



Not a Pawn (Tales of the Dreggageggon #2)

Author: *Jade Marshall*

Category: Fantasy

Description: Twins Sebastian and Julian are fierce dragon shifters who've lived long, lonely years without a woman to share their hearts—or their secrets. When they rescue a mysterious woman, kidnapped to pay her father's gambling debt, they realize she's not just anyone. She's their mate.

But their bond isn't instantaneous. Despite the undeniable pull between them, Sebastian and Julian make a deal: she'll work as their personal assistant for thirty days, giving her the time and space to understand the intensity of the connection they share.

Their fates are tied, and the stakes are higher than ever. With her arrival, their world will never be the same—but can they convince her that their bond is meant to last, or will the flames of destiny burn out before their time together truly begins?

Total Pages (Source): 16

Page 1

Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 2:41 am

An Unwelcome Guest

Sebastian

“I should rip your head off and shit down your throat,” I threaten, rage swimming through my veins at the audacity of this man.

The mumbling, crying man I have in my grasp has long since stopped trying to get away from me. He knows that before the end of this night, things will go very badly for him.

“Please,” he begs on another sob, trying to catch his breath.

“Why would I show you any mercy?” I ask. Tilting my head to the side, I study him. “You broke into our home and tried to kill us in our sleep.”

“I was under orders. I didn’t have a choice,” he stammers while trying to breathe past my grip. “They took my daughter.” The words are barely above a whisper.

Allowing his feet to touch the ground, I release him and allow him to catch his breath. I watch as he wheezes, the redness slowly drawing from his face as his pallor returns to normal.

“Tell me everything you know, and I might spare your life.”

The demand is as clear in my tone as the promise of violence and death is. The man watches me closely, assessing the situation before bowing his head. He doesn’t need

to know that both my brother and I abhor any kind of violence against women and children. Something is driving me to help him and even though it doesn't make a lick of sense, I rarely go against my gut.

"I have a gambling problem," he says, his shoulders hunched forward in either defeat or shame. "When I couldn't pay my debt to the Pezzo Family, they took my daughter as payment. I threw myself upon Marco Pezzo's mercy, not that he has any, and begged him to kill me instead. He said if I did this one thing for him, he would let my Harlow go."

I fucking hate Marco Pezzo, as does my brother. He is the lowest form of a human. Taking what he wants without fear of consequences or repercussions. He hurts and kills without forethought and doesn't give a damn about the effect his harsh decisions take on the lives of others. I have wanted to wipe him from existence since I first met him, and this may finally give me the excuse I need.

"He sent you to your death," I surmise.

"I knew that when I accepted his proposal," he agrees. "But I had to try something. I couldn't just let him hurt her. She is all I have left."

My brother growls beside me, the first sound he has made since we caught our uninvited guest breaking into our home.

"We need to put an end to this bullshit with the Pezzo scum," he says through our mind link. "I am so fucking tired of them pulling shit like this and God knows what else."

"I know," I reply simply before turning back to the man.

My brother and I are unique in the fact that we can communicate telepathically. It is

also something we don't advertise. It used to be a talent only fated mates were able to master but seeing that there haven't been any in many years, it isn't something that is talked about anymore.

Everyone assumed the talent died out with the last fated couple, but they would be wrong. It seems, as identical twins—which is almost as rare as fated mates—we have this hidden talent.

Until recently, when not only the first mated couple in hundreds of years surfaced, but also the first female dragon shifter. Now every dragon alive is on high alert for their mate.

“If we help you retrieve your daughter, what do we get?” I ask.

“You’ve gone from wanting to kill me to offering to help me. Why?” the man asks confused. He seems suspicious and I can’t blame him, I wouldn’t trust the sudden shift either.

“We don’t take kindly to men who involve women in their games,” my brother cuts in. “But know that if you are lying, you will die with the Pezzos. That’s a promise.”

“I’m not lying,” the man says quickly. “I swear on all I have, everything I’ve told you is true. I will give anything, everything, to protect Harlow.”

“Then tell us all you know, and we will help you.”

Words fall from the man’s lips like water from a faucet. He tells us everything he knows of the Pezzos, their operations, their facilities, and how many men they have. It only takes an hour for us to know everything we need to formulate a plan.

Will He Return?

Harlow

I glare at the man before me. Why would a man so dark and evil be so handsome? Marco Pezzo is probably the most handsome man I have ever laid eyes on, and it only pisses me off. Olive-toned skin, dark hair, and dark eyes. He has a square jaw and a smile that male models all over the world are surely jealous of.

“Shouldn’t I be locked up in the basement somewhere?” I ask, disdain dripping from every word that falls from my lips.

“Why would I leave you in that dark, dank place? I much rather prefer to look at your beautiful face.”

Charm oozes from every pore and I must resist the urge to slap him or fall for his bullshit. I fucking hate the Elite. What makes it worse is that he is an Alpha. For some reason they all think they are owed something even though they have never done an honest day’s work in their damn lives.

“Where is my father?” I ask instead, ignoring his flattery.

I know who and what my father is. I have always known he was involved with some unsavory characters and that he has a gambling problem. He is in debt to Marco, but we are both working our asses off to get the money together. All we need is a little more time. Clearly, Marco has run out of patience.

“He is running an errand. Once he completes his task, you’ll both be debt-free and allowed to leave.”

The calculating look in his obsidian gaze says more than his words ever could.

Wherever he sent my father, whatever he wanted him to do, was a death sentence. A shiver runs down my spine.

“You don’t think he’ll be back.”

It’s a statement, not a question. I know Elites like him. Dragons who use people and cast them aside. It doesn’t matter to him that my father is all I have left in this world. His death would be inconsequential to a monster like Marco Pezzo. I on the other hand would have my heart and soul ripped apart if I lost him.

“You’re not only beautiful but smart as well,” he says with another smirk. “I don’t anticipate his return, my dear.”

I swallow around the lump in my throat, sadness already ripping at my insides. “And what will happen to me?” I ask softly.

“You will be as you are now. My property.”

“I will never belong to you. Every day I will fight to be free,” I say, standing from my seat. “I will make your life a living hell.”

“Are you threatening me?”

A dark look crosses his face as he also stands.

“No, Marco. I’m promising you,” I hiss, not considering the consequences of my words. It has always been a weak point for me—I speak before I think. “You’ll have to kill me before you ever get me to submit. I will fight you every day until my last breath.”

The slap surprises me, throwing me off balance. It takes me a moment to re-center

myself. I'm on my knees beside his desk when his fancy, shiny shoes come into view.

“Know this, little girl,” he says above me. “I will break you, tear the skin from your bones, and the soul from your body. But you will live, and you will submit.”

I spit on his shoe, blood mixed with saliva, before glaring up at him.

“We'll see.”

Page 2

Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 2:41 am

The Boogeyman Is Coming

Julian

Sebastian and I have decided to go this alone. We don't need our men putting themselves in danger. We intend to wipe every Pezzo from the face of the earth, and stealth would be the best way to accomplish this task. Going in heavy-handed could end with the girl—Harlow—getting hurt. Or worse. Besides, it won't take more than the two of us to end this.

We drive to the Pezzo compound in my brother's red Mustang, which is a little much for me, but he is a fire dragon and overly flashy. We've had this conversation a million times and I won't go through that again. It's tedious, and after all the years we have lived, neither of us is willing to change our ways, both stubborn to the core.

"Which side do you want?" Sebastian asks.

"I'll take the west," I reply with a nod scanning the surrounding area.

A moment later my brother brings his loud and flashy car to a stop and we both exit. From here, we will walk. We may be older and stronger than the dragons we are about to eviscerate, but the element of surprise will still stand in our favor. We split up about a mile from the compound without a word, each knowing the plan and how to do what needs to be done.

I travel between the trees, watching and listening for anything that seems out of place. Inside the monstrosity that Marco Pezzo calls home, I hear laughter and music. Of

course, these pigs would have a party while they held an innocent woman hostage. Fucking idiots.

The moment I breach the back door, the scent of freshly baked bread assaults me. There isn't a thing in this world I love more, and it almost diverts me from my mission. Shaking my head to clear my senses, I walk along the corridor, checking for any men as I make my way deeper into the bowels of the house. For long minutes, I don't see a single soul until a man stumbles out of the bathroom, still fastening his pants.

I don't hesitate, all the men under this roof have evil in their hearts that I can sense from a mile away. I open my mouth and blast him with my ice breath, freezing him to the spot. His eyes are frozen in shock as is his body, locked in ice.

Around me, I listen for signs of another but only hear the far-off sounds of the party. My steps are light as I continue on my path, silent as I creep upon my prey.

"Bring the bitch here," a loud voice demands above the other noise. "It's time to teach her where she belongs. On her knees in front of me."

The men cheer loudly. Moments later, I can hear a woman cursing.

"Get your fucking hands off me!" Her voice is loud and firm, calling to my soul in this den of murder and mayhem.

The sound carries through the house, rousing my dragon. He pushes against me, demanding that I shift and allow him to do what must be done.

"Brother," Sebastian reaches out to me through our mind link.

"I know," I growl, barely holding back my dragon as he roars in the corners of my

mind. “Our mate.”

Dragon Protectors?

Harlow

For the past hour I have been locked inside the hallway closet, listening to the men outside this thin door, drinking and partying. I know in my heart that eventually someone will come for me, bring me before Marco, and then everything will go to shit.

I try to remain calm and keep the thoughts flashing through my mind on a constant loop at bay. I know how Elites can be when they start drinking. But these men are worse, they are Elites and criminals, they are protected from any kind or repercussions because of their standing in society.

They are men with no morals, no ethics, and I’m sure no compassion. Thinking of what they will do to me has me shaking like a damn leaf.

I’m not some virginal maiden who has no idea what the world is like. I watch the news, I live in the less favorable part of town. I know horrendous things happen to people every day. I just never for a second thought I would be subjected to any of that.

The door swings open and a burly man with a buzz cut smiles at me. “Come along, little pet. Marco wants to play with his new toy.”

He grabs my upper arm, pulling me from the safe space of the closet. No, I don’t want to be locked in there, but damn, it was a fine sight safer than whatever this man

is dragging me toward. I pull at my arm and even kick at his leg.

“Get your fucking hands off me!” I yell, scratching and slapping at him.

The man chuckles before slapping me across the face. I lose my balance and end up on my knees again. The man releases my arm in favor of grabbing me by the hair and hauling me into the room. Men surround me, lecherous looks on their faces. My skin crawls as their gazes caress my body.

Tears spill down my cheeks, not just from the pain currently radiating from my scalp but from the embarrassment of not being able to defend myself from one man, much less twenty. I can't do a single thing to stop whatever is going to happen to me and that thought breaks my heart.

The man tosses me to the ground before Marco's feet.

“Finally, my prize,” Marco says with a chuckle. “Have you changed your mind?”

“About?” I ask with a glare, tears still streaming down my face.

“Belonging to me,” he says calmly. “All of this can be avoided. You can have a luxurious life, and I will shower you with gifts. All you have to do is accept my proposal.”

“And if I don't?”

“Then, I will take what I want from you before passing you off to my men. You will beg for a death that will never come.”

His voice is cold, his words simple. He isn't threatening me, simply stating a fact. I want to stand against him, but I also don't want to be violated by all these men. My

father will never return to save me, probably long dead. Now, I need to make decisions that help me survive. If I can gain Marco's trust, perhaps I can one day escape.

Before the words can leave my lips, words that will slowly kill my soul, a fireball flies past my head, striking Marco in the face and engulfing him in flames. I watch mesmerized as Marco screams in pain, the flames close enough to engulf me as well. But nothing happens.

There is no heat, my hair doesn't singe ... nothing.

What the hell is going on here? Even as the daughter of a common fire dragon, I have always had to be careful of the flames. I'm not a dragon shifter so I'm not impervious to their talents.

Chaos has erupted all around me. Two men stand at the entrance of the room, and I can't seem to look away. Both are massive, over six feet tall with dark hair. They are dressed in black, their bodies primed for a fight. More gorgeous yet evil men. How is that fair?

The one on the left stares at me as he makes his way toward me where I remain frozen on the ground. Gunfire assaults both men and before my eyes I watch as he transforms into his dragon. The man closest to me morphs into a stunning blue, white, and silver scaled dragon. He wraps his wings around my form, protecting me from the barrage of flying projectiles.

Staring up at him, I try to wrap my mind around what the fuck is going on, but it just doesn't make sense. Deep curillin orbs stare into my soul right before I pass out.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 2:41 am

Words That Kill

Sebastian

Adrenaline is raging through my veins, not just due to the fight but also because our fated mate is somewhere in this marble and brick monstrosity. It takes all my willpower to keep my dragon under control. The moment I let him free all hell will break loose.

I love my beast, but he is like a bull in a China shop and this situation, which was previously a decimation, has become mired with the need for finesse. I can't—I won't—let anything happen to the mate we have been searching for all these years. Even before we knew a fated mate could be out there waiting for us to find her, we searched. A ridiculous sense of hope pushing us to find something that may not even exist.

Now she is close enough to smell and I won't risk losing her. The thought of these men looking at her, let alone touching or harming her, is enough to have my blood boiling, literally. But I still have a tenuous grasp on my rage and my animal. For now.

The voice of a female carries down the white-tiled hallways and I hasten my steps, knowing I need to reach her before any more harm can come to her. My mind is reeling, filled with disgusting thoughts. Have they bruised her skin? Seen her naked? Violated her? Each thought only spurs me on, no longer worried about who sees me.

I reach the set of oak double doors at the same time as my twin, both of us vibrating with held-back rage. Neither of us hesitates to shove the doors wide open, eager to

put an end to this insanity.

The scene before us chills me to the bone. Our beautiful mate, with her olive-toned skin and loose curls, is on her knees before Marco Pezzo, as if he is some kind of royalty.

No one notices us as they are all transfixed on their boss and the conversation he is having.

“Belonging to me,” he says, calmly. “All of this can be avoided. You can have a luxurious life, and I will shower you with gifts. All you have to do is accept my proposal.”

“And if I don’t?” our brave little mate retorts with steel in her spine and her voice.

“Then, I will take what I want from you before passing you off to my men. You will beg for a death that will never.”

Those are the words that snap the last of my restraint. My dragon pushes forth with a rush of anger and violence. In the blink of an eye a fireball flies past our mate’s head to slam into the face of a man I should have killed years ago. Shouts and gunfire erupt all around us, a cacophony of chaos that is like music to the ears of my beast.

What does draw our attention is the fact that our little mate hasn’t moved from her spot. She stares in fascination as Marco Pezzo burns before her eyes.

“Focus, brother,” Julian demands through our mind link.

Reality crashes down on me. Our mate is in danger, bullets flying around her head. We need to end this before anything can happen to her.

Julian approaches her in his human form while I take out as many as I can with my fiery breath, but something must have alerted him. A split-second later he falls upon her in his dragon form as bullets assault him from all sides, his scaled wings all that keep them both alive.

The roar of outrage that erupts from me is enough to shake the foundations of this house. A building I will level to the fucking ground before this night is through. Fire spreads between the men, furniture, and drapes, running rampant and decimating anything in its path. The gunfire diminishes before halting completely.

“We need to get her home,” Julian says, panic evident in every word. “She passed out.”

The need to ensure our mate is unharmed and healthy, rides both us and our dragons. Neither of us makes sure all the men are in fact dead. Neither of us considers the repercussions of our actions.

Our only focus is our mate.

What New Happy Hell Is This?

Harlow

My head pounds like someone is trying, with force, to drive a railway spike into the depths of my cerebral cortex. Opening my eyes only hurts more, the light burning my retinas.

Where am I? Fear courses through me as the memories come flooding back. Marco Pezzo and his vile men. The closet. His disgusting proposal and then the men who

turned everything to ash.

A dragon protected me. Why? I must be losing my mind, the stress of the entire situation simply too much to bear. My fragile grasp on reality must have finally snapped. Elites, Alphas, and their dragons have no use for people like me and my father except to manipulate us for their own self-centred purposes.

I have seen people die right in front of Elites who could have saved them, but their selfishness kept them from doing the right thing. Why would I find protection? I'm not special. Nothing that happened in the past twenty-four hours makes a damn lick of sense.

Forcing my eyes open, I take a moment to allow the pounding to recede before pushing myself up into a sitting position. Scanning my surroundings I decide I must still be asleep, and this can't be anything more than a dream.

I have never seen such opulence. The bed I am lying on is a massive four poster with dark wooden posts, the bedding is soft and luxurious. The room is larger than the apartment I shared with my father for most of my life.

I am still staring when the door on the far end swings open. My breath seizes in my lungs as I stare once more into the bluest eyes I have ever seen. The man with his dark hair in a messy man-bun on top of his head scans his gaze across my face before whistling.

Moments later another man I assume to be his identical twin, and my father step into the room. Tears gather as I stare at the man I thought was dead.

"You're alive," I croak, not looking away from him, fearing he may disappear.

"Harlow." His voice breaks as he rushes to my side.

My father falls to his knees beside my bed, grasping my hand tightly as he sobs, murmuring intelligible words. I allow him this moment, knowing he needs to let it out before we can speak.

“Who are you?” I ask the men warily.

“Harlow!” my father admonishes. “These men saved your life even after I tried to kill them. Show some respect to Sebastian and Julian”

I glare at my father before ripping my hand from his. “If you had kept your promises none of us would be in this situation. This is all”—I twirl my finger in the air to encompass everything—“your fault.”

My father pales, my angry words hitting their mark.

“You are right,” he says with a nod. “But I have found a solution to all our problems.”

He looks so hopeful that I want to believe his words. But I know better, my father’s plans rarely work out for either of us.

“What have you done?” I hiss.

“Your father has agreed to go into a rehabilitation program for his gambling addiction,” one of the men from the door cuts in. “He will be there for thirty days. In that time, you will stay with us. We need a personal assistant.”

“Excuse me?” I tilt my head to the side, my eyebrows raised high on my forehead.

“If your father returns having completed his course, we will settle his outstanding debt,” the other twin says. “If he wishes at that time, we will also provide him with a

job.”

“And if he fails?” I ask hesitantly.

“Then he will be banished from Bleakstone, and you will belong to us.”

“What?” I yell, jumping from the bed to stomp toward them. “I’m not a goat you can trade. I deserve to have a choice in the matter.”

“You do,” says the man with the blue eyes. “You are not a prisoner, and you are free to leave whenever you want. But if you do, your father’s debt will remain, plus the charges he incurred when we saved your life.”

“And there may still be some of Pezzo’s men out there looking for both of you,” his brother adds.

I glare at them before turning my ire toward my father.

“If you fuck this up, I will hand you over to whichever Elite-Alpha-asshole-mafia madman you owe money to, with a smile.”

Page 4

Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 2:41 am

Day One

Julian

I have been relegated to one of the spare bedrooms, Harlow using mine. I want to demand that I share my bed with her, but I know I cannot push too hard, too quickly, or she will make rash decisions. We need her to come to us.

Her smell permeates every corner of the house already even though she hasn't been here for more than a few hours, and my erection hasn't settled since I first laid eyes on her. The strength and defiance she wears like a cloak only make me want her more. And I know Sebastian is feeling exactly the same way.

"Where did the clothes come from?" she asks, ripping me from my thoughts.

"We purchased them for you."

I take in what she has chosen to wear from the wardrobe full of clothes. Dark skinny jeans, a flowy crimson top, and black pumps. She stares at me for long moments, trying to see the motive behind our offer. She won't see what is happening until it is too late.

"Which brother are you?"

It takes me a moment to remember that she wasn't formally introduced to either of us.

"I am Julian. My brother is Sebastian," I reply.

“Blue is Julian, brown is Sebastian,” she mumbles, and I can’t help but smile.

There are so many more differences between my brother and me but that is the most obvious. Once we have claimed her, we will show her just how different we can be.

“So, what do you need me to do?” She looks around our home office, assessing everything.

“Well,” I muse trying to think of anything except telling her to suck my dick. “How good are you at running a household? It seems our chef has quit, and we need another.”

I see the twinkle in her eye before she can disguise it. “I thought you needed a personal assistant?”

“This is a personal matter. And you will be assisting me.” The words leave my lips before I can think twice about my retort.

She opens her mouth before closing it again. She has something to say but she is holding back out of fear that I won’t approve or that she might anger me. I know the Elites and Alphas are not known to be patient, kind, or understanding. We are, however, known for taking what we want and not giving a shit about the fallout.

My brother and I are doing everything in our power to not behave as our stereotype would suggest and giving Harlow time to grow accustomed to us instead of forcing her into our inevitable mating. And it is most certainly inevitable.

“Speak, woman,” I command lowly. “You never have to fear that your words will get you in trouble in our home.”

She gives me a look of disbelief before she speaks. “I’m shit at admin or keeping any

type of schedule. But I'm a great cook."

"You would like to amend our agreement?"

"Yes."

"On one condition," I reply, a plan already formulating in my mind.

"Which is?" she asks cautiously.

"You will share every meal with us. If we eat your cooking, so will you."

"I can't," she says softly. "I'm on a diet."

I look closely at the woman before me, the mate I will eventually share with my brother. She is curvy in all the right places. Her ass fills out her jeans and I know the globes will cradle my cock perfectly once we get her between us. Her hips are wide, and her thighs are thick and juicy. And her breasts, Dear Goddess of the Moon, I can't wait to get my hands on those. They are full and will nurture our young perfectly. I wonder if she will have fat nipples to tip the perfect orbs.

She is perfect. Her build will help her handle two dragon cocks at a time as well as our insatiable lust for her. And she will be able to bear our children without us having to fear for her health. A smaller woman would not be able to.

Stepping forward, I back her against the wall beside the door. I know I shouldn't be doing this and Sebastian will kick my ass when he finds out, but I need to prove a point.

"You are perfect," I murmur staring down at her, her breasts crushed against my chest. "No man wants a bony woman. You have curves that can bring any man to his

knees.”

She stares up at me with her mouth hanging open. An image of my cock slipping between those perfect, plump lips has me fighting to control the urge to bend her over my mahogany desk. Instead, I step back, giving her some space.

“You can decide, little one. Either you eat with us for every meal or find us another chef.”

“Fine. Lunch is at one. We’ll be eating in the kitchen.”

Day Ten

Harlow

Let me set the record straight.

I fully intended to ignore my new bosses when I woke up for my first day of work, but something more is going on here and I can’t seem to figure it out. I am clearly not an employee in their home. They dote on me, fulfilling my every need. Either one or both are constantly near me, finding reasons for the simplest touches.

They also stare at me whenever we are in the same room. And not like they think I’ll run but like they may want me to stay. Or like they want to take a big-ass bite out of me.

I have caught Sebastian licking his lips while staring at my ass more than once, and Julian gets lost in the middle of a conversation once he focuses on my breasts. I want to say I am immune to the way they look and the way they smell because that isn’t

fucking normal, but I am not.

Sebastian smells like a warm and toasty wood fire while Julian smells like fresh snow. The worst part is those are my two favorite things. Sitting in front of a roaring fire with a cup of cocoa after playing in the snow.

Now my hormones are running rampant through my body after being surrounded by them for ten days, and I want to see how far I can push them. The words Julian said to me that first day run through my mind on a constant loop and I wonder if I can bring him—them—to their knees. I have never imagined a man that looks like either of them would be interested in my thick ass but now that I know there may be a possibility, I can't walk away without knowing for sure.

And that's how I ended up here. Today I am going to try a little experiment. A little tease to see how they respond.

In the room I am using, in the bottom drawer of the closet, I find a white string bikini I can't possibly imagine will ever cover anything important, but I try it on anyway. In the mirror, I stare at my reflection and my self-consciousness starts to creep in. My breasts are too big, the fabric shows too much side boob, and my thighs wear the slight silver stretch marks that don't fade no matter what products I use.

I can't do this. Turning away from the mirror, I start to rummage through the rest of the wardrobe for something that covers me up.

“Fuck.”

I swing around at the voice behind me to find Sebastian standing there, his gaze roaming over every inch of exposed skin.

“What are you doing in here?” I all but yell, trying to cover myself with my hands,

but I fail miserably.

Sebastian licks his lips before walking into the closet and closing the door. The air is charged. I should scream, protest, yell at him to leave, but I am entranced, lost in his burning gaze.

“We are going to a meeting in town,” he says lowly. “Julian wants you to accompany us.”

“I’ll change.”

“Don’t move.” The command is clear, his voice lower than usual. “Julian said I need to wait but a man can only take so much.”

I am lifted off the ground and placed on the island in the center of the closet that could house a family of four in my old neighborhood. Sebastian’s hands remain on my hips, his large body cradled between my thighs.

How did I get here?

“Bas?” I ask in a breathy tone.

“I love that you call me that,” he mumbles, staring at my breasts. “Did you know this is see-through?” His fingertip dances across the fabric where my nipple is and a shudder rushes through me.

My reaction sets something off inside him. His head bows as he pushes the small triangle aside and sucks my nipple into his mouth.

“Shit!” I yell, feeling my pussy flood with arousal.

I'm not a virgin, not by a long shot, but I have never been this affected by a man. It's like he knows exactly what I want, what would turn me on even more. My hands tangle in his long dark hair, ripping the band keeping it in place off and throwing it to the floor.

This isn't right! my mind screams at me. I can't just spread my legs for any man that pays me some attention. No matter how hot he is.

"Stop," I beg. "This is wrong."

"I don't know if I can," he breathes against my neck after releasing my nipple and grinding his erection against my thigh.

"Sebastian, let me down. Now," I demand.

It takes him a moment, but he steps back, a pained look on his face as I slip from the counter and back away from him, fixing my top in the process.

"That was highly inappropriate," I say, fiddling with the door handle behind my back so I can get the hell out of this confined space as he stalks closer.

The moment I exit the closet I know I am saved. Standing in the doorway to my room with his blue gaze glued to me is Julian.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 2:41 am

Done Holding Back

Sebastian

It's done. I can't hold back from touching and tasting her any longer whether Julian agrees with me or not. Having tasted her skin, I know what I have been missing these past ten torturous days, not to mention the hundred years before that.

I know my brother wants her to come to us on her own, but her mind is holding her back. Our mate is within our grasp, and I honestly don't understand why we should be holding back. She is ingrained in me, in my soul, and I can't stand to be away from her yet near her any longer.

I could smell her cunt all the way down the hall. She wants me, or him, or both of us if we are lucky, but I don't care anymore. It is time to claim our mate. Or at the very least push her in the right direction.

I watch her run to my brother, plastering her delectable body to his front and wrapping her arms around his middle like he is her savior. That's bound to give him a big head, but she'll realize her mistake soon enough. Julian is just as desperate for her as I am.

"Are we really doing this?" Julian asks through our mind link.

"Smell her, brother. She is beyond aroused."

"I know that but—"

I cut him off. “Stop thinking of excuses. It’s time to give all of us what we want.”

Julian smirks at me before turning his attention to Harlow. “What is the matter, little one?” he asks tilting her head back so he can look into her eyes, a faux look of concern gracing his features.

“Your brother has gone mad! He accosted me in my closet.” She pouts and the sound goes straight to my straining cock.

I watch with a smirk as my brother frowns before speaking. “Can you blame him?”

“What?” She tries to pull away.

“You can’t expect us to live in the same house as you, see you parading around in revealing outfits, and not expect us to do something,” he explains, gripping her hair in his fist.

“You bought those outfits!” she counters loudly.

“Yes. But there are less revealing items,” he muses, running a finger along the string around her neck.

“Julian,” she whispers. “Please don’t do this.”

“Why not?” he questions. “It’s clearly what you want.”

“I don’t,” she cries out. “I want to leave. You said I wasn’t a prisoner.”

“And you aren’t,” I say as I approach. “But you made a deal.”

I spin her, pulling her back against my front, my hard cock digging into her ass. She

may say she doesn't want us, but the fact that she wiggles her barely covered, delectable derriere against my erection says otherwise.

"You can't do this!" she objects. The words may be loud but the infliction is feeble.

"We can. And we will," Sebastian replies.

This Isn't Right

Harlow

My body is humming. That can't be right, can it? I know I set out to tease them just an hour ago but that was in theory. This is very much real. The cock digging into my ass is hard and I can't help but push against him.

Sebastian's eyes have darkened to an almost dark mahogany color, his pupils blown out as he watches his brother hold me. What in the ever-loving fuck is going on here? Julian wraps his hands around my upper arms, pulling them behind me and forcing my breasts out further.

"What a treat," Sebastian murmurs as he peels the small triangles from my breasts and allows the large globes to fall free. "Such pretty nipples. I wondered if they would be big or small," he says while twisting one.

"Ouch!" I cry out. "Stop!"

"Why should I? You wore these scraps to tempt me ... us."

"I'm sorry," I say as a tear slips down my cheek.

I am so confused right now. My brain is yelling that this isn't right, but my body is desperate for me to give in. I can only imagine the pleasure I will feel at the hands of these two men.

"Don't be sorry, little one," Julian whispers in my ear. "We were waiting for you to give us a sign or to come to us."

"This isn't a sign. I don't want this," I argue again even though a small moan accompanies the lie.

But my words fall on deaf ears. Sebastian places his palm flat on my chest and walks both his brother and myself backward. It's only a few steps until Julian takes a seat on the edge of the bed and pulls me down onto his lap. His cock rubs against me, and I swear to everything that is holy I try to hold back my moan but fail miserably.

"Little one, I am going to enjoy stripping you of the notion that you don't want us ... this," Sebastian says, rubbing his cock through his pants. "Before this day is through you will know who you belong to."

"I will never belong to you!" I vow.

Both men chuckle.

"You already do," Julian says, rolling his hips and forcing another moan from me.

"I can see your wetness," Sebastian says lowering to his knees. His finger ghost over my pussy through the fabric. "There is already a wet spot blooming here. Your slick is gathering, preparing you for us."

"I can't control my body's reaction," I argue, struggling against Julian's hold. "You're playing games, and I want no part of it."

“No, Harlow,” Sebastian says, pushing the material aside to bear my sex to his gaze.
“This isn’t a game. This is everything.”

Page 6

Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 2:41 am

Now Or Never

Sebastian

I want to say I am a better man, but clearly I am not. I want to say I always respect a woman's wishes and would never force myself on someone, but that would be a lie. In my hundred years of life, I have never done such a thing but today I will. Whether Harlow wants either or both of us is a moot point.

I will fuck her, breed her, mate her, and bind her to me for the rest of our days. And my brother will do the same. Falling to my knees, I stare at the wetness flowing from her pussy. The taste of her arousal has my eyes rolling back in my head when my tongue glides between the puffy lips of her perfectly waxed sex. My dragon roars in victory, already certain of our possession.

"Please let me go," Harlow begs, her voice breathy as she lifts her hips, pushing her sex closer to my face.

Not for a second does the thought of letting her go cross my mind. Even with her words of protest, she spreads her thick thighs to allow me better access to her sex. I devour her, roaming my tongue from her asshole to her clit before sucking hard on the little nub. Her hips rotate in little circles, rubbing herself against my face and my brother's cock, chasing the orgasm she swears she doesn't want.

I spear her with two fingers, watching her face as she clamps down, her orgasm cresting and drowning her in pleasure. Julian releases her arms in favor of playing with her large tits, pinching her nipples, and sending little aftershocks through her

system.

Standing, I watch her as she tries to catch her breath, palming my erection through my slacks once more.

“Our meeting will have to wait, brother,” I say to Julian with a smirk.

“Thank God,” he sighs in relief. “I didn’t want to go to that bullshit anyway.”

Lifting Harlow from his lap he forces her to stand so he can divest her of the last scraps of clothing. Her tanned skin is on full display for our pleasure. Julian scoots back on the bed until he is lying in the center, divested of all his clothes, running his hand over his erection as he stares at her.

“Get on the bed, Harlow,” I demand in her ear. I watch as a shiver works its way through her body. “Julian is waiting for you.”

She shakes her head. “This isn’t right,” she mumbles even as she stares at my brother’s hand running over his erect cock.

I turn her to look at me. “What is bothering you? Is it because we both want you? Do you prefer one of us over the other?”

“No, no...” She shakes her head.

“Then what is the problem, Harlow?” Sebastian asks.

“You’re my bosses, sort of. And I’m ... and you’re...”

“What are you?” I ask a hint of anger in my voice.

“Fat, okay? I’m fat and you are both gorgeous.”

A scream falls from her lips as I throw her over my shoulder and carry her toward my brother. I can see the anger at her words written across his face as well. I’m done with this fucking conversation.

When I place her on the bed, it’s with her thighs spread, barely above my brother’s cock. She has a second to orient herself before he thrusts himself up into her while I push her hips down. The moan that falls from her lips is like music to my ears.

I slap her ass hard enough to force a yelp from her.

“Say something bad about yourself again and you’ll regret it.”

More, Please

Harlow

The moment his fat cock slips inside me I know I am done for. Right now, I don’t care if he is fucking me because he feels sorry for the fat girl or whether it’s simply a convenience fuck, I am going to get the most out of this situation before it is over.

“Fuck!” Julian roars beneath me, the muscles in his neck straining.

He doesn’t shift or even breathe below me and doesn’t allow me to move either. Sebastian presses his chest against my back before whispering in my ear.

“Ride him, princess. Fuck my brother like you never want to stop.”

“Sebastian,” his brother grits out. “Give me a fucking minute.”

“No.” His reply is final as he uses his hands to lift me before slamming me down again. “Fuck her like we have both been dreaming of since the moment we saw her. And when you’re done, I will get my chance.”

Julian glares at his brother but doesn’t move. I clamp my inner muscle down on him to focus his attention on me.

“Julian,” I whimper.

“Shit.”

He replaces his brother’s hands with his own, holding me firmly in place while he spears up into me. I can’t remember ever being manhandled like this and I love it. Moans fall from my lips as he thrusts into me over and over.

“Look at these pretty tits bounce,” Sebastian says, cupping my breasts from behind, his cock rubbing against my ass.

When did he get naked? How did I miss that? His lips trail along the side of my throat and I can’t help but lean back, my hands tangling in his hair.

“Harlow,” Julian moans beneath me and I snap my hips forward, taking him deeper than he has been until now. “Fuck, that feels good, baby.”

I feel Sebastian’s cock nudging at my back entrance, and I freeze.

“Relax, princess. I won’t hurt you.”

I want to protest but my hormones have overridden all common sense. I’ve never had

anal sex and it kind of scares me. But if I am taking this opportunity, I should take everything they offer, fear be damned.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 2:41 am

Can We Keep You?

Julian

I watch the fear leave her face before she starts riding me again. Her body undulates above me as Sebastian concentrates behind her. I can see the moment he starts entering her body, his dragon shimmering beneath the surface. I feel him slowly inch inside her, her movements becoming strained as she takes us both inside her.

“You’re doing so good,” I say, rubbing her clit. “You’re fucking perfect.”

The moment Sebastian is fully seated inside her I can feel it, his length beside mine sheathed in her scalding heat. Her pussy spasms around me as we all fight to calm our breathing.

“I need you to move,” she mewls. “Please.”

I withdraw from her heat before pushing back in and my brother does the opposite, soon we move in tandem. Our strokes are fluid with our mate trapped between us. Harlow scores her nails down my chest, and I fight to keep my dragon at bay. He wants her to see him, to know he is just as much a part of our mating as I am. But I push him down.

For now, I allow my dragon a slight reprieve, shifting just enough to give him access to her. My tail appears, trailing the skin on her inner knee before making its way between her thighs. Removing my thumb from her clit, I let the tip of my tail flick across her in featherlight touches.

“Fuck,” Harlow moans loudly. “What are you doing to me?”

My brother’s tail soon joins mine, twisting together and flicking her little nub at an impossible speed. Her orgasm hits, a scream rending the air and taking us both with her.

“I’m sorry,” I say as I take her hand in mine, entwining our fingers. Sitting upright, I lock my jaw at the junction between her shoulder and neck, binding us to each other forever. A moment later I watch my brother do the same with the other side of her neck.

Her pain mixes with pleasure, another more powerful orgasm slamming into her. Both my brother and I roar loudly, halfway into the shift as we find our own release inside her perfect body as our mate bond snaps into place.

What Have I Done

Harlow

I wake up in darkness, surrounded by heat. Bodies pressed against me, hands holding me tightly while they slept. What have I done? How could I allow these men into my body, these men I know nothing of? We didn’t even use protection!

Well, I do know they are part of the darkness in this world, corrupt and evil.

“You are thinking so hard you woke me up,” Julian grumbles behind me. “What is the problem now?”

“Nothing.”

“That means everything. Just talk to me, treat me like you would any other man.”

The thought is fucking laughable and I can’t hold back the giggle lodged in my throat. These two men are so much more than normal.

Taking a deep breath, I compose myself before speaking. “I thought I would wake up alone,” I mumble.

“You’ll never wake up alone again,” he says, pulling me tightly against his chest. “In the morning, I will tell you everything but for now all you need to know is that we don’t ever intend to let you go.”

Laughter bubbles up in my chest once more.

“You can’t be serious. You don’t even know me.”

“I know you smell like fresh rain. I know you hate fish and love baking. I know you face your problems head-on and fight when you should hide,” he says softly, lifting my leg over his hip. His cock slips inside me. “I know you are brave and beautiful and have a bigger heart than anyone I have met in all my years.”

“Julian,” I moan. Featherlight touches flick at my clit as he fucks me at a leisurely pace.

“I know this pussy was made for me and my brother and I know no matter what you say or do neither of us will ever let you go.”

His words are a balm to a wound I didn’t know I had, healing something I never knew was broken. My orgasm builds gradually with his thrusts. Hitting the peak, I open my eyes and stare right into Sebastian’s hazel eyes. My orgasm steals my breath while he smiles at me.

“That’s a beautiful sight to wake up to,” he murmurs before his lips land on mine.

The kiss is soft and slow, an exploration. For long moments we simply enjoy learning what the other likes. I feel Julian slip out of me as Sebastian rolls to his back, with me plastered to his chest. I swear to all that is holy, I know this isn’t normal by any standard, but I can’t find it in me to stop either of them as they pleasure me.

If this is only meant to last the night or even a week, I will take everything they are offering and count myself lucky to have had this experience when it eventually ends.

“I want...” I start to say but my words trail off.

“Anything,” Sebastian whispers beneath me. “I will give you anything and everything your heart desires.”

I stare at him for long moments trying to decide whether I will give another part of myself to these men. With any of my previous partners I always feared their reaction to what I really like. My sex life has been mostly underwhelming, never letting anyone know what I really crave. But this is different. I feel like they won’t laugh or mock when I tell them what I want.

“I want it hard and fast,” I say breathlessly.

“And?” Julian asks where he sits against the headboard watching us.

I shake my head, wanting to say the words but fear gripping me tightly.

“Look at me, little one,” Sebastian says, drawing my attention. “We only want you to be happy. If you want hard and fast, I promise we can deliver. If you want to be tied down and fucked for hours, we can do that too. But we need you to tell us what to do.”

Taking a deep breath, I allow my gaze to flit from one to the other before speaking. “I want you to make it hurt.”

Page 8

Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 2:41 am

She's Perfect

Julian

“Fuck.” The word falls from my lips without any preamble.

Already my cock is hard once more as I watch my brother and our mate discuss sexual preferences like they are discussing the damn weather.

Sebastian smirks before taking one of Harlow's nipples between his fingers and twisting harshly. Her head falls forward, resting on his chest as stunning, vocal moans fill the room. I can smell her arousal flooding her pussy once more.

“Come here, Harlow,” I demand with my hand wrapped around my length.

She doesn't hesitate to comply, crawling over to me. Her gaze is locked on my hand as I leisurely stroke my erection from root to tip.

“Suck me, baby.”

Her ass lifts in the air as her head lowers, her lips stretching wide to accommodate my girth. I watch my brother position himself behind her as I thread my hands through her hair. Sebastian's hand connects with the flesh of her ass, the sound loud in my ears. If she was any other woman, I would chastise him, but she is our mate and this is what she wants, what she was made for.

She wiggles her delectable derriere in my brother's direction, begging for more.

Three more hard slaps collide with her flesh in quick succession before Sebastian harshly shoves three fingers inside her weeping pussy. Harlow tries to pull away from my cock, a moan building in her throat but I hold her down, my hips thrusting deeper into her mouth. She gags on my length, sending tingles to my balls before she swallows around my length.

“So fucking wet,” Sebastian rumbles. “Whatever you’re doing is making this little pussy spasm, brother.”

My dragon preens, proud that we are satisfying our mate. I pull harshly at her hair, using it as a handle to pull her off my cock so I can look in her eyes.

“Is this what you wanted, beautiful?”

“Yes,” she whines when Sebastian uses his tail to swat at her distended clit. “Fuck!”

Sebastian enters her from behind causing her eyes to roll back in her head. The sounds around us are obscene but I love them. Rising on my knees, I place my cock in front of her face to give her better access while my brother pummels her from behind.

“Please,” she begs with tears in her eyes.

Final Fantasy

Harlow

I have finally lost my ever-loving mind. Staring up at Julian, begging him to use me, hurt me, I see a flicker of his dragon beneath his skin. Blue and silver scales shimmer

beneath the surface, and for a second, I swear his eyes become black before returning to their normal blue.

Shaking my head, I clear out the instant fantasy. I have never been with an Elite or an Alpha, but I want to know what he is holding back, what his dragon is holding back. Will he sink his claws into my soft flesh if I ask?

“Please,” I beg again, not telling him what I want but somehow knowing he will deliver.

Julian smiles darkly, grabbing my hair in a painful grip before shoving his cock so deep into my mouth I feel it hit the back of my throat.

“Yes!” Sebastian hisses behind me before his palm connects with my ass once more.

The pain burns from my ass and through my veins and I can’t help but buck against him as he fucks me like a madman. This is exactly what I have always wanted but better than I could have ever imagined. My pussy starts to spasm, my orgasm barreling down on me with a speed I couldn’t have predicted, but Sebastian pulls out of me.

A pained sound escapes me around Julian’s cock.

“You wanted us to hurt you, Harlow. Let us do what you asked,” Julian says gently, cupping my cheek.

I don’t understand what he is saying, none of this makes any sense. I feel my orgasm recede. I wriggle my ass in the air trying to entice him to return. Julian forces me down harder on his cock until my nose brushes his lower stomach and tears leak from my eyes. My lungs burn from the lack of air, and I try to pull away, but he has a firm grip.

Someone's hands are on my breast, pinching and tugging at my nipples until I worry they will bleed from the abuse, not that I would complain. Julian pulls my head back allowing me a momentary reprieve before his brother once more spears into my wetness. It only takes three pumps of his hips before I feel his cum coat me on the inside.

"What the fuck?" I yell.

But a second later, I find myself flat on my back. My arms are pulled tight above my head, the muscles aching as Julian fills me with his thick cock.

"I'm going to hurt you so good," he sneers down at me. "I'm going to tear this pussy apart, but I have a feeling you're going to fucking love it."

I feel something slither into my pussy beside his cock, fluttering inside me and pressing against that perfect spot no man has ever been able to find.

"Yes!" I scream as a more powerful orgasm consumes me, pulling me under and stealing my breath.

A searing heat flows through my palms where Sebastian pins me to the bed, the pain unlocking another level to my orgasm as I writhe and scream and beg for them to never stop whatever the fuck they are doing.

Page 9

Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 2:41 am

Time For The Big Reveal

Sebastian

The sex is amazing. Every. Single. Time. I can't get enough of her and the same can be said for my twin. But after we wear Harlow out for the second time, we know we can't keep her in bed forever. Even though it is a very tempting idea.

Julian slips from the bed with a smile on his face before heading to the bathroom. I hear the shower start up as Harlow snuggles deeper into my chest. I hold her tightly, simply enjoying having her in my arms.

I push her hair off her forehead before kissing the soft skin. Her scent wraps around me and contentment fills my veins. I don't want to wake her, but I know it will have to be done. When Julian walks back into the room, he is dressed in a pair of sweatpants and nothing else. It will be easier when it comes time to shift and show our mate our true forms. She was around our dragons that first night but it was all such a blur. She needs to see them fully in a more controlled environment.

"I'll make some coffee while you shower. Then we can wake her up."

I nod in agreement before rolling away from her. I make my way to the bathroom quickly and shower in a rush. I don't want Harlow to wake up alone and think we deserted her. Julian and I both walk into the room at the same time and watch her stretch her limbs beneath the sheets. A frown mars her face as she feels the empty bed beside her before sitting up.

“I brought you coffee,” Julian says before walking over and handing it to her.

“Thank you.” Her smile is shy as she pulls the sheet up to her chest while holding the mug.

“Once you’re done with that, you can grab a shower before meeting us in the office. We have some things we need to talk about,” I say. “And we all need to be dressed or we’ll just end up in bed again.”

She nods trying to hide a smile.

Both Julian and I kiss her deeply before leaving her in the room. We don’t want her to feel rushed or pressured even if that’s exactly what I want to do. We head downstairs in silence to wait for our mate to join us.

The Grand Reveal

Harlow

I hurt in places I never have before, but it is the best kind of pain. I know whatever is happening between the three of us is not going to last, but I am going to enjoy every single minute of this experience. Even if I know it will hurt to walk away when they are done with me.

I sip at the dark roast Columbian coffee I have become obsessed with in the past week and a half, enjoying the flow of caffeine as it races through my veins. I know I need to get up and grab a shower, but I am simply enjoying the silence. Sebastian and Julian are a lot at the best of times but when they focus all that smoldering sexuality on you, they are downright overwhelming.

I just need a moment to center myself. And a shower. I finish the last few sips of caffeine quickly before progressing to the bathroom. I have wondered whose room this is, guessing it isn't a spare bedroom. I'll have to remember to ask one of them.

I quickly wash away the evidence of our passion between my thighs before lathering up my hair and rinsing. Too quickly I am clean and step out of the shower grabbing one of the ridiculously fluffy towels and drying off before moving toward the walk-in closet.

A shiver works down my spine remembering how Sebastian reacted to me mere hours ago when he walked in here, and I can't help but smile. Suddenly, I don't feel shy about my curves. Clearly both Bas and Julian love the way I look, and that fact gives me a confidence boost. Grabbing a strappy white sundress, I slip in over my head.

I turn to check myself in the mirror and make sure I am looking as good as I feel. What catches my attention besides the high hemline of the dress are the twin crescent bite marks on either side of my neck. What the actual fuck?

I remember pain but that's exactly what I asked for. What I didn't request was to be marked by two men that will surely discard me at their earliest convenience. I may not be an Elite, but I still want to find a decent husband at some point in the future. Who the hell will want an omega that has been permanently marked by the two men she let fuck her on a whim?

Anger spikes through my veins and I want to tear both of them limb from limb as I storm from the closet and down the hall.

"Harlow," Sebastian says with a cocky grin when I walk into his brother's office.

"What the fuck?" I roar, shoving him hard.

“Um, Harlow,” Julian says, holding both his hands out in front of him. “You need to calm down.”

“Fuck you!” I spit at him as he backs away.

I watch Sebastian skirt his brother to open the French doors that lead out to the patio.

“Little one,” Julian says softly. “I have no idea why you’re upset but we can talk about it.”

“You. Fucking. Marked. Me.” Each word is punctuated with a shove to his broad, muscular chest. “I’ll never find a husband now.”

“Find a husband?” Sebastian asks, confusion coating his words as a frown mars his handsome face.

“You belong to us,” Julian states, his voice low and dangerous.

“Until you don’t want me anymore.” My voice cracks, pain already blooming at the mere idea of losing them. A moment later my anger surges once more. “You had no right!”

Everything changes in an instant. One minute, I am screaming at them, fighting heartbreak and barely containing my rage, and the next I am in the air looking down at them.

Page 10

Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 2:41 am

What A Surprise

Julian

I saw it in my office, and I thought I was losing my damn mind, but out here in the bright sunlight there is no mistaking her for what she is. Her dragon is stunning, a pearlescent white with a purple shimmer, her massive wings keeping her in the air above us. I have no words to describe the awe I feel watching our mate take her dragon form for the first time.

“Harlow!” Sebastian calls out with a grin so wide it looks like it might split his face. “Come down here!”

Her dragon roars, calling to my own as she flaps her wings heading into the space above the fluffy clouds floating in the sky. My brother whoops loudly before his dragon breaks free and he is following her into the sky. Shaking my head, I can’t hold back my own smile as I too allow the shift to fall over me.

My dragon shakes out his wings, preening for a mate that can’t see him as she moves through the air with my twin before he launches himself into the air.

For hours we chase her, catch and release her. The three of us spend the day in the sky just allowing our dragons the freedom to be what they are. Free.

But once the sun starts to descend, Harlow heads back to the compound with us following behind her. The moment her dragon lands on the ground she shifts back, laughing loudly. The sound fills my heart and every dark corner of my soul, as pure

love takes over everything I am.

Sebastian wraps his arms around her naked form, swinging her in a circle before kissing her deeply. When he releases her after long moments of plundering her mouth, I turn her toward me and repeat the process.

“You are stunning,” I praise holding her face cupped in my hands.

“Thank you,” she says softly. “I’m a little confused, though.”

I release her with a wink as Sebastian drapes a black satin robe over her shoulders. We both know that if she is naked, we sure as shit will not be talking. And Harow really needs to work through everything that has happened in the past twenty-four hours.

“Sit,” I say pulling her over to the patio furniture. “I’ll get you something to drink and we can talk about everything.”

She nods, taking a seat with a dazed look in her eyes. I hear Sebastian speak as I walk into the house to get her a juice or something to drink. I remember my first shift and I know she will be feeling dehydrated. Our dragons take as much from us as they give.

“I heard a story,” Harlow says to my twin as I step back outside. “You know the kind of thing people talk about in whispers that you never could take as face value.”

“Yeah,” he agrees with a nod. “I know what you mean. We also heard about the female shifter dragon in the Capitol, but it simply seemed too far-fetched to be true. Until today.”

“I think it’s the mate bond,” I say handing her the bottle of mango-apple juice. “There hasn’t been a fated mate or a female dragon in hundreds of years, and now Alphas are

finding their mates and females are discovering their dragons. I don't know why all of this started again but I think the two relinked."

"Mate bond?" Harlow asks, shock scrolled across her features.

I'm Theirs

Harlow

Julian smiles. "It's why we marked you," he says casually. "The moment we walked into the Pezzo compound we knew you were our mate."

I stare at him in shock. "And you didn't say or do a damn thing about it for ten days?"

"Neither of us wanted to force you into anything," he explains. "We wanted the choice to be yours even though it went against our very nature. The way you gravitated toward us gave a little bit of comfort. We knew you would be ours, it was just a matter of time."

"And the deal with my father?"

I feel betrayal course through my veins. They used him to get what they wanted from me. I rub at my chest where the pain blossoms.

"We knew he was all you had," Sebastian explains. "He's important to you so he is important to us. Even if you decided to walk away, we still would have helped him."

"What..."

Bas cuts me off with a swift kiss as he leans down into my space. “You’re ours. Whether you choose to stay here with us or not. Even before we knew we would be able to complete the mate bond, we knew we would do anything for you and that includes making sure your father gets the help he needs.”

“I can leave?”

“I’ve said this before. You’re not a prisoner, Harlow,” Julian says with a frown. “And we aren’t the bad guys in your story. We want you, no, we need you to be whole, but we won’t force you to be here. If you want to leave, it’s your choice.”

His shoulders slump as he walks away, disappearing back into the house. I stare at Sebastian who says nothing but offers me a small smile.

“It’s hard for him to let you decide whether you want him—us—as yours. Please understand we have been looking for our fated mate our entire lives even when everyone said we were crazy. You’re the only thing we have always wanted.”

“Sebastian...”

But he cuts me off again. “I’m not trying to pressure you, just explain. Take your time and make the decision that will make you happy. That’s all we want.”

And then he too is gone. My entire world has been turned upside down by these two men and now I don’t know which way is up. I do know I can feel their sadness at the thought of me walking away. I know how hard it must be for them to go against their nature, and words will never express how grateful I am for the opportunity to make my own choice. Even if I’m sure I already know what I will decide.

Page 11

Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 2:41 am

Taking Her Sweet Time

Sebastian

I sleep alone even though I never thought I would again. Correction, I roll around in my bed alone because sleeping is the last thing I want to do. My dragon is on edge knowing our mate may choose to leave us behind. The bastard wants free reign to claim what is ours and I have to fight to keep him contained.

He isn't wrong, though. I want to stomp down the hallway and pin Harlow to the bed beneath me, fucking her into submission until she gives in and agrees to stay here forever. But I won't.

Instead, I lie here and wallow in the fact that the only woman I want may not want me. She may not want either of us.

Soft footsteps pull me out of my sulking as the woman in question makes her way down the hallway before slowly pushing open my bedroom door. I stare at her, standing there bathed in the light from the hallway dressed in pink sleep shorts that caress the thighs and a white tank top that does nothing to hide the fact that she isn't wearing a bra.

"Are you sleeping?" Harlow asks softly.

I chuckle wishing I could tell her the truth, but I don't want to pressure her, so I tell her a half truth instead. "I've always been a light sleeper."

“Can we talk?”

“Sure.” I move over, patting a spot on the bed beside me.

She sits with her legs crossed as she stares at me. For the longest time neither of us speaks.

“What if I can’t choose between you?”

“Choose?” I raise a brow.

“Yes, choose,” she says with a roll of her eyes.

I stare at her in disbelief as I call out to my twin with our mind link. “Get it here. Now.”

“Little one,” I say taking her hand in mine. “You need to explain what you mean.”

“In all the stories we are told as children each person gets one fated mate.” Her voice sounds so sad, all I want to do is hug her. “I don’t know if I can choose between you and Julian.”

A tear tracks down her face and I can feel her heartache as if it was my own. I gently wipe away the moisture from her cheek with my thumb.

Julian wraps his arms around her from behind as a small sob escapes our mate. He lets her cry for a minute before picking her up. He takes a seat on the bed beside me, his back against the headboard as he cradles Harlow to his chest.

“You don’t have to choose,” he says wiping away her fresh bout of tears. “You never have to choose between us.”

“Then I’ll lose you both.” Her words are filled with sadness, and I don’t know what to do to fix this.

“Harlow, take a minute. For hundreds of years there have not been fated mates or female dragons. Hell, we are the only living identical twins that anyone knows of. None of this is following a set of rules.”

“I don’t understand,” she says staring first at him and then at me.

“Do you know why each dragon only gets one fated mate?” I ask. She shakes her head, and I explain. “Our dragons are insanely jealous. They are hoarders of treasure and the greatest treasure any Alpha or dragon could ever have is his or her fated mate. Dragons will tear each other to shreds if they are forced to share anything.”

“That’s exactly what I am afraid of.”

“But Sebastian and I have been sharing everything since before we were born. We shared a womb. Our dragons are two halves of a whole.”

Understanding dawns on her and she gasps loudly. “You want to share me? Not just for a night or a week but always?”

Is That Relief?

Harlow

“I need you to listen to me carefully, Harlow,” Julian says sternly. “We never intended to keep you for a night or a week. Since the moment we scented you, laid eyes on you, both of us knew you were it, our forever. The only person that can ever

keep us apart is you.”

“I don’t want to keep us apart.” The relief I feel at knowing I don’t have to choose between them is palpable.

“Did you really think we would make you choose?” Sebastian asks with a frown. “After what the three of us did together?”

“I don’t know what I was thinking,” I confess. “I just knew I wanted you both.”

“Well, isn’t this just sweet enough to rot your teeth?”

The voice has fear and revulsion crawling up my spine.

Marco Pezzo. Shit.

Julian quickly turns and flips me between him and Sebastian, protecting me from the threat none of us saw coming. I can feel the anger vibrating off both the men beside me, and I can feel their rage even more clearly through our bond.

All of us have heightened senses even if mine are still brand new, and we should have heard or smelled him before he even made it halfway through the house. But we are all distracted trying to sort out the mess of our mating.

“Sorry to interrupt this moment but you have something that belongs to me,” he says from the doorway.

I push myself upright to see what is happening, even though I know neither of my mates will be happy about it. But I need to know what is going on.

I stare at Marco, a man I used to find unfairly handsome. In the place of the man I

met just two weeks ago is someone, something completely different. It looks like he got stuck mid-shift, half-dragon, half-charred human. And the smell of burnt flesh hangs in the air, unmissable now that I know he is here.

Strangely, my dragon finds this monster appealing, knowing our mates did this for us. They took one of the most feared and powerful Alphas in the realm and destroyed him. Like a disturbing gift from our loves.

“There is nothing here for you,” I say flatly. “And if you want to live past this moment, I suggest you leave.”

Marco glares at me while pride comes off my men in waves. And that is what they are. My men. Once we get rid of this minor inconvenience, we will be solidifying our mating and nothing will ever be able to keep us apart again.

“Still a mouthy bitch I see,” Marco sneers. “Not to worry. What these two couldn’t fix, I will beat out of you.”

I smile brightly at the idiot standing in the doorway. “You have no idea how I look forward to you trying.”

Sebastian jumps out of bed, fully intent on killing Marco for the way he is speaking to me, but is stopped dead in his track when Marco levels a gleaming gun at his chest.

“I wouldn’t try anything, Sebastian,” he says angrily. “You and your brother have been a thorn in my side for long enough and I won’t be caught off guard again. Tonight, both of you will die and I will claim my prize.”

“You’re only one man,” Julian says casually. “Actually, it looks like you’re only half a man. Did you try to shift before putting out the fire?”

Sebastian chuckles and a shot is fired. My mate falls to the ground, blood pooling beneath his leg. I fall from the bed even as Julian tries to hold me back. The moment I am beside Bas I can feel my dragon pushing to get out, to defend her mates and destroy this insignificant little man.

I glare at him. “You are going to regret that.”

“I doubt it,” Marco replies casually. “Tonight, I will take out two of my greatest enemies and you will be the spoils.”

Page 12

Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 2:41 am

Over My Dead Body

Julian

My dragon is filled with rage to the point where it feels like the blood in my veins is on fire. I want to rip this half-man-monster in front of me limb from limb, not only for hurting my twin but for disrespecting our mate. I can see on his face the vile and degrading things he intends to do to our woman.

“Get up,” he motions toward me with the gun. “Help your useless twin outside so I can kill you without making a mess.”

“A mess?” Harlow asks with a frown.

“Well, yes. Since they burned down my home, I will take this one once they are dead.”

“Over my dead body,” Sebastian cuts in.

“That’s exactly the plan, my friend,” Marco replies with a chuckle. “And then I will tie the bitch to your bed and fuck her until she submits.”

Harlow rubs her hand up and down Sebastian’s back to keep him calm. I can see his dragon shimmering just beneath the surface of his skin, but I know Marco will not hesitate to shoot both of them. There is too much that can go wrong while he has that damn gun in his hand.

I am beside my brother and our mate a moment later as Marco tracks my movements with his weapon. Harlow and I help Sebastian stand and walk as we make our way outside. Memories from earlier today assault me as we walk out onto the patio.

We should have stayed in the sky and skipped all the drama down here. But it's too late for wishful thinking now. No. Now I need to think of a plan that will get us all out of this situation alive.

I Have Something To Show You

Harlow

I can almost hear the wheels turning in Julian's mind as he tries to figure this out, but I already know what to do. Marco thinks I am just a weak little omega, but he doesn't know the truth. I've already decided I will kill him, now all I need is for him to focus his attention on me.

"What is your grand plan, Marco?" I ask. "It can be as simple as killing the brothers and taking over their home and territory. They have people who work for them, alliances. You can't expect to just get away with it."

"You don't know a fucking thing about our world. I will be the new head of this family and you will fall in line along with everyone else," he says with a glare. "I don't need a mouthy bitch telling me what will or won't work. Omegas are there for the pleasure of Alphas and nothing else. You should learn your place."

"I think you're mistaken," Julian cuts in.

"And I think you're about to die!" Marco screams. "On your knees. Now," he

commands.

“Marco,” I say softly. “it’s clear you have won.” Both my mates stare at me in confusion. “Before you kill them, you should ask about their secret.”

“Secret?”

“Yes, they have something valuable. Something only one other person has,” I reply.

My feet are planted firmly to the ground, my stance low. I know that when I shift, my dragon will want to take him down as quickly as possible. My mates stare at me in varying degrees of disbelief.

“What is she talking about?” Marco asks no one in particular. “Tell me.”

Bas is the first one to catch on to what I plan to do. I see the moment Julian understands, horror sketched across his features.

“Ask her,” Sebastian says with a nod in my direction.

“Don’t do this,” Julian growls at his brother.

“Why not?” Sebastian asks. “He wants to know the secret, she brought it up. Give me one good reason.”

“You’re a bastard,” Julian roars before shoulder-tackling his injured twin to the ground.

Marco’s weapon lowers as he enjoys the sight of the fighting brothers. He knows whatever their secret is, they will fight to keep it hidden, which means it is worth something.

I watch him carefully instead of my mates. The moment the gun is pointed toward the ground I allow my beast the free reign she so desperately craves, shifting in the blink of an eye. Marco's shock has me chuckling internally as my dragon swipes a massive claw at him.

That's all it takes. My dragon swipes out with her talons and severs his jugular artery. She does enough damage that his head almost falls from his shoulders to roll across the grass.

The instant his body crumples to the lawn beneath her feet, she allows me to shift back and get to my injured mate, but he is already in his dragon form allowing the shift and the magic it creates to heal his gunshot.

Julian wraps me in his arms as his twin's dragon stomps around angrily, fuming at being hit and not being the one to deliver the kill shot.

"Don't ever do that again," he mumbles against the crown of my head. "I've never been so scared in my entire life."

Page 13

Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 2:41 am

What A Mess

Sebastian

The next hours are a blur of people. Julian reported the break-in and death of Marco to the authorities and soon one of the council members showed up. He gave us one look before turning to our mate.

“You did this?” he asks.

Harlow nods even though we told her she didn’t have to tell anyone about her dragon. She stands tall as she tells the council member the truth.

“He was trying to hurt me. He hurt my mate.”

Pride surges through me as I watch her. She is more than we could ever have wished for. Honest, brave, loving. She will make us whole, and she will be a wonderful mother to any young we might have in the future.

“I knew there would be more,” the official mumbles stabbing at his phone. “Stay here,” he commands all three of us before walking away while talking to someone on his phone.

“What do you think that is about?” I ask Julian.

“No idea. But I’ll kill the next person that tries to take Harlow away from us.”

She wraps her arms around my brother's middle, staring up at him. "No one can keep us apart except me. Remember?"

"I do, little one," he says placing a kiss on her lips. "And I will make sure of it."

We are waiting in silence for the official to return. It only takes a few minutes before he comes back into view, shaking his head.

"My men will clear out the body. Liam Viagro and his mate Seline will be here tomorrow. She is dying to meet you," he says directly to Harlow. "Something about not being able to make friends when you're one of a kind." He chuckles before shaking both our hands and then he walks away.

"Was that strange?" Harlow asks. "I feel like it was a little too easy."

"Being a law-abiding citizen should be easy, little one," Julian says with a chuckle. "I think you've been spending too much time with criminals."

I laugh at their easy banter, finally able to breathe easy. Harlow smiles at me, and I get lost in her for a moment.

"Can we go to bed now?"

My Mates

Harlow

After the day and night we had, the three of us fall into bed together and promptly fall asleep. I fully intended to get my mates to fuck me senseless so I could forget Marco

was ever here but that wasn't meant to be.

I wake first, though. Bas is behind me, his arm resting across my hip. Julian is lying next to me on his back, his erection tenting the sheet that has slipped down his torso to lie on his hips. Both are naked as am I. Julian insisted we all needed to be skin to skin, even if we weren't going to have sex.

Slowly, I lift the sheet off and stare at the appendage I have never taken the time to admire. He is long, maybe nine inches and thick. I've had him inside me and I'm only now looking at him.

I reach out to touch him but pull my hand back not wanting to wake him. From behind, Sebastian takes my hand and guides me to his brother's cock, he adjusts my grip until I am almost violent with his brother's penis before removing his hand to place it on my breast.

"That is fucking hot," he murmurs in my ear as his sleeping twin thrusts up into my grasp. "I can smell your pussy growing slick as you play with Julian."

"Bas," I whimper, pushing my ass against his erection.

"No, baby," he says, halting my movements with a grip on my hips. "I want to watch."

I hesitate for a beat. "What do you want me to do?"

"Suck him."

I shift out of his grasp, turning enough to get to Julian's cock but making sure my ass and dripping pussy are fully in his view. I want him to see how turned on I am by this. I lick the crown of Julian's cock, catching a drop of pre-cum as I look up his

body to find him staring at me.

“What a view,” he says, his voice husky from sleep.

“Indeed,” Bas agrees, his fingers skimming through my slippery pussy lips.

I take as much of my mate’s length into my mouth and set a steady pace as I bob up and down his length.

“Fuck!” he curses, his hips lifting off the bed. “Slow down or I will come in your mouth.”

I hum around his length and his thighs stiffen beneath my hands. Sebastian spears me with three fingers, and I moan.

“I think she wants to drink your cum, brother,” he says with a chuckle. “Such a horny little mate.”

His hand lands on my ass cheek and I almost lose my fucking mind. Both my mates know I love pain with my pleasure. I feel the heat bloom across my skin and shake my ass begging for more. I know they will deliver and I can’t wait.

Page 14

Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 2:41 am

Our Little Mate

Julian

“My jeans are on the floor,” I say to my brother through clenched teeth.

He knows what I mean and quickly withdraws his fingers from our mate’s slick pussy. I hear him rummage on the ground before he digs in the side table and then joins us on the bed. He smooths a hand down her back gently before pulling away.

Wrapping my hand in her hair, I pull her off my rock-hard cock and stare into her eyes. I need her to listen to me.

“Harlow, you need to listen because this is important. You are our mate, and we never want to hurt you.” She nods, listening intently even though the flush of arousal sits high on her cheeks. “If you don’t like something or become overwhelmed, say ‘stop’ and we will stop. Immediately.”

“Okay,” she says softly with a dreamy smile.

“Good girl,” I praise, rubbing my thumb along her bottom lip. “Now, get back to sucking my cock so my brother can have some fun playing with the rest of your body.”

She complies instantly, sucking at my length like she’s never had a better treat. I will be coming down her throat today, it’s just a matter of when.

I watch as Sebastian lubes up the bejeweled butt plug before running it across the rosette of her ass. Slowly, he pushes it in before pulling it out. Our little mate makes obscene sounds around my cock at the pleasure she is already feeling, and he has barely started.

Next, he inserts the bright blue G-spot vibrator into her pussy. Harlow hums around my cock, taking me all the way into the back of the throat and making my eyes roll back in my head.

The first lash of my leather belt lands across her ass, and she howls, ripping her mouth off my cock. Sebastian watches her carefully, waiting for her to protest, but after a minute she simply returns to sucking me off.

A second lash lands on her other ass cheek. A moment later I hear the vibrator switch on and I know she won't be able to last long. Sebastian gets off the bed and walks around us to take a seat in the armchair in the corner. In his left hand the remote for the vibrator, in his right, his cock.

He strokes himself leisurely as he watches us, playing with the speed and intensity setting. I allow her another moment of sucking me off before I push her away. Quickly, I rearrange us so she is facing my brother and I am behind her. I discard the pretty butt plug on the floor before positioning my cock against her ass. Slowly, I push in until my balls are nestled against the vibrator dancing inside her pussy.

"Look at Bas," I demand, lifting her head as her arms tremble under her weight. "He likes watching you."

The vibrations my brother is causing deep inside her cunt are driving me crazy and I need to move. I pull out before thrusting back in. My hands caress across the angry, raised, red welts my belt left on her pristine skin. Knowing she bears marks from our lovemaking has me feeling feral and I set a punishing pace.

My brother sets the vibrator to high and Harlow comes on a shriek. I don't stop fucking her, biting my lip hard enough to draw blood but to also stop me from exploding inside her ass. I fuck her like I am possessed.

“Stop.”

No word has ever made me freeze like that one whispered word falling from her lips. I pull out of her spasming ass while Bas switches off the vibrator.

“No! No!” she wails. “I ... I meant ... uuum, wait.”

Sebastian chuckles. “What do you want, love?”

“I want to be on top.”

Wishes Fulfilled

Harlow

Julian flips us over with ease, lying flat beneath me. He smiles at me before sliding his cock back inside my ass. Sebastian cocks a brow, and I nod, waiting until the vibrator fires up once more.

I lift myself off Julian's length as I watch my other mate stroke his impressive cock before sliding back down. The vibrations hit spots inside me I didn't know I had and drive me crazy. Soon enough I am fucking myself on my mate's cock like my damn life depends on it.

“I love watching your tits bounce,” Julian says beneath me plucking my nipples

harshly.

“Yes,” I hiss, fucking him harder.

With every downward stroke my ass burns where Sebastian struck me with the belt, setting off more pleasure inside me. I feel another orgasm barrelling down on me and lose my rhythm for a moment before regaining it.

“Make him come,” Sebastian demands harshly, stroking his own cock harder. “Then you can crawl over here and fuck this fat cock too.”

My gaze is glued to his thick cock as I fuck my mate. Julian grips my hips harshly before thrusting up and roaring through his orgasm. Mine follows quickly and I lean forward to do the one thing my dragon has been begging for since yesterday.

I bite him.

Page 15

Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 2:41 am

Ours

Sebastian

I watch Harlow set her mate bond with my brother, my identical twin. I thought I would be jealous but all I feel at this moment is overwhelming love and immense pride. I watch my brother's eyes roll back in his head as the mate bond flows between them.

Harlow gasps, sitting upright to stare at him.

“You love me?”

He chuckles. “Did you have any doubt?”

She leans down and kisses him deeply, riding out the little aftershocks of their orgasms together as they enjoy each other.

I've known since the first day that I loved her, and my brother was the same. All we had to do was convince her to be ours. I never thought she would be unsure of our feelings for her.

I want to call her to me, but I allow them their moment. For the first time I feel like an interloper in their relationship, but I also know the moment she sets the bond with me as well, that feeling will fade.

I'm so lost in thought that I miss when Harlow climbs off my brother and the bed, but

I see her on her knees between my thighs. Her small hand wraps around my cock and I almost lose it right then.

“Up here,” I say lowly, lifting her beneath her shoulders.

I withdraw the vibrator from her dripping pussy and discard it on the floor before filling her with my painfully hard erection. She squeals at my size and the angle, but I hold her in place.

“Sit still,” I admonish, slapping her inner thigh. “I want to tell you something.”

“Bas,” she mewls. “You’re too big.”

“I’m just right,” I say winking at her. “You need to relax and accept me.”

She nods and I pull her face closer to mine, kissing her lips softly. “I love you. I’ve loved you since before I met you. And once I saw you, I was lost,” I confess. “It’s not the mate bond or fate or anything else. It’s me. I love you.”

Tears cling to her lashes as she smiles widely. “I love you too.”

She kisses me deeply, rocking back and forth on my cock while her tongue fucks in and out of my mouth.

“I’m not going to last, little one. Take your pleasure so I can paint your womb with my cum and put my baby in your belly.”

A shudder works its way through her body as she actively starts fucking me harder. Moments later, her pussy grips my cock tightly as her orgasm has us both struggling to catch our breath. My cock kicks in her tight heat, filling her.

Her teeth sink into my flesh, and I swear a smaller, second orgasm burst from me.

“I hope he breeds me.”

Her thoughts are bared to me and I can't help but smile. I hope I breed her too. Then the three of us can live our own version of happily ever after.

This Is My Life

Harlow

I don't know when I fell asleep but I do know I was fully sated. Both my mates took turns to fuck me again before they took me in tandem. My body aches and I can feel the evidence of our passion, sticky between my thighs.

I am wrapped in their heat once more as I smile at the ceiling, my heart filled with more love and joy than I ever thought possible.

“It's good to know you're happy, little one,” Bas says lowly.

“Did you think I wouldn't be?”

“There was always the possibility,” he replies softly. “Not all women would be happy to have two males demanding everything from them. It can be a little overwhelming.”

“You are overwhelming,” I say with a smile. “In the best kind of ways.”

Bas chuckles, pulling me closer and kissing me softly. “I'm happy you think so, little one. Because we will not stop loving you no matter what. And we won't stop fucking

you until we have you growing our babies inside your belly.”

His hand caresses the soft rounding of my stomach and a shiver runs its way through my body.

“So you’ll stop fucking me once I’m pregnant?” I ask, joking.

“Never,” he says lowly. “We’ll keep you filled with cocks and babies for the rest of your days.

“I’ll hold you to that promise.”

Page 16

Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 2:41 am

Six Months Later

Demanding Little Thing

Julian

I can hear the vibrations the moment I walk into the house, my brother following closely behind me. The scent of arousal also hangs thickly in the air.

“I knew one of us should have stayed here,” Sebastian grumbles behind me.

“You know we both needed to be present for the meeting with the other families,” I counter. “If we want out of this life, this is how we will do it.”

“And in the meantime, Harlow has been here. Alone. Doing God only knows what.”

He takes the stairs two at a time, headed toward the main bedroom of our home where our mate will no doubt be waiting. I decide to give him a minute or two to get started before I join them. Removing my jacket, I step into my office to check my emails but I only take a single step across the threshold before freezing.

“Harlow,” her name slips from between my lips like a prayer, her beauty flooring me.

On the small blue couch she had brought in a few weeks ago sits our mate. Naked. I can see the large phallic device she has inserted into her dripping cunt as she plays with her tits.

“Julian...” she moans my name.

I’m on my knees in front of her in an instant. “What is it? Is something wrong?” My hands cup her ever-expanding stomach as our baby continues to grow daily.

“I’m sorry,” she says sadly. “I’m just so horny.”

I smile before suckling one of her leaking nipples into my mouth. Since she fell pregnant, she has become even more insatiable and sensitive. The taste of her breast milk hits my tongue and I can’t hold back my moan.

“Isn’t this a stunning sight,” Sebastian says from the doorway.

“Bas,” she mewls wantonly, a hand outstretched to my twin. “I need you both.”

“You have us both.”

“Please...”

I pull away from her breast and allow my brother to join us. He quickly gets undressed before lifting her up and slipping beneath her. She lowers herself onto his cock, squealing as she takes his full length into her overstimulated body. Once she is seated, I drop my pants and present my rigid cock for her to suck on.

Breast milk leaks from her bouncing tits as my brother fucks her from below while I grip her hair harshly and fuck her face. Sebastian holds her stomach, cradling our unborn child.

Her teeth score the sides of my cock and I lose the last semblance of control, coming down her throat.

“Fuck!” my brother roars as he pumps into her before stilling, the three of us lost in

our combined pleasure.

Long moments after, we fight to catch our breath, the three of us somehow a mess of tangled limbs on the carpeted floor.

Harlow giggles and I smile at the carefree sound.

“I’m sorry,” she says. “I’ve become some kind of depraved sex fiend.”

“You won’t hear us complaining,” Bas says pressing a kiss to the side of her face before standing. “Do you want some cookies?”

He knows they are her favorite pregnancy food. She nods with another smile.

“Are you happy, little one?” I ask caressing her stomach as I stare at her.

“I could be happier,” she says with a grin.

“Tell me. I will do whatever you want.”

“I want you to fuck me while Bas feeds me my cookies.”

I laugh freely, happier than I have ever been. Grabbing her hips, I position her on her hands and knees as my brother comes back into the office.

“Your wish is my command.”

The End