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FAMILY  
INTRODUCTION

BY ODESSA HYWELL

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Thank you so much for signing up for my newsletter and/or being a supporting member of my SubscribeStar.Adult account.

Don't expect to see more of Oslo and Haider but I do hope you enjoy a peek into their lives. Their story has a similar feel to my new Sinful Delights series.

## COMING SOON

[grandfather/grandson, age gap, size difference, virgin mc]

Ian Bassett, the head of the Bassett Crime Family, knows well-fed devils behave better than famished saints. His son was well-fed and yet, it was still necessary for him to die—for Oskar. Everything Ian does, he does for Oskar—always Oskar.

Oskar Bassett, the grandson to the head of the Bassett Crime Family, is well-loved and spoiled beyond measure but has a secret that could destroy him and his grandfather if anyone ever finds out—especially Pops.

It's taboo. It's disgusting. If anyone knew . . .

When one kiss turns into two there is no fighting the inevitable.

[Always Oskar](#), a 40k novel, featuring a loving grandfather who isn't above getting his hands dirty, his spoiled grandson who dares you to fuck around and find out, lace panties, lots of late night cuddles, wandering hands, slow kisses, and a pair of goats with ridiculous names.

If you'd like to read more of my works that are available now check out:

[Morally Ambiguous](#) [father/son, hurt/comfort, public sex]

[Twisted Together](#) [twincest, dubcon, noncon]

*—the Earth is littered with the ruins of empires that believed they were eternal.*

Do good and evil really exist?

Or are they simply abstract concepts made up by men to control the masses?

I'd be the first to admit fear is a powerful tool when employed correctly. So few know how to wield a weapon of such magnitude without blow back though. I started learning early through trial and error as a means of survival. Every mistake left a mark. Some I could see—touch like a physical wound that bled. And some were invisible, impossible to see even when I was stripped bare and laid out.

There was a knock on my office door, and I sat back, closing my laptop. "Enter."

Only a few people would bother me when I was in my office.

Each of them deserved my undivided attention.

The door opened, and Haider stepped through, shutting it behind himself. He was my son's best friend—had been for almost fourteen years now. A friendship like theirs was rare. Most people didn't make it into adulthood with the friends they'd made as children and yet, here they were, still thick as thieves. One was rarely without the other.

"Can we talk?" Haider asked.

I searched his face, looking for any indication of what this was about. He rarely visited my office alone. It had been years, in fact. "Is everything okay?"

He sat in the chair on the other side of my desk, clasping his hands together. "I don't know the right way to say it so I guess I'll just say it." His bright hazel eyes met mine as he pushed slender fingers through black hair. "I'd like to join your Family."

I sat back in my desk chair, crossing one leg over the other as I clasped my hands in my lap. "I'm confused," I told him, though I wasn't confused in the slightest. "You've been family as far as I'm concerned for years." My lips twitched into a smile. "Right around the time you peed in the potted plant off the hallway."

His cheeks turned pink, and he tucked his chin into his chest. "I really wish you would stop bringing that up." He scrubbed a hand through his hair before he shook his head and looked up. "However honored I am to be considered your family, that's not the family I'm talking about. Can we make it easy on both of us by skipping the playing dumb part?"

I dropped my leg and slid my chair forward, clasping my hands on top of the desk. "If you insist." There was no reason to beat around the bush with him, not really. He was aware of who I was, who my son was. How could he not be after so long? It would take an act of willful ignorance to not know exactly what my side business was. "Am I correct in assuming you have a sales pitch prepared?"

He sat forward, his gaze still holding mine. There was a spark of determination in his eyes. "I'm loyal, and I'm ready and willing to do whatever is required of me."

"Why?" I asked. No one joined the Family without a reason, so what was his?

Haider shrugged. "I grew up here." He had practically lived here every summer since he was a child. During the school year, he was here so often—every other weekend like clockwork—I compared our arrangement with one similar, if not exactly like, one divorced parents had. "You have done more for me than my own blood ever has. I'm ready to repay that. It's not some whim. I thought about what I wanted out of my life and this is my choice."

"You're a smart young man, Haider. Even without scholarships, college is still very much an option for you," I told him. He had to know if he wanted to go to school, I'd pay for it. The world was at his fingertips, just as it was at my son's.

He shook his head. "Being smart doesn't mean you like school."

"School was never my forte either," I said. "How about backpacking across Europe?"

Or was his heart truly set on being Family?

"Sounds like a good way to get sold into a human trafficking ring," he replied.

I barked out a laugh as I sat back. "You're pretty enough."

He was young and pretty, so yes; I suppose backpacking across Europe was a good way to find himself a victim of sex trafficking, which was the last thing I wanted for him.

"I want this, Oslo," he said, holding my gaze.

"What are you willing to do to get it?" I finally asked.

"Whatever it takes," he answered immediately.

"And if you get what you want, what happens then?" I asked. What did he believe would happen? Did he stop to think about what his place might be in my Family? I had never thought of what his place would be in my Family because I never considered marking him for it. He always existed outside of the darkness I lived in.

"Life," he said.

I hummed and reached over, pulling a sheet of paper towards me and scribbling an address, date and time on it before pushing it across the desk. "Go there on that date, at that time. There will be a man in the hotel bar. Seduce him. If you can get him back to your hotel room, we will talk about your place in my Family."

He chewed his bottom lip. "Can I see a picture of this man first?"

My lips tipped up at the corner. "You'll know him when you see him, Haider."

"Okay," he said as he picked the paper up, folded it, and shoved it into his pocket.

"What you do with him—to him after he crosses the threshold is completely up to you," I told him as I opened my laptop and hit the spacebar. "At any point, if you change your mind, simply leave." I wouldn't think less of him for changing his mind.

"Okay," he said as he stood up.

"I'll see you at dinner," I told him, looking for the place I left off. "Perhaps before then you and Nicodemus can tend to the backyard." I arched an eyebrow as I looked up at him. It had been two weeks now, and the grass was getting ridiculous. If they left it for another week, I was going to need to hire a professional.

"Ugh," he groaned. "Fine." He slipped out of the office and I laughed under my breath as he shut the door. Sometimes, he was so fucking grown up it took my breath away. Other times, he was thirteen again, and I was showing him how to start a lawn mower for the first time while Nicodemus cleaned the gutters.

Oslo gave me two weeks to think it over. I didn't think too much.

How could I plan to seduce someone when I didn't even know who that someone was? All I could do was make sure I looked the part. I did some research on the hotel I was going to be in and it was high class. Because of that, I wore clothes that would help me fit in.

I've never been a suit guy, but I had on a nice pair of dress shoes, black slacks and a comfortable black sweater. The fancy watch Oslo gave me for graduation adorned my wrist. I combed my fingers through my hair one last time before giving my keys to the valet and heading towards the front desk. I smiled at the girl behind the counter and she grinned back.

"Hi," I said. "Can I get a room for the night?" I asked, taking out my wallet.

"Of course, Sir. Name? And I'll need to see your ID."

"Haider Miles," I said, taking my card and my ID out of my wallet.

She looked at the ID, tapping away on the computer for a second. "It seems we already have a reservation for you, Mr. Miles. If you'd sign these forms, I'll get you a room key." She passed some papers to me and I signed my name at the bottom. I guess Oslo already took care of the room for me. The rest was on me then.

Once I was done, she gave me two key cards. I slid my bank card and ID into my wallet before putting the room keys in a different pocket. Afterwards, I took out my phone. Since I was early, I opened my messages and saw Nico had replied to the picture I sent him.

If it was up to me, I would wear jeans and a band shirt all my life. So when I was actually trying to make an effort, I always sent him a picture to see if I was on the right track or not. I had a change of clothes in my car if needed.

**Nicodemus:** *The clothes look good. Can you fix your face?*

I rolled my eyes, sending back the middle finger emoji before heading towards the hotel bar. Hanging around Nicodemus taught me it doesn't actually matter how old you are, as long as you look old enough. If you act like you belong somewhere, no one will ever question you. I walked over to the bartender ordering a Jack and coke, giving him the room number so it could be charged there. He didn't question it as I turned around, scanning the room.

Oslo said I would know when I saw the person, but so far I didn't see anyone who seemed like I should seduce them. The bartender came back with my drink and I picked it up before spotting one guy hiding out in the back of the room. I bet that was the target.

I made my way towards the booth in the back, stopping at the table.

It was Oslo Rotter.

What was he doing here? Was he coming to watch me, to make sure that I could actually get the job done or . . . I'd known him when I saw him. Did he really want me to seduce him?

"May I join you?" I asked.

If I wanted this to work, I had to treat him like a stranger in a bar and not like Oslo Rotter.

"Be my guest," Oslo said, picking up his own drink and taking a sip as I sat across from him. Much like his son, he was a nice dresser—khaki slacks, a blue button down; his hair was tied back in a ponytail and he looked like the picture of ease. Oslo was beautiful. I noticed that as soon as I figured out why a dick gets hard. "Did you join me just to stare or do you plan to introduce yourself?"

"I was just drinking you in," I said. "Haider," I held my hand out to him.

Oslo took it. His fingers wrapped around my palm as he shook. "Oslo."

"Why is someone as pretty as you drinking alone?" I asked. I always wondered why I never saw Oslo with anyone. He was very pretty, but I never saw him with anyone.

Oslo gave a laugh. "Perhaps I enjoy my own company more than that of others."

"Nah, you wouldn't have invited me to sit if that was the case," I said and he picked up his cup again, taking another sip from his drink. I picked up mine and took a swallow, hoping it would give me a little liquid courage.

"Or social niceties demanded I do so," Oslo said, arching an eyebrow.

"I never really understood that," I said. "If you want to be left alone, you shouldn't have to beat around the bush about it."

"Wouldn't it be nice if life truly worked that way?" Oslo asked, and I looked at him. I guess my way of seeing things was childish in some ways. I looked him over again. "Are you in the habit of telling people to fuck off?"

"To my detriment," I admitted, my lips quirking into a little smile, thinking of all the times I had gotten myself and Nicodemus in trouble because I'd told people to fuck off. "But I know when the situation calls for a more delicate touch." It's not like I was a bull in a china shop after all. You learn to get through the world the best way you can and I have done that just like everyone else.

Oslo tipped his head to the side. "You look like a smart young man. I'm sure you do." He sat back and took another sip from his drink. If I was being honest, I wasn't good at seducing people. Most of the girls and guys I had sex with, I already had a feeling they wanted me and I wanted them. It was easy when you both had an understanding. Did Oslo and I have an understanding? If he wanted me to treat him like I would some rando in the bar, maybe I should do that.

"I think you're hot," I said, being my normal upfront self. "And I'm staying here tonight. And I'd very much like you to join me upstairs so I can bend you over my bed and fuck you until my name is all that you remember. Or you can bend me over. I like it both ways."

Oslo laughed, the sound sudden, sharp and surprised. "I take it you've done it both ways in that case?"

"Yeah," I answered. "How do you like it, Oslo?" I asked. It was something I had wondered in passing, but never something I thought I'd ever actually say to Oslo Rotter. Yet here I was.

“Given the choice?” Oslo held my eyes as he finished his drink. “My bed partner tied down and begging for mercy.” My cock stiffened. That sounded pretty hot.

I swallowed before licking my lips. “Sounds fun.”

“Have you ever been tied up before, Haider—fucked until all you could manage was a dry orgasm?” he asked, sipping his drink again.

“No,” I said.

Is that what he was into? Who would have thought that underneath his angel's face he was actually a freak?

Oslo tsked. “You’re pretty. I’m sure plenty of men have wanted to tie you down, listen to you say no while your body begged for more.”

This time I laughed. Not because it was funny, but because it was fucking trippy hearing Oslo say that. And damn, it was really turning me on. I thought I was supposed to be seducing him? “So why don’t you be the first.”

“Are you hard?” Oslo asked.

I picked up my drink, finishing it. “Come find out.” I told him, putting the second key on the table and walking away. I went up to my room and sat down on the bed, waiting. Minutes passed, and the door didn’t open.

Nicodemus had texted me back a gif of a woman choking up, and I knew he implied that I was going to choke. Maybe I had. Had he known it was going to be his dad here?

Picking up my phone, I called Nicodemus. He answered on the third ring. “I blew it.”

“Did you remember to swallow?” Nicodemus asked.

“Why am I even your friend?” I muttered, falling back onto the bed. I hadn’t even made it to that part. Maybe I had no sex appeal. Or maybe fucking people your age is easier than fucking older guys. But fuck, that was some kinky shit Oslo was saying.

“You only have yourself to blame.” Nicodemus said, and I rolled my eyes. He didn’t want me to join the Family anyway, so he probably told his dad to give me the most impossible task ever. How did I have any hope of seducing Oslo Rotter?

“Go fu—” I started, but heard the beep of someone using the room key. I sat up, seeing Oslo walking into the room with a bag over his shoulder. “I gotta go,” I said, hanging up before Nicodemus could reply.

I guess I hadn’t blown it after all.

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The only way through was forward.

I'd started this, and I was going to see it 'till the end. Where did it end, though?

"What's in the bag?" Haider asked, tucking a hand in his pocket..

"Lube. Condoms." I paused, meeting his hazel gaze. At the table, in the hotel bar, I'd seen the lust on his face as I'd spoken. He'd wanted what I was saying and . . . as I said it, I realized I'd wanted it too. I'd bet my life he'd been hard under the table—just as hard as I'd been thinking about him, tied down and begging. "Restraints."

"You just carry that stuff around with you?" he asked. His Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed. A flush traveled up his neck.

"No. Not really. I popped to the corner store for the lube and condoms."

The restraints were just neckties I'd had scattered in my SUV.

"I hadn't even thought of that," he admitted.

I took careful steps for him. "You want me to leave?"

"No," he shook his head and took a step towards me. "I want you to do what you said you were going to do. Unless you were just all talk downstairs." He arched an eyebrow.

I laughed under my breath. "Strip," I told him as I dropped into a chair in the corner. The bag landed on the floor beside me. It was probably a good idea to keep it close. He pulled his sweater over his head and tossed it away. "Slowly."

If we were going to do this, I wanted to enjoy it.

"Should I play some music and do a little dance?" he asked, walking towards me.

A smile tugged at my mouth, but I swallowed it. "No. Just let me look at you."

He toed off his shoes before pulling his socks off, his eyes on me the whole time. When he stood upright, he ran his hands over his body, tweaking his nipples before reaching for the button on his slacks. My cock was hard and pressing against my zipper as he pushed his pants down his thighs.

He was beautiful—well built and nearly hairless. There was a scar on his side, just below his ribcage from when he fell out of a tree when he was twelve. I'd been the one to take him to the ER for stitches and ice cream afterwards. The freckles on his shoulder were from the summer he and Nicodemus spent more time outside than inside when they were fifteen. He'd bitched about the sunburn endlessly while I applied cream and cool rags to his blistered flesh, but he always forgot to put sunscreen on when he finally healed.

"When is the last time you had sex?" I asked, my gaze dropping to his straining cock as he stroked himself through his boxers. There was a wet spot from where he'd leaked.

"Three, maybe four months ago," he said, his fingers dipping into the hem of his boxers.

"And were you the one being fucked or doing the fucking?" I asked.

"Doing the fucking," he replied, hesitating for a moment longer before shoving his boxers down his hips and kicking them away. His cock slapped against his stomach, leaving behind a trail of sticky pre-cum. He was long and slender—the head an angry pink.

"How often have you been fucked, Haider?" I asked, toeing my shoes off and moving them to the side. Eventually, I'd be as naked as him, but I always liked this, the power imbalance of being fully dressed while my partner was naked—exposed.

"A few times. Over five, less than fifteen. Does it matter?" he asked, rubbing his hands down his thighs. "I always use protection."

"I'm not worried about that," I assured him. I knew he was safe. I taught him to be the year I realized he and my son were having sex. Not with each other. Just in general. "I was just curious how easy I should go on you. Now, come here." I held my hand out to him but didn't stand. He came forward, taking my hand, and I pulled him between my thighs.

"No offense, but you don't really seem like you'd be all that rough," he said.

My lips tipped up, and I dragged him down into my lap. He landed with a soft oof, bracing himself on my shoulder. "I don't look like a lot of things," I said as I dragged

my fingers up his thighs. His cock jumped between his legs, leaking a stream of pre-cum onto my slacks. "You'd be wise not to assume anything about me."

I fisted his hair in one hand and tugged his head back. The tendons in his neck flexed, and I ran my tongue over them, feeling the beat of his heart under my mouth before I sucked a bruise into his flesh. He moaned, and I cupped his balls, rolling them between my fingers as I held him in place.

"Ah," he gasped when I squeezed them before releasing them.

"For tonight, no means no. Understand?" I asked, grabbing his jaw and tilting his head down so he could see me and I could see him properly.

"Shouldn't no always mean no?" he asked.

"Depends on your kinks," I replied, grabbing the bag from beside the chair and reaching inside, withdrawing one of the neckties. It was one he'd gotten me for Christmas a few years ago, if I remembered correctly. "Put your wrists together." His breathing sped up as he complied. I looped the tie around and between them, leaving enough space for my finger to slip between the fabric and his flesh. Too tight and I could easily cause nerve damage. The last thing I wanted to do was hurt him—not tonight, in any case. But tonight was all that was allowed. "Go lay face down on the bed."

"You're really bossy in the bedroom, huh?" He stood with my help and turned towards the bed.

I laughed softly and stood. "Not just the bedroom." I yanked my shirt from my pants before unbuttoning it and discarding it with his. Haider laid face down on the bed. "Ass up. I want to see you." He made a sound in the back of his throat but pulled his knees under his body as I shoved my pants and boxers down my thighs. I kicked them away before grabbing the box of condoms and bottle of lube I'd bought.

"Ever been tongue fucked, Haider?" I asked, dropping the lube and condoms by his knee.

"Badly—once," he said. I skimmed my fingers over his ass as I climbed onto the mattress and knelt between his legs. My cock ached but I was used to denying myself

the things I wanted. There was no rush to bury myself inside of him. We'd get there, but first we had to get through everything else I wanted to do.

"Let's see if we can improve upon the experience," I said, spreading his cheeks and looking down at his furrowed hole. His hips twitched and I held him steady before bowing my head and licking a strip from his taint to the top of his crack. He moaned and pressed back against my mouth. I tightened my grasp on his hips, holding him in place as I licked around his hole, feeling it soften under my tongue.

"Oslo," he whimpered as I flattened my tongue and pressed it inside of him. He was tight and hot and would no doubt feel amazing once I was inside of him. But not yet. Not yet, at all. "Fuck," he wheezed. I reached under his body and grabbed his cock, pulling it back between his legs. He thrust into my fist as I licked towards his balls and lavished them with attention. "Don't stop," he begged. I flicked my tongue over the head of his cock, catching a bead of pre-cum on my tongue, and hummed.

"Why would I stop when I've barely started?" I asked, pulling his cheeks further apart with my free hand and spitting on his hole before pushing my fingers inside of him. He cried out and thrust back against my fingers, chasing them as I withdrew before leaning in and licking over his hole once more.

"I'm going to come," he whined.

"So come," I told him, squeezing his cock as I sucked the head into my mouth. I sank a finger back into his body and his hole clenched around the digit. He leaked onto my tongue as I twisted my finger and brushed it over the sensitive bundle of nerves inside of him.

"Oslo!" he gasped, his cum spilling over my tongue. It filled my cheeks, one shot after another. By the time the last aftershock of pleasure had rolled through him, my mouth was full. I pulled back and exposed his hole again, letting his cum drip off my tongue. He made a soft sound in the back of his throat that vibrated through his chest.

"That was one. You're young, so let's aim for four. Don't lose count or we'll have to start over," I told him, shoving two fingers into his slick hole.

"F-Four?" he stuttered. "Can you even keep up, old man?"

I laughed low, shoving him flat on the bed as I came over top of him. My lips were at his ear as I wrapped my fingers around his throat. “No one said I had to come more than once, Haider.”

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My chest heaved as the devil looked down at me. He smiled that perfect smile even as I tried to catch my breath. I've never come more than twice in one night, but I'd just counted out my third time and Oslo was spreading my thighs apart.

His cock was hot and hard as he pressed inside of me. My back arched off the bed. This was the first time tonight he was inside of me. It had been his fingers and his tongue before now. He told me I was lucky he didn't have any toys. And maybe I was. I never thought Oslo would be this kind of lover.

"Fuck," I whimper, my cock throbbing. I'm not even sure it stopped leaking from the last time I came. There was a thin clear line that was probably just leftovers.

"You're a mess, Haider." Oslo said, his hips thrusting into my body. His fingers dragging over my thighs. I was covered in cum and sweat and he looked so happy.

"Whose . . . fault," I wheezed and gasped as he pulled out only to drive himself home. It was madness as I tightened around him, my body begging for what my mouth wasn't saying. My hole clenched, trying to keep him inside of me.

"I'll take responsibility this time," Oslo said.

"This time," I repeated. Was it my fault next time? Would there be a next time? I . . . I wanted a next time. What was wrong with me? But he was so good. I'd never felt this good before. He kept hitting against my prostate and my mind was blank. This man. Fuck this man.

He leaned down, his teeth catching my nipple and biting down. "Fuck!" I cried as he continued to pound my hole. He was relentless. Then he stopped. I shook my head, wiggling my ass to get him to continue, but he pressed me down. I think he enjoyed seeing me suffer at this point. Oslo pulled his cock from me and I wanted to cry. The absence of him was almost unbearable. He turned me over, lifting me to my knees. His hand coming down on my already red ass.

He had spanked me raw and somehow, even that felt good. Was I some kind of pervert? He hit my ass again, my cock jumping before he leaned closer to me. His lips

were at my ear. "Every time you sit down for the next week, undress and look in a mirror, you're gonna remember this, Haider—letting your best friend's dad fuck you into a sobbing mess."

My heart pounded in my chest because I guess I should feel guilty. He was my best friend's dad. He was someone who pretty much raised me and now I was wondering if he was going to stick his dick in me again.

"Had I known being spanked felt good I'd have let you sooner," I muttered, moaning when he bit my shoulder. Fuck.

"Had I known you'd like it so much, I'd have done it sooner," he said, his fingers coming into my hair as he yanked my head back. "You could have used a spanking or three growing up." I tried to laugh, but he closed his mouth over mine, swallowing the sound. I moaned. He tasted like my sweat and my cum and faintly like the whiskey he had at the bar.

When he pulled back, he licked my jaw and I shuddered under his tongue. His hand came between my legs, opening them wider before he pushed me onto the mattress again. How could he still have energy? I thought old people wore out faster. Oslo was going strong as he shoved into me again. My hole was open and wet. He didn't have to be gentle like he was at the start, but the sting of his roughness was my new favorite feeling.

"Oslo," I moaned. This wasn't how you were supposed to get into his Family. I don't even know if he remembered that. I had forgotten about it for a while. But in the morning, what was I supposed to say to him when he was making such a mess of me tonight? "Fuck," I gasped as he clenched my hips and rocked into me.

"All this foul language. Maybe I need to wash your mouth out with soap." Oslo said.

I shook my head. "I'd rather you use . . . your dick." I whimpered. Normally cursing in front of him was something I tried not to do, but he couldn't really blame me when he was buried in my ass. I think you got to say fuck when someone was balls deep inside of you.

"Come on my dick first and then maybe I will," Oslo said.

“Fuck!” I cried. Nothing came out, but it was still intense. My hole clenched and my toes curled into the mattress. It felt like everything inside of me was floating away and then there was Oslo, still fucking himself into me. I panted when he pulled from my body and rolled me over. My chest felt like it was about to break open.

His pretty blue eyes were smiling as he looked down at me. Peeling the condom he had on off, he reached out, rubbing his thumb across my lips. “Open your mouth,” he said, and I opened my mouth as he pressed himself inside. He pushed deeper even as I gagged and spit bubbled and dripped from my chin. He continued until my nose was pressed into his pubes.

“There we go. I knew I could fit in your throat,” he said. I was still gagging as he fucked my mouth. I never felt someone hitting the back of my throat before. It was strange and unpleasant but also made my cock hurt. It seemed impossible that I could even try to get hard again.

Oslo fisted my hair as he fucked himself into my mouth. “You look good like this—mouth stretched around my cock, tears in your eyes.” Oslo said. I looked up at him as he smiled down at me. His thumb brushed away one tear before he licked it off his fingers. “Maybe you’ll learn to watch your mouth after this, huh?”

I shook my head as best I could and he rammed himself deeper. He was evil. And I was clearly insane for liking it. “That’s okay. Now that I know how deep I can go in your throat, maybe I’ll have to teach you the same lesson several times before it sticks.”

I looked at him; my chest heaved. The idea of him teaching me any more made me groan and my cock ache more. I was going to come again just because he was throat fucking me. My hands were still tied, and I was completely under his control. My cock jumped as he rammed himself down my throat.

“I’m gonna come down your throat and then make a mess of your face. Close your eyes.” Oslo said, and I squeezed my eyes closed. He buried himself deep, deep enough I couldn’t breathe until I felt his cock pulsing. When he pulled back, I coughed. The taste of him filled my mouth even as he painted my face. I opened my eyes when he rubbed the head of his cock against my lips. He was panting this time

as he looked down at me. I licked a drop of cum from his swollen head and I could only imagine what I looked like right now.

Oslo Rotter just came on my face.

He reached down, untying my wrists before rubbing feeling back into my hands. "Let me see you flex your fingers. How does it feel?" Oslo asked, and I did as he asked.

"Like my hands fell asleep," I said. It was like pins, but I knew the feeling would go away soon. Oslo sat down, pulling me into his lap before grabbing my hands and rubbing feeling back into them. I sank against him, too tired to even lift my head from his shoulders. My body was spent.

"You did well tonight, Haider." Oslo said.

"Do you fuck everyone into the Family?" I asked, knowing that would be impossible. His Family was massive. He probably didn't even know everyone who was a part of his Family.

He paused, looking down at me before rubbing my hands again. "No. I didn't expect to fuck you even if you managed to get me into your hotel room."

"I don't want this to count," I said. "It seems like it would be tainted somehow." Or like he would think I just fucked him for a spot. I didn't want that. "I didn't know the guy was going to be you. I had no intention of actually fucking anyone tonight." It was why I didn't have any condoms or lube on me when he actually came into the room.

Oslo kissed my temple before kissing my jaw. "We can talk Family matters tomorrow. Let's get you cleaned up and tucked into bed, huh?"

"Bed sounds nice," I said, turning and looking up at him. "I want you to fuck me again." Oslo raised an eyebrow. "Not tonight, pervert." I added, but I wanted this again.

Oslo chuckled; it was a sound I've heard throughout my childhood and one I've only ever grown more and more attached to. In a lot of ways, he was like my father.

"But at some point you want to be tied down and fucked until you're crying again?"

"Yes," I answered, with no shame. At some point, I wanted this again.

“And what are you going to tell my son, your best friend?” Oslo asked. I hadn’t thought about that. What would I tell Nicodemus? He was cool, but I don’t know how cool he would be with me fucking his dad or, well, his dad fucking me. I also didn’t want to lie to him.

“I’ll tell him the truth,” I said. “His dad lays good pipe.”

Oslo laughed, getting out of bed and pulling me behind him. “Alright. Into the shower before the high wears off and you crash.”

I groaned, but followed.



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The sun was just peeking over the horizon as I woke. My gaze drifted to the clock on the bedside table and I reached for my phone, turning off the alarm before it could wake the sleeping boy beside me. He snored softly, his face tucked into my armpit, arm tossed over my midsection, and legs tangled with mine. No doubt he was exhausted. I rode him hard last night. But he'd enjoyed every second.

Would he enjoy being woken by my cock sliding into his body?

I reached down and fisted my erection. The tip of my cock was wet with pre-cum and I dragged my thumb through it before sucking the bitter liquid off. Haider shifted against me, making a soft sound in his sleep. He was so fucking pretty with his black hair a spiky mess and cheeks flushed from sleep. And I was so fucking bad at denying myself the things I desired—like him, right now.

What would it hurt to fuck him one more time?

His leg slid high on my thighs, and I shifted, pushing him to his back gently. He made a noise of protest but didn't wake as I pulled his thighs apart and settled between them. I ran my fingers down his chest, stopping to admire how he was built before fondling his balls. His cock grew hard, but I ignored it, sliding my fingers between his cheeks. He was still open, but not wet enough. I caught my weight on one hand and reached for the lube. He was still sleeping soundly as I slicked my fingers and cock before pushing two fingers into his hole as carefully as I could. I only wanted him to wake up after I was inside of him.

It didn't take long for his hole to be wet enough for me to push inside of him in one smooth motion. He clenched around my cock as I settled deep and rolled my hips.

"Oslo," Haider moaned.

I caught my weight on my hands as I leaned over top of him. His cock jumped between us as I looked down, watching as I sank into him. "You're so hot and wet,

Haider. I'm going to fuck my cum deep in you, then watch it leak down your thighs when I pull out."

"Fuck," he rasped, looking up at me with blurry eyes, still being held tight by the last finger of sleep. "You feel so good."

I combed my fingers through his hair and pressed a kiss to his jaw before reaching for a pillow. "Lift your hips," I told him, and he did so. I shoved the pillow under his body and he whimpered as I thrust into him, the angle perfect to nail his prostate. "There you go. That's better, isn't it?" I asked, rolling my hips slow. I used him well last night and wasn't looking to hurt him, but I damn sure wanted to enjoy his body.

"Yeah. Fuck, old man." His fingers dug into my back as he thrust against my abdomen.

"My age gives me all the experience you enjoyed so much last night," I said, nipping at his ear as I cupped the side of his neck. He was so fucking hot and smooth, tight like a vise around my cock. My balls drew up tight against my body. It was going to feel fucking amazing when I unloaded inside of him.

"I'm not complaining," he said.

I nipped at his jaw and made my way to his ear. "I'm fucking you bare."

He moaned, his nails digging into my skin as I thrust deep and ground my cock inside of him. "Are you going to finish inside?"

"I'm going to fill your hole and make you leave without the courtesy of a shower," I told him, sinking my fingers into the hair at the back of his head as I sped up.

"I have to drive all the way home, you know?" he wheezed, pressing his face into my neck. "Every bump in the road is going to be a reminder."

"Good," I told him. "I'm not going to forget how hot and tight you are around my dick anytime soon." I'd likely never forget because he felt like he was made for me.

"Good," he repeated, the word broken by a moan. "I want you to crave me."

I laughed in his ear, pushing myself up, supporting my weight with one hand while I grasped his jaw with the other and made him look at me. My cock nailed his

prostate over and over again as I thrust into him and said, "I tend to destroy the things I crave."

"If my fucked up family couldn't destroy me, good luck, Mr. Rotter."

I stroked my thumb over his bottom lip. "I won't need luck."

I had no intention of destroying this boy—on purpose or accidentally. He was family. My son loved him and I loved him in my own way, even if that seemed wrong now that I was balls deep inside of him, balls drawn tight against my body, minutes away from coming.

"Fuck me, Oslo," he whimpered. His cock was leaking against his stomach. I could feel the sticky trail of his pre-cum every time I thrust against his body.

"I am fucking you," I teased.

Admittedly, it was slower, a hell of a lot softer than I had last night.

"Don't stop then," he said.

I chuckled and pulled him off the mattress. He gasped as he sank onto my cock. "Put your arms around my neck," I told him, and he listened. I grasped his ass and pulled his cheeks apart and I thrust into him, my balls slapping against his as I sank to the hilt on every upstroke. He pressed his forehead against my jaw, panting as his nails bit into my flesh. I never minded a little pain and if last night was any indication, he didn't either.

"Oslo. Oslo," he chanted, voice broken and raw.

"Is your cock sore?" I asked, nipping at his ear. "Is your hole well used?"

"Yes," he whined, and I turned my head, capturing his mouth. His lips parted, and I swept into the space. Our tongues slid together before he pulled away, gasping for breath and moaning as his cum spilled over my stomach and dripped into my pubes. I held him tight and fucked into him hard and fast until my cock jerked and pulsed and I spilled into his hot hole.

The room smelled like sweat and sex as I laid him back down on the mattress, peering down at him. He blinked up at me, eyes bright, cheeks flushed. "Good morning, Haider."

"Morning, Oslo," he said, reaching up and ruffling his hair as my cock softened inside of him. I pulled out as gently as possible, but he still winced.

"How did you sleep?" I asked.

"Like a baby; I was beat," he said, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

My lips tipped up at the corners. "Nah. Just spanked a little and forced to cum a couple times."

"And tied up. And my throat fucked. And came on. And now in," he said.

I shrugged my shoulders as I brushed some hair out of his face. A smile pulled at his mouth as his hands settled on my hips. "I know you're negative. And I am as well. I thought I'd take advantage of the situation."

"Smart man," he said.

"You don't get to my position in life by being stupid," I said, capturing his mouth for a chaste kiss. His lips clung to mine until I pulled back and smiled down at him. It was time for both of us to get up, get dressed, and head home. There were things I needed to tend to. And things he needed to tend to, as well.

"I guess you make a good point," he said as I pulled away. His fingers were warm as they slid across my ribcage as I got out of bed. "No one would ever call you stupid."

I snorted. "I've been called stupid plenty. Most of those people are dead now though, so I suppose the last laugh is mine."

"I never knew you were so . . . diabolical," he said, pushing himself upright and resting against the headboard.

I used the sheet to wipe my cock and his cum off my stomach. "If you're serious about being Family, you're going to learn a lot about me."

"I'm serious," he said, sitting up further on the bed.

"And this . . ." I waved to encompass the entire night, "isn't what you want to count?"

"No," he said as he shook his head. "If we counted this, then it would cheapen us both."

"Do you know why I gave you this task?" I asked.

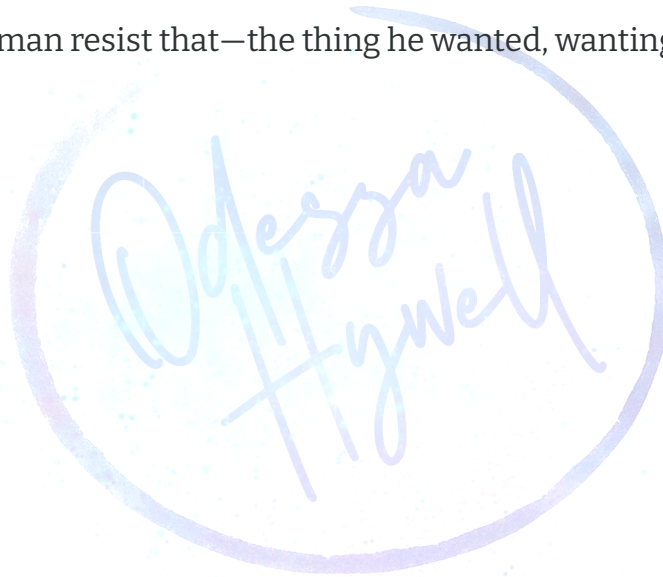
“You figured I’d fail,” he said, meeting my gaze. I liked how he did that—looked at me head on as if I wasn’t a man with blood on my hands. But then, to him, I wasn’t. I was his best friend’s father, his keeper, in many ways. I nodded—once, sharp. “I did. I told myself beforehand I’d give you a fair chance at it but I also didn’t plan on coming to your hotel room even if you succeeded.”

Then I saw the lust on his face, the desire that sparked for me in him with my words.

“What changed your mind?” he asked.

“I’ve always had a soft spot for you,” I said. “And last night, I saw your soft spot for me.”

How could any man resist that—the thing he wanted, wanting him back?



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Odessa is a dark MM romance author who decided because she is married to a twin it was best NOT to publish her books featuring twincest and other questionable themes under her married name as her husband would not approve.

—His loss, honestly—

If you know who Odessa Hywell is, don't be a snitch. Like Benjamin Franklin said, "Three may keep a secret, if two of them are dead."

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