



*All I want for  
Christmas is HER.*

*Stepbrother*  
**CHRISTMAS**

**OLIVIA T. TURNER**

# Stepbrother Christmas

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**Olivia T. Turner**



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# About

I'm officially on the naughty list.

My new stepbrother August has made sure of that.

I'm trying to be good over the Holidays, but my new stepbrother is making that impossible.

Good girls don't have dirty thoughts like the ones August is putting into my head.

They don't kiss their hot stepbrother in front of the Christmas tree.

And they definitely don't sneak from room to room while their parents are sleeping upstairs.

Santa might like good girls.

But August likes me naughty.

And there's only one man I'm aiming to please this Holiday season.

Sorry, Santa.

Load my stockings with coal.

*After* I take them off for August...

*Ho Ho Ho. One look at her hot AF new stepbrother and that's exactly what Harmony becomes. She tries to be good, but*

*being bad is just too much fun...*

*Insta-love at its finest in a SAFE read with no cheating and a super sweet HEA guaranteed. Double V-Cards. Enjoy!*

*To Mom,*

*Who always made Christmas so special.*

*I've tried to live up to your wonderful example, but no matter  
what I try, I still can't make those damn gingerbread cookies  
as good as you did.*





# Chapter One

---

## *Harmony*

“**W**here are you flying in from?” my Uber driver asks as we pull out of the maze of roads around the airport and onto the highway.

“Australia.”

She looks at me through the rearview mirror. “Did you see any koalas?”

I smile. “There was one living in the tree in front of my apartment building.”

“For real?”

“Yup. Mama and her baby.”

She lets out a low breath. “Lucky. Why did you leave?”

“It was time,” I say as I look out the window at the familiar and unfamiliar sights. We pass a McDonald’s my dad once brought me to after we dropped off my mother on a business trip. There’s a Home Depot beside it. I don’t remember that being there.

“Are you from here?” she asks, looking at me again.

*Is she going to talk to me the whole trip?*

I was hoping to get a quiet driver for the ride up to my new stepfather's cabin, but I guess that's out of the question. I was hoping to get my head straight and prepare myself before I arrived.

"Yeah, born and raised. You?"

"Same. How long were you in Australia?"

I sigh. "Two years."

"Wow," she says as she glances at me in the rearview mirror. "Must be excited to be arriving home for Christmas after all that time away."

I look out the window with my stomach churning. "Yeah."

"I don't see any excitement on that face. What happened?"

I look at my fidgeting hands on my lap.

"We're going to be driving together for forty-five minutes," she says with a tilt of her head. "I'll get it out of you one way or another, so might as well tell me now."

I open the Uber app on my phone and quickly scroll through her reviews.

*"Makayla is the BEST!!!"*

*"She's the passenger whisperer. Made me late for my appointment tho."*

*"A driver and a therapist! Makayla is awesome!"*

I could use a therapist right now and lordy knows I can't afford one. I take a deep breath and turn off my phone.

"I haven't seen my mom and barely talked to her in two years," I tell her. "My parents were happily married my whole life and then BOOM, out of the blue, my mom says she's divorcing my dad and marrying her freaking boss!"

“No shit...” Makayla whispers under her breath. “For real?”

“Oh yeah,” I say as I take off my seatbelt and climb into the empty front seat. “She leaves my dad *heartbroken* and then moves into a house with this guy who I’ve never even met and then she asks me to move in with her. I was so mad. I wanted to kill her.”

“*Damn,*” she whispers.

“I know, right?” I say, angrily putting my seatbelt on. “She makes me crazy. How could she do this to us? She ripped our family apart!”

“Was she and your dad close growing up?”

I shrug. “Of course. They were married.”

“But did they seem like they were in love?”

“Yeah.” They got along fine enough, but I never saw them holding hands or kissing. But that’s just how marriage is. You become friends over time. Doesn’t mean that you have to blow it all up as soon as a handsome guy in a suit walks by.

“She wanted to sit down and talk with me about it,” I say, plowing ahead. “Explain some stuff. I couldn’t. Instead of meeting her, I called my friend who was traveling around Australia, working in hostels and other odd jobs here and there, and asked if I could come meet her, so that’s what I did.”

“Did you tell your mother you were leaving?”

“I told her when I had landed in Sydney.”

She whistles low. “That’s cold.”

“She brought it on herself,” I say. “Trust me, she deserved it for what she did.”

“Still, two years,” Makayla says, shaking her head. “That’s a long time to disappear.”

I feel my cheeks getting red as I look out the window. “I emailed her a few times,” I say, feeling a little bit guilty. Our exchanges were always short and tense.

“Hold up, did you miss the wedding?”

The guilt increases. “Yeah, but it wasn’t a big deal. They just went to a courthouse and had a dinner after.”

“A wedding is *always* a big deal to the bride and groom,” Makayla says, giving me a look like I should know better. “Even if it’s just at a courthouse.”

I look out the window at the buildings whizzing by.

I do regret not being there for her.

But at the time, I just... I just couldn’t be there. My heart was broken too.

“How’s your dad doing?” she asks as she changes lanes.

“He’s great,” I say, perking back up. “He has a new girlfriend who he’s absolutely in love with. They’re so cute together. They came and visited me in Perth. I’ve never seen him look so happy.” Even when he was married to my mom.

“So, you’re spending the Christmas holidays with your mom who you’re fighting with, *and* a stepdad you’ve never met?”

“*And* with my new stepbrother.”

“Oh shit, there’s a stepbrother too?”

“August. I’ve never met him either.”

“What’s his deal?”

I shrug. “I just know his name.”

We talk the whole drive up to my new stepfather Brandon’s cottage. It’s a beautiful secluded wooded area, I’ll give Brandon that. We chat as we drive along the long winding roads with the massive cottages spread far apart—each one sitting on the large stunning lake.

It’s snowing lightly—those big fat flakes of snow that take forever to come down—dusting the trees and bushes with white powdery snow. It’s gorgeous. I didn’t realize how much I missed the seasons while living in Australia until now.

By the time we arrive at 15 Swell Lake Road, Makayla knows pretty much everything about me and is *very* invested in knowing how things will turn out.

“Text me tonight,” she says when we’re parked in front of Brandon’s massive log cabin. It’s sitting on a hill surrounded by forest and overlooking a spectacular ice-covered lake.

“But I don’t need a ride,” I say as she scribbles her phone number on a scrap of paper and shoves it into my purse.

“Not for a ride,” she says as she looks out the windshield at the cabin. “I want to know how it goes.”

I can’t help but laugh even though my stomach is in knots. “Okay...”

“What’s your number?” Makayla asks. “In case you forget.”

I sigh as I give it to her. She puts it into her phone.

“Oh shit, is that your mom?” she asks, suddenly looking up. “She looks younger than I thought she would.”

“Yeah, they had me when they were young,” I say when I see her standing on the porch. She has a big wool sweater wrapped around her with her hands tucked into the large pockets. Her face is tight. Nervous. She looks like she’s dreading this as much as I am.

I take a deep breath and turn to Makayla. “Thanks for the ride,” I say with a nervous smile. “And for the free therapy session.”

“Don’t forget to text me,” she says as she watches my mom. “I *have* to know what happens.”

I step out of the car, wave awkwardly at my mom, and then grab my bags from the trunk. My heart is pounding as I drag them up the snowy driveway.

Makayla doesn’t leave. She’s just sitting there watching the show.

I turn and frown at her. “Bye,” I mouth with a firm wave.

She reluctantly starts the car and slowly drives away. I can see her watching us in the rearview mirror the entire way.

*It’s time to get this over with.*

I turn back to my mother and walk up to her with my chest feeling tight.

“Hello, Harmony,” she says in a strained voice. Her arms are crossed over her chest either because she’s cold or because she’s trying to keep up a shield between us. Probably a bit of both.

“Hi, Mom.”

“Before you say anything,” she says, lifting her hand up. “I just want to explain to you, what I wanted to explain to you before you left, was that there was no overlap between

Brandon and your father. I didn't break any marriage vows while I was married."

I look at the snowy ground as she goes on.

"I know this has been very hard for you," she continues, "just like it's been hard for your father and for me."

"For you?" I ask, snapping my eyes onto hers. "It's been hard for you?"

"Yes!" she snaps. "Of course, it's been hard! Do you think I *wanted* to break up my family and get divorced? Do you think I wanted my daughter to be absent at my wedding? Your father and I... We got married so young. I got pregnant at twenty. *Twenty!* My parents kicked me out of the house. I hadn't had a job that paid more than minimum wage. I barely had a high school education. I was scared and feeling helpless. Your father proposed and I didn't feel like I had much of a choice. We made a nice life together, Harmony, but we were never meant to be. We were never soulmates."

"Soulmates," I say with a scoff. "There's no such thing as soulmates."

She shakes her head, looking at me sadly. "Oh, Harmony," she says like she's all-knowing and wise, "I hope you find the guy who will prove to you how wrong you are."

"And this Brandon guy," I say, crossing my arms. "He's your soulmate?"

She gets a big smile on her face as she nods. "Yeah. He is."

My mother is in love with her soulmate and I don't even know what he looks like.

"Your boss?"

She shrugs with a warm smile on her face. “We can’t choose who the universe picks for us.”

*Yeah, right.*

“I’m sorry I left,” I say before I get cold feet and can’t say it. “I shouldn’t have escaped to Australia. I shouldn’t have missed your wedding. I’m sorry I wasn’t there. I should have stayed and worked it out with you and Dad. And Brandon.”

She seems grateful for my apology. “Thank you. Two years was a long time to be without my only child.”

“I know,” I say, lowering my head. “The longer I stayed, the harder it was to come back.”

“Well, I’m glad you’re here,” she says. “Christmas hasn’t been the same without you.”

I smile sadly at her. “I spent last Christmas eating canned Spaghetti in a hostel with a bunch of Japanese people who didn’t even know it was Christmas.”

I get all teary-eyed just thinking about it. Mom rushes down the stairs in her slippers and hugs me. I sink into her thick sweater, breathing in the familiar scent of her perfume, and the tears start coming.

She cries too. We’ve always been criers. I can still remember my dad chuckling whenever we’d both start balling over a sappy movie. I wonder if Brandon is a crier. If soulmates exist do they cry at the same things?

We talk it out some more and then we both decide to move on. I made mistakes, and so did she. There’s no point in dwelling on them and poisoning what we have left. We decide to put our big girl pants on and move past it.



“I bet they didn’t have my world-famous gingerbread cookies in that hostel in Australia,” Mom says as she grips my arms and smiles at me.

I wipe the tears from my cheeks. “No, they definitely did not.”

“I have some in the kitchen waiting to be decorated,” she says with a grin.

I hug her again.

I’ve missed her so much. I didn’t realize how much until now.

Christmas was always such a big event in our house. We had a gazillion traditions from decorating cookies to decorating the tree to singing Christmas carols and wearing ugly Christmas sweaters. I’ve missed them all. So so much.

“Let’s get inside where it’s nice and warm,” she says, grabbing one of my suitcases. “I want to hear all about Australia.”

“And I want to meet my new family.”

She turns and smiles gratefully at me. “Brandon is inside. He’s excited to meet you.”

I doubt that. He’s probably dreading having to meet his bratty stepdaughter who skipped his wedding and fled to the other side of the planet, causing his new wife a ton of stress.

“But you’ll have to meet August in a bit,” she says. “He’s out getting the Christmas tree.”

I’ve been so nervous to reconnect with my mother that I haven’t given much thought to my new stepbrother. I don’t know anything about him.

Actually, I do know that he's twenty-five, so four years older than me.

I don't really want an annoying stepbrother getting in the way of our holiday celebrations, but he's probably thinking the same thing about me.

We're just going to have to suck it up, plaster smiles on our faces, and try to get along for the sake of our parents.

Hopefully, it won't be too hard. Hopefully, he's not too much of a dork.

I grab my suitcase and follow my mother inside.

## Chapter Two

---

### *Harmony*

**B**randon is surprisingly handsome. He flashes me a big warm smile as I shake his hand for the first time. A bouncy golden retriever named Lucy is sitting at his feet and looking up at him with these big happy eyes like Brandon is the most amazing thing she's ever seen.

My mother is looking at him the same way. She can't not smile whenever she looks at him. I've never seen her like this. It's actually pretty heartwarming to see. She giggles and slaps his arm all flirty like whenever he tells a joke and she can't seem to take her hands off him. She's always touching his arm or his back and she sits right beside him when we move to the couches in the living room.

It's pretty cute.

Although, I can't help but wonder if her marriage with my dad would have gone better if she was all flirty and fun with him like this. I never once saw her acting like she is now. Maybe if she had put more effort into her first marriage it wouldn't have fallen apart.

“So, how was Australia?” Brandon asks as he scratches behind Lucy’s ear. That dog is in heaven. “I traveled around there for six months when I was younger.”

“You never told me that,” Mom says, looking up at him in awe.

“I was with an ex-girlfriend,” Brandon says with a sly grin. “I didn’t want to make you jealous.”

She playfully swats his arm as her cheeks go red. “I’m not jealous.”

*Yeah, right.*

“Where did you go?” I ask.

“Up the coast,” he says. “We lived out of an old Winnebago we bought for five hundred bucks. It was as nice as it sounds.”

My mom giggles as she holds his arm a little tighter.

Watching them is surreal. I don’t know what I was expecting, but it wasn’t this. They really are in love. Anyone can see that.

I never saw my mother this happy with my Dad growing up. Even during the best times.

We chat for a bit and I tell them all about my travels and the weird jobs I was working. Mom doesn’t seem mad or upset anymore. I think we’re both just relieved that we’re finally putting this long lonely stretch of time behind us.

They let me unpack in my room—a gorgeous bedroom in Brandon’s log cabin with my own bathroom and walk-out balcony—and then I take a long hot shower to wash that disgusting airplane smell off me.

I'm feeling much better and more relaxed as I head into the open kitchen to find Christmas cookies set up on the table with piped icing, a pot of coffee brewing, a fire in the living room fireplace, and my favorite Christmas song playing over the speakers—Mariah Carey's *All I Want For Christmas Is You*.

"I missed this," I say as I slide into a chair and look at all of the delicious-looking gingerbread cookies in front of me.

My mother comes over, hugs my shoulders, and kisses the top of my damp blonde hair. "Me too."

"That must be August with the Christmas tree," Mom says when the front door opens. Her and Brandon rush into the entrance as I stay at the table with butterflies in my stomach.

*Is he going to be mad at me for all the drama I caused? Is he going to hate me for missing the wedding?*

I grab the stuffed piping bag of white icing and try to focus on decorating a gingerbread cookie in the shape of an angel, but I'm too on edge to make straight lines.

"I set up the tree stand by the fireplace," Mom says as she hurries into the living room.

August and Brandon follow her in. August's face is hidden by the enormous tree as he carries it over his shoulder. He's so tall. Brandon is pretty tall too, but August has to be at least half a foot taller than him.

It's a massive Christmas tree and he's carrying it with ease. Even with that black winter jacket on, I can tell he's got a large muscular frame. My stepbrother is jacked.

My eyes follow him as he walks over to the corner of the living room where the tree stand is set up.

“I got it,” Brandon says as he grabs the trunk and helps guide it into the stand.

My eyes are locked on my new stepbrother as they push the tree up and secure it. From behind, he’s gorgeous. A big strong back, broad shoulders, and a firm ass that looks deadly in those faded jeans.

*Stepbrother, Harmony. He’s your freaking stepbrother.*

When the tree is secure, he releases it and starts to unwind his scarf. I can’t take my eyes off him. He’s... He’s... He’s way too hot to be my stepbrother.

He still hasn’t noticed me at the table. Probably because I’m completely motionless, clutching the piping bag with a clenched fist while gawking at him.

My breath hitches as he unzips his jacket and peels it off his hard body. He’s wearing a light blue sweater underneath that looks tantalizingly soft. Probably Merino wool. It’s molding to his big round shoulders and muscular arms. My fingertips tingle with the desire to stroke it.

“Honey, you’re dripping icing all over the floor.”

He pulls his winter hat off and runs his hand through his messy brown hair. I’m staring at him, but only getting quick glimpses of his face from the side... I need to see if his face is as gorgeous as the rest of him...

“Harmony!” Mom shouts, yanking me out of my fixated stupor. “The dog!”

I gasp when I realize what I’m doing. I’m holding the piping bag over Lucy and it’s leaking all over the poor dog’s head.

Her tongue is whipping around, desperately trying to reach the icing that I dripped all over her head and snout.

“Sorry!” I say as I practically throw the piping bag on the table.

My cheeks burn as my eyes dart back to August.

Our eyes meet and an excited little thrill ripples through my body.

Those light brown eyes... They're *stunning*.

He's staring at me with such intensity as Mom rushes over with a roll of paper towels. She yanks off a wad and starts wrestling with the dog, trying to wipe the icing off her face.

I kneel down to help her, but my eyes keep darting over to my new stepbrother. He never takes his intense brown eyes off me, staring at me like he might never look away.

Lucy finally breaks free and runs upstairs to lick the icing off her head in peace.

“Fine,” my mother says with a huff as she watches the dog escape around the corner. “Eat it for all I care.”

She tosses the paper towels onto the table and then her whole face lights up when she sees the tree standing up straight.

“Oh, wow,” she says with a big smile. “It looks wonderful, August!”

August nods in agreement while keeping his heated eyes locked on me. “She is stunning. The most beautiful I've ever seen.”

I swallow hard as my cheeks burn.

Mom suddenly remembers that I'm here. "Oh, August! This is my daughter and your new stepsister, Harmony. Harmony this is your new stepbrother, August."

I can feel my heart pounding throughout my body as he slowly approaches like a tiger about to devour me whole.

"Hello," I say, sticking my hand out for him to shake. I realize I have white icing on my finger, so I bring it to my lips and suck it off.

He inhales long and hard as he watches my mouth. He licks his lips. My nipples harden. God, he's so fucking hot.

I stick my trembling hand back out and he grins. "Families don't shake hands," he says in a deep sexy voice that has me all tingly and woozy. "Families hug."

Suddenly, I'm being pulled into his big warm muscular body and those strong hard arms are being wrapped around me. I get all lightheaded in the best possible way as I breathe in his intoxicating scent—musky aftershave mixed with the fresh pine smell of a Christmas tree. If it was a cologne it would be called XXX-Mas.

"Oh, isn't this nice?" Mom says, fawning over us. She tilts her head as she watches us with watery eyes. "I just love it when families come together."

If she knew the dirty depraved thoughts running through my mind right now, she wouldn't be all emotional like this. She'd be horrified. She'd think I was a sexual deviant for lusting over my stepbrother.

"Hold that hug," she says as she starts looking everywhere for her phone. "I want to take a picture. Brandon, have you seen my phone?"



Brandon finally gets up from where he's been messing around with the tree stand and helps her look.

"Take your time," August says as he holds me.

My heart is pounding so hard, I'm sure he can feel it.

Mom returns with the phone, takes a few awkward pictures, and then I pull away with my cheeks on fire.

"It's nice to meet you, August," I say shyly.

Gawd, this is horrible. Why the heck am I acting like this? I'm way too obvious with my blushing cheeks and trembling voice. I'm as subtle as a teenager who just ran into her biggest crush in the school hallway.

"The pleasure is mine, Harmony," he says as those fierce brown eyes look me up and down.

I have to get away from this guy before my mom reads it all over my face. She was distracted with the dog, the tree, and then taking a picture, but she's a sharp one. It will only be a matter of time before she realizes her daughter and her stepson are standing in the middle of the living room, eye-fucking each other.

I force my eyes away from August and head back to the table. "Do you like decorating cookies?" I ask as I slip back into my seat.

"I love cookies," he says in a low voice, his eyes still on me as he walks over. "I bet your cookies are *delicious*."

I glance at our parents to see if they heard that, but they're busy looking at the pictures my mom just took.

There's obviously some attraction here, but at least I'm trying to be subtle. August is anything but.

It's not like we can act on it anyway. There's no way *that's* going to happen.

I mean, we're family now.

And I've done enough damage to my mom's side of the family. I'm trying to repair things, not douse my relationships in gasoline and throw a match.

I don't care how hot August is or how hard my heart keeps beating whenever he looks at me like that. This is a fire I'm *not* starting.

We're going to keep this platonic. We're going to act like a normal brother and sister.

We're going to be *good*.

I keep my eyes on my gingerbread angel as he sits across from me. I can feel his heated eyes running along my body. It's making the tiny hairs on my arms rise, it's making it hard to breathe, and it's making it nearly impossible to decorate this damn cookie properly.

"I'll put some more coffee on," Mom says. "And we can all get to know each other properly."

Brandon grabs the coffee filters out of the cupboard to help her.

"How do you take your coffee, August?" she asks.

"Extremely hot," he says, and then he whispers under his breath, "just like my stepsister."

I swallow hard as I force my eyes up to glare at him.

He grins. I hate that it's such a sexy sight.

"*Stepsister*," I whisper, giving him a warning look. "We're related now by the way."

He lifts his eyebrow and gives me a carefree shrug before picking up a cookie and a piping bag.

It feels like we're about to play a dangerous game.

A game that can ruin Christmas.

Or, make it the best one yet...

## Chapter Three

---

*August*

“I want to hear more about this trip to Australia,” Dad says as he sits at the table with my new stepmother, Megan. We’re all drinking coffee and decorating the Christmas-shaped gingerbread cookies. The fire is burning in the fireplace while Bing Crosby sings about a winter wonderland over the speakers.

It looks so wholesome on the surface.

It could be our family Christmas card.

But with the way I’m feeling about my hot new stepsister, it’s anything but wholesome.

I want her. She’s the most perfect thing I’ve ever seen.

I can’t get over it. I can’t stop staring at her, imagining what’s under those clothes, imagining what she feels like, what she tastes like.

She’s incredible. She’s one of a kind.

I want to keep her. I want her all to myself.

“Did you make it to the Whitsundays?” Dad asks.

I study Harmony's face as she smiles at him. Those plump pink lips are killing me. It hurts to stare at them without tasting them, but it's even more painful to look away.

"It was definitely on my list of things to see," Harmony says in her soft angelic voice. "But I didn't get around to it. It was a bit too expensive for me."

"What are the Whitsundays?" Megan asks as she looks at my dad with hearts in her eyes.

"They're stunning," Dad says dramatically. "Seventy-five islands with white sand beaches off the coast of Queensland."

He goes on, talking all about it, but my attention quickly shifts back to Harmony.

She's decorating a gingerbread cookie in the shape of an angel while she listens, occasionally looking up and nodding at my dad.

If angels exist, they must look like her.

This is surreal. No girl has ever had such a strong effect on me before. I've had my fair share of beautiful women and pretty girls throwing themselves at me over the years, trying to make me theirs, but I was never interested.

Not one of them ever got my engine roaring like Harmony is doing right now. And she's not even trying.

I take a sip of coffee as I let my eyes roam over her face. She has beautiful blonde hair the color of sunshine that makes her stunning blue eyes pop out of her head.

Whenever she bats those long dark lashes, I fall a little deeper in love. I can feel my obsession with her forming, strengthening, taking over.

It's rooted in deep and I know it won't ever go away.

Stepsister or not, this is the girl for me.

I shouldn't come on too strong, but I'm not good at holding back when I want something. Never have been. I go after what I want with everything I got.

And I want *her*.

"Did you meet any new friends when you were in Australia?" Megan asks.

My chest tightens.

It suddenly hits me that this precious angel was on another continent without anyone looking out for her. She was all by herself.

That thought makes me crazy. It makes me nauseous.

If I knew her back then, I would have flown to Australia and hiked across the entire Outback to find her. I would have wrestled crocodiles and fought my way through hundreds of poisonous snakes and spiders to be by her side and make sure she was safe.

"I made some friends," she says with a shy smile. "I traveled with a Canadian girl for a while."

"What about boyfriends?" I ask. It just comes out of me. I have to know.

"August," Dad says, looking at me in disbelief. "I don't think Harmony might be comfortable sharing that kind of—"

"No," she says, shaking her head as she looks at me with a firm conviction. "There wasn't anybody like that."

I nod as gratitude fills me to the brim.

I'm glad I know. I would have had to miss Christmas to go hunt down some motherfucker through Australia who thought

he could take what was *mine*.

“Well, it’s nice to have you home,” Megan says, smiling warmly at her daughter. “Especially for the holidays.”

“Thanks, Mom,” Harmony says with a shy little smile. I love watching her smile. Her nose crinkles up and it makes the light freckles on the bridge of her nose and upper cheeks look so damn adorable.

She’s got the girl next door kind of vibe. I can tell she’s a good girl. An innocent little virgin.

She won’t be so innocent after this holiday season is finished with all I have planned. I’m going to claim every delicious inch of her.

She’ll be all mine by New Years.

“So, August,” Harmony says, looking at me with those big angelic eyes. “Are you going to be staying here throughout the holidays?”

“August will be at his mother’s for Christmas,” Dad says, answering for me.

“No, I won’t,” I answer back. “I’ll be here with my beautiful new family.”

“Oh, that’s wonderful!” Megan says, looking thrilled. “We thought you were going to be at your mother’s this year.”

“This is great news!” Dad says with a big smile. “What a nice surprise!”

I nod my head as I stare at Harmony. “I’m staying right here so I can get to know my new stepsister. I want to know her intimately.”

“We’ll all get to know one another,” Megan says, looking ecstatic. “Ten days of bonding with our new family. It will be so much fun.”

Ten days of living with this beauty. I can’t wait.

I just wish our parents weren’t here to get in the way.

But this large cottage has enough dark corners for us to get lost in.

Dark corners where we can discover just how innocent my new stepsister is...



# Chapter Four

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## *Harmony*

How'd it go???

Don't leave me hanging gurl!

was your mom pissed?

Are you sleeping outside??

We worked it out.

I think. I'm still worried she's a bit mad. I still don't understand why she had to leave my dad but whatvr.

How's the new stepbrother??

HOT!!

Don't even THINK about it!!

**A**ugust is watching me as I put my phone away. I give him a nervous smile.

“It’s fun that we’ll get to know each other over the holidays,” I say as I take a Christmas tree ornament out of the box. Oooh, I love this one. It’s a frog holding up a peace sign. Its back leg is missing and it doesn’t have much to do with Christmas, but I still love it. “I always wanted a sibling growing up.”

Our parents are in the kitchen cooking dinner while I’m decorating the tree with August.

I’m trying to focus on the task at hand and not on the pounding of my heart from being so close to my hot new stepbrother.

Is it always going to be like this? Will this man always have such a strong effect on me or will we settle into a sibling-type relationship?

I hope it’s the latter, but I can’t imagine seeing this guy and not having all of these naughty thoughts popping into my head.

“Is that what you really want?” August asks as he watches me hook the peace frog onto a branch. “A sibling?”

I can feel my cheeks heating up as I look at him. I think I know what this guy wants, and it’s anything but a platonic step-sibling relationship. With those heated eyes, he looks like he wants to unwrap me right here under the tree.

“What else would we be?” I ask all innocently like I don’t know what he has in mind.

He gives me a sexy wolfish grin as he grabs an ornament out of the box and comes over. I suck in a breath as he leans over me and hooks the blue ball on a branch beside my head.

“We could be so much more,” he says in a deep rumbling voice as he gazes into my eyes. I hold my breath as his heated

brown eyes drop to my mouth.

He looks like he's thinking about kissing me.

My chin tilts up. My lips part.

I'm thinking about him kissing me too.

It's all I can think about around him.

"Siblings is good for me," I say as I quickly duck under his big arm and hurry away. I open another large box of ornaments with my heart pounding, keeping the box between us like a shield.

This guy is so hot it's unnerving. It's like sharing a room with a wild tiger and trying to act normal.

He's probably used to girls giving him everything he wants. I bet he's the kind of guy who takes everything. But I'm the kind of girl who would never give in. I'm the kind of girl who would never submit.

At least, I think I am.

He's throwing me off. I'm usually way more certain about these kinds of things.

"So, are you taking time off work?" I ask, trying to change the subject to something less sexual.

"Don't worry, Harmony," he says. "I'm off. You'll have me for the entire ten days. All to yourself."

My eyes snap up to his and my mouth forms a straight line as I glare at him. "Who said I wanted you?"

"Some things don't have to be said," he answers with a grin. "Sometimes our bodies do the talking."

"What's my body saying now?" I ask I give him the middle finger.

He chuckles.

“Are you seriously trying to flirt with your new stepsister?” I ask, staring at him in disbelief. “Do you have any idea how inappropriate this is?”

“Do you have any idea how fun this could be?”

“Oh yeah,” I say with a roll of my eyes. “So much fun to have our parents realize that their kids are knocking boots under their noses.”

“I like where your mind is at,” he says with a grin. “I can picture you in long leather boots, although I’d much prefer you completely naked.”

My mouth drops open as I stare at him in shock.

He’s watching me with challenging eyes. “That’s what I really want for Christmas. If you’re wondering.”

“I wasn’t.”

“There’s a lot of time between now and Christmas,” he says with a confident grin. “*Anything* can happen.”

I’m wondering what exactly he’s thinking as he picks up another ornament and places it on the tree.

“*Nothing* is going to happen,” I say as I turn back to the box. I’m rummaging through it as Lucy comes over, wagging her tail. She shoves her head in the box and tries to grab an old dried-up Play-Doh ornament I made in elementary school. I have to wrestle it away from her.

“*Lucy*,” August says in a firm tone. “That’s enough.”

The dog looks up at him with puppy dog eyes and then trots away.

We put up a few more ornaments in silence. August isn't so bad when he's not talking.

"How come you weren't at the wedding?" he asks as I put up an ornament of Santa in a bathing suit and sunglasses at the beach.

"Were you there?"

He nods. "I was."

I huff out a breath as I go back to the box. "I was upset."

"About what?"

"My mom divorced my dad out of the blue," I say with my tone rising and my body tensing. "And what? I'm supposed to just go to the wedding like it's all good? Like she didn't just tear my family apart for her 'soulmate'?"

August shrugs. "Sometimes people don't get it right the first time around. They look like soulmates to me."

"My dad could have been her soulmate if she tried a little harder," I say, tasting the bitterness on my tongue.

Maybe I'm not so ready to forgive. Maybe I should have stayed in Australia for a little bit longer.

"Dinner is ready," Mom says, poking her head out of the kitchen. "There's hardly any decorations on the tree! What have you two been doing?"

"Secret step-sibling stuff," August says with a raised eyebrow. "No step-parents allowed."

"No fair," Mom says with a playful pouting face. "Can you two set the table?"

"Sure, Mom," I say with a forced smile.

She disappears back into the kitchen as August comes strolling over with a frustratingly sexy grin on his face.

I glare at him. “Can you set the table without making it sound dirty?”

“I think so,” he answers. “What order should we set the table? I think we should fork first and then spoon.”

I shake my head as I look up at him. “You’re impossible.”

“See, that’s where you’re wrong,” he says in a low voice as he slides his hand on my lower back while we walk. Tingles erupt along my skin. “You and me are *very* possible. I’d even say it’s likely.”

I step away from his hand and my whole body craves having it back on me.

“I’d say you’re crazy,” I whisper back. “And inappropriate.”

“And sexy?”

I grit my teeth as I glare at him. “We’re related.”

“You didn’t answer the question.”

“Because we’re related.”

“I’ll take that as a yes,” he says with a triumphant grin as we arrive in the kitchen.

My hands squeeze into fists at my sides as I watch him grab the placemats out of the drawer.

“It smells great in here,” August says to our parents who are at the stove, checking if the chicken breasts are fully cooked. He walks to the table with his heated eyes locked on me. “I can’t wait to taste this delicious bird. I’m starving for it.”

My jaw clenches as I glare at him.

I hate how he keeps making my body react this way.

I hate how he keeps making me blush.

How he keeps making me tingle.

But more than anything, I hate that I don't want him to stop.

## Chapter Five

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### *Harmony*

**I**t's after midnight and I still can't sleep.

I'm tossing and turning in bed, thinking of my new stepbrother in the other room.

*I'd much prefer you completely naked...*

Maybe it's the wine that's turning my brain into a sex-starved monster. Yeah, that must be it. I did have two glasses.

I turn around in the sheets and huff out a frustrated breath.

It's not the alcohol. I've had alcohol before and it's never had this kind of effect on me. Nothing has had this kind of effect on me.

I'm a twenty-one-year-old virgin.

I've never even really had a crush on a boy before. I mean, I thought some guys were cute when I was in high school, but I never felt the need to have one of them as my boyfriend. I never yearned for sex or kisses, or even to hold their hand. I did hold Andrew Bateman's hand in the eighth grade when we went to the dance together. It felt like I was holding a cold dead fish. I hated it.



But with August—with my new stepbrother—I can't seem to stop these dirty thoughts from penetrating my mind.

Every time I close my eyes, I picture him shirtless. Every time I turn around, I feel his hands on me, turning me, bending me over, positioning me just how he wants.

Those hungry eyes, those soft-looking lips, that fucking body... I can't get him out of my brain.

And it's driving me crazy.

I sit up in bed with a huff and yank the twisted sheets off me.

I'm all worked up. My heart is going, my blood is boiling, and I'm all tingly down there.

I have to do something to change this mindset.

I'm in the middle of a book that could do the trick. It's a memoir of a guy who escaped North Korea, so basically the least sexy thing possible. Unfortunately, it's on the coffee table in the living room.

I get out of bed and quietly walk to the door. I open it and listen down the hallway. I don't want to run into anyone right now. Especially, August.

I hear nothing but silence, so I hurry down the hallway and slip into the living room.

The fire is still crackling, popping, and grunting in the fireplace. *Grunting?*

I turn around with a gasp and see August on the floor doing push-ups.

*Shirtless* push-ups.

His brown eyes shine in the glow of the fire as he looks up and sees me.

I swallow hard as I sneak a peek at his hard flexed body. He's holding himself up as he watches me watching him.

I didn't realize he had so many tattoos. They're running along his muscular arms from his shoulders to his wrists.

Just when I thought my new stepbrother couldn't get any sexier...

He keeps his heated eyes locked on me as he slowly gets up. I'm trying to keep my eyes on his, but they keep roaming all over his naked torso. His smile turns seductive when I make an involuntary yelping sound.

I pictured him like this when I was tossing and turning in bed, but it was nothing compared to him shirtless in person.

His chest is chiseled perfection. Those abs... Good lord.

A few drops of sweat cling to the middle of his chest where his beautiful pecs meet. It shines in the flickering light of the fire and my mouth waters with an intense desire to drag my tongue up his skin and taste it.

He sees me looking. Of course, he does. I'm gawking at him with my mouth hanging open, but I can't help it.

He's huge. His body looks like it was carved out of marble by a master artist before he came to life.

"Still want to be just siblings?" he asks as he steps forward, those eyes darkening as he looks down at me.

"I... I..."

I don't fucking know...

My body shivers as he steps right up to me.

It happens in slow motion. Everything feels surreal.

A moan escapes my lips as he reaches up and cups the side of my jaw with his big warm hand. Our eyes are locked on one another. The air thickens. I can't fucking breathe with this sexy man staring at me like this.

"Want me to kiss you?" he asks in a deep throaty voice.

My head nods up and down.

"Say it."

"Kiss me," I whisper. "I want it."

Those frustrating lips curl into a grin as he leans down and kisses me.

I fucking *melt* against him as he nudges my lips open with his tongue and then slides it inside, tasting me.

Those big powerful hands slide up my hips and a warm shiver ripples through my body.

I'm kissing my stepbrother. I'm kissing my stepbrother and I have zero regrets.

I moan as he tilts my head back and pushes in deeper. He tastes so good. He feels incredible.

The fire roars beside us as I touch his hard abs and run my fingertips along the deep ridges.

"We're not just step-siblings," he says as he pulls away for a second, our foreheads touching. I'm staring at his mouth, wanting it back on mine. "That's not going to be our story, Harmony. We're meant to be together."

I don't know if that's true or not, but I'm done with the talking.

He smiles as I lean forward and kiss him. Our tongues connect, hot and wet. He's a good kisser. I'm so turned on, I'm worried I might burst into flames.

His strong hands slide up my back and he pulls me against his hard body. I whimper on his tongue when I feel how hard he is. It's not just his torso... his long thick cock is rock hard and digging into my hip.

My pussy *throbs* with need. It's desperate for August's big dick. I've never desired anyone like this.

I slide my flat palm down his abs heading right for it. My fingertips tingle, knowing how close I am...

Footsteps upstairs.

We explode apart.

"Harmony," he whispers as the bathroom door closes.

We stare at each other with desperation in our eyes. We both want this so badly, but we both know it's impossible. It can never happen.

It must never happen.

"Don't go," he says in a low voice.

"I..."

I leave. I turn and hurry out of there as fast as I can.

I'm back in bed with the door closed when I realize I forgot my damn book on the coffee table.

I guess it's going to be a long sleepless night for me wishing that August was by my side.

One of many over this holiday season I'm sure...

Serves me right for pervying over my stepbrother.

# Chapter Six

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## *Harmony*

Any updates?

I kissed him.

Who???

My stepbrother.

WHAT?!?!

HOW?!

Don't hold out on me gurl!!!

Tell me what happened!!

I sigh as I slide my phone into the pocket of my housecoat and bring my plate to the table with my cheeks burning.

I'm trying not to look at August as I sit down across from him. I got up early and made pancakes for everyone. It's not like I could sleep.

“Very tasty,” August says when he takes a bite.

I can’t help but sneak a peek at him. His hair is all messy and his eyes look tired, but somehow it makes him look even hotter. It makes me think of waking up together. Rolling over in bed and seeing his face on the pillow beside me.

*This has to stop, Harmony. Now. Get yourself under control. Geez.*

I squeeze my eyes shut as I take a sip of orange juice. This is so bad.

So so bad.

I can’t believe I kissed my stepbrother last night.

*Why* did I do that?

What was I thinking?

“So, there’s a Christmas craft fair at the community center in town,” Mom says with a big smile while she drenches her pancakes in maple syrup. “I thought we could all go.”

“To a craft fair?” Brandon asks with a grimace. “I thought we could watch the football game this afternoon.”

“Oh,” Mom says, her excited smile fading.

“I’ll go with you, Mom,” I say. I could really use some time away from this house. I need to clear my head a little and that’s impossible with Mr. Chiseled Abs giving me those lustful eyes all day.

“I’ll go too,” August says.

“You don’t have to,” I quickly say, keeping my eyes on my plate. “You should stay here and watch football with your dad. I’d like to spend some one-on-one time with my mom. It’s long overdue.”

“We can go out for lunch after!” Mom says with an excited little clap.

I smile at her. I didn’t think she’d be so excited to have lunch with me. I was worried she was still mad.

“Just as long as you’re back for dinner,” Brandon says with a mischievous grin.

“What do you have planned?” Mom asks, looking excited.

Brandon leaps up and grabs some papers out of the cupboard. “A little surprise for my new family. Four tickets to the Christmas Orchestra tonight.”

“The Orchestra?” August says, looking at him funny. I can’t help but giggle at the look on his face.

“Yes! Two pairs of balcony seats. Unfortunately, there’s only two seats per balcony, so we’ll be separated, but we can go together and maybe grab some dinner in the city?”

“That sounds wonderful!” Mom says, clapping her hands together. “Thank you, Brandon!”

He gets a big smile on his face as she kisses him on the cheek.

My mind is swirling.

I’ll be in a private balcony with August?

In the dark?

I gulp as I look up at him.

He’s grinning from ear to ear.

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“So, what do you think of August?” Mom asks as we wander through the crowded Christmas Craft Fair. “Oooh, I want to check out those wreaths over there. They’re adorable.”

“Umm,” I say as we make our way over. “He’s great.”

“I know, right?” Mom says as she picks up a wreath and inspects it. “Are these homemade?”

“Yes, ma’am,” the woman behind the table says. “I made each one myself.”

Now, we *have* to buy one. I don’t like these places because I hate looking at the stuff on the tables and then walking away. The seller always looks so heartbroken. It feels like I’m insulting them to their face by not buying anything.

“He’s so cute,” Mom says as she puts it back and grabs another one. “And smart too. Did you know he’s already an executive at the marketing agency he works at?”

“Really?”

“Oh yeah. He takes after Brandon. Bunch of brainiacs those two.”

“Huh.”

“I’ll take this one please.”

“Seventy dollars.”

“*Seventy* dollars?” Mom says, nearly choking. “For a wreath? Gawd, the world is out of control.”

Mom pays the lady, but she doesn’t look pleased as she shoves the money into her apron.

“He doesn’t have a girlfriend,” Mom says as we continue walking. “Do you have any nice friends you can set him up with?”



I stop in my tracks and shoot laser beams out of my eyes as I stare at her back.

“What is it, honey?” she asks as she turns around. “Did you see something you like?”

There’s something I like alright, and I’m *not* setting him up with a friend.

I’m keeping him all to myself.

---

“Wow,” August says when I walk into the kitchen in my fancy black dress. “Are you for real? You look like an angel.”

He looks pretty good himself. He’s standing by the counter in a black suit. I swallow hard as I look at his crisp white shirt and burgundy tie.

I have a strong urge to grab that tie and pull his mouth back onto mine, but I keep my clenched fists by my side instead.

Mom and Brandon are still getting ready upstairs. I should have waited in my room until they came down. I do not need to be alone with this heartthrob of a man right now. Not when he’s looking this fine.

“Looks like we’ll be sitting together,” he says with a sexy grin as he walks over.

My whole body tingles as he approaches.

“Alone in a balcony,” he says with a lick of his lips. “I hope we can find something to do to entertain ourselves.”

My back is as straight as a board as he approaches so close I can smell his cologne. It smells like a night to remember.

I close my eyes as he leans in close, smelling my perfume. He drags the tip of his nose up my neck and I shiver all over.

“What would be entertaining for you?” I whisper.

I should just keep my mouth shut, but I can't seem to stop myself.

“Exploring this sexy little body,” he growls in my ear. I keep my eyes closed, just focusing on his deep voice, the goosebumps rising on my skin, and the feeling of my nipples hardening under my bra.

“There are endless things I want to do to you.”

I slowly open my eyes and look up at him, shivering at the thick sexual tension in the air. “Like what?” I whisper.

He licks his lips before slowly looking me up and down. My breath turns shallow, my body heats up, and my pussy aches with need under his intense lustful gaze.

“*Oh god,*” I whisper as he leans in and hovers his lips over my ear.

“I want to touch your pussy, Harmony.” He growls the words in my ear. My heart thunders in my chest. “With my hands, with my tongue, with my big hard cock. I want to pleasure you and taste you and fuck you until you're screaming my name.”

I swallow hard as his alluring scent fills my head, making it all light and dizzy.

“But... We're siblings now...”

“*Step* siblings,” he corrects in a firm tone. “Just because our parents fell in love, doesn't mean we can't.”

“I think that's exactly what it means,” I whisper.

He shakes his head. “No. We’re free to do whatever we want. Every naughty, dirty, forbidden desire we have. No one can stop us.”

I’m breathing so heavily as his lips touch the heated skin on my neck.

“Oh, August,” I moan as he kisses along my collarbone. My body is on *fire*. I’m combusting for this irresistible man.

Lucy walks into the kitchen and tilts her head as she looks at us.

August has no idea we have a furry third wheel. He’s kissing up my neck, along my jaw, so close to my mouth... so fucking close...

“August,” I whisper as Lucy sits and stares at the forbidden scene. “August, the dog is watching us.”

He turns and those big shoulders start shaking with laughter when he sees the golden retriever behind him. Lucy tilts her head the other way when their eyes meet.

“I guess someone knows about our dirty little secret,” he says with a grin.

I hear footsteps coming down the stairs and I rush to the bathroom, not knowing what else to do. I feel like they’re going to know what’s up if they walk in the kitchen and see me standing here like this—blushing cheeks, shallow breath, body aching.

“He’s your stepbrother,” I whisper to the flushed reflection in the mirror. “You have to stop this. Now.”

I look at my phone to distract myself, but it doesn’t work.

Did you kiss him again?!

Need an update!!!

Send a pic!!

Does your mom know your making out with her stepson???

I let out a long heavy breath, turn my phone off, and head out.

“You look beautiful,” Mom says, gushing over me when I come out of the bathroom. She’s all dressed up too and so is Brandon.

“You kids get the balcony in the back,” Brandon says as he hands two tickets to August. “It’s the highest one so no one will be able to see you.”

August looks at me and I can feel my cheeks smoldering. Does he know? Why would Brandon say *that*?

“It’s perfect for napping if you get bored,” Brandon says with a chuckle. “I know the Orchestra isn’t for everyone.”

“We won’t get bored,” August says as he grins at me. “We’re going to have the night of our lives.”

## Chapter Seven

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*August*

I can't take my eyes off her.

She's stunning.

I put my arm out for Harmony and she takes it as we walk into the lobby of the theater.

"You look magnificent," I whisper in her ear as we follow our parents in.

She gives me a shy little smile, which means we must be advancing in our relationship. She's no longer getting angry when I compliment her.

Her blonde hair is tied in the back and falling on her shoulders in luscious blonde waves. I just want to sink my hands into it as I kiss her glossy lips.

"You two look so cute together," Megan says as she turns around and sees us walking behind her.

We maneuver through the crowd to our section on the top floor. We're in the VIP area that leads to the balconies.

"Enjoy the show!" Dad says as he takes the arm of his smiling wife and disappears through the curtains that lead to

their balcony.

“Bye!” Megan says with a wave.

It’s just me and Harmony now.

Her cheeks flush an adorable shade of pink as I turn to her.

“You’re blushing,” I say with a grin.

She rolls her eyes. “You’re impossible.”

I chuckle as she grabs the tickets out of my hands and marches over to our private balcony. She shows them to security and they let us in.

“Wow,” she whispers under her breath when we walk onto our balcony. We’re on top of the whole theater, overlooking everyone as they take their seats.

The orchestra is set up on the massive stage with the empty seats and instruments ready to go. All that’s missing are the musicians.

“After you,” I say as I wave to our two empty seats.

“Thank you, sir,” Harmony says with a sexy little smile as she walks past me and takes a seat.

“This is like a date,” I say as I sit down beside her.

I’m expecting some pushback or some attitude, but she just smiles at me. “It is.”

A date... With our parents...

Megan is standing in the balcony in front of us, waving. We wave back and then she sits down next to my father, just the top of their heads showing.

It is private up here. The red curtain blocks out the hallway of the VIP section, plus we’re at the far end, so it’s unlikely

that anyone is going to peek in.

The walls of the balcony are fairly high, which means that no one in the theater can see lower than our shoulders.

“I’ve never done anything like this before,” Harmony says as she looks over the edge at all of the nicely dressed people finding their seats. I’m only looking at her.

I never thought a woman could be this beautiful. I never thought I could want someone with this much intensity.

I’m falling in love with this girl. I’m falling hard.

It was a lustful attraction at first, but now it’s becoming more.

I don’t want to leave her side. I don’t want to live without her.

An excited little gasp bubbles out of her when the lights dim. Anticipation fills the theatre as everyone hurries to sit down.

Harmony looks at me and smiles, her big blue eyes alive with excitement and energy.

The musicians walk onto the stage in an orderly line and the crowd claps and cheers. We’re clapping too as the conductor comes out and takes a bow in the middle of the stage. The crowd gets louder.

My excitement builds. Not for the show, but for spending the next two hours alone with my girl.

They settle in and then begin.

The first strains of music slice through the silence and I sit a little straighter. My eyes are fixated on the stage as my senses spark to life.

The rhythmic pulse of the double basses mix with the fluttering violins and beautiful sounds of the brass section.

We both stare forward in stunned silence as the powerful crescendos ignite our bodies and sends shivers rippling down our spines.

I can feel the captivating music in my bones. It resonates through me and I can tell that Harmony is feeling the same. Her back is stiff. Her face transfixed on the stage. The symphony wraps around us like a warm embrace, rising and pulsing and bringing us along with it.

Our hands come together. Our fingers entwine.

The music mounts to its most powerful crescendo and then comes back down, playing softly for us.

We look at each other. Her blue eyes are sparkling. She's crying.

I can't stop myself from kissing her.

We lean in and our lips come together in a soft sensual kiss. It's over too fast, because so is the song.

The crowd claps and we break apart, clapping along with them.

When the next song starts, a Christmas song I recognize but don't know the name of, we slide back into the moment.

And my hand slides back onto hers.

She's gripping my fingers as the music mounts to a booming pitch. My hand is resting on her soft thigh.

She lets go of me to wipe her watery eyes, but I don't let go. I cup her inner thigh as we watch and listen. I'm so



close... I wonder if she's wet right now. It's all I can think about. That soft wet little pussy...

*Fuck...*

The music heightens and I begin to slowly pull up her dress.

She stares straight ahead, pretending not to notice, but she knows exactly what's happening. Those beautiful round tits are heaving up and down as her breath quickens.

I reach the end and then slide my hand underneath, sitting as straight and non-conspicuous as I can.

*"Fuck,"* I groan under my breath when I feel her soft thighs.

She opens her legs a little further apart.

The music intensifies as I slide my hand up closer to her little pussy. I can feel the heat. The desire. She wants it as much as I do.

My mouth waters when I arrive and discover she's not wearing any panties. My innocent little stepsister is not so innocent after all.

I moan when I feel how wet she is. *Goddamn...* She's so soft. So delicate and smooth.

*"Oh,"* she whimpers lightly as I slip two fingers inside her tight little hole. She grips the back of my hand, holding it between her legs as I push deeper inside, gliding my fingers along her wet virgin walls. I know she's a virgin. She's too damn tight not to be.

She keeps her eyes on the stage as her pussy strangles my fingers.

I move my hand to the rhythm of the music bellowing through the theater. When it's soft, I stroke softly, and when it's powerful, I put pressure on her clit with the base of my palm and rub her pearl as I slide in and out to the rhythm of the orchestra.

As the song surges and escalates to its peak, I rub her pussy harder and faster. The instruments roar to their climax and my sweet girl is swept along with them, cumming all over my hand. She whimpers as she digs her nails into my wrist, holding me against her pulsating pussy as the orgasm rolls through her.

It's intense, but she keeps a still face and a straight back. The only change is the way she's trembling and biting her bottom lip as tears stream down her cheeks.

I keep moving my hand to the rhythm of the music, trying to wring out every ounce of pleasure for her.

Her soft little pussy is soaked now. My fingers are coated in her warm sticky release as they slide in and out, in and out.

The last note of the violin rings out and the whole theater claps.

Harmony claps too, but I don't. I'm too busy sucking her sweet juices off my fingers and moaning for more.

She pulls her dress back down and gives me a shy little look.

My cock is a cement rod that's trying to tear through my pants. Watching Harmony cum is the sexiest thing I've ever seen.

I wish I could pick her up and lower her onto my thick cock right here. I'm desperate for her body. I *need* her.

But unfortunately for us, the walls of the balcony aren't that high.

I'll just have to wait a little longer.

A little longer to deflower my hot little stepsister.

A little longer to claim what's *mine*.

## Chapter Eight

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### *Harmony*

**I**t's been two days since the night at the orchestra and I've become a master at avoiding August. I've been clinging to my mother and staying as close to her as I can.

When she isn't available to be my human shield, I've been clinging to Brandon and using him to keep August in check.

I can't control myself around him.

I've realized that now.

There's no use fighting it because I know it's not going to work. Avoidance is the only real solution here.

I have to avoid being alone with the man.

At. All. Costs.

It's the night before Christmas Eve, so I should be okay until Boxing Day at least. The four of us are hanging out tonight, watching Christmas movies and eating the Yule log that my mom and I made this afternoon, so it should be easy enough.

Tomorrow night, we're heading to Brandon's brother's house for Christmas Eve and then we're having a family get-

together here on Christmas Day.

Tons of people around. Exactly what I need.

“What should we watch?” Mom asks when we’re in the kitchen getting everything ready. I’m microwaving a bag of popcorn and pretending not to notice my hot stepbrother watching me from across the room.

“I vote for Elf,” Brandon says as he opens a bottle of red wine with a *pop*. Lucy tilts her head at the noise.

“I love Elf!” Mom says with a squeal. “Who wants wine?”

Everyone raises their hand.

“It’s unanimous,” she says with a chuckle as she takes four glasses out of the cupboard. “What a surprise.”

“How about *The Holiday*?” I ask, even though it always makes me cry. I always lose it when Cameron Diaz’s character finally cries at the end. Oh, and when she’s in the tent with Jude Law and his two girls—I love that part. Oh, and when that old man gets a standing ovation. I’m basically a mess throughout the whole film. Maybe we shouldn’t watch that one.

“I love that movie,” Mom says already tearing up. “When Cameron Diaz breaks up with Jude Law...”

“No crying movies!” Brandon quickly says. “It’s supposed to be a fun night!”

“Oh, fine,” Mom says as she wipes her eye. “What’s your favorite Christmas movie, August?”

He’s grabbing plates for the Yule log.

I try not to look at him, but it’s so freaking hard. He’s wearing gray jogging pants and a white t-shirt that’s a little too

short so when he reaches for the plates on the top shelf, it rises and you can see the very defined lines on his pelvis. *If* you're looking. Which I'm totally not.

"Let me guess," I say as I pull out the popcorn. "One of those ridiculous Christmas movies where they make Santa into an action star who kills dozens of people?"

August laughs as he holds the plates. God, those arms... I could lick those triceps...

"For your information," he says, "my favorite is Home Alone."

"I love Home Alone!" I say, filling with excitement. "We should watch that."

"I'm good with Home Alone," Mom says.

It's perfect. Not romantic. Not sexy. It's the ideal movie to watch with your hot stepbrother who you're really trying hard not to have a crush on.

Brandon's phone rings and he answers it with a big grin. "No way! What's up, Greg?!"

He's talking loud and laughing as he hurries into the other room with Lucy following at his feet.

"Who's Greg?" Mom asks August.

"An old friend," August answers.

"The one from London?" Mom says, gazing after him.

"Yeah," August says. "They've been good friends since grade one, but they don't see each other very often."

We grab all the stuff and move into the living room. Luckily, the couches are massive, so I keep my distance from August.

I can feel his eyes on me as he sits down.

The fire is roaring and the place is nice and cozy as mom turns on the TV. Lucy circles in front of the fire and then lays down on the rug. The large coffee table is full of alcohol, popcorn, and sweets. The ingredients for a perfect night in.

“Okay, I’ll call you right back,” Brandon says as he comes rushing into the room with the phone to his ear. “Alright, bye.”

“Everything okay?” Mom asks.

“Better than okay!” Brandon says with a huge smile. “Greg is in town for the night. He wants to meet up!”

“Oh,” Mom says, forcing out a smile. I can see right through it. She’s disappointed. “That’s great! You should go meet him.”

“He’s with his wife,” Brandon says. “You can come too!”

She perks back up. “Really? But what about the movie?” She looks at us, but August is waving her away.

“Go,” he says. “Have fun. Harmony and I will have fun on our own.”

He gives me a wink.

My body goes cold.

“Or, we can go with them!” I throw out.

Nobody pays any attention to that.

“They want to meet at the Irish pub in town in about half an hour,” Brandon says.

“Oh!” Mom says as she jumps up. “I’ll get dressed!”

My mouth drops as I watch them both run up the stairs.

I can feel August’s eyes on me when they’re gone.

I turn to him and he's grinning.

"Looks like Kevin McCallister won't be the only one who's Home Alone."

---

We're halfway through the movie and both of us are still on separate couches.

I keep my narrowed eyes on August as he stands up and grabs the bowl of popcorn on the coffee table.

The budding psychopath, Kevin McCallister, is traumatizing the pizza delivery boy by pretending that the gangster in the black and white movie is shooting at him.

August chuckles as he takes the bowl and sits down on my couch.

"Excuse me," I say with a stern look. "This is *my* couch."

"Popcorn?" August asks, offering me the bowl.

I frown playfully as I take a couple.

This is so confusing. I want August beside me. There's so much I want to try with him. I can't stop thinking about those amazing kisses and the night at the orchestra when he made me feel more pleasure than I knew a human was capable of feeling.

But I'm also worried about my mom and how she's going to react when this inevitably blows up in our faces.

If he wasn't my stepbrother, I'd totally be into this, but of course with my luck, he is. The one guy I've ever had a crush on, the one guy who I'm starting to fall for, turns out to be the one guy I can't have.



Why does life have to be so complicated? Why can't it ever just be easy?

August puts his hand on mine and I'm about to yank it away, I swear I am, but it's so warm and soft and it feels so good.

It's easy with August. It's just everything around us that's making it hard.

We can't do this. I have to put an end to it here and now.

He looks at me as I grab the remote control off the coffee table and pause the movie.

"This has to stop," I say as I look at him.

He looks at my mouth. I look at his. My mouth waters.

*No! Stop it! It's enough!*

"You know we can't do this, right?" I ask.

"What if we're soulmates, Harmony?" he asks.

I laugh. "There's no such thing as soulmates."

"I think you're wrong."

"I think you're crazy."

"I'm crazy for you," he says. "I know you think I'm playing you, Harmony, but I'm not. I'm an old-fashioned kind of guy."

"In what way?"

He runs his hand over his jaw and it sets off a heat swirling in my core.

"I'm a virgin."

I laugh. "Now, you're just making fun of me."

He looks so serious that my laughter dries up fast. Those brown eyes are making me breathless. “You are?”

He nods. “I believe in soulmates. I believe in love at first sight. I believe in saving yourself for the one you’re meant to be with.”

My body aches as I gaze at him. “You really believe all that?”

“I do,” he says as he looks at me with those killer brown eyes. “And I also believe that you’re my soulmate.”

My eyes fall to his mouth. Maybe one more kiss before we break this off for good... What harm would that do?

Our mouths come together like they know exactly where they belong. I moan when I feel his delicious lips on mine one more time. The *last* time.

It’s going to be torture to abstain from this.

He tastes so good. I *love* kissing this man.

If it’s the last time, we better make it count...

My body is on fire as I straddle his big frame and kiss him with a passionate energy that surprises me.

And in the back of my head, as much as I don’t want to admit it, I know this won’t be the last time...

It feels too damn amazing.

And we’re way too good at this.

## Chapter Nine

---

*August*

**M**y cock is *aching* as this beauty rubs against it while she straddles me. I sink my hands into her lush blonde hair and kiss her hard.

She smells so good. She tastes even better. This little angel is *irresistible*.

I slide my hands onto her ass and start moving her back and forth until her hips are rocking. She moans into my mouth while she grinds against me, sliding her sweet little pussy along my shaft.

“*Oh, August,*” she moans as she runs her hand through my hair and grabs a fistful of it. She squeezes it hard and yanks my head back as she grinds harder, driving me wild.

My whole body is in a frenzy. I need to take this girl’s virginity. I need to be inside her.

I slide my hands under her big sweater and grab her breasts over her bra. My dick *aches*.

With a firm tug, I yank her bra down, freeing her soft curvy tits. She closes her eyes and moans as I grab and

massage them, feeling her hard little nipples digging into my palms.

“I’ll make it easier for you,” she says before straightening up and pulling off her sweater.

She has a sexy smirk on her face under that messy blonde hair as she tosses the sweater on the other couch. I’m already pulling her shirt up, desperate to see her naked.

I pull it over her head and she slides off her bra.

“*Fuck,*” I whisper when she drops her bra on the ground and turns back. With every movement, her beautiful breasts jiggle and bounce, hypnotizing me. Her perfect little pink nipples are staring right at me, begging for my attention.

With a hungry groan, I put my hands all over them and then my mouth. I drag my tongue along the soft curves and take a nipple between my lips. She moans as I suck on it and tease it with my tongue.

Her hips never stop moving. She’s grinding on my dick as I switch to her other breast with my mouth.

“Wait a second,” she says.

My heart stops. We can’t stop now. She can’t do this to me... I’ll die.

“I can’t do this with ten-year-old Macaulay Culkin staring at me.”

I glance at the TV and laugh while she reaches for the remote control. He’s staring right at us with a shocked face.

She turns the TV off and then comes back to me, kissing my mouth while I massage her naked tits.

I lift my arms when she claws at my shirt, desperate to get it off. She pulls it over my head and those sexy blue eyes get nice and wide as she looks at my bare arms and shoulders, covered in tattoos.

“You’re so hot,” she says as she runs her hands along my arms. “I love your body.”

“And I love everything about you.”

She stops, looks at me with a loving look, and then kisses me once again.

“Is that pretty little pussy all wet for me?” I whisper between kisses.

She breathes heavily as she arches over me, her silky blonde hair falling on the sides of my face. “*Yes.*”

“Prove it.”

She gasps as I pick her up and lay her down on the couch over the blanket. Her breasts sway with every heavy breath she takes. Those glossy blue eyes are locked on me, wondering what I’m about to do next.

I lick my lips as I grab her jogging pants and pull them down.

*Mmmmmm...* Pink underwear.

My mouth waters when I see a little wet spot on her mound. She is nice and wet. Wet and *tasty*.

I’m trying to go slow and I’m trying to be gentle, but this girl is testing every bit of control I have. I pull her panties down and throw them off as I try to get a glimpse of her virgin pussy.

“Open,” I command as I take her knees and pull her legs apart. “Nice and wide for your stepbrother.”

She’s watching me with a shy look as she shows me what she’s never shown another man before.

I exhale long and hard as her pussy is revealed to me, shiny wet and virgin pink.

“*Beautiful,*” I whisper as I stare at it in awe. The sweet scent fills my lungs and sends waves of heat billowing through me from my head to my toes.

My cock is raging to get in there, but I need to have a taste first.

“What are you—*Ooohhh,*” Harmony moans as I put my mouth on her. I’m gripping her thighs, holding them apart as I slide my tongue up and down her hot juicy little cunt.

Once I taste her sweet little pussy, I lose control. I devour her.

She’s moving and bucking on the couch, grabbing her tits as I tongue her clit and tease her tight entrance.

“*Yes!*” she moans as I wrap my lips around her clit and suck her hard. “*Oh, fuck yes!*”

I take as much of her into my mouth as I can and then lick her slit from the bottom to the top. She tastes so fucking good. I might never leave.

Her moans get louder and harder until she’s almost screaming. Lucy gets scared and runs out of the room with her tail between her legs. Harmony is in too deep to notice.

“Are you going to cum for me?” I whisper between licks.

I suck her soft lips as I watch her moaning and writhing on the couch. The view from down here is incredible with her swaying tits and sexy face.

“If you want me to,” she says without opening her eyes.

“I do,” I say before tracing the base of her clit with the tip of my tongue. “I want you to cum all over my mouth. I want to *taste* you. I want you cumming all over me.”

“Oh, August,” she moans as she pinches her nipples. “I’ll do whatever you want.”

“That’s my girl,” I growl as I dive back in, burying my face between her legs as I devour her.

Her hips buck when I thrust my tongue inside her wet hole. I wrap my arms around her thighs and pull her against me while I lick and suck her pretty little cunt.

She grabs a fistful of my hair as her body tenses. She holds me against her pussy as the orgasm hits, thundering through her and making her scream.

Pussy juice coats my lips and tongue as I continue to lick her, not wanting to stop.

It’s so intense for her. She’s trembling when it’s over.

“That’s my girl,” I whisper as I stand up with a wet mouth. I can smell the intoxicating scent of her cunt on my face as I pull down my pants and underwear.

She forces her eyes open and stares at my long hard cock as I step out of my pants and kick them away.

“Is this what you want?” I ask as I wrap my hand around my shaft and give it a few slow strokes.

She swallows hard and nods.

“Say it, Harmony.”

“I want it.”

“Where?”

“In my pussy.”

I growl as I go to her. I love hearing dirty words coming out of her innocent little mouth.

“Alright,” I say as I grab her leg and turn her on the couch. I kneel between her spread thighs and guide my cock to her sexy little cunt. “You can have it. You can have it *whenever* you want.”

Her eyes fall closed and she moans as I drag my thick head up her slit.

I slide it back down and push it into her tight little hole, gliding through her pink lips.

“*Oh shit,*” she whimpers as she grips the blanket on the couch and squeezes her eyes closed.

I want to comfort her, but my own teeth are gritted. She’s so fucking tight. Her little pussy is clamped down on me and *squeezing* hard.

I hold onto her leg and push in another inch. Hot sticky juice leaks out and travels down my hard shaft as we both try to get used to each other’s size. I’m so big and she’s so small.

“Don’t stop,” she whimpers.

God, I love her. She’s so strong. So fucking tough.

I push another inch into my girl and my cock arrives at her cherry. With a lick of my lips, I savagely thrust through it and slide all the way in.



“*Oh,*” she gasps when she feels the full size of my cock stretching her cunt out.

I hold it inside her, feeling the warmth, feeling the tightness squeezing me, feeling like this girl is finally all mine.

I’m not wearing a condom, so I’m feeling every silky inch of her tunnel. Nothing is getting in the way of me making her mine.

She grabs my hand and squeezes it like she’s never going to let it go.

When her body becomes less tense, I slowly pull my cock back and then slowly slide it back in. She takes me a little easier and releases my hand.

I slide in and out of her heat, a little harder and a little faster each time. Her pussy muscles are clenched around my hard shaft driving me wild and trying to make me lose control.

It’s hard to go slow, but I’m trying for her.

“How do you like that?” I growl as I thrust in deep.

She shakes her head and moans. “I love it, August. Don’t stop...”

My sweet and gentle side begins to unravel. It starts to disappear. My thrusts become harder, more carnal, more out of control.

I think she likes it better this way.

I drop the nice guy and let the animal take over. She cries out as I start fucking her *hard* with deep punishing thrusts.

She cries out my name as I own her pussy, fucking her like I’m dying for it.

An orgasm comes out of nowhere. It explodes through her and has her bucking and shaking on the couch. Her pussy tightens around me and I moan when I feel a rush of hot juice leak onto my balls.

When she's done screaming, I pick up her trembling body, keeping my cock lodged deep inside her, and sit on the blanket that's draped over the couch. I bring her down on top of me so she's straddling my body.

This beauty doesn't miss a beat. She starts moving her hips up and down, sliding her juicy little cunt along my hard shaft.

I grab her ass and guide her up and down. When she's in a steady rhythm, I move my hands to the front and play with her bouncing tits.

"What about you, huh?" she asks with a grin as she moves up and down, her beautiful blonde hair bouncing to the rhythm of her hips. "Are you going to cum in me? Are you going to cum in my little pussy?"

"You keep talking like that and I will."

She bites her bottom lip, taking it as a challenge.

"I want to feel it," she moans as her hot juices coat me. "I want this big cock to fill me up. Cum inside your stepsister's little virgin pussy, August. *Please.*"

Oh fuck... That's enough to do it.

I hold her down and thrust my hips up, getting as deep inside her as I can. She grinds her cunt on the base of my cock, rubbing her clit on me and bringing herself to her third orgasm of the night.

We both erupt at the same moment.

I squeeze her hips too hard as I cum deep inside her, filling her with my seed. She throws her head back and cries out as her pussy tightens around me. It pulses and clenches and milks every drop of cum out of my cock.

It's the best moment of my life.

She's finally mine.

We cling to each other as the heat blazes through us and then she collapses into my arms with a heavy moan.

I hold her tight, still lodged deep inside her, as we catch our breaths.

I can't believe she's here. I can't believe she's mine.

I'm keeping her.

For this Christmas and every single one after.

# Chapter Ten

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## *Harmony*

I wake up with a groan and look at my phone on the nightstand. It's Makayla again.

Happy X-Mas Eve!!

Have you been sneaking around the mistletoe with your hawt stepbrother?!

Who knew it would be so hard to shake off an Uber driver?

No.

But we did have sex.

What?!?

Details! Now!!

Good girls don't kiss and tell.

Good girls don't fuck their stepbrothers!! How did this happen?!

Still waiting on a pic!

I drop my phone back onto the nightstand and sink my face into the pillow. Memories of last night come rushing back into my head.

Straddling August... Feeling his *thick* hard cock stretching me out... The intense need... The overwhelming pleasure... It felt so incredible.

I moan into the pillow when I feel the soreness down there. Knowing August was inside me is changing everything.

I submitted my body to him and now I'm ready to submit everything else.

I'm no longer pushing away my feelings. It's becoming impossible. They're taking over. Getting stronger by the second.

I'm not sure what that means, but I know that everything is about to change.

It's terrifying and exciting at the same time. I truly don't know if my mother will be happy for me or if she's going to want to kill me. I'm leaning toward the latter.

With a groan, I get up and head into the kitchen. Mom and Brandon are already dressed. August is sitting at the table, eating cereal and watching me with those sexy brown eyes.

I give him a little smile before looking away with blushing cheeks.

“Good morning,” Mom says as she comes over and hugs me. “Merry Christmas Eve! I made some banana muffins if you’re hungry.”

“Thanks, Mom. How was your night?”

Mom walks over to Brandon who’s pouring another coffee. She smiles as she rubs his back and looks up at him. “It was such a delight! Greg and his wife Laura were so much fun. We’re going to go visit them in London this summer.”

“Really?” I say, smiling at her as I pet Lucy. “That sounds fun. You always wanted to see London.”

“Laura has lived there all her life and she’s going to give us a tour of the real city,” she says, getting excited. “Not just the touristy areas, but the real thing.”

She goes on about all the things they’ll do, and I’m trying to listen, but it’s so hard with August in the room, watching me.

My eyes keep drifting over to him. He’s so hot. Knowing those strong hands were on me, that sexy mouth was on me, and knowing my mouth was on him... I have to fight back a moan.

“Are we going to meet Greg and Laura over the holidays?” I ask them as I grab a mug and pour myself a cup of coffee.

“They’re already gone,” Brandon says. “It was just one night of fun.”

My eyes dart over to August, hoping it was not just one night of fun for us too.

“We’re sorry we ditched you on movie night,” Mom says as she takes a strand of my hair and plays with it. “Did you guys have a nice time?”

“I did,” August says as he looks at me. “Harmony and I got to know each other *really* well.”

I choke on my first sip of coffee.

Mom rubs my back as she looks at me with concern. “Are you okay, honey?”

“I’m fine,” I say as I wipe my mouth. “Never better.”

“Good because we’re heading to my brother’s house tonight after dinner,” Brandon says in a firm tone. “I want everyone to be ready in the entrance at six o’clock *sharp*.”

My stubborn eyes move back to August. I don’t think he’s taken his heated eyes off me once.

This is going to be a tricky day. He looks like he’s ready to kick our parents out and take me on the kitchen counter right here and now.

I’ll just have to avoid him.

I’ll just have to be good.

I have feelings for him, but I’ll have to pretend that I don’t.

I can do that for a few days. Can’t I?

---

“That’s it,” August groans as he pulls back my hair, watching me with those dark lustful eyes. “Your mouth feels so fucking good.”

I’m on my knees in my stepbrother’s bedroom with his big firm cock in my hand. I look up at him as I stroke his wet meaty shaft, hoping I’m doing okay.

Our parents are at the grocery store getting some last-minute items for tomorrow.

I'm giving August a blow job. My first ever.

He drops his head back and groans when I take him in my mouth, squeezing my lips around his hard shaft as I push him in as far as I can.

His cock is massive. I thought it was large last night, but up close and personal, it's *huge*.

It hits my gag reflex in the back of my throat and I choke a little. I ease off, pulling him back as I look up at him through watery eyes.

"You're amazing, Harmony," he groans as he grabs a fistful of my hair. "Don't take it out. *Please.*"

I can't get over that I'm pleasing this beautiful man. That's more of a turn on than anything.

I ran into him in the hallway after his shower. He was wearing nothing but a robe that was showing off his hard muscular chest.

I tried to be good. Really, I did. But before I knew it, we were making out in the hallway and I was pushing him into his room and then dropping to my knees.

When that robe fell open and I saw his big beautiful dick, I just had to have it in my mouth.

"*Yes,*" he grunts as I suck him off, moving my clenched lips up and down his shaft. I'm squeezing the base of his dick, my hand resting on his balls.

"That's it, girl," he growls as his grip on my hair tightens. It makes me crazy, feeling his strength and knowing he's barely controlling himself because of me.



I swirl my tongue around his head as I jerk him off, sliding my clenched fist up and down his long hard shaft.

He sucks in a sharp breath and starts cumming. I shove his jolting cock into my mouth and moan when I feel him pulsing against my tongue.

I swallow every tasty drop, and even then, I don't want to let it go.

Finally, I release him and wipe the wetness from my mouth with the back of my hand.

My pussy is *aching* as I stand up with a shy smile on my face.

I'm wondering if I should leave, but he gets up and puts those strong hands back on me. He strips me in record time, turns me around as rough as a caveman, bends me over the bed, and thrusts his cock—that's still as hard as a rock—into my burning pussy.

I drop my head and close my eyes, focusing on the blissful feeling of August's cock sliding in and out of me.

It's so good. It's so fucking good...

We don't last as long as last night.

After a few powerful drives of his hips, I'm cumming all over my stepbrother's cock.

His sexy grunts fill my ear as he unleashes another load deep inside me.

We collapse onto the bed and stare up at the ceiling as we try to catch our breaths.

"Uh oh," August says as he looks at the door. "Busted."

I dart up with my heart pounding, expecting to see my mom, but it's just Lucy.

She's standing in the doorway, watching us with her tail wagging.

I drop back down on the bed with a sigh.

It was Lucy this time, but if we're not careful, the next time could be my mom.

---

Brandon and August have a nice family. I met all of them from August's four-year-old niece who dropped a Cheeto in my glass of wine to his uncle Bill who told me about the different types of bass fish and which lures are best to catch each one. I was very thankful when August pulled me away from him with a fake emergency.

We snuck heated looks across the room all night, but we didn't do more than that. We were good.

I hope I can make it last through the rest of the holidays.

"That was a fun night," Mom says in a tired voice as Brandon drives us home.

It's snowing lightly as we drive along the dark highway, listening to soft Christmas music. I had three glasses of wine and a few sips of a disgusting eggnog that I dumped into the sink when no one was looking, and it's starting to hit me now.

I sink into the seat, rest my head on the soft leather, and look at August.

He's so beautiful. He's all dressed up in a collared shirt with a dark gray sweater on top of it. His long messy hair is

pulled back and those killer eyes are sparkling in the highway lights.

I slide my hand out between us. He slides out his and we hold hands the whole way home, just gazing at each other and falling deeper in love.

It hits me when we pull off the highway.

August is my soulmate.

I believe it now. He's the one for me. The *only* one.

"Thanks for driving, Dad," August says when we pull into the garage. We're all exhausted as we head inside and separate to go to our rooms.

I take a quick shower and get ready for bed. I'm lying there for about ten minutes, but I know I won't be able to sleep until I talk to August.

I wait until I'm sure my mom and Brandon are asleep, and then I sneak out of my room and head to August's.

My heart is pounding as I push open the door and slip inside.

He's lying in bed, watching me approach.

"I was hoping you'd come," he says as I slip under the sheets.

We kiss long and hard—I've been wanting to do that all night—but I put my hand on his chest to stop him when his hands start wandering.

"I didn't come for that," I whisper. "I came to tell you something."

He patiently waits for me to continue.

I take a deep breath and just go for it.

“I’m in love with you, August,” I say. “I’ve never believed in soulmates, but I do now. I think you’re mine.”

“I know you’re mine,” he says as he gently cups my cheek and gazes into my eyes. “We belong together, Harmony. You’re the one for me. I knew it the first second I saw you.”

Our lips come together in a soft tender kiss. I just want to stay with him all night. I want to wake up in his arms on Christmas morning and touch his messy hair whenever I want. I want to be able to hold his hand or gaze into his eyes without any judgment or shame. I want to be free to love August in every way.

Maybe one day our love will be out in the open, but that day is not today, and it won’t be tomorrow.

“Goodnight, August,” I say as I kiss his soft lips.

He smiles as he watches me get up. “Goodnight, my love.”

I tip-toe over to the door with my body humming. There’s an unstoppable smile on my face as I quietly open the door.

“Harmony!” my mom says, gasping as she stares at me in horror. “What are you doing in there?”

My brain freezes as I stare at her in shock. What is she doing here? She’s supposed to be asleep.

That’s when I see the full stocking in her hands. She’s putting it on August’s door.

“Oh my god,” she says when she looks into the room and sees August lying in the bed shirtless. “Oh my god!”

The stocking slips out of her hands and drops at my feet.

“Mom!” I say as she turns and hurries down the hall. “It’s not what you think!”

My stomach sinks as I hear her running up the stairs.

There goes Christmas...

And there goes my relationship with my mother.

Again.

# Chapter Eleven

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## *Harmony*

I wake up to my phone vibrating on the nightstand. With a groan, I turn in my bed and grab it.

Merry Christmas!

How's it going with the stepbrother?

We got caught.

No!!!!!!!!!!!!

Yup.

Want me to pick you up?

I stare at the screen with my heart breaking.

Maybe.

I don't want to go out there.

I look at the snow falling outside my window and wonder if I can hike all the way to my father's house in my pajamas and slippers.

What the hell did I do? What was I thinking?

I should have stayed in Australia and spent another Christmas in a hostel eating spaghetti out of a can with some Japanese tourists.

A knock on the door has me sitting up straight.

My mind immediately goes to August, hoping it's him, but my heart sinks when I hear my mom's voice.

"Harmony," she says in an anything-but-friendly tone. "Can I come in? We need to talk."

I swallow hard as I hurry out of bed, throw my robe on, and open the door.

Her jaw is all tight and she's looking at me with those same angry disappointed eyes she gave me when she caught me sneaking back into my house at three AM after Jenny Richardson's party in grade eleven.

I drop my eyes, feeling awful.

She comes in and closes the door.

My stomach is in knots. I hate this.

"I knew you were still mad at me," she says in an accusing tone. "Is this how you're getting back at me? Destroying my family because I destroyed yours?"

"What?" I gasp. "No!"

“You’re never going to forgive me are you?”

“Mom,” I say, feeling awful. “That’s not it.”

“Then what is it?” she asks, throwing her arms in the air. “What the heck were you doing in your stepbrother’s room late at night? Forget it! I don’t want to know.”

“I love him,” I blurt out.

Her mouth drops as she stares at me. “Is this some kind of joke?”

“No,” I say, desperate for her to see. “I do. I love him. He’s my soulmate.”

“Now, I know you’re not serious,” she answers. “You don’t believe in soulmates.”

“I do now.”

I take a deep breath as she stares at me skeptically.

“I understand now, Mom. The way you are with Brandon... I’ve never seen you so happy. You’re like a different person than you were with Dad. A happier one. I get it now. He’s your soulmate and Dad never was.”

Her eyes get watery as she listens.

“I wasn’t trying to get back at you,” I say. “I’m happy for you, Mom. Truly, I am. August is... I was trying to be good. Really, I was. But he’s...”

“He’s your soulmate,” she says with a knowing nod.

I take a breath of relief as tears flood down my cheeks.

“He really is. I’m sorry he’s your stepson, Mom, I really am. But we can’t choose who the universe picks for us.”



“I know,” she says. “And the universe can be a real pain in the ass sometimes.”

We both laugh while crying.

“I’m sorry for everything, Mom,” I tell her. “I feel like I’ve messed everything up. I just want you to be happy.”

She hugs me and I sink into her warm familiar smell like a hot bath.

“And I want you to be happy,” she whispers in my ear. “And if you’re happy with August, then Brandon and I will learn to accept it.”

“Learn to accept it?”

“We’ll accept it,” she says with a bit more force in her voice. “We’ll be happy for you. It might take some getting used to though.”

“Thanks, Mom,” I say as I hug her back. “I’m really happy you’re my mother.”

“Oh,” she says, looking touched as a fresh wave of tears hits her eyes. “That’s the best Christmas present you’ve ever given me. Come. Let’s go open some presents.”

She takes my hand and pulls me out of the room.

“Everything okay in here?” Mom asks when we walk in and see August and Brandon talking at the table.

“It will be,” Brandon says as he gets up and puts a hand on August’s shoulder.

I feel like crying, I’m so happy.

It might be awkward for a while, but it seems that Mom and Brandon are open to the idea.

“Merry Christmas,” Brandon says as he comes over for a hug. “For what it’s worth, I think you two would be great together,” he whispers in my ear.

“Thank you, Brandon,” I whisper back. “Thank you for making my mom so happy. I’m glad you two found each other.”

He looks touched as we pull away.

“Let’s open up some presents!” Mom says as she heads for the tree.

August stands up and walks over, looking deliciously sexy in his striped pajamas.

“Merry Christmas, Harmony,” he whispers as he gives me a soft kiss on the cheek.

My whole body shivers.

“Merry Christmas, August,” I whisper back.

I hope it’s one of many together, only next year, I hope we’re waking up in the same bed.

“Who wants a present?” Mom says as she picks one up.

I slide my hand into August’s and smile.

I don’t need any presents this Christmas.

I have my soulmate.

And that’s all I need.

# Epilogue

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## *Harmony*

### *One Year Later...*

“**Y**ou look nervous,” August says as he carries up the folding chairs and finds me stress-eating in the kitchen. I’m shoveling crackers into my mouth by the handful.

“You think?” I say as he leans the chairs against the wall and comes over.

“It’s Christmas,” he says with a warm smile.

“Exactly,” I say as my heart pounds. “All four of our parents are coming over with their spouses. I forgot to get my dad’s girlfriend a gift and the baby will be awake any minute and I’m not sure if this damn turkey is cooking or if it’s going to be raw in the middle when you slice it up!”

August wraps his big comforting arms around me and pulls me into his chest. My whole body goes slack as I melt into his embrace. I breathe in the wonderful smell of his cologne as he holds me tight.

I already feel better. I always do when I’m in August’s arms. He makes me feel like I can take on anything. Like I can conquer the world.

“I have a present that I forgot to give you,” he says as he cups my cheeks and looks into my eyes.

“*Another* one?” He already spoiled me rotten this morning.

“It’s a bottle of perfume,” he says with a smile. “I thought it would smell delicious on you, but we can give it to your dad’s girlfriend and I’ll buy you another one this week as soon as the stores open.”

“Really?” I ask, perking up. “It’s not called something sexual like Juicy Peach is it?”

“Juicy Peach?” he says with a chuckle. “No, it has a very respectable name.”

“Thank you,” I say, feeling better already.

“And as for our little one,” August continues. “I’ll set her up with her new presents when she wakes up. That should distract her for at least ten minutes.”

I laugh. “I think you’re a little too positive with that one.”

“And the turkey will be fine,” he says. “We defrosted it and followed the recipe exactly.”

“And if it isn’t?”

“It will be.”

“But if it isn’t?”

“Then, we’ll have frozen fish sticks.”

“For Christmas dinner?”

“I’ll put a candy cane on the side.”

I laugh. He holds me a little tighter.

“It’s Christmas, baby,” he whispers as he starts kissing my neck. “We have everything we need right here. Try to enjoy

the day.”

The stress disappears as I focus on his soft lips making their way down my tingling skin.

“Oh, August...” I moan. “We don’t have time for this...”

His hands are all over me. I’m moaning and rolling my hips to his touch.

I can’t...

But it feels so good...

“Speaking of candy canes,” he groans as he presses his hard cock against my thigh. “I have a long one for you.”

“Is it tasty?” I ask with a grin.

He grabs a fistful of my hair and playfully tugs my head back. “Get on your knees and find out.”

We do not have time for this, but I can’t say no.

There’s something about August, he always gets his way.

Before I know it, I’m bent over the kitchen counter getting railed from behind.

A little Christmas quickie.

It sets us back, but I don’t regret it. It keeps me nice and relaxed for the rest of the day.

Or maybe that’s the bottle of wine I’ve been drinking since the guests arrived.

I haven’t only been stressed about the dinner, but I’m also nervous about our parents mingling.

We’ve never been all together before—my mom and Brandon, my father and his girlfriend Mindy, and August’s mother and her new husband Mitch.

It goes better than I could have possibly imagined.

They all fawn over our beautiful baby girl. Casey is dressed up in a red Christmas dress with shiny black shoes. None of the adults can get over her and they shower her with presents.

At dinner, August carves the turkey and I take a big breath of relief when I see that it's cooked perfectly. The fish sticks will be safe until tomorrow night when we're both exhausted and ready for an easy dinner in front of a movie.

"I'd like to make a toast," August says, standing up at the head of the table. I smile as I look up at my handsome man. He's looking as hot as ever with a burgundy sweater over a collared shirt. I still can't believe he's mine.

We all raise a glass as he looks at me, getting choked up.

"I know the idea of Harmony and myself coming together took some getting used to for obvious reasons," he says with a killer smile. "But I'm glad that you all came around and saw what we have. A beautiful life together full of happiness, joy, and love."

I swallow hard with those sexy brown eyes on me.

"You're the love of my life, Harmony," he says as he raises his glass of red wine. "I'm so happy you're mine."

"Hear, hear!" my dad says as I get choked up.

"Kiss her already!" August's mom says.

"Yeah, and give us another grandbaby!" Mom says, making everyone laugh and making me blush.

August has a wolfish grin on his face as he leans down and kisses me on the lips.

I think this is the best Christmas yet, although that's what I said last year. I have a feeling that every Christmas with August will feel like the best one yet.

# Epilogue

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*August*

*Ten Years Later...*

I wake up on Christmas morning to a screaming five-year-old landing on my nuts.

“*Fuck,*” I grunt into my pillow as my balls throb like an elephant just landed on them.

“It’s Christmas, Daddy!!” Marlon screeches as he jumps around on the bed. “Wake up! Wake up! Wake up!”

The intense pain shoots into my gut and I suddenly feel nauseous.

Two more kids come rushing into the room—our oldest at nine years old, Casey, and our middle child at seven, Eddie. One of them turns on the bright light and I’m suddenly blinded as well.

I turn on the pillow and look at my half-awake wife. She looks as shocked and disheveled as I am with her half-closed eyes and wild messy hair. She’s as beautiful as ever.

“Merry Christmas,” she whispers as our three feral children dump their stockings all over our bedspread.



A smile hits my lips. “Merry Christmas,” I whisper back. “I’ll go get some coffee.”

“It’s a Christmas miracle,” she says with a chuckle as she forces herself up.

“Look, Mommy!” Marlon shouts as he shoves an action figure in her face. “Look what Santa brought!”

I smile as I grab my housecoat and hurry down the hall. I hit the button on the coffee maker and then turn on all the lights as my amazing family’s joyous screeches hit my ears.

With a flick of the switch, our propane fireplace comes to life. Next, I turn on the Christmas tree that has a gazillion presents underneath and put a playlist of Dean Martin Christmas songs on.

It looks incredible.

The nausea and pain of my wake-up shot to the nuts starts to fade and a warm feeling of gratitude takes its place.

I love this house, I love my family, I fucking adore my wife.

All I need for Christmas is them.

When the coffee beeps, I quickly pour two cups and hurry back to the shitshow.

I pause in the doorway when I see the joyous scene.

My three beautiful children and my stunning wife. They all look so happy as they rip through their stockings and it makes me feel like the luckiest man in the world.

I zero in on Harmony’s angelic smile as Casey shows her a new pack of lip gloss.

To think this woman was off limits to me at one point. She was my stepsister and we weren't supposed to be together.

It was dirty and naughty and forbidden, but I couldn't live without her.

How can I live without my soulmate?

Just because our parents fell in love, didn't mean we couldn't. At least, that's the way I always saw it.

And anyone else who disagreed, well, they could fuck all the way off.

"Are you holding out on me, big man?" Harmony says with a grin when she sees me standing in the doorway with her coffee.

I smile as I walk over and put it on her night table.

"No, just enjoying the view."

She smiles at me. I kiss her lips.

"Eww!" Marlon whines. "Stop kissing Mommy!"

I stick my tongue out at him and he laughs.

He quickly gets distracted with a new toy and I turn back to my lovely wife.

"Merry Christmas, my love," I whisper.

Harmony's cheeks turn an adorable shade of pink as she looks up at me. "Merry Christmas, August."

I kiss her again, this time longer, and not any amount of whining, complaining, or gross-out noises from my children will stop me.

It's Christmas.

And I'm going to love my soulmate, my wife, *and* my stepsister, properly.

# Epilogue

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*Harmony*

*Thirty Years Later...*

“**W**ill you stop?” I say with a giggle as my very handsy husband runs his palms up my ass. “Our *children* and our *grandchildren* will be here any minute!”

“You keep talking about children and I might have to put another one in you,” August growls as he kisses my neck.

I shake my head and laugh. “That ship has sailed a long time ago.”

“Well, you wouldn’t know it by how sexy you look in this dress.”

I gasp when I feel his hard cock press against me.

“We can’t...” I whisper as my whole body screams in disagreement.

Those strong hands... Those soft lips... He knows just how to get me going...

I melt as he grabs my breast and kisses under my jaw.

“We have... guests... coming...”

“The only thing I want cumming is you,” August growls as he reaches behind my back and unzips my dress. “I want your hot little pussy cumming all over my big hard dick.”

“But...” I whimper as my dress comes loose. I’m trying to come up with an argument why we should stop, but my hand has a mind of its own and it’s not helping. It’s sliding up and down August’s hard shaft, spurring him on. And spurring me on too.

“Don’t get mad at me,” he says with a grin as he slides my dress off my shoulders. It falls to the floor. “What do you expect from me when you come in here looking all sexy like that in your new dress?”

My cheeks blush as he unclasps my bra and takes it off. August has always made me feel so beautiful. After three kids and four decades together, he still makes me feel as desirable as that first holiday season together.

His strong hand squeezes my bare breast and I’m gone. I can’t stop him when he’s like this, and why wouldn’t I want to? He always fucks me so good.

“Fine,” I say in a gasp as he slides his hand down my stomach. “Make it quick.”

Those skilled fingers slide into my panties and I shiver as he touches my burning sex. He rubs my clit and teases my hole until I’m begging for it.

I don’t know how this guy always does this to me.

He makes me crazy. He makes me overcome with lust.

The kids will be here any minute and I’m bending over the bed for him, gripping the sheets as he slides that thick monster cock into my aching pussy.

I cry out as he fills me up like he's done thousands of times before. I should be used to it by now, but I'm not. Every time feels like the first time with August. Every time is shocking. Every time is overwhelming. Every time is perfect.

"That's my girl," August growls in a deep throaty voice as he fucks me from behind. "Taking every thick inch of your man. You're all I want for Christmas, baby. You're all I need."

I bury my forehead into the sheets and focus on the amazing feeling of him sliding in and out.

The thoughts of the day drift away...

Our three kids are coming with their spouses.

In a few minutes, this house will be packed with grandkids running around excited that it's Christmas Day.

There's a turkey in the oven and a fridge full of food.

The tree is lit up and the fire is roaring.

Everything is ready for another amazing Christmas with the man I love.

August came into my life as my stepbrother, but he's become so much more than that.

Husband. Soulmate. Best friend. Lover.

He's everything to me.

We both roar as we cum all over each other, our bodies trembling in bliss.

He collapses beside me on the bed, breathing heavily, his wet cock glistening with my juices. I curl into his body with a moan.

I run my fingers through the gray hair on his chest and smile when I feel his heart pounding.

I could stay like this all day.

Just the two of us...

Relaxing in bed...

Enjoying Christmas together in a carnal way...

Over and over and over again...

The front door opens downstairs and we explode to our feet.

“Grandma! Grandpa!” one of our little devils shouts at the top of her lungs. “It’s Christmas!!!”

I yank my dress back on as August gets himself decent. He helps me zip up the back and then kisses me quickly on the lips.

We rush out of the bedroom and see our whole giant family crowded in the entrance way holding presents and food and excited children.

I smile as I rush down to welcome them.

Alone with August would be fun.

But this is pretty amazing too.

**The End!**

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