



Bringing Ember Home

Holiday Series: Book Fourteen

JISA DEAN

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By:

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Hunter

It's that time of year when you have to put up with your family and pretend to be thankful for it. Normally I would pass on times like that since my family is the farthest thing from sitcom, but this year might be different thanks to my uncle Roger. He's recently married a woman with a daughter I can't seem to take my eyes, or my mind, off from. But I know what kind of man my uncle is...the kind I don't want innocent little Ember around. So, this Thanksgiving I've decided to do things a little differently. This year...I'm Bringing Ember Home!

Ember

I'm in trouble. My mom married my stepdad back in the summer and at the wedding I met my stepcousin, Hunter. But the things I'm feeling for Hunter aren't things you should be feeling for someone who is your stepcousin. When I find out a dirty little secret about my new stepfather the only person I have to turn to for help...is Hunter. This Thanksgiving I might not be going home for the holidays. I might be going straight

to hell for the naughty things I've been thinking about Hunter and what I would do if he ever brought me home...to his house.

Grab your giblets and settle in for a whole different kind of step-romance. The fourteenth book in the Holiday Series is full of spicy naughty sides to sink your teeth into this season. It can be read as a stand-alone and doesn't have to be read in order or with any other books which suits Hunter just fine because Hunter doesn't like to share anyway. So sit back, kick your feet up, and start the Thanksgiving season with Hunter and Ember and the hot romance that your family probably won't approve of. But who cares...they don't need to know what's on your e-reader. I won't tell.

Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Epilogue I](#)

[Epilogue II](#)

[Coming Soon](#)

[Keep In Touch](#)

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Chapter One

Hunter

“Don’t even.”

I turn and look at my dad who took the words right out of my head. I cock my eyebrow and give him a look telling him exactly what I think about him and his wife.

“Excuse me?” I take my eyes off him and turn to stare back outside at my sister and the girl with her. The little thing is dwarfed by my sister, but all eyes are drawn to her because of those knock-out curves. She might be young, but she doesn’t have the body of a teenager. She has the body of a full-grown seductress.

She bobs up out of the water and pushes my sister, both girls horseplaying with one another in the pool. They’re enjoying the last couple of days of summer by hanging out at the pool and just being happy and carefree teenagers. I came over to see my sister not knowing Ember would be with her this afternoon.

“She’s too young.” It’s a phrase that’s been trapped in my head from the day I met the small brunette.

My mind drifts back to the beginning of summer and meeting this girl. She was dressed in pink and had flowers in her hair. She looked just like a summer fairy.

“And your cousin.”

My father’s voice cuts through the memory like a hot knife to butter. Even though I’ve been telling myself I can’t have the girl, the three words my father says piss me off. She’s not my cousin. She’s my stepcousin.

“Like that’s ever stopped you or Uncle Roger. Besides...” I shot him a narrow-eyed glare, “You know there is no relationship between her and me.”

This man might be my father but that doesn’t mean I have to like him. Or the way he lives his life. I’m not trying to be all sanctimonious. I just don’t like him.

“The way you’re looking at her says otherwise.”

I step away from the window and come to stand right in front of my father, squaring off. He’s been backing down from me since I was sixteen and I had outgrown him by a good four inches. I take back after my mom’s father, thankfully, which means it wouldn’t take much to put someone like my father down if I needed to.

“Why don’t you keep up with your wife and leave me,” I jerk my thumb behind me, “and her alone.”

My dad divorced my mom when she wouldn’t go along with his version of romance. He left her -and me- on our own for years while he was chasing after my stepmother, Camile.

She didn't care for kids - even when she had one, my sister. My mom eventually got sick and passed away leaving me with my dad and Camile. They used me as a free babysitting service for Mandy.

“You know your uncle isn't going to let you anywhere near Ember.”

I give him a smile instead of doing what I want to do and beat the shit out of him for speaking her name. He takes a step back and I knock into his shoulder as I brush by causing him to lose his balance and hit the wall.

He's right though - as much as I fucking hate it - she is my stepcousin, too young and not for me. As much as I would love to go out to the pool, take her by the back of the head, and show her all the things I want to do to and with her in a kiss, I won't do it. One, because I'm not my dad or my uncle. I don't hit on young girls. I don't take advantage of the innocent - and Ember is as innocent as they come - and I don't let my passions control me. I am not my father.

Two, seeing the things I've seen growing up with my father and Camile has probably changed me in a way that isn't good for anyone, especially Ember. So as bad as I want Ember, I'll never have her. But that doesn't mean I won't beat the shit out of my dad and uncle for messing with her. It doesn't mean I won't watch her, protect her, and keep her as innocent as she is right now. Just because I can't have her, doesn't mean they can either.

Chapter Two

Ember

Oh shit! This is just great. I gnaw on my lip as I sit and try to come up with the smartest thing to do. It doesn't seem safe to get out of the car. The sun hasn't fully set yet, but I don't have long before darkness comes. I lay my head down on the steering wheel and groan. I'm in my stepfather's car and have only been driving for a couple of months. Me and mom used to live in a place where we didn't really need a car but moved when she got married to Roger. Thankfully it was in the same school district, so I didn't have to change schools in my last year.

And now here I am. Alone on the side of the road wondering what the hell to do. It's not something I really want to do, but I grab my phone and hit the number that's been saved in my phone for months. I haven't ever dialed it because I'm a chickenshit. If it rings and he doesn't pick up, then I'll just hang up and call my mom to help me figure out what to do next. No harm. Just a call. Nothing important or earth-shaking.

"Hello." Oh God! He answered.

"Um...it's Ember." I hate that my voice is so wobbly. I want to sound confident and strong when I talk to him.

“I know.” He knows. With two words he just sent my well-rehearsed conversation out the window. He knows who I am.

Of course, he knows who I am. He was at the wedding and had come over a couple of times when I was hanging out with his sister. Then another thought zips through my head, one I wished didn't. What if he's on a date or with a woman? The thought of disturbing him or interrupting him, especially when he could have a girl with him, makes me want to groan out again. Why, stupid? Why did you call him?

“Do you need something?”

“I...um,” Shit! He's probably at home with a hot woman who understands just exactly what to say and how to move and loves her own body. I can't walk downstairs without falling and haven't been completely comfortable with my body since I started growing boobs at eleven. “I shouldn't have bothered you. I'm so sorry.”

“Ember, you're not bothering me, honey. Just tell me what's going on. Are you alright?”

He seems so sweet and concerned. “I...Roger's car stopped working and I, um, guess I thought maybe you might be able to tell me what to do to get it started again. But I don't want to bother you. I realize that you're probably at home relaxing...”

“I'm not at home, Ember.”

Great. He's out with friends or meeting girls in...bars? Where do you pick up women? God, I'm hopeless when it comes to social shit like this.

“Where are you, honey?”

His question snaps my mental wondering back to my situation, so I can focus on what is going on now. “If you need to go...”

“Ember. Tell me where you are, sweetheart.” He’s so sweet. And tall. And hot. And family now.

The last part is a little cringy even if there is no relation between him and me. It’s one reason I’ve kept my crush on him such a secret, even from my best friend who happens to be his sister. Mom marrying Roger really complicated my social network. Not that I would ever tell her that.

“I’m right outside of town. On the old road. About fifteen minutes from Main Street.” There’s no better way to tell him because there’s nothing out here but cows and farms. It would make a great place for a serial killer to hunt down victims. I glance at the doors just to make sure all of them are locked. Just in case.

“Keep the doors locked and don’t get out of the car. I’ll be there in fifteen minutes.” He hangs up before I can tell him I didn’t mean for him to come for me. This crush has only gotten worse instead of better. and now I have to find a way to act normal around him when we’re alone...together. Only I don’t know how to act normal. What’s normal when your superhot stepcousin is coming to rescue you and you have this awful crush that shouldn’t be?

I’m in so much trouble and I’m not talking about the car breaking down. I’m talking about the naughty things I want to do to my stepcousin which is going to send me straight to hell. No, normal walked out the door the moment I laid eyes on

Hunter, and hasn't been back in the building since then. So, I am in so much trouble. And no one to call for that.

Chapter Three

Hunter

I come in quietly hoping no one is home. Sometimes I come back just to visit with Mandy, but I still have a few things here that I need to pick up and take back to my place. I'm not lucky tonight as I hear my stepmother's shrill voice coming from the living room. I would normally try to sneak and do what I can before they realize I'm here but something she says catches my attention and makes me step closer to where they are. "She's eighteen tomorrow."

There's only one person I know turning eighteen tomorrow. And that is Ember.

"Roger says he's going to corner her and try to persuade her." Bastard. Anger rolls inside of me at my father's voice. "But if she's not into it or picking up the hints he's just going to try to get her drunk or high."

"Is her mom gone?"

"For the whole week. He wants her alone at first but then he thinks he can talk her into coming over and having some fun with us all week long. He thinks she'll be pretty easy to lead since she's so...innocent."

I step away from the wall and make my way to the door. As soon as they look up all they are going to see is movement. I have plans to make and I'm not sitting still long enough to have a fight with my dad about who Ember belongs to. My sorry piece of shit uncle thinks he can manipulate and abuse Ember because she'll be legal tomorrow because she's so sweet and innocent. It turns my stomach and makes my temper flare like a fire with gasoline poured on it.

As I'm making my plans, I think back to two weeks ago when she called me. Seeing her number pop up on my phone was more than a shock. I couldn't believe my luck when I set my wrench down and grabbed my phone. I told her I wasn't at home but technically my home is above my garage. Most nights I either stay in or tinker down in my shop. I just sold my first custom bike this past month and couldn't be more tickled about it. If I can sell another one, I'll have things set for the year and maybe even a sizable down payment on a house.

It made sense that she would call me because of my mechanical ability. I thought at first, she might have tried my uncle, and he didn't pick up or something, but when I got there she told me I was the first person she called. She was in his car and was worried he would be mad at her, so she didn't want to call him or her mom. Mandy told her I was really good with cars and bikes and stuff, so she called.

She kept apologizing for ruining my night, but it was the best night I've had in a long time. I got the car running for her and got to enjoy a thirty-minute conversation with her before it got too cold, and I told her to get back in the car. I followed her back that night...to make sure she got home safe. There was a lot of temptation when I realized my uncle and her mom weren't home. But I kept on going, denying my urge to follow the sweet little thing inside. If I had gone inside with her, it

would have all been over. I'm strong enough to not be my father but I'm not a god damned saint after all.

What I'm about to do, it'll cause all sorts of problems. A woman like Ember is well worth the trouble. I just hope everything works out the way I think it will. I hope like hell Ember is going to be alright with all of this and won't come to hate me for it years from now.

The uncertainty of everything keeps me awake all night and causes me to be an angry shit for most of the next day. Thankfully some of the men who work for me know about my family and what they are. They understand what's going on and are willing to overlook my cranky ass. I only work with people I trust and am close to, so I won't have to do too much apologizing afterward.

I leave work early to make sure I am at the school when the last bell rings. Waiting on her. I see her immediately talking to a group of other girls and walking down the steps. I recognize the moment she realizes I'm here. Her face breaks out in a huge grin, and she lights up. I thought when she did it that night I rescued her on the side of the road, that she was just glad to see me because it was getting dark, and she would've been happy anyone came to help. But seeing her face now makes me wonder.

“Hey Hunter. Are you here to pick up Mandy?”

“Actually no. I'm here for you.” Her face shows all her thoughts and emotions as she has them, so it's not a mystery she's wondering what the hell I'm up to, but she never loses that warm-as-the-sun-on-a-beach-in-summer smile. “Want to go for a ride?”

I hold my breath as her smile becomes bigger.

“Maybe celebrate your birthday some.”

God, I hope that didn't sound as suggestive as it did in my head. There's only one way I know that I would want to celebrate with this girl and even though it does involve a ride it isn't on the back of a bike.

“Sure. That's so sweet. I would love that.”

With her agreement, she confirms what I first thought about her. She's too sweet, too innocent, and too inexperienced to understand when a man wants her. She needs someone to protect her, to keep her safe, and to tell her all the things in the world she needs to stay the hell away from. Someone who won't take the innocent light from her eyes doing it.

She needs a lover who is willing to go slow and take his time, so she learns to love the experience of making love with the right person. Someone who understands how to send her to the highest heights and guard her when she's blinded by raging passion. She needs someone who will listen to her, stay with her through it all and be more than just a one-time lover, damn it.

She needs me!

Chapter Four

Ember

He shows me where to put my feet and how to hang on to him when we're moving. I've never been on the back of a motorcycle before, but this is the best birthday present I've ever gotten. I wonder if Mandy had anything to do with this. But how could she, when I haven't talked to her about my huge crush?

I was kind of bummed that my mom wouldn't be here to celebrate with me and since I don't know Roger very well it felt...weird to celebrate with him, even though he told me he was going to throw me a small party with just him and his brother and wife. I hoped he forgot about it honestly. It's...odd that he would want to 'celebrate' with me when we aren't very close at all. It's even odder that his brother and sister-in-law would want to come over and hang out.

I don't want to be mean but they kind of creep me out a little. I try not to say anything because I know Mom is really trying to make this work. For a long time, it's been just me and her. I was kind of worried about her and what would happen when I moved out. Would she be all right by herself? Who would take care of her and make sure she was eating right and getting enough sleep? I was so happy when she told me she was getting married.

I watch as the trees with their changing leaves go by and try not to freak out that I'm holding onto someone I'm not supposed to feel things for. My heart isn't supposed to hammer in my chest at his closeness. I'm not supposed to think all these thoughts. I try to focus all my attention on the ride and the world around me. We pull up in front of the house, not in the driveway like everyone else does. I guess Hunter doesn't plan to stay very long. Maybe just long enough to drop me off and say bye.

In front of us is a car with a soft roof and a man sitting in the driver's seat. I have just a second to wonder if it is someone here to see my stepdad. Before I can finish the thought and wonder who it is, Hunter is off the bike and walking to the driver who is getting out. I get off the bike and pretend to be looking for my keys when Hunter steps up beside me and takes me by the arm walking me toward the house.

The other man gets on the bike and takes off. My brows scrunch together trying to figure out what is going on when Hunter waits for me to open my door. He doesn't hesitate to step into the house and pull me in with him.

"I need you to do something for me. Can you do that?" He shuts the door behind us and starts looking around.

I arch my brow waiting for him to go on, but he seems to be waiting for me to agree. I finally nod wanting to agree to most anything for him. I wait for the request thinking it's going to be something like relaying a message to Mandy for him or helping him somehow.

"I need you to pack a bag full of stuff you're going to need for a few nights stay."

He takes my arm in his grip again and starts heading to the back of the house. My heart starts pounding for a whole new reason now. Stay? Where? What is wrong and why is he acting so...nervous?

Once inside the room he looks around for a duffle bag or something to start putting my clothes in. I hand over an empty backpack and rush forward as he jerks open my underwear drawer and upends it.

“Hunter? What is going on?”

“Come on, baby. Hurry. We have to hurry.” Some of his nervousness leaks off on me.

“Is it my mom? Is something wrong with her? Please just tell me what’s wrong?”

He takes my face between his hands and looks me in the eyes, “I will, baby. I’ll tell you everything as soon as we’re in the car.”

I give him a nod and start packing. He leaves for a minute and surprises me when he comes back in with a suitcase and starts grabbing all the clothes out of my closet. Once we have everything packed he takes me by the hand and throws the bags and suitcase along with my backpack from school in the back before buckling me in and running around the car to the driver’s side.

I don’t pay attention to where we are going or where he might be taking me because I’m too worried about my mom. Why is he not telling me why all of that just happened? Why did he bring a suitcase with him? What is going on?

He pulls into one of the little nature spots along the side of the road. It's for people to stop and look around. Normally there would be people here looking at the leaves and the changing scenery but today the space is empty. I've also heard several kids from school talk about coming here to make out. I sincerely doubt that Hunter brought me here for that reason.

“So, um,” he still looks nervous when he turns to me, “your mom...she's in London this week, right?”

Oh God! He's going to tell me that something happened to my mom.

“You're staying with Roger while she's away.”

I nod and bite into my bottom lip with held breath.

“Ember...honey...,” Oh God, I think I'm going to be sick, “there's no easy way to tell you this so I'm just going to spit it out. Roger's a swinger.”

My mind goes blank and for long moments we just sit looking at one another. I try to make myself understand what he is trying to tell me. “A...swinger.”

This time he nods even though it wasn't really a question.

“A swinger?”

His mouth lifts in a little grin but it doesn't feel like he's making fun of me or laughing at me. “It's someone who... swaps partners.”

Swaps partners?

“They swap partners for the night or sometimes longer, sometimes they switch for the whole weekend. Swapping means they have sex with other people while staying married.”

“Oh! Oh my God!” The implications of what he is saying start to sink in. “Oh my God! My mom...she would never be alright with that!” But doubt starts to creep in immediately. “Right?”

“There’s more.”

More. What more can there be? He just told me the man my mom married was alright going out and fucking someone else. I don’t think there is anything else he could say that would be worse.

“He wants to have sex with you. And he wants to involve my dad and stepmom.”

I was wrong. This is way worse.

Chapter Five

Hunter

“What?”

Her voice goes higher and cracks on the very last part of the word. I’ve thought about hundreds of ways I was going to tell her, how I could have explained this to her without causing her so much hurt and worry.

“Maybe they think you’ll help them turn your mom into one.”

She recoils from me and pulls her hand out from under mine. I put mine over hers when we stopped, and I tried to think of a good way to tell her what was going on around her. “Are you...? Are you one too?”

“No!” God damn it, I hate my father. I turn to stare over the steering wheel and try to control my anger that she would even think I am like my father. I have to remember she has no way of telling whether I am or I’m not. “No, I am way too possessive to share, baby.”

We sit in silence for a long time before she starts talking again.

“So...you...got me out of the house before...”

I turn to look at her and nod. And watch as her face crumbles and she bursts out sobbing. I started to tell her not to get so upset about it, but that’s stupid. Of course, she’s going to be upset finding out everything she thought she knew was wrong. Instead of telling her not to cry, I pull her across the seat and onto my lap at the same time I hit the button on the side of the bench to slide it further back, so she has more room.

I rub her back and hold her until she’s all cried out. Her deep gasps and sobs break my heart and the only thing I can do to help is just hold her and rub my palm up and down her back. Once she’s resting her head on my shoulder and the sobs aren’t coming so frequently, I chance a glance at her face, using my finger to tip her head up.

“You alright, sweetheart?”

She gives me big watery brown eyes that remind me so much of dark chocolate and nights made for sin. Instead of telling me yes, she gives me an honest answer and shrugs her shoulders. I shouldn’t but I can’t help but put my mouth on top of hers in a quick kiss. Her soft lips are so close to mine that I just can’t help brushing mine against hers.

“You ready to go?”

She nods this time but doesn’t ask me where we are going. Once I help her into her seat, I start the car but stop short of pulling out.

“You can lay down if you want to.” She looks worn out like the crying took a lot out of her. I give her a small tug and she slides down the seat so she’s stretched out along the leather with her head resting in my lap.

“Are you sure I’m not going to be in the way?” The words come out all muffled and soft but I can make them out just fine.

“Absolutely not. You could never be in my way, darlin’.”

I pull out and spend the first part of the drive playing with her hair, letting it slide through my fingers and trail over my palm. It doesn’t take long before she is asleep in my lap and I take an extra drive around the block just to give myself more time with her like this.

When we finally pull in, I don’t even try to wake her up. Instead, I just pick her up and carry her up the stairs and into my apartment. Once I know she’s going to be alright where I lay her, I run out and grab her bags.

I don’t waste any time going back to the bedroom where I put Ember when I’m done. Seeing her lying on my bed with her hair spread out on my pillow and her scent mingling with mine has my cock growing thick and hard...again.

When she was in the car, and I had to explain what it means to be a swinger to her I was as hard as stone. Not because of what I was talking about. It had nothing to do at all with the subject and everything to do with Ember herself. Her innocence was...the biggest turn-on I’ve ever had to deal with. It didn’t help that she was so close and the car was filled with the scent of her.

It was so hard having her in my lap and trying to keep her off my dick. It was definitely not the right time for her to accidentally brush up against that part of me and find out my dick is thinking about her and all the things we want to do together with her. Ember needs to find all of this shit out over time. She's already been kind of traumatized over this stupid Roger shit. She doesn't need me to pull something equally stupid and tell her I want her sexy body warming my bed every night. That I don't think I'm going to be able to let her go now that she's in my home and I have her right where I want her.

She's curled up in a little ball and before I can think things through my feet are moving, until I'm standing over her on the bed. The temptation to join her is just too strong and I say fuck it to the things I should be doing -like calling her mom and telling her what happened- and join her on the bed, curling my body around hers and dragging in the scent of her hair as I drift off.

Chapter Six

Ember

A loud bang has me jerking awake and trying to move before I'm really even up. Arms, large strong arms, hold me down and keep me from running to find out what the noise was. I try to think back so I can recall the last thing I remember before I turned everything off and shut down.

I should have stayed awake, asked more questions, done things differently somehow. I really didn't give poor Hunter much of a choice when I just zonked out like I did. But damn it. It was the only way I could process everything that he told me.

This time when the sound comes, I can tell it's a knock on the front door. Behind me, Hunter starts to move around. First, he pulls me closer to him and then he nuzzles into my neck like he might be trying to fight waking up. But the noise coming from the front of the place isn't going away.

"God damn it." He finally rolls over and sits up. I wait for him to say something about waking up with me in his arms but instead, he turns and looks at me over his shoulder with fierce eyes that do funny things to my insides. He stands and bends over to drop a kiss on my mouth causing me to gasp before he heads for the door to the room.

“Stay put, sweetheart.”

He’s gone before I can ask any more questions. At first, I do as he told me and stay put on the bed but then I hear yelling and I have to find out what is going on. I step to the bedroom door and slowly edge my way out until I am standing in a hallway separating the bathroom from the rest of the rooms. I walk as quietly as I can to the end and peek around the side so I can try to find out who is yelling and what they are yelling about.

As soon as I see the figure of my stepfather at the door, I gasp and jerk back until I’m standing in the hall out of sight once again. I run back to the bedroom and stand for a while before I go to the bed and plop down.

I’ve caused all of this. I’m the reason the two of them are fighting. I don’t want to be the reason Hunter doesn’t speak to his family or cause him any problems. I can still hear them fighting and yelling at one another.

I stand up with a new goal in mind. I need to grab my bags and leave but before I can even take the first step the door pops open, and Hunter is standing just inside the room with me. His eyes are shooting sparks of green fire as he pins them on me. He looks livid and I think his lip might be split.

“Come here, baby.”

I go immediately. I place my hand in the one he is holding out to me and he pulls me close. “Roger wants to hear it from you.” Hear what? That I know what he does? That I know why he’s always felt creepy to me? I don’t have to wait very long to

find out as Hunter goes on. “He wants to know that you want to stay with me.”

Even as he says it, he pulls me out of the room and leads me to the front of the apartment. “Or come back home to me and your momma.”

My stepdad finishes the list of my options for Hunter. He mentioned my mom. “Mom’s back home?”

“No!” Before Roger can try to lie about my mom being back, Hunter speaks up and gives me the truth. “She’s not back yet. She’s still in London.”

“You need to keep your mouth shut, boy.”

Anger has caused a bright red flush to brighten Roger’s face and his eyes rove over me leaving me with an icky feeling. “I’m not going with you.”

It’s a gut reaction to answer like I did. I don’t want to go with Roger. I don’t want to leave Hunter. If Hunter wanted to be a perv he had plenty of opportunities to do it and even when I was completely out of it he didn’t try to take advantage of me or get me to do something I didn’t want to do. I can’t say that about Roger. I’m pretty sure he wouldn’t be so innocent given all I’m finding out about him now.

It doesn’t even matter because I’ve always felt a sense of safety when I was with Hunter that wasn’t there with Roger. I look at him, really look at him, and see he’s sporting a black eye and a split lip too. His clothes look all rumpled and maybe even torn.

“Girl, you get your ass in that car before I call your mom and tell her you’re shacking up with your cousin.” I shrink back into myself and try to make myself as small as possible. The way he says it is just gross. Would my mom believe him if he called her and told her I was sleeping with Hunter? “How do you think she’ll like knowing her girl is spreading her legs for family?”

I gasp at his crude words but also at the fact that Hunter punches him again. He’s so fast that it’s hard to tell he’s hit Roger for a couple of seconds before it sinks in and I process what I just witnessed.

Hunter takes him by the shirtfront again and pulls him off his feet. “I told you to watch your god damned mouth around her, you piece of shit.” He lets him go and Roger falls to the ground. He’s picking me up around the waist before he says another word. “You won’t say a god damned thing, or I’ll let everyone know who and what you are, you dirty old son of a bitch.”

Roger gets to his feet and spits a wad of blood out to the side before turning cold reptilian eyes towards me. “Fine girlie. You made your choice.”

His words cause a shiver to run through me.

“But after he’s used you for all the new holes he can and turns you away when he’s through, don’t think any of my people will take you in. Not drenched in his cum.”

He turns to run from Hunter who still has me in his arms. My mouth drops open and I couldn’t speak now if I had to. I’m just too stunned by what he is saying. He turns back before he hits the stairs leaving me with one more shock. “And you can get fucked if he knocks your little ass up because

you're too stupid to make him wrap it up. At least I would have used a condom."

His parting words have me shocked, appalled, disgusted, and more than a little sick. He pretty much verified everything Hunter had told me with that last sentence. But that's not the most shocking thing. Well, not anymore.

I watch him leave before I say anything. "He thinks we're.... that you and me are..."

"Let him think it. He knows I don't fucking share." He looks over at me and must be able to see the shock written on my face. "Sorry for dropping the 'f' bomb, sweetheart."

He steers me back inside and locks the door behind us. His use of the word fuck is not the thing that has me so... surprised. Then my brain starts working and all the problems this causes come flooding through my mind. "What am I going to do about school, Hunter?"

Chapter Seven

Hunter

I take her to the sofa and sit down with her just barely resisting pulling her into my lap. She's still close enough it would only take one good tug to have her there. "I'll drop you off and pick you up. You don't leave with anybody but me and we keep trying to contact your mom so she'll know what is going on."

Thankfully today is Friday so we have a couple of days for her to get used to the fact I'm going to be taking care of her from now on.

"What if she doesn't? What if she doesn't believe us?" Her voice is small and worried, and I don't like it. "What if she doesn't believe Roger is...is a...?"

"Sex pervert who tried to fuck her eighteen-year-old daughter by lying to her and getting you drunk or high?"

Her eyes widen but she ends up nodding her head.

"Then we make her believe because," I turn to her and take her face in between my palms, "if you go back, he'll not stop until he forces you to do something you don't want to do,

baby. And I won't let that happen. Even if I have to tie your little ass to the bed to keep you safe, I will."

She gives me a sad, worried look that is full of stress as she bites on her bottom lip, "Won't this cause problems for you with your family? I mean, Roger...your father...?"

This time I do pull her into my lap and wrap my arm around her hips. "Baby, I haven't been okay with my family for a long ass time. Way before you came along." She looks at me with something close to hope that she's not causing me problems. "I was never close to my dad because of the way he treated my mom but on my eighteenth birthday when he tried to talk me into having birthday sex with a stripper he bought me kind of sealed the deal over us not really being on the same page with one another."

"Jesus. He bought you a stripper?"

I nod and give her my eyes so she can look into them and find the truth. "He wanted to share."

"But you don't share." She finishes for me, and I can't fight back the smile that stretches across my face. Her lashes fall and she peeks out from under them shyly before she asks me a question, "Have you...ever?"

"Ever what, baby? Shared? Had a threesome? An orgy?" She blushes at every guess. "No, I've never shared. I've always been very possessive. Never been in a threesome, never wanted to be in an orgy. But maybe you meant something different. Maybe you meant have I ever had sex?"

Her mouth opens and she starts to shake her head like asking might have offended me even though technically she

wasn't the one asking. "I shouldn't have...I don't...it's none of my business."

But I want her to know. It's important to me for her to understand. "A couple of times. I should have waited for the right person." Her eyes are big and wide, but she doesn't say anything. "So, are you as innocent as you seem to be?"

"What?" she starts squirming in my lap.

I shouldn't be asking. I shouldn't want to know but damn it, I do. I understand it's selfish and totally inappropriate, but I just can't stop myself. "Have you been with anyone, Ember?"

Her cheeks turn a pretty pink and she won't look at me now. I play with the ends of her hair and wait for my answer.

"Ember, have you fooled around with anyone?"

"No." It's a whisper that's barely audible, but I hear it echo like she screamed it at me. It reverberates through my body and sinks deep into me, swelling my cock and making it hard to hold in the yell I want to let loose.

I duck my head so I can take a better look at her face, "You've never played around with anyone? Not sex, just soft stuff? Like touching or kissing?"

This time instead of answering me verbally she just shakes her head no. I need to stop with her. I need to get her off my lap and start worrying about feeding her. But there's a part of me that just can't let it go. I use my finger under her chin to tip her head up.

“No boys tried to touch you? Or steal a kiss?”

“No.” It’s said even softer than the last time she whispered the word to me.

I make a humming sound in the back of my throat and tilt her head up even further and capture her mouth with mine. Her hands rise to rest on my chest as I sink my fingers into her hair so I can turn her head and sink deeper into her mouth. I use my lips and apply pressure to her mouth so she’ll open for me and allow my tongue to slip in wanting just a little taste of her.

She shocks me when she tries to pull back, “Your lip...,” at first I’m not sure what she’s talking about but then I feel her fingertips on my lower lip, “you’re hurt.”

My tongue runs over the area that was split open when Roger took a lucky shot at me. It’s not going to be enough to keep me from getting my kiss. I pull her to me as I stare into her eyes, “It’s fine, sweetheart. It’s...,”

“You’re hurt.” There’s a stubborn flare in her eyes that I want to push to come out but not now.

“Maybe you should kiss it and make it better.” Her stare starts to waver, and I can tell I have her right where I want her. “I mean, if it’s hurt don’t you normally kiss boobos to make them less painful.”

“Okay.” I stay still and let her come to me. Her hands come up to cup my cheeks and she gently lays her lips on mine. The pressure she uses is so soft and gentle that it feels more like butterfly wings than actual lips.

I let her do it her way for a moment before I take the control back and deepen the pressure and the kiss. This time when I use my tongue, she lets me slip inside and explore her secrets until I finally pull back and watch as her eyes blink open. I don't shy away from her stare and instead lean into it, touching her face, dragging my eyes over her features, and taking mental pictures of her.

I brush my lips against her still-up-turned lips, "That's for being a good girl and not letting any other boys touch this pretty little body or steal any kisses." Before she can ask me why it matters, I shift her off my lap and stand. "I have to feed you and you should try calling your mom and tell her what is going on."

Better leaving it like this than pushing too far too fast and scaring her.

Chapter Eight

Ember

I tried my mom at least three times and then decided to leave her a message. I didn't tell her everything, but I did tell her I was with Hunter, and something happened between me and Roger that caused me not to want to go back to his house. It's the best I can do until she calls me back.

Once I leave my message, I make my way into the kitchen and sit at the small island to watch Hunter cook. It's not until he turns around to lay a kitchen towel on the counter that I notice his knuckles.

"Oh my God!" He stops and follows my eyes to where I am staring before he puts the towel down and flexes his fingers.

I jump up and run around the island so I can take his hand in my own. The skin on the knuckles are all torn and bloody and starting to bruise.

"We need...ice and some bandages and..."

"You want to take care of me, little one?"

He seems surprised but then I remember who his dad and stepmom are. I doubt he's been coddled very much since Camile isn't very maternal. I nod and don't shy away from his stare. "I was kind of responsible for you being hurt after all."

"No. You aren't responsible for anything. Roger's hard fucking head is the cause of it and not you."

"But you got hurt trying to protect me. It would make me feel better if you let me take care of you. Um," I close my eyes as heat hits my cheeks, "take care of your bruises and stuff. Not you. Not that I wouldn't take care of you. It just sounds kind of...um, do you have bandages?"

He surprises me first by laughing and then by grabbing me around my hips and lifting me up on the island. He leaves and comes back with a big box. When he hands it to me, I see the emblem on the front and realize he's handed me his med kit. Instead of waiting for me to hop down he steps close and places his hands on my knees. He spreads my legs and scoots my butt closer to the edge at the same time, ending up in between my legs and offering up his hand to me.

I spend the next ten or so minutes fixing his bruised and bloodied knuckles before he goes back to cooking for us. Instead of helping me off the island, he picks me up and moves me closer to where he is working. I watch as he throws things together to make stir fry for us.

"You don't have to cook for me. I...you're already doing so much. It just seems kind of..." I look for the right words, "shitty that you have to take care of me after all that you've had to put up with. I should be the one taking care of you. Oh, I can make breakfast for us."

“Sure, you can make breakfast.” I give him a big smile and then start to overthink everything.

“Oh gosh, unless you don’t want me to stay the night. I mean, you might have someone else coming over and I shouldn’t just presume. I...remember you said you would tie me to a bed but maybe you didn’t mean your bed. Not that I want to be tied to a bed. Shit!”

“Ember.” He turns and gives me those turquoise eyes and all the thoughts go silent, “I want you to stay. I don’t have anyone else, no one coming over or someone I’m fucking around with, and I would love for you to make breakfast for me.”

He turns back to the stir fry before mumbling something under his breath. It sounds suspiciously like something about wanting to tie me to his bed, but I can’t be sure, so I don’t say anything. For the next couple of hours, I try to keep things light by talking about his work, his plans for the future, and what I plan to do after graduation.

After we cleaned up, he asked me to watch a movie with him. He’s very snuggly with me and not at all like I would have thought Hunter would be like. I realize he deals with some rough people fixing and creating custom motorcycles. I just expected him to be...gruffier. Instead, he pulls me down almost on his lap and throws his arm around me.

During the whole movie, I can’t pay attention to what is going on because of all the contact. This is really the first time I’ve been this close to a man. I don’t date because I’ve never been really comfortable with anyone like that and I’m a complete dork. For so long it’s just been me and my mom -like girls’ night twenty-four seven.

Everything he does is something new and different. The brush of his leg against my own, the feel of his arm lying along my shoulders, the weight of his hand so close to my breasts but so far away too, are all things I've never been aware of, never been around so I don't know how to take any of it.

“You know you can relax right? That I won't do anything you don't want me to. You know that, right?”

“Yeah. Yeah, of course I do.” My voice is too high, and I say it too fast. Even I can tell I'm nervous and out of my element.

He was the first person to kiss me. Why did he kiss me? Was it like a pity thing or the heat of the moment? Was he trying to say sorry for his family? I try to think back about what led up to the kiss but he's so close and every move is sweet torture.

“I'm...I'm not worried. I trust you.”

He gives me a sexy half smile, “Good. I'm glad.”

His words create a warm glow deep inside of me. I don't really want to figure out why his words of praise do funny things to me because I don't think I'm ready for that just yet. Not even to admit it to myself. He causes me to jump when he starts playing with the ends of my hair, twirling it around his fingers and brushing against my neck.

“Hey, I'm really sorry this happened on your birthday. I wish it had been a better day for you.”

I turn so I can look at him more easily. “No! I...this is...I mean, the whole Roger thing was...is freaky and creepy but... the ride on the back of your bike was pretty awesome and... um, I really like being here with you.”

He gives me a smile that goes straight to a place it shouldn't, “You like hanging out with me, baby?”

“Yeah.” I make sure he hears the incredulousness of the question in my answer. Who wouldn't love hanging out with him? Best day ever.

“Maybe I can make it up to you. Take you somewhere special.”

“You don't have to...” his lips find mine and cut off the words I was about to say. It's a soft kiss that isn't hurried or demanding at all. My eyes close as his fingertips brush the side of my face, and he masterfully captures my bottom lip with his. I hear myself moan at the tenderness he's showing me and would be embarrassed if I wasn't so caught up in his kiss.

He pulls back and we go back to watching the show, but my lips are swollen, and I have to squeeze my thighs together to keep the sensations from overwhelming me. He might not be rattled by kissing but I'm going to be thinking about that all night. How soft his lips are, how light he pressed his against mine, it's all going to keep me up, keep me wondering.

I'm not sure how but eventually I'm so sleepy I can't hold my eyes open. I take longer and longer blinks until the warmth of his embrace and my exhaustion from all the stresses of the day wash over me and drag me down to the warmth and safety of sleep.

Chapter Nine

Hunter

I wake up slowly as the sun comes pouring into the room. If I had to guess, it's probably close to seven. Thank God I don't open early on Saturday. Waking up to not just sharing a bed, but having a warm, curvy woman on top of me is a new experience but one I can get used to. But only if it's Ember.

I wait until I am sure she's still asleep before I let my hands travel over those curves. I let them roam over the supple length of her back, the swell of her hips, and the curves of her butt until I am groaning out in frustration and lust. I bite back another one not wanting to be the reason she wakes up. I can't help but give her butt a squeeze to test the softness. Thoughts of smacking her on the rounded curve and watching it move cloud my mind. They lead to thoughts of her soft ass moving when I collide into her as I take her from behind.

How would I take her first? Would I want to look into her eyes and watch as I breach her barriers? Would I want her on her hands and knees so I can watch from behind as her pussy swallows up the length of my cock? Images of taking her up against a wall, eating her pussy in my car -oh, or on the back of my bike- and playing with her as she rides my face all crowd into my mind and leaves me gasping for breath.

It takes her wiggling closer to me to realize I might be holding her a little rougher than I should. I wonder if she'll have bruises in the shape of my fingers on her ass. Something about that is even hotter than all the other images in my head.

I run my hand over the back of her thigh enjoying her soft skin under my work roughened hands. Last night when she fell asleep on me, I let her rest just like we were for a long time. The sound of her soft snores and warm breath on my neck made my heart hurt. Being like this...was perfect. The best way I have ever spent a night. It might have been her birthday, but I was the one getting the gift.

Finally, I scooted out from under her and scooped her up to carry her to my bed. I laid her down and didn't hesitate to pull her leggings down her legs leaving her in only a pair of tiny-as-fuck panties that barely cover her ass. The temptation to join her was too much and I was shedding my clothes quicker than a pastor's son at a whore house. For her I did make one concession, I found a pair of old boxers and wore them instead of going commando like I normally do.

I slide one hand in her hair as the other keeps roaming over her softness holding her tightly to me so even the barest move becomes erotic and sensual. I'm aware of the very second she comes awake, the very moment she realizes her little legs are on either side of my hips, letting me in between her warm thighs. I can tell the very instant she becomes aware she is riding over the large ridge of my cock that has found a home resting up against her soft warmth.

And because of how thin my boxers are, and how tiny her panties are, I can also tell the minute she realizes her panties are wet and sticky. She makes a little whimper sound and her hips dance around my cock trying to put space between her and her panties.

“Did you sleep well?”

She lets out a little squeal before trying to wiggle away from me but I hold her fast and tight to me.

“Darlin’, I know you’re only trying to make it up and off the bed but your body and mine aren’t really taking it that way.” I lower my voice and bring my lips to her ear so I can whisper to her. “And if you keep moving like that, I’m going to make a mess that I don’t think you’re ready to clean up.”

She goes utterly still, even holding her breath as she waits for me to say something else. It’s so cute how she thinks her lying still is going to make my cock go down when I spent thirty minutes in the bathroom last night jerking my cock to the image of her lying spread out on my bed in nothing but her panties and a thin shirt.

Instead of moving my hands off her, I leave them where they are in the hopes of getting her used to my touch.

“Darlin’, you’re gonna have to breathe or else this is going to be the shortest good morning ever since you’re going to pass out.” She huffs out a big exhale before she starts breathing normally again. I tip her head up so our eyes can meet. After I sink my hand back in her hair and wait, giving her a moment. “So...did you sleep good?”

“Yes.”

I give her a big smile as I think about the last time I woke up with a smile on my face. It was a long time ago. Probably since before my mom passed. I study her face looking for any signs she might be upset or scared of me touching her. I don’t find any. Just her face staring up at mine, her lips curled in

between her teeth in a cute expression of confusion and uncertainty. I don't mind the confusion but I'm not a fan of the uncertainty I see.

To take it off her face, I pull her head down and brush my lips against hers. They are soft and warm and tempt me to take it further even though I can tell she's not ready for it. I'm holding on to my promise not to push until I feel the barest hint of her tongue coming out to taste my lips. Then everything, all bets, all control, all good intentions, are off.

I roll us so I'm the one on top and take the kiss further, deeper. And Ember lets me. She opens for me and welcomes me in. I moan at the taste of her, but the sound is lost somewhere in the sweet cavern of her mouth. My tongue darts in to caress hers as I try to draw myself back, and talk myself down. The litany of her not being ready stops working when her legs raise up around my hips and her little feet cross over my back. It's like she's holding me to her, and my mind starts to fog over, the willpower I had evaporates, and all I can sense is her.

With the last bit of resistance, I have I pull back to mumble to her, "Ember, you should run." I nuzzle into her neck and force myself to say the words. "You should push me off you and run out the door, lock yourself in the bathroom, and don't come out until I am at work."

Her legs don't unlock. She doesn't push against me like I told her to do. Instead, she wraps her arms around me and holds me closer, tighter, her thighs squeezing up around me and making it even harder to not do something she isn't prepared to learn about yet.

"God damn it, Ember. Tell me to stop and run."

She turns her head so that her lips brush against the shell of my ear causing shivers to run down my body. “But I don’t want to.”

I suck in a deep breath, but Ember is all around me. She is the air I breathe, the only thing I feel against my skin, the only thing I see, she’s it. With five words she broke me.

“I don’t want to run away from you.”

I force myself to pull back and look her in the eyes. “Last chance, baby. Run now or I’m going to do things I shouldn’t to your little body.”

Her eyes, instead of being fearful, light up with curiosity and I realize the mistake I made immediately. Ember isn’t going to fight with me, she isn’t going to struggle to get away. She wants me to teach her things she’s not supposed to know. She wants me to guide her, to show her.

“Damn it, Ember, baby.”

She tentatively, and very shyly, leans up to brush her lips against mine. Searching for my approval, my concession, that what she’s doing isn’t wrong.

I take one last deep breath and take her mouth with my own. She sighs as I send my tongue out to explore all of her hidden treasures. Our mouths meet and meld before her legs tighten once more, pulling me in. This time I give her what she’s asking for. I start moving, sliding between her thighs. Her eyes widen and she tries to pull back from my kiss now. Her mouth opens in a gasp but it’s too late for that.

Whatever she was trying to say is lost as I'm not going to give her the opportunity to use that mouth on anything but mine. Eventually she sinks into the kiss and runs her hands up and down my back. I cup the back of her head with one of my hands as I use the other one to grip her hip so I can move her body against mine. I rock my body back and forth again and this time I let her pull her mouth away so I can run my mouth down the column of her neck.

I latch onto the pulse point and suck lightly as I move my hips making sure my dick hits her where she needs it most.

“Oh my God! H...Hunter! Oh...my God!” Her words end in a gasp as I really start to move, teaching Ember the joys of dry fucking.

Chapter Ten

Ember

I feel like I can't get enough air. Every time I take a deep breath, Hunter does something to make me lose it again. I can feel his mouth on the sensitive skin of my throat and his girth surrounding me. But most vividly, is the way his...penis is resting up close against my body. It moves every time he shuttles his hips back and forth. The quick movements cause it to hit the tightening bundle of nerves at the top of my sex.

"Oh God!" I let go for just a second to reach out for the covers around us but quickly miss the connection with him, so I bring my hands back to his body. His hands that stayed so long on my hips holding me in place move, causing me to lose my equilibrium once again. They slide lower to hold the cheeks of my ass in his hands, using them instead of my hips to move me. "H...Hunter!"

The broad tip of his dick keeps moving over that one spot causing it to become over-sensitized. "Tell me, baby, have you ever played with yourself?"

"Wh...what?" I try to focus on what he's just asked me but the sound of his voice all gruff and growly has heat settling in my breasts and my nipples turning hard, painfully hard.

“Have you ever put your little fingers on that tight little clit and worked yourself up until you’ve fucking cum?”

Oh! That’s...that has only one meaning. I shake my head in a quick denial.

“Don’t lie to me. Don’t ever lie to me, baby.”

“I...I’m not lying. I...I’ve never...oh my God! Hunter, wh...what...?”

I can’t form the words. I know what is about to happen... kind of, but I never knew it could be like this. This breath-stealing, soul-shattering experience that feels like it might change me forever. He keeps moving as I hold on tighter. It’s the only thing I can do as the heat that formed in my chest and traveled downward coalesces into this inferno of want and need.

“So, you were a good girl. Keeping everything tight and safe for me. Hmm, such a good girl.”

“Oh God! Please!” His words send me racing as my body tenses up, my back arches pushing myself closer to him, closer to the feelings he is causing inside of me, closer to pleasure.

“Oh Hunter, yes! Please!”

Part of me is appalled that I’ve gotten so loud and the other part, the part consumed by everything doesn’t give a shit because all I care about, all I can care about, is lying right here with me between my legs. I pull him to me needing that closeness, needing him with me.

He tucks my body into his and rides it, his hands pulling me up off the bed and into his impressive package as it rides the valley of my panty-clad pussy. I arch once again, my head back as I try to reach that undefinable end that still remains a mystery for me. I cry out as the heat coursing through me centers and pleasure overwhelms me, like a wave taking me down, taking my breath, and leaving me floating. My body clenches tight before my muscles start gripping and loosening. It feels like everything inside of me is pulsing, spasming so hard I'm pretty sure for a second my heart actually stops and I go a little blind.

And then my body, worn out from the experience, sags back on the bed and I start drifting in the warmth and silence that follows. It takes me a moment to realize the area between my legs is soaked. Heat hits my cheeks, and the warmth starts to recede quickly. I start to wiggle under Hunter trying to... escape, keep him from finding out how wet I am.

A hand lands on the round curve of my ass causing me to jump. "Stop moving or it's all going to happen again. And this time without the clothes between us."

I gasp out and go instantly still. An alarm going off on his phone causes me to jump again, my legs squeezing around him. He lets out a moan and reaches over our heads to take his phone down from the edge of the headboard and kill the alarm.

"I have to go to work, baby." He looks remorseful. I would wonder if it's because of what we did but he leans down and takes my mouth with his. Our lips cling before he starts moving off the bed. The front of his boxers are soaked. A sound of distress leaves me as I cover my mouth to keep from doing something stupid...stupider.

"I...I'm so sorry."

“I’m not.” He leans back over me and kisses me again. This time he takes his time and uses his tongue to show me just how he isn’t sorry about all of it. “I’ve not gone off like that since I was like twelve, baby. You’re sexy as hell and anyone would be lucky as fuck to wake up to this every morning.” He gives me another kiss before disappearing into the bathroom.

He leaves the door open just a crack so he can still talk to me.

“I’m only working half a day today, baby. You stay here, don’t open the door to anyone. I don’t put it past Roger to fucking try to steal you. If you want, take a bath or shower or use anything you need to. Just don’t leave. Not until we straighten this shit out with your mom.”

He comes out dressed in a black T-shirt with the logo of his business on the front. The sleeves hug his biceps tight and the way he wears the faded denim jeans makes my mouth water. I nod to show him I heard him and that I won’t try to leave. He drops a kiss on my mouth and heads for the front door.

“Should I make breakfast?”

He looks down at his watch. “Uh, I think I took the time for breakfast having you, baby. But you can make us a late lunch. I promise.”

He gives me another kiss and then he’s gone. I look around at the empty apartment and wonder what just happened. We... dry humped one another, he admitted to me that he came, and then he left.

I shake myself out of my thoughts and start looking for things to do to keep my mind off all the negative shit I could think about. There isn't really anything to clean since Hunter keeps his apartment so neat, so I start doing homework. Eventually, I turn the TV on for background and settle down on the couch.

I make a salad for lunch and put it in the fridge to keep it fresh and wait. But Hunter doesn't come back. I wait, but eventually, lunch starts to creep by and I'm still alone. To keep my mind off what could be keeping him I decide to take a bath.

I was surprised to find a big tub in Hunter's bathroom. The fact that there's bubble bath in the cabinet makes me jealous and I have to remind myself...Hunter isn't mine. I'm not here because he asked me to come over and hang out with him. I'm here because he is trying to protect me. I have no right to be mad over the thought of some other girl soaking in Hunter's tub. The truth is this morning was probably not as big a deal as I've made it. Hell, Hunter could be with some other girl right now. So why not use the tub and take my time? Why not pretend even if only for a little while, that Hunter is mine? Who does it hurt?

Chapter Eleven

Hunter

I come in the front door and spot Ember's textbooks set out on the table but no Ember. I'm running late. I thought I could make it back in time, but a client called right at the last minute and started talking about wanting a custom job. I couldn't turn it down. This is it. My 'one more'.

Now, when I come in and Ember isn't in the living room I start to worry. Did she leave because I promised to come home and didn't? Did something happen and she couldn't get in touch with me because I was on the phone with a client? I shut and lock the door and make my way to the bedroom looking for her.

I start to get panicky when she's not in there, but I see the light spilling from the bathroom, the door opened just a crack to let it peep out. I walk closer silently and put my face up against the small opening. And find a beautiful lady in my bathtub. I can't help but push my way inside and take in all the beauty laid out before me.

Ember's breathing is deep and tells me she dozed off while taking a bath. The tips of her breasts, a soft light caramel brown tipped on soft curvy mounds peek just above the water to tease and taunt me causing my mouth to start watering. Her

hips flare out perfect handholds for when I take her from behind and lead down to the shadowy spot between her legs where I can just barely see her bare pussy lips resting under the water. Her sweet plump flesh begs to be touched, caressed, and loved on. I can imagine her sweet little lips turning all dewy and slick ready for me to slip my dick inside of her and my cock swells to painful capacity.

Her eyes pop open and for long seconds we just stare at one another until she's fully awake. Then she jumps and yelps out before curling into herself, her arms crossed over the swells of her breasts and her legs scrunching up. The move allows me a perfect view of her bare back. The way the water turns it to a smooth, shiny surface has my mind spinning to what it would look like when sweat has coated her body after I've fucked her into a couple of orgasms.

I should turn around. I should leave. But like every damned thing else concerning Ember, I just can't. I come closer.

"Sorry. You were sleeping and it's not really safe in the tub, baby." I get on my knees so I can be closer to her.

"I'm sorry. Jeeze, I'm...I'm so sorry."

Her cheeks are stained pink and her eyes light everywhere but on mine.

"Sweetheart," I wait for her to look at me, "I'm the one who came in on you. There's nothing you have to be sorry about."

I trail the tips of my fingers in the water slowly working up to touching her body. It's then I notice the water is a little on the cool side.

“Is your water cold, baby?”

“Um, a little.”

“A little.” My fingers make contact with the soft skin of her back before I trail my hands up over her back. “Why don’t you come out and let me fix you something to eat.”

“Oh, that doesn’t seem fair. You’ve been working all day. I should be the one fixing you something.” Her expression changes a little before she goes on, “I made salad for lunch.”

“Yeah, sorry about that. I didn’t mean to not call. But I have some good news and I can’t wait to share it with you.” I nip her lips before standing again. “We’ll fix dinner together when you come out.”

I leave before I crawl in the fucking tub with her and take her pretty naked ass right there. When she comes out, she’s shy and still won’t meet my eyes as often as I would like. She goes to the fridge and pulls out the salad, adding things to it. I can’t wait any longer and turn her. I lift her and sit her on the counter, coming to stand between her legs.

“So just as I was closing up I got a phone call. From a guy who wants me to make him a custom bike. This is the second one I’ve made, and I think...I can put a down payment on a house.”

“Oh wow! Oh...this is great!” She hugs me hard giving me a beautiful smile, “Right? You...you’re happy about it, right?”

“Yeah. No more living over the garage. I can start taking Saturdays off. Maybe hire someone to help out in the shop. And it puts my brand out there so others can find out about me.”

She bounces up and down hugging me again. “I’m so happy for you. This is wonderful. We should...I don’t know what, celebrate.”

“I have a bottle of cheap wine in the fridge.”

“That sounds perfect.”

We have dinner and two or three glasses of wine before settling down to watch something on TV. During the meal and after, Ember has grown more and more comfortable with me. I’m not sure if it’s the wine or the fact I am constantly touching her. Little touches that linger. And she starts touching me back, until by the end of the night her head is in my lap and she’s letting me play with her hair without jumping or turning as red as before. Her eyes drift closed, and I can’t keep my hands from mapping out all her curves. A woman this curvy is dangerous, making a man want to do anything to keep her with him.

Her phone starts vibrating across the table and when I look, I see the face of her mother on her lock screen. The woman in the picture smiles and looks like she is laughing with Ember, but I’m certain that is not the person I am going to be answering to when I pick up.

“Hello.”

“Where’s Ember? What’s going on, Hunter? Is she alright? Is she safe?”

I spend the next few minutes explaining what happened and waiting for her freak out.

“And you came to get Ember out of the kindness of your heart, I’m sure.”

I understand how she can be distrustful. The best way to go ahead with her mom is just to be absolutely honest and tell her the truth. No matter how bad it might look or sound.

“No. I want to be with Ember. But I’m also not going to pass her around and share her. Or get her drunk so she’ll have sex with me. And let’s not forget I didn’t marry her mom so I’d be able to fuck her the first opportunity I’m given.”

A long pause is all that greets me for a pregnant moment and then, “Touche. I could just vomit.”

“Try living with it for eighteen years before you can leave.”

“Oh God.”

“Right.”

“I realize I have no right to ask anything of you...,” As the mother of the woman I want to make mine, she has every right to ask but I let her finish before saying anything, “Please keep her safe. Don’t let Roger anywhere near her.”

“I think you already know you don’t have to worry about that. Just...don’t expect me to give her back.”

There's a long pause before she says another word but when she does it causes me to like her even more, "That's her choice. Not yours or mine."

"Agreed."

"I'm starting divorce proceedings as soon as possible and will be on the first flight out. I have to find a place for me and Ember to go and get all our stuff packed and...a hundred other things." I can hear how close to crying she is. "I never would have married him if I had known he was...like this."

"I have a storage building I keep some extra parts in. I can call a moving company and have them take all your stuff there."

"I couldn't ask you to do that for me, Hunter. It wouldn't be right."

"Well, now I know where Ember gets it." I can hear the question before she asks it.

"What?"

"The need to not be a burden on someone else. The giver who doesn't like to take anything for herself. Don't worry, Brenda. I got your back. Not because I find your daughter hot and want to spend forever with her but because I'm very aware of how it feels to get fucked over by my family. God knows it's happened enough to me."

Silence greets me until she finally says more, "I'm so sorry you had to go through that, but I think...if I was your mom, I

would be so proud of who you've become despite all you've had to go through and I'm sure she's very proud of you."

I blink quickly in order not to be a total loser and start crying just because Ember's mom told me she was proud of me and mentioned my mom.

"Thank you...for taking care of Ember and bringing her home with you."

"Above all, over everything, my loyalty is to her."

"That's all I could ever hope for and all I want to hear."

We hang up after I give her the number of a lawyer who owes me a favor, leaving me alone with my thoughts and my sweet little Ember. I turn the television off and sit for a long time letting my hands trace over the rise and fall of all her curves before I slide out from under her and scoop her up.

"Come on, Baby. Let's get you into our bed." And doesn't that have a beautiful ring to it.

Chapter Twelve

Ember

He snuggles into me and runs his hands down my body. I'm floating halfway between sleep and wakefulness, but I can definitely tell Hunter is snuggled up against me. And then I'm being pulled on top of him so he can reach more of me. His face nuzzles into my neck and hair.

“You are so sexy and soft, Baby. So perfect.” His words make the corners of my mouth tilt up into a smile. “Do you mind if I...?”

He thrusts upward to show me what he means, what he's asking. “Mmm, are you asking me if it's okay?”

“Yeah.” His hands go still and he waits for my answer. The fact he asks makes me like him more, fall for him just a little harder.

“Of course. You never have to ask.” I turn and place my lips on his bare chest, something I wouldn't do if I wasn't half asleep.

He uses my body to get himself off, rubbing me over his thick penis as both of us grunt and sigh to release. This time

when his hands drop to my ass and he moves me back and forth, up and down on him I know what to expect, I understand what's coming next, so I don't fight it as hard. I let it take me over as he sends us both into climax and we drift off covered in one another and completely satisfied.

The story is a little different the next morning when I wake up to find we're already humping one another. My legs spread around his hips, my breath coming faster and faster, and I'm already halfway to release. His hands are covering my ass cheeks -under my panties- and his erection has grown so thick and large that it peaks over the rim of his cotton boxers.

My underwear has moved too so that it's bunched to the side and my bare skin is being rubbed by the cloth of his boxers. It is an added sensation that heightens my arousal and causes me to rock my hips back and forth faster.

“Oh...my God.” And then it happens. Our movements become synced up and our bare skin touches, my sensitive skin against the bared head of his...he comes alive under me and rears up so that both of us are sitting up instead of lying down. The movement makes the front of his boxers lower even more so that his...dick - I can feel my cheeks blushing just thinking the word - is riding through the valley of my pussy.

“Oh!” His eyes are blue fire, and he looks almost angry. “We...we can do it like this too?”

He cups the swell of my ass cheeks and starts moving me up and down on him. His mouth latches onto my throat and he sucks and nibbles at the sensitive flesh. All I can do to keep my balance, keep my senses about me, is to wrap my arms around him and hold on. The feel of his bare skin to my bare skin feels so good.

I'm not stupid. I understand how dangerous what we are doing is. But it feels too good to be bad.

“Oh, God! Hu...Hunter! It...feels...oh, mmm, good.”

I can't make my words form right as he starts really working his dick up, tunneling through my puffy lower lips. My head tips back and he wraps one arm around me so that he can support me as my back arches, and I push my lower half closer to his.

He shocks me again when his mouth lands on one of my breasts over the top of my tank. Even through the material, I can feel how wet and hot his mouth is as he pulls at my nipple, sucking on it. Liquid heat flows from the place he is sucking, down to my tummy and settles even lower still as I tense up and tighten my legs around him. I sink my fingers into his hair and hold his head to me.

“H...Hunter...Hu...Hunter! Oh God!” I just keep saying his name until everything inside of me tightens up and my body starts pulsing rhythmically as his dick hits my bundle of nerves and causes me to rush to my release. Everything squeezes up, contracting viciously, as I hang on tight to him. And then everything grows a lot wetter. Heat splashes against my skin and it hits again as his dick draws back and he keeps shooting out his release.

When I look down, I can tell Hunter came almost as hard as I did because there is a wet trail all over the mound of my pussy and farther back. It's really hard to tell if what I'm feeling is me or him. And I'm not sure how much I care as my body goes limp and I sink down into his hold. My head lands on his shoulder and we stay wrapped up in one another just like that for a long time.

Eventually, Hunter moves us to a more comfortable position before luring me out of bed with the promise of breakfast. Just like dinner, we make it together, bumping into one another -on purpose- in his tiny kitchen. I'm laughing loudly when the knock comes causing both of us go still. The atmosphere in the room immediately changes and he loses his laid-back attitude completely.

But when Hunter opens the door it's not Roger or his father. It's Mandy.

My heart starts beating harder and faster as fear takes hold in my heart. What is she going to think about me staying here? What is she going to think about me if she knew about the other things happening between me and her big brother? All I can think about is the fact I have Hunter's cum drying between my legs and now his sister is here. What do I do?

"Mandy." He sounds just as surprised to see her as I am. Does he not want her to know about any of this? Should I pretend nothing happened between us?

"Hi, Hunt. You okay? You look...weird."

"Yeah. I'm good. Weird how?"

"Just...more, I don't know, relaxed." I watch as she shakes her head like it's no big deal. "I was wondering...Do you have a girl over?"

When she pushes her way past him, she comes up short staring at me like she's never seen me before.

“Ember?”

She looks from me to her brother, and I can't help but look guilty as fuck.

“What are you doing here? Why...? Are you...?”

“Living here? Yes. Yes, she is.” I shoot big, surprised eyes his way and try to explain.

“I...um, Roger...he...”

How the hell am I supposed to explain this to anyone? I was asleep last night when my mom called so I didn't have to help him explain. Now, I have no idea how to start. I look back over at Hunter for help. Before he can say a word, Mandy gasps.

“Oh my God! You're the one they're talking about 'getting away'?” I open my mouth and close it again trying to find the right thing to say. Hunter comes back over to me and places his chest against my back giving me silent strength without speaking a word. “Eww. Oh God! Gross!”

He wraps his arm around me to help keep me standing straight as the gravity of what Mandy figured out truly hits her. And me again.

“Oh my God! Did...did he...?” She rushes over to me but looks to her brother for the answer. “Did he...?”

“No. I got to her first.”

Her eyes grow even bigger as she takes us both in. “Oh my God!” Oh no. She’s figured more out than I wanted her to and she’s pissed I’m with her brother. I open my mouth to start begging for forgiveness when she narrows her eyes. But not at me. “You had sex with Ember first! You pig!”

I try to keep up with what is going on but can’t. She thinks..., I start shaking my head in denial as she wraps her hand around my arm and tries to pull me out of Hunter’s grasp.

“She’s innocent and sweet and kind and you’re a bastard! Oh shit! Is that a hickey? I can’t believe you would...”

“Calm down, Mandy. Please. No one slept with me.” I hear the words and immediately change them because that isn’t really true. Hunter slept with me twice now. “No one had sex with me.”

“Yet.”

Both of us shoot a glaring look over to Hunter. Mandy loses a lot of her tense attitude but still looks us up and down.

“Are you...? You are! Hunter Aiden Crowe, you’re trying to hit it with Ember!” I gasp, drawing her eyes to me. “Oh my God! You’re totally feeling it too. You two are totally into one another. How did I not see this before now?”

“Why are you here, Mandy?”

This time she backs up a little and looks away. “Oh, I was hoping I could crash here with you since it is getting kind of... crazy at home.”

“Crazy?” I realize I shouldn’t ask but I just can’t help myself.

“They’re trying to cheer Roger up and I can totally do without the endless parade of vaginas they are bringing in and out of the house.”

“Oh my God!”

“Mandy.” He reprimands her softly. “Oh sorry, sweetheart. I sometimes forget you’ve not been around this as long as me and Hunter have. I guess...I’ll find somewhere else...”

“No!” Both of us say it at the same time.

“Why don’t you go help her settle into the guest bedroom, baby?”

“Okay.” I start to walk away but he stops me with a hand on my wrist pulling me back so he can kiss me before I go. I guess that answers my question on whether he wants to keep this thing between me and him a secret or not.

Chapter Thirteen

Hunter

I let her have her time with my sister keeping myself busy while they talk and laugh in the guest room with one another. I overhear Mandy explaining that she comes over a lot to get away from her mom and dad and that the bubble bath and girly stuff in the bathroom belong to her.

I can tell it surprised Ember when I pulled her back for a kiss right in front of my sister. It also surprised my sister that I would do something like leave a mark on someone for others to see. And mark her I did. I was very conscious of the fact that I was leaving a mark on her when I did it.

I finally dare to breach the guest room and have my breath taken away when I see Ember lying side by side with my sister. They don't realize I'm standing in the door because both of them are lying with their legs up on the wall and their heads towards the bottom of the bed.

“So...the two of you haven't had sex yet?”

“Mandy!”

“But have you all done other stuff?”

I wait to find out how Ember is going to answer my sister's question.

“Like what?”

“Like what, indeed. You know. Have you all...sixty-nined each other, have you all gone down on one another?”

“No! Jeeze, Mandy, you can't...it's not...”

“How about fingering? Has he fingered you yet?”

“Mandy! I'm not answering that question. He's your brother for God's sake. I'm not talking about this with you.”

“So that's a no. And fingering is pretty basic, I would think. Not that I would know, but that's what all the other girls in cheerleading say.” I take a second to be thankful that Mandy seems just as innocent as Ember.

“Really?”

“Yeah, it seems all of them have let their boyfriends stick their fingers right up there. I don't know...I don't get it myself. Why let just anyone touch you like that? I mean...it's not like any of those guys care about them. One day they'll go finger one girl and the next they'll be doing it to someone new.”

Ember gasps and a look of dismay crosses her face, “Do all guys do that?”

“No, all guys do not do that.” Both girls jump like I’ve caught them doing something they aren’t supposed to and scream like I’m a serial killer instead of someone they know.

“God damn it, Hunt! You...why the hell are you creeping?”

“How else am I going to find out the inner workings of a woman’s mind?”

“Well...go creep on someone else!”

“Want to come out and eat with me or are you two going to stay holed up in here? Because I’m not going to be alright with that when it’s time to go to bed.”

“Really.” Mandy is on me the instant the words leave my mouth. “Why is that, dear brother? Is it because you want Ember to sleep with you? Don’t think I didn’t notice the fact none of her things are in here. So where are they, brother mine? Could they possibly be in your room?”

Ember’s cheeks turn bright red, and Mandy gives her a big grin. “Yes! They are. You two are sleeping together! But you haven’t done oral yet?”

“Mandy, there’s a pack of chicken breasts with your name on them just waiting for you to come pound on them, you little sadist. Let’s go.”

All of us work to get dinner done and after, we all sit around watching a movie. Mandy takes a chair next to the couch where me and Ember are sitting, and we all get comfortable. I eventually maneuver Ember, so her feet are in my lap and start rubbing them for her. When both girls fall asleep, I decide it’s

time to go to bed. I start by waking Mandy up but don't bother waking Ember. Instead, I just scoop her up like I have the past two nights.

Mandy stops me before she goes into the guest room. "Don't hurt her." It doesn't take a genius to figure out which 'her' she is talking about. "She's not like me and you. We grew up seeing all the bad things that could be in the world, but she doesn't see that. She's not looking for all the negatives. She's soft and sweet and kind and..."

"Mandy..." I interrupt her, "have you ever known me to bring a woman into my home? Or mark one? Have you ever even seen me with one?"

She leans in and gives me a peck on the cheek and a smile before she walks into her room. Content with her answers to my questions and my intentions towards Ember. Once I have her in my room and the door locked so we won't be interrupted I start taking her shorts off. I already have them down her legs before I stop when I find out she's not wearing panties under them. Now she's lying in my bed naked from the waist down. I only meant for her to be more comfortable. I've done this every night since she came home with me. And tonight she doesn't wear fucking panties.

I'm afraid if I touch her, I won't be able to stop myself. I won't take her, but I am definitely going to be touching, and exploring everything laid before me. And she's not awake to really give me permission. So, either I turn around and leave the room or I wake her up and make sure touching her is alright with her. I'm about five seconds from running for the door when she opens her eyes and catches the look I am giving her.

"Hi." It's soft and sleepy sounding.

“Why aren’t you wearing panties?”

She takes a slow blink as her brows rise and she looks up at me. “What?”

“Why do you not have anything on under these thin-ass shorts?”

She raises up on her elbows and looks down at where her shorts have been taken down. “Oh.” She lays back down and stares up at the ceiling, “shit.”

Before I can say anything else she’s sleepily reaching for the band to tug them back up but I don’t let her hands get even halfway there. I entwine our hands together to keep her from pulling them back up and to keep me from touching what I’m looking at.

“Mandy...they’re Mandy’s and she said they were too thin to wear panties with.”

I bet she did. She’s a damned meddler and I owe her big time for this.

“Baby, you know I take off your bottoms when we go to be together.”

“I didn’t think we were going to do that tonight. With Mandy here and all.”

I lay on top of her just to feel her stretched out under me. “You sleep with me now. No exceptions.”

Her legs naturally spread to accept me causing me to moan out loud when her heat sinks into the cloth of my jeans. She wraps around me ready for whatever I want to do to her next. But I want to make sure.

“Ember, honey, you don’t have clothes on and I’m really struggling here.”

Her brows furrow together. “Struggling? With your clothes?”

I close my eyes and try to bring my slipping willpower back under my control. “Baby, I’m going to eat that little pussy if you don’t tell me to stop.”

She gasps, her eyes going wide, as she looks into my eyes at the naked truth lying there for her to find. “You...you want to...?”

“Oh yeah. Really bad, baby.” I put my hand on her belly up under her shirt and delight in the fact the soft skin jumps under my touch.

She licks her lips and places her hand over mine. “You... you were listening to me and Mandy talk earlier.”

Even though it isn’t a question, I answer it. “I was.”

“You said...every guy doesn’t just...”

“Fuck around with other women while having one waiting on them somewhere? Prefer to not dip his stick in every honey

pot that comes his way?” She nods. “I did say that, and I meant it. Not every guy wants to stick their finger in every pie out there. Some of us have particular tastes that only one person can satisfy.”

“Particular tastes?” I close my eyes again to focus myself, but there’s no getting control back when this little thing is naked under me. No control whatsoever.

Chapter Fourteen

Ember

His head drops to the space between my neck and shoulder. His lips brush against my skin causing me to shiver. He doesn't answer me for so long I don't think he's going to, but then he nuzzles into my ear, "Men like me want what we want. We don't want to fuck with distractions or second best or anything that's not exactly what we want. Single-minded focus that never goes away. And, sweetheart, I want a taste."

I gasp at his words but it's his hands that are causing a bombardment of sensations to flow through my body. One of them covers my still-clothed breast while the other one slides down lower to my bare hip. His touch is like a brand on my skin, the heat so high it'll leave me marked forever. His lips come up to mine and he nips and plays with my mouth but never takes the kiss deep enough that I'm not aware of everything he is doing.

He pulls back and searches my face for something. Whatever he sees there causes him to drop kisses on my cheek on his way back to whisper in my ear. "But I don't think you're ready for me to take that taste just yet."

I open my mouth to argue with him, to tell him that he can do anything he wants to me but close it again when I really

think about what he wants. He wants to put his mouth on the heart of my body. When he does it, there won't be any secrets, no place for me to hide anything from him. I'm not certain that I can tell him to do it and be truthful about it. How he knew before me is...something I can't look too hard at right now.

“So instead, we take everything just a little bit further. But not too far.” This time when he takes my mouth he goes all in and swamps my mind with the play of his tongue with mine.

His hand starts to massage my breasts, first one and then the other. His touch starts out light and soft but over time it grows more intense, more of a squeeze than a touch. My nipples harden and I have to pull my mouth away from his to catch my breath. The globes of my breasts feel heavy and hot and the longer he keeps the caress up, the more I find myself pushing into it.

Instead of trying to capture my mouth again, he gives me a light-hearted laugh. “Maybe we should change positions, little one.”

“Ch...change...?”

He surprises me by moving us so that I am leaning back against his chest, his arms wrapped around me holding me tight. He takes the tank and pulls it over my head so that I am completely naked in his arms.

“Wh...what are you doing?” My legs draw up to protect my nakedness out of reflex.

“You're not wearing a fucking bra either. You spent the entire evening with me and I could have been touching all this - bare.”

“Your...sister was here.”

“And she’s going to have to get used to the fact I will be touching you all the time.”

He takes my wrists in his hand and starts to play with my breasts again but this time they don’t have a cotton barrier between them and his touch. I gasp out, losing the precious little air I’ve gotten back since he moved us. He doesn’t just go right between my legs but instead focuses on my breasts and stomach.

“So soft.” I try to bring my hands down to cover my tummy but he doesn’t let me go.

“I should exercise more.” I roll my bottom lip in between my lips.

He tilts my face up so he can meet my gaze, “No, you shouldn’t. I don’t mean soft like that. I mean you have the softest skin I have ever touched. You are probably the softest thing I have ever had my hands on. And I am obsessed with every inch of you. You don’t need to worry about anything like that, baby.” My cheeks grow warm at his words. “And I can guarantee that you will have all the exercise you need very soon.”

He lets my wrists go so he can trail his fingertips over the tips of both my breasts and down my stomach.

“So damned beautiful.”

I rest against him and let him explore where he wants. Eventually, he moves lower and barely brushes his fingers over my mound. Again, I lose my breath, my body tensing up so hard I worry I might break. “Shh, sweet girl. No rush.”

He touches but doesn't stay in any one place for very long. Eventually, I relax back against him and let his fingers go lower and lower. And then he's swiping his hand down and touching the outside of my most intimate area. “Oh God!”

He doesn't rush through any part of it, wooing me into being comfortable with him, always going back to an area I was all right with before moving on. And the entire time he plays with my breasts. By the time he spreads my lips apart, I'm panting out I'm breathing so hard and soaked where his hands are now. I let out a moan before his touch becomes too much, and I close my legs to keep him out.

But this time he doesn't let me hide myself from him. He wraps his legs around my own and spreads me open by widening his own legs. His touch becomes more focused and he hones in on the top part of my sex, zeroing in on my clit.

“Oh my God, Hunter!” I grab onto his arm and hold on tightly, even going so far as to sink my nails into his skin before I make myself let him go.

“No! Don't stop! You grab hold of me and sink those nails into me as deep as you can. Mark me.”

There are too many things going on, he's massaging my breasts, plucking my nipple, holding my legs open, and petting my clit. My mind can't take all the sensations bombarding me. “Hunter! Hunter, please! I...Hunter!”

He starts making little circles as he plays with me, and my body tightens up. My head falls back, and I can tell I am pushing my pussy into his touch. My release doesn't come on slowly and instead hits me hard and fast. My body goes stiff and the muscles along my pussy flutter and clench as everything inside of me gripes around empty air while Hunter holds me to him. He keeps me in his arms as my body bows up and tries to escape the pleasure.

“Yes, baby. Yes. Give it to me. Give me that orgasm. Cum for me, baby. Cum.” He doesn't let up or stop rubbing me so one orgasm leads to another until everything I know, everything I feel, all comes down to his touch on me. My toes curl and push against the mattress as I feel just the tips of his fingers slide back and enter me. First one and then the other.

My body doubles down and floods his hand as it wipes out everything around me except the sharp pulses that hit my body and course through every part of me. I sag back against him completely drained and completely satisfied once it's over. My eyes drop closed and feel leaden. My breathing is ragged but calming back down as the warmth surrounding me drags me under and I escape the pleasure through sleep.

Chapter Fifteen

Hunter

I take both of the girls to school the next morning. There isn't time to do anything more than feed her before I have to usher the girls out the door. Mandy reminds me that she has cheerleading practice today and will have one of the players bring her home - and by home, I mean my apartment.

All day I work my ass off so I won't have to go back to work when I pick her up from school. Having her spread out for me last night plays over and over again in the back of my mind so that when I close my eyes I see her, I feel her softness and I get harder and harder. By the time I leave to pick her up, I can barely sit on my bike straight.

She didn't say much before I dropped her off and I worry I might have gone too far too fast. When she comes out to me, she doesn't quite meet my eyes and tries to put space between us when she gets on the back of my bike.

I don't allow it though and reach around to take her ass and pull her in tight to me. Not only do I pull her into me tighter, but I rub her leg, feeling her warmth even through the denim of her jeans.

“Did you have a good day?”

“Yes.”

“You’ll have to tell me about it when we get home.” She gives me a little smile. It’s small but I’ll take it.

Before we can pull out of the parking lot, one of the girls who came out with Ember shouts over at her, “Hey Ember, who’s your boyfriend? He’s hot!”

“He’s...”

“Hunter. My name is Hunter. And I’m very taken.”

Before the girl -or Ember- can respond I have us out on the road and headed home. Instead of taking the direct route, I go the long way so I can have more time with her being hugged up around me. I finally head back to the apartment when the sun starts getting a little low in the sky and I worry about her being too cold.

By the time I get her inside she’s lost that stiffness and gives me big smiles so the ride was more than worth it.

“Thank you! That was amazing. I love Autumn and the leaves all changing into their pretty colors.”

“Me too.” I love Autumn because it’s when she came to stay with me, when I get to celebrate the day she was born, and if I play my cards right it could mean so much more for the both of us.

I only take the time to turn and lock the door before I reach out and pull her into me. Our lips meet and we catch fire immediately. It's like both of us have been thinking about it all day and now neither of us can wait. We make it to the kitchen, but that's as far as we go before I push her against the wall and pull her jeans down.

I spin us so that I can place her over the counter on her stomach and yank her panties to the side. I want to hit my knees and worship at her alter for hours but she's not ready for that, so I use my fingers to play with her little pussy before I take her mouth again. She's not holding back, moaning and sighing for me, calling my name and driving me crazy.

She actually woke up enough last night when I moved us to ask me if she could do anything for me like I did for her. I had to explain to her that I was the reason we had to clean her back off before both of us crawled into bed. Sleeping with her naked body pressed against my barely clothed one was nothing less than a dream. And it doesn't look like she's going to have to do anything extra today either, since I've been hard for her the minute I woke up this morning.

“Oh my God! Hunter...you...feel...so good!”

I slip my cock between her thighs and spread her pussy using my fingers. Like this, I'm all but guaranteed to hit her clit every time I push back through her closed legs. She pants out my name as I send us both over the edge when I reach under her shirt and pull down her bra so her tit falls into my waiting hand.

Her body tenses up and she arches that back for me like she knows I like it and my balls tighten against my body, the skin around my nuts tense and cum rushes from them to the tip of my cock. When I release, I feel it all the way up my back. And

feel her little body pulse around the shaft of my cock even though it's not inside her.

Seeing my cum splashed across her thighs and dripping down the inside of her legs is enough for me to be more than ready for round two. And then we hear a key scrap into the lock. "Oh my God!"

I slip from between her softness and work to put my dick up while at the same time jerking her jeans and panties up. While I work on fixing the bottom, she's pulling her bra back up and making sure nothing else is hanging out for my sister to see. By the time Mandy comes in both of us are leaning against the counter fully dressed...and looking guilty as shit.

"How was practice?" The crack in Ember's voice is barely noticeable but the tremor in her legs when she moves isn't.

"I get the distinct impression I just interrupted something, and I am not asking questions because, ew. Practice was fine."

"Fine? Isn't that girl code for everything not being alright?" I ask.

Ember comes around the counter and both of them disappear into the guest bedroom while I try to get myself under control in the kitchen. Ember hears from her mom, and she tells her she thinks she can make it back in time to celebrate Thanksgiving with her. I end up telling both women they are spending the holiday with me because neither one of them wanted to 'impose'. We spend the next day doing the same thing. I drop them off, pick up Ember in the afternoon on my bike, and ride around with her before bringing her back home. And then they're off for Thanksgiving Break and I don't have to worry about Ember being too far away from me.

In fact, Mandy is going to be out on a lunch date with one of the guys who brings her home after cheerleading practice and I plan to go up and see my girl. And maybe have her for lunch. But before I can get away, I hear a commotion out front and find my girl has come to me. And the men in my garage are getting a wrench upside their heads for staring at what belongs to me.

Chapter Sixteen

Ember

I step into the garage and immediately feel like I made a mistake. Also, this is the cleanest garage I have ever been in. Every head in the room turns to look at me and none of them are Hunter. I was a little nervous about coming down to see him when I'm not certain how he will react to me being here, but I wanted to make sure he had something to eat too.

One of the men comes over to speak to me and my doubt about whether I should have come escalates to a new height.

“Hey, hey, hey, pretty lady, what can I do to help you today?”

He seems friendly enough but also makes me want to take a step back. Another man walks up behind the first and hits him in the back of the head, “That’s Hunter’s girl, dumbass.”

The man puts his hands up in a sign of surrender and gives me a more polite smile.

“What going on?” Hunter comes out of the office in the back and yells loud enough to be heard throughout the garage. His eyes narrow before they land on me, but they don’t start

looking happy like I had hoped they would. “Ember, what are you doing here?”

I shouldn't have come. It isn't my place to show up at his workplace. He thinks I'm overstepping and doesn't want me to distract him while he's trying to work. And what was all that about him having a girl and me being that girl? Have they confused me with someone else or just assumed that I was his girlfriend? He reaches for my arm as I try to explain but before I can even start, he's shouting again.

“Are you bothering her?” His eyes turn dark and stormy and he looks really pissed off.

This time I jump in and interrupt him. “No! No, they, um, they knew not to.”

“Good.” He relaxes noticeably. He walks us both back to the office he just came out of.

“I'm sorry for coming...”

“No. Don't be sorry. This is a great surprise. I just don't want any of the guys to fuck with you.” He places one of his hands on the small of my back and the other he uses to open the door for me. “They know how they should act around a lady but sometimes some of the younger ones get a little sideways - not bad but I want to stay on top of it. And I don't want them making a play on you.”

“The, um, blonde guy told them to, um, leave me alone. He told them I was...your girl.”

He locks the door and pulls the blinds down on the windows looking out at the workplace, “And he gets a raise.”

I start to giggle, and my nervousness evaporates under his smile. “I brought you some lunch.”

“Yeah,” he takes the basket I put the food in from me but doesn’t look in it. Instead, he sits it to the side and takes me by the hips. “Is it...something sweet?”

I don’t think he’s talking about the chicken salad sandwiches I packed for him. “Um...do you want something sweet?”

“Oh yeah. I was thinking about something sweet...and creamy.”

“Oh my God!” He buries his face in the space between my neck and shoulder. I’ve noticed he really likes being right there.

He puts his hands on the back of my white shorts. The weather felt great, so I didn’t bother with a coat or a pair of jeans, especially since I was just going downstairs for a few minutes, but now I realize I might have been dressing up for him. It seems to be working since the way he is touching me causes me to grow even damper than before.

He chuckles, “Yeah, you know what I want, don’t you, little one?”

“Yes.” It comes out breathless and soft as he massages both globes of my ass and pulls me into the hard ridge of his dick that grows harder and thicker the closer I come.

“And are you ready to give me what I want, Ember? Are you ready to feed me that sweet treat you’ve brought me?”

His mouth lands on mine as his fingers tunnel into my hair and he pulls me even tighter to him. Our tongues play and jostle with one another until I have to pull away to gasp for air, my chest rising and falling as my heart beats faster and faster the longer I’m with him. His eyes are hot and full of desire and want.

“Do you know what I was thinking when I came out of my office and found the men I work with standing around you?” I give him a quick shake of my head, not even wanting to guess. Was he mad? Upset that I came? “I wanted to take you down to the floor, rip your clothes off, and show all of them who you belong to.”

The gasp that falls from my mouth is loud in the quiet room. The thought of him wanting to...do all that stuff to me has me shifting my weight from foot to foot and getting more turned on than I should be.

He grabs onto me and spins me around, so I am leaning against his chest. “Does that turn you on, baby? Does it make you wet to find out I want to show everyone around us that I want you for my own?”

He pushes his hand down the band of my shorts and shimmies under my panties so his fingers can find the soft, tender skin hidden within both. His deft fingertips spread my puffy lips apart and one slides over my sweet spot. I catch my breath as he swipes the long digit through my wet passage and swirls it around my aching bundle of nerves. He pulls his hand from my shorts and brings his fingers to his mouth. All I can do is gape as he licks and sucks them clean.

“You do like it. Don’t you?”

I close my eyes to ask a question of my own, “D...does it... is it bad that I do?”

“Hell no! It’s a very, very good thing, baby. Very good. Just like you. My very good girl.”

A shiver works its way down my body at his praise. His hands drop to the button on my jeans. He’s moving before I realize what he is doing, pushing me back on his desk and jerking my shorts off to throw them over his shoulders.

“W...what are you doing?”

He gives me a mischievous grin before giving me my answer, “Eating what you brought me for lunch, little one.”

He jerks my panties to the side as he bends over and runs his nose up the center of my body. “Oh my God! Hunter!”

He hits his knees before doing it all over again. The knowledge that he’s taking my scent in every time he runs his nose over me should cause me to shy away from him. It should scandalize me or at least shock me, but instead, I find myself pushing into him.

“Yes, baby. Show me how much you want me to eat that little pussy.”

My cheeks flame at his words but then my mind scrambles when the touch of his warm, wet tongue hits my sensitive

flesh. I wrap my fingers around the edge of the desk to keep from sinking my nails into his back. I don't want to hurt him, and I don't think I can control myself if I touch him. I wouldn't be able to stop from leaving my own mark on him.

His tongue explores at first, gently touching and tasting but then he becomes more insistent, more forceful. And then he falls on my pussy like it's a gourmet meal and he's done without for years. When he uses the broad side of his tongue to lick me, I lose touch and one of my hands lets the desk go and comes to his shoulder, not caring if I mark him or not.

His hands come up under the cheeks of my ass to hold me further up off the desk, so I am closer to his mouth. He starts sucking and licking causing me to rock my hips into him and my breath to catch in my throat. He starts using broad licks starting at the back and working his way up through my entire pussy and then switches to using just the tip at the top. He growls against my wet flesh and starts putting all his concentration on batting my clit with his tongue.

He circles the bundle of nerves before his tongue spears into me, spreading me wide. My hips come off the desk without his help this time as I push into him harder. My hands flutter around, first to Hunter and then to places on the desk. They end up sunk deep in my own hair as I try to find some balance to all the wild things he is doing to me.

He pauses from eating me long enough to take my hands from my hair, "Why don't you put those right here?"

He places them on my own breasts and covers them with his hands. When he flexes his fingers he causes mine to move as well making both of us massage the soft mounds. "Oh my God!"

My nipples harden and even though I have my hands on myself, his hands are so much bigger and cover so much more than mine do. They manipulate and orchestrate how we play with them, the pressure we use, the motions, so he is the one in complete control. He goes back to licking me at the same time he works my hands on my breasts. The sensation overload is too much, and I tip into an orgasm before I realize it's coming.

Without thinking I scream out as my back arches and my body convulses around his tongue which he has speared inside of me again. Having something inside of me when I cum is a new experience and one that transforms my orgasm into something more, something deeper and more intense.

If it's like this with his tongue, what is it going to be like when he's put that long, thick monster inside of me? And what do I have to do to make him want to put it where his tongue is? Questions like that tumble through my mind as I lay exhausted and drained on his desk. I jump when I feel his thickness nestle in the valley of my pussy. We've done this a couple of times before, but this is somehow different.

It doesn't take him long before warmth hits my lower belly and splashes across the mound of my pussy. I reach down but he stops me by taking my hand in one of his while pulling my panties back in place. He brings it to his mouth and places a kiss not on the back but on the palm of my hand then closes my fingers over it like he's given me something he wants kept safe. When he goes to grab my shorts out of the floor, I bring the hand to my chest and hold it tight to me. Is he showing me more than he is saying? Does it mean more to him than I think it does? Did he just give me something much more intimate, deeper, than a kiss on the hand?

Chapter Seventeen

Hunter

I watch as she walks out of the office, faint greasy handprints on the back pockets of her shorts resting on the curves of her ass. But that's not the only mark I've left on her. Her lips are swollen from my kisses, her hair looks sexy and tousled and not like it was when she got her. My guys have smartly taken a lunch break and are nowhere to be seen.

I follow her and make sure she gets back up to the apartment safely before I go back downstairs to get some more work done. I'm not opening tomorrow so the men are a little more relaxed than they normally would be. So much so that I just let them go home early so I too can head upstairs to where I know Ember is waiting for me. Tomorrow her mom comes back home, and I'll have to fight another battle to get Ember comfortable with us being together in front of her mom, but tonight Ember is fully mine.

When I come up the girls are in the kitchen laughing and... baking. The whole place smells like pumpkin pie. And it is delicious.

“So...are you going to tell your mom about you and Hunter?”

I pause in the doorway not wanting them to know I'm here until I hear her answer. "I don't know. I...I'm not even sure there is a me and him. I don't want to embarrass him by saying something when he's just trying to be nice to me."

"Ember you don't sleep with someone you're 'just being nice' to. There is totally a you and him and I know Hunter, he's not going to be shy about telling anyone."

"So...you think he likes me."

Mandy gives her an expression of shock, her brows high and her mouth open, "You are so...innocent." She gives Ember a shove before they both start giggling again.

"You're just as innocent as I am. Unless you and Dunn have done more than just have a lunch date."

"Shut up! I am not saying a word. If my brother..." I make a sound so both girls turn to look at me wearing twin expressions of guilt.

"What?" I play it up like I just came in and didn't hear Ember's worry I might not want her mom to find out about us. She doesn't know me and her mom has already talked about it. I fight back the urge to take her to the bedroom and show her how serious I am about us. But I have to have patience.

The next day all three of us are in the kitchen cooking when a knock lands on the door. I'm already sure who it is so I send Ember to the door to answer it. When she opens the door her face lights up and she throws herself into the arms of her mother.

“Mom! Mom, you’re back! You made it!”

She told Ember last night she wasn’t sure if she was going to make it because of all the travelers coming and going. Ember turns and offers me a brilliant smile. “Hi, Brenda. Did you have any trouble finding us?”

“No, the Uber guy knew exactly where you lived. Apparently, you fixed a bike for him last year and he thinks you are ‘so cool’.” She gives us a little grin. Mandy rushes over to hug her and brings her into the kitchen with Ember following.

“Do you want to take a shower or catch a nap? We’ve pretty much taken over Hunter’s bathroom so there are like five different shampoos that don’t smell like man. And oh, we have some amazing bath bombs. You could relax and then join us for dinner.”

“I would actually love to help you guys cook. If there’s room.”

“There’s always room, Brenda,” I assure her and slide over so she can start cutting celery for the stuffing.

By the time we’ve all sat down to eat all of us have laughed and cried and eaten until we can’t do it anymore. Mandy picks a spot in the floor to sack out and is gone before the movie we are watching is five minutes in. I look over at Ember’s mom and she gives me a knowing smile and nod.

“You want to go for a ride?”

“Oh, um, now?” She looks at Mandy lying in the floor and then over at her mom who is dozing in the chair.

I nod and hold out my hand. She takes it and before she can come up with a good reason for us to stay I have her out the door. The weather has changed and today is colder than yesterday so instead of the bike, we take the car. When we drive I don't let go of her hand, instead driving one-handed most of the way.

I take a turn onto a road that leads into a little community of homes that have been decorated for the holiday. Some people are out in their yards putting up lights and decorating their houses. I pull into one of the driveways to a house sitting on one of the corners. She looks around at where we are before turning a confused expression towards me.

Chapter Eighteen

Ember

He seems so happy when he leads me to the front door of the house and punches the code in the key box so we can go inside. He talks the property up, telling me every highlight it has - especially the room over the garage which the realtor tells him can be used for an at-home office or a mother-in-law suite. Then he drops the bomb on me and tells me he's started the process to buy the house.

“Oh my God!” It's hard for me to keep the shock out of my voice. “It's...It's a lovely home.”

“And it's big enough for a family too.”

His words cause my nose to burn and my eyes to mist but I shove it aside. “You...you're trying to...I mean you're thinking...?”

I don't finish the question. Instead, I just give him a brittle smile and hope he can't see my hurt over his excitement. I'm really happy for him but I'm also kind of bummed out. The weight of worry lands heavy on my shoulders and all I can think about now is that me and mom are going to have to find a new home, to start all over.

We may even have to move back to the city...or even further. And that makes where I go to school just as iffy. And now he's telling me he's thinking about his future. But I won't be in it. Once mom and Roger divorce, we won't be stepcousins. We won't be anything. It's not that I'll never see him again. I am Mandy's friend after all, but it won't be the same. And what am I going to do when I overhear Mandy talking about the person he plans to start this future with? It will kill me, that's what. I knew we couldn't stay with him indefinitely...I just thought I would have more time.

He leads me into a room with a fireplace in it. On the floor is a blanket and a bottle of something in an ice bucket along with two glasses. He leaves me to go fiddle with the fireplace, "What...?"

"I thought we could celebrate."

"C...celebrate?" I swallow down my sadness and make sure the smile doesn't fade. I don't want my situation to bring him down or ruin this for him. It's special that he wanted to share this with me. I go to the blanket and sit while he pours us two flutes of champagne. I've never had anything like this before, so I'm surprised when the bubbles go up my nose and tickle.

"I think we'll be in the house by Christmas. We can spend Christmas here."

I bobble my glass and the liquid inside spills, splashing my shirt and leaving a trail of cold on the skin underneath.

"Oh shit! I'm sorry." He wanted to celebrate this moment with me and here I am showing him why he should have chosen another person to celebrate with.

He moves quickly while telling me, “No. No need to be sorry. You...here, let’s take this off and lay it here, so it can dry by the fire.”

He has my blouse unbuttoned and off me before I can think of another way to fix the situation. I subconsciously cross my arms over my thin bra even though I’ve been bare before him and search for something to say, “I think Mandy will really love the house.”

“It doesn’t really matter if Mandy likes it or not. Not that I don’t want her to feel welcomed, but she gets a room, you get to decorate the rest.”

The champagne must have gone straight to my head because I’m having trouble following his train of thought. “Me? Why would you want me to decorate your house?”

He gives me a confused look, “I wouldn’t, I want you to decorate our house.”

“Our house? You...you want me to come with you?”

“Uh yeah! I didn’t get a big ass house for just myself. And I would think the mother-in-law suite would have given it away. I mean, that ain’t for any of my relatives. Well, except for Mandy but like I said, I figure she’ll have her own room. She probably won’t be here all the time anyway, what with college and a...”

“Wait! You want me, and my mom, to move here with you?”

“Hell yeah! I know what a close relationship you have with your mom. I don’t want to come between that. Shit, it works out perfectly for me because you understand how close I am to Mandy. You understand having only each other. I know she’s going to need a place to stay during the divorce and maybe after, but she’ll want to be here for the babies too.”

“Babies?” My mind whirls with all he’s giving me to process. “You...” My mind goes blank. It trips back to my original question because that seems safer somehow. “You want me to move in with you?”

He laughs softly but I don’t think it’s at me necessarily, “Yes! I want you to come live with me. I want you to come stay with me...forever!”

“Forever?”

“Forever. Always.” He looks around and waves his hand, “All of this...is for you, Ember.”

Tears clog my throat, a few escaping to run down my cheek.

“I, um, brought you here not just to show you the house. And if you don’t like it just tell me and we’ll look for a new one.”

“No...no, I...it’s beautiful.”

“I brought you here so we could, uh, talk.”

“Talk?” Talking doesn’t sound like a good thing. When my mom says it like this, she’s usually about to tell me bad news.

“I was hoping we could talk about us.”

“Us?” Didn’t he just tell me he wanted me to be with him forever? Why is he making it seem like something not good is about to come out?

“I want to be more than just...what we are. I realize you probably aren’t ready for this, but I want you to know that’s where we’re headed.”

“Where we’re headed?” Is he talking about...?

“Marriage. I am very serious about you, about this, and what we have together. I’ll wait! I’m not pushing you and don’t want you to think you have to rush into anything. I would wait forever if you needed forever.”

I pounce on him. I don’t want him to wait forever. I don’t want him to wonder if I will ever be ready. I want him to know...I am his. Totally, completely, and I want to be his in every way there is to be his. I want him to know he has all of me but especially my heart.

Chapter Nineteen

Hunter

I catch her in my arms and spin us so she is under me, and I can look into her pretty eyes for the answers I want to ask, but worry she might think I am rushing her. The tips of her fingers come up to trace my face.

“Hunter,” she stares right into my eyes, but it feels like she’s looking into my soul, “I...I love you.”

My heart kicks up and feels too big for my chest as my grin splits my face, “I love you, Ember. I love you so much. The day I brought you home was the day I started living, truly living.”

Our mouths meet in a tender kiss as I run my hand over her bare skin gilded by the firelight. The swell of her breasts bulging over the tops of the bra she is wearing calls my attention making my mouth water. I kiss down the column of her throat before I run my tongue over the soft globes. I make sure to massage the other one while I use my teeth to pull down the cup of her bra and release her hard nipple for my mouth to ravage and devour.

I kiss and nibble my way over the curve of her rounded sensitive skin before latching on to the tightly furled peak

begging for my kiss. I press the hard little bud between the roof of my mouth and my tongue giving it a squeeze with something other than my hands. She cries out and her back comes up off the floor pushing herself into me more. Her hands come up to clasp the back of my head and hold me to her as I use the tip of my tongue to play with her.

I switch back to the one that hasn't had any attention and use my teeth on this one, gently biting and nipping until she is squirming under me.

“Oh God, Hunter! I...I'm so close to...to...you know, already.”

“You close to cumming for me, baby? Is that what you're trying to tell me?”

“Oh God! Yes!”

I let my fingers skim down the front of her leggings, dipping in the waistband and letting my fingers trail into the warm wet valley until I find her hard little nub. Her hands fall to my wrist as her breath catches and her whole body stiffens. She gives me a long cry that ends in a moan as her body starts contracting for me. I slip one of my fingers into her still pulsing entrance to help stretch her out...and because I really want to feel her cum on the tips of my fingers.

By the time her body relaxes back onto the blanket, I have her leggings off and am trailing my mouth down the rest of her body. I place kisses on her calf and the back of her knee as I travel up the length of her thigh. I gently push her legs apart, widening them with my shoulders as I lie on my stomach so I can be face-to-face with all the beauty Ember is hiding between her thighs. I place my mouth on her warmth and lap

up the creamy incentive she has given me to send her back to the threshold of pleasure.

I use one hand to hold both sides of her open so I can take a better taste as I bat her clit with the tip of my tongue then dip it low so I can enter her that way.

“Oh my God, Hunter!” Her hands go to her hair, something I’ve realized she does when she’s really turned on. “Wh... what the hell?”

Her stomach quivers and her head drops back as I keep up the sweet torture, sucking her clit, nibbling the soft flesh surrounding it, and probing her with my tongue. Her hips start to dance up and down on my mouth, following it so the pleasure never stops. She starts moaning out my name as her body tenses. Before she can cum for me, I stop and flip her over so she’s lying on her belly. I help her raise her hips off the floor so she’s on her hands and knees and then go back to eating her.

“Hunter!” She tries to move forward away from me, but I hold her in place as I bury my face in her pussy. This way I don’t have to hold her open quite so much, so my hands are free to roam. I use one to cup her tit in my hand, taking the weight from her so it rests in my palm. I manipulate the soft flesh and pluck at the hard bud at the tip as I keep using my tongue to drive her higher and higher. She rocks her hips again, this time forward and back, giving me great imagery of what it is going to look like when I fuck her from behind. The thought drives me crazier as my dick swells to epic proportions because all I can think about is getting inside of her warmth.

She starts heavy breathing and panting out my name as she stiffens up even more before her body gives and her essence

floods my mouth while the muscles surrounding my face flutter and contract. This time when she goes forward instead of holding her to me, I follow her down. I don't give her my full weight but instead roll both of us on our sides, so she is resting more on me than me on her.

Being sideways like this allows me to cup her breast and look at her as I do things. I can also wrap her in my arms offering her comfort and support for what's to come. I reach the other hand down and start playing with her swollen little clit. Even though she's rung out from her first two orgasms I push on, notching the head of my cock at her slippery entrance. Before she can fully come back down, I give my hips a little push.

By the time she's aware of what I'm doing, I've already worked the first couple of inches inside of her causing the tip of my cock to pop inside of her. Her nails sink into my arm playing with her bundle of nerves as she arches, not away from me but back into me. When she bucks her hips, it causes her to take several more inches into her hot, wet heaven.

“Yes! Yes! Hunter, yes!”

I have to pause in order not to cum already. The only thing I can think about is drenching her little womb with spunk, filling her full so she's left toddling around with a pregnant belly and a happy smile. I would give Ember anything, everything. She can ask for the fucking world, and I would find a way to go out and get it for her. I hit the barrier keeping me from that objective and turn my head to take her mouth with my own. I hate that I have to cause her pain but maybe it won't be so bad. Maybe I can make it good for her and that will be the thing she remembers. I thrust my hips in a hard and fast jerk pushing through the thin stretch of skin keeping me from sinking all the way inside of her. She gasps out while still

kissing me. Even though I should let her have a moment I plow ahead only wanting to hurt her once.

How am I to know if I will continually hurt her until I reach the end? It's not like I've ever been with a virgin and although I started reading a ton of shit about the best way to initiate one to the joys of sex as soon as I realized Ember was mine, it's still my Ember. It's our experience and who knows how it will go?

She pulls her mouth from mine, both of her hands going to brace against my thighs to halt my process. "Oh my God. You're going to...kill me. It's...too much. Too big."

I place my mouth close to her ear and start playing with her clit again. I had stopped when I sunk into her because all of my energy, all of my thoughts, had to go to not cumming. She gives me a little whine before rocking her hips in my lap. I start moving, little gentle pushes that go no further than I already am. Until she decides to take me further, to slide back and take more of me inside of her until she's fully engulfed my cock.

"Holy shit! This...feels...amazing." I don't bother to try to hide my smile as I agree with her fully and wholeheartedly.

"Yes, baby. It sure does. Nothing feels as good as you do. Nothing has ever felt this...amazing."

"I...Hunter, I'm going to...I'm going to...I'm cumming! Oh God! I'm cumming!"

Her body tenses in my arms and the muscles surrounding me start to pulse, milking my cock like her little body is just begging for me to follow her and fill her full. She cries out and

starts to shake as her pussy convulses on my cock. I listen to what she is telling me and let my release come rushing forth, filling her to overflowing.

Instead of letting her rest, I pick her up and walk us back to the kitchen. “What are you doing?”

“Something I’ve wanted to do since the first day you came into my kitchen, sweetheart! The first fucking day.”

Chapter Twenty

Hunter

I position her little body right against the picnic-style table in the kitchen. The house has a dining room, but I fell in love with this little spot because I could see me in the room cooking while Ember sits at the table reading or just chilling out watching me make her something good. I bend her little body over and slide back inside of her causing her breath to catch on a loud sigh.

“Is it painful, baby?” I go still and have no plans to continue if she tells me she’s in pain.

“Oh, no! Not painful! Keep...keep going!”

I give her a little more and her body takes it all in. I don’t stop until my cock is buried deep inside of her and I can feel her cervix butt against the tip of my cock. Only then do I start to really move inside of her.

“Oh, its...its weird how I can feel you, feel what you’re doing to me while you’re inside of me.”

“Mmm, feels fucking amazing to me, baby.”

I give her a couple of deep thrusts before I lift her leg and place her knee on the top of the table so that she is spread wide. This way I can go even deeper. She cries out and her thighs start to shake as I keep up the deep strokes.

“Oh shit! Oh God! Oh...Hunter!” She moans as I reach around and cup one of her breasts in my hand. I don't bother with gentle touches this time but give her hard little nub a tight squeeze before rolling it through my fingers and plucking away at it. She cries and holds onto the sides of the table as her whole body starts to shake like her thighs. One of her hands leaves the wood to grab the top of my thigh muscle sinking her nails in deep and her body tightens up on my cock.

“God, yes!” I have to keep a tight hold on her now as she trembles repeatedly and is so stiff, she can barely stand. Then I feel it. The deep, pulsing convulsions that wrack her entire body as it washes over her causing her to lose her breath, and even then, she tries to call for me.

I latch onto her neck and give her a small suck to keep my mark on her as my balls tighten and I follow her to her climax. By the time we finish, there is a puddle under us and neither of us can figure out which one caused it as we both have copious amounts of cum running down our thighs. She collapses on top of the table, panting and trembling still.

“Oh my God, we've made a mess.” Her voice is tiny, and I'm not sure if it's because of the mess or because she still hasn't gotten her breath back yet.

I drop a kiss on her bare back before gently sliding out of her. “Nothing that can't be cleaned up. And that won't be followed by many, many more ‘messes’.”

I bend down and take her by the hips. She starts trying to stand and move away from me, “What...what are you doing?”

I put my hand on her back to keep her where she is, “Making sure I didn’t hurt you, that I didn’t hurt it.”

She giggles at the ‘it’ part and goes lax again. Even in the dim light, I can tell she’s swollen. I sweep her up in my arms and carry her back to the blanket and the impromptu picnic I had waiting for us. I can’t believe she thought I would ever walk away from her, that I would be leaving her behind.

“You know you belong to me, right?” She raises her head off my chest and gives me a sleepy smile. “I belong to you too, though.”

“Well...as long as you belong to me...,” she lays her head back on my chest and snuggles into me deeper. “I love you. I will always be yours. And you’ll always be mine?”

“Forever! No one else’s but yours. Never doubt that I am totally and truly yours.”

Before she can fall asleep, I help her into her clothes and kill the fire making sure it is all the way out. When we are back at the apartment, her mother and Mandy greet us at the door barely letting us come in.

“So...?”

“I think she liked the house.” She gasps beside me and turns to look between me and her mom.

“You knew about the house?”

“I wanted her to be alright with me and you and just like you, I wanted her to understand where it is going. To not doubt how much I care and love you.”

“You know he...? And I...?”

She gives Ember a smile and a big nod. “He told me he was taking you to the house. How was it?”

They excitedly talk about the new house for a little while before the conversation turns to Brenda coming to stay with us and the mother-in-law suite.

“Oh, I couldn’t...you two have your whole lives to live and won’t want me hanging around making...”

“We’re going to need you with us...when the babies start coming.”

“Babies!? Ember!” Mandy cries out excitedly but not Brenda. Her eyes widen and she looks from me to Ember’s belly.

“Later...not right now...right?” Ember tries to assuage their theories about whether or not we are or aren’t already knocked up. But the end is a question mark even to her.

She turns and looks at me, the full weight of what we did hits her, and a look of fear and worry comes across her face.

“We’ll have them anytime you want to give them to me, baby. No worries about if I want them. I do.”

“I kind of do too.” She gives me a small smile before her mom clears her throat and more talk happens between Mandy and Brenda and Ember.

Eventually, everyone starts to drift off to their rooms, with Mandy taking the couch tonight so Brenda can get some much-needed rest in the guest room. I take my sweet girl into the room we share and both of us get ready for bed. We make love again and after, lay cuddled together coming up with plans for the future and what we each think about a multitude of important things, like me wanting to be married at Christmas time while she wants to wait until after we are firmly settled in the new house, what color we want to paint the kids’ bedroom when we have them, and how many we want. Dreams of the future follow us into our sleep as I dream of the day I can bring Ember to the home we make with each other.

Epilogue I

Christmastime

Ember

I fall on the couch we've put by the fireplace and go back over all the happy times that happened today. The house still smells of turkey and pies and the gingerbread cookies that me and my mom baked together. Mandy kept us company and tried to help but she was better at decorating than actually cooking them.

I chuckle at the thought of the mess she made trying to 'help'. She and my mom have gotten really close. My mom was worried that she would be in trouble for not going home or for her parents not knowing where she was, but Mandy quickly informed her that she was eighteen as of the summer and wasn't about to let them tell her where to go since they typically don't care where she is to start with.

Thankfully, Hunter knows everyone and set my mom up with a really good lawyer, so the divorce went through right away. Roger wasn't about to fight anything when he found out all of us would testify to just why Mom wanted her divorce. He might be a complete sleazeball but at least he had enough sense not to drag it out and make my mom go through the stress of court.

The lights from the tree twinkle in the corner of my eye but the glow is nothing compared to the gleam from the ring on my finger. Hunter said he wanted everyone to be able to tell I belonged to him and the ring wasn't a small one. I barely talked him into giving me, Mom, and Mandy time to plan a wedding. I wanted to wait until spring. Hunter reminded me what we had been doing every time we came to the new house. We compromised by planning for a February wedding.

A commotion behind me catches my attention. I turn to see Mandy standing in the hall looking upset.

“I'm not marrying you, you crazy bastard! We're eighteen!”

“So is Ember but she's going to marry your brother. And I'm not eighteen. I'm nineteen.” Dunn, the football player Mandy bums rides from is standing in the hall with her, arguing his case.

“Dunn...I just...I don't want to marry you for the wrong reasons.”

“You mean the baby?”

My brows go high in surprise as I watch Mandy turn white. I start towards the couple and catch Hunter coming out of the kitchen with hell in his eyes. I head him off looking back at Mandy. “Look I can give you about fifteen minutes but then you have to figure this out on your own.”

She calls after me, “Thank you, Em!”

The last I see of them is Mandy grabbing Dunn by the jacket and pulling him out of the hall. I meet Hunter with a kiss and hug keeping him from going for Dunn. “Listen, she’s the same age I am, he’s already trying to get her to marry him, and they need time to figure their own stuff out.” I put my lips to his ear after pulling his head down, “And I need you.”

He looks down at me before sweeping me up in his arms.

“She better be glad I need a taste of my favorite little Christmas pie or else I would be all over that boy.” I giggle as he takes me up the stairs and to the room we share. He’s already given me the best gift in the world. He brought me home with him, kept me safe, and gave me his heart. What more could I ever ask for?

Epilogue II

Graduation Day

Hunter

I watch as she comes walking over to me wearing the little black dress I helped her pick out. I love seeing her so happy. I love knowing I put that smile on her face. She jumps at me knowing I will catch her, always. I twirl her around but only once. Her tummy is...fragile these days and I don't want to be the reason she tosses her cookies on such a special day.

“Did you see?”

“I did. You were amazing and didn't stumble once.”

She was worried she would fall on the stairs either going up or coming down, especially with her graduation gown on. She gives me a glowing smile and turns to find Mandy, her hand resting on the slight bump hidden under the soft fabric of her dress giving away the fact she is stuffed full of our growing child. She was worried about looking good today, even though she had nothing to worry about. Ever. She's not even really showing unless you really look, and if someone is looking that hard, I will be right behind her ready to bust their fucking head in.

Mandy comes out of the crowd, right behind her the big bastard she's got wrapped around her pinkie trailing after her. She's not having as good a time with her pregnancy as Ember is and stays sick a lot. But then again, my little Ember isn't having twins so that could be why.

“Are you ready to go? My feet are killing me and I could care less who wants to go bar hopping afterwards.”

“I was waiting for you. You feeling okay?” Even though she asks my sister, she looks at Dunn standing behind Mandy. Mandy isn't great about telling us when she's had a bad morning or when something has kept her up all night. But Dunn, he lets everyone know what she needs and when she needs to rest or eat.

“She's probably hungry. Are you hungry, sweets?”

She rolls her eyes, and a grumpy look stretches across her face but then nods. “Yes. I hate how you can just tell. How do you always know?”

He chuckles and wraps his arms around her. Dunn wasn't about to wait for Mandy to say yes. He kidnapped her after Christmas, took her to his family's cabin and they came back in time to see the ball drop with us...married.

“Let's go eat. I'm starving too.” Ember takes Mandy by the hand, and we all walk out to the car where Brenda is already waiting.

She gives them both hugs and hands them a snack before handing the keys to me. She had come out specifically to grab

their snacks for them. We all head over to mine and Ember's house where Brenda has set up a small after-graduation party for the girls and Dunn who graduated with them. I have plans of my own for my little graduate, but they don't include anything we can share with others.

I let her have her time as I always do, watching as she laughs and eats and celebrates with her mom and Dunn and Mandy. But eventually, I draw her away from the others and take her up the stairs that lead to our bedroom.

“Hunter, we have everyone downstairs.”

“Did that stop me at Christmas?” I walk over to her and bury my face in the nape of her neck. “Did that keep me from you on New Year's Eve or Day?”

She giggles as I tickle the spot right behind her ear with my breath on purpose. I unzip the dress and help her slip it from her arms. She might tell me there are people downstairs, but she isn't telling me no either.

I sweep her up in my arms and carry her over to our bed. I gently lay her on top of the covers and take a moment to look at what has been gifted to me. Her soft skin, her bright smile, her warmth, her heart, are all things that I can never do enough to be worthy of but I'm going to try every day. Every time I open my eyes, I am going to try to be a better man for her, try to not take a second for granted, and to be thankful this bright light came into my life and helped me learn to live, helped me learn to love.

And I do love her. I love Ember with my whole soul. Everything about her is perfect to me, everything about her being with me is magical. It's fitting that we consummated our love on Thanksgiving in our new house because that is a word

I keep close when thinking about Ember. Thankfulness.
Grateful. Blessed.

But right now, all I can look at is my pretty wife lying on our bed waiting for me to make her cum. And I don't want to disappoint my princess. I take her mouth with mine and kiss her breathless as I let my hands roam over her lace-clad body. Our tongues duel with one another before sliding together in more of a caress than a duel.

I slowly take her bra off and help her out of her panties as I run my mouth all over her body stopping to latch my mouth on her swollen nipples. Her breasts have grown larger with the pregnancy and so sensitive I can make her cum by playing with them some nights. But I'm after something a little sweeter. I kiss over her belly, over the now-home of our little bean and gently spread her thighs apart.

Dropping to my belly I take in the scent of my lover and place my mouth on her. I run my tongue up the valley of her pussy and delight in the sweet taste. She's definitely gotten sweeter since I put my kid in her little womb. And I might be addicted. But then again, I was already addicted to this woman's sweet pussy before I knocked her up. Hell, I'm addicted to every part of her. And always have been, from the moment I first saw her.

I work her clit with my tongue until she gives me what I want and then come up her body to slip inside. The way she hugs my cock causes me to moan out before I instinctively rock my hips. She gasps and reaches for me. I lean forward but don't put any of my weight on her. Our lips meet and I share the taste of her sweetness with her.

I keep it sweet and slow, so our orgasms sneak up on us and take our breaths. Her body clenches around mine, mine grows

and swells in hers and both of us moan out as we rush to the highest high.

“Oh my God, Hunter. That was...the best grad gift ever.” She giggles afterwards and lays her head on my chest since I flipped us both over to rest until the afterglow fades.

“It’s not over my love. I plan to give you that gift several times tonight after everything quietens down. And as for the best gift...I’m pretty sure you’ve already given that to me the day you agreed to come home with me.”

I can feel her smile against me and I wear one of my own thinking about the first time we went home together. The first time I said to hell with everything and everyone else and followed my heart. And I’ve never had a moment’s regret. The best decision I ever made was bringing Ember home.

The End!

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Santa Baby

Holiday Series: Book Fifteen

By:

Jisa Dean

Santa Baby

Holiday Series: Book Fifteen

Talia

I know what I want for Christmas. It's small, beautiful, and wrapped in blue...or rather pink. It's the baby I've been left with when my friend -her mother- died. Noell. I will do anything for this little baby...including something I never thought I would, like joining a dating site for men looking for Sugar Babies to marry. But what choice do I have? I can't let them take Noell away from me. I can't stand by and watch the baby I've grown so attached to being sent into a system that is so broken and that I know so well. I just have to suck it up, meet the Sugar Daddy that will become my husband, and stay focused on that little baby with the big bright eyes. But what I get when I meet Nik isn't what I was expecting. And this man isn't just someone willing to go along with my plans to keep my baby. No, Nik wants to give me an extra special Christmas gift...a sister or brother for Noell.

Nicholas

I've spent my life building up the toy company my father left my brother and me. One of the clauses in his will was that we both had to get married or pay to keep it. I've given up on ever finding a wife and instead set out to buy my way back into the company. My brother...he's always taking the easy way out. But when I get wind of his Sugar Baby match, I have to take a look. What I find is a woman willing to do anything to keep the infant her friend left behind. Talia isn't the kind of woman who looks like she would be alright with someone calling her a Sugar Baby but she's desperate. And I find I'm very willing to help her. One look at Talia and how much she loves baby Noell and I'm willing to be more than her Sugar Daddy...I want to make her my Santa Baby and teach her all the fun she can have when she lets me drive the sleigh. I'm not playing when it comes to Talia. This Christmas, I plan to keep Talia all wrapped up under my tree...even if I have to tie her to my bed.

Buckle up, you hot elves because I have a little slice of Christmas cheer to offer for when you just can't wrap another gift or move that elf one more dang time. This isn't a story for the tiny reindeer. It's the fifteenth in my Holiday Series and can be read as a standalone. So don't let all the stress of the season bring you down, curl up by the lights of the tree, and read about this sexy Santa who will go to any extremes to make his Mrs. Claus happy. Just like the song, he's going hurry down the chimney and Christmas is going to be a whole lot warmer this year. So give yourself a Happy Holiday, no wrapping required!

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