Best Fam Ever
by Yolandere96

Summary

When your mother remarries to Han Solo, you didn't think your life could be turned upside anymore than it had. You however, were proven wrong, as the ridiculously attractive trio now considered your stepbrothers make it impossible to concentrate at university or on your life.

In the process of joining your families, living together was a necessity for the new lovebirds, but a huge inconvenience for you. Because honestly, how are you supposed to function like a person, when your stepbrothers are walking around looking like that. With the triplets seemingly everywhere, your sanity and patience run thin as your lust for them starts to consume a large part of your being.

When the sexual tension rises, how will the four of you deal with your increasing desires?

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Dear Sweet Baby Jesus, HELP ME.

Today is the day that your mom and yourself move into a new house with her new husband Han and your new stepbrothers Kylo, Ben and Matt.

Hearing that our family was going to get bigger and that everything was going to change, did not go down well for my stepbrothers or you. Mostly because of the fact, we’ll all be living in the same house.

**Prologue**

It all started at our first meeting. You and your mom met Han and his three boys at a fancy café for brunch so we could get to know each other a bit. When you looked at the boys for the first time, you was completely and utterly awestruck with how three different people can look so handsome, sexy and unique for triplets.

They were breathtaking and very intimidating when in the presence of all three. At the time we
didn’t know we were going to be joining our families, but that’s because our parents hadn’t told us about their engagement yet.

We greeted each other, exchanging pleasantries while being ushered inside the café. When seated, my mom and Han were immediately engrossed in lovey dovey baby talk, while you and the triplets awkwardly looked at the menu. As we all studied the menu it gave you time to observe the triplets more closely and how they are with each other.

The eldest triplet Kylo, has long luscious black shoulder length hair, a faint scar across his face and is wearing all black clothes (How festive). Anyone would think he was just told his life is over and he’s getting ready for his own funeral. He looks very bored, uninterested by everything and seems like the silent type. Which is kind of intimidating with the added fact that he is super tall, buff, handsome and has eyes that could pierce into your soul.

His siblings are the same in height and almost identical faces and build. The middle child Ben, has brown wavy hair that falls below his ears and is rocking a cute stache and goatee combo, which oddly looks great on him. Ben is very charming and has a disarming smile that makes you forget to breathe sometimes. He is quick-witted, which makes the banter all the more fun, but also can’t seem to keep his eyes off any attractive female that walks by.

Lastly, is Matt who is the youngest and the easiest to distinguish out of the three as he has perfectly tousled blond hair and wears big wire rimmed glasses that don’t seem to want to stay on his face. He is the shyest out of the bunch, but the most adorable and has no trouble getting people to accept him, as he’s such a likeable guy.

After a while the silence becomes too much.

“Sooooo, what do you guys do?” you ask the triplets

Kylo ignores you in favor of browsing the menu and Matt mumbles something that you can’t quite hear.

Rolling his eyes at his brothers’ rudeness, Ben answers you, “The three of us are studying at university at the moment and this will be our third year”.

“Oh cool, I’m also in my third year. Where are you guys studying?”

“We go to Columbia University” Kylo huffs.
At hearing ‘Columbia University’ your mom perks up “HA AMAZING, you all go to the same university as (Y/N). I can’t believe you guys haven’t met before.”

“Yeah well there are nearly 200 students in each class, so it’s kind hard to get to know everyone,” you reply to her.

Turning back to Han, your mom says, “Isn’t this just perfect, our kids go to the same university. Its like fate that we’re supposed to be together”.

“It seems so, my love” He replies.

Uuuuugh so gross, did they forget we’re in public? Even the triplets look embarrassed with that extremely cringy declaration of love.

The rest of the brunch was uneventful and we each left our separate ways, unaware of the bomb our parents were going to drop on us.

Finally home, your mom asks, “Sooooo, what did you think of Han and his boys. He’s pretty great isn’t he?”

“Yeah he seems nice and he looks like he really cares for you, so that’s good.”

Smiling, she answers dreamily “I know he’s so good to me. I’m really glad you guys met and that you like him, because there’s something I need to tell you.”

Suddenly feeling nervous of what she’s going to say, you hesitate to say, “Ok what?”

“…………………..WE’RE GETTING MARRIED!!!!!”

…………..
“WHY THE FUCK WOULD YOU DO THAT!!!” you yell rather loudly.

“Because we love each other, we both have never felt this kind of love before and we want to spend the rest of our lives together. I thought you would be happy for me?” she says with tears beginning to pool in her eyes.

Damn, you really hate it when she cries. Seeing your mom cry is probably one of the most uncomfortable and upsetting things to see. Feeling bad for your less than supportive reaction, you say, “………………..I’m sorry mom, this is just such a big shock is all. I just never thought you would remarry again after dad?”

“Neither did I, but here we are.”

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This is crazy, you only heard about this guy 4 months ago and now she wants to get married. People her age really must lose their minds when they get older. You’re probably going to regret this in the future, but the look she’s giving you right now is soul crushing.

Reluctantly, you answer, “Well if he makes you happy then I’m happy for you!”

“Really, do you really mean that sweetie?”

“Yes I do” you reply more confidently.

Suddenly she’s jumping up and down and letting out the highest pitch squeals you’ve ever heard.

Giving you the biggest hug ever, she says, “Thank you so much honey.”
“Uh huh, so what happens now?”

“Well, we don’t want a huge wedding, so in two weeks we are getting married at the courthouse then 2 weeks after that, we will be moving in together!”

“What?”

“Well we are going to be married, do you expect us to live in different houses while married?”

“Well do you want me to come? Am I allowed? What about his kids, do they live with him?” you start rapid firing questions.

“Of course I want you to live with us, you’ll always be welcome in our house and the triplets do live with Han so they will be moving in too.”

“Where will we live?” you ask nervously.

“Han and I have found a big lovely house 30 minutes away and it will actually be closer to your university.”

“Oh wow, this is all happening so fast, do the triplets know?”

“He should be telling them right now too. They’re going to be your new stepbrothers and we are going to be one big happy family!”

Hugging your mom as your eyes go wide, you mumble, “I think I need a nap and some time to process everything”

“Ok sweetheart, you rest now because tomorrow we have to start packing!”

“I’m taking this bottle of tequila with me!”
Not fully paying attention to what you said, she replies “Ok sweetie!”

With that, you walk back to your room and crash onto your bed.

**HOLY FUCK.**

What a day. And to think, today was just going to be a little get together to meet mom’s new boy toy. Then to end up with your entire reality change so drastically, in such a short amount of time. Everything about your life will be uprooted and you’ll have to adapt to a new lifestyle and a bunch of strangers.

Speaking of strangers, why fuck are those three boys so damn hot, one of them you could understand but all three is some kind of miracle and each of them are so suited to their unique appearances.

But why did they have to become your stepbrothers, now they’re not only unattainable, but you’ll have to see them everyday and know you can never have them.

But.

Now that you think about it, you’re a little skeptical about a couple of 56 year olds getting remarried. There must be something wrong with him. But you guess the same can be said about your mom, and who am you to judge two people in love. Its not like you’ve ever been in love. You just hope he’s a good guy and treats your mother right. Which is the only reason why you’re deciding to stay with your mom when we move into the new house.

Your dad has always offered to buy you your own apartment in the city to be closer to campus and him. But you’ve always refused because you’ve never liked taking things from people and then feeling like you owe someone a favor.

But the other reason you still live with your mom is because ever since your dad divorced her for another woman, she has relied on you heavily to keep herself sane in those lonely times.

Deciding to call your dad and tell him all about it, he takes the news surprisingly calm and tells you he’s going to call you in a couple days to discuss some things.

So straight away after finding out you’ll be living with 4 other males, your dad makes some arrangements and the next thing he’s calling a couple days later to inform you, he’s bought you
Meeting him the next day at the apartment located in the city, he gives you the keys saying, “This place can be like your own sanctuary for when it becomes too much in your house. Here are the keys and it’s already fully furnished!”

“Uhhhhh thanks dad, but you really didn’t have to do this, I want to be there for mom.”

“And you will be sweetie, it’s just when you get sick of their alpha maleness you have a place to relax to, like a retreat” he replies with a chuckle.

“Well thanks dad, I don’t know how I can repay you?”

“You don’t have to sweetie, this is a present for you, from me.”

And now you can add that to the growing list of weird things to happen this week.

**Triplets POV**

When their father told them he was getting remarried, they were ecstatic that their dad had found love again; with the fact he would be more focused on his new wife and will hopefully quit nagging his sons.

But little did they know, they would be inheriting a few other things as well. When they found out they were going to have to move into a bigger house for the two new family members, they blew up in questions, refusals and rage filled statements. It took them a while to calm down as they saw there’s no way around this and they’re just going to have to suck it up. They couldn’t afford to live on their own and go to university at the same time.

Unfortunately for Kylo, Ben and Matt their dad can’t afford to buy them an apartment or even splurge on renting one for them, like yours can.
Not only did they not want a stepsister, they didn’t want to be in a house with women in it, because it ruins the dynamic of male messiness. They’re going to have to be polite all the time and won’t be able to get away with leaving the house in a pigsty. Although the only messy one is Ben.

Their father didn’t care how the house looked, but now that there will be women in the house, he’s demanded them to be clean and respectful around the new ladies. Although the triplets have accepted their fate, they were still unwilling to accept the fact that they were going to get a stepsister and a beautiful one at that.

They each couldn’t believe how beautiful you were when they first saw you at the brunch, you looked so radiant and full of life. You wore tight jeans to show off your plump ass and shapely legs, an off the shoulder shirt to accentuate your full breasts and some nice heels to complete the outfit. Not only are you gorgeous, but you’re incredibly smart too. After that brunch, the triplets have had a hard time not thinking about you, especially late at night.

**Present - (Y/N) POV**

Three weeks later and today is the day you move into your new house with the new family. You and your mom are driving to the house in the SUV that Han bought her as a wedding gift. With the removal truck following behind us and Han and his sons already at the house, you was left to think about your new life with 3 older stepbrothers.

The house we’re moving into is a two-story home that has six garages on a large block of land littered with plants. With each of us owning a car, everyone was pleased to have a place to park them away from the elements.

The house itself is grand in size and screams wealth. Your mom will be sharing a room with Han at one end of the house, while you’re at the other end with the boys.

From what you’ve been told, Ben’s room will be right next to yours with Kylo across from him and Matt across from you.

At the very end of the hall is their bathroom that they have to share. Luckily for you, you get a room with it’s own bathroom and massive walk-in closet, since you're the only other girl in the house. The only difference in the triplet’s bathroom from yours, is that theirs is bigger with a large bathtub resting by the window.
The only person you’ve ever had to live with was your mom, and it was easy. We each were independent and had our separate daily routines, now it’s going to be like living in a messy frat house.

Your mom hardly ever bothered you either. She let you lead your own life and do your own thing, which is going to be quite a shock for Han as you’ve been told he keeps a firm grip on his boys.

Although Han has been described as a fairly strict parent, he’s nothing compared to his previous wife ‘Leia Organa’.

She was apparently very controlling of her kids and her husband when they were together, which ultimately was the catalyst for their failed marriage.

Her children chose to live with their father because even though both their parents were strict, Han did it out of love and Leia was more concerned of her career and fear of being embarrassed.

She’s a powerful political figure, which is why she allowed Han full custody of the boys, because he threatened to reveal her true nature to the public, which would have ruined her career.

The triplets were content to only ever see their mother on special occasions, as each meeting is usually ruined by her manipulative and controlling ways.

So when she heard her ex-husband was getting remarried, boy did she throw a fit.

Pulling up background checks on your mother and yourself was the start of her ridiculous tantrum, trying to prove that we were scum and should not be associated with a respectable family like the Solo’s.

She didn’t find anything of course, but she wasn’t done. A week before the wedding, she started harassing your mother, by leaving ominous and threatening notes on our front door.

Sometimes you felt like you were being followed, but that was probably just paranoia. The worst thing that happened was when Leia showed up at the courthouse in a tight white dress, claiming to be there on business and just wanted to drop by.

The triplets had to escort her out and thank god she didn’t cause too much of a fuss. After all that, the ceremony went smoothly and you went home, while Han and your mom went on their weekend honeymoon in Hawaii. Having the house to yourself, meant it gave you time to finish up some packing and come to grips with your impending future.

It only seemed like yesterday that Han and your mom got married; now we’re turning into our street with our new house at the end. There aren’t many houses on our street as they’re all on big blocks of land and obviously like their privacy.
All of the driveways on the street are very long, so it makes it hard to see the houses, but when you pull up to yours, you can see why they would need a long driveway. The anticipation you feel driving up the driveway only adds to the amazement when you first lay eyes on your new home.

The house and land it’s on is huge, but right now a removal truck is blocking the view. You can see workers bustling in and out with furniture and Han giving directions, with the triplets lugging in big boxes that you can only guess is their stuff.

Your mom parks the car in a garage space so the removalists behind us can easily access the house. Stretching your back, you follow your mom over to Han.

“HEY, there’s my girl” Han says excitedly, sweeping your mom off her feet in a massive hug.

“Sorry we’re a bit late, the traffic was horrendous,” she replies.

“Well you’re here now. (Y/N) what do you think of our new home?”

Staring at the gigantic house you say, “Its beautiful and so big.”

“Yep she’s a beauty. OH, and tomorrow Kylo will drop you off at the storage units place so you can pick your car up.”

“Ok cool”, you mumble.

“HEY BOYS, GET DOWN HERE!” Han yells.

All three boys become visible through the front door and wander over to you guys.

They each look at you for a few seconds before averting their eyes quickly.

“Now boys you remember what we discussed?”
They all sigh yes and Ben even rolls his eyes. What a great ‘welcome to your new home’ greeting!

“Good, now Matt why don’t you show (Y/N) where her room is and help her bring some of her boxes in”

“Yes dad” replies Matt with a hint of a smile on his face.

Before you have time to move, a massive dog tackles you to the ground and starts licking your face.

“Chewie! Bad boy, what’s gotten into you?” Han shouts.

Laughing and trying to push this mammoth of a beast off of you, Ben calls Chewie to him, but he just ignores him. So Kylo comes over and leads the giant beastie back inside by his collar.

Matt helps you up, “Sorry about him, he’s never done this before, usually he doesn’t like new people.”

“Hahahaha, its ok. I love dogs, so I’m glad he likes me” you say while dusting your ass off.

Heading over to the car with Matt, you say, “You don’t have to help with all of my boxes, there’s only three heavy ones and their kinda small.”

“It’s ok, I don’t mind helping” he replies shyly while rubbing the back of his neck.

“I’m sure you’re busy with unpacking your room though?”

“Yeah, but your room is just across from mine so it’s no big deal” he smiles while pushing his glasses back up his nose.

You can’t help but smile at the sweetie, “Ok, well thank you.”
“No problem.”

After you and Matt haul the last box into your room, you pause in the doorway to fully look at your new room. It’s very spacious with a big bay window looking out to the vast backyard and in-ground pool. Although you love swimming, you don’t think you’ll be prancing around in your swimsuit anytime soon. While still checking out your room, you don’t hear the movers approaching from behind carrying your king bed and totally oblivious to you.

“HEY, watch out kid!” one of the movers shouts.

Before you have time to react or the movers to stop before hitting you with the bed, you’re yanked out of the way by a pair of strong arms. Crushed into a sculpted chest, you look up and realize you’re clutching onto Kylo’s shirt. He looks down at you with what could be mistaken as concern in his eyes, but quickly lets go and turns to snarl at the movers “Watch where you’re going!”

The mover that resembles a big burly bear replies, “Sorry little lady, didn’t see ya there.”

“It’s ok, I’m fine” you reply faintly with a hint of pink tinting your cheeks.

Before you have time to thank Kylo, he’s pushing past you, to get to his room and slamming the door.

“What a grumpy fellow” the other skinny mover comments.

“Yeah” you mumble to know one in particular.

As the last piece of furniture is delivered to your room, you start to unpack your sheets to make your bed and then your clothes. For the little amount of progress made in your room, you would think it’s only been an hour or 2, but as you hear your mom calling everyone down for dinner, you check your watch and see it’s nearly 8 o’clock.

At least your bed is made and you have somewhere to sleep tonight, unlike Matt who decided it would be a good idea to set up his desk and workstation first. There are boxes and engineering tools scattered all over his mattress and his floor is cluttered with bubble wrap. It’s a mess and just means he’ll have to stay up later and clean his room if he wants to sleep in his bed tonight.
Reaching down stairs you see five pizza boxes on the kitchen bench “Hot damn, who else is coming over?”

“Well I didn’t know what the boys would like, so I got different pizzas and plus I have a feeling they can each put away a whole pizza” your mom states with a smirk.

And boy was she right! At the rectangle dinner table you’re sitting next to Ben, with Kylo in front of you and Matt next to him. Our parents are sitting at the heads of the table.

Everyone is exhausted, so there isn’t much talking. Everyone is just eager to eat, shower then finally slip into bed after a long day.

After dinner you hug your mom and say goodnight to everyone else while heading to your bathroom to scrub the day away.

After a very nice and long shower, you get out to hear Kylo, Ben and Matt yelling.

You peak out from behind your door and find the eldest triplets try to help Matt clean up his room so he can sleep somewhere tonight, but are having no luck.

Matt keeps trying to direct them where to put his things but they just end up chucking them on the floor, which just restarts their arguments “YOU SHOULD HAVE DONE YOUR BED FIRST, YOU IDIOT” shouts Ben.

“FUCK YOU BEN, I DO WHAT I WANT!!!!”

“FINE, then you can do this yourself, YOU. IDIOT!” Ben says throwing the sheets on the floor and storming out. He glances at you before he’s walking past and slamming his door.

Turning towards the boys you start to pick up the sheets and help them out.

“(Y/N), you don’t have to help. We got this” Matt huffs.

“If you let me help you guys, then the sooner we can all go to bed. Ok?”
Kylo and Matt look to each other and they both shrug and start giving instructions on what to do and where to place things.

After 20 minutes, the bed is made and the room is semi clean, so Matt won’t trip over anything in the night.

“Well goodnight guys” you say and head back to your room.

They say their goodnights as well and close their doors. Finally, you slide into bed and almost immediately pass out. Tomorrow is the start of your new life and it’s going to be one hell of a ride.
I Didn't Sign Up For This

Chapter Notes

University Classes and Classmates

- Chemistry ~ Kylo, Hux, Finn
- Math ~ Ben, Rey, Poe
- Engineering ~ Matt, Phasma
- Biology ~ Rey, Phasma
- I.T ~ Kylo, Ben, Matt, Rey

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A Couple Weeks Later

So far the best thing about moving into this new house is the fact that Han has a massive stereo system and has no clue what Bluetooth is or how it works. Because of this, you’ve made it your mission to see how far you can piss him off without getting caught, like right now Han and your mom are trying to stop the stereo from playing the most ‘vulgar’ song they’ve heard.

‘Closer’ by Nine Inch Nails is your choice today and you can’t stop laughing.

You can hear Han shouting for Matt to come help him with this ‘INFERNAL DEVIL MACHINE’.

Han thinks it’s possessed or faulty and explains to Matt that if he can’t fix it, then he is just going to throw it out and buy a new one.

“Relax dad, I’ll be able to find the problem. Just give me a sec while I go get my tools.”

Matt headed into the direction of his room but made a stop at your door. Taking a deep breath and knocking on your door, he hears a muffled “Come in.”

Walking inside he sees you laying on your bed with Chewie, reading a book.
Looking up and smiling when you sees its Matt, he falters in his step as your cheery expression takes his breath away.

“What’s up Matty?”

Matty? Why is she calling me Matty? And why do I like the sound of it when she says it?

Rubbing the back of his neck and sticking in the doorway he replies, “Uhhhh, listen I ummmm, know ii-its you that’s, bluetoothing music, to m-my dads stereo and I was hoping you could stop?”

Oh My God, get it together man. You’ve spoken in front of classes with over 200 students and now you’re stuttering like a 14-year-old boy.

Just breathe and try to relax. She’s just a girl; you’ve spoken to girls before.

“Stop? How come, it’s hilarious?” you reply with a smile.

Clearing his throat and hoping his voice doesn’t crack.

“He wants me to try and fix it and if I can’t he’s going to throw it away and buy a new one, which is a waste of money.”

He watches you furrow your brows and sit up.

“Damn, what a way to overreact. But I guess I can stop, it would be a waste of money to throw out a perfectly good stereo.”

Sighing a breath of relief, Matt smiles “Thank you (Y/N)”

Turning away in excitement, Matt quickly leaves and closes the door before you has time to say ‘your welcome’.

“What an old fellow’, you contemplate.
Running your fingers through Chewie’s fur, you turn back to your book and continue where you left.

At dinner that night, Han couldn’t stop thanking Matt for fixing his stereo and even gives him $100 for doing it. Matt declined the money at first, but ended up taking the bill after a lot of persuasion from Han.

Well at least some good came out of your mischief today.

We’ve all adjusted well to the new household dynamic. You’ve even gotten a job at the library on campus after your last class everyday. All you do is reshelving books and clean up after messy students, so it’s pretty chill.

Sometimes, Mary the senior librarian, lets you behind the counter to loan out books to people, which is a lot better than breaking your back by leaning over and restocking the shelves.

Mary is all right though; she’s a typical old librarian, but can be cold and mean sometimes. But as you’ve gotten to know her, you realized she only say’s hurtful and scary things to strike fear into the students.

Like today, she’s talking to you and your friend Rey, “I know what I must look like to you kids. I never smile and I seem like I’m angry all the time. But deep down………………I’m actually angrier.” And with that statement she cackles loudly and walks off, leaving yourself and Rey to reshelving over 50 large law textbooks, 5 minutes before we’re supposed to go home.

We both look at each other in annoyance.

You and Rey have been friends for three years now, first meeting in the I.T class. She introduced you to her friends Poe and Finn after class, and since then the four of you have been inseparable.

Having Rey as a co-worker makes this job a whole lot easier and bearable, which has the shift passing by a lot faster.

However, today is not the day to be held back, because ever since Han and your mom found out you and the triplet’s go to the same university, they’ve made us all ride together. What makes it even worse, considering the fact that in nearly every one of my classes, I am stuck with one of the
I have Math with Ben, Engineering with Matt, Chemistry with Kylo and I.T with all 3 of them. When learning that we have a lot of classes together, our parents took it upon themselves to demand we study together to ensure good results. So not only are you forced to be with them all the time at home, but now you can’t even escape them at Uni.

You may sound ungrateful, to be so unwilling to spend time with your new stepbrothers, but you just can’t handle being surrounded by the most attractive dudes you’ve ever seen and know you can never have them. It is complete torture being near them and your new job and biology class are your only respite away from them.

Rey likes to poke fun at how hot your stepbrothers are and constantly calls out their names and waves at them whenever we see them. You try to pull her along, while hiding your face in shame behind your hand and when you do look at them, they’re always staring at you with amused smirks.

Huh and you thought Kylo’s mouth was stuck in a permanent grimace.

Sometimes they sit with us at lunch, slumping into their seats like their being forced to sit with us. Which they are, because Han had asked them to hang out with you at lunch sometimes.

But when they’re not sitting with us, they’re leaving campus with their juvenile buddies Hux and Phasma.

Phasma is nice enough; we work together and have gotten to know each other quite a bit. Hux is a little harder to like, at first he was very rude and standoffish and acted as if associating with us would cause him to catch leprosy.

One time we all had to sit together, because Rey wouldn’t stop waving them over. And it was so awkward at first. But eventually everyone loosened up when Poe and Finn found out they had some things in common with Hux, Phasma and Ben. Kylo was silent most of the time and Matt quietly conversed with Rey about engineering stuff. After that lunch, Hux warmed up a bit and turned out to be very funny and even friendly.

The triplets and their friends started eating with us more and more after that. Eventually we become a close-knit group and met for lunch everyday. Hux can still be rude sometimes, but in a jokingly way. He’s actually become quite protective of his new friends now, never afraid to put someone in their place, if they wrong or insult his buddies.
You and the triplet’s still aren’t as friendly as we probably should be, but that’s possibly due to the unspoken mutual pining we have for each other.

On the days that we have to study together, we only ever talk about the material and on rare occasions Ben would tell us about some raunchy thing that he got up to on the weekend.

While you have your job working at the library, Matt works in the universities I.T department, Ben works in the event committee for the university and Kylo works out in the gym on campus while he wait’s for us to finish.

Technically the triplets don’t need jobs, because their mom deposits $2000 a month in each of their bank accounts as a gesture of affection. But they hardly ever touch the money, because they want to be independent and only ever use it for emergencies.

After putting away the last textbook, you check the time and realize your late and have made the triplets wait for over 20 minutes. Mary doesn’t allow us to keep our phones on the job, so when you get yours back there are 15 new text messages and 10 missed calls.

“OH FUCK, boy am I in trouble. The triplets are going to be so pissed when I see them” you say to Rey while giving the back of Mary’s head a scowl.

“They can’t be too mad, it isn’t your fault” Rey replies.

“Either way I better get going, I’ll see you tomorrow” you wave goodbye to Rey and sprint off.

And she shouts after you, “Ok, see you tomorrow buddy”.

After sending a quick text to Matt that you’re on your way, you’re sprinting off even faster towards the car park, hoping they haven’t left you and aren’t too mad.
A couple minutes later, you’re nearing Kylo’s car and can see their silhouettes. Matt is leaning on the boot and the other two are sitting inside the car.

Puffing and gasping for breath you get in the back with Matt and try to explain what happened. While you describe Mary’s new torture today, Kylo backs the car out and starts driving home.

“Yeah Mary can be cruel like that, I used to work for her last year and quit when I got offered a job in the schools I.T department” says Matt.

Ben jumps in coldly, “Just don’t let it happen again, we have more important things to do and can’t wait around all day for you.”

Matt and Kylo can see from the corner of their eyes when you flinch at Ben’s abrupt hostility.

“Sorry again guys” you reply softly and turn to stare out the window at the passing scenery.

Kylo doesn’t say anything, but clenches the steering wheel tighter and Matt scowls at Ben.

The rest of the drive home is silent and when you finally arrive, you quickly head to your room and shut the door, so no one can see the tears starting to roll down your cheeks.

The triplets are still in the car when they watch you quickly scramble out of the garage.

Only when you’re out of their site, does Kylo punch Ben in the face, “WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU!”

Wide eyed and holding his jaw Ben returns the punch with more force, but barely striking Kylo’s face in the awkward position “I’M BUSY TONIGHT, THAT’S WHY. And I CAN’T be late for this!”
“Busy for what?” Matt says with a dark expression.

Nothing is said as Ben looks away.

Realizing what Ben has planned, Kylo punches him in the face again.

“WHAT THE FUCK KYLO, STOP HITTING ME!!!”

“So who is she then? The whore you have coming over tonight!”

Ben looks away “I don’t know what you’re talking about?”

“Oh give me a break, the only time you ever get angry is when your cockblocked” Kylo replies with venom.

“Shut the FUCK UP Kylo, I can do whatever I want and I will not let (Y/N) or anyone get in the way of that”.

Matt wrinkles his nose in disgust and shouts, “You’re a dirty manslut Ben. It wasn’t her fault that she was late and it was only 20 minutes!”

“FUCK YOU GUYS, I don’t have to deal with this bullshit,” Ben says while getting out of the car and heads straight for his room.

Kylo and Matt give each other a look, hoping their brother will come to his senses. Then they’re heading to their own rooms as well.

Finally, in his room Ben mutters curses and insults towards his brothers, but stops when he hears a faint sob. Pressing his ear to the wall separating your rooms, he can hear you quietly sniffling and
it shatters him.

He didn’t realize how much of a dick he was being and instantly regrets the way he spoke to you. Wondering if he should comfort you or not, he walks out of his room, before he loses his nerve. Standing outside your room, Ben hesitantly knocks on your door.

Hearing a knock come from your door, you quickly clean your face of tears and try to regain control of your breathing. Feeling semi normal, you timidly say, “Who is it?”

On the other side of the door you hear, “It’s me Ben, can I come in?”

Unwilling to have Ben see you like this you mutter “NO…………. I’m busy at the moment, maybe later?”

Hearing the crack in your voice, Ben pushes the door open anyway and walks in despite your dismissal.

Walking in the room, he can see Chewie laying next to you while you pat him. He can hear the dog growl softly the closer he approaches.

Slowly sitting down next to you, Ben looks at you to find that your head is turned and is hidden behind a wall of hair.

“Listen (Y/N), I want to apologize for what I said in the car. It was rude of me and I don’t have an excuse, besides the fact that I was just being a selfish dick”.

“Mmmhhmm” you reply lightly.

“Please look at me (Y/N).”

Sniffling and clearing your throat, you turn to look at Ben. Slowly looking towards his face, you’re met with big brown eyes filled with concern and sincerity.
When you finally look at Ben, his heart almost stops. With red puffy eyes and wet cheeks from tears Ben pulls you into a hug “Aww (Y/N) I’m SO sorry, please forgive me!” he begs.

Clutching you to his chest, he feels you slowly wrap your arms around his torso and while you mumble, “I forgive you Ben……………..I’m probably just over-reacting anyway, people say I can be too sensitive sometimes.”

Putting his hand under your chin so he can tilt your head up, he looks into your eyes and says, “No you’re not over-reacting, I was being a dick and took it out on you. I’m sorry for that.”

“Thank you Ben,” you reply with a small smile.

Still holding each other, you’re interrupted by Kylo clearing his throat and leaning on the doorframe.

“Dinner is ready,” he simply states and walks away while eyeing Ben’s arms around you.

You both pull away from each other and head down stairs.

Sitting down and discussing everyone’s day you feel Ben’s leg rest against yours. Glancing up at him you can see he’s engrossed in a conversation with his dad while shoveling food into his mouth. Catching you looking at him from the corner of his eye, he smiles and continues eating.

Throughout the entire meal he doesn’t move his leg and it feels kind of comforting, like he’s letting you know he’s sorry.

Checking his watch, Ben excuses himself from the table so he can have the first shower and get into bed early for ‘Uni’. We all say good night to him, but you can see Matt and Kylo frown slightly towards their brother.

A few minutes later we’re all cleaning up our plates and heading to bed.

After your shower you’re slipping into bed and enjoying the soft plush feel of your favourite object in the world. It doesn’t take long for you to fall into a deep and dreamless sleep.
A Few Hours Later

You’re suddenly woken by a strange noise.

Thinking you must be dreaming, you slowly start to fall asleep again.

Until you hear it again. Your eyes shoot open angrily, you peer around your room for the source of this incessant sound.

Hearing it again you realize it’s……………. a giggle?

WHO THE FUCK IS GIGGILING AT (Checks clock) 3 IN THE MORNING!!!

Catching it again, you recognize that it’s a female giggling and it sounds like its coming from Ben’s room.

You don’t even know what to think right now!

Is this why he got angry with you? Because you were holding up his late night booty call? What kind of woman just comes to someone’s house at 3am for sex? You assume it’s for sex, because there is no other plausible explanation for this.

“Hahaha stooooop, that tickles Ben!” some chick giggles.

“Keep it down, you’re gunna wake my family up,” Ben replies.

Too late motherfuckers. You wonder if Matt and Kylo are awake too?

This is too much, you just want to go back to sleep.

Bloody man whore!
“Ohhhhhh yeah just like that, don’t stop Ben!”

“Uhhhh fuckkk, keep going!”

Placing his hand over her mouth Ben says “Filthy slut, I said keep it down.”

You can still hear her muffled moans and Ben is starting to pant. Oh god, he sounds so animalistic when he starts to grunt and moan louder, it makes your thighs clench together.

NO, you cannot get turned on listening to your stepbrother fuck some chick. Damn these thin walls to hell.

Listening for a bit longer, you huff silently ‘well if this is really happening, then I might as well use it to my advantage and try to get back to sleep’.

Unable to stop yourself, your hand slips over your stomach and into your panties. Slowly starting to stroke your soft nub in time with the pants and moans next door. It starts to get hot under the covers, so you push them down and spread your legs wider.

They’re getting louder and you can almost hear the slap of their skin. Slipping a finger into your wet hole and using your other hand to rub your clit, you start to feel the familiar tightening in the pit of your belly.

Ben is having trouble now, trying to control his grunts and moans as he escalates his speed as the girl squeezes around him.

Adding a second finger, a tiny moan slips from your mouth before you have time to stop it, causing the girl next door to muffle “Did..y..ou…he.hear...thaat?”

Silencing her with a kiss, Ben speeds up and slams into her forcefully, jolting her up the bed.

Instead of that girl, you imagine it’s you getting fucked by Ben. You fantasize how thick and long his cock must be, how the head would brush past your g-spot with every thrust. The feel of the veins on his cock against your walls and the rough grip he would use to hold your hips. His hair would tickle your face while his beard tickled your neck. You imagine he the kind of guy to leave bites and licks all over your neck and collarbones.

OH GOD, you wish you we’re there instead!
But little do you know, he wishes it was you instead too. Just thinking its you writhing beneath him, has Ben increase his pace, almost pistoning his hips into her soaked cunt.

Hoping that you are awake listening right now and doing what he thinks she is doing, Ben puts on a show and starts to rub the woman’s clít in time with his thrusts. She moans louder and Ben thought he could hear the tiniest whimper from next door.

Almost reaching your peak, you quicken your movements as you can tell Ben isn’t far off either. His thrusts become irregular and the slaps of their skin is getting louder.

Adding a third finger and imagining it’s Ben’s thick cock, you fuck yourself so much harder that it has you clenching and spasming around your fingers.

Ben hears a tiny cry next door and the next thing he knows, he’s unloading hot streams of cum into her cunt. The girl cums not too soon after and is panting against Ben’s neck.

After your orgasm, you struggle to pull a sheet over your body, lest you want anyone to walk in and see your bare cunt. Hearing nothing from next door, you quickly fall into a content slumber with your last thoughts being ‘How disgusting, getting off listening to your stepbrothers sexy time’.

‘Absolutely filthy.’

……………..

……………..

……………..

‘Yet you loved every second of it!’

Waking up the next day, you thought you would never be able to look at Ben, after what you heard last night.

You were wrong.

Not only could you not keep you eyes off him, every time you glanced at him you would catch him already looking at you and he would sometimes smirk or send you a wink.

Does he know you know? Surely not, you was quiet and when you did moan you couldn’t hear yourself. But that was probably because you was so focused on listening to Ben and the heartbeat
in your ears. Oh well.

It isn’t surprising to see that the lady from last night wasn’t here in the morning. To be honest, you’d be surprised if Ben even let her fall asleep after finishing the deed, since his dad is so strict. Han has a rule that prohibits the opposite sex from staying in any of his boy’s rooms, because he’s scared they’ll get someone knocked up. That’s a valid thing to be afraid of though, considering how crazy Leia was after getting knocked up early and Han finding out too late.

Hopefully the rest of the day i

Chapter End Notes

We will see more of the other characters as the story progresses.

Leave a kudo or comment if you're liking this and thank you for reading!
What’s an average day like, in (Y/N)’s life.

After eating breakfast with the family and getting ready, we all jump into Kylo’s car to head to uni.

Matt and yourself usually sit in the back with Kylo driving and Ben in the passenger seat. The middle child goes through the same routine of deciding which radio station to listen to.

Poor Kylo grows wearier daily, but never fails to yell, “We go through this everyday! Just pick a damn station or I’m turning it off!”

Frowning at his brother, Ben replies, “Every station is just the hosts gas bagging and not playing any music. As if anyone cares what they have to say! JUST PLAY SOME FUCKING MUSIC!”

Matt mumbles over the shitty song playing, “They never do this time of the morning.”

“You could Bluetooth your phone, so we can listen to music?” you pipe in. This argument could go on for the entire drive there and you should know, because it’s happened before.

With a huff, Ben replies, “Hmmm ok”, and pulls out his phone.

After a few minutes fiddling with his phone, music starts playing through the speakers. Finally some peace and quiet. The rest of the drive is quiet except for the music.

When we arrive, we’re all climbing out of Kylo’s car and stretching our limbs. The morning traffic is a bitch if you don’t get any green lights, especially when you have to put up with agro people. Its definitely not your cup of tea, that’s for sure.

Your itinerary for today, a Tuesday to be exact, is that of a lovely day spent with each triplet in some capacity.

You have Math up first with Ben, Chemistry with Kylo, Engineering with Matt and I.T with all of them at the end of the day. Thankfully You’re not alone with Ben in Math, since your friends Poe and Rey will be there as well.
But you still have to walk with Ben, Since his brothers have lectures across campus. You walk in silence for a bit, then carefully glance up at Ben. But the creep is already smirking at you, like he’s laughing at joke he just told himself.

The little bit of attention you give him, has the brunet casually asking, “Sooooooo (Y/N), did you have a good sleep last night?”

And you try not to freak out, even though your brain is screaming, ‘What the fuck! Why is he asking you that?’

You give yourself a pep talk, ‘Chill out, he’s probably still concerned over his little tantrum yesterday. Just calm down. Trying not to choke on your spit or blush too much.’

You stare at the ground, “It was fine........and did you?.........have a good sleep I mean?”

“Yeah it was great, I had the loveliest dream.” He says wistfully while looking into the distance. With that smirk on his face you wonder if he’s remembering his hook-up from last night.

Probably is.

But, before he has the chance to describe his ‘erotic dream’, you quickly announce “Oh look we’re here already, better get inside before the Professor arrives” and you speed walk past him to the seats near the back of the auditorium.

‘Nice, good job at playing it cool.’

Rey and Poe are already seated, so you take your spot next to her. Ben happily sits next to Poe on the outside.

Rey eyes you with a playful smile, “Damn, what’s got you rushing (Y/N)?”

You try to answer casually, “I’m just really keen for math today and don’t want to miss anything”, but Rey gives you a skeptical look.
Thankfully though, she doesn’t push the subject. So with everyone chatting for a bit, the Professor unceremoniously walks in and gets straight into teaching his lecture, picking up the marker and writing equations on the board.

While he writes, all of the students fall silent and start to take notes. A few minutes later the old man at the board finishes writing and announces “You must solve these problems using the formulas you learned yesterday. You have the rest of lecture to do so and must complete any unfinished work at home.”

With that statement he sits at his desk and pulls out a newspaper and starts doing *squints*……………..a crossword puzzle.

Great, how boring.

A two-hour lecture, solving math problems and you finish in 30 minutes. *What do you do now? Maybe you could tell the teacher that you’re done.*

*Nah, you’d rather have a nap.* Putting in one earphone you start listening to music and doodle in your workbook with your mind wandering off.

Drifting back to what happened last night, you can’t help in stealing glances over to Ben while he works. Chewing on his pen lid with a focused expression, he leans back into his chair and stretches his arms up behind him. Looking at him now gives you time to appreciate how thick his shoulders and chest are.

Looking lower you catch a glimpse of his muscled stomach where his shirt has raised up. Your eyes bulge and can’t look away. The toned and hard muscles have you captured. But hearing him clear his throat, you look up to see Ben smirking at you.

Quickly snapping your head back to your work you think ‘*Try to be more inconspicuous next time*’.

Getting caught outright ogling your stepbrother has your cheeks turning red and embarrassment flowing through your veins. *Geez get it together woman.*

Calming down a bit, you realize the professor is writing more equations on the board, “For those of you that may have already finished, you can start on these problems.”
He glances in your direction, then looks to the rest of the class, “The rest of you write these down, so you can finish them at home”.

*Finally something to do.*

Starting to write down the problems, your eyes wander back to Ben, admiring how strong his legs look and wander up higher to his meaty thighs and what’s concealed beneath his jeans.

Remembering the way Ben moaned last night, has your thighs clenching together…………’*WAIT NO….*

*STOP THINKING ABOUT HIM LIKE THAT. You nasty. Just focus on the work and the rest of the lecture should go by quickly.*’

It didn’t, but at least it’s finally over.

Walking to your next lecture, Finn catches up to you and drapes his arm around your shoulders as you both walk.

Entering the lecture, you see Hux and Kylo already sitting down. Hux looks towards you guys and waves. Kylo eyes the arm around your shoulders and glowers at Finn. But not catching that exchange though, you ask Finn if he’s alright as he ‘coughs’ and brings his arm back to his side. Finn quickly sits next to Hux, while you sit next to Kylo and start getting your stuff out for the lecture.

The professor walks in and greets everyone with a cheery smile before setting his things down on his desk, “Now, as you all know, tomorrow we will be in the labs across campus, to practice what you’ve been learning. So today we will be going over the theory side of the various experiments we will be doing.”

Looking down at his laptop, the professor reads out the rules of how to conduct ourselves in the lab and the chemicals we will be working with.
“Now, since this class is a bigger than usual (Only 50 students) and we have limited tables and equipment in the labs, you’ll all have to pair up. I’ll give you some time to choose your lab partner now.”

And with that, chattering erupts amongst the students and people move about to find their friends.

You turn to your friends and see Finn smiling at you, but Kylo’s large body suddenly blocks him from your view. You look up at the Goth boy and quirk your eyebrow.

He only looks at you with the same blank expression and practically demands, “We should be partners. It’ll be easier to study, since we already live together.”

You chew the inside of your cheek before nodding, “Ok, I guess so.”

Nodding his head once and turning back to his notebook, Kylo continues to brood in silence.

Technically it would be easier to be partners, but you’re surprised he’s even willing to be near you for that long. But with him out of the way, you can finally see Finn. He’s chatting with Hux and you can guess that they’re probably lab partners now as well.

The lecture flies by quickly with the work you’re given, but you couldn’t help in being constantly aware of Kylo’s presence with his massive body was spilling out of the tiny chair-desk onto your side.

Sometimes his arm would brush against yours and stay there for a bit. Or his leg would radiate heat when left right next to you. He could be doing it on purpose or maybe he can’t help it, either way his touches are kind of soothing.

Heading to your usual meet-up spot for lunch, which is a big picnic table, you spot Rey, Phasma, Poe and Matt already sitting down. They look to be having a heated debate and walking closer you hear Poe say, “This is ridiculous, I can’t believe we’re talking about this!”

“What’s ridiculous?” you ask while sitting down next to Matt.

Rey answers you, “We need to settle an argument.”
“Mmmmmk, what about?”

Poe turns to you and asks, “Ok, so have you ever been handcuffed?”

Immediately answering instead of thinking, your mouth questions, “Sexually or by law enforcement?”

And everyone goes quiet, silently staring at you for a bit. Until Rey cracks up laughing “You kinky bitch, that was just a yes or no question.”

You screech loudly, “WELL I DIDN’T KNOW, I JUST WANTED MORE INFORMATION!”

Nearly everyone is laughing at you now and your face feels incredibly hot with shame. Never in your life, have you felt embarrassed so many times in one day. ‘Thank you brain, for bypassing all the mental filters and going straight to my mouth.’

You shake your head in embarrassment. You’ve definitely filled your quota of blushing today.

But trying to regain your composure and confidence, you grumble, “Oh shut up, what is the point of this argument anyway?”

With tears in her eyes, Rey cries, “If you had said yes, I would have asked if you know how to pick the lock! I think it’s easy and Poe says it’s impossible.”

A frustrated Poe shouts, “It is impossible Rey!”

‘Uuuuugh god, you should have just kept your mouth shut.’

“So have you been handcuffed?” Finn asks while wagging his eyebrows.

“Ahhhh, yes” you whisper.
Phasma cuts in, “Oooooooo by which one, law enforcement or………………….”

Everyone turns to you and waits for your answer. You can’t even look at the triplets right now.

Huffing out loud, you eventually mumble, “One time by the cops as a prank on my mum and that’s all you need to know.”

“So you have been handcuffed sexually” Phasma grins wickedly.

You turn your head away smiling, “I’m not saying”.

Everyone starts whooping and cheering, but as you look at the triplets, you can see Matt is blushing and trying not to smile, Ben is hiding behind his hand and Kylo is staring at his food.

What you don’t realize is, that with your little confession, the triplets are having a hard time trying not to picture you in scandalous positions while handcuffed. Just thinking about it has their manhood’s stirring.

After lunch is finished, Matt, Phasma and yourself head to your next lecture, Engineering.

When you guys get to classroom, you can see that the Professor has already started the lecture.

All of you take your seats together, quietly trying not to disturb the class, but fail as Mr. Ramirez squints his eyes at your group and shakes his head. You can only assume its in disappointment.

“It’s not our fault he likes to start early, half the students aren’t even here yet either”, Phasma grumbles.

Matt offers, “Maybe he’s just super passionate about engineering”

And you add, “I think he starts early so he can leave early”.
Phasma nods in agreement, but freezes when we all hear Mr. Ramirez clear his throat “If you’re all quite done, I would like to continue with this lecture.”

Everyone turns to look at us, and we mumble apologies. A couple more students arrive ‘late’ and are also scolded by Mr. Ramirez, causing them to hang their heads low while they scurry to their seats.

Halfway through the lecture, Mr. Ramirez gives everyone a 10-minute break to stretch our legs or walk around. You choose to go fill up your water bottle and Matt surprisingly joins you.

Walking down a hallway, you ask, “Sooo, how are your other classes going Matty?”

He looks startled at your sudden question, but answers anyway, “There going as good as they can be and I’m not failing anything yet, so that’s a plus. How about you?”

While filling up your water bottle at the fountain, you answer “That’s good……….. All of my classes are going great. I hardly even need to study because it’s kinda easy for me.”

“Well you’re lucky” he smiles sheepishly, before a confused expression appears on his face, “Why is that though?”

Capping your water bottle, you answer “It’s because I have an eidetic memory and I learned a lot of this stuff when I was a kid.”

He still looks confused, so you elaborate “I never forget anything I read or learn and all the books I read as a child were university level stuff. “

“Well, that is amazing. Never forgetting anything must make uni very easy for you then?”

“Yeah it can be, even though I know I can nearly ace every class, I still get stressed about whether if I will.” you admit, “And the ‘never forget anything’ makes it hard to let go of grudges. People are lucky I’m not a psycho that takes revenge for old resentments.”

Matt laughs nervously and fidgets a bit.
You pat his arm, “But don’t worry, I’m not a psycho” you try to calm him down, and it works a bit.

Matt doesn’t talk much when you’re alone together. So, him engaging in a conversation with you is very surprising, yet welcomed. When other people are around you guys, he’s very nice and warm towards you, but when you’re alone, he shuts down and barely utters more than 20 words to you.

So, finally getting him to come out of his shell and open up a bit, feels like an accomplishment. With every smile and word he utters, it only makes you crave more of his baritone voice.

Arriving back at the class far too quickly for your liking, you push open the doors and walk in while in the middle of asking Matt if he can show you some of the things he’s working on at home, that is, until Mr. Ramirez yells “Break finished 10 minutes ago!”

Checking your watch, you see it’s only been 5 minutes since he said you could go on break.

“I will not tolerate tardiness in my lecture, otherwise don’t bother showing up.”, he looks like he could pop a blood vessel or start bleeding from his nose.

He yells, “Go take your seats now!”

Speed walking to your chairs, you whisper to Matt, “Gosh he’s such a cunt!”

Matt chuckles very loudly, which earns him a dark look from Mr. Ramirez.

Sitting down, Matt leans over to whisper back, “Yeah he is, I think he’s on a power trip or he hasn’t been laid in a LONG time”

“I think your right”, you giggle back, enjoying how close he is. You can smell his cologne and feel the heat radiating from his large frame.

You try to focus throughout the rest of the lecture, so you don’t anger Ramirez further. But you
breath a sigh of relief when it’s time to head to your next lecture.

You pack your things away and hear Phasma sigh, “Well thank god that’s over.”

“Yeah, luckily our next lecture is only an hour” you say while stretching.

“That’s still too long for me” she groans in annoyance.

“Hahaha, well, I’ll see you at work in an hour Phas.”

Huffing loudly, she says, “Ok, bye guys!” and walks off to her class.

Your next lecture is I.T and you have all three triplets and Rey in it. Walking with Matt, you feel someone slap your ass hard enough to jolt your body and burn your flesh. You whip around with a glare and find it’s just Rey.

Up ahead, Matt joins his brothers and they watch you talk with Rey for a bit, wishing it was one of them that had slapped your ass.

As you both walk towards the triplets, Rey shouts, “Damn girrrrl, felt that shit jiggle.”

“OH MY GOD, can you please not do that in public” you hiss to her.

“Ooooooooo does that mean she does it in private” Ben cuts in with a teasing smirk.

Groaning as you walk past them all to your classroom, Ben listens to Rey talk about your firm, but tender ass. You just block them out.

Finding your seat and sitting down, Kylo and Matt take the spots next to you, leaving Ben and Rey on the outside.
Suddenly, a strange feeling comes over you, like you can feel a pair of eyes burning you. You look around, but can’t see anyone looking your way. Strange, since you still feel like you’re being watched. Then as quickly as it the feeling arrived, it disappears like smoke. How odd, maybe it’s just your paranoia or imagination.

Your attention returns back to your friends and you start unpacking your things.

You would think being in a lecture with all three of the triplets, it would be overwhelming, but it’s actually kind of comforting. Not because your currently being sandwiched between two beefcakes, but because nearly every female in this lecture is shooting envious glances at you and Rey.

Some, would scowl or outright glare in your direction, which kind of makes you wanna go hide in a corner. But then Kylo would sometimes brush against you or Matt would ask you a question about the work. Ben would even lean over occasionally, just to tell a joke.

This didn’t stop the glares and scowls though, but the boy’s antics did distract you, making you feel calm and relaxed. Ignoring the intense females, you continued with your notes and focused on what the Professor was writing.

Finishing the lecture, you all get up to stretch your cramped muscles, before heading for the door.

Today has been a long day and it’s not over yet. You say goodbye to the triplets and that you’ll see them in an hour, then you head to work with Rey.

Meeting up halfway with Phasma, you all get a snack from the campus canteen to get you through the shift.

Mary was grouchy as usual, but with Phasma and Rey stuck putting away books, you get to chill out behind the counter, loaning out books or directing people around. Mostly you tried to sneakily play on your phone, since you were hidden from Mary’s view and hardly any people loaned out books anymore. Only some used books if the information they were looking for was very obscure.

As you’re playing on your phone, you receive a text. Checking it, you see it’s from an unknown number and reads, ‘You’re not fooling anyone. I’m on to you, bitch’.

OK, WHAT?
‘Who the hell do they think they are, and what the FUCK are they on about?’

Frowning down at your phone, Phasma looks to you just in time to see the expression and directs Rey’s attention to you. You hardly ever frown at your phone, not when it’s filled with memes. They both give each other a worried and concerned look.

You put your phone away when you spot Mary heading your way. She reaches the counter and grumbles, “Tell your friends you can all go home early. It’s not busy and everything is done.”

Your eyes are as wide as saucers, but you quickly thank her, “Ummmm ok, thank you Mary.”, then stand up quickly to leave. You seem far too happy at the idea of going home, which has Mary turning away with a huff.

Phasma and Rey head over after Mary leaves, “What did she want?”

“She said we can go home early, since everything is done” you tell them with a shrug.

With one eyebrow raised, Rey says happily. “What, no way!”

“Good, let’s get out of here, before she changes her mind” Phasma says quickly while collecting her stuff.

Outside of the library, the girls ask you “So what was that face you made at your phone about?”

Frowning slightly, you ask “What face?”

“When you were playing on your phone” Rey answers.

“Uhhhhh how about we get something to eat and I’ll show you. The triplets still have 30 minutes before they get off.”
They both nod and start heading to the nearest coffee shop.

Sitting down with your drink, you explain what happened and show them the text you received. After looking at it, Rey and Phasma become silent as fury washes over their faces.

“Guy’s what should I do? Should I block the number and delete the message? Or should I go to the cops about it?” you ask them.

Looking at each other, Phasma says, “No, don’t delete the message. Keep it as evidence encase anymore are sent.”

You nervously play with your phone, “But why would anyone send more, or this one in the first place?”

More deafening silence, accompanied with a silent conversation between the two.

Getting fed up with being left out, your voice slowly gets higher, “Do you guys know something I don’t?”

Rey sighs and says “I don’t know if you’ve noticed but some people, girls to be specific, are known to be bitchy with other girls that get too close with the triplets.”

Phasma cuts in. “And now that your living with them, it’s most likely driving them crazy.”

Disbelief is etched in your features, “But they’re my stepbrothers, surely they can’t be serious?”

Phasma stares into the distance while coolly explaining, “They don’t seem to care. You’re the only girl that’s really close with them, and jealousy will push people to do stupid things, dangerous things!”

You slump back in your chair, “Well what am I supposed to do then?”
Rey and Phasma look at each other, then nod and say together, “Block the number and do nothing.”

“WHAT, is that all?”

“If another text get’s sent by a different number, show one of us and we’ll ‘deal’ with it!” Phasma replies darkly.

Rey nods in agreement, “We won’t let anything happen to you and if it escalates, we know people who can make problems go away!”

Nearly jumping out of your seat, you whisper-shout, “This sounds dangerously close to Murder!”

Both of them burst out laughing, with Rey saying between giggles, “Hahaha no silly, we know a person who specializes in finding people.”

“And some of the members of the admittance board owe me a favor. So not only can we find out who they are, but we can get them expelled from the university!”, Phasma adds.

You sigh loudly, “OHHHHHH MY GOD I’m so glad it’s not murder! Then why don’t you guys find out who it is now, so we can keep an eye on them?”

Rey looks to Phas, “I guess we can, but it might take a while to find out who it is.”

“Well how long do you think it will take?”

Phasma answers, “We don’t know, it could be a couple days to a couple months.”

Looking down in thought, you try and remember all the girls in the lecture that were scowling at you.

“Listen (Y/N), the point is we will find out who it is eventually and when we do, we can keep an eye on them and if they do anything else, we can threaten them with expulsion!” they both tell you.
Feeling much better with this plan, you smile and give each of them a big hug “I can’t believe you guys would do this for me, you’re the BEST!!!”

Hugging you back with equal enthusiasm, Phasma coos, “Awww don’t start crying on us now.”

“What I’m not!” you shriek and clear your throat.

Shuffling to your other side, Rey loops her arm with yours and you all start leaving, “Come on, the triplets will be finished soon and we can get you there on time today.”

When the triplets arrive near Kylo’s car, they were surprised to see you were there already with Phasma and Rey.

Ben slides up to you guys, “Ladiesssss, what a lovely surprise. Are you all here waiting for me?”

“No you noob, we’re just keeping (Y/N) company!” Rey snarks.

Phasma ruffles his hair, then gives you a hug goodbye “Don’t worry about that thing either (Y/N), we’ll take care of it.”

Kylo and Matt frown at each other in confusion.

“Yeah see you tomorrow (Y/N)” Rey adds.

Looking as the girls walk away, Ben turns to you, “What was that about?”

Smiling up at Ben, you say “Just girl stuff” and hop in the car.
The triplets look at each other and shrug before getting in the car as well.

“So how come you’re early today?” Matt asks you.

“There was nothing left for us to do, so Mary let us go early” you smile at Matt.

Kylo looks at you through the rearview mirror and can tell something is bugging you. Not quite sure what can change within an hour and a half, he decides to let it go for the moment. He’ll just have to text Phasma later to find out what’s going on.

Finally exiting the campus grounds, the triplets hear you say, “Ahhhh sweet freedom, I can’t wait to get home!”

“Hahaha you and me both, sweetcheeks” Ben teases.

Matt can see you blushing profusely and trying to hide your smile, while Kylo glares at Ben before looking back to the road.

“So (Y/N), do you think you’re ready for our experiments tomorrow?” Kylo says to grab your attention.

“Yeah, I’m definitely ready. I love chemistry and at least we’ll be doing something fun for once.”

Grinning slightly at your passionately cheery voice, he replies “Well that’s good, we’ll probably be the best in the class”.

Kylo catches you smiling at him, “Hahaha, yes I believe so too”.

A bit jealous of Kylo hogging all of your attention, Ben jumps in “So (Y/N), I’m organizing a big festival this month to raise funds for the science department, will I see you there?”
“Uhhhhh, sure, why not. Anything to help out my favourite department. What have you got planned for the festival?”

Smiling to himself, Ben answers “Good music, food and some rides. Everyone else in our group is coming as well and after the festival we’re going to a local bar for drinks”.

“Wow that sounds awesome, I can’t wait,” you say excitedly, practically bouncing in your seat.

The rest of the drive home you all talk about who’s playing at the festival and what the bar they’re going to is like. The triplets love hearing you talk and each of them keep trying to see who can get you to laugh the most.

Finally arriving home, you’re all greeted by the parents with dinner already served and waiting. Digging into the delicious food, the triplets keep stealing glances towards you, enjoying the way you smile and interact with everyone.

When dinner is finished, Kylo helps you stack the dishwasher and enjoys the way your ass looks every time you bend down to put a plate in the rack.

Walking into the kitchen, Matt catch’s Kylo staring at your booty and clears his throat to grab his attention. Kylo looks up, to see Matt glaring at him in annoyance, holding a dirty glass. “This should be the last of it” as he puts it in the dishwasher.

“Thanks Matty” you says while still crouching.

Matt shakes his head in disapproval at Kylo’s blatant ogling, then he leaves for his room. Kylo moves closer and wishes he could slap and grab a handful of your ass. But you turn around and bump into Kylo’s chest. You look up at him and realize you’re so close right now, close enough that he can probably feel your breasts move when you breathe.

Then you suddenly take a step back and say, “Well thanks for helping, and good night”.

Smiling at you, he mutters, “Goodnight (Y/N), sleep well” and he stares at your plump flesh once more, as you walk away.
One hour after everyone has gone to bed, Ben overhears some shuffling come from your room.

He hears it a few times and eventually gets up to hear more clearly. He presses his ear to the wall, and at first he hears nothing, then suddenly the sounds of your dresser draws are opening and closing.

Next, a latch unlocking and the sound of something sliding.

Wondering what you’re doing, Ben goes to Matt and Kylo’s room to wake them up. Which is easier said than done. But they get up nonetheless and follow Ben back to his room.

Dragging their feet, both of them yawn and can hardly keep their eyes open. Kylo is the first to grumble, “Why the fuck am I here, Ben?”

“Just listen”, he replies with his ear against the wall.

Kylo and Matt look to each other in exasperation and sigh loudly while walking over to the wall.

“You are such a pervert Ben!” Matt whisper-shouts.

“Keep it down, your gunna miss it!”

Only silence can be heard from your room and the boys grow impatient.

“Fuck this I’m going to bed” Kylo complains.

“Wait! Did you hear that”
“Yeah, I heard something, but what is it?” Matt questions.

Kylo begrudgingly walks back over and tries to listen. Hearing a weird noise they realize it’s coming from outside. They cross the room to look out Ben’s window and see you climbing down a pipe attached to the house.

“What the fuck is she doing?” they all say in unionism.

Watching you reach the bottom and walk around the house, the boys walk into Matt’s room and watch as you walk down the driveway. They can see a car waiting at the end and the boys watch as you get in and drive off.

“Well that was interesting……….. and you call me a slut!” Ben snickers with a hint of venom in his voice.

Matt slaps Ben in the back of his head “We don’t know if she’s hooking up with someone and don’t call her a slut”.

While rubbing the back of his head, Ben shoots the blond a scowl as Kylo says, “Matt’s right, Ben. It’s none of our business either, so let’s just go back to bed.”

“Wait, WHAT? Shouldn’t we find out what she’s doing” Matt exclaims.

Nodding in agreement, Ben adds “Yeah, I’m curious to know what a good girl like her is getting up too”.

“ANNND, to make sure it’s nothing dangerous so she doesn’t get hurt.” Matt continues.

Huffing, Kylo submits to his brothers’ wishes, “Fine, we’ll ask her tomorrow”.

“What no, there’s no need!” Ben scoffs.

The boys look at him in confusion and wait for him to explain further.
Ben says cheerily, “She’s a girl, which means she has a diary”.

Waiting for his brothers’ to catch up with his logic, rolls his eyes and he speaks again “She would have written down where she goes and if we find out this way then there is no need to blow this out of proportion.”

Contemplating Ben’s plan, the other two decide it’s not a half bad idea and agree to look for your diary.

Not tonight of course, because they’re tired and you could come back any second.

Going back to bed, the triplets try to fall back asleep, but have a hard time since they spend it worrying about you. They try to listen for any signs of your return, but the triplets eventually fall asleep.

The next morning Ben jolts upright in his bed and sprints to your room. Barging in, he see’s you fast asleep in bed. Smiling at your sleeping form, he closes the door and turns around to see Kylo and Matt standing behind him.

“So she came home?” Matt asks.

Nodding his head Ben replies “Seems so, I’m going back to bed. I’ll see you guys later”

Quickly grabbing Ben’s arm, Matt asks “Wait, when are we going to look for her diary?”

“Well the only time she isn’t in her room, is when she’s in the shower, having dinner and sometimes on weekends”.

“We’ll have to look when she’s busy then” Kylo decides.
Yawning and waving to the boys, Ben heads back to his room and closes the door.

Left in the hallway, Kylo and Matt head back to their rooms. Secretly, each triplet is happy to see you got home safe.

A Couple Days Later

So far, the triplets have heard you sneak out every night for the past couple of days and are getting more interested and worried. They haven’t been able to find your diary and they feel like they’ve searched your room a hundred times, top to bottom.

They’ve decided, that if they can’t find your diary by tomorrow, then they’re just going to confront you about your late night adventures.

What they don’t know is, that you don’t keep a diary (Because who just leaves their private and inner most thoughts laying around for anyone to read) and your nightly activities are more harmless than they think.
Tonight has been designated ‘Family Dinner Night’ all thanks to Han. It’s the same as any other dinner you and your stepbrothers are forced to sit through so we can ‘bond’, but on this night we have to go out, which means we all have to be on our best behaviour.

Flashback

After the first few weeks, everything settled down in our new home and Han decided we should do something as a family. First, ‘Family Game Night’ was suggested; then ‘Family Picnic Day’ and ‘Family Volunteer Day’, but because those activities suck no one wanted to do them.

Eventually we all decided ‘Family Dinner Night’ would be the least painful thing to endure and now every Wednesday night we go out for dinner.

Even though we’ve been eating together for a couple weeks now, it was all very weird the first time we went out for dinner. There was so much pressure to enjoy ourselves, because doing something as a family is a ‘necessity in life’ as Han stated. We all looked uncomfortable and you’re sure the waitress could see it too.

Our parent’s asked the same tedious questions we have to answer at home, ‘How was your day?’ ‘What did you guys get up to?’ Anything interesting happen?’ How were your classes?’ And your personal favourite is ‘(Y/N) honey, why haven’t you accepted Han’s friend request on Facebook yet?’

This question gets asked at least twice a week and you’re am running out of excuses, ‘Uhhhh, I just haven’t been on Facebook, classes are keeping me busy and I just don’t have time’ or ‘sorry, I just forgot’ or my favourite is ‘the Wi-Fi keeps stuffing up every time I try to log on!

THANKFULLY now, they’ve almost forgotten about it entirely, until that little shit Ben brings it up just to piss you off and watch you fluster and stutter out a really shitty excuse.

Present

Hopping out of the shower to get ready for another uncomfortable ‘Bonding Dinner’, you walk into your bedroom to choose your clothes for the evening. Your bathroom is right next to your closet
with your clothes dresser on other side of my room.

Little do you know, that there are three creepers hiding in your closet.

Choosing your favourite black underwear, you slip them on with the towel still wrapped around you. The turning back around you walk towards your closet to find a dress. Just as you’re about to open the doors, your phone starts ringing and you turn around to answer it.

“Holy fucking shit that was too close!” Matt exhales, “This is all your fault Ben! We couldn’t just ask her in person where she keeps sneaking off to at night!”

Rolling his eyes, Ben answers “All chicks keep diaries dude, so there is no need to ask her and the only reason we’re in this mess is because Kylo freaked out and pushed us all in here when he heard her come out!”

“Will you two keep QUIET! I’m trying to listen to her phone call and if you keep being so loud we will get busted!” Kylo whisper-yells to the others.

You turn your back to the closet and place your phone on loudspeaker on the dresser, so then you can talk and get dressed at the same time.

“Hey there buddy, what’s up?” you ask out loud to Rey.

“(Y/N), I was wondering if you were busy tomorrow night? Because I’m throwing a party and I want you to come.”

“Wow Rey, on a Thursday, that’s a school night you know. Do you really wanna be fucked up at uni the next day, because I know you have a chemistry test the same day and you’ve been studying your ass off the last three weeks for it.”

“Yes which is exactly why I know I’m going to ace that test, I could show up to the test completely drunk and still pass, anyone would think I’m bloody Stephen Hawking. Think of it as an early celebration and plus I’m feeling really lonely!”
“If you’re feeling lonely Rey then how about just you and me hang out, no party!”

“Ooooooo, sounds like you’re a chicken and don’t wanna get caught being irresponsible!”

“Nah Rey it’s not that, I’ve been hungover before at uni and I got through the day alright.”

“Then what is it (Y/N)?”

“It’s my stepdad Han, whenever I want to do something or go out some where, he just drowns me in never ending questions. He’s just so overbearing!”

“Awww come on (Y/N), you’ve been sneaking out for the last couple of nights, I’m sure you can do it again.”

“Yeah but trying to get back home while drunk and probably high, will be difficult. Listen my mom will let me go, it’s Han that always needs a detailed essay on my social outings.”

“Just tell that old man, that you’re an adult and can do whatever the fuck you want and he can’t stop you from going to this party”.

“Hahaha lovely advice Rey”.

While facing the dresser, you let the towel fall from your body with your underwear accentuating your ass. As you talk, you place your bra on and turn around to face the closet while clipping it together.

Kylo can hear Matt gulp and see Ben lean forward to get a better view of your full breasts and perky ass in the black ensemble. As you check yourself out in the mirror, Kylo has trouble controlling his breathing, while all three try to stop the blood from rushing to other parts of their body.
“Does Han treat the triplets the same way?”

“No he doesn’t, but that’s because their boys!”

“I’m curious as to how your stepbrothers act around you at home, like are they different around their dad?” Rey asks.

The boys perk up at this question!

“They’re alright, they’re the complete opposite of their father and they keep to themselves mostly at home. We hardly talk to each other, because we’re always in our rooms.”

“Yeah, I’ve noticed that you guys don’t talk to each other much at uni too. Why is that?”

Sighing, “It’s because this whole situation we’re in, is so weird. And I’m guessing they’re still trying to get comfortable with our new life.”, you reply while adjusting a strap on your bra. “And I have a feeling, that they don’t like having a stepsister”

“What, why do you think that?”

The triplets in the closet look to each other with furrowed brows, not understanding why you would think that. Each of the triplets actually like you a lot and have a hard time not thinking about you.

“Because, sometimes I feel like they’d rather be somewhere else when we talk.

Kylo acts like watching paint dry would be a more entertaining thing to do and Matt always recedes into himself when I enter the room.”

“What about Ben? Isn’t he the flirty one, surely he would like to have a girl in the house, especially one with a banging bod.”

“Well you see that’s the thing, he barely speaks to me and when he does its to annoy me or piss me off. For example, the other day my mum bought me a whole packet of mini Reese’s peanut butter cups and you know how much I love those things”. 
If you could see Rey right now, she would see her nodding her head, “Yeah”.

“Well, I couldn’t find them in the kitchen the next day, so I went to the lounge room to ask anyone if they had, and instead I find Ben with wrappers everywhere and the entire packet empty!”

“HAHAHA (Y/N), is that all?”

“FUCK YOU REY, you know how much I love Reese’s and that MOTHERFUCKER ate an entire packet within one hour. WHO DOES THAT!!!!”

Kylo shoots Ben a dark look and Matt is shaking his head in disappointment.

“What! I didn’t know they were hers and plus she hit me in the face with a pillow after it so I think we’re even” Ben whines.

“Even if you didn’t know they were hers, you don’t eat a whole packet you pig” Matt exclaims.

“I would let all three of them eat my favourite food, just so I could stare at their hotness all day” Rey says.

“Yeah yeah, I’ve heard this all before, ‘they’re so smart and handsome’.” you say mimicking Rey’s voice.

“Well they are and I know you agree with me!”

Laughing to yourself, you reply “So does my mom!”.

“What! How do you know that?” Rey shrieks.
“My mum keeps asking them uncomfortable questions like ‘How come you guys don’t have girlfriends?’; ‘I can set you guys up with some lovely girls from my bible study group if you want?’ and the cringiest thing to ever grace my ears was ‘If I wasn’t dating your dad, I would happily pick one of you guys up!’

“HAHAHAHAHA WHAT THE FUCK WAS YOUR MOM THINKING! Your mom is like 50 though right?”

“I KNOW! Yeah she’s actually 56 and I have never felt such shame in my life!”

“How did your step-brothers react?”

“They tried to be polite and stuff but I could see how uncomfortable they looked, so that made me laugh the entire day.”

“Well (Y/N), would you ever date one of them?”

“If they weren’t my stepbrothers then yes, I would………….I’d be all over their fine ass’s”

You’ve finished getting dressed and are adding the final accessories before you hear your mom calling you to hurry up.

“Listen Rey, I gotta get going but I’ll let you know tomorrow if I can go to your party.”

“You better come, otherwise it will be boring!” Rey whines.

“Ok ok, I’ll talk to you later.”

“Good, see you then buddy.” Rey sings to you.

Hanging up, you say the word “Bye”.
A soft knock is heard at the door.

“(Y/N) are you almost done yet?”

“Yep I’m coming down now mom.”

Your mom steps into the room and Chewie pushes past her to greet you.

Falling to your knees, you hug and pet Chewie’s fur, “There’s my little munchkin. Who’s a good boy? You are. Aren’t you a good boy.”

Chewie looks happy to be getting so much attention from his favourite human. The boys in the closet will never admit that they’re a bit jealous of dog getting so much love and affection from you.

Stopping in the middle of the room, your mom asks, “Also have you seen your brothers, they’re not in their rooms and if we don’t leave now we’re going to be late!”

“Nah I haven’t, but they’re probably waiting at the car already.”

“Ok. So, who was that on the phone?”

Getting off the floor as Chewie starts to sniff around the room, like he’s looking for something, you reply “Just Rey, she was inviting me to a party tomorrow night and I think I’m going to go. If that’s ok with you of course?”

“Yeah that should be fine sweetie.”

“Ok great, thanks mom!” you say while giving her a hug.

“Well I’m ready, so lets get going.”
Chewie walks over to the closet and starts sniffing and scratching the door, but races over to you when you call him.

With you and your mom finally gone, the triplets wait a little bit longer before they creep out of the closet.

“That was far too close, we are never doing that again” Matt huffs.

“Let’s just get ready, we’re already late and they’ll start wondering where we are” says Kylo.

Emerging from your room, they scurry back to their own and quickly get ready.

5 Minutes Later

It’s dark out as we all pile into your moms new SUV, as it’s the only car that can fit all 6 of us.

The trip there is silent except between Han and your mom. The triplets are quiet and you’re listening to music while staring out the window.

When we arrive at the restaurant Kylo and Ben step out and push their seats forward so you and Matt can get out of the third row.

The restaurant is French and looks fancy, but the name is kind of lazy since it’s called ‘Bonne Nurriture’, which just translates to ‘Good Food’.

Walking to the entrance, Ben slows down to walk with you.

“So (Y/N), I just want to apologize again about eating all of your Reese’s the other day. I didn’t know they were yours.”

Whoa another apology, what brought this on?

I thought he was the kind of guy who didn’t care about other people, let alone worry about
“Why are you apologizing again?”

Looking around nervously, he replies, “I uhhhh, just felt bad about eating the entire packet” and scolds himself for bringing it up again. Just don’t mention anything else you heard when in her closet.

Patting Ben’s arm and smiling up at him, you say, “It’s ok Ben, I probably over reacted and besides I bought another packet and have hidden it so well you’ll never find it”.

“Hahaha alright, but I should warn you when my brothers and were kids I would always win the Easter egg hunts. There’s nothing I can’t find!” He say’s with proud grin.

“We’ll see about that!” you poke him as you both laugh.

Kylo and Matt look towards the pair in front of them and give each other confused looks as to why their brother is talking with you.

“So can I sit with you at the table?” Ben hesitantly asks with a sheepish smile.

“Sure Ben, we sit together at home anyway, so why break tradition now.”

“Hahaha great!” Ben answers while practically skipping towards the restaurant.

When we all get inside we’re seated immediately at a round table in the corner of the restaurant for privacy and apparently ‘important’ patrons only.

Ben is on your right and Kylo steals the seat to your left, leaving Matt and our parents to sit at the other seats.

A pretty waitress walks up to our table “Good evening everyone, my name is Rebecca and I will be your server for the night. Can I get you guys some drinks to start with, while you look over the menu?”
“Yes, I would like your most expensive wine for my wife and I tonight, and what do you want kids?”

Kylo and Ben order two coronas and Matt asks for a glass of water.

“And what would you like miss?” Rebecca asks.

“I’ll just have a bourbon and coke but make it a double”, you say while handing her the drink menu.

“Whoa there missy, that’s a bit much for a little girl like you, how about just the coke?” says Han with a concerned expression.

Sighing loudly “Nah I think I will be fine with what I ordered”.

Han gives your mother a concerned look, but she couldn’t care less as she knows you could drink a sailor under the table and still be able to solve basic calculus. The triplets look slightly impressed for ordering a drink like that and standing your ground against your stepdad.

After perusing the menu, you choose what you’re going to order and sit quietly while everyone else is still looking.

Trying to sneakily glance at Ben, you wonder what’s gotten into him tonight. When you first found him with your empty Reese’s packet and wrappers everywhere, he shrugged off your annoyance with a flirty remark and insinuation that I must be PMS-ing. I threw a pillow at his face for his blatant disregard for my feelings and being a douchebag.

He’s lucky I didn’t beat the shit out of him for being so rude. But maybe now, he’s trying to change and genuinely feels bad for being a dick.

A few minutes later, while staring at the menu with un-focused eyes, Rebecca comes back with our drinks and takes our orders. She visibly becomes very flustered when Ben shoots her a flirty wink
and charming grin after he gives her his order.

Stuttering and fidgeting “Ok I’ll place your orders with the chef and I hope you all have a pleasant evening”, Rebecca says mostly to Ben.

Annnnnnd he’s back, you guess there are only so many things he can change about himself in one night. But, would he even be the same Ben if he stopped flirting and being charming. Would you even like the new Ben? Probably not, but what does it matter, it’s not like we’re together so it doesn’t matter how he is or who he flirts with.

While we wait for our food, awkwardness settles into the mood and is almost palpable as the ‘parents’ struggle to find a subject they can use to converse and bond with their respective stepchild.

“Sooyo (Y/N), how are your classes going?” asks Han.

All eyes shift to me as you answer, “There going great, I have some very interesting and eccentric professors this year, so that keeps the lectures entertaining and I’m pretty sure I’m going to ace all my classes as usual.”

“Well that’s just great, I’m glad to hear that! Its good that you’re so focused on your studies because that’s how you succeed in the real world kiddo.”

“Actually I’m not that focused and I barely do any homework.”

“Uhhhhh……. Then how do you pass all of your classes then?” Han asks with a confused face.

“I have an eidetic memory and I started learning a lot of mathematical theorems, chemistry equations, physics and mechanics when I was a child.”

“Jesus, what kind of child learns that stuff when their that young” Han exclaims to you and your mom.
Ben and Kylo are looking at you like you’re some kind of weird alien and your mom is smiling the biggest and most proud look you’ve ever seen.

“My dad wanted me to get a head start when I was a kid and instead of buying me toys he bought me books, which I’m very thankful for.”

“Well he sounds like a smart man and did well in co-raising you.”

“Haha yeah……….. thanks Han” you say while fiddling with the tablecloth.

“How about you boys then” your mom asks, “How’s university going for you guys?”

They all give non-committal shrugs and nods, mumbling that “It’s going fine.”

Matt speaks up “Actually I’m having a little trouble with my engineering class, everything is just so intense this year.”

Kylo and Ben give each other a look because they know engineering is a cakewalk for Matt and he’s the top of his class. Actually you and Matt share the top spot in the class.

“Well sweetie I’m sure (Y/N) would be happy to help you out. You two are in the same classes though, right?” mom asks.

Matt looks to you with a shy smile as you say, “Yeah we are and if I had known you were struggling Matt, I would have offered my help sooner.”

“You don’t have to (Y/N), I’m sure I’ll get the hang of it eventually.”

“Yes, you will, because I’ll be helping you” you answer with a heart-warming smile.

‘Hahaha now I will have you all to myself, you adorable little minx’, you say in your head.

“Ok thanks, I look forward to it then” Matt smiles.
‘That sneaky little bugger just want’s to spend more time with (Y/N) alone’. Kylo and Ben think.

After dinner is served, you keep feeling Kylo’s leg brush against yours, and it’s making it incredibly hard to focus on the current conversation.

Is he doing it on purpose? Or is he simply asserting his dominance by being the ultimate man spreader? Either way, it gets even increasingly hard to remember that you’re supposed to be eating food when you feel Ben’s hand rest on your knee.

Whoooooo boy, WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON!

You barely hear your name being spoken, until Ben squeezes your knee to get your attention.

“Huhhhh what?”

“I said honey, what time do you think you will be home from the party tomorrow night?” your mom asks.

“PARTY! On a SCHOOL NIGHT! What is this foolishness, you should never go to a party on a school night” Han whisper-shouts.

Rolling your eyes as you say, “Relax dude, its just a little get together for our chess club, we do it every month” you lie smoothly.

Your mom knows you’re not telling the whole truth, but she also understands you’re a responsible adult and won’t do anything to jeopardize your future. Plus she just adores Rey, she’s like the sister you never had.

“Well, who’s hosting this party and how many are going? Will there be drugs and alcohol? Is
‘chess club’ code for some kind ritualistic fornication were you all dress up as chess pieces?”

“Holy fucking shit, I bet your dad watches some fucked up porn” you whisper to Ben and he nearly chokes on his drink.

While Ben is trying to control his coughs, you tell Han “No, there will be none of that and my friend Rey is hosting this time. There are usually only ten of us, since chess club is so ‘popular’. But more might show up, who knows?”

Damn son, your bullshitting is just phenomenal tonight, you need to quickly end this convo so you don’t lose track of all the half-truths you’re telling.

“Hey sweetie, how about you take your brothers with you. I’m sure they would enjoy the entertainment your friends have to offer and they might even become good chess players?” your mom asks.

Hahaha their faces right now. Anyone would think my mum just told them their dad can lactate. They think it’s an actual chess club party, poor things will be in for one hell of a surprise if they decide to come.

“Ummmm maybe, if we’re free we might drop by” Matt says hesitantly.

Kylo is staring at his food like it just insulted him and Ben is trying to look anywhere but his dad.

“Ok fine but make sure you guys are back before 1am, I don’t want to see any drops in your grades because of pointless parties!” states Han.

“Ok sure” you answer.

Ben keeps his hand to himself the rest of the dinner and the conversations turn to lighter subjects.
After dinner we all wait outside while Han pays.

While outside, you can see Ben talking to our waitress through the window and she is giving him the biggest smile (Anyone could mistake her for the joker). Ben pushes some hair out of her face while she giggles, then you see her pull her pen out and write something on Ben’s hand. Probably her phone number, but you just turn around and start walking to the car.

Kylo catches up to you and you both walk together in silence for a bit.

Trying to relieve the awkward tension, you say, “So that was some dinner.”

Kylo huffs in response before speaking up, “So this party you’re going to sounds super lame” he states matter-of-factly.

“It’s not an actual chess club party, it’s a ‘house party’ filled with lots of booze and good tunes to dance too. I just said that so your dad doesn’t freak out”.

“Ohhhhhhh” says Kylo with an understanding expression “Then we will definitely be going!”

“Good, you guys will love it. Rey always throws the craziest parties!”

Reaching the car, we both stare at each other for a bit until we hear the rest of the family get near us.

Sliding up next to us, Ben asks, “What are you guys talking about?”

“Come on everyone get in the car” Han shouts.

“Nothing” you say as you get in the very back seat. Kylo pushes Ben out of the way, so he can sit next to you.

“Kylo you punk bitch!” Ben grumbles.
“AYE AYE AYE! We will have none of that now, don’t ruin a perfectly good night” Han barks.

Everything goes quiet and stays that way until your mom turns on the radio. It’s still silent in the back as Kylo stretches his arm out behind your seat and brushes his leg against yours. He is radiating warmth right now and his cologne is intoxicating. You feel so relaxed that you don’t realize you’re leaning into Kylo and slowly falling asleep.

The next thing you know, Matt is nudging you awake and all the triplets are staring at you.

Why are they all looking at me?

“We’re home now” Matt murmurs softly.

“Mmmmk, sorry” and you yawn before saying, “for falling asleep on you Kylo” then you straighten up and hop out of the car.

“It’s ok kid” He says while helping you to the door, using his body and arm around your waist, to steady your tired one.

“Goodnight” you say to everyone and they reply with their goodnights as well.

Finally in your room, you change into your pajamas, taking your makeup off and brushing your teeth. A few moments later, you’re crawling into bed, quickly sending a text to Rey that you’re coming to her party and will be bringing a few people.

Excited for what the next day holds, you fall into a peaceful sleep.
So tonight is the night of Rey’s party.

It’s been a while since you’ve been to a party, usually you just sneak over to Rey’s house to relax and we end up hotboxing her room.

Although it’s fun sneaking over to her house, trying to sneak back in is the problem. The uber drive home is always nice because of the abundant supply of snacks they provide, but it’s trying to climb back up the pipe to your room that is hard.

You’re surprised you haven’t fallen and broken your neck yet.

Everyone is still asleep usually when you get back home and even if they weren’t, the only people that might hear you sneak back in, is the triplets and you don’t even think the triplets would care about what you get up too either, they’re always so wrapped up in their own thing.

So, when Kylo told Matt and Ben that they’ve been invited to Rey’s party, you were more than a little surprised to see them ask you endless questions about you and the party. ‘How are we getting there?’ ‘Could we go together?’ ‘What should I wear?’ ‘What are you wearing?’ ‘We should stick together at the party!’

Their questions were quite heartwarming and touching to learn they wanted to look out for you at the party. Although Ben said he would look out for you at the party as well, you think he will be more occupied with all the lust-fuelled tramps begging for his attention.

For example, right now while you walk to the picnic table for lunch, there’s a scantily clad girl sitting there, touching and flirting with Ben.

Catching up to you, Rey whispers “Whose the bimbo?”

“I don’t know, but I hope to god she doesn’t sit with us. I don’t think I can handle another airhead
trollop giving me the stink eye, I already have to deal with them in every class I have with a triplet.”

Nodding her head, Rey replies” I know buddy, I feel for you. If the purge was real I would murder every single one of those bimbos for you, cause that’s what friends do!”

“Awwwwww that’s the nicest theoretical thing anyone has ever done for me “ you tell her a little teary eyed.

Interrupted by a loud giggle we both look back and see the bimbo running her hand through Ben’s hair and whispering something to him.

Huh, why does that giggle sound so familiar. Trying to remember the last time you heard a giggle like that, and then it hits you. OH MY FUCKING GOD! She is the late night booty call!

Sitting in our seats, you and Rey say hello to everyone. Looking at the girl up close, she doesn’t seem so bad, maybe you’re too quick to judge and need to get to know her, before you slut shame someone.

Hell who wouldn’t want to sleep with Ben.

All is fine while you unpack your lunch, until the chick looks at you and immediately scowls and scoots closer to Ben.

Nah, first impression was correct, she a bitch.

Ben greets us and introduces the leech hanging off his arm “Guys, this is Kaydel, she’s helping me with my English assignment.”

Putting on a big friendly smile, you say “Hello Kaydel, it’s nice to meet you I’m (Y/N)”, and you reach out your hand to shake hers.
She looks very surprised and doesn’t answer for a few seconds. HA, she thought you were going to be one of those basic bitches that get territorial and act rude.

Regaining her composure, she quickly replies, “Well aren’t you sweet, it’s lovely to meet you too” and grasps your outstretched hand.

She smiles, but you can tell it’s forced. Rey starts to introduce herself, but is cut off by the bimbo “I think we have a class together?”

A bit ticked off at her rude dismissal of Rey, you say “Yeah probably, the classes are big I can hardly remember everyone” you reply tight-lipped.

Before she has time to ask another question, you turn to Rey “Hey wanna go to the library, there’s a few books I need to check out”.

Quickly packing her stuff up, Rey answers immediately “HELL YES, I would love too!”

Getting up to leave, Hux shouts after us “Where are you guys going?”

“Library!” we both yell back.

He shouts back “HOLD ON, I’m coming too then”.

We both look back to see Hux, Phasma, Poe and Finn get up, say something to the triplets and run to catch up with us.

“How come you guys are coming?” Rey asks.

Phasma replies first, “We could not stand another second listening to that twat and watch her fawn over Ben”.

“Ben will seriously bang anything with a pair of tits, no matter how annoying!” Finn adds.
“Come on guys we don’t know if they’re sleeping together, he said she was helping him with an English assignment” Poe counters.

Hux cut’s in, “How can you defend that rude girl, did you see how she cut Rey off!” glaring at Poe he also adds “And even if she is only helping Ben, she doesn’t look like the kind of girl to do things for free”.

While they continue arguing, you drift off and start thinking about what she said “I think we have a class together?”. But which one? When she scowled at you as you sat down, you had that same feeling wash over you when you were in I.T between Matt and Kylo.

Torn out of your thoughts, you hear Rey say “Don’t you think (Y/N)?”

Turning to them, you say “Huh, what?”

“She seemed kinda hostile towards you” Phasma says.

You agree with them, “Yeah, but nearly every girl here is hostile towards me, so I don’t see the significance about this particular one”.

“Well, the fact that something doesn’t feel right about this girl has me creeped out!” Rey exclaims.

“And her entire body language shifted, when you showed up is not something to ignore” Hux adds.

You pipe in, “Well guys, there’s nothing we can do. So can we just forget about her. She’s a downer and we don’t need that kind of negativity.”

Poe agrees, “Yeah (Y/N) is right, besides we have an awesome party to look forward too!”

Watching us walk away, Matt excuses himself to catch up to the group, Kylo mumbles he has some stuff to finish and wanders off as well. Ben is left with Kaydel as he watches his friends disappear.
in the distance. He’s brought out of his daydreaming by Kaydel waving a hand in his face “Are you paying attention Ben!”

“I am now, just lost focus for a second”.

Kaydel looks in the direction you walked off too and Ben can see her expression darken for a second before it’s hidden behind a seductive smirk.

Running the pen over the tops of her breasts, she giggles as she catches Ben staring at them and asks, ”So Ben, are you busy tonight. Because if you’re not then maybe I could come over?”

Ben is silent for a bit and doesn’t reply immediately. Contemplating if he should invite her to the party, he decides against it, due to the fact he thinks his friends don’t like her.

Usually he wouldn’t care what his friends thought about his different ‘Lady Friends’ but, she might end up being a mood killer. If they don’t want her there, it could end up ruining the whole night.

Finally answering, he says “I have an important test tomorrow, I need to study and rest for it, as much as I can”.

She looks down in disappointment, but he lifts her face with his fingers under her chin “Don’t worry babe, you can come over a different night” trying to appease her.

She smiles up at him “I’ll hold you to that” before turning back to the study material.

After Lunch is finished, Matt, Rey and yourself head to your next class together, I.T.

Kylo catches up to us on the way there and falls into conversation with Matt. After taking a seat with Rey on one side, Matt on the other and Kylo next to him, we all hear a high pitch laugh and cringe internally.

Looking up we see Ben……………and Kaydel.
Jesus, guess you were right, she is in this class. Oh god, you secretly hope this is the only one.

Please don’t sit with us!

You watch as Ben takes a seat next to Rey, and Kaydel……………keeps on walking and sits with some super happy, half naked trollops a few rows behind us.

“Thank fuck, I thought she was going to sit with us” Rey whispers to you.

Sighing in relief, you reply “I know, my heart is thumping so hard right now, you would think we’re in a horror movie”

Making Rey laugh, the triplets all look at you as you try to shush her. You can feel someone burning a hole in the back of your head.

You glance back and yes, the devil whore is staring daggers into your soul. Looking at my face and the direction of my eyes, Rey easily figures out what has your attention and whips around, waving wildly at Kaydel.

“DEAR GOD REY, please stop!” you say while trying to grab her flailing limb.

Glancing at Kaydel, you can see her scrunching her face up in disgust before forcing her expression returns neutral when the triplets look back. She waves back to Rey and turns to her friends.

Turning back around, you and Rey look at each other while silently trying to contain our giggles.

“Rey, you are going to be the death of me” you whisper to her.

Smiling back she utters, “Bitch you know it!”

The rest of the class goes by quick and the feeling of being watched never goes away.
Looking uncomfortable while you all get up to leave, Matt asks “Are you okay (Y/N)?”

“Yeah I’m fine Matty” looping your arm with his, you watch as he starts to blush “I just can’t wait for this day to be over!”

He replies “I feel the same way” and smiles down at your joined arms, then your face.

The rest of the day goes by quickly and the next thing you know, you’re almost finished getting ready for the party.

Leaving our house at 9pm should put the party in full swing by the time we get there, but it’s a shame we a have a curfew at 1am.

Honestly, 4 hours at a party is hardly enough time to loosen up and have fun. Even if we are home late, what’s Han going to do? Ground us? Bitch can try. Never in your life have you had to live by someone else’s rules and have them try and control so much of your life.

Your parent’s divorced when you were a kid and you had to adjust to some harsh changes. You had to grow up far too quickly for a child so young, you basically raised myself and kept your mom a functioning adult.

Being more mature as a child was hard when hearing your friends weren’t allowed to do certain things because their parent’s didn’t trust them. You didn’t understand their problems and couldn’t relate. You had so much freedom, probably too much freedom for a child and when you entered your teenage years, boy did you go wild.

You were a straight A student who tried everything, from cutting class to stealing, alcohol, sex and drugs. After trying everything, you didn’t feel like you were missing out on anything special. Whatever you wanted, you could get and without facing any consequences.

Everyone else you grew up with was obsessed with those ‘bad’ activities because they felt deprived of those experiences, which only pushed them to crave them more. Some of those people back home, are addicts now. Most grew out of those phases, but some couldn’t cope with growing up and moving on.
While you’re no saint, you learnt your limits and know when enough is enough.

Other kids thought it was nice, that you could do anything you wanted, but all you really wanted was structure, a normal family to come home too. In the end, mom did get better and wanted to be more involved with your life, but by then you were already grown and didn’t need her.

She apologized of course for being so absent in your life and we had a nice little heart to heart. With both of us crying, we ended up agreeing that we are a family (nothing will change that) but I’ll lead my life the way I want and she’ll be there if I need her.

Dad only had little appearances in your life, but you’re fine with that……………………..that’s what you’re used too.

So when your new stepdad questions the things you do or offers you advise, it throws you for a loop. Never in your life, have you had a male figure support you when you didn’t ask for it. Which most of the time you’re unsure of how to react to, so you respond with your signature frown and refusing his suggestions. But deep down, you’re actually overjoyed that he cares and is trying to be there for you.

Staring at yourself in the mirror but not actually seeing anything because your eyes are unfocused, you shake off your inner monologue and add the last accessories to your outfit.

Pleased with your outfit, you shrug off the last of those deep thoughts and try to get into the party mood. Walking down stairs, you see that you’re the only one ready, so you yell “GUYS HURRY UP, YOU’RE TAKING LONGER THAN ME!”

“WE’LL BE DOWN IN A MINUTE” Ben shouts back.

Sitting down on the couch while you wait for them, you flick through the TV channels and settle on an old episode of ‘The Office’.

“Guys do I look ok? I think I should change one more time” Matt says nervously.
Kylo quickly grabs Matt by his arm, so he can’t retreat to his room again, “Dear god no more changing, you look fine”.

“Even (Y/N) beat us and chicks take forever to get ready!” Ben exclaims.

Walking down the stairs, the triplets can hear the TV playing in the background. Reaching the bottom, they can see you sitting on the couch and watch as you turn to look at them.

“Finally, you guys took forever” you say while turning the TV off.

They watch as you stand up to smooth your dress over your ass and down your thighs, before turning and walking over to the boys.

You look absolutely ravishing in the tight black dress and high heels, making each of the triplets wide-eyed and filled with want.

Unable to take their eyes off you, they hear you say “Don’t you three look dashing, and nice outfit Matt”.

Forgetting how to breath or think, the boys shake of their entrancement long enough to focus, “You look great too, so beautiful” Matt says bashfully.

“Yeah, you look so sexy (Y/N)!” Ben chimes in and earns a swift elbow to the ribs by Kylo.

You smile up at the triplets, “Hahaha well, thanks guys. The uber is almost here, so we should do some pre-drinks”.

“Pre-drinks? Doesn’t Rey have a lot of alcohol at her party?” Kylo asks.

“Yeah she does, but pre-drinks will get us into the party mood, my sweet Kylo” you say while taking his hand and leading him to the kitchen.
Blushing like crazy, Kylo chokes on his next words and is thankfully saved by Ben saying “Yeah Kylo, a few drinks won’t hurt us” but get’s slapped in the back as Ben pulls you out of his grasp.

Missing your contact and warm body so close to his, Kylo glares daggers at his brother.

In the kitchen, the triplets watch as you reach for the shot glasses sitting on the top shelf of the cupboard. Your is dress sliding up a bit, revealing more of your supple thighs and soft skin. Each triplet can’t take their eyes off you as you try reaching for the glasses, which are just a little to high.

Biting his bottom lip, Ben walks up behind you, “Need a hand gorgeous” and before you have time to answer, he’s reaching over you for the glasses, moving closer and pushing his body against your behind. Feeling you wiggle your ass a bit against his covered crotch, Ben gasps and quickly hides it behind a cough “Here you go sweetheart”.

Turning around and looking up at him, Ben can see your blush and eyes that are slightly dilated. Then Kylo interrupts by clearing his throat.

“Thank you” you say while pushing past his hard body to get the vodka from under the bench.

Pouring four shot’s, everyone grabs their glass as Matt asks, “Should we toast to something?”

“Uhhhh I don’t know what to toast too?” you shrug.

“How about to us?” Matt offers.

Furrowing their brows, everyone looks puzzled at Matt’s suggestion.

“I mean like, to our family” Matt says looking to everyone, “I couldn’t have asked for a better one” settling his gaze on you.

Everyone else shrugs in agreement.
“Alright, TO US” Ben declares raising his glass.

Clinking the cups saying in unionism, the four of you cheer “TO US” and down the shots with a grimace from the taste.

All except you, who is already refilling everyone’s glasses.

Raising your glass, you say “GĀNBĒI” and down the content like it’s water.

The triplets follow suit and repeat what you said.

“What does that mean and how are you so straight faced when drinking this liquid fire?” Matt asks bewildered.

Smirking at him, you answers, “It means ‘cheers’ in Chinese and I’ve had so many vodka shots in my life that the taste and burn doesn’t bother me much anymore”.

Looking at you in astonishment, the triplets hear your phone chime. Pulling it out and checking, you announce “The uber is here, so we should get going”.

“Ok, but one more shot for the road” Ben declares, filling up everyone’s glasses.

Kylo raises his glass and says “NOSTROVIA”.

Everyone copies and even you can’t hide the wince from the third strong shot tonight.

Yelling goodbye to the parents, you all head to the door to leave.

“HOLD ON, HOLD ON!” Han yells while trying to catch us before we make our escape.
“Now remember, you all have to be back by 1am and don’t drink too much or there will be hell to pay.”

Your mom walks up to us, wrapping an arm around Han’s waist “And most importantly have fun kids!”

Starting to shove the triplets out the door, you respond “Yeah yeah yeah, it’s just a chess club gathering, not a bloody party.”

With a worried expression, then sighing in defeat, Han says, “Ok, but be safe!”

Finally outside, you walk ahead while the triplets hang back a bit. Admiring you, with the sway of your hips and bouncy flowing hair, the triplets can’t get over how different you look in such a provocative yet conservative dress. Some would say that you look classy with a hint of slutty, combining the best of both worlds.

Watching you get into the back middle seat of the uber car, the triplets look to each other before Matt sprints off stealing the seat on your left.

Outside the car, the remaining boys can be seen running towards the uber, with Ben tripping Kylo over. Laughing at his brothers’ fall, Ben misses the hand that grabs his ankle, pulling him down as well.

Getting to his knees, Kylo runs the last few meters to the car and tries to dust off the dirty debris stuck to his clothes from the driveway. Getting in and quickly buckling up, Kylo tries to settle his heavy breathing and rapidly beating heart.

Looking to his left, he finds you already staring at him with an amused smirk “Are you ok?”

“Yeah bro, you look like you just ran a mile, where’s Ben?” Matt pipes in, trying to hold in his laughter.

“A little cardio before a party is always refreshing, just thought I’d get my body ready” Kylo weakly states, trying to avoid looking at you.
'GET MY BODY READY, why the fuck did I just say that!’ Kylo’s inner voice scolded him.

Opening the passenger door, Ben hops in and is completely disheveled like his brother “Thanks a lot Kylo, my hand has a scrape on it.”

“You’re lucky that’s all you got” he remarks darkly and ominously.

Opening his mouth to sass his brother, Ben is cut off by you asking the uber driver, “We’re ready to go now” you try to diffuse the situation, lest the brothers start fighting. Then we’ll never get to the party.

Pulling out of the driveway then our street, the radio is the only thing that can be heard in the silent car, until Matt starts talking to Ben about the new season of ‘Rick & Morty’ coming out.

Sandwiched between Kylo and Matt in the smallish car, you can feel the rough fabric of their jeans along your thighs and the move of their shoulders as they breathe. These moments are your favourite with the triplets, being so close you can feel every move they make, the heat they radiate and the intoxicating smell of their cologne, each with a different scent.

The dark interior of the car is only illuminated by the passing streetlights, which are slowly disappearing as we enter onto the highway. Feeling in a teasing mood, you lean over Kylo to grab one of the water bottles provided, grabbing his thigh and sliding your hand up just a little bit as you lean over more.

Feeling him tense up and the sharp intake of his breath has you smiling as you lean back. You give his thigh a tiny squeeze before opening the bottle and taking a sip. Glancing at Kylo, you see he’s already looking at you intensely, so you offer him a sip of your drink.

He takes it without breaking eye contact and practically chugs the entire contents, emptying the bottle.

Leaning close, you whisper to him in a seductive voice, “Thirsty I see”.

The corner of his mouth twitched up in an almost smile at the innuendo. Then he replies, “I seem to be thirsty a lot, when I’m around you”.
Feeling your heart skip a beat at his reply, you bite the inside of your lip as Ben asks “What are you guys talking about” interrupting the moment.

“We’re here” the uber driver says, while pulling up to Rey’s house.

“Nothing that concerns you” Kylo responds darkly.

We all get out of the car and thank the driver before he pulls away.

Looking at the house, you can see colourful lights flashing through the windows and music thumping all the way to the street.

Walking up to the door, you go to press the doorbell but then jump back when its flung open by a very drunk Phasma “FINALLY, YOU’RE ALL HERE!”

She steps aside to let us all in “Damn girl, how much have you had to drink?” Ben asks.

Slurring her words a bit “Not as much as Finn, poor fella thought he could beat Poe in a drinking competition. Oh and Kylo, Hux has been looking for you, he want’s to verse you in beer pong, he’s beaten everyone else so far.”

Hesitating and looking at you for a second, Kylo is encouraged by Ben “Come on Kylie, show him who’s boss”.

Huffing “If I must and don’t call me that” Kylo says before stalking towards the outdoor living area to find Hux.

“Come on everyone, I’ll show you where the drinks are” Phasma say’s leading us to the kitchen.

Walking through the house you can see the packed bodies dancing and writhing to the loud music. Some are making out against the walls, while others are chugging drinks.
Trying to not get lost in the sea of bodies, you grab Ben’s arm. He looks down at you and smiles while pulling you closer and wrapping his arm around your waist.

Finally in the kitchen, you look down and see the scrape on Ben’s hand “We should clean this so it doesn’t get an infection”.

“It’s not that bad, but if you say so sweetheart” he replies smoothly.

Leading him to the sink and turning on the tap, you put his hand under the running water and try to rinse some of the blood and dirt off. After drying his hand, you grab a bottle of vodka and pour a little on his palm.

“OW” Ben says while trying to pull his hand away.

“Calm down you baby, now you definitely won’t get an infection” smiling at your handy work, you give his palm a small peck.

Looking up, you see Ben is surprised but smiling and slowly moving closer. Pressed up against his chest, with his other arm around your waist and his hand still in yours, we’re interrupted by a voice clearing their throat.

Turning to see who it is, we’re greeted by a scowling Kaydel.

Great.
Well…………………… this night just took a turn for the worst.

Looking at Kaydel, you can see she is staring you both down, like she just found you committing a horrendous crime. With her arms folded over her chest, she looks to Ben and raises her eyebrow as a way of asking for an explanation.

“What are you doing here” Ben asks surprised, and slowly backs away from you as well.

Sneering, she replies “I could ask you the same thing, aren’t you supposed to be studying and resting?”

Frozen like a deer in headlights, Ben slowly turns to the seething girl “I finished early and just needed to let loose a bit. ………………….This is how I rest”

Unconvinced, Kaydel looks to you “Is that so Ben………….. are you sure you weren’t pressured into coming to this party”.

Is she for real right now!

Trying to control the look of disgust on your face, you sneer “Ben is a grown man and can do what he wants. Who do you think you are, to question what he does or what I do for that matter.”

Feigning innocence, she replies, “All I’m saying is, that Ben doesn’t need a bad influence right now, he needs to focus on his academics”.
Stepping closer to the ignorant girl and lowering your voice to a menacing tone, “Don’t presume to think you know me or Ben. Once he’s done with you, you’ll just join the massive horde of girls that he’s tossed away, like the garbage they are.”

Everyone present is silent, besides the thumping music and oblivious people near us. You can see Ben looking away and trying to hide his smile, Matt is hiding a laugh behind his cup and Phasma is just grinning the biggest proudest smile ever and mutters “Ooooooo burn”.

If looks could kill, you would be dead right now. Kaydel looks like she’s about to explode and before she can open her mouth, Phasma cuts in “HEY HEY HEY GUYS, no need for drama. This party is for relaxing only and I will not tolerate any disruptions” while looking pointedly at Kaydel.

Practically red as a tomato, Kaydel is quickly whisked away by Ben towards a different part of the house.

Looking at them as they disappear in the crowd, you turn to Phasma and Matt “Why the fuck is she here and where is Rey!”

Speak of the devil, Rey pops out of nowhere and starts refilling her cup with rum and the tiniest drop of coke “There you are Rey!”

“Hey girrlll, you’re finally here” she says while giving you a hug “Hey what’s up with you, you look angry”, and she squishes your face between her hands.

“She just had a little tiff with Kaydel” Phasma says with a scowl when speaking the girl’s name, before grinning to Rey, “It was the most glorious thing to witness, I have never seen someone turn so red!”

“Shit sorry (Y/N), I should have warned you, one of my friends is friends with one of her friends and they just invited her along” Rey says trying to console you.

Sighing then smiling, you tell her “It’s fine Rey, let’s just forget it and have some fun”.

“Yes, that sounds good” Rey agrees and starts making a drink for you.
With all of our drinks in hand, Rey yells “LET’S GET FUCKED UP!”

Everyone cheers and we all chug our strong drinks.

A couple drinks later, we’re all outside chatting and fooling around.

Hux and Kylo are still playing beer pong and it looks like even Kylo is enjoying himself. He’s currently destroying Hux at the game.

Sitting next to Matt, you scoot closer and ask him, “Have you ever done a strike out?”

“What’s that?” he asks curiously.

“It’s where you take a hit of a joint, drink a shot, chug a beer and then you blow out the smoke. If you do it without fucking up, you get declared a legend.”

Smiling shyly, he says “Wow, that sounds intense. Do I get anything else, if I do it?”

Running your fingers up and down the zipper on his jacket, you ask him “What else would you like” in a seductive whisper.

Seeing him gulp and his eyes widen, he responds “Ummm, how about a rain-check. You would have to owe me one.”

“I mean if that’s ok with you?” he quickly adds.

“Yeah that should be fine” Standing up and pulling him along, you say, “I’ll do it with you.”
In the kitchen you set up the shots and beer, pulling out two joints from your clutch and lighting yours. Offer one to Matt, he takes from your finger and lights before taking along pull to relax himself.

“What are you guys doing?” Finn asks while staggering towards us “Ooooooo strike out, count me in baby”.

“Nice, the more the merrier” Matt exclaims in relief.

Setting up the extra drinks and joint for Finn, you say “Alright, are we all ready!”

“Fuck yes.”

“I guess so.”

You smile at the others “Ok on three we smoke, drink then chug.”

“One…………….Two………………………..THREE!”

With lightning fast moves, we all take a long puff from our joints, swallow the shot and chug the beer. And after what feels like forever, we’re finally finished and coughing the smoke out of our oxygen deprived lungs.

“How do you feel buddy” Finn asks while patting Matt’s back.

“Ohhh god, it burns. I think just the once is enough for me” Matt exhales.

“You are now a legend my friend, welcome to the squad” Finn congratulates Matt.

Huffing and saying a little prayer, Matt leans against the bench and is looking for something to soothe his burning throat.
You offer him some water and rub his back as he empties the cup. Looking to you, he smiles shyly as you ask “So since you're a legend now, do you know what you want?”

“I’m still undecided, but I have an idea of what I want” he says while leaning closer.

Gazing at each other, you’re pulled out of the little bubble by a loud crash. Turning in the direction of the sound, you see Hux trying to flip the Ping-Pong table, but his end keeps falling back to the ground.

“I guess someone doesn’t take losing very well” you mumble to Matt.

He chuckles and replies, “Yeah he’s always been a sore loser, especially against Kylo”.

“Why’s that?” you ask curiously.

“Well they’re good friends, but they’ve always competed with each other, trying to prove who’s better than the other”.

“Hmmm………….so just typical alpha male bullshit then” you say while watching the two argue over a ‘cheap shot’ Kylo threw.

“Basically, yeah” Matt agrees.

Going back outside, we end up versus Kylo and Hux at beer pong to calm them down a bit. After a few games, you and Matt sit down and rest from Kylo and Hux’s never ending victories. As we sit, Kylo and Hux are whooping and cheering that they are the best and are undefeatable.

It's good to see them not fighting anymore, they really are better as a team.

Deciding to give the game a rest, they both join our little group.

Kylo has loosened up a lot and is joking and laughing with all of us. The alcohol has pried him from his shell of solitude.
Ben is still nowhere to be seen, which is kind of worrying.

However, eventually you see him appear in the kitchen through the window, pouring himself something and chugging it, repeating the process a few times.

From where you’re sitting you can’t see his face, but his back and body language look rigid and stressed. You hope that hoe didn’t do anything too bad to him. You can’t see Kaydel anywhere and you hope she’s gone home.

Watching Ben walk out and join us, he plops down near Poe and Finn and easily falls into conversation with them, visibly relaxing with every second. Sometimes you catch him glancing at you and smiling when you see him.

Everyone is having fun chatting and joking around and the party continues like this for a few more hours.

Walking inside, you stand at the kitchen bench and pour yourself another drink, but not as strong, as you can feel the warm haze of alcohol settle over your vision and slow your movements. You feel unbelievably happy right now, almost high on life and you can’t help but sway to music.

Peeking at your friends through the window, you can see Ben steal your seat between Kylo and Matt.

They’re having their own hushed conversation now and lucky they can’t see you looking at them, because they all suddenly turn to look in your direction.

_Huh, how weird._

Finishing the drink you made, you make your way to the designated dance floor, weaving through the people to the center of the floor and start moving to the music.

You’re dancing for a few minutes, hidden amongst the forest of bodies, unaware of the dark pair of eyes watching your movements.
Letting the music move your body in smooth and sensual motions, you’re lost in the feel of the music pounding into your very soul. In your own little world and ignoring everyone else, you capture the attention of a boy who starts walking confidently up to you.

Almost in front of you, the boy is blocked by a large figure that looks menacingly down at him. The boy cowers and retreats back into the crowd like a dog with its tail between his legs.

Slowing down to sway to the new deep but hypnotic song, you feel a pair of strong arms wrap around your waist from behind. Startled, you turn around and look up to see Kylo holding you in an almost possessive manner. Seeming to wait for your approval, he doesn’t move.

Gazing into his dark eyes, you trail your hands from his biceps up to his shoulders, then around his neck, you pull your body closer to his and start moving in time with the music.

Relieved at your choice, Kylo falls in step with you, writhing in a slow but sensual rhythm.

Pushed together impossibly close, you can feel the hard expanse of his chest and abs, the coiled muscles of his arms wrapped around you and the soft locks of hair tickling your hands. Slowly and softly you run your nails from his neck up to his scalp, stopping to grab a handful of his hair and pulling his head to the side. Feeling him shiver at your touch, you lightly ghost your lips over the exposed skin of his neck, causing goosebumps to rise in your wake.

Feeling him tighten his hold on you due to your teasing, you turn around and move in time with the thumps of the music. Lifting your arms up and behind his head to tangle your fingers in his luscious locks, you periodically rub your ass against the front of his jeans, causing his heart rate to quicken.

You can feel something hard poking your backside as he dips his head down to your shoulder, biting softly. Grinning to yourself, you push back a little harder and you can hear the sharp intake of breath as Kylo groans to himself.

Almost lost in a haze of lust and desire, you’re both woken out it by the whoops and cheers for Ben, Poe and Finn, who seem to be racing each other to finish their beers.

Catching sight of Rey, she looks at you and waves you over. You hear Kylo grumble “Just keep dancing and ignore them”.
Following his advice, you lower your hands to grip his forearms and continue swaying to the music, enjoying his large body moving with yours.

Ignoring your friends, you don’t see Rey gawking at you two.

Ben looks in the direction Rey is staring and sees you in Kylo’s arms dancing to the music.

Ben’s face darkens at the sight of you two and makes his way over, forcefully ripping Kylo away and essentially dragging him outside.

Rey appears next to you, “Come have a drink with me” and practically drags you as well, but to the kitchen.

Through the window you can see Matt join his brothers, in what looks like a very heated argument away from everyone. Fury is apparent on Kylo’s face and in Ben’s posture, both looking ready to throw punches at one another.

Turning back and huffing in disappointment, Rey asks “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing” you reply solemnly.

Looking out the window, Rey can see the triplets arguing and can only guess what about.

“Trouble in paradise, I see” she states simply with a smirk.

“Rey, don’t say it like that. We’re stepsiblings” you whisper to her.

“Well maybe you should tell yourself that, because you were practically grinding on Kylo” she retorts.

Sighing, you state seriously “We were just flirting, it meant nothing!”

“Yeah maybe, but I know how you really feel and more importantly I know how they feel” Rey
saying while looking in the triplets direction.

Frowning at her “How could you possibly know that?”

Smiling while pouring a few shots of tequila, she explains “Well, I am your best friend, I know everything about you” cutting a lemon into quarters, she continues “And, they’re so obviously infatuated with you.”

She looks at your face, to see a confused expression.

Huffing at your ignorance ”I can tell by the way they act around you, compared to the way they act around other girls. They may interact with other girls, but they are hardly paying attention to them, because they’re always stealing little glances at you and the fact that they never leave your side”.

Sighing at your friend’s theory, you deny “Just because we flirt with each other a bit doesn’t mean they’re infatuated with me, and the reason why one of them is always with me, is because I have a triplet in nearly every class.”

Looking annoyed, Rey counters back quickly, “Why do you think every girl is hostile towards you, even they know there’s more between you guys. You’re the only person to get really close to the triplets and to have them actually care about you”.

“And there’s also the fact, that their body language always turns aggressive and hostile when another guy get’s too close to you” she adds.

Rey watches your face as you ponder this revelation.

Yeah, you’ve had fun teasing them because you knew nothing would come from the little interactions, but if what Rey is saying is true……………………..

Then nothing.

It doesn’t matter if we want each other, because nothing will change the fact that we are related now. Choosing to pursue them, would only end up in chaos and heartbreak for more people than just us.

Waking you out of your reverie, Rey hands you a shot “Look I’m sorry for dumping all this on you and killing the mood”.
“How about we just forget them for the rest of night, with the help of this liquid hell fire and enjoy the party” She says, while salting the top of our hands.

Looking one last time out the window towards the triplets, you think ‘Why the hell not’.

Turning to Rey, you nod your head and she smiles “Ok bud, HERE’S TO FORGETTING OUR PROBLEMS, EVEN IF FOR A LITTLE WHILE!”

Clinking cups “I’ll drink to that” and you both the lick salt off your hand, drinking the shot and sucking the lemon.

Both of you grimace at the taste, but repeat it at least three more times.

You’re both definitely drunk now, walking outside and using each other for support, you dump Rey next to Phasma and Hux, while you sit on the empty lounge opposite them. Listening to their ‘thrilling’ conversation on different football strategies, you eventually tune them out to focus on the triplets walking towards you.

They join you on the couch, with Kylo sitting on your left, stretching his arm out behind you almost like he’s waiting for you to embrace him.

Matt plops down next to him, while Ben lays down next to you, placing his head in your lap and closing his eyes when you start to run your fingers through his hair.

Leaning your torso into his warm side and looking up at Kylo, you ask “Is everything alright?”

He looks to you apologetically and say’s “Yeah, everything’s fine. Sorry for what happened back there”, looking at his face, you can see nothing but sincerity and concern.

“It’s ok Kylo, I’m glad you’re alright” you answer and snuggle into his side more.

He smiles back and relishes the warmth you instill in him and the way your body feels against his.

You and your friends fall into various conversations, joking about how much hair product Hux uses or how Phasma beat Poe in an arm wrestle. Everyone is having a good time, relaxed like jelly in a haze of contentedness.
Ben has fallen asleep in your lap, from your gentle caresses through his hair. Snoring softly, you memorize his facial features, counting the beauty marks scattered over his face, admire his perfectly shaved beard and noting how plush his lips look. Smoothing your fingers over his cheek, he leans into your touch and mumbles your name.

Looking up at the sound of your name, Rey is offering you another drink but you decline, as you’re already finding it hard to see straight. Hux calls Kylo over, to prove that the football plan Phasma drew, is flawed. Kylo grumbles and begrudgingly gets up to settle the annoying pairs argument.

Tonight feels like it has been one long week, filled with a rollercoaster of emotions and new experiences. Only when you check your phone, do you see its 3am and realize you have definitely stayed out long past your curfew.

Turning to Matt quickly, you say “We have to go, Han is going to be so pissed we’re not back yet!”

“Huh?”, Squinting his eyes to check his watch and then watching his face pale at the realization of the time, “No way that is the time, it feels like we’ve only been here an hour” Matt bolts up.

Gently moving Ben’s head to stand with Matt, you tell him, “Yeah well time flies when you’re having fun” Pulling out your phone, you say “I’ll call the uber”.

Matt quickly snatches your phone out of your hands, “You called it here first, so I’ll do it this time”

“Are you sure Matty, I don’t mind calling it again” you say while reaching for the phone.

Lifting his arm up high above his head, he says, “Nah uh, its fine I’ll do it”.

Moving closer to Matt and standing on your tippy toes, your phone is still out of reach, “Ok, but can I at least get my phone back!”

Feeling the quick rise and fall of his breathing, as he answers with a cocky smile, “Nope, you can get it back when we get home”.
Pouting and stepping back, you reply “Fine”.

Watching him put your phone in his jacket pocket and pulling his out, he books the uber and says it will be here in 2 minutes.

Matt tells Kylo that we have to go now and Kylo looks up in relief that he doesn’t have to deal with the arguing pair Hux and Phasma anymore. He didn’t get very far in settling their dispute, only gaining a headache in the process.

Matt moves to stand over Ben and shakes him awake, telling him that we have to go.

“But I don’t wanna go yet” Ben whines.

“Kylo, can you help me!” Matt asks while trying to pull his brother up.

“Whaaaaat, you guys can’t leave yet. You just got here!” Rey groans and everyone else tries to persuade you all to stay a little longer.

“I know guys, but we have too. Han is going to be super annoyed at us for being this late and he will only make is lecture even longer tomorrow” you try to reason with them.

Groaning their protests, they eventually accept and get up to hug us all goodbye.

Matt’s phone alerts us that our uber is out front waiting.

Hugging Rey and Phasma, you say “Thanks for the party, it was so nice to just relax and have fun”.

“Yeah I know, we should do it more often” Rey agrees.

You smile at them, “I’ll see you guys in a few hours at Uni I guess!”

“I’ll bring the painkillers” Phasma jokes with a smile.
Waving goodbye to the rest of the gang, Kylo and Matt each prop one of Ben’s arms over their shoulders and drag him through the packed house and out the front door.

Walking down the path, you open the back car door for the triplets as they place Ben in the middle. After we’re all seated and buckled in, we pull out of Rey’s street and drive off into the night.

The drive home is silent except for the radio playing on a low volume and Ben’s snores. The poor triplets are squished together in the back, while you’re sitting in the front. It was the easiest way to maneuver and look after Ben in his drunk state.

What feels like a short drive, we’re suddenly pulling up to our house.

Hopping out, you watch as Matt and Kylo try to pull their brother from the car. But end up just dragging him out like a ragdoll.

The uber drives off, leaving us in darkness while we stumble to the front door.

Using Kylo’s phone for the flashlight, you unlock the door with your keys and hold the door open for the triplets. It seems Han and your mom are in bed already.

Trying to keep quiet, you lead the triplets upstairs with the light and open Ben’s door. They drag him inside and unceremoniously dump him on his bed. Not a peep is heard from Ben, as he’s dead to the world at the moment.

Walking out and closing Ben’s door, Kylo and Matt say goodnight to you as you give Kylo his phone back. Surprising them and yourself, you hug each of them and whisper “Goodnight”.

Pulling away and quickly retreating to your room, you’re unable to see the shocked but pleased expressions on the boy’s faces.

They look to each other and mutter their goodnights as well before retiring to their rooms.

Finally inside your bedroom after a very long day, you undress and take your makeup off, getting ready for bed. Hopping in and snuggling into the soft covers, you reach for your phone and feel that it’s not there. Sitting up and trying to remember where you last had it, you realize Matt still has it.
‘Uuuuuuuugh, whyyy!’ I don’t wanna get out of bed, I’m too comfy’ your mind whines.

Maybe you could just text him that he has my phone and he can bring it to me. ‘Yes, I am a genius’ you think while reaching for your phone. But grabbing at nothing, your drunk mind groans at the realization of your stupidity.

Fuck!

You’re gunna have to get up and get it. One things for sure, you don’t want your alarm to freak him out in the morning.

Groaning, you push back the warm covers and literally roll out of bed. Getting up and sluggishly moving towards the door and quietly opening it, you peek your head out into the hallway. All you see is pitch-black darkness and the faint silhouette of each triplet’s door.

Silently walking towards Matt’s, you contemplate if you should knock or just sneak in and grab your phone. Thinking that the latter is a better option, because you don’t want to wake him or anyone else, you slowly turn the doorknob, wary of any creaks when you push open the door.

Slipping in and closing the door, you squint your eyes in the darkness until they adjust. Remembering he put your phone in his jacket, you note the fact most of his clothes are on the floor, thankfully illuminated by the bright clock on his nightstand.

Kneeling down, your hands search for the cool leather of his jacket. While looking, you’re interrupted by a tiny moan.

Ok, what?

Stopping your search and listening, you can faintly hear the sound of something wet slapping. Too occupied with creating sound, you didn’t register the tiny moans and gasps from the bed when you walked in.

Oh god.

I think he’s masturbating.
Good job, you just couldn’t wait to get your phone and now you’re trapped. If he finds out you’re in here, you’ll never recover from embarrassment and neither will he. How on earth, are you getting out of this.

Looking around for a non-existent escape, you begin to shuffle back towards the door, until you hear your name. Frozen in place, you think ‘Oh fuck, I’ve been caught’. If the world could swallow you right now, that would be great.

Waiting for him to ask what you’re doing in his room, all you can hear is the pace increase as he strokes his cock.

Listening intently, you hear him utter your name again and the urge to sit up and get a peek of his cock is overwhelming. Just hearing him say your name while he’s pleasuring himself has your thighs squeezing together in search of friction.

Unable to stop yourself, your hand reaches down and starts rubbing in time with the slaps of Matt’s hand hitting the base of his cock. A tiny moan leaves your mouth and you can hear Matt slow down his strokes.

Still gasping for air, you hear Matt say “Are you going to stay on the floor all night?”

……………………..
……………………..
……………………..

Fuck!

Leaning up, you see the dim silhouette of Matt as he leans up on one arm and continues to stroke himself while looking at you.

Speechless and completely at a loss for words, you watch as he eyes the hand still nestled between your legs. Quickly removing your hand, you whisper “I’m so sorry, I just came to get my phone and I didn’t want my alarm or any phone calls to wake you up in the morning”.

Cutting off your rapid rambling, Matt gestures to his nightstand “Yeah, I knew you would come looking for it. It’s right here” nodding to your phone near his clock.
Getting up and hesitantly walking over to your phone, you glance at Matt to see he’s completely naked and is still pumping his cock, but more slowly now.

Clearly still drunk, he’s more confident in himself, not shying away from your wandering eyes and in fact, relishes the way you admire him. He watches you, as you stare at his swollen length and smirks “Do you want to touch it?”

Your hand is outstretched towards your phone, but the need to feel his thick cock in your hand is overpowering. Sitting cautiously on the side of his bed, you look to Matt and see he is watching you intently and releases his cock, making a whack sound as it slaps his toned stomach.

Looking at his large manhood, you grasp the base tentatively and find that he is wearing a condom. Eyeing him in confusion, he whispers “Ran out of lube” stating plainly.

Returning your attention back to his member, you give a little squeeze at the base, stroking up and twisting your wrist around the head of his cock, repeating it in a slow pattern.

This has him breathing harder and letting the tiniest moans leave his mouth.

You hear him say “Yes………… just like that” groaning your name and fist ing his hands in the sheets.

Stroking a few more times, your desire to taste him becomes unbearable. Indulging in your sinful wish, you slip the condom off and lay between his legs.

He leans up looking perplexed and before he can ask what’s wrong, you’re licking the underside of his cock from the base to the head.

Quickly, he’s shoving a pillow over his face to muffle his roar, while unable to control the sounds that leave his mouth.

Kissing along a vein on the side of his cock to the tip, you suck the swollen head into your mouth, pulling more moans from him.
“Fuck…………….your pretty little mouth feels so good” he whines “Even better than I imagined”.

The taste of his pre-cum is intoxicating, drowning your brain in a lust fuelled fog as you try to suck more of the substance from him.

Your saliva makes it easy to pump the rest of his long length that can’t fit in your mouth. You use your other hand to cup his balls and massage them in time with your sucks.

He’s getting louder, “Ahhhh fuuuuuuck” and struggles to keep quiet.

Using your tongue to flick under the head of his cock and caress along his length, has his hips sporadically thrusting into your mouth.

You hear him groan “I’m………gunna……..cum” with every thrust of his hips into your mouth and he tangles one of his hands in your hair, enjoying the bobbing of your head on his length.

Sucking harder and faster, you hum in agreement which only adds more stimulation and pleasure to his sensitive cock.

A few more strokes later and he’s clawing the pillow covering his face and moaning as he spills his hot load into your mouth. Swallowing everything he has to give and licking away any remnants of cum along his length, you hear him say “Huugh oh ok” while trying to softly nudge you away from his over sensitive cock.

Breathing heavily and sitting back on your knees, you look over his naked body and admire the way his entire torso moves with each breath of air he struggles for.

Happy with the way you just made him feel, you try to memorize each and every moan and groan for you, knowing this will probably never happen again.

Moving to get off the bed, you’re suddenly stopped by a pair of strong arms pulling you back “Where do you think your going?”

He drags you back and now you’re laying down with Matt between your legs. He grips your hip with one hand and hovers above you with the other hand supporting himself by your head.
It’s like you’re in a cage of hard muscle and desire.

You run your hands up the large expanse of his back, making him shiver.

Looking into each other’s eyes, he leans in closer and brushes his lips against yours in a feather light touch. He softly bites your bottom lip before finally kissing you hungrily.

His lips are as soft as you’ve imagined, so plush and surprisingly demanding.

You card your fingers through his hair and bring him closer, enjoying the warmth he radiates.

Kissing him is far more intimate and sensual, than what you just did for him and the passion you hold for each other is clearly palpable in the air, intoxicating both of you and making you forget all of your worries.

There is only Matt and this moment that exists, everything else fades into the darkness.

Kissing each other, Matt trails a hand down your body, palming your aching cunt through your clothes. Gently massaging your mound with fluid motions, he grounds the heel of his palm against your clit, making you gasp into his mouth “Oooooh fuck Matty!”

Smiling into the kiss, he says “That’s right, say my name” rubbing harder against you soaking core.

“Matty” you breathe as he moves your head to the side, kissing down your neck and along your collarbone, biting lightly.

He runs his other hand under your nightshirt, up your stomach and cups your full breast. He lifts your shirt up and sucks a nipple into his mouth, nibbling on the hardening bud, while massaging the other with his hand. Switching sides, he showers the other breast with the same dedication and attention.

His little sucks, nips and bites leave you breathless and wanting more, “Matty, please don’t stop”

Moving down lower, you hear him whisper “Wasn’t planning on it, babe” and hooks his fingers in the waistband of your shorts and underwear, pulling them both down as you lift your hips to help him.
Finally free of the soft material, you feel Matt settle between your legs and kisses down your inner thigh, edging so close to your heated core, but moving past and repeating his actions on your other thigh.

“Matty, no teasing, I need you, please” you whine.

He laughs quietly and the warm air that hits your pussy has you clenching “You have no idea how long I’ve wanted this”.

You don’t tell him that you’ve wanted him since the very first time you laid eyes on him, in case you accidentally reveal you want his brothers as well.

Opening your lips and teasing them with his teeth, he lightly glides his tongue from the bottom of your opening to your plump hard little clit, making you groan in pleasure.

Then suddenly, he’s sucking your clit into his mouth attacking it with perfect licks. Almost unable to muffle the cry that escaped your mouth, your bite your hand in an attempt to quiet yourself.

He looks up and says “Don’t do that, I want to hear every delicious sound you make”.

Pulling your hand from your mouth, you moan loudly and squeeze your thighs together as he rolls your clit between his plump lips and moving down lower to devour the source of your delicious nectar.

His nose nuzzles your sensitive nub while slipping his long tongue inside you in a shallow rhythm. Grabbing a fistful of his hair, as his arm snakes up your body and grabbing a handful of your breast, pinching and rolling your hard nipple between his fingers.

He hooks one of your legs over his shoulder, giving him better access to your aching cunt “You taste so good”, licking a long stripe up your sensitive pussy and flattening his tongue against your clit “I could eat you out everyday”.

Gasping at his filthy whispers, you didn’t realize how dirty Matt can be. Experiencing this new side of him has you more turned on than ever, making you crave his touches and erotic words.
Your moans and groans are like music to his ears, encouraging him in his actions and slowly slipping a finger into your tight hole. All though you are incredibly wet right now, his large finger is still a bit of a stretch for you. Curling his finger, he slowly pumps in and out, leaning down and circling your clit with his tongue, eliciting soft moans from you.

This continues on for a while, losing track of time and your surroundings, as white-hot heat starts to coil deep within your belly. Satisfied with your frantic panting and whines, Matt adds a second finger to your velvet cunt, making you clench around his skilled fingers.

Pumping in and out, while stroking your sensitive g-spot has Matt grinning in triumph, with the sounds your soaking cunt makes and the cries of his name leaving your mouth.

“You’re so wet for me. Such a good girl, letting your step-brother get you off” he mumbles against your clit, shooting more pleasure through your nerves.

Bucking your hips into his face and tugging on his hair, you whimper “Uuuugh Matty, I’m so close”.

Feeling you sporadically clench around his fingers, lets him know that you’re close to cumming. Speeding up his actions to help push you over the edge, he sinks his teeth into the soft flesh of your thigh, pulling a scream from your mouth that you just barely muffled with your hand.

Licking over the abused flesh of your thigh, he returns his attention back your throbbing sex, savoring your taste and sweet smell. Thrusting his fingers in a few more times has the fire in your belly erupting into fireworks that spreads to every part of your body, leaving you completely limp in bliss and pleasure driven ecstasy.

Still pumping into you, to drag your orgasm out longer, he laps at the sweet nectar of your cum that spills past his fingers. Licking you clean and pressing a kiss to your sensitive clit, has your oversensitive cunt quiver at his touch, further frying your nerves into pure paradise.

You don’t know how long you lay there, panting for air while trying to slow the rapid pace of your heart. Trying to move, you feel your limbs are relaxed like jelly, unable to follow the simply commands your mind sends.

Matt kisses his way up your body and passionately connects your mouths in an attempt to make the
night last forever. Slipping his tongue into your mouth, you can taste yourself as he presses his body on top of yours. Breaking away from the kiss, you both look into each other’s eyes as he kisses you one final time and rolls off of you.

Staring at his ceiling, you decide it’s time to leave and get up, retrieving your phone and heading for the door. Stopping when you hear him say your name, you turn around to see him leaning up and staring at you. No words leave either of your mouths, as nothing can really be said in this situation, other than “Goodnight”.

He mutters it back, as you close his door and flops back onto his bed sighing, then smiling in satisfaction.

Finally in your room, you sluggishly crawl back into bed, too tired and high on bliss to care about the sexual act you just did for Matt and what he did for you. That’s something you can worry about tomorrow because, right now, you’re just going to savor and enjoy the best orgasm you’ve ever had.
Do You Feel Regret?

Chapter Summary

My Emotions!

Waking up the next morning has your head feeling like it weighs 20 kilo’s and on fire every time you have a thought. You definitely had too much to drink last night and you’d be surprised to see, if you had any brain cells left.

Moving around only increases the throbbing in your head, so you call out “Hey Siri, what’s the time?” Waiting for her to respond, she finally answers, “Good morning (Y/N), it is 10:03am”

Well, shit.

Looks like I’m not going to Uni today.

Checking you phone, you see you slept through your alarms and a message from Rey. It was sent at 8:06am “I am the ONLY ONE that showed up for Uni today! WTF!!!”

She’s actually sent a few messages, poor thing all alone. You feel kinda bad deserting her today. You wonder if the triplets are still home then, because they hardly have any classes with Rey, so she wouldn’t have seen them until lunch.

Triplets.

Oh god, Matt.

I can’t believe what we did, just only a few hours ago.

Just try not to think about ‘that’, because right now you need to see if they’re home as well.

Sitting up weakly, you huff and try to focus your eyes. Dragging your legs over the edge of the bed, you hesitantly stand up, just to fall back down.
Uuuugh, stupid alcohol, I am never drinking again.

Trying again, you stand up fully this time and walk to the bathroom. Looking in the mirror to assess the damage, you’re pleasantly surprised. You managed to get all of your makeup off last night and the only trace of almost being poisoned by alcohol, are the light bags under your eyes. Overall, you just look like any stressed out Uni student.

Your hair looks a little tousled, but that’s because Matt was trying to keep it out of your face while you went to town on his impossibly large cock last night.

STOP!

Stop thinking about him!

You just need to get through the day and prepare for when you see Matt, because lord knows that’s going to be awkward as fuck.

Grabbing your toothbrush and squirting some toothpaste on, you start brushing your teeth. Staring at your face, you notice the purple marks on your neck, travelling to your breasts.

Groaning out loud, you think ‘I’m gunna have to cover them, in case Kylo and Ben become suspicious or even our parents. I do not need them riding my ass as well.’

Walking out of the bathroom and changing into loose sweatpants and a t-shirt that covers your chest. You grab some concealer and cover the marks that are still visible on your neck, but lucky there aren’t many. Happy with your appearance, you sprits some perfume on and quickly send a message to Rey apologizing.

A few seconds later she replies, “Its ok, I just finished my test and I’m going home now. Maybe having that party was a bad idea.”

You reply back, “Hahaha, you think!”

She messages back instantly, “When I handed my test in, I vomited in my professors trashcan. If my head wasn’t on fire, I would be embarrassed, but I just wanna get home.”
“OMG Rey, you didn’t. What did your Prof do?”

“He said it’s not the first time someone has done that after a test. He looked very sympathetic and even said I should take the rest of the day off”.

Smiling at your phone while biting your thumbnail, you reply “Well that’s nice of him. A lot of people must vomit for him not to be surprised”.

“Yeah, must do. Anyway, squinting at this screen is making my brain hurt, so I’ll see you later”.

“Ok, bye sweetcheeks. And good job for actually turning up for your test today!”

“Hahaha thanks babe, cya xoxox”

And with that, you put your phone on charge and head for your door.

Stepping into the hallway, you can see the triplet’s doors are still shut. You should have asked Rey if she saw them today.

Standing in the doorway, you ponder which boy you to check on?

You don’t feel like walking in on Matt, again. You’ll deal with that problem later.

Kylo is too much of a grumpy gremlin in the morning; he always attacks anyone who dares to disturb his slumber. So you definitely won’t risk waking him up.

The safest option would be Ben.

He got super fucked up last night, so you doubt he would even wake up if a tornado were right outside his room.
Standing in front of Ben’s door, you lightly knock. Listening intently for any signs of life, you’re met with only silence on the other side. Taking in a deep breath, you turn the knob and slowly push open the door. Peering in, the room is dark, with tiny slivers of light peeking through the blinds.

Looking around, you can see that unlike his brothers, his room is disorderly. There’s large textbooks littering his desk and an abundance of clothes thrown all over the room. Glancing at his bookcase you can see he has various model cars and pictures of his family displayed.

Turning to the bed, you notice a large mass curled into a ball in the middle. Stepping closer, you spot a foot poking out of the covers and the subtle rise and fall of Ben’s breathing.

If he’s still home, then the others must be as well. Turning to head to the kitchen, you’re stopped by Ben calling out “Who’s there?”

Turning around, you see Ben throw the covers down to his waist, revealing his bare torso. He glances up at you and then throws one of his arms over his eyes, shielding them from the light peeking through the blinds.

Walking closer, you glance at his sculpted chest; curious to see if he’s fully naked, like his brother was.

*I wonder if they all sleep naked.*

Mmmm yum, that’s something to think about later when you’re alone.

Lost in your own head, your staring is interrupted by Ben’s deep voice laced with sleep, “What time is it?”

Sitting on the side of his bed, you answer, “It’s nearly 10:30.”

Groaning loudly he grumbles, “What are you doing up so early?”

“I didn’t know if you guys were still home and I wanted to make sure you were ok”.
Hearing that your concerned for his wellbeing has his heart fluttering and warmth spreading through his chest and cheeks.

Unaware of what he’s feeling at the moment, all you see is Ben moving his arm to look at you with tired eyes and an unreadable expression.

“Look why don’t you go back to sleep and when you wake up fully, there will be some food waiting for you. Ok?” you smile down at him.

The corner of his mouth quirks up as he closes his eyes and says, “Sounds good”.

Looking down at him, you whisper, “Ok”.

Then your body is moving on it’s own, pushing some hair out of his face and caressing his cheek, then you’re giving his forehead a gentle kiss.

Ben’s eyes shoot open and he looks at you in shock “Ahhhhh, what was that for?”

Shit.

Fuck, why did you just do that! Could you be any less creepy?

Avoiding his eyes and trying to clear the phantom hand constricting around your throat as you whisper, “Sorry, you just looked so precious and I couldn’t help myself”

Cringing internally at your own answer, you quickly stand. Turning to leave, you’re suddenly stopped by a vice like grip around your wrist.

Glancing down, you see Ben is sitting upright and staring at you intently. His mouth opens and closes, like he’s debating to say something, instead he just tugs you closer. He wraps one arm around the back of your waist and the other just under your ass, pulling you into a fierce hug.

Well, this is strange and unexpected.
The side of his face is pressed against your stomach. So cradling his head, you run your fingers through his hair, which elicits a purr like sound from him.

Looking down at him, you hear him mumble “Thank you”.

Well you certainty didn’t expect this reaction. He seems so vulnerable, almost desperate for affection. Thinking about it now, while he clings to me, he’s probably never had an emotional relationship with any female, not since his mother anyway. All of the girls he sleeps with are only ever one-time flings, never to be spoken to again.

The relationship he had/has with his mother would hardly be considered a healthy one. She barely speaks to her sons and thinks sending them large amounts of money with fill the void of a distant matriarch. Unaware of her own delusions, she doesn’t even realize the damage and pain she has caused her sons, by more or less tossing them aside for her career.

Looking at Ben now, it's like you can see all of his insecurities. You’re empathetic towards his type of pain, as your father is very similar to his mother.

Hearing a sniffle, you ask “Are you ok?”

He looks up and nods before loosening his hold on you.

Smoothing your hand down his hair, you sweetly whisper “Go back to sleep sweetie. You’ll feel much better when you wake up”.

Lulling him to sleep with your soothing words and touch, he reluctantly lets you go and falls back to bed.

Pulling the cover up around him, you lean down and give him one more kiss while whispering, “Sweet dreams”

Already half asleep, he hums back with the tiniest smile gracing his lips.
Walking to the door and opening it, you look back one more time and smile at his relaxed sleeping body.

Quietly closing the door, you head to the kitchen. Looking around the house, you can see your mom and Han aren’t home, so they must be at work.

Walking past the kitchen table you see a folded up note, with the word ‘Kids’ written on the front. You open and read it –

“Kids,

I am very disappointed in your late arrival last night and the fact none of you went to your classes today. You can expect there will be hell to pay when I get home. –Han.”

Well.

I fucking knew we wouldn’t get away with being late last night.

It’s not that big of a deal though, there’s no need for him to blow his top over something so small. Oh well, we’ll just have to deal with it when he gets home.

Folding up the note and placing it back on the table for the boys to read, you start making some toast and sit down to catch up on your favourite show.

A couple hours later, you start making brunch for the boys. Pulling out pans to make bacon and eggs with toast. It’s nearly 1pm now and the boys should be waking up soon.

The smell of your cooking wafts up stairs, waking the triplets from their alcohol induced comas. Ben is the first to wake up and sluggishly put’s a shirt on and knee length pants.

Walking out of his room to see if Matt is awake yet, he barges into his brother’s room. Walking up
to his brothers sleeping form, he rips the blanket off of him, making him shiver at the sudden cold air. Luckily for Matt, he managed to put some boxers on this morning when he got up to use the toilet.

“Wakey, wakey, eggs and bakey” Ben sings in a cheery voice.

Pouting at his brother’s harsh wake up call, Matt groans “5 more minutes”.

“Come on, can’t you smell that delicious food cooking?” Ben coos.

Matt can smell the tasty food, but doesn’t want to admit that the sexual act’s he did with you last night really tired him out. Never, has anyone made him feel such pleasure or make him cum so quickly. He expended so much energy; it was a struggle to even get out of bed this morning to use the bathroom.

Annoyed at his brother for not getting up immediately, Ben starts shaking Matt by his shoulders.

Matt swats Ben away and groans, “Fiiiiiine I’m awake now, is Kylo up yet?”

Ben’s face pales for a split second, before he answers, “No he’s not, but we’ll wake him together”

Sitting up and staring at the floor, Matt reminisces what happened between you and him last night. Smiling at the memory, he stands up to put a shirt on “Come on, lets wake the dragon then”.

“Maybe the smell of food with keep him calm?” Matt asks hopefully.

“Hahaha we’ll see, just don’t do anything stupid”.

Matt scowls at Ben, “Stupid! You’re the stupid one! Last time you woke him up; you thought it was a good idea to scream ‘THERE’S A FIRE, FUCKING RUUUUNNN’”.

Laughing at the memory, Ben counters “Yeah but that was funny, he ran outside so fast he was only dressed in his boxers and nearly gave the old ladies living next door heart attacks.”
Matt smiles at the thought of those old ladies seeing a young fit man and they actually looked like they wanted to jump his bones, “Yes it was funny, but when he came back inside, boy did you get the beating of a lifetime”.

“Yeah but it was worth it and besides you have done some stupid things too!”

“Like what?” Matt exclaims.

Crossing his arms over his chest, Ben says, “Remember when you just barged in without knocking and did the most stupid thing, to ever do to Kylo.”

Matt looks at his brother in expectance, “What?”

“You opened his blinds, letting so much light in his room. You know how much he loves darkness, especially when he’s sleeping. You disturbed his cave and I don’t think he ever forgave you for that”

“Ok ok, I’ll admit that wasn’t the smartest thing to do, but I couldn’t see and I nearly broke my neck tripping over some books on the floor!” Matt retorts.

Breathing in deeply, Ben savors the smell of the delicious food cooking down stairs, “Whatever dude, lets just quickly wake him up. That food smells so good!”

Walking to the door, Matt smiles, “It sure does”.

They’re both standing out front of Kylo’s door, hesitant to enter his room. Ben looks to Matt and says, “Ok, so I’ll knock and you go in first.”

“What, no you go in first” Matt shoves Ben to the door.

Shaking his head, Ben counters and pushes Matt closer to the door, “He’s less likely to attack if it’s
“That’s bullshit, he’d equally beat the shit out of us, probably at the same time!”

While they debate, they start shoving each other and almost start wrestling on the ground.

Then suddenly, Kylo’s door opens and he’s standing there, dressed in long grey sweatpants and a black tee, looking down at his brothers with his brows drawn together, “What are you two doing?”

They both straighten up, “Just deciding who should wake you up” Matt mumbles.

Looking sternly at his brothers, Kylo says, “The smell of that food woke me up, at least someone in this house knows how to wake people up without being a huge dick!”

“Hahaha, you’re so funny Kylo” Ben jokes and playfully punches his arm, earning him a glare.

Kylo pushes past his brothers and makes his way to the kitchen, with Matt and Ben following behind.

When they reach the kitchen, three steaming plates packed with bacon, eggs, sausages, toast and glasses filled with juice are waiting for them at the dining table.

The three boys are practically salivating at the sight and smell of the food. Looking around they can see you in the kitchen cleaning up the mess you made from cooking.

Humming to yourself, you turn around to put a spatula in the dishwasher and are startled by the three men staring at you.

You smile at them as you close the dishwasher and say, “Well hello boys, sleep well?”

You can see Matt smirk and look away while blushing, Ben walks up to you and wraps you in a warm hug “I sure did, this smells amazing. Thank you!” he says into your hair.
As Ben pulls away you can see Kylo picking up the note left on the table and reading it.

Matt asks “What’s that?”

“A note, from a very mad dad” you tell them.

Kylo hands it to Matt and he passes it to Ben when he’s finished. The mood seems considerably less cheery now. Wanting to soothe their worried minds, you tell them, “Look don’t worry about your dad, I have a plan!”

The triplets look confused and before they can say anything, you quickly speak, “Just eat your yummy food and we’ll worry about it later”.

The triplets look to each other and shrug before sitting down at the table.

Kylo asks, “Aren’t you going to eat with us?”

They all look at you worriedly, as they realize there is no plate of food for you.

“I already ate, so I’m going to have a shower and when I come back, maybe, we could watch a movie together?”

They seem happy with that idea, “Ok, you can pick the movie then, since you made this lovely brunch!” Ben comments.

“Great”.

They say thank you for the food and while walking past, you lean over the back of Kylo’s chair, kissing the top of his head and ruffling Matt’s hair with your other hand. They both blush at your show of affection and you send Ben a playful wink, earning the same reaction.

After you leave the room, the triplets dig into the food and their moans can be heard from the bottom of the stairs. Smiling to yourself, you’re happy with how natural and calm it felt to be
around Matt, even after your little encounter last night.

Maybe this isn’t going to be so bad after all.

After about ten minutes in the shower, you finally hop out and get dressed in some fresh clothes that aren’t covered in grease and cooking oil.

A pair of shorts and a t-shirt is lovely lounging around clothes and perfect to show off your freshly shaved legs. In your head, you chant ‘I must resist the urge the ask each of the triplets to feel how smooth my legs are, even if they’re soft as silk’.

Walking down stairs, you can see the triplets are already sitting along the massive couch. You don’t want to seem like I’m favoring one triplet over the other, so you plop between Kylo and Ben. There’s a small space between them, so you place your head in Ben’s lap and drape your legs over Kylo’s thighs.

They each immediately caress your skin, with Ben massaging your scalp and playing with your hair. Kylo pulls your legs closer into his lap and runs his hand up and down your soft calf, while drawing circles on the inside of your thigh.

Each sensation is amazing and you can’t help but whisper, “That feels nice”.

Ben and Kylo smile down at your relaxed expression and comment. Matt looks on at the three of you and can’t help but feel slightly jealous. He’s already eager to have the taste of you on his tongue again and clears his throat to get your attention.

You look up at Matt, as he hands you the remote “You get to pick. Does anyone want popcorn?”

“Ooooo yum, yes please!” you say excitedly.

He walks to the kitchen, getting out a bowl and placing the popcorn in the microwave for 2
minutes. Waiting for the popcorn to cook, Matt can hear you giggling at something one of his brothers said to you. He can only imagine what they’re saying and he grows more envious as the seconds tick by.

Back in the lounge room, you’re flicking through the movie library while Kylo and Ben continue to tease your skin.

You even hear Kylo whisper “So soft” while rubbing your legs.

You smile at him and mumble “Thanks”.

Ben turns your head to look up at him and holds your cheek. He ghosts his thumb over your bottom lip and you hear him murmur “So beautiful”.

You don’t know how to respond to that or the amount of affection they’re showing you. Gazing into his eyes, you lightly flick his thumb with your tongue, making him gasp at the tiny sensation.

Startled by your playful teasing, Ben’s cock twitches at the feeling and he almost loses control when you lightly bite his thumb.

Ben watches in awe at the picture in front of him, his eyes have darkened considerably and his mouth is slightly agape, it seems like he’s frozen in a trance of wonder and lust.

You can feel Kylo’s hand on your thigh, slowly venturing up and stopping every few seconds to squeeze your supple flesh in his large warm hands.

Releasing Ben’s thumb from your mouth, you close your eyes as his fingers dance down your neck and skirt along your collarbone. His hand does that for a few seconds before moving down lower, just inches away from the tops of your concealed breast.

Just when you think he’s going to palm you through your shirt, his hand skims around the side of your breast, almost tickling your skin has he starts to draw patterns on your stomach.
Smiling at the sensual touches the boys are showering on you, you startle as you hear the microwave beep loudly.

The boy’s feel you jump slightly at the sound of the microwave and are annoyed that they were woken out of they’re little bubble.

Walking back into the room, Matt hands you the bowl of popcorn. He throws a large cushion on the floor in front of you, plopping down on it and making sure he’s not obscuring your view of the TV.

“Thanks Matty!” you say and drape your arm over his shoulder and play with the collar of his shirt, almost like you’re embracing him.

He smiles at your arm wrapped around him and holds your forearm, rubbing his thumb in circles.

Matt asks, “So what are we watching?”

“I hope you guys don’t mind, but I’ve chosen this” hovering the selection arrow over ‘The Hobbit: An Unexpected Journey’.

Matt almost creams his pants at your choice; while Kylo and Ben are surprised you chose this movie.

The triplets love ‘The Hobbit’ and ‘Lord of the Rings’ series, which makes them even more enraptured with you.

At the triplet’s silence, you ask, “Is this ok? Because we can watch something else if you want?”

They all suddenly speak at once.

You can hear Ben say, “NO, no this is good. Its just a little surprising, that you want to watch this”.

“We fricking love these series!” Matt adds.

“It’s fine, this movie is actually really good,” Kylo states.
“And that’s high praise coming from the hardest person to please ever” Ben sasses Kylo.

Kylo side glares at his brother as you press play, stopping any bickering that would have broken out.

You all fall into a comfortable silence as the movie starts. The soft caresses along your skin are lulling you to sleep, making your eyes slowly shut.
What feels like a few minutes later, loud barking abruptly wakes you. Jolting up, you see Chewie is growling and howling at the wargs chasing the hobbits on the TV.

“CHEWIE, be quite!” Ben commands the dog, but he just ignores him.

The triplets are annoyed that the dog woke you up, because you looked so cute and peaceful while sleeping.

Next Kylo firmly shouts “CHEWIE!”

Making the dog cease his incessant barking and padding over to him with his head hung low. Petting the large furry beast, Kylo leans forward, placing a kiss on Chewie’s head and in return he receives a long lick up the side of his face.

Sending Chewie what Kylo considers a smile, he pats the seat next to him, gesturing for him to jump up. And Chewie complies, sitting down and resting his head on your feet.

Turning back to the movie, you realize it’s almost finished and your parents will be home soon. Luckily you still have time to do your plan and tame the stressed out monster, which is Han.

When the movie is finally finished, you sit up stretching your relaxed muscles and enjoying the way your back cracks. Ruffling Matt’s hair as you stand up and head to the kitchen, you start unloading the dishwasher and pull out things you will need to make dinner.

Kylo wanders in and looks at all the ingredients you have placed on the bench and asks, “So that’s your plan? You’re going to cook them dinner?”
“Yep, because I’m an amazing cook and once he taste the dinner I’m preparing, he will completely forget he was even mad at us” you say confidently.

Kylo’s silent for a few seconds as he contemplates something, and then states, “I’ll help you then!”

Two hours later dinner is finished and served on plates as Han and your mom walk in.

You can almost feel the irritation rolling off of Han in waves as he walks around the corner. You and the triplets’ are sitting at the table and greet them both.

They stop in their tracks at the sight before them and are completely surprised.

Breaking the silence, you speak up, “You’re just in time for dinner, how was work?”

Sitting in their seats, Han asks with a bewildered look on his face, “What’s all this for?”

“We decided to make dinner and treat you guys to a relaxing night” you reply smoothly.

Han looks like he’s practically starved and your mom can’t take her eyes off the food in front of her.

Everyone can audibly hear Han gulp as he inhales the delicious aroma, “Well this looks and smells amazing kids, thank you” looking at each of us as he says this.

Before he has time to say anything else, you quickly speak “Well, you better taste it before it goes cold!”

Prompting Han to pile the different foods on his fork and shoveling it in his mouth. A groan can be heard from him and your mother as they dig into the food.

Your mom asks, “What is this?”
“It’s roast chicken with roasted potatoes and sweet potato. With a side of fresh steamed veggies and a cauliflower bake, then topped with gravy”.

The triplets are amazed at how entranced you have their parents, practically wrapped around your little finger. They all agree that the dinner is amazing and the way you sweet-talk the ‘adults’ into forgetting, why they were even angry.

By the end of the meal, everyone is stuffed and completely satisfied. Han is leaning back in his seat, practically radiating joy and contentment. Your mom has her eyes closed, savoring the last bites of her food. The wine you supplied for dinner is stronger than usual, causing both Han and your mom to almost fall into a blissful sleep at the table.

You silently get up to clear away your plate, Han’s and your mom’s. The triplet’s do their plates silently as well and clean the rest of the kitchen.

Your mom stirs and looks down to see the table is clean and so is the kitchen. She looks to you smiling and then gets up to hug you. She then turns her attention to the triplets and pulls each into a surprisingly strong hug, sleepily whispering, “Thank you kiddo!”

It’s quite funny to see your mother tug the boys down to her short height and wrap them in a tight hug. Each boy smile sheepishly at your mom’s ‘Motherly Affection’, probably surprising to experience, since their own mother doesn’t hug them much.

You gently nudge Han awake, “Huh, what’s going on?” he asks bleary eyed and looking around.

“I can’t believe I fell asleep. That was some great dinner you guys made. Thank you very much!” Han exclaims.

Looking around the room, a surprised expression falls on Han’s features “And you guys cleaned up as well, this really has been a good night”.

“Well it was also a great bonding experience” you tell him.
That bitch loves bonding.

Smiling to himself, Han suddenly looks up, with a solemn gaze, “I know I’m supposed to be angry at you kids, for coming home late last night and skipping Uni today………..”

You and the triplets look to each other in anticipation of Han’s next words.

Looking at the panicked expressions on the triplet’s faces, you quickly cut in “Look Han, the reason we were late last night, was because I made the boy’s stay out later”.

It’s better for only one person to suffer consequences, than all four of us. You can see the surprised expressions on their faces as you throw yourself under the proverbial bus, and before they can deny your claim, you explain further “That’s why we didn’t go to Uni today, because I forced them to stay out later, practically pushing them to exhaustion. It was wrong of me and I’m sorry”.

Looking in the eyes of both Han and your mother, you give the most heartfelt sincere apology, causing your mother’s eyes to water a bit and embrace you, whispering, “It’s alright love, I don’t actually mind, because I know you’re all good kids”.

Turning to look at Han, you ask, “Can you forgive me Han?”

You know what you look like right now, with glassy eyes that look like you’re about to cry, your face holds an expression similar to a sad puppy.

Han’s face is unreadable, a similar trait that has passed down to his boys.

Waiting for an answer, Han finally smiles and say’s “I can see how sincere you are and I’m glad you know what you did was wrong. So I don’t think a punishment is necessary since you’ve leant your lesson”.

Han get’s up “This dinner was amazing, so thank you. All of you!” looking to his son’s as well.
Everyone say’s their goodnights and we all go to our own rooms to chill for the rest of the night.

Getting dressed in the bathroom after your shower, you dab at your hair to dry it faster and walk into your room to see the triplets all in there.

Ben’s lounging on your bed, Matt is sitting at your desk and Kylo is looking at the various photo’s displayed on your bookcase. Upon your arrival the triplet’s gazes shift to you and look you up and down, as the bedtime shorts and singlet hug your body nicely.

Walking in further, you ask ‘What are you guys doing in here?’

“We wanted to know why you took the blame for us getting home late last night and not going to Uni today?” Kylo asks straight away.

Throwing your towel over your mirror, you turn to the boys and contemplate how you can word your reasoning.

Huffing, you answer, “Because I knew Han would have been less likely to punish us, if I were to take all the blame and seem very distraught and apologetic about it”.

The triplet’s stare at you, waiting for you to explain further, “Ahnmd if he still wanted to punish us, since I was the ‘bad influence’ he could only punish me. One person suffering is better than all of us”.

The boys mull over your words. They understand your logic and are ecstatic to hear how much you care for them. However, they feel they should be the one’s to protect you, not the other way around.

Looking pensive, Kylo speaks up first, “Thank you……………. but you didn’t have to take all the blame. You don’t have to suffer anything alone ever again”. Stepping towards you, he continues, “We’re a family now, and we look out for each other”.

“Kylo’s right, we care about you and will do anything to protect you!” Ben declares, standing up from the bed.
Matt joins them, “We’re here for you, no matter what and we will never let anything hurt you”.

They’re all standing now, gazing at you with the most sincere and heartwarming expressions. Completely shocked and moved by their declarations, you can feel a tear spill down your cheek and a soft gasp escape your mouth.

The next thing you know, you’re leaping into Kylo arms, pulling him into a tight hug as will your eyes to not shed any more tears. Ben and Matt surround you, all three embracing you, whispering sweet nothings and soothing you with gentle caresses.

Even though the height difference and number of people hugging you makes it awkward to cuddle each other, you can’t help but feel content and safe as they hold you.

Never in your life, have so many people expressed genuine concern or affection towards you. To feel such devotion and loyalty is heartening. Even though we’ve known each other for a short amount of time, and some would consider the blossoming feelings we have for each other inappropriate, you can’t help but feel a strong pull to them. They just feel right.

Lifting your head up, you look into Kylo’s deep brown shimmering eyes. Leaning down, he places a gentle kiss on your forehead and pulls away, “Come on, it’s been a long day. We should let you rest”.

Moving in front of you, Ben replies, “Ok” and places a kiss on your right cheek and lightly ghosts his lips down your jaw. Pulling away after Matt clears his throat, Ben smiles down at you and winks as he pulls away, heading for his room as well.

Left alone with Matt, he steps in front of you and tilts your head up so you look him in his eyes. Stepping closer he whispers, “I don’t feel guilty for what we did last night and I hope you don’t either”.

“I don’t feel guilty either, but it shouldn’t happen again. We could hurt a lot of people if they ever find out and that’s the last thing I want to happen”.

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“I don’t feel guilty either, but it shouldn’t happen again. We could hurt a lot of people if they ever find out and that’s the last thing I want to happen”.
“You’re always thinking about other people before yourself, maybe you should take care of yourself for once. Or in our case, let me take care of you” Matt replies hopefully.

Reaching your hand up, you caress his cheek and he leans into the touch as you say, “You already take care of me, you’re always so thoughtful and sweet, making sure everyone else is ok before yourself. I’ve never met anyone so selfless and caring………………”

Pulling out of his grasp and taking a step back, you continue, “But we should stop before anything happens, it’s the best thing to do……. I’m sorry”.

His arms fall to his side and his face looks completely broken at your words. He turns to leave your room, but stops in his tracks, breathing deeply and gripping the door in a death grip; he turns to you and quickly swoops in and kisses you with all the passion of a raging fire.

You try to push him away, but your attempts fail, as you end up returning the kiss just as passionately. Tongue and teeth clash in this fight, each just as desperate for the other.

He bites your bottom lip and leans back to look down at you, “I know you’re right, but I can’t change the way I feel and eventually you’ll see that what we could have, will outweigh any consequence we might face. So I will respect your wishes, but the next time we kiss, and we will, you will be the first to break”.

And with that statement, he places one last kiss on your lips and swiftly exits, closing the door behind him.

Well.

You don’t know if it just got more complicated or less.

This completely changes everything, because he basically said it’s set in stone that we will get
together again. You wonder what he’d think, if he knew you wanted his brothers just as much as you want him. Would they let you keep all three of them?

*I guess I’ll think about that when it happens, even though it’s highly unlikely.*

Turning off the lights and getting into bed, you touch the place Matt just kissed and remember that his brothers also kissed you tonight.

*I’m probably the luckiest woman on the entire planet.*

Living with three gorgeous triplets’ that seem to want me more than just a stepsister.

Nice!
Feelings Are Weird

Chapter Summary

Three days after the party and it’s back to uni, yayyyy!

The weekend goes by quickly, hardly seeing the triplets’ due to our parents always hanging around.

Monday morning is the same monotonous routine of getting ready, eating breakfast and the long drive to Uni with the boys.

Hopping out of the car, you wave goodbye to the triplets’ and head to your class alone.

Up first today is Biology, which means it’s just Phasma, Rey and yourself.

You’ve been tossing up if whether you should tell Phas and Rey about what you did with Matt. You usually tell them everything, but it would be easier to just keep it a secret and not make a big deal out of it.

Thinking about the triplets’, you realize how surprising it was to see Matt so sexual and skilled!

With Ben as the middle child, he’s very outgoing and extroverted, which you would assume reflects in the bedroom. Comparing them, you see Ben as the very openly sexual, flirty guy, who doesn’t hide the fact he has a lot of sex. You can tell he isn’t ashamed of his sexual adventures, as on too many occasions you’ve overheard his flings gush and praise his sexual abilities. He’s proud of his sexual skills and can’t help but share them with a lot of people.

To certain people, Kylo can be perceived as a literal sex god, evoking a powerful sexual aura with a hint of danger, intoxicating every female (and/or male) near him. As the oldest and most stoic of the bunch, Kylo seems like he would be very dominant in bed. He never brings anyone to our home for a booty call, but you know he gets some on the side, as he goes out a lot and returns disheveled and reeking of sex. One time you even spied him leaving a class room at lunch and a few seconds later a girl limped her way past you with the most content and blissed out expression.

Everyone knows Kylo and Ben always get what they want, when it comes to sex and aren’t afraid to act on these urges.
You don’t know this, but the triplets’ have never encountered someone like you and then forced into such a weird living/family arrangement. Although pursuing you would be considered wrong, that doesn’t stop them from desiring you or hoping for something more than just a one time fuck.

Thinking about Kylo and Ben’s strong carnal characteristics, this leaves Matt to appear sexually inept, due to his shyness and oppressive brothers flaunting their sexual prowess.

What people don’t know is that deep down; Matt is just as sexual, if not more. Because he doesn’t parade his conquests for everyone to see, people assume he is the innocent one out of the triplets, when actually the same amount of women throw themselves at his feet (Probably due to an innocence kink they may have).

So when Matt is drunk, his inner sex god emerges, ready to devour any female that’s interested in him.

Lost in your thoughts, you don’t see a scrawny figure speeding towards you. The person runs past you, slamming into your shoulder and essentially knocking you off your feet and on your ass.

“What the fuck dude!” you scream after him.

The asshole turns slightly while still running and smirks “Sorry gorgeous, but you should watch where you’re going” and continues to sprint away.

Watch where I’m going!

This massive walkway is fucking empty! He had plenty of room to run and was actually paying attention to his surroundings, which I assume you do when running. He should have moved out of the way!

Getting up and dusting the dirt off your ass, you glare after the rude boy and grumble curses and insults.
Walking the rest of the way to class, a permanent scowl is etched on your face as you can’t get over how completely rude that asshole was. As if a Monday needs any help in being more shit.

Walking into class, you spot Rey and Phas up the back chatting away.

Turning to the front of the class, they see you and send cheery smiles and waves. But you only reply with a curt nod and tight-lipped smile.

The girls look to each other in concern.

Sitting next to them, they immediately ask what’s wrong.

Frowning, you tell them what just happened and how rude the guy was after he knocked you on your ass. Both of the girls quickly become furious and Phasma say’s “What does he look like, I will find him and knock him so hard to the ground, people will think there’s an earthquake!”

Rey adds darkly, “Yeah, I’d like to have a few words with this douchebag!”

“Well you guys can get in line, cause if I see that douche again. I will be kicking him so hard up his ass, he’ll be shitting shoe polish for a week!” you reply with a very menacing scowl.

We’re silent for few seconds and then we’re all cracking up laughing, surprised at how dark the convo turned.

“Well that escalated quickly! We’re a bunch of weirdo, I swear” you tell them between laughs.

“Maybe, but weird is awesome! Otherwise I probably wouldn’t be friends with you guys” Rey smiles.

“Awww, I didn’t know you were such a sap” Phasma teases the shorter girl.

Rey playfully shoves Phasma and sticks her tongue out at her ”Bitch you love it!”
Phas just rolls her eyes, but you can still see the smile threatening to crack through her dismissive façade.

Rey is right though, being weird is fun. There are never any boring moments with your friends and we always manage to turn any situation into an adventure. They actually make things bearable in uncomfortable situations and they're loyal, always there for each other. You couldn’t have asked for a better bunch of friends.

Rey suddenly turn’s to you and asks “Wait, were the triplets with you?”

They both look at you intently “No they weren’t, which is a shame, because that would have gone down a whole lot differently”

“I’ll say, they probably would have beaten him up!” Phasma smirks.

“Maybe. I think the triplets’ presence alone would have been enough to deter him from even coming near me” you contemplate out loud.

“Yeah, one menacing look from Kylo and he would have shit his pants!” Rey giggles.

We chat for a bit more, while we wait for our professor and then suddenly we all jump in our seats, as a deafening CRACK is heard throughout the entire class room.

Turning our heads to the source of the sound, we see a panting boy carrying a bunch of massive textbooks walking through the classroom doors. The sound came from him swinging the doors open with such force they loudly smacked into the walls.

Peering closer at this breathless man, you realize it’s the same douche that knocked you to the ground earlier.

Your face turns up in distaste at his presence and the girls note your change in demeanor.
Phasma frowns at your suddenly aggressive posture and then turns wide-eyed at the realization “Is that the guy who pushed you over?” she whispers to you.

Watching the boy take a seat close to the front of the room, he drops the heavy books on a desk that is covered in organized pens, pencils, erasers and other stuff you would find in a pencil case. Looking closer, you can see he has arranged everything in a specific order and meticulously straightens his stationary.

He has brought in a notebook, laptop, multiple pens, pencils and highlighters and you can even see a tablet poking out of his backpack. This guy looks like he brought in the entire ‘Office Works’ store.

He’s spread out over three seats and has kicked his feet up, wiping wet grass onto the seat in front of him.

HOW FUCKING RUDE!

Phasma and Rey squint at the boy’s blatant disrespect for the schools property and rude behaviour.

Leaning over to them, I reply, “Yes, that’s him.”

Eyeing him up and down, Rey sneers, “He seems like a dickhead!”

“How did he have to be in this class!” you ask the girls.

Phasma scowls at him and answers, “I don’t know, but I’ve never seen him before. I think he’s new to the university”.

We each look him over, trying to think if we have seen him before, but come up blank. He must be new, because you think you would have remembered someone as rude as him.
Next our professor walks in and begins his lecture.

Throughout the lecture, you watch as the boy studiously takes down notes and consumes large amounts of potato chips, throwing the packets on the floor.

You can count 5 packets littering the ground and you’re sure there are more that you can’t see.

Just before the lecture ends, you watch as the boy packs up his stuff early and as soon as we’re dismissed he bolts out the door, leaving all of his rubbish on the floor.

“Oh my god, how can someone be so inconsiderate” Rey says while eyeing the mess on the floor.

Glancing up while packing her stuff away, “Some people are just born cunts. Just completely arrogant and ignorant to other people” Phasma remarks.

Walking outside, we say bye to Phasma and head to our next class, Math.

**Ben’s POV**

Sitting and chatting with Poe is a nice way to pass the time until (Y/N) get’s here. I’ll admit that Poe is nice enough and we have a few things in common, but he doesn’t even compare (Y/N).

She’s like her own sun, unaware of how she can draw people to her with just a smile or wave of her hand.

Barely listening to Poe while he thinks about (Y/N), he’s interrupted by an alert on his phone. Checking it, he see’s it Kaydel messaging to ask why she didn’t hear from him over the weekend.

She’s already super clingy now since they had sex, constantly messaging and calling him to see what he’s doing and if she can come over at night.

And ever since that little fight with (Y/N) at the party, she’s tried to subtly manipulate him into disliking (Y/N). It hasn’t worked, but she still hangs around in hopes he’ll show her more attention.
He knows he’ll have to let her go and it won’t be easy, since she’s showing signs of being a little crazy. It would be best if he nips this in the bud before it gets anymore ‘serious’.

Ignoring her message, Ben puts his phone away, only to hear it ding again and again. Hearing it go off a few more times, Poe asks “Damn dude, aren’t you Mr. popular!”

“How about that” Ben replies, while checking his phone.

She sent 10 messages in a row, the last saying “I know you can’t text back cause you’re in class, so I’ll just see you at lunch. Bye babe xoxox”

She sends a bunch of heart eye and blowing kiss emojis after that, spamming his phone.

Jesus Christ, this chick is too much!

Turning his phone on silent and putting it away, his head shoots up at the sound of you laughing.

You walk in with a smile on your face as you talk with Rey. Watching you laugh at something Rey said, has Ben smiling, enjoying the way your happiness can easily infect him.

He watches as Rey sits next to Poe, quickly falling into conversations about boring aircraft stuff. You however, walk past them and sit next to him, offering him a wide grin and ruffling his hair.

He won’t admit it, but he loves it when you touch him, it doesn’t matter if it’s your hand brushing against his or your new favourite thing to do, which his ruffle or card your fingers through his hair. The more you touch him, the harder it is for him to resist the urge to grab you and pull you into his lap and never let you go.

Sitting down next to him, he leans in close and says “You’re in a good mood”

“I am now, that I’m here” she grins, while looking at him.
His breath hitches and he hopes she doesn’t notice.

Regaining his composure, he states “Well I do have that effect on people. Some just can’t resist my charm!” he remarks proudly, flexing his arm while running his hand through his hair.

She watches as his fingers disappear into his luscious locks.

Smiling at her transfixed gaze, he teases “Well looks like someone can’t keep their eyes off me. It’s ok, you can touch if you want”

Secretly, he’s hoping you do. But you just smile and start unpacking your notebook and pen “You’re so cocky Ben!”

Leaning in closer he whispers seductively, “You haven’t seen anything yet. I could show you my actual cock…...yness, if you want” while twirling a strand of her hair between his fingers.

(Y/N) leans in even closer, their lips only a few centimeters apart and whispers back just as seductively “Ben”

“Yes” he mumbles, hypnotized by her closeness and intoxicating floral scent.

Cupping his cheek, “My sweet Ben” and trailing her fingers down to brush against his facial hair.

Pupils dilated and mouth slightly agape, “Yes!” breathing in a husky tone as lust starts to seep into his voice, he leans a little closer, forgetting everyone else in the room.

And before he can taste her sweet lips, she whispers “That is the cheesiest thing I have ever heard!” leaning back in her chair, grinning the evilest little smirk.

Ben’s face remains passive as he returns to his seat, but on the inside he’s screaming. How cruel.

No one has ever teased him the way you do, making him feel vulnerable and unskilled in the arts of flirting.

He is however impressed, that you’re not so easily seduced, unlike every other girl he’s
encountered. He actually has to work for you, something he’s not used to doing. But you’re definitely worth fighting for.

Thankfully, the lecture starts and he has something to draw his attention away from you.

**(Y/N) POV**

Leaning back in your chair, you watch as Ben’s face flushes a cute shade of pink and fidgets in his seat, before turning his attention to the professor.

You know it’s wrong to tease your stepbrother, but you just can’t help it. You actually wouldn’t tease him in the first place if he didn’t seem to enjoy it so much. He’s always so eager to see you and always manages to stand or sit right next to you.

You can tell he enjoys what you do to him, by the way his eyes dilate, his breathing deepens and sometimes you can spot a bulge straining against his jeans anytime you’re overly touchy feely.

You know he loves it when you play with his hair. One time, you heard him purr when you ran your nails through his scalp. So now you can’t seem to keep your hands from running through his luxurious locks, trying to get more of those sensual sounds to tumble from his mouth.

Looking at him now, you wonder how he manages to look comfortable in the tiny chair. His massive body spills out onto other peoples desk, like mine and Poe’s on his other side. However, he seems to be closer to you, almost like he’s magnetized towards you.

He turns to look at you and smiles “You should be paying attention to the lecture missy!”

Shit!

Quickly looking ahead, as heat floods your cheeks and embarrassment flows through you. He just caught you outright staring at him like a weirdo. great!

You can see out of the corner of your eye that he’s smiling at you, amused at your reaction and reddening face.
Focusing on the lecture, you soon forget your embarrassment and then class is dismissed for lunch.

The four of you pack up your stuff and head to your favourite lunch spot.

Walking towards the table you can see the rest of your friends are already seated, except it looks like there’s an extra person there. Close enough to see that there is definitely another person there, but still far away that your friends haven’t spotted you guys yet, you hope to god it’s not Kaydel.

Shooting Rey a worried look, she mirrors your expression and you grimace at thought of having to be near her. Nearing the table, you’re relieved to see it’s not Kaydel. However you don’t know if it’s better or worse since, the newcomer is in fact the moron who pushed you over.

You and Rey both stop in your tracks, observing the way the douche interacts with everyone. Hux is sitting next to him and is listening to him talk non-stop about something you guess is boring, because Hux’s face is utterly expressionless, with a hint of exasperation in his eyes.

Finn is sitting next to the douche, but is completely ignoring him, in favor of talking with Matt beside him. Phasma is sitting at the head of the table next to Hux and is glaring daggers as she listens to the boy talk. Kylo is on her left, staring at his food intently and doing nothing else. Actually, he kind of looks like he’s in pain, but that’s understandable because you would be too if you had to listen to that twat.

Poe takes the other seat at the head of the table and falls into conversation with Matt and Finn. Ben sits opposite Finn and eyes the moron up and down, probably cataloging every douchey thing he says.

Noticing that you’re not here, Ben looks around and behind him to see you and Rey still standing a few meters away. He waves you guys over and the rest of the group looks towards you both.

Huffing, Rey says “Come one, we better not keep them waiting” and loops her arm with yours and practically drags you along with her.

At the table, Rey sits near Poe and you slot between Kylo and Ben. Immediately you relax, when you feel Ben and Kylo scoot closer to you. Their bodies almost curling around you, as a protective wall of muscle.
“Took you long enough!” Ben winks down at you and playfully nudges your knee with his.

“Yeah sorry bout that, Rey thought she saw a squirrel” you quickly say.

About to defend herself, that a measly squirrel is not enough to distract her, Hux speaks up “Now that the rest of you guys are hear, I want you to meet my ‘friend’, Mitaka”.

The way Hux says ‘friend’ is funny, because he looks like he’d rather be friends with a sack of potatoes. His face was pleasant and calm as he introduced Mitaka, but you know enough about Hux to see that his eyes held distaste and his smile looked forced.

“Mitaka just transferred from Brown University and is an old friend from high school. I’m showing him around, so he get’s used to our school” Hux adds.

Everyone greets Mitaka and then turn back to their own conversations, irritating the boy with everyone’s blatant disinterest for him.

Frowning at each of your friends, Mitaka’s gaze falls on you. Squinting his eyes he asks “Hey, haven’t we met?”

You can see Rey and Phasma perk up at the sound of Mitaka addressing you, scowling at him and listening intently. Even Kylo and Ben freeze and go rigid at his question.

Looking at him calmly and indifferently, you tell him “Yes, we met this morning, you knocked me to the ground and ran away with out even helping me up or apologizing”

Nearly everyone at the table shouts “WHAT!”

Rey and Phasma already know what he did, so they’re sending death glares at Mitaka, while resisting the urge throttle him.

“YOU KNOCKED HER OVER, WHAT THE FUCK!” Finn yells.

“What kind of guy just pushes a girl down and runs off!” Poe exclaims calmly, way too calmly. Its
actually kind of frightening. His threatening tone and the amount of dark fury, swirling in his eyes is unnerving.

Hux is clenching and unclenching his hands into fists, while his face shows nothing but disgust for the boy next to him.

And the triplets are furious!

If you were a mind reader, all you would hear in their heads is them chanting over and over again, HOW DARE HE TOUCH HER!

SHE IS MINE!

MINE!

I WILL KILL HIM!

Kylo looks ready to attack and shifts to stand up, but is stopped by your hand gripping his forearm. He turns and growls deep in his chest but softens a little when he realizes it’s you holding him back. He sit’s back down rigidly and tries to calm the raging fury blazing inside him. You rub soothing circles into his arm and feel him very slightly relax.

Ben is having a more difficult time controlling himself at the moment, trying to decide which bone he should break first. Mitaka is small and scrawny, easily breakable. He wouldn’t even have to exert much energy to snap the little douche in half.

You can see the violent thoughts flitting behind Ben’s eyes, ready to enact his cruel punishments on Mitaka. With your other hand, you grip the top of Ben’s thigh and squeeze in hopes that he realizes you don’t want him to do anything stupid.

It looks like he understands your message, but is still too angry to let Mitaka go unpunished. Ben decides his brothers and him will pay Mitaka a visit later when he’s alone. Looking at his brothers, Ben can see he’ll have no trouble in convincing them.

Glancing at Matt, you wish you had a third arm to restrain him as well, because he looks ready to murder Mitaka right here. You can’t see his eyes, as a bright glare is reflecting off his glasses, hiding most of his face and making it hard to guess what he’ll do.

Even though you can’t read his face, his body looks like a coiled viper, ready to strike.
Mitaka squirms under the hostile gazes focused on him.

He collects his composure enough, to confidently mutter, “No, that doesn’t sound like something I would do” feigning innocence and tossing a potato chip in his mouth, chewing it obnoxiously loud.

That piece of shit can’t even own up to his own rude behaviour. Everything about him is annoying and downright irritating and that’s when he doesn’t open his mouth. How can someone be so selfish and oblivious of other people.

Bloody self-absorbed prick!

Swallowing the chip, he then has the audacity to add, “Are you sure it wasn’t someone else babe?”

………………

………………

………………

………………

Babe.

Good job dude!

You have just opened the gates of hell and killed yourself in the process!

Next, everything happens far too quickly for your eyes to follow.

Moving impossibly fast, Kylo rips out of your grasp and has grabbed Mitaka by his shirt, landing a bone crushing punch square in his face.
Falling backwards off the bench, Mitaka is holding his nose as it gushes blood. He somehow manages to look at Kylo without fear in his voice, “WHAT THE FUCK IS YOUR PROBLEM?” However, you can see Mitaka’s face betray his true feelings of fear and twitches every so often in anticipation for another attack.

Standing up, Kylo’s looming figure and menacing glare causes the frightened boy to shrink further to the ground.

It looks like Kylo wants to say something, but just looks the boy up and down in disgust, picks up his bag and stalks off.

Watching Kylo walk away, you turn to look at Mitaka, who is still laying on the ground like an injured animal. None of your friends have helped him up and it doesn’t look like they will. Each of your friends are smirking smugly down at the douche.

Rey and Phasma look like they want to ruff him up a bit more as well, but refrain themselves due to the increased attention from other students.

Hux scowls at his ‘friend’ “Get up you fool!”

“Fool, FOOL. He’s the one that hit me!” Mitaka screeches.

Staggering up, Mitaka takes his seat back at the table, while Hux crinkles his nose at him “Yes, and for good reason too”.

You watch as Mitaka grabs a napkin to mop up the blood still pouring from his nose, “I can’t believe you would choose her words over mine………………” He turns his seething glare towards you and adds, “She’s just some bitc------“

BAM!

Hux forcefully slams Mitaka’s face into the table, shaking everything on top of it, “If I were you, I would consider your next words carefully. The only reason you’re sitting with us, is because your mother asked me to look after you. And so far you have done nothing but PISS. US. OFF.”
“If you ever insult my friends again, I will not hesitate, to do far worse than punch you in the face. Understand?”

Mitaka mumbles a simple “OK”, which Hux deems isn’t good enough.

Squeezing the boy’s neck painfully, Hux shouts “DO YOU UNDERSTAND!”

“YES, yes I understand!” Mitaka whimpers out.

You’re still gripping Ben’s thigh and realize you’ve probably left a bruise with how hard you clenched your hand. Loosening your grip, you go to place your hand back in your lap, but are stopped by Ben’s hand, sliding into your palm and entwining your fingers together.

Looking up at Ben, you see him glaring at Mitaka darkly, as is everyone else.

Then you watch as Ben’s features darken even more at something a couple meters behind Finn. Peering in the direction Ben is looking, you understand why he’s scowling even more now……………. Kaydel.

She’s heading towards us with two of her friends in tow and eyeing Ben up and down, like he’s a piece of meat.

You don’t think you can handle Kaydel and Mitaka as well. Pushing Ben’s hand away, he looks down at you almost like he’s wounded and whispers “Stay!”

His eyes are pleading and you wish you could stay, but not today. Standing up before the she-devil gets here and you tell everyone “I’m gunna check on Kylo”.

Everyone’s gazes soften when they hear you speak and slightly relax when they see how unfazed you are with that whole fiasco. Stepping away and turning back, you face Mitaka and say “All you had to do was apologize and not act like a dick. Just saying dude.”

You leave before he can say anything, because you know that even if he did apologize, he wouldn’t have meant it.
Walking in the direction Kylo went, you break into a sprint when you’re out of your friends view. Running for a few minutes, you finally spot Kylo up ahead. Slightly out of breath, you jog the rest of the way and fall in step with him.

His face is unreadable when he side glances at you and just continues to walk his fast pace.

Now that you’re here, you don’t know what to say other than “Hey”.

He doesn’t answer you and chooses to act like he didn’t hear you.

Maybe this was a bad idea, he doesn’t seem like he wants to talk, especially to you. Maybe you should have just forgotten what Mitaka did and not caused a problem. You didn’t think Kylo would react like that and now that you think about it, he probably doesn’t actually care that Mitaka knocked you over. He’s probably only mad that he had to defend you. Because that’s what stepbrothers do, right? Protect their little stepsister.

Furrowing your brow, you know what you’re about to ask is a stupid question, but you can’t help but ask “Ar…….are you okay?”

He still doesn’t answer, which further increases your anxiety that he might be mad at you.

Feeling a weight settle in your chest, you give up and say “Look Kylo……………...I’m sorry for what happened back there and I’m sorry that you had to defend me or think you had too. But it won’t happen again, so you don’t have to worry about ‘coming to my rescue’. I’ll stop bothering you now”.

Halting in place, you quickly turn around and speed walk back down the walkway. Not looking back to see if Kylo is still walking or stopped, you walk faster as you can feel the familiar prickle of tears gathering behind your eyes. With your head down and shoulders slumped, you ask the gods to not let your tears fall in public.

Focused on your mantra of ‘Don’t cry, Don’t cry, Don’t cry’, you’re oblivious to the tall shadow gaining on you. Suddenly, a strong hand grabs your forearm, making you squeak in surprise as it drags you in a hallway and down a maze of corridors.
Looking at the hand grasping you, your gaze travels up to it’s owner, to see it’s Kylo. He looks angrier now than before. His hostile posture and cruel glower have people rushing out of his way.

*Shit!*

*How could I have pissed him off even more?*

Walking a bit more, you notice there’s less and less people in the hallways and soon there are none as Kylo leads you down a dimly lit corridor. Stopping out front of a dusty wooden door, Kylo pushes it open to reveal an empty class room that looks like it hasn’t been used in years. He roughly tugs you in and closes the door.

Crossing your arms over your chest, you look towards the empty room, ignoring the furious triplet behind you. You can hear him drop his backpack on the ground and take slow steps towards you.

Not wanting to look at him, you speak “Look Kylo………. I’m sorry and……………”

You’re quickly spun around, with your face held in place by two warm hands as Kylo leans down and kisses you.

He’s!

HE’S!

HE’S KISSING ME!

He’s actually kissing me………………….and he’s good!

His lips are soft as they move against yours and after overcoming the initial shock of his action, you passionately reciprocate, dropping your bag and wrapping your arms around his neck.

He moans into the kiss and slides one arm around your waist, pulling you closer to his muscled body. His other hand on your cheek moves to cradle the back of your head as he swings you both around and pushes you against the wall.
You stand on your tippy toes, in an attempt to be closer as you bite his bottom lip, earning you a groan. Slipping your tongue into his mouth, you’re rewarded with another deep moan, reverberating against your chest, causing warmth to spark between your legs.

One of your hands snakes into his soft locks and tugs slightly, making him push you harder into the wall. The hand that was cradling your head, has wandered down and is now kneading and grabbing at your ass, causing you to lift and hitch your leg around his waist. At this angle you can feel his very hard cock press against your stomach, so close to where you really need him.

It feels like he’s everywhere at once, his warmth seeps into you, his scent intoxicates you and his coiled muscles envelope you in a cocoon of fiery lust.

The hand on your ass runs up and down the leg hitched around his waist, stopping every so often to grab at the firm flesh of your behind. You can feel there might be finger sized bruises there tomorrow, but it feels too good to care right now.

Kylo trails kisses along your jaw and down your neck, sucking and biting his way to your collarbones. As he does this, you note your heavy breathing and half-lidded eyes. Scratching one hand up his shoulder blade and pulling his hair roughly so he has to look at you, you manage to mutter “More!”

Kylo practically growls and hastily grips the back of your thighs and lifts you up easily. Now at eye level with each other, you can see his eyes are completely black, blown wide with lust.

He’s panting as well and doesn’t hesitate in kissing you again, this time more fiercely like he can’t get enough of you.

In this position you can ground your aching core down onto his very hard cock. He moans out loud “Ahhhh FUCK!” and bucks against you roughly.

Moving his hair out of the way, you mark his skin, just as he has yours. Biting and sucking his soft flesh into your mouth and running your tongue over the reddening skin. He shivers at your touch and grips your hip to grind into you at a different angle, making you both moan out in pleasure.

You can feel the rough material of his jeans through your thin leggings. The clothed zipper pushes deliciously hard against your clit, making you arch your back and tighten your legs around his waist.
His head falls onto your shoulder and he gasps out “I can feel……… how hot……… your cunt is!”

His cock is throbbing in his pants, aching to be released from the confines of his jeans and swallowed whole by your silken pussy.

“You want me, don’t you!” he pants while starting to nibble on your neck.

He lifts his head as you sigh out a “Yes” and he hungrily starts kissing you again. With his eyes closed, he sucks your bottom lip into his mouth and bites it lightly, making you moan loudly.

“I bet your wet for me too, aren’t you!” he mumbles into your mouth.

You manage out another weak but strong, “Yes”, making Kylo growl.

Pressed impossibly close together, you enjoy the feeling of his firm body pushed against your. You can feel the hard lines of his abs, his strong arms wrapped around you possessively and strong thighs keeping you both upright.

His hair tickles your face slightly and he eventually starts to slow down your kisses and grinding. Kylo stills the both of you and leans his forehead against yours. Breathing heavily and with racing heartbeats, you feel Kylo’s cock twitch in his pants as you beg “Don’t stop, please!”

He groans out loudly, leaving kisses down your neck before slowly placing you back down on the ground, causing you to whimper. Luckily Kylo’s body is still pressed against yours, otherwise you might have fallen to the floor, with how weak your limbs feel.

Still breathing heavily, you open your eyes to see Kylo looking down at you, lust still in his eyes, but something else now too. He pants, “You need to stop saying sorry. You have nothing to be sorry for”.

Your brow creases and he continues, “I didn’t hit that sack of shit because it’s what a step-brother should do for his step-sister, I did it because I will not tolerate anyone talking to you like that or allow them to touch you!”
“You never bother me and I will always defend you, because…………………….because…………” shifting his gaze to the floor, he’s suddenly shy and whispers something.

“So?” you ask.

He mumbles again and unable to hear what he said, you say “What?”

“Because I like you!” Kylo shouts.

Your eyes are wide “You……….you like me?”

Nodding his head, he looks down at you, with hope in his eyes and nervous anticipation etched in his features.

He……………..He…….He likes me!

He just told me he likes me!

Smiling impossibly wide, you grab the back of his neck and tug him down to passionately kiss him. However, this kiss feels different than the ones before, more gentle but more fierce, because this time there are feelings involved.

Still smiling like a lunatic, you both laugh into the kiss and pull away from each other slightly. Heaving again, you declare, “Kylo……..I like you too!”

A full smile spreads across his face, as he wraps both of his arms around your waist and nuzzles your neck. Together you stay like that for a while, until you hear your phone ding and his chime, signaling you guys have a text.

Reluctantly pulling away again, you check your watch to see class will be starting soon.

Telling Kylo, he brushes his thumb over your cheek and moves down to smooth it over your bottom lip. He watches as your eyes close at his touch and enjoys the way you react to him.
Unwillingly, you both fully separate and walk to where you dropped your bags.

Straightening your shirt and picking up your bag, you can still feel the dull ache between your legs. Kylo hears you huff in frustration and can only guess why. He’s secretly pleased with how you look right now, hair tousled, lips red and puffy, chest heaving while you still try to catch your breath.

He knows you must be feeling the same as him right now, needing sweet release only each of you can provide.

Picking up his backpack, he walks up to you, placing one last kiss on your lips and says, “This isn’t over” grinning mischievously and landing a hard slap on your ass.

He slips his hand into yours and leads the both of you out and towards your next class together.

Grinning at your joined hands, you can’t help but think, ‘He’s right though. This is just the beginning.’
Nothing But Ben

Chapter Summary

How is our sweet Ben fairing after that thrilling last chapter.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ben’s POV

Ben watches as you disappear in the direction Kylo went. Still extremely furious with the revelation of what Mitaka did to you, Ben has a hard time not hurdling the table and giving the douche a matching set of black eyes. The only thing stopping him, is the look you gave him and the feeling of your hand entwined with his.

He can still feel the warmth of your palm and the softness of your skin. It’s like the slightest of touch you gave him, grounded him and helped him keep his cool. Which is shame, because now that you left he can feel the steady rise of his rage build up again.

And hearing the high-pitched voice of Kaydel grow closer, is definitely not improving his mood at all. Looking at his friends, he can see each of them grimace as Kaydel approaches the bench and takes (Y/N)’s seat.

“Heyyy you, it feels like it’s been forever!” she says while annoyingly poking his arm.

All Ben gives is a non-committal “Mmmhmm” while staring at his food and clenching the hand that you held into a fist, trying to remember the feel of your soft palm.

Oh god, forever was not long enough!

Still, she asks, “So how come you didn’t come to uni on Friday?”

“Just tired” he replies passively.
Ben’s aloofness and obvious disinterest for her is starting to really irritate and anger Kaydel.

More forcefully, she asks, “How come you haven’t been replying to my texts?”

Huffing in frustration and quickly growing bored with this conversation, he answers, “I have been though”.

“Yeah, vague and one worded answers are hardly what I would call satisfactory messages for your girlfriend!”

Ben’s head has never snapped up so fast in his life, looking at Kaydel like she’s grown a second head, he asks “GIRLFRIEND? Uhhhh when did you become my girlfriend?”

Everyone at the table is visibly tense at overhearing this uncomfortable conversation.

“And that’s my queue to leave!” Phasma whispers to herself.

Standing up, Rey copies Phasma’s idea as they both share the same awkward expression and walk away together.

They say goodbye to the group and a few others follow suit, leaving only Hux, Mitaka, Kaydel’s two friends and the arguing pair.

“What do you mean I’m not your girlfriend” face flushed with anger, Kaydel continues, “After everything I’ve done for you and this is how you treat me!”

“Everything you’ve done for me? You haven’t done shit!”

Taken aback by Ben’s outburst, Kaydel goes to say something, but is cut off by Ben.

“Don’t you dare say you’ve been helping me with English, because we both know you’re failing
and only using me for a quick fuck”.

Kaydel looks furious and ready to cry at the same time, but just say’s “This isn’t like you Ben, what’s wrong with you.”

Ben can feel his eye twitch with annoyance “There’s nothing wrong with me, it’s you. You’re so goddamn clingy, it’s driving me insane!”

“No, that’s not it………………. It’s (Y/N), isn’t it” Her face turns stony as your name leaves her lips.

“She’s done something to you and now you’ve turned against me! She’s a bad influence and a little harlot”, she states with a vicious glint in her eyes.

Ben’s body tenses at the mention of your name and clenches his hands so tight his knuckles turn white.

“She’s not good enough for you and frankly disgusting that she would covet her own brother…………..”

Kaydel continues to blabber more insults and cruel insinuations about you, but the only thing Ben can hear is the thumping of his own heart beat as rage blurs his vision.

SMACK!

“ENOUGH!” Ben roars, smacking his hand hard onto the tabletop, silencing the girl and instilling another dose of fear in Mitaka.

Hux looks bored, but is secretly glad he didn’t walk off like everyone else. Too engrossed in the situation playing out in front of him, Hux is eager to see someone finally put Kaydel in her place.

Kaydel’s friends look just as shocked as she does, but don’t dare to get between the pair.
With venom in his voice, Ben fully turns to the quivering girl, “YOU, know nothing Kaydel”.

“You don’t even know me or (Y/N). How can you even make an accurate assumption about someone when you don’t even know the person. You’re a stranger to me and I will not allow such things to be said about (Y/N)”.

“I don’t need to know her to guess that she’s a fake bitch and a low-key hoe! She pulling us apart!” Kaydel retorts confidently.

A disgusted scoff leaves Ben’s mouth as he glares down at her, “She is none of that and it is YOU that is pushing me away, with your borderline psychopathic stalker tendencies!”

“But….but…” the girl stutters as her body trembles and confident façade crumbles, letting tears slip down her cheeks.

Looking down at the silently sobbing girl, Ben only feels a little bad that he made her cry, but doesn’t regret defending you and himself.

“But nothing! There is nothing going on between (Y/N) and me. I just need some space and time to think…………………….ok?” Ben asks softly towards the end of his statement, feeling a little guilty that Kaydel is full on crying like a child throwing a tantrum.

She sniffles, turning her head away and nodding her head.

Exhausted and definitely over this entire interaction, Ben softly says, “Look, I didn’t mean to hurt you Kaydel. I just don’t feel ready for a relationship and I don’t want you get hurt anymore than you are now.”

She turns to look at him with tears still in her eyes.

Pulling the best puppy dog face he can muster, Ben looks deeply into her eyes and hopes she buys the little performance he’s doing “Can you forgive me Kay?”

She falters for a few seconds and looks like she’s contemplating his request.
Huffing in defeat, she visibly slouches and says, “Fine, I forgive you and if it’s space that you need, then……….. I won’t push you”.

Ben smiles at her and she visibly perks up. She goes in to give him a hug, which is awkward while sitting at the picnic table.

She wraps her arms around his biceps towards his back, trapping his arms in place as she wipes her gross wet face on his shirt.

Ben feels so uncomfortable and looks to Hux, pleading for help with his face. Hux is a cross between amused and disappointed, that someone finally told Kaydel off, but didn’t ensure that she would never come back to bother you guys.

Ben left a little sliver of hope for her, that makes her think she might still have a chance with him, which is unfortunate for all of them as he didn’t say she couldn’t hang around them.

For all they know, she might come to sit with them everyday and just think he doesn’t want to have sex with her anymore. Oh God the possibilities are endless. Ben and Hux both hope though, that she decides to stay away and just observe him from a distance with her airheaded friends.

Sufficiently over with this entire lunch, Hux clears his throat “Come on Solo, classes will start soon and we don’t want to be late!”

Breathing a forced laugh, Ben awkwardly pats Kaydel’s back and gently pushes her away.

She frowns up at him, but her features return neutral as she say’s “Ok…………well I’ll see you around then”.

“Yep……see you around” he tries to say smoothly, but just sounds strained.

Staring at his face for a few seconds longer, she finally gets up and her friends follow her as they walk away. Her friends wrap their arms around Kaydel’s waist in a reassuring embrace and one even looks back to death glare Ben.

Waiting till the girls are safe distance away that they won’t overhear them, Ben exhales “JESUS FUCK!”
“I know buddy, I know!” Hux replies sympathetically.

“Fuck, I’m glad I nipped that in the bud before it actually got serious. I mean, can you imagine how crazy she would have been then” Ben rapidly says.

“And I think I handled that pretty well, right?” he asks Hux nervously.

“Yeah you did, but I’m just curious about one thing?”

Furrowing his brows a bit, Ben asks, “What?”

“Why didn’t you tell her to leave you alone forever, I mean she probably still thinks she has a chance with you” Hux questions.

Breathing deeply for a few seconds, Ben answers “I didn’t want to hurt her feelings and other reasons. But I don’t think now is the time to explain” looking pointedly at Mitaka who is listening intently.

Hux understands what Ben means and decides not to push it, while Mitaka is listening.

And while noticing the douche still sitting here, Mitaka finally speaks up, “I think you should have just made it clear you only wanted to be fuck buddies, because you gotta be stupid to let that fine piece of ass like her leave!”

Hux and Ben both say unionism “SHUT UP!”

“Geeeeeze, fine!” Mitaka replies meekly, while still holding a napkin to his nose.

Standing up, Hux say’s “Come on, I gotta show Mitaka where his next class is”.

“Ok” Ben replies absentmindedly, not giving a flying fuck about Mitaka.
Ben packs up his own stuff and bolts up quickly and runs to ask Hux a question.

Stopping his friend, Ben questions, “Hey you’re with (Y/N) next class, right?”

Hux nods his head and hums in agreement.

A little flustered that he’s asking this question, he asks it anyway, “Can you make sure she’s alright?” Ben mumbles so only Hux can hear.

“Will do Solo and I’m sure she’s fine anyway. She’s a tough girl” saying the last part with a reassuring grin.

Smiling to himself, Ben agrees, “Yes she is”.

“Ok see yah later!” clapping Ben on the back and leading Mitaka away.

Ben stares at nothing for awhile, until he snaps out of his daze and heads to his next lecture.

Halfway through his class, Ben quickly grows bored and loses focus on what the Professor is saying.

He starts to worry about you, as he knows Kylo can be hard to calm down and downright cruel when he’s in a mood. He hopes Kylo hasn’t done anything to hurt you. Ben knows his brother would never hurt you physically, but verbally he can destroy even the most confident of people. Always guessing the right things to use against someone and hurt them with as much venom he can muster. Ben has seen and felt first hand the extent of Kylo’s methods of pushing people away and he knows it can be absolutely brutal.

However, Ben is still slightly angry that you chose to go after Kylo and not stay with him.

With a sullen expression, Ben grumbles to himself that of course you would go after him, chicks can’t resist the ‘dude in pain’ act. Kylo is perpetually brooding and dark all the time that he doesn’t
even have to try anymore. This ‘act’ that has become such a big part of Kylo’s personality that it
can hardly be called an ‘act’ anymore though. It’s who he is now and he can’t help but attract
certain girls that love to coddle guys like him.

Almost all of them always say “Everything is going to be alright, I’m here for you and I won’t let
you down like other girls”, which in reality is just a ploy to gain his trust, make him reliant on
them and be ‘The First’ to break through his walls.

Each girl has tried and failed to create an emotional relationship with Kylo as he’s too heavily
guarded to fully let someone in. Sure, Ben has heard some girls brag about Kylo letting them in and
finally feeling a connection with him, but truthfully all they did was give up their ‘goods’ far too
early and he eventually lost interest.

The girls’ say they want to get to know Kylo because they think he deserves someone that will
care for him unconditionally, which could turn into something beautiful. But, what they really
want is to possess him and show him off like a trophy. Each girl wanting to boast that they seized
Kylo’s heart.

None of their actions or intentions are pure and are actually quite cruel, considering they don’t
really care about his feelings or for him as a person. All they see is his body and a challenge that
no other girl has conquered. However, Kylo knows the true goals of every girl he’s been with, so
he uses their desires against them and once he’s gotten what he want’s, he moves on.

Their illusions of ‘genuine affection’ are mediocre at best; always the same lines, acts and
ambitions which makes it easy to spot their intentions a mile away. Kylo’s logic is that if they want
to use him as a trophy to bolster their own confidence among the female population on campus,
then he’ll use them as they use him. It’s actually become such a monotonous pattern now, that
Kylo confided his fears in his brothers that he thinks no one will truly care for him.

That is, until (Y/N) entered our lives. Nearly everything has changed since she arrived. Kylo still
loves the attention other girls’ shower on him, but only because he thinks it will make (Y/N)
jealous enough to notice him more. He’s even come out of his shell a bit to ensure he has her
enraptured enough not to leave or lose focus on him.

Ben can admit that he’s a little jealous of Kylo’s ability to hold your attention, but he knows that
each of his brothers have a trait that (Y/N) can’t help but be drawn too. Kylo’s traits are obvious;
Matt’s is his innocence and good guy nature, while Ben’s is his unwavering charm, happiness and
outgoingness that can draw in even the most introverted person.
All of these qualities make each triplet unique and completely different from their identical counterparts. Although these traits are not exclusive just too them, they have qualities that other guys don’t.

Kylo is brooding, dark and mysterious but can be extremely protective and empathetic, aware of what other people are thinking and feeling. He might not show that he understands the struggles and emotions of other people, but that’s just because he doesn’t want to become tangled in other people’s problems.

Matt is the nice, innocent, sweet guy that no one has a problem with. One time Matt got mugged, but the mugger felt so bad that he gave everything he took back to Matt and apologized profusely. He even gave Matt some of his own money before running off in shame.

However, some details that Matt left out of the story was that his persona and aura flipped so quickly and drastically, the mugger became overwhelmed with fear, dropping everything he had, including his own wallet at Matt’s feet before sprinting away.

Matt changed so quickly into something incredibly dark and menacing, that it had terrified the mugger enough to flee. That side of Matt rarely appears and hardly anyone knows about that side of him. But when it does show, it’s disturbing enough to rival Kylo’s dominating and looming appearance.

Not much can be said about Ben. He doesn’t have another side to himself or special abilities. What you see is what you get and he’s fine with being the ‘plain’ or ‘generic one’. Although nothing about him is plain or generic, that’s how he see’s himself. Random people see him as an average dude that lacks intellectually and is only concerned about his next fuck. However, Ben is far more deep and complex than what other people presume.

He can be thoughtful, sincere and extremely helpful in giving advice. He’s actually quite wise for his age and what people don’t know is, that he’s the top student in nearly every of his classes and incredibly smart. He’s not hiding these little fact’s about himself, everyone just makes assumptions about him and don’t care enough to actually get to know him. Of course, only his close friends really know what he’s like and that’s all that matters to him.

What Ben likes about (Y/N) is that she treats him differently than how other girls do. She treats him like a person and not an object, always asking how he is and doing little things for him that she’s noticed he likes from living with him. She puts effort into getting to know him and doesn’t act fake, which always creates a relaxed atmosphere around her.
Thinking about you now and how in a few more hours he’ll get to see you again, is making him feel relaxed and impatient, all at the same time.

Staring at the clock, Ben can’t help but countdown the minutes till he’ll get to see you.

Chapter End Notes

Although Ben has basically 'dumped' Kaydel, that definitely won't be the last we see of her. And when she comes back, boy will shit hit the fan.
The next day arrives far too quickly, with yesterday seeming like one big blur filled with so much drama and new surprises to think about.

So far, nothing exciting has happened today, however, it’s still technically morning so there’s plenty of time for the universe to throw a bitch fit and make your life unnecessarily hard.

Currently you’re in my second class today, Chemistry. With Kylo, Hux and Finn, who are surprisingly chill after yesterday’s events. Hux explained that Mitaka actually got expelled from his last University for ‘Inappropriate Behaviour’. He was caught taping the girls swim team while they showered and selling the videos to help pay for his collection of life-sized sex dolls. And when I say collection, I mean his house is filled with them. They’re not the cheap ones either, apparently they can makes noises and react in real time like a real person. Just thinking about it, makes you shiver.

Learning this little fact has solidified your opinion about him and ensured you’ll be keeping your distance from him. You haven’t seen him today and you hope he’s found someone else to follow around. So far, you’ve only seen him in your Biology class and you hope that’s the only one!

In Chemistry today, we’re in the labs learning different techniques on how to separate and identify metal ions in solution form. It’s rather boring because you already know the methods on how to perform these experiments, but it’s funny to watch the other students’ struggle.

You know that’s mean to think, but you can’t help it. Like right now you’re watching one student known as the ‘Real-Life Barbie’ try to figure out how to turn on the electronic balance machine. It’s basically just a fancy scale, but she’s having a really hard time with it.

Our professor has a very strict dress policy for when we use the labs. You have to wear clothes that cover the parts of your body you don’t want chemically burned, shoes that cover your feet from spills, sharps and heavy objects.

So when Barbie showed up in 6 inch stilettos, a crop top and a skin tight skirt that could be classified as underwear, Professor Cavanagh was not pleased.

Luckily for her, the professor has back up protective gear for situations like these. He gave her old
running shoes from lost ‘n’ found that were 6 times too big for her and the largest lab coat he could find.

She complained while he tried to explain that looking ‘unattractive’ for an hour or two is better than getting seriously injured.

You could tell the professor was getting frustrated with her incessant complaining, so he gave her an ultimatum to either wear the clothes or get out of his lab and fail this experiment. That finally shut her up, but she just HAD to have the last word, saying “FINE, but you just wait until my father hears about this!” while his back was turned. You watched the professor freeze at her words, but ultimately he chose to ignore her and help the students that actually wanted to learn.

Maybe you should call her Malfoy instead of Barbie, although she could easily be both. With her looks and arrogant attitude, she easily resembles the fictional character. *Barbie Malfoy, HA, I like that!*

Sitting at your lab bench and watching her struggle, you’re pulled out of your daze by a hand waving in front of your face. The hand belongs to your lab partner Kylo, who is secretly overjoyed he gets you all to himself. But unbeknownst to him, you’re just as excited as him to get two whole hours of just him to yourself.

After yesterday’s little confession and intense make-out sesh, Kylo has remained the same stoic man that he usually is, except when it’s just you two. Like today, he’s managed to subtly touch you whenever he can, but only when no one is looking of course.

You don’t understand why he’s being so shy to show you affection in front of other people, at first you just assumed it’s because he doesn’t want people to see him doing something he might consider weak. But, thinking about him, you realize he’s actually the kind of guy who would openly show you affection to ward off other lusting men.

Which confuses you, as to why he’s being so careful with his PDA.

So far, throughout the class he’s brushed his fingers against yours, twirled your hair between his fingers and your favourite thing he’s done, is when his hand disappears under the table to grab your knee and slowly move upwards. He likes to tease you this way the most, because no one can see how close he gets to your core. Rubbing circles into your inner thigh and squeezing when he see’s you biting your bottom lip, he smiles at your flushed cheeks and the sound of your sharp intake of
breath when trying to suppress a moan.

Edging closer to your concealed core, he always pulls away just before touching you, to watch as you huff and glare at him in frustration.

Getting you riled up and leaving you just before it gets good is not the best idea, but being the genius that Kylo is, he knows there’s more of chance that you’ll pounce on him later, with lust as your fuel.

However two can play at this game. You’ll just have to wait for the right moment to strike.

Focusing back in class, you watch as Kylo tries to identify what mystery metal we have. You already know, but it’s nice to watch him focus on something so intently. The way his brows furrow slightly when thinking, his large hand elegantly writing down notes, the way his soft raven hair fall around his face and the twitch of his lips upward when he catches you staring at him.

Each micro-expression and twitch in his features is entrancing to you, like your staring at a beautifully carved statue of a Greek god. Unable to take your eyes off of him, he interrupts your admiration “Are you going to help or just keep staring at me?” with a hint of a smirk pulling at his lips.

“Uhhh, yes. The ........... ummmm....... metal you’re looking for is zinc”, you manage to mumble out.

“And how do you know that? All I’ve seen you do is stare off into space for the last 20 minutes!” he looks at you seriously, but the hint of amusement in his voice says he’s not that bothered.

You slide your chair closer, catching Kylo off guard as you point to the substance he’s studying and explain the colour and small crystals in the vial give away what metal you have.

As you explain your reasoning, you watch in your peripheral vision as Kylo intensely stares at you instead of the experiment and you can’t help but feel self-conscious under his penetrating gaze.

However, a stroke of genius hit’s and you get a sinfully bad idea. You decide to play with him a bit, see how controlled he can be in a public environment and also get a bit of revenge as well.
“How about we take turns in identifying what metals we have. I’ll do this next one and you can write down what we learn” you innocently suggest.

Kylo blinks a few times, like he’s just waking up and murmurs “Sure. Sounds good”.

A little smirk pulls at your mouth, as you think about what you’re about to do. Leaning across Kylo, you place your hand on his thigh to steady yourself as you reach for the other chemicals and equipment. Squeezing a little, you feel him go rigid at your sudden contact, but relaxes once you sit back in your seat. You try to control the grin that wants to break across your face, but resist it, otherwise he might get suspicious that you’re up too something.

You pour the mystery metal ion in a beaker and explain everything you do, as you go along with the experiment. Kylo studiously writes down everything you say and you decide now is the time to strike while he’s seemingly occupied.

As you add sodium carbonate to the solution, your hand returns to Kylo’s thigh. He falters for a few seconds but resumes to write, as you continue to act like nothing is wrong. The solution forms a reddish brown crystal cloud in the beaker. You know what mystery metal you have now, but decide to perform the extra long process, just so you can keep teasing him.

Your hand slowly slides up his thigh, stopping every few inches to repeat what he did to you. Your palm ventures ever so slowly to his inner thigh, stopping to squeeze.

Peeking at Kylo, he seems pretty unaffected by your touch and way too controlled at the moment. Thinking you’re going to have to step up your game, you look back to the experiment, as your hand glides up the inside of his thigh and your thumb massages circles into his leg.

This time you can see a visible response to your actions. You watch as his knuckles turn white by holding his pen in a death grip, his jaw clenches every few seconds and he breathes in more deeply. He stops to look at you and you can see a hunger in his eyes.

You seductively smirk up at him and tease “Look who’s staring now, you should be writing”.

Kylo looks frustrated and manages to mumble, “Right………Sorry”.

“That’s ok. Just try not to get distracted and focus on what I’m saying” punctuating the end with a
squeeze to his thigh, making him gulp in response.

He shakes his head slightly to refocus himself and asks “Ummm.........What did you say again?”

You repeat what you just did with the experiment and watch as he writes it all down.

Watching him, you think ‘Ha, like he’s going to be able to stay focused, it’s my mission to make sure he’s a mess before the class is up. Good luck buddy!’

Meanwhile, unknown to you, Kylo is struggling greatly as he tries to keep cool and controlled. Your hand sliding up his thigh is not helping, especially when it stops to squeeze or rub into his clothed leg. If your hand ventures any further up, it’s going to connect with Kylo’s half hard member and he doesn’t know how he’ll react if you do. The best he can do is try and remain very still and coherent enough to write down what you say.

Kylo glances at you from the corner of his eye and is astonished at how calm and nonchalant you are, as you advance closer to his aching cock.

Surprising him, you use your nails to lightly trail to the top of his thigh, skimming so close to his cock and up to his hip causing a shiver to rake up his spine and more blood to flow straight to his member.

Your fingers trail back down his thigh and return to their original spot in his inner thigh near the head of his pulsing dick.

This truly is a new delicious torture Kylo is enduring. And yet, he loves every second of it, only wishing he could hoist you up onto the table and fuck you into oblivion.

He muses to himself ‘The things I would do to you right now’.

The things he’s thinking of doing, could make even the kinkiest person blush and gasp at his filthy thoughts.

Suddenly, he stiffens, as your finger finds the head of his cock and very softly rubs around the tip. He can’t even handle the little attention your finger is doing, so when your digit trails up the length of his dick, Kylo all but moans out loud..................very loudly.
Some people turn, as they look on in surprise and shock, as to why the scariest person on campus made such an erotic sound in class.

“YES, yes lunch isn’t very far away now and I know how much you love food!” you say rather loudly with a forced chuckle, so the onlookers curiosity is sated.

Most students shrug or nod in understanding and return back to their work, while some others appear unconvinced but have no choice but to turn their attention back to their work.

You huff a sigh of relief and turn to look at Kylo, who resembles a hungry animal ready to attack. You can’t help the smug smile that spreads across your face and whisper “We’re not done. Now keep writing and keep quiet or I’ll have to punish you”.

You watch as Kylo goes wide eyed and taken aback for a few seconds in amazement at this new side of yourself. He never thought he would hear you so controlled and dominant and frankly, it’s only turning him on more. Gathering his composure, his face returns neutral as he nods and fixes some of his notes that gradually turned into crazy scribbles from your teasing.

“Good, well the metal we have is iron” you smile to him.

He nods and you ask, “Do you want me to do the next one?”

Clearing his throat “Sure, we’ll probably finish faster, if you do it” he say’s while looking down at you intensely. The need and want he holds for you, is still present in his eyes and you feel like you could drown in the dark pools.

You set up a new beaker for the next mystery metal, sneaking glances at Kylo as he seems anxious and expectant for your touch again.

The suspense is killing Kylo, as he waits for your hand to reappear on his leg. He ponders how your actions could be compared to a wind up toy, ready to burst forth unexpectedly which would inevitably in turn, make him burst in his pants.
Kylo smiles at the funny thought and while he’s distracted, your hand goes straight for his cock, making him jump in surprise and pleasure.

This time there is no teasing, your palm glides along the hard length of his dick and stopping every few strokes to show special attention to the head.

Kylo grinds his teeth together to stop the tiny whimper and moans from escaping his mouth. His hands are in fists and his head leans over the desk, creating a wall of hair to block other people from seeing his face.

His eyes are closed tight as his senses only become aware of you and what you’re doing. He can’t help the jerk of his hips as he tries to thrust into your hand.

You can feel the heat of his cock through his jeans, every twitch and the sheer length is enough to send a jolt of pleasure to your core. If only you could stick your hand in his pants, feel the smooth skin and thickness, maybe when he came you could gather some on your finger and suck it off in front of him. you bet he would be instantly hard again at the image you’re imagining.

You squeeze his cock hard, making him grunt in appreciation. His breathing is getting increasingly deeper and choked, like he’s almost ready to cum. He’s still holding his pen, but barely writing anything down now.

Kylo knows he won’t be able to last much longer with your tighter grip. He can feel his cock throb and pulse in your hand, knowing full well you’re about to make him cum in his pants, in class, surrounded by other people.

He feels just like a teenager again, ready to cum instantly, with the slightest sexual touch any girl shows him. Although Kylo knows he’s grown a lot since his teenage years and extremely experienced in the art of fucking, he can’t help but feel like all knowledge just evaporates when he’s near you.

Glancing at Kylo, you can’t help but cross your legs to apply some kind of pressure on your aching nub and watch as he slowly unravels more and more. You can’t help but give yourself a mental ‘pat on the back’, pleased with the way you can make him come undone so quickly and that he’s even letting you do this to him.

His stomach tenses and his balls are clenching now, as two more stokes will send him over the
Just as he’s about to cum, Barbie Malfoy drops a full beaker of some chemical, making a loud crash and spreading the liquid all on the floor. The sudden smash of glass, makes you jump and jerk your hand back to yourself.

Kylo can’t help the pained groan at the loss of your touch and the growl that escapes him as he glares daggers at Barbie. Suddenly, he’s filled with burning fury towards the blonde for interrupting you both and would like nothing more than to roar and yell at her.

Kylo’s jaw is set and rage washes over his features as his eyes follow Barbie in anger.

The professor comes rushing over, directing everyone to exit the lab and be wary on their way out. You watch as Kylo’s appearance turns haughty and downright terrifying, making you shrink slightly as he hastily gets up, creating a painfully loud screeching sound with his chair.

As you make way to the room where you keep your bags, you watch as Barbie apologizes profusely and blames it on the large lab coat that ‘hindered’ her movements, causing her to slip and drop the beaker. The professor is trying to ask her what chemical she dropped, but is having a hard time getting a word in edgewise with her erratic sobbing and unintelligible speech.

Then suddenly, Kylo is in front of her and his looming figure makes the girl whimper in fear and step back slightly. He grabs her biceps roughly and calmly but darkly asks her what chemical she dropped.

She sniffs and manages to mumble out “Sodi……….um Hy…….droxide” hiccupping throughout the sentence, she tries again and clears her throat, “Sodium hydroxide………………..is that bad?”

The professor can’t help but scoff at the girl “Let’s just say you’re lucky you’re wearing those shoes, or else you might not have toes”.

Kylo let’s the girl go and returns to your side with a scowl still etched on his face. You could tell that the poor guy was so close to cumming, although other people would have found it strange to see a wet spot on his jeans and watching him try to cover it would have been awkward through out the day.
We’re all outside the lab now, as the chemical vapors alone could have severely burned us. Finn and Hux wave us over.

“I cannot believe what has happened!” Finn says incredulously while running a hand down his face. He just looks so done with the entire week, even though it’s barely started.

In fact everyone looks downright angry and disappointed at Barbie. Her friends don’t seem that fazed with the situation, actually they look like they’ve just been released from prison and want to congratulate Barbie for their sweet release.

“Yes, that girl is a ridiculous excuse for a student, I mean why is she even here, if she doesn’t want to follow the the rules or be here” Hux angrily exclaims while eyeing the girl in question.

He also adds, “The amount of disorder, far too much for my liking!”.

“She’s only here because her dad wants her to get a proper education before she takes over his company” you reply to Hux.

“WHAT!” Hux and Finn say in surprised unionism.

“How did she even get in, let alone keep up her grades!” Hux says incredulously.

“Her dad pulled some strings to get her in and I’m pretty sure he’s pulled some more to ensure her grades are satisfactory, if you know what I mean” I say the last part with a knowing smile and wagging my eyebrows.

Shaking his head, Finn asks, “So, what company does her dad own?”

“Some kind of shitty ice-cream brand’ you tell them.

Finn goes wide eyed at that revelation, “WOWWWWW! And her dad wants her to go to university for that”.
“I imagine it shouldn’t be that hard to run an ice-cream company” Hux agrees.

Looking at Barbie now, you realize that thinking she’s just some simpleton is probably a bit harsh, considering you know nothing substantial about her and her entire situation is weird. You watch as she plays on her phone and reveals loudly to her friends that she has to cancel on them tonight as she’s just landed four separate dates in one night.

Ok, well that’s a bit extreme.

“I think her dad just wants her to have something to fall back on, once she runs the company into the ground. But who knows, maybe she’s just bad at chemistry and good at business management?”

We all turn to look at her as her friends try to convince her four dates in one night is crazy and completely rude to them and the dates. Barbie just flicks her hair over shoulder and remarks something in a hushed tone, which obviously anger’s her friends’ further.

Kicking the ridiculous shoes and lab coat off, Barbie stalks away announcing she’s going home because she feels traumatized with today’s events.

All you can think is, ‘So dramatic’.

You all turn to each other again and burst out laughing, even Kylo can’t resist the little smirk that pulls at his lips.

He still feels extremely angry though, that his release was denied. However, being near you has eased him slightly. Hux notices his friends unusually more reserved demeanor and asks, “Ren, are you ok?”

We all look at him as he answers wearily, “I’m fine Hux”.

Hux quirks his eyebrow, but doesn’t comment further on his friends rigid posture or clear uncomfortable appearance.
Finn breaks the suddenly awkward atmosphere “So, did you guys finish your experiments?”

“Almost, we were so close…………to finishing” smirking the last word up to Kylo “It’s just a shame we were interrupted”.

“ALRIGHT, EVERYONE GATHER ROUND!” the professor shouts to get everyone’s attention.

“Now change of plans, since the lab is unusable while it gets cleaned up, we are going to head back to the classroom and study some of the procedures you learnt today. If you’ll all grab your stuff we can head back now” the professor says, while directing people out.

You and your friends grab your bags and head out of the building.

Your classroom isn’t too far from the labs, but on the way you walk past Matt and Ben’s Economics lecture.

Hux and Finn are walking slightly ahead of you, while you hang back and chat with Kylo. Since your class is being kinda loud, the students’ in the Economics lecture can’t help but watch the boisterous people through the large windows.

However, unbeknownst to you, you don’t realize what class you walking past, thus, you’re unaware of the two sets of eyes watching your every smile, laugh and move, while interacting with Kylo.

The two triplets that are together, grow increasingly jealous as you laugh extra hard at something funny Kylo says, causing Hux and Finn to turn and ask what’s so amusing.

While your attention is focused on Hux and Finn explaining the joke, you miss the smirk and wink Kylo sends straight to his brothers, knowing full well it’ll piss them off.

“So he’s a funny man now?” Ben remarks coldly.

Matt hums in agreement, narrowing his eyes before asking, “I wonder what he said to make her laugh so hard?”
“I don’t know Matt” Ben replies while they watch you both disappear from their view.

What’s funny about the triplets, is that none of them have actually admitted to each other that they like you more than a step-brother should.

Yeah, sure they’ve said to YOU that they care about you and will take care of you, none of them have actually told you how they really felt while another triplet or person was present.

Even though they have a vague idea that each triplet like you, they won’t confront each other, lest one of them calls them out on their feelings. Which would be weird out in the open, because then there’s no turning back or denying their feelings. You can’t put the cat back in the bag.

They wouldn’t say they’re embarrassed to like you, it’s more like they don’t want to risk that information reaching anyone else, who could turn it into something ugly. Because if you did find out from someone else, the truth of their affections would no doubt be twisted into some kind of perverted version. And the triplets’ never want to put you in a situation like that, because they wouldn’t know how you’d react or feel, hell maybe you’d feel disgusted by them.

Then, of course their parents would eventually hear about the vile rumor concerning their boys and little girl.

So, the triplets’ prefer to maintain an unofficial agreement to pursue you, but to also keep other people and each other out of their business.

Yet, Kylo’s sly little smirk and wink, has actually infuriated his brothers beyond belief. They’re angry at the way Kylo seemed to revel in your attention and flaunt you in front of them, Matt and Ben can’t help but feel slighted by their brother’s actions.

Back at the classroom everyone is seated and chatting away. Your little group is talking about something boring, but you can’t help but focus on Kylo. He still seems so agitated, but that just may be his default setting. However, you sneak a peak at his crotch and find that his hard on has completely disappeared, which is probably why he’s still angry. He’s probably got balls as blue as
The remaining time in class goes quickly and the next thing you know you’re all making your way to lunch. Sitting down at the table, you see your little group is the first to arrive, as no one else is there yet. You chat with Finn about the upcoming festival this weekend and how much fun you’re all going to have at the bar after. Hux and Kylo can’t help but smile as they listen to you both talk excitedly about it.

In the distance, Matt and Ben stare at you guys as they make their way over. Hux and Finn are sitting together on one side and of course Kylo is sitting next to you on the other side.

The pair greet everyone as they approach the table, with Matt claiming the empty spot next to you and Ben sitting down next to Finn.

Even though Matt and Ben are still slightly angry, the genuine and warm smile you give them slowly eases and calms them. Almost making them forget why they were irritated in the first place, that is until they glance at Kylo and the angry feelings return.

You of course notice that Matt and Ben seem a little off.

While Kylo talks with Hux, you gently bump your knee with Matt’s, so as to not draw attention to yourselves, and whisper, “Are you ok?”

He looks down at you, “Yeah, I’m fine. Just tired I think” he smiles weakly.

You can’t help but feel like he’s not telling you everything, but, you let it go for now.

Matt can see you look unconvinced, so he playfully nudges your knee back, earning him a beautiful smile in return.

The rest of your friends finally arrive, creating a happy atmosphere. It just feels better when everyone is gathered, like you’re somehow complete.

Lunch is a normal and enjoyable affair, which is a nice change considering the influx of drama lately. While talking with Rey she tells you that Poe, Finn and herself have to leave lunch early because they’ve volunteered to deliver the left over food from the canteen to The Bowery Mission.
Those three really are saints’, always ready to help anyone in need. Rey says she’ll see you in I.T and then all three of them are off.

Your phone dings as you watch the trio vanish in the distance. Pulling out your phone you see you have a new email from your professor in your next lecture.

The triplets try to subtly see what you’re doing and watch as your face turns to delighted surprise.

You nudge Matt and show him your phone, “Our next lecture has been canceled!”

Everyone at the table listens in as Matt reads the email out loud.

“That’s weird, the professor never cancels. He’s even come in sick before!” Phasma says with scrunched up brows.

You just shrug your shoulders, not really caring why he’s canceled just glad you don’t have to deal with his bossiness, “Meh, who cares. Just means we get to chill a bit before our last lecture” you tell them.

Pushing his glasses back up his nose, Matt hands you your phone back after studying the email thoroughly “Hmmmm, I just hope this doesn’t affect our grades in any way”.

You can’t help the little giggle that escapes you, while whispering “Nerd”.

Matt feigns mock hurt, by gasping and pulling his face in an offended expression “You wound me (Y/N)!”

This makes you giggle harder, which in turn causes the other two brothers’ jealousy to spike.

“Well if you three are free, then I propose we all skip our third lecture and go have some fun” Hux announces.

“Damn Hux, that’s the best idea you’ve ever had. I’m in” Ben exclaims happily.

Ben thinks to himself ‘there’s no way he’s leaving her alone again, not after that stunt Kylo pulled an hour ago’.
“Sounds good, I’m in too” Phasma pipes in.

Kylo agrees too with a curt nod, “Fine”.

You look to Matt, who appears a little apprehensive to the idea, “Come on Matt, it’ll be fun!” you grip his forearm in a comforting hold.

Matt knows he’s going to go, he just likes that you’re touching him right now. He bites his lip in fake contemplation, noting the way your eyes flicker down to his lips and the slight change in pupil size. He smiles at the effect he has over you and nods his head “Ok”.

“Good so we’re all in agreement, let’s go!” Hux declares.

“We’ll take my car since it’s the biggest” Phasma says as you all get up.

Walking to the car park, Phasma and Hux have Kylo trapped in a conversation he’d rather not be in, while you walk in front of them with Matt and Ben. ‘At least I have a good view of her ass’, Kylo thinks to himself.
The walk to Phasma’s car is short and in no time we’re standing beside her massive SUV. The lovely black paint job makes her car look like it belongs in a government line-up, chauffeuring around important people.

Phasma sits behind the wheel with Hux as her passenger. He looks like a giddy child, ready to go on an adventure and more than happy to sit up front. This leaves you and the triplets to figure out how we’re going to fit, as there’s only three seats in the back.

You stand awkwardly to the side as the triplets’ try to convince each other that one of them should sit in the boot, Phasma shoots a devilish smile your way before clearing her throat loudly “I have an idea, why don’t you three boys sit in the back and (Y/N) can sit in someone’s lap” the smirk still evident on her face, but only you understand it’s true meaning.

‘Good god woman, you are not helping at all!’ you think at her.

You watch as the triplets go silent and an equally evil smile creeps on their faces, sinister enough to rival Phasma’s.

Next, the boys are hurriedly climbing into the car, with Kylo sitting behind Phas, Ben in the middle and Matt behind Hux.

After they’ve all settled in their seats, they look to you expectantly as you hesitate at the door. Each triplet gazes towards you hopefully and eagerly, while also barely being able to suppress the urge to grab you and place you in their lap.

Hux play’s with the radio and is blissfully unaware of the soon-to-be awkward situation unfolding behind him. You can hear as he flips through the various channels, unsatisfied with what’s playing.
You really don’t want to choose, especially since who ever you choose will hurt the others. Feeling frustrated, you glace at Phas to see the evil smile and chuckle she’s trying to hide, which only causes you to get more irritated. However, an idea comes to mind that will work for everyone.

Finally moving, you climb up to the seats and quickly scoot past Matt, to plop down in Ben’s lap.

*Boom, problem solved!*

With your back to Ben you can’t see the proud and smug smile on his face. Though, you try to ignore the disappointment evident on his brothers’ faces.

Ben wraps his arms around your waist and pulls you back flush against his chest “You chose correctly, best seat in the house!” he announces triumphantly.

You awkwardly laugh “Chill out dude, I only sat here so I’m close to everyone”.

“Oh” is all that leaves Ben mouth. You can hear the disappointment in his voice, so you turn your head and whisper to him, “But I’m glad you sat here”, making him smile slightly and squeeze you back softly.

“Good so we’re all set!” Phasma declares loudly and reverses, then drives out of the carpark and campus.

It only takes about 15 minutes until we’re pulling over and hopping out of the car. Phasma leads us down to a Bar called ‘Bodega 88’. It’s a nice hole in the wall sports bar that is surprisingly lacking other customers, but that’s because it’s only 12:30pm and the only people here are regulars and assorted business people.

Walking inside, you see it has a nice Latin vibe with a cozy and warm atmosphere. Intimate booths are placed along the right side of the room and an authentic oak bar lies just opposite with huge TV’s hanging above the shelves of alcohol.
You all shuffle to a booth in the back corner as Hux and Kylo order all of you a drink. You sit next to Phas and Ben steals the spot next to you.

Light and friendly conversation picks up between you guys and you can’t help but smile.

The boys come back with two trays of drinks “Apparently it’s Happy Hour from 11am to 7pm. Lucky us!” Hux says joyfully while sliding in next to Matt and setting a tray down filled with shots.

“JESUS CHRIST! It’s in the middle of the day Hux!”, “WOOOOOO SHOTS!” both Phasma and you say in unionism.

You watch as Kylo sits down next to Hux and places an assortment of beers and one cocktail down as well.

“Of course YOU would say ‘Wooooooooo shots’ (Y/N), you bloody alcoholic!” Phasma chastises you, “And why the hell are there so many?” she directs at Hux.

“It was a deal, 12 mystery shots for $30, that’s a fucking bargain mate!” Hux’s accent flares in annoyance, by Phasma’s accusatory and disapproving tone, he’s just appalled that his friend can’t see the obvious ‘deal from heaven’ before her eyes.

Phasma shakes her head, but ends up reaching for a shot, “Fine, but I’m only having the one since I’m driving”.

“Fine Phas!” he replies back.

You all grab a shot and as Ben leans back, his arm moves behind you and rests on top of the seat, almost like he’s embracing you.

“To the best people ever, including the saints busy with other stuff!” Phasma says with her shot raised in the air.

“To the best people ever” you all say, then swallow down your shots.
Your shot leaves an intense after-burn that you’ve never felt before, making your throat constrict. Hux, Phasma and Matt all cough and splutter after they gulped down their shots, which makes you laugh.

Gaining her composure again, Phas says, “I’m glad you find this so amusing (Y/N), that burnt so much my throat feels like a desert now” she grabs a beer off the tray and starts chugging the thing.

“How was yours?” Ben asks you.

“It burned, but nothing bad enough to cough over” you reply with a shrug.

You’re glad the bar isn’t very populated because all of Hux’s coughing is starting to worry the other patrons.

“Dude wash it down with this” Ben says while handing him a beer.

It helps slightly, as the coughing stops, but Hux’s face is so red now it almost matches his hair.

Ben and Kylo were unaffected, but that’s because they drank a different coloured liquid. Phasma grabs your empty shot glass and sniffs it “Yeah you did drink the same stuff as us, how in the hell are you so chill?”

You shrug your shoulders and make a ‘I don’t know’ sound in your throat.

Phasma squints her eyes at you and whispers “Alcoholic”, which you return with a playful shove.

“Alright, last ones” Hux declares, taking his shot and the one Phasma doesn’t want and downs them both.

“And you call me the alcoholic!” you mumble to no one in particular.

“Ayeee no shaming people, in this house of booze. This is a judgment free zone!” Hux says assertively.
A waitress comes to collect the tray of empty shot glasses and asks if we would like any appetizers or meals to go with our drinks.

We say no and she whisks away to her other duties.

Alone again, your gang falls into delightful banter. Kylo hands the rest of the drinks around the table but places a beer in front of you and the really big girly looking cocktail in front of Ben, “I know your not much of a beer drinker, so I got you this” Kylo tells him with an evil smirk.

“How kind of you brother” Ben replies with distaste and a scowl on his features.

Why are they acting so weird today. Something is definitely up with the triplets’.

You watch as Ben takes a sip of his drink and looks down to you, “Do you wanna try it?”

“Sure” you reply and he moves it towards you. You drink from the same straw he drank from and keep your eyes on the liquid in the glass as it slowly dwindles.

“Yum, that was nice and sweet” you smile up at him and then look across the table “Good choice Kylo”.

Kylo is more than angry that his plan didn’t have his desired outcome. You weren’t supposed to drink from Ben’s drink, let alone the same straw.

“Yeah, good choice Kylo!” Ben says to his brother mockingly, while taking a sip from the straw you had your lips wrapped around.

Ben’s mockery has Kylo clenching his fists, but he just sits back in his seat and chugs a good portion of his beer.
You guys spend about an hour in there, just chatting and slowly drinking. You feel kind of buzzed, but not enough to make a fool out of yourself.

After a while, you all decide to go for a walk through central park. The park looks beautiful this time of day, with the sun right overhead but obscured by the trees, birds whistling in the low shrubs and the beautiful shades of leaves littering the ground.

The change in atmosphere is refreshing and you can’t help but sigh in contentedness. All four boys walk up ahead as you hang back with Phasma.

“So what’s going on with you and the triplets’” Phasma asks while playfully nudging you with her elbow.

You look up at her with shock on your face, then quickly turn it into a frown, “I don’t know what you mean?”

“Come on, you can’t fool me. Something has changed between you and them, and I can see it with my own two eyes (Y/N).”

You bite your lip as you consider if you should tell her about Matt and more recently what happened with Kylo. Guilt starts to seep into your veins as you think about how each of them would feel, if they found out about the other.

But more importantly, how would Phas and Rey react if they ever found out and you didn’t tell them sooner. This train of thinking is sending your head into over-drive and you don’t know if you can keep standing.

Phasma notices your body sway slightly and stops you both by grabbing your shoulders and looking down at you “Hey, hey it’s ok. It’s just a question and you don’t have to answer if you don’t want to, ok?”

You breathe in deeply and nod “Thanks, but………………. I want to tell you. I’m just……………..scared of how you’ll react.”

Phas looks at you with nothing but concern on her face, “You can tell me. Besides, I think I have an idea of what you’re going to say anyway.”
This makes you laugh nervously and glance in the direction of the triplets’. They’re all still walking with Hux, unaware that you and Phas have fallen behind. They seem to be engrossed in a conversation as well.

“Come on” Phasma directs you both to continue walking.

Taking another deep breath, you next sentence comes out rushed, “I have feelings for my step-brothers and I’m pretty sure they have feelings for me as well”.

You peak up at Phasma after you finish and see she looks unfazed by your secret, “HA, knew it!”

“What! What do you mean ‘Knew it’?” your face showing nothing but confusion.

“I’ve been rooting for you to land on of those hunks for ages now!” Phasma declares happily, “But surely there’s more, because I doubt you’d be scared over just that?”

You feel a slight weight drop off your shoulders, but it returns as you contemplate if you should tell her about the things you’ve done with the boys.

‘Oh well, no turning back now’ you think to yourself.

So you tell Phasma about the late night thing with Matt after the party, the way Ben revealed very personal emotions in front of you, how close you became with them over the weekend, the make-out sesh with Kylo yesterday and almost making him cum in class today.

When you’re finished, this time you see a surprised expression on her face, eyebrows practically in her hair and mouth so wide you’re worried she might swallow a bug.

“Was that too much information. Sorry, I just had to tell someone. It’s been on my mind, for what feels like forever now and your silence is really starting to freak me out!” you say with your voice slowly getting higher in pitch and volume.

Phasma shakes her head with her eyes closed, “Wow”.

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Phasia...
“Wow! Is that all you have to say?” you ask her perplexed and slightly annoyed.

She stops walking and stares at you intently “…………………………”

The intensity of her stare is almost too much, like she’s dissecting your very soul. Then to your relief, she starts smiling and pulling you into a bone-crushing hug “That’s my girl!”

“Wait, you’re not angry, disappointed or disgusted?” You try to ask her as she continues to crush you.

She pulls away from you quickly, “WHAAT, no way! It’s perfectly ok to want them, hell, more than half of the school already does.”

“But they’re my stepbrothers, aren’t you creeped out by it. Or, how about the fact that I’ve done sexual things with two of them already”

“I’m your friend and I think there’s nothing wrong with that. Besides, people who would view your ‘relationship’ with one the boys as inappropriate, are just people that haven’t evolved with the times or are simply jealous of you.”

That makes you feel a bit better, that your friend isn’t disgusted or outraged by the affections you hold for your stepbrothers. It feels good to finally have someone to confide in.

Phasma brings your attention back to her, “However, I have to admit that I didn’t think you’d have it in you to go after one of them, let alone two. If you had to choose one, which one would it be?”

You stare at her face as you contemplate the words she just said. You furrow your brow as you think ‘How on earth am I supposed to answer that question!’

You look in the direction the boys went and can’t help but wonder if Phas put distance between you guys on purpose.

Huffing slightly, you turn to look into her eyes with confidence and declare, “What if I said I wanted all three”.
“Then I would say you are very ambitious my sweet (Y/N) and I think you can get whatever you want, when you set your mind to it”, she smirks down to you.

Phasma turns and continues to walk down the path and you follow beside her.

You both continue to walk in silence for a bit, until you break it “I don’t know what I should do Phas?”

She side glances at you “Well, what do you WANT to do?”

Another tough question. Today seems to be full of them.

“I don’t know” I answer her.

“Yes you do. You just don’t want to say it out loud.” She replies matter of factly.

You grumble, “Sometimes I hate how intuitive you are”.

“Yes, but in the end it’s very helpful, because eventually you’ll have to decide what you want to do and if you only want one of them, or all three”.

You make a strange grumble sound in your throat and frown in response.

Phasma lightly laughs and pats you on the back, “Come on, there’s no need to figure it all out today, you have plenty of time for that. Let’s just enjoy the day!”

Biting the inside of your cheek, you nod your head in agreement and find comfort in her words. It’s true; you don’t have to figure it all out today and the very thought of trying to pick just one triplet is stressful enough.

Closing your eyes, you breathe deeply and exhale a few seconds later, feeling all the tension and stress almost evaporate from your body.
Opening your eyes to look at Phasma, you nod your head “Ok” and continue with your walk.

The boys’ have completely disappeared.

Phas and you have been walking for a while now and you still haven’t caught up to them.

You’ve reached a large clearing with a view of a small castle in the distance and still can’t spot them. Eventually you and Phasma stop and sit down in the middle of the clearing and soak up the warm rays of sunshine.

You both talk for a while about menial things and reminisce funny memories shared within the group.

In the middle of a hilarious story your phone rings. Checking it, you see its Ben calling you.

Phasma and you share a knowing smile as you answer, “Hello there!”

“Hey, where are you guys? We looked back and couldn’t see you” Ben asks you with worry in his voice.

“Hey let me talk to her!” you hear Matt say in the background.

You hear some shuffling as Ben speaks with the phone away from his mouth, “I think she’d rather talk to me”.

Then you hear the muffled baritone of Kylo’s voice as well, “That’s where you’re wrong princess, just give the phone to me”.

You smirk and shake your head in a ‘I don’t know what’s going on’ gesture at Phasma, as you listen to the boys fight over the phone.
You put it on loudspeaker so you both can listen to them. You can hear labored breathing, the sound of smacks and grunts, fast-paced footsteps like someone is running and muffled yells of “Give me the phone”, “Never”, “You’ve had your turn”, “Stop being a child”, “Don’t run from me you little bitch”, “HEY, GIVE THE PHONE BACK, YOU DICK!”

Labored breathing, the sound of someone running and the muffled yells of the triplets are all that you and Phasma can hear. You both can’t help but crack up laughing at the boys’ antics.

Eventually, one of the boy’s catches up to whoever has the phone, as you can hear a loud thump of a body being tackled and the sound of the phone clattering and skidding across the ground.

The sound of them is too muffled to get a clear idea of what they’re doing, but you can hear rain or a waterfall in the background. You quirk an eyebrow at Phas and she shrugs her shoulders at you. Then suddenly the phone call ends and your both left wondering what’s going on.

“I think I remember seeing a map that showed a waterfall nearby, wanna see if they’re there?” you ask her.

“Sure, it couldn’t hurt to check it out. Plus I’m very intrigued to see what they’re up too.”

You can’t help but laugh in response, just imagining what they’re up to, “As am I, my dear friend.”

It’s only a two-minute walk to the waterfall and in no time you both stumble upon the disheveled appearance of your boys’.

All three of them lay on the ground wrestling towards the phone a few feet away from them. They look ridiculous to be honest. Each of them looks filthy as they’re covered with leaves and dirt.

Walking closer to the brawling trio, you see Ben’s sleeve is ripped, there are tiny cuts on Kylo’s hand and Matt’s glasses have been tossed away. Picking them up, you see there is a small scratch on the lens and you try to clean them with your shirt.

Phasma walks over to Hux, who is recording the show in front of him. He’s smiling so big and chuckling at the struggling boys. You squint your eyes at him, prompting him to hastily put his
phone away and clear his throat loudly. He looks to you apologetically and you give a small smile in return. He clears his throat again to try get the attention of the boys, but they can’t seem to hear him over the scuffling and pained grunts.

Sighing to yourself, you walk up to the boys and move past them to pick up the phone. They stop in their struggle as soon as they see you. You turn and look down at their deer in the headlights expressions; each shocked to see you here and ashamed that you witnessed their childish display.

Quirking one eyebrow, you ask “Having fun down there?”

They quickly try to untangle their limbs and abruptly stand up, panting from the energy expended.

“Your phone looks alright, no cracks or scratches”, you say to Ben while handing him his phone and moving past him to stand in front of Matt.

“Thanks………..” he replies while looking down at his phone.

“Your glasses however, have a small scratch on the lens and I cleaned them off as best as I could”, you brush some dirt off his face with your thumb and with both hands you place his glasses back on his face. Your hands are essentially cupping his cheeks and you can’t help but smooth your thumbs across them.

The way he’s looking at you is heartwarming and you can’t help but smile up at him. He returns the grin and holds your hand against his cheek with his.

From the corner of your eye, you spot a large shadow and turn to see its just Kylo. You pull away from Matt and miss the frown he pulls as you look at his brother. Kylo looks beyond annoyed and angry, you can almost see the storm clouds above his head.

Standing right in front of him, he has his arms crossed over his chest and avoids your eyes. You can see the tiny cuts on his hands and a scratch on his eyebrow that is bleeding slightly. Inching closer, you turn his face to you so you can get a better look at the cut, “Oh Kylo, we need to get you cleaned up”.

“Come on”, you say while gently taking his hand and leading him to the nearest shop bathroom.
He reluctantly let’s you pull him along with a menacing expression still haunting his features.

“We’ll meet you guys back at the car!” you yell to your friends.

Phasma and Hux seem fine with that idea, but Ben and Matt stare darkly after your retreating forms.

While walking, Kylo hasn’t said a single thing so far. He’s afraid he might say something hurtful, but mostly he’s too angry to think of something to say. The silence between you two is comfortable though, you don’t speak unless necessary and he’s thankful for the calming peace you provide. Already he feels the tension and anger drift from him. He entwines your fingers together and you look back to give him a smile. He can’t quite smile back but the quirk in his lips lets you know he’s thankful for your presence.

Reaching a small convenience store, you buy a few medical supplies and ask the bored looking attendant for the bathroom key. She looks up from her book and narrows her eyes at the both of you. She scans your things and hands you the key saying the restroom is towards the back of the store. You thank her and lead Kylo there. Unlocking the door, you hold it open for him to enter first. He scrutinizes the small room but is thankful it’s clean.

Closing the door behind you both and locking it, you walk up to his broad back and place the things you bought on the counter. Still facing away from you, you wrap your arms around his waist towards his front. You feel and hear him sigh, and then he’s turning around in your arms and hugging you back just as fiercely.

You hold each other tightly for a minute, just enjoying the comforting hold you have on each other. Kylo’s face is smushed against the top of your head, inhaling the sweet scent of your hair and rubbing his cheek along your silky locks. Your face is pressed against his chest and you can hear the steady thrum of his heartbeat.

No words are needed between you both, for even though you’ve known each other a short time, you can understand what you each need with just a look.

Pulling away slightly to look up at him, he looks into your eyes and places a chaste kiss on your lips, before removing himself from you and leaning against the counter. Now that he’s lower you can easily reach the cut on his eyebrow.
First, you wipe the blood away and clean the wound with some antibacterial towelettes, and then you add some antibiotic cream to help heal. Even though you’re gentle and the sting of the medicines should make Kylo at least wince in pain, his face remains passive and follows everything you do.

Next, you repeat the same to the little cuts on his hands.

Once finished and satisfied with your work, you throw the rubbish away and frown at the ding of your phone. Checking it, you see there’s a message from Phasma saying, “You better hurry up. I can tell the brothers are getting antsy and frustrated with your long return.”

You text back, “No worries, we’re on our way back now.”

You put your phone away and see Kylo was watching you the whole time.

“We gotta get going, they’re getting impatient!” you tell him.

His arms are crossed again and the same hardened expression returns to his face. Frowning to yourself, because you’re irritated with his silent temper tantrum and constant flux in emotions, you move in front of him quickly and pull his face down forcefully by the back of his neck.

You press your lips to his, as he remains unmoving. Angry with his less than enthused participation, you bite his bottom lip, making him groan deep in his chest. You suck the plush lip into your mouth and hungrily roam your hands over his biceps, making him uncross his arms. You lean more into his body and press yourself hard against him, letting all of your frustration out on his lips. He lets you do what you want; enjoying being at the mercy of your hands and allowing you use his body to vent.

He starts to kiss you back just as fiercely, cradling your neck and holding your waist close to him. Eventually, you pull away so you can breathe. You hide your face in his chest and listen yours and his labored panting.

“I don’t know about you, but I feel much better”, you mumble into his chest.

The sound of his rich deep laugh graces your ears. He lifts your face up with a finger under your chin and says “I’m sorry you had to see that between me and my brothers, we’re usually not like
“Yeah I kinda figured that.” You chew your bottom lip “You three have been acting more strangely than usual though too”.

Kylo just hums and shrugs his shoulders before pulling away. He grabs the restroom key and your hand. Making his way back to the front of the store, he hands the key to the attendant and quickly exits the store.

You both walk back to the car in silence, with sometimes casually glancing up at him. He rubs soothing circles into your hand and you enjoy the comforting sensation.

Just around the corner, your friends will be waiting and it shocks you that Kylo is the first to pull his hand away. Technically, he has nothing to lose or any consequences to face if you both came out public with your relationship, so its surprising to see him break away first.

Does this mean we’re not a thing? Because if people don’t know we have a thing going on, than anyone could assume we’re each fair game. The massive hordes of girls will still throw themselves at his feet and he might even accept them.

No one else really interests you, besides the triplets. Does this mean it’s ok to pursue his brothers? You don’t know where he stands in this non-conventional relationship, hell, he’s probably just hoping for a no-strings-attached kind of thing. It’s all very complicated and his lack of clarification and words in general, have your stomach in knots and head swimming with confusion.

Walking around the corner, you see Hux talking with Ben and Phasma talking to Matt. They see you both and Phasma and Hux start piling into the car. The brothers frown at your less than happy expression; usually you have at least a tiny grin or sparkle in your eyes, but right now your face looks blank.

Matt, the ever smart thinking and quickest of the triplets, hops up into the car and seats himself in the middle. Approaching the car, you walk around the side and get in, sitting down in Matt’s lap. You buckle the both of you in and wait while the eldest share a little word outside the car. You can’t hear what they’re saying, but you couldn’t care less right now.

Matt wraps his arms around your waist and hugs you closer to his chest. You grip his forearms gently and relax in his hold.
His brothers finally join you’s in the car and buckle themselves in as well.

Phasma starts the car, “Well, what an interesting day!” and eyes you in the rearview mirror.

“I’ll say! And we still have one more lecture left ” Hux replies to her.

You can’t help but think ‘What a long ass day’.
The drive back to campus couldn’t have been more awkward or silent. The triplets’ remained mute, with Kylo and Ben staring out their windows and Matt content to just holding you. Phasma and Hux knew something was up, but paid no mind to the tension in the back seat, as there is nothing they can do about it.

The only reprieve from the uncomfortable atmosphere was the radio blasting loud music.

With nowhere to look but straight ahead, you chewed your bottom lip and leaned back against Matt’s chest. He didn’t seem to mind and you found comfort in his warmth.

With your arms crossed over his, you could easily brush your fingers along the top of Matt’s hand. After awhile, his fingers laced with yours, clasping together and hidden under the many arms.

Eventually, you arrived back at campus with a few minutes to spare before your next class started. Ben was quick to get out and mumbled something before stalking off towards your lecture. Kylo said he had something to take care of and would meet you guys at class.

That left just you and Matt as Phasma and Hux left for their own lecture.

Walking with Matt was peaceful; he didn’t carry the same intimidating or imposing appearance like his brothers. He was calm and mindful of others. This you guess, is what draws so many people towards him, because a very chatty girl has practically ran up to us and started asking him a barrage of questions.

She’s wearing glasses nearly identical to Matt’s, sandy blonde hair and an assortment of clothes all colored from the rainbow. To say she is eccentric would be an understatement.

She seems to be heavily infatuated with Matt, because she hasn’t looked away from his face once, and you’re pretty sure you haven’t even seen her blink once. She’s kind of unnerving with her intensity.
From what you hear, she’s partnered with him in one of his other classes and is asking stupidly basic questions about the assignment they have to complete together.

She talks a lot and doesn’t give Matt time to respond, so he just smiles kindly at her. Every time you chance a peek at her, you see her eye you up with distaste and judgment.

Why must every girl find you as a threat? Hell, you’re bloody adorable and a pleasure to be around.

Completely tired with the whole day, you excuse yourself to the bathroom and tell Matt you’ll meet him in class. He frowns and tries to say something to you, but is cut off by the chatterbox pulling him along. You hastily find the nearest restroom, walking straight into a cubicle and locking the door. Sitting on the toilet seat, you let your head fall in your hands and repeatedly breathe in deeply.

You sit like that for ten minutes, just breathing and trying to will the tired emotions away.

This calms you a bit, but the sound of someone else entering the restroom has you jump at the loud smack of the door opening.

You listen to the sound of three sets of heels clacking along the ground and the owners laughing loudly. You hear them go straight up to the counter and through the crack of the door you can see they’re fixing up their makeup.

Getting a good look at the girls you realize his Kaydel and her minions.

You feel like your lungs constrict and your heart beats so fast its going to burst through your ribcage.

Putting your hand over your mouth to muffle any sounds you might make, you listen intently to the girls talking non-stop.

“Yeah, and I said ‘If you ever speak to me that way again, I’ll have you fired before you can even say iridocyclitis’, which shut her right up!” the girl with the brown hair says.

The redhead in the trio answers, “Yeah, it’s so hard to find good help these days”, while putting on five different colors of lipstick, “Oh and I almost forgot to tell you guys, I saw Ben while on my way here, he looked so sexy!”
You watch as Kaydel quickly turns to the redhead, “Was SHE with him?”

You can only guess by SHE, she means you.

“No she wasn’t, but he looked so brooding and handsome. It’s a real good look on him.”

Kaydel turns back to the mirror and applies a shimmery lip-gloss, “I bet SHE did something to him! I knew that bitch was going to be trouble, and did he listen to me? NO!” she scowls into the mirror.

The brunette speaks up, “Why are you so convinced she wants Ben though, isn’t he her brother?”

Kaydel shifts her cruel gaze to the girl and the brunette shrinks under the glare, “Don’t be stupid Chanel, they’re just step siblings, there’s nothing stopping them from fucking. I knew she was a slut the second I saw her and I bet she’ll even try to get with all three of them, dirty whore”.

The brunette is shivering with the way Kaydel glowers at her, but the menacing and disgusted look on her face disappears as she sighs.

 Putting a hand on the brunettes shoulder, Kaydel says, “Look, I’m sorry I raised my voice, I keep forgetting how innocent you are. You’re lucky I’m your friend otherwise you’d get eaten up in this world”.

The redhead watches the uncomfortable exchange between her two friends and is glad it wasn’t her that pissed Kaydel off.

The brunette you now know is named Chanel, nods her head and gives the other girl a weak smile. Kaydel turns back to the mirror and fixes some loose fly away hairs with a tiny hairspray can.

“Well, if SHE wasn’t with him then I guess it’s up to me to cheer him up” Kaydel declares.

Her friends nod in agreement and finish up the last of their touch ups and proceed to follow Kaydel out of the bathroom.
You sit on the toilet seat a bit longer and process what you just heard.

The only thing that you can think right now is, ‘God I fucking hate that cunt!’

You feel the familiar build of angry tears form behind your eyes, but you hold them back in favor of not breaking down over that pathetic excuse of a human being. Breathing deeply for a few seconds, you pull yourself together and unlock the door and walk up to the mirror.

You’ve gone through so many emotions in one day and it’s honestly draining you. You feel so tired and can’t wait to get home, maybe even cuddle with one of the boys on the lounge. That’d be nice.

Thinking about them, brings all of the weird tension between them and you back to mind. They seem to get angry when you pay even the littlest bit of attention to one of them and take their anger out on you. Either by ignoring you, acting cold or avoiding you, which is honestly so childish.

Why can’t they just learn to share!

You stare at your reflection while a phrase Kaydel said repeats in your head over and over, ‘I bet she’ll even try to get will all three’. This angers you further, because who is she to tell you who you can and can’t have. Although Kaydel may be the only outsider that suspects the feelings you have for your stepbrothers, you’ll be damned if you let that asshole come between you guys. This is no time to let small insignificant people make you feel like shit or ruin your relationship with the boys.

Walking out of the bathroom, you feel slightly better and make your way to class. Checking your watch, you see there’s only about five minutes until it starts.

Just a few meters from the doors, someone calls your name from behind and stops you. You don’t recognize the voice, but as you turn around you’re greeted by the sight of Mitaka…………………….Great!
Triplets’ POV

Ben was the first to arrive at the classroom, taking his seat at the back. He was moody and grouchy the entire way there, ignoring and avoiding anyone he knew, because he didn’t feel like interacting with anyone. He didn’t have the energy to maintain his charismatic persona at the moment and just wanted to relax.

The room is practically empty, only a handful of students sitting down, which is unusual as the room is packed by this time.

Ben sat alone for five minutes before Kylo arrived. He looked just as aggravated as Ben and plopped down next to him with such force the chair creaked.

Not a word was shared between them, which they preferred.

A few more people wandered in but it looked like the rest of the students weren’t coming. Kylo counted 10 other people all spread out across the room and decided to doodle in his notebook to distract himself that you’re not there yet.

Eventually Matt arrived, but Ben and Kylo were surprised to see that you weren’t with him. He looked exasperated and he held tension in his shoulders. Looking up, he saw his brothers were already staring at him. You weren’t there, so Matt craned his neck to check the room if you were sitting somewhere else. You weren’t.

Closer to his brother and frowning, he asks, “(Y/N) isn’t here yet?”

“We thought she was with you?” Ben grounds out while a look of annoyance crosses his features.

Sitting down next to Kylo, Matt says, “She was but then we got ambushed by my study buddy from another class and then (Y/N) left for the bathroom, saying she’ll meet me at class”.

Kylo straightens in his seat and starts to grow anxious at your absence. Ben frowns and also starts to get worried.

Usually they wouldn’t get so worked up by your absence, but that’s because one of them would always be with you.
A few more minutes go by and you’re still not here. With every passing second that goes by, each boy slowly forgets why he was so moody to begin with. Worrying for you, replaces their frustration at each other.

Kylo taps his pen repeatedly against the desk, Ben has his phone in his had and checks it every few seconds, Matt is trying to distract himself with reading but can’t help to look at the door every few seconds.

“Have you texted her?” Kylo asks Ben.

“No” he simply answers with disinterest for his brother.

Kylo clenches his fist around the pen and grits out with clenched teeth, “Then why do you keep checking your phone?”

Scowling, Ben goes to answer, but the sound of the classroom door opening pulls all of their attention forward.

Expecting to see you, they’re sorely disappointed by the appearance of Kaydel and her goons.

“Where the fuck is she?” Kylo growls out to no one in particular.

They each slump back into their chairs and watch as Kaydel makes her way over to them.

(Y/N) POV

You watch as the infuriating boy speeds up to you, but you hastily turn around and continue to class.
Then, you feel a hand grip your bicep and halt you in place, “Where are you off to in such a hurry?”

You eye the hand around your arm and glare at him, making him retract the limb.

“Class, obviously. What are you doing here?” you say with as much venom your voice can muster.

Even though he’s only an inch or two taller than you, he still manages to look down at you and smugly smirk, “I’m here for class as well………………. I.T, I believe it is and what a treat for me, sharing yet another class together”.

You can’t help but grimace at him and make a disgusted noise in the back of your throat. Walking around him, he stops you again.

“Can you just leave me alone” you demand with irritation in your voice.

Again with the smug smile, he says, “Listen babe, now that I have you alone, I just wanted to apologize for the other day. If I had known what a sexy little wildcat you are, I would have done something else you would’ve much rather enjoyed” he tries to move a stray hair out of your face, but you quickly dodge him.

“You disgust me, your apology is shit and I hope you get hit by a truck” you swiftly say and speed around him, evading his attempt to stop you again.

Opening the door, you can hear his footsteps behind your own. Looking up, you see the triplets’ all seated and staring at you. You visibly see them relax in their seats, which you think is odd considering it should be you happy to see them.

Your eyes darken at the sight of Kaydel, but you guessed she would have jumped at the chance to sit with your boys’. However, you won’t let her get to you, so you make your way up to them, only to be roughly yanked back by your arm.

Shocked that Mitaka would even dare to handle you so roughly with other people present; you can’t help but feel a little scared with the vicious glint in his eyes.

Surely, Mitaka won’t try anything in class, that’d be suicide. However, that’s because he doesn’t
know that the Solo boys are here as well.

His grip tightens as he leans closer sneering at you, “You think you’re better than me! You need to be put in your place and------“

“MOVE BITCH!”

Hearing the voice of your best friend is like music to your ears.

The next thing you know, Mitaka is lying on the ground because of the extremely rough shoulder barge Rey gave his side. He toppled over quickly, but not before gripping your bicep tighter and clawing your arm as he lost his balance.

You both glare down at him as Rey growls, “Stay the fuck away from my friend, or the next time I’ll shove you in front of a bus”.

He holds his wrist to himself like a broken wing, probably because he landed on it, on a weird angle. He glowers at Rey with nothing but hate in his eyes.

With one last disgusted look at him, Rey has her arm around your shoulders, turning you both around and guides you to the back of the class.

You don’t even want to look at the triplets’ right now.

You can just feel the rage radiating off of them. Peaking up at them, you’re terrified with what you see.

Never, have you seen them so furious, so ready to kill someone. You even feel Rey stumble in fear of the dark menacing men.

They seem to only be getting angrier and as you draw closer, none of them acknowledge your presence. They look like predators, each of them stalking Mitaka with their eyes and oblivious to
everything else around them.

You sit next down to Matt, but he hardly moves. The only sign he’s alive, or any of them in fact, is the minimal movement when they breathe and the overwhelming heat they’re producing.

You go to say something to them, but hiss as Rey checks the skin on your arm.

“Sorry, I just wanted to see”, she looks to you apologetically.

The sound of your pained gasp pulls the boys out of their seething trance. They eye the angry red lines that run horizontally along your bicep and the finger sized bruises starting to form.

“I’m fine” you say to Rey, but loud enough for the triplets’ to hear. You adjust your t-shirt to cover the marks and unpack your stuff.

You don’t say anything to the boys’ and they don’t speak to you either, however you see them huddle in together, nod, and then go back to glaring at Mitaka.

You look at him and see he’s sitting a few rows in front of you, but on the other side of the room.

As soon as Mitaka saw the Solo boys, fear gripped him as his eyes widened at the terrifying glares they sent him. He quickly scurried to the other side of the room and felt their eyes follow his every step. Peaking back, he locked eyes with each of them and felt a cold sweat break across his skin as he whipped back around.

There’s now one thing Mitaka is absolutely certain about……………………………………………and that’s the fact he’s royally fucked.

Through the entire class, Mitaka felt their eyes on him, not once did he feel comfortable. He’s convinced he’ll be safe though, as long as the moment the class ends, he’ll sprint through the doors
to safety.

But, the thing he doesn’t know, is that no amount of running will save him. They’ll catch up to him eventually and get him when he least expects it.

For you, the class felt longer than usual because of the annoying sting on your arm. You tried to resist rubbing the hot skin, using the annoying voice of Kaydel as a distraction, but not even her shrill voice could lessen the irritation.

She’s sitting next to Ben with her two friends on her other side, talking about something stupid you guess.

By the time the class was dismissed to take a break, you nearly sprinted to the door with your water bottle. Rey was quick to catch up to your side.

Finally outside and a few meters from the door, you let out a tiny groan/shriek, and stand still with your face in your hands. Sighing loudly, you feel Rey pat your back, “I know buddy, I hate him too!”

Looking up, you pull her into a hug and rest your head on her shoulder.

You guys stay like that for a few seconds and she soothingly rubs your back.

Pulling away, you say, “Thanks Rey!”

She smiles at you and then you both continue walking to the water fountain. Trying to ease you, Rey tells you about the errand Poe, Finn and herself did earlier. It’s a nice distraction and you’re glad you have such a good friend.

Reaching the fountain, you fill your bottle with the cold water. When that’s full, you roll your t-shirt up a bit and cup some water to splash on your arm. The cool water is so calming and already you feel the burning sensation in your arm lessen. You do this a couple more times until the pain is bearable.
“Oh, when we go to work after class there’s something I have to tell you”, you whisper to Rey.

“Really, why can’t you tell me now?” she asks with curiosity in her voice.

Fanning your arm with your hand and rolling down the sleeve, you turn to her, “Because its going to be a long conversation and it’ll be better if it’s just you, me and Phas around”.

“Oooook, but now I’m intrigued!”

Walking back to class, Rey practically bounces, curious as to what you can’t tell her right now. Frowning then quirking her eyebrow, you watch the numerous expressions flit across her face. You can see her head going a mile a minute, trying to figure out what you want to tell her, then she gasps and stops in place.

She stares at you with her mouth wide. You look at her quizzically and a little scared as to what she’s thinking right now.

Shaking her head, she gets close and looks around to see if anyone else is around. Satisfied that you guys are alone, she whispers, “Is it something to do with the triplets’ and yourself?”

You keep your face blank, but nod.

Then the most high pitch squeal comes from Rey. Putting your hand over her mouth and shushing her, you look around for other people, but the hallway is still empty. With your hand still over her mouth, you whisper back, “I’ll tell you at work, so can you PLEASE act cool”.

She nods her head furiously and when you take your hand away, she’s smiling so brightly. You can’t help but smile back.

When you get back to class, you’re both still smiling big, which is slightly comforting for the triplets’.
They were afraid how you might be feeling right now, but the sight of you happy and uncaring of the previous situation has them somewhat relived. It amazes them how well you can brush things off.

You’re telling Rey about the fun little field trip you, Hux, Phasma and the boys’ did today. Rey laughs particularly hard at the story of Ben with the big girly cocktail drink, wishing she could have been there to see it.

Sitting back down, your conversation dies down as the professor continues his lecture.

Throughout the rest of the class, you watch as the triplets’ stew in their rage, never once taking their eyes off Mitaka. Matt did whisper to ask if you were ok and you told him you were fine. You looked him in his eyes, and for the first time, you didn’t know what was going on in his head. You couldn’t read any of their faces, let alone their thoughts at the moment. You knew that they were angry, but you also knew they were going to retaliate in some way and you only hoped they don’t do anything stupid that could get them in trouble.

Eventually, the rest of the class moved faster thank god, and then you’re all getting up and stretching your tired limbs. While you watch the triplets stretch their arms and legs, you notice it’s akin to watching a predator prepare to hunt down their prey.

As you watch them, watch Mitaka, the sound of a thump brings your attention forward.

You see Mitaka on the ground at the front of the class and struggling to get his fallen stationary back in his bag. He appears to have tripped, which amuses you, considering you can guess why he’s so panicked and in a hurry to leave.

He looks up, directly at the triplets and dread stutters his movements. You see the boys glare down at Mitaka darkly, with their faces turned into a snarl.

Then Kylo pretends to lunge forward, making Mitaka jump and sprint out of the classroom, leaving behind some pens on the floor.
All three of them laugh darkly at Mitaka’s blatant fear, happy that he understands the gravity of his deed, for which he will pay dearly for.

You wait to see if they’ll sprint off after Mitaka, but they each take slow steps towards the door, leisurely like they’re on a lovely stroll. Their movements and appearance is way too calm, which is freaking you out more than if they ran off with a loaded gun.

You know the right thing to do would to ask them to not follow whatever they’ve planned, but deep down you want Mitaka to hurt.

So, you say your goodbyes, keeping your inner conflict to yourself and tell them you’ll see them after work. They appear calm as they each surprise you with a brief hug and linger in the same spot to watch you walk off with Rey to work.

Once you’re out of sight, they separate and start hunting for that weasel, Mitaka.

While at work, you catch Rey up on everything you told Phasma at lunch. While you weren’t expecting her to be ok with you liking your stepbrothers or them you, she says she’s happy for you, but a bit apprehensive to the idea of toying with all three, as they don’t seem like the sharing type.

You understand where she’s coming from since for the last few days the triplets’ have been acting weird, almost possessive of you. The tension is clear between you four and Rey is worried about when other people will start to notice as well.

In the end, Rey was very supportive for you, but just wants you to be careful. It’s only safe for Phasma and herself to know about your secret, especially after hearing what Kaydel said in the bathroom and how suspicious she already is.

You all sit silently for a minute as you think about what Rey has said. It’s true, going after all three is a dangerous game, particularly with Kaydel hot on your tail, ready to drag you through the mud the second she gets her chance. And, although you want all three, you’re not entirely sure if Ben desires you the way you want him. As the horniest and most charming of the three, you’re surprised he’s the last to make a move on you.
As you ponder this, Mary shouts for all of you to get your lazy ass’s back to work. You all grumble, but continue to re-shelve books.

Your shift comes to a close and all three of you head to the parking lot.

Arriving a few minutes early, you see the triplets’ are nowhere in sight. Huffing to yourself, you hope they won’t be long as today has been long enough and you just want to get home.

Rey and Phasma decide to wait with you, but by the time ten minutes passes you start to worry. Pulling out your phone, you see you have no text messages to say why all three are late or when they’ll be getting here. You lean against Kylo’s car and frown at your phone and decide out loud, “Fuck it, I’m calling them!”

First you call Matt, thinking out of the three he would be the most likely to pick up.

You were wrong.

Three times in succession you call him and he doesn’t answer every time. You switch to texting him ‘Where are you?’, but don’t receive an answer back. So then you try Kylo, who doesn’t pick up or return your messages as well.

By now, 20 minutes have passed and you can’t help but fidget and lean your weight on either side of your legs, annoyed and worried for them. You text Ben, saying, ‘WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU GUYS?’, but still receive no answer.

You briefly wonder if they went in search of Mitaka, but the very thought of it sounds ridiculous and makes you chuckle. There’s no way they could have caught him before he left campus, with the slow pace they walked out of class and you’re pretty sure only an idiot would hang around campus with three literal death gods ready to decimate him the moment they lay eyes on him.

Phasma and Rey share a look, but you’re too preoccupied with your phone. Sighing loudly, you look to your friends, “You guys can leave you know, I feel bad keeping you guys here any longer than necessary”.
“Nonsense, we’re not gunna leave you alone in this creepy parking lot!” Phasma says to you matter of factly.

Rey also adds, “Especially since it’s getting super dark already”

Huffing at your friends, “Thanks guys” you half smile to them.

While waiting you get a text, but when you check it, you’re disappointed to see it’s just from your mom.

“Is it from them?” Rey asks.

“Nah, my mom. She says her and Han will be a few hours late tonight. He’s taking her out to dinner, so you and your brothers will have to fend for yourselves”.

Phasma hums to herself and says, “Well, at least they won’t see you guys arriving late, I know Han is a stickler for tardiness on a school night”.

“Yeah” is all you reply, wondering why everyone has decided to be late on the same day.

While waiting, 20 minutes eventually turns into 30, then 40, with you texting them every few minutes and never receiving a reply. You grow tired with their rudeness and decide you’ll just take an uber home. But Phasma is having none of that and insists she’ll drive you home. Rey comes along for the ride, with Phas saying she’ll drop her off after me, since they live so close together.

Buckling up, you take out your phone to send the boys’ a text that you’re catching a lift home with Phasma. Your text is short and to the point, not caring if you sound cold, because right now you’re more than a little pissed off. How long were they going to make you wait there? The sun has fully set and as the streets darken you watch as derelict and shady people emerge from the shadows.

As you venture through the city towards your home, you see a different atmosphere compared to today. The people are creepier, run-down stores are more prominent with their neon signs, the streets look filthier and something you didn’t notice was the massive amounts of garbage littering the sidewalks.
Peering out the window, you watch as the scenery changes to the familiar roads and trees of your suburb. As Rey lowers her window, you breathe in the fresh scent of flowers and enjoy the change from gross city fumes to fresh clean air.

You decide it’s a blessing that your parents have decided to stay out late, because now you don’t have to think of an excuse as to why you’re late and without your stepbrothers. You couldn’t be fucked to think of a convincing lie and right now, you just want to fall into bed.

You shake your head slightly as to how the day fluxed so much from good to bad. You decide it’s Mitaka’s fault, but can’t help feeling like if you didn’t flirt so much with the triplets’, then they wouldn’t have a reason to act so territorial or cold. You can tell now, that the way they act is because they’re jealous of each other, angry if you spend too much attention on one and not the others. You witnessed that today at different occasions, but, what pisses you off is that you weren’t even flirting; you were just being your normal happy self.

You remember that you should probably let the boys’ know that your parents aren’t home, but you just use that as an excuse to check your phone again.

Still no messages from them, which seems to disappoint you more and more every time you check. Typing out your message, you tell them ‘There’s no need to rush home, as our parents will be a few hours late’. Sending the message, you wish you could convey your sarcasm over text and emphasize the ‘rush’ home part.

Putting your phone away, you stare out the window and let your mind wander off.

The drive feels short with your thoughts elsewhere and in no time you’re arriving at your house. Hopping out of the big car, you thank them both for the ride and sticking around. You say your goodbyes and make way to the front door. Phasma stays parked and doesn’t leave until she see’s you enter your home.

The house is completely dark and eerie looking, with the moon casting shadows through the trees. You flick on some lights and scream as something tackles you to the ground. Feeling the familiar soft fur and big wet tongue, you open your eyes to the sight of Chewie.

“Damn boy, you almost gave me a heart attack” you laugh, while he barks and snuggles excitedly into your chest.
You watch as he turns to the front door and wags his tail in expectance for his other masters. After a few seconds of staring at the door, Chewie whines and scratches the door.

“Sorry buddy they’re running a bit late”.

Chewie continues to scratch the door so you open it to show him they aren’t there. He bolts out and starts sniffing the ground, but stops when he only picks up your scent. He makes a weird grumble noise and you call him back inside.

Stroking his fur you tell him, “I know how you feel buddy, so how bout to cheer us both up, I’ll get us some dinner then we’ll watch a movie or something. Sound good!”

Chewie barks in return, making you smile.

You put some leftovers in the microwave and a bowl of dog food and meat out for Chewie. You put the bowl in the lounge room and turn the TV on so he has something to watch.

“I’m gunna have a shower, while my dinner cooks” you say while patting Chewie’s head.

With the big house all to yourself, you can’t believe you’ve resorted to talking to a dog. But, at least he replies, even though it’s through barks.

Heading to your bedroom, you throw your bag in the corner and quickly have a shower. It feels good to wash the grimy city off your skin and even better when the hot water starts to relax and loosen your muscles.

Turning off the water and hopping out, you dry yourself and get dressed in your cute PJ’s.

You walk back down stairs with your phone in hand, saddened that no messages wait for you. Just as you enter the kitchen the microwave beeps that it’s finished.

You take your sad little dinner to the lounge room and sit with Chewie. Flicking through the channels, you groan at the horrible selection of movies present and end up choosing an old episode.
of The Office that you’ve seen a million times.

Just as you finish your dinner, your phone starts to ring. Checking it, you see it’s Ben.

You stare at it for a few seconds, lost in a haze as your brain momentarily goes blank. Shaking out of it, you quickly pick up your phone and breathe in deeply to calm the desperation in your voice.

Answering it and holding the phone to your ear, you say with disinterest in your voice, “Yeah”.

“Hey (Y/N), sorry I didn’t get back to you and left you hanging, my phone died and I’m finally charging it in the car”.

Your face scrunches up, convinced that he’s lying to you, “So did all your phones die then? Because I called and texted all three of you!”

You listen to him say ummmm for a while and stutter out some non-intelligent lingo, eventually some shuffling is heard and then Matt is greeting you.

“Sorry (Y/N), my phone ran out of credit and Kylo couldn’t hear his because he puts it in his bag when he works out”.

Ok, so Matt is apparently a much better liar than his brother, but it still doesn’t explain why they were so late. AND, even if Matt ran out of credit, he still could have answered your phone calls. Honestly there are far too many holes in his story.

“Ok, then where were you guys, I waited 40 minutes and it’s kinda weird that all three of you were late”.

He doesn’t answer for a few seconds and you start to grow impatient, “FINE, if you don’t want to tell me, then don’t. But don’t insult me by telling me some shitty lie to save your own ass’s, just be upfront about what you want”.

Fed up with them, you hang up and stare angrily at the carpet. You don’t care what held them up and you for sure don’t care for the weak lies they’d rather tell you.
You wonder if it’s payback for when you were late, but disregard it as you were only 20 minutes late, not bloody 40!

“Come on Chewie, time for Bed”

You rinse your plate off and put it in the dishwasher. Leaving some lights on so they’re not completely blind by the dark, you walk up the stairs and eye each of their doors. You can’t help but miss them and feel angry at the same time.

Closing your door, you watch as Chewie makes himself comfortable on your bed and you follow suit, snuggling down into the covers. You reach your hand out and pat Chewie’s soft fur, enjoying the presence of another being. The house feels too lonely with no one else there, it makes you feel sorry for all the hours Chewie’s alone when everyone else is either at Uni or work.

Your mom works part-time, so at least Chewie’s not alone all week.

Sighing softly to yourself, you fall asleep with your hand in his fur and dream about the triplets’.

You even dream them opening your bedroom door and staring at your sleeping figure. You can’t remember much of the dream, except someone softly whispering, “I’m sorry” and the faint smell of blood.

The rest of the night fades to blackness.
Triplets’ POV

Each triplet tried to memorize the feel of you as they hugged you. Your floral scented hair, your arms wrapped tightly around their torsos and warm physique pressed against their large frames. Their muscled bodies completely dwarf your own, creating a need to protect you even more. While embracing you, each of them thinks ‘This is for you’, and regretfully pull away from you.

Usually they wouldn’t show so much affection in public, but that was before they were enraged beyond belief. They just needed to be reminded why they were going to do, what they’ve planned.

The confused expression on your face doesn’t escape them and they know you suspect a fraction of what they’re going to do, you hesitate for a second then smile at them and wave goodbye.

Kylo, Ben and Matt all watch as you walk off with Rey to your shift at the library. Finally out of site, Ben asks, “So we all know the plan?”

Kylo nods as Matt mutters, “Yes”.

“Good. Then let’s go” Ben orders.

They each stalk off in different directions, following their instincts to hunt down Mitaka.

To be honest, the triplets’ didn’t actually think they were going to find Mitaka, because what kind of idiot would be stupid enough to hang around campus. This was Mitaka’s second mistake, the first was the moment he touched you.

His next mistake was asking Hux for help, thinking he would be able to save him or at least reason
with the triplets’ that it was just one big misunderstanding.

Hux would’ve helped him, because a long time ago he actually cared for Mitaka and regarded him as a loyal friend, but that was before he became a low-life piece of shit. And now that Hux heard about what Mitaka did to you, well let’s just say he’s not too pleased.

Hux found out from Phasma and boy was he mad. So the second Mitaka sent him a text, a plan started to form in his head.

Mitaka shouldn’t have trusted Hux.

It took nearly an hour to find him, but the boys’ weren’t keeping track of the time. The moment Mitaka was found is when your shift was almost over, however the boys were oblivious to that little detail.

Kylo was the one who discovered Mitaka, hiding in an alcove in the wall by Hux’s lecture. Kylo was surprised to see the scrawny little weasel cowering there, but has a feeling he should thank Hux in the future.

Kylo sends a text to his brothers and in no time all three are towering over him.

Never in his life, has Mitaka felt such fear, the looming shadows of the terrifying figures standing before him, instills regret in his gut and dread paralyzing his muscles. He’s thinking he should have just bolted home the second he got the chance.

Mitaka glances up at each of the men to see Ben smiling cruelly down at him, Matt watches his every move with cold calculated eyes and Kylo resembles a dark storm waiting to unleash his fury. They each surround him, cornering him in an empty hallway with no escape.

Ben is the first to speak, “What made you think you could touch her?”

“Ummmm umm, I-I….. w-was just trying t-to…… a-apologize, that’s all!” Mitaka whimpers pathetically.
“That still doesn’t answer my question!” Ben starts to pace back and forth in front of him, stopping every few seconds to look him up and down.

“I didn’t mean to grab her, she was being a bi-----“ Mitaka stops himself before that word leaves his mouth, common sense saving him as he watches their faces morph into hatred at realizing the word he was about to call you.

“She was being unreasonable and I just wanted her to know that I was sorry”, he pleads to each of them.

They don’t look convinced, at all.

“That’s not what it looked like!” Ben replies darkly.

Turning to Matt, the ‘reasonable’ one of the bunch, Mitaka begs, “You’re the rational one, please you have to believe me, I didn’t mean to hurt her”, grabbing onto his forearm roughly.

Matt’s brow creases with disgust and recoils out of his grasp. The memory of Mitaka grabbing you, the angry red lines and bruises he left behind on your arm comes back to mind, does the dark side in him emerge suddenly. Mitaka hardly processes the powerful backhand that sends him flying and skidding across the ground.

Wide-eyed and only when his consciousness returns to him, does he feel the throbbing pain in his cheek and mouth. A stray tear falls down his face and the sound of laughter brings his attention back to the men in front of him.

Sitting up, he see’s Matt squatting down to his level, smiling cruelly at him and eyeing the blood slowly dripping from his busted lip, “I literally don’t give a single fuck about what you have to say”.

Matt looks like a completely different person. The soft and caring expression that always seems to be present on his face is gone, his glasses offer a menacing glint from the surrounding lights that make his features look darker, his teeth seem sharper as his smile resembles a snarl and his body looks coiled, ready to strike at any moment.

Judgment is evident on his face as he declares, “In fact, I think you need to be taught a lesson!”
Mitaka crawls backwards until his back hits the wall. He eyes each of the triplets and the small gap to freedom that presents itself every time Ben paces.

Matt returns to his upright stance, but remains close to the shivering Mitaka.

Slowly standing up with his back pressed firmly against the wall, Mitaka eyes each of the triplets’, hatred evident on his face as he wipes the blood away and smugly smirks at Ben.

“And what do you have to smile about?” Ben asks coldly.

“The three of you” he says while pointing to each of them in a sweeping motion, “You’re completely wrapped around her finger, it’s pathetic!”

The brothers glare at him, surprised at his boldness and speechless at how to answer.

“What? Nothing smart to say now, huh!” Mitaka mocks them with contempt in his voice as he brushes his clothes off.

Gaining confidence in their silence, he continues, “You act all high and mighty, but deep down you’re all pathetic losers that can’t help but believe every lie that little harlot tells you”.

He steps away from the wall, pretending that he’s not scoping the area for an escape.

“She’s manipulating you guys and with the way you’re all willing to do anything for her, some would think there’s a little more between you guys than sibling affection”.

While the triplets process what he’s saying, Mitaka chooses his exit, walks back to the wall and uses it to launch himself through the gap, shoulder barging Ben out of the way.

He makes it a few meters away before a foot swipes his legs out from under him. Landing hard on the cold cement, he lands on the already sore wrist he gained today and hears a snap that shoots intense pain up his arm. He opens his mouth to scream, but a hand wraps around his throat,
hoisting him up roughly and slamming him into the wall.

Kylo glares daggers at Mitaka as he chokes him against the wall. Only using one arm, Kylo lifts him up the wall, using his own weight to strangle him further.

“Ahhhh the illusion of freedom, works everytime!” Ben laughs as he and Matt flank Kylo’s sides.

Kicking against the wall and Kylo, clawing at the hand around his throat as it burns, Mitaka is thankful when darkness starts to overwhelm his vision, because at least then he won’t be awake to feel the pain.

That is, until Kylo drops his limp body to the ground. Spluttering and coughing, Mitaka feels lightheaded and sways as nausea takes over his senses.

“What did you mean by that?” he manages to rasp.

Kneeling down to his level, Ben asks, “The illusion of freedom?”

To avoid the pain of talking, Mitaka simply nods.

“Well, it’s more of a challenge and exciting when you run, but unfortunately for you, you’re not a fast runner”.

Eyeing the sad wretched little man, Ben continues, “I feel like saying you should have gone home, because a drawn out hunt would have been more fun, but alas, here we are”.

Standing back up to his towering height, he says, “Boys’, time to have some fun!”

And the last thing Mitaka sees is the three silhouetted giants close in on him at a speed that seems inhuman.
From the moment they found Mitaka and the second they dumped him, over an hour had gone by. The triplets were too preoccupied to feel the constant vibrating of their phones and by the time they were done with Mitaka, they didn’t realize how much time had passed.

On the way to Kylo’s car, Matt realizes how dark it actually is and pulls out his phone. To his horror he sees its nearly 7pm and there are dozens of messages and calls for him.

“Hey guys, check your phones” Matt asks with a hint of panic in his voice.

Frowning, Ben asks, “Why?”

“Just fucking check them”, Matt practically roars.

Ben and Kylo pull out their phones and are blown away by the amount of messages you’ve sent them. The time hardly registers with them, but the moment it does they sprint off to the car.

Finding the area completely pitch black except for the streetlights, they start to worry as you’re nowhere in sight.

Ben looks shocked at the suddenly dark surroundings and says, “I can’t believe how much time has passed, it only felt like 20 minutes!”

Matt catches up to them and interrupts, “(Y/N) is already at home, she caught a lift with Phasma”, which makes each of them sigh or exhale in relief.

But that hardly soothes the growing tension inside Ben, as he exclaims, “But what the fuck are we going to tell (Y/N) or our parents for that matter!”

“Just relax” Kylo orders as he goes through every text you’ve sent him.

“RELAX! How the fuck am I supposed to relax?” Ben worries while running his fingers through
his hair.

The cool, calm and collected man he was before, has entirely disappeared as he worries about you.

“Well it look like we’re in the clear with the adults, because Han took them out for dinner, which just leaves (Y/N)” Matt says while reading the texts.

Sighing loudly, Kylo demands, “Just get in the car, we’ll sort it out on the way home”.

To say the phone call with you went bad would be a huge understatement. Yes, you have every right to be angry with them, they just need to decide if they should tell you the truth or further anger you by lying to you.

They know you must have some idea as to why they’re late, however, in their mind not telling you is also protecting you from future problems. But actually, they just don’t want you to resent them if you disprove of their little ‘activity’.

Would the truth calm you or would that increase your rage. The boys are uncertain, which is why they’re relieved to see you’re asleep when they get home. Pushing open your door, a sliver of light from the hallway illuminates your slumbering figure. The boys notice Chewie on the bed sleeping soundly with you, that is until his head pops up to stare at them.

Matt quickly rushes over to stop Chewie from moving too much and whispers for him to go back to sleep. The tired dog plops his big head back onto the covers and starts snoring as his master pats his head.

Kneeling by your bed, Matt watches you and admires the change of your features while you rest. The start of the day went so well that he can’t help but feel bad for the way it changed towards the end. The stress you were trying to hide from them at the end of the day has dissipated and your face has smoothed out from the amount of times you frowned.

With his eyes raking over you, he remembers when you both held hands in the car ride home and can’t help but smile at the memory.
Hearing someone clear their throat, the sound rustles you a bit, but you relax back into the bed. Turning his head, Matt sees his brothers are still in the threshold of the door, also admiring you but impatient to get to bed.

Matt whispers to you, “I’m sorry” and stands to join his brothers.

Looking at you only last time, they close the door and retire to their rooms. With only one bathroom, they each have to wait to use it, to wash the blood (they’re just noticing) off their bodies.

In their pajamas and sleepwear, they pile their bloodied clothes together and place them in the outdoor fire pit. Soaking the garments in lighter fluid, they set the clothes on fire and watch as the only evidence disintegrates and turns to ash.

With nothing but ashen debris left over, the triplets’ return inside and finally rest after a long day, hopeful that tomorrow will be better.

(Y/N) POV

The next morning you awoke refreshed and energized, which you thought was unusual as there was something important tugging at the back of your sleep addled mind. You remember faintly that you had to address it today, which created a sense of dread in your chest.

Unable to remember and still hazy with sleep, you cheerily sit up and cuddle the still snoozing Chewie. He makes a weird grumble noise at being woken, but rolls on his back so you have better access to give him a belly rub.

“Oh boy, you’re so precious!” you say while patting his soft fur.

Admiring the good doggo, your eyes unfocus on his large paws as the memories of yesterday come flooding back, putting a dampener on your mood.
The triplets.

Those boys are stress in a perfume bottle and it seems to be your favourite scent since meeting them. They’re addictive and you can’t help but feel unfazed by yesterday’s events. At least that’s what you’re trying to tell yourself, because honestly there’s no point in lingering on the events that happened yesterday.

It’s their decision if they want to tell you what happened and if they don’t want to, well then you’ll just let it go and move on. However, that’s easier said than done, considering your little problem. That being your eidetic memory, which makes it impossible to forget anything. This little fiasco could haunt you forever.

Thinking that last thought makes you cringe at the ridiculousness. Shaking your head, you push those thoughts away and stand up to get ready for the day.

After having a shower and finishing the last touches of your outfit, you look at yourself one last time in the mirror and try to will away the sudden nervousness you feel when thinking about the sexy trio.

“Come on boy” you call Chewie, making the big boy pop his head up and gallop off the bed towards you.

Opening the door, he runs out, down the stairs and into somebody, as the sound of someone yelling “DAMN IT CHEWIE!” can be heard all the way across the house.

Giggling to yourself at the massive monster of a dog’s antics, you feel your mood lighten up a bit.

You were torn between giving them the silent treatment, tackling them to the ground or interrogating them. But none of those ideas sound mature or like a reasonable reaction to their lateness and rudeness yesterday. Because deep down you know why they were late, and being angry with them for that is absurd, considering they did it for you.
Plus I doubt you could last more than 10 minutes giving them the silent treatment, tackling them would only hurt yourself and you don’t have the mental energy this early in the morning to interrogate them.

‘Just be normal and chill’, you tell yourself as you make your way to the kitchen.

The sound of cutlery clattering can be heard with the TV playing in the background. Entering the room, you see the boy’s sitting at the table eating cereal and toast.

“Morning!” you announce to everyone, making the boy’s heads snap up to you.

They mumble back ‘Morning’ and watch as you make your way into the kitchen where your mother makes herself a coffee. Unsure of how you’re feeling, the triplets watch you interact with your mom to see if you’re upset.

“Good morning sweetheart!” your mother greets you with a cup of tea, “Did you sleep well?”

Leaning against the counter, “Ooooo thank you! And yes I did………………did you guys have a good night” you ask your mom while smiling mischievously and wagging your eyebrows.

The big smile she gets on her face when remembering the night before warms your heart, you’re glad to see your mother with a glint of a child-like sparkle in her eye. Han really does treat your mom right and you couldn’t be happier, because she deserves it after so long.

“Oh dear, it was wonderful. The restaurant he took me to was so beautiful and then after, we had so much fun walking along a pretty boardwalk just talking. I feel like a teenager again!” your mother beams at you.

“Well I’m glad!” you tell her sincerely.

“How bout you sweetie, did you have a good night?”

The boys perk up and try to listen in without seeming obvious.
“Yeah, I had a nice quiet night, Chewie and I watched some old episodes of The Office, so it was good”, you tell her (hopefully) cheerily.

“Well good” she smiles at you.

“GOOD MORNING EVERYONE!” Han booms as he enters the room as well.

Everyone mumbles morning back as he strides towards your mother. Moving out of the way, you make yourself some toast and sit at the table with the boys. Han is hugging your mom as they whisper sweet nothings to each other; they look like love-struck teenagers that can’t get enough of each other.

The voice of Matt brings you out of your thoughts, “So………… you had a good night?” he asks you.

Looking at him, you see each of the triplets gaze is focused on you, unwavering as you reply, “Yes it was fine……………….How was your night?”

“Good” he quickly replies back.

You nod your head slightly as your lips purse together in a line, “Good”.

All three of them eye you and the intensity of their stares start to make you feel anxious, until you notice Ben’s knuckles, which have small cuts and starting to scab over. In fact, eyeing all of their hands, they each have the same bruises and cuts on their knuckles. You frown at the sight and grab Ben’s palm to examine it closely.

Seeing they’re damaged hands, your initial annoyance at them is placed on the back burner as concern for them washes over you.

Your fingers unknowingly massage his palm as your thumbs rub soothing circles below the cuts, “You need to be more careful” you mumble and looking up, you see all of them are still gazing at you, “All of you need to be more careful”.
Ben’s fingers clasp your own and gives a gentle but reassuring squeeze, “Always am princess” he whispers back, before slipping his hand out of your hold as your parents join you at the table.

Menial chatter follows while eating breakfast and in no time you’re all excusing yourselves for the drive to Uni.

Getting in the car, you try to spot anything unusual but find nothing out of place, which is good because that means they didn’t need to dump Mitaka’s body at a hospital.

Sighing to yourself, you put one earphone in and listen to music the entire way there. Staring out the window, you’re not totally oblivious to the glances and secret peaks that the boys shoot your way, but honestly you don’t know what to say. Should you ask them what they did or will ignorance be better for you?

Well unbeknownst to you, your silence is more than annoying and unsettling for the triplets, so it surprises you when Kylo say’s loudly, “We’re sorry for ditching you last night and ignoring your messages. But we had to take care of Mitaka and I’m not sorry for that!”

You frown slightly at his outburst and you can see his brothers are just as surprised.

“Ummmm………..ok?” your voice goes high in pitch, making what you said sound like a question when actually you have no idea how to respond.

You see Ben and Matt shoot annoyed looks at Kylo and worried glances at you.

“Ok? Is that all you have to say?” The eldest asks you with a hint of disbelief and anger in his voice.

“Well what do you want me to say? Thank you for beating Mitaka up; you’re all my heroes” you snark back.

All three of them are taken back by your suddenly sassy and angry attitude.
Matt frowns as he answers, “We didn’t do it for your approval, we did it on principal because we care about you and he had to learn………………………. he’s never allowed to touch or speak to you again”

“Oh couldn’t you just leave him alone, it wasn’t that bad” you ask while looking at each of them, “What if you guys get in trouble, because honestly it’s not worth it”.

That line catches all of their attention.

Frowning and turning in his seat Ben looks at you, “Not worth it! Do you honestly think that lowly of yourself?”

Sighing to yourself, you look out the window and decide not to answer.

“Well?” Ben continues to prod.

“Look just forget it, it doesn’t matter so just forget all of it. Thank you for whatever you guys did and let’s never talk of this again!” you say with as much authority your voice can muster.

You put both earphones in, blocking them out and ignoring them the rest of the way to Uni.

Chapter End Notes

You find out things from the trio, but there’s still mystery surrounding what they actually did with Mitaka.
Chapter Summary

Reader is still processing the weeks hectic events, while the triplets try to assess how she feels and what they should do.

Chapter Notes

Is it weird to say 'I love you' to your readers, because honestly....................I do!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Putting both earphones in did not make the situation any better for you. You knew you were acting like a child, but you just couldn’t help but feel angry towards them. This all could have been avoided if they had just acted like adults.

So, even with your music blasting your eardrums, it was no match for the unbearably awkward and tense atmosphere in the car.

Now that you know why the triplets were late, your reason to be angry with them has gone down the shitter, as being angry with them for defending you makes no sense. So now you’re just sitting there, stewing in the rage that just doesn’t want to go away.

You won’t admit it, but you’re actually slightly touched that they would be so dead-set and eager to ‘punish’ Mitaka, but the anger you have overpowers your other emotions whilst it tries to convince you that it’s still no excuse for them leaving you.

Pulling into the campus parking lot, you’re torn between walking straight to your first lecture or waiting for Kylo and walking together. Although, I doubt he would have a hard time catching up to you with his long and powerful legs.

As soon as the car is parked, Ben hops out and doesn’t waste time by saying goodbye as he rushes off to his class. The rest of you are outside of the car and Matt gives you a small smile before
departing as well.

Left with Kylo, you both make your way to Chemistry in silence.

Usually you wouldn’t mind the quiet, as you’ve grown used to the comfortable silence Kylo seems to prefer, but right now you just want him to hug you and tell you everything is going to be alright, because what you’re most angry about, is what the repercussions for their actions will be.

The hallway is empty and as you both approach the door to your class, so you grab Kylo’s hand and lead him a few meters from the entrance. You’re surprised he’s willing to let you drag him along, because being late to class isn’t something he’s fond of doing. Although you’re sure if he didn’t want to go with you, tugging him along would be impossible.

Hidden away from other people’s view and ears in a secluded alcove, you turn to Kylo to find he’s already looking at you. With his hand still in yours, you say “I’m sorry for being such a brat, I appreciate what you guys did. I’m just……………. really worried for all of you”.

He gazes down at you, silent as he observes your face express nothing but concern and sincerity for him. Your eyes look glassy, like you’re about to cry and the image before him cuts him to his core.

The tiniest quirk of his mouth let’s you know that everything is ok, as his other hand cups your cheek, guiding you forward into a hug.

“It’s ok, I understand”, is all he says. It’s not much in the way of comforting, but those four words hold so much power and promise behind them, it’s almost more than enough to soothe your worries.

He rests his cheek against your head and explains further, “You don’t have to worry, we know how to take care of ourselves. We were very careful and I’m positive this whole thing will just blow over.”

However, you mumble into his chest, “You honestly didn’t have to do anything in the first place though, it was just some tiny scratches. I’ve gotten worse from girls in primary school”.
Kylo frowns and pulls away slightly to look in your eyes, “That’s not the point, he shouldn’t have touched you in the first place………………….If we had done nothing and let him get away with it, he would’ve assumed its ok to continue hurting you or do something worse in the future. At least now he knows not to come anywhere near you, we taught him a lesson that he’ll never forget.

You chew the inside of your cheek as you process his words. His gaze is searching for your understanding and you’re getting lost in the warm brown of his eyes and the clear logic to his thinking.

If you had let Mitaka get away with what he did, would he then have found it ok to bully you into some kind of submission or would he have done something worse if you continued to disregard him. You just hope that whatever the triplets did, is a clear enough message for Mitaka to stay away.

Nodding your head and muttering, “Ok” before you dive back into the security of his chest. He happily receives your body against his and nuzzles his nose in your hair.

The warmth of his torso and arms wrapped around you, have you sighing and snuggling deeper into his body, causing him to pull you in even tighter and letting his backpack fall to the ground. You wish you could stay like this forever, cocooned in his embrace and protected from everything. But as time moves forward, you know you both have to get to class, lest you anger your professor for interrupting his lecture.

Regretfully, you pull away slightly so you can look up at him. His eyes are still closed, so you take this moment to press your lips against his. At first it’s a tender kiss as his lips cradle yours and slowly move. Gazing at his perfect pout you can’t help but suck his bottom lip into your mouth, then the unmistakable sound of a groan emanates from deep within him. He kisses back more hungry, more fiercely, like a man touch starved and possessed.

Though, before he can do anything, you’re taking the lead by pushing him against the wall, trying your best to cage him in and prevent him from escaping. The gesture is futile considering his immense mass and size could easily push you aside, however, the spark of arousal that course’s through him as you take charge, outweighs his need to be in control.

Moving from his mouth, to his jaw, then neck, you nip and bite along the way and palm the growing erection in his pants. At the mercy of your desire, he lets you do what you want as the feel of you taking what you want has him trembling all over.

Too many times has he been left aching and wanting, too many times has his cock been left hard
from your ministrations, only ever finding release from his own hand when he’s found time alone. He’s never gone this long without having someone else get him off and with the amount of times he’s had is orgasm denied, his cock jumps to life and hardens almost immediately when you touch him.

As your hand strokes the long length of his dick over his jeans, your other hand sneaks under his shirt to smooth over the hard planes of his abs. One of his hands holds your face to his neck as you mouth along it, his other hand finds purchase on your ass and grips it hard, making your hand move out of the way as he maneuvers your body to grind your cunt on him.

The clothed friction is a fiery sensation that spreads throughout your body, setting it alight with pleasure. You decide this is about him and want him to feel good for a change.

With your forehead moved to his chest, hands gripping around his shoulders and leg hitched up near his waist so his bulging cock catches your clothed clit, you’re practically humping each other into oblivion.

With his hands on your waist, he helps drag your pulsing core along the length of his dick, rutting into you with as much force he can muster. Panting heavily, he leans his head into your neck and grips you tighter against himself, eager to finally find release by your body.

You hear him whisper to you, “I’m not going to last”.

Turning your head, you smile seductively and pull his head in for a passionate kiss. Tongue against tongue, lips against lips, your hand snakes down to un-do the button of his jeans and subtly pull down the zipper.

With his pants open and him oblivious to this fact, you break away from the kiss and him entirely. He looks to you hurt and slightly enraged, but that changes as he notices your mischievous smirk and the hunger in your eyes as they rake over his body. The look you’re giving him almost makes him blush.

Before he has time to ask what you’re doing, you’re back on him and placing a chaste kiss to his lips as you fish his hard throbbing cock out of his pants.

“Aaaaargh FUCK!”, he all but thunders before you quickly place your hand over his mouth. The sensation of finally having a part of your skin touch his aching cock has him almost cumming right
He’s breathing harder now as you stroke his exposed cock, using the pre-cum to slide along his length more smoothly. His head hangs forward and watches through hooded eyes as your small hand strokes his aching cock, only growing more aroused at the sight and trying to commit the display to memory.

Finally able to look at the massive member you’ve been caressing and grinding against, the sight of it is even bigger than you expected. You’re sure when you finally get to fuck him, it’ll deliciously split you in half, as the length of it nearly curves all the way past his bellybutton and your hand barely encompasses it’s girth.

However, that doesn’t deter you as you kneel, licking a stripe up the underside of his cock from the base to the head. His hand muffles the roar he lets loose as his other hand grips your hair tightly. You waste no time and suck the head of his cock in your mouth and tongue the sensitive ridges under the head. With one hand stroking his thick dick, your other hand on his ass finds its way to his abs, lightly scratching your way up to his pecks, then back down to pull his pants off further and cup his sensitive balls.

Hissing in pleasure from the feel of you all over him, he groans, “OH FUCK……..you have no idea what this is doing to me!”, but you have a slight idea as you smirk up at him.

He moans lowly for your ears only, “How long I’ve been wanting this……………..needing this!” He struggles in speaking a coherent sentence as the pleasure numbs his mind.

You can hear him chanting fuck and your name over and over again like a prayer, unable to say anything else as all thoughts leave him. You listen to his labored breathing and small moans while he tries to keep quiet, but you want to hear every sound he has to make, so without warning, your swallowing the entire length of his cock.

He yells loudly as his hips involuntarily thrust into your mouth, making you gag and sending more vibrations along his throbbing dick. You bob your head the best you can along his length, while massaging his balls. Pulling off and leaving just the tip in your mouth, you give a particularly hard suck, making him gasp and quiver as he tries to nudge your warm wet mouth back down on him.

Not needing to be told twice, you suck at the skin along his member to draw out his pleasure before stuffing as much of him back in your mouth. You feel his legs shake as they struggle to hold himself up, his grip in your hair is still present as his body starts to hunch over you. His other hand roams over your body, eager to touch you and give you the same pleasure you’re so generously
Your mouth starts to grow tired, but as the lewd sounds he’s making become louder and curses start to tumble from his mouth freely, your motivation to have him cum spurns you on further. Your other hand joins your mouth to pump his length as you show special attention to his tip.

“FUCK, oh fuck, I’m gunna cum, I’m gunna cum” he pants as you stroke and bob on him faster, impatient to finally have the taste of him on your tongue.

Tightening your fist around his cock and humming with satisfaction on the head, the sensations have Kylo quickly tumbling over the edge into one of the most powerful orgasms of his life.

With his mouth muffled and eyes shut tight, the explosion as he cums completely steals all the air from his lungs, leaving his legs weak and ready to crumble any moment.

You feel him tense up and his balls slightly constrict as warm jets of cum pour into your mouth. You listen to his grunts and growls as his whole body quakes with pleasure and a shudder moves down his spine, making his eyes roll back in bliss. You swallow as fast as he can cum, only pulling off to lap at the dribbles down his cock and savoring the last seconds of his hard dick as it slowly returns soft.

He pants above you and struggles to catch his breath and slow his heartbeat. He feels like he just ran a marathon, when in actuality he was mostly still the whole time. You softly grab his dick, the sensation making him shiver as your fingers make contact with his cock again, but only to tuck him back in his pants and do them up.

Wiping any remnants of cum and spit from your mouth, you stand up, nudge him against the wall again and embrace his hard body as he tries to calm down. With his head tipped back against the wall, you can’t help but stand on your tippy toes to place kisses along his exposed neck. He groans as you pull his shirt down at the neck and suck a mark into his skin, hovering over the meaty flesh above his collarbone and biting down then licking over the mark.

His movements are slow, lagging in complete relaxation and exhaustion as he tries to hold on to you, afraid he might float away with how light he feels.

With his hands on your waist, you feel his fingers dig into you and pull you closer against him. Calmed down a bit, he finally looks down at you adoringly with also the small spark of arousal beginning to blossom again. He kisses you lazily, high from the orgasm you just gave him and eager to have you a whimpering mess.
His lips move to your neck, biting and sucking the soft skin, causing a shiver to cascade down your spine and add more warmth to your already aching cunt.

He quickly flips your positions and crushes your body against the wall with his mouth still attached to your neck. He moves down lower and with his strength quickly returning, he easily lifts you up and shoves his face in the exposed cleavage of your tits. He sucks along the bare flesh and using his hips to pin you in place, his hand reaches up to pull the cup of your bra and shirt down, attacking your sensitive nipple with his mouth.

Your cunt is throbbing with need, grinding down on him and moaning from the feel of his teeth lightly biting your hardened peak. He flicks your nip with his tongue and with one hand on your ass, the other repeats the same delicious attention to your other breast.

You’re a moaning mess as you buck against him, eager to feel release because just like him, you’ve been needing, no………….CRAVING, his touch. The feel of having another triplet on the verge of making you cum, is almost to good to be true.

Steadily rocking into you, the hand on your ass moves to the front of your jeans and grounds against your aching pussy. The sensation sends a newfound energy to course through your veins, making your body grind harder against him.

With his hand squished between you two, Kylo lowers you to the ground so he can get better access to the sweet pussy he’s been dying to see.

You unwind your legs from his waist as he continues to roughly massage and cup your aching mound. With your feet planted firmly on the ground, he wastes no time in undoing your jeans and slipping his warm hand in.

He groans as he comes into contact with your soaking pussy, already feeling himself hardening again.

“Oh baby, you’re so wet”, he coos as he slides his massive palm along your sex, catching your clit with the heel of his hand and grounding against it on the upward stroke. The moans you make spurn him on further, as he begins toying with your clit. He hunch’s over you to place kisses and sucks along your breasts and neck.

“Fuuuuck Kylo”, you whimper, the sound of his name leaving your lips filled with such wanton lust, has him quivering and stuttering in his movements.
He smooth’s his fingers along your slight before dipping one in slightly to tease your hole. The sensation has your insides clenching and more wetness to soak his hand.

You breathe heavily at the feel of finally having his hand down your pants, the soft yet rough skin of his palm cause different sensations to stimulate your pussy, making your body eagerly grind into his hand. But with the finger that keeps teasing the entrance of your core, your frustrated whines are getting harder and harder for Kylo to ignore. Giving into yours and his desire, he slowly inches his index finger in.

The feel of his impossibly long and thick digit inside you, has the filthiest moan ever to leave your mouth. He slides in easily to the knuckle and curls his finger before slowly thrusting into you.

“Ohhh fuck, Kylo!” you pant into his neck.

He fucks your core slowly with precise but hard pounds to your g-spot. He mumbles into your neck, “Fuck……your pussy is so tight!”

Your mouth hangs open as he picks up the rhythm of his thrusts, causing punched gasps and groans to grace his ears. He slips his finger out to taste your sweet juices, watching him do this the sight of his eyes rolling back in pure desire has your cunt clenching and a very slutty whine escape you.

He moans at the taste and you almost miss the tiny whisper of his voice as he says “Delicious, better than I imagined”. His name leaves your lips as you urge him to fill you again. He obliges your request as he easily stuff’s his big finger back in, but you’re suddenly craving more than just the one finger.

“I need more!” you beg, not caring how needy you sound right now.

He groans, “Such a greedy girl, you’re so tight I don’t think you can take anymore”

You growl deeply and Kylo believes it’s possibly the sexiest sound he’s ever heard, “Please Kylo, I can take it. Just…………”
You lose track of your thought as he gives his finger a hard thrust, making your cunt clench around him.

“Just what, huh?” He tries to coax more filthy words from you.

Growing frustrated and lucid enough to plead, “I want more, please…… just fuck me with your thick fingers, I need MORE!”

He pulls your pants and underwear all the way down to your ankles and you kick one leg out so you can spread your legs wider. With your cunt fully exposed to him, the hungry look in his eyes as he gazes at your pussy has you biting your lip and whining as he rubs his hand along your sex.

With his body pushed closely to yours, Kylo slowly eases two fingers inside you all the way to his knuckles. The sensation has your eyes shut tight and hips rolling into his as you try to ground your clit into him.

He slowly picks up the pace as he breathes out, “Is this what you wanted?”

Your voice is just a breathy whisper as you mumble, “Yes” too drunk on him, to say anything else.

He groans at your answer and continues to mark and suck at your skin before moving to your chest and sucking a nipple into his mouth. His tongue laves at the sensitive bud and occasionally you feel the pleasant sting of his teeth biting into your flesh.

With a pop, he’s moving onto your other breast and slowly starting to grind his hardening cock on your thigh.

You choke on your next breath as three fingers join inside you and start to roughly pound into you. He thrusts hard and deep, while curling his fingers to hit that sensitive spot. The thickness of his fingers are stretching you like no other, but that thought and the feel of him bring back certain memories of your sexy session with Matt.

However, you push that thought away and focus on the present; Kylo finger fucking your pussy so hard it could be mistaken for his cock. But you know his cock would be able to hit places deeper than his fingers can.
His fingers inside of you are so long and huge, but still no match for the massive cock straining behind his jeans. Even if you had your eyes closed, you would still be able to tell the size of his monster cock, as it continues to brush against you with every move of his body. In fact, his entire body moves against and into you as he fucks your pussy. You’re writhing together like a perfectly orchestrated tango, with your frantic heartbeats, moans, grunts and pants as the soundtrack of your sensual dance.

You ferociously buck into his movements, setting your body alight with pleasure and clenching so hard, the amount of power in your cunt as it squeezes his fingers, has Kylo excited, amazed and slightly afraid for when he does get to fuck you, because it is going to practically choke the life from his cock.

With his forehead in your chest, he gazes down with half-opened eyes and admires the picture before him. His fingers repeatedly disappearing inside your throbbing cunt, as more slick gushes from you it has him completely hard again.

You can’t help but chant, “I’m gunna …………. I’m……….gunna……cuuu”, as your almost over the edge.

He can feel the build of your oncoming orgasm, as your cunt sporadically clenches around his fingers and are almost completely sucked back in by your greedy pussy. So he slows his movements to an agonizing gentle pace and enjoys the sound of your frustrated pleas and the eager roll of your hips.

“Please, I’m so close” you whimper into his neck, making him grin with pride.

He slows down even more and groans at the feel of your cunt weakly thrusting into his hand.

He pins your hips to the wall with his other hand and coos, “Come on gorgeous, tell me what you want and I’ll give it to you”.

You hate that he’s drawing this out, you just want to cum. NO, you need to cum. Frustrated with his teasing, you try to distract him by kissing him and he almost falls for it, but his hand still resumes the slow pace as he smirks into the kiss.
"I’ll give you anything you want, do anything, just ………………tell me, and I’ll do it”, his words sound so determined and strong, that the honest truth behind them have you thrilled and slightly afraid he’s so willing to make a promise that grand.

But your desire overcomes the gravity of his suddenly gracious offer, feeling defeated and desperate, you groan and beg loudly, “I want you to make me cum, please just fuck me!”

Then Kylo is moving at a speed you’ve never seen before as he quickly kneels before you, throwing a leg over his shoulder and attacking your clit with his mouth and pounding your pussy with three fingers.

You scream into your palm and use your other hand to push his face further into you.

If he could speak right now, he’d tell you that your pussy is the most delicious thing he’s ever tasted, the most beautiful euphoric cunt he’s ever had the pleasure, to pleasure. ;)

But he can’t say these things right now because he doesn’t want to be away from your sweet pussy, not even for a second. You’re grinding into his face as your chest heaves at the amount of energy you’re exerting. Staring at the beautiful show in front of you, the second he looks up to you, you’re cumming right there. The divine, explosive pleasure soars throughout your entire body, making you tense and tremble in response.

He hears you chant fuck and his name over and over again (which makes him smile with pride and satisfaction) as you ride out your high. His fingers still slowly thrust into you and he leaves them lodged inside as the last remnants of your orgasm flows through you.

You both stay like that for a while, just trying to catch your breath and steady your heart rates.

He rests his head against your inner thigh and with his face still so close to your spent core, his labored breaths tickle you. He kisses your thigh and sucks a very noticeable mark on your skin, also leaving behind teeth indents, “Something to remember me by” he mumbles into your flesh.

He moves forward and gives your pussy lips one last lick and nibble as he moves to your hip bone and bites down, making your body jerk. He kisses his way up your stomach and pulls your pants and underwear back on. At your breasts, he hunches over to gives some final attention to them before he fixes your bra and shirt.
He hugs you as you slowly start to control your breathing, only to feel him pull away and shower you with gentle but hungry kisses. You can still feel the hard mass of his cock against your stomach and you can’t help but grab the hot member. He groans but pushes your hand away and places a kiss on your cheek.

Leaning back slightly, you see he’s sporting a genuinely warm smile and whispers along your neck, “Later”, which makes you shiver and excitement pulse within you again.

“I guess we should get to class then” you smirk up at him and he places one last kiss on your lips.

Pulling away from each other, you fix your appearance the best you can as he picks up your backpacks. Kylo holds your hand and leads you both to class. The walk is short and in no time your both standing out front, checking the time you see 30 minutes has gone past and the lecture has definitely begun.

Letting go of each other’s hand, Kylo walks in first and holds the door open for you. Inside you can see no one has noticed your arrive, due to the door opening at the back of the large lecture room. The teacher is oblivious as he continues to write stuff on the board and eventually you find Finn and Hux in your usual spots in the back.

You sit next to Kylo as he takes the seat next to Hux. As you get your stuff out, you miss the look the two share, silently conversing with each other.

You look to your friends and find they seem unbothered by your late arrival, which is good. Turning to the professor, you focus on what he’s teaching and drift off in your own head all the way to the end of the lesson.
I had a plan for actual plot in this chapter, but it just got away from me as I decided Reader and Kylo needed some well deserved lovin.

Sorry if there are any spelling or grammar mistakes, I'm sure I'll find them in the future and fix them then, otherwise thanks for reading this!
You’re honestly so blissed out right now.

You can’t help but smile everytime you catch Kylo sneaking peaks at you. He turns his head back to the front of the lecture, with the unmistakable red tinge on his cheeks letting you know he’s just as enamored as you are.

Right now, you wouldn’t call what you both have as a ‘steady relationship’ per say, due to the sensitive circumstances. Hell, you guys haven’t even talked about what you’s are or where you go from here, but you do know he feels strongly for you, with his constant words of promise and actions that are protective and slightly possessive. You do know that what ever this is, is still extremely new and thus very fragile. Especially with the fact you know his brothers are also pining after you and you’re pretty sure he knows they are too.

Lost in thought, you assess the way your body feels. Your core is sensitive with an occasionally delightful throb, which intensifies when you clench or sit down to hard. (Which you found out the hard way).

Your skin tingles and feels hot in the places he bit and sucked at, while your legs feel weak.

With your body so relaxed from the lovely orgasm he gave you, the small pull to rest your eyes increases with every second. But, as you fully realize you both got nasty in a public setting that could have easily been discovered, embarrassment flows through you at the thought, which helps counteract your drowsiness.

Now you’re the one blushing.

Throughout the lecture you both share stolen glances, only getting caught sometimes and smiling shyly in response, which you can tell is making him feel some type of way, because every so often you see him fidget in his seat.

But the lovely moments are cut short as your professor finishes his lesson and bids adieu until next time.
The four of you make your way out of the lecture room and eventually you break from the men as your next class is only with Matt and Phasma in Engineering. You say your goodbyes and tell them “See you at lunch” with a bright smile that warms Kylo deeply. His eyes linger on you as you walk away and only when you’ve completely disappeared, does he head to his own lecture.

The walk to your next class is peaceful as the trees in the large courtyard sway in the wind and cast shadows on the fallen leaves. The breeze is refreshing and quite calming, something you seem to need of late. This might be the longest you’ve been alone this week, always in the presence of someone you know, to fill the silence. But right now the quiet is relaxing and somewhat soothing to your nerves, though you are a bit tense at the thought of Mitaka jumping out from behind one of the massive pillars.

But your stubbornness and bravery push that thought away, as you think about how ridiculous he would be to do something like that, also with the fact you don’t think you’ll be seeing him around campus for a while.

Rounding the corner and leisurely walking into the hallway that leads to your lecture, you’re surprised to see Phasma already waiting outside the classroom. When she spots you, she waves and smiles kindly, which always amazes you considering it’s rare for her to show any emotion other than anger, disgust or surprise. Yes it’s common for her to smile and show appreciation towards her friends, but still, that’s also a rare occurrence as she prefers to express herself through actions and words.

Seeing her so happy has you giddy and raising your hand for a crisp high-five. Slapping her hand and greeting her, she laughs at your positive attitude and leads you both to your usual seats.

Sitting down in the small chairs, she asks, “So what gotten you in such a good mood?”

You can’t help the blush that spreads across your cheeks and the skip in your heart as Kylo is the first thought that pops in your head, but your quick wit has a believable excuse forming.

“You! It’s just good to see you smiling and happy, cause then it makes me smile. It’s just very contagious!” you smoothly answer her.

“It is contagious” she agrees and nods her head.
She pulls out her stuff, while nonchalantly asking, “So how’d it go with the triplets?”

You shrug and end up telling her what happened with Mitaka, the boy’s lateness last night and your little outburst in the car this morning. You tell her everything except the part of your little sexy time with Kylo a few hours ago.

At the end of your little tale she hums to herself and nods her head as she ponders what you just told her. The look of concentration on her face has you confused as it’s a pretty straightforward story and not much in the way of complicated.

Your curiosity gets the better of you as you ask, “So what’s with the face?”

“Oh?” she mumbles as her face relaxes and both of her eyebrows lift in a ‘I don’t know’ expression, “Nothing”.

You give her an unbelieving look, which has her sighing and answers, “I was just wondering why you got angry at them in the first place. But then I remembered you can’t help but be dramatic sometimes”.

You gasp at her words and playfully smack her arm, “I never! I am not dramatic!” you exclaim very dramatically.

But she just smirks at you with an unconvincing expression and an eyebrow quirked. You know you can be dramatic sometimes, but only when the situation calls for it.

You roll your eyes and mutter “Whatever bro”, which makes Phas chuckle and give you a sympathetic pat on the back.

As you get your stuff out, you hear her ask, “So since you finally understand the reason for what they did and patched things up with Kylo. How are you going to go about Matt and Ben?”

You huff at this question, because you haven’t given them much thought, since you’re still coming down from your orgasmic bliss.
“Honestly, I don’t know. But I’m sure everything will work out” you say confidently.

Just as you set your stuff up, Matt walks in through the door and locks eyes with you immediately while making his way over to you guys.

The eye contact feels electric as he doesn’t break the connection. You can’t seem to look away from his soulful eyes, but Phasma happily pulls your attention back to her by showing you something funny on her phone.

Matt shuffles past Phasma so he can plop down next to you. He mumbles, “Hey” and you respond with a kind smile and the same greeting.

Matt gazes at you for a few seconds while you're looking at Phasma’s phone, until your both jumping at the sound of your grumpy professor slamming his stuff down on his desk. You don’t know if this is the reaction the professor was looking for, as he’s always more than happy to strike fear in his students. And, although with the evident fright on his student’s faces, that still doesn’t seem to lighten his mood. You can’t help but wonder if anything will ever make this man smile.

But, your musings are cut short as he begins his lecture with a brief insult to the students who are late.

The lesson drags on, but fortunately for you the professor so graciously lets everyone take their ten-minute break, which he sometimes ‘forgets’ to give.

Phasma practically bolts out the room the second you're all dismissed, not wanting to incur his wrath by being late.

All through the lesson you heard her stomach rumble with hunger, making the brief pauses in the professors lecture more entertaining. You could tell the sound was agitating the professor, as he would whip around and scrutinize every student to see where the sound was coming from.

Her stomach was persistent, filling every silence with burbles and grumbles, which of course had you chuckling non-stop. Even her light smacks and pleas to stop laughing couldn’t curve the smile on your face or occasional giggle. This even had the other students laughing to themselves, not at
Phasma per say, but at the way the professor reacted. He treated the sound like a student had singlehandedly spit on his mother and insulted him to his face.

It also didn’t help that nearly every student was laughing, making the professor paranoid that maybe, just maybe they were laughing at him. They weren’t of course, not entirely, but that still didn’t stop him from thinking that.

So here you are, watching Phasma walk hurriedly to the nearest vending machine while also trying to seem casual at the same time. Which is funny to watch as she occasionally skips a step, but remembers to act cool and slows down her pace, to just repeat the process all over again.

The funny display even has Matt smiling.

Actually, that’s the most you’ve seen him react the entire lesson, only ever writing down notes with a straight face and pausing to take sips of his water. Now that your left alone with him, the silence is unbearably loud.

Biting the inside of your bottom lip, you turn to him and ask, “Hey, do you wanna take a walk with me? I need to stretch my legs”.

The look he gives you is a mix between surprise and suspicion, which you can understand, considering how fast your moods have changed since this morning.

“Sure” he replies, with a small quirk of his lips.

As you both walk, you try to brush off the intense feeling he’s exuding right now and gather your courage to explain where your current view on the latest events are.

Taking a peak at him, you notice the different expressions flitting across his face suggests he’s debating something in his head. He chews his bottom lip with furrowed brows and with concentration evident on his face. He looks like he’s struggling with something.

Just as your about to speak he abruptly stops you both, “Hey, look I’m sorry about everything that happened yesterday, I……….I mean, WE just wanted you to be safe and………..” You watch as he shuffles his feet and clears his throat.
“We did what felt right. We didn’t think, just acted and I’m sorry for contributing to your stress, I should have texted you that we were going to be late.”

That’s probably the longest sentence you’ve ever heard Matt speak. You honestly don’t know what to say, so you do what feels right…………..and that’s to pull him into a tight hug.

He doesn’t resist you and actually welcomes your body against his. His arms envelope you and pull you closer. You feel his face pressed into your hair and you can hear the erratic beating of his heart.

“It’s alright Matty, I’m sorry too for reacting the way I did. I was……am, just worried for all of you”, you mumble into his chest.

You feel him nod against your head and breathe in deeply.

You guys stay like that for a while and only pull away when you both feel better. You look up at him and ask, “So, are we all good?”

He chuckles and nods, “Yes, we’re all good”, before cupping your cheek in his massive hand.

You smile shyly up at him and lean into his touch, but pull away when the thought of Kylo pops in your mind.

His smile falters for a second but returns just as quickly, “Let’s head back before we piss the professor off anymore than he is”.

“We could give him a million dollars and he’d still find a way to be mad”, you say while walking back together and making you both laugh.

As you guys sit back in your seats, you can’t help but feel like a small weight has lifted from your
chest. It’s good that Matt and you understood each other and know where each of you stand. This means lunch shouldn’t be so awkward………….hopefully.

So, 2 down and just 1 to go.

Poor Ben, he can’t seem to catch a break. It feels like the majority of this week he’s been angry or frustrated.

With the end of the lecture, Matt, Phasma and yourself all head over to your favourite lunch spot.

In the distance you can spot Hux, Poe and Finn already seated at the long picnic table chatting away happily.

As you guys approach, the gang greets you all cheerfully and quickly immerse include you guys in their conversations. Matt stays by your side while Phasma sits next to Hux, with Finn and Poe sitting next to each other, opposite you. They each have their own conversations and you find it easy to talk with Matt. You’re showing him some new dank memes and laughing together.

While Matt likes memes, he’s more into those corny ones that the older generation are just starting to get into. You know the ones that have a picture of a velociraptor, Willy Wonka or the kid eating sand, those old ass memes. You’re trying to introduce him to the funnier ones that are available now. Next you’re gunna have to educate him on vines.

As your showing him a compilation of funny vines, you’re unaware of the last three people in your group arriving. Ben is the closest, but chooses to sit away from you at the head of the table. He pats the spot next to him for Rey and she happily takes the seat. You haven’t noticed them yet until you feel a large mass drop into the spot next to you. The bulky body vibrates the entire seat, making you glance up to find Kylo already looking at you with an intense gaze.

You offer him a small smile before turning your attention back to Matt and the vines you’re showing him on your phone.

But just as you look down, your head whips back up to see Ben sitting very close to Rey and having a quiet conversation. You can’t help but feel suspicious to his actions right now and confused as to why it looks like he’s flirting with her.
You would feel angry right now, if you didn’t know that Rey actually has a huge crush on Finn. You peak at Finn to find an almost jealous glint in his eyes as he observes Ben and Rey’s peculiar interaction.

And then it hits you.

They’re both trying to make you guys jealous.

Finn has been lacking in the flirting department and also in making a move on Rey, so I guess this is her solution to speed up the process. But concerning Ben, she should know that trying to make you jealous would be impossible, because you know she has no interest for him at all.

You smile to yourself as you think about this and move your attention back to your phone. However, every few seconds you can see Ben from the corner of your eye, glancing at you to see if your looking at him. You’re not, which you can tell is starting to annoy him, with the way his fists clench and every so often you hear Rey trying to get his attention back.

In Ben’s point of view, your blatant disinterest is infuriating and pushing him to the point of wanting to throw you over his shoulder and take you somewhere to ‘talk’.

He’s hardly touched his food and the only thing keeping him in his seat, is the constant chatter Rey is using to distract him.

“Hey, snap out of it!” Rey waves a hand in his face, “This isn’t going to work if you keep staring at her”.

Ben reluctantly averts his gaze back to Rey and tries to muster a convincing flirtatious smile, but ends up looking like he’s in pain.

Rey can’t help but roll her eyes and return to devouring her food. She knew this wouldn’t work for Ben, but it did for Finn, because ever since she sat down he hasn’t taken his eyes off her.

Ben whispers to Rey, “Why isn’t this working on (Y/N)? It’s working for Finn”.
Rey looks at him incredulously like he’s the most stupid person on earth. She shakes her head while looking at her food, “I told you this wasn’t going to work, but did you listen, NO!”

Ben turns his body back to his lunch, giving up on his plan to make you jealous, “Then please, enlighten me!” he whispers.

Resisting the urge to roll her eyes again, Rey asks, “She’s my best friend, what do you think we talk about?”

Ben looks puzzled as to if she actually wants him to answer the question or if it’s rhetorical.

With a smug look, he answers mockingly, “I don’t know girl stuff, like makeup, clothes and boys”.

Rey looks at him pointedly, waiting for him to catch up. He looks annoyed and about to say something, until he finally gets it. And just like a cartoon, Rey can practically see the light bulb go off in his head. The smug smirk on his face is wiped clean off, as he realizes that you know Rey holds no interest for him.

And this whole time you’ve probably known what he was up too. If he could, Ben would love to smash his face into his pillow right now and scream.

He slumps in his seat, visibly upset that everything he does seems to only push you further away. Under the cover of his hair, he watches as you show both of his brothers something funny on your phone. The feel of jealousy is becoming so familiar, that he’s afraid it will be the only emotion he’ll be able to feel.

Feeling pity for the poor isolated triplet, Rey decides to throw him a bone.

Her voice pulls Ben out of his thoughts, “Listen dude I’m gunna tell you something, but you have to promise not to tell anyone”.

Ben couldn’t be less interested in a secret about Rey, but asks anyway, “Like what?”

“First you have to promise not to tell, I could get in trouble” she huffs to him.
“Fine, I promise. Now what is it” Ben perks up at the possibility of Rey telling him a secret about you.

Rey looks around to see if anyone is looking or listening, then leans in close, “(Y/N) likes you too. And that’s all I’m telling you!”

Ben’s face is blank, as he tries to process the words Rey just told him. As soon as he fully understands the meaning of Rey’s words he can’t contain the bright smile that spreads across his face. If he could, he would hug the life out of Rey right this very second.

Rey watches him as he goes through the stages of confusion, understanding then happiness at realizing your feelings. Rey feels confident that she did the right thing, however only time will tell and with any luck admitting that you like Ben shouldn’t backfire.

Ben feels more ecstatic than ever, with so much energy he could run laps around campus or go for hours to pound town, specifically with you.

But, now that he knows you like him, another fact is revealed to him. And that is that you also have a crush on his brothers as well. Because how could you not, each of them may be different but that’s what your drawn too. Ben’s noticed that you don’t pay as much attention to any other males, as much as you do to him or his brothers.

In fact the only other guys you talk to are sitting at this table and everyone knows that Finn and Rey will eventually get together. Poe gets a little skin on side and is content to be the forever bachelor, always moving from one fling to the next. Hux, well no one knows what his deal is because he’s never so much as mentioned liking someone or in the presence of other people than the ones around the table.

So, Ben subtly watches you to see if his theory is correct. He can’t be sure, but he’s pretty convinced you like all three of them.

This fact should put a dampener on his mood, but the thought of you liking him has still got him hooked on a high. If you do like his brothers, then it changes nothing. This just means he’s gotta up his game.
Lunch always seems to go by quickly, which is a shame considering it’s the best part of the day, surrounded by all your friends and just enjoying each others company.

Hux, the ever organized and methodical dad of the group let’s everyone know it’s almost time for our next lecture. Standing and stretching your limbs, some follow suit as Finn makes a show to flex his muscles, making his shirt seem too small around his bicep. You watch as he sneaks glances at Rey to see if she’s watching, and surely enough, she is.

She’s trying to make her gaze subtle, but even from where you’re standing you can see a sparkle in her eye. You can’t help but giggle at the pair, obviously infatuated with each other but too scared to make a move. If anything, you bet $100 that Rey will probably be the first to make a move.

But as Poe gets up to join Finn’s not so subtle show, the boys start competing like they’re on the stage of a bodybuilding tournament.

You definitely can’t contain your laughs now as the boys moves get more and more elaborate, soon mimicking the poses of Greek statues.

Walking over to the bin and emptying your rubbish, you turn half expecting to see Ben alongside Finn and Poe, as he’s hardly the one to pass up an opportunity to show off his exceptionally muscled and perfect physique. But instead you find him making his way over to you.

Meeting him half way, you peer up into his oddly emotional eyes. You offer him a smile, still unsure to where his mood is.

He grins brightly down at you, “Hey there gorgeous”, which completely throws you off.

You were expecting him to still be grumpy considering he stalked off in a bad mood this morning or at least continue being aloof to further make you jealous. Actually his whole behaviour is like a rollercoaster, never in the same mood the next time you see him.

“Hello there” you reply hesitantly.
The atmosphere quickly turns awkward as you’re both at a loss for words. You can’t help but count the buttons on his red plaid shirt, using the exercise to calm your nerves. Looking up to Ben’s face, you notice he’s seems just as nervous as you are, which is uncommon for the charmer.

Eventually you break the silence, “How are you feeling”.

He looks at you, almost relieved that you were the one to break the silence, “I’m good, I just came over to see how you’re doing?”

“I’m fine” you nod to him while playing with your fingers. Gathering your courage yet again for today, you speak, “Listen, about what happened this morning and yesterday, I want you to know I’m sorry for the way I acted, I get stressed out easily when I’m worried for the people I care about”.

His expression is almost sullen as you tell him your worries, nearly on the verge of pulling you against him and kissing you better. But he refrains from that appealing idea and instead says, “Hey it’s ok, I get it”.

Instead, Ben grabs your hands in a comforting manner and looks into your eyes, “You were right to be angry, I’m pretty sure any person would have reacted the same”.

Smiling at him, you gently squeeze his hands, “Yes I believe that, because you three have this uncanny ability to be extremely……….frustrating”

He laughs wholeheartedly at your choice of words, “We do have that effect on people, but thanks for putting up with us”.

You can’t help but smile at his wholesomeness, which is a quality you rarely get to see him express. Taking him by surprise, you brush some hair out of his face, twirling it between your fingers and then ghosting your fingers down his hairline to cup his cheek, “Sure thing, handsome”.

He leans into your hand, closing his eyes and placing a chaste kiss to your palm.

It’s a very pure and gentle action for the playboy to show, especially in public.
But like all tender moments shared with Ben, he has to add some humor, “On another note, I would just like to point out that you have now called me handsome and admitted you care about me, this is juicy stuff!”

Rolling your eyes, you say, “Dude chill out, it’s not a big deal”.

“If it wasn’t such a big deal, then why are you blushing”, he asks while running a finger over your heated cheek.

Snatching your hands back, you push past him to hide the pink tint staining your cheeks and escape the admission he keeps poking fun at, “Shut up, you’re making me regret ever saying it”

Following right behind you, he catches up and drapes an arm around your shoulders, “It’s too late, now that I know I hold a special place in that beautiful heart of yours, I’m going to do whatever I can to protect it”.

Looking up at him with an amused half smile, you answer, “That’s oddly sweet of you”.

Leaning in close, he whispers, “Well it’s a side only the people I REALLY care about, get to see”.

Held speechless by his intensely passionate gaze and words, you shyly reply, “Ummmm………..well thank you”.

Without missing a beat he replies, “You’re welcome gorgeous” and unabashedly sends a flirty wink.

Smiling and shaking your head at his sickly sweet charms, your gaze turns back to your friends to see that Matt and Kylo seem to be having their own competition, which is to see who can stare at Ben and yourself the hardest. From where you’re standing it looks like a tie, because the pair equally look like they could rip Ben’s arm right out of the socket.

Just as you’re about to stop in front of them, Rey pops into view and shouts, “COME ON! WE’RE GOING TO BE LATE!”
Rey, ever the savior as her impatience beckons you away from an awkward situation. Being surrounded by all three boys is nice, but when it’s just the four of you, the tension is palpable. You can sense that each of them compete for your attention and grow mad when you shower too much attention on just one.

One on one is nice, but you just wish they would get along when it’s just the four of you. This rivalry is really starting to get on your nerves.

Patting the hand around your shoulders in goodbye, you slip out of Ben’s embrace and make your way over to Rey.

Ben joins his brothers and as they stand together, they watch you walk over to Rey. Looking over your shoulder, you wave goodbye and shout, “I’ll see you guys later”.

They each offer smiles, with Ben winking yet again, Matt awkwardly returning your wave and Kylo doing his signature move of ‘intense staring’, however this time, you can spot the hunger in his gaze you’re starting to grow familiar with.

Smiling to yourself and turning back to Rey, she happily returns the grin, looping her arm with yours and leading you over to Phasma.

Then you’re all walking to your next lecture.
“Soooooooo” you drawl out, while looking at Rey and grabbing both girls attention.

She jerks her chin out and squints her eyes at your not so subtle attitude, “Sooo, what?”.

Grinning, you ask, “Are you going to tell me why you were ‘flirting’ with Ben, because you know I know you have a huge crush on Finn”.

Rey relaxes at your question and airily answers, “Oh, that”.

You quirk an eyebrow at her and look at Phasma, both of you silently judging Rey’s vagueness, “Yes, that”.

Shrugging, Rey casually explains, “Well there isn’t much to say, just that Ben and I got to talking in class and somehow we came up with that ridiculous plan”.

Nodding your head once and Phasma replies, “Huh, well it worked for Finn, because he couldn’t take his eyes off you”.

“Yeah he couldn’t, could he. Poor thing, if only he’d do something to show he likes me even a little” Rey huffs.

“I’m sure he’ll come around, eventually”, you muse, believing strongly that something will happen between them.

Rey looks to you unconvinced, so you give her a reassuring pat on the back and tell her, “Have hope my friend, he likes you too. Its only a matter of time”.

Rey makes a weird protest sound in her throat but accepts your support anyway and sighs, “Thanks
“buddies”.

She’s silent for a second, then comments, “I guess the same could be said about you”.

Raising your eyebrows in confusion, “Huh” you ask.

“With the triplets” Rey states while glancing at Phasma and shaking her head at your obliviousness.

Straightening your back, you mutter, “Oh, yeah. And?”.

“I’m sure you could have all three if you wanted” she says confidently.

Without missing a beat, you answer, “I’m sure of that too, it’s just that they’re extremely possessive and not the sharing type.

Nodding at your words, Rey agrees, “Yeah I get you, it’s all very…………………… complicated” and Phasma adds, “Your entire situation is tricky, cause there’s so many proverbial feet you would be stepping on, by getting into bed with them”.

Laughing, because god knows that’s the truth, you answer with a big grin, “My friends, you have no idea!”

Rey and Phasma offer you half-smiles, as you continue, “It’s so stressful this whole thing with them, but I’ve never felt this way for anyone, let alone three dudes”.

“Well your lucky, because it’s rare to find three incredibly attractive guys that all want you” Phasma deliberates out loud.

“Mmmmmmm, yeah” you answer while lost in your thoughts.

A comfortable silence follows, giving you time to relax in your friends comforting presence.
Outside your lecture room, you guys enter and take your seats.

Just as you pull all of your notes out, Rey says, “I told Ben it wouldn’t work on you, the flirting plan, but he didn’t listen”.

Chuckling to yourself, “Yeah, I know”.

And Rey continues to say, “And I hope you know I don’t like Ben, at all. It was just a way to get a rise out of Finn”.

“Yeah don’t worry buddy, I know. Its all good”, you say and give her a friendly pat.

But just as you look down, another question pops in your head, “Hey, wouldn’t Kylo have heard you guys talking?”

Shaking her head no, “Nah we discussed it while he went to stretch his legs during the break”.

Which calms you, until her head darts up quickly, “Actually, I think he went walking near your lecture to see if you were out as well. Did you see him at all”, Rey asks.

“No” you answer definitely, but the image of Kylo in the distance spying on you while talking with Matt and then hugging him, has you slightly on edge.

You hope he wasn’t around, because that would be awkward to explain.

Right then the professor walks in and begins his lecture.

While he talks, Phasma leans in and whispers to both of you, “Hey, isn’t Mitaka in this class?”

“Yeah he is, and he’s in my next lecture as well”, you answer while craning your neck to try identify everyone.
But as you look around for the weasel, you’re pleased to see he isn’t around.

“I have a feeling we won’t be seeing him for a while” Rey mutters, the dark meaning to her words send a shiver up your spine.

After that lecture ended, Phasma said goodbye and headed to her last class.

With just yourself and Rey walking together, the time it takes to arrive at your next class is too fast for your liking. It just always seems like time is moving more quickly of late.

As always, the dutiful triplets are sitting in your usual spot doing what they do best, and that’s looking magnificent without even trying. Sketching random doodles in his notepad, Kylo the smoldering badass eyes you first and sends the tiniest smile your way.

Matt spots you next and straightens in his seat, the sound alerting Ben of your arrival. Putting his phone away, his eyes wash over your body, making you feel indecent in all your layers of clothing. All three are ogling you as you make your way over to them.

Rey whispers something to you about ‘someone being obvious’, but her words go straight over your head as the hypnotic three have you hooked.

Not once do their eyes avert from you, with each passing second stretching into an eternity. It’s almost like you’re walking in slow motion, the triplets are mesmerized by you and the heat of their stares have you hot all over and itching to be close to them.

Good god, the power they have over you.

In that very moment, you decided ‘Fuck it’.

For too long you’ve played it safe, trying to make sure everyone else was ok and wary of stepping
on anyone’s toes. But with your friend’s constant support and the undeniable attraction between you and the triplets, you’ve finally decided to actively pursue all three. It won’t be easy, but damn it’ll be worth it.

Although you’ve admitted you want all three, you haven’t actually decided if you were ever going to do anything about it, until now. It may be playing with fire to fuck around with all three, but as the wise words spoken by many, repeat in your head ‘You Only Live Once’, you set yourself on a path that will make all of you happy.

Breathing in deeply and smiling at them as you sit down, you note the smug smirk Ben sends his brothers as you sit next to him.

Matt sits in the middle of the trio, with Kylo to his right and Ben on the left.

You can’t help but roll yours eyes at the charmer who always seems happy to rub his victories in his brothers’ faces.

After getting your notebook and pen out, you lean over and whisper, “Can you try not to look to smug”.

Leaning in closer to you, only an inch or so apart he looks to your lips for a few seconds, then back to your eyes and smirks, “I can’t help it gorgeous. They would look exactly the same if you sat next to one of them”.

Quirking one eyebrow at him, “Mmmhmmmm, but I’m sure they would be able to hide it better”.

Leaning back in his chair and shrugging, “Maybe, but that’s why people like me. Because I’m an open book”.

“You should think about dialing it down a bit, before you piss someone off that’s bigger than you”.

He chuckles hard at your comment, unfazed with the idea of someone stupid enough to go toe-to-toe with him, “Darling have you seen me”, gesturing to his own body with pride.
At the invitation, your eyes rake over his body, drinking in every feature from the muscles bulging in the tight sleeves of his shirt, his broad chest and sculpted abs hiding behind plaid, to the thick thighs and long legs keeping his immense physique standing.

Taking a really good look at him you would say he would be blushing if he had any shame, but instead he looks even more arrogant as he can see that you enjoy checking him out.

So you turn in your seat and mutter, “Whatever dude”.

Which happens to make Ben chuckle even more, clearly amused with how quickly you can change from amorous to shy. It’s not your fault though, I’m sure anyone would get flustered gazing at his perfect body for too long. This just mean you have to stare at him more often to get used to him, which overall doesn’t like such a bad idea.

Just as Ben is about to say something else, the professor gains everyone’s attention by commencing the start of the lecture.

With everyone’s focus to the front of the room, you take your time to search the sea of heads for Mitaka’s excessively gelled back hair.

Looking over the room three times, you’re relieved to see he isn’t in this class either. But this makes you wonder, how bad did the triplets fuck him up?

With the rest of the afternoon moving quickly, in no time are you arriving home from a long day at uni.

Parking the car inside of the garage, Kylo and Ben hop out first with long strides leading them into the house quickly. Matt and yourself were talking non-stop during the ride home, mostly about things you’ve have in common. Although the interaction was longer than usual for you and Matty, his brothers seemed at ease with it. Which is nice change of pace from the usual grumpy atmosphere when you talk to one triplet more than another.
Walking through the door last, you get to see Matt kneel down to greet the big bear Chewie. But to your amusement, the fluffy dog bounds past Matt, into your open arms and knocking you on your ass.

Laughing to yourself and petting the big goofball for a minute, you lightly push the beast off and stand up.

With Matt still on the ground looking dejectedly at Chewie, you say, “Don’t take it personally Matty, I just give him lots of cuddles”.

Still in his crouching position, you walk past him and ruffle his hair. Peaking back, you watch briefly as he tries to hid the pink dusting his cheeks by looking down.

He clears his throat and straightens up, “Understandable, he is a sucker for affection”.

Your small chuckle get’s Matt’s attention as you say, “Who isn’t?” making him even redder in the face.

No matter how many times to get Matt to blush, the act will never cease to make you smile.

Standing near the kitchen, you notice the house is unusually quiet at this time and with the telltale signs of your parent’s home absent, you wonder if they’re even home. Calling out their names and looking around a bit, you figure out they aren’t yet.

Matt looks to you and shrugs, “They’re probably having dinner in the city again” then makes his way to his room. You follow his lead after sending a quick text to your mom.

Walking down the hallway that houses all of your bedrooms, they’re shared bathroom is closed and the sound of water running lets you know someone’s in the shower. Walking further down, you see Ben’s door wide open and nowhere in sight. Kylo’s door is also open and glancing in you see he’s already doing some extra studying at his desk.

“Do you ever rest?” you ask, curious to see where his mood is.
Your presence doesn’t even startle him as he continues to write down notes.

“No” he answers stoically, but he sends you a sweet half smile.

The gesture is small, but comforting nonetheless. Deciding to leave him be, you turn and head inside your room.

Throwing your bag in the corner and falling backwards on your bed, you close your eyes and enjoy the comfortable cloud-like mattress beneath you.

With your knees hanging off the end of the bed you kick your shoes off and check your phone as it dings.

Holding your phone above your face, you read a quick reply from your mom saying, “We’re being held up with work, so we’re going to have dinner in the city again. The four of you will have to make your own”.

NICE! Another night with no parents. At least this time the triplets are actually here.

Trying not to sound too eager, you reply back, “No problem mom, I’ll let the boys know. Have a good night!”

A minute later your phone dings again, “Will do sweetie and same to you. xoxoxox”

Reading over the message, you smile to yourself as you realize this might be the first night alone with just the triplets.

The sound of a throat clearing at the entrance of your door alerts you of another presence. Sitting up slightly and resting your weight on your elbows, you watch as Matt momentarily loses focus as his eyes roam over your sprawled out figure. Your legs are slightly apart, dangling off the bed and begging to be kissed from your calves to the apex between your thighs.

With your back slightly arched to sit up, the posture has your tits poking out, looking more prominent and perky. Matt gulps as he takes in the somewhat innocent pose of you laying on your
bed, struggling to remember why he walked over to your room in the first place.

Feeling in a teasing mood, you slowly stand up and make your way over to him. With his face blank trying to hide the evident arousal blossoming in him, he remains completely still as you get close enough that breasts push against him.

Lowering your voice to a seductive whisper, you ask, “Was there something you wanted Matty?”

“Ohhhmmmm” is the only sound Matt can make at the moment.

But as he feels your index finger lightly scratch from his hipbone, up over ribs, his peck, then back down to rest just above his belt buckle, his breathe hitches as your finger sneaks an inch into his pants to run along the length of his pelvis.

Your touch has an involuntary shiver run through him and goosebumps trail after your finger. With his eyes closed, you can’t help but admire how quickly he’s breaking apart from your simplest touch.

Standing stock still, you hear him groan out, “Fuuuck” and lean closer to you as his lips slowly seek out yours.

But just as quickly, a clicking sound is heard, making Matt jerk backwards just in time as Ben walks out of their bathroom with a towel hanging low off his hips. As he walks closer, you can see rivets of water rolling down his chest, his hair is wet but still a lovely tousled mess and one arm holding his towel in place, which makes the already massive bicep seem bigger. Steam rises off his body and for some reason he seems almost relaxed, with the way his movements are sluggish and his eyes look almost hooded.

“Hey there you two, any particular reason you’re both loitering around?” Ben playfully jests and pleased to see that eyes linger on his body.

Averting your gaze to his face, you tell him, “Just letting Matt know that our parent’s won’t be joining us tonight, work is holding them up so they’re gunna have dinner in the city”.

A mischievous smirk graces his face as he walks closer to you, “Lovely, then we have the house to ourselves”.

Standing still to seem unfazed with his nakedness, you reply simply, “Yep, seems like it”.

He stares at you a little while longer before licking his lips and brushing past you to enter his room.

You watch as Ben closes his door and then you turn back to Matt, “Do you want take-out for dinner tonight?”

His eyes never left you during that interaction, and he seems unfazed by the fact his brother was clearly flirting with you. If they keep this relaxed atmosphere going, getting and keeping all three should be no problem.

He moves back into his original spot, pressed against you and asks lowly, “Sure, any requests?”

Looking up into his face, you answer, “Nah, I’m fine with anything. You guys can pick while I’m in the shower”.

You feel his hand snake around your waist and lower to grab a handful of your ass. This action makes you squeak as it’s a huge surprise. You didn’t think Matt would be this bold without alcohol in his system or the fact his brothers could walk out and see any second.

But instead ventures further by hunching forward to squeeze more of your ass and ghost his lips brush over yours. His tongue ever so slightly flicks against your bottom lip as his hand pulls your body into him.

You’re completely surprised by this sudden confidence in him, surprised but pleased as well. But just as you’re about to devour his mouth with yours, he pulls away and smirks at you.

“Enjoy your shower” he smoothly says, with a hint of arousal in his voice and eyes.

He then walks into his own bathroom and sends you one last smirk before shutting the door. But just before the door closes, your eyes notice the bulge swelling beneath the zipper of his jeans.
The groan you make sounds needy, desperate as you sigh to yourself and retreat into your own room, closing the door behind you. Walking into your ensuite, you can’t help but think ‘To be a fly on the wall of their shower’. It would yield such erotic material, readily available to supply your alone time.

Hopping in the shower and relieving some tension radiating from your nerves, back and between your legs, you can help but think that the last two triplets in the shower have done the exact same.

Your in the shower for nearly 15 minutes, unwilling to leave the soothing spray. But as your fingers shrivel and your legs tremble, you reluctantly turn off the water and hop out.

Drying yourself off and getting dressed in your favourite pajamas, you make your way to the lounge room and relax on the couch.

Lounging sideways against the corner of the couch and with your leg propped up, you flick through the channels and settle on a show you need to catch up on.

And just as you do, the voice of Ben startles you as he appears behind you.

Leaning forward over the couch, Ben nuzzles your neck and mumbles, “We’re getting pizza for dinner and we got your favourite”.

Turning your face smiling to him, you answer, “Yum! Thank you”.

He then vaults over the couch and settles beside you, “Your welcome gorgeous”, then rearranges your body so your legs drape over his lap.

“Comfortable?” you tease.

“I am now” he shamelessly agrees.

Shaking your head and grinning at his behaviour, you turn your attention back to the TV. Ben’s
fingers draw random patterns on your thighs and massage your muscles by kneading the flesh. The sensation has you turning to jelly and whispering in approval, “That feels nice”.

Ben only looks at you instead of saying something, which is nice considering he always has to add his snark. So in his silence, he merely observes what you react to and commits to memory the little sounds you make.

Just as he’s about to move higher up your thighs, the sound of heavy footsteps alert him of his brothers nearing. His hands travel to your knees instead and remain there.

“The pizza should be here in about 20 minutes” Matt announces and walks around the couch to take the spot next to you.

Kylo is forced to choose between sitting next to Ben or Matt, neither of them the one he really wants to sit next too. But deciding Matt is the less annoying of the two, he flops next to him.

All three of them act more casual at home, away from strangers and judgmental eyes the boys can get as close to you as they want and even touch you with worrying about other people. Matt grabs your hand and smooth’s his palm along yours, then interlocking your fingers.

At first your tense to see how his brothers react.

But then you’re surprised to see that the display doesn’t bother them. Only a small glance at your hands and then they’re turning their attention back to the TV.

And the triplets can see you were ready for a bad reaction from them, waiting for them to coldly brush you away or do something passive-aggressive. But, a few hours ago the triplets realized it wasn’t fair putting so much pressure on you, so they came to an agreement to let you make up your own mind with no manipulation from any of them.

They agreed to this before you arrived at the last lecture. The conversation was short because even though they know each of them like you, they’re still not willing to admit it.

With the three of them already seated in classroom, the silence between them heavy.
So being the eternal peacemaker, Matt not so casually says, “Soooooo, (Y/N)!"

Frowning slightly, Kylo asks, “What about her?”

“I think we’ve been stressing her out lately” Matt replies matter of factly.

Ben is the next one to cut in, “And?”

With Matt answering, “Well I propose we do something about it”

“Like what, little brother?”, Kylo replies, knowing full well that the mention of ‘little brother’ annoys the shit out of Matt.

And the nickname works, as Matt squints his eyes angrily and clenches his fists. He’s quiet as he tries to calm himself.

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Breathing in deeply, Matt says, “I think we should tone down the alpha male bullshit”.

Turning his body to the blond, Ben answers, “There is none of that crap between us Matty, we know we’re all equal”.

“But you should know that (Y/N) see’s us as equals too” Matt replies quickly.
This statement shuts his brothers up as they contemplate Matt’s words. Which makes sense, considering you like to shower your attention on all three equally.

Matt continues his theory, “She doesn’t have a favourite among us because she…………….. likes………………us equally. And the pressure we’re putting on her will only drive her away”

“Huh, now that you say it, it does make sense” Ben agrees, making both of his brothers head snap to him.

Usually Ben is the one to protest and reject things when it comes to other people feelings, but concerning you he’s very invested in your happiness.

Looking sheepish and running his fingers through his hair, Ben adds, “And I guess it isn’t fair on her the way we act”.

Matt looks to Kylo to gauge his decision on the matter, as does Ben.

With both of his brothers looking at him, Kylo sighs, then nods slightly and asks, “Well then what do you propose?”

“I would say we, but it’s mostly you two that are being jackasses” Matt jokes with a hint of seriousness behind his words.

However his brothers are less than amused with his jest, so Matt quickly says, “But……. We should just chill out and let things happen, no more grumpiness” Matt looks pointedly at Kylo until he nods in agreement.

“And no more cold shoulders or ignoring her” Matt looks to Ben who responds with a nod and, “Ok!”

“Good, then everything should run smoothly!” Matt says cheerily.
With that agreement, the triplets can already see the positive outcomes. You seem more relaxed around all three and less cautious of your actions.

The sound of the doorbell is heard and in unionism the triplets shout “Not it!”

They all looks to you as Ben chuckles, “Ahhh sorry kid, looks like you have to answer the door”.

“But---“ you try to protest.

“Yep, sorry buddy it’s in the rules” Matt smiles to you, but secretly loving the idea of bossing you around.

Rolling your eyes “Fine” and lifting your legs off Ben to stand up, you make a show of stretching your arms and back, which lifts your shirt revealing the supple flesh. This quiets down their smugness as you can feel the triplets gaze linger on the exposed flesh.

Kylo and Matt have the perfect view of your stomach and Ben gets the lovely sight of your curved back and the two dimples above your ass.

With the triplets sitting, they’re at eye level with you ass and don’t look away for a second as you walk out of the room. The sway of your hips are tantalizing to them, making them hungry for more than just pizza.

It only takes 2 minutes to grab the pizzas off the delivery boy, then you’re waltzing back into the room. Setting the food down on the coffee table, you head back to the kitchen and get drinks for everyone.

The boys have already started eating and thank you as you place their drinks in front of them.

After dinner you clean up the mess as the boys protest, but ignoring them you do it anyway. The
scene seems so domestic, and the triplets are loving it.

Putting the last of the plates and cups in the dishwasher, you walk back to the living room to find Kylo sitting in your corner spot.

Quirking your eyebrow at him as you approach, the three of them stare at you and Kylo says, “You can sit in my lap, with your legs in Ben’s lap and Matt can have whatever’s left over”.

The last comments earns a smack from Matt as he glares at Kylo. You only stand there for a few seconds contemplating, but to the triplets it’s an eternity.

Shrugging slightly, you walk forward and turn to lower into Kylo’s lap. You twist your body around so your back is resting against the couch and your legs can lay in Ben’s lap. With Kylo to your right you can easily lean your top half into Matt, who stretches his arm out behind you. Matt and Kylo each take one of your hands and play with the small soft limb, before holding it delicately.

This was a good idea, considering each triplet now has a piece of you.

Chapter End Notes

With the triplets on an equal playing field, reader finally has a shot at all three. Hopefully the truce lasts.
Chapter Notes

This chapter is short, but necessary.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

2 Days Later In a Hospital

The body of Dopheld Mitaka lays in a hospital bed, bruised, battered and broken. With one eye swollen shut, he stares at the white wall in front of him as an officer stands on either side of his bed.

The injuries to Mitaka’s body is extensive, ranging from broken and fractured bones, welts the size of baseballs, cuts, bruises and a very noticeable chip on his front tooth. On the inside, he suffered from internal bleeding, a punctured lung, a concussion and a growing fear for the outside world.

Late at night, Mitaka’s body was found unconscious at the bottom of a large flight of stairs. The doctors say he’s lucky to be alive, as many people have fallen victim to those particular stairs, some never waking from their comas.

With the area fairly secluded from public view and no security cameras in a 7-mile radius, the officers have determined it was just an unfortunate accident. However, protocol demands they question the victim in case there is was any malicious intent.

The two officers eye the boy in the cot, clearly sympathetic but with a hint of something else in their eyes. As that area is notorious for shady people loitering around at the late hours of the night, Mitaka’s presence during that time has the cops suspicious to his activities.

The older officer with clear wear and tear marring his features asks the questions while his younger partner writes down everything said between them. They introduce themselves, but the words pass over Mitaka like water, too doped up and apathetic for the civil servants to pay them any concern.
The grey haired man asks, “We only have a few questions for you, so this shouldn’t take long”, pausing to see if the boy acknowledges him in anyway, but Mitaka just continues to stare straight ahead.

Nodding once to himself, the officer starts his questions with, “Oook, so do you remember how you ended up at the bottom of those stairs”.

Nothing but the sound of machines consistently beeping and the static from the TV can be heard as Mitaka remains silent.

“Do you remember if you fell or were you pushed” the officer asks with a frown.

Still, the boy doesn’t answer. Only his gaze at the wall indicates he’s awake, otherwise he could be mistaken for resting with how still he is.

Shuffling from foot to foot, the officer is clearly growing agitated, “We have no evidence to suggest foul play, but if there was, then your co-operation would help immensely”.

With his gaze vacant and body resembling a statue, the officers quietly wonder if the boy hasn’t suffered some kind of mental injury as well or simply just hiding the cause.

Close to the point of exasperation, the old man gruffly asks, “Is there anything you wanna say?”

Both of the officers stare at Mitaka, waiting for an answer. But alas, there is none. None that Mitaka would risk speaking out loud, because although Mitaka suffers from some short-term memory loss, deep down in his subconscious he knows it wasn’t an accident, it was actually a lesson.

A lesson that he will never forget, and that is to stay away from you. But to reveal the true reason for his battered body, would also reveal higher powers manipulating things from the shadows.

Resided to the fact the officers will find no answers from Mitaka, they make their way out of the room.
Just before the door, Mitaka’s voice calls out to the officers.

His voice is airy and vacant of emotion as he says, “I can’t remember what happened, but I must have fallen. There is no other explanation”, looking down at his leg in a cast and the metal rods in his hand, the sight has a lone tear rolling down Mitaka’s cheek.

The officers look to each other blankly, then back at Mitaka.

Looking weary, the older officer answers, “Alright kid, thanks for ya help”.

Before the officers entered Mitaka’s room the doctors informed them that he may suffer from short-term memory loss due to the fact he’s been unresponsive to questions. However, the officers suspect his amnesia may be false and merely a ploy to hid that he was probably doing something illegal in the dodgy area. But with no proof or witnesses suggesting otherwise, the officers have no choice other than to file his situation as an accident.

Walking out of the room and hospital, the officers’ head back to the station to conclude the short investigation as an accident.

Filing it away with the numerous other cases, that are haughtily similar.

A few minutes after the officer’s leave, a hulking man enters Mitaka’s room.

He moves towards Mitaka with slow and calculated moves, dressed in an all black suit. Halting beside Mitaka, he eyes the broken boy before him with distaste and proceeds to dial a number on his cellphone before handing it to him.

Mitaka doesn’t need to speak, to know why the man in black is here. With a predatory gaze, angular features and an appearance radiating power, the man in black can be here for no other reason than to inform their employer of recent events.

Sharp eyes watch the crippled boy in the cot, determining that this very interaction is a waste of his
time. But, that decision is not his to question as the two men in the room both answer to the same person, who is vastly more powerful than them.

With a shaky hand, Mitaka slowly grabs the phone from the nameless intruder and holds the receiver to his ear.

Only the sound of silence is heard on the other end with the faintest whisper of breathing.

As it seems the person on the other end isn’t going to say anything, Mitaka takes that as his queue to speak.

Blinking rapid from stress and fear, Mitaka clears his throat and musters as much courage he can to say, “You were correct in assuming the girl is a weakness of theirs”.

Mitaka is met with silence, so he continues, “And she also seems to be the link to a darkness inside them”.

He takes a second to swallow the rising bile in his throat, “Because never have I witnessed such……………… savagery” his voice waver as he recalls the vicious beating the triplets bestowed on him.

Mitaka waits a few seconds to see if his employer will say anything.

Growing uncomfortable with the silence, Mitaka urges, “I completed what you asked, sir. Is there anything else you require?”

More silence continues, until a raspy voice speaks, “Were there any witnesses to your…….. unfortunate accident?”

A lone tear falls down the boys face as he struggles to reply, “None sir”.

“Did you say anything to the officers?” the dark voice questions, with a hint of a threatening undertone.
“No sir!” Mitaka replies forcefully, hoping that his employer believes him.

A minute of silence commences as his boss contemplates the information.

After a while the mysterious, yet powerful voice replies, “Then you did very well, you will be rewarded accordingly for your great sacrifice”.

Feeling relieved for being praised and his hard work recognized, Mitaka breathes out, “Thank you, Congressman Snoke”.

Then the familiar sound of silence is heard, indicating their conversation is over.

Looking back at the shadow by his bed, Mitaka shakily hands the phone back to him.

Snatching the phone from him, the man in black scrutinizes Mitaka one last time before turning on his heel and exiting the room. With the bulky thug gone, the tension leaves the room and Mitaka is finally able to breathe again.

Happy that he was able to serve his boss and commended for his efforts, Mitaka falls asleep feeling like a winner.
Chapter End Notes

Did any of you see this coming?
The rest of the week went by quickly, with no drama or surprises, thankfully!

Its Saturday morning and you’re laying in bed debating if you should get up now or treat yourself to a few more hours of rest.

With your body clock waking you up at 6am, it doesn’t take much to convince yourself to fall back asleep.

Today is the start of Ben’s famous ‘Weekend Long Festival’. An event he’s been planning for months, to raise funds for the science departments at university. You heard him leave early this morning to go over the last preparations for the event, obsessed with making sure everything is in order.

So sleeping in is a good idea, considering you’re going to need a lot of energy to keep up with Ben’s excitement to show you everything today.

Even Han and your mom are joining you today, excited to spend a day with all their kids, or at least in the vicinity of them, because lord knows I won’t be hanging around them. You and your family won’t be heading to the festival till the afternoon because the first night has a beautiful fireworks display and everyone didn’t feel like spending a whole day there.

Ben should be back around 10am and then we’re all leaving at 3pm. You’ll be meeting your friends at the festival as well, then after the fireworks you’re all heading over to the large bar down the road of the campus. Thankfully, your parents decided they’d be heading home after the fireworks, excited to have the house to themselves for at least a couple hours.

With the entire day planned, you didn’t have to worry about anything.

So, here you were, turning on your side and snuggling back in bed, excited for a nice and somewhat relaxing day.
A few hours later, you’re stretching your muscles in bed and yawning loudly. That was probably the longest sleep you’ve had in a while and lucky you had your door locked, because with your absence the triplets kept trying to get in your room.

They were torn between letting you sleep and getting some extra rest, or walking in your room and waking you up to spend some time with you, which is sweet of them considering you spend nearly everyday with them anyway.

As you lay in bed you can hear the TV downstairs playing loudly, with the sounds of people yelling if you listen hard enough. Grabbing your phone, the bright screen greets you with the time 11:06am. Damn, you really did sleep in today.

With one last stretch, you slide out of bed and grab some clothes for a shower.

After the shower you feel fresh and awake, turning from side to side to check out the lovely dress your wearing. It’s your favourite colour and compliments your figure nicely while also appearing modest. The thin straps holding the dress up accentuate your shoulders and neck; the bust of the dress lifts your breasts so no bra is needed; it hugs your chest and flares out mid thigh. You look absolutely beautiful.

Grabbing your flats and a crop cardigan for when it gets cold, you head downstairs for some brunch.

The closer you get to the lounge room, the louder sounds of cheers, whoops and boo’s grow. Then when you enter the room, you find the source. The Ben and Kylo are watching a football game and appear highly invested in it, as they’re leaning forward and devouring every second of the screen with their eyes. You couldn’t give a damn about sports, but damn is it amusing to see them on edge and nervous like their life depends on their team winning.

The only one not watching is Matt, who appears bored. Occupying himself with his phone, he seems focused with his brows furrowed and the quick movements of his thumbs suggest he’s playing a game on his phone.

“Morning” your cheery voice startles them, but only for a second.
Eyes still glued to their screens, they greet you back then in unionism before booing the referee for a dodgy call. Matt grunts his hello, too entranced with his phone to look up. Smiling at their enthusiasm, you place your flats behind the lounge and throw your cardigan over the back for when you guys have to leave.

Seemingly too engrossed with their games, you leave the trio to find some food.

Through the kitchen window you can see your mom and Han outside drinking coffee together. They’re both sitting in the lounge chairs by the pool, with your mom reading and Han dozing off. They look so cute together, a real couple just enjoying each other’s company. Smiling at the two of them, you turn back to the kitchen and focus on making brunch.

Putting the kettle on for some tea, you grab bread and jam for toast. Just as you push the toaster down, you feel strong hands grip your waist then slide around to your belly, pulling your back flush with their torso.

“You look beautiful!” Kylo whispers while nuzzling your neck.

Smiling at his compliment, you turn your head and capture his lips in a gentle kiss and press back into him.

He’s passionate as he returns the kiss, wrapping you tighter in his arms.

Breaking away from his lips you smile, “You haven’t even seen the front of me”, you jest playfully.

He chuckles lowly, then spins you around and looks you up and down. His gaze is appreciative and as it settles on your face, he says, “I didn’t have to see all of you, to know you look beautiful”.

This makes you blush, shy under his gaze and words you bite your lip before walking up to him and give his lips a gentle but ardent kiss, “You say such sweet things”.

“Only for you” he mumbles against you, and then leans down further to lightly squeeze your ass.
God this man, the things I want to do to him.

Just as it starts to get heated between you both, the toaster pops up making you jump.

Giving Kylo one last kiss, you turn to make your brunch. As you spread the butter and jam on, you peak behind you to see Kylo leaning against the bench and ogling you intently.

“Good to finally see you up sleepy head” the middle child announces.

Glancing back around you see Ben leaning against the doorway, staring at you just as hard as his brother. His eyes rove over your figure, enjoying the way the dress swishes around your thighs and hugs your chest.

Sucking some jam off your finger, you place the breakfast items back in the fridge, “Yep and I enjoyed every second of it. It’s been awhile since I’ve been able to sleep in”.

“Well I’m glad you got your rest because today is going to be filled with so much fun, you’ll be exhausted for days!” he smirks at you.

Grabbing your plate and mug, “Good, I can’t wait” and you walk past them grinning. You would stay to talk to them, but honestly you just want to sit down and eat your food, cause boy are you hungry.

Entering the lounge room, you place your mug on the coffee table and settle back as Matt flicks through the TV channels. He settles on a old action movie and moves next to you and takes a bite of your toast.

“Dude!” you exclaim while snatching the toast back. He just smiles in return and winks before settling an arm around your shoulders.

Eventually Ben and Kylo return with their own food and hand Matt a plate of sandwiches.

The four of you spend some time relaxing and watching a movie before you all have to leave.
At 3 o’clock on the dot, the triplets and you are getting into Ben’s car, the brunet claiming his car is faster and overall better thank Kylo’s. Truthfully, Ben just wanted you to see his baby because on many occasions the vehicle has been dubbed ‘The Panty Dropper’.

“The only reason your car is ‘faster’ is because you drive like a maniac and have no concern for your safety or your passengers” Kylo retorts angrily, offended that his brother would insult his beautiful baby.

Every Solo in your house considers their car their ‘Baby’, which can be amusing when one of them dares to insult the others car. Arguments can go one for hours, sometimes resulting in things being thrown and men wrestling on the ground in anger.

Your parents get in Han’s old, but beautiful Ford Falcon. That car is one of Han’s most prized possessions, something he likes to tweak on weekends to go faster and louder.

You and the boys leave first and Han follows behind.

The drive there is faster than usual, probably due to the weekend and not many people working. Peak hour traffic is always a bitch too, but today you guys make it to the festival in half the time. Ben drives to a large showground area that’s close to the university, because its about the size of 6 football stadiums, and perfect for large events.

The parking lot is just outside the showground, completely packed with cars and people walking to the entrance. You hear Kylo grumble about finding a park in this chaos, but as the organizer for the event Ben has two spots reserved close to the entrance and away from people.

Han pulls into the spot beside us and we all hop out. You can feel music thumping through the speakers around the lot and no doubt in the festival as well; joyful screams can be heard and the smell of delicious foods waft through the air. Holding onto your small clutch and tying your cardigan around your waist, you walk around the car just as your mom asks, “I want a picture of the four of you, you all look so cute!”

“Mom!” you whisper-shout, just wanting to head inside and have fun.
“What! It won’t take long just huddle together near the trunk of Ben’s car”, your mom huffs, giving you a pointed look.

“Well I think that’s a great idea, come on kids” Han smiles, agreeing with your mom.

The triplet’s look just as ‘enthused’ as you do, but comply nonetheless and shuffle around to the back of the car. Kylo and Matt leave a space open for you in the middle as your mom takes her spot in front of you guys. Ben stands next to Matt and throws an arm around his brother’s shoulders, smiling big into the camera, which makes Matt smile. Kylo crosses his arms and stares into the camera, not budging when your mom asks for a smile.

You look so small sandwiched between these giants, so with a brilliant idea you sit on the trunk of Ben’s car, which gives you a few extra inches in height. Your arms snake around Kylo and Matt’s waists, bring them closer to you and making the next shot look more relaxed and happy. Matt’s arm wraps around your waist and Kylo gives in, wrapping his arm around your shoulders and embracing you.

“That’s better, now you guys look absolutely adorable”, your mom happily compliments.

Whispering something funny to the triplets, the next picture is perfect as your joke has all four of you laughing and smiling into the camera.

Grinning at the picture, your mom says, “Beautiful, thanks kids. Now we won’t hold you’s up any longer, go have fun”.

And with that you’re hopping off the car and following Ben as he says, “Come on, we’re going a different way to avoid the crowds”.

He leads you guys down a darkish tunnel with light illuminating at the end. Ben is chatting non-stop as you all walk, listing off the different rides and excited that we don’t have to wait in any lines. Reaching the end, your eyes squint as they adjust to the sudden brightness, the sun warming your skin from the chilly tunnel.

“The first ride we should go on is the ‘Hurricane’, its the fastest rollercoaster on the east coast!” Ben announces happily. He turns around to gauge everyone’s reactions, Matt seems chill with whatever, content to just go with the flow, Kylo looks uninterested and a literal shadow in his all
black clothes, and you look cheery as your gaze wonders over the area.

“Cool, sounds fun!” you say and loop your arm with his, “Lead the way”.

“Sure thing gorgeous” he smirks down at you and starts directing all of you towards the rollercoaster.

Kylo rolls his eyes at his brother’s blatant flirting, but doesn’t react to it, he just follows you both with Matt. Walking through the festival you can see all the different rides, a large stage with a live band playing and an array of signs pointing to where the food stalls are, the petting zoo and botanical flower garden.

“Ben this is amazing, I think you’ve out-done yourself!” you say while squeezing his bicep in excitement.

The brunet beside you can’t stop grinning at your compliment; it means a lot coming from you.

“Thank you” he answers with a hint of a blush on his cheeks. His head snaps up when he see’s the big ‘Hurricane’ sign in the distance; “There it is”, he points forward.

Following his arm your eyes go wide as they spot the gigantic rollercoaster. It’s impossibly high, with five loops, three drops and incredibly fast as you watch it speed along the tracks. It disappears into a tunnel and then pops back out at least 50 meters away. The screams are loud as the passengers’ voices carry through the wind, howling in glee and some in fear.

Ben tugs you along as you gaze at the monster of a ride, adrenaline starting to flood your system, as you get closer. Skipping the line and walking straight up to the front carriage of the ride, you’re pleased to see four seats in a row connected to the track below. Ben shuffles in first with you next, then Kylo and lastly Matt. You watch as Matt takes his glasses off and puts them in his jacket pocket, then you’re pulling down the restraint and buckling it.

A worker comes along and tests the restraints by pushing them in and pulling them back to lock in place. Then a loud beep is heard and the carriage moves forward and begins the climb up the massive hill. At the very top of the first drop the ride stops, giving you guys the perfect view of the entire festival.
“Holy fuck this is up high” you hear Matt yell.

Ben chuckles at his brother before saying, “This is it guys. The start of an awesome day!”

“It better be” you hear Kylo mutter.

Then the ride lurches forward and you’re all plummeting to the ground.

By the time the ride ends you’ve lost all feeling in your feet, your face feels tight from screaming and the wind blasting in your face. Undoing the buckle, the restraint jolts forward and you push it the rest of the way up. Standing up on wobbly legs, your feet start to prickle as pins and needles settle in.

“That was fucking AWESOME!” Ben cheers as you guys walk towards the exit.

“I regret eating lunch”, Matt grumbles, his face white as a sheet. Poor fella looks like he’s about to puke. He stops for a second and leans against the fence to calm down.

“Matty, are you ok?” you ask while rubbing his back.

“Yeah, I just need a minute to breathe” he mumbles.

“Ok sweetie, take your time”.

He smiles down at you, and then closes his eyes. You watch as his breathing starts to slow, the color slowly returning to his face and his hands slowly unclench. Ben and Kylo are chatting a few feet away while they let you soothe Matt. They’re very considerate of their little brother, protective of him and aware that his constitution is different than theirs.

“I don’t think I’ll be going on that ride again” Matt mutters while straightening his back and rubbing his eyes before putting his glasses back on.
He looks better now, but you can’t help but mention, “I don’t know how, but your hair still looks great”.

His head snaps down to you, “What?”

Reaching a hand up and running your fingers through his silky locks, you say, “All that wind and your hair still looks perfectly tousled”.

Smiling and blushing, Matt stumbles on his words, caught completely by surprise with your comment.

He awkwardly laughs and says, “Thank you”.

“Come on, let’s go see the picture!” Ben yells, growing impatient.

Matt lets you walk ahead and scowls at his brother for being so annoying.

The four of you walk up to the screens in the wall and wait for your picture to show up. A few seconds later and you’re all staring at the funniest faces each of you have ever expressed. Ben looks like a maniac that just escaped an asylum, with his arms in the air he looks like he’s cackling crazily and having the time of his life. You’re smiling and screaming at the same time, like your face can’t choose between joy and fear.

Kylo’s face is probably the funniest, as the only expression he’s showing is boredom. But the wind pushes his face around like playdoh, which you can tell he finds un-amusing as his eyes threaten murder. Poor Matt grips the bars on the restraint like a lifeline, his eyes are closed and he looks like he’s mid sneeze.

The four of you look so funny and happy, evidence of a truly memorable experience. Which prompts Ben to put some cash in the money slot and purchase the photo. Much to Kylo and Matt’s chagrin, Ben happily ignores them and puts enough money in for four pictures. A ticket pops out of the wall and you’re all walking up to the lady in the photo booth.

She looks bored, but as soon as Ben stands in front of her and hands her the ticket, she perks up
looking almost flustered and becomes even more so when she peers back to look at his identical brothers. She smiles at us and only flicks her eyes over you before focusing back on Ben.

“What can I do for you?” she asks.

You can’t help the smirk that creeps onto your face, Ben awkwardly looks down at the ticket he’s offering her and clears his throat. When her eyes follow his, she looks like she’s going to have heart attack.

“OH! Right!” she yelps, snatching the ticket from Ben and turning to the pile of photos printing behind her. It only takes her a couple of seconds before she finds the right ones, picking them out and placing them in an envelope and then in a little bag. She turns to Ben with a big flirtatious smile, “Here you go” and hands him the bag, raking her eyes all over him.

But he just ignores her, instead mutters a simple “Thank you” and turns to you, throwing an arm around your shoulders with Kylo on your other side and Matt next to him. The triplets seem to surround you, which angers the woman in the booth and in turn makes you smile more. The four of you walk out as the woman stares at you; envy, jealousy and anger emanating from her as she snaps at the next people in line.

“What should we do next?” Ben asks.

“Is there like a maze or something here, I fucking love those things” you ask excitedly, the pep in your step makes your desirable bosom jiggle with your movements, capturing the gaze of all three Solo men.

“Well you’re in luck, because we have a ‘Haunted house’ and a ‘Spooky maze of mirrors’”, Ben answers with a grin, making sure you see his hand brush through his locks, knowing full well you’re obsessed with his hair.

Your eyes follow his fingers and he smiles when he catches you.

But your head turns when you hear Matt say, “You could almost say they’re ‘a-MAZE-ing” the blond starts to giggle at his own joke, which has you laughing as well.

“Dude, that’s so corny”, Kylo grins, the joke actually catching him by surprise and making him
smile.

“So which one then?” Ben interrupts and asks you directly.

All eyes turn to you, so shrugging your shoulders you say, “Whichever’s closest”.

“The ‘Haunted house’ it is then” Ben declares, and happily pulls you along. This particular ride is going to something you’re definitely going to enjoy.
The walk to the ‘Haunted house’ is short, but took a few more minutes because along the way you stopped at random stalls to admire the abundance of trinkets being sold. The triplets watched as the different items captivated your attention, all three of them making a mental note of what you seemed to like the most.

Eventually you guys made it to the Haunted house, your amazed gasp making Ben grin proudly. While the building isn’t tall, it is large in width and length, making the inside an endless maze of horrors. The outside is decorated to resemble an abandoned home that got fucked up by ghosts and monsters. Wood is splintered in different places around the house and the tall but broken windows indicate the inside has high ceilings. It looks like story created for this Haunted house want the visitors to know the previous ‘inhabitants’ were aristocrats or something close to that status.

There aren’t many people in the line, but that’s because the ride is for the age of people 21 years and over only, which means this is going to be especially horrifying. Ben still insists that you skip ahead to the front of the line and the workers have no problem with this. They let the four of you pass and a rather enthusiastic worker leads you guys through the entrance, down a hallway and then into a large lobby looking area.

The room is dark and rundown, plaster ripped from the walls, wires dangling from the ceiling and exposed holes in the floor and walls. It looks like fake blood is splattered around the room, the lights flicker and hidden speakers play creepy sounds. The effects make the room look genuinely terrifying, almost like it’s created from vivid nightmares. But you’re holding up ok, because ever since seeing ‘Darkness Falls’ and ‘Dead Silent’ when younger, the adrenaline that pumped through you was something you grew addicted to.

Those movies did make it hard to sleep for a couple weeks after or be in the dark for too long, but ever since them you’ve been a bit of a horror movie fanatic, watching everything that claims to be scary, hence making it harder and harder for you to be terrified. What makes normal people puke in disgust or look away in terror, has you either smiling at the gore or totally unfazed.

So hardly anything scares you, and in saying this room looks creepy, that’s saying a lot. The worker very enthusiastically begins the detailed story on the history of the house and what you have to do to survive the maze. He captures your attention as he spins a tale of horror, gore and fear that resides behind the five doors behind him.
You peer behind him to see that five doors rest a couple meters apart, each different from the next and each guarding five distinct fear inducing themes. Behind the doors is the start of the maze, except you’re separated from your friends and have to trek through the horrors alone. Eventually though, the separate paths merge together towards the middle of the house, where you can navigate through the maze by yourself or be lucky enough to run into your friends.

When the attendant finishes the basic rules and goal of the maze, he tells the four of us to choose a door and enter whenever we like, but just know that the maze can take up to 20 minutes to complete if the person walking through were to sprint.

“Last one out has to buy the first round tonight!” Matt declares happily, his competitive side emerging.

“Ha ha ha, well then prepare your wallet bro, cause you’re going down” Ben replies with sass and snark.

Smiling at them, you say, “Nice, lets do this then” and choosing a door, you stand behind it and watch as the triplets do the same.

“Let the fun begin” the attendant creepily says while walking through a door you didn’t see before. As he leaves a timer on the wall lights up and starts counting down from 30 minutes. The triplets are quick to open their door and rush inside, their competitiveness starting to take over.

You open your door and bravely walk into the darkness, the door swinging shut behind you.

You hesitantly walk around in the darkness with your arms stretched out in front of you. Every once in a while you’ll feel something brush against your skin, or a voice will scare the shit out of you by whispering right by your ear. Eventually you find a door, opening it you see a typical room you’d find in a haunted house, but the fear factor is dialed up to 11.

You walk through an elaborate hell-scape looking room, cells are randomly scattered throughout the room that house either a disfigured person or demon. Some of the actors appear to be getting tortured by the demons, while other humans cry out for help as you walk past. The only thing you could compare this room to, is silent hill, the effects and props are similar to the film and down right disturbing.

The room is large as you weave past the horrifying displays, making sure to watch your step. At the very end of the room one particular demon eyes you darkly, her red eyes never leaving your form as you walk towards her. She regally sits on a throne of dismembered body parts, one door on
each side of her. She looks absolutely terrifying and the stuff of nightmares as her gaze follows your every move. She snarls like a crazed animal when you walk past her, your pace picks up as you enter through the door on her right and quickly close it behind you.

Turning around you’re met with another terror inducing themed room, this one is gross as the sounds behind the closed doors of the solitary cells of prison are absolutely disgusting. But you just keep walking and after a few minutes you make it through a few different rooms, mostly amazed at the cool props and the ingenuity of the people who made this. You can tell each room is designed to play on popular phobias, as each room houses horrible scenarios. It truly is scary and if you were anyone else you probably would have tore through the rooms in a panic, searching for the exit quickly.

Finally it seems you’ve reached the middle of the haunted house, as the last door opens up to a series of paths branching off into different directions. Tall walls covered in dark liquids and random body parts separate the paths, which means the actual maze begins now.

Choosing a path by random, you head down a dimly lit hallway, making turns, ducking under things hanging from the ceiling, crawling through a very tight tunnel, meeting a few dead ends and suffering through the jump scares of the actors popping out of hidden spots.

As your walking down a dark hallway, a hand suddenly covers your mouth and muffles your scream. Then you hear a familiar voice laugh and say, “Chill out, it’s just me”. You huff against the hand on your mouth and slap his arm. Ben removes his hand and laughs down at you, amused that he scared you.

“Sorry, I couldn’t help myself” he says, moving closer to you with a puppy dog look on his face. You shake your head but smile, “It’s fine” and he pulls you into a tight hug. Then he’s grabbing your hand and leading you away from the next door and in fact peeling open a secret door in the wall.

Ben looks around as you ask, “What are you doing?”

“Cheating” he simply answers.

Then he’s guiding you through what looks like the back stage pathways for the actors and workers. There are two-way mirrors and you can see other people travelling through the maze, some in a state of panic and others just cruising like tourists. Ben guides you through a door and when you’re inside he closes and locks it.
It looks like you’re in some kind of dressing room with a bunch of vanity tables lined up together, a few racks full of different costumes line the walls and there’s an abundance of makeup and props on the tables.

Turning around, you open your mouth to ask Ben what you’re doing in here, but instead find the triplet right behind you staring at you hungrily. Then with lightning speed his mouth is on yours, his lips devour you as his arms pull you close. He groans appreciatively in the kiss, the first you’ve both ever shared together. One of your hands quickly finds their way into Ben’s hair, tugging at the silky locks as your other hand grips his neck and pulls him down closer.

Ben’s large body towers over you as he passionately kisses you, he hunches down further and so his hands can slide over the plumpness of your ass, squeezing the firm flesh hard and then moving down lower to your thighs and lifting you up effortlessly. His action catches you by surprise, making you squeal and Ben smile as he walks to the back of the room.

He navigates the room easily with his face occupied with yours, then turns and plops down on a couch. With you straddling him, the kiss grows more heated as you both grasp each other close. Only when the need for oxygen grows too much, do you break away from him. The both of you pant heavily, trying to catch your breathes after a long overdue make-out sesh.

Ben has a dopey smile on his face and gazes at you with dilated eyes, his hands run up and down your thighs, touching your bare skin and the movements push your dress higher up your legs.

Seeming calmer, Ben finally says, “I’ve been wanting to do that for a while now”, his eyes search yours as he awaits your answer.

But you can see the relief on his face when you smile and cup his cheek, “I’m glad you did Ben”, you lean in and place a delicate kiss on his lips, then kiss his cheek, jaw and then his neck.

It doesn’t take long before things start to get intense again, this time you taste as much of his skin as you can before he pulls your face back and ravishes your lips. His hands grope your ass, squeezing and pulling you into his lap more. Your chests are impossibly close together, yet Ben still manages to sneak a hand between your bodies and grabs a handful of your breast.

Your hips unintentionally grind down onto Ben and the unmistakable shape of his cock presses directly along the slit of your cunt, making you both groan. Then Ben is attacking your neck, kissing, nibbling and lightly biting your flesh, wanting nothing more than to mark your skin and
show his brothers that you’re his.

But Ben knows better, because with the revealing top half of your dress it would raise far too many questions from your parents and friends. So reluctantly he holds back his more carnal urge to ravage your body and instead enjoys the feel of your pussy dragging along the length of his cock.

A delicious pattern of your hips rocking into Ben sparks a fire that neither of you will be able to extinguish if you continue like this. You moan “Ben” and the sound of his name leaving your lips so wantonly has his eyes rolling back and his hips bucking into you.

“We should probably stop” Ben mumbles as you move to his neck, your nimble fingers undoing the first three buttons of his plaid shirt, revealing his muscled torso. You lean back to admire him; and with the way you’re looking at Ben, it almost has him blushing. With your pupils dilated as well, they take in every inch of his divine body. And yet, you can’t help but think, ‘Hot damn, all three are perfect!’.

Meeting his eyes, you ask, “Do you want to stop?” knowing full well that’s the last thing he wants.

Instead of answering you, Ben growls lowly pulling you back down in a bruising kiss, his hands hold you close as one cradles your neck, trapping you against him.

“Good” is all you say, mumbling it against his lips as Ben grunts in agreement, pressing up into you with his clothed cock searching for your heat. You open the rest of his shirt and since you know he can’t mark you, you decide to pepper his chest with your marks. It’s open season for you as he can easily hide his chest, something you’re going to claim as yours with bites, hickeys and kisses.

Feeling bold, you slip the straps of your dress down over your shoulders and arms, revealing your voluptuous bosom. This is the first time Ben has ever set eyes on your breasts and the only word you can say to describe his gaze is ravenous.

Ben groans at the sight and in a flash his mouth on your chest, sucking your nipple into his mouth as his other hand gropes and kneads your other breast. You lean up on your knees, practically pushing your tits in his face and using your arms to cradle him close. He cups your breasts like they’re the most precious jewels in the world, he admires them by sucking and biting marks on your flesh. You watch as Ben smirks, his grin the product of one of his desires being fulfilled, finally he gets to leave at least one mark on your body.
He looks up into your eyes with smug satisfaction written all over his face, he looks completely enthralled with the turn in events and you can tell the poor fella wants nothing more than to be buried in your heated core.

But alas, there’s only so much you both can do before his brothers grow suspicious of your absence. You sit back down in his lap, capturing his lips and grinding into his cock. Ben grips your hips roughly, slowly losing control of his willpower as his fully hard cock strains along the leg of his jeans, just begging to be released.

With your dress covering basically nothing, your breasts are exposed to the cool air and the only material shielding your pussy is the thin fabric of your panties. Ben can’t help but think it’d be so easy to just move them to the side and slip his thick cock inside you. You’re already soaking down there, your cunt hungry for his fat meat as your hips relentlessly rock along him, your arousal starting to decorate his jeans.

The sound of Ben huffing grabs your attention, he leans into your chest hidden from your gaze as his hands grip your hips and force your movements to cease. You’re both panting heavily as you frown down at him in confusion.

You place both hands on the side of his head, nudging him to look at you and he complies but with closed eyes. He eventually meets you gaze and reluctantly says, “I can’t believe I’m saying this, but we don’t have enough time”.

You can tell this is torture for him, so close yet still another obstacle deprives him from your heavenly cunt.

“I know, but I can’t just leave you like this” you say while your fingers twirl his hair.

The look he gives you is pained, clearly he’s fighting within himself, the last bit of his sanity trying to convince him there’s always later. He looks to you adoringly, admiring how concerned you are for the pain of blue balls he’ll definitely suffer later.

But taking a deep breathe, he says, “You’re so sweet, but this isn’t the first time I’ve had to deal with a boner”.

You smile down at him and answer, “Yeah, but this is the first time you don’t have to deal with it”.

With mischief in your eyes, a seductive smirk finds its way on your face as your hand trails down his neck to his stomach, the tips of your fingers slide into the waistband of his jeans and run from one hip bone to the other.

Then your griping his cock tightly through his pants, making him gasp as you say, “I want you to cum, but for selfish reasons. I want to taste you, I want to see your face when you cum, I want to hear you scream my name when you do and I want you to know how fast my mouth is gunna bring you over the edge”.

And just like that, the last shreds of his willpower shatter, his lust taking him over completely as his entire body shifts from restrained to a un-caged animal.

But before he can unleash his inner sex demon, you’re attacking his lips with vigor as your hand makes quick work of his button and zipper. Slipping your hand under his boxers you fish out his painfully hard cock, breaking the kiss to admire the beautifully long, thick and hot flesh. He pulses in your hand and groans at your hot palm wrapped tightly around his member.

“Ben you’re so big!” your praise making him blush and smirk at the same time. Ben knows he’s got a dick that’s bigger and thicker than average, something lot’s of women covet in a lover. But hearing you praise him means more to him than the many compliments other women have given him.

But he’s not given time to dwell on your words as your thumb rubs over the head of his cock, making Ben groan and lean back into the couch.

Already drunk of the divine pleasure you’re showering on him, Ben manages to moan out, “My sweet sister, you’re so filthy!”

Which has your grip tightening around his cock and making him grunt.

The sight before you is absolutely perfect; already Ben looks wrecked with his shirt open wide and his chest littered with your marks, his eyes are hooded as they shift between your face, chest and hand wrapped around his cock. You have the perfect view of this Greek god sprawled back for you, completely at the mercy of your desire.

Committing the display to memory, you smile before leaning in for a kiss and shuffling down his body and kneeling between his open legs. Before Ben can protest that you don’t have to do that,
your hand is already making quick work of his approaching orgasm. But the moment your mouth
seizes the head of his cock, Ben groans loudly as a string of curses leave his lips.

You’re quick to bob on his length, not wasting time with teasing him as you know he’s already
close. His eyes roll into the back of his head, his hands fisting into the material of the lounge,
fiercely trying to keep still and not shove his entire dick down your throat. You pop off his length
and spit in your hand, then you’re swallowing him again and jerking the rest of him.

“Arggh FUCK, (Y/N)!” Ben can’t help but groan, your mouth artfully pushes him closer to his
climax with every suck and flick of your tongue.

Ben’s a moaning mess above you, desperately trying to keep his eyes open and watch probably the
most beautiful and erotic show in front of him. Craving more of his lustful moans, you swallow the
entire length of his cock to the base and hum around him, sending pleasurable vibrations straight up
his cock to his balls and through his nerves.

Ben hisses as you do this, breathing hard with his head thrown back he can hardly control the
thrusts of his hips now, his cock so greedily wanting to coat your throat with his seed. But as he
looks down again to watch as you ravage his dick, he notices your other unoccupied hand snake
down your own body and disappear under your dress.

“Oh god! Who knew my sister was a little slut” his words stoke the growing fire in the pit of your
stomach, something you should be ashamed of. But everytime he says sister there’s a small part of
you that enjoys it, which is noticeable when your cunt clenches.

You moan in reply which sends more pleasurable vibration along his member, confirming his
theory that you are touching yourself. He watches as you fuck yourself with your fingers, the dress
concealing the sweet treasure of your cunt as you vigorously rub your clit and plunge two fingers
straight into your pussy. Ben can’t help but gaze in awe as you masturbate the both of you, your
stamina, determination and sheer ability to chase both your orgasms is absolutely mesmerizing to
him.

You truly are a great multitasker and gifted way beyond anyone else when it comes to pleasure.
There’s one thing he can wholeheartedly agree with you, and that’s that you are definitely going to
make him cum in record time. Never has anyone been able to bring him so close to an orgasm so
fast.

It only takes a few more strokes and sucks on the head of his cock before Ben cums. So with your
inner slut emerging, you down the entire length of his dick, making Ben roar as he shoots jet after
jet of cum down your throat. Swallowing everything he gives you, your own climax hits at the same time.

Pulling your head off his member, you rest your forehead on his thigh, your body hunches over and quivers as your fingers ride out your orgasm. Your fist tightens around Ben’s cock, making him hiss as the last remnants of his orgasm spurts from his dick.

Eventually you still your movements, with your hand still buried in your panties and fist still gripping Ben’s slowly softening cock. You’re both breathing hard; completely dazed as euphoria courses through your veins and both of your sexes throb happily.

You don’t know how long you both sit like that, but after what feels like a couple minutes and the feeling in your body returns, your glazed eyes turn to the disheveled brunet in front of you. His chest is sweaty with love bites and hickeys scattered all over his torso, his hair is messy and his eyes are half open as they lazily drink in your own exhausted form.

Tucking his member in his pants and doing them back up, you crawl up his body leaving kisses in your wake before slumping your bare chest against his and letting your head falling on his shoulder. His arms immediately wrap around you protectively and possessively, pulling you closer as he mumbles with hooded eyes, “I literally have no words except, WOW!”.

You smile into his skin and giggle, “This is probably the first time the sassy Ben Solo is left speechless”.

He turns his head so he can look at you, smiling as he answers, “As a matter of fact, yes”.

You both laugh at this, knowing that it is indeed hard trying to get Ben to shut up. After your laughter dies down Ben is content to just hold you for a while, his gaze never averting from you as his eyes convey nothing but adoration. One of his hands runs up and down your back, almost lulling you to sleep with the comforting gesture.

Eventually his eyes shift down, smirking as he notices your half naked form still pressed against him. With his usual playful side returning, he grabs the hand that was down your panties and sucks your two fingers into his mouth, humming around the digits and devouring the last remnants of your cum that still lingers on them.

You gape at him, definitely not expecting him to do that but extremely pleased nonetheless. His
tongue licks every groove and crevice of your fingers, cleaning them thoroughly before biting the
tips and pulling them out with a pop.

You smile at the handsome man and he returns it, before kissing your lips with the same greedy
energy.

Breaking from the kiss, you mumble, “We should probably go now”.

Ben only hums, arguing with himself that he could just throw you over his shoulder, drive home
and have his way with you. But the other part of him says he can’t just go home, there’s still so
much more he wants to show you.

The smarter part of his mind wins out, as his body reluctantly prepares to suffer the coldness of
your warmth leaving him. He simply nods at your question and grumbles, “I guess so, we still have
a bet to win”.

You can’t help but grin, the bet completely slipped your mind but apparently not even a great BJ
can quell the competitive side of Ben.

Bracing your hands on his shoulders, you push yourself off and pull your dress back up, concealing
your breasts from Ben’s hungry gaze. You bit your bottom lip as you notice lust starting to
reawaken in Ben, the man is insatiable and already craving you again.

But now isn’t the time, so standing up from his lap you fix your dress and tighten the cardigan
that’s around your waist. Ben grumpily follows suit, standing from the couch and buttoning his
shirt up before running his hands through his hair.

He looks to you, striding over in a few steps and pulling you in one more kiss before joining the
maze again. He steals the breathe from your lungs and hold your face close to his; your own hands
go straight for his belt loops and pull him closer.

He pulls away suddenly with a dopey looking grin, happy with the turn of events and completely
sated. For now.

Grabbing your hand, he leads you back to the door and you both quickly make your way out, but
instead of rejoining the maze, Ben takes a different path. He maneuvers around props, pipes and
random objects on the floor, bypassing the maze entirely and walking straight to the exit.

He opens a door that reveals the festival again, the sudden brightness has you squinting as he tugs you along to the waiting area. After your eyes adjust you notice you’re standing at the back of the haunted house; you watch as people flee the exit either screaming, laughing or super chill. Looking around you see Kylo and Matt are nowhere in site, in fact looking at your watch it seems you guys beat the countdown clock by skipping the maze and using the workers passages.

“Looks like we don’t have to buy the first round” you proudly say.

“What can I say, I’m just that good” Ben shrugs nonchalantly. You playfully whack his arm and slip your hand out of his to check your phone for any messages. As you do this, the feel of your soaked panties make you hesitant to face his brothers, you become hyper aware of the mess as a cool breeze blows past your legs.

Soon enough you see Kylo exiting the haunted house, looking very unimpressed as a flock of young girls follow closely behind him. He speeds up his steps when he spots you and Ben, but visibly cringes when one of the girls yell, “Thankssss Kyyyylo” and another chimes in, “Yeah thanks Kylo, we wouldn’t have gotten through it without you”.

Kylo turns his head slightly and sends them a stiff nod before turning back and ignoring them. They scream at the small bit of attention he showed them, huddling together and no doubt talking about the brooding but handsome man that saved them.

Kylo stops in front of you guys and gives you a small smile, your calm nature already easing the horrible experience he just had.

“What’s up with that?” Ben asks with his hands in the pockets of his jeans.

Kylo’s gaze turns to Ben as he grumbles, “With what?”.

Ben nods in the direction of the group and asks, “What do you mean, what? Those girls that yelled your name and keep looking over here”.

You watch as Kylo’s back straightens, his face tries to appear unfazed as he says, “Oh, them”.
“Yes, them” Ben says, his voice dripping with condescension.

Ben stares at his brother expectantly, waiting for an explanation. This exchange just got extremely uncomfortable super quick, as Ben looks to Kylo accusingly. It’s honestly not that big of a deal, but for Ben it seems like he’s trying to prove something.

Huffing, Kylo finally replies and avoids your eyes as he says, “They found me halfway through the maze and were scared, so they tagged along the rest of the way”.

Ben looks down to you before looking back up and commenting, “Awww how sweet, good guy Kylo helping out a group of kids” he mocks with a fake sympathetic voice.

Just as Kylo is about to answer with his face scrunched up into a snarl, you spot Matt exiting the haunted house. You yell out his name to direct him over and he looks around before spotting your arm waving in the distance.

With his brother’s towering beside you and another look-a-like of their savior, you watch as the group of girls gasp at the sight of Matt, their eyes bulging out of their heads as they watch him join you guys. The girls look utterly dumbstruck as they try to process the three attractive dudes standing a few meters away from them.

“There you guys are” Matt smiles, his presence alleviating some of the tension.

“Yep here we are, and it looks like you’re buying the first round tonight buddy” you say while patting his arm.

Ben perks up at the mention of this and smirks, “That’s right. A bet is a bet Matty”.

“Yeah yeah, whatever it’s not a big deal” Matt says dismissively, then he grins at the middle child, “You’ll be having a big girly cocktail again, right Ben?”.

You all laugh at this except Ben, who just rolls his eyes. Even Kylo cracks a smile, the previous conflict practically forgotten with the help of ‘Matt the peacemaker’. Calming down his brothers and quelling arguments seems to be his job, as throughout his life he’s always been the more
levelheaded of the trio.

Your voice gets their attention as you announce, “Anyway, the rest of the gang is here so we should probably go meet up with them”.

“Where are they?” Kylo’s deep voice asks.

“By the ferris wheel”.

“Good then lets head over, we don’t want to keep them waiting” Ben chimes in.

And with that you’re all making your way over to the other side of the showgrounds, your ears picking up the delighted squeals and sighs from the group of girls.

You can’t help but smile, the triplets today have had a variety of women ogle and throw themselves at them, and yet they still cling to you. All you can think is, ‘ Fuck Yeah’.

Chapter End Notes

*Oprah voice* you get a BJ, you get a BJ and you get a BJ.

Each triplet has now had the pleasure of your beautiful mouth and you there's in some way, but now it's time to kick things up a notch.
And The Weekend Continues.....

Chapter Notes

This chapter took forever because I lost motivation for the continued build up and fluff. But one night I got drunk and the words just started flowing. Then next thing I knew I was halfway done and there was an incredible amount of sexual tension peppered throughout the chapter. Honestly, I just wanna skip to the smut and have a triplet and reader fuck, really hard. Also, this chapter is long as fuck and couldn't be cut in half otherwise it wouldn't have flowed. So enjoy this long ass chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Just as promised your friends were waiting by the ferris wheel, all of them chatting happily.

When you get a good look at them, you can’t help but smile at Poe and Hux, the both of them eating giant sticks of pink cotton candy with Phasma discreetly trying to take a picture of them. Finn and Rey seem to be having their own private conversation with both of them leaning in close together. She smiles big every once in a while and Finn absorbs every second he spends with her, captivated by her charm.

Hux is the first to spot the four of you and with a mouth full of candy he yells out, “There you guys are!” and waves you’s over.

When you finally reach them, Ben’s quick to clap Hux on the shoulder, jostling the smaller man and almost making him choke on the stick of his cotton candy. The ginger sends a glare up at the brunet before shaking his head and punching his shoulder.

All the dudes’ greet each other first as you go straight to Rey and Phasma, you dive in for a group hug and startling them. But they smile nonetheless, your apparent happiness rubbing off on them as they return the hug.

Pulling away from the hug, Phasma is the first to ask, “We see you nearly everyday, why’re you super affectionate?”

“Because that’s at uni” you say matter of factly, looking between them before saying, “Finally we’re doing something that doesn’t require us to be focused on a boring old man or be sober”.
With her lips turned up, Phasma nods, “Fair enough” and then the three of you start talking about the different rides you all want to go on.

The rest of the day is spent going on rides with your friends; then as it grew darker you all found some food and a good place to sit while waiting for the fireworks. With your burger, fries and drink in hand, Ben leads you all to an open field in the showgrounds. The field has plush grass encompassing the entire area, which is the perfect cushioning under the various picnic blankets placed around the ground.

As you look out into the sea of picnic blankets, you see that fairy lights are sown into the edge of the fabric, giving people some light as they eat and talk. As you walk around the border of the field to a far corner, tall lamps and solar powered stakes in the ground illuminate your path. Ben explains that this area is designed specially for fireworks displays, as all the lights will dim once the show starts.

Ben chooses a rather large blanket in the far corner of the field, claiming it will have the best view. You all fit on it comfortably in a circle and you’re happy to find that the triplets have migrated towards you. You sit down cross-legged with Ben and Matt on either side of you, and Kylo sits in front of you. Digging into your food, everyone else does the same and a comfortable silence falls amongst you guys.

Loud music can still be heard throughout the entire festival, which helps counter the silence. As conversations start to pick up again, you can’t help but admire your friends. Each of them are great, you feel so lucky to have such good friends and plus with the added benefit, you’re pretty sure they’re all aware of the growing intimacy between you and the triplets. They all seem chill with the idea, which is a relief, it’s good to have such understanding and carefree buddies.

When you guys finish eating, Poe and Finn kindly offer to take everyone’s rubbish to the bin. When they get back the sun has fully set now, a slight chill is carried through the wind and you shiver in response. Untying you cardigan from your waist you slip it on and do the little buttons up. The triplets can see that you’re cold, so with their inner chivalry kicking in, Kylo hands you his jacket while his brothers scoot closer to you, blocking the cold and warming you with their bodies.

“Thanks guys” you say to them.
They smile in return and light conversation picks up as it grows darker.

About 30 minutes later the lamps and fairy lights dim and eventually turn off, letting people know the fireworks are about to start. All of you lay down, shoulder-to-shoulder in a circle with your heads near each other so you can still talk to one another. In the darkness your hands find Ben and Matt’s, easily slipping into their palms and lacing your fingers with theirs. And they happily accept your delicate limb, brushing their thumb over your smooth skin and smiling big in the cover of darkness.

And then the beautiful light show begins.

Stunning colors and different sized explosions, illuminated the sky. The night glittered and sparkled with the different fireworks. They whizzed and jetted across the blackness, making everyone ‘Ooooo’ and ‘Ahhhh’ in amazement. The display was so beautiful, that you thought it even rivaled the glimmering stars in the background.

The smell of smoke was faint in the air, the loud bangs and sizzles scared some children, but even all of that couldn’t distract the triplets from you, not even the gorgeous fireworks painting the sky. They watched the display for a while, but eventually they sneaked peaks at you from the corner of their eyes. Soon they were more captivated with you, watching as your face gazed up in amazement, enthralled by the show. The different colors painted your own face, making your appearance similar to an enchanting siren or fairy.

It truly was a beautiful fireworks display, but each triplet can whole-heartedly agree that you were far more enchanting.

Even when the show finished, all of you remained lying down. Your friends were content to rest a bit before going to the bar, wanting some time for their food to settle before drowning in alcohol. The warmth Ben and Matt were providing was more than enough to make you feel sleepy. With the lamps and fairy lights turning back on, they still held your hand, not caring if anyone saw.

You wanted to turn on your side, throw a leg over their waist and snuggle into their side under their arm. But you were having trouble deciding which triplet you should hug. You wanted to hug and be held by all three, but even choosing just one would no doubt upset the others. So sighing to yourself, you made do with what you have.
Eventually Ben had to get up and show everyone where the closest bathroom is. He reluctantly lets go of your hand, smiling down at you as he says, “Stay here, I’ll be back soon”, then sets off with nearly half the group. Matt is still with you, but soon enough he’s getting up and following his brother, turning to you sheepishly and saying, “I’ll be quick”.

You smile at him before he lets go of your hand, and watch as he chases after his brother.

You look around the blanket and see that Rey, Finn and Kylo are the only people left. Rey and Finn are laying close together and having their own conversation. And when you turn your head to Kylo, you see he’s gotten up and is now by your side. He lays down on his back with his arm propped under his head, opening his side up to you.

You scooch closer and lay on your side, resting your arm around his waist and playing with the hem of his shirt. Your body is pressed close to his, using his warmth as an excuse to be close to him, not that he minds anyway. With your hand holding your head up, you smile down at Kylo and admire his usual stoic features. But after a while he melts under your adoring gaze, his mouth quirks slightly into a grin and a dusting of red tints his cheeks. His eyes shift down to your hand.

“Did you enjoy the show” his deep voice asks, his other hand finds yours and holds it.

“Mmhmm” you nod yes, too caught up in his beauty to give a full answer.

The accompanying silence is comfortable, the two lovebirds on the other side of the blanket are wrapped up in their own little world and couldn’t care the slightest right now about how close you and Kylo are.

Lost in your own thoughts as your hand plays with his, your leg slowly moves up and stops to rest over his thigh with your calve between his legs. With your body closer, now you can feel his chest move with every breath; his grip has tightened slightly with the presence of your leg near his member. Zoning back in from your little ogling session, you smile down at him and ask, “Have you had a good day so far?”.

“Yes” he simply answers, his hand coming up to hold your cheek and brush his thumb over your skin.

The intensity in his voice and face lets you know that you’re probably the reason he’s had a good time. Very slowly, your faces inch together. Then soon enough your kissing him. You don’t think
you’ll ever get used to this; the feel of his plush and soft lips kissing you, the way he dominates the kiss and uses his body in a way that’s intoxicating to you.

The kiss grows more passionate, his tongue slips into your mouth and his hand moves down to your waist. The top half of your body is nearly resting completely on Kylo, his hand caresses you, holds you and tries to pull you fully on him. All three gestures are driving you wild.

Your hands roam from his chest to his neck and then tangle in his luscious locks. He groans when you give a tug. You suck his bottom lip before biting the plump flesh, then break away from his mouth. You’re both left panting from the kisses, each of you more than ready to take things further but not wanting to in such an open area.

Slipping off his body, you lay on your back next to him and try to calm down your racing heart. You feel Kylo move around, then his warm hand is slipping into yours. You both lay like that for a while, content to just hold hands, knowing that the rest of the group should be back any minute.

And in no time at all, your friends are back. Neither Kylo or yourself want to be the first to let go of each other’s hand, but as you both hear them draw closer, you both simultaneously let go. Your hands rest close together instead.

“Why don’t you two get a room” Poe’s voice loudly bellows, making you jolt anxiously.

You freeze in your spot, worried that he’s caught you and Kylo. But as you look up, you see he’s talking to Rey and Finn. You watch as Poe rudely lays between them and flops his limbs out on them like a starfish. You sigh in relief as you hear Rey and Finn groan in annoyance.

“Are we ready to go then?” you hear Hux’s voice.

Hux, Ben, Matt and Phasma are still standing, waiting for the rest of you to get up.

“I guess so”, Kylo answers before gracefully standing up.

Sitting up in your spot, Kylo offers you his hand and hoists you up, crashing into his chest with his immense strength. “Thanks” you mumble up at him, his hands on your waist to steady you.
The corner of his mouth quirks up before he reluctantly lets go of you. Turning your head at the sound of grumbles and protests, you see Rey and Finn trying to push and shove Poe away, the eccentric man happily lays on them like a puppy.

“Poe, get off you’re too heavy!” Rey complains.

You watch as Finn digs his fingers into Poe’s ribs, making him screech and shrink in on himself. With Poe distracted, Rey launches away from the pair and stands near you. And you can’t believe it, but the pair are wrestling, again.

“God, you’re so fucking annoying!” Finn yells as he puts Poe in a headlock.

Poe just chuckles in return before tapping out.

“God you two are weird!” you hear Phasma say to them.

Regaining his composure, Finn bolts up and walks over to Rey with an apologetic look. She rolls her eyes but slips her arm around his waist and starts walking towards the parking lot.

Ben walks up to the man still on the ground, “Come on Poe, we’re going to the bar now”, and helps in standing him up.

“Did you see that, little bugger gets better everyday” Poe comments, still slightly out of breath.

“Yeah I saw, you did good too bud” Ben laughs while patting his back.

Then you’re all following Rey and Finn, weaving through the festival.

Matt and Kylo hang back with you while the rest of the gang parts the sea of bodies in front of you. You follow them and in no time you’re all in the parking lot. You watch as Ben departs from Poe, the rest of your friends heading towards Phasma’s car while you and the triplets go to Ben’s.

“We’ll meet you guys there” you hear Phasma yell out.
“Ok, but don’t keep us waiting in that slow-mobile” Ben sasses back.

You shake your head at his jest. Your friends are too far away now, but you can very faintly hear Phasma’s voice yell over everyone else’s, “FUCK YOU, SOLO!”.

All of you are smiling at that, even Ben as he takes the insult as a term of affection, “Awwww, she’s a sweetheart that one”.

“Come on!” you hear Kylo say while you all wait for Ben to unlock the car.

And just as Kylo opens the passenger door, you quickly slip in and buckle your seat. Looking up at the raven man, you smile, “Sorry Ky, but I never get the front”.

He rolls his eyes but leans down, while moving some hair out of your face he whispers, “Fine, but you owe me” and then he’s placing a chaste kiss on your cheek before his brothers hop in.

You watch as he straightens and closes the car door, your eyes never leaving each other until he moves and gets in behind you.

You’re woken out of your trance at the sound of the other doors opening and closing.

“Ooooo good choice (Y/N), you get the best seat to see my awesome driving skills” Ben says with a glint of excitement in his eyes.

Trying to relax more in the seat, you laugh awkwardly, “Ha ha, I’m nervous already”.

“Don’t be, I’m an excellent driver” he emphasizes by reaching over and squeezing your knee with his large hand.

“Just don’t get us killed, ok?” Matt’s worried voice speaks up as he leans forward.
Kylo joins in as well, his voice stern as he says, “Just drive safe!”

A big and proud grin spreads across Ben’s face as he starts the engine, “You have nothing to worry about; my driving is completely safe”.

But it wasn’t.

Arriving at the bar in half the time, Ben’s reckless and show pony driving was both thrilling and terrifying. More than once you heard Kylo yell, “CHRIST BEN!” or “FUCKING SLOW DOWN!”. Matt was white knuckling it the entire drive there, is face the same shade when getting off the rollercoaster earlier. You were gripping the door handle tightly, your other hand was biting into the seat, your nails digging into the material as Ben swerved and drifted around the city.

It was fun, but was something you would never do again.

Parking out back of the bar, everyone is quick to jump out. Matt’s face is pale and with raging eyes Kylo looks like he’s ready to throttle the brunet. You lean against the car and try to steady your rapidly beating heart. If anything, the drive was more frightening than the rollercoaster, because at least you know you’re 95% safe. With Ben, everything is uncertain.

Regaining you composure, you vaguely hear arguing behind you. Walking around the car, you find Matt hunching over and bracing his weight on his knees. Standing beside him you rub soothing circles on his back and watch as his brothers have a heated discussion.

Breathing deeply, Matt straightens and mumbles to you, “I think I’m fine now”.

“Ok good, then lets head in!” Ben declares while pushing past Kylo.

The eldest looks downright furious, but softens slightly when he see’s you. Walking up to you, Kylo slings his arm around your shoulders, “Fine, but you’re not driving home”. Kylo is firm as he says this, his voice commanding and dark as he glares at his brother.
Ben looks hesitant in giving the keys to his baby to someone else, but yields nonetheless, “Ok, I guess that means I get to drink” and he plops the keys into Kylo’s open hand.

“All three of you deserve a night off” your voice cuts in.

All three of them look to you questioningly. Kylo has his eyebrow quirked in confusion, Matt looks puzzled and Ben looks very displeased.

Each of them kind of want you to get drunk, but only because they want you to let loose and have a good time; not because it would be easier to do things with your lowered inhibitions.

“Why do you wanna drive tonight?” Matt asks.

Looking at all three you say, “Because all three of you deserve a night off”.

They look taken aback by your answer; a warm feeling spreads through their chests as they realize you care for them. Well obviously they know you care for them, but they feel like a door has opened to reveal you care for them more as people other than just sex objects. You want them to be happy and not just by use of your body, but from experiences and making happy memories together.

They’re brought out of their thoughts with your voice saying, “And I honestly don’t mind” smiling wide, you continue, “And I can still have one drink”.

Ben’s the first to answer, “Well, if you insist” and looks to Kylo who has the final say in the matter.

You look up at him, the decision resting on his shoulders as he still has the keys. Chewing the inside of his cheek he leans down and finally says, “If you change your mind, just let me know”.

Nodding your head yes, he concedes and hands you the car keys. Plopping them in your clutch, you close the bag and put your arm around his waist.

Then Kylo starts walking towards the bar, pulling you along. You quickly grab Matt’s hand and
tug him along with you, your fingers lacing with his.

This is probably the most affection you’ve shown a triplet with another present. As you cling to both Matt and Kylo, you note how each of them seem calm in sharing you. You’re really liking this progress.

Ben catches up and walks beside Matt, quick to start up a conversation about cars.

Outside the entrance of the bar, you half expect Kylo and Matt to drop their limbs and let you go. But surprisingly, you feel them hug you closer. Walking through the entrance, and weaving through the bar, their hold on you only tightens. No one seems to pay the four of you any mind, only some men look at you, but quickly turn away when the triplets give them a terrifyingly harsh glare. You gaze at the old-fashioned woodwork bar, noting that the rest of the area is filled with oak tables, plush booths and a large corner devoted to assorted bar games.

As it’s still kinda early, the only people here seem to be regulars and the drunks of the city. Your friends aren’t here yet either, so choosing a big booth in the back corner, you all slide in and place an order of drinks with the waitress.

She practically drools at the sight of the triplets, but you pay her no mind.

After she leaves, the four of you fall into easy conversations, happily listing and noting the best parts of the festival. The waitress comes back with your drinks, slow to place them in front of your triplets and quickly sloshes yours in front of you.

“Is there anything else I can get you?” she sweetly asks.

“No, we’re fine thanks” Kylo’s monotone and bored voice replies.

Which doesn’t seem to phase her in the slightest. Halfway through drinks and the rest of your group arrives just in time for when the bar starts to get busy. People seem to just keep pouring in, flitting to different parts of the bar and conversing happily and loudly.

More drinks are ordered and eventually everyone starts to relax more. Laughter and loud music makes it hard to hear your friends, but you make do by laughing at the end of them speaking and hoping they didn’t just ask you a question.
The night carries on with laughter, funny stories and jokes. You and your friends have a merry time drinking and playing different games. But as the designated driver you became the referee for the drinking games, by declaring the winner and making sure no one was cheating.

Drink after drink supplied to your friends and the triplets, had everyone slowly slipping into a state of heightened happiness and giddiness. Eventually you all moved towards the gaming area and you found your entire back side pressed against Kylo as he helps show you how to play darts.

In his intoxicated state he still exuded tremendous control, but he was having trouble in controlling his lust for you. As he positioned you in the right stance, you felt a soft but very thick cock pressing into your ass. He holds your hips and hand, while whispering close to your ear, “Close one eye, look down your hand and line up the point of the dart with the bull’s-eye, then throw”.

With the loud music pumping through the bar, Kylo had to speak louder than usual, but his equally sensual voice still carried it’s authoritative and thigh clenching tone, making you quiver in his hold. His arms wrapped around your middle securing you in place while also hiding his member.

“Like this?” and lining your hand up with the target, you slowly shimmy side to side to the music, your plump ass presses into the slowly hardening dick behind you.

You hear him groan, the sound almost goes unheard with the loud noises around, but with his mouth so close to your ear, you feel the groan is something you’re the only one privileged enough to hear. He pushes into you as his fingers leave an imprint on your skin.

Then throwing the dart you smile wide as it lands close to the center. Squealing in excitement, you turn in Kylo’s arms and press a kiss to his cheek. Usually you would be more careful with showing affection in public, but seeing as your friends are more than encouraging your closeness with the triplets, you feel safe to express yourself in this bar filled with strangers.

While your ass was a delightful sensation, what really got Kylo going, was when you whispered, “I want you” the sentence sending a shiver down his spine and his arms pull you tighter, as he buries his head in your neck.

Only you is privy to the moan on his lips, with his fingers attached to your skin, his teeth easily find purchase on your neck and remains hidden by your hair. Your arms are around his neck, holding him close before turning back around and assuming the ‘Dart throwing position’.
The next few darts thrown are accompanied with sensual thrusts, grinds and groping, the man behind you slowly getting more riled up. After throwing a few more darts, the two of you end up moving over to the pool tables. Your friends verse each other, while you find Ben and Matt at another table. Approaching them, Ben asks, “You’ve arrived just in time, now we can verse each other in teams!”.

You feel Kylo huff behind you, “If we must”.

Ben is quick to move to your side and declare, “Great, I’m on (Y/N)’s team then”, his massive form shoves Kylo out of the way.

Baring his teeth, the eldest is held back by Matt, “That’s fine, you and I will easily demolish them” he looks to his brother, hoping that he’ll calm down.

Slowly backing down, Kylo turns and roughly grabs a pool cue from the stand, but softly hands one to you. His eyes quickly shift to Ben in annoyance.

As the game starts, the tension from earlier eventually evaporates. The four of you grow more jovial and relaxed as more drinks are supplied and the competition of the game distracts them. As the sober person of the group, it was easier to spot the blatant flirtations the triplets did. The alcohol in their systems made it harder and harder for them to hide their obvious lust and want for you. Gradually throughout the night they became more handsy and affectionate. They even didn’t seem to mind sharing you with each other. In fact, the only people they grew hostile towards is other males that weren’t your friends. Their steely gazes and hostile postures are more than enough to ward off the other horny dudes.

Just as Kylo helped you throw darts, Ben helped you play pool. You didn’t need help, but you took any chance you could to be pressed against a triplet. With his brothers on the other side of the table, Ben bent you over and leaned over your form, positing you just right to strike the white ball. He was firm behind you, his enormously hard and chiseled body pressing against you and powerful in directing your movements.

Matt and Kylo were watching the both of you, eyes shining in the dimly light room and focused on their brothers movement’s as he maneuvered you and positioned you. And Ben was arrogant as he
caressed your skin, pressing into your flesh while sending a smirk to his brothers.

As you peeked at Kylo and Matt, you were surprised to see lust more than jealousy in their eyes. The pair seemed more concerned with replacing Ben, rather than the fact that heir brother was blatantly pressing his cock in your ass.

With this new occurrence, you smiled at the thought of the alcohol exposing the triplet’s true worries and desires. They weren’t concerned with their brother humping into you, but more of the fact that they would miss out on the activity. They wanted to be the ones behind you.

As the night progressed, each triplet grew more unconcerned with their public displays of affection. More than once you felt Matt, Ben and Kylo’s wandering hands drifting over your body and caressing your curves.

But the real fun began back at the booth. You had to battle two different wandering hands mapping your thighs, hips and seeking out your cunt.

With Matt on one side and Ben on the other, you tried (but not really) to ward off their wandering hands as Kylo went to get more drinks. Their backs hunched over you, Ben whispered filthy words into your ear and Matt was eagerly inching closer and closer to your heat. With their arms behind your body and resting on the back of the booth, they were free to be as close to you as they wanted. Some of your friends were at the booth as well, but even that didn’t deter the triplet’s from their desire.

Rey and Finn were preoccupied with each other, leaning close and eventually (FINALLY!) started making out. Poe was also present, a random girl was hanging off his arm and absorbing every word he said. Eventually they started making out as well.

Kylo came back with more drinks, his own glass half empty. Placing the drinks in front of his brothers, Kylo put a glass of water in front of you before joining Hux and Phasma at the pool tables.

You thanked him as best you could before he left, the two pairs of hands inching closer and closer to your pussy hindered your speech and vocabulary. Closing your legs in an attempt to stop Matt and Ben, their fingers ended up touching.

You thought the realization that each of them were also trying to touch you, would be enough to
stop their crusade to your cunt. But it seemed to only spark an alliance between them. With one hand gripping your glass of water firmly, your eyes widened as you felt their other hands pry your legs apart.

You missed the glint of mischief in their eyes directed to each other and the subtle flash of understanding between them both. Their hands felt absolutely divine on your bare skin, slowly trailing towards your center.

You would’ve groaned, but the sane part of you urged your mouth to remain sealed shut. You looked to Kylo for…………….well, I don’t know. Help, maybe?

But all you found was his attention focused on the game in front of him. You didn’t know if it was in the air or the drinks, but the entire bar seemed to be thriving off some kind of sexually charged energy. As your eyes flitted over the other patrons, you noticed that everyone was either grinding to the music, whispering sweet nothings or becoming overly affectionate.

With your sober mind, it was more than ready to supply anxiety for allowing something so intimate to happen in a public place. Thankfully, the table at the booth concealed Matt and Ben’s wandering hands. You just, felt so exposed and confused.

You didn’t really know what you wanted right now, the only thing you could think about were the two sets of hands gliding across your skin, from your knee to your pussy. What surprised you the most though, was the fact Matt and Ben were acting like a team. They each held your legs open, resting them over their own thighs and keeping them in place with their forearms.

Then you felt Matt sneak under your dress and begin massaging your clothed clit. Quickly biting your tongue to muffle the moan, your control was tested even more as you felt Ben’s fingers slip under your panties and tease along the slit of your core. Both Matt and Ben were toying with your cunt, smirking as they played your pussy like an instrument.

The darkness shrouding the booths gave the perfect cover, concealing all of you from prying eyes. In fact, a person would have to be standing right in front of you to see what’s happening under the table.

But your hands flew to their forearms nonetheless, holding them still as your mind raged in whether you wanted them to stop, or continue. Even though you were nervous, your cunt didn’t help the situation by producing a large amount of arousal flow, which had Ben smiling sinfully as the slick coated his fingers.
Your attention was directed to Matt who brought you out of your internal struggle.

“(Y/N)” his sensual voice echoed by your ear.

As Matt spoke it provided the perfect cover. The illusion that you were merely having a conversation and not obviously about to get fingered.

“Are you going to be good for your brothers?”, his voice taking on a lustfully dark tone.

It only took a few seconds to contemplate what to do, but finding yourself thinking, ‘Fuck it’, your grip slowly eased up and eventually let go. You surrendered to their touch.

The two smiled devilishly and continued in their ministrations.

You seemed to be the only sober person in the bar, well, at least sober from alcohol. Right now your mind was drunk on Matt and Ben, their hands expertly teasing you into a heaving mess. The atmosphere in the bar seemed to be dialed up to 11, no one took notice of your state, and if they did, well no one cared enough to comment.

Just as Matt asked you a question, Ben plunged two thick fingers straight into your cunt. The loud music and chatter muffled your scream, making the men smile in delight. Your hands were gripping Ben and Matt’s thighs, your nails digging into their jeans as your eyes rolled back.

“She’s so wet” you hear Ben groan to his brother, his face showing nothing but lust as he gazes at you hungrily.

You hear Matt laugh darkly. “I bet she is, poor thing has a sick desire for her brothers. I bet she thinks about us all the time” the blond remarks wickedly, while gliding his fingers over your swollen nub hard.

You squeal in delight, the sound making them smirk.
“Do you, sweet sister?” Ben questions you, knowing full well what you answer will be, but needing to hear it from your lips.

Your eyes flutter as you groan out, “Yes”.

Your answer pleases them immensely; they reward you with their fingers increasing in strength and in speed. “See! So filthy!” Matt coos to you and smirks to Ben.

With his mouth by your ear, Ben whispers, “You’re so tight babygirl”, his deliciously thick fingers slowly slip out of your cunt, making sure you feel every crevice and groove, before ramming back in.

You have no idea how this came to happen. There was no way you thought both brothers would be willing to do something like this. It seems they’ve finally come to an understanding.

They delighted in your pants and mewls, hunching over your form to better hear and conceal you. Your head was leaning into Ben, his face and hair hid you from people as he whispered filthy words in your ear. Again and again he drove his fingers into you, groaning to himself as your pussy unintentionally clenched.

Matt’s fingers were skillfully teasing and coaxing more groans from your lips as he played with your nub. Both of them worked you quickly to the precipice of an orgasm. And just as Ben’s fingers curled, Matt nipped at your exposed neck, placing a delicate kiss and licking a stripe up a protruding tendon.

And not a second later, you were gasping and suppressing an ear splitting scream as you came. Your pussy clenched and contracted around Ben’s fingers, the brunet smirking proudly as he felt your heat try to suck his fingers back in. And being merciful, he rode out your orgasm with his fingers, making sure to plunge them deep in your cunt and hold them there.

Both Ben and Matt were grinning smugly, clear satisfaction and pride on their faces as they drank in your wrecked form. While coming down from your high, you were half expecting them to retract their hands and let you cool down.

But to your utter surprise, horror and delight, Matt and Ben’s fingers swapped positions. Matt easily finds your soaking core and is quick to dive three fingers in your hole. Your pleasured yell is absolutely heavenly, the men beside you revel in your ecstasy filled state; pride filling their chests.
as your moans are only for them.

Your whimper and groans are almost impossible to contain now, with Matt stuffing his thick fingers in your cunt, Ben was quick to find your clit. The essence from your previous climax has his fingers sliding over your nub, making it easy to rub you into a further heightened state of pleasure.

“I bet you can cum again sweet sister” Ben practically demands, his voice leaving no room for refusal.

Unable to answer or form a coherent thought, you reply with a strangled groan.

And both brothers grin at your ruined form, reveling in your thoroughly fucked state.

Matt answers for you, “I know she can, my sweet girl won’t deny her brother the feel of your tight cunt clamping around my fingers, will you?”

But he doesn’t wait for an answer, instead his long fingers curl and repeatedly ram into your g-spot. The last remnant of your sanity has your eyes opening, checking for the last time to see if anyone in the bar is looking at you three.

But finding no eyes upon you, you sink back into the booth and fully relax. Even your friends at the table seemed to have disappeared as well.

Your desire was practically soaking Ben and Matt’s hands, bathing them in your arousal and slicking your cunt further as they drove you closer and closer to your second orgasm.

You thought it was an impossible challenge, to try make you cum again. Your nerves made it hard to cum the first time in such a public place. But proven wrong again, it only takes one whole minute before you’re pushed over the edge. Your silken core clamps around the three fingers inside you, and your wanton moan is barely muffled by Matt’s neck. Your teeth sink into his flesh, making the man groan and thrust into you roughly.

The hands between your legs are relentless as they fuck you through your orgasm, the men beside you persistent in dragging out your climax to the very end.
Matt whispers to you, “That’s my good girl” and slows down his fingers before plugging them in your cunt, trying to trap your cum.

Eventually you’re left a quivering, soaking mess; your lower half is fucked and thoroughly used. Your lungs burn as you try to supply them with oxygen, your heart protests the thorough pounding your cunt received by beating rapidly and your mind blanks out from the overwhelming climax’s you just received.

Honestly, you couldn’t care less now if someone had witnessed that entire show, your mind is far too blissed out to be concerned. But as your mind is slowly woken out of its foggy haze, you feel hands rubbing soothing circles into your thighs and sweet praises are whispered in your ear.

Their fingers massage your cum into your thighs, spreading your arousal while also trying to lessen the mess in your panties. But not giving a single fuck, you only give each Solo man a kiss on their cheeks close to the corner of their mouths.

If only you knew; that the night was just beginning.
I swear I don’t mean to make every female stranger act like a bitch to reader or immediately be attracted to the triplets on purpose, but I feel like the triplets are so gorgeous that any woman would be attracted to them and threatened by you. So I apologize if you think the random women I put in the story are becoming cliché or too regular, but I feel like the handsome trio would easily have women flocking to them. I guess it just adds to reader’s struggles of pursuing a relationship with the triplets.
Is This A Dream?

Chapter Summary

FINALLY, what you've all patiently been waiting for.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You felt extremely overheated in Kylo’s jacket, the thick material adding fuel to your already scorching body. As your form lay limp in Ben’s arms, Matt left to refill your glass of water. Slowly shrugging the jacket off, you settled back into Ben’s chest with his arms holding you close.

With your arousal drying between your legs, you didn’t know if you could walk yet. A pleasant throb settled in your core, your muscles seemed to have fallen asleep and your mind was far too gone to even think about doing anything, other than falling asleep. Ben’s comforting embrace encouraged your lids to droop, your head rested on his shoulder as his lips ghosted over your cheek.

But through hooded eyes, you watched as the brunet sucked his fingers into his mouth, moaning around the digits as he savored your sweet essence. The sight had you whimpering, the man beside you had thorough just fucked your cunt with his fingers, and yet you seem to only want more.

Ben even smirked, when he noticed the lust in your dazed eyes. But instead of taking advantage of your hungry state, Ben only showed you the tender side of himself. You felt one of his hands rub up and down your spine, while his other hand propped your legs over his thigh so he could caress the soft skin of your knees.

Time seemed to cease existing in that moment. A few seconds, minutes or hours could have passed and you wouldn’t have noticed. Only when you felt Matt slide in next to you, did you realize it’s probably only been a couple minutes.

With a fresh glass of water in front of you, Matt placed a beer and a couple of shots in front of Ben and himself. Through tired eyes, you watched as they downed the shots one after another, only stopping for a quick breath before chugging their beers. Even with you practically sitting in Ben’s lap, he was still agile in making sure not to disturb you. His swift movements left you almost unaware he was drinking like a fish.
After a while, the fog around your mind and limbs evaporated. You sat up straight and took a big drink of your water, savoring the cool liquid as it quenched you thirst.

“How do you feel?” Matt asked.

A dreamy smile spread across your face as you answered, “Good! Great! Fucking amazing!”

Your answer satisfies both of them, making them smile proudly.

Shrugging your cardigan off as well, you continue, “But I need to clean up a bit, so……………….”

“Of course!” Matt says rather quickly, his movements become jittery, like he’s embarrassed or something. He stands up hastily to let you pass.

Giving a small smile to Ben, you stand as best you can in the booth and shuffle towards Matt. Patting his chest in thanks, you grin as he blushes, his usual shyness and flustered traits re-appearing.

Weaving through the crowd you make it to the bathroom, which is surprisingly sort of empty. Only three doors out of the ten are occupied. Walking to the very end, you slip inside the cubicle and close the door. Doing your business, your mind wanders as you listen to the music thumping, the sound of someone vomiting and also the sound of people moaning.

You would be surprised to hear such lewd sounds in a bathroom, but honestly what would you expect from a bar in the big city. At least it’s sort of clean in here. Finishing up, you quickly wash your hands and fix any parts of your hair or outfit out of place. Feeling like a semi decent person again, you make your way back to the booth.

Feeling fresh as a daisy, you slide back in the booth with Ben, Matt, Hux and Phasma. The five of you are jovial and completely carefree, the copious amounts of alcohol easing the rest of the night along like caramel. The only ones not drinking was yourself and Phasma, as the designated drivers you’s got to laugh at the hilarious antics the rest of your friends got up to.

As the night carried on, more drinks were supplied and your friends were thoroughly smashed. Kylo though, seemed to be holding his booze pretty well. He could still hold a normal
conversation, but you could tell he was drunk because he was expressing his emotions more often. He laughed, joked and was very talkative; Kylo’s awkward and standoffish tendencies melted away, setting his inner social butterfly free.

At around 2am all of you decided to call it quits. More than half of your friends were having a hard time staying awake and the thought of trying to wake a sleeping Hux terrified everyone. So everybody got up and headed outside, the cool air like the softest silk trailing over your heated skin. It was both refreshing and soothing.

Saying your goodbyes and hugging your friends, you whispered to Phasma, “Get home safe and be careful driving”.

Rolling her eyes but smiling anyway, she responds, “You too, text me when you get home. Ok?”

You nod your head and mumble, “Yeah I will”.

Hugging each other one more time, you pull away when you hear Ben yell, “COME ON SUGAR TITS!”

Then the sound of a loud smack and Ben whining “OWW!” had you grinning.

“Ok, bye” you say one last time before turning around.

Reaching Ben’s car and the triplets, you unlock the doors and hop in. Kylo steals the passenger seat next to you, leaving Matt and Ben in the back. Buckling up, you adjust the seat and mirrors, which has Ben muttering, “Ha, fucken nerd”.

“Do you wanna get home safe or not?” you ask sarcastically.

Your question is clearly rhetorical, but even Ben finds a way to answer.

“I guess so, if it means I get to feel yo--“, but Ben is cut off by Matt punching his leg, “Oww, dude what the fuck”.
Matt gives him a pointed glare before flicking his eyes over to Kylo; the eldest triplet perking up at the sound of his brothers acting suspiciously.

But before he can ask what’s going on, you start the car and flick the radio on to a mellow station. The music fills the car and helps in distracting the triplets. Reversing and pulling out of the parking lot, you easily maneuver through the city and find yourself on the familiar streets of your suburb.

The drive is relatively quiet, only a few words are spoken; mostly by Ben though. The ride home is quick considering it’s so late; in no time at all you’re pulling into your driveway and parking Ben’s car in the garage. The men in the back are sleeping soundly; only Kylo is awake who seems to be unbothered by the late hour and alcohol in his system.

With the sleeping angels in the back you were content to try carry them one by one to their bedrooms or quietly nudge them awake, but Kylo preferred the easier approach.

“Wakeup, we’re home”, he roughly shakes each of them awake. Each brother glares daggers at Kylo, but in their sleepy states they allow the rough treatment.

Matt and Ben drag their feet up the stairs, both of them quick to enter their rooms and close the doors. You hesitate at your door and turn, surprised to still see Kylo. And just as you’re about to say good night, he strides up to you and places a heated kiss on your lips. Both of his hands hold your face in place, giving him total control as he devours your mouth.

And just as you thought he was going to take it further, he pulls away with a deeply seductive tone and whispers, “Goodnight” then places one more kiss on your cheek before walking into his room and closing the door.

You’re left their stunned, confused and aroused at his sudden affection. The only thing you can think is, ‘Fucking tease!’

Retreating into your own room, you send a text to Phasma before having a quick shower and snuggling into bed. You hope that sleep takes you quickly, before your mind decides to replay today’s events and before the tingling sensation between your legs grows unbearable.

If only you were so lucky.
A little while later……..

You stare at the clock in the corner of your room; the neon red light taunting you as it tells you it’s way past your bedtime, but doing nothing to aid you.

You didn’t think it was possible to feel the need for another orgasm, not after what Ben and Matt did for you. But damn that Kylo, something about him has a fire reawakening in your core the moment his lips kissed you goodnight.

For what has felt like hours, the ache between your legs only increased, not going away no matter how much you rubbed your sex or tapped your g-spot.

You felt sweaty from working yourself up, so close to the edge but unable to push yourself over as your body craves something a little thicker, longer and rougher. You wanted one of the triplets to pound the desire out of you, to fuck you so vigorously that you’ll have no trouble falling asleep after.

You angrily throw your blanket down the bed, leaving only the sheet to cover your body as you peel your singlet and shorts off, throwing them away in the darkness. You felt slightly better now as the cool night air caressed your skin, making your nipples harden through the thin bralette.

Huffing loudly, you turn on your side and will your body not move, in hopes sleep will take your tired mind.

Half an hour goes by and you’re on the verge of falling asleep, your mind is hazy and barely registers the sound of your door opening, then closing and the click of the lock turning. Your bed dips behind you and a cool breeze makes you shiver as the sheet is lifted off you and something slides in against you.

A strong arm wraps around your waist, using you as leverage to pull a large chest flush with your back. The sensation has the fog covering your mind slowly evaporating; making you aware that someone is in your bed. You would panic if you thought it was a stranger in your bed, but seeing as that’s impossible, the only person it could be is one of the triplets. Trying to figure out who it could be is the tricky part, because saying the wrong name could insult them and damage the growing relationship.
So instead you snuggle your body back into the warmth behind you, enjoying the feel of someone holding you.

A deep voice whispers, “I’m sorry if I woke you, I couldn’t sleep”.

Ahhhhh, so it’s Kylo sneaking into your room in the dead of night. You could tell by his voice, it’s always the same tone and he pronounces his words more clearly and authoritative than his brothers. Ben’s voice always seems cheery, while Matt’s voice is leveled and thoughtful.

Humming in response, your arm reaches back and tangles in his locks. With the longest hair out of his brothers you tug lightly as Kylo nuzzles your neck and places delicate kisses along your shoulder.

Turning your head and kissing his plush lips, you mumble, “I couldn’t sleep either”.

“Mmmmm” he answers, while smoothing his hand over your stomach, then to your hip and down the side of your thigh. His hand roams all over your body from the plump flesh of your ass to the swell of your breasts. He continues to kiss and nibble along your neck and shoulder, never leaving a part of you unmarked or cold.

He’s starting to get you worked up again; making more of your arousal flood your already soaked underwear. When his palm dips over the front of your panties, the sharp intake of his surprise has you smiling, “You’re already so wet!” he says in disbelief.

You grind your ass into his cock and find it’s already extremely hard. He groans when you do this and cups your sex in his large hand, grinding the heel of his palm into your clit while his fingers slide along your slit.

Kylo’s voice seems to get deeper as he asks, “You were wet long before I came along, weren’t you?”

Your eyes are closed as you mumble, “Yes”.

“Poor thing, I bet you haven’t even come. That’s why your body is responding so well to me”.


Kylo’s hips slowly rock into your ass, rubbing the length of his cock along you as he slowly gets himself and you worked up more.

You breathlessly reply to him, “Yes, but I think my body responds to you well no matter when”.

A possessive growl rumbles from him, sending a flicker of arousal through you as he says, “That’s right, because you’re MINE”.

His hips dip down and the head of his cock prods your folds through the thin material of your underwear and his; the overwhelming heat of his fat member is a presence that’s unmistakable. Kylo’s mind is heedy as he loses himself in your sweet skin, kissing and nibbling all of you, his dick wanting nothing more than to be buried in your divine heat.

He’s showing such lovely attention to your body, almost like he’s everywhere at once. While his cock continues to deliciously grind into you, his hand showers attention on your stiff clit, palming your sex and rubbing you closer and closer to the edge. Kylo groans appreciatively when he dips inside your underwear, his hand easily slides along and cups your bare cunt, the soft wet skin almost sending him into a frenzy.

You moan loudly when the warm pads of his talented fingers start circling your nub, Kylo makes quick work of bringing you to your first climax of the night. You try to muffle your moan by turning your head into the pillow, but to no avail as Kylo’s other hand snakes under your neck and turns your head for a bruising kiss. He wants to hear your sweet cries and wants nothing more than for his brothers to hear them as well, so they know who exactly is getting you off.

Your body shivers and jerks as his fingers relentlessly flick and stimulate you, then he’s slipping a long digit into your heat and furiously pumping them straight into your g-spot.

You squeal at the new and sudden sensation, breaking the kiss as the need for oxygen overwhelms you. With your faces so close together, Kylo looks down to you and in the faint light memorizes the look of bliss on your face and clear pleasure his persistent fingers cause you. He traps your bottom lip with his teeth then smirks, “You’re such a good little girl, letting your brother fuck your pussy with his hand”.

His filthy words catch you off guard, especially using the term brother when referring to himself. You should be disgusted when you think about it, but it’s not the first time you’ve heard it and you’re pretty sure it won’t be the last. You’re ashamed to say that you like it and Kylo knows too, because as soon as ‘brother’ left his lips your cunt clenched especially tight and your hand seized him, making sure his palm never leaves your sex.
He smugly smirks down at you and slips another finger in, making you moan as he whispers “You’re so filthy sister”.

You can’t properly answer him as his fingers pick up speed and your over stimulated body still spasms. You can’t help but grind back into him, his member that’s still hungry for your slicked core insistently pokes you.

He leans his face down and seductively asks, “Will you let me cum in that tight little cunt of yours?”

You immediately answer, “YES!” a little too eagerly, but unashamed as the thought of finally having Kylo’s cock in you has you begging and rutting against him.

Kylo growls deeply, his control wearing thin as he starves off his own desire, in favor of showing you pleasure no other can provide. As his fingers persistently plunge into you, the heel of his palm ruthlessly grinds into your nub. Kylo can feel the beginning of another orgasm blossoming in your sex as you clench around him sporadically. He drives his fingers in a few more times and then your cumming again, except all over fingers and in his hand.

“That’s my good girl” he coos behind you.

Suddenly his hand leaves your sex and you feel him shuffle behind you, then he’s back against you and the heavy weight of his bare cock hits the back of your thighs.

“I want you” is all he says, the same words on his lips that you whispered to him a few hours ago.

You know that’s his way of asking permission, as he won’t go any further unless you say so. But wanting him as much as he wants you, you tear your underwear down your legs and unhook your bralette so fast Kylo is left stunned. With both of you still lying on your sides, you pull his head in for a passionate kiss using his hair to keep him locked in place.

Kylo groans deeply as you push your now exposed ass into his throbbing cock, he bucks into you. He grabs your breast, pinching the nipple and making you squeal in surprise, which he swallows in the kiss.
He breaks away from your lips panting and leans on the arm under him, propped up so he can see the faint silhouette of your body. You whine from the small distance he puts between you, but silence yourself as he lifts your leg to rest over his hip.

His cock springs up and slaps your swollen pussy, the head hitting your clit and making you gasp. You’ve been dreaming of this for a while now, and only just realizing you’ve never had a cock this big inside you. He’s so long and thick, big enough to probably ruin you for any other man. With the wetness from your pussy it makes it easy for Kylo to slide his length along your folds, teasing you both and getting his member properly slick to fuck you.

His hand lands on your knee, smoothing a trail up your thigh, to your tits and squeezes, then traces back down over your stomach and softly ghosts his fingers around your over-sensitive nub, making your hips jolt back.

“Kylo, please. You don’t know how long I’ve wanted this”.

He growls when you say this, biting down on your shoulder to try and calm his inner beast from taking over and savagely fucking you.

“Oh, I have an idea little one”, he rumbles lowly, grabbing his cock and lining it up with your entrance. “I’m gunna make this sweet little pussy mine. All mine”. He teases your silken passage with little thrusts, the head of his cock eluding your hole everytime you try to push your hips down and capture him.

Growing frustrated you whine, “FUCK! Kylo please, I need yOUU---“, gasping loudly when the thick head of his cock pushes into you slowly, your back arches and the sheer size of him is an enlightening experience. Kylo hisses as your pussy slowly takes him, the tightness taking him by surprise. You moan in satisfaction at finally having him, finally you can explore the eldest triplet sexually and fuck him in everyway you want.

“FUCK! You’re so tight!” he snarls behind you, before slowly rocking into you and pushing a little more of his cock inside with every thrust.

He’s slow in his movements, controlled, as he makes sure not to cause you any pain. His fingers find your clit again and rub in time with every thrust, making your cunt gush more arousal. With your pussy impossible slick and your walls suddenly relaxing, Kylo slides his entire meat in to the hilt. You both groan deeply at finally having the entirety of his cock inside you. Your pussy involuntary flutters around the intrusion, making Kylo hiss and jerk his hips.
You hear him breathe in deeply, and then he’s pulling his length out, leaving only the tip in before slowly pushing back in. The first thrust is always the best; his incredibly thick member hits spots in you no other man has ever reached. He grips your body roughly as he tries to keep his thrusts silent.

Even though you enjoyed Ben and Matt a few hours ago, you were still worried to how they would react to Kylo fucking you. There seems to be some kind of tension from Ben and Matt towards Kylo, like the three of them were in some kind of private silent argument. But since this is still new territory for all of you, you in particular have to tread carefully.

You were worried one of his brothers might hear you guys, but another part of you was slightly thrilled at the idea of one of them bursting in at any moment. In your imagination something like this is an occurring fantasy for you, being caught with one brother and having another join in fuck you, making you their own personal sex toy to fill with cum.

Kylo starts to pick up the pace now, his pelvis meeting your ass in an almost frantic manner, his cock desperate to be sheathed in your heat. You can feel him throb inside you, sending shocks of pleasure through you. You can tell Kylo is struggling to keep quiet, as every once in a while a few little grunts and groans escape him.

Kylo shuffles down slightly so he can spear his cock up into you, he holds onto your leg against him for better leverage. At this different angle the head of his cock rams into your g-spot repeatedly, making your climax approach a lot faster than ever in your life.

You’re trying to keep your moans quiet, but the unrelenting pleasure of Kylo’s cock driving every pulsing inch inside you, has you turning your head and biting your pillow in hopes of muffling yourself. Kylo is breathing hard, desperately trying to remain controlled but losing, as the sounds of skin slapping against skin grows louder, indicating the last fragments of his conscious mind concerned with keeping quiet, slowly slips away.

A few more powerful thrusts and your cumming so quickly it takes both of you by surprise.

“FUCK!” Kylo yells into your back, trying to quiet himself by biting your flesh as your pussy strangles the life from his cock.

Your body has never had so many orgasms in one day, especially ones this powerful. Your body is writhing as you latch onto the arm secured around you, your pussy spasms around Kylo’s member and your brain goes blank for a good while.
You’re both sweaty from exerting so much energy, the sheet covering you both is almost too much as it shields the cool night air, something you greatly need right now. Then Kylo is suddenly moving fast, ripping the sheet off the both of you, slipping out of you and turning you on your back.

Your climax flows out of you as Kylo kneels before you, sitting back on his heels and resting his hands on his thighs. With his hard cock jutting proudly towards his stomach, he breathes heavily and shivers as the cool air touches his dick. He stares down at your blissed out form, appreciating the way you look, from your hooded eyes, heaving chest and glistening cunt. Thankfully the room is bright enough to see all of these glorious details.

You eye the insatiable beast before you, his eyes shine in the darkness from the moonlight peaking through the curtains and the light from your clock. Through your tired eyes, you admire the still hard member throbbing between his legs, wanting nothing more than have him back inside you and filling you with cum.

His eyes rake over your body as he grumbles, “I didn’t say you could cum yet” his voice hard, but filled with lust.

Feeling bold, you airily smirk up at him, “Sorry brother, I couldn’t help myself”.

Your comment angers him and arouses him all at the same time. Then he’s growling as your legs spread wide for him, beckoning him to dive back into your greedy heat.

You’re so ready to receive his cock again, craving his fat meat to be stuffed back inside and filled with his seed. But instead he remains immobile, still resting in his pose and punishing you for your insolence.

You frown at him and trail your foot up his thigh and hook your leg around his waist and try to nudge him forward. Kylo snarls at this and grabs your ankle in a firm grip, he lunges forward and hovers over you in a display of dominance.

With is forearm resting by your head, his other hand gripping your ankle, he glares down in pure carnal lust and rage. Never has a woman infuriated him and aroused him so much, but I guess that’s why he’s infatuated with you, why he’s almost addicted to you. There is no one else like you.
He glowers down at you, using his hard voice and dominating appearance and commands, “You’re not allowed to cum unless I say so, understand?”

“Yes” your simple and submissive reply is like music to his ears.

Satisfied with your answer he dives in and kisses you passionately, his mind slowly slipping away as you instill madness and lust in him. The last shred of control he has shatters into oblivion when your hand reaches down and grasps his cock tightly. Kylo groans deeply, his head falling on your shoulder as you slowly stroke him from the base to the tip and twisting around the head.

He bucks into your hand with force, jolting your entire body with his large form. He huffs against your skin, at the mercy of your grip as you align him with your sex. And as you predicted, with your next stroke Kylo bucks into you, but instead plunges back into your heat.

You both moan at being connected again, the little amount of rest you had makes the stretch of his cock all the more enjoyable. Kylo slowly pulls out, his eyes looking down at his impossibly slicked member and your silky cunt, begging him to be back inside you. A guttural moan resonates deep in his throat at the sight. This time he’s not gentle, he slams back in and sets a slow but rough pace.

His pace is relentless, his long thick length and the new position make his thrusts similar to a raging warrior in the middle of a heated battle. And still, your cunt craves more. You want him to utterly destroy you, fuck you so hard you’ll be walking funny for a week. The squelching sounds are absolutely filthy, echoing through the room as you both pant, growl and moan. You bite his collarbone and suck his delicious skin in hopes of trying to quiet yourself, but you inadvertently make Kylo groan louder.

He’s releasing month’s worth of pent up sexual frustration on you, using your cunt to deliver powerful punches with his cock. You’re the reason for the many occasions he’s suffered blue balls, he can’t get you out of his head and if the way he greedily shoves his cock in you is any indication, fucking you is something he’s going to constantly need. Because just once isn’t gunna cut it, he’s going to crave you, addicted to feel the of your silken walls strangling his cock, the look on your face as you writhe beneath him and the beautiful sounds you make.

You’ve never had a man fuck you so thoroughly into the mattress; he pounds into you like his life depends on it, unleashing his full desire and completely uncaring if his brothers hear. He just wants to give you the best fucking you’re ever gunna have and keep you wanting him and wanting more.
Again and again he plunges his fat cock into you, unrelenting and in fact savagely thrusts into you harder, making you claw down his back in aching ecstasy. He snarls like an animal, from the pain of your nails but enjoying the pleasure mixed with it. He also likes the idea of you marking him as yours; the red lines he’ll see tomorrow are a badge of sorts that will make him proud to be yours.

Whenever he’s fucked other women he never lets them mark him, by either hickeys, scratches or bites, because each of them haven’t been worthy enough to claim him as theirs. But you, he’s wants you to make him yours in everyway you want. Leaning down and hovering over you, Kylo buries his face in your shoulder as the start of his orgasm begins.

Pressure begins to build at the base of his spine and he frantically starts rubbing your clit in hopes of feeling your cunt clench around him one more time. You moan at the feel of his fingers attacking your clit as he says, “Cum for me!”.

And that’s all it took. Within seconds you were cumming again, juices flooding your cunt and clenching around Kylo so tightly that he was cumming instantly. He roars into your neck, biting the flesh and fucking into you roughly as hot jets of cum spurt into you. Your cunt spasms around his member, tightening and milking him for everything he’s got. He continues to thrust into you riding out both your orgasms, coating your insides with cum and slamming into you one last time as you clamp around him. The feel of both your essences overflow down the length of his cock and paint your lower half’s.

He stills his movements, remaining lodged balls deep inside you, not wanting to leave your precious heat. You both breath heavily as sweat, cum and spit coat each you. The spit is from the sloppy kisses, bites and nibbles you gave each other, both your necks and shoulders are decorated with teeth marks and hickeys.

Kylo hovers above you and only rests a fraction of his weight on you, concerned that his heavy form could crush you. But honestly, you couldn’t care less, the feel of his entire being on you is the most comforting thought and you want nothing more than be engulfed by this sex god of a man.

Eventually he slips out of you and a trail of mixed orgasms flow from your cunt. Your hand cups your sensitive sex in hopes of saving your sheets and mattress from the mess, but surprisingly Kylo shuffles down, moves your hand and laps at your dripping cunt. You gasp at the sensation as it’s almost too much, you don’t know how much more your pussy can take.

“My sweet sister, you’re so delicious, so perfect”, Kylo coos against your sensitive cunt.
Your hips involuntarily jerk away from Kylo’s mouth, but he holds you down as he moves to your thighs to lick and kiss you clean, soon enough you’re entire lower half his spotless and your bed is saved. He places one last bite mark on your skin, making sure your inner thigh will have a bruise resembling his teeth, a nice little reminder of who ravaged you.

Kylo crawls back up your body and places one last kiss on your lips before falling beside you and pulling you towards him. You quickly pull the sheet up and snuggle into him, happy that he’s decided to stay the night.

Probably ‘The best sex of your life’ has you quickly falling into a dreamless sleep, content with the warmth beside you and absolute bliss running through your veins, you both stay like that for the remainder of the night.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys liked this :)

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Waking The Dragon

Chapter Summary

The morning after your first sexy time with Kylo.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Everyone slept in late the next day.

The house was quiet, the only sounds that could be heard were the birds incessantly chirping outside and the soft hum of the ceiling fan above you.

You were thankful for the blackout curtains in your room, otherwise the sun would have woken both of you.

Both of you.

At that thought, your mind slowly registers the firm arm wrapped around your waist, keeping you locked against a warm chest. But what makes you smile, is Kylo’s large hand holding onto your breast like it’s his personal possession. And while you’re still fully naked, you can feel the hot flesh of his morning wood poking you in the butt.

You can’t help but grind back into him, making the sleeping giant groan in return. His hips weakly grind into you as his arm tightens around you and his hand squeezes. Normally you wouldn’t mind morning sex, but seeing as none of the triplets have seen you as soon as you’ve woken up, you want to at least freshen up a bit before facing the raven-haired man humping into you.

Not that you look or feel bad, you just want to wash the smell of sex off your skin before it arouses Kylo further. Plus the sex noises seem to be easier to distinguish in the morning since people are more likely to wakeup then. Maybe after a shower you could give him a special wakeup call, something he’d really like.

But trying to leave his grasp proves impossible. With Kylo’s vice like grip around your torso and
the continued pace of his member rutting into you, your need for the bathroom dwindles with every thrust. You don’t know if it’s embarrassing or not, but you’re already ridiculously wet. Your arousal pools between your legs, slicking your inner thighs as your core pulses for Kylo’s cock.

The hand holding onto your full breast squeezes gently before flicking a thumb over your nipple, making the bud harden. Even while Kylo sleeps he still finds ways to make you feel good, his thumb teases your nipples into hard peaks and the feel of him nuzzling the back of your head is heartening and arousing at the same time. It seems not even sleep can stop the man from craving you.

So angling your hips back and curving your spine, Kylo’s next thrust slots his cock right between your legs. And he groans……. loudly.

You feel him shiver in his sleep before his hips continue their slow crusade. With more of your arousal gushing over Kylo’s member, it easily slips between your sensitive folds, parting your cunt as the head of his cock catches your clit. And fuck does it feel good.

You can’t help but moan now, the heat from his thick meat pulsing into you is almost too much. To have your delicate nub practically assaulted with pleasure so early in the morning, you don’t know if you can take another orgasm after so many within a few hours of each other.

But as Kylo’s unrelenting pace gradually builds, all of your thoughts are forgotten as his cock literally pushes your button repeatedly. Closing your eyes and succumbing to the pleasure radiating between your legs, you grind back into Kylo and relish in his movements.

It’s really starting to feel hot now, the sheet trapping the heat of your bodies fucking, essentially making a sex oven. And while the sounds of Kylo rutting his thick meat between your slippery thighs and cunt is relatively silent, his building pace slowly increases the sounds of slaps echoing through the room.

You can hear Kylo grunting behind you, his hips picking up speed as he clutches you closer. With his chest attached to your back, unmoving as his arm locks you in place, his bottom half does all the work in chasing his release. You can feel his defined hipbones slamming into you with every thrust, his lips are pressed to the back of your head and you can feel every groan he makes.

Biting your bottom lip, your thighs squeeze tighter as your cunt clenches around nothing. And then Kylo is slamming into you a few more times before his hot cum spurts all along your sex, stomach and leaking down your legs onto your bed. Kylo’s hips stutter into you, the man releasing drawn out grunts behind you as he pumps jet after jet of searing cum all over your lower half.
Eventually Kylo stills, his body loosening it’s grip on you slightly and you feel him nestle into you. Your hand gripping his forearm reaches down and circles around the head of his cock, making him whimper and unintentionally jerk into you. Brushing your finger over the slit of his dick, Kylo quivers behind you and sinks his teeth into you, adding yet another mark to the ones he’s already given you.

Retracting your hand, you take note of his climax pooling between your folds and drenching your thighs. You can’t help but think it’s such a waste. You wanted him to cum inside you, to have his raw cock filling you with his thickness and cum

But alas, here you are.

With your sex still throbbing with need, you shiver when you feel Kylo’s cock slip past your clit and out your thighs to flop by your ass. With Kylo’s breathing slowing down, you eventually hear him whisper, “Morning, beautiful”.

The fact he isn’t weirded out over last night means he definitely still wants you and isn’t the least bit concerned about any problems you’s could face in the future. Good.

A sleepy smile spreads across your face as you answer, “Morning. Did you sleep well?”

If you could see him right now, you’d a see a small grin plastered on his face, “Better than I have in a long time. How about you?”

“The same actually and this is by far the best start to a day I’ve ever had” you say as you shuffle back into him.

And Kylo nuzzles his face into your neck, his hand coming down to cup your sensitive sex, “Me too, gorgeous”.

You gasp as Kylo’s warm thick fingers find your dripping sex, from both your arousal and his cum. He hums appreciatively behind you and slips his fingers past your folds to your entrance, circling your hole with his cum slicked fingers.
“Fuck, Kylo!”

And he chuckles behind you, moving his fingers away from your needy hole to slide over your nub repeatedly. Bloody bastard is teasing you.

Kylo’s lovely baritone voice rumbles by your ear, “Mmmmm so needy (Y/N), do you want me to make you cum”.

And your hips jerk back in response, your mouth answering faster than your mind, “Yes! Please Kylo!”.

He grunts when your warm pussy hits his slowly re-hardening cock.

Slowly grinding his cock into you, he mumbles, “Such lovely manners”.

You groan in response to his movements, with the added pressure of his fingers continuing to slide over your clit and rubbing his cum into your sex, you feel absolutely filthy. But in a good way.

After some time fake-considering his decision, Kylo finally says, “I guess I can make you cum, if you’re a good girl”.

Your desperate whine in response makes Kylo smile.

And how could you not. What he just said was so hot, like it’s the easiest thing for him to do. He’s basically saying making you cum is as easy as flicking on a light, that the sex god of a man is so skilled he can either toy with you or give in and make you climax whenever he wants. And you desperately want him to make you cum now, his words are sending pulses of pleasure straight to your core.

Clenching around nothing, you answer him, “I am, just………. please Kylo. I need you”.

You can’t see his smirk, but right now Kylo feels proud to have you begging so prettily. Your neediness has his cock throbbing and his control slowly fading.
His fingers continue their teasing, which feels like an eternity now, always inching close to your center before gliding back up to your clit. And to make matters worse, you can feel his fully hard cock edging close to your folds and pushing in and out repeatedly.

This is it, finally he’s going to fill you and stop teasing. Then just as you feel the head of his cock breach your cunt, he slips back out and cups your sex instead, gathering a large amount of slick on his hand. Then he’s disappearing from you completely and rolling on his back. You half expect him to return to you and continue his teasing, but instead you hear slow wet sounds.

Turning around with frustration evident on your features and an urge to rip him a new asshole, you’re surprised to see Kylo with the sheet thrown down to his thighs and is stroking his hard cock with the hand he had between your legs. You’re left dumbstruck, the broad man is looking at you hungrily as he pumps his length. And then it hits you, he’s still punishing you for all of the teasing you’ve done.

With your mouth open wide, you shut it quickly and growl at the infuriating man. Fine, if he wants to play it that way then he can get fucked, just not literally.

He smirks at you in the dim room, one arm under his head as he slowly strokes his cock. He watches as you slowly move closer to him, like a lioness stalking her prey. Your eyes shine with lust and a hint of fury, and what surprises Kylo the most, is when you actually move towards his dick instead of his face. He was hoping you were going to mount him and ride him like there’s no tomorrow, but instead you continue to surprise him.

He can never truly guess what goes through your mind or what you’re thinking about, you’re an enigma that’s hard to read. I guess that’s another reason how you’ve enraptured him, you’re unpredictable and far more exciting than other women.

He watches as you sit by his hips and slap his hand away. He places it with his other hand under his head and with hooded eyes he smugly smirks down at you. Even though he has an inkling of what you’re going to do, he still isn’t prepared for you. The smile is wiped clean off his face and a choked gasp leaves him when you grab his shaft tightly and suck his tip harshly.

“FUCK!” he growls loudly, fistiging his fingers in his hair as you go-to-town on his cock.

You suck and swallow around him, bobbing up and down, humming around his length and attacking him with so many sensations all at once. Your tongue flicks and glides along his cock,
your other hand squeezes his balls gently. And after literally only 30 seconds, Kylo is making all kinds of noises, groans, grunts and in fact throwing your pillow over his face to muffle the rest.

His body twitches and his hips jerk into your hand, you can hear his muffled breaths and groans while his muscles tense under his smooth pale skin.

Kylo is fidgeting so much from your searing mouth and touch, barely holding on now and regretting his earlier teasing. You work his body out like it’s your own personal toy, pushing all of his buttons like an expert. Your other unoccupied hand smooths up his toned chest, caressing over the ripple of his abs and finding his peck to pinch his nipple.

“FUCK!” he hisses into your pillow, caught off guard by your more harsh treatment, but still liking it nonetheless.

When you’re satisfied that Kylo is fully succumbed to your ministrations, just waiting for you to send him over the edge, that’s when you decide now is the time for the rest of your plan.

Popping off his length but still stroking him, your eyes travel up the long expanse of his torso and say, “I’ll be back in a minute” then you’re scrambling into the bathroom with a smirk on your face.

Leaving him high and dry may be a bad idea, but he started it, so now you’re ending it, in a way at least. You know for damn sure he’ll be following in after you soon enough anyway.

You can hear a string of curses coming from Kylo before you close the bathroom door, and taking a peak back you can see him hungrily and angrily glaring at your swaying hips and enticing figure. You make sure he doesn’t see your grin though, otherwise it’d give away your game too soon.

Closing the door, you quickly brush your teeth and admire the marks peppering your neck and chest. If you turn to the side you can see even more marks littering your back. After rinsing your mouth, you turn the shower on and thank the gods you don’t have to wait long for the water to heat up.

Hopping under the warm spray, you quickly lather some soap in your hands and clean your body before standing under the stream to soak your hair. With your body clean from cum, sweat and spit, you relax your muscles and wait for Kylo.
And it doesn’t take long for the eldest triplet to get the hint. Outside the bathroom he lays on your bed and stares at the door, resisting the urge to stroke his cock. He grows more frustrated with every second and when he hears the shower turn on, well that’s when he really loses it.

Throwing your pillow across the room, he growls to himself, “She can’t be fucking serious!”.

After a few more seconds and you’re still not here, Kylo finally realizes you’re not coming back. Clenching his fists and growling, he launches out of the bed and stalks towards the bathroom.

All of that happened in the span of a minute.

Still under the warm water, you smile when you hear the bathroom door opening and closing. Then a cloud of steam billows out when the shower door is yanked open, revealing a very turned on and agitated Kylo.

But ignoring the giant man as he steps in behind you, you can tell his anger has lessened at the sight of your wet naked body. With your fingers massaging your scalp, your back arches seductively and makes your ass more prominent. Your hair cascades down your back and with your arms in the air Kylo can see a hint of the side of your tits.

“Took you long enough” you voice brings him out of his ogling.

Stepping incredibly close to you, Kylo presses his entire frame against you and rubs his still hard cock along you. You move forward and let Kylo under the spray, the warm water relaxing him further. His hands snake around to cup your breasts, one in each hand as he leans his head down on your shoulder.

As the water flows over both of you, Kylo’s tongue flicks out to lick a few droplets of water on your skin. Your fingers wander back and knot in his hair to hold him close.

Then Kylo’s deep voice rumbles by your ear, “I thought you said you were coming back”.

“And I thought you said you were gunna make me cum”, you respond quickly.
His chuckle catches you off guard, as you were expecting him to be angry in some way.

But instead all he says is, “Fair enough” and spins you around to give you a bruising kiss.

His hands roam over your body, squeezing in different places before he’s moving you to the other side of the shower and pushing you against the wall. Even though the wall is cold, you’re grateful you don’t have the showerhead or nobs poking your back, and at least this way the water still sprays over the both of you.

Kylo’s mouth travels to your neck, collarbones and then he’s attacking your chest with vigor, sucking your nipples and nibbling them. Kneading your tits in his massive hands, he eventually moves down further and leaves a trail of kisses down your stomach before resting by your neglected cunt.

Kylo gingerly places one of your legs over his shoulder, then he looks up to you hungrily before diving into your cunt and devouring it fully. And your moans are loud. Echoing in the smallish room as he uses his teeth against your nub and to nibble your folds. Eventually he finally stuffs your cunt with one of his thick fingers, pumping into you slowly and curling the digit to hit your g-spot.

“Fuck!” you moan out loud.

You’re thankful your shower has one of those handlebars for old people in it, otherwise you’d be falling over or ripping Kylo’s hair out in chunks. So with one hand gripping the bar in a death grip, the other tangles in Kylo’s locks and holds his face to your cunt. But when he adds another finger, that’s when you’re truly grateful for the bar, your legs tremble at the pleasure he’s inflicting on you.

He smirks up your slippery body, appreciating your blissed out face as he asks, “Is this what you wanted (Y/N)? To have your pretty pussy filled by me”.

But you’re only able to answer him with a whimper, your mind already too far gone to think of a reply.

And your sweet whimper makes Kylo smile, the smug man adds, “Of course it is, I think I know my sister pretty well”.
You look down at him between your legs, and you find his brown eyes swallowed by his pupils, lust taking over him as he showers your body with pleasure.

With a storm brewing in his eyes he says, “I know what you like” which he punctuates by slamming into you knuckle deep. “And what you don’t like” then he’s roughly assaulting your nub with his teeth and silky tongue, creating a high pitched gasp and squeal to escape you.

Even though you liked what he did very much.

And you can hear him chuckle into your cunt as you try to grind into his face, your hips having to be held back with his other inactive hand.

With the shower beating down on Kylo’s back, he’s amazed that most of the wetness between your legs is from your pussy, continuing to drip your arousal and show how receptive your body is to him.

You vaguely hear Kylo mumble, “Such a perfect little cunt” below you, but you’re unsure if you actually heard it or if you imagined it.

Either way, Kylo praises your body with marks and sweet whispers, making sure to worship every inch of you.

When you feel yourself getting close, you nudge Kylo. He looks up to you with his lips wrapped around your clit and sucking it vigorously, continuing his ministrations as you try to tell him what you want. But he knows what you want, he can feel you clenching around his fingers.

Smiling wickedly, Kylo removes his mouth from your sex and licks one last stripe up your cunt to savor your taste.

Standing up quickly, Kylo leans down and kisses you while his hands grip your waist before traveling to your ass, squeezing the flesh and grabbing the back of your thighs. Then he’s easily hoisting you up and your legs immediately wrap around him.

“Are you ready” he whispers to you, which you can only answer with a nod.
With his hands full, Kylo whispers, “Guide me”.

With one hand gripping the ends of his hair, the other snakes between your bodies and grabs his dick. Kylo grunts at the contact as his jaw clenches. You place his cock at your entrance and he gives you one more kiss. Then he slowly slides his meat into your cunt, both of you moaning into each other’s mouths.

He was only inside you a few hours ago, and yet it feels like you’ve been starved of the man, your body literally craving him after such a short amount of time. And Kylo is the same, he wants nothing more than to ram his entire cock inside you, but holds back knowing it was only a few hours ago when you received a rough pounding.

Even Kylo knows he can be beast in bed, his primal urges easily take over as he unleashes his desire to fuck and cum. But with you, he wants to at least work you up to it, he doesn’t want to frighten you away.

Although with your cunt gushing desire, Kylo easily and quickly bottoms-out inside you, his cock gliding past every silky ridge inside you.

“FUCK!”, “KYLO!”, you both shout say at the same time.

And Kylo visibly quivers at the feel of being fully seated in you; plus with the added sensation of your hot pussy clenching every so often, it’s not going to take long for either of you to cum.

With a strong grip on your ass, you feel the muscles in Kylo’s shoulders contract as he pulls out slowly. Then you feel those very same muscles tense up as he slides back inside you. Then that delicious process starts all over again as he stuffs his swollen cock into you repeatedly.

Your head rests back against the wall, exposing the delicate column of your neck. And never one to resist temptation, Kylo’s mouth quickly finds your soft skin and litters an array of bites and sucks. One of your hands claws into his shoulder as the other tugs his hair, your body subconsciously trying to hold him close and hold off your orgasm.

Which he isn’t making easy.

He lifts you up slightly higher, making it easier to hit your g-spot. And your answering groans
please Kylo greatly. His pace grows faster as he desperately drives into you, the teasing from before doing a number on both of you.

Satisfied that you’re not going to fall off him, Kylo releases one of his hands to grip the bar by your body. With your legs locked around him and his other strong arm holding you, Kylo can focus his strength and power into plunging inside you.

And boy does he perform.

By anchoring himself to the wall and you, his hips now snap into your cunt with force. With his hard thrusts, your body slides up and down against the wall, gravity helping in impaling yourself on his thick cock.

And the sounds of his efforts echo in the confined space. The grunts spilling from Kylo’s mouth when he forces his fat meat inside you is absolutely heavenly, the man is a beast and clings to you for dear life. The slapping sounds and your moans combined create the loveliest symphony Kylo has ever heard; over and over again he slams into you in hopes of coaxing out more of your sweet mewls.

With his teeth teasing to bite your neck and his nails leaving crescent moon indents in your ass, his carnal tendencies has your orgasm approaching quickly now. Your cunt starts to flutter around the thick intrusion plowing into you, causing your breathy moans to grow louder.

With Kylo’s display of primal possession, dominance and lust for you, his entire being instills a kind of need in you that you’ve never experienced before. He’s more intoxicating than any drug or drink you’ve ever taken, and you just know that after one night you’re already addicted to him.

“Kylo, I’m not going to last” your sweet voice whines by his ear, and he shivers at the sound.

Which has his movements increasing, the promise of your sweet cunt strangling his cock has him surging into you harder.

Kylo manages to reply, “Neither….. am I”.

Your eyes flicker to the large bicep and forearm by your head, watching it flex as Kylo tries to greedily stuff himself in you faster, his strength helping immensely in that endeavor.
Then he’s grunting by your ear, “Be a good girl and…… a--nd cum for me”.

And your body obeys completely.

Your eyes roll back as you scream into his neck, “KYLO!”’, your teeth biting into his flesh as your pussy clamps down on his cock like a vice.

And Kylo’s climax is reactionary, easily triggered by your tight pussy. Within seconds he’s filling you to the brim with his cum and roaring “FUCK!” into your neck.

As his head falls on your shoulder, he grunts with every thrust into you, his pace slowing down but desperate to prolong this.

With your cunt still spasming, Kylo’s hips unintentionally snap into you, his cock pulsing as you milk him for everything he’s got. Grunting with every lazy thrust, Kylo eventually stills and lodges himself in you, keeping you pinned in the air and against the wall.

Drunkenly smiling to himself, Kylo savors the feel of his cock fucking you raw, the silky channel of your pussy is truly greater than anything else in life. And you’re not far off on his thoughts as well; the feel of his impossibly fat meat lodged inside you is pure euphoria in the flesh, luckily you now have direct access to this oasis of bliss.

With lungs gasping for oxygen in the impossibly steamy room, heartbeats racing and your bodies feeling overheated, the two of you slowly regain your wits as you come down from your high. Gradually Kylo’s muscles unlock, his body starting to feel tired after the literal workout he just did.

With his cock almost completely soft, he dips his hips, releasing his heavy dick from your cavern to slip out and hit his thighs. And that small sensation is enough to make him flinch, the over stimulation is abundantly radiating between his legs as he carefully avoids anything touching his rod.

And your poor cunt clench around nothing, his thickness leaving behind an emptiness you’ve had to experience twice now. You miss him already.
Kylo slowly lowers you to the ground, his tired muscles trembling as aftershocks still ripple through his body. He hunches over you, clutching you close like he’s not ready to let go yet. But you’re in the same boat, your arms now wrapped around his shoulders as the warm water sprays over both of you.

With the mess between your legs running down your thighs, the steady stream of water helps in partially cleaning both of you. Each of you too tired and lazy to actually clean up right now.

Eventually after sometime, Kylo leans back to look in your eyes and kisses you passionately. You’ve both spent a long while in the shower now, so you help each other clean up. When you’ve both finally finished, you hop out and dry off, handing Kylo your spare towel.

Walking back in your room, you put on some fresh underwear, shorts and a t-shirt, the soft cotton caressing your skin. But still feeling tired you crawl back into bed and pull the sheet up, snuggling into the cloud-like mattress.

Then Kylo walks out in all his naked glory, his cock soft but still incredibly big. And he smirks when he catches you checking him out, sending you a wink before he finds his boxers and puts them on.

But what makes you frown next, is Kylo walking around to your side and giving you kiss that feels like a goodbye kiss. Trying to deepen the kiss by pulling Kylo into you, you whine when his large hands push you away by your shoulders.

“Kylo, stay!” your voice is no higher than a whisper, pleading with him as he gazes down at you apologetically.

Brushing some hair out of your face, he says, “I can't, it’s too risky”.

Pouting up at him, you can tell your making it harder for him to leave. And believe it, Kylo wants nothing more than to crawl back in bed with you, but the thought of getting caught by his dad or your mom makes his chest squeeze unbearably tight, the consequences frightening him more than anything else in his life.

“I’m sorry (Y/N), we’re lucky we haven’t been caught already, we can’t tempt fate further”.
Sighing deeply and loudly, you nod with resignation before leaning up kissing him one more time. And he happily accepts your lips, growling when he feels you bite him and grip his inner thigh.

“Fuck! You’re such a tease” he groans into your mouth, furrowing his brow as he tries to resist your lustful sorcery.

Smiling with your eyes closed you answer, “Yeah, but you like it”.

“You’re right” he answers quickly, like it’s the easiest truth for him to speak.

Opening your eyes, you see Kylo gazing at you intently, pouring his every emotion and thought he has for you in that one look. His hand comes up to cup your face, caressing your skin as his thumb brushes over your bottom lip like a feather.

But with quick reflexes you lightly bite his digit, making him growl, “God you’re insatiable”.

Flicking your tongue along the rough pad of his thumb before releasing it, you smile at him, “Yep”.

Shaking his head at your cheekiness, Kylo says, “Normally I wouldn’t tolerate this kind of behaviour”.

“Then why are you now?” you ask as you lean into his hand.

Grumbling to himself, he doesn’t want to tell you the whole truth. Because then you’d realize how much power you truly hold over him, and Kylo isn’t sure he’s ready to have you dominate him yet, there’s still so much more he wants to do to you.

Instead all he says is, “You’re lucky I like you”.

Rolling your eyes at his vague but sweet answer, he gives you one more kiss before slowly slipping out of your grasp.
Standing up by your bed, Kylo pulls the blanket up and over your body, tucking you in as he says, “I’ll see you later, so just go back to sleep”.

“Fine” you grumble, while closing your eyes and snuggling back into the mattress.

“That’s my good girl” he whispers.

With one last look, Kylo finally turns and heads to your door. Unlocking it and peaking his head in the hallway, he sighs a breath of relief at his brothers closed doors. Shutting your door behind him, Kylo quickly makes his way back to his room, locking his door and flopping on his bed.

His cold bed greats him like a slap, the emptiness and lonely atmosphere making Kylo miss you deeply. Crawling up the mattress and getting under the covers, Kylo grabs his other pillow and hugs it to his chest. Remembering the little prize he snagged before leaving you, Kylo tugs your underwear from last night out of the band of his boxers.

Holding them in a tight fist and close to his face, the small fabric is slightly comforting as he slowly drifts asleep, thoughts and memories of you keeping him company.

Chapter End Notes

Some of you may or may not already know, but I've started another triplet fic and I have to say it is mighty fine. Check it out if you like the idea of each triplet being your Daddy, at the same time. 
And thanks for reading!
With a lazy Sunday filled with mostly eating food and lounging on the couch with the triplets, it turned out to be the perfect ending to a ‘festive’ weekend.

With your relationship progressing nicely with each triplet, you were finally comfortable in showing a little more affection to each of them when another is present. You now knew Matt and Ben seemed to be ok with sharing you, or at least tolerated each other enough to indulge their desires for you.

But I guess as triplets growing up together, they’ve had to learn how to share. As children they would fight a lot over toys, food and other things; their parents ended up resorting to harsher methods in teaching them how to share. They could either learn to share or lose the thing they’re fighting over all together. Then no one got the prize.

As adults they remember this lesson very well, but now that they’re old enough to live on their own and make their own decisions, they don’t allow anyone to give them orders or prohibit what they want. If they want something, they take it.

Although the unknown consequences for revealing their not so innocent endeavors with you to Han and your mom frighten the boys, it’s not still not enough to stop them from pursuing you. If anything it only makes the chase more thrilling.

So though they know how to sneak around with you, the old green-eyed monster is a little harder to overcome, their childish tendencies threatening to resurface with every interaction. Each of the triplets tell themselves that they’re ok with sharing you as long it’s with someone they trust, which is only each other. But there’s still a small part of them that wants to keep you all to themselves.

You’ve had to experience this first hand for nearly a week. From Sunday to Wednesday, they’ve been by your side constantly, which you’re not complaining about. It’s just that today is the day that the tables finally turn on you. After all, greed, jealousy and possessiveness are feelings everyone experiences, even you.

During that time though, you found out Matt and Ben are very deep sleepers, in fact so deep that
they’d be oblivious to a parade out front of the house. Which is good I guess, it means they most likely didn’t hear you and Kylo’s first time together. Or the nights that followed.

You found out Kylo is a light sleeper as trying to surprise him at night is impossible. His keen ears easily picked up your light footsteps approaching his bed, and then when you were close enough he would grab you with his strong hands and pull you into his bed. He would trap you under his muscled body, appreciating the way you would whisper his name and grind into his pelvis pushed against your pussy.

For three nights in a row you’ve writhed below and above Kylo, enjoying him in ways you’ve been dreaming about for too long. But after every session, you’ve had to go back to your room, the risk of getting caught instilling some rational thinking in your sex fueled mind.

So while you’ve reveled in Kylo, it seems the universe wanted you to suffer a little bit now.

After receiving so many orgasms on Sunday from three different people, it seems the triplets didn’t mind in being a little more touchy-feely with you in front of each other. With hands lingering on your body for a while, fingers teasing you with feather light touches and hungry eyes skimming over your form, all three of them seem to be competing to see who could rile you up the most.

Even though Kylo quells your desires that build up through the day, you still felt greedy. You wanted to experience Matt and Ben like you have been with Kylo.

And Matt and Ben were in the same boat. You could see the hunger in their eyes as they unabashedly eyed you up and down, practically undressing you with their eyes. If you misinterpreted their gazes, well their actions spoke for themselves.

You’re pretty sure that if Rey and Poe weren’t sitting next to you in Math, Ben would have plunged his fingers in you long ago. Instead his warm digits trail along the soft skin of your thigh and ever so slightly tease you by edging up higher, only to travel back down and instead grip your leg. You can tell he’s having a hard time controlling himself, his desire to relive what happened in the bar just barely being contained.

Matt is pretty much the same though. If Phasma were absent from the lecture, then he’d be nuzzling your neck, whispering sweet nothings in your ear while skimming his fingers up and down the slit of your pussy, enjoying the feel of your panties slowly growing wet.
They both wanted to fuck you, but it seems something was always in the way.

Today was just another day adding more fuel to the fire.

Up first was Chemistry with Kylo. The lecture went by fairly quickly; the two of you were in your own little bubble filled with private conversations, lingering touches and not so subtle ogling. Hux and Finn didn’t seem to mind; in fact all they did was share knowing smirks with each other.

After that was Engineering with Matt.

The lecture was normal so to speak, the underlining tension between you both was palpable, but still a relatively average class. Its what came later that instilled rage, jealousy and hatred in you to burn so hot, it followed you all day.

After class you walked towards the usual picnic table for lunch with your friends. But breaking off with Phasma to go to the bathroom, Matt continued on without you guys, instead saying he’ll meet you guys there.

After finishing up in the restroom with Phas, you both headed back in the direction of the lunch spot, idle chitchat filling the air as she tells you about a new funny show on Netflix.

“Yeah so it’s called Paradise PD, it’s kinda gross but really funny, which reminds me of Rick and Morty”.

Nodding along to Phas, you say, “It sounds funny”.

“Yeah it is, plus I know how much you like crude and dark humor”, she says while wiggling her eyebrows.

Smiling at your friend, you can’t help but agree, “You know me so well Phas”.

Turning a corner and walking out from under the large cathedral style building, you can see your picnic table across the field, the seemingly perpetually barren area now teeming with people as they try to soak up the warm rays of sunshine. With chillier weather approaching, more and more
people are finding solitude in the sun, thus your isolated lunch spot now lacks its usual privacy.

With people lounging on the ground and at the other picnic tables, the populated area was making you frown slightly as you whispered, “Uck, people!”

Rolling her eyes, Phasma only says, “It’s not that bad, at least we don’t know any of them”.

“Yeah I guess” you grumble in return.

But approaching your table, you find Phasma chewing on her words and sending you an apologetic look. The sight before you is enough to instantly irritate you.

Kaydel sits with all three Solo’s, talking to them non-stop and in fact sitting right next to Matt.

Poor Matty.

With Kylo at the head of the table and his brothers to the left of him on the long side, Kaydel sits at the end next to Matty with her friend beside her. The triplets look uninterested and just plain bored, but when they see you approaching they light up like puppies, well Ben and Matt do, Kylo’s excitement is subtler with his usual deadpan expression.

Sitting down at the table with Phasma and muttering a strained hello to everyone, you watch through your peripherals as Kaydel scoots closer to Matt and lifts her hand up to twirl a strand of his hair. You can hear her commenting that it’s a lovely shade and matches her own hair color.

Matt leans away of course, his eyes flicking to you in a state of panic, fear and disgust. His panic and fear is based on how you’ll react to this troll flirting with him and his disgust is for Kaydel as a person in general. He doesn’t want to be anywhere near her and has tried whispering to Ben for some help, since it’s his fault she even knows them.

But instead, all Ben does is watch on with amusement as your slowly building anger gets directed at Kaydel and Matt. He sure this new enraging development may tip your affections in his favor.

However you try to ignore her, instead you focus on your friends.
Technically you shouldn’t even be getting mad at Matt, since he’s the one suffering her disgusting presence. But another part of you is annoyed that he hasn’t told her to fuck off or gotten up to move away from her. Surely he could do something to avoid her.

Although dwelling on the thought evaporates as the rest of your friends show up. As they grow closer an immediate silence suffocates the group as Poe, Finn, Hux and Rey eye Kaydel up and down. You smile slightly when you see Rey and Hux giving her the dirtiest look in existence, their noses scrunching up in revulsion at her.

Your friends sit at the table, an uncomfortable hush falls over all of you, only Kaydel talks as she fawns over Matt. Eventually though, chatter from your friends fills the air, each of them eyeing Kaydel with distaste and suspicion.

You can’t help but think, ‘first Ben, now Matt’. Does this woman have no shame, or a brain? It’s obvious they have no interest in her, yet she still finds ways delude herself. Like right now, from her perspective, she thinks Matt is acting coy with her, returning her flirtation when actually he’s subtly hinting that he’s not interested in her at all.

But still, she persists.

The blatant flirting you can handle, but when you see her grabbing Matt’s bicep while laughing hard at something he said, well lets just say not even Rey and Phasma have seen your face filled with so much hatred.

Kaydel adds more fuel to the fire by feeling up Matt and commenting on his fit body. She runs her grotty hand up and down his arm, even daring to sneak her hand over his chest and down his abs. But thankfully his hand catches hers in a hard grip, her own hand didn’t seem like it was going to stop at the waistband of his jeans.

From the corner of your eye you could see her peak at you to see if you were watching her move on Matt, but it seems your disinterest only annoys her into upping her flirtations. It’s like she wants a reaction from you.

Her blatant flirting was annoying you beyond belief and because Matt is, well Matt, the sweet little angel didn’t know what to do. He was both uncomfortable and disgusted, but helpless to her. Sure he could tell her to stop or get up and leave, but a small part of himself lit up like crazy when he saw the jealousy in your eyes. Yes it was cruel to submit you to this disgusting sight, hell, even he
was ready to push the trollop away.

But another side of him wanted to see what you would do. The thought of you acting possessive and jealous was actually turning him on; he wanted to see if you’d fight for him.

But disappointedly, all you did was remain calm and impassive, ignoring both of them and trying to appear normal, while on the inside you were screaming and imagining 20 different ways to murder Kaydel. What set you off even more though, was when she had the audacity to land her claw of a hand on his thigh. A loud slap sound cracks around the relative quiet table before she squeezes his meaty flesh.

And you almost launched across the table right then. But Phasma anticipated your reaction and subtly kept your ass on the seat by gripping your knee and holding you down. You glared up at her, but she just faintly shook her head, pleading with you to keep your cool.

And reluctantly, you do. You tried to keep a neutral face, resisting the urge to let a scowl permanently cross your features. But after that your mind kind of blanks out, preferring to go on auto-pilot and cruise through the rest of the lunch in a haze of fury and apathy.

The triplets were just as surprised as your friends that you haven’t attacked Kaydel yet either. But your reluctance to do so is understandable. Although you can’t do anything, that sweet little cherub Rey can, and that’s exactly what she does.

At the end of lunch you all get up, Rey walks around with her rubbish towards the bin. But the poor clumsy girl ‘accidentally’ trips and her surprisingly still full chocolate thickshake spills all over Kaydel, soaking the front of her white dress.

“What the fuck!” Kaydel shrieks loudly, her hands going up in the air as she looks down at her ruined outfit.

“Oh………… Whoops, my bad. I can be such a klutz sometimes” Rey says with indifference while admiring her work.

Kaydel is seething, her furious gaze turns to Rey, “You idiot, this is a five hundred dollar dress”.

With fake sympathy on Rey’s face, she shrugs her shoulders and says, “I’m sure it will come out
with some soda water”.

With a frustrated shriek and stomp of her foot, Kaydel’s gaze shoots to you with nothing but hatred. And you just smirk in return.

Visibly shaking with anger, Kaydel turns and runs towards the nearest bathroom, her friend looks bored and trails behind her while carrying Kaydel’s bag.

You have such nice friends.

But although Rey’s little spill was entertaining and slightly heartwarming, you still felt residual anger simmering in your heart.

Dumping the rest of her rubbish in the bin, Rey walks back over with a big smile beaming towards you. But all you can do is give a slight quirk of your mouth. Rey sends a small pout your way, but you just mouth to her “Later”, which she nods to.

Slinging an arm over Rey’s shoulders, Finn laughs, “I feel like I just watched a scene from ‘Mean Girls’ or something”.

Then a loud exasperated sigh catches all of your attention as Poe says, “Mean Girls? Dude you need to stop watching chick flicks”.

Gasping loudly, Finn snaps, “Fuck you Poe, they have substance and teach lessons”.

“God, you can be such a chick sometimes, dude”, Poe says while rolling his eyes.

Then an argument breaks out amongst the two as they debate chick flicks. With Rey caught in the middle, she slips out of Finn’s hold and starts walking to class, directing you and Phasma at the same time.

“HEY, WAIT!”
Just a few meters away from the rest of your group, you turn around to see Ben jogging up to you.

Stopping in front of you he suddenly looks unsure, like he’s forgotten why he came over in the first place.

You look up at the blushing and bashful man and say, “Yeah Ben?”

Scrunching his face up and rubbing the back of his neck, Ben mutters, “Oh, umm I just wanted to say we’ll see you in I.T”.

A small laugh escapes you, which calms Ben down slightly.

Letting a small grin cross your face, you tell him, “Yep, you sure will”

Ben nods his head with a smile, “Ok” and unexpectedly pulls you in a hug, crushing you to his chest.

Your arms hesitantly lift and rest on his sides instead of wrapping around him. He feels this and frowns at the small distance you’re putting between you both. The reluctance in your hug hurts Ben more than he thought, the slight sadness he feels radiating from you is enough to have him clutch you closer and try hug the negative feelings out of you.

Then Phasma’s voice startles the moment, “Ok, we’re gunna be late if you don’t hurry up”.

Huffing to himself, Ben reluctantly lets you go, his arms fall to his side as he gives you cute puppy dog eyes.

You smile half-heartedly at Ben, “I’ll see you soon, ok”.

Biting his lip and furrowing his brow, he replies, “Ok”.

Then you’re turning around and heading towards your class. With some distance between you and them, Kylo and Matt eventually walk up to Ben, all three of them staring at you as you disappear.
Matt is the first to speak up, “So how is she?”

Frowning slightly, Ben says, “I don’t know. A mix of emotions I think”.

Humming out loud, Matt eventually says, “Well this is all your fault”.

Whipping around to face Matt, Ben yells, “My fault! You’re the one who should’ve told her to fuck off”.

Scowling at his brother, Matt yells back, “If you hadn’t stuck your dick in her then she wouldn’t be hanging around us in the first place”.

“SHUT UP!” Kylo roars at both of them.

And they both reluctantly quiet down, looking at each other with fury still in their eyes.

Ben tries to say something, “But--“

“But nothing! This is both your faults”, Kylo growls lowly at them,

With a steely glare silencing Matt and Ben, Kylo leaves them in the dust and heads to his next class.

Shooting a dirty glare at each other, Matt and Ben follow suit by parting ways and heading to their own next lectures. After an uncomfortable lunch, it seems everyone was put in a bad mood.

Sitting through an excruciatingly slow Biology class was painful, especially when you tortured yourself by replaying lunch over and over in your head. Kaydel’s smirk taunted you in your head and so did your inner demons, happy to whisper cruel insinuations.
With self-doubt eating away at you, crazier theories started to sprout in your mind about Matt’s feelings for you. With the different theories taking root in your conscious, your rage and jealousy grew with every second.

Maybe you needed to show Matt who exactly he belongs to.

So while your less than cheery and talkative self, worried your friends, on the inside you were trying to figure out a way to broach this subject with Matt. How does one tell another person that they want them and that your possessive traits urge you claim that person as your own?

You don’t know, but it’s something that plagues your mind for the rest of the day. While everyone thought something was wrong with you, on the inside you were just thinking up a plan. Yes you were still angry, but you weren’t gunna let it ruin your day. You were just going to unhealthily bottle it up until you find a solution or it eventually goes away.

At the end of Biology you and Rey walked to I.T while Phas went to her lecture. You tried to appear as your usual self in class, but even your attempt at normalcy couldn’t hide the angry tension in your movements or words. The triplets could gather that much with your tight smile and almost non-existent chatter.

Even during the drive home you were quiet, finding your music a better companion than the triplets whose nerves seemed to grow with every minute.

Pulling up the driveway and parking his car in the garage, Kylo is barely given a second to speak before you’re unbuckling your seat and gliding through the garage with quick ease. Your figure disappears through the threshold and into the house, leaving the triplets to share a look of concern with each other before following in after you.

Heading straight to your room, locking your door and throwing your bag in the corner, you were finally alone.

In the privacy of your own room, you let your emotions flow by playing loud music in the guise of wanting to study alone. But actually, you were beating the shit out of your pillows, screaming into the fluffy poofs and trying to vent all of your fury.

But even after your little fit, you still felt an uncontrollable rage simmering just below the surface, ready to explode any second. You were still angry about the Kaydel thing, angry with Matt and
with yourself for not figuring out a way to convey your feelings to him. You were just exhausted and frustrated.

And plus the triplets were concerned as well, your strange behaviour worrying them as you favored solitude over them. Usually when you got home you were more than ready to spend more time with them, by either studying or relaxing in the lounge room. They knew what was wrong too, but didn’t know how to approach the subject.

Usually it was the other way around. They were the ones usually in a fit of rage and jealousy; the only thing able to calm them down was you. But now that the positions were reversed, the triplets didn’t know what to do.

The whole situation was fucked. They wanted to hold you and tell you not to worry, that you were the only woman on their minds and that every other female may as well be a lamp. They only saw you. But being the rugged manly men that they are, they had a little trouble in expressing those feelings into words. They were better at explaining through actions, wanting to shower your body with love and affection, hoping you’d understand how much you meant to them.

Hesitating outside their bedroom doors and eyeing yours with concern, the sound of your music seeped into the hallway. Eventually they reluctantly walked into their rooms, after deciding to give you some space.

Flopping on his bed and rubbing his face, Ben starts to feel regret. He thought only Matt would be in the dog house, not all three of them. Maybe he should have intervened sooner, then you probably wouldn’t have distanced yourself from them.

Mirroring Ben’s action, you also flopped on your bed in exhaustion and threw an arm over your eyes, while panting heavily from exerting so much energy. But what makes you groan next, is the fact you still have go to the stupid ‘Family Dinner’ thing tonight.

You really didn’t feel like doing that.

But not wanting to start a whole investigation into your feelings from your mom, you rolled your eyes and got back up to get ready for the dinner.

Showering and throwing on a plain but pretty black dress, you decided to chill in the lounge room while everyone else got ready. While playing on your phone, you were oblivious to the triplets
wandering into the room, each of them eyeing you up and down appreciatively, but unsure if they should say something.

“You look nice” Matt’s voice startles you.

Lifting your head and sending him a small smile, you answer, “Thanks” and you glance at all of them in their nicer than usual clothes.

“You guys look great too”, you say before looking back down at your phone.

“Well thanks gorgeous, I couldn’t decide if I wanted to show off my arms in a tight dress shirt or my abs, so I chose one that shows off both” Ben says while flexing his muscles, trying to get your attention.

But all you do is hum in response and continue fiddling with your phone.

All three of them frown at your disinterest, but instead decide not to push you further. If you don’t feel like talking then that’s fine, they’ll still be there for you if you need them tonight.

Which turned out to be a long night.

You toughed out the seemingly long ‘Family Dinner’, trying to keep up your usual persona and tried to engage as much as you could. But now that you lay in bed, all of the negative emotions come rushing to the surface. What’s that saying? Never go to bed angry.

Well tonight you did, because nothing seemed like a good enough idea to persuade Matt.

You needed to do something to reassure yourself and him that he’s yours. Because if he couldn’t vocalize his feelings for you, then damn it, you were gunna make him.

And that’s when it finally clicked. The solution finally blossomed in your mind from that thought.
Tonight you were going to give Matt exactly what he wants. You.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter is yum!
I think my writing has improved overtime during this fic. I know this, because I just read this all over again and edited 13 bloody chapters. When I first started this, I obviously had no idea what I was doing since I kept switching between first-person and second-person views. Plus the Pov's were crazy and all over the place. But now, with bleary eyes, I can safely say that new readers will not cringe at my shit ass writing at the start of this fic. Thank you all for your support and putting up with my slowly improving writing. That is all. xoxox

Finally coming to a decision with your current problem with Matt, you throw the sheets off and bolt towards your door before you can change your mind.

It's weird to say this, but the motivation that’s fueling you right now, is similar to the feeling you get when you want to lick all your food to stop other people from eating eat. It’s extremely strange, but you wanted to apply that same logic to Matt. Lick him, keep others away and claim him as yours.

Well you were gunna do more than just lick him.

It was silent in the hallway as you peered left and right, then closing your door you tiptoed to Matt’s. Slowly turning the knob, you slipping inside and locked it behind you.

The workaholic left his computer on, no doubt working on an essay before bed. The screen saver was a black screen with orange bubbles floating around, dimly illuminating the room in a soft glow. The lighting was faint but bright enough to outline the sleeping giant curled in his bed.

Sneaking up beside him you couldn’t help but think ‘this feels all too familiar’. Not too long ago you were creeping in here for your phone, now you were creeping in here for far more carnal and possessive reasons. With only a sheet covering his body and tucked up under his arm, you saw he was shirtless, his muscled form calling you to join him.
Which is exactly what you did.

Taking off every piece of your clothing, your naked body crawled in behind him, being more careful not to wake him than Kylo was with you. Your intentions were to have Matt wake up more aroused than ever in his life.

Curled in on himself, you felt him shiver when your fingers trailed from the side of his ribs, over his stomach and down his snail trail. The faint hairs guiding your fingers as they eventually met the waistband of his boxers. Slipping under the material, the back of your fingers ghosts down his long member, a quiver racking through his body in response.

Dragging your fingers back up his smooth skin, you tease his length. Even in his sleep the sensation of your hand has him slowly hardening. Pulling your hand out and licking your palm, you can’t help but smile at the thought of ‘Lick it and claim it as yours’ flick through your mind as you do exactly that.

Returning your hand to his hardening dick, you ghost your fingers along his member, making sure to pay special attention to the tip of his cock. Then reaching back up to his base, you grip him loosely and give tiny squeezes.

Then when you first stroke him the tiny whimper he makes almost goes unheard. Your own saliva makes it easier to stroke him, the wetness and warmth of your hand, mimicking a pussy, but not quite as fulfilling at yours.

Right now, you’re just teasing him, getting him ready for what’s actually to come.

You smirk as his cock grows in length and girth, the heaviness weighing down your hand as he becomes aroused in his sleep. Sliding up his shaft, you reach the tip and squeeze a little, the sensation making Matt gasp. Rubbing your thumb over the pre-cum oozing out of his slit, you massage it back into the skin of his head, taking special care to trace a vein on your way back down to the base.

And to say you’re surprised that he’s fully hard already, would be an understatement. His body responds quickly to your touch. Even though you gave him a BJ what feels like eons ago, the memory of his thick manhood is imprinted in your brain. The familiar fat cock throbs in your hand, bringing back memories of him groaning your name.
Smiling at Matt, you place one kiss on his shoulder, then you’re slowly tightening your grip with every stroke. Your rhythm is divine, pulling various whimpers and moans from his mouth. His hips subtly rock into your hand, his unconscious mind and body trying to get more of the heavenly feel of your hand.

You gradually pick up the pace, tightening your fist more and subtly nudging his body to lay on his back. Soon enough he’s on his back and your moving low between his legs. You place the sheet over your shoulders so Matt’s lower half is still warm, making sure the thick haze of sleep keeps him under as you pleasure him.

You look up once at the sleeping angel, a smile spreading across your face as you watch him pant and tense when your warm breath tickles his cock. Placing one kiss on his tip, you lick a strip up the underside of his cock before swallowing him entirely. And you suck his cock like there’s no tomorrow.

Even in his sleep, moans easily tumble from his mouth and more than once you hear your own name. When your mouth grows tired you stroke the rest of his cock with your hand and focus your mouth on the tip. Your other hand edges him closer by massaging his balls, the heavy sac slowly and steadily getting fatter and swollen with every suck.

And you can tell he’s close.

As you push him closer to his orgasm, his mind and body wakes more. Making a swallowing motion with your mouth and throat, a particularly loud moan escapes Matt. His eyes flutter open as his entire body slowly becomes aware of the immense pleasure radiating between his legs. Gripping his sheets roughly, the feel of a wet hot cavern repeatedly devouring his cock has his mind waking almost immediately.

And what he see’s next is mesmerizing. His eyes flutter down to see you, laying below his waist and ravaging his cock. Which confuses Matt initially, but eventually the shock passes to make way for the undeniably heightened pleasure surging through his body, after all, this is something he’s been dreaming about for a while now. Frequently he’s been stroking his own cock to the memory of you doing this exact act, always closing his eyes and imagining it’s your hand pumping him to completion.

His deep voice rasps lowly, “(Y/N)?” uncertain that what he’s seeing and feeling is real.

Eventually your eyes look up to find a pair of black ones gazing back at you, the blond above you looks dazed and feral all at the same time. With his mouth wide as he breathes heavily, his hand
hesitantly moves towards your face. His fingers brush over your cheek, checking to see if you’re real.

When his warm hand touches you, your tongue flicks out and licks around the tip before swallowing him down to the base again, making Matt gasp, “FUCK, YES!”

His mind still isn’t sure if he’s dreaming right now, but your warm skin and wet mouth seem far too real to be a dream.

Popping off his cock, your sweet voice says “Matty” and your innocent face gazes up at him, like you have nothing but pure intentions.

But as he gapes down at you, your face suddenly turns seductively serious, your voice thick with lust as you say, “You’re mine!” then your mouth is back on his member and your sucking his cock without abandon, making a guttural groan escape Matt.

You furiously pump and suck him, his climax approaching rapidly as you abuse his member with your mouth. The wet sounds your hand and mouth make has Matt tensing all over, his senses feeling overwhelmed by waking up to such a vigorous pummeling of his cock.

But he doesn’t question it. If anything, it’s like his prayers have finally been answered. It’s been too long since the last time he’s felt your touch. Sure you high-five him and pat him on the back, but it’s not the same. He can’t get the memory of you out of his head when you came around his fingers at the bar, but what’s even worse is the memory of you sucking his cock after that party.

He’s felt like a caged animal since then, unable to take what he wants because of imaginary rules holding him back. Plus after today he’s felt like shit for subjecting you to his stupid idea. He definitely should have pushed Kaydel away.

Torn from his inner musings, Matt releases a choked groan when you squeeze his cock unexpectedly.

“You’re mine!” you hear Matt beg, sleepy desperation in his voice as he weakly pushes up into your mouth.

Smirking around his dick, you give one particularly hard suck, then Matt is cumming instantly.
And HOLY FUCK! It seems a floodgate has released. A stream of his hot seed shoots into your mouth, gushing down your throat. He quivers and grips the sheets tightly, his eyes fluttering closed as his mind falls into an abyss of ecstasy. You swallow everything he has to give you, your hands and mouth continue jerking him to the very end.

But what startles Matt the most, is when you keep sucking him. You hands and mouth incessantly pleasure his cock long after he’s cum.

He whines above you, “(Y/N) please! It’s too much, I can’t take anymore!” his hands weakly try to nudge you off by your shoulder.

But you ignore him, instead showering his cock with all your rage and lust you felt today, insistent that he fully understands who he belongs to.

Usually his cock would have softened by now, but the added stimulation has him harder than ever. Throwing his head back, he succumbs to you, submitting to that fact you’re using his dick like a toy.

And Matt is pulsing in your hand, the over stimulation sending him crazy.

You were like a genie, but the evil kind that grants wishes by being very specific. Yes, Matt wished for you to return to him, to fuck him thoroughly and use him whichever way you please, so as to keep you with him. But what he didn’t expect, was for his wish to be granted in full. Here you were, taking what you wanted with no concern for the man whimpering above you.

‘It’s all too much!’ he says in his mind.

But just as Matt thinks that, your movements slow to a stop. Giving one last suck, you lift off his manhood, letting him go. He winces when his own cock smacks his stomach, the tiny sensation feels too much. He’s grateful that your mouth has finally left his cock, the oversensitive rod agrees also, but is now still incredibly hard.

Your delicate hands that have so much control over him, now wander over his strong thighs, massaging his tense muscles and soothing his nerves. With his legs spread you can easily tickle his inner thighs with the soft pad of your fingers and nails, making him quiver in response.

Unable to resist any longer, you suck the skin of his inner thigh in your mouth, leaving behind a very prominent hickey. Then you’re leaving marks all over his thighs and eventually moving up to
his hips; nibbling and nuzzling his hipbones has Matt gasping small moans and when you bite a little harder, Matt’s legs subtly twitch and you can feel his cock throb against your chest as he whimpers.

He’s stuck between a rock and a hard place. With your relentless mouth working him, his cock has remained hard, in fact only gotten more swollen and red at the tip. The only solution is to either continue pleasuring him or wait for it to go down. Matt hopes his dick will go soft, because any more stimulation will surely be the death of him.

But he isn’t given time to think about it when he feels you crawling up his body. Your fingers smooth over his hipbones, up the hard planes of his abs and chest. Then you’re gripping his shoulders as you straddle him.

Your completely naked form hovers above him, the heat from your pussy is like a furnace stoking and teasing his throbbing cock. He shouldn’t even want to cum again, but your dominating treatment has him bending to your will, compliant to your wishes as you control his body and pleasure.

He’s so ready for you. The previous orgasm was just a teaser; now you’re gunna let him experience your heavenly pussy. And Matt is extremely eager, his previous hesitance evaporated with your sex so close to his.

He looks up into your eyes and is surprised by your steely glare, the expression catching him off guard as your incredibly wet cunt rests on the middle of his length, your pussy lips part slightly to feel more of him.

With one hand hesitantly gripping your thigh and his other lifts to cup your face, the tender gesture cracks your hard glower; your emotions then come surging to the surface. And Matt can see every one of them. From your fury, sadness, doubt and jealousy, he can easily piece together why you’re here right now.

And the look he gives you is heartwarming, so much sincerity and adoration radiates into you with his eyes.

Then his next words are the icing on the cake, “She means nothing, and she is nothing. But you, you’re everything” his words echo in your mind, repeating over and over as he caresses your cheek.
His next sentence crack your heart, “I only want you (Y/N)! Always!”.

And your small gasp is purely out of surprise, his caring words striking a cord with you and igniting a loving warmth in your chest. He looks up to you adoringly, his hand still cupping your face, as you lean in for a kiss. And his lips are just as you remembered. Soft, plush and hungry as they devour you, trying to regain some control in this situation.

But now he’s the one gasping, from your pussy sliding along the long length of his shaft, from the tip to the base.

“Fuck (Y/N), please!” his whines encourage your movements.

“Please what?” you ask him.

But now Matt feels speechless; completely at the mercy of your cunt as it endlessly grinds along him.

“Please! I need you…………to fuck me. Please!”

And with those magic words you’re sitting up and lifting your hips, delicately grabbing his manhood and aligning him with your entrance. Your previous treatment to his dick has him incredibly fatter and heavier, like every ounce of blood is centered between his legs.

Just before you sink down on him you declare, “You’re mine! Understand?”

And he agrees wholeheartedly, chanting, “Yes! FUCK YES! I’m all yours! ONLY YOURS!”

Then you’re slowly dropping down onto his impressive length, both of you groaning at the sensation. And he’s big, the somewhat shy nerd packing a monster cock between his legs. There’s only one way to take a cock this big, and that’s to slowly drop down, because trying to force this kind of fatness into your body, well let’s just say you won’t be walking much the next day.

Your arousal eases the way, making the process of taking him that much better. With your hands now braced on his pecks and his gripping your thighs, you watch as the blond below you literally
quakes; his body is like a giant nerve you’re plucking to satisfaction.

You both can’t help but groan when you finally reach the base of his cock. After finally getting something you’ve wanted after so long, you can’t help but halt and savor his fat meat inside you, which Matt is grateful for. He begs his cock not to cum yet, pleading with the throbbing member to hold out long enough to feel you cum first. But when Matt feels you rise up, he knows this entire escapade is going to be a test to his will.

Matt knows he shouldn’t be complaining either, after all, this is exactly what he wished for. And the fulfillment of his wish starts when you drop back down on his cock. Both of your groans are loud and lewd, the sounds reverberating around the room.

He feels just as good as Kylo, both of them identical in the cock department, but with Matt being a little more swollen from your mouth earlier.

Your pace is slow, torturous as you drag your silken walls up and down his length, making sure he understands no one will ever be as good as you. He pants beneath you, his brows furrowed as he commands his dick not to betray him, pleading with the pulsing thing not to cum yet.

But it’s like you can read his mind, you challenge his control by swirling your hips on your way down, by clenching your pussy and roughly slamming back down. Your eyes are daring him to cum, and threatening to punish him if he does. It’s such sweet torment trying to withstand your perfect cunt bringing him to new heights.

With his fingers gliding up to your waist, he tries to ground himself by focusing on the supple flesh beneath his fingers, “FUCK, I’ve been dreaming of this for so long.”

You smirk down at him, “And? Does this live up to your expectations?”

“You’re so much better than my dreams, you’re fucking amazing!” He says with his voice filled with reverence.

Your hands slide up to his shoulders then down his arms, stopping at his hands and moving them up to your breasts. And he groans appreciatively, squeezing the plump mounds and brushing his thumbs over your pert buds. He tries to distract himself by kneading your tits; the unrelenting pleasure you’re giving him threatens him to cum everytime you impale yourself on his fat cock.
But it’s no use. He’s hyper aware of your warmth, wetness, every ridge, clench and flutter of your pussy, every sensation is a test to his control as he drowns in you. But as he looks to your eyes, in the dim light he can see your lust and something else hiding.

Feeling your orgasm approaching, you slow down your pace and lean your chest against Matt, bringing your lips down for a kiss. He whimpers into your mouth, desperately trying to devour your mouth as your slow pace seems to be even worse for his over-sensitive cock.

When you open your eyes again, Matt’s dark eyes open as well and stare back. Then realization strikes Matt like lightning, the hidden emotion behind your eyes reveals to be uncertainty. Uncertainty that whispers in your mind, telling you that what you have with Matt is just a fleeting one-time thing.

He can see inside you like he’s looking at himself, because the same feeling is in both of you. You’re uncertain if he wants you more than just as a fuck buddy. But wanting to set the record straight, Matt finally voices what he wants.

“You own me completely”, his rushed and sudden words fill the air.

With your hips slowly rocking down onto him, your brows scrunch in confusion.

“I want you, your mind, body and soul. I want you to need me and want only me” his statement easily rolls off his tongue, with his eyes conveying nothing but honesty and sincerity.

“Matt” your voice small and strained, unable to say anything as you’re taken aback by his moving words.

“I care about you and I’m all yours” he pleads up to you.

You can’t help but smile at him, your chest feels like its going to burst with happiness. Cupping his cheek, you tell him, “Oh Matty, I care about you too, so much” and then you’re giving him the gentlest loving kiss he’s ever had.

You pull away, finally ready to give into the release you’ve both been craving. Matt is only given one second before you’re sitting up and speeding up your pace. And now you’re riding him like a fucking champion.
“FUCK!” he grunts while his body tenses.

His hands grip your hips tightly now, helping in slamming you back down on his greedy cock as he pants, “Fuck, I want to be buried in your sweet little pussy all the time!”

More filthy words tumble from his mouth as you thoroughly fuck him.

“I want to fuck you every morning and night. I want people to hear you scream my name at Uni, let them know who’s making you feel so good, who’s cock is fucking you senseless.”

“Fuck, yes MATT!” your voice joins the sounds of flesh slapping together, with slick wetness also adding to the sexual symphony.

“Oh CHRIST, you’re not going to be safe from me now. Your pussy is going to be filled with my cock and cum constantly. I’m gunna fuck you so much you’re gunna be painted in my cum.”

Who knew Matt had such filthy desires and a dirty mouth. The seemingly sweet boy now revealing his feral and carnal side. But that’s because your very presence has woken a primal part of himself, a part of himself that wants to mark you and stain you as his, which is his way of saying he cares about you, but also doesn’t want anyone else coming near you.

“You own this cock; even the slightest touch from you has me hard almost instantly.”

Matt is about to say something else, but is silenced by your ruthless hips smacking down onto him harder, forcing more grunts and groans from his pretty plush lips.

With your nails digging into his pecks and leaving behind crescent moon indents, you bounce on his dick a few more times. Then you’re entire body explodes.

A choked gasp leaves your mouth as you fall forward and bite the crook of his neck. “MAAATTT!” you cry into his neck as he uses his strength to keep up your rhythm, his strong arms slam you down on his dick as he chases his own release. The feel of finally having your glorious cunt squeezing him like a vice is the greatest ecstasy he’s ever felt, which in turn triggers his own orgasm.
And suddenly Matt is flipping you over, his voice thundering into your neck, “(Y/N!), sending shockwaves through your body as he powerfully thrusts into you and rides out both of your climaxes.

His next moves are instinctive, clutching you close as you milk him, his body stutters and jerks into you as he stuffs you with his cum. His natural reflex locks you in place as he empties his load, pumping jet after jet into you like his life depends on it. And his groans are endless, a long drawn out sound as he occasionally chants “FUCK!” in your ear.

Your eyes roll back as electricity pulses in your pussy, your body taut and tensing as you hold onto Matt.

With a few more thrusts, Matt finally sheathes his entire length inside you, stilling his hips and savoring the last remnants of your cunt squeezing him. Euphoria floods his mind as bliss rushes through his veins. In the same boat as him, your teeth still imbedded in his flesh eventually release to inhale as much oxygen as you can.

You both stay like for a long time, panting and unwilling to separate from each other just yet.

After sometime, Matt lifts his head and kisses you, so much passion contained into one kiss. He bites your bottom lip before sucking it, eventually letting the soft flesh snap back. With the small amount of energy left in him, Matt peppers kisses and sucks all over your neck and chest, relishing the taste of you since he couldn’t before.

Your cunt unintentionally clenches, making Matt gasp and you smirk. Whispering a curse into your skin, Matt slowly slips out of you with shaky muscles. You both can’t help but groan. A river of cum spills out of your hole, Matt gazes down with a proud smile on his face and commits the sight to memory.

But now that’s he’s unsheathed from your exquisite cunt, already he’s missing the warm velvet cavern that’s comparable to home. Yes, that sounds right. You feel like home.

Falling beside you, Matt turns on his side to face you, memorizing your face as you slowly steady your heaving breath. But even with you only an inch away, Matt still feels like that’s too much distance. Pulling the sheet over the both of you, Matt slides his arm under your head, pressing his body close to you and rubs circles into your stomach.

And it all feels so nice. The bliss, warmth, cuddles and comforting aftercare is quickly making it harder to stay awake. But knowing you can’t stay because it’s a ‘school night’, you try to give
yourself a pep talk into going back to your room.

Gripping Matt’s hand that is on your stomach, you turn on your side and drape his arm around your waist. His fingers find your back and continue their massage, his intentions clearly wanting you to get drowsy and stay the night.

“Matt” you whisper to him.

“No!” his voice is quiet, but stern as he responds to you.

“I haven’t even said anything yet”.

He growls quietly, “Stay the night!”

“You know I can’t, it’s too risky”.

“I don’t care” he says and burrows into your soft chest, kissing and licking your skin.

You sigh into his hair and stroke the soft locks, soothing him slightly with your gentle caresses.

“Matt” you say again.

He whines and nuzzles into you, clutching you closer with his strong arms. His legs tangle with yours, further trapping you against him. Kissing the top of his head you try to appeal to him again, “Matt, this won’t be the last time, hell, next time I’ll probably get to stay with you the entire night!”

But he doesn’t budge an inch, uninterested in the next time because he’s focused on right now. With his strength easily stronger than yours, he rubs his body into you like a cat.

“Matt, if we get caught, we probably won’t get to do this ever again. Is that what you want?”
He frowns into your chest, your words making sense as he registers his vast dislike for that outcome. After getting a taste of paradise, Matt knows he’d probably go insane if he was denied you. Just one taste was all he needed to get hooked on you.

You hear him growl before loosening his hold on you, his head lifts up and gives you the biggest puppy dog face, trying to convince you to stay. And you almost do, but thinking of the consequences stops you from staying.

Kissing Matt and caressing his face, you hold him for a few more seconds before detaching from him completely and getting out of his bed. Finding your clothes and putting them back on, you can feel Matt’s eyes following your every move. Turning around, you kneel on the bed and give him one more kiss, then you’re walking to his door and exiting his room.

Matt rolls on his back and presses the heel of his palms into his eyes, trying to push his frustration away with force. With an array of wetness covering his body, the memory of what you just did will be harder to forget tonight, or any night for that matter.

You softly walk to your own room as Matt thrashes in his bed out of frustration. Entering your room and making your way to your bathroom, you decide to clean up a bit before falling asleep. Throwing your underwear in the laundry basket, you use a washcloth to clean yourself and then place your shorts back on bare. Rinsing the cloth, you turn and head out of the bathroom and close the door behind you.

“Busy night?”

“FUCK!” you all but shriek, your hands flying to your chest and mouth in fear at being so unexpectedly startled.

The voice belonging to someone sitting on your bed, the dim lighting showing you that much. Then as you step closer and your eyes adjust in the darkness, you see Kylo staring back at you with an unreadable expression, only a glint of something shining in his eyes.

Now you were truly terrified.
Chapter End Notes

If you’re a deep sleeper and you know it, clap your hands *Matt does a fucking standing ovation*

*Kylo peaks around the corner with noise cancelling earphones on*: Keep it the fuck down; I’m trying to sleep. Who the fuck claps at night? Ridiculous.

I hope I didn't gross any of you out with the slight somnophilia. Oh and next chapter is going to be emotionally charged, but still good :D Thank you!
In the silently tense room, it seemed Kylo had become one with the darkness. His unreadable expression showing nothing of his emotions as his shining eyes pierced into your very soul.

With his shirtless pale form the only thing visible in the dark room, you could see he was leaning forward and resting his forearms on his knees. Although his eyes analysed you with sharp precision, his accusing voice and insinuation felt like a heated stab; it felt like his words licked over your body and sliced your nerves into a panic as you struggled to say something.

Eventually your voice manages to weakly murmur, “What?”

Although the tone of his voice is neutral and somewhat calm, you couldn’t mistake the bitterness laced with his words, “I asked……….. if you’re having a busy night”.

*He heard.*

As your stomach does flips, your heart seizes in panic and your palms become sweaty and you can do nothing but watch as Kylo patiently awaits your answer. But feeling your throat constricting, you uselessly wish you were quieter with Matt.

How could you forget that Kylo is the light sleeper out of the trio. With his room right next to Matt’s, you wonder how much he actually heard.

Swallowing the lump in your throat, you resist the urge to hug your body as you say, “Oh……….um……. no”.

And the next thing he does takes you by surprise. The biggest grin you’ve ever seen spreads across Kylo’s face, but instead it looks more sinister as he declares lowly, “Well that’s about to change”.

He remains seated and you watch as he straightens his spine to show his towering height and broad
body, then his voice commands, “Come here”.

But your body doesn’t respond.

All you do is shiver as various thoughts race through your mind. Uncertain of what he’s going to do, you’re pulled out of your hesitance with Kylo’s deep voice, “Don’t make me ask twice”.

And then your body reacts somewhat more quickly. Your steps are slow and calculated as you try to stretch out the journey to Kylo. And you can see he’s patient; he knows and you know it’s inevitable you’ll be right in front of him. And wishing your steps were slower, it’s only a matter of seconds before you’re standing a foot away from him.

The distance is small that you’ve put between yourselves, a sliver of fear coursing through your veins as it warns you of Kylo’s impending wrath. When he first moves, you body unintentionally flinches away.

But Kylo’s large hands grab the back of your thighs above the bend of your knee. You frown when you feel his thumbs brushing back and forth in a soothing manner, like he’s trying to relax you. Which works slightly, but your uncertainty keeps you alert as you look down at the stoic man.

Your eyes widen slightly when you feel his palms slowly travel up the backs of your legs and continue under your bed shorts. He squeezes the globes of your ass and closes the distance by pulling you forward with his strong arms. With him still sitting on your bed, you were now standing between his legs, trapped in his embrace as his hands now massaged your ass.

Without your underwear on, it only further confirms what your previous activities were. His fingers knead your bare skin as your arms shoot up to your chest, hovering helplessly above his frame as you wonder if you’re allowed to touch him. Does he even want you to touch him? Or do you disgust him now?

But as these questions flit across your eyes, he gives no answer and instead revels in your terror and uncertainty. What makes a small grin pass over his features, is when he recognizes the telltale signs of your arousal accompanying your dread. He’s proud to say that he’s grown quite familiar with your body in such a short amount of time. So even though his presence and words strike a panicked fear in you, his entire being will always instill lust, desire and arousal in you.

With his apathetic expression giving away nothing of his feelings, he instead reacts through
movement. He brings you closer to his face and what he does next has a gasped moan tumbling from your mouth. He nuzzles his mouth and nose into your clothed cunt, your hips jolt back in surprise and over-stimulation.

With his mouth pressing into your sex, his sharp eyes look up at you as his arms pull you closer and hold you in place, making sure you can’t move away again. With your mouth open a fraction and your breathing becoming deeper, the sensation on your pussy feels like too much and far too soon after Matt.

But after a while, the adrenaline coursing through your veins makes the sensation feel electric. Your body is hyper aware of Kylo, from his hands and to his face nuzzling such an intimate part of your body. But when you feel his mouth leave your sex, the momentary relief is a lovely break from the building waves of desire and pressure pulsing through your nerves.

“Take off your shirt” his voice orders.

With a shiver of lust creeping up your spine, your willingness to comply makes your movements faster than before. Grabbing the hem of your shirt and pulling it over your head, you discard it in the darkness and remove your bralette as well, hoping your eagerness dissuades whatever he has planned for you.

With your chest bare for his hungry eyes, you feel one hand leave your ass and travel up your body. The large palm smoothes over your stomach, between the valley of your breasts and up to caress your neck. His fingers tease your soft skin before wrapping around your throat and applying gentle pressure. You gulp in response to his actions, a panicked feeling shooting through you as you envision how easy it would be for him to choke you.

But all he does is squeeze gently before releasing you with a grin. You’re embarrassed to say this, but an ungodly amount of wetness is now pooling between your legs as fear and lust mix together to further fry your nerves.

His hand lays flat and ghosts down over your breast, stopping to squeeze and knead the soft flesh. His thumb brushes over your hardened nipple, giving a slight pinch and smiling at your pleasured gasp. He kisses your belly and slowly ventures down towards the waistband of your shorts and teases you by slipping his finger under the material and running it from one hipbone to the other.

Both of his hands are now at your front, ghosting up the front of your thighs and under your shorts. His thumbs stretch out and rub circles in your inner thigh, which are now dangerously close to your soaking cunt. With your hands now resting on his shoulders, his hair tickles your fingers as you dig
into his skin.

Then he’s shoving his face back in your sensitive sex, making you gasp and instinctively flinch away. When Kylo next feels your hips jerk away, he growls deeply and is turning very quickly and tossing you on your bed.

Bouncing back from his strength, he’s quick to kneel between your legs and hold them open with his wide body. Towering above you, you gaze up at the menacing figure as he breathes heavily and clenches his fists tightly. His features finally show some emotion as he slowly falls deeper in his lust and dwindling anger.

His hands find your knees and smooth down to your hips, stopping at the top of your shorts and then pulling them down your body. You lift your hips and close your legs so he can discard them easily. With your body completely naked now, your hands cover your chest and your legs remain closed.

But when you feel one lone finger slide up through your folds and circle around your bud, you gasp loudly and whine. Smiling down at you, Kylo retracts his finger and parts your legs with his hands, putting your needy, wet and throbbing core on display. His eyes flick up to you once before he rests down on his stomach between your legs and spreads them wide. His shoulders fit under your knees with your feet firmly planted on the mattress and his hands hooking under to cup your ass.

He cradles your lower half in his large hands and admires your aching cunt. As you look down at the raven-haired man, your hands are now fisted in the sheets as your body quivers from Kylo’s warm breaths hitting your pussy.

Kylo ghosts his lips up your wet slit with his nose nuzzling your clit, causing a choked moan to burst from your mouth. Then he inhales deeply and chuckles into your skin, “Ahhh, just as I thought”.

You frown at his weird remark and peak down at him to find his eyes already on you. With a sinister smile plaguing his features, he says, “You cleaned yourself, but the scent of betrayal still lingers on your skin”.

And yet again, ice cold terror floods you as you try to wiggle away from him and say, “Kylo, I……”
“What? What could you possibly say to justify this” he snarls up to you.

Knowing that any kind of excuse or lie you tell him will be futile, you struggle in finding an appropriate answer. His strong grip holds you in place as your body twitches in panic.

Then he very lowly growls, “I heard you”.

A faint gasp escapes your lips. But deciding the truth is the only reasonable thing to say in this moment, that is exactly what you say next, “Kylo…………….. I’m so sorry”.

His eyes soften for a second, but then your voice continues and his eyes return blank.

“But I can’t keep this in any longer. I want you and care about you, but I also want and care about your brothers as well. Its how I feel and I can’t help it…………..I’m sorry”.

His stare is unreadable after you voice your most inner and deepest secret.

Then Kylo’s lips ghost over your clit as he stares you down, the gentle tickling making you gasp as he says, “Is that so”.

And before you can answer, Kylo has his large warm tongue lay flat against your pussy and pushing it past your folds to lick a strip up your sex. And you can’t help but moan in response.

With all the mixed feelings Kylo is sending you, you don’t know what’s going through his head. One minute he snarling with fury in his eyes and the next he ravaging your cunt as his eyes burn with lust. He’s so conflicted that each emotion is taking turns in the spotlight.

“Is that……… all you have to say?” you ask him between laboured breaths.

His head slowly rises from between your legs but with his lips still wrapped around your nub. Sucking it fiercely and letting it pop from his mouth, Kylo says, “What do you want me to say?”

“That I don’t mind if you fuck my brothers” Kylo asks with hard eyes and a cruel sneer on his face,
“Or do you want my permission to fuck my brothers?”

Leaning up on your forearms you say, “No, just tell me what you want and what you’re feeling”.

“I WANT YOU!” he yells while still managing to keep his voice low enough so no one else hears.

His hands grip your flesh tightly as he declares, “I WANT YOU AND I DON’T WANT TO SHARE!”

Then two large fingers are plunging into your core; curling and roughly pounding into you all the way to his knuckles. It seems like he’s directing all of his frustration and anger on your cunt, but also using it as an attempt to keep you with him. He’s trying to convince you to be with only him.

With his mouth back on your clit and his fingers pushing you ridiculously fast over the edge, you were cumming in seconds. And the sheer force of your orgasm had you thrown back against the pillow, one hand in Kylo’s locks and your body endlessly spasming.

As your pussy clamped down on Kylo’s fingers and cum flooding into his palm, he moved down and cleaned up everything you had to give him. Pulling his fingers out and delving into your hole with his tongue, Kylo curled into every ridge inside you and licked every drop of your juices out.

And now you were truly ruined. With a thin sheen of sweat covering your body, your chest heaving as you laboured for air and your body twitching in orgasmic bliss, Kylo was kind in placing gentle kisses all over your sensitive sex. Then he’s kissing his way up your body and paying special attention to your breasts.

Stopping at your neck and decorating it in sucks and bites, he traveled all over your chest as he settled between your legs. You could feel the incredible bulge of his cock straining beneath his boxers, pressing against your cunt. But when he began to grind into you, well that’s when your tired body lit up with excitement at the prospect of another orgasm. Your body really is greedy.

With your mind tired and seemingly unable to send the right commands to your muscles, Kylo was all too glad to continue grinding into you. You wanted to be more involved, but with an exhausted mind and body, you were left at the mercy of Kylo’s slow movements.

As his hips slowly moved, Kylo smiled at the feel of his boxers damp from your arousal, which is
still continuing to pour from your cunt. Your sensitive clit ached but still craved another release from Kylo’s incessant cock rocking into you.

Your hands were now cradling Kylo to your chest; one was holding his head with your fingers grasping his locks and the other was gripping his back as you contemplated your next words.

Deciding to just say it like ripping off a Band-Aid, you voice interrupts the relatively silent room, “Kylo, I still want your brothers”.

And his hips stop at your words.

His entire body is frozen above you as your words echo in his mind. Eventually you feel him breath out a defeated sigh into your skin. How you know it’s a defeated sigh, well that’s because you can feel him slump into you, his grip on your shoulders loosen and his weight slightly crushes you.

His head lifts from your chest and he stares into your eyes as he asks, “And what about me?”

“I will always want you, you mean so much to me Kylo!”

He bites the inside of his cheek as his jaw ticks before saying, “And so do my brothers”.

You can’t tell if he’s asking as a question or just stating it, but you answer anyway, “Yes”.

You watch the process of him slowly coming to turns with how you feel; you can see the cogs turning in his mind as his eyes stare at you blankly.

“I know it’s a lot what I’m asking for, to have all three of you. And I can admit I’m a bit of a greedy slut for wanting you and your brothers, but....................... I care about all three of you as well”.

“You’re right” he says blankly.

Your brows furrow in confusion as to what he’s referring to, but not for long as he says, “You are a
greedy slut”.

And he cuts you off before you have the chance to scold him, “But you’re ours and I’ll be damned if this ends before it even begins”.

Your eyebrows shoot up as your voice hesitates, “So you’re saying……”

Kylo breathes in deeply and closes his eyes, he holds the breath before exhaling out and looks at you as he states, “I will try to tolerate your ridiculous infatuation with my brothers, but with one condition”.

“What?” you voice is quick to answer.

His eyes are intense, with his voice hard and serious as he answers, “You have to promise to only be with my brothers and I, no one else”.

And your smile is immediate. That is probably the easiest and most agreeable condition in the world. “YES!” you all but squeal, then you’re placing kisses all over his face, eventually stopping at his lips and devouring them with passion. Soon enough the need for oxygen overwheels you both and Kylo is the first to pull away. Leaning his forehead against yours, his eyes open and admire your smiling and panting face.

“That is the easiest condition to agree to, because I don’t want anyone else. They’re all garbage” you say with your eyes still closed.

And the sound of a genuine chuckle has your eyes shooting open. A big grin is plastered on his face as more laughs tumble from his mouth. This side of Kylo is always nice to see, especially since it’s so rare. His cute dimples that appear when he smiles really changes his face when he expresses happiness.

Eventually his laughs quiet down to a smile, and then he’s leaning down to brush his lips along your cheek to your lips and placing small pecks. You mumble against his lips, “You’re perfect Kylo”.

And without missing a beat, his head lifts up as he answers, “So are you”.
Finally in agreement with the hardheaded triplet, you now didn’t have to worry so much about Kylo’s wrath concerning his brothers. Sure, this situation could have been dealt with in a better way, but at least it had a positive outcome.

And Kylo may have been a little harder in convincing to share, but in the end he would do anything for you, even if that means sharing you with his brothers. At least they’re people he knows and trusts. But you have a feeling it still won’t stop his more possessive and alpha male tendencies to spike around them.

You can’t help but smile at the thought of all three Solo men in the same boat, tolerating each other enough to share you amongst themselves.

Kylo kisses your lips, bringing you out of your musings as he becomes more urgent. Then the feel of a throb emanating from hard flesh lodged against your cunt has your hips bucking into Kylo. It felt like a strong heartbeat that’s pulsing heat and pleasure into your sex.

Then Kylo is resuming his slow pace of grinding into you.

Your hands slip under his arms and he moves his to cage your head in. Now with his head falling in the crook of your neck, his hips have more leverage to grind into you. Your hands slowly skim down his ribs, waist and to his hipbones. Finding the waistband of his boxers, you pull them down over his ass to release his cock.

Using your feet to push them down the rest of the way, you feel him kick them off and settle against your bare sex. And the contact is electrifying. He groans at feeling your warm wet folds parting for his large cock, welcoming him as he grinds his length along your slit and clit. Kylo has had you for five nights in a row now, and nothing in his life has felt better.

Kylo is slow in grinding into you, savouring the small breathy moans that fall from your lips. And his accompanying groans are sounds you will never tire of hearing. He peppers kisses and sucks on your neck, biting lightly as well when the feel of your warm silky arousal coats the entire underside of his cock.

With one of his arms traveling down your body to grab your thigh, Kylo’s hips move down low so the head of his cock rests at your entrance. Lifting his head, Kylo kisses you and slowly pushes inside you. Your mouth falls open as you suck in a breath, trying to replace the air that is literally knocked out of you. And Kylo is the same, he hisses at your warm tightness as his grip on your
thigh squeezes.

With his thick cock finally balls deep inside you, you both shiver as your cunt clenches and he throbs.

Even though his rage has lessened considerably now, tonight the only kindness he will offer is the few seconds for you to adjust to his size. Then, he’s going fuck you, hard.

He slowly pulls out leaving only the tip in, then he’s surging back inside your heat and setting a hard rhythm. As his fat cock seemingly explores your guts, his thrusts are rough as he only pulls out halfway and pushes back in with the snap of his hips. He uses the last remnants of his anger to thoroughly pound into you, he smirks at the sounds of your choked moans and nails digging into his back.

He’s never been this rough with you so early in your union, usually he builds up to it. Not that you’re complaining though, if anything he’s bringing you close to another orgasm very quickly. His grunts are close to your ear with his head in the crook of your neck and his back arches as he thrusts back into you. Your legs wrap around his waist to bring him closer, making him fall into you as his forearm gives out.

With his entire weight on you, Kylo still continues to fuck into you, groaning at the feel of being so impossibly close together. But not wanting to crush you, his arm slips under your waist so he can hover above you but also keep you close. Now your body was trapped in place as he used you as a sheath for his fat dick.

His pace was unrelenting, powerful and downright savage. With heavy breaths against your skin, Kylo was a grunting mess as he neared his end. But wanting to prolong the pleasure surging through his body and cock, Kylo changes positions and sits up.

Your eyes shoot open as the warmth from Kylo’s large chest disappears. You whine your disapproval, “Noooo, come back!”

But he only growls in return, “You’ll take what you’re given” and maneuvers your body with his strong arms.

With Kylo kneeling and sitting back on the heels of his feet, he grabs your heaving body by your hips and drags your ass into his lap. Then he’s sinking back into your cunt and thrusting with vigor. Your entire body would have slid back up the bed with the force of his thrusts, but Kylo’s tight grip keeps you in place.
The sounds of his hips slapping into you are loud, adding to the already lewd squelching noises emanating from your pussy. With your legs spread wide, Kylo has the perfect view as he sits above you. With your lower half bouncing in his lap, your breasts followed suit; so grabbing them in your hands you kneaded and squeezed them, making Kylo groan in return.

In this position, the head of his cock brushes past your g-spot to hit deep within you, making your cunt clench tighter everytime he slams into the hilt. And his hips are ruthless in snapping into you, he’s forcing various gasps and choked moans from your lips.

You don’t know how much more you can take. The continued pleasure radiating in your cunt that’s been building is almost ready to burst. But then Kylo stutters to a halt and pants, “Sit up and wrap your arms around your neck”.

And your tired and weak muscles comply. Doing as he says, he leans down slightly so it’s easier for you to lean up and grab him. Now you were chest to chest as you sat in his lap. But then his arms were moving under the bend of your knee so they rested in the crook of his elbow. His hands found your ass and using his incredible strength he hoisted you up.

Then his savage pace resumed as he used his whole body to fuck you. His arms lifted you up and down his length as his hips snapped into you hard, sending ripples of pleasure through you and making your eyes roll back. You were literally dangling off Kylo as he pushed into you quickly, and he was grunting with every thrust.

He couldn’t get enough of your cunt. Every position let him reach places deeper inside you, and by forcing his fat meat into your tightness, you were giving him pleasure he’s never felt before. Your entire body bounces like a ragdoll as he quickens his movements, greedily impaling you on his cock. Kylo would love nothing more than to do this all night, to have you a whimpering moaning mess and filled with his cum.

When your cunt starts to flutter, Kylo knows it’s only a matter of seconds before you cum. He kisses you hungrily as his tongue slips into your mouth, dominating you in every way that he can. You’re both breathing heavily into the kiss, then you’re sucking his bottom lip as your nails dig into his scalp and back. You watch as his eyes flutter closed as he groans, then releasing his lip you find them beautifully swollen.

With your back arching and your head tipped back, you’re so lost in the moment that you barely register Kylo saying, “Fuck I love this pussy!”
“So. Fucking. PERFECT!” each word is punctuated with a hard thrust.

“Fuck, Kylo!”

He snarls like an animal, “Yes that’s right, say my name!”

“KYLO!”

And then you were cumming, you walls spasming as Kylo muffled your screams with a kiss. Your tight cunt constricting his cock has a long drawn out groan rumble from Kylo. Shoving his tongue in your mouth silenced you a bit, but even that wasn’t enough when you felt Kylo’s pace grow erratic and stutter as his own orgasm exploded.

And his next movements were immediate. Detaching from your mouth, Kylo dived forward as his hips surged into your cunt. With you on your back again and your legs pushed up, your eyes rolled back as you felt Kylo slam into you one more time, plugging your cunt with his cock as he emptied himself in you.

The feel of his warm cum flooding your cunt was another sensation adding to your pleasure. Your cunt pulsed from the overwhelming and brutal pounding it just got, but still singing in happiness as a mind shattering orgasm was just ripped from you. With Kylo’s arms moving out from under you, he lifted his heavy weight off you slightly so he didn’t crush you. He was panting into your neck, his back heaving with labored breaths as sweat covered his body.

“Fuuuck” you hear him groan into your skin.

Then your cunt unintentionally clenches and Kylo’s hips jolt into you, pulling moans from both of you. His head slowly lifts up and then Kylo kisses you slowly, basking in the after glow as his cock twitches from the last spurts of cum emptying inside you.

After a few minutes of lazy kisses, Kylo dips his hips to release his cock from your pussy. And an abundance of cum oozes from your cunt when he does, leaking down and creating an even bigger mess between your legs. Kylo rolls next to you and lays on his back, slowly regaining control of his rapid breathing and heartbeat. Both of your bodies feel weightless and thoroughly fucked.

But with Kylo recovering quicker than you, he’s rolling on his side and leaning on his arm as his
other arm reaches down to your sensitive womanhood and drags his fingers through the shared cum pooling between your folds.

“Do not clean yourself. I want you keep this” he means his cum and emphasizes it by gathering some on his fingers and shoving them back into your cunt, “here all night, so you remember our agreement”.

And you gasp at the contact, unintentionally clenching around the sudden intrusion as Kylo scissors his fingers and curls them.

His gleaming eyes look down at you as he asks, “Understand?”

“Yes” you voice comes out as a breathy whisper. Then Kylo smiles slightly and leans down to kiss you. His fingers languidly move inside you as he mumbles against your lips, “Good girl” and next he’s leaning back and withdrawing his fingers and sucking them clean. You could smell the cum on his fingers with his face so close to yours, making you whimper and Kylo smirk in return.

You watch as Kylo slips out of your bed and retrieves his boxers, putting them back on quickly. Then he’s walking back over, pulling the sheet up your body and tucking you in. Giving you one more kiss, Kylo turns and leaves your room before he gives in to temptation and stay with you all night.

Usually it’s you that has had to leave his bed after a romp in the sheets, and now Kylo fully understands your pout and scowl when leaving. It really was hard to leave, especially when the need to be with you kicked into overdrive after fucking you.

But now that Kylo knows and tolerates your feelings towards his brothers, maybe the next time you both fuck neither of you will have to leave. The only people to disprove of your relationship in the house is Han and your mom. And they never come to this side of the house. So the risk of getting caught is almost non-existent now.

Who knew so many problems could be solved in one night.

Chapter End Notes

I don't know why, but an angry and somewhat mean Kylo is so hot to me.
Kiss It Better

Chapter Notes

Hot damn it's been a while since updating this fic, so......... sorry about that. I hope you're all well and thanks for bearing with me. xoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

With engineering up first, you were more than a little excited to get to class.

With just yourself and Matt in the lecture together, the atmosphere between you both felt so......... Right. It was like a weight had been lifted off both of your shoulders, the tension from before erased and replaced with a new kind of feeling. Feelings of security, passion, joy and a calming serenity that washes over both of you when in each other’s presence. While that’s how you feel emotionally towards Matt, what you feel physically is a different story.

Your body responds to his almost like a magnet to metal, you feel drawn to him. You’re constantly aware of him, from the way he sticks out in the corner of you eye, his soft touches of affection and his sweet words that have you blushing. Even the memory of how he filled you to capacity and then some more, lingers in your mind and adds to the heat burning over your body. Remembering the way he looked when he came is a memory you find yourself returning to often, pulling you from reality to play over that night and get lost in it.

Which has Matt nudging you back to the present more than once. He can tell from the glazed look on your face with your pupils blown, that your thoughts are less than innocent. The hungry look you give him only confirms his suspicions.

With the floodgates open between you and Matt, it seems the two of you have never been in more sync. The night before, a testament to the fact that wanting and being with each other is ok. Also, with the air clear between you and Kylo, it seemed like everything was falling into place.

It almost doesn’t feel like real life. To have the affection of these three amazing guys that seem completely devoted to you. Because honestly, this situation seems like one in a billion, a truly rare occurrence to happen in the entirety of history.

With the relationships developing nicely with each triplet, Ben was still the odd man out. The only one left to, ‘tap that’. And by ‘tap that’, meaning ‘tap you’. The middle child has never gone this long without sex, which is both surprising and endearing, that is, if you knew.
While he is technically on the outside, he was originally the first to guess that you wanted all of them. And while he can accept that, he’s also more open than Kylo in the area of sharing you. He’s also more brave in displaying his need and desire for you. He does this by being the only one of his brothers to embrace you in public, to call you pet names and he also seems to be more in tune with your thoughts and feelings.

Which Matt and Kylo are also, it’s just that Ben voices his concerns for your wellbeing in front of other people, not caring for what they may think. He just wants to verbally hear you express your thoughts so he can give you exactly what you need. You may be the only woman he’s connected to emotionally, and the only woman he hasn’t had sex with, which has actually strengthened the bond between you both.

Without sex in the way, it’s given Ben the chance to get to know you, to grow attached to you and to genuinely care for you. For Ben, this is a huge step in the right direction for the usually self-absorbed show pony.

With the quieter one of the triplets sitting by your side, your mind is pulled to the present yet again by a hand lacing with yours and resting in your lap. You look at Matt to find him blushing a cute shade of pink, like he’s prematurely embarrassed by his own actions that you might reject. But you don’t think you could ever reject Matt, he’s just too………………you don’t know. There isn’t just one word that does justice to describe Matt, he deserves every positive word you can think of.

His smile only grows when you brush your thumb along his own, pulling his hand closer to your body and keeping it there while you try to listen to the lecture.

With Phasma home sick, you had the blond beside you all to yourself. Because of this, Matt felt braver in showing his physical need for you. But even if Phasma was here, she wouldn’t mind one bit if you both showed lovey dovey affection, in fact she couldn’t be happier for you.

But you’re not sure how he’d react if he knew that Phasma and Rey are very informed on your relationship with the triplets. You haven’t told the girls every single time you’ve gotten it on with a triplet, just that things are progressing nicely with them and that they make you feel unbelievably happy and safe. They’re the only two of your friends that you feel comfortable and safe with in telling your secrets to. It’s not that you don’t trust the boys in your group, you just feel closer to the Rey and Phasma.

You’re sure the guys already know anyway. Hux is very smart and Poe is sharper than he lets on,
his friendly good-guy face and persona makes it seem like he only see’s the good in people, when actually he see’s everything. And then there’s Finn. Finn is just a nice guy who appreciates all of his friends for who they are, he’s stands up for what’s right and isn’t afraid to defend his friends against anyone.

You’ve never met a group of people that are so understanding and accepting of other people. The only thing they don’t tolerate, are assholes. Which there seems to be quite a few of.

But moving on, the rest of the lecture is spent holding Matt’s hand and rubbing small circles in his skin. Right now, you want nothing more than to just drag him off somewhere and have your way with him. Him and his adorable face and large chiseled body.

Sitting towards the back of the class no one can see your joined hands, the room his only half-full with the majority of the other students absent. The rainy weather puts everyone in a drowsy mood and the pull to a warm bed cuddling with your triplets sounds wonderful right now. With all of you shielded from the dreary weather, the sleepy atmosphere still permeates the air as everyone looks heavy-eyed and tired. Even the usually angry professor seems weary, his yawns filter throughout the room every few minutes.

You lean over to Matt and whisper, “I know it’s only the start of the day, but I already can’t wait to head home”.

Matt pushes his glasses up his nose as he leans towards you, a kind smile on his face as he whispers back, “I know, so do I”.

You return his smile and turn your head back to the front of the class, but Matt continues to look at you, memorizing your face and growing more infatuated with your small facial ticks and beauty. You are beautiful.

He rubs your hand with his thumb and leans over again, a blush already threatening to tint his cheeks as he asks, “Come to my room again tonight.”

You turn to see his pleading eyes looking directly at you. His hand squeezes yours gently as he awaits your answer, his nerves has him biting the inside of his cheek. You look around the room to see if anyone is looking, then you hear Matt whisper, “Please.”

Turning back to him after quietly searching the room, you smile and then slowly lean in. With your
other hand coming up to cup his cheek, you guide him closer and kiss his lips. He’s taken aback at first, worried that other people might see. But peaking out the corner of his eyes, Matt sees absolutely no one is looking. So closing his eyes, he falls easily into the kiss and returns your tender passion.

The kiss is so pure, it’s gentle and full of affection for each other. Matt grows closer with every second, his body magnetized to you as he steals the breath from your lungs. He squeezes his eyes tight and wishes you both were alone in his room, the privacy would grant him access to the more intimate parts of your body he wants to explore again.

His hand comes up to cup the side of your neck, his thumb brushing along your jaw as he gently holds you in place. Everything else in the room has faded away, it’s only you two that exists in this moment. But only if that were true. Eventually the kiss ends with Matt breaking away first, he softly pants for air and rests his forehead against yours.

Leaning forward, you capture his bottom lip with your teeth, running your tongue along the soft plump flesh and sucking it into your mouth, making Matt groan softly. With just a little bit of kissing, Matt is already burning with need. Letting his lip go, you whisper back, “Yes”.

Scrunching his eyebrows in confusion, Matt mumbles, “Huh?”

Smiling at his cute expression, you whisper, “Yes, I’ll come to your room tonight”.

Then his eyes are snapping open. With a smile slowly spreading across his face, Matt says, “Oh, right. Good!”

You place one more kiss on his lips then turn back to the professor. Matt is left feeling incredibly aroused, happy beyond belief and all the while breathing slightly harder. Leaning back in his seat, he tries to focus ahead of him, but can’t help getting drawn back to the feel of your soft hand inside his.

With the lecture ending soon after, you both wait till everyone leaves the classroom before kissing each other with as much passion you can stuff in a minute. With his hands on your waist and sliding around your back, Matt holds you close and steals as many kisses from you as he can. Standing on your tippy-toes, you hold Matt close by his hair and neck, enjoying the feel of his soft locks and strong body pressed against you.
So much passion is flowing between you both, all you feel is each other as the kiss grows more heated with each second. It’s moments like these that make the sneaking around worth it, to finally steal a few kisses from the guy you’ve been wanting and needing for so long.

And Matt feels the same, but wishes he could spend more than just few minutes with you. He hardly gets to spend time with you alone.

You break the kiss, panting and visibly happy as your eyes remain closed. You both breath heavily as you come down from the intoxicating kiss. Then Matt is leaning down and placing small pecks all over your face, making you giggle. When he lands on you lips you hold him in place and steal the last kiss for a while. Then you’re slowly leaning back down on the balls of your feet, sliding down Matt’s torso back down to earth.

Taking in a deep breath, you open your eyes and say, “I’ll see you at lunch”.

Which has Matt grumbling, but releasing you nonetheless. Sending him a reassuring smile, you place one chaste kiss on his lips before exiting the empty room and heading towards your next lecture.

Matt lingers in the room for a few seconds, running his fingers through his hair and puffing out a long breath, he gathers his thoughts and calms his racing heart before making the trek to his own class.

You arrive at Biology on time, since you had to sprint there to keep up appearances of a normal day with the same routine. Rey greets you at your usual spot and doesn’t mention your heavy breathing or flushed cheeks.

You both talk throughout the lecture while paying minimal attention to what the professor is teaching. With the lecture mostly about going through old notes for the upcoming exams, Rey and yourself felt confident in your current knowledge and ability to ace it. Even though Phasma was sick, you both knew she had everything on lock when it comes to exams. So you both quietly chatted through the class, which made for a relaxing two hours.
With the rainy weather drenching your usual lunch spot, you and Rey decided to have lunch at the science lounge room. The lounge is usually deserted because not many people know it exists. Residing on the top floor of the science building, the room has never been popular because it was mostly frequented by old stuffy men stuck in their own obnoxious perspectives. It became such a drag with the overbearing teachers eavesdropping on conversations and constantly condescending people. Eventually no one visited the lounge, and soon even the old men stopped going.

That was a few years ago. Now the lounge is only frequented by students lucky enough to know its location. You only know because your Biology professor told you about it, saying it’s easy to focus on studying in there when you don’t have to race another person for a desk or seat.

After shooting a text to your friends in a group chat about where you and Rey will be for lunch, you’re soon buzzing with different replies. With the lecture ending, you both get up and make your way towards the lounge, luckily your classroom is just a couple floors below.

Walking into the elevator and pressing the top floor, the ride is quick with no other people getting on or off. Reaching the top, the doors open to reveal a large room littered with long couches arranged into squares. It’s designed to house different study groups with enough space between the groups to have conversations without being overheard. Stepping out of the lift, you see there’s only two other people in the room. Which is the most people you’ve ever seen in here.

Looking around you see the same old poster pointing towards the bathrooms and the old but clean kitchenette running along the wall adjacent to the lift. With large windows encasing the entire floor, light pours in constantly with the moving sun. It wasn’t much in the way of fancy, but it was warm, dry and practically deserted.

“I like it here” Rey says cheerfully before sprinting towards the corner of the room that has the view of a lush courtyard below and buildings above in the distance.

“Dude! Why are you running?” you whisper-shout to her, not wanting to disturb the peace and quiet the other people obviously came here for.

Rushing after her, you watch as Rey flings her backpack on a couch and jumps up onto another one’s armrest and dives onto the couch. You shake your head at her antics, but smile nonetheless. Finally catching up to Rey and sitting across from her, you drop into the seat and pull your backpack off. You watch as Rey wriggles onto her back and stretches along the leather couch, a few cracks can be heard from her spine.
Rey groans out loud after stretching and mumbles, “Because of……. reasons! Now can you pass me my bag”.

Rolling your eyes and standing with a huff, you walk to the lounge on your right and fling her bag to her, which she catches with her fast reflexes. Dropping back in your own seat, you pull out your lunch and start eating, which Rey does also but continues to eat laying down.

While you both chat, you can’t help but appreciate the fact that at least on this side of the building you’re in the shade of the sun and aren’t blinded by it. After finishing your food, you slowly pick at the grapes you packed, more than once annoying Rey by leaning forward and biting a grape between your teeth and spraying her with the juice.

“You little shit! I’m gunna fucking destroy you!” she yells with an annoyed expression and lunges towards you.

With a gleeful shriek coming from your mouth, you quickly get up and vault towards the other side of the room, maneuvering around the maze of couches. Your screams of joy and Rey’s sinister but happy laughs fill the air, muffling the sound of the elevator dinging and the doors open.

The people step out and watch as you and Rey stand on opposite ends of a couch, waiting for the other to move. The sound of someone clearing their throat catches both of your attention. Turning to the sound, you find the triplets and your friends staring at you both in amusement. The two other people in the room hop in the empty elevator and send angry glares at you both for disturbing the peace.

With you distracted, Rey vaults across the lounge. But you’re quicker than her and just barely miss her grasp as you duck and sprint back to your spot. Except Rey is soon on your tail.

“Don’t run from me, I’m gunna get you eventually!” you hear her say way too close behind you.

Your friends watch as you both dash from one end of the room towards the other; your graceful and quick movements look cool as you jump over couches and side step randomly to make Rey slide. Finally at your couch, Rey is still determined to get you, so in her own unique way she claims her victory by tackling you onto the couch from behind and leans up to give you a hard smack on the ass.

“Boom, now we’re even” Rey shouts happily before getting off you and falling back on her couch.
Still laying on your stomach, the triplets have the perfect view of your ass, even more so when you lean up on all fours. But then you’re sitting back down normally and grabbing your discarded grapes from the coffee table.

Both you and Rey are panting heavily from the little bit of exercise, the chase was fun and exhausting.

Finn takes a seat next to Rey and wraps an arm around her shoulders. Matt and Kylo shoot each other a look before sitting down on each side of you, Poe and Hux take the couch on your left, which has Ben sitting by himself on the couch to your right.

“Having fun, girls?” Hux says with a smirk.

“Yeah, what was that all about?” Poe adds.

Rey and yourself share a look of your own, before smiling. Then you say the only thing you can think of, “It’s how Rey shows affection”, which has you both laughing.

And everyone bursts into laughter as well. You resume eating your grapes while everyone else gets out their lunch.

While you watched Finn bite into a sandwich across from you, you couldn’t but laugh to yourself as you realize you’re also sandwiched. Except between two beefcakes.

Matt and Kylo.

The new pair with a silent tension towards each other.

You didn’t know what to expect this morning at breakfast. Nearly every scenario could have been possible with Matt’s quick wit and Kylo’s volatile traits, but instead, all they did was greet each other as usual with only minimal distaste displayed on their face. Ben was at a loss for his sibling’s weird behaviour, but soon brushed it aside when they relaxed.

Even though Matt is unaware of your activities with Kylo last night, it seems to be in each triplet’s
nature to be possessive of you. And you know no good can come from disclosing everytime you bang a triplet. It’s a private affair that belongs between you and him.

So before it was just Matt and Ben pinned against Kylo, but now Ben has fallen out of the race so to speak, as his brother’s progress more with you. Way behind his siblings, Ben is left alone on his couch to watch as you chat with Matt and Kylo, his brothers a whole lot more chill to each other than usual.

Although Kylo is considerably more calm today, he still couldn’t help his more possessive side to spike everytime Matt got close to you. But he made a promise to you, and Kylo plans to keep his word. After a while, he actually grew use to the idea of sharing you, at least it was with people he trusted.

So, even though Matt doesn’t know about you and Kylo, you have a small inkling whispering that he may not even care that much in sharing you with his brothers. After all, he had no shame that other night at the bar when he teamed up with Ben.

Sitting on the outside, anyone could say that you, Matt and Kylo looked happy, with the way you all joked, laughed and spoke with each other. And while Ben was glad to see his brothers finally getting along, the brunet couldn’t help but feel a little jealous. To be left watching on the sidelines, Ben was feeling all sorts of things he hasn’t really been acquainted with. Such as jealousy and a slight twinge of envy mixed in.

These feelings flared when he noticed something amiss between you and his brothers. A change in the energy and the way they both acted around you. And it seems to have happened overnight.

Ben watches as your gaze switches between his brothers, smiling and taking in everything they say. And while you tried to include Ben in the conversations, his growing moodiness prevented him from fully investing in the chitchat, something that was even angering himself. It’s like all of his witty charm and banter had flown out the window and was now replaced with clipped remarks.

Ben tried to appear normal, but couldn’t help narrowing his eyes at all three of you. The answer to why the three of you were acting different was staring right at him, he just couldn’t understand why. Trying to figure out what has changed, was the last piece of the puzzle. Ben roughly shoved his uneaten lunch back in his bag, losing his appetite as his belly slowly filled with indignation instead. He knows it isn’t your fault either, he just can’t help but feel left out.

And while the rest of lunch is more of the same; everyone having a good time, joking and laughing together, that’s when everything clicked. After watching how the three of you acted, Ben finally
understood why the change was bugging him; because you’ve been fucking his brothers. And at this revelation, Ben didn’t really know what to feel. His emotions kept switching from one to another, while a flurry of thoughts flitted through his head. He was stuck in his own head for a large part of lunch and when I.T rolled around, he wasn’t much in the way of a conversationalist like he usually is.

As the four of you got up to head to that lecture, Ben walked behind and watched as his brothers flanked you on either side, essentially caging you in and selfishly devouring all of your attention. He thought to himself that he should have known sooner, that something so obvious should have been easy for him guess. But as he thinks on that, a new thought rises in his mind that torment him. How long have you been fucking his brothers.

In class Ben gave up on trying to appear normal, instead tortured himself with worries and outrageous scenarios. Resorting to his own self-isolation by not speaking or interacting with the three of you, put tension on the group, something that his brothers preferred to ignore. You of course, couldn’t and tried to include him, but Ben was having none of it.

As class went on, you slowly started to grow more worried about Ben. His change in demeanor was very worrying, especially when more than once you caught Ben giving his brothers heated glares and turning his sharp eyes to you. You were anxious for your next class since it was just going to be you and Ben. Rey and Poe were leaving early with Finn to log some final hours at the local church for charity. And its not that you didn’t want to be alone with Ben, its just that you get nervous before, during and after conflicts.

And with the end of the class coming to a close, Ben packed up his stuff hastily and didn’t wait for you when marching off to your shared class. You quickly said your goodbyes to Matt and Kylo, then chased after Ben, sprinting after the giant and weaving through hallways and around people.

Matt and Kylo just give each other a brief look of confusion before returning to blank looks of apathy for each other. Rather than talk about the new situation regarding you, Matt and Kylo just say their goodbyes and turn for their own lectures. They don’t really need to talk about it, at least not with each other since it’s your decision to have them all.

Everyone went their separate ways to endure the last lecture for the day.

You eventually caught up to Ben and gave his side a nudge. But he only responded with a huff and very small forced grin that fell back into a stoic expression that could rival Kylo. You look up at him and wonder what could be on his mind to make him so distant.
“Are you ok?”

He only replies with a grunt, seemingly resorting to the silent treatment.

“Ben!” you try again.

“What?” he says rather loudly.

Which has you frowning with your mouth falling open slightly. Ben only looks down at you and continues walking, his face only softening a fraction before he closes his eyes and huffs, “I’m fine (Y/N). Lets just get to class”.

Chewing your bottom lip, you watch as Ben turns to you to gauge your answer. And after a few seconds deliberating what he said, you give a simple nod and turn your gaze straight ahead. If it wasn’t for the huge amount of people walking by and around you both, then you might have pushed for a better answer, but alas, you’ll accept his silence for now.

The rest of the lecture was spent in quiet study and shooting worried glances at Ben. It seems that with every minute, your own worry was growing. Ben didn’t really respond to your jokes or your conversation starters, he just dutifully wrote down notes and focused on the professor ahead.

After the 8th attempt trying to talk to Ben, you eventually gave up and just followed suit. While you didn’t really see the need to write down notes, you do so anyway so you weren’t completely bored doing nothing.

And the change in your efforts didn’t go unnoticed either. Ben appreciated everytime you tried to talk to him, as it showed you cared. He’s just growing more frustrated with his own feelings and behaviour. You don’t deserve this treatment and Ben knows it, he just can’t bring himself out of his feelings enough to soothe your worries. Especially when his own keep pestering him.

At the end of the lecture everyone bustles out while you and Ben dawdle in putting your things away. The doors to the classroom close behind the last person, which leaves you and Ben alone. But before you can ask Ben what really is the matter, he’s standing up and making his way towards the door as well.
His long legs have him nearly crossing the large room in seconds, which makes it look funny when you run after him. You call out his name, but he continues his speedy escape.

You mumble to yourself, “Fucking dramatic Solo, making me chase after him like some damn rom-com movie. Mother Fucker!”

You whisper more swears under your breath while running, and when you finally reach him, you grab his arm and firmly growl, “BEN!”

He halts in place but doesn’t look at you, his head focused forward.

You say his name again but he doesn’t respond. Walking around and standing in front of him, you watch as he closes his eyes and breathes in deeply before sighing. You place your palm on his cheek gently and say his name again, this time he finally looks at you. And you were not ready; his soulful brown eyes are the only soft feature on his fierce expression.

You don’t really know what to say, so just do what feels right. You gently pull him down, which he frowns and twitches away at. But you persist and pull him into a hug. And it doesn’t take long for Ben to relax and return your embrace, with his face falling in the crook of your neck and nuzzling your skin.

You both stay like that for a while, uncaring of your other responsibilities. Ben needs you and you’re more than happy to stay with him for as long as he needs.

You run your fingers through Ben’s hair and lightly scratch your nails down his scalp, making him shudder. You place a kiss on the side of his head, which has him slowly lifting from your shoulder. The more he leans back, the more kisses you give him, littering his cheek and moving to the other side.

With his eyes closed, Ben slowly starts to smile with your gentle kisses bringing him back to himself and lightening his chest. The next kiss you place is on his lips, except this time you linger. You memorize his plush lips, savoring the gentle way he returns your affections. He’s timid and slow at first, taking his time as his worries slowly melt away.

Both of your bags are long forgotten at your feet, now they’re just things that you might trip on with the way Ben maneuvers you backwards. He’s the one to deepen the kiss, to slowly walk you back and press you against the wall, which is soon squished against Ben’s hard body.
Delving a little deeper in your mouth, he slips his tongue in and moans at your sweet taste. Ben curls in on you, moving your body to accept his wide form. He props your leg up to his waist and starts kissing your neck, his hands roam all over you like he’s rediscovered a lost lover. And your eyes flicker shut as his large hands massage, knead and roam all over you body, with your own hands clutching his collar and hair, anchoring him to you.

But the feel of Ben slowing down, wakes you from your trance. He remains hidden by your neck and breathes a little bit harder. His entire body heaves under your hands with each breath, then you hear him say into your skin, “I need to know.”

With your eyes closed you breathlessly sigh, “Know what?”

You wait for Ben to answer you, the brunet now taking his time as he breathes in a few deep breathes before leaning back to look at you. Your eyes open and meet his as he finally says, “What have you done with my brothers?”

You shake your head, “I don’t understand?”

Ben didn’t want to ask you directly what’s on his mind, but decides it has to be done. So taking in one last breath and holding it, on the exhale he says, “Have you fucked my brothers?”

And you are completely caught off guard. What the fuck kind of question is that. Ben passively looks down at you while your face slowly morphs through different stages of panic, denial, anger, sadness and defeat. Deciding the truth is the only way out, you hesitantly huff, “………………Y-yes”.

Looking deep into your eyes, Ben remains expressionless while you wait for his reaction. But what he says next, is a whole lot different than what you were expecting. Ben finally replies with, “Good” his face remaining the same, while yours scrunches in confusion.

You voice almost turns into a shriek, “WHAT?”, with your mouth falling open as your brows furrow.

With his arms still tightly secured around you, Ben simply reiterates, “I said good.”
“Yeah I heard what you said, I just don’t understand.”

With a small smile Ben leans down and whispers by your ear, “I said good, because that means I get to fuck you now”, he brushes his lips against your neck and continues, “I’m assuming Matt and Kylo know about each other, which explains why they’re acting so chummy and friendly towards you.”

You shiver from the soft sensation Ben is tickling your neck with, then you answer, “Kylo knows about Matt, and I think Matt knows about Kylo, although he doesn’t have any…………… hard evidence.”

Ben chuckles, “Hard evidence? Now what do you mean by that?”

You don’t give an answer, not because you don’t want to, but because your throat closes up at what Ben might think.

While you can’t see this, a small smile spreads into a Cheshire grin across Ben’s face, slowly contorting him into the joker. Then he’s laughing and leaning back to say, “Kylo heard you fucking Matt, didn’t he?”

Your eyes flick to the side as you confirm what Ben so easily guessed at. You mumble a small “Yes”, which has Ben nudging your face back to look at him.

“He’s always had good hearing, ever since we were kids.”

Your next words come out so quickly you don’t have time to stop them, “And you’re a very deep sleeper.”, but it doesn’t seem to faze Ben as he just shrugs and nods with a smile. In fact, he seems far too chill for your liking.

“How can you be so calm and not angry. Kylo is or was, and I can tell Matt isn’t that very pleased with the………situation”

Ben plays with a stand of your hair as he says, “Well if you haven’t noticed, I am considerably cooler than my brothers. What bothers them doesn’t even reach my top 100 list of worries.”
“But what about before? You literally looked like you were ready to start your own fight club.”

“That was just a very rare occurrence. I was mad and surprised to be the last one to get you. But mostly it’s because I’m not use to this whole ‘emotion’ thing. When it comes to the people I want or have fucked, I don’t actually care that much about them as a person. Caring about people in general is a new feeling that I’ve only started to experience since meeting you.”

Your eyebrows shoot up at that statement. Which has Ben huffing and explaining a little more in depth, “When it comes to you, it seems a switch has been finally turned on or something or a part of myself that I’ve buried is finally resurfacing. I want to know everything about you and in doing so, you’ve singlehandedly awakened my empathetic side.”

Your hands unconsciously grip Ben tighter, his sweet words putting a small smile on your face. And Ben is about to say something else, but you surprise him but lunging up and capturing his lips in a kiss, which he happily accepts.

You’re just overcome in a tidal wave of happiness. For so long you’ve pined after the triplets, that this almost feels like an elaborate dream. And to have it all come together within a week, well lets just say that it was totally worth the wait.

A grind against your core has your awareness shooting down below. You can’t believe Ben has held your leg up by his waist this entire time, but it shouldn’t be surprising since it seems even in the back of his mind, he still finds ways to have you close to him.

You slip your tongue into Ben’s mouth and he groans appreciatively, licking into your sweet cavern and grinding his entire body into you. Gripping his hair tightly, you can’t help but roam your other hand over his hard muscles, groping him like a sex fiend.

But then the moment is ruined by your phone ringing loudly. You try to ignore it the best you can, but after the fourth ring Ben growls and slips your phone out of your back pocket and hands it to you. You answer the phone with a breathy, “Hello?”

And while you assumed Ben would take that as his queue to stop, he instead continues to kiss your neck and tease your skin by snaking his hand down low. “(Y/N)! Where are you?” Rey’s voice crackles from the phone.

And you barely suppress a moan when Ben starts to palm your cunt. “OH, y-you’re back already”.
If you could see Rey, you’d see her scrunching her face up while she says, “Yes, and you knew that we were coming back. Where are you?”

“Oh, ummmm. I’m on my way, I just got a little distracted by ummmm……………….” Your hips start to rock into Ben’s hand, which has him chuckling into your neck.

“You got distracted by…………?” Rey tries to hurry you along, but with what Ben is doing and what he starts to do with his mouth, lets just say you should be given an award for stealth.

“A dog! A very cute dog” you end up saying.

You hear Rey whisper to herself, “What the fuck!” Then she says to you, “Whatever dude, just hurry up. Mary is being a bitch today.”

“Ok, I’ll see you soon” and before Rey can reply, you’re hanging up and pulling Ben’s hair back and kissing him fiercely.

He returns it just as hungrily and replaces his hand with his very hard cock. You moan against his lips and buck into him, welcoming his warm hard body that’s caging you in. But it doesn’t last for long. The sound of the cleaning trolley can be heard approaching the classroom door.

Ben growls, “There’s always something getting in the way”, which you couldn’t agree more with. You both reluctantly break apart, but not before giving each other another kiss.

Picking up your bag and walking towards the door, you jump at the feel of Ben giving your ass a slap and squeeze, the tall man unabashedly smiles down at you and winks. Gasping his name only widens his smirk.

You both exit the room and stand a good distance away from the class. You ask Ben, “Are you going to be ok” your eyes looking down and gesturing to the large erection barely concealed by his shirt. “I’ll be fine. Since meeting you it’s something I’ve grown use to”, which he emphasizes by looking you up and down with a lustful smile.

And you are completely at a loss for words. Ben only smirks down at you before looking around and quickly darting forward to kiss you one more time. He smiles after pulling away and says, “I’ll be seeing you soon”, which you can tell he means in other ways than just ‘seeing’.
For a change, you’re the one to watch Ben walk away, which is nice considering you get a glorious view of his muscled back, fine ass and long legs.

With him eventually out of sight, you turn around and hustle towards your shift at the library. After everything that’s happened, you can’t help but feel blown away by today. It’s been pleasantly wild from start to finish.

Chapter End Notes

Things are slowly and finally coming together.

Thanks for reading!!!
Thirsty Boy

Chapter Notes

OMG.
Ok, it’s happening.
Everybody stay calm!
Everybody stay calm!

*What’s the procedure?*

STAY FUCKING CALM!
EVERYBODY JUST STAY FUCKING CALM!!!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ben didn’t get to see you as soon as he’d hoped.

Yes he saw you, but he didn’t get to be with you the way Matt did that Thursday night or the way Kylo did Friday night. And to say Saturday night was busy, would be an understatement. You were a regular little bed hopper, not that Matt and Kylo mind that much. As long as they get you in their bed for a few hours, then they’re satisfied. Until their cocks are begging for another round.

But luckily you have a high sex drive, otherwise you wouldn’t be able to keep up.

With today being Sunday, you actually had the house to yourself. Except for Ben, who was spending a rather long time in the shower. With your mom and Han out on a brunch date, and Kylo and Matt out of the house to do some shopping, Ben was actually unaware you both were alone. And while this was the perfect opportunity to finally tap that fine piece of ass that is Ben, you couldn’t help but feel a little worn out.

Your body was tired, but in a good way. Like when you first wake up and stretch your limbs. That kind of blissful sensation you feel when stretching, is being more known in your muscles. You just can’t imagine how you’ll feel when you’re the main piece of ass for three sexually voracious men. Your plate will literally be full.

So with just you and Ben left alone, you were going to use this rare privacy to your advantage.
Ever since Thursday, Ben’s nerves have been wound so tightly and you’ve been on his mind more than usual. It’s gotten to the point that he’s had to relieve himself nearly 7 times a day.

He’s had to excuse himself to the bathroom at uni a lot, the alone time in the cubicle is spent pumping his length furiously at the image of you, he uses the memory from the haunted house, of how your mouth felt and the sensation of your tiny fist squeezing his cock. He tries to be quiet, using a pair of panties he stole from your room to muffle himself while he cums all over the toilet seat.

And yes, the pervert stole a pair of your panties Thursday night while you were in the shower. And yes, he takes them with him everywhere, like a lucky charm. If you knew though, would you be surprised? No, no you wouldn’t.

Ben cums once in the morning when he first wakes up. A fantasy of you is on his mind while he strokes his cock. But every so often his head will turn to the wall neighboring your rooms, picturing how easy it would be to sneak in your room and fuck you before everyone else wakes up.

During the course at uni, he’s locked in a cubicle at least 3 times a day and fucking his hand into oblivion. To make matters worse, on Friday at lunch your hand innocently rested on his thigh under the picnic table, but soon started tracing patterns while you leaned over and whispered something not so innocent in his ear.

And even without your words, Ben’s dick hardened almost instantly. It’s mostly because his body seems to be hyper-sensitive to your touch. He wonders if you know what you do to him; that your every move, word and gesture, easily sets him off.

At night, desperate to sleep, he conjures images of you. He imagines you in some of the skimpy outfits you’ve worn before, his fantasy has you stripping for him. Mostly he just remembers the time your lips were wrapped around his cock, sucking him for everything he’s got while getting yourself off as well. And if he’s so lucky to wake suddenly at night, he’ll think of you again for a second time and make sure his orgasm is so intense he won’t be waking for the rest of the night.

So badly he wants to experience you wholly, but the right time never seems to arise. And now that he knows you’ve fucked his brothers, he understands why their attitudes comes off as cocky and arrogant. It only increases his slight jealousy of his siblings and need for you. Making himself cum just by his hand is starting to get old. Soon his hand won’t be enough.
Trying to get through the day without you invading his mind is practically impossible. While in the shower, Ben tries in vain to cum; the thought of you is the only thing that can get him hard but doesn’t seem to be enough to push him over the edge anymore. His body now craves more.

Leaning his back against the shower wall, hunched over and letting the warm water wash over him, Ben grows aggrivated with the boner that doesn’t want to go away. Punching the tiles near him and growling in frustration, Ben yells at his dick, “JUST FUCKING CUM ALREADY!” and glares down at the impossibly hard thing.

But instead, his manhood just leaks an abundance of pre-cum, and looks just as red and angry like its owner. Huffing loudly and dropping the heavy member, it quickly flicks back up and slaps him, almost like it’s scolding him to go find your warm pussy.

Tilting his head back, Ben lets the warm water hit his face, hoping more than anything that his cock will decide to just deflate. But the image of you soaking wet in the shower pops in his head, instantly making him groan and return to the impossible task of making himself cum.

For nearly 30 minutes Ben is in the shower, the occasional yell and groan can be heard from behind the door if you stand near it. You can tell he’s growing more frustrated with everyday, and that eventually he’s just going to explode soon. So deciding to take matters into your own hands, you walk into his room and lay on his bed, wearing the most tantalizing clothes and patiently waiting for him.

You hear the water shut off in his bathroom as you stretch out on his bed, enjoying the feel of his plush comforter underneath you.

Eventually Ben lost the battle with is dick, the thing refusing to cum or go down. With hasty and jerky movements, Ben throws the shower door open, rips his towel from the rack and proceeds to dry himself angrily, avoiding his cock while doing so. Wrapping the towel around himself, he tries his best to disguise the thick monster tenting the fabric. Moving it to the side, then down, Ben ends up holding it down on his thigh and hopes he can make it to his room without you seeing him.
Brushing his hair roughly, Ben looks at himself in the mirror before grinding his teeth in annoyance and turning to the door. Yanking it open and storming towards his room, he rushes past yours and into his own. He rests his head against the door and locks it, breathing in deeply and wishing he could just get you alone.

“You were in the shower for a long time.”

Ben whips around with one hand holding his towel, his eyes wide as he looks at you laying on his bed. You’re leaning back on your elbows with one leg bent up, gazing at Ben with an expression he can only describe as playful and hungry. You bite your lip at the sight of his bare chest glistening from the poor job he did at drying himself, a few rivets of water dropping down his torso from his wet hair. And your eyes don’t shy away from the large cock straining beneath his towel, appreciating how long his member looks unrestrained by his hand.

Caught completely off guard, Ben is stock still and unable to move. Your bent leg sways slightly from side to side, drawing attention to the minimal fabric of your hot pants concealing your core and with your lovely bosom accentuated by a tight t-shirt.

While Ben’s mind malfunctions at the sight of you so relaxed on his bed, his cock throbs in excitement. And with the demanding member bringing him back to the moment, Ben barely registers what you say to him while you stalk towards him.

“What?” Ben retorts after hearing nothing as you spoke.

Standing just inches from Ben, your finger dances down his chest towards his hips, “I said, we’re all alone. Everyone went out. So it’s just you and me.”

And before Ben can react, your pulling him down and leaning up to kiss him fiercely. And Ben reacts instantly, welcoming your smooth lips and hugging your body close while leaning down more.

“Fuck, yes!” Ben moans against your lips.

With large hands pawing at your ass, hips, waist and anything he can touch, Ben groans into your mouth and visibly shivers when your nails card through his hair.
You lead Ben back towards the bed, guiding you both blindly while kissing him with enough passion to start a fire. With a just a foot away from the bed, you’re swinging Ben around and pushing him back. He looks shocked by your sudden and dominating treatment, but loving it nonetheless.

Your head nods up slightly, silently telling Ben to move up the bed, which he does. His wet hair splays out on his pillow, dampening the material briefly before he’s leaning back up to watch as you remove your shirt and shorts, then crawling up his body.

Your weight rests over Ben’s throbbing cock, straddling him as his hands shoot to your hips, gripping your flesh tightly like he can’t believe you’re real. Your hands lay flat on his stomach, slowly smoothing up over his abs to his pecs, then back down with your nails scratching lightly.

Goosebumps rise on Ben’s arms, his fingers tightening and his eyes flickering when you perform the slowest grind on his cock. From this angle, Ben can see the wet spot forming in your panties and how it only grows more slick everytime your drag your pussy along his long covered length.

“Fuck! I’ve waited so long” Ben grumbles beneath you, his eyes never leaving your core.

And you can only agree, “I know Ben, so have I.”

Looking down at Ben, you can appreciate having the slut of the trio beneath you. He so easily gave in to what you wanted and you appreciate it as well, because it shows that Ben actually cares about what you want and not selfishly focused on his own desire.

You know and can tell how much Ben is struggling as well. If his cock wasn’t an indication how lost to his lust he was, then the feral need in his eyes would have told you. He looks at you like you can solve all of his problems. Which you technically can, since his only problem is the erection that plagues him daily because of you.

His hand on your hip slides up your stomach and gropes your breast, which has you unclipping your bra and throwing it away.

A gasp and “Oh fuck, babe!” is the only thing Ben says with both of his hands shooting up to cup and massage your tits. He sits up suddenly and kisses you greedily, one hand banding around your waist while the other stays attached to your breast.
With Ben’s thumb brushing over your nipple, he pinches it slightly before kissing a trail down to your chest and sucking your hardened peak into his mouth. You gasp, “Ben” and tangle your fingers in his hair, grinding down harder on him. He only groans and turns his attention to your other breast, laving at your flesh and biting down lightly.

Already you can feel your arousal seeping through your panties, the towel beneath you absorbing the wetness but doing little to mask your scent. Which has Ben growling and laying back down. His hands start tugging your body upwards as he says, “I want you sit that pretty little pussy on my face”, his voice deep and gravelly with lust.

You chew your lower lip and wonder if he’s being serious. But a demanding growl and tug from Ben is the only the only reassurance you need. Removing your underwear, Ben quickly snags them and tucks them under his pillow, which has you smirking and him shrugging with a smile.

You close the distance between you both and hover your naked wet flesh near his chest. Looking down at Ben you can see his eyes blown wide and completely black, he inhales deeply and you watch as his eyes roll back. His hands grab your ass and push you forward, hovering your sex just above his mouth, his hot breath billowing over your pussy lips and making you shiver.

“You’re fucking gorgeous!” Ben growls below you. His eyes attached to your glistening cunt and puffy labia, the unadulterated scent of your cunt drives him wild, making his hips buck up.

With both of your hands braced against the wall in front of you, you say down to him, “I haven’t really done it this way bef--”, A broad stripe is licked up your cunt, parting your folds with the velvet wetness of his tongue expertly suckling at your clit.

A mix between a squeal and scream vaguely sounding like Ben’s name erupts from your throat as your hand shoots down to grip his locks tightly.

Ben responds with a pleasured moan, and when you look down you can see his eyelids flickering blissfully, his talented tongue exploring every crevice of your sex. You can feel him mumble against your pussy, “I knew it, I fucking knew your pussy was going to be delicious. My sweet little sister, with the best cunt in the world”. The words are too muffled to understand, but you’re pretty sure it’s crude enough to make you blush. The vibrations stimulate you and has your legs placing a little bit more of your weight on him.

Then the feel of Ben’s long warm organ prodding at your entrance has you grinding down the slightest bit harder on his face, a spew of choked gasps escaping you in response. His tongue breaches your cunt and wastes no time in licking your sweet nectar out, a vulgar groan emanating
from Ben as he does so.

He encourages your hips to move, his nose bumping your clit as he rocks you back and forth on his face. Looking down you catch a glint in his eyes that hints he’s smirking, his trademark expression as he proudly devours your cunt. Ben loves the way you look right now, so disheveled and relaxed, but especially how beautiful you look.

You make different expressions and sounds for the different things Ben does with his tongue. The sight, taste, feel and sound of you is sure to be burned in his memory, adding to the very limited collection of times Ben has had you.

His hands keep switching between rocking you on his face, massaging your ass or gripping your thighs. But wanting you to unravel more, Ben moves one hand to your sex, his mouth returning to your aching nub. He watches your face closely as he plunges two thick fingers into your hole. And he isn’t disappointed. Not only does your pleasured scream delight him, but your hips take control and now grind on him earnestly.

“OH FUCK, BEN!” your voice yells as the digits inside you curl and repeatedly ram into your g-spot.

He snarls like an animal against your clit, ”That’s right, say my name!” his fingers thrusting into you hard.

“BEN!” you cry loudly.

His hand bumps his chin, but he pays no mind. Instead he focuses on the way your face scrunches up and the beautiful sway of your tits. You can’t help but gasp with every roll of your clit over Ben’s tongue, especially when he uses his teeth to lightly scrape against it. But the feel of being stretched so wide and so quickly, is an experience in itself; even though your pussy is extremely wet, being stuffed so suddenly has your thighs shaking.

Nibbling your sensitive nub, Ben growls, “Who owns this cunt?”, but his question comes out a garbled mess.

You can’t help but chuckle, “You shouldn’t talk with your mouth full.”
But a swift and continuous jab against your soft g-spot and your clit being tongued incessantly is Ben’s way of retaliating to your joke.

“Oh FUCK! You do Ben”, your eyes are closed as he drives you to the edge very quickly.

“Who?” he asks cruelly, the hand on your ass smacking your flesh.

“BEN! BEN OWNS THIS CUNT!” you scream, this answer seems to please him as he starts to thoroughly assault your core. He finger fucks you so hard that in no time your cumming.

You scream “BEN” and chant “FUCK”, over and over again. Your cunt clenches around his fingers as he continues to pump them into you, his tongue never ceases in attacking your clit. You ride out your orgasm on his face and fingers, with one of your hands clenched in his hair and the other braced against the wall.

You can feel Ben’s smug smile against your core, his pride oozing from him in waves as he pulls you down on his face more.

With your body completely relaxed, your legs shake and give in to Ben tugging you down. He groans deeply and laps at your hole, greedily devouring your delicious juices. He cleans your cunt and gives your swollen clit one last suck and lick before using his incredible strength to toss you down beside him and settle between your legs.

Even though you feel like jelly, your legs hitch up and cradle Ben’s waist, your hands pulling his towel apart and tossing it away. And then you’re both moaning at the same time.

The feel of Ben sliding his impossibly swollen and hard cock against your soaking wet folds is the most amazing sensation. Ben can’t help but grind into you, your lips parting and slicking up his cock.

With his face stuck in the crook of your neck, Ben pops his head up suddenly with a dreamy lust filled smile. With hooded eyes you return the grin and pull his face down for a kiss. The taste of your cum is on his tongue, but you don’t mind one bit. He performs a harder thrust and you both moan; from the feeling and the anticipation of what’s to come.

Your core is pulsing with need, begging for you to align Ben’s cock. Which is what you do
anyway. Ben gasps into your mouth from the feel of your hand grasping his manhood. It feels so
different compared to his own hand, better than he remembers. With his mouth open, you suck his
bottom lip and smile, which Ben doesn’t miss as he gazes down at you. The enchanting look on
your face is something Ben wants to see more of, especially when it’s because of him.

Desire is still swirling in the black pools of Ben’s captivating eyes, entrancing you as you ever so
gently nudge his ass with your foot. With your core still weeping arousal, you tease both of you by
swirling the head of his cock between your lips and near your entrance.

“FUUUUCK!” Ben groans against you, his hips jolting into you because of his wound up nerves.

But no words are needed for what comes next. Your silent prayers are as loud as a lion’s roar,
something both of you have in common with the dragged out anticipation.

Then ever so slowly, Ben finally slides his long thick cock inside you. Your fingers latch onto
Ben’s shoulder blades and your breath gets caught in your lungs, holding it in while your core gets
stretched by his robust and long cock. He hasn’t even made it to the hilt and you feel so full, like
you’re going to rip at the seams. But it feels so satisfying and beyond pleasurable, outshining any
pain that you may feel.

And Ben is literally shaking. His eyes squeezed tight as all the pent up frustration from unable to
cum, rush to the surface and threaten to burst his load right there.

“CHRIST!” Ben hisses by your ear as he falls on top of you. His arms give out as the most
wonderful silken vice swallows his needy cock.

“This… I….. You-re…………FUCK!” a flurry of incomprehensible nonsense falls from Ben’s
mouth as he vibrates above you. The sensation feels great with his pelvic bone resting on top of
your aching and oversensitive nub.

But when he fell down, Ben inadvertently sheathed the final inches of his length in you, making
you both moan lewdly. And you thought it would hurt, to have his manhood stuffed into you so
quickly. But the immense and sudden pleasure of his impossibly large cock seated inside you is
enough to send you into heaven.

Raising himself up slightly on shaky arms to remove his weight from you, you hear a ragged
breath from Ben as he gasps, “So-o tight! You-re so fucking t-tight!”
You can feel Ben’s cock pulse inside you, the veins along his length throbbing with his heartbeat as the heat sears your cunt with burning pleasure. The head of his cock is so deep inside you that it feels like he’s rearranging your guts to make room for him. Ben shakes so violently above you that it looks like he’s vibrating, which courses through his manhood and into you.

Your walls unintentionally clench, which has Ben hissing and his entire body tensing. So you do it again purposefully, which has Ben repeating his previous action but jolting his hips into you.

“Fuck! Please Ben, I need you to move.”

“I-I can’t, I’ll cum” he groans near your ear.

And you whine “BEN! PLEASE!” your hips trying in vain to thrust up. It isn’t as good as what it would feel like if Ben thrusted into you, but it’s something, so you do it again. And you both moan at the weak but powerful sensation.

Then with an iron will and pure concentration, Ben pulls his throbbing cock from your cunt, all the while gasping “Fuck” with every centimeter of your velvet walls massaging his rod. He pulls all the way out, but leaves the head of his cock inside you and halts there. Then with a shaky breath and one hand falling down to grip your hip, Ben slowly slides back in.

“FUCK!”

“BEN!”

Both of your voices mix and echo in the room as Ben halts inside you for second to regain his strength, then he’s pulling back out, and sliding back in again. Ben repeats this over and over, begging his cock not to cum as the most perfect pussy massages his length, tightening and gushing more desire with every thrust.

“Fuck, you feel so good Ben!”

And Ben snaps into you, his body reacting to your praise as he starts to quicken his pace. After unintentionally edging himself for so long, Ben isn’t going to last very long. But neither are you.
Especially when Ben starts to hammer into your cunt, his hips moving almost unnaturally fast as he greedily drives into you.

“I f-fucking love your pussy!”

Your entire body jolts upwards with each powerful thrust Ben delivers to your cunt, almost driving you up the bed. But with the tight grip he holds on your hip and his other arm hooked under your shoulder, you stayed secured in place.

Ben’s warm breath pants against your shoulder rhythmically, his body hot and sweaty from exerting so much energy. Then Ben is leaning up to kiss you and growl against your lips, “You love my cock don’t you.”

You know it’s not a question, but more of a statement actually. But you answer anyway, “Yes Ben, I love your cock.”

A smile tugs at his lips as he asks, “How much?”

“I’ll do anything you want, as long as you fuck me constantly and fill me with cum.”

Ben picks up speed, spearing his cock into you as he pants, “Fuck! You’re a dirty little slut, aren’t you?”

“Yes I am, and all for you.”

And Ben stutters, on his words and with his hips. But then he’s resuming his pace and thrusting into you harder, the slap of flesh accompanying his next words, “You’re goddamn right. I don’t care where we are sis, I will find a way to be inside you. And like the good little slut you are, you’re going to love it.”

And you know it’s a promise Ben will keep. His personality, sex drive and carefree attitude will push him to do and take whatever he wants. He will hunt you down and pillage your cunt like a hungry barbarian, uncaring of anything else around him.
“YES, I AM. I WANT THAT. I WANT YOU!” you cry in his mouth.

Then with your promising and sinful words, Ben finally loses the battle with his cock and succumbs to the overwhelming wave of pleasure assaulting his cock and entire body.

“Oh God!”

“BEN!” Your scream echoes in the room as he stutters his cock into you, his cum flooding your already soaking core. Falling down on top of you, Ben groans over and over, his hips still thrusting into you earnestly as he empties everything he has in you. With your nails digging into his back and your teeth clamping down on his shoulder, your scream is barely muffled when your own orgasm crashes down on you.

A cry from you and thundering roar from Ben harmonizes in the room as your walls flutter and clench around his cock. Nothing has felt so good for Ben, not other women and actually nothing else in his life. Right now is probably the highlight of his life as every good sensation, feeling and thought flows though him all at once. Your name and entire being is the only thing he feels. Ben can’t help but thank the gods for finally granting him reprieve from the torture of waiting and dealing with such a greedy cock.

“Yes, so tight. So good. OH FUCK!” Ben chants, his hips still rocking into you avidly like a crazed slut.

And you’re pretty much the same. With your vision whited out and your body vibrating from such a powerful climax, your pussy spasms continuously and sends you into a frenzied state. Your body tenses and clings to Ben, his name falling constantly from your lips and your nerves, body and soul sing for him.

Choked gasps and groans fall from Ben’s mouth as jets of cum keep pouring from him, like it’s never going to end. And while Ben eventually slows to a languid pace, you’re surprised to feel him still thrusting into you. And what’s even more surprising, is that his cock is still hard, actually it feels like he’s only gotten more swollen. But then a very hard snap of his hips has you gasping and squealing his name.

Ben lifts your leg up into your chest and delivers another hard thrust, this time striking deep within you.
“BEN, w-what?………”

While his mind struggles to say what he’s thinking, he unintelligibly stutters, “Fuck, I n-need to keep g-going.”

He wants to say that your sweet little pussy is driving him crazy, that this has never happened before and that he needs to cum again. But more importantly, he needs to feel you cum again. He needs your cunt squeezing his cock, clamping down on him so hard that his lust is thoroughly quenched and sated, at least, for a while until he needs you again.

Lifting himself up more, Ben growls, “More. I need more.”, his hips now drive into you hard and fast again.

And you can’t help but let the most wanton moans and gasps fall from your mouth. You didn’t think you had it in you to cum a third time, but it seems Ben is hell bent on making you both cum again. He lifts your other leg up into your chest, placing both of your calves over his shoulders and grips your hip and shoulder tightly to thoroughly pound your cunt. He grunts with every shove of his fat cock inside you, his face fallen in your neck with his teeth gently hovering above your flesh, threatening to bite down.

Your pleasured screams are sounds Ben could listen to forever; his own voice thunders with guttural groans and grunts as his cock so easily slides into you. How could he have gone so long without this. Is this why his brothers seem so much happier, because the sweet ecstasy of their little sisters pussy is wrapped around their cocks nightly. Even during all this, Ben can’t help but think you have ruined him for any other woman. No one will EVER, compare to you.

“Fuck, you feel so good!” Ben struggles to voice what he’s thinking, “If I fucked you all the time, i-it still wouldn’t be enough!”

Your next orgasm takes you both by surprise, making you both seize up. But Ben barrels through it, chasing his own release that calls his name. But its you that calls his name, chanting it repeatedly as your eyes roll back and your mind floods yet again with endorphins. Ben grunts and endures his way through your heavenly and silken cunt clamping down on him, compelled by his own need to cum.

Ben leans up on his knees and closes your legs, holding them together to make your pussy that much more tighter. He locks his fingers together on the tops of your thighs, keeping your legs closed as he plows into you. From this angle you can see the feral look on his face, twisting his eyes and mouth into a needy expression, like he still can’t get enough of you.
Which he can’t. Over and over again, Ben wants nothing but you to overwhelm his five senses. To drown in you.

But you’re the one that feels like drowning. You’re drowning in a sea of all encompassing pleasure and lust. Your brain can only think one thing, and that’s Ben’s name. He is literally fucking your brains out and you can’t do anything but take the savage thrusts of his thick cock. Also in this new position, the head and ridge of Ben’s cock brushes past your g-spot with every plunge inside you, making you scream in overstimulation and what you never thought you could feel in this moment. More pleasure.

You can’t help but think, ‘What the fuck is wrong with you. How the hell are you still able to need or even feel pleasure still?’ The incessant and vastly overwhelming sensations that you can’t even describe, is coursing in your heat and rolling throughout the rest of your body.

You’ve never been through something like this, to have your body so thoroughly fucked and pushed beyond your limits. To be fucked through multiple orgasms and still pressed for more. Ben greedily and earnestly plunges into you, the shaking of his thighs and tensing of his stomach finally indicating he’s going to cum again.

And whatever you were expecting, was not nearly as intense as what actually happened next.

Roaring your name with a spew of swears in-between, Ben slams his cock into you roughly and soon stutters to a halt, burying his long pulsing length inside you. His orgasm triggers your own, hopefully the last one your poor core has to endure. You’re in a searing amount of pleasure and a tiny hint of pain, radiating all through your body that’s strong enough to knock you out for a few seconds. Your body tenses for dear life and your nails claw into Ben.

A long drawn out groan rumbles from Ben as he pumps an unnatural amount of cum into you. After a while he hunches over with one arm stretched out by your head, his other arm banded around your legs tightly and he gasps while his body goes taut. You both pant for air loudly, sweaty bodies shiny and wet, your pussy and his cock a sopping mess as the smell of sex permeates the air.

Your chest heaves with every breath, your lungs and cunt burn, your muscles already start to feel sore and a wave of exhaustion smashes into you. How are you supposed to walk? How are you supposed to do anything now?
While your brain works its way through the garbled mess of your thoughts, Ben pants heavily above you, his muscles failing him as he releases your legs to crash down on top of you. His forearms cage in your head and hold him up, but the feel and weight of his naked torso rests on you. Your arms hug and cradle Ben’s back, clinging to him as you both bathe in wave after wave of bliss.

A few more shudders from Ben has his cock jolting inside you, the last remnants of his climax wading through him and settling into a floating feeling in his mind and body. You’re both glad to feel his dick finally relax and turn soft, the large member covered in your combined cum and a picture of absolute filth and carnal desire.

You don’t have to look down, to know that yours and Ben’s lower half’s are a soaking mess, that his comforter is also probably ruined and that it probably resembles a slip’n’slide.

You limply try to hang onto Ben, but your arms eventually fall by your sides, exhaustion taking over your entire body. And Ben isn’t that far behind you. He slowly slips his cock free from your cunt, both of you groaning and shuddering at the feel.

Ben falls on his back beside you, still trying to catch his breath. But even in his weakened state, Ben lifts his arm and beckons you over. You crawl to his side and fall onto him, snuggling into his chest as his arm cups your waist.

Falling asleep was easy, especially under the circumstances. But waking up was hard, or actually something hard was poking you. Opening your eyes, you see you’re both tangled together on your sides. With your face in Ben’s chest, you take note of his arms secured tightly around you and his legs resting with yours.

Taking a peak at his clock, you see it’s only been two hours since you fell asleep. Which means you still have a few more hours of alone time with Ben.

With your leg hitched up by his waist, it would explain why you could feel Ben’s erection poking you in your womanhood. And it doesn’t take long for Ben to stir awake as well, especially with what you’re doing with your hips. He wakes with a rumbling groan trapped in his chest and a lustful look in his eyes.

Not so surprisingly though, you both go for another round, leading into a day filled with uninterrupted sex, cuddles and complete bliss. By the end of the day Ben had to chuck his
comforter in the wash on a long cycle, the thing covered in so many fluids that it would have definitely stained.

You both were in such a good mood that when Kylo and Matt finally got home, it wasn’t hard for them to guess why. Not only were your happy moods clues to what you both did, but with the washing machine on it was a tell tale sign that their nasty brother finally, FINALLY, got to delve between your thighs.

And while that was all well and good, the four of you have finally arrived at the same question. A question that you all would have run into eventually if you continued down this road. You’re met with the same train of thought………………………….

What happens now?

Chapter End Notes

I can just FEEEL some of you starting to get nervous. Things have been going very well for reader for a while now and I can just tell some of you are getting antsy. So I just want all of you to know, that nothing bad will happen.

At least, not yet. HA HA HA

Me: *Laughing sinisterly while moonwalking into the shadows with finger guns*
Kylo and Matt didn’t really know what to get you on their little shopping trip. They just knew they wanted to get you something to show how much they appreciate you.

While Kylo is usually decisive and knows what he wants, he was having trouble in picking something for you. He was second guessing himself and peaking at Matt to see what he was getting you. Kylo even googled, ‘What do girls like?’, the eldest triplet at a loss for a change and unsure of himself. He knows what you like, he just isn’t sure what he should get you.

Matt was a little better at hiding his uncertainty. Which was funny considering Kylo is usually great at hiding his feelings. Everytime Matt caught Kylo peaking in his basket, it never failed to make Matt smirk and snicker. But after a while, Matt amassed a huge pile of things because he was having trouble in choosing as well.

Standing in the overwhelming fragrant shop, the Lush assistants kept eyeing both Matt and Kylo. And while the pair thought it was because they looked like they needed help, it was actually because the entire staff were going gooey over the fact they were obviously buying stuff for their girlfriends. Their towering frames and strong builds was funny to see, considering you don’t see guys like them in Lush unless they’re dragged there by their girlfriends.

Kylo ended up scowling at everything in the shop and the abundant of choices to choose from. Then in a very Kylo fashion, he stalks out and announces to Matt that he’s looking somewhere else. Matt only answers with an uninterested hum as his gaze continues to wander over his choices in his basket. He eventually narrowed down his gifts to two items. But wanting to get you something special, a great idea strikes Matt. He ends up texting your mom and within a minute she’s texting him back with what he wanted. Then he’s buying his things and making his way to the next shop on his list.

Kylo wandered off in the mall and eventually settled on a lingerie shop, sneakily trying to walk in without anyone seeing him. He felt so out of place, but knew this is something you would like. So Kylo endured the blatant ogling and stares from literally everyone else in the shop, and found a few things he liked. Kylo was very practical and selfish in deciding to shop here. Mostly because he knew that if he or Matt stole anymore of your panties, you’d have nothing left. Kylo was sure Ben had a stash as well, but didn’t want think about that right now. He was practical in wanting to give you more underwear, but selfish in the fact he wanted to see you in the sexy sets.
Somehow Kylo found himself in the adult section where they kept all sorts of toys and revealing lingerie. But what really caught his eye, were some leather band handcuffs connected by a thin gold chain. He noticed that the chain on the handcuffs could detach, turning the thin leather bands into bracelets. Images of you at Uni wearing those bracelets pop into Kylo’s mind, the thought of him pulling the chain out of his pocket to handcuff your hands and have his way with you has him breathing harder and something else getting harder as well.

As soon as that little fantasy ends, Kylo is snatching a box of those handcuffs and tucking them under his arm, so know one see’s them. Then he moves onto the bra and underwear section.

As Kylo browses, an assistant in six inch stilettos with a sultry look about her strides up to him and places a hand on his arm, asking if he needs any help.

To which Kylo stoically replies, “No, I’m fine” and turns his attention back in front of him.

But that doesn’t seem to deter the sales assistant as she says, ”Mmmm I love a man who knows what he wants.”

Kylo ignores that statement, which seems to irritate her. So she continues, “If you want, I can model these for you, so you can see if you like them.”

Kylo knows that as a sales assistant she’s just doing her job, but that last comment was a bit much. He also watched her bypass other customers that actually called for her help, just so she could talk to him. And the amount of unprofessionalism she’s displaying right now, is far too much. The audacity she has, to run here eyes up and down Kylo like he’s a five course meal on legs, is enough to disgust him. But Kylo just wants to get out of there as soon as possible, so he grabs a few bra and panty sets he likes and says, “No thanks.”

He briskly walks past the sales lady to the counter, dumping his armful of selections on the bench. Thankfully another person is working at the register, but the lady from before is very persistent as she follows him.

“But what if you have the wrong size. Our returns policy is very strict and I wouldn’t want you to be inconvenienced”, she says while running her polished nails all over a dark blood red bra he chose.

But having just about enough of her, Kylo finally shuts her down, “Look, no. I don’t need any help
because I know everything about my girlfriend. I know what her measurements are because I wanted to know what size perfection was. I know what she likes, in fact I know everything about her and I only want her. So stop throwing yourself at a man who is clearly in a relationship, it’s embarrassing.”

The entire store is quiet, the only sound is coming from the speakers playing music. But just like a comedy, the actual woman working at the register starts scanning Kylo’s items, the beeps adding fuel to the laughs and smirks that everyone is trying to suppress. The pushy sales assistant looks mortified and embarrassed, then squeaks, “Alright sir” and mutters something about checking stock out back.

With her out of sight, the other workers break out in hysteric and laugh so hard they have to use tables and the racks to hold themselves up. Kylo looks around at the hyenas and wishes so badly he could just leave. As he turns back to the woman in front of him, he watches as she scans the last set and wipes a tear from her eye.

She tries to say the total of the items, but has trouble with the chuckles that keep muddling her speech. As Kylo starts to pay, she apologizes for her and her colleagues unprofessionalism. She explains that the sales assistant from before has a rep for pouncing on any man that walks into the shop, not caring if they’re taken. But Kylo is the first decent man to refuse her and actually take her down a peg, which all of her coworkers thought would never happen.

Kylo gruffly but more calmly thanks the woman behind the counter and grabs the two bags, dashing out of the store as quickly as his long legs can take him. Even when he’s a safe distance away from the store, Kylo keeps walking and texts Matt to find out where he is.

They both meet up in the middle of the center, exhaustion evident on their features as Matt tells Kylo about the last gift he wants to get you. And it actually surprises Kylo, the fact it’s a good idea and you will absolutely love it. Matt explains it can be from all three of them, even Ben. Kylo squints his eyes at the mention of Ben, but doesn’t question it. It’s only a matter of time before Ben will be joining them on their next shopping trip for you, at least that’s what Kylo thinks.

So the two brothers set off to the last store before heading home.
Back at the house, you and Ben were cleaning up. It turns out Ben needed another shower, which you happily joined him in. After that you both retired to the lounge room, content with what’s happened between you both

With you and Ben on the couch, you had your head in his lap, the middle child loving the new contact and affection you both could show each other. Both of you were barely paying attention to the TV with the way Ben’s hand slowly ventured down into your panties. He was teasing you and enjoying the feel of your wetness growing with every second, swirling your arousal, rubbing your clit and plunging slightly into your hole.

Everything he did felt so good, but Ben was merciless as he retreated his fingers, calming you down just to repeat the process all over again. He was playing with you and excited to see you snap.

With your hands clasped around his wrist, you try to control his movements and buck up into his hand, but with every move of your hips Ben easily moves his fingers to avoid where you need him most.

“Ben!” you whine up at him.

He looks down at your face in his lap, a pleading gaze in your eyes as you so desperately beg for him to stop teasing and finish you.

And just as Ben relents, “Fine, gorgeous. Since you’ve been so good, I’ll give you what you need”, the sound of the garage door opening and his brothers walking through, has Ben’s hand retreating from your sex faster than lightning. He cleans your desire from his fingers with his mouth and smirks down at you as the most wanton whine escapes you.

“Shhh, you don’t want them to know what a dirty little girl you are………..do you?” Ben coo’s down to you.

With a huff, your eyes narrow as you retort with the slightest bit of amusement in your voice, “They already know, Ben.”

That sentence alone is enough to make Ben growl and sober up his usual smugness and cockiness. He’s about to say something else, but is interrupted by the sound of bags rustling and the heavy footsteps of his siblings.
Kylo and Matt enter the lounge room with shopping bags in each of their hands. When they spot you and Ben on the lounge, they stop in their tracks at the sight of you so cozy with Ben. They give each other a look before returning their gaze to you.

You sit up enough to see them clearly as you happily say, “Hey guys, I’m glad you’re finally home”.

“So are we. we didn’t expect to be out so late.” Matt smiles cheerfully.

But unable to control himself, Ben cuts in and sneers, “So did you have fun shopping ladies, stocked up on all your hair products Kylo, and Matt did you buy that toy you’ve been talking non-stop about?”

The jest doesn’t seem to faze Matt much, but you can tell it angers Kylo more.

Ben can be so cruel sometimes, especially when it comes to you. Because when his jealousy is coupled with his usual arrogant attitude, he makes for a mean and spiteful person. He gets lost in his feelings too easily, which he needs to learn to control or he’ll end up hurting the people he cares about.

Kylo glares at Ben, burning him under his fiery stare. The shopping bags Kylo and Matt carry are hidden by the lounge, obscured from your gaze. They’re meant to be surprises for you, but even Ben can find a way to be a dick in this moment.

The glare is still evident on Kylo’s face as he snarls, “Fuck you, Ben!” and then he’s stomping over to the stairs and up.

Matt only offers you a tight lipped smile and a frown at Ben who is smugly smirking in return. Then following Kylo, Matt floats up the stairs and disappears from both your sights.

Turning to face Ben, you give him a light smack on his arm. Even though it didn’t hurt in the slightest and was actually more of a pat, the meaning of the action hurts more than the physical feeling of it. Your scowl and disappointed look only adds to the growing feeling of regret in Ben’s stomach. With his face falling, Ben frowns, “I’m sorry ok, this is just all new, and I’m still trying to get use to this.”
It’s hard to stay angry at Ben, especially with the way he’s looking at you and the fact what he’s feeling is valid and makes sense. You realize that you should probably cut him some slack. After all, you’re the greedy one that couldn’t settle for just one triplet. You know you’d never truly be satisfied if you didn’t have all three.

Your face softens as you cup his cheek and nudge him to look at you, “It’s ok Ben, I understand. This is new for all of us, but we’ll get through it, ok?”

A small nod is all he gives you with soft eyes, so leaning in, you kiss him gently. And he returns it eagerly, like you both haven’t just been fucking all day. Ben grows more intense with each second, the forgotten warmth in your core reigniting as his hands wander down low.

But pulling away breathlessly, you place one hand on his chest, “I’m going to check on them.”

And now Ben is the one whining. You smile at his neediness as his hands grip you tightly, his lips finding your neck and beg you to stay. One of your hands wanders into his hair as the other finds his covered cock and palms him.

“FUCK!” he groans when you start rubbing his stiff rod.

He’s so hard, his member eager for your touch again as he thrusts up into your hand. But paying him back for his teasing, you pull his face to yours and kiss him, making sure to pour all of your sexual frustration into it. He’s so thick and hot in your hand, pulsing and almost breaking you to the point of giving in and fucking him one more time. But refusing to give in, you grip his cock tightly and whisper, “We could have fucked one more time, if you weren’t such a tease.”

Then you’re releasing his throbbing manhood and quickly sliding from his grasp to vault over the lounge. Already halfway up the stairs and you can still hear Ben’s frustrated growl and the sound of someone beating the lounge.

But choosing to ignore the child, you sidle up to Kylo’s room and peak in to find it empty, which has you frowning. Then walking over to Matt’s room, you find it empty as well. The sound of shuffling can be heard from behind your door, so creeping up to it, you whip open the door in a dramatic fashion.

Catching people in the act is always fun, but depending on what you’re catching them doing. For
instance, right now you’re more pleased and genuinely happy to see Kylo and Matt frozen in shock as they look to be in the middle of placing things on your bed.

You take a step forward and find an array of things on your bed, “What are you guys doing?”

They give no answer.

Walking in further you see various things from lush laid out on your bed, a beautiful bouquet of wild flowers, a few new sets of underwear and bra’s. But as you stand at the foot of the bed, Kylo and Matt watch you intently as your fingers reach out and go straight to the most beautiful gift of them all. You pick up a beautiful photo frame that has the picture your mother took of you and the triplets that day at the festival.

Memories of that day flood your mind as you gaze down at the photo, everyone in the picture looks happy. The four of you stand at the boot of Ben’s car with you sitting on the trunk between Kylo and Matt. Ben has his arm thrown over Matt’s shoulders, Kylo and Matt have their arms around you and you’re all smiling big, even Kylo. You all embrace each other and look absolutely care free, the worries of the world have no effect on this beautiful moment frozen in time.

“You guys! This is…. This is amazing!” your voice threatens to crack under the waves of emotions bubbling to the surface.

Your thumbs caress the photo like it’s the most precious thing in the world.

Kylo pipes up, “We wanted to do something for you, to show how much we……………. appreciate you”, but wavers at the end, not sure how to word his sentence, or feelings for that matter.

Matt helps him out, “It’s true, but it’s more than just appreciation. We……. care about you a lot, more than anyone else, ever. And we want you to know that.”

Your gaze switches between them both, “I know you care about me, you guys do so much for me, more than anyone else and honestly I don’t know what I’d do without you guys.”

And it’s funny to hear both of them say in unionism, “Same here, beautiful.”
You gently place the photo back on the bed before turning to Matt to leap into his arms and kiss him passionately. But Matt panic’s a little, his eyes looking past you and locking with Kylo. But the feel of your tongue sliding into his mouth is blissful enough to shed all his worries. And the fact Kylo isn’t doing anything to stop you two, is enough get Matt to open up more. Forgetting Kylo, Matt kisses you back and doesn’t shy away from cupping your waist and eventually your ass.

A cough from behind you is the only warning you have before Kylo is tugging you from Matt and coolly saying, “Ok, that’s enough”. Then he’s pulling you into a kiss that seems to be intent on stealing your breath. Its almost like he wants to outdo Matt.

You can hear Matt huff behind you, the sound of his frustration at being denied you.

Matt can barely wait a minute before he’s growling, “Kylo! Don’t be greedy, it’s my turn now.”

But Kylo ignores his younger brother, instead his hand wanders to your ass and squeezes as he bites your lip, making you moan. The sounds you make are beautiful and victorious prizes, signaling that what he’s doing is good.

The feel of another set of hands on your waist has your bottom half shuffling back the slightest and is met with a pelvis, a pelvis that grinds into you. Kylo’s hand disappear as soon as Matt pressed against your back side. Then Matt starts to place kisses and nips of his own at your neck as his hands snake around to cup your breasts. You moan again and this time Kylo takes advantage by slipping his tongue in your mouth, sliding against yours as he tries to hold or grip a part of you that isn’t already taken by Matt.

Your hands grip the jeans the rest low on Kylo’s hips, your finger dipping into his waistband and running from one side to the other. Kylo shivers and thrusts his hips into you, essentially sandwiching you now between the two muscled bodies. Kylo eventually grips under your knee and brings the limb up to his hip, opening you up as he settles between your legs and follows his brothers suit and grinds into you.

And you are in heaven.

So many hands are roaming all over your body; teasing, massaging and kneading your flesh. And just as a hand was about to dip into your shorts, a person clearing their throat interrupts the three of you.
Ben is leaning against the door frame with smirk on his face, no doubt from interrupting his brothers. He’s always taken joy in his brothers misfortunes, but right now, he’s definitely glad he interrupted you three.

“Are you lost?” Kylo growls harshly.

Your eyes are half lidded and with no shame you take Kylo’s vulnerability and attack his neck, sucking and kissing the soft skin there. Matt doesn’t seem to care about Ben right now either. He’s stopped grinding into you, but still massages your breasts and noses the back of your head as you ever so slightly push your ass back onto his cock.

Ben replies to Kylo, “Nope, just thought I should let you know that mom and dad are home. Wait! I mean your mom and our dad is home.”

Your chuckle is surprising, something none of them expected to hear. You turn to answer Ben, “Awwww, you called my mom, mom. You know, if you said that to her face, she would be so happy.”

But Matt groans with a hint of agitation in his voice, “Can we not talk about our parents while I have a boner pressed into (Y/N)’s ass.”

“KIDS, WE’RE HOME. GET DOWN HERE, WE BOUGHT DINNER!” Han’s booming voice calls from the center of the house.

And just like that, Kylo and Matt release you as the voice of their father does wonders in ruining the mood. But they still want to be inside you. All three of them are thinking of pulling you into their room for a very quick quickie. And you wouldn’t be opposed, you’re soaking down below and craving all three of them.

But Han, the impatient old man calls again, “KIDS DON’T MAKE ME COME GET YOU!”

Then all four of you say together, “WE’RE COMING!”

And before you leave, you place the photograph on your bedside table and look at it one more
time. The triplets wait for you at the threshold of your room, and only when you get closer do they start to move down the hall. But they don’t get far before you and Ben simultaneously grab for each other and kiss. It’s not as heated as before, but that’s because it’s such a loving and gentle kiss. Kylo and Matt stop to watch, realization dawning on their features at the display.

And now they know. Now they all know. Nothing was hidden anymore and you’ve never felt so free. This is what you’ve been waiting for, and you felt addicted already. You felt heady in their presence, drunk off the testosterone fuelled beefcakes standing around you, giving off an unfiltered aura of sex, lust and also safety. You actually had all of them now.

As the kiss ends, you both continue walking with Ben holding your waist. Following Kylo and Matt who lead the way downstairs, you notice that they don’t seem that fazed about what just happened. And you can’t help but notice the funny way all three of them walk, most likely because of the hard members in their pants.

Well as soon as the lights go out, you were going to fix that.

Chapter End Notes

Kylo didn't really want Matt to see the other little special gift he got reader, so he's going to show her later. Some secrets are good for the soul.

And things are officially on a roll, since everything is out in the open (To the four of them anyway). But with everyone on the same page, hiding affection will be less and less frequent.

Thanks for reading :)
You woke up the next morning with a new sense of calm. Turning your head has the photo from yesterday staring right at you, resting on your bedside table and a product of the joy the four of you can have.

The various gifts you were given yesterday have already been placed in their respective spots. You put the lush bottles in your bathroom and tucked away Kylo’s secret gift, deep in your sock draw. Your mother didn’t question the lovely wildflowers placed on the dining table either.

With your other gifts, the new bra sets, you had to get up early if you wanted them washed without your mother seeing. So after putting them in the wash and going back to sleep, they would be ready to hang out by the time you woke up at your usual time.

When you get back into bed and close your eyes, it only feels like a few seconds before your alarms starts chirping insistently. And your body moves on muscle memory as it swipes toward your phone to silence it. You groan loudly and grumble at the fact that this it’s harder to get out of bed than earlier. You stretch and struggle to move, but eventually sit up with a huff.

Grumbling again, you get up and trudge downstairs, stopping in the laundry room to throw your new sets into the basket. As you open the backdoor with the basket on your hip, you hiss at the cold encasing your body. You probably should have brought a hoodie or something. But wanting to get this over with, you braved the morning chill in your skimpy pajamas and squint your eyes as the morning sun blinds you. At least that was sort of warming.

As you hung lace and silk up on the line, you were unaware of the eyes watching you. You usually get up earlier than the triplets because it takes you longer to get ready, but it seems today everyone
is an early riser.

The triplets body clocks wakes them up at the same time you do, their subconscious craving you almost constantly. They went looking for you in the kitchen, but instead found you outside. They never thought they could be so entranced by you doing some menial chore. But as it turns out, they were.

They watched you through the window as you hung your clothes on the line, appreciating the way your nipples reacted to the cold air through your thin singlet. With a coffee in hand, Ben nods towards the clothesline, “That truly is a sight of beauty”, referring to you and the sexy sets on display for them.

With the last of your clothes on the line and the chilly morning air nipping at your skin, you quickly headed back inside. As you walk into the kitchen, you skid to a stop as you see the triplets standing there and gawking outside the window.

Clearing your throat to get their attention, you quirk your eyebrow at them. They snap to quickly and each sport a different kind of smile. Kylo’s is small, Matt’s is bashful and Ben’s is more of a smirk.

Taking a sip of his coffee doesn’t do much in hiding his smirk, but when brings the cup down he says, “Getting some washing done eh?”

It’s hard not to blush under the trio’s gazes, especially when arousal swirls in their eyes. Like teenage boys it seems not even they’re impervious to the sight of panties.

You shake your head and reply with a smirk, “Yeah, who knows what kind of grubby people put their hands all over them.”

Biting his bottom lip, Ben shuffles forward and looks you up and down, “Hmmm, good point. But they’re just going to get dirty again. A little wet, actually.”

Kylo and Matt only watch as their brother flirts like a champ.

“THEY’RE GOING TO LOOK GOOD ON YOU!” Matt says a little too loudly, obliviously not as good at flirting as Ben.
Everyone snaps to Matt like he’s grown a third eye. But you huff a laugh and say, “Umm, thanks Matt”, a smile on your lips, which helps in easing him.

Then Ben pipes in again, “But you know what else will look good? If they’re on Matt’s floor.”

You can’t help the snort and giggle, completely taken aback by that comment.

Then Matt tilts his head a bit and frowns, “Dude! Are you hitting on (Y/N), for me?”

And you definitely can’t help but laugh out loud now.

Ben turns to Matt, “Yeah dude, cause your flirting game is weak.”

“Shut up, no it’s not!”

Now you would stay to listen to their bickering, but it’s still early and a Monday, and you still need to get ready for uni. So, very quickly and quietly you exit the room, making sure the triplets don’t notice.

But ever the observant man, Kylo silently follows you as Matt and Ben continue to argue.

You only make it halfway up the stairs before you glance back and see Kylo following you. So you halt and so does he. Then he’s shooting you a small grin and leaping up the steps and taking two at a time. You give a little squeal before sprinting up the stairs and down the hallway to your bedroom. You can feel Kylo right behind you, but urge your legs to go faster.

But evidently you’re still not fast enough. You don’t think you’d ever be able to outrun a triplet, they’re too damn quick. So just as you enter your room, you’re being spun around, lifted in the air and thrown over a muscled shoulder.

You squeal, “Kylo, what are you doing, I have to get ready!”
He lugs over slowly towards your messy bed, enjoying your form thrown over his shoulder. He likes manipulating your body like this, it gives him a chance to show off how strong he is. Which he doesn’t need to do. You know how strong he is, plus you have eyes.

“I think you need to stay home today, you’re looking ill.”

“What? No I’m not, I look and feel fine, buddy.”, which you emphasize your seriousness by slapping one of his ass cheeks and squeezing the round flesh in your hand. Actually that could probably amuse you for a while.

He laughs at your antics and turns his head to kiss your exposed hip. Then he’s gently throwing you on your bed and crawling over the top of you to rest his weight on you. He slots between your legs and nuzzles you neck, “Nope, you should stay home and let me take care of you.”

You try to muffle a moan when he starts to grind into you, his hips working slowly. He mumbles against you skin, “I’ll take very good care of you.”

Your back arches unintentionally when you feel his semi against your core. You will always be amazed at how fast he can get hard. And with the feel and thought of his hardness, you can’t help but think that in a few seconds he could push his fully hard, thick and throbbing cock into you.

But, unfortunately you have responsibilities today, so you sigh, “I’m sure you will, Kylo. But I have a Biology exam today and I can’t miss it.”

He grumbles into your neck and slumps his full weight on top of you, somehow thinking it will change your mind. He then shimmies down a bit and drops his face between your tits and just stays like that, his long cock still able to push against your sex. You try to giggle instead of moan, but the sound comes out a mix of both. As he gets comfortable on top of you, you relax slightly and cradle his head, promising you’ll only rest your eyes for a few seconds.

You could actually fall back asleep like this. Kylo’s weight on top of you is actually quite nice, soothing. Your fingers start to lightly scratch down his scalp before twirling the strands at the end. Kylo makes a contented hum before stretching above you to get off, but just slumps back down.

“You’re too comfy” he mumbles when he turns his head to the side, using your breasts as pillows.
“Mmm”, you hum tiredly.

Then Kylo’s head pops up as he asks, “We can have a quickie before we go.”

His enthusiasm puts a smile on your face. But a quickie with Kylo, is impossible.

You whisper, “I’ve experienced your quickies, they’re still too long. We’d definitely be late.”

And the closest you’ve ever seen to a pout, morphs on Kylo’s face. It’s strange to see the expression on him. He grumbles and lets his face fall back into your breasts, rubbing his body into you at the same time. Even with a shirt on you can still see his bulging muscles, stretching and coiling with every roll of his body into you.

Then Kylo is winding his arms around your back and anchoring himself more to you, making sure you can’t get away. Not that you’d ever try to get away. The only other thing strong enough to pull you away from him, is his brothers. Which happen to be stomping into the room at this very moment.

“Awww, look they’re taking a little nap.”, Ben coo’s so sweetly it sounds fake.

You feel and hear Kylo huff a sound of annoyance at his brother’s arrival. But he grumbles even louder when Ben slithers up your side and throws a leg and arm over Kylo’s back. Ben then cups your cheek to look at him and stretches your arm out so he can rest his head on your shoulder. You can play with the back of his hair like this.

You peak over at Matt to see him awkwardly hovering by the door, clearly unsure of what to do. So with your only other free limb, you reach out to him and beckon him over. And while you thought he would have hesitated, he actually smiles and bounds over quickly to rest on your other side. Matt takes care not to disturb his brother’s, instead he grips your thigh and rubs circles on your skin as he rests his head on your other shoulder.

And then it’s quiet.

It’s surprisingly very peaceful. Peaceful enough for sleep to grip you all tightly and pull you down a swirl of warmth and relaxation. The boys have never been this in sync or calm together.
You can feel multiple hands on your body, rubbing delicate circles or brushing side to side along your skin. It all feels so nice, especially when they form a human shield around you. But their movements soon slow to a stop as the calm atmosphere pulls everyone down to unconsciousness.

You don’t know how long you all stay like that for, but apparently long enough for Han to yell up the stairs, “WHAT ARE YOU KIDS DOING UP THERE, YOU’RE GOING TO BE LATE!”, which does wonders in jostling you all awake.

Everyone jerks at the sudden scare, not expecting to hear Han screaming. A symphony of groans and grumbles tumble from all of you.

You turn your head to look at your clock and find that you guys should have left five minutes ago, prompting you to shriek “MY EXAM!”, and vault up. But you can’t go far since you’re literally being weighed down by a tone of bricks.

Then with a surprising amount of strength, you lift Kylo enough to wiggle up your bed. All three of them are whining as you move away, even going as far as to grip your arms and legs. But you have no time for that, so you shimmy more up the bed and climb over Matt. Doing this has their hands falling away, but with them gone, so is your anchor.

You tumble on the floor with a loud thud, the boys snap to you with concern written on their faces. They all sit up quickly like meerkats and watch as you rush to your bathroom and shout over your shoulder, “If you guys aren’t ready by the time I’m out of the bathroom, then I’m leaving without you.”

You don’t give them a chance to answer before you slam the door closed and start getting ready for Uni, except doing it faster than ever in your life.

Your threat however, has each triplet hustling out of your room and prompting them to fight over their one bathroom. But with the ague getting them nowhere and wasting time, they settle in sharing and try squeezing in front of the sink to brush their teeth. The sight alone is comical and could make anyone laugh. But thankfully the house is large, thus making the sink bigger than average.

When you finish in the bathroom, you emerge and throw on the closest piece of clothing you find, which happens to be a dress. Then you’re rushing to your car and buckling in.
The triplets are surprised to hear a car start below them, the engine revving a few times before the telltale sign of the garage door opening vibrates through the carpet. The triplets push the sound off as just Han leaving for work, since you’d never actually leave without them.

But a very small part of them, frets over the tiny possibility that it’s you in the garage.

Since Matt’s room faces the front of the house, it has the best view to look down the driveway. As the blond pulls a shirt over his head, he catches a glimpse of your car booking it down the driveway and turning down the street.

“What the fuck!” Matt yells as he walks closer to his window, disbelief written in his scrunched up eyebrows.

“What?” Ben shouts back from his room.

“She actually left without us!”

Kylo joins in and yells, “What?”

“She actually fucking left without us!”

It’s silent for a few seconds. But is quickly disturbed by Ben shouting, “FUCK!” and scrambling out of his room with his pants around his knees and trying to pull them up. He hops into Matt’s room and peer’s out his window.

“She already left, dickhead!” Matt says unusually hostile.

But Ben brushes it off, “Fuck. I can’t believe she actually left without us!”

Then Kylo appears at the doorway gruffly, “Well let’s catch up to her then”, and turns on his heel to get his backpack. While in his room, he growls to himself, “Always running away from me.”, and stomps downstairs to his car.
With your mother on her day off from work, Kylo passes her on the way to the garage. She shoots him a caring smile before tossing him an apple, “Have a good day, sweetie.” And goes back to making a cup of coffee for herself.

Kylo pauses briefly, startled since he isn’t really use to motherly kindness. So he nods and thanks her for the apple, saying goodbye before making his way to his car. Matt and Ben soon come racing after him and say goodbye to your mom as well.

Kylo starts the car and revs it to warm it up. Matt and Ben hop in and buckle up, but feel weird that you’re not in the car with them.

Then Ben mutters out loud, “You know, I actually forgot she has a car.”

While the triplets pulled out of the driveway, you were racing towards Uni like a speed demon. You took all of the short cuts you knew and were driving so fast you’re surprised you haven’t been pulled over yet.

But by some miracle, you get nearly every green light and a parking space that is amazingly close to campus. So technically you’re running 20 minutes late, but still manage to arrive in the nick of time.

You lock your car and leg it to your lecture room, but grumble the entire way as your dress makes it hard to run without flashing someone. Halfway to your lecture you make a mental note to send an apology to the triplets.

While you had amazing luck getting to Uni, the triplets on the other hand were caught by nearly every single negative traffic situation. Red lights, traffic jams, slow drivers, road rage and even a firetruck that had everyone pulling onto the side of the road so it could get past.
By the time the boys got to campus you were taking your test and they were 40 minutes late. They were so unbelievably angry, but not at you. If anything they’re relieved you left when you did, otherwise you would have been late and missed your test. Then they would have felt bad.

The triplets separate and go to their lectures.

You manage to snag a seat near Rey and Phasma, slipping into your seat with a red face and heaving chest. They snigger in your direction before the professor walks in and locks the classroom door. You quickly send an apology to the triplets before putting your phone away in your bag.

The professor explains a few things before he starts the timer, then he’s wishing everyone good luck and instructing you to turn your test paper over and begin.

With your heart beating like crazy and your oxygen deprived lungs making your head dizzy, you manage to write your name without looking like a 2 year-old did it for you. You close your eyes and try to calm down, steadying your breathing while thinking about your happy place.

When you open your eyes you feel a whole lot better. You breath in deeply and then get to work on the test.

You’re all given the duration of the lesson to work on the test, so roughly just under 2 hours.

After it’s done you sigh loudly like everyone else and slump back into your chair. You crack every bone in your fingers, then wrists, arms and back, making Rey look at you with disgust.

“Gross!” she mutters with a scrunched up face.
“But it feels so goooood!” you say while stretching your legs and making them crack as well.

And with perfect timing, Phasma starts stretching and cracking her joints as well, but to annoy Rey. This however has Rey grumbling “Eww” and reaching over to try smack her arm. She misses and grows even more agitated when you and Phas start laughing.

“She’s so adorable when she’s mad” Phasma chuckles to you.

You agree, “She is, isn’t she.”

“Fuck you guys!” Rey growls before giving you both the finger. You and Phas laugh a little bit more at this.

After the professor dismisses you all, you pack up your stuff and check your phone. For your apology to the triplets, you see that you’ve gotten three different responses of, “It’s alright.” Their answers are the absolute bare minimum, which has you kind of worried.

But when you rock up to Math with Rey, you’re glad to see that Ben waves you over happily. As you sit down beside him he rests his arm behind you on the back of your chair. This way it looks like he’s just platonically relaxing, but to you two it’s the closest he can get to draping his arm around your shoulders.

Rey sits next to Poe, leaving you on the outside with Ben. He plays with your hair when you settle in your seat and has to resist the urge to kiss your cheek and draw you in closer.

Then he’s asking lowly, “Did you get here alright and how did your exam go.”

“Yeah I got here fine and sort of on time actually. But with the exam I’m don’t really know how I went. I think I did fine but you can never be too sure.”

Under the cover of the table, Ben grips your hand and plays with your fingers, alternating between holding your hand and obsessively feeling your skin. As he does this he murmurs sweetly, “Well I know you have nothing to worry about.”
A warm and genuine smiles spreads across your face, “Thanks.”

Which never fails in melting Ben. He then adds, “And I’m glad you got here safe, considering it sounds like you flew here.”

“I just about did. It felt weird to be driving.”, you laugh at the thought.

Then Ben leans in closer and whispers, “Maybe you should drive us tomorrow.”

But you’re honestly too lazy to do that. At the start of the day you’re too tired to focus on driving and by the end of the day you’re too mentally drained. You don’t know how Kylo does it every single day. Plus you get angry easily when it comes to other driver’s. Some people are just so stupid.

“Ehh, maybe. I still like getting driven around though.”

Ben huffs a laugh before the professor calls for everyone’s attention.

As the lecture rolls on, Ben manages to find a way to constantly be touching you. Ever since your first hook-up with Ben, its like a damn has been broken. He’s more touchy feely, protective and possessive. You never knew Ben was going to be this affectionate. But you absolutely love it. His intensity for life flows into everything around him, which lapses into his loving and passionate side.

During lunch he actually manages to sit next to you, a rare occurrence since Kylo and Matt always beat him.

Kylo is quieter than usual at lunch, which has you wondering what’s up with him. You try to shrug it off as just weariness for this morning’s stressful situation. But even in your next lecture with him, he’s still quiet. He only ever answers people with grunts, nods and maybe a single word here and there.
At your lab table you frown at the giant hunched over and scribbling down some notes. He looks focused, but if you look at what he’s scribbling you can see its just random doodles that have nothing to do with the class.

You place a hand above his knee to grab his attention. He jolts slightly at the contact and looks at you, but then turns back to his notebook.

“Kylo, what’s wrong.”, you whisper to him.

He doesn’t answer either, which has you moving your hand up higher and squeezing. This makes him grunt and squeeze his eyes shut.

“Nothing, I’m fine.”

“Bullshit, what’s wrong.”

“Nothing, I just......... I’m just not in a talkative mood today.”

He doesn’t push your hand away, which is a good sign you think. But he does turn back to his doodles. You brush your thumb a few times side to side and hum “Ok”, before retracting your hand. You’ll leave him be, for now.

For Kylo though, he wants nothing more than for your hand to rest back on his leg. There isn’t actually anything wrong with him either, he’s just tired and too lazy to move his lips today. Plus he’s still incredibly wound up from this morning. It’s been a while since he’s had to wait for you. He doesn’t mean to worry you, he just doesn’t feel like socializing when he’s horny. He just wants to be alone with you.

And yes, even though he is physically tired, the small hand you placed on his thigh was like a large cup of espresso. Shooting through his nerves quickly and spiking his adrenaline levels. His stomach muscles clenched and his manhood tingled with anticipation.

He would never tell you this, but you honestly had Kylo so whipped. But if he’s going to be whipped by someone, he’s glad its you. He wouldn’t have it any other way.
Kylo tried to brush away the feel of your hand resting on his thigh, but the warmth of your palm lingered well into the end of the lecture. What didn’t help was when you unintentionally touched and caressed him. Your touches were like little licks of fire that burned through his clothes and prickled his skin.

By the end of the lesson Kylo was lingering by your side as you waved goodbye to Hux and Finn.

Then you turned and say goodbye to him, not waiting for a reply back. You don’t catch the hungry look in his eyes or the annoyed one when you turn abruptly and head to your next lecture. You only get a few steps before you feel a familiar hand slipping inside yours. You smile and turn to say something, but Kylo cuts you off with, “Be quiet and follow me.”, and gives no room for refusal since he’s practically dragging you.

You pride yourself on your ability to be able to walk fast, but even Kylo’s long strides are hard to keep up with.

He leads you down a few empty hallways and finally settles on a door. He opens it to reveal a very small and dark closet, resembling a storage cupboard with all the random stationary. Kylo tugs you in first and closes the door behind you both, casting everything in complete darkness. The only source of light was the tiny sliver creeping under the door from the hallway.

You hear the telltale clunk of his bag dropping on the floor. You can see him standing by the door, his feet the only thing you can see as he stalks towards you.

“Kylo, I have to get to my next class.”

He doesn’t say anything, just continues to take more steps toward you. But for every step he makes, you take one back. Then the back of your thighs hit a stepladder, making it screech across the floor.

Your eyes are slowly adjusting in the dark so you try to dart around Kylo, but it seems he’s adjusted quicker as he catches you. You’re tugged back to his chest and he pushes his nose into your hair, inhaling your sweet scent and pressing the front of his body into your side.

Kylo takes this opportunity to pull your bag from you, turns you to face him and hoist you up in his arms. Another display of his strength, yet it still exhilarates you like every other time he picks you up.
You don’t squeal, even though the urge to do so was overwhelming. But on instinct, you wrap your legs around his waist and your arms around his neck.

“Kylo I really have to get to class. People will get worried or suspicious.”

After being silent for so long, Kylo finally speaks up, “Let them.”, and walks back to the door to push you against it.

You quickly catch a groan before it tumbles from your mouth, Kylo’s erection pressing against the entirety of your sex. Fuck you hope he hasn’t had that since this morning, surely that would have been uncomfortable.

He mouths at your neck and starts to slowly and rhythmically grind into you. His hands cup your ass, but his hips do all the work.

“Kylo……” you try to say something else, but slowly forget why this is bad.

His mouth finds yours and waste no time in devouring you. His lips aren’t lazy now. He’s doing great in stealing your breath away, especially when he grinds a little bit harder. You moan into his mouth and he mumbles, “There she is.”

“Kylo we should stop.”

He grunts and starts to suck that spot on your neck that makes you weak. Then he’s grumbling, “You’re always running away from me.”

“No I’m not. I just have classes I need to get to.”

“No, I think you like to be chased, don’t you?”

You won’t admit that you like being chased, since your answer would be giving power over to Kylo, so you don’t respond. Which is kind of like confirming his statement anyway. So Kylo
chuckles and whispers, “I see you’re wearing a dress today.”

Your head has fallen back as you slowly but surely succumb to what Kylo is doing. You manage to huff back, “Yeah, so?”

Kylo growls lowly, “That makes this so much easier.”

He holds you up with one arm, his other hand sneaking between you both. Then you can hear his zipper being pulled down and the rustle of fabric as he pushes his pants down his thighs. He pulls his shirt up a bit so your bare legs can wrap around his skin; he loves the feel of your skin on his. He pushes the skirt of your dress up and out the way and dips his fingers down to feel your pussy.

He finds a wet spot that soaks slightly through your panties. He pushes his fingers into the cloth and smiles when you moan. Your warm wetness excites his cock more than anything in life, flooding his veins with adrenaline from the anticipation. You always seem to make him harder than anyone else and you don’t even have to do anything. The power you hold over him is astronomical.

But what really get’s Kylo going, is when you plead, “Ok fuck, stop teasing! You’re wasting time!”

Another chuckle rumbles from Kylo and you have to resist the urge to push him on the ground and take him yourself. The man sure likes to watch and feel you squirm. His fingers still tease your lips by pushing past them to your entrance, sometimes alternating by delicately brushing over your clit. It is infuriating.

And you allow this for a few more seconds before you roughly pull is face back for a kiss. He grunts when your lips smash against his and he smoothly slips his tongue into your mouth. He bites your lip playfully and sucks it into his mouth, teasing you further.

You pull back and half-heartedly growl, “You little fucker!”

Kylo chuckles before flatly responding, “There’s nothing little about me, babe” and moves your panties to the side and slides his impossibly swollen cock into your heat.

“FUUUCK!” and “CHRIST THAT FEELS GOOD!”, echoes in the small cupboard.
Kylo’s arm comes back around you to support your weight. You eyes are shut tight as you slowly get use to his large size inside you again. Kylo physically shakes as your pussy does something to him, his muscles tensing everytime you accidentally clench around him.

Kylo pants, “Fuck, (Y/N) can you stop that. I’m gunna cum if you don’t.”

You try to relax and soon enough you stop squeezing Kylo. He sighs out a long breath and finally pulls his cock from you, shivering when just the tip is inside and grunting when he plunges back in. His first thrust steals your breath, which you struggle to regain when he plunges in over and over again.

“I needed this, needed you (Y/N)!”

Every so often though, Kylo will stutter into you and halt with his dick inside you. You think probably he’s trying to starve off his own orgasm. So when he starts thrusting again, you’re proven right when you clench around him and his grunt sounds pained as he pauses yet again. Kylo quivers and you grow impatient.

“Kylo, this is supposed to be quick.”, you grumble.

And he huffs, “I want you t-to cum, on my cock, f-first!”

“Then fuck me!”

He growls at your words but grunts when he withdraws again, this time surging back in like his life depends on it. He’s hammering into you now, his cock an ever-present force inside you that is hitting just the right spot.

And the way he’s fucking you, it’s like he’s on a mission, like it’s his personal duty to get you to cum. Actually when you think about it, he cares about your climax more than his own. He will never in his existence let himself cum before you, it’s a promise he’s made himself and wants to stick to, even if it’s the hardest thing to endure. You hold so much power, that you could command him to “Cum” and he wouldn’t be able to stop himself.
Unlike his past hook-ups, he actually cares about your pleasure. If you knew what he was like with his previous sexual encounters, you’d know that when he fucked them it was for his pleasure only, not theirs. Every single one of them did cum though, because he’s that good, but everytime it was by accident. But those were hook-ups and you’re more than that. You deserve the best and Kylo is set on giving it to you.

He makes sure to plunge into you deeply and angle your hips so he can brush past your g-spot repeatedly. He knows you like it when he smothers you with affection, so he makes sure to eclipse your body in every way he knows how. His form hunches but still towers over you, which appeases your desire to feel protected. It also makes you feel wanted as he possessively shrouds your body with his own. His hands massage and grope you wherever he can, leaving no flesh untouched during his crusade. His mouth peppers you with kisses, licks and bites, which never cease in making you heady.

And the best part, his cock, which he greedily, eagerly and persistently stuffs inside you, satisfying a deep desire within you that only he and his brothers can fulfill. He really is the whole package; selfless yet greedy, aggressive when you ask for it but gentle when you need it, and relentless in his pursuit for your pleasure.

You grip onto his jacket and try to stifle the moans that want to claw up your throat. Not that it matters though, the wet squelch of your cunt seems louder in the dark. The slap of skin is loud, as are the groans Kylo is doing nothing to muffle. There’s a faint bang on the door behind you everytime Kylo thrusts into you, the strength of his hips pushing your body up the door and back down on his cock.

He was literally jackhammering into you and it sounded like it too.

You were definitely close now.

But with Kylo’s sharp ears picking something up, he slows to a stop, much to your dismay. He pants by your neck and leans back to listen without your breathing distracting him.

“Kylo what the fuck, I was almost ther-“

“Shhhhh.”

“Don’t shhh me-“
“Shhh, listen.”

You stop your protests and listen. And after hearing nothing for a while you almost speak again. But then you hear it.

A clamor of people are growing closer with every second, multiple footsteps clicking on the tiled floor. It sounds like a large group of people are outside the door. Cold dread fills you as the thought that someone has found you both.

The group comes to a stop directly out front of your door. As the seconds tick by in silence in the closet, on the outside you hear only one person talking.

Kylo has halted inside you and you both wait for someone to reveal you both. They’d have to push against both your weight to open the door, so your thankful it doesn’t open outward.

More seconds tick by and the same person is still talking. But when you listen more closely, you can hear he’s actually spouting some history on how and when the university was founded. You start to hear people asking him generic questions about the uni and how to get accepted.

Fuck!

And that’s when you both realize what’s going on. It’s a fucking tour group for teenagers wanting to apply to the school.

You can hear the high whine of girls asking the tour guide questions and trying to cozy up with him, parents doing the same even though the tour guide says multiple times that he isn’t the one they have to impress. The admission board is the one they have to impress.

But while you listen to the guide ramble on about the old auditorium theatre across from where you are now, Kylo slowly pulls his cock from you. You think he’s pulling out to end this sex-sesh and save it for another time, because of the risk you both face now.

But you are utterly surprised and mortified when he plunges back in. You barely catch your moan when he does this and you can feel his smirk against your neck.
“Fuck! Kylo there’s people, they’ll hear us!”

His cock is back inside you and thankfully halted as he says, “No they won’t, not if we’re quiet.”

“When have we ever been quiet.”

“Good point.”, is all he says before withdrawing again, only to sink back in.

You whisper “Fuck”, and hold on tighter as Kylo slowly drives into you, uncaring of the people on the other side of the thin door. He fucks you slowly to hide the sound of your wet cunt swallowing him. The slap of flesh would be a dead give away as well.

And now you can say you’ve endured torture.

The long languid stroke of his cock slowly dragging along your walls, is sweeter than anything else in the world. His thrusts instill a lust-fuelled mania in you, crackling through your nerves like lightening and singeing you from the inside with unbridled pleasure. This is entirely different from the way you two usually fuck.

You bite your lip in frustration and whine, “Kylo, please!”, but you’re not sure what you’re pleading for, since you’ve never encountered a situation like this. You don’t know if you want him to stop, or keep going.

But just like an uncanny mind reader, Kylo stops suddenly and huffs heavy breaths by your ear. You can feel his cock throbbing inside you. And that’s when you understand that it’s worse for Kylo to fuck you like this.

After a few seconds of Kylo not moving, that’s when you realize you want him to keep going. As Kylo struggles to get his eager and pulsing cock under control, he feels you do something that has him tensing up. Your cunt starts to clench and unclench around him, waves of different tightness rippling along his long length. And poor Kylo can’t resist what you doing, so he bites your neck in warning.

As someone on the other side of the door asks how to be a better applicant for the university, Kylo
groans louder than he should have when he withdraws and slides back in. Your ears perk up for any people in the group that may be suspicious of the door that moans, but you find everyone is still ignorant to the students fucking a few feet from them.

You smile at this.

While you revel in your building pleasure, poor Kylo is trying desperately not to succumb to your velvet walls massaging and swallowing him. Yes you were on the brink of your climax, but Kylo has been since the first dive into your cunt. He’s hanging on by a thread and wishes all of those people would fuck off already. He doesn’t know how much more he can take.

Maybe the cliché of fucking at campus, in a closet, wasn’t such a good idea. Especially when you both want to fuck hard.

You and Kylo endure the torment of his throbbing meat sliding into you slowly for 5 torturous minutes. But it seems longer than that. The slow pace is keeping you both on the edge and is absolutely agonizing.

Your cunt is producing a massive amount of arousal, which makes Kylo huff with a smile, “Is this turning you on?”

You don’t answer, so he continues, “The fact we could get caught.”

You say, “No”, even though you want to say yes. You don’t want Kylo to know that this is turning you on, because then he might try to fuck you in more dangerous places. It’s mostly the thrill and accompanying adrenaline that you like, not the thought of actually getting caught.

Kylo whispers, “I think they’d all be amazed that such a tight little pussy is taking such a big cock.”

“I-I think they’d be disgusted.”

“They’d still enroll their k-kids here though.”

You giggle at that but stop when Kylo gives a hard thrust, rattling the doorknob.
“Kylo!” you say in warning, but he thinks its in pleasure.

He does it again and you can almost feel the heat of stares burning through the door. So you dart forward to Kylo’s neck and growl, “If you do that again, I’m g-going to fuck you up later.”

He thrusts hard again and a moan accidently falls from your mouth. You muffle yourself by sucking on his neck, your teeth biting down everytime he pushes in to the hilt.

He then says, “I’ll be looking forward to that. Sister.”

And dear god, it gets you everytime. It’s like you have a sick fixation or obsession for the triplets brining up the fact you’re family while fucking. You know you’re not actually related, but the dirtiness of being called familial names during sex, is more arousing than anything else.

But what soothes your shame in liking that kink, is that the triplets love the familial tie mentioned during sex, just as much as you do. They’ve fallen prey to the sick excitement that rushes through them when they call you sister. But with the entire situation being so forbidden, the accompanying ecstasy overcomes all sensible thoughts and logic.

Your kink effects you so greatly, that in no time you’re cumming very hard and suddenly, which takes both of you by surprise. You can’t help but screech “KYLO!” which he muffles with a kiss. He grunts into your mouth as you continue to chant his name against his lips. You repeat it over and over like a prayer; reverent and dazed like a faithful worshipper.

With your orgasm, comes the familiar and decadently addictive squeeze of your cunt clamping sporadically. Kylo’s swollen cock hasn’t changed its slow pace of fucking you, in actuality, he’s managed to remain steadfast in the test of a lifetime. You’ve never met someone with so much self-control.

Kylo praises you so sweetly, “Fuck yes, that’s it. That’s my good girl, that’s my good s-sister, cum on your brothers cock!” almost unable to properly pronounce his words him.

You flutter around him, your voice unable to make another sound as the air is literally knocked out of you. But poor Kylo has to stop pumping into you, lest he cums as well.
Because when he cums, he cums loud. Your name is always on his lips and he fucks you so hard the sound would be hard to miss. You squeeze your legs tightly around him, your arms cling to him possessively and your body shivers and spasms. The pulse and throb of his needy cock is enough to help you ride out your climax.

As Kylo struggles to hold off his own orgasm, he decides it’s probably the hardest thing he’s ever had to do.

In the daunting and relatively quiet space, Kylo pulls back and asks, “Did you just cum, b-because I called you sister?”

You don’t want to confirm your dirty secret, but even if you wanted to, you couldn’t with how fucked out your mind is. Plus, your pussy gives you away by clenching in confirmation.

He smirks, “Ha ha, I knew it!”

With his endurance and quivering cock regaining some semblance of calm and control, Kylo starts to move again. You moan again and he chuckles, “You’re so fucking filthy, sister.”, which sends a shiver up your spine.

Then with your prayers finally being answered, Kylo hears the tour guide direct everyone down the hall and through a door that leads down another hallway and out of the building. The hallway soon returns to the quiet of an empty space, the only sound is the electrical buzzing of the lights and aircon pumping through the vents.

Kylo waits only a few seconds before he starts pounding into you hard and fast. You gasp at the sudden change of pace and claw at his jacket. You got your high, now Kylo chases his like a madman.

Your climax is still fresh in your core, nerves, body and mind. So feeling Kylo fuck you relentlessly and savagely, is like another dose of desire sparking in your heat again. Your arms tighten around him, pulling him closer as his hips work his thickness up inside you. Your body jumps up the door with every thrust and your moans are consistently assaulting Kylo’s ears, which has his eyes rolling back.

And just to be expected, Kylo very quickly follows you down the road of sin and drowns your cunt with his hot cums. He groans “Fuck!” over and over with his hips stuttering into you. You both
can’t help but grunt as the last of his strength is used to deliver powerful toe-curling thrusts to your core.

The banging against the door slows down to a stop, turning the atmosphere fairly quiet, except for the heavy breathing.

You can feel your combined cum leaking from you and onto the floor. And usually you would feel bad about it, but right now you couldn’t care less. At least you’re not dirty.

You’re amazed Kylo is still holding you up, you would have thought he’d lower you once he came, since you know how weak he gets after cumming. Plus holding you up this whole time would have been draining.

But he only leans back when you nudge him. He lifts you up to slip his cock from your heat, making him hiss and you gasp. Your feet then slowly touch the floor again, with Kylo pressing his body against yours. He does it to help keep you vertical, but secretly he’s just likes to cuddle you after sex. He wishes you both were in a bed so he could just hold you.

His arms are still around you, holding you close to his chest. Your dress falls down to conceal your lower half and you carefully grab Kylo’s slippery cock and place him back in his jeans. He shivers at your touch but lets you zips him back up and set him right.

With both of you sort of decent, Kylo pulls your face to his and kisses you softly. Its gentle, which is a stark contrast to how he was before. You’re pretty sure other people don’t know he’s capable of being so sweet. You consider yourself lucky to be able to see this side of him.

He pulls away with a sigh, wishing so badly that you both were at home, away from responsibilities. If he had it his way, he’d keep you by his side forever. Under any other circumstances this would be ok, but in this reality he has to treat you like a good brother. That’s what’s expected of him in public at least.

Private moments like these are what Kylo treasures most.

In the somewhat dark closet, Kylo’s searching eyes find yours, filled with something you can’t quite place. And just as his lips part to say something, he shuts them and cups your cheek to kiss your forehead.
Pulling away he says, “You go first, I’ll see you after school.”

You grace him with one of your pretty smiles, “Ok, see you then.”, but you linger to lean up and kiss him again.

Then he watches as you fix yourself a bit more before poking your head out the door and dashing away from him, again. You look beautiful and Kylo stares at the door where he had you pressed, already missing your presence.

He falls forward with his forearms pushed against the door, holding his weight back. He breathes in deeply before exhaling and rubbing his hands down his face. Taking a few seconds to right himself mentally, Kylo slips from the closet, making sure not to step in the cum on the floor.

He leisurely makes his way to his last lecture, not too worried that he’s late.

For you though, lateness is a price you’d happily pay for mind-blowing sex. After all, how many people can say they’re in the same situation as you. Many would kill to have a Solo triplet between their thighs.

But most importantly, the triplets would kill to be between your thighs.

Chapter End Notes

‘Obsessed' doesn't even cover half of the intensity that the triplets harbor you. They like, really really like you. Like a lot!!!

And since we've finally passed the stage of 'the build-up', the next few chapters are nothing but smut and maybe a little bit of plot progression sprinkled in.

Thanks for reading!
What You Do To HIM

Chapter Notes

Happy 1-Year Anniversary!!! I can’t believe it’s been a whole year! This all started 1-year ago today and I can’t thank all of you enough for your support, Kudos and comments. It’s been one hell of a journey so far, but still has a long way to go. Thank you all again for everything!!!! You’re all AMAZING!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The entire week breezes by so quickly that you’re soon lounging on your bed during a nice warm Saturday. It’s around midday and you surprisingly have some privacy and much needed alone time with a triplet.

With Han finishing up some last minute things at work and your mom out food shopping with Ben and Kylo, you and Matt had the house all to yourselves for a couple of hours.

Deciding to finally try out the massive pool outside, you change into your black bikini and spray on some sunscreen. Throwing on a thin lace robe and tying it loosely around your waist, you descend the stairs and find Matt playing some game on the PS4 in the lounge room.

Usually nothing could distract him when he’s playing, but flowing fabric in the corner of his eyes catches his attention. He glances at you then back to his game. But when he fully registers what he just saw, his head whips back around to you and look you up and down.

Matt gulps as his eyes rove over your entire form; from the way your hips sashay, to the bounce of your tits and sway of your flowing hair. The lace robe doing nothing to conceal your bikini-clad body and is probably just for decoration. But for Matt, it still manages to make blood rush from one head to another.

“Are you going for a s-swim?” Matt stutters as his brain malfunctions at the sight of you.

Smiling and leaning forward over the back of the couch, Matt has the perfect view of your cleavage.
“Yep, would you like to join me Matty?”

His mouth is suddenly dry as he imagines you half naked and wet, the thought making him feel hot. Even though he’s seen you naked many times, the thought of you naked is so arousing.

Clearing his throat, Matt answers, “Yeah, sure”

He suddenly stands up, pausing the game and quickly saying, “I’m just going to get changed then”.

Straightening your back, you answer, “Great, then I’ll see you out there”.

And with that, Matt is bolting past you and up the stairs, eager to get you all to himself in the pool. The only reason why he was even playing on the PS4 was because he didn’t want to seem eager for his brothers leaving. Matt very rarely gets a true moment of peace and privacy with you. But as he continued to play, he got caught up in the game and forgot you both were alone.

Hence, why you took the initiative to lure and seduce him. Its nice to have some build up and foreplay, since mostly you’ve only been able to steal quickies here and there.

Smiling after the blond, you walk to the back door and slide it open to reveal the sheltered patio. It’s a standard patio with outdoor furniture, a BBQ and Bluetooth speakers to play music for parties or whatever. Connecting your phone through Bluetooth, you choose a song and turn the volume up loud, but still low enough to have a conversation.

The patio overlooks the in-ground pool and the flourishing shrubs towards the back of the yard. The sun beats down on the pool, making it shimmer and look that more inviting. Thank god, Han and your mom chose a suburb that covets privacy, because the large backyard has tall fences surrounding the perimeter and beautiful pine trees disguising the boundary.

The backyard looks like a natural utopia, a secret garden only available for your family. With lounge chairs placed around the pool, you throw your towel and robe beside you, then lay back as you wait for Matt.

You’re not waiting long though, as he bursts through the back door panting, like he’s been running around. His eyes find you relaxing in the sun on one of the chairs, practically glowing as the light radiates off your exposed skin. With the tiny material of your bikini barely covering you, Matt has
a hard time keeping his head out of the gutter.

You watch as he regains his composure and makes his way over with a few things in hand. You note the pink board shorts he’s wearing and giggle at such a bold colour in his wardrobe. But Matt being Matt, has the power to pull off even the strangest outfits, as it suits his personality and physique.

In a few seconds he’s standing beside with his shadow casting over you, the contrast from warm to cold so quickly has a shiver run up your spine.

“You were quick”, you mention out loud.

He blushes slightly, which never ceases to make you smile. He’s so adorable.

“Y-yes” he answers, not sure if he should tell you he’s a little more than eager to ‘swim’ with you.

“Ummm, I brought some sunscreen, if you need any?” he says while offering you the bottle.

“Thanks Matt but I already put some on, but if you want I can help put some on you”.

Gulping loudly with wide eyes, Matt barely remembers to reply, “Sure, unlike my brothers I seem to turn a bright shade of red when under the sun for too long”, and lets you take the bottle from his hands.

You can’t help but picture a little Matty hiding in the shade and slavered in sunscreen, probably with little floaties around his arms and a big hat as well. The image has you smiling big.

You pop the cap open on the sunscreen and stand from your chair, “Well then, lay on your stomach and I’ll do your back first”.

He obeys quickly, laying on his stomach and resting his hands above his head as he lays his face to the side. There’s a few questions Matt wants to ask, like how are we gunna do this, is this the right position, do you want me up the lounge more or down. Each question racing through his mind as he waits for your hands to touch his back.
But, instead he’s surprised as he feels you throw a leg over his body and sit on his ass and thighs.

“Is this ok?” your sweet voice asks.

“Yep, all good”, he says while his heartbeat increases dramatically.

Squirting the sunscreen in your hands and rubbing them together to warm the cold liquid, you take a few seconds to stare at the large expanse of his back. He’s so muscular for a nerd, but you know he’d still be hot no matter how buff he is. When your hands first touch his back he jerks, the lotion still cold to touch.

“Sorry” you chuckle.

“It’s ok”, he answers with his back slightly tense.

But his muscles relax as you rub the sunscreen in, massaging his back and spreading it all over, making sure not to miss any spots. Squirting more sunscreen in your hand, you make sure to do his shoulders, sides and the back of his arms.

You eventually decide to massage him for a bit longer as the small groans he makes is like music to your ears, plus Matt deserves a little bit of TLC. He’s enjoying this and you’re pretty sure this is the first massage he’s ever had, or at least first good one considering the sounds he’s making are very lewd.

And Matt couldn’t care less about the sounds he’s making since your hands are like magic as they knead the stress and worry from his body. You continue this for a few more minutes, content to see Matt so comfortable and calm.

Satisfied that his back is protected, you smile at the blond partially asleep under you. A great idea pops in your mind to get him awake again, so shuffling down his body to kneel on the ground by his feet, you pour some more sunscreen in your hands.

He hasn’t noticed that your weight is off him yet, so when you apply the lotion to his calves he practically jolts awake.
“Oh, uh sorry” he mumbles while trying to look back at you.

“You’re all right, I just wanna get all of you covered”.

He nods and turns his head back around, holding his breath as he feels your hands massage one calve at a time. Everywhere you touch him has him relaxed, like putty in your hand as you knead his body. With a devious smirk, you apply more sunscreen and rub behind his knee and partial thigh not covered by his board shorts. Your hands slowly creep up his thigh under the material, rubbing circles into his skin and stroking the meaty flesh.

He groans this time, enjoying the feel of your hands on such a sensitive area. Your hands eventually move to his other calve, repeating the same ministrations and massaging up his thigh.

When that’s done, you ask, “Ok your back is done, so I need you to flip over.”

His eyes open slowly at the sound of your voice and he sluggishly turns to lay on his back. He doesn’t really need you to do his front, because he can do that himself. But he doesn’t question you, since he doesn’t wanna miss the chance of your hands all over him.

Resting on his back, his head props up to look at you as you squirt sunscreen in your hands. Rubbing your hands together, Matt holds his breath as he anticipates your touch. The moment your palms reach his calve, he’s letting his head fall back as you go to work. After a while your hands travel up to his knee, then up his thigh. Your fingers rub the inside of his thigh, pressing into the skin and so very close to his cock.

He’s ashamed to say this, but the closer your hands get to his member, the faster blood rushes to it. But just as you near his growing hardness, your hands retreat from his body to get more sunscreen and start on his other calve.

You’re getting him so worked up over some light touching, and the start of a bulge forming in his board shorts has you smirking. Your hands repeat the same process, travelling up his leg and performing the same massage, further increasing the size of the tent in his pants.

With his legs done you can finally start on his chest. When you hands leave his body, Matt looks down at you with wide eyes as you crawl up his body and sit on his aching member. He gasps as the warmth from your core seeps through the thin materials, further encouraging his dick to
harden.

His hips subtly grind and buck into you, seeking out more delicious friction. He’s so hard beneath you with his length in the perfect position to nudge your clit when your hips drag along him. The black colour of your bikini hides the wet patch forming in your bottoms, but your desire rubs onto Matt’s pants, leaving a noticeable mark and soaking through to his cock.

He groans as you do this, encouraging your movements as you apply more sunscreen to your hands. You quickly start massaging the lotion into his abs, pecks, shoulders and arms. Leaving the intimate area for last, you still your hips making him whines in protest.

“Just your face left”.

His eyes are black as he looks at you frustrated, but nods anyway. Starting with his neck, you slowly move up and caress his cheeks, chin, nose and forehead, not missing a spot and making sure not to leave any white streaks.

When you finish you lean down and kiss him. Thankfully this sunscreen is the kind that doesn’t have a smell or taste, so when you kiss him all you taste is his him. He accepts your lips eagerly, bucking into you with his hands gripping your hips and pushing you down on him. Circling your core on his cock, you clutch his shoulders then brace your hands on his pecks and lean back to hump him vigorously.

“FUUUCK” he moans loudly.

But you want more, so lifting yourself and hovering your sex off him, he growls lowly but ceases as he watches your nimble fingers untie the string of his shorts and rip open the velcro.

Freeing his dick from the confines of his board shorts, it snaps up to his stomach, almost like it’s beckoning you to him. The open air has Matt shivering and the recognizable but impressive size has you salivating and admiring his thickness.

But you don’t leave him for long as you grab the throbbing flesh and trace a vein from the base to the tip with your thumb. You watch as Matt groans loudly, using your thighs as something to ground himself, afraid he’s going to spill himself in your delicate hand already.
You only tease him for a few seconds, deciding not to waste anymore time before someone arrives home. Pushing your bikini bottoms to the side and exposing yourself to his eyes, you run the tip of his dick along the slit of your sex, gathering your juices and teasing your clit before lining him up.

The tip prods your folds, easily slipping past your soaking lips to the entrance of your hungry pussy. Each time, either with you on top or him above you, there’s no better feel than slowly having him enter you.

You slowly sink down on him, moaning as each inch disappears inside you. Your warm, wet and puffy flesh accepts the entirety of his length, so you still your movements to savor the feeling of being so full.

No matter how many times Matt stuffs his thick pulsing member in you, the stretch will always be euphoric and it’s a sensation you’ll never get tired of. The sheer length of it is glorious, the fat weight is mouthwatering and the girth is something you crave for in every sexual partner. His dick is perfect in everyway.

You can feel him twitch inside you, eager to have you move. His hands grip your hips, squeezing but passive as he lets you control the flow. You tense your muscles around his cock for fun, pleased to watch him groan and look to you with a hint of desperation in his eyes.

Taking pity, you rise off him completely but hover above him.

You feel like you’re in a filthy mood, so you try out the dirty talk that gets you and triplets going. “Look what you do to me, brother.”, you say while looking down your body.

His eyes are fixated on his length out in the open air, but with the tip still inside you. His cock glistens in the sunlight from your arousal, totally slicked from your needy cunt and ready to drive back into you. Matt sucks in a breath, about to say something but is abruptly cut off as you sink back down on him, quick to set a fast pace and fuck him into the lounge chair.

Throwing his head back and roaring as you fuck yourself on his cock, you’re moves are relentless and powerful, forcing grunts and moans from his plush pink lips. Again and again, your aching sex devours his length, determined to bring him to the edge quickly. Your velvet walls caress him possessively, intent on showering him in pleasure only you can provide.

He can feel every ridge inside you, your desire making a mess of both your sexes and the warm
muscles of your core stroking him vehemently. The more you bounce on him, the more your pussy produces slick, your body and cunt trying to ease his member in and keep him within you. Your body is just as greedy as your mind, unintentionally attracting and consuming Matt completely.

The man beneath you is a moaning, panting mess, fully enthralled by you as his eyes watch the beautiful display before him. His hair shines in the sunlight like a halo of gold, his chest is gleaming from both sweat and the sunscreen you applied, making his muscled torso that more provocative and alluring. He grips your hips harder now, using his strength to pull you harder and faster on his pulsing cock.

His hand reaches up to his face and pulling his glasses off. Frowning at him you ask, “What are you doing?”

Breathless he still manages to say, “Taking my glasses off. Every other women I’ve been with all wanted me to take them off”.

Clenching around him, you snarl, “Keep them on. I want you to see me clearly; I want you to see your big fat cock disappearing in my cunt. Do you understand!”

“Ohhh fuck, yes!” your words are both heartening and lewd, something he appreciates immensely.

Throwing your head back and moaning, “Good” as one of your hands pinches your nipple through your bikini.

Matt groans, “You’re so filthy.”

“Only for you, big brother.”

Untying the strings of your bikini bottoms, you pull the garment off giving Matt a better view of your silken pussy swallowing him whole, only to see your hips lift off him to the tip, then plunge back down, taking him in over and over again.

The sight has him groaning loudly, completely entranced with the image, trying to burn the display in his memory forever. No woman has ever been this forward, shameless or vigorous in fucking him. Your hands move behind your back to untie your top, flinging the fabric away and grabbing Matt’s hands to place them on your bouncing tits. He squeezes and kneads them, desperate to hear
more of your pleasured moans everytime he touches you.

“You like this, don’t you.”, you smirk down at Matt.

And he has trouble keeping the groan out of his voice as he breathes, “Yes!”

You tease him, “You like being out in the open, so anyone can see your little sister riding you.”

“Fuck yes!” he moans louder with the noticeable twitch of his cock inside you.

His left hand lifts to your mouth and gently strokes across your bottom lip. Opening your mouth, you welcome the digit into your wet heat, sucking and flicking your tongue like you would to his cock. And the very feel and sight of you doing this, is a sweet reminder of the time your mouth got acquainted with his dick. Good times. As Matt watches your lips wrapped around his thumb, expertly sucking and licking, you nibble lightly before he pulls out of your mouth with a pop.

With his thumb now wet with your spit, he trails down your stomach to your sex and begins to push hard on your clit in time with your hips dropping onto his cock. His other hand still caressing your breast finds your nipple and pinches sharply. Both sensations make your cunt clench tightly, squeezing his length in a pleasurable death grip. The feeling has Matt hissing in euphoric ecstasy, mesmerized with your already snug pussy getting tighter.

“How the fuck are you so tight?” Matt asks. “The amount of times I’ve split you on my cock and the times you’ve fucked my brothers. You’re still as tight as a virgin, maybe even tighter”.

But the tightness doesn’t hurt, not for you or him. You’re so wet that taking him is easy; it’s trying to endure the long periods of time it takes to get you both off that’s exhausting. He can take a long time to cum, but the one thing that always finishes him quickly, is you taking control and using him for your own pleasure.

“Because sweet brother, I’m greedy. I don’t want to waste any space away from your cock” you breathlessly groan.

“Fuck” he moans, “You’re fucking filthy, has anybody told you that?”
“Only you and your brothers.”

With his brow furrowed, Matt questions, “Only us? Why?”

Looking down at him, you explain, “Because no one else has seen this side of me. T-this…… this is all for you!”

“CHRIST!” he grits out. Nothing you’ve ever said has tested Matt’s willpower like it has now. He feels privileged to be one of the few to see this side of you.

As Matt’s eyes fall down to your puffy folds swallowing his thick cock, he growls possessively, “Mine. You’re mine!”, and tries his best to buck his hips into you.

You’re not blind to the fact that everytime you say brother, his hips jerk suddenly, wanting more of your sweet and filthy words. It should disgust him that you keep saying brother, but actually it’s getting him hotter and closer to his orgasm.

The sounds of your bodies slapping and wetness squelching, is so pornographic its adding heat to your already flushed cheeks.

As the sun blazes down on you both, Matt grunts at the delicious friction of the tight ribbed and wetness of your heat, sucking him back in greedily. You can feel his length twitch as his hands grip you tighter. His eyes close as his breathing quickens, letting you know he’s close to finishing.

“No, don’t cum yet” you pant.

He opens his eyes and gazes at you before briefly nodding once.

Leaning forward, you capture his lips in a hungry kiss, sucking his bottom lip before biting it. He whines underneath you, wanting more of your body over him. He wants to feel you everywhere; he wants you to cover him wholly like a possessive blanket. He wouldn’t care if you suffocated him, as long as he got to find release in you. Because what’s between your legs, is the closest thing to paradise he’ll ever get to experience.
Face to face, you wipe the fog from his glasses and smirk as you see black eyes lustfully gazing back at you. You kiss him passionately before moving to his shoulder and biting into his flesh, making him hiss. Up this close he smells undeniably like sex, with hair sticking to his forehead and the erratic heartbeat thumping against your chest. His sweat is salty but addictive, so you lick a line up his neck, across his jaw, and he groans as you devour those pretty lips of his in another kiss.

He holds you close and kisses back urgently, like he can’t bear to be away from you. His hand is behind your neck, holding you in place as he lifts his hips, thus lifting you as well.

He plants his feet flat on the lounge chair and grasps your hips again. Suspended in the air, you’re eager to feel Matt take some control, eager to feel him pound into your insatiable cunt. His first thrust is powerful, knocking you forward on his chest. The force has you both groaning, enjoying the way he fully bottoms out in you. The power of his thrust sends ripples of pleasure through you both.

But he doesn’t wait for long before he’s repeatedly ramming his fat member up into you. His thrusts are ruthless, quick and powerfully delving deeper into you over and over. Breathy gasps are the only sounds that escape you, with the little amount of time you have to breath or think a coherent thought. He’s literally fucking your brains out. Opening your eyes, you see you’re cheek to cheek and both breathing heavily, trying to hold onto one another as the sweat makes your bodies slippery.

Surprisingly, Matt’s pace actually increases, eager to push you over the edge and feel your core tighten around him further. His mouth is open as he exerts huge amounts of energy to thrust into you savagely. Your whole body is jumping forward, barely staying in place as he plunges into you repeatedly. You’re pretty sure you would’ve been sent flying off him if he wasn’t clutching your hips. His grip is iron clad and domineering as he takes what he wants from you.

The pressure is building tightly in your core and tummy, which is tensing your muscles and choking you. So much pleasure is pulsing through you right now, all from the delicious meaty cock spearing into you ravenously.

“Your pussy is so good. SO FUCKING GOOD!” Matt growls.

A whine/gasp escapes you as he gives a particularly hard thrust, hitting your g-spot and triggering a blinding orgasm.

“FUUUUCK!” Matt grunts over and over as you scream.
You’re spasming on top of Matt, just as your cunt does the same. Your eyes roll back as he repeatedly hits that sensitive sponge inside you, almost powerful enough to black you out. Your nails dig into his shoulders and your teeth sink into his flesh just below his collarbone. And Matt loves the marks you leave on his body. He can’t wait to show them off to his brothers, just so they know you two fucked while they were out.

It hasn’t been long since the last time Matt was buried inside you, but every single time your pussy clenches around him, it’s akin to the sharpest ecstasy in existence, mixed with the most pleasurable experiences in life. You’re addicting and Matt knows for sure he would do anything, to be between your thighs for the rest of his life.

You ride out your orgasm as Matt pursues his own release. His movements start to grow erratic, unpredictably driving into you as his hips start to stutter. He still continues to fuck the tight and warm muscle of your cunt, pounding into you roughly like there’s only one thing on his mind. You.

Then just as your core randomly starts to flutter sporadically and tightly, Matt is lost. His swollen length throbs, his balls seize up and the most intense feeling of pleasure zips through his body. The only warning you get before Matt cums, is when his thick cock twitches and pulses inside you. Then his hot milky seed is spurting into your messy cunt and coating your insides.

Roaring as he empties inside you, Matt fucks into you randomly and jerkily. He enjoys the feel of your still tight pussy milking him for everything he’s got, prolonging his climax. The squelching sounds of his dick continuing to slowly thrust into you, has you blushing but committing the sound to memory.

He finally stills and drops back down on the chair with your weight following him. He slams you down on him as he falls and holds your body and cunt down on him tightly, making sure your core catches every drop of his cum.

The way he holds you down on him, makes you think that he may have some kind of kink towards filling you with his cum. But when you think about it, both you and his brothers have that same desire. It feels good though, that’s why the four of you crave it and the triplets have never pulled out. You like the warmth that spurts into you when they cum, the sound of their pleasured cries and grunts, and the amazing throb of such a sizable cock stuffed inside you. You were absolutely obsessed with everything about the triplets.

You can feel Matt’s stomach tensing beneath you, clenching as he empties such a large load inside you. Some starts to dribble past your lips and pool on Matt’s shorts, definitely staining them.
With both of you not moving anymore the drying sweat sticks you both together. You’re both heaving, trying to catch your breath and slow your thrumming hearts.

You don’t know how long you guys stay like that, but eventually you sit back up and lift your hips to release his cock. He huffs a curse and watches as you hover above him. He won’t let you go yet until he see’s more of his cum dribble from your pussy. He loves the sight of it and he can already feel his cock stirring again at the thought.

You watch Matt lick his lips like a man famished. Then to your utter surprise, he’s lifting one hand to push on your lower stomach. You never thought Matt would go so far to see such a sight, but as a small river of your cum and his slowly oozes from you, it triggers a dark hunger in Matt. The cum pools below you, which has Matt groaning, “FUCK!”, and moving his hand down to shove two of his fingers deep inside you.

You gasp at the unexpected intrusion, caught off guard by Matt’s sexually charged actions. He’s never usually this bold, or filthy, but it seems you’re opening up new doors for him.

He’s knuckle deep inside you and curling his fingers, coaxing more of the sweet juices out. Your can’t help but gasp, the sudden sensation assaulting your spent pussy is both the most amazing thing you’ve ever felt, but so intense it teeters on painful. Thankfully, he drags his fingers out and back in very slowly. The action has your wet cunt squelching and the sound is really getting Matt riled up again, which you can see as his cock starts to re-harden beneath you.

“Matt………”, you don’t know what to say, but you do know that if he keeps looking at you the way he is, you’re going to lose your mind.

Matt is almost fully hard again, and just from watching his fingers disappear in your cunt.

“Matty……”

“FUCK, I love it when you say my name!”, the growl in his voice is absolutely primal, filled with want and the basic gravelly sound of need and desire.

Then just as his fingers were quickly shoved inside you, they’re ripped out just as suddenly and stuffed in Matt’s mouth.
And you don’t think you’ve ever seen anything so hot.

Your mouth falls open, amazement on your face as you watch Matt suck your essence and his cum from his fingers. He doesn’t waste a drop and licks every crevice and grove of his long calloused digits. How is he supposed to function like a normal human being when the fountain of youth, or in your case, the fountain of complete delicious sensual bliss, sleeps not more than 15 feet from him.

This is why Matt is getting dirtier and dirtier. You have no idea what you do to him and he’s honestly never been this powerless in his life. You’re worth everything he’s had to sacrifice for and will eventually have too. Because there will never be anyone that will compare to you.

As Matt marvels at your sweet taste and his tang, you fall forward and kiss him hungrily. Your tongue slips into his mouth and slides against his, making you groan as the remnants of cum coats his tongue. Now you understand why Matt is so obsessed.

You can’t help but grind your aching pussy along his hard length. Matt bucks into you on instinct and his cock slips down trying to find your entrance. But with every slide, he misses the sweet spot, which has Matt growling.

After a few failed attempts, Matt grows even more frustrated and sits up quickly. You bend up with him and he easily lifts you in the air and deposits you on the lounge. But you’re not given long to admire his muscled and glistening torso as it ripples with eagerness, since Matt is flipping you on your stomach and lifting you hips.

With you on your knees and your back sloping down so you can rest your head on your forearms, you feel Matt settle between your legs. Then it’s not even a second later before he’s lining up with your puffy swollen lips and pushing past them.

Then you’re squealing at the feel of Matt’s fat cock fully seated inside you, again.

Except, this time, he fucks you at his own pace. And his pace is brutal, savage and downright needy. He’s grunting loudly with every thrust inside you, which are shallow but still feel like he’s rearranging your insides, making room for him.

He’s made a home in your cunt, and plans to live in it, or at least visit it frequently.
As his hips slap again your ass, Matt roars loudly, “FUCK, I LOVE THIS. I LOVE THIS SO MUCH! YOU FEEL SO FUCKING GOOD!”

You’re gripping the side of the lounge so you don’t go flying, but your head is still resting on your other forearm. When you open your eyes and bend your head more, you can see down your chest and view Matt’s cock hammering into you. Or at least, his balls slapping against your clit. You can see the long length of his cock as it emerges from you, but it truly does disappear as he buries himself in you over and over.

You gasp and squeak out a pathetic noise of surprise and pleasure at the sight. How does he even fit inside you!

But as you watch more closely, you can see the tiniest bump jolt in your lower tummy with every thrust. Your mind leaves you as the thought of Matt up in your guts makes you cum.

You scream and wail at the top of your lungs, “FUCK, MATTTYYYYYYYYY!”’, with your hands gripping the sides of the lounge chair as you push back with as much force and slam on his cock.

Matt hollers just as loudly, ”CHRIST!”

He bounces you back on his cock and grunts with every thrust, “FUCK THAT FEELS GOOD, SO FUCKING GOOD!”

Then just like a falling stack of dominoes, your clenching core rips his climax from him. Matt has never been so vocal in his life and thankfully, the neighbors on both sides are out of town. Because sweet Matty, is roaring your name and fucking you so hard, that the slaps of flesh are obvious.

You literally lose feeling in your body and fall down, unable to keep yourself up. You’ve never breathed so hard, been sweaty so much, pulsed or throbbed with so much pleasure in your life. Matt has fallen forward on top of you and greedily plugs your cunt with his cock.

For a second time that day, you are utterly wrecked and fucked.

Matt weakly holds his weight off your back with his forearm propped by your head. He’s quivering
above you as the last remnants of his seed fills you again. His mouth is by your ear and you can hear and feel him panting. There’s only an inch between your bodies before Matt leans up and slips his cock from you.

You weakly moan but grumble when you feel him flipping you back on your back. With his cock still slightly hard, he spreads your legs and makes himself at home inside you again. He settle down on top of you and hugs you tightly, then whispers, “I want y-you……. to c-come to my r-room tonight. I know we both just came, twice. B-but I want you again! I want you every fucking night and every fucking day. Please!”

You’re so tired and amazed at how alert Matt is. But manage a small mumble of, “Ok.”, then you’re dead to the world. Matt smiles and nuzzles your neck before succumbing as well.

It’s only an hour later before you’re both waking up. Thank god though, that through the shuffling in your sleep Matt’s cock had slipped free. While you wake up first, you try to wiggle out of Matt’s sleepy grip. But the possessive dude won’t let up. Your skin feels so tacky and unbearably uncomfortable, that you think a nice cool dip in the pool would be nice.

You nudge Matt and shake your body to wake him as you whine, “Matt. Matty, wake up! Let’s go for a swim, I feel gross.”

He obviously is awake as he grumbles in a disagreeable tone and mumbles, “No you don’t, you feel amazing.”, sleepiness still evident in his voice.

“Matty, please!”

He grumbles again, but eventually loosens his grip. You wiggle out of his arms a bit and out from under him, but you watch as he smiles at your struggles. When you finally break free, Matt turns on his back and admires your naked and beautiful body.

You do the same to him, looking at his long body that barely fits on the lounge. He rests one arm under his head and stretches. Your eyes fall lower and settle on the long thick thing that punished your cunt. Cum has dried on his swim trunks, which are now down by his knees. But as your eyes flick back up, you stare at the thing that was inside you and realize you probably shouldn’t hop in a chlorine filled pool. You can almost feel the sting now.
So you pick up your robe and put it on, then shuffle past Matt, “I’m gunna have a shower instead.”, and grab your bikini on your way towards the patio.

The lacey robe just barely obscures your naked form, but works since it has Matt staring after you. After you disappear inside, it isn’t long before Matt is pulling his shorts back up his thighs and running after you.

“WAIT FOR ME!”

Chapter End Notes

I made this chapter about Matt since he was technically the first to do anything with reader and I wanted something a little special for the Anniversary. But on another note, lets pretend in this fic, that the weather is nice and warm. Not the ball-freezing climate that the northern hemisphere is experiencing right now.
I don’t mean to brag, but this chapter is fucking amazing. I suggest listening to your favourite sexy-time music while reading. Enjoy!

To be honest, you’re actually kind of a lazy person, at least when it comes to people asking you to do things you don’t want to do. But you’re pretty sure you get that from your mother.

It’s late in the afternoon and actually closer to nighttime, when you can hear your mom grumble loudly from her office. You’re sitting on the couch as usual after getting home from uni. You’ve had a shower, changed into your pj’s and now sit comfortably between Kylo and Ben. Matt is stretched out on his back next to Kylo and has his head resting on his brother’s thigh.

It’s weird to see displays like that from the trio. You’re so used to them keeping a small distance between each other that you almost forget that before you, they would just be like normal brothers who fight and sometimes hug. Although Matt is the only one getting hugs, since he’s the peacekeeper and easiest to get along with.

So with you laying on your side and your head resting on Kylo’s thigh and Matt on his other one, the eldest triplet slowly runs his fingers through both your hair, which is perfect in lulling you both to sleep. Your feet are shoved back into the couch and behind Ben’s back. He’s slowly and subtly tickled his fingers up the back of your calve and behind your knee. He trails his fingers up and down your leg, which has your eyes starting to close.

Your legs are exposed with the bed shorts you’re wearing; your very short, tight, bed shorts. With your ass pointed in Ben’s direction, he can see the already tight shorts stretch over your round flesh, hiding no detail as his eyes travel between your legs. The cotton looks so soft, teasing Ben to give in and feel just how smooth your shorts are.

Ben chews his bottom lip as his hand travels up the back of your calve and behind your knee. Then just when you think he’s going to tickle back down your leg, his large hand slips between your knees and now travels up between your inner thighs.

Your eyes shoot open and you can’t help the shift in your hips. Ben smiles faintly, trying not to draw attention to himself. He squeezes your flesh with his fingers fanning out, making sure to grab...
as much of you that he can. When you look down your body, you can see Ben’s long fingers peaking out between your thighs. Kylo looks down at you when he feels your head move on his thigh.

From the corner of his eye he can see something. And when he looks, Kylo grinds his teeth and suppresses the urge to growl. He glares at Ben who has his hand between your thighs and dangerously close to your covered heat.

Kylo rumbles lowly, “Ben!”

Which has the middle child turning to him and smirking, “What? I’m not doing anything!”

Kylo glares with steely eyes, “Not now! Our parents are one room away and could walk in any minute!”

“Don’t worry bro, I’m sure I can get my hand out quick enough. Its not like its trapped.”, then in defiance, Ben closes the last few inches between your pussy and his hand, and rubs your inner thigh. This has his fingers brushing along your slit, which has your back arching and hips grinding down into his hand.

The Ben adds proudly, “And plus, I can’t deny (Y/N) this. Look how much she likes it.”, and he looks down to watch as his fingers disappear between your thighs.

But then you can feel Kylo’s ribs arch over you and his hand leaving your hair. You can’t see Kylo grabbing Ben’s wrist, but you can hear him growl, “And I said. Not. Now!”. Kylo rips Ben’s hand away from your clothed heat and flings it back at him.

You can just tell the boys are death staring each other.

But then just that very second, you hear your mom groan loudly, “I CAN’T FUCKING BELIEVE THIS!”, and she walks into the lounge room.

She perches by the couch and asks, “(Y/N), can you do me a favor?”
Kylo and Ben try to appear relaxed and look at your mom. They’re both kind of relieved Ben’s hand wasn’t in its previous position. Kylo had a good reason to be worried, since your mom is pretty light on her feet and can sneak up on anyone.

“Depends on what you want me to do, mom.”, you sigh while watching the TV.

“I left some important paperwork at the office and I need you to go get it.”

Your head shoots up quicker in your life as you scoff, “HA! Hell no!”

She moves closer and begs, “Come on, honey, please! Han needs to keep working here and so do I. You’re the only one who knows how I file my paperwork.”

You sit up now and whine, “But I just had a shower and I’m in my pajamas. I don’t want to go out!”

“Please, (Y/N)! Its for an important case Han and I are working on.”

You groan loudly and angrily, “FINE!”, then flop back down and stretch your legs across Ben’s lap. Your mom smiles, “Thank you sweetie! Why don’t you take one of your brother’s, to keep you company.”

And Ben eagerly cuts in, “I’ll go!”, he smiles down at you and jostles your knee side to side as he says, “I gotta keep my sister safe in the big bad city.”

“Thank you, Ben. That’s so sweet of you!”, your mom praises him while Matt and Kylo glare at Ben. But the middle child just smirks at them in return and says to your mom, “What are good brothers for!”

You roll your eyes and stand up sluggishly, then head to the stairs. The triplets watch as your mom thanks you again, but you just grumble and brush her off. As you disappear and your mom returns to her office, Ben smugly says to his siblings, “Gotta be quick, boys!”, and races after you.

Its only a few minutes before you’re trudging back downstairs with a t-shirt and leggings on. Ben is
hot on your heels and sporting a jacket now. You both head to your mom and ask what paperwork she needs. Then you’re both walking back out and saying goodbye to Matt and Kylo.

Although Ben is needlessly smug about it, he sends a wink to them before walking in the garage with you.

Matt grumbles, “He can be such a dick!”

Kylo turns back to the TV and scowls, “Yes. Yes, he is.”

You and Ben take your car, since you want to get this over and done with as fast as possible. As you drive through the tallish trees of your fancy suburb, you soon emerge into your neighboring suburb which has houses that are built very close together. As you draw further away from your home and the seclusion of the surrounding forest, you grow grumpier with every mile.

Honestly, you feel like your night is ruined, not to mention how dirty you already feel as the smog of the city wafts through the air. You can feel it filtering through your car and clinging to your skin. Gross.

Ben plays with the radio, but eventually settles on bluedoothing his phone to the car. He picks ‘Spice Up Your Life’, by The Spice Girls, and unashamedly starts shimmying to the song. You can’t help but smile and shake your head at his choice of music. Of course he’d choose a song like this. As Ben sings along to the song and the next few ones as well, your mood is definitely in a happier state by the time you arrive.

With both of you in front of your parent’s office building, you take a turn down to the garage and swipe a keycard so the roller doors open. You roll down the hill and find a parking spot close to the lift. Since everyone has gone home for the night, you get a spot easily.

You both hop out and Ben follows you. The lift shoots up to the 15th floor and you lead him through the maze of office cubicles. You get to your mom’s office and unlock it with the spare key you have, then walk up to her filing draws and look for the right file. As you do that, Ben looks around briefly before settling his gaze on you.

Damn he loves it when you wear tights.
You have to stand up on your tippy toes to look in the top draw of your mom’s filing cabinet, thus, sticking your ass up and out. Ben shuffles up behind you and wraps his arms around your waist. He’s pushing into you and holding you tightly.

“Ben, I need to find this so we can leave!”

“I know, but we’re finally alone.”

He nuzzles the side of your head before he moves down to your neck and ghosts his lips across your exposed skin. Your eyes flutter, but you bite your lip and continue rifling through the draw. Ben only grows more bolder and insistent as he pushes his hips into your ass, his lips start to leave kisses and his teeth playfully nip you, making you gasp. His tongue flicks out to swipe over your flesh.

“Ben, we can’t do this here, in my mom’s office!”

“Sure we can, she’s not here.”

“That’s not the point and you know it.”

Ben only hums and pushes into you harder. You can feel his erection slowly grinding into you, perfectly distracting you from your task.

Damn he gets hard fast!

Then you finally find the files you’re looking for and pull them out. You smile at the papers and close the draw with a smile on your face, “Found them, now we can go.”

But Ben just grumbles and lifts you up, which has you screeching. Then he’s walking you over to your mom’s desk and bending you over it. Your hands catch your weight and brace against the cool glass, leaving you open as Ben snakes his hands to your front and cups your covered sex and full breast from behind.
He presses his toned chest along your back and starts to grind into you from behind, rubbing your womanhood at the same time. The files are forgotten by your hand as Ben expertly teases and massages your heat, using the momentum of his thrusts to get you both off.

He’s breathing heavily through his nose and rests his chin on your shoulder, enjoying the feel of a little dry humping.

You moan, “Ben………”, and he grunts in return.

Then just like a fucking tease, the hand kneading your breast wanders down as he says, “Mmmmm, you’re right”, then he grabs your car keys and darts quickly to the door, “We should probably get going.”

Your eyes snap open and you gape at him, “What the fuck!”

He smirks at you still bent over the desk. Then he points at the files, “Come on, you’re mom said she needed those.,” then he’s walking back to the elevator proudly, even though his erection is very noticeable.

You actually snarl, “Fucking asshole!”, then you grab the file and stomp after him. You catch up to him just at the lift doors open. You both hop in and you’re deciding whether you should ignore him, jump his bones or beat him up.

Your anger votes, ignore him.

As you both get in the car, you childishly hop in the back, using the space to get away from Ben. You sit behind him so he can’t see you, and you ignore him when he tells you to get in the front. When you remain in your seat, Ben sighs and starts the car. He reverses out and starts the drive back home.

Ben is playing music again, which is the only sound in the car. As your eyes unfocus out the window, you don’t realize you’re driving down a foreign road.

When the car parks, you unbuckle and move to hop out. But then you realize you’re parked in a deserted and very dark parking lot.
The car hums as Ben leaves it on with the music and aircon still going. But he turns the headlights off, casting everything in darkness. The only light is from the stars and moon filtering through the tall pine trees.

“Ben? Where are we?”

He ignores you and unlocks the car and hops out. Then he’s opening your door and shuffling in next to you. He locks the car again and turns to you as you glare at him expectantly. You move to the other side of the seat to get away and wait for him to answer you.

Even in the dark you can see his smirk, “We’re at a conservation park. Isn’t it nice and pretty here?”

You look out the window angrily and don’t answer him, even though you do agree it looks kind of pretty here.

Ben scoots to the middle seat and whispers, “It’s pretty, and very private.”, which he emphasizes by running his hand from your knee and up your thigh. You turn to him and scowl briefly.

Fine, if he wants to do this, you won’t give him the satisfaction of catching you off guard.

You emotionlessly sigh, “How romantic!”, and then you’re lifting your leg over him and straddling him.

You pick up where you both left off and grind down on his still hard cock, kissing him angrily and hungrily. He smiles against your lips and bands his arms around your lower back, pulling you down on him harder and lifting his hips. You both swallow each other’s groans and eventually battle for dominance as your tongues slide against each other’s.

Your hand slips into his hair and your other hand smoothes up Ben’s bicep, shoulder and down over his pec, then you repeat it over and over. You cup his neck and suck his bottom lip while you grind a little harder.

You’re both sharing the same air, breathing heavily as delicious tension coils in your stomach. You
both ache for more, needing skin-to-skin friction and craving that amazing feel of hot flesh.

You lift up Ben’s shirt and he gets the hint. He pulls it over his head and flings it on the floor. He pulls yours off for you and skillfully unclips your bra.

But that’s all he takes off before he’s tossing you next to him and flipping you on your hands and knees. Ben hovers over your back and mouths along your spine while he tugs down your tights and panties.

Your legs weakly try to spread as Ben settles between them behind you, your tights making it hard with them around your thighs. But Ben persists and pushes his sweatpants down his thick thighs and pushes against your bare backside. You can feel the thick heat of his manhood against your lips and between your cheeks, smearing your arousal everywhere.

Ben is eerily silent, with the only sounds being his heavy breathing, occasional moans, and the music. As he slowly humps into you, one of his hands slithering to your front and cupping your breast, kneading the mound in his large hand.

Then he finally speaks, “Isn’t this so romantic, sis?”

“Not really. You’ve brought us out to the middle of nowhere to fuck. I’d say its pretty fucked up. Like the actions of a teenage boy. Or a serial killer!”

And boy does your words surprise and infuriate Ben.

He growls and leans up, at least as much as the car will allow him. The hand around your breast disappears and strikes against your ass, jolting you forward with a yelp.

Your head snaps around, “BEN! What the fuck!”, but he holds your thighs in place and leans backwards to quickly kiss over the sting on your cheek. He’s hunched over a lot and looks so cramped with his big body. But he still places little delicate kisses on the red mark he left. He kisses up and over your ass cheek, back up your spine and to your shoulder blades.

He mumbles, “Whoops, my bad.”, and continues to soothe your anger with kisses. Even though his blow stung, you never thought it’d get you wetter. Ben can feel your desire as he grinds along your swollen pussy lips, soaking his long thick shaft. It feels nice to have your sexes so close together, to
slide them against each other in a teasing manner. You both can’t help but groan at the connection of warm wet and hard flesh.

He has one arm stretched out by your ribs, holding himself up as his other arm wraps around your lower tummy and grips your hip.

Ben grinds into you slowly, teasing you both in a game of ‘Who’ll give in first’.

You’ve both played this game before. The rules are simple, whoever succumbs and makes the first move of pushing inside or sinking down, is the loser and has to endure the other taking control. Out of all the times you’ve both played, you currently have the longest winning streak.

Ben’s just too weak when it comes to your sweet, sweet self.

But he’s determined to win this time, pulling out all the tricks he’s knows to make you give in first.

Ben is slumped over your back, which gives him the advantage, since your pretty bosom is out of view. Your chest is one of his favourite body parts, since he’s always holding, kissing, licking, biting and mashing his face against your full flesh.

So right now, he can safely tease you without giving in himself. Which for a change, has your need skyrocketing to the point of giving in. Cause how can you not, when he’s doing that thing you like.

You can’t help but whine, “Bennnn, hurry up!”, and he grunts when you grind back harder. But he doesn’t give in.

So you reach under your body and lean forward, giving you space to grab his cock and pull it forward between the top of your pussy lips. Your hand cups the underside of his cock with your pussy on the top, sandwiching him between your warm wet flesh.

Then you start to move again, stimulating your pussy and getting you both off without losing the game. His cock brushes past your clit on every stroke, making you bite your lip and back arch.

“Fuuuuuck!”, Ben groans with his forehead fallen on your back, his warm breath fanning down
your skin. He lets you move as he tries not to give in. But how can he not when you moan, “Ben, don’t you wanna be inside me?”

He gulps loudly and shakes his head, trying to even his breathing by inhaling through his nose. You try to hump back a little faster and Ben tries to slow you down, but fails in doing so and instead whines in the back of his throat.

You wish you could suck along his throat and smooth your hands all over his muscled and toned body. Everything about Ben’s body is perfect and you try to touch and taste as much of him as you can. But right now, you have to work with what you’ve got. Ben squeezes your hip as he slowly starts to lose himself.

You ask Ben breathlessly, “Don’t you wanna cum inside me?”

He answers quickly, “Oh god, yes!”

“Then give in, and fuck me, Ben!”

Ben grumbles loudly before growling, “FUCK!............. No!”

And you frown, “No?”

“You’re gunna give in first.”

You huff a laugh, “Ha, I doubt it, buddy!”

Then Ben snaps his hips against yours, jostling your clit in the process.

You choke on a gasp and Ben chuckles.

His thick cock is soaking wet with your arousal and with your hand cupping him, you can feel a vein on the underside and every throb against your womanhood. As your attention is drawn more and more to his dick, you start to lose your rationality. Not that you had much to begin with.
Your head falls forward and if you look down, you can see your hand holding his cock to your pussy lips and his thick monster protruding past your palm with every thrust. As Ben starts to take more control and grind into you faster, your certainty of winning the game dwindles, making you groan in defeat.

It’s only a few more seconds before you’re letting his cock go. It drops with its heavy weight, but not before bobbing back up to smack your pussy.

Ben misses the warm contact and growls, but he isn’t left hanging for long when he feels your hand grab him again, only this time, you grab the middle of his shaft and prod your sweet hole with the tip of his cock. You shift backwards, encasing the head of Ben’s cock with your lips. Then swallowing your pride, you close the distance and push back onto Ben’s cock, impaling yourself slowly.

“FUUUUUCK!”, and “BENNN!”, rumbles through the car as you slowly take his entire cock. You hold your breath as his largeness enters you, splitting you yet again. He helps and pushes into you, fully sheathing himself in your heat and making you both groan.

Then just as Ben pauses inside you to get you both acquainted, he sings, “Ha ha haaaa!..... Yooou gave in f-first.”

And you growl, “Shut up! You were taking too long!”

“Hey! That’s no way to speak to your new God!”

And you can’t help but giggle, “New God? You can’t be serious?”

Ben grunts when your giggle has your core clenching. Then he groans, “As a heart attack. Now since I won, you can only refer to me as God or Ben, since both are pretty much the same thing.”

You can’t tell if he’s joking or not, but you choke back your scoff and insult, since Ben has abided by your rules when you’ve won.

He squeezes you hip and asks, “Understand, babe?”
You hold in your sigh and say, “Yes.”

“Yes, what?”

You grit your teeth and put on sweet fake voice, “Yes I understand, my sweet young God.”, and you clench around his cock in defiance.

Ben groans, but lets you have that, since he’s going to make you scream.

He pulls back, withdrawing from your heat, which has the aircon blasting cool air on both your sexes. You both shiver, but soon grunt and gasp when he plunges back in.

Ben moves at an agonizingly slow pace, which is very rare from Ben. Usually he’s quick to pummel your pussy and get you off as quick as he can. He’s always so eager to feel you squeezing his cock. But tonight, he takes his time.

He slowly drags his robust girth from your velvet and pulsing walls, leaving your channel to suck around the ridge of his cockhead. Then he slowly slides back in, enjoying the feel of the ribbed rings in your cunt massaging along his swollen cock.

“Fuck! I’ve missed this!”

Your eyes flicker as you moan, “We literally fucked yesterday!”

“Yeah! And I’ve missed this……… missed you!”

You don’t know what to say. Ben can be so sweet sometimes that it totally catches you off guard. It’s a side of him you feel privileged to see.

Ben doesn’t move much, other than pulling you back on his cock. He lets the momentum do the work as he closes his eyes and enjoys the soft tight sensation of your heat encasing him. His head has fallen on your back, his soft grunts almost can’t be heard with the music still playing.
The new song fits so perfectly to the mood and atmosphere, drawing you both down into a pit of lust. Ben starts to pull you back a little bit faster with the smack of flesh growing louder. The car is starting to fog up, which is rather quick considering it feels like its only been a few minutes. Your temperature increases because you can’t help holding your breath, which has your heart rate rising. Plus, with Ben’s body above you, he’s like a furnace radiating heat all over you.

He kisses the same spot on your back, sometimes losing the strength and patience to move up or down and just remains open mouthed. You can feel his teeth grazing your back, his tongue darting out and his hot breath billowing across your skin. All of this coupled with the heat repeatedly being driven into your cunt, you are very overheated and ready to burst. The aircon is somewhat helpful, but to a degree.

“Ben?”

“Yeah?”

“Do you like me?”

You’ve never heard a man yell, “WHAT!”, so loudly in your life. But then he answers you with a matter of fact tone, “Of course I do! What kind of silly question is that?”

You ask between his thrusts that are getting harder, “How much….. do you like me?”

And then he stutters briefly, his hips almost coming to a stop as the cogs turn in his mind. Then you hear him, “Ohhhhhh, I get it!”

Ben slowly starts thrusting again and clears his throat, “I uh……… I……You’re…..You’re the first person I think o-of when I wake up.”

You can tell Ben is struggling to put his feelings into words, but then he continues, “And you’re the last person I think of when I go to bed.”, Ben starts to kiss up your back, getting closer to your ear as he groans, “You’re on my mind constantly. I-I miss you when you’re right next to me. Sometimes I chant your name randomly in my head, which actually is kind of soothing, like my own mantra.”, his thrusts are slow now, like he’s more focused on what he’s saying.
His arm has tightened around your middle and he huffs breathlessly, “I don’t know what I’d do if you ever went away. I-I think…. I might………..be i-in lo--“

He doesn’t get to finish his sentence.

Not when you’re cumming harder than you ever have with Ben.

You scream, “FUCK!”, with Ben gasping and shuddering violently. You clamp around him so tightly with your walls fluttering, your body’s way of trying to push him over the edge as well.

But Ben holds out, wanting nothing more than to just feel this and feel you for a little bit longer.

As he takes a few controlled and deep breaths, Ben slowly starts to plunge back inside you. But it isn’t long before he resumes his favourite pace, fast. You’re a breathless mess as Ben’s thrusts get harder and jolt your body forward, rocking the car more forcefully. His rougher treatment has various whimpers, pleas and soundless shrieks pulled from your weak lungs.

Your nails claw into the seat beneath you, with your head falling down. Ben rests his chest on your back and pulls you back on his cock while simultaneously snapping into you. Both of your consistent and divine momentum is pushing Ben extremely close to his climax. But before he cums, a brilliant idea strikes him.

The arm holding himself up, now moves to grip your shoulder, but his pace is slower as the arm around your tummy disappears. His body twists behind you and you’re not quite sure what he’s doing.

Ben blindly searches the car floor and finally stumbles on your discarded phone. He slowly continues to thrust into you as he looks through your contacts. When he finds who he’s looking for, he presses call and places your phone on the center console compartment, right next to you both, but out of your view.

Kylo is on his bed listening to music, biding his time as he waits for you to get home. With his earphones in and turned up loud, he starts to groan angrily when the volume starts to lower. Some nonsense phone call is about to come through, interrupting his music sesh.
Kylo sighs loudly, peeved at the person. Because honestly, who the hell calls people anymore.

But as he picks up his phone, he frowns when he see’s its you. He uses his earphones to answer the phone quickly, thinking you’re in some kind of trouble, “Hey! What’s up? Are you guys ok?”

But you don’t answer him.

After a few seconds of waiting, Kylo thinks you’ve just butt dialed him, so he goes to hang up. But just as he’s about to, he hears a moan. Kylo frowns at his phone.

With both of his earphones in, he turns the volume up so he can hear more clearly. Then the underlying sounds become clearer, exposing what Kylo couldn’t hear before.

“Oh fuck! Ben!”

“That’s right, say my name!”

“BEN!”

Kylo can hear you, and Ben………………………………fucking.

Kylo stares at his phone, then frowns, with a flurry of different expressions flitting across his face. But then it morphs into rage as yells, “YOU FUCKING CUNT!” and he stands up suddenly and starts to pace his room as he listens.

“That’s my girl, you take my big cock so well!”

“Harder, please Ben!”

“Fuck!”
Kylo is fuming in his room, pacing up and down as he stares daggers at his phone. He’s growling curses and trying to speak to you both, but getting no responses in return. That’s when Kylo realizes, this is all Ben. The little shit is playing with him.

He listens to your moans, since they stand out the most for him. But the more Kylo listens, the harder it is to stay angry. Kylo walks to his bed and sits down angrily. He hasn’t hung up yet, both Kylo and Ben haven’t.

Kylo falls back, running one hand down his face and throwing his phone next to him. With his earphones still in, it’s like listening to you both with surround sound.

“Ben! Do that thing I like.”

“What? This thing.”

Kylo can hear you shriek.

“GOD FUCK, YES! Just like that!”

And the eldest triplet groans to himself, “Fuck!” cursing his brother, cursing you for your sensual moans, but most of all, cursing his damn cock for getting hard.

Kylo tries to ignore the hardening flesh beneath his sweats. But its kind of hard to do when your pretty plea’s and moans keep taunting him. By the time your moans start to grow louder, Kylo has given up and looks down to find his fully hard cock tenting his sweatpants. He groans as his head falls back, hitting his soft comforter.

“Fuck it!”, the famous two words said before every decision Kylo makes.

He’s reaching down his long body and palming his dick, soon keeping in time with your gasps. Kylo turns the volume up louder and pushes his sweats down his thighs, making it easier to fish his cock out. He grabs his thick manhood and wraps his fingers around his girth, making himself grimace at the alien feeling.
It feels weird to touch his own cock like this again, since he hasn’t needed to with you around. That’s how often you two fuck. Almost constantly. Which makes Kylo wonder how you make time for his brothers.

As Kylo makes the first stroke, he misses the feeling of your small hand wrapped around him, perfectly pumping him as your little mouth suckles the tip and swallows him down. As the sound of whines being punched from you become more frequent, Kylo spits in his hand and starts to jerk off faster.

“Fuck, you’re pussy’s so good. So fucking tight, and wet, a-and..... and.....”, Ben is cut off by a gasp when you start to clench around him.

Kylo is grunting quietly, getting worked up, very quickly. Then he hears some shuffling on your end of the line, then the sound of the phone dropping and Ben cursing, “FUCK!”

It seems you guys have stopped fucking when Kylo hears you ask, “What? What are you doing?”

Ben replies, “Nothing!”

More shuffling can be heard, then the phone being plopped somewhere.

After a few seconds of nothing, Kylo hears you gasp then the obvious noises of flesh slapping together.

Ben has placed your phone directly under your cunt, boosting the sound of his thick cock fucking your tiny wet hole. The squelching sounds are amplified, making Kylo’s eyes roll back as he fists his cock tighter and faster. He bites his lip and is starting to pant now, trying to keep his grunts to a minimum.

“GOD, Ben! You feel so good!”

“I know, babe! Are you gunna cum on my cock again?”
“FUCK! YES, BEN!”

“Who’s cock do you love?”

“Yours, I love YOURS!”

“That’s right, you do! What do you love about it?”

Kylo couldn’t care less right now that Ben is only asking you these things to piss him off, because he’s honestly more focused on the sound of your wet cunt being fucked, your moans and the whine of your voice. He’s picking up things he’s never noticed before. Like the pitch of your voice when a sensitive spot is hit inside you, or when you squeak when Ben bites you.

“I love how big you are. How thick and long your cock is. I love that you know how to use it and you fuck me j-just the way I like. And I love how fast your cock gets hard for me. I...JUST.........FUCKING.LOVE..........YOUR.........COCK!”

“CHRIST!”, Kylo grunts as he pumps faster, making smacking sounds of his own. He loves hearing you talk so dirty, even if it’s about his brother. Since they’re identical, you’re basically talking about him anyway.

Kylo wonders how you two are fucking. And where you’re fucking. You both went to pick up files from your mom’s office, so Kylo imagines Ben has you bent over the desk and fucking you from behind. Or you’d have Ben sitting in the office chair and riding him. Kylo knows how much you like to take control and ride him.

But as he listen’s more, Kylo guesses that Ben may be the one in charge, since it sounds like he is. You probably don’t even know Kylo is listening.

Back in the car, Ben ferociously and savagely fucks into you, hunching over you with both hands gripping your hips. He snaps into you quickly, bottoming out everytime as his cock starts to throb more. His forehead has fallen on your back as he heaves in oxygen like he’s suffocating.

His long thick meat is repeatedly stuffed inside you, hurtling you both quickly towards the end.
You can’t believe you’re going to cum again, and only a few minutes after your last one. Ben can’t help but think what a good idea this is. He wonders what Kylo is doing. Last he checked, Kylo was still connected to your phone call, obviously listening.

Kylo’s anger makes Ben smile. But the smile is whipped off his face when your pussy starts to get tight again, signaling your imminent release.

“Ben! I’m so close!”

Ben grunts loudly, loving the fact you’re so vocal. But mostly loving the feel of you choking his dick. You grip him so well, like a possessive finger-trap, but for his cock. Everytime he slides in, it gets harder and harder to withdraw, making Ben fuck you shallowly.

“Fuck yes, babe! Who’s gunna make you cum again?”

“You are Ben!”

You’ve slumped forward with your cheek against he seat and your ass still up in the air. Ben can see your eyes are closed, so he moves the phone right next to you and turns mute off and speaker on. With Ben hammering into you hard, he grunts, “That’s right! Are you gunna cum on my cock, squeeze me with your sweet little cunt again!”

You moan, “Yes!”, but then you both hear a loud groan from someone not in the car.

You open your eyes and find your phone right next to your face. The screen shows that you’re currently in the middle of a phone call……….with Kylo.

Just as cold dread fills you, so does Ben. Hitting the sensitive spot inside you and pushing you over the edge.

“FUUUCK BENNNN!”, you cum with a scream, almost deafening both men listening. And like a chain reaction, both boys cum, loudly. Your eyes roll back, and for a few seconds, you don’t care that Kylo is listening.
Ben stutters into you and bellows, “CHRIST!”, with a long drawn out guttural groan rumbling from him. As your eyes flicker from such intense heat and pleasure surging in your cunt, you can hear Kylo on the other end grunting loudly and breathing rapidly. You can probably guess that he’s just cum as well.

Back at home, Kylo can hear the sporadic thrusts of Ben slowly pounding into you. Kylo spurts ropes of cum on his t-shirt and squeezes his cock so tight to try and mimic the feel of your pussy when you cum. He pumps himself to completion and listens to your pants over the phone.

Ben smiles down at your wrecked face. He knows, you know what he’s done, but you still came anyway. Both you and Ben can hear heavy breathing on the phone and slow slaps of flesh. You open your eyes and find the phone still by your face.

You frown and whimper, “Kylo?”

It’s a few seconds later, but then you hear, “(Y/N).”

Ben chuckles from behind you and you see him reach for the phone. He grabs it and can’t keep the smugness out of his voice, “I hope you enjoyed the show, brother.”, then he hangs up and drops the phone on the floor.

Ben pulls out of you, breathing heavily from one of the most intense romps of his life. As he slowly regains control over his breathing and heartbeat, he flips you on your back and pushes you up the seat, making you sit up. You frown at the swift and sudden manhandling. Then he’s ripping your tights and panties off one leg, spreading you open and darting between your legs to devour your cunt.

You hiss and jerk away, “Fuck, Ben!”, from the surprise and overstimulation.

He cleans all of the cum from your sweet little honey pot, making sure no drop is wasted. His tongue delves in deeply, coaxing out everything. He laps at your hole, then your pussy lips and finally ends his little feast with one final lick up and around you clit.

He kisses your clit sweetly before slowly leaning up and slumping back on the other side. He smiles at you dreamily with a messy face, looking completely drunk and high. Then he opens his arms and beckons you over like he’s done nothing wrong. You breath in deeply before shaking your head with a smile and crawl towards him. He smiles even bigger when he see’s you’re not
that mad.

But as you snuggle into Ben’s chest between his legs, you answer his thoughts, “It’s not me you have to be worried about, it’s Kylo.”

But Ben doesn’t seem that worried as he rumbles happily, “We’ll see.”, then he nuzzles and kisses the top of your head.

It’s a bit cramped in the car, but you both make it work.

You both cuddle for a bit, which is nice. It’s nice to be between Ben’s thigh for a change, even though you try to stay clear of his cock. The oversensitivity is something you don’t want to inflict on him. At least, not yet.

Eventually you two separate to redress.

With your clothes back on, you unlock the car and get in the front seat, letting Ben drive home the rest of the way. He happily gets behind the wheel, feeling a whole lot better now.

He really can’t get enough of you.

By the time you both get back, it’s been well over an hour.

Your mom rushes out her office at the sound of the garage door opening. When she spots you both, she thanks you guys curtly. You’re both kind of late, but she can’t get mad since you both didn’t have to help her in the first place.

She trudges back to her office and when she’s out of sight, Ben tugs you by your hand up the stairs and down the hall. You both tiptoe by Kylo’s room, trying not to let him know you both were home.
But, apparently you’re not quiet enough.

Kylo whips open his door, emerging from the shadows and looking bigger than usual. Ben unconsciously steps in front of you, like he wants to shield you. How sweet.

The two men have a brief stare down, waiting for the other to back down first. But then Kylo reaches around Ben and grabs your arm. He pulls you into his room and slams the door behind you. You’re in his room alone as he talks with Ben in the hallway.

It feels like forever, but then you hear shuffling and then Kylo is walking back in. He stops when he see’s you standing right by the door. He closes it and guides you to his bed. You’re not to sure what to make of his mood, but when he starts talking, you feel a little bit better.

He gestures to his bed, “Get in, under the covers.”, and you watch as he removes all of his clothes, except his briefs.

When he’s undressed, Kylo slowly walks up to you, since you’re still standing. You murmur up to him, “But, I feel sticky.”

And he looks down at you blankly, unreadable. But then he grumbles and huffs, “Then go have a shower.”, and he turns to get in bed.

You didn’t expect that, but you head to the door anyway.

Just before you leave, Kylo asks after you, “Come back to my room when you’re done.”

You look back and whisper, “Ok.”

Then you’re quickly racing to your room. On your way there though, you see the light on in the triplet’s bathroom and the shower running. Ben must be having a shower as well. You only halt for a second, then you’re speeding to your bathroom. You wash yourself quicker than you ever have in your life, but stay in there a little bit longer to ease the tension in your shoulders and back.
Sexy times in a car is a lot harder than it looks in movies. It's cramped and sometimes uncomfortable. But at least you can mark it off your sex-bucket list.

After toweling off and putting fresh pj’s on, you tiptoe back to Kylo’s room. But as you walk past, you see that the triplet’s bathroom is now empty. You shrug it off and slip inside Kylo’s room.

It’s always super dark in Kylo’s room, but at night, its like you’ve stepped into a void of complete darkness. As you walk towards where you think his bed is, your feet get tangled and caught up in his shirt, then you’re tripping and landing on the floor with a yelp.

“You ok?”, you him rumble in the darkness, with the sound of the covers rustling.

You follow the sound of his voice and crawl the rest of the way.

“Yeah, I’m fine.”

Then suddenly you feel a pair of hands feeling over you and lifting you up. Kylo carries you bridal style the rest of the way, seemingly aware of the random things on his floor and avoiding them easily. He makes it back to the bed and places you down first.

You’re in the middle of the bed when you feel a pair of arms wrap around your waist from the wrong direction.

You give a high-pitched scream, “ARHHHH.”, when the random arms start to hug you from behind.

Then you hear a familiar chuckle, “Relax, babe. It's just me!”

With your hand on your chest and your heart beating furiously, you ask, “Ben?”

You can tell he’s smiling as he says, “The one and only.”, then he’s pulling you closer to him.

You can feel Kylo getting under the covers on your other side.
You exhale, “You fucking scared me!”, and Ben just chuckles again.

When Kylo gets settled next to you, he lays on his side and whispers, “I thought this might be nice.”, with his hand tickling up your thigh and gripping your ass.

He pulls your lower half to him and says louder, “So don’t make me regret this, Ben!”

Ben cups one of your breasts and nuzzles the back of your head, “Sure, sure bro. Whatever you say.”

Kylo shuffles closer and wraps his arm around your lower back. You hold his other hand since you can’t really hug him, but his cologne faintly hits your nose, so that’s nice and soothing. He moves one leg between your thighs and you hook your calf over his hip.

Then its silent when everyone stops moving.

Ben has your top-half and Kylo and your lower-half, both of them pressed into you and sharing. It feels nice to be so cocooned and protected by the two of them. You feel warm and snug between their muscled bodies, caging you in possessively.

The close intimacy of cuddling is exactly what you need right now. Kylo’s soft sheets are so welcoming and having them both like this, is more wonderful than anything else in life right now.

Chapter End Notes

Yoooooo, wasn’t this just the sweetest ending for this chapter. Its put me in a cuddling mood.
I. Want. CUDDLES!!!!!
OH MY FUCKING GOD. I had the worst trouble updating my tags. Makes me curse and shake my fist at AO3. FUCK!

Any who, just a little FYI, this chapter is next level compared to the last one. So, enjoy ;)

You know, as a lover shared between three men, you’re perturbed to say that you haven’t christened the house as thoroughly as you could have. There were still rooms that are pure and stainless from your debauchery with the triplets.

And while your encounters with them is almost constant, you couldn’t help noticing your body had grown accustomed to the frequent sexual visits. Almost to the point of your body adapting a sex schedule. Like clockwork, your core grew wet and ached at seemingly random times of the day.

And the triplets, whoever was near, would sniff you out and be buried inside you within minutes. Thus, creating a dick ‘o’ clock of sorts. But with unlimited amount of time and privacy, due to the parents always out, you and the triplets were practically strangers to the concept of waiting and or patience.

So tonight was just like any other night, chilling at home with the fam.

You were in the lounge room and minding your own business. Then came that familiar throb in your core. Then like a trained dog sniffing the air, Ben just happened to walk in and join you on the couch.

He sits next to you and absentmindedly starts tracing patterns on your thigh. He’s watching the TV, but his attention is focused on you. It starts with light touches dancing across each other’s skin, some cuddling and then kissing. But the sweet pecks and lingering kisses become more insistent.

Then you were somehow in Ben’s lap, with your back to his chest and your legs bent at the knees resting on the outside of his thighs.
Ben has one hand in your panties, the other under your shirt and kneading your breast. You grip his forearms as leverage and swivel your hips to grind down on him. This all happens in the span of 6 minutes.

The sight of you two together like this, siblings no less, would be shocking to a stranger. But doing something that brothers and sisters shouldn’t be doing, is satisfying your need to rebel. Ben is more basic in the fact he just wants to fuck and consume you wholly. But the sister thing gets his motor going pretty quick as well. He can’t deny that there’s probably something wrong with him, since he brings up your sibling relationship all the time while fucking.

Ben slowly pushes up into you, finding it incredibly hard to keep his eyes open. Plus, with his heartbeat pounding in his ears, it’s getting harder and harder to keep an ear out for other people.

You both were as silent as you could be, earnestly and eagerly chasing the high you both provide for each other. With Ben’s feet planted on the ground and aiding his hips moving into you, his nimble fingers slowly tapped the sponge inside you while his thumb lightly brushed over your nub.

Your head falls back on his shoulder, giving Ben access to bite into the crook of your neck. His eyes lazy look at the TV before turning down to gaze at your heaving chest. He smiled around your skin and could feel your movements getting faster and jerkier.

Which of course had Ben grunting louder by your ear. He pinches your nipple lightly and you arch into it. How could you not though. When he artfully teases your body with little hints of pain and massive amounts of pleasure. Your toes were curling and your hips working harder along his manhood. You could feel pressing through the flimsy fabric of your bed shorts and panties. His boxers were no shield either.

Well, only in the sense that he couldn’t worm his fatness inside your aching womanhood.

But there was no denying that Ben was playing your body like goddamn fiddle. So it was only natural that you both were on the brink of cumming. His rod pulsed and Ben cursed. You’re both so close.

That is, until the shrill voice of your mother boomed from the other side of the house, “FAMILY MOVIE NIGHT! EVERYONE IN THE LOUNGE ROOM, NOW!”

You gasp, “Fuck!” and Ben growls it.
You up the anti and try to grind back into him harder and faster, and Ben stops teasing you and actively starts to finger fuck you. He does it the way that always has you cumming quick.

But..............

There wasn’t enough time. Your sex grinded along him faster.

You started to hear footsteps coming closer. Ben bucked into your harder.

You guys weren’t going to cum in time. You gripped Ben tighter and he squished you to his chest.

But there wasn’t enough time.

With a growl from Ben, you quickly jump off him and throw the blanket over his lap. You bounce into your seat and try to appear normal. Ben is in a frazzled state of lust, panic and anger as props his leg up by his chest, concealing his proudly jutting cock from view as people start to filter into the lounge room.

It seems, you’re not the only one that has a sex schedule. Ben’s fury at being denied you and his climax, is noticeable in his features and with the way he’s breathing angrily. Although, the heavy breathing is also from the intensity of what you guys were just doing.

Han, your mom and Matt wander into the lounge room, except for Kylo. So Han yells, “KYLO, GET YOUR ASS DOWN HERE NOW!”

And it takes a full 3 minutes before he emerges into the room with a scowl.

With you and Ben sitting pretty far away from each other, Matt and Kylo frown at the strange distance between you two. But then they give each other a knowing look. Its not hard to guess what you two were just doing. The signs are clear from your panting and slightly sweaty self and Ben’s clear anger. Plus, Ben is adamant in keeping the blanket over his lower-half.
Being cockblocked by the parents is never fun. Han and your mom settle down on the other side of the large couch and lovingly look at each other. You and Ben give them the dirtiest looks in history.

With you sitting in the corner of the couch, Matt and Kylo sit on either side of you, but at a respectable and non-suspicious distance. Ben glances over and gets even angrier when he see’s his brothers get to be next to you.

He grinds his teeth and clenches his fists. And if you could peek into Ben’s mind, you’d hear, “FUCKING HELL, DEAR GOD WHYYYY! PLEAAAAASEEEE!”, and him screaming on a constant loop. Plus, he’s groaning over how fucking hard his cock is, how close he was about to cum and how much he wants to be inside you.

Your mom is given the remote and you just know she’s going to take forever to choose a movie. But what you don’t know, is that her choosing the movie is like a gift from god.

The previous movie is still blaring loudly behind the menu screen. Your mother flicks through the channels as Han sighs, “This is going to take a while.”, then he looks to you guys, “How about one of you go get some popcorn and snacks.”

You’re quick to answer, “OK!”, and stand up just as quickly. Then you glance to Ben, “Why don’t you give me a hand.”

And Ben frowns, then finally gets the hint when you give him a look.

“Oh! Right, yes!”, then he’s standing up and trying to hide the front of his body from the parents. He’s tucked his dick up into the waistband of his boxers and his shirt conceals most of his crotch. But walking fast has the shirt pulling back and outlining his dick.

So he rescinds to walking slowly, much to his disdain. But when you’re both down the hallway and out of view, Ben picks up his speed and is soon walking very close behind you.

Then Han shouts, “And drinks, don’t forget drinks!”

“OK!”, Ben shouts back.
When you’re both around the corner and in the kitchen, Ben is on you instantly.

He lifts you up so he can drag you to the closest countertop and bend you over it. He picks up where you both left off and grinds into your backside. His hands find their place on your body, resuming their crusade across your flesh.

You brace your hands on the cold bench and shimmy your ass into his throbbing manhood. And Ben’s mouth finds you shoulder, biting lightly as he humps into you. He’s groaning and breathing hard, trying desperately to relieve some of the pressure built up between his legs.

You whisper, “Ben, be quiet!”, but it doesn’t seem to register in his lust-fuelled mind.

His fingers slip beneath your shorts and panties, finding your sweet warm flesh and smoothing through your arousal and plunging inside you.

You barely contain your own moan as he curls his fingers and consumes you with his passion. He mouths across your back, uncaring for your top in the way. You can hear faint punched gasps as he rolls into you.

So this is what happens when Ben is denied for a few minutes. He becomes so fucking needy.

“Ben!”

He grunts in response.

“Ben, I have to put the popcorn in or they’ll get suspicious.”

And Ben literally growls, like a feral animal. Its deep in the pit of his stomach and rumbles through his chest and up his throat, which is making you clench around his fingers.

His mouth lifts off you and he actually snarls, “Then put the popcorn in.”
You wait for his body to catch up with his words. His arms are still possessively wrapped around you, binding you to him like a vice. He grinds into you one more time before slowly releasing you. But he doesn’t back off.

His arms cage you in by gripping the bench on either side of you. His body is still pressed into you and his hips still work into you as he pants heavily. This is as far as he can go in regards of freeing you.

You have to duck down and slip under his arm to get away. But when you do, you take a peek back and find his member straining his boxers, tenting the fabric. You quickly look away.

Ben’s mouth closes and his nostrils flare as he turns his head to follow you, his body slowly following suit.

Your sweet scent awakens and enthralls something deep inside him.

Ben has never been so lost in his desire. His body twitches to reach out to you and pull you back. But he remains in place, with his hands gripping either side of the bench behind him. He leans against it and watches you intently as you scurry to find the right things.

Ben has his eyes locked on you like a lion. And you’ve never seen or experienced Ben so………..dangerous or intimidating.

It’s almost frightening, especially when his erection so heavily throbs against his stomach. His long length curves up to his belly and is definitely touching his stomach. You bite you lip while staring directly at his entrancing manhood.

Fuck he’s huge.

But the sound of him clearing his throat wakes you from your spell. You look up to find a smirk on his lips, but otherwise, he’s still haughty looking in his lustful state. You have to stand beside Ben to put the first bag of popcorn in the microwave. He turns his head to you and leans down to you slightly, breathing you in.

You push the buttons for 2 minutes and as soon as you press start, Ben is on you again.
He bends you over the bench again with his large hand sliding up your back and pushing your pajama shirt up with it. He kicks your legs apart and ruts into your ass while mouthing along your exposed skin.

Ben leans over you and nuzzles the back of your head, purring by your ear, “I’m going to fuck you now, my sweet girl.”

You grind back into him, your next words coming out a breathy exhale, “We probably shouldn’t. We’ll be too loud. We can get off just doing this.”

But Ben doesn’t seem to have heard you. Or he doesn’t want to listen to the absurdity of what you just said.

Ben silently moves behind you, quickly pushing his boxers down to free his throbbing member, all the while keeping your writhing body trapped in front of him. Then he’s pushing your bed shorts and panties down in one go, the material catching mid-thigh and trapping your legs.

He does this with one arm around your waist, keeping your back pinned to his front. And even though you think you shouldn’t do this, since it’s too risky. You stand up on your tippy toes to try meet Ben’s height.

He growls appreciatively at your submission and nuzzles your shoulder blade.

You want this, you want Ben so bad. But you can’t help asking, “Ben, are you sure about this?”

And he’s quick to answer, “Yes I’m sure! Don’t you want me inside you?”

You sigh a breathy, “Yes.” Of course you do.

You’ve never been more aware of Ben’s large chest and torso eclipsing your small form beneath him. He hovers above you like a cloud an coos, “Don’t you want to cum on my cock?”
You gasp at his filthy words and he grinds his thickness along your slight. Your mouth falls open and out slips your admission, “Fuck, yes!”

Then he’s growling by your ear and teasing your entrance with the head, “Don’t you want me, to cum inside you?”

And you can’t stop yourself. You moan far too loudly, “Oh dear god, YES!”, which has Ben groaning and pushing the head of his cock through your entrance.

He’s slow in worming his way through your tight muscles. Making you feel every vein, ridge and throb of his meat stretching your wet velvet walls. Ben can’t help the whispered praises he mumbles about you. You’ve got him hypnotized.

While Ben softly chants your name, he slowly dips his cock into you little by little, pushing more in with every thrust. Then just like your cunt swallowing the long entirety of his cock, you both swallow your moans when he bottoms out.

You can hear Ben gulp, then feel him take hold of your shoulder and hip. He pulls out most of thickness, then sinks back in, testing both of your willpower to keep quiet. You’ve never wanted to moan so badly in your life. And keeping the sounds locked in your chest, is torture.

Not to mention you love every single noise that falls from the triplet’s lips. You could listen to them constantly. But lucky for you, you’re fucking Ben. The rash and reckless one of the trio.

So while you choke on moans and gasps, Ben grunts louder than he should with every thrust. But his hips don’t meet your ass, the smacking sounds would be too loud. Even in his current state, Ben still has half a mind to keep it down. But that leaves you with half-hearted thrusts.

And even though there’s no smacking sounds, it’s hard to cover up the sound of your wet hole making a squelching noise everytime Ben withdraws and re-enters you. Ben tries to go slower, which hides the sound, but then you’re both left on the edge, not getting enough friction to get any higher.

It’s beyond frustrating.

But Ben being Ben, decides ‘Fuck It!’, and starts to roll into you shallowly, stopping just a fraction
of slapping into your ass. However with every few thrusts, Ben just can’t help it, he pulls out to the tip and slams back in. He’s so loud in your opinion.

But your fear of getting caught is almost dwarfed by the ecstasy of Ben rocking into you. And for Ben, your tightness is fucking heaven, gripping his cock perfectly. How can he control himself when its you that he’s fucking.

Then the microwave goes off, the loud beeps echoing in the room. With the cover of beeps, Ben times very hard thrusts behind the sound, doing whatever he can just so he can properly fuck you. He wishes he could sink into you harder, to slam into your core without the consequence of someone hearing. He wants you in his bed, legs spread wide as he slots between them and pounds you into the mattress. He wants to be as loud and rough as he wants.

“What are you kids doing in there, put the other bag in the microwave!”, Han shouts from the lounge room.

Ben is huffing with every thrust and has resorted to fucking you hard and slamming into you, but when he stuffs you to the hilt, he halts before pulling out again, essentially muffling any sound. But the downfall of this, is that he has to go slow. There is no winning.

You manage to shout back a weak, “O-ok” to Han, your voice almost betraying you.

And Ben actually chuckles, the current situation amusing to him. It’s turning both of you on further, the thought that at any second someone could walk in. You’d just prefer one of brothers to walk in though.

You’re enjoying the feel of Ben inside you and the thrill of fucking in the kitchen as four people sit waiting in the other room.

Ben leans forward and grunts by your ear, one hand coming around to play with your clit. Your cunt clenches in response, a moan barely being muffled by your hand.

“There’s my sweet sister, I miss the pretty sounds you make.” Ben emphasizes by circling your nub in time with his thrusts.

“Ben, I have to put the other popcorn bag in.”
“Then do it.”

Ben doesn’t let up, in fact he snaps into you a little harder and faster without increasing the sound, just by dipping his hips a bit.

You reach for the other popcorn bag and rip off the plastic. Removing the cooked bag from the microwave and putting the new one in, you grip the bench hard when Ben pushes on your clit with three fingers. Your own fingers tremble as you try to type in 2 minutes in the microwave. Nothing so simple has ever been more difficult to complete. But when you finally press start, the humming from the microwave obscures the louder thrusts from Ben, making the middle child unravel quicker now.

Ben leans off your back and watches his cock disappear inside you, then reappear slick with your arousal. The sight alone has him humping into you more earnestly.

“Fuuuuck, babe. You feel so fucking good!”

Your mom is still obviously picking a movie, since the TV is still blaring loudly. Which is good, it helps in muffling what’s going on in the kitchen. The popping popcorn and the microwave also help in dulling the sounds of sex. But Ben is like a crazed creature devoted to his desire, never truly satisfied with slow and gentle.

Your head falls forward and rests on your forearm. You’re almost about to cum.

But then you jump up in pure panic and fear when you hear someone’s smooth voice chuckle, “Having fun?”

Both you and Ben snap to the owner of the voice, both of you freezing like statues. In the dark kitchen you see its Kylo, casually leaning against the fridge with his arms crossed across his chest. You spoke too early.

But it almost looks like he’s smiling.

It feels like a full minute. A full minute of silence, staring and an awkward atmosphere suffocating
But then to your complete horror, Ben starts grinding into you slowly, uncaring for his brother watching you both intently.

“All-ben, what the f-fuck” you whisper with your hand coming back to push against his chest. But he continues to slowly push into you, locking eyes with his brother briefly before flicking back down to you.

All three of you can hear the obnoxiously loud and very distinct sound of your wet cunt squishing from every slow thrust inside you. Your arm is still stretched out behind you and planted against Ben’s chest, but it does nothing to dissuade his course. His toned chest just pushes into your hand as his hips move into you.

And any morally good and sane person would try to stop this, but, it just feels too fucking good. The more Ben plunges into your heat, the more you don’t actually want him to stop. So your hand comes back and braces against the bench, your mind and body succumbing to your depraved and sinful desires.

Ben grunts, “Good girl” with both of his hands gripping your hips tightly.

Then he’s picking his speed back up and setting a harder pace than from before. Its almost like he’s showing off. Ben bounces you back on his cock and you can’t help locking eyes with Kylo.

Disbelief floods through you at the fact he seems so chill with what’s happening before his eyes. He watches you intensely, but his breathing is calm and his face is blankly unfazed by what you’re doing. He could be watching paint dry for all you know.

But when your eyes flick down, Kylo can’t hide the fact he’s got an erection, which is straining the fabric of his sweatpants. Then your mouth falls open more as he surprises. Kylo unfolds his arms and starts to palm his member, unashamedly looking at you while he does so. You can see the outline of his long thick shaft when his fingers try to wrap around the clothed monster.

You notice Kylo looking between your bouncing chest and blissed out face. He bites his lip and looks so fucking ready to jump your bones. You just know he’d happily push Ben out of the way and out of you, then take his place and fuck you from behind.
You can picture it now. Each brother shoving each other out of the way and fighting amongst each other. You can see them trying to stuff their swollen cocks inside you, but failing as they keep ripping one another away. Of course your fantasy ends with you telling them to wait and share.

But reality pulls you back with a sharp snap delivered to your guts. Your eyes open and go wide as you watch Kylo reach into his sweatpants, pull out his cock and stroke the thick thing right in front of you.

Kylo is jerking off to the sight of you getting fucked by his brother. Which is a lot better than your fantasy, because at least you’re being satisfied.

Then Kylo leans forward, the hand that was around his girth outstretched in front of your face as he commands, “Spit”. Your mouth is already open at this point, so you do as he says and gather your saliva. Then he’s leaning back with your slick in his palm and stroking himself with that hand.

Holy fuck this is hot.

Kylo hypnotizes you, from the way his large hand engulfs his thick girth and strokes lazily. He starts off slow, then works himself up to the same pace Ben is pillaging you with. You watch as Kylo’s hand glides up his thick manhood, and you lick your lips at the sight of pre-cum dribbling down, just to be collected and smeared along his length in his fist.

Kylo’s eyes linger on your face, then shift down to your bouncing tits again. You can see his hand tightening, his knuckles almost turning white as he tries to mimic your pussy with his fist.

When Ben picks up his pace, so does Kylo. With all of you choking on groans, grunts and gasps, the only sound available is the TV in the other room, the squelch of your cunt and the slight smacking of flesh. You’re all too loud in your opinion. The microwave finished a while ago. All of you were just too busy to notice.

Ben leans forward and whispers by your ear, “Look at Kylo, he’s so weak for you.”

You watch as Kylo grips the bench beside him, trying to keep it down as he jerks himself. Then his mouth falls open slightly as he watches his brother snake one hand under your shirt and cup your breast, massaging the plump flesh in his palm.
Ben chuckles and mouths along your neck before whispering, “See, he wants you so bad.”

The situation and the filthy words whispered in your ear has your entire body tensing. But so is your pussy, which is clenching unbearably tight and triggering Ben’s climax. He surges forward and bites your shirt that’s bunched up by your shoulders, muffling his cry.

Ben crashes his hips into yours, his hot cum pouring into you in spurts as his world turns upside down. His body fulfills his desire by stuffing you to the hilt, leaving no space between your bodies as he empties his very soul inside you. Ben huffs rhythmically as he pulses inside you, jerking into you everytime your cunt clenches around him.

Ben can’t help it, he needs to stay inside you for a while. He loves savoring the feel of your tightness around him and the exquisite high from his orgasm.

But then it’s very quiet.

You didn’t even realize your eyes were closed, not until you open them and find Kylo has stopped jerking off as well. He instead squeezes the head of his cock in his fist. You frown at this, but soon figure out he’s trying to hold off his own orgasm. Your cunt gives another clench at that thought, making Ben hiss and jerk into you.

Ben leans up to whisper by your ear, “I’m sorry you didn’t get to cum, I’ll make it up to you.”

And before you can ask how, he sends his brother a quick look, then he’s pulling out of your heat. You gasp, and he groans. Then you’re suddenly being flipped around, your shorts and panties are ripped down your legs.

Looking down, you see Kylo kneeling in front of you, lifting your legs one by one to pull your bottoms off and away, then he’s standing up and hoisting you up in his arms. You squeak at the sudden change in altitude, but wrap your legs around his waist and your arms do the same to his neck. With every step Kylo takes, the head of his cock bobs against your pussy and finally pushes against your soaking hole as he pushes you against the pantry door.

You can see Ben behind Kylo and tucking his sopping wet dick back in his boxers, smiling down at it and the fact your arousal still coats his member. He wants to keep your essence on him for a bit longer, since he already misses you. Even though you’ve sated the sex-beast for now, nothing will ever be enough for Ben, he will always need and want you.
But your attention flicks back to Kylo when he groans. This time from your arousal sliding down his length and slightly dipping the tip up inside you. Your folds stretch around his head and happily welcome him, but Kylo is too horny and overwhelmed to take the same slow precaution Ben did with you.

He kisses you hungrily and playfully nips your lip. Then he’s sliding his tongue into your mouth and impaling you with his cock. Thankfully his mouth was on yours, otherwise you wouldn’t have been able to muffle your scream.

You’re gasping into Kylo’s mouth as he pushes tiny squeaks from you. He’s fucking you harder than Ben did. With his wide chest pressed under yours and his grip on your ass keeping you up, you were in the right position for him to snap his stiff length into you eagerly.

Your eyes are shut tight as your body and tits jump from very thrust, you’re both panting heavily, which you’re sure can be heard in the lounge room. Kylo’s open mouth is pressed against the crook of your neck, giving you the privilege to hear every grunt and moan he makes.

Your ankles hook together and keep his waist close to your, eagerly making sure he doesn’t leave too much space between you two. Even though he needs room to pull back and thrust into you.

And as you enjoy Kylo’s robust length stretching your walls, brushing past your sensitive sponge and making a home in your cunt, your eyes fly open the second Ben starts to cause a ruckus. You watch over Kylo’s shoulder as Ben makes a point to be as noisy as he can be, whipping open cabinets and slamming them shut just as loudly. He drops and slams down bowls and cups on the bench.

And as soon as Ben started making all of that noise, that’s when Kylo picked up his pace, fucking you harder and faster. Then you realize, Ben is being noisy just so you and Kylo can be. The slap of flesh is clearly noticeable, but muffled by packets being ripped open, cutlery clanging and other random things Ben can make noise with.

But dread soon shoots through you when you hear from the other room, “JESUS, WILL YOU KEEP IT DOWN IN THERE!” Han shouts loudly and startling all of you.

The small hairs on your body prickle in fear, the thought of being caught by Han spiking anxiety
through you. Kylo stutters to a slower pace, but continues to fuck you. But seems he can’t make up his mind. He becomes more insistent in piercing you with his cock, massaging both of your sexes and trying to trigger your climaxes.

And then Ben shouts back just as loud with a genius comeback, “I CAN’T FIND THE SALT!”

“JESUS CHRIST, THREE PEOPLE IN THERE AND NOT ONE OF YOU CAN FIND THE SALT!”

Ben doesn’t reply, which has Han shouting, “IF I HAVE TO COME IN THERE, SO HELP ME GOD-“

“NEVER MIND, FOUND IT” Ben shouts back.

Another cabinet is whipped open and slammed shut, the saltshaker also slammed down just as loud. As Ben makes more racket, Kylo buries his face in your neck, inhaling your sweet scent with his thrusts growing erratic.

Then he groans into your skin, “Please, I need you to cum. I don’t know how much longer I can last.” And you could cum instantly if you wanted to, but this feels just too good. You want Kylo to keep fucking you and you want to keep the same blissful sensation that is repeatedly being pounded into you.

Gripping his shirt and hair in fistfuls, you moan lowly, “Not yet. You feel too good!”

And Kylo groans in response. As your body jumps up and down the pantry door, Ben continues to make a racket as he watches you both. Then Kylo stops for a minute.

“Kylo, what the fuck?”

He doesn’t answer you. Instead he keeps you pinned to the door with his hips and moves his arms to unhook your legs and pull them forward. You whine while he grips under your ass and rests both of your knees over his forearms, leaving your cunt open and on display.
He’s still inside you, throbbing and pulsing with need. Kylo leans back and looks down, smiling at his cock buried deep inside you.

He admires your sexes and purrs, “Look at you. Such a good girl, taking my big cock in your little pussy so well.”

He draws back and you can’t help looking. Your eyes land on his shaft withdrawing from you wet and throbbing. You gasp at the sight, truly amazed at what you’re seeing, it’s like high quality porn. You watch as he slides back in, and you both can’t help groan loudly.

This times he stays pressed against you and gives no warning for what happens next.

With your hot center spread open and on display, Kylo snaps into you shallowly, jostling your inside while his pelvic bone grinds into your clit. You bite him just in time as well, because he lifts you just a little bit higher and starts fucking right into your g-spot.

Then you’re gone

You’re pushed over the edge immediately and your pussy takes Kylo hostage. You clamp around him so tightly that he can barely leave your heat. But he doesn’t mind, not when his own orgasm is triggered.

But he does hate choking down his own roar, since it’s in his nature to be vocal. With his entire body seizing sporadically, Kylo instead he grunts quietly, pushing his lips into your neck and finally sucking your skin into his mouth and biting.

You both eventually come to a stop, the thick flesh of Kylo’s cock lodged deep within you and pulsing as it empties a river of cum inside you. Ben is quiet as well, finally tipping the popcorn into the two bowls and filling up a few cups with water. There’s different lolly bags and chips as well, scattered over the bench.

You and Kylo are breathing so heavily your bodies shake with every drag of oxygen in your lungs. Kylo is losing his strength, his ability to keep you up is failing him. But not wanting to depart from your velvet core, Kylo moves you both and sits you on the bench near Ben. With Kylo’s face hidden in your neck, you hardly flinch as Ben comes up behind you and nuzzles your other side. He places soft kisses on your neck and licks at your skin.
Kylo locks his arms around your waist and presses himself so deeply into you, that it’s like he wants to be stuck to you permanently. You kiss his collarbone before turning your head and capturing Ben in a kiss. Your hand reaches back and tangles in Ben’s locks, keeping him in place.

This feels right. This feels good.

Ben sucks your bottom lip before pulling away and returning with a glass of water, urging you to drink. And as you do, Kylo rubs soothing circles on your inner thighs with his thumbs with his mouth attached to your collarbone.

You finish the entire glass and Ben smiles at you. He takes the glass from you and as he places it down, you grab his shirt and pull him back down for another kiss, which he’s all too happy to return. Then the feel of Kylo pulling his softening cock from you, has you gasping into Ben’s mouth. Kylo lifts his head from your shoulder and pulls your face towards him.

He’s still breathing hard, which you don’t help in making better since you guide his mouth back to yours. He kisses you tiredly, but passionately, his mouth devoted to yours as you both steal each other’s breath.

Then your body jerks when you all hear, “WILL YOU THREE HURRY UP!”, with Han growing impatient in the other room.

Kylo breaks the kiss first and leans his forehead against yours. He stays like that for a few seconds and eventually whispers, “Come on.”, and he’s helping you back down on the ground. He tucks himself back in his pants and is quick to find your panties and shorts. He puts them back on for you as you lean against the bench.

They’re at your knees when he halts and shoots a look to Ben, who comes around to stand beside him. Then Kylo looks directly at your heat, which has Ben doing the same. You suddenly feel shy under both of their gazes, locked in on your core. They smile at your perfect little pristine pussy, the combined cum from both brothers leaking down your thighs.

But they growl when your hands come down to cover yourself.

They rip your hands away and spread your legs, each cupping one of your thighs by your knee and dragging their palms up. They’re wiping their cum from your legs. You jerk away when they get too close to your sensitive pussy, which has Kylo whispering up to you, “Babe, you’re a wet mess
down here.”, and Ben adds, “We’re just cleaning you up.”

“Oh” is all you can think to say.

Kylo cups your pussy, smiling when you shiver and ever so slightly grind down into his palm. Your thighs are sort of better now, but still feel sticky. You’re going to need another shower. The boy’s smile at their work, pulling your bottoms up and walking to the sink to wash their sticky hands.

With you feeling and looking relatively normal, you grab a bowl of popcorn, a few packets and cups. The boys do the same, but with Ben holding the majority of the glasses. Then you all walk back to the lounge room, handing one bowl to Han and your mom, and placing the drinks on the coffee table.

Matt gives his brother’s a knowing look, but says nothing.

Han grumbles, “Finally”, and shovels a handful of popcorn in his mouth. Your mom laughs and calls him a pig while you sit back in your spot. You hand the popcorn to Ben who happily starts eating it. Matt has moved into your corner spot, so you grab a pillow and place it over his crotch, then you lay down with your head on the pillow.

Matt smiles down at you and gently cups your hip, careful not to do anything inappropriate in front of the parents. Kylo plops next to Matt and you shove your feet into Ben’s thighs, which has him gripping your ankle and rubbing circles into your skin.

Your mom presses play on the movie she’s chosen once everyone is settled.

Even though you feel sticky and sweaty, you can’t fight your eyelids from closing. But as the TV becomes distant white-noise to you, you smile at the thought of christening another room. You’re not even ashamed.

And frankly, neither are Kylo or Ben.
If the couch could speak, it would say, “Stop fucking teasing me and just fuck already. Too many times have you almost fucked on me. DO IT NOW!”
You can say that handling criticism from strangers, is not one of your strongest suits.

It all started at the end of the day.

You’re at the library for your usual shift and re-stocking the shelves. Hidden between towering bookcases, you’re just doing your thang, when your phone vibrates from a text. Humming to yourself while thumbing an encyclopedia, you grab the rectangle from your skirt pocket and flip it around the right way.

A text from an unknown number reads on your lock screen with a message of, “Nothing lasts forever. But I hope your suffering does. You deserve it, bitch.”

Uhhhh, ok what?

You unlock your phone to see if there’s more to the message, but find it’s the same as what you just read. Your face scrunches up into different versions of confusion and disbelief. The only thing you can think right now is, ‘Not this bullshit again!’

A book smacking your ass pulls you out of your thoughts, just as a cackle announces who hit you. Rey smirks a few steps away from you, ready to bolt the second you try to hit her back. But her smile falters when she see’s you frowning down at your phone.

“Hey, what’s up?”, she asks while hesitantly walking towards you.

You wordlessly hand her the phone. She takes a long time scanning over the message, but she reacts differently from last time.

Her head slowly rises and you’re met with a damn smile. Then at the top of her lungs, she yells, “PHASMAAAAA!”, which has everyone in the library turning in your direction.
You quickly clasp a hand over her mouth, “Jesus fuck, Rey. Keep it down.”, then you look around the room and mutter apologies to the disgruntled students.

She shakes her head against your hand, but soon rips it away when she see’s a fuming Phasma stomping up the aisle, “Why the fuck, did you yell my name!”

“Because of this!”, Rey hands her your phone.

Phasma skims over it in the same fashion Rey did. But you’re surprised to see the same amused gaze fixed in her features. Her head has to only tilt up a fraction to look at you and Rey, “And so the anonymous bitch strikes again!”

You whisper-shout, “What! The fuck! Why are you guys happy?”

Rey answers, “Because ever since the first message, we’ve been tracking this prick.”

You look between your friends, “Yeah I knew that, but you guys have never updated me on what happened. The whole thing just kind of fell off the radar.

You look between your friends as Rey gives a casual shrug. You huff, “So are you going to tell me what’s been happening, or what?”

Phasma explains while fiddling with your phone, “After we told you to block that number, we forwarded all texts from that number to a prepaid phone we bought. They’ve been sending messages periodically and we’ve been tracking the signal. After we started getting close to them, they dropped off the map.”

“Why?”

Rey shrugs her shoulders, “We don’t know? We’ve been waiting for weeks for another text, but nothing came through.”

You mumble, “Until now.”, then your eyes narrow accusingly, “Wait, so you two have been doing this the entire time, and didn’t tell me.”
They both nod, but Rey is the only one that looks sheepish. Phasma looks hard and unfazed by your accusing tone and glare.

“Why?”

Rey tries to calm you with her caring voice, “We didn’t want to worry you, not when you look so happy.”

Damn, is it that obvious. Do they know it’s because of the triplets.

Phasma nods with the coldness lessened in her expression, “We can tell that things are going great with the triplets and we didn’t want to ruin it, with a problem we’re going to fix.”

Ok, so it is obvious.

But it’s also oddly comforting to hear, even though they’ve been keeping you in the dark for weeks. You’re sort of thankful, because you can feel your anxiety spiking at the thought of someone sending you hateful messages for the past few weeks.

You frown slightly, but then turn to them with a weak smile, “Thank you. I mean it, you guys are too good.”

Rey tries to play off your compliment, but fails with her mega-watt smile. Phasma is better at hiding her pride with a simple shrug of her shoulders, “Don’t worry about it.”

You’re not worrying, nope not you. Not worried one single bit.

At least, until you think out loud, “Wait! So why was it so hard to find out who it is?”

“Because the first number belonged to a burner phone. There were no contracts, plans or names attached to it, so we had to rely on catching the person in the act.”
Your confused frown has Rey explaining further, “We have a map with the location where every message was sent from, even the times.”

Phasma looks around before whispering, “We guess it’s someone from Uni that’s harassing you.”

And you snort, “Well I didn’t need a map to figure that out. I don’t go anywhere else.”

Your friends give you a scrunched up look, displeased at your little jab. After all, they have worked hard to narrow down this person.

You huff, “So what happens now then?”

Phasma answers, “We start over with the new number and see if a pattern emerges similar to the last number.”, and Rey is quick to finish her sentence, “Then we can anticipate their next location.”

You can’t helping voicing your thoughts, “Sounds tedious and very much like fishing.”

Rey is all too happy to agree, “Exactly!”

But one thing is still on your mind, “So you said they’ve been sending a few messages.”

Your friends nod slowly with their eyes pinched at the corners. They have a feeling of where you’re going with this.

You brush your finger up and down the spine of a book and nonchalantly ask, “What did they say?”

And Phasma is quick to shoot you down, “We’re not going to tell you or show you. No matter how much you ask to see them. It’s for your own good.”

Rey nods her agreement. Both of them have never looked so set on a decision. From you though, a mix between a grumble and a growl emanates from your throat in retaliation as you stomp your foot.
But taking in a deep breath, you cast aside the dramatics and concede to them. They’re just trying to look out for your wellbeing, both mentally and physically. The only thing that irks you though, is that someone must really hate you to still be so focused on you. You haven’t actually hurt anyone to receive such an obsessive and hateful fan.

But you do have an idea of who it might be. You just hope the threats are empty.

Rey claps her hands and happily cheers, “Ok, enough of the doom and gloom.” she looks between you both, “Now that you’re all caught up, I say we have some fun tonight. Just us girls!”

Phasma looks apprehensive, but changes when Rey gives her a pleading look. Then they’re both looking at you.

“I don’t know………”, you say while toeing the ground with your shoe.

“Come on, I’m sure the triplets can handle your absence for one night!”

You whisper to yourself, “Hahaha, you’d be surprised. They some thirsty boys.”

And Rey squawks, “What was that?”

But you’re quick to brush it aside, “Nothing! I’m in!”

Then the little brunet is bouncing in her spot, “Yayyy, we’re having a sleepover at my house!”

“Oh, but (Y/N) and I still need to go home and get our pj’s.”, Phasma cuts in and Rey happily nods along, “Sure, sure.”

Then Phasma turns to you, “I’ll pick you up on the way there.”, and you thank her with a smile and nod.
After that little convo, Rey talks incessantly about what you guys are going to do that night. Then not long after, you’re getting in the car with the triplets and heading home to pack.

As usual, they follow you into your room, ready to ‘study’.

But they frown when they see you pull out a overnight bag and stuff your pajamas and toiletries in it.

Ben asks first, “What are you doing?”

You look at all of them, who’ve made themselves at home in your room. Ben and Matt are sprawled out on your bed and Kylo is propped up in the alcove by your window. The lounge like bay looks small when he sits there.

“I’m going to a sleepover at Rey’s. Its just me, her and Phasma.”

Every single one of them start pouting, even Kylo, although his is minimal for his blank face.

But Ben is quick to bounce into a sitting position, “Great, looks like we’re coming as well!”

His smile and eagerness to join you is hard to resist, especially when Matt the sweetheart is propped up on his elbows and looking just as pleading. You hum out loud, not really sure how to tell them, no.

“Rey just wanted a girls night.”

Ben shuffles forward to the foot of the bed and juts his bottom lip out, “Please!”, and even Matt’s eyes seem to shimmer now. Like anime eyes.

You roll your eyes and groan, “Fine, I’ll ask.”

Ben cheers, “Yeah boyyyyyy, we’re having a sleepover!”, and leans back to slap Matt’s stomach.
“I said I’ll ask, not that you can come yet.”, you say while pulling out your phone.

But Matt insists anyway, “Too late, we’re coming now!”

You shake your head while Ben tugs you forward by the waistband of your skirt. His arms wrap around your waist when you dial Rey’s number.

She answers quickly with, “Well, well, well, let me guess. The triplets want to come.”

An expression close to ‘What the fuck’, falls across your face.

You shake your head with your hand coming up to comb through Ben’s soft locks, “Yeah, how’d you guess?”

“Honestly, how could I not. You’re so weak for those boys!”

You scoff loudly, “I am not!”

“Yes you are!”

Ben nudges you, so you huff, “Whatever, can they come?”

Matt shuffles to the end of the bed as well and sits next to Ben. Then he’s maneuvering Ben so they each get one side of your body. Matt loops one arm around your bare thigh and Ben does the same, making you spread your legs a bit. Their other hands run up and down the length of your body, before eventually settling on your ass.

You try not to gasp and grumble when they lift your singlet up over your breasts. They’re at level with your lace covered chest and unashamedly kiss and bite you. Matt sucks at your nipple through your bralette, dampening the fabric enough that you can feel it. Ben nibbles at your other nipple and smirks when your tilt the phone away to muffle a moan.
Rey finally answers, “Yeah they can come. Finn found out from me and Hux found out from Phasma. And of course we can’t leave out Poe, so now he’s coming along as well.”

You try to keep your voice level as the boys attach your chest, “Wow, so the whole gang is coming tonight.”

“You try to keep your voice level as the boys attach your chest, “Wow, so the whole gang is coming tonight.”

“Yep, looks like it. But there’s one condition.”

You breathlessly huff, “What?”

You can hear the sinister intent in her voice as he tries not to giggle, “All the boys have to participate in the girly things we were going to do. I’m talking masks, painting nails, playing with each others hair and gossiping!”

You would smile, if you currently weren’t trying to contain your moans. But you do manage to mumble, “Ha ha, good. I’ll be doing my baby’s and you can do Finn.”, with Kylo being the only one to see your small, but evil smile.

But the triplets perk up at the sound of that. You’ll be doing your BABY’S!

Ben is the first to yell, “ORGY!”

And you slap the back of his head while Rey chuckles, “I heard that. Tell him I called him a pervert.”

You relay the message and he happily answers, “Ha ha, you know it!”, then he’s squeezing your ass and nuzzling your chest. Even Matt is playful in squeezing your other cheek, except his other hand slowly glides up your inner thigh and squeezes the flesh right below your heat.

You end up pulling Matt’s hair with your free hand. All he does is smile and lick a stripe over your pointed nipple. You look to his brother, who is grazing his lips over your other hardened bud. Your bralette is so wet with their saliva. Matt makes sure to rub his fingers softly along your clothed lips, smirking while doing so.
You barely hear Rey when she says, “I gotta get going and buy some snacks, so I’ll see you soon.”, which has you muttering quickly, “Ok cool, I’ll bring the booze then, see ya soon.”

Then you’re hanging up quickly, tossing your phone and tacking the boys as best as you can. They tumble backwards as you attack their ribs with your fingers, making them hunch in on themselves, wriggle and laugh loudly. They squirm up the bed, but you follow them and pin them both under you. Like this you can bite all over them as punishment. But they don’t seem to mind.

You grumble at them for distracting you while talking to Rey, you call them your horny little sluts and they actually whimper happily. You’re on top of Matt and Ben with your knees planted between their legs, trapping them in place. You alternate between them by tickling them and whispering sweet things, but then you feel the bed dip behind you and strong arms wrapping around your stomach.

Kylo’s smooth voice get’s closer to your ear as he hovers above your back, “So an orgy tonight? I didn’t know you were into that?”

You playfully push your ass back into Kylo as you laugh, “Chill out, we just meant you guys have to participate in all the girly things we were going to do. You know, facials, nail polish and I’m going to play the fuck out with your hair.”

Ben’s dirty mind is quick to supply, “Did you hear that Matty. Facials!”

And you roll your eyes and lightly slap Ben’s chest, “Not those kind of facials, you nasty boy!”, you shake your head and jerk back, “No, tonight you’re all mine!”

Kylo’s hips are quick to return your movement as he seductively whispers, “Aren’t we every night.”

And the suggesting tone doesn’t escape you. The situation you’re in, is without a doubt the closest the four of you have ever been. And the situation in essence, is nothing but sexual.

You’re on all fours, with your knees planted between Ben and Matt’s legs. In fact, the top of your thigh is rubbing against their crotches. Kylo is behind you and has already started to grind into your ass. This has your body rocking, thus rocking into Ben and Matt’s sizable manhood’s.
You can feel everyone of them growing in their pants, which has a proud and wicked smile spreading across your face. Each triplet breathes a pleasured sigh when you roll your hips. Kylo has his arms banded around your waist and subtly pulls you back against his growing member. You keep yourself up with one arm planted between Matt and Ben.

No one is speaking now. There’s no need to. Not even Ben has anything to say in this moment. Its just the four of you silently and slowly getting use to doing this. Doing it together.

Your supple thighs are no match for your tight little pussy, but it still feels nice for their dicks getting achingly hard beneath their jeans. You’re still trying to keep your top half up, which isn’t that hard with Kylo’s vice-like grip around your waist. But this gives Matt and Ben the perfect view down your cleavage.

Your tits subtly sway with every grind from Kylo, making your chest all the more tantalizing. Ben can’t help in grabbing a handful and brushing his thumb over your pointed nipple. Matt copies and shows the same attention to your other breast. The hand that isn’t holding your body up, snakes behind Matt’s head and yanks him forward, putting his lips right next to yours.

You kiss him fiercely and start to roll your hips a little faster. And that one movement has each man moaning a little louder. The awkward position that has Matt’s back arched towards you, puts too much strain on his spine. He falls back from the kiss, but Ben is quick to take his place and kiss you just as passionately.

He too can’t stay like that for long, considering your body is lower down on theirs. But that doesn’t stop them from doing crunches down to kiss you every so often. You can feel Kylo swiveling his hips into you and place kisses on your exposed shoulders. He’s all too happy to unclip your bra, kneel back on his knees and pull you back with him.

His brothers watch as Kylo pulls your bralette from you and toss it aside. Then his large hands come around and knead your full tits in his hands. They moan at the sight and sit up to push his hands away. Matt and Ben are both quick to suck your nipples into their mouth and lave at the peak.

You moan with your eyes falling shut and head falling back on Kylo’s shoulder. The eldest triplet snakes one hand around to cup your pussy and play with it. He grinds his cock into your ass and watches as your cradle his brother’s heads to your chest.

He can feel your arousal seeping through your thong, making his eyes roll back and a groan of his own to tumble from his mouth. But he needs more, so Kylo commands to all of you, “Lay back
down."

His brother’s comply and watch through hooded eyes as Kylo pushes you back down on top of them. This way you’re ass up, chest down and helpless as the men around you manipulate your body.

So the only sounds you can hear, in the panting, wet sloppy kisses and the sound of clothing rustling together. Your bed makes a faint squeaking sound at having so much weight on top of it.

Your eyes fall shut at the feel of this. It’s like you’re fully encased by the Solo men. They’re all around you. And this does feel nice, but your clit feels kind of neglected. So your grab Matt’s hand that’s squished next to Ben, and you guide it to your pussy.

He happily cups your sex and starts to massage up and down your slit, using the heel of his palm to grind into your nub. A groan leaves your mouth, spiking each triplets need to have you moaning more. Kylo falls forward with his forehead planted between your shoulder blades. He pulls your hips up higher, like a dog presenting their cunt.

This way he can grind into you harder and his brothers can stimulate your pussy without his arms getting in the way. Matt and Ben get off on the resulting friction from Kylo humping into you.

Kylo rocks into you and you rock into Matt and Ben, like a perfect little pleasure circle.

Matt’s hand is still at your pussy, but soon has company when Ben’s hand slithers down for a piece of the action. Ben spoons under Matt’s hand, but down a little further to rest lower at your pussy. Matt concedes to just rubbing and teasing your clit, leaving Ben with your entrance.

Your forehead is resting against Matt and Ben’s muscled shoulders pushed together, making a meaty pillow for you. Your arms weakly switch between touching their chests, feeling over the skin of their neck and pulling at their hair. Sometimes one of them nudges you with their shoulder, urging you to look up so they can kiss you.

Just as Ben steals another kiss from you, Matt pulls your panties to the side and briefly pushes Ben’s fingers out of the way so he can gather your arousal on his fingers. Ben growls and aggressively pushes Matt’s fingers out of the way. The action bumps your sex and has you moaning.
But the boys resume their teasing. Matt can slide his sticky fingers over and around your exposed clit, and Ben now dips his finger into your hole, teasing your entrance. All the while Kylo huffs behind you and starts to unzip his jeans and pull them down his thighs.

You feel Kylo lift off you for a few seconds, then he’s back on you and flipping your skirt up your back and pressing his underwear clad cock against your ass. Then he starts to slowly saw his dick against your ass. He does it slowly but forcefully, which has your thighs rubbing the same delicious friction against his brother’s very hard cocks.

Everyone is moaning loudly now.

The heat all around you has a light sheen of sweat coating your exposed skin, but nothing that can make the triplets lose their grip on you. Matt and Ben grip your biceps, while Kylo grips the bare flesh of your hips. Each of them anchor you down and hold you in place as they grow wild with the sensation your rubbing on their cocks.

Your own pussy isn’t fairing well when Matt strokes three fingers around your clit and alternates pressure on the little button. Ben slides one long thick finger into your pussy, causing you to gasp, “Oh, fuck!”

Each triplet responds with a curse of their own.

Then Kylo laughs, “You like this don’t you? Being used by all three of us at the same time to get off.”

A weak, “Yes”, from you has Kylo chuckling darkly, Matt whimpering and Ben just moaning, “Fuck, you’re filthy, sis!”

Kylo pulls back enough to deliver a soft, but loud and satisfying smack to your ass. The action has your insides twisting and his brother’s smiling wickedly.

After a while though, Kylo wants more. With your ass barely being covered by your thong, he pulls his dick free and starts to grind into your behind. The copious amount of pre-cum from Kylo is slathered on your exposed cheeks, making them slippery. This has the raven-haired man sawing into you harder, thus pushing you into Ben and Matt harder.
Ben has decided to just keep his finger curled and stuffed as deeply as he can inside you. He doesn’t have to move. Not when Kylo rocks you for him. No, Kylo does all the work and has you fucking yourself on Ben’s thick digit and rubbing into Matt’s fingers.

You’re a moaning mess and at the mercy of these three men.

Matt has his eyes closed with his glasses thrown on the floor. Ben grips your wrist and has started to lick and suck your index finger. His plush lips and velvet tongue makes you remember the many times they’ve been on your cunt. You can’t help in snaking your hand under Matt’s shirt and teasing his nipple into a hard peak. Then you alternate between twisting lightly, pinching and flicking the hardened bud. Matt likes it a lot.

You can feel both men beneath you buck up into you, thrusting in the pursuit of their high. Kylo has hooked the gusset of your thong up and slipped his dick underneath it. He lets the band lightly snap back on his cock, Making him grunt. Your thong keeps him in place as he drives into you. The soft fabric on top of his member, is a heady contrast to your wet flesh beneath him.

It’s all so intoxicating, especially when Kylo realizes he’s going to cum in front of his brothers and they in front of him. This alone has him grunting with every powerful thrust into you. The sound of his thighs and lower stomach smacking into your ass is pornographic, pushing even Matt and Ben to rub your insides and outside of your pussy faster. They imagine they’re balls deep inside your cunt and fucking you into oblivion.

Soon enough though, they might be.

You stretch up their bodies more so you can comfortably kiss Matt. Ben edges closer to you to nip and kiss along your jaw, while tangling his fingers in your hair. Both brother’s take turns in stealing your breath, kissing you into a stupid mess of tongue, teeth and saliva. You share the same air but frankly, you feel breathless in the arms of these three sex-gods.

Kylo is snapping his hips now and grunting with every thrust. With you closer to Matt and Ben, they can more forcefully pillage your pussy. Ben has two fingers inside you now and Matt uses your desire to slide his warm calloused fingers over your nub harder and faster.

You keen in the back of your throat and push your body backwards and forwards, actively humping the boys beneath you and helping Kylo. You fist Matt’s hair and Ben’s shirt while you moan into their mouths.
Its all so much. But you’re not really fucking them. No, you’re just doing some innocent little humping. You almost can’t wait for what it’ll be like when you actually fuck all three.

That very thought, has you writhing in the middle of this beef sandwich and whining when you reach the precipice of your release. Ben can feel it in the way your start to clench around his fingers. Matt can tell by the way you rake your nails down his chest and claw his shirt. Kylo smiles when you reach one hand back and grip his wrist.

All it takes is one more thrust.

And you cum with a muffled shriek.

Each triplet groans at the sound of your climax, quickly following you over the edge. Matt and Ben spill their hot seed in their pants and clutch you so tightly you’re going to bruise. Matt gasps, “CHRIST!”, and bucks into your thigh while squeezing your hip. Ben can feel your pussy contracting around his fingers, so he can’t help in moaning, “Fuck, sis! So fucking tight!”

But both of them can feel your climax drenching their hands, making a very wet mess.

Kylo groans your name and cums with a deep and feral growl, “Fuuuuuck, that feels good!”, shooting his cum up your back and between your cheeks. He rolls his hips and humps into you so forcefully, that it jolts you into his brother’s cocks, making them whine as the last drops of cum spurt from them.

Each man cums with a groan that turn into pants of heavy breathing. They each shudder while bliss courses through their veins.

You’ve fallen completely limp on top of Matt and Ben, breathing haggard breaths as they happily catch your weight and hug you tightly.

Kylo pulls your thong away to free his dick. Then with a wicked smile, he lets your thong snap back against your sensitive flesh. You yelp at the sudden pinch, which has Ben chuckling and Matt weakly smoothing his hand up and down your bicep.

Kylo falls beside the blond, and you can see that his dick is hidden away beneath his briefs. You
reach a hand out and stroke his cheek affectionately, and Kylo weakly leans into your palm with a small smile. He kisses the inside of your hand and leans his head back down to rest his eyes.

Then its silent, with the exception of all of you panting.

You’re all sweaty, and in some way, have a splash of cum on each of you.

Kylo cummed on you, you cummed on Matt and Ben, and they cummed in their pants. Its almost a full circle. Almost.

The four of you stay like that for some time. That is, until your parents unceremoniously bust in from the garage and happily stomp through the house, announcing their unwanted arrival. But with them at the other side of the house, the four of you can dawdle in waking up and stretching.

Your underwear is back in place and free of large hands and long fingers. So you slide between Matt and Kylo, and they’re all happy to accommodate you.

Kylo wraps one strong arm around your middle and shuffles into you. Matt turns his head and cranes his neck to sleepily kiss the top of your head. Ben is the only one left out and is quick to whine your name. He tugs at your arm that is draped over Matt’s middle, trying to bring you back to him. But both Matt and Kylo grumble aggressively when they feel you being moved.

Ben gives up with a huff and makes do with your hand by holding it. But you reach up and stroke his cheek, making him smile from the little touch. You brush your thumb over his bottom lip and he playfully licks it.

“Ben!”, you whisper-gasp.

His deep chuckle rocks everyone as he holds your hand against his cheek. But then your damn phone starts to ring. You grumble at the cursed thing, but quickly make a move to fetch it. But its easier said than done. Being pinned between two beefcakes makes it hard to move. Especially when they keep you in place with their vice-like arms attached to you.

You try to move forward and whine, “I gotta answer it!”
They groan and eventually loosen their grip enough so you can slip free.

You crawl over Matt and Ben and hover over them. You find your phone somehow neatly placed by Ben’s head and answer with an agitated, “What!”

“Hey, can you pick up a couple pizza’s on the way as well.”, Rey’s chirpy voice greets you.

With you bent over and on display for the triplets, you’re not surprised to feel a hard-ish slap delivered to your ass. You swallow your yelp, as well as the attitude in your voice.

And Rey is none the wiser when you reply, “Yeah, sure. Text me what everyone wants. K byeeeeee.”, then just as you hang up, another slap is brought down on your other cheek, making you jolt forward.

You lock your phone with a growl and toss it on your pillow before rearing back and leaning over Kylo to smack his ass, hard. With just his briefs on, you can actually make him feel the sting of your hand through the cotton. He jerks into you at the surprising hit and fake gasps, “It wasn’t me!”

So you turn to Matt and snake your hand under his bottom, making him smirk, “Ha ha, you can’t smack me!”

You reply with a smirk of your own, “Oh yeah!”, then you pinch his ass through his jeans.

He jerks up with a yelp and pulls both of your hands together on his chest, locking them in his steely grip. You laugh in his face and he takes you by surprise by leaning up to kiss you. You’re both quick to get really into the kiss.

You end up lifting your leg over him and straddling his lap.

Kylo is quick to interrupt you guys, “Uh uh, none of that. We have a sleepover to get to.”
Ben is happy to suggest, “Or, we could just stay home, and (Y/N) can enjoy the pleasure of our company.”

And it sounds nice, to stay home with them, but you made a promise. You break away from Matt and sit up in his lap to say to the three of them, “Nah, Kylo’s right. I can’t just bail on Rey and Phasma.”

Matt growls when you swivel your hips. You’re such a tease. With his hands on your hips, he eventually asks, “Why did they want a sleepover anyway?”

You pause for a bit, not really sure what to say. You don’t want to tell them about the text, because you don’t want to worry them. You mind scrambles for a valid excuse, “Because it’s been awhile since we’ve had one. And Rey suggested it.”

Your reason makes sense, but if only you had said it more convincingly. The triplets have a feeling that there’s more to the story. But before they can ask, you’re leaping over Ben and walking around the bed to go to the bathroom.

You stop right before closing the door, “Get ready, we can’t be late.”, then you shut the door and lean against the wood.

You faintly hear Ben shout, “It’s a sleepover, not an appointment!”

After all that, you all have showers and get clean.

You hop in your pajamas, forgoing any proper clothes for leaving the house and just straight up looking ready to sleep. You shoulder your backpack and follow the triplets to Kylo’s car. Matt was happy to brief the parents on the situation, but cringed when Han leered at your mom, “Nice! We have the house to ourselves.”

Matt was quick to leave the room and join you guys in the car.

You all take off and pick up the pizza and booze on the way. Although, Ben does dare you to go in and collect the pizza’s, saying he’ll do what every you want if you do. You accept of course, and
now you have a favor from Ben in your pocket. You can ask him to do anything, and you will not be holding back.

With Kylo idling outside the pizza shop, you pump yourself up to walk in there. You take stock of your very revealing pajama’s and fluffy slippers, but push aside your nerves. Who cares. You look cute as fuck!

You hop out of the car and send them a wink before walking into the very crowded pizza shop. You give the teenager your name and he hands you the boxes, garlic bread and directs you to the fridge with the drinks.

You squeeze out of the shop with a stack of 5 different pizzas. The triplet’s watch as various men in the shop ogle you through the windows, some even knocking on the glass to gain your attention. But you’re focused on your men. They’re all you see.

The Solo men try to contain their anger, but Kylo can’t help in burning some rubber outside of the shop while glaring at the limp-dick scrawny boys inside. Then he’s peeling out of there and driving at least 20 miles over the speed limit. At the next stop, Kylo is the one to hop out and get the booze.

He’s quick and back in the car under 2 minutes. Then you’re all finally on your way to Rey’s.

The drive is kinda short and soon Kylo is pulling in behind Phasma’s SUV. You walk up and knock on the front door, which is promptly opened by a very drunk Hux.

“Yayyyyy, the food is finally here!”, he yells loudly gesturing for you guys to enter.

You make your way through Rey’s house and place the food on the coffee table in the lounge room. Then all of your friends are swarming around and grabbing slices to fill their plates.

You find a spot on the couch with Ben and Matt flanking you. Kylo sits between you legs on the floor and happily chomps down on his slice.

That night is filled with booze, laughs, food and snacks. Everything you could ask for, is in this
room. The people you care about and good times, jammed packed into the tiny room. You look around and thank the gods for your luck in finding such great people.

After many drinks and a few movies later, find yourself tying Kylo’s hair back and clipping Ben’s out of his face. Then you’re sitting in each triplets lap and applying their masks. And not one of your friends care. They see the intimacy and relationship between you and the triplets as precious and sacred. They would never shame you guys in your affection for each other.

You and your friends are like a family. So open and caring for each other. You can safely say that its better than all the years spent being shared between your parents. This right here is a family, and you couldn’t have asked for a better one.

So here you are. Siting with your family with everyone sporting a different coloured mask. You all watch as Hux and Poe apply each other’s masks. Its actually cute and funny to watch. Hux meticulously applies the blue mask to Poe with delicate brush strokes. And Poe just slaps the gooey mask on Hux.

Only Poe, Ben and surprisingly Kylo, are the bravest of the men to let you guys paint their nails. You paint Kylo’s nails black. Typical. And you coat Ben’s nails in a pretty dark and shimmery blue. Poe isn’t afraid to rock sparkly gold.

Your Solo men are all too happy to pamper you. You sit on the floor between Ben’s legs as he plays with your hair. Matt paints your nails and Kylo applies your mask. But Kylo starts to tickle your ribs, making you jerk so he can scold you for moving. You growl and lunge forward to kiss his lips.

Your friends cheer you guys on.

And you’ve never been more happy.
I was actually so keen to post this chapter because of the 'light smut' with all three of our boy's. And I know its not as intense as you were all hoping for, but damn it was still hot to write. I'm keen to hear what you guys thought about this chapter.

I hope y'all enjoyed :)

Oh, and a lil bit of drama sprinkled in as well, to help further the plot.
As Wednesdays go, today wasn’t so bad. It passes by so quickly that in no time you’re already driving home. And yes, you were driving home. Ben finally convinced you with a great deal of begging, pleading and charm, to drive yourself and the triplets to Uni today.

The last time you drove the boys around was the night of the festival, and while all three of them were drunk, this time they weren’t. This time, they were white-knuckling it down the highway as you booked it and weaved through traffic.

Ben and Matt were in the back, and Kylo was in the front with you. Every once in a while, you’d hear Matt mutter, “Christ!”, when you take a corner a little bit too fast. So with you smiling like a maniac and raging at slow drivers, the triplets were a little unnerved.

They were impressed by your driving skills, but more anxious to get home and park in the garage. The nice, safe, stationary garage.

You make it home in record time and smirk at the boys in the back through the mirror, who look rather glad to be home. You unbuckle and turn to find the triplets stock-still, unmoving as the engine dies down.

“We’re home!” you say in a singsong voice, which sort of wakes them from their daze.

Then Ben speaks up, “I think, we’ll stick with Kylo driving us around.”

“I agree.” Matt pipes in as well.

You honestly don’t mind being driven around, but the triplets look afraid that they’ve just insulted you. So you give them a reassuring smile, “That’s fine with me” and lean across the console and kiss Kylo’s cheek.
He gives you a small smile with his cheeks heating up. Fuck he loves it when you do that.

He’ll never get used to the affection you show him, especially in front of his brothers. But he thinks he’d die if you ever stopped.

Damn, you’ve got him wrapped around you finger.

Still caught in their daze, the triplets watch as you hop out of the car and saunter out of the garage, stopping at the door to wink at them before disappearing. The boys are paralyzed temporarily, but for a change, Ben is the first to dash out of the car and chase after you.

Then it’s like a mad rush as Matt and Kylo follow quickly.

Ben catches you in your room, but with your back turned to him you can’t see his hungry look as he eyes you up and down.

Throwing your bag on your bed, you ask, “So which subject do you want to study first?”

As you grab your notebooks out of your bag, a pair of strong arms wrap around your middle and someone noses the side of your head and says, “Sex education.”

Then you’re being spun around and pressed to a muscled chest. You look up to find Ben, the beautiful charmer, smoldering you with such intensity that you can’t help in making the first move. You stand up on your tippy toes and tug him down to kiss you. You can feel his smirk against your lips, the expression almost always on his face.

But the smirk he shows you is out of adoration. He smirks when he catches you checking him out, when you sometimes stumble over your words around him and everytime you say his name. Everything you do garners some sort of affectionate response from the triplets, but Ben is braver in displaying his appreciation. Kylo and Matt only show their appreciation in moments of privacy at uni.

But a true moment of privacy is rare, especially when each triplet is near you all the time. They’re eager to get you alone but find it hard when your pulled in every direction.
But no one is complaining. After all, this is what everyone wanted. So, the problem of sharing was always going to be a given.

Just as you and Ben really start getting into the kiss, Matt and Kylo waltz into the room and drop their bags loudly on the floor.

“Time to study!” Kylo announces rather loudly.

Ben breaks away from you and glares at Kylo. But it’s no match for the glare Kylo has perfected over the years. Ben is still cupping your face between his hands as he says, “Can you give us a few minutes here, we just got home.”

Matt kicks off his shoes and plops on your bed, “How long do you mean by a few minutes? 5 minutes or maybe 2.”, an amused smirk on his face.

Your gaze is zeroed in on Ben’s chest, which is heaving pretty heavily. His hands drop to his sides as he turns to Matt, “Maybe for you princess, but I can go for hours.”

With a snort, Matt laughs, “That sounds fake, but ok.”

“I guess it would sound fake to you, considering it sounds like you’re not very attentive to (Y/N)’s needs.” Oh boy! Your eyes are squinted and avoid meeting anyone else’s gaze.

And before you can defend Matt’s earth-shattering sexual abilities, he’s shooting up and snarling, “What the fuck does that mean!”

Ben squares up as well and gets in Matt’s grill, “Exactly what it sounds like. I’ve made (Y/N) cum so many times that I’ve lost count. I bet you can count on one hand the amount of times you’ve actually made her cum.”

A loud chuckle sounds behind you and you all turn to see Kylo leaning his perfect ass against your desk.
He weakly tries to hide his smile with his hand, but it falls away as he says, “Oh, I’m sorry. I just think it’s funny, considering I was the first to actually make her cum.”

Matt and Ben both squint disdainfully at Kylo with their mouths parted slightly.

Ben takes one step towards Kylo and says, “So? I bet you’re just a two pump chump. I’ve felt her cum on my cock at least five times in a row!”, then he steps up to you and hugs you while sweetly cooing, “Because I know how much our sweet little sister likes to cum on her brother’s cock.”, and he nuzzles your neck.

*Oh god, this is weird!*

Kylo bursts into a full body laugh before he says, “That’s rich, Ben. But it was only the other night when I watched you with (Y/N). You came within 5 minutes, maybe less. And in the end, it finished with her cumming on my cock, not yours!”

Ben is about to snarl something, but Matt cuts in and yells, “She likes me better though! She begs for my cum, like a greedy hoarder!”

“Can we not talk about this. This is weird enough without all of you discussing our private moments.”, you say softly, but apparently too softly as the triplets ignore you and continue arguing.

Kylo snorts another laugh, “So? She does the same with me buddy, you’re not special.”

This is the most uncomfortable situation you’ve ever been in and you have no idea what to do.

But then Matt is shouting, “ACTUALLY I WAS!”

Ben groans with irritation and sighs deeply, “Was what, mate? Be more specific, you mentally deficient fuck!”

You smack Ben and give him a glare while Matt growls, “I was the first to make (Y/N) cum.”
Your head snaps to Matt with a look of surprise and a hint of fear. Fuck, if you weren’t cringing before, you definitely are now. Both physically and internally.

Ben and Kylo just look at Matt funny. But after a few seconds of silence, they both start cackling at him. Matt looks absolutely dejected and enraged. You feel bad for Matt. His worth is no less than his brothers and you want all of them to know that, that they’re equal in your eyes.

So before Matt can do anything you shout, “IT’S TRUE!”

Kylo and Ben’s laughs stop almost instantly. Then it’s dead silent.

You push out of Ben’s arms and walk over to your dresser to lean against it and say, “Matt was the first to make me cum after Rey’s house party, so yes, technically Matt is the first. But it shouldn’t matter because you’re all equally amazing.”

The room is silent for a beat, which is probably worse than the bickering, since you can’t gauge their emotions accurately.

Then Matt shouts triumphantly, “HA, see I told you!”

“I don’t know what to do with this information.”, Ben says as he stares at the floor.

You look at Kylo to see him studying Matt, like the blond is some kind of alien. Both Kylo and Ben are wondering how Matt, the virginal looking nerd got you first.

But from your point of view, they’ve all completely missed what you were trying to make them understand. It’s like talking to three brick walls.

You answer Ben, “You don’t have to do anything, Ben. Just……….. argh I don’t know, stop being dicks and learn to get along.”, then you stomp into your bathroom and quickly turn around to shout, “And stop fucking telling each other what we do, ITS. PRIVATE!”, then you slam and lock the door before any of them can stop you.

After a few seconds you hear a knock on the door, but wanting some alone time, you turn the
shower on and pull your phone out to play music. The music and spray of the water are loud enough to block out the sounds behind the door. As you strip off and get in the shower, the triplets glare at each other before retreating to their own rooms.

Looks like no studying this afternoon.

By the time you get out of the shower, your mom and Han have come home from work. You’ve changed into comfortable clothing and your mom gives you a scrutinizing look, “Why are you wearing that?”

You look down and say, “What do you mean, it’s just my normal clothes.”

“Have you forgotten, it’s ‘Family Dinner Night’ tonight.”

You huff “Fuck!” and groan out loud.

“Excuse me?”, your mom doesn’t care for that language when it sounds directed at her.

Your back straightens on instinct as you mutter, “Nothing I……. I just forgot, that’s all.”

A small frown graces her features before turning neutral, “Well, why don’t you run upstairs and get ready, we’re leaving in an hour.”

You sigh, “Ok.”, and as you turn to leave, you hear your mom shout after you, “And remind your brothers as well.”

“Fine!”

You slowly stomp back upstairs, angry at the fact you have to get changed out of your comfy clothes.
When you reach the top, you growl to yourself and bust into Ben’s room, “Family dinner tonight, we leave in an hour.”, uncaring of the fact you just caught him masturbating with your panties shoved in his face. With his eyes wide like saucers, you don’t give him time to explain or say anything really, just say what you have to and close the door.

You move on to Kylo’s room and open the door, “We leave in an hour for family dinner night.”, the room is too dark to actually see anything. But all you get is an affirmative grunt from the dark. So you close the door and walk up to Matt’s room.

You take in a deep breath and decide to knock this time.

After exhaling and giving him a few seconds, you open his door, “Hey, we leave in an hour for family dinner night”.

Thankfully, Matt is sitting at his desk and appears to be studying with the various books scattered all over his desk. His gaze is locked on yours like you’ve just caught him doing something. Actually, his face is kind of flushed and he’s hunched slightly over his desk, like he’s trying to obscure something.

Where his desk is placed you can’t see his lap or the front of his body.

“O-ok, I’ll start getting ready now.”, he says rather sheepishly.

Which is weird, you thought he was past all the nervousness and shyness around you.

But shrugging it off internally, you nod and close his door. You close your eyes and sigh before opening them and heading back into your room to get ready.

When Matt hears the click of his door closing, he turns back in front of him and pulls your underwear out, the pair he quickly stuffed under a textbook. He wraps it back around his cock and strokes his thick flesh faster. The soft cotton is damp from his pre-cum and is starting to smell more like him everyday. Matt has half a mind to clean them and throw them in the wash, because then you can wear them again and he’ll have fresh panties that smell like you.
Recycling, is what he’d call it.

He finishes a lot quicker than he thought possible, probably due to you walking in on him. But he cleans himself up and tucks your panties in his pocket to rinse the cum from them in his bathroom. But just as he exits his room, so does his brothers.

When Matt gets a good look at them, he notices that each of them have a rosy tint to their skin and shine a little in the light, like they’ve worked up a sweat. In fact, they look kind of breathless, like Matt is.

Kylo squints his eyes at his brothers and grumbles before quickly retreating back into his room and slamming the door. Ben smirks at the closed door before turning to Matt and walking past him with a bounce in his step.

They each know what’s up and what they’ve been doing.

Ben pats Matt’s shoulder, “I won’t be long in the bathroom.”, and Matt recoils from his touch, “Eww, don’t touch me with that hand!”

Ben’s smirk only grows wider as he wiggles his fingers in Matt’s direction, which has the blond grimacing and dashing back into his room, slamming his door shut as well for good measure. Ben’s smug and annoying chuckle can be heard through the wood, making Matt grumble angrily.

Then he sighs, “Fuck!”, as he worries about the cum drying in your panties.

It doesn’t take you long to get ready, since you’ve already had a shower. But with the extra time on your hands, you spend it doing something special with your hair. You would never say it out loud that you’re doing it for a boy, or three. But the thought of making each triplet that more enamored with you, well its both pleasing and empowering.

But you don’t actually have to do things like that. The triplets could be blind and would still think you were the most beautiful person in the world. When you finally get your hair the way you want it, you spritz on some perfume and walk out of your room.
And just as you do, all three boys are walking out of their rooms as well, looking especially
dashing in dress shirts and pants. They’ve actually dressed up a fair bit tonight, looking sharp and
smelling even better. In truth, their cologne is definitely doing something to you.

Ben is wearing a very dark blue dress shirt with the buttons done all the way up, which accentuates
his muscled chest that’s straining the fabric. He’s paired it with a black jacket that stretches over
the large expanse of his back and down his bulging biceps. His silver watch stands out when your
eyes admire his thick forearms, which leads down to his black slacks that hug his legs and ass
nicely. He’s dressed to lure you in, and honestly, its absolutely working.

Kylo is wearing all black. Pants, dress shirt and even a blazer; all of the items tight on his built
body. When he dresses like this, it never fails in reminding you how damn tall and hulking he is.
He fills up spaces so easily with his shadowy ensemble. His shirt is pulled tight across his pecs and
doesn’t obscure the crevices in his toned slab of his abs. But to allow room, he’s undone the top
button and you can see the dip at the base of his throat and the top of chest. You unconsciously bite
your lip when you look at him and wonder how the buttons are even holding.

You look to Matt and find him wearing a white dress shirt and long tan chinos. He looks the most
pure out of the bunch, but no less sexy. He’s like a shining white knight with all of the light colors
he’s wearing. But not even the innocent triplet can hide the sex appeal he naturally exudes. It rolls
off him in gentle waves that are effecting you whether you know it or not. He doesn’t wear a jacket
or blazer, but instead has his sleeves rolled up to his elbows, showing off the thick muscles of his
forearms. And boy does it make you weak.

You’ve never witnessed such a mouthwatering attire on the triplets, and it’s actually got you
faltering in your step and speech. You are so overwhelmed by them, that you hardly hear Ben
talking to you.

“(Y/N)!”

“Huh, what?”, your gaze tilts up to meet Ben’s.

“I said you look gorgeous!” Ben smiles down at you while looking you over appreciatively.

You barely notice his brothers doing the same, their gazes slowly sliding over your form as your
dress stirs their insatiable desire. Your dress actually cover’s most of your body, but its form
fitting. It has long sleeves and a tight skirt that stops just above your knees, its the perfect combo of
classy and sexy.

“What, me? Fuck me, no. You guys look amazing! You three could crush me between your thighs and I’d say thank you. And those shirts! It looks like you’re about to bust out of them!”,, your rambling is just tumbling from you and you can’t stop it.

But when your eyes fall lower to their crotches, you can’t help your next words, “And I know what you guys look like when you’re……excited,” you point and look straight at their dicks as you say, “So I know you’re not now, but it looks like you’re about to rip your pants as well. Fuck, you’re all huge!”

And before you can say anything else, Ben is laughing loudly. Your voice finally falls silent as your eyes shoot up and embarrassment starts flooding your veins. Did you really just do that. You did. You really just blatantly checked out their junk and then spoke about said junk, out loud. You even pointed at them.

Your cheeks burn as Ben’s laugh echoes in the hallway. Not even Kylo is immune to a small smile, his pride at that fact his body effects you so much makes him beyond happy. Even Matt looks pleased at your reaction, a smile and red tints his features.

Then Ben pulls you into a hug, “Come on babe, I know if you keep talking I’m gunna bust something. We can talk about this later when we get home.”, and he guides you down the hall with his hand around your waist. His brothers follow close behind, which is great for them since they get the perfect view of your ass in the tight dress.

While their gaze his hypnotized by your behind, you try to keep your eyes up, lest you make a fool out of yourself again.

As Ben leads you into the kitchen, you lean against the closest tabletop as he wanders over to the booze cupboard. Matt and Kylo walk in as well, with Kylo standing next to you and Matt diagonal to you. In this brighter lighting you notice that Matt’s impressive length is the most obvious one to see, since his pants were lighter coloured and casted shadows. As your gaze subtly flicked from each triplet, you couldn’t help but think, ‘Fuck they’re hung. And those tight pants are doing nothing to hide it’.

Ben comes back with four short glasses and a bottle of absinthe.
Surprisingly enough, Kylo is the first to object, “Jesus Christ, Ben! Absinthe! We have school tomorrow!”

Ben stops by the island bench and pours the green alcohol while saying, “I know. Which is why we’re only taking one shot, that way we don’t have to take a couple shots of weak ass vodka.”

“It’s family dinner night, I don’t think we should be drinking in the first place.”, Matt interjects while scowling slightly.

“Come on! You guys are no fun!”, Ben offers a glass to Kylo, who refuses.

Ben pouts, but then pushes the glass in your direction. Everyone’s eyes are on you suddenly as they wait for what you do. You can just feel that whatever you choose, will determine what Kylo and Matt do.

You’ve only ever had absinthe once, and that was honestly enough. But if it’s just the one, then it won’t hurt. So you quirk one eyebrow and reach out to take the glass.

But with a loud groan, Kylo intercepts and takes the glass first, downing the entire thing in one go. You can see the physical wince in his features from the strong drink.

“Thatta boy!” Ben cheers loudly.

While Kylo slowly recovers and tries to hide the fact he’s choking a bit, Ben quickly hands you your drink. Matt huffs and takes one as well, a concerned look painted on his face as he watches you.

“Cheers!” Ben says happily as you all clink cups and swallow the green fairy.

Then the sounds of loud coughing can be heard reverberating in the kitchen. Matt and you are coughing the loudest with Ben trying, but failing to mask it. Tears have welled up in everyone’s eyes and the burn down your throat is intense.

Once everyone has calmed down a bit, you hear Ben clear his throat and happily declare, “Who
wants another!”

Matt and Kylo literally glare at Ben, who is already pouring another shot sized nip. You lean into Kylo for support and he wraps one arm around shoulders, “I think that’s enough, Ben.”

“Fine, suit yourself.” Ben rumbles before downing his drink.

His eyes flick to you briefly, his lips turning into a smirk as he notices you watching him. Ben just loves it when you watch him, he gets a rush from it and a confidence boost. He licks his lips and smiles when you unconsciously look down at his kissable mouth.

Matt clears his throat, which sobers the atmosphere, only a tiny bit though. Ben puts the cap back on the bottle and puts it away, then places the glasses in the sink.

With the sound of shoes thudding towards the kitchen, Kylo retracts his arm and folds them across his chest.

When Han and your mom walk into the kitchen, they both falter to a stop. The sight of the four of you looking so classy, is shocking and frankly a little weird. Usually the triplets wear jeans and maybe a nice t-shirt with a jacket over the top, but tonight it looks like they were dressed to impress. And you, you looked fierce, stunning, and like an absolute goddess.

You all stand so casually together, but look ready for a photo shoot. An outsider would describe the four of you as beautiful, intimidating and downright unattainable.

“W-why are you all dressed like that?”, Han sputters with a frown as he scrutinizes the four of you.

“Who cares, they look great!” your mom chirps happily. Then she looks to Han who is glancing down at his jeans, t-shirt and leather jacket ensemble, “I think I’m going to go change.”

And as Han stomps back to his side of the house, your mom insists, “What? Honey no, there’s no need. You look fine!”

But he continues to their bedroom and shouts back, “I’M GOING TO CHANGE!”
You shift in place, not really sure how to proceed in this situation. But thankfully Matt says, “Why don’t we warm the car up, dad shouldn’t take long.”

“Yes, good idea. You kids get settled in the car, we’ll be right along.”, your mom felt weird saying ‘kids’ out loud, considering you guys don’t look like kids. But she hands her SUV keys to Matt as he walks past.

Then Ben stops in front of her and grins down at her, “And do not even think of changing either, you look amazing!”

“Oh, stop it you!” she chuckles while playfully slapping Ben’s chest, “You’re such a charmer.”

“Who’s a charmer?” Han says as he materializes from around the corner, making your mom jump.

Ben smirks at the old man, “Apparently me, dad.”

“Yeah, I wonder where you got that from.” Han says jokingly and waits for Ben to say him.

But then Kylo cuts in matter of factly, “Grandpa Ani.”, then walks past his father, like he didn’t just hurt his feelings.

Then Han shouts after him, “Haha very funny Kylo!”, but you can tell he’s kind of hurt.

Han turns to your mom, “I’m charming, right?” and she reassures him that he is.

You’re still standing by the kitchen counter when Ben cuts in, “Yeah, so we’ll be in the car.”, and holds his arm out to you.

You don’t hesitate to slide next up to Ben, letting him guide you to the garage. When you’re both hidden around the corner, your parents can’t see when Ben kisses the side of your head and grabs a handful of your ass, making you giggle.
Once you’re all in the car, the drive is longer than usual, but eventually stops out front of a fancy looking hotel. It’s 20 stories high with the top 3 levels being the restaurant. A valet takes your mom’s car keys and directs all of you to the elevator. A man in the lift pushes the button for the 20th floor, which shoots up and opens to reveal a pavilion styled restaurant. There’s hardly any tables, which means this restaurant is for the wealthy and anti-social.

It’s overflowing with nature to match the outdoor theme. Floral vines dangle from the roof, topiaries are artfully placed around the area and leafy hedges sprouting flowers offer privacy between the tables. The design of the restaurant instills a sense of calm from the bustling concrete city. Even though this is considered an eatery for the rich, some might say the nature counteracts that vibe. But one look at the menu and you’d be running to the bank for a loan just for an appetizer.

As you all walk up to the hostess, she recognizes Han and your mom. She flicks her eyes over all of you and happily leads your group to a table in the corner, which has the best view of the floral park, shimmering lake, and the city in the background.

You take a seat at the large round table with Kylo and Matt flanking your sides. Ben shuffles next to Matt and sits down next to him. Han sits next to Kylo and your mom sits next to Ben, who shoots her a charming smile.

With the floor to ceiling windows directly beside you guys, the parents get caught up in the beauty of the view. But with them distracted and the tablecloth offering the perfect cover, Matt and Kylo are quick to place a large warm hand on either of your thighs, delighted by your soft skin and reveling in the fact they can touch you.

You were going to cross your legs since your dress has ridden up from sitting down, but you don’t mind leaving them open for Matt and Kylo. Their touch is always welcomed.

You feel thumbs brushing side to side and fingers switching pressure as they grip your flesh, making you smile. Light and playful chitchat follows once everyone is settled, but the hands on your legs never leave. Kylo and Matt look so relaxed that no one would ever think they were gripping their stepsister’s thighs, but they pulled it off with ease.

Their attention appeared to be focused in front of them, but was mostly on the feel of your warm supple flesh beneath their palms. They tried not to smile too much when their touch raised goosebumps or make you shiver.
When a waiter walked by to place a basket of breadsticks on your table, you pulled your seat in closer, making it easier for the boy’s hands to wander higher. Their hands started to drift very high now, leaving only a couple inches before your panties. You spread your legs wider and you could see Matt’s smile from the corner of your eye. The cold metal of his watch sent a shiver down your leg and the feel of a cool ring on Kylo’s finger did the same.

And this started off innocent.

You were hardly paying attention when your mother asked, “So (Y/N), who’s the lucky guy?”

Ben nearly chokes on a breadstick, but passes it off a cough. Matt and Kylo’s fingers have stopped rubbing your skin and actually tighten their grip.

“Ummm, what do you mean?”, you try to appear clueless, even though on the inside alarm bells are going off and your panic is skyrocketing.

“Come on (Y/N), I know there’s a guy. Did you think I wouldn’t notice the flowers or new underwear and not to mention you’re happy, like all the time. There has to be someone, so, spill the beans.”

Everyone at the table is looking at you and you are absolutely panicking. What are you supposed to say?

You unintentionally shift in your seat out of nerves, but both Kylo and Matt squeeze you reassuringly. You try to calm your nerves as you tell yourself that she doesn’t know anything. “I’m not dating anyone, I just felt like something new and the flowers are from Rey.”

“From Rey?”, your mother pauses and scrutinizes you before she says, “That’s so sweet of her”, she responds sweetly, but you can’t help but dissect every twitch of her face, word and pitch of her voice. You can’t tell if she sounds suspicious of you or if your paranoia is getting to you.

Your mother nods and smiles, “Well that’s lovely then.”, which you can tell relaxes the triplets. But then she adds, “Because I’ve found the perfect guy for you.”

Your eyebrows scrunch together as you snap, “What?”
Your mother doesn’t notice how on edge the triplets are, which is good. But you try to hide your
dread as your mother rambles on, “Yes, he’s a lovely boy that just started working with us. He’s
very smart and so polite, I think you’d like him. Plus, he saw your picture on my desk and called
you very beautiful.”

You can just tell your going to have bruises on your thighs tomorrow. The triples are barely
controlling their urge to cut in and destroy the idea of you dating. Especially some pencil pushing
nerd that sounds far too intrusive.

“Ummm, a boy?”

“Yep, so what do you say? Want me to pass along your details and get this going.”

“Whoa whoa whoa, I don’t think that’s a good idea honey!”, Han cuts in.

Thank fuck for Han!

Your mom turns to Han with a crease between her eyebrows, “Why do you think that?”

“Because he’s just started working there and I think he’s creepy. I watch him limping around the
office and do fuck all, plus, who the hell goes by their last name, we’re not in the military for
Christ’s sake!”

Your mom’s voice gets higher, “But I think he’s nice!”

And Han scoffs, “No offense honey, but you’re not a very good judge of character. Except for me,
you did great in choosing me.”

“Well it doesn’t matter if he goes by his last name or that’s he limps around. How else is he
supposed to get around with that cast on his leg. Plus don’t the kids have a friend that goes by his
last name. Hugs? Is it?”
The triplet’s are deathly silent, so you answer, “It’s Hux, actually.”

“See! he goes by his last name and plus this is up to (Y/N).”

Han sighs loudly, “Fine, whatever. But don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

Your mother then turns to you excitedly, like you’ve already agreed. But she asks again, “So honey, are you interested?”

And you’ve never shut someone down quicker in your life, “No.”, which wipes the smile right off her face. You’ve slipped your hands under the table and caress Kylo and Matt’s, assuring them that you’ve got this.

Your mom’s mouth falls open before she shuts it quickly and says, “No? What do you mean no? You don’t even know him.”

You take a deep breathe before you destroy this stupid idea, then you’re flatly saying, “Well, first off I prefer men, not boys. It sounds like you don’t really know this guy either and trying to set your daughter up with someone from YOUR work, is very unprofessional. And lastly, I couldn’t be less interested. I have more important things to do than date. Especially when this guy sounds like a weirdo!”

Your mom fumbles for an excuse to change your mind, “But….. you never go out and you hang around the same people all the time. How are you going to find someone if you’re cooped up all the time.”

“That’s the idea. I don’t want to date anyone because I am fine with how things are right now.”, the hands have eased up a bit on your thighs, but still hold you tightly and possessively.

“But…….”, your mom wants to counter you, but is cut off by Han who smugly says, “Come on honey, if she doesn’t want to date, then leave her be.”

Thank god for Han! He sends you a wink before taking a long swig of his drink. He gently slams the glass down and says, “Good choice (Y/N), he’s a creep!”
Your mom turns her fierce gaze to him, “What! No, he’s not.”

“Yes he is. He was looking at (Y/N)’s photo for far too long and plus he gives off a creepy stalker vibe. And he asked A LOT of questions.”

Your mom huffs and purses her lips, but nods and concedes that she won’t win this one. She doesn’t actually care much about the boy, she just wants you to get out of the house more, spread your wings.

She frowns and chews her lip before saying to you, “Sorry honey I was a little…… forceful, I just think it’s going to be hard for you to find someone.”

Both you and Han frown and say at the same time, “Why?”

Your mom looks between Han and you, but settles her gaze on you, “Because, I think you spend an awful lot of time with your brother’s. And with them hanging around all the time, other guys won’t even attempt to approach you with them standing there.”

And here we go again with the tight grip around your thighs. You try to soothe them by cupping their hands tighter and brushing your thumb side to side, “Good, because I don’t want to date anyone.”

“But honey……”

Your voice turns hard all of a sudden, “But nothing, my decision is final and this conversation is over!”

You have definitely had enough of this discussion, which reflects in the tone of your voice. But sometimes you have to be a little firm with your mother. She doesn’t know when to quit when it comes to your personal life. You’ve perfected your commanding voice when it comes to arguments like these, because sometimes in the past you’ve had to talk to her like you were the matriarch, scolding her for her childish ways.

She finally shuts up, your authoritative tone leaving her winded and utterly speechless. Sometimes this is the only way you can get things done.
It’s quiet for a bit, which settles around everyone and making the atmosphere unbearably uncomfortable.

But then you all spot the waiters coming over with the dinners. Matt and Kylo regretfully remove their hands before the waiters can spot them.

You hear Han mutter, “Oh thank god!”, and he shifts in his chair as he downs the rest of his scotch. He asks the waiter for something then turns back to the table and eyes his food hungrily.

As you all cut into the food, two servers come back with refills for everyone. But for you, a lovely glass of vodka and cranberry juice is placed in front of you. The glass is bigger than your last and has actual cranberries floating around in it.

You look up and Han sends you a wink, obviously telepathic in knowing the last convo calls for a strong drink.

The rest of the dinner is spent talking about topics that avoid what just happened. Its superficial and meaningless, but much more relaxing than what was just discussed.

Han plays with your mother’s hair as he says, “Honey you’re going to have to drive, I’ve had too much to drink.”

His flirtiness while drunk makes your mom smile, “You get so worked up. It was just one question.”

Han chugs his 6th scotch and asks, “What was his name again?”

And your mom laughs, “Wow, I am officially cutting you off! How could you forget his name?”

“What! How am I supposed to remember every snot-nosed brat that comes to work for us. Plus, he’s not even going to be working there long, he’s just a casual temp, his contract ends in 3 months!”
“Yes, but that’s very rude.”

“Well he’s a creep and got a weird name. It starts with an M, I think.”

Your mother huffs and turns to shake her head with a smile. The triplets haven’t talked much through the dinner, which you understand since the idea of you dating someone else, is absolutely infuriating. But frightening they’re as well, because this feels like its only just started.

As they chat quietly, the triplets soon turn silent as your mother reveals the new temp at her work.

“His name……………. is Mitaka.”

Chapter End Notes

Dun dun duuuuhh. Its ya boy, Mitaka, back at it again with the meddling.
"Excuse me but, WHAT THE FUCK!"

"Goddamn it Ben, LANGUAGE!", Han is quick to scold his son.

And yep, you heard it clear. Dopheld ‘motherfucking’ Mitaka is employed at your parent’s place of work.

 Fucking great!

This time, you’re actually glad that Matt and Kylo aren’t gripping your thighs, otherwise you’d have their nails piercing your flesh. Ben is the most expressive in his disgust for Mitaka, which of course has your mom questioning, “What’s the matter honey, do you know him or something?”

Ben tries to swallow the venom on his tongue, but still ends up sneering, “He goes to our Uni and he’s a vile piece of shit that deserves to burn under the fire of a thousand suns!”

Hand and your mother are left stunned as Ben angrily gulps his bourbon down in one go, fire in his eyes as his mind drifts to the dismemberment of Mitaka. Kylo and Matt are silent, and you can almost see the same murderous glint in their eyes.

Your mom sips her wine, “So I take it you guys don’t like him?”

Matt is eerily cool in replying, “That, would be an understatement.”

And your mom turns to you with a frown, “Do you hate this man as well, (Y/N)?”

The triplets look to you, suppressing the urge to answer for you.
You nod, “Yes, I do.”, and nonchalantly add, “He’s a pig!”

“Why though? What’s he done that’s garnered this much hatred from all of you.” Your mom gestures to all of you with her wine in hand.

With the triplets silent again, it’s left to you to dig you all out of this hole. But there’s only so much you can reveal, without it linking the triplets to Mitaka’s little spill down the stairs. You don’t want to get them in the shit for protecting you, even though how unnecessary it was to begin with. It was just a little scratch after all.

You huff, “It’s the culmination of little things that has tipped us, and our friends over the edge. There are too many things to list and we honestly just want to move on and forget that douchebag.”

“Huh.” your mother huffs while swirling her wine, “Do you guys know how he became injured?”

Kylo takes a sip of his drink to hide his smile as he says, “I heard he fell down some stairs.”

If anyone else had said what Kylo just said, then they would have thought nothing of it. But because Kylo naturally exudes danger and bodily harm to those who annoy him, his explanation sounds more like the telling of a poorly disguised victory. He seems far too happy as he reminisces about Mitaka’s unfortunate tumble. Far too happy.

In the triplet’s minds, they can’t believe Mitaka’s already out and about. Free from hospital and just limping around like he deserves to breathe. But what’s even more disturbing, is that he’s snooping around your parent’s place of work. It’s not a coincidence and frankly, it’s put the triplets on edge. Something doesn’t feel right.

Your mom sighs, “Well, if you all feel so strongly about this boy, then I suppose Han and I will keep a close eye on him, until his contract finishes.”

Ben smiles sinisterly, “Or, you could just fire him right now! Get rid of the little weasel”

Han shakes his head and finally pipes in, “We can’t do that, its in breach of the contract he signed. He could take legal action against us for terminating him under the guise of discrimination. We can’t just say, ‘Our kids think you’re a dick, I think you’re a dick, so you’re fired! That would be unprofessional.”
You can tell that all of the Solo’s, including Han, have never been trapped in a spot where they can’t do anything. Han doesn’t know the full story of Mitaka, but he feels he doesn’t need to. His gut is telling him that Mitaka is bad news.

Han will just have to put up with him for the rest of his contract.

Silence hangs in the air as the Solo’s stew in their rage. This night has been bumpy from the start and doesn’t feel like its going to get any better. As you take a few sips of your drink, you have no idea how much more unpleasant this night is going to get.

You try to grab Matt and Kylo’s hands under the table, but Kylo slips his out of your grip and instead rests that arm on top of the table. You try not to frown at him.

Matt lets you hold his hand, but his is limp, almost lifeless as he stares at nothing in particular. You squeeze his hand a few times to get a reaction out of him, but alas, he’s unresponsive.

This can’t be happening, not now. They can’t lose their shit. You’re the one that’s freaking out. Mitaka is going to great lengths to insert himself in your lives. Why is he so obsessed with you?

You brush your thumb over Matt’s knuckles once and sigh to yourself. After a few more seconds of nothing from Matt, you drop his hand and rest your hands in your lap. And the sudden loss of your touch has him frowning and glancing at you.

It felt nice to have you holding his hand, reassuring him in his mental freak out. So when he looks to you with concern in his features, his brothers follow his gaze and find you blankly staring down at your lap.

You’re fiddling with your fingers before glancing up to your mom and giving her a tiny secret look.

She takes the silent hint and stands up, “We’ll be back.” You stand up as well and walk around the table to follow her to the bar.

Ben and Matt are almost going to follow you, but can’t with your mom right next to you. So they rescind to watching you walk away. You can feel their eyes on you, but you don’t care right now, not when you’re internally panicking.
The nice thing about your relationship with your mom, is that she knows when not to speak and what not to speak about. She’s content to just let you muse over your thoughts as your face remains blank. You order a stronger drink than before and down the whole glass at the bar.

You’re mom only frowns, but orders you another one. You order the triplets their favourite and strongest drinks, and tell the bartender your table is before heading back. When you look back at the Solo’s, in the distance you can see your family is still silent and sort of down without you or your mom there.

Only when you guys approach, do they all perk up.

You sit down in your spot and ignore the way the triplets look to you. You settle in your seat and take a sip of your drink, only to feel hands prying your legs apart and once again holding your thighs. Your eyebrows only give a tiny crease before you look to them.

Matt sends a small grin, Kylo squeezes your thigh before brushing his thumb side to side, and Ben tries to smile. Your free hand disappears under the table to smooth over Kylo’s hand and he actually lets go of your thigh and chooses to lace your fingers together.

You can see three servers heading to your table with the drinks you ordered for your boy’s. But as the waiters draw closer, Matt and Kylo are still holding your thigh and hand. You panic slightly and try to push Matt’s hand off you and pull out of Kylo’s grip.

But they don’t budge an inch.

They keep their hands in place when the servers place the drinks in front of them, not caring if they see. Matt and Kylo whisper sweetly “Thank you.”, to you and sip their drinks with their free hands. They give you a reassuringly squeeze, trying to convey that everything is fine. If the waiters saw anything between you guys, well they didn’t care, much to your relief.

Matt and Kylo are so confident in their feelings for you, that they’d risk exposing this secret to your parents. Just so you know, that you come first.

The sentiment is sweet, but you don’t feel ready to tell Han or your mom about you guys. Even if your mom starts to push you to start dating, revealing your relationship with the triplets wouldn’t even make the list of excuses out of it.
Maybe in a few years you’ll tell her. Preferably when she’s old and deaf.

With your mom as the designated driver, it gives everyone free reign to drink as much as they want, and it doesn’t look the boys are slowing down. Even Han, who has work tomorrow, is throwing them back like its water.

The triplets are slower in drinking, but the absinthe from before is knocking at their heels. Their speech is becoming slurred, their eyes look sleepy and damn they are getting loud. Matt’s hand is wandering higher up your thigh and Kylo has your hand in his lap now.

You’re kind of glad that Ben isn’t next to you, otherwise the horny devil would be all over you. The boys and Han are debating over some old football game when the night decides to fuck with your family a bit more.

Walking out from behind a floral divider on the other side of the restaurant, is Leia.

Only you and the triplets can see here with where you’re sitting, but as soon as the four of you see her, the jovial laughter and chatter ceases. Han and your mom frown, not understanding the sudden shift in atmosphere, but when they turn to follow your gaze, disdain floods their entire beings.

Han is disappointed in the mother Leia turned out to be, and your mother is pretty much in the same boat. Your mom tries her hardest to remedy the hole Leia left in the triplet’s lives. And she knows she’ll never replace Leia, but she can’t help in wanting to give the triplets all the love they missed out from a motherly figure.

And the Solo sons are happy to have your mom in their lives. With Leia keeping her sons second to her career for the entirety of their childhood, your mom has filled the dark years with her own brand of motherly love in a few months.

Regarding their own mother, the triplets are unsure in their feelings when it comes to her. They both love and hate her.

Leia is already walking across the room and sends a wave when all of you are looking at her. Matt and Kylo are quick to let go of your hand and thigh.
With only three or four meters away from you, her cold stare looks even colder with the small quirk of her lips, she probably considers a smile. “Well, this is a surprise. I didn’t know they let the middle class in here!”

She dresses like a sophisticated old lady, like the cranky nan you use to know who always wore the nicest clothes and owned only the best. She detested being called grandma and to this day, you still don’t know her age.

Leia is like her, but with the added fact that she was most likely born with a silver spoon in her mouth. She’s poised, cold and exudes authority, which does nothing to diminish her smug and deceitful face that screams politician.

She’s only said a few words, yet you can see Han and your mother already gnashing their teeth in anger.

It’s eerily silent, which is lessened when Matt is the first to get up and greet Leia. He looks shy and unsure of how to greet his own mother. He walks around the table and mutters softly, “Hi mom.”, and he goes in for a hug. She flinches at the contact and just stands there with her arms by her side, like she would’ve preferred a handshake. One would think she’s never hugged anyone in her life.

Fuck, this is awkward.

After Matt holds his mother in an uncomfortable looking hug, she gently pushes him away, holding him at arms length and manages a small smile, “Well, look at you. You’re sooooo………………”, she looks Matt up and down and settles on saying, “How are you?”

“Yeah, uhh, I’m uh, good.”

Leia tuts and wags her index finger disapprovingly, “Well!”

We’re all confused as to what Leia means. Matt questions, “What?”

“The proper grammar is well. You are well!”
Matt’s arms fall to his sides as he fidgets in his spot, “Right, yes. How silly of me.”

She actually just corrected his grammar after seeing her son for the first time in months. You are in awe of this woman. Completely got the wrong idea of how to be a mother.

Han snorts into his glass, “You haven’t changed a bit!”

And Leia shoots him a glare, eyeing his drink with distaste, “Neither have you Han.”

Ben chugs the rest of his drink and stands up as well, and Leia watches him do so. She looks around your table and takes note of all the alcoholic drinks.

“I see you’ve taught my boy’s a few of your habits as well. You know excessive drinking will have long term effects on your cognitive and sexual abilities.”

Ben stumbles to Leia, “Wow mom, thank you for bringing up sex in public.”, and stands in front of her with a goofy smile.

“Hello, Ben”, she watches her middle child sway in front of her, clearly intoxicated. She purses her lips and scowls at her son, disappointment etched in her features. Although, that expression was on her face constantly while they were children, so the triplets just assume its her resting face.

For Ben right now though, he doesn’t care about anything, so he goes in for a tight hug. He wraps his arms around the small woman and tries to ignore the cold lifelessness of her unaffectionate participation. He wishes she was like your mom.

Leia can only stand the close contact for a few seconds before she softly pushes him away as well, making Ben almost tumble backwards. Kylo stands up abruptly to catch Ben’s swaying body.

Kylo simply looks at Leia, then turns back to Ben. He holds his brother in place and Matt does the same, the three of them towering over Leia as she scrutinizes them, not a warm or soft feature on her face.

She turns her sharp eyes to her eldest and says flatly, “Kylo.”
“Mother.”, he replies just as stoically, clearly not as invested as his brothers are. They still hold hope that Leia may change. Kylo’s not so sure.

“How are you?”

Kylo doesn’t look at her when he answers, “I’m fine. And you?”

She nods once, “I’m fine.”, then turns her gaze to Han, “We need to talk. Alone.”

“Anything you have to say to me, can be said here, in front of MY family.”, Han makes a point to look at you and your mom. It feels nice to be included, to be counted in his family. You smile at the old man, and try to ignore the cold shiver raking over your skin as Leia looks you over as well. You just know distaste is in her gaze as she observes you and your mom.

She turns her icy gaze back to Han, “Trust me Han, what I have to say, you’d rather be said in private.”

It’s a stare down between the two. Han stubbornness against Leia’s will. The two are almost a match for each other, unmoving in their stance.

But your mom, ever the sweetheart, stands up and smiles, “I think we should be getting home now, its getting late and Ben needs to get to bed.”, she turns to Han, “We’ll give you two a minute and meet you at the car when you’re done.”

“But, honey-y!”, Han protests, but your mom just smiles kindly, “It’s ok love, it’ll only take minute.”, and leans down to kiss him.

Han frowns, but concedes under your mom’s gentle touch. He’ll never get use to the warmth and affection your mom gives him so freely. He hopes that whatever Leia has to say, takes less than a minute. He can’t stand being in her presence for any longer.

Your mom takes Matt’s place and helps in guiding Ben to the lift. Both of the matriarchs pass each other, and neither of them acknowledge the other. Not until Ben mutters, “Thanks mom, you’re the best!”, and kisses the top of your mom’s head.
And the cold fury is Leia’s face almost makes you ugly snort and giggle. But you suppress the urge and instead settle for a Cheshire cat sized grin. Your mom has the same grin, but with pride in her eyes at being called mom by Ben. Victory is sweet.

You quickly grab your clutch and walk up to Matt who is waiting for you with his arm stretched out. When you’re close, he then holds his elbow out like a gentleman to loop your arm in the crook, letting him guide you to the lift.

You feel a hole being burned in the back of your head, and you being you, can’t resist in looking back. You don’t know what you were expecting, but you’re not surprised to find Leia glaring at you with the hatred of a scorned woman. You haven’t done anything in particular to her, but something tells you that you don’t have to, for Leia to find a reason to hate you.

You and your mom have moved in on her family. That’s reason enough in Leia’s book to garner hatred.

Matt pulls you along when you start to lag by looking back. You turn to find him worrying his bottom lip and staring at you. Your other hand comes up to his arm and squeezes, reassuring him the best you can in public.

He nods once and climbs into the lift with you and his family. It shoots down and Ben looks a little pale at the speed. Kylo doesn’t help by saying, “See, you shouldn’t have had that much absinthe before we left!”

“Whatever dude, I’m fine.”

“Sure you are.”

“Shut u-up!”, Ben hiccups through his sentence.

The lift reaches the bottom and you all step out. You mom gives the valet the ticket and you all wait a few minutes. By the time the car comes and you’re all settled inside, Han is stomping up to the car and hoping in the passenger side. He slams the door shut and is grumbling to himself as he buckles up.
“Everything ok?”, you mom asks.

“Yes!”’, he practically snarls, making your mom flinch.

Then he sighs with closed eyes, “Sorry honey. It’s just that woman!”

Your mom pats his knee, “I know, love. I know.”, and pulls onto the road and starts the drive home.

Your in the very back of the car with Matt, and his brothers are in front of you. Kylo has one arm stretched out back behind Ben on the seat, letting the middle child lean on him. The same tall height between the two works out great for Ben, since he isn’t hunching while Kylo supports him upright.

You cuddle into Matt and close your eyes, just so totally over with this night, hell, even this day.

The last thing you feel is Matt brushing his lips across the top of your head before placing a gentle kiss, "Everything's going to be fine."

Chapter End Notes

Ok, so I know I’ve made Leia a bit of a bitch in this, which isn’t fair to Carrie Fisher or her amazing portrayal of her. But a semi-evil Leia is needed for this fic.

And she’s not inherently evil in this, just self-centered and needs to re-adjust her priorities.
Even though you fell asleep in the car against Matt, you weren’t really surprised to wake up halfway through the night in your bed, alongside the triplets.

When you all arrived home, Matt gently carried you up to your room and Kylo was a little less kind with Ben. While you were carried like a delicate flower, Ben was wrangled up the stairs over Kylo’s shoulder, like a ragdoll.

Han and your mom said goodnight to Matt and Kylo as they walked past, trusting them to put you and Ben to bed.

Matt stripped you down to just your underwear, leaving you braless since he knows it’s uncomfortable for you to sleep in. You were tucked into bed with Kylo and Matt giving lingering and wanting looks. Then they got to work on shedding Ben’s cotton layers. He grumbled in his intoxicated state and swayed from side to side as Kylo held him up.

Matt worked on Ben’s jacket, placing it nicely over your chair, then unbuttoned his dress shirt.

Something along the lines of “A-at least b-buy me a drink first.”, tumbles from Ben as Matt undresses him. Ben says something else but sounds mostly like nonsense garble before he cackles loudly.

Kylo hisses by his brother’s ear, “Shut up Ben, you’ll wake (Y/N)”, and the sound of your name has you rousing a little from your sleep.

You happen to open your eyes the exact moment Matt is pulling down Ben’s fly and unbuttoning his pants. You watch the blond get down on one knee to removes his brother’s shoes and socks, then he’s pulling Ben’s pants down and off his legs.

This leaves Ben in just his black briefs, which are mouthwateringly skin tight, leaving nothing to the imagination. The briefs are sort of long with them coming down nearly mid-thigh, but still barely cover his long thick length.
In your tired haze, you coo “Bennnnn!”, with your arms stretched outward, beckoning him to you. He gasps happily, “Babyyyy” and launches surprisingly quick to the bed and dives under the covers with you, pulling your body flush against his. You wrap your arms and legs around him, while he shimmies down the bed so his face is in your naked chest.

Matt and Kylo are left standing at the foot of the bed beyond exasperated.

Kylo is about to complain, “We do all the work………….”, but your head lifts up and your tired gaze lands on them, “Kylo! Matty! Come to bed!”

They don’t need to be told twice.

They shed their clothes and slide into bed with you. Matt snuggles into your back with Kylo behind him. Neither of the brothers feel like dealing with Ben. He tosses and turns a lot through the night, something that has plagued Matt and Kylo for years.

Sharing a bed while toddlers was a must for the trio, especially during storms. You smile at the thought of those three little munchkins shivering under the blanket, cuddling each other while Kylo reads a book to his brothers. His flashlight would shine through the covers, flickering around the room as Kylo enacted parts of the stories.

Those were the days when Kylo had to protect his brother’s from everything that scared them. Even from the scary truth about their parents. The truth that their parents love had died long ago, along with any hope of their mother, being a good mother. Kylo could see it, but his siblings couldn’t.

As Matt and Ben clung to Leia, Kylo leaned towards his father. He could see what Leia truly was like. The loud fights, the red teary eyes and bags under Han’s eyes were telling enough. Her absence was eventually something Kylo grew to enjoy.

She was cold all through their childhood, more than once saying, “Don’t embarrass me! Stop crying and be a man! Disappointing, would be an understatement when describing you!” a multitude of insults and jabs filled their childhood, casting a large net of anxiety and trauma on the triplets.

Her image was more important than the mental heath of her babies. The damage shaped large parts of who the triplets grew up to be. Parts of their personalities that are because of her.
Kylo’s apathetic nature is a defense mechanism, built to protect himself from people that would disappoint him. Being let down and hurt so many times has that effect on people. So it’s only natural that he would cut people off, walling off his emotions. Because you can’t get hurt, if you don’t have feelings in the first place.

Ben chases women to the point of it being unhealthy. He tries to fill the motherly void in his life with cheap imitations of affection. He has an obsessive need to be the center of attention, making up for all the times he was ignored as a child. He’s gotten into some bad situations, just to please women. Even ending up in hospital a few times for trying bad drugs and drinking himself into oblivion.

Matt is eager to please. Anxious and shy in the process, but he still craves the affirmation he never received as a child. Everyone likes Matt; he’s a nice guy. Building that persona was hard, but worth all of the compliments he receives for being such a nice guy. While his uncertainty is created from constantly being told his best was never enough, his sudden mood swings are the results of bottling up his emotions.

The triplets have wounds that will probably never heal, all thanks to her, their mother.

The word ‘egg donor’ seems more fitting, than mother when describing her. She’s never really been a mother. She’s living proof that blood doesn’t always make you family.

More proof to that fact, is you and your mom.

Your mom has been more of a mother to the triplets than every second Leia was in their lives. Because even though your mom wasn’t there for you all the time when you were a kid, she tries to makeup for it now. She’s shown you and them the upside of having a mom that cares.

In regards to you, yes you’re technically their sister in-law, but they don’t see you in that way. You are family to the triplets, like how a husband and wife are family.

The triplets even consider your friends an extended family. They’ve never known so much happiness and good could come from familial ties; always thinking it was a burden or weakness. You’ve brought so many people into their lives, good people that are treating them right.

They’ve missed out on so much, just because they had an absentee mother. They don’t know how
to repay you.

Ben and Matt hug you tighter in bed. Kylo’s drapes his arm over Matt’s waist and around your stomach. This is what they’ve been missing in life.

You.

The next day, the four of you don’t bother getting out of bed or going to Uni.

And Han doesn’t even mind. He understands the need for some time to get your mental state under control, especially after dealing with Leia for more than a few seconds. So he when he enters the garage and see’s Kylo’s car is still there, he continues on to work with your mom.

You guys can have this day.

Which you spend in bed all the way past noon. When the sun starts set, that’s when you guys get up for showers and change into actual pajamas. Because why would you get dressed, the day is practically gone.

After you emerge from the shower, toweling your wet hair, you find Kylo sitting on your bed looking rather glum. Matt and Ben are sitting next to him, but don’t look as upset as their brother.

“Hey guys, what’s up?”, you ask worriedly.

Ben slaps Kylo’s shoulder, “Would you relax! You’re freaking her out!”

“I am relaxed!”

“Well, tell your face then, because you look like someone just told you grandpa died!”
“Would you shut the fuck up, Ben!”

Quirking your eyebrow, you throw your towel over your standing mirror and walk over to them.

Kylo sits in the middle and clutches his phone in a death grip. He stares at the floor angrily, while Matt and Ben reassure you with small smiles.

“Soooloo, what’s up?”

You watch as the triplets look to each other, not sure of how to start. After a few seconds of watching them communicate with their weird telepathy, you clear your throat, “If you guys need some time to figure this out, I can go get dinner started.”, you start to turn away from them.

“No, WAIT!”, Matt grabs your hand, pulling your forward so he can hide his face in your belly. Your arms wrap around his head while his band around your thighs and waist. You hear him mumble something into your tummy, but you can’t make out what he’s saying.

“What? I can’t hear you?”

He pushes his face in harder and mumbles again.

“Jesus Christ, Matt!”, Kylo huffs loudly. He sighs deeply and closes his eyes as he says, “So last night our mother texted us, well me. That she’d like for us to spend a week with her during the Easter holidays.”

Deafening silence.

That’s the state of the room after that bomb Kylo just dropped. Everyone’s holding their breath, Matt is still hidden, Kylo stares at the ground angrily and Ben is surprisingly stoic.

They hold their breath in anticipation of how you’ll react, and you hold yours in utter confusion. After a few beats of silence, you frown, “Ummmmm, why?”
Kylo huffs, “She didn’t say.”

But Matt lifts his head with a small smile, “I think she just wants to spend some time with us.” He looks so happy, so optimistic.

You frown down at him, “But why though, she’s never wanted to before.”

All three of them wince. It’s mean to point that fact out, but it’s the truth.

Matt’s smile is slightly smaller now, “I think maybe, seeing us last night triggered something in her. Maybe she wants to get to know us, her sons.”

He looks so hopeful in the idea that his mom wants to start a relationship with them. You don’t trust it.

You push some of Matt’s hair back softly, “Uh huh. Is that really what you think?”

And Ben finally pipes in, “Well of course. What other reason could there be.”

You turn to him with a crease between your eyebrows, “I don’t know, but it seems suspicious.”

“Well, we know her better than you. So don’t tell us who our mom is.”

You flinch at the clipped tone. He hasn’t been cold with you since.........well the first time you both met. You frown at him, “Ben, I’m just thinking about this logically. This is weird!”

He stands up and walks towards you, “Why are you so against this. She finally wants to get to know us, but you’re holding us back. Why?”

Holding them back. You recoil at the jab, not expecting Ben to say that.
You push out of Matt’s arms and take a few steps back so you can see them all, “Because she’s not a nice person. You can’t trust her!”

Then Ben raises his voice slightly, “You. Don’t. Know. Her!”, and he turns, “Kylo! Back me up here!”

Everyone looks to the eldest, who is currently staring a hole in the floor. He’s the only one who hasn’t said anything. But while he’s been listening, he can’t help but agree with Ben. He doesn’t think his mom has changed or ever will, but he’s curious as to what’s triggered this random invitation.

“You’re both right.”

“What!”, WHAT!”, you and Ben say at the same time.

“Let me finish.”, Kylo holds up his hand and finally looks up. He gazes at you softly, “You’re right, she’s not a nice person and we shouldn’t trust her. But Ben is also right because she is our mom, and we owe her the benefit of the doubt.”

Ben and Matt look surprised at Kylo’s confession. They would have thought he’d condemn their mother, since he’s never been as attached to her as they are. He stares at you and so do his brothers, waiting for your response.

You chew your bottom lip before saying, “I’m guessing you’ve all made up your minds then, about going.”

Matt looks to his brother’s, “Well we were gunna wait till after we told you, but it seems like we all want to go.”

You will never say this out loud, but you don’t want them to go. You want them to stay here with you. It’s selfish to deny them the chance of rekindling a relationship with Leia, but you can’t help it, you want to keep them safe with you.

Your head turns to the side to hide your face, but not before they see your glassy eyes. All three of
them are quick to stand and circle you, holding you and soothing you in a weird four-person hug.

“It’s ok, we won’t be gone long.”

“It’s only a week.”

“And we can text and call all the time.”

They coo sweet sentiments to you while you hide your face in one of their chests. Damn these stupid feelings and damn their stupidness. She’s only going to hurt them.

After you calm down and regain some of your composure, you turn your head so you can ask, “When do you go?”

Kylo murmurs on top of your head, “We’re catching a plane this Friday night for her house.”

“But, her house is so far away. We won’t get to see each other.”

And he weakly sighs, “I know.”

Your head tips back and you frown up at him, “But we saw her here in the city last night. Doesn’t she have place here!”

“She does, but she was just doing a little work before heading back to her home.”, Ben answers.

“So, I won’t be seeing you guys for a week.”

It’s silent for a beat, the tension running high in the room. How can one tiny woman disrupt an entire day with one text. How?

Kylo cups your cheek and turns you to him, “If you don’t want us to go, then ask. We’ll stay right
You chew your bottom lip, contemplating what you should do. You want to keep them with you, protect them from that monster, but another part of you knows they’ll grow to resent you if you do.

You shake your head with a weak smile, trying to laugh, “No, don’t be silly. Go.” But your laugh is strained, obviously not genuine. The triplets know this must be hard for you, it’s hard for them. They don’t want to leave you, not even for a day. But this is their mom, and they want to know if she truly is a lost cause or not.

You’re pulled back into the hug, held tightly by so many arms. You feel like shit.

Ben coos, “Don’t worry, babe. It’s only the first week of the Easter holidays. We’ll be right back before you know it.”

And Matt voices cheerily, “Yeah, then you get us for a whole week, and no uni as well.”

You swallow your sadness and smile, “Well when you put it like that, it doesn’t seem so bad.”

It does seem bad, but you won’t tell them that. If they’re leaving this Friday night, that means today and tomorrow are you’re last day’s with them. You almost feel regretful for not doing more with them today. Because tomorrow, they’ll be packing up their clothes and stuff for the week with Leia.

You hold in your tears.

The rest of the afternoon is spent together, although you’re not as happy, you think you pull off a decent job of appearing normal. The triplets notice a difference, but understand nonetheless. This might be the first real test in your relationship. To see how the distance and disagreement will effect you all.

But you tell yourself that you’re better than this. You can handle being alone. Hell, before them you were always alone. You’ll still have your friends of course and besides, what’s one week. Nothing.
Not much can happen in a week anyway.

Right?

Chapter End Notes

Listening to sad as fuck music while writing this is not a good idea. Because the resulting chapter comes out way more angsty than intended.

Any who, you know in this entire fic, there’s only one chapter that doesn’t have the reader and triplets in it. That chapter was the hospital scene with Mitaka. Reader is with at least one triplet in every chapter as well.

I guess you guys and reader, have been lucky. Too bad that luck is running out.
Slow Dancing In The Dark

Chapter Summary

Goodbyes are never easy.

Chapter Notes

Chapter Title inspired from the song 'Dancing in the dark', by Joji.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You never knew time could move so slow.

A week with more than half of your friends absent, is how you think time in hell moves. Agonizingly slow.

With Phasma and Hux travelling down with the triplets, it left just you, Rey, Poe and Finn. Like the old days.

Hux had to return to his father for the holidays. And Phasma, was invited down by her brother, Keldo.

It’s a strange name, Keldo. But not surprising considering what his sister’s name is; Phasma. She doesn’t talk much about her brother, other than that he’s one year older than her and has some job in the government. He’s ascended quickly up the ladder, almost at the same tier as Hux’s father.

Which is how the two families came to know each other. Brendol thinks of Keldo as the son he never had, much to Hux’s chagrin. Brendol even likes Phasma more than Hux, just for being the strong woman that she is.

Brendol thinks everything his son does is a waste of time, especially when he could just follow in his footsteps and make their family proud.
The triplets, Hux and Phasma have so many ties together, more than you actually know. Their familial blood has brought them together, but you solidify their bond through true friendship. While before they hung out for the hell of it, to not be so alone; you showed them the joy and kindness in being actual friends.

They’re thankful to have each other while stuck in this city of politician’s. A city of fake pretenders smiling for every second a camera is pointed at them.

The flight takes just over an hour, which is what the triplets tell themselves every second on the way down. Only an hour and they could be back in your arms. If this turns out a bust, then they could easily turn back around.

When they deboard the plane and head to the pick up bay, they’re disappointed to find a black suited man holding a sign with their last name on it. A chauffer is picking them up instead of their mother. How sad.

But they shrug of the initial disappointment and head towards the tall man with gold jewellery decorating every aspect of himself.

Ben does what he does best. Soothe his worries with self-denial, “It’s fine, she’s probably just busy.”

And Kylo snaps back, “She’s been busy her whole life. This is just more of the same”, and he pushes past the chauffer to the limo with their mother’s smiling face plastered on the side. He dumps his bags in the trunk and hops in the back, not bothering in waiting for his brother’s or helping them.

The chauffer shakes off the shiver raking up his spine after receiving Kylo’s signature glare. He turns to the blond and brunet in front of him, “Welcome, Master Solo’s. My name is Cesar Threpeo and I will be delivering you to your mother’s home this evening.”

He grabs the heaviest suitcases and directs Ben and Matt over to the limo, rolling the bags behind himself as Ben asks, “So our mom, isn’t picking us up?”

Cesar places the bags in the trunk and opens the car door for Matt and Ben, who are getting creeped out more and more by him. He doesn’t answer the question until he’s behind the wheel,
looking at all three of them through the rearview mirror, “Congresswoman Organa, does apologize for her absence, but insists that you take the spare time to properly get situated around your new surroundings.”

Matt interjects, “Wait! So when we get home, she won’t be there?”

“Unfortunately, no. She is currently across the country campaigning for her re-election this year, but will be back no later than Monday for lunch.”

Kylo meets Cesar’s eyes through the mirror with an icy glare, “So while she’s working, we just hang out around her house.”

Cesar tries to smile back, “Of course not, I’ve been assigned to show you the sights and drive you anywhere you’d like to go. Plus, I’ve heard you have friends staying in the city as well, so you won’t be totally alone.”

Matt and Ben are starting to regret all of this. Maybe you were right.

Just as Cesar is about to say something else, Kylo sneers darkly, “How about we just go back home and return when she gets back. There’s someone at our real home that actually wants to spend time with us.”

And what Cesar says next, surprises the triplets, “Oh right, I’ve heard you lot are quite attached to your family! It must be hard to be away from them, and for so long as well”, he smiles rather largely back at them.

What he said is actually normal, but why did he say it so suspicious like. The underlying tone as he said family and them, has the triplets squinting their eyes at the man and lightly scowling.

Ben frowns, “Ummmmm, no.”, and Matt adds, “Why would you think that?”

“Apologies, Master Solo, but I did over hear your mother on the phone saying that you three were quite clingy when it comes to your family.”
That statement alone has all three of them recoiling in disgust. Them! Clingy! That’s preposterous, at least in their eyes it is. When in truth, when it comes to you, they are very clingy. The one thing that sticks in their mind though, is that their mother is keeping tabs on them.

Ben asks, “How would she know?”, trying to get more info out of the creepy man.

Another much too big smile is directed at them through the mirror, “I don’t know, I’m not privy to such information. Perhaps you can take it up with her when she gets back.”

Cesar pushes a button to start the car and pulls off onto the road, “We will arrive in under 45 minutes. Let me know if there’s anything you need through the intercom on your right.”, he gestures to a panel built into the door, then he’s rolling up the partition.

The triplets are left alone after that, already feeling like this is a mistake.

But they can’t turn back so quickly. Not after all of the arguments and fights they went through when telling Han about the invitation. He was quick to anger and just as quick to forbid them from going. He looked to you and your mother for help, to back him up and keep his boy’s home.

But you already said they could go, and the triplets needed your support, no matter how much you disliked the idea. Your mom weighed the pros and cons, eventually deciding it might be good for the triplets. Han was exasperated by all of you, eventually retreating to his room for a few hours.

But really your mom just wanted the triplets to see for themselves, how much of a lost cause Leia is. They need to finally come to terms with the fact that Leia is a mediocre mother at best, and a complete failure at her worst.

Han eventually came around after your mom had a private chat with him. He emerged from his room with a scowl, finding the four of you sitting in the lounge room. You got up to leave, to give them space, but Han stopped you. You didn’t have to leave, this is a family matter and you are family.

He discussed why they want to go and why she’s invited them. Somewhere in that conversation, Han revealed that Leia asked this of him that night at the restaurant. He turned her down that night, but she still got her way. She snuck around him and went straight to the source. Han Doesn’t like this one bit, especially when his gut is telling him to lock his boy’s in the house.
But after lots of deliberation he conceded. They had every right to wanna see their mother, he just hopes they come back the same happy men that they are. Leia has a way with manipulation, being able to break the strongest of people. Which is why Han rejected her that night.

After the travel arrangements were set and the triplets confirmed it with Leia over the phone, all they had to do now was pack. So everyone went to bed early, preparing themselves for tomorrow.

You had to say your real goodbye’s that night, since it was the last time the four of you were going to be alone. They stayed in your bed that night, holding you tightly and alternating between who held you.

You didn’t cry once, you stayed strong for them.

The next day, they packed slowly while you laid in your bed for most of the day. You tried to hide from the truth; your boy’s were leaving. But you didn’t want them to worry about you anymore than they already are. So you showered, dressed and put on a brave smile.

You tiptoed down the stairs and listened to them bicker from the garage.

Apparently Ben has enough clothes for a one-month holiday, taking up all the space in the trunk with his bags. You hear Matt correct Kylo, by commenting its not clothes, its all of his hair products. A few swears are thrown around before you appear in the threshold, prompting Ben to drop the pillow he was whacking Matt with.

You can’t hold in your genuine chuckle and smile at their shenanigans. God you’re going to miss them!

Just as you’re about to say something you’ve never said to them before, your mom appears behind you, “Come on kids, the plane won’t wait for anyone.”, and pushes you further into the garage to her car.

The triplets had an inkling as to what you were going to say. They were ready to say it back. But the moment is lost when Han joins you all with his grumpy demeanor.
“Get in the car then!”, he snaps to everyone.

You hop in the very back, and wish you were in a car that had four seats. Because then you could spend the 30-minute drive right next to the triplets. Instead, you only get Matt and Ben. All three of them are going to take your absence pretty hard, but Kylo being surprisingly selfless, sacrifices the possible last time with you, so his brothers can sit next to you.

He sits in front of you guys, alone.

He blocks you and his brother’s from Han and your mom’s view, giving you guys some privacy in these last moments. He listens to Ben apologize for the way he acted the day before, in regards to Leia. He just gets so worked up when it comes to her. He just wants one chance to see if she’s worth the energy needed to pursue a relationship. Otherwise he’ll regret never trying. Then he’ll know it’s not him, its her.

You try to tell him that it is her, not him. But he doesn’t wanna listen. Just as Ben turns his head away, you whisper, “Mama’s boy!”, under your breath.

But Ben still heard it, snapping his head back to you, “What!”

You’re only given a second before he starts to tickle the living daylights out of you. You scream happily, laughing and writhing into Matt as the brunet attacks your ribs and sides. All four of you are smiling in this last moment together.

Eventually Han yells, “Dear god! Are you killing her!”, he looks back through the mirror, “Quit it Ben, you little shit!”

Ben eventually stops, but not before giving your knee a light horse bite. And while you’re about to punch him, he leans down and whispers by your ear, “I am sorry for yesterday.”

You bend back and find his eyes are slightly glassy. You can’t stay mad at him when he looks like that, you just wanna kiss him all over and hug him. But you can’t, not with other people in the car. So you settle for squeezing his hand and nodding with a weak smile, “I understand.”

He leans back in his seat, but doesn’t pull his hand away. You grab Matt’s hand and hold both of them for the rest of the way.
When you see the illuminated airport in the distance, you can’t help in squeezing their hands tightly. This is it. The shortest drive of your life and a few more minutes, are the last few moments you’ll be with the triplets. It’s not fair.

Once parked in the drop off bay, you have to watch as they hop out of the car. You get out as well, waiting by the side with Han and your mom. With their luggage on the sidewalk, they turn to you guys. The triplet’s hug with you is a lot longer and drawn out than the hug Han and your mom receive.

You hold onto each other tightly before you break away from the hug first.

Ben manages to whisper while he’s hugging you, “When I get back, I’ll make up properly for the way I acted.”, and he sneak in a kiss against your cheek. You don’t want to let him go.

An announcement about your car being in the drop off bay for too long, booms through the loud PA system, cutting off your heartfelt reply.

“That’s our queue to leave.”, Han says gruffly.

You all hop back in the car, with you sitting behind your parents. The triplet wave goodbye while Han pulls off, watching your car lights disappear among the others. Watching you go has a sinking feeling growing in the pit of their stomachs. Maybe, this is a bad idea.

Kylo huffs before groaning, “Come on then.”, and turns around to head inside the bustling airport.

His brothers follow with uncertainty, not sure about this anymore. But nonetheless, they follow. When they get their tickets, they’re not surprised to find they’ve been upgraded to first class, no doubt a last minute change from their mother.

And now time has caught up. After the awkward meeting with Cesar and the drive to Leia’s home,
the triplets were showed to their rooms by a short butler, who insisted they make themselves at home. Their rooms were far apart, almost a 1 minute jog from each other. The distance was unsettling, but something they had to get over.

It's not like they’re kids anymore, needing each other during a time of un-comfortableness in a stranger’s home. No, they can do this.

They eat a light dinner since it's already super late at night. But the dinner laid out for them is more of a feast, prepared by an army of chefs working in the kitchen. The table is grand and made of oak, long enough to seat 100 people.

It was just the three of them eating there, alone. Nothing much has changed.

When they head to bed, they each find a goodnight text from you and texts from Phasma and Hux for plans tomorrow. At least they won’t be totally alone in this city.

With the triplets each sending varying lengths of hugs and kisses back to you, they fall asleep with one of your shirts snuggled into their chest. It smells like your perfume as they hug a pillow.

You on the other hand, have no chill. You amassed a horde of their shirts in your bed and bundle them up against your face and chest, wishing they were there to fill the empty spaces around you.

With tonight already feeling like hell, you just knew the next nights were going to be worse.

Chapter End Notes

How did this chapter make you feel?

It's short-ish, but still kinda heavy as well.
Me, Myself and I--Bitch You Have Friends! Stop Wallowing!

Chapter Notes

Reader’s POV during the week without the triplet’s.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

You should probably get out of bed, right?

It’s day two and you haven’t really left the house, much less your room. Sometimes you’ll take a stroll into one of the triplet’s room and just hang out. But you quickly leave after you realize you’re being creepy. You’re acting like a worried wife waiting for her husbands to return from war.

“Get a hold over yourself! It’s only been two day’s!”, you scold yourself out loud.

Flopping onto your bed and rolling onto your back, you stare at the ceiling for a bit, wondering what you should do with all this free time. You have a few assignments that are due when Uni resumes, maybe you could get started on those.

“Na, fuck that!”, you argue with yourself.

Great! You’re left alone for two days and you’ve already resorted to talking to yourself, like a nutter. Pushing some hair out of your eyes, you roll out of bed with a sigh and decide to take a shower first.

Baby steps.

If you had Uni, then at least that could have distracted you for 10 hours of the day. Keeping your mind busy from the excruciating absences around you. Luckily though, your remaining friends won’t let you wallow in self-pity.

After exiting your bathroom and pulling on a shirt, Rey Sparta kicks your bedroom door open, “Surprise, motherfucker!”, and tackles you onto your bed.
You’re both screaming when Poe and Finn waltz in as well, smiling at you two. “Ok, ladies! If we’re going to make it on time to the movies, then I suggest we get going!”, Poe yells over your shared squeals and laughs.

You manage to pin Rey down and ask, “Movie? What movie?”

“That new one. You know, the one that everyone has their panties in a twist for.”

“Wait do you mean…….”

Both Finn and Poe nod, “Yes, the big one. Now get ready, we’re leaving in 5 minutes!”

“I am ready!”

The two men share a look before Poe says, “Should I tell her.”

But Finn beats him to it and smirks to you, “You look like a hobo.”

“WHAT! I DO NOT!”, you screech loudly.

But your friends just chuckle and laugh at you. You do kinda look like a hobo, especially when your hair resembles a bird’s nest.

“Oh, hon………..”, Rey pats your shoulder sympathetically.

This is what you need, the jovial banter your friends are masters in. You almost forgot; you’re not alone.

Finn picks out some blue jeans for you and Poe chooses a top that doesn’t look like a rag. They chuck the clothes to you and remind you, “5 minutes, now get changed!”
You grumble under your breath, but move back into the bathroom. Your new outfit is simple and casual, but still nice. Just a white top and blue jeans with pretty black boots. Casual but still hot. You fix your hair and leave it out, not feeling like doing much with it. After spritzing on some perfume, you head back out to your friends.

“Much better. Now lets go!”, Poe smirks while clapping his hands together.

When you’re all piled into his car, you say, “You guys don’t have to do this you know; keep me company.”

Poe smiles back at you, “You think we’re doing all of this for you?”

And you nod back.

Finn turns around and pulls out a laminated piece of paper and hands it to you. It’s a schedule and itinerary of all the activates you and your friends are going to be doing during the holiday’s.

He’s got everything planed down to the minute and happily smiles to you, “Little missy, I’ve had this schedule set since last year. Just because your boo’s aren’t here and neither is Phasma or Hux, doesn’t mean I’m cancelling it all. We’re going to have fun.”, and he points to a sentence at the top of the itinerary, “I have specifically requested it!”

Sure enough, at the top of the page is message all in bold: ‘NOTHING BUT FUN THESE HOLIDAYS!’

“Does this satisfy you?”, Rey says while patting your knee.

A single tear rolls down your cheek, landing on the schedule.

“And that’s why I had it laminated, little sweetie here is so sensitive!”, Finn remarks with a smile, but not before Rey and yourself slap his arms.
You all end up laughing; the seriousness dissipating quickly.

Finn is eager to show you all of the activities he’s planned. It ranges from laser tag, rock climbing, hiking, a trampoline place for adults and even various restaurants he wants all of us to try. The triplets will even be back in time for a rave in the warehouse districts.

Your week is definitely looking up now.

Today was the only day Finn could book the tickets for the new movie, since the opening night was sold out. He bought tickets for the gold class cinema, which is considerably higher in cost, but means people under 18 weren’t allowed in without supervision.

“Thank fuck, no kids!”, both you and Rey say at the same time when entering the cinema. It was a fancy movie theatre, with reclining seats, waiters to bring out food and drinks, even a bar if you’re feeling thirsty for something stronger.

Rey and yourself have been only once before. You both got completely drunk after buying a slushie each and tipping half a bottle of vodka in both cups. You guys got so drunk that you can’t even remember what movie you saw, just that it ended with a cartoon food orgy.

The four of you take your seats towards the back and get situated just as the trailers start rolling. Then you’re immersed in another universe for three hours.

After the movie, you go to a Japanese restaurant that Finn has been dying to try. Lunch is a relaxing and calm affair, making you realize just how lucky you are to have these people. Rey insists on taking a thousand pictures today and during the rest for the week, uploading them straight to her Instagram. And much to your horror, without editing them.

So at the restaurant, she manages to snap a pic the exact moment you’re taking a big bite of your sushi roll, uploading it straight away, ignoring your pleas for a new one where you’re not eating like a starving wolf. She ignores you of course, uploading anyway.

With every picture she takes, it’s during the times you least expect it, capturing you in all your natural glory. The pictures show how you really are; carefree, happy and relaxed. The pictures were of all four of you and nice memories for the future, but also a way for the triplets to keep up with you.
They could practically hear every laugh and giggle you made through the photos. It was comforting, to see you happy. They could almost imagine they were there with you. They’d much rather be there.

At the end of every day, you ended it with a phone call to the triplets, then fell asleep texting each of them. You’d wake up with your phone clutched in your hand and dead from not putting the screen to sleep.

Surprisingly though, you’re actually having a vastly more enjoyable time than the triplets. The poor tots were actually the ones in hell, regretting everything that lead up to them accepting their mother’s invitation.

You could tell over the phone that they weren’t as happy as they usually are, so you decided to perk each of them up with a little gift.

You got all dolled up in the lingerie sets Kylo gave you, and tried on at least five different ones. You took pictures in all of them and kept the photos in your hidden album, stowing them away from prying eyes.

You liked the photos, but decided to spice it up a bit. You started to take off a few things and undo some of the straps tied around your body. Eventually all what was left, was either a pair of flimsy panties or the garter around your thigh, leaving your chest bare and sometimes your womanhood.

But you would never actually send a picture of your sex, so you always covered it with your hand, eluding to that you could be pleasuring yourself, or just hiding it. Either way, the photos were beyond sexy and a godsend for the triplets.

First you sent them a picture of yourself in a dress that you wore that evening, then you showed them what was underneath.

You had no idea a phone could vibrate so much after that.

The triplet’s were salivating at the pictures you sent. You were in different positions and lingerie; a powerful one-woman show that had them tied around your finger. You’ve never really sexted before, but you got the hang of it fairly quick.
The dirty words flowed easily between you both, and was just as filthy as they are in bed.

They each told you what they wanted to do to you.

Kylo went into great detail of the brutal fucking you be getting right now if you were there. He’d pin you to every surface in his room, bouncing you on his cock or thrusting into you like a stallion. He’d sneak you away during the day and have his way with you, covering your mouth as his brothers walked by shouting your name. Because of course they’d be looking for you.

Kylo would fuck you slowly when they’d get too close, making sure they wouldn’t interrupt you both. Then when they’d disappear, he’d pound into you so hard your pussy would feel it for days.

Ben was insistent in telling you that he’d fuck you through 10 of your orgasms before he’d cum inside you. But even after that, he’d still be pumping into you slowly, getting himself worked up for another round. He’d cum inside you again and again, not stopping until you both were too exhausted to go any further. His stamina would allow for a ruthless and extensively long fuck session like that, so the picture he creates in your mind, is all too real.

Your cunt would be a drenched hole of cum and slick, a hot mess that he’d be happy to clean up. He’d be inside you every chance he got, keeping your pussy perpetually wet with how much he would be inside you. You wouldn’t be safe no matter how awkward the time and place is.

Matt said he wanted to fuck you everywhere around the house, testing the limits of how much you can get away with before getting caught. He’d roll his cock into you slowly from behind while you tried to fill in a crossword puzzle at the kitchen counter. He explained that when a person would walk by, he’d keep his cock stuffed inside your tight pussy, not pulling out no matter how close the person gets. No one would question the close proximity or notice the subtle sway of Matt moving into you.

You’d both have to hold in your moans and cum quietly, or you’d alert everyone that you were cumming on your brother’s cock.

The filthy texts got dirtier and dirtier, eventually resulting in you sending pics with nothing on at all. They of course were fully hard by the time you sent the second lingerie pic, so when you sent one with you just covering you tits with your hands, they sent back a pic of their own. Their very
thick, hard and throbbing red cocks, gripped in their massive hands. The photo had your mouth watering.

How you’ve missed them.

When you finally sent a nude, they sent back videos of the salacious sounds of them stroking their cocks and moaning your name. Small 10-second videos of them masturbating are all you got, which would be longer if you sent back a video in return.

You did of course, making three separate recordings of yourself. You made three videos to sate each triplet, saying their name with nothing but clear wanton need in your voice. You held your phone under your chin so it could capture the valley between your tits and your fingers moving over your sticky bud, sometimes disappearing inside you. You moaned their names and made a few different videos of you touching yourself.

How could you not when you were promised the glorious finale of their climax.

The last video they sent you, is your favourite. It's of when they cum, spurting the sticky white substance up their stomachs and chest while trying not to roar your name. They curse and swear, saying your name over and over while tugging up and down the throbbing girth of their cocks. They squeezed every last drop of their spend out, moaning about how your pussy should be the one doing this.

God you wish you were there!

You both masturbated to each other, which was nice. But a cheap imitation of the real thing. You’ve never craved someone so much in your life, wishing you were there with them. That way you could fall asleep in their arms and their warm bodies wrapped around you.

When the triplet’s get back, boy are you going to be sore.

Every night ended like this. Both of you sweaty, heaving for air and covered in cum. Although you wished you had their cum inside you, and vice-versa.
These phone calls and texts were the balm for the searing pain of being away from each other. And while it did help, each of you couldn’t wait to be reunited.

Because while your week was eased by the hands of your friends, the triplet’s weren’t so lucky when it came to the sharks working alongside Leia.

There was only so much Phasma and Hux could do, because they had other responsibilities as well, they couldn’t hang out with the boy’s the whole time.

No, the poor triplets week went a little differently to yours.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter will be in the triplets POV. It will feature the juicy stuff that actually happens during the week away.
The Monday lunch that Leia promised to arrive back in time for, was awkward as fuck.

Ben and Matt were optimistic, shouting “MOM!”, when they saw her walking into the dining room. They ran over to her like excited puppies, engulfing her in a big warm hug. But it was pretty much down hill after that.

How could it not be, with the way she physically pushed them away after five seconds and proceeded to seat herself at the head of the table and chug a large portion of her wine. It was almost like she needed the courage to be there.

During the lunch though, that’s when Matt and Ben’s regret and suspicions arose.

Leia wasn’t interested in anything they had to say and didn’t really seem like she wanted them there. But being the innocent mama’s boys that they are, they defended her against Kylo’s valid points of her pathetic behaviour. They had to battle their own thoughts of their mother’s ‘interest’ in them and battle Kylo as well, who was the only one to see things how they are.

It was clear that the woman had absolutely nothing common with her sons, and couldn’t be bothered to learn. It didn’t even seem like she wanted them there, which of course had many memories and bad feelings resurfacing from the triplet’s past.

After that lunch, Leia moved in and out of the house like a ghost, brushing past her sons like a stranger.

Kylo had had about enough of it after the third day.
He had his bags packed, a ticket waiting for him at the airport and ready to leave at the drop of a dime. His brother’s weren’t too far off as well, they just needed a few more logical facts to prove that nothing about Leia had changed, and never will.

With all of them standing in Kylo’s room, the trio is disturbed by the person in question. Just as they’re about to agree and pack up as well, Leia waltz’s in with an uncharacteristically big smile.

“I have a surprise for all of you!”, she sings while clasping her hands together in front of her body.

Its silent for a few seconds, which has the woman asking, “Wellll, wouldn’t you like to know?”, she looks to her sons, expecting them to be more excited.

Kylo is about to shut her down, “We were actually about to get goi--”, but Ben cuts in, “What’s the surprise?”

He’s still so eager for any affection from her, even though she’s been distant this entire time. Kylo scowls at his younger brother, ready to rip him a new arsehole.

Leia looks to each of her sons as she says, “All of us, will be going to a Gala tomorrow night. So I want all of you to get a good nights rest this evening. We have a big day tomorrow!”

“A Gala! Are you serious?”, Kylo asks with disbelief and venom in his voice.

Leia scowls for a second, but it quickly disappears, “Yes I’m serious. Now unpack you bags, you’re not leaving just yet.”

She then adds, “Besides, you’re friends will be there as well. I’m sure they’d be grateful for your company as well.”

As the smart one, Matt cuts in, “Wait! Hux and Phasma are going? Why?”

Leia doesn’t answer. But she doesn’t have to, not when the clever one of the trio figures it out. Matt frowns as he says, “This Gala…………… it’s a work event, isn’t it?”
Ben frowns, “What’s he talking about, mom?”

“The only reason Hux would be going, is because his father is. And you and Brendol work together. Phasma doesn’t have to go, but I’m guessing her brother has roped her in somehow. He works closely with you and Brendol.”, Matt says all of this with one breath and a triumphant look in his eyes.

Leia can only smile as she gives a soft clap, “Well done, Matty. You’ve always been quicker than your brothers.”

That comment stings, for all three of them. They see each other as equal individuals, but Leia has always tried to divide them; get them to compete against each other so it’s easier to manipulate them. It’s never worked though, not with how strong their bond is. But it still doesn’t stop the sting of the cruel things she implies and says.

Kylo sneers, “So that’s all this is! A work event!”

“It’s just a little get together to support my re-election. That’s all”

Kylo finally bellows, “YOU’RE USING US!”

And Leia visibly flinches while Ben cuts in defensively, “Kylo! Calm down!”

A sniffle from Leia grabs all of their attention. Ben goes over to her and wraps her in a hug, shooting Kylo a glare over the top of her head. She wipes away crocodile tears and clears her throat before saying, “I just want to spend some time with my boys outside of this house.”

She sighs once, before rubbing the bridge of her nose and speaking to all of them, “I know I haven’t been the most welcoming or present mother these last few days. But I want to fix that.” She looks up at them, “Let me fix this! I promise I’ll try better!”

Her ‘honest’ pleading is like music to Ben’s ears; making the gullible middle child hug her tighter. Matt is wary, but liking the idea of Leia actually trying to get to know her sons. Kylo is not convinced at all. How else would he have mastered the ability to lie, if not from the many years
Ben slowly proposes, “Of course we’ll go, but promise us this won’t be like those other times you dragged us to work events.”

Across the room, Kylo is fuming. He can’t believe his ears; Ben, wants to stay!

Leia’s entire face light’s up, “Of course! I promise!” Then to everyone’s surprise, Leia kisses Ben’s cheek then walks over to Matt to do the same. She leaves Kylo for last, and is a little bit hesitant in approaching him.

Mostly because she knows out of all of her sons, he trusts her the least. While Matt is book smart, Kylo is intelligent in the way of dissecting and perceiving people and their motives. He’s so good at it, that he knows what people are going to do, before they even know. It’s one of his traits that would make him a great politician. Leia just hopes he proves useful to her cause, before figuring everything out.

He doesn’t move a muscle as she approaches him, making her have to stand up on her tippy toes to place a kiss on his cheek. Even then, she barely reaches him and ends up kissing his chin before he pulls away quickly with a grumble.

She turns to leave the room and before she closes the door, says, “Goodnight, my boys.”

When she’s gone, anger blooms behind his stoic façade. He turns to his suitcase and deposits it roughly on his bed, unzipping it so he can rip all of his clothes out. Ben is behind him and singing a tune of “I told you so!”, in regards to their mother being a ‘better person’. “See! She has changed! I knew it, I knew she loved us!”

Kylo frowns so deeply, it looks like it’ll be etched in his face forever. He turns to Ben with a look of disbelief and scowls, “Jesus Christ, Ben. Get a grip. Just because she wants us to got to some stupid Gala, doesn’t mean she loves us.”

But Ben is triggered quickly when it comes to Leia. He truly is devoted to her, enough to make him snap back, “HEY! Don’t ruin this! She does love us. Her inviting us here is proof of that.”

“Her inviting us here is proof of nothing. She hasn’t showed any interest or even a shred of love
towards us.”, Kylo points out angrily.

It’s silent for a beat, until Kylo slams his empty suitcase on the floor and growls, “Use your brain, Ben!”, then he proceeds to angrily put all of his clothes in his draws. His chance to see you again diminishes as quickly as all of his happiness.

Kylo can’t help but feel angry towards Ben, to blame him for all of this. Because if Ben wasn’t so needy for a scrap of motherly affection from Leia, then the three of them could be on a plane back to you.

You’ve shown them more kindness and love in the few months that you’ve known them, than the years Leia has known them.

Matt is left sitting on the sidelines, watching and listening to his brothers argue. He’s torn between the two of them. He wants to believe Ben; believe that their mother has changed and wants to get to know them. But he can’t turn a blind eye to the truth Kylo is saying. Leia is distant; distant enough to reopen old wounds that has Matt even more insecure than usual.

This entire visit is weird and uncomfortable.

And the more Kylo talks, the more Matty feels uneasy. Their mother has been nothing but awkward and distant this entire time. He can’t help but feel like she doesn’t actually want them there. Matt sighs to himself, wondering what you’re doing right this minute. His mind soon turns to the things that you would be doing, if he was there.

Matt retreats to his room with thoughts of you, which calm him enough to fall asleep. Unlike his brothers who go to bed angry.

They toss and turn in their beds, angry at each other and Leia. But most of all, missing you. Luckily for them though, you so graciously supply them with the perfect bedtime antidote. Its an antidote that the triplets are coming to rely on while staying in this cold hellhole.

The next day is filled with various people moving about the house.
Leia has gone overboard in preparation for the Gala. She’s got hair stylists, suit fitters, beauty therapists, nail technicians and an army of other people sent to pamper the triplets.

As they hold still under the skilled hands of Leia’s beauty minions, she prepares herself in her room across the house. With her own team of makeup and hair people, she was happy to sip her wine while emailing some of her co-workers

Specifically, the co-worker who has orchestrated the triplets visit.

The Solo men are texting Hux and Phasma, trying to get a feel of what tonight is going to be like. But while Leia’s team of people surround them, they keep their messages brief and to the point. They already know that Leia has been keeping tabs on them in their home city, so there’s no denying she probably has one of these people in her back pocket.

Hux is currently undergoing the same ‘pampering’ as the triplets. Brendol is precise like that.

Phasma’s brother tried to get her under the care of his beauty team, but none of them would approach with her towering body poised to strike. Tweezers and wax was not her thing, especially when she already looked like a polished china doll. She only allows her friends to play with her hair, something you love to do often.

The natural color of her pretty yellow hair is left hanging by her shoulders, but curled slightly to make it seem like she did something with it. And as a woman with her impressive height, high heels are pretty much redundant. But as a woman with her personality and penchant for striking fear and awe into those around her, Phasma slips on the tallest heels she owns and works it like a model. She wears a dark red floor length dress though, to hide the fact she’s wearing hooker-heels to a fancy government party.

The better part of the day is spent getting ready, being spruced up to levels of fake stardom. When a few makeup artists come at Kylo with puffy brushes of powdered foundation, a simple growl and glare sends them packing. Apparently he was deathly pale and on the verge of looking like a corpse, but that doesn’t mean he’d be caught dead wearing the stuff, no matter how many people comment on his appearance.

He feels comfortable in his own skin and you like him the way he is. In Kylo’s eyes, that’s all that matters.
The triplets, Hux and Phasma were all dolled up and ready to go, but dying on the inside. Never has a party seemed so unappealing to the group, but here they were, doing their part and attending on behalf of their family’s wishes.

Much to the triplet’s chagrin, they slowly realized that this party, wasn’t really a party, but more like work. While Ben thrives in these sort of environments, Matt and Kylo will have to work extra hard to be ‘social’.

The car ride there was spent with Leia explaining her expectations of them this evening. It’s a short drive, which the triplets both hate and love. They just can’t wait for this night to be over already.

When Cesar joins the line of cars waiting to drop off the other popular government officials, and Leia peers through the dark window tint at all of the photographers and journalists. They stand waiting on either side of a red carpet leading up to the extravagant hotel, poised with phones and cameras.

Just before its their time to get out of their car, Leia says, “Now don’t forget everything I’ve told you boy’s, ok.”

Kylo snaps rather harshly, “Yes, we’ll remember!”

But Leia is unfazed and actually leans across the limo to pinch his cheeks, “God, you’re pale.”

“What are you doing!” Kylo leans back out of her grasp.

“Trying to make your cheeks rosy and put some color on your face.”

And Kylo practically snarls, “I’M FINE!”

Which finally has the short woman backing off. She huffs while Matt and Ben watch on in amusement. If they think about Kylo’s dislike for physical contact from others, there’s only one person that he’s truly comfortable with.
They watch as Leia composes herself before stepping out, “Ok, lets go.”

Ben glides out first and offers his hand to Leia. A smile is already plastered on her face as she gracefully clambers out, ready for the cameras that are already clicking towards them. Kylo and Matt hop out next, but they can’t help but blink rapidly as the camera lights blind them. Those pictures are going to be funny.

Leia subtly keeps Ben by her side and hangs onto Matt as he approaches, that way he’s next to her as well. It looks like her sons are helping her down the long red welcome carpet to the Gala. Red ropes are lined on each side of the carpet, keeping the paparazzi at bay as Leia poses with her sons. Kylo hangs in the background, but is soon summoned forward.

He reluctantly stands in the photos with Leia and his brothers, but ignores the photographers asking for a smile. Someone from the back yells, ‘WHY THE FUCK ARE YOUR SONS SO HOT!?!?’ and another person agrees, while other people shout, “I’M VOTING FOR LEIA AND HER HOT SONS!”, “WHERE HAVE THEY BEEN HIDING?”, “HOT SONS 2020!”, DO A CALENDAR, DO A CALENDAR!!”

Half of the crowd was spilt on the family walking down the carpet. Half were lusting after the Solo men, while the other half were congratulating Leia on raising such fine boys. They praised and applauded Leia, which she ate up of course. Her smile was so big it looked like it was going to split her face.

When they reached the steps up to the entrance of the hotel, they were almost halfway up when a loud boom of “SOLO’S!”, shouts behind them. They turn and find Phasma and her brother closing the door to their limo and making their way down the carpet.

With both of them identical in height and hair color, the pair were as striking as Scandinavian models. They commanded everyone’s attention as easily as a storm does, barely doing a thing other than walking. But that’s where the resemblance stops.

Phasma’s dress may have been a deep warm red color, but that doesn’t mean she’s a kind person. She coldly and fiercely ignored everyone around her as she made her way to her friends. The dark red of her dress complemented her skin color nicely, while Keldo leaned more towards the cooler colors. He was open, charming and warmer than Phasma, so much so that he stopped frequently along the way to answer questions. He tried to hide his disappointment, when they were mostly about Phasma.
She greeted her friends with more enthusiasm than they were expecting. She pulled each of them into a hug, which the paparazzi enjoyed. More questions were shouted at them, “ARE YOU DATING THE HOT SONS?”, “HEY, BACK OFF! THEY’RE MINE!”, “HOW DO YOU KNOW EACH OTHER?”

It wasn’t long before Hux was joining them.

The band was almost complete.

Hux’s father loosened the leash a little bit, permitting him to flee and join the triplets and Phasma. Leia had long disappeared, leaving the five of them on the steps. Hux, Phasma and the triplet’s turned their heads to the screaming people, making the five of them look beyond god-like and glamorous. They were worthy enough to be on the cover of a magazine.

After unintentionally posing for the cameras, the five of them hustle inside where they can breathe.

“Well, this is a shit show!”, Phasma huffs once inside.

And Hux agrees, “Tell me about it.”

The triplets are unusually silent, which has Hux and Phasma shooting each other a look.

“What’s up with you guys?”, she asks.

Kylo answers for his brother’s, “Nothing.”

Phasma doesn’t have to say anything for them to know she’s calling bullshit. Just a quirk of her eyebrow is telling enough.

Matt sighs, “We just………….. we just, miss home.”
Hux claps him on the shoulder, “We all do, Solo. We all do. But for now, we endure.”

Phasma loops her arm with Kylo’s and directs everyone into the lobby, “But at least we have each other, so let’s get this over with.”

Everyone can hear Kylo groan loudly as he tips his head back in exasperation. Everyone smiles at his antics with Ben chuckling, “Haha, classic Kylo.”

Ben slides up to Phasma’s other side and loops his arm with hers. Matt and Hux hang back, letting the others take the brunt force of stares as they walk through the lobby and into a grand hall, turned into an amphitheater of actors. Wait……party for politicians, whoops!

Many whispers can be heard as the group delves deeper into the room, all eyes on them; the beautiful children of the future.

A normal person would feel like a gazelle in a lion’s den, but the five college kids are well versed in these situations. While Phasma hasn’t grown up in a traditional political driven family, she still holds herself well. The triplets and Hux have seen everything, nothing is new for them here, thus, they look bored by everyone. Which is actually intriguing everyone even more.

They eventually find the bar and order something a little stronger than the free champagne. But then everything after that turns south.

Leia appears and drags her boys away, Keldo and Brendol do the same to Phasma and Hux. The college kids are paraded around, being introduced to random people and forced to converse with them.

Each of them use their talents and natural abilities to converse with these sharks.

Hux and Kylo use their knowledge on various political and world news to keep the flow of conversations going. Huge crowds gather around them to hear them debate, which is nothing they haven’t done together, but everyone else is eating it up. Ben charms all who is in sight, using his suaveness to make the most minimal of topics sound interesting. Matt has people hooked to his pure boyish exterior, keeping their attention with a soft smile and the profoundness of his words. Phasma converses with the more exotic people of the Gala, the international, eccentric and unconventional people. She snags their attention with her fierce and beautiful appearance, then holds that attention with her ideas on plausible acts of change and reform.
Brendol and Leia watch their kids from the second floor, sipping glasses of champagne.

Brendol nods towards the triplets, “Your boys have certainly grown up.”

“So has yours.”

They observe their children in silence, moderately pleased to see them working the crowd so effortlessly. People are hanging on their every word.

Brendol actually feels a smidge of respect for his son, finally seeing a bit of himself in the boy.

When Hux looks up to observe the room, he locks eyes with his father. Brendol raises his glass and gives an approving nod. And Hux looks genuinely shocked, but returns the gesture before turning back to the people in front of him. After that, the boost in Hux’s confidence has his chest swelling with pride and his charisma almost on par with Ben’s.

Brendol whispers to Leia, “Well this has turned out better than expected.”

And she just nods.

While Brendol was easy to impress, Leia is a little harder to sway. When the triplets were kids, Han would always congratulated the boys on the things they did and Leia instead found areas for them to work on, never giving them any positive re-enforcement other than, “You could do better.”

Not much has changed since then, since she’s been making notes in her head while watching them. She watches Ben and decides he drinks too much. Matt smiles too much, thus making him look gullible. Kylo is a closed off and scares everyone away. But out of all of her sons, Leia focuses on her eldest.

His coldness seems to be luring people in, not pushing them away. They want to know more. He’s not being aggressive, just mysterious. He’s calculative, concise and chooses his words carefully, and eloquently. He steers the conversation in the direction he wants and more than once has changed peoples stances on certain topics.
Brendol is starting to notice him as well. He observes closely and watches Kylo command his little group. Hux looks up to see if his father is still watching.

He’s not.

He follows his father’s gaze and when he lands on the source, instead of rage, hatred and jealousy filling the young man, Hux just feels disappointed. For a minute there, Hux had his father’s approval, he could see it in the way he looked at him. But now he’s looking at Kylo like that. Nothing will ever be enough for Brendol. But still, Hux will keep trying.

Brendol speaks up again, “Your boy, Kylo, he’s doing quite well.”

Leia taps her manicured nail against the banister, “Yes, so far.”, and scrutinizes him with her cold gaze.

Brendol adds, “He’d make a great politician.”

And the older woman just hums, not really sure if that’s so.

Yes, Kylo does have the raw materials to join the game of politics. He’s ruthless, smart and cunning enough to thrive in the environment. But something has changed about him, he seems……………. softer; less edgier and calmer. In fact, Leia can see a difference in all her boys.

It’s a beat of silence before Brendol speaks up, “Do they suspect anything so far?”

Leia breathes in deeply before sighing loudly, she takes a sip of her champagne before saying, “Ben is eating up everything I tell him and Matt isn’t that far off.”

“And Kylo?”

Leia tilts her head to the side and squints her eyes, “He’s a little harder to convince. I blame his father. Stubborn to the core.”
A third voices appears from behind, “Now that, is something, I think we can all agree on.”

Leia and Brendol turn to the voice, trying not to flinch at the jump scare. They watch as an old man flanked by four bodyguards, walks up to them.

The Versace suited old man nods to them, “Senators, lovely to see you this evening.”, and plants his rich oak walking cane between his feet and in front of his body. A cigar hangs between his fingers and the smoke wafts up in front of his face, slightly obscuring him from the people down below.

Neither of the Senators smile nor reach out a hand to greet him.

They just merely nod back before Brendol welcomes the stranger, “Congressman Snoke.”

With his beady little eyes, Snoke looks between the pair as a Cheshire cat sized smile stretches his wrinkled face.

And so, now its time for the triplets to join the game.

This night just got a whole lot more interesting, and dangerous.

Chapter End Notes

When I picture Phasma’s brother, I’m just imagining Alexander Skarsgard.

And so, the plot catches up. Dun dun duhyyyy!
Ben finds himself at the bar after finally wrangling away from the needy crowds.

Now, Ben is the definition of extroverted, the epitome of relentless charm and energy, and a beacon of light to the moths of the social scene.

But after only three hours at this Gala, he’s already finding himself tired. Keeping your guard up and being intellectually ‘on’ all the time, takes a toll. He can’t even imagine how his brothers are feeling right now.

So many people have tried cornering him into revealing anything of use against his mother, people are probing his personal life, and various strangers think its ok to ask intrusive and rude questions. He’s dodged all of these questions with the perfect rebuttal, but each response needs a different answer, thus, this is why he’s exhausted. He’s exhausted his vocabulary in the terms of denying and evading questions.

Ben swallows a shot of bourbon, which in his mother’s opinion is not an elegant drink to have at these events, but appearances be damned, he fucking needs it. He does one more, which isn’t good considering the only thing he’s eaten were the small canapés. But he’s done worse. He remembers missing dinner one night and chugging a beer laced with three shots of some random spirit, then proceeding to eat dinner afterwards.

And it wasn’t a proper meal, but since he was drunk he considered the delicacy between your legs filling enough.

That memory puts a smile on Ben’s face, pulling him into his own head as he reminisces of all the good times he’s had with you. He switches back to the bitter taste of champagne, deciding to slow down if he’s to stay here for a few more hours. He hunches down in hopes the shorter height will confuses people into thinking it’s to him. Some alone time sounds heavenly at the moment.
He takes a few minutes for himself, sipping the tangy champagne and thinking about either nothing, or you. But it doesn’t take long before his peace is disturbed. He doesn’t realize a hand is waving in front of his face until he hears, “Hello! Earth to Ben!”

He breathes in deeply before putting on his charming smile again. He turns to the voice and his smile drops.

Standing before him, is none other than……………….”Kaydel.”

He doesn’t mean for her name to fall from his lips so distastefully, but he can’t help it.

She smiles up at him and throws her arms around his neck, dragging him down even lower to her level. His drink sloshes from her assault and he tries to steady himself against the bar as people look towards him.

When she presses her body against his, that’s when he physically flinches and pushes her away, “Ok, I think that’s enough.”

He holds her at arms length away and grabs a napkin to pat his hand, wiping away the spilled drink. She continues to smile up at him, which is kind of unnerving, “What are you doing here?”

With so many people side-eyeing him now and no doubt eavesdropping, Ben ignores the urge to be rude. To keep up his charming appearance, Ben smiles back and says, “I’m here with my mother, Leia Organa. And you?”

“I was invited by a friend of a friend.”

These events are hard to get into, even if you know the right people and have a smidge of influence in the political game. Only the elite, privileged and wealthy visit these sorts of parties. So hearing Kaydel say that is worrisome. Who the hell does she know?

Ben scrunches up the napkin and tosses it onto the bar, “Must be some important friend.” To which Kaydel just smiles more brightly.
Then to make matter worse, Leia appears out of nowhere and wraps her arm behind Kaydel’s back, “Yes, well any friend of my sons, is a friend of mine.”

Ben frowns, “Mom?” He looks between the two disbelievingly, “How do you two know each other?”

The older woman cheerfully explains, “Well, I wanted to make sure that my boys were hanging around good people, so I reached out to Kaydel here, and she’s been more than accommodating. Keeping me up to date with my boys.”

And Leia just smiles happily, like its normal to spy on people.

Ben is on the verge of losing his shit. His mouth opens, his eyes squint accusingly, his fists ball up and his stance is on the attack. He’s poised to strike, but halted when Matt slides up to them and grabs his older brothers fist, “Not here.”

Ben doesn’t seem to be able to hear him; his own blood is pumping so loudly in his ears. All he can hear is the sick chuckles of Leia and Kaydel as they talk about how ‘humble’, his other friends are; the less fortunate ones, Rey, Poe, and Finn.

They don’t even bother in saying your name. Rude.

Matt grips his wrist tighter and whispers, “Ben, not here……………. Not here!”

Ben breathes in deeply and holds it while the women in front of him remain oblivious to the volcano on the verge of erupting. The middle child closes his eyes and sighs, then chugs the rest of his champagne and finally snaps, “When are we leaving?”

He says it loud enough for Leia to hear, but not so much that the people around them can hear. His question as the pair turning silent and finally looking at him, “Soon. There’s someone I want the three of you to meet.”

Ben growls, “We’ve been here long enough. We want to go, now!”

But it doesn’t affect Leia in the slightest; instead she merely gives him a bored look.
She purses her lips and nods, “We will leave.”

“Good-“

Then she sternly says, “After I introduce you three, to my colleague.”

Matt can feel Ben at the threshold of turning into Kylo. It’s very rarely that Ben lashes out violently, but when he does, it’s not pretty. It’s the only time when people can’t tell the two brothers apart.

Leia turns to Kaydel and smiles before kissing her cheek. Then her smile falls momentarily as she jerks her head in the opposite direction. Matt and Ben reluctantly follow her as she walks across the floor to Kylo. She gracefully drags him away from a conversation with a group of well-polished widows eating up every word he says.

Leia then leads her sons up some stairs to the second floor and down a few twisting corridors. Ben grumbles the entire way and not liking this situation one bit. But he follows anyway. Mostly because he can’t just abandon his brothers to whatever creepiness awaits them.

Eventually, they reach a room guarded by two bulky men, although they look small when compared to the triplet’s. If the guards feel threatened by the Solo men, then they hide it very well as they stand aside and let them enter the room.

The triplets frown at each other. This is weird.

The new room is fairly dark, with the only source of light shining from two single floor lamps in the far corners and a balcony over-looking the party. When the triplets delve deeper, they realize the room is like one of the balcony booths that you find at opera’s. In the center of the room, is a presidential sized chair facing towards the party, obscuring the person who seems to be smoking up a storm. Two more bodyguards stand at attention on either side of the chair, glaring down the intruders from behind their sunglasses.

Sunglasses inside! Ha, lame!
Leia walks in closer and stands at the right side of the chair towards the mysterious person. The person whispers something to Leia as the triplets watch curiously. This can’t be good.

She straightens her back and gestures them forward with her hand.

They take tentative steps towards the pair and see a three-seater lounge flanking both sides of the big chair. Leia sits to the right, so Matt and Kylo take the left. Ben would like to sit between his brothers, and so would they, but Leia beckons him next to her.

When they finally sit down, the mysterious person is revealed.

An old man smoking a thick cigar and sipping some brandy.

The first thing that pops into the triplets mind is, “The Godfather!”

But all joking is pushed aside when the old man turns to Leia, “Thank you Senator. You may go now.”

And Leia looks genuinely surprised.

But she stands nonetheless and proceeds to leave. She turns back once and her boys see the tiniest hint of worry on her face. This puts the triplets on edge. They’ve never seen that expression on her face. They don’t want to be alone with this creeper.

When the door clicks behind Leia, the tension in the triplet’s shoulders starts to pinch their muscles. This doesn’t feel right. But they don’t let on that their uncomfortable, they know that’s a sign of weakness and will never show that kind of lowliness.

So they get comfortable in the seats, sitting back and resting their arms across the back of the long chair or on the arms. They each give the strange old man the most uninterested and bored look they can muster, which isn’t hard to accomplish. In the eerie silence, the room is in a stalemate to see who will yield first and speak.

In the meantime, the triplets study the strange man more closely, not shying away from his slightly
The old man puffs on his cigar and swirls his brandy, eyeing the triplet’s intensely. His walking cane rests against the arm of his chair, the gold handle glinting in the light. Then he smiles, which is an unnerving thing to see. The boys have a feeling that he rarely grins, since the expression seems to disagree with his face.

After taking a sip of his brandy, the old man’s gravelly voice breaks the silence, “So, you’re the triplets.” His voice is raspy, like he doesn’t talk much. It’s grating and the most disturbing voice they’ve ever heard, but they don’t react or respond.

So he continues with a smirk, “I’ve heard so much about you.”

And Ben is the first to crack, “And you are?………….”

They watch as they old man straightens in his seat and does a dramatic wave of his hand, “Oh, where are my manners. My name is Snoke, Congressman Snoke.”

Ben’s snippy attitude starts to surface, which is his defense mechanism when uncomfortable, “Do you come with a first name, or were you born Congressman?”

And Snoke merely gauges him with a disinterested look, “Ibrahim Snoke, but you can just call me Congressman.”

The triplets don’t know how to respond to that, which leaves the room silent for a beat. Even though Snoke is an unnerving guy, with his intense eye contact and creepy facial expressions, the triplets study his unusual face. It looks like he was slightly mauled as a child, with the way his face divots and curves abnormally. His eyes are a piercing blue color, like that of a dead shark. His nose slopes down to a point and his thin white hair covers the top of his head like a sad shiny wig.

Snoke’s voice brings them back to the present, “Are you enjoying the festivities so far?”

With a bored drawl, Kylo eyes Snoke with his own brand of piercing dislike, “As governmental shin-digs go, it’s nothing to brag about.”
Matt continues, “These parties are all the same. The people, the food and the topics of discussion.” with Ben so eloquently finishing, “These parties are a joke. The mediocrities of the people who attend give it far too much credit than what it’s worth.”

If the triplets had drinks of their own to swirl, then they’d look just as sophisticated as they sound. They reveal more of themselves up here, than they did downstairs. Because yes, they’ve grown up in these environments, thus, they have all the capabilities to work the crowds like a trained actor. Being born into this life has given them an advantage over everyone else that joined later in life.

But being so forth coming about what they truly think of these Galas, is not wise when in the presence of a stranger, especially one that looks so sinister.

Snoke gives a full body laugh, which is kind of unnecessary since it wasn’t that funny of a comment the triplet’s gave.

“I couldn’t agree more.”, he cackles deeply and points to the crowd below, “These people are nothing but vultures waiting for the tiniest slip up to gut their opponents.”

Matt asks, “Is that why you’re up here?”

Snoke gives a creepy grin, “Partially.” and doesn’t explain further.

When Matt finally gives into the un-comfortableness in the room by shifting in his seat, Snoke’s eyes dart to the movement like a snake, making his grin grow wider before he says, “Truthfully, I prefer to watch from a distance.”

He places his empty glass down beside him and leans forward on his knees, “I’ve noticed that you Kylo, check your phone every chance you get. I wonder who holds your attention so completely that you ignore Miss Universe? Must be someone very dear to you.”

Snoke turns to the youngest triplet quicker than Kylo can respond, “And you! Dear sweet Matty. I’ve seen the way you deflect the advances of many of the men and women down there.” Snoke’s eyebrow quirks as he questions, “All I can think to explain such………prudeness, is that your heart must belong to another.”

Then Ben is put on the chopping block as Snoke turns to him, “And Benny boy, the ladies man.
You looked especially cozy with that blonde girl. What’s her name……………”, Ben is about to growl her name, but Snoke beats him to it, “Kaydel.”

Snoke leans back and rewards himself with a sip of his refilled brandy. He smirks around the room like he knows a secret and so desperately wants to tell someone. Instead, he relaxes in the silence while the triplets simmer in their own anger and worry.

Kylo is the only one visibly fighting with his anger; his fists are clenched, his jaw is tight and a vein under his eye ticks every so often. Ben and Matt are concealing their building fury and terror behind a mask of indifference.

Ben says rather calmly, with a hint of amusement to hide his rage, “You spend an awful lot of time watching us. Do you fancy us, Mr. Snoke?”

Snoke ignores the jab entirely and answers, “Well, the three of you are interesting. You’re the only people in that room with the potential to be great in politics.”

Kylo opens his mouth and his brothers tense up. But thankfully, he doesn’t lose his shit, “Why are we here?”

They watch as Snoke licks a drop of brandy off the lip of his glass, making the boys shiver in disgust as the old man chuckles, “I just wanted to meet the lovely boys who are being so dutiful in helping their mother’s campaign.”

Kylo squints his eyes, “We’re not helping.”, while Ben says at the same time, “And why would you be interested in that?”

Snoke ignores Kylo’s question, in favor of Ben’s, “Because of reasons that do not concern you, my boy.” They watch as he extinguishes his cigar in an ashtray beside him, and then slowly stand to his tall height. The boy’s frown at the old man who is suddenly a giant, his height was camouflaged by his sitting position.

Snoke peers down at the triplet’s and grips his walking cane, “Either way, keep up what you’re doing.” Then he looks directly at Kylo, “I’d hate to see your mother suffer, because of your inability to let past mistakes go.”
Kylo leans forward and can’t keep the venom out of his voice any longer, “And how would you know about our past?”

Snoke, lights up another cigar and puffs on it till it stay lit. The orange hue from the tip of his smoke lights up his face and his dead eyes, which look directly at Kylo. He holds the cigar between his fingers as he grins, “I know lots of things, my dear boy. Like how fond all of you are, of your family back home.”

The triplet’s all freeze at the insinuation, with a cold shiver racking up their spine and prickling their skin.

Snoke turns and starts to walk away with his bodyguards flanking him. Then he stops right before the doors and says, “Do give my regards to your mother, on raising such fine boy’s.” Snoke turns his head to look at them one last time, “I’ll be seeing you around.”

Then he disappears through the doors as they close behind him.

It’s silent in the empty room now, except for Kylo’s heavy and angry breathing. Matt leans forward and rests his elbows on his knees as his face falls in his hands. Ben does the same except he laces his fingers together and props them under his chin.

Matt is surprisingly the first to speak, “What. The. Fuck!” And Kylo shoots up to pace back and forth in front of the balcony. Ben is stock still in his seat, processing everything.

Matt starts to get louder, “What the hell does he mean? What the hell does anything he said mean?” His fingers wander into his hair and pull the curly strands as his head shoots up, “And what he was saying about our family back home. It kind of sounded like he knew--”

Kylo finally bursts, “Would you shut the fuck up! This is not the time or place. Just wait till we get home.”

“How is home any better? The butler follows us around, there’s maids at every turn and Cesar is always one step ahead of us with our schedule.”

Kylo turns to Matt with a scowl, “You idiot! I meant our real home, where our real family is waiting for us!”
Matt’s face falls as he gets it, “Oh.”

Kylo turns to Ben and snaps, “And you! Why are you so quiet? I thought you would be the one I’d have to calm down!”

The middle child breathes in deeply before sighing and standing up. He walks past Kylo, who eyes him angrily and suspiciously. Ben stands at the balcony and looks down at everyone. The noises of the jovial laughs and conversations waft up to them, giving the triplet’s the ability to listen and look at everyone without being spotted. The secret booth and balcony is partially hidden by long curtains draped around the room, giving them privacy while no one else has any.

Matt joins Ben by the marble banister and so does Kylo. They watch as a governor from two states over grabs the ass of his assistant while his wife hangs off his other arm. They watch a Congresswoman slip something into her much younger dates drink and a Senator laugh loudly with one group then make a disgusted face about them to another.

The triplets watch all the backstabbing, lying, cheating and manipulations from above.

With a disgusted tone, Ben comments, “These people are pathetic.”

And his brother’s couldn’t agree more. They spot Leia talking happily with a few people while moving through the room with graceful elegance. But more than once, they catch her looking towards the stairs she used to guide them up to Snoke. The only person, who notices the slight pinch of her worried eyes, is Brendol, who stands beside her the entire time.

They watch as he leans down to her short height and whisper something by her ear. Whatever it is, it seems to cheer her up, since she starts to chuckle and playfully slap his arm.

Ben bends over and leans his forearms atop the thick marble railing, scrutinizing everyone as he says, “There’s something else going on here.”

And Kylo just snaps, “You think!”

It’s silent for a beat, until Matt frowns, “But what?”
Ben sighs loudly and straightens back to his towering height, “I don’t know.”

Whatever’s actually going on, it can’t be good.

When the triplet’s rejoin the party, they’re well and truly ready to leave and prepared to go without their mother. They tell her it’s time to go, not giving her room to refuse. Leia reluctantly says her goodbyes and has to try and keep up with her gigantic sons, who part the sea of people towards the exit. The only thing that has Leia catching up, are the triplets stopping briefly to chat with Hux and Phasma. They quickly make plans to meet up sometime soon.

Ben swiftly guides them out when he see’s a waving Kaydel across the room, trying to get his attention as she pushes towards him. He whispers to himself, “God! Will she ever take a hint? Just fuck off!”

Once outside with no people or journalists in the way, the triplets stomp towards the limo. They eventually have to slow down their walking speed so Leia isn’t sprinting after them. When they’re finally in the safety of the car and buckled in, Kylo is quick to growl to his mother, “Why did you want us to meet that Snoke guy?”

She looks surprised by the sudden question, but sighs before answering, “I didn’t. He wanted to meet you.”

Ben cuts in, “Why?”

Leia opens the fridge compartment and pulls out a Voss water bottle, “I don’t know Ben. I assumed he would have told you.”

Matt answers, “He did. But we don’t believe him.”

Leia just hums before turning her head to look out of the window and sip her water. The triplet’s can feel there’s more to this; Leia is just being her usual closed off self. Talking to her is like talking to one of those magic 8-balls. You don’t know what she’ll say, but you know all of the
Kylo is only growing more frustrated by the second. He pinches the bridge of his nose and asks, “Why did you take us to meet him in the first place?”

Leia turns back and actually answers somewhat truthfully, “Because he asked me to set up a meet, so I did.”

“Why would you do that?”

“I didn’t really have any room to refuse him.”

The triplets say in unionism, “What!?!?”

Ben laughs. But quickly shuts up as he goes through disbelief, then frowns while his mouth opens and closes. He eventually says, “But, he’s only a Congressman, you’re a Senator. There’s a pretty large power and pay gap between you both.”

The car is eerily quiet. Leia doesn’t answer, so Matt asks, “Why are you doing what he wants?”

And she just gives another dismissive response, “It’s complicated.” Which of course doesn’t please Kylo, “I’m sure we can follow along just fine.”

The boys really want to know what’s really going on, but it’s hard to figure it out when you’re stuck in the dark. So interrogating Leia will hopefully yield some information. Each of the triplets pose a question, making the older woman’s head swivel in every direction.

Matt is the only soft one, “What’s really going on here?”

She huffs, “Nothing.”

And with all his charm gone, Ben snaps, “Really! Nothing! That’s bullshit.”
Ben’s language has her frowning and putting her foot down, “That’s enough.” Then her eldest son buts in, “Has all of this just been for your personal gain!?!?”

And she doesn’t like that, not one bit. Because mostly, its true and secondly, in Leia’s weird way she actually loves her sons, she just doesn’t know how to be a good person if its not scripted. She gasps, “Kylo!”

And he leans forward on his knees, “We’re real people you know. Your sons for Christ’s sake! Do you even care about us?”

“Because it doesn’t seem like it!” Ben’s voice practically shouts.

But then Leia suddenly explodes, “I SAID THAT’S ENOUGH!”

The triplets fall silent in the face of their mother’s rage. One minute she was a content meek old lady, next she’s exploding into the fiery monster that use to haunt them when they were kids. Her anger has always been notoriously famous for being unforgiving and merciless, so seeing that side of her resurface has her sons frozen.

Leia points her bony finger and bellows, “I WILL NOT HAVE YOU THREE QUESTIONING ME LIKE SOME COMMON CRIMINAL. WHAT I DO IS NONE OF YOUR CONCERN.”

The boys just look at each other, not really sure what to say. The shocked, hurt and angered expression on the triplet’s faces has the older woman regaining some composure.

Sighing loudly and closing her eyes, Leia calms down a fraction with her voice lowering and her face returning neutral, “All that you have to know, is that everything I do, is for this family.” She opens her eyes, “It may not seem it, but I love you, my sons.” She leans back into her seat, “And I won’t let anything bad happen to you, I promise!”

The boys are shocked by the sudden sentimental declaration from their mother. They don’t know how to process her outburst or more importantly, the fact she said she loves them. They can’t remember the last time she said those words to them; it feels like a lifetime ago. The loving revelation has them momentarily forgetting why they were mad.
She doesn’t say anything else, which is Leia’s way of ending the conversation.

Typical.

Chapter End Notes

Damn! That Leia is a piece of work!

Do you like how creepy I made Snoke. I hope you felt the vibe in the room with him, and just how mysterious and dangerous he really is.
The story is certainly picking up now.
And for those of you (All of you) eagerly waiting for the triplets reunion with reader, that will be in chapter 43, so the wait and time apart is nearly over.
Getting back to Leia’s home after the Gala was a relief to the triplets.

Matt was all too pleased to hear your voice. He called the second he got out of the shower and intended to fall asleep to the sound of your voice. It’s just a shame that you noticed something was off about him.

He just wanted to forget the evening, but couldn’t really when you ask, “Are you ok?”

He’s sitting in bed under the covers, with his knees propped up, “Yeah, I’m ok.”

Your voice comes through the receiver, “Really? Because you sound………… off”

Matt contemplates on whether he should tell you what’s going on. He sighs and decides it’s a conversation for another time, “I just………… I just can’t wait to get home. I miss you!”

“I miss you too!”

Matt tries to hide his little sniffle from hearing you say that. He rubs his eyes and places his glasses down on the bedside table. Dressed in just his boxers, he fingers the silky material and asks, “So how was your day? I want to hear every single thing.”

Your chuckle warms his heart and puts a smile on his face. He feels content just listening to you, almost dozing off to the sweet melody of you. Until he hears you say, “I think my virginity is growing back.”
Matt’s eyes have never flown open so fast in his life. He chokes on his spit and starts to cough. He presses his phone to his chest to muffle his choking, but you can still hear it. When he finally regains some composure, he brings the phone back and rasps, “What?”

You try to keep the chuckle out of your voice as you say again, “I said, I think my virginity is growing back. And I’m horny, all the time!”

Matt sucks in a breath just has his cock raises, tenting his flimsy boxers. He tries to ignore the slowly hardening thing and awkwardly laugh, “Looks like I have my work cut out for me when I get back.”

And it’s hard for him to ignore his cock when you answer, “When you get back………… boy, the things I’m going to do to you. You’re gunna be bedridden for the entire last week of holidays!”

Matt can’t help in palming himself; the images you create in his mind has an erection throbbing up a thundering storm as he sighs breathy groan, “I’ll hold you to that!”

It’s silent for a beat, until your voice drops lower, “Are you hard Matty?”

You know him all too well. He answers simply, “Yes.”

“Are you touching yourself?”

He looks down at his covered cock, it’s thick and begging for your touch, not his.

“Yes.” Then Matt stutters, “Ar-are you touching yourself?”

“Yes, Matty. But it’s not as nice as you do it.”

Matt pulls out his manhood and feels how heavy it is. All of his blood and flown down south, filling it to a divine thickness that would have your mouth watering. The sheer weight and length of it is impressive, dwarving all other men in comparison. He touches himself teasingly, “If I was there, what would you want me to do?”
“Well, I’m currently so wet I can circle my clit easily with my fingers. But I wish it were your fingers. They’re so thick and warm.”

Matt spits into his hand and returns to his cock. He slowly starts to stroke up and down the impossibly thick thing. He’s about to ask you another question, but the sound of you gasping has him unintentionally squeezing his cock, “What?”

You moan, “I’m touching my insides now.” And Matt grunts while slowly picking up his speed. He shuffles down the bed so he can properly lie on his back. He places his phone on his chest and turns up the volume, this way his other hand is free to toy with his body.

“I wish it were your fingers inside me, Matty.”

And he grunts, “Is that all?”

“No, I want your cock! I love it so much! You always make me feels so good!”

“FUCK!” Matt groans loudly with his eyes closed. He pictures what you’re doing right now, and then moves onto the thought of actually fucking you. He listens to what you want him to do to you. He tells you, what he’d do to you.

He misses your tight pussy choking his dick, so much so, that the strength of his hand seems weak compared to your cunt. He misses the way you hug and cling to him. He misses the taste of you, the pretty scent of you and the way you look at him. He tells you all of this, not leaving out anything.

He fucks his hand vigorously, trying to imitate the divine feel of your pussy. He pumps himself at the sound of your pretty moans and from the memory of you.

“Fuck, baby! I’m gunna come!”

“So am I! I wish you here! I want you to cum in me!”
“FUCK!”

“Matty! I want you to cum in me!”

“So do I baby! I want you. I WANT YOU SO FUCKING MUCH!”

Then just like that, you cum. You cum with a loud shriek, triggering Matt as he spills himself into his hand and up his chest. He has to quickly throw his pillow over his face as he roars your name.

It’s at least a minute or two before he pulls the pillow off his face. Tears are falling down his cheeks as he says, “Baby?”

And you answer with a weak, “Yeah?”

“I miss you.”

“I miss you too.”

Matt doesn’t say anything else, but you do, “We’ll see each other soon, don’t worry.”

And Matt just hums. He pulls his boxers off and cleans himself with them. Then he goes to sleep naked with the sheet pulled over his body. He falls asleep to the sound for your voice telling him about the plans your friends have made.

And after the sound of his breaths turning low, you hang up.

And not even five seconds later, you’re getting a call from Ben. The rest of the night is spent pretty much the same, doing it three times, but wishing it was done in one big go; all three of them with you.

Maybe when they get back, they’ll gift you with that.
By the next day, the triplets were well and truly ready to leave.

They’ve had enough and were ready to go home. But even though they were going to see this horrid trip to the end, the next day held a surprise.

It was Leia declaring that she loves her sons more than anything. She actually apologized for shouting and overacting the night before. She explained that there would be no more secrets from her and that she wanted to be good mother, she just needed the chance to try.

The triplets were teetering between believing and dismissing her. The way she says 'love', almost doesn't sound right, especially when its coming from her. During the rest of their stay, the triplets acknowledged that Leia was sorry, but didn’t feel ready to accept it yet. So she upped her game.

They were surprised to see the old woman proposing different activities for them to do together. The rest of their visit was spent doing things with their mother, which meant they didn’t get to see much of Phasma and Hux.

Leia doesn’t really let them out of her sight for more than a minute now. The only alone time they got was when they went to bed, which is always cut short in the morning with the early wakeup call.

They’re hardly at the house anymore, since they’re always out and about exploring the city. And Leia is happy, genuinely happy. Or she seems it. She’s so convincing that even Kylo is having a hard time figuring out if she’s being real. Leia may be being honest in wanting a relationship with her sons; she may even believe she’s slowly becoming better. But that doesn’t magically erase everything she's done.

It’s going to take a little more than a few random activities together or buying their love, to win them over. You can’t schedule a moment or relationship; that has to come naturally. And while Leia’s intentions are sort of good, her supporters will eat up the visual evidence of her hanging out with her sons.

Because little do the triplets know, during their fun family adventures, a horde of journalists and photographers follow the four of them around. They take photos of every familial thing they do.
together, documenting the truth of Leia; that she is a good mother.

The boys don’t find this out though, until they get home. They find out in the worst possible way. But for you, it’s like a shot to the gut, because there’s more than just photos. Certain quotes from certain blondes, will have the power to ruin just about anyone’s day.

During the rest of their stay, the triplets try to hide their uneasiness and dislike or this place. But either they don’t hide it very well or you’ve just gotten to know them inside and out, that you still pick up on the tension over the phone.

The triplet’s logic in not telling you their worries, is that they don’t want to burden you with such trivial matters. There’s nothing you can do and they don’t think they can bear the sound of your voice holding such pity for them. They just want to live in the blissful bubble of ignorance you offer them every night. You’re keeping them sane.

You’re the only light in this place and they want to keep it that way.

They’ll tell you everything when they get back.

Maybe.

It’s their last night there and all four of you couldn’t be happier.

The triplets decided to relent and do a group call with you, that way you didn’t have to repeat yourself three times. They listened to you talk about the things you’ve been doing with Finn, Poe and Rey, wishing more than anything they were there too.

Never again!
Never again will they accept another visit down to their mother. Even though Ben and Matt hold a
soft spot for the woman, they’ve realized they liked it the way it was before. The odd phone call
here and there, the Birthday and Christmas cards she sends are enough contact for the year. This
visit was too much! Although, something tells them that this visit wasn’t all of Leia’s doing.

You voice filters through the receiver, “Hellooooo! Is anyone listening to me?” Waking all of them
from their little trance.

Matt clears his throat, “Y-yes, sorry. Just got a little stuck in my own head.”

And Ben cuts in, “What were you saying sweetheart?”

“You just have to watch out for Poe and Finn when you get back. They have something
planned that involves a lot of lube for some reason.”

You can hear Kylo gasp through the phone, ”Lube!?!?” The panic in his voice is funny to hear,
“What the fuck are the gunna do with lube?”

You shrug, even though they can’t see you, “I don’t know, they won’t tell me.”

Ben chuckles, “Because they know you’ll tell us.”

And you chuckle too, “Exactly!” Then you add, “I suggest you invest in some ponchos before you
leave tomorrow. Lube is a tricky thing to wash out of clothes.”

And Ben is quick to ask, “And how would you know that, missy? Hmmmm.”

You chew your bottom lip before answering, “Some boys at my old high school bought $2,000
dollars worth of lube and proceeded to fill up a few water balloons with the stuff. You can imagine
how that went down.”

Matt chuckles, “I think we can.”
“The school was slippery for a couple months after that.”

You all laugh, which eventually turns silent.

You already know this, but you can’t help asking again, “So you guys get back at midday tomorrow?”

And with a weird southern accent, Ben answers, “That’s right baby, so we expect to see you at the airport at 12 o’clock on the dot. No dillydallying tomorrow!”

You laugh, “Yes, sir!” which has all three of them sucking in a breath.

Kylo groans through the phone, “Babe, you’re killing me!”

“I know!”

Matt rumbles, “You’re evil.”

And you can’t help your smile, “Yep, and you love it!”

Kylo and Ben give a breathy whisper of, “Yes”, which you almost couldn’t hear.

Matt’s voice is almost the same. He’s so quiet when he sighs, “We do.”

For you, it just sounds like they really miss you, which is true. But what they were really trying to say, went right over your head. They were finally confessing how they felt for you, in their own shy masculine way.

And while you didn’t catch what they truly meant, much to their disappointment, things like this is better said in person. That way there’s no room for confusion when they finally admit how they feel for you.
When they’re in your presence again, there will be many things the triplets will do to you, mostly involving the touches of reverent lovers worshipping you. But the very first thing they will do, is speak their truth.

The sweet reality of how they feel for you, which can be summed up by three little words.

Chapter End Notes

Oooooo you know what's coming :)


Ok, so I know I said the next chapter (This chapter) would be the reunion and smut. Well the smut was getting so damn long I had to cut this bad boi in half, sort of. But to make up for the split, I’ve posted the next chapter straight away. I’m not gunna make my precious munchkins wait any longer.

Oh and I’ve made Ben and Han have one hobby in common that sounds like total bullshit, but whatever, it’s funny af!!! And its nice to know its not just all alpha male bullshit, sometimes it’s nice to do gentle things.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The soft patter of feet stomping along the de-boarding bridge was almost as loud as the triplets racing heartbeats.

After a very delayed and annoying flight, the Solo men finally touched down on home soil. The anticipation and sheer excitement of seeing you again had them resisting the urge to shoulder-barge past the other first class passengers. Since most of the other first class commuters were old rich people, pushing past them would’ve no doubt made them topple over and break a hip.

So here they were, halving their steps to match the incredibly slow pace of people in front of them. For every step the triplets took, the old people would have shuffled about four paces. Kylo didn’t bother in hiding his annoyance, since he more than once sighed awfully loud and glared at all who shot him a dirty look.

This was taking forever, but during that time, the three Solo men had the same thought.

“We’re almost there, baby.”

Although their plane was delayed by a few hours, that didn’t stop fate from finding a way to fuck with your reunion with the triplet’s.
It was a last minute change because of unforeseen circumstances, but Han and your mom were now going to ‘pickup’ the triplets from the airport instead of you. The holiday that they were going to take, is the cause of the disturbance in routine. The flight delays had them rushing to gather their things before the brewing storm ruined their plans and cancelled all flights.

Instead of them leaving tonight, they were going to the airport with their own luggage, then they’ll hand the car keys over to the triplets so they can drive themselves home. This change isn’t too drastic, since it only delays your reunion by thirty minutes, but still, after all this time it’s like rubbing salt in a wound.

You wanted to see them now!

Your mom kissed you goodbye and Han gave you a hug. They gave you a quick speech about no parties and don’t get into trouble. You nodded and conceded to everything they asked of you, in hopes that they’d leave more quickly. With their bags packed and one foot out the door, you were happy to see them go. You had a good half-hour to get ready and look presentable before the triplets got home.

You tried to warn the triplets about the change in ‘chauffer’, but by then they’d already boarded with their phones switched to airplane mode. It was only after they collected their bags and rushed to the pickup bay, is where they were met with the sight of Han and your mom, instead of you.

The triplets have never checked their phones faster in their life, they wake the screen and turn airplane mode off and find a flurry of messages from you explaining the new predicament. Their gazes lift up with the dirtiest scowl ever.

The old man just rolls his eyes, walks forward and grabs a few of their carry-on bags, “Yeah, yeah, I know I’m not your sister! Try not to look SOOO disappointed!” Han places the bags in the trunk while your mom pulls them each down for a hug.

She coos over them and pinches their cheeks, probing to see if they ate enough while away. Her small body packs a punch as her strength makes it hard for the triplets to pull away, not that they want to. The difference in the hug when they compare your mom to their mom, is astronomical. They don’t want to get into details, but your mom is warmer and more genuine. It’s kind of sad.

Han is his same gruff self, grumbling about doing all the heavy lifting, but when all the bags are in the car, he turns and finds his new wife being more motherly than Leia has ever been. It warms his
Han stands awkwardly to the back and clears his throat. The triplets look at the shorter man to find him fidgeting from one foot to the other. Then with incredible haste, he surges forward and pulls each of his sons into a tight hug. He doesn’t care if they don’t want that kind of affection from him, its not their thing, they’re not the hugging kind of family.

But this feels nice.

After Han gives a lengthily warm hug to his boy’s, he pulls away with a kind grin, “I’ve missed you, my sons.” He looks to each of them as he says this, which has a warm feeling spreading through their chests.

Kylo surprisingly cracks first and sighs, “We missed you too, dad.” And pulls Han in for another hug, returning the strength that has Han’s back cracking slightly.

Han laughs and claps him on the back, “Who are you and what have you done to my son?” Han is only joking, but Kylo replies rather seriously, “I’m right here, dad. Right here.” The eldest boy tries not to bury his face in father’s neck, but he does. It’s what he use to do when he was a kid, when Leia would berate him for being sub-par in school. Han would hold him and soothe him as best as he could.

The hug lasts for much longer than expected, surprising Han immensely. The old man doesn’t know what happened to them while they were away, but he can tell it mustn’t have been good for Kylo to show so…………… much. Han hugs him back just as fiercely and says to all three of them, “I love you, my sons, and I’m glad you’re home.”

Ben and Matt can’t resist walking forward and joining in on the moment, feeling oddly fond of their dad. They’ve never felt this vulnerable before in the presence or towards Han. But seeing their father after being with Leia for such an extensively short-long time, it’s shown them how much a good father Han has tried to be.

Yes, he wasn’t there all the time, but still, he tried. He wanted to be a role model and good parent for his sons, and not to one-up Leia, but out of love for his sons.

Han may be a bit on the prickly side and not very open when it comes to showing love, but he expresses it in his own way.
He does it by always checking and servicing Kylo’s car, making sure it’s safe for him to drive. Kylo keeps his car in good nick, but doesn’t say anything to Han because he likes catching the old man looking after him. Sometimes they spend entire weekends working on Han’s falcon, a little project for the two of them to just relax. That way Han can show Kylo a few tips and tricks of his own; passing down knowledge that’s been in the family for generations.

Han actively tries to learn and follow the futuristic TV shows and movies Matt is interested in. He tries to keep up to date with the latest technology advancements, just so he can converse with his son. Even if its advanced beyond his IQ and goes right over his head, Han will research the hell out of Matt’s favourite topics, just so he can listen to his son excitedly talk to him about them. The one thing they can talk about for hours on end though, are planes. It’s a passion that seems to run in the family.

And with Ben, Han devotes every spare second he has to him. The two of them get on the best with the same interest being contact sports, booze, natural disasters and ladies. Although that last one is something they haven’t discussed in a long time. Ben hasn’t mentioned any new ‘tails’ he’s conquered or chased, which has Han curious to know which fascinating woman has captured his son’s attention so completely. And finally, the one weird thing that they have in common and absolutely love doing together, is getting shit-faced while knitting together. They fucking love it! They can go on forever, debating which is better; knit one, purl two, slipstitch, yarn over, cast on and bind off. Talking about yarn density and quality, different techniques and trash talking each other’s stitches, is real treat for them.

All of this is evidence of Han at least trying to be in his son’s lives. And they’ve noticed and never been more grateful.

The hug promptly ends after a car a few spaces behind them honks their horn.

Han is quick to yell back, “ALRIGHT! YOU WANKERS!” Which almost deafens the triplets with how close his voice booms by their ears.

“Jesus fuck!” Ben says first and swiftly pulls away. His brother’s follow suit, but with veiled fondness they watch their father shake his fist at the stranger and proceed to loudly swear a range of profanities.

Kylo steers Han away, “Alright old man, we can’t have you suffering a heart attack!”
And Han whips around to growl, “Old man! Heart attack! Son I’m about to whoop your ass!”

And the triplets just laugh as Han takes a half-hearted swipe at Kylo’s muscled bicep. Han is just joking and they know it; this is the kind of fun banter that they’ve missed. Kylo dodges the hit like a boss, which has Han sighing, “Just get in the car, you buggers. We need to get going, we have a plane to catch!”

All three boys frown and Matt says, “Wait! Where are you guys going? I thought you guys were leaving tonight?”

The triplets finally take notice of the two suitcases behind their parents.

Your mom answers, “Well after hearing about your plane being delayed, we didn’t want to take any chances in screwing up our holiday, so we’re leaving now.”

Ben frowns and shakes his head, “Wait, what?”

Han hands over the keys to Kylo, who is equally confused. Then the older man grabs the handles of both suitcases and wheels past his sons, “Now I’ve already told your sister, but no parties and don’t do anything stupid while we’re gone. I want the house to look exactly the same way as we left it!”

Kylo struggles to word his confusion, “So…….. this means……….we…….. get the house?” And your mom nods her head, “Yep, sure does sweetie. We’ll see you in a week.” Then she follows after Han and waves goodbye.

The triplets watch them disappear inside the terminal as confusion clouds their minds. Not even the PA system telling them to move along registers in their mind, or the douche from before incessantly honking his horn.

The only thing that snaps them out of their stupor, is a text sent to the group chat between you and the triplets.

It’s from you and reads, “Have you landed yet?”
Then you proceed to double text, triple text and quadruple text.

“Because if you have, I’m sorry I’m not there to pick you up!”

“But it’s kind of good. Cause when you get here, it’s just going to be the four of us.”

“Hurry home! I miss you guys!!!!”

Reading the texts from you has the triplets hauling ass. They jump in the car and Kylo proceeds to do a burnout, creating a massive billowing smoke cloud that suffocates the prick behind them. Then he takes off down the road before airport security can give them a citation.

Many speed laws were broken during that drive home.

Chapter End Notes

Ok, definite smut and reunion next chapter, I promise!
Chapter Summary

It’s here. It’s finally here!

Chapter Notes

Now, this is super long and cutting it in half yet again would have ruined the flow of the chapter. So I said ‘Fuck it’, y’all can enjoy this monstrously huge chapter of smut in its full glory, uncut.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You knew it would take them thirty minutes to get home, but that’s if they followed the law and drove safely. You calculated that you would have enough time to clean all evidence of your presence from their rooms and then have a shower.

But hallway through your little me-time, your shower is cut short by the sound of the garage door rumbling open and a car peeling up the driveway. The triplets are about fifteen minutes early. Typical.

You turn off the water and wrap a towel around your body, taking quick steps to enter your bedroom. You don’t even have time to dry yourself off. You can hear a stampede of thundering footsteps stomping up the stairs and down to your room, multiple shouts of “Get out of the way!”, “Hurry up, you fuck!”, “Stop shoving me, you dick!”, “You’re so fucking slow!” and “Oh my fucking god GOOOOOO!”

Then your door is busted open and in comes spilling your three lovers. But ‘Lovers’ isn’t even a strong enough word to express what the triplets mean to you, but for now, it will do. With Kylo first through the door, he’s almost knocked to the ground as his brother’s ram into his back. He’s hesitating at the door as he takes you in. Matt and Ben push him in deeper and finally catch sight of you, dripping wet with your tiny towel wrapped around you.

The corniness of romance movies has always baffled and made you cringe, but for a very long moment, you feel like you’re in one. The world literally stops as you and the triplets stare at each other. They’ve caught you at your most vulnerable, naked, wet and slightly afraid as the pained,
happy and hungry look in their eyes freezes you.

You don’t even realize that you’ve been holding your breath, not until a tiny gasp escapes you when fully realizing, the triplets are standing in front of you. Their eyes slide over your wet body; your small towel does nothing to hide or dry you. Your drenched hair supplies little droplets of water that slowly roll down your skin, making you shimmer in the afternoon light.

It only takes a few seconds for the triplets to wakeup to the reality of the moment. They’re actually here and you’re really standing in front of them. They’re home.

Matt is the first to speak as his voice cracks, “Baby!” His bottom lip quivers ever so slightly, adding to his already adorable, yet sexy boyish charm.

While looking you up and down, Ben sighs your name with so much adoration dripping from his voice, it looks like he’s going to cry, scream and cheer all at the same time.

And Kylo, a man of very few words, manages to growl out in one breath, “Fuck, you’ve know idea how much I’ve missed you.”

The first and only thing that comes to your mind in that moment, is, “I love you!”

And there is no hesitation, no need to think or ponder how they feel about you. The triplets reply instantly, “I love you too!” Each of them offering you those three or four little words they’ve never said to anyone else.

A mix between a gasp and cry falls from your lips as your body tries to lurch forward, instead of falling.

But your men are there to catch you.

Three pairs of arms are around you within a second, holding you tightly as they coo over you. Your eyes are closed, so you don’t know who’s kissing you, just that they keep pushing each other out of the way to steal a few precious seconds of your lips. Your head is turned left, right and center, overwhelming you as lips, teeth and tongues battle to taste every inch of your mouth.
The fact you’re now on your back on top of your bed, doesn’t even register in your mind, just that there’s someone on top of you between your legs, and someone lying on your left and right side. With your mouth being consumed by the passion of one triplet, your figure is left bare as your towel is peeled from your body. A mouth lavishes at your breasts and another kisses a trail down your stomach.

Groan upon groan filters around the room as the men above you get to know your body again. The many hands that caress your flesh, explore every secret spot that makes you gasp, moan and giggle. Every sound you make has the triplets grunting appreciatively and shivering with vulnerability. No one’s ever made them feel like this before.

“Fuck! I love you! I love you so much!”

You open your eyes to look at the person who just said that.

Kylo. He’s the one who’s kissed his way down your stomach and lays between your legs, which are spread impossibly wide for his thick build. He manages to fold in on himself as he nips, licks and bites at your thighs. He hasn’t lost an ounce of his need to tease, since he finds it pertinent to lick every inch of your skin, except where you need him most. Thrusting your hips up does nothing but earn you a groan and chuckle from the man.

As you look down at your dark haired lover, a tuft of blond hair soon obscures your view. Matt laves at your breasts as Ben steals your lips for another fiery kiss. With the triplet’s large bodies making it seem like you’re surrounded by mountainous curving edges of hard muscles, they wall themselves around your body in a way that makes you feel the most at peace you’ve been this entire week.

You’ve never felt more at home, safe or loved.

You manage to gasp between kisses, “I love you too! I love all of you so much!” you whine around a tongue shoved inside your mouth, “I’ve m-missed you!” The last of your sentence resembles more of a cry as your emotions and need skyrocket through the roof.

You claw at their clothes as your confession has each man groaning. You’ve started a frenzy with your body and words, while your other silent plea has each triplet tearing their own clothes from their bodies.
It’s not long before you’re feeling the hard planes of Matt and Ben’s chests hovering mostly over you. You try to touch as much of them as you can in your position, but finding your arms in a difficult angle to do so. Matt and Ben work in tandem by switching between your full breasts, neck and mouth. Not even your arms or hands are free from their wandering lips; they kiss every inch of you like reverent worshippers, struggling to devour everything you give them.

You swallow the groans that Matt so graciously rumbles against your lips, while Ben struggles between freeing his cock and squeezing every beautiful mound of your flesh.

And during the onslaught of the triplets fevered touches and caresses of your body, there’s just one thought that claws its way to the surface of your mind, “This is it. This is happening. I’m actually going to fuck all three of them at the same time.”

A warm wet tongue licks a stripe up your pussy, making you moan out a shocked gasp. A week is far too long. You and the triplets are starved for each other to the point of every touch feeling like fire licking over your skin. For you, relief and an unparalleled wave of desire floods through you, making you almost ravenous. The more they give you, the more you crave. Luckily though, the triplets are very generous when it comes to you.

Kylo’s tongue doesn’t even need to be wet to easily slide through your folds, your desire pools between your delicate lips so much that his eyes roll back at the bountiful feast before him. “It feels like a lifetime since the last I tasted you.”

Kylo can barely hear you when you gasp between kisses, “I kn-ow! To-oo long!” With your hips bucking up in search of his mouth, the little movement on your part puts a smile on his face.

After all this time and buildup, the triplet’s can’t imagine a future where the four of you didn’t end up in this situation. The time apart from you, has just solidified the triplet’s desire to be with you always, even if that means doing this together.

If your eyes weren’t open, you wouldn’t know who you’re kissing. Matt is just as passionate as Ben, making them more similar than the faces they share. The fact your brain knows which side of you they’re lying on, is the only way you can tell who’s kissing you.

Like right now, Ben’s warm tongue pushes into your mouth just as another one is pushed into your cunt. A strangled groan falls from you, “FUCK!” making every man unintentionally mimic you in his empathetic connection to your pleasure.
You’ve missed this. They’ve missed this.

With large hands gripping the juncture between your ass and the back of your thighs, Kylo keeps your legs spread wide for him while he cradles your bottom half like its treasure. He’s usually enthusiastic when it comes to oral, but what he’s doing right now is something else. It’s like he can’t decide what he wants more; to greedily lap up every drop of your arousal or make you cum in a minute flat by worshipping your pretty little clit with his very plush lips and warm tongue.

He’s so overwhelmed by the idea of sucking and nibbling along your lips, which he does, then switching to nosing against your nub while tongue deep in your hole. He licks at you like you’re the sweetest candy and doesn’t care how messy his face gets.

This is what he loves. He loves you and everything you give him, that being your requited love and willingness to give your body to him completely. You are his and he is yours, just as the same goes with Matt and Ben, they belong to you and vice-versa.

But ever the greedy one, Ben looks down with desperation itching in his nerves and huffs “I want a taste!”

However Kylo doesn’t budge, instead he plunges deeper and makes a show of groaning into your heat. This only serves to pleasure you, which is Kylo’s priority, but with the added benefit of pissing Ben off.

But it doesn’t seem to anger Ben in the slightest, only increase his need to taste you. So he shimmies down the bed a bit, much to your chagrin. You try to hold onto him, which has him placing a hungry kiss on your lips, “I’ll be right back, I just need a taste. Just one taste.”

You whine in the back of your throat and grip his hair, trying in vain to keep him there. But Ben is sneaky. He’s still kissing you, then moves to your jaw, your neck, chest and licks around your nipple before sucking it into his mouth. He lets it pop from his mouth and travels even further down your stomach until he’s next to his brother.

Matt grabs your hand that was holding Ben’s hair, and instead directs it to his, which you happily latch onto when he steals your breath with a bruising kiss. Ben makes himself at home by draping your leg over his shoulder. Your calve rests on the hard muscles of his back. And Kylo surprisingly doesn’t mind. He actually moves over a bit so Ben has more room.
The eldest triplet copies his brother and drapes your other leg over his shoulder, leaving you now very open and very bare before their hungry eyes.

A haggard breath falls from Ben as he finally comes face-to-face with the tormentor of his dreams, and every waking thought. Shockingly, he doesn’t dive in straight away, instead he slowly leans down to give the most gentle of licks up your folds. And his reaction is instant. Its like a nerve that sits right at his spine is plucked, making his entire body jerk violently.

You look down and watch as his closed eyes open, revealing the once brown depths now turned into a pitch black abyss of lust. His eyes roam up your body and eventually locking with yours. He breathes out the most wicked of groans you’ve ever heard. Then he’s smiling devilishly with all pretenses of gentleness gone.

Matt swallows your pleasured screech as Ben shoves the greedy organ of his tongue as far as he can inside you. He groans into your cunt as Kylo pins down your bucking hips.

Every man in the room is groaning and breathing hard.

Kylo sucks a deep purple mark into your thigh, rasping, “Damn, baby. You’re so sensitive.” He proves his point by trailing a single fingertip down your thigh to the crease that connects to your pretty little sex. Kylo smiles when his barely-there touch increases your wildness, turning you into a writhing mess beneath him.

You look down and find Kylo and Ben so close together, shoulder to shoulder, squished next to each other with their only focus being you. They shouldn’t fit, but they do.

With Ben so entranced and determined on tongue fucking your cunt, Kylo decides to tease you a bit by trailing his finger to your aching nub. When he finds it, he starts off slow by circling the little thing with the most gentle of pressure. He starts to suck and leave love bites on your thigh as well, making sure to replace his marks that have faded.

You look down at Matt, who is switching between sucking and pinching your nipples. He’s almost comparable to a babe with what he’s doing to your chest, but there’s also the fact he does it all purposefully. He likes how you grip his hair and hold him to your chest, making sure he can’t get away. Matt got so caught up in you that he only ripped his shirt off, not his pants. So while he enjoys the sounds you make, he also can’t help in smirking at the not so subtle way you’re trying to take his pants off.
Matt is loving everything you’re doing. He’s in his own little world as he takes advantage of your free chest and mouth. When he wanders back up to your jaw, you turn his head and bite his bottom lip, whispering softly, “Matty, I love you.” and he groans back tenderly, “I love you too, baby. Fuck, I love you so much!” He’s shimmied his pants down his thighs for you and unashamedly grinds his cock into your hip.

With a brilliant idea coming to mind, you quickly sneak your hand to your pussy and gather some slick. Ben growls at your hand in his way, but calms down once it’s gone.

Then you’re wrapping your small wet palm around Matt’s cock, making the blond grunt as you start to slowly stroke up his throbbing thickness, from root to tip. Matt’s mouth falls slack before surging forward to kiss you.

The feel of a warm wet tongue giving a broad lick up your clit, has you tensing in Matt’s arms. But you’re slightly confused. It doesn’t make sense to feel one tongue inside you and another licking your little bud. When the tongue at your clit his replaced with lips, you gasp loudly and jerk suddenly when the petals start to suckle.

The three pairs of arms have to hold you down as your body starts to wind up and writhe more forcefully. You look down past Matt, and what you find is the beautiful thing you’ve ever seen.

Those crazy son’s of bitches have managed to get both of their faces right in front of your pussy. They’ve had to move their bodies a bit to accommodate what they’re doing, but it works. Kylo is sucking your little nub while Ben showers your hole with attention. Their faces are so close together, working in tandem to give you the best climax from oral ever.

You whimper and gasp at everything, which grabs both of their attention. Ben leans back with the biggest smirk on his face. Then he slowly circles your entrance with his thick as fuck index finger, softly dipping in and out before plunging in completely. A garbled mess of, “FUCK!” falls from you and the pride radiating from Ben has him smirking, “God! Just my finger inside you and you’re clenching on it so tight!” Ben crooks his digit and starts to slide it along your walls, making sure to push repeatedly against your g-spot.

You gasp over and over, “Oh fuck! Oh fuck! Fuck! Don’t stop, I’m gunna! I’m gunna……….”

And Ben coos, “I know, baby. Just let go, give us everything!”
While Kylo and Ben double down on their efforts, fucking your pussy with just one finger and one mouth, they stare up at you the entire time. Their faces are messy, their hair a tussled mop of black and brown silk, and their muscled bodies so large that they have to hunch in on you and crowd each other’s space. It’s quite beautiful, seeing them play so well together.

They each have one of your thighs in their massive paws, squeezing your flesh and edging you very quickly to your end. Your eyes close briefly, but you swear for a split second, the men between your thighs both go down to your entrance and taste you. The finger disappears and two tongues are lapping at every sensitive spot in your cunt, twirling together to give you an experience you’ve never had before.

They’d never do this for anyone else.

They’re getting so lost in you that they’re hardly aware of much else, just that if it feels good, they’ll keep doing it. You can feel the bed rocking slightly to the rhythm of Ben and Kylo humping it. You can’t even remember seeing Kylo shed his pants, but now he lays just as naked as his brother. If you could see their cocks, you’d witness the way they leak pre-cum profusely, shaded an angry red color. By the end of this, your comforter is going to be ruined and no amount of washing will get the smell of sex out of it.

Two fingers are inside you now, one mouth on your clit and another teetering between sucking and nibbling your lips. You don’t have to look down to see that each man has a finger in your pussy. The subtle way they curve in opposite directions is telling enough, but other than that, they move at the same pace, almost identical as they finger fuck your cunt.

But that’s it, the thought of Kylo and Ben finger deep in you at the same time, snaps the knot in your belly more than the actual act of it. Having them work together is so fucking sexy.

“Oh god. Oh god! OH GOD!” you scream at the top of your lungs, cumming so hard your entire body is possessed as you writhe, convulse and clench over and over. You can vaguely hear the gentle coos and purrs of all three men praising you. So many hands are on your body, rubbing and smoothing over you in a comforting manner. You ride the waves of bliss as the unrelenting men below you greedily take everything you give them.

Your hand is jerky as it follows a sporadic rhythm of pumping Matt. But he doesn’t seem to mind. Your hand falls away after a few seconds anyway, too blissed out to hold a proper fist.

You’re only given a few seconds before the triplet’s find you ready for the main course.
You can hear some shuffling down below that crawls up you body. The triplets rearrange themselves without even communicating, just following an unspoken connection that they’ve had since kids.

You can feel Matt climbing o top of you, slotting between your parted thighs, which welcome him happily. You swear you just heard Matt whisper by your ear, “Home.” While peppering kisses all over your neck, jaw and mouth.

Ben is now lying beside you, as is Kylo but on your other side. They cage you in yet again, even though it doesn’t feel like a cage, more like a cocoon. Your eyes open and find all three of them gazing down at you. Matt leans above you with one hand planted on the mattress by your ribs. His robust manhood is so full with blood, it resembles a thumping heart at this point and begs to be buried in you. He slides it between your folds, groaning loudly as his head hangs forward.

Both of your sexes pulse, like magnets drawn to each other, but with much more carnality involved. The pull to you is strong, making each triplet’s cock quiver and drip pre-cum like their a broken faucet. The need to see you impaled on one of their cocks is so strong that Ben growls impatiently, “Come on, Matty. Show her what she’s been missing.”

And Kylo adds, “What we’ve all been missing.”

Matt whispers angrily, “Ok, ok, just shut up.” He huffs a strained breath before sliding the tip of his member around your clit then between your folds, down to your entrance. Matt then very gentle dips inside, stretching your tiny hole around his head. You both gasp.

It’s been too long, far too long.

Just the head is bigger than the two fingers that were stuffed inside you.

Matt inches in very slowly, but still crumbles in the face of your warm wet tightness. He falls on top of you, literally.

He gasps, “Oh GOD!” and catches his weight with his forearm pinned by your head. The fall of his body has a good few inches of his cock sliding into you, but there’s still plenty left to be buried. You grip his bicep and close your eyes as Matt slowly sinks home, making you gasp a pathetic whine and him grunt something feral.
Your eyelids are flickering with finally having one of your boys inside you. And speaking of insides, yours are fluttering just as rapidly as your heart. The slick puffiness of your walls has Matt choking out, “Dear god, help me!” His back is pulled taut, his muscles tensed and his eyes squeezed shut.

Kylo and Ben peer down between you both to see their brother shoved inside you. And the sight of it is so fucking hot, the way the apex of your hips join so snuggly together. You can’t help in fidgeting while Matt lets you adjust, not that you really need to. It’s more for Matt, the time to adjust, because he knows if he moves the tiniest bit more than he already is, he’ll cum, and he doesn’t want this to be over just yet.

Ben groans next to you, “Fuck! I love seeing your tiny pussy taking such a big cock! You’re so damn perfect, baby.” And his praise makes you shudder beneath Matt, who gasps, “Don’t! Oh god, don’t move! Or I’ll cum.”

Ben chuckles, “Do you hear that Ky, Matty here is gunna blow his load so soon.”

And instead of shaming him, Kylo defends Matt, “I don’t blame him. You would too after being away from this gorgeous girl.” Kylo leans down and kisses your cheek, making you smile and turn your head to meet his lips. His tongue prods at your mouth and you happily accept it.

Ben leans down and kisses your neck while snaking one hand down to softly trace the tips of his fingers over your folds. This only makes you more wild under Matt, causing the blond to gasp as your hips try to shuffle along his hard statuesque length. His cock moves through your pussy in the softest and subtlest of ways, but it’s still a lot for both of you.

Ben smirks and circles your clit now, making you whine and jerk under Matt. The groan that falls from the blond sounds so pained, like he’s wrestling, which he is you guess. He’s trying so hard not to cum, battling his own cock and more importantly, your pussy that consistently clenches the warm wet plushness of your inner walls around him.

Kylo and Ben, the cheeky boys, know what they’re doing. They were forgiving and generous in letting Matt take you first, but that doesn’t mean they’re patient men. They kiss every inch of you and do everything in their power to give you pleasure, which in turn has you writhing and fucking yourself softly on Matt’s cock.

The two dark haired men smile to each other, knowing each other’s intentions. And you can’t take anymore teasing, you need to be fucked. The loving touches and heartfelt sentiments have been nice, but you need more. You want everything from them.
“Matty! Please! Fuck me!” you start get emotional as he keeps his hips immobile, not daring to move as he struggles to breathe.

“Yeah, Matty. Fuck her! She’s already begging for it buddy, what more do you want!” Ben presses on your clit, making you jerk violently and Matt choke, “Fuck! Ok, ok.”

You open your eyes and watch as Matt finally draws his hips back.

Everyone in the room looks down to watch.

Matt’s cock emerges so damn wet with your arousal, you can see a vein pulsing and the thick shaft of him throbbing. He’s only grown more red and you swear he looks bigger, like he’s somehow gotten harder from just being inside you.

Kylo groans, “Would you look at that.” He leans down and whispers against you ear, “You’re so beautiful!”

And you’re about to compliment him back, but just at that moment Matt slams back in.

“FUUUCK!” you groan as Matt grunts “OH, CHRIST!”

Matt starts off slow fro both of you, leaning down to be face to face with you, kissing you as his hips pull back then slide back in. But slide isn’t even the right word. He has to plunge back in, drive, hammer himself home because your cunt is so tight it feels like its forcing him out. But he surges back inside everytime he withdraws. You stretch around his large thickness, taking him perfectly.

With Matt’s glasses foggy and almost falling off his face, you end up plucking them off his nose and tossing them as gently as you can over the bed, then your hands are all over him.

Matt struggles to say, “Oh, babe. I’m-I’m not gunna l-last.” He can’t even control his body anymore, it just chases your release, so he can feel you milk the orgasm from him. He works you open, circling his hips to a degree that would tire anyone else out. He knocks against that special spot inside you repeatedly, which is a feat you’ve learned only the triplets are absolutely perfect at.
“It’s ok, Matty, neither am I.” you claw into his lower back, trying to pull him into you harder. He gets the message and does exactly that.

There’s no room for Ben’s hand anymore, so he brings the limb back to himself, content to stroke his own cock and watch. You can see through hooded eyes that Kylo and Ben are both masturbating to this. But you want in on the action. Just as Matt’s face falls into the crook of your neck, snapping his hips into you at a brutal pace, you turn to look at Ben and try to grasp his cock. The angle that you’re in though, is awkward.

He appreciates what you’re trying to do, but he’s patient enough to last a little while longer with just his own mediocre hand. He smiles down at you, “Easy babe. There’ll be plenty of time for that.”

You pout up at him through jolting gasps, “But…. I wanna…… touch you.”

“I know. Soon, baby.”

Your needy and innocent whine has goosebumps prickling over Ben, making the brunet growl. The things you do has him, has him turning completely feral sometimes, and you don’t even do it on purpose.

Since you can’t really jerk Ben off, you instead swipe your finger up the underside of his cock, catching a dribble of his pre-cum and greedily sucking it into your mouth. Ben chokes on a gasp before surging forward to kiss you. He mumbles between kisses, “You’re so fucking perfect. I’m glad you’re in my life.”

You almost sob, “Oh, Ben!” and he sucks your bottom lip and nibbles it before he rasps, “I love you, baby, so damn much!”

“I-I love……… YOU….TOOOOOO.” You cum with a scream, confessing yet again your feelings for the triplets.

Not even one second later, and Matt is cumming just as hard, “FUUUUUUCK!” he slams into you, rapidly pumping his hips and circling them to feel the full extent of your cunt pulling the cum from him greedily. You drain him with the sporadic fluttering of your walls, something that you can’t control as the thick load of his cum coats your insides. Feeling the thickness of his cock inside you,
and cumming on it, is the most beautiful thing you’ve ever experienced. You’ll never get tired of them or this.

The time and distance apart has brought you all closer. Everything is heightened, from your emotions and sense of touch, your body floods with endorphins that seem to be more powerful than usual and you’ve never felt more desperate for three men in your life. You want everything from them.

You have one hand on Matt’s ass, holding and squeezing to make sure he doesn’t leave the confines of your cunt yet, not that he wants to. And your other hand is clawed into his back, marking his skin with red lines to match the red splotches on your neck and chest.

Your vision and hearing is gone, all you see is blackness with whistlenoise buzzing in your ears. You’re breathing heavily with your skin shiny and slippery, Matt is exactly the same, but a little more tacky after being the one exerting all that power to fuck you. He falls on you completely, stuffing himself as deeply as he can.

After a full minute under his weight, you finally give and push at his ribs, “Matty, it’s getting a little hard to breathe.”

He whines deeply, but does as you ask. He moves off you eventually, slowly and groggily lifting his heavy body up to sit back on his knees. This gives everyone the view of your cunt still stuffed with his dick and cum.

Even though Matt is slowly softening, he’s still so damn huge.

Everyone looks down and either groans, sighs or gasps at the sight. Cum oozes out the sides of Matt’s dick, your pussy has a pretty shine of sweat and cum coating your lips and mound.

“Fuuuck! I can’t wait to get inside that.” Ben groans next to you.

Matt loves you, so much so that he doesn’t wanna leave. But there’s only so much his sensitive cock can take. So reluctantly, he slips out of your pussy, making you both moan and hiss. You feel cold with his body not on you, even your sex is greedily anticipating it’s next service. Which you don’t have to wait long for.

With Matt crawling around Kylo and laying behind him, you watch as the blond throws an arm
over his eyes and try to calm his breathing. Your own breathing is erratic, which doesn’t faze his brothers in the slightest. Ben moves you around to the way he likes. You don’t even have to do a thing, Ben’s strength has you on your side now, as the dark haired men snuggle in closer.

They’re on their sides as well, Kylo in front of you and Ben behind you.

Your leg is placed over Ben’s hip, opening you up as the tip of his dick prods at your cunt. You try to bring Kylo closer, which he’s happy to do. He lets you arrange him how to want. Your cradle his head with your arm under it, he drapes one arm around your waist and traces up and down your spine. With you both this close, you can kiss him freely.

You gasp when Ben pushes himself all the way in, bottoming out in one long thrust. Kylo swallows your shocked whine while Ben grunts, “FUCK!” He leans up on his elbow and grips your hip tightly, “Fuck Matty, I understand now.” Your womanhood is swollen, puffy from receiving a beating. But most importantly, it’s still so tight. The blood that flows down south has you so sensitive to the stretch that has you split on Ben’s cock. He fills you to capacity, then some more.

When he’s in all the way, he just hovers there, resting in no mans land. The void in the middle is where Ben has two choices; cum right this very second because your pussy is that good, or struggle through your tight walls and endure them so you both get off. Ben chooses the latter since your pleasure means more to him than his own. Plus, he’s missed the feel of your cunt coming on his cock.

So here he is. Waiting for the control he rarely has in the first place, to take over and give him the strength to resist the urge to cum. Luckily though, you both don’t have to wait for long.

Ben overcomes the urge to cum a lot quicker than Matt did and is soon giving tiny thrusts, only moving a centimeter at a time. Then he lengthens them, sliding a couple inches in and out instead. Ben nips at your shoulder, his teeth leaving behind indents in your skin as he groans, “You’re pussy is the perfect hug around my cock! I love it and I love you!” You can’t help a soft sob from his words, or the clench your sex makes.

You whisper back, “I love you too.” And Ben replies by performing the first real thrust. He delivers it to your cunt slowly, almost in a calculated manner, which is a surprise to feel from Ben. He gently rocks into you like you weren’t just fucked open. But just like all muscles, your pussy resumes it’s normal tight size, stealing yet again the breath from another triplet. The spend from yourself and Matt, eases Ben in perfectly, giving you both free reign to pick the pace up more quickly.
Kylo lays in front of you with his eyebrows scrunched, you look down between your bodies that are squished together and eye his cock. It looks so red and engorged, leaking profusely and you can actually see it throbbing. He pulls your face back up to kiss you and mumble, “Don’t worry about me. I’m fine.”

Your bottom lip trembles. You can’t just make him wait like that, you need and want to help him. You squeak into his mouth when Ben starts to pump his hips into you harder, knocking around deep inside you. Your hand that was originally reaching back to squeeze Ben’s ass, now moves forward to grasp Kylo’s cock.

Now he’s the one gasping.

He’s so thick in your hand, hot and heavy, full with blood and leaking over your hand. You trace a vein up his cock with your thumb, then bring it into your mouth, tasting the only person’s cum you’re happy to have on your palate. Besides his brothers, of course.

Your hand returns to his cock and grips him hard, stroking from the base all the way up. Your fingers barely fit around him, but the soft velvety touch of him is funny to feel, considering it contradicts the fact he’s as hard as a rock.

You squeeze a little too tight, which has the eldest triplet snarling against your mouth, making your hand falter and you shrink back into Ben.

But Kylo growls, “NO! Don’t stop! It felt good!” his hand covers yours and starts to pull it up and down his rod, copying what you were doing but a little faster. He shows you just how rough he wants it.

He grunts from the stimulation on his cock that isn’t caused by his own hand. When he feels that you know what you’re doing, Kylo lets go and snakes his hand down to play with your sensitive bundle of nerves. Your hand and cunt clench tightly, pulling groans from each man.

“FUCK I LOVE THIS PUSSY! AND I FUCKING LOVE YOU, BABE!” Ben picks up his speed, jolting your body into Kylo who’s humping your hand. He kisses your lips hungrily, and somehow is keeping his thumb perfectly in time with Ben’s thrusts. You’re whining over and over, chanting Ben’s name and trying to throw your ass back onto his cock.

Tongue, teeth and lips clash.

Stomachs, asses and balls slap.
Hands and cocks smack wetly.

Noises that are the telltale signs of sex, echo all around you. If you had an audiobook of just this, you’re sure you could cum from just listening to it.

Your body is jumping into Kylo, your hand tugging on his manhood quickly. You’re gasping with every inch of cock that is rammed into you, hitting its mark perfectly as always. Ben sucks at your neck and is gripping your hip so tightly it’s going to bruise. He bottoms out inside you like his life depends on it, his movements are no longer calculated, the finesse of how Ben fucks is just purely driven by the need to feel you cum. He knows what you like and does everything he can to push you over quickly.

“FUCK! You’re so fucking tight!”

“I’ve never had anything SO FUCKING GOOD!”

He whispers filthy words in your ear, but with the added phrase of, “I love you!” mixed in as well. It falls form him freely, just as your arousal falls from your cunt to make a sticky mess between your thighs and on your bed. Ben can’t resist and dips a finger down to gather some, then quickly shoves it into his mouth.

And for Ben, its like a shark getting a taste of blood. Like an animal, he thrusts into you powerfully, hammering his thick meaty cock into you like it’s the last time he’ll get the chance, “Fuck, babe!”

With Kylo touching you and Ben fucking you, the culmination of stimulating both on the inside and outside of your cunt has you cumming in the next two seconds, “BENNNNNNN!”

You pussy tightens into a vice, choking the man behind you and triggering his climax, “YEEEEESSSS! FUUUUCK! FUCK! FUCK! OH GOD!” he stutters into you, jerking you into his brother and holding you in a bruising hug. Ben crushes his chest to your back, he wraps his arm around your waist and holds you tightly. Every inch of his skin is trying to touch you, he hunches into you, still flexing his hips into you as ropes of cum shoot into you.

And you can feel it all, from the throb of his cock and the warm sticky seed filling you up. But the calm after the storm, or is it before, finally breaks as Kylo takes his turn. He’s generous in giving Ben a handful of seconds to enjoy his high, but after that he pulls your hips up so Ben’s cock slips free.
Ben is too weak to kick up a huge fuss other than grunting angrily. His wet dick falls down between you both, resting against your ass as he pants heavily into the back of your head. He’s gripping your breast in his big hand like it’s a security blanket or something, he rolls your nipple in his fingers and kisses you softly.

Ben is coiled around you tightly, desperately trying to hold on. But Kylo lifts your leg that is hanging over Ben, and instead rests it over his hip, sliding it up around his waist. Ben growls and follows the warmth of your body as Kylo pulls you closer. The raven haired man then reaches down and replaces the absence in your cunt with his own girthy meat.

Kylo hisses through gritted teeth, “Nnnngn FUCK!” You can only weakly gasp as the thick intrusion penetrates you for the third time this day. You’ll never grow tired of this though.

Laying on your side has never felt better. The weakness that settles over your body is like a drug, giving Kylo free reign over pillaging your pussy with his relentless hips. He finally gets to wet his cock with your cunt, feel you squeezing him after being denied you for so long.

“Never again!”

You frown at him, “What?”

“Never a-again, will we be apart! I-I don’t care what’s in our way, I’m not letting you go!” Kylo says between thrusts, trying to convey his feelings with words, which are more akin to animalistic snarls.

“Oh, Ky!” you cup his cheek and kiss him as few tears fall down your cheeks. You’re not sure if the tears are from the pleasure building in your core yet again, or from what Kylo just said. Probably both. He kisses away your tears as best he can with both your bodies jumping.

This entire situation is so intimate. You’re all exposed in ways you haven’t been before. Emotions are running high, feelings that are still trying to be processed run rampant as your bodies try to chase the one thing it craves. Each other, that being you for the triplets and them for you.

You can see Matt, who is not as calm as you thought he would be. He’s laying on his back behind Kylo and stroking his dick while watching you. You can see his hips flexing up into his hand, sweat beading all along his chest and abs, his brows furrowed as he bits his lip. The thick hardness has returned in his hand, just as the one by your ass reawakens.
Ben is grinding into you, slowly regaining his erection, and just as slowly getting himself off with your plump flesh. Everyone in the room is fucked in one way or another, either literally or figuratively.

“Just one more!” Is the same thought that repeats in Ben and Matt’s mind. Just one more orgasm and then they’ll rest. A nice little ten minute rest before round two, then three, four and five. An entire week with just the four of you, is probably about the most dangerous thing to happen.

Kylo pulls out maybe an inch or two, then slams back in with strength only a man as muscular has him could achieve. With a body built to fuck, Kylo does exactly that. He promises he’ll make love to you, just maybe later when he’s calmer. Right now he’s so worked up he’d be happy to spend the rest of his life between your thighs. The dramatics of his personality haven’t lost an ounce of its pizazz.

“KY! KYYYY! KYLOOOOO!” his name falls from your lips longingly, which he’s so fucking happy to hear. His hand squeezes your hip then slides down to the part of your leg that join your ass to the back of your thigh. It’s the only safe area he can squeeze without accidentally brushing against Ben’s cock.

You reach past Kylo and swat Matt’s hand away, then you’re wrapping your smaller one around his girth, copying his pace from before perfectly. Matt hisses, “Oh fuck!” and jerks up into your hand. Ben seems to be attached to your clit, because yet again the brunet is snaking his hand around you tummy and wandering down to rub the little slippery bud.

The clamp of your cunt has the man in front of you snarling and picking up his speed, bouncing your body up and down his cock. When a voice in Kylo’s head whispers, “More,” he obeys. He shuffles down the bed a bit to spear his dick up into you, satisfying both of you. The groans around you are the only sounds you’d be happy to hear for the rest of your life.

You’re all writhing in some way; Kylo into you, Matt into your hand and Ben against your ass. And all you can do, is take it.

Which is something you can’t endure for much longer. With the various sensations washing over your body, your mind is still reeling at the reality of the situation. You and the boys have confessed your love, you’ve now fucked all three at the same time and now you’re about to cum on the third cock this day. Nothing could ever be this perfect.
“Oh god! Oh fuck!” your head tips back slightly, giving Ben the opportunity to kiss your cheek and coax your lips to his. He grunts into your mouth, panting heavily and humping your ass just as hard and fast as Kylo.

Just a few more perfectly angled thrusts, and you’ve lost it. Screaming and whining loudly, you cum so hard your entire body clenches like nothing you’ve done before. Your hips throw back into Ben, your cunt squeezes the life from Kylo and your hand tightens around Matt. All of this coupled with knowing, hearing and feeling you cum, of course triggers the triplets.

With a roar clawing its way up their throats, you’re met with a symphony of, “FUUUUCKK!”, “DEAR GOD!”, “I LOVE YOU!” and “CHRIIIIST!” Plus they also growl your name in between swears. Your body is jolted from every direction, helping you ride out your high that has stolen every sense from your body, except touch. The men around you stutter their climaxes, which cover you.

You can feel cum up your back and on your ass, your cunt is filled to capacity and your hand is coated in the stuff. Hips are still slowly flexing into you, greedily prolonging this as much they can. With nothing but the sound of labored breathing and your own heartbeat in your ears, you feel well and truly fucked.

The tiredness can be heard in your voice as you quickly say before passing out, “I love you, all of you, so much!”

And they each reply just as tiredly, but in no way hesitant or slow, “I love you too.” They each manage to say this at the same time, but with hints of inflections from their voice and personality that separates them. Ben chuckles his, but kisses your shoulder. Kylo is serious when he says it and Matt sounds so exhausted, but earnest and sincere in his affection for you. The youngest of the bunch turns on his side and snuggles into Kylo, draping an arm over his and your waist. And Kylo doesn’t seem to mind one bit.

In fact, all three of them don’t seem to care about this. They’re just happy to finally be near you again and back in your arms.

This was a long time coming.
Y’all know that gif of Eddie Murphy sipping a drink and wiping sweat off his brow while chilling? Well that’s me right now after writing this beauty.

And I hope I didn’t gross anyone out with the two boys joining efforts in the oral situation. It was a little bit incest-y, but I couldn’t resist. Plus, it was all for reader, to give her every bit of pleasure she deserves. (And you!) ;)

Chapter End Notes
“What the fuck are we watching?”

“We’re watching sea dragons fuck.”

You’re contentedly stretched out across the laps of your boys, listening to Kylo question the TV channel Ben has chosen.

You’re all just having a lazy day, watching TV for a change instead of the very vigorous workout that is ‘Having A Foursome’.

With your head in Kylo’s lap, your back resting on top of Matt’s thighs and your legs draped over Ben, you just enjoy having them so close to you. Your eyes are closed as they each find some way to touch you.

Kylo has his fingers in your hair and massages your scalp, Matt traces random patterns on your stomach, which he’s exposed by pushing your shirt up. Ben was flicking through the TV channels with one hand and rubbing your feet with the other.

“Aren’t they called sea horses? Not sea dragons?” Matt ponders out loud.

Ben huffs, “I don’t know man. If Kylo can shut up for one minute, then maybe the guy narrating this documentary will tell us.”

You just listen to the two older siblings start to bicker. But when they get too distracted, they forget that they’re currently massaging you, so you nudge Ben with your foot so he keeps rubbing, and you tap Kylo’s hand that’s in your hair. As you’ve been finding out, they’re great multitaskers. They massage you while simultaneously cussing each other out.

Its all in good fun though. Its nice to have them back with you, you’ve even missed the bickering between them. The house was too quiet without them.
But you could get used to this. Having the whole house to just the four of you.

You’re three quarters through the week, the last week of your holidays before school starts back up and your parents come back home. So far its been the best week of your life. The triplets would happily agree in a heartbeat.

And they’ve been keeping you busy too. Distracted enough so that the burning question you want to ask them is always pushed to the back of your mind. Whenever you deviate or elude to asking what really happened while they were away, one of them always changes the subject or physically distracts you.

The triplet’s won’t admit it, but something happened while they were away. That much you know.

They’re………..tenser, more aware of their actions towards you when other people are around. You’ve only left the house twice with them, but when you’re in public with strangers surrounding you, they act cordial, like actual brothers towards you. They barely offer any physical contact other than a pat on the back from Ben one time.

It was weird, but as soon you got back home, they were all over you.

The debating between the older triplets gets so loud, you can’t hear the TV anymore. You almost miss the fact someone is calling your phone. Sitting up puts your ass directly in Matt’s lap and leaning forward has the heated discussion coming to a close. All three men fall silent at the sight of you in the provocative position.

Matt’s hands quickly find their place on your hips as you answer the phone call. They listen to you greet Rey cheerily, her voice filters statically through the receiver. They watch as your face slowly falls, your smile disappears and leaves a blank stare in its place.

They can’t hear what Rey is saying, but it mustn’t be good. You hunch over and lean your elbow on your knee, rubbing your temple as you listen. Matty starts to rub your back as Ben tries to talk to you, “What is it? What’s she saying?”

Kylo tries to take the phone from you when a worried and angry frown furrows your brow. You
just slap his hands away and lean back against Matt’s chest. His arms immediately wrap around your middle as he places chaste kisses to your neck and shoulder.

When you finally hang up with a solemn “Kay. Thanks. Bye, Rey.” Each of the triplets are quick to ask, “What’s wrong.”

You chew your bottom lip before saying, “It’s better if I show you.” They watch as you pull up Facebook on your phone and scroll down your feed. And that’s when they get it.

They’re leaning in and watching as you show them what’s up. You switch to Twitter, Instagram, Reddit, Buzz feed and even bloody Pinterest.

And they’re there on every platform, the triplets.

There are multiple ads, promotional videos and pictures, all featuring them, and Leia.

A short quote from an article about her, reads along the lines of, “I care deeply about my family, and that’s what this country needs. A person with the right priorities.” There’s a link you can click on to see the rest of the article, but Kylo grabs your phone, “What the FUCK!”

“Hey! Give it here, you hog!” Ben reaches across you and snatches the phone from Kylo. Matt just tightens his grip around your waist, silently brushing his lips back and forth across your shoulder, like a weirdo. But if you were looking at him from a different position, you’d see that his knuckles have turned white with how hard he’s clenching his fists, and you’d see the way his eyes gleam with murderous intent.

You don’t even know how dangerous it is to be even sitting so close to him. He’s like a bomb that ticks every so often.

Kylo snarls, “That bitch!” and stands up to pace back and forth. But that doesn’t seem to feel right for him, because he’s walking to the nearest wall and punching a massive hole in the plaster.

For the first time while knowing the triplets, you feel scared. You flinch at the angry display, which only Matt is aware of. Matt’s hands unclench to rub your sides soothingly, however his mind is elsewhere, just like his brothers.
To sum up what’s happening, Leia has given the go ahead to sell her sons to the media. Offering them up to the public like livestock to be scrutinized and objectified.

Ben reads out a passage, “Leia Organa finally reveals the best kept secret in her life, a trio of sons who already hold the country captive, just as they hold and diligently take care of their mother. True patriotic and familial values are what Senator Organa has used to raise her children. She happily takes credit for the men you see today.”

Ben’s voice drips with venom as he reads aloud. But this only proves to dial the violent and furious tension in the room up a few notches.

While Ben sifts through your phone and all your social media platforms, you keep a wary on Kylo. His back is heaving with every angry breath he drags into his lungs, his head hangs low as he leans against the wall.

Ben eventually breaks the silence again, “That money grubbing bitch sold us out!”

You look to the middle child and find yourself frightened of him, if not more so as he verbally curses his mother. Just as he’s about to throw your phone against the wall, you catch his bicep just before he flings it. His head snaps to you with fury in his eyes, but only softens a fraction when he sees it’s just you.

You can’t help how soft your voice comes out when you ask, “Please don’t break my phone.” Your hand slides down his arm to his palm, where you retrieve your phone. Matt possessively tugs you back against his chest, burying his face in your neck.

Ben turns to Kylo, dismissing you rather rudely. You know he doesn’t mean to turn his anger on you, because he’s not angry with you. But you do feel considerably better when his burning eyes aren’t on you.

Ben growls out loud, “How could she do this to us?”

A menacingly sadistic and rather crazy laugh rumbles from Kylo. The laugh only gets louder as he tips his head back, his whole body rocks with the intensity of it.
“Why THE FUCK, are you LAUGHING?” Ben shouts, “Do you think this is FUCKING FUNNY!”

When Kylo turns around, you see the same fury on his face, but with something that suggest he’s slightly unstable at the moment.

Kylo chuckles darkly, “You! I’m laughing at YOU. You, FUCKING IDIOT!”

Ben moves quickly and gets up in Kylo’s face, “What!” And the oldest brother doesn’t back down, he actually puffs out his chest and snarls, “Did you really think SHE, wouldn’t find a way to pimp her own sons out.”

Ben doesn’t say anything, so Kylo continues, poking Ben’s chest to punctuate, “She used us, and I told you she would.”

“Oh right. Because of course the all-seeing Kylo would have known exactly how she would have fucked us over.” Ben sneers mockingly while shoving his brother’s shoulder, “There’s a picture of me and Kaydel on there. It spins this whole bullshit story about how were apparently fucking and how LEIA approves of her!”

It doesn’t even register in Kylo’s mind what Ben is saying, just that he’s been shoved and needs to act.

The impulsive and aggressive side in Kylo flares up, making him retaliate with a snarl and shove of his own, but more forcefully. This has stumbling with the back of his knee colliding with the corner of the coffee table. This sends the middle child tumbling back onto the lounge, prompting him to just get back up and slap Kylo clean across his face.

And that’s how the fight breaks out.

A perfectly good day, ruined. Ruined by a woman that’s thousands of miles away.

You shout at them to stop, wiggling and shuffling to try and break free from Matt’s grip around you. You push and pull at his arms, but its no use, not when its you against him. You turn around as best you can, but find him catatonically staring ahead. You tap his cheek to get his attention, but he as silent and frozen as a statue.
A crash in front of you has you snapping back around just in time to see Kylo and Ben crashing into the floor.

Fists, knees and feet are flying in front of you as they fight savagely. You scream at them, “KYLO! BEN! PLEASE, STOP. JUST FUCKING STOP!” But it’s all in vain, they can’t hear you over the crunches, curses and blood roaring in their ears. They’re actually beating each other.

Eventually you slouch back in defeat when you realize you can’t do anything. You’ve never felt so useless and weak in your life.

Tears fall down your cheeks as a soft sob wracks up your throat, just to be muffled against your hand. After all your screaming, it’s the soft noise that you make, that gets their attention.

Matt shakes his stupor away, Kylo rolls off Ben. They’re shoulder to shoulder, breathing heavily as they listen. Its silent in the room, so you try to control your crying. But your next hiccupping sob cuts the silence like a knife. Kylo and Ben sit up quickly and crawl over to you, kneeling before you as you try to hide your face in your hands.

You can feel their rough callouses wrap around your wrists as they try to pry your hands away from your face. You fight them every step of the way with your knees coming up to your chest, making it harder for them.

“Hey, I’m sorry. Please, just………… don’t hid from us.” Kylo grunts to your right.

You peak through your fingers and find his cheek bright red with his nose bleeding. Ben is no better when you look at him; he’s got a busted lip and a welt blooming across his cheek. Both of them look beaten as they take haggard and strained breaths.

Your hands fall away to cup their cheeks. Ben flinches at the soft touch, but Kylo doesn’t move a muscle.

A sob escapes you, “Oh. I am so-” you hiccup, “S-sorry.” You fall forward into them, and they catch you.
Kylo and Ben shuffle closer to wrap their arms around you. Your head falls on Kylo’s shoulder with your hand bringing Ben closer so your lips brush against his neck. You can feel Matt relinquishing his hold on you, so his brothers can each wrap an arm around you. But that doesn’t mean the blond isn’t excluded; he brackets his arms down the outside of your thighs and leans his head between your shoulder blades.

You stay like that for a bit. With you trying not to cry, but failing. And the triplet’s just being there, consoling you with soft caresses.

“I’m s-sorry!”

Ben shushes you softly, rubbing your back as he coos, “Shhhh, it’s ok. You have nothing to be sorry for.”

You shake your head, “I’m sorry, that I’m crying.” You suck in a breath, “I’m sorry you have a shitty mom. And I’m sorry for…… everything!”

Multiple arms tighten around you, you can feel hands rubbing soft circles into your skin as they rock you gently. Your cries eventually turn into soft sniffles. It surprises you when you start to feel wetness rolling down Ben’s neck. You lean back and find him crying too. Kylo has his head turned away and is rubbing his eyes roughly. You can feel Matt’s chest shudder as he sucks in a breath, trying to mask is own welling emotions.

You lean forward and kiss away Ben’s tears, following the track to under his eyes. He pulls your face down and kisses you, not caring of his bleeding lip. You taste his blood, his tears. You’ve never seen the triplets so raw, so…………. Broken.

While you kiss Ben hesitantly, careful of his lip, he kisses you fiercely. The pain grounds him, but the sweetness of you, is what keeps him sane.

Eventually, you break away to catch your breath.

But your peace doesn’t last long, not when Kylo is turning you to face him, “You don’t have to be sorry, for anything.” You can see his pain clearly. His eyes are shimmery, sad and almost defeated as he cups your cheek, “You’re the best thing to happen to us, in a very long time. Don’t ever be sorry.”
Your voice is too hoarse for your sob to fully form, but you do manage to choke out “Kylo!” which has him leaning forward to capture your lips in a kiss. Kylo is surprisingly gentle, but no less desperate. He makes soft noises, which live and die in your mouth.

You wish you could split yourself into three people, but with the same existing consciousness. You want to hold each triplet at the same time, show them what it means to be fully and wholly loved. But stuff like that live in fantasies. There’s only one of you, and they make do with sharing you.

Matt shuffles a bit behind you, hooking his arm under your knees and turning your body so your shoulder is against his chest. He looks to his brother’s, “I think we’ve had enough screens for one day.”

Ben and Kylo nod before slowly standing up. Matt turns your face to him, and there you see the twin tracks of tears glistening down his cheeks. Your bottom lip juts out as you suppress another sob. You cup his cheek to wipe away his tears as best you can. He leans into your palm before kissing it.

“Hold onto me.” Is the only thing he says before standing up as well. Your arms wrap around his shoulders as you bury your face in his neck.

Then you just relax as he walks you upstairs. You sway slightly, rocked back and forth as he makes his way to your room. His brother’s follow closely, not able to bear being too far away from you.

Your body jumps in his arms as he plops his weight down on his knees. You open your eyes to find Matt crawling to the center of your bed and laying down with you cradled to his chest. Ben crawls to your other side, tugging you so you’re on your back as he snuggles into you. Kylo crawls up between your legs and falls down with his head resting between the valley of your breasts.

You try to sit up, but all three of them keep you pinned in place. You fall back against the pillows and huff, “We need to clean your faces. You could get an infection.”

Kylo just mumbles, “Later.”

You sigh again, although this time you get comfortable. Ben and Matt are snuggled as closely as they can to you. You can hear their breathing slowing down, growing even as they calm down. Your hands cradle Kylo’s head, playing with his hair, which has him slowly drifting off as well.
But not before he turns his head to look up at you, “(Y/N).”

Your eyes flutter open and slowly look down, “Mmhmm.”

He just stares at you for a bit, silently looking over your face. His mouth opens, then closes, obviously changing his mind on what he’s going to say.

You frown and brush your thumb over his cheek, “What?”

“I umm, I just……………” You watch as Kylo struggles with what he wants to say. But then Matt speaks up, “He’s trying to say he loves you.” Matt looks down to Kylo, “Right?”

And surprisingly, Kylo isn’t mad at being interrupted or outed. He actually looks relieved as he sighs, “Yes.” He locks eyes with you, “I love you.” And you’re quick to reply, “I love you too.” There will never be a time in your life where you don’t repeat those words back.

You look to Ben and Matt, “I love all of you.” Which they’re all too happy to echo back.

Eventually Ben chuckles, “I think we should stay off our phones for a while.”

All of you only hum in agreement. It's a good idea.

But there’s only so much ignorance you can get away with, before reality comes knocking at your door.

Chapter End Notes

Therapist: And how did this make you feel?
Me: *Suppressing the urge to cry while sharpening a knife* Ummmm, I feel like murdering a certain old lady.
Therapist: No.

Ya, so y'all know how this has been a slow burn fic. Well get ready for slow burn angst, cause this is gunna fuck you up!
I love comments, so let me know what you think.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!