



Their Stepsister

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Category: Romance

Description: Sweet, innocent, virginal Sarah had never once stopped thinking about her stepbrothers since she left for college. Identical in looks but opposites in personality, the twins were everything Sarah wanted in a lover.

Now that sexy little Sarah was home for good, twins Luke and Logan could no longer fight the pull and keep away from her. She'd grown into a beautiful young woman. She had curves that made their mouths water and a body made for two men. Evidently years in the Marines and away from Sarah hadn't curbed their lust or obsession.

It was time for Luke and Logan to make a move. It was time for Sarah to learn who she belonged to. She was theirs - heart, body and soul.

Warning! Only for readers above 18, this book contains insta-love, taboo romance, menage and double penetration at its dirtiest. Proceed with caution.

Total Pages (Source): 17

CHAPTER 1 *Sarah*

“Sam, if my brothers catch you in here again they’re going to rip you a new hole,” I say, scrolling through today’s itinerary. Sam has asked me out every day since I started working at Steel Security two weeks ago and I feel my resistance slipping. He’s extremely handsome in the gruff kind of way but I worry about mixing work and pleasure. Not only that, but my brothers promise a torturous death to anyone that so much as looks in my direction. They won’t allow a cock to get near me if they can help it. I’m either at home in their condo, or here at their security firm – always on their territory where their word is law.

I might be the world’s only twenty-four-year-old virgin. I would really like to ditch the V-card sooner rather than later. I haven’t been trying to hold on to the freaking thing, but life just kept happening. When I was eight, I lost my father to cancer, and it was just my mom and me for a few years. Then she met my stepfather, Dean Steel, when I was ten. Not only did I get a new father, I also got two brothers – twins. They were six years older than me. I followed Luke and Logan around like a lost puppy. Maybe I did it because of the lack of male attention after my dad died. I went from not having my dad any more to suddenly having three men in my life. I’m sure I drove them crazy, but they never let on. Luke and Logan still picked me up from school every day and took me to dance classes when Mom or Dean couldn’t.

When they turned eighteen, they both took off for the Marines. I’m not sure if it was what they wanted, or if they didn’t want to burden our parents with two kids in college at the same time. Luke and Logan would come home for visits and holidays and each time my crush for them would grow. I can still remember my first orgasm as I thought of both of them, thinking of both of their hands on me. Since then they’ve

owned every orgasm I've ever had.

My world came crashing down when a car accident took our parents away from us. It was the end of my senior year in high school and the twins came home for as long as they could. They stayed long enough to take care of everything and ship me off to college, where I stayed for the next six years. When they were finally able to leave the Marines they did. They came home and started Steel Security, where I've been working since I graduated college.

"It would be worth it. Come on, Sarah. One date," he says, rubbing his hand across his scruffy beard and giving me his best puppy dog face. "I'll be a perfect gentleman. Promise."

Why shouldn't I go on a date? Maybe it's time to finally start living my life. I can't keep pining for my stepbrothers, and it's not like I can have them in that way. For one, they would never look at me like that. Two, how fucked up is it to lust after your stepbrothers? Third, they're all I have left in this world and something like this could rip us apart. Besides, even if it were a possibility, I could never choose just one. I could never pick between Luke and Logan. Luke is dark, intense, and can make my heart flutter with one look. Logan is sweet, makes me laugh, and gives me the biggest urge to climb in his lap and let him have his way with me.

I've heard whispers about them sharing women. The thought pisses me off because, while I've never seen them with a woman, I don't want to imagine them living out my fantasy with another woman. Between living in the dorms at college and them being in the Marines, there wasn't an opportunity for me to get an insight into their sex lives. I can't even recall them talking about anyone special. Now that I'm living with them I'm sure it's only a matter of time before I see them with someone. I've really got to find my own place before that painful inevitability happens.

"All right, Sam. I caught a ride with Luke today, so why don't we just get drinks

after work and then you can take me home?”

“Sarah, I’ll take you anywhere you want to go.”

“Okay. Now get your ass out of here before my brothers walk in,” I say, wanting to get Sam gone before they see him hanging around my desk once again. Not that I’m afraid of them. It’s more that I just don’t want to hear their mouths on this issue. Throwing me a wink, Sam leaves, perkier than he was when he arrived. Now I just need to make sure no one see me leave with him later.

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Aces was packed.

I’d heard about a lot of the guys coming here after work but this was my first time here. Of course, Luke and Logan had never offered to bring me before. For two men who didn’t want other men near me, I find it funny how persistent they were for me to come and work for them. Did they not realize this job meant I was the only woman around twenty hunky retired military men? Not to mention all their cop friends who are constantly coming and going.

Taking a table near the back of the bar, I sit and wait for Sam to return with our drinks.

I can’t remember the last time I was on a date. A few horrible first dates in college and the boyfriend I had for a few months amounted to very little experience with dating. My ex and I didn’t have anything in common, and we never made it past dry humping. God, I need to have sex. I need to get the first time over with, and give the clit massager my girlfriends got me for my last birthday a break.

Looking around the bar, I feel a little out of place. All the other women are dressed in

halter tops with skirts or shorts. Eyeing my blue babydoll dress I adjust my boobs to give myself a little more cleavage. Glancing up to make sure no one saw me fixing myself, I lock eyes with Luke. Fuck. I'm totally busted. I sent him a text this afternoon letting him know he didn't have to take me home because I would be meeting a girlfriend for dinner after work.

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“I wasn’t sure what to get you so I got you an apple martini. I hope that’s all right. I always see chicks drinking that shit,” Sam says, slipping into the seat next to mine. Still not taking my eyes off Luke, I can see his jaw tic from here as Sam slides his arm around the back of my chair.

“I’m sure it’s fine. Thank you.” I turn my attention back to Sam and try to push Luke out of my head. I’m praying to every god up there he won’t come over here.

“So how long have you worked for my brothers?”

“A couple of years. We were in the military together. I kind of feel like I know you already as they talked about you all the time. FYI, I saw them both at the bar. I’m sure they’ll be making their way over once they see I have you with me.”

Unable to control myself, I search out Luke again and see he’s still standing in the same spot. Only this time there’s a stunning brunette rubbing up against him. I’m not sure whether the hollowness I feel in my stomach is hatred or jealousy. She’s the kind of woman I always imagined one of my brothers with. Long, dark, silky hair, a waist I haven’t had since I was in the sixth grade, and legs that go on for days. Her legs look so long because her shorts are so short, I figure. Or that could possibly be underwear. Jesus, I could probably see her vagina if I looked hard enough.

She looks like she fits up against Luke perfectly. With those heels on she comes up a few inches shorter than Luke, which is saying a lot because my stepbrother has to be pushing six-foot four. She’s probably a model.

“Fucking Christ,” I mumble to myself.

How did I ever think I had a chance? I'm five-foot three, curvy everywhere, and my hair is so blonde I swear it's almost white. If I tried to wear heels like that, I would kill myself and drag anyone within reaching distance down with me.

"Don't give her a second thought, Sarah, I've got you." Sam's words remind me that I'm blatantly staring at my stepbrother and not paying attention to my date. My date, I've decided, is going to be the man to take my cherry. Yes, it's happening. I have to move on from lusting after my stepbrothers, and the first step is throwing the V-card out the window, like, yesterday.

I turn and lean into Sam and question what he means. "You've got me?"

"I've known your brothers a long time," he whispers in my ear. "They mean the world to me, almost like my own brothers. I want to see them happy and I'm starting to think if I don't give a little shove then it will never happen. You know your brothers barely talk to each other anymore without snapping?"

I had been noticing that lately. They had always done everything together when they were younger. They were inseparable. Being away at college, and only seeing them for a few days at a time, I wasn't sure what was normal for them anymore. I did notice they stopped dropping by my dorm together towards the end of college. Only one of them would come by, when it always used to be both.

"I've noticed a few things but I've only been back a couple of weeks. I thought we were all just adjusting to living together. Is something wrong?"

I wonder what Sam knows that I don't. Did something happen that I don't know about? God, I hope not. What would I do without them? It would be horrible if the only two people I have left in my life hated each other.

Looking back at Luke, I can see the leggy brunette has now wrapped her arms around

his neck. It looks like she's whispering something in his ear, but Luke's eyes are on me. He looks as if he doesn't even know there is a woman practically crawling up him. The sight of her wrapped around him like that makes a lump grow in my throat.

Sam brushes his hand against my chin, making me look back at him.

"I'm going to fix it. I just hope I don't end up in the hospital in the process," Sam says in a whisper against my lips. Before I can process his words, his mouth is on mine. He wraps an arm around my waist and pulls me closer to him, pushing his tongue against my lips, demanding I open them. I acquiesce, but before I can kiss him back he's ripped away from me and I see Luke bearing down on him.. He swings at Sam, connecting with his jaw, and then grabs him by the collar

"My fucking little sister, Sam? I've been telling you since she started to keep your hands off her!" Luke yells.

"Stepsister," Sam replies nonchalantly, as if Luke doesn't look like he's about to kill him.

I remember Sam saying that both of my stepbrothers are in the bar tonight. I look around trying to see if I can spot Logan anywhere. I'm not sure if his playful demeanor will help calm Luke down or if he'll only come over and offer to help him beat the crap out of Sam. Not spotting him anywhere, I figure it's best if I try to defuse the situation.

I grab my stepbrother by the arm and pull as hard as I can. Of course, he barely moves.

"Luke, damn it! Let. Him. Go," I demand. "Please," I finally whisper which seems to soften his resolve and he lets go of Sam.

Sam drops himself back in his chair and sips his beer, acting like nothing just happened.

“I can’t believe you. What’s wrong with you? I’m twenty-four years old, for Christ’s sake. You can’t jump at every guy that touches me,” I say, poking my finger in Luke’s chest.

Suddenly some of the tension in his face drops away, and a smirk pulls at his lips showing off one of his dimples. God, would I love to lick that dimple. I’m not even sure if I could reach it, even if I stood up on my tiptoes.

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“That’s where you’re wrong,” he says, snapping me back to reality and reminding me that I want to kick him in the shin for manhandling my semi-date.

I glance around and I can see the whole freaking bar is openly staring at us. The woman that was wrapped around Luke moments ago is shooting me a look that could quite possibly kill me.

Not wanting to make a bigger scene I say, “I’m going to the bathroom. When I get back, Sam, would you mind taking me home? I’m going to call it a night. I’ll be spending my weekend apartment hunting.” Without waiting for a response from either of the men I turn stomping towards the ladies room.

I can’t go on like this. He can have a woman wrapped around him in a bar, but I get one kiss and he goes freaking apeshit. Maybe I should think about finding somewhere else to work too. I love my stepbrothers but I can’t let whatever their problem is with my growing up and having a life destroy us. It would probably be best if they didn’t have everything right in their faces as well. I know they’re trying to protect me by filling the roles of our parents, but this isn’t working. Not to mention how I don’t want to see some of their stuff right in my face either. Working together and living together has become impossible.

When I get myself together, I make my way out of the bathroom and run right into Luke’s chest. Grabbing me by the arm in an unbreakable hold, he pushes me up against the hallway wall, caging me in.

“Have to say, little sis, I didn’t think you were that kind of girl.”

What was that supposed to mean? That kind of girl? How dare he! I can feel my rage starting to build again.

“What the hell are you implying, Luke? What ‘kind of girl’ am I?”

“The kind of girl that gives it up to anybody that shows her a little attention.”

My hand shoots out and lashes his cheek. The bastard doesn’t even flinch. I immediately regret the slap, not because I feel bad about it, but because it stung my hand. Damn, no one ever tells you how much it hurts when you smack someone. Maybe I did it wrong. I collect myself and remember my anger.

“Screw you, asshole!” I scream in his face. Okay, so not quite his face, more in his chest area as I’m too mad to crane my neck to look at him. It feels good either way. No way am I going to let him talk to me like that.

“Screw me? Maybe that’s the problem, little sis. You need a good screwing to calm your ass down. Is that what you’re here for? To get a quick fuck? Because that’s all Sam will give you. He never fucks anything twice.”

I know he’s trying to shock me and make me back down. I was right. He still sees me as just a little girl. While I might still be a virgin, I wasn’t some sheltered innocent. I went to college. Hell, my roommate slept with most of her boyfriends in our dorm room as I slept in the next bed.

I’ve never been so mad at anyone in my life. But as he stands in front of me, I don’t know if I want to pound on his chest with my fist or push my body up against his and rub all over him like a cat in heat. I’ve got to get out of here.

I lick my lips, drawing attention to my mouth. “That’s exactly what I was looking for, but it looks like you messed that up for me. I’ll see you at home, Luke.”

As I push away from him I see Logan staring at both of us.

I walk past Logan, then turn to face both of them. “And don’t worry if you hear moaning coming from my room tonight. One way or another, I’ll be getting off.” With that I turn to go and find Sam to take me home. God, I hope I have batteries.

CHAPTER 2 *Logan*

“Looks like I missed you being an asshole once again.”

Luke looks at me with his signature glare. It’s always amazing to look at my twin and see parts of myself, yet see a total stranger.

“Where the fuck were you?” he spits out.

“On the phone handling the Lorenzo clearance for their new building. Then I got stopped by that Kayla bitch that keeps trying to eat your dick.”

“Never mind,” he growls as he tries to push past me.

I grab his arm and pull him in close. I love my brother and I know what’s caused this rift between us. It breaks my heart that neither of us will just say it. I can’t go on much longer acting like strangers. Luke has always been the strong one. He’s always been the one to bear the heavy burdens, and I’ve always been the one to balance us out. I usually find the good in any situation, but lately neither of us can find our place. It feels as though we’ve fallen out of sync and we won’t acknowledge what it is that’s done it.

“Pushing her away won’t fix this.”

It’s the closest I’ve come to vocalizing what’s happening between us. Being twins,

we don't need to talk to communicate, and when I look in Luke's eyes I see everything he won't say. He breaks eye contact and jerks his arm free.

I watch him stalk out the back door and don't make a move to stop him. Out of the corner of my eye I see Kayla eyeing me up from the bar. Jesus, that skank doesn't take a hint. I hate that she knows how my brother and I enjoy sharing women – correction: used to enjoy sharing women. Kayla must have heard about it from someone we shared and decided she wanted a night with the two of us. I know going back home right now is not a good decision, so I reluctantly head to the bar and order a beer. I sit down and pray Kayla doesn't get any ideas about coming over. My dream dies within seconds.

“Hey Logan, how's it going tonight?” she asks. It comes out breathy and with a slight moan, which she must think is sexy, but it just sounds like she can't control her body functions. Kayla stands next to my barstool and pushes her body up against me. I can't stand the feeling of her cold hands running along my arm and her bony hip pushing into my thigh. I lean back and try to maintain some physical distance. I'm irritated. Fun Logan has clearly left the building. I want nothing more than to just sit here in silence, but instead I've got to deal with Luke's clinger.

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“Kayla, stop touching me and back the fuck up. You pull that shit with Luke where you get up in his face and he ignores you. I don’t want you taking liberties with my personal space.”

She steps back but manages to keep what she thinks is a sultry expression on her face. “Oh Logan, don’t be...”

“We’ve both told you repeatedly we’re not interested,” I interrupt. “I’m not in the mood to explain it again. If you’ll excuse me, I’ve got a date with my beer.”

She starts to say something else, but I get up and walk to the other side of the bar. In the back of my mind I know I’m being rude but I can’t summon my give-a-fuck emotion. I’m pissed at my brother, worried about Sarah, and ripping myself to shreds for what I’m really feeling. I roll my eyes when I look up to see Kayla storming off in a bitch-fit. Great. I’ve pissed her off. Just what I needed tonight – a scorned woman with some extra crazy on top.

I stare down at my beer and think about everything that’s happened in the past couple of years to push Luke and I where we are. We both fell for her. In the cruelest twist of fate, my other half and I fell for the same woman. And the real kick in the nuts? She’s our stepsister.

Luke won’t say it out loud but I don’t need him to. We’ve both known for a long time how the other felt. After her sophomore year in college, we decided it was best if we didn’t visit at the same time. I knew how hard it was for me to watch her show affection to Luke, and conversely I could feel the anger rolling off of him when she would pay me even a little attention.

It never felt wrong to love Sarah. If anything, it felt right. The guilt I feel is because I love her and I know Luke feels the same way. We've shared women for years, and it's always felt natural, like this is how we're meant to be. We've talked about having a permanent menage relationship and dreamed that one day we would find the one and make a home with the three of us. Deep down, though, I think we both always hoped it would be with Sarah.

Our sweet little Sarah would be shocked to know what we do behind bedroom doors, and I can't wrap my head around her wanting us in that way. I know that if she ever did feel the same about us, she would want to choose, and that would end Luke and me. We couldn't, wouldn't survive it. I would feel his heartbreak every time I was with her. As much as we love her, it couldn't be for just one night. There's love and family involved. If this went wrong it could break us, and the three of us is all that's left. We can't risk it.

I decide to sulk at the bar and down a few more beers. The only thing waiting on me at home is a brooding Luke and the image of Sarah in her room, masturbating. I stifle my groan and start thinking of football to keep my mind off my growing dick.

I don't know how long I sit there, zoned out, before Sam slides next to me at the bar. He nudges my shoulder with his in greeting and orders a beer. He takes a drink and then gives me a thoughtful look.

"I dropped your sister off at home," he says and takes another drink. I hear him take a deep breath. "Luke pulled up when I was leaving. He was just sitting in his car staring at the house."

He raises an eyebrow at me, but I don't know what he wants me to say. We've both known Sam for a long time. He would be good for Sarah. He's the type of guy I would wish for her, if I wasn't in love with her myself. I know why Luke hit him. If I had seen him kiss her I'd want to lay his ass out too.

Sam shakes his head and lets out a short laugh. “One day, Logan, the three of you really need to sit down and figure this shit out.” He stands with his beer and starts to leave. I realize at this point I haven’t said a damn word to him and I turn to speak, but he beats me to it. “And just a little advice, that day should be sooner than fucking later.” He rubs his jaw and walks away.

I sit there opening and closing my mouth. I should have played that off better and denied whatever he thinks he knows, but I didn’t have it in me. I think I’ve just gotten tired of how things have been lately and I’m tired of pretending. I’m so tired of acting like I don’t want Sarah and that I don’t want to share her with Luke. I want everything. Is that such a fucking ridiculous request?

I pay my tab and head outside. I need to clear my head and it’s not happening in that bar.

I decide that Sam has some truth to his statement. I do need to talk to Luke, but right now I want to talk to Sarah more and make sure she’s okay. She left the bar pissed and I can’t stand it when she’s mad.

CHAPTER 3 *Luke*

I sit in my car long after Sarah has entered the house and Sam has pulled away. I felt my knuckles crack on to the steering wheel when I watched to see if she kissed him goodnight. Thankfully Sam didn’t have a death wish and kept his hands and mouth to himself.

I can’t bring myself to go in the house and have the confrontation I can feel building. I hate how things are distant between Logan and me, but I don’t know how to change it. He’s in love with Sarah and, fuck me, so am I. We need to just leave her alone because this whole situation is all kinds of screwed up. Not only am I in love with my goddamn stepsister, but so is my twin. Could this possibly be any more fucked up?

Jesus, sign us up for Jerry Springer.

I rub my hands down my face and sigh heavily. I can feel Logan's pain. Even when we aren't side by side I know when he's hurting. He's the heart of our family. He's our light and laughter when I'm just a brooding asshole. Things have been so strained lately; our home isn't a happy place I look forward to returning to at the end of the day. Instead I avoid it. I avoid Sarah and Logan and everything that makes my chest hurt. <p>(adsbygoogle=window.adsbygoogle||[]).push({});<p>

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“Fuck this,” I say to no one and open my car door. I make my way inside the house. I just need to go in, go to my room and fall into bed. I want this miserable day to be over. I tell myself all of that, but it’s a lie. I know the reason. I know good and damn well why I’m going in the house and why I’m going to my room. I can’t stop punishing myself. I can’t stop the part of me that wants see if I can hear her in her room. The dark sadistic side of me wants to know if she’s making good on her promise to cum tonight.

Our home has three bedrooms upstairs and Sarah’s is in between mine and Logan’s. Logan and I designed the house with the idea of sharing a woman forefront in our minds. We hoped one day to try to make a menage relationship permanent. Even when we were kids and didn’t know anything about sex or relationships we said we wanted to share a wife. We always planned on having a family together.

We shared women and I think it just seemed natural to try to find a woman willing to take us as something other than a one-night fling. We wanted a relationship that wasn’t just for a few hours of fun, or something to cross off a bucket list. We knew most of the women we played with would be discreet. Somehow that bitch Kayla has found out and has been after us to tag team her for months. I try to be nice because I can see that she’d make waves if we just straight up refuse her. She knows too many people around town and she could hurt our business by running her mouth to the wrong people. Logan and I have worked too hard to get where we are to have some scorned socialite dragging us through the mud.

I walk into the house and it’s eerily quiet. I try not to think about where Sarah is and what she might be doing, but it’s no use. I make my way upstairs and pass Logan’s room first. His door is open and his light is off so I know he’s still out. I walk past

Sarah's door and I see it's closed. I don't hear anything but I can see the light shining from the door sweeper so I know she's in there. Her room is the largest and has the biggest bed, and my filthy mind immediately conjures up an image of her naked and spread out on that big bed. Her room was meant to be the room Logan and I would share with our wife. It doesn't go unnoticed that we designed that room how Sarah would like it best. And it doesn't escape my mind that Logan and I have never brought a woman into our home or into that room. Sarah is the only woman to ever step foot inside there.

My room is at the end of the hall and I pick up my pace and practically run to get there. I burst through my bedroom door, shutting it closed behind me. The room is dark with only the moonlight streaming in through the window to guide me. I go over to the far wall that connects Sarah's room to mine and lean against it. The wall is cool against my ear and I can hear movement in the next room. It's beyond fucked up, but I need to listen. I have to know if she's touching herself. I hate how weak this makes me, but I don't care.

In my mind she's got those milky thighs spread wide and her little fingers are teasing down her stomach towards her pussy. My hands rub over the front of my pants and press on my growing erection. I close my eyes tightly and will myself to pull away from the wall, but I can't. I keep stroking myself through my pants to try to find relief in that simple touch. I stop abruptly when I hear some shuffling. But then, sweet heaven, I hear a soft moan.

Fuck it.

Immediately I undo my belt and open my pants. I don't give a damn how pathetic this is, it's the only thing I've got.

I press my ear harder to the wall and envision her digits tickling across her clit. My right hand runs down the length of my dick while my left cups my balls. I start

stroking myself. I'm so goddamn wound up from thinking of fucking little Sarah I can't stand it.

I can hear soft sounds coming from the other side of the wall and I stroke myself harder. I can hear her moaning and moving on the bed and it's painful how turned on I am. Thrusting my hips forward on the down strokes, I tighten my hand on my balls.

I want this to hurt. I want to punish myself and my dick for these dirty thoughts of fucking my baby sister. I want to remind my body that all the nasty things I want to do to her are wrong. But the more pain I cause, the hotter it makes me. The more I think about shoving my dick down her sweet throat, the more pre-cum leaks. The more I think about squeezing that sweet throat while I thrust into her cunt, the more my spine tingles and I can feel my release coming.

My forehead is sweaty and I realize absently that I'm still fully dressed with just my dick in my hands and my ear to her wall. I'm a fucking pathetic sight.

I hear her moans getting louder and more urgent and I know she must be ready. I speed up my strokes because, in my mind, I'm cumming with her. In her. I imagine one of her hands is on her breast, plucking at her nipple. I can picture her other hand between her legs, her fingers speeding up as the ache gets stronger. I can almost smell the juices from her pussy dripping down between her ass cheeks and wetting the bed. I start panting. I'd give anything to lick it up. I wouldn't waste a single drop.

That thought leads me to my climax. I cum. Thick streams of semen run down my cock and over my hand, and I use it as lube to work every last bit of my orgasm out of me. I hear Sarah let out a shout on the other side of the wall and it causes more cum to leak out of my cock. I look down to see my hands covered in cum. I'm sweaty, sticky, and still horny as fuck.

I stand there for a few minutes and try to pull myself together. I lean my back against

the wall to allow my legs to stop trembling. I'm panting and about to make my way to the en suite to clean up when I hear a knock on Sarah's door.

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“Hey Sarah, it’s Logan. Can I come in?”

“Shit,” I whisper and rush to the bathroom to wash up.

CHAPTER 4 *Logan*

“Just a second!” Sarah shouts from the other side of her door.

I drove around for a while before I finally made my way back home. I need to talk to Sarah and make things right. Tonight was just another fuck up our family doesn’t need. Our relationship is strained as it is, so as the group’s peacemaker I’ve got to make this right.

When Sarah opens the door, I can’t help but stare at her. Her cheeks are flushed and she has a light sheen of sweat on her face. My greedy eyes move down her body and see she’s wearing nothing but a sheer white t-shirt that barely falls to the top of her thighs. She isn’t wearing a bra and her nipples are hard points, trying to break through the threadbare cloth. I can actually see the outline of her areolas and I let out a frustrated grunt.

Sarah clears her throat and I look into her eyes. She has a smirk on her face and glances down at my crotch then back up at my face. I follow the path of her eyes and see that my dress pants have done absolutely nothing to help me out and my dick is pointing right at her. I turn around abruptly and adjust the beast.

Fucking hell, this is painful.

I turn back around and see she still has that smirk on her face. She knows exactly what she's doing, but I have no idea why she's doing it. She's never worn something like this in front of us, and it makes me angry thinking that she might have worn it for someone else.

"Put some clothes on, I need to talk to you," I spit at her. I'm not usually clipped like Luke, but I can't look at her like this. She's my stepsister and I need to remind us both of that.

"Logan, if you have something to say, just say it. I'm about to go to bed and I'm not changing just for a quick conversation."

"Fine," I mumble, as I try to look directly into her eyes and not at her tits.

She crosses her arms under her breasts but it only makes the shirt tighter and lifts her tits up for a better view. I can see the shirt has risen on her legs as well and her white cotton panties are showing.

I shut my eyes and shake my head a little. When I open them, Sarah is staring at me expectantly but I'm convinced she knows exactly what she's doing.

"What did you want to talk about?"

I don't know if I can remember my own name, let alone what I was going to talk to her about. I'm standing there trying to think, but all I want to do is kiss her beautiful lips and push against her body. I just want to feel her against me and forget everything.

"Logan," she says and snaps her fingers in front of my face.

"Sorry. Yes, I wanted to talk to you. About tonight." I take another breath and try to

clear the fog from my head. “I’m sorry about how Luke acted tonight towards Sam. I didn’t see everything that happened but I know how harsh he can be sometimes. You know we love you and don’t want you to leave.”

“I get it, Logan, I really do. But it’s hard trying to have my own life while living and working together with you guys. I just think it’s too much. I don’t feel like I can be myself.”

I reach out because I need to touch her. We’ve always been quick to show comfort, so a simple touch feels natural. I run my hand down her arm and she leans into it.

“Sarah, it would devastate both of us if you moved out. Things have been a little rocky lately, but just give us time. Don’t make a rash decision about leaving us because of Luke’s temper.”

She looks up at me confused by my words. “I wouldn’t be leaving you, I would just move out and get my own place.”

I don’t know why I phrased it in that way, but if Sarah moves out it would feel like that. It hits me in the chest because that’s what I’m most afraid of – her leaving us. It would feel like she’d be abandoning us. I don’t know that Luke and I could make it together anymore if she left. Sarah is the glue that keeps our family together. The thought of her moving out breaks my heart.

I take a step closer to her and keep running my hand up and down her arm. I bring my other hand to her face and cup her cheek. I need her to understand why she can’t go.

“You know leaving this house would mean more than you just getting your own place.”

She looks up to my eyes and I feel her body shift closer, pressing against me. I don’t

know how we've gotten into this position but it's far more intimate than a brother and sister should be. We're an affectionate family, so touching isn't strange to us, but Sarah pressing against my erection is further than any of us have gone before.

"I know what it would do to me if I left, Logan." She brings her hands up and rubs them across my chest. Something has suddenly shifted between us and the air is thick. My breathing speeds up and her hands move lower, teasing across my abs. I lean closer into her touch and dip my head down towards hers.

I feel her rise on her tiptoes to reach me, but I'm too tall for her lips to meet mine. In a moment of sheer impulse I move both my hands to her waist and pick her up, bringing her lips the rest of the way and crushing her body to mine. The second I touch my lips to hers, I'm lost to sensation. Her mouth immediately opens and my tongue can't get inside her fast enough. I lick inside her mouth as she moans into mine. Her tongue runs across my bottom lip and I groan loudly into her mouth. She wraps her legs around my waist, and my dick lines up perfectly with her pussy. I can feel her heat through my pants and my body is a mass of need. I deepen our kiss and run my hands down to her ass, gripping a cheek in each hand roughly. We breathe each other in, and not a single thought is given to what we are doing. This is lust at its most basic and our bodies are doing all the talking.

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“That’s enough!”

We both jerk our mouths apart and look down the hallway to see Luke standing there. His chest is rising and falling with deep, angry breaths and his fists are clenched at his sides. He’s livid, but I can’t tell if it’s because I’m kissing Sarah or because he wants to be the one doing the kissing.

Sarah and I realize the position we’re in and I slowly let go of her, allowing her to slide down my body so my erection rubs against her body on the way down. Once she’s free from my arms she takes a reluctant step back. She brings her hand to her lips and touches them like she is trying to remember what just happened. She looks like she’s savoring my taste on her lips and it does strange things to my ego.

I look back and forth between Luke and Sarah and I have nothing to say. I don’t know what we just did, but I know it felt perfect. It was the most gorgeous moment of my life, and Luke ruined it.

I start to speak when Luke barrels down the hall and blows past us. He doesn’t even look at us when he leaves us standing there. After a moment of shocked silence I hear the front door slam and his car peel out of the driveway. I look over at Sarah and she’s got tears in her eyes.

My instincts kick in and I pull her to me, wrapping my arms around her again. This time it’s only for comfort as I feel her start to shake from crying.

“Shhh. It’s okay, Sarah. He’ll be back and I’ll talk to him. Everything will be okay.” She nods her head in acknowledgement but squeezes me tighter.

I pull her face back and look into her eyes. “Hey, you okay with what just happened?”

CHAPTER 5 *Sarah*

Am I ok with what just happened? I’m not even sure what just happened. One minute I feel like I’m getting everything I ever wanted and the next I feel like I’ve taken a sucker punch.

“I’m not sure how I feel about it, Logan.” That’s the truth if I’m honest with myself. I’ve dreamed about kissing Logan for years; the reality is a lot different. I want it again – God, do I want it again – but the look on Luke’s face cut deep. I’m not sure if it was rage or disgust I saw there but it struck me to the core.

“Well, sweet little Sarah, I think it’s about time we all got real and stopped pussyfooting around what’s really going on.”

I’m a little taken aback by his words. Does he mean that he wants me or that they want me? I’m worried that if I say the wrong thing I could anger him. Would it make him mad to know I don’t just want him and that I want his brother too? Is he looking for it to just be him and me? Because I don’t think I can have it that way. Logan and Luke make up the perfect man. Logan is the light that offsets Luke’s darkness. While Luke is the strong silent protector, I believe he feels the deepest and loves the hardest. I always imagined in my fantasies that his touches would be hard and demanding while Logan’s would be soft and sweet, just like he is.

Choosing my words carefully I try to figure out what he’s getting at. “I’m not sure what you mean,” I whisper while picking at the hem of my shirt. I pull at an imaginary thread so I don’t have to look at him.

All of a sudden Logan pushes his body into mine, backing me against the wall.

“All right, if that’s how you want to play this. I’ll just show you what I mean,” he says while he teases my ear with his teeth. I feel his five o’clock shadow against my neck and my body breaks out in goosebumps. I feel his hand slide down my body and cup my pussy. My body betrays me and pushes itself farther into his hand. I have no control over my hips as they undulate beneath his touch.

“If I dropped to my knees right now, would you have a tiny wet spot on those white cotton panties, or would they be drenched?”

I know without a doubt that if he did indeed drop to his knees, not only would he find a wet spot, I might just orgasm from his inspection. Nodding my head yes is the only reply I give. I don’t know how to answer that question without breath in my lungs. I’m not used to such crude words being spoken to me. I’m not naïve, but I sure as hell don’t know how to deal with what’s happening. I’m not certain if I should run, or try to move my hips so his flingers slip inside my panties.

“Tell me, Sarah, is that wetness seeping through your underwear a result of what I’m doing to you, or that orgasm I heard you giving yourself before I knocked on your door?” he whispers against my ear as he rubs my clit through my underwear.

“Please,” I respond intensely, not even sure why I chose that word. Please stop or please keep going? I’m pretty sure I want him to continue, because my body is once again pushing farther into him.

“Hmm...I see you’re going to be a greedy little girl. Luke is going to have his hands full with you,” he chuckles. The mention of Luke’s name brings me out of my needy haze. “Luke?” I question, rolling my hips and thrusting myself harder against him. All I need is a little more, I silently plead.

“Yes. Luke, our brother who just stormed out of here like I stole his favorite toy.”

Is he admitting that he wants us together, or that he's going to give me over to Luke?

“You'll soon learn that Luke can be quite demanding and controlling when it comes to the bedroom, whereas me? Well, I'm sure you'll have me wrapped around your finger in no time. Fuck, who am I kidding? You already do. I'm not sure I could deny you anything, princess. Like right now. You want to cum, don't you, baby girl? Ask me to make you cum and I'll do it.”

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“Yes, please, I want that,” I beg. I feel so needy.

“Ah ah ah... you have to ask.”

“Please make me cum, Logan.”

“See, all you’ll ever have to do is ask me and I’ll give it to you. With Luke, well, you’ll learn. How do you want it, sweet little Sarah? You want to cum on my fingers or my mouth? Never mind, don’t answer that. I’ve got to watch the first orgasm I give you, so fingers it is.”

Logan’s fingers quickly push my panties aside, and he finally gives my clit the pressure it’s been begging for. I explode, making my body jerk against him. I let out a cry and feel my wetness soak my panties even more. I don’t think I’ve ever cum so fast in my life.

“Fucking Christ, did you just cum?” he growls.

I can’t believe I went off like that. He barely touched me and I was cumming all over his hand. I feel my face heat with embarrassment and bury it in his chest. I hear him slip his fingers in his mouth to taste my honey. He moans loudly and I can feel myself get more embarrassed.

“You always like that, princess? You go off with just a little touch?” he asks, leaning away from me so he can look down into my eyes. Refusing to look up and let him see my mortification, I just give a little shrug. I really don’t want to have the ‘no one has ever touched me like that before’ conversation, the one where I have to lay down all

my cards, and admit that I've never made it past heavy petting. I don't want to have to explain how I could possibly want to take on two men at once when I've had no experience. I feel like I'm so close but still so far away from getting what I want.

"I've got to tell you, princess, that's the hottest shit I've ever seen – knowing that I get you so turned on you come from the slightest touch of my hand. God, just when I didn't think my dick could get any harder." He grunts and reaches down to readjust himself. "All right, let's get your ass in bed so we can talk about how this is going to go down. After that you're going to take care of my cock like a good little girl, then big brother will take care of you again."

Not waiting for me to respond, Logan leads me back into my bedroom and over to the bed.

"Sit down for me. I'm going to sit across the room so we can talk for a minute. I know if I sit next to you you'll be on your back with my cock deep inside you before I can even clear some stuff up."

I can't help the little giggle that escapes me at his words. The idea of him over me, thrusting deep inside of me makes my pussy clench. It both excites and scares me a little. I've had two orgasms in the past thirty minutes and now my body is primed and begging for another. Sitting on the bed I deliberately let my legs fall open while perching on the side. Maybe I could persuade Logan to give me another. I watch his eyes drop to my spread legs as he takes the chair across from me.

"Princess," he says as he drags a hand over his face as if he's trying to relieve some stress. "You're tempting a beast here. I haven't had a woman in about two years and I don't think you've been with many men. If you keep tempting me like that, I'm going to flip you over and shove all ten inches of me deep inside you. I'm guessing that little pussy you've got isn't quite prepared, so I'd be more careful if I were you." He lets a smile spread across his face and looks at me more intently. "Unless that's what

you're after, and you want to be walking funny tomorrow."

Wait, did he just say what I think he did? I'm skipping over the ten-inch comment and going to the other shocking confession. "Are you saying you haven't been with a woman in two years?" I'm sure the disbelief is quite evident on my face because there's no way this man hasn't been with a woman in that long.

"Hell, Sarah, it might have been even longer than two years. I can't remember the last woman I was with."

"But I don't get it. I'm sure you have women falling all over you," I say. The thought makes my skin crawl. It makes me remember the leggy brunette at the bar, hanging all over Luke.

"I never said I couldn't get any or haven't had the opportunity. I'm just saying I haven't. And to be honest I haven't wanted to. I have needs, Sarah, and I'm sick of denying them." He shoots me a heated look while palming himself through his dress pants.

"Are you referring to you and Luke sharing women?"

His eyebrows rise at my question. I've only heard a few jokes at work when some of the guys didn't realize I was within earshot. I always wondered if they were true. Maybe even prayed it was.

"Now, where in the hell did you get that idea?"

"I hear some of the men around the office joke about it," I confess

"Well, I'll be having a talk with them on Monday about keeping their fucking mouths shut. You don't need to hear that kind of talk."

This makes me burst into laughter. “It wasn’t even two seconds ago you were saying the dirtiest things to me in the hallway.”

“That’s exactly right. The only men you hear talk dirty is Luke and me. You got that? I don’t like the idea of other men putting those thoughts into your pretty head. In fact, the idea of another man even around you pisses me the fuck off. So let’s nip that shit in the ass right now. In fact I’m mad at myself for not making a move on you faster. I don’t like to think about you being with a man before. You better pray Luke and I never meet one of them because we’ll probably be doing twenty-five to life after we’re done with him.” He gives me a stone-hard face that I’m not used to seeing on Logan. Luke yes, but never Logan.

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“Well, it’s safe to say I have you beat, big brother. I haven’t been with a man in twenty-four years,” I tell him. With that admission, Logan is across the room, pushing me down into the bed before I can blink.

“Say it, Sarah. I have got to hear you say it.” He looks at me with pleading and hungry eyes. “Tell me this sweet little pussy has never known another man.”

“Never,” I whisper, making Logan close his eyes as if in pain.

Opening his eyes, he looks at my mouth. “That mouth ever taste a cock?” he asks.

“Never,” I repeat.

He leans down and takes my mouth in a yearning kiss. I can feel all of his need as he pushes into my mouth. I return the kiss, pouring into it years of denied want. I can’t believe the things he has confessed to me. He hasn’t been with a woman in years, but here he is acting like he can’t get enough of me. I can’t help but wonder why he hasn’t been with anyone in so long.

“When Luke finds out you’re untouched he might lose it. I think a part of him is going to be happy but another part of him will be pissed off. We’ve been fighting this thing for you. I believe this is going to be another nail in his coffin. He’ll be angry that he won’t be able to refuse you anymore,” Logan murmurs against my lips before recapturing them.

Pushing on Logan’s chest, I try to break the kiss. I have to clear some things in my head. So much is rattling around in there that I need some clarity. “Logan, please, I

need some answers here, this is all so overwhelming!”

“After that little bomb you just dropped, Sarah, I’ve got to relieve some of the pressure in my cock because I’ve got no brain power at the moment to carry on a conversation with you. Lose the shirt and the underwear before I rip them off you,” he growls as he releases me and unbuttons his shirt.

Scooting back to the edge of the bed, I watch as he flings his shirt on the floor. Holy shit. Logan is hard all over. My tentative hand runs up his chest and I feel the light brush of his chest hair on my fingertips. Grabbing my wrist, Logan leans down and kisses my palm.

“Princess. Clothes off. Now,” he demands.

I suddenly feel insecure with his perfect chest on display. I’m a solid size twelve with hips, ass, and breasts that are often hard to keep contained in a bra. I’m soft all over whereas he’s hard and cut and fit. I can’t remember the last time I ran, unless you count a mad dash to the bakery to get there before they ran out of sprinkled donuts.

“Can we turn out the lights?” I ask softly, hoping he won’t notice my insecurities. I don’t want to be that girl, and I hate that I’m not feeling so confident anymore.

“You’ve got to be kidding me!” he exclaims in disbelief while making fast work of his pants. He stands in front of me in only his boxer briefs, confirming that he does indeed have a ten-inch cock. “I’ve been jerking off to the thought of you naked for the past two years. If you think I’m turning off the lights you’re out of your ever-loving mind. Now strip.”

Sliding my fingers into my panties I slip them down my legs, letting them fall to the floor. I pull my shirt over my head as fast as I can and bring my hands back to my breasts to cover myself. I’ve never been completely naked in front of a man before.

I glance up and notice he has my panties in his hand. He slowly brings them to his nose and takes a deep breath, making my pussy turn slicker. He slowly opens his eyes and the look on his face is one I've never seen before. It's intense, and suddenly I don't feel insecure anymore. The way he's looking at me is all consuming. Like he's a starving man and I'm a feast for the taking. If what he said about not being with another woman in years is true, then I'm guessing his body is starving. Is it hungry for me? Or just any female attention, I wonder.

"Lie back for me, princess. I want to get a good look at all of you," he whispers in my ear.

I drop back onto the bed and watch as he slides his hand into his briefs and strokes himself. The sheer intensity of his stare causes me to squirm. I spread my legs wide and his focus is directly on my naked body and what I'm displaying.

Sinking to the side of the bed, he positions himself between my legs and brings his mouth to my pussy. I can feel his breath on my mound. Pulling my legs farther apart, I hear him mutter, as if to himself, "I have to have a taste. I've got to let Luke know what he's missing. What kind of brother would I be if I didn't rub it in his face that I got here first?" His tongue slides over my clit in one long swipe.

"Logan," I moan.

"You like that? You like your big brother tasting this sweet little pussy?"

"Oh god," I plead. His words are wrong, but sound so right.

"Has another man tasted you before, Sarah?" I feel his grip on my thighs tighten.

"No. Only you," I confirm, giving him the words that are not only true, but that I know will please him.

“What have you done? Tell me. I want to wipe away any thoughts you’ve ever had of another man.”

“Only dry humping,” I confess.

“Naked?” he growls.

“No... just. I...just over the clothes,” I mumble lifting my hips trying to bring his mouth back down on me.

I feel him smile against my pussy as he takes another taste of me.

“Luke would have smacked your pussy for that little move. You get what we give you, no trying to take more. Fuck, I can’t resist you though. You can take whatever you want from me.” He takes another lick before sliding up my body and capturing my lips. <p>(adsbygoogle=window.adsbygoogle||[]).push({});<p>

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I can taste myself on his mouth as his tongue slides across my lips and I'm so turned on by his desire. "You taste so sweet, princess. You like it?" he asks against my mouth.

"Yes," I breathe, as he kisses me.

Logan reaches down and I feel him release his cock from his briefs. The thick head slides between my pussy lips and across my clit. He's so hot and hard against me. I feel my legs start to shake.

"Wrap your legs around me, princess. I'm going to give a dry humping that won't end so dry."

Wrapping my legs around him he starts sliding his dick back and forth over my slick lips. It's erotic and like nothing I've felt before. His mouth is all over me. My neck, my mouth, my breasts; biting and licking. I can't bring my body to do anything other than wrap myself around him and hold on.

"You've got to cum for me. I can't last much longer with you wrapped around me like this," he grunts and picks up speed. His growl of pleasure pushes me over and I feel myself exploding. My arms and legs are pulsing with my orgasm and it feels like my body is floating. I feel Logan's warm cum spill onto my stomach and I groan with pleasure.

"It's like I'm sixteen again and I can't control my cock. Jesus, I don't think I've ever cum so hard in my life. And all from you wiggling under me," he says as he rolls off of me.

Looking down, I see the remnants of our passion and I can't help but run my finger through it. He tasted me so I'm curious to see what he tastes like. I bring my fingers to my mouth and taste his salty cum. I can't help but smile that I made him cum. I want more. Running my fingers through his cum once again I bring them to my mouth for another taste. But before I can, Logan grabs my wrist.

"That's enough. You keep that shit up I'm going to have to fuck you," he barks, as if the idea pisses him off. What's his deal?

"What?" I question, wondering why everything has gotten so tense all of a sudden. "Wouldn't want you to do anything you don't want to." I roll away from him to make an escape to the bathroom but before I can get off the bed I'm flat on my back with him over me.

"Trust me, sis, I can't wait to have my cock in that tight little pussy of yours but I think Luke should be the first one in there. So right now I'm practicing a lot of self-control by not taking you. Besides, this way I get your ass cherry. I've always been an ass man," he says with a wink. I squeal with shock when Logan flips me onto my belly and bites my ass lightly. He laughs and I remember how much I love playful Logan.

Rolling back over to look at him, I ask what I've been dying to know. "What now?"

Picking up his discarded shirt from the floor, Logan moves to wipe his cum from my body. "Now you seduce Luke." He says it so matter-of-factly that I stand up in utter shock, completely forgetting my nudity.

"What? How can I possibly seduce him? When he stormed out of here he was so pissed and I think maybe a little disgusted. I don't think he likes the idea of this." I motion my fingers between us.

“Trust me, princess, he wants you. And if he’s pissed about anything it’s the fact that I got the first taste of you.” He picks me up and throws me onto the middle of the bed. “Don’t move,” he growls, leaving my room only to return moments later with a tie in his hands.

“Hands on your head,” he demands. He quickly grabs my wrists and binds them to the slats in the headboard.

“It’s time to get some sleep. I’m beat and tomorrow we’re going to have to deal with this fallout and try to get Luke on our page.” He flips off the light and lies down next to me, stroking my hip.

“God, I love your body, so creamy soft. You were built to take two men. It’s like you were designed for it... for us,” he says softly, moving in closer to cuddle.

“Um...Logan? Why am I tied to the bed? Seriously.”

“That’s how you sleep. You have two men to please now. Well, soon you’ll have two. Two men with a lot of time to make up for and needs to be fulfilled. Your body is always open to us. With you tied to the bed I know at any time I can roll over and have my way with you whenever and however I want. Plus, you don’t really have a say about it. You cumming so easy for me and then telling me that you’ve still got your cherry sealed your fate, princess. You’re ours to do with as we please. Now think about that and get some sleep.”

~ ~ ~ ~

I wake feeling a chill across my body. Absently I go to reach for the covers and remember my hands are tied to the headboard. Opening my eyes I see Luke staring down at me. His jaw is set and the morning light shows that he didn’t get much sleep. In fact he looks like shit.

His eyes slowly drink in my naked body and land on the junction between my thighs. Reaching out he grabs one of my knees, spreading me open for his view. I feel Logan stir next to me and raise his head, taking my nipple in his mouth. I gasp at the sudden contact.

“Look who dragged his ass back home,” Logan says around my nipple, as if it’s normal for me to be tied naked to a bed while he sucks on my tits with Luke watching.

“Doesn’t even look like I was missed,” Luke snarls, still staring at my pussy.

Logan also seems to notice where Luke is staring. He pulls my legs farther apart to give Luke an even better view.

I’m at a loss for words. My whole body has suddenly come alive and I feel my pussy get wet. <p>(adsbygoogle=window.adsbygoogle||[]).push({});<p>

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Logan slips his hand down my belly and uses his fingers to spread my pussy lips apart, showing Luke my arousal and clit as it begs for attention.

“Have you ever tasted virgin pussy, Luke? Because I’ve got some right here that’s ripe and ready to be eaten,” he drawls. Logan is baiting Luke and I’m not sure which way it will go.

“What the fuck are you doing, Logan? That’s our goddamn baby sister you’ve tied naked to the fucking bed,” Luke bellows.

“Stepsister,” Logan corrects.

“I don’t give a flying fuck. You just told me she’s a virgin. A. Fucking. Virgin. No way she can handle us,” he sneers.

“I can handle you,” I say, trying to keep the neediness from my voice. I’m not going to beg him to be with me. I won’t beg any man for that. I know I deserve to be with a man – or in this case, men – who want me. But I’m willing to offer Luke some reassurance if that’s what it takes.

Luke barks out a laugh. “Yeah, I’m sure you can take my cock plowing into your pussy while my hands are wrapped around your throat.”

With his statement my eyes go wide, but I feel myself get wetter. It’s a turn on to hear him say things like that, to picture him using my body for his pleasure.

“Knock it the fuck off, Luke. You’re just trying to scare her.”

“Hey, just telling her how it is and how it would be. Let’s not beat around the bush or sugar coat it. No way can she handle us. Period.”

“I wouldn’t be so sure of that,” Logan responds. He runs his fingers through the wetness that keeps coming from me. “She seems to like all your ideas so far. Look at all this cream.” He pulls his fingers into his mouth and sucks on them, his face a picture of bliss.

“Hmm...” Logan draws out. “Virgin pussy tastes so sweet and innocent. Think it will taste this innocent after I’ve fucked it a good twenty times and filled it with my cum?”

I’m not sure if he’s talking to me or Luke but I squeeze my eyes shut because I think I’m going to cum. Can people cum just from words? I’m not sure if it’s possible but I feel like I’m about to explode.

“Better,” I whisper, answering the question not caring who it was directed at.

I hear a growl and suddenly a mouth is on me. My eyes fly open and I see Luke’s head between my legs. Where Logan’s mouth was light and teasing, Luke’s is hard and merciless. There’s nothing slow about his assault. He goes straight for my clit and sucks it into his mouth. I cum instantly and my back bows off the bed. Luke continues eating me like he’s trying to get every drop of juice my pussy drips.

“She cums fast, bro. You’ll have to teach her a little self-control, but, fuck, doesn’t she taste good?” Logan says smugly, as if he’s won the battle.

Luke gets up from the bed and storms out of the room. Right before he slams the door, I hear him say, “I’ve had better.”

Gasping, I yank at my hands and try to get free.

“I’m going to fucking kill him,” Logan thunders as he unties my hands. “Princess, don’t listen to him. He’s just pissed. I’ll give him an ass kicking and set him straight.” He tries to bring me in for a gentle hug.

Pushing him away I head for the bathroom. “I don’t want someone to need an ass kicking to be with me, Logan,” I whisper and escape into the bathroom. I really don’t want him to see me cry. I don’t want them to know what kind of power they already hold over me. I have to get out of here. The lump in my throat is so big I fear I might choke on it.

“Princess, just please come out for a minute,” Logan pleads through the door.

“Just give me a little time to be alone. This is a lot to take in,” I beg

“Okay. Fine. I’m going to go talk to Luke, then make us some breakfast. We can all sit down and talk this out.”

“Mmkay,” I respond, trying to hide my snuffle. I can’t seem to stop the tears from leaking out of my eyes. He’s “had better.” He said so himself. I’ll never be what he needs. Why am I doing this to myself? This makes it so much worse. I had a perfect night with Logan and felt like I was finally getting what I wanted, and then had it callously ripped away from me.

I hear Logan make his way out of my room and I know it’s time to make my escape and make it fast. Dashing into my room, I throw on some leggings, boots, and a pink sweater. I grab my purse and race to the front door. I don’t want to be caught by Logan because I know he’ll try to stop me. I bet if I ran into Luke he would probably help me escape. The thought makes me sob.

Flinging open the front door I come face to face with the brunette from the bar last night. What the hell is she doing here?

“Can I help you?” I ask, while shutting the door behind me.

“Yeah, is Luke here? He left his wallet behind and I wanted to return it. He slipped out so fast I didn’t get to give him a proper goodbye, if you know what I mean,” she says, wiggling her eyebrows.

I feel like I’m going to vomit. Without responding I push past her and make my escape.

CHAPTER 6 *Luke*

“I’ve had better.”

I’m such a fucking asshole. I’ve never tasted anything so sweet and perfect in my life. Someone explain to me why I keep pushing her away. I feel like kicking my own ass.

I leave the room and make it out to my car without looking back. How can I possibly fix things now? Seeing Logan with Sarah on the bed made my heart ache with love. It was the perfect image of everything I had ever wanted. The family I had fantasized about my whole life was sitting before me and I had to ruin it.

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I put the keys in the ignition but I don't make another move. I can't leave. I can't let Sarah feel that kind of pain. I'm an asshole and I'm totally okay with that. But I can't hurt the woman I love most in the world because of my own self-hate. I sit in the car for about ten more minutes just breathing and trying to calm down. I need to make this apology good. If I don't, Logan is going to kick my ass right in line behind Sarah.

I get out of my car and walk towards the front door when Sarah barrels into me. I can see she's crying and all of my protective instincts kick in. I grab her up and wrap my arms around her and hold her to my chest. She's so tiny I have to lean down to engulf her fully.

"Let go of me, asshole."

I realize too late she's struggling against me and trying to get free. God, I hope this doesn't have to do with what I said earlier. And it sure as hell better not be because of anything Logan said.

"Princess, stop. Don't fight me. I'm sorry, tell me what happened."

Best to start with an apology – just in case.

I can feel her body get tight with tension, and I prepare for what's about to come. Sarah is like a pot of hot water. Once she gets to boiling, there's no stopping her.

"I said, let me go, ASSHOLE!" She tries to reach her hand up to slap me, but I already gave her a freebie at the bar last night, and it's not happening again. I grab her by the wrist just before her palm connects, and lean down so I'm close to her

face. I don't want her to miss one word of what I'm about to say.

"I let you have your fit at Aces last night, and you got to lay a smack on my face. The next time you raise your hand to me, it's going to be when I tie them to the ceiling to fuck you."

If I'm honest with myself, I made the decision to claim her the second I got out of the car to walk back in the house. Having her taste on my face and tongue would make me fall to my knees and beg her to keep me. The first second her juices spilled in my mouth I was done. I tried to hold back but seeing her laid out in the bed with Logan sucking on her tit made me snap. I haven't been with a woman in a long time and seeing her displayed like that was more than I could take.

I can feel Sarah's breath quicken, and she leans into my body slightly as her mouth opens. She likes what I just said to her and her body is telling me just how much.

"That's right. Logan and I are going to claim you and make you ours."

I tighten my arms around her and all her struggles melt away. She's been waiting for this moment of acquisition just as much as we have. She just needed me to be the man and tell her how this is going to go down.

It's exhausting trying not to fuck your stepsister.

I lean down and open my mouth over hers. I can feel her breath mingling with mine and I see her close her eyes. She's waiting on me to kiss her, to completely change the nature of our relationship with this one act. I've been waiting for what feels like a lifetime to do it.

As my lips start to touch hers, I hear a gasp followed by a sound of disgust.

I look up and see Kayla standing in the doorway of our home. What in the fuck is she doing here?

“I knew you Steel twins were kinky, but incest is really just fucked up, Luke.”

She holds up my wallet and cocks her head to the side as if she’s seeing me for the first time.

“Thanks for stealing my wallet and then trying to give it back. You’re such an amazing mark of morality for us.”

She at least has the decency to look a little embarrassed, but it doesn’t last long. She doesn’t take her eyes off us as she walks over and tosses my wallet at me. I have to let go of Sarah in order to catch it, and I’m sure that was her intention.

As soon as she has an opening, she lunges at Sarah and I’m knocked off balance. I try to reach out and grab her but I’m falling in the opposite direction.

“What the fuck do you have that I don’t?” Kayla screams as both women fall to the ground. I can see Kayla reaching back like she’s about to start hitting Sarah and everything inside me snaps.

I’m up and grabbing Kayla a second before her fist can strike, and I catch Logan getting to Sarah at the same time. Thank god he’s here. I need to handle the crazy.

“Get her inside and do NOT take your eyes off her,” I snap at Logan.

He gives me a dirty smile and says, “Gladly.” That fucker would find this comical.

I have Kayla by the arms and as I’m escorting her to the edge of our property, I decide it’s time to make things clear.

“You’re never welcome within a hundred feet of any of us again. I will be filing restraining orders first thing in the morning. That woman you tried to hit is not only our stepsister but also the love of our lives. You didn’t get the polite decline from us before, so let me say this: farewell and fuck off.” With that I leave her standing outside and she looks utterly defeated. I feel sorry for her, but not sorry enough to give a shit.

I check back one more time to make sure she’s moving and I see her turn around and walk away. I’m sure she’s plotting her revenge already, but I’m so sick of being afraid of what people think. I’m ready to live my life the way I damn well want to.

I grab my wallet off the ground and I realize I was so focused on Sarah at the bar I didn’t notice Kayla was stealing my wallet. I guess she did it to have an excuse to come to my house and try her luck again. I’m always too distracted when it comes to our baby girl. I need to claim her and fix this situation.

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When I walk in the door I immediately head upstairs. I know Logan has her in the middle room, Sarah's room...our room. I open the door and see her sitting on the edge of the bed in tears. Logan is sitting beside her and looks up at me with big eyes. He doesn't know how to handle tears.

I walk over and kneel in front of Sarah. This is the most vulnerable I've ever been in my life and I really hope she doesn't rip my heart in two. "Hey," I croon as I reach up to cup her face and wipe her tears away with my thumbs. "Don't cry, princess. We've got you. It's all okay now."

She takes a deep breath and nods her head. She glares at me with her watery eyes and says hoarsely, "This is so fucked up, and you're an asshole."

"I know. I'm so sorry. I didn't mean it. I just thought I needed to hurt you to push you away. I've never tasted anything as delectable and perfect as your pussy."

I see the blush rise on her cheeks and I know I've embarrassed her.

"No, no, princess. We aren't going to be embarrassed about anything anymore." I look to Logan for confirmation and we lock eyes. We don't always need words and there aren't any that need to be said now. We both know what this moment means. There's no turning back, but it's also a commitment to a life together with Sarah. Damn all the consequences.

"Do you understand us, baby girl? This is it for us. You're the one. Logan and I have tried to fight this and deny you. But we fell in love with you a long time ago, and it wasn't the way big brothers should have loved you. It started a few years back and

it's why Logan and I stopped coming to see you together. In fact we stopped doing a lot of things together. Things we haven't done in a long time. We haven't been able to share a woman since, and I haven't been able to touch one, even on my own."

"Is that why you've been such a grumpy ass these past for years?" she asks, tartly.

"Probably. I thought being a dick would help keep you at bay a little. I thought if maybe I was an ass you wouldn't want to be around me. A man's dick can only take so much, and with you around I'm constantly hard. I refused to find release anywhere to punish myself for having lustful thoughts about my little stepsister. But I'm done. I'm not fighting it anymore. Are you in this with us? Logan and I will understand if you say no. We'll die of broken hearts, but we'll respect your feelings."

Sarah looks at Logan and then looks at me, and a small smile creeps across her face.

"So you've really never tasted better?"

I let out a breath I feel like I've been holding for years and laugh. Logan is grinning from ear to ear and this is the moment my heart clicks into place. Seeing my twin holding Sarah while I kneel in front of her. Seeing my stepsister finally become what I've always wanted...ours.

"I'm going to have to convince you for the rest of our lives, won't I?" I say.

Sarah gets a naughty look on her face and stands up. She slides down her leggings and panties. She pulls off her sweater and sits back down on the bed completely naked. I'm shocked by her bold move but couldn't be happier to see that pretty pink pussy dripping with honey. She spreads her legs a little, and I can tell she's thinking about what she just did and starts to hesitate.

"Oh no, princess. Now is not the time to be shy. You want me to take care of your pink kitty? Show you how much I like your sweet juices?"

She nods her head and I look to Logan for confirmation.

“What he said, baby girl,” Logan says. I can’t help but roll my eyes.

Sarah giggles and my heart stops. I’m so full of love that this room may not be able to contain it. But my dick is also so full of cum my balls may not be able contain it, so it’s time to get down to business.

“We love you, princess. Now scoot back on the bed and show me that pink cherry I’m about to bust.”

She moves back a little and I stand up and start ripping at my clothes. I need this moment to bind us. I’m ready for Logan and me to seal the deal and make Sarah ours.

“Logan, get those fucking perfect tits in your mouth and start sucking on them. I want those fat nipples hard as rocks and rubbing my chest when I get on top of her.”

I’m finally naked and I don’t hesitate to dive in between her legs. I’m aggressive and angry as I eat her pussy and I don’t care. She is shouting and moaning as I go to town and all it does is fuel my fire. If she wants sweet and gentle that’s why she’s got Logan. But me? This little princess needs to brace herself.

I work my tongue all over her pussy, licking her clit, her outer lips and every millimeter surrounding it. I push my hands under her ass and raise her up to my mouth so I can eat her harder. I plunge my tongue in her opening and I can taste her honey as it pours down my chin. This sweet cunt is greedy and I’m more than happy to satisfy it.

I grip her ass cheeks harder and raise her up a little more. My tongue hits her tiny pink asshole and my cock starts to weep. I grind my erection into the bed so it can have some relief. It’s not enough, but I need to get myself under control before I fuck

her pussy.

“Sweet mother of God, this asshole is tasty. Logan, you’re going to bust when you get inside it.”

I hear him moan around a nipple in approval and Sarah lets out a cry of ecstasy as we both treat her body to pleasure. I go back to eating her ass and I see Logan make a move to finger her clit while still sucking on her tits.

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I spread her ass cheeks wide so I can really get my tongue in there. I need to get it ready for Logan's cock, but this is for my enjoyment too.

I'm so hungry for her pussy and ass I feel my control slipping. I'm getting too fucking turned on and I can't wait too much longer.

"You need to cum fast. Get that pussy cherry nice and soft for me. I don't want to hurt my princess."

I sit back a little and Logan moves his hand. We are so together on this that he knows what she needs. I take the flat of my palm and bring it down on her tight cunt, smacking her pussy into an orgasm. I feel her whole body tense and she lets out a scream. Logan holds her down and I smack it again. It's so wet and sticky, my hand is covered in her juices. The sound is like a goddamn symphony to me and I keep popping her over and over while I feel her cum.

"Please!" Sarah screams and I smile. I love when she doesn't know what she wants. But her sweet little body knows exactly what it needs and I'm going to give it to her.

I give her clit one last sweet soft kiss, and nuzzle it a little with my nose. "This pussy, baby. This beautiful, pink, sweet, perfect pussy is the honey pot on the love of our lives. I've never tasted anything so amazing in my entire life." I felt like I owed an apology to Sarah as well as to her kitty.

I move up her body and kiss her belly and tits along the way. I can see that Logan has worked them over nicely. I give her a tentative kiss on the mouth and look into her eyes. "Before I get inside you, I want you to know how sorry I am for saying that. I

hope I can continue to make it up to you.”

Sarah looks so sleepy and happy and smiles at me with so much love. “I forgive you, Luke, but feel free to keep making it up to me.”

“All right, princess.” I look to Logan for confirmation. He is kneeling beside us, jerking his cock. He nods to me to go ahead. I lock eyes with Sarah and line up my cock at her entrance. “It’s time for that virgin pussy to open up. This is going to hurt, but you’ve got to be a big girl and let me do it. My cock is big, but you’ll take me because you love me, right?”

Sarah looks at me with soft eyes, and then looks at Logan. She reaches out and touches his face and then puts her other hand on my cheek. “I love both of you so much. This feels so perfect. I want both of you to fuck my virgin holes and make me yours. I want one of my cherries to belong to each of you. I need you both to own me, heart and body.”

Logan leans down to kiss her mouth and I thrust all ten inches in at once. Sarah lets out a scream, but it’s muffled by Logan’s mouth. I can see tears running down the side of her face but he’s kissing them and soothing her. I feel her tight pussy around my cock and I know I’m going to nut any second.

“Oh goddamn, baby, it’s too tight. FUCK. I can’t. Oh god. Just hold still. I need to fuck you. Jesus.”

I’m speaking in monosyllables because I can’t fucking think straight. I take deep breaths and try to find my brain, but I’m pretty sure it’s somewhere in my dick.

I put one hand on her lower belly to keep her still and the other grips her thigh. “Okay, baby, be a good princess and lie really still. I’ve got to cum before I pass out.”

I hold her lower half down and start to pump. Watching her tits jiggle and bounce as I fuck her isn't helping me in holding back my own orgasm. My eyes close and it's almost painful how tight she is. Her sweet untouched pussy is squeezing me so hard I can feel the cum being sucked from my cock. I look down and see where my cock is going in and out of her pussy. I can see her virgin blood on my cock and it makes me leak more cum. Her pink pussy is open and her clit is shiny and hard. As if reading my mind, Logan reaches down to pet her for me. He can feel that I'm so far gone I'm not remembering to be careful with her precious body.

"Get her off, bro, I've got to unload." Logan looks up and gives me a big smile.

"With pleasure," he says and brings his mouth to her clit. He's licking her pussy while I'm fucking her and Sarah is losing her mind. I don't think she is speaking English. This may seem strange to her, having both of us so close together while fucking her, but hey, if you're going to play as a trio, you're bound to accidentally cross some streams.

I go back to holding her legs wide open and sliding my dick in and out. I don't make it three more pumps before I feel her contract around my cock and I cum inside her virgin pussy. Big, thick jets of cum are gushing out of me and my body locks up as I cum harder than I ever have in my life. My throbbing cock is filling up her untouched womb and I look down to see we've all just had the same thought. Logan and I smile to each other because we know what the other is thinking. Sarah looks up with big eyes and I can see a little panic set in.

"Easy, princess." I'm still inside her and my cum is starting to leak out from around my cock and down her ass. Logan is now lying beside her and petting her tits to try to keep her calm.

"We want to get you pregnant." The moment I say the words I feel their stark truth. Thoughts of her pregnant with our child makes me cock jerk inside her, forcing some

more cum from me.

“What?” she nearly shouts.

“Shhh. Calm down, baby. Logan and I love you so much. We want to bind you with us forever. We want a family with you and we want to keep you pregnant as often as we can. We want you carrying our seed and giving us babies. So what just happened,” I push my still hard cock back inside her to remind her of all my cum still filling her, “is going to keep happening. So deal with it.”

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Sarah nods her head in agreement, which is a good thing, because in no way was that a discussion. It was a fact. We plan on cumming in this prime pussy multiple times a day until we can get her pregnant.

I look over at Logan and we both have the biggest grins on our face. I've never been so happy in my life. My family is complete.

“Looks like it's time to take that ass cherry, bro. We aren't stopping tonight until her ass and pussy are overflowing with our cum. I'm ready for both of us to fuck her together so she's going to need a good hard anal ride to work her open. Go easy, but make her know it's yours. Meanwhile I think she needs to lick my messy cock clean.” Looking down at my still hard cock I'm thankful there's not any of her cherry blood left, only my cum and hers.

“It's about fucking time,” Logan shouts. “Get on all fours, princess; I need to see my prize.”

CHAPTER 7 *Logan*

Watching Luke fuck Sarah was one of the most amazing moments in my life. To see them, my family, together in this way was how we always envisioned it. It was perfect. Sarah was so beautiful as she took Luke's cock, and even more beautiful when she came. I can't wait to see it again when I'm inside her.

Luke pulls out of her sweet cunt and a huge gush of cum spills out. “Holy fuck. Baby, that is so pretty. Turn over on your tummy and scoot to the end of the bed. Knees up, asshole on full display. Luke is going to sit in front of your face and you'll lick him

clean. Meanwhile this pink pucker is mine.”

We all move into position and I kneeled behind her round, lush ass. I can see her head bobbing up and down. Luke has his head thrown back and his eyes are closed. Her sucking noises around Luke’s cock put me more on edge. This feels so natural, sharing her this way. I grab her ass roughly with both hands and spread her wide. Her asshole is so pink and pretty and begging me to eat it. I dive face first without hesitation and moan at her sweet taste. I don’t lick her anywhere else because this sweet spot is all mine. Sarah is moving her hips and moaning around Luke’s cock – so loud I think we could get her to cum just from ass play.

“Bro, she’s sucking my dick down. Keep at her ass, man. She fucking loves it,” Luke marvels.

I pull back to spit on it and then stick my thumb straight in. She lets out a mix between a squeal and a moan and I take it as a good sign. “Looks like we’ve got a little butt slut on our hands. You fucking love it, don’t you, princess?” Sarah moans some more and wiggles her ass, begging for attention. I pull my hand back and give her cheek a nice loud smack. A red handprint blossoms right away as she gags on Luke’s dick.

“You’ll get your attention, baby. Let me work this ass a little more and big bro will give you his cock.”

I pull my thumb out and spit on her ass again. I slip two of my fingers in this time and start pumping. Sarah works her hips and makes all kinds of noises. I reach down and stroke my cock and lube it up with all the pre-cum that’s dripping down from the head. I’ve got so much cum leaking out of my cock that I know this is all we’ll need for my dick to slide home. Just to be safe, I slide into her warm snug pussy and take three quick thrusts to get my cock fully wet before pulling it back out.

By the time I've got a third finger in her ass I look up to see Luke has Sarah by the hair and is thrusting into her mouth.

"Sarah, baby, you're being such a good girl. Taking Luke's cock all the way to the back of your throat and having three fingers fuck your virgin asshole at the same time. We're so proud of you, baby. It's time to make that ass mine, princess. Open up and let me in."

I pull my fingers out and line up my slick cock. Sarah reaches around and grabs her ass cheeks, spreading them wide for me. I push my cock in and feel the head of my cock pop through her tight ring. She lets out a little cry and Luke is there to calm her down. He makes soft noises and runs his fingers through her hair. Her face is lying on his lap, and she has her eyes closed tight.

"It's okay, baby girl," Luke coos. "Just let Logan get in there and then we can both fuck you at the same time. Don't you want us to fuck as a family?"

Sarah takes a deep breath and nods her head.

"Yes, I do. I want both of you fucking me at the same time. I want to be filled up with cock and cum. Do it, Logan. I'm ready."

With her acceptance I slide my cock in until I'm bottoming out and balls deep. "FUCK." My vision is blurry and sweat has broken out all over my body. I've never in my life experienced anything so perfect as being inside this sweet hole.

"Just give her a few pumps and then I'll get inside too, man. Try to hold off until then. I know how you feel. It's like a goddamn dream, isn't it?" Luke says.

"Fucking perfection," I answer as I pull out almost all the way before pushing back in. Sarah is taking all ten inches of me in her virgin ass like a champ. She feels so

good. “Good girl, baby,” I whisper to her. “Such a good girl.”

I feel Sarah tense up and I know she’s going to cum. Jesus, she’s so quick to orgasm. We’re going to have to teach her to control it, make it last longer so she can cum harder. Right now, though, since it’s her first time doing anal, I want her to cum as often as she can.

“Go ahead, baby, cum for me while I’m in your ass,” I demand.

I hear her cry of release and feel her clench around my cock. I’m able to make it a few more seconds before I look up to Luke in desperation. “It’s time.”
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He leans down and gives Sarah a kiss on the lips then sits her up and slides down to the end of the bed where she and I are joined. I hold still while Sarah spreads her legs wide and Luke slips between them. His cock is hard and he looks like he's ready to burst any second.

I help Sarah lean back against me and I hold her up while Logan works his cock inside her tight pussy. I lick up her neck and kiss the sweet spot under her ear. I want her to relax and I whisper to her, "Your ass is completely full of my cock right now, baby." I hold her gently by the throat with my left hand and my right reaches down to pet her clit. Luke is slowly working his cock in so we don't hurt her. "You're doing so good, baby girl. We are so proud of you for taking both of us. You're not a virgin anymore, Sarah. Luke and I took your sweet cherries. You belong to us now."

Sarah whimpers and works her hips. She's greedy for it, and as soon as Luke is inside her, she'll get everything she wants.

I continue petting her clit and I can feel the moment Luke fills her with his cock. Sarah lets out a deep breath and Luke and I groan at the same time. "You did it, baby sis. You took both of your brothers' cocks at once. Feel how full we make you? You love it, don't you? Whose are they? This pussy and ass... whose are they, baby? I want to hear you say who you belong to while you're stuffed full of cock."

"Yours. Both of yours. My pussy and ass, my body, my heart, it all belongs to both of you."

"That's right, princess. Now lean forward and hold on to Luke. Let us fuck you and fill both your holes up with cum."

Sarah leans forward and Luke and I start out slow. We alternate our thrusts, ensuring that she's constantly full of dick. We're all in a cloud of ecstasy and sensation.

We thrust harder and Sarah rides both of us. I'm on the edge but she's begging me to pound her ass harder so I keep going. I look to Luke for help but he looks like he's struggling to hold on as well. Our eyes meet and he nods. We've got to get her off before we both bust a nut.

Luke leans down and bites one of her nipples. Hard. Sarah lets out a scream and I slap her ass repeatedly until she starts cumming. Her orgasm hits her hard and she's still screaming as we both thrust in at the same time and empty our cocks. I can feel my balls draw up and give her ass every single drop of my seed. From the top of my head to the tips of my toes, I feel myself go into her. It is the greatest orgasm I've ever had and I can tell that Sarah and Luke feel the same way. We are a sweaty, cum-covered heap of bodies and I have never been happier.

I pull out at the same time as Luke and see Sarah go limp on top of him with her legs wide open. She has cum pouring out of both holes and, as drained as my cock is, I feel myself get hard again.

I go over to my pants and grab my phone. "What are you doing?" Sarah asks and Luke just smiles.

"Stay still, princess. I want to commemorate this moment." I get close and take a picture of just her pussy and asshole swollen with her orgasms and covered in our cum. "I'm making this my goddamn home screen picture."

"Send that to me, bro. I want to do the same thing."

"You can't have a picture of my pussy and ass on your phone! What if someone sees it! I'm so embarrassed!" Sarah squeals and buries her face in Luke's shoulder.

I lie down beside them and get her to look at my face. “Princess, do you think either of us would let that happen? And honestly, who gives a fuck? You’re ours now. Your body belongs to us.” I look back at the picture on my phone and smile. “I’d tell you I’ll jerk off to this every day, but I plan on fucking you so much I won’t have any alone time to do it.”

Sarah looks at me shyly and says, “Maybe you could jerk off in front of me.” She has a huge blush on her cheeks and I look up to see Luke smiling.

“Looks like our girl is a pervert. I fucking love it.”

Epilogue

Spreading my legs wide I slide my finger over my clit and take a quick picture with my phone. Then I slip the same finger between my lips and take another before readjusting my skirt. Luke said if I was going to keep working in the office, I could only wear skirts. Logan, of course, demanded no underwear, getting a grunt of approval from Luke. I pretended the idea annoyed me but secretly I loved it. I had to let them think they were winning some battles, but Luke wouldn’t be winning the one I have in mind now.

One month after my brothers made me theirs, they had a ring on my finger. Another month after that, I found out I was expecting. Both of them have been trying to get me to quit working in the office but I’ve been fighting it. I plan on staying home once our little one is here but right now I like being here with them.

Unbuttoning the top two buttons of my blouse I send the two pictures I took to Luke. Since we found out I was having a baby, Luke’s lovemaking has changed. Now he’s even more gentle than Logan. I still sleep tied to the bed, and I would often wake to Luke rolling on top of me and thrusting into me hard and quick. He would bite my breast and demand my orgasm until he came deep inside me. Then he would roll off

me to let Logan slide in after him. Logan would worship my body with his slow tender loving. Now Luke just worships like Logan too. I need both. My gentle lover and my demanding one. I will have them both. I just have to poke the beast.

I hear the beep of Luke's phone go off in the next room and I feel my pussy clench with excitement. Suddenly the door flies open and Luke is filling the doorway.

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“Didn’t get enough this morning, princess?” Luke growls as he prowls towards me.

I can tell he’s on edge with the look he gives me. His body is tight and his jaw is set firmly.

“Seem you can’t keep me satisfied. It’s a sad state of affairs when two men can’t give little me all I need to stay full,” I reply, pushing out my lower lip and giving my best pout.

Gripping me under my arms, Luke pulls me up from the chair, causing my legs to go around his waist instantly. This position makes my skirt bunch all the way up and rubs my pussy against his cock.

My men constantly pick me up like I’m nothing more than a doll. I love it. Luke walks me over to the sofa and sits down, with me straddling him. He slides his fingers into my hair and pulls my head back, giving him full access to my neck.

“What is it you think you need?” Luke asks, nibbling at my neck.

“You,” I moan instantly.

“You have me,” he whispers, taking my earlobe between his teeth and giving a little pull.

Luke has always been a demanding lover and I know how to poke him. He loves making me beg, making me scream that I belong to him and his brother, so I go in for the kill. “No I don’t. Not anymore. I don’t think my pussy knows who it belongs to.”

Luke's hand shoots out, wrapping around my neck, giving a firm squeeze and angling me to look into his eyes.

"That pussy is mine! From the moment I took your cherry you were mine. The instant our seed took hold inside you, we sealed your fate until you take your last breath on this earth." He firms his grip a little more on my throat. I can feel my pussy start to get wetter and my juices start to run down my thighs. This is the Luke I crave, the Luke I need.

"Take my cock out. You're going to apologize for your comment with your pussy."

I reach down and make quick work of his belt, flinging it across the room. I hear a noise and look to see the belt hit Logan. He stands in the doorway and we stare at each other.

"Eyes on me!" Luke barks.

Going back to my task, I pull his underwear down a little and his cock springs free.

"I bet that pussy is dripping wet for me, isn't it?" Licking my lips while staring at the pre-cum glistening on his cock, I just nod my head.

"Then what are you waiting for? Wrap my cock in it." He releases his hand from around my throat and moves it to my breast to thumb my nipple.

Rising up, I take his cock in my hand and guide it to my opening. Slowly I start to sink down and work it inside me.

Both Luke's hands go to my waist before he flips me over onto my back and starts driving into me.

Leaning over and silencing my whimper with his mouth, he thrusts over and over.

Each stroke sends tremors from my pussy into my womb. I shift my hips and try to get some friction on my clit. Luke bites my lip, making me whimper again.

“Beg for it,” he rumbles, slowing down his thrusts.

“Please!” I shout.

“You can do better than that. Whose pussy is that? Who do you belong to?” he demands, holding my orgasm hostage.

“It’s your pussy. All yours. Both of yours. Please, I’ll do anything.”

“I know you will,” he purrs.

I feel a hand on my clit and Luke starts to thrust hard again, giving me what I need and I explode, feeling him cumming with me.

Sliding out of me he sits up and pulls me into his lap, my back to his front so I’m facing Logan who is sitting across from us stroking himself.

I inhale feeling my pulse spike once again.

“I’m sorry, princess,” Luke whispers in my ear. “I know I’ve been a little distant because I was scared I would hurt you with my rough play. I know it only hurts us when I do that. You’ll tell me if I go too far, right?”

“Of course. I just want you both to be yourselves all the time – the men I’ve always loved. I need that. I love you both so much.”

“We love you too,” they both say in unison, making me smile so big my face might split in two.

“I know,” I reply. “Never again will we deny what we want. We did that once and it caused us all pain.”

Spreading my legs, I look at Logan across the room through my eyelashes “I think your brother got me all soft and wet for you. You should come feel me.”

Leaping up from his chair, Logan slides between my knees and thrusts right into me. I feel Luke’s cock jerk against my ass. This is going to be a wonderfully sore day, I tell myself... but well worth it. I’m right where I want to be, between the two men who complete me.