pathetic in my eyes. "We'll set something up."

I don't wait for his response, walking away briskly, my hands tucked in my pockets to hide the smell of the unknown girl's pussy on them.

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Chapter 6

I can't stay away.

I've tried to. I've fought it. I've been good.

But my bad bone is broken in and I can't hold off any longer - I need Emme. Need to see her, touch her, smell her ... Taste her. Which is the reason why I'm following her to work today.

And it's not the first time.

I have her habits down to a T. She doesn't take advantage of her driver at all, instead choosing to walk from the house where she now lives with Blane to the building where they both work.

Blane is usually there hours before her, getting an early start, but Emme leaves at around 8.30 a.m. I'm ready today, already across the street where I know she'll pass me in a couple of minutes.

I'm nervous - actually nervous.

I'm like an addict taking a swig after years of abstinence, and it feels damn good to do so. I crumple the newspaper I'm reading into a ball, throwing it into the nearby trash can, when a change in the air alone lets me know she's near.

I don't know what it is exactly.

A certain scent, a change of the atmosphere.

The sound of her heels on the pavement.

Click-clack-click-clack.

I force myself to turn around and show my back to her, even though it's the hardest thing I've had to do all day. I have to fight the red mist so I don't jump out at her, pulling her in to me.

But what happens next makes my heart race, too.

Just as she is passing me, I hear the clamor of her heels slow down and she seems to hesitate for just a split second when she passes me, like she senses something. She continues on her way almost immediately, but that one moment, that small pause ... it gives me hope.

She still remembers me.

She still knows who owns her.

I turn around in time to see her turn the corner, and I follow seamlessly in her step. If I were to die now, I would be a happy man - as long as I got to take Emme with me.

I come up just close enough to see the skin of the back of her neck erupt in goose bumps. I let myself breathe her in, taking in her sweet floral scent. I can sense she knows someone is behind her, so I stop by a flower vendor next to the street.

She crosses the street, as if she's afraid to look behind her. But when she's on the other side, she turns around hesitantly, slowly ... and our eyes meet.

Pure joy overtakes me when I see the fear in her eyes as her gaze meets mine.

I see her shiver and I feel the sensation repeating in my own body. Just then, a truck drives by, stopping at a red light and cutting the connection.

I take my chance and run into a side alley, ducking behind a dumpster where she'll never spot me. My eyes are still glued to the spot where I saw her last, and my heart beats faster as I watch the truck drive away.

As soon as it's gone, I see her, frozen to the spot where I saw her last. She's glued to the pavement, staring at the place where I was a second ago. Her mouth is gaping open in shock, her eyes glassy as she tries to convince herself I was a mirage.

I take it Blane hasn't told her it was my art opening they came to.

I smirk as she goes on, stumbling when she takes her next step. She's obviously feeling confused and it feels fucking good to know I can still rouse a reaction out of her.

Damn fucking good.

I follow Emme to work, watching her walk into the building. After that, I walk around aimlessly, my thoughts filled with her, only her ...

That silky hair, the creamy skin. Her perfect breasts, her tight pussy. All I need.

I end up next to a local college, where people are lounging on the lawn and doing some studying in the sun. I don't know why, but I find pleasure in observing people - not like a normal person would. I don't watch them, trying to imagine the stories of

their lives. I look at them, imagining how best to hurt them.

And it just so happens that I spot the perfect victim.

She's another Emme lookalike, but so different once again.

She's younger, about 18 I'd say. Her hair is shorter than Emme's, in a bob brushing her chin. She's got those striking green eyes Emme has, though not quite the same shade. And a banging body.

However, she's different than young Emme ever was.

We were best friends when we were kids, and I still remember her like it was yesterday.

Naive, sweet, soft ... So innocent.

This girl has a certain hardness to her, like a knowledge of the world. I'm sure she's had sex before, given head and swallowed come. And when our eyes meet across the lawn and she offers a lazy smile, I know she's a goner.

I don't even have to walk over to her. She says goodbye to her friends and strolls to me on the lawn, offering what I'm sure she thinks is a seductive smile.

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“Hey,” she says with a Southern accent.

A Southern belle. She will be perfect to spoil.

“Couldn’t stay away?” I ask lazily, getting straight to the point. Her eyes shine with surprise, but only for a second, then she returns a small smile.

“Want to see my room?” she offers.

A girl that gets straight to the point - how tacky. Emme would never do that.

“I’d rather have you bended over a park bench and fuck you while everyone here watches,” I offer with a smirk, and her mouth drops open in a shocked o-shape.

A smile replaces it pretty soon, and I know it’s a done deal.

I take her by the arm, not the hand. Instead, I clasp her forearm in an iron grip and pull her behind me. We walk until we’re blocks away, and she doesn’t make a sound, just clattering behind me in her heels.

I drag her into an alley close to Emme’s building. Seeing it makes me think she’s somehow feeling what I’m about to do to this Southern doll.

I push the girl against the dirty, grimy wall of the side alley and my hand immediately comes to rest on her inner thigh. She’s wearing such a ridiculously short skirt I’m sure I’d see her thong if she were to bend down.

“Oh,” she breathes heavily, pretending to be shocked by my actions when she all but asked me for it. “My name is Cheyenne, by the way ...”

“Shut your mouth,” I say roughly. “I don’t give a fuck about your name.”

She gasps with surprise, but as my fingers move her thong to the side, the gasp turns into a moan of pure pleasure.

Not for long, princess.

My fingers outline her lips, already dripping wet with her need for me.

“Such a whore,” I whisper in her ear and she writhes under my touch. She’s about to argue when I abruptly turn her around so she’s facing the wall. I make her grasp the bricks and she gasps for more.

I spread her legs in front of me, nice and wide. Next, I open up my zipper. I have to rub my cock a few times to get it hard, and I have to think of Emme to get it up.

Fuck.

I position my hardness on her lips as she pants for me to push it in. But in the last second, I change my mind.

Ripping her panties off, I decide to go for her ass instead. She’s such a filthy girl, but I’m sure she hasn’t had a cock in this hole yet.

My suspicions are confirmed when she yelps as I slowly push my tip inside her. She’s so tight it hurts both of us, so I lick my fingers and dampen her entrance, make her nice and ready for me.

“Not in there, please,” she begs softly, but I can tell she loves it.

I disregard her words, and my next push is all in.

She gasps, yells with pain, cursing loudly. My palm finds her mouth and I make her shut up. She tries to push me away with her hands, but I grasp them behind her back, holding them tightly in place.

“Sweet little Emme,” I whisper in her ear. “You haven’t had it in here yet, have you?”

She whimpers under me as I thrust inside her, again and again and again.

I think of my stepsister, all long legs, soft curves, silky hair.

And then it doesn’t tak

e me long to come.

I think of the girl for a split moment, and because I’m a nice guy, I find her clit with my free hand, massaging it savagely until her yelps of pain turn into pleasure. I can feel her hot breath as she comes right with me, biting down on my palm to stop her from screaming.

I let myself go, too, releasing my hot come inside her ass. I pull out immediately, my come running down her inner thigh.

I didn’t bother using a condom.

The girl turns around and glares at me, eyes wide and angry. “I didn’t want it in there,” she claims loudly, already pulling her panties up her soaking legs.

“You didn’t, but you damn well liked it,” I tell her, and she doesn’t disagree. I pull her closer and lower, until she’s head to head with my cock. She looks up at me, her eyes suddenly full of lust.

I lower her head on my tip, making her suck it nice and good. She’s good at this, and I can imagine she’s done it quite a few times. She licks the underside of my dick while she caresses my balls, gently tugging on the foreskin every so often.

But it does fucking nothing for me, because I know she likes it.

And I get off on others’ pain, not pleasure.

So I force my cock inside her throat as far as it goes, choking her with it. She flails, trying to get away, but as my tip hits the back of her throat, I finally feel myself stiffening.

Despite her best efforts to get away, she keeps licking at it, like a reflex.

And finally, I can feel myself giving in, thinking it’s Emme giving me head.

I feel her mouth with my hot come, than push her away.

I zip myself up as she coughs and sputters. I leave to her shouting obscenities after me, her pain the best thing I’ve experienced all day. A smirk crosses my lips.

Chapter 7

I never expect to hear from my brother, let alone the very next day. But when my cell phone rings and his number flashes on the screen, I give a roll of the eyes, getting ready for the conversation I don’t want to have.

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“Hello,” I answer, not even bothering to make my voice sound less bored.

“Aiden, hey,” my brother answers, his nerves a sharp contrast to my tone.

“What do you want?” I get straight to the point, and am immediately greeted by a long pause. I clear my throat and roll my eyes again when he doesn’t answer. “Well?”

“Um, I was wondering ... I was wondering if you had plans for dinner today.”

I think of the bleak day ahead of me, with Marissa coming over later in the evening. At least that way, I get to have sex, while a dinner with my twin is not something that would leave me satisfied in the least.

“Yeah, I don’t-” I start to decline, but his next words immediately change my mind.

“Emme will be there,” he says quickly, as if he’s been keeping this information to himself for too long and is desperate to get it out. I hold my breath nervously, waiting for him to go on, and he does just that.

“We had a ... long talk. It’s been a long time. I’ve thought it through and I know you had some problems and you ... you took it out on her. I think I’ll bring her around, and she agreed to come to dinner with us.”

Time stops still for a moment when I think of Emme.

Sweet, now not-so-innocent Emme. Spoiled by my brother’s cock, but still ready to be all mine ... Waiting for me to plunge deep inside of her ... The moment is coming,

and I am ready.

“Oh,” I say lamely, my mind churning along with the newly presented facts. “I guess I can make it, for old time’s sake.”

“Great!” Blane sounds so desperately happy it makes me want to punch him and ask him to get it together. He’s so pathetic.

“We’ll see you at Chez Anton at eight p.m. sharp?” he suggest and I agree with a single ‘yes’ before cutting the line. Then I immediately set the phone down, not bothering to text Marissa about the change of plans.

My mind is already on something else.

I make sure to come into the restaurant late, make them wait for me like I’ve been doing for them for the past year. I want them squirming, wondering whether I’ll really show up.

And when my cab pulls up in front of the restaurant and I spot them through the window, I’m pretty sure they’re both anxious. They’re talking, Blane trying hard to keep up a conversation, waving his arms around animatedly.

And Emme is just sitting there, looking anxious and nervous.

And I’m transported to our childhood home, a year and a few months ago ...

My fingers plunged in her pussy, telling her she belongs to me. She fights to make me stop, but I take what is mine - what always was.

And then my fucking twin strolls in and ruins everything.

I walk in, and their heads immediately turn towards me. I ignore Blane completely, focusing on my sweet little stepsister. Her expression of anxiousness turns into fear, and it makes my cock stir in my pants immediately.

Fuck, I want her badly.

“Hello,” I greet them softly and she immediately looks away, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear like she’s afraid to even meet my eye.

She’s quiet while Blane greets me enthusiastically, and I sit on the other side of the table from them. I can tell I’m making them uncomfortable, and it’s making me fucking happy. I’m going to ruin them.

While Blane chatters about nonsensical stuff, Emme keeps quiet, refusing to meet my eye. I stare at her pointedly the whole time, trying to steal a glance at those gorgeous eyes that taunt my dreams.

But she won’t let me, and it’s driving me fucking insane.

I need Emme.

She’s the one that grounds me, the only one that can keep the red mist away.

And she makes it all so much better.

She owes me this. She owes it to me to make it all better, to calm my demons.

She doesn’t seem to be aware of that though, shooting several loving glances at my twin brother throughout the dinner. It drives me fucking insane, the way they look at

each other, because I want her for my own.

The evening drags and drags, though I could be looking at Emme all day. They don't seem to be as comfortable, though, and I realize they're going to start a topic I probably won't like.

"So," Blane begins slowly, meeting my eye carefully like I'm a ticking time bomb. It fucking pisses me off so badly. "We wanted to talk to you about something."

"Oh?" I say with a smirk, my eyebrows raised all the way up to my hairline. "Why don't you tell me about it, Emme?"

I'm taunting her on purpose, and she twitches as soon as I say her name. Finally, Blane nudges her to make her talk to me and she looks me in the eye for the first time that evening.

"We ..." she begins, her voice hoarse from being quiet all evening. I pretend it's from the screaming she's done while I fucked her, and it makes my cock rock hard under the table.

She clears her throat before going on. "We wanted to offer you to get some help."

I look at her, feeling completely confused, but it's like a dam has broken.

She suddenly reaches for me, grabbing my arm in one of her palms and I'm gone immediately. Her soft, creamy skin enveloping mine ... It's almost too much to handle.

"I love you so much, Aiden," she says sweetly, her eyes dancing across my face, begging for me to listen. "You were always my best friend. I know you didn't mean what you did, I know you want to get better. And we can help you with that, you

know?”

I look at her blankly, trying to take in what she's saying. I'm having mixed feelings, what with her skin on mine combined with the words coming out of her mind.

“What do you mean?” I ask through gritted teeth.

She looks so enthusiastic. It's going to hurt to take her down.

“We have this great psychiatrist,” she begins.

And after that, I tune everything out. She goes on and on about some doctor who can do wonders, probably by prescrib

ing a shit ton of medication to me. Blane nods enthusiastically as she speaks and it drives me fucking insane to see them ganging up on me.

But as bad as this is, I know I can't show my true side yet.

I know I can't tell them I think they need a doctor, not me. I can't say I'll never go along with all of the plans they've made for me.

And if I want to get what I really want, I'll have to go along with this.

So I agree with them, nodding my head like an obedient dog in all the right places. I admire their happy smiles, admit I have issues. I do everything I have to, to make it seem like I'm going along with everything.

But when we say goodbye for the night, a completely different scenario is playing out in my head. And I know it will finish my way, not theirs.

I watch them leave before getting into my cab, my twin brother's arm protectively draped around my girl's shoulders.

And I tell myself my mantra again, repeating it over and over again in my head.

Destroy Blane. Claim Emme.

Chapter 8

My plan is solid and about to be set into motion. I've thought it all through, and I'm ready to make it happen today. I need her now. Emme will be mine.

It's a week later and I've been keeping in touch with both my brother and my stepsister every night. I've been feeding them some shit about doing what they want. I even made an appointment with the shrink they suggested - not that I'm planning on going, anyhow.

So today is Friday and I've finally managed to get rid of Marissa, sending her on her way, completely depressed by the fact I won't be sticking my cock inside her today. Fuck that - I've got more important things to take care of today.

I also happen to know Blane is away today. I made it my business to find out about his trip to Seattle, and made sure to set an alarm clock for the middle of the night, at 2.30 in the morning.

I can't sleep anyway, and when the alarm rings, I immediately shoot up in my bed, ready for her. More ready than I've ever been, in fact.

With calculated motions, I look around my studio apartment. Then I get straight to work, making the place ready for her.

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I start by turning over the glass coffee table, shattering it on the cool marble tiles. I watch out so I don't step on any of the sharp pieces, but after a careful thought, I take one anyway and slice it across my wrist.

Not enough to bleed out.

Just enough to make her think I did it on purpose.

Then I pick up the phone and type in Emme's number.

And I listen for the ring.

"Hello?"

Her voice is groggy with sleep and I can tell I've woken her up, which fits accordingly with my plan. So far, so good.

"Emme, Emme," I say desperately, my voice braking over every single word as I beg for her attention. I can immediately feel the change of the atmosphere across the line, the electric current reaching through the phone right to me.

"What's wrong?" she says, immediately alert, her voice only lightly ringed with a panicked tone. "Did something happen? Are you okay? Oh, please tell me you're okay, Aiden ..."

I make sure to make a few exasperated moans and gasps and I can feel her getting more and more worried, breathing anxiously down the line.

“I did something stupid, Emmy,” I say softly. “Something so stupid ...”

She takes a sharp intake of breath and I smile to myself, pleased with how everything is progressing.

“I’ll be right there,” she says in a rush. “Do you want to stay on the line?”

I make sure to stay quiet for a few moments to make her worried. “Aiden?” she asks anxiously. “Aiden, are you okay?!”

I refuse to answer, instead cutting the line immediately after that. Then, I sit in the armchair in the living room, waiting for my doll to come and play.

She bangs on the door when she’s hear, shouting my name desperately. I get up slowly, getting ready to play. My arm is bleeding, not too heavily but just enough to make her worried.

I make my way to the door, whimpering and dragging my feet behind me as I do so.

I open the latch with shaking fingers and she bursts in in a flurry of silken blonde hair and worried sentences, already grabbing me and pulling me closer, worried about me.

“Aiden, oh Aiden,” she says, her voice shaking with worry. “What have you done? What is this?”

She grabs my arm in her palms, turning it over so the gash is exposed. She takes a sharp intake of breath when she sees what I’ve done and I gasp with make belief pain as she touches me.

Truth is, I don't feel much of anything apart from the unsteady beating of my heart, the excitement building up deep in the pit of my belly. I want her so fucking bad it's the only thing I can think about, my slashed arm completely forgotten.

I fight back my urges for as long as I can, letting her drag me into the bathroom and clean my wound. She uses a bottle of vodka I had stashed in the cabinet of the bathroom, not mentioning the strange position of it.

And all I can do is stare at her. Those beautiful, luscious, full lips ... I'm already imagining them wrapped around the tip of my cock, suffocating on my girth.

"Are you not hurting?" she asks worriedly, wrapping a gauze around my wrist.

I realize I have to keep my act up, otherwise she'll know something is up. I have to pretend something is wrong so she doesn't think twice about helping me. And most of all, I have to get her to my bedroom.

"I need to lie down," I say, my voice breaking over the words.

"Sure," she says hurriedly. "Let's get you to your bedroom and I'll call a doctor ..."

She helps me up the stairs and I feign pain as she does so, making sure of something else as we make our way up. "Did you tell anyone you were coming over? I'm so embarrassed," I say with a hushed tone.

She shakes her head and my heart plummets. No one knows she's here.

She's at my mercy. And I have none.

We finally make it to my bedroom and immediately, her eyes spot the large tablecloth covering an object in the corner of the room. She doesn't ask though, too preoccupied

with getting me to lie down on the bed.

I stumble on purpose, settling on the soft covers. Emme busies herself with the duvet, covering me like I'm some child, but I pull her hand, making her come closer.

"Emme," I groan. "Please ... Lie next to me. I don't want to be alone. I need you to help me. Only you can do it, you know it's always been like that ..."

She only looks hesitant for a split second. I can almost see the gears turning in her head, contemplating whether she should do it or not. But finally, she gives a brief nod and climbs inside the bed along with me.

I don't touch her, oh, not yet.

I let her settle next to me, a safe distance between us.

She finally looks up to me through her thick black lashes. I wonder if they obscure her vision. She's so beautiful ... my perfect little baby doll.

I imagine her broken porcelain exterior and it gets me off like nothing else ever could.

"Emme," I say.

Our eyes meet across the bed and she smiles softly.

"Why did you do this, Aiden?" she asks hesitantly, like she's afraid of hearing the answer. "Why did you hurt yourself? How could you do that to your own body?"

I look at her for a moment, contemplating my answer. Finally, I answer truthfully. "I did it for you," I say with a groan. "Can't you see, Emme? It's always been for you

...”

There’s a certain wonder in her eyes I’m not used to, like she’s wondering what I mean.

And for a minute, I let myself pretend we’re a real couple. We’re just lying in our bed, about to make love. We’re not fighting, and I don’t have the constant urge to hurt her, claim her. We’re just ... happy. In love.

But the red mist always takes over in the end.

And as much as I want to fight it, I never win.

So when I reach over to Emme and see the fear registering in her eyes, I know there’s no normal for us. I can either let her be, let her stay happy with my twin brother ... Or I can selfishly take her for myself and ruin her in the process.

I already made my decision.

Chapter 9

I pull Emme close to me and she doesn't fight me, like she's already excepted what's about to happen. She's like a ragdoll as I slide her on me, her legs straddling my hips.

"What are you doing," she says more than asks, her breath ragged as she looks around uncomfortably, as if searching for an escape from her predicament.

"I'm taking what's mine," I growl proprietarily and place my hands firmly on her hips, grinding her against my hardness. I can't believe it's finally happening.

"Aiden," she gasps with shock. "Your hand ... you're hurt. You have no idea what you're doing!"

I smirk up at her, my smile devilish, my eyes cold and unrelenting. "I know exactly what I'm doing," I say calmly. "Didn't you know I've been planning this all along?"

Her innocent eyes widen at my words and she makes a lunge for it, trying to escape from my lap. But I'm too fast from her, grasping her hips and holding her firmly in place.

"I'm going to scream," she says, but her voice trembles, missing the resolve she used to have. I laugh out at her, raising my hips from the bed and grinding against her.

Too bad she's wearing panties.

"Do you want to get hurt, doll?" I ask sweetly. "One word out of you, and I'll cut you

like you deserve.” I trace a fingers across her collarbone. “A slice here, a gash there ... Would you like some scars to keep a memory of me, honey?”

She whimpers and a small tear rolls down her cheek, and it gets me so fucking excited for what I have in store for her. She thinks this is bad? Emme has no idea what’s coming for her.

With one fluid motion I take her in my arms and subconsciously, she wraps her legs around my hip to stop her from falling. I grin at her and she looks at me with shock and something like disgust, which makes me angry.

&

nbsp; Why has she never been attracted to me?

I look the same as my brother, and she seems to have no problem fucking him.

“Want to see what I got for you?” I ask her, and her pupils dilate with fear as she looks down at me. Somehow, I think she still believes I’ll let her go. She still thinks I’m a good guy, that she can help me, heal me.

She couldn’t be more wrong, because I’m bad to the bone, and I’m about to prove that.

With her in my arms, I walk over to the large object in the corner of the room that is covered with the tablecloth. In one motion, I pull the cloth off and reveal a big cage.

Perfect for my new pet.

Emme gasps and small whimpers escape her lips as she takes in the cage. It’s human sized, and I can feel the realization seeping into her eyes as she comes to the

conclusion that it is meant for her.

“Don’t, Aiden,” she begs me. “Someone will come for me. They’ll notice me missing!”

“And I’ll help them look for you,” I promise her with a wicked grin. “No one will even suspect you’re hidden right here in your play pen.”

Her eyes are horrified, and that’s when she makes a run for it. I let her fall out of my arms, my grin wide as she falls to the floor, clumsily picks herself up and runs out of the room, desperate to get as far away from me as possible.

“Ready or not, here I come!” I say in a sing song voice and let myself laugh it off as I hear her whimpers of distress when she finds the doors locked and the windows screwed shut.

I’ve prepared well for her arrival, and everything is in place.

Now all that’s left to do is to play with my little doll.

I walk down the stairs slowly, feeling my cock stirring in my trousers with the mere thought of what I’m going to do to her.

“Come out, come out, wherever you are,” I say cheerily, and her cry of distress immediately gives off her location.

I turn abruptly, ducking under the stairs where she’s hiding along some brooms.

That’s when she starts to scream.

Covering that pretty, pouty mouth with my hand, I whisper in her ear.

“Don’t use up all your voice, pet,” I say with a wicked grin. “The games are only just getting started, and I’m nowhere near done with you ...”

She bits down on my palm and I feel the blood running down my fingers, but all I do is laugh triumphantly.

Claim Emme - check.

Now to destroy Blane.

Chapter 10

I take my doll to her place, locking her in her cage. But before I do that, I make sure to strip all of her clothes off her beautiful, lithe body.

She cries while I do it, and only makes feeble attempts to stop me, which makes me angry. I want her fighting, resisting - it’s what I’ve been dreaming of for the past year.

She’s too docile.

I’ll have to show her what she’s missing, get some fight back in her.

Because she might believe she’s getting out of here any minute, but I have different plans for her ... for us.

I strip her clothes off gently at first, but I start getting impatient as soon as her beautiful breasts are exposed to me. My fingers start trembling and it makes me fucking angry, so I rip her jeans off and the button flies somewhere across the room.

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She tries to scream again, so I take her shirt and wrap it around her mouth like a gag. Then she starts looking at me like some wounded doe, her eyes pleading with me to let her go.

But she doesn't try to run again.

I unlock her cage and thrust her inside, and she immediately clutches the bars as I step back to look at her.

Fuck, she's beautiful. Her naked body, her hands against the bars, her pleading eyes, her mouth gagged. It's getting me off just to look at her and I have to stop myself from lunging forward and taking more of what I want from her.

But then, the doorbell rings.

I look around, feeling more than a little panicked, and Emme acts as if she's woken up from a trance, whimpering through her gag and moving the bars, trying to get out of the cage or at least get someone's attention.

Cursing under my breath, I grab the tablecloth from before and throw it over the cage, hiding my play thing from unwanted eyes.

Then, I make my way down my stairs, my heart pounding in my ears.

I have to lean against the wall before I open the door, I'm so out of it.

When I finally do, I expect to see Blane on the doorstep. But instead, Marissa is there,

her face splotchy and red. She looks unattractive like this, and it makes my cock go limp in seconds.

“What do you want?” I growl at her.

But before I can move, she’s already inside my place, storming around and blabbering incoherently. I purse my lips and imagine slicing her throat, her essence and all of those fucking words flowing out her with her red, red blood.

I contain myself though, realizing she could be the perfect alibi for tonight. Later, when they discover Emme missing, I’ll be able to use her as an excuse.

My lips curl upward as I join her in my living room.

“You bastard!” Marissa shouts, hitting me feebly with her small fists.

I have no idea what she thinks I’ve done, but she’s probably right to be mad at me.

“What?” I ask innocently, raising my eyebrows up high.

“I know what you did,” she says bitterly. “I know you hooked up with some girl at that sex club, you bastard!”

Correction, dear Marissa. There were many, many more than just one. Sometimes more at a time, even.

“Oh, Marissa,” I say softly. “Who fed you that bullshit?”

She looks at me doubtfully, as if wanting to believe me. The bitch is so damn fucking naive. I could tell her anything and she would eat up that shit in a minute.

“Daddy’s colleague,” she says brokenly. “Someone told him they saw you there, and Daddy mentioned it to me ... You know he doesn’t know about us.”

I smile softly at her, coming over and taking her chin in my hands while she looks up hopefully. What a stupid, useless bitch, I can’t help but thinking. But at least I have a use for her tonight ...

“And you believe that shit?” I growl and she slowly shakes her head no, which earns her a smile from me. It’s like her world just got lit up and she smiles back at me.

“Let’s get those thoughts out of your head,” I say roughly, my hands finding their way under her skirt, and she’s already moaning because of my touch, that’s how badly she wants me.

I’m wondering whether I should fuck her on the couch or the kitchen table when the doorbell rings again, and I immediately know it’s my brother.

I don’t know why. Call it a twin thing.

I motion for Marissa to wait and I head to the door, taking a deep breath to get ready. I think of Emme in my room, in my the cage I had made for her, and it makes me hard in a second. Knowing how desperate my brother will be to find her just makes me more excited.

I open the front door, feigning surprise when I see Blane.

“What’s up?” I ask nonchalantly, as if nothing has happened. I’m a good actor.

He looks up at me and he is completely broken. “Have you seen Emme?” he asks desperately.

This poor fucker doesn't even suspect I took her.

He has no fucking idea she's a floor up from him, bound, gagged and naked in a steel cage. He just came to me for help, when I'm the one inflicting all this pain on him.

"What's going on?" I ask, my brow furrowed. I motion for him to come inside and he does exactly that, spotting Marissa in an instant.

"She's my ..." I start, and immediately Marissa's eyes light up hopefully. Fuck, I'm gonna have to do this, aren't I? I think with regret. "Girlfriend," I finally spit out, the word leaving a bad taste in my mouth and lighting up Marissa's face like a goddamn Christmas tree.

"Emme is gone," Blane continues. "I got home from a business trip early, and she isn't

there. And it's the middle of the night ... Have you heard from her?"

He's so deliciously desperate, the stupid fuck.

I feign surprise as I shrug. "No, I haven't ... I haven't talked to her at all. Where do you think she could be?"

He walks around the room, pacing the length of my place nervously, his heels making a lot of noise on the floor. Subconsciously, I look up, imagining Emme in the cage. A little smile makes its way on my lips, but I make sure to hide it immediately.

Blane walks over to the couch then, and his brow is furrowed as he looks at it. I follow his gaze, and when it lands on the object he's looking at, my heart skips a beat.

"What is this about?" Marissa groans tiredly, and I can tell she's horny for me.

But there are more important things on my mind.

Because right there, on my couch cushion, is a purse.

And judging by Blane's expression, it's definitely not Marissa's.

He picks it up, dangling it from one finger.

"What's this?" he asks, his voice broken.

We stare at each other as a new plan formulates in my head. Goodbye, brother, I think bitterly, realizing there's only one way out of this situation.

We both lunge forward.

Chapter 11

Blane comes for me.

I go for Marissa.

I take her neck in my shaking palms and I squeeze down as hard as I can. She lets out a broken cry and Blane stops in his tracks, looking at me with complete shock.

"You move a single step, and she's gone," I threaten him, emphasizing my words by squeezing even tighter so Marissa lets out a strangled cry.

"You're insane," Blane whispers.

"Only finding that out now, are you?" I spit out, and we exchange looks.

What surprised me most is the shock in his eyes. After all this time, after all the shit I've done, he still thinks I'm a good person. Or he wants to believe it at least ...

Hate to disappoint, brother.

"Where is she?" he demands next, and my lips curl upwards as I think of Emme upstairs, probably hearing everything that is happening and feeling terrified.

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“In her place,” I say simply. “Exactly where she belongs.”

“You sick fuck!” Blane shouts at me, his resolve finally breaking, his hands forming fists at his sides as he lunges forward, probably ready to snap my neck.

“Not a step,” I say, gripping Marissa’s next between my sweaty fingers. She’s going limper and limper in my arms, and I’m well aware she’s going to lose consciousness if I don’t loosen my grip.

“Aiden,” Blane says, trying to calm me down. “You can still make it out. You can still get out of here and walk away. Nothing that bad has happened yet.”

I let out a shrill laugh and my brother just stares and stares at me.

“You’re a good person,” he says softly. “You’re just ... confused. And we can get you help, and everything will turn out alright. We’ll help you, brother.”

I want to make him see he can’t. I want him to realize I’m broken beyond repair, damaged from birth. He can’t fix me, as badly as he wants to.

So I squeeze just a little tighter.

And Marissa loses her supply of air, her body finally becoming putty in my hands. So I drop her to the floor, and her small body clatters down like it’s nothing.

Blane screams, cursing out loudly, immediately rushing towards her.

I take my chance, taking the stairs two at a time, rushing to see Emme, take her with me. I'm desperate now, and I know I'm not thinking clearly, but one thought is obvious in my mind - I need to get away.

But I'm not leaving without her.

I rush into the bedroom, looking at the cage still covered with the tablecloth. Realizing I only have seconds, if that, I rip the fabric off of the cage.

It's empty.

The cage is fucking empty.

I let out a frustrated scream, turning around and looking straight at Emme.

She looks wild, feral.

She's still naked, her beautiful body reflecting in the moonlight coming in through the window. Fuck, she's beautiful ...

She also has a jagged piece of glass in her hand, and I realize it's the same one I used to carve my arm with when I wanted to make her feel bad for me.

"Emme," I say with a crazed smile. "You got out."

I almost feel proud of her.

"Shut up," she snarls quietly, and I look at her with surprise, but immediately, my lips curl upward into a smile. My little doll has some fight left in her, after all.

"Oh, baby, what are you going to do?" I ask her mockingly. "You aren't going to hurt

me ...”

She lashes out in that moment, the glass making contact with my skin and slicing it. I look at my doll with complete shock for a moment, but then I start to laugh.

I laugh until tears are streaming down my face, and she just stares at me, horrified.

“Emme,” I say. “Good to see you’re still fighting.”

I walk over to her, easily wrestling the glass out of her hand and into mine. I take her in my arms where she belongs, and she barely puts up a fight when I touch the glass to her creamy skin.

“You’re going to get punished now,” I say softly. “Because you were bad, and you know it, right?”

She whimpers softly and I bury the glass in her.

Luckily, I’m pretty good at carving, too.

She starts screaming her head off and I can hear Blane’s steps on the stairwell, so I do a shit job, rushing it. Then he appears in the doorway, and I push my stepsister away from me and straight into her arms.

“Emme!” he screams her name, holding her close.

I rush to the window and clutch the window sill, throwing a look over my shoulder at the couple I want so badly to destroy.

“I left you a little message,” I say with a smirk as they both look at me, horrified.

Then I jump out of the window as they both start to scream.

Epilogue

6 months later

My plan wasn't perfect.

Actually, it was so bad it failed almost immediately, and I will never forgive myself for that.

As I sit on a beach, a cocktail in my hand, my feet buried in the sand, I contemplate what I've done and where I am now. I think of my brother and my stepsister, living in fear of me coming for them, and it makes me fucking happy to know they're anxious.

I got away.

But the escape wasn't perfect.

Because I suspected my plan might fail, I had money set up in several accounts no one knew belonged to me. But that night when I jumped out of the window, I landed badly and broke my leg.

I limped away from the scene of the crime, and I found refuge in a dirty alley - my old friend. But then something happened I wasn't expecting would ...

Marissa came for me.

The stupid, naive bitch forgave me, she was so desperate for me. She didn't care what happened with my brother and Emme. She just wanted me.

We enlisted Daddy Dearest to help us get out of the country. There was a price on my name, and I was a wanted man, but he made sure we got away safely. He's an even stupider fuck than his daughter, and he ate up the shit I fed him about Emme and Blane, none the wiser about the truth.

We've been in this resort for half a year now, and I'm getting used to the leisurely life on the beach. Marissa is an annoyance I can deal with, and at least she's a good place to put my dick for the night.

But I haven't forgotten my little play thing, my sweet Emme.

Every hour of every day, I remember the message I cut in her skin for both her and my brother to look at until I come for them again.

I'm not done.

Try as she might, my words will stain her skin forever, a mark that makes her mine no matter what she says. That makes me smile.

I take a sip of my cocktail, tuning out Marissa's endless chatter at my side, and my eyes fall on a girl playing volleyball on the beach.

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She looks so much like my Emme ... Younger, though. Probably just a teenager, but with perky breasts and a tight little ass. I can already imagine the taste of her pussy on my lips.

My lips curl upward in a smirk when she catches my eye.

I'll have Emme when the time comes ... But no one says I can't have some fun in the meantime.

Ready or not, here I come.

End of Part 3

And here is a sneak peek of Part 4 (the last in the series) Game of the Stepbrothers, told from Emme Ford's point of view ... COMING IN APRIL 2015.

Prologue

2 years later

Every day, my scar taunts me.

Every look in the mirror, every time I wake up, I'm reminded I've been marked for life and there's nothing I can do about it. I know Blane doesn't like touching it – whenever his hands roam my body, he makes sure to avoid the spot on my back where the words are carved deep in my skin.

Blane tells me no one can see it anyway.

But I'm still self-conscious.

I imagine people's eyes burning through my clothes, seeing right through the fabric to the damaged, puckered skin, where Aiden's words lie forever.

I'm not done.

It's not just the scars. It's those words, that goddamned sentence which makes me wake up screaming every night, plagued by nightmares. It makes me shiver every time I go into a dark alley, keeps me looking over my shoulder on a cold night.

It keeps me in a state of perpetual fear and I know I need to be brave, need to trust Blane and the other men protecting me. Yet I can do nothing about the gut-wrenching feeling of dread deep in the pit of my belly.

Blane wants a baby.

He has made that abundantly clear, at first just hinting at the fact, but becoming more and more obvious with each day that passed. Finally, he admitted how badly he wanted a child out loud, and I've been dreading the topic ever since.

How on earth am I supposed to bring an innocent infant in the world, knowing there is a man out there who would do anything and everything to hurt it? I would never forgive

myself when – if something actually happened.

In his sleep, Blane pulls me closer until my body is tight against his. I can feel his hardness through his pajama bottoms, always ready for me, wanting me.

At least that aspect of our lives hasn't changed, and I'm thankful everyday for choosing the right brother. I guess it always has been Blane, and Aiden could never stand it.

Settling into the crook of my stepbrother's arms, I close my eyes firmly and tell myself to go to sleep, but it's a vain effort. Dark thoughts keep penetrating my thoughts and I can't seem to be able to get a wink of sleep.

I lie next to Blane for hours, until it's finally an acceptable hour of the morning to get up. Nuzzling into his side, he groans when he feels me moving.

"Slept well?" he asks me and this time it's my time to groan as I bury my face in his neck. I love the way he smells – all musk and something sweet, like vanilla and mint. It drives me crazy, even after all this time.

Blane takes my face in his hands, flipping me on my stomach until I'm on top of his body, straddling him. His eyes are sleepy, but mischievous nonetheless and my gaze replicates his in moments.

"Ready for you," he groans, guiding my hand over his boxer shorts, where his cock is begging to be set free and played with.

I tease him, running my hand over his shorts until he groans my name over and over again. Finally, he has enough of me and slips my hand into his boxers.

My fingers wrap around the thick head of his cock, the skin velvety smooth in my hand. I moan when I feel the drop of pre-cum already on his cock, the bead wet under my fingers. I pull my hand out of his boxers and bring my index finger to my lips, giving it a long, delicious lick.

I've come a long way since I was the sweet little girl whose innocence was taken

away by her stepbrother ... And then once again by his twin. It's like some sick fairytale.

The moment I lick his cum from my finger is the second he comes undone. With a low growl emanating from deep in his throat, he flips me on my back and rips my panties off until my pulsating sex is on full display.

Already panting, he licks a finger fervently and pushes it inside me without waiting for my approval. I moan and my back arches as he checks if I'm ready for him. Finding me wet and willing, he gives me a satisfied grin and removes his finger, gripping his cock and guiding it towards my dripping entrance.

"Want me?" he groans hoarsely, running the tip of his hard cock over my lips and clit until I'm mewling, asking him for more with animalistic sounds of pleasure. But he hasn't had enough and he taunts me further by slapping my pussy with his cock.

"Please," I whisper softly. "Need you inside. Need your cock inside me," I beg him.

And he doesn't need to be told twice, gripping my waist with one hand while he guides his cock inside me with the other. I yelp as he drives his full-length inside me, his hard on so big and thick it almost bruises my insides.

"Fuck," he groans, leaning down until we're face to face, his mouth taking mine in a violent kiss. He grips my bottom lip between his teeth and bites down just hard enough to make me moan. "Be good and tight for me, baby doll."

Arching my back again, I take in the whole depth of his cock, pounding deeper and deeper with each thrust of his hips. I can feel him pulsating inside me and my pussy responds with the same fervor, my juices running down my leg and making me drip.

This is how we like it in the morning – quick and rough. I've discovered I have a

thing for dominance, and while Blane was extremely hesitant at first, he now does it out with an iron fist.

And I love it; love his rule over my body, mind and spirit. All of me belongs to him, and I whisper as much in his ear as he pounds his cock into my dripping wetness.

I know neither of us will last much longer so I clench my walls even more and Blane groans when he feels me tightening around his cock. In seconds, his pants grow into raspy breaths and then groans, and then he clutches strands of my hair in a fist and breathes heavily in my ear.

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“Come on my cock, baby doll,” he orders, and I moan, knowing it won’t be long before I obey his wish. “Come on,” he says, pulling my head back by the hair. “Be a good girl for me ... Let me feel you come.”

I don’t need anything else as I feel the vibrations start deep in the pit of my belly, running through every limb until all of me is under pressure. I come with a loud curse, my clit throbbing as he finds it with his fingers, massaging rhythmically and not letting go even when my orgasm should stop.

“Need to come with you, baby doll,” he groans in my ear as a strangled cry escapes my lips, encouraged by his rubbing of my swollen clit. “Right now ...”

He groans loudly and curses before I feel him pulsing in me, finally releasing his cum, which I crave so badly. I feel the liquid running down my leg as he releases his hold inside me, and I don’t waste a second.

Not even waiting for him to finish and still dizzy from my own orgasm, I move from under him and to the side while he collapses on the bed next to me, still moaning.

Then, I move down and take his throbbing cock in my mouth, licking him clean.

The taste of his cum was an acquired taste, but now it’s like I have an addiction. I lick every last drop and suck him dry until he can only gasp with each movement of my tongue over his thick head.

Finally, when I’m satisfied with my own work, I let Blane cradle me in his arms, giving him a mischievous smile.

“Now it’s a good morning,” I say wickedly, and his grin mirrors mine as I settle in his arms, the sheets damp with our combined juices.

And it’s moments like this, the blissful mornings, the crazy orgasms, that I can forget about the predicament we’re in ... If only for a few minutes.

TO BE CONTINUED ...