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COMING SOON

Marcus Malnar—head asshole of the Malnar Family—has spent a lifetime stepping over the bloody remains of his enemies. Fulfilling his purpose is the only thing that matters; nothing can stand between him and his goals. Except his nephew.

Despite what everyone says, Holden Malnar isn't spoiled. If you ask him. He's a pint-sized bundle of insanity with a pain kink, barely held together by a straitjacket, and he owes everything to his uncle. There's no limit to what he's willing to do for the man. No. Limit.

Loyalty means everything. Betrayal is a bitter pill to swallow. When Marcus and Holden have to rely on one another to weed out the traitor attempting to destroy their Family, there is no fighting the inevitable.

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Abaddon Sterling

Whose idea was it to bring a double-ended dildo to a threesome?

Not mine. Or Jasper's. Jasper enjoys sex, whether it's just him and me in my office rubbing off on one another, him and his brother tangled in the sheets as Theodore begs for more, or all three of us together somewhere private, taking time to connect through sex. So long as someone is being touched, sucked, or fucked, preferably behind closed doors, he is happy. Nothing extra is required to keep Jasper satisfied. An orgasm or two, maybe three when he's really keyed up, is good enough. But Theodore, sweet, innocent, Theodore, with his shy smile and quiet nature—he's always looking for new ways to spice up our bedroom habits. There is nothing he isn't willing to try at least once.

Theodore's the reason we have a new platform bed—with restraint hoops on the headboard and footboard, bolted to the floor—that cost an arm and a leg to have custom-built. He's to blame for the sex swing and toy box that barely contains everything we own, and won't by the end of the year at the rate he's bringing home goodies. So the double-sided dildo, freshly unwrapped and washed, with lube right next to it, that Jasper and I are looking at, is undoubtedly Theodore's doing.

"Did he—" Jasper starts.

"Nope," I say before he can even ask because I know what he's going to ask.

Did Theodore mention this to me? He did not.

"You'd have said yes anyway," Jasper says.

I grin and drop an arm over his shoulder as I nuzzle his neck and nip at his skin.

"You wouldn't have said no."

Jasper crosses his arms over his chest, a smile playing at his mouth as he leans into my side. "I wouldn't have said yes either."

"Same difference," I tease. He huffs and knocks his hip against mine because I'm not wrong. I might always tell Theodore yes when he wants to try something new, but Jasper never tells him no, which means we've done plenty of experimenting and broadened our knowledge base quite a bit.

There are some things I wish I didn't know, but others I'm happy to have learned.

"It could be hot." I reach down and adjust my thickening cock. "You and Theodore on your knees, both fucking yourself on the dildo." Actually, fuck yeah. I'm fully on board with that idea. The imagined scene is enough to have me leaking.

"And what are you going to be doing?" Jasper asks.

"Manning the camera," Theodore says. My gaze snaps to him as he steps out of the bathroom. His skin is damp and flushed pink. A towel is wrapped around his midsection as he dries his hair.

"What?" Jasper and I ask at the same time. We grin at one another before we return our attention to Theodore, who is smiling—bright and happy.

"You're going to be gone a whole week." Theodore wraps one arm around my waist and the other around Jasper's as he presses against us. His hard cock bumps my thigh. "And since Jasper has to stay here to work with Gabby and I've got school, I thought a little something to remember us by during those long, boring meetings wouldn't be remiss."

Shit. I run my hand down Theodore's spine as I pull Jasper closer and breathe them in. An entire week in Vegas without them sounds like torture. But I can't skip the annual spring meeting with Ian and Marcus.

"I'm going to miss you both."

A year ago, I didn't even know they existed. Now I can't imagine my life without them. Before them, I didn't have a life. I was just existing.

"Maybe a little less if you've got something to remember us by." Theodore nips at my chin.

"He could just call us. FaceTime exists for a reason." Theodore grins at his brother and it's wicked. There is going to be a very interesting video call in my future, and I'm not even mad. In fact, I'm a little excited to see what Theodore has in mine for *that*. His mind is a kinky dungeon of fun that I am here for. "You're the worst," Jasper says, but he's smiling as well. "So, how do we do this?"

"Get naked—both of you. I'll set up." Theodore pulls away and disappears into the closet. He comes out with a tripod and camera I've never seen.

Jasper and I tug off our clothes as Theodore sets the tripod up and positions everything just how he wants it. My cock slaps against my belly, leaving behind a trail of translucent pre-cum, as I push my boxers down my hips and kick them away. Jasper hops up and down on one foot, tugging his sock off, and I can't help but watch the way his ass bounces. My mouth waters.

Is it really necessary for me to man the camera?

Probably not, truth be told. But if that's what Theodore wants, I'll indulge him—for now. But before all is said and done, I'm going to join them in bed.

"Come here, Abby," Theodore calls as he yanks his towel off and tosses it into the corner. My eyes drift over his slender body and feast on the sight of his hard cock. He's all business as he bends to check the angle via the camera. The one place Theodore is confident is the bedroom. He's not shy and reserved when it comes to sex at all, and I honestly love it—the juxtaposition of his personality. "Get on the bed, Jasper."

"And they say romance is dead," Jasper mutters as he steps toward the bed.

I snag him around the waist and drag him backward. He stumbles into my chest as I press a line of kisses across his scruffy jaw. He melts in my hold, a soft sound vibrating his chest as he tips his head, giving me better access to his salty skin. I nip his ear and hum as I tease his nipple before I fist his cock, catching pre-cum on my fingers, and stroke. "I'll romance the shit out of you. Anything you want."

Jasper rubs his perky ass against my hard cock as he thrusts into my fingers. I groan and thrust against him as he turns his head and presses a kiss to my chin. "Remember you said that."

It's not likely I'll forget, but— "You'll remind me if I don't." I slap him on the ass as he walks away, and a flush crawls down his neck. He's got a thing for being pushed around by me and I've got a thing for pushing him around. It takes every ounce of willpower I possess to let him escape to the bed and turn to Theodore. He's got his cock in hand, stroking from root to tip, as his gaze trips between us. "Enjoying the show?"

Theodore hums. "Not as much as you're going to."

I laugh and pull him against my body. He's warm and soft in all the right ways. "Just promise me I get to do more than watch, kitten."

He encircles my cock in a loose grip and tugs, a saucy smile pulling at his mouth. "Count on it." He collects a drop of my pre-cum on his thumb and licks it away with a hum before turning towards the camera all business again. I swallow a groan of protest. "This is the viewfinder. I've set a wide angle so we shouldn't fall out of frame, but your job is to make sure we don't. Think you can handle that, Mr. Sterling?"

"For now," I agree as I clasp the back of his neck and pull him forward. "But don't tease me too much. Payback is a bitch." My mouth slots over his and he surrenders, melting against my chest the same way Jasper does as he wraps his arms around my body. I thrust against him—cock to cock. Heat gathers at the base of my spine, but he pulls away, licking his lips. I shake my head, my gaze shifting to Jasper. He's kneeling on the bed, tugging on his balls with glazed eyes.

"Are we doing this or not?" he asks.

"We're doing this." Theodore leaves me and goes to his twin brother. They fall on the mattress together, eating at one another's mouths. I grasp my cock and squeeze the base as Jasper rolls Theodore to his back and settles between his thighs. They both moan, hands everywhere as they rock together, consumed by one another.

"Get me ready." Theodore grasps the lube and thrusts it at Jasper, who sits back on his knees and pops the cap. "Fast," he tells Jasper as he squeezes the base of his cock.

"You keep bossing me around and see how fast I go slow," Jasper says, squeezing lube on his fingers before reaching between Theodore's thighs. I swallow a laugh, but it quickly dies as Theodore cries out, his back arching. I don't need to see what Jasper is doing up close and personal to know his fingers are buried in Theodore, teasing his prostate. I know from experience how tight and warm he is, and I groan as I rub my thumb over my leaking slit.

"Jasper," Theodore pants, palming his twin brother's side. "F-Fuck. Right there."

"You gonna tell us what you have planned for that dildo?" Jasper asks, catching his weight on one hand. His tattoos are bright on his pale flesh—artwork brought to life as his muscles clench and relax while he works Theodore open. Theodore still doesn't

have any ink, doesn't intend to get any as far as I know. I love watching them together like this—the same and yet so different. I could stare at them all day and never find a single imperfection.

“No,” Theodore moans, his gaze warm as he looks my way. “It’s a surprise.” I smile, and Theodore does as well before he turns his attention back to Jasper. “Give me another finger.” My balls draw tight against my body and I stroke slowly, not trying to get myself off, just enjoying the show. “Oh . . . Oh, fuck. Jas—Jasper. Shit.” Theodore tosses his head back and fucks himself on Jasper’s fingers. A smug smile pulls at Jasper’s mouth as he watches his brother writhe on the mattress. “Wait . . . Wait,” Theodore whimpers, slapping Jasper’s side. “D-Don’t make me come.”

“You don’t wanna get off?” Jasper asks, dragging his fingers from Theodore.

“Not yet.” Theodore sits up, his cheeks flushed pink and a damp sheen to his skin. He pushes on Jasper’s chest, urging him to lie down before reaching for the lube. He slicks his finger before bowing his head over Jasper’s leaking cock and swallowing him to the back of his throat.

“Son of a bitch! Theo,” Jasper moans, thrusting into Theodore’s mouth, who chuckles around his cock and reaches between his thighs. He takes his time, taking Jasper apart with his mouth and fingers until Jasper is pulling at Theodore’s hair and panting for breath. His hair is wild as he arches his back, attempting to get deeper inside Theodore’s mouth and fuck himself on his fingers at the same time. “Right there. Fu-Fuck. Theo!” Jasper groans as Theodore pulls back. “I was close!”

“Don’t worry.” Theodore slaps Jasper on the thigh. “You’re gonna get to come.”

Jasper huffs and collapses on the mattress. “You’re evil.”

“Get on your knees,” Theodore orders. Jasper glares and arches an eyebrow, crossing his arms over his chest. I swallow another laugh as Theodore huffs and lays over the top of Jasper, sliding across his body like a porn star before nipping at his mouth. “Please, Jasper. For me and Abby? It’ll be worth it—trust me.”

“You’re not as cute as you think you are when you’re being bossy,” Jasper rasps, fisting Theodore’s hair and capturing his mouth in a long kiss before shoving Theodore off and rolling to his knees. Theodore grins and runs his hands down

Jasper's back, stopping to lay a hand over the tattoo on his side—the one with important dates. He bends and presses a kiss to Jasper's shoulder.

"Love you," Theodore whispers to Jasper. His eyes meet mine, and I can see his love for me in his gaze. I'd be lying if I said a part of me doesn't melt for him—for Jasper—every time they look at me like Theodore is looking at me right now.

"I'd love you a whole lot more right now if you'd let me come," Jasper huffs, a smile pulling at his mouth as he glances my way. I wink and he grins. Theodore slaps him on the ass and Jasper jerks. He glares over his shoulder before his eyes widen as he peers at the doubled ended dildo Theodore grabs and slicks with lube. My cock has its own heartbeat. I'm having trouble catching my breath as Theodore slowly pushes the dildo into Jasper, who falls face first into his pillow. He gasps for breath, tugging on the sheets. "Th-Theo. Fuck. Oh, fuck."

"So hot," Theodore whispers, pushing the dildo into his brother, twisting it until he finds just the right spot. Jasper cries out, and Theodore reaches down and strokes his own cock as he watches the silicone cock disappear into Jasper's slick hole.

The wet squelch has me reaching down and tugging on my balls. "Fuck."

"O-oh fuck," Jasper chokes, his hips jerking as Theodore teases the barbells above his sack. I've had a lot of fun doing the same thing—spending minutes at a time teasing the piercing with my fingers, lips, tongue, and teeth. Jasper always falls apart fast when I pay special attention to it. "I'm gonna—"

"Don't!" Theodore slaps Jasper on the ass again. "Grab the dildo. Keep it steady."

"You're the worst," Jasper groans but reaches back, doing as he's told as Theodore pulls away and turns so his ass is facing Jasper. I suck in a sharp breath, my knees knocking together as he reaches back, peers over his shoulder and aligns the toy with his hole before edging back. I swallow around the lump in my dry throat as Theodore hisses and sinks onto the toy, inch by slow inch, until he's full. My cock jerks and pre-cum rolls from my slit as the mismatched pair rock together, moaning and whimpering as they fuck themselves and one another at the same time.

"Shit," I whisper as I stroke myself in earnest. I can't take my eyes off the way they move together—yin and yang, push and pull. The sound of their combined breathing

fills the room as they bounce back on the toy before pulling away and repeating, in perfect sync with one another.

This isn't like one of them using a dildo on the other. The pleasure doesn't belong only to Theodore or Jasper. Right now, they are sharing it, experiencing the same kind of pleasure together.

I feel a little like I'm watching something I shouldn't be. Maybe because they are brothers—twin brothers—and if anyone else saw this display they would be disgusted and outraged. Everyone else can go fuck themselves because my men are hot. I'm hard as fuck and thrusting into my fingers as I watch their asses bounce.

"Feels good," Jasper pants, rolling his hips. "I'm not gonna last." He reaches under himself and takes a hold of his cock, stroking from root to tip.

"Me either," Theodore moans, tugging on the sheet. His chin is pressed to his chest as he keens and slams down on the dildo, sending it deeper into himself and Jasper.

I can't—I can't stand by and watch any longer. I have to be with them.

Stepping from behind the camera, I climb onto the bed. Theodore's gaze is glassy as he looks up. He's panting hard, his lips swollen from biting them.

"Abby," he whimpers.

"I'm here." I run my hand down his back before claiming Jasper's mouth. He moans against my lips, his tongue flicking against mine before I slot my mouth over Theodore's. His lips part and I sweep between his lips, swallowing his groan before pulling away. "Shift backward," I tell them.

They move as one unit, and I grab the dildo they are sharing in the middle. Their hips shake as I push and pull it, fucking them at the same time. The wet sound of the toy sinking deep into their stretched holes fills the room, louder than their cries of pleasure. I feel powerful as I thrust the dildo into them, giving them both what they need at the same time. This is definitely something we are going to need to do again.

"Perfect. You're both perfect." I bend and lick the rim of Theodore's hole before doing the same for Jasper.

"Abby—please," Jasper moans, tossing his head from side to side. "I need—"

“I know what you need,” I assure him as I turn and lay down, sliding between their legs. They bounce above me, cocks slapping their stomachs as they fuck themselves on the toy again.

The view is unreal—balls swinging and heavy, just begging to be emptied, dicks hard and leaking. I could die happy like this—laying under them, watching as they take and give pleasure.

“Fuck. Yeah. F-Fuck,” Theodore stutters as I grasp his slick cock. Jasper chokes and thrusts into my hand. They are so fucking hard as I pull their dicks backwards and lick over their leaking tips one after the other, then together, collecting salty pre-cum on my tongue. A moan pulls from deep inside of me. I love the taste of both of them. My cock jerks against my stomach, aching for attention, but first I want to—have to take care of them.

“I’m close,” Jasper whines. I close my lips around his cock, taking him to the back of my throat and suck—hard. He cries out with relief, thrusting between my lips as he buries his fingers in my hair. His nails scrape over my scalp as he hangs on. “Abaddon. F-Fuck. Oh, fuck!”

His cum, salty and warm, spills over my tongue and fills my cheeks as I jerk Theodore’s cock. His pre-cum slicks my palm as I swallow every drop Jasper offers, licking him clean before turning my attention to Theodore.

“Don’t make me come,” he pants as I pull the tip of his cock between my lips. “I wanna be fucked.”

Between the pair, I’ve learned, Theodore enjoys anal way more. Jasper is down to be fingered and fucked, even enjoys it, but given the choice, he’d rather do the fingering and fucking. A hand job, blow job, or just kissing while rubbing off on one another, followed by a snack, will keep Jasper as happy as penetration keeps Theodore. I’m all for keeping them happy.

“Not it,” Jasper says, falling away. He’s panting for breath as he combs his fingers through my hair before he pats my head. “You’re up, Abby.”

I laugh under my breath as I pull off Theodore. “Got yours, so you’re good?”

Jasper hums, utterly satisfied, and I roll Theodore to his back before pulling the slick toy from his stretched hole. He plants his feet on the mattress and fists his cock. I grab the lube and slick my cock before grasping the back of his thigh and pushing it against his chest. His smooth hole is wide open and waiting, and I push into his body with no resistance. He moans as his eyes fall close and his mouth drops open. Jasper rolls, knocking Theodore's hand away and swallowing his cock to the back of his throat. I grunt and thrust deep into Theodore as I watch Jasper suck him.

"Fuck. Abby. Jasper." Theodore pushes his fingers into Jasper's hair, fisting the strands as I thrust into him. "Oh, fu-ck. Just like that. So good."

He's tight and hot, sucking me deeper as my gaze bounces between his and Jasper's blissed out faces. They are sweaty and flushed with pleasure, both high off being with each other and me. I brush my fingers across Jasper's back, tracing the line of his tattoos, as I bury myself in Theodore. His bright eyes meet mine and I smile down at him. It's unreal how much I love both of them.

Pleasure crawls up my spine, and I pant for breath. Jasper keeps working Theodore's cock as he cups my nuts and rolls them between his fingers.

"Shit. Jasper. Theodore. Come on, kitten. Come for us," I groan. Sweat drips down my temple as I set a hard and fast pace I know Theodore enjoys. I'm not sure how much longer I'm going to last, not when I've been on edge since I watched Theodore push the dildo into Jasper before turning and impaling himself on it.

Theodore pants for breath, rocking his hips. "Right there. I'm close."

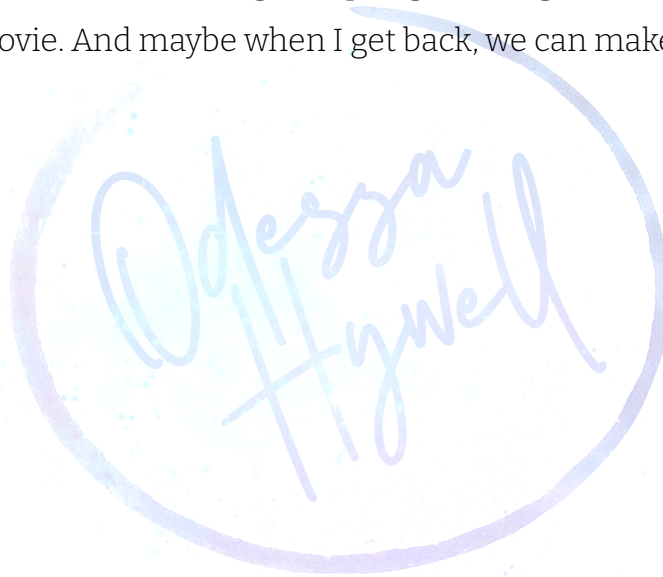
Jasper hums around his cock and I slam into him, angling my hips just right. Theodore cries out, the sound broken and raw. He arches off the mattress, burying himself in Jasper's throat. His hole clenches around my cock as he shakes. I groan, squeeze my eyes closed, and grasp Jasper's shoulder to steady myself as my cock jerks. The world narrows to Theodore's tight hole around my cock and Jasper clasping my hip. My chest heaves as aftershocks of pleasure roll through me like a small earthquake.

Fingers curl around the nape of my neck and when I open my eyes, Jasper leans forward, slotting his mouth over mine. I suck Theodore's cum off his tongue, eating it

out of his mouth until the only thing I taste is Jasper. He pushes me away and I slip out of Theodore, who is gasping for breath, flushed pink, and his hair stuck to his sweaty forehead. .

Jasper pulls Theodore's leg up and leans down, sealing his mouth over Theodore's dripping hole. Theodore moans, reaching out, and I grasp his hand. He tugs me down and I capture his mouth, sharing what remains of himself in my mouth. He moans, pulling me close until Jasper climbs up his body and takes a hold of his chin. He pulls Theodore's lips from mine and captures his mouth. They share the taste of my cum, hands happily exploring one another and me, as we come down from our activities.

If I can't have them with me during the spring meeting, I'll damn sure enjoy the hell out of our home movie. And maybe when I get back, we can make another.



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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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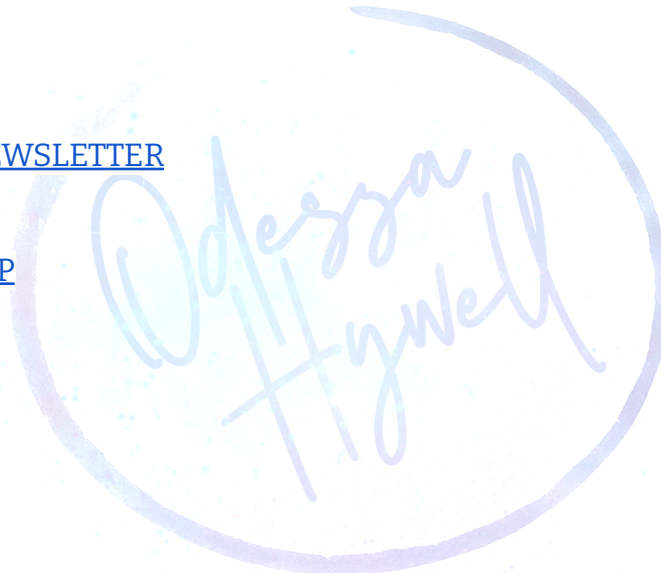
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