



# Sins of the Stepbrothers (2 Wicked Stepbrothers 1 Innocent Girl 1)

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**Category:** Erotic, Romance, Adult, Young Adult

**Description:** "She's so beautiful. So innocent. So hard to resist ..."

Blane and Aiden Castillo have lost everything. Cheated of their father's inheritance, they're left broken and penniless. But one night, they come up with a plan that will get them their money back. The twins are out to get their stunning, vulnerable stepsister Emme Ford - the very one who took their fortune away.

But Blane has been hiding a dark secret for years - his desire for Emme is not something a stepbrother should feel.

As their plan is set into motion, Blane realizes he won't be able to stay away from Emme. Acting on forbidden feelings has never felt so good, but what will happen when his brother finds out? Torn between protecting the woman he wants and his unconditional love for Aiden, Blane must find an answer ...

Sins of the Stepbrothers is the first in a four-part series about forbidden love, dark desires and bad intentions. Look out for part two, Deceit of the Stepbrothers, out soon.

**Total Pages (Source):** 14

# Page 1

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## Prologue

My name is Blane Castillo, and I've messed up badly.

I've been in love with my stepsister for years.

The fact is a problem on its own, but add an enraged twin to the mix, you have a party.

You see, Aiden and I had a plan. It was a good one. We wanted to take what was rightfully ours, and reclaim what never should have been lost. But I never, not once, thought I would become lost in those soft green eyes, the curve of her breasts, her hair falling down her naked back like a waterfall.

I hated her.

I wanted revenge.

I was sure it would work.

She would pay, and we would triumph.

But as I look at her form under the duvet, her chest rising and falling softly with each breath she takes, I realize I care for this girl ... I want to protect her from all of the bad things – but what do I do when I'm the biggest danger she's facing?

I'm torn between loyalty to my real sibling and a budding love for this girl – no,

woman, because I just made her that – and this decision is going to tear me apart – I already know it.

I stroke her silky soft hair; my lips lightly brush her porcelain skin. She breathes a sigh of pleasure and I realize I'm completely,

Utterly,

Royally

Screwed.

## Chapter 1

“Well well well, would you look what the cat dragged in,” Aiden smirks as I make it into the kitchen, rubbing my bleary eyes and grumbling something in response. He's standing at the kitchen counter, wearing an apron that says Fuck the cook. Classy.

“Fun night?” Aiden asks.

Oh, the joys of living with your twin brother when you're 25 years old.

“Hey,” someone says timidly from behind my back and I turn around to see a girl.

Redhead. Tiny, but curvy. Not my type at all.

What the hell did I do last night? I wonder.

“Um,” I say intelligently and Red looks at me meaningfully as I scramble for her name, coming up blank. Sarah? Sloane? Something with an S. Or a B. Maybe a K?

Her bottom lip pushes out slightly and clearly I've upset her, but since that isn't enough in the Castillo household, my brother starts grinning like a mad man.

"Who is this now?" he asks, his eyebrows waggling. "Can I have a go?"

I wish he would shut that mouth. Being the older/more responsible brother, I have this sentiment often.

Red looks utterly confused and glances from me to Aiden, and her eyes stop on his muscled arms. Of course they do.

"You should probably go," I offer lamely, feeling like a total douchebag.

She doesn't object but disappears into my bedroom as Aiden manages to calm down and flip a burnt looking piece of dough, all the while shooting me meaningful glances.

The girl comes out of the bedroom in time to catch him sniffing a very blackened and inedible looking pancake, and then shrugging as he throws it at my head. The pancake lands on my forehead and I peel it off with a tired sigh.

Red looks at us and shakes her head. "You guys are weird," she declares.

I really want her to go, because I'm not about to relive last night, which I'm sure involved a lot of drinking and even sloppier kissing. I have a moment of brilliance.

"Bye, Serah," I say sweetly.

"It's Kara," she says with venom in her voice. Oops.

She looks over my shoulder at Aiden and winks at him. "I should've at least chosen

the hotter brother.”

Aiden cracks up again as she finally leaves.

“Your face!” he manages to say. “When she said that!”

I roll my eyes and make my way to the fridge to get some milk.

The worst part is this is just a standard morning for us.

## Chapter 2

After Serah – sorry, Kara – leaves, we sit down to breakfast. Like we’re a normal family, and not the sad remains of what we used to be, I think sadly.

Aiden proudly presents me with some lopsided pancakes and I fake enthusiasm as I dig in. Honestly, they’re not as bad as they look and I desperately need some food in me to fight the incoming hangover.

I only remember last night vaguely, and that’s been happening too often. Aiden doesn’t hesitate to tell me so, either.

“You’ve been out every day this week,” Aiden complains. “I watched TV without you. No one made popcorn.” He glares accusingly at me, which I choose to ignore.

“And then you drag that back home with you,” he continues, jerking his head towards the door which the redhead left through earlier. I keep my head down and eat my pancakes, not saying a word. To fight with him means to let him win, because he won’t stop until he has the last word.

“I wonder where you go every night,” Aiden wonders out loud. “A whore house?” he

guesses excitedly as I give off a loud sigh, finally having enough of his speculations.

“I went to a bar,” I offer the smallest fact possible to hopefully make him shut up, but of course, I should’ve known better. He’s like a hyena.

“What do you order at a bar?” he wonders out loud, flicking a stray cereal flake at my head.

One of these days, I swear.

## Page 2

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“Trashy redheads!” he shouts at the top of his lungs when I refuse to provide an answer, and I slam my fist on the table.

“Can you please?” I beg him, feeling defeated and deflated at the same time. “I’m tired, my head’s throbbing and I really cannot deal with you right now. I’m late to work as it is.”

“An hour and thirty minutes,” Aiden cheerfully reminds me and in that moment, I want to slap him so badly.

Because I’m the only one of us with a real job.

Sure, Aiden gets some money, but it’s not regular payments like mine. He paints and some months he’ll sell a lot, while others, he doesn’t have a dollar to his name.

So it’s on my shoulders to pay for myself, and most of all Aiden who is in school.

And it shouldn’t have been like this. We should be taken care of, yet we got nothing.

He backs off immediately, seeing he’s overstepped the line, and we sit awkwardly for a few minutes, not saying anything at all.

“What are you going to do today? Go to class?” I ask Aiden when I finish off my breakfast.

“No class today, will get some other stuff done,” he responds cheerfully, but I can tell it’s fake. I know him too well. I know when he’s hurting, and since we’re both going

through the same stuff right now I know exactly how he feels.

Cheated.

Wronged.

Angry.

I give a brief nod and get up to start getting ready. I know no one will give me a piece of their mind for being late, but I'm still not thrilled about it. I get paid by the hour as a programmer and being late means less money on my paycheck.

"I'll see you in the

evening," I say twenty minutes later, showered and ready to head to work.

He's sitting on the sofa in front of the TV, watching some show or other. He just nods.

And because I'm the big brother – if only by seven minutes – I make him some popcorn. The face he makes when he hears the corn popping makes me feel a little better, and we part on a good note.

But still, as I take the stairs downstairs – elevator has been broken since we moved in – I want a better life for us. We aren't used to this, and we're struggling. And I'm going to pull us out of this mess whatever it takes.

I want justice.

Chapter 3



My day passes as days always do – at the office. My job is not something I love, but at least I’m good at it, and it makes some money – not nearly enough though ...

Lately, I’ve been too lost in the dark parts of my mind. My brother manages to keep me upbeat most of the time, though I suspect sometimes he feels just as lost as I am right now.

I close my jacket and cross my hands in front of me to stop the cold from getting in. My breath comes out in puffs of smoke and I’m stewing with anger and resentment. My hangover is not helping much.

I’m only a block away when I hear the engine of a car slowing down behind me. It is followed by angry honks and shouts, and I turn around to see what the commotion is about.

There’s a black limo behind me, the lacquer on it shiny and spotless. And the driver is rushing out now, opening the door. A second later, two impossibly long and slim legs poke out and a girl exits the vehicle.

She’s a blonde, tall and willowy. She looks like a princess of some lost forest land, her eyes a burning green and her hair long and wavy, natural, beautiful.

And then she stumbles in her too high heels and almost falls under the wheels of a car.

Thankfully, I catch her before that happens.

“What the hell are you doing?” I murmur as I place her back on her feet and more angry honking ensues. “You need to stop following me.”

She manages to stand up straight, giving me a nervous smile. God, but she really is

gorgeous ...

She waves at her driver and he gives a short nod before getting in the car and driving away, the traffic jam they've both caused slowly dissipating.

"I really don't have time for this," I say roughly to the girl, making my way off the road and onto the sidewalk. I tuck my hands in the pockets of my pea coat and start walking away with a purpose.

But of course, I hear the clickety-clack of her heels as she runs after me. "Wait!" she yells softly, if that's possible. But somehow, all about her is soft – that mass of hair, her porcelain skin, and those full lips ...

Shaking my head, I refuse to look at her and keep on walking, but she manages to catch up with me, taking long strides.

"Come on, Blane," she says with that begging voice that used to work so well on our father. She managed to be the Daddy's girl, despite the fact that she wasn't even his blood.

"I'm not dealing with you today," I tell her and keep walking.

She doesn't waver. She follows on like a lost puppy.

"You have to talk to me at some point," she presses on and I shake my head.

## Page 3

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“Not today,” I tell her. “Not now. It’s ... It hurts.”

That seems to shut her up for a bit, but she’s still following me relentlessly. The noise of her heels is driving me insane and I rub my eyes as I walk, too tired to deal with this now. I’ve got enough problems without Poor Little Rich Girl following my every step.

“Please, Blane,” she says behind my back, but I refuse to turn around or give her the time of day. It hurts though, because I’m a man who protects the ones I love. But not her, I remind myself. She’s on her own now, and she’s got enough money to take care of all of her problems.

“Let me be, Emme,” I tell her sternly and quicken my pace, but she runs behind me, wrapping a shaky hand around my forearm. I turn around and rip my arm out of her touch, watching her lips tremble with sadness.

“I’m so lonely,” she says sadly. “I miss you ... You got each other, and I got ...”

“You got our parent’s fortune,” I tell her sternly. “You got every last cent, and don’t pretend you’d give it up for us. We’re not going to play the puppets in your little play, so you might as well give up and get lost.”

With that, I finally turn around and walk away, and this time, she doesn’t follow.

But the image of her quivering bottom lip is etched onto my brain now, and I know it will be even harder to fall asleep tonight.

## Chapter 4

I've done a number on you, haven't I? I started telling a story but I never did explain what happened, why I'm acting like a total ass. It's a hard story to tell, and I don't like thinking about it, but I guess you have to know eventually ...

Emme Ford is a thief.

She didn't do it intentionally. She didn't ask to inherit all that money, money that should have rightfully belonged to all of us – me, Aiden and Emme.

But she got it all anyway.

My mother died in childbirth, and it's something I'll never stop feeling guilty about. Maybe, if there was only one of us instead of two, she would have lived. Maybe, if I never existed, she would still be breathing today – instead of me.

But here I am, and she's been in the ground for 25 years. Not much else to tell you about that without breaking down.

So my Dad raised us, with my help occasionally.

He was a good man, and he gave us everything he could. We never wanted for anything. I knew he had big hopes of doing more, but he never had time for it with both of us on his hands. Then he met her.

Rachel Ford was beautiful, younger than him, a single mother.

They hid it from us for a long time, only telling the three of us when we were 13. My Dad sat us down and told us we would soon meet a nice lady and her little girl, who was 9 at the time. We were hesitant, but as soon as Rachel and Emme walked through

our door, everything was forgotten and an instant friendship was born.

From then on, the kids would beg to be together as much as possible. Our parents didn't mind at all, because it gave them an excuse to be together. And then before we knew it, we were moving in together.

One kid can be a handful.

Now imagine having two boys and a little girl running around the house.

It was a good childhood, though. We loved each other, and our parents made no differences between us, even though we weren't related by blood.

And because there were two of them raising us, they had more time to talk about their ambitions. My father was a programmer, like I am today, and he had some ideas that were way ahead of his time. Rachel was a college dropout, yet she proved to be irreplaceable when it came to marketing my father's ideas.

And so it happened that they built a small company, right out of my Dad's office in our house.

And pretty soon, that company exploded overnight.

Suddenly, we were moving into a bigger house, getting better cars, hiring housekeepers. We moved to a beautiful building in a rich neighborhood. We had a dog that cost more than some cars for years.

Our family flourished.

I always thought of Emme as a sister. A silly kid with a gap between her teeth, her knees always muddy. She was closest with Aiden though – they were inseparable.

I guess we were close too, but it was never like her relationship with my brother. We didn't do stuff together, didn't make plans, just the two of us.

I was always awkward and nervous around her, and it was only when I was about 20 that I realized why that was.

I had a full-blown crush on Emme.

She was 16 at the time and it was unacceptable for so many reasons.

So I stayed quiet and stayed away. I looked away when she tried to find my gaze, ignored her words, and distanced myself. I knew it would hurt our parents if something happened between the two of us,

so I stayed in the shadows.

Years after my revelation, my father passed away.

He was a big man, and we knew he had some health issues, but when he dropped like a stone at a dinner we never expected it. He was gone, just like that – just a body before the ambulance even arrived.

We were all alone.

What we didn't realize was what would happen next.

My father left everything he owned to Rachel, the woman who showed him love again after our mother passed away. And it was never thought to be an issue – we were Rachel's children as well, and she would take care of us.

Wouldn't she?

Life dealt another blow.

Rachel collapsed during a meeting at the firm, where they were discussing her new position as head of the company. We were all so scared after what happened with our father, but we kept telling ourselves it would be okay. Surely, so many bad things couldn't happen to us at once?

Oh, but they could, because Rachel was diagnosed with Stage 4 breast cancer.

She was gone in less than a month.

I had three parents, and they're all buried now. I've had two siblings, yet I now only have one. I've only been in love with one woman, and she is my stepsister, which is reason alone I can never have her. But the bigger reason is this:

When Rachel died, we were forgotten. The only person who mattered to the lawyers was Emme, the clumsy girl who had turned from a girl with muddy knees to a stunning young woman. She was Rachel's blood relative, and Aiden and I ... we were nothing.

And she was now the one who held the company in her hands.

We fought.

We cried.

We spoke up.

It was all in vain. At the time, we were both in college, and we were informed we couldn't return home. Our bills would need to be paid, and no one really cared where that money came from.

Emme was desperate after the news broke out. She offered us money, a fund in each of our names, but that fell through after she realized most of the money was out of her hands. She had her pocket money, sure, but the rest of it was tied up in the company.



## Page 4

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It gave her the chance to live a comfortable, luxurious lifestyle.

And it left us rotting in this hellhole.

So maybe now you will understand why I am the way I am. Why I groan and sigh, why I never have fun. I'm fighting a battle of my own, because I will get that money back. I will get my father's life's work. And I will protect my brother, and take care of him.

If I have to take down Emme to do that, so be it.

## Chapter 5

When I come home that evening, Aiden hasn't moved an inch from his spot in front of the TV. I wonder if he's even done something or spent the entire day playing video games.

"Did you bring food?" he asks without looking at me, too busy hunting down some bad guy or other on the TV screen. "I'm hungry," he adds, in case I didn't know.

I don't bother responding, because I'm tired, and I've had enough. Instead, I put my paper bag on the counter and produce two bottles of tequila.

Finally, Aiden turns of his game and comes into the kitchen, curiously picking up a bottle.

"It's not even the good stuff," he complains.

“Yeah, we can’t afford the good stuff, unless you want to chip in,” I snap.

He looks taken aback and I’m sorry immediately. “What’s with you?” he wonders out loud.

I sigh. “I saw Emme today,” I say softly, and I can see his eyes dim with the mere mention of her name.

It’s always been Aiden and Emme. They were so close. I know this is the hardest for him.

“Again?” He looks suspicious and jealous for a split second, but then the look is gone. “So?” he asks, pretending not to care, opening that tequila and taking a swig straight from the bottle.

I shrug. “She misses us ... well, you more than me, I’m sure.”

“Don’t care,” he says, though we both know he does. She’s his best friend, and it’s killing him that they’re not in contact anymore. And it hurts more because she wants to be, and he thinks he’d be betraying me if he did something about it.

“I need to get drunk tonight,” I say to no one in particular and I uncap my own bottle of tequila.

“I share your sentiment,” Aiden murmurs in my general direction and checks the paper bag again. “No lemons? Or salt?”

“I think today is a day for straight up tequila,” I admit miserably, and he seems to agree.

So we settle on the couch with our bottles and watch some nineties movie. It almost

feels like everything's okay if I ignore the pangs of pain in my chest.

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"We need to ... like, we need a plan," Aiden slurs and I look at him through the haze over my eyes. It's like staring at a mirror, and though I've gotten used to it, it's a little strange looking at your reflection when you're as drunk as I am right now.

"Why?" I wonder.

He takes a swig out of his bottle, spilling a bit on the couch, but I'm too drunk to care. Plus, I don't think I can formulate a coherent sentence, anyhow. "We need to get it back," he says. "And Emme. I want Emme back."

I don't want you to have Emme back, my mind says. I want Emme for myself.

"So what's the plan?" I ask instead, trying hard to ignore the nagging voice in my head.

He grins at me and sets the empty bottle down. We're going to be so hung-over, it won't even be funny. "That's where you come in, brother," he says cheerfully. We're about twenty minutes away from him breaking down and twenty-five minutes away from me barfing down the toilet. "You're the planner," Aiden reminds me. "I'm the man of action. You think of something, I take care of it."

It hurts when he says that, because it's a part of The Rule of Three.

It's something we came up with when we were kids, and it included me – the planner, Aiden – the man of action, and Emme – the black sheep, because she always took the blame for whatever shenanigan we got into. She was the sweet, innocent looking one, and neither of our parents really blamed her for anything. So it worked out perfectly.

“It’s The Rule of Three,” I say miserably. “We’re missing one person.”

“Whatever,” Aiden says angrily. “I can think of a snappy new name!”

I look at him doubtfully.

“A pair of brothers,” he offers lamely. “The terrible twosome.”

“Do we really need a name?” I ask and roll my eyes.

But he’s already so into it he’s jumped up on the couch. “I’ve got it!” he shouts and I shush him quickly, because I really don’t want the neighbors to come banging on our door and discover us drunk at 8.30 p.m.

“Give it to me,” I say, faking enthusiasm.

Aiden gets that misty look in his eyes as he stares off into the distance, doing a hand gesture like a magician or illusionist. “The reign of two,” he says mysteriously.

Damn, it’s not so bad.

“We’re not superheroes, you know,” I remind him as he jumps back down on the couch, grinning excitedly. “We don’t really need a name.”

“Yeah, but we have one now,” Aiden reminds me patiently like I’m the childish one, so I just sigh. “Your turn now,” he says and I look at him questioningly. “We need a plan?” he reminds me.

I sit there stewing in my own drunkenness, and I wonder what I should tell him. He’s had enough of It’s-gonna-be-okays and We’ll-sort-it-outs. So instead, I opt for something else. And the words just keep coming when I open my mouth.

“We need that money back,” I say and Aiden nods animatedly. “It’s our Dad’s company, too, and she has no right to get all of it. And you miss her, but you want the money more, right?”

He looks thoughtful for a moment, and I don’t let him answer.

## Page 5

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Why?

Maybe it's because I'm afraid he'll choose her over the money.

Over me.

"There's no way we can get it," I hurry before he can answer. "Unless ..."

I've got his attention straight away and his eyes shoot up to look at me. "Unless what?" he asks curiously, and I know this is the make it or break it moment.

He might agree with my plan, if I present it in the right way. Or he might call me crazy, depending on how greedy he actually is.

And I don't know what I want him to say.

The truth is, I'm not even sure whether I'm doing this for the money or just for Emme.

"There's something we could do," I say mysteriously and Aiden edges closer on the couch, listening intently. I know I've got him now, and the words come rushing out. It's done.

"There's no way we are getting that money without doing something bad," I explain.

"I'm not gonna kill Emme, Blane," Aiden interrupts immediately and I feel shocked that he even thought I would think of something like that. I tell him as much and he

backs off immediately, asking me to tell him more. I don't hesitate for a second, the plan unveiling in my head as I speak despite my current hazy mind.

"We're not blood relatives," I remind him, trying to ease him into the idea gently. "She's not related to us at all, right?" I ask him, and he shakes his head, so that encourages me to go on.

"What if," I ask, building the tension before I finally pose the big question. "What if one of us married her?"

Aiden looks revolted and like he's about to speak up, but I hurry up with the explanation. This moment is crucial.

"What if one of us married her, and divorced her in a few months' time? Can you imagine how much money we could get? She would be heartbroken; it would be easy to take it away. And then we would split it between the two of us ..."

Aiden looks at me worriedly. "I don't want to hurt her," he says quietly.

Oh, brother, I want to do many, many things to Emme, but hurting her is not in the top 5.

"We'll explain it to her," I try to calm him down. "And we'll leave her with enough money to take care of herself, won't we? We can all go ba

ck to being friends, because the money issue won't be there anymore, will it?"

Aiden thinks it true and I imagine the cogs in his brain turning as my heart thumps in my chest, waiting for his answer. This could be it, I think. I could do this, and marry her – and get over my obsession. I'm sure once I have her, it will pass. And all that money ...

“Okay,” Aiden says softly and immediately, my smile grows wide as I slap his back.  
“I’ll do it.”

“There it is,” I say proudly and we both get up, hugging each other awkwardly and laughing nervous smiles as we realize we can’t really stand up properly with all the alcohol in our bodies.

We’re kind of afraid of looking at each other, I think, because Aiden refuses to meet my eye. But he looks weirdly happy, excited. I knew he was struggling with less money to play with, but I didn’t think he’d be this willing.

And when I think of Emme ... Sweet, long legged Emme, and finally having a reason to make her mine ... It makes it all worth it if it means I get to taste that full mouth of hers.

“When do I start?” Aiden asks after a minute or so passes, and I look at him to see him grinning. That’s the spirit, brother, I think proudly. I’m about to explain his role in the game – making sure Emme trusts me, convincing her I’m a good guy – when he speaks up again.

“You know, I did always have a little crush on Emme. I know, it’s weird ... We were always so close. But this is the perfect chance to get it out of my system.” He gives me a wicked smile. “I wonder if she’s a virgin.”

My blood freezes in my veins and all my hairs stand up on end.

What

Have

I



Done?

## Chapter 6

I've completely messed up.

As I wake up with a roaring hangover and run to throw up in the kitchen sink, my mind pounds with yesterday's conversation.

After Aiden misunderstood me, I made the worst possible move, which I'm only realizing now. I threw up and went to sleep, and I never once told him I wanted to be the one who married Emme.

Thinking about it now as I wash my face and mouth, I realize Aiden has a point. He's the one who was always closer to Emme; he's her best friend, her confidant. She trusts him. Sure, she cares about me too, but she and Aiden ... it just makes more sense.

But my goddamn jealous mind won't take it.

My plan.

My girl.

Our money.

Surely if he gets those dollars he'll comply with my terms? He has to understand. Has to. Because I'm not giving Emme up.

I walk back into the living room, where Aiden is stretched out on the couch.

“I’m dying,” he informs me, and despite all the worries, I smile. He has always had a flair for the dramatic. Might be because he’s an artist.

I bring him a tall glass of water and he drinks it in big gulps, finally sitting up and groaning all the while. “So, last night,” he says tiredly.

My heartbeat fastens and I prepare myself to speak up.

“We’re never drinking that shit tequila again,” Aiden grimaces and I laugh nervously. Is it possible that he has completely forgotten about our conversation? We were pretty hammered.

Aiden doesn’t bring up the plan with a single word. He doesn’t even mention Emme.

I’m completely confused, but figure it’s best to keep my mouth shut. When I go off to work, I’m feeling nervous and relieved at the same time. I say goodbye to Aiden, and make him promise me he’ll go to class – even though we both know it’s not happening with that hangover.

“Get sober soon!” I yell on my way out, and am accompanied by Aiden’s laugh as I close the door. A smile appears on my face as I take the stairs to the lobby.

Did I just get away with this? I wonder.

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Work goes as work usually does, and the hours pass slowly. But finally, it’s time for me to go home, and because I’m feeling extra grateful that Aiden doesn’t seem to remember a thing from yesterday’s drunken planning, I decide to grab a few treats at the supermarket on our street.

I even throw in some brie cheese, which used to be Aiden's favorite. It may not be the stuff we were used to – and the smell makes my stomach roll over – but I'm sure he'll appreciate it.

## Page 6

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I take the stairs two at a time and my usual worried smirk is replaced by a smile today. It will all be okay. I'll explain the plan again, he'll understand, and I'll have her. I produce my keys out of my pocket and fumble with them, trying to get the door open. Because that's what this has been about all along ... Sweet, innocent ...

Emme.

Standing in front of me, opening the door for me – to my own apartment. Wearing Aiden's hoodie. I clench the paper bag in my hands and I know in that moment I had it all wrong.

He remembers everything.

He acted on it, too, while I was busy at work, earning money for the both of us.

And she's here now.

"Hi," Emme says softly, her doe eyes big and trusting.

Mine, I growl in my mind.

## Chapter 7

I walk in like I'm in a trance and when Aiden catches my eye, he winks at me.

He winks at me.

I'm about to strangle him, but in the next second, I'm enveloped in a bear hug by Emme. "I missed you so much," she whispers in my ear.

I have to restrain myself so I don't hug her back and my hands form fists at my sides. I can feel her jutting hipbones poking me through her jeans; she's pressed so close to me. All I want to do is take her in my arms, but I know I couldn't stop there ...

"What is she doing here?" I ask Aiden, stepping out of Emme's touch and ignoring the hurt which is coming off her body like a fragrance.

"I thought it was about time we buried the hatchet," Aiden says cheerfully and brings a bowl of salad to the kitchen table. I see that it's already set with two plates and there's sliced baguette as well as some charcuterie. I wonder who paid for that, I think bitterly. "It's been too long since we had Emme over, don't you think?" Aiden teases.

Oh, so she's Emme now, when before, he always called her little sis. I hate his guts right now, and I know I'm being unfair but I want to grab her and carry her into my room, do all the things I've dreamed about to her. Forget Aiden. She belongs to me.

"Am I allowed to eat here?" I ask viciously instead of responding to my brother's words, nodding towards the two places he's set. "Or should I leave?" Somehow I don't feel welcome in my apartment.

"Yes, please – stay," Emme jumps in cheerfully and I turn around to look at her. She's acting like she owns the place and it bothers me, because it's the one thing I paid for myself. I'm the one who pays the rent here, and her dirty money will do her no good, no matter how good those jeans look on her. And I'm trying not to look.

"Are you staying?" I ask her angrily and she flinches a little.

“Aiden invited me for lunch,” she says softly, but then she raises her chin up. “I didn’t know we needed your permission.”

Well, that’s new.

Emme is always quiet, obeying everything we say. But now she’s standing up for herself?

“It’s my place, so you do, yes,” I reply coldly and her eyes burn with a quiet fire I’ve never seen before. And I’ll be damned if it doesn’t turn me on even more than her usual sweet and submissive personality.

She looks taken aback for a second, but I’m not regretting this in the slightest. She doesn’t belong here, not in her designer heels, with her handbag that cost more than our rent does.

“Ignore him, Emme,” Aiden tells her cheerfully. “He’s being an ass. Why don’t you sit down? I’m sure we can have a nice time without Blane, too – his loss, right?”

He’s shooting me daggers with his eyes across his shoulder as he sits Emme down, and I feel so angry I could slap him right there, on the spot, even though I have no right whatsoever to do that.

It was your idea, I tell myself, just to punish myself further.

“Enjoy your dinner in that case,” I say, the venom spilling out of my words. I turn on my heels and walk out of there, now knowing where I’m going, but needing to get away.

Because it might have been my idea, but it should have been me sitting there with her. I should be the one she looks at adoringly with those huge eyes, not my brother.

And I'm afraid that had I stayed there longer, I would be the one to get hurt, not Emme ...

## Chapter 8

I can't really tell you what I do for the rest of the evening. I walk around the streets, pretending I don't care, when my mind is swimming with ideas how to get her for myself. But I can't, and I won't. I've held back for so long, and I'll just have to last longer.

Time passes slowly and finally, I've had enough. It's pitch black outside and the few streetlamps in our neighborhood and barely throwing any light on the pavement as I make my way back home. I stop under our apartment building, glancing up at the window that I know is in our kitchen.

The light is on.

I can just picture them, sitting at the table I paid for, eating food that Aiden made, my paper bag forgotten on the counter. I want to grind my teeth together with the pure rage I feel, but instead I settle for throwing a punch at the façade of our building.

I cuss loudly and look at my bleeding knuckles, nursing my hand in my hands.

"Well, that didn't help much," someone conveys my thoughts out loud and I turn towards the voice like it's a siren calling to me. Of course, it's Emme. She's standing on the doorstep, Aiden's hoodie peeking out of her pristine white coat.

That alone lets me know she knows nothing about how hard life can be, because in my version, that coat would be shredded and dirty within days, and if hers get so much as a little stain on it, she can just replace it with another one. It's an endless supply of white coats for her, and a loop of torn jackets for me.

My imagery sucks, I tell myself in my head, before finally rushing into our building, ignoring Emme completely. But instead of backing off like I expected she would, Emme steps in my way and I brush against her.



## Page 7

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That alone sends a shiver through my body and my muscles clench with how badly I want her. I'm so far gone – when did this happen? I thought I had myself under control ...

“Wait, please ...” she whispers softly and I stop, because as badly as I have to, need to go on, I would do it all for her. I will stop, and I will listen, even if it breaks me. Because for her, I would break my own bones, again and again ...

“Emme, let me be,” I repeat my own words from the previous day. “Please. I can’t right now.”

I can feel her frown despite the fact that I’m looking at the floor, trying hard not to glance up at her beautiful face. I can imagine her lips setting in that pout of hers, the one that always gets her what she wants. And I know full well that if I see it now, this encounter will be no different. She has me twisted around her little finger, and she doesn’t even know it ...

“Why do you try so hard to push me away?” she asks sadly, her words breaking syllable by syllable. “I know you hate me ... I know you have reason to. But I tried to help you. I tried to give you money. Tried to get you an apartment. How can you be so self-righteous?”

I finally raise my gaze, though I still have to look down at her. Emme’s tall, but I still tower over her with my 6 feet 4 inches. I survey every inch of her face, letting myself savor this moment. Her nose is like a button, small and perfect. Her skin is flawless, like she never even heard of the word puberty. Her eyes, such a deep sea green. Her hair is blonde, curled today, and falling on her shoulders in artful waves. It looks

pretty, but I prefer it natural – straight with a few waves here and there. And don't get me started on those lips, because if I look at them, I won't be able to stop. I really fucking won't.

"I'm doing this to protect you," I tell her.

"Protect me from what?" she asks innocently, and in that moment, I want to show her so badly. I want to press her against the wall, kiss her roughly, and push my hand between her legs. I want her to know I'm not her stepbrother anymore, and I haven't been for years in my mind – I'm a man, and I want her.

She's the solution, not the problem. And the game Aiden and I are playing will never work, because in the end, it will be all about Emme and the stiffness between my legs at the mere thought of her.

I shake my head, because I don't trust myself to answer.

But then she steps closer, and I catch her scent, teasing me relentlessly. It's not what I would have pictured, not what I had in mind in all of my forbidden fantasies. She's not peaches and cream – she's wild strawberries and champagne, melting on my tongue.

"I won't stop coming back," she says, our bodies almost touching, but not quite. "I'll be here, and I'll wait for you. Because at the end of the day, you are and always will be my brother."

The frustration boils in my blood and my hands fly up, grabbing her roughly by the shoulders. "I'm not your brother, Emme," I say angrily. "We're not blood. We're not family."

I can see I've upset her, and it's for all the wrong reasons. She thinks I'm telling her I

don't love her, but I do – fuck, I do. In all the wrong ways, in all the wrong places, I love Emme Ford.

I don't tell her that. I look into her eyes and she returns the favor, her pupils dilated, the irises reminding me of a lake we used to go to in the summer.

She's beautiful, she's stunning, and she's all that I want.

She's all that I'll never have.

And then she says something that breaks me in half.

"I don't really want you to be my brother," she says very very softly, so I almost miss it. She looks down and I stare at those long, full lashes sweeping across her cheeks. I want to kiss her so badly.

"You never were, as much as I tried to make you," she goes on. "Aiden was my brother. You ignored me, didn't want to spend time with me. You never, not once, called me sis, like he did."

She looks up at me, her eyes full of hurt and sadness.

I want to kiss the pain away, baby.

"I don't need another brother," she whispers as my stomach flips, praying for the words I want to hear. "I need ... I need something else," she murmurs, her eyes fleeting towards mine, looking for comfort, for the love she lost when our parents passed.

I could have her in that moment. I'm sure of it. But images of our parents dance before my eyes, reminding me of one thing. She's my sister. It's my duty to protect

her and I've done everything but that so far – is it fair to take advantage of her now, when she's at her weakest?

“What do you need, Emme?” I ask roughly, wanting her to say it.

She's shaking in my hands, but her eyes stay on mine, begging me for more. “I want you to make it better,” she admits. “I want the pain to go away ...”

“I'll only make it worse,” I say, trying hard not to break. “It's not right.”

“I don't know right or wrong,” she whispers. Her hands flutter to mine and her touch is soft, forbidden, and dangerous. “Teach me what I need to see,” she asks me, and I know my breaking point is here. “Show me why wrong is right this time around...”

I exhale and I feel like it's the first time I've done that in months, in years. I feel my resolve weaken, wanting her so fucking badly.

There's a brief moment when I have a choice. An option to do what's right, set her straight, realize she only wants to feel comforted. That she doesn't want me, but someone to calm her down. And I'm the worst person in the world to ask, because she's all there is for me ...

And then the moment is gone, and I break again, reaching for her desperately, crushing her against me as she sighs eagerly.

And she puts me back together, piece by piece.

## Chapter 9

Our bodies are touching, and I can feel her heart beating against my chest wildly. We haven't done it yet – haven't done anything we shouldn't have.

But then she stands up on tiptoes and her lips find my cheek.

It's a brotherly kiss if I ever saw one, but when she moves away, I see all that she can never ask of me in her eyes. And I'm a goner.

I grip her arms and pull her even closer, her breasts pressing against me.

"Are you sure?" I whisper, only inches away from her beautiful face.

Her eyelashes flutter and she nods eagerly. "Kiss me?" she asks me.

I lean forward and my lips brush her forehead. "Kiss you here?" I ask.

She shakes her head, and I move to her closed eyes, my lips gentle on her closed lids as she shakes in my hands. "Here?" I ask again.

Another tentative shake of her head follows.

I slide my lips down her face, feeling her skin with my mouth. Finally, I stop an inch from her lips, resting my lips on her cheek. "Here?" I whisper roughly, barely able to hold back.

And she shakes her head again and whimpers against me, wanting more.

So I do what she wants, what I've wanted for years.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 2:22 pm*

My lips touch hers and I feel the tension between us. Her lips are soft, rosy, plump.

Wrong.

I bite on her bottom lip gently and she asks for more.

Forbidden.

She crushes her lips against mine and pushes her little tongue in my mouth, exploring, desperate for me, wanting more.

We shouldn't.

But we do.

We kiss, and I wrap my arms around her like I'll never let go. I ignore all the alarms inside of my head and I take her, claim her as mine. I do what I've always wanted to do.

Her mouth is ice cold and mine is burning with passion. She melts into my embrace, our kiss deepening.

"More," she whimpers when I try to move back, her hands desperately gripping mine. "Please, I need more."

So I obey. I kiss her until her knees go weak and it feels like I'm the only force holding her up. And after what seems like hours, but minutes at the same time, I step

back and she nearly topples over, findin

g my eyes with hers.

“I’m ...” I start apologizing, but I just can’t. I can’t say I’m sorry I did it, when all I want is more right now.

“Don’t,” she says after my pause, her hand flying up to her face and touching her lips, swollen from my kiss. “Don’t say you’re sorry ...”

So I don’t, and we just look at each other, contemplating what we’ve done.

Then a car honks and I quickly turn around, spotting her driver pulling into our street. When I look back at Emme, she’s tucking her hair behind her ear, refusing to look at me.

“Emme ...” I say softly, but she raises a hand in the air, not saying a thing.

It hurts me. It hurts so bad.

She rushes to the car, not waiting for the driver to open the door for her. As the car door slams behind her and the car drives off, I stare there, looking at it rounding the corner, feeling more confused than ever.

## Chapter 11

I stumble back home, causing Aiden to wonder if I’m drunk when I walk through our front door. But his worries are soon forgotten as he sits me down at the kitchen table and begins telling me all about Emme.

“I thought it was best to set the plan into motion as soon as possible,” he begins

excitedly. “I invited her over as soon as you went off to work.”

I feel a pang in my chest.

“She fell for it!” he says excitedly, laughing like a child. I want to hurt him, imagine my hands wrapping around his neck. I’ll be damned if I let him hurt her. “She was here so fast, Blane, you would not believe it.”

He goes on to tell me about how he made lunch for them, and how they had a nice meal, and talked about how hard it is without our parents. What a shame it is that we lost touch, when we should stick together.

“I didn’t call her sis once,” he says proudly. “You know, wouldn’t be good for the plan we have,” he winks at me.

This goes on and on and on.

“And then she said she was cold, and I let her borrow my hoodie. She said she missed the smell of me,” he finishes and it hurts so fucking bad to know she said that.

“Your plan is genius,” Aiden commends me. “I’m so glad you thought of that. I can’t wait to get what is rightfully ours. I’ve been thinking what area I want to move into later on,” he says thoughtfully, like it’s all a done deal, and finally, I’ve had enough.

“Aiden,” I say, reminding myself to tread carefully. Once my brother is hooked on an idea, it’s hard to turn him off it. And if he thinks for one moment I’m telling him not to do it, he’ll go ahead just to spite me. “We were so drunk last night,” I chuckle.

“Hammered,” he says with a wide grin.

I nod. “And we had some crazy ideas, huh?” I ask.



He nods again, tearing off a chunk of brie I bought earlier and stuffing it in his mouth.

“I don’t know whether that idea was ... my best,” I admit. He loves it when I’m wrong, so he should fall for this. Guess it’s the younger brother syndrome.

“Brother,” he says seriously. “You’ve had some bad ideas, and done some pretty stupid stuff.” I smile weakly. “But that one?” His eyes glisten, and I know this will end badly. “That one was pure gold.”

“Aiden ...” I try again, but he’s already launched into another tirade about Emme and how she will pay for everything she did to us. It’s getting harder and harder not to punch him.

Finally, I fake a headache – which is becoming increasingly more real – and head into my room.

Our flat is one-bedroom, and since I’m the one paying for it, I claimed it. Aiden sleeps on the couch. I don’t think I’ve ever been more thankful to have some privacy.

I lie on my bed and think about what I’ve done.

But she keeps intruding on my thoughts, her name dancing before me, her full lips shaped in the letters that form my name, taunting me.

I crack hours later, after two pain killers and a tumbler of whiskey burning my throat. I get my phone and I hold it for a long time before finally calling her number.

It rings and rings.

“Hello, you’ve reached the private number of Emme Ford. Please leave a message

after the tone,” her soft voice informs me, the words a sharp contrast to her innocence.

I’m thankful and upset that she didn’t answer at the same time.

And I’m pretty sure I call again and again, just so I can listen to the sound of her voice before I fall asleep.

## Page 9

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### Chapter 12

She is on my mind night and day.

If I thought it was hard to stop thinking about her then, I know it's impossible now. I see her everywhere; still feel her touch on my sensitive skin. I touch myself, thinking it's her hand that's bringing me pleasure. I deal with my guilty conscience and try to ignore the hurt when she doesn't call, all the while thankful for it – because I know she should stay away, know that we're bad together.

Scratch that.

Together, we're perfect. Her lithe body, my huge strong build. Her blonde hair, my dark crop. Her green eyes, my murky grey pair. She is light and I am dark, but together it just makes sense.

But society says it shouldn't. And Emme seems to agree, because she stays away.

You know what hurts most, though?

The fact that she doesn't stay away from Aiden. Actually, it's the other way around – the two spend more and more time together as the days pass. How do I know this, since I'm not in contact with Emme? Because Aiden won't shut up about it.

It's all about Emme.

Emme bought me this shirt, Emme took me to lunch to this restaurant. Emme wants

to get me an opening at an art gallery; Emme gave me tickets to this concert.

I don't want to tell him she's basically supporting him, because everything Aiden tells me about our stepsister involves her giving him stuff or money. You're her bitch, I want to tell Aiden viciously.

But I don't, even though it's hard to stop myself.

And the hardest thing about this is the fact that I'm completely disconnected with my brother. He doesn't have a clue about the kiss Emme and I shared, he doesn't even know I've had a crush on her for years.

Here's the thing – Aiden is my twin. No matter who I'm with, he is my other half. He knows everything about me, and keeping this secret is tormenting me.

But in my defense, Aiden is being a complete prick about the whole thing.

He used to love Emme. I know he did. They were best friends. But now all he talks about when we're alone is the money. He's in it to win it – still stuck on the plan I've almost abandoned as a thing that belongs in the drunken past.

Aiden is a user. He's going to hurt her, and take the money, and I can do fuck all about it because it was my idea.

But selfishly, I want to be the one to make Emme laugh, make her cringe, make her blush. I want to be the one who hurts her. I don't want Aiden to have that power over me.

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Days pass.

My mind blurs them all together. They become a mess of Aiden coming and going, his smile growing bigger each day as he spends more and more time with Emme.

I am never once invited to come with them.

It's like I don't exist.

She doesn't make an effort to contact me, not once.

And the days pass slower and slower.

Because without her, they don't matter at all. They're empty and dark without her smile, especially when I know my brother sees it every day.

Aiden doesn't fail to tell me all about their meetings.

Did I know Emme started drinking coffee, when she hated it as a kid?

Did he tell me Emme thinks blue looks good on him?

Oh, and did he mention Emme bought him art supplies to last him several months?

But the best of all, according to Aiden, will be her face when he eventually breaks up with her. Because all this is building up to a relationship, Aiden is sure of it. And viciously, he can't wait to hurt her.

>

It's all my fault.

And I can't do shit about it.

## Chapter 13

I don't know how, but it just so happens that two weeks pass without me noticing. It's strange, because they're the longest two weeks of my fucking life.

It's Friday and some old friends have roped me into going out with them. I've been avoiding them since my kiss with Emme, when before that, we would go out at least twice every week. They call me out on it, asking if I'm bed bound with a booty call every night.

Only I know that couldn't be farther from the truth.

So finally, I take them up on their offer, and I decide to go to a new club with them. It's opening night and I'm hoping to get my mind off of a few things.

I've ignored Aiden almost completely, and he doesn't even notice, he's so wrapped up in his plan. So when I announce I'm going out, he just nods, too busy with our plan which has quickly turned into his own project.

That night as I shrug on my leather jacket, I promise myself this night is Emme-free. I'm going out to forget, and have some fun while I do it. I put on my boots and quickly glance at the mirror.

I hate looking at myself lately, because it feels like I'm staring at my brother, and all I picture is him talking about Emme. And it fucking hurts that while I look the same, she chose him over me.

Shaking my head, I say goodbye to Aiden and head out the door.

“My man!”

I'm greeted with excited laughter and slaps on the back from my friends as we pile into a cab. It brings a smile to my face, knowing they're here for me, and it grows when they shell out the fare, because I'm broke as hell, and they know it, but still want to hang out with me.

We catch up in the cab, and pretty soon, we arrive at our destination. I'm already laughing when we get out of the cab, and I'm so thankful to my friends. I know that I need this and as my eyes scan the crowd of beautiful, scantily dressed women, I feel perkier immediately.

Seth, my best friend from college, gets a round to start us off, and I down three vodka shots immediately as my friends cheer me on.

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The place is packed and booming, the music isn't my taste, but it's good to clear my mind and fill it with the thumping of the beat.

We're approached by women throughout the evening, but I'm feeling picky.

Finally, I set my sights on a tall brunette with amazing breasts and a figure to die for. She's all woman, from her six inch heels to the micro-mini showing off her legs. She's fucking gorgeous.

She seems to share the sentiment because she's all over me in minutes, introducing herself as Lex. Fuck, even her name is hot.

"Dance with me?" she yells over the music, and I shake my head, laughing. She doesn't like that, because she takes my hand and drags me to the dance floor. And that's when she's in her element.

Hands wrapped around me, she practically gives me a lap dance in front of everyone. She's wild and crazy; she's stunning and so different than E-

No!

I focus on her moves, feeling the heat coming off her body.

She focuses her eyes on me and moves in closer and I feel my cock stirring. "Wanna have some fun?" she whispers/yells in my ear and I laugh at her.

She takes that as a yes, grabs my hands and places the between her legs, pulling me



against her body, pressing it against a wall so we're hidden from the others.

She's not wearing panties.

I bite her neck as my hand explores the area between her legs, which is soaking wet. She moans against me and I'm so hard I'll have to-

Someone is pulling me off Lex and despite the fact that their hold isn't very strong, I turn around, angry, my mind still hazy from the feel of Lex's silky, wet skin.

And then she's here, the figment of my imagination – right before me.

Emme's hurt eyes are boring into mine as I turn around, already forgetting about Lex.

Then she turns and runs off as I'm left scrambling, with another's woman hands all over me.

## Chapter 14

She's a fast little thing, but I've been a runner my whole life.

After I rip Lex off of me and she spits an insult at me, I'm on her trail.

I lose her in the crowd almost immediately, only catching a glimpse here and there.

But I know Emme – have known her my whole life, in fact. And I know when something bad happens, she needs one thing. To breathe.

I burst out of the club and see her running off.

"Emme!" I yell after her, and she stops for a split second before disappearing into an

alley. I'm hard on her trail, and in a minute, I've caught up to her, grabbing her hand and stopping her.

"Wait," I plead. "Wait, please."

She rips her arm out of my touch and stumbles backwards, and I can hear her sobbing.

"Emme," I say softly. "Calm down, please!"

"NO!" she screams at me. "I will not. I saw that, you ... you prick!"

I've never heard my stepsister curse and it's a little funny, but I manage to stay serious. "Emme, it was nothing," I say calmly.

But then my mind catches up with my heart and I realize – she's jealous. She's angry. So she has to care about me.

"Emme," I repeat her name, because it feels too good on my lips to stop.

She flinches.

"Haven't you seen my calls?" I ask her softly, thinking of the several times I've dialed her number. "Why didn't you call back? Why did you ignore me?"

She raises her hands to her face and wipes her tears angrily. Her mascara is running and she's more beautiful than ever, my wild little thing ...

I step closer and she doesn't move away.

"You do care," I tell her.

“Of course I care,” she sighs and glares at me. “Are you thick? I’ve always cared for you. You’re the one playing games with me!”

I’m about to ask what the hell she’s talking about when she continues.

“I asked Aiden about it, and he told me you wanted nothing to do with me. I asked every day, Blane! And I didn’t answer because you always call at night, and I’m not going to be your booty call.”

My blood curdles when she says that, my fists clenching. That bastard lied. He lied to her, and that’s why I’ve been losing sleep for weeks while he went out with her. I’m going to kill Aiden.

“I didn’t know, Emme,” I say, gritting my teeth with anger. “I didn’t know he told you that. I thought you were ignoring me ...” She looks up, a glimmer of hope in her eyes urging me to go on. “I guess he thought that because I didn’t tell him we had kissed ... Because of the way I reacted when I saw you in our apartment,” I lie smoothly, protecting my brother’s ass.

“Why did you react like that?” she asks softly, stepping a little closer.

I sigh. “I ... I’m bitter about what happened,” I tell her a half-truth, and thankfully, it seems to be enough, because her eyes flutter open and she looks up at me.

“So you do want to see me?” she asks quietly.

I cup her face in my hands and make her look into my eyes. “I already see you,” I whisper. “I see you every day, whether you’re around or not. You’re in here,” I point to my head. “And most of all, you’re in here.” I take her hand, guiding it to my heart.

She’s trembling, but she doesn’t break eye contact. Her lips part softly, and I lean in

closer. I take my time this time, because this girl isn't like the others ...

They were rough, Emme is soft.

## Page 11

*Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 2:22 pm*

Where they were fast, eager, Emme hesitates, slows me down.

When they kissed me, it made me want them so fucking bad.

When I kiss her, I feel like she'll break in my arms, and the need to take care of her scares me, because I'm only now realizing she's all there is for me ...

"Blane," she whispers against my lips, and I interrupt her by sliding my tongue in her mouth, taking her innocence, rough, because I know she needs reassurance.

"No more lies," she begs as I pull her head back for easier access. "Say it, Blane," she demands.

"No more lies," I tell my love, crossing my fingers behind my back.

### Chapter 15

I've got her attention now.

I see Emme every day.

I even skip work; just so I can be with her ... taste her.

She softens when I touch her, loses herself in my mouth, my want for her. It's driving me fucking insane, because she's so sweet and innocent, but she still wants me so badly.

I take her to the movies, and I hold her hand when she cries at the sad endings.

I buy her popcorn and endure her throwing it at me, because her laugh is infectious.

I take her to feed the ducks, and I bring a picnic blanket like a total dipshit, because it makes her happy. I do all that, and I'd do a thousand other things for her, because she's quickly becoming my everything.

Aiden is stewing in his anger because she's so busy lately. I don't tell him shit, and she doesn't, either. He complains that she must have a boyfriend, and tells me how he'll beat him into a pulp when he sees them together, some weird mix of a protective brother and a jealous man.

Bring it on, brother, I think angrily, still mad about his lies. Let's see which one of us gets the girl this time.

But most of the time, I manage not to think of Aiden. I'm too lost in Emme.

We spend so much time together, but our interactions are few and far in-between. She lets me kiss her goodnight, but breaks it off before I can get what I want. She lets me stroke her hair, but when my hand moves downwards, she laughs and runs away, waving me off. I live for the horror movies she likes to watch because she lets me hold her when she's scared, and I'd do anything to feel her soft skin on mine.

She wants to take it slow, and it's killing me.

Every night ends with me jacking off, thinking of Emme, only Emme ...

And I know I won't be able to hold off much longer. I've never in my 25 years had sex with someone who meant th

is much to me. I've never tried this hard for a girl. I love it, but I need more, more and more every day.

The PG13 stuff is okay, but I'm an R rated man.

And the release day is coming closer and closer ...

## Chapter 16

My little doll is having a bad day.

She's wrapped up in my arms – for once – crying her heart out.

“I want to tell,” she sobs. “But what will everyone think?”

She wants to go public, and my panic grows with every one of her sobs. We can't tell anyone, because I need to deal with Aiden first. Need to tell him the plan is off, Emme is mine. And if I know my brother – and I do, like the back of my hand – I know he will not take it well.

I can feel the eyes of the patrons in the coffee shop staring at us, so I somehow scoop Emme up and bring her to her feet. “Shhh,” I say softly, stroking her hair. “Let's get you home.”

She lets me take care of it all, dialing her driver, getting her in the car, covering her up with a blanket on the backseat. I'm about to kiss her goodbye when she pulls me back. “No,” she pleads. “Come with me.”

She has never, never asked me to come back with her.

And on any other day, I would have said no.

But looking at those big, round and pleading eyes, I know I don't have a choice.

I get in the car and let her snuggle against me as we start driving.

I guess today is the day I battle my demons.

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We pull into the driveway I know so well. This place was my home, and I haven't set foot in it for almost a full year. I fight hard to keep walking straight, to keep my emotions at bay as we stop in front of the beautiful building.

The driver opens the door for Emme and I get out on the other side, taking in my past home. It's majestic – an enormous dwelling surrounded by trimmed grass and flowers in bloom. The sun is setting behind the house, coloring the sky in vivid watercolors. It's like a fairytale here, and as I look at Emme, I wonder how she stays here by herself.

She must be so lonely.

I take her arm and we walk in without saying a word.

The driver goes home after I promise to take care of Emme for the night, and the housekeeper has left some dinner in the oven. I inspect the Mac and cheese she made for Emme.

Take care of yourself, girlie! says her writing in cursive on a note in the kitchen, and I wonder if Emme has ever had a person who didn't want to take care of her like she was a little girl.

Sure she has, my mind reminds me. Aiden just wants to fuck her over.



I ignore my inner voice and set Emme down at the counter. The dining room has an enormous table and I think she'll feel safer here, close to me.

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 2:22 pm*

It bothers me that I know this kitchen like the back of my hand. I know exactly which drawer to open, exactly which button to press.

I warm up Emme's dinner and bring it to her, watching her eat and calm down simultaneously.

"Why are you staring at me?" she asks with a full mouth.

I laugh at her and wipe the corner of her mouth with my finger. "Because you're beautiful," I answer simply.

"I'm a mess," she complains, but I shake my head. She rises from the table and walks over to the window, looking at her reflection. "Blane!" she yells at me, and I topple over, laughing.

I don't care if she's been crying; she is always perfect to me.

She makes me sit down at the counter and produces a magazine for me to read, insisting that she has to 'powder her nose'.

I obey, only because I'm hoping this means something.

Hoping she will let me stay ...

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"Blane?" she asks and I look up at her.

Fuck me.

She's wearing a silk robe; her hair is down from the ponytail she wore today, natural, silky – just the way I like it. She's wearing red lipstick, and while I thought it would make her look like she's playing with Mommy's makeup, she looks ... so fucking gorgeous.

“Come here,” I say roughly.

“You come catch me,” she giggles and disappears down the hallway.

I don't need to be told twice, and I run after her as she screams with pleasure.

It's like when we were kids. Carefree, running around the house. But it's a different game today.

I make sure to be slow enough to catch her in the bedroom upstairs.

Her pretty princess pink room I remember from last time is now a woman's boudoir. Rich silks, buttery wood, scented candles and a mirrored vanity, which she's standing in front of now.

I rush up to her and grab her by her waist as she shrieks with pleasure.

It soon turns into moans of pleasure as I kiss her willing lips.

I take her hips and turn her around, pushing her down until she's leaning against the vanity. I pull her hair back so she can look at us in the mirror.

“Blane,” she says hoarsely. “Blane.”

She writhes against me and I feel my cock get harder than ever.

I pull her back into my embrace and with the flick of a hand, I open her silk robe.

She's naked under it.

Emme gasps and it's the sweetest, most dangerous sound she could make. I stare at her exposed chest, my eyes taking in her perfect curves hungrily. My heart is thumping with desire, the fact I'm finally seeing her naked barely registering.

Her nipples are hardening and I haven't even touched her. She's moaning, whimpering against me. She arches her back and her hands shoot up, finding her breasts, pinching her own nipples as she looks me in the eyes.

I've had enough.

I strip off her robe and it flutters to the floor.

Emme is naked in front of me and fuck, she's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen.

Her chest is rising and falling with each intake of breath as my eyes travel south. She has a beauty mark on her flat stomach. Her hands flutter to the place between her legs.

"Move them," I order her, and she obeys, trembling under my watchful eyes.

Her pussy is waxed bare save for a line of soft blonde hairs leading my eyes down. She moans softly when she sees she's turned me on, and I have to fight back the urge to bend her over the vanity again and just take her, rough and hard, right there.

I move closer, but she scrambles back, bumping into her night stand.

“Wait!” she says hoarsely and I have to use my every effort to look away from that devilish line of hairs to her eyes. She’s scared.

“I won’t hurt you,” I promise her.

“I ... I know you won’t,” she smiles weakly. “That’s why I wanted you to do it.”

“Do what?” I ask, confused.

She moves closer and wraps her hands around my neck, the peaks of her breasts touching my torso so I groan out loud. “To be the first one to fuck me,” she whispers in my ear.

## Chapter 17

“Fuck, Emme!” I curse and move away immediately.

She’s confused, her naked body enticing me.

“What’s wrong?” she asks worriedly. “I ... I thought you would like it.”

“Like it?” I ask her angrily, gripping her shoulders, focusing my eyes on hers because otherwise, I wouldn’t trust myself. “I want you, Emme, I want you so badly ... Do you think you’ll stay with the same person who is your first fuck?”

I’m realizing now this could be true – she is 21. She hasn’t had a boyfriend when we were still a family. She could be ... a virgin.

She flinches at the word, but I’m not about to stop.

“You won’t, baby,” I tell her, softer this time. “You just won’t.”

She looks me dead in the eyes, her mouth pouting. “I do what I want,” she says sternly, and suddenly, her hands have found my jeans, jerking down the zipper. “Haven’t you figured that out yet, Blane?”

Her voice is sweet sugar as her hand pushes down my boxers and pulls out my hard cock. I groa

n and close my eyes as she gasps with surprise, barely able to circle her fingers around the thick head.

“Don’t, Emme,” I beg her, because I don’t trust myself around her, not now, not ever.

She doesn’t listen. Instead, she kisses me roughly, her finger circling the tip of my cock while I fight all my inner demons.

I try so hard to resist, I swear I do.

But when her tongue meets mine and I feel her fingers grow wet with my pre-cum, I know I’ll lose this battle eventually.

“Fuck,” I moan, my hands shaking as I bury them in my hair, pleading with my eyes to make her stop.

Emme doesn’t listen.

She slides down until she’s on her knees and she pulls my jeans and boxers down. My cock springs up to her mouth, like I’ve been waiting for her to lick it all my life.

She’s taking her time, and it’s killing me, but if this is dying, I want her to do it every second of every day. She gently takes the base of my cock in one hand, her mouth slipping over the tip as I groan loudly.

Her tongue flicks against the tip, teasing me relentlessly. Just when I'm about to beg for more, she leans closer so slowly it's killing me, taking me in her mouth.

With each extra inch in her mouth, my resolve weakens. She chokes a little and I whisper for her to stop, but she is even more determined. She keeps going, leaning forward, until I've filled up every empty inch of her mouth.

"Fuck, Emme," I cry out and my hands find her head. I wrap them in her hair and push her forward as gently as I can when all I want is to cum down her throat.

She moans softly against me and then she moves her tongue against the base of my cock up, up, up. I curse loudly and bite my bottom lip as she moves away, focusing on licking the wet tip of my cock.

"See?" she asks.

I look down and I'm pretty sure that's when I lose it. Seeing her on her knees, playing with her breast with one hand while she jerks me off into her mouth with the other absolutely kills me.

"I'm good at it," she says innocently, her tongue poking out of her mouth to lick the length of my stiff cock.

## Page 13

*Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 2:22 pm*

“I can’t,” I groan, moving away, and just as she’s about to doubt me, I lift her up from the floor and place her on the bed, climbing on top of her.

She laughs softly as I kiss her, but her laughter turns to moans as soon as my fingers find their way between her legs. I stroke her softly, teasing her as she begs for more, until neither of us can take it anymore.

“Fuck me, Blane,” she asks me, her eyes wide open. “I need to feel you inside ...”

She opens her legs for me and I’m about to lose it.

“Help me out,” I smile at her, and place her hand on my cock. She looks confused for a second, but next thing I know, she’s rubbing the tip of my cock against her clit as she moans with pleasure.

“Blane,” she whispers.

“You want me inside?” I ask her softly and she nods vigorously. “Say it,” I tell her.

She doesn’t do it right away, though. Instead, she places my tip at her entrance and looks at me, wide-eyed. “Please,” she says.

And then the dam breaks and I can’t hold back any longer.

I push inside her, and I know it’s too rough, know it might hurt, but I can’t fucking take it-



“Blane!” she yelps under me as I push inside her and she gasps and gasps and gasps.

“Does it hurt?” I remember to ask between bursts of pleasure.

“Yes,” she whispers, and I’m about to pull out, when she speaks up. “You feel so good, Blane,” she moans. “More please ...”

So I don’t stop and I push deeper inside her as she gasps for air, scratching my back wildly. “Please,” she keeps repeating, until I shut her up with my mouth.

I want her to enjoy it, too, but I’m a selfish bastard, so I keep pushing, deeper, as deep as I can get. I fuck her hard and she begs for more against my mouth.

“I’m going to cum now, Emme,” I whisper in her ear and she thrashes with pleasure at my words. “I’m going to fill your pussy up,” I tell her. “Is that okay?”

She doesn’t answer, she’s so far gone. She arches her back for me and my hands slip under it, bringing her closer as I exhale her name.

“Blane!” she moans in my ear and it’s the last thing I need to give me the release I crave.

“Yes, baby,” I whisper back. “Here you go, Emme. Here you go ...”

And then I cum inside her as she yells my name.

## Chapter 18

I’m so tired I could collapse right next to her, but I kiss her once more, reveling in her taste, her ragged breaths. I slip my cock out slowly as she whimpers and my cum stains her sheets along with her blood.

Immediately, she curls up close to me and I close my eyes for a second, thanking God or whoever made this possible for her. For this. For us.

“I love you, Emme.”

The words just slip out before I can stop them.

Her ragged breathing slows down and she looks at me, taken aback.

“It’s okay,” I tell her softly. “You don’t need to ... you don’t need to say it back.”

She doesn’t, and it breaks me a little.

But she does kiss me, softly, but passionately – like I’m all there is for her.

“Did it hurt?” I ask her as I break our kiss, with her lying in my arms.

Her head is resting on my shoulder, her fingers circling my skin as she looks up into my eyes with a devilish grin. “Yeah,” she answers. “But it felt so good, too ...”

I smile back at her innocence. “It will be even better,” I promise her as I think of all the things she has yet to experience. All the things I want to show her.

We have all the time in the world.

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## Page 14

*Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 2:22 pm*

My name is Blane Castillo, and I've messed up badly.

I've been in love with my stepsister for years.

The fact is a problem on its own, but add an enraged twin to the mix, you have a party.

You see, Aiden and I had a plan. It was a good one. We wanted to take what was rightfully ours, and reclaim what never should have been lost. But I never, not once, thought I would become lost in those soft green eyes, the curve of her breasts, her hair falling down her naked back like a waterfall.

I hated her.

I wanted revenge.

I was sure it would work.

She would pay, and we would triumph.

But as I look at her form under the duvet, her chest rising and falling softly with each breath she takes, I realize I care for this girl ... I want to protect her from all of the bad things – but what do I do when I'm the biggest danger she's facing?

I'm torn between loyalty to my real sibling and a budding love for this girl – no, woman, because I just made her that – and this decision is going to tear me apart – I already know it.

I stroke her silky soft hair; my lips lightly brush her porcelain skin. She breathes a sigh of pleasure and I realize I'm completely,

Utterly,

Royally

Screwed.

Epilogue

It's hours later, and we're sitting in the living room. She's wearing my shirt and a thong that's driving me crazy. I'm naked, because I like the way her eyes sweep my body like she wants to lick me all over.

The doorbell rings and Emme jumps up excitedly. "Finally," she moans along with her stomach grumbling as if on cue. I laugh. "Took him ages. I need that pizza," she tells me with all seriousness, as she hurries to the door.

I run up behind her, smacking her ass as she shrieks with pleasure. She runs ahead to open the door to the pizza guy as I risk a look at myself in the mirror.

I look ... happy.

I haven't been happy since I was a child.

But I don't have time to dwell upon it, because a fist meets my jaw in the next moment, on cue with Emme's shrieking.

"You fucker," my brothers murmurs against my ear as I find myself on the floor, Aiden holding my throat. "You stupid fucker."