



*Sugarplums &*

*Submission*

SYLVIE HAAS

# Sugarplums and Submission

A Stepbrother Reverse Harem Romance

**Part of the**  
**Christmas Cherry Auction series**

**Sylvie Haas**



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# Blurb

My sinfully gorgeous, muscular, hockey-playing stepbrothers are in trouble. They misbehaved a little too much and their coach insists they do damage control to clean up their reputations.

I'd normally be on board with that.

But tonight, my plan is to auction myself at the Christmas Cherry Auction to take care of a rather private problem.

One that stepbrothers shouldn't solve.

So when my stepbrothers decide that their good deed will be a million dollar donation to charity and that they'll make it by winning me, my plan is ruined.

I'm not normally one to pivot gracefully, but they make a secret offer I can't resist.

**Are they setting me up for the wildest time of my life, or smashing a wrecking ball into my carefully structured plan?**



*If you love dirty-talking men who plan on pleasing their  
stepsister, don't miss this year's Christmas Cherry Auction!*



# One

## Cindy

Gripping the auction program with both hands, I take deep breaths as I re-read the order. I was supposed to be second out of three. But with a last-minute addition, we have a fourth, Wendy. Offering a forced smile at her as Aurora quickly helps her with makeup and body glitter, I tamp down my anxiety over the change.

Why would Wendy run away from her own wedding? So many plans scattered to the wind. Not just the ceremony and reception, but the entire rest of her life. And out of all of the places she could run to, why an auction at a sex club?

Surely she didn't show up here wanting to donate four hours of her time doing holiday prep for the winner. Which means... she must need to clinch destroying her wedding by selling her virginity.

Butterflies migrate through my stomach at the thought of making such a rash decision.

Give me a plan and I'll carry it out, but I'm not your girl when it's time to pivot.

The emcee announces that Bianca's been sold and the crowd gets extra loud. Not just cheering, but demands that I can't quite make out. In a giant blur, Aurora's rockstar brothers insist that she go next because they have a concert to get back to.

I'm being asked to carry Bianca's bag to her since she's being carried to the parking lot. This can't be happening. All I can do is take orders. If I'd been able to think, I would have grabbed my stuff and left when I took her bag outside.

A wilder version of me could have jumped on the back of one of the motorcycles that pulled in and told the beefy rider to cart me away.

I should have left, but somehow I've made my way back to the prep area beside the stage.

I could still leave. I could grab my phone, open the rideshare app, and have a car here to take me home in minutes...if I could move.

But I can't. I'm totally caught in my head.

Another change of plans starts palpitations in my heart. The motorcycle gang that arrived when I carried Bianca's bag out is here for Wendy...her stepbrothers are in it.

Can the world spiral out of control any faster? She's frantic that her brothers are here. I'm fretting over the fact that mine aren't.

My stomach has that weird feeling like it can't quite find where it belongs in my body. My legs aren't convinced they can hold me up much longer. And humiliation might be the most likely result this evening when I'm the only one whose stepbrothers don't show up.

I'm also the only one of us who's admitted she has a thing for her stepbrothers. That was two years ago, but my friends all know. Ever since then, I've tried to hide behind the fact that every female would like to take a spin on my brothers' Zambonis.

Meanwhile, Aurora's brothers are making quick work of winning her.

I refocus on my goal for the evening: have sex with one or more men who will get it right. And with full diligence, I've done my homework, reading about sex and positions. I don't need a relationship. In fact, a relationship with a group of guys sounds complicated.

Especially with my stepbrothers.

They travel with their hockey team. I prefer my routine. I can't get lost in the whimsy of a taboo relationship. I just need one night.

Aurora makes her way backstage to grab her stuff and eliminates any chance I can think someone didn't notice all of the stepbrothers. She asks, "Any chance yours are showing up?"

“If I could only be so lucky.” I wouldn’t be the only woman farming herself out to a stranger.

“So if your brothers showed up and bought you, that would make you happy?” Wendy looks at me expectantly.

“You know who they are, don’t you?”

Her nervousness eases. “The Tri-anything hockey gods.”

I wish their nickname didn’t make my lady bits tingle. My shrug almost appears casual. “If they bought me, they’d probably just take me home to Mom and Dad and tell them I got loose and went to an auction at a sex club.”

She laughs, but my anxiety level rises. My Friday evening shift at Santa’s photo booth in the mall calls to me. Why did I deviate from my schedule? I rub my thumb over the dandelion tattoo on the inside of my forearm. It’s not enough to calm my nerves.

Too many unknowns. When it’s not the holiday season, jigsaw puzzles are my Friday evening routine. There is one right answer for each piece, and when you find all of the right answers, you create a beautiful picture. My fingers itch to run around the edge of the innies and outies of a piece while scanning the table, looking for the exact right placement.

Wendy grabs an empty cup. “You don’t look so good. Are you going to throw up?”

“I don’t think so.”

“Are you thinking of backing out? I certainly get it.”

Should I be taking action like she did, running from her own wedding? Is the auction a mistake? Maybe my first time for sex should be more organic. If only the right answer would simply click into place.

“Aurora warned me that if you got cold feet, I was supposed to remind you to look at your tattoo.”

“She told you about that?” I look around. How did I miss Aurora leaving?

“Just said to remind you.”

“Thanks.” I read the words under my dandelion tattoo: *The flower is no less beautiful if the seed is planted by the wind.*

It’s usually enough to settle me when my schedule is disrupted. Not tonight. It reminds me of my brothers. They didn’t appreciate the beauty of the intact dandelion. I couldn’t appreciate the randomness of the seeds blowing away.

“Next up, Cindy. Let’s have a round of applause to welcome her to the stage.” The call of my name over the PA draws my attention to the curtain separating me from the stage. I can follow directions, I’m good at that. Directions take away decision making, and sometimes even responsibility.

That’s why I’m studying to be an accountant. Numbers just fall into place. And if they don’t, you fix the problem. They’re not difficult like people. Which leads me back to tonight’s goal, and not wanting to be a virgin spinster someday.

I start my mental checklist, walk on stage, shake hands with Jefferson, put on a big smile, turn to the audience, pretend to

scan the room, and pray that I get bid on...and not just for four hours of holiday help.

*Roxy, Maggie, Isadora, Sasha, and Jade.* I channel the names of the women who all got married as a result of last year's auction. I don't need to get married; I just need to get laid so I can check that off my list.

The *yip* type sounds the auction helpers make each time someone increases the bid piques my curiosity. I let my eyes fall on the next bidder paddle. The man holding it is none other than Adrian, one of my stepbrothers. Shivers run through my body. Sitting next to him is Ballz, the nickname for our brother Balthazar. But where's Jeff? The three of them are practically inseparable.

How did I not see them sooner? The baseball caps on the table are the likely answer. When I looked around earlier, all I saw was the top of baseball caps and guys playing with their phones.

I glance to the side of the stage. Wendy is jumping up and down excitedly and has her fists balled in front of her mouth. It's a nice vote of confidence, but there's a real possibility they'll send me home. My entire evening would be undermined.

"One million," Jeff calls out, bringing a halt to the other paddles that were being raised.

Dollars? What? Wasn't the last bid one hundred thousand?

No one will be able to outbid them. I'm poised on the fence between total humiliation and a fantasy coming true.

“Going, going...gone, for one million dollars!”

Ballz jumps from his seat and runs to the stage. I rub my thumb over my tattoo. No more changes of plans. I point him to the payment table, reminding him of the proper order. “I'm staying here until the end. The time I owe you doesn't start until this is over.”

I want to be here for Wendy, but I'm also nervous. I don't want them to take me home to Mom and Dad.



# Two

## Ballz

Waiting for the auction to end to claim my stepsister has my balls in a bind. But when she gets her head set on something, it better happen. If I want any chance of *claiming* her, I won't stress her out.

It's a risky longshot anyway. Coming here was supposed to be a fun, public way to make a huge donation to the woman's shelter and then let whoever we won off the hook...a publicity stunt to satisfy our probation.

But we bought our stepsister, and I know exactly what I want to do with her. Adrian's having the same thoughts as me.

Jeff couldn't come because he's at his anger management class. We'll have to talk to him about how to handle winning Cindy.

Three leather-and-denim clad bikers storm the stage after winning Wendy, who wasn't even in the auction program. I've caught a hint that she's their stepsister, and the first two girls were bought by their stepbrothers.

The bikers start barking orders for everyone to clear out. I rush onto the stage and past the curtain to find Cindy. If we weren't under strict orders to behave ourselves and repair our reputation, I'd have thrown Cindy over my shoulder and carried her into one of the rooms I saw Wendy's brothers looking at.

“As tempting as it is to stay, Coach will be pissed if we're caught in the middle of something.”

“Yep, we did our good deed,” Adrian says.

Cindy's expression falters.

“We're capable of good deeds. We don't always screw things up.”

“Is your good deed mandated by the coach?” she asks.

“He just said to do something good. Make it public. Our million-dollar donation to the woman's shelter will take care of that.”

“Right.” Why the hell does she look so unimpressed?

I grab her upper arm and guide her through the sex club. Looks like Wendy's about to have a boatload of fun with her brothers. Jealousy stirs inside of me.

“Slow down, Ballz.” Damn. Even my sister calls me by my nickname. Admittedly, Balthazar is a bit of a mouthful. “If you wanted to do such a good deed, why couldn't you have asked me if I wanted to be a part of it?”

I stop and angle my head down to squarely look at her. I've denied myself that so far because of what she does to me. "You didn't want us to buy you?"

"It depends."

"We're going to take you home just like we're supposed to. Right, Adrian?" I hope I'm giving the answer she wants.

"Check."

She sighs. "Promise me you won't tell Mom and Dad I was here."

"I won't leak a word to them. But you need to be more careful. If a stranger had won you..." I scan the room, unable to bear the thought of any of these guys touching our sister.

"That was the plan."

"Sorry, sis. I know how you like your plans, but you may not have understood what people are actually winning."

She hesitates, studies her feet, and wrings her hands.

I wrap an arm around her shoulders and it's far too intimate. I hug her tighter to my side. "Sis, this auction has a reputation."

"I understand what cherry means."

One of the bikers carries Wendy past us. "You could toss her in a room, too."

I can't stand the thought of anyone seeing Cindy that way. Anyone but me and my brothers. And that can't happen

publicly. Guiding her outside, I continue the conversation.  
“You wanted to be won for sex?”

“I’m not good at dating, so it seemed easier to skip ahead.”

“That’s so unlike you.”

“I was worried it would never happen.”

Adrian steps closer. “If you’re willing, we could do that. I mean, as part of our good deed, we could teach you to *date*. Right, Ballz?”

For a second, I thought he was going to say we would fuck her. He’s on to something with the dating.

“Who am I to deny my little sister? I’ll happily help you practice dating.” I’ll figure out how to untangle it later if she learns from us and moves on.

“We can both help, different styles and all. And you know Jeff, he’ll want in on it.”

“What do you say we head back to our place to sort this out?” In my mind, I’m already balls deep in her. Tonight is not a time to earn my nickname. But I’m not sure how to hold myself back with her.

# Three

## Cindy

Conversation has been light and uncomfortable. Negotiating dates with my brothers is terrifying. I wish one of them would just toss me over his shoulder.

We've barely gotten drinks and sat on the couch when a door slams. Jeff's voice booms from the kitchen before we see him. He must have just come in from the garage. "Three more fucking meetings. Hopefully, I don't snap anyone's neck in the meantime."

Keys clatter onto the granite countertop.

"What the fuck are you doing here?"

I cringe at his harsh tone as he rounds the corner into the living room.

Ballz leaps to his feet. "Fuck off, dude. We won her in the auction."

Jeff throws his hands up in the air. "Wasn't your mission to go do a good deed and repair our reputation?"

He seems to make a deliberate motion of bringing his hands down in front of himself as he exhales.

“We donated a million to the woman’s shelter on behalf of our sister.”

Jeff avoids making eye contact with me. “The Christmas *Cherry* Auction. Rumors will fly.”

“Rumors fly no matter what we do,” Adrian says.

“And it turns out sis was hoping to gain some dating experience by whoever won her.”

“Do you want this to blow up in our faces?” Jeff’s eyes are cold and dark. His nostrils flare.

Hope must reside in my heart, because they both seem to sink. I should set up an online dating profile like everyone else. I don’t need my brothers. “Never mind. It’s too complicated. You’re not the kind of guys I would date anyway.”

Jeff steps closer as I stand, stopping me from putting my drink back in the kitchen. “How do you know?”

“Just look how complicated this already is.” I try to sidestep him, but he blocks me. I crane my neck up.

“I mean, how do you know we aren’t the kind of guys you would date?” The fresh linen scent of his cologne is certainly acceptable. The contours of his chest pressing against his t-shirt are a decidedly positive attribute. The way my body is begging him to scoop me up points at agreeableness.

Perhaps he could be my type. I give myself a mental shake. “I would date someone less obnoxious who doesn’t need anger management classes.”

“Don’t judge.”

“You had a good reason for beating the guy up?” I can’t believe I brought that up, but I’m desperate for an exit plan.

“I did,” he mutters as he lets me pass.

I grow a little bolder at the tiny victory. If I prod a little more, I should be able to bring this mess to a close and avoid embarrassing myself. “And the wild weekend that ruined the hotel room? Are you going to tell me that was for good reason, too?”

He stops me in the doorway. “That wasn’t actually us.”

“The hotel room was in your name.”

“We paid for the whole fucking thing, and we know which friends we’ll never invite back.”

“All the more reason you need to practice dating with us,” Ballz cuts in. “People can be deceptive.”

Is he being protective? My heart is racing. My panties are soaked. My sunken heart beats in my chest again. I want this to happen.

Is my resolve really so weak that I’ve gone from trying to irritate them to exploring sexual desires in three easy steps? No. The plan was to get bought and have sex. I’m adhering to my plan with a minor detour that includes family. Perfect.

I pull out my phone and calculate how many minutes I get with each of them. I hold the phone up, displaying the math. “I get to go on an eighty-minute date with each of you.”

Jeff grabs the phone from my hand.

Oh no! I don’t want him to see what else is on my phone. I flail but can’t reach high enough when he extends his arm upward. “Give it to me.”

“Nope. We don’t calculate times for dates.”

“Fine. Give it back.” I wrap my hands around his thick bicep and instead of pulling his arm down, my feet come off the ground.

“Why the fuss?” Jeff looks up at the screen, which thankfully still shows the calculator.

I let go, plopping onto the ground. “It’s my phone.”

Adrian and Ballz laugh at us.

“You afraid I’m going to do something to it?”

“No.” My breathing is way too ragged to play it cool. I pull a stray strand of hair out of my mouth.

Jeff’s breath hitches. “You’re nervous.”

“Yeah, I just agreed to date my brothers.”

“Fake date,” Jeff corrects.

“Yeah. Fake date my brothers.” Which is even more dangerous, now that I’ve wrapped my hands around his arm. I’m even more aware of how thick and muscular he is. His body’s hard in ways I want to touch a lot more of.



As he lowers my phone, his thumb taps the button that pulls up the open tabs.

“Stop it.” I try elbowing him in the ribs.

He doesn’t flinch. “Whoa! Little sis...”

Jeff and Adrian step closer. I don’t have to see the screen to know what he sees. I was reading the Kama Sutra, studying The Tigress position, just in case.

My chest hurts. My cheeks heat. I try to downplay my humiliation. “It’s educational. Not all of us get to practice on fans who throw themselves at us.”

At some point, Ballz stepped behind me. His hands gently pull mine away from Jeff, who continues to explore my phone without permission. My entire body goes rigid as he taps on my eReader.

“Oh boys, we’ve got a problem on our hands. It seems little sis is into stepbrother romance.”

# Four

## Adrian

Grabbing Cindy's phone from Jeff, I hand it back to her.

"Thanks." Her downturned eyes and quick click of buttons to turn the screen off tear at my heart.

I put an arm around her. "Stepsibling porn is one of the hottest things out there. You're not alone."

"What I'm reading has nothing to do with our dates."

Can I lighten the mood? "Damn shame. Then again, fucking my stepsister is exactly the opposite of what the coach is asking us to do right now."

"I don't want to get you in trouble. Even if we fake date, it can't be out in the open." Her voice wavers.

"But the date has to seem real. Like we should tuck your hair behind your ear?" My finger mimics my words. The energy rush from the tender contact sends electricity through me.

"I suppose so."

“But what if I trailed my finger under your chin, tipped your face up like this, and stared into your eyes?” It’s unsettling how it feels like she sees through my façade. That’s never happened before with anyone.

“That might straddle the line.”

I pull her body into me. My erection throbs with the pressure. “Which line?”

“A dangerous one.”

“Danger...you know that just tempts me.”

She nods.

“And what if I leaned down and my lips lingered right here beside your ear? People would think I was whispering sweet nothings. What if they knew you were my sister?”

“They’d probably think it was inappropriate.”

With the lightest touch, I trail my lips over her cheek, to her precious little pout. “Does it upset you that they wouldn’t approve?”

She pulls away from our moment, dammit.

“It would be terrible if you got kicked off the team. This has to be completely private.”

Pulling her back into me, I put my lips on hers. “What if you taste too good for me to contain myself?”

# Five

## Jeff

I know how Adrian dates women. He sees them. He wants them. He takes them. I'm going to end up with more court-mandated anger management sessions if he does that with Cindy.

I clap my hands together loud enough to startle everyone. "We need ground rules for how to fake date."

"We were doing fine without rules," Adrian says.

"She's your sister, not a cheap fling. Let's sleep on it, give Cindy a chance to decide what she wants." I turn to her. "I'll drive you home since I didn't see your car."

"What the hell?" Ballz says.

"Cindy likes her routines. She likes to think about decisions before she makes them. We shouldn't rush her into this."

My brothers are going to hate me if I actually pull off what I'm trying to do, but I can live with that.

"You're probably right," Cindy says.

I don't think she's aware that her hand brushes the exact path from her ear across her cheek onto her mouth that Adrian's lips took. My cock thickens. If any of us are dating her, I'm going first.

"Grab your stuff."

"We could all go," Adrian says.

"No."

My brothers try to argue, but she shuts them down.

"If you can't agree on little things like a ride home, then Jeff's right. Fake dating is dangerous. Just take me home."

"We'll talk in the morning," Ballz says and we all agree.

With her alone in my car, the first few turns take us toward our parents' house, then I make a left. Her head cocks to the side, then to the other.

"This isn't the way."

"I know."

"I thought you were taking me home."

"There's something I need to know first." The question has burned in my brain. Had she really been studying for tonight?

"And you have to take me somewhere to find out?"

"Were you seriously going to ask a stranger *date* you?"

"Yes."

"And by date, do you mean fuck?" Every protective hackle in my body is raised. The irony isn't lost on me that I'm livid

over her being willing to fuck a stranger, after all I've done.

She lowers her head. Shit. I reach over and put my hand on her shoulder.

“I didn't mean for that to come out so harsh. I just don't want you to get hurt.”

“You can let the protective big brother thing go.”

“It's not that. I care about you.” And I don't say more. I don't want to scare her off.

Pulling into the parking lot of an overlook with a beautiful view of the glistening lights of the city below, I hop out of the car, circle around to her side, open her door, then extend a hand. She sets her delicate fingers in mine and allows me to guide her out. I walk her to the edge, my arms wrapped around her from behind.

“Are we having a fake date?”

“We need to clear up what you consider dating, in light of what you were prepared for. I'm not usually the kind of guy who does long courtships and tender gestures.”

“What do you mean?”

“I'm already holding you, showing you the beautiful city.” I caress my hand up and down the fabric covering her arm. “Some couples wouldn't go past a long, lingering gaze on a first date. Maybe their fingers brush. Since you're saying you just want one date with each of us, it's going to be hard to take it slow.”

I cup my fingers over hers. Then I allow my fingertips to spread her fingers as I lace our hands together. “Others would have a little more contact, but nothing too personal.”

Then I spin her around. She’s tangled in my arms, unable to get free, her body pressed into mine the way I want to start the evening, not end it. “Other dates are more aggressive, more demanding. Do you know which kind you want?”

I roll my hips into her.

“I...” She licks her lips, the moonlight glinting off her cheeks. “I think I want the aggressive one.”

“I was afraid you were going to say that.” Everything about this is wrong. She’s so young. She doesn’t deserve to be kept in the shadows. Pretending she doesn’t mean anything will just build up more tension. I can’t deal with more anger management classes.

“Afraid?”

I loosen my fingers from hers, drop a hand onto her ass and pick her up, loving the feel of her legs spreading around my waist. This isn’t helping any. Which head am I using to decide that she’s worth getting cut from the team?

Too many questions invade my brain.

“You don’t want to do this?” She looks completely confused.

“I want to.”

“I don’t understand. The Tri-anything brothers needed to do a good deed, which was the huge donation. Why can’t you do

this one little good deed for me?”

That damn pout has my thoughts on lockdown. She’s the only thing in my head.

“Fuck it. I’m taking you back to our place. We’re going to figure this out tonight.”



# Six

## Cindy

I trace my finger over the trail of tattooed dandelion seeds blowing across my arm as Jeff drives. Throwing caution to the wind was tonight's plan. Would it feel this dangerous if complete strangers bought me? How ironic is that concern?

Uncertainty swallows me as we walk into the house.

"I won," Adrian proclaims the second he sees me.

"Fuck off." Jeff recognizes something in the statement that I'm not aware of.

"So what was it? You weren't smooth enough to convince sis that you want to breed her?"

Breed? The word freezes the blood in my veins. Is this one of those brotherly razzings?

The more nanoseconds my brain has to process what he said, the more confusing reactions I identify in my body.

My lips part as if I'm panting for my brothers. I close my mouth.

My legs threaten to give out as if I want my brothers to catch me. I set a hand on the counter to steady myself.

My eyes are drawn to Adrian's parts that breed as if... I force my attention to the signed photograph of Wayne Gretzky, one of many pieces of sports memorabilia my brothers have amassed.

Ballz enters, breaking my line of sight to the photo. I can't bring myself to look at any of them until I understand if Jeff or any of them really want to breed me. I'm afraid they'll be able to tell how much that turns me on. The tingling between my legs and the ache in my core threaten to betray me.

I spy my phone on the counter. Since when am I so distracted I lose track of my phone?

The only thing that's certain to me right now is that I absolutely cannot have sex with my stepbrothers. Even thinking about it makes me crazy.

"Real cool, Adrian," Jeff says.

It's unclear to me if his sarcasm is rooted in being annoyed that Adrian totally made the breeding thing up, or that Adrian spoke a truth that was meant to be private.

Adrian is unfazed. "I didn't believe for a second you planned on taking her straight home. My bet was you'd kick off a date and end up back here."

Ballz says, "I was with him on the date, but I didn't think we'd see either of you again tonight. What's your plan?"

"We're back because we're starting tonight."

“That’s what I’m talking about.” Ballz fist pumps and steps close. “Let’s get this party started. I could whip up something to eat, grill something if you’re into that *men playing with fire* thing. Or just Netflix and chill.” He rubs his hands together. “I’m ready.”

Jeff shoves him back a step. “Ground rules first.” He steps to a huge whiteboard on their living room wall. Tape has been applied to make it look like a hockey arena. Ballz erases the X’s and arrows.

*Eat, sleep, hockey.* It’s been their mantra since as far back as I can remember.

Ballz has a dry erase marker in the hand that’s not erasing. “All right. I know my sis loves some rules. What’s first?”

My rules? I thought Jeff was going to make them. They’re staring at me. I’ll start with the simple stuff we sort of established already. “Number one: nothing in public.”

Ballz writes it on the board.

Adrian points a finger at the whiteboard. “Can you define public?”

“Public is public,” Jeff says, “This isn’t a fucking vocabulary lesson. Just keep it in the house.”

“We’re under house arrest for dating? Can’t we at least go on the porch or in the yard?”

“For fuck’s sake, since when are you a stickler for rules?” Jeff closes his eyes and takes a deep breath before continuing

calmer. “Keep it away from the perimeter of the property. Nothing visible to anyone outside of the four of us.”

“No public ass grabs?” Adrian feigns disappointment and grabs Jeff’s ass.

Jeff elbows Adrian. “Knock it off—”

Ballz interrupts. “Take your argument outta here. Cindy and I are trying to make a list.”

He winks at me then write a 2 on the board.

Given how quickly things get out of control with them, I decide to run with my idea that I not cross the taboo line of having sex with my stepbrothers. Dating is the proper first step anyway.

I stare at Ballz’s hand as it hovers in anticipation of my words.

“No sex.”

They all whip their heads to me. Adrian raises a hand. “Not to be the troublemaker, but could you define sex?”

“Yeah.” Jeff joins him this time. “I thought you wanted sex.”

“It would be weird to have sex since we’re siblings, right? It’s best if you just help me practice dating and the things that lead up to sex.”

Ballz taunts, “I’m pretty sure I’ve seen Adrian go straight from hello to sex.”

Adrian grimaces. “Always used a condom. Get my medical checkups regularly. I’m one hundred percent clean.”

Jeff and Ballz are quick to explain the same in their own terms.

I nod, giving myself a second to unknot my stomach. Their experience is no secret. “Good to know. Can we move on to number three?”

Ballz writes the digit on the board.

“Eighty minutes,” I remind them. The finite time will help keep things from escalating. I hope.

“That’s not going to work.” Jeff snatches the marker from Ballz’s hand. “If we only get one date, it has to be open-ended.”

“He’s right. If things are going well, we wouldn’t want to leave you hanging,” Ballz says.

Adrian laughs. “I can see it now. We’re sampling a beer flight, or maybe wine, while watching the sun set, we don’t want to rush things because the moment is perfect, and just when I’m watching you bring the last glass to your lips, the timer goes off and I have to rip the glass from your hands. The date’s over. I have to walk away.”

“At least you could go wank off so you don’t nut in your pants,” Ballz teases, but as the laughter drifts away, the weight of them staring makes it hard to breathe.

And not in the way I expected. I love being the center of their attention. I just don’t want to make decisions.

“Fine.” My voice croaks. I clear my throat but can barely whisper past the secrets my tongue is eager to tell. “Have it

your way, no limits.”

He grabs a new marker and adds *No Limits* to number three.

My pulse pounds in my ears. Then he draws an arrow between the two words and adds *Time*.

A sinking feeling oppresses me. If I reached a hand out, I could wipe the word from the board.

“Anything else?” Ballz asks, breaking the spell.

“Not for me.” I’m torn between what my gut tells me to do and what my gut fears. The room is silent. I look at each of them in turn.

Ballz steps closer. “You’re in control.”

Isn’t that what I’m supposed to want? How can I turn control into surrender? I shake myself free from the dangerous spiral. “We should look at our calendars. My phone is in the kitchen.”

I squeeze between Jeff and Adrian, but they’re not far behind. Ballz puts his hand over mine as I grab my phone. Flutters race from my heart through my entire body. Every inch of my skin craves the warmth and command of his touch.

“I’m free tonight.” His mouth is far too close to my ear.

“Mom and Dad are expecting me.”

“Rule number three. No time limits. Let them know you won’t make it home tonight.”

# Seven

## Ballz

“I have to help a friend in the morning.” Is Cindy trying to back out?

“Can you do it a different time?”

“No, she has to address a bunch of invitations for her stepmom.”

“I’ll drop you off.” I don’t have any plans to let her go before I have to.

She texts Mom and Dad that she’s staying with a friend. When she sets her phone down, I hand her a cheese knife. Jeff and Adrian are crowding us.

“Hold on a second. There’s one more rule we need to add.” I go to the whiteboard, and add number four while everyone trickles in.

*4. If it’s not your date, you get the fuck out of the way.*

“That’s fair,” Jeff says. “But who decided you get to go first?”

“Tell me you didn’t make a move on her when you were in the car.”

“Technically, I didn’t.”

I turn to Cindy, who I’d rather look at anyway. “Did he make a move after you left?”

“Technically, yes. Just not in the car.”

Ready to get Cindy alone, I clarify with Jeff, “So, my man, it seems you could have had your date, but your shot went wide.”

I make a shooing motion to my brothers then set my hand on Cindy’s lower back while guiding her to the kitchen.

“Will I need to defend myself?” She studies the knife while I get cheese out of the fridge.

“I hope you won’t want to.” I wink, and her smile showers my heart with happiness. That’s not how my dates usually start. Then again, I don’t really go on dates. I just hang out.

Which brings up a question I haven’t had to answer before... What do I do with these warm, fuzzy feelings being slapshotted around my chest?

I’m finally on an actual date and it’s the woman who wants it to end after one night. I’d rethink my entire life if I wasn’t worried about maximizing every single second.

I know right here and now that Cindy is who I’ve been waiting for, and I have to fucking pretend it’s not real. I step



behind her, pressing my body against hers, and reach to the side to pull a merlot cheddar in front of us.

Her exaggerated breaths cause her back to press into me on each inhale. I unwrap the cheese but I'd rather be unwrapping her out of the cute fucking little red and white dress. A prick tease if I've ever seen one. Appropriate, since she's clarified we're not having sex.

Instantly, I hate myself for thinking that way.

I can't be bitter, even though I'm certain she planned on having sex with whoever won her in the auction...just not with her brothers.

Time to capitalize on my time alone with her, but since there's no time limit on the date, how long can I keep it going? Only until my brothers revolt.

"You okay if we do this together?" I caress my fingers over her forearm.

"Yeah," she says in the throatiest voice ever.

While I'm wrapping my fingers around her hand as she holds the knife, an image of a wedding cake flashes through my mind. I'm fucking riding that image. Together, we press the knife through the cheese, cutting one slice then another.

I lift a slice to her mouth and she giggles. "Wait."

Quickly grabbing the other piece, she spins around and raises it to my mouth. I brace my free hand on the counter. I press my hips into her, then angle my arm through hers to mimic the wedding cake feeding. "To us."

Her lips part and I'm tempted to throw the cheese to the side so I can taste her. But we're supposed to be showing her how dating works. Sort of. It's too fucked up.

She slips her arm from mine and finishes the small bite she took. "Aren't we supposed to do that with champagne?"

"I don't want you drunk, Baby."

Movement from the doorway catches my attention. "Hang on a second... All right, guys, we're not teenagers spying on each other. Go to your damn rooms."

"Yes, Dad," Adrian mocks in a mopey voice.

I'm definitely going to find a way to get more than one night with Cindy, but there's no way my brothers will let me do it until they've had their turn.

Refocusing on her, I ask. "Is there anything you want to do?"

She steps away. "It's weird, right? Us? This whole thing? It's too confusing."

"It doesn't have to be confusing. Do you have any rules like *no kissing on the first date?*"

"No."

"May I?"

She nods.

In one motion, I lift her, turn around, and set her on the empty counter behind us. Lacing my fingers into her silky hair, I cup my hand behind her head, ease my hip between her knees, and land my lips on hers.

She gasps around my lips then settles in, her lips soft against mine. I ease up, wanting to make sure she's okay, but she clasps her hands around my jaw, keeping me close.

I shift my hips, spreading her legs more, and rub a hand up and down her back. Her scent intoxicates me. The need to claim her is killing me. She'll ruin me if she sticks to the rules.

Coming up for air, I ask, "You good?"

She hesitates then nods.

I trail kisses down her neck and onto her shoulder, then wiggle her skirt out from under her bottom. That's not enough. I have to see her. Slowly inching the zipper down the back of her dress, I watch her eyes. They fucking sparkle. She's into this. My speed picks up dramatically because as much as I want to prolong this, I want everything I can get from this date.

With her help, she's stripped down to her red bra and panties. My desire grows exponentially, along with my cock. Why on Earth is my sister so fucking captivating?

I slide her forward until her legs are splayed wide and her sex is pressed against me.

"Wiggle your hips, Baby."

"What?"

I lower my hands to her hips and wiggle her side to side while holding her against me. Her breath hitches and her eyes flutter. "Let yourself go."

She wraps her arms around me, works her hips, and moans.

“That’s so fucking hot, Baby. I want you to come.”

She stops cold and lowers her gaze.

Shit. “Have you ever come before?”

She hesitates. I gently press my lips into her hair.

“It’s okay if you haven’t. I want to know where we’re starting from.”

“I have, just not with a guy.”

I’ll be her first. My insides are light, my heart is happy, like a kid on Christmas morning. Only a naughty kid, and I keep my cool. “Okay, then you know what you’re going for. Mind if I help?”

I ease a hand between us. She’s already soaked her panties.

“Oh my gosh. Yes. I like that.”

“That’s my girl.”

I hope she comes as fast as she’s winding up. I have to slide my hand between us to get her off my cock. I was going to come before her, and I’m not having that.

Her moans escalate and she bites her lower lip, trying to quiet herself.

“Let me hear how good you feel, Baby.”

She manages to say, “But they might hear us.”

“They want to.” But not as much as I want them to.

“Are you sure?”

“We could listen to you orgasm all day.”

Her eyes light up.

“You like that?” I settle my fingers into a relentless motion. Her eyes roll back. “I’ll give you orgasms until you beg me to quit.”

I can’t deal with the fabric between my fingers and her pussy. I ease myself into her panties, into her wet curls, and between her sweet lips. It takes no time at all to pick up where I left off, and I send her plunging over the edge.

She cries out, her arms and legs wrap around me as her release shakes her body, then she falls limp. I hold her, basking in her scent, in being the first man to give her an orgasm, and in knowing I’m about to take her to bed, even if she refuses to have sex.

When she lifts her head, her cheeks are flushed and her hands go to my waistband. I let her unfasten the button and lower the zipper because it’s hot as hell.

“I think I’m supposed return the favor?”

My cock presses outward against the opening in my jeans, the tip poking above the waistband of my underwear. I grab her hand and drag her thumb over the bead of pre-cum.

The touch, even guided by me, is almost too much. My balls pump a shot onto our fingers. Then I lift her hand to her lips. “Lick it.”

Her cute little tongue darts out nervously at first, licking my pre-cum from her own finger. Then she smiles, licks mine, and

sucks my finger into her mouth. My balls pull up so hard, they shove my heart into my throat.

I have to pull my hand away. She uses the opportunity to lower her hand but I catch her wrist and press her palm into my chest. “If you touch it, I’ll come.”

“Do you want to?” Her tone is so damn innocent.

“On you, yes.”

“I’ve only read about what to do. I’ve never...”

“Just touch me. I’m that close.” I shove my pants and underwear down, springing my cock free. She wraps her fingers around it and her eyes go wide.

I can’t hold back. The intensity of the release blinds me. My seed surges out.

“Oh!” she screams.

I pry my eyes open to see white streaks splat up her body and onto her face as I come completely undone to her touch.

# Eight

## Cindy

My brothers have never been known for waking up early. I can't sleep late. I also can't wash my face with my favorite minty vanilla sugar scrub, grab my bathrobe, or warm my feet in my fuzzy slippers.

I grab a hockey jersey from on top of a dresser, and cautiously bring it to my nose. Being engulfed in their scent... priceless. Smelling like I'm wearing a shirt that's been sitting balled up and wet in a locker for a week...not so much.

It's clean. I slip it over my bare body and pad quietly to the living room with my phone. It strikes me as funny that I don't feel like I walk the same. Will it be obvious to people that I had at least five orgasms last night? And that I didn't give them to myself? Surely it's not as obvious as it feels.

Grabbing a blanket off the arm of a chair, I head to the couch that's near the Christmas tree. They went with all blue ornaments. It's either team spirit, or represents their love of

ice, and snow, and cold weather. Maybe it's reminiscent of that. And all white lights, just like Mom and Dad always did.

My toe bumps a package under the tree. Soft and lightweight. I squat, squish the package, and smile that Dad's name is on the tag. Every year, they get Dad a team blanket. It's sweet that they've kept things the same.

On the couch, I curl my legs under me, tuck the blanket around myself, then start my Morning Pages. They help me clear my thoughts each day. Calmness settles over me that this piece of my routine can remain the same.

I open my app and start typing:

*Why are orgasms given by stepbrothers so much better?!?!  
The floating feeling was surreal, perfect. I felt so safe in Balthazar's arms, his body securing me. That even if I floated free, I would be floating with him, on his command. And when Adrian called Ballz 'Dad'! My heart still flutters at that, but Jeff is more of a dad type than Ballz.*

A shiver runs through me and I tug the blanket up over my shoulder, bringing my phone closer to my waist.

Tingles in my sex reawaken at the remembrance of Balthazar's mastery of me. I try not to think about all the women he learned on. I know he's experienced. I know that all the men that were at the auction last night were experienced. That was the goal. Know how good things can be. Give myself confidence for the future.

The future? What future? What does that even mean?



I go through my routine day after day. Up until now, the future meant more of the same and that was comforting. I'm no longer typing, just thinking.

I angle my arm so I can see my tattoo. Am I finally understanding the true meaning of my blowing wild, throwing caution to the wind and trusting that I will still be capable?

When Dad talked to me about that, I doubt he meant to let my brother give me orgasms.

I usually get through my three Morning Pages without interruption. I resume typing:

*The path forward will not be the same as the path behind, even if I control all of the factors.*

*The question is, would I want to control all of the factors? The way Jeff spoke to me outside of his car, I wanted him to tell him me what to do. And I enjoyed Ballz taking control. I love giving myself to them. That's a revelation. My whole life is built around control, but what I really want is to let go.*

People say you can have epiphanies writing morning pages. And I do have some profound moments, like when I realized I didn't enjoy crossword puzzles so I switched to word searches. That was a good call. But there, even a word search is like a command: find this word and circle it.

There's no real thinking, it's just doing. I like that.

Wanting my brothers, I mean my future sexual partners, to be in control... Is that normal? Is that some primal need?

And why is an orgasm given by someone else so much better? That's a silly question. Of course, it's better. Eating food cooked by someone else is better. Getting a head massage by someone else is better. We've all been to the hairdresser and experienced that.

I'm typing away:

*Is it a mistake to date my brothers...fake date my brothers?!?! It's only making me want them more.*

"Whatcha doin', Sweet Cheeks?" Adrian catapults himself over the couch, plopping beside me. I pull the blanket over my phone to keep the screen private. Don't need more reveals.

"I didn't expect you to be awake so soon."

"So what you were doing was...not expecting me to be awake? That means you were thinking about me."

"Don't flatter yourself by twisting my words. I do a thing called Morning Pages."

"What's that?" He tries to peek at my phone but I pull the blanket tighter.

"I write three pages and brain dump everything my mind processed overnight. It's a way of clearing the slate, deciding what I want to focus on each day."

"So, you keep a diary."

"It's not really a diary. Okay... I guess it sort of is a diary."

"All right." He walks across the room, grabs his phone from the charger, then comes back. "How do we do it?"

“Morning Pages?”

“Yeah. I want to do it with you.”

“Why?”

“Let me into your world, Sweet Cheeks.” His voice falters as he says Sweet Cheeks, as if he is forcing himself to use the distancing term.

I could use some distance. His blue eyes and dark eyelashes, award-winning smile, and the heat of his body pressed to my side are doing me in. “Lots of people do it, not just me.”

“Do we get a writing prompt?”

“No.”

“A game plan?”

“No. Just, write whatever’s on your mind and don’t stop until you fill three pages.”

“And then do we swap them or something?”

“You don’t ever share it with anyone. You can do it in notes in your phone or use the app like I do.”

He has me help him find the app and installs it.

I turn sideways on the couch. “Let’s sit back-to-back. I can’t see what you’re writing, you can’t see what I’m writing.”

His back is broad, like I’m leaning into a wall.

“You’re breathing kind of hard back there, sis.”

“Sorry, I guess I’m just catching my breath from you startling me.”

Sitting in silence with him is beautiful but inside my head, I'm a wreck. I haven't even finished my pages when he leans his head back. I tuck my phone to my chest.

"Got my three pages done, Sweet Cheeks." His body shifts behind me and I turn to face him.

"You're really fast."

"That's what she said."

"Oh my gosh. Do you guys ever stop?"

"Sorry, that was bad, but I don't want to stop with you."

I purse my lips.

"Aw, crap. That didn't come out right. What I mean is that once our date starts, I'm not going to want it to stop."

He stares into my eyes so deeply, I think he can see my brain begging me to commit.

I lean in. My lips part. I want him to start. But he pecks me on the cheek, pulls away, and tucks the blanket around me. "Sit tight."

Talk about unmet expectations. "For what?"

"I'm making you a gourmet breakfast before you leave."

"I don't usually eat much in the morning."

"Don't worry. Gourmet was a stretch."

I hear the freezer open and plastic crinkle.

"Do you still eat Toaster Strudels?"

"Blueberry and cream cheese."

“I guess I’m not the only one who’s a little set in her ways.”

“Didn’t say it was a bad thing, sis.” There’s a pause while he warms them, then he brings a single plate with the pastries piled on it.

He holds up an icing packet. “Do you want me to spread this on your pastry, or on your body?”

I reluctantly point at the strudel before realizing it doesn’t have to be all or none. I grab the edge of the blanket and slide it off my shoulder. The oversized jersey has already exposed my skin. “A little taste for later?”

“Does this mean we’re starting our date?”

His evil smirk is followed by a delicate strip of icing and his tongue. My body melts.

He pulls my arm free from the blanket and trails the sugar over it, licking upward until his mouth is on the jersey. He detours to nuzzle my breast. My nipples are so hard he can flick them with his tongue through the heavy fabric. He leans me back and spreads my leg.

“You were driving us crazy last night. Can I add an orgasm to your breakfast?” He hands me a pastry, then slides off the couch onto his knees.

Warm kisses trail up my thigh. The tingling that had already sprung to life fully grips me as his mouth closes on my sex. Ballz did this last night, but Adrian has a little scruff and it tickles in a rough sort of way.

I try to eat the pastry, but it might be dangerous to swallow and deal with him between my legs at the same time. I'm about to set it aside when he hits the sweet spot and my body spasms. I crush the strudel in my hand, making a terrible mess as wave after wave of release washes through me.

He seems to know exactly where and how to please me. I choke on my own saliva before getting hold of myself.

He sits on his heels with a sheepish grin. "Sorry, I forgot to ask what you normally do after your Morning Pages?"

"I take a shower."

A wicked grin crosses his face.

# Nine

## Jeff

Snowflakes warn of the impending storm, and if Cindy doesn't get back soon, her car won't make the drive. Did she lie to us that she'd come back to finish the dates after doing the invitations?

I'm going through my Tai chi motions on the back porch, which faces the sunset behind the mountain, when I rotate an arm back and angle my body to that side. Cindy is standing at the edge of the deck, her hands clasped in front of her Spandex-clad body. An overnight bag rests on the bench.

I relax my pose. All of the tension releasing this is supposed to do for me, recommended by my therapist in the anger management class, is replaced by another sense of tension—my need to be with her.

“What was that?” she asks.

“Every evening at sunset, if we're not on the ice, I do Tai chi.”

“Is that what you did the other night?” She mimics the motion I’d been making by bringing her hands downward in front of her body and exhaling.

Realization hits. “Pulling Down the Heavens, that’s Qigong, but yeah, same kind of thing. It’s replenishing and it helps me process whatever I dealt with during the day. A lot of people do Tai chi in the morning, but I need it at the end. I would’ve skipped today if I knew you were coming. I would’ve come and picked you up. The storm’s blowing in.”

“I needed some time to think and I wanted to have my car here.”

“Are you okay with our arrangement?”

“I’m here.”

“That’s not what I asked.”

“It’s good. But I’m worried I’ll cause trouble between you three. And I want to have my car.”

“Fair enough. Let’s go inside.”

“I want you to teach me what you were doing.”

“It’s nothing.”

“It was beautiful.”

“Then come on over.”

She stands in front of me, looking up expectantly. She raises her hands similar to the pose I ended on. The last thing I want to do is continue my Tai chi, but it gets me close to her.

“Is there an order to how you do it?”



I move behind her and grip her arms. I saw the way she lit up when Ballz did that in the kitchen. Guiding her through a motion, I say, “I think you like when a guy takes control, don’t you?”

“I think so.”

“Okay.” I continue taking her through simple motions. She’s so receptive. I’ve never popped a boner during my sessions before, but there’s always a first. Her ass grinds into my erection and goosebumps break out on her skin.

The peaceful snowfall with a backdrop of a sunset over the mountains can’t quench the fire inside of me. I rub my hands up and down her bare arms.

“Why don’t we get you inside so I can warm you up?”

# Ten

## Cindy

Jeff strides to the other end of the deck and grabs my stuff. I sneak a peek at the outline of his erection against his sweatpants. My sneak turns into a stare, or maybe a gawk.

He catches me.

“That’s for you, love. My Love.”

The nicknames make this feel real. “You guys are really good at pretending.”

“Because it’s not pretend with you.” True, he wants sex with a virgin...nothing pretend there. That doesn’t stop my stomach from getting all weird again. Why can’t I keep myself in check?

“We’re fake dating. Remember?” I say it out loud for my own benefit. I shake off my girlish dreams of a professional athlete or three choosing me, especially my stepbrothers. They have their pick of women. They did their good deed. They’re just helping their little sister.

He checks if I need anything to eat or drink, and I don't, then he leads me down to the entertainment room. It's a multipurpose room with a theater on one end and a mini stage at the other, along with a pool table, a ping pong table, a dartboard, and a bar.

“What do you want to do?” He sits in one of the recliners and pats his lap.

Imagining him taking total control, I toy with saying, *I want you to tell me what to do, Daddy*. The statement chokes me even though I don't let it out. I clear my throat. “I don't know.”

“Then come here, we'll figure it out.” I love the command in his voice, the Daddy vibe. I love the thought of him telling me exactly what to do. I just don't know if that's normal. Does he want a more aggressive woman? One who will be as confident as he is? But *he* doesn't matter. What would other guys want?

“We've already established that you don't think you want the slow and tender type. Is there anything particular you want to explore?”

“I've liked everything so far.”

“What did you like the most?”

Approaching from the side, I sit across him, while awkwardly trying to avoid putting my legs on the arm of the chair. “I liked you telling me to sit on your lap.”

A single huff, a suggestive smile, and the firmness underneath me hint that I'm not the only one liking our

contact. He wraps his hand around my legs and pulls them over the side of the chair, snuggling my body into his.

“You did, huh? You like being told what to do?”

I’m about to answer when he brushes my hair over my shoulder, grips me around the waist, and turns me to sit with my legs splayed over his lap. Yes, I like being told what to do. And, I like being shown, or handled, even more. And I love having his hard shaft between my legs.

Catching my breath, I answer. “I hate making decisions. That’s why I have my routines. They take away decisions. Everything’s orderly and expected. But this,” I motion between us. “There’s so much unknown. I just want you to walk me through it.”

“Let me kiss you.”

I giggle. It’s not exactly what I meant, but I lean forward, eager for his kiss. His technique is more demanding than that of Ballz or Adrian. It’s aggressive. Our tongues mesh in the sensual dance and I find my hips curling into him, begging for pleasure.

He surprises me by pulling back and gripping his hands on my upper arms.

“For someone who put no sex on the list, you sure seem like you want to ride my cock.”

“I’m sorry.”

“My Love, that’s nothing to be sorry about. You’re listening to your body. And so am I. Based on your little whimpers, you

need an orgasm.”

“Whimpers?” And why is that not embarrassing? I’ve never whimpered over anything.

“Yes, My Love. And I heard how many orgasms you had last night and this morning with our brothers. You’re a greedy little girl.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Shhh.” He puts a finger to my lips. “Don’t apologize for letting people please you.”

“Yes, Daddy.”

His expression tightens. His eyes go dark.

Did I say that out loud? Shit! The tingling that’s been prominent between my legs creeps over my entire body. What’s happening? Did his cock just get even bigger and harder under me?

“My Love...” His tone is questioning but he doesn’t finish.

I’ve either hit an all-time low or I leveled up. I have no idea which. I opt for innocence. “Did I do something wrong? You looked...mad.”

“Mad...as in driven crazy for you, yes. I didn’t expect you to call me Daddy. Did one of our brothers tell you to do that?”

He’s not mad. Good. And his erection definitely got harder. I can grind on him even easier. I’m nearly shameless with him.

“They didn’t tell me to call them anything. But you’re so in control and demanding, and I guess it just slipped out.”

“Say it again.”

I roll my clit into his shaft as I lean forward to bring my mouth to his ear. I lick my lips, and I’m so close that my tongue catches the side of his ear. I’m rewarded with a twitch from his cock. I might officially be ruined as I whisper, “Daddy.”

My entire body shakes in anticipation of his reaction. He moves his hand up my thigh, rubs his thumb over my sex, and my body welcomes the pleasure.

“Show Daddy how you like to come.”

“Yes, Daddy.” I slide my hands onto my sex, replacing his fingers. I miss his warmth and pressure, but with a few quick circles, I fall apart, shamelessly pleasuring myself in front of him...because he told me to.

With him, I’m confident and worthy and can let go of the reins.

“I can’t believe you can be even more beautiful. Do you know what you do to me?”

“Tell me, Daddy?”

“You’re sweet and innocent, smart and methodical. You drive me crazy with your processes, but you’re serious and focused.” He bucks his hips upward, making me shudder. “This is what you do to me. And when you play the sweet, innocent, you’re a sexual vixen.”

My body giggles in an effort to release energy. I’m too taken by his words. Too convinced.

“You think that’s funny?”

“You might have exaggerated.” And if I could record his deep voice uttering these things, I’d play it on a loop.

“They’re true. Do you not understand how sexy you are?”

“Sexy isn’t really something I do.”

“My Love.” He caresses my torso. “It’s not something you do, it’s something you are.”

“Thank you, Daddy.”

“Fuck... Do you trust me?”

“Yes.” Why do I suspect that’s the single most dangerous word I’ve ever spoken? I try to lighten his intensity. “But no butt stuff.”

Now he laughs.

“Don’t worry, I consider that sex, which you’ve clarified is off the table.”

He pauses. He wants me to retract my no-sex rule, I can sense it. The words line up on my tongue. All I have to do is open my mouth and they’ll grant his unstated wish.

I nod instead.

His jaw clenches but he lets his thought go, pointing past me. “You see that stage?”

I glance over my shoulder. “Yes.”

“Get on it and strip for me.”

Nervousness tosses my stomach around. It's only for him, not like Wendy's brothers ravishing her at the sex club. I can do this, although I'll have to resist the urge to remove each item methodically, fold it, and set it aside. "I've never stripped for anyone."

"What if Daddy goes first?" He staggers me with the offer.

My entire body vibrates with excitement. "I'd love that."

With ease, he tightens his grip on me, gets up, and returns me to the cushioned chair. He's reaching over his shoulders for the back of his shirt as he steps onto the stage. As he lifts, the expanse of his muscular back is the perfect pairing for the swell of his sweatpants over his firm ass.

He faces me and tosses his shirt into my eager hands. I clutch it to my chest, barely able to enjoy his bare chest before he shoves his sweatpants down.

I swallow hard when his cock springs free. It's even bigger than I assessed.

"Now it's your turn."

I scoot out of the chair, pausing for a kiss as we pass. There's no avoiding contact with his penis. I'd be fine if he ripped the clothes from my body and impaled me. Geez, the orgasms have gone to my head. But I'm ready to have sex—no plan, no routine, just wild, passionate sex.

Continuing onto the stage, I focus on the hunger in his eyes. Grabbing the bottom of my Spandex top, I pull it upward and let my breasts bounce free.



Motion in his lap grabs my attention. He fists his shaft and pre-cum squirts onto his stomach. He doesn't bother to wipe it.

"No." He shakes his head and I follow his gaze to my arms. I've crossed them over my breasts. He lets go of his shaft and motions for me to toss my top to him. Of course, I comply. He balls it in one hand.

"You only get this back if you're a good girl and do what Daddy told you to do."

The uncanny temptation to disobey is gone in a fleeting second. I tuck my thumbs into my waistband and shimmy the tight fabric over my hips, bending forward. His eyes drift to my waist.

"You wake up every primal need in me, My Love."

I smile, unsure how to respond.

He inhales deeply. "I want to make you mine."

"For a date?" I'm having too much trouble faking it.

"No." The corded muscles of his neck strain. His rugged jawline stresses. "You asked for a date but I can't give that to you."

"I don't understand."

With forced calmness, he unballs my top and smooths it over the arm of the recliner. "If you stay, I'm going to protect you, breed you, and make you mine. If that's not what you want, put your clothes back on and walk out of here."

That breeding thing again. I move my hands in front of my belly. Why does that turn me on? Is this all part of the dating practice—he's showing me how some guys are?

I know how my brothers are. They work hard, they play hard... I want him to play with me.

He motions to my top. I stare at the pink stripe on the seam. I think about the lack of consistency my brothers offer. I angle my arm to look at the dandelion seeds that have blown free. It's only in letting go that they can blossom into their own flower.

Am I going through with this? All I have to do is open my mouth and let the words roll off my tongue.

My lips part. The cool room air enters my mouth as I inhale. It gives me life as my body warms it. I let the same air carry my words in place of an exhale. "Well, Daddy, since I'm not in the mood to get dressed, what next?"

The only sign that we're not frozen in time is the pre-cum dripping down the side of his shaft. How far will he go?

"Look down and see how beautiful you are."

Surprisingly simple. I lower my gaze. My dusky nipples stand perky against my lighter skin. My curls match my black hair. The curves of my breasts, waist, and hips are truly beautiful now that I'm stopping to think about them. And my toenails that are painted bright red to match my manicure. I love that little bit of familiarity and order.

"Come sit on my lap."

With each step forward, I think about stopping. I think about protecting myself from the unknown. About adhering to my own rules About the broader judgement of society's rules.

Yet I push off the ball of my left foot and swing it forward, then do the same with my right, unable to stop myself.

I step wide to plant my feet on either side of his, set my hands on his shoulders, and bring my knees onto the chair to straddle his lap.

That primal need that he mentioned... I feel it. The pull, the need, the desire. Raising up on my knees, I slide my curls up and down his shaft.

“My Love, are you submitting to me?” His voice has dropped an octave.

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Daddies don't have to follow the rules.” His tone has gone stern.

I swallow, giving myself a second to back out before answering, “I know.”

His hands lift from the arms of the chair, travel delicately up my thighs, over my hips and waist, and stop to massage my breasts.

“I'm going to fuck you.”

“Yes.”

A deep chuckle comes before he says, “It wasn't a question.”

He fists his cock and slaps it against my sex. My body shakes. Before I can figure out how to respond to his statement or his actions, he adds, “Make yourself come.”

I lower a hand but he grabs my wrist and returns it to his shoulder.

“Make yourself come by rubbing against my cock.”

My confusion must be apparent.

“Not sex, yet. Lean into me. Slide your wet pussy up and down me. I want to be able to watch you come on my cock this time because once I’m inside of you, I won’t be able to think.”

He helps steady me. My lips part around his shaft. Should that count as sex? He’s right, I’m so wet, I slick him from top to bottom. My clit throbs with need. I pump myself faster and faster, tempted to scoot forward an inch and come down on his cock, but when I do, his fingers grip me hard and keep me off.

“Naughty girl.” He loosens one grip and I’m about to get back to business when his hand comes down hard on my butt cheek. “Don’t try to take my cock before you have permission.”

I’m so shocked by the moment, by the intense sting, I can’t move.

“Are you ready to be a good girl and come for me?”

“Yes.”

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, Daddy.” My sex aches to be filled. It’s hard not to try again, but my orgasm is wound so tight, I need release more than I need air.

His tongue darts out and flicks one of my nipples. The added sensation is too much. I hold on for my life as my world is obliterated from within. My orgasm splinters everything I know to be true. I’m drifting through bliss.

The faint sensation of Jeff physically guiding me through the orgasm fades into the euphoria.

I don’t know how long I’ve been collapsed on him when I gather myself. Sitting upright, I notice his shaft is still rock-hard between us.

He lifts me, angling his hips so that his cock prods at my entrance. I balance with my hands on his shoulders.

“Let me know if you need me to stop.” He’s holding me as if I’m weightless. He pushes downward, pressuring his tip into me. My lips spread around his broad head with the help of our combined wetness. His musky scent mixes with my sweeter one.

I’ve never been so addicted to something. He’s inching into me. Our eyes are locked in complete silence as he helps my body do what it was meant to do: take his cock.

“I can’t wait to fill you.”

My sex is stretched, doing its best to accommodate him, but the thought of riding him bare, being full of his seed, makes my walls tighten around him.

“Oh fuck, My Love.” He pumps himself into me. A different kind of orgasm builds. It’s deeper, stronger—

“What the fuck is going on?” Balthazar’s voice comes from the doorway.

“You’re not supposed to interfere with a date.” Daddy, or Jeff, speaks with absolute clarity while I process what’s happening.

“You’re not supposed to be fucking,” Ballz responds. He’s only wearing athletic shorts, no top, and he has a small towel. His chest, abs, and happy trail tempt me to ask him to join us. How would that work?

“The rules changed. Get out.”

“If the rules changed, I’m watching.” Ballz grabs a chair from the poker table, spins it around, and sets his arms over the back of it, facing us. “Don’t mind me.”

I don’t know what to say. I don’t know what to do. Ballz shows no shame in studying my body and the union between Jeff and me.

His tongue grazes his lower lip. “Does that pussy feel as good on your cock as it did on my face?”

My body takes control. My pussy tightens. Electricity shoots through me. I’m coming. Oh God. I pump myself up and down, helping the climax fully explode.

The orgasm takes over, turning me into a limp doll as Jeff takes over. His growl fills my soul while streams of cum fill me in other more dangerous ways. The sloppy sound of our

mixed release, the warmth of it leaking out of me, and the  
tenderness with which he holds me while we exist in a bubble  
I don't ever want to pop.

# Eleven

## Ballz

Wrapping up my workout and jog on the treadmill, there's still no text from Cindy. I didn't think she was going to be gone this long. It's already evening. Maybe she's not coming back. Maybe this nagging feeling inside of me about wanting more is one-sided.

She got what she wanted. It doesn't seem like her to lie.

But now that I had a taste of her, I can't get her out of my head. And worse, the word around town is that the other auction winners are all getting pretty damn lucky. My competitive nature takes that extra hard. I don't want to be the one set of stepbrothers that gets dissed by their stepsister.

That's messed up, but it is what it is.

But Cindy—I can't believe that for the first time in my life, I'm thinking ahead, more than just the impulsive moment. I want a life with her. I want kids with her, even if it includes my brothers. Okay, that's my normal impulsive thinking.



And yet, I banged out a workout. I went for a five-mile run on the treadmill, and still, there's that sensation inside of me that I finally know what I want out of life.

I grab my towel, wipe the sweat off my face, and head to the kitchen. Moans trail up the stairs from the entertainment room. Jeff and Adrian must have opted for a porno. We're all in a bad place over Cindy.

I pause at the top of the stairwell. There's no music. There's always music, really bad music, in a porno—at least the shit they watch. I step closer, putting my hand against the wall as I lean forward to listen.

That's Cindy and Jeff.

What the hell? The only reason a woman sounds like that is if she's getting railed.

I take three steps down the stairs, telling myself that if they're on a date, I'm not supposed to interfere. I barrel down the stairs, rounding the corner into the room, and I stop as if I've hit a brick wall. She's riding his fucking cock, her titties bouncing, her head thrown back in ecstasy.

“What the fuck is going on?”

Jeff says, “You're not supposed to interfere with a date.”

“You're not supposed to be fucking.”

“The rules changed. Get out.”

“If the rules changed, I'm watching.” I grab a chair. “Don't mind me.”

Cindy's body, completely naked in full room light, is even more gorgeous than I could imagine. Why the fuck is she breaking her own rule, though? Her pussy lips flared around Jeff's shaft look like heaven.

He may be inside of her, but I want her thinking of me. "Does that pussy feel as good on your cock as it did on my face?"

I resist the urge to rub one out along with them.

Her body barely moves when she cries out and rides Jeff. He takes over quickly. She's blissed out hard, barely catching her breath. It's beautiful and frustrating all at the same time.

I focus on her, memorizing every inch of her body until she recovers.

"So what's the deal? I respected the rules."

She angles her head to Jeff, who answers. "It just happened. She was ready to change the rules."

"You could have let Adrian and me know."

"That would have killed the moment, dude."

I rake my hand through my hair. I don't want Cindy to think I'm mad at her, but I kind of am. Nothing sinking inside of her wouldn't cure. I motion to the two of them. "Are the rules only changed for Jeff?"

"No." She doubles down on her answer by shaking her head.

"Turns out she's a bit submissive. Tell her what you want and she'll make your wish come true. Just be sure whatever

you wish for, it's going to please her.”

“On it.” I'm swinging my leg over the chair as I stand, move forward, and carefully pull her off my brother's cock. I turn her petite body and she wraps herself around me. “So you like it when the guy takes control?”

“Yes.”

“Then first order of business... Sit right here and let me eat your pussy.”

Her smile is worth gold. I grab a corner of my towel that I hadn't wiped my face down with and gently wipe my brother's cum. Then I go down on her. I wish it was only her sweetness, but it is what it is.

I'll never get tired of her thighs clamping around me or the tangle of her fingers in my hair or the sound of her orgasm. But the slight rise and fall of her stomach as I watch her drift through the pleasure gives me hope with each rise that I can make it stay rounded.

As much as I want to sink inside of her pussy, I also want to give her a new experience. “Have you ever given a blowjob?”

“No. Do you want me to?”

Right, the submissive thing. I want to know, though. “Baby, I can assure you that I want you to, but I want you to answer this one. Does the thought of sucking on my cock excite you?”

“Yes.”

“Then get on your knees.” I change to a commanding tone and step back to give her room to comply. It also gives me a second to undress.

She looks up at me from under her lashes. “I don’t know what to do.”

“Open your mouth and keep your eyes on mine.”

She does exactly as I say. I cup a hand around her head. “Such a good girl. Now suck my cock.”

# Twelve

## Cindy

I must have been exhausted after sex and a blow job and countless orgasms. I wake up in a tangle of bodies and carefully slip away to the bathroom. The last couple days has been a blur.

We haven't officially talked about this being anything more than the guys doing their good deed to tidy up their reputation. I don't figure I can trust declarations made in the heat of passion.

Everything between us has been private. It will be good for me to get away from the house and process what this is and what I want.

What I want? I remind myself we're not a thing, we're a fling. Although I'd at least like to keep this as siblings with benefits. Perhaps every Tuesday night we could...I smile at my wild bed-head in the mirror. No need to limit fun to Tuesday nights.

Showering and dressing, I wonder if I'll be able to slip away to work before they wake up. It's weird having time and space to myself. I button my blouse, and when I look up, Jeff is in the doorway to the bathroom.

“You're actually going to go to work?”

“Every Monday at the accounting firm.”

“Can you call in sick? We need to check in with each other.”

“It's not necessary. I get it.” I want to drift on the high a little longer before facing the reality I agreed to. I try to move past him, but he grabs my arm.

“Do you?”

“I do. Don't worry. I'm not going to get all needy.” I throw the statement out, having heard friends mention it being a big concern.

He flinches and for a second his hand grips tighter around my arm, then he releases me. “Is that the way you want it?”

Is he messing with me? How can they repair their wild and crazy reputation their coach is mad about if they go public with me? In my fantasy about how to make this real like so many other groups have, their coach seemed more problematic than our parents.

“That's what I thought,” he says. “You feel it too. There's something more here. Stay, and let's figure it out.”

I consider the option, but it would just be walking down a foolish path. They burn through women almost as if on a

schedule. For the first time ever, a thought of a schedule isn't comforting. I let that sink in. I'm fun, new, and taboo.

The answer is clear. "I have a life to get back to."

Jeff follows me to the kitchen. "Here's the deal. If you're done with us, you had your dates, you committed your four hours, you did everything you said you would, then we understand and respect that."

"We?"

"My brothers and I talked while you were in the shower."

"Okay."

"But if you want more, we have a plan. Think about it. The storm has blown in and by the end of the day, the roads are going to be messy. I don't want you driving in that car back here."

He's right. The roads up to their house can get sketchy.

"We finish practice and will leave the arena at seven. It's not far from the accounting firm. If you show up, we'll bring you back here. If you're done with us, drive straight home. We're siblings, nothing more. You have all day to think about it."

When I get to work, Wendy's there—not a total surprise since her brothers are part of the local motorcycle club that runs it. We've crossed paths, but I'm always working so we haven't chatted much.

What's surprising is that she's upset and all alone in a meeting room. I slip in.

“What’s going on? Is everything okay with your brothers?”  
I’m not sure how to phrase it after what I just went through.

“I can’t blame them.”

“What happened?”

Her eyes flash a desperate plea. “Is it terrible to have sex with our stepbrothers?”

I wish I could answer definitively. My head’s too much of a mess. “I took two wrong turns driving here. I might not be the best person to ask for advice.” Sitting next to her, I take her hand. “Are you concerned about the act of sex, or is your heart the question?”

“Have you told your parents yet?” Her avoidance of the question makes the answer clear.

“No.” I decide not to explain that my stepmom is oddly accepting of things. Didn’t blink when her boys all wanted to be professional athletes. She’s uber supportive, but I need boundaries to feel safe. My dad lets her run the show. I think some of my need for structure comes from their lack of providing it.

“My dad was upset that I walked out of my wedding, which he’d carefully crafted as a business deal. And when he found out I hooked up with my stepbrothers, he no longer had my virginity to offer.” She tosses her hands up. “Who wants tarnished goods? He was so mad he wrote me out of the will and said I better hang up my roller skates and get a real job.”



“There are so many things wrong with that. You’re far from tarnished. You only do roller derby for fun. And who—” Her brothers file into the room. We wish each other well and I head to my desk.

Numbers, my safe haven. I turn my computer on, sharpen my pencil, position my sticky notes in their designated space, and open the account I’m working on.

I followed my routine. So why when I poise my fingers over the number pad, don’t they spring into action? I stare at the digits. I stare at the columns. I stare at the rows.

Forcing my fingers to move, I input in a few numbers and watch the automatic calculations trickle through the page. Not even a hint of excitement.

As I enter more dollar amounts from the invoices I’m supposed to process, a bright red number populates a cell at the bottom of the screen. Oh no, what did I do?

I undo the last entry and hold my breath, waiting for the red number to turn black again. It changes, but is still red.

Shit! I scan the screen for the error but my mind drifts.

The number of ways I’ve been given orgasms since hooking up with my brothers is phenomenal. It’s like I’ve been doing it wrong all this time. But it’s more than sex. I enjoy how free they make me feel, like everything will be okay, and I don’t have to worry about making decisions.

How ironic that I’m facing the biggest decision of my life. Or maybe I already made it. My hand slides off the keyboard

onto my belly.

They took a risk with me. They're very adamant that they never have sex without a condom, yet that's not true with me. Every paternity claim that's come against them has been proven false. Do they really consider me special enough to chance making a baby? Or as they called it...to breed me?

My computer beeps with the alert for an invalid entry. Crap! I fumble to hit the backspace key enough times to remove the letters DADDY from the cell. Who gave my fingers permission to type that? I'm at work, not in fantasyland.

Pushing away from my desk, I stand, stretch, and breathe. It's not the top of the hour, when I normally do that, but I need it.

Daddy—or maybe I should call him Jeff for now—was right. We need to talk.

No more sex until we've sorted the obstacles. I don't have much to lose, but I don't want to be responsible for trouble with their coach. Hockey has been their entire lives. They love hockey, they love being athletes, they love being rich. What would they do otherwise?

I check my clock. I need to leave in thirty minutes if I'm going to get to the arena on time.

Returning to my seat, my computer, and my messed-up data, I have an immediate problem. I can't be an accountant if I'm not meticulous with other people's numbers. I dutifully scan the spreadsheet.

Going back through the few numbers I recalled entering, the glaring red number remains. What have I done? I try resetting the spreadsheet but it auto-saved my changes.

I slink to the meeting room, ashamed that I'm going to have to ask Wendy's brother to access a previous version of the file for me. I don't have high enough clearance. But I spin on my heels when I pop the door open and find them...dating.

Why didn't I knock? I'm a freaking mess ever since the auction. What if this is the universe pointing out the decision I should make as opposed to the decision I want to make?

Adjusting the backrest on my chair, I'm determined to prove I didn't have to sell my brain to have sex.

If I'm meant to be with my brothers, I'll fix the problem in time. If not...I'll have a broken heart to mend.

# Thirteen

## Adrian

“Adrian, focus on what you’re doing before somebody gets hurt.” Coach’s patience is wearing thin. It’s just practice but I’ve missed every shot, pissed off two teammates by crashing into them from behind, and had to have plays repeated to me.

I tear my gaze from the stands where Cindy is distinctly not sitting. Jeff said she’s supposed to show up if she wants to continue the relationship. I skate to my place in line, purposefully catching Ballz with my elbow.

He shoves me into the Plexiglass surrounding the rink. “What the fuck, bro?”

I don’t respond verbally, just shove back and skate past him. I’m seething with anger. Why didn’t he bring me in on the discussion of her staying with us? I’d been in our swag room autographing photos for the children’s hospital, trying to make use of my time while she was occupied. Nothing that couldn’t wait.

Practice can't end soon enough, except she's not here. Her shift should have ended ten minutes ago, which gave her enough time to get to the arena. Every number change on the digital clock escalates my anger.

I turn my aggression to the ice, but temper it just enough so everyone just thinks I'm getting into the practice session.

Practice ends. She's still not here. We shower and change. She still hasn't shown. We head to the front doors. I didn't have any doubts she wanted to be with us until my dickhead brother scared her off this morning.

"Must be hard not to take it personal that you fucked her and now she's not coming back, Jeff," Ballz says.

I stop so fast, my bag swings forward. "Wait, you left that out. You fucked her? Like actual sex?"

Jeff raises his eyebrows, then continues to the front doors. "Best sex I've ever had. That tight virgin pussy, and her titties bouncing in my face. Her mouth hanging open as she moans. And you should have seen the way Ballz went balls deep down her throat."

"What the hell? The first time I follow the rules... You're joking." Except that I can see by the starry looks in their eyes that they aren't. "So you both had sex with her?"

"Well, I fully had sex and she dropped to her knees for Ballz and sucked his cock."

I check outside but her car's not here. "You bastards. Did you make her feel used?"

“She’s totally dickmatized. You should have seen the way she—”

“Stop. That’s our sister. I actually respect her and care about her. I was trying to show her how she deserves to be treated.”

Jeff is less cocky. “I have something special with her, it’s not just sex. She’ll be back.”

“After you two, I doubt it. Jeff, you always think you’re such a big shot. Always in control. You never listen to anyone else. I’m surprised you even listened to her rules. Although, apparently you didn’t. Do you even know how to please a woman?”

“She was pleased, all right.”

“I’m being serious. And Ballz, you just dive into whatever. Did you just tell her, ‘Suck my dick,’ and forget to please her?”

I shove Ballz. He shoves me back. “I went down on her first.”

“Don’t tell me you let your dicks cause more trouble. I’m serious about benching you, or cutting you from the team if you’re more interested in sex than hockey,” Coach says, as he catches us arguing in the lobby.

We hang our heads like bad little boys and wait for him to leave.

“She’s coming back,” Jeff says quietly.

“Do you see her? What time did you say?” I look at my wrist, pretending I have a watch.

“Seven,” Jeff says and we all turn to the digital clock at the end of the arena: 7:03.

I check my phone, nothing from Cindy. She’s made her point.

“Fuck it. I’m out of here.” I need to get her alone and undo whatever they screwed up.

# Fourteen

## Jeff

Adrian throws the door open and storms out. Ballz and I follow but Coach's voice calls out, "Balthazar. My office. Now."

"Can it wait?"

"Now," Coach says.

Logically, I should get out of here. I'm not the one in trouble, but something nags at me. I can't leave. I have to believe Cindy will be here. She felt everything, and I don't just mean sexually. The connection.

Or Adrian's right. I like to be in charge, to be right, and to be called Daddy. Maybe I saw what I wanted to see.

Repositioning the strap of my bag on my shoulder, I stare at the clock. If she shows up late, I sure as hell am not going to have her thinking we left at exactly seven. And if she shows up late...she should call. She should respect us and let us know where she is.



Except that's not the deal I laid out. It never crossed my mind she simply wouldn't show up.

Through the glass door, I study the snow collecting beside the road. It won't be safe for her to drive much longer.

Calming exercises aren't going to help. I get my blades out of my bag and lace them up, not bothering with the rest of my gear. I shove my phone into my back pocket and dump a bunch of biscuits onto the ice. I slap them out of sheer anger.

It grows with each shot. A few more seconds of not having her in my life. How the fuck did I fall so hard and fast for my sister?

"Jeff," her voice floats through my mind, although I'm surprised I don't conjure up, "Daddy." She fucking wrecked me.

"Jeff," Cindy says again. This time it's clearer. My stick halts midair as I'm about to slam another puck into the next state.

I spin toward her. "Do you have a fucking phone?" If my anger management therapist was here, he'd soften his voice and ask me to walk through my emotions. I don't need a fucking walk right now. I need answers.

She steps backward toward the door she just entered, but it's swinging open, causing her to stumble as she expected there to be something behind her.

Adrian catches her.

I skate toward them. “I thought you left, Adrian.” Like I give a fuck, but I’m too wound up over Cindy to risk saying anything else to her. If she’s too immature to let us know she’ll be late when this much is on the line, I’ll get my heart right off that roller coaster.

“I saw her driving in when I was leaving.”

Cindy is flustered. “I must have left my phone at your house again. I was trying to get here, but I messed up a bunch of stuff at work and I was trying to fix it. Then I drove as fast as I could, but there was a car wreck and—”

I’ve made my way to them as Adrian cups his hand around her mouth from behind. Do I trust her?

“I want to say that you’re here, that’s the important thing,” Adrian says, freeing his hand from her mouth. “But you guys had a fuckfest without me, and now you didn’t show up until I left. Are you interested in all of us, or just...”

Adrian swallows and doesn’t continue. It’s hitting him hard that she might not want him. How did she do this to us? I practically choke on the possibility that she could choose one of us and the others would have to fuck off.

Cindy rubs a thumb over the forearm of her coat. I’ve seen her do that motion enough times to know that she’s overthinking something. “Adrian, no one’s ever done Morning Pages with me. That was really sweet, just existing—”

“Yeah, yeah,” Ballz says loudly from out of sight down a hallway. “Don’t let the auction thing blow up in our faces and

go fucking our stepsister.”

# Fifteen

## Cindy

Ballz's footsteps plod closer, and whoever he was talking to mumbles something I can't make out, although the tone is clearly irritated.

Adrian won't let me out. I'm trapped. Jeff is mad.

My gut sinks. I was about to say that I hadn't meant to slight Adrian. I love all three of them. But I can't jeopardize their place on the team.

Ballz stops short when he gets to the end of the hallway. "Cindy..."

I lunge for the next door, but Adrian grabs the handle.

"Please let me go. I'm sorry, this was all a mistake. I don't want your good deed to blow up in your face."

Ballz rushes closer. "That's just what Coach thinks. We can handle it."

"Can we? Jeff yelled at me for not calling. Adrian thought I was avoiding him. You're arguing with your coach.

Everybody's mad, and I'm the reason."

"I'm sorry I yelled at you. Won't happen again," Jeff says.

"Same. I'll find a way to call if I'm late again. Sorry to upset you, Jeff."

He looms over me, tips my chin up, and says, "Did you forget who I am?"

A zing of excitement races through me. Can I say it in front of the other guys? Our eyes are locked and his jaw tenses. I go for it. "Sorry to upset you, Daddy."

"What the fuck? I missed that too." Adrian shoves Jeff out of the way and takes my hand. "I was jealous that I got left out. Respecting your rules was so important to me, I followed them."

I can't help but laugh. "I thought you'd be the first to break them."

"I planned on it. But I'll do anything for you, even follow the fucking rules."

"Fucking rules." Ballz cracks up.

Life is simpler with rules and routines, that's why I love them. I motion to all of us. "What are the rules for something like this?"

"We could make them up as we go," Adrian offers. "The most important thing to me is that you're taken care of. I never thought I'd say this, but if it means we have to share you, it works. I trust these guys more than anybody."

Jeff says, “Coach can’t dictate who we date as long as we don’t break any laws.”

“You mean I wouldn’t have to pick whose dating style I liked better?” A lightness washes over me.

They simultaneously offer a resounding, “No.”

Adrian speaks over his brothers, “But I would like to break rule number two as soon as possible.” He brushes his thumb over my cheek. “And number one if you’re game?”

He nods toward the other end of the arena, but I’m not sure what he’s indicating.

“Meaning?”

“The Zamboni room’s technically public. What do you say we go break some rules?”

Jeff says, “Heads up... She’d rather you take charge.”

Adrian looks at me, a huge smile crossing his face. “Is that true?”

“I did like it when Jeff and Ballz took control. But why the Zamboni room?”

“That damn machine has a magical allure. Maybe just because we’ve been told since we were kids to stay away from it. Can’t resist temptation.”

I shake my head. Tell Adrian he can’t do something, and he’ll make it his next goal. I’m torn between thinking I’m simply a taboo temptation and trusting the way I feel with them.

He scoops me up and carries me behind the scenes into the room with the big machine. “I really want to lay you out on a bed and adore every inch of your body, but it might be dangerous to drive with this hard of an erection. There’s not enough blood left to keep my body functioning.”

“It’s kind of exciting coming back here.”

“Oh, you’re going to come back here, all right. I really want to get you up top, but I want my brothers in on this too. Let’s christen this relationship.”

“All of us? I think I’m going to like that.”

Have all of the seeds blown off of my dandelion tattoo? Order or structure feel unnecessary with my brothers so close. Adrian wraps me in a hug and I’m lost in his kiss.

His hand lowers and pulls my skirt up, kneading my butt cheek. His big hand feels so good and protects me from the cold air. Another brother peels my panties down, and helps lift each foot out. I shudder at Adrian’s palm on my bare butt. The sensation of each finger becomes more prominent, especially when he spins me around, wraps his arm around my waist, and slips it into my sex.

“Feels like you’re ready.” His statement drifts in one ear and out the other. I don’t bother answering—just respond to his motions.

With his free hand, he pushes my back so that I bend over. His other fingers run circle after circle around my clit. Jeff strokes my hair then gets on his knees so he can capture my

mouth in a kiss. An extra set of hands, must be Ballz, awkwardly helps me out of my coat then rewards me with caresses.

To be so adored and cared for, I submit to them. I cry out, my body quivers.

Then Adrian slides his cock into me. Nothing's ever felt so perfect, so right, so absolutely divine as being filled by my stepbrother. My next orgasm builds unbelievably fast.

"I fucking love you," Adrian declares. Is that the impending orgasm speaking? Is it the taboo element? Or is it real? I don't know, but I've never felt like this. That's all I needed; I fall apart in their arms once again.

An unfamiliar man's voice breaks into my consciousness. It's from the PA system. "What the fuck am I seeing on the security cameras?"

I can't stop the orgasm. Nature insists on finishing.

"Oh shit. That's Coach," Ballz says.

Adrian grips my hips tighter, thrusting harder and faster as my body begs him to release. He growls out his pleasure, obliterating whatever Coach's next words are. We shamelessly finish each other.

With my body still responding to every twitch of Adrian's cock, and his seed dripping down my legs, the guilt creeps in. What have I done? What are the repercussions?



# Sixteen

## Cindy

It's quickly sorted out that the security guard alerted the coach to the players having sex on site. It's not the first time, and Coach had asked to be notified rather than security dealing with the players.

How many security personnel saw? Did they pull out their cameras and film it? Worries build in my mind.

Adrian slides out of me, his cock still hard. Jeff reaches in his bag and hands me a rag while they close in around me, blocking the angle from the camera. If we hadn't been so impulsive, one of us would have thought about that.

"I'm sorry I got you in trouble."

"You didn't get us in trouble," Ballz says. "It's just something that happened. We got caught. Not a big deal."

"Your coach was just saying not to—"

"We'll promise not to have sex in the arena, explain that we got overly excited about our new fiancée."

His words steal the air from my lungs. “I’m...not...”

“It makes what we did a lot more redeemable,” Ballz offers leadingly. “And I think we’re all hoping you will be.”

Fiancée? Married? The reality of their world comes crashing down on me. The visibility, the travel, and the loneliness I’ll be stuck with when they’re on the road. My routines will constantly be in flux.

Sex is an amazing thing. But as they wait anxiously for my response, I get cold feet, and not just because we’re in an ice arena “I don’t think I can live in the public eye. Eventually we’d have to go public with our relationship. I can’t do it. I can’t be with all of you. I need my routines. I need predictability in my life.”

“We can give you that.” Jeff offers a reassurance.

“No, you can’t. Thank you for teaching me how to date. I need to go home now.” I grab my purse.

“Get in my office, all three of you,” Coach demands over the speaker.

I’m grateful he didn’t say four.

“Repair that relationship before worrying about ours.”

I push past the guys. They object and follow me, but I point the direction I think the coach’s office is.

They relent, but Jeff says, “The roads will be getting bad. Go straight home.”

He's right. I barely make it to our parents' house. They have a thing tonight, but their car is still in the garage. I park next to it, hoping they'll be occupied with getting ready for their date.

They aren't in the living room, and I make as little noise as possible putting the chain lock on the back door. It's a small deterrent in case my brothers come.

"Hey, Kiddo. We'll be leaving soon. Need anything?"

I help settle my nerves with a deep breath. A few more minutes, then I can break down.

"I'm fine." But I'm not. Dad still calls me Kiddo. I still live at home. It all seemed familiar and frugal, but I need to spread my wings.

I rush up to my room, hang my keys on their hook, sit on my bed, and stare out the window at the softly falling snow. It can be silent and beautiful, and yet the very same snow can turn into a deadly blizzard. Is it weird to think of that as a metaphor for me? I usually do my own thing quietly, careful not to disrupt anyone, but a few wrong moves and I can ruin my brothers' careers.

I pull up SmorgasSmut on my phone. If the Zamboni video is going to show up, it will be there. I'm in luck, but Aurora may not be. There are videos from her brothers' concert and I'm pretty sure Aurora is having sex with her brother in the background, too far away and blurry to tell much more than her blond hair, though. I send her a message in case they need to get in front of it.

Being in the public eye isn't a life I can handle.

There are too many emotions jumbled inside of me to be able to cry. I squeeze a pillow to my face and let out a half-hearted scream.

Hugging the pillow to my chest, I watch the snow again, but Jeff's car pulls into the driveway. Crap. I toss the pillow aside and rush onto the second-floor landing.

They're already banging on the door.

"Kiddo, can you get that?"

"It's the boys and they're mad at me. Please don't let them in."

"Don't be silly. If you guys had an argument, you need to work it out. You're not children anymore."

Fine time for Dad to come to that realization.

# Seventeen

## Cindy

I can't avoid the conversation forever. The easiest way to get my life back in order is to forget the past few days ever happened. Well, *forget* would be a stretch.

We have to keep our sibling relationship as siblings and our romantic relationships with other people.

I'm not the adventurous, impulsive spirit that Ballz is. I'm not the rule breaker like Adrian. And I don't take control of every situation the way Jeff does.

I'm the girl who loves her rules, and schedules, and everything being in its place, and making sense, and not rocking the boat. My brothers offer the exact opposite.

I want what's best, what's safest. Even if it comes at the sacrifice of those incredible orgasms. From them. Surely other men are capable of doing that. I also make a mental note to buy a vibrator with more features.

More banging on the door causes Dad to give up. “You kids.”

I don’t know what to say, certainly not to explain this is far from a childish argument. My fingers trace over my belly.

My stomach does a flip-flop and I worry it’s a baby tumbling around. Not an actual baby, but the start of one. What if it’s too late to walk away?

There’s a schedule I’d like to keep: my next period, which should start in two weeks.

The guys have already spied me, and the second Dad unlocks the door, they storm inside.

“Slow down, boys. Check your attitudes.”

My brothers stop respectfully but split their attention between Dad and me.

“Whatever argument you had, don’t come in here ganging up on your sister. She’s a lot younger. Be role models, or remember that you’re not too big for me to tan your hide.”

Mom steps behind Dad, who’s closing the door.

Mom angles her head up to me. “And if this is another one of those arguments where you got upset because they messed up one of your schedules, remember to take a breath and be flexible.”

Mom and Dad have been trying to help me battle my rigidity ever since I can remember. I feel like I’m eight again, and my

brothers are in high school when they'd put my Barbie dolls in the wrong order just to get a rise out of me.

This is so much bigger. None of us give any indication of what's wrong.

"Okay," Mom says, looking between all of us. "Your dad and I are leaving. We should be out for about three hours and by the time we get back, I expect this will be resolved."

"Yes, Mom," I say. The boys each kiss her cheek.

They motion for me to come downstairs. I'd resist, but it's safer to meet them in the living room than next to my bedroom. Moments later, I'm alone in the house, face-to-face with my three brothers.

"How did it go with your coach?"

"I promised him we'd follow the rules," Adrian says.

"We didn't call you our fiancée, if that's what you're asking." Jeff nailed that one.

"His big concern is that we don't run around getting into legal trouble," Ballz says.

Jeff continues, "He's pissed and threatened to bench us, but I used some of that Qigong shit to calm myself down. That was the clincher. It's the first time I didn't blow up at him. I promised the anger management sessions are working, and he wouldn't want to invest that much in grooming me into the fabulous player I am, then let another team reap the benefits."

“It was a beautiful moment seeing Jeff work him over,” Adrian says.

Now for me to stand up for myself. “What a relief. So let’s officially end this chaos. It would never work.”

“Hold on. We can make it work. Look how many couples in town have already pulled it off.” Adrian tries to take my hand, but I step back.

“We’d have to tell our parents.”

“They’ll come around. They’ve always been open to crazy ideas. They supported us being professional athletes. They’ve always said they just want us to be happy.”

He’s right. Their mom more so than my dad, but they’re very supportive.

“So, are you game for playing house?” Ballz says, giving me a wink.

“I want to say no.”

Jeff gets a sly smile. “Not allowed, My Love. You’re going to let us ravish you.”

“It’s a terrible idea.” My response is a mismatch of my brain trying to convince me to walk away, and my instinct telling me to submit to them. My future plans scatter to the wind when I think about my brothers. The love and security they offer encourages a freedom I’ve never embraced.

“That’s my favorite kind of idea.” Adrian strokes his fingers through my hair. My eyes fall shut. His lips warm mine. He



nips my lower lip, then trails kisses down my neck, licking and nibbling. My head falls shamelessly to the side and Jeff tips my chin so he can kiss me.

My greedy body is eager for Ballz to join in, but a cork popping in the kitchen steals that possibility. The faint sound of glasses and pouring are in the background while I'm being stripped.

Adrian grips my ass, his fingers possessing me as he pulls my body into his. "I need to make love to you, Sweet Cheeks."

Jeff whispers in my ear, "Daddy's going to watch, see how good you look taking our brother's cock."

I expect a brotherly grumble to break out, but Ballz interrupts by offering drinks.

"Champagne?" I ask excitedly, seeing the flutes of bubbly golden liquid.

"You're too young for that. We promised Coach we wouldn't break any laws." Is he joking?

"To us." Ballz's toast is simple. We clink glasses and a sense of oneness solidifies.

I love it. The bubbles tickle my nose as I tip the glass to my lips. The liquid chills my lips. My tongue is ready for the bite.

What? "Sparkling cider?"

"Seriously, you're under age," Ballz says. "And I don't want to dull any of your senses, Baby. I want you fully present when I lick your pussy."

I'm about to talk over him, tell him that I've had alcohol before, but the thought of him between my legs halts my monologue.

And when he drops to his knees and carries out his action, I set my unfinished drink aside and tangle my fingers in his hair. That insatiably, greedy beast inside of me holds him in just the right spot.

Adrian and Jeff strip. Their cocks are as different as they are. Adrian's is thicker; the head of Jeff's seems more strained. All beautiful, just like their muscular bodies.

How many deviations from my norm did it take for me to end up naked in a room with such perfection? I lose focus as Ballz works magic with his tongue. My body crumples forward, my fingers tightening in his hair to steady myself as my legs threaten to give out.

Jeff and Adrian hurry to either side. Support, caresses, kisses... How can I be doing this with three guys at once?

As reality slips from my grasp, I put my full trust in them. I submit to whatever they want to do to me. Then my mind goes blank.

Daddy is cradling me against his chest when I come to.

Adrian spreads a blanket on the floor then approaches us. His usual naughty smirk is replaced by a gentle smile. He brushes my hair out of my eyes. "We thought Ballz stole your soul for a minute there."

I smile and pucker my lips when his finger trails over them. It's the best I can do. I don't ever want this moment to end. My hands are curled in front of me. He takes one, spreads my fingers, then places my palm against his bare chest. He's naked too.

“Feel how nervous I am?”

His heart is pounding away. I lift my eyes from his smattering of chest hair over nicely rounded pecs, and meet his baby blues. He's nervous?

“I don't want you to think this is some passing fling. Jeff and Ballz and I had a chance to talk. You're our forever.”

How can he know that? How can any of them?

He brushes his fingers over my forehead. “Don't worry. We'll take care of you. Let us show you how good we are together.”

I nod, caught in the fantasy that this must be a dream.

Jeff carries me to the blanket, sets me down gently, and trails his hands away slowly, letting his fingertips hang on for the very last touch before he steps away for a drink. He surprises me by extending it to me and helping me raise on my elbows to take a sip.

The crisp, refreshing beverage helps pull me back to the moment.

Adrian commences kissing his way up my legs, over my hip bones and stomach, then captures my breast in his mouth.

My nipple is so sensitive, I startle when he flicks it with his tongue. The sudden movement bumps the flute in Jeff's hand, spilling it, but thankfully not breaking the glass.

“Oh no!” I start to get up, but Ballz scoots me out of the wet spot.

“The blanket's going to get a lot dirtier than that. We'll wash it.”

Adrian spreads my thighs and settles his body over mine. The other two brothers lie on either side of me. Fingers mingle. Kisses come at me from all sides. And Adrian's tip presses into the wetness of my sex.

I bring my knees up, spreading my legs a little more to make room for him. He's thick and heavy over me. The musk of the three guys, all primed for sex, intoxicates me.

Adrian pushes inside, pausing while I catch my breath as I stretch around him. Each movement of his hips stimulates my clit. I'm gasping and moaning.

“Say you're ours,” Adrian says between thrusts.

“I'm yours.” Do I mean it? The words are out of my mouth before I can decide. I want to be theirs. And while I feel like this, I can't find a reason to object.

My core tightens unbearably. Will I implode if I don't climax soon? Ballz dry humps my leg from the side. Pre-cum slicks the movement of his shaft against me.

Jeff gets on his knees. “We're all going to come with you, My Love.”

My eyes can't stay open, but as they flutter in my attempts to absorb the masculine perfection around me, I'm drooling over Jeff's meaty hand fisting his shaft.

"Submit to us, My Love."

Everything snowballs on me at once as the thrusting, their groans, and the scent of sex push my orgasm past the point of no return. Warmth fills my core as Adrian's entire body grows hard and he rears up with one hard thrust, growling with his release. Ballz's mouth falls slack beside my head; grunts parallel his release coating my side.

And Jeff, I wish I could focus. The intensity of his eyes staring down at me as cum splashes my face, the salty yumminess dripping into my mouth, and his hand resting on Adrian's shoulder, lock the moment in. I could get used to this.

They join me on the blanket, our heads near the Christmas tree, and we look up at it as we all come down from the high.

I may have fallen asleep for a moment.

Adrian stands, reaching a hand down. "Let me take you to the shower and clean you up."

"I'll put the blanket in the washer," Jeff says.

And Ballz heads to the kitchen to tidy up before joining us in the shower.

Cleaning up was just a lure to get me to the next place they intended to give me orgasms. I make a mental note that shower orgasms are extra swoony.

And when I beg for mercy, they help me dress and Adrian carries me to the couch, where I snuggle up on his lap with our brothers on either side.

Jeff trails a finger over my tattoo. “I remember when you were little and got mad at us for blowing the seeds off dandelions. Never thought I’d see the day when you embrace it.”

Watching his finger, I decide to open up. “I hated all three of you for disturbing the delicate order nature created.”

“But the saying, that’s a cool way to think about it.”

“Dad found me crying with the stem of a dandelion in my hands after one of you blew every single seed off of it. He talked to me about the seeds needing to scatter so they can bloom. And that whether I hand planted a seed or wind blew it, the flower would look the same. I tried to tidy up his lesson for the tattoo.”

Jeff kisses my inked skin. “I love you, Cindy.” The sincerity in his voice is soft and tender.

He sounds vulnerable, but before I can say anything, Ballz says, “I’ve never experienced anything like you. I love you. I love your little routines. I love how you carefully consider everything. Will you teach me?”

Then Adrian adds, “I definitely don’t want to be left out of this one. I love you Cindy, like I’ve never loved anything else.”

“Anything?” she asks.

“Well, you know I have loved hockey most of all.”

“I just kind of thought you’d say *anyone*.”

“No one’s ever topped hockey. I always felt alone, and now I have you. Move in with us. Travel with us. Let us take care of you.”

What Ballz said is right. I have to consider everything. I need time to think about decisions. Do I need to think about this?

# Eighteen

## Adrian

The hesitation in Cindy's eyes catches me off guard as we profess our love for her. I've never felt so free, and yet being tied to one woman is what's going to give me that freedom. How can we convince her that this is right—life is better with her? We'd do anything to make her happy.

Did I fall prey to the guy mentality that sex makes everything okay? It's hard to imagine Cindy not feeling the connection.

We're snuggled on the couch, and she's sitting on my lap. Jeff wanted to be the one to hold her, but I needed that bond. I rub a hand on her shoulder, which is drawn up—the effects of her orgasms wearing off way too fast. “What can I do to relieve this tension?”

“I don't know. Everything is so... It's hard to explain.”

Ballz asks, “Are we moving too fast? We tend to do that—think fast, act fast—it's why we're good at hockey. But we'll slow down for you.”



He has a good point. Dialing things back a notch, I ask, “First things first. Relationships take work and that’s what we’re doing now, putting in the work to make you happy. So, in a magical world where everything is easy, is that something you’d want?”

She smiles and nods. “But this isn’t magical—well, the sex is, but outside of that, it’s the real world, with real problems.”

“What’s your biggest concern?” I hold her tighter.

“I love my accounting job and my friends and my routines. How would they fit into life with the three of you?”

I resist making a joke about getting bested by her work. It hurts too much to think that even with the three of us, we’re not enough for her.

“Your routines...we can make that happen, find ways to replicate them anywhere. And you don’t have to work.”

“I enjoy my job, but I’d have to abandon it for weeks on end when you’re travelling, or be home without you.”

Jeff says, “Unless we quit the team.”

“No, you can’t quit. I know how much you love hockey.”

“We could take a year off.” I pivot from Jeff’s extreme idea. He and Ballz agree, but not Cindy.

“I won’t allow you to give up something you’ve worked your whole life for. Besides, there’s not enough time for all the Tai chi or Qigong you’d need, if you couldn’t hip check anyone.”

“You’re wise beyond your years, My Love.”

“I’ve got it,” Ballz says.

“Really? Mister act first, think second, has a plan?” Jeff teases him.

“I’m as shocked as you. What do you think about this? There are three of us. We could rotate so that one of us stays home each time the team travels. You’d never be alone, and it would give each of us individual time with you.”

“Your coach would never allow that.”

“If he’s faced with losing all three of us, he’ll have to negotiate. But if we make it to the playoffs, we all might have to go.”

“If you make it to the playoffs, I’ll be right there by your side.” Her optimistic tone gives me hope.

Ballz says, “I’d prefer playoffs, but if taking a year off will prove our point, I’m in. Whatever makes it work so we can be here for Cindy.”

“I’ll present it to him,” Jeff says.

Teamwork just might pull this off. “That’s fine. You’re skilled with the ‘take it or leave it’ mentality.” It’s the negotiations that sometimes lead to punches. That won’t happen with Coach.

Jeff hops up, and in seconds, he has Coach on the phone as he strides out of the room.

It seems like no time at all has passed when Jeff comes back but his expression is unreadable.

“That was quick. Did he go for it, or fire us all?” I ask.

“He’s pissed as hell. But I explained our need to keep our situation with our stepsister on the down-low for now, until we make this official and marry you.” Jeff kneels in front of us and takes Cindy’s hand. Is he going to—?

The door clicks open. My head whips to the grandfather clock in confusion as I process that our parents are home. Where did the time go?

Holding my little sister in my lap isn’t as acceptable as it used to be. She’s fidgeting to get away, but I hold her close

“What the hell is going on?” Dad says.

I whisper to Cindy, “This was going to happen sooner or later. Do you trust us?”

“Yes.” Her barely audible answer is a monumental step toward having a relationship.

I nod at my brothers. We instinctively, simultaneously say, “All for one.” It’s something we do before games, a ritual about solidarity. And this game has the biggest stakes ever.

Jeff stands. As usual, he’ll handle the conversation.

Dad tips his head up, sniffs the air, and his expression shifts from confusion to horror.

“It smells like a goddamn brothel in here.”

Mom steps inside behind him and pinches her nose.  
“Whoa!”

# Nineteen

## Jeff

“There’s something we need to tell you.” I move to the end of the couch so Cindy won’t be caught in the middle.

Then it occurs to me, she actually hasn’t said she loves us. Fuck. I hope Cindy doesn’t dash. That’d be my classic way of fucking things up, always taking control. I feel so deeply in my soul that this is right, I haven’t even processed that she might not go for it.

My brain risks fizzling out as I glance at Cindy. “Ready to be on our team?”

She smiles nervously, glancing toward our parents. Her tiny nod has me wanting to whisk her away to fuck her, but first things first.

“You might want to sit down.” I motion to the bar stools behind Mom and Dad. She scoots closer to Dad and puts her hands around his arm.

“What is it, dear?”

“We’re in love with Cindy and the four of us are in a relationship. We wanted to tell you first. We hope we have your support.”

Mom steps closer and points at the sofa. “Did you...” Her other hand covers her mouth. “On the sofa? Oh no.” She runs around the bar into the kitchen and opens the cabinet under the sink. When she stands, she extends an arm overhead, and is waving a can of air freshener.

“Sorry, Mom. We’ll be more careful in the future. The sofa’s clean, though,” Adrian says.

The hiss of the spray falters. She shakes the can. Another sputtering hiss. Empty. She glances around. “If the sofa’s clean, where’s the blanket? And why is the washing machine...”

Dad looks like he’s about to vomit. “This isn’t right. That’s my blanket. Take it home with you. Burn it. I’m never—”

“Dad, stop.” Cindy pops up from the couch, pointing to the dandelion tattoo. “The saying you gave me, ‘*The flower is no less beautiful if the seed is planted by the wind*’, I’m finally starting to get it. You helped me see that being flexible can show me opportunities I would have missed.”

“That’s not...” Dad coughs and sputters before finishing his statement. “I meant for it to help with...smaller things.”

“She’s right, dear. This is a huge step, and imagine how supported she’ll be by her three brothers.”

“Have you lost your mind?”

“I’m hearing a lot of couples, or whatever you call group things, are working out these days. Even with stepsiblings. It’s kind of cozy,” Mom says.

Dad’s having trouble with flexibility now. “But you’re my little girl, and they’re…”

Mom gets control. “Ground rules will help. Your father and I need our space. The only sex happening under this roof will be between him and me.”

Ballz busts out laughing. “I think we’re all damaged now, Mom.”

“Good, then you understand my point. When you’re under this roof, you’re our children.” She spins on her heels, throws the spray can out, and opens the pantry.

“I can live with that,” I say, and everyone except Dad nods in agreement.

Mom steps out of the pantry, her arms full of baking supplies. “In lieu of air freshener, and in light of us all being together, let’s go ahead with our Christmas sugarplum tradition.”

Saying no to Mom isn’t an option. My much-needed celebration with Cindy for announcing our relationship will have to wait. Blue balls commence.

“I’d love that,” Cindy says with a huge smile. Then quietly, only to my brothers and me, she says, “I love you, all of you.”

Damn her. I might drown in the backlog of cum my balls are prepping for her. It’s too much. I grab her hand as she passes,

and I try to sneak her away.

A firm hand lands on my shoulder. Dad strength. Dammit, how can he seem so old and be so strong? Worry races through me like I'm a teenager again, sneaking off to have sex, only this time it's more awkward than I ever imagined.

“If you want me to personally castrate you, keep right on going. Otherwise, get back in the kitchen and obey your mother.”

Ballz and Adrian lose it. The whole room fills with laughter. I let Dad take Cindy's hand from me, and I sulk to the kitchen behind them. Mom smacks my shoulder with a wooden spoon, which decidedly stings, then we fall into our holiday tradition.

We all know our way around the kitchen, gathering the rest of the ingredients, getting the bowls and measuring scoops out.

It's a genuinely happy family moment. Most importantly to me, Cindy is happy as she meticulously measures each item. That's always been her role.

Conversation, laughter, memories, and before long, the scent of sweet sugarplums fills the air.

As usual, Adrian is the one to violate the sanctity of good, clean fun. He has two rolled sugarplums in his hand, and extends them to Balthazar. “Want to lick my balls?”

Everyone goes silent. I keep an eye on Dad because I think he's going to pass out. The timer dings and Mom silences it with one hand while she grabs a wooden spoon with the other.



Adrian pulls his arm back slowly, as if that will keep her from noticing.

She swats him on the shoulder then smiles. “You boys and your dirty jokes. At least you’re not pretending that they’re poop balls this year.”

# Epilogue

## Cindy

“I don’t think it’s going to fit,” Aurora says, trying to fasten the tiny buttons that run up the back of my wedding dress.

“It has to.”

I’m sucking my tummy in as much as possible, but it increases my nausea. I’m on thin ice anyway with how long my anti-nausea medicine will last. A serious drawback to having a wedding early in a pregnancy.

I’m disheartened when Aurora tugs on the bodice then says, “You’re breathing for five. We can’t have you passing out. Let me try something else.”

Her hands move up my back and start buttoning at the top. “Okay, we might have to leave a few around your waist undone, but with your veil, no one will notice.”

I glance at my tattoo. This is one of those times I really need the reminder. *The flower is no less beautiful if the seed is planted by the wind.* I smile at Aurora in the mirror. “The

wedding is no less perfect if the buttons aren't fastened all the way."

"You know your brothers are just going to rip the dress off of you anyway. This way there will be a few less buttons rolling around."

"I'm going to be the one rolling around soon. I can't believe they knocked me up with quadruplets."

"I thought I had it bad with twins. I can't believe how fast your belly's growing. We put the wedding together in no time and you're already showing."

"When we get together to hang out, it's going to look like we run a daycare."

"Except the kids will be our own." She steps away from me and pulls the veil over my back.

"Promise it doesn't look weird?"

"You're beautiful. And if a few buttons are the biggest thing that goes wrong today, then you've practically pulled off the perfect wedding."

The perfect wedding. Yes. In my mind, that's what I *need*. I don't like that something's already gone wrong.

The Justice of the Peace has been warned not to do any improvisation, just read exactly what we gave him, and do everything in exactly the prescribed order.

Aurora guides me to our staging area, where I'm hidden from the guests. She's by my side until her music cue sends

her away, arm-in-arm with one of the dashing groomsmen.

My Dad smiles warmly and steps close when we're the only two left. His voice is low. "The flower is no less beautiful if the seed is planted by the wind. It turns out, I had a lot to learn about being flexible too. Thank you for teaching me."

My hand clutches his forearm, and he pats it gently when the Wedding March starts.

"That's our cue," he says.

Everyone stands as I come into view. I'm met with smiles from more friends and family than I expected would be happy to celebrate our unusual marriage. Everything's going as planned. My vows are memorized. Jeff, Adrian, and Ballz, look absolutely stunning in their custom tuxes. Nothing in stock fit their broad, muscular shoulders and trim waists.

But the smiles that light up their faces when they see me is the most heart-warming thing I've ever experienced.

Or wait. Maybe that's heartburn. My father lifts my veil, takes his seat, and the vows start. Now I can't tell if I'm having morning sickness or regular wedding nerves. Or both.

Nausea builds inside of me. I had the wedding planner put a floral display next to me, and an empty bucket behind it, just in case.

I glance down. It's in place. I let my gaze linger on the gorgeous gardenias, lilies, and roses—traditional beauty, but my heart is full when I spy the dandelions sprinkled through the arrangement.

Jeff begins his vows. I meet his gaze, take a deep breath, and my stomach settles a little.

But as I exhale, I realize my body fooled me. It's all happening too fast. I can't get my bouquet out of my hands. No bucket, no humility, no restraint.

Jeff is directly in my line of fire as the full force of four babies expels the dry bagel, banana, and medicine I'd counted on holding me through the ceremony.

My guys circle around me, Ballz getting the bucket to my face about a gallon of vomit too late.

Mom rushes forward with a tissue. "Oh dear."

I consider the understatement as Jeff takes my bouquet, more worried more about me than his tux. Have I ruined everything? My big day will be memorable for all the wrong reasons. Somehow, I leaned forward enough not to get vomit on my mermaid-style dress.

Adrian steps forward, takes the soiled tissue from me, and offer his pocket square to wipe my hands. "You never really liked being the center of attention. And Jeff's going to need to take his pants off. Would it be preferable to you for us to have everyone move on to the reception while we finish up privately?"

"That might be best."

Aurora offers a glass of water and nudges Ballz to keep the bucket handy. "Maybe just swish and spit."

Adrian announces to the guests, “I can assure you that all is well, but we’re going to finish the ceremony privately. Would you please head to the reception hall where we’ll meet you shortly.”

Jeff strips his shoes, socks, and pants off, without a care in the world that we’re not entirely alone yet. “So, where were we?”

“You were reciting your vows.” I grimace.

“And they made her barf. Ballz harasses Jeff.

My time is limited before I’m sick again, so I regroup them. “I thought your vows were beautiful...” Then I decide to run with the fun. “But you got a little too sappy and grossed out the kids.”

Ballz takes my hands. “Tell them to suck it up, Baby, because here I go.” His expression turns serious. “My beautiful dandelion. I fell in love with you and your love of order, thinking you were perfect just the way you were. Then you showed me that your beauty could grow exponentially by letting yourself blow free. Today, I vow to support you and my brothers and our children wherever the wind blows us, because there’s nothing more gratifying than watching you bloom.”

And we live happily ever after!

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# About the Author

Sylvie Haas obsesses over dirty-talking heroes who fall hard and fast for the woman of their dreams. And you'll find multiple heroes in one book because she has such a hard time making the heroine choose one possessive guy.

On most days, you can find Sylvie with the wind in her hair, her fingers on the keyboard, and her mind in the gutter as she thinks up new places her characters can get frisky.

Sylvie's books will always deliver a happily ever after, and even though they're short, they'll leave you satisfied!

If you haven't signed up for her newsletter yet, there's still room. The more the merrier!

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