



Taking One for the Team (After Dark Taboo)

Author: *J. Snow, Jenika Snow*

Category: Dark Erotica

Description: When my twin brother found out I went on a date, he made sure to show me no one could have me but him. ??Him and his teammates, that is.

*Inc*st or pseudo-inc*st

Total Pages (Source): 7

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:04 am

Chapter One

GWEN

I could tell Gavin was pissed as soon as he came home, and I had a pretty good idea what had caused it.

Me.

Having gone on a date just hours before.

I worried my bottom lip with my teeth and tried not to look at Gavin, who sat across from me at our small, two-seater kitchen table.

Gavin and I had moved in together as soon as we graduated high school. We'd found this two bedroom apartment just down the street from the college we'd been accepted to, and thanks to our parents' help securing the place, we'd been here for the last three years.

Not only was it so much cheaper to rent off campus than stay in a dorm but, the truth was, I didn't want to live anywhere except with Gavin.

I loved him. I always had, and it wasn't the type of love that a sister should have for her brother.

It was wrong, I knew this. And so I'd tried my entire life to keep these emotions in check and hidden. Which led me to going on a date tonight. It was the first one I'd

ever gone on, truthfully.

I'd had no desire before that, but even if I had wanted to, Gavin had been so protective of me that no boys had ever even talked to me for fear my twin would kick their ass.

I push the rest of my food around on my plate, my fork clanking on the ceramic. "Your date was good?" Gavin grabbed his beer and leaned back, giving me a slow nod as he kept his focus on me.

I looked down at my plate, feeling my own irritation grow. My twin was a man of little words. He had this almost caveman persona where he kicked someone's ass and asked questions later. It was infuriating as much as it was...arousing.

I let my fork drop to the plate with a loud thunk and crossed my arms under my breasts as I glared at him. "What's the issue?" I cocked an eyebrow at him and waited. But all he did was finish off his beer, stand, and go over to the bottle of wine he'd brought home for me.

He still said nothing as he showed me the bottle and cocked his own eyebrow in a silent question if I wanted some.

Huffing out another irritated breath, I nodded and watched as he poured me a glass from the already opened bottle. A moment of confusion flitted through my thoughts, wondering when he'd opened the wine, but when the full glass of Cabernet was placed in front of me, I let the question go and took a hearty swallow.

Long moments passed, but it wasn't uncomfortable the longer we sat there. Clearly, Gavin was dealing with some shit and wasn't in the talkative mood about it.

I took another long pull from my wine glass, and before I even set it down, Gavin had

the bottle in hand and poured me more.

I sputtered out a chuckle and was about to tell him to go easy, that he knew I was a “cheap drunk”, but the truth was that with finals and the stress of school in general, a wine buzz sounded pretty good right about now.

He got up and turned some music on, and for the next ten minutes, we just chilled. We didn’t speak, but we’d never had to fill the empty space of silence with conversation to be comfortable.

Having shared the same womb at the same time, we were forever linked in ways that most people would never understand.

I started to feel lightheaded and saw Gavin watching me intently—a little too focused if I was being honest.

I went to stand to get a glass of water but gripped the edge of my chair and a wave of dizziness slammed into me.

“The wine was potent. Damn, Gavin.” I started laughing a little more after saying that, that lightheaded feeling coming on stronger with each passing second.

I heard Gavin’s chair scrape back as he stood. Then the sound of his footsteps coming closer surrounded me. “It’s a special kind, Gwen. Just for you.”

His words were deep and sounded muffled as they filled my ears. “I don’t feel right,” I slurred, my arm so heavy as I lifted it and placed a hand on my forehead. I squeezed my eyes shut and swayed, but I felt Gavin’s brawny arms pull me in close.

He murmured something, but I couldn’t understand the words. It felt like waves crashed through my ears, blocking out everything else.

Gavin kissed my temple and said a little louder and closer this time, “Let’s get you to bed.”

My feet wouldn’t move when I tried to walk, and a second later, I was being carried to my room by Gavin. I rested my head on his shoulder and exhaled.

“I don’t know what’s going on. I feel funny.” Even the words in my head sounded weird... meshed together and unintelligible.

He didn’t respond, and when he laid me on my bed, the familiar scents of lemon and fresh linen filled my nose. I groaned and turned my head to burrow my face farther in the pillow. I was moments away from falling asleep. I felt it settle deep in my bones.

It was only when I felt my shoes and socks being taken off, followed by the tug of my pants, that the darkness claimed me, and I passed out.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:04 am

Chapter Two

GWEN

My head felt fuzzy as I blinked open my eyes, but I couldn't think straight let alone see much of anything. My room was murky with the dim glow of light from my nightstand lamp, and my vision was slightly blurry.

At first, I wasn't sure what I was feeling, but as things started to settle around me, I realized I wasn't alone.

And I felt good. So good.

Something big and heavy was on my belly, keeping me pressed to the bed. And then there was the warm, wet feeling between my thighs, followed by deep groans and grunts that vibrated right to the very center of me.

"You taste so good." The voice was deep and gruff and murmured against my pussy, causing a flash of pleasure shimmer through my body and pulling a soft mewl from me. He added pressure to my stomach, and I realized it was his hand keeping me pinned in place.

I groaned, realizing I'd been woken up by Gavin sucking on my pussy.

My twin brother was wedged between my thighs like he had every right to be there.

"God, I bet your little cunt would feel so good squeezing my cock, Gwen." He lapped

and licked at me and thrust his tongue deep inside.

“Wait, Gavin.” Those two words were whispered fruitless from my parted lips.

He never stopped. In fact, me telling him no just seemed to spur him on.

And the longer he ate me out, the more confused I felt and the more the room spun. With my hand now on my forehead, I squeezed my eyes shut, bewildered as pleasure rolled through me.

“I—I don’t understand what’s going on.” I let my hand fall to his broad shoulder and tried to push him away, but Gavin growled like a primal animal and pushed his tongue deeper into me, both hands now gripping my waist and dragging me down the bed and farther into his mouth.

In my mind, I knew this was wrong. I didn’t understand what was going on, but it felt so good I couldn’t find the strength to fight harder for Gavin to stop.

The truth was, the idea that it was my brother licking my pussy lips drew husky moans from my throat. And when he started finger-fucking me at the same time he sucked my clit, I orgasmed before I could even brace.

The pleasure was never-ending, and the whole time Gavin didn’t stop eating me. The ecstasy I felt was so wrong but oh so right. My body hummed with pleasure, starbursts exploding behind my eyelids.

When he pulled back, I felt shifting on the bed, but my eyes felt too heavy after coming I couldn’t open them.

“Look at me,” Gavin demanded, and it took all my strength to obey.

The bed dipped and shifted more, and when I cracked my eyes open, the first thing I saw was Gavin gripping his exposed monster cock.

My eyes widened, and my lips parted. Gavin didn't say a word as he jerked off. He had his knees braced on the mattress on either side of my hips, his cockhead pointed right at my face. Pre-cum dripped a steady, clear string (stream?) on the base of my neck.

The only thing I could focus on was the way his enormous balls swung as he ran his palm up and down his girthy length.

Although he didn't say a word, he made these low, gruff and growly sounds that had my inner muscles clenching and my cum leaking out of my pussy.

"Open up," he demanded, and when I didn't obey, he reached out with his free hand, gripped my chin with his fingers, and pried my mouth open. "Keep that shit wide. I'm about to fill your pretty little mouth with my cum until you're choking on it."

Oh God . I clenched my thighs together and started breathing heavier when he started jerking himself off faster, his cockhead an angry purple, white pre-cum leaking from between his fingers.

I knew when he was about to come because the animalistic sounds that came from him grew louder and more intense.

"Jesus Christ," he snarled and leaned forward, bracing a hand on the headboard as he masturbated right over my mouth. "Yeah, that's it. My sister is gonna take her big brother's cum like she was made for it."

I knew he was talking to himself, and I found it hot as hell that he was being so obscene. And when he growled, and I saw the first rope of milky white cum shoot out

the crown of his shaft, I tipped my head back to open up my throat.

He came long and hard, thick, warm streaks covering my face and squirting into my mouth. I swallowed every last ounce I could, and still, he was coming as if he couldn't stop. His big, tattooed body shook from the force, and the intermittent curses that came from deep within him had me moaning in pleasure.

With one more pulse from his cock, his balls were drained, his seed covering my lips, dripping from my chin and trailing down to my tits. He gripped my chin again, his gaze taking in every inch of my face and how he painted it with his jizz.

And then—shocking the hell out of me once again—Gavin leaned in and dragged his tongue all over my face and breasts, taking extra care swirling his tongue over and over on my erect nipples, lapping up his cum and cleaning me off. But he didn't swallow. No. He pried my lips apart and spit it all into my mouth.

God, he's so hot.

He stared at me until I swallowed every single drop he'd just spit into my mouth, and only then did he lean in and kiss me long and deep. I still felt dizzy and discombobulated, still confused about what the hell had just gone down. But I was too tired and too turned on to play mental gymnastics.

He moved off me, and I rolled onto my side. Instantly, a large, hard body was behind me, spooning up close. Heated breath brushed along my nape, followed by the swipe of a wet tongue.

Gavin grunted, and I closed my eyes.

“Nothing tastes as good as your pussy, little sister.”

I felt that grogginess intensify and groaned, not sure what was going on. But I sure as hell felt Gavin slip his hand over my leg, lifting it and draping it over his thigh so I was spread. I was still naked...exposed to my twin brother.

And he was now fully naked, too, his cock hard and thick and pressed between the cheeks of my ass.

He rolled his hips forward and ground his cock against my ass cheeks. Even after that monster orgasm he just had, Gavin was ready to fuck me.

“Let me in, sweet girl.” He didn’t wait for my consent, just started thrusting against my ass as he speared his fingers through my pussy and started forcefully teasing me.

“Wait,” I said and pushed his hand away. Or at least tried to.

He was stronger, and it was clear Gavin wanted this...just as badly as I did.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:04 am

Chapter Three

GAVIN

I wasn't a religious man, but even I knew there was no greater sin than fucking your twin sister.

I didn't know when my desire for Gwen came to fruition, but I knew it controlled me. I thought about all those summers of having to control the raging ache in my cock as my sweet sister walked around our apartment in hot, slutty shorts and midriff tops that gave me a glimpse of her braless tits.

Maybe it was the way she'd always run to me for protection. Maybe that's when this barbarian gene started to take root in me, where she was concerned. All I knew was that Gwen's pussy was the sweetest thing I'd ever tasted, and I craved more.

So much more.

Gwen pushed back against my dick while she kept repeating the same sentence. "Gavin, this is wrong. You're my brother."

"Is that why your little cunt is dripping for me, sis?" I laughed as I moved my hand, snaked it around her body, and grabbed her perky tit. "If you're so disgusted at being fucked by your brother, why is your pussy dripping for me?"

"Oh, God," she mewled as I tweaked her hard nipple between my thumb and forefinger. I pinched the sensitive tip before twisting it until Gwen cried out in

pleasure and pain.

“That’s it, Gwen. Cry out for more. Let everyone know how much of a dirty slut you are for your brother's dick.” My cock throbbed, the tip leaking pre-cum. “I’m going to fill this cunt with so much cum, sis. I love the idea of my jizz constantly dripping out of your holes. You’ll be reminded of what a little whore you are for me.”

She moaned, her breathing fast, erratic.

“Let big brother fuck you, little sister.” I was only older by a few minutes, but it turned me on bringing up I was older.

She popped her ass up, grinding against me. “Gavin, I don’t think you’ll fit. You’re so big.”

I tugged her earlobe between my teeth and bit down hard enough I knew that shit hurt. I growled in her ear, “Shhh, little sister, we’ll make it fit.”

“Gavin,” she breathed out.

Hearing my name on her lips draped in sensuality and taboo need was enough to make me want to shoot my load right then. I knew she wanted this as much as I did, and neither one of us was going to stop it from happening.

My pretty little sister was going to accept and love my depraved urges.

She glanced over her shoulder, her eyes hooded and glossy, the sedative I’d given her still in her system.

I rose and gripped her chin, forcing her to keep her focus on me. “You want this, don’t you, Gwen? You want to know what it’s like to have your brother’s cock deep

in your little pussy, isn't that right?"

Gwen didn't respond right away. Her consent wasn't verbal, and instead, this little kitten purred as she pushed her ass back against me. Her hot pussy rubbed against the length of my cock, as if she were desperate to bring it home to her cunt.

"Give me what I want. Beg your brother to take your pussy."

"Gavin," Gwen moaned and closed her eyes. "Why are you doing this?" She opened her eyes and stared at me. "You know I want this. So give it to me."

I snarled in hardcore desire. "I want you to tell me because I'm a sick fuck and want to force those words from you." I rolled my hips forward and rubbed my cock against the crease of her ass. "I need you to admit the truth. I need you to say that you're a dirty little whore who craves her own brother's dick." I kissed the top of her head. "It's okay, sis. You can tell me you're a whore. Tell me you want my dick in your cunt... that you want me to fuck you."

"You sadistic bastard," she moaned, and I grinned. "This is wrong."

"Is it wrong that your tight little pussy is leaking for me right now?" I lifted her leg more and placed the tip of my dick at her hole, notching the crown at my sister's arousal swollen pussy. "All you have to do is admit the truth, and I'll pound into this sweet cunt until you can't see or walk straight." I was barely hanging onto control. I wanted her like a fucking fiend. "That's what you want, isn't it? To have your brother cum deep inside of you? Because, shit, sweet girl, that's what I want so damn badly."

"Please, Gavin," she finally said, my name a moan on her lips.

"Keep going, Gwen." I pushed in just a little, then retreated, teasing her.

“Fuck me, Gavin. Please fuck me now.”

“You want it how I want to give it to you, baby?” I asked.

“Yes. God, yes,” she begged.

That’s all I wanted and needed to hear. I pushed my cock into her with one hard, brutal thrust. And then a flash of my fantasy slammed into my head, a little dark and disgustingly taboo image I conjured when I jerked off to thoughts of Gwen. “Hey,” I hummed against the side of her face as I buried my length fully in her.

“Yes. God, what is it?” She sounded breathless, needy.

“Will you fuck who I want you to?”

Gwen stilled, her breath stalling as she looked over at me again out of the corner of her eye. “W-What?”

I reached around and grabbed one of her pert breasts as I pulled out and pushed back inside. I was slow and easy at first. But that wouldn’t last. “You heard me, my dirty little slut. You don’t need to pretend that you’re a good girl when I know you’re nothing more than a filthy, cock-loving whore.”

For the past year, I’d been sneaking into Gwen’s room. At first, I’d just jerk off onto her panties, even on her bedsheets. But when I found her journal, I hadn’t been able to not be nosy.

Those pages were beyond enlightening. My perfect, sweet little sister was nothing but a closeted slut.

“I read your journals, Gwen.” She gasped in outrage, maybe even embarrassment. “I

read about you wanting to get used up by more than one man other than me.” I dragged my tongue along her cheek. “You want me to share you, don’t you?” I didn’t give her time to respond. “You want a train ran on you, and I can make that happen, baby.”

I closed my eyes and really started fucking her, plowing my cock in and out of her soaking wet pussy until I was already close to coming.

“My favorite entry was when you fantasized about taking load after load from my friends while I stood there and watched until they were done... and then having me eat out the sloppy mess.” I bent down and whispered into her ear, “I really liked that one, baby girl. But do you know which one was my favorite?”

She shook her head, moaning, clearly unable to verbalize what she wanted to say. Her chest rose and fell erratically from her pleasure.

I slammed into her hard and stilled, growling in pleasure.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:04 am

Chapter Four

GWEN

Gavin's words felt like ice water was poured over my flesh. I wasn't sure if I should run away or embrace the new found knowledge he had about me. That journal was my private thoughts—thoughts that were so depraved that I wanted no one else to know about it.

I was so worried about what he'd read that I couldn't even enjoy the way his thick dick was moving in and out of me—something that I'd craved for so long.

“Come on, little sister... you've got your twin brother's cock deep in this warm, wet pussy. Tell me what I want to hear. Admit it all to me.”

“I can't,” I whispered, embarrassed.

“There's nothing to be embarrassed about, Gwen.” He fucked me nice and slow. “It makes me so fucking hot and hard to know you want me to eat my teammates cum out of your pussy.”

“Oh God,” I gasped at the visual.

“Don't think God comes to the rescue of dirty little whores who crave their brother's—and his teammates—cock. Pretty sure that's a big old sin, Gwen sweetheart.”

Gavin's hand left tingled on my skin as he glided his fingers up my body. He stopped when he reached my breast, the tips of his fingers making lazy circles along my flesh. "I really thought the information about your nipples was interesting. Do you really want me to bite them so hard that you think they might fall off?"

I squeezed my eyes shut, wondering how much he'd read—if he'd read it all. "Yes," I panted...admitted.

"Such a dirty girl," he hummed. "Then let me give you what you want." Gavin bent his head, his warm mouth circling my nipple, his teeth grazing my flesh. And then I screamed from the pain of how his incisors dug into my flesh and he broke the skin.

Gavin let go of my nipple and smeared the blood he'd left on my breast along my skin. A metallic scent drifted up and filled my nose. I saw his crimson stained finger a second before he brought it to my lips and traced my mouth with it.

Oh God... why was that so hot?

"That's it, my pretty whore. Scream for me. Let everyone know how you love getting fucked by your brother."

I was losing my mind, and I loved it.

"I want everyone to know you're nothing more than a pretty slut. And if you're a good girl, I'll even let the neighbors have a turn at stretching out this sexy cunt of yours."

My pussy clamped down with that nasty, obscene, and totally hot threat. I wanted to be used by and for Gavin. I wouldn't do those depraved things if another man asked. I'd only do them under the watchful eyes of my brother.

“Your cunt squeezed my dick pretty hard when I bit you, Gwenie. Is my twin sister a pain slut? Does she like the idea of her brother marking what’s his?”

“Yes,” I moaned. “God, yes.” I wanted to have every inch of my body marked as his.

His property.

His toy.

His slut.

His girl.

Just... Gavin’s.

Gavin quickened his thrusts with every filthy word that spilled from his mouth. But what had the both of us both finally going over the edge and coming was when he told me gruffly that tomorrow I was getting fucked by his team.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:04 am

Chapter Five

GWEN

The next morning, Gavin dropped me off at the spa and told me to relax before the evening's events. It was hard to relax when my whole body was vibrating with anticipation, my nipples erect, grazing the silk tank I was wearing with every breath I took, my pussy slowly dripping, wetting my panties with every thought I had about the night to come.

All I could think about was who Gavin had invited over for tonight and what would unfold. And those feelings didn't dissipate as the day progressed. And now here I was, tonight already here, and my nerves were a wreck.

I sat naked on our sofa waiting for our guests, my leg bouncing as adrenaline rushed through my veins. I wanted to put on some clothes, but Gavin ordered me to stay totally nude. He wanted me to have the full experience of being his pretty little whore.

Gavin stepped into the room and smiled salaciously.

"So fucking hot, baby," he whispered and reached down and rubbed his hardening cock through his joggers. "Open your legs wide, Gwen."

When I didn't obey right away, he growled.

"Our guests are coming here to fuck your brains out. And I'm going to need you to

show them what kind of nasty slut you are by displaying that perfect cunt.”

I felt my face heat as, no doubt, an obvious blush took over my body. I licked my lips, felt myself get wet, and opened my legs, exposing my pussy to Gavin’s ravenous stare.

“Good girl,” he purred. “We want the guys to have a pretty view.”

I only sat there for another few minutes, both of us silent as Gavin did nothing but stroked his fat cock through his pants as he stared at my exposed pussy.

And then there was a knock on the door.

My body trembled at the sound, excited for what was about to happen tonight, but it was Gavin’s devilish smile that really turned me on, what really caused adrenaline to speed through my veins.

He left the living room and rounded the corner. A second later, he returned, not alone but followed by his three closest friends... that were on the hockey team.

Jace, Miller, and Spencer.

The three who I’d shamelessly thought nasty things about as I touched myself.

Spencer grinned, and the other two groaned and cursed when they saw me.

“Well fuck, Gwen. What do we have here?” Spencer asked as he walked up to me. His gaze roamed up and down my body until he focused on my open thighs and.

I looked at my twin. Gavin smiled before stepping up to me. He brought his hand to my mouth, and I parted my lips. He didn’t waste any time slipping three fingers into

my mouth, pushing them in and out.

Fucking me that way.

Miller crossed his arms, lifting an eyebrow. “You’re letting us fuck your sister?”

Gavin grinned like a shark. “I sure am.”

“And you’re okay with this?” Miller asked me.

Gavin removed his fingers from my mouth, trailing saliva over my chin. When I didn’t respond right away, Gavin growled, “Why don’t you answer the man, slut? Are you okay with this?”

“Yes,” I whispered.

“Are there any ground rules? Safe words we should know?” Spencer asked.

Gavin smiled down at me and stroked my head. “If she says stop , just fucking stop.” Gavin’s expression turned vicious.

“ Jesus Christ . This is hot.” Jace was the first of the other three men to come to me.

He gripped my hair with such force that I thought the strands were going to rip right from my skull. But God... that turned me on.

My pussy was drenched. And the erotic violence coming from this man was an aphrodisiac. The fact my twin brother was watching me, his cock full mast in his shorts (joggers), made this taboo moment even more salacious.

Jace pulled me down until I was on my knees on the floor. He yanked my head up so

that I was forced to gaze up at him. “If we are gonna do this, we are gonna have some fun, Gwen.” he all but snarled. “Now, be a good little slut and take out my dick.”

I was so wet my juices coated my inner thighs, and my clit swelled as it throbbed in time with my pulse.

It was as if my body had a mind of its own as my fingers quickly went to work, unbuckling his pants and pulling down his zipper. He shoved my hands out of the way, clearly impatient to get himself free. He pushed his jeans and boxer briefs down, his cock springing forward and pointed right at me.

God, he was thick and long, and my throat felt tight just imagining taking it to the hilt.

“What are you waiting for, sis? His dick isn’t gonna suck itself,” Gavin encouraged.

And that's all I needed to hear. I just needed my twin brother to demand I suck his friend's shaft, and it spurred me on. I opened my mouth so fast I felt my jaw pop and took Jace deep, so deep my lips brushed his trimmed pubic hair. Jace held onto the back of my head and pushed forward swiftly, lodging his thick length to the back of my throat, forcing me to gag.

“What a pretty little whore,” Jace groaned, his fingers tightening in my hair for leverage as he started to skull fuck me.

I felt someone approach behind me, then felt him spread my pussy lips and speared his fingers through my wet center.

“Holy shit, she is a filthy whore,” Spencer said with lust lacing his voice. “I don’t think I’ve ever felt a pussy so drenched. Get up, slut.” He slapped my ass hard enough I cried out. “I’m gonna fuck this sloppy cunt, Gwen.”

God, I wanted that. I presented my pussy to Spencer, cum dripping down my thighs, my mouth still full of Jace's cock. But kept my eyes locked on my twin brother. I wanted Gavin to watch all of this.

I wanted to please him because that turned me on.

"That's it, Gwen," Gavin groaned, his cock in hand as he started jerking off. "You like giving my friends a good time?"

I hummed in pleasure.

"Because I fucking love letting them fuck my pretty little sister while I watch." Gavin spread his pre-cum along the tip of his perfect, huge cock head and groaned. "Look what you're doing to me, Gwen. You see how hard you've made your brother?"

"God, yes," I whispered when Jace pulled his dick out of my mouth for me to answer and popped it immediately back in for me to suck. Spencer bent over me from behind and started finger-fucking me, his harsh, hot, excited pants tickling my neck.

"Such a good girl, baby. You like being my little slut, don't you?"

I tried to nod, but with Jace's cock lodged in my mouth, all I could do was moan.

"Tell them what a dirty girl you are, Gwen," Gavin ordered.

Spit trailed from Jace's dick when he pulled it out of my mouth. I felt my saliva fall on my chest, and while staring into Gavin's eyes, I rubbed the wetness into my breasts. I turned to look at Spencer. "I'm a dirty girl."

Spencer laughed. "Nah baby, you've gone past dirty. You're a nasty, filthy cunt."

His words made my pussy flood.

“What are you, Gwen?” Spencer snarled as he slapped my ass.

Miller stood next to Gavin, jerking himself off while he watched my depravity. And then Spencer stilled behind me and took his fingers out of my pussy. I heard a wet, sloppy sound and a hum of pure pleasure.

With a cock pistoning in and out of my mouth, I could only imagine Spencer sucking my juices from his fingers, enjoying every sweet drop. I gasped when he jammed his fingers back into me, wanting, needing, them shoved deeper in my cunt.

“Speak, you little, beautiful slut.”

It was hard to say anything with the intrusion of Spencer’s fingers, but I wanted to make sure he got what he wanted out of me. With my gaze moving back to my brother, I released Jace’s dick and gritted out the words demanded of me.

“I’m a nasty, filthy cunt who likes to get fucked by my twin brother and his friends.”

“And why's that, Gwen?” Gavin demanded.

I gasped as Spencer finger-fucked me fast and hard. “Because I want to make you happy.” Before I knew what was happening, Spencer pulled his fingers out and replaced them with his tongue. He lapped at my cunt while Jace returned to fucking my face with his massive cock and hitting the back of my throat.

“I want that shit dripping out of her like a fucking faucet.” Gavin stepped toward me and bent down to whisper in my ear. “How does it feel to be used like a piece of meat, Gwen? This is what you wanted, isn’t it, baby girl? To be my little fuck toy?”

My entire body felt like it was on fire. The situation was even wilder than my deepest, darkest fantasies. For years, I thought about my brother owning me and turning me into his personal toy. And here I was now being used and shared with his closest friends.

I knew I would do anything to be with my twin and please him. Because making him happy turned me on like crazy. As messed up as it was, I'd never been happier in my entire life.

“Damn, Gav, are you really okay with all of this?” Miller asked.

Gavin still jerked off, his cock thick and long and dripping pre-cum.

“Yeah, she wants this, and I want to give her everything she wants. That includes you three motherfuckers.” He grinned and cupped his heavy nut sack with his other hand. “So go ahead. So go ahead. Do it. To my twin sister.”

“Fuck,” all three guys seemed to moan in unison.

“This little whore’s pussy is about to pull all the cum out of us.”

Yes...yes I would, and I couldn’t fucking wait.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:04 am

Chapter Six

GAVIN

Jace pulled his throbbing cock out of Gwen's mouth again, and I jerked off faster.

"Give me your cum," she pleaded, her focus trained right on me. Although my three buddies were here and taking part, this would only ever be about Gwen and I.

"Please, boys," she begged like a little slut...a beautiful little slut. "Please fill my pussy up so it doesn't ache anymore."

It was a little— a lot —fucked up at how turned on I was from watching my twin sister get used like a whore. It wasn't just the sexual acts that had me high. It was also my love and devotion to Gwen that made this experience surreal.

Watching her getting her ass fingered by Miller had me chomping at the bit to get to her. "Fuck her ass, Miller." I managed to spit the words out.

Miller didn't need to be told twice. He shoved Spencer out of the way, who now stood off to the side and started masturbating as he watched.

Jace skull-fucked her while Miller lubed up her ass even more and slowly inserted his cock into her. And then I watched them spit roast Gwen, and it was so fucking hot I had to stop jerking off or I'd come.

Knowing she was only enjoying this because it was something I wanted made me

nearly tell these fuckers to leave so I could finish the job and fuck her brains out.

I'd never felt this way about anyone other than Gwen. She was my everything. The only girl I'd do anything for. She was also the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen. It was probably fucked up to share something so precious to me, but there was something in this situation that made me feel closer to Gwen.

She looked beautiful being used by my friends. Her hair matted with sweat, her pretty face blushed and covered in spit. And then there were her tits, those twin mounds hanging down and swinging as she was shared between Jace and Miller.

"Fuck, she's so tight," Miller groaned as his body stiffened while he slowly ass fucked her with his cock. "I can't stop." He came hard and fast, cursing and filling my sister's ass with cum then moved out of the way.

I shifted position so I could watch him pulling out of her, a dollop of his jizz about to drip from her ass and slide down to her pussy. I wanted to rush over here and get on my hands and knees so I could lick her clean.

But I stood still, mesmerized by her dirty cunt, and ordered Spencer to fuck her ass now while Miller cleaned off his cock—because he wasn't done using it just yet,.

When Spencer was in position, I noticed right away he was rougher than Miller had been, but my pretty sister loved it, annotated by the whorish moans and groans she let out around Jace's fat cock dripping with long lines of her saliva.

Spencer dug his fingers into Gwen's ass cheeks and knew he'd leave fingerprint sized marks on her peach flesh. I made a note that Gwen liked it a little rougher than I thought she would. If my little princess wanted it hardcore, then who was I to limit her enjoyment?

Jace groaned as he held Gwen's head, pulling her mouth back and forth on his dick. "That's it, slut, take all my cum like a good girl."

I could see that Gwen was having trouble breathing, and the sight of her discomfort was a turn on. Jace came long and hard, veins popping out on his neck from the exertion. He pulled his semi-hard dick out, and his spunk dripped from the corner of her lips, her mouth too small to hold his load.

"Don't swallow," I ordered when I knew she was about to.

Gwen stared at me as I walked over and crouched right in front of her. Our faces were a reflection of each other in so many ways. Same eyes and slant of our noses. Identical full lips. I smiled at my twin before brushing my lips against hers, knowing she still had Jace's wad in her mouth. "You did well, baby girl. I'm very proud of you." I pulled back and cupped her jaw. "Looks like you are going to be an excellent little hole for me to share. Now give me all that cum."

I slammed my mouth on hers and ravished her lips, loving when she opened and pushed my friend's cum into my mouth. We swapped Jace's load back and forth. Once all the fluid was safely in my mouth, I rose and gripped my sister by the hair, tilting her head back.

On instinct, she opened her mouth, and I slowly trickled the cum into her open and waiting mouth, a spark of desire and excitement dilating her pupils. Yeah, she's my cunt alright.

I hummed in pleasure. "You're gonna use this cum to lube up my cock, slut, and then you know what I'm going to do?"

Gwen shook her head.

“I’m going to fuck that pussy and use it real nice and good.” I thrust my dick down her throat, making her gag. “But the best part, sis—” I grunted through my pleasure as she took me all the way to the back of her throat. “is that I’m gonna have my friends watch as I do it. And maybe if you’re lucky, I’ll let them fuck your other holes I’m not using.”

“ Jesus ,” Miller snarled, his cock hard all over again despite just coming in Gwen’s ass. “She loves being used like a dirty rag.”

I watched Spencer working her ass good then looked at Jace. “You think you can go another round?”

“Fuck yes. Where do you want me?” Jace’s cock was already getting nice and hard again.

“You get her mouth again.” My sister liked it dirty, so I obliged. I pushed her hair back lovingly as I gazed down at her. “So beautiful.”

Spencer finished off, coming and grunting like a damn animal. I didn’t hesitate to take my place behind her once Spencer was out of the way. “Miller, stay right there and jerk off. I want her covered in your jizz when we are finished up.” I looked at the sight in front of me, admiring her.

Our love was unorthodox.

Our passion was depraved.

But we were soulmates, and who was to keep me away from my other half?

There’d be no other woman for me, and the only men who I’d allow near her were those of my choosing. Gwen was mine, and I was hers. We were splintered pieces

that were only whole when we were together.

Our lives could never be complete unless we were together.

I watched Jace mouth fuck her, then then Miller I realized what I really wanted. “On second thought...go clean your cock,” I said to Miller. He did what I said, and moments later came back from the bathroom. “We’re gonna tag team her pussy.”

Jace took the hint and moved away to jerk off and be a voyeur...like Miller was.

It took some maneuvering, but when Miller and I were lodged in her juicy pussy, the pleasure was unlike anything I’d ever felt.

“Jesus, two cocks in a cunt is something else. The way she stretches for us,” Miller gritted out of his teeth.

I felt Miller’s dick rubbing against mine as we fucked her in tandem.

Jace came up to Gwen and grabbed a chunk of her hair, jerking her head back and turning it to the side so she could suck his cock. Mascara ran down her cheeks, and spit pooled out the corners of her mouth and dripped to the floor.

I’d come prepared and told Spencer to hand me my shit on the bed. “You know what to do,” I said to my friend. Spencer moved to the side and held the lube and dildo in his hands. I watched as he got her prepared, using his now lube covered fingers in her ass and scissoring them over and over.

He fucked her with them for a second then pulled it out slowly, his gaze fixated on her asshole, which I knew gaped open. Spencer bent down and spit into that taboo hole to add even more lube before slowly thrusting the dildo back into her.

“That’s it, Gwen. Take our two cocks in your cunt while my friend fucks your ass with a dildo.” She moaned. “Such a pretty little fuck toy for us. You know, I think we need to do this all the time.”

“Fuck, dude,” Miller said. “I might come again now.”

“Next time, maybe we’ll stick both of our dicks in your asshole. Bet you’d like that, wouldn’t you? Two cocks in your ass...” She could only garble her pleasure with the mouthful of cock. I looked at Jace. “Take a picture of my whore. I want a memory of this to jerk off to later.”

I bared my teeth as I stared down at her filled ass and started fucking her pussy again.

“The way her pussy is gripping our cocks,” Miller growled. “It’s like she loves how nasty we are with her.”

“Fuck, I’m coming,” Jace roared out, his body stiffening as he unleashed his big load into my pretty sister’s mouth.

Miller and I started pounding into her until I felt my release build. “This is what you’re good for now. To be my fuck toy. Welcome to your new life, pretty girl.”

Jace pulled out from between her lips, and she cried out, cum dripping out of her mouth. Miller and I both came into her pussy at the same time. The dildo was still lodged in her ass and Spencer growled in pleasure. Her pussy clamped around us as she found her own release.

Spencer was the last to come, but when he did—jerking off—he sprayed his load all over her back and ass, some of those white, thick ropes getting in her hair.

We all pulled out of her, and before she crashed to the ground, I picked her up and

took her to bed. “Boys, get the fuck out and let me and my sister be alone.”

When I heard the front door open and close, I laid down next to her and pulled her in close. For long seconds, we lay there, our breathing syncing.

“You’re mine, Gwen.”

She exhaled in contentment and snuggled close. “And you’re mine.”

Yes...yes I was.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:04 am

GAVIN

Months later

This quiet town was nothing like the chaos we left behind. The streets were calm, lined with small shops and twinkling holiday lights that gave the air a peaceful kind of magic. I'd chosen this place for our date because it was far enough away from home that it felt like an escape.

Not that I gave a damn about what anyone thought of us anymore. This wasn't about hiding our relationship—it was about giving Gwen a night free from the whispers and judgment that we got.

I glanced across the table at her... my Gwen. She looked so radiant even in the dim light of the intimate restaurant. She laughed softly at something I'd said, and I was transfixed at the very sight of her.

She always did that—laughed in this way that made me feel like I was the only man in the world. We may be nasty in the bedroom, but the fact was, she was my perfect girl.

"You're staring," she teased, her cheeks turning pink, her smile widening.

"Can't help it, baby," I admitted and shrugged. "You're so fucking beautiful."

Her cheeks flushed a deeper shade of red, and for a moment, I just sat there, soaking in the sight of her. There was something about Gwen that always had me on edge—in

the best and worst way.

Because I'd fucking kill anyone who hurt her.

She wasn't just my girl...she was my everything.

"You know," I said, keeping my voice low as I leaned back in my chair and brought my beer to my mouth to take a long pull from it, "I don't care what anyone thinks about us. I only want you. I always have."

Her smile softened into something deeper, more serious. "Good. Because I don't care, either." She shrugged, and although I knew she spoke the truth, she was only human and judgment was a hard pill to swallow. "Let them talk. Let them think whatever they want. It's not their life—it's ours."

Hearing her say that filled me with hardcore satisfaction. Gwen had always been the stronger twin. Maybe not physically, but she was so damn smart and resilient. She was everything.

But now...she was a force to be reckoned with.

And that did things to me I couldn't even put into words.

I reached across the table, taking her hand in mine and giving it a squeeze. "I don't care where we are, what anyone says, or how wrong they think us being together is." And I really didn't fucking care. "You're mine, baby. You've always been mine, and that's never going to change."

She squeezed my hand in return. "I wouldn't want it any other way, either, Gavin."

This was a sweet fucking moment, but my dark side rose up. I smirked, leaning closer and lowering my voice so only she could hear. "And you know something else?" I

saw the way her pulse beat faster beneath her ear when she caught the change in my tone. “Although you’re mine alone, I love how you obey me and get off letting my buddies fuck the hell out of you.” She was breathing faster now. “You’re a good girl for me, aren’t you?”

Her lips parted slightly, and her pupils dilated. I brushed my thumb along her knuckles. Back and forth. Back and forth.

“And because it turns you on, baby girl,” I continued, my voice a husky whisper, “I don’t mind sharing you...but only with Miller, Spencer, and Jace. But at the end of the day, you’re still mine.”

Her breath hitched, and I watched as my words settled around her. My girl leaned in closer, her lips so close to mine I smelled the tiramisu she’d just eaten, sweetening her breath. Her love, trust, and submission were as palpable as the heat between us.

I couldn’t help but think about how this night was perfect because she was with me and she was mine.

Whatever came next, it didn’t matter. We’d face it together. Being together was taboo, but it was right. Fuck anyone else who thought otherwise.