



# PRESENTS AND Praise

SYLVIE HAAS

# **PRESENTS AND PRAISE**

A Reverse Harem Romance

Part of the  
Christmas ~~Cheer~~ Cherry Auction series

Sylvie Haas



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## **BLURB**

**Just when I think things can't get any worse...my stepbrothers win me in an auction!**

When one of my best friends begs me to auction myself at the fire department fundraiser, I can't tell her no.

I also can't stop worrying that no one will bid on a plain-Jane girl like me, even for four hours of simple tasks like cleaning and gift wrapping.

Then the bidding starts, and I find out that there is something worse than not getting bid on. My three, wealthy, gorgeous stepbrothers make a spectacle and run my bid super high.

The only way I've been able to hide my attraction to them is to keep my distance. How will I do that when they win four hours of my time?

And if that's not bad enough, I find out they don't want help with chores. They want me—their untouched stepsister. I'd be

a fool to turn them down, but aside from the obvious problem of our relatedness, my heart is incapable of understanding the limitations of our four-hour time block.

If you love dirty-talking men who have over-the-top ideas of how to please their woman and want to give her babies, enroll yourself in the Christmas Cherry Auction!





# ONE

## MAGGIE

The anticipation of putting myself onstage in front of everyone for the silent auction Roxy talked me and Izzy into has been terrifying. Luckily, as I walk toward the auctioneer without my glasses, I can't see the audience. That helps ease my nerves.

If the auction wasn't for such a good cause, there's no way I'd be able to stand in front of this many people to basically sell myself.

I probably shouldn't think of it as selling. The winner only gets four hours of my time for things like help with holiday prep or cleaning... *Rent myself?* Not much better.

The auctioneer opens the bidding at a hundred dollars and it escalates rapidly. My fear of no one wanting to bid on me is quickly put to rest.

The bidders are announced by number, and a few—thirteen, seventeen, and twenty-four continue when the others drop out. Based on the direction Jefferson, our auctioneer, is pointing and the slight turn as he addresses each bidder, they're spread

out around the room, too far away for me to make out any details. They're intermingled in the mass of indistinguishable people.

With the bids approaching the four-thousand-dollar mark, we should easily be able to raise the twenty-thousand needed for the fire department's new gear since I'm one of six people who agreed to participate in this crazy auction. Maybe the fire department can get even more new gear than planned.

A tiny voice inside of me says I should ask the auctioneer to remind the bidders that I'm only offering four hours of my time. I've read plenty of romance novels about virgin auctions, and even though I would qualify, Peach Bottom Valley doesn't hold those.

A chuckle bubbles through me. Roxy and Izzy would also be candidates, and we chose skimpy Santa's helper dresses to...look enticing. My stomach knots. Have we made a serious mistake?

I walk to Jefferson and put a finger to my lips to get him to stop. He cracks a joke about needing to take a breath and leans down. I cup my hand beside my mouth and whisper, "Could you please remind the bidders that this is for four hours of general help, nothing more."

He furrows his brow. "I'm guessing your brothers understand that."

"My what?" Efforts to stay quiet falter. Thankfully Jefferson doesn't have the microphone near my mouth.

“Your brothers. They’re the three bidders. Aren’t you watching?”

“I took my glasses off. I had no idea. How humiliating.”

His expression shifts to concern. “It’s a fundraiser. Let them have a dick-measuring contest over who can donate the most money.”

Tingles roll through my body at the mention of dicks and my stepbrothers. They’re gorgeous—my stepbrothers, not their dicks. Well, I haven’t seen their dicks, so I don’t actually know. In my fantasies, those are gorgeous too, though.

Pulling myself back from familiar fantasyland, since I’m on stage in front of friends and family, I remind myself that I’m not the heroine of a romance novel, and this won’t end well. My step-brothers are way older and were always annoyed by me. They probably want to torment me for four hours.

Humiliation returns. “Could you just like...speed this up so I can be put out of my misery?”

“This is going great. It’s awesome that your family is so generous.”

“Please, it’s embarrassing being bought by my brothers.”

He nods. “I have an idea.”

“Thanks.” As I offer him a weak smile, I turn to the audience and put on a big one. *It’s awesome that my family is so generous.* Right.

As the bidding creeps over the six-thousand mark, I question if Jefferson's idea was simply to resume the bidding. Well played.

All I have to do is suck it up and let the bidding keep happening. I pull up the memory of the little boy who sat on Santa's lap and asked the big guy to bring his dad safer fire-fighting clothes. It happened when I was working a shift with Roxy, Izzy, and Jade at the Santa photo booth. That's what prompted Roxy to organize this big fundraiser.

We're helping keep fire fighters safe.

Jefferson continues rambling and pointing so I do my part and let it happen.

This was never about dating, so I push aside the silly disappointment that I'm not being bought by a billionaire. If I want to date more, I have to do it by other means than selling myself. When will I find a guy who can handle my big brain? That's not exactly what I'd like a guy to be handling but it seems to be the stumbling block for most males.

The room falls silent. Did I miss a winner being announced? I glance at Jefferson, who's blurry since I've wandered to the far side of the stage.

"You three are giving my vocal cords a workout. You gotta give a guy a break, I'm just a volunteer auctioneer."

Laughter rolls through the audience.

Jefferson resumes speaking into the microphone. "I've got an idea... You've run the bids over seven thousand and

honestly, I'm tempted to see how high you'll go, but I have a proposition."

I stare at him, wondering if I should be worried. My brothers quickly express interest.

"Since you're each willing to donate more than seven thousand dollars to the fire department, and the goal is to raise twenty thousand total, what would you say about making a collective twenty-thousand-dollar donation, and you're all listed as winners?"

I'm regretting taking my glasses off since I can't discern what's happening in the flurry of activity. Based on the blurry forms I can make out, my brothers are moving closer to the stage and huddling for discussion. Otherwise, chatter has erupted.

I don't recall any rules against pooling resources, but that's even worse than one of them winning me. Anyone want my input? At least we've clarified that all I'm offering is four hours, nothing more.

"Sold," Jameson booms over the fray.

My heart stills.

I've been auctioned to my stepbrothers.

Reality sinks in. I would have preferred that no one bid than to have to commit four hours of my time to my gorgeous-assin, jerk stepbrothers, who spent years doing nothing other than picking on me and excluding me—their annoying little stepsister.

Jefferson clarifies the arrangement over the PA. Wonderful. Let's announce to the world that I'm a loser who got a pity bid from my brothers.

Meanwhile, I'll fake a smile, ignore the bile rising in my throat, and remember that my selflessness will benefit a worthy cause.

Wishing I could see this with my own eyes, I squint—not a becoming look according to my mother. Even without the ability to focus, they're now close enough for me to make out their thick bodies, their mannerisms, and their pure sex appeal. I swear these guys have some kind of pheromones that are designed to make me swoon.

And that's the problem...as annoying as they are, they make parts of me tingle that aren't appropriate.

Most of the girls from high school would have given a kidney to get bid on by my brothers. My siblings were hunky teenagers, then handsome young men, then the bad boys of Peach Bottom Valley. They'd been the heartbreakers. And yet, these three gorgeous men that I'm not biologically related to are completely off-limits.

If I hadn't been their little stepsister, would I have stood a chance with them? They're smart. They could handle a woman with a brain.

*They.* I scoff at myself.

My nerves rise up as Jefferson directs me to meet them at the winner's table. I question if I'm going to vomit on the

stage. But in the fashion that my mother taught me to always hold my composure, I plaster a smile on my lips, wave at the crowd...then wonder why the hell I waved.

I rush off the stage. The second I step behind the thick black curtain, my smile fades, and I head to the counter where I set my glasses.

The next mission will be to find my brothers and set this straight. What that means exactly, I'm not sure. Something along the lines of clarifying that I'm required to help them, not put up with rudeness.

Roxy should be taking the stage but ignores her name being announced over the PA. It takes me a minute, but I convince her that I'll be fine, and remind her to do her part to raise money. Then on to my more difficult task.

Flinging the side door open, I set out to find my nemeses, and promptly crash into a wall of muscle—make that three walls of muscle. The scent of Axe body wash floods me with memories. I lift my gaze confirming that the three men I crashed into are the three who just bought me.

Now is not the time to go down the rabbit hole of my eternal attraction to them. Well, eternal might be a stretch, but I've looked up to them my whole life. The attraction component didn't surface until I started noticing boys as more than friends, and my hunky stepbrothers were in their prime, ranging from four to ten years older than me.

A chuckle rumbles through my chest that Bradford, who prefers to be called Ford now, still wears Axe. He's the oldest,

and at thirty years old makes a gazillion bucks. They all do. Why would he still wear that? He could afford something much more elegant and sophisticated.

That is not a helpful thought. I step back, steady myself, and cross my arms. “You can’t bid on me.”

“We already did, and we won,” Bradford says.

“Tell them you take it back.”

“That’s not how auctions work,” Heathcliff explains. Their given names are as clunky as my Magdalena.

“There has to be some kind of family and friends clause. Isn’t it wrong to buy family members?” I’m grasping at straws.

“Well, technically, buying humans is wrong so I think we’ve already crossed that line,” Jameson says.

“Okay...so...right... We can’t buy humans, which means you’re not buying me. You’re just donating money to the fire department, and you’re not actually going to require me to give you four hours of my time to clean or cook or gift wrap or anything. You have assistants for all of that. You don’t need me to do anything for you, right?” I force myself to stop rambling. If the universe is ever going to help me manifest my desires, now would be a great time.

Would it help if I drop to my knees and beg? I maintain a shred of self-respect and opt not to.

“We won you fair and square. You owe us four hours,” Jameson says calmly.



“That works out to eighty minutes each. What am I going to do for you in eighty minutes? I mean, can’t we just move on? I’m your annoying little stepsister. You’ve never wanted to hang out with me. Please don’t make me do this.”

My attempt at casual and flippant turns to begging. I lock my knees to keep from dropping to the ground.

“We kind of hope you want to, and it’s good to see you’re still fast with that mental math,” Ford says.

“Yeah. Well, I don’t. You teased me mercilessly, so I’d like to walk away from this and you can still make your twenty-thousand-dollar donation to the fire department. We’ll call it good. And I promise I’ll be nice at Christmas dinner, just like mom asked.”

The adults in my life always said that when boys teased me, they liked me. The sibling component threw a wrench in that theory. Why can’t I get over the fact that they don’t see me as the opposite sex? Everyone knows that when it comes to gender, there are boys, girls, and siblings—who are supposed to defy sexual attraction.

If only my libido would have gotten the message.

“We won you fair and square,” Heath reiterates Jameson’s statement. “And you’re going to give us each our eighty minutes.” He winks.

My legs get a little bit weaker.

I want to shrivel up and die. It might be the only way to keep my mind from enjoying how demanding my brothers are

being. It's not as if they have an ulterior motive like in my romance novels.

The Axe body wash must be getting to me. The heat level in the hallway has escalated at least ten degrees, my stomach is more fluttery than nauseous, and my girly parts are all tingly. Desperate to get away from them to give my big brain a chance to find a solution, I storm off. I stride past the seating area for the auction, and down the long hallway to the other end of the school, passing the classrooms that I attended only a couple of years ago.

Safely away from everyone, I lean against the lockers and let my head fall back with a clank on the flimsy metal. Can this really be happening? What if my brothers catch me looking at them too long or what if I say something embarrassing about how attractive they are? I made that slip once in front of them and their friends. Never experiencing that level of humiliation again would be just fine. Ford promptly explained in no uncertain terms that he's not into incest.

Before I could stop my mouth from letting my brain point out that stepsiblings don't share a blood relation, thus there was no incest, I made the situation worse.

Speaking of friends, Roxy should be on stage and I'm not there to see how her bidding's going. I trudge back, squeezing past the double doors at the end of the hallway, then hover at the back of the auction room where I hope no one will notice me.

I can barely see over the shoulder of the guy in front of me. It's Mammoth, the bartender at the biker bar in the Cherry Ridge foothills. When he offers to let me stand in front of him, I grab his arm and let him know that I'd rather stay hidden. Makes no difference to him.

The bidding is halted for some kind of negotiation, and Roxy ends up getting won by three billionaire-looking guys. They also settled on the full twenty thousand. Wow! Lucky her...at least in my fantasy brain.

In reality, there's only a smidge more likelihood that anything *fun* will come of her situation than mine.

Then Isadora takes the stage, and the bids on her skyrocket too. I'm truly thrilled that the auction is such a massive success.

While the bids on Izzy are coming from several tables around the room, one table, in particular, seems dead set on not letting anyone else win. Their bidder's paddle is in the air constantly. The trio doesn't even bring it down once they've been acknowledged.

Izzy has a thing for the broody, rugged type. It's way past time to get my fantasy brain in check. This isn't a virgin auction.

I'm also curious if Sasha is going to make good on the rumor that she's going to buy all three firefighters. She just got over a nasty breakup, and while she says she'd just like to have a little man candy around the house, we all think she has ulterior motives.

The three firefighters are also part of the local MC that Mammoth is in. He must want a front-row seat to watch his friends get bid on because he leaves our post at the back wall and chooses a spot much closer to the stage when the first guy takes the stage.

I glance around the room, wondering where our other friend, Jade went. I'd seen her talking to the high school principal right before the bidding started. Haven't seen her since. Or him for that matter.

She's only nineteen, just a year younger than the rest of us, but was too nervous to let people bid on her, so she's supposed to be helping with the soup pot luck.

Dang it. I'm exposed. James sees me, and with a quick "Hey," he and his brothers head toward me from three directions. I tug the top of my strapless dress up. That only reveals more of my legs. Oops.

"Let's go," James says, reaching for my hand.

"I don't have to do my hours right now."

"Might as well get them over with."

"I'll call you tomorrow."

"No, you won't. You're stalling." Heath calls my bluff.

"I'll do it. I promise."

"Are you busy tonight?" Ford asks.

Since I planned on being at the auction, they know I'm not busy.

“Exactly. Let’s go.” Ford leans down, grabs my hand, and tosses me over his shoulder.

I pound on his back to put me down, but quickly realize my short skirt has ridden up. Reaching behind myself, I fail to tug it down. Thankfully, James comes up with a solution. He gathers all three bidder paddles and holds them up behind my butt.

My worry about not getting bid on is long forgotten. My brothers have found new heights of embarrassment for me.

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## **Two**

### **MAGGIE**

After a lot of grumbling, I convince Ford to drive to my house so we can sort this out. It's the only strand of control I have. And I'm barely hanging onto it.

The thing that most unsettles me is that I want to let go.

I liked being over Ford's shoulder. I liked James paying attention to my butt. I liked the way Heath helped me to the ground so gently when we got to the car.

Sitting in the backseat next to Heath, I saw him reply to a text from his dad saying that they couldn't hang out with him because they have other plans.

Me. I am the plan. My heart flutters at the potential.

My plan for the evening had been to swap my skimpy Santa dress for sweatpants and a baggy t-shirt that Jameson doesn't know I stole from him a couple of years ago. His scent is long gone, but I love being surrounded by...him.

I also planned on putting a scoop of mulling spices into the diffuser, simmering it in apple juice, then popping my fuzzy-

sock-covered feet up while I enjoy the hot apple cider from my favorite mug while watching the Hallmark Channel.

My Plan A cautiously gives way to Plan B as I lead the three of them up the stairs to my apartment. If only I understood what Plan B entailed.

The ringtone for my mom ripples through the night air as I step onto my private balcony. Does she have some kind of mom radar for reminding us to be nice to each other?

I click the screen to ignore the call.

Before unlocking my door, I turn to the guys and say, “My house, my rules. No picking on the little sister. No ganging up on me. No—“

“We’re not your idiotic teenage brothers anymore. We’ve matured. I promise. We know how to treat a woman.” James caresses the back of his hand over my cheek.

Wooziness washes over me as I imagine a flicker of interest. Will I really get what I wanted all these years? Can I forgive them for all the big brother taunts? Every cell of my being wants to believe him.

Turning to the door, I hold the knob as much for stability as to unlock and open it. I step into the entry nook, and motion for the guys to go to the right, which leads to the living room and kitchen. The opposite way opens to a small hallway with a bathroom and bedroom. I guess the designer thought an official entry would make the apartment feel nicer.

Heath and Ford make themselves comfortable on my couch, but James waits in the entry while I lock the door.

“Go ahead. Make yourself at home.”

The flicker of interest I’d seen is no longer a flicker and has become more mischievous. Is he holding back a taunt? I study him, noting that he hasn’t changed his bad boy haircut that parts on one side and the long bangs hang down, grazing his eyes.

I shake off the way-too-familiar attraction my body betrays me by harboring. My defensive walls seem like a better option.

“Not changing your haircut in seven years isn’t exactly a sign that you’ve matured, but whatever.”

Those damn bangs still make my sex tingle, still cause me to have trouble breathing, and I still want to be the woman he gives a smoldering gaze to as he looks through them.

But alas, I’m his stepsister who he just bought at a charity auction so we might as well get to making amends. At least mom will be happy.

I sidestep to leave him alone in the confined space. He can stay there if he wants.

My next footfall should take me around him, but he grabs my wrist—gently. Electricity shoots through me. God, what my body does at his touch. It’s ridiculous. He tightens his grip, pulling me back.

“What?” I ask, keeping my gaze averted.



“Hey.” How can a single word, spoken in a soft, deep tone bust through my defenses?

I lift my gaze. James’s eyes meet mine. Not quite the smoldering gaze, but it’s intense. Then lifts his eyes upward and tips his head slightly before he looks back down at me. A wicked grin breaks over his lips.

I don’t have to look up to know what he looked at. The question in my brain... Why is James, of all people, pointing out that we’re standing under the mistletoe?

“No thanks.” I dismiss his offer.

“But you love mistletoe.”

“I do. But you made it painfully clear on the Christmas after my eighteenth birthday that you would rather kiss a cactus than kiss me under the mistletoe.”

“Yeah... well, I was wrong. And even if it was true, I was an ass to say that. Let me prove that I’ve matured.” The pitch of his voice is laced with secret panty-melting ingredients.

I have no idea what Heath and Ford are doing, but I presume they’re watching since I detect their eyes boring into me.

Then the world fades and all I can think about is how much I want to kiss James. Am I so easily forgetting how I’d wanted a little peck at that ill-fated Christmas party when he turned me away in front of friends and family? Has my insane imagination learned nothing?

I surrender to his efforts, allowing him to pull me closer until the lengths of our bodies are touching. My neck instinctively cranes to meet his deep brown eyes.

There's nothing brotherly there. This has to be a prank. If I'm going to revert to Plan E, for Escape, I better do it fast.

I snap out of the mental trance but continue to enjoy the way he holds me. "Are you about to lecture me on how stupid it is to kiss under poisonous plants? Isn't that how you phrased it when you stormed away from me?"

"Like I said, I was an idiot."

"Yeah, so, apology accepted." Now I feel like an idiot. He didn't apologize. Okay. I clearly can't think when I'm close enough to see the tiny flex of gold in the brown of his irises. This is not good.

"You got it all wrong, Maggie. Not that there was any other way for you to get it. I was hiding. I was frustrated by my attraction to you. I felt guilty like I was betraying the family by how badly I wanted you."

"Oh, right. I'm supposed to believe that you refused to give me a peck on the cheek and embarrassed me because you liked me. You have no idea how hard it is to be the shy, nerdy, plain girl who never gets asked out."

He raises an eyebrow, causing me to realize my slip.

I scramble. "Not that I wanted you to ask me out. I just wanted to have fun with a simple sprig of mistletoe at a silly Christmas party where everybody else had been willing to

humor me with a peck on the cheek. But no... you freaked and ran out of the room.”

“I’m sorry about that.”

“I guess you didn’t get to hear the musings that maybe you had to vomit. Wasn’t that what you said, Heath?” In the split second when I spin around to face our other two brothers, indeed, Heath and Ford are staring at me. But it’s not humor in their eyes. It’s not revolt or confusion. I swear, it’s lust. Yeah, I’m going to call it lust because attraction is too much for my brain to process.

Heath stammers. “I...well... I’m sorry, Maggie. It was a bad joke.”

James spins me back to face him and cups my neck in his hands. The smolder. Oh my god, it’s in his eyes—the look I’ve always wanted. In slow motion, he leans down. I’m faintly aware that his lips have parted and I’m licking mine.

Am I going to let this happen? He pauses, mere inches from my lips. I try to anticipate the punchline, to be ready for the reveal, but even as I try to steel myself, I’m putty in his arms. I’m weak against his gaze.

He drops his lips to my ear. “I’ve wanted you for too long, Maggie. I know it’s wrong. I ran because I couldn’t hold back the erection I was getting for my little sister, who had finally turned eighteen. I’d played out too many fantasies of what I would say to you. And when you pulled me under the mistletoe for a kiss, it didn’t matter that I’d watched you do the same with our grandfather, with the neighbor, with your

friends, even your girlfriends. None of it mattered. I was under the mistletoe with you and I couldn't control myself."

His lips trail over my cheek and crash into mine, obliterating my world. The kiss is chaste in a way. There's no tongue. But there's nothing innocent about it. It's not a peck on the cheek. It's not a simple kiss. It's a promise of everything he's repressed. He's waiting for permission.

Or is that me? Is that my side of what's happening? I'm so confused.

He pulls back. My eyes are closed, and my lungs struggle to sustain me. He says, "Please tell me you feel the same way."

This isn't how the stepbrother porn I shamelessly watch works out. I pray that James doesn't remember the time he caught me watching it. On the videos, there's always some silly setup that's all about sex. I have too many feelings.

I have to figure out how to handle this. How to move forward. Escape...that's a nice option. "I tell you what, go sit down, and I'll grab drinks. And by drinks, I mean water."

Rushing to the kitchen, I keep my eyes on the ground and hurry past Heath and Ford. I can't deal with all of the confusing emotions bubbling inside of me like a witch's cauldron.

I pull cups out of the cabinet then realize I could offer the hot apple cider I planned for myself, but when I turn, Ford is right behind me.

"I'll get it. Why don't you have a seat at the bar," he says.

The bar. That's a nice way to put the counter that divides the living room from the kitchen. Since my legs are about to give out, I accept his offer. I add the option of mulling spices and apple juice, which everyone agrees to, and he gets to work.

Perhaps Heath doesn't want to be outdone because he rushes into the kitchen to help.

James walks up behind me, rests his hands on my shoulders, then whispers in my ear. "Remember that time I caught you watching porn?"

So, he does remember.

"It was just—"

"I know your kink." He puts a finger to my lips to shush me. "I can give you that fantasy."

Breathe. Stay upright. Refrain from telling him I still shamelessly watch it...and think of the three of them. I'm doing all of the normal life-sustaining things as he spins me sideways on the stool and kneels in front of me.

If I doubt what he's proposing, his hands resting on top of my knees, his fingers begging for space between my legs, makes it undeniable.

I glance at my brothers across the kitchen. Their backs are to us.

After a single breath of consideration, I decide to believe that we've all matured and that I'd be a fool not to go after what I want.

I part my knees.

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## **THREE**

### **JAMESON**

I gambled, and I won. During the kiss, when Maggie's lips gave in to me, it became clear the desire wasn't mine alone. She shares it. The question is if she shares it with all of us, or just me.

The guys and I talked before the auction and decided we'd be willing to have a group thing instead of making her choose. Not exactly magnanimous.

Honestly, it makes sense so that we can be sure she's taken care of at all times because this isn't a one-and-done scenario for us. We're leaving it up to her if she wants one, two, or three of us.

She deserves more than one man can give her. And here I am, crouched under her kitchen counter, hidden from my brothers, about to make my bid for her affection.

They're asking her questions about where she keeps her spices, and when I look up, her eyes are focused on them. Listening to cabinets opening and closing, and mugs being set

down, I wait for her to meet my gaze. My fingers are already tucked into the waistband of her panties.

She gives me a nod and then lifts so I can pull them off. I can barely believe that I'm going to give my stepsister an orgasm. After her comment about being the shy, nerdy, plain girl who never gets asked out, I'm stoked that I could be her first. But I'm troubled that she thinks of herself as shy and plain. She's anything but.

I'll give her credit for nerdy though. Those damn glasses, which she's pushing up her nose as we speak, are part of her hot nerd vibe. How does she not understand that?

I can't wait to rock this nerdy girl's world.

Is she focusing on our brothers because they're looking at her or is she nervous about taking the next step? I rub her outer thighs first. Her skin is so silky smooth I don't even deserve to be touching someone as perfect as her. I work my way onto the tops of her thighs with several slow strokes and then to her inner thighs. Back and forth, caressing from her knees to her sweet curls.

The scent of her sex already has my mouth watering and my cock hard, but her legs are too close together to get my mouth where it can do its best work.

My thumbs hook between her knees and tug ever so slightly.

She gives me an inch, but I need more. I need to taste her sweet pussy. I plant kisses on her knee, on the top of her thigh, inside her thigh, and then I wrap my hands behind her butt so I



can scoot her forward. I've gotta get that sweet sex as close to the edge of the stool as possible.

She shifts—more eagerly than I anticipated. I almost nut on the spot. My athletic pants are no match for my erection. And as much as I can't wait to lick her into euphoria, I want to bend her over this counter and fuck her right here. Make her orgasm on my cock. Have her scream my name while my brothers make cider.

That's how it should be. One of us takes care of her sexually while the other two tend to any other needs. They could cook, clean, tell her a funny story. I don't fucking care. Anything that makes her happy while my dick stretches her virgin walls while I fill her with my seed.

I pull myself back from the raging fantasy I've held onto since the day she turned eighteen.

Knowing my brothers are bound to catch on soon, I kiss my way to her sex. I don't make any bones about what I'm going to do. She doesn't push back. In fact, one of her hands rakes through my hair while I nuzzle my lips and nose against her curls.

My sweet stepsister is so wet. So wantonly wet. I'm coating myself in her scent. We belong together, and I don't want this moment to end.

I think of the saying, 'A watched pot never boils', and I hope that somebody in this room is watching that pot of apple cider. I don't ever want it to boil. I don't want anything to

change what I have with Maggie at this moment...before I have to share her with our brothers.

Is it rational to think I would stay on my knees between her legs the rest of my life if she'd let me? I would if it would make up for me being a jackass.

I would ruin her with orgasms. And so I start.

Teasing my tongue into her curls, I slide it between her plump pussy lips. I rub a hand over my cock to relieve some strain then quickly return it to her ass cheek so I can hold her face against me. Several passes over her clit, with varying licks, sucks, and circles, reveal what she likes best.

When I settle into her favorite combination of sucking and licking, her breaths become noticeable.

“Hey, anybody see where James went?” Heath says.

“No,” Maggie answers too quickly. Her fingers tighten in my hair.

“He must have...” Maggie tries to answer but a gasp intertwines with a moan—an unmistakably divine sound coming from a woman.

Our secret's out.

Heath surprises me by being the first to comment, “Wait...is James...”

“Stay over there.” Maggie's swollen clit is my playground. She can't contain her arousal from any of us.

Ford laughs out loud. “Damn. He's eating your pussy.”

“Nothing’s happening.” The pitch of Maggie’s voice humors me.

“Don’t be silly, Ford. Of course, James isn’t eating her pussy. She’s sitting right here where we could catch them. That only happens in porn.” His overly done, matter-of-fact-tone is almost enough to crack me up.

“Let’s not discuss this.” Her fingers tighten.

“You won’t mind if I take a look, then?” Ford says.

Working her into a frenzy, I barely give her breathing room to answer.

“No. Stay there,” she says.

“What will you give me to stay over here?”

“What do you want?” She moans the second the question is out of her mouth.

“Maybe we could swap presents later?”

“Fine.” She can’t hold her moans back anymore. The only sad thing about giving her an orgasm is that our little ruse will come to an end. Having taken her to the edge, I let up.

Ford says, “But I didn’t wrap your gift yet. Do you happen to have a box and paper?”

“In the living room, but the only present I have for you is for the swap at Mom and Dad’s house.”

“We can improvise.” The tone of Ford’s voice overflows with enjoyment. I don’t know what he’s planning, but knowing him, it will be fun.

My brothers and I have never done anything like this in front of each other, and definitely not with our stepsister. And for the moment, I'm the only one of us who's grabbed her ass, stared into her eyes, and slid my tongue between her lips. I'm living the best life.

Except compared to Maggie. She's a step ahead of me, and this orgasm is building hard.

"Impro...um..." Maggie's breaths are too heavy to allow coherent words. Her eyes keep trying to flutter shut best I can tell.

"Aw, Maggie, you said you didn't get me a present, but it looks like you're about to come. I'll take that as a present," Ford says and Heath voices agreement.

She thrusts her hands between her sex and my mouth. Damn. She was so close. Is she nervous about having an orgasm with spectators, especially if it's her first? Must be a trip.

Teasing my tongue between her fingers, I test her.

She addresses Ford. "No, I'm not. Mind your own business."

"If we're in the same room as you, and you're about to come, it's our business.

Maggie could push me away. She could tell me to stop. She could walk away. But she doesn't. She's as turned on by this as we are. And the proof is in her creamy cocktail that's all over my face.

I nudge her hand from between us and she returns it to my hair.

“You could at least be gentlemen and turn around,” she says to our brothers.

“Babygirl, what part of me carrying you out of that auction over my shoulder makes you think I’m a gentleman?” The tone of Ford’s voice is growing more deliberate and needy.

“Please...I’ve never...” Her gasps and the way her body lurches won’t convince anyone to stop watching.

“Never what, Babygirl? Come while someone’s watching you? Come while you’re thinking of your stepbrothers? I sure as hell can assure you that I’ve come while thinking about you. No chance I’m going to look away and miss your orgasm face.”

The quiver in her legs betrays how close she is. I pull back the slightest bit. “Let go, Angel.”

Her hands tangle in my hair. Her cries fill the air. I’m looking up, watching the best I can as she loses the battle for control. My brothers must have quite a show because her head is thrown back.

“James...right there...keep going.”

I fucking own her. She falls apart on my face, drenching me in her cream, and I’m in it for everything she has to give.

Slowly easing her down as her fingers relax and her breaths calm, I offer a teasing glance of my tongue over her clit. Her fingers flinch. Her body lurches forward.

Our brothers alternate between groans and uttering words I can't make out. I hope they're stroking their cocks for her.

"Here's your cider when you're ready," Heath says, and I hear two mugs being placed on the counter. Leave it to Heath to act as if nothing happened. He's more reserved.

I'll pass on the cider. The only thing I ever want to drink again is her cum cocktail.

"Better drink up, Babygirl. You're going to need to stay hydrated for tonight." Ford finds a respectable way to address the wild night we envision with her.

Maggie's head falls forward as she looks down at me. "Thank you."

Her statement is so soft, I don't know if our brothers can hear it.

Kissing my way over her thigh, I uncurl my body from my hiding spot. It's time to openly claim her. Cupping her head in my hands, I lower my face to hers. She doesn't balk at her wetness slicking my face.

Trailing kisses across her cheek, I keep my comment between us. "Was that your first time with a guy?"

She nods.

"There's a lot more where that came from." I claim her with my mouth, taking what I can. Heath and Ford close in.

Cider is no longer the most tempting thing in the room.

## **FOUR**

### **FORD**

If I had to name the top ten moments of my life... I'd have to admit that I can't remember a single one after watching Maggie come.

It's like watching my life flash before my eyes. All I ever want to do is give her orgasms. All I ever want to see is that total surrender on her face. All I ever want to feel is how she'll tighten around my cock.

Heath navigates around me, takes Maggie by the hand, and leads her to the living room. Probably a polite move to give her a minute to regroup.

James gives me a sly grin before joining them.

Maggie excuses herself to change, and I'm bummed I won't get to fuck her in that super hot Santa's helper costume, but her wardrobe won't be a deal-breaker.

"Is she as good as I've imagined?" I ask James.

"Your wildest dreams won't even touch this." He drags a hand over his jaw.

Doing our best to keep our conversation sane and quiet, while we discuss that this is all new for her, I start preparing my present.

By the time she returns, the box is on the paper, and she has no idea it's empty or that I cut a hole in the backside. And while her sweatpants look comfy, she'll be even more comfortable when they're on the floor and she's riding my dick. The threadbare Batman t-shirt can stay since it's so thin I can see the darkness of her nipples, but by the time I'm done with her, she'll have a new favorite superhero.

Where I conjure enough restraint to go through with my present wrapping idea is beyond me, but I stay on the living room floor while she joins James and Heath on the couch. Surely it occurs to her that I didn't have anything that required this big of a box with me when I arrived. Maybe she's already on to my plan. As long as she plays along, that's fine.

“Hey,” James is staring at her. “Is that my shirt?”

She grips the hem and looks down as she holds it out. “This old thing? I don't remember where I got it?”

“I should have known you were the reason I couldn't find it. Looks better on you anyway.”

Heath grumbles, decidedly uncomfortable about something. Why does his hand go to his pants pocket? I watch for a second but he regroups as if nothing happened.

Talking and laughing with the three of them takes me back to so many happy memories when we weren't telling her to



buzz off. It only highlights how wrong it was for us to buy her and set this evening in motion.

Her smile, her laughter, and the ease of how we get along give me a microsecond of pause that our ten-year age gap is too much. As the oldest, should I know better? Should I do better? Fuck no. I'm not backing out and leaving her to James and Heath.

Maggie's always been smart. She's more than capable of making her own decisions, but how did our little sister grow up to be such a bombshell, and not even realize it? When we took notice of her, we each kept a respectful distance. It was the only sane thing to do. I was twenty-eight when she turned eighteen, that's worlds apart. But here I am at thirty, ready to play out a porn scenario and have my stepsister unwrap my cock.

Immaturity on my part would be an easy summation, but it's more about me not being able to think of anything but her the last two years.

I angle my head up from my special wrapping job. James is pulling Maggie onto his lap. If he'd done that with any other girl I had my eye on, I would have lost my shit. Then again, none of those relationships lasted.

Instead, there's something comforting about the gesture.

Actually, I'd have lost my shit when he had his head between her legs or when he kissed her under the mistletoe. Something about this works.

Poking the scissors through the wrapping paper that's covering the hole, I'm ready to give Maggie my gift—the classic stepbrother dick-in-the-box. Not exactly clever, but it's fun, just like James eating her out under the bar.

I shove the warm, mushy feelings I have for her down deep. Right now, it's important to keep it light. We have a lot of time to make up for.

A flicker of hesitation worms through my mind when I realize she could think I just want her to jack me off. I'll be sure to please her too since she's a good little stepsister. The question will be how I go about that.

I'd love to squeeze my cock into her tight virgin pussy but that may be a fantasy from viewing her with my 'innocent sister' glasses on. I only see her the way I want to. Technically, all she indicated to James was that she'd never had her pussy licked by a guy, but we all suspect that won't be her only first tonight.

Winking at Heath, who's stroking his hand through her hair, I say, "Keep her busy for a second."

"Yes sir, Ford."

I carry the wrapped box into her bedroom so I can get my pants shucked down. Thankfully my athletic wear has an elastic waistband that allows me to ease them to the tops of my thighs. They stay in place.

I look around her room. I'm in her space. The blues and greens of her beloved ocean, which she never gets to see here

in Peach Bottom Valley, give me an idea to take her on a vacation. I'll rent a boat and take her out to sea. I'll get a fucking two-seater jet ski so she has to wrap her arms around me. I'll fuck her on the jet ski. So many ideas...goals. But first, we have to pull off tonight.

My cock is already hard, so the stroke I make over my length is simply to take the edge off. I use the tall mirror on the back of her bedroom door to position the box where she won't be able to tell that my pants are down. The box isn't too tall, so she'll be able to reach in easily.

"Okay, time to unwrap your present, Babygirl," I call out loudly.

She has a nervous smile as she enters the room. My cock twitches and I'm pretty sure pre-cum drips into the box. This won't be a box to reuse.

"Okay Heath. I don't know what's going on, but shouldn't we wait until we're at mom and dad's house." She shrugs and tips her head a little.

"This can't wait."

She screws up her lips, pushes her glasses up a little, and shakes her head. "You know how mom is. We don't open Christmas presents early."

"Well, trust me, you don't want to open this in front of our parents."

Her eyes light up. "Is this a *special* present?"

“It’s special all right, and it’s only for you since you’re such a good sister.”

“Only for me? You’ve never given it to anyone else?”

Damn. That’s the difficult thing about trying to talk dirty, it can go wrong. She knows I’ve had sex, or I would presume she does. What’s her game? Does she want me to lie? No, she’s too truthful. It’s a test. Got it.

“Not in a couple years, Babygirl.”

“Why?”

“Because I realized it belonged to you.” I’ve craved this moment. My body is supercharged with the need to get my hands on her, pull her close, and make sweet love to her, but the box must stay in place.

She sets her hands on top of it and trails them over the side. “It’s so big.”

“You have no idea.” My cock is so swollen it hurts.

She takes her time removing the bow and peeling the paper down the sides. My fingers flex against the box. I’m about to snap and blow my load on the cold, thankless interior of this cardboard. They never explain that part in the damn videos.

Maggie toys with an edge of the wrapping paper. “I’ve never gotten a present like this before.”

Oh holy night, is that her confession that she’s a virgin? The stars are shining on me. Before I get excited about providing her first Noel, I test the waters. If I don’t need to be slow and

careful, I won't, but that leaves me pretty torn because I want to be her first.

“You've never gotten a present...this big or from a stepbrother or ever? What part of this is new?”

“The whole package...well except for the...you know... James's gift.”

A growl rises through my chest. Her eyes widen. Hell, if that surprises her, she'll get an earful when I fill her womb with my seed. It's killing me to keep the box in place. *Fuck the ruse*. No, she likes it.

I grip one hand around the front of the box and lift the other, cupping my fingers under her chin, and brushing my thumb over her cheek. She's so soft, so delicate, so virginal. I'll take it all.

Maggie lifts her eyes to mine, looking up at me from under her bangs. She nibbles on her lower lip. My body tenses. My legs are all but shaking. With a mere foot and a half between us, her hand brushes over mine as she slowly removes another strip of paper. Is she tearing it like that to stall? To torture me? Tease me? Decide if she'll go through with it?

“Does it come with instructions?” she asks hesitantly.

All that's left are the top flaps of the box, which I've loosely taped. In seconds her hands can be on my cock. I long to see those delicate fingers wrapped around my shaft. But even more so, I've waited for the day I could show her how beautiful she is.

“I can talk you through it if you’re nervous.” Don’t I feel like a fucking idiot now, standing here with my penis in a box?

“That would help.” She nibbles on a fingernail, but I catch her hand in mine.

“I’ll take care of you, always. You don’t have anything to be afraid of.”

Bending the flaps out, she gasps and stumbles backward into the door and slams it shut.

I toss the box. Thankfully the cardboard doesn’t paper cut me as I bump it on the side of my cock. Note to self, *that never happens in porn videos.*

I faintly hear our brothers asking if everything’s okay. Assessing her reaction, now that she’s had a second, I determine from the slack-jawed stare at my cock that we’re fine.

“All good,” I reply so they don’t come to her rescue. Then softer, I ask her, “We are, aren’t we?”

She nods and says, “Oh my gosh, I was not expecting that!”

“You seriously didn’t know?”

“I caught on to what you were doing, but...” She swallows and timidly extends a hand toward my shaft. I catch her fingers and guide them over my slick tip, then down my shaft and back up, before letting her take over.

“I’ve never seen one in person. It’s gorgeous!”

*Gorgeous*. I toy with the term. Not the obvious ego boost like, ‘wow, put that monster cock in me’, but gorgeous is good. I rock my hips to slide against her fingers.

“Not as gorgeous as you, Babygirl. Nothing compares to you.”

“You’re just saying that.” She dips her head and pulls her hand away.

Pressing my hands on either side of her shoulders, I trap her between my body and the door. The steel rod of my erection presses into the softness of her body and I lean into her. My pre-cum spills onto her shirt, the first step in me claiming her from James.

“Look at me.” My voice is so low, I barely recognize it. Maggie transforms me into this beast that can’t survive without her, leaving me unsettled at how badly I need her.

She hesitates a beat before complying.

“Good girl.” I graze my lips over her forehead. “I want you to remember something.” I want to give her every present she’s ever wanted, from the designer jeans she asked for several years back but our parents said were too expensive, to the prettiest jewelry, a fancy new car, a luxury home... everything. But that’s not what she needs.

“What?”

“You’re perfect.” I slip her glasses off and set them on the dresser beside us. “I don’t want you doubting yourself ever again.”

“You don’t understand.”

“You’re right, and it’s now my life mission to help you see yourself the way I see you.”

“How do you see me?”

Resting my forehead on the door beside hers, I say, “There aren’t words for it, Maggie, but you felt how hard my cock was...”

“And thick. Will it fit?”

My jaw clenches at her admission that she wants to have sex. I assure her, “You’re made for my cock, but I’ll go slow.”

I slide a hand down her arm, entangle my fingers with hers, and bring them back up beside us so I can kiss them.

“Can I tell you something?”

“Don’t ever hold back from telling me anything, Babygirl. It may have taken me a while to figure it out, but I was put on this planet to make you happy and protect you.” I breathe in the scent of her floral shampoo. I’ve been so consumed by being this close, this intimate with her, that it hadn’t registered.

“I watched all that stepbrother porn because I’ve wanted this for a long time. I thought something was wrong with me, and that because I was messed up, that’s why no guys asked me out.”

“You’ve wanted to stroke my cock.”

“And suck on it too. Is that wrong?”



“The only time I’d turn you down for sucking on my cock is when I need to be inside your pussy.” I guide our joined hands down and loop her fingers around my cock then slide my hand between her legs, over her sweatpants.

I ask, “Can I unwrap this present?”

She looks up, meeting my gaze, so fucking sweet and innocent. “Yes, please, but I can’t promise that it’s only for you.”

My chest tightens. My blood boils.

“It might be for James and Heath too. That’s okay, isn’t it? I don’t know how this works.” Her explanation comes in the nick of time. I can breathe again. How easily I forgot about them?

“Babygirl, none of us know how this works. We’ll figure it out together.”

“Since you said I shouldn’t hold back... I want to do this first with just you, then do you think we can all have sex together?”

My throbbing cock elicits a giggle from her. I can’t help but smile when she smiles. But damn! I don’t think she understands the fire she lights in my soul when I think of her being taken by the three of us. I’ll fill her with a baby tonight, but it doesn’t mean we can’t keep her loaded with our cum, marking her as ours, satisfying her every fantasy.

“We talked about it earlier. That’s why we went to the auction. We want this, and there was no way we could handle

any other guy buying you for any reason.” Lifting my hand to the top of her pants, I use my fingers to push them down. She lifts her butt from the door, but since I’m not ready, her hips press into me, causing my shaft to strain even harder in her sweet, delicate hand.

“This, sex with all of us? You talked about it?”

Her pants fall to her feet and I use a foot to hold them down while she steps out. My thigh between hers is enough of a signal, she spreads herself wide for me.

“Not just sex. A relationship.”

“Wouldn’t that be hard to make work?”

“I told you never to doubt yourself. If you want us, you get us.” I cup her sex. This time, my middle finger dips into her sweet pussy. She’s swollen. She’s wet. And holy mother of vice grips. Even though I know I’ll fit, I’ll have to be gentle. My hips flex, desperate to ignore caution and seat myself inside of her.

I’ll be lucky if I can get more than my tip in without blowing, she’s so tight. That’ll happen soon enough. Right now, my focus is on getting her off.

Her fingers tighten around my cock. Dangerous territory for me. Her other hand grips my shoulder and her nails dig in. She’s going to be fun when she rides me. And since I already got an earful of how she orgasms, I can’t wait for her to drive my brothers insane when they hear her have her first orgasm on a cock.

“I can’t believe I thought you guys hated me.” Her words pain me. I can’t believe I was a jerk.

“If I could change the past, I would. If I promise to give you the brightest future, can we leave the past behind us?”

“Well, you haven’t left your Axe body wash in the past.”

I’m not sure if I should be ecstatic or embarrassed that she noticed.

I laugh. “You know why I did that, right?” I tease my finger in and out of her.

Her hips flex. She gasps and gives up on trying to answer. Her head falls to the side and her eyes close as she gives into my ministrations. Her fingers slide up and down my cock. The pre-cum leaking out is enough to keep the glide smooth.

The package deal of me inside of her, and her fingers wrapped around me takes me close to the point of no return. I barely stay ahead of the climax. With the fingers of my other hand, I tip her head back to face me and kiss her sweet lips.

“You’re so beautiful, Maggie. You’re so amazing. I can’t believe you’re giving me a chance to be with you. A chance to prove that I’m worthy of your future.”

We fall into a heavy kiss. My admission heightens her passion. Our tongues dance, my cock strains, and I’m torn between fully immersing myself in the moment, memorizing every move of her tongue, the press of her lips, the softness of her body against mine, and thinking of anything except her so I can last longer.

I'm captivated by the way she timidly strokes me, which causes a mental scramble for distraction so I don't come before she does.

Her hips start a tiny series of bucks against me. I have her. Her tongue can no longer keep pace and her mouth falls slack. I move my kisses to her cheek, down her neck, and into the crook of her collarbone. "That's right sweet Maggie, come undone for me. Come on my hand."

And she does. She falls apart, her legs buckling. I have to lean in to support her. My free hand barely catches her arm as her cries break free. Her strokes over my cock falter, but the wrap of her fingers makes me blow my load, coating both of us in my cum while her release drips over my fingers.

When sanity returns and the reality of what happened sinks in, I say, "Holy fuck, Maggie. That's even better than I dreamed of."

"You dreamed of this?" she says, breathlessly, through the tail end of her orgasmic bliss.

"And so much more. When I said I wanted you to see yourself the way I do, I don't know how to convince you that you're my everything. You're the reason I never quit using Axe body wash."

She chuckles. "I'm the reason?"

"You came in one time after I'd just put it on and said that it smelled really good."

"I remember that day. You told me to go away."

“I felt so guilty.”

“Because I was too young?”

“I was already fighting my attraction to you. I’d tried to keep you at a distance but my heart was wrapped around your little finger.”

“Wait. You kept wearing Axe because I liked it?”

“I knew that one day I was going to hold you in my arms, and when I did, I wanted us both to be able to remember that this isn’t new. We may be trying something new. We may be in uncharted territory. But the feelings we’ve had for each other aren’t new. Let me make love to you.”

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## FIVE

### MAGGIE

*Make love?* That's not how porn videos work out. Why did he have to say it like that?

Ford's heartbeat thumps from his chest to mine. He's not wrong about the feelings, they've been there forever.

The scent of the body wash that he wears for me, keeps a whirlwind of emotions whipping around my chest. The fun and games of playing out stepbrother porn is replaced by something intense. His talk of relationships and dreams and futures... am I so used to being overlooked that I can't accept the clear meaning of his words.

All of the old sibling nonsense is gone. The sincerity in his words and James's under the mistletoe make me want to give in. That's where it gets too crazy. They're acting like we can *all* be together.

My eyes can't focus. The room sways.

"I can't breathe."

He leans away, gripping me with both hands—one messier than the other. That makes the room sway more. We just gave each other orgasms, and before that, he and Heath watched while James ate me out.

I must be dreaming.

“Are you okay? Do you need to lie down?”

“I need to step outside.”

Sliding from between Ford and the door, I hope the cool evening air will wake me up. Isn't that silly. Why wake up from a dream this incredible?

He catches my arm. “Your pants.”

Glancing down, my need for air supersedes my need to cover up. It's nighttime and my balcony has a privacy wall anyway. Not that I've ever used it for privacy. Tonight's going to be the first time for a lot of things.

Relieved that I don't have to pass through the living room to get outside, I soak in the crisp air and the moonlight glinting off snowflakes. The peace and serenity of the night help take my nerves down a notch. A trail of steam from the train in the distance gives me something to focus on.

I never gave myself a real chance of getting all three guys. It's a lot to take in, but I've never felt so loved. That's the scary part. In my fantasies and on the porn, that heavy love vibe stays out of the way.

Hearing it come from Ford's mouth only amplified the awkwardness. Can we make this work?

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## SIX

### HEATH

I'm officially the only brother who hasn't given Maggie an orgasm—if I can trust what I heard coming from Maggie and Ford. Jesus, that woman gets into it.

I stare at the multi-colored, great-at-hiding-stains, low-pile carpet. “Do you think he fucked her?”

James assesses the situation. “They were bumping the door, but not hard enough to be a good fuck. I'm pretty sure Ford would have plowed that door down.”

I huff at the visual, but my balls tighten at the possibility that I can be her first. “Do you think she didn't want to, or they're just gearing up?”

The bedroom door opens, and in a flash, a pants-free Maggie steps into the transitional entry area then fumbles with the front door lock before flinging it open, and disappearing into the darkness.

Without a word, she pulls the door shut.

Ford's slower, and I'm already across the room, grabbing the door knob, as he steps into the entry.

"Is she okay?" I ask, glancing through the peep hole. She seems fine. She's standing on her balcony, which has a solid enclosure about four-feet high. Nice for privacy while leaving an open feel.

"Yeah. She's incredible." He rubs his lips and the deep inhale gives me a hint that he's breathing in her scent. Lucky bastard. He better not have fucked this up for me.

"I mean, why did she go outside?"

"Oh, she needed some air." His grin is a clear boast.

"And couldn't stop to put pants on first?"

"Now *that* I can't explain." Ford steps back into her bedroom, grabs her clothes, then hands them to me when I make no concession of giving him access to the door handle.

"Give me a minute with her."

My brothers agree. They can commiserate over how incredible it is to give her orgasms, something I'm desperately in need of doing.

Joining her on the porch, I make note of her fuzzy socks keeping her feet warm, then step behind her, looping my arm around her to offer the sweats. "Want me to keep you warm, or would you rather stick these on?"

Her giggle sets a relaxed tone. Thank god.

“You’re not going to try to talk me into going inside so you can try to top your brothers?” She wiggles her ass into me. That’s an even better tone.

My cock’s hard as steel, ready for me to join her in being naked from the waist down, socks excluded. The light scent of flowers in her hair, like freshness and springtime, is a stark contrast to the thin layer of snow collecting on the ground.

She lets the gently falling snow collect on her palms—something I’ve seen her do a million times. How can that make me want her even more?

“Why bother going inside when we have such a beautiful view? And even though your ass is incredible, that’s not what I’m talking about.”

She angles her head to the side. “What are you proposing?”

Stroking my free hand down her arm, I lean in to kiss her forehead. How did our nerdy little stepsister become so adventurous? And how did no guy her age not tap into this side of her?

“I’m proposing to do anything you want.”

“Anything?”

“If it makes you happy, I’ll do it.”

“That’s a dangerous claim.”

“Try me.” My brothers and I got into a few Truth or Dare games that posed some pretty messed up challenges, like

running down the middle of the street naked, but I doubt Maggie's interested in pushing that type of limit.

"Would you get naked out here?"

Don't have to ask me twice. I step backward and strip my pants and underwear. Maggie's hands fly over her mouth.

I shrug it off. "You asked."

"Sure, but wow, your..." She waves a finger up and down, pointing at my erection. "It's standing straight up."

The curve of her hips and the dark tuft of hair between her legs has me salivating. I can't believe I'm half-naked outside with her. I'm even more surprised by her statement.

"Please tell me you know what an erection is."

"Oh, I do. I just haven't seen a lot of them."

"How many?"

"In person?"

I nod.

She worries her lower lip. "One."

"Ford's?"

"Yes."

I pull her close, trapping my cock between us. Her shirt is wet, and I cringe at the thought of why. Adjusting my positioning, I settle into a dry spot. "What did you and Ford do?"

"I'm still a virgin if that's what you're asking. Just fingers."

I swallow hard. “I want to change that.”

“Ford was going to, but we both had orgasms and I got overwhelmed and ended up out here.”

His missed chance becomes my opportunity. “Are you okay or is something wrong?”

She wraps her arms around me. “I’ve never been better.”

“So why rush outside?” I stroke my fingers through her hair.

“I don’t understand what we’re doing—I mean, I understand what we’re doing physically, I just don’t understand what this means. Are we friends now? Friends with benefits?”

“Sweetness, we’re a lot more than friends.”

“Duh, family, but that’s why I’m having trouble wrapping my brain around this.”

“First of all, we’re not blood relatives even though we grew up together. Think of it this way... If our parents weren’t married, the weirdest thing about tonight would be that you got bought by three guys who worship you.”

“But our parents are married.”

“Are you saying you want me to put my pants back on?”

“No.” She bucks her hips into me.

“Good answer. So, can I fuck you on your front porch?”

She cranes her neck. “I like it when you put it like that.”

“Like what?” I’m not sure which part of my phrasing worked for her. Using *the F word*? My heart lightens at my

sweet, innocent sister.

“Nothing...um...we’re going to do this right now?”

“Right now, tomorrow, every Wednesday...like I said... whatever you want.”

“What if someone sees us?”

I drag a thumb over her plump lips. Are they extra plump from Ford kissing her? Possessiveness rolls through me, but in a non-competitive way. I’m mostly bummed that I didn’t get to watch.

Keeping in mind that this is her apartment, I acknowledge that her friends and neighbors could potentially see her, even though no one and nothing is stirring out here, not even a mouse. I chuckle at my Christmas joke, but keep it to myself.

“The only thing anyone could see is me kissing you, so I won’t, but trust me, I want to.”

Her shoulders pull up. “Thank you.”

“But I will fuck you.”

Her body stiffens.

“Are you okay with that?”

“I definitely want to have sex with you and Ford and James, but out here?” She screws up her mouth.

I spin her around. The ambient light from the parking lot isn’t exactly the romantic glow from candles, but the rest of the scene works. “What better place for your first time? And

since you're playing out porn scenarios, you might as well check off balcony sex."

"And end up as one of those public sex videos?" She swivels her head left and right, presumably deciding if any neighbors are likely to be filming.

"It's dark. No one would get a good shot."

She laughs. "That's comforting."

"With the parking lot in front of us, any possible vantage point is pretty far away. You feeling frisky?"

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## SEVEN

### MAGGIE

*Frisky?* More like horny. How can I be so sure I need a dick inside of me when I've never experienced it. Must be instinct kicking in. I can't believe I'm considering this.

I study the other apartments. Some have lights on. A couple are vacant. A few neighbors have gone out of town. I'm on the second story so no one can see from above. With the privacy wall, our naughty bits truly are protected.

There's one thing I wanted to do before having sex though. Before losing my courage, I turn around and drop to my knees. Wrapping my hands around Heath's shaft, I kiss the tip. The musky bead catches on my lips, leaving a little string between us as I pull away.

My tongue darts out, savoring the salty treat. Are women genetically programmed to crave this? My intent was one little kiss, but now I'm torn between wanting his dick in my lady parts or my mouth.



“I wasn’t expecting that, Sweetness.” His fingers tangle in my hair.

I thought guys just did that in porn videos so the camera could get a better shot. Geez, it’s hot. It’s making my sex tingle and ache even worse. Diving in for another kiss, I add tongue. His tip is so smooth.

I love it. I love each of their nicknames for me... I need to quit saying that word.

He groans and his fingers maneuver my head, holding me close to his body. “Sweetness, if you make me come like this, I’ll expect you to swallow like a good girl.”

Swallowing it is. A shiver runs through me but has nothing to do with the temperature. Fully opening my mouth, I let my tongue lead the way as I slowly take his cock into me. Why does this feel so incredible? I snake a hand between my thighs to ease some of my own pressure.

A choking sound comes from Heath as he drops forward and one of his hands catches on the top of the wall.

I pop off of him. “Am I doing it wrong?”

“The better question is if you lied to me, Sweetness.”

“Lied about what?”

“Only having seen one cock. You’re way too good at this.”

A sense of pride flows through me. I stare up at him from my knees and dip my finger into my sex. It’s insane how wet and swollen I am. “Beginner’s luck?”

“I’m the one who’s lucky here, and I can’t believe I’m saying this, but get up.”

My stomach tumbles, and I stay in place to make my point. For added effect, I stroke my hand along his shaft and kiss him again. “If I did it right, why can’t I keep going?”

“Because I’ve got a giant load of cum I need to put in your pussy. You can suck my cock later.”

“You afraid I’ll choke on your huge load?” I’m proud of myself for that comeback and increase the pressure on my clit.

“You’ll choke, but that will be because my cock is in your throat. I can already tell you’re the kind of girl who can take it deep.”

Swirling my tongue around his tip, I ask, “So, I rephrase my question. Why stop when I could prove you right?”

“Because this giant load of seed is my best bet for getting my virgin sister pregnant.”

“Step,” I blurt out—not that it changes anything, or addresses the bigger bomb he just dropped. A bomb that has me exploding with unexpected excitement.

He loops his fingers around my upper arms and pulls me to standing. The resistance of my hand that’s busy between my legs catches his attention. I’m so busted. Will he still consider me a good girl?

His eyes shift from mine to my hand then back to my eyes, but now there’s a hunger. The same switch flips in me too.

Inhibitions are gone. Primal urges take over. I'm consumed by the need to have a cock inside of me.

“Sweetness, were you going to have an orgasm without me?”

“I was sucking your cock. I'm pretty sure that meant we'd do it together.” Where does my sultry voice come from?

His lips crash onto mine and my hands fall limp as the command in his kiss melts me. If the universe plans on sending any signal to tell me to stop, it better hurry. I'm—

Heath pulls away. “I'd apologize for risking your neighbors seeing us, but I'm not sorry. Hold on a second.”

I'm stunned when he bends down and seems to be getting something out of his pants pocket. A condom? I can't tell. That would mean the pregnant comment must have just been sexy foreplay.

He gathers my hands in one of his and brings them between us, while he presses his hips into mine. I appreciate the body heat.

“This is for you.”

Slipping the object into my hands, he cups my shoulders while I inspect the Batman flashlight keychain. Memories come flooding back.

“Is this...” I feel silly trudging up a sibling argument from a few years ago but I'm stunned.

He looks somber as he nods.

“You swore you didn’t steal it.” My obsession with the Dark Knight goes way back. I’d been so excited when a friend gave me a keychain flashlight that sent out the bat signal when squeezed.

“Not a proud moment.” He works his fingers over mine, angles the flashlight, and presses. The signal lights up the divider wall between my apartment and the neighbor’s.

“Why did you steal it? And how can it still work?” Confusion clouds everything, especially about why he’s giving it back after all of these years.

“New batteries. And I stole it because I was jealous. I didn’t want you imagining anyone coming to your rescue but me.”

That’s a lot for me to process. “But you were like twenty—”

“Ridiculously in love with you even then. Let’s not bother with the math.”

I squeeze the light again and say playfully, “You’re okay with me summoning other men now?”

“As long as you understand that I’m about to fuck you.”

His gaze lingers on my eyes but the weight of his lips on mine has me trapped in a phantom remnant of his kiss from moments before. He spins me around, slides his hand between my legs from behind, and eases his fingers into my sex.

This has to happen. I’m barreling closer to release under his touch.

My sweatpants are draped over the ledge. I'd forgotten all about them, and they quickly leave my brain again as I back into him, wanting more.

His words are soft and low, ensuring that they're only for me, even though no one's around. "I won't be proud of how fast your sweet pussy makes me come, but I'll get my cum so deep inside of you, you'll be pregnant before we ever leave this porch. Understand?"

There he is with that pregnant thing again. Why am I nodding?

"Say it out loud, Sweetness. Tell me you want it." He pulls his finger out and positions his cock between my legs. "And not just one...I want to put at least two babies in you tonight."

The closeness I always felt toward my brothers, despite being held at arm's length, makes sense all of the sudden. We're meant to be. The time and place just had to be right.

"I want it."

"What a fucking good girl you are. Hold onto the rail and go up on your tiptoes."

My body becomes a jolt of electricity as I comply. I'm about to orgasm listening to the gravelly tone of his voice.

He pushes against my entrance, easing himself inside. The cool air infiltrates everywhere possible, but his cock is hot. He's stretching me as he slowly inches in. My fingernails dig into the wooden rail. Breaths only come as I force them. And

Heath's groans assure me that he's in as wild of a state of existence as I am.

High-pitched whines escape me, causing him to remind me to keep quiet. "Grab your sweatpants. Bite down on them if you're worried about the neighbors hearing."

I don't care anymore. "Don't hold back."

"You don't know what you're asking for."

"I want to be good for you. I want to know how to make you happy. The only way I'll find out is if you show me. I'm not fragile. I'm made for you."

Light washes over us from behind as someone opens the door to my apartment.

"Close the door," Heath hisses.

"Better hurry up, James," Ford says. There's shuffling, the door closes, and Ford and James appear on either side of us.

Ford leans in for a kiss but I keep it brief and tell him, "I don't want the neighbors to see."

There's a pause before he laughs. "Heath literally has his dick inside of you and you're worried about a kiss?"

"My house, my rules."

"Fuck." Heath's fingers dig into my waist as he shoves his cock the rest of the way in.

I cry out, only my brothers, the snow, and the celestial bodies bear witness to this intimate moment. Heath pauses and confirms that I'm fine before thrusting slowly then speeding

up. The prying eyes, lips, and hands of our brothers don't bother me. It's amazing how right this is.

My orgasm is too big, too tempting, I don't resist. I splinter apart, shattering in my own beautiful avalanche. My walls clamp on his cock over and over again as he drags in and out of me. The stretch, the tightness, and the soul-obliterating fullness are more than I ever expected.

Porn can suck my figurative cock, because this is better than hours of in-and-out.

Then Heath's rhythm changes, his fingers flex and regrip me, and his growls fill the air as headlights turn into the parking lot.

Adrenaline and the need to stop spike inside of me even though I'm pretty sure Heath will be done growling before the car is parked and anyone gets out.

The warmth of his seed fills me, as promised. The car continues toward us. Heath's head drops into the back of mine. The car pulls into the spot closest to my apartment.

I'm not a car person, but the shape of the vehicle gives me a reality check as my blissful state fades.

It's my mom. And when the passenger door swings open, I note that she brought my stepdad.

My brothers mutter various curses. Somebody swipes my sweatpants from the ledge then James kneels and holds one of the legs open, helping me partially dress, while Heath is still inside of me.

“My cock stays where it is. I’m not risking letting my cum spill out just yet.” Heath drives his point home by pushing in a little bit further.

James does his best to pull my sweats up to mid-thigh then stands up as if life is normal. “Hey Mom, Dad. Why are you guys here?”

Our parents draw closer to the bottom of my stairs as all of us exchange greetings. My heart bangs so hard it might break a rib. I try to wiggle free but Heath tightens his grip. What is he thinking?

Mom says, “I was worried. We heard about the auction then none of you were answering your phones.”

Dad adds, “Throwing your sister over your shoulder...what were you thinking? That’s not how you should treat your sister.”

Mom reaches for the handrail.

“Stop!” My panic is bound to be evident, no matter how much she taught me to use composure.

Our parents halt, look up, and wait. Now what?

Ford steps to the top of the stairs, and says, “Sorry about my lapse in judgment at the auction. We’ve worked it out, right, Bab—sis?”

This is like watching a trainwreck.

“Yeah, we’re better than ever.” I can’t believe we’re chatting with our parents while Heath’s cock is plugging me so



his cum won't leak out. And in an insane way, I'm okay with that. What has my world become?

Heath pumps his hips. "You could say we've taken our relationship to a whole new level."

James busts out with laughter then agrees.

Mom asks, "Then why don't we come up for a family—"

Heath cuts her off. "You can't come up because we're doing this great sibling bonding and we're working on a present for you."

Then he puts his lips next to my ear and quietly says, "Their first grandbaby."

A shudder washes over me at how much I hope it's true. It also occurs to me that I thought cocks were supposed to get soft after ejaculation. How is Heath keeping his hard?

"No peeking at your gifts early. We'll see you tomorrow for the family party." He waves confidently.

There's obvious surprise that we won't let them come up, but our parents retreat to their car and leave.

Relief holds itself back until their car is out of the lot, then I slump onto the rail. "Now we have to come up with a group gift."

"Other than the baby?"

"We have a lot of explaining before that will make sense. How about we do a bunch of group photos and promise to send them a photo each day for the next month," Ford says.

James adds, “Good idea, and we can make a bunch of those coupons mom used to make for us when we were kids like a family dinner and movie night with the parents and whatever else.”

“Sounds like a plan. I’ve got paper and markers. Shall we get to work,” I presume Heath will take the hint but he just pumps again.

Ford glares at Heath. “The first thing I’m working on is getting his dick out of you so I can get mine in.”

“Things never change, do they?” I say.

Ford eyes me questioningly.

“You always were the one who wanted to stay up and play all night instead of getting your work done. If you don’t watch out, you’ll be getting nuttin’ for Christmas.” I crack myself up with the lyric from the old song.

“I’m pretty sure you’re the one who’s getting nuttin’ for Christmas!”

Touché. My heart is as warm and happy as my womb. We really are perfect for each other.

“A whole lot of nuttin’,” James adds, then we make our way inside.

“Wait,” James pauses. “Do we owe you an apology?”

“I don’t think so.”

“When we first got here, you said, this was your house and your rules, and we weren’t allowed to gang up on you.”

“That was before I learned there are ways I like being ganged up on.”

Then they spend the rest of the night ganging up on me in all the best ways.

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## **EIGHT**

### **MAGGIE**

My stomach tightens a split second before the unmistakable growl fills the room. The Pop-Tart snack we ate in the wee hours of the morning has worn off.

“Our Angel isn’t immortal...she needs food,” James teases.

The guys reluctantly peel themselves away from me. Surely, they’re hungry too.

Finding my glasses and trudging on wobbly legs to the kitchen, I glance at the clock on the microwave then out the window at the road. “Crap, guys. We have to be at Mom and Dad’s in two hours, and it’ll be a thirty-minute drive in this snow, and we definitely need to shower.”

I rip the foil open on another Pop-Tart pack and pull one out. Ford takes the other pastry. Bypassing the toaster, I nibble the outer edge before downing the yummy, frosted, chocolate-filled center.

My brothers don’t see what the hurry is, but they follow my lead. It’s almost like they’re lovesick puppies afraid to let me

get more than a foot away. Their adoration empowers me and makes me feel special—the polar opposite of what I thought of myself before last night. I’ve learned a lot about myself, and that’s what causes the spring in my step and the confident outlook.

It’s entirely possible our parents will freak out about us getting together—if not for the stepsibling thing, then for the abnormal relationship.

After gulping the water that’s left in someone’s cup on the counter, I head to the bathroom. The guys are hot on my heels. I’d never thought about how good my ass looked, but after all of their praise, I’m fine with them trailing behind me.

I adjust the shower water and turn around just in time to see Ford grab my toothbrush.

“Whoa! Put that down.”

“Why? What’s wrong?” He holds the toothbrush up and inspects it. “Is this what you use to clean your fishbowl or something?”

“No, that’s what I use to clean my teeth.”

“Excellent decision for a toothbrush. Those nerdy glasses aren’t just for show.” Ford cracks himself up. “I was going to brush my teeth.”

“You can’t use my toothbrush.”

Heath and James are leaning against the counter, watching, but I can’t tell where they stand on the shared toothbrush

thing. No one comes to my defense. It could just be a matter of enjoying seeing their brother get told no.

“Why not?” Ford asks.

“It’s gross.”

“Do I have to remind you where your mouth has been? Or that you just drank out of my water cup?”

I shake a finger at him.

He stares at me in stunned silence. Steam starts to escape the shower, and in the brief second that it catches his attention, I snag the toothbrush from his hand.

“Alright, guess I’ll use my finger.” Ford pulls the top drawer open, grabs the tube of toothpaste, and flips the cap.

Anxiety rises in me as his fingers wrap around the squishable container. *Oh no!* He’s a tube crusher. This drove me crazy when we were growing up.

“Wait!” I reach for the toothpaste, but it’s too late. The ridiculously long strip of paste on his finger is proof that the damage is done.

They all look at me as I throw my hands up and exhale my frustration.

“You don’t share toothpaste either?” Heath asks, with intense confusion.

Clenching my teeth, I snag the tube from Ford’s hand. “I forgot you’re a tube crusher. Look at this.”

They're still staring, but the slight shifts in their expressions are to disbelief.

I hold the mangled container up. "You made a mess of it."

"What does it matter?"

"Tossing my head back, I mutter, "This will never work."

"That's what you said before I proved my cock would indeed fit inside of you." Ford keeps the mood light.

I shake my head. "Does male humor never change?"

"Not really," James clarifies.

I catch Heath's eye, but he smirks and shrugs. "It was funny."

Ford calms himself. "Okay, seriously, why does it matter if we squeeze from the middle or the bottom."

"Squeeze from the bottom." Heath chuckles and nudges Ford with his elbow.

Ignoring their silliness, I state the obvious. "It's prettier when not mangled. It lays in the drawer better. And how will you ever get all of the toothpaste out when it's gnarled like this?" I squeeze from the bottom of the tube, then press the end against the edge of the counter and re-flatten the empty portion.

My audience is so captive, you'd think I'm doing a striptease. Nodding at his toothpaste-covered finger, I say, "I guess that when you use that much extra toothpaste, you don't care about getting the most out of your purchase."

“I never put that much thought into it. I’ll be happy to buy you a new tube.” Ford’s voice has a hint of remorse.

Holding the nearly pristine tube up, I say, “There. It’ll be fine, besides after last night you need extra to clean your dirty mouth.”

I wink then pull the shower curtain back, with my toothbrush still in my hand, and let the warm water cascade over my body. When I’m settled, I set my toothbrush in the shower caddy.

Heath steps in behind me and when I reach for my toothbrush, he assures me. “Don’t worry. I’m not interested in that. I just want to pamper you.”

He squirts shampoo in his palm then works it through my hair, giving an even better head massage than my hairdresser. The erection prodding at my backside is an added bonus.

Ford peeks around the edge of the curtain, the paste still on his finger. “You’re serious? I’ve had my cock in your mouth and my tongue down your throat. Well...my cock went there also because you are an absolute angel. We’ve swapped spit and I’ve come all over you, inside and out, and you’re worried about a toothbrush?”

“A girl’s gotta have her limits. Be glad that seems to be my only one.”

He shakes his head and my eyes fall shut as Heath uses the shower wand to rinse my hair. I’ll never underestimate the gift



of pampering again. When he lifts his arm to return the showerhead to the hook, Ford takes it.

“Here.” He sucks the paste from his finger then grabs the showerhead, trails it down my body, pauses on my curls, and turns the spray nozzle to massage mode. My sex tingles. Out of all of the new experiences I’ve had with them, I’m very familiar with this maneuver.

Meanwhile, Ford swishes the toothpaste then spits it down the drain as he lowers the magic wand.

I’m surrendering to Heath’s fingers spreading conditioner through my hair, his steel rod of an erection ready for shower sex, and Ford’s addition, when I catch Ford’s eyes flit to the shower caddy.

Pulling myself from the sexy promise, I grab my toothbrush and cup it to my chest.

Ford shakes his head and deprives me of the massaging spray as he positions the shower head in the cradle and trails a finger back and forth across my breasts. “Come on, Babygirl. Have you ever shared a toothbrush? You might like it.”

I love how playful he is, but this is a hard no for me, no matter that it’s completely illogical. I’m one hundred percent on Team Don’t-Share-The-Toothbrush.

“Nope. My house. My rules.” I tip my head back for Heath to rinse the conditioner out.

Wiggling his fingers into my toothbrush-clenching fist, Ford says, “Come on. Try it once with me. I’ll be gentle.”

James's laugh carries over the water. "Just use mouthwash, dude."

"I want to be her first."

We're all laughing. My heart is full. Ford pries a little harder as Heath caresses my body with my pearly soap on my bath pouf.

Ford almost has my toothbrush loose.

"Red," I blurt out, firming my grip.

Heath stops washing me and Ford furrows his brow. "Red?"

"It's the safe word, right? It's what everyone uses in the novels I read."

Ford smiles and huffs. "After everything we did, you're using a safe word on a toothbrush?"

"Yep. And you have to stop."

"I will, even though we didn't set the word up." Ford steps into the shower, sandwiching me between himself and Heath.

"I'm feeling a little left out here. How big is that shower?" James peeks in, but the space is clearly full. "At least I can watch."

He winks and I'm shocked at how the subtle gesture sends shivers through me. Am I more turned on by the prospect of being taken by two of my brothers in the shower, or by being watched?

Ford slides his hand to my sex while Heath peppers kisses down my neck. I wrap my hand around Ford's cock but he

intertwines his fingers with mine and lifts them to his shoulder.

Whatever his plan is, I'm game...unless it's to wear me down and make me beg him to finish me in exchange for using my toothbrush. Not going to happen.

He kisses my forehead but I'm already too far gone to appreciate it. My head drops against his chest. I'm practically panting from the water's heat cloaking me, the heat of both of their bodies encircling me, and the heat of my next orgasm firing inside of me while James watches us.

Ford's voice is low and intimate. "Maggie, when I said you were mine, I meant it."

Sanity washes away. I lose track of his words. I don't know whose hands are whose anymore. Release is so close.

Then it's gone. His hand is tipping my chin up.

"Tell me you understand that you're mine."

Fucking hell. I'm criminally insane I'm so close to climax. But I grasp just enough of a thought to have fun.

"I understand. I'm yours...but my toothbrush is not."

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# EPILOGUE

## MAGGIE

### Next Christmas

James grabs my arm as I head to the front door of our new home. It's a special night for us since we're headed to the second annual Christmas Cherry Auction.

"Did I forget something?" I whip around then look down and make sure I'm fully dressed, including shoes. With my pregnancy brain turned mommy brain, I've been known to do things like leave the house without pants or shoes. It's pretty bad, but thankfully I tend to remember when I get to the car.

He looks up and I follow his gaze.

"Oh my gosh, who put the mistletoe up? I can't believe I forgot about it." More proof that my brain has turned to mush. Thankfully our parents help out with our baby boy quite a bit, which is where he is now.

Mom and Dad were embarrassed by our relationship at first, but they love us and our child, so they accept our decisions. It

is also bound to help that we're exposed to all of the crazy relationships in Eggplant Canyon, Peach Bottom Valley, and the Cherry Ridge Foothills.

Heath wraps his arms around me from behind and whispers, "It sure as hell wasn't Batman. He's not good enough for you."

"You're still jealous?"

"Light that bat signal all you want. You know who you belong to." He inches my skirt up but not high enough to expose the new panties I treated myself to.

I lean back, flopping my head into his shoulder, my eyes falling shut a split second after noticing James kneel in front of me.

My brain isn't too jumbled to understand what a lucky girl I am.

"And just in case you forgot who you belong to, I'll give you a special kiss under the mistletoe to remind you." James caresses my legs before pushing my skirt into Heath's waiting hands.

It's torture to suppress my laugh, but I only have to hold it for a second. I know the exact moment James sees my new panties.

"What the fuck?" James's laugh is low and satisfied.

Ford must enter the room because his deep laugh joins in as I'm no longer able to contain mine.

"What's so funny?" Heath asks.

“We might have to keep a tighter leash on Maggie. Seems her boyfriend might have bought her new underwear.”

“She doesn’t have a boyfriend.” Heath steadies me, steps back, and lifts the backside of my skirt. “Sweetness, since when do you have Batman underwear?”

“Since I bought them at the store.” That will get him riled for sure.

The possessive growl that rips through his chest is one that’s always accompanied by a harder-than-normal erection—the kind that’s extra satisfying to ride.

“Aren’t you a little old for Batman underwear?”

“A girl’s never too old to have a fantasy.”

He growls again but this time, it’s accompanied by the sound of a zipper being undone and clothes being discarded. James strips my panties, and Ford steps closer, claiming my mouth in a kiss. The first one under the mistletoe this year. Thank goodness they didn’t let me forget my favorite tradition.

Warm breath eases over my sex moments before James’s lips move in. Kisses and his tongue escalate the knot low in my belly. Without warning, Heath lodges his cock between my legs, sending James scurrying backward.

“What the hell, dude. My mouth was right there.”

Ford pulls away to see what happened, and James wipes his face with a level of disgust only a brother could muster.

Heath unzips my dress and slips it over my head. “You had your turn to kiss her under the mistletoe, now she’s getting fucked under the mistletoe, and not by Batman.”

The funny thing is that my fascination with Batman wasn’t sexual until a year ago when I realized how stirred up it got Heath. But my fantasy remains the same...to be claimed by my stepbrothers.

In seconds, I’m turned and hoisted to straddle Heath’s waist as he sinks me onto his cock. The other two join in and once again, I’m living my fantasy.

Except in those moments when they forget how to properly squeeze the toothpaste, or think they’re being sly and use my toothbrush.

They can still be annoying as hell, but I’ve learned that some of the teasing and tormenting really is because they’re head-over-heels in love with me.

And we lived happily ever after!

I hope **Presents and Praise** offered a quick sexy escape that fit perfectly into your busy day!

A bonus scene for this story is available exclusively to newsletter subscribers if you need a little more of these naughty siblings and want to know how the jet ski works out.

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**Sparkles and Spankings (in the Wanted: Mistletoe anthology)**

My sassy mouth has gotten me in trouble more than once. Then I'm bid on by three guys who understand how to handle it!

<https://books2read.com/wantedmistletoeset>

### **Holidays and Handcuffs**

I just won three firefighters in a charity auction...it must be time to heat things up!

<https://mybook.to/CCAHH>

### **Wishful and Wanton**

I didn't have the courage to auction myself. That didn't stop my teachers from bidding on me!

<https://mybook.to/CCAWW>

### **Tinsel and Teasing**

When at first you don't succeed...tease them again!

<https://mybook.to/CCATT>

More Sylvie Haas stories set in Eggplant Canyon and Peach Bottom Valley can be found at <https://SylvieHaas.com>

[OceanofPDF.com](https://OceanofPDF.com)

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Sylvie Haas obsesses over dirty-talking heroes who fall hard and fast for the women of their dreams. And usually, 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://landing.mailerlite.com/webforms/landing/m2x2b9>

Also, she's on Facebook if you'd like to hang out there:

<https://www.facebook.com/SylvieHaasAuthor>

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