



Clandestine (Twisted Tours #4)

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Category: Romance

Description: DONT WE ALL HAVE SECRETS WE WANT TO COVER UP?

I did everything I could to put distance between myself and the two people I couldn't have. That is, until my phone rang.

My step brother who embodies my most taboo desires, wants me to join his band on a leg of their tour for one week. Fill in as his band's makeup artist and social media manager, thats it. It should've been an easy no, and maybe it would have been if it was just for him.

But it's not just him. It's his best friend, too. The one who looks at me like he knows every dirty secret I've never told.

One of them forbidden, the other off limits.

And now? A third complication. Neon Cherry's newest band member. She's bold, electric even, and the way she looks at me isn't subtle.

They all want me. Maybe I want them all back.

We swore it would only be for one night.

We couldn't get attached. This had to be our secret.

But can any secret really stay hidden, or we will be forced to reconcile with ours in the center of the stage?

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ONE

HALE

Revolving my entire life around makeup and the artistry has never taken me in the wrong direction. I've been happier, and I finally feel like I have a place in the world, something that's truly mine, and that I don't have to share with anyone else.

Getting a cosmetology degree was well worth it, even if I eventually learned more on social media than I ever did in school.

My influencer career took off quickly, and before I knew it, I was being handed paid collaboration offers left and right, brand deals I never would have imagined, and now I make my living off of social media alone.

I've never had any regrets until today, now, getting this call from my stepbrother, Colby.

The phone rings, and I nearly don't pick it up, but a little voice inside my head forces me to answer.

"Can I do something for you?" I sass. We haven't talked in—well, a long time—but that doesn't keep my eyes from rolling.

"Unfortunately, yes, brat ." He emphasizes the nickname.

"We need a makeup artist and a social media handler for the Twisted Tours event.

Since that's your thing, or whatever, you free?

"It's clear he doesn't want to be making this phone call nearly as much as I don't want to be receiving it.

Sometimes, I feel like it would kill him to acknowledge my success. Any of my family, really.

"And when is this 'Twisted Tours'?" I hum, continuing to fold my laundry with my cell on speaker.

"Uhm, we leave tomorrow. If all goes well, we were hoping you could join us on the rest of the tour too. This is just one stop on the tour, but it's supposed to be a pretty big festival in the middle of Ohio, I guess.

"I can see his dark eyebrows pinching together without actually having to see him.

"You're asking me to jump on a dirty tour bus, tomorrow? And be gone for how long?" I pause, trying to wrap my head around this last-minute plan. "How long is the tour?"

"Okay, so, the festival is like a week long. We only play one night, technically, but we'll be there for a couple VIP things, meet and greets, hang with other bands, you get it."

"Are you paying me?" I snap.

"In experience—"

I cut him off. "Nuhuh, big bro . Not gonna cut it. Run whatever numbers you need to, and then call me back, Mister Hot-shot Rockstar." My finger hovers over the red

button, waiting to end the call when he yells through the phone.

“Wait! Okay, seriously, it pays well. I wouldn’t ask if I wasn’t desperate. You think I enjoy calling you out of the blue when you’ve been so hell bent to leave us behind?” He has a point, and I fucking hate it. “Not to mention, you haven’t even met Sydnee yet.”

Ah, Sydnee. I’ve seen her on stage with the boys.

A fucking goddess, that one. Blonde, tatted, a look in her eyes that just screams I can fuck you better than your man .

Still, I aim for the clueless route, as if I don’t spend hours on social media, watching stupid thirst trap edits of Neon Cherry’s front and centers.

“Mmhmm. Nice. A new fuck buddy for Jackson, I assume.”

Colby laughs through the speaker.

“Nah, I don’t know if he’ll ever find his one.”

His words ping the spot in my chest that only my feelings for Jackson hide.

My mom married Colby’s dad when I was fourteen and Colby was sixteen. Jackson, Colby’s best friend, was fifteen at the time. When we moved in with them, Colby and Jackson were a package deal, and soon, it became the three of us. The cliché three musketeer bit. I loved it, though—maybe too much.

Falling for the two of them was easy. Never being able to have them, either of them, was excruciating. Jackson and I had stolen glances, hands brushing against each other when they shouldn’t, pinkies interlocking in the backseat of my mom’s minivan.

But Colby and I... Colby and I had something different entirely.

There was no physical touch to hold on to, no striking moment that I could look back on that solidified my fucked-up feelings for him.

It was all in the way he looked at me and cared for me.

The way he swore I was off limits to Jackson and how he slept on my bedroom floor after scary movies.

His blue eyes would promise me there was nothing hiding in my closet, no matter how anxious I was.

Colby and Jackson were always my best friends.

That is, until my heart couldn't take the fact that I couldn't have either of them the way my soul craved.

Colby grew colder, I grew distant, and the three of us weren't ever the same.

"So what do you say, little sister?" I realize I've zoned out when his voice breaks through the line again.

Agreeing to this trip can bring no good things, but the part of my heart that misses my boys won't let my mouth tell him no.

Even knowing I shouldn't do this, the words come right out—with added sass, of course.

"I guess, if you need me soooooo desperately," I coo into the phone, rolling my eyes as I stand to survey my apartment.

“I kind of do. You’d be a lifesaver, brat .”

I imagine his big, dumb smile, the one he only makes when he knows he’s gotten what he wants when he shouldn’t have.

“Don’t call me that. We’re not teenagers anymore. Just Hale.”

Him calling me “brat” the same way he used to sets my skin alight in all the ways it shouldn’t.

“Whatever you say, brat .” Oh Jesus. Colby teases me effortlessly, and fuck, if my idiot brain doesn’t actually kind of like it. The hindsight is immediate.

He agrees to text me all the details as soon as we get off the phone, and I agree to start packing before we say our goodbyes.

As I wait for the details, I walk around the small space I inhabit and remember the girl I was when first signed the lease here.

She was confused and needed to get away from the very same boys who I’m agreeing to spend an entire week with.

I’m older now, I know. I should be able to come to terms with the fact that the feelings I have, especially the ones I feel for my asshole stepbrother are wrong.

After ten years of fighting said feelings, this week will be able to tell me one thing.

If I’m fucking certifiable, or if I’ve moved past my childish and unreasonable desires.

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TWO

COLBY

This isn't going to end well. If it wasn't so last minute, I never would've called her, at least that's what I tell myself.

Having a stepsister who happens to be a makeup artist and a social media nut should be a blessing in my case, but I can give you a million reasons why it's not, and a million reasons why I should've let anyone else take the job.

Starting with the fact that if our parents weren't married, she would be mine.

Not mine, as in my sister by marriage, mine as in mine .

I'm twenty-six years old, and to this day, not a single girl has made me feel half the shit that my stepsister has.

Granted, she has an advantage against all the others in knowing more about me than anyone else.

Sometimes, I think even more than Jackson. But Hale is different.

In another life, maybe I would've given Jackson my blessing, and at least they could've been happy, but there wasn't a chance in hell I was going to watch the dude I grew up with make the girl of my dreams happier than I was given the chance to.

Yes, telling myself this does help me sleep better at night.

The truth is, I'd probably share her with him in a heartbeat.

There's no part of me that doesn't believe that's how it should be—the three of us.

But any possibility of that happening went down the drain after signing a six-figure record deal, and doubling it in the first year.

I couldn't afford to be caught looking at my stepsister the way I know I do.

I had to push her away the same way she did us, to diminish the idea of the three of us in any capacity.

There was no way of knowing that Jackson and I would ever make it out of my dad's garage. Fuck, all I wanted was to take my two best friends up with me when we finally did. But pushing Hale away forced her to make a choice.

When I put the ink to the page, signing the record deal of a lifetime at only twenty years old, Hale got an apartment not long after.

She still came around for a while, but we've barely seen her for the last three years.

I've only been graced with her presence at a handful of family dinners that my dad requested I attend, and Jackson too, of course.

He became like the second son my dad never wanted, but loved anyway.

I won't lie, it fucks with my head, knowing she's never even been to one of our shows.

She was supposed to be here with us the whole damn time.

She earned it. She never complained when we played way too loud, and she sat with us day in and day out while Jackson taught himself the right chords.

When I sang off-key, she was still there on the old garage couch, happy as ever.

Music may have never been her thing, but she loved it because we loved it.

Pushing her away ruined everything for the three of us.

Not just the three of us, actually, but with Jackson and I, too.

We stopped sharing things in life like we used to and stopped spending as much time together.

Shows have started to feel like a task rather than our passion.

It's as if when we realized we wouldn't be sharing her, everything else fell to the wayside.

No matter how hard we've tried to uphold our once strong connection, Hale had become the glue that was holding us together.

Our usual makeup artist calling out sick right before a huge stop on our tour was like the perfect excuse to bring her back into our lives. When it fell right into my lap, I didn't waste a second to dial her up.

This is our chance. Our chance to be the three musketeers again.

Our chance to be who we once were and have Hale back in our lives in a way that

involves her passion, too.

Even if I can't have her the way I want, maybe I can finally give my blessing to Jackson or some shit.

Fuck, maybe I'm okay with having some of her, even if it means she belongs to my best friend, and not me.

And that's the point, I guess. I refuse to waste another second not being together. Hale belongs to Neon Cherry, and I refuse to pretend otherwise for a moment longer.

It's this thought that I'm lost in when Jackson speaks up. After waiting an hour by the pool for our perpetually late girl, she's finally here.

"Hi, angel," Jackson says as he makes his way to her.

She doesn't waste a second jumping into his ink-soaked arms, being spun in circles effortlessly.

Our girl, who now has more curves than ever on her gorgeous body, wraps herself around him like a damn koala, her shoulder-length brown hair and matching brown eyes catching every ray of the sunset light.

She looks so delicate in comparison to us now. The skin that's visible is still unmarked with her own tattoos, though her beautiful sun-kissed complexion still shimmers with the glittery body oil she has always used.

"Hi, Jaxie," she says through smiling clenched teeth, holding on to him like she'll fall into space if she doesn't.

When he releases Hale, I make my way to her and wrap my arms around her

shoulders, setting my chin atop her head and inhaling her once familiar sickeningly sweet vanilla and citrus scent.

The sugary orange smell could only suit her.

“Hey, brat.”

She returns the hug, and I can hear the way she takes in my smell too. Holding her shouldn’t feel so right, and having her head nuzzled beneath my chin shouldn’t feel like home, but it does . Her voice is small, like she’s holding back so many things she wants to say. I know the feeling.

“Hey.”

As she pulls free from my grasp, not a second is wasted before Jackson begins running his loud ass mouth.

“What the hell are we waiting for? You kept us waiting long enough; we’re gonna be late!” He waves his arm in a circle, commanding us to head back through the house and onto the bus.

“Will one of you get my bags out of my car? I need to use the restroom before we leave.”

“Yeah—”

“Of course—”

Jackson and I speak in unison, and we both watch her walk through the sliding glass door. Something is unspoken when we look at each other, and unspoken it will remain.

For now.

There's a glimpse of competition in Jackson's eyes, and while that's not what I had in mind, a little friendly competition never hurt anyone.

Fuck. Why am I standing here contemplating competing with my best friend over my fucking stepsister's honor?

No. No. Fuck no.

I didn't call her here for that. I called her here because I fucking missed her. I missed our friendship, and I won't let my twisted and fucked-up feelings get in the way of that.

The tour bus is quiet, but we only have an hour or so more to drive before we pick up Sydnee.

That's the real test of this entire equation.

What if Hale and Sydnee don't get along?

There's the drama of Jackson and Sydnee fucking people together.

Will that affect the way Hale views him?

A smug smirk crosses my face, and Hale takes notice.

"What are you smiling about?" Well, I obviously can't tell her the actual reason, so I give her a shitty lie.

"Just a stupid meme." Which is worse? Rooting for Jackson's downfall, or lying to

her? The hell if I know.

Smelling her perfume again takes me back.

The same perfume she's worn for years, and knowing that she hasn't changed it, does something to me.

Maybe because it felt like when we stopped seeing her, it was a rebirth for her.

It felt like she moved on entirely. Changed her hair, changed her mindset. But the perfume, the scent of her...

It brings me comfort, like maybe all isn't lost after all.

"You still wear the same perfume."

Hale looks confused by my observation. "You noticed?"

I wipe my hand down my face absent-mindedly. "Yeah, I guess."

She hums to herself across the table and begins dealing the playing cards.

"I hope neither of you cheating fucks looked at my cards," Jackson says as he takes his seat next to Hale. Bold move. She scoots herself toward the window, but Jackson just scoots closer.

My foot kicks out, and instead of my target, I nail Hale directly in the fucking shin. Hard.

"Ow!" She jumps in her seat, eyebrows pinching.

I wince right along with her. “Fuck, I’m so sorry. My leg twitched.”

She scowls at me but doesn’t spare me any more attention.

“No one looked at your cards, dork. I just finished dealing with them when you came back out,” Hale assures him.

“Pinky promise?” Jackson says, holding his pinky finger out to her. She rolls her eyes, but extends hers back to him, and when they lock their fingers together, I nearly groan. God, he’s touching her in the simplest way, but I fucking want it. How the fuck can I possibly tell her that?

The answer is that I don’t. And I need to get that through my head.

There’s a real chance that this week could allow my best friend and my stepsister to reconnect and give each other happiness.

He could give her things in a way that I can’t.

He can hold her hand in public, and take her on dates with the whole world watching, and that’s exactly what she deserves.

She deserves to be shown off and cherished.

Maybe Hale doesn’t belong to Neon Cherry. Maybe Neon Cherry, or part of us, belongs to her.

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THREE

JACKSON

I thought that I was in love with Hale before.

I truly believe that I once did. But seeing her now, and being so fucking close to her, I can't help but to wonder if now is finally our chance.

There is a look that's lost in Colby's eyes.

And it fucks with my head. He's in love with her, too. We've both always been hers.

The only difference is that I could be with her—openly, that is. Even though I respect my best friend so fucking much, I could be with her. As I watch her laugh, my chest fucking burns.

“Go fish,” she says with a chipper voice full of sass.

She's cheating. She definitely has a seven, but I'm not going to be the one to call her out on it, not yet at least. I bump her with my elbow to signal that I know she's playing dirty, and she shields her cards from me immediately with a devilish grin on her rosy cheeks.

When it's my turn again, I decide to play dirty too.

“Do you have a seven, angel?”

The immediate eye contact that she forces upon me is lethal. I've betrayed her, but I can't help the laugh that escapes me when she hands the card over begrudgingly.

"You cheater. You saw my cards." Her pouting is the most adorable thing in the world.

"Him, a cheater? You just told me to go fish when you had a seven." Colby's voice raises, and Hale's hands fly up in defense.

"Hey, you two wanted me to play. I don't recall saying I'd play fair."

Eventually, she wins the round of Go Fish, but who knows how many times she cheated to do so. I don't ask. I do, however, absorb every magical moment of her child-like happiness over winning the damn card game.

While Hale shuffles the cards again, I call out to our driver and ask how much farther to Syd's place.

The bus comes to a stop in front of Syd's house, and Hale immediately requests out of the bench seat to use the restroom. It isn't long before Syd is climbing the bus steps.

"Are we ready to fuck this week up or what?" she cheers loudly, wrapping her arms around my torso.

I lean down and kiss my other best friend's forehead.

Syd has been nothing but a blessing since joining the band.

She was the perfect buffer that Colby and I needed at the time, and slowly, but surely, Syd and I clicked.

But not in the way everyone on the outside looking in seems to think, or maybe, hope.

Syd doesn't quite swing my direction—she says that sexuality is fluid, but she'll never willingly choose a man—though if she did, I probably would have made my move a long time ago.

Instead, Syd and I have fun together with whatever girl we agree on during tours.

She's the closest I've come to feeling anything for a girl besides Hale.

Hale leaves the bathroom, and her first sight must be Syd and I locked in a tight embrace.

She has no idea that Syd is a raging lesbian.

I mean, how would she when we've barely had the chance to speak to her since Syd joined the band?

Hale's eyes bounce between Colby's and my own, before one of her perfectly plucked eyebrows shoots up in my direction.

Syd, the outgoing soul she is, releases me and goes right in for a hug with Hale.

"I can't believe I'm finally meeting you," Syd says with her arms around Hale. She returns the hug, unsure at first. "I've heard so much about you."

"It's nice to meet you. I didn't know Jackson had a girlfriend." The look on her face is curiosity blended with certainty, and I think I've read the situation wrong.

"Oh," Syd laughs out maniacally as she pulls away from Hale's body. "Definitely not

his girlfriend.” Her laughter continues for longer than I like, and you’d think Hale just made the joke of the century.

“Speaking of, how’s yours?” I ask her.

Syd levels me with a death stare in response.

“Don’t start. I broke things off, and let’s just say, I’ll be single for a while.”

Hale’s face settles as she ingests the new information, and I watch as a different question crosses her features. It’s my turn to raise an eyebrow, but Hale just shrugs back at me and returns her attention to Syd.

“Why’d you break up with her?” Hale immediately hits her with the tough question, as they sit back down at the little table.

I slowly tune them out, letting them get to know each other while I check in with Colby.

“So this is weird.” I wave my hands aimlessly, pointing out the general situation.

“Yeah, I guess,” he says without looking up at me. “When worlds collide.”

“I’m not going to stop wanting her, Colby. It doesn’t matter how many years pass. My feelings for her remain the same.”

“So don’t make her choose.” He finally looks at me, intensity in his gaze.

I swallow roughly. “Who’s to say that’s even what she wants?”

“She wants us both the same way we want her; anyone with eyes could see that,” he

says, rolling his eyes.

“But you’re her stepbrother–”

“I don’t give a shit what I am to her on a paper I didn’t sign.

Just because our parents got married means very little to me.

” His tone is full of certainty. I have no choice but to believe him, yet I’m not sure if Hale will see it the same way.

He may think she wants him in return, but will she be able to act on it with the nature of their relationship?

“You’ve pushed her away for years. What’s your plan now?”

“I don’t have one yet,” he says, going back to scrolling his phone.

No matter how badly I want to stop thinking about all of this and set it aside for now, I can’t.

I haven’t pictured sharing Hale, and especially not with Colby.

I’ve shared girls with Syd plenty of times, but never one that meant this much to me, and never with him.

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FOUR

HALE

Accepting this job felt stupid at first, but money is a bit tight, and I figured why the fuck not. I'm twenty-four, with no job or kids, and definitely no partner to tie me to any one location. What's wrong with a bit of traveling?

It hit me while I was packing the closest garments that I own to concert attire, that my entire week will revolve around crafting looks for the band, taking pictures and videos of the behind-the-scenes, and ogling them. Fuck me and my fucking panties, I guess.

I do love that my work experience has afforded me this opportunity.

Who knows, if it doesn't work out for myself and Neon Cherry, maybe I could spark the interest of another band this week.

Being an on-call makeup artist has never been something I've considered, but it would also make great content for my own socials.

Though, being stuck on this bus for another 200 miles...

Not a fan. Do I realize that I've signed up to be my stepbrother's groupie?

Yeah. The dude is lowkey an asshole—a fine as fuck asshole, sure—but maybe even more so since his band took a massive record deal.

Colby always swore that they had more freedom staying indie, but the chunk of change snaking into their pockets was too heavy to deny, I think.

Colby and Jackson have undoubtedly been walking on eggshells around me for most of the drive. The three of us being around each other again is strange, but thankfully, I have Sydnee. Even after meeting for the first time today, there's something about her that I already can't get enough of.

Like the fact that we're both into girls, for instance.

My first look at her, she had the worst resting bitch face, but for some reason, I fucking loved it. The look in her eyes said, You belong under my boot , and I agreed with it. Now, sitting across from her at the tiny bus table, I'm even more entranced.

"Scoot over, brat," Colby says, towering over me.

I roll my eyes and scoot closer to the window, and he roughly plops onto the tiny bench, squishing me to the side of the bus. His eyes are trained on Syd, and I briefly wonder if there's something there that I'm missing. But really, what band doesn't have something going on between them all?

Well, except Derek, but we don't see much of him unless we're home or he's on stage.

Derek is the drummer of Neon Cherry and insists on driving separately from the band for every gig.

From what I know, Derek has a young daughter who he had right after high school, so he avoids tour bus shenanigans and motel rooms, trying to keep his record clean.

He keeps her out of the spotlight as much as possible, and having any scandals could

potentially put him and his little family under scrutiny.

I respect it, but damn, it must be tiring.

Colby's slurping brings me out of my train of thought, and I stare at him while he scrapes his spoon against the bowl in an attempt to get the last bit of cereal.

"How much longerrrrr?" I faux whine to Colby.

"Not too much. You need something?" He stands and places his bowl in the sink.

"Not particularly. I just didn't think about how long this drive would be. Why aren't we just flying there?"

Syd snorts across from me.

"Colby insists on the authentic experience for his band." As she rolls her eyes, I look back at Colby, who just shrugs.

"It's true. Welcome aboard the rockstar train." He tosses the words over his shoulder as he walks to the back of the bus, leaving Syd and I truly alone for the first time.

"I just want to say, I'm sorry about your breakup. I know you said it was a mutual thing, but it probably sucks all the same."

"It happens. Besides, I think this week will be exactly what I need." She smiles at me, and there's something mischievous in her eyes. I need something to take us out of this moment. The feeling building in my chest is making me unusually nervous.

"Should we get a picture for socials?" I say with a little too much excitement in my tone, most likely making it extremely obvious that I needed a subject change.

“Sure.” The look doesn’t fade as she poses for the camera.

I leave Syd sitting at the table and pull up my phone, squatting slightly to catch the way the sun pours in through the window and casts Syd’s features in the most perfect silhouette.

I caption it, “Harlem, Ohio, on our way to you!” With a few more clicks, I add one of Neon Cherry’s less popular songs to the story and hit share.

You know what they say, exposure is good.

You never know what song will be your number one in this industry; any song can chart at any time these days, when all it takes is a trending audio on social media.

The tension from my conversation with Syd is manifesting in my cheeks, and I can feel the blush creeping in. A cold splash of water on my skin should do the trick, but when I twist the bathroom knob without a second thought, I’m stunned by the sound of running water behind me.

“Woah, woah. I’m in here.” Jackson rips the shower curtain back to assess my intrusion of his space.

He holds the curtain in a way that leaves his muscular torso on display but hides his...

manhood . When the fuck did this fine-ass man step onto this tour bus?

Oh, lord help me. I’m immediately aware of my reddening cheeks.

“Shit, I’m so sorry?—”

“Oh, it’s just you, my angel. Why didn’t you say so? Come on in.” Jackson winks at me and wiggles his eyebrows. I wish I could lie and say the view he’s giving me isn’t deliciously tempting.

“Who did you think I was?” I quiz him, raising an eyebrow, because who would he be startled by at this point?

“Oh, just your asshole brother.”

“Step brother,” I correct. “And why asshole to you?”

“Oh, calm down, you know what I mean,” he says, avoiding my question.

The shower curtain covering his lower half has drooped while he’s become more relaxed, and the toned V below his abs is drawing me in. My mind is overwhelmed by trying to maintain eye contact, longing for another peek at his abs, and the taunting space below them vying for my attention.

“If you join me, you can stare all you want, baby girl.”

I can’t help but wonder what he would do if I said yes.

“Maybe next time, big boy,” I say as I slip back out of the door.

“Next time it is, then!” Jackson shouts over the sound of the spraying water.

His words cause a tingle down to my toes, and I wonder if I’ll make it through this tour continuing to deny him, even if all I’ll be able to offer him is a hookup.

I’ve barely turned around and placed my back to the thin bathroom door to collect myself when Colby appears out of nowhere.

“What were you doing in the bathroom with Jackson?”

Colby’s voice wipes the smile off my face immediately. I don’t really want to speak to him more than necessary, and the way he towers over me now isn’t helping my wayward thoughts. I can’t let myself get comfortable around them again. I can’t let them back in.

“Nothing. I accidentally walked in on him showering and left.”

He looks at the bathroom door like he can see remnants of something going on.

“It sounded a little more chatty than that. No fucking my bandmates on my tour bus, got it?” His hazel eyes level with mine, looking more green than brown at the moment.

“As if I would listen to you telling me what I’ll be doing with my body. I’m taking a nap. Wake me up when we get there, grumpy ass.”

I crawl into bed, rubbing my temples and desperately trying to ignore the slight ache between my legs, due to Colby’s commanding temperament.

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FIVE

COLBY

Oh, I've fucked up.

Not only did I put my stepsister on a tour bus with three people who obviously want to fuck her in some capacity, but I put myself in a position to now watch not one, but two other people pine after her.

I shouldn't be, God, I know I shouldn't be, but I'm so jealous that I can't even see straight.

And now I'm fucking embarrassed because I tried to assert dominance over Hale, and it backfired immediately.

Goddamnit. My dick is stiff in my pants just thinking about taking her, ruining her for another man, fuck, or woman. I'm having to actually fight myself from chasing her down the hall with a semi-erect dick.

My hand has barely moved from adjusting my groin when Jackson opens the bathroom door.

"Oh, hey, dude. All yours. I'd wait if you want a hot shower, though," he says as he slides past me, his shaggy blonde hair dripping all over his gray t-shirt.

"A cold shower sounds nice, actually," I tell him as coolly as possible, hoping a cold

shower might tone down my burning thoughts.

“Yeah, man, get your head straight before we get there. You’ve been a bit of a dick today. You should really go easy on Hale. She’s softer than us.”

If only he knew. I’m sure she is soft. Every part of her, from her curvy hips to her full thighs. Her perky little breasts that I know my palm would devour.

I grunt in response to Jackson and rush into the bathroom before he can see the growing tent in my pants.

Locking the door behind me, I strip fast, wrenching the water handle on as quickly as possible.

My hand has a mind of its own, though. Before I actually make it into the shower, my palm is flexed around my cock, giving it a rough tug that sends pleasure shooting into my balls.

I can’t fucking stop. I tug myself over and over.

Picturing her tits bouncing as I fuck her into the shower wall right in front of me, tearing through her tight walls while she moans my name.

The most forbidden name she could possibly moan, but I don’t care.

I stroke myself hard, keeping my grip tight to stimulate what it would feel like to be buried deep inside of her. The friction too fucking good.

Opening my palm, I catch my spit and brace the other hand on the wall so I can fuck my own hand.

The pressure builds in my spine until I'm unsure if I can hold back, but I do.

And fuck, a pathetic whimper claws its way from my throat.

My pre-cum beads at the tip, and I swipe it down over my shaft and begin stroking again, everything slightly more sensitive now that I've denied my orgasm.

My hips thrust into my strangled grip repeatedly while my mind carries images of her from home, running around the house in her little pajama shorts with nipples poking through her tank top.

The memories of one too many summers and her juicy ass devouring her bikini bottoms while the pool water clung to the soft skin of her lower stomach.

I don't get the chance to deny this orgasm.

It tears through my lower abdomen, and I grunt involuntarily, picturing myself painting the walls of her tight little frame with waves of my cum.

My breathing is ragged and labored, and the ice-cold shower is pointless now, anyway.

Still, I force my lax body under the spray.

The water slicking over my chest muscles and creating droplets over each tattoo on my arms, clinging to the hair there.

I didn't need a shower, but I saturate my hair anyway, rinsing my whole body of the awful thoughts that I let take control.

She's my stepsister, and I shouldn't be thinking of her this way.

I shouldn't, and yet, I can't fucking stop.

I couldn't stop when she was fourteen and I was sixteen, and our parents decided they were in love after all.

I couldn't stop thinking of her when boys began to take note of her figure and their attempts to ask her out for a night.

No, I didn't stop thinking of her as I washed the blood of underclassmen off my knuckles in the middle of the night.

And within all of those thoughts, I never stopped asking myself: If we weren't bound together by the laws of someone else's marriage, would she even want someone like me?

Someone capable of cracking noses and jaws alike.

Someone who would disfigure another for saying foul words with her name on their lips?

Fuck. I don't think I could handle it if the answer was no.

And today, she makes eyes at Sydnee. Sydnee, out of all of us. Not that I should be in the running for her attention, but of course, it would be someone who isn't tangled as deeply in her life as Jackson and I.

It should be him. He cares for her more deeply than he could admit to me or himself, but it's in his stupid green eyes. The way he looks at her, the way he's held her hand and been there for her, the way I couldn't as a stepbrother. I owe him a lot.

If I had to pick anyone besides myself to own her heart, it would be him. And that

pisses me off, no matter how much I wish it didn't.

Looking in the mirror, I curse myself for going on this self-sabotaging spiral. There is, and has always been, a reason I try to keep her at an arm's length.

The lead signer of Neon Cherry cannot be caught fucking his stepsister. But I'm just not sure how much I care anymore.

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SIX

JACKSON

You know, I kind of like having Hale here. The dose of drama is good for the soul. We rarely have anything exciting going on, and I can just feel the buzz of everyone's attraction to her in the damn air. It's like we're all in on a secret, but none of us knows that each other knows.

I'm not going to lie. I fully plan to finally make my move this week. I don't know how, but I'm done hiding my feelings from Hale. I'm not the one with everything to lose, and my wanting her won't get the tabloids' nut. I have no qualms about going after my best friend's little sister.

Correction: STEPSISTER.

I can hear Hale's soft voice demanding the correction even in my head. I don't care what type of sister she is to Colby; it doesn't stop her from belonging to me.

Hale is...perfect. In the least cliché way I can mean that. I wish I could think of a better way to describe her.

She's sweet yet sassy at all the right times. She's funny and witty in the smoothest ways. She's so painfully kind, and she can see the best in everyone. Hale is the type of girl to give too many chances because she believes, It's everyone's first time living this life.

Hale is the girl you hope to take home to your mom. Luckily for me, she's already met my mom. She's known my mom since she was fourteen. That was ten years ago. Ten years ago, I laid my eyes on the girl I knew I wanted to be with forever.

I've always tried to hide my feelings for her behind corny jokes, and I've held her hand when her idiot brother was being an ass to her once again.

It's always been the three of us, after all.

Every summer in the pool, every movie night, every late-night garage practice when she listened to me strike all the wrong chords on my hand-me-down guitar.

Colby would sing out and huff every time an off note rang out through the amps.

But she was always there, just happy to be included. A true ray of fucking sunshine. Unfortunately, the bro code exists. And while I'm not sure if bro code applies to stepsisters, Colby's infatuation with his gives me no choice.

When Hale comes out of the bus bedroom, her hair is disheveled, and I can't help but notice the pout of her sleepy lips.

How she can sleep on this damn bus is beyond me, but maybe that's a good thing.

I know her being with us for this festival is supposed to be a trial run, but she already seems like a natural.

She takes to the tour bus like it's her new second home, and the fans have been reacting really well to all of the content she's already posted, too.

"Rise and shine, sleeping beauty." I pull her groggy form into my chest as she enters the common area.

“How much longer?” her sleepy voice grumbles at me.

“About an hour. You slept hard. I could hear you snoring all the way in here.”

She looks around the bus, making some sort of calculation with a confused look in her eyes.

“Nuhuh,” she says, raising her eyebrow at me. “I don’t snore.”

“Oh, but you do, sugar. Like a freight train. How someone as angelic as you can make those disgusting sounds will never cease to baffle me.” I laugh, teasing her like I’ve missed doing.

“Whatever, I need to get ready.” Rolling her eyes, she takes a sip from her water bottle to chase the ibuprofen she just rifled through the cabinet for. To cure the “nap hangover,” as she calls it.

“You know, we’ll have plenty of time to get ready before we take our stuff to the venue, right? Besides, who do you care about seeing you exactly the way you are?”

“Uhm, hot rockstars, duh.”

“I hate to break it to you, sweetheart, but a hot rockstar is looking right at you, and I’m enjoying every bit of the view.” And I’m not lying. I really am. Her little sleep outfit does everything it needs to do and then some. Her perfect curves are hidden by nothing.

“You don’t count, Jaxie.” She looks at me with eyes full of innocence and sincerity, but I know she doesn’t mean it. Hopefully.

“Oof. You wound me, princess. Really.” I clutch my chest as if I’ve been shot in the

heart.

I'm torn between the hurt of being told that I don't count and the feeling of hearing her call me by my childhood nickname.

The one only she calls me, and only when she's truly comfortable.

Of course, I have other shortened versions of my name that I'm called, but she's the only one I will allow to call me Jaxie .

Partially because it's the cutest shit I've ever heard coming from her lips, and also because, as my girl, even unbeknownst to her, she deserves to have her own name for me.

"Of course, I count. Who do you think is supposed to introduce our new groupie—that's you—to all the hot rockstars that you think count?" I'm not doing that, by any fucking means, but I'll let her believe it for now.

"As if I need a wingman," she says coolly, disappearing into the bathroom.

I run my hand through my hair, trying to shake the bubbling feeling in my chest. How long can you love one girl? Is she really this oblivious to my feelings for her, or is she playing the long game too? Fuck, I don't know.

Panning my eyes around the bus, I look for something else to occupy my time. Sydnee is on the couch with a pen in hand, writing music.

"That was painful to watch," she says without looking up from her notebook.

I huff. "Then close your eyes."

“Even if I hadn’t seen it, what did you expect me to do, plug my damn ears?”

“Well, no, but, like, butt out for a minute.” I turn back around to gander around the mini fridge. Don’t ask for what, just to not be forced to hold Syd’s eye contact.

“You don’t wonder if she would’ve given in by now if she reciprocated the feelings?” Syd asks.

“It’s not like that. Things have always been like this between us. There’s a push and a pull. But you haven’t seen any of that.”

“Calm down, I’m just curious since you’ve never spoken about her before, and that says something since you don’t shut the hell up,” she teases.

“It’s complicated.”

Fuck. Now I feel disgusted with myself. Being in love with a girl who probably sees every bit of my bullshit and still doesn’t give me the time of day.

How the fuck do I change that? If I could play the guitar and win her over like every other groupie, this would be a walk in the park.

But she loves our music because she’s watched us grow from a tiny garage band to touring sold-out stadiums, not because of our fame.

Having her follow us on tour for the first time hardly seems like the best time to change her mind, but when in Ohio, I guess.

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SEVEN

HALE

I feel like shit after my nap, but it doesn't offset the excitement buzzing within me when we step off the bus. Obviously, we have to unload our bags and suitcases into the hotel room, but I'm bouncing on my feet to finally see the venue up close.

I have VIP access to every fucking performance this weekend.

When I read the set list and saw that Obsidian Static and From Stars To Evolution were performing during Twisted Tours, my entire body had a meltdown.

The guys of From Stars To Evolution are so fucking hot that it's painful.

Yes, they're probably too old for me, but who could possibly blame me?

Obsidian Static has their own insane chemistry. The vibes you get while watching them perform makes you never want to look away.

As we're heading to the hotel lobby, a small wiener dog runs to my feet, wagging its cute little tail.

"Mildred, come back here," a man calls out for the pup. "I'm so sorry, she usually has much better manners than this."

Holy. Fucking. Shit. The lead singer of Obsidian Static's dog just chose to come to

me. Okay, okay. Play it cool. This is fine. You're on the clock, not a groupie.

"Oh, no worries at all! I love animals," I say confidently. "Her name is Mildred, you said?"

"That's her, the ornery thing." He huffs.

"Do you mind if I pet her?" I ask, already making eye contact with the furry girl.

"Not at all. She loves people, and she's obviously taken a liking to you."

I bend down to scratch behind her ear, and her tail goes wild over it. The moment doesn't last long before I hear my stepbrother— yes, bother, as in bothering me— calling out my name.

"Goodbye, Mildred! I hope to see you again this weekend!" I run my hand down her back one last time before waving bye to her owner as well, still lightly fangirling as I jog back to join my group.

When I meet them at the front desk, Colby is arguing with the poor attendant.

"What do you mean, you're overbooked? I paid for four rooms," he scolds.

"Well, your deposit will be refunded to you for three of the rooms. We do have cots available to add to the one room if needed, but the hotel is sold out for the week." The woman types nervously on her computer, avoiding eye contact with Colby at all costs.

"My band isn't sleeping on cots. We're part of the reason this hotel is even sold out to begin with."

“Colby, it’ll be fine. I don’t mind bunking with everyone. It’ll be like old times, and I’m sure Syd is fine too, right?” I look over to Syd for confirmation and Jackson nods in agreement as well.

“I’m good with it.” She nods, and a mischievous smirk comes over her face while she eyes Colby, no doubt knowing that our spoiled little rockstar is about to fume with not getting his way.

“See? All good here.” I gesture between Jackson and Sydnee to Colby nervously. “Can we get four copies of the room key, please?”

“Of course.” The attendant smiles anxiously at me and turns to go make the keys.

Colby levels me with a death stare, and hell if I’m not slightly into it.

“What?” I shrug.

“Do not butt into things.” The roll of his eyes is hard.

“You were being a dick to a girl who’s probably going to deal with, like, thirty more dickheads tonight alone. It wasn’t fair. She doesn’t run the system.”

Colby groans and grabs the keys from the girl before handing us each one of our own.

“Do not, under any circumstances, leave this anywhere. Do not lose it, Hale.”

I grab the key card while trying to ignore him treating me like a baby, but he keeps hold of it, waiting for me to acknowledge his words. The two of us tugging against the key card brings our bodies closer than either of us intended.

“Yeah, got it.” I’m desperate to roll my eyes, but it’s so fucking hard to look away

from him. He's so close now.

He releases the key card, and I quickly turn away from him and the smoldering eye contact that I want to melt myself into.

I ignore his idiotic comments, acting like I can't be trusted, and follow the trio to the elevator so we can finally drop our bags and get to work. How can someone so hot be so fucking annoying?

Getting into the venue is easy work. The badge I'm wearing looks just like the band's and lets me go anywhere that the band is allowed to be.

My excitement at this knows no bounds. Okay, so maybe I'm feeling a bit like a groupie.

I had no idea that by the time I got here, I would be this geeked.

A venue staff member shows me to my booth, and even through my million questions, I'm assured that my makeup and products will be safe overnight.

Sue me for being worried, but there are thousands of dollars' worth of makeup, skin care, and hair care here. It's a serious investment.

Taking my time, I set out my products, from foundations to brushes, glitters, powders, and all of the likes.

I pull out my hair crimper and my straightener, as well as bobby pins, elastics, and hair accessories.

I know Syd is a simple gal, but I wanted to have a few fun items in case she decided to dress it up at any point.

By the time I'm done preparing my station, there's no one around me.

Peeking from behind the corner of the small booth, I spot Syd with a girl I don't recognize.

Syd has her pushed against the wall, holding her there with one hand on her hip.

Something in my chest catches. I'm not sure if it's jealousy, but it's definitely not something I want to be feeling. Why the hell would I care if a band member gets their rocks off while we're here?

Ugh. I pull out my phone and tap the screen, opening the period tracking app. Sure enough, I'm in my ovulation phase. This explains so much, and the guilt of being a green-eyed horny mess dissolves.

I grab my things and leave the booth to go find the guys, but mistakenly glance back in Sydnee's direction.

She's looking right at me, and the look she gives me is indecipherable.

The only thing I know for sure is that I recognize the heat deep within her gaze.

I feel a spark where I really shouldn't.

I swear the wind blowing the wrong way could make me horny at this point.

I make it back to the hotel room just fine on my own, swiping my key haphazardly as I walk in, still feeling confused, but dropping my empty bags and deciding on a shower anyway.

When I open the door, I find a half-naked Colby wearing nothing but a towel around

his waist, leaning over the sink and shaving his facial hair. Each stroke of the razor brings him closer to a chiseled jaw and the playful boyish look that he's known for.

He doesn't startle at my intrusion, just eyes me in the mirror, and I can't help but stare at him.

His tall body is rippled with muscles, and tattoos cover nearly every inch of his chest. As inappropriate as it may be, I linger far too long, watching the veins and muscles flex with annoyance.

"Can I help you, little sister?" I mean... Maybe he could...

"Uh, I, I just needed a shower." I stutter through the words. I can feel my cheeks flame hot, and I know he sees it too, judging by his smug smirk.

"Go right ahead." He gestures with a nod of his chin.

"I can't shower while you're in here, freak."

"Well, then don't. I'm getting ready, you know, as the actual performer. In case you forgot, your schedule revolves around me and the band this week."

He might as well have stuck his tongue out with that taunt. I don't have any choice but to see his words as a challenge. I may be paid to be here, but I'm also not gonna let him think he's winning at anything. Call it sibling rivalry.

I push farther into the bathroom so I can reach the shower. Colby seemingly resumes shaving his face, but at a much slower pace, glancing over his shoulder sneakily.

I give myself a mental pep talk for the line I'm about to cross.

Okay, so what? You planned to masturbate with the fancy shower head, and now your stepbrother is in the bathroom and refuses to leave. It's fine.

Telling myself this isn't anything new, I pull off my top. Colby has seen me in a swimsuit dozens of times. A bra isn't much different, and he'll give up and leave soon, right ?

Next, I unbutton my shorts, letting them fall, but I don't look back for Colby's reaction.

There's a strangeness in the air while I dance over the line being crossed here, but I refuse to back down.

With my heart pounding harder, I push open the fogged sliding glass door and shove it closed behind me.

The opacity of the glass is enough that I can only see Colby's silhouette, so I know he can't see any of my actual bits through the door.

I take a deep breath before unfastening my bra and tossing it over the top of the door, and follow with my panties.

I don't try to gauge his reaction through the glass, but I do face the brunt of the first burst of cold water in silence.

He won't win whatever this is. The door clicks closed, and I wipe the glass to see there's no broody stepbrother in sight.

I should feel satisfied I won. Colby will see that I don't bend to his will or his stink attitude.

The satisfaction of said winning does nothing for my nerves, however.

Once the water is finally warm, I stick my head under the spray to soak my hair and close my eyes to rinse my face.

I look at the fancy shower head above me that I swear is begging me to remove it from the holder and abuse it.

My body hums with need between the ovulation desires and the three band members filling my mind.

Eyes still closed, I bring the pressurized water down my torso, and my body jerks when the spray reaches my center.

A small whine echoes through the tile bathroom while I grind my teeth to keep another from escaping.

Colby may not be in the bathroom, but he's probably still in the hotel room.

My eyes squeeze tighter, using one hand to spread myself open and the other to hold the shower head to pulse against my clit.

Visions of Jackson wet in the shower earlier today fill my mind, and then another wave has me picturing Colby standing over the sink, half naked and covered in ink.

My pussy clenches repeatedly, aching for the unknown feeling of either of them inside me, all while imagining I was the one Sydnee had pinned against the wall at the venue.

None of what I'm doing is okay. Not only am I lusting after all three bandmates as I hold a shower head to my needy core, but I'm feeling my orgasm build even stronger

to the thought of my stepbrother.

It's so fucked, no matter how badly every fiber of my being continues to chase this pleasure, his name at the tip of my tongue getting me even closer.

The deep space between my hips aches when I think of him. As if he's still standing in the bathroom, I picture him stroking himself while watching me through the fogged glass. Not seeing enough, but knowing exactly what I'm doing, and maybe even why.

Another moan makes it past my lips, but my release is right there. My legs start to shake as it begins taking over my waist, and I bend in half as I come so fucking hard that it steals my breath.

My moans through my orgasm are definitely audible, and I just hope that the shower walls have a decent sound barrier.

I ride the wave of pleasure for so long that my knees are practically made of Jell-O when I stand to return the shower head to the fixture.

A figure behind the glass catches my eye, and my stomach drops to my fucking ass.

"I didn't realize we were playing chicken, but you win, little sister," Colby says in a raspy voice before actually walking out of the bathroom and closing the door behind him.

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EIGHT

SYDNEE

This whole trip has me hair brained for no fucking reason. I'm single, free to do as I please, and this festival is not only supposed to be fun, but also kick off the tour with a huge bang.

Instead, I've got a girl on my mind who my other two bandmates also won't stop drooling over. This isn't going to end well, and I can feel it. The same way I felt dissatisfaction in my chest when Hale saw me with the rando at the venue. Fuck me for trying to catch a rebound fling.

I haven't known Hale for barely any time at all, but she isn't the type of girl that you have to know for long. She shows you who she is up front, and I like it. She's just real. She's her bratty self, naturally and unapologetically. I've always been drawn to brats.

When I made eye contact with her while holding someone else, it struck something in me. After only knowing Hale for a fucking day, I know enough to know that Jackson is head over heels for her, Colby wants her so bad that he can't see straight, and I'm...I don't know what I am. Infatuated, I guess.

I'm fully aware that Colby is her stepbrother. I'm not gonna lie; I'm kinda into it. The whole forbidden aspect is hot as fuck. If I had a stepsister and she was as gorgeous as Hale, I'd probably wanna bang her too.

I wonder if they'd let me watch?

Let's not go there, Syd. You're making it fucking weird.

I reach the hotel door at the same time as Colby and Jackson, and the three of us enter just as it seems that Hale is getting dressed.

"What's up, beautiful ladies? What are we doing tonight?" Jackson jokes like the cheeseball he tends to be.

"Not your lady, idiot," I jab back and sigh.

"You could be my lady, just say the word," he teases with ease.

Our friendship is a comfortable one. Much more so than...

whatever you might call Colby and I. Jackson knows that while I can appreciate a sexy man, I simply don't swing that way during solo adventures.

I'll play with a dick here and there during group activities, but overall, I don't experience consistent attraction to men.

"In another lifetime, my love." I push off of him and lean against the wall, my eyes roaming over Hale and willing hers to meet mine. I'm quickly becoming greedy for the deep hue of her brown eyes on me. Her attention feels like a gift I want to keep unwrapping.

"Anyways, I'm going to get food, anyone hungry? We need to hit the hay soon. Long day tomorrow." Colby suggests.

"Fuck yes, I saw a little diner on our way through town. Burgers?" I look between the

three sets of eyes, or try to, but Colby's gaze is locked on the still undressed Hale.

"Sounds good to me." Colby begins stuffing his wallet into his pocket and grabs his phone off the tiny hotel desk.

"Sure, but uh, could I maybe finish getting dressed here?" Hale quips, finally tearing her eyes from mine, her bottom lip neatly tucking between her teeth. I wonder if she's thinking about the girl who was pressed against me earlier.

"We'll wait for you in the car," I say as I shoo the boys out of the room with me. But not before sending a smile her way that has her cheeks turning a deeper shade of pink.

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NINE

HALE

The four of us make it to a small diner that's still open at nine at night, worming our way inside to grab a booth.

It's a super cute place, and the decor reminds me of cotton candy.

We grab the corner booth, which is much too large for just the four of us, though it's deserted in here anyways.

The teal cushions of the seats are surprisingly comfortable as I slide in, followed by Sydnee on my right, Jackson next to her, and Colby on my other side.

Just like that, I'm squished between three rockstars on a Thursday night.

I grab a menu from the center of the bubble gum pink table and begin looking over my options. The mental debate is between waffles or a burger when the waitress comes by.

"Can I start you'ns with something to drink?"

I speak up before everyone else. "I'd like a chocolate milkshake, please."

"Water is fine with me," Colby says.

“Do you have sweet tea?” Jackson asks, like the sweetheart he is.

“We do.” She nods.

“I’ll have a glass of that then, please.”

“Water for me as well.” Syd smiles politely to the waitress.

“Perfect, I’ll give you’ns a few to look over that menu.” Placing her pen and notepad back in her apron, she sashays away.

“Thank you,” I call out behind her as she rounds the bar.

Well, is it called a bar? It has stools sitting against it. I don’t know.

“Shit, I’ll be right back. Mom is calling me.

” Jackson stands from the table “If the waitress comes back before I get off the phone, I want a bacon double cheeseburger with the cheese fries,” he says, then jogs out the front door.

I can barely see him through the diner window if I lean enough to my right, and then he steps out of my view entirely.

Not being able to have eyes on both of my boys makes me nervous.

It’s so easy to settle back into claiming them, though they were never truly mine.

Still, I don’t need to end up on some cheesy late-night dateline show, giving an interview.

“And what do you want, Hale?” Colby says smoothly, not bothering to look up from the menu. I glance over to see what page he’s studying.

“I’m thinking about the waffles. I’m feeling my sweet tooth.” I push my hair behind my ear, continuing to observe the menu.

“I think I am, too.”

“Since when do you have a sweet tooth? I don’t think you have a sweet bone in your body anymore.”

Colby just hums under his breath, still not bothering to look up at me, but suddenly there’s a hand on my thigh. I look over at Syd, down at her hand, then back up to her face, but she doesn’t look at me either.

When the waitress returns, she asks for my order first.

“I’d like the chocolate chip waffles, and can I add banana slices to the top?”

“Of course you can, doll. And for you.” She points her pen to Syd.

“I’ll do the two scrambled eggs, hash browns, and wheat toast, please.”

“You? Is the other boy returning also?” She looks out the window for Jackson.

“He is. We’ll both have the bacon double cheeseburgers and two cheese fries.

” Colby closes his menu and grabs mine and Syd’s to stack together before handing them off to the waitress.

I look at him, confused. He had just said he had a sweet tooth, and I know he’s not

watching his added sugar intake.

“I’ll have that right out.” The waitress smiles once more before walking into the kitchen, out of sight.

“I thought you had a sweet tooth.” I raise my eyebrow in suspicion.

“I do.” His eyes meet mine at the same time his large hand grips my other thigh, eliciting a gasp. I’m being held on to from both sides. One touch is slightly gentler than the other, but neither any less possessive.

“You see, I’m tired of pushing you away, Hale. I’m tired of pretending I don’t want you as badly as I know you want me.”

Shock must be written all over my face, but no denial leaves my lips, even knowing that this conversation has an audience.

“I see the way you look at me, at my bandmates.” He gestures to Syd before looking down at her hand on my thigh as well, slowly creeping beneath my skirt.

“I see your thick thighs clench together around Jackson. I can handle it. You wanting all of us. But it’ll be me who tastes that sweet cunt first.” His straightforward words create chaos in my mind, and right on cue, my thighs attempt to clench, despite them both holding each one to keep them open.

“T-taste me?” My heart beats out of my chest, and the heat in my stomach spreads as if it’s trying to consume my body whole. With his gaze is trained on me, I’m seeing a different side of Colby.

“Is this some kind of joke, because it’s not funny, Colby.

If you're trying to get back at me for earlier, I didn't realize you were still in the bathroom.

"My cheeks flush with shame, and I make sure to omit the small detail that I pictured him a couple of times during the event in question.

"Did you two plan this while I was getting dressed?"

Something, or should I say, someone, grazes the fabric of my panties, causing a shiver over my skin despite the two warm bodies next to me.

"Even you know that I would never push a joke this far." He adds a sliver of pressure, and I exhale roughly. Syd brushes my hair away from my neck, and her breath is a warm caress against the sensitive skin there.

I don't want to crave this moment. I shouldn't desire this, and I know that. No matter how dream-like it feels to have their attention solely on me.

"I would never let him take a joke this far," she whispers, and her lips graze my earlobe.

"We-we're in public, and Jax is right outside. The waitress could come back any minute," I pant out as Colby grazes his finger ever-so-slowly across my panties, repeatedly. I can barely get the words out between the tingling sensation of the lips on my neck and the finger rubbing against my center.

"Jackson will be on the phone for a while. I may have tipped off his mom, but I'll take care of the waitress."

I immediately resent the lack of contact against my clothed pussy the moment he stands. Goddamnit, I was so close to the relief I've been searching for. But Syd

doesn't make me wait for long. Her teeth nip against my neck and her own hand trails farther up my thigh to take Colby's place.

It feels like a fantasy come to life, having two people pull and yearn for me at once. I angle my head to give her better access, pleading in my mind that this moment never ends.

Colby makes his way to the bar-not-bar, and speaks with the waitress, but they're too far for me to hear. He reaches into his pocket and hands the woman what I assume is cash, before she smiles at him and heads into the kitchen again. Colby returns, but he doesn't sit.

"Two problems solved. Now, I know your default is brat, but I need you on this table, now."

"You want me on top of the table?" I'm hesitant and confused when Syd pulls away from me. But Colby is right; I know him enough not to take a joke this far.

Scooting out of the booth, I stand on shaking knees, squeezing myself into the tight space between his body and the table. Colby lifts me onto the table effortlessly, and I fight my denim skirt from riding up.

His large hands travel smoothly up my thighs and slip beneath my skirt, grabbing the waistband of my panties and pulling them down my thighs and off my legs in the most delicious yet painfully slow way.

"Spread your legs for me," he breathes as he leans into me, his lips resting next to my ear. And I do so on command. His voice is dripping with lust, and as wrong as it may be, I want more of it. I want more of my stepbrother commanding me in this terribly wrong way.

With a jolt, part of me sees reason. “We can’t, Colby, this is too far.

” This is wrong wrong wrong on so many levels and not a single one of us can deny the fact.

My body tenses at my brain’s betrayal. I’m already wet, and I want nothing more than to spread myself wide for his deliciously large and tattooed body, but I really shouldn’t.

“What’s the harm in one night of play? No one has to know. One night, one time to get it out of our systems,” he promises me.

I’m kind of terrified that this is a dream, a wet dream, and I’m possibly in the same bed as three of the most attractive people I know.

But the possibility doesn’t stop the way my body reacts when Syd slides her body against mine behind me on the table, wrapping her arms around me and spreading my thighs open for him.

“Good girls.” The sight of Colby dropping to his knees on the checkered diner floor erases the thought from my mind. I don’t care if it’s a dream. I don’t care if it can only last for one night. My desire is shameless right now.

“Fuck, little sister, so wet for me already?” He gazes up at me, and then back at my exposed center.

The hated nickname causes a nasty effect on my arousal.

I hate it at every given moment, except now, apparently.

I can’t deny that I’m wet, even if I wanted to.

I can feel the cool air from the AC unit over my bare pussy.

Soft feminine hands slide into my shirt, lifting the hem enough to expose my lower stomach.

I look up past Colby, ensuring there are no signs of Jax or the waitress, and when I don't see either of them, I meet Colby's gaze again and nod.

"Tell me, brat. Use your words. Are you wet for your stepbrother?" he whispers to me, bringing his mouth a mere inch or two from my pussy, so close that I can feel his warm breath on each syllable.

A mewl escapes my throat. God, how needy must I look, nearly crying out on a diner table, with him between my legs while his bandmate clings to me, playing with my nipples through my thin bralette while I prepare to beg him to make the ache go away.

"Y-yes," I whimper. "I'm wet for my...my stepbrother."

Colby grunts in approval, and I can see his hand reach down to adjust himself before returning to the inside of my thighs, pushing my legs so far open that a burn starts in my hip muscles.

"This should cure my sweet tooth." Before I can even register his words, his tongue ghosts over my labia.

Barely licking the seam of my pussy for what feels like ages, making me writhe below him.

My hands grip the edges of the table while I furiously stare down at the sight, watching as he holds his composure.

As I buck my hips into his face, I'm rewarded with his tongue sliding between my folds. I cry out instantly.

Syd pulls my bralette down under my boobs, grasping them and kneading them while pressing her own against my back. With a moan, I let my head fall into her shoulder.

"I'm going to want more of this, and you're going to have to tell me no, okay?" Colby says against my core.

"We can't," I pant. "This is so fucking wrong."

"So fucking dirty." He licks my core again. "This is a one-time thing." Colby swears with his lips moving against my clit, the vibration of his words working against him and our promises.

"Doesn't it feel good? Letting your dirty thoughts become reality?" Syd whispers.

I moan again when she returns to sucking the skin where my neck meets my shoulder. She's going to leave a hickey there, and I'm not sure that I brought any outfits that will cover that.

"Yes, fuck yes," I cry out, and my thighs instinctively mold to Colby's head.

The moment of pleasure doesn't last long, because Colby smacks the inside of my thigh, pulling his mouth away from my body.

That quick bite of pain only elevates the pleasure. Being spread open for anyone to see while being licked on a diner table was not on my bingo card, but the idea that anyone could watch me, see my back arch for these two, makes this much hotter.

"No, no. I'm going to take my time tasting your sweet little pussy if it's the only time

I'm going to get it, and you're going to behave.

Syd, control her.” His tongue begins to lap at the seam of my pussy once more, long and languid licks that do nothing but show how serious he was when he said he would take his time.

The sound of the bell above the door jars me, but my senses are too overwhelmed to move. I'm stunned by the idea of a stranger possibly recognizing my boys and realizing that the lead singer of Neon Cherry has his stepsister spread on the table in front of him while his co-singer holds me still.

Jax rounds the corner and only a moment of relief sets in before I realize I'm still fucked. How are we going to explain this to him?

My heart pounds harder as he strides to our oversized corner booth and hovers over the three of us. Colby's tongue hasn't stopped its merciless teasing, my palms are sweating, and Syd has my shirt lifted, fully exposing my breasts while she tortuously tweaks each nipple.

“I-I—” I try to move backwards away from Colby's mouth, but he yanks me back into place. This time, licking a deep path between my folds and flattening his tongue over my clit.

“Colby,” I pant, Jackson's green eyes becoming a forest path deep into his soul.

Every part of his reaction screams that he's satisfied with the view.

“I see you two are getting along, and you,” he says, pointing to Syd, “have found a new plaything.” With a husky laugh, he slides into the booth.

At no point did I consider Jackson would be okay with walking into something like

this. Syd? Yeah, sure. But Jackson, my Jaxie, practically salivating and already eye-fucking me as he takes his seat so close to me and every bit of my overexposed, oversensitive body... I wasn't ready for that.

But that doesn't mean I want it any less.

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TEN

COLBY

“How could I not get along with a pussy as pretty as this one?” I whisper against Hale’s pink flesh.

I flatten my tongue and lick her swollen clit in long strokes while she squirms beneath me.

When I look up at her, it’s a fucking glorious sight.

Her denim skirt bunches around her waist, her little bra shoved below her perfect tits, and Sydnee playing with her rosy-pink nipples.

Jesus, just knowing that I’m the first of us to taste her, touch her, and I will be the first to push any part of my body into her, has my cock so hard that it’s painfully aching behind my zipper.

Sydnee brings one hand to Hale’s core, using two fingers to hold her pussy lips open for me, and my pointer finger begins to circle her tight little hole as I watch it clench.

“I can explain,” Hale huffs out, her eyes fighting to stay open, staring at Jackson with a hooded gaze as I dip my finger inside.

When she whimpers, I pull back from her and lick my lips before I speak. “No explanation. Jackson can either sit and watch or join in, but you don’t owe him shit.”

She looks from me, back to Jackson, whose eyes are nothing but zeroed in on her.

“No need, angel,” Jackson says smoothly, his fingers coming to join me in playing with her beautiful pussy. I smirk when he strokes his fingers against her clit while I bring my tongue to her entrance.

“You paid the waitress off, right?” he asks me.

Nodding back to him, I keep my attention on tongue fucking my beautiful girl. Paid her extra to keep any cooks in check back there as well. Whatever excuse she had to use to keep everyone in the back for now.

“You want this, don’t you? You want the three of us this way, touching you, pleasing you?”

Even if it’s just for tonight?” Jackson’s voice is supportive, and I can feel her pussy pulse at his words.

He’s the soft one with her, her teddy bear.

She nods for him, sucking her lip between her teeth as I continue to work my tongue into her entrance.

All three of us are touching her dripping center in some way, and judging by the arousal pooling onto the table, I think she really fucking likes it.

I imagine how insane this must be for her, when she was just masturbating a few hours ago, thinking of god knows what.

“My beautiful fucking angel,” he coos, none of us stopping our assault on her senses. She’s so damn pliant for our touch, writhing and falling apart.

We've never shared a girl with them before.

I know that's something Jackson and Sydnee do quite often on tour, but never the three of us.

I hate to admit it, but I see the appeal.

Knowing that each of us are bringing her pleasure in so many forms is fucking exhilarating.

She deserves it; she deserves to be touched and licked, sucked and fucked until she's boneless.

She just doesn't know it yet. She doesn't know that there's no possible way my need for her will end after tonight.

"Breathe," is all he says before her nipple is in his mouth.

Hale's back arches against Sydnee, and I move my tongue lower, teasing her entrance with my finger instead.

It's cramped in this small space, but I'd do anything to bring her pleasure now that I have her like this.

A sight, an action, a position that I've only dreamed of for years.

"One," I whisper to the room, watching my finger disappear into Hale's tight cunt.

Goddamn, I'm not sure if I deserve this view.

My beautiful girl being spread open as wide as she can for me while I explore her

body, my best friend soothing her, and our other best friend only aiding her experience more.

This is how it was always meant to be. We were never meant to be “best friends.” Jackson and I were meant to show this girl the world, and every bit of pleasure within it. Syd is a bonus, an unforeseen blessing as it seems she makes our girl happy, too.

I’m so hard for her; I have no choice but to release my cock with my free hand. I give myself lazy strokes, wanting to drag my pleasure out alongside hers.

“Our dirty girl, letting all three of us touch you like this,” I say with my mouth against her cunt, and the moan that escapes her lips is one I will remember for the rest of my days.

“Fuck,” she moans, pinching her eyes shut again.

“You taste so fucking good, brat,” I mutter around her clit.

“You feel so fucking good,” Syd says, and I can barely see the way her own hips rock against Hale’s back.

“Oh, god,” she sighs.

“Can I just say, you also look pretty damn good,” Jackson half laughs, none of us missing the way we all praise her.

“Oh, fuck, I think she’s a squirter.” I motion my finger to the spongy space against her walls and begin to massage it, feeling it swell.

“What?” Her question is panicked, and her pussy creates a death grip around my finger.

“Relax, let go, trust me.” Jackson’s soothing calms her, but not completely.

“I feel like I’m...” she pants, and my cock jerks in my hand. “I feel like I’m getting close, but there’s something else, too.”

“We know. Relax your body and let it happen.” He closes his mouth around her breast again, sucking the nipple hard. Syd curses behind her and moves her hand away from Hale’s pussy, and I watch it disappear between their bodies.

“Come on, baby, squirt all over me.” Moving my finger inside of her with precision, hitting the perfect spot over and over until she has no choice in the matter, she grinds against my hand. My girl is going to squirt for me, whether she knows it or not.

Hale comes undone, and loudly, with Sydnee moaning in unison behind her, biting and sucking her neck while pinching her nipple hard.

I relish the sounds of them orgasming together.

Hale’s first orgasm with me. The way Hale’s pussy grips my finger over and over, gushing all over the table below her is sinful, but I remove my finger and replace it with my tongue to lap up everything she’s giving me.

“Did I?—”

Jackson interrupts her.

“You squirted, baby girl. So fucking beautiful.”

Her eyes light up from his praise.

“You two wanna clean her up?” I’m craving the feeling of watching the three of them

together.

“Do you mind if I clean you up?” He looks at her like she could shatter him to pieces, and I know it to be true.

“Yes, but...” She turns to Sydnee. “I want to taste you, too. Maybe you need to be cleaned up too?”

Sydnee’s breathing stops for a moment, but Jackson doesn’t waste a second pulling Hale off the table and laying her on the next closest one. He begins lapping at the same pussy my tongue just devoured.

“Are you sure?” Sydnee asks, and Hale nods, her bottom lip pulled tight by her teeth. Her eyes are full of nothing but lust and excitement.

Sydnee unbuttons her jeans and slides them down her body, followed by the boy short panties she’s wearing. I watch as this undeniably hot woman mounts the table and places her knees on either side of my stepsister’s head, slowly lowering herself onto Hale’s face.

“Just tell me if I’m not doing it right, okay?” she says as she looks up to Sydnee. Sydnee nods, lacing her fingers into Hale’s hair as her pussy meets her tongue.

She instantly throws her head back in response, and I nearly come in my pants from the sight. I begin to stroke in rhythm with Jackson’s fingers inside Hale’s tight cunt.

Jackson doesn’t stop. He doesn’t move quickly.

He takes his time, like we all should, with the girl we’ve wanted for years.

He licks and kisses her pussy, worshipping her over and over again, and damn, if it

isn't kinda fucking romantic.

Well, as romantic as polyamorous oral sex on a table at a diner in the middle of fucking Ohio can be.

When I see her back begin to arch again and her whimpers become audible from between Sydnee's legs, I know she's giving him an orgasm too. I feel the pleasure build in my spine, and I never take my eyes off the three of them as my cum spills in ribbons against the booth seat.

Sydnee doesn't move, though. She grinds against Hale's face, chasing her own orgasm while Hale coasts through hers.

When Hale's hands come up and grip her hips, I can see the moment pleasure overtakes Sydnee too.

She moans and writhes above my girl, looking down into her eyes with her mouth in the shape of an 'O.'

I let Jackson help Hale off the table so she doesn't drag herself through the wetness while buttoning my pants.

Once she's on her feet again, she looks to him, an innocently dazed expression on her face.

"But you didn't come?"

He chuckles. "Oh, baby. I came in my fucking pants because of you."

It takes everything in my power not to be jealous of him for causing the blush that coats her cheeks.

“Oh.”

“Yeah, ‘oh.’ You’re a fucking vision, and I couldn’t help myself.” Jackson holds her face tenderly and kisses her forehead.

Our girl looks exhausted in the best way, and I know we don’t have long left before she gets cranky.

“But I didn’t get to eat my waffles.” Hale pouts in Jackson’s arms. He’s holding her bridal style with her arms wrapped around his neck, clearly worn the fuck out.

“We’ll get it to go, brat,” I tell her, looking over to Jackson before I continue. “You go ahead and take her and Sydnee out to the car. I need to make some calls to get this cleaned up, and I have food to pay for.”

Jackson nods before carrying Hale out with Sydnee in tow, and I watch as our security opens the door for the three of them before pulling my phone out of my pocket and dialing the get-us-out-of-trouble number.

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ELEVEN

SYDNEE

Per usual, I crack my eyes open before everyone else does.

I'm not sure if I would've been able to sleep if it wasn't for how thoroughly exhausted I was after a long travel day, coupled with last night's, well, unexpected events.

When I look to my left, I see Hale sleeping mostly on top of Jackson, with Colby's arm wrapped over the top of her body.

Hale's left arm lays over my chest with her fingers sprawled on my skin.

She looks like a thoroughly fucked angel. If I thought I could pull her off of Jackson without waking the two testosterone-filled idiots clinging to her, I would.

I shake that thought loose and settle on a shower. The water is freezing when I first turn it on, so I stand in front of the mirror, still letting my eyes adjust to the light.

As I'm checking the temp with my fingers, a sleepy Hale pads into the bathroom, trailing the entire king-size bed sheet behind her with how it's wrapped around her body.

"Good morning, beautiful," she yawns and nods in my direction. "You sleep okay?"

“I think so,” she squints at me under the bright lighting.

“Are you showering?”

“Yeah, you wanna join?” I don’t expect her to say yes, but she nods again and drops the sheet. Once she’s confident in her body, she’s fucking confident in it. With good reason too.

Her nipples sit tightened on her full breasts, and she has the most delicious and squeezable hips I may have ever seen. I realize I’m staring at her with my hand still in the water.

“Oh, uh, temperature’s good now.” I step back to undress and watch her as she pushes the glass door open more to step inside.

Those first few seconds of the water cascading over her curved body do bad things in my mind, but I’m telling myself no. We’re just two people who kinda fucked once. Not to mention, she’s probably at least somewhat tender.

It doesn't take me long to strip myself down and climb into the shower with her, and the warm steam that surrounds us is perfect for the long day ahead.

I’m somewhat in a trance, analyzing today’s to-do list and mesmerized by the way the soapy bubbles slide down her skin when she speaks to me again.

“Do you want me to wash yours too?” Hale’s hand reaches out and twists a steam-dampened strand of hair around her finger, and all I can do is nod in response. I don’t think anyone else has washed my hair for me outside of a hairdresser and maybe, like, my mom when I was younger.

She squirts a generous amount of her shampoo into her hand, and it smells like

peppermint and something mildly earthy.

I expect her to ask me to turn around, but she does no such thing.

This beautiful girl starts washing my hair so attentively, and each time her nails barely scratch over my scalp, I let out a moan.

She focuses on the roots before moving down to the ends and lathers them gently.

But she doesn't stop there.

Her soft hands move to the back of my head before descending my shoulders, my clavicle, and then she's fully massaging my breasts with her sudsy palms.

"Fuck," I pant as she tweaks my nipple the same way I did hers last night.

I feel the need build inside me for more, but I don't let myself make a move.

Her hands land on my shoulders, spinning me so that my back is to her, and she slowly backsteps us into the water before tilting my head into the spray.

As her arms move to rinse my hair, her nipples slide across my back, but when one of her hands makeshifts as a ponytail holder and the other snakes around my body, I know I'm a goner.

She slides her hand down my stomach before she reaches her destination, pushing one finger between my folds and gently circling my clit.

"Like this?" she whispers in my ear.

"Yes, fuck yes, like that," I moan.

“Mmmm, you’re wet.”

And I am. Somehow, this shower has become one of the most erotic things I’ve been a part of in all my days, and not because it’s so outlandish. Because it’s intimate. When her hand leaves my core, I’m gearing up to beg, but then I hear her lips pop.

“And you taste sweet.”

My knees buckle. Her hand returns to my clit, continuing her circles around my clit as my orgasm draws closer.

Dipping her two middle fingers into me, she thrusts them slowly, and I can’t breathe, it feels so good.

The way her body is pressed tightly against my back, the water streaming over us, the smell of her shampoo all over me, it’s all so much, and I’m going to come a lot faster than I want to when she adds her thumb to my clit with the teasing pumps of her fingers inside me.

“Oh god, Hale.” My arm shoots out to grip the shower railing, but she releases my hair and wraps her other arm just under my boobs to hold me upright.

“This is how I would’ve touched myself while thinking of you if you hadn’t been in the bathroom when I woke up. This is how I would have made myself come.” She pauses to kiss my neck. “While thinking of the way you rode my face last night.”

“Please...” Mind you, I’m not even the begging type.

“I want to make you come again,” she says in my ear while barely picking up the pace of her fingers.

“I’m going to— Fuck.” And then I feel it. “I’m coming, Hale.” The moan is so much louder than I mean for it to be, and with the bathroom door open, I know that one probably woke the boys up.

“Yes, baby, come on my fingers,” she whispers in my ear while her fingers inside me slow again, but her thumb doesn’t stop working my clit until I feel the aftershocks deep in my stomach.

My moans turn to whimpers, and my senses become heightened.

Her tits pressed to my back while she grinds herself against my ass, the steam circling around us while the water snakes between us, and the occasional draft of cool air making its way in from over the top of the shower door.

Nothing has ever been more erotic, or more intimate than it is with Hale.

She’s like a drug. One single hit of her, and everything is just... better.

“Let me touch you,” I rasp, as her fingers still lazily rubbing circles around my clit.

When I turn to her, she tucks a wet strand of short dark hair behind her ear before seemingly waiting for command.

Her beautiful tits sit perfectly on her chest, not too perky, but deliciously full.

She whimpers when I push her back into the shower wall, but the way my name falls from her lips when I suck her nipple deep into my mouth on my way down her body does horrible things to me.

Somewhere behind me, I briefly register an alarm going off, but I don’t stop my ascension to the pussy that I know is wet for only me right now.

I give the soft bottom of her stomach a small bite before sucking on the same spot to ease the morsel of pain I caused, and the sound of her sharp inhale is music to my ears.

As her hand threads through my dampened hair, I look up at her.

“Tell me this pussy is only wet for me,” I plead to her. I need to hear her say it.

“I’m only wet for you, Sydnee. Please, lick me, kiss me. Anything,” she begs so fucking prettily with one hand in my hair and the other desperately grasping her own heavy tit, kneading and massaging it.

I cave.

I give in to her so quickly. I’d give her anything she wanted, but her giving me not only my own orgasm first, as well as the one thing I asked for? I’ll lick her fucking pussy until my tongue falls off if I have to.

She uses the grip in my hair to pull my head back and make me look up at her while my tongue laps against her clit over and over.

I watch as her soft body squirms and moves above me, rocking against me before she’s eventually fucking my face.

Holding my tongue out steady, I let her take everything she needs, rocking her hips and her clit back and forth on my tongue, her mound pressing into my nose repeatedly.

There’s a ruckus outside of the door before someone is stumbling in, and her moans halt above me.

“We’re fucking late. We gotta now. Now!” Jackson yells above the sound of the shower. I don’t have to see him to see the pain on his face when he speaks again.

“Jesus fucking Christ, I hate interrupting this, but we have to go. Seriously. Fuck, I’m fucking hard. I gotta walk away.”

His footsteps fade out of the bathroom, and the sound of the boys moving around the hotel room begins. Hale looks down at me with the biggest pout.

“I guess we’ll have to finish this later.

” A wicked smile crosses my face. I know it.

The thought of her being needy for the rest of the day, until one of us has the time in our busy schedule to finish her off, makes my own pussy throb again.

I swipe my tongue through her folds once more, sucking on her clit for the last time before standing and letting her taste herself on my lips.

Our kiss is quick, because it has to be, and she whimpers beneath my touch.

“I need it.” She grinds her wetness desperately against my thigh, but I know if I don’t pull away now, we really will be late.

“I know, but I promise it will be worth the wait.” I kiss her once more and regretfully leave her in the shower, since she technically has more time to linger than I do, just as Colby enters the bathroom.

“Fuck, so I have to be hard for the rest of the day, then?”

“I don’t want to hear it. I didn’t get off either, thanks to Buzzkill Billy and his need

for punctuality,” Hale says back, her sass fully ignited.

I chuckle as I walk out of the bathroom in nothing but a towel to dig through my suitcase for clothes. All I can hope is that the four of us can make it through the day despite the way Colby, Jackson, and myself want her in very different ways.

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TWELVE

JACKSON

You'd think that I would get used to the hustle and bustle of show days, but I never do.

We only have a few more hours until we're due on stage, and I couldn't be more anxious for some reason.

My mind has replayed last night at the diner over and over, and how we all said it would only be last night.

As I stand here watching Hale in her element, I know we were all lying. I can't possibly let her go.

"Hey, beautiful girl," I whisper as I wrap my arms around her.

She's just finished applying makeup for the photographer.

I won't tell her that I eavesdropped on most of their conversation regarding polyamory and hoped she was getting comfortable with the idea herself.

Plus, she called us her boys. I mean, we always have been, but she said she has to deal with us so that seems pretty damn comfortable to me.

I've missed her in our lives so fucking much, and this feels like the perfect beginning

to having her back.

Fuck a one-night thing, or even a one-week thing.

I don't think any of us can pretend this hasn't felt beyond natural.

"Well, hello." She gasps when my lips meet the soft skin of her neck, dragging an open-mouthed kiss down to her collarbone. "Don't you have busy rockstar things to be doing?"

"I figured you wouldn't mind a visit from one of 'your boys,' as you called me." My hands roam over her body, every beautiful curve begging to be touched and massaged as she giggles and pushes my hands away.

"You caught that, did you?" Hale sighs, causing me to pause my pawing at her body to spin her around to face me.

"Hey, what's that about?"

"I don't know. Is it too soon to wonder if this is something?

The four of us?" she asks, peeking up at me through her long lashes, the edges of the stage lights catching each speck of pink glitter across the high points of her cheekbones and eyelids.

It doesn't matter if she's the one on stage in front of the crowd, she's the star in all of my shows.

"Has it ever been, Hale? Can you really tell me that whatever the feeling is in your chest is something new? Can you look me in my eyes and tell me that before this week, you had not even a sliver of whatever it is you're feeling or questioning?"

“Well, no?—”

“Exactly,” I cut her off. “It’s not too soon to wonder anything. I promise you, the others are probably thinking?—”

“Hey, man, you busy?” Derek interrupts me, popping our bubble.

“I mean, kinda?” I don’t release my arms around Hale, keeping her close so she knows I mean what I’m saying. At least I can speak for myself that I’m serious about her.

“It was kind of rhetorical. We’re on in less than two hours,” he spits back at me.

Something has crawled up his ass, and if I had to guess, I would say it was the green-haired woman, Estrella, who recently graced Hale’s chair and had a one-night fling with him earlier this week.

I’d be hurt if my one-night stand didn’t want to go another round too, but I keep that to myself.

“The handsome devil you are, let me at least fix your hair before you go, and then you can send Syd and Colby in for the same when you leave.” Hale visibly shakes out of our conversation before grabbing a comb from her station and some pomade, forcing my ass into the chair and going to work on the poorly maintained blond strands on top of my head.

THIRTEEN

HALE

Did I tell Syd that she's not allowed to move her lips or open her eyes while I do her makeup, even though I'm doing one of the lightest applications I've done for a client in years?

Absolutely.

Is it because I'm nervous that if we start talking, one of us might say something weird and, well, make things awkward between us?

Bingo.

At least she obeys. That's a nugget of information that I'll be saving for later.

Then again, she could just be scared of getting poked in the eyeball with a makeup brush or tweezers as I apply rhinestones right before she goes on stage in front of a massive crowd.

Either way, I'm taking it as a win. The hand that only leaves my waist when I step away from the chair to grab new products, though, is feeling awfully possessive and may be saying something on its own.

"You know, I never usually let our regular makeup artist put this much effort into me," she mumbles, seemingly trying her hardest not to move a single muscle in her

face. She's taking my no-talking rule seriously.

"There's a lot of photographers here tonight, and I know Estrella's going to take some kick-ass shots.

The rhinestones will bring everyone's attention straight into these gorgeous blue eyes, just like it should be," I murmur in return while I carefully apply each stone in an outlined wing shape around the outer corner of her eye.

The silver stones are small, but will catch the perfect amount of light paired with her dark eyeliner.

A stunning contrast of light and dark, especially with her facial structure.

When she peeks open an eye, I'm standing there admiring not only my work, but her beauty like an idiot. Pretty sure she sees the entire image of me, slack-jawed and all, but she still chooses to grab my hand and pull me between her legs where she sits.

"You're the expert, baby. Are we done?"

I melt when she calls me baby. My insides turn warm, and the feeling of Sydnee locking her arms around my body while looking up at me is pure heaven. I still have so much to learn about this girl, but everything in me is assured I won't mind the time it'll take.

"I guess." I pout. "Are you sureeeeeee I can't do anything with your hair? I saw these really cute bubble braids with beads on Pinterest, and I promise I can work fast?—"

"I bet you can, but I like my hair exactly like this. Just straightened, it's kind of my signature thing." She smiles at me, and I accept her protest, but I don't like it.

“Straight is so boring, though.” I cross my arms in front of my chest, which inevitably pushes my body away from hers.

“Trust me, my hair is the only part of my body that’s straight.”

Don’t ask me how, but that cheesy line was so fucking sexy, especially when she follows it up by uncrossing my arms for me and wrapping them around her own neck, which pulls our faces only inches from each other.

I can smell, almost taste, the minty freshness of her breath, and it takes me right back to our shower from this morning.

Goddamnit, if I’m not just a fool for physical touch.

Her chin lifts slightly and mine dips so that we’re breathing the same air, both with shallow breaths. I barely register the sharp inhale before she sits up a little straighter and her lips brush mine.

When my lips mold with hers, I realize that silencing her was pointless. Anything we could’ve needed to talk about is being worked out in this kiss. It’s not rushed; it’s not a kiss full of eager lust. It’s an explorative kiss that has me buzzing.

Our kiss is saying, I want to keep kissing you, for a while.

My hands find the sculpted lines of her jaw before I startle myself with realization, jumping back and removing herself from my position that was nearly in her lap.

“No way. No ma’am, no ham. You are not ruining my work.”

She begins laughing, lips blushed, even though I hadn’t made it to applying any product there, and I realize it’s because she’s stolen mine from my own lips.

“Dammit, now I have to touch this up.” I sigh, frustrated, yet still my heart feels full of whatever the hell is building between us.

I can hear the sounds of the crowd only a couple hundred feet away, and for some reason, my own nerves are heightened. It’s kind of shitty of me that I’ve never been to one of Neon Cherry’s shows until now.

Colby is the last to sit his grumpy ass in my chair tonight, and that probably explains my nerves more than the crowd outside.

There’s something slightly unsettling about giving a man your heart, more so than letting him make you come.

Just because he has talented fingers doesn’t mean he can be gentle with my actual feelings.

When he sits down, he doesn’t say a word at first. He just watches me move around him, taking him in and deciding what he needs before he faces the fans.

No doubt a comb and the same pomade that I sculpted Jax’s hair with, a little concealer for the dark circles under his eyes, clear mascara to lift his lashes if he’d like, but definitely wax to smooth his thick-ass fucking eyebrows.

“Let’s start with your hair.” I comb through it once, making sure there aren’t any tangles in the short dark brown tufts.

Colby closes his eyes while I scoop a small dollop of the pomade, warming it between my hands before running my hands through his hair back and forth a few times to distribute the product evenly.

I’m fairly sure he just groaned, but I can’t stop to ask because the product will set in

too quickly, so I keep moving, grabbing small sections and giving them tiny twists, working to give him the perfect messy punk look that I can. I feel like a male bird the way I'm dancing around him, racing the clock before his hair dries too much, checking each section just in case one side doesn't look quite "alternative" enough.

"Ten minutes!" one of the stage managers calls out to us, and my heart starts racing. In my rush to grab new products, I drop the pomade and the goopy substance spills onto the floor right in my walkway.

"Fuck," I whisper under my breath, grabbing a makeup remover wipe and trying to scoop up as much of it as I can so I don't end up slipping in it.

Colby stands and moves his chair away from my vanity mirror. "Don't worry about it, I'll stand."

"Uh, okay." I turn around and grab the brow wax and a spoolie, as well as the concealer pot in his shade, a clean flat brush, and a fluffy blending brush, my fingers splayed open wide to hold everything so I don't have to turn around for anything else.

As it turns out, I'm straining on my tiptoes to work on this big idiot's eyebrows.

I don't know why he felt the need to stand instead of just moving my chair to the left or to the damn right.

I let out an exasperated breath from fighting for my life and relax my calves to dip my spoolie back into the wax for a second. When I look back up at Colby, he has an eyebrow quirked at me.

"You good?" he asks coolly.

"Yep, you're just a damn giraffe and my calves are not made for extensive tiptoeing."

He laughs at me, and I roll my eyes. I did kind of miss it, though, the sound of him laughing.

“Why didn’t you say so, brat?” Colby squats and grips me behind my thighs, wrapping my legs around his wide hips and taking the few steps to the empty vanity next to mine, planting me on top of it. He doesn't leave space between my thighs when he speaks.

“Is that better?” Colby’s voice comes out low, and paired with the position we’re in, could anyone blame a girl for the flame it ignites within me? It’s so fucking wrong that remembering he’s my stepbrother only makes it feel better.

“Mmm, yeah. Definitely.” And it is better. It’s better because I feel close to him. It feels like he wants me in his space. Oh, and I can reach his face without losing blood flow to my hand.

“Just blemish stuff now, and then we’re done,” I whisper, our faces close.

“Mmhm.” He closes his eyes again, letting me resume my work, but he doesn’t leave the space that keeps my legs spread wide, and his hands slowly work their way up my thighs toward my hips again, the same way they did at the diner.

With an ache growing between my legs, I rush to apply a thin layer of concealer under his eyes, keeping it light so as to prevent creasing with the delicate skin.

My movements are quick but still sure while I gently pat the liquid on, then switch brushes to blend and seamlessly fan out the edges into his skin.

I hold his jaw in my hands, turning his head from side to side, looking for any glaring blemishes or ingrown hairs when I spot the scar above his eyebrow.

It's barely there, but I remember the day it happened as if it was yesterday.

FOURTEEN

HALE

THE PAST

“Please get off me. I want to go home. I’m not kidding, Andrew.” I shove at his chest, even though he continues to paw at my boobs, and his teeth are sinking into my neck so hard I know that I’m either bleeding, or there will be deep bruises in the morning.

“Come on, you just need to warm up to it a little. Everyone is nervous their first time,” he promises, but that’s not the case at all.

I’m not nervous for my first time; I just don’t want it to be with him.

Not with him, not like this. When pushing him away fails, I let my body go limp while I dig my hand between the cushions of the couch, the worn scratchy fabric enveloping each of my fingers while I feel for my phone to text the only person I know will come get me at this hour, when I shouldn’t even be out of the house.

My thumb slides over the keyboard sloppily.

ME:

Please come pick me up.

LOCATION PIN

Though my body is limp and I've stopped reacting, Andrew doesn't seem to notice, or maybe he just doesn't care. His hand gropes my crotch over my jean shorts, and he grunts. I just feel sick to my stomach.

I don't know how much time actually goes by between sending the text and the knock on the door, but when Andrew gets up to open it, I don't waste a second to grab my things and make a break for the door, prepping whatever excuse I have to use in front of his visitor and thanking whatever god is listening for their timing.

When I look up, I'm met with my favorite sets of eyes.

The door is wide open to Colby and Jackson, standing a solid foot above Andrew's height, both assessing my condition before looking back to Andrew.

Colby's eyes flick to my neck, then back to Andrew, and I see the moment everything clicks.

THE PRESENT

I wince, thinking of Colby spending the weekend in jail, Jackson reassuring me that he was a big boy and that he knew the repercussions of his own actions. When my concealer-coated brush dabs the skin above his eyebrow, his hand darts out, locking around my wrist.

"Don't." His eyes are open and glued to mine.

"It's okay, it won't take but another second, and then you can go," I reassure him.

"I don't want it covered," he says matter of factly.

"Don't we all have scars we wanna cover up?" I ask, my voice small as I watch the

emotions flicker within his eyes.

“Maybe, but I think I’m tired of hiding.

Tired of covering things up. Tired of not being able to feel the way I want to feel.

The way I do feel. Aren’t you?” His response ricochets around my insides like a pinball machine.

First within my ears, then digested by my brain, followed by hitting my metaphorical heart, before lodging itself within my rib cage.

His response suffocates me, so all I do is nod in return.

He threads his fingers into my hair, cupping my face wholly in his hand, sealing his lips over mine in a kiss that feels like home. It’s not soft like the one I shared with Sydnee. It’s rough and demanding, like he needs every bit of my body to keep him upright.

“Colby, you have to get on stage man. Now— Oh, Jesus Christ,” the stage manager calls out again as the opening tune begins to play outside.

“Bring me my mic and get the fuck out,” he says, breaking our kiss and leaving me breathless.

“What are you doing? You have to go.” I push him away, but he doesn't budge.

“How would you feel about being Neon Cherry’s feature tonight, brat?” His smile is devious, but I would do anything to have those teeth sinking into any part of my skin.

“I don’t understand...”

His stage manager tosses a cordless mic to Colby, who catches it with ease, checking to ensure it isn't switched on yet.

When I look back in the direction of the stage, I realize how close Jackson and Sydnee are.

I have the perfect view of them from here, and them equally of us as they stand there, confused by what's going on.

I'm too busy looking at Jax and Syd myself that I don't notice Colby motioning to them at first, and when I do, I'm too late to decipher what he's saying.

"We don't have a lot of time, so this is going to be fast. I promise to make it up to you later, though.

Don't hold back," Colby says as he lifts me off of the vanity, pulling my dress out from underneath me and up my body, over my breasts.

Both hands pull my panties down my legs and over my boots and, suddenly, I'm exposed to him right here in the venue.

He sinks to his knees in front of me, wrapping one arm around my thigh while holding my dress above my boobs with the same hand that holds the mic just under my chin.

"Sing pretty for them, brat," he commands as he slides his tongue between folds, simultaneously switching the microphone on. The first swipe of his tongue against my aching core is pure heaven, my moan paired with Sydnee's voice over the speakers.

"Oh, fuck," I cry out, looking over and watching my beautiful girl singing an erotic

tune, while my other man hits each perfect note on his guitar.

Colby doesn't stop his assault on my pussy.

He told me it would be fast, and he meant it.

He goes straight for the spot that makes me come without a shadow of a doubt.

After being denied my orgasm by Syd this morning, I'm even more sensitive now.

I can already feel my release building. With the crowd listening to my moans mixed with Sydnee's voice, it's an ultimate act of exhibitionism, except the only people who can see me are the ones I want to see me.

"C-Colby, I'm gonna— I'm gonna come," I moan, my voice echoing once more into the speakers around us, and this time, Colby clicks the mic off.

He sucks my clit a little harder, bending his fingers to tweak the spot I like, and before I know it, I'm exploding.

I come so fucking hard, I'm convinced the crowd can still hear me, even over the live music.

He aids me through a few shock waves before standing and giving me a wicked smile.

"You did amazing," he coos, grabbing the back of my neck and planting a wet kiss on my forehead.

He gives me no time to respond. My arrogant asshole walks out onto the stage, wiping his mouth before adjusting the crotch of his pants. The crowd screams his

name, all the while having no idea that the moans they just heard were from his stepsister coming on his face.

I watch as he begins to sing effortlessly, pants tented entirely. Despite still being in shock, and somehow still turned on, I figure I should probably get dressed on the off chance someone else makes their way in here.

There's just one problem.

My stepbrother is currently walking around the stage, singing his heart out, with my panties in his back fucking pocket.

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FIFTEEN

SYDNEE

“I promised you I’d make it up to you, and I intend to keep that promise.

Your little stunt with Colby won’t make me take it any easier on you tonight.

You’ll be giving me an orgasm too,” I whisper in Hale’s ear as the elevator takes us closer to our floor in the hotel.

My fingers draw circles on her legging-clothed ass against the elevator wall, wishing she hadn’t changed before we broke down equipment.

Glimpses of her pink thong hanging out of Colby’s back pocket while he moved across the stage all night dance in my mind.

The elevator dings, and neither of us wastes a second stepping out and away from the prying eyes of concert attendees.

We’re practically running back to our room, both out of breath when we make it to the door.

My body molds to hers against the door, kissing her breathlessly with teeth clashing and both of our hands pulling and tugging at different parts of each other’s bodies.

Words are spoken between us, but nothing coherent. My key card unlocks the door,

and we stumble in. Hale doesn't take her eyes off me for a moment as she pulls my shirt over my head. I watch her eyes rake over my body, but only for a moment before my mouth devours hers again.

She tastes like strawberry and sin, my delectable girl. A forbidden fruit that isn't mine for the taking, but I'll take anything that she's willing to give me, and right now, it's all of her.

"I want you. I need you," she whimpers. I share her ache.

My body craves hers in inexplicable ways.

My clit throbs with desperation to feel her slickness rubbing against mine repeatedly.

My fingers itch, knowing her moisture is just one barrier away.

But even as desperate as I feel, I stop her when she begins peeling off the same leggings my fingers traced circles over not too long ago.

"Wait."

She whines at my protest, her bottom lip jutting out. "You promised."

"Trust me, baby. Go out on the balcony, wait for me," I command her, knowing she'll put up a fight. "Just trust me," I say again when she looks at me, confused.

She doesn't know the plans I have for her yet, but she scoots herself off the bed and pads across the hotel room carpet to the sliding glass door, making her way onto the balcony.

Standing confident, the glow of the neon lights from the fairgrounds below shine

bright onto her sun-kissed skin.

She's a masterpiece, and she looks nothing short of it in this lighting.

Reluctant to pull my eyes away, but needing to, or else I'll never get out there, I unzip my suitcase and pull out the discreet and slender packaging that holds my brand-new wand vibrator.

It's powerful and unused. I always buy new toys after a breakup, and this last one was no different.

I didn't waste a second to replace my favorites when things were broken off and I knew I was coming on tour.

My past self definitely had my back, considering what I'm up to now.

I rip open the box with no regard, not wanting to waste a single second more to meet my girl on the balcony. The door remains open behind me when I join her beneath the glow. The boys will be here any time and I don't want them to miss this sight either.

"Why did you want me out here?" she asks.

The concrete is hard beneath my knees as I crawl above her to kiss her sweet lips again, wanting to bring her mind and body back to the place we were in before I ordered her to wait for me.

"My girl deserves a pretty view while she comes," I whisper against her lips.

"What view could be more beautiful than you?" She sighs when my hand gently grips her throat for leverage while my teeth nip her jaw.

“Spread your legs for me.”

She spreads them on command, surely assuming she'll feel my hand at any moment. I press the head of the vibrator against her clothed center, and her body jolts when it buzzes to life.

Her clit is hard and swollen against the silky material, and in this position, it's exposed directly to the fabric.

“Goddamn, Sydnee,” she cries, breaking away from my kiss against her skin to look down between us.

Her eyes follow my movements, where my hand drags the wand up and down the seam of her leggings, knowing the seam is vibrating every part of her gorgeous pussy.

She chews at her bottom lip that's pulled tightly between her teeth while whimpering explicit curses and doing nothing more than watching me at first, but my girl gets greedy.

Hale tries to pull away to remove her leggings before I stop her.

“No, leave them on,” I say, placing the vibrator back on her clit. She grinds against the toy but doesn't waste a second to ask why.

“You're going to come for me with them on. I want to see your tight little pussy make a mess for me through them.”

She throws her head back on a moan, my words undoubtedly working their way beneath her skin, exactly as I wished for them to.

With both hands flat on the concrete beneath us, her hips begin to work for her,

rubbing herself against the wand and finding the rhythm her body craves, all while I hover over her beautiful body and watch the pleasure build within her features.

“What is it, baby? Is it the vibrator?”

She shakes her head in response as her knees begin to wobble, but I don't hesitate to spread them back open.

“Hm. Is it being out in the open, so close to the fairgrounds, where anyone could hear you come for me?”

Another moan rips through her chest at that, and when I look down, I can see the dark grey pressed against her core beginning to spread.

“You look so good like this, wanton and needy, desperate to come for me.”

Hale's eager nod is aggressive. She's struggling through her heightening release, and I don't help the fact when I bend down, pushing her bra down with me to pull a taut pink nipple between my teeth.

“Scream for me. Scream for me while you come and soak through your fucking leggings. Give them the encore they didn't know they wanted, baby,” I tell her through a clenched jaw before sucking my lips around her skin too.

The added pressure to her clit with the wand sets her off, and I can feel her body convulse under me.

Each time she jerks, her nipple is pulled against my teeth, adding a bite to her pleasure.

When I sit back, I see it. I see the mess she's made and the puddle beneath her.

The soaked leggings at her center. I know her folds are just begging to be licked to calm the nerves after the orgasm.

I can see it in her eyes. But I didn't promise her calm.

I promised her I'd make it up to her, and I'm going to do that the only way I know how.

SIXTEEN

HALE

“You can’t put that inside of me,” I protest, but Syd’s fingers pushing slowly in and out of my aching walls beg a different plea. My body aches to be filled, to be filled by her, and as depraved as having a foreign object inside of me sounds, and maybe will feel, I think I do want it.

“I can, and you’re going to help me,” she assures me.

“What do you mean?” I ask, but she doesn’t answer. She removes her two fingers from deep inside of me before placing the mic just between us, holding the end-address to the soft skin just above her own core.

“Ride it. Ride it for me.” Her eyes stare up into mine, and I’m easily lost in them. I’m lost in my obsession with her, and how good it feels to be craved the way she craves me. To want her, and to be wanted in the exact same way.

“Let me watch you.” She pauses, her eyes raking over me and my body that sits above her, completely bare. “Let me watch you ride me.”

“What if it fucks it up? Like, what if it won’t work anymore after this? If I get it too wet or something?” My nerves tingle all the way to my toes over how purely sensual the moment is with the beautiful girl beneath me, and all she seeks is for me to ride this fucking microphone for her.

“Then I’ll buy a new one if it breaks. If it doesn’t, I’ll keep using this one on every tour until it does. There are a million microphones in this world, I’m sure, but there’s only one of you.”

I consume her words greedily, using them to fuel my muscles into moving.

My body shakes, extending my knees and shimmying up the lounge-style chair that we take up together until the tip of the microphone is poised just beneath my entrance.

I don’t know why I’m so nervous; it’s not like I haven’t had toys inside of me before.

But this isn’t a toy. This is the same microphone that I watched her dance all around the stage with while belting her heart out.

She gawks at my center, watching me sink down onto the handle of the cool microphone. Her skin is glowing from the impossible pattern of neon lights enveloping us, and between the taboo feeling of the microphone sliding against my inner walls and her beauty, I feel like I’m high.

The handle is so cool at first, the edges hard and rough against my needy walls that desperately clench in protest to its odd shape.

I can’t help but look between us, too. Where my pussy is nearly meeting her hand holding the mic steadily. My body so wet, so ready for her to fuck me, I’ve opened right up to it. My eyes return to her face to find her staring back at me, monitoring my reactions.

“You can take more,” she says breathlessly. I nod to her, lifting myself back up slightly before putting my weight back into my thrust downwards.

It feels like everything all at once, and it doesn't stop feeling like everything. Each time she meets my thrust, lifting the mic to meet my body, the knuckles of her thumb bumping into my sensitized clit over and over again, feels fucking perfect. It feels like a new beginning.

"You're coming with me this time," I tell her around a moan, arching my back and turning slightly so that my hand finds her own exposed bundle of nerves.

She's soaked entirely, and a new wave of arousal hums through my chest. My two fingers scissor her begging pink nub, massaging it gently, carefully avoiding the space beneath her clitoral hood to not cause overstimulation of the nerves too soon.

"When we get back home, you're going to strap me properly, right?" I ask, pinching her clit for good measure.

"Anything you want, baby," she moans for me.

"God, you're so pretty like this. How did the bottom top the top?"

"I laugh lightly, easing my way to push the tip of my finger into her sopping entrance.

"Is all of this for me?" I ask, bringing my fingers to my mouth for a taste.

"Fucking perfect." My tongue swirls around my two fingers, tasting her arousal, knowing she needs to be touched more.

"Taste yourself with me." The warning is small before our lips are just inches apart and she opens wide.

My saliva drops into her mouth, and my pussy clenches around the mic that she

continues fucking me torturously with.

My fingers return to her core, teasing and flicking the sensitive bundle until she's writhing beneath me, her movements with the microphone becoming so labored that neither of us can stand it anymore.

"Fuck this," I hiss as I pull myself off the mic for the last time, taking it out of her hand to drop it on the concrete below us.

The way it glistens and drips under the lights catches my eye, but not for long.

Sydney lifts my leg to slide hers out from beneath us, interlocking our bodies perfectly when she sits up to kiss me.

The moment both of our wet heats meet, I cry out.

Her beautiful wet flesh pulsates against mine, and our hips grind together tirelessly, working us further toward sharing the climax we both crave.

The taste of her lingers on both of our tongues, leaving my body to fight for which part of me gets to feel her.

I want to touch her and bring her to the brink of insanity with my fingers, my tongue, my own pussy, all of it.

I want to devour every sound she's making for me.

Every moan and whimper are swallowed between the two of us.

All I can do is hope there isn't anyone on the adjacent balconies.

I grind myself against any part of her I can, from her pubic bone to the tops of her thighs until we find a rhythm that works for us both. I'm so close when the look on her face changes, and bliss begins to set in.

"Is that it? Are you going to come against my pussy for me?" I coo to her, and Sydnee, the dominant woman she is fucking blushes for me, her breath catching in her throat as she hones in on the building orgasm.

The lines in her forehead scrunch as her body falls back against the lounge chair, leaving me to work our bodies together.

I watch her teeth sink deeply into her bottom lip, too deeply, before grasping her jaw and pushing my thumb past her opening lips.

"Suck. Suck while I make you come for me."

She immediately obeys. Her warm tongue ravishing my finger pushes me closer to my third orgasm of the day, my second with her tonight.

"Come with me. Come with me now," I plead, and her eyes go wide before she grips my hips, pistoning me to rub my thigh against her weeping core.

When I wake up, I assume it to be late into the night, but when I check my phone, I realize I've only been asleep for an hour or so.

I unravel myself in the embrace I'm locked into with Syd to look around for what could've woken me when a certain smell hits my nose. Eyes squinting, I can barely make out the boys in front of the glow from the fairgrounds that's somehow still up and running.

Part of me aches to go see the boys, check in with them, just be near them, but

leaving my beautiful girl alone in this bed feels like a crime on its own after the intimacy we've shared.

I bend back down and kiss her forehead, and when she doesn't stir, I decide to pull on a shirt and my panties and go to the boys, just to check on them.

The sliding glass door is already ajar, which explains the distinct skunk smell wafting its way into the hotel room, which I know will land a theft charge on Colby's credit card. Not that the idiot cares. When I step my bare feet back onto the cool concrete, they greet me in unison.

"Hey, brat," Colby says, passing the joint back to Jax.

"Hi, angel," Jax says sweetly, and I can't help but to laugh at the polar opposite greetings.

"Hi, guys, how was shutting down? Everything go okay?" I yawn, inhaling the night air when Jax passes the joint over to me. I fill my lungs before handing it off to Colby. Jax pulls me to straddle his lap, and my body snuggles into his warmth while I wait for the buzz of the weed to kick in.

"Everything went great. Derek rode off a little bit ago. Miss that fucker, wish he would stay in town a bit longer sometimes instead of just playing and dipping, but it is what it is." Colby sighs, looking over the railing at the Ferris wheel, I assume.

"You guys used to be close, yeah?" I whisper.

"Yeah, I get, he's got priorities and shit.

He hasn't been the same since his girl passed, and who's to blame him.

It fucked him up bad, and his little girl too.

I couldn't imagine." His tone is low and quiet, and probably the most thoughtful I've ever heard him.

I'm blaming it on the high he's probably feeling.

But still, he feels human, and as great of a snuggler as Jax is, I can't help but wish I could hold Colby too.

"Anyway, how was your night, brat?" he asks me. I feel my cheeks burn red, and I bury my face in Jax's chest to avoid the question, but the fuckhead tickles me instead.

"Okay, stop!" I yell, far too loud. "It was amazing. Syd, she's amazing."

"Ooooooh," Jax teases me, poking at my ribs again. "My girlfriend has a girlfriend, huh?"

"I'm not your girlfriend." My eyes roll, and I shove at his chest, crossing my arms over mine.

"You could be," Colby says matter of factly, not looking up at me as he re-lights the end of the joint, bringing it to his lips to inhale and stoke the embers back to life. I watch the red glow and consider his words carefully.

"But what does that mean? All of this?" I gesture my hands wildly.

"It means, we belong to you, and you belong to us. All of us."

I'm at a loss for words, so I sit quietly and ponder, feeling the high seep into my extremities. Goddamn, I'm a lightweight these days, but that doesn't stop me from

taking the joint back on the next pass, holding the puff in my lungs for even longer this time, mostly as an excuse to stay quiet.

“You don’t have to decide anything right now,” Jax says, but the look in Colby’s eyes says something different entirely.

SEVENTEEN

COLBY

Jackson is a liar. Maybe not intentionally, but I selfishly want her to decide right now.

I want her to say yes to this. To us, to letting the three of us always take care of her.

To letting Jackson and I finally love her the way we were always meant to and building the blatantly obvious connection and chemistry that she shares with Sydnee.

It could be easy. The four of us, going on tours, living our lives, finally having a reason to keep doing this shit again.

The girls and the drugs stopped doing it for me early on in my career.

The music has been worth sticking around for, but adding Hale to the mix...

I can't let her go again. The connection we share, it may not be okay to most, but I don't care.

There wasn't a day in my life that I saw her as a sister. She's always been mine.

Mine to ruin, mine to take, mine to keep .

Maybe we lost ourselves along the way, and maybe I'm too damn high to be thinking this deeply.

“But decide anyway. Be with us, the three of us. Let us take care of you, let us be yours in every sense.” My lips form the words too quickly, and Hale’s head whips in my direction.

“Is it that simple?” she whispers, her voice barely audible to me. I scoot myself across the lounge chair, close enough to touch her.

“It is. It can be.” My palm makes its way to her face, stroking one large finger down her cheek just to feel her skin beneath mine. Her breath catches, and her eyes meet mine.

“I don’t know. We said...” She pauses and bites her lip. “We said this was a one-time thing.”

“No, you said that. We never agreed to let you go,” Jackson says surely, his arms clutching tighter around her body.

Blame it on the weed or the way the lights dance across her sleepy eyes, but I can't look away from her. Maybe out of fear that once I do, the connection that we've shared will be over, the mirage broken.

“Okay.” Haley’s agreement is soft, causing my heart to begin pumping double time. I think it’s trying to escape, break free, and crawl home to her, to its owner and keeper.

“Okay?” I barely breathe, the two of us holding on to Hale so tight.

“We can try?—”

My lips land against hers, pulling her slightly from Jackson’s lap to cup her face between both of my hands. I try to give her all of me. My devotion, my praise, through this kiss. She breathes deeply, and I inhale the scent of mint from her.

She's perfect. She's perfect as my tongue pushes past her lips, and she opens her mouth wider for my exploration.

I could devour her in one sitting, but Jackson pulls her from me.

Their lips tangle together instantly, so naturally, and damn, they look good together.

She whimpers against him, and my eyes follow their bodies to see his groin pressed tightly against her.

When she releases a deep moan, he pulls her plump bottom lip between his teeth.

The sight of them causes goosebumps along my skin. As jealous as I am that another man is causing those sighs to fall from her lips, I also relish the idea that both of us will bring her pleasure together soon enough.

Jackson makes his way to her throat, biting and sucking at her tender flesh when, suddenly, Hale turns on me.

"You got to taste me. Now it's my turn to taste you. Pants off." Her tone is demanding, with eyes full of need. The sleepy girl who tiptoed onto this balcony is long gone now.

"Can you take us both, brat? Can you be a good girl and ride Jackson's cock while you suck me?" I ask, rubbing my finger back and forth over her bottom lip.

"Yes, I want you both," she says, tongue darting out of her mouth to catch my thumb. My cock jumps, straining against my zipper and longing for her beautiful wet mouth.

"So bratty, but so fucking sweet," I whisper to her while her wet tongue swirls endlessly around my thumb, Jackson's antics beneath her causing a moan deep in her

throat that vibrates my digit.

The three of us getting undressed is messy and chaotic, but finding our places together again is equally beautiful. Hale hovers over Jackson's cock with the tip of mine dancing in front of her.

"Do your worst, little angel. Let us see what you're made of.

Show us you really want to be ours ," Jackson coos as he pulls Hale's hips down onto him in a deep thrust. Her eyes pinch shut hard, tightening her grip on the base of my cock.

I grasp her chin between my finger and my thumb, willing her to look at me.

"Open for me."

She does as instructed, her tongue on the underside of my member shooting sparks up my spine before closing her lips around me tightly. She moves slowly at first, matching Jackson's thrusts with her throat.

"Keep your eyes on me, brat," I remind her.

"Give her more, she can take it," I look over to Jackson, who nods, immediately thrusting into her harder from below, her perky tits shaking with each movement, and my cock beginning to hit the back of her throat repeatedly.

Hale's eyes roll back when a tear slides down the right side of her face.

I can't help but run my finger through it, taking my own cut of any juices she produces for us.

“Relax your jaw and open your throat. If it becomes too much, smack my leg.”

Hale tries to pull herself off of my cock to say something, but I don't allow it.

“Blink twice if you understand and agree.”

She blinks twice in succession, and I try to give her a second to change her mind, but it's too late.

A groan tears from my chest when I wrap my hand up in a fistful of her hair, slamming myself to the back of her throat.

She takes it perfectly, throat fully relaxed for me to fuck her face.

My girl tries her best to keep her lips suctioned around my cock.

Every few strokes, her cheeks hollow out, but not well.

My other hand grips beneath her chin at the top of her throat, keeping her mouth positioned so that even her small frame can accommodate most of me.

She's taking us so much better than I expected, and is staying shockingly obedient.

“How does she feel, Jackson? Tell me how my stepsister's pretty little cunt feels.”

“Heaven,” he groans, his head falling back onto the lounge chair as he continues to use her.

“She can fit us both, you think?” I smile, knowing full well it's a devilish idea when Hale's eyes go wide, staring up at me. She can't talk around my cock, of course, but that doesn't stop her from trying. Whatever she's saying is surely explicit.

“Shh, you said you can take us both didn’t you?” I pull my cock out of her mouth, and the sound of air rushing into her lungs takes up the space around us.

“No, wait, there’s no way.” Her words mash together in her panic.

“We’ll take care of you,” I tell her. “If it’s too much, we stop, no questions asked.

Spin around and focus on your Jaxie. I smile over her shoulder at Jackson, who has always hated when I tease him with the nickname.

But she does as instructed, lifting herself off him and turning around in his lap before straddling him once more.

Her small hand moves between them, lining him up with her entrance before fully seating herself on top of him.

She moans the most angelic sound before they’re kissing again.

Jackson does well at keeping her distracted, claiming her lips through each moan, taking her beautifully slow while I work myself in my fist.

The tip of my cock nudges her entrance, while Jackson’s slides back and forth against my sensitive head.

Fuck, I’ve never felt anything like this moment all on its own, and I haven’t even made it inside of her yet.

Remembering the feeling, and the view, of her sucking me so deeply paired with the anticipation of what’s to come now along with the fucked-up enjoyment that I’m getting from just the feeling of Jackson’s dick slipping against mine, lubricated by our girl’s wetness.

I meet Jackson's gaze once more over Hale's shoulder, giving him a nod before applying more pressure at her entrance.

He gets the message loud and clear, focusing in on Hale now and watching her cues.

Her body shoots nearly upright while she gasps, but Jackson leans forward to draw a hard pink nipple into his mouth.

The eye contact they share in this moment—Hale stroking his hair and whimpering while he lavishes her beautiful tit—it undoes something inside of me.

The jealousy not quite faded, I push against her a little more, her tightness resisting every bit of my entry, but I push anyways.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not a monster, but part of me needs to steal her focus, even for a moment. The sound she lets out is breathtaking, and knowing I caused it is even better.

"I'm in. You're doing so fucking good, Hale."

"I don't know if I can do it," Hale whimpers in response, her back arched, giving me access to her forehead, where I kiss her gently.

"Look at you, brat. Quivering between us. You said you would be ours, didn't you? You wanted this, and now you're going to take us, every fucking inch of both of us," I grit out against her ear while she nods feverishly.

I give myself a second to breathe while Jackson continues his slow pumps, continuing to rub against me and keeping my desperation at bay momentarily. The moment doesn't last long, though, because his hand snakes its way between their bodies, assumingly to rub against her clit.

She cries out so fucking sweetly, her pussy clenching around us both, and the very next time she releases, I slide myself deeper, my body so close to molding against hers, but not quite.

“Talk to us, angel,” Jackson says, continuing to massage her clit.

“S-so full... I can’t,” she cries, and I think it makes my dick a little harder for her. We’re tipping over the line of consensual non-consent here, but not a single one of us can get enough.

“You can't be ours?” Jackson fakes a pout, halting his thrusts, and my chest aches at the loss of friction.

“No! Please. Don’t stop, I’m yours,” she says into the open air, moaning our claim on her for everyone to hear.

“Ours,” he reassures, resuming his touches.

“I’m going to fuck you like you’re ours now,” I promise her.

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EIGHTEEN

JACKSON

My dignity cringes at the words I'm about to say, but it doesn't matter.

"Guys." I pause, wishing I didn't have to announce it. "Not gonna last long."

Hale whimpers on my chest, looking down at me with her swollen bottom lip pulled tightly between her teeth.

After getting Colby inside of her, the rhythm we've been in, the three of us, has been pure fucking bliss.

Between the feeling of Colby sliding against my own cock deep inside of our girl, paired with the extraordinary way that my angel moans above me, I don't know how I've lasted this long to begin with.

She's perfect, more than perfect, everything I could've even imagined she would be, and then some.

"Hope your recovery period is quick," Colby pants, still working himself into Hale over and over, and it feels like it's me against the two of them keeping my orgasm at bay.

I can still hear the crowd below us on the fairgrounds, and just barely see the top of the Ferris wheel from where I lay.

There's no way in hell we should be doing this here, but thankfully, we're too far away from everyone for anyone to actually see anything.

I think I'd lose it if anyone besides the three of us saw how fucking pretty she falls apart.

Hale's head comes down, snuggling into my neck and sucking hard on the tender flesh, and my balls tighten instantly. When her teeth graze my neck before locking down, I lose every bit of restraint I have left.

"Coming," I pant for her. She half giggles, half moans while my cum drips out of her and back onto me, but I fucking love it.

Colby doesn't stop jack hammering into her as I soften and work my way out of her heat, but he does scoop up her body while he's still inside to carry her to the edge of the balcony.

"Well, damn, I think I missed a chapter," Syd says from the doorway, eyes glued to Hale as she writhes and pants against the balcony railing. Her beautiful eyes mirror the neon lights around us.

Hale extends a hand to Syd. "Need you," she gasps. Syd doesn't waste a second crossing the concrete, stripping the shirt and panties she stood in the doorway wearing, and getting on her knees in front of our girl.

"Jesus," I whisper, stroking my already re-hardening cock as I watch Syd immediately begin flicking Hale's clit with her tongue at the best angle she can.

"You think anyone has the same sense as us, taking our beautiful girl while she gets to watch the night sky and the beautiful lights? Maybe on top of the Ferris wheel over there?" Colby says.

Nothing coherent comes from anyone, but we all collectively moan, whimper, or grunt in response.

“No one stop. Holy fuck,” Hale cries as her eyes connect with mine, then pan down to where I pleasure myself for her.

“You want to be marked in all of our releases tonight?” Colby asks her in a gruff voice.

“P-please,” she begs, gasping with pleasure.

“Then come for me, and I’ll come for you.”

Right on cue, she explodes. Colby’s arms lock around her as she tremors, and Syd’s tongue begins to slow as she eases Hale through the waves of her orgasm while my second of the night drips onto the concrete below me.

The last few days have been messy, beautiful, insane, and out of all of it, I can’t believe we finally get to call her ours. Our relationship with her may have developed quickly, but I wouldn’t change a thing.

Sharing may never have been a part of the plan, but now, I don’t know if I could imagine doing it another way. The four of us have a lot to learn, especially regarding being a foursome couple, but I’m willing to learn anything for her, be anything for her, because she deserves the world.

As we lay our thoroughly fucked angel back in the bed, each of us snuggling into her in a different way, I can’t help but cradle her stomach where my head rests and whisper a million thank yous to whatever entity is listening.

The end. 3

Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 6:25 am

HALE

It took a long time to get used to having three romantic partners. My brain took several months to adjust, always trying to make sure everyone was getting equal time with me and not neglecting anyone. Now I just roll with the punches.

The first few months were rough. Every sleazy magazine and bullshit gossip site had photos of the four of us in the diner, and poorly blurred versions of the photos were everywhere I turned.

Though Colby tried to ensure our twisted affair was cleaned up properly, being caught in the middle of the act itself wasn't something we considered.

I could barely open any social media app without being confronted by my own features twisted in pleasure, all with some version of the same raunchy headline.

“NEON CHERRY’S LEAD FUCKS HIS STEPSISTER!”

Our parents weren't thrilled, but we don't talk to them much these days anyway. Now that the drama has died down, we're back on the road, and I finally get to do what I love, watching my two amazing boyfriends and girlfriend perform. It's truly a fucking dream.

Sydnee lets me try fun styles with her hair now, the boys don't bitch too much when I veto their outfit choices, and I have full rein of Neon Cherry's social media, meaning the filtered word list is long.

We upgraded the tour bus too, one that has a much bigger bed for the four of us. Not that we're in it much for anything besides infamous group activities, but it's nice to have when the mood does strike.

Even now, we all sit on the bus, doing our separate things, but it's beyond comfortable.

Syd and I are curled up on the tiny sofa, her writing music, me online shopping.

Both very important jobs, of course. Colby is at the small table, eating his cereal like his life depends on it and going over the surprise single that they're dropping this week, and Jackson sits opposite of him, testing new chord progressions.

It's pure bliss. Despite how unsure I was, and how we all promised it would be a one-time thing, I'm so glad that the two knuckleheads didn't give up on me and that Sydnee rolled with the punches to grow our connection too.

I may not know what six from now looks like, but I sure as fuck hope it looks a lot like this.