

Being with him was wrong.
It was also inevitable...

Always
BEEN YOU

Q.B. TYLER

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Wrong. Sinful. Taboo.

I know I shouldn't want him.

**I know I shouldn't touch myself in the middle of the night
as thoughts of him run through my mind.**

Thoughts of his kiss, his touch, his love.

I'd spent years obsessing over the man I *thought* I couldn't have.

But as it turns out, he wants me too.

And he wants me *now*.

Disclaimer:

***This is a very taboo, age gap romance featuring adopted siblings.
If this is not for you, I would advise against reading this one.
Intended for mature audiences only. ***

Playlist

All I Need is Your Love Tonight- *Shouse*
Last Night - *Keyshia Cole*
Love Me Like You Do- *Ellie Goulding*
Let's Stay Together- *Al Green*
Drunk in Love- *Beyoncé*
My Love is Your Love- *Whitney Houston*
Need to Know- *Doja Cat*
Countdown- *Beyoncé*
Wild Thoughts- *Rihanna*
Locked Out of Heaven- *Bruno Mars*
Can't Help Falling in Love- *Hailey Reinhart*
Nothing Without You- *Taneréllé*
Adorn- *Miguel*
This is What Falling in Love Feels Like- *JVKE*

*To Book Boyfriend (who's now Book Husband):
I'm dedicating a book to you so that means I'm in it forever, I love you.*

Prologue

Gabrielle

I am in love with my older brother.

And before you get all weird, I'll say that, yes, he's my older brother but not biologically. The same blood running through my veins is not the same running through his. The blood in my veins is from a sixteen-year-old girl in Mississippi who messed around with a much older man she had no business with and had herself shipped off to a convent until she gave birth to me which I learned much later in life.

She overdosed not too long after that.

I wince at the harsh reality of that. But my repressed mommy issues and my potential daddy ones—given that I don't even know a name—are not the point of this story. The point is the Calloway family adopted me when I was two years old, meaning I spent approximately two years in foster care.

Aren't babies supposed to get adopted *instantly*? What was wrong with me that I wasn't picked right away?

Well for one, I had colic and trouble eating and sleeping and doing anything cute that would make a couple think “that's who we want to add to our family.”

Secondly, I wasn't blonde-haired and blue-eyed. Or brown-haired. Well, okay, my hair was dark brown, I guess, but so was my skin, and in Mississippi, there weren't too many people out there looking to adopt a baby that looked like me.

But the Calloway family traveled all the way from Connecticut to meet me, and as my mom says, *she fell in love with me instantly.*

For the record, by then my colic was gone.

They had two children already and were struggling to conceive a third which is where I come into the picture. James was their oldest, thirteen, and moody as hell. Then there was Monica; she was ten, and quite frankly, God's gift to my parents—besides me, of course. She was outgoing and charming but well behaved with stellar grades and on the fast track to Ivy Leagues. *The good kid to James' bad one as she liked to say.*

James wasn't bad per se, he was just going through that classic teenager stage where he hated everyone and everything except getting into trouble with his friends. But I'll rephrase that, he hated everyone but *me.*

In the beginning, they told me how he'd be the first to my crib when I cried. He'd pick me up and bounce me around the room and try to get me back to sleep. Sometimes it worked and he'd sit next to my bed for the rest of the night in case I woke up again.

He helped feed me and allegedly was a pretty decent babysitter. I mean I'm eighteen now and still alive, so it's safe to say he didn't do a terrible job.

As I got older, I followed him around like a shadow, and he never minded it. Of course, there were nights he wanted to go out with his friends and I threw a whole ass tantrum over not being able to go with him. But he always promised to make it up to me the next day.

He always delivered.

When I was six years old, he went to his prom and I was devastated that I didn't get to put on a pretty dress like his girlfriend, Luna, *who I hated because I wanted to be the only girl in his life.* But the next day, he told me to put on my prettiest dress and he set up a makeshift prom in our living room. *With a cake and punch and everything. I was even crowned Prom Queen.*

I was seven when he left for college and I cried myself to sleep every night for three months. Even though he called and texted and emailed, it wasn't enough. I missed him so deeply. I missed him in a way that I assume was similar to missing a parent. Looking back, I wonder if him leaving stirred up feelings of being left by my birth parents.

Remember, I am a black girl with a white family; *I knew I was adopted early on.*

James never moved back in after college, except for that first summer. I was eleven then and it didn't seem like he had the same amount of time as before. He was always working and didn't have time for me and my Barbies like he did before. I even tried to sit next to him while he did work and write in my journal to seem more grown up. He would just chuckle before getting on the phone barking about numbers.

So now you can see how being around James all my life has created a bit of a complex, right?

I was fourteen when my older brother also became my first crush. He came home from New York for the weekend with way more facial hair, biceps and tattoos, and for the first time, I saw him as a *man*. He scooped me up in his arms like he always did and squeezed me and feeling all of those muscles and hard abs pressed against me made me feel like I was going to faint.

I knew it was wrong and taboo, but I knew nothing would come from it. So, I felt safe, only living out this fantasy in my dark and twisted mind. But sometimes, late at night when the air was still and the house was quiet, I'd explore my body. Pretending it was his touch, his fingers, his mouth on me.

Somewhere in that same deep and twisted space, I imagined that one day, we'd cross that line. And in those moments, I damned my soul to hell for eternity because I knew given the chance, I'd take it.

Chapter ONE

Gabrielle

“You have *got* to get your ass over here, like now, there are so many hot guys here. I’ve died and gone to hot guy heaven... Actually hell because not one of these guys here looks like an angel,” my best friend Harper, chirps into the phone, talking a million words a second, probably brought on by too many cups of jungle juice. It’s the last week of school before a month long holiday break, and I’m stuck in the library because, of course, I have a final on Friday and can’t get wasted like ninety percent of the freshman class who have already completed their finals. Not to mention it’s fucking statistics, which I’ve struggled with all semester. I’m teetering on the line of a B plus—the lowest grade I’ve ever gotten, so I’m doing everything I can to maintain my A minus in the class.

“Harp, I’m at the library, I told you,” I whisper into the phone before darting my eyes around the room to make sure I’m not disturbing anyone. There’s a blonde girl sleeping on her textbooks one table over and a guy at the other end of my table with his AirPods in and music blasting so loud I’m surprised he hasn’t burst an eardrum.

“But that cute guy from our business class is here!” The music is loud behind her making her scream into the phone.

I pull it away and put the phone in front of my lips. “It’s too loud, text me,” I tell her and hang up before she can protest.

The bubbles appear instantly, and although I have zero interest in the guy from our business class, I know Harper does, and I feel bad that I'm not there to be her wing woman. The thoughts instantly float away when my phone buzzes again. I can't even stop the embarrassingly large smile from crossing my face when I see his name and picture on the screen.

"James." I smile. "I'm at the library," I whisper, even though nothing short of death could force me to cut a conversation short with him.

"Hi, beautiful." I can hear the smile in his voice too, just like whenever he talks to me. I fucking melt. It wasn't a surprise to hear this praise from him. He's always told me how beautiful I am and how perfect I am. If I even had an inkling that he is as fucked up as I am, I would think he's flirting with me. But there's no way.

James is perfect.

He doesn't make mistakes.

"Have you left the library this semester? I swear every time I talk to you, you're studying."

It's true, I spent my first semester at Columbia University with my head in the books, probably going to only two or three parties total. I partied my way through my senior year of high school and by graduation, I was over it. I had an older brother and sister who influenced me probably far too early which means by the time I got to college it all felt very *been there, done that*. Besides, I wanted my parents to be proud of me. I wanted Monica, who'd become practically my best friend despite our eight year age difference, to be proud of me. Most importantly, I wanted James, the love of my life, to be proud of me. At twenty-nine, he's one of the youngest stock brokers at his firm and is flying up the ranks; he may even be a vice president by the time he's thirty-five.

He'd gone to Columbia for both undergrad and grad school, which is only part of the reason I pushed so hard to go here myself. The other part is that James lives a stone's throw from my dormitory, and if I ever need space or quiet time to study or a hot bath, I can show up at James' penthouse apartment.

"My last final is tomorrow," I whisper, "and it's goddamn statistics."

"Yikes. I know how you are with math. You need some help?" Visions of us acting out a teacher student fantasy come charging through my brain and I slam my eyes shut before it gets too far. "And Gab, it's almost midnight; you know I don't like you walking home by yourself at night."

“Who says I’m by myself?”

He chuckles. “I know damn well Harper isn’t with you. Besides, I saw her Instagram story that she’s at some party.” I briefly wondered why my best friend and older brother were friends on social media but James told me it was purely to spy on me and the company I keep. Harper thinks my brother is the hottest man on Earth so I understand her incentive to be friends.

“I have other friends, James,” I snap. Harper is my closest friend and also my roommate, but I *do* have other friends.

“Gab, I didn’t mean it like that, I just don’t know a lot of college kids with your work ethic. It’s late and the Thursday before the holidays, most people are out partying even if they do have a final tomorrow.” He sighs. “Let me come get you and you can study here. I even cooked.”

“*You* cooked?” James Calloway can do a lot of things but cooking is not one of them.

“Okay, I got takeout. The point is *you* don’t have to.” I chuckle because whenever I do go to James’ apartment, I cook a week’s worth of meals for him because he really does survive on takeout and Red Bull.

“What did you get?”

“Chinese from the place we like.”

My stomach grumbles at the thought as I think about the fact that the Adderall I’d taken is starting to wear off and I am actually kind of hungry now.

“Okay, I’m at *Milstein*,” I tell him, referring to the undergrad library that’s closest to my dorm room. I start packing up my stuff and he chuckles.

“I knew it. Okay hurry up, I’m outside.”

“You’re here?”

“Yes, I worked late and knew you had a final tomorrow, so I thought I would swing by just in case. Come on, I’m hungry.”

I throw the rest of my books in my backpack and slide my computer into its case before moving towards the exit.

“Okay, see you in a second.” I end the call and immediately turn my camera on selfie mode. My hair is down, but I put on one of those headbands I typically use to work out in to keep it out of my face. It’s a little longer than my shoulders and I always keep it straight and sleek as opposed to letting it go natural. I know I should be prouder of my naturally curly hair, but more than likely years of growing up in Connecticut has me

apprehensive about letting my wild tresses go free. Every once in a while, during the summer, I'll wear it curly if I'm at the beach or the pool or on vacation, but for the most part, my flat iron is my best friend.

I pull some Chapstick out of my bag, swipe the cherry balm over my lips, and pop in a piece of gum as I enter the elevator and begin to descend to the lobby.

I make my way out of the elevator and into the massive lobby and nod at the guard before making my way towards the door. "Gabrielle!" I hear just before I get to the door and turn to see Miles Carson, a junior in one of my business classes, coming towards me. He's wearing a Columbia lacrosse hoodie and a pair of sweatpants that really doesn't do much to hide what he's got going on underneath. I avert my eyes instantly and feel the embarrassment creeping up my neck; I hope it's not one of the few times you can see a faint blush tinting my cheeks.

"Hey, Miles." I wave. Miles looks like Zach Morris from *Saved by the Bell* if he spent way more time at the gym and less time fighting with Slater and half the guys at Bayside over Kelly Capowski. So yeah, in short, he's hot—and evidently packing.

Seriously inappropriate crush on my brother aside, of course, the man is fine. Annoyingly enough though, he knows it.

"How do you still look gorgeous after spending God knows how long in the library?"

I shrug and pull my *Moncler* coat tighter around me. "That's sweet. You have a final tomorrow too?"

"At eight-thirty in the morning. Kill me now."

"I'm sure you'll do amazing," I tell him. I wouldn't exactly call us friends. We worked on a group project together earlier in the semester and I tutored him for a few weeks so maybe he feels like flirting with the nerdy black girl is his way of saying thank you. I don't really care either way.

"Are you heading back home tomorrow?" he asks, and I kind of want to wrap up this conversation because the anticipation of seeing James is giving me that tingling feeling that makes me high. "Because we're throwing a party at the house. You should come by. I'll get you a house cup." He smiles. I've learned having a house cup is a very big deal. Basically, I won't have to wait in line for a drink all night. It's also usually a sign that the person is sleeping with or dating whoever provided such a cup and since I do neither with Miles, I have to politely decline.

“Yeah, I’m leaving right after,” I lie. Truth is, I’m crashing at James’ place tomorrow night and we’re going to drive home together Saturday morning.

“Damn, well maybe next time.” He pulls me into a hug and I reciprocate because I’m a hugger and it feels harmless enough. But the murderous glare I see my brother giving us out of the corner of my eye as he moves towards us has me second guessing myself.

“J? I…” I start, wondering why he isn’t still waiting outside.

“You were taking too long and I got worried.” He sizes up Miles and nods at him before turning towards me. “Who’s your friend?”

“James.” I roll my eyes and look at Miles who’s looking at my brother with an equally bothered expression. “Miles, this is my brother James.”

He looks back and forth between us in what I’m guessing is confusion, or at very least curiosity, and waiting for someone to continue. “Oh, so kind of like how girls say ‘he’s like my brother?’” He chuckles.

“No, dumbass, like we have the same mother and father,” James grits out and I realize what Miles is thinking right now and I’m a little annoyed he can’t just draw the conclusion on his own.

“I’m adopted,” I say and Miles nods.

“Ah, okay. Right.”

“What, you don’t see the family resemblance?” James sneers and I elbow him in his ribs.

“I’ll see you next semester, Gab,” Miles says awkwardly before leaning down and hugging me again. He’s well over six feet to my five-foot-four, so he towers over me just as James does. He’s out the door without so much as another glance back and I turn my annoyed eyes to James.

“Really? Why do you have to be like that?”

“Like what? An overprotective brother looking out for his sister? The guy is a douche, Gab.” He rolls his blue eyes and runs a hand through his dark brown hair. He has a dusting of facial hair along his sharp jaw and I note that it’s a little longer than usual.

“You talked to him for like four seconds!” I say as he grabs my backpack and laptop to carry and follows me out of the library into the blistering cold New York air. Flurries of snow begin to pepper the sidewalk and I hope we’re not in for a mountain of snow until we’re able to make it home. “Fuck, it’s freezing,” I say pulling my gloves out of my pocket and sliding them on.

“And in those four seconds, he spent two of them trying to pry his foot out of his mouth. You like that joker?”

“I have one class with him, James, and I’ve worked with him on a few projects. But no, I don’t *like* him. I don’t *like* anyone.” *Except you*, my mind adds and I’m grateful to see his black BMW sitting double parked outside of the library.

I skip over towards it and frown when I realize it’s locked. “Open!” I yell and he moves past me, pushing me gently out of the way, and opens the door for me. “Always such a gentleman.”

“For you? Always.” He smirks and I narrow my eyes curiously as he makes his way around the car. *Was that flirting?*

He gets in the car and turns my seat warmer before pulling my hands between his, rubbing them to warm them. “I think it’s supposed to snow really bad this weekend, but we should get out before then. I’m monitoring the weather.”

I nod just as a sexy thought floats through my mind about being stranded in New York in James’ penthouse all alone for the foreseeable future. I swallow at the thought of losing my virginity in front of a roaring fire as snow pours just outside the window. My parents wouldn’t worry because I’m with my very protective and responsible older brother.

Not happening, Gabrielle.

“Have you talked to Monica?” I ask, wondering if my older sister will have any trouble getting home from Boston. She was in her final year of medical school at Harvard—we’re *a family of overachievers*, and she is actually coming home for the first time this year. I’d gone to visit her once or twice over the summer but it’s been at least five months since I’ve seen her, not counting FaceTimes. I miss her so much and I can’t wait to hug her.

“This morning. Her train is still on time and Dad is going to pick her up tomorrow, I think. Their storm is due to start a little earlier.”

“Christmas is in six days; I can’t believe she’s coming home this early.”

“I can’t believe she’s stuck it out this long.” He chuckles as we zoom through the somewhat empty New York streets. It’s late and most students have either left for the semester, are studying or partying, making the streets a little less congested than usual. We make it to his building in about five minutes and he pulls into the garage beneath. “You still remember my codes?” he asks me as he moves into the garage and the gate closes behind us.

“How could I forget? It’s my birthday,” I tell him and something spikes in my heart at the memory.

He parks in his usual spot and grabs his briefcase and what I assume to be a gym bag out of the back before grabbing my things as well, then ushers me into the waiting area for the elevators.

“So, what did you mean when you said you don’t like anyone? There’s no one at Columbia catching your attention?” he asks as we ascend to his apartment on the fourteenth floor.

I shake my head. “Nope,” I tell him as I pop the p.

“No guys sniffing around trying to take you out. Maybe a nice guy in accounting? Or pre-med? Stay away from the frat guys, Gab. They ain’t shit.”

“*You* were a frat guy, James.” I chuckle as he leads me out of the elevator.

“And I wasn’t shit in college.” He laughs and jealousy flares in my veins thinking about what he could possibly mean. I mean I know he was far from a virgin, but I’d rather not think about him sleeping with anyone in a skirt while he was in college.

“That’s not true. You’ve always been the best big brother.”

“Big brother yes, boyfriend, *no*.” He unlocks his door and lets me in. I immediately toe off my boots, and take off my jacket, hanging it on the rack next to the door. I’m wearing skin-tight leggings tucked into my fuzzy red and white striped socks and a somewhat oversized Columbia sweatshirt.

When I look up, I see James staring at me and I frown wondering what he’s looking at. “What?”

He shakes his head, but just before that I see a look I don’t recognize then it’s gone before I can pinpoint if I’ve seen it on anyone else before. “Make yourself at home, why don’t ya.” He laughs and I nod.

“I shall.” I pull my sweatshirt up off over my head leaving me in a tiny t-shirt because James likes to leave the thermostat a few degrees above Hell at all times.

The t-shirt is tight, showing off the curves of my C cup breasts and my leggings hug the curve of my ass and my thick thighs. Thighs I used to hate and wish were smaller until I got to college and realized that not everyone is a size zero. I learned to embrace them. *And the male attention I got didn’t suck either.*

James chuckles as he makes his way into the kitchen and I trail behind him. “What’s so funny?” I ask as I hop on his counter and hold my hand out, waiting for him to hand me a drink. Preferably a glass of wine.

“Nothing,” he says before handing me a glass of water. I look down at the non-alcoholic beverage and then up at him and give him a look he must read because he chuckles.

“What?”

He cocks an eyebrow at me and those full lips I’ve fantasized about sliding my tongue between curl into a smirk. “You’re here to study, not party.”

I snap out of it, knowing James will pick up if I’m feeling off, so I turn on my usual sarcasm. “One glass of wine is a party? Remind me to never ask you to plan one for me.”

“I planned your eighteenth and your graduation party so you can fuck off.” He points at me as he pulls the Chinese food out of the refrigerator and some plates from his cabinet.

“Mom planned both,” I correct him.

“Mom had afternoon tea and a day at the spa planned for you and your friends before I intervened.”

“I like tea!” I counter because I do actually like having tea with my mother and her friends. Monica was never into it but I felt so classy, like I was on that Netflix show *Bridgerton*.

“Yeah, and you liked the *White Claws* that you drank out on my friend’s boat as we cruised around the lake, better.” Despite my love for tea, it was more fun. James convinced his friend to let me and seven of my girlfriends take over his boat for a day. It was fun for many reasons, the biggest being any time I can see James shirtless is a win, and at one point, he and his friend jumped off the boat. And while three of my friends ended up puking from one too many drinks, it was pretty great.

“Fair.” I watch as he spoons some food onto a plate for me and puts it in the microwave.

“I know it’s better on the stove, but I’m starving, are you good with this?”

“I’m an undergraduate student; I don’t even have access to a stove unless I go to the common room in the basement of my dorm or come here. Microwave is perfect.”

Twenty minutes later, after he's changed into more comfortable clothes, we're in his living room watching some movie about the end of the world. *Well, he's watching.* I'm alternating between eating and trying to read over my notes for the hundredth time. He's on the couch behind me and I'm sitting on the floor in front of the coffee table with my books littering the space.

Silence fills the room and when I look up, I realize he's muted the television. "Gab, is this distracting you? I know you need to study."

"No!" I say it a little quicker than I intended, but I don't want him to leave. I liked being here with him even if I'm studying and he's watching a movie. I just wanted to be in his space. I pick up the white carton and pull some rice to my lips.

"As many times as we've had Chinese food together and you're still using a fork," he says as he pulls the noodles to his full lips with chopsticks.

"We can't all be perfect," I tell him with a middle finger and a cheesy smile that I know makes my dimples pop out.

A smile pulls at his lips but I can see it completely in his eyes. "You are perfect, Gab." He holds out his chopsticks for me to try. I grab them out of his hands and do my best to grab a hold of a piece of orange chicken. But after three times of it falling off, I just stab it like I would use a fork and bring one chopstick to my lips and eat the chicken. I let my lips linger around the stick, my body hyper aware that this was previously in his mouth. I share drinks and utensils with Monica and my mother all the time, and even my father a time or two, but the times I have with James, *those were different.*

He laughs and takes them back from me, shaking his head the whole time, and I watch in fascination as he takes a bite of his noodles again with the chopstick that had just been in my mouth.

Chapter TWO

Gabrielle

An hour later, my head is resting in James' lap as he strokes my hair. "You're not worried about your exam, are you? Don't stress about it. You'll be fine." This is the first time we've been this close and it's having a dizzying effect on me.

"Huh?" I ask as I look up at him and his eyes drop to mine from the television.

"Shit, were you sleeping? I'm sorry." He runs his hand down my shoulder and rubs it gently. "Do you want to turn in? I know you have to be up early tomorrow."

"I wasn't sleeping," I tell him. "Just lost in thought."

"About your final?"

About how much I'm enjoying this and how fucked up I am.

"No." I sit up. "Nothing important."

He frowns and runs a hand through his hair. "Since when don't you tell me things? I thought we told each other everything." I smile at how little he really knows. *He'd freak if he knew about what I'm feeling every day.* "I can see that mind moving a mile a minute. What's going on?"

"Seriously J, it's nothing. But I am going to sleep, I think. It's late and I want to get some rest before tomorrow. Would you mind giving me a lift to campus?"

“You don’t even have to ask that, Gab. Of course. When do you want me to pick you up tomorrow?”

“I can Uber over.” I stand up and stretch slightly before starting to gather my books so I don’t have to worry about it in the morning.

He rolls his eyes. “Shut up. I’m leaving work early anyway and I know with the way you pack, you’ll be bringing your whole dorm room with you.”

I chuckle at the thought that I notoriously overpack every time I travel.

“Fine, I’ll text you, maybe around one?”

“Okay.” He stands up and before I can think I’m engulfed in a hug. He wraps his arms tightly around me and I can feel him resting his chin on top of my head.

“I love you, Gab.” Those four words, when used together by James Calloway, in that order makes me melt. My blood heats up and the space between my legs begins to thump painfully in need of a release. *Fuck, I want to kiss him. Rub up against him. Make him come. Make me come.*

I want so much and I can’t have any of it so as calmly as I can, I respond, “I love you too, J.”

I’m safely behind the door of James’ guest room for about two seconds before I’m lying on the bed with my hand inside of my panties. I’m too riled up to sleep now, after my mind went through a million scenarios of what could have happened after he uttered those words.

Would it be the worst thing to tell him?

What’s the worst that could happen?

I sit up, staring at my phone, briefly wondering if I should text him.

No no no fuck no. You’re thinking with your clitoris and it’s going to get you in deep trouble. You need to come NOW.

I close my eyes and focus on the ache between my legs when it starts to build. A whimper leaves my lips and I slap a hand over my mouth before blindly reaching for a pillow to bite down on. I grab one, pulling it over my face as I continue to grind against my hand. I pull my clit in between my two fingers and roll it. I think about FaceTiming him while I do this. I think about him one room over completely oblivious to the fact that his little sister is rubbing her pussy while wicked thoughts of him float through her mind.

I love you, Gab.

A moan rumbles at the back of my throat but I don't dare let it escape as I bite down hard on my bottom lip as the orgasm zips up my spine. I turn over on my stomach at the peak of the high and ride out the rest of it as I hump against my hand wishing like hell it was James' cock. Wishing that my clit was rubbing against him and not my palm. The orgasm subsides and just like always I'm left frustrated and ashamed over my carnal thoughts.

I can't have James and I just needed to get over it.



“Gab, stop freaking out. Just drive.” James tells me as I pull out onto the main road, my heart feeling like it could pound out of my chest. I all but begged mom or dad to teach me to drive, but James wouldn't hear of it. “No one is teaching her to drive but me.” I'm sure my parents both being terrible drivers contributed to it, but it made me nervous as fuck that James was in the car with me for the first time. I just turned sixteen and not only has my crush on James grown by the power of ten in the last few months but now he's here, in this confined space with me smelling like sex and sin while I'm trying to concentrate on not crashing his new BMW. Seriously? Who did I piss off up there to put me in my own personal hell?

“I'm nervous, J. Give me a break.”

He points ahead of us. “It gets easier with practice. I'm right here with you. Do you think I'd ever let anything bad happen? You're doing fine, just breathe.”

I let out a deep sigh, trying to calm not only my nerves but my hormones and the pounding between my legs over being in this enclosed space with the man that's starred in all of my fantasies for the past three years.

My eyes fly open, waking me from a deep sleep and I smile at the memory of James teaching me how to drive two years ago. He'd come home from New York for a week to help me prepare for my driving test and even came home the day I took it. He went with me to the exam and then took me out to dinner to celebrate when I passed. Even then, I knew how sweet and amazing that was because who used their vacation time to help teach their little sister to drive? I sit up in bed and bite my bottom lip, trying

to conjure a sexy scenario that has us turning one of those driving lessons into a different kind of ride.

Great. I need to come again, now.

The next morning, I wake to the sound of my alarm blaring through the room. I'm one of those people that set their alarm for the last possible second leaving no time for the snooze button, so I hop up quickly and move to the bathroom in the hall. I'm in the shower when the thoughts of last night come flooding back. *Did I really consider confessing the truth? I have got to get these feelings under control. Gabrielle, you're eighteen and James is thirty. Even if he wasn't your brother, what makes you think he'd be interested in you? You're in your freshman year of college and he's climbing the ranks of a Fortune 500 company. He has his own apartment and lives by himself. You live in a dormitory with a roommate.*

He's your brother.

You're his sister.

It's incest.

Sort of?

You could never.

He would never.

It isn't natural.

And yet, loving him feels as natural as breathing.

I head out of the bathroom, my towel wrapped firmly around me and my shower cap still planted on my head when James all but runs past me towards the kitchen. I can smell that he's showered, and I take a deep breath, inhaling the sexy scent. I frown when he doesn't even utter a hello, but I shrug it off knowing that James is even more useless than I am without at least one cup of coffee.

"Make me one, splash of cream no sugar please!" I call after him as I move into the guest room to get ready for the day. I'm surprisingly not nervous about the exam, but my nerves are still all over the place about last night. After pulling on a pair of tights and a plaid tight mini skirt paired with an oversized sweater, I run my straightener I keep at his apartment over my tresses a few times before running my hands through it. I apply my usual makeup, spending a little extra time on my mascara to make my lashes appear even longer before heading into the kitchen where I see James completely dressed. He's wearing a navy suit with a white button down shirt and a vest underneath as well as a tie. I try my hardest not to bite my

lip in response to the lust coursing through me over how handsome he looks. Not to mention the confidence he exudes which is just as sexy.

“You look nice.” *Understatement of the century.* I set my bag on the counter and grab the coffee that he made for me.

“Thanks.” He grunts without looking up from his phone and I narrow my gaze at the fact. If James and I are in the same room, his focus is usually on me. So for him to not even look up when he’s talking to me? Weird.

“You okay?” I ask him, and part of me hates that I feel the need to ask. *He’s your brother, not your man. Who cares if he’s in a mood or woke up on the wrong side of the bed or whatever the fuck?*

His eyes dart up to meet mine and I see a small smile pulls at his lips. “Yes Gab, fine. Just a lot on my mind.”

I’m slightly appeased by his answer and although I want to press him, I know right before my toughest exam of the semester is not the time.

“If you can’t take me—” I start and he scoffs before the sentence even leaves my mouth.

“Gab, stop.”

“I just mean, I don’t want to stress you out or if you need to be at work now...”

“What did I say?” he snaps and my eyes widen. “Stop pressing it.” He takes a long sip of his coffee and sets his empty cup down, harder than usual and I wince at this aggression. His eyes, which are still staring at his phone, widen and his nostrils flare. His lips part and I watch as his tongue darts out to wet his lips.

What is his deal?

“Okay, well I’m ready when you are.”

“Great, I’ll be ready in five minutes.” He walks by me without even a glance in my direction.

The car ride is quiet, almost awkwardly so, and things are *never* awkward between me and James. The sky is gray, preparing for the snow they’re predicting for tomorrow, and I’m less than excited than I was before to spend the night at James’ apartment before we go home tomorrow. Especially now that he’s in some sort of mood. I hold onto hope that he’ll be in better spirits later. We move a little quicker through the salted streets and I catch a glance at James. His jaw is tight like he’s gritting his teeth and he lets out a deep breath through his nose like he’s a bull ready to charge.

“You’re so tense.” I look at his hand resting on the gear shift and part of me wants to reach for it. I want to stroke the skin and bring it to my mouth. I want to tell him everything is going to be fine and that we can work out whatever is bothering him especially if it has to do with me.

“It’s work.”

Do I believe that? “I see. Well, do you want to talk about it?”

“Nope.”

I nod. “Okay then.”

“You feel ready for your exam?” he asks and I hate the tiny glimmer of hope I feel that he asks me a question.

“Yes. Well, I think.”

“I’m sure you’ll do fine.”

I nod, not used to this lackluster praise and encouragement from him while he’s usually my biggest cheerleader. “Thanks.”

He pulls up to the front of my building and I don’t even know what to do. Usually James opens any and all doors for me, not wanting an interaction to end without him hugging me goodbye. He makes no effort to move.

Wow. Okay then.

“Alright, see you later, J.”

“Let me know when you’re ready for me to come get you,” he says, his eyes still not on me.

“Right, okay. Probably around one will be perfect. Love you,” I tell him, my heart suddenly desperate to hear those words again.

“Love you too,” he says without even looking in my direction. *Is he mad at me?*

What the fuck?

Chapter THREE

JAMES

The feeling of relief floods me when Gabrielle gets out of the car, but the relief is quickly replaced by guilt by the force of her slam of my car door. Her scent still permeates the air which does nothing for the tension that's burrowed in my neck in response to hearing her climax last night. I know that she's probably thrown off by my overall demeanor this morning given that I've never been this way with her but it's easier this way.

Just until I get *this* back under control.

But shit. It killed me to be that cold with her. I hadn't meant to but last night and then this morning, seeing her fresh from the shower made me feel almost manic. Her sweet, clean scent wafting into my nostrils even as I all but sprinted past her.

"I'm sorry, Gabrielle." I shake my head.

The painful erection that I had for most of last night is starting to form again as I inhale her scent still lingering in the car and watch her enter the building. Her coat covers her glorious ass but I saw enough of it last night in those skin tight leggings that hugged her curves deliciously. I rest my head against the headrest giving myself a second to clear my thoughts before heading to work. I have to focus.

Gabrielle is your baby sister.

Too young for you.

Fuck her age, she's too...related to you.

I pull off into the street, trying to forget the sound of her muffled moans as I pictured her pressing her face into my pillows. The sound of her moving on the bed. Sheets rustling. Her heavy breathing. Her sweet face with a look of sheer ecstasy as she comes around her fingers. Or maybe a vibrator. *Fuck, could she have been using a vibrator?* No, with the way I was holding my breath as I tried to pry myself away from the door as I listened, I would have heard the sound of a buzzing no matter how faint. My hands were firmly planted on either side of the door out of fear that one would slip and knock on the door or worse, turn the doorknob and enter the guest room so I could watch her in the throes of ecstasy. Our eyes would lock just as she went over the edge, my hand wrapped firmly around my cock as I climax with her.

I rub my forehead as I pull up to a stoplight and try to swallow the lump I have lodged in my throat. I have got to get this shit under control. The sound of my phone ringing breaks my carnal thoughts of Gabrielle.

“James Calloway.”

“Hi, Mr. Calloway.” I hear the soft, flirty voice of the temporary assistant I have while my usual one is out on maternity leave. Brooke was twenty-two, completely disconnected from the world around her, and on track to becoming an HR nightmare with the way she flirted with every guy in the office.

The only thing keeping her from the line at the unemployment office is the guy with the placard on his door with the letters CFO etched into the wood. The only guy she doesn't flirt with, the guy she calls, *Daddy*. Biologically not sexually.

I can already picture her crossing her legs, letting her skirt ride up just a smidge above what's appropriate in the corporate setting as she twirls the chord around her finger. “Daddy is wondering when you'll be in.”

My eyes roll at the unprofessionalism. “I told him, I'd be there by nine, I had to drop my sister off at Columbia for her final this morning.” I internally scoff at giving away so much information when it's not necessary. Not only did Mr. Corden know this information, but I'd be willing to bet he didn't even ask where the fuck I was making me question if this is all a ruse. I'm his hardest working employee by a mile increasing revenue by almost 150 percent this year alone with the government contract I just closed. I look to my cupholder and spy the half drunk coffee in the cup holder.

If my theory is correct, you picked the wrong day to pull this shit with me.

“Miss Corden, I’d like a coffee on my desk by the time I get there.”

“Oh, there’s already—”

“I want one from the cart in the lobby.” I contemplate sending her outside of the building, but I suppose I’ll spare her from being sent into the bitter cold for a coffee I don’t even want. A black coffee and two shots of espresso, thanks.” I tell her flatly.

“Um sure, okay.”

“Problem?” I ask. It *is* her job and I was in the mood to clarify that being hired on the basis of nepotism does require *some* level of grunt work given that we passed over three people all with masters degrees and one with promises of secrets from our competitors to give the job to some girl that spends more time taking selfies than managing my schedule.

“Of course not, Mr. Calloway. I’ll go fetch that for you right now. Is there...anything else I can do for you?”

I resist the urge to snort at the obvious euphemism. “Nope, just the coffee. I’ll be there in five, so I’d get a move on it.” *It’s actually more like ten, but she needs to move with some urgency for fucking once.* I end the call and my thoughts turn back to Gabrielle. My beautiful, sweet, kind baby sister who I haven’t stopped thinking about as more than my sister for the past six months.

Good luck on your exam, beautiful.



Gabrielle’s 18th Birthday

I frown slightly as I watch Gabrielle wobble slightly after the shot of tequila her friends make her take. We are celebrating her birthday on my friend Luke’s boat and we’d settled in the center of the lake for a moment for the girls to take some pictures. I was grateful, I’d worn my darkest wayfarers, allowing my eyes to shamelessly rake my gaze over Gabrielle’s perfect body. Her waves wild from speeding around the lake giving it a sexy tousled look like she’s fresh from sleep, or being freshly fucked. My eyes skate down

her body drinking in the red bikini that covers her delicious little curves. While her friends opted for thongs and cheeky bikinis, Gabrielle's is tasteful and covers everything while still being unbelievably sexy. Gabrielle has always been a bit on the conservative side when it comes to clothing, when all of her friends wear shit that exposes their tits and ass for attention, she always errs on the side of—well not trying to give me and our father a heart attack.

Not that it matters, with curves like hers, even in sweatpants she's sexy.

She giggles before posing for a selfie with one of her closest friends and doing a shimmy for the camera that makes her tits bounce and I squeeze my eyes shut before pulling my beer to my lips and taking a long sip. Our eyes meet briefly and mine widen before I realize that she can't tell that I'm staring right at her behind my dark lenses. She probably thinks I'm staring at one of her newly turned eighteen year old friends. All of whom have been trying to get my attention since we boarded the boat.

I turn my head, to stare off into the lake for a moment, just enough time for Gabrielle to take her eyes away from my direction and I can go back to shamelessly ogling her. My God, when did she get so beautiful?

I take another sip of my beer, an IPA with a ten percent alcohol by volume and a ninety percent chance of making a stupid decision as Luke comes up from below deck with a bottle of whiskey. "Want a shot?"

"Oh, we do!" Gabrielle comes skipping over towards me with two friends in tow and before I can even make a move, Gabrielle links her arm with mine.

"Maybe no whiskey for you since you're drinking tequila?" I say having seen her just take a shot. "Mixing isn't always the best idea for you, Gab."

"Don't be such a wet blanket, it's her birthday!" one of her friends chirps. Probably the same friend that introduced her to weed for the first time. I was pissed over that. Not that she did it, but that she did it for the first time when she snuck out to go to some random college party at UConn. She called me high as fuck at four in the morning practically hysterical because there weren't any Doritos in the house.

"Gabrielle." I lower my sunglasses to look at her and instantly regret it because when our eyes lock for a moment it feels as if time stops. My chest tightens, my heart pounds against my ribcage and my dick hardens in my

shorts as she gives me a smile that makes her dimples show and bats her eyelashes at me. Her lashes tapping her smooth cheeks in rapid succession.

“James,” she says, “come on, J. Take a shot with me.” She juts out her bottom lip. I curl my hand around the bottle tighter as I try to ball my hand into a fist to prevent myself from rubbing my thumb along her pouty lip.

Luke has a round of shots poured before I can respond and Gabrielle reaches for one of them. I shoot her a look and she gives me an innocent smile before putting her hands under her chin. “It’s her birthday, she’ll be okay,” Luke interjects, and in that split second when I drag my eyes away from Gabrielle to reply to Luke, I sense movement in my periphery. When I turn back to look at Gabrielle, I see her head tipped back as she drains the contents of the shot glass. She freezes when she makes eye contact with me and smiles again as she slowly swallows the liquid.

“Don’t be mad,” she says as she wraps her arms around me. “I’ll be fine and if not, you’re here.”

About an hour later, I’m coming out of the bathroom below deck when I spy Gabrielle waiting. She’s staring down at her phone and swaying her hips to the music playing. “Having fun?” I ask her.

Her eyes dart up immediately and she squeals before she’s in my arms again which tested my resolve enough the first time. “The best! Thank you so much for doing this for me.” I can hear the excitement in her voice more than likely brought on by too much alcohol and I can’t help the smile that crosses my face. She’s so beautiful when she’s happy.

“Of course.” I’m trying to disassociate as she presses up against me because if I let myself focus too much in the now, I won’t be able to control how my body reacts to her. “I’d do anything for you.” Her head is resting against my chest and I resist the urge to lean down and inhale her deeply. I press a kiss to her forehead and I’m granted with a whiff of her. FUCK. She smells so fucking sweet.

She sighs in my arms. Like actually fucking sighs and the sound goes straight to my cock. “You’re the best, J.” She squeezes me before pulling out of my arms and skips into the bathroom and shuts the door.



I'm brought back into the now by the sounds of a horn blaring and I spy the middle finger in my rearview mirror. This wasn't the first time that Gabrielle had me lost in thought. I've spent countless days and more than a few nights trying to understand my feelings for her. I've tried to convince myself that we're just close like we've always been. That I'm just protective of her. But my subconscious knows it's more. It feels the spike in my heart when she's near. The spark in my *dick* when she's near. The way I feel as if I can't breathe when she's around. The way her voice, her scent, her *everything* disarms me. The way that my protectiveness has slowly morphed into something else.

Something closer to possession.

The way she's floated into my head while I've touched my cock and those have been the times that I've come the hardest. The shame that washed over me as I groaned her name out as I rubbed my hand up and down my cock. The orgasm that pulled me under just as the thought of emptying my dick down her throat crossed my thoughts. Picturing her bounce her ass on my dick until she comes all over it. I pull into my spot in the parking garage and my head drops into my hands as I wonder for the millionth time how the fuck I got here, lusting aggressively over my younger sister.

I contemplate sending her a text when I realize how late it is and she's probably already in her exam. *It's better if I apologize for this morning in person anyway.*

I make my way up the ten floors to my office and I'm not at all shocked to see my buddy Isaac shamelessly flirting with Brooke. He wasn't into her at all, but he thought keeping her in his back pocket kept him in good with her father. His numbers from the year are shit so I suppose it's a bit of insurance.

"Oh! Mr. Calloway!" Brooke's blue eyes widen and she runs a hand through her blonde tresses before hopping up from her desk, while pulling down her much too short skirt before meeting me at the entrance to my office. "Here's your coffee."

"Great, thanks," I say without another word. I go into my office and close the door behind me which one would think meant I didn't want to be bothered, but Isaac comes strolling in right after me without even a knock on the closed door.

“Sup, Calloway. You catch the game last night?” He drops to the couch I have in the corner of my office and props his foot up on my coffee table like he owns it.

My mind goes back to the night before and I remember how good it felt when Gabrielle was laying in my lap.

Shit.

I’m grateful I’m sitting behind my desk because I can already feel the blood rushing to my dick at the thoughts running through my mind.

“I missed it, had a ton of work to do.” I turn to my computer trying my best to be as dismissive as possible. I didn’t have time for Isaac’s incessant chatter while I was still on edge about Gabrielle.

“Not that it mattered, we choked in the fourth quarter,” he says. “Oh shit, so I forgot to tell you. You got plans for New Years? This girl I’m seeing is throwing this party at *Central*. Should be pretty good. Not too rowdy but should be a ton of chicks there,” he says with a smile and even though he’s seeing her, I’m sure he’ll still have his eyes open for other prospects. “Maybe you can meet someone.”

The idea of anything past casual sex is nowhere on my radar. I spend most of my waking hours, *and quite a few where I’m not awake*, thinking about Gabrielle. Between lusting after her and feeling guilty *for* lusting after her, she takes up a lot of my thoughts. *Where would that leave another woman?* I told myself that once this was out of my system I could focus on dating more actively again, but until then I just didn’t see the point. It was a waste of everyone’s time and more than likely I would wind up fucking up some poor girl who couldn’t figure me out.

I could barely figure me out.

“I’m too busy for all that right now,” I tell him. “I’m perfectly happy keeping things very casual.”

He shrugs and leans forward, resting his elbows on his knees. “I’m all for that, but I mean even that gets old sometimes, right?” He puts his hand over his eyes. “You know what? Forget I said that. I just got off the phone with my mother who’s ready to have a coronary over the fact that I’m not bringing someone home for Christmas *again*. I swear my mother fucking acts like *my* biological clock is ticking.” I laugh because my mother is the same way. I’d had the same very lengthy conversation with her last week over how a *nice young man like me* hasn’t met someone.

“You know it’s all about grandkids.” I take a sip of the coffee in front of me and roll my eyes at the fact that there’s definitely no espresso in this like I asked. “Sucks that you’re an only child. At least I can share the weight of disappointment with Monica.”

He snaps his fingers. “That’s right, you’ve got two sisters.”

My stomach turns at the thought of Gabrielle having a baby because that means she fucked someone. *Someone that isn’t me.* My stomach turns *again* at the fact that I’m thinking about fucking her.

“Gabrielle is nowhere near ready for that. She’s only eighteen,” I correct him.

“Sounds like someone isn’t ready for their baby sister to grow up.” He laughs. “Anyway, when are you getting up out of here for the holiday? Today your last day?” he asks and I’m grateful for the change in subject.

Chapter FOUR

Gabrielle

By the grace of God, I'm able to put the awkward encounter from this morning out of my thoughts long enough to take my statistics final, but as soon as I set my pen down after completing the final test of my first semester of college, the events of the morning began to resurface.

I'm not sure why James is being so weird, but I know that something is off and I can't quite put my finger on it. *Could it all really be about work? Or is it something else? I know what James is like when he's stressed about work and he has never come off like that.* I'm packing the rest of my stuff into my suitcase when my phone rings.

"Can you be ready earlier than one? I got out of work a little earlier," James says as soon as I answer.

"Hello to you too, and yes, my exam went well, thanks." *Really? This mood is still lingering then.*

"Sorry, Gabrielle. Just a lot of shit going on with work."

I frown, thinking of his use of my full name which he rarely uses. "You never call me Gabrielle."

He chuckles and a wave of irritation hits me. "It's your name." I can hear the overt sarcasm and it annoys the shit out of me. He never talks to me this way.

"You know what I mean, James."

He's quiet for a second and then it's as if my previous comment wasn't uttered. "Can you be ready sooner or no?"

"Why are you acting like you're mad at me?" It's a weird thing when you're in love with someone in your family. Fights or disagreements with them feel personal in two ways that somehow have to co-exist within you. I'm his sister and the person he may be closest to in life. He's my best friend and I never wanted to be on weird terms with him. But I'm also in love with him which makes things difficult in their own way.

Luckily for me, we aren't together, so I can push him without seeming like the whiny emotional girlfriend.

"I'm not."

"Yes, you are. You were weird this morning. Like I did something. I don't buy that it's about work. Please talk to me."

He sighs. "Gab, just let it go. It is just work."

"And now you're lying to me! What happened to telling each other everything?"

He's silent and I pull my phone away from my ear briefly, wondering if we lost the call or if he really lost his mind and hung up on me. "Do you need help with your stuff?"

"Why do you keep changing the subject? Why are you not answering any of my questions?"

"GAB!" he shouts and my eyes widen at his tone. "Just...let it the fuck alone, alright?"

My eyebrows furrow and tears prickle at the corners of my eyes. *This is where I draw the line. What the fuck did I even do? I'm literally so in love with the man, I could barely focus on my final exam because this was weighing on me and he has the audacity to treat me like this?* "Fuck you, James. Don't take whatever shit you have going on out on me. I'm not coming over. I'll tell Mom to book me a train."

"No."

Excuse you? "Yes."

"Gabrielle, don't be stubborn."

"You should have thought about that before you were a dick," I growl before hanging up. I rarely do that. Hang up on anyone, let alone James. Guilt pumps through me as I begin to pace the room wondering why on Earth he's behaving this way. *What happened between me going to bed and waking up this morning that would make him so pissy with me?*

A part of me wonders if maybe he heard me masturbate last night, but while he may be slightly embarrassed over it, who the hell cares? It's not like I screamed his name during my climax no matter how badly I wanted to.

My phone begins to vibrate in my hand and part of me wants to ignore it, just once. Just so I can say I can and that he doesn't have complete power over me. I squeeze my eyes shut and let out a breath before answering the phone. "What?"

"Come let me in."

I grit my teeth, getting myself ready to give the bitchiest attitude. "Why?"

"Because I'm here to get you and you might need help. Don't make me tell you again." His tone is direct with a bite to it and my mouth drops open just as my sex throbs painfully. *Fuck, why is that so hot? Don't act turned on, Gabrielle. Act pissed.*

"Excuse me? Who are you? Mom?"

"Gabrielle, I'm not in the mood."

"And I already said to take your shitty mood and leave me be, I just finished my first semester of college today; I'd like to be happy if you don't mind."

He lets out another sigh and I hear him say *thank you* and then the sound of a door closing. I roll my eyes knowing that means he's in the building now. Even though, simultaneously my heart is racing with excitement that he's here. "I know and I'm sorry." I hear shuffling outside of my door and then a knock. "Please just let me in."

I swallow. "Why are you being like this?"

"It's nothing you did, Gab. I promise." I lean against my desk staring at the door. "Please?"

I move towards the door and open it slowly, standing in the way of the door so that he can't come in yet. "Say you're sorry."

A smile pulls at his lips and he reaches up to rub my cheek gently. I'm glad I'm wearing a sweatshirt because the goosebumps are covering my arms at his gentle touch. "I'm sorry," he whispers. "You're the only person I never take my shit out on and I fucked up by doing so."

I take a step back and let him move into the room and shut the door behind him. "What's going on, J?"

"I..." He rubs the back of his neck. "You want to get drunk?"

“Yes please, but that won’t solve your issues, and it will probably make it worse.”

“Something fell through at work and it was a shitstorm today, I just want to go to my apartment and forget about this shitty day and get drunk with you.”

The thought that my presence could help raise his spirits makes me feel slightly better. “Do you want to go out?”

“No.”

“Come on, I have a fake. It might make you feel better.” I pull my coat on and pull my hair out and over one shoulder.

“You know I hate when you use that,” he grumbles as he slings my duffle bag over his shoulder and slides up the handle of my roller suitcase. “It’s fine, I don’t want to have to worry about keeping you out of trouble or assholes from hitting on you.”

My eyebrows furrow slightly. “Why’s it a big deal if anyone hits on me? I’m eighteen, James.” *He doesn’t need to know that I wouldn’t entertain anyone hitting on me anyway.*

“I am well aware of that,” he says somewhat under his breath and moves towards the door. “Can we go?”

I’m just about to respond when Harper comes skipping through the door. “Oh, thank God, I didn’t miss you!” Her blonde curly hair bounces as she runs towards me and she squeals before launching herself into my arms. “Mwah.” She kisses my cheek. “Have a great holiday and text me every day.”

I laugh at her infectious energy even though I know she’s hungover. Movement in my periphery draws her attention to my brother and her blue eyes widen. “Oh hey, James!” Her voice squeaks slightly and I smile at her perpetual nervousness around my brother.

“Hey, Harper, how you feeling?” He gives her a knowing smile and she rolls her eyes.

“Fine and dandy! They say the cure to a hangover is being under twenty-five. Sorry, old man,” she jokes back, and the flirtiness in her voice kind of irritates me. *It shouldn’t. Also, I’m like ninety-nine percent sure James has zero interest in Harper.*

“Ha-ha. Well, I hope you have a great Christmas. Gab, we should go.”

“You too,” she sings, drawing out the o’s. “Love you, mean it,” she says as she turns towards me.

“Love you, mean it, Harp.”



Two shots of Jameson later and James and I are sitting on the floor in front of his fireplace with a pizza between us. The television is playing *Home Alone*, one of our favorite holiday movies, but we turned it all the way down so we can talk. The snow is still flurrying through the air but it isn't sticking too aggressively and we've already received strict instructions from Dad to leave no later than ten tomorrow morning. The fire, the alcohol, the Christmas feels, it all feels so romantic and I have to actively remind myself that this is *not* a date.

“Ready for another?”

I nod, knowing that I'm feeling it but also that this is the same guy that taught me how to take shots on my sixteenth birthday, so I'm not *that* much of a lightweight.

“I love that you can drink.” He chuckles. “Warms my heart.”

“I bet it does.” I laugh remembering my birthday. “You were the first person to ever get me drunk.” He had come home for the night just for my birthday and after Mom, Dad and Monica went to bed we stayed up watching movies which led to him getting me drunk for the first time.

“I remember it so vividly, you were hilarious,” he says as he pours us another shot.

“And we vowed to never talk about it.” I shake my head. I remember next to nothing about that night except for telling James a million times that I loved him. *Thank God, I didn't say anything more than that.*

He brings the shot glass to his lips and he looks over at me for a beat before shaking his head.

“What?”

“Nothing.”

“You were staring at me funny.”

“I just remembered something and I...it's weird.”

“What? Tell me!” I demand.

“Well, that night you told me you were a virgin and I was kind of still wondering if you were.”

My mouth drops open and I feel the heat in my face. My body was already heating up from the alcohol but now I feel like I am borderline on fire. "I can't believe I told you that, and I can't believe we are talking about it!" I take the shot without him.

"Hey!"

I raise my middle finger as I take a sip of the ginger ale to ease the burn of the whiskey going down. "You should have thought of that before bringing up *that*."

"I'm sorry, Gab...I was just wondering."

"Why?"

He shrugs. "It was just a question."

"Are you?"

"A virgin?" He snorts. "Yeah, I'm saving myself for marriage."

"I'll bet," I mutter. "To answer your question, *Mr. Invasive*, yes, I am a virgin."

A smile pulls at his lips before he takes his shot. "Good to hear."

"Why is that good to hear?"

He raises an eyebrow and shoots me a look. "Ummm because you're my little sister and I'm insanely protective of you. I'm sorry, have we met?"

I giggle and am very aware that three shots do make me tipsy so I do need to start being cognizant of how many of these I take down. I take a bite of my pepperoni pizza, and another and another, trying to eat as much as I can between drinks to keep me as sober as possible.

James pours another shot for himself and takes it, putting him at four and I frown wondering why he didn't pour one for me.

As if he can hear my thoughts, he responds, "I don't want to push you. Have to space you out some."

"Yeah, can't drink quite like you yet, old man," I tease, using Harper's nickname.

He frowns, though I think he's trying to be funny. "*You* think I'm old?"

"You're almost thirty, J."

"That's not old."

"Okay compared to me, it feels old."

"I'm only eleven years older than you," he counters.

"So weird to think you were thirteen when I came barging into your life." I laugh remembering it. "And now you're about to be thirty."

“Fuck. It does feel like a lifetime ago when you say it like that. What are we going to do for my birthday? You planning a party for me?” he asks and my eyes widen.

“You want *me* to? Don’t you have some friends over the age of twenty-one that would be better at planning a party for you? Not your underaged sister?”

He rests his forearms on his knees and plays with his empty glass before turning his gaze to me. “No one knows me better than you. Besides, I would rather spend my birthday with you than just about anyone.”

“Well, duh.” I flick my hair over my shoulder and he smiles showing all his teeth and for a moment I’m momentarily disarmed and at a loss for words. “But you know what I mean, maybe Monica would be better at that.”

“Monica probably doesn’t even know when my birthday is.” He laughs and stretches his feet out in front of him on the floor and leans back on an elbow. A dark lock of hair falls over his eyes and my hands ball into fists before I can do something crazy like move it out of his eyes for him. Thankfully, he runs a hand through his hair, removing it from his face.

“Who knows when anyone’s birthday is without social media these days.”

“Umm, excuse me, I know your birthday and Monica’s too without looking. And...you don’t know mine?” He cocks a head to the side and for a brief second, I see something that looks similar to hurt flash through them.

“Of course, I do, October fourteenth,” I answer. “The day a star was born,” I say dramatically and he puts a hand over his heart.

“Phew, you almost lost your favorite sister role.”

“Yeeeeahhh right. I’m fairly certain I could crash your BMW, blow through your savings account, and trash your apartment and still be your favorite sister.”

He snorts and pours us both another shot. “Facts. I mean, don’t get me wrong. Mon and I have come a long way and I still consider her one of my best friends but...you...” He smiles. “You’re my favorite person.”

Chapter FIVE

Gabrielle

A million butterflies shed their cocoons and begin to flap their wings wildly in my stomach. “Really?” I squeal. “I’m your favorite person?”

“Easily. I thought you knew that.” He frowns.

“I...mean you’re my favorite person too obviously. But I didn’t know I was yours,” I whisper and rub my finger along the rim of my glass. “That means a lot to me.” I look towards the television and smile when I see Kevin setting up his battleground in his house. “Should we take these?” I ask, referring to the shots that are probably a horrible idea.

He nods and we do it in silence. I’m not sure if the silence is awkward or comfortable but the alcohol makes me break it. “So, are you seeing anyone?” I don’t know why I ask this question; I don’t want to know and I’m so unprepared for his answer.

“No.” He chuckles. “I’m not.”

“Not even casually?”

“I spend all my time at work or with my baby sister; where does a girlfriend or whatever fit into that?”

“Okay, not *all* your time. And you could still have a fuck buddy or someone you call over when you’re lonely or whatever.”

“Been there, done that.” He shrugs. “The loneliness I feel can’t be fixed with *that*,” he chuckles.

I frown. “Wait, you’re lonely? Like actually? I meant like lonely on a particular night, I didn’t mean like...James, really?” My heart hurts hearing this. I want to wrap him in a hug and shield him from any pain and loneliness he’s ever felt.

He sits up. “Gab, it’s no big deal.”

“It’s a very big deal. How are you lonely? You’ve got tons of friends and you’re likable and charming and—”

“None of that matters at the end of the day,” he interrupts. “I mean friends are important, don’t get me wrong but this apartment is huge and it would be nice to come home to someone at the end of the day.”

“Oh my God.” I put my hands over my eyes. “And you say you spend all your time with me which means you’ll never meet someone! I am so sorry. When we get back, I’ll stop inviting myself over. You need to get out there.”

“No, Gab. I’m not agreeing to that. Spending time with you is what keeps me sane. Well...sometimes.” He laughs.

I don’t understand the ominous comment. “I drive you insane?”

“Yeah Gabrielle, you do.” *There he goes using my full name again.*

“How?”

“Because—” He stops. “Never mind. It’s just because I worry about you.”

Oh. My. God. He’s lying to me.

“You’re lying.” I hadn’t meant to call him out on it because it was obvious he did not want to tell me the truth but the words slipped out easily. *Thanks a lot, Jameson.*

“What?”

“You’re lying. It’s not because you worry about me.”

“Yes, it is. You think I don’t worry about you?”

“I’m not saying you’re lying about that; I’m saying that’s not why I drive you insane.”

He rubs his forehead and shakes his head. “Gab, can we not do this now?”

“Do what?”

His blue eyes narrow and suddenly look darker than usual. “This whole thing where you don’t let things go and berate me into telling you something?”

“I just want to know. You’re the one who said we tell each other everything.”

“And you tell me everything?” he asks and my heart begins to pound in my chest.

Lie.

“Of course, I do.”

He snorts in response. “I don’t believe you.”

Lie better.

I shrug. “Believe whatever you want.” I take another bite of pizza, in desperate need to back pedal out of this conversation that alcohol pushed me into. “I tell you everything.”

We’re silent for a few moments before he breaks it. “Do you ever wish our parents hadn’t adopted you?” he asks and I almost choke on the pizza. His hands immediately go to my back rubbing it soothingly but it does nothing to ease the ache in my chest over his words. *Is he serious?*

“Wha-what...are you saying?” Tears find my eyes and I do my best to swallow them down as his eyes widen in horror.

“No, no...fuck. I just heard how that sounded.” He shakes his head. “Not how I meant it. I just mean...if you and I had met under different circumstances.”

I’d thought from time to time how my life would have differed if I’d been adopted by a different family. A less affluent family. One where I had no siblings. One where there was no James. It was hard to imagine because the Calloways are my family. I *am* a Calloway. I love them wholeheartedly and I know the feeling is mutual. I wasn’t a child that didn’t feel like she belonged even when a few kids at school tried to tell me I didn’t.

I’m Gabrielle Calloway, but yeah...sometimes it sucked that it meant I was sister to James Calloway, thereby making him very off limits.

I blink my eyes a few more times, still not exactly sure how he means, but I go with my assumption, trying my best not to assume the worst or hope for the best. “Sure, I guess. Maybe we’d be friends.”

He chuckles. “Gab, we’d be more than friends and you know it.” He pours us two more shots and the liquor combined with his words causes a flutter between my legs. I chuckle awkwardly and try my best to come up with a witty reply but come up short. “You don’t think so?” he responds.

“I...I guess I don’t know what you mean.”

“Never mind.” He shakes his head and stares out the window where I see the snow has started to pick up slightly before sweeping his gaze back to mine. “Want to take these?”

We do so and I’ve officially crossed into intoxication despite my efforts to remain in control. He gets up to stoke the fire in front of us and instantly my fantasy from yesterday comes to mind. A giggle leaves my lips and when he turns back to me, he frowns. “What?”

“I have this fantasy of losing my virginity in front of a fireplace.” Instantly my hand flies over my mouth and I wish I could take back that projectile word vomit. “I mean...just in general. Not here obviously. One too many romance novels,” I ramble and I start to fidget with my hands which is something I do when I’m nervous. James’ eyes flit to them and a smile pulls at his lips.

“You’re nervous?” Panic washes over me. *Why does he know me so fucking well?*

“No...I just...that was a weird comment. Sorry, did I make it awkward?”

“Of course not, beautiful.” He moves back towards me and rubs his thumb down my cheek. “I’ve always wanted to do anything and everything to make you happy. Give you everything you want, Gab. But...” he furrows his brow, “that’s one thing I don’t think I can give you.”

That one word blares in my head like a flashing neon light. “Think?” I utter it aloud, my heart pounding so loud I wouldn’t be surprised if he could hear it.

“Can’t,” he corrects. “I can’t give it to you. Even though...” He stops and my eyes widen at the qualifier. *Holy shit. He...wants that...with me?* I try my best to steady my breathing. Maybe I’m reading too much into it. *Maybe he means...* I run through a brief list of scenarios he could possibly mean, but all of them lead back to *him* wanting to take my virginity. My sex pulses. The word vomit pools in the back of my throat dying to escape.

No. No. No.

Make him say it first.

My mind is moving a mile a minute at the thought that James and I could possibly cross a line tonight and I’m drunk on that thought along with the whiskey coursing through my veins.

“James...” I whisper and bite down on my lower lip.

“The things I could do to you, Gab.” He drops his head back. “I hate that I’ve thought about it.”

“Thought about...what?”

His eyes sweep to mine before he traces his gaze over me running those piercing blue eyes all over me lasciviously.

“Gabby...” He rarely calls me that and I think he realizes it because he pulls back slightly and shakes his head. “I need to get some sleep.”

“Wait...what?” *No no no, don’t let him.*

His smoldering gaze still holds mine as he moves closer to me and presses a kiss so gentle on my forehead that I want to jump out of my skin.

“You can stay up if you want, but I’m fried,” he tells me as he stands and begins to clean up the mess of glasses and pizza on the floor.

I follow behind him into the kitchen, carrying what’s left. I set it on the counter before realizing it’s now or never. “James, look at me.”

His back is to me and I can see the tension in his back and neck as he drops his head. “No.”

I move behind him and put my arms around him so his back is against my chest, though with our height difference, it doesn’t quite line up that way. “You said we could tell each other everything.”

“Not this.” His voice is low and shakes slightly.

“What is *this* you’re referring to?”

“Gabrielle.” He turns around and I can see the anguish in his features. *Does he...feel the same things I feel?* “In another life...” he leans down, “I’d make you so happy, and it just kills me sometimes that it can’t be *this* life.”

I grip his forearms and move closer to him. I’m not completely pressed against him but I’m close. “You do make me happy in this life, J.” I run my hands up his chest, toeing the line between sexual and playful and to his shoulders before gripping them. “James...” His name comes out like a breathy plea and it must serve as a question because his hands find my hips in response. He grips them tightly and before I can think he’s moved me backwards and lifted me up onto the counter like I weigh less than a feather. He steps between my legs and runs his nose up and down my neck.

“I’ve always loved the way you smell. Your scent is fucking addictive.” Goosebumps cover every inch of me and my sex gets slicker as his cock lines up perfectly against my center. He doesn’t press it against me.

I press myself against him.

I scoot further so I'm pressing right against him and I hope he can feel the heat from my pussy because it feels like it's on fire.

"You're killing me, Gab." He groans as he drops his head to my shoulder. "You're drunk and—"

"This has nothing to do with me being drunk," I whisper. The last thing I want him to think is that alcohol caused these feelings. "If it is, I've been drunk since I was thirteen." I speak the words of finality. The words I can't take back. The words that make it very clear what I feel and how deep the feelings go. "I want you." I run my hands down his back and then up until I find his hair and pull on it gently. "I want you so badly, it's made being around you miserable at times." He pulls away quickly and gives me a sad look that almost mirrors mine. His hand finds my cheek.

"Same, beautiful."

"Wh-what?"

"This past year...hell, two years if I'm being honest, which makes me feel like a fucking pervert because you had *just* turned seventeen and all of a sudden you were just this beautiful woman I couldn't stop thinking about." He swallows. "I think about you all the time."

My mouth drops open in awe over his confession. "You do?" I squeak. "What-what do you think about?"

"Fuck, Gab. A part of me thought you knew?"

I shake my head. "Fuck no. I would have made this move way before. I would have given you my virginity six months ago when I turned eighteen."

"You're my baby sister..." He lets out a breath and backs away but he leaves his legs on my thighs. "And yet, I *obsess* over you."

"So do I," I whimper. "I made myself come last night thinking about you."

"I know," he tells me and I frown. "I didn't know it was necessarily about me but I knew you were touching yourself. You're not exactly quiet, beautiful. I felt so...depraved. Sitting there listening to you touch yourself through the door, wishing like hell I could be the one touching you, or shit, even watch."

"I wish I would have known," I tell him. "I literally thought about texting you and telling you how much I wanted you."

"Gab, I don't know how to navigate this."

"Neither do I."

He stares at me straight on. "You cannot tell Monica."

I cock my head to the side. “No, you think?”

“You tell Monica everything.”

“She doesn’t know I’ve been fantasizing about our brother’s cock for five years. I think I can keep this from her.”

Fire blazes in his eyes in response to my words. “Have you touched one before, beautiful?” I furrow my brow wondering what he means. “A dick.” *Oh. OH.* The idea of touching his dick makes my heart begin to pound even faster mimicking the aggressive thump between my legs. I shake my head. “No.”

“Have you seen one?”

“In porn.”

“I mean in real life.”

“No.” I shake my head. I swallow, letting the liquid courage take over. “Can I see yours?”

His nostrils flare and he pulls away and leans back against the island in his kitchen, his hands on his hips. He runs his tongue over his teeth and I can see him fumbling slightly with the drawstring of his sweatpants. “No going back after this, Gabrielle.”

I shake my head. “I don’t want to go back.”

“I don’t know that it can go forward after tonight.”

I hop off the counter and move towards him, the liquor making me braver than usual as I press myself against him. “We live here in one of the biggest cities in the world, away from our parents and hours from our sister and you’re telling me if you have a taste tonight, you’ll never want a repeat?” His hands find my hips and push me back slightly and when I look down, I see his cock hard and very proudly pointing at me. My gaze draws up. “Let me see it, please,” I beg.

His hands drop from my hips and grab my hands pulling them to his drawstring. He nods and I understand the implication. I untie them and slowly send his pants down his legs leaving him in black Calvin Klein briefs that outline how glorious his cock looks. I boldly run my fingers up his shaft and he groans. “Fuck. I can’t believe this is happening.”

I find the top of his briefs and slowly pull them down. I see a crop of thick but trimmed and groomed pubic hair first. I bite my lip, wanting to run my tongue through it before lowering it more and more and more until his whole dick is exposed to me. Cum drips from the tip and I watch in

fascination as it slides down his shaft and touches his balls. I blink several times as I take in the realization that I'm staring at my brother's dick.

Holy fucking shit.

Chapter SIX

JAMES

I stare down at the sight in front of me. My baby sister, who also happens to be my favorite person in the world is staring up at me. Her big brown eyes are so innocent as she lets her tongue drag up my shaft. I grip the countertop behind me to steady myself because the look and feeling of that velvety pink tongue running over me is enough to make me lose my balance.

“Is that okay?” Her voice is breathy but confident as she blinks her eyes several times.

I grip her chin and rub my finger over her bottom lip. “It’s perfect, Gab, and as much as I want you to suck my cock between those beautiful full lips of yours, I want to do so many more things to you first.”

I pull her to her feet in front of me and reluctantly slide my briefs back up over my cock despite the fact that it’s screaming at me to get inside of her somehow. I kick off my sweats, opting not to put them back on, and cup her cheeks gently. “Like kiss you for one.”

She lets out a sigh that makes my cock ache even more. Her eyes flutter closed and her tongue darts out to wet her pink lips. I push my hands back further into her dark brown hair. I know she hates when anyone touches it, but I’ve always been the one exception. She moans at the touch. “I love when you play with my hair.”

“Because I’m the only person allowed to?” She nods. “Gabby,” I whisper and she still doesn’t open her eyes. “Look at me, baby.” Her eyes fly open wide, probably in response to what I called her. But if I’m being honest, I hadn’t meant to. It flew out of me naturally like I’d been calling her that for years. “Fuck, you’re so beautiful,” I tell her as I take in her full lips. I trace them with my thumb and her lips part slightly. She had braces as a child. Braces she hated because she thought she looked dorky. Though I know she appreciates them now because her teeth are straight and blindingly white especially against the red lipstick she often wears. Her warm brown skin is smooth and always has a glow, making me wonder if she glows everywhere. I rub my nose against hers. “I’m going to kiss you now.”

“Please,” she begs just before I press my lips to hers for the first time. She doesn’t waste a second before she opens her mouth inviting my tongue into hers. I take the invitation eagerly, exploring her mouth before settling against her tongue and rubbing mine against it. I run my hands through her hair, tugging it playfully causing her to whimper into my mouth. My hands follow the trail down her body, settling on her curvy ass that I’ve spent more than enough time the past six months thinking about.

Touching it.

Eating it.

Fucking it.

I know Gabrielle Calloway inside and out in almost every way except this way, and I’m dying to know her this way too.

I pull her harder and she grinds against me, rubbing and mewling. I lift her in my arms like I’ve done a thousand times but this time she wraps her legs around my waist and I smile against her because like always she’s completely in tune with me. I press her against a wall and kiss her harder than before. I bite down on her bottom lip before sliding my tongue over it to temper the sting of my teeth.

She plays with my hair going back and forth between pulling it and stroking my neck. I pull away from her lips and trail kisses down her neck. I flick the skin behind her ear with my tongue, tasting her which does nothing for the stiffness in my dick. “Fuck, I’ve wanted this for so long. I can’t believe it’s happening,” she murmurs softly and I begin the slow walk out of the kitchen towards my bedroom. Her lips are attached to my neck as she rubs her petite body against me. My cock bobs with every step we get

closer to my bedroom as if it knows what's going to happen tonight if her tongue on it was any indication.

I stand in the entrance to my bedroom and I shoot her a look before I move any further. "Are you okay with being here? With...going in here with me?"

"Yes. I want you to fuck me in your bed and remember it every time you go to sleep." Her eyes are big and expressive just like they always are when she's excited about something. It's one of the things I love about her. She wears her feelings on her face at all times. Or maybe I can just read her. I move into the bedroom and set her gently on her feet. I take a step back and take it all in.

Her.

This.

Us.

Fuck.

I palm my dick and sit down on the love seat in the corner of my room. I prop my feet up on the table in front of it and nod at her. "Strip."

She raises an eyebrow. "You don't want to undress me?"

"Make no mistake, I'm going to explore every inch of you, but right now I want to watch you peel those clothes off. I want to watch you peel your panties away from your wet cunt." Her mouth falls open before she sinks her teeth into her bottom lip. I lean forward slightly. "Is your pussy wet, Gab?" She nods and my cock hardens. "Fuck, I can't wait to know what you taste like." I rub a hand over my mouth, almost in shock that I'm nonchalantly talking about my sister's pussy. "Baby, I want to look at you."

She saunters closer to me, pulling her t-shirt off and tossing it to the ground. "I love that you call me baby."

I swallow. "That's what you are." She pulls her leggings down, leaving her in only lacy pale pink panties and a matching bra that I want to pull off with my teeth. She's in my lap instantly, straddling me and sliding all the way down, so that she's sitting right on top of my dick. I'm still only in my briefs so I feel the wetness soaking through my underwear.

"James." She moans before her lips find my neck. My hands find her ass again and I'm pleased when I realized she's wearing a thong and I'm touching her bare ass as she rocks against me. The scent of her pussy reaches my nostrils and I have to fight back the groan forming at the back of my throat as she continues to dry hump me.

This is going to be over before it starts if I don't stop her.

"Stand up," I tell her as I reluctantly let go of her glorious ass. She does as she's told and I spin my finger in a circle. "Turn around."

She obeys again and I see the pale string settled between her ass cheeks. I reach out and smack one cheek gently and watch as it jiggles. I lean forward and drag my tongue up the other cheek to her hip before following suit on the other side. I sink my teeth into the round part of her behind and nibble gently before reaching around her to run a digit over her covered pussy. I drag it up her slit and she shivers. I pull her panties slowly down her legs and I can smell how wet they are. As soon as she steps out of them, I bring them to my nose and I resist the urge to suck the wetness from them. She turns around to face me and her nostrils flare when she sees what I'm doing.

"James," she whispers. "I..." She stops when she sees the look that I'm giving her. *Well, her pussy.* I drop the panties and look up at her and then down at her pussy again and then back at her.

"You're bare?" It's meant to be a statement but it comes out more of a question. All the times I'd pictured her pussy, I assumed there'd be hair. I never once imagined my virgin sister would be getting her sweet cunt waxed.

She nods. "It's uncomfortable when there's hair."

I lick my lips and look up at her. "Can I touch you?"

"Yes please."

"You've had an orgasm before, right?" She nods again. "Has anyone ever given you one?" She shakes her head no and my dick hardens even more.

"Fuck, I'm going to give you your first orgasm that you didn't give yourself?"

She nods. "Well, if you do it right," she sasses and I almost want to take her over my knee for that comment, but she reaches behind her and unhooks her bra letting it fall to the ground so my mind temporarily goes blank.

Gabrielle Calloway is standing in front of me completely naked. Her nipples are hard and the space between her legs is glistening with her arousal. "I almost don't know what to do with you." I tell her honestly before drawing a fist to my mouth. I bite down. *Fuck, she is beautiful.*

“Well, maybe you could ummm...” She looks nervously around the room. “Go down on me?” she says weakly and I smile immediately at the thought of tasting her, but it’s replaced with a frown as I wonder where this nervousness is coming from.

“Are you nervous?” I ask her as I stand up and begin to circle her. I look over every inch of her gorgeous body, saliva pooling in my mouth at the thought of putting my mouth between her thighs.

“Kind of.”

I grip her chin gently and force her to look at me. “Around me?”

“I’ve never done anything with a guy...it’s a big step even if it is you. Probably bigger *because* it’s you.”

“We don’t have—”

“No.” She stops. “We have to.” She smiles at me and it almost stops my heart. “For both of our sanities.” She walks over to my bed and hops on it making her tits bounce deliciously and my mouth waters.

“Something tells me after this, you’ll only drive me more insane.” I rub my forehead. “I’m already jealous as fuck any time a man breathes in your direction.”

“So that’s why you were such a dick to Miles?”

“Who?”

“The guy from yesterday.”

I snort. “The fuck? That guy was a douche.”

“So, you said, but I also didn’t realize that was coming from a place of jealousy.”

“Jealous of what?” I tell her as I move towards the bed. I pull my shirt off over my head and let it fall to the floor. “Some dumb jock?”

“No, that he might want to take me out on a date or something.”

She’s right, that shit did make me jealous as fuck. “I’ll take you out on a date, Gab.”

“Oh really?”

I hover over her. “We don’t have to go shouting to all of New York that we’re siblings. To your point, no one knows us here. We can go on a date across town where there’s no chance of running into anyone you or I know and...have a romantic evening,” I tell her. “If that’s what you want.”

“I want you however I can have you.” She scoots her completely naked body up into the pillows and spreads her legs slightly. “James, I really need you.”

“I fucking need you too, baby.” I tell her as I move up the bed. I get up on my knees and look down at her. “But I don’t want you to be pressured into something you’re not ready for.” God knows I’ve wanted this moment for months, but it would kill me if this destroyed her or *us*. I’m crazy about Gabrielle, but I’m not about to ruin our relationship over it. “Tell me this won’t fuck everything up.”

“You could never pressure me into anything. I know how much you love me, James.” Her eyes well up with tears and she wipes them away before I can do it for her. “I’m so desperate for you, I can’t think straight.” She sits up on her elbows. “To answer your question from earlier, yes there are times I wished I hadn’t been adopted by our family. That I’d met you under different circumstances that didn’t involve us being related. I fantasized about meeting you here in New York. Out at a bar. You’re there for happy hour after work, I’m there after a long day of classes or a final. We talk, we hit it off. We exchange numbers. Or maybe I go home with you. You’re the sexiest man that’s ever paid attention to me, and for one night I want to be wild and spontaneous and have crazy hot sex with the fine as hell guy from the bar.”

In one sentence, she’s called me sexy and fine as hell and while I know women find me attractive, it does something to me that Gabrielle finds me attractive. “Fuck.”

“We’ve fucked under many different scenarios in my mind, James.” She giggles and it makes me smile.

“Well, how about this one.” I lean up and let my tongue dart out, running it over her sweet lips. “Your brother— who loves you more than probably anyone in the world short of maybe...Mom—is also probably in love with you.”

Her eyes widen and her hair falls slightly over her face before she pushes it back. “In love with...me?”

“Yeah, Gab.” I cup her cheek and drag my lips over hers. “And it’s only going to become more intense once I’m inside of you.”

“I love you too, James.” She holds my face. “I’ve been in love with you for so long.”

I can’t stop the smile that finds my face as I move down her body. “I am so fucking desperate for you too, beautiful. I have to know what your orgasms taste like.”

I move down her body and stop to worship her nipples. I run my tongue over them followed by my teeth, nibbling gently on the sexy buds. She arches her back pushing her perky breasts more into my mouth. "I'm going to fuck these later," I say pushing them together and running my tongue back and forth over them both.

"I want you to do anything...everything to me. Fuck, James. I want you to break me." She whines. "Turn me inside out and fuck me in a way that'll make me yours forever."

Her words— words that'll haunt me long after this night is over make me want to slam my dick inside her. I move down her body even further, reaching her pussy and slide her legs over my shoulders. I spread her sex exposing her clit to me and I almost lose it. It's slick with desire and pink like a Starburst. I lick my lips wanting to suck her into my mouth. "So pretty," I whisper. "You ready, angel?" I ask her and when I look up, she's staring down at me and breathing like she'd just run a marathon.

"Yes, yes, please. I've fantasized about you eating me out for years."

I chuckle hearing her confession and lower my mouth, while keeping my eyes on hers. I drag my tongue through her folds one time, staring at her as she stares at me. Goosebumps erupt all over her flesh and the heels of her feet apply pressure to my back. She shakes slightly and I briefly wonder if she's about to come already.

"Wow." She lets out a breathy sigh. "That feels...incredible." She lets her head fall back. "Even better because it's you."

And she's probably right. My cock turned harder than steel the second my tongue tasted her tangy sweet flavor. I've never been this hard just eating pussy, making me think that the fact that it's Gabrielle is making me more turned on.

I continue eating her, alternating between licking and sucking her sweet clit before moving down and beginning to fuck her with my tongue. "I'm going to eat your ass later," I tell her.

She lets out a gasp and then a whine and her hands find my hair. She pushes my head down and raises her pelvis, grinding her cunt against my mouth. *That's so fucking hot.* "I think I'm going to come."

"That's right, baby. Come for me. Show me who this pussy belongs to."

Her eyes find mine. "Yours."

"That's fucking right. That's why you saved it for me, right? You saved this pussy for me because you knew no one could please you like I can."

“No one loves me like you do, J. I’ve always known that.”

“No fucking one,” I growl. “Fucking remember that.” I grip her hips, dragging my tongue along her center again and again and again. “I’ll worship you, Gabrielle. You know that. I’ll love you harder and better than anyone.”

She cries out, her body bowing off the bed as I feel her orgasm brewing. She digs her nails into my scalp as she humps my face, chasing the euphoric feeling. “I’m there.”

“Come for me, Gab. Make that sexy cunt of yours come all over my face.”

She cries out. “Yes! Right there, James! YES YES YES!” She screams as she grinds her pussy against my mouth. She spasms and jerks against me and I do my best to hold her down but her erratic movements are all over the place making me smile that she’s completely let go of her body. Her pussy quivers around my tongue and it’s the sexiest thing I’ve ever experienced while doing this.

“Too much.” She gasps as she tries to pull away from my mouth. She twitches and I grip her tighter not wanting her away from me. I continue to tongue her pussy, alternating between sweet kisses and nips at her clit. “Fuuuuuck.” Her hands move away from my head and up her body to her hair. She finally lets her eyes flutter open and her eyes find mine. They’re bright and shining with lust and love for me. She bites down on her bottom lip just as a smile begins to play at her lips.

I’m a fucking goner.

Chapter SEVEN

JAMES

She sits up and rests on her elbows. Her skin is glowing even more than usual and her eyes are bright. My cock is harder than it's ever been as I drink her in.

“Wow.” Her breathing slows and she averts her gaze from the ceiling to find mine and a huge smile finds her face. “You’re really good at that.”

Hearing her praise fall from her lips, makes me feel prouder than I’ve ever been to give a woman an orgasm. And then somehow, my dick hardens even more remembering that this was her *first* orgasm from a man.

She pushes herself off her elbows and leans up to press her lips to mine. “Will you show me?”

I move up her body slowly, dragging my tongue up her torso, circling her nipple before I’m hovering over her. “Show you what, angel?”

“What do you like?”

I start to tell her that I’ll like anything she does. That just the mere thought of her mouth on my dick has me ready to come inside my briefs which is something I haven’t done in probably a fucking decade. But then my darker, more sinister side takes over. Whispering thoughts that I should teach her what I want. Teach her what *she* likes so that she’ll be conditioned to only want it—no, *need* it from me. It’s selfish, but I’m selfish when it comes to Gabrielle. I want her. All of her. And I know for a fact, I’m never going to be ready to give her up now that I’ve had her.

“I want to suck your dick,” she whispers and my carnal thoughts are interrupted by one of most men’s favorite sentences.

I move to my back and spread my legs so that she can kneel between them. She places her hands on her thighs, almost as if she’s nervous to touch me and waiting for instruction. “Take off my briefs.” I nod at her and lift my hips to give her easier access. She smiles and pulls my briefs agonizingly slowly down my hips. She grazes my cock with her pinky and a wicked smirk finds her face when she sees it twitch. She’s not looking at me which makes this moment even more intense. Her bottom lip is trapped between her teeth and one eyebrow is quirked in the most enticing way.

She throws my underwear behind her off the bed and leans down, resting her weight on her hands as she stares at me, giving me a sheepish grin. “Use my mouth to make you come, James.”

I ball my hands into fists to temper the ache in my cock. “Fuck. You can’t say things like that. It rattles the beast inside of me, and I’m not ready to introduce you to that side of me.”

“Why?”

“Because this is all new to you.”

“But...” She lets out a breath. “You’re not new to me. Your darkness is my darkness. Especially...while we’re here. I want to explore this with you. All of this. And that means learning what you like and what you need. I want to be those things.”

“You’re all I’ve ever fucking needed, Gab.”

She tries to hide the smile, but I see it pulling at her lips and a painful ache spreads in my chest as that nagging thought of where this could possibly go long term sparks. She wants this as bad as I do and navigating this when it’s over is not something I’m prepared for.

I push the thoughts away, knowing that tonight we don’t have to deal with it.

Tonight, I get to fuck her in every way possible.

“Lick the tip,” I instruct her. She wastes no time to lower her head and tease the head of my cock with the tip of her tongue. She licks it lightly once and my eyes slam shut as pleasure courses through my body. She does it again and again and circles the tip and I forget I’m supposed to be instructing her because she seems to know what I want. She moves from the tip and drags her tongue up my shaft before wrapping her lips around the tip

and sucking hard. My hand finds her head and I tangle my hand in her tresses.

“Is that okay?” I breathe out, but I’m not totally sure I spoke a coherent sentence.

“Yes.” She mumbles around my cock as she lowers her mouth slowly. I look down and see she’s halfway down before she moves back up and I smile at the thought that she’s trying to deep throat me.

“Don’t force it, angel.”

She pulls back and a trail of spit connects her wet lips to my cock. It twitches at the visual. “I want it to feel good.”

“Your lips are wrapped around my dick, trust me, baby, it feels good.”

She wraps her lips around my dick and goes further this time. She gags and the vibrations send goosebumps all over my arms. She swallows and I think it opens up her throat because she moves even further down.

“Fuuuuuuck me. Jesus Christ, baby.”

She must be struggling with the spit control because I feel wetness all around the base of my cock. She finds her groove, moving up and down my shaft rhythmically. She grips the base and moves up and down with her mouth, fucking me better than anyone ever has. I’ve been exercising restraint up until now but the pending orgasm has my hips jerking and wishing that I could really fuck her mouth.

“Lose control,” she whispers. “You’re holding back.”

I stare at her curiously. “How do you know that?”

“Your muscles are tight. Like you’re exercising restraint.”

“You know me so well, my God. Nothing is safe from you.” I chuckle.

“Lose control, James. I can handle it. You don’t need to protect me from this. From *you*.”

I grip her head. “Look at me.” Her eyes dart up to mine and I smile. “Tell me if it’s too much.”

She nods and then she slides her mouth down me again. Only this time I meet her mouth, pushing my cock even further down her throat. Her nails dig into my thighs and a low groan rumbles in the back of my throat. No one has ever done that to me and I had no idea that it was so fucking sexy. I push further into her mouth. “Fuck. Baby, where...” I lose my train of thought because she does this thing with her tongue that renders me fucking speechless. She moves faster, up and down on me, making the sexiest sucking sounds as she pushes me closer to the edge.

“Oh shit, angel, there.” I groan. “I’m going to come. Fuck, I’m going to come. I’m going to come.” My breathing becomes labored as my body jerks under her mouth and then my orgasm pulls me under. My grip tightens on her hair and I’m acutely aware of her fingers fondling my balls. “Right. Fucking. There,” I grit out.

I think I momentarily black out and I find myself struggling to breathe as my orgasm goes on and on.

My eyes open and for the first second or two everything is blurry. I can see her still between my legs but I can’t quite make out her features yet. She giggles but I feel like I’m on sensory overload so I shut my eyes again.

“I’ll take that as you enjoyed it.”

I raise my hand and give her a thumbs up because words are still failing me. After a minute, I finally feel like I can speak. “You’ve never done that before?”

“No, but I’ve watched porn. I know the basics, J.”

“Watching and doing are different things. Fuck.” I rub a hand down my face and when I open my eyes I’m glad to know I’m not permanently blind because my sister sucked the fucking soul out of me.

I know there’s going to be some kind of consequence for the taboo relationship we’ve entered but I’m not prepared to lose my sight.

I let out a breath as she crawls up my body and rests her chin on my chest as she looks up at me. “That was fun.”

“I’m glad you enjoyed it. I sure as fuck did.” I laugh.

A sheen of sweat covers her body making her glisten. “I want to taste you again.” I pull her gently. “I want you to ride my face. I need to give you so many orgasms that your body is loose when I’m inside you for the first time. It’s going to kill me to hurt you.”

“It’ll kill us both if we don’t find out what the other feels like...right now.” She smiles but she listens to my instruction and straddles my face. Her scent overwhelms my senses. She smells familiar and also like something new entirely. I grip her hips and submerge my face in her folds, kissing and nipping at her clit as she grinds her cunt on my face.

“Your beard,” she whimpers.

“Does it feel good? I’ll shave it if you hate it.”

“Don’t. You. Dare.” She moans and when I look up she’s pinching her nipples as she continues to bounce up and down, rubbing her cunt lips

against my lips. “You don’t want to know how many times I’ve had this fantasy.”

I stop briefly. “Tell me.”

“Too many. God, you’re better at it than you are in my dreams.” I spread her lips with my thumbs and push my tongue inside her, fucking her relentlessly as I press my fingers to her clit.

“Baby, come again for me.”

“And then you’ll fuck me?”

“Fuck yes.”

I grip her ass, pushing and pulling her harder against my mouth as she rides me. “I love you,” she cries. “I love you so fucking much.”

My heart, mind, and cock all work in tandem hearing those words. They all seem to be in agreement that I won’t be letting go of Gabrielle Calloway anytime soon.

If ever.

I move my tongue back to her clit and suck it between my lips and she loses it. “Oh God!” She screams and her hands drop to stroke my head. “I love you, I love you, I love you,” she cries as she climaxes on my tongue. Her sweetness floods my mouth and I’m rather surprised I’m able to make her squirt the second time I’ve touched her but I plan to wear that fact like a badge of honor.

“I love you too,” I tell her as she falls to the side next to me. She barely lets herself recover before she’s on top of me again, hovering over my dick. “I want to fuck,” she breathes out. Her eyes are wild and she looks almost feral. “I need to feel you inside me.” She grips my dick and rubs her pussy on it, smearing her wetness all over it. “Once I do this...” she starts, “once we do this, I’m yours.”

“Make no mistake, Gab.” I reach up and grip her face before bringing her down so that her lips are hovering mere inches above mine. “You have always been mine.”

And with that, I let her go and nod at my dick. “Ride me.”

“You’re not worried about...condoms?” She cocks her head to the side.

“Cute that you think I don’t know you’re on the pill. And I’d never put you in harm’s way. I’m clean.” I add, “I’ve never fucked a woman without a condom, Gabrielle, but I can’t not know what your pussy feels like wrapped around my dick.”

She sinks down, gripping my shoulders so tightly as she moves slowly down my shaft. “Holy shit, I can feel myself stretching to accommodate you. You’re so big.” Her head drops to my shoulder and I can feel her breath coming out in little spurts against my skin.

I grip her ass and hold her up from slamming herself the rest of the way down. “Slow.”

“No,” she whines. “Let me.”

“I don’t want you to get hurt.”

“It’s only the first time,” she tells me as she swats my hand away and leans down to press her lips to mine. “I know you probably can’t help it, and I love you for always trying to do right by me, but just relax and let me do this,” she whispers against my lips before she kisses me again. She slides her tongue between my lips and we kiss with an intensity that sets my skin on fire. She pushes herself further down and I feel her hymen and she must too because she whimpers against my lips. I run my hands up her back, stroking the skin just above the curve of her ass as she pushes through it and glides down the rest of dick as I swallow her muffled scream.

“I’m sorry, angel.”

“Don’t be sorry, just fuck me,” she breathes out. Her eyes are squeezed shut and when her eyes flutter open, there are tears.

“Fuck. Baby.” I lean up, pressing my lips to her eyes and licking the tears beneath each of them. “I’m so proud of you. Taking my cock like the perfect girl you are.”

She squeezes her eyes closed and all of her body must be in sync because she squeezes down on my cock just as hard and my eyes slam shut as I attempt to slow my orgasm. She raises herself up again and my eyes fly open to spy her looking down at where we’re joined. Her head snaps up to look at me and she winces. “There’s...blood.”

“I assumed there would be.”

“Sorry...” She frowns and I wonder why she’s embarrassed. She looks away from me and to the side and she begins to worry her bottom lip. “You probably haven’t had to deal with this in a while and—”

“Stop,” I command her. “Look at me.” Her gaze snaps back to mine and I reach up to cup her cheek. “Do you think this is all a game to me? Some weird curiosity I was hoping to check off my list? I want you. All of you. And you bleeding all over my cock just means you’ve laid your claim over me in every way possible now.” I tighten my grip on her cheek and pull her

down so that her lips are almost touching mine. “And it probably means, I’ll never know how to fully let you go when it’s time,” I tell her honestly.

“I don’t want you to let me go.” She presses her face into my neck and I hear her whimper again. “Please don’t let me go.”

I grip her shoulders and raise my hips, urging her to keep going. I’m still not ready to have this conversation yet. I don’t want to think about a life that doesn’t include this. How am I supposed to play her older brother when and if she brings someone else home? How am I supposed to watch her give this part of herself to someone else? Would our relationship eventually be reduced to forbidden trysts behind closed doors or kisses in the shadows?

Her lips find mine, silencing my thoughts. Her tongue intertwines with mine and I roll her so that I can be on top. “This okay?” I murmur against her lips. She nods and I begin to move faster and push harder into her. She’s staring up at me, her eyes wide and unblinking and I don’t even want to blink out of fear of missing a second of what’s happening between us. “Jesus Christ, Gab. You’re so beautiful.” I rest my forehead against hers as I bottom out completely and begin to fuck her with an urgency that I’ve never felt before.

Her arms move around my neck and into my hair where she pulls at my strands. I lower myself closer to her and rest my lips at her ear. “Mine,” I tell her. “Fuck, you’re mine.”

“Always,” she whines as she runs her fingernails down my back.

With every thrust, she is burrowing her way further into my heart and soul. My hand twitches and longs to be wrapped around her slender throat which is something I tend to do in bed, but I haven’t exactly broached the subject that this is one of my predilections.

Next time.

The thought that there will be a next time has my balls tingling with their pending release. “I’m going to come,” I tell her and she squeezes me in response.

She lets out a low moan the last time I push further into her and my last thought before my cock empties inside of her is that I want her to come on my cock next time.

“Fuck fuck fuck.” I slam my hand against my headboard and begin to fuck her harder through my orgasm.

“Oh my God,” she cries. “It feels...really good now.” She’s raising her pelvis to meet mine and I feel the end nearing.

“Gabrielle, goddammit.” I grit out as my entire body vibrates with the force of my climax. My eyes shut but I’m pretty sure they’ve completely rolled back or I’ve blacked out because when I open them, I’m lying on top of her. I realize I may be hurting her, so I lean up immediately, removing my weight from her. I look down at her and the smile across her face is almost too much after the orgasm I’ve had. “Was that...” I start and she nods vigorously.

“Oh my God, that was perfect,” she whispers. “Better than I imagined.” She looks off to the side and then back up at me. “How much time do you need...?” She gives me a cheeky look. “Until we can do it again?”

Chapter EIGHT

Gabrielle

I can't remember a time I was this happy. I've soaked in James' bathtub several times over the past year but I've always been alone. I've fantasized about taking a sexy bubble bath with this man probably more times than I can count but I never thought we'd get here. He's sitting behind me with his legs spread and I'm seated between his legs with my back resting against his chest. His lips haven't left my neck since we settled in and I wouldn't mind spending the rest of my life submersed in these bubbles.

"We should talk about it, right?"

"Hmmm?" he asks just as his tongue darts out to trace my ear and for a moment I'm speechless. *He's ready to go again?* We had sex twice before we moved to the bathtub so we could clean the blood off of us. But we've been in here for close to an hour I think, and I am getting the feeling I won't be getting out without another orgasm.

"Talk about...this?" I let out a breath before turning my head to the side so I can see him a little better.

"I would rather make you come again." He cups my sex possessively. "You wouldn't let me eat your pussy."

"Because I was bleeding, James." And seriously, I had to basically fight him off of me.

"I didn't care. I wanted you to come again," he tells me and I wonder if he's done that before.

“Have you...done that?” I wrinkle my nose at the thought. “It’s blood...”

“It’s *you*.” He bites down on my shoulder and I melt. “And to answer your question, no I haven’t.”

I turn around and pull him towards the middle of the tub so I can wrap my legs around his back. “James, I’m serious. This is...big.”

“Are you talking about my dick?” He cocks his head to the side and a playful smile finds his lips.

I splash him and give him my best serious look. “Did I not just say I was serious?”

“It’s hard to have a serious conversation while you’re naked in my lap, Gabrielle. Especially not while I can see my teeth marks on your nipples.” I look down and see that some of the bubbles have dissolved and my breasts are riddled with hickeys. I look up at him and can’t help the smile that finds my face. I crawl into his lap, the heaviness of the potential conversation forgotten as I slide back down onto his dick. “I can’t do that conversation right now, Gabby. Not now. Just... can we pretend for the night we don’t have to?”

I nod, though the anxiety over what we’ve done and where we can possibly go from here has already begun to take flight. “I can’t lose you, James. You’re my person,” I tell him honestly. He was already my entire heart and now we’ve taken this step.

“Stop,” he says just as my phone starts ringing. I look towards the sink where it’s placed and roll my eyes. “Who would be calling you this late?”

“I don’t know? Probably someone related to us.”

I begin to slide up off of him when he grabs my hand and holds me in place. “Ignore it,” he tells me. “If it’s important, they’ll call me too. Anyone else can wait. I need to fuck your pretty cunt again.”

His words send goosebumps everywhere, despite the warm water we are submerged in. I begin to ride him slowly, careful to not send water everywhere. He grips my ass with one hand and grabs my neck with the other. A spark flutters through my body and explodes at my sex at the feeling. “You like that?” he asks as he squeezes my neck and I nod.

“Yes.”

“Fuck. Of course, you do. You were fucking made for me.” He squeezes harder as I ride him, wrapping his large hand around my neck. He times his squeezes with his thrusts making me feel deliciously taut with each passing

second. I haven't come during intercourse yet, but the way my clit is splintering with every thrust, I think there's a good chance it'll happen this time.

I close my eyes and ride the feeling, my breath coming out in spurts as he constricts my windpipe. "Oh, there it is," he whispers. "This is what my baby likes." I grip his arms as I try to steady myself. "You're going to come, aren't you?" I nod, the question of how he knows that failing to fall from my lips. It's as if I can't make the words come out. "Fuck, Gabrielle, you're squeezing me so fucking hard." His hand, not around my neck, squeezes my ass harder as he helps me move up and down.

"Yessss." My eyes twitch behind my lids as he hits a spot he hasn't found before and I assume it's that notorious G-spot. "Right there," I sputter out between breaths.

"Is that your spot? The spot that will have you screaming my name, angel?" He lowers my face down to his and licks my bottom lip. "You scream my name when you come, understand?"

I nod. My clit tingles painfully and every time he taps my G-spot my chest feels like it gets tighter. I'm wound so tight at this point, I know this orgasm is going to be both spectacular and intense. "James, I..."

"Yes, baby. Tell me."

"I...can't."

"Yes, you can."

I hear James' phone ringing in the distance and more than likely whoever was calling me is now calling him and it briefly distracts me, but I don't open my eyes. "Ignore it," he grits out and squeezes my neck tighter. "Focus on me. On my cock. On my voice. On how I'm touching you. Focus on that feeling between your legs. Focus on the fact that I'm going to put my mouth on your pussy the second we are out of this tub."

I swallow his words and they feed my soul. I've been deliriously in love with this man for years and now here he is inside of me whispering all these dirty words to me. It's enough to push me over the edge.

"Get there, angel," he tells me just as one of his fingers that had been digging into the flesh of my ass moves between my cheeks and circles my hole just as he tightens his grip even more on my throat. "I want this too," he tells me and my skin feels as if it's been set on fire.

James wants to fuck me in the ass.

And I want it too.

The idea has me coming apart in his arms. My hands leave his shoulders and grip the sides of the tub as I fuck him harder, not giving a shit that I'm splashing water everywhere. I hear his praise as I come violently around him. At some point in the midst of my orgasm, he lets go of my throat which only intensifies the feeling. "JAMES, FUCK!" I scream, just as I was instructed. Although even if he hadn't, I probably still would have screamed because I just went through the most exhilarating experience of my life.

I stop riding and fall to his chest and he wraps his arms around me instantly. He's still inside of me and I'm sure he's still hard because I know he hasn't come yet, but all he does is rub my back and place gentle kisses on my shoulder. "You're incredible, baby," he tells me. "God, watching you fall apart is..." he chuckles, "officially my favorite thing to watch. You looked so sexy."

I whimper in his arms and as much as I want to move, my limbs feel loose and languid and as if they weigh one hundred pounds.

I turn my head so that I can press gentle kisses against his neck. I dart my tongue out to lick the skin and he chuckles again. "Gab, you're killing me."

"I know," I whisper before moving back up and begin to move again. He grips my shoulders keeping me in place and slowly moves me off of him. I frown and he shakes his head.

"I turned you into a little nympho with two orgasms?"

I roll my eyes at his comment. "You didn't come," I pout.

He smiles and squeezes my face. "We have all night for you to make me come, and believe me I will. But we should figure out who's trying to get in touch with us at very least," he tells me and I totally forgot about the phone calls. It's nearing eleven o'clock, so I'm sure if it was our parents, they're making sure I'm safe inside somewhere.

Little do they know.

He helps me out of the tub and towels me off before doing the same for himself and I see the missed call is from my sister, Monica.

"She called me too," James says and I nod. "You call her back. She wants to talk to you anyway." He chuckles.

"Why did neither of us answer? Only one of us can use the shower excuse."

"I'm on a call." James shrugs.

“At eleven?” I cock my head to the side wondering who in the world would buy that.

“She has called me this late before and I didn’t answer because I was working. Trust me, she’ll think nothing of it. You’re the *only* person’s calls I take no matter what I’m doing. But most people are very well versed with my voicemail.”

His words warm my heart and I reach for my phone just as he walks out of the bathroom. “Mon?” I say as she answers the phone.

“There you are. Oh my God, and James didn’t answer either, I was about to send a search party.”

“Sorry, I was in the shower, what’s up?” I put her on speakerphone as I begin to rub lotion into my skin. I drop the towel and spread it onto my breasts. I hear a soft moan that I’m praying was just my imagination but when I look out of the bathroom, I see James sitting on the bed stroking his dick in plain sight as he watches me.

“Nothing, I just got home and figured I’d call you. I don’t think I’ve ever been here when neither you or James are here.”

I watch him watch me. I watch his strong arms flex every time his fist hits his base and the look of desire that flashes across his features every time he hits the tip.

Fuck, I mouth and he smiles in response as he nods his head up and down. I’ve forgotten that I’m on the phone with my sister until I hear her again. “Hello?”

“Sorry, Mon. I got a text.” The lie flies out easily. “I know, but we’ll be home in the early afternoon.”

“I should have just come there and we could have all hung out.” I thank every god there is that she didn’t have this idea weeks ago because it certainly would have prevented anything from happening between me and James. “When will you guys be home tomorrow?”

“I think we are leaving around ten. I don’t know, James has been holed up in his office since I got here.”

“That’s why that asshole didn’t answer.” I look at James and he winks and nods at me and it’s as if he’s saying, *well done*. He spins his index finger in a circle as if to say wrap it up before he looks down at his dick and then straight at my pussy.

“Look Mon, I have to go. I’m exhausted from this week. We can catch up on everything when I get home. I’m so excited to see you!”

“Me too! I miss you so much. I feel like you’re this whole new person now! Eighteen and her first semester of college in the books. Where did my baby sister go?”

“She’s still here!” *Just very different.*

“Alright, get some sleep. See you tomorrow. Love you!”

“Love you too,” I tell her before hanging up. I set the phone on the counter and move out of the bathroom towards him.

“You know,” he tells me as he stands up, “I was so in the moment, I forgot about your fantasy to lose it in front of the fireplace.”

“To be honest, so did I. The fantasy of losing it to you trumps any fantasy I’ve ever had about the location.” I laugh as he lifts me up effortlessly.

“Still. I’m going to make love to you in front of the fireplace now.” He carries me through the apartment and sets me on my feet when he reaches the living room. He lays a blanket down in front of the fire that is still going but has died down significantly. He stokes the flames and sits down next to me. I waste no time moving into his lap and he wraps his arms around me. “I’m never going to have my fill of you.” He rubs his nose against mine and the tenderness is too much.

“James...”

“I’m serious. This...” He lets out a breath. “I shouldn’t be surprised by how good it feels but I am surprised that I’m rationalizing the thoughts of keeping this going past tonight.”

I gasp. “How would we tell our parents? Our friends? People that know us?”

“I don’t know, Gabrielle. All I know is it’s not fair to us that we can’t have what we want.”

“Society will say what we want is illegal.”

“Is it really if we aren’t blood related?”

“Can’t say that I’ve researched the semantics on incest,” I reply sardonically.

“You haven’t? Not after all the times your hand was in your panties thinking about me?” he jokes and I shove him gently.

“I didn’t think we’d ever get here, J. What reason would I have to look it up?” He shrugs and a wicked thought crosses my mind. “Have you thought about me...while you touch yourself?” I ask him and his eyes search my face for anything besides curiosity.

“Gab...”

“I told you about me.”

“It’s different for you.”

“How?”

“You’ve been legal for a little over six months. You fantasizing about me doesn’t make you a pervert.”

“You thought about me...before I was eighteen?”

“I don’t want to talk about it...” He shifts uncomfortably and I grab his face.

“Hey, this is me.” I bite my bottom lip before brushing my lips against his. “I would never judge you. Hell, I can’t even stay mad at you.”

“I feel...terrible for it, but I just couldn’t stop myself. You were consuming my thoughts. I had to stop jacking off for months because I couldn’t stop you from floating into my head while I got off. Even when I wasn’t thinking about you, right when I’d climax, it would be your face I saw.” He rubs his eyes and lays on his back bringing me with him. I straddle the space just above his cock and lean down on my arms so that I’m hovering over him.

“Mmmhmm and?”

“I told you, that time I came home and you were just...different. But you were only seventeen. And you were my fucking sister. How sick was I to be looking at you like that? Baby, I’m sorry for all of this.”

“Don’t you start regretting it now,” I warn him. I can hear his mind going a mile a minute but it’s too late now.

“I’m not, trust me, but I am sorry for looking at you when I should have known better. We’ve always been so close and I spent a long time wondering if I’d somehow groomed you. Even now, I’m wondering if you’re so attached to me because of how close we’ve always been. How I’ve treated you. But I swear I never felt these things when you were younger. Not that anyone would believe that...”

“I do,” I tell him honestly. “You’ve never been anything but good to me. You’d never hurt me. And even before tonight, I’d never had an inkling that you felt the same.” He nods and I sit down on his dick and begin to rub back and forth over him. “Look, this is heavy and we said we wouldn’t talk about it. I’m wet and I do remember something about you putting your mouth between my legs.” I grin at him. “So how about we forget about this for now and sixty-nine instead?”

“A girl after my own heart.”

I resist the urge to correct him that his heart wasn't his own anymore.

It's mine.

Chapter NINE

Gabrielle

A searing pain in my neck has my eyes snapping open and only then do I realize I had fallen asleep on the floor in front of the fireplace. James does have pretty plush carpeting but not comfortable enough to sleep on the floor for an extended period of time, which is the cause of the ache shooting up my side. I blink several times and wipe the rest of the sleep from them before turning to the sleeping man whose arms are wrapped around me. I press my lips to his and he smiles instantly, pulling me closer, and wraps the blanket tighter around us. I don't know how long we've been asleep, but I know for a fact we didn't sleep much last night. I'm pretty sure the sun was starting to rise the last time he slipped out of me.

"What time is it?" he murmurs against my lips.

I reach over him and look at his phone and happen to see something catch my eye. "Eight-thirty."

"Fuck, we have to start getting ready to head out soon. I'm surprised Dad hasn't called to make sure we're up and moving." He stretches and lets out a yawn.

I'm still looking at his phone, staring at a text from a woman asking if she could come over last night at two in the morning. "Ummm, a girl named Mila texted you." The words are on the tip of my tongue, and I try to catch them before they're out of my mouth. But the vulnerability of losing

my virginity last night has my mind racing at the thought I misread this whole situation. “I thought you said you weren’t seeing anyone?”

His eyes snap to mine and then to his phone that’s still in my hands. I sit back on my knees and he sits up as well. His hand reaches under my chin and lifts it to meet his gaze. “I’m not. I mean, that’s nothing. It’s not serious.”

I nod. “I know, I just...I’m trying not to be jealous.”

“There is no one for you to be jealous of. No one knows me the way you do. No one is in here but you.” He puts a hand over his chest. “No one can have this now but you.” He grabs his dick and surprisingly that’s what I needed to hear more than the sweet romantic part.

I know he doesn’t love this Mila girl. I know he doesn’t feel anything deep for her. I’m pretty sure James has never been in love. But I know he’s been in lust. I know he’s had girlfriends and fuck buddies and one night stands. *I know his heart is mine, but I needed to know his dick is mine too.*

“She asked to come over.”

He runs a hand through his chestnut hair that’s messy from sleep. “Baby...don’t get yourself worked up over this.”

“It would be so easy for you to be with her. No sneaking around. No lying. No hiding.”

“You’re right,” he tells me and my heart hurts at his words even if they are the truth. “But it’s too late for all of that. I want you, Gabrielle. I need you. I love you. Sex has never meant as much to me as it does with you. I’ve fucked, sure. But I’ve never made love to anyone.” He cocks his head to the side and his blue eyes bore into mine. “Until you.” I nod, suddenly feeling super foolish. I hadn’t imagined everything that had transpired last night. James loves me but he does have a past. A past I’m somewhat privy to.

“There have been women, but none of them meant anything. Case in point, I’ve actually blown off women, Mila included, when you’ve needed me. When you’ve wanted to come over. When I needed to go pick you up from somewhere. You’ve always been the priority. The most important person in my world. Hell, the center of it.”

I let out a shaky breath and swallow hard because his words aren’t doing anything but making me wet. He smiles as if he can hear my thoughts. “Is your pussy wet now?”

I nod.

“If I fuck you now, you can’t take an hour in the bathroom getting ready.”

“I promise I won’t!” I giggle as I push him onto his back and slide down his cock.



Okay so I lied, and James knew it too, but I sucked his dick after we made love again so I think I’m forgiven. Although, we are leaving thirty minutes after we were supposed to leave which resulted in a lecture from Dad for not being on schedule.

“Sorry!” I squeal as we get in the car, after he gets off the phone.

“He’ll be okay.” He chuckles. “I’m in no rush to get home anyway.”

“I know me either, but the roads...” I wince as we make our way out of the garage and onto the street. They’ve been plowed, but the snow is falling again and it’s only a matter of time before the streets are covered with a thin blanket of snow. It’s about an hour drive from here to our home in Greenwich, Connecticut but I am not sure how we’ll fare in a light snow storm and the holiday traffic.

He rubs my thigh and gives it a squeeze. “I’ll drive safely. There’s precious cargo in here.” About an hour later, we’re still about twenty minutes from home as the snow did slow us down some.

“So...can we not...until we are back in New York?”

He glances at me, and before I can think he’s pulling over to the side of the road. I look around at what he’s doing and I’m grateful that we’re off the highway on a less traveled road. “What do you think?”

I shrug. “I don’t know.”

He pulls my face closer to his and presses a kiss to my lips. His tongue invades my mouth instantly and my body begins to build with every swipe of his tongue against mine. I don’t know how long we’re at it but when we pull apart, we are both out of breath and his lips are red and wet and I’m sure mine look similar. “I don’t know that I’ll be able to go a week without you.”

“A week? James, I’m home until after New Year’s. I’m sure you’ll go back to New York but the dorms don’t open again until mid-January.”

His eyes widen as the reality of not being able to touch me for the next month sets in. He leans back against the headrest. “Fuck. Can’t you say you have to go back early?”

“Okay and stay where?”

“With me, obviously. Say you got a job on campus and you have to go back.”

“Okay and where will I get the mystery money when Mom and Dad cut back on my allowance because now, I have ‘a job.’” I put in air quotes.

He shoots me a look. “Baby, I’ll take care of whatever you need, you know that.”

“Wait what?”

“Okay, so we’re doing the whole, ‘you’re an independent woman who doesn’t want her man taking care of her’ thing? Okay, got it.”

“No, I...I didn’t say that, I just didn’t know...” I raise an eyebrow at him and give him a smirk. “My man?”

“What else would you like to call me?”

“I wasn’t aware that we’d established labels.” *Like a boyfriend?*

“Okay, we can go with ‘man that makes you come violently,’ if you prefer?” He rolls his eyes. “Fine, if you’re not willing to commit to that level of a lie, just say you’re hanging out with friends. Gabrielle, when I go back to New York, you need to go with me. So, figure out how to make that happen if you don’t like my ideas.” He gives me a hard stare and I shiver under his gaze.

“But...I’m not a good liar,” I tell him weakly. I know he’s wearing me down and I’ll have to come up with something, because the idea of not touching or even seeing James for over a month is not an option. “I’ll think of something.” I sigh as he pulls out onto the road.

“I’ll try and get us out of the house from time to time,” he tells me as he clasps my hand with his and brings it to his lips. “I love you baby; everything is going to be fine.”

I pull our hands to mine and place a kiss on his hand as well. “I love you too.”



Monica is flying down the stairs before I'm even halfway into the foyer and wrapping her arms around me. "Oh my God, finally!" Monica and James could damn near be twins but Monica ditched her dark hair years ago and dyes it a honey blonde that she keeps chopped into a long bob. Her eyes are bright blue just like James and they have similar noses and mouths. Round coke bottle glasses sit in front of her eyes and she has a diamond stud piercing in her nose. Monica is gorgeous in the most natural way and there were many times growing up I was jealous of how effortlessly beautiful she was.

My mother, Virginia Calloway, is right behind her and has me wrapped in her arms before I even set my suitcase down. "My sweet girl!" She kisses both of my cheeks and gives me a smile that has been known to make even my shittiest days better. She hugs James, running her hands through his hair and fussing over her *darling boy* before turning back to me and engulfing me in another hug.

"I missed you, Mom," I tell her as I breathe in her signature Prada perfume. "You too Mon." I grab my sister's hand and squeeze it. "I can't believe I've been gone for practically four months."

"Yes, you'll need to do better next semester, young lady," my father says as he walks into the room. "I do remember you promising to visit at least once a month." Calvin Calloway is tall, almost as tall as James with the same luscious dark hair that made my mother fall in love allegedly. It's speckled with strands of gray now, but I think he's just happy he hasn't started to lose it. He's lean from the constant marathons he runs and probably the fact that he hasn't consumed red meat since I was twelve years old.

"Sorry, I just...the first semester was crazy. Getting acclimated and all that." I hug my dad before Mom guides me towards the kitchen with Monica's arm linked through mine and I can smell the cinnamon before we even make it there.

"Pumpkin pie?" I ask. "Already?" My mother's infamous pumpkin pie doesn't usually make its appearance until Christmas Eve so I'm surprised she made it four days early.

"It's your favorite and I was so excited about you coming home and all my babies being here together, I made it early."

"Might I add, I wasn't allowed to have any yet," my father adds and I giggle at the thought that he could probably consume an entire pie in under

an hour which is why he wasn't allowed to touch it.

Monica sits at the kitchen table and props her feet up on the chair next to her. "Oh, hot take. Brandon from next door grew up over this past year, and he's already been over twice under the guise of seeing if we wanted him to shovel the driveway, but my guess is he's looking for you." She points at me with a grin. Brandon Woods is two years older than me and has been away at University of Oxford in England since he graduated high school. Monica was always convinced he had a crush on me, but I highly doubted it and was also highly uninterested. *The whole being obsessed with my older brother thing kind of prevented me from paying attention to other guys.*

A feeling of discomfort takes over as I can feel the irritation radiating off of the man I gave my virginity to just last night. *Keep it the fuck together, James.*

"Brandon is a pretentious Mama's boy with zero fucking swag. What is Gab going to do with that?" James interjects and I already feel my anxiety rising at his response.

"Language," Mom admonishes with a look that says 'you may be thirty but I will still take you over my knee.' "And I think he's adorable."

"Oh my gosh!" Monica squeals and claps her hands. "Let's have him over for dinner."

"No!" I say quickly and I chastise myself at my knee jerk reaction. "I just mean...don't invite him over for me. I'm not interested."

"Oh, come on, he's super cute, Gab. If I was a couple years younger..." Monica tucks her hair behind both ears and shoots me an exaggerated wink.

"I'm just not interested. Monica, I've been home for five seconds. I haven't seen you guys in months, I'm not trying to sit through an uncomfortable dinner tonight with someone I haven't seen since I was sixteen. Can I even get in the door before you're trying to fix me up with someone?" I try my best to laugh it off but I know I sound annoyed. I stand up, the pie completely forgotten. "I'm going to take my stuff upstairs; I'll be right back." I grab my things and begin dragging it upstairs when I feel James' hands over my own, taking my luggage from me. I follow him up the long spiral staircase to the second floor where my room is located.

I toss my purse on my reading chair, a white suede chaise that is easily the softest thing that I've ever sat on, *besides James' mouth.* I drop to the

bed and look up at James and am surprised to see the look of want in his eyes that seems to ignite the need inside of me.

No, I mouth at him.

Yes, he mouths back. He runs his tongue over his teeth and takes a deep breath through his nose and out through his mouth before taking a few steps towards me. I back up on the bed, scooting my butt up towards the pillows and putting my hand out to stop him from advancing.

I shake my head, my eyes wide and unblinking as my heart pounds in my chest at the idea of anyone catching us in an intimate moment.

Not to mention my door is wide fucking open.

“James,” I whisper when he’s close enough to hear me. “Don’t. It’s too risky.”

“Don’t give a fuck.” His nostrils flare and his eyes narrow at me. His blue eyes heat my skin and when he runs his tongue over his lips, my clit flutters in response.

“But...”

He grabs my face and rubs his nose over mine and then down the side of my face. “You interested in that nerd next door, Princess?”

I roll my eyes despite the ache growing aggressively between my legs as I realize why he’s suddenly feeling reckless enough to behave this way. “Jealous, much?”

Not pleased with my response, his hand squeezes my jaw. “It’s a question, don’t make me ask you again.”

“No.”

“You sure? Have you ever been interested? I haven’t been around in a while, so I don’t know about the neighborhood boys that grew into men that may be interested in this,” he says as he grabs me between my legs. “Which belongs to me.”

I glance at the door and try to listen for my parents and Monica, and thankfully I can faintly hear the white noise of them talking.

“What would you say if I told you I was?” I raise an eyebrow at him. I know I’m going down a dark road, taunting him while there’s no hope for either of us releasing the tension I’m creating.

“I would remind you that he has no idea of what you like or how to please you. That only I know how to make your body come alive.” He lowers his face to mine. My breath quickens and I try my best to control it.

A smug grin slowly creeps onto his face and I am annoyed at myself for being so easily affected.

“You’re going to get us caught,” I whisper as I hear Monica’s voice clearer than I did a few minutes ago.

He takes a step back and I hop off the bed just as Monica calls my name. I don’t even have a chance to respond before she’s skipping into my room. “Do you want to go downtown tonight? It’s stopped snowing and I think it’ll be fun. You have a fake, right?” She looks at James and scrunches her nose. “Sisters night. You’re not invited.”

“I have no interest in going with you two anywhere.” He rolls his eyes as he backs out of the doorway but not before shooting me a dark, almost sinister look.



James: You look fucking sexy as hell. I’m getting hard just looking at you.

I’m not sure what I was expecting when I saw the text message notification from James, but it certainly wasn’t that. I almost choke on my vodka soda when I see the words on my screen. *He’s here?*

Much to Monica’s confusion, James was willing to drive us downtown for the night, but what’s odd is we’re at a different bar than where he dropped us, so how does he know where we are? I haven’t talked to him since we got here because catching up with my older sister has actually been fun and Monica would be all over my shit if I was consistently texting. Thankfully, we ran into Monica’s friend and they’re catching up, allowing me a chance to check my phone and reply to his message without prying eyes.

Me: You’re here?

James: Yes.

Me: How did you know where we were?

James: Big brother’s intuition?

I fight the smile playing on my lips.

James: You forget we all share our location with each other?

I shake my head remembering that little fact and also that I may need to turn mine off so Monica and our parents don't know quite how much time I'm spending with James once we go back to New York.

James: Get away from Mon.

Me: Are you insane? James, no. There could be anyone here that knows us. People from high school. Not just Monica.

James: I'm sorry where in my previous message did you see a question mark?

Me: This is a bad idea.

James: No shit, but I need you. I'm like a fucking addict and I'm starved for my next fix of you.

It feels like it's gotten about ten degrees hotter just reading his words. I lean over to Monica. "Running to the bathroom."

"Want me to come with you?"

"No, no I'm good. Stay with your friend. Want me to grab you another drink?"

"Please!" She points at her half drunk beer that I'm sure will be gone by the time I get back. I slide out of the booth and pull my short off-the-shoulder sweater dress down in case it had ridden up. The fabric hugs my curves in all the right ways, hitting me mid-thigh and exposing a sliver of skin before my knee high heeled boots. I curled my hair in tight curls but they had fallen being in this hot club and I'm sporting more wavy hair that looks like I've just been thoroughly fucked.

I'm moving through the club slowly, not sure where James is but I'm sure I can feel his eyes on me. I pull out my phone to text him when I feel someone in my space. I look up half expecting to see him standing in front of me when it's a guy I don't recognize. The remixed sounds of Doja Cat are blaring through the speakers and I wish we were back in New York so I could grind my ass all over James' dick but I smile realizing he'd probably make that fantasy happen just like all the others.

"Damn, Little C grew up."

Chapter TEN

Gabrielle

The voice of the guy I've run into breaks my thoughts and when I meet his piercing green gaze, I realize it's one of James' friends from high school. A lot of his and Monica's friends called me Little C for "Little Calloway" which I used to love, but now it just serves as a reminder that I'm the annoying little sister. He's wearing a black long-sleeved button down and black slacks that look custom made with how good it looks on him.

"Davis, right?" I cock my head to the side and he nods, revealing a dimple on both sides.

"You're absolutely gorgeous, my God. How have you been?"

My phone vibrates in my hand and I don't even have to look to know who it is. I look down, opening my phone and see his words.

James: Get away from him.

I close my phone, not wanting Davis to catch a glimpse of the message. "I've been good," I tell him politely. "I just finished my first semester at Columbia. Just got home today actually."

"That's badass. Following in big brother's footsteps then? I'm sure he must be proud as hell." He jokes. *Trust me, he is very proud.* I squirm just thinking about him. My phone vibrates again and I realize it's two text messages.

James: I mean it, Gab.

James: Don't push me.

The idea that James is jealous and I have the power to rile him up sends a surge of lust through me. My eyes dart around the crowded dance floor, wondering if I'll meet the eyes of my very pissed off older brother. "You want to dance?" Davis asks but then he shakes his head and begins ticking his fingers as if he's counting. "Wait, you're not old enough to be here..."

"Fake," I tell him and he snaps his fingers in understanding.

"Do James and Mon know you're here?"

"I'm here with Monica." I chuckle and his eyes scan the crowd. My phone vibrates again and I chance a glance at it as Davis looks around.

James: You have exactly five seconds to get away from him before I come over and move you myself.

"Word? Where? I haven't seen her in ages. I hear she's off being a brain surgeon somewhere." Monica and James were both popular in high school. James for being...James, and Monica for being his younger sister when she got to high school. Being three years apart, they were in high school together for two years and it might as well have been "Calloway's World" because everyone else was just living in it. Most of James' friends all wanted to date Monica and she had a short-lived fling with his best friend that James was less than pleased about.

A brief thought floats through my mind about how James would react if Davis even tried it. Even if James and I weren't currently fucking each other's brains out, if these text messages were any indication, I'm pretty sure he'd have a whole fit.

"So, about that dance..." He trails off and gives me a smile that shows off his teeth and I'll admit he's aged well. Women probably flock to him in packs but I'm only interested in one man who's probably having a coronary right now.

"I actually have to go to the bathroom," I say awkwardly. I'm not sure that he's hitting on me so much as just being friendly but I could be a little naïve in the guys department. I point towards the bathroom. "It was good seeing you," I say with a tone as bubbly as I can muster before I'm on the move without another word. My quick exit could be misconstrued as rude but I'm not sure how much time I have before James decides to do something reckless. I'm moving off of the crowded dance floor towards the bathroom when I feel someone coming up fast behind me and then a hand

wrapping around my elbow and I'm being hauled into a dark room marked *Employees Only*.

"We aren't employees," I whisper. I can't see his face because it's pitch black but I sense him. I smell him. I feel him.

"I almost ruined your little reunion. Watching him watch you made me fucking crazy. He was hitting on you." I feel his breath on my face and it smells of whiskey and mint and it's sexy as hell.

"Was he? I wasn't sure."

"And you let him touch you." He turns on the flashlight on his phone, illuminating the room and allowing us to see each other.

My God, he's gorgeous.

"He steadied me because I ran into him while I was trying to text you."

He presses me against the door, rubbing my thigh and sliding his hand between my legs, stroking me through my panties. Despite the cold weather, I'm not wearing tights as only about two inches of my legs are showing, allowing him very easy access to my sex. "It pisses me off that I couldn't claim you in front of him the way I wanted to. You are fucking mine." Irritation mixed with lust covers his features and it's a look of pure sex.

"I am yours. You know I am," I tell him. He begins to stroke my inner thigh and I let out a moan as his finger strokes me from the top of my mound downwards. I wrap my arms around his neck and bury my face into the place where his neck meets his shoulder and I bite down. *Hard.*

"Fuck," he hisses. "Trying to mark me?"

"You're mine, too," I grit into his ear. "I know women have probably been staring at you since the second you walked in here."

"Wouldn't know. I've been so focused on you since I spotted you. I don't think I took my eyes off of you once. I've spent the past year trying to actively avoid looking at you and now that I can, I can't keep my eyes off of you." His hands wrap around my back and before I can think they are moving down my ass moving my underwear down my legs. "Are you wet for me?"

"Why don't you find out?" I ask, challenging him. I see him making his way to my pussy when I stop him. "Don't use your hands." I smirk. My eyes gesture to the floor indicating what I want him to do and he shoots me a wicked smirk before getting on one knee in front of me.

“Lift your dress and keep your eyes on me, Gabrielle.” I do as he says and watch as he peppers kisses over the tops of my thighs before he lifts one of my legs over his shoulder to open me up to him. I watch in anticipation as he wets his lips and takes one slow lick up my slit and from here, I can see how wet I am as my arousal coats his lips. I let out a deep moan as he does so again. And again. And again. I run my fingers over his scalp, pulling gently at his hair.

“Fuck, James. Fuck me,” I whisper, wanting his cock in this moment more than his tongue. He doesn’t listen and continues to roll his velvety tongue over my clit. “Please,” I whine.

“Who said I want you to come? Who said I was ready for you to come? Trust me, when I am ready for you to come, you will. Maybe I want you to be a little needy. Maybe I want your pussy aching for the next few hours until you get home so that you’re feeling desperate enough to come to me tonight.”

I gasp in both shock at his words and also because his tongue is now inside my cunt. “Like come to your room?”

“I’m in the basement by myself; I certainly don’t want to come to yours given that you share a wall with Monica.”

“But...”

“You act like you’ve never been in my room at night before. Bring your sexy little ass downstairs tonight so I can fuck you properly.” He stands and fingers my panties before running them under his nose and slipping them in his pocket. “I’ll hold onto these.”

“James...”

“Angel.” He gives me a pointed stare and I realize at this moment that I’m definitely going to sneak into his room tonight.



It’s two in the morning, and I’m trying to find the courage to make my way downstairs. James was right, it isn’t weird for me to be in his room, but this feels different. I think Monica is asleep but my mother is known to be an insomniac and sometimes makes her way to the kitchen for a late snack to go with her late night TV. My father is probably asleep, but he’s known to

wake up because my parents are like magnets and when one of them moves, it's as if the other can feel it even in their subconscious.

What if I run into one of them while I'm sneaking down there?

A FaceTime call breaks my thoughts as I'm pacing the floor. I almost drop the phone when I see what's on the screen when I accept the call. James is completely naked with his phone set up between his legs as he strokes his hard cock on screen. "Baby, stop overthinking it. Just get down here."

"Easy for you to say...I am the one that has to do all the work!"

He sits up. "Want me to come up and get you?"

"No!" I tell him. "I'm coming."

"Any longer than two minutes and I'm coming up there." He tells me before ending the call. I slide my phone into the front pocket of my hooded sweatshirt. *Well, actually one of James' sweatshirts.*

Gab, get a grip. This is your house. If you act like you're sneaking around, you look more guilty. Just move like you normally do.

The house is quiet as I move slowly down the stairs. I walk through the living room and dining room feeling slightly unnerved being down here all by myself in the dead of night. I reach for the door to the basement and open it slowly. The light is on and I move down the carpeted stairs and turn the corner to descend the remaining stairs to the living area of the basement where I spot a naked James on the couch staring at me. "Fucking finally." He sighs and he's off the couch and in front of me pressing his lips to mine and lifting me into his arms. I kiss him back with equal enthusiasm as he moves us into his bedroom just off the living area. He locks the door behind us and the click makes this whole situation feel so taboo.

I'm going to fuck my brother in the house we grew up in.

In the room I've been in a hundred times under different pretenses.

The room I fantasized about losing my virginity in.

I pull my clothes off eagerly and before I realize it, I'm naked and James and I are grinding hard on his bed. He hasn't entered me and the way we are rubbing against each other, I briefly wonder if he might come. His cock glides against my pussy as we kiss like lovers that have been doing this for years—a rhythm that our bodies somehow know despite all of this being new.

It makes me wonder if subconsciously we both knew this would eventually happen.

Maybe like our parents, James and I are magnets.

“Fuck me, baby,” I whisper in his ear.

“I want to try something first,” he tells me as he moves down my body and presses his lips to my cunt. He eats me aggressively, making me wonder if I’m about to come within the next minute or so with how quickly I’m building. But just as quick as he starts, he stops and before I can protest, he flips me over. I let out a squeal and he smacks my ass.

“Keep it down, Princess. I don’t think either of us want anyone catching us with my tongue in your pussy.”

He lifts me onto my knees and begins to eat me from behind. His nose probes my asshole and I let out a brief sigh of relief that I’m freshly showered from the day. He flicks his tongue over my clit before dragging it upwards, spreading my cheeks and sliding his tongue between them. He circles my hole before pushing his tongue slightly inside and I grab the nearest pillow. I bite down on it and scream as his fingers find my pussy and push their way inside. I clench around him and I hear him groan. “James,” I whimper, letting the pillow fall from between my lips. “I want your cock.”

“Not yet,” he says as he digs his fingertips further into the flesh of my ass. One hand is still fingering me and the stimulation is too fucking much. I wasn’t expecting to enjoy ass play this much but with every swipe of his tongue over that puckered hole I find my pussy getting wetter and my clitoris getting more sensitive. “Your hot cunt is so wet, baby. You’re dripping down my hand. You’re going to come and then I’m going to fuck you until you come again and again and again until you beg me to stop.”

“I won’t tell you to stop,” I whimper and he stops his ministrations.

“What was that?”

“I won’t tell you to stop.”

“Really now?”

“Never.” I breathe out. I’m getting close to coming and I feel myself beginning to lose control.

“Fuck, you look so beautiful.” He fingers me faster, dipping inside of me every few strokes. His tongue still rims my asshole and my toes flex and point harder with each second.

“Oh my God, James. You’re changing fucking everything.” Reason is flying out of my head and is being replaced with unbridled lust. “Tell me we don’t have to end this. Ever. Tell me I get to keep you. Fuck you. Marry

you.” I moan. I punch the bed, tears forming in my eyes as I prepare for my climax.

“I’d move Heaven, Earth, and Hell to spend the rest of my life with you.”

“Can we?” My voice is small and pitiful but I don’t care. All I care about is my looming climax and the answer to his question. *Is there a possibility for something permanent?*

I don’t hear anything but it doesn’t stop my orgasm from shooting through me like a spark of lightning. I drop my head to the pillow, tears still streaming down my face as he fingers me lazily through the aftershocks of my orgasm. I’m surprised to feel his hand and mouth leave me and him get off the bed and move towards the ensuite bathroom. I watch his naked ass move away and the visual momentarily disarms me and I forget that I asked him a question while at the peak of my orgasm.

Shit.

“James, I—” I start to explain my risky words that I knew probably freaked him out. *Of course, this can’t be a forever thing. No matter if both of us want to fuck until the end of time, we can’t get married. Kids? A life? There’s no way.*

He spins around and I realize he’s using mouthwash. He puts one finger up, telling me to hold and this goes on for another thirty seconds or so before he spits and wipes his face.

“Sorry, I figured you didn’t want me to kiss you after I just ate your ass like a starving man at a buffet.” He chuckles and then he’s on top of me. He wraps his hands under my back and presses his lips to my neck. The feeling of his warm body on top of mine makes me feel safe and wanted and loved and I never want it to end.

“I want it too,” he whispers as he slides his hands through mine, lacing our fingers and bringing them up over my head. “I’m not so naïve to think that it’ll be easy. That people won’t object. That they won’t think we’re sick. But if I have you...if we’re in this together, I can handle it.” He pauses. “I want to marry you.” His lips dance down my cheek. “You’re the love of my life, angel.”

“Holy shit.”

He pulls away and I can see the tears in his eyes and I’m sure they match mine.

“Fuck, I feel like a pussy.” He chuckles and I shake my head. “This is just...huge.” His lips find mine and his cock is inside of me within a second. He presses in and holds it. He doesn’t thrust or move. He just rests inside of me. He’s hard as steel and completely bottomed out so he’s as deep as possible.

“Am I there?”

“Where?”

“I’m trying to fuck my way to your heart.”

“You’re already there,” I tell him. “You’ve always been there.”

Chapter ELEVEN

JAMES

It's nearing four am when the feelings of vibrations pull me out of a deep sleep. I don't even remember falling asleep. After Gabrielle and I made love countless times, we stayed up until what feels like only an hour ago talking. It was amazing how much about her I didn't know. I knew everything about her except for *this* side of her. The sexy side. The side I shouldn't be allowed to see, but I feel lucky as fuck that I can. I turn off the alarm I set just in case we fell asleep and smile at the fact that Gabrielle really can sleep through anything. Her hair has fallen over her face and her full lips are slightly parted. I frown at her soft snoring because that usually means she's congested or starting to get sick and I make a mental note to get her to take some preventative measures tomorrow. I stroke her face and place a gentle kiss on her forehead causing her to furrow her brow and whimper before moving closer to me. I feel her hands under the blanket reach for me and then a leg hitches up over my hip opening her sex up to me.

Fuck.

"I'm trying to get you out of here so we don't get caught and you're trying to go again." I chuckle as I push her onto her back and settle between her legs. I press my face into her neck, drawing my tongue up the warm skin and guiding my cock inside of her. She moans underneath me and her eyes flutter open. A sleepy smile finds her face to match her gaze as she blinks the rest of her sleep away.

“James,” she whispers as I capture her lips.

“Yes, angel.” I grab her hands, lacing our fingers and dragging them above her head as I continue to kiss her like I’ll never see her again. Her tongue twists with mine, giving just as much as she takes as I begin to fuck her slowly. I pull one of my hands out of hers to grip her throat and a serene smile finds her face when I squeeze it the first time.

“You’re a fucking God, James.” Her eyes flutter shut. “I love when you do that.” She mutters, but her words come out slightly slurred like she’s intoxicated. *Drunk on this just like I am.* My cock throbs at her words and I’m desperate to drain my dick inside of her but I want her to come first. “Harder,” she mumbles and I squeeze her slender throat as I take to nibbling on her ear. I squeeze it again and I notice that her hot cunt squeezes my cock when I do it, so I do it again and again as I grind my pelvis against her with each thrust, trying my best to stimulate her clit.

I pull back and look down at her before letting go of her throat. “Look at me,” I command and her eyes pop open, wide and unblinking. “I love you,” I tell her and a bright smile finds her face. Her now unrestrained hands find the back of my neck, pulling at the hair there. “But it’s late and as much as I want you to stay in this bed with me forever, you have to go upstairs.” I continue thrusting, so she gets the point. “I need you to come.” I press a kiss to her lips before getting up on my knees. I pull out of her and she whines at the disconnect but that whine quickly turns to a whimper as I rub the tip of my dick on her clit. I’m close to coming and if I want her to come first, I need to slow this ride down. I drag my cock over her sensitive spot over and over pulling the sexiest sighs and sounds out of her. Her hands run up my torso, tapping her fingertips over my abs as her eyes flutter closed. She can’t reach but so far, given how much smaller she is than I am. She drags her fingers as far as they can before dragging them down and running her knuckles over my hard dick.

“I’m memorizing every inch of you. So, I’ll know you by heart,” she tells me.

“You already know me by heart,” I tell her and her eyes fly open at my words as a gasp leaves her lips. One hand grips my forearm while the other grabs my dick and pulls me back inside of her. Her feet wrap around my back and push down and I oblige, beginning to fuck her wildly as her teeth sink into my neck.

“Fuck me.”

“So fucking perfect,” I murmur in her ear as I feel myself spilling into her. My eyes slam shut as the feeling pulls me under. I shudder, wanting to get even closer to her if it’s possible. I let out a low moan in her ear. “Your cunt is so hot and slick. Fuck, I could live inside of you.”

My eyes are closed and I’m not entirely sure I’m in control of my own body, but somehow my lips are on Gabrielle’s. Our bodies are still connected in the most intimate way as I soften slowly inside of her. But our arms and legs are intertwined as well as our lips that continue to make love to each other. “James,” she moans against my lips. “I love you too.”

“You didn’t come.” I frown as I pull myself off of her.

“That was really hot.” She giggles. “But I’m an eighteen year old woman and have had sex, what, like five times? How is it that I know that it’s a little harder for a woman to climax during intercourse but not the guy who’s had sex...” She trails off as she gets off the bed and begins picking up her discarded clothing. “More than five times.”

“Well, yes, I know that but usually—” I stop immediately knowing that this is not where I want this conversation going.

She pins me with a glare. “Care to finish that one?”

I shake my head. *Not in a million years.* “No,” I tell her as I get off the bed and make my way to the door.

She pulls my hoodie over her naked chest and a pair of joggers up her legs and then she’s in my arms. “I love you.” She presses her lips to mine and I smile just as I always do when those words leave her lips.

“I love you too.”

I open the door to let her out when she turns back to me and cocks her finger at me. “You know those *usually* people I assume you were referring to that I believe *you* think you made come every time during intercourse?” Her lips form a thin line. “This doesn’t necessarily say anything about you as a lover but...more than one of them faked it,” she says with a wink, and then she’s tiptoeing through the basement common area and back up the stairs.

My mouth drops open at her cheeky comment but I’m pretty sure I saw a hint of humor in her eyes...*I think.*



It's nearing noon when my eyes open again and I can't remember the last time I slept this long. I guess probably because I haven't slept much the last few nights with these new developments with Gabrielle. I grab my phone and bypass all of the work emails and immediately open the text message from her. After she went upstairs last night, we FaceTimed until she fell asleep, and then I sat on the phone watching her. I ended the call just before my eyes closed for the night.

(10:04) Gabrielle: Going to the mall with Mon and Mom... I had fun last night. I love you

(11:24) Gabrielle: You aren't up yet? Also, do you like this? Mom thinks you will, but I don't think so.

She sends me a picture of a black sweater which looks okay but I don't particularly care for the cut.

(11:30) Gabrielle: I think you'll like this one better. I'm getting it!

I look at the sweater my mother picked out for me followed by the one Gabrielle liked better and, of course, Gab was right.

Me: I love the sweater you picked out, baby. If you like it, I like it. Yes, I just woke up. How do you have so much energy? I could sleep another four hours.

Gabrielle: I'm eighteen.

My dick jerks at her words as visions of her pert tits, her round ass, and wet pussy come flying through my brain. I groan as my hand finds my face.

Me: Ha Ha. Cute.

Gabrielle: My man certainly thinks so.

Me: Your man, huh? I thought we weren't doing labels.

Gabrielle: I didn't say we weren't, I said I didn't know. I didn't want to freak you out.

Me: Please. Like you could.

Gabrielle: I needed some new bras, and I bought a little something extra...want to see?

Me: Of course

She sends me a photo, of her in white practically sheer lingerie that makes her look ethereal. She's biting her lip in the picture looking so fucking sexy, I wish I could climb through the phone and fuck her in the fitting room against that mirror she's standing in front of. A second picture comes through and I almost drop my phone when I see her topless form staring at me blowing a kiss.

Me: Jesus, Gab.

Gabrielle: You like the lingerie?

Me: You look edible, Gabrielle. I can't wait to rip it off of you with my teeth. When are you getting home?

Gabrielle: That sounds promising. And probably a few hours. Mom is like Santa Claus on crack this year.

Me: When is she not?

I go back to her picture.

Me: And I need your nipples in my mouth, five minutes ago.

Gabrielle: Aaaand now I'm wet.

Me: Show me.

An hour later, I haven't moved from my room and barely from my bed, enjoying a rare lazy day. I've answered a few emails before making a few calls and turning on my out of office automated reply. It's four days until Christmas and it's been nice to take some time off for once. I finally make my way upstairs to look for some food but I still don't hear anything. I assume my mom, Monica, and Gabrielle aren't back yet because I don't hear an abundance of chatter. When the three of them are together, I don't think anyone takes a breath.

"Dad?" I call out into the kitchen before starting the Keurig to make a cup of coffee. "Dad!" I call again, this time up the stairs towards his room. I peek my head into the garage and notice that it's empty, meaning he's out too. I walk back into the kitchen to get my coffee when I hear the doorbell. I roll my eyes at the idea of yet another package. Our family room looks like an Amazon distribution center blew up inside a West Elm. "Alexa, show me the door," I call out and I see that it's not a delivery person when I take in who is standing on my porch.

This fucking kid again? Annoyance claws up my back and the thoughts take flight that he's here for Gabrielle. To talk to her. Flirt with her. Ask her out.

Fuck that. It's time this kid got a clue.

I waste no time moving towards the door and opening it to take in Brandon Woods. The guy seems to think he might have an actual shot with Gabrielle. In theory, he isn't a bad looking guy, I guess. He's completely shaven, which is a point for me because I happen to know that Gabrielle likes facial hair, *particularly mine* and how it feels between her legs. His light brown hair is slightly messy like he either just woke up or he's trying to look like he's not trying so hard. He's a few inches shy of me but still relatively tall and built like he's not exactly familiar with the gym but not too lanky. He's wearing an Oxford University hoodie and a pair of sweatpants tucked into boots and in his hands he holds a few packages.

"Can I help you?" I raise an eyebrow at him and he smiles revealing perfectly straight teeth.

"Hey, James, how have you been?"

Not interested in chit chat, tool. What do you want?

"Busy but good. Glad I got to spend a little extra time at home with everyone." I'm so annoyed I have to be polite and neighborly and not tell him to back the fuck off Gabrielle. My eyes narrow. *But don't test me*, I try my best to warn him.

"Yeah, it's definitely great to be home this year and not spending it in England in my studio apartment with fish and chips and a bottle of Jameson."

I nod. "So, what's up?" I ask, wanting to know why he's here and how soon he can disappear.

"Oh, uhhh they accidentally delivered these next door," he says nervously as he holds up two packages and I frown at the carelessness of the delivery drivers especially this time of year where people *can* be less than honest about wrong deliveries. A cynical thought floats through my head. *He wouldn't have swiped these off our porch just to have a reason to come over again, would he?*

No.

Right?

I take the packages from his hands. "Thanks for bringing these over."

“No problem. I was actually hoping to see your sister too, if I’m being honest.” He chuckles. “Is she home?”

Keep it together. This isn’t a random guy at a bar who doesn’t know the woman in question is your sister. I decide to fuck with him because I can’t say what I actually want. “Monica? No.” I shake my head before leaning against the door jamb.

“Oh...” He scratches behind his head and looks off towards his house, probably feeling awkward and regretting opening this door with me. He seems slightly intimidated, which I’m not sure why because this might be our fourth ever conversation and there’s never been any problems. *Although that could change if he’s going to be pursuing Gabrielle this aggressively.* “I meant, Gabrielle.” He smiles again. “Is she home?”

“Nope,” I say, not offering up any information about where she is or when she may return.

“Okay, well...tell her I came by? I would just text her but I got a new phone a while back and don’t have all my numbers.” He pulls out his phone. “Can you give it to me? I’d love to grab a coffee or—”

“You’re not actually using me as a middleman to ask my sister out, are you?” I cock my head to the side. *Just as I said yesterday, zero fucking swag.* Even if Gabrielle wasn’t mine, this is just embarrassing.

“No, I just...” He shakes his head. “Don’t bust my balls alright? Can you just give me her number?”

“No, I can’t. I’m not in the habit of giving either of my sisters’ numbers out without their consent. But you can leave *your* number if you want. I’ll see that she gets it.” *Maybe.*

I can tell he’s getting irritated, but to be honest, I couldn’t be bothered to care as he’s on *my* porch trying to score a date with the love of *my* life. “Okay, well do you have a pen and paper?”

“I’ll remember it.”

“Will you?”

I resist the urge to let out a very exasperated sigh. “I work with numbers but you know what, here.” I grab the pad from off the table next to the door and the pen and hand it to him. I could have recalled the ten numbers he spit out as I am actually good with numbers, but fuck it. I haven’t decided if she’s getting the message regardless.

He hands the pad to me and nods. “Thanks.”

“Not a problem. Merry Christmas,” I tell him. I barely hear him reply, “Merry—” before I shut the door.

“I should tell her about this. She’s not even interested,” I say aloud as I hold the paper in my hands, struggling with the idea of ripping it to shreds and throwing it away. I hear the garage door closing and my cock springs to life thinking about Gabrielle and I wonder how I’ll be able to get a personal show of what she bought at the mall today, particularly the lingerie. My cock deflates as I think about the fact that she’s not coming in alone and Monica and Mom would probably wonder why we were in my room with the door closed. *Fuck. I feel like I’m a teenager again and I can’t be in my room with a girl with the door closed.*

Would they even think anything of it if we were in there with the door closed?

Maybe. It’s a little odd.

My inner monologue is interrupted by my father coming in the door dressed like he’d gone into work.

“You’re working this week?” I ask, shoving Brandon’s number in my pocket.

“My job doesn’t stop four days before Christmas, Son, we aren’t even closed Christmas Eve.” He chuckles. “My hearing got cancelled because the judge can’t get out of his neighborhood with all the snow which is the only reason why I’m home.”

My father works at the largest law firm in Connecticut of which he’d been offered partner twice. He rejected the offer, valuing time with my mother and us kids above anything and knowing that becoming partner is a strain on all relationships. Now that he’s older, he wants to spend more time with my mother and his future grandchildren he’s been begging Monica and me for. Not to mention, he already makes more than enough money.

“And two of the three partners already fled the Connecticut temperatures. Landon took Serena and their new baby to Arizona to some spa for Christmas. And Preston and Vi went to D.C. to be with Skyler and her fiancé.” Landon and Preston are both partners at the firm and two of my father’s oldest friends, both of whom I’ve known since I was young. Serena and I sort of grew up together with her being about three years younger than me. She always seemed super innocent but then she started messing around with Landon, her father’s best friend which kind of threw everyone off.

To be honest, I thought it was kind of badass.

“The girls not back from the mall?” He looks at his watch. I shake my head and my eyes dart to the door, as if my brain was suddenly convinced by my father’s words that Gabrielle was about to walk through it. “I don’t even want to look at the credit card statement.”

He makes his way towards the steps and stops on the bottom one. “I’m starving, you want to order some food?”

“Sure, how’s pizza?” I ask, knowing that my despite how well he eats all the time, it’s one of his weaknesses.

“Put the order in, I’m going to go shower.” He says as he makes it to the top of the stairs. “And text Gabrielle to see when they’re going to be home and how much damage they’ve done.” He chuckles.

Chapter TWELVE

Gabrielle

I'm sitting in the backseat scrolling through *TikTok* as Monica drives my mom and me around doing some last minute Christmas shopping. Even though I'm probably going to have to go back again because it's impossible to buy a gift for the boyfriend no one is supposed to know about. I couldn't tell them it was for a boyfriend without an inquisition and I couldn't buy an intimate or remotely romantic gift and say it's for James. *How would that look?*

So, I've bought James two sweaters, both of which I know he'll like and some lingerie for myself that's mostly for him. I smile to myself at the reaction I got when I showed him and more importantly the topless picture. I do know that I'm being risky, texting him when Monica could easily grab my phone or happen to just see that I'm texting him. I should probably consider at least changing his name.

I pull up his contact and the first thing I notice is our picture. It's a picture of us when we he took me to the infamous 230 5th which is a rooftop bar and also has the best view of the Empire State Building. I remember we were getting ready to take a picture when my favorite Beyoncé song started playing and I immediately cheered and began dancing. James started laughing and the girl snapped the picture. We ended up getting one where we were posing and smiling for the camera, but something about this candid picture always makes me smile. I know the

picture is saved in my phone but part of me doesn't want to remove it from his contact photo.

Well, if you're going to be sending him nudes and sexting him, while you're home, it's probably for the best. Change it back when you guys are back in New York and can keep your familial relationship more of a secret. I remove the picture and then erase his name, wondering what I should call him. I opt to use his middle name, Michael, for now. It's common and I'm not about to make up some fake nickname for him.

"So, Gab, I have to ask. Did you lose your v-card this semester?" Monica asks and my eyes fly to the front of the car where both she and my mother are seated. *Really Mon?*

A gasp from my mother stops me from answering, thankfully. "Monica!" I can tell that she's shaking her head before she turns around and looks at me. "Baby, you don't have to answer that." She turns back to the front but then turns back around just as quickly. "Unless you want to." She lowers her sunglasses and raises her eyebrows a few times. "Is there a boy catching my girl's attention? Are you being safe? I mean...STDs, sweetheart, and don't get me wrong, I would love any little baby you brought home but maybe not—"

"Mom! Not..." I shake my head. "Not doing that." *I hope I can sell this well enough.*

"Oh! I thought maybe Monica was hinting at something or she knew something I didn't and you were trying to break the news to me." She glares at Monica.

"No, can't a girl just be curious about her favorite sister?" Monica looks at me through the rearview mirror. "Sissy," she says using the nickname she used to call me when we were younger. "You know you can tell us anything. We won't tell Dad and J."

Just the mention of him has my insides melting. *Fuck.* I look back at my phone and particularly his message about him wanting my nipples in his mouth and all of the obscene things he said he wanted to do to my wet pussy I refused to send him a picture of. I bite my bottom lip and try my best not to squirm in my seat.

"There's no one. I mean there are attractive guys, of course, but no one I'm willing to give that part of me to yet." I nod, satisfied with my answer even as Monica's eyes narrow.

“Then what’s the harm with going out with Brandon? He’s cute and sweet and we’ve known him for years. He’s not some sketchtastic frat fuck that—”

“Language, Monica Danielle,” My mother interjects with a pinch to her arm.

“Ow. Jeez, Mom, I’m twenty-eight,” she says as she rubs her arm.

“You can be one hundred and twenty-eight, watch your mouth.”

“Can we focus? Don’t you think Brandon and Gab would be cute together?” Monica tucks a hair behind her ear and fiddles with her nose ring.

“Oh yes.” My mom spins around and nods at me. “We can have them all over for dinner? Your father and I go out to dinner with his parents all the time and you two may have come up once or twice.” She taps her fingertips together in rapid succession. “I could absolutely set something up. Brandon’s mom, Amelia, would love that.”

“Okay but *I* wouldn’t love it. Mom, Monica can we just...not worry about my love life, sex life, and everything in between? Besides Monica, what about you? Hooking up with any doctors in on call rooms?”

“Ugh you watch too much Grey’s Anatomy.”

“And you said it literally happens like that.” I point at her, recalling all the gossip she shared with me because I didn’t know anyone she was talking about. She glares at me and rolls her eyes.

“Fine, yes it happens. It does not happen to me. I’m a lowly intern.” Her shoulders deflate and even from my vantage point I can tell that disappoints her.

I unbuckle my seatbelt and lean forward. “The lowly interns get all the D.”

“Okay, closing my ears for this conversation,” my mother says covering her ears and I giggle, happy to get the heat off of me.



It’s nearing almost five pm when we finally make it home and I’m happy to see James’ car still in the driveaway. The smell of pizza and the sounds of a basketball game hit me as soon as I walk in, and I smile knowing exactly

where to find my man. I head into the living room to see James and my Dad watching a game. “Mom wants you,” I look at Dad, “to carry the bags in.”

He immediately pretends like he’s fallen asleep. “He’s younger than me,” my dad says pointing at James with his eyes still closed. James shoots him a look and rolls his eyes before following me out of the room probably a little *too* closely.

“Hi beautiful,” I hear whispered behind me and I spin around and shoot him a wink.

“Hi,” I say as he follows me to the door. I look out the front window and see Monica and my mom grabbing a few bags and I know Dad can’t see anything. So, against all better judgment, I reach up and grab him by the back of the neck and press my lips to his, sliding my tongue through his lips and touching his tongue lightly. I pull back after no more than a second, careful not to make the sound of a kiss as we pull apart.

His eyes open as I return to my flat feet and I’m out the door before he can entice me into kissing him again. “Tease,” I hear murmured behind me and I giggle as I skip the car.

“Is there anything left at the mall?” he teases as he pulls the rest of the bags out of the back of Mom’s Range Rover.

“Most of this is for you, jackass,” Monica says as she walks by with a playful eyeroll as she bumps against his shoulder.

“Is it really?” His eyes flit to mine automatically before moving to our mother.

“Technically,” my mother says, “but I’m not going to shop for these two while I’m with them obviously. I already got their gifts. Your sister is just a brat,” she says loudly.

“I heard that! Dad! Did you hear what your wife called me?” Monica bellows from inside and I can’t help but laugh at our family.

Monica and Mom head into the house leaving us alone outside. “Come down again tonight.”

I nod. “I’ll bring the lingerie.”

“That’s a given.” I trail behind him and grab his ass just before he enters the house. He grunts. “Stop playing with me Gabrielle.” His voice is low so no one hears but also sexy and seductive and suddenly I feel like I’m overheating.

Our moment is interrupted by Monica calling from the kitchen. “We’re ordering in for dinner, what do you guys want? You and Dad got me in the

mood for pizza to be honest.”

“I don’t want pizza again,” James yells back. *Which is a phrase I never thought would come out of James’ mouth. He could eat pizza for every meal and I’m pretty sure he did his first year of college.* “You want to go with me and get something else?” he asks me.

I nod emphatically knowing that it means we can be alone. “I’ll be ready in ten?”

He nods, looking me over and I can see the hunger in his eyes. I run up the stairs feeling his eyes following me with each step.



It took ten minutes after James and I got in the car to find an abandoned parking lot and we have been making out for the past fifteen minutes with the idea of food completely forgotten.

“Fuck, I want you so bad,” he says as he begins to raise my sweatshirt up. I rock against his cock, desperate to feel him inside of me. I put my hand between us, palming his cock and squeezing gently. “Baby,” he says grabbing my hand, “you said we weren’t having sex. Stop teasing me.”

I did tell him that I wanted to wait for later tonight but now I’m definitely regretting the thought of getting out of this car without feeling him between my legs. His hands cup my face as he continues to kiss me, his tongue making love to my mouth as his thumbs sweep over my cheeks gently. *My God, this man can kiss.* His lips leave mine and trail down, leaving kisses on my cheeks and nibbling on my neck. I let out a sigh of contentedness. “Mmmm, maybe I changed my mind,” I moan as he runs his tongue over my neck. “You’re not being fair.”

“I know.” I hear the smile in his voice, coupled with his hands reaching under my shirt and rubbing his thumb over one of my lace covered nipples has me ready to pull out his cock and impale myself on it.

I’m just about to give in when James’ phone starts ringing. “Fuck.” He groans when he sees Monica’s name on the dashboard of his car.

He picks up the phone and his finger hovers over the accept button. “She’ll just call you or keep calling.” He groans before putting the phone to his ear. “Yes, Mon?”

Even though she's not on speakerphone, I can hear her clearly because Monica only knows two volumes, loud and louder.

"Can you get eggnog ice cream? Dad's trying to make it eggnog tonight, now."

"Sure. Anything else? I don't want to get home and hear 'oh I forgot I need something else.'"

"Mom!" Monica shouts and James pulls the phone away from his ear.

"Text the chat," he says referring to either the siblings' group chat or the one we have with our parents before hanging up. His lips are back on mine and his hands are back up my sweater.

"Fuck me," I whisper.

He pulls away. "You sure, baby? I was just messing with you. I can wait."

He says this as he pulls one of my breasts out of my bra and pinches the nipple. "Ah!" I gasp. "Can you? Patience isn't really your strong suit."

"Sounds like you can't wait for tonight either." He shifts, making his cock push harder up into me and I moan.

The sensation of his dick pressing directly against my clit has my mind going blank. "Get your dick inside me now, James."



I'm back in my seat and pulling my leggings back up when James has crossed the console and is hauling my lips to his. "Gabby," he murmurs softly against my lips.

"Mmmhmm?" I say as my eyes flutter open when he pulls away.

"Tell me you love me."

"More than anything," I whisper softly. *And God knows that's the truth. It's always been the truth.*

"I almost don't want to tell you." He rolls his eyes and I frown as he pulls out of the parking lot. "That little fucker next door came over..." I can tell he's gritting his teeth because his jaw is taut and the sexy cut of his jawline makes me want to run my tongue along it. "He wanted me to give you this," he says handing me a piece of paper.

Brandon, again?

“He asked for your number but I told him no.”

I snap my eyes away from the paper and look at him. “You did?” A smile pulls at my lips at the thought that while Brandon probably saw it as protectiveness, it was actually more possessiveness.

“I wasn’t going to give him your number. If you want him to have it, you can give it to him.”

He leans away from me and rests his head against his door even as he weaves through traffic. *Now why on Earth would I do that? Wow, a jealous James is fucking hot.*

“Did you tell him that I have a boyfriend?”

His eyes snap to mine quickly before going back to the road. “No? I didn’t know that I could? I mean, we hadn’t talked about what we’d say...” He trails off.

“Well, it’s the truth.” He looks at me again and I smile. “You’re jealous?”

He opens his mouth and then shuts it immediately. He opens it again and lets out a sigh. “Gab, don’t give me a hard time. This is different and I told you I’d have some trouble navigating it. You’re *you*. The same you. But at the same time you’re also someone completely different. So yes, when some young guy that’s not your brother wants to ask you out and your mother and his mother and even fucking Monica are all jumping up and down cheering for it, I’m going to be fucking jealous. Because how in the fuck am I supposed to let him know that you are *mine*?”

I shudder at his words. “I am yours. I’ve been yours for a long time. I would never allow anyone to think differently.” I reach out and rest my hand on his thigh before giving it a squeeze. “I’m so in love with you I can’t think straight most days. Literally, I’ve spent actual days thinking about you and me and us and trying to make sense of these very wrong yet very real feelings I have for you. You’ve been the center of my life for years and you think some guy I was never interested in to begin with has the power to turn my head? What, because he’s interested? James, guys have been interested. For years. And yes there were times I may have been interested as well, but none of them ever held a candle to you. I never thought you’d actually become an option for me. And now you are and...I don’t want anyone else. Even now, you hold so many of my firsts because all I ever wanted was you.”

He clears his throat and shakes his head. “Gab,” he murmurs.

“Do you want me to tell him I have a boyfriend? That I’m seeing someone in New York?”

“No because that will somehow get back to Mom and she’ll be all over you.” *That’s true. Mom and Monica would have a million and one questions.*

“I’ll take that over dealing with a bunch of awkward interactions or trying to ward off his attempts to change my mind after I tell him I’m not interested.”

“Can’t you just not call him?” he says shooting me a look as he pulls into the grocery store parking lot.

“I wouldn’t call him anyway. What am I, old?” A smirk finds my face and a giggle forms in the back of my throat.

“Gabrielle you know what I mean.” He shoots me a look as he turns off the car. “Can you just ghost him via whatever communication?”

“Fine, but he’ll probably come back again,” I tell him as he opens the car door for me. “Thank you.” He says but I can still hear the annoyance in his voice. I bump his hip with mine and I reach for his hand without thinking. I can sense his discomfort and I frown when he drops my hand completely.

“You’re really that annoyed about it?” I ask him. “Don’t be such a brat. I’ll ghost him!”

He turns to look at me just before we walk into the store. “Gabrielle,” his voice lowers and he leans down so that we are at eye level, “we’re four and a half minutes from our house. I’ve never gone into this grocery store and not seen someone we know. The store manager plays golf with Dad from time to time. We cannot hold hands in here.”

My lips form an O as realization dawns on me. I slap my forehead. “Oh my God, duh.”

“I always want to hold your hand and every part of you. Don’t forget that.”

Chapter THIRTEEN

Gabrielle

“Took you long enough, what did you guys get lost?” Monica says as she grabs the bag from James that has her Greek chicken wrap that she didn’t even want at first. She has the container open and is ripping the paper off before we even reply.

“First of all, you’re welcome. And chill the fuck out, will you? We ate there. I thought you wanted pizza anyway.”

“Well yeah, but that was until you were going to *Ray’s*.” *Ray’s Deli* was a mom and pop convenience store that sold everything from beer and wine, to a handful of snacks and had a huge selection of made to order hot and cold sandwiches which became a staple in the community. It doesn’t matter who you are: a politician, college student, teacher, stripper, priest; everyone went there.

To be fair, we did not eat there, but in the car on the way here after we left the grocery store. But we needed something to buy us some time. “Do you guys want to watch a movie?” Monica’s standing at our island in the center of the kitchen not even bothering to sit before she takes a bite. “Fuck, I forgot how good this was.” She goes into the freezer and pulls out a bottle of vodka and hands it to James. “Can you make me a Cosmo?”

“You can make yourself a Cosmo.” He drops to one of the seats at the bar and steals a fry from her plastic container before he pushes the bottle back in front of her and she scoffs. We are all French fry fanatics so I’m

sure Monica is about to freak that he's stealing them from her. Sure enough, she glares at him and smacks his hand.

"Uh uh, no fries for you especially if you're going to be a selfish ass and not put your bartending skills to good use. You know you're better at making drinks than I am."

"No, you're just lazy and don't want to do it yourself."

I take the seat across from James and shake my head at their banter. James and I have never been like that. If I'd asked him to make me a Cosmo, it would have been ready before I even finished the sentence. And that was *before* we were exploring this new relationship.

"I'll take one too, J, pleeeeeease." I place my hands under my chin and give him my most innocent look.

He narrows his gaze at me before a smile plays at his lips. "Fine."

"Of course, Gab, can get you to do anything," Monica says and I'm not sure if I detect a hint of annoyance. Monica goes back to her wrap and I watch as James makes us a round of drinks handing mine to me first with a subtle wink.

"Anyway, movie?" Monica asks again.

It wasn't too late yet, so I wasn't opposed to the idea of watching a movie. It's not like James and I could really do anything with everyone awake anyway.

"I'm in." I shrug as I play with the strings of James' hoodie I'm wearing.

"Sure, just let me go change and check my emails," he says before he gets up and heads downstairs.

Monica takes a large sip of her drink and does a little dance. "He's annoying as fuck but he can make a good drink." My phone beeps and immediately I snatch it from the counter. I'd set it down because I wasn't worried about having to guard it with James being in the room. But now he's gone, and the name "Michael" is on the screen within sight range of Monica. "Jeez, secretive much?" She cocks her head to the side. "What's that about?"

"Nothing." I tell her without any explanation. I get up, planning to go to my room to kill time so I'm not inundated with a million questions.

"That's not nothing!" she calls after me. "And you walking away from me is a sign, young lady!" I ignore it as I climb the stairs towards my room.

“Michael”: A few more of those Cosmos and she’ll be out by midnight. You’re coming down again tonight.

Me: We established that already and could you not have waited a little to text me? I never know what you’re going to say so I’ve been guarding my phone with my life. I even had to change your name. But I jumped three feet when you texted and now Monica is asking questions.

“Michael”: Why? And to what?

Me: Because all it would take is Monica opening my phone once, or picking up my phone innocently like ‘oh James texted you’ and then she’s seeing her brother’s dick on my phone!

“Michael”: Can we not talk about her seeing my dick? Thanks.

Me: Yes, just one sister seeing it is enough.

“Michael”: You know what I mean.

Me: Anyway, I changed it to Michael.

“Michael”: Good to know.

Twenty or so minutes later, I make my way into the living room to see that Monica has settled into her favorite spot on the love seat, stretching her feet across both cushions and buried under a pound of blankets and a hoodie pulled over her head. James is on our L shaped couch with his feet resting on the coffee table, his hoodie also pulled up over his head. They’re both scrolling through their phone as they chew on their thumbnails and I smile at the fact that they’re so similar. I want nothing more than to climb into James’ lap or cuddle up next to him but I settle for the other side of the couch, stretching my feet out as well. James pulls his gaze away from his phone and lands on me. He does a quick glance towards Monica before turning back to me and giving me a not so innocent look that causes a spark between my legs.

“What did we decide on?” I ask as I try to calm my racing hormones that wants me to climb into James’ lap.

“Well, do we want something scary or action or funny? Or Christmas?” Monica says as she pushes her glasses up on her nose and begins scrolling through the On Demand channels.

“Michael”: Why are you all the way over there?

I look down to see that he’s texted me and also *not* answered Monica.

“Whatever you want, Mon, you know I’m always down for a Christmas movie,” I respond before turning back to my phone.

Me: You know why.

“Michael”: I brought a blanket up here for a reason.

I peek up at him to see him smirking at his phone and I bite my lip at the implication of what he wants to do while we watch the movie.

Me: With Monica in the room? Too risky!

“Michael”: You’re no fun.

I resist the urge to glare at him knowing that Monica will notice and surmise that we’re texting each other. I see her putting on *The Family Stone* which is a movie Monica and I watch every year together even if we have to do it virtually.

“Really?” James says before turning to Monica.

She waves him off. “You know you secretly love this movie too.”

“That’s a no, and I’ve seen it too many times already because of you two.” He gets up and I frown.

“Come on, stay!” I say, knowing that if I asked him, he’d stay. It’s been a while since the three of us have been home and it would be fun to do something together. This is more than likely the last Christmas of normalcy, assuming that this time next year we would have already broken the news to our family about James and me.

“I’m just making us another drink.”

“Best big brother ever!” Monica downs the rest of her drink as the movie starts.

He’s back just in time for Sarah Jessica Parker’s character to meet the family and Monica shakes her head. “She’s seriously the fucking worst. Could you imagine if James brought home some girl like that?” She scrunches her nose and turns to look at him, eyeing him over the rim of her fresh glass. “We’d eat her alive.”

“Well, you don’t have to worry about that. I could never be with someone like that.” He doesn’t look at me and for that I’m grateful because I’m not sure of the conversation that could pass between our eyes on this topic.

“What’s going on in your romantic life, anyway, J? I feel like I haven’t heard about anyone recently.” She’s not looking at either of us as she turns down the volume a little but lets it continue.

He hesitates and still avoids my gaze and I’m not sure if I should chime in. “Nothing I want to share right now,” he says and I’ll admit I’m impressed with his response. His eyes finally find mine but they don’t give anything away.

“So, there is something to share? Come on, spill!” she squeals. “Is it serious? Gabrielle, is it serious? I know you know.”

“I’m not talking about it right now.” James’ voice is stern and even and I’m hoping Monica just drops it and doesn’t notice that I’m going to ignore her question.

“Okay seriously? Between the three of us, Mom and Dad are never getting grandkids and they’re going to kill us all. Can someone meet someone already?” She sinks further into the couch and sighs.

“Why don’t *you* meet someone?” James asks. “Aren’t you working at the hub for eligible bachelors? Or at very least ones that appear to be even though they have wives at home?”

She pushes her glasses up with her knuckle. “There’s no one. Literally not a one. It’s not as sexy as one may think,” she says. “But whatever, we aren’t talking about me, we’re talking about you. And you, Gab, it might be nice if you at least gave Brandon a chance. Would a date kill you?”

Yes, James and I both.

“Gabrielle is not interested in that guy; why do you and Mom keep pressing it?” James interjects and I try my best to will him to relax and not get worked up over Brandon and get Monica asking questions.

“Why are you so against it? What’s it to you anyway? I get you’re protective, but give it a rest. She’s eighteen and you’re worse than her *actual* Dad.” She scoffs before taking another sip. “Why don’t you like Brandon, anyway?”

Monica doesn’t seem to want to let this go, so I think it’s time to actually address it and stop blowing her off about it. “It’s not that I don’t like him. I don’t know him. But I also live in New York and he doesn’t and I’m not interested in a long distance anything. I’m busy and focused on school.”

“That’s fair, I guess. I still don’t see why you’re like avoiding him though. You guys could get coffee or dinner or something while you’re both

home. Christmas is a magical time and you just never know.” She shrugs again.



“Are you thinking about what Monica said?” The words are out of James’ mouth before I can even start stripping. I close the door to his bedroom behind me quietly. He drops to the bed and lets his arms rest on his knees.

“No, but I knew you were.” After the conversation about Brandon, I could see the demeanor shift in James. He barely paid attention to the movie, opting to be on his phone most of the time and he didn’t even text me. Once the movie was over, he got up and went downstairs sulking like a moody teenager while Monica and I watched another movie. It wasn’t until about one in the morning that we both came upstairs. I waited about forty minutes to hear the sound of Monica’s noise machine she can’t sleep without before I made my way downstairs.

“Are we being unrealistic? Thinking this could be something long term?”

My heart begins to pound in my chest as I let his words sink in. I know he doesn’t mean to hurt me, but his words cut deep as if they’re slicing through me. “It’s going to be tough, but what is realistic anyway? The beauty of life is we can create our own reality.”

“I just don’t want to make your life any harder than it has been, Gab.”

I hear the implication in his voice. I was adopted very young and while I wouldn’t particularly call my life hard, I did have a pretty tough sixteenth year. But it was my fault. I went looking for answers that I didn’t want.



Two years Prior:

“Are you nervous?” James asks me as we stare up at the last known location of my birth mother. I had started doing some digging into my past, wondering about my roots and potentially a birth father that wasn’t listed on my birth certificate. I didn’t know anything about my birth mother except for the fact that she passed away shortly after I was born, but maybe I had a grandmother or an aunt or cousin or anyone that could tell me something about this part of me that I know nothing about.

I had gone to my parents, and while I didn’t expect pushback because they’re two of the most understanding people in the world, I was worried about hurting their feelings as I’m sure most adopted children feel when they’re prepared to go looking into their birth parents. Calvin and Virginia Calloway were my parents, my family, the people I loved most in the world perhaps even more than I loved James because they changed my life in the blink of an eye. I used to think of them as my saviors. Still do. The last thing I ever wanted to do was hurt them or make them think that I didn’t consider them my parents. That they were simply placeholders or substitutes.

But they hugged me and told me they loved me and that they understood, but also that there was no way in hell I was going to Mississippi by myself.

Naturally, James agreed with that and took off from work to come with me.

Our dad is also here in case we needed him legally for any reason, but he opted to stay at the hotel because he knew James could handle this.

“A little,” I reply in response to James’ question. There’s a car in the driveway so I know someone lives here and I’m apprehensive of who that someone might be. I rub my hands down my clothes suddenly wishing I hadn’t changed from the original outfit I had on. “Do I look okay? Does it seem like I’m trying too hard?” I look down at myself, kicking myself for not dressing more casually and not my usual attire which looks like I belong in an episode of Gossip Girl. I opted for a plaid skirt and a shirt with a jacket that matched over it. “I look ridiculous, let’s go,” I say turning back to the car that we rented when we got down here.

The neighborhood is certainly different than where I live in Connecticut and I worry I’m coming off as the ‘poor little rich girl’ coming to the south on a quest for self discovery before returning back to her life.

“You look great, Gabrielle, and we aren’t going anywhere.” He turns me around to face him, keeping his hands on my shoulder and I have to

actively tell myself that it's an innocent touch to avoid getting worked up. "It's normal to be nervous. I wish there was more that I could do to help."

"Just being here is enough," I tell him, and it's the truth. James has always dropped everything for me when I need him and I shouldn't be surprised that he'd be here for one of the biggest moments of my life.

He takes my hand in his and squeezes it. "I'll always be here for you, Gabrielle."

"I know." I beam up at him, knowing that no matter what happens, James would always be my family.

We walk up the somewhat rickety steps and I note the weather worn porch furniture and the leaves coating the area despite the fact that it's only the first week of September.

I take a deep breath when I hear the rich timber of his voice right in my ear. "When you're ready."

"I'm ready," I tell him before knocking on the door. I don't hear anything on the other side, so I knock again and I hear a gruff voice bellow through the door.

"Alright, I'm coming."

James immediately moves closer to me I assume to ensure I feel safe because the voice doesn't sound particularly warm or welcoming.

The door opens and the first thing I notice is the resemblance. We have to be related somehow! A smile crosses my face at the idea of meeting family as he opens the screen door.

"Can I help y'all?" He's older, maybe like the age of who would be my grandfather, with dark brown eyes behind glasses perched low on his nose and salt and pepper unkempt hair. He has a long grey beard and two small gold hoops in one ear. He is about the same skin color as me, maybe a little lighter and despite his grey hair and the wrinkles he appears to be in decent shape despite his all black sweatsuit.

"Yes, hi, I mean... hello, how are you?" I say nervously.

"Who's asking?"

"Ummm me?" I respond. Is this the Southern Hospitality people talk about? He doesn't respond and I shake my head. "Right, get to the point. I'm Gabrielle and ummm...I was born here in Mississippi but I was put up for adoption when I was a baby and the last known location of my birth mother is here? So I just thought..."

He takes a step outside, closing the door behind him and James immediately pulls me backwards and somewhat behind him. "You just thought, what?" He narrows his eyes and I see a hint of something angry behind them. "If y'all looking for Missy she's been gone a long time."

"Missy? Is that ummm Melinda?" He nods. "She was...my mother."

"Thought so. You look like her."

"Really?" I know my eyes have to be wide having never even seen what my mother looked like. "Would you happen to have a picture or maybe some of her things I could have?"

"I threw out most of her shit she didn't take when she left. Ungrateful little brat."

"Okay, are you preparing to be any kind of helpful?" James interjects and while I appreciate him for combatting this guy's aggression I don't want to piss this guy off before I get at least a few answers.

"May I ask how you know Melinda?" I ask him.

"Who's the white boy?" He nods at James as if he hadn't noticed him until he said something. "Lawyer or some shit? Listen, I told the adoption agency I didn't want any rights."

I can feel James preparing to say something when I put a hand up, stopping him. "You didn't want any rights? Why?"

"Well, since you asked, I told Melinda to get an abortion. She didn't want to listen. It almost killed her mother to know that her fourteen year old daughter was having a baby."

I try to ignore the fact that this man that was clearly a part of my mother's life advised her to terminate her pregnancy. Terminate me. But I know deep down, it's a sentence that will play on loop in my head for years to come. I wasn't wanted. I assumed that I wasn't necessarily a planned pregnancy but hearing this man's words is different. "Were you close with Melinda's mother, my grandmother?"

"Sister." He grunts. "Well, through marriage. She was my stepsister."

"Oh! But that makes you my great uncle then." I'm not sure why I feel so enthusiastic, he doesn't seem excited about this family reunion. "Are either of my grandparents still here?"

"Dead."

"Both?"

"Yep."

My heart sinks, thinking about family that I never had the opportunity to meet. "I'm sorry to hear about that."

He shrugs. "Life happens. So does death." The harshness of his words make my stomach turn and I realize that nothing positive is going to come out of this interaction and this whole fucking trip was a waste.

"Well, as lovely as this interaction has been," I wince, "we should probably get going. May I ask your name?"

"You can call me Joe."

"Well Joe, it was nice to meet you," I say as I make my way down the steps and towards the car. James falls into step with me before I stop in my tracks, recalling a certain part of the conversation that I didn't realize at first.

No fucking way.

"What's wrong, Gab? Listen don't let him get to you. That guy—" His hands find my face.

"No." I shake my head, pulling out of his grasp. "No no no no." I run back towards the door, almost tripping on the top step before I'm banging aggressively on the door.

"Yes?" Joe says as he opens the door.

"We shouldn't look alike and yet we do. How can we look alike if you're my mother's uncle by MARRIAGE?" I can feel myself getting worked up, having already drawn the conclusion on my own.

He doesn't say anything and I can feel James behind me. "Answer her."

"What do you want me to say kid? I was young and stupid and..."

"SHE WAS FOURTEEN!" I scream. "And you let her get shipped off to a convent on what, that some neighborhood boy knocked her up?"

"It could have been anyone, your mother was—"

"Careful," James starts and Joe narrows his gaze behind me.

"You really don't know who you're talking to, kid."

"Neither do you, obviously," I interject. "You're...you can't be my father. I can't have you in me," I say backing up as the tears run down my face. "A rapist."

"Trust me, your mother wanted it. The whore got around."

The words destroy me and I'm about to crumble when I see James moving faster than lightning and he has Joe on the ground with his arm twisted behind his back. "I will break your fucking arm off, if you don't apologize right the fuck now."

“For what!” he yells. “Fuck you. You came down here bothering me. What did y’all expect?” He looks at me.

“What did I say?” James yells and I’ve never seen this side of him before. He presses his foot on the side of his face and presses hard. “Apologize.”

He lets out a breath. “You’re making a mistake.”

“No you made the fucking mistake talking to her like that. Your daughter.” He twists his arm harder and Joe grunts in pain. “I’m so glad she’s away from you. Away from this.” James snarls. “Take a look at her, because it’s the last time you’ll ever breathe the same air as her. Now, apologize.” He leans down and talks lower though I can still hear him. “I don’t know what the statute of limitations are for rape of a minor in this podunk town but I can assure you the lawyer at our hotel can have the police here before we’re even in the car. All she has to do is say the word.” He nods at me before turning back. “Now apologize.”

“Sorry.” He grits out and my nostrils flare as more tears start to form.

“Gabrielle, go wait in the car,” James tells me without looking at me or letting up on Joe.

“But...”

His eyes moves to me. “Now.”

I look at the guy on the ground, my heart hurting that this is the first and last time I’ll ever see the man that provided half of my DNA. But I can’t even allow myself to be upset because how...HOW?! I make my way down the stairs, the tears falling down my cheeks faster than I can wipe them away. I make it to the car but I crane my neck trying to see the porch. From the angle of the driveway where we are parked, I can’t see much. I notice Joe goes into the house but James is still there. My anxiety rises thinking that Joe could potentially come out with something dangerous so I roll the window down preparing to yell for James to come when Joe returns and hands something to him before slamming the door in his face.

James jogs down the stairs and towards the car before getting in and turning it on without a word. He hands me a shoebox before he backs down the driveway and moves through a few abandoned streets before pulling over. I don’t open it assuming he may want to preface what’s inside.

“I told him to go and find anything of your mother’s. Maybe you don’t want it, but I wanted you to have the option. It’s not fair that you never had any say in this situation and I wanted you to be able to have control over

this.” I look down at the box and then back at James who may or may not have risked his life to get this. Something about Joe told me he may not be on great terms with the right side of the law and that he may have come back out with a gun.

“He gave you this?”

“I may have convinced him with the gun I told him I had in my pocket.”

My eyes widen. “You have a gun?”

“Like I was going to come here with you with no way to protect you. I had no idea what I was walking into. I wasn’t prepared to use it, but in case...” He looks straight ahead before rubbing his forehead. “I wouldn’t survive something happening to you Gabrielle and certainly not while you’re with me. Dad told me to protect you by any means necessary.”

I bite my lip thinking about how differently these two men are versus the man half responsible for bringing me into this world.

“She was fourteen, J. Younger than I am now.” My lip trembles as I trace the edges of the box. “She wasn’t old enough to make that kind of decision. I know things happen sometimes... but not at that age.” I sniffle. “What if...he hurt her? Like not just statutory rape but actual rape. Oh my God, James, what if I’m the product of something violent?” It comes out of nowhere, but before I can stop myself I have the door pushed open and I’m throwing up on the pavement outside depositing everything I’ve eaten today all over the ground. I fall out of the car and before my knees can hit the pavement, his arms are around me. He pulls me away from the throw up and holds me in his arms as I begin to cry in his arms rocking me back and forth as I sob into his chest, feeling like I’m releasing sixteen years worth of demons.

“I’m so sorry, Gab,” I hear him whisper. He continues to apologize and tell me how much he and everyone loves me and everything will be okay. He pulls my face away to look at me and wipes the tears from my eyes. “There she is.” He lets out a breath and I can actually see his eyes are a bit glassy as well. “It tears me up to hear you cry like that.”

“Sorry.”

“You of all people have nothing to be sorry about.” He presses his lips to my forehead. I don’t know how long we stay like that on the side of the road, me holding onto him like he’s my lifeline. I’m not sure if I blacked out or cried myself to sleep because the next time I wake up, I’m in the hotel room on my bed. I sit up and I see James passed out on the couch in the

corner of the room snoring softly. My dad and him had the room next door but I know James well enough to know he probably wouldn't let me out of his sight until we were back in Connecticut.

Present Day

It took me a whole year to get over the damage that one ten minute conversation did to me. And I still have moments where those feelings come back in full force. I had periods of depression and self loathing. Moments where I thought I was made out of hate. Moments where I thought the darkness of my conception would swallow me whole. Moments where I wanted to be anyone but me. But in those moments of darkness, James was the light that pulled me out of it.

I hadn't realized I was crying when I feel James' hands on my face. "Baby, I'm sorry I took you back to that." His thumbs find the space beneath my eyes as he wipes away the tears.

I shake my head. "No, well...yeah. But I was thinking about how good you were to me during that. You probably saved my life."

"Don't say that." He pulls me to the bed and sits down so we're both in the center of it. I want nothing more than to be close to him, so I crawl into his lap and wrap my arms around him, pressing my face into his neck.

"It was a huge deal, James. You being there with me, for me. For everything." I pull away to look up at him. "Is there any surprise that I'm in love with you?"

He smiles and his eyes trace my face and I wonder if he's trying to figure out what I'm feeling. "I would do anything for you."

"I can't be without you. Without this." I tell him as I begin to fear that his earlier comment about whether or not this is *realistic* was him trying to end it. "I know it's going to be tough, but I'm in. So totally and completely in."

He rests his head against mine. "I can hear what you're thinking. I know where your mind is going and I wasn't suggesting ending this. I just don't want you to get hurt." He pulls me tighter against him and I wrap my legs around him as I snuggle further into his chest. "You know that I've always been protective of you and your feelings. I just know the second anyone says something to you about us I'm going to be out for their blood."

“I can handle what anyone says. What I can’t handle is being without you.”

Chapter FOURTEEN

JAMES

Fucking hell, this woman knows exactly what the fuck I like. I look down at the mass of hair hovering over my cock as she sucks me down her throat. Her small hand fists my dick as she moves up and down my shaft. After the heaviness of the conversation earlier, I held her in my arms as I rubbed her back until I thought she had fallen asleep. As much as I wanted to be inside of her, I didn't want to push anything while she was in this headspace. Unfortunately, I remember all too well how hard it was for her. I remember barely sleeping for a week straight because my mother was beside herself with worry over how much she had spiraled. I was pretty much the only person she confided in so I knew things weren't as dire as she probably thought, but it terrified me that she was in such a dark place. I even considered taking a leave of absence from work to be here but Gabrielle didn't want me to do that. She knew how hard I'd worked to get to where I was and she didn't want me to give that up

Even then, we were the center of each other's worlds. Looking back, I should have known this relationship was inevitable.

Soon after that, she agreed to the therapist that my parents had been begging her to get and we slowly started to see glimpses of the old Gabrielle.

I had moved to turn off my side table lamp when she stirred and tightened her grip on me and within seconds she had my pants around my

ankles and her mouth was around my dick sucking me like she wanted to swallow me whole.

“Gabby.” I grab her hair and when she looks up at me with those innocent eyes paired with her mouth wrapped around my cock, I throb in her mouth. “Can I come here, angel?” I ask as I rub her chin.

“Mmhmmm.” She moans as her mouth leaves my cock and moves to my balls, running her tongue over them both before sucking them into her mouth one after the other. Her mouth is warm and wet and I groan when I feel her mouth back on my dick. I close my eyes letting her mouth take me under. She’s topless, clad only in one of her sexy barely visible thongs, so I reach down and grab one of her breasts, pinching her nipple before I cup it in my hand. I rub my thumb over the pebbled nub and she whimpers as she continues to fuck me with her mouth. I reach down with my other hand, feeling my orgasm looming I press on her head and raise my hips to force myself further down her throat. She chokes at first and pulls back but then she forces me even further down her throat letting her lips rest at the base of my cock. She raises herself up slightly and I notice her hand moves between her legs. “Are you...fingering your pussy right now?” She nods but doesn’t look up at me. “Holy fuck, does it feel good?” She nods again.

“I want to touch you,” I tell her but she shakes her head this time.

She pulls me out of her mouth to respond. “No.”

“No?” I grip her hair and jerk it back. Not enough to hurt her, but enough that will force her to look at me. “Don’t deny me what’s mine, Gabrielle.”

“It’s only yours because I said so,” she sasses and my eyes widen at the glint of mischief in hers.

“You want to play this game, do you?” I narrow my eyes at her and she does the same. “You’re lucky I want to come in your mouth.”

“You’re lucky I’m *allowing* you to come in my mouth.” She moves up my body and hovers over me. “You talk a big game for a man that’s been wrapped around my finger since before I could walk.”

My mouth drops open at how she’s being right now. *I’ll bite because, quite frankly, this sassiness is making my cock even harder.*

“Put your mouth back on my dick, Gab.”

“Say please,” she responds.

“Now.”

She cocks her head to the side and presses her breasts against my chest. “That doesn’t sound like please.”

“How about put your mouth back on my dick or you’re not coming tonight?” I bite my lip and raise my hips and I moan when it rubs against her smooth skin.

“Good one.” She puts her lips to my ear and drags her tongue along the shell. “You and I both know that you’re so anxious to come so you can get your cock or your tongue in my pussy.” *Who is this woman and how fast can I get a ring on her finger?*

She straddles me and begins rubbing her satin covered pussy that is more than a little wet from her own assault over my cock. She continues humping me, her hands gripping my shoulders as she grinds harder against me. “I’m going to come if you keep doing that.” I say through gritted teeth. She pulls back and moves back between my legs sheathing my cock with her mouth. “My God, Gabrielle. You’re mouth is insane.” She looks up at me and just when I think she can’t possibly get any sexier, she fucking winks. And then I fucking come. *Hard*. “Fuck fuck fuck.” I’ve never felt an orgasm like this. I jerk under the force of it and my entire body is so taut it might snap. My grip on her hair tightens as I hold her to my cock and she drains everything out of me. Sexy little moans leave her as I pump into her mouth like I’m the best thing she’s ever tasted. She pulls back finally and I see a trail of my semen spilling out of her mouth and dripping onto her tits. She swallows and I watch as her cheeks start to deflate. She opens her mouth and I spy some of myself on her tongue that she swipes off with her finger. I wonder what she’s planning to do with that if not swallow it when I see her sliding the finger beneath the waistband of her panties and if I had to guess between the lips of her sex.

“Gabby.” I sit up and grip her forearms before pushing her onto her back with a bit more force than usual. I grab her underwear and actually rip them from her body before tossing the destroyed fabric behind me. I stare down at the naked woman who owns every inch of me. I move up to her face and stare down at her now feeling full of clarity after the best orgasm of my life. “Wrapped around your finger, huh?”

“Mmmhm.” She smiles and for a second I wonder if she’s stopped my heart.

“You know...” I move down her body. “You talk about me and yet... how long have you been in love with me?”

She raises an eyebrow and sits up on her elbows. “Fine. But let’s not pretend that you just woke up on my eighteenth birthday and decided you were in love with me. As much as you and your moral ground don’t want to admit it.” She smirks.

Guilt floods me thinking about the feelings I started developing before she was legal. “As much as I’m enjoying this little battle of wits with you, I’d like to stop talking now.” She goes to respond when I spread the lips of her sex and drag my index finger through it. Her pussy glistens with her arousal and I feel myself getting hard again at the thought of fucking her senseless. “You have the prettiest pussy, baby.” Her sex clenches in response and I feel a surge of pride that I affect her so much. I lean down and blow gently against her wet flesh and her back arches raising her pelvis off the bed and closer to my mouth. “Not yet,” I tell her pushing her back down.

“Don’t tease me, please,” she whines. Her breath is coming out in tiny quick spurts causing her breasts to jiggle with every rise of her chest. I take a moment to drink her in. Her gorgeous brown eyes, her perfect full lips, the slope of her neck that I love wrapping my hand around, her gorgeous tits and her nipples that are a perfect mix of pink and brown. I lick my lips in anticipation of feeling them against my tongue. My eyes move down to her tapered waist and full hips that are perfect for having a baby. *My baby*. I let myself see into the future and picture her round with our baby. A vision of myself dropping to my knees and kissing her swollen stomach hits me hard and I feel the urge to do it now. I lean down and drag my lips across her stomach and she shivers.

“Your beard tickles,” she says and I do it again and again desperate to hear those sexy sighs that leave her mouth when I’m soft with her.

“I’m letting myself think about the future. A future that includes you and me and...a tiny person that’s equal parts you and me.”

She gasps. “A baby?”

I look up at her and I’m not surprised to see the happy look on her face and her big brown eyes shiny with unshed tears. I nod at her. “We’re going to be so happy, Gabrielle. It’s probably going to take a minute to get there, but we will.”

She pulls me up her body and pushes me onto my back then lowers herself slowly onto my cock until I’m completely inside her. Her hands find my chest for leverage as she starts to ride me hard. I grip her hips as she

fucks me harder, our bodies slapping together loudly. Part of me doesn't think anyone can hear, but I panic that someone could be upstairs. I grab her thigh and hold her tightly to me so she doesn't move up again. "Baby, we can't be that loud."

"I don't care." She moans as she moves up again and slams back down on me and grinds her clit against me causing a whimper to leave her lips. She tosses her head back and bounces faster her tits shaking so deliciously as goosebumps cover her flesh.

"Yes, you do. You're caught up in the sex high which for the record is hot as fuck, but we're not at our apartment."

Her eyes drop to mine. "Our?"

"My home is your home baby, you know that. And for the record, that's nothing new."

"J—" She starts when the sound of walking overhead stops us both. We both stare at each other, our eyes wide when she slams a hand over her mouth. She looks around my room, her eyes nervous and fearful that someone heard us. *Sex high has dissipated.* I don't hear anyone opening the door to the basement and I pray to God no one does because I don't know how I'd hide Gabrielle in here. I suppose she could go in the closet or my bathroom but the idea of that doesn't sit right with me.

I don't want to hide her from anyone.

I put my index finger to my mouth indicating that we have to be quiet before I raise her slowly off of me and push her back down. "I need you to come," I whisper. "Come for me."

She shakes her head. "What if someone is still upstairs?" she whispers.

"Come quietly. Like the other night when you fingered your pretty pussy in my guest room." My cock throbs, dying to release inside of her as I think about how hot it was to listen to her come when I shouldn't have.

A mischievous smile finds her lips. "When I was thinking about you fucking me?"

"Mmmhm." I nod.

"When I was thinking about your mouth making love to me." She throws her head back as she begins to ride me again. "When I was thinking how fucking gorgeous you are and how it drives me out of my mind that I can't have you."

"You can have me," I grunt. "I'm yours." I reach up and pinch her breasts and she puts her hand over her mouth again to muffle the moan

escaping her lips. “Look at me and tell me who I belong to.”

She jerks her head back to look down at me. “Me.” She scrunches her nose. “You belong to me.” She leans down and presses her lips to mine as she continues to fuck me. “And I belong to you.” Our eyes lock just as her cunt squeezes my cock. She looks down at where we are conjoined and I watch with her as I slowly move in and out of her. My dick glistens with our arousals and it gets even harder when I see her index finger begin to rub her clit as she fucks me. She does this for a few moments before her pace gets faster, though she’s still managing to stay quiet.

“Fuck, James. I think I’m going to come.” Her eyes flutter shut and she drops her face into my neck and bites down on my shoulder. I drag my fingers down her back and grip her ass, digging my nails into the flesh as I push and pull her harder against me.

“Yes, you are. You’re going to come all over my cock like the perfect girl you are.” I pull her hair to one side and press my lips to her neck. “Come on, baby. Come for me.”

She sits back up as she begins to ride me harder, her hands gripping my thighs as she chases her orgasm. “God, yes, Daddy,” she whimpers and my mouth drops open before coming violently inside of her. I’m no stranger to hearing a woman call me that in bed, but hearing that word leave Gabrielle’s plump lips was unexpected and fucking hot as hell.

“FUCK,” I say a little louder than I anticipated and she presses her hand over my mouth as she rides out her orgasm.

“Oh my God, J.” She moans as her body convulses on top of me. She drops to my chest and I hold her close as my dick softens. “That was incredible,” she whispers and I move us so that she’s underneath me. I slide out of her in the meantime and when she opens her eyes to meet my gaze she has a look of euphoria all over her face.

“Daddy?” I smile and her eyes widen and her flushed face turns even more red.

“I—I...I didn’t mean...I mean if it creeps you out,” she stutters and I shake my head.

“It surprised me, but no, I...I like it. Love it actually in case you didn’t realize that I came so fucking hard after you said it.”

“It just slipped out, I...” She lets out a breath. “You liked it? It’s not weird?”

“We don’t have to answer to anyone about what goes on between us in the bedroom. If we don’t think it’s weird, it’s not weird. And I found it sexy as fuck.” I grip her throat. “You calling me Daddy while I’m balls deep inside your pussy that you’ve only let me inside.” I stare into her eyes, getting lost just like I always do when I hold her gaze for an extended period of time. “You’re going to be the death of me, Gabrielle.”

She bites her bottom lip before pressing her lips to mine. “For what it’s worth,” she starts, “You’ve got me wrapped around your finger too.”

Chapter FIFTEEN

JAMES

The next week flies by and before I realize it, Christmas is over and it's time for me to go back to New York. I spent the entire week with my family including one who just so happened to also be the love of my life. I spent practically every night—*with the exception of one night we couldn't get rid of Monica for any alone time*, making love to Gabrielle and talking till the early hours of the morning before she slipped out of my bed and went back to her room. As soon as she was safe behind her door, she FaceTimed me and we stayed on the phone until I could see her beautiful face again the next morning.

Now, I have to be back at work tomorrow morning and I'm not at all looking forward to being without Gabrielle for four days. She hasn't been able to come up with a convincing story as to why she has to leave with me but she was able to come up with a story for New Year's Eve which was luckily only four days away.

But still four fucking days.

"Why the long face, angel?" I look over at Gabrielle as we are on our way back from breakfast. I'm actually starting to wonder if Monica or my parents are getting suspicious because we've been practically glued at the hip the past week. Whenever she moves, I move. Wherever I go, she goes.

I watch as she fingers the necklace I bought her for Christmas; one I gave to her early on Christmas morning just before she slipped out of my

bed to go back upstairs. It's a white gold bar with the date engraved in roman numerals that we first confessed our feelings to each other and made love.

"You know why." She lets out a sigh and looks out the window. "I just don't want you to go."

"I don't either, but I have to. Just think we'll be back together in four days. I've already made reservations for dinner for New Year's Eve." Being in New York City for New Years is actually fun when you live there. You do less of the touristy shit but can still have an enjoyable night on this completely overrated holiday. I made reservations for dinner at a restaurant that overlooks the city, more specifically Times Square, so we can see the hustle and bustle down below. But, I'm planning for us to be back in my apartment by eleven so I can be inside her when the ball drops and not amidst the chaos.

"Baby, we're talking about having this for..." The word forever is on the tip of my tongue, but I don't want her to feel like I'm pressuring her into committing to something she's not sure about. She's eighteen and could be impetuous and may not know what she wants out of her life right this second, despite things said in the height of our orgasms. I, on the other hand, have some semblance of a plan and although Gabrielle wasn't always a part of it in this capacity, I always knew that I'd end up with a woman like her. A woman I could talk to about anything. Laugh for hours with about nothing and everything. A woman I could share my hopes and dreams with and my fears and my apprehensions. Gabrielle has always been that person, and it took me until right now to realize that I've spent the past year looking for Gabrielle in every woman I courted. "For a long time," I finish my statement. "We can handle a few days, can't we?" God knows I'm already missing the taste of her pussy, but I have to keep it together. She doesn't need to know I'm dreading this just as much as she is.

"I know, but we've hardly had any time together where we've truly been alone since we started this and I'm just annoyed we have to wait another four days now. I'm going to miss your dick." She chuckles before turning her gaze to me. "And you." She lets out a breath and I pull into an abandoned parking lot a few miles from our house. I put the car in park and begin to move my seat back slowly.

"Should I fuck you before I leave?"

“Here?” she shrieks, but I can hear the tone in her voice that tells me this isn’t going to take much convincing at all.

“Right here.”

She looks around the parking lot. “James, it’s broad daylight.”

“It’s an office park and businesses don’t reopen until tomorrow. There isn’t a car in sight and we are hidden from the main road. Come get on my cock, Gab.” I begin unbuckling my pants, my dick already hard at the thought of being inside her.

She slides her shoes off and shimmies her jeans down her legs, tossing them to the floor of the car before climbing over the console and into my lap. Her panties are still on and before I can rip them off, she is rubbing her smooth silk covered pussy over my cock.

“I love you,” she whispers. “I’ve always loved you. It’s always been you.”

“I meant it when I said you are my soulmate.” I cup her face in my hands. “I love you too, Gabrielle. Forever.”

She looks down at my cock and swipes her finger over the precum pooling at the tip and slides it through her plump lips. “You’ll pick me up from the train when I get back to New York?”

“I’d drive back and come get you if you wanted me to.” I trace her face and my heart squeezes in my chest as I see the same look I’m sure is all over my face. “God, I’m crazy about you,” I whisper.

She slides her panties to the side and begins moving up and down on me. “So am I. I’ve thought I was crazy for years with how intense my feelings were.” She presses her forehead to mine and squeezes her eyes shut. “Thank you for not letting me be in this alone.” She bites her lip and I watch, fascinated, as looks of lust trace her face. She throws her head back exposing her slender throat and I reach up and drag my tongue along it to her chin and back to her mouth.

“You’ll never be alone.” I grunt as she rides me harder. “I’m here. I’ll always be here, angel. However, you need me.”

“I’ll always need you.” She cries as I grope her chest. “Come inside me. Come in my pussy.”

I dig my nails into the flesh and she circles her hips in a figure eight motion, rubbing her clit along my abdomen. “Fuck, James,” she cries out and I smile smugly just as I always do when my name spills from her mouth.

“Shit, I’m going to come, Gabby.”

“Same,” she whispers and her lips find my mouth, sucking and licking at the flesh. Running her teeth along the skin and up towards my ear. Her pussy squeezes my cock holding me snugly as she continues to ride up and down my shaft. She lets go and starts to squeeze in rapid beats like she’s doing kegels around my cock.

“Your slick cunt is soaking me. Fuck, I’m right there,” I grit out as I spill into her. My body vibrates with the force of my climax; my eyes shut, and my head drops to her shoulder just as she screams my name.

“I love you so much,” she moans as our orgasms roll through us.



Gabrielle

The four days didn’t go quite as slow as I thought they would. I spent time with my parents and a few of my friends from high school, and Monica even hung around. I still spent every night on FaceTime with him and we both gave each other a show that ended with us both out of breath and sated. I am packing up the last of my things before I leave for New York when my sister enters the room and flops down on my bed. Her hair is pulled into a top knot with strands escaping her bun and pulls her glasses down to rest on her nose.

“You almost ready?”

I spin around, tossing my flat iron and makeup bag in my overnight tote and nod. “Thanks for driving me, Mon.” Monica is staying through the New Year and leaving the day after New Year’s Day so she can recover from the hangover she’s already planning to have tomorrow. She and a bunch of her friends are doing a bar crawl around Connecticut and then staying at some ritzy resort across town. I was invited to come, but I told her I had plans with Harper and some of the girls from my dorm.

She doesn't say anything back and when I look over at her she looks like she wants to say something. Her perfectly sculpted eyebrows furrow as she scrunches her lips together. "Gab, is there anything you want to talk about?" My heart begins to accelerate instantly and I try to calm my nerves before answering her in what I believe would be a high pitched and very telling, "No!"

"What do you mean?" I continue making eye contact, knowing that averting my gaze will just make me look guilty.

"You've just been different this week, that's all. Almost like you've been on edge. Nervous. You always tell me everything and I feel like you're keeping something from me." She lowers her glasses again and looks at me over the tops of the lenses.

I shake my head and do my best to force a chuckle. "No girl, there's nothing. It was just a long semester. I guess I'm still coming down from that." I zip my tote closed and set it on top of one of my suitcases. "You're overthinking it." She narrows her gaze, staring at me like I have the answers written all over my face.

"Any time your phone buzzes it's like you jump four feet. You've been quiet. Almost too quiet. It's like you're worried that if you open your mouth, something is going to come tumbling out like word vomit." She tucks a stray blonde strand behind her ear and fiddles with her glasses again. "You know you can tell me anything. I won't judge you."

Easy to say now. She probably thinks I have a boyfriend at school I'm keeping from everyone. Or that I failed a class. Certainly not that I've fallen in love with my older brother and have been letting him fuck my brains out for the better part of the past week.

"There's nothing to tell, Monica. I promise," I add for extra measure. I feel guilty lying to her when she can clearly see I'm hiding something, but now is not the time to unleash the truth on her. *Or anyone.*

"Okay." She shrugs. "Well, let's get you back to New York then."



My leg bounces in anticipation, my skin buzzing with the need to see James. I'm still ten minutes away and he's already texted me that he's there

waiting for me. Like he'd ever leave me waiting. I can remember the few times he had to pick me up from school and he was never late. I press my phone to my heart and I can't believe I've become that girl who's this giddy about seeing her boyfriend.

Boyfriend.

James is my boyfriend.

"Holy crap," I whisper to myself.

"Next stop, New York City," the conductor says as he grabs my ticket stub from overhead. Minutes later, we are pulling into the station and I'm on my feet grabbing my bags before we are even completely stopped, the adrenaline over seeing James pushing my legs to move even faster. I'm the first one to line up at the door and I'm off the train the second it opens. I start moving towards the escalator when I hear his voice behind me.

"Hi, pretty girl."

I turn around and I'm stunned to see James on the platform as I assumed he would be waiting outside for me. But now that I think about it, this makes perfect sense. He's wearing a pair of jeans and a hoodie under his gray peacoat and the mix between casual and business makes my knees weak.

"JAMES!" I squeal and then I'm in his arms with my legs wrapped around his waist as his lips attack mine. "I missed you so much," I tell him between kisses. "I never want to be apart again." He grabs me by the back of my neck and holds me to him as we kiss like lovers who haven't seen each other in years and not the four days it's been. He tightens his hold on the back of my neck and grips my butt through my coat pulling me harder against him. The kiss and the fact that my sex is completely opened up for him has me feeling dizzy and I try to regain my balance as he sets me on my feet.

"Fucking missed you." He tells me as he grabs both of my suitcases, leaving me with just my purse and I don't think I'll ever get tired of his chivalry.

We make our way to the car and the second we're alone my hand reaches for his dick, wanting to mount him in the parking lot of the train station.

He grabs my hand and brings it to his lips. "Let me touch you," I tell him. He looks at me with the sweetest and yet most sexy eyes as he holds both of my hands between his and places kisses all over my fingers.

“I want to wait.”

Wait? Is he kidding? “Till we get home?”

“Till we get home from dinner tonight.”

My eyes widen and I almost choke on my own spit that had pooled in my mouth at the thought of sucking his dick while he drove us home. “J...” I trail off. “Don’t you want me after not having me for four days?”

“Exactly. If I have a taste we aren’t making it to dinner.”

“Aaaand would that be the end of the world?”

“Okay, nympho, can we do something romantic?” he jokes as he pulls out of the garage.

I hold my hands out before pointing to his pelvis and than mine. “What is more romantic than your cock inside of me?”

A loud hearty laugh leaves his mouth and he squeezes my hand before kissing it again. “So I have turned you into a little nympho. I’m not even going to pretend that doesn’t make me proud as fuck.”

“You’re proud that you turned your little sister into a sex crazed lunatic that is quite literally thirsty for your cum?”

“Gabrielle Simone.” He feigns shock over my comment but I can see the smile in his eyes.

“Oooh the middle name. Sorry, Daddy.” I giggle and he takes a deep breath and lets it out through his nose before running his tongue over his teeth.

“You can’t manipulate me into getting what you want.”

“I can’t? Huh, that’s news to me.” I am well aware that his cock is hard at this point and based on the death grip he has around my left hand, he knows what I’m planning to do if he lets it go.



The idea of toying with James comes to me in the shower and a smirk finds my face at the idea of breaking him of this ‘I don’t want to fool around until later tonight’ idea. We have several hours until dinner; I came back to the city early for this reason exactly. I turn off the water and step out of the shower into the steam filled bathroom. I dry myself off completely, before moisturizing every inch of my body with my lavender scented body lotion. I

spritz on some perfume in a few places; behind my ears, my wrists, my neck and between my breasts and my sex throbs with need at the thought of his mouth on those places.

I pull off the shower cap and pull my hair from the loose ponytail I'd put it in to keep it from getting wet before opening the door into the bedroom that I now share with James. I frown when I don't see him on the bed where I left him and I wonder if he is somewhere hiding from me for this very reason.

I'm naked and I'm about to practice my art of seduction.

I make my way out of the bedroom and I hear the television on in the living room so I take a deep breath and make my way to the kitchen under the guise of getting some water. I don't even look in his direction as I walk past him sitting on the couch watching *Shawshank Redemption* for probably the millionth time. I open the refrigerator, not paying attention to James or the fact that he must have paused or muted the television because I don't hear anything. I grab a bottle of water out of the refrigerator and when I close the door James is on the other side, his eyes narrowed as he scans me from head to toe.

"What are you doing?" He bites his lip as his eyes zero in on the space between my legs that is getting slicker as his gaze darkens.

"Getting some water." I say with as much confidence as I can muster.

He leans down so his face is but an inch from mine. "That's not what you're doing."

I hold up the bottle of water in between our faces. "Seems like it is," I sass.

"You're trying to seduce me." He tells me as he takes a step towards me and on instinct, I try to take a step back. He grabs me by my wrists to prevent me from moving before he hauls me to his chest. His nose trails down my face and neck and he places a hot open mouthed kiss on my shoulder. "You thought you could walk in here naked, fresh from the shower, your skin smelling like that lotion that makes me hard with just a whiff and think I'll just drop to my knees in front of you, didn't you, Princess? You thought you could break me when I told you I wanted to wait." His voice is low but even and it sends a shiver across my naked flesh. I suddenly wish I wasn't completely naked and had some layer of protection because I feel vulnerable under his gaze especially while he is completely clothed.

“James.” I whimper as I try to get out of his grasp. *Maybe this wasn't the best idea.*

“You wanted a reaction out of me.” He backs me against the counter and spins me around pressing me down onto the counter. I hiss when my bare breasts hit the naked marble and I whimper when he digs his erection into my backside. “Should I fuck your ass for my pleasure and not yours?”

I clench as my body rejects the idea of not having an orgasm even if the idea of having him in my ass does turn me on. It does also terrify me because I've heard horror stories about a woman's first time but I know he'd never do anything to hurt me. His hands grip my ass cheeks, his nails digging almost painfully into the flesh. He spreads them and then I feel his breath on my skin, before his mouth places gentle kisses along my backside. He spreads my cheeks even further opening me up to him and I feel my skin heating at the idea of being so exposed to him. His finger rubs against my asshole and my mouth drops open at the kinkiness of this whole situation.

“I wanted to wait because I knew if I fucked you now, we'd never leave. But now you're standing in front of me fucking naked and all I want to do is impale you on my cock. Force my dick so far down your throat you feel it in your pussy. Put my mouth between your legs and feast on you until you beg me to stop. I wanted to wait. I was trying to control myself when all I've wanted to do since I picked you up at the train station is bend you over and fuck you mercilessly.” His finger is still in my ass and I can feel myself getting wetter after his sinful monologue when I feel his finger leave and his tongue on my sex. He's eating me from behind; his thick tongue rubbing my clit before dipping inside me and spearing my open every few seconds.

“James.” I whine. “Fuck.” I press my face against the counter and squeeze my eyes shut as he continues to fuck me from behind with his mouth. My orgasm is approaching fast and a smile finds my face that I'm getting exactly what I wanted and my plan worked perfectly when suddenly his tongue leaves me and he stands up. My eyes fly open at the loss of stimulation on my clit and before I can turn around, he leans over me and whispers in my ear. “Now we are both horny as fuck. Now you're wet and needy and I get to watch you squirm all through dinner wanting me between your legs.”

“Wha—what?”

“I’m going to go take a shower,” he leans down and presses a hot open mouthed kiss to the base of my throat before running my tongue up the flesh. “Don’t touch that pretty pussy.”



I’m slammed up against the wall of the elevator and my legs immediately move around his waist, sending my short skin tight sparkly gold dress that I’d worn to dinner up around my waist. Lips find my neck and his tongue darts out to lick the skin between my breasts. He drags it up my chest and neck and to my mouth where our tongues meet. We indulged in far too many glasses of champagne and we’re teetering on the edge of drunk. *Well, he’s teetering, I’m already there.* James’ hands reach under my dress, tearing my underwear from my body and letting the lace fall to the ground in shreds. His hand replaces the material as he cups my sex possessively and lets his fingers drag through my slit.

“Fuck.” My eyes roll back as the feeling of his hand between my legs takes over.

“Oh, that’s what we’re going to be doing for the rest of the night. Believe me.” He grunts in my ear as he rocks his cock against me. “You looked so fucking sinful in this dress, Gabrielle.”

My dress comes to my knees and has a sweetheart neckline that gives me cleavage that James couldn’t drag his gaze away from all night. He pulls my breast from the cup and runs his tongue over my nipple and the pierce of his stubble causes a flutter between my legs, just as the elevator dings letting us know we’re on his floor. He lets my nipple go with a pop and we stumble down the hall, a mess of lips and hands and whispered vows of devotion. By the time we’re in his apartment, we don’t even make it to his room before he’s inside of me as both of us are desperate from the intimacy we’ve been denied all day. My coat isn’t even off before my dress is raised up around my waist and his cock is pushing through my folds as he fucks me from behind. I grip the arm of the couch for leverage, pressing my chest into the material as he fucks me wildly. “Oh my God,” I whimper as my eyes flutter shut. His hips bang into my ass almost painfully with the force in which he fucks me but the pleasure is much more intense. From the back

of my neck all the way to the tips of my toes, my skin prickles with anticipation of coming and I know this climax is going to be just as powerful as the others.

“Baby, fuck I’m going to come.” He growls from behind me. “How close are you?”

“So close,” I tell him before biting down on my bottom lip. My hands curl into fists and my nails dig into my palms so hard I know there will be indents left in their wake.

“Get fucking there,” he commands with a loud smack on my behind which bounces off the walls of the quiet room. “Do what you have to do to make that slick cunt come all over my cock.” One hand reaches around me, and with one swipe over my clit I cry out and my orgasm takes me over. “There it is. Thank fuck.” He lets out a guttural groan and I feel him expand inside of me and then what I assume to be ropes of cum shooting inside. I gasp as my own orgasm begins and makes me feel like I’m floating. I’m light headed, my legs are weak, and I feel like I can’t get enough air into my lungs. The space between my legs hums with pleasure as I come down from the high of my orgasm and when I squeeze the last bit out of James’ cock, he lowers himself onto my back. He doesn’t put all his weight there but enough that he pushes my hair to the side and presses a kiss to my neck before peppering multiple kisses across my shoulders.

“I’ll never have my fill of you.” His words cut through the silence as he slips out of me. “This. Us. It’s going to be a long fucking road, Gab. But I’m not giving you up *ever*.”

“You and me,” I murmur.

“Forever,” he replies.

We spend the rest of the night in his bed making up for the past four days. He spends most of that time with his head between my thighs, and it isn’t until around three in the morning that we finally drift off to sleep, both of us sated and happy to be going into the New Year together.



So, you know that saying that *nothing good lasts forever*? I hate that saying. Why is that anyway? Why do good things have to come to an end?

I knew I wasn't going to be able to keep up this relationship with James forever without anyone finding out, but I certainly wasn't expecting to have to deal with that *now*. James and I hadn't talked about how we were going to broach this subject with anyone but we certainly wanted it to be on our own terms and not because our sister walked in on us.

It barely even registered that Monica was in James' living room as I rode him *very* fucking hard on the same couch he took me against last night, until she was screaming and shielding her eyes.

"Oh my God, oh my God!" she shrieks behind closed eyes. "I KNEW IT. OH MY GOD, JAMES! GAB!"

"What the fuck, Monica!?" he growls as I scramble off of him. He pulls his boxers and sweatpants on and I slide his t-shirt on over my bare chest. I'm sliding my panties back up my legs when she opens one eye and peeks at us through her hands.

Her eyes are wide and unblinking and no one says anything for several moments. "I...need a drink," she says as she crosses the room to his bar cart in the corner of the living room.

"What the fuck are you doing here and without knocking, mind you? Do I just walk the fuck into your house in Boston? No, because I don't fucking live there!" he yells at her as she takes a shot of Jameson and another and another. He spins her around to face him and I can see the look of anger all over his face. "ANSWER ME! What are you doing here?!" His voice is angry and I'm sure it's in part because he was close to coming when she walked in and started screaming.

"You're... You..." She points at us. "HOW!? When!? WHY!?"

"One question at a time, Monica." I wince, trying my best to calm her before she works herself up even more. Her chest is heaving and her cheeks are flushed and if I'm not mistaken, I see a brief trace of sadness in her expression.

"Questions we aren't answering until you answer mine. What," he says through gritted teeth, "are you doing here?"

She blinks several times and runs a hand through her hair. "How long has this been going on?"

"Again. My question first." James demands. "How did you even get a key?"

"I took the spare one from home, James...you and you!" she says looking at me. "You two were so secretive all week. You were practically

attached at the hip. Where you went” she says pointing at me, “your eyes followed her. Like you were afraid she was going to disappear.” She lets out a breath and unwraps her scarf from around her neck and tosses it on a nearby chair. “I thought something was going on...”

Were we that obvious? James and I share a look wondering the same thing so I speak up and ask. “Have you discussed this with Mom and Dad? I mean...do you think they have the same theory?”

“No, I don’t think our parents think their children are banging each other.” She rolls her eyes. “How... When did this start?”

“Last week.” I answer. “So, what, you came here to try and catch us or something?”

“I wanted to know what was going on.”

“It wasn’t your business, Monica,” James snaps. “When we were ready to tell you, we were going to, but this is just an invasion of our privacy.”

“YOU’RE SIBLINGS, you shouldn’t need *this* level of privacy!” she shrieks as she begins to pace back and forth in front of us.

“And that judgmental attitude is exactly why we hadn’t told you yet,” James retorts.

“You think *I’m* being judgmental? I’m the least of your worries and you know it. You’re siblings; fuck the whole biological thing. Who cares that you’re not blood related? You’re siblings!” She throws her hand in the air in exasperation before letting them drop.

“I’m fully aware,” he snaps.

“And this isn’t some siblings that are close in age messing around to learn what it’s like.” She points at James. “You know better.”

“It sounds like you think that he took advantage of me, Monica. It’s not like that,” I interject. The last thing I want is for people to think he groomed me or hurt me or touched me first. Or before I was legal. I initiated this. I wanted it. *Needed it*. And maybe he needed it too, but I made the first move.

“Oh? Then what’s it like because I know you were a virgin until whenever you all took this step.” She rolls her eyes and I take that to mean she doesn’t believe this has only been going on for a week.

“I’m in love with him,” I tell her honestly. “I’ve been in love with him for years. I made the first move.”

“Oh, I knew about your infatuation, Gab. You wore it on your face, but I certainly didn’t see this for your future. You guys are going to destroy this

family if you think this can be a long term thing. You think Mom and Dad will be as calm as I am discussing this with you? Dad is going to kick your ass,” she tells James. “Gab is his little Princess, even more so than me.”

“No one loves her more than I do.” The gruff tone of his voice lets me know that his patience is wearing thin with Monica. “And you fucking know that.”

“This is so classic you, James. You always have to fuck everything up just like when we were kids.” She shakes her head and my heart hurts hearing such harsh words spoken against the man I love. I think about rebutting her comment but his hand squeezes mine and I take it to mean that he’s not taking her comment to heart. “This is not okay.” She looks at me. “You have to see how wrong this is.”

“I love him, Monica.” The tears form in my eyes as I think about potentially losing my best friend over this. “He didn’t fuck anything up,” I tell her, wanting her to know that her comment couldn’t be more off base. “Please don’t hate us.”

Her face falls and I can see the hurt in her hazel eyes. “I don’t hate you. I could never hate either of you, but that doesn’t mean I’m not totally shocked, a little freaked out, and more than a little traumatized from walking in on my older brother fucking the life out of my baby sister.”

“Again, knock next time,” James grunts as he pours a shot and downs it. “Look Monica, I’m not going to apologize for this. I’m sorry you had to find out the way you did. Trust me, you walking in on us isn’t exactly high on my favorite times either. But I’m not going to apologize for giving into my heart and my head and—”

“Your dick?” Monica interrupts.

“Yeah, Monica, we’re really in this situation because I wanted to get my dick wet.” He stares at her. “I am in love with her.”

“I just don’t understand how this happened! You were thirteen when Mom and Dad brought her home. You watched her grow up. You loved her like an older brother. Her protector. A man always in her corner. What happens when this ends? How do you go back to being siblings after being lovers? This is why family members shouldn’t engage in this type of relationship. Aside from the fact that it’s illegal and immoral and just... wrong! It makes things messy as fuck when things end. You’ll never be the same and it’s going to change everything! It’s not just about you, it’s going to change the dynamic of our entire family.”

Her words ring in my ears and I find myself getting dizzy at the idea that James and I wouldn't be the same after this. "It's not." His voice cuts through my thoughts and my eyes shoot to his. "It's not going to end. I wouldn't have done this if I didn't think Gabrielle was my endgame. My soulmate. She's everything to me."

I slide my hand into his and lace our fingers, a movement that drags Monica's eyes to where our hands are joined. "Guys—"

"Monica, I know this is a lot to take in, but...it's just the way it is. You can kick and scream and warn us about all the issues that will arise from this but I'm not giving him up. I'll take whatever problems come up in stride. James is..." I bite my bottom lip. "I'm in love with him and I know people will think it's sick and wrong and dirty, but I don't care. Because they don't feel what I feel. They don't know how physically painful it's been being in love with someone I thought I could never have. I can't spend my life living for other people. I want to live for me."

"Maybe you don't care what other people think but what about *our* people? What about Mom and Dad and your friends and people that only know you two as siblings? How is that going to work when you want to get married or have a baby?"

"I don't know, Monica. You're asking us a list of questions we haven't thought about. We're taking it day by day. We weren't anticipating having to explain this to anyone a week into our relationship."

"Relationship?" Monica repeats.

"Yes, Monica. A relationship. Or are you still not getting what I'm saying? Gabrielle. Is. Mine." A smile pulls at my lips hearing his absolute possession of me. "Every part of her belongs to me and I am not giving her up for anyone. Not you, not our parents, not anyone. If anyone has a problem with it, and I'm sure there will be, I'll fucking deal with it as it comes. But I'm not giving away my chance to be happy because people may find fault with it. We can just move and you'll never see us again. I'm sure that will go over really well with our mother that is so desperate for grandchildren she can't see straight."

"I don't think she's desperate for her son and daughter to have her grandchildren *together*."

James lets out an exasperated breath. "Mon, I'm not going back and forth with you about this. It is what it is. Deal with it or don't, but the Q and A is over." He pulls my hand to his lips. "I know how this looks and I know

it's a lot, but how do you think we're feeling?" Tears prickle in my eyes and goosebumps rise all over my skin. "I'll take care of Gabrielle, Monica. You know that."

"Of course, I do," Monica whispers as tears form in her eyes. "And if you two were any other people in my life, I'd believe that this is real. I'd be your biggest cheerleaders. I've seen how you two look at each other when you don't think anyone's looking. I've seen the lingering hugs and the times Gabrielle would feel so comfortable sitting in your lap over this past year. I've heard you tell her you love her when you get off the phone when that's never been something you and I did. I always knew your bond with her was different, but I guess even if you guys did have feelings for each other, I never expected you'd cross that line...to this magnitude." She lets out a breath. "Look, it's your life and I can't control it any more than I can control the weather but I'm hoping that if you go down this road...you're prepared for all the bumps that'll come along the way. If you're going to do this, you both need to be all in."

Chapter SIXTEEN

Gabrielle

Monica didn't stay long after what happened. She was stunned to the point of shock and barely said anything after the initial conversation. She hugged me goodbye and told me she'd call me after she had time to process. On the contrary, she didn't say much to James, making me wonder if she saw this whole thing as his fault. That he'd preyed on me or somehow coerced me into this. That I was the young naïve girl that got in over my head. She'd even said it. "*You know better.*" I'd seen the disdain in her eyes when she said it. But I also saw the hurt, the shame, the and the worry. I'd spent so long dreading this moment and while it could have gone worse—she told us she wouldn't say anything to our parents—I still felt the tension radiating off of her.

"Did that actually happen?" I look up at James as he makes his way towards me after dead bolting the door after Monica left. "Like our sister... caught us..." I let out a deep breath as the anxiety unfurls in my chest. Every time I close my eyes, I see the look of horror on her face. I can hear her screaming almost hysterically.

"Unfortunately." He scratches the back of his neck and drops on the couch next to me. "At least she hugged you goodbye, she barely even looked at me."

"It might be the whole seeing her older brother's dick thing?" I purse my lips, wondering how I'd feel if I walked in on my parents which is the

only scenario I could equate to how Monica might be feeling.

“I don’t think she even saw my dick; you were sitting on me.” He rubs his eyes and leans back and stares up at the ceiling. “She’s never going to look at me the same.”

I frown, thinking about how awkward and tense family gatherings are going to be. Monica wears her feelings on her face and has zero filter so I worry about something slipping out of her mouth even unintentionally. “I don’t think she’ll tell mom and dad.”

“I don’t either.” He agrees but I can tell he wants to say something else.

“What is it?”

His full lips form a frown and I can see the emotions all over his face. *He’s hurt.* “I’ve just known Monica since I was three years old. Almost twenty-seven years.” He winces. “And in thirty fucking seconds, everything changed.” He lets out a deep breath before his eyes meet mine. “I wasn’t ready for her to find out and obviously not the way she did.”

“She’s not going to be angry forever. She’s not going to ignore you forever. If I have to, I’ll talk to her. She’ll listen to me.” I’m still processing everything myself but I want to be there for James if he’s starting to spiral over our very unconventional relationship. *Could he possibly want out now? Is he thinking that he never wants to have this conversation again so better just to end it?*

“Yeah.” He says, not giving up anything and I contemplate pressing him to open up but I stay silent, knowing he’ll talk to me when he’s ready. He runs his hand over his jaw, scratching the stubble before he stands and stretches his arms to the ceiling. He extends his hand to me and I take it wanting nothing more than to be close to him after one of the toughest afternoons I’ve ever had and all of the doubts racing through my head in response. He leads me to the bedroom and drops to the bed instantly letting his eyes flutter closed. He holds his arms out and I climb onto the bed and into his embrace, letting my head rest just beneath his chin.

“Everything is going to be fine, J.” I whisper as he begins to stroke my back.

“Eventually.” He murmurs.



I'd fallen into a troubled sleep from the events of the day when a sensation down south wakes me from my slumber. A moan escapes my lips and instinctively, I reach for the source of the feeling and feel a silky head of hair between my legs. "Oh fuck," I hear myself whisper as he drags his tongue slowly through my slit. I don't think I'm fully awake yet but I can feel everything. My back arches just as he sucks my clit into his mouth and my body begins to buzz with anticipation. Lightning zips up my spine as I begin to chase my orgasm. My pussy aches for my release as it tingles under his sinful tongue that rubs against me at rapid speed. Just as I'm on the precipice of an orgasm, he pushes my knees to my chest, and pulls his tongue away from my clit as he drives his tongue inside of my cunt; fucking me with his tongue the way he would his cock. His tongue is so deep inside of me it takes my breath away and I find myself struggling to breathe. His hand reaches around me and begins to rub at my clit and I feel so overstimulated.

"Hold your legs," he tells me and I obey. His hand finds my throat as he continues to eat my cunt and I can honestly say I've never felt as vulnerable or as sexy as I do in this moment.

"Co—ming," I manage to get out, and at the high of my orgasm, he lets my throat go.

I hear him gasp, but then I'm pretty sure I lose consciousness for a second because for a moment, I don't see or hear him. I can only feel the full body sensation that he created.

"Fuck me, J," I mumble, as I grab onto his head and begin moving my hips against his face. My eyes fully open again and when I look down, I let out a sexy sigh at the fact that he's staring up at me, his dark blue eyes dilated and filled with lust. He pulls back slightly and the trail of spit connecting his mouth to my cunt makes my whole body feel like it's on fire.

"I've never wanted anything or anyone as much as I've wanted you, Gabrielle," he murmurs against me, before taking long slow licks through my slit. Despite how sensitive I am, my body begins to build again when his tongue returns to my clit. "This and us...it's the best thing that ever happened to me." His words are my undoing and I feel my body falling apart under his sexy mouth *again*. His eyes are still transfixed on me and our eyes stay locked as I fall over the edge.

"Fuck fuck fuck. James, I'm coming again." I moan. "Oh my fucking God, yes!"

“Do you love when I do this? Do you love when I suck your clit into my mouth?” He taps my clit lightly with his tongue before pressing a loud kiss to the slick flesh. “Because I love when you come. I love your taste. Your scent. I love putting my mouth...” he drags a finger through my slit, “here.”

“Yes yes yes,” I chant. “I love it. I love when you put your cock there too,” I whisper as I pull him up so that we’re face to face. I wrap my legs around him and lock my ankles behind him, pushing his hard cock inside of me. I can feel every ridge of his dick as he slides into me agonizingly slow. “Fuck. How are you so fucking good at...everything?” I chuckle. “Seriously, I used to think there was nothing you couldn’t do,” I whisper. He stares down at me, stroking my cheeks before he presses his lips to mine. “Still think that.”

“You’ve always loved me so much, Gab. What did I do to deserve you? To deserve this—the thing I’ve wanted for so long even though it’s so fucking wrong. Even though people will condemn me or us for it.” He plants a slow kiss on my lips, sliding his tongue between my lips to dance with mine. You know I’ll protect you right, Gabrielle? I’ll protect you from anyone or anything that tries to fuck with you, ever.” He pulls out and slides back in harder, swirling his hips in a circle, going deeper with each stroke. “I’ll never let anything tear us apart.”

“Promise?”

His hand reaches up to grab my jaw and he squeezes hard. “You haven’t been paying attention if you think I don’t mean that with everything I am.” His eyes bore into mine and I can feel the intensity radiating from them all the while he’s inside me and the combination of the two takes my breath away. I’m about to respond when the sound of his phone interrupts us. It’s nearing almost two in the morning, so I have no idea who’d be calling this late. I turn my head towards the sound when his hand finds my face again, turning me back to look at him. “Ignore it.”

I nod, and he presses his lips back to mine as he continues to move in and out of me. The ringing stops only to start up again and I pull away from his lips. “Okay, baby, it might be important.”

“It’s not, trust me.”

“Why? Who is it?”

“I have a guess and it’s not something I want to talk about while I’m balls deep inside the love of my life; can we just ignore it so I can make you come?”

Realization dawns on me when I figure it's another woman. *Wanting to come over.*

Just as that realization hits me, there's a frantic knock on the door.

"Oh, fuck me," James growls as he slides out of me.



JAMES

I'm momentarily entranced as I watch my sexier than sin woman spring from the comfort of our warm bed and start to pull on my t-shirt and my sweatpants over her naked body. It isn't until she's taken a few steps towards my bedroom door do I realize that *she* plans to answer the door dressed in all my clothes and potentially stake her claim over me to a woman that is very familiar with the fact that she's my sister.

"Gabrielle," I say, hopping out of bed and chasing her out of my room. I pin her to the wall and press my naked body clear against her hoping that I ease the sting of what I'm about to say. I cup her face and stare into her warm chocolate brown eyes that have the power to make me do just about anything she asks. I blink my eyes a few times, trying to get out from under the spell she weaves over me. "Baby."

"J..." she says and my cock twitches at the way that one letter leaves her lips. I drag my thumb across her pouty lips and give her a smile.

"What are you doing?"

Her eyes dart to the door before they meet my gaze. "I'm going to answer the door and tell your little friend, that you will be busy for the night and for all the nights in the foreseeable future."

"Okay, first of all, longer than just the foreseeable future," I correct. "But...and as much as I would love to see that in action, Mila," I drag my eyes to the door where I still hear her knocks and hear the faint sound of my ringtone coming from the other room. *Shit, she really must be hammered.* "Mila knows you're my...well, that we are..." I clear my throat because

while it's the truth, I have been trying not to refer to her as my sister since we started this.

Realization must dawn on her because she nods. "Related?"

"Correct."

She furrows his brows in question and it's a look I've been on the receiving end of many times. *She's so fucking cute.* "How? I've never met her."

"Your pictures are all over my apartment. Not only is there visual representation, but your shit is everywhere. My room, the guest room, the bathrooms, the living room. There has been signs of a very present woman here ever since I moved in, which I've had to explain to..." I clear my throat again because this isn't the conversation any man wants to have with their woman. Let alone the woman that was possessive over me even *before* she let me stick my dick inside of her. "...women that have been here would think that I had a wife or a girlfriend so, yeah, you've come up. A lot."

"I see." She nods. "Okay, right. I'm sorry, that makes sense," she says, but I can see the annoyance all over her face that she can't set Mila straight. "I'll go back to the room." She starts moving back to our bedroom when I grab her arm. Her head snaps back to mine and I give her a smirk. "Stay here and listen. Maybe *you* can't tell her I've met someone, but I sure as hell will," I tell her with a wink. I jog back to the room to grab some sweatpants and a hoodie before moving towards my front door that's out of sight from where Gabrielle is standing.

I open the door and I'm actually shocked that Mila is still standing there, though not surprised that she's on the phone. Her blonde hair is down and curled, falling down her back in waves. Despite the temperatures, she's wearing a pair of leather leggings and a graphic t-shirt underneath a leather bomber jacket. Her head snaps up. "Oh my gosh! I was just about to call an Uber!" She bounces on the balls of her feet and lunges for me, wrapping her arms around me and I'm grateful she doesn't try to kiss me. "Thank God." She closes her phone and tries to enter the apartment past me when I hold an arm up effectively blocking her from entering.

"Mila." I shake my head and she takes a few steps back. She cocks her head to the side and tries to look behind me before shooting her gaze back to me.

"Oh, someone's already here..." she says and nods. "I'm sorry, I didn't know you had a rotation, I—"

Annoyance spikes because Gabrielle is listening to this conversation and that's not what I need her to hear. "Not a rotation. I met someone and it's serious." I lean against the door jamb. "Very serious."

Her eyes widen and she takes another step back. "Oh. Ohhhh." She shakes her head and tucks a blonde strand behind her ear. "I—okay, sorry." She bites her bottom lip. "I'm super happy for you." She smiles, though I see her eyes becoming glossy with tears. I'm not sure if it's because she had feelings for me or the alcohol or a combination of both. "Can I meet her?"

"Yeah, that will be a no," I tell her. "It's still new but it's also unnecessary. She's very aware as to why you're showing up at my apartment at two in the morning."

"I didn't know."

"Which is precisely why I'm here instead of her. She wasn't happy about it."

"Right, of course. Duh!" she says smacking her head. "I should go."

I nod. "I think that would be best. Are you okay to get yourself home?"

She nods before pulling out her phone again. After a moment, she looks up at me. "Wait, we slept together like three weeks ago. How can it already be serious? Unless of course, you cheated on her!" she whispers, assumedly so my mystery woman wouldn't hear which is nice in theory but it irritates me that she'd even say that.

"I'd never cheat on her. It's new but it's serious and that's all you need to know about it." I'm getting more irritated the longer she's here, so she needs to realize that this isn't going to end the way she imagined when she showed up here unannounced.

"I see." She swallows. "Well, okay then. Bye James." She waves before moving down the hallway. I almost feel bad for her when I hear her pull out her phone.

"Hey, I'm coming over."

I close the door and let out a deep breath, unsure of what I'm walking into when I see Gabrielle sitting on the floor against the wall where I left her. She stands up and I can see the sadness on her face. "Three weeks ago?" She bites her lip and it's not in the usual sexy way but in a way that lets me know she's trying to stop herself from crying. "That was like a week before we..."

"Baby, please don't be upset. I'm sorry. I had no idea that the following week we'd be here. I had no idea that I'd ever have you."

She frowns. "I waited my whole life for you."

"Okay, Gabby, as sexy as the green eyed goddess looks on you, can you not let your jealousy overtake reason? You were six years old when I lost my virginity, you were nowhere on my radar and even for ten years after that. I was twenty-nine when I first started seeing you differently. I wish I had waited for you, but please don't be upset that I didn't. No one has ever been here but you." I press her hand to my heart.

She nods. "I know. I'm being silly."

"I know it stings that she was here...and I am so sorry you had to hear that." I rub my nose against hers. "No one will ever have me again but you."

She sighs and moves away from me. "My God, I can only imagine how you'd handle it if I'd been with anyone before you." She laughs as she moves into the kitchen and instantly I'm annoyed at the thought. "If I'd taken Brandon up on his coffee date or whatever the fuck he wanted to do."

Just the mention of his name pisses me off. "Are you trying to rile me up?" I stand behind her, pushing my pelvis into her back and pressing my lips to her neck. I slide my hand down her body and beneath the band of my sweatpants she has on. I slide my fingers between her legs and notice she's not as wet as she usually is and my guess is it's due to what she just witnessed. I slide my fingers into my mouth, getting them wet before pushing them back between the lips of her sex.

She shudders in my arms. "I was just saying you'd be ready to lose your shit." Her voice is strained and I can tell she's trying to keep her voice even.

"I'm not denying it." I continue my assault on her neck, sucking on the skin knowing that if I keep this up she'll be sporting a significant hickey. "We already know that I'm the jealous type when it comes to you." I pinch her clit and her knees buckle.

She spins around in my arms effectively removing my hand from between her legs. "I may have been trying to rile you up a little." She moves from my arms and hops up on the counter, wrapping her legs around my back. "I know there were women before me. I just didn't realize one was *only a literal week* before me."

I nod, knowing how much that would hurt. "I know, baby and I feel like shit over it."

"Don't. It's not your fault," she says and I'm not sure if she's saying it for my benefit or her own. I think she's reasonable enough to realize that

she has no reason to feel jealous but part of me understands. *She's right, I'd be a psychopath if I knew anyone had touched her. I could only imagine the scene that would unfold if any guy showed up at her dorm in the middle of the night while I was there.*

“That night that we crossed this line, I remember thinking this is what's been missing. You. You were missing.” I finger her waves between my fingers. I know what she wants right now, and I'm more than happy to give it to her knowing I need to be close to her just as badly. “You want to take a bath?”

Chapter SEVENTEEN

JAMES

One Month Later

I'm lying on the bed watching as Gabrielle gets ready to go out with Harper and some of her friends from her dorm. I'll admit it's been tough with her having to balance her friends and myself the past month. It's been almost impossible for us to consistently spend the night together because it would probably raise about a hundred questions if she was sleeping over at my place every night like we want. We'd been lucky that Harper started seeing someone and it gave Gabrielle an excuse to sleep here under the guise of trying to give Harper some privacy but I'm over it. I want Gabrielle in my bed every night. Not just twice a week *if I'm lucky*.

"Hey, babe," I call into the bathroom and Gabrielle comes out holding that little tool over her eyelashes that make them look longer. She's wearing a black skin tight long sleeved dress that's showing more cleavage than I'd appreciate and accentuates her delicious curves. Sheer stockings adorn her legs and the heeled boots she's wearing make her legs look a mile long despite her height. I rub a hand over my jaw willing my irritation away as I think about all of the men that will be tripping over their dicks to get to her all night. *Not that I plan to be far away but she doesn't need to know that yet.* "You are gorgeous." I smile at her and she beams under my praise.

"Thank you," she says with a curtsy and a giggle.

“Well, that was the respectable side of me. The not so respectable side wants to tell you that you look sexy as fuck and I want to pull that dress off of you with my teeth. Not to mention, it’s making me fucking crazy thinking about all of the men that will be staring at you.” I get up and stand in front of her towering over her petite frame and I pick her up into my arms like she weighs nothing and pin her to the wall, lining my cock up with her center. A gasp escapes her lips as I begin to rock against her. “The disrespectful side wants to take you over my knee and spank the fuck out of you for wearing this slutty little dress while I’m not around to put anyone in line.”

“But—”

“Hush,” I tell her before leaning down and running my tongue up her neck. “I also want to remind you that while your friends may want to attract every man within five miles with a working dick, *you*, Gabrielle Calloway, have a man waiting for the night to be over so he can eat your ass.”

Her mouth drops open and I seize the opportunity to slide my tongue between her lips. She sighs into my mouth and I devour her kiss before she pulls back. “You aren’t actually worried, are you?” She looks up at me, her eyes soft as she traps her bottom lip between her teeth.

I smile and shake my head. “No baby, I’m not worried.”

“Because I’m crazy about you, I would never...” she shakes her head, “entertain anything.”

“I know.”

“I love you,” she tells me and I nod.

“I know that too.”

She pinches my arm and gives me a playful scowl. “Say it back.”

“I love you more,” I tell her as I nuzzle her ear before setting her down. I smack her ass as she scurries back to the bathroom.

The words are on the tip of my tongue, and I almost swallow them down but I figure now is as good of a time as any. “You know, maybe it’s time to break the news to Harper.” *Silence*. “Baby?” I call again. I’m sure she’s speechless seeing as I haven’t broached this subject and I’m choosing to bring it up twenty minutes before she leaves for the night.

She walks out, her eyes wide and unblinking. “Like...tonight?”

I shrug. “You don’t have to but it might be easier to tell her after a few shots of tequila.”

She blinks her eyes in rapid succession and I roll mine in response. “You spend three hours a night sexting me and complaining how horny you are when you don’t sleep here, I thought maybe you’d want to finally clear the air.”

She scoffs. “Not three hours, and I only say I’m horny after the videos you send me of you jacking off and begging me to come over.”

“I don’t beg, *you* beg.” I give her a smirk. “You and I both know you’re not going back to your dorm tonight. Tomorrow is Sunday and we always spend the day together anyway.” Sunday has become a day we spend together trying to make up for the time we didn’t spend together throughout the week. We make love and we fuck hard, taking breaks in between for food. It also helps that Harper’s new friend usually sleeps over on Saturdays.

“That doesn’t mean it’s time to tell her tonight.” She bites her lip. “In mixed company.”

“Take her to the bathroom and break the news.”

“This isn’t something I can do in five minutes; she’s going to have a lot of questions, J.” She purses her lips. “What if she thinks I’m disgusting and doesn’t want to be my friend anymore?” Her lips form a frown and her brows furrow forming a v shape between them.

I sigh, knowing that she does value her friendship with Harper so I don’t want to say anything insensitive. “Eventually you’ll have to tell her. The longer you wait the harder it’ll be. And if Monica can handle it, Harper can.”

“*Is* Monica handling it?” she asks and I wince. I hadn’t spoken to her in a month since the day she found out after walking in on us. She’s talked to Gabrielle but she told me she needed time which I suppose is fair, but it’s the longest Monica and I have ever gone without speaking and I’ll admit I miss her. We never talked every day like Gabrielle and I did, but we did usually catch up once a week with intermittent texts of funny memes or relevant *TikToks*.

“She’ll come around.”

She nods but I can see the sadness in her eyes. “She’s been weird with me.”

“Give her some time. This is tough for her too, I’m sure.”

She leans against the door jamb of the bathroom and nods her head. “If the opportunity presents itself, I’ll tell her.”

She grabs the drink out of the bathroom that I made her while she got ready and takes a long sip. “Can I have one more before I go? Sounds like I’m going to need it.”



I pull up to the bar that she’s meeting her friends at and I’m grateful that I don’t see a super long line because it’s freezing and I don’t want her waiting in the cold. “Gabby, are they here?”

She nods. “Yep, Harp is already inside. She said she would come out and get me when I got here.”

“Okay, have her come out now. I’m not leaving until I know you’re with her.” I’ll admit I’m a little apprehensive; Gabrielle doesn’t go out much and I don’t know that I trust Harper not to ditch her if a guy catches her attention. *She is seeing someone though, maybe that won’t be an issue.* I always worried about Gabrielle when she went out, even before we were in this new relationship. I worried about someone taking advantage of her innocence or her kindness. I worried about her getting separated from her friends and getting home safe on her own. It’s why I always kept my phone near me when I knew she was out. I knew if she was ever in trouble, she’d call me and I never wanted to let her down. I always wanted to be there for her when she needed me, and nothing about that has changed.

A mass of blonde curls bangs on my window breaking me of my thoughts and I see Harper bouncing up and down and waving. “Hey, girl, hey!” She waves as Gabrielle gets out of the car. We’d already kissed goodbye three streets ago, and although I’m tempted to grab her by her neck and kiss her senseless, I settle for a smile and a squeeze of her thigh.

“Call me if you need me,” I tell her as she opens her door.

“Always,” she says before she gets out of the car. I watch as she heads inside with Harper behind her and after no less than a minute my phone beeps with a text message.

Gabrielle: I love you.

I smile at her words and rub my finger over the screen, wishing like hell that she were in front of me.

Me: I love you too. Be safe.



I'm at the bar a few doors down when a figure drops down next to me and slams his hand down on the bar. "Two shots of tequila *por favor*," Isaac says as he takes the barstool next to me. "I was not trying to come out tonight; you're lucky I live down the street." He runs a hand through his hair and looks up at the television at the football game. "The Giants are losing now? Oh, what the fuck. They were winning when I left my apartment." He pulls off his coat and sits down next to me. "So, what are you doing here by yourself anyway?"

Isaac is my closest friend in New York so I'm mulling over the idea of telling him what's going on with Gabrielle. I hold the shot in my hand and down it. "I had to drop Gabrielle off somewhere and just wanted to stop and get a drink before I headed back home. Figured you may be around."

"Oh shit, you should have just come over then. You waiting to pick her up? I swear you're so much nicer to her than I am to my sister." He chuckles and I cringe at his comment wondering how I'm going to explain how different my relationship with Gabrielle is compared to him and his sister.

"Uh...maybe, but probably not," I lie, knowing damn well I'm not leaving this street without her with me. "It just depends on how late she wants to stay out." I scroll through my feed and notice that Harper already has a new story posted since the last time I looked at it four minutes ago. I tap it and see Harper and Gabrielle taking a shot followed by Gabrielle shaking her hips for the camera. I grit my teeth trying to temper the sting of the ache in my dick watching her when Isaac chuckles.

"Your sister is a smoke show, I swear. Who's blondie though? She's hot as fuck." I set my phone down and let out a sigh trying to ignore his comment about Gabrielle as I wonder if this could be a reason to go and see my girl.

"Her roommate." I shoot him a look with a grin. "She's seeing someone but...I mean I don't know how serious it is. If you want to meet her, we can go over there."

“I wouldn’t be opposed.” He laughs and downs the shot that was placed in front of him.

I take the shot and then a deep breath. “So, if we go over there, there’s probably something you should know.”

His eyes don’t leave the television. “Oh yeah? What’s that?”

“Isaac, this is serious,” I tell him and his eyes finally pull away from the television and land on me.

He slaps the bar in front of him. “Oh, we need more shots?”

“Maybe.”

He waves over the bartender and orders another round before turning back to me. “Okay, what’s up?” he says and I let out a breath. If I was asking Gabrielle to tell Harper tonight, I should be able to tell Isaac.

“It’s an awkward thing to say and I have no idea how to put it so I’ll just spit it out...” I let out a breath. “Gabrielle and I have been exploring a new type of relationship.” I rub a hand over my mouth. I sound like a fucking girl. “We’re sleeping together.”

He narrows his eyes in confusion. “Like...your sister?”

“Adopted sister.”

“Didn’t your folks adopt her when she was like a baby?”

“She was two,” I grunt out. Shame slithers through me as I think about how this must appear to someone on the outside. Especially given how it looked to someone on the inside like Monica. “I know how it looks and sounds and fuck...” I let out a breath as I’m talking to the first person I’ve had to talk to about this besides our sister.

Isaac’s eyes widen before he waves down the bartender and points at the two shots in front of us. “So how did this start exactly?” It’s hard to gauge his reaction and I’m trying my best not to get defensive, knowing that this is a long road of uncomfortable conversations and I need to be able to keep my temper in check. *People are going to have opinions and there’s a good chance that most of them will be negative.*

“Right before Christmas.”

“And what, you guys just thought that was the way to get into the holiday spirit this year?” I hear the humor in his voice but I can also hear the accusation. *You should know better.*

“Gabrielle and I have always been different. We had a different connection than I had with Monica. I never really saw her as a sister. I mean I did, but not in the same way I saw Monica. Maybe because she was

adopted, I don't know." I ramble. "We only really lived together for about five years before I went away to school and we were always close but it was more as if she was this person I wanted to look after and not because she was my sister but because I cared about her more than I did anyone else." I lean forward and look down at the shot glass in front of me as I prepare to share something about my family that I don't tell most people.

"My parents struggled to get pregnant again after Monica. My mom had a miscarriage...more than one, and things were tough for a while. My parents fought and went to counseling and for a while Monica and I weren't sure what would happen to our family. We'd lie awake at night texting each other because we could hear them screaming in their bedroom." I let out a breath. "And then Gabrielle came along and it's like everything was better. *She* was what was missing. Somehow, she fixed everything. I know they say children rarely fix the problems, but she did. She was this tiny little angel that made us whole again." I cringe at my own words, knowing that my vulnerability is brought on by the whiskey and the tequila coupled with the overwhelming feelings I have for Gabrielle. This also means now I'll probably be leaving my car here for the night. I curse myself, knowing that I should have brought her here in an Uber. "Look I get it, alright. I know this isn't exactly normal. But...this is real with her. I wouldn't be doing this if I didn't think she was it for me."

"When you say *it*, you mean like...marriage and shit?" He shrugs. "I mean I guess you don't have to worry about your kids since you're not blood related?"

"Technically it's not incest, it's just *frowned upon*," I tell him. I did some research on it, and since Gabrielle and I don't share blood, we wouldn't have any issues when it was time for us to take our relationship to the next level. My dick jerks in my slacks thinking about her left ring finger and what I plan to put on it.

"You think? Look, if you didn't know her well or your parents adopted her when you were already out of the house that's one thing. But you've had this close relationship for years." He leans forward and stares at his empty glass. "You're going to have to sell it better than that."

I shrug, not caring about having to sell anything. "I have nothing to *sell*, man. This is just where we're at. I love her."

"Do your parents know?"

"No. Only Monica."

“How’d she take it?”

I wince. “Not the best, but I think that’s more because of how she found out. We were sort of...in the middle of something.”

A hearty laugh leaves him as he tosses his head back. “You’re shittin’ me. You guys were fucking at your parents’ house? Ballsy as fuck.”

“No, well, wait, yes we did, but surprisingly that’s not where we got caught. Monica walked in on us here in New York.” I changed my locks after that, *just in case* my parents got the same idea that they were welcomed unannounced and without knocking.

He nods. “Well, I think I’m a little drunk and I did some blow before I left that’s kicking in, so I’m going to wait to pass judgment for now.” He makes the hand gesture at the bartender to get the check. “Let’s go see your girl.”

Well, that could have gone worse.

Chapter EIGHTEEN

Gabrielle

“Why do you keep checking your phone?” Harper asks as she leans closer to stare down at my phone. She’s double fisting a Bud Light and what I believe to be a very strong vodka soda and I can already see the signs that she’s getting drunker. “Are you texting someone? A guy?” Her eyes widen before she takes a long sip of her beer. “Oh my God, are you seeing someone? You’re just never on your phone this much. That guy over there keeps looking at you,” she says all in one breath.

“Take a breath,” I tell her with a laugh. Harper and I are by ourselves, having gone to get drinks at the bar but I still haven’t broached the subject about James and now she may be a little too intoxicated to have this conversation. “And I’m not interested in whoever’s looking at me.” I scan quickly through the crowd before turning back to Harper.

“Gab, focus. Do you have a secret boyfriend? All those times you’re going to hang out with James,” she says using air quotes the best she can while holding a drink in each hand, “you’re really going to meet up with a guy, am I right?”

“No.” I shake my head. “I’m with James,” I tell her and I wish telling her the truth was that easy. I half expect her to press it more when our two friends come over. Luna and Aubrey live in the room across from Harper and me and after a semester of being introverts, we all decided to be friends. Luna’s wild curly hair has gotten significantly bigger due to the

temperature of the club and now she has it up in a ponytail that she's fluffing as she walks over.

"The guys here are so lame." She pouts. "Are cheesy pick-up lines back in? Some guy literally just asked me if I fell from heaven; what is this, 1990?"

"You weren't even alive in 1990," Aubrey replies, and I laugh at their constant back and forth. They've been best friends for years, moving here from their hometown in Texas after they made a pact when they were young teenagers to go to the same college one day. "It is fucking hot in here though. Should we go somewhere else?"

"It's ten degrees outside and we are in a crowded bar, anywhere fun is going to be just as hot. And the chances that all of our fakes will work a second time isn't high as the night goes on."

"Oh, come on, we all look twenty-one." Luna points at all of us and then back to herself in the skin tight red dress that turned more than a few guys' and girls' heads when she walked by. She has the tiniest waist and not so tiny tits paired with green eyes and olive skin making her one of the most gorgeous girls I've ever seen in real life.

"You could get in anywhere on that dress alone, Luna," I tell her and she shimmies and blows me a kiss.

"As could you, I swear every time you walk by a group of guys, they all stop talking and stare. Imagine having an ass like that." She looks behind me and gives it a smack.

"I think every guy in a seven-foot radius just got hard watching you do that." Harper laughs as she takes another sip of her vodka drink.

"Speaking of hard, my nipples could cut glass right now. Gab, isn't that your sex on a stick older brother?" Luna asks.

God fucking dammit, James.

I can't even allow myself to be turned on at the thought of being in the same room as him because I'm so annoyed that I was right. I knew there was a chance he'd show up and I should have had the foresight to tell him not to show up because I *knew* this would happen. The way Luna is looking at him she is *probably* going to try and mount him here on the dance floor.

I wince thinking about how the relationships with my friends will change. Even now, I'm annoyed with all of my friends for staring at my man like they are wondering what his mouth does.

I'm so not into the idea of Luna and Aubrey and possibly Harper vying for his attention all night. I look behind him and see he brought, is that... Isaac?

"Ladies," his eyes look at everyone before landing on me. We are far enough away from the center of the room and the dance floor where the music is the loudest so James doesn't have to shout for us to hear him.

"What are you doing here?" I say cocking my head to the side and putting my hand on one hip.

"Who cares?" Luna jokes and moves closer to him. I know she meant it innocently but I'm annoyed at her interjecting when I was not talking to her. *See? This is exactly why I don't want James around my friends.* I'm not ready to tell them but how else can I get them to not... do any of *that*. "We should go dance!" Luna says and a wave of uneasiness washes over me.

Aubrey downs the rest of her drink, tipping her head back dramatically as she finishes it. "I could use another drink first, you guys want?"

"Another *Tito's* soda," Harper says pointing at her drink as a huge smile crosses her face. "Pleeeeeease."

"Same," I tell them, knowing that I need more alcohol to deal with this shitshow. Unfortunately, I'm also well aware that more alcohol is probably the worst idea as it's more likely that I'll do something reckless and there are too many players involved right now.

I can't afford to get reckless. I want to tell them on my own terms. Not because they sense something is going on between us.

I'm grateful when Aubrey and Luna surprisingly leave together to get the drinks, leaving just Harper and myself with the guys. "Hey, Isaac right?" I've met him a few times when James has had small get togethers at his apartment and here and there when I've been out with James. He seems like a good guy and James seems to like him. I've always been protective of him and very opinionated over the company he keeps because I don't ever want him around negative energy.

Isaac's attractive, objectively. He's definitely lankier than James and a little shorter. Dark brown hair that connects to his very lush beard that I remember James once telling me he was slightly jealous of. *Your beard is perfect, James,* I think, willing him to hear me. "That's me," he says pointing to himself. "It's good to see you, Gabrielle and you must be the roommate," he says looking at Harper. "I recognize that gorgeous smile." *Albeit, he is a little douchey.*

She beams under his praise before turning to James. “James, I have to ask because Gab tells you everything. What can you tell me about her mystery man? She’s not giving anything up, but I *know* she’s seeing someone.”

“Harp!” I shoot a glare in her direction before turning to James who has a smug expression on his face. “We aren’t doing this now.”

“I’m just curious; you tell me everything and you’re definitely hiding something!” I can hear the intoxication in her voice making it a bit higher pitched than usual.

“How about we go dance?” Isaac interjects as he grabs Harper’s hand and runs his lips over her knuckles.

Harper visibly swoons and before I can blink, he’s pulling her towards the dance floor and I’m pulled around a corner and pressed up against a wall. I’ve barely said hi before James’ lips are on mine, his tongue swirling around my mouth. His hands reach around grabbing my ass and squeezing and I groan into his mouth as I grind my sex against his thigh. “I couldn’t stay away,” he whispers against my mouth as he presses gentle kisses along my lips and jaw.

“It’s okay,” I whisper because despite my annoyance I am happy to see him. “Except my friends are lowkey obsessed with you and I can’t do anything about it.” My lips form a frown and I look up at him. “I know you like to be nice but don’t...entertain my friends.”

He trails a finger down my face. “Baby, when have I ever?”

“When you’re being polite.” I push him back so that we’re not pressed against each other when Aubrey and Luna return with the drinks.

“You’re cute when you’re jealous.”

I raise an eyebrow at him. “You want to play this game, here? Because according to Luna, I’ve attracted quite a bit of attention in this dress *specifically my ass in this dress* and you can’t claim me here either.”

He raises an eyebrow at me but I see the glint of annoyance pass over his face. “Is that so? Speaking of which, why does Harper think you’re seeing someone? I assume that means you haven’t told her.” His hand reaches up and drags down my face before rubbing my chin with his thumb.

“Not exactly...and I may have checked my phone a few times looking for a text from you.” My cheeks heat slightly at my comment.

He brushes my hair behind my shoulder and drags his knuckles up my neck and cheek. “I didn’t want to keep texting you. I was trying to give you

some space tonight.”

“Yes, I see that.” I raise an eyebrow at the fact that he’s currently standing in front of me.

“You want to dance?” He nods over his shoulder.

“At a bar where all my friends are?”

“There’s another bar upstairs; come on. Isaac will keep Harper busy.”

I furrow my brows before cocking my head to the side. “Does Isaac know?”

He nods and pulls my drink from my hand and downs the rest of it in one gulp. “I told him.”

My eyes widen to the size of saucers and I lean forward. “You did!? What did he say? What does he think?”

“He was both a little drunk and potentially high on coke, so he had some questions but I think he’s reserving judgement until he’s sober.”

Anxiety washes over me as I remember that he’s currently with my roommate on the dancefloor. “Do you think he’ll tell Harper?”

He shakes his head. “I told him not to say anything to anyone right now.”

“Do you trust him?”

“Yes, baby. He’s not going to tell Harper.” He grabs my hand and pulls me away from the dark corner and away from my friends. I chance a glance behind me and don’t see Luna or Aubrey making me wonder if they got preoccupied somehow. We make our way down a long corridor his hand squeezing mine with every step as we head up a long narrow staircase. “So, guys haven’t been able to keep their eyes to themselves, you say?” he asks as we make it to the second floor. It’s similar to the first floor only they’re playing different music and it’s a little brighter. We go to the bar first, and he stands behind me pressing his dick into my back and boxing me in. He pushes my hair to one side and presses kisses down the side of my neck. “I can’t say I blame them; I can’t keep my eyes off of you when we’re in the same room either.” He nuzzles the side of my face before spinning me around to look at him. His eyes are soft and sincere and I melt under his tender gaze. “You’re stunning.”

“For the record, I only want you looking at me,” I tell him honestly.

“I know.” He smiles and I turn back around just as the bartender makes his way over. We order two shots of tequila that we take followed by two mixed drinks before making our way to the dance floor.

“So, I was thinking about next weekend,” he starts. We aren’t really dancing together at this point, just swaying to the beat of the music.

“What about it?”

“Well, it’s Valentine’s Day.”

“Oh!” The air leaves my lungs thinking about spending the most romantic holiday with James. *Shit, should I get him something? I should, it’s our first holiday as a couple.* “What do you want to do?”

“I made us reservations at a resort upstate. I was thinking champagne, chocolate covered strawberries, and a lot of time with my tongue in your cunt.”

My mouth drops open at his sexy words before a giggle leaves my lips. “Really now?”

“The resort has a spa also, so we can get couples massages if you want? But I just want to fall off the face of the Earth with you for two days. You and me.” He tucks a hair behind my ear and runs his knuckles down my cheek.

“You and me,” I repeat. “I love that.”

“Of course,” he taps my nose, “you won’t be able to hide that you’re seeing someone if you go missing for Valentine’s Day weekend.”

“I’ll figure it out,” I tell him as the lights start to lower and the music starts to pick up with the sounds of Rihanna. The alcohol mixing with my hormones has me feeling reckless and I’m just about to pull him to the center of the room to grind on him when a voice interrupts my thoughts.

“Gabrielle?” I turn my head to see Miles Carson with a huge smile on his face holding a drink in his hand. He looks a little more muscular than he did last semester, probably because he’s been living in the gym for basketball season. “I can’t believe my luck; I was just thinking about you.” He smiles as he infiltrates the bubble that James and I created. I can feel the annoyance radiating off of James instantly and I wince thinking about the last time these two were around each other. “And the brother, right?”

“James.” I tell him his name, to avoid agreeing that he’s my brother and he nods.

“Right. So how you been? I’m not going to lie, I’m kind of bummed that we don’t have a class together this semester.” I’m standing closer to James so I can feel his tension. I need to figure out how to get rid of Miles before alcohol and his need to finish what we started earlier cause James to

snap. I don't even know how to respond to his comment and he must feel the awkwardness so he continues. "You want to dance?"

"Ummm..." I start and my greatest fear in this moment manifests when James speaks up.

"She doesn't," James interjects, pulling me closer to him by the back of my dress. I can feel his hand at my back, holding the fabric in his hand so I can't move and as much as it turns me on, I have to appear unaffected.

"Miles, it was really good seeing you." I nod, trying my best to appear like everything is fine and it's just not a good time.

"Dude, chill, it's just a dance." He chuckles before looking down at me. "How about it, Gab? I swear I don't bite."

How in the fuck am I supposed to get out of this?

Although I don't think God is really happy with me these days with the whole sleeping with my brother thing, he seems to be looking out for me because a basketball team groupie with bright red curls comes bouncing over and links her arm with Miles.

"Miles, we're going to a new bar, this one is tired. Let's go!" *I swear, I've never been so happy to see someone I don't know.* She grabs his hand and laces their fingers and I'm wondering if it's a show for me or if maybe they really are a thing which makes me wonder why he's over here flirting with me.

He lets go of her hand and I feel the second-hand embarrassment for her as he leans down. "It was great to see you, Gab. Hope to see you soon," he says in my ear before he kisses my cheek and then he's gone leaving me with James who's like a volcano about to erupt.

"Baby—" I start before I'm backed against a wall and he's staring down at me. My eyes widen out of worry as I try to peer around him to make sure that Miles is gone.

"He kissed you." His voice is low and gravelly and I can feel the heat and intensity of his words between my legs.

"On the cheek."

"I don't give a fuck; I want to break his face for thinking he could even touch you. I thought you didn't know him like that?" My lips tick downwards thinking that James could possibly think I'm lying to him about my friendship with Miles.

"I don't. I've never lied to you about anything. I...I think he's just drunk and he thought he was being polite. Dad's friends give me a kiss on

the cheek when they see me. A kiss on the cheek is harmless, but I promise, he's never been affectionate with me." I can tell he's gritting his teeth so I reach up and rub his face. "Relax. That's nothing. You're acting like he licked my whole face."

"How would you feel if the situation was reversed, Gab?" His face is close to mine and I can see the anger in his blue eyes.

"Like shit, but you're more mature than I am," I say, somewhat joking. "Can you see this for what it is, please? A kiss on the cheek is like the least sexy thing on the planet, at least for me." I bite my lip for emphasis. "Unless of course, it's from you."

He cocks his head to the side and I see the anger starting to leave him slowly. "Come dance with me."

"Yes, please," I tell him with a grin as we move into the center of the room amongst the throng of people grinding. The last song ends and I hear the deejay mention something along the lines of slowing it down for all the lovers in the room as the sounds of *Drunk in Love* begin to blare through the speakers. His hands find my hips, gripping me hard and I move my ass slowly in time with the sensual beat grinding against him. *Remember that your friends are here somewhere*, my subconscious whispers but I'm too far gone as the alcohol, the music, and James' touch take over my brain. My eyes flutter closed as I reach up and rub my fingertips down the back of his neck. His dick is pressing against me and I bend over so my ass is perfectly aligned with his pelvis and I grind even harder against him before standing back up. My eyes open when his stubble rubs against my neck and a moan escapes me as he rubs his hard cock against me. His lips drag down my neck just as his hands briefly graze my tits before finding my hips again. My nipples pucker at the brief touch of his hands and I squeeze my legs together at the thought of them pebbling against his tongue.

"I know you probably think I'm behaving like a psychopath, and trust me I think I am too." He bites down on my neck. "But it's only because I'm so fucking in love with you," he whispers in my ear and it takes everything in me not to push him to the ground and rub against him until we both come.

I turn around to face him. "I am too." I wrap my hands around the back of his neck and press myself against him. "I get so wrapped up in you. Even now," I whisper, "my friends could be anywhere and all I see is you."

His hand reaches up brushing a hair from my face and he lets it drag down to my neck and between my breasts. “You are so beautiful. Every inch of you is a work of art.”

Butterflies erupt in my stomach and my heart flutters in my chest at his profoundly romantic words. “Take me home?”

“Gladly.” He grabs my hand and we begin weaving our way through the crowd and towards the entrance. We’re back in the front bar when familiar faces come into view. I immediately drop James’ hand as Luna and Aubrey make their way towards us.

“BITCH! Where’ve you been?” Aubrey slurs and I’m grateful that she seems very intoxicated.

“Where’s Harper?” I ask, curious about my roommate and more importantly if she’s safe.

“In a corner fucking his hot friend, probably,” Luna says pointing at James. “He’s hot, you’re hot,” she points at James again. “I know I’m fucking hot. We should totally have a hot party. Or shots! Hot people shots,” she exclaims and I roll my eyes at her drunken state.

“I think I should get Gabrielle home,” James replies and I can feel his hand at my back preparing to guide me away from this potential disaster.

“Home? Already!?” Luna looks at her phone and then back at us. It’s barely midnight, come on Cinderella, you can’t be a pumpkin yet.” She looks at James and cocks her head to the side and Aubrey interjects, running a hand through her wavy black hair.

“How about a dance?” Aubrey who could pass for a Megan Fox doppelgänger, says to James and the annoyance from earlier is back. *I’m ready to fucking go.*

“He doesn’t want to.” I laugh, trying hard not to make the situation awkward. “J, I’m hungry.” I look up at him and I hope he can hear the hidden meaning in my words.

“Well, let’s get you fed then,” he laughs, responding to the innuendo before turning to my friends. “Good to see you ladies.” He doesn’t wait for their response before I’m being pulled quickly through the bar and before long we are back in the night air. I’m sending a text to Harper as he raises his hand to hail a cab when I frown realizing we have to leave his car here.

“Are you actually hungry?” he asks. “Do you want to stop and get food?”

“No,” I murmur. “We have food at home and I am so fucking wet for you. I want to be fucking you within the next twenty minutes, please.” I drag my index finger over my mouth, licking my finger before dragging it down my body.

His eyes widen and within seconds we’re kissing. His hand weaves into my hair, tugging lightly. I rub against him, letting his body heat warm me everywhere. His teeth nip at my bottom lip before he pulls it between his teeth. His hands move out of my hair to my neck where he squeezes gently and I whimper into his mouth at the thought of him choking me later. A cab stops and we climb in, and before I can stop myself I climb into his lap and straddle him.

“Hey gorgeous,” he says as I begin moving up and down on him, rubbing his cock with the space between my legs. “I wasn’t going to dance with them, baby. You spoke up, but you didn’t have to. I wouldn’t.” The cab is dark but the lit streets allow me to make out his face as we head towards his apartment. He grabs the back of my head. “You have no idea the power you have over me, do you? The second she asked I saw your face fall. The panic was written all over it.”

“I just thought you might...because we didn’t really have an excuse and it would be easy to just appease the masses.” My brows furrow and his index finger rubs at the crease.

“What about me has given you the impression that I care about anyone but you?” His nose rubs against mine. “That fucking Miles asshole had me almost unhinged just looking at you the way he did. I wouldn’t turn around and dance with another woman even if it is your friend. You mean everything to me, Gabrielle, and the last thing I ever want to do is upset you. I’m not going to risk us by doing anything stupid.”

Chapter NINETEEN

JAMES

Gabrielle is talking animatedly and very fast which I know she does when she's intoxicated as I stand in front of my apartment door. I know she assumes we'll have sex but she has no idea what I have in store for her. I hadn't planned to when the night began, but after that jerk off Miles that has had eyes for her for who knows how long wouldn't leave her the fuck alone I felt the overwhelming need to exert my possession over her. "Gabrielle." My voice is low and interrupts her sentence about having to work on her paper tomorrow.

"Oh." She must sense the tone of my voice. "Yes?"

"When we get inside, go into our bedroom and get naked."

"I like where this is going."

I press her against the door and press myself against her. "You trust me, don't you?"

"Of course. More than I trust anyone."

"Enough to restrain you?" I hadn't meant to start this conversation in the hallway of my floor but I figured better to have it now while we're both clothed than while I'm naked and she could be persuaded by my hard dick.

Her eyes widen. "Like...handcuffed?"

"I do have handcuffs, but I was thinking maybe something less aggressive like my tie for instance?"

"Well alright, Christian Grey, lead the way."

I let us into the apartment and watch as she sprints for the bedroom. “I have to pee, first!” she yells. I grab some water and a large glass of ice before moving into the bedroom. I see she’s still in the bathroom so I take the time to pull a few things out of the back of my closet. I didn’t necessarily want to whip or flog her like she’s probably picturing, but I do want to explore a few things with her and I’m happy she’s less drunk than she was at the start of the night but feeling tipsy enough to be a little more uninhibited.

I pull off all of my clothes leaving me naked and ready for her when she emerges from the bathroom just as naked. She runs her gaze from my feet all the way up my body until she lands on my eyes and it’s almost over before it starts because my cock already wants to be inside of her just from that one sexy look alone.

“Bed. Lie on your back and spread your legs.” She does as she’s told eagerly and I love her willingness to obey.

I grab two of my ties and tie her hands to the headboard. “My bed is too big and you’re too small to tie your legs as well, but keep them down or I’ll be investing in a spreader bar to keep them where I want them.

“You don’t have one anyway?” she asks. “What is this? I thought I was getting ready for my intro to BDSM?”

I roll my eyes at her cheeky comment. “I’m not an actual dominant, Gabrielle. Now hush.”

“Oh yes, sir.” She purrs and I lean over her, gripping her face.

“You’re kind of killing the vibe here.”

“Sorry, no one told you to do this while I was intoxicated. But let me get into character.” She blows out a puff of air. “I’m ready!”

I know I just have to start and she’ll get in the headspace where I need her to be in no time. “Now I know you have your own vibrator,” I tell her. “But I wanted you to come on one that I bought for you. For us,” I tell her. “This arrived yesterday,” I assure her in case she’s wondering if I’ve ever used it on anyone else.

One of the nights we were apart, I had her fuck herself with her vibrator on FaceTime and it was the hottest fucking thing I’d ever seen. The way her cunt gripped the rubber. The way her arousal leaked out of her after she came around it. The look on her face when she came. The way she whispered my name as she fell over.

It was both too much and not enough and I knew then I needed more. I needed to watch her come from a vibrator that I'd be controlling. I pull it from the bag and hold it up. I'd gotten a few different ones but the one I planned to start with is the infamous rabbit. "I've never used one of those," she whispers with a shy smile.

Another thing I can be a first for. "Well, then I won't blindfold you this time," I tell her. "I want to take in your expression as you feel it for the first time."

I get on the bed and sit between her legs, running my hands up her legs and squeezing the part of her thighs closest to her cunt. I can tell she's already wet but I can't resist the urge to drag my tongue through her wetness, needing her flavor in my mouth already.

"Oh God," she whimpers. "I'm already close."

"Trust me you're going to be coming a lot tonight. Come when you're ready unless I tell you otherwise." I grab a piece of ice from the cup and circle one of her nipples with it before the other and drag it down her torso. She hisses at the coldness but her eyes stay transfixed on my hand and the ice. I put the piece of ice in my mouth and hold it on my tongue before I lower my head to her sex again. I roll the ice and my tongue over her clit and she pulls at her restraints and tries to move her legs.

"James, I'm not going to be good at this because I already want to touch you," she whines.

"Not yet, angel." My lips tick upwards at her inability to keep her hands off of me. Part of me wants to untie her restraints because I'm always willing to give Gabrielle whatever she wants. "Soon you can touch me." I lap at her sex and I know the coldness of the ice and my mouth mixed with her hot pussy is nothing she's felt before. "How does it feel?"

"Intense," she says as her eyes flutter closed. My hands reach behind her and grip her calves and I push my thumbs into the skin massaging the skin and moving up her legs as I continue to roll the ice and my tongue over her sex. "Wow."

At this point, the ice is almost completely melted, leaving a wet mess between her legs. There's water on the bed under her and all over her pussy. I drag my tongue over everywhere there's water, licking up what's left. She tries to move her legs together and raises her pelvis to get her pussy closer to my mouth. "So eager." I pick up the vibrator. "I'm about to be so fucking

jealous of this thing.” I laugh as I hold up the long phallic shaped object and hold it to her mouth. “Wet it.”

Her tongue wraps around it first before I push it into her mouth. I pull it out and slide it back in again and again before pulling it out because the visual of her sucking on a fake dick makes me want to push mine through her lips.

As a matter of fact,...

I crawl up her body and straddle her neck and begin pulling at my dick. “Do you want it?”

She nods enthusiastically. “Of course I do.”

I stroke myself from root to tip before guiding it towards her mouth. Cum leaks from the tip and I watch as a drop falls and lands on her bottom lip. That sinful tongue of hers darts out and licks me off of her lips. *Fuck*, I mouth because that may have been one of the hottest things I’ve ever witnessed. I lean forward, dragging my dick over her bottom lip, and then she lifts her head wrapping her mouth around it. I begin moving my dick in and out of her mouth, fucking her like I’d fuck her pussy. “Is this okay?” I ask her, knowing that unlike normal, I’m controlling this ride and she can’t exactly stop it. She blinks her eyes once. “Does that mean yes?” She looks up towards her restrained hands and I can see she’s giving me a thumbs up. My hand finds the pillow next to her head and I begin to pick up the pace, grabbing the hair at the top of her head as my orgasm looms just above me. “Fuck, Gabrielle.” I pull out of her mouth, knowing I want to torture us both until we can’t take it.

“You didn’t want to come in my mouth?” she asks as I grab the rabbit, and spit on it, not wanting to go through the whole thing of watching her fuck it with her mouth again.

“I want to come in this.” I tell her grabbing her between her legs. “At least the first time.”

I slide the rabbit into her and turn the vibrations on the mildest speed. She arches her back. “Oh my Gooood.” I look down at her and see the serene smile on her lips before she turns her head to the side. She bites down on her forearm. “James.”

“Yes, baby?”

“It feels...incredible.”

“Open your eyes and look at me,” I tell her and her eyes pop open and turn to me just as I press the stimulator to her clit. Her eyes widen and a

gasp leaves her lips. “Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God.” I grab the other vibrator I ordered, a small bullet, and turn it on as well. “What—what’s that for?”

“Your sexy little nipples,” I tell her as I turn it on a more intense vibration than what’s between her legs and hold it against her nipple, circling the nub until it pebbles before my eyes.

“Oh my God.” She throws her head back. “You’re k—killing me,” she stammers.

“Tell me whose pussy this.” I turn the vibration on her pussy up higher and I watch as her cunt grips the toy.

“Yours, Daddy,” she moans. *Fuck.*

“Yes, it fucking is.” I switch to her other breast, increasing the speed and the intensity of the vibrator I’m holding against her tits. “Are you Daddy’s little slut?”

“Fuck yes.”

I pull the rabbit out of her and smack her pussy. “Such dirty words for such a pretty mouth.” I lean down and press a kiss to her lips. “I don’t like that kind of language coming out of my sweet girl.”

“Sorry, Daddy.”

I push the rabbit back inside of her and hold it inside of her as I lean down and suck one of her tits into my mouth. I roll her nipple around my mouth before biting down gently.

“OH!” she screams and I notice her pulling at her restraints. “Daddy?” I can hear the strain in her voice and I smile knowing that she must be close.

“Yes, angel.”

“I think I’m going to come.”

“Good girl. That’s what I want.”

“Tell me to...please.” I can tell she’s no more than a second away but she’s holding off to hear me command her orgasm.

“Come for me, baby. Come for Daddy.” And then she does, long and fucking hard all over the rabbit. I pull it out at the peak of her orgasm and my mouth drops open to see her squirting. “Gabby.” I’m at a loss for words watching her orgasm pour out of her. I felt her do it when I was eating her pussy but now watching her do it. Seeing it is sexy as fuck. “I just watched you squirt.” I lean above her and untie her wrists. “I need to fuck you with your hands on me.” I don’t give her a second to settle before I’m on top of her, guiding my cock inside of her and weaving my hands into her hair.

“That was fucking insane.” She bites her bottom lip. “Sorry for swearing, again.”

“It’s okay,” I tell her between kisses. “I love your dirty mouth that you got from me.”

“Will you fuck me from behind?” she asks me and I love that she loves this position as much as I do. I pull back and flip her over, entering her from behind without missing a beat. I grab her hips, fucking her harder with each thrust. “Angel, I’m not going to last long. Fuck.” I growl trying my best to hold off. But I already halted my orgasm once when I was in her mouth so I don’t know that I can do it a second time. Not when I’m this deep inside of her. Not while her ass is on display for me. I lay a smack to her ass and watch as it shakes under the force of my palm.

“Sexy as fuck.”

“James, I’m ready,” she moans. “Come with me, please.”

“Yes. Fuck. Take me with you,” I beg her.

“Oh God.” She moans and then I feel her squeezing me hard. Her fingers tighten around the sheets and she drops her head to the bed as she meets me thrust for thrust. “Fuuuuuck, I’m coming, James.”

“Fuck.” I grunt, hearing and feeling her orgasm has me going over just behind her. I hold her hard against me as my cock pulses inside her as it gives her everything my body has to offer. I drop to her back, trying my best not to put all my weight on her but for a brief second, I lose the ability to keep myself up. I fall to the side and pull her towards me instinctively, tucking her safely into my side. She slides her thigh between my legs, bumping my cock with her leg and she rests her head over my heart.

She runs her fingertips over my chest and I grab it, holding it up for us both to look at. “This hand will look beautiful with a ring right here.” I rub her ring finger before holding it to my mouth.

She looks up at me, resting her chin on my chest so she can look at me. “I know marriage is kind of a foregone conclusion but...you’ll still ask me, right? Like on one knee?”

“Of course, Gab. I plan to go all out when I ask you. I want to spend the rest of my life giving you the world, baby. Do you want to look at rings or do you want me to surprise you?”

“Surprise me. Anything you give me, I’ll love. But honestly, you know me almost as well as I know myself.”

Chapter TWENTY

Gabrielle

It's Sunday night and as much as I want to stay with James, I don't have any of my things I need for school tomorrow and Harper is probably expecting me at some point. I did manage to do some homework today but we spent most of the day having a lazy day in bed, taking breaks to eat and watch movies between making love. He pulls up to my dorm and I look up at the building with a sad expression.

"Talk to Harper, baby. I hate seeing the face you make when I bring you home."

"I just hate being away from you. I feel like we spend more time away from each other than we do together and we live six blocks from each other." I let out a sigh. "Do you want to come in?"

"Do you think that's a good idea?"

I look down at my lap and tuck a hair behind my ear nervously. "Probably not."

"Gabrielle." He grabs my chin so I look at him. "Do you want me to come up?"

"No, you're right. I'm being ridiculous. Last night and this morning was just intense and I'm feeling clingy, I guess." I hate this feeling but at this moment, I can't imagine not being with him tonight.

He cups my face and rubs his nose against mine. "Do you want to have dinner with me tomorrow?"

“Are you asking me on a date, James Calloway?”

“I believe I am. Will you?”

“Of course. I have to do some homework, but maybe you can pick me up around seven?”

“Come over after class and do your homework at our apartment.” I swoon just like I always do when he calls it *ours*. “I won’t be home until around five or so, so I won’t be there bothering you.”

“Then why do you want me to come over?”

“Because I want to know you’re at home waiting for me.” He places a kiss on my lips and before long we’re making out. *In front of my dorm*. Which doesn’t register until I hear my name and knocking on the passenger side window glass.

“Gabrielle!?” The voice brings me back to reality. *Fuck. We had gotten out of the club last night after being drunk and reckless as hell where all my friends were just to get caught now that I have a clear head?* I curse myself at the recklessness. I pull away from James’ lips and look towards the source of the voice to see Harper staring at me, her eyes wide and unblinking.

“Fuck,” I whisper.

“Breathe,” he says quietly as I make my way out of the car. Harper darts her eyes in between James and me several times before she speaks. “I...I know I’m drunk because brunch turned into Sunday Funday but,” she looks away and then back at us again. She blinks her eyes several times as if she’s trying to convince herself that her alcohol influenced mind isn’t playing tricks on her. She takes a few steps towards us. “Oh my God. What the fuck?”

“Harper...” I feel the tears prickling in my eyes as I take in her disgusted expression.

“Harper,” James speaks up, “you probably have some questions so maybe you and Gabrielle should talk inside?”

“Talk about what?” She looks at me. “He’s the mystery guy? You’re messing around with...your brother?” I’m grateful she isn’t hysterically screaming and isn’t drawing any attention to us *yet*. I swallow, not knowing what to say. “Gabrielle, this is,” she lets out a deep breath, “are you fucking insane?”

“Watch it, Harper,” James barks at her, and as grateful as I am that he’s always in my corner, I put a hand up.

“Harp, please, can we go inside?”

She looks at me and nods before she turns around and starts heading inside without waiting for me.

I rub my hand over my forehead willing the headache that is starting to form away. “Well, I might be coming over tonight after all.”

“Do you want me to stay? Or come in with you?” His eyes look up at my dorm.

“No. She’s my best friend here, I should be able to handle it. At least this first conversation.”

“Call me after and let me know how it goes.” He presses a kiss to my lips and as much as I want to deepen it, I’m not sure who else of my friends might be lingering if Harper just showed up.

“I love you.”

“I love you more.” He tells me with a wink before he nods towards the building. Both of us know he won’t leave until I’m safely inside.



When I get inside, Harper is sitting on the bed already dressed in her pajamas. Her blonde curly hair is pulled into a top knot and she’s already removed all of her makeup. “How did this happen? When? Have you been doing this since you moved here?” She hops up and begins firing off her questions in rapid succession.

“Okay, one question at a time,” I tell her as I set my overnight bag on the floor. “It happened for the first time right before winter break. The night I slept over at his apartment and we left the next day. It never happened before then but I’ve been in love with him since I was like...thirteen?”

Her eyes widen as her mouth drops open. “No way,” she whispers. “Seriously? But you were like raised with him, right?”

“I know, it’s...unconventional.”

“Unconventional?” She scrunches her nose and brings her fingers to her mouth and begins chewing on her nail. “Gab, it’s weird. He’s your brother. It’s incest.”

My stomach turns hearing that word leave her lips. I know that’s what most people think, but it sounds so dirty. So wrong. Nothing about James

and I could be wrong. “Technically not because we’re adopted siblings,” I tell her.

“Semantics and you know it,” she puts her hand up and I can hear the contempt in her voice.

“Yes, but at least we aren’t going to jail over it?” I try my hand at a joke but she gives me a look letting me know that she’s not amused.

She crosses her arms. “Who else knows?”

“Monica.”

She raises an eyebrow at me. “Oh? How did she take it?”

“Worse than you are,” I tell her honestly. “Oh and Isaac knows.”

She snorts. “Is that why he came last night? As like a decoy? So you two could slink off and fuck in the corner?”

“Well...I didn’t know Isaac knew at the time, but yes I think that may have been his reasoning.”

“And I played into that shit? Gab, I slept with him! And he’s probably not even interested,” she says slapping a palm to her forehead. “James was probably like keep her busy by any means necessary and of course what guy isn’t going to be thrilled that his ‘job’ got him laid in the process!”

“Okay, well no one told you to do all of that,” I tell her, not wanting to be blamed for her decisions on top of everything else. “But also, Isaac told James he thinks you’re hot, so while it may have been a plan at first, I think he is interested. And wait, what about Graham?” I ask referring to the guy she’s been seeing.

“That’s casual, and I mean...I didn’t really go out with the intention to hook up with anyone, but Isaac is fine as hell and you guys all disappeared last night! Granted I know why you did now, but Aubrey and Luna also were off somewhere doing whatever.” She waves her hand around. “I’m not a shitty person, Gabrielle. Graham and I aren’t serious.”

“Listen the only person casting judgment here is you.”

“This is way different! Like weren’t you two when you were adopted?”

“Yes. I know Harper. Okay? I know it’s a lot. This is why I haven’t told anyone yet. You think it’s a lot for you, how do you think my parents are going to take it? You know the parents that are also my boyfriend’s parents?” I begin to pace the length of the room suddenly feeling like I’m going to be sick at the thought of having to face my parents. The two people that have loved me unconditionally. Two people I’ve never ever wanted to disappoint. *Would they still love me after this?* There was a very tiny voice

in the back of my head that whispered that James was not only their only son but theirs *biologically* which could mean in their eyes, I'm the problem. Despite Monica's knee jerk reaction to blame James, my parents would blame me. The child that wasn't always theirs that fucked everything up.

No. They wouldn't think that. They love you.

"Boyfriend?" Harper's eyebrows shoot to her hairline. "I thought you guys were just messing around...you're serious?"

"Yeah, Harp. I am. I told you, I've been in love with him for years. And now he's finally where I've been for over a third of my life; I'm not going to let him go."

"Wow. I mean I think it's totally weird and I won't ever think it's not." She scrunches her nose. "But I guess he isn't your biological brother."

"Right."

"You sure you know what you're doing, Gab? I mean...relationships change. People change. What happens if one or both of you wants to end it? I mean how do you go back? Family gatherings will be so fucking awkward. I'd rather eat broken glass than sit through dinners and holidays and play nice with any of my exes." The judgment that I'd heard in her voice has slowly shifted into something else. Something like worry.

"I don't see this ending with James. I wouldn't have crossed this line if I was ever planning to uncross it."

"You say that, but you don't know what life has in store for you. You're eighteen, Gab. You don't have your life figured out yet."

"Maybe not, but I do have who I want to spend it with figured out."

Chapter

TWENTY-ONE

JAMES

Eight Months Later

My God, where does the time go? I wonder as I'm staring across the table at my gorgeous girlfriend.

Girlfriend.

It sends a surge to my dick just as it always does when I think of her. Gabrielle and I have been together for almost nine months now, and quite frankly it's been the best time of my life. After her freshman year, she pressed Mom and Dad about having her own room despite how much she loved Harper. She sold them on her being a partier and that it disrupted her flow of studying and my parents ate it up, commending Gabrielle for not getting distracted with the college party life.

Her own room meant no one was wondering where she was when she stayed at my apartment or who the mysterious man was creeping into her dorm at midnight to fuck her senseless.

She and Harper are still friends even after a few months of awkwardness between them and I'm grateful that she has someone to talk to about her relationship with me. She stayed with me for the summer under the ruse of a summer internship because of course she should stay with me instead of wasting twenty thousand dollars on room and board for three months.

It took a while, but ironically, Monica has become our biggest advocate. After both of us had a very long conversations with her, she started to see that this is real.

“You’re staring,” she tells me as she takes a sip of her champagne.

“You’re stunning.” I nod at her, taking her in. She’s wearing an off the shoulder black dress that accentuates her narrow waist and full hips. Her dark hair is curled and pulled over one shoulder, exposing her neck that I just want to sink my teeth into like I always do when her neck is on display. I let out a deep breath about what I want to talk to her about.

She sets down her fork and leans forward. “You look like you’ve got something on your mind.”

“Besides fucking you until neither of us can walk?” He shrugs. “Yes, I do.”

She giggles and leans forward as well, sinking her teeth into her full lips that are painted red. “That’s the exact same thing I’ve got on my mind as well, but tell me the other thing.”

I lean on my elbows and rub my hand over my jaw, scratching the stubble. “Baby, I think it’s time to tell Mom and Dad.” Her eyes widen and she darts her eyes around the room like she’s expecting them to appear.

“Wh-what?”

Keep her calm. “Gab, relax. We knew we were going to have to do this at some point. I’m honestly surprised that we’ve been able to keep it a secret this long.”

“But like...this weekend?” she whisper-yells. It’s our parents’ anniversary, so we are driving home tomorrow to celebrate with them as they’re throwing a small party.

“It’s making me crazy that I haven’t properly and publicly claimed you and I’m becoming more obsessive about it by the day.”

“But baby...” she starts. She looks up at me through her thick lashes like she does when she wants me to do what she wants. “I’m not ready.”

My cock jerks in my pants and I reach down as discreetly as possible to adjust myself in an attempt to relieve some tension. “We’re never going to be fully ready to tell them this.”

“What if they disown us?”

“They won’t.” I shake my head at her. “They love us.”

“They won’t love *this*.” She tucks a long dark brown strand behind her ear.

“Doesn’t mean they’ll stop loving *us*.”

She furrows her brows and scrunches her nose. *Fuck, she’s cute.* “I’m not prepared to lose our family.”

“We won’t,” I tell her. “But...I’m ready to start my own family.” I give her a smile. The smile *she* can’t say no to. “With you.” We’ve had a few talks about children and while she’s still on the pill for the foreseeable future, the idea of children together isn’t that far off.

She visibly shivers and a shy smile finds her perfect pout before a look of worry takes over. “I want that too...I’m just scared.”

“I know, but I’ll protect you, just like I always have. You and me against the world, Gab.”

She snorts. “Yeah, literally.”

“Baby, it’s not going to be that bad.”

“You don’t know that.”

“Yes, I do.”

“How?”

I shrug, preparing to drop a bomb on her that I know she’s not ready for. “Because I already talked to Dad when I bought your engagement ring.”

Her eyes widen. “WHAT?” she screams and the entire restaurant turns to look at her. She looks around and I wave at the people staring as if to say *sorry, as you were.* “What?!” She repeats, this time at a more reasonable volume. “First of all, Dad knows?” She looks around. “When? How long? And ring? Seriously J, you’re springing this on me in public?”

I can see several different emotions crossing her face from shock to worry to excitement. “Okay, you’re right. Not my best idea.”

“How long has Dad known? And you’re telling me Mom doesn’t?”

“No, Dad does not want to be the bearer of that news. And I told him last weekend while he was here.” Our father had come to the city for a meeting and while the three of us had dinner the night before he left, I had lunch with him the following day while Gabrielle was in class.

“Oh my God, what did he say? How did he take it?”

“*What’s on your mind, son?*” My dad asks as he takes a sip of his beer. “*I can still read you like a book.*”

“*Yeah. Better than I know myself, right?*”

“*One of the perks of bringing you into this world.*” He laughs before cutting into his salmon. “*What’s up though?*”

I rub my hands together and lean back in my chair. "I want to talk to you about something."

"Is that why you invited me to your apartment for lunch instead of making us a reservation somewhere? I've never known you to cook."

"Please, this is still takeout. I didn't cook this." I snort. "But I did want to talk in private which is why we aren't at a restaurant." I wasn't sure how my Dad would react, and I figured it was better if I handled it behind closed doors in case things got tense.

He takes a bite before he leans back in his chair. "Well, spit it out."

"Not something I can spit out but I will try." I suddenly feel like I'm sixteen years old again and I'm preparing to tell my Dad I scratched his Jaguar. Or the time my high school girlfriend had a pregnancy scare and I was preparing to tell my parents. Thank God she got her period the day I'd planned to tell them. But both of those situations pale in comparison to this.

"So Dad, ummm," I know I talked a big game to Gabrielle, that our parents would understand and that they love us, but the truth is I'm just as worried to tell them. Specifically, my Dad who adores Gabrielle and is very protective over her. Not the same way I'm protective over her but in the appropriate fatherly way. "I'm seeing someone." I start with the easiest part. "It's serious."

"Well, that's great news. Why did you seem so nervous to tell me that? I'm thrilled. And your mother as well. Are you planning to bring her home with you next weekend?"

"Well..." I wince. "Yes."

"Splendid. Son, I am very happy for you. I was beginning to think you'd never settle down. My God if you were this nervous telling me, I can't imagine how you told Gabrielle. I do hope she knows. If she does not, I do not want to be in the same state when she finds out."

"Wait, what?" I laugh nervously. "What do you mean by that?"

"Oh come on, James. Gab thinks you've hung the moon and the stars and everything else. She's very protective over you She was in a mood for weeks when she found out you were seeing someone in New York. I'm also kind of surprised she didn't spill the beans to Monica and your mother if she knew."

"Wait back up a second, she was upset over me seeing someone?" I ask, wondering how I didn't know that.

“Maybe not upset necessarily but she was certainly bothered, when you were dating that girl maybe two years ago? The news reporter?”

I nod, remembering the busty brunette from Los Angeles that I met at a bar one night when I was hammered out of my mind. “Oh right, but that wasn’t serious?”

“Well, Gabrielle surely did not take it well.” I wonder what he’s thinking about that. Surely he has some opinion over his daughter having such a visceral reaction to her brother dating someone.

I take a long sip of my beer, hoping that the liquid courage will kick in like now. “What do you think about that?”

“Think about what?”

“Gabrielle’s...disdain for me seeing someone?”

“I think she’s always kind of struggled with her feelings for you. At first, we worried that maybe your connection wasn’t the healthiest. It was odd, watching her develop these potentially unhealthy feelings for you. She was very attached to you early on and it just seemed to get more aggressive especially after what happened in Mississippi. But we figured you were who she needed to feel better. To feel like herself again. All that being said, she’s older now and it probably won’t bother her as much anymore—”

“Dad.” I cut him off from going any further. I have this ring in my pocket, and I’m going to fucking lose it if I don’t tell someone. Gabrielle is the first person I tell anything. The person I confide in the most, and the biggest secret I’ve had to keep I can’t even share with her yet. “It’s Gabrielle.”

He stares at me confused. “What’s Gabrielle?”

“The woman I’m seeing.” I pull the box out of my pocket and open it revealing a three carat round diamond ring. “We’ve been seeing each other for months. Coming up on a year actually in December.”

His eyes widen in shock and what I believe to be horror as his eyes flit from me to the ring box sitting between us. “You’re fucking with me.”

I shake my head. “No.”

“ARE YOU INSANE?” He bellows as he gets up from his chair so aggressively it falls over and bangs against the floor. “Your sister? Your nineteen year old sister?” he shouts before slamming his palm down on the table. “Before I ring your fucking neck, how did this happen?” My father rarely shouts and I don’t think he’s yelled at me since I was a teenager.

—”
“I know how it looks, but you seemed to understand the feelings she had

“A harmless crush behind closed doors is way different than this!” He points at the box. “Not the fucking same!” It’s just the shock, give him a second to calm down, I think to myself. Sure enough, he takes a deep breath and his next words are calm. “How are we going to explain this?”

I shrug, not exactly giving a fuck about what a bunch of random people think. “I care what you and Mom and Monica think. Maybe some extended relatives but certainly not anyone else. And as far as you and Mom and Monica, I care, but there’s a limit to that. Not being with Gab isn’t an option.”

He’s staring out my window and for a moment he doesn’t say anything before he turns towards me, a scowl covering his features. “Did you…” he winces, “before she was eighteen?”

I know this is a question that I’m going to have to keep answering but it’s tough to hear nonetheless. “No. Dad, this is me and Gabrielle. Think about the last seventeen years.”

He picks up the overturned chair and slams it back in place before sitting down again. “Not helping your case, James.”

“It started right before Christmas last year.” I let out a sigh. “It just happened one night and I think it shocked us both how much we wanted to do it again. It was never a ‘this was a mistake thing.’ It was a ‘this feels so fucking right thing.’”

“I cannot believe what I’m hearing.” He says as he drops his head into his hands.

“When have I ever not looked out for her? When have I ever done anything but be there for her and do right by her?”

He runs a hand through his hair and lets out a deep sigh. “That’s exactly my point. You’ve been everything short of a parent to her and now you’re her partner?” My father knows how to be calm in even the most intense situations so I’m not surprised that he’s so collected despite his first outburst.

“I love her.”

He rubs a hand over his head. “It’s Gab, Son. You…you can’t have her like that.”

Watch me. I think immediately. “You think I went looking for this? That I wanted to make either of our lives this hard? Monica is just now talking to

us after she found out.”

“Your sister knows?”

“Yes, and be happy you didn’t find out the same way she did.”

He puts a hand up. “I do not want to know; that’s my daughter you’re talking about. And right now, it’s hard to see you like my son and not the asshole defiling my little girl.”

“First off, Gabrielle is not little. Secondly, you and I both know that her hardest sell when she brought someone home was going to be me, not you.” If he can act like I’m not his son, then I can pretend he’s my woman’s dad and not my own.

“Watch it, James.”

“I taught her to drive. I taught her to drink.” I chuckle. “I taught her how to use the Subway here. I went to her college orientation with you and mom. I tutored her in math because quite frankly, she sucks.” I recall even more of her firsts that I’ve been a part of. “I was her second word after Mama. And I know that’s weird to think about but...she’s always been the love of my life. Even before it blossomed into this. When it was innocent. When I’d sit by her bed every night in case she woke up and needed someone. When I held her in my arms through the worst day of her life. And it took me a really long time to realize that nothing ever worked with other women because there was no room in my heart for anyone but her. I know our relationship is complicated and I’ve been her brother and protector and guided her through so many things and now I’m taking on a new role in her life, but that doesn’t mean I’ll stop taking care of her, Dad. It just means... I’ll take care of her like a husband.”

“Son... if you were talking about anyone else in the world, I’d be so goddamn happy for you. I’ve never heard you talk about anyone that way. You’ve never even been remotely close to proposing. But this is Gabrielle; your baby sister that you’ve known for over half of your life.” He cocks his head to the side and shakes his head. “I can’t believe this is happening. I believe that this is real between you two but I can’t say I support this.”

“And that’s...well, it’s not fine and Gabrielle is going to be hurt. But I value and respect you as my father and her father. I just ask that you take some time to think about it and give me a chance to tell Gabrielle that you know. And don’t tell Mom yet?”

“Are you kidding? I’m not telling your mother this. This is your news and quite frankly I do not want to be the bearer of it.” He shakes his head.

“I won’t say anything to Gab yet.”

“You and Gabrielle.” He crosses his arms and lets out a breath before looking down at the box. “Is this you asking for her hand in marriage or something?”

“Do I need it?”

“I assumed that any man looking to marry either of my daughters would come to me...and also you. Don’t know how this really works now.”

“Gabrielle will marry me without your blessing, Dad. She won’t love it, but if the alternative is not marrying me...she’ll live with it.”

“I know,” he says and I’m surprised at his lack of pushback to my comment.

“Gabrielle loves you and Mom so much. She’s actually been rather terrified you’ll blame her for all of this.”

“Why on Earth would she think that? You both should know better, but I’m more upset with you over this, James.”

“Why do you think she thinks that, Dad?”

“I don’t know? Tell me after all this time she can’t possibly think we see her differently than we see you and Monica?”

“Normally no. In this very complicated, difficult, taboo situation? Yes, she does.”

“Doesn’t she know how much better she made our lives? That she’s my daughter even though she may not share my same blood?”

I shrug. “I’ve been over and over this with her. Deep down she knows it, but she’s scared. Monica didn’t take it well at first. Neither did her roommate. She gets it’s a hard pill to swallow but she just wants someone to be supportive of us off the bat. She wants to hear, ‘if you’re happy I’m happy.’”

“That’s a hard thing to ask of someone. By nature, people will reject this.”

“Reject what, love? Since when?”

“You know what I’m saying, James. You’re her adopted brother for the past seventeen years. To your point, you helped raise her in some ways. How do you wake up one day and decide that your relationship is different?”

“So, he didn’t take it well then.” Her face falls and I pull her into my arms before the tears can form because the second I see her cry I’m going to

lose it.

“Please don’t cry, angel.” I press a kiss to her forehead. “He was okay by the end of the conversation, he just needed some time to cool off, which I expected. This is why I told him by myself so I could bear the brunt of his anger and you could be involved once he cooled off.”

She pulls back and I’m grateful that although her eyes are glossy it doesn’t appear that she’s shed any tears. “Are we going to tell Mom this weekend?”

“If you don’t want to, we don’t have to, but I think we should. It’s time to get all of this out in the open. No more hiding.”

Chapter

TWENTY-TWO

Gabrielle

My knee is bouncing uncontrollably as we all sit down for dinner. Their anniversary party is tomorrow so we came home tonight to have this conversation in private. Monica is home as well but I'm unsure if it's for moral support or to have a front row seat for the show. James and I are seated next to each other on one side of the table, Monica is on the other and my parents are on each end. The room is quiet, all of us knowing something that only my mother doesn't but she picks up on it instantly.

"Why is everyone so quiet? I know my cooking isn't *that* good." She jokes before taking a sip of her chardonnay. I smile, because her cooking is *that* good and also because it might be the last time I smile tonight.

"The kids have something to talk to us about." My dad says and he winces, my guess at his choice of words. "Well James and Gabrielle have something to say." He leans back in his chair and motions towards us as if to say 'well, out with it.'

Monica looks at me and gives me a small smile and a wink and I'm choosing to read it as '*You got this. I'm with you.*'"

"Mom, I hope what we're about to share isn't going to change how you see us." I start and I can already feel the tears forming in the back of my throat. "I am sorry if this changes how you see me."

"That could never happen, sweet girl." She grabs my hand as I'm seated closest to her and gives it a squeeze. "Now tell Mama, what's up."

“So...” James picks up his glass of whiskey and takes a healthy sip. He holds it tightly in his grasp, twirling the ice around the glass. The sound of the ice clinking is the only sound to be heard except for maybe the pounding in my chest that I can hear in my ears. “Mom, Gabrielle and I are together,” he blurts out like he’s ripping off a Band-aid.

I squeeze my eyes shut, preparing for the worst when I don’t hear anything. I open one eye and look at my mother who’s staring at us with wide eyes.

“I’m sorry, I swear I’ve only had two of these.” She says pointing at her glass of wine. “What did you say?”

“I know how this sounds and—” James starts.

“Did you know about this?” She cuts him off and stares at my father.

“Are you serious? How is that your first question? And why am *I* the one getting heat for this?” He asks. “Monica knew too.” He points at her and her head snaps towards him.

“DAD!”

“If I go down, I’m taking you down with me.” He points at Monica and despite the very intense environment, I resist the urge to chuckle at their banter.

“CALVIN!” My mother yells. “I’ll deal with you in a second,” she says pointing at Monica. “How? When?” She says turning back to us.

“To be fair, Dad just found out last weekend.” I interject. “We asked that he give us a chance to tell you and we wanted to do it in person.”

“Well thank you for your consideration?” She scoffs before rubbing her eyes. “I gave up smoking before you were born Monica and I haven’t needed one until right this second.” She lets out a breath. “How?”

I notice in my periphery my father gets up and goes into the kitchen. Moments later, he’s back with a ball point pen. “Here, I don’t want you biting your nails and you know how you get.” He hands the pen to my mother and instantly she draws it to her mouth and I stare at her curiously.

“It helps with the urge but this is not about me or this.” She points the pen at us. “Speak.”

“Well—”

“Actually no, first question is when?” Her gaze is hard and cold as she stares at James and I can hear the meaning behind her question.

“I was eighteen.” I answer instantly. “Last Christmas.” I clarify.

“Well thank God for small favors!” Her voice is high, bordering on shrill and I wince at the tone of her voice. “This has been going on for ten months?” I nod, not knowing what to say.

“How long have you known?” She looks at Monica. “Why didn’t you tell me? OR YOU dear husband of mine and father of the children in question?”

My father doesn’t answer and Monica clears her throat. “I’ve known for... a while.”

“What’s a while?” My mother probes.

She pushes her glasses up on her nose. “Pretty much since it started, if you must know.”

“And you’re just fine with it?”

“I was not at first. I had a very similar reaction.” Monica looks at me. “Actually no, I yelled a lot.”

“Gabrielle, I saw the way you looked at James. I found your diaries when you were a child with his name scribbled on every page. I knew you had a crush on him but I never thought...” she trails off. “And James, when did you start seeing her differently?”

Lie and make that shit convincing, James.

“Would you believe me if I said when she was eighteen?”

“No, that sounds entirely too convenient.” She gives us both her signature mom look. The one that says ‘don’t you dare lie to me.’

“I first noticed something was *different* when she was seventeen. I came home for the weekend and it was like she’d changed overnight.”

Two Years Prior

JAMES

“Let me call you back, I’m pulling up to my house.” I tell Isaac who’s been going on about the new chick in the office that he fucked in her first week for the past thirty minutes. It was a slow month at the office and I hadn’t been home in a few months so this visit had been long overdue. Gabrielle had been begging me to come home for weeks and I finally carved out some time to take a week of vacation. I barely have the car door open before I

hear my name being called from the door and a squeal that I would know anywhere. I'm out of the car prepared to scoop her in my arms when I take in the woman moving fast towards me.

Yes, woman.

Who. The. Fuck?

I blink my eyes several times in confusion. It's not that I don't recognize it's Gabrielle, but my body seems to be very confused over who this is in front of me because suddenly it feels like I'm on fucking fire.

She's still a few yards away from me so I take in her attire. It's summertime so she's wearing short high waisted shorts and a white crop top that shows her tiny waist but the curve of her hips. I can't say I ever really noticed before, but I swear her breasts look bigger than they did the last time I saw her.

FUCK, don't look there. Gabrielle doesn't have breasts or hips or...

She's in my arms, interrupting my sinful inner monologue. Her arms wrap around my neck as she presses her body against me and I feel a stirring in my pants that I am trying my best to ignore.

No. No. No. I panic.

"I missed you so much." She says when she pulls away. Her hair is pulled into a sleek high ponytail, allowing the tips to graze her shoulders. It's July so I assume she's been out in the sun, giving her a deliciously sexy tan.

No. Not sexy. Gabrielle is not sexy.

Yes, she is. My subconscious replies immediately.

"Why are you so quiet? Did you miss me?" She places her hands under her chin and cocks her head to the side giving me a smile that instantly makes my knees fucking weak.

Since when is her smile capable of doing that?

"Of course, I did." I tell her. She walks by me to open the backseat of my car and I try my best not to follow her with my eyes. But I do. I shamelessly ogle her while her back is turned and I can't pull my gaze away from her ass.

I finally do just before she pulls my suitcase out of the car. "I'm so excited you're here! Mom and Dad are out so I'm the only member of the welcome wagon." She grabs my hand and begins pulling me towards the door. "Do you want to go get something to eat? Or I can whip up something?"

I swallow and it shakes me to my core that I couldn't care less about food in this moment despite the fact that I was starving no less than twenty minutes ago. No, the only thing I care about in this moment is getting to the nearest bathroom and fucking my hand.

"Sweetheart, I would love to take you somewhere for lunch." I tell her. I use pet names for her all the time, but suddenly sweetheart feels... different. "But let me just change and use the restroom. I had a few Red Bulls on the way here, okay angel?"

Angel doesn't feel any better.

My cock stiffens with every step as I make my way downstairs before I close the door and lock myself in the bathroom. I stare at myself in the mirror even though I don't even want to look myself in the eye.

"What is happening to me?" I let out a breath. I just got laid a few days ago, it's not like I've been going without sex. Why in God's name am I this horny?

I look down at my cock that's rising in my shorts and I know what I have to do. But I refuse to think about her. Absolutely not.

You sure about that? That asshole voice that is clearly at odds with my conscience speaks up.

I don't think my dick has ever been this hard. It's almost painful how badly I need a release. I pull down my briefs and look down at my hard cock that is already leaking semen from the tip. From a fucking hug? From Gab? In shorts?

She did look great though. Has she been working out? She's always had a nice figure, but now it's like her body is one of a supermodel. Her face flashes through my head and my cock twitches.

"James?" I hear her voice in my head.

"Nope. Go away, Gabrielle." I growl, trying my best to think about the girl from a few nights ago. The girl—any girl from my office. My neighbor. Anyone.

Not Gabrielle.

My balls begin to tingle and I stare at my dick in confusion because it's never had a mind of its own quite like this.

One time won't hurt. No one will know.

"Fuck me." I wrap my hand around my cock and slide it from root to tip before repeating the process over and over. I'm trying my best to keep my mind blank and despite how hard I am, I'm missing that familiar feeling.

My phone beeps and I see her name on the screen and just seeing her name sends a jolt back to my dick.

A flash of her running towards me takes over my brain and suddenly my hand is moving faster. My orgasm is there. I can feel it. But my body isn't going to let me have it until I succumb to the taboo thoughts.

No.

Just once.

No.

No one will know.

I'm already anticipating the shame and guilt the second her face floats through my brain.

"Jesus Christ, what's happening to me?" I repeat. I grip the counter as I continue to fuck my hand picturing my little sister's sweet face. "Fuck I'm so sorry." A vision of her sitting in my lap, my hands wrapped around her as she wiggles her ass against my crotch, a giggle leaving her lips has me exploding in my hand.

I keep coming and coming and coming. I don't think I've come this much in years.

I finally stop and let out a deep breath.

This can't happen again.

Ever. I vow.

It happened again. Every night I was home.

And for several months after.



My mother, like my father, and Monica needed time to process so Gabrielle and I went for a walk around our neighborhood. "I'm happy they all know." She says and I wrap an arm around her shoulder before kissing her temple.

"Now that they know you think they'll be fine with you sleeping in my room tonight?" I look down at her with a wicked smirk and she rolls her eyes.

"Let's not press our luck," she laughs. "I'll just sneak down like usual."

"I expected Mom to take it worse honestly." I tell her. I loved my mother but she could go from zero to one hundred quickly and especially

after a glass of wine. I grab her hand and lace our fingers before dragging my lips over her fingertips.

“It seems like she took it better than Dad.”

I nod, knowing what I want to talk to her about but not knowing exactly how to broach the subject. She’s still only nineteen and what I’m asking her for is huge. Especially at her age. But I need more. It’s not enough just being her boyfriend or her man. I wanted to be her everything. *Her lover. Her protector. Her husband.* I wanted my ring on her finger so the world would know she belonged to me. “So now that they know, does that mean you’re open to talking about marriage now?”

The grin that finds her face makes my dick hard and I resist the urge to pull her behind a tree and fuck her senselessly. “You want to marry me, Calloway?”

“There isn’t any question. You know I do.”

“Well, I suppose marrying you would spare me the pain of having to change my last name.” She taps her chin and I narrow my gaze at her before I pinch her side playfully. We pass a bench and she sits down and I follow suit. “James... I’ve wanted to marry you since I was like three years old.” She smiles. “I’ve been waiting forever for this.”

“Well, I want to spend forever with you.”

Epilogue

JAMES

Four Years Later

The air leaves my lungs when I take in the vision in front of me. Adorned in a long white dress that conforms to her slender body, I want to drop to my knees and worship at her feet. She's undoubtedly the most beautiful woman I've ever seen in my entire life.

"Oh my God, what are you doing here?" she squeals as Monica tries to shoo me out of the room. Her eyes are brimming with tears but I can't be sure if it's because I'm here seeing her in her wedding dress and she wanted to wait or because she's overwhelmed by the fact that she's marrying me today.

"Monica, give us a second."

"James, her makeup and hair are perfect." Monica, who is dressed in a sapphire blue maid of honor dress, says as she pushes against my chest to try and get me out of the room.

"Monica, out," I growl at her as I make my way towards Gabrielle who also happens to be my future wife. My cock jerks in my pants thinking about marrying Gabrielle which is happening within the next ten minutes. The sound of the door clicking lets me know that we're alone and I'm in front of her instantly.

"Wow. You're a vision."

"You're not supposed to be here!" she says as my lips find her neck.

“Says who?”

She grips my forearms and takes a step back. “Tradition!”

“Okay, so we’re going with what’s traditional now, future Mrs. Calloway?” I say emphasizing her last name which happens to be the same as mine. She grabs the table behind her and I take a step closer to her. “Is your pussy wet?” I’m back in front of her. “I know how much it turns you on when I call you that.” For the past few months, whenever I’ve made any reference to our upcoming nuptials, particularly while we’re being intimate she loses her mind. She bites her lip and nods her head up and down.

“We can’t do that right now but I am glad you’re here.” While my cock is disappointed that it won’t be inside her one more time before we tie the knot, I am thrilled that she’s happy to see me. “I always pictured you being in here with me the day I got married. Talking me off the ledge, but I never expected you’d be the groom.”

“Do I need to talk you off the ledge? Because let me tell you, this guy you’re marrying is a great guy, Gab. I’ve never seen a man love a woman the way he loves you,” I joke, trying to relieve the tension in case she actually is having cold feet, but she shakes her head.

“I don’t need to be convinced you’re the man for me.”

I grab her hand and rub a finger over her engagement ring. “I can’t wait to start *this* life with you.”

Gabrielle

One Year Later

“God, J this fucking HURTS,” I scream as I go into my tenth hour of labor and another contraction rips through me. “Please just fucking kill me.” I squeeze his hand, and like the absolute gem he is, he lets me all but break every bone, for the third time.

“I love you and you’re doing so well baby. I’m so proud of you.” He kisses my temple and brings my hand that is currently crushing his to his lips.

“Stop being so fucking perfect,” I scream. “It’s so annoying,” I grit out and I hear the nurse in the corner of the room chuckle.

“Okay, Gabrielle, I need another big push because I think this baby is ready to make its entrance!” our Doctor says. The second James and I got married I flushed my birth control and about three minutes later I was pregnant. Now, here we were about to bring our son into the world. James Michael Calloway Jr.

“Do you hear that baby, just one more push.” His hand cups my face, and he leans in to whisper, “Come on, sweetheart. You got this. Do it for Daddy.”

I glare at him, knowing where he’s going with this. “That is what got us here in the first place!” I cry. “Oh Godddddd, who decided this!?! Who the fuck invented childbirth!?” I cry.

“Don’t say fuck, our son is almost here.” I can hear the sexy sternness in his voice and while usually I get off on that, now is really not the fucking time. I raise my middle finger in response.

“Okay, baby is coming. Come on Gabrielle, you ready to meet your baby?” The doctor looks up at me from between my legs.

I nod several times, tears already rolling down my face at the thought of finally getting to meet the little person who’s lived inside me for nine months. Even if he did use my bladder like a trampoline. James is holding my hand and presses his lips to my cheek. “I love you, angel. Thank you for doing this. For making our family complete, yet again.”

I turn towards him, my heart literally feeling like it could burst from the love I have for this man and also the one inside me. And seconds before our party of two becomes a party of three I press a kiss to his lips. “I love you more, James. Always.”

The End

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PROLOGUE

Stassia

The first time I saw him, it was love at first sight. At least my ten-year-old brain, that had watched too many romance movies with my incurable romantic mother wanted to believe. He was standing across the playground talking to the Social Studies teacher whose name I could never remember. He was new from just a few towns over, I later learned, after his wife died in a fatal car accident leaving him widowed and devastated.

It was a warm Spring day, one of the first of the season and I found myself getting hot under my sweater that my mother made me promise not to take off. I pulled at it, wishing I had the courage to disobey just this once, and sighed.

Mark Erickson, this stupid bully that my mother told me only picked on me because he was sweet on me, ran past me, knocking me over and breaking my line of sight with my new love. I hit the mulch, but I didn't get up. I just stared up at this beautiful man willing him to look at me. He looked like Prince Eric from *The Little Mermaid*, with jet black hair and tanned skin. I couldn't see his eyes, but I bet they were blue just like his. I cocked my head to the side briefly wondering what it would be like to be part of his world.

The second time was later that week. He entered my math class just as we began a test. I set down my pencil, watching him move towards the front to quietly talk to my teacher. I tried to angle my ear towards them just to hear his voice. *What did he sound like?* I got up and moved towards the sharpener as it was in the front of the room. My heart pounded with every step, knowing that I'd get to hear his voice any second now. *And I did.*

Soft. Smooth. Rich.

I imagined it was what my father would sound like, *if I had one.*

The third, and perhaps the most pertinent time, he spoke to me. He told me he liked my pink overalls that I begged my mother not to make me wear. He gave me a grin, baring all his teeth and I almost melted. My heart slammed against my little ribcage and I couldn't help but feel like I was floating.

The beautiful man noticed me.

Maybe he'd love me one day.

Maybe he'd kiss me like they do at the end of the movies.

But I was wrong.

So, fucking wrong.

Because although I saw him first and told myself at the young age of ten that I was madly in love with this beautiful man, said beautiful man fell in love with someone else.

My mother.

I was ten years old when I fell in love.

Two years later, I fell in *hate.*

[Get Love Unexpected here](#)

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Q.B. TYLER

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About THE AUTHOR

Hailing from the Nation's Capital, Q.B. Tyler spends her days constructing her “happily ever afters” with a twist, featuring sassy heroines and the heroes that worship them. But most importantly the love story that develops despite *inconvenient* circumstances.

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