



Stepbrother Obsessed

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Description: I had my stepbrother's baby in secret.

Kristie:

My mom married Nick Bradley's dad years ago, and it was a happy union. Our families merged, and I went from being an only child to having a handsome older brother. Of course, Nick never paid attention to me. Why would he? I was nothing but an annoying little girl who trailed after him with puppy dog eyes.

Still, something changed along the way...

I lost the glasses, took off the braces, and most of all, developed curves!

Even better, the night I turned eighteen, who showed up at my birthday party but my handsome older brother? Nick was gorgeous with broad shoulders, piercing blue eyes, and a smirk on that mobile mouth that made me want to slap him and kiss him at once.

But the unexpected happened ...

... because I left the party pregnant with his child!

Nick:

I've wanted the Kristie since she was nothing but jailbait. It's f*cked up and wrong because we're technically family. So I did everything in my power to get her out of my blood: I moved away, I slept with other chicks, and even got into a serious relationship with another woman. But Kristie's deep under my skin, and after all these years, I'm still obsessed. What she doesn't realize is that obsession burns bright ...and now that she's had my child, I'm claiming her and the baby as MINE.

Call 9-1-1! This is a tale of forbidden romance between two people who absolutely, positively shouldn't. Their liaison is taboo, and Nick and Kristie spend every ounce of their energy trying to fight the attraction... to no avail of course ðŸ™Š Steam? Spice? Scorching heat that burns up the sheets? Yes, and with a secret baby in the mix too! This story is a follow-up to The Brat and the Bodyguard, but my stories are standalones and can be read in any order. HEA

1

Kristie

I gaze at my half-sister fondly. Milly has always been the cutest thing, even if she's nineteen now. She's blonde and curvy, with an upturned nose and a wide smile. I still remember when that smile had a big gap in the front because she got into a fight with one of the mean girls at school. Evidently, Veronica Janjigian was taunting a young man with Down's syndrome, and Milly wasn't having it. My eleven-year-old half-sister threw herself at the teenage girl, resulting in a defensive punch to the face by Veronica's boyfriend.

But Milly didn't give up! My half-sister morphed into a frenzied sprite, and threw herself at the hulking young man, uncaring that he had seventy pounds on her. Her fists were flying as she screamed a warrior-like, "Hi-YAH!" Then, said football star was on the ground, clutching his nose as blood streamed down the front of his jersey.

But my sister's fierce show of bravery came with a price. First, the Down's syndrome boy didn't understand anything that had happened, and went into hysterics, resulting in an ambulance being called and sedatives administered. Plus, Milly's two front teeth lay scattered on the ground. Yes, the football star knocked out an eleven-year-old's teeth, and our dad was livid when he found out.

But all's well that ends well. No charges were pressed, although the athlete was benched for the remainder of the season. Milly had bridges installed, and soon, her smile was as good as new. Best of all, the young man with Down's syndrome became my half-sister's new buddy. They were inseparable for years, until Freddie died

recently of pneumonia-related causes.

My half-sister was inconsolable after his death.

“Freddie needed me,” Milly whispered, her cheeks pale and eyes oddly dry at the wake. “What will I do now?”

“Freddie’s in a better place,” I whispered back, squeezing her hand. “He’s safe, and he loves you, Mills. He’s looking down at you from heaven and smiling. You’ll be fine.”

My words were true too because after Freddie’s death, Milly became close with Freddie’s older brother, Ryan. They fell in love, in fact, and Ryan says he “knew” Milly was the one because of my sister’s steadfast devotion to his younger brother. No one outside of their family had ever taken much interest in the boy with Down’s syndrome, and her care and concern were proof of her good heart and kind nature.

By contrast, Milly says that she knew Ryan was the one when he programmed a special video game for Freddie to play which was a combination of Pac-Man and Donkey Kong. The two kids are disgustingly in love and announced their engagement a few months ago.

“Are you sure?” I asked slowly when Milly told me. “I know you’ve known Ryan for a long time, but you haven’t dated for long. Maybe three months?”

Milly laughed.

“We’ve only been dating two months, Kris, but when you know, you know! Ryan loves me so much, and I love him too. Besides, we want to get married young to start a family asap. We miss Freddie, and having a baby will help fill the gap in our hearts.”

I paused because there are a million things to say in response to a statement like that. But then I reminded myself that my half-sister is a grown woman now. Sure, Mills is funny, flighty, and fancy-free, but she's also smart, intelligent, and a legal adult. She can make her own decisions, and it wasn't my place to say anything about her decision to tie the knot.

"Okay," I murmured. "I like Ryan, too. I mean, I've only met him a few times, but he seems wonderful."

"Heiswonderful!" Millie exclaimed over my phone screen, blonde curls bobbling. "He takes such good care of me, and I love him to pieces. But we don't want to wait, so the wedding will be soon, Kris. Say you'll come back for the ceremony. I want you to come, and you haven't been back to Austin in so long! Ineedyou here."

I smiled half-heartedly.

"I'll try," I said in a wan voice. "Flights are really expensive, and I don't know. I want to save money."

"Ohpfft!" Milly said carelessly, waving one hand in the air. "Ask Nick to pay for a ticket! That guy has money coming out of his ears these days. I hear his investors love him and are going to give him even more stock options. It's insane."

About a million thoughts popped into my head at the mention of our older brother, but I merely smiled again.

"Sure, maybe I'll drop him a line. Anyways, I need to get to my yoga class, so I have to run, Mills. Send me the deets and I'll check my calendar."

With one last wave, I clicked off the phone before sitting limply in the silence of my bedroom. My heart rushed and my head pounded, but that always happens at the mere

mention of Nick Bradley. Or should I say Dr. Nick Bradley, MD, founder and CEO of a successful medical device company? A wan smile curves the corner of my lips because the truth is that I've had a crush on my stepbrother for ages, even though it's wrong and taboo. It's a dark secret that I've harbored for years, and unfortunately, even a passing mention of my stepbrother still makes the blood rush in my veins as my thighs pull together, an ache forming deep in my belly.

It's embarrassing, really. Who develops a crush on their brother? But it happened, and I can't help the way I feel because Nick Bradley's always had an insane power over me. As far back as I can remember, he's been a looming presence: handsome, intense, with a powerful, magnetic personality radiating dominance and masculinity. I looked up to Nick as a little girl, and somehow along the way, that childish reverence morphed into a crush of the most ginormous proportions.

But yes, we're technically family, so he's off-limits and out of bounds. Again, it's downright embarrassing that I even feel this way because I was around ten when my mom married Nick and Milly's dad, Steve Bradley. It was a huge step up for me and Jennifer, both emotionally and financially. Up until then, we'd been living with relatives for years, and it was only too clear that said relatives resented our presence. I suppose we were the poor relations that everyone speaks of, but in our case, it was actually true. My dad passed when I was young, and Jennifer never got further than a year of community college. She had a job as an admin assistant at a local college, but it didn't pay much, so an apartment of our own was out of the question after my dad passed, and we were dependent on the grudging hospitality of Aunt Rosa and Uncle Dick.

But when I was around ten or so, my mom married Steve and our situation improved enormously. Just having an actual place we could call "home" was a blessing. There were no longer any resentful side-eyes from Rosa and Dick, nor pointed comments about things like accidentally parking in the wrong spot, or forgetting to water Rosa's zinnias. My mom and I finally had a place where our presence was welcomed, and

not just tolerated. It was a huge weight off our shoulders, and we both breathed a sigh of relief.

Plus, there was a lot more space. While Steve doesn't live in a palace, he's a successful surgeon and able to afford a large home in a nice cul-de-sac. There were enough bedrooms for all of us, as well as a living room, dining room, kitchen nook, and family room. There was even a pool with a garden out back, and the mortgage had long since been paid off. As a result, my mom was able to let go of her money fears, and the look of exhaustion lifted from her features for a little bit.

But our newfound peace wasn't meant to last forever. Jennifer got sick about a year after marrying Steve, and at first, she assured me that it was nothing.

"Your cough sounds bad, Mom," I murmured in a small voice, my eleven-year-old self shooting her a worried look. "It sounds like it's getting worse, not better."

Jennifer managed a wan smile, her features haggard and hair oddly limp, before caressing my golden tresses with a pale hand.

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“No, it’s fine, honey. I’m driving the cough down and out. I know it sounds strange, but that’s how you get rid of these things. Besides, don’t worry about me, sweetheart. I’m married to a doctor now, so Steve will make sure I come out of this a hundred percent healthy.”

But my childish instinct had been right from the start. Jennifer wasn’t just fighting a cough. She was fighting the Big C, and in the end, there was nothing that her husband, nor any doctor, could do. Within a year, my mother was gone, leaving me to live with the Bradleys.

“You’ll be fine,” Jennifer reassured me in a whisper on her death bed, her thin frame gaunt and desiccated. “I’ve asked Steve to look out for you. You’re my daughter, and I trust him.”

My panic was approaching a breaking point.

“But Mommy, I don’t know these people! Don’t leave me!” I cried in a panic, tears pouring down my cheeks. “Don’t go, Mommy, please!”

But my rising distress only caused the nurse to usher me out of the room, and soon, Jennifer was in the ground and I was left to live with people I hardly knew. I was withdrawn, shocked, and stunned, all at the tender age of eleven.

I don’t remember that much about the ensuing months. The Bradleys were kind enough, I suppose. Steve was still working long hours as a surgeon then, and Nick was already in college and prepping for medical school. Neither man was around, leaving me and Milly to our own devices, and I suppose it was Milly who saved me,

the same way she leapt to Freddie's rescue. My half-sister has always been spunky, determined, and utterly irrepressible. She's Huckleberry Finn mixed with Pippi Longstocking, and her bubbly manner helped me pull me out of my depression. With her coaxing, I came out of my shell, slowly but surely, and Milly and I have been more than friends since then – we've become real sisters.

Which is part of the reason why I'm back in Austin for Milly's wedding. She begged and pleaded, and ever the softie, I relented. I splurged and booked a plane ticket and hotel room for the wedding, even as my heart hammered crazily in my chest. Will he be there? Will Nick be a guest? One of the groomsmen, even?

Of course he will, the voice in my head whispered. He's the brother of the bride, silly. There's no way he's going to miss the event.

The knowledge only made my heart race faster, my thoughts whirling at a million miles an hour. My packing went into a frenzy, and at the last minute, I threw in some racy lingerie as well as a few revealing bikinis, telling myself that it's part of my job as a model to look good at all times, even for a family event. There will absolutely be cameras present, and it's my duty to build my personal brand.

But inside, I know the sexy outfits are in case I see my dark, handsome stepbrother again. I want to look ravishing for Nick Bradley ... even though he broke my heart and left me shattered.

2

Nick

Where is she? I know Kristie's already landed because Milly was over-the-top excited about the impending arrival of our stepsister.

“Kris is coming, Kris is coming,” my sister chanted happily while practically doing a jig. “I can’t wait! I still don’t get it either. Why hasn’t she been home in so long? It’s been two years since she moved to Vegas, and I get that she’s pursuing a modeling career which is super-competitive. But we haven’t seen her in ages!”

Actually, I haven’t seen Kristie in two years, two months, and eighteen days, to be precise. I know because I’ve been counting. My beautiful stepsister’s been the bane of my existence ever since she turned seventeen, and has haunted my thoughts non-stop since we locked eyes at a house party.

It was crazy. I was on break from medical school, and totally burned out. My rotations had been hell, and I was seriously thinking about quitting because it was that bad. I could no longer stand the wailing of people in pain, nor the sight of blood squirting ten feet across an emergency room. Yes, that has literally happened before. A human heart is capable of incredible propulsive power, and I’ve witnessed red fluid fly across the room like a sprinkler gone berserk more than once.

But it was more than the stories of gore and blood. It’s the depressing aspect of being an ER doctor. Most people visualize the job as something out of a sitcom, and there are parts that are accurate. Yes, we hardly have enough time to go to the bathroom. Yes, our work can be rewarding, in addition to frustrating, agonizing, and just plain fucked-up.

But it’s the sheer lack of hope that wears you down. The perpetually homeless, looking for a temporary roof, even if it’s in our waiting room. The drug addicts, trying to get a fix from the hospital supply. The down and out, who have no place to go despite paying taxes for years, if not decades. Add into that mix the American health care system, and it’s a sure-fire recipe for a fucking dumpster fire, not to mention the burn-out of the hospital staff.

So I was in a bad place when I arrived at the house party. I was gaunt, exhausted, and

looking to drown my depression in a pint of vodka while simultaneously sating my cock between two huge, soft breasts and a pretty, wet pussy. Even better, when I stepped into my bud Mark's house, I glimpsed the perfect target. There was a woman facing away from me chatting with someone, but her profile was alluring. Long blonde hair cascaded down her back, and I could make out the narrowness of her waist as well as the heavy roundness of a big breast. Wide hips and thick thighs capped off the picture, and my dick stirred in my pants.

Down boy, I thought mentally. We just made an entrance. There's no rush.

Yet my eyes were glued to the beautiful blonde goddess. The steep arch of her back was utterly feminine, and as I watched, she tipped her head back with laughter, her plush lips parting as her cheeks flushed pink with mirth. Yep. She was the perfect target.

But my buddy interrupted my salacious thoughts.

"Yo yo," Mark called from across the room before coming over to thump me on the back. "What up, dude? You surviving? Thanks for saving the world, by the way."

I grimaced.

"Barely," was my mutter. Then without missing a beat, I jerked my head towards the blonde.

"Introduce me."

Mark looked a little surprised, but he turned and looked in the direction I was indicating.

"Yeah? To whom? I know most people here. I mean, peeps brought friends of course,

and there are always fucking friends of friends—”

“The blonde by the fireplace. Who else? Every other woman here is a troll by comparison.”

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Mark's eyes skidded to a halt on the golden goddess, and his eyebrows rose. Then, he turned slowly back to me.

"You sure?"

"Yeah," I grunted over the music, my frustration building. "Why? I thought you said you knew everyone here."

"Yeah, mostly," my friend drawled, his brows still at the level of his hairline. "But I think you should relax first. I mean, you're real strung-out and the hospital's been playing mind games—"

"What the fuck is your problem?" I growled, my hands gripping into fists at my side. "Just introduce me."

Mark hesitated a moment, but then he shrugged.

"Sure, no prob." My buddy led me through the crowd to where the beautiful girl was talking to some idiot with acne and halitosis. What the fuck? Do people not use mouthwash anymore?

"Yo Sven, yo Kristie. Have you met Nick? My bro here—"

The blonde turned to face me and smiled angelically. My cock surged again because she was every bit as beautiful up close as from afar. Her blue eyes were large and limpid like the still waters of a clear pond, and her tip-tilted nose was delicate and feminine, forming a perfect ski slope. But to my surprise, she didn't look surprised to

seeme.

“Hi Nick,” the curvy girl murmured. “I didn’t know you were home.”

That’s when my heart skidded to a halt because what the fuckity fuck?

It’s my stepsister, Kristie.

The one whose mom was married to my dad.

My heart pumped and I stared like a fucking moron at the beautiful woman. What the hell? When the fuck did Kristie develop tits and an ass? When did she fill out so that her big breasts push at the soft wool of her sweater, her jeans hugging the delicious roundness of her rear end? When did she develop the features of an angel, complete with innocent blue eyes and a feminine, yet determined chin?

The last I remember was a child with bony knees, a haunted expression on her face, and her hair in pigtails. Hell, was her hair even blonde back then? I hate to say it, but I can’t be sure because the transformation was so absolute. But it’s the way she laughs, the mischievous look in those blue eyes, as well as the warmth and welcome radiating from her gaze. Bells suddenly clang in my head with alarm.

“Nick?” she murmured playfully. “Are you there? Earth to Nick, Earth to Nick. I think medical school might have put him into a catatonic state.”

I snap out of my shock, springing back to life.

“Oh yeah, hey, what’s up?” I manage in a gravelly voice. Of course, Mark’s smirking at me like a fucking douche. “I’m going to grab a beer. Anyone else want one?” Then without waiting for an answer, I stepped away abruptly, heading into the kitchen to calm the fuck down.

My heart pounded, the air in my lungs growing tight.

That was Kristie? Was I lusting after my own stepsister?

I yanked open the fridge, trying to process the realization, but even the arctic blast from the ice box didn't help. What the fuck just happened? How did Kristie the child-waif become Kristie the seductress? Yet I could still see the tempting curve of her ass before me, not to mention those big breasts and pouty lips. I wanted to charge her and tackle her to the ground, beforecovering that soft body with my big one and driving my cock into her tight snatch. She'd be wet, willing, and ... holy fuck. What if she's a virgin?

That's when I started doing mental gymnastics. My mind whirled as I computed birth dates. I knew Kristie was a year older than my biological sister, Milly, which made the young woman ... seventeen. Tooyoung. Even I can't go there because with a medical license on the line, I can't afford any infractions of the law. My stepsister is one hundred percent off limits, even if she has the figure of Jessica Rabbit and the allure of Marilyn Monroe.

Needless to say, I left the party without another word. I stalked into the cold winter night, my mind warring with the needs of my cock. I wanted into the plush blonde, but the problem is that she's my underage stepsister. Was I really going to go there? Hell no. I may be a depraved motherfucker, but even I can't risk that kind of danger.

As a result, I did my best to banish thoughts of Kristie from my mind. My vacation was obviously toast, and I went back to the hospital, burn out be damned. Yet the beautiful blonde continued to dance before me in my mind, and I jerked off to her at every opportunity possible: in the shower, in the restroom at the hospital, and even in my car. My hand got a good workout as the voluptuous teen spread her legs in my imagination, cupping those big breasts in welcome. Kristie, moaning my name as I penetrated her tight, juicy pussy. Kristie, gasping with pleasure as I suckled at her

massive tits. Kristie, her belly soft and full, pregnant with my child, as I filled her with another baby ... and then another ... and then another.

What the fuck? My fantasies reached incredible heights, and it was a fucking disaster. Sure, I've fucked a lot of women in my life but never had I become obsessed with a woman whom I've never even touched. I've never kissed those soft lips, much less caressed her tender breasts. I've never slipped my cock into her tight cunt in the deep of the night, making her moan with pleasure while begging for more. So where the fuck was this going? I was utterly consumed by a seventeen-year-old girl ... and yet Kristie was a hundred percent off limits.

3

Kristie

I look around the restaurant and try to smile like I'm happy because I am happy. My younger sister is getting married, and this is the rehearsal dinner before Milly's wedding tomorrow. Everyone's dressed to the nines, and I've done my part too. My blonde hair cascades down my back in soft waves, and I'm wearing a pretty pink gown that highlights my big bust and narrow waist without being vulgar. The fabric skims my curves, rather than clinging like Saran wrap, and I've topped the outfit off with pink high heels and a silver clutch.

"Darlin', are you okay?" my dad asks. I call Steve "Dad" because after years of hearing Milly and Nick call him Dad, I fell in line too. Plus, the older man's always been generous, and treated me like a real daughter even though he didn't have to. Again, Steve let me stay at his house after my mom died, and I'll always be grateful for that kindness. I was a young girl with nowhere to go, having just lost her only parent, so the older man's gesture was a lifesaver.

But Steve has also caused problems for me in the past, and in fact, he's causing

problems even now. We're seated next to each other at one of the main tables as Milly and her fiancé work the room. The wedding couple look happy and content, Milly gorgeous in a yellow tulle dress and her fiancé handsome, if a bit short, in a navy tux.

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Meanwhile, my stepbrother lounges at another table about twenty feet away. Nick appears relaxed and at ease, and incredibly gorgeous in a perfectly-cut dark suit that highlights the width of his chest. His bronzed skin contrasts against a stark white button down, and those cobalt eyes are lazy yet penetrating at once, like a jaguar biding its time. He's obviously an alpha male in command of his world, and the two women he's conversing with lean forwards, their expressions rapt as their tits practically fall out of their low-cut tops.

But I can tell from the slightly tense set of his shoulders that Nick's not completely at ease, and I think I know why. Suddenly, Steve's voice interrupts my thoughts again.

"You look a bit peaked, sweetie. Stay here, and I'll get you a drink. Some alcohol will loosen you up," my stepdad winks before patting my knee and standing. Then, the older man moves across the room, and eyes follow his tall form. In fact, half the women at the engagement party are watching Steve Bradley because my stepdad is a silver fox. He looks a lot like Nick, except older, of course. Yet Steve still retains the build of his youth, with broad shoulders, a wide chest, and the muscular physique of an athlete. I know my stepdad works out like a fiend, and especially now that he's retired. He probably puts in a good two hours at the gym each day, and it shows, judging how some of the ladies here are practically drooling over the handsome alpha male.

But that's the problem. Steve Bradley is a bit too handsome, and a bit too affectionate, to me at least. He's not gross, nor is he overly touchy-feely, but when a man this good-looking embraces a young woman, everyone notices. All the wedding guests watch Steve as he strides across the room, and then they watch me too because gossip in Austin is like a match to kindling. It's part of the reason why I left Texas after I

turned eighteen. I hate that everyone talks all the time, and lately, I know they're chattering about my family.

It goes back to my eighteenth birthday party. I'd just graduated from high school, and we decided to throw a shindig at the house as a combined birthday party cum graduation celebration. It wasn't supposed to be over the top, but somehow, everyone caught wind and the house was jam-packed. The music was loud, food and drink were copious, and I was really excited! I'd taken pains with my appearance and put on a red minidress that was honestly, a little too much. It was a strapless number from a teen store at the mall, and the fabric hugged my big tits while narrowing at my waist. The hem came decorously down to my knees, but I paired the outfit with shiny black patent pumps that made me wobble. Yes, I was a curvy girl teetering on the precipice of womanhood, both literally and figuratively.

Of course, Nick came to my party. I hadn't seen much of him for almost an entire year because he was so busy. Sure, he came to Mark Townsend's holiday party way back when, but he didn't even stay. The alpha male merely showed up that night, said his hellos, and then disappeared. Maybe Nick got called back to the hospital for an emergency. I don't know.

But I was excited that my stepbrother was coming to my party. He arrived a little late, but I could sense his presence as soon as he walked through the door. There was a vibration in the air, and despite the living room being crowded with people, I somehow knew that he was here. I turned, and sure enough, the huge man was staring right at me. That cobalt gaze met mine from across the room, and the air between us sizzled. The music faded away, other people seemed to disappear into the mist, and it was just me and him. We connected, and my insides grew moist and quivery while staring back at him.

But then Milly tugged at my arm and giggled.

“Yo, I think Brandon Rivers likes you,” my sister whispered in my ear. “He keeps asking all these questions about you, like what you’re going to do after high school, and whether you’re single.”

The truth is that at that point, I’d never had a boyfriend before. Sure, there were guys interested in me after I blossomed, but I still remembered their cruel comments when I was a stick-figure with coke-bottle glasses. Those boys were downright mean back then, and I have the memory of an elephant. Maybe their taunts were years ago, but I still remembered and resented them for it.

But Nick never made any such comments. It’s partially because he wasn’t around much, seeing that he’s ten years older and already out of the house. But something changed in the time since I was a kid, and while nothing ever happened between us, I could feel the shift in the air. I could feel the heat in that blue gaze at the occasional family dinner, and I could sense my stepbrother’s appreciation of my curvy figure, even if I never actually caught him looking at me.

But nothing happened between us, and I put these dirty thoughts from my mind. After all, what’s a girl to do? Nick’s a busy man who has women throwing themselves at him left and right. He’s tall, dark, and forbidding, with a sculpted physique and penetrating blue eyes. He’s a doctor too, so he literally saves lives in the ER. What more could a woman ask for? Of course, everyone and their mother was ready to drop their panties.

But as soon as my stepbrother made an entrance at the birthday party, I knew something was different this time. I could feel it. Usually, Nick’s blue gaze would glance over me casually, before moving onto something else. Usually, he’d turn away and greet other folks as they welcomed him home from medical school.

But when he arrived at my party that evening, he saw me and his eyes didn’t drop. That blue gaze held mine and locked. Not only that, but for the first time, my

stepbrother let his eyes sear my curves, openly appraising my big breasts, narrow waist, and long legs. Then, he let his gaze run hungrily back up my figure to meet my startled expression before a smile appeared on that mobile mouth.

Of course, I behaved like a blubbing idiot, even from across the room.

“Nick,” I whispered under my breath, my nipples taut as my insides melted. “Hi. You came.”

But Milly merely leaned forwards.

“What did you say? Oh Nick!” she said, whirling around to catch sight of her brother. “Oh, he’s here! Let me go say hi real quick. I’ll be right back, Kris.”

Then, my little sister scampered away before throwing herself at our brother for a giant bear hug. Meanwhile, I wrenched my eyes away as I struggled for oxygen. He’s here! Nick’s at my party. Oh my god, oh my god, what do I do?

But the answer was clear because nothing happened. I continued to circulate, chatting with guests, and so did he. I saw him talking with long lost friends from high school, our neighbors from across the street, and even old Mrs. Lazarus from the next block with the cat that yowls at night. Nick was unfailingly polite, and smiled and nodded at all the right times from what I could tell. His gaze never faltered from Mrs. Lazarus’s wizened facade, and he seemed to not notice me. Had I been dreaming? Did I make our sizzling connection up in my head? Slowly, my hopes ebbed.

Of course you imagined it, my subconscious scolds. You’ve been in love with this man since you were a pre-teen. He’s more like a rock star than a real prospect who might be interested in you, Kristie. The spark was just figment of your imagination.

My heart plummeted to the ground, and a wave of nausea literally rushed over me as

my stomach roiled. Of course, my subconscious was right because did I really think my stepbrother would be interested in a naïve, eighteen year old girl who goes ga-ga whenever he comes within a ten foot radius? We haven't even had a real conversation for years, if ever. Plus, would Nick truly make a move on me? In public, with tons of people circulating around us?

I stepped away for a moment, excusing myself, and went into the kitchen to catch my breath. Disappointment crushed my form and all I wanted to do was to go upstairs and crawl under the covers of my bed before bursting into tears. But it was my party, and I had to be present despite the unshed tears making my eyes hot.

Unfortunately, it was crowded in the kitchen too, with little chance of peace and quiet. As a compromise, I let myself into the laundry room off to the side of the kitchen, gently closing the pocket door for added privacy. It was dark and I didn't bother to turn on the lights because I needed some time alone to calm down. I'd been riding an adrenaline roller coaster after seeing Nick arrive, and the quiet and darkness helped my pulse subside.

Meanwhile, the voice in my head scoffed again.

All that happened is that you shared a look with your stepbrother, it said. He didn't touch you. He didn't kiss you. In fact, you haven't even exchanged any words! Get your head out of the clouds, Kristie. Nick Bradley is out of your league, and he'd never be interested in you.

The words hurt, but I made myself believe them because it's true. We're literally family, albeit not related by blood, and Nick had a bright future ahead of him with a career in medicine and beautiful, accomplished women throwing themselves at his feet. He's not going to get involved with an orphan who stares at him with big blue eyes, worshipping him like a child.

But then, someone pulled open the pocket door and before I realized it, Nick was in the darkened laundry room with me. I could hardly believe it.

“Nick!” I gasped. “What are you doing here?”

That big body loomed over me, crowding me against the washing machine.

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“What do you think? Goddamn, you’ve been driving me out of my mind, Kris.”

Then, his mouth swooped down and claimed mine, hard and forceful. I melted against his broad chest immediately. The possession was immediate, and I mewled hungrily against the alpha male as my arms snaked up around his shoulders to lock behind his neck.

“Mmm,” I moaned, parting my lips as his tongue swept along the seam of my mouth. “Oh yes. Oh wait, what are we doing?”

“What I’ve wanted to do for a long time,” Nick rasped before delving deep, almost devouring me as I pressed my breasts against his broad form. “You’ve been driving me out of my mind since forever, Kris. I haven’t been able to focus because of you.”

I wanted to say, Me neither. I love you, Nick, and I’ve wanted you for so long. Please, claim me as yours. I belong to you.

But all words whooshed out of my mind because with as fast as lightning, Nick lifted me onto the washing machine so that my bottom was perched on the edge.

“I can’t hold back,” he rasped again. “I’ve been waiting for this day.”

What day? My graduation? My birthday? Suddenly, I realized that at age eighteen, I was finally legal. I could make love to Nick with no restrictions, and there was nothing I wanted more in life. Heck, we’d hardly even talked, and yet I knew this was meant to be.

“Yes,” I murmured sweetly. “I’m yours, Nick. Please.”

The huge alpha male moaned hungrily while pushing the hem of my dress up with trembling fingers to reveal a tiny red g-string.

“Fuuuuck,” he growled before seizing the material in his fist and tearing it away from my cunt. I sat stock still, my heart racing with shock. Did that just happen? Did my stepbrother just rip my panties off, baring my sweet and tender pussy for his eyes only?

But it was true because Nick’s cobalt gaze was fixed to my sweetest spot, unable to look away. With blunt fingers he gently stroked my labia before pulling them apart, revealing the moist pinkness within.

“You’re so beautiful, Kristie,” he moaned again like a man in pain. “Even better than in my imagination.”

Then, before I realized it, the alpha male was on his knees before me, pushing my thighs even wider to bare my innocence to his gaze. I trembled with shock but then a high-pitched squeal came out of my mouth as he leaned forward and licked methere.

“Ohhh!” I half-panted, half-screamed. “Oh my god.”

By now, my legs were as wide as they could go, my sensitive folds bared to the alpha male. But Nick didn’t hesitate. He licked me again, parting my labia further to tenderly suck on my aching nub before licking up the right side of my pussy, swirling his tongue around my clit, and then licking down my left side.

“Shit, your pussy tastes like honey,” he rasped hungrily, that carved jaw already shiny and slick with my juices. “Fuuuuck.”

I threw my head back and wailed again, my tits coming free of the strapless top as Nick tasted my sensitive cunt.

“Oh oh oh!” I moaned. “Ohhhh!”

My man merely sucked on my clit again before gently licking it, and then delved down to push his tongue into my pussy hole.

“Ohhh!” I screamed wildly, unable to keep the volume down. “Unnnnh!”

“Yes baby,” he rasped. “I want you to come on my face. Do it. Turn my face into a fucking waterslide.”

The dirty words put me over the edge. As Nick buried his mouth in my folds once more, I gripped his hair and erupted as climax hit me like a freight train. I let out a full-throated scream, my vision going black as hot jolts seized my cunt. My pussy snapped and clamped, electric shocks making me shriek as the muscles in my legs shuddered, my whole being incinerated in a white hot flame. Meanwhile, Nick didn’t hesitate. He continued to kiss and lap at my cunt, taking me through my first orgasm.

“Yesssss,” he hissed. “Give me more. Give me everything, sweetheart.”

I shuddered and cried out once again, my hands gripping his dark hair as ripples ran through my pussy. My senses overloaded, and everything disappeared so that it was only me and this man, right here and right now, his possession absolute.

But Nick had more up his sleeve. As I slowly came back down from the peak of pleasure, he stood, his chin and jaw shiny with my nectar. Then, he leaned forward and captured my mouth with his own before notching his hardness at my opening.

“It’s going to hurt the first time,” he murmured against my lips. “But you’ll be fine,

Kris. You're young, and you can stretch. Trust me."

I gasped because he was already pushing forward, and as my pussy lips split around that massive head, I realized that it wasn't going to be easy because my stepbrother was huge. It was only the pink mushroom of his crown, but I was already straining and moaning trying to accommodate him.

"Breathe," he rasped roughly against my lips. "Fuck, you're so tight, baby. Try to relax."

I inhaled, doing my best to obey, but he was just so thick and girthy that another small squeal escaped from my lips as he pushed further into my wetness.

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“Relax,” Nick whispered in a raw tone, those big hands coming up to tug gently at my nipples. “You’re doing great, sweetheart. Just a little more.”

Hot jolts went straight from my breasts to my cunt, and a flow of juices gushed from me, making the alpha male growl.

“That’s right,” he rasped. “Almost there.”

But I happened to look down at that moment, and the fact is that we weren’t almost there at all. In fact, I had my first glimpse of his cock, and Nick’s thick as well as insanely long. There were at least seven inches to go still, that male stalk the circumference of a soda can.

“I can’t!” I wailed with panic in my voice. “You’re too big!”

Nick merely captured my mouth again, one hand going down between our bodies to rub gently against my clit.

“You can,” he murmured. “I’ll go slow. You can do it, Kris.”

Then, he rotated his hips to the right in circular motions, then to the left, gently stretching out my unused cunt.

“Yessss,” he rasped as another flow of juices moistened his cock. “Stay with me, baby girl. You feel so good.”

By now, I was mewling helplessly, clinging to his broad shoulders as he worked inch

after inch of that massive rod into my sweetly soaked pussy. My legs were spread as wide as possible, my thighs feeling the burn as my pussy strained, trying to handle the massive snake burrowing inside.

“Ohhh,” I moaned faintly, my eyes fluttering shut. “Mmm.”

“We’re almost there,” my stepbrother encouraged again, his voice unsteady as he paused for a moment. My eyes flew open because I realized Nick was trembling. Literally, his chest and hips were still, yet shaking slightly too, and I realized that he was holding himself in check forme. He knew I was untested and new, and the alpha male was trying to break me in with the utmost love and care. Tears came to my eyes because the fact is that I’m in love with my stepbrother, and never more so than at that moment.

“Yes, take me,” I whispered against his lips. “I’m ready, Nick.”

His blue eyes glowed and then with a final thrust, that massive cock surged all the way inside my tight twat. Something ripped on the way in, and I blinked with shock as well as pain.

“Ouch!” was my faint cry.

Nick immediately seized my mouth in another passionate kiss.

“That was your innocence,” he soothed in a low tone. “Thank you for that, sweetheart. You gifted me your cherry, and there’s nothing a woman could give a man that’s more meaningful. I promise to take care of you, baby. Now and forever.”

The words sent a thrill down my spine as I locked my arms even more firmly around his bronzed neck. Our mouths fused as his body slowly began to move within mine, stroking in slowly before pulling back out. It was uncomfortable at first, but

gradually, the pain ebbed and morphed into something erotic and pleasurable. I whimpered with need, my insides welcoming his masculine penetration, knowing that I'd been claimed by the man who was meant for me.

"Yesss," he hissed, our foreheads touching as he amped up the rhythm of his strokes. "You feel so good, baby girl. So tight, and wet, and incredible. You're a dream come true, Kristie."

The words helped me, and I moaned again, my thighs falling open further as my pussy rippled along his length, stroking that mighty club.

"Yes, take me Nick," I panted against his mouth. "I belong to you."

The alpha male went stock still for a moment, but then that massive body sprang into motion, beginning a powerful, insistent pound between my legs.

"You feel amazing, Kristie," he moaned again as my big breasts bounced in time to his thrusts. "So. Fucking. Good. Ohshit!"

I screamed as I climaxed, my lover's roars of ecstasy joining my own. His dick twitched within my insides, my pussy clenching around the hard shaft, drawing out the blasts of come with each and every powerful squeeze.

"Yes!" I moaned. "Yes yes yes!"

Nick was just as delirious.

"FUCK!" he shouted. "Goddamn shit shit shit!"

We were so loud that it was incredible that no one heard outside. Yet the party had turned into a rager, and I suppose a lot of people were drunk by then, and lost in their

own conversations. As a result, no one was aware as Nick and I climaxed together. We moaned and panted, our bodies fused as I experienced the powerful possession of an alpha male for the first time. It was everything I'd ever dreamed it could be, and I floated like a cloud, formless and all his.

After it ended, Nick seized my mouth in a breathless kiss, still buried deep inside my body.

“Thank you for that, Kristie,” he whispered reverently. “I’ll never be able to thank you enough.”

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“No, it’s fine,” I mewled in return before kissing his handsome mouth hungrily. “I wanted it.”

Then, we both watched as he withdrew from my sweet, swollen folds, a smear of my first blood along his still-hard length.

“Is that...?” I gasped.

He nodded jerkily, hands trembling as he held his cock out for me to see.

“Yes, Kristie. You’ve gifted me your innocence, and I’ll never forget this. Thank you, baby girl.”

Then, we kissed passionately again, and my insides melted as I clasped the alpha male to me ... because I was already head over heels in love with my stepbrother.

But nothing lasts forever, much less a taboo entanglement between two siblings. It was wrong, and we both knew it. Yet we couldn’t keep our hands off each other for the duration of his visit, and Nick snuck into my bedroom each night, our bodies tangling in a mix of love, lust, and furious need.

“Yes,” I moaned even as he snaked a hand over my mouth, trying to keep me quiet.

“Shh, baby,” my brother rasped, blue eyes glowing as he looked down at me, that huge chest bronzed and gleaming with sweat as he worked his cock into my tight, needy cunt. “Quiet, or they’ll hear.”

By then, I was already insensate and couldn't keep the volume down. I let out another moan behind Nick's large palm, almost biting him in the process, and he gave up, instead ducking his head to swallow my moans with a passionate kiss.

"I love how you give yourself fully every time," he whispered against my heaving curves. "You're so generous, sweetheart."

But I was needy for his body too, and we coupled again and again in a frenzy. I let him use my pussy any way he wanted, and I used his massive form in return as well. I drained every drop of sperm that I could from his hard length, begging him to put it in me even when he was wrung out from hours of lovemaking.

"Again," I panted, bending my head to press a kiss to the tip of his seeping cock.

"Baby, we just made love for the fourth time tonight," Nick panted, his huge form sweaty and sated in my bed. "Aren't you sore? At least a little?"

I merely smiled sweetly at him like a cat that had gotten into the cream. Then, my pink tongue darted out, and I licked the tip of his penis delicately, swiping the drop of semen that beaded there.

"I'm fine. Again," I commanded before levering myself up to straddle his mighty form, looking down at those handsome, carved features. My heart swelled with love even as I lowered myself onto that aching staff because this is exactly where I was meant to be – with this man, claiming his body as he claims mine. We coupled relentlessly, our moans rising to the heavens despite our best efforts, but I didn't care because I was already his by that point. Nick's possession of my heart and soul were complete, and there were no two ways about it.

The last night of his vacation, he whispered in my ear.

“Kris, I need to return to the hospital. My vacation’s over and they’ll kick me out if I don’t get back. I think the nursing staff’s ready to mutiny because they’re so overworked.”

I kissed him, giggling slightly.

“Okay, but for how long?” I murmured in return. “When will you be back?”

“As soon as I can,” Nick promised, gently running a big hand over my lush curves.

“No man can stay away from this for long.”

Then we kissed rapturously again, and the next morning, Nick departed before the sun was out. I guess that’s how hospitals work. They’re open 24/7, and his rotations started at six sharp. He was gone, leaving me tangled in sheets that smelled of his musk and dominance.

But the world continues to turn, and I got up eventually and functioned okay, I suppose. I was still in a daze, my mind cloudy with memories of the alpha male, and my body weak from his lovemaking. I hummed as I showered, still dreaming about Nick while also contemplating my next move career-wise. By then, I’d been scouted to be a plus-size model, but I didn’t want to do it. Not really, because it meant moving to Vegas, where the center of the industry is. The agency let me know that while there are some jobs in Austin, they’re few and far between, and I’d be better off starting out in the City of Sin.

But I didn’t want to leave Nick Bradley. Not when our love was so new and our connection so intense. I didn’t want to leave him ever, truth be told, so I floated through my day with every intention of calling the agency to turn them down. But my friend Angela had a heart-to-heart with me about it later in the evening.

“You can’t turn the agency down!” she squealed as we lounged on her couch. “Oh

my god, Kris, are you crazy? You are living the dream! Not every girl gets scouted to be a model, so you're in a really good place. So what if you have to move? Vegas isn't that far away."

"I don't know," I hemmed and hawed, picking at the fringe on a cushion. "I mean, I have my reasons. I love Texas. What if I hate Nevada? What if I hate the desert, and their barbecue is shitty too?"

Angie fixed me with a look, her cerulean gaze dancing.

"Are you really questioning their barbecue? Of course it's going to be shitty, Kris. I won't lie to you about that because no one does barbecue like Austin. But Kris, this is the opportunity of a lifetime and I don't get it! You're eighteen now, and it's time you flew the nest. What's holding you back?"

I couldn't tell my friend about Nick because the relationship between us was still new at that time. It felt delicate, and something to be treasured and cherished, without being spread around like gossip. Plus, I wasn't ready to reveal that I was in love with my stepbrother for fear of the judgment that would ensue. So I smiled mysteriously, and made my excuses, citing the weather, the people, my community, and my family in a general manner. Angie continued to try to talk me out of it, and we gabbed on for hours.

Finally, the two of us were exhausted from all the chatter, and I crashed at Angie's apartment that night. It's not a big deal because she's one of my best girlfriends, and besides, Nick was already back at his own place in the city. If he'd been home, I would have left straightaway to welcome that huge male form with soft caresses and passionate kisses, not to mention my sweetly wet cunt.

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But the next day, I rose with my mind made up. I was going to turn down Busby Modeling. So what if they're the premiere plus-size agency in the States, if not the world? So what if they'd already promised me look-sees with some of the best brands and designers? So what if they'd already booked a professional photographer to take my headshots, in an effort to get my "model book" started? I knew I wanted to be with Nick Bradley, and that was that.

I went home, my decision made, and let myself inside quietly, the sun only just peeking out from the hedges. Then, I tiptoed through the living room and down the hallway to my bedroom before opening the door. My face twisted in a frown because Steve was there, snoozing in my bed. It's happened before because the house next door to ours was being remodeled and the jackhammering can be horrendous. In fact, I had half a mind to call City Council to complain, but our neighbors had assured us that it was only going to last another few days max.

Still annoyed, I grabbed my robe and let myself into the en suite attached to Steve's bedroom. Sure enough, the pounding was especially horrendous from this side of the house. I suppose it's because we live in a cul de sac, and the master suite happens to be right next to where they were doing construction. Still, it was annoying! When I turned on the shower spray, I could still hear the relentless hammering over the beating of the water, and shook my head with disgust. City Council was definitely going to get a call from me because it's only 8 a.m.! What the hell are they thinking?

Gritting my teeth, I lathered up, doing my best to ignore the jackhammers. Then, I rinsed and stepped out of the shower, my curves flushed and rosy from heat, before wrapping myself in a silky robe and tightening the belt around my curves.

Fortunately, the pounding had stopped from next door, and I walked down the hallway before throwing open the door to my bedroom.

“Rise and shine, Dad,” I sang. “It’s time to greet the day.”

Fortunately, Steve was already half-awake and sat up, rubbing his head.

“Fuck them,” he grunted. “What the hell are they thinking, starting the hammers so early in the morning?”

“I know,” I hummed, stepping into the room to begin rummaging through my drawers for some clean clothes. “It’s insane, right? If City Council doesn’t do something about it, I swear I’ll go over there myself and rip the jackhammer out of their hands. Then, they’ll see what I can do with some real weaponry.”

Steve merely chuckled while rising to his full height in my tiny bedroom. Again, my stepdad’s a handsome man who passed his genes onto my even more gorgeous stepbrother. His silver head almost brushed the ceiling, and he came over to give me a kiss to the cheek.

“So protective of your old Dad,” he murmured while those big hands circled my waist. “What did I do to deserve you?”

I was about to reply with something cute, but at that moment, the tie of my robe caught on the handle of the drawer and my silky robe came undone, revealing the lush curves of my breasts as well as the tautness of my tummy. Even worse, I was fresh from a shower, and hadn’t had time to grab new panties yet. So my pussy was bare and smooth, on display for the men of the house to see.

Because Nick had suddenly materialized out of nowhere. I don’t know how it happened, or why he was home, but suddenly, my gorgeous stepbrother was in the

doorway of my bedroom, staring as my stepfather kissed me, my nude form pink and flushed.

“Nick!” I gasped, my mouth dropping open. “You’re back!”

“Hey Son,” my stepfather groaned, hitching up his boxer shorts. “What are you doing home? We thought you’d be at the hospital.”

I know how it looked. I was naked and damp, the pink tips of my breasts poking out as my swollen twat gleamed wetly in the low lights. My handsome stepfather had his hands on my waist, gently kissing me as if we’d just completed a night of sensual lovemaking. Even worse, Steve didn’t act embarrassed. He acted like he had every right to be savoring a young, nude teen who happened to live under his roof.

“So what they said is true,” Nick rasped, hatred shooting from those blue eyes. “You disgust me.”

“No, Nick, stop! It’s not true, whatever they said!” I cried. But my stepbrother was already gone. He turned, stomping out the front door to get in his car. We heard the vehicle start and the squeal of its wheels as he pulled out of the drive, going back to the hospital, no doubt.

“What was that about?” Steve mused his brows lowering with confusion. “What the hell?”

I turned to the handsome silver fox, impatience writ large on my features.

“You can’t touch me like that, Daddy!” I cried furiously. “I’ve talked to you about it before. There’s way too much—”

“Too much what?” Steve asked again, his handsome features agitated.

“Too much contact!” I almost screamed. “For me and Milly both! You’re way too familiar with us, and it’s just fucking weird!”

“But we’re family,” the older man replied in a confused tone. “No one could seriously think that I’m taking advantage of my own daughters?”

I shook my head, almost insensate with rage.

“People talk!” I screamed in the small bedroom. “You can’t keep doing this! I’ve told you before, and you just won’t stop! Now, look what’s happened!”

Steve held his massive palms up, as upset as I was.

“Okay, okay, I get it,” he rasped. “I was just kissing my little girl good morning. On the cheek,” he emphasized. “I had nothing to do with your robe falling open, or what anyone else says for that matter. Fucking gossips! Stay the fuck out of my business!”

Then, the older man stomped out of my bedroom, his huge chest heaving with rage. Meanwhile, I stood stock still, the fabric of my silky robe clutched tight around my still-damp curves. What just happened? Did Nick really believe that I hooked up with his dad, not twenty-four hours after he left? Does he truly think that I’m a woman who would sleep with two men within such a short time span? Who are father and son, no less?

I immediately reached for my phone, my fingers tapping furiously as I texted a message.

Nick, it’s not what you think. Please call.

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No reply. Then a few hours later.

Please call me, Nick. I love you. Don't give up on us. We deserve another chance.

Still, no reply, even though my cell indicated "read." My heart curdled as I texted him again and again. I called too, but my calls were directed straight to voicemail, and my cell remained hauntingly silent. I cried that night, as well as the night after that, and for an entire week. I shed so many tears that my eyes felt hot and dry, and my chest hurt from the violent sobs.

But my phone never rang, and Nick never came home. I didn't know where he lived in the city either, and was too humiliated to beg for the information from Milly, Steve, or one of my stepbrother's friends. Obviously, catching us in flagrante had driven Nick away, and that combined with the mindless gossip of the Austin crowd, cemented his decision. My stepbrother and I were over before we really ever began.

With pain wrenching through my chest, I made a new decision. I called Busby Modeling Agency, my fingers trembling and my voice hesitant. But my agent was only too happy to hear the news.

"So you've decided to sign!" Cameron crowed with joy. "That's wonderful, Kristie! When can we expect you in Vegas?"

"In the next week," I said in low voice. "I'll be moving asap."

"Perfect!" he crowed again, almost mindless with glee. "Don't worry about a thing! We'll set you up with a model apartment, and front you some cash for the first few

months. It's standard procedure in our industry. New models always have a "start-up phase," so to say, where the agency advances funds as you attend your first castings. But your look is exactly what everyone wants. You'll be making money hand over fist in no time!"

Cameron's predictions came true, for the most part. I moved to Vegas, and despite my listless and moody behavior, casting directors loved it. I was booked for a couple catalogs almost immediately, and we began to shoot. It was fine, I suppose. I was detached and quiet, but models don't need to provide verbal input. I smiled when they said smile, I posed when they directed me to pose, and I acted happy if that's what the brand wanted. In short, I was the perfect mannequin. I'm a walking, talking coat-hanger, modeling outfits according to the style and preferences of the brand. I deliver what clients are looking for, and my bank account began to fill as a result.

The experience been okay, I suppose. My first year in Vegas was horrific mentally, even if professionally, I was labeled a success at every level. As my face was featured in commercials and magazines, my mind was twisted and despairing. I saw Nick everywhere. When I closed my eyes at night, the last thing I saw were images of his handsome visage, as well as that mighty male physique. I'd dream of his relentless lovemaking, coupled with the gentleness of his touch. When I woke, I could almost pretend that Nick was beside me in bed – only to be fully roused by the coolness of my sheets, and the dampness of tears on the pillowcase.

Fortunately, my second year in Vegas was better. I'd made a few friends by then, male and female, and their energy and chatter lifted me from my stupor. Yet I refused to go home, even when Milly begged me to visit for a day or two during Christmas. Steve got on the phone too, entreating me, but I made my excuses, claiming that I'd booked jobs over the holidays that were too lucrative to miss.

"Sweetheart, this isn't about money, is it?" Steve growled into the phone. "I can pay for an airline ticket, and you'll stay in your old bedroom."

“Oh no,” I said quickly. “Thanks, Steve, but I make plenty. I just have a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity over the holidays to work with an A-list photographer, and I need to stay in town.”

Still, the older man was silent on the line.

“Well, it’s not about ... ah, what happened that day, is it?” my stepfather asked in a hesitant tone. “From two years ago?”

“Oh no,” I lied. “Not at all.”

Steve let out an exhale of relief.

“Good, because it was nothing, Kristie. I even talked to Nick about it—”

“You didn’t!” I gasped. “No no no!”

My stepfather appeared confused.

“Of course I did. No man should think such devious things about his father and sister. I don’t even know why Nick would believe such spurious lies—”

But I’d heard enough and cut him off.

“I’m sorry, Steve, but I can’t come home for Christmas. I know it’s the second holiday season I’ve missed, but I just can’t. I’m making a lot of money here in Vegas, and you know that a model’s career is short. I have to stay in town for these jobs.”

That was that, and I didn’t return to Austin for Christmas, New Year’s, Father’s Day, or Thanksgiving. Instead, for two years, I stayed in my adopted city of Las Vegas, acculturating to the sun and sand. It’s been okay. I put thoughts of Nick out of my

mind because I'm on a different path now – one that doesn't include him.

But a development has occurred. Milly's getting married, and my baby sister's begged me to return for the wedding. As a result, I'm back in Texas, and my heart squeezes tight as my pulse races because even though it makes me hate myself... I'm dying to see my handsome stepbrother again.

4

Nick

How the fuck does this even happen? What kind of woman sleeps with her stepbrother, only to sleep with her stepdad as well? What the hell? This is such a fucking dumpster fire and I'd wring Kristie's neck with my bare hands if I could.

Of course, I can't because homicide, especially the homicide of a sibling, is a crime. I'd be thrown in jail, without the possibility of parole, and it would be a fucking crime in and of itself because I haven't been able to forget my beautiful blonde stepsister after two years of no contact. It kills me, but I still think of Kristie all the fucking time. When I'm in suturing a patient. When I'm amputating a limb. When I'm assisting a drug user through the pain of withdrawal. Even the distress of another human being can't fully pull me from thoughts of her.

But what the hell? How can that woman have such a slutty cunt? I couldn't believe my eyes when I came home unexpectedly. I was supposed to stay at my own apartment that night. Hell, I even thought about sleeping at the fucking hospital because the ER was a total hellhole that day. An insane pile up on the interstate caused mass injury, and the hospital staff hardly had time to breathe, much less take a piss or catch up on email.

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So after my shift, I threw myself into the sack and turned off the lights. But sleep evaded me, even though I was bone-tired, because I wanted to see Kristie. I wanted her lush curves and sweet kisses, and after only a few days of hedonism, I was addicted. After tossing and turning for what felt like the entire night, the battle of wills was lost and I drove home at sixty miles an hour, making like a bat out of hell.

But imagine my surprise when I returned. The house was quiet because it was still the grey hours of dawn, so I tiptoed down the hall to Kristie's bedroom. The door was ajar, and after I pushed it open, I almost gagged because holy fuck, but bad shit was going on. My dad had his hands all over the young girl's curves. Not only that, but she was nude and loving it. Kristie's silky robe hung open, exposing those DD breasts and that swollen, moist cunt. Hell, she was damp and rosy all over, obviously post-coital.

"Nick!" she screamed when she saw me, eyes going wide. "What are you doing back?"

"Son?" my father asked, a stunned look on his features. "Hell, we thought you were on shift at the hospital."

Of course they did because that was the original plan. But plans change, and I didn't even say anything. Instead, I backpedaled and got out of there so fast that my hair practically caught fire. Then, I drove like hell on wheels to the hospital and swerved into a parking space before letting out an aggrieved roar.

Kristie is sleeping with my dad? What the fuck? How long has this been going on?

But rumors have been swirling about them for a long time. Austin high society is fucking cruel, and Steve's made a lot of enemies over the decades. It's not his fault. My father is a handsome silver fox, and he's dated and dumped a lot of socialites ever since Kristie's mom passed. But the gossip surrounding him never bothered me before –until now.

Because evidently, the ladies were right: Steve has been fucking my stepsister under the table, seeing how familiar they were with each other. Even crazier, Kristie consented to it and slept with me within the same twenty-four hours. She's a two-timing slut who has no qualms about offering her pussy to a father and son pair, however depraved it sounds.

What the fuck! I let out another scream in the solitude of my car, my hands gripping the wheel with white knuckles. What kind of whore does this? How could I have misjudged her so badly? I was livid with rage, shock, anger, and terror. I threw open the door to my car and stomped straight into the emergency room.

"Dr. Bradley, is everything okay?" a nurse asked, a worried expression on her face. "Do you need medical assistance?"

I ignored her, and went to one of the break rooms before shutting myself in and letting out another thunderous roar. The blonde slut was two-timing me, and I couldn't process. I needed to rage, scream, yell and throw things, or I needed to put myself into a stupor using narcotics and alcohol. But unfortunately, my pager beeped at that moment, and ultimately it was the ER that forced me back to my senses.

But in the two years since, Kristie's always in the back of my mind. The beautiful blonde haunts me, and I'd do anything to break the spell. Believe me, I've tried. I go on dates with hot interns. I sleep with sassy models who have DD breasts and wide hips. I even slake my lust on busty prostitutes sometimes, happy to throw money at the problem. But it never works, and somehow, visions of the golden vixen always

come back to mind. It happens at the weirdest times too, like when I'm administering Narcan to a junkie, or picking up lunch from the local bodega. Kristie's always somehow circulating in the back of my mind, impossible to ignore.

But it's clear that she's forgotten me because the truth is that I never meant anything to her. Last I heard, Kristie moved to Vegas to pursue a career as a plus-size model, and that in and of itself has been hell on wheels because she's been successful. So successful, in fact, that I'm unable to escape her image. She's present everywhere I turn, and I've seen my stepsister's delicate features on a few billboards, while Milly always shows me her catalogs.

"Isn't it wonderful?" my little sis burbled, admiring a particularly fetching photo of our gorgeous sister dressed in a skimpy swimsuit. "She's plus-size, and yet she's on the cover of this catalog! How impressive!"

"Give me that," I snarled, snatching the glossy pages from her hands. Then, I devoured the image before throwing it carelessly onto the couch.

"Yeah, I'm glad she's doing well," I managed in a nonchalant voice.

"Kristie's doing better than well!" Milly squealed, picking up the catalog again. "I'm so proud of her for knocking the fashionworld off its feet! I just wish she'd come home though. She hasn't been back in ages, and nothing I say can convince her."

"She'll be back," I say in a low voice. "I'm sure of it."

"But when?" Milly murmured, still looking at the glossy image of Kristie. "I miss Kris so much."

Fortunately, Milly's dreams were answered because my younger sister is getting married, and Kristie's in attendance for the entire wedding weekend. It's going to be

hell, and I mentally prepared myself for it.

She's nothing to you, the voice in my head snarled. Just some chick you fucked in the past. Another notch in your bedpost.

Yet when I laid eyes on the golden goddess at the rehearsal dinner last night, my heart clenched. Yes, me, super fucking alpha male Nick Bradley, grew mushy inside at the sight of a woman. Kristie appeared even more beautiful than I remember, clad in a purple outfit that highlighted her big bust and wide hips. She's put on weight, and it only served to make her more lush and inviting. Ready for action, my cock twitched tellingly in my trousers.

But we didn't talk at the engagement party, nor at the ceremony this morning. In fact, I think Kristie's been studiously avoiding me, and I've been giving her wide berth as well. Yet my eyes are drawn to that curvy figure. I can't help but devour her Double D breasts, remembering when I suckled at those hard pink teats. I remember caressing her between her thighs too, my palm soaked with her fluids as she moaned and writhed from the male touch on her cunt. I feel her everywhere, my body inflamed and hard, and yet she's fucking off limits.

Fortunately, the weekend's already almost over. The ceremony's done, and now, Milly climbs onto a chair for the bouquet toss, as single ladies gather in a cluster behind her. Quite a few male guests watch with bemused eyes as the women chatter excitedly, some with their arms extended in anticipation.

"This is going to be a shitshow," a man to my left murmurs, his blue eyes dancing.

"Dibs on the one in blue," another muttered, his gaze fixed to a waif-like young woman dressed in a sky-colored shift. "Shit, I hope she's eighteen."

Meanwhile, Milly was in her element.

“I want you ladies to work for it!” my little sister cried with joy before facing away and lowering her arms. “Three... two... one...catch!”

The bouquet soared into the air in a high arc. Pink ribbons trailed from the roses as hungry hands clamored from below. Girls jostled each other, literally shrieking with joy, and quite a few elbows were tossed in an effort to catch the beautiful blooms.

But Kristie was positioned just right, and the bouquet plopped in her grasp. Her big blue eyes were surprised as she caught my gaze from across the way, the spark between us electric. What would it be like to have Kristie as my bride? To see her, flushed and beautiful with a white veil on those golden tresses as we exchanged vows? To kiss that pretty pout as I claimed her before the world?

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Unfortunately, my reverie was interrupted when another woman accidentally lost her balance. It looked like the otherwoman's heel got caught in something, and she went down, but not without taking Kristie with her in a jumble of arms and legs.

"Oof!" my stepsister cried, tumbling to the rough cobblestone while losing her grip on the bouquet. "Ouch!"

"Oh my god, are you okay?" the other woman asked, standing up before dusting off her hands. "Oh shit. I kind of landed on you, and you hit the ground hard. Here, let me help you up."

She extended a hand, and Kristie was lifted to her feet but I could see that there was some real damage. Blood streamed from my stepsister's knee in a red trail, and her hands were scratched up and slightly bloody from the rough gravel.

"Oh my god!" the other woman gasped, looking at Kristie's knee before calling out into the crowd. "Do we have a doctor here? We need medical help!"

It was my cue. I stepped forward before locking eyes with my gorgeous stepsister. Her bottom lip trembled and it was everything I could do to not lean down to kiss those pouty lips. Instead, I held myself aloof, and kept my manner professional.

"I'm an ER doctor," I said in a low tone. "Come on, Kristie. Let's go inside because there's bound to be a first aid kit somewhere. I'll patch you up."

Then, without waiting for an answer, I turned and stalked into the wedding venue. I felt, rather than saw, the curvy girl hurrying after me, and my heart raced because

finally ... I'll be able to touch my obsession once more.

5

Kristie

Nick looks grumpy and a little mad, to be honest. He was efficient, and able to grab a first aid kit from the venue staff before bringing me to a private restroom. It's a luxe one within the hotel, and not at all gross or disgusting. Instead, the space is divided into two parts: a small, carpeted women's lounge, outfitted with a mirror, vanity table, stool and a small couch, and then the facilities in the space beyond. Heavy damask covers the walls, and there are luxe curtain swags as well, although no actual windows. A chandelier glints overhead as the handsome physician tends to my knee.

"There," Nick growls low in his chest, eyes fixed on the white bandage pasted to my limb. "That'll help stanch the bleeding for now, but remove the dressing once a day, and rinse it with warm water. It'll heal on its own. You're lucky you don't need stitches."

I nod, my heart fluttering in my chest.

"Thanks Nick," I say in an almost-whisper. "I really appreciate your help."

He nods curtly, still avoiding my eyes.

"Show me your hands. Are you injured?"

I hold my hands out, palms uplifted, and sure enough, they're scratched and bloody, with some small rocks embedded in the skin.

He growls with displeasure. "Go wash your hands in some warm water, and then I'll

clean that up for you,” he rasps. “Go on. There’s a sink in the other room.”

Slowly, I get to my feet, totally aware of the alpha male’s presence. After all, this is a tiny space, and Nick is huge. Is it possible he’s even bigger than before? His broad shoulders resemble boulders, and his chest is wide as well as massive. Long legs are encased in suit pants, but that can’t hide the fact that his thighs are thick and powerful, his calves toned like a man who does manual labor for a living. I suppose he’s on his feet in the ER, but still. This is clearly the physique of a man who works out.

Yet there’s something in those blue eyes. I can feel it. His azure gaze is stormy and yet magical at once, and my heart lodges in my throat. I’ve never gotten over Nick Bradley, despite avoiding him for two years. Thoughts of him continue to haunt my memory, making me come awake at night, panting and gasping his name.

But he doesn’t know about my pathetic longings, and I give myself a talking to while washing my hands.

This man thinks you’re a slut, the voice in my head whispers. He believes you hooked up with his dad, when you did no such thing. Not only that, but he never gave you a chance to explain.

Of course. Nick Bradley is an arrogant asshole, and I was a fool to forget it. Slowly, I return from the sink, my hands still damp.

“Sit,” Nick barks, gesturing to the stool in front of the vanity. “Let me see.”

I sit once more, cursing the betrayal of my body. My nipples feel taut and my breasts heavy and achy. There’s a low pulsing in my pelvis and my thighs are already damp with need. It’s him. Merely being in his proximity arouses me, despite my mind’s warning. What can I do? My curves long for this man with every ounce of my soul,

and yet my brain is screaming like a five alarm fire. Even worse, Nick hasn't said anything remotely kind or romantic. He's only been civil, and acted the way a doctor should when confronted with an injured patient.

Plus, he's still avoiding my gaze. He kneels before me, big fists on my wrists to turn my palms towards him. The scratches are relatively light and form pink dots on my skin.

"You're fine," he growls. "No treatment's needed here. Just don't do anything crazy using your hands, obviously."

I smile at his bended head, despite myself.

"You mean, no games of tug of war? I was thinking about getting myself some good rope burn," is my playful murmur. His head jerks up, and for the first time, our eyes fully meet. The sizzle is immediate as we stare at one another, the connection intense.

"Don't fuck around," Nick warns in an unsteady voice. "I'm not fucking kidding when I say stay off your hands. Now where else does it hurt? I'll take a look."

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Something comes over me then, and it's because of the electricity in the air between us. My pulse is thrumming through my veins and my body heats. I've wanted this man for two years, and he's finally here with me, alone in a room. I can't resist the temptation and I smile coyly once more.

"It hurts on my thighs," I murmur, spreading my knees just a bit as Nick kneels before me. "I think I twisted something."

His big body is completely still, and the air vibrates between us. What is he thinking? He must know this is a ploy to get his hands on me.

But then Nick moves, his chin jerking slightly.

"Where on your thighs?" comes his deep voice.

I spread my legs even wider, the hem of my pink dress riding up.

"Up here," I invite in a whisper, waiting for his touch. "Help me, doctor."

Nick's still for another moment as my pulse pounds in my ears. Oh my god, have I totally humiliated myself? If he gets up and leaves, I'm going to melt into a heap of embarrassment. Heck, if the Earth opens up and swallows me at this very moment, I wouldn't mind.

But the alpha male wants me too, and he takes the bait. His big hands settle on my knees, gently pushing them even wider.

“Tell me if it hurts,” he rasps in a low voice, his dark head still bent. “I’ll stop if it does.”

Then, those huge, warm palms begin sliding up the insides of my thighs. I mewl helplessly because it feels so good. His touch is magical, and goose bumps break out because I’ve wanted him for so long, and it’s finally happening. He’s here, and we’re together.

“Here?” he asks hoarsely, looking up at me for a moment. His hands are midway up my thighs now, my pink skirt pushed up so far that my pussy almost shows. Almost, but not quite.

“Further,” I whisper, breasts trembling as the huge man nods. Then, his hands slide up even higher so that the material of the skirt is bunched up around my hips as the outline of my bare cunt peeks out from beneath the hem.

“Fuck baby,” Nick rasps, those blue eyes glued to the glistening lips. “You didn’t wear panties today. What a bad girl.”

My heart’s beating so hard that it feels like it’s going to explode out of my chest.

“No, I didn’t,” I mewl. “But it’s for you, Daddy. It aches there, and I need you to take care of it.”

Nick can’t tear his eyes from my swollen folds. One thumb reaches out and he gently caresses my clit, niggling the sensitive bud as I let out a pleased gasp.

“Do you need me to kiss it better?”

I nod slightly, biting my lip.

“Yes, Doctor. Please do.”

Nick’s silent and unmoving for another moment, the tip of his thumb rubbing lazy circles around my clit as he watches the aroused reaction of my body. But then he lets out a low growl and dips his head before plundering the moist folds of my pussy. His tongue is out as he laves between my legs, tasting the nectar of my cunt while moaning with hunger.

“Fuck,” he breathes. “It’s even sweeter than I remember.”

What’s sweeter? Is he talking about my pussy juices? Oh my god, he must be, and in reaction, my cunt gushes once more, flooding his mouth with another dose of honey.

“Yes!” I manage in a reedy voice, my head falling back as my eyes close. “Right there, Doctor. Mmm, yes! It feels so good!”

Nick merely sucks hard on my clit before lapping at the tender nub.

“I’ve dreamed of you, Kristie,” he moans. “So much and now you’re finally here. Oh fuck, baby, I need you.”

I’m insensate already. It’s only been a few moments, and yet I’ve given myself fully to this man once more. The world has shrunk until there’s nothing left except his hands, his mouth, his tongue, and his incredible caresses to my most vulnerable spots.

“Mmm!” I gasp again as he bites my clit before soothing the sting with a rub of his tongue along the underside. “Oh my god!”

Nick chuckles low in his chest.

“You like that, sweet girl? I remember how you had such a filthy cunt, and how only

Daddy's hard fucks could make the ache go away."

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Oh my god, he's alluding to our sensual time together two years ago, and the truth is that that encounter's never left my mind either.

"Yes, I need it," I cry out, my hands tunneling through his hair. "I need you to pound my pussy, Daddy! Make it feel good! Mmm!"

Nick doesn't lose any time because we're both so desperate. He tongue-kisses my twat once more, making me squeal, before pulling away and releasing the beast. His cock bounces out, nine inches of pure fuck power, and the air whooshes out of my lungs. I've dreamed of seeing him like this, that club pulsing and aroused, almost angrily red with desire. Veins snake along his length, and his balls are already high and tight against his groin, ready to explode.

But there's no time to say anything because we're both so desperate. Within seconds, Nick has his club notched at my sweet opening, and he thrusts forward.

"Oh!" I gasp. "Ohhhhh!"

After all, the alpha male is relentless. With a forceful jerk, I'm impaled on that huge monster, every inch of him buried in my sopping cunt.

"You're so tight," my stepbrother moans hoarsely before dipping his head down to suck at one of my taut nipples. "Oh fuck. I've needed this for so long."

The incredible fullness in my twat is almost unbearable, and I cling to his broad shoulders as my body tries to adjust.

“Oh,” is my faint mewl. “Oh my god.”

Nick captures my mouth for a passionate kiss, holding still as I squirm uncomfortably around the huge club buried in my most sensitive spot.

“Are you okay?” he asks in a low voice, his breath warm on my cheek. “I don’t want to hurt you, Kristie.”

This time, it’s me who captures his lips with my own before looking into those blue eyes. His cobalt gaze is almost glowing, and a rush of adoration fills my heart.

“You could never hurt me, Nick. I want this,” I whisper as he clasps my curves close. He’s still for another moment, but then surges into motion. Lifting me by my round ass, Nick stands with my pussy still wrapped around his dick and strides over to the small couch before dropping us both on the seat. Then, he begins to move between my legs, that huge shaft penetrating my small twat as I moan in agonizing pleasure.

“Yes,” I cry out. “Mmm, yes!”

“Oh fuck,” he rasps, his huge body moving like an unstoppable wave. “You’re so tight and sweet, baby, and you’re gushing like a waterfall. You look so beautiful.”

I think what he means is that I look utterly slutty because the top of my dress has fallen away, and my big breasts are bouncing in time to his furious fucks, the white orbs like giant sacks of cream.

“Yes, take my body,” I mewl again, looking up at him with lust in my eyes. “Use it to make yourself feel good, Nick. Trash my cunt. Fill it with your cream because it belongs to you.”

The answering gleam in that cobalt gaze is undeniable. He pauses for a moment, and

then the fucking becomes even more frenzied. His hips pound like an automaton, driving me up into the arm rest, and I cry out again because the possession feels so good! How did I live without this man? How did I survive for two years without his touch?

The flames are so high and hot, in fact, that we both reach our peaks far too soon. I feel it coming and my juices thicken with need, my cunt swelling even further.

“Yes, baby,” Nick rasps. “Come for me. Let me feel your pussy ripple along my cock.”

I scream out his name then as my vision goes blindingly white.

“Nick!” is my agonized cry. “Mmmm, yes! Ohhhh!”

Hot jolts of lightning seize my pussy, causing it to clamp in pleasurable bursts. A flood of nectar courses down his shaft, lubing up his frenzied movements and driving him even further up the peak.

“Yes, baby,” he moans in return. “Almost there, almost there ... oh SHIT!”

Then, his dick jerks inside me as powerful sprays of semen douse my interior. It feels so good and I moan, almost coming again from the intimacy of the situation.

“Yesss,” I hiss. “Mmm, yes, fill me up.”

Nick doesn’t hear because he’s moaning as his cock spurts wildly, his come shoot pulsing with the force of his climax.

“Oh fuck,” he bites out, that massive chest covered in a sheen of sweat as his six pack flexes. “Goddamn.”

But then, panic sets in his eyes.

“Oh shit!” he screams. “We’re not using protection!”

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He pulls out immediately but it's far too late. The majority of his load is already inside me, thick and creamy, and even as he pulls back, the tip of his dick is connected to my intimate spot by a long string of gooey spunk. Hell, he's still coming, and hot spurts of semen jet onto my thighs as he screams again.

"Shit!" he shouts, looking down at our bodies with unadulterated terror. "Please tell me you're on the pill."

I shake my head, biting my lip, panting from the sheer pleasure I just experienced.

"No, I'm not, but it's fine," I say quickly. "It's not that time of the month for me. I mean, not "time of the month" as in my period, but a woman's fertile only for a few days each month. I'm not there."

Nick's breathing hard, his handsome expression frozen as he stares at his dick. It's still oozing cum, the glimmering liquid virile and thick.

"Oh god, I hope you're right," he rasps. "Fuck fuck fuck, what have I done?"

I sit up then, taking his handsome mien between my hands.

"Nick, it's not the end of the world," I murmur. "I wanted this, and besides, I'm not fertile at the moment. It's fine. It's going to be fine."

But he's still panicked, reaching to yank up his pants. "I'll get you some Plan B," he babbles. "Where's the nearest drugstore? Fuck fuck fuck!"

It's almost insulting how frenzied the alpha male is, but I get it because we're not in a relationship. He doesn't know that I've yearned for him for two years straight, and how I've lost multiple nights of sleep to this man. Hell, maybe my stepbrother hates my guts. It's very likely, seeing that we parted on bad terms last time.

"It's fine," I try again, already feeling a little defeated. I reach for a tissue and dab gently at the mess on my thighs. To be honest, I love having his semen on me and in me, a reminder of our intense coupling. But now the real world has intruded, and I have to be cognizant of the situation. Clearly, Nick's freaking out, and it's beginning to freak me out too.

"It's fine," I say in a firm, even tone, shooting him a look while pulling my skirt down and straightening the top to cover my breasts. "We'll be fine, Nick. I promise."

But the alpha male's panic is building, and he rises to his full height in the small room, glowering down at me.

"You may be fine, but I'm not," he snaps. "I'm getting you some Plan B." Then, he strides from the room, car keys already in hand, leaving me in silence. Meanwhile, I'm left to pick up the pieces. That was certainly a roller coaster because I went from the peak of pleasure, to the depths of hard reality. Sure, we both climaxed and enjoyed each other physically, but that's all it was. Nick wants nothing to do with me, and obviously, he definitely doesn't want a baby with me either.

With slow movements, I clamber to my feet before limping over to the sink in the next room. I certainly look like a well-fucked female. My hair's a mess, and my lips look bee-stung and unusually red. There's a glow on my cheeks, even if inside, I'm disappointed and cold.

But the show must go on. My little sister is getting married, and guests will notice if I suddenly disappear. With trembling hands, I splash water on my face, and then stare

at my reflection.

Get it together, Kristie, the voice in my head warns. This isn't the time to lose it. There are too many eyes on you, and on Nick as well. Put the situation from your mind, and act normal for a few more hours.

I nod jerkily, and pat my hair and straighten my dress again. Nick's cum is seeping from my pussy, and there's no way to stop it because I don't have panties that can catch the drip. Okay, I'll just have to continue making trips to the bathroom every half hour to take care of the mess. Yet I love feeling the warm, sticky ooze on my thighs. Even if Nick one hundred percent regrets our encounter, I don't. I can't, because I've yearned for him for so long.

But I can't hide out in the women's lounge forever, mooning like a lovesick dunce, so with a determined exhale, I spin on my heel and exit the restroom before striding out to the wedding party once more. Once I've reached the communal area, who greets me but my stepdad, Steve. He looks incredibly handsome with his silver hair brushed back, a twinkle in those blue eyes, and a perfectly cut suit decorating his form.

"Hi sweetheart," he murmurs, stopping before me with flowers in hand. "You dropped the wedding bouquet after catching it, so I swooped it up and saved it for you. Here you go, honey."

Then, he leans forward to give me a hug, except my stepfather is far too familiar. His lips brush my cheek and then snake over to my lips, even as I try to turn my face away. But it's too late and we're in an intimate liplock as every cell in my body curdles with disgust.

"Uck!" I shriek, pushing him away with my small fists. "What the hell? What was that about?"

Steve steps back, his expression regretful.

“I’m sorry, honey, it just happened,” he apologizes. “I’m unsteady on my feet these days, and slipped a little. You know me. I’m old and basically need that Life Alert device for seniors in case I fall.”

Steve continues to speak, but my heart plummets because I can already see movement from the corner of my eye. There’s another person who just witnessed our kiss, and sure enough, it’s my stepbrother Nick. The handsome doctor turns away with repulsion before storming out of the room, and I swallow heavily because once again, we’re back at square one ... as enemies instead of lovers.

6

Nick

What the fuck? I knew Kristie was a slut, but I had no idea that her depravity was ongoing and continuous. As far as I know, she’s been in Las Vegas for two years without coming home. But now that she’s back in Texas, it’s business as usual ...with my dad.

I curse out loud because the image of Kristie kissing Steve is burned in my frontal cortex. The beautiful blonde with her fucked-out look, her blonde hair in messy waves down her back. Her big bust trembled, and she was unsteady on her feet, probably because I’d pummeled her so hard after our encounter in the women’s lounge. Hell, I could even see a slick of my semen on her thighs. Yes, I pumped so much into the gorgeous girl that she was literally dripping my man milk.

Yet the moment she saw Steve, our encounter was forgotten. She practically danced into my dad’s arms, taking the bouquet from his hands, and of course, they kissed like long-lost lovers. My father had his tongue halfway down her throat, and Kristie

moaned ravenously, pressing those big tits against his hard chest.

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But those big tits are MINE! the voice in my head screams in fury. That cunt is MINE! That woman is mine, mine, mine.

The chant forms an unrelenting cacophony in my head as I hurtle down the highway. Seriously, what the fuck was she doing? I let out a scream in the privacy of my vehicle, unable to contain my rage, and suddenly, it happens. I don't really see it but there's a semi on the freeway and FUCK! My last thought is of the gorgeous girl. Kristie, my mind cries. Please forgive me. I love you. Thank you. Please, please ...

7

Kristie

It's been two years since I saw Nick at the wedding, and my life's changed so much that it's almost unbelievable. Yet one thing has turned out unexpectedly sweet, and that's my son. I chuck Riley under his chin, my heart filling with love as he burbles at me with his chubby cheeks and toothless smile. Maybe I lost Nick ...but the handsome physician gave me his son in his place.

"Okay sweetheart," I murmur. "Enjoy dinner, okay? Mommy's going out now. Is that okay? You have Amy to take care of you."

My son babbles happily, waving his arms in the air before his babysitter comes to sweep him up in her arms.

"He's fine," Amy reassures me as the baby squirms a bit. "We're going to have a good time together, right Riles? Are you ready for a bubble bath? But finish your

peas first.”

“Ba!” my son squeals delightedly in return. “Peas!”

I smile because Riley is the light of my life, and an unexpected boon after my encounter with Nick. Despite my belief that I wasn’t in my fertile period, I was wrong. I suppose a pregnancy is always a possibility, seeing that Nick’s a virile alpha male, while I’m a fertile young woman in her early 20’s. Yes, we conceived a child at my sister’s wedding, and my heart squeezed hard as I looked at the home pregnancy test. By then, I was already back in Vegas and sequestered in my apartment.

“Oh my god,” I breathed. “Holy smokes.”

Should I tell the father? Should I inform Nick that I was expecting his child? After all, there’s no way I’d terminate, or put up the baby for adoption. This child was created from the passion we experienced together, and I was carrying him or her to term, full stop.

But memories of our last time together also filled my mind: Nick’s aghast expression. The terror on his face, and the fact that he practically ran out of the room in a rush to get me Plan B. Of course, he never returned with said Plan B, but it’s because Nick saw me kissing Steve afterwards. I get it. My lover thinks I’m a super-slut who would sleep with a father and son simultaneously. He was disgusted by my actions, and tossed me away like yesterday’s garbage.

Except I got much more than what I deserved because Riley is a miracle. The tot looks just like his father with the same dark hair and sparkling blue eyes. He even has Nick’s dimple in his cheek, and the same mischievous expression when he wants something that’s just out of reach. My heart swoops and soars every time I lay eyes on my son because he’s a daily reminder of the man I adored, even if Nick has no idea that he even has a child. The physician was so dead set against pregnancy that I

felt I had to have his baby in secret. That, and of course, the fact that Nick hates me.

But the pregnancy has completely changed my life. My waistline thickened, and my face swelled. My appetite was through the roof, and even my doctor questioned the amount of weight I was putting on. But everything was fine. Sure, I gained eighty pounds during my pregnancy, but Riley is happy and healthy, and that's all a mother can ask for. The problem is that my career hit the skids because of my changing figure, and never recovered. At first, there were a few jobs for feminine products and maternity clothing, but even those dropped off after a while, and I was effectively unemployed.

But it was okay because I had plenty saved. I've never been a big spender, and the rent on my apartment was relatively cheap. Besides, I was pregnant and didn't want to stress out about money. I maintained my lifestyle, drawing down from my bank account, and put thoughts of budgeting out of my mind. That would be dealt with later.

Except my baby's now one, and I can't ignore the fact that I'm almost out of funds. It's sad, really. I've lost some of the weight from the pregnancy, and yet the jobs never came back. My agent told me times have changed, even within a short two years, and that my "look" isn't what designers are asking for anymore. Yes, they still want plus-sized curvy girls, but right now they're aiming for someone more exotic, whatever that means. The only thing I can do is sit and wait for the cycle to turn again, although when it might happen is unclear.

But I have to do something to make money, and as a result, I'm headed to an auction tonight. But this isn't an auction of jewelry, fine art, or valuable furnishings. Instead, it's an auction of girls. Yes, I'm the one who's going to be auctioned, and my cheeks flame as I put on my jacket. I'm offering my body for sale because I have no choice. My baby needs food to eat and a roof over his head, and I'll do anything to provide for him.

“Bye!” I say in a fake cheery voice before blowing a kiss at Riley. “Mommy loves you!”

The baby waves and babbles some more as Amy smiles.

“We’ll be fine!” she calls. “You go and enjoy yourself!”

Of course, my innocent babysitter believes that I’m headed out for a date, given my sexy mini-dress and high heels. She probably thinks I’m going to meet a handsome man for cocktails, before heading to a restaurant to enjoy flirtatious banter and delicious food. What she doesn’t realize is that I’m not meeting one handsome man – I’ll be meeting a roomful of them.

But this is my life now, and I have to provide for my son. I take an Uber to the Dreamland Hotel, and pause for a moment because the building is relatively unassuming. It’s one of the older places in downtown that’s seen better days, with a straggle of patrons making their way in and out. I wouldn’t be surprised if there’s an all-you-can-eat buffet inside, along with a lot of mylar balloons floating around as décor. It’s definitely not what I expected for a billionaire auction, but maybe that’s the point.

“Over to the back,” I murmur, pointing to the right. “Yes, they said there’d be a black door.”

“Sure,” the Uber driver shrugs. “No problem.”

The vehicle pulls to a halt, and then the car door opens as a nondescript man in a suit nods at me.

“Miss Linwood?” he asks in a neutral voice.

I swallow hard.

“Yes, that’s me.”

“Welcome,” he says while escorting me to the black door. “Club Duality is expecting you.”

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The massive slab swings open, and I step into a small room. It's dark inside, and I blink at first, trying to let my eyes adjust.

"Welcome, Miss Linwood," a well-modulated female voice greets. I turn and see a woman in a suit, with an iPad in hand. "I'm Amanda," she says. "I'll be helping you prepare for the auction."

"Oh, I'm ready," I say quickly. "I've already signed the non-disclosure and confidentiality waivers. I submitted my medical reports too."

Amanda's laugh tinkles in the air.

"Perfect," she hums. "But there's more. We want you to look ravishing, not that you aren't already," she adds in a quick tone. "But we have professional hair and make-up artists on staff, and they're here to transform you into a vision. Although of course, you already are," she states again.

I smile warmly.

"Thanks," I say. "It's been a long time since I've had my hair and make-up done. It'll be nice to turn myself over to professionals."

Then, I'm whisked to a lavish beauty salon within the building. Where am I? I thought I was at a middling hotel in downtown Vegas, but it seems that there's an entire secret world hidden behind the unglamorous façade because the spa we enter is top-tier and exclusive, with a hushed luxury that only piles of money can buy.

“Welcome,” a chirpy attendant in a white uniform greets. “We’re here to get you ready, Miss Linwood. Can I offer you some tea? Or some fresh fruit?”

My stomach growls a bit, and I nod.

“Sure, or maybe a granola bar, if you have it?”

She nods with excitement.

“Oh yes. We can order anything from the hotel menu that you like. An entire sirloin steak, if you want!”

I laugh softly.

“No, I don’t think I’ll fit into this dress if I eat steak,” is my wry reply. “Just a granola bar is fine, thanks.”

“I’ll order both,” the attendant laughs. “And some green tea and a few desserts, just in case you change your mind.”

Then, the pampering begins and I’m cosseted to within an inch of my life. Not only is my hair cut and styled, but every part of me is depilated, including my most intimate bits. I gasped when they began heating the gooey wax.

“That’s for my eyebrows, right?”

The spa attendant hummed.

“Yes, but also for down there,” she said meaningfully, eyeing my pelvic area. “It’s fine,” she assured me. “It won’t hurt that much, and we do it for all the girls.”

My jaw snapped shut because of course, I'm not special. I'm not the only woman who's ever been sold in these environs. I'm only the latest in a parade of women to be auctioned to a rich man willing to pay the price for a night of no-strings sex. In fact, the word "sex" makes my spine stiffen because that's all it's going to be. Sure, I'll be expected to be coy, flirtatious, and playful, but it's just something physical in the end because that's the whole point. These men don't want an entanglement. They just want access to my curves, in exchange for a boatload of money.

I grit my teeth, suddenly sober. I'd felt a bit like Cinderella being pampered for a palace ball, but reality's come crashing down with a solid thunk. I'm a whore, and there are no two ways about it. They've decked me out in a slinky gown that shows more than it conceals, the fabric so filmy it's almost transparent. My hair falls in loose curls over my shoulders, and glittery, crystal platform heels adorn my feet. Yes, they're stripper shoes ... because I'm here to be sold like a hooker on the street.

What's become of you, Kristie?the voice in my head cries.Why are you demeaning yourself like this?

But I clamp down my doubts while gritting my teeth because this is for Riley. I'll do anything to put food on the table for my son, even if it means auctioning my body again and again to rich men who will use my curves indiscriminately. My soul shrivels, and I gasp with sudden pain because I wish Nick were here. I wish the powerful physician would swoop in to save me from this horrific fate. Yet as I wait backstage, I know my dreams of a hero are nothing but that – an impossible dream.

8

Nick

I try to relax in the plush booth.

“So what are we waiting for?” I ask my father through a clenched jaw. Steve smiles, his teeth almost glowing in the low lights of the sconces.

“The girls, of course,” he states. “Quite a few ladies are going to be auctioned tonight, and the club assures me that they’re of the highest quality. Top tier, and some even untouched.”

I stare at him.

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“So why am I here?” I ask in a pointed voice. “You know I’m not into virgins. Those girls are unschooled. They’re fucking teens who cry when you so much as lay a finger on their cunts, and it’s more trouble than it’s worth.”

My dad doesn’t miss a beat.

“It’s because you’ve been acting like a motherfucker for a long time now, Nicky,” Steve hums. “You’ve been behaving like there’s a hornet up your ass for years.”

I know what he’s saying because it’s true. Ever since I fucked Kristie at the wedding, my life’s gone downhill. Scratch that. Financially, my life’s been lifted to new heights. I invented a special medical device for nail trephination, which just means that it’s a tool that pierces the nail to drain trapped blood from under a fingernail or toenail. It’s a simple gadget, and used in the ER all the time because lots of patients come in after smashing a digit. The device is cheap too, and it’s been stocked by hospitals and clinics all over the world. Literally, it’s so inexpensive such that even third world hospitals can afford it, and I’ve become a billionaire as a result.

But as my bank account soared, my personal life took a dive. In the free time that I had, I fucked so many women that it’s downright ludicrous. I fucked redheads, blondes, brunettes, old women, young women, barely legal teens and retirees. My dick was indiscriminately thrust into so many holes that I’m surprised I haven’t come down with some disease because I wasn’t always careful either. The long and the short of it is that I became a misogynist. I fucking hated women, and I fucked them hard to make sure they knew.

But the women ate it up, for reasons that are beyond me. Sure, I have a huge dick.

Sure, there are some ladies who get off on being fucked so violently that their teeth rattle as their internal organs are being rearranged. Sure, I was generous too. I left a lot of them with cash payouts, in addition to expensive jewelry because the rough beating their cunts took was downright insane. But still, I wouldn't want to sleep with me because it was clear I just wanted some action, emotions be damned. Hell, it was better if they cried because that meant they weren't talking.

But after two years, shit gets real old. I missed Kristie, and I couldn't forget her. It was a madness that took over my soul, and I'd literally scream Kristie's name sometimes as I filled some whore's cunt with spunk. I'd beat my dick, aroused and yet furious that I was still thinking about my fucking stepsister. I wouldn't talk about it either. Steve made a couple attempts to start a conversation, as did my sister Milly. But I shut them down cold, my expression like stone, and after a while, they gave up.

So yeah, I've been acting like a male prostitute for two years now. Two years of chasing strange while smearing my spunk on random female faces. Spurting on their breasts, bellies, and backs. Making them scream with agony as well as pleasure, and forgetting their names the moment I walked out the door, if I ever knew it to begin with. It's a fucked up existence and I was miserable, so when Steve mentioned Vegas, I figured why the hell not? My dad's getting old and creaky with occasional chest pains, and we should spend some time male bonding before he kicks the bucket. Enjoying some tits and ass wouldn't hurt either.

But Club Duality isn't what I expected. I thought we'd hit up some stripper joints, or even a gentlemen's club, but I didn't think there'd be an actual auction of whores. What the fuck? How can this be legal? The truth is that it's probably not, and it's a goddamn murky situation.

But now, the lights dim as my father and I enjoy drinks in our private booth. The stage lights outside flare for a moment, and I see what I expected. There are other booths lined up shoulder to shoulder beside ours, arranged in a three hundred sixty

degrees circle around an open area. They're doubtless filled with other billionaires ready to purchase a woman, the men lounging in the utmost comfort as they get ready to splash out with six figures or more.

My dad grins at me, his teeth and hair ghastly white in the darkness.

"You got your clicker?"

I pick up the device from the table and examine it, idly testing the buttons.

"Yeah. Remind me what this is for again?"

My father merely chortles, his slight paunch shaking.

"Motherfucker. For bidding, what else?" he says in an amused voice. "Did you forget? We're here to buy a piece of ass."

Then, the lights dim all the way so that it's completely dark inside the booth. Meanwhile, a spotlight comes on in a bright circle outside, and a middle-aged Asian woman steps into the ring. She's dressed formally, but in a weird way, with her hair lacquered into a stiff ponytail that doesn't move. She's wearing an embroidered skirt suit that also looks oddly stiff, and her mouth is a red gash.

"Welcome, gentlemen," she purrs. "I'm Phyllis and I'll be your auctioneer tonight. Welcome to Club Duality."

She says a few more things, but I'm not listening. I've already lost interest in fact. If it doesn't have bolt on boobs and a sopping wet cunt, then my ear drums don't register any words.

But soon enough, Phyllis gestures off into the darkness, and a teen blonde comes

wobbling out, dressed in nothing but a filmyslip and high heels. She's gorgeous of course, if a bit thin. Her arms and legs are gawky like a newborn foal, and her tits small and flat, although her features are uncommonly luscious.

"This is Katie," Phyllis sings with a sweep of her arm. "Eighteen and untouched, from Wichita, Kansas. Need I say more, gentlemen? Let the bidding begin."

Okay, so there really isn't going to be any background information. Instead, the numbers on a screen before Phyllis begin to flicker, and the auctioneer gasps with delight.

"We have an opening bid of fifty thousand dollars! Thank you, Mr. Jones in Booth 3. We're off to a great start."

Oh fuck, she knows who the buyers are, and is naming them as well. Well, what the fuck. I don't really care if these assholes know that I bought a woman, because we're all here for the same shit. Besides, if Katie is what's on tap tonight, then my wallet's going to stay closed because I don't trade in skinny chicks. I've never been into knobby knees and sharp elbows, and I sit back to nurse my drink as the auction continues.

"Do I hear more?" Phyllis calls into the darkness. "One hundred for Katie? One fifty?"

I see my dad clicking idly, his expression amused as he takes in the girl outside.

"Yo Steve, that girl's a quarter your age," I drawl. "Literally, she could be your granddaughter. Not your daughter. Yourgranddaughter," I emphasize.

"Yeah," my dad murmurs, his eyes still glued to the teen blonde as she slips out of her thin dress. She's nude underneath except for a tiny bit of pink floss shielding her

pussy, and then ...whoops! Yep, Katie just lost the g-string, and is now bending over to show us her pale pink cunt. Again, skinny girls aren't my thing so I'm a bit horrified at the lack of meat on her thighs and ass. I want something to grab when I'm fucking a woman, and clearly there's nothing there but skin and bones. I swear, some chicks need to be fattened up before they go up for sale. They should be force-fed a giant McRib sandwich, with some fries tossed in as well.

But Steve doesn't seem perturbed by the vertebrae poking through her skin, nor the enormous thigh gap between her slim legs. Instead, he clicks away, smiling happily through the glass.

"Yeah, she's cute," he says in a careless voice. "We can role-play some scene like a grandfather and granddaughter hooking up for fun on vacation. You now, shit like that."

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I start. What the hell? I had no idea my dad was such a dirty motherfucker, but then I stop myself. Of course I know that he's a dirty motherfucker because he fucked my stepsister multiple times like it was no big deal. FUCK!

Rage fills my vision, and I close my eyes momentarily, trying to control my emotions. I've worked for two years to quell my anger at Steve because he's my father, and family will always be family. Besides, the man continues to insist that nothing happened, and I don't want to go over it again. I don't want to hear his lies because it'll just piss me off. Plus, to add insult to injury, Steve's health is failing. I don't want him to have a fucking conniption and die while we're out here in the City of Sin.

Plus, I feel like I owe him. Not just for being my dad, and putting a roof over my head when I was young, but because I was in a bad accident after leaving Milly's wedding. No one knows what happened exactly, but the police report says that I lost control of my vehicle and slammed head-on into a semi coming in the opposite direction. I should have died, but by some miracle I didn't. I was badly injured, however, and Steve and Milly were the ones who nursed me through my recovery. If it hadn't been for my father's care, I would be still be in a full-body cast instead of enjoying a vacation in Vegas.

So I blank out. I'm watching the auction as girls are trotted out one by one, but I'm not really present. Instead, I sip my drink and let my thoughts wander. What's Kristie doing right now? Is she catching a reality show? Enjoying a nightcap with friends?

She's probably on a date with some douche, my mind hisses. Your stepsister's gorgeous, and this is the City of Sin. People hook up relentlessly here.

Right. I put my tumbler down, feeling nauseous suddenly. What the fuck. This was a bad idea and I make to get up as my stomach roils. But then, a new girl steps into the limelight, and I pause for a moment, my heart racing. Is it...? Could it be...?

Sure enough, she reaches Phyllis's side and turns, and that's when my jaw drops.

It's Kristie.

My long-lost stepsister is being auctioned tonight, like a common whore.

She's breathtaking, of course. She's clad in a white frothy thing that doesn't cover much, her big bust on display with her long legs shown off to full effect, encased in sparkly silver heels. Phyllis says something to Kristie, and slowly, the white dress slips off those narrow shoulders, revealing her huge, Double D tits. Holy fuck, have they gotten bigger? I gasp, my crotch jerking as Phyllis continues to speak, her lips moving silently.

Then, the dress slips off to drop onto the ground, and I let out a low moan. Oh fuck, oh fuck. Kristie's got a silver g-string on, and as I watch, she bends over and peels it off, revealing smooth pink puffy lips. She's as bare as a baby, and my dick spurts on its own, unable to contain itself. My sister is offering her curves for sale – to the highest bidder, of course.

Still, what the fuck? Why is my stepsister being auctioned? I thought she had a modeling career here in Vegas, but clearly said career isn't going well if Kristie's literally selling her body. Meanwhile, I can sense my dad bidding as the clicking noise of his device hits my ears.

“That a girl,” he chortles. “Turn around. Yessss, do a three sixty for your daddy. Let me see that pretty pussy and tight, tight asshole.”

What the fuck? I knew that Steve's a pervert but clearly, his depravity is even worse than I previously thought.

"She's your daughter!" I spit at him, unable to contain my rage anymore. "What the hell?"

"Kristie's an adult," Steve shrugs, not even bothering to look at me. His gaze is fixed on the nude young woman outside, now cupping her breasts in invitation to unseen buyers. "She makes her own choices. It's not like we're biologically related, anyways."

He clicks again, his features malevolent in the darkness of the booth. I want to dropkick this motherfucker before taking him by the shoulders and smashing his head against the booth window until brains slobber down the glass. But I stop because there's one surefire way to fuck him up. I jam my finger on the clicker so that it's a continuous push, and sure enough Phyllis's eyes go wide outside as she lets out a gasp.

"A wonderful bid from Booth 12! We're at seven hundred thousand and counting gentlemen! Now eight hundred! Now nine! Now a million!" she almost screams with delight, the red numbers before her flickering like wildfire. "We're going to set a record tonight, gentlemen! I can feel it!"

But I don't give a shit because no one's outbidding me, much less my own father. My thumb stays firm on the buzzer as Kristie looks towards our booth with consternation and a bit of fear on those lovely features. I know she can't see me, but immediately, the urge to calm her down is first and foremost on my mind.

Relax, sweetheart, the voice whispers. I'm coming to rescue you. There's no reason to be afraid because you're mine. Mine, mine, mine.

By now, Steve's now clicking his device with rapid-fire movements. His thumb ricochets up and down, and even he shakes the small handheld like it's broken.

"What the fuck?" he whines. "This thing is shit!"

But Steve won't give up. Instead, he tries to depress it with his index finger instead, and grows red in the face with the desperate movements. He even clasps the clicker between his thighs, his finger doing a quick drill as sweat breaks out on his brow.

"This thing is broken!" he wails. "What the fuck?"

By now, Phyllis is almost singing outside.

"We're at two million," she crows. "Two five, three, three five... do I hear four? Or five? Five million for the gorgeous young ladyup on stage! Did I mention that Kristie is an in-demand plus-size model, with a specialty in sexy lingerie? Maybe she'll model some of it for you!" Then, Phyllis lets out one final yelp.

"Ten million!" she screams wildly, almost doing a jig on stage. "Ten million going once ... twice... three times! To the gentleman in Booth 12. Bravo! What a wonderful purchase! Excellent choice, sir!" she says, saluting me through the darkness.

But as I drop the clicker, breathing hard, a moan penetrates my fog. I look over and see my dad on the floor, clutching his chest with an agonized expression on his florid features.

"Son," Steve wheezes. "I think I'm having a heart attack. Help!"

Do I help or not? On the one hand, I'm an ER doctor. On the other, there's no doubt in my mind that my father is a fucking predator – with my gorgeous stepsister as his victim.

9

Nick

In the end, I assisted Steve through his medical emergency. You know, the Hippocratic Oath, and all that. I administered chest compressions while simultaneously calling for Club Duality staff, and within minutes, a private doctor was in the booth. My dad got the quality health care that he doesn't deserve, and I grit my teeth at the memory. I'm not sure where our relationship goes next, but after seeing my dad bid on my stepsister, I've reached the last straw. Steve Bradley is a perverted douche, and I wish his blood didn't run through my veins.

But now, it's time for me to claim Kristie, and I stalk softly down a carpeted hallway within the compound. They told me it would be the last door on the right, and sure enough, when I knock, a small voice murmurs, "Come in."

I open the door and Kristie immediately catches my gaze. She stands up, clad only in a thin silk robe while nervously biting her bottom lip. I'm struck by how young she looks. How old is my stepsister now? Twenty-one? Twenty-two? Yet she appears hardly more than a child despite her lush curves. It's the innocence of her features, although her gaze is plenty wary right now.

"Nick," she says in a faint voice. "They told me that a Nick Bradley was my buyer, and I figured it was you. Who else could it be?"

I let myself into the small room before shutting the door behind me. I hardly see the furnishings, save for a massive king-size bed pushed against the wall made up with

pristine white sheets and a heavy duvet. Perfect, because I don't need more than a bed. Fuck that. I could fuck Kristie on the floor, and that would be enough.

But she's trembling, and two spots of pink color have appeared on her cheeks, so I try to stay calm. Desire rages in my gut, and my cock's already hard like a diamond, but I can't just pounce on her like some scumbag. Kristie still means something to me, even after her slutty deeds, and I won't let myself tear that soft flesh to pieces. Yet.

So I give her an even look.

"Yes, I won the auction," I acknowledge in a smooth tone.

She nods, still worrying that plush bottom lip.

"Did you know I was going to be sold?" she asks in a hesitant voice.

"No," I reply immediately. "Hell, I didn't know Club Duality existed until just recently. This entire evening has been a surprise."

She nods again, her cheeks still burning.

"Well, I suppose we can get on with it," she manages in a choked voice, unable to meet my gaze. "No conversation necessary. You did purchase me, after all."

Then, before I can stop her, she unties the sash of her robe and the silken material falls to the ground. I inhale sharply because she's even more beautiful than when I saw her outside. Her big breasts are even larger than I remember, the ivory orbs lusciously full with hard pink tips. Her waist narrows elegantly, before spreading into wide hips, and the pink slit of her cunt glistens in the low lights.

"Oh fuuuuck," I moan, already unzipping my pants. "Holy shit, baby. You're so

beautiful—”

But then I stop in my tracks because am I seeing things? I step closer, gently running my fingers up and down silvery tracks that snake over her belly and thighs.

“Are these what I think they are?”

“They’re nothing!” Kristy says in a panicked voice, her eyes wide. “Nothing at all!”

But I know what I’m seeing, and my fingers dance delicately against the silver stripes. Her skin is soft, yet also burning with heat, and her nipples are hard and taut even as she speaks again.

“It’s nothing,” she babbles. “I gain and lose weight fast because of my work as a model. They always want a new size, and the rapid weight changes took a toll on my body.”

But I’ve been with a lot of women, and I know what I’m looking at.

“Yes, weight gain will do that,” I murmur, my eyes glued to the soft flesh of her belly. “But Kristie, this is more than just run of the mill weight gain. I know what I’m looking at. You’ve had a baby.”

At first, it seems that the young woman is going to protest. She’s going to deny it, and say something to the negative. But then she looks down at the tell-tale marks on her belly again, and sighs.

“Yes,” she murmurs, her shoulders slumping as those glossy blonde strands drift over her shoulders. “I had a baby, and he’s beautiful, Nick. Riley is the best thing that’s ever happened to me.”

I tilt her chin up to me with a gentle finger, staring into her limpid blue eyes as my heart begins to accelerate. Yet I keep my voice calm.

“Tell me,” I murmur. “Is the baby mine?”

Her eyes flutter shut for a moment, those long lashes perfect half-moons on her rounded cheeks. But then, they open once more, and her gaze is direct and powerful.

“Yes, Nick. I had your child last year. Riley is your son.”

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The world comes crashing down around my ears because my stepsister had my baby on the sly ... and now, I'm here to claim them both.

10

Kristie

I clutch my child closer, trying to shelter him against passing eyes. We're outside the Duality compound, and about to step inside.

"Shhh, baby boy," I coo. "We're just going to be here for a little while. You're going to meet your father, Riley. Aren't you excited?"

My tot looks back at me with trusting blue eyes while sucking on his pacifier. Then he pops his pacifier out of his mouth with a small hand, and smiles winsomely at me.

"Mama," he burbles. "Mama."

I clutch my son even closer, my eyes filling with tears because how did this happen? I was desperate for money, so I sold my curves to the highest bidder. But then, said highest bidder turns out to be my long-lost stepbrother, who's also the father of my child! Life can't get much crazier.

Yet I knew it was bound to happen. I didn't think I could keep Riley away from his father forever because Nick was going to find out. We're family after all, and although I went no contact with the Bradleys, it was also only a matter of time before someone told them I'd had a baby. I just didn't expect for him to find out like this.

Yet the events of yesterday shouldn't surprise me because Nick has always known his way around the female sex. He's always had his pick of the litter, and if some of his past paramours were mothers, then he'd know what a post-baby belly looks like. The fullness. The slight pooch. And most of all, the tell-tale stretch marks that don't go away no matter what. I tried everything when I was pregnant, including avocado oil, coconut oil, and even some fancy formulation that the doctor gave me. But the weight gain was too much, too fast, and my skin was forced to stretch. As a result, I have silvery lightning stripes on my belly and butt, and anyone who knows the female body will recognize them for what they are – the badges of motherhood.

But I'm proud of my stripes because I did something really difficult on my own, and I earned those markings. Still, I didn't expect for Nick to find out like this. I didn't plan on ever seeing my stepbrother again, or at least not for a good ten years. But as soon as I acknowledged his paternity, the air in the bedroom shifted.

"You. Had. My. Child. In. Secret," he practically growls, those blue eyes glowing with anger. I reach for my robe to cover my nudity, but he won't let me move. "Answer me!" he barks. "Don't hide!"

I take a deep breath before meeting his eye.

"Yes," I state. "It happened at Milly's wedding. Do you remember –"

"Of course I remember," he snarls, cutting me off. "But why didn't you tell me? What the fuck! You didn't think I'd want to know?"

I shoot him an angry look.

"Because it was clear you hated me! You practically tripped over yourself in your rush to locate some Plan B, remember? That, and the fact that you thought I was sleeping with your dad, too! How do you think that made me feel?"

The last part comes out impassioned and angry, and I detest the tone of my own voice. I hate how he always brings out the furious woman-child inside, who can't control her emotions. I want to come across as a calm, cool, and collected individual, and yet instead, the alpha male makes me into a wild bitch. As a result, I want to slap the handsome plane of his face with all my strength, while also throwing myself against my stepbrother's broad chest for comfort and kisses. What the hell is wrong with me?

But Nick Bradley has always had an insane power over my form, and those blue eyes burn into mine as he grabs my wrist.

"Bring the child to me," he hisses. "I want my son."

I manage to twist my wrist loose, before opening my mouth to deny the alpha male. But one glance at those carved features tell me that it's hopeless. Nick will look under every stone, and overcome any obstacle, to meet his child. Riley is his, and there's no stopping this man, so I bend my head in defeat.

"Yes," I whisper as the energy drains from my form. "I'll bring Riley to Club Duality tomorrow. There's a children's room downstairs, believe it or not, and we'll meet you there at three. Until then, please go."

The billionaire was still for a moment, but then he turned and stalked out of my room, leaving me in a pounding silence. What a mess! Tears sprang to my eyes and my heart raced because a new chapter of my life has opened, and I'm petrified of what might happen. Will I lose my child? I can't afford a custody battle against the powerful, wealthy physician. Even worse, I hate the way Nick looks at me. The scorn in his gaze is almost palpable, not to mention the mistrust and revulsion, because the truth is that I deserve Nick Bradley's wrath ... even if I adore him still.

Nick

My heart stops when the door to the children's room opens. Kristie's incredibly beautiful, even wrapped in a bulky coat with her hair tied up. But even more, there's a burbling child in her arms that makes my heart swoop and fall. My son.

"Hey," I say in a low voice, rising to my full height in the children's playroom. "How are you?"

"Good," Kristie breathes, before turning so that the baby faces me. "Riley, sweetheart, say hi to Nick. Can you say hi? He's your daddy, baby boy. Say hi."

The child looks at me, and then to my consternation, bursts into tears. His little face screws up even as his mouth opens in a huge wail.

"Waaaa!" he screams. "Mama, babababa!"

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Kristie understands immediately, and gently cradles his head before shooting me an apologetic look.

“He needs to be nursed,” she says. “He didn’t eat enough at lunch, and nursing will help him calm down. Give me just a sec.”

Then, the young woman slips into an adjoining room, which is dark and quiet inside. I glimpse a crib, a baby-changing table, as well as a rocking chair before Kristie closes the door behind her, and then I’m left to listen through the wall.

The baby wails for another ten seconds, but then he abruptly stops, and I know what it is. Kristie’s thrust her breast into his mouth, and Riley’s likely suckling away happily, his little stomach filling with warm milk from his mother’s teat. Somehow, the imagery of Kristie nursing my son makes me go hard. Those huge, ivory breasts. The child cuddled in her arms, suckling contentedly. The image makes a rush of possession surge through my frame because this is my family, and that’s my woman nourishing my son from the milk of her body. They belong to me.

I don’t know how long I sit there in stunned silence, but the door creaks open again, and Kristie tiptoes out with an apologetic smile.

“I’m sorry,” she murmurs. “But the good news is that Riley’s full and asleep now. They have a crib in there, so the baby’s comfortable.”

“Yes, I saw,” I say in a low tone. But then my head jerks her way again. “Why didn’t you tell me, Kristie? About my child? You didn’t think I’d want to know?”

She sits and takes a deep breath, clasping her hands decorously in her lap.

“I was going to tell you,” she replies in a calm voice. “But everything happened so fast. Again, you hated me at Milly’s wedding. You thought I’d hooked up with your dad—”

“Yes,” I grind out. “Did you?”

“No!” she immediately bites back, her cheeks flushing. “I’ve told you so many times that I’ve never slept with Steve! Never! You just happened to catch us at the wrong moment.”

“Exactly,” I drawl. “There weretwomoments where he had his tongue down your throat, and one of those times, you were nude too.”

“But it was an accident!” she says fiercely. “There was construction next door, so Steve slept in my bed to get away from the pounding. I stayed overnight at my friend Angela’s house. Ask him!”

“I have, and he agrees with you. He confirms your claim.”

Kristie stares at me, her eyes wide.

“Then why don’t you believe it?” she asks in a harsh whisper, dashing angrily at the tears on her cheeks. “How can you think that Steve and I slept together still?”

“Because my dad is a fucking douche who’d put his dick into any warm, wet hole. Hell, I’m like that too. I’m a chip off the old block,” I drawl sardonically. “But we’ll discuss that later. What are you doing with my son?”

“What do you mean, what am I doing?” Kristie asks in a slow tone, her expression

resentful. “I’m a good mother. I love Riley, and I’ve done my best by him.”

I pin her with a pointed look.

“Which includes, or does not include, selling your body?” I drawl, my eyebrows raised. “How does working as a prostitute make you an ideal parent?”

This time, Kristie leaps to her feet.

“You are a fucking douche,” she spits. “I’m sorry that I ever forgot it! I’m through with this conversation, and don’t talk to me ever again. I’ll send you my lawyer’s contact info and you can talk to her.”

Then, she makes to stomp out, but at the last minute, remembers that her son’s in an adjoining room. She whirls on her feet and stomps in there instead, shutting the door behind her.

I sag on the couch, suddenly feeling defeated. Oh fuck. How have we made such a fucking mess of the situation? We can’t even talk for five seconds without fighting because we’ve fucked up so much ... and despite it all, I still want the curvy girl with all of my heart.

12

Kristie

I scrub my fist angrily at the tears on my cheeks. How in the world does Nick Bradley do this to me? I’m hurt, livid, and terrified all at once because I have no control over the situation. Nick hasn’t contacted me since the day he met his son, but I’m expecting the worst. Now that the billionaire knows Riley exists, it’s just a matter of time before he claims the boy as his ... permanently, this time.

My heart squeezes and then shudders because I'm frightened. Riley is everything to me, and I'll move heaven and earth to make sure my son gets everything he needs. But this situation goes beyond material needs. I'm terrified that Nick Bradley will wrest the child from my arms, and that I'll have no way to fight back. What happens then? Will I only see Riley on weekends? School holidays? Riley is only a baby, and it seems cruel to separate a young child from his mother. Yet I know Nick's capable of such depravities. He's risen far in the businessworld because of his ruthless practices and take-no-prisoners approach, and I wouldn't be surprised if he sees Riley as just another asset under his control.

But this isn't about assets, property, nor dollars and cents, at least not anymore. This is about a baby, and I let out a half-sob while dialing my friend Angela in Texas.

"Hey babe," she says while picking up. Then her expression scrunches up with consternation. "Are you okay, Kris? What's wrong?"

“Everything,” I blubber. “I can’t even explain.”

“Shh, it’s okay,” Angie soothes. “Tell me everything.”

In halting terms, I recount what’s happened since we last spoke.

“So Nick knows about Riley,” my buddy says in a low voice.

“Yes, the cat’s out of the bag,” I say in a sorrowful tone. “What were the chances? I mean, of all the auctions in Vegas, he had to come to mine! Nick doesn’t even live in Vegas, so I just don’t get how this could have happened. The probability must be one in a million.”

“Yeah, and he came with your stepdad too,” she murmurs. “I’d think they’d be mortal enemies.”

“No, they’re not. Besides, Steve is getting old, and I think Nick wants to keep things positive as Steve enters his twilight years.”

“Okay, that kind of makes sense,” Angie says in a thoughtful tone. “But it’s been a week now since Nick met the baby, right? Has he contacted you since then?”

“No, and this is the weirdest part. I thought Nick was going to go ballistic, and snatch Riley from my arms. I was seriously ready to call the police if that happened. But yeah, after I went back into the baby’s room, Nick got a call. I could hear it through the walls, and then he rushed out.”

“Okay, so it sounds like he had an emergency,” Angie muses.

I let out a deep, shuddering exhale.

“I guess so. But I know he’ll be back. That man isn’t going to walk away from his son.”

“Or from you,” Angie adds. “I think that man’s addicted to you, hon. He doesn’t seem to be able to let you go.”

“What do you mean?” I ask in a slow voice. “Nick hates me, Ang, so if you mean ‘addicted’ in the sense that someone’s addicted to drugs or violence, then okay, yeah I guess. Besides, it’s been two years. He definitely let me go.”

“No, no,” Angie muses, her pretty features thoughtful. “I think you’re under Nick’s skin, that’s all. I mean, he’s wanted you since you were seventeen and just a young girl. You’re what now? Twenty-two? Twenty-three? So it’s been six years, and your stepbrother’s still hot on your tail. That’s a long time, Kris. This man has been obsessed by you for years at this point.”

“I’m twenty-two,” I say in a wooden voice. “And it’s not me anymore. It’s the son we share.”

Angie cocks her head at me on the screen, her expression still thoughtful.

“I’m sure Riley plays a part, but I think that this man has never been able to get you out of his bloodstream. He’s addicted to you, like I said.”

I shoot her a wry look.

“Or maybe he’s under a curse, and I’m his kryptonite.”

My friend smiles.

“That’s what I like to hear. Yes, you mean a lot to him, Kris, and he cares. He cares a lot, actually. So don’t be scared, hon. He wants what’s best for your child, and I think he might want what’s best for you too. Just see what happens.”

I let out a shuddering exhale and nod before throwing her a lopsided smile.

“Thanks Ang. I think waiting to see is the only option I have, seeing that Nick’s a wealthy and powerful physician, whereas I’m nobody and no one. He has all the resources, and I have almost none. But what about you?” I ask, changing the subject swiftly. “You’ve made me feel so much better, Ang, and I appreciate it so much. But I don’t want to be a Debbie Downer, and talk only about me. How are things in Austin?”

My pretty blonde friend smiles.

“Things are good,” she says. “Nothing to report.”

I fix her with a look.

“But are you feeling better now? I know Ned’s death was hard.”

She bites her lip and nods.

“I’ve been better,” she acknowledges. “But I’m more or less okay! Actually, I have some interviews lined up, so I’m excited.”

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“Cool,” I say with an encouraging grin. “For what? You know I support you no matter what you do.”

She bites her lip and nods again.

“Well, I’m applying for housekeeping jobs.”

I tilt my head at her.

“Like as a maid at a hotel? That’s what you did before you met Ned, right?”

Angie nods.

“Yeah, I quit when I got engaged because Ned’s income was enough to support us both. But now that he’s gone, I need to make money again. His life insurance wasn’t very much, so it’s back to housekeeping I go. But I’m qualified,” she says with a lift of her chin. “I’m not afraid to get my hands dirty, and grease and slime stand no chance against me.”

“Of course!” I say in an encouraging tone. “But what kind of housekeeping are we talking?”

Angie grimaces a bit, but then her expression smooths.

“Well, basically Austin has seen a huge influx of rich people ever since the pandemic. Even during the pandemic,” she amends. “A lot of people relocated to Texas, and to this city in particular, so I’m interviewing for private housekeeping jobs.”

My brow crinkles.

“Like you’ll swing by their house once a week to tidy up? That kind?”

Angie shakes her head, blonde tresses swinging.

“No, I’m interviewing for live-in positions. I’ll basically be a housekeeper to a rich family. Potentially even to people who are billionaires.”

“Wow,” I breathe, my eyes going wide. “That’s amazing Ang! I’m so proud of you. I know Ned’s passing was difficult and—”

“No, I’m fine,” she interrupts with a somewhat sad smile. “But yeah, it’s time for me to rejoin the workforce because I have to. The money’s running out, but it’s more than that. I need to feel useful again, and to feel like I mean something to the world.”

“Of course you do,” I say in an encouraging tone. “You’ve been so good to me, Ang, through all of this, by listening with a kind ear and always providing a shoulder to lean on. I appreciate you.”

My pretty friend smiles gently.

“Thanks, Kris. I appreciate you too. Now I have to go because I have an interview in two hours,” she says, her gaze flickering to the clock on her phone. “Talk soon!”

“Good luck!” I call as we wave one last time. Then, the screen grows dark, and I sit back. I hope Angela gets a job soon because I know what it’s like to watch the money slowly running out. It drove me to auction my curves at a salacious gentlemen’s club because I was so desperate! But now, my plans have gone awry, and my only question is what’s going to happen to me and my son? Nick is my buyer ... but the billionaire hasn’t made his claim yet.

Nick

“Thanks for meeting me,” I say in a deep voice. “Come in. Please, sit down.”

Kristie enters a private suite at Club Duality, and is it my imagination, or is the gorgeous blonde even more beautiful than before? She’s dressed casually in jeans and a t-shirt, but the t-shirt highlights her big breasts while the denim hugs those wide hips. My fingers itch to stroke her curves, but I know this isn’t time. Kristie’s just as likely to bite my head off as she is to listen to me with an open mind.

But I deserve her ill-humor because I transformed into a fucking caveman the moment I learned of my son. I forced her to bring Riley to me, and my heart was swept away by the sight of the doting blonde cuddling a baby in her arms. Those two belong to me, and now it’s time to clear the air.

But my stepsister’s hesitant as she takes a seat on the couch, and for good reason too.

“Thanks for inviting me,” Kristie says in a wooden voice. “I gather this is about Riley? He’s safe at home right now with a babysitter.”

Internally, I flinch because my stepsister’s obviously ill at ease and suspicious to boot. I don’t blame her because this is a case of David versus Goliath. She’s David, scrappy and small, while I’m Goliath with all the might of my riches behind me. She must feel intimidated, yet Kristie squares her shoulders and straightens her spine, the gesture like a lance to my heart. I adore her for her determination to protect our son, and know that this is the woman for me.

But first, Kristie has to realize that, and I take a deep breath to begin the conversation.

“So I want what’s best for our son, and I’m sure you do too,” I begin.

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“Of course,” Kristie says in a clipped tone. “Tell me something I don’t know.”

I wince again because we’ve been antagonists for so long that I’m not sure we can break out of the habit. But I will myself to stay calm while looking into her blue eyes.

“The thing is that I haven’t been fair to you,” I say in a low tone. “I haven’t been fair tous.”

Kristie tilts her chin at me.

“What do you mean?”

I pause for a moment.

“You’ve always said that nothing happened between you and Steve. Over the years, you’ve never deviated from that line.”

“Because it’s not a line!” she protests hotly, two spots of color burning on her cheeks.

“It’s the truth!”

I nod.

“And that’s what Steve always said too – that I was jumping to conclusions, and that I often saw the worst when it was nothing but coincidence.”

Kristie shakes her head, her shoulders slumping.

“Yes, and that’s what I’ve maintained for years,” she grits out. “But where is this going? I don’t understand what this has to do with Riley.”

I take a deep breath.

“It has to do with Riley because Steve passed last week. I got a call that he had a heart attack, and I flew to Austin immediately. I’m sorry I’ve been out of contact, but it’s because our father died.”

Kristie gasps, looking up quickly.

“Oh my god, I’m so sorry! When is the funeral? Is Milly okay?”

“She’s fine,” I say in a low tone. “Steve hasn’t been well for the last year or two, and in fact, when we were at the auction, Steve was suffering from chest pains. Did you know?”

Kristie is astonished and she shakes her head.

“No, I had no idea,” she says in a low voice. “I didn’t even know he was at the auction.”

“Right, because he had a mini-heart attack while we were in the bidding booth,” I say. “The paramedics were called and he was transported straight from the club to the hospital. Then, he flew home to Austin, but he was already incredibly frail by then, and our father passed about a week ago.”

Kristie’s face is now ghostly white.

“Oh my god,” she gasps. “I’m so sorry. Of course, I’ll come back for the funeral.”

I hold up a hand.

“No, there’s no need because there was no funeral. Steve was cremated, and his last will was read at his lawyer’s office.”

Kristie stares at me, blue eyes hurt.

“You guys didn’t contact me?”

I shake my head.

“No, because it’s not what my father wanted. He wanted something quick and easy, with only me and Mills there. You were never adopted, Kris, even if he treated you like a daughter. But Steve remembered you, Kristie, and spoke through his will.”

“I don’t want anything from him,” my stepsister immediately says. “Nothing at all. Riley and I don’t need anything from Steve Bradley. In fact, Steve didn’t even know about Riley.”

“He didn’t,” I confirm, my blue eyes grave. “But Steve was aware of the beef between you and me. In his will, he said that he knew that we were in love, and that somehow, he’d come between us. He reiterated that there’s never been anything between you and him, and he stated that he only dragged me to Vegas because somehow, he knew that you were going to be sold. The whole trip was carefully orchestrated so that we would meet again.”

Kristie stares at me.

“But how did he know I was being auctioned?”

I shake my head, my gaze serious.

“Again, I don’t know, but Steve was a successful surgeon before he retired, and rich men always have a way. Maybe it was through word of mouth, or maybe he was recruited to the club. I don’t know, and I don’t think we’ll ever know. But in his will, Steve said it was his dying wish for us to be reunited as a family. In wealth, health, and romance.”

Kristie shoots me a skeptical look.

“Really? Your father put that in his will?” she asks.

“Okay, maybe not in those words exactly, but you understand what I’m saying,” I say in a rough voice. Now, the pedal’s met the metal, and I feel like I need Kristie to understand how much she means to me. How much I adore this woman, and how we’ve gone astray over the years due to unfortunate circumstances, as well as random chance and my own blindness. If only I could have been the better man, maybe this wouldn’t have happened. If I hadn’t been so fucking impatient and determined to bend her to my will, then maybe we could have been a family that much sooner.

“So what are you saying?” my stepsister asks, her pretty features pulled into a confused expression. “I don’t understand, Nick.”

I look her full in the eyes.

“What I mean is that we’re meant to be together as a family,” I say in a rough voice. “You, me, and Riley. There’s been enough misunderstanding over the years to overflow a fucking landfill, and I’ve had enough. I want us to be a family.”

But Kristie’s not sold.

“Because of your dad?” she asks in a skeptical tone. “Steve’s passing made you realize this?”

“Yes, and because I’ve been thinking of you, and us, non-stop for years now,” I rasp in a harsh tone. “You’re in my blood, Kristie. I’ve been fucking blind, and I wish I could change the past. Hell, I’ve been a fucking idiot for years, and I wish I could turn back the clock, but I can’t. So I’m asking you now, Kris: will you let me be a father to Riley? A lover to you? A husband even?”

The beautiful blonde stares at me, her mouth dropping open.

“What?”

I let out a harsh laugh.

“Okay, that’s not the reply that most men hope to get in response to a proposal. But I mean it, Kris. I’m in love with you, and I have been for years now. Since you were a teen, and I saw you at that party when you were still underage. Something shifted in the air, and it’s been years since that party, but I’ve never stopped loving you. In fact, I think love would be an understatement. Obsessed would be a better descriptor.”

“You’re obsessed with me,” Kristie says in a trembling voice, her cheeks flushed and eyes suspiciously shiny. “And you have been since I was seventeen.”

“Yes,” I acknowledge. “I regret the past, and unfortunately, I can’t go back and change things. But what I can do is to make amends, and the best way for me to do that is to take you as my wife. I want you by my side, Kris. I want us to spend our days and nights together, with our son loved by both parents. I want more children too,” I add in a rough tone. “If you’re on board, of course.”

Her lips tremble, that pout rosy and lush.

“I’m not sure about all this,” she says in a teary voice. “This is coming so fast and I haven’t had time to think. I thought we were just going to discuss a co-parenting arrangement for Riley—”

I take her hand in my own.

“I know,” I say in a low voice. “And we can stick to that for now if you want, because I know I’ve turned the tables abruptly. But I also want you to know that I love you, Kristie Linwood, and I’ve loved you almost since the moment you stepped foot in our house. Maybe not as a lover then, but certainly as a brother, and your happiness is of the utmost importance to me. You make me want to be a better man,” I say in a rough voice. “I love you and appreciate that about you, sweetheart, and please, just say you’ll consider my words.”

The blonde goddess stares at me, lips trembling, and to my consternation, a tear slips free and slides down her cheek.

“Sweetheart, I didn’t mean to make you cry,” I say in a low voice, squeezing her hand again. “That wasn’t my intention.”

I don’t know what to do next. I want nothing more than to pull Kristie into my arms before pressing tender kisses to that delectable mouth, but I’m paralyzed because so much has gone wrong between us in the past. There are so many times that we could

have fixed things, but instead, we've spent years in no-contact, low-contact, or just plain hating each other. What do I do next? It's a strange position for an alpha male to be in, but that's what the beautiful blonde does to me. Kristie makes my heart pound as my stomach churns, and I literally feel like I might vomit waiting to hear her reply.

But my worst fears fail to materialize because instead of jerking away and spitting in my face, my stepsister does the opposite. She throws herself into my arms, burying her face against my chest before bursting into tears.

"I love you too, Nick," she sobs. "I have for years and years, and I've never loved anyone but you. You've always been my obsession too, and I've never been able to forget you despite what I told myself. Now, we have a child, and yes, we should figure out how to be a family for Riley."

My heart soars with joy, and to my surprise, tears spring to my eyes as I press a kiss to her blonde head.

"Thank you, baby," I rasp. "That's all I need to hear right now. You've made me so happy, and I'm glad we're on the same page. You are more than I deserve, sweetheart, and I love you and appreciate you."

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Then, our lips meet in a passionate kiss, and it's me who clings to the curvy girl. It's me who seeks salvation in her arms because I spoke the truth: Kristie Linwood is more than I deserve, and it would be my honor to make her happy for the rest of her life, as a cherished and treasured woman. I want to spend the rest of my days making her laugh while holding her in my arms. In fact, I never want another day without being in her presence because Kristie is, and always has been, my obsession.

EPILOGUE

Kristie

I laugh as Milly throws herself into my arms when we arrive at the Austin airport.

"Kris!" she squeals with excitement. "I'm so glad you're back! OMG, it's been so long."

"Careful," my handsome boyfriend warns, frowning at his sister as we hug enthusiastically. "Kris is pregnant again, and we don't want to hurt the baby."

Milly merely rolls her eyes while bouncing up and down on her toes. "Of course I wouldn't hurt the baby because I'm beyond excited to become an aunt again! I never even knew I was an aunt to begin with," she says while cooing at the child in Nick's arms. "Oh my god, I can't believe I missed the first year of your life! Come here, Riley. Come to Auntie Milly. Goodness, you look just like your dad, don't you?"

I laugh because with every passing day, Riley resembles his father more. Not only do they have the same dark hair and blue eyes, but Riley grows more mischievous by the

hour, and sure enough, with an impish look, he begins tugging at Milly's hair with a chubby baby fist.

"Ouch!" she squeals in mock outrage before pressing a kiss to his downy head. "Oh my gosh, are you flirting with me, Riles? Are you flirting with your aunt? Don't worry, because I love you just the same," she coos. "You are the most beautiful baby I've ever seen!"

I laugh.

"Well, he's eighteen months now, so he should know better than to pull hair."

"Eighteen months is nothing!" Milly coos again while bobbling Riley in her arms. "You're a pretty-witty little thing, aren't you, Riley? Auntie Milly loves you."

I share an indulgent smile with Nick because this is the happy family that we want. After our talk that day, our lives took a decided turn. I'm not saying that there will never be any misunderstandings going forwards, or that everything will always be perfect, but we've made a commitment to work things out together. Neither Nick nor I will let a wrong word or gesture derail us for years. Instead, we've pledged to nip any misunderstandings in the bud because the repercussions aren't worth it.

Besides, now I'm pregnant with our second child. It was to be expected. My reunion with my handsome stepbrother was glorious and impassioned, and he decided to stay in Vegas for the time being.

"But who will run your medical device company?" I asked curiously. "You are the CEO, after all."

Nick shrugged his broad shoulders before pulling me close.

“They’ll be fine for on their own for a while. I have good people working for me, and they know what to do. Besides, I’ve been working too hard anyways, and I want to take some time to get to know you and the baby. You two are my first priority, Kristie.”

The sincerity and depth in his eyes touched me, and I threw myself in his arms again.

“Thank you,” I breathed. “For holding space for us. For making sure that we’re seen and heard, and not just add-ons to your existence. You’ve made me so happy and grateful,” I add with tears springing to my eyes.

Nick stared at me, his azure gaze stormy.

“You would never be an add-on, sweetheart,” he replied in a rough voice. “You and the baby mean everything to me, and I never want to go back to the way we were.”

As a result, Nick rented an apartment in the nicest part of Vegas, and gradually integrated himself into our child’s life. At first, it was just being present for a few hours at a time, but it soon moved to staying over and helping with night feedings, changing dirty diapers, giving Riley baths, and taking the tot on park excursions while feeding him lunch and snacks. My boyfriend loves spending time with his son, and Riley adores the huge alpha male as well.

Plus, I’ve never been so happy and content before. Nick has been the missing piece of life for as long as I remember, and finally being together is a blessing. But he did say that his company will need him at some point, and as a result, we’ve moved back to Austin for good. I’m glad actually. The City of Sin is a fun place for singles, but it’s not so great when it comes to raising a family. Now, the live music capital of the world beckons as my handsome boyfriend picks up our luggage.

“Let’s go, sweetheart,” Nick smiles. “The car’s waiting at the curb.”

I nod, with Milly and Riley trailing behind me.

“It is nice to be back in Texas,” I sigh as we step outside into sunny weather. “I’ve missed Austin. Oh, and I want to catch up with my friend, Angela, because I haven’t seen that girl in so long!”

Nick nods as the driver takes the luggage from his hands.

“Angela is your bestie, right? I don’t think I’ve ever met her.”

“No, because we met randomly at a fitness class. We bonded because we were the only two curvy girls in a class of skinny minnies, but she’s amazing, and her life’s looking up. Her husband passed away a year or so ago, and she was devastated, in addition to being left destitute. Well, I don’t think she was destitute,” I correct. “But the insurance money was running out.”

Nick’s black brows rise as he opens the car door.

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“So is your friend going back to work?”

“Yes!” I say with a happy smile. “Angela just landed a job as a housekeeper for a billionaire, and I’m so happy for her!”

Nick looks up sharply.

“A billionaire in Austin? Do I know him?”

I shrug before taking the baby from Milly and buckling him into a car seat.

“I don’t know. I think his name is Dominic? Something like that. He just moved to the Austin area, so Angela interviewed and she was hired! But it’s weird because she’s only been working a couple months, and he already wants her to come to New York with him. For a business trip, of course.”

To my surprise, my boyfriend doesn’t look surprised.

“Yeah, that can happen.”

I stare at Nick.

“Wait, this isn’t weird to you? Do billionaires usually bring housekeepers on their business trips?”

Nick merely grins at me, incredibly handsome with his blue eyes and white smile.

“I don’t, but some rich dudes do. These guys have households all over the world: New York, London, Paris, Tokyo, you name it. Of course, they have staff at every location, but sometimes there will be a special event, and they’ll bring people they know to make sure it goes off without a hitch.”

I’m still confused and my forehead scrunches.

“But he can’t just hire an event planner in New York?”

My boyfriend shrugs while shooting me another grin.

“I’m sure he can, but it sounds like he wants his Austin housekeeper on the ground for some reason or another. I don’t know.”

I nod, mulling things over in my mind. Goodness, does Angela’s new employer have an ulterior motive by inviting her to New York? She hasn’t told me much about him, except that he’s remote, forbidding, and very, very wealthy. She didn’t say if he was single, but if he were married, wouldn’t he leave such preparations to his wife? My spidey sense goes off, and I wonder I should say something to my friend in warning.

But I put it out of my mind for the moment because right now, I just want to go home with my boyfriend and my baby. My hand slips over my slightly bulging belly as the car pulls away from the curb, and Nick smiles when he sees my gesture. Then, he slips his big hand over mine before leaning over to whisper, “Thank you, Kristie. For giving me a wonderful son, and for the second child on the way too. You are everything to me, my love.”

I turn to him, the sincerity in my eyes so bright that it makes his breath hitch.

“Thankyou, Nick,” I murmur, my heart overflowing. “And just so you know, you’re my obsession, just as I am yours.”

Then, we begin our trip home to a shining future filled with laughter, love, babies ...
and everything a woman could dream of.

THE END