

*TW: incest, taboo, rough sex, drug and alcohol use.*

Zane was tipsy. Well, more than tipsy. His face was flushed, his whole body warm and loose on the inside, hypersensitive on the outside. He couldn't remember the last time he'd been day drunk. July 4th, maybe? Everyone imbibed a little too much at the Mulvaney annual independence day barbeque.

He sat in his gray boxer briefs, the plug Avi had slid inside him earlier shifting every time he wiggled his ass against Felix's half-hard cock. Zane felt tingly, sated, full in a way he couldn't describe to anyone who'd never experienced this level of...ownership. Anytime Felix touched him, Zane sucked in a sharp breath, every sense ratcheted up to a thousand. The slightest touch felt like heaven, causing little bumps to erupt along his skin.

Felix was also a little drunk.

And they were both a little high. Just a little. It was lovely. Everything was lovely. Their house, their lives, their kids, his spouses. All so beautiful and sexy and his. He loved this feeling. It was as if every nerve had migrated to the surface of his skin, greedy for contact.

He craned his neck back to find Felix's gaze, taking him in with so much love in his heart he felt like it would explode into candy hearts. Lix's long chestnut hair hung loose over his shoulders, his layers framing his perfectly sculpted cheekbones. He wore only a black silk robe with large fuschia flowers and a pair of of matching short shorts, allowing Zane to drink in his chest and those long legs. He was so beautiful and so soft.

Zane loved him so much.

"You okay, Lois?" Asa asked, his amusement obvious.

Okay? He felt fucking *wonderful*. Warm and loose and stupidly happy, the alcohol leaving everything pleasantly fuzzy around the edges while the Molly seemed to sharpen the boundaries of his body. His skin was almost absurdly awake. Every nerve ending had risen to the surface, hungry and attentive, so that even the accidental drag of someone's fingers over his arm seemed to bloom through him. Touch had an echo now. It landed on his skin and kept going, rippling outward until his whole body seemed to know about it.

The alcohol had made him loose and floaty, but the Molly had done something else entirely: turned his skin into an exposed nerve, one he desperately wanted stroked.

They were in the new playroom. The adult playroom. The bedroom farthest from the kids room.

To anyone who didn't know them, it appeared like a normal spare room, but nobody understood that it had been strategically designed to easily go from guest room to dungeon in roughly ten steps. Zane had been pleasantly surprised to learn of several craftsman on Etsy who made easily convertible kink furniture.

The only giveaway to the lay person may have been the fact that the mattress was the size of two california kings combined. Asa and Avi sat side by side, close enough for Zane to extend his legs and place them in Asa's lap while still sitting between Felix's long legs. It was perfect. He was so happy.

"He's good, aren't you, baby?" Felix asked.

Zane tilted his head up to look at him, nodding, unable to wipe the dreamy smile off his face. "Mm, Felix gave me half a tab of molly."

"Molly?" Avi asked around a laugh. "Its not even three in the afternoon."

Zane pinched his fingers together, squinting his eyes. "It's just a little bit. It feels so good."

"Alcohol and molly on a work day, Lixie?" Asa chastised, but there was no heat behind his words.

Felix shrugged one slender shoulder. "What? We rarely get a day without the boys. Can't we have a *little* fun?"

Asa nodded. "Sure. Sure. Sure," he said, nodding, before pointing at Zane. "But no more booze for you, Lois. You're cut off. You're already looking wobbly-eyed."

Zane made a disappointed sound, lip pooching. "Just one more? Please?"

Zane watched his husband's stern expression crack like glass.

Asa sighed. "One."

"Yay!" Zane cried, snatching the highball glass filled with brown liquid and downing it in one go.

"Ookay," Felix said, snatching the double walled glass from him. "That was like three shots. *No* more for Zaney." Felix curled his fingers into Zane's hair, tipping his head back, forcing him to meet his gaze. Zane shivered at the heat of it. "You're definitely looking for trouble today."

Zane giggled, snuggling back into Felix who sighed contentedly, wrapping his arms tightly around him, giving him a squeeze that immediately regulated his nervous system.

Avi examined Felix with a smirk. "And did you, by any chance, take the other half of that tab, kitten?"

Felix lightly scratched his nails up his belly, making his nipples harden almost painfully. "I'm not gonna let him roll alone."

"I love you," Zane told Felix wistfully, turning to drop a sloppy kiss on his chin.

The only spot he could reach in their current position.

"I love you, too, baby," Felix promised, gently biting the tip of his nose.

Zane released another giggle.

"Ye-ah," Asa said, breaking the word in the middle, "drinking and molly is a bit much for Lois...and our housecat," Asa said again. When they both sulked, Asa sighed. "Its been a couple years since any of us have mixed alcohol and illicit substances."

"Illicit substances," Zane mocked in a deep, dopey voice, then cackled.

"Careful, Lois," Asa warned, but there was a smile on his face.

"Kiss'me," Zane mumbled, "I want to taste you," he added, splaying his arms open, looking at both Asa and Avi.

The two exchanged glances, then crawled closer. Asa reached him first, sweeping his tongue into Zane's mouth before their lips even touched, claiming him with a bite to his lower lip. He tasted like whiskey and mint. Zane was already tenting his underwear, his whole body one live wire.

When Asa finally pulled back, there was a bit of spit hanging between them, but that didn't stop Avi from diving in, also licking his way inside, this kiss somehow both softer and dirtier, and with way more tongue. He tasted like bourbon and cherries. Zane sucked the taste from his tongue with a low, throaty moan.

Asa leaned past Zane. He couldn't see him kiss Felix, but he could hear the smacking of their lips, the hoarse cry that escaped Felix right next to Zane's ear. He let his head fall back, resting it on Felix's shoulder to watch them kiss. When they pulled back and saw him, Felix kissed him slow and deep, his mouth moving like a caress.

Asa and Avi attacked either side of his neck, both of them licking and sucking at it.

“You love me,” he mumbled happily, his hands threading in the twins hair, holding them close.

“Everybody loves me,” he confirmed with a happy sigh.

“We do love you,” Felix murmured.

“Who wouldn’t love you, Lois?” Asa crooned, his tongue colliding with Felix’s behind his ear.

“Our sweet little Zaney,” Avi said, tugging on his earlobe with his teeth. “Always such a good boy for us.”

He gasped at Avi’s words, his cock throbbing. He wondered if anyone had ever just been talked into an orgasm without any touch. If anyone could do it, they could.

“Are we forfeiting the game for the main event?” Asa asked. “Since Lois is no longer allowed any alcohol. Just water?”

“Nooo,” Zane whined, slapping at the twin slabs of muscle half resting on him. “I wanna play...or at least watch you guys play.”

“Well, Never Have I Ever *is* pretty boring when there’s not many things we’ve never ever’d,” Avi reminded. “We could try truth or dare but the only dares that would be scandalous enough to make this fun would come with a free lecture from Thomas about keeping our sexcapades out of the news.”

Zane whined again, before finally conceding. “Fine. Tell us something juicy, then. I want to hear something really dirty...something that would get us all canceled to know.”

Asa arched a brow, closer than they were minutes ago. “Just what did you have in mind?”

He studied them like he was looking for some kind of setup, a trap he’d unwittingly walked into.

Zane would have laughed if he wasn’t already so horny. He was far too gone to be shady. He rubbed his hand over his cock through his underwear, the large quantity of alcohol he’d just downed making him sweat. “I’m already so hard,” he moaned. “Tell us the whole story?”

“Whole story?” Avi echoed, his confusion evident by the creases between his brows. When he frowned like that he looked like a puppy.

Zane giggled.

“What is it you want to know, Lois?” Asa asked, voice low, gaze laser focused on where his husband was rubbing himself through his underwear without shame.

They were all watching him. Zane loved feeling like the star of their show. Avi licked his lips, also transfixed, especially when Felix bent his legs between Zane’s open ones and spread them lewdly, giving them a much better view.

Felix licked along the side of Zane’s neck, making him moan, then dragged his teeth back along the path he’d just created.

“Zaney and I want to know the truth,” Felix said, examining his claw-like nails. “The truth about the one thing you guys never talk about.”

He slid his arms around Zane, playing with his nipples, pinching them painfully until Zane whined, canting his hips to grind against his own palm.

Asa and Avi exchanged glances, looking adorably confused. “What’s that, kitten.”

“Tell us how you used to play with just each other,” Felix said.

Asa and Avi exchanged looks once more. In Zaney’s drunken state he couldn’t tell if it was surprise or amusement, maybe both.

“Why whatever do you mean, kitten?” Asa asked, schooling his face into an innocent expression that in no way matched his eyes. “Be specific.”

“We know you two fooled around together,” Felix said. “Avi mentioned it once when we were drunk.”

“And Lixie tol’ me when we ‘re sober,” Zane said, his tongue suddenly feeling too big for his mouth.

Asa’s head snapped to Avi who shrugged with an exasperated look. “What? What’s the big deal?”

Asa shrugged. “Society wouldn’t understand our relationship and Thomas wouldn’t either.”

“Society doesn’ fin’ anything ‘bout our family soc’ly ‘ceptable,” Zane slurred, sweeping his hand through the air, then slapped a hand over his mouth to stop another drunken giggle.

Okay, yeah he was definitely gone now.

But who cared? He was a fully consenting adult who had consented far before he’d taken his first sip. This wasn’t a drunken hookup or even a drunken first time. A smile played at his lips when he thought

about the first time he'd gotten drunk with Asa and how he'd been such a gentleman, listening as Zane had gone on and on about how he wasn't good enough for Asa. He'd refused to sleep with Zane that night.

But that was a long time ago. Now they had rules. Zane had given them all permission to use him when he was drunk, when he was high, when he was asleep or unconscious. He found the idea so hot. Them using his limp body for their own pleasure while he was too far gone to consent. He wanted them to record it. He wanted to watch it later with them so they could tell them how they'd felt using him mercilessly while he just laid there taking it.

Zane had made peace with his perversions years ago. Since his mother had died, the voice in his head had quieted. There was a quiet inside him now. He was learning to accept the things about himself he couldn't change. Things he didn't want to change.

Like fucking his husbands when he was under the influence. He could just forget everything and be used. When his brain shut off and the world revolved around only them. The thought had a moan bubbling to the surface, his hand pressing down on his painfully erect cock.

Was this what being an omega was like?

The thought popped into his head unbidden.

This was all Noah and Freckles fault. This sudden omegaverse obsession. It was all over the group chats. Freckles secret love of mpreg. Whispers of their roleplay. Freckles taking to calling Jericho alpha under his breath at inopportune times just to watch his husband go feral in public.

Zane didn't blame him. It was so hot. He loved the idea of being fucked, knotted, impregnated. Asa would be the sexiest alpha. Zane might not survive his first heat but it would be worth it to watch him lose some of that careful composure.

Would Asa buy one of those knotting sleeves?

He bet he would.

If he told him all his deep dark fantasies, Asa would do whatever it took to make them come true. He wouldn't tease him about it either. Well, maybe a little but only because he liked the way Zane squirmed and cried when he was being humiliated. Asa loved to make him cry.

They all did.

Zane had no doubt he'd be an omega. What would that life be like? Just Zane and his three—?—alphas? Would Felix be an alpha or one of those power omegas? Would they be pregnant together or would Zane carry all their babies? His breaths came faster, his high amplifying every sensation as he rolled his hips.

As long as Zane got to be their slutty little play thing—as long as he could hang off their knots—he didn't care. That *was* the appeal of being an omega in heat, right? No shame, just need. No apologizing for the way he craved being stuffed, used, filled, bred. He'd be a perfect omega in heat. Empty-headed, whiny, desperate, needy...a total slave to his instincts?

He turned slightly, burying his face in Felix's neck, then inhaled deeply. What would Felix smell like as an omega? Probably something romantic, erotic, rose petals or jasmine or chocolate covered strawberries. Right now he smelled like lavender and vanilla body wash.

Maybe that was his natural scent.

Zane knew Avi and Asa's scents inside and out. They smelled like...men. Zane giggled again. How did he describe their scent? Spicy, peppery, something that just screamed...virile.

"I wish you could knot me," he mumbled under his breath.

Felix laughed. "What was that, baby?"

"Nothin'" he managed, cheeks heating.

"You really wanna know?" Asa asked.

"Know what?" Zane slurred, brow furrowing in confusion.

Had he said all that out loud?

"About what Avi and I were like before you?"

At least the flush from the alcohol would hide his embarrassment. How had he fallen so far down the rabbit hole that he'd forgotten the actual point of the conversation?

Asa *using* Avi.

"Its not going to...ruin how you see us?" Avi asked.

Felix snorted. "How would it? I think it's hot."

“I wanna watch,” Zane gasped dazedly.

“Watch what, Lois?” Asa asked, a slow smirk stretching across his face.

The alcohol and molly had loosened his tongue.

He leaned forward awkwardly, wrapping his arms around Asa and pulling him towards him, drunkenly stumbling over his whispered words. “I wan’ watch you fuck Avi.”

Felix moaned behind him, the sound shooting electricity through his core. He’d never been so turned on in his life.

Clearly, he wasn’t alone. Felix’s voice was raspy as he said, “Oh, yeah. Totally. Me, too. I wanna see that, too.”

“We haven’t done that in...what? Fifteen years?” Asa asked. He looked to Avi.

Avi nodded. “Maybe that. Yeah,” he said like it was nothing. “You can fuck me if you want.”

“How-When did it start?” Felix asked them, dragging Zane back against him.

Zane thought about protesting, wanting to sniff his hot husband a little longer, but then Felix plunged his hand into Zane’s underwear, wrapping a hand around his dripping cock, stroking him slowly.

A low moan bubbled from his chest as every movement evoked this white hot pleasure that seemed to arrive in waves rather than one continuous sensation.

“Gonna come ‘f you don’ stop,” Zane mumbled, rocking up into Felix’s tightened fist.

“Every time you get close, I’m gonna stop,” Felix whispered in his ear. “You’re not allowed to come until I’m inside you.”

Zane gasped at the thought of Felix using him. “Yes, please.”

Felix was so unpredictable. Sometimes gentle, sometimes rough, sometimes he’d fuck him nice and slow while whispering filth into his ear. Nobody knew him better than these three men, but nobody understood Zane’s deepest, darkest, most depraved fantasies the way Felix did.

The stuff so bad that he couldn’t bear to tell another soul. If he told Asa, he’d try to make it come true. If he told Avi, Avi would tell Asa and well...there was something about voicing a fantasy and actually acting it out. Felix understood that. The twins not so much.

“Then be quiet and listen to our husband’s tell us their dirty little secret,” Felix said, giving him another squeeze, dragging a whine from him.

He could feel his heartbeat throbbing in his cock now. Almost positive he’d burst any moment. Felix returned to that slow pumping motion, fist closed but too loose to give him any friction.

“Tell us everything,” Felix demanded, rubbing his own erection against Felix’s ass. “Don’t leave anything out. When did it start. How? When did it stop? Do you miss being together like that?”

The twins exchanged looks before Asa shrugged. “I don’t know when I started hurting him. Before we ever truly understood the concept of sadism and masochism. It didn’t turn sexual until...puberty?”

He looked to Avi as if for confirmation.

Avi nodded. “Yeah, we started out just touching ourselves side by side. Jerking off like guys do at that age. Then, eventually, we realized that if touching ourselves was good, someone else doing it must be better. So yeah, that’s how it started.”

“D’you miss sharin’ with him tha’ way?” Zane slurred, trying to fuck Felix’s loose fist.

“Not exactly,” Asa said. “We have you two. Avi and I still together...just with the two of you between us...like a conduit.”

Avi nodded vigorously. “We turned to each other because we had needs we couldn’t voice and a willing participant who we trusted implicitly. We can read each other’s minds. We can feel what the other feels. It was erotic because it was raw and dangerous and taboo and...something Thomas would never have approved of.”

Asa nodded. “But I had a need to hurt someone and Avi needed to be hurt and when hormones got involved, it became sexual. We didn’t understand why or how. Like at twelve or thirteen you hear stuff, you go looking on the internet but Thomas had adult sites locked down. He was worried BDSM would trigger my predator instincts.”

“When we got to a point where we were old enough to look into it on our own, we found others to play with, together or alone. Usually together. A third gave us...plausible deniability.”

Zane nodded but was only half-listening. Every stroke of Zane’s fist sent this strange euphoria that started at his cock but rolled outward effecting every limb.

“Asa,” he mumbled.

“What Lois? What’s wrong?” Asa asked, moving back into his space.

“Make Felix fuck me,” he whimpered. “Please. I’m so horny, I feel like I’m gonna die.”

When Asa cocked a brow at Felix he shrugged. “I’ll fuck him,” he murmured. “I’ll put him on all fours so you can watch me fuck Avi’s load back into him.”

Zane actually sobbed but Asa said, “I sense a but coming.”

“But coming,” Zane mumbled through his tears with a snort.

He was all over the place.

“But you have to do the same to Avi,” Felix countered.

Asa’s surprise was evident. “You really want me to fuck your husband in front of you?”

“Want?” Felix parroted. “I’m so fucking hard right now my dick could pound nails through plywood.”

“That’s...descriptive, kitten,” Avi said, already getting up on his knees and catching his thumbs in his underwear to drag them down.

Zane whined, licking his lips, as Avi’s cock sprung free, already rock hard and leaking, flushed a deep red at the tip.

“Hands and knees, Lois,” Asa commanded in that low rumble that had tears rolling down his cheeks.

Zane clumsily complied, dropping almost immediately to his forearms, feeling pleasantly woozy. Felix yanked Zane’s underwear down to his knees. He spread his thighs and canted his hips, ass in Felix’s face, showing off the plug inside him.

“Are these handprints from last night?” Felix murmured, fingertips tracing the outline of them on Zane’s cheeks. Goosebumps erupted along his skin, his nipples tingling like carbonation.

Zane giggled, then shook his head. “Avi put me over his knees and spanked me while we watched porn earlier. Then he made me suck him off.”

“And you didn’t even get it on film?” Asa asked, glowering at his brother.

Avi’s expression turned smug. “Says who?”

Zane felt Felix shift behind him, probably getting up on his knees. He gasped, then moaned as Felix pressed the base of the plug deeper, grinding it against that bundle of nerves that had his cock leaking copiously onto the sheets, his toes curling. He buried his face in the bedding, trying to stifle a throaty sound.

“There wasn’t ever much foreplay with us,” Asa explained to Felix. “Unless you count me running him down in the woods like I do you and Lois sometimes. I usually just bend him over, force my cock inside and make him take it.”

“Fuck, do that,” Zane whimpered. “Please do it. I want to see you fuck him raw like that. Wanna push your come back inside with my tongue.”

“Christ,” Avi groaned. “Molly sure does make him lose his shyness.”

Zane pressed his cheek to the soft sheets, rubbing his face there, giving Avi his widest, most bottom eyes. “Please, Avi. Let him hurt you. Let us watch.”

Avi’s gaze softened. “Sure, Lois. Anything for you.”

“I love you,” Zane mumbled. “I love you all so much. Fuck me, Lixie. Please?”

He yelped as Felix wrenched the plug free, immediately plunging three fingers into Zane’s aching hole. “Fuck, you’re so fucking sloppy. Is that one load? How can you have so much leaking out of you and still look so tight?”

Zane didn’t answer, just fucked himself on Felix’s fingers, ignoring the loud squelch of Avi’s cum getting fingered back into him and the feel of it running down his balls.

Felix’s fingers disappeared. Zane was about to whine when suddenly something soft and wet pushed inside. Felix’s tongue. He was fucking his husband’s cum back into Zane’s wrecked ass. He moaned, trying even harder to get his tongue deeper.

Zane heard the sound of spit and opened his mouth to the sexiest thing he’d ever seen in his life. His husband standing beside the bed, Avi on all fours on the mattress, Asa spreading him open and letting saliva drip from his tongue onto his dry hole. He gasped as Felix continued to tongue fuck him, eyes locked on the identical faces in front of him.

“I’m not even gonna finger you this time. I bet I can get you to scream.” Asa looked at Felix. “Want me to make your husband scream?”

Felix shifted behind him, gasping as he managed a barely there, “Y-Yes.”

The two watched as Asa took himself in hand, letting more spit hit his cock before wetting it. “Arch your back,” he snapped at Avi.

Avi didn’t even hesitate, just canted his hips, letting his head fall between his shoulders. Was he looking back? Trying to watch? Zane didn’t even realized he’d reached out to hold Avi’s hand, until their fingers entwined.

He knew the moment, Asa pushed into Avi. There was no scream, only a pained grunt that ended on a slightly higher note. He squeezed Zane’s hand hard, face contorting with pain.

Asa fucked his brother like an animal. No finesse, no concern, just a feral need to own and claim his own twin. The thought of it had Zane praying he didn’t come on the spot.

Nobody talked after that, not really. Felix guided his cock to Zane’s rim, slamming in, Avi’s cum and the remnants of lube escaping as he fucked him at a blistering pace that matched Asa’s. The only difference were their cries. Every roll of Felix’s hips had cries of bliss pouring from Zane like water, drool dripping from the corners of his mouth. Avi grunted through his pain, face contorted, but cock hard and leaking where it bobbed between his meaty thighs.

“Wanna suck him off,” Zane whined.

“Who, Lois? Avi?” Asa asked, like he didn’t know the answer.

“Please, al-Asa,” Zane chanted. “Please. Please. Please.”

Had he almost called him alpha. That would have been crazy.

Asa twisted his fingers in Avi’s hair, yanking him back until they were back to chest, Avi’s cock right there, heavy and wet. Zane crawled forward without thinking, lapping at it.

Felix followed, slamming his cock back home. “Go ahead, baby. Suck him off while his own brother fucks his ass.”

Zane was so euphoric and over-eager, he could barely coordinate the movement. Luckily, Avi took pity on him, gripping him by the hair, just as Asa had him, dragging him onto his cock until he was choking.

Every time Felix drove his hips forward, Zane gagged and Avi groaned. He smelled like sex and sweat and his whole body was alive. He needed to come but he couldn't even say it. Avi's cock was bruising the back of his throat, Asa and Felix's rhythm forcing them together.

Felix's claw-like nails bit into Zane's hips. "Fuck, that's it. Good boy. Choke on that cock. Your hole is so fucking sloppy and open for me. He must have gone at you hard. Almost as hard as Asa's going at him. Gonna come soon, gonna fill you again and plug you up. We're gonna take turns fucking this hole until its like fucking a glass of water and then we'll take turns using your slutty little mouth."

Zane gagged wetly as his orgasm overtook him, his whole body shaking, muscles tensing as wave after wave of molten pleasure rolled over him, dragging him down until he almost lost consciousness.

He moaned long and low, the heavy weight of Avi's cock still on his tongue. It seemed to cause a chain reaction. Avi cried out, his salty load pooling on Zane's tongue and at the back of his throat.

Felix moaned, his nails digging deep enough to draw blood as he came too, pumping his release deep as he gave a sharp cry. Zane could feel his cock pulsing as he flooded his insides for what seemed like minutes.

Zane dropped his head, swallowing Avi's cum, letting the remnants hit the sheets, too weak to hold his head up. Suddenly, Avi's head was beside his, Asa's hand splayed between his brothers broad shoulder blades as his hips slung into him harder and faster than Zane had ever seen. It was like a punishment.

It was so hot.

Asa came with a hoarse shout, his hips stuttering, then grinding into his brothers ass as he filled him up. He heard Avi laugh softly a moment before he passed out entirely.

He came to in the bathtub, the plug back inside. The tub now fit the four of them. Felix was lounging in Avi's arms, looking zen, lids heavy, limbs floating on the water. Zane rested in Asa's arms, which had him securely around the waist.

The water was warm, but not hot. There were beads of perspiration at Zane's hairline, indicating they'd been in there long enough for the water to have cooled.

"Welcome back, baby," Felix said very much looking like the cat he was.

"Did I black out again?" he mumbled, half-turning to bury his face in Asa's chest.

"You weren't exactly unconcious," Avi said. "More like sleeping."

“And talking,” Asa said, the amusement in his voice raising instant concern in him.

“About what?”

Felix grinned but shrugged. “Nothing.”

“You’re lying,” Zane mumbled. “But I’m too tired to play this game.”

“Whatever you say, my little omega,” Asa crooned mockingly.

Zane gasped. “Shut up,” he cried, covering his face.

“Oh, don’t be shy now, Lois. Not after everything we just did together. You’ve just opened a whole new set of games for us to play,” Asa said.

Zane forced himself to look up at him. “You-You’re not mad?”

Asa scoffed. “That you want me to knot and breed you? Hardly.”

“I think its hot,” Felix said wistfully.

“Hotter than incest?” Zane asked with the barest hint of a smile.

Felix frowned...uh, maybe 50/50?”

“Yeah,” Zane said, stretching his arms high over his head with a yawn satisfied only when his joints popped.

“I’m sleepy.”

“You can nap after I’ve gotten some food in you,” Asa said, his tone leaving no room for argument.

“Yes, alpha,” Zane said teasingly.

Asa gave a very convincing low growl directly into Zane’s ear.

“Fuck that’s hot,” Zane muttered. “Your hot. All of you.”

“Nobody’s hotter than you, baby,” Felix said around a yawn of his own. “Nobody.”

The other two nodded. Zane sighed happily, sinking lower into the water. Another good day. There were so many more good days than bad now that his mother was dead. He should have let them get rid of her years ago.

Oh well, better late than never.