

*Claimed
by my*

Stepbrothers

SYLVIE HAAS

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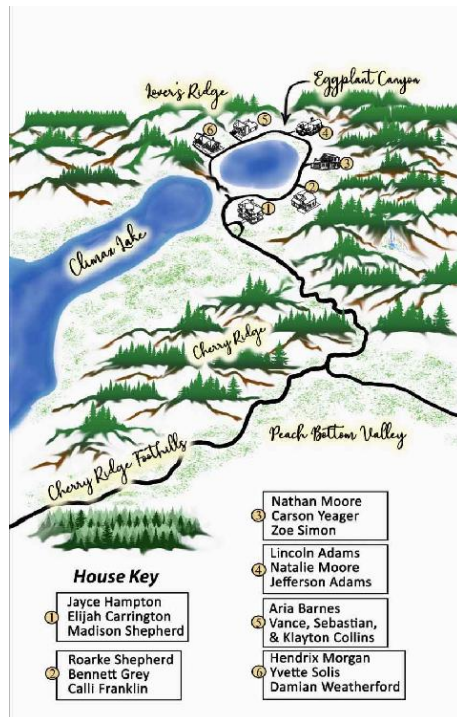
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EGGPLANT CANYON MAP



BLURB

Princess...it's a nickname I could do without.

It's a reminder that I'm always in the public eye. I'm defined by my father. I'm expected to fulfill a role I didn't ask for. And while I'm loved by all, I'm truly loved by none.

Then a stranger whispers "princess" into my ear and everything changes. Princess sounds different, feels different, it is different coming from his lips.

He's only in town for the weekend and could be just the outlet I need. Then his brothers show up. If I'm going to risk one wild weekend, why not go all out?

It's the perfect plan until my dad reveals his big surprise... He got married and my three new stepbrothers are in town.

Will I finally reap the benefits of being someone's princess, or will my lonely heart cost me everything?

If you love dirty-talking men who have over-the-top ideas of how to please their woman and want to give her babies, let these guys feed your inner princess!

ONE

ARIA

Mammoth, the bartender, slides the brightly colored mocktail with a cherry on top to me. “A Cinderella for my favorite princess.”

I toy with the stem and grumble. “What did I say about calling me that?”

“Fine, you’re not my *favorite* princess, just a regular princess.”

“Ha! The F-word isn’t the problem, it’s the P-word, and you know it.” I roll my eyes at my long-time friend.

“You’re the closest thing we’ve got to royalty, Aria.”

“My dad’s the mayor, not a king. That hardly makes me royalty, besides, I come here to get away from all of that.”

He winks at me. “You’re always welcome to hide out in my bar.”

Sipping my drink, I scan the room while Mammoth tends to other customers.

My heart flutters when a guy at the other end of the bar catches my attention. Our eyes lock. He's not a local, I'd remember someone as staggeringly handsome as him. A few years older than me if I had to guess. His button-up shirt and styled hair, slightly longer on top, set him apart from the bikers who frequent The Bottom Bar.

The stranger smiles slowly as if pulling himself out of the same stupor I was caught in. Do I actually have a chance of scoring a date? Our eyes stay locked and I swear there's a pull, an actual attraction.

Then, oblivious to my breath-stealing encounter, a group of customers destroys the moment, invading the space between us.

I take the reprieve from the stranger's intense gaze to breathe. Did we have a *moment*? The tingles between my legs indicate we did. I've never had that happen before.

Maybe I can make progress on my 'Aria needs to have some fun' plan, AKA, Aria wants to have sex—for the first time. It's on my calendar to do before turning twenty-one, but with a month and a half to spare, I was giving up hope.

I'd started to think my standards were too high. Or that any perks of being so-called local royalty were overridden by my dad not only being the mayor but the most strait-laced guy in town. It doesn't help that he's been mayor since I was little so I've grown up in the public eye.

I'm the town's untouchable sweetheart. The mayor's daughter. The valedictorian who graduated with a boatload of

college credits. The hardest-working nurse in town. And soon to be the last remaining virgin if I'm to trust how rapidly all of my peers seem to be finding boyfriends...lots of boyfriends... at the same time.

I'd happily settle for one.

Not that I cave in to peer pressure. It's just that life seems to be passing me by while I do all of the *right* things. This week has been ripe with keeping secrets for doctors and friends. Secrets about their relationships that defy societal norms. If only I was so lucky as to have any secrets.

I need to unwind. My dad wants to tell me something in the morning. I'm sure it has to do with the new mayoral race since his position is contested for the first time in a long time. Even if it's not, news that my dad considers exciting rarely plays out well in my personal life.

I need to do something...*not right*...tonight. The stranger might be my answer.

Guzzling my drink, I casually lean forward to get Mammoth's attention. He nods that he'll bring me another, but my ulterior motive is a bust. The stranger isn't at the bar anymore, and I lock eyes with a different stranger. One that looks shady, not my type. I don't recognize the patch on his vest.

Leaning back, I'm out of his line of sight again. It takes a second to shake off the weight of his gaze.

Back to living vicariously through the naughty relationships I'm watching unfold at the hospital and the stories on SmorgasSmut, the local social media group where the gossip is too wild to believe.

“Hey princess,” A gruff, familiar voice says before a giant hand lands on my shoulder. It's Torch, one of the bikers who hangs out here.

I spin around on my barstool to greet him and there's the handsome stranger, a few feet away, heading straight toward me. Or at least he is until his eyes shift to Torch and he stops dead in his tracks. The stranger's jaw flexes and his eyes narrow.

“You know him?” Torch asks, alerting me that I'd been staring long enough he'd turned around to see why.

“I was hoping to.” If I'm serious about becoming something other than the town's untouched princess, I have to go for it. The stranger retreats. Dang it.

“I can check him out for you.” Torch and the rest of the motorcycle club are great guys. Not everything they do is legal, but it's always for a good cause. And for all of their kindness, I now see that they're part of my problem. They coddle me just like the rest of the town.

“Thanks, but I've got this.”

“I don't—”

“Back off, big boy. My dad's not the only one who scares guys away from me.”

“For good reason. Every dude in this bar would love to get a piece of you.”

“Every guy?” I raise an eyebrow at him.

He shrugs. “You’re a very innocent and pretty young lady. I’d hate to see you with someone who doesn’t deserve you.”

Innocent? Pretty? Deserve me? No one’s ever said those things to me, and I’m not so sure the first one is a good thing. In fact, it annoys me. If I’m so pretty and deserve-able, why doesn’t anyone ask me out?

“I appreciate you watching out for me, but I’ve been watched my whole life. Look the other way tonight, please.” I draw the last word out.

He nods. “We’ll be here if you need us.”

I grab my new Cinderella drink and weave my way through the bar to find the stranger. I’ve flirted with guys in my mind a million times. Tonight, I’m going to put all of that practice to work.

My heart stops. He’s in a booth typing on his phone. I bump my way past the few people between us.

A step away from the table, it hits me that he’s in a booth, which probably means he’s expecting others. It could be anyone, not necessarily a girlfriend. He’s not wearing a ring.

Do I make a bold move and just sit, or should I ask if I can? I’m about to completely chicken out when his eyes lift to mine. My mind goes blank.

“I’m Vance.”

Introductions, perfect, I can handle that. “Nice to meet you. I’m Aria.”

His gaze narrows and darts behind me. I follow it. Torch is still staring. I give him a knock-it-off glare then turn back to the stranger.

“Are you with him?”

“Torch? No. He’s a friend.”

“That’s a relief. I was just looking up how to take down a biker who’s twice my size, and the odds aren’t in my favor.”

I bust out laughing. When’s the last time someone made me laugh like that? Torch is hardly twice this guy’s size, but he is bigger.

Vance motions for me to join him. I don’t have to question when the last time that happened is. The answer is never. Tonight, I’m turning over a new leaf and going after what I want.

“You look like you could hold your own.” I’ve had ample time to study the way his broad shoulders fill out his dress shirt. His chest muscles are doing a fine job too. The disappointment is that I can’t see his abs, which I presume means they’re nice and lean. Am I feeling bold enough to hope that I’ll go that far?

Yes.

He scoots closer. “I’d rather hold you...Is that too cheesy?”

My momentary surprise turns to laughter. I'm trapped in his gaze. One night with a man like him could change everything, but my heart's fluttery. One-night stands aren't supposed to involve flutters.

My dang lack of dating has me thinking I've found my knight in shining armor, when all I really want is a naked guy in my bed. I need to play this cool.

His pinky finger brushes against mine. When did I set my drink down? My heartbeat escalates. I've taken enough pulses to know my ticker's getting a workout. And while I'd like to blurt out that I'm down with bathroom sex, I'm not sure I am. I'm not ready to throw away every inhibition.

I swallow the saliva I'm trying not to call drool, take a deep breath, and calm myself. Talking is acceptable and it will give me a chance to find out if he has ulterior motives, like the few guys I went on dates with only to figure out they were more interested in getting to my father.

“Are you local? I don't recognize you.”

“No, flew in this afternoon.” His low voice and the gentle brush of his finger make it hard to think.

“What for?” My awkward tone, as if there's no reason to come to Peach Bottom Valley, makes both of us laugh.

“I could give you another cheesy line about seeing all of the beautiful sights, but seriously, my mom asked me and my brothers to fly in for a day. Not sure why since she doesn't live

here. I guess it's her way of insisting we have a family vacation."

"You flew in for your mom? That's so sweet." A pang of jealousy does something weird to my heart. I detour my thoughts away from moms. Are Vance's brothers as attractive as him? That's hardly an acceptable detour. Vance is more than enough for me, but I'm still curious.

"We don't see her nearly enough with our busy schedules, so we took time off. She raised us three boys on her own."

"My dad raised me on his own." Damn it, I'm back to my normal self, *and* I'm going to cry if we talk about moms. Mine passed away before I was old enough to have memories of her. My dad closed himself off, feared the pain of another potential heartache, and never dated again. I need a way out. A way to breathe.

I motion to the extra space in the booth. "You're expecting your brothers? I should go."

He grabs my hand and a shot of adrenaline jolts my heart to full speed. "Don't leave." Leaning closer to my ear he whispers, "Princess."

The nickname I'd grumbled about sounds so different from his lips. This is the way it *should* sound, but there's a bigger issue.

I mentally hem and haw over how awkward it will be once his brothers show up. Hanging out with the guys isn't what I was going for...well, it could be. I chuckle. I wouldn't be the

first of my friends to have more than one guy. But I'm ahead of myself.

“Are you single?” As the question falls from my mouth, all I can think is...fabulous. No subtlety. No finesse. So much for all of my mental flirting practice?

His grin, his dimple, and his hand cupping over mine have me smitten. Then he tightens his grip on my heart. “Call me old-fashioned, but I wouldn't have invited you to sit with me, or tested to see if you were fine with me holding your hand if I wasn't single.”

Isn't it ironic that this simple, normal interaction feels so wild? Will it change if he finds out I'm the mayor's daughter? I like being *me* without all of the rules and expectations.

He continues, “And I'm not comfortable with other guys calling you princess.” The seriousness in his expression makes the knot low in my belly tighten.

He must have overheard Torch or Mammoth. They better not ruin this. “I don't like them calling me that but—”

“By the end of the night, I'll prove that you're mine, Princess.” The possessiveness and confidence in his tone flood my body with warmth and my sex with urgency.

“Is that another pickup line?”

“No. It's my game plan.” He leans in, kisses my cheek, and before I can process any of it, he continues, “I'll let them know they need to find a new nickname for you.”

The vision that plays out in my mind doesn't go well. "They don't mean anything by it. We go way back. I'm..." Crud, how do I explain this without revealing I'm the mayor's daughter? I don't want to be someone's daughter. I want to be me. "It's silly. I'll explain the nickname another time."

One side of his smile quirks up. "Already agreeing to see me again, Princess?"

"Right, you're only going to be here for the weekend."

"I run my own business. I could stay longer."

"Really?" I've already let him hoist me onto his white horse and we're riding into the sunset. This is dangerous. My heart's too involved even if we shift this from a one-night stand to a vacation fling. No matter what he says, I've heard from friends how this plays out. "I mean, you really run your own business?"

"Yeah." His hand lifts from mine and brushes over my cheek. "But I don't want to talk about work."

"Me either." Which leaves us where? My brain is flatlining.

He moves his thumb onto my lips. "Would you mind if I kissed you here?"

"No." I barely hear my own answer as my lips open on his thumb before he pulls it away and leans in.

His scent is sophistication and luxury. It infiltrates my being. His lips part and I can't breathe anymore. I wait, like a sleeping princess, for him to wake me with a kiss. For him to scoop me up and carry me to his castle. For—

His lips press gently onto mine. Then again. A dam breaks inside of me. I'm flooded with emotions. Flooded with need. Flooded my panties...oh my.

I meet him kiss for kiss, allowing his tongue into my mouth. He's making me his, and it feels so natural. He's taking things from me I've never given anyone else. Then his hands wrap around my head and I'm lost.

My need grows stronger and stronger. I'm squirming to get closer. My core aches.

"Hold on, Princess." His breath warms my lips but I already miss the pressure.

"Please, don't stop."

He intertwines our fingers then his other hand pulls my free one onto his lap.

Oh. My. Gosh. Is he hard like that for me? What happened to making out and foreplay? I squeeze my thighs together. Silly question coming from someone with a lady boner.

"The last thing I want to do is stop." He squeezes my hand around his erection, which promptly jerks.

I gasp. This is better than I imagined. My insides are all knotted up. I've never been so wanton. When are his brothers showing up? I stare at the strain of his shaft against his slacks and my hand. I can't look away. *Tonight* is going to happen after all.

"Princess." He pauses. "You look so..." There's too much tension in his voice. "Innocent."

Is it that obvious? I try to force my gaze up but only make it to his chest.

He removes my hand from his lap, tucks a finger under my chin, and lifts my face until I look at him from under my lashes.

“Please tell me you’ve done this before.”

“Umm...” I can’t lie. But he did give me a direct order. “I’ve done this before.”

I worry my lower lip.

His clenched jaw strains the muscles of his neck. “Princess...”

It sounds like I’m in trouble. Why do I hope it will earn me a spanking? “You told me to say it.”

A heavy exhale rushes from him. “Don’t ever lie to me.”

“I’m sorry.”

He pecks a kiss on my forehead.

“You did what I said. Don’t ever apologize for that, Princess. Let me make my question clearer.”

Creating a trail down from my chin, his fingers delicately pass through my cleavage, briefly hang up on the neckline of my sundress, then finish their path by gently resting at the apex of my legs. The table keeps his final resting place private.

“Has any man ever touched you down here?”

TWO

VANCE

How innocent is my little princess?

I check the time. My brothers will be here any minute now.

Plus, there's Torch who's keeping an eye on us. I respect that he's watching out for Aria, but how protective is he?

She's too good to be true, which makes me worry that she and Torch could be playing some kind of twisted game. The ease of talking to her, the sweetness of everything she says, and her kisses sure as hell don't feel like a game.

My mind is a tangle of how I want to proceed and how she might need me to. There was a timidness about the way she held my cock. Even when I tightened her hand around it, I sensed this was new for her. Maybe her innocent look isn't just a look, because a woman who's ridden dick before wouldn't be so surprised that her kisses did that.

I'm packing plenty of length and girth, but that usually just prompts excitement. I saw something different in my princess.

And when she did exactly as I said, I saw her agony at having to lie. She's never done this before.

My need to protect her is insane. I don't have much time to sort out exactly what's going on, but whatever it is, it's big. This isn't just about sex. I'm feeling way too many emotions for that, but I have to know how experienced she is.

I ask her if she's ever been touched by a man.

She shakes her head.

Fuck. How many steps back do I need to take? The feral beast inside of me hopes it's all of them. I want her to be mine and only mine in every way.

"Have you ever seen a man naked?"

She relaxes. "I'm a nurse. I've even touched a penis, but it was clinical...and it wasn't that big."

I grab her hand when she reaches for my lap. If she touches me, I'll unload in my pants. I cover with, "You can't touch it right now. I have to understand what experience you have."

Worrying her lower lip again, she almost makes me blow anyway.

How do I ask these questions? I don't want to embarrass her. I'll make it quick and easy since I know she'll do what I say. "Tell me where you've been touched or kissed."

"None of the places or ways that matter." A sadness accompanies her words. "Did you want someone more experienced?"

Enough pre-cum pulses out of me, my pants are bound to be stained. I cup her face with both hands. “No. I want you.”

Her eyes light up as she lifts her head. “Really?”

“I won’t ever lie to you. But I have to know why you came to my table. Why did you let me kiss you like that?”

“I can’t explain it. I felt all funny inside. Like I was supposed to be with you. Does that make sense?”

“I felt the same way. When I saw how the bikers protect you, I was pissed as hell because I thought you might be one of theirs.”

She shakes her head.

“And you don’t want to tell me why they protect you?”

Another head shake.

“Does it have to do with why you’re so innocent?”

She nods.

“You understand that if you stay with me, you’re going to lose that innocence.”

Another nod.

“Princess, I need you to be sure. And I need you to say it out loud.”

“I understand.”

“Is that what you want? To lose your innocence and be mine forever?”

“Yes.” She doesn’t even question the forever part.

“If you stay with me, you’re mine.”

She nods then adds, “Yes.”

I kiss *my* princess. She doesn’t hesitate, which is a surprise since it’s all new to her. But since other couples in the bar are making out and she’s a regular here, it must have conditioned her that it’s okay.

Something to be careful with though. I don’t want her to agree to anything she isn’t ready for. Never having been touched explains why she’s wound so tight, why she’s so eager.

I could ditch my brothers but they’ve been on my case about not being responsible enough. It’s getting in the way of our business ventures. Shit. I’ll tread lightly. I slide a hand onto her thigh.

She looks up with her bright blue eyes. “I know your brothers will be here soon, but afterward, do you think we could...”

Holy fuck! My princess has this planned out. My balls pull up so tight, they slam into my heart. It can’t be like that though. “We’re not having sex tonight. I don’t want you to think that’s all I want from you.”

“But—”

“No sex.” I pull her skirt just above her knees and caress the silky skin of her thighs, which are pressed together, betraying her nerves. “But we could mess around.”

Working my hand farther under her skirt, I slide my fingers over the top of her thigh. No one can see. I watch her expression. She's considering it.

“Can you make me...come.”

The sweetest words ever spoken. I lean my lips to her ear, forcing her to look at the people in the bar. “No one's watching us. Open your legs for me.”

She relaxes but they're still pressed against one another.

I brush my fingers over her panties. Cotton. What a fucking innocent angel. I kiss her neck and nip at her earlobe. “Do you trust me with your virgin pussy?”

Her head nods against my lips. “I trust you.”

“Act like nothing's happening.” Wrapping one of my feet around hers, I use it and my hand to pull her leg wider. “I wish I could see how pretty you are spread for me. Take a drink if you need to.”

Her hand flies to her cup and she takes a sip, but when I lower my strokes over the cotton, she gasps, hovering the cup at her lips. She's soaked. I'd love to sink below this table and drink her.

I lift my hand, casually placing it in front of my mouth, and intoxicate myself with her scent.

She lowers her glass but only makes it halfway to the table as she watches.

Easing my tongue out, I casually lick one finger then another. I'm already addicted. "You're mine."

I return my hand to her sodden panties. Her honey is still on my tongue, it's infiltrated my senses. Each little circle I make over her clit, through her panties, releases little moans. It's too much. I try to hold back but she's driving me crazy and my cock is swelling. This can't be happening.

I drop my lips to hers, and my other hand reaches behind her, holding her head tightly against me while I tongue fuck her mouth. I need all of her. I'm flying right past the point of no return. An orgasm rips through me so hard, I can't think. Can't make sure she's coming too.

All I can do is release. In my motherfucking pants. Warm streams coat my thigh, roll down it. I can't keep up the kisses, and have to drop my head, resting it beside hers. My innocent angel doesn't understand what's happening. I hope.

I can spill a drink in my lap or something. My brothers will be relentless if they catch on.

Dragging myself from the euphoria, I have to make this right. Refusing to let myself bask in the afterglow when I blew like a teenager, I focus on her.

"You ready?" My question pulls her gaze to me.

Her shallow breaths, make her answer quick. "I do."

"If you need to stop for any reason, let me know."

"I will."

With directed pressure and plenty of natural slickness, I settle on her clit through the cotton.

“Oh.” Her hand flies to mine and I freeze.

“You okay?”

“Yeah, it just felt so much better than when I do it.”

That comment about makes my ego blow. She’s going to be the death of me.

“Lean into me. I drape my arm around her, pull her body close, let her head rest on my chest, and resume.

Every shudder and shake of her body ripples through mine. Every gasp and tiny moan fill my ears and my soul with happiness. And when her body tenses, I respond to every buck and angle of her hips, making sure she rides the entirety of her climax until she sinks into my side.

Dragging my hand onto her thigh, I rest it there, owning her, and wondering how the heavens chose me to care for this angel.

With my sex-soaked fingers, I lift her chin for a kiss. Her scent heightens the afterglow. She lets me take control but I meet her sated mood, staying gentle, thanking her for trusting me, for believing what most people would have dismissed—that we are meant to be together.

“Hey, little bro.” Klayton, my oldest brother approaches the table.

Fuck. I'm not ready for my private moment with Aria to be over.

Aria straightens when I reach across the table to shake his hand, doing introductions. He's the overachiever, successful at everything type...except relationships. I just one-upped him with a princess. My arm is around her, and he raises his eyebrows when I introduce her as a friend.

Before he can say anything, Sebastian shows up and we go through the intros again.

"How did you convince her to hang out with you?" Sebastian teases.

I lift my hand from around her shoulder. "She's free to go."

"Why would I want to do that?" Aria looks up at me and I give her a wink. Thank fuck she didn't bail.

Maybe I should have played the girlfriend card. My brothers can't keep their eyes off of her and their small talk is garnering tons of personal information I haven't had time to get. She seems to realize the precariousness and looks at me a lot when she answers.

She's young for a nurse in her position. She's always wanted to be a public servant. Loves making people happy, which my brothers can't help but snicker at. She takes it in stride. Her father pushed her to excel her entire life. Very controlling, but with good intent. Still no mention of her mom. No pets, but hopes that will change now that she has her own place. She's only twenty, which explains why I didn't smell

alcohol in that fancy drink she has. And she's saving up to take a vacation where nobody knows her.

She doesn't want to elaborate on the last comment but I make a few mental notes. Princess? How recognizable is she in this town? Is this a good or bad thing?

Then she wants to hear about us. My brothers pounce at the opportunity to bring up my fear of spiders. The fact that I sucked my thumb until I was three. Assholes, but I let them have it. I have nothing to hide.

All four of us get along, conversation flows, and I sense that we all have a connection, not just Aria and me. My brothers and I have always been close, and she fits in perfectly...with all of us. My mind wanders to places I don't understand. Places I wouldn't ask my sweet girl to go.

I adjust my pants because my cock starts to get hard again. It also helps me keep things loose so I don't stick to my own clothes. Fucking embarrassing.

A ruckus a few feet from our table halts our conversation. Torch quickly takes control of the situation and grabs a guy by the front of his shirt. "Get the fuck out and stay out."

I wrap my arm around Aria a little tighter while everyone in the place watches Torch force the guy to the door. On his way back inside, Torch distinctly looks at Aria.

"Do you know that guy that got thrown out?"

"Never saw him before today. I noticed him earlier, looked like trouble, but they run a pretty tight ship here. You step out

of line, they'll help you to the door.”

“That’s good. You don’t need to be hanging out in dangerous places.”

“Ha! This is one of the safest places in town. People may think bikers are bad, but these guys have hearts of gold.”

Klayton’s up to something. I can see it in the way he looks at Aria. Then he pulls the conversation back to our table. “Just throwing this out there before you get too cozy with my brother. You look like the kind of woman who can appreciate an older man who has his shit together.” He motions to himself. “I’m the oldest. Vance is the baby.”

His comment should rile me up, but those thoughts I’m trying to suppress create an image I can’t shake from my mind. If I shared Aria...if my brothers helped care for her... Damn, the thoughts take a turn for the sordid. If she was riding Klay’s cock, I could sit back and watch her come. Is it wrong for me to imagine my brother fucking my girlfriend?

I’m escalating things way out of proportion. I don’t have any guarantee she wants more than getting her cherry popped.

While I’m swallowing the guilt of depravity, my brothers sort out that Klay is seven years older than Aria and Sebastian is six. It’s when Klay makes another comment about her needing an older man that I notice the subtlety of a shiver running up her spine.

Is she excited by that? If she had to choose, who would she pick? What if she didn’t have to?

Shifting my position, I watch her expression as the conversation continues.

Sebastian nudges Klay, “If we’re throwing our hats in the ring, I’ll point out that I may not be the first to meet you or the Type A firstborn, but as the middle child, I’m the peacekeeper. Your happiness is my goal.”

I’m so caught up in the way she lights up at his comment that it takes me a second to notice he’s reached across the table and is stroking her hand.

Not to be outdone, Klay swats his hand away from her and lifts her delicate fingers for a kiss. She squirms and pulls back, but I’m watching her closely. She liked it. Her reaction matches the thoughts and feelings I’m having.

I have to adjust my pants again. Out of the times I thought about having a three-way or more, it was never with my brothers, but who better to trust? Now isn’t the time to bring it up though.

When Aria mentions that she needs to head home, I take it as my cue, my opportunity to get her alone. In a few hours, I’ve gone from thinking I’d like to hook up with her, to believing we belong together, to wondering how to bring up a less traditional kind of relationship. I’m so fucked.

We excuse ourselves and I walk her to her car. The parking lot is poorly lit and since the bar is in the foothills, tucked away from everything else, it’s fairly private.

She's about to open her car door when I plant my hands on either side of her, caging her between me and the car. "I'm not ready to let you go."

"You already said you wouldn't." She giggles.

"I mean tonight." Lowering my lips to hers, I steal a few seconds of bliss before she ducks her head.

"I thought you said no sex."

I drop my hands to hers and hold them between us. "There are other things we can do."

"It's probably lame, but I'm really tired. We've been in there talking for hours," she says timidly. There's more to her story and I can't quite figure it out.

"It's fine, Princess. You already agreed to see me again."

"It's just that I have to be at my dad's at nine tomorrow morning and I'm already behind on sleep this week. If I'm tired, he'll lecture me about taking care of myself."

Looks like we both have to be up and functional. I glance around the parking lot. It's pretty dark and with the way Aria's car is parked, I have an idea.

"Can I give you a special goodnight kiss?"

Her smile hints that she knows I'm up to something. "Special?"

Pressing her back against the side of the car, I extend a finger from our clasped hands and stroke over her sex. "A kiss down here."

“Out here?” She studies our surroundings.

“It’s dark, and there’s no one out here.”

She must come to the same conclusion as me. No one can see us. “A kiss. It won’t take long, right?”

“I can keep it short, but next time, all bets are off.”

Fuck yeah. All night long I’d dragged my fingers under my nose, savoring how sweet she is. Especially each time I caught my brothers looking at her a little too long. Or the case I feared, her looking at them the way all girls do...like they’re sex gods. Was it the scent of her cum on my fingers that took away the normally competitive nature I felt with them, or is it something more sinister? I still can’t shake the feeling of wanting to share her.

Not yet.

Reaching under her skirt, I kneel, slide her panties off, and stuff them in my shirt pocket. “I’m going to keep these.”

“But—”

“I either keep them or we spend the night together.”

“Such a sly negotiator. They’re yours. But hurry. Someone might come out, like your brothers.” She glances over her shoulder, a little too hopefully.

“Fine.” I act like I’m put out, then cinch her skirt, taking in and kissing every inch of her thighs along the way. What would she do if my brothers came? “Let me know if anyone is coming.”

The moment before I expose her, I pause, nuzzle my cheek against the gathered fabric, and rub a hand over her belly. She probably just thinks I'm holding her against the car. I am. But I'm also noting how flat her belly is. Such a shame. It won't be that way for long.

I plan to knock my princess up before the weekend's over. Which brings up too many details I'm sure she'll want to work out, but if she's mine, every need will be provided for. If she won't pack her bags and move in with me, I'll be getting a house here.

Then I lift the dress, kiss her curls, and lick her clit. "Spread your legs for me, Princess."

"You said a kiss."

"I said a special kiss."

Her feet step wide. I grip her hips. Then I lap and suck and learn what she likes. Her moans against the still of the night make it easy to tell that she likes it when I suck a little. My fingers itch to dip inside of her but I save that for later. She's having no trouble winding up for another orgasm.

Her fingers tangle in my hair. I feel like a god, a king, her king, but damn her nickname. That would make things weird.

"They're...they're...coming." She pants and tugs at my hair.

I think she's telling me 'there' and that she's coming, until Klayton's voice breaks through the night. "Get it, little bro."

Fucking hell. I pull away from her pussy, letting her dress drop just enough to cover her. She's staring at them. They're slack-jawed. I'm looking back and forth between the three of them.

"Princess," I say quietly. "What do you want me to do?"

She's biting her lower lip when she looks down at me. "Would it be okay if they stayed?"

Stay? While I eat her out? Watch? Participate? I haven't wrapped my brain around my own thoughts about sharing her, and now she's asking me to? If something was ever meant to be, this is it. "Are you sure?"

"I really like them. Can they come closer?"

Fuck. My mind is exploding. I swallow hard, sorting out how to proceed. Letting them join in won't change the fact that this isn't a fling for me. "You want them to touch you?"

"If that's okay."

I nod, leading my brothers to step forward. Klayton elbows Sebastian who's wringing his hands. Confirmations are double-checked.

"You want to be our girl? We'll treat you right," Klayton says.

They've moved in, standing on either side of her. She stutters then says, "There have been a lot of expectations on my life, my behavior. This is the first thing I've done solely for myself, and it feels right. Can we try it?"

Agreement comes in the form of Klayton grabbing her jaw and kissing her. I've never seen him passionately kiss a woman. My bro has skills. Sebastian has always stayed a figurative step back, and seems content to watch, although his hands are quick to roam over Aria's body until they get to her breasts and elicit higher-pitched moans.

He grins down at me and winks. "Thanks for being cool about this, man."

A nod is all I can manage. I don't fully understand what *this* is, but it's big.

I cinch Aria's skirt back up, stroke my thumbs over her curls, then part her pink lips and dive back into showing her how a princess is supposed to be treated. But this time, she has her whole court at hand.

My heart and my cock swell as her cries rip through the night. They're muffled at first then crystal clear. Her body lurches forward. She yanks my hair, pulling me hard against her, where I want to stay forever—with our Princess.

I drink in her juices, claiming everything I can until she's spent. When I look up, my brothers are holding her in their arms. How the hell did this happen in one night?

"Taste yourself," I say, kissing her. We're lost in what I have to presume is love, surrounded by my brothers, who mean everything to me, and my world feels complete.

I let her up for air. *I love you* plays through my mind, but there's too much I don't understand. "Any time your scent

wears off of my lips, I'm coming back for more."

She smiles wickedly. "I hope that's soon."

My chest swells. My life has a purpose—Aria.

Klayton rarely misses an opportunity. "I'm game for more."

"Don't take this wrong. This has been great, and fun, but I need to go home, alone. If I don't chicken out, can we talk tomorrow?"

"There's no reason to be afraid of us, Baby. We'll take good care of you."

I've already swapped numbers with her, but she makes us promise not to follow her. Once inside her car, she pulls away and I smile at the lifeline and heart sticker on her back window. Loving your job isn't normally a bad thing, but I'd rather have her at home making sure our kids have the most amazing upbringing possible.

Is that too far-fetched for the four of us?

As her taillights disappear, I try to process the evening. It's too good to be true, and if life's taught me anything, that means it is.

I just don't know which part not to believe yet. The obvious detail is the reverse harem situation, but a different thought, one that I've been avoiding letting into my active brain space, snakes its way to the front. She has to meet her dad at nine. That's the same time I have to meet my mom.

What on earth am I supposed to do with that?

THREE

KLAYTON

Peach Bottom Valley isn't much to drive around, but I wind down each street of the quaint little town. I need time to revel in what just happened, and how Aria stole my heart already. I don't want either of my brothers to kill my mood.

We're all staying at the same hotel, just opted to hang out at a bar for the evening. When Vance introduced us to Aria, I was thankful we'd gotten separate rooms because they looked like they wanted to bang each other's brains out all night long.

That took a twist I hadn't seen coming. Is Aria serious about having a thing for all of us? And will Vance go for it?

He always hated being at our mercy. Getting toted around as the baby, living through hand-me-downs, and generally having to live in the shadow of his older brothers, had always bugged him.

Mom did her best to ensure we stayed friends and considered each other equals, but there was a pecking order.

Vance finding Aria upsets that. He's in charge. I huff...as if that's the weirdest thing about tonight.

The test I'd presented to Aria, that she needed an older man, was kind of a dick move, but I'd noticed the way she'd looked at Sebastian and me. The lingering glances, checking out Seb's biceps—he's a gym rat so it's warranted—but there was something extra about her.

It was the strangest undercurrent I've ever felt around my brothers. We normally respect each other's space with women, but Aria was like a caged animal, and I felt compelled to step on my brother's toes to release her.

She looked so damn innocent, and so damn sultry all at the same time.

When I finally pull up to the hotel, Vance is heading inside. Where has he been? Did he follow Aria home and tell her that he doesn't want to share anymore? I sit in my rental for a few minutes. I'm not ready for anyone to burst the bubble.



Morning comes around way too soon. I dreamt about Aria and my brothers all night. No woman has ever been so present in my mind. And now, after jacking off to her, I have to face my brothers and mom for a family day. Or weekend. Or whatever the hell it is mom has planned.

She's been acting weird lately. But in a good, happy way. There were a lot of years that we struggled after dad left, but

mom's resilient, smart, and I owe everything to her. My brothers and I have keen business minds because she guided us into believing we weren't defined by our impoverished roots. Roots grow. And with enough sunshine, love, and water, as she used to say, we would grow to our full potential.

All three of us are millionaires, flirting with switching the m to a b before we turn thirty.

Thus, if mom wants to be sketchy about what we're doing for the weekend, fine. My phone dings. She finally sent us the address where we're going to meet.

It's also on my mind that neither of my brothers texted or called. I must not be the only one attempting to keep the bubble from popping, which could mean Vance isn't going to get greedy. A flash of excitement blasts my heart.

It's time to meet mom though. I open the map. Interesting, the address is for a house on a small lake, or maybe it's a large pond. I zoom the map out. Looks like a secluded neighborhood tucked over the mountain range. There's a bigger lake right next to the neighborhood. The area has its own name: *Eggplant Canyon*

Do eggplants grow in the mountains? Then it hits me. A portion of the big lake extends out in a phallic shape and the small lake the neighborhood surrounds is right off the tip. It looks like jizz. Seriously. What were the people who named this place up to? Then again, the hotel is in Peach Bottom Valley.

Maybe I *should* be worried what mom's up to.

Both of my brothers are waiting in the lobby by the time I get there. We don't have to exchange words for me to pick up that last night holds potential for more than a fling for all of us. It's heavy, and none of us know what to do with it.

A few tense seconds pass, then Sebastian calls, "Shotgun."

We bust out laughing. No one cares anymore unless we have to ride in a vehicle with a small back seat. It's more of a tribute to the good old days when we vied for dominance and mom's attention.

We have a thirty-minute drive which gives plenty of time for laughs about Eggplant Canyon to die off, ponderings about mom to hit a dead end, and questions about Aria to surface.

Sebastian can't resist. "Are we ready for the elephant in the room now?"

I'm driving so I let it go.

"What are you guys thinking?" Vance says.

"You did good, little bro. Aria's hot. I'm surprised you were willing to let us join in on your hookup." That should test Vance's commitment, and I sound enough like my usual self they shouldn't suspect I got so attached.

"It's more than a hookup. There's something serious between us."

My laugh might be too loud. "Us as in you and her, or us as in all four of us."

“Jealous that I got her first?” He doesn’t address the issue.
“Besides, I didn’t think you liked younger chicks.”

“I’m only two years older than you.”

“Which makes you seven years older than her.”

“Lucky number seven,” I mumble and put my attention back on the directions while Sebastian grills Vance.

“Last night was wild, but is it just a vacation fling? It can’t work, right?”

The two of them dabble in admitting they want more. I focus on driving, offering minimal input when they insist. Turns out we’re all three, all in. How did she pull that off?

Vance confirms that they’re going to be in touch about getting together today when we all finish our family stuff.

The phallic layout of the area is lost in the majesty of the mountains rising around the neighborhood. The lake’s surface is choppy, must be the wind ahead of the storm I saw in the extended forecast. I hadn’t paid much attention to it since we should be gone by then.

We pass the luxury mountain homes that do justice to the majesty of the surrounding beauty. They’re all huge. All expensive. I’m even more curious than ever what mom’s up to.

“What the fuck?” Vance may not have meant to say that out loud.

I glance at Vance in the backseat as we near the address.
“Nice neighborhood. Mom say anything about moving?”

“I don’t think she’d come here on her own. I’ve barely talked to her lately. She’s been busy, harder to get hold of,” Sebastian muses.

As I turn into the driveway, Vance says, “That’s Aria’s car.”

“Honda CR-V’s are pretty common,” Sebastian says.

“She said she had to meet her dad at nine.”

“Did she mention where he lives?” Sebastian is calmer than Vance. My heart’s a lot closer to Vance’s mood.

“The sticker on the back window—the heart and lifeline—it’s her.”

“You’re right.” Sebastian’s calmness shifts to nervousness.

I park next to the Honda. Vance could get out either side but he gets out the side closest to the car, stops just behind the driver’s door, and runs his hand over the edge of the roof.

What the fuck is going on?

“This is definitely Aria’s car. The baby blue blanket in the back seat...I only saw it for a second, but it’s there.”

Vance is pretty freaked out. Sebastian’s even stressed, which is rare. “I’m sure there’s a logical explanation.”

“Can you name one that doesn’t end poorly?” He’s not close enough to punch me, but his glare shoots daggers.

“Let’s go in, figure out what we’re dealing with, then decide what to do.”

Vance steps toward the door but he looks like he’s about to vomit.

Sebastian is still trying to make sense of it. “Aria’s a nurse, so Mom knows a local nurse. You don’t think she’s sick, do you?”

I wave him off and knock. “The answer’s behind door number one.”

FOUR

SEBASTIAN

Klayton is right, the answer is behind the door. The large wooden door with an intricately carved forest and river scene, which as I look to the side, seems to be a replica of the mountain that soars in the distance. How much did that cost?

Money doesn't appear to be an issue in Eggplant Canyon.

But we might have an issue. How the fuck are Aria and her dad connected to our mom? My stomach turns. The comment I made about Mom possibly being sick was a desperate cover for what I fear—mom got married. Marriage, not sickness, would explain her happiness, but wouldn't she have told us?

Aria belongs to us. It's the thought that's gone through my head since last night, but I shudder at a potentially different meaning it could have. I shove the thought away and savor what might be the last moments of enjoying the memory of the charm that's specifically Aria. Her seductive nature hit me in the balls, which I'd rushed back to the hotel and unloaded in the shower after taking her with my brothers. That was hot beyond belief. It can't have been our last time with her.

The door opens and pulls me from my thoughts.

“Hi, boys! I’m so glad you all made it.” Mom’s beaming. It puts me the opposite of at ease.

The door opens farther and a tall, distinguished gentleman, fitting to be the owner of this house, stands very close behind my mother. Intimate level close. His hand snakes around her waist then pulls back.

Shit. Shit. Shit.

His eyes are the same bright blue as Aria’s.

Not wanting to give away that there’s a problem, because I don’t technically know that there is, I’m careful not to look at my brothers.

“Hey mom, so good to see you.” I rush forward, hugging her like everything’s normal. It will buy the other two some time. Seconds...but they’ll have to make it work.

“Come on in, we might as well get you caught up on the surprise.” Mom’s so damn happy.

Theo’s firm handshake makes it clear who the boss is here. I step to the side of the long corridor that appears to open into a large living area. Like a fucking gauntlet of the unknown.

Fuck it, as Theo and my mom lead the way, I glance at Vance. How did mom not notice how calm he made his expression? That’s always a bad sign with my younger brother. And Klayton isn’t talking...also a bad sign.

Theo and Mom step to the side. Her hands are over her mouth. Theo's hand is on her waist, clearly comfortable there. And the bombshell, in so many ways...is sitting on the couch...Aria.

Her eyes almost pop out of her head when she looks up from her phone. Fair enough.

Mom bounces, then says, "Boys, Theo and I got married. Meet your stepsister, Aria."

Vance coughs or chokes...I'm not sure which. Doesn't matter. We all need time to process.

"Don't worry boys, she doesn't bite." Theo turns to her. "Aria, meet your new stepbrothers." He easily states our names. Either he paid attention to our brief handshakes or mom showed him pictures.

But if he saw what we did to his daughter last night, he wouldn't be smiling.

This is going to be awkward.

FIVE

ARIA

Reality is crammed down my throat so hard, I'm choking on it.

I thought nothing could top the guilt of facing my father after such wanton behavior last night, and all of the subsequent dreams. I'd wanted to unwind, wanted to do something wild, and the brothers had gone along with it.

It should have been a one-time thing with strangers. My *mind* easily played off Vance's insistence on not letting me go as stuff people say when they're worked up. My *heart* hung tightly to his words. And my *dad*, like always, is bringing every semblance of fun crashing down around me.

Based on the brothers' stunned expressions, this is as much of a shocker to them as to me. I can't give them the opportunity to say anything. My dad would be mortified. I guess they're about to find out why the bikers call me princess.

Pushing off the couch to stand, since I'm having to crane my neck to look at everyone, it's immediately apparent that

my legs aren't ready to work. I plop back down with zero grace, but there's no time to waste.

My dad doesn't approve of me hanging out in the bar. Apparently, I do have secrets, and they're not so fun when they're on the verge of being spilled.

"Nice to meet you. Why don't we all have a seat." Point made, but no one moves. "Wow, brothers, looks like this surprise marriage caught us all off guard. All my hounding about wanting siblings must have finally broke you, Dad."

I stop myself before I ramble too obviously.

Dad and Pam, my new stepmom, find this much more enjoyable than my brothers do, sharing a few lighthearted comments about their whirlwind romance and not wanting local media attention or for anyone to fuss over their wedding.

Time to drop the bomb, and make sure the guys understand my predicament. "Don't worry, Dad, I'll be sure to teach my brothers all about being *the mayor's* sons, and all of the rules and expectations we have to adhere to if you're going to maintain an honorable reputation. Growing up in the spotlight is one thing. Getting thrust into it might be tricky."

Halt that ramble. I take a breath.

"That's so kind of you, Aria," Pam says. "My boys are darlings. I'm sure they'll behave, but sadly enough their father left when they were young. They aren't just new to being in the public eye, the simple idea of having a father in their life will be all new territory."

Sebastian speaks up. “Whew. Craziiness right, guys.” He nudges Vance and then jerks his chin up toward Klayton.

The four of us could use a minute. Good thing I learned to maintain a straight face while thinking on my feet.

“Hey dad...and mom,” I say sweetly. “Would you mind if I took my brothers—isn’t that cool, I have brothers—onto the deck so we can process this whole secret relationship thing?”

My dad answers, “That’s a great idea, Aria. The better you all get along, the easier this will be. I’m sure the gossip rag has already started rumors that it’s a fake marriage to make me look more appealing. You know, I have an actual opponent this year.”

“It would have been less of a shocker if you’d made a few appearances before getting married.” I don’t know what to do other than state the obvious.

“Pam and I decided to keep it out of the public eye until we were sure, but by then we decided to take the plunge, and leave no doubt that we were serious. It’s hard catering to public expectations. Sometimes you have to trust your heart.”

I could have him eating those words in five seconds flat but now’s not the time.

Pam adds, “I can see how we might have behaved a bit rashly, but when you know, you know.”

“I’m so happy for you. I’ll take my brothers outside.” The promise of relief gives me the fortitude to stand. I turn to the front of the house, but my dad catches my arm firmly. Did I

say something? Did I give myself away? Panic races through me.

“Why don’t you use the back deck.”

“This time of day I like the—”

“Use the back deck, please.” He puts on his stoic politician façade. “Some of our neighbors have been...hmm, how should I phrase this?” He rubs his chin. It’s a stall tactic. “I’ve seen some questionable behavior.”

The room is silent. A few of the secrets I’m keeping are about a few of our neighbors, but if Dad’s seen something, maybe they’re not secrets anymore.

“I might as well come out with it, we’re all adults.” He laughs. “We’re family. I can speak freely here. I’ve seen some of our neighborhood residents associating in unorthodox ways...outside, no less. It seems some local young ladies are associating with more than one man at a time, and with older men. I don’t want any of you to get the wrong impression about our community.”

Pam blushes and puts a hand over her mouth. We all watch as she seems ready to bust. “I wouldn’t have believed it if I hadn’t seen it with my own eyes. Even as a single mom, I’ve raised you boys better than some people are raising their kids these days. I’ve seen it twice across the lake where a young lady has the favor of two men, just like Theo said. Kissing them on the lips. Trust me boys, Theo is nothing like that.”

Sebastian coughs and claps a fist to his chest.

Oh. My. God. I want to crawl in a hole.

“Why don’t we move this to the back deck.” Klayton takes control. Vance continues to look ill, and won’t even meet my eye. And Sebastian, while he can’t seem to decide whether his hands should be in his pockets or not, seems to stifle a smile the whole time.

Excusing myself quickly, I lead the way.

The back deck surrounds our pool, and is private, but gets more of the morning sun so it’s a little hotter, and I’m already overheated.

Beelining for the drink fridge, I grab water for everyone and take a giant swig of mine. It will give Sebastian something to do with his hands and hopefully keep Vance from passing out. He was all bravado at the bar, but in front of our parents, he’s a different person.

Moving to the far end of the deck, that’s least visible from the living room and our parents’ potentially prying eyes, we sit around a table.

Vance surprises me by speaking first. “What the hell just happened?”

Grumbles of disbelief come from all of us.

“Your dad’s the mayor?” Klay asks.

“And you’re going to teach us how to behave properly? This ought to be good?” Sebastian lets loose with what’s been humoring him.

“Trust me. I’m as freaked out by this as you guys. I found out right before you arrived. What do we do?”

Klayton goes first, “It’s not like we’re actual family so technically we’re not doing anything wrong.”

Sebastian adds, “But did you see her dad struggling with how to bring up what he saw the neighbors doing? I would have thought they were fucking on the lawn, not kissing on the lips.”

Klayton leans closer to me and lowers his voice. “What if they saw a woman kiss three men? And what if their lips weren’t on her—”

“Stop.” I glance toward the windows. “I get it. If my dad had pearls he’d be clutching them.”

“Our mom actually does that,” Sebastian says, making us all laugh.

“He means well, but now you see...I wasn’t joking about how I was raised.”

Vance looks better. “Princess, we never doubted you. We just have to figure out how to make this work.”

“We can’t.” I’m blunt.

He rests his elbows on the table and rubs his finger over his lips. A sly smile has me wondering what he’s thinking. He inhales deeply. “I’m already addicted.”

Those warm, swirly feelings wash through me again, along with a hint of mortification. “You’re only supposed to be here

for the weekend. My fantasy fling.”

Klayton slams his fist on the table, pushes his chair away, then paces.

Sebastian grimaces then says playfully, “Is that all we are to you? Toys to be discarded.”

Vance is more serious. “I wasn’t joking. I said we’re going slow because I plan for a lot more than a weekend with you.”

He did, and I’d agreed. “It’s complicated now.”

Klayton steps back to the table, balling his fists against the glass, leaning onto them as his eyes bore into me. Even in a V-neck t-shirt, fitted of course, he’s commanding and powerful. My growing need for an orgasm is shoving the other pressing issues out of the way.

He asks, “Are you good on your word, Aria?”

I flinch. “Yeah, of course.”

“Then we get the weekend to win you over.”

Agreement and comments about him being a genius come from his brothers but I can’t get past the last part of his statement.

“Win me over?” I wave my hands. “It’s Sunday morning, there’s hardly any weekend left.”

Vance joins in. “I don’t like this, but I’ll do it for you, Princess. If tomorrow morning comes around and you can honestly say we’re just your stepbrothers, that’s what we’ll be.”

The most terrifying part of his proposition is that I'm pretty sure he knows they've already won me over. Even after intermittent sleep, I can't make sense of how I could fall for them so quickly. Even if they're perfect, I don't see a way for this to work.

"Will you respect whatever decision I make?"

"Will you give us a fair shot?" Sebastian asks.

"Hey, boys, and daughter. I love that." Pam calls from the doorway. "Sorry to interrupt, anyway. Theo and I have a lunch thing in town. We're hoping you'll come with us so we can show off the new family."

Vance says, "Aria's still explaining what to expect. Any chance there's an event Monday we could make our debut at when we're better versed in expectations?"

"Monday? Aren't you heading home this evening boys?"

Klayton answers. "We got talking yesterday, had a sneaking suspicion we were going to want more time here than a single day, so we moved our flights back."

Pam clasps her hands over her heart. "You are too sweet. What did I do to deserve such good boys?"

Sebastian says, "You deserve all the good things that come your way mom."

"Thank you, honey, but I'm afraid Theo doesn't have any publicity events tomorrow."

I know how these things work. “How about we show up, let Dad make the announcement, pose for photos, then the boys and I come back home? No need to let these three handsome men draw too much attention.”

“Fabulous. We’re leaving in thirty.” She practically floats back inside.

“Nice save. That will buy us as much time as possible with you without making anyone suspicious,” Sebastian says. “Now back to the important matter. Will you give us a fair shot?”

“I’ll try.”

SIX

VANCE

“Five more minutes?” Mom asks when my brothers and I get antsy about leaving the event.

We grant it to her only because she’s bent over backward for us her entire life. But it’s five more minutes of torture. Five more minutes of documenting that we’ll officially be stepsiblings once our parents get married. Five more minutes of only being able to touch Aria in ways considered appropriate in polite company.

“Thank you, dears. Also, Theo and I got invited to go out with some of his friends afterward so we won’t be back for a while.”

That is gold.

We pose, shake hands, and smile more than I thought possible. I’ve never felt so ‘on display’ in my entire life. I sympathize with the public eye thing Aria worries about, but it doesn’t diminish my attraction to her. I’ve spent the whole outing fighting an erection.

The drive back to her dad's house once we were cleared to leave is silent. We all have a lot to think about. No one even called shotgun, we all understood it belonged to her.

As the baby of the family, I'm used to being dragged to everything. But the event was downright painful. I've never stood so close to the woman of my dreams and had her be so far out of reach.

The persona she wore was confident and kind...and prude. No wonder she hangs out at the bar, which she informed us is done in secrecy. She longs to be her true self. To be something more than the mayor's perfect daughter.

Everyone knows and loves her. She's the town darling, thus the princess nickname.

The buzz over Mayor Theo having secretly dated, and now revealing his instant family was surreal. It's like the entire town gave us a great big hug.

When we cross the mountain pass into Eggplant Canyon, my curiosity peaks. "Any chance you know which neighbors made our parents blush?"

She points to houses while explaining. "The daughter from this house was dating the guy from that house. He cheated on her so she broke his nose and if the SmorgasSmut is correct, she's now got a thing with his dad. And there's another guy involved but I don't know him."

"SmorgasSmut?" Sebastian cracks up.

“Yeah. Peach Bottom Valley has had this weekly info mailer called the Business Buffet. It highlights local businesses. It’s all official and professional, but somebody thought it would be funny to do a knock-off on social media, thus SmorgasSmut was born.”

“Our dad, and your mom, would have a heart attack if we made it into that?”

“I’m pretty sure my dad is blissfully ignorant of it. He has a PR person who posts everything for him. He’s a social media recluse.”

“Our mom might have to break him in. She loves to stay up on the local gossip.”

“That wouldn’t be good, but it’s a private group, so hopefully, she won’t discover it.”

Aria also tells us about the doctor who’s dating his daughter’s childhood best friend, and we all get a laugh over how complicated life can be.

Klayton pulls into the driveway and we file into the house like normal brothers and sisters except that I’m staring at her ass, and I’m getting harder with each sway of her skirt.

The second we get inside, I can’t hold back anymore. I pin Aria against the wooden door and drag one of her hands to my crotch. “I hope this didn’t show up in any of the pictures.”

She ducks her head but Klayton is by our side, lifting it, kissing her lips.

“Same here. We have less than twenty-four hours and we wasted one of them pretending that we haven’t had our hands and mouths on you, or that our cocks aren’t dripping with seed we’d much rather put inside of you.”

“You shouldn’t say it like that.”

I angle her head to face me. My lips brush over hers as I speak. “Why? Do you want us to lie about how much we want you?”

Her breaths are fast and shallow. “No. But I told you, I can’t —”

“We know your terms.” I crash my lips onto hers. Is it the forbidden fruit that makes her even sweeter?

Fingers wrap around her chin, turning her face. Sebastian drags his finger over her lips and chases it with kisses. Down her neck. Down her chest. Into her cleavage. Is it wrong to find it wickedly hot?

It feels wrong, but defiling her father’s house is the only way to avoid wasting more time.

Sebastian massages her breasts while licking and kissing the tops of them. Klayton’s tracing the edge of her face, dragging his fingers through her hair. I’ve seen lust in a woman’s eyes, but in a man’s it’s different. It’s possessive.

I nudge her legs apart with my thigh and let her hump it. She doesn’t even need prompting.

Sebastian comes up for air. “What do you say we take this to the pool?”

“Do you have suits?” Aria’s nearly breathless.

“We won’t need suits.”

Her eyes widen as she catches on to what Sebastian’s proposing. When’s the last time I was naked around my brothers? Not only do I not give a fuck, my shaft thickens a little more thinking of Aria exposed to all of us at the same time.

She ducks her head and Sebastian whispers into her ear. “I can’t wait to see your gorgeous body naked.”

I pull my thigh away and take her hands to lead her to the back. Standing on the porch, I quickly assess the privacy. We’ve got a gigantic mountain surrounding the backside of the property and with the vegetation and the angle of the house, that’s all we can see. I let go of her and walk the perimeter of the pool. It had to have been designed with privacy in mind.

Nodding at them from the far side of the pool, my brothers understand. And as much as I’d love to be the one to strip her, there’s something about watching the three of them.

Sebastian unzips the back of her dress while Klay gathers the bottom, pulling it up around her waist, then over her head. There’s a moment when her arms are lifted and Klay’s working the dress over her fingertips, that one of her knees bends slightly. Does she feel exposed, standing there with her pastel pink underwear and bra offering so little coverage?

She’s a fucking angel. A princess. A dream. I unzip my pants, springing my erection free. Rounding my hand over my

tip, I slick the bead over my shaft.

The moment she looks at me and notices what I'm doing is seared into my mind. Her mouth drops open. Her arms remain raised even though Klay tossed the dress onto a chair. She's frozen.

And I'm showing her the first erection she's ever seen...in a non-clinical setting, as she'd innocently clarified.

It's not enough. I strip my shirt off then drag a hand through my hair as I resume stroking my cock.

Klay and Sebastian are saying something to her then Sebastian moves behind her, removing her bra. Her perky tits with pale pink nipples are probably getting their first exposure to sunlight. Her arms drop to her sides.

She fidgets before clasping her hands in front of her sex. My princess is nervous.

The creamy white skin of her luscious tits beckons to me, but I have to think of exposed she must feel. I stroke my cock, giving something for her to focus on, and helping her feel less vulnerable.

Sebastian kneels, and I'm jealous that my face isn't in her ass, but we each have a role here. He lowers her panties slowly.

She's completely naked. The sun shines on her like a spotlight. She's the center of our universe. My cock swells as she tries to hide her blonde curls. My mouth waters. I want to be there again, lapping at her juices while she comes.

Klay runs a finger from the curve of her shoulder, over the swell of her breast, then circles her nipple. She smiles at him before bashfully lowering her head.

“You like it when your brother plays with your nipples, Princess?”

She nods and squeezes her upper arms together. Klay switches breasts and must use the hand that’s behind her to turn her head. He licks his lips before lowering himself for a kiss.

I shuck the rest of my clothes, not taking my eyes off them for even a second. How are we going to make this work? She’s grown up in a prim and proper limelight. Even if we weren’t her stepbrothers, there are three of us. She’d feel judged by her father and the townsfolk who watched her grow up. Their princess would be dethroned, a mere wench who’d risk her father’s love for sins of the flesh.

Taking in the mountains in my periphery, I’m baffled that I can feel free to stand naked in front of them. Even with my brothers able to see me, I don’t have a fucking care in the world other than how to win Aria’s favor. Yet this is the same world that she feels trapped in.

Sebastian’s hands make long slow caresses over her legs, stroking up and down, following every curve. The upstroke of his hands goes higher. He wraps his fingers around hers, pulling them apart, exposing her to the world. To me.

Klayton continues to mouth fuck her and the lure of release weighs heavy in my balls. Like fuck if I’m coming

prematurely again. I dive into the pool and let the brisk coolness of the water substitute for a cold shower, but my cock is still rock hard. At least it bought me a little bit of breathing room.

When I surface on the side of the pool closest to them, I rake my hair off of my face and cross my arms on the edge of the pool.

I groan at the sight of Sebastian snaking a hand between her legs. Up and up. Closer to her sweet, glistening curls. Should I climb out and give her another treat with my tongue?

SEVEN

KLAYTON

I'm lost in Aria, her tongue thrusting farther and farther into my mouth. Our girl is eager for more, despite the bomb our parents dropped, despite the pedestal this town keeps her on.

I divert my gaze just enough to see Vance has gotten naked. He stops stroking his cock and dives into the pool. Diving with a hard-on, not sure that's a good idea.

My hand grips the back of Aria's head, making sure our mouths are locked and our tongues take as much as possible.

"Princess..."

The nickname barely breaks into my consciousness. Vance is calling her. I don't know what the hell Seb is doing, but he's still kneeling behind her. I let her up for air and check what Seb is up to. He's kissing her round ass, literally. Good move.

Vance says, "Spread your legs so Sebastian can get his hand in there."

My cock strains. I lean into her hip, using the pressure for relief. Is it hotter that he's directing her, or is it the whole

scene that has my balls in a vise grip? Shifting my gaze forward, the most gorgeous sight of her beaded nipples between my fingers and the goosebumps covering her breasts is met with the slight shift of her body as she opens herself for Seb.

Fuck. The vise tightens.

Vance's expression morphs from fascination and control to need. Pure need. The ripples from when he swam across the pool die down as his body stills but his eyes betray what's behind the calm.

Aria's gasp causes Vance's lips to curl. Her body lurches forward and my hand becomes a brace, flattening over her chest to support her. My other hand lowers to her waist. I'd go lower if Seb wasn't enjoying her ass so much. I'm not about to disturb him while he's pleasing our girl.

Why not participate in the show? I reach my hand around her slender throat, inching my fingers upward to guide her lips back to mine.

Shudders rip through her. Moans flow from her body to mine. Her legs give out, trusting me to hold her. Surrendering herself to Sebastian. Letting Vance watch. If she cuts us off tomorrow morning, I don't have a clue how I'll move on. It's insane, but I already know I have to be with her.

The falter of her kisses draws my attention. Her moans turn into a prolonged cry. I worry I could leave bruises. There's no way I can ever let this precious gift go, but I relax my grip as her climax passes.

She drops her head onto my shoulder.

“I think you three need to hop in and cool off. That was fucking hot,” Vance says.

Aria gets her bearing. “If that’s what it takes to get these two naked, then I agree.”

I stumble forward when she laughs and lunges from my hands. Seb falls forward too.

Her ass jiggles as she runs to the pool. That jiggle’s going to look even better when it’s caused by me pounding her from behind. Or swatting it. So much to do, so little time.

Sebastian is on his hands and knees, and I’m standing over him as our girl stops and dips a toe into the water. She clutches her hands to her chest and smiles at us. “It’s a little chilly.”

It won’t be for long. She’s about to get fucked in this pool. I hope she understands. It’s hard to get a read on her innocence sometimes, but she’s bare-ass naked, her tits peeking out from the bend in her arms, and her moans echo deep in my soul from the orgasm my brother gave her one long minute ago.

Vance catches her foot as she lifts it out of the water but doesn’t pull her in. For a second, I thought he was an idiot.

Maybe we all are. How many levels of trouble are we presenting? Not one guy, but three, who happen to be her brothers, who all want to knock her up.

Holding myself back takes monumental strength as I stare at her flat belly. That needs to be fixed. She’ll look divine when she’s swollen with my baby. Maybe I’ll give her twins. It

doesn't matter if it's just to give her more babies than my brothers do, or if it's so I can watch her belly get even bigger...my thoughts are out of control.

If I let slip how badly I want to breed her, I know exactly what she'll say tomorrow morning.

Seb grabs the back of his shirt, pulling it over his head as he picks himself up off the ground. No way I'm going to be the last man standing. I scramble to get my clothes off.

"You ready to find out how much better it feels to orgasm on a cock?" I ask.

I like that she seems to be considering it.

"Will it really be better?"

"There's one way to find out." I stalk toward her, my cock slapping against my stomach as I go.

Her mouth drops open and she raises her eyebrows before lifting her arms overhead. I think she's presenting herself to me. The vise grip on my balls is about to leave me no choice but to blow. Then she angles her body, diving gracefully beside Vance. She undulates through the water, not surfacing until she's at the far end of the pool.

And I'm going after her.

EIGHT

ARIA

I dive away from him. How am I supposed to sort all of this out by morning? I love this freedom.

My thoughts race as I swim the length of the pool. Will it feel better to come with a dick inside of me? I'm not sure that's possible. What the guys have done for me is way better than what I've done for myself. I already lose my sense of self when they pleasure me. What else can I lose?

Well, that's obvious, my virginity. Then there's my father's respect. And heaven forbid word got out that I screwed my stepbrothers.

It's not like it's illegal or anything, but my dad's freaked out, already worried the neighborhood's going to crap. He pulled me aside this morning to warn me about the decay of morals that seems to be rampant in my peers.

Maybe Dad needs to stay inside and mind his own business. If only he wasn't the mayor, he couldn't claim that staying up on his citizens is his business.

I surface, draw in a breath, and wipe away the hair that's plastered to my face. There's a splash and it takes a second for me to see that Klayton dove in and is heading this way.

A thrill consumes me. I love the chase. I love the naughtiness. I love them.

Whoa! Back up.

The chase...let's stick with that. I push off the side of the pool and swim to Vance. There's no plan. He plucks me into his body before I grab the concrete edge. My legs fling forward and wrap around his waist as he lifts me.

My arms circle his neck. There's pressure between my legs. His cock is hard and hot against my nakedness. I freeze.

His eyes lock with mine. The darkness of his passion has come back.

It's in me too. The darkness, not his cock...yet.

His hands tighten around my waist. My world has narrowed to us. About a millimeter of hip flex from either of us will shatter my status quo.

My eyes fix on the slow drag of his tongue as he wets his lips. His chest rises and falls against my breasts.

Do I want this? That's not really the question. I want it. I want my wild weekend. I want everything to go back to the way it was last night.

It can, if I can keep my heart out of this. I don't know why I fell for them so quickly. Is it just because they told me I was

theirs? The way Vance calls me Princess, or Klayton calls me his girl, or Sebastian calling me Baby.

They can't mean it, can they? Even if they did, it's impossible now that we're siblings. Not that I had delusions of marrying three men and living happily ever after. Of course, not.

Will it be easier to walk away if I don't share myself in this most intimate way? Will I ever have another chance at a wild weekend that was supposed to have no strings attached?

"If you don't want my cock inside of you, go inside and get dressed." Vance and I are in a heated stare, our faces just inches apart.

I don't move.

He flexes his hips.

I gasp. My pussy lips spread. He's between them. Does that mean I'm no longer a virgin? Maybe on a technicality, but the primal ache in my core warns me to brace myself for more. It begs me to meet his thrust but he feels so big. Too big?

I shift slightly, taking more of him. A challenge? A wish? A chance to get used to a little more of the way he stretches me?

His jaw flexes. "You won't just need to take mine. They want you too."

"Then we better get started." Did I actually say that? It's better than the other thought worming its way through my mind. *How else will I know what to decide in the morning?*

That's a whole different issue. This weekend is all about fun. It's all we can ever have.

"I should take you inside," Vance says.

I tighten my arms and legs around him. "No. Right here. Just like this."

He stretches his neck from side to side. "All right, Princess. Tell me if you need me to stop."

"Yes, sir."

Vance swallows hard, his fingers tighten. "You been saving this tight virgin pussy for me, Princess?"

He pushes inside of me as he asks, robbing me of a chance to answer. There's too much pressure. Then a sting, and the pressure changes. A garbled jumble of pleasure and incoherent words fall from my lips as I lurch forward. My mouth drops onto his shoulder. I rest while he clutches me.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah."

A hand stroking my hair surprises me since Vance's are wrapped around me. It's Sebastian.

Vance asks, "Have you ever put a dildo inside of that sweet cunt?"

"No."

"Damn, I'm sorry. I assumed you had. I would have gone slower."

“You think?” Sebastian criticizes his brother. Klayton moves closer, stroking my shoulder.

“It’s okay, he didn’t know,” I say then turn back to Vance. “I’m ready for you to keep going.”

He flexes his hips. His eyes search mine, watching for any sign he should stop but I’m consumed by the sensation of his cock moving inside of me. I can’t even process how good it feels, like he’s meant to be inside of me and our bodies are made for each other. We’re doing what’s natural, in one sense, but with so many risks in another. The only thing faster than the thoughts ripping through my brain is how fast my orgasm is building.

“I think I’m about to come.” It’s hard to tell with the newness of being stretched.

Water sloshes around us. I want to do something wild like stroke my other brothers’ cocks, but I’m too late. My body ceases to exist. Heat and light and something crazy like belonging take over.

I’m barely aware of Vance pumping harder. My orgasm doesn’t let up like normal. It’s bigger and deeper, and I’ll never be the same.

Vance’s cock swells, adding to my frenzy. He’s coming, inside of me, and I’m basking in his warmth. The added slipperiness between us warns of our recklessness, of him marking me with his seed. I want everyone to know I’m his. I want the conscious decision I have to make tomorrow morning

to be stripped from me. I can't rationalize it. And I won't know if I'm pregnant in time. Everything is so messed up.

Rational thoughts become foreign to me as Klayton takes me off of Vance, but instead of facing me toward his chest, he turns me away and plants kisses on my shoulder.

"We don't have a lot of time. Are you ready for me?"

"Yeah."

"Are you okay with a new position?"

"Yeah." I don't admit that Monday is no longer a realistic deadline. I need time to think. Time away from them, but that's exactly what I don't want. He impales me on his cock. It's thicker. It's hotter. Or maybe it's the new position.

He holds me securely, lifting and lowering me on his shaft. When we hit a rhythm, one of his hands cups my breast while the other stays firmly on my hip.

Then my eyes lock on Sebastian, still sitting on the edge of the pool, his erection begging for release.

NINE

SEBASTIAN

I get Klayton to scoot closer to the side of the pool. Aria's eyes lower to my cock.

“You ready to take two at once, Baby?”

She worries her lower lip.

“We won't do anything you don't want to do.”

“I want to,” she says rather abruptly.

Positioning myself on the very edge, I make it easy for her to get her mouth on my cock, but even the simple placement of her hands on my thighs does something to me. She has to choose us. We've already chosen her.

Klayton eases his pace.

She kisses my tip, licks it, then wraps her luscious lips around the head. Bobbing a few times, she takes my cock like a champ. The sun glistens off of her hair like spun gold, and I wrap my fingers in it. She's so precious, I'm no longer trying to protect my heart.

“I’ll take it easy on you this time since you’re getting double teamed,” Klayton says.

“She’s only been at this a few minutes,” I add.

“Says the guy who shoved his dick in her mouth when her other hole is already full.”

She moans loudly, the vibrations luring me closer to release. This could be fast. I lean back on my free hand so I can watch her face easier. Her bright blue eyes beam up at me from under her lashes while her mouth is stretched. She’s a fucking sight.

Vance pulls out of the coma he’d fallen into and cups his hand over hers.

I have to harass him. “That must have been one hell of an orgasm. I thought we lost you, bro,”

“You’re lucky I don’t steal her away for myself. I’ve never felt anything as perfect as her.”

His words make it harder for me to resist plowing into her face. “I’ll find out as soon as we let her rest.”

Klayton’s long, easy strokes quicken. I watch him carefully, using my grip on her hair to keep us in sync.

Her moans, as mumbled as they are around my shaft, get higher pitched.

Vance gives me a wink and I realize he’s snuck his hand down to her clit. “This is going to destroy Klayton.”

Tension fills her body, her bobbing halts, then her suction breaks. I pull my dick out of her mouth, grip it with my hand,

and let Klayton go for it.

He pulls her orgasming body closer to his. Her eyes have fallen shut. Her hand is on Vance's between her legs. And her cries have morphed to whimpers as Vance's grunts match each thrust.

When his jaw falls slack and she's limp against his body, I can't hold back any longer. "Get her over here."

It's only a step or so. That's all I need. "I'm marking you like this for now. I'll put it where it matters as soon as you're rested."

A weak smile curls her lips as her eyes loosely focus on me. "You're going to wait?"

"I want you rested." Why am I a good guy? Would it really matter? Yeah, it does. I want her to be present for every second of my cock sliding into her. I'm risking not being able to breed her right now while both of my brothers fill her with cum.

I'm losing control watching her tits get fondled by the water. I'm jealous of every drop that's on her and in her. I'm jealous of my brothers having already been inside of her, but I want it to be right when I do it.

My cock thickens in my hand. I stroke faster. I *will* make her mine.

"When I claim you, I'm going to shoot my cum way up inside of you, and get you pregnant. I'm not going to let pool water ruin my chances. I want you to smell like me. Taste like me. Never forget that you'll be mine."

My balls take the cue, spraying everything they have across her chest. I watch stream after stream of my white release mark her until I can't hold my eyes open anymore. I've never come so hard.

"Fuck." I mutter, racked by the intensity, my fingers still wrapped around my stiff, but spent shaft. I lift my lids in time to catch her dragging a finger through my release.

Her tongue darts out, waiting for her fingertip. She's making sure I watch. She's driving me insane.

"It's going to be your new favorite flavor."

She touches the pad of her fingertip to her tongue and my cock shoots out another spurt of cum. Damn. The stripe lands straight across her nipple.

My brothers are captivated by her. Watching as Aria tastes cum for the first time.

I want her to say something, anything, but she does something even better. She dips her fingers back to her chest, smearing my seed across more of her skin.

"That's right, Baby, mark yourself." My voice is so strained, I barely recognize it.

Then she dips them into her mouth and sucks.

"Fuuuck," I groan as I blow another load onto her. Where the hell does it keep coming from?

Her innocence returns as she giggles and shrugs her shoulders. "Good thing I like salty snacks."

“You can have all you want.” Klayton shifts her in his arms, cradling her against his chest. Has his cock been in her this whole time? If he stayed as hard as me, it’s possible.

He kisses her forehead, and I can’t help but wonder if he doesn’t want to taste me. Pride washes through me. I may not have been in her pussy yet, but she’s sure as hell marked.

Klayton carries her toward the steps. “We better get you inside before you burn.”

Aria grabs towels for all of us, and once we’re dried off, I check my phone. Mom put us all in a group chat labeled *Family*. Do moms have a sixth sense for cockblocking?

Mom: *We’re going to be home around 8*

She has no idea how grateful I am to know exactly how much time we have to work with. She also has no idea how furious I am that family time is going to disrupt us getting to know our stepsister.

I wave my phone in the air just as Aria says, “Oh no.”

“You got the message, the parents will be home at eight?”

“No. They need me at work.”

That’s a gut punch. Aria needs to rest.

Klayton cups his hands around hers. “Remind them today’s your day off.”

“I would but it’s a special request from Gram, the sweet little old lady from the event this morning. The one who’s like a grandma to me. She gets panic attacks ever since her

husband passed away. They were married seventy-three years. I'm the only one who can talk her through them. It shouldn't take long."

I take on my new role. "We're your brothers, we should go visit Gram too."

"A different time," she says definitively.

Vance offers to drive but she wants to go alone. That stings. Is she pulling away?

TEN

ARIA

The guys and I put our clothes back on. Disappointment weighs on each of their faces.

If I'm being totally honest with myself, I'm sort of glad I got called in, although I feel bad that Gram is having another attack. She misses her soulmate so dearly.

How do you know when you find your soulmate? I plan on asking Gram. She generally needs someone to chat with after her episodes. I'm not sure how to ask if she thinks it's possible to have more than one soulmate though.

Klayton throws me over his shoulder. "If you aren't back by six, we're coming to get you."

It takes a second for me to orient my upside-down position. I'll chalk this up to another new experience. Part of me is curious if they'd really show up at the hospital. Part of me thinks it's best I don't find out.

I direct Vance to grab my purse as Sebastian opens doors for Klayton to march me through the house, right out the front

door to my car.

Movement catches my attention at one of the houses across our little lake. It's Madison. She's far enough away, I can't see her expression, but her body language hints at anger or frustration. She's had a lot going on lately, and if what my dad says he saw is correct, that she's hooking up with her ex-boyfriend's dad, she may have finally gotten to the nasty bottom of that can of worms.

"You better put me down."

"And if I say never?"

"I'd know that you're a liar because you can't have sex with me like this." I crack up at myself.

A sharp slap to my ass gives me a surprise sting and also stirs up lustful feelings. Hmm...another thing to explore.

Vance says, "Our mom didn't tell us our sister was sassy."

Klayton sets me down gently beside my car.

"Is that the thing you're most shocked your mom didn't know about me?"

He swats my ass again then pins me against the car. "Now that you know what you get for being sassy, watch that mouth of yours."

I pull a compact out of my purse and open the mirror to taunt them. It takes a second for the guys to catch on.

Klayton hoists me over his shoulder again. Another slap lands on my butt cheek. Yep, I like that.

Sebastian adds a gentler swat, “I’ve always heard younger sisters can be annoying.”

“Be ready when I get home.”

Klayton lowers me. “Looks like you’re home already.”

It’s harder than I imagined to tear myself away from them but Gram needs me.

When I pull up to the hospital, Doctor Shepherd is pulling out of the parking lot, and Callie, his daughter’s childhood best friend is following him. Coincidence? I’ve seen them together a few times—enough that I’ve put the pieces together. Doctor Shepherd’s daughter isn’t the only one with shenanigans going on.

I run my fingers through my hair. I’m not as fixed up as normal, which might help keep this visit short. I cringe as I head toward the entrance. Am I walking funny or does it just feel like I am? I’ll hope for the latter.

Everyone will already be suspicious that I’m eager to get home. Usually, I hang out—the hospital is my home away from home. I’ll stick to the truth, or at least an omissive version of it. *My dad has tasked me with getting to know my new stepbrothers.*

The unsettling feeling that I’m being watched wiggles to the surface as I step from the parking lot onto the curb. It’s creepy, not like I’m nervous that I’m walking funny, or that one of the guys followed me. That would make me horny. All joking aside, I can’t shake the eerie feeling.

I turn around. Nothing seems out of place until movement at the far end of the parking lot catches my attention. A guy on a motorcycle pulls away, tossing up a bunch of gravel in his haste. Gravel? He's not in the concrete parking lot. He was parked outside of it.

Probably nothing. People come and go from the hospital all the time. I didn't recognize the patch on his vest. Something yellow. My mind flashes back to last night at the bar. The guy Torch threw out.

Too late to get a look at him, he already sped away.

I shudder and rush inside. How big of a coincidence is it that he might have been here? I sweet-talk Gloria at Intake to let me browse the files of everyone who's been admitted today. Do I really expect to see a mysterious biker's name on the list?

It's been quiet. An upset stomach, a broken arm, and Gram. She was the only one who stayed. The other two were released earlier.

The beauty of a small-town hospital is that we don't get a lot of excitement. And considering that I know all of the people who have been in for a few days, I'm not sure why the motorcycle guy was here.

Then again, Calli wasn't here to see a patient. I'm overreacting.

Making my way to Gram's room, I sit on the edge of her bed and hold her hand. I guide her through a meditation when all of the sudden she comes to coherency.

“Aria, dear, you look different.”

Can I keep from blushing? “I...went for a swim. Didn’t do my hair and makeup afterward.”

“With those strapping new stepbrothers of yours?” Okay, Gram is fine now.

I suppress the full extent of my smile. “Yes, our dad and mom wanted us to get to know each other since they sprung the marriage on us right before announcing it to the whole town. You know us kids, we don’t just sit around and chat, we need something to do.”

“Hmm...You’re radiant. Maybe you should go without makeup more often.”

“I’ll consider that.” The full extent of what I have to consider plays through the rest of my visit with Gram. As usual, we chat about Gramps, which gives me the chance to ask how he knew they were soulmates.

“It’s all of the tangled feelings I got, and no matter how I untangled them, they always led me back to him. Everyone else in the world could have ceased to exist and I knew we would be fine. It was just something I knew, honey.”

If I take her statement at face value, then my brothers and I are soulmates. “Isn’t that just lust or *new love*? How do you know it will stand the test of time?”

“By putting the work in. Now, are you going to tell me who we’re talking about? Is it the young man helping with your father’s campaign?”

I shake my head. “So you didn’t know Gramps was the one from the start?”

“How can anyone truly know something so big? I wanted him to be *the one*. And if he was here, he would tell you the same. We worked hard to have the relationship we wanted.”

“So there’s not such a thing as soulmates?” I’m more confused than ever. Why couldn’t she just say to read tea leaves and see whose name is spelled out?

She pats my hand. “There is, and when you find him, he’ll be the one who will work as hard as you, and maybe even harder.”

Once I’m sure she’s stable, I glance at the clock. “Thanks for the chat. I better get home now.”

She grabs my hand as I get up from the bed. “That thing that I said about you looking different. That’s a pretty good sign that you’ve met someone special. If you want to bring him around, I’ll let you know if I see the same in him.”

I draw in a slow breath. Times three...that might cause another panic attack. What she and Gramps had wasn’t just pure and eternal, it was traditional. She’d align more with my dad being freaked out by seeing our neighbors in potential threesomes.

ELEVEN

SEBASTIAN

Each second the clock ticks closer to eight, and Aria's not home, my heart sinks. Hell yeah, I want to finish what we started earlier, but after making a batch of chocolate chip cookies while I attempt to understand the bigger picture, I realize the nagging in my gut is from missing her, not just sex.

I'm pulling the last tray out of the oven when the front door clicks open and shut. It has to be her. My heart is light. Happiness washes over me. I want this every day.

"Who's making cookies?" she calls excitedly from the entry.

"Your multi-talented brother."

Klayton and Vance magically reappear, and not to snag cookies like when the first batch came out.

Aria grabs a cookie from the cooling rack. "These are delicious."

All of my thoughts about missing her are justified. Her energy, the way the world brightens when she walks into the room, and the insane pull that I have to be near her, justify all

of the thoughts. They also give way to the more immediate problem. My cock is hard and there are only thirty minutes before our parents get home.

She glances down when I hug her.

“Sorry about that. I’ve been missing you. Is Gram okay?”

A little huff lifts her chest and she smiles. “Yeah, Gram is fine. Thanks for asking.”

We all spend a minute catching up, but I’m watching the seconds tick away. I move in, caging her against the counter.

“Time’s running out. What do you say we save the *innocent* conversations for later, when our parents are around?”

“How do you propose we occupy ourselves until our parents get back?” She strokes her fingers over my erection.

Neither of my brothers lasted very long inside of her, and I’m guessing she’ll break me just as fast. I lift her onto the counter, part her knees, and step between them. Her kiss tastes like chocolate and her natural sweetness. I could get lost in that forever. But I don’t have that long. I have less than thirty minutes and possibly less than twelve hours.

I slide a hand under her dress. “With as wet as your panties are, might I suggest an orgasm to pass the time?”

She wiggles against my fingers and her moans start before I even get her bare. It’s beyond hot that she could come while fully clothed.

I let her grind against my thumb, her orgasm seeming to make a rapid build. I'll be the man of the hour if I help her climax this way and when I fuck her. Vance and Klayton sidle up to us and work her sundress out from under her hips.

I let go of my fantasy of leaving her fully clothed until I have to stop kissing her for them to pull the fabric overhead. Does it take a ridiculously long time to get her bra off? Are they messing with me?

I rub a hand over her back. "Mind if we get these wet panties off?"

"In here?"

"Have you ever had sex in the kitchen?" Klayton says matter-of-factly.

"All right." She lifts her arms to the sides. "Who wants to do the honors."

Vance steps up, and she lifts her hips so he can drag her panties down her legs. He tosses them to the side. Would it be prudent to make a mental note of where they go? Probably.

My brothers have hands and mouths all over her body, but I've got her lips and her pussy.

Then her orgasm hits. My hand is coated in her release. My pants, where I'm pressed against the counter, are wet. Holy shit, she squirted. The guys must not have realized that in the pool. Or maybe this is a first.

I lift her from the counter, standing her in front of the opposite one. "We better move over here so no one slips."

She furrows her brow and I motion to my pants. “You had quite the orgasm, Baby.”

“I did that?”

“Was that a first?”

“I...I think so. I’m sorry.”

Vance cuts in. “Don’t ever be sorry about having an orgasm. Besides, this is your wild weekend to try new things.”

“That’s not quite what I meant. But thanks.” She winks.

With her naked in front of me, all I can do is strip my clothes off. “I’ve been waiting for you. Been thinking of all the different things I want to teach you.”

“I thought you were just busy making cookies.” She grabs one from the rack and bites it.

Vance steps in front of her, biting the cookie that’s in her hand. “He just needed something sweet to substitute for you.”

I roll my eyes, ignore his ridiculous comment, and turn Aria to face the counter. “You want me to take you right here?”

She nods. With one hand on her shoulder and the other on her hip, I bend her over. She rests her arms on the granite. I wish it was a little lower but when I step back and take in her ass that’s pointed at me, everything is right in the world.

Vance bumps me out of the way and kneels behind her, dragging his finger over her slit.

“You better get out of the way unless you want my cock in your face.”

He laughs, leans in to kiss her pussy lips, then settles beside her, rubbing a hand over her back.

Is it wrong to like watching my brother be intimate with her? I've never been so aroused as when they were in the pool.

Movement from the side catches my attention. Klayton unfastened his pants and is stroking his cock.

“You hittin’ that any time today, or can I give her another ride?”

I hold a hand up toward him. He shrugs it off. “Get in that tight pussy. You’re not going to believe how good our girl feels. Give her another orgasm to help win her over.”

Fisting my cock, I smack it against her ass. She flinches, breaking her kiss with Vance, and smiles over her shoulder. Her half-lidded eyes are an aphrodisiac.

I smack her a couple more times before dragging my tip down the curve of her ass and settling it against her pussy lips. I’ve already fallen for her. Now I get my chance to breed her.

She might be acting like she has a decision to make, but if she’s not already committed to us, why is she letting us ride her bare? My fear is that she’s on birth control and just said she wasn’t as part of the thrill.

My entire body aches with the need to convince her to stay with us.

She pushes back, spreading herself around my tip. The warmth. The pressure. The willingness to let me nut in her. It’s enough to drive a guy insane.

“You want it, Baby? You trying to rush me?”

“Uh-huh,” she mumbles through her lip lock with Vance and pushes back even more.

My cock twitches. “Damn, Baby.”

“She’s merciless.” Klayton hops onto the counter where he can watch while he strokes himself.

I slow thrust to seat myself. I swallow. I think of cookies. I do everything to ward off how quickly I’m barreling toward climax. “You guys weren’t kidding. It’s like she’s made for me.”

“For us,” Klayton and Sebastian say at the same time.

The clock on the oven catches my attention as I shift my gaze from one brother to the other then back to Aria. The seconds are clicking past way too quickly. Gripping her hips, I move through her tight walls, savoring every inch of her squeezing me and accepting me. I have to catch my breath every time I slide back in.

My balls are clenched tight. Klayton’s breaths are becoming ragged. Vance keeps on making out. I want more for her.

“Let me show you a different position, baby.”

“But that felt so good.”

“If you don’t like this, we’ll go back to it.”

“Deal.”

I guide her to standing, my dick still inside, and lift one of her legs. The position spreads her wide for Klayton.

“Thanks, dude.”

I nod at him and turn to Vance. “Can you work her clit from the side?”

His hand slides into place and her gasp and the shudder that runs through her gives me the answer.

Pistoning slowly, I make sure we’re all good. I’m careful not to throw her off balance. “Can you brace your foot on the edge of the counter?”

It’s like my wish is her command. In a flash, we’re back to fucking, but no matter how many times I try to distance my heart...try to keep it as the wild weekend with no strings attached...try to remind myself this could simply be sex, this sure feels like more.

With her body braced better, I pump harder. Her cunt clamps around my shaft. The first time I think it’s a fluke, then it happens again. How tight can she get?

One more thrust and I find out. Her pussy clenches and releases over and over again as she cries out. One of her hands grips mine on her hip and her fingers dig in. From her splayed position, her release splatters onto the floor. My legs and feet are wet.

The look on Klayton’s face is pure gold as he gets a front-row seat to witness this beauty. Vance is whispering sexy, sweet things in her ear.

And I lose control. My seed sprays deep inside. I’ve never come so hard. I’m seeing stars. I feel like a god as I pump each

jet into her. I don't care if either of them got her pregnant earlier, I'm getting her pregnant now.

The growl that tears through the kitchen is my own. She's mine. I have to share, but right now, the cock and cum filling her are mine.

Her body falls limp and Vance helps her get her leg down while I steady her body. Klay must have come in the paper towel he's wadding up. Kind of sorry I missed seeing that. All the more reason to convince her this wild weekend is only the beginning.

Her head falls back against my shoulder. The perspiration of our bodies mixes just as our scents mix with the cookies.

I stroke her hair, planting kisses on the side of her head. And accidentally say out loud, "I love you, Baby."

"Was that car doors?" Klayton hops off the counter.

"They're home. Hurry." Aria scurries for her bra.

"How did we not hear the garage door?" I ask, shoving my cock in my underwear as I throw clothes back on. I'll deal with cleaning myself up later.

"You can't hear it from here. Never thought of the drawback to the quiet-drive garage door opener."

I help her pull her dress overhead. Thankfully it's not wet since they stripped her. On the surface she's tidy but there's a lot of cum dripping down her legs. I offer a paper towel.

“Hey, kids. You didn’t misbehave while we were gone, did you?” her father calls as he enters. My mom laughs and the door clicks shut.

The layout of the house may not be second nature to me yet, but there aren’t a ton of steps between the garage and the kitchen.

I’m helping Aria smooth her hair down. Vance lunges for her drenched panties that are hanging off the end of the counter and tucks them into his jeans pocket.

“I’m going to use this,” Klayton says quietly through a grimace as he grabs a dish towel and waves his finger between the two spots where Aria orgasmed, the latter mixed with my release.

Aria nods. “Go ahead.”

Mayor Barnes rounds the corner while Klayton’s squatting to wipe the floor. The heft of his title seems appropriate right now. It also allows me to distance myself from the thought that he almost caught me railing his daughter.

“Aria, looks like your brothers need some lessons on etiquette.” Mister Barnes says.

Aria’s staring at her father wide-eyed. He wouldn’t be in nearly such a good mood if he knew the full breaches of etiquette.

“Sebastian, did you make cookies?” His mom rushes to the rack, sidestepping Klayton as he stands. She switches her shopping bags to one hand and grabs a cookie.

Is this really happening? My heart is racing.

Klayton nudges the rag Aria's direction. She grabs it, tucks it behind herself, and says, "Yeah, sorry. I just came in the kitchen and Klayton was cleaning up a spill. These boys get pretty crazy."

That could serve as an explanation for the wet front of my pants I'm trying to hide.

She addresses Klayton. "We don't use the dish towels for wiping the floor."

"They made the mess not me. But sorry." He eyes the paper towel full of his release and holds it up. "I'll be sure to use a paper towel next time someone makes a mess."

Shit. The edge of the counter is still wet from her first *mess*. I tear a paper towel from the roll and wipe it up.

Both of our parents have cookies in hand and are making their way to the living room. We're left staring at each other. I'm not sure whether to sweat how close that was or burst out laughing.

"Come in the living room kiddos. We have a surprise."

Not another one. Can they find a way to make this worse?

"I'll be there in a second," Aria calls out.

I peek around the corner to ensure the parents are settled, then I rush after Aria who's gone into the bathroom.

Klayton and Vance are doing another pass wiping the soiled surfaces.

“You can’t be in here with me,” she whisper shouts.

I cup her chin, tilt it up, and steal a few kisses. “I’m going to clean you up.”

“I can get it.” She retrieves a washcloth from the cabinet and I take it from her.

Warming the water first, I soak the cloth then kneel. “Hold your dress up.”

She gathers it in her hands and spreads her legs. I wipe tenderly, wishing I could be doing this in bed, or letting her relax in a bath.

Then there’s the competitive side of me that’s wondering if my cum’s left in her. So far, it seems like I did a great job of sending it deep where it can do what nature intends for it to do. Hope she doesn’t sneeze.

“We shouldn’t take too long. Don’t want either of our parents to come looking for us.”

I kiss her mound. Take the dress from her hands and lower it into place. She’s perfect.

Staring up at her from my knees, I take her hands and kiss them. “Aria, I know you only asked for a fun weekend, but I want to give you so much more. Don’t let our circumstances scare you. We can work this out.”

“Okay.” Her answer is too fast, too simple, and not too convincing. Her hands slide out of mine as she steps toward the door and exits without another word.

TWELVE

ARIA

I make a plate of cookies and carry it to the living room. Sebastian hasn't come out of the bathroom yet, and I'm grateful for the space. What he's asking for would destroy my father, personally and professionally.

But there's too much space in the living room. Where are Vance and Klayton?

Pam hands me one of the shopping bags and worries me with her Cheshire Cat grin.

"It's a surprise. Go put it on."

Clothes? I draw the handles apart and peek inside the bag. Lots of red and green flannel. I pull out the carefully folded garment, noting that there's another one underneath. Pajamas? That's awkward.

Pam claps her hands, way too excited at the prospect of buying me something that I don't think she knows me well enough to buy yet. Then again, flannel isn't exactly intimate. I force a smile. They're Christmas-themed. Yeah, still awkward.

“Merry fucking Christmas, mom.” Klayton’s less-than-humored voice comes from the balcony. He shouldn’t mock the gift.

Lifting my gaze, it’s clear, he’s not upset about what I’m holding. He’s wearing the same elf-covered pajamas as I have in my hand. Vance walks up behind him. Oh shit. We all have a pair.

Oh no! This is an all-new level of awkwardness.

“I got us all matching Christmas pajamas.” Pam tosses a set to Sebastian, who I hadn’t noticed entered the room.

I’m pretty sure my dad grumbles. That gives me a laugh. He hasn’t had to deal with the desires of a wife in a lot of years. I laugh harder.

He asks, “This is what you ran into the store to get? Why Christmas, and how did you find everyone’s size so fast?”

“It’s all part of my secret. I had them ordered and just ran inside to pick them up. With our kids being so busy, who knows when we’ll be together again.”

We all seem a bit dumbstruck.

She tosses my dad’s set to him then holds her hands out. “The other part of my secret is that I hired a photographer for family photos. I have pizza and a grocery order on the way, too. We’ll have all sorts of goodies to hang out all night getting to know each other.”

“We’re staying here?” Vance asks the same thing as I’m thinking.

“If you need to run home and get medication or something you can, but the grocery order has toothbrushes and anything you might need. I even ordered underwear. Nothing fancy, but it will do.”

And to think, I was worried about where my underwear ended up since I’m not wearing it.

Klayton leads the way down the stairs. “That verges on creepy, mom.”

She waves a dismissive hand at him.

Out of all of the wild weekend scenarios I’d imagined with these guys, none of them involved either of our parents. Is this fate’s way of trying to keep me from burning in hell?

Knock. Knock.

Pam jumps up. “That’s probably the photographer. If you don’t already have your jammies on, it’s time. I’ll get her started setting up then slip into mine.”

This can’t be happening. Where’s my phone? Why isn’t a medical emergency requiring my attention?

My dad mutters something and heads to the master bedroom. I don’t know whether to laugh or...I’m not even sure what. The scenario’s not worth crying over, it’s just family pictures.

The evening goes exactly as Pam promised—food, games, getting to know each other. She’s worried about how old her sons are getting, with no sign of finding someone to settle

down with. The woman's eager for grandkids. She might regret that.

I rub my belly. Sebastian notices and gives me a questioning look, but I wave him off.

How could I have been so willing and free with the possibility of unprotected sex, and now question my choices? My heart's still convinced it was the right thing to do. I'm so confused.

A few hours later, Pam's mission has successfully been accomplished. I know my new family better. Pam's as traditional as my dad. Other than their secret wedding, she wants all of the normal stuff, although the boys draw the line when talk of pajamas for next year's family picture comes up.

She imagines her boys bringing home girlfriends that will turn into wives. She's already worried about how well she'll get along with them, especially once grandbabies are on the way...them again. I have to admit—she might be a bit overwhelming as a mother-in-law.

My stomach tumbles. As my stepmom, she's a part of my life, but somewhat avoidable. If she gets a second role as mother-in-law, that's downright weird, and I'm not sure I can deal with two doses of her. Not that she's a bad person. My dad's never been happier, that I can remember.

But she keeps mentioning how happy we'll be when we find our person. I can't take it and head to the kitchen to make myself scarce. It must make her realize how late it is because she gives us all permission to go to bed.

Then in excited Pam fashion, she has me worried she's going to tuck as all in. Thankfully, I'm wrong.

I'm also in bed, alone, my desires for a wild weekend successfully squashed.

Vance texts: *Want to sneak to my room? It's farthest away from our parents.*

Me: *Not tonight.*

Which probably means not ever. Not like that. I should have known my heart would make things messy. I have to keep my head straight and end this. If the four of us keep up our antics, we're going to get caught, and that will make the awkwardness of the whole pajama thing pale by comparison.

Or we could get in front of it, and simply announce our interest in each other. My peers, Madison, Zoe, and Calli might be pulling off unconventional relationships. They can be my trailblazers. But they aren't screwing their stepbrothers. I curl into a fetal position.

This has to end. I'll be firm on my morning decision. What we've done can be exactly what I asked for...a wild weekend...our little secret.

But refreshed is the opposite of how I'd describe the way I feel when I wake up the next morning. The bright red and green elf pajamas aren't enough to lift my spirits. The house is quiet, so I take advantage of the peaceful moment and pad down to the kitchen where I can get the coffee flowing and make myself less ogre-ish.

“Ari, good morning.” Pam’s cheerful voice knows no bounds of common decency. And where is the last syllable of my name? That’s the least of my problems, though. Why can’t she sleep in until seven like my dad?

What a bummer that she’s already dressed and we no longer match. My eyes roll back in my head.

Wait, since she’s awake and dressed, why don’t I smell coffee? Don’t tell me she’s naturally like this? There’s no cup near her and the pot is empty.

While I go through the motions of prepping the coffee maker to brew a full pot, she sets her phone on the bar, sits back on her barstool, and gives me her undivided attention.

“Look at us girls awake first. We should schedule some time without the guys.”

I mumble agreement. Just enough coffee has brewed that I can pour a cup. It’ll be extra strong. Perfect.

“You’re as amazing as your dad said. Such a sweet girl, not running around town chasing after boys, but dedicated to your career. Even though I’d love grandkids, I applaud you for taking care of yourself first.”

“Thanks.” I sit at the table near the bar so I don’t appear rude. My dad’s trained me well.

“Not a morning person, huh?”

“No.” I shake my head, letting my lips rub the edge of my cup.

“Well, I’m so glad to get to know you finally. Your dad gushes on and on about what an upstanding citizen you are, and how you don’t just play the role of the perfect daughter for his campaign. You truly are wholesome. That’s wonderful.”

Guilt ravages me even though I’m ending the thing with my brothers.

She lowers her voice and leans closer. “Mary, that photographer last night, gave me a heads up when I told her I loved The Business Buffet weekly mailer and how it is such a wonderful outlet for keeping up with what’s going on in the area. She said there’s a social media group where people keep each other honest about the *other* parts of their lives.”

Did she use honest to describe social media?

“The name is pretty atrocious...Smorgasboard or Buffet Board, no that’s not it...I can’t remember. It’s a play on the Business Buffet name.” She lifts her phone, presumably looking for it.

Strong coffee is no longer enough. I rub my temples. Mary loves the SmorgasSmut group. In fact, I’m wondering how Pam got her name. Mary’s best known for her boudoir work, which thankfully she uses absolute discretion with. Did Pam do a... I’m not going there.

I also shove aside mental musings about Mary keeping up with the naughty happenings in town and the fact that she does bedroom photography. It’s too easy to draw conclusions.

“I’m not sure what Mary told you, but I don’t think that’s the kind of group you’d enjoy. People share each other’s private business on there.”

“Live a wholesome life, there’s nothing to worry about. Anyway, I signed up for it, figured that would be a good way to learn about the locals since I haven’t lived here forever like so many of you. As the mayor’s wife, I’m guessing people might not be honest with me. Exactly the opposite of the way I live my life. The way I’ve raised my boys.”

The last thing anyone in this town needs is my dad’s wife on SmorgasSmut. She’ll probably get sick of it like I did. But she signed up? If I scream loudly enough, will everyone come running into the kitchen and save me from this hell? This is my wakeup call that I have to end things now.

Her phone dings and her face lights up then she sets her phone down as if it offends her. “That’s it...SmorgasSmut. Such a terrible name. But good news, they’ve approved me.”

“Yay,” I don’t even bother to fake enthusiasm. I sip the last of my anti-ogre juice and get up for another cup.

She’s rambling on when her phone dings again. She taps on the message alert.

A dark picture appears. Disinterested, I step past her to return to my warm seat at the table.

“Oh, dear! What is this? It can’t be true. Ari...” The panic in her voice makes the hairs on the back of my neck stand. Maybe she’ll get tired of SmorgasSmut faster than I did.

This could be the perfect opportunity to get her out of the group. Then I notice that the look of horror on her face adds a level of concern that feels much more personal. My stomach knots.

The photo on her screen was dark, it couldn't be pool party pictures.

It's dark, and there's no one out here. Vance's reassurance from the parking lot the night we met haunts me. I step back to the bar, slide her phone over, and the world drops out from under me.

I could argue that the photo is unclear because it's dark. The woman's face is in the throes of orgasm, which I've never seen on myself until now. The three men surrounding her obscure her body.

But it's me. And I would imagine she has a knack for identifying her sons, even from behind. I can vaguely make out the bar's sign in the background.

My throat is full of cotton, my heart and stomach disintegrate, and I can't move. I'm cognizant but not functional. Sometimes we get patients at the hospital who take drugs that cause this. It's awful. Why would people subject themselves to this?

Maybe it wouldn't be so bad if my new stepmom wasn't looking at a photo of me being ravished by her three sons.

The chickenshit who posted the picture did so anonymously. But there was only one person out of place that night, the biker

with the yellow patch. None of the local bikers would do this.

Sheer will to get the photo out of her vision must break the spell. My hand moves slowly, taking her phone, pulling it to my chest. The poor woman doesn't move. She's sitting there disgusted, her manicured fingertips touching her chest.

I report the photo then remove Pam from the group, not that it matters now.

“Is that why you didn't think I'd like the group?” Her tone is soft and controlled.

“No,” I whisper. “It was...”

She motions for me to stop as I scramble for words. My heart sinks in slow motion. It doesn't matter if it was a stupid fling. Or that we did way worse things than what was captured in the picture. Or that I've already decided it's over.

I set her phone back in front of her, step backward, then turn and run back to my room. Throwing on the spare sweats and t-shirt that I keep at my dad's, I grab my purse and keys and rush to my car.

THIRTEEN

VANCE

The sooner I get out of bed, the sooner I can see Aria. But seeing her also means she gives her answer about our relationship.

After her text last night, I fear what that will be. My brothers and I texted for a while after she turned us down. We're in agreement that we want her, but we have no answers as to how to convince her it's okay. We'll give her the option to move in with us, but even though the community drives her crazy, she's tied to it. The odds look even worse for us if she stays.

She has to feel the bond between us. Not just the erotic as hell day, but the ease of talking to each other and the fun family time. She's not nearly competitive as us boys but still had a blast rubbing it in our faces when she bested us.

Aria's simply kind and fun and everything I've ever wanted in a woman. It just so happens my brothers agree.

Then there's the issue that we each hope we knocked her up. She understood that was a risk. I'm not ready to deal with losing her.

Slamming doors are the only sign anyone's awake. They're not good slams either. Something's wrong. I jump out of bed. I'm tempted to throw on my clothes from yesterday, but I grab the bright pajamas. Mom will be happy that I'm wearing them, and hopefully they'll make Aria laugh.

I stride out of my room. Sebastian and Klay are coming out of theirs at the same time.

"What was that all about?" I ask, before heading to the stairs.

They shrug and follow.

Sobs come from the kitchen.

"Mom?"

She's sitting at the bar dabbing a tissue to the corners of her eyes. The woman still gets up and pulls herself together first thing in the morning, but she's always happy. I wrap an arm around her and my brothers sit on the nearby stools.

She shrugs me off. Theo comes in and his cheery pajama bottoms match mine but they're not enough to lift her spirits. Aria's nowhere in sight.

"What happened to my sweet boys?"

The energy in the room shifts with her question. Does she know? Was Aria the door slammer? Did she tell our mom?

Why? She had the option to walk away.

Mom accepts Theo's hug and clasps her arms around his.

Theo glances at us but we're silent. He tries, "It can be hard realizing they're all grown—"

"That's not it. I'm too embarrassed to say this...ask them."

Shit. She knows. I think. The three of us look at each other. Busting ourselves unnecessarily would be foolish, detrimental even. Or has everything we hoped for already slipped through our fingers?

"Mom?" Sebastian pauses then continues when she turns her head away. "What's wrong?"

Mom takes a deep breath, refusing to look at us. "Theo, I'm sorry. I raised my boys to respect women...people. I tried, I did. I don't know where I went wrong. I'm sorry."

Theo brushes a hand over her hair. "Can one of you get me up to speed? We went to bed as a happy family in matching pajamas and I woke up to my wife crying and you three looking like you got caught with your hand in the cookie jar."

Asking for time to get our story straight would be disastrous. Our texts last night leave me assured we're on the same page. This isn't how we wanted to reveal our relationship, especially without Aria here, but we're losing ground.

"Mayor..." Damn it. It's intimidating that he's the mayor. "Mister...I mean, Dad." Crap. That's not a good thing to remind him of.

I shake it off. “Theo. You know how you and mom had a whirlwind relationship and just knew you were right for each other?”

He nods. “When you meet a woman as wonderful as your mother, you’ll understand.”

“We have, sir.”

Theo looks at his wife and back at us. Confusion is etched all over his face.

“The night we got to Peach Bottom Valley, we went out for drinks. There was a woman there. She stole our hearts. It was love at first sight for all of us.”

He nods. Mom sobs louder.

“None of us can explain how three brothers can fall in love with the same woman, but we did. And we spent all day yesterday getting to know her, falling in love with her more and more by the second.”

“Yesterday?” His confusion shifts to realization, then his mouth drops open.

Mom says, “And there’s a picture on the internet of them *getting to know each other.*”

There is? Shit. Panic plows through me. A picture would devastate Aria. And while I don’t expect everything I do to meet my mother’s approval, the intense disappointment hurts.

Confusion flickers over Theo’s expression too then his spine jerks straight. “A picture of you three and my daughter?”

We wait for mom to confirm.

Is he going to have us arrested? Can mayors do that? It's not like we've done anything illegal. Or will he just kill us for defiling his perfect daughter?

Sebastian jumps in. "If someone took a picture without our permission and used it to hurt Aria, we'll get to the bottom of it. We love her. We'd never put her in harm's way."

"Where is she?" Theo asks.

Mom pulls herself together. "She left."

I say, "As much as I would love to stand here and sort things out, I have to go find her."

Klayton says, "She's not answering her phone."

Her dad won't give us her address but leads the way to where she lives. I don't have time for the warm, fuzzy feelings about being in her space, even if just on her doorstep. She's not here, so we have to move on.

We try the hospital, no luck.

Mom asks Theo, "Can you reach out to her friends?"

It hurts that I can't rattle off a list of her friends, but it doesn't diminish my feelings. I intend to keep learning about her until I know her better than I know myself.

Theo rakes a hand through his hair. "I don't know who she hangs out with. She's always been dedicated to school and work." He closes his eyes and takes a few deep breaths. "That might be my fault, pressing her to do extra schooling and get a

job, which is important, but her success has been part of my image. I never let her be herself.”

“Oh Theo, I’m sure you were a great dad,” Mom says.

“I’ve got it.” My brothers light up, and Aria’s location hits all of us at the same time.

It’s touching that her dad is having his revelation and that my mom wants to comfort him, but Aria’s hurt, and we’re not by her side. That has to be fixed.

“How can you know where she is?” Theo looks at each of us brothers in turn.

“Because the night we met Aria, she was hiding.”

“Where?”

“At The Bottom Bar.”

“The biker bar?”

We all nod. “She didn’t explain fully until today but she said that was the only place in town where she could hang out and not be the mayor’s daughter.”

The bluntness of my comment causes Theo to flinch. His chest practically deflates and he lowers his head. “I thought I could make the town a better place for her. Give her the best opportunities, not force her into hiding.”

“Talk to her about that later.” My brothers and I are jumping in the car, heading to claim our woman.

FOURTEEN

ARIA

Mammoth brings me a Cinderella seconds after I tuck myself into a booth. The bar isn't open yet but he lives upstairs and took pity on me when I didn't know where else to go.

“You sure you can't add something stronger to it?” I ask.

“Not until your birthday. What have you gotten yourself into, princess?” He scoots the table over, making room to fit his huge body onto the bench seat.

I wrap my hands around the glass and close my eyes. How can I feel so intensely that I belong with my stepbrothers, yet be afraid to admit it...to Mammoth, no less?

“I've heard it all. Let me guess, does it have anything to do with those three guys you met here the other night? Your stepbrothers.”

I inhale, take a drink, then pour my troubles out for him. He's been around long enough to read between the lines of my vague wording.

As I'm wrapping up, he nods, rubs his beard, and chuckles. "You've been hanging out at The Bottom Bar long enough, we must be rubbing off on you. I bet your dad's livid."

I drop my face in my hands. "This isn't funny, and I left before Pam told him."

"Whatever happens, whichever answer you decide to tell your brothers this morning, I've got your back. The whole motorcycle club has your back. Fuck what the people in town think."

I force a weak smile.

"Good thing my birthday's coming up. If I get fired, I'll need a job."

He nudges me with his elbow. "Hey, you're gonna be fine ___"

"Princess." Vance and my other two brothers come running to me. They stop short and Vance nods at Mammoth.

"We need a word with her."

Mammoth angles his head toward me. "You okay with that, princess?"

My nod is interrupted by Vance leaning forward, bracing his fingertips on the table. "About that. I'm the only one who's going to call her princess from here on out."

"Really?" Mammoth laughs heartily.

"You've been good to her. We appreciate that. But we can't have other men calling our wife princess."

I tried to sneak a sip of my drink and end up spewing it.

Mammoth leans between the guys and me and raises an eyebrow at me.

Wiping my mouth, I shake my head and shrug. “I didn’t agree to marry them. Can we have a minute, please?”

Mammoth reluctantly gives us privacy.

“Don’t say stuff like that,” I say through clenched teeth.

“We’re serious,” Klayton says. “Technically we can’t all get married, but we’ll work it out. None of us can stand the thought of losing you.”

I fill her in. “Mom told us about the picture. I don’t know why someone would do that but if SmorgasSmut is like most social media, we’re willing to keep you gone long enough for this to blow over. We know this private island where we can sneak you away for a honeymoon...if you’ll marry us. And if your neighbors are hooking up in multiples, it’s only a matter of time before their stories come out, too.”

A private island. No prying eyes. That’s the dream I told them about the night we met. He remembered?

Sebastian adds, “If you need more time, take it. If you need space, we’ll give it to you. And if you need us to do a little more convincing, we’re all game.”

His last offer sends tingles through me. His offer and smile remind me of how light and free they make me feel. How the world is easier when they’re around, which is ironic since they’re a giant triplicate complication in my game plan. And

how I finally feel free to be me...the princess who deserves to be worshipped, not society's princess who has to conform to artificial standards.

My dad and stepmom rush in.

Great.

My dad says, "You're safe. Thank goodness. You gave us all a scare. We should go home and talk."

He's got his no-nonsense face on, while his delicate bride clings to him and looks afraid to touch anything in the bar.

"No," Klayton says. "This is Aria's safe place, where she's not judged. When she first told me that, I didn't understand the full extent of what she meant, but I get it now. If she wants to talk, we do it here."

"Thanks," I say quietly.

"What were you thinking? All of you? I'll have my social media guy work on damage control." Dad shifts his gaze from me to my brothers.

What's it going to be? A public statement? Not likely. Several appearances to glut the media with other photos and talking points? Finding a way to spin it? I'm preferring my brothers' idea of how to get through this.

"I don't need...I don't want your help, Dad. Thank you for offering."

"Aria, adults don't act out and have promiscuous romps. They have conversations and handle their personal matters

privately. I've raised you to understand that." He calms down. "But I realize I've put a lot of pressure on you. I'm sorry for not letting you be yourself. And I know this will come as a surprise, but on the way over, Pam and I talked about me not running for office again. It will take you out of the public eye and give me more time with her."

Too little too late. He thinks this is acting out? I'm too hurt for words.

Pam keeps hold of Dad.

Reality hits me. "Dad, how did you figure out where I was?"

He nods the way he does when he's uncomfortable. "I showed them where you lived then took them to the hospital. We were all so worried when we couldn't find you, but they thought of the bar."

"Isn't it interesting that these guys know where my safe place is, and you didn't. You've never set foot in this bar. The bikers don't even think you notice how much of an asset they are to the community. I know that because I have *conversations* with them. And would you like to take a guess as to how my brothers know this is my safe place? We had a *conversation*. Like adults. We had sex. Like adults. And we're getting married. Like adults."

Oh shit! Everyone's eyes go wide.

"We are?" The brothers say in unison.

My rug of bravado is pulled out from under me. With much less enthusiasm than I'd worked up, I say, "Yes. I don't need more time to think. I'm saying yes."

"But you can't fall in love that fast," Pam says.

We all look at her in disbelief. Sebastian calls her out, "Mom, you and Theo just sprung a whirlwind relationship and marriage on us. If anyone should understand it's you two."

"That's different. Besides you're brothers and sisters. You can't..." Dad tries to make a point but can't.

"Let the political posturing, happy family thing go, Dad."

Klayton takes over. "We're just people who fell in love. And I promise you, Mister Barnes, Mayor, Dad...we'll take good care of Aria. Our mom raised us right."

A ruckus in the doorway draws our attention.

"Get the fuck in here." Mammoth growls. I've seen him mad. Whoever he's talking to has crossed the wrong guy. But why is Mammoth forcing someone to come inside?

A man in a biker cut stumbles in. Mammoth is right behind him, grabbing the back of the guy's vest. The yellow patch. It's him. The guy I convinced myself wasn't following me.

"Anyone recognize this piece of shit?" Mammoth types on his phone with his free hand.

If Pam hadn't look out of place enough, the pearls around her neck that are now clutched in her fists as she leans behind my dad, clench the image.

“I’ve seen him in town. He’s always in the background but I’m good with faces.” My dad’s chest puffs up.

“I think he followed me to the hospital yesterday.” My skin crawls.

“He’s the guy Torch kicked out the other night, right?” Klayton asks.

“That’s what I thought too, but usually when Torch asks someone to leave, they understand not to come back. I found him looking inside the windows of your cars.”

Mammoth plops the guy on a barstool. I lean into Vance and he wraps his arm around me.

He comforts me, “He’s not coming near you, Princess.”

Klayton takes my hand. “We’ve got you...forever.”

“Anyone ever play two truths and a lie?” Mammoth asks, his hand still bunching up the back of the guy’s vest. The creeper has stopped struggling to get away. Wise move.

I almost laugh but several other bikers come in. Mammoth must have alerted them. The tension level in the room rises. They spread out around the room, some sitting, some standing...all eyes on the unwelcome guest.

A few nod and mumble acknowledgment of my dad’s title. Most of them greet me with my nickname.

Mammoth lightens his tone. “She’s not our princess anymore.”

Grumbling ensues amongst the bikers. My dad and Pam look confused. My brothers and I share a laugh.

Mammoth continues, “She’s getting married.”

Torch salutes me. “Congratulations. How does that royalty stuff work? When a princess gets married doesn’t she become queen?”

The guy next to Torch shakes his head and seems to be explaining that’s not how it works, but Mammoth focuses on Vance and asks, “You good with us calling her queen...hmm, make that queenie?”

Vance raises his eyebrows at me and I give him the go-ahead even though that nickname is worse than the first. Getting a nickname from these guys is an honor. The fact that he’s changing it at Vance’s request is even bigger.

Mammoth doesn’t waste time though. He still has the mystery guy in his grasp and pulls him upright. “Let’s skip two truths and a lie. I don’t actually like games, so let’s go with all truths. And if you lie, I’ll hand you over to my friends because I like liars even less than I like games.”

The guy rightly fears Mammoth and reveals that he was hired by my Dad’s rival to dig up dirt on our perfect family. He’s not actually in a motorcycle club but was given the mocked-up vest to look the part since they figured out I hang out at The Bottom Bar.

I have to give the guy credit. My dad didn’t even know.

And as much as I didn't want the internet picture to be discussed, he admits to posting it.

Mammoth assigns a few club members to escort the guy out then calls Rev over for a private conversation.

I'm ready to go. "Well, looks like we're done here. Maybe you're right, Dad. It's time to head home."

Before we scoot out of the booth, Rev towers over our table. Dad's leaning away from him. Rev must notice me suppress a smile because he sets his hand on my dad's shoulder.

"So, your daughter's getting married?"

"She...well...it's all—"

I jump in. "Yes, I am getting married."

"Want to do it right now? Or do you need time to ask all of your friends to save the date and dress up real fancy then stare at you while you repeat your vows three times?"

I turn to the guys. "Are you okay with now?"

Pam interrupts, "We need time to plan. You don't even have a dress."

Klayton saves me from being rude. "Mom, seriously...we just went over this. We didn't know you got married. Consider yourself lucky that you'll get to be at ours."

Rev adds, "We've got the mayor right here, so it shouldn't take too many calls for him to get the paperwork sent over. And you've got me to perform the service. Anything else you need?"

My heart is so full, I'm about to bust. "I have everyone who's important to me. But is Rev short for Reverend? I always thought it was a rev your engine thing."

He raises an eyebrow and says dramatically, "There's so much more to me than meets the eye."

We hop out of the booth and Klayton wraps an arm around my shoulder, Sebastian embraces me from the other side, then Vance steps behind me, wrapping his arms around my waist.

Vance says, "You're not the only one full of surprises, Rev. Who would have thought this sweet, innocent-looking little princess would be able to handle three guys at—"

"TMI," I interrupt.

"Too Much Intercourse?" Sebastian asks playfully.

I groan.

"The Most Intercourse," Klayton suggests.

"Please don't do this."

"The Most Impregnated," Vance whispers in my ear, thankfully quiet enough that our parents don't hear.

But Klayton does. He acts shocked but keeps his voice low and playful. "You're not telling me that my bride-to-be is already pregnant, are you?"

What the heck? I might as well join their fun. "The only question is by how many different men. Good thing there weren't more of you."

Vance thrusts his hips behind me. “You couldn’t handle more than us.”

I shrug. “Maybe TMI stands for The Most Infatuated. I have lots of love to give...and I’m glad I found the perfect men to give it to. I love you guys.”

They huddle around me, immersing me in more hugs and kisses than I can keep track of.

I faintly hear Mammoth’s voice boom in the distance. “Looks like our princess found her happily ever after.”

Laughter erupts around us, but we stay in our huddle. He’s right. I found my true loves, and they weren’t in the form of princes or knights in shining armor, or even ogres...they’re my stepbrothers.

EPILOGUE

ARIA

Whatever the guys have been up to, it's playing out. All they've told me so far is that the hospital is aware that I'll be gone. Klayton's driving and I'm in the backseat with his brothers on either side of me and a blindfold over my eyes. It's probably worth mentioning they're competing for hand space on my hint of a baby bump.

They've all become super protective of me now that I'm carrying the Mystery Child. We're not going to find out who the father is until the baby is born.

We've gone public with our relationship, as have a few other families in Eggplant Canyon. My dad and stepmom aren't totally at peace with it, but they're trying. In turn, I gave Dad my blessing for him to run for one last term as mayor. When the full story came out about his opponent hiring the guy to dig up dirt, the unscrupulous opponent dropped out of the race.

And, Dad gave us the house, since Eggplant Canyon was getting too promiscuous for his liking. He and Pam bought a

place in town.

The car makes a big turn and I'm appreciative of my guys keeping me from wobbling around too much. Not something I would have thought about, but without the visual cues, I'm practically a soggy noodle flopping around the backseat.

We make several turns in short succession, which leads me to believe we must be nearing our destination. Then sure enough, the car rolls to a stop, and the guys get out. I'm directed to stay put and leave the blindfold in place a few minutes longer.

They must realize I can hear the airplanes at this point. I'm giddy at the thought of a vacation. My husbands are master secret keepers though and I have no idea where we're going.

The back hatch of the SUV opens, there's a little bit of rustling, then it closes. Luggage? They didn't tell me to pack anything. Perhaps a shopping spree will be part of our vacation. They love to spoil me.

I sense one of them in the open door of the car. A second later, a hand gently takes mine and guides me to exit.

Not until I'm out and the door is closed behind me, does one of them remove my blindfold.

I blink a few times against the bright sun. A private jet is parked a short distance in front of me and a strip of red carpet extends from my feet to the plane's steps.

“This looks fun.”

Vance says, “We have to make sure our princess gets the royal treatment, right down to adorning you with pearls.”

Based on their grins, I understand which kind of pearls they mean.

“You guys always make me feel special. Are you ready to tell me where we’re headed? Must be a short trip?”

Sebastian notices me looking at the very small pile of luggage. “We don’t need much where we’re going.”

“What he’s trying to say is that we’ll be naked the entire time.” Klayton laughs.

“I like the sounds of this.”

“We’ve purchased a week at a private island where no one will recognize you. No one will spy on you. And no one will bother you, except for the type of bothering the three of us do.”

“Guys, this is too sweet. I love it.”

“But wait, there’s more.” Sebastian grins and explains that they’ll explain once we’re airborne.

Once we get settled and the flight smooths out, I say, “Not to be greedy, but you were going to explain the *more* part of this surprise.”

Vance is seated next to me on the jet’s couch. He lifts my hand and sets it on his lap. His cock thickens and grows under my touch. That’s a gift in itself. He knows how much I love feeling him get hard.

My mouth drops open as I realize what's happening. I can't contain my excitement. "We're going to join the mile-high club?"

I squeee before they have a chance to answer. It's a no-brainer. They're good with having sex anywhere and everywhere. For me, it's another first I'm excited to check off.

The flight attendant suddenly becomes scarce and my guys are stripping their clothes off.

Vance kneels in front of me, sliding me to the edge of my seat. His hands sneak under my dress, but he's the one in for a surprise.

"Where are your panties?"

"What's it matter since we're going to be naked the whole time?" I shrug one shoulder.

Vance shakes his head. "In that case..." He motions to Sebastian and Klayton who kneel on the couch on either side of me and strip my dress and bra off.

"Much better."

Before they can get off the couch, I grab their cocks. "Somebody mentioned pearls?"

I lean over and take Sebastian's cock with my mouth while stroking Klayton's.

I'm taking him as far as I can go, enjoying the moment his face goes slack while he holds my hair back so Vance and Klay can watch.

Their groans and mumblings are music to my ears until Vance's mouth is on my pussy and I can't think anymore. My body comes alive in the special way only they can do. He flattens his tongue on me, wiggling it back and forth.

I love the true freedom they give me.

I switch to taste Klayton as my orgasm builds. They're playing with my nipples, sending shots of excitement to my core. I don't stand a chance of lasting very long with these three guys funneling me toward orgasm. Then somehow, through my impending bliss, I decide I want all of them to come on my breasts, but I can't vocalize it until I surrender.

Vance's fingers slide inside of me, rubbing on my G-spot while his mouth fuels the orgasm through my clit. It's huge, it's growing, but the double effect hits faster than I planned. Choking on Klayton's cock, the massive wave of pleasure rips through me.

The guys go easy on me until I can breathe again, stroking their cocks while my limp body accepts my brain's return from euphoria. Damn, they're gorgeous.

"You know what I want?" I say between breaths.

"You're such a greedy girl. You came so hard, we thought you blacked out, and the first thing you do is want more?"

I can't help but laugh. They're right. I'm extremely spoiled.

"Your wish is our command, Princess," Vance says from his kneeling position between my legs.

“I want all three of you to give me those pearls at the same time. Is that too much to ask?”

Evil laughs erupt around me as the guys exchange glances and nods.

“You got it.” Vance repositions me slightly and he fills me with his cock.

“No, I want to see it happen.”

“You will.”

His brothers help brace him while he uses my pussy to get close to release. Meanwhile, I help the other two guys and deal with another orgasm obliterating my coherency.

Then I’m close again—but so are they. It’s so hot the way they’re watching each other, and me, of course.

“I’m ready,” Vance says, and pulls out. He guides my hand onto my clit. “Make sure you come with us.”

A shiver rushes through me. How had I not thought of that?

He stands so they’re all towering over me, and carefully strokes his shaft. The tip of his erection is ridiculously swollen and red. That makes my sex ache.

“I’m right there with you, bro.” Sebastian is ready next, slowing his hand.

“I’m good. You ready, Princess?” Klayton uses Vance’s nickname for me and for some reason it plunges me right to the edge. My legs squeeze against Vance’s as I make small

circles in my wetness and shift my attention from one thick cock to the next.

I say, “On the count of three.”

Everyone agrees.

I try to time it. “One...two...” Pre-cum drips from Vance’s cock onto my hand. “Threeeeeee,” I cry out.

Streams of white spray from every direction. My free hand was on my breast and instantly has cum to smear around. Some lands on my mouth. Some on my swollen belly. All of it in my spank bank. This one’s going to keep me happy for a good long time, just like my guys.

And they lived happily ever after!

I hope you enjoyed **Claimed by my Stepbrothers**, and that you’re looking forward to hanging out in Eggplant Canyon for a while longer!

A bonus scene for this story will be available exclusively to newsletter subscribers starting 8/10/22. If you’re curious how the next Christmas pajama photo shoot goes, you’ll want to grab this bonus content. And once you’re subscribed to my newsletter, I’ll keep you up to date on my sexy stories, along with other Super Hot content you won’t want to miss!

Sign up at: And true to my initials, SHhhh, I’ll let it be our little secret.

Want to know what's going on across the lake with those naughty neighbors?

Heat Stroked is an over-the-top, age gap, best friend's dad, ménage that's part of the Filthy Dirty Summer series!

Calli thinks a little flirting could be fun—it feeds her fantasy of getting swept off her feet, which are tired from working long hours in the diner. What would it be like to have ALL of her needs met? And how many lines will she cross to find out?

<https://mybook.to/HeatStroked>

There's also a boatload of sexy times going on with Madison, Jayce, and Elijah in **Claimed by my Ex's Dad & His Friend**.

<https://mybook.to/ClaimedExsDad-Friend>

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Sylvie Haas obsesses over dirty-talking heroes who fall hard and fast for the women of their dreams. And often you'll find heroes, yes plural, 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!

<https://SylvieHaas.com>