



Huge (Huge #1)

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Category: Dark Erotica

Description: I didn't mean to see it.

It was his fault for leaving his door open while he was getting changed.

I've seen my stepbrother's gorgeous, ripped body before, and have been half in love with him since he moved into my house. He's cocky and sexy and when he calls me princess, I want to punch him in the mouth.

But I've never seen a d*ck that big, and now I have, I can't seem to think of anything else.

I want him but crossing the line could risk the happiness of our new home.

Harrison would never make the first move, so I guess I'm going to have to find a way.

And the masked Halloween party at his best friend's house seems like too good an opportunity to pass up.

HUGE is a stepbrother romance with a happy ever after ending. Its book 1 in the Bestselling Huge Series, standalone romances with characters who continue to make appearances!

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CONFESSIONS

My name is Jenna, and I'm a pervert. Well, not really, or at least not purposefully. I place all the blame on my stepbrother, Harrison, for leaving his bedroom door ajar while he was changing. I mean, he knows I'm in the house and that there's a chance I might be upstairs. And I guess I should put some of it down to fate or karma or whatever, for sending me walking past at just the right moment to see his amazing naked body full frontal.

That chest.

Those abs.

Gloriously smooth tan skin and the little happy-trail leading down from his navel to areas I've tried never to think about before. I mean, we have a pool in our backyard, so it's not like I've never seen him in swimwear, but baggy board shorts still cover a lot.

Maybe I shouldn't have been looking into his room as I passed. I guess I'm guilty of that. He deserves his privacy, I suppose. But if he valued it that much, he wouldn't have been toweling himself dry where anyone could walk past and see his cock in all its glory, would he? And glorious, it was too.

I'm no virgin, but I've never seen a dick like that before. Even hanging like it was, it looked like it had a life of its own. Long and straight and thick as my forearm. Perfectly smooth and tan, like the skin on the rest of his body. And everything so neatly trimmed too.

Fuck, I'm salivating just thinking about it, and my poor neglected fuffie is all hot and bothered. It's been a few months since I decided that my ex, Bradley, wasn't doing anything for me I couldn't do for myself. All that boring talk about football killed any feelings I had for him. On our last date, I got close to stuffing my ears with chunks of bread roll to block out his drone.

But Harrison's not like that. We've only been living in the same house for a year since our parents finally decided that their three years of dating were indeed true love and tied the knot. It was strange at first to be waking up in the same household as such a gorgeous slice of manhood, but I was with Bradley at the time, so I tried not to feel attracted to my new stepbrother. The trouble is, in addition to being a total hottie, Harrison is also hilarious, and interesting, and caring, and now that I'm single, I can admit to having a total crush on him.

Does it count as a crush when you think about someone all the time and wish like hell they weren't related to you by marriage? Does it count as a crush when your heart hurts a little each time you see them with another girl, even when they aren't dating?

I think it might be more than a crush.

And now I've seen him naked, it's even worse. I just can't get that image out of my head.

My brain seems to have discarded sense and rational thought and is now fully engaged on Harrison's cock. And it's kind of scary because I'm usually the type of girl who, when she knows what she wants, always goes out to get it. But this time, it's not that simple. This time, there's the fact he's my stepbrother, and my dad is married to his mom.

I felt guilty enough when all I was doing was thinking about how great he was and wishing we could be more. Now I feel like a deviant because my mind has moved to

fantasizing about that big thing pushing inside me, and Harrison looking down at me with his warm hazel eyes and telling me I'm his girl.

Yes, I might be a pervert, but it seems I am also a romantic.

Just imagining him lying on his bed, naked as the day he was born, stroking that massive thing up and down, makes my cheeks flame. Erect it would be big enough to club someone to death with. God. I'm sweating, and it's October. My physical situation definitely has nothing to do with the weather.

I don't think Harrison saw me. He was watching TV, rubbing himself dry in that absent-minded way that's so hot — just stroking his big blue towel over his body slowly even though he looked pretty dry already. If I'd been two seconds later, I might have missed the whole show. Two seconds earlier, and he might have caught me gaping at him.

It must be some kind of primitive instinct that's buried deep within my DNA. That's the only explanation I have for it. I've never had a fixation like this before. But maybe it's because it's Harrison, and in the first few months we lived together, he was so great. He always remembers things I've told him, and important dates, and even opens the car door for his mom. The thing is that more recently he has started to drive me a little insane. See, he has a tendency to tease me, exactly like a real big brother would.

When he calls me Princess, I want to kill him.

I've been hiding out in my room ever since I saw what I saw, dreading dinner when I'm going to have to go downstairs and make polite conversation with the family and try to put all these jumbled and dirty thoughts out of my mind.

As if Harrison's mom, Lacey, can hear my daydreaming, I hear her yelling that the

food is ready. I close my laptop, stand up from my desk and run my hands over my hot cheeks, trying to gather some composure. Fuck. I can't do this. Harrison and I sit next to each other at the table, close enough for our arms to brush if we're cutting into a steak or something that needs a bit of extra effort. I think if our skin touched tonight, I might combust. I use my bathroom to run my wrists under the cold water, hoping it will take the heat out of my blood, and I blot my face with a tissue to get rid of the shine. In the mirror, my eyes look alive, and my skin is glowing. Sex thoughts seem to have a positive effect on my appearance.

I hear the thump of Harrison as he makes his way downstairs and the rumble of his deep voice as he talks to his mom. My dad is away on business, so it's just going to be the three of us for dinner. More pressure to make conversation. More risk that someone will notice my face and the fact it's likely to turn beet-red as soon as I enter the kitchen. I'm just praying that we're not having jumbo hot-dogs for dinner or I might pass out.

With dad out of town, I decide at the last minute to switch to his seat. It's opposite Harrison instead of next to him, and when I sit, he looks at me surprised, then sniffs his armpit. "Do I smell?"

"No," I blurt out, flustered. "You just had a shower." Oh god, it's the most stupid thing I could have said, and he looks slightly intrigued at my obvious embarrassment. I definitely make everything worse by telling him I heard the water in the pipes.

"So why are you sitting over there, then?" he asks.

"I just felt like a change." I shrug in a pathetic attempt to appear nonchalant, reaching for the water jug, so I have something to do with my hands.

He looks so damn good in the t-shirt he's wearing. It's nothing special, just an old grey thing that's probably been through the washer a hundred times, but it fits him

like a second skin. And I think he's a little cold because his nipples are hard. Fuck. I'm noticing his nipples and here comes the blush. When I look up with a start, Harrison's looking at me, bemused.

"Are you okay, Jenna? You're acting strange, and your face has gone all red."

"Yeah, I'm fine," I say, swallowing down a whole glass of iced water. "Just feeling hot."

Lacey picks precisely that moment to bustle in with a steaming pot of something. "We're having chili tonight. Your dad hates it, so I thought we could indulge while he's away." She smiles at the thought of dad, and his picky eating, and I groan internally. They are still so loved up. It's nauseating, and kind of sweet, too. Dad had been on his own for too long, and I'm glad he found someone as lovely as Lacey to care for him.

"That's great. Thanks, Lace," I say.

"Are you sure, Jenna?" Harrison asks. "You know, with your hot flush and all."

Lacey looks at me, then rests a cool hand on my flaming forehead. "Aren't you feeling good?" she asks with concern.

"I'm fine," I say, shooting daggers at Harrison. Lacey glances between us, perplexed, then nods and retreats to the kitchen for the rest of the food. I continue to glare at Harrison, who laughs and shrugs as if he wasn't trying to be funny. I look around the room, struggling to think of anything else to say that won't provoke another of his attempts at humor. And I'm desperate to find something to take my mind away from where it wants to go.

"I overheard you talking about a Halloween party," Lacey says as she comes back

with another large pot.

“Yeah.” Harrison holds his plate out for the first helping of dinner. “Jacob’s parents are out of town, and they’ve said he could have a party.”

Lacey’s eyebrows practically hit her hairline. “They’re braver than I am. I don’t think I’d ever feel comfortable leaving this house in your hands.” She shakes her head and chuckles. “I remember some of the house parties I went to.”

“Oh yeah,” Harrison says, shoveling a forkful of chili and rice into his mouth and chewing.

“Yeah. You guys didn’t invent having a good time, you know?” She laughs. “So, is it a dress-up party?”

I chuckle, thinking it’s more likely going to be an undress party, but Harrison nods. “Jacob’s got a thing about horror movies. He wants everyone dressed in something terrifying.”

“So, what costume are you getting?” Lacey asks.

“I was thinking of Freddie Kruger, but it’s a little clichéd.”

“Mmm...I’ll have a think,” Lacey says. “Are you going to go, Jenna?”

“I doubt it,” I reply. “Wouldn’t want to cramp Harrison’s style.”

“Oh, don’t you worry about that, princess,” he says with a grin that makes me want to slap him and sit on his face all at the same time. “It won’t bother me if you’re there.”

“Oh yeah,” I say, and a spark of an idea comes into my head. “Well, I’ve got plans

already.”

As Harrison and his mom debate horror movie costumes, I begin to plot. If everyone at Jacob’s party is going to be in fancy dress, maybe I can have a little fun with Mr. Hilarious over there. He thinks he’s Johnny-big-bollocks, but I’ll show him who’s got the biggest balls. It’s a moment of perfect clarity, and total insanity rolled into one. I’m going to rent a costume of my own, something sexy with a full mask and wig, so he won’t know it’s me, then I’m going to go to that stupid party and get my hands on Harrison, just one time. I know I’ll never get a chance for more, so I might as well make the most of the weapon that Harrison’s stashing in his boxers.

He might call me princess as a joke, but when I’ve finished with him, he’ll be worshiping at my royal feet.

It’s perfect.

I get what I want, and hopefully, it’ll get my fixation out of my system. I’ll get the memories, and he’ll never find out it was me.

Everyone will be happy.

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CONCEALMENT

Harrison decided to dress up as Pinhead from Hellraiser. I guess he's going for the retro effect and thinks it's totally hilarious when he jumps out on me as I walk through the front door and frightens me half to death.

My costume has been causing me some trouble. I need something sexy. I wouldn't be able to seduce Harrison wearing something gross. But it also has to keep me as anonymous as possible. All the horror masks I looked at were seriously scary and grotesque.

In the end, I settle on being a vampire with a black lace bat-shaped mask, a long black wig with bangs, and a short black and red dress that flares out around my thighs and has a high collar to complete the effect. I buy a palette of face paint and some fake blood, but draw the line at fake teeth, because, well, I'm planning to do things with my mouth that don't involve piercing jugulars!

I practice the look once, a couple of days before the party, so I can make sure I have everything I need. It's strange to cover up my short blonde hair with a long black wig. In the dress, I feel like a different person. Edgy. More powerful. With the make-up and mask in place, I'm almost unrecognizable. The one thing I worry would give me away is my eyes. I've inherited my mother's yellow-green cat eyes, and they're pretty unique. So much so, I decide to buy some colored contacts, opting for violet to really complete the effect.

On the night, I wait for Harrison to leave. I knew he'd want to come and show off his costume before he left, so I make sure to stuff all my accessories in the closet.

“So, what do you think?” he asks, sticking his head around my door, then coming to stand in my room.

Even dressed as a twisted horror character, he looks gorgeous. The black robe clings to his chest and shoulders, and he looks so damn tall, too.

“You’re never going to pull in that,” I say, knowing it’ll annoy the shit out of him.

“Course, I will. If I see someone I like, I’ll just ditch the mask. Girls can’t resist a man in costume.”

“Oh yeah,” I say, inwardly chuckling a crazy horror cackle. He has no idea what’s coming his way.

“Well, I guess I’ll see you tomorrow,” Harrison says, looking me over. I’ve dressed in a little black tube dress and heels, so I look like I’m heading out somewhere myself.

“Yeah, have a great night,” I say, bending over to do the strap on my shoe. Harrison clears his throat, and when I look up at him, he looks almost guilty for something. “What?” I ask, wondering what I’ve missed.

“Nothing,” he replies quickly. “I’m out, okay. Going to get a ride with Luka.” He disappears through my bedroom door before I can answer.

When I hear the front door bang and Harrison’s feet plodding down the sidewalk towards Luka’s house, I throw open my closet and grab my outfit. My hands are shaking as I pull up the fishnet stockings and strap up my four-inch heels. The dress is so tight it gives me the most amazing cleavage. My white face make-up looks ghoulish but not unpleasant, teamed with red lips and smoky eyes. As I slip on the wig, put in the contacts, and tie on the mask, my transformation is complete. There is

absolutely no way Harrison is going to recognize me.

I call a cab and wait for it to arrive, pacing up and down in my room. Dad and Lacey have gone to one of dad's work socials, so I have the house to myself, which is perfect because there's no way I want anyone to witness me leaving dressed like this.

The cab is late but not by much, and I'm confident that Harrison would have already arrived at Jacob's and be a few drinks into his evening. That's pretty key. There's one part of me I'll struggle to change and that's my voice, but if he's a little drunk, my attempts at a sexy, husky modification might seem more believable.

On the journey, my hands are trembling. I never go to parties alone. Girls like to hang in packs or with a boyfriend. Lone females might as well have a neon arrow over their head saying 'easy target,' and I guess that's the look I'm going for tonight.

I want to turn heads.

I want to be mysterious.

I want the speculation, and I want Harrison's eyes on me. Maybe I'm crazy. I keep thinking I'm crazy. Part of me wants to tell the shady-looking cab driver to turn around so I can spend the rest of the evening trying to get myself out of my disguise. The other part of me, the desperately hot, clenching bit, wants to strut into that party, take my stepbrother by the hand and lead him up the stairs. My mind slides over to its new favorite image, the thing that hangs so spectacularly between Harrison's thighs. I feel breathless thinking about it, frantic and dazed. I'm a massive bag of hormones craving a cock that could only be described as huge, attached to a man that is totally infuriating and off-limits, but that I know has a heart of gold.

This has to be the most insane thing I'd ever done.

I ask to pull over a few houses away from Jacob's, so I won't be getting out directly in front. There are other people arriving, all in crazy Halloween costumes. The music is loud enough to be heard outside; something upbeat with a deep base. Jacob has obviously gone all out with the organization because colored flashing lights can be seen illuminating the inside of the house through the windows.

I pay the cab driver through the window, then make my way slowly along the sidewalk. Just as I'm about to walk up to the front door, another cab drops a group of other partygoers outside. I stall, looking into my clutch, pausing to wait for them to pay, and walk past me. I follow, using their arrival to lessen the impact of mine. I'm confident people won't recognize me, but I don't want to do anything to draw extra speculation. A man I don't know opens the door, but he looks a bit like Jacob, so I assume he's family. A cousin maybe. "Come on in, and go and get wasted," he shouts, pointing through to the kitchen area. I've been to Jacob's house a few times before. He dated Bethany, one of my besties, for a few months last year. The pool in his backyard is enormous, and he knows how to grill too.

I shuffle in with the others, who are all dressed in tacky Halloween costumes. I'm glad not to be the only one who's ignored the 'horror movie' theme. The music is loud, the floor pulsing under my feet, and it's dark too, with only fairy lights and pumpkins casting a dim glow in the corridor. In the kitchen, it's brighter, but I don't recognize anyone yet. I find a bottle of vodka and pour myself half a cup, then top it up with warm coke. It tastes like shit, but I need the warm feeling as it spills into my stomach. I need the fuzziness that I know it will wrap around my mind. I need guts to do what I'm going to do.

I take my half-finished drink and wander into the spacious den. There are people lounging on couches, talking, and drinking, which looks really strange because they are all in full costume. Others are dancing by the doors to the backyard. I scan the room quickly to find Harrison and see him sitting on the edge of a coffee table, chatting to some girls that are seated on the floor. One is dressed like a slutty zombie

schoolgirl and the other like a sexy witch. He's laughing hard, and they're giggling, and I'm filled with poisonous boiling jealousy that makes me want to hiss. One of Harrison's friends taps him on the shoulder and makes a 'drink' gesture. Harrison nods and then swallows what's left in his cup and passes it over. If I know Harrison, he'll be sticking to beer. He gets terrible hangovers on the hard stuff.

I hang against the wall, pretending to look at the books and photographs on the shelves, glancing at Harrison out of the corner of my eye. Jacob's mom has an interesting collection of novels. I wonder if her son has noticed the smutty books she likes to read and keeps on display. I sip my drink slowly. It's a prop now, giving me something to do, so that I look less conspicuous. The next time I glance at Harrison, the girls are getting up and walking away, chatting. They head towards the stairs, probably looking for the bathroom. Harrison glances around for someone familiar, although how he'd recognize who is under the latex masks most people are in, I've no idea. I'm just about to move in his direction when I feel a hand on my waist and a gust of breath against my ear. "Nice costume," a deep voice murmurs. "Looking for some company?"

I don't recognize the man behind me from his tone. His hand is so big his fingers almost reach my navel, and he's tall, stooping down to talk to me. I was hoping my costume was going to attract attention, but not from strangers.

I turn and catch sight of Freddie Krueger's rubbery representation standing behind me. Seduction with the mask of a killer somehow doesn't come across very well.

"It's a costume party," I say dismissively, looking back at Harrison. He's still there, looking at his phone, his Pinhead mask illuminated by the screen. He looks strange and otherworldly, and I just want to shrug off the pest behind me and get over there before another one of these bimbos gets there first.

"And you carry it off so well," the stranger says, his other hand moving to stroke my

neck.

“Hey,” I spin around, definitely not up for the kind of attention he seems to want to give. Freddie raises his hands in surrender. “I wasn’t doing anything,” he says and takes a step back before I have a chance to reply. I see movement out of the corner of my eye and find Harrison walking towards me. “Everything okay?” he asks and for a moment I panic, thinking he’s recognized me, but then I realize that this is typical Harrison behavior. He has a powerful sense of right and wrong. And, despite being a terrible flirt, he’s always very respectful.

I take the opportunity to move closer to him as if I’m seeking protection. I feel bad for Freddie because he was just flirting, and my actions are making him look like a sexual predator. He doesn’t seem concerned, though, walking away and disappearing into the crowd by the doors to the deck.

“Thanks,” I whisper, and I see Harrison’s eyes, behind his mask, flick to mine.

I wait for a sign that he recognizes me, but I don’t see one. What I do see is the narrowing of his eyes as he smiles at me beneath his terrifying mask.

“You know that you’re asking for trouble coming to a party full of horny men wearing an outfit like that?”

I look down at my costume as though I’m surprised by what he’s saying, but inside I’m dancing. He noticed.

“It’s just a costume,” I say, keeping my voice low.

“That’s not a costume,” he says huskily. “It’s a work of art.”

I grin at him and do an exaggerated curtsy. “Glad it worked out so well.”

“It really did.” He shakes his head. “You gonna give me a twirl so I can see it in all its glory?”

“If you want.” I pivot on my ridiculous heels, concentrating so I don’t fall and make a fool of myself.

“Damn,” he mutters, and when I turn back to face him, he has a hand over his heart. “If I wasn’t so young and fit, you might have just given me a heart attack.”

“Shut up,” I say, tossing the hair of my wig over my shoulder. The black strands tickle my bare back.

“I’m serious,” he says. “I’m Harrison, by the way.” He holds his hand out for me to shake and I want to laugh at how different he is to me when he thinks I’m not his stepsister, just a hot piece of ass ripe for the picking.

“Mandy,” I say. It’s the first name that comes into my head.

“Short for Amanda?”

“Just Mandy.”

“It’s cute. Reminds me of the show...Morkand Mandy.”

“That was Mindy!” I splutter with laughter, and he puts his hands on his hips.

“Don’t you know that guys hate being laughed at?” he says in a mock-serious voice. I know all his tones, having lived with him for so long. For the first time since I came up with this ridiculous plan, I feel predatory. If I ever get him upstairs, I know he’ll enjoy himself, and if I can keep in character, he’ll never know it was me, but I’ll know. I’ll remember that I used my knowledge of him as my stepbrother to seduce

him, and rather than it making me feel powerful, suddenly I feel manipulative.

I shrug my shoulders, feeling despondent, the idea of going home seriously crossing my mind. All the preparation, all the secret longing, seems ridiculous. What kind of person am I to put my own desires and feelings above someone else's in such a big way, particularly someone that I know and care for?

"Hey," he says, putting his hand on the top of my arm. "I was only joking."

"I know," I whisper. It's too noisy for him to hear my mouse-voice, but he must lip read.

"You want to go somewhere for a bit? Somewhere quieter?"

"Sure," I say. This is exactly what I was hoping for, but now my success tastes bitter. Still, I follow him out of the main room, down a corridor that's lined with people chatting and drinking, and into a small side room that's like a study but with comfortable chairs.

Harrison flops down on the couch, pulls off his mask, and opens the fastenings on his robe.

"Such a relief to take this thing off," he says, chuckling it onto the floor. His hair is mussed, and he runs his hands over it in a way that seems ridiculously sexy.

Maybe it isn't.

Maybe I'm just a loser with a crush that would think anything about the boy I like is cute.

I go to sit down next to him just as he throws his arm along the back of the couch.

Suddenly, I find myself sitting with his arm around me. “So Mandy, with the sexy costume, where are you from?”

“I’m local,” I say, almost choking on the words. From the bedroom, next door to yours would be the truthful answer, but I can’t give away my secret.

“How come I haven’t seen you around?” His eyes travel from my face and rest on the hemline of my skirt that has ridden up so high I’m an inch off flashing my panties at him.

“Maybe you have,” I whisper, knowing I’m heading into dangerous territory but seemingly unable to stop myself.

“I think I would have remembered.” Harrison pauses and looks around the room. “Are you okay now? Out there, you seemed a bit upset.”

“I’m okay.”

“Are you sure that guy didn’t hurt you?”

“I’m sure,” I reply. “He was just being handsy.”

“Well, you can’t really blame him, can you?” Harrison says, looking at me pertinently. “That costume is pretty special.”

I lick my lips, remembering the red gloss I painted on them. The mask is itchy against my skin, but there’s no way I can take it off without risking that he will recognize me.

“Are you into gothic horror?” I ask, knowing full well he isn’t. He does like Stephen King though, and other crime thriller type books he stacks on his nightstand.

“I wasn’t before tonight, but I think I might have changed my mind.”

“You don’t seem to be enjoying your costume very much.” I nod my head towards the hideous latex pile of grotesque face and pins that is lying on the wood floor.

“Do you have any idea how sweaty it gets inside a mask like that?”

“I guess I don’t.”

“Lucky you. I’ve learned a lesson tonight. Next time my stupid friend suggests we dress up for a party, I’m gonna tell him he’s on his own.”

I chuckle softly. “You don’t have to wear a big latex mask though, do you? You could paint your face. There are all these gross stick-on wounds at the costume store. There is so much you can do for Halloween that doesn’t involve a face full of rubber.”

Harrison laughs. “I’m not as artistic or imaginative as you, obviously.”

He is. I’ve seen the doodles he draws lying on his desk when I’ve gone into his room to borrow a pen. He has an eye for art too. Apart from the sexy calendar of a bimbo pop star he has on his wall, the other posters are all beautiful abstract landscapes. I can’t say any of this, though, without giving myself away, so I look around the room, trying to think of something innocuous to say that’s interesting too. When you know someone well, it’s hard to think of how you might talk to them as a stranger. My mind is blank, except for the weather. I must wait for too long, looking uncomfortable or something because he asks if I’m okay or if I want to go back to the party.

I shake my head and look at him. His gorgeous hazel eyes look soft and his lips. Oh god, I’ve dreamed about kissing those beautiful full lips. His hair is still mussed, and

it makes him look younger and more innocent somehow. I know I'm running out of time, but I'm so torn.

I know this is my only chance to know what it would be like to be with Harrison. In our real lives, we are step siblings, and it would be just too big a line for him to cross.

I know this.

He wouldn't want to upset our parents. He wouldn't want to take advantage of me. He wouldn't risk our happy home. And it's the first time since he moved in that we are both single. Who's to say it will last?

I've always been the kind of person to seize the day, maybe because my mom passed away when I was little and before I had the chance to get to know her or tell her the things I would have if I had known. If I pass up this chance, I won't ever know how it feels to be in his arms, to have his body linked with mine. And I know I will always regret that.

I don't do regrets.

"I want to stay here," I say.

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SEDUCTION

I have no idea what's going to happen next. Harrison likes to talk himself up as a bit of a player, but I've never really seen him in action. Will he take my desire to stay in this little quiet room with him for what it is; an acceptance of whatever seduction he may or may not be planning? Or, will he simply think I'm an anti-social freak who goes to parties on her own dressed as a gothic punk slut.

"You're a strange girl," he says softly and kind of tenderly.

"You make that sound like a good thing," I say, and he smiles.

"I guess I must like strange."

I don't realize he is going to touch me until I feel his finger stroke softly over the skin on my neck. That one finger sends the nerve endings in my back buzzing like crazy. I feel like I've been jolted with electricity, or lust, or something equally exciting. I know I'm breathing erratically as he continues stroking, and I can't look at him for fear of what I'll see. While he's doing this tender thing to me, I can pretend. It's just my stepbrother and me sitting on the sofa, having a cozy chat. But if I saw desire in his eyes, it would be something totally different; something amazing and totally terrifying, too.

"Why did you come to the party?" he whispers.

"I like parties," I reply just as softly.

“And dressing up?”

“Yeah, that too.”

“And sitting in tiny book rooms with strange boys?” His breath gusts against my ear when he murmurs the last thing, and I shiver from head to foot. I find I can’t answer him now. The mesmerizing rhythm of his finger and the scent of him I pick up now he’s moved closer, are almost too much for me to bear. I’m light-headed, buzzing, crazy even. Crazy for my stepbrother.

He doesn’t kiss my lips first. I guess that would be too obvious for Harrison. I should have known he’d go for the little patch of sensitive skin below my ear and just graze it with his soft lips. He nuzzles against my ear with his nose and the roughness of his chin scrapes against my neck. It feels so good. So amazingly good, in fact, that I moan just slightly. When I do, I feel him smiling against my neck.

“So strange girls who come to parties alone and like to sit in little book rooms with strange boys like to get their necks kissed, do they?” he asks with a chuckle in his voice.

“Uh-hu,” is all I can manage, and he laughs softly.

He shifts closer until our legs press together and his hand is cupping the back of my head, pulling me towards his smiling face.

Harrison’s going to kiss me. He’s going to kiss me, and my heart seems to stutter in my chest and then re-fire at a staggering rate as I simultaneously pray the kiss will be mind-blowing while also hoping he won’t somehow remove my wig or mask and reveal who I am.

When our lips touch, it’s the softest kiss I’ve ever experienced, just a graze at first

really, then a little press as he angles my head, pulling my bottom lip between his and sucking so gently I want to weep. I've imagined what kissing Harrison would be like so many times, but I had it completely wrong in my fantasies. I thought he'd be a grabby person, demanding with his kisses and forceful with his demands, but he isn't.

At least not now.

Now it's like he's tasting me, feeling me out, and trying to work out what I like.

I like it all.

I want to tell him just to carry on doing what he's doing because he's doing it all right. He's perfect for me in ways I didn't even expect.

When our tongues touch for the first time, I have to lean into him, take hold of his huge, muscled shoulder, and dig my fingers into it, just so I don't float away. My reaction seems to spur him on because suddenly his kisses are more urgent, tongue sliding across mine like the precursor to fucking that it is.

It's that thought that has me remembering what I saw when I walked past his room, the thing that spurred me to finally take action and do something about the lust and craving I've been feeling for Harrison since he moved into my house. I want to reach out and rest my hand in his lap. I want to know if he's as turned on as I am. Everything is so hot between my thighs. I squeeze them together to try to release some pressure, but it only makes it worse.

"Fuck you're hot," he says, pulling back and looking me in the eye. My purple contacts are my protection against him, recognizing me this close. He rubs my nose with the tip of his and kisses me again, this time hooking his arm around my back and pulling me forward. "Get onto my lap." He's tugging me now until my legs rest on either side of his, and my skirt is pushed up so high he must be able to see the tops of

my holdups and my sheer black panties. He tugs me forward until my pussy presses into his lap, and I can feel his massive dick straining against his pants. It's like he has one of those nightsticks that doormen carry down his shorts and it presses against my clit in a way that makes me want to buck against him. Oh fuck. His fingers press into the soft flesh of my hips, delicious pain mixed with the pleasure of his frantic kiss. I can't control my hands that want to grab hold of big firm chunks of him and squeeze. I settle on resting my hands on his chest, and what an amazing chest it is, too. In my mind, I see him standing naked in his room, pecs rounded, and stomach flat and rippled with a six-pack I could practically file my nails on. I don't want all these clothes between us. I want skin against skin, pressing, sweating, sliding until we forget our names and lose our minds in each other. I want to see him come apart because I've made him feel that good. I want to watch him reach the moment of pleasure that feels so unbelievable that he forgets himself and just is.

And I want to store it all up in my mind so I can remember this moment when he's moved on and found someone else to love, and I have to sit opposite him at thanksgiving and pretend I don't feel the way I do about him.

When I have to be just his stepsister again.

We kiss, and we kiss, and I run my hands over his chest, willing him to do more, but he seems reluctant, and I don't understand why. It's me that slips my hands inside his costume and onto his naked skin. He's so warm under my fingertips and so firm, and when I stroke across his chest, I find his nipple and graze it with the point of my nail. Harrison jumps at the action but pulls me down against him harder, almost thrusting into my lap. His fingers run up the outside of my thighs until he finds the bare skin and squeezes. He doesn't stop there, pushing the skirt of my dress up around my waist and guiding his hands to cup the cheeks of my ass, fingering the thin lace running between, stroking down between them and lifting me higher. I'm kneeling up now, raised in front of him, looking down as he stares between my legs with fire in his eyes. I grab onto the back of the couch for stability as he uses his index finger to

trace a line down the front of my panties so softly, I almost can't feel anything, but at the same time, it's so unbelievably arousing.

"Can I look?" he asks huskily, and I want to tell him he already is, but I don't want to break the spell with my smart mouth. Instead, I slip my hand down between my legs and pull the material aside, baring myself to his heated gaze.

"Fuck," he mutters, adjusting his cock before he sucks on his finger to get it good and wet. I think he's going to go straight for my clit, but I'm wrong. Harrison reaches his wet finger up and slips it into my mouth. "Suck," he says, watching me move my head forward and take his finger down to the knuckle. I look into his eyes as I pull back, knowing how explicit it must look to see my red lips wrapped around his finger like that.

He parts my pussy lips with one hand and uses his moistened finger to stroke my clit round and round. The pressure he uses is just perfect, and the way he concentrates on the task is driving me insane. I roll my hips against his touch, look up to the ceiling and surrender to the intensity of feeling that being with Harrison this way is giving me.

"Oh yeah, you like that," he says, slipping his finger downwards into my wetness, pressing up and in so slowly my legs shake. "That looks so fucking good." He pushes another finger in deep and twists his hand so first the tips of his fingers, and then the joints graze my g-spot. I start to move, raising up and down, hooked on his hand and on his words. The sound of his voice hitching with arousal does something to me, and I want to hear more.

"Tell me what you want," I whisper.

"I want to feel you come," he replies. "I want to feel your pussy flutter and hear the moans you'll make. I want to play with your clit until it hurts and then make it feel so

good you come again.”

“Oh,” I gasp when he uses his other hand to stroke my clit, fingers still pushing and twisting inside me.

“That’s it, baby.” Harrison’s voice cracks like he can’t believe what’s happening. Maybe he wasn’t expecting to get lucky tonight. Maybe he doesn’t usually do this kind of thing. Maybe I’m a terrible corrupting influence on him. It’s that thought that pushes me over the edge, grabbing onto the back of the couch and curling forward with my pleasure.

“Mmmm,” is the only sound that comes from my lips, a keening noise that sounds barely human.

“That’s it,” he says again, with a strange tone of awe in his voice, as though he can’t quite believe what is happening either. Then he pulls me towards him and wraps his arms around my waist, holding me tight while I come down from the place in the stratosphere he sent me to. The kisses he presses onto my temple and cheek are tender and sweet.

“You look fucking amazing when you come,” he whispers in my ear. I can hear the need in his voice and feel the evidence of his arousal beneath me. I want to satisfy him too.

“Make me come again,” I say, and he chuckles.

“Demanding little thing, aren’t you,” he replies cockily, but the look on his face when I draw back and undo his pants is priceless. “Oh, you want that…”

“Yeah, I do,” I whisper. “I want it all.”

“Fuck,” is all he can say, helping me as we both fumble with his zipper, fingers tangling in our shared eagerness to get to the really good stuff. I let him free his cock, and I watch as he fists the huge length of it, pulling it twice, up and down, so roughly that I think it must hurt.

When I raise my eyes to his, he’s smiling lazily. “You scared?”

“Nah, I love a challenge.”

“You really are a very strange girl,” he says fondly, cupping my cheek and rubbing at the white make-up there. Not wanting to give him too much time to study me, I slip my hand into the top of my holdups and pull out the foil packet I hid there earlier and hand it to him.

“Get yourself ready.”

His eyes sparkle as he takes the condom, tears it open and begins to sheath himself. I was careful to buy a large size—he really needs it—and my forethought seems to amuse him.

“You only pull dudes with big dicks?” he asks.

I shrug. “I throw back the tiddlers.”

His body shakes with laughter but stops when I grab hold of his cock and squeeze it hard. I rise over the top of it, stroking the head of it through my folds and up over my clit. It’s so rigid, so large that it almost doesn’t feel real. I know I’m going to struggle to take it all, but I’m going to try. My pussy is practically weeping for it when I settle him near my hole and push down.

The stretching sensation is unbelievable, like nothing I’ve ever felt before. I get it

about an inch inside me by rocking my hips slowly and easing myself open around him.

“Fuck,” he says, throwing his head back. “You’re so damn tight.”

“And you’re so big, baby,” I whisper.

“We’re perfect together,” he says, grabbing my hips and helping me sink lower with little thrusts upwards. I feel so unbelievably full and open. He’s only part of the way in and it’s almost too much, but then he pulls harder and slips in further, and it feels so damn good I want to cry. “Look,” he says, his eyes between my legs. “Look at your sweet little pussy wrapped around my cock.”

I look when he’s staring, and I can understand why. He’s all but disappeared inside me, and my pink pussy lips are flared around him like a split open rose. It’s the most explicit thing I’ve ever seen.

“You feel so good,” I say, looking up into his eyes.

“You haven’t felt the half of it.”

He grabs hold of me around the ass, holding tight, and shifts to the edge of the sofa. Then he’s standing and walking us to a side unit near the door. He sits me on top, still impaled on his dick, and moves the pictures and ornaments to a chair next to us. So considerate.

When he’s done with the home furnishings, he grasps my face around the chin and looks at me. “You want me to fuck you, baby,” he growls.

I blink at the ferocity in his voice and my pussy clenches with excitement.

“I think I just got my answer,” he smirks.

The first thrust is slow, as if he’s testing out the depth of me, and how much room he has to maneuver. There isn’t much. When he thrusts again, it’s as if he’s decided he doesn’t give a fuck about anything. It’s so hard it knocks the breath from my lungs and the last ounce of sense from my head. “You–want–to–get–fucked–hard,” he grunts as he works his hips against me, pushing that huge cock in and out of my swollen pussy. I’m so wet I can hear the slippery noises loudly in the otherwise silent room. The party seems to go on in another reality, and I don’t care that there are people out there that could walk in on us at any second because what Harrison is doing to me feels too damn good to care about anything except the next thrust.

He pushes my thighs wide, watching his cock spear me, his abs rippling and pecs flexing with exertion. His skin is shiny with sweat, and I lean forward to lick his arm, which is the only part of him I can reach.

“Bite me,” he grunts, hooking my legs over his shoulder and pressing me backward, caging me in with his ridiculously toned arms. I turn my head and take a good chunk of his forearm flesh and bite hard. I feel his cock kick inside me and want to laugh. Who’d have thought Harrison was into pain? I stroke over the teeth marks I’ve left with my tongue and he groans. “Again,” he barks.

“Yeah baby,” I say, pushing my hips upwards, biting him again, even harder this time.

“Fuck,” he says, thrusting so hard the piece of furniture we’re on starts banging against the wall.

Harrison picks me up again, dropping onto his knees with me still wrapped around him like some kind of desperate monkey. He lays me on a soft rug and stretches out on top. He’s so big and heavy, and it’s bliss to be this powerless in his arms. He grinds

into me hard, bone to bone, and he's so deep it aches, even so, my clit is pulsing for more. His face presses into my neck, breath hot and moist against my skin as he groans and pants. My mask must scratch his face, but he doesn't go to remove it. I wonder what it's like for him to be fucking a chick dressed in goth-horror clothes and make-up. It doesn't seem to bother him at all. Harrison's hand gets busy pushing down the top of my dress and bra, exposing my erect nipple to the room's cold air. When he palms my breast and feels how turned on I am, it makes him thrust even harder.

My pussy's getting sore now, but he isn't letting up, and I'm getting really close to feeling like I might come again. It would be a first for me, but his cock just feels so damn good I almost can't bear it.

I start to moan in little bursts, which make him rise onto his arms above me. He rolls his hips slowly as he looks into my eyes, grazing my clit with each pass, leaning in to kiss me. My hips mirror his action, and we move in perfect harmony, as if we have been doing this for years, and I catch a little smile on his lips when he sees me watching the action between our bodies.

"You like to watch?" he asks and then full out grins as though it's a hilarious discovery.

"You put on a good show," I reply and he laughs.

"I want you to put on a good show. You getting close?"

"Yeah," I whisper. "Fuck yeah."

"What do you need?" I die a little inside at how considerate he is. I've had my fair share of lovers, but most just rub away and hope for the best. It has taken time and schooling to get them to where I needed them to be. Trust Harrison to be mature

about sex.

“Lie down on top of me,” I say. “Hold me around my waist and fuck me as hard as you can.”

My request seems to amuse him, or maybe it’s my bluntness. He asked, so he got told. Simple as that.

He does as I say, resting his full weight on me, with one arm slipped under my back and the other holding the top of my head. I flinch, thinking about the wig and how, even though I pinned it securely in place, there is a chance it could come away in his grip. Harrison is gentle, though, cupping rather than holding on.

Then he starts to fuck.

God, everything that came before was just an entrée. He gives me the full ten-course meal and more. I grasp him hard with my thighs as he pistons in and out of me like a machine. It feels so good I can’t make any sound and he’s grunting with every thrust, sweat slicking between us wherever our skin is in contact.

“Oh god,” I say, feeling myself climbing higher and higher. Harrison changes the rhythm, backing out nearly all the way and slamming back in. Out, in, out...

...and then I’m coming so hard I almost pass out. I think I must stop breathing because I see stars and my lips stick to my teeth as my mouth opens into a perfect O. He slows down and rides me through it, and I wonder how it feels to have my pussy clamp down so hard on his dick.

“That’s it,” he croons, “that’s it, baby.”

I look up into his beautiful eyes, and I watch as he comes too, seeing the rush of

blood to his cheeks and that moment when all his muscles go tense and then relax.

He rests down on me as he collapses, chest heaving like he's done one of those extreme triathlon competitions. I stare at the ceiling, momentarily stunned that it really happened. I got what I set out for, and now it's over, I don't want to think about what happens next. But how can I not? His cock is softening and slipping out. In a minute, he's going to get up and want to go back to the party. I couldn't bear an embarrassed goodbye.

I turn to look at his face, wanting to get that last glance of him at peace; like a picture-postcard for the cold nights ahead. When I do, I find him watching me closely with a slightly bemused, slightly concerned expression on his face.

"You okay?" he asks, stroking my cheek tenderly.

"Fuck yeah." I want to keep up the bravado, but it sounds weak.

"Good," he says, still stroking. I catch a hitch in his breath, in the way his chest moves against mine, and I wait for him to say something else, but he doesn't.

Here it comes, I think. Here comes the awkward moment, and I need to get out of here before it happens.

"I need to use the bathroom," I say, pushing on his arm slightly.

"Sure." He reaches between us to keep the condom in place while he pulls out. I feel awkward making myself decent, but he isn't watching. He's lying on the rug staring at the ceiling, cupping his dick as if he's suddenly shy. I push up and stumble onto my feet, legs feeling like jelly, and my fuffie is about as sore as it's ever been. Just putting my legs together is sweet agony.

“Okay,” I say, not wanting to promise I’ll be back when I’ve no intention of returning.

Harrison is quiet and still.

“I’m going to use the bathroom,” I say again, making my way towards the door that’s separating us from the party. I turn because my heart is beating so fast, knowing this is it. I’m never going to be with Harrison this way again. The thought causes me physical pain; a clenching in my gut and chest. When I catch Harrison’s eye, I see something that looks like regret and my throat burns. I didn’t want this to hurt him. I didn’t want to make him feel used. The whole situation is fucked up. I’m about to turn and run because I have no words when Harrison smiles at me sadly.

“Bye, Princess,” he says.

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REVELATION

I don't know how I find the brainpower to get myself home, but I do, managing it partly on bare feet when I finally conceded that my shoes are agonizing and I'm sore enough already without losing toes making my escape.

I get into my room and close the door and lock it and then stand there like one of those Ancient Greek warriors faced with a gorgon. I've turned to stone. I want to scream FUCKFUCKFUCKin the loudest voice, but Dad and Lacey are home, and so my terrible expression of utter mortification is instead uttered quietly against the fist I seem to have half-shoved into my mouth.

Oh, my God. He knew. HE KNEW.

My whole body is a big bundle of adrenaline spiked flesh and boneless panic.

He said, princess. It's the nickname he always uses for me because he knows how much it pisses me off. But did he mean it directly at me because he knew, or does he just throw around that patronizing term of endearment to any girl that crosses his path? I feel sick to my stomach...in fact...

...I dash to my bathroom and only just reach the toilet before I heave. I hate being sick at the best of times, but now I'm shaking and crying because I don't know what to do. If he knows it was me...if he guessed, then how can we pretend it never happened? I can't go back to being his stepsister and sitting next to him at dinner, making innocuous family-style conversation. I can't hear him call me princess again without seeing him lying on that rug, jeans around his thighs and his hand covering

up the evidence of what we'd done.

I retch again at the thought of having to go downstairs tomorrow and see him pour out his stupid sugary chocolate cereal like an overgrown five-year-old and pretend nothing happened.

This is a disaster of epic proportions.

At the sink, I wash out my mouth with a handful of water and then catch sight of myself in the mirror. My black lace bat mask is still in place, but my white face make-up is smudged, and my lipstick is nonexistent. I look at myself objectively, trying to work out if Harrison could have guessed. With my purple eyes and a lot of my face covered by the mask and my wig, I can't see how he would have suspected. I kept my voice level different the whole time. I didn't slip once. When I left the house before the party, I was totally convinced he would never guess. My heart rate normalizes as I begin to doubt my panic-induced freakout. Harrison can be a real charmer. I know this. He has a silver tongue. That must be what the 'princess' comment was all about. Just him rolling out the smooth moves.

Maybe I'm worrying about nothing. I take some steady deep breaths, holding onto the edge of the sink. Then, when I feel more normal, I start removing my costume. Each layer that I peel away makes me feel better. I stuff the whole thing into a bag and hide it at the back of my closet in a large, white cardboard box that houses my memorabilia. I take out the contacts and use make-up remover pads to scrape away the remnants of the white face-paint and smoky black eyeliner. When my skin is clean, I peel down my holdups and panties and remove my bra. It's late to have a shower, and I know the damn pipes will groan loudly when I turn it on, but I feel like I need to wash if nothing else to soothe my poor lady bits. I find water really cathartic when I'm stressed, and it's nice to wash my hair that has been squashed under the hot wig.

I towel myself dry and get into some cute pajamas that are made of silk and so soft against my skin. I'm thirsty, so I pop downstairs to get some water. The house is quiet, and I look around at my home that has changed so much over the past year. Lacey has been redecorating, which is great. The place had been getting pretty shabby. She has a bit of a thing about photographs and always insists we have 'family' pictures taken on any special occasion. There are five framed shots of me, dad, Lacey, and Harrison in the hall alone. We look kind of awkward in all of them, but I guess maybe that's why Lacey has been trying so hard to unite our family. I stare at the most recent one and notice for the first time that Harrison seems to look at me. If I remember correctly, dad had been goofing around, telling one of his ridiculously unfunny jokes. I'm laughing, and so is Lacey, and I always thought that Harrison was looking amused in the picture, but now that I'm studying it more closely, his expression seems warm and kind of affectionate.

I shake my head, feeling ridiculous for overlaying my sentimental feelings into something that's probably as innocent as I had previously thought it was. I'm reading too much into everything, and I know it's my sex brain that's to blame. It's a girl thing, I think. We sleep with someone, and somehow, all these feelings are pumped into our bodies, and we become weak. I don't want to be weak for Harrison. I need to be strong now so that I have the courage to move on and pretend everything is normal.

Back in my room, I close my door, turn off the light, and slip under my comforter. With my whirring brain, it's hard for me to sleep, but I must fall into the dream-world at some point because it's light in the room when I come around. I feel hotter than usual and push my arms out of the covers and stretch. I always go to sleep on my side facing the wall and have woken up in the same position. It's a few seconds before my mind catches up with my body, and I realize what I did last night. I moan softly, remembering in flashes the amazing sex and that terrible moment when Harrison called me princess.

“That’s the noise I like to hear,” Harrison’s voice whispers from behind me.

I turn, scrabbling with the covers to find him lying on the other side of my king bed, hands behind his head as though he’s exactly where he’s supposed to be.

“What the fuck, Harrison,” I stutter, pulling the comforter around my neck to protect my modesty. It’s a stupid reaction bearing in mind what we did less than twelve hours ago, but what can I say? I’m running on gut reactions here.

“You’re a strange girl,” he says, still looking up at the ceiling with a stupid grin on his face. It’s his panty-melting one. I can tell from the little dimple he has on the cheek closest to me and the crinkles around his eyes that I love so much. ‘Strange girl’ is what he called me last night when I was dressed as a vampire-goth.

He knows.

He fucking knows.

I bury my head under the covers and groan. The terrible sinking feeling I have in my gut is the same one I get when I have the college dream where I’m wearing only my granny pants and an old sports bra, and everyone is pointing and laughing except that this time the only person laughing is Harrison, and suddenly I’m angry.

Who the fuck does he think he is coming into my room dressed in his sexiest tight black boxers and laying himself down on my comfortable sheets, looking like a total sex god? Stupid question. He thinks he’s Harrison Stone, and he knows...he really, absolutely knows it was me he fucked at the party.

Before I have a chance to whip out from under the covers and confront him with my angry self in full red-rage flow, I feel the bed shift as if he’s rolled towards me. Then I feel his heavy hand take hold of the covers and peel them slowly back. I peek

through my fingers and find him looking down at me with his gorgeous eyes all soft and gooey, as though he's looking at something or someone he really, really likes.

He's looking at me, and it's not with anger or disgust. Harrison has come into my room wearing nothing but his underwear and is gazing at me as though I'm the sweetest, pinkest cupcake he's ever seen and he wants to lick off all my frosting!

"You know," I whisper, hiding behind my fingers again while I wait for the ground to swallow me up and take me straight to hell.

"Of course I know, princess," he says, gently easing my hands away from my face. I stare up at him and feel ridiculous for feeling like I'm suddenly in the sunlight.

"How?" I was sure my costume was the perfect cover.

"You think you're such a master of disguise," he laughs. "The costume was good and your voice, that was pretty different, but your laugh..." he shakes his head. "I'd know that laugh anywhere."

"God," I say, hiding again at how pathetic I am.

"Stop burrowing like some kind of deranged mole," he says, tugging back the covers.

"Why are you acting all coy now? You weren't shy last night."

"I was in character," I say weakly.

He chuckles. "I noticed. That was a pretty amazing costume. You about blew my mind."

I'm ready to shout at him for teasing, but he seems pretty earnest. And then it hits me. He knew it was me when I laughed, and the only chuckling I did was before we

played hide the sausage. That means he wanted to have sex, even when he knew it was me under the disguise.

“You knew,” I say with a gasp. “You knew before, and you still did it.”

“I’m not an idiot, Jenna.” I must appear confused because he reaches out to stroke my face, just as he did last night. “How could anyone turn you down? Have you seen you? Have you met you? You’re pretty damn amazing.”

“Amazing for a one-night stand?”

“Yeah,” he says, and my heart sinks. “But amazing for more, too.”

I rub and my eyes, suddenly feeling as though I’m still be dreaming. Maybe it was the alcohol I drank last night that has made my dreams more vivid than usual. When I open my rubbed eyes, Harrison is still there.

“You’re still here?” I say, and he draws his eyebrows together like I’m the idiot.

“Where am I supposed to be going, you strange girl?”

“Stop calling me that.”

“You prefer ‘princess’ now?”

I punch him on his very bare, very solid bicep and hurt my pathetic fist.

“It’s too early in the morning for me to deal with all of this,” I say, sounding whinier than I would usually see as acceptable.

“You don’t have to deal with anything, princess,” he replies soothingly. “Just let me

take the lead, and you follow, okay?”

Before I have a chance to ask Harrison what the hell he’s talking about, he presses his amazing full lips against mine, so gently it makes me shiver. He pulls back and looks me in the eye as though he wants to check that what he’s doing is okay. “What are you doing?” I whisper.

“What I should have done a long time ago,” he says, kissing me again. “Taking what’s mine.”

Harrison slips his hand into my hair and grips tightly so he can angle my head to align our mouths perfectly, then he rolls until he’s on top of me, thigh pressing between my legs with the comforter in between us. His kiss is so good; soft lips but persistent tongue, stroking into my mouth in a way that blows my mind. I’ve always loved kissing but never found a man that can set my body alight with just his lips on mine. But Harrison is perfect.

I stroke over his arm and back, remembering how good he felt when I touched him the first time. Even in the cold room, he is deliciously warm and smooth. I love he isn’t rushing this time. This is about more than just getting to that end goal and for some crazy reason I feel totally relaxed, despite the fact that he’s my stepbrother and our parents are just down the hall.

Harrison presses his thigh up in the rhythm of his kiss and I moan and squirm, feeling too hot under the covers and wanting the delicious pressure to be more direct, even though I’m feeling so sore.

“The covers,” I whisper to Harrison when I’ve separated from his kiss for a moment. He grins down at me like a wolf about to get a whole farms-worth of pigs to gobble up and then tugs at the comforter until it’s pushed to the side. Harrison strokes the silk of my PJ’s. “Nice,” he says. “Do you always wear this sexy shit to bed by

yourself?”

I stare at him in mock horror. “Of course not. Just when I know my stepbrother is going to sneak into my bedroom to deflower me under my father’s roof.”

Harrison looks a bit ashamed, and I grin. “Don’t underestimate the importance of good underwear and nightwear, Harrison Stone.”

“Never again,” he says, putting his hand on his heart like he’s swearing an oath.

“Now get over here and show me what I’ve been missing.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Rather than kissing me again, he sits up on his knees and looks down at me, rubbing his big, firm hands over my thighs. “All the things I want to do to you, Jenna,” he says. “You have no fucking idea how much I think about you. How many times I fantasized about us being together. I saw you watching me the other day,” he grins.

“What?” I don’t understand what he’s talking about immediately and when I do, I’m indignant. “I wasn’t watching you. Stop trying to make me out to be some kind of pervert.”

“I left the door open on purpose. It turned me on so much to know that you were looking. It took all my restraint not to look up at you and tell you what I want to do to you.”

I shake my head, realizing how stupid we have both been, playing games with each other when, if we’d given clearer signs, we might have come together sooner.

“Can I look at you, Jenna?” he murmurs. “I felt you last night, but I didn’t get to see

all of you.”

I nod and lift my top off over my head, bearing my breasts to him. Harrison reaches forward and takes them into his palms and squeezes gently, then strokes his thumbs over the tips of my nipples until they are hard, pointed and dark rose pink.

He runs his hands down my sides, mapping my curves and then circling my belly button with his finger. He traces the edge of my PJ shorts and I watch as he inches them down, his eyes following the fabric down to my feet.

“Look at you,” he says, so reverently I suddenly feel a little tearful. I don’t know how we got to this point, but I’ve wanted to be with him so much that now we are finally here, it almost feels too much. “You’re beautiful, Jenna, baby. So beautiful.”

He eases my knees apart until I’m spread open before him. When he looks between my legs, his expression changes. “You look so sore,” he says. “Is that from last night?”

I go to close my legs, but he holds them open, looking mortified. “Don’t,” I say.

“I’m sorry, baby,” he says. “I didn’t want to hurt you.”

“Fuck, Harrison. You didn’t okay. It felt good, but you’re really big down there. I’m not used to it.”

“Everyone thinks that having a big dick is the best thing in the world. They don’t realize how fucking impractical it can be.”

“Hey,” I say. “I love your big dick. You’ve just got to let me recover in between.”

He smiles down at me, then looks thoughtful. “I know we’re not going to be able to

fuck again, but can I make you feel good, baby. Can I make you come?”

I nod and he leans down between my legs and licks my clit gently. “I promise I won’t hurt you,” he says, then licks again.

I moan at the perfect pressure, watching him take such pleasure in giving it to me. He uses his thumbs to press me open and licks and licks as though I’m the best dessert he’s ever tasted and he just can’t get enough. I can’t get enough of his mouth and those lips that are plump and soft against my ravaged flesh. It feels so good to have his soothing touch, so amazingly good to feel the point of his tongue against me until I’m writhing against his mouth and he grabs hold of my thighs to hold me in place.

“Don’t stop,” I hiss, legs trembling against his hands. “I’m going to...I’m going to....”

He taps my clit once with his finger, hard, and I’m coming and coming, legs straight and toes curled, mind lost somewhere in that foggy sex place that’s a little slice of heaven and hell all rolled into one. Heaven because of how amazing it feels to reach that peak and slide right off the top. Hell, because you know it won’t last and you wish it would. Just a few more seconds of perfection and peace and tranquility. I don’t register how long I’m lost for, but when I come around Harrison is watching me, looking very pleased with himself. He strokes a finger between my pussy lips, gliding in the wetness he made, then brings it to his lips.

“I love the way you taste,” he says. “So perfect.”

My eyes slide down the slice of man-lusciousness that is kneeling up between my legs; god, his chest is something like a phenomenon and his little brown nipples...looking at them makes my clit pulse again. Lower, his abs are so tight and mmmm. And between his legs stands the real spectacle of miraculousness. Harrison’s cock looks so hard it must be painful.

“Show me,” I say, looking at his bulge and raising my eyebrows so he knows exactly what I’m talking about.

“You wanna see how hard I am for you?” he mutters, sounding distracted with lust.

“Yeah, show me.” I sit up and watch as he eases the waistband of his boxers down and his cock springs free. Looking at it now, I have no idea how I fit that inside of me. No wonder I’m sore. It looks so damn good, and my pussy is suddenly all achy and ready for him again. I crawl to the edge of my bed and pull out the tube of lube I keep in my nightstand drawer. Harrison watches me like a coiled snake, ready to strike at any second. I crawl back and kneel in front of him, squeezing some of the cold lube into my hands and rubbing them together. His cock kicks in anticipation, flexing and tapping his belly as I reach for him. He feels like velvet in my fist, soft, smooth skin over a rock hard center. He shakes as I move my hand firmly up and down, watching the explicit show I’m giving him with eyes that must look so damn hungry. I lean forward and lick the tip of him, tasting his salt-sweet arousal and loving the soft moan he makes when I wrap my lips around his cock and suck gently.

“Fuck, Jenna,” he hisses, as I circle my tongue around his cock, licking and sucking in a way that seems to drive him wild.

“Look at your pretty mouth,” he says. “Look at your sweet little lips wrapped around my big cock. Do you know how good that looks...how good it feels?”

I remember how he liked me to bite him and I try it gently, just a little nip with my teeth and he groans so loudly I panic that he’s going to wake our parents. “Fuck,” he grunts. “Do that again.” I bob my head, taking him in deeper, then as I pull back I nip him and he grabs my head and holds it totally still. “You gotta stop, Jenna. Or I’m gonna come and I know you didn’t go crawling for that lube for nothing.”

I pull back and lick my lips, then lie back with my legs spread wide. “Come on then,

big boy,” I say, beckoning with my finger. I reach for the lube again and pour some over my fingers, smoothing it around my pussy and pushing my fingers inside. Harrison watches it all, fisting his cock in pulls that look too harsh to be pleasurable.

“I’m ready,” I say when I’ve done everything I can to ease the journey. Harrison shuffles forward, pushing his knees under my thighs and using the tip of his cock to probe me between the legs. He’s so smooth and warm and it feels so good when he rubs over my clit and then pushes in a little. He does that again and again, each time opening me up just a little more until the head of his cock eases in easily and he holds totally still, watching me carefully.

“You okay, Jenna?” he asks.

“Yeah, baby,” I answer because I am. I won’t deny that it stings, but the look on his face and the concern in his voice soothe it all away. He pours some lube over the place where our bodies are now joined and smooths it around, then thrusts to get in deeper. I watch his abs flex, his fingers grip tighter into the flesh of my hips, his face furrowed with concentration. I know how it feels to accept a man into my body, but I have no idea what it must be like for him. Is it different if you’re the one that is pushing in? Does it feel different to be so in control? He looks like it’s hurting him for a while, but I think that’s just the restraint it must be taking to get his huge cock into me without making me wince. The thing is, with each little thrust he makes, I feel myself giving way from pain to pleasure. It’s so amazing to be doing this with Harrison as the real me, not the me that was ashamed to want my stepbrother or the me who was sad afterwards when I knew it wouldn’t happen again.

I look up into his face and reach out to cup his cheek. When his eyes meet mine, they fill with warmth and he drops closer so he can cup my face too.

“Jenna.” He breathes against my cheek and presses soft kisses along the line of my jaw. “Why did we wait so long to do this?”

“I don’t know,” I say, pulling him down to kiss my lips. I suck on his full bottom lip, nibbling it gently and he moans, thrusting harder and gripping my hair. “I wanted you so much. I couldn’t bear the idea that I might never be with you. It’s why I came to the party so I could be with you just one time. But it never would have been enough.”

He grips my chin tightly in his hand and stares at me in a way that makes my heart flutter. It’s hungry and passionate and filled with ferocious longing. “I love you, Jenna,” he says. “You know that, don’t you?”

I try to shake my head, stunned that he’s saying he feels the same way I do, but he grips harder as though he’s trying to show me how strongly he feels. His hips change rhythm, circling and grinding as he stares at me. “I love you, Jenna. I have since those first weeks when mom and I moved in and we used to hook up in the den and watch eighties action movies with microwave popcorn.”

I smile up at him because the memory of those early days, when we were getting to know each other but trying to pretend we didn’t really care, are so fresh in my mind and so filled with innocence. He’d always let me eat more than my fair share of the popcorn and choose the movie. When the room would get dark, we’d slump into opposite corners of the couch and sometimes I’d feel like he was looking at me, but I’d be too embarrassed to check in case he was.

“That was before you started teasing me and calling me princess.”

“That was all affectionate,” he grins.

“Mmm...” I lose my train of thought because Harrison has gathered me up in his strong arms and kissed me so deeply I feel lightheaded. Each roll of his hips is taking me closer, but it’s the tender way he’s treating me and the love I can see in his eyes that makes this the best sex I’ve ever had.

“I love you too, Harrison,” I whisper and moan contentedly. “I just never knew how to tell you without risking everything.”

“I know.” He reaches down and clasps my leg under the knee, drawing it up and round his waist. The deepness is exquisite. I feel so stretched open, so owned by him.

“Fuck you feel so good,” he says, “I want you to come on me, Jenna. Show me how good I make you feel.”

I grab hold and dig my fingers into his gloriously firm ass, pulling him towards me in short sharp thrusts that are exactly what I need to take me over the edge. He speeds up into quick, hard jerks and that’s it. I’m done for.

“Unnnnaah,” I cry, way too loudly, and he covers my mouth with the palm of his hand and shushes me as my pussy clenches tight around his cock. I’m boneless, sweaty and properly fucked, so when he pulls out and starts fisting his cock, all I can do is watch. It takes five tight long pulls for him to come and he aims it at my belly, covering me in thick white steaks.

I look down at myself, and the disheveled, dirty, and wanton girl that Harrison has turned me into. Then I look up at him; at his rumpled hair, heaving chest and sweat coated skin and I can’t help but laugh.

We are so perfect together, it’s ridiculous.

Stepbrother or not, Harrison Stone is mine. And now I’ve got him, I’m never letting him go.

Want to read more from the bestselling HUGE SERIES?

Check out the excerpt for HUGE X 2 .

DOUBLE TROUBLE

When people ask me if I have brothers or sisters, I usually tell them no; then I remember Ethan and Nathan and blush furiously at my mistake. See, I was an only child until I turned nineteen, so it's strange to suddenly find myself with two huge stepbrothers and a whole new status as a little sister.

Tiny is what they call me. Sometimes Titch. Midget is a favorite too. And Peanut. Whatever name they give me, I hate it. The whole teasing thing is something totally new to me, and at first, I really didn't know how to take it. Girls who grow up with real brothers are toughened up from birth. I got the joy of having to learn as an adult.

After a year, I've grown used to the teasing, but not their size. At five foot three, I'm a fraction under the average height for a girl, but Ethan and Nathan are towering hunks of men that loom over me at six foot three and a half. They like to remind me of the half, as though being a foot taller isn't enough for them to be happy. Sometimes I feel like they are as broad as they are tall, with their ridiculous shoulders and chests with more hills and valleys than a national park. And their thighs. Oh god, their thighs are just so massive and muscular that their pants look like they might split at any moment.

Did I mention how gorgeous they are? When I pass them in the hallway, I find myself leaning against the wall, not only because they seem to take up most of the space wherever they are, but because looking at them is like looking into the beams of a passing car; I'm dazed until they have passed, and even for a few moments afterward.

All my friends are blatant in their jealousy. “I can’t believe you get to share a house with the Stanmore twins,” they say. They’ve heard the rumors about them too. The whispers about the size of things I should know nothing about, and how well they know how to use them. There are darker tales too, tales that keep me awake at night. Apparently, they like to share, and I’m not talking about KFC family buckets here.

I keep quiet when Katelin and Abigail gossip about them. I don’t get involved in the speculation about who they are fucking and what it must be like. Instead, I tell my friends about all the annoying things that come with having them live with me: how their shoes are like a row of canoes by our front door, and how I can never find any snacks in the cupboards because they eat everything in sight.

As much as I complain about them, I actually secretly like having them around. My house was pretty boring when it was just mom and me. Now I have a stepfather who’s hilarious, and a home that’s always full of people. We have cookouts and movie nights, and everything’s so much more fun than it used to be.

That’s why my secret is kind of terrible. It’s why I haven’t told anyone, not even my best friend, Katelin. It’s not that she’s particularly judgmental or prudish or anything. It’s just that when you think you might be in love with your twin stepbrothers, anyone would find that news shocking. I mean, what am I thinking? For one, they are two years older than me and always have these perfectly amazing looking girls buzzing around them like flies on unmentionable stuff. For two, they seem to think I am just available as a source of amusement. For three, and most importantly, they are twins.

There are two of them.

Did I mention they are twins and not just one person?

I wish they were one person.

Sometimes I fantasize that I creep into their room in the middle of the night, and with

my imaginary super strength, pick one of them up and slot him inside the other, like human fleshy Russian dolls. But then I get caught up on which one of them I'd slide into the other, and what that would mean. If I chose to slot Ethan inside Nathan, would that leave me with bubbly Eth or cuddly Nath? I get my fantasies tangled and complicated with feelings because I could never choose between them, not even in my mind.

It's Saturday night, and I should be out having fun. I want to find the prospect of going to a bar with my friends appealing. I've been single for ten months, basically since I realized that every time I kissed my boyfriend, I imagined other faces. Katelin has been hassling me about going out more. I think she thinks that I'm depressed. I know she's worried about my abnormal dislike of socializing, but I just don't find the prospect of going out and talking to other men appealing in any way. I want to kick back in my living room and hope that Ethan and Nathan are tired from working out and come to hang out with me. They always want to watch sports, and I get a lot of criticism for begging to watch movies. When they eventually cave to my womanly tactics—pouting, sulking, and threats to knee them in very tender places—they join me on our ark of a couch for a marathon of eighties teen movies. I hold the popcorn because they don't eat carbs after 5 pm, and they provide the hilarious running commentary on fashion and hairstyles. You see, that's how I know they love *The Breakfast Club* and *St Elmo's Fire* as much as I do. And don't get me started on *Pump up the Volume*. Christian Slater rules.

Anyway, I digress — sort of.

So here I am on the couch alone.

Somehow, my plan seems to fail in two very crucial ways: no Nathan and no Ethan. And starting *Pretty in Pink* now, when I'm by my lonesome, seems like such a sad, sad waste.

My phone rings, and it's Katelin calling to tell me I have to meet her at our favorite

local bar. From the noise in the background, I can tell it'll be a good night. It's on the tip of my tongue to tell her no, but when she lists all the people that are there, including my stepbrothers, that no becomes a rather too enthusiastic YES.

HUGE X 2