

NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION

# TWISTED TOGETHER BONUS SCENE

BY: ODESSA HYWELL

**THIS PDF IS NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION. PLEASE DON'T.**

NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION

Thank you so much for signing up for my newsletter.

You can find more of my work on Smashwords [HERE!](#)

—once would never be enough—

Just once.

One time.

Cooper, drunk from the beers he'd been chasing with tequila, knew once would never be enough. That didn't stop him. In that moment, nothing could have stopped him. He was all want, need and drunk—too drunk to care that what he was doing was wrong, could destroy him and his brother.

Just once. One time. It would be enough. It had to be.

He grabbed Bennett by the arm, shoved him towards an empty stall as gently as he could.

"Hey! Stop." Bennett stumbled before he banged against the door and caught himself against the wall. When he went to push off, Cooper plastered himself against Bennett's back and covered his mouth with a callused hand. He felt perfect—warm and soft, but hard in all the right places.

Cooper, as he rolled his hips against Bennett's firm ass, towered over him. His twin brother, older by a handful of minutes that never counted, was smaller than him in every way—shorter and thinner but not so thin as to be unhealthy. He'd never naturally bulked up the way Cooper had. He was too much like their mother in that regard, all long lines and elegance. Cooper loved that about him. It made him want to wrap Bennett in a blanket and protect him from the world.

But he wasn't above using it to his advantage now.

"Don't make a sound," Cooper hissed, his voice nothing more than a rough growl he hoped and prayed Bennett didn't recognize. His heart was in his throat as he waited a second for Bennett to ask what the Hell he was doing. He heard what sounded like the ocean in his ears even though they were miles away from the shoreline. His breath stuttered in his lungs when Bennett whimpered, a broken sound that called to some dark part of Cooper he'd always tried his best to ignore. He couldn't now.

He grasped Bennett by the hips with one hand, pressed him flat against the wall, his weight supported so neither of them toppled over. Cooper's fingers shook even as he popped the button on Bennett's pants, pulled the zipper down and yanked the jeans down his thighs to expose his ass.

Bennett was beautiful, perfect, with a high, tight ass that was going to feel unbelievable wrapped around his cock, milking him for all he was worth.

A groan pulled from deep inside of Cooper as he slid his fingers over Bennett's ass, dipped them between his cheeks and touched his hole. He'd imagined doing this for years—having Bennett like this—but his imagination could never compare to reality.

"Look at you," Cooper said, a lump in his throat that threatened to choke him. "So pretty." Pretty didn't do Bennett justice. There were no words in the English language to describe how . . . everything he was. "I'm going to fuck you, make you leak my cum before sending you back to your friends. If you fight me—" Cooper almost stumbled. A threat was only as good as your willingness to follow through, and Cooper knew he could never really truly hurt Bennett. "Maybe I'll let my friends have a turn. Understand?"

Cooper would kill anyone else who dared touch Bennett.

"Nod if you understand," Cooper demanded as he tightened his grip.

Bennett nodded—slow and hesitant.

"Good boy." The need to wrap Bennett in his arms, whisper it was okay, that it was him—his brother—and he was safe and loved beyond measure was overwhelming, but he fought against it. Bennett could never know it was Cooper behind him tonight.

Long ago, he and Bennett had agreed not to cross this line.

"I'm going to let your mouth go. The only people in this bathroom know exactly what is happening in here and they're dying for a piece of your sweet ass so keep quiet or I'll be forced to share," Cooper lied, slowly easing his hand away from Bennett's mouth, stroking the soft expanse of his throat.

He felt Bennett swallow before he whispered, "Please."

A harsh laugh bubbled in Cooper's throat. He'd imagined Bennett begging a million different ways but not this and it . . . it burned a little, hurt something inside of

him that might never stop hurting after tonight. He'd be wise to walk away now, before he destroyed Bennett and himself.

But Cooper knew he couldn't walk away—not from Bennett. Ever.

"What's your name?" Cooper asked. He needed to whisper it in Bennett's ear as he fucked him from behind, and he could only do that if he asked.

Would he be honest?

"B—Bennett," his brother stuttered.

Cooper tightened his grasp on him. "Are you a virgin, Bennett?"

He thought he knew the answer, but he wanted to be sure.

Bennett's cheeks turned pink before he nodded.

Cooper's throat closed up. "Good."

Bennett was his—would always be his.

He dug in his pocket, yanked out his wallet and stared at the condom. Cooper knew all his tests were negative. Bennett's too. There was no reason not to take him bare—just this once.

He ripped open the lube packet and coated his fingers before he slid them between Bennett's ass cheeks. His goal wasn't to hurt Bennett—never that.

"Ever fucked yourself, Bennett?" Cooper asked as he circled his finger around Bennett's hole.

"Y—Yes," Bennett whispered, his voice cracking as his fingers curled against the wall.

"Then you know what to do," Cooper whispered, mouth at Bennett's ear. He gasped as Cooper slid a finger deep inside of him. "Fuck. You're tight." Bennett whimpered and turned his head toward Cooper. His heart skipped a beat as he squeezed Bennett's throat to keep him in place. "Don't look at me."

If Bennett looked, everything between them would be destroyed.

He slid a second finger into Bennett and swallowed a groan.

Bennett was hot and slick with the lube. He couldn't wait to be inside of him.

"It hurts," Bennett whispered. "P—Please."

"It'll only hurt for a little," Cooper assured him even as he twisted his fingers slower, opening Bennett carefully. It was his first time and for all Bennett knew it was with a complete stranger. Cooper had to make it good for him, had to make sure he got off so in the coming days and weeks he wasn't haunted by a cruel ghost who took everything and gave nothing. "Touch yourself." Bennett shook his head. "Do it." He reached down, wrapping his fingers around his semi-hard cock, and Cooper stroked his throat with soft fingers. Bennett had always been a good listener. "There you go. Just relax. Be good, Bennett."

A tear ran down Bennett's cheek. Cooper's heart clenched. He pressed his forehead against Bennett's shoulder as he pushed a third finger past the tight rim his other two had already bypassed.

He was as gentle as he could be, but Cooper knew it had to hurt at least a little.

Bennett was tense, every muscle locked tight. Plus, no one else had ever touched him.

"Please," he whispered around a broken sob. "Please use a condom."

A ragged laugh he couldn't swallow ripped out of Cooper. He withdrew his fingers slowly from Bennett before he lined his cock up with his loosened hole. "Not a chance." A soft sob split the air as Cooper eased into Bennett, who jerked in his arms and cried out. "Don't worry, though. I'm on PrEP and negative."

"S—Stop," Bennett begged. "It hurts. P—Please. I just—" A sob tore from between his lips. "Please."

Cooper released Bennett's throat only to spread his palm across his collarbone and pull him closer while he rolled his hips, sinking deeper and deeper into his brother with every thrust. Heat gathered at the base of his spine and he knew he wouldn't last long—not as long as he wanted to, in any case.

"Relax, Bennett," Cooper whispered. He had to relax or none of this was going to feel good no matter what Cooper did. "I don't want to hurt you." He pressed a kiss to Bennett's temple. "Just stroke your pretty cock. I'll make sure you come."

"N—No," Bennett whimpered as he shook his head. Cooper grasped Bennett's hip and pulled him away from the wall, adjusting his angle just right. Bennett gasped and

lifted onto his toes as he rocked backwards, swallowing Cooper's cock whole. His chest tightened and he groaned deep in his throat.

He desperately wanted Bennett to rock back on his cock, take everything he needed to make this encounter something he remembered late at night when he touched himself in the dark.

"S—Stop," he whined even as he rolled his hips, silently asking for more. Cooper couldn't fight the grin that tipped his lips up as Bennett stroked his leaking cock faster. He was close—so fucking close. Cooper could tell—the way he squeezed his cock, the way he panted for breath. "No."

"You're so fucking tight, Bennett," Cooper whispered, his voice cracking as he met his brother thrust for thrust. "You feel so good wrapped around my cock." He swallowed and closed his eyes as he clenched his jaw. "I won't last as long as I wanted."

He would last long enough, though.

"Please," Bennett sobbed as his head fell back onto Cooper's shoulder. Cooper batted Bennett's hand away from his cock. He needed to touch him, feel the weight of him in his hand as he pushed him over the edge. "No. Don't!" He reached back, grasped Cooper's thigh and attempted to push him away, but Cooper pressed him against the wall and buried himself deep in Bennett.

Pleasure, white hot and static, burned through Cooper as Bennett's hole clenched around him, squeezed him so tight it was almost painful. Every neuron fired as the pressure and heat at the base of his spine exploded out of him and into Bennett.

"Fuck. Oh, fuck, fuck," Cooper groaned as he buried his face in Bennett's neck.

Bennett cried out, loud and broken; his cock jerked in Cooper's hand. His seed painted the wall and he slumped forward, panting for breath. Cooper rolled his hips, loving the way it felt to still be inside of Bennett after he'd filled him with cum. It squished out of him as Cooper thrust slow and soft. He loved the sound of it, the feel of his own seed dripping from Bennett and coating his balls before he pulled out.

"Don't move," he told Bennett, dropping to his knees as he pressed a hand to Bennett's back.

He needed to see, had to see himself leaking from Bennett.

It was something he had imagined a thousand times. Now, it was reality.

"Let me go," Bennett whispered, voice broken and sandpaper rough.

"Not yet," Cooper said as he pulled Bennett's cheeks apart. His hole was pink and puffy, wet with cum and lube. He had to taste, couldn't stop himself from leaning forward and dragging his tongue over the loose ring of muscle. Bennett gasped and pushed back against his mouth. It was all the invitation Cooper needed. He licked and sucked, flattened his tongue and pushed deep to collect what he'd left inside of Bennett's body on his tongue.

Bennett trembled and Cooper reached around him, found his cock hard and leaking again. He chuckled, the sound echoing in the nearly silent bathroom as he stroked Bennett, pushing him towards finding his pleasure for a second time.

"Don't. Please," Bennett begged.

Cooper stood and grasped Bennett's shoulder. "Keep your eyes closed. Open them and the next faces you'll see will be my friends'. Got it, Bennett?"

Bennett whimpered and nodded. Cooper turned him around, pushed him against the bathroom wall and claimed his mouth. His lips parted on a gasp and Cooper swept into Bennett's mouth, sharing the taste of his cum with his brother as he twisted his fingers around his leaking cock. He wouldn't last long, not if the sounds he made in the back of his throat were any indication. Cooper needed to see his face when it happened, but he couldn't bear to break the kiss—not yet.

Cum spilled over his fist as Bennett whimpered into his mouth and thrust into his slick palm.

It was perfect, right until Bennett slumped against the wall with another broken sob.

Cooper gathered him close, wrapping one arm around his midsection. "Easy," he muttered, brushing his lips against Bennett's temple as he fixed their clothes. "You're alright. I told you it wouldn't hurt."

Bennett shook his head and sobbed against Cooper's shoulder.

He needed to leave, but he couldn't make himself pull away.



“Take a deep breath, Bennett,” Cooper told him, careful to keep his voice rough. Bennett hadn’t noticed thus far, and it was a good idea he didn’t. “It’s okay.”

Bennett gasped for breath and Cooper held on.

Bennett needed him.

NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION



NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION