



IN *SIN* CERITY

AN MFM TABOO ROMANCE

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

MARGOT SCOTT

IN *SIN* CERITY

I moved in with my uncle after my dad went to prison. Losing the most important man in my life nearly broke me, but my uncle made sure I felt loved. He became my second father and my best friend.

Then I uncovered a secret cache of videos and a staggering truth: my uncle had been filming me in our home for years. I should've felt violated. I should've run. Instead, I begged him to join me in front of the cameras.

Now we're each other's secret. But the secrets don't end with us.

Another man has been watching my every move. A man who misses me very much...

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Independently Published

CONTENTS

1. [Graham](#)

2. [Hailee](#)

3. [Hailee](#)

4. [Logan](#)

5. [Hailee](#)

6. [Logan](#)

7. [Hailee](#)

8. [Hailee](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[About Margot](#)

GRAHAM

THE PRISON GUARD'S boots squeaked against the tile floor. I flipped a page in the outdated magazine I was looking at and listened for the jingling of his keys. This guy was one of the newer guards who I mentally referred to as *Cowboy*. I could easily pick out his hurried gait among the seasoned trudgers with their don't-give-a-shit attitudes. Cowboy still had something to prove.

My cellmate stirred in the bunk above me, grumbling in his sleep. I scanned an article about a Hollywood couple's split that had supposedly devastated fans months ago. It was hard to get a recent magazine around here and I didn't give two shits about celebrities, but it was something to look at while I waited for the guard to fetch me. A moment later, Cowboy stopped outside of my cell, keys in hand.

"Your lawyer's here," he said in a Texas drawl that'd earned him the nickname I'd privately given him.

Tossing the magazine aside, I rose from my seat on the bottom bunk bed. I'd been anticipating this meeting all day, my cock half-hard despite my best attempts to keep myself under control. The last thing I wanted was to give anyone the slightest hint as to what would be happening in the room where my lawyer was waiting for me.

Cowboy insisted on doing things by the book, fastening the handcuffs to my wrists through the cell bars before opening the door to let me out. He led me down the hall toward a private conference room, the same room where I met my lawyer every month to supposedly discuss my appeal.

Most of the other inmates avoided my gaze as we made our way down the block. I couldn't resist smirking.

At just shy of six feet, I wasn't the biggest guy in here; far from it, really. My lean-and-mean physique resisted bulk despite daily workouts. I wasn't what you'd call a shot caller—a high-ranking prisoner who practically ran things. I gladly left all that messy shit to the gang leaders and lifers. Making friends wasn't a priority, and I had no intention of joining a group made up of the kind of lowlifes that I was stuck here with.

But friends equaled protection on this side of the barbed wire. I had to find other ways to craft a ruthless reputation for myself, one that would encourage others not to fuck with me. It wasn't easy, but over the last four years, I'd managed to do it. I picked and won fights with the right people to leave an impression. Everyone knew that I wasn't afraid to do time in solitary.

The conference room where inmates met privately with their lawyers was as plain as could be. White-painted brick walls and metal chairs that weren't built for comfort. Even the harsh fluorescent lighting overhead was irritating, and I was willing to bet the guards kept it cold in here on purpose.

I didn't care about any of that.

The lawyer who my brother had hired to represent me was waiting in a chair and looking bored as ever. We both knew there wasn't going to be much of a meeting between us. As soon as Cowboy uncuffed me and left the room, my lawyer slid a smartphone out of his pocket, along with a pair of earbuds, and placed both on the table between us.

I grabbed the phone and sat down without saying a word. After lodging the earbuds into my ears, I unlocked the phone using a PIN that only my brother and I knew. The video files he put onto this phone were meant for my eyes only; not even my lawyer was allowed to see them, and my brother had certainly paid him enough not to mind the secrecy.

Leaning back in my chair, I opened the first video and watched as a beautiful young woman came into view. The

footage had been filmed using a high-end security camera, expertly hidden at eye level somewhere in my brother's modern kitchen. The young woman stood at the fridge in her pajamas, her dark-brown hair a tousled cloak around her shoulders. She pulled out eggs and butter, then cracked two eggs into a bowl and beat them with a fork. My gaze lingered on her breasts as they swayed with her movements, barely restrained by her cropped tank top. She was perfectly curvy, her body lush and yielding in all the places I was lean and hard. It had been years since I'd wrapped my arms around something soft. Everything in prison, from the beds to the people, was designed to withstand a beating. My focus dipped to her lower body as she made her way over to the stove, noting how deliciously her thighs filled out her pajama pants.

The video ended and I queued up another, my pulse jumping at the sight of the same young woman seated at a desk in her bedroom, undoubtedly doing her homework. The bedspread and décor were awash in bright, girly shades and patterns, from the purple comforter on her bed to the crisp, white dresser, and the lavender curtains that matched the rug beneath her desk. She'd always loved pastel colors, and it comforted me to know that some things hadn't changed, even though she was nineteen years old now. I studied her gorgeous face, her full lips pressed tightly together in concentration. She had her hair pulled back, exposing the vulnerable skin of her neck. I sighed as she bit her bottom lip in response to whatever she was reading, wishing I could nibble on it myself, as well as other parts of her supple body.

The next clip showed her lying in bed on her stomach, texting on her phone. Jealousy swirled in my gut as I wondered who was making her smile like that, knowing for a fact that it wasn't me. She adjusted the fit of her shorts, relaxed and oblivious to the hidden camera capturing her every move.

As always, watching her in secret like this filled me with a mixture of conflicting emotions—sorrow being chief among them. Getting to hold her in my hands without ever touching her killed me every time. But the pain was worth it, especially when the alternative meant missing out on her life.

My excitement grew as I made my way through the clips, my body acutely aware of what was coming. Finally, a high-definition view of her in the shower filled the small screen. I devoured the sight of her smooth, wet skin, the water running down her chest and dripping off her tan nipples. My cock throbbed, already tenting the front of my pants.

I cleared my throat, the agreed-upon signal for my lawyer to make himself scarce for at least five minutes. He rose from the table without so much as glancing in my direction, knocked on the door, and exchanged a few words with the guard before leaving the room.

The second the door shut behind him, I reached into my pants, grasping my cock with a low groan. I stroked myself as the young woman spread suds over her body with a pink loofah before switching to a shower wand to rinse off the suds. My balls tightened as she angled the spray between her thighs and held it there, her lips parting in a moan. She leaned back against the tile, letting the jets pound softly against her clit.

God, I wanted to be there, to lick the droplets from her breasts, to pin her against the wet tile as I touched her, tasted her. More than anything, I wanted to be the one making her come.

But that could never happen, not just because I was behind bars. It couldn't happen because it was wrong to want to fuck your own daughter. That's what she was, my Hailee, my only child. *My blood.*

Just acknowledging our family connection triggered a surge of pleasure that spread out from my cock to every inch of my traitorous body. There was no excuse for my desires, let alone my actions. If Hailee knew that her own father was watching her like this, she'd be horrified.

Why was that such a turn-on?

I jerked myself faster as I watched her bring herself to orgasm, imagining how good it would feel to sink my cock inside her as she came, how tightly her muscles would grip and quiver around me. Her small cries of pleasure echoed

between my ears as I shot off into my fist, panting and groaning.

“*Fuck...*” I whispered on a sigh. My heartbeat continued to race as I quickly wiped away the evidence of my transgression with rough, commissary tissues that I’d stuffed into my pocket this morning.

My lawyer returned to the conference room just as I finished tucking the tissues back into my pants. I’d have given anything for a few more minutes with Hailee’s videos, but the guards would no doubt start to get antsy if my lawyer was gone for too long. The last thing I needed was for them to start asking questions or insist on coming into the room while my attorney took a leisurely shit.

I locked the phone and placed it back onto the table with the earbuds. Now that the high of finally seeing my girl had begun to wear off, I couldn’t help feeling somewhat guilty about what I’d done. There was no way around it: I was a sick bastard, not just for wanting to fuck my own daughter, but for my part in invading her privacy so deliberately.

Somehow that guilt never stopped me from showing up here every month and watching the clips my brother had curated for me. Selfishly, I knew I’d go crazy in this place without some connection to Hailee and the life I’d left behind. Part of me would’ve preferred to get a letter or a call from Hailee herself, but after four years, she was still too angry to speak to me, and I couldn’t blame her.

A sense of awkwardness permeated the conference room like the stench of sweat and come as my lawyer pocketed the phone and earbuds. He didn’t know what I was watching, but I was willing to bet he suspected the videos were sexual in nature. Thankfully, the guy was smart enough not to ask.

“I have a message from your brother,” he said. “Logan wanted me to tell you that this will be the last one for a while.”

Disappointment threatened to crush me, but I just nodded in understanding. I knew that this day would come eventually. Hailee was slated to start college in a few short weeks, meaning she would no longer be living at my brother’s house

for most of the year. I was so damned proud of her when I found out she'd gotten into her dream college, UC Berkeley. But I also knew that Logan's cameras couldn't follow her to the dorms.

I grunted my assent, effectively capping the conversation. My lawyer stuck around for a few more minutes to update me on the status of my appeal, but not much had changed since our last consultation. As he'd explained to me, these things took time, and I knew better than to expect a miracle. He left shortly after.

The cuffs around my wrists felt heavier on the march back to my cell. Normally, I would console myself with the knowledge that I'd get to watch Hailee again in a few weeks. How the hell was I going to make it through the next few months without seeing my girl?

HAILEE

I WATCHED the snow fall through the large sliding-glass doors in the equally spacious living room. White-capped trees and frosted boulders lined the banks of a rushing river. The sight of all that natural beauty instilled in me a sense of peace. I was glad to be back in my uncle's house for winter break. My first semester at college had been a new adventure, exciting and scary at the same time. I'd had a lot of fun, made some new friends, and gained a sense of independence over the last few months at UC Berkely. But I was happy to trade it all for familiar surroundings, at least for a while.

I heard footsteps behind me and turned to see Uncle Logan approaching with two steaming mugs in his hands. I accepted the mug that he offered me, took a sip, and smiled when I realized he'd prepared my coffee just the way I liked it. Two scoops of sugar and just a dash of peppermint creamer. I knew he bought the creamer specifically for me, and it made my heart swell with affection. He'd always gone above and beyond when it came to caring for me, and even though I was an adult now, his desire to pamper me hadn't changed.

He wrapped his arm around my shoulders. I leaned into his side, inhaling the spicy scent of his aftershave. I'd missed him a lot more than I thought I would while I was away.

"This view right here," he said, looking out over the snowy landscape, "it's what sold me on this house."

"I can see why. It's beautiful." I wasn't particularly attached to the house itself, having only lived here for a few

months before school started, but I was glad to find him just as in love with the place as he was when we moved in.

Last summer, we made the jump from Palo Alto, California, where I'd lived with him since I was fifteen years old, to this five-bedroom mansion in Bend, Oregon. The kitchen alone was a marvel, fitted with professional-grade appliances and all the counterspace you could dream of. Half the walls in my bedroom consisted of windows, with smart blinds that could be drawn using an app on my phone. Somehow, all the modern fixtures didn't clash with the cedar and sandstone exterior. From the outside, the massive house looked like an extension of nature, nestled between the forest and the Deschutes River.

Gazing at the river, I couldn't help but miss the ocean. I'd lived close to the beach for so long that the change in view was still an adjustment. But it was enough to be close to my uncle. Logan was one of the few people in my life who I could depend on, and there was a certain comfort in knowing that I had a home with him for as long as I wanted one.

"I was thinking this spot would be good for the Christmas tree," he said. "Imagine it all decorated and lit up in front of this view."

"Sounds perfect." I sipped my coffee, picturing how amazing this place would look all decked out for the holidays. It didn't snow in Palo Alto—or Eureka, where I was originally from—so I was excited to experience a white Christmas for the first time. I could already see the twinkling lights reflecting off the glass doors. My uncle and I would exchange presents and eat cookies in front of the fireplace. The only thing missing from that perfect Christmas portrait was my dad—

My chest tightened as I pushed the thought away. I didn't want to think about why he couldn't celebrate Christmas with us. It would ruin my good mood. But Uncle Logan must've felt the tension in my muscles. He had a knack for guessing what was bothering me.

"I talked to your dad a few days ago," he said. "He asked about you, like always, wanted an update on how you're

doing. He was glad to hear that your exams went well, not that either of us were surprised. He's proud of you."

My jaw clenched, and I was sure that he noticed because he tightened his grip around my shoulders. I didn't want to talk about my dad, least of all with him. I didn't want to put him in that awkward position, stuck between his brother and me. But I couldn't help my reaction. Thinking about my dad upset me.

It had been four years since he went to prison, and I was still so angry with him for what he'd done. He ruined everything by getting sent away, by letting his own impulsive actions separate us.

"I don't want to talk about him," I said, keeping my voice gentle so that Uncle Logan would know that I wasn't mad at *him*. I understood that he was just trying to keep his brother in the loop. "Please, can we just not?"

"Of course." If he was disappointed in my request, he didn't show it. He finished his coffee and then pulled away from me, taking his empty mug into the kitchen.

"What are your plans for the day?" he asked upon returning to the living room.

I shrugged. "Not sure. Maybe read for a while or watch a movie."

"You can try." He grimaced. "The wi-fi's been pretty spotty. Don't worry, I already ordered a new router with a mesh system that should cover the whole house."

"I guess we're lucky that you're such a technical genius." I wasn't exaggerating. He had made a literal fortune in the tech industry. After working as a software engineer for a big tech company, he left to start his own software business where he designed a healthcare revenue management platform that was adopted by hospitals and doctors' offices around the country. He'd stepped down from the CEO position a year ago, giving him more free time to pursue his passion projects, but he continued to serve on the board and hold shares in the company.

Like the computer geek that he was, the first thing he did after he bought the new house was outfit it with the most up-to-date and expensive smart home technology. Everything here, from the outdoor hot tub to the wine fridge, could be controlled from his smartphone.

“I’m going to work out downstairs,” he said. I hadn’t noticed until that moment that he was already dressed in his workout clothes, a blue muscle shirt and black gym shorts.

“Come get me if you need anything,” he said, planting a kiss on my forehead.

As he pulled away, I let my gaze trail over his muscular arms and broad chest. He’d had the basement converted to a full-scale gym shortly after we moved in, claiming that exercise helped him solve complicated coding challenges. Personally, I preferred to work through my mental blocks in the shower. My gaze drifted lower, to the front of his gym shorts. I hadn’t meant to look there, but I couldn’t help noticing a distinctly shaped bulge pulling at the fabric.

My cheeks flamed as I tore my gaze away from his groin. I forced myself to nod in acknowledgement of what he’d said, then turned my attention back to the window to avoid looking at him.

Please, God, don’t let him have noticed where I was staring.

His footsteps receded, heading toward the basement stairs.

I rubbed my eyes, wondering why in the hell had I zeroed in on that part of his body? If I was honest with myself, this wasn’t the first time I’d noticed my uncle’s good looks. But appreciating his appearance didn’t mean anything, right? It wasn’t a crime to recognize high cheekbones or a strong jawline, or how devilishly handsome he looked when he forgot to schedule a haircut.

Yet the way that my body responded—a growing pressure in my lower belly—as I recalled the bulge in his shorts made my skin burn ten degrees hotter. I was turned-on by the thought of him being aroused, the way reading a spicy scene in

a romance novel made me squeeze my thighs together. How messed up was that?

I needed a distraction.

Recalling what Logan had said about the spotty wi-fi, I decided to reach for a book instead of trying to stream something. Swooning over a well-endowed, emotionally tortured Fae prince or two who *weren't* related to me seemed like an appropriate alternative.

But first, I opened the sliding-glass door and let the cold air wash over me, cooling my skin and chasing the illicit heat from my body.

HAILEE

I SETTLED onto a chaise in the den with a thick paperback, expecting to be swept away by the fantastical smut. After fifteen minutes, I closed the book with a sigh. My mind was too scattered to follow the story.

After my conversation with Uncle Logan this morning, I couldn't stop thinking about my dad, specifically what he'd said about my grades. As much as I didn't want to admit that I cared about his opinion, knowing he was proud of me made me feel more proud of myself. I drew my hair back into a makeshift ponytail. My feelings for him were complicated and not something I wanted to deal with on a Tuesday afternoon.

I rose from the chaise and slowly paced the den, scanning my uncle's collection of classic literature and books about technology and economics. With the mahogany bookshelves and dark leather furniture, the room easily could have felt claustrophobic. But the floor-to-ceiling windows let in so much natural light that I didn't need to switch on a lamp to read comfortably. Outside, it had stopped snowing, and I wondered what the weather was like in Northern California where my dad was imprisoned.

Was it warm and sunny, or rainy and gray? Did he get to go outside every day and for how long?

I scolded myself for wondering and turned away from the window. Thinking those kinds of thoughts would only lead me down a dark and depressing rabbit hole. I'd diligently cultivated my anger so as not to let the pain of his absence

affect me. It was hard to believe we'd once been so close that I couldn't imagine my life without him.

He'd been my sole caretaker from the very beginning. My mom died a few months after I was born, stolen from us by a weakened heart muscle that ended her life way too soon. I could only imagine the devastation and panic he must've felt, having lost his wife and become a single parent to an infant virtually overnight. But he didn't let grief get in the way of raising me right. Of course, Uncle Logan and my grandparents stepped up to help, but Dad always made a point to be there when I needed him. I looked up to him. He worked hard to give us a good life in Eureka, and while he allowed his brother to spoil me on special occasions, he insisted on supporting us with the money he'd earned from running his own business.

My dad was proud, but also loving. He encouraged me to believe in myself and not to let other people's opinions about me dictate my self-worth. He was protective of me.

Too protective, in the end.

I sat back on the chaise and gazed down at my soft belly rolls and plump thighs. I'd been mercilessly bullied for being fat all through middle school and early high school. My efforts to rise above the snide comments worked half the time, but the hardened shell I'd built around my self-esteem could only take so much abuse before it cracked. One guy in particular made it his mission to tell me exactly how un-fuckable he found me every time we crossed paths. He and his friends would harass me in the halls, on the school bus, and especially in the cafeteria.

In hindsight, his obsession with my body probably stemmed from his own self-hatred, or his rich parents' perfectionism, or a secret attraction to big girls. Maybe he was just a dick. Whatever his reasoning, it wasn't on me to understand or excuse his behavior. He'd certainly never tried to empathize with me.

For years, I kept the bullying a secret from my family, too ashamed to admit how deeply some asshole's words had affected me. Then one day, that asshole thought it would be

hilarious to film an upskirt video of my ass as I was walking up the stairs. By the time fourth period rolled around, it seemed like everyone had seen the video. Some people recognized it for the violation that it was, but just as many used it as an excuse to laugh at the fat girl in the blue thong.

After faking a headache so I could go hide in the nurse's office, I called my dad and asked him to take me home. I was barely holding it together by the time he picked me up. He could immediately tell that something was wrong. When he asked what happened, I finally broke down crying in his arms and told him about the bullying and the boy who'd made the video.

I can still remember the cold, hard grit in his voice when he asked me, "What's his name?" I told him, assuming he'd lodge a complaint with the school or call the guy's parents. If I'd known he would use the information to track the kid down and confront him in person, I never would have said anything.

As it turned out, my bully's dad was a regular customer at my dad's auto body shop. After taking me home, he went back to the shop to look up their address. Dad waited outside my bully's house for him to get off the bus and then ambushed him. According to the police report, he took the kid's smartphone, then started pushing him. The kid tripped and fell onto the ground where my dad proceeded to beat the ever-loving shit out of him, breaking his jaw and fracturing his orbital bone.

A neighbor witnessed the altercation and called 911. My dad was arrested on the scene; he didn't try to run. Uncle Logan flew up immediately and hired the best lawyer money could buy. But even that wasn't enough to stop him from getting locked up.

Later, my dad told the judge that he hadn't intended to hurt the kid, only scare him a little. But rage over what'd happened earlier that day had clouded his judgment.

I attended the sentencing hearing but refused to speak to my father. While part of me understood why he'd snapped, I couldn't forgive him for not thinking about how his actions

would affect us. He was sentenced to a minimum of six years in prison for aggravated assault and robbery.

My heart had stopped with the banging of the gavel. There I was, fifteen years old, without a mom or a dad to come home to. The fact that Uncle Logan made sure my bully was also held accountable for making and distributing the video did little to cushion the blow.

Everything changed after that, and not all for the worse. Getting out of Eureka turned out to be the best thing for me.

I moved to Palo Alto to live with my uncle and started fresh at a charter school where the teasing was more subtle, and the curriculum was rigorous and self-driven. I made new friends, kissed some cute boys, and discovered my passion for marine sciences. Uncle Logan even helped me petition to change my last name so nobody who Googled me could stumble upon what my dad had done.

But as I was thriving, my resentment lingered on. No matter how much I missed my dad, I couldn't forgive him for missing out on so much of my life.

Three quick knocks pulled my attention out of the past and back to the snowy present. I turned around, grateful for the interruption to my gloomy thoughts. Uncle Logan stood in the doorway, his hair still damp from the shower.

“Did I wake you?” he asked.

I shook my head. “I was just relaxing.”

He stepped closer, bringing with him the fresh scent of cedar and mint. “I'm about to run into town to pick up a few groceries. Any requests for dinner tonight?”

I thought about it for a moment. “How about pasta?”

“Fettuccine Alfredo?” he said with a knowing smile. It was my favorite dish.

“Yes, please. With garlic bread.”

“I think we can make that happen,” he teased. “Anything else you'd like me to grab? Dessert?”

“Maybe some fruit to cut through all the bread and cream.”

“Anything for my girl.” He winked.

When I first moved in with him, I was still so self-conscious about my weight because of what had happened at my old school that I imposed a strict no-sugar, no-fat diet on myself. I requested nothing but salads and chicken breast for lunch and dinner. Uncle Logan put a stop to that quickly, making it clear that I didn’t need to change a single thing about myself. Plus, he loved to cook, and it seemed a shame to let his talents go to waste.

Learning how to appreciate my body didn’t happen overnight, but with time, I grew more comfortable in my skin. I wasn’t immune to second-guessing my choice to go back for a second helping of dinner, or blaming myself instead of the designer when a piece of clothing didn’t fit. Still, I was determined to keep working at accepting myself.

“I’m just going to finish something up in my office and then head out,” he said. “I’ll be back soon.”

I was sure that was true. Despite our private natural setting, we weren’t actually that remote. It was only a short drive down the private road to civilization.

He leaned down to kiss my forehead, and the brush of his lips against my skin made my stomach flutter. I held my breath until he left the room, and then sighed heavily. Why was my body reacting this way to simple gestures of affection? Logan was a father figure to me, a best friend, a source of support. My pulse shouldn’t race every time my uncle touched me. It was wrong.

Needing a change of scenery, I went upstairs to my bedroom, planning to text some friends from school. But as I grabbed my phone off the wireless charging dock on my nightstand, I noticed I had an email notification. The email was from my school’s registrar’s office. I frowned as I read the message. One of the classes I’d signed up for next semester had been cancelled due to insufficient enrollment. I would have to choose a different course if I wanted to maintain my status as a full-time student.

I grabbed my laptop from the desk and brought it over to the bed, figuring I might as well take care of the problem right away. I typed in the address for my school's website and waited for it to load. After a few minutes of churning, the page displayed a connection error. The wi-fi was acting up, just like Uncle Logan said it probably would. I considered leaving the task for another day, but I was worried about the required classes for my major filling up. Cell service in the area was spotty at best without the internet, so I couldn't use my phone as a hotspot. There was probably free wi-fi at the library in town.

Then I remembered that Uncle Logan's office computer was hard-wired to the internet. Surely, he wouldn't mind me using it for something school related.

I padded to his office on the other side of the house in my socks. He'd arranged his desk so that he could look out the window while he worked. I slid into his chair, relieved to find his computer on and still logged in. As I minimized the spreadsheet he'd left open, I saw that the desktop background was an old photo of me, Uncle Logan, and my dad.

My chest ached as I studied the faces on the screen. Uncle Logan had come to visit us in Eureka over Christmas, just a few months before my dad was sent away. I remembered all the shops and restaurants decorated with white lights and wreaths. We went out for dinner at the Oberon Grill in Old Town, and my dad asked the server if she could take our picture. The three of us squeezed together on one side of the booth with me in the middle and all of us wearing broad grins.

We were happy then.

The desire to be nestled between the two most important men in my life made my throat clench. But it wasn't going to happen; my dad had made sure of that. I forced myself to click the browser app, covering up the family photo. My uncle already had over a dozen saved tabs open. I opened a new one and successfully logged into the school's website. The course database was laggy and confusing, so I opted to download the course catalog instead. Unlike my laptop, the option to go

directly to the Downloads folder didn't pop up, so I had to go hunting for it.

Opening the file explorer, I scanned the list of recently used files and folders, my gaze catching on a folder labeled "Palo Alto Footage." My uncle often took pictures and videos of the important moments throughout our lives. I recalled him making one last recording of the empty apartment in Palo Alto right before we moved here. A wave of nostalgia pushed me to click on the folder.

I expected to see files labeled after holidays and vacations. Instead, I found more folders organized by month. I clicked on "March" and was surprised to see what looked like hundreds of files with names like "Living room" and "Kitchen" followed by the date. I clicked on one randomly and gasped when an image of me slicing a bell pepper at the kitchen island appeared on the screen.

That was...weird. I knew that Uncle Logan had security cameras pointed at the entrances, but this camera was angled to record the interior from somewhere slightly above eye level. I closed the video player and opened another file, and then another, and another. Before I knew it, I'd watched snippets of over a dozen videos, all taken from various places in the apartment. I was in every single one of them, doing random, mundane things.

Backtracking through previous folders, I realized these recent videos were just the tip of the iceberg. The recordings appeared to go back years, as if he'd been secretly filming me ever since I moved in with him.

"Why would you have these?" I whispered, incredulous. My hand trembled around the mouse.

Closing out of a video of me reading on the couch, I clicked into a subfolder labeled with what appeared to be a bunch of random letters and opened the first file.

My breath caught in my chest.

"What the actual fuck?"

The image of me in my old bedroom filled the screen. I stood facing away from the camera, at the foot of my bed, dressed in my underwear and bra. Confusion and disbelief swirled in my belly as I watched myself reach back to unclasp my bra.

Had my uncle actually sat at his computer and watched me take off my clothes? He must have. I mean, why else would he record, let alone keep, this footage?

I didn't think it could get more invasive, but I was wrong.

There were videos of me showering and masturbating at the old apartment and here in this house—all in HD with clear sound. My moans filtered through his high-quality speakers as the oblivious past version of me rubbed her clit and rode her fingers. I'd never taken photos or videos of myself like this. To watch my own face contorting with pleasure as I reached orgasm was so bizarre it almost didn't seem real.

Overwhelmed, I paused the video and sat back in the leather chair. My muscles ached from the stress of everything I'd just witnessed. I held my face in my hands and tried to remember how to breathe.

Why would my uncle do this? Did he enjoy invading my privacy, or was he disgusted by the things I did to myself in my bedroom? Did seeing me naked and vulnerable turn him on? I waited for the repulsion I was supposed to feel at the thought of him sitting right here, in this very chair, with a hard-on. But instead of disgust, I felt a pang of arousal.

What if I wasn't the only one with inappropriate thoughts?

“Hailee?”

I jumped out of the chair, my heartbeat slamming against my ribs. From this side of the house, I hadn't heard the garage door opening.

“Hails?” Uncle Logan called again from somewhere not far off.

I didn't respond, praying he wouldn't come looking for me in here before I had time to close out of the video. I had just

enough time to close the video player and file folders before he appeared in the doorway, staring at me intensely.

“What are you doing in here, Hails?” he asked, with an unmistakable edge of tension in his voice.

“I um...just needed to sign up for a class. The school emailed me, and I couldn’t get my laptop to connect to the wi-fi, so...”

Yeah, you don’t sound guilty at all, Hailee. I tucked a lock of hair behind my ear and pasted on a smile. His gaze flickered to the computer screen, to the photo of us with my dad. I could almost see the gears turning, his thoughts churning, as he studied my awkward posture.

“Well, I’m all done,” I said quickly. “I’ll get out of your way.”

My breast brushed against his arm as I slipped past him in the doorway. I felt my nipple harden inside my bra cup as I fought to suppress the arousal blooming in my belly. I bit my lip to stifle a whimper.

Just keep walking, just keep waking, nothing to see here...

I went straight to my bedroom, shutting the door behind me and then collapsing onto my bed. Closing my eyes, I couldn’t stop replaying the illicit footage in my mind. He’d recorded me all over the house, in every room.

Even in here.

I let my gaze roam the room, trying to not be obvious as I worked to figure out where he’d hidden the cameras. All the videos taken in this room seemed to have come from two angles, one high up, close to my bed, and the other closer to eye level, near my desk. I glanced at the bookshelf, wondering if he could have drilled a hole in the intricate woodwork between the shelves. I couldn’t see anything from this far away, but it was possible. I’d watched and read enough true crime to know that cameras could be incredibly small these days.

Was he watching me right now? The thought sent a cascade of tingles down my body. I wedged my clasped hands

between my thighs and rolled onto my side, pressing my face into the pillow. I'd discovered something horrifying. For years, my uncle had been violating my trust. I should leave his house and never come back, maybe even tell the cops.

And yet...the sense of betrayal I felt was laced with inexplicable feelings of curiosity and excitement. I wondered how often he watched the footage, if he had favorite clips that he turned to on cold winter nights. Did he sit down and immediately reach for his cock, or did he tell himself he was only going to watch? Just for a minute...

All this time, I'd assumed I was the only one struggling with an inappropriate attraction. If I was honest with myself, I was probably fantasizing about him during more than one of the masturbation sessions he recorded. Imagining his thick arms and chiseled abs, how gorgeous he looked with a sheen of sweat after a workout. And those deep green eyes... I wanted to stare into them as he fucked me.

Did he think about me like that? What would he do if I called out his name the next time I touched myself?

An idea began to take root like a vine twisting around my thighs and spreading them wide. I tilted my hips in the direction of the hidden camera and pressed my palm to my center. If Uncle Logan was watching, I'd give him a private show worth recording.

A performance just for him, complete with a soundtrack.

LOGAN

TO SAY I'd messed up would be an understatement.

I had messed up *catastrophically*.

"Fuck," I muttered, smoothing my hair back and out of my face. I dropped into the chair in front of my desk, still warm from Hailee's body.

Why the hell didn't I lock my desktop before leaving the office? Thinking ten steps ahead in any situation was something I prided myself on. But in the time that she'd been away at college, I'd gotten lax about a lot of things; wandering into the kitchen buck-ass naked in the morning with my cock half-hard being chief among them. Forgetting to log out of my computer was maybe third on that list.

But complacency was no excuse. I should have covered my tracks better. The fact that I'd successfully kept a lid on my surveillance for the past four years wouldn't mean a damn thing if it all fell apart now.

I pulled up the live camera feeds on my computer and cycled through them until I found Hailee in her bedroom. I needed to determine whether she saw something she shouldn't have seen while I was out of the house. It shouldn't have been hard to verify. No doubt, she'd already be packing her suitcase, horrified by the discovery and eager to put as much distance between herself and my cameras as possible, and she'd be right to do so. This little film project was never supposed to go this far.

It all started at Graham's request. About a month after her got sent away to prison, he mentioned during a phone call how much it killed him to be separated from Hailee. No way in hell was she going to agree to send a letter, let alone photos; the wound was still too fresh. So I began covertly taking pictures and videos of her around the house, which progressed into installing hidden cameras in the common areas, just so that he could see her and feel like he was still part of her life.

It was a devious exercise, but underhanded tactics had long been a staple in my professional arsenal. I hadn't amassed my fortune by stumbling blindly into a lucrative market. I studied the industry closely, looking for gaps in the system that I could exploit. If I came up against a wall, I found a way around it, or under it. Seeking a yes was akin to inviting someone to tell me no, so I stopped asking for permission and made myself indispensable; they couldn't afford to refuse me.

Maybe that's why I didn't think twice about installing the hidden cameras all around our home. The spying didn't affect Hailee's routine in any way. Why upset her further when she'd already been through so much? I wasn't like I was capturing anything I couldn't have witnessed myself.

But everything changed when I accidentally caught her masturbating in the home gym at our old place in Palo Alto. I should have immediately deleted the video. I knew that. But I couldn't stop watching it. I played the footage on my computer over and over, mesmerized by the sight of her looking so vulnerable, so caught up in her own enjoyment. She had no clue that she was being recorded, which meant that every move and sound she made was completely for her pleasure. I already found her beautiful, but when I saw that video, it was like I was seeing her for the first time. She wasn't just my niece. She was a gorgeous young woman with an insatiable appetite for desire.

So, I leapt across the line and just kept running. I installed more hidden cameras in the house, including the bathroom and her bedroom, and I hoarded the footage of her in those spaces for my own use. It was my dirty little secret, until I made a potentially fatal mistake.

I accidentally included a video of Hailee masturbating in the day-to-day footage that I sent to my brother. I didn't even realize I'd done it until he called me unexpectedly that same evening. But instead of threatening to cut off my balls, he asked for more footage of that nature. While part of me felt guilty about invading her privacy, I had to admit that it felt good not to carry the secret alone. I couldn't imagine being trapped somewhere far away from her, unable to feel her warmth or see her smile. But Graham and I both understood the agony that accompanied wanting her in ways that were forbidden. This was the only way we could have her, and we'd had our fill a hundred times over.

But we always knew it couldn't last forever. It was only a matter of time before she left for college. The past few months had felt downright desolate without her in my house. I kept expecting to find her reading in the den or drinking coffee at one of the windows. Not knowing what she was doing and who she was doing it with drove me insane. I thought about slipping her some malware that would allow me to watch her through her webcam, but I didn't want to risk tipping off her school's network administrators.

I leaned closer to the computer screen and watched her intently. She was still on the bed, lying on her side. Then she shifted, opened her legs, and positioned her body toward the camera. No, not toward the camera. There's no way she'd have felt comfortable displaying herself if she knew she was being recorded. If anything, the fact that she seemed to be gearing up to touch herself was proof that she hadn't seen the footage.

Relieved, I eased back against my chair with a heavy sigh. I'd dodged a bullet. Let this be a lesson, I told myself. I made a mental note to password protect the necessary folders and install a camera in my office with a clear view of the monitors in case she ever had to use my computer again.

As much as I wanted to keep the live feed open and watch her masturbate, I couldn't risk letting myself get carried away. I still had work to do on a freelance programming project I was developing, and dinner to make. I'd save this little treat for later, after she'd gone to bed.

An hour later, I locked down my computer and then headed to the kitchen to start dinner. Luckily, Hailee's favorite meal was pretty simple, so it didn't take long to prepare. She came downstairs just as I was getting ready to plate the pasta. It had been a few hours since I watched her on the live feed, but the post-orgasmic glow remained in her cheeks. She smiled at my chest as she entered the kitchen and grabbed the necessary utensils to set the table.

When we sat down to eat, I noticed that she seemed to be avoiding my gaze. I felt my hackles rise again. Had she seen something after all?

"Is everything okay?" I asked before taking a bite of pasta.

Hailee shook her head. "I'm fine. Just feeling a little nostalgic with the holidays coming."

I dug into my pasta, satisfied with her response. She put on a strong front, but her conflicted feelings about her dad always seemed to intensify around Christmas.

"You know, it's okay to miss him," I said. "It doesn't mean you can't still be mad at him."

"I know." She took a sip of water, her throat flexing as she swallowed. While she was focused on her food, I allowed myself a moment to focus on her, taking in her round face and full cheeks. She had no idea just how captivating she was.

I could've stared at her all night. I was obsessed with her curves, with the way her full breasts stretched the front of every shirt she wore. I longed to lift and squeeze them as I licked her nipples, to watch them jiggle with every thrust.

"It's really creamy," she said.

"I'm sure they are."

She squinted. "What?"

Fuck, I'd let myself get distracted. Ever since Hailee arrived back from college, I'd found it impossible to concentrate. I blinked a few times to dispel the image of her naked breasts from my mind. "Sorry, what?"

"The Alfredo. You outdid yourself."

“Right. Yeah, the sauce is good, isn’t it? Thanks.”

“What did you think I meant?” Something in her gray gaze made my heart beat faster. It was as if she was studying me, watching for any crack in my composure.

I shook my head. “Nothing.”

After a long, taut moment, she glanced down at her plate, and I finally allowed myself to breathe.

That night, I did something that I hadn’t been able to do since before Hailee went off to college. I lay in bed with my tablet and pulled up the live camera footage and watched her get ready for sleep.

She took her time brushing her teeth and hair. I bit the inside of my cheek as she undressed, changing into her pajamas: a pair of pink shorts that barely covered her ass and a cropped tank top with no bra. Straightforward and yet so sexy. That was Hailee. She didn’t even have to try for me to pitch a tent in my boxers. All she had to do was be herself.

For years, this had been my nightly ritual, after we’d both retired to our rooms. I took immense pleasure in simply watching her move around her personal space. Catching her in the act of touching herself or showering was simply a bonus.

But even as my body responded in the usual way, there was something off about Hailee’s routine. I couldn’t put my finger on exactly what had shifted. Something in her mannerisms seemed almost deliberate.

She sauntered around the bedroom with her legs on full display. Instead of turning off the bedside lamp like she normally did, she left it on, which meant I got to watch her settle into bed in full color instead of the camera’s grayscale night vision. Why would she change her routine?

The question fled my mind as she pulled the blankets up around her neck and appeared to drift off to sleep. I watched and waited for twenty minutes, until I was sure she wasn’t

going to get up to pee. Then, finally, I summoned the video footage from earlier in the day.

I fast-forwarded to the part where she began rubbing herself through her leggings, her palm pressed flat against her groin. She raised and rocked her hips with her legs spread wide. My cock jerked in my boxers as I imagined settling between those thighs and burying my tongue inside her.

She sat upright just long enough to remove her sweater and then lay back down. Arching her back, she cupped her breasts through her bra, squeezing. I trailed my hand down my own stomach, watching her tease her nipples through the fabric. Her soft whimpers made my cock ache to be freed from my boxers. I waited until she reached back to unclasp her bra before sliding my hand over my erection.

Her breasts bounced free. I slipped my hand into my boxers, gripping my erection and stroking slowly. She strummed her nipples, squeezing her thighs together as if seeking some kind of friction. Pleasure surged through me. I turned up the volume, eager to hear every small sound as it floated from my niece's lips.

As she hooked her thumbs into the sides of her leggings, her gaze seemed to search for the camera. My hand paused on my erection. She turned away. This was getting ridiculous. The day's events had shaken me harder than I cared to admit. I was looking for trouble where there wasn't any.

Hailee drew her leggings down and off, taking her panties with them. This was new. She usually just slipped a hand into her panties, but tonight, I got to watch her glide two fingers up and down her slick, high-definition pussy.

"Oh, God," she moaned, humping the air as she continued to pinch and tease her nipples. "Keep touching me there. Your hand feels so good."

Holy fuck. I wasn't used to hearing Hailee speak during masturbation. But her breathy voice sent a bolt of arousal like lightning straight to my cock.

Her breasts shuddered as she panted. She rubbed her clit with two fingers, closing her eyes and losing herself to her own pleasure. I was right there with her, stroking my swollen dick, but my gaze remained glued to my tablet screen.

“Please fuck me,” she whispered. “I want it so bad.”

I groaned as she thrust two fingers inside herself, grinding her clit against the heel of her hand.

“Fuck me just like that,” she said.

I tightened my grip, spurred on by her delicious dirty talk. I’d watched Hailee’s confidence grow over the years, with pride and admiration. Still, part of me was glad she never dated much in high school. It would have killed me to watch some boy put his undeserving hands and lips all over her. Now I had to wonder where she’d learned to talk like this. The thought of anyone besides her dad and I coaxing those naughty words from her sweet mouth made my blood simmer.

“I need your fat cock,” she said, her voice pleading. I imagined that she was talking to me, begging me to give her what she so desperately wanted.

My cock throbbed as I stoked myself faster, squeezing tighter. I was so close to coming, and I could tell that she was too by the way she bit her lower lip.

“Yes, God. Fuck me, Uncle Logan... Come into my room right now and fuck me.”

I nearly came all over my keyboard. My sanity didn’t stand a chance against my pleasure. Staring at the screen in shock, I let out a strangled groan as I shot off into my fist. The whole thing felt surreal. I’d almost convinced myself that I’d imagined the whole thing.

But then she opened her eyes and looked right at the camera.

“Please,” she said, her fingers buried deep inside her pussy. “Make...me...come!”

Her orgasm seemed to tear through her. She shuddered with the force of it, legs shaking and toes curling.

I was too stunned to move. Hailee knew about the hidden cameras, and she wasn't horrified. She was turned-on, and she'd just performed for me, like my own personal cam girl. It was impossible, and yet the proof was there in full HD.

Switching to the live feed, I checked her room to find the lamp still on and Hailee still in bed, wide awake and staring at the ceiling. She appeared to be waiting for something.

Or someone.

“Are you waiting for me, sweetheart?” I whispered. My cock seemed to know the answer; after coating the inside of my fist, I was still somehow painfully hard.

But could I really fuck my brother's daughter? Hailee wasn't just some girl staying in my house. She was my niece. I'd taken her in and raised her like my own daughter. Touching her would change everything.

I put my tablet to sleep and then went into the ensuite bath to wash my hands and splash cold water on my face. There was only one acceptable course of action: pretend I hadn't seen the footage. I'd crossed so many lines over the years, except one, and now Hailee was begging me to sprint across that sinful threshold and take her with me. And God help me, I wanted to do it. But God wasn't answering. I was on my own with this one.

What should I do? I asked myself, already knowing the answer.

HAILEE

MY BEDROOM DOOR handle clicked softly. I held my breath. The wait had felt so long that I'd nearly given up on him visiting me. But now my uncle was standing in the doorway, looking at me with such intensity that I felt his gaze like a physical touch. There was no need to wonder whether he'd seen the footage, or if he'd heard me moan his name. He'd seen and heard everything, and he knew exactly what I wanted from him.

At the time, I was so nervous, I almost couldn't bring myself to go through with it. But after a while, the dirty fantasy took on a life of its own. It was almost as if he were really there, in my bedroom, watching me. I couldn't stand the thought of him being so close and yet so far away. I begged him to touch me, to fuck me, to make me understand why he'd go to such extreme efforts to observe me. Did he feel the same way about me as I felt about him? I knew as soon as I said his name that there'd be no going back. It was a risk I was willing to take.

My heartbeat thundered as he stepped into the room. I'd spent the last hour tossing and turning, aching for relief but too anxious to touch myself. The sight of the obvious bulge in his boxer shorts had my insides tightening.

I squeezed the blankets as he strode toward the bed with a slow, predatory swagger. He scrutinized my face, probably looking for signs of fear or disgust. I was afraid, but not of my uncle. I was afraid of myself and the depths of my perversion. How far was I willing to let this go?

Arousal curled like smoke in my belly as he pulled back the covers and slid into bed with me. I gasped as his cool skin pressed against my warm side. He draped his arm over my ribcage, just below my breasts. His face was so close to mine. I was sure we'd sat this close or even closer countless times before, but this felt altogether different. I stared into the dark pools of his pupils.

"You saw something you weren't supposed to see," he said, his voice huskier than I'd ever heard it before.

I bit my bottom lip and let it slip free slowly. "So did you."

He smirked. His skin glowed warm in the dim light from the bedside lamp. God, he was handsome, and the hunger in his gaze was all for me. I felt his erection against my hip. My uncle was hard, and there was no doubt that I was the one who'd made him that way.

I'd never felt so desirable.

"You don't seem to mind," he said, sliding his hand over the bare stretch of abdomen left exposed by my crop top. "I think you like the idea of being watched."

"Why would you think that?" I teased. I wanted him to admit to having recorded the footage for his own pleasure.

His warm breath washed over my neck as he whispered in my ear, "The way you moaned for me while finger-fucking yourself might have hinted at it."

Uncle Logan's dirty talk made me shiver. I writhed like a cat, pressing hard against his body, especially his erection. He let out a low, raspy groan as he ground his cock into the softness of my hip.

"It's not just about being watched," I said. "It's about who's doing the watching."

His hand paused on my abdomen for a second before sliding higher, beneath the hem of my tank top. "How does it feel to know that I've been watching you?"

"It feels... Feels..." I could barely form coherent thoughts in response to his fingertips gliding over the undersides of my

breasts.

“Does it make you wet, Hails?”

“Y-yes,” I admitted.

“Does it make your pussy ache for me?”

I nodded as he gently squeezed my breast. Everything he did to my nipple, I felt echoed between my legs. I was torn between pressing my thighs together and spreading them wide. My body craved physical contact as much as it instinctively wanted to make room for him. I had lost the ability to think critically, so caught up in the physical sensations.

“Give me those gorgeous lips, Hails.”

I turned my face toward him. His lips brushed mine softly, teasing them for a moment before he kissed me for real. I closed my eyes and allowed my world to narrow down to only the places where he touched me. My side, my hip, my sensitive nipples, and now my lips. He pinched my nipple, making me gasp, which he then used as the perfect opportunity to slip his tongue into my mouth. I touched his shoulder, and then his hair, sliding my fingers into the soft, wavy locks. He groaned with pleasure as I closed my fist, pulling slightly on the hairs close to his scalp.

He painted kisses down my neck. Lifting the hem of my cropped tank top, he sucked air through his teeth as he gazed down at my breasts. “You’re even more beautiful in person.”

I whimpered as he swirled his tongue around my left nipple.

“Oh my God.” I sighed the words. “How does that feel so incredible?”

Uncle Logan raised his head to look at my face.

“Don’t tell me no one’s ever played with your tits before. I won’t believe it.”

“They have, a couple times. Just not with their mouths.”

He paused and squinted. “Hailee, have you had sex before?”

I shook my head. I dated a boy briefly in high school. We'd kissed, but never went as far as taking our clothes off. I did make out pretty heavily with one guy a few times over the fall semester at Berkeley, but that was the extent of my sexual experiences with anyone other than myself.

"No," I said shyly. "Is that a problem?"

"Absolutely not." He pushed my breasts together, taking both of my nipples into his mouth at the same time.

I moaned shamelessly. As far as erogenous zones went, my nipples were almost as fun to play with as my clit. Even when touching myself, I tried to find ways to involve them. Uncle Logan alternated between licking and sucking my nipples, all while pulling whimpers and moans from my lips. I was humping the air by the time he was ready to come up for breath.

"Tell me, Hails. When you were begging me to come fuck you, did you mean it?"

I nodded. He cupped the side of my face and forced me to meet his serious gaze.

"I need to hear you say it, Hailee. If I'm going to drag us both to hell, I need to know you're ready to burn there with me."

"I'm ready. I've been ready for a long time." I wasn't nervous anymore. I loved and trusted my uncle to handle my inexperienced body with care, just like he'd taken care of every other part of me all these years.

"You really want me to be the first man inside you, even knowing what I've done." He didn't phrase it as a question, though he seemed to be giving me time to respond.

"Please, Uncle Logan." I was afraid he'd talk himself out of going through with this. Grasping his wrist, I brought his hand down between my legs. "Feel for yourself if you don't believe me."

My core tightened as he gently stroked my inner thigh, inching closer to the edge of my panties, barely covered by my shorts. He didn't even have to slide his fingers beneath my

clothes to feel how wet I was. My shorts and panties were already soaked with my desire for him.

The searing intensity of his stare made my pulse jump. Whatever doubts he'd been harboring seemed to vanish in the face of my arousal. He kissed me greedily. I parted my lips, letting him take control of my tongue. Heat pulsed through me, pooling in my hips and making me antsy than I already was.

Finally, he shifted, settling his groin into the space between my spread thighs. I moaned, savoring the delicious pressure against my core and the weight of his body on top of me. I ran my hands over his strong arms and muscular shoulders the way I'd always longed to. He rose slightly, holding himself up by his arms and granting me access to his broad chest and firm abs. I felt his bulge pulsate against my core as I skimmed the waistband of his boxers.

“Does little Hailee want to play with her uncle’s hard cock?” he asked, flashing me a wicked smirk.

I was glad he seemed to be over his hang-ups about our taboo relationship. Why pretend there wasn't anything scandalous about what we were doing when accepting it could make the road to damnation that much more pleasurable?

I nodded. “Please let me play with it.”

He knelt in front of me and began working his boxers down his legs. As soon as his erection sprang into view, I felt my mouth water. His cock was bigger than I expected, having felt it pressed against my hip for the past few minutes. I gasped when he took my hand and brought it to his body.

“Feel that?” he rasped. “That’s how desperately I want to fuck you. Every time I look at you, I have to fight to keep that craving under control.”

“Maybe you shouldn’t have fought so hard to hide it.”

His cock burned blood-hot against my palm. I explored his entire length using just my fingertips. Only the tension in his jaw betrayed the agony my careful consideration was putting him through.

“Couldn’t risk you finding out what a sick fuck I really am,” he said through clenched teeth. “I didn’t want to scare you off.”

“I’m not scared. I’m sick, too.” I stroked his cock lightly, up and down, hypnotized by the movement and the subtle ways he fought to keep his composure. I knew he was struggling to be patient with me, and I was grateful for his endurance. But part of me was curious to see how far I could draw things out before he snapped and took what he wanted.

His hand closed around mine on his cock.

“Don’t think I don’t know what you’re doing. You’re a smart girl, Hailee. You knew that talking dirty would lure me in here, and just like you know I can only take so much teasing before I take matters into my own hands.”

He used my hand to stroke himself a times before guiding me off his cock completely. Hooking his fingers into the waistband of my shorts, he pulled them—along with my underwear—down and off my legs.

“God, you’re perfect,” he said.

My face warmed at his choice of words. I’d come a long way from the insecure, bullied high schooler I used to be, but some days were still better than others. I didn’t need validation from others to know I deserved good things, but it still felt nice to hear him say it.

Uncle Logan’s hands were suddenly everywhere, squeezing and caressing as he stripped off my pajama top. I was naked. His whirlwind touch overwhelmed me so much that all I could do was lie there and take what he gave me. He kissed and licked every inch of my body that he could reach, including my toes. I felt his love for me in every kiss, as well as his long-awaited pleasure at finally getting to possess me the way he’d always wanted to. He ran his hands up my inner thighs, his gaze locked onto my pussy. I whimpered as he slid his fingers through my wetness.

“You’re dripping for me,” he said, gliding a long, thick finger inside me. His thumb found my clit easily, rubbing in

tight circles as he pumped his finger in and out. “Is this what you wanted, little Hailee? You wanted me to touch you just like this?”

“Yes...” My knees trembled as pleasure rang outward from my core. I wasn’t used to being touched like this by another person. The anticipation of the unknown sent my pulse sprinting.

“Look at you, so close already.” He sounded pleased and just as turned-on as I was. “You have no idea what watching you does to me. And now that I can touch you? *Fuck...* You’re going to ruin me.”

I cried out as he inserted a second finger inside me. “It’s so good.”

“That’s right, Hailee. Tell me what you like.”

“Please, keep going. Faster... I need it faster.”

“God, I love it when you beg.”

He captured my nipple between his lips, pulling on the hard bud while his hand refused to let up below my waist. I was so painfully close. I’d have done just about anything to come.

“Please,” I moaned. “Please, Uncle Logan, don’t stop. I need to come so bad.”

“Fuck, I can never say no to you,” he purred, turning his attention from one breast to the other. He added a third finger to the set inside me. I cried out in pleasure, arching my back and pressing the back of my head into the pillow.

My orgasm crested. I balled my hands around the sheets to keep myself grounded as I rode the wave. He never stopped pumping his fingers into my pussy or lavishing my breasts with attention. He prolonged my orgasm until my muscles gave out and I collapsed on the bed.

Bringing his hand to his mouth, he sucked his fingers clean with a satisfied groan. “You’re delicious. Just like I thought you’d be.”

I smiled languidly, still caught up in the haze from such an intense orgasm. But I sobered up quickly when he grasped his cock and began rubbing the head against my still-too-sensitive clit. Seeing his cock so close to my pussy made the reality of what was about to happen seem even more real. My uncle was going to fuck me. No matter what happened after tonight, he would always be the first man I let inside me, and the second man I ever loved.

The first man on that list was locked up tight in a cold, concrete cell, hundreds of miles from here. But why was I even thinking about my dad right now? He had nothing to do with this. I could only imagine what he'd say if he knew what his brother and I had done tonight and were about to do. Not that I cared about his opinion; he'd lost the right to have one years ago.

Uncle Logan seemed to sense the shift in my mood. He drew back to study my face. "Do you still want to do this, Hails?"

I imagined stuffing all my thoughts and feelings about my dad into a suitcase and then shoving that suitcase out of sight beneath the bed.

"I do," I said with confidence, placing my hand on his abdomen.

He smiled, looking relieved. "What about birth control? Are you still on the pill?"

Damn it. I had told him briefly that I was planning to get on the pill before school started. At the time, it had seemed like a good idea and the "adult" thing to do.

"I started taking them last fall, but they made my period last for three weeks, so I stopped." A pang of disappointment pierced my chest. I was so ready to do this tonight.

He held my gaze for a long moment, seemingly torn.

"I'll pull out," he said, already positioning himself between my legs.

I gasped as the blunt head of his cock touched my entrance. My body tensed on instinct. He paused to run his

hands up and down my arms in a soothing gesture.

“Relax, Hails. I’ve got you. It’s going to hurt a little since this is your first time, but it won’t hurt forever. I’ll go slow.”

I took a few deep breaths, encouraging my muscles to relax. Soon after, he pressed forward, slowly driving his big cock into me. I held onto his shoulders as the enormity of the situation hit me. I was losing my virginity to my uncle. Things would never go back to normal after this. I would never be normal again.

He drew back slightly and then continued pressing forward. It was a tight fit. I felt my muscles stretching to accommodate him. It wasn’t too painful, just a little uncomfortable.

“We’re almost past the hard part,” he said, the apology clear in his voice. “You’re doing great, Hails. Just a little more.”

He kissed me as he surged forward. A stinging pain and a slight burn made me cry out into his mouth. I instinctively dug my nails into the skin of his shoulders. If my scratches hurt him, he didn’t let it show. He peppered my face with kisses as he waited for my body to adjust to the thickness of his cock.

After a few experimental thrusts, he reached between us and found my clit. Pleasure quickly overtook the momentary pain, and I soon found my hips rocking up to meet his thrusts. He exhaled heavily.

“You feel so fucking good, Hailee. Better than I ever imagined.”

I couldn’t help smiling with pride. With his thumb on my clit, I was able to forget about the fleeting pain of his entry. He drew back and rocked forward again, making slow, deep strokes that sparked pleasure each time he bottomed out inside me. I gazed up into his handsome, familiar face, as he eased into a steady rhythm.

“I can’t believe you’re really here beneath me,” he said.

“Believe it.” I knew that he was being gentle with me, but it didn’t seem to diminish his own pleasure. His enjoyment

was written in the lines on his face.

I raised my legs and tilted my hips, allowing his cock to bottom out at just the right angle inside me, over and over again. I hadn't expected to come during my first penetrative experience, but my orgasm slammed into me without warning. I cried out for my uncle as my core tightened around his cock.

"Oh shit," he hissed, his movements jerky. "Oh fuck, I need to..." Before he could finish the sentence, I felt his cock pulse inside me, filling me with heat.

We continued to cling to each other long after the last orgasmic spasms had subsided. Finally, Logan pulled out of me. He went into the attached bathroom just long enough to grab a hand towel, which he used to gently wipe between my legs. I tried to wriggle away, feeling embarrassed that he wouldn't trust me to clean myself properly, but he caught my ankle and spread my legs again.

"Let me take care of you," he said.

I stopped moving, touched that he was in fact doing this for me because he wanted to.

"You...you didn't pull out."

He hung his head, apparently lost in thought for a moment. "I know. I just... When you started to come, I couldn't make myself pull out. I had to know what you felt like from the inside when... But I didn't mean to..."

I opened my arms to him. He set the towel aside and then returned to bed to be with me. I didn't need his explanation. I knew how easy it was to get caught up in the pleasure of a single moment. After all, I had made myself come while thinking about him countless times before. But as we held each other in the dark, I couldn't help worrying that his fears could be rooted in more than just his inability to pull out. The thought that he might already regret what we'd done had my sinuses burning.

"Do you wish we hadn't done that?" I asked.

His body tensed against me. "Why? Do you regret it?"

“No. But I’m scared that you will in the morning.”

He gathered me into his arms and cradled my head against his chest, stroking my hair.

“I probably should regret it,” he said, “but I don’t. I’ll admit to being a terrible uncle and a shit brother. But I would do it all again in a heartbeat just to have you for one night.”

“You’re not a terrible uncle.” I knew his words had been meant to reassure me, but there was an edge to his tone that made me wonder if he was holding something back.

I glanced up at his face, hoping to gain some insight through his eyes, but instead, he caught my lips, drawing me into a heated kiss. His arms tightened around me as if he was afraid I’d vanish if he wasn’t holding me. I hugged him back, eager to drive out his fears and insecurities.

Within a few minutes, I was already dozing off.

“Get some sleep,” he said, spreading the blanket over us. “We’ll talk more in the morning.”

LOGAN

I COULDN'T STOP STARING at Hailee from across the table. This was nothing new, though in the past, I'd tried harder to be subtle about it. Now, hiding my interest in her seemed pointless. She knew about the cameras and the lust that burned inside me for her alone.

Last night had played out like a dream. She was perfect, so eager and passionate. I felt my cock start to harden as I recalled the feeling of sinking into her pussy for the first time.

But the reality of our situation wouldn't let me lose myself in the memory of our night together. I couldn't stop thinking about how I was going to break the news to my brother. For years, our mutual attraction to Hailey had been a well-kept secret. The fact that neither of us could ever possess her was a source of anguish that we'd shared. But our suffering was no longer mutual. I'd made her mine, while Graham could only desire her from afar.

Then there was the issue of what to do about the footage of me taking her virginity in her own bed. I couldn't wait to sit down and relive the event from a different vantage point. I wondered whether my brother would see the turn of events as a chance to live vicariously through me, or if he'd consider me a traitor for claiming her in all the ways that he couldn't.

"What are you thinking about?" Hailee asked.

I looked up from my half-eaten bowl of oatmeal to find Hailee watching me. I put on a smile. I didn't want to lie to her, especially now that everything else was out in the open.

But I wasn't sure how to proceed from here. How could I tell her about her dad's connection to these videos when he was already such a sensitive subject?

"Right now?" I allowed my gaze to drift down to her cleavage, gorgeously framed by her low-cut sweater dress. "I'm thinking about you."

Her cheeks flushed pink. She picked a piece of bacon off her plate and took a bite. "Eating breakfast got you all hot and bothered?"

I smiled, enjoying the flirty lilt in her voice. Twenty-four hours ago, I never would have imagined that we'd be talking to each other like this. I slid off my seat, circled the table, and sat down in the chair beside her, my breakfast all but forgotten.

"What if it does?" I asked, draping my arm on the back of her chair. "What if everything you do gets me hot and bothered?"

She squirmed in her chair. I wondered how many times she'd pressed her thighs together, seeking pressure and relief, while I remained unaware. I laid my hand on her bare thigh, sliding toward her center and drawing the hem of her dress up with me.

"What are you doing, Uncle Logan?" she asked playfully.

"Nothing. Just watching you eat."

"You seem to like watching me do lots of things." She took a sip of orange juice, watching me intently above her glass as I caressed the front of her panties. Her eyelashes fluttered. She spread her legs to grant me better access to her body, but I held back, continuing to tease her with just one finger. "I need more than that. Please..."

"You'll get more when I'm ready to give it to you, and not a moment before."

I pried her juice glass from her hand and set it on the table. She whimpered as I slid my finger beneath the elastic edge of her panties, teasing her folds with my knuckle. I loved how quickly she'd gotten over her shyness and how readily she welcomed pleasure.

Cupping the back of her neck, I pulled her in for a kiss that stole her breath. I slipped my tongue between her lips as I teased her slick folds. She gasped when I brushed my knuckles across her clit, but just barely.

“You want me to make you feel good, Hailee?” I growled.

She nodded. “Uh-huh.”

I kissed her roughly, sucking and biting her lips and tongue. She slid her palms up my chest and around my neck, threading her fingers through my hair. My cock throbbed, straining the front of my sweatpants as I cupped her heavy breast, circling her nipple with my thumb.

Hailee arched her back and pushed her chest toward my hand. A hunger that had nothing to do with breakfast swept over me. Hooking my arm around her middle, I hauled her up out of her chair and set her down on the long dining table, avoiding our plates and glassware. Her dark hair fanned out around her head as I gently eased her down onto the wood. Reaching under her dress, I grasped her skimpy panties and pulled them down her legs, letting them drop onto the hardwood naturally.

“Are you going to fuck me again?” she asked, the excitement in her voice making my mouth water.

“No.” I dragged my chair over and sat down in front of her. She yelped as I pulled her ass toward the edge of the table. “I’m going to taste this pretty pussy first.”

I glanced up at the ceiling, at the spot where I’d installed a hidden camera prior to her return home. If Graham was going to see this, I wanted him to know that I hadn’t forgotten what a joint effort this whole thing was.

“What’s wrong?” Hailee asked, having noticed my distraction.

I nodded to the spot on the ceiling.

“See that small black hole to the left of the light fixture? That’s a camera.”

“Wait, where is it?” She squinted. “No wonder I didn’t notice it before. It’s so tiny.”

“That’s by design. Now, I want you to keep looking at it. Let it capture every detail.”

“Whatever you say, Uncle Logan.” She contemplated the ceiling like she was trying to figure out how to seduce it. I nearly forgot why I was taking my sweet time with her when she tugged her neckline aside, baring her luscious breasts for the camera.

See that, Graham? I thought to myself. *Our girl’s a fucking natural.* I lowered my face between her legs, drawing my flattened tongue from her entrance up to her clit.

“Oh shit,” she cried out, bucking her hips right off the table.

I grasped her thighs firmly, pressing them toward her body to hold her in place. “If you make me chase after my dessert, I’ll have to spank you.”

The rebellious expression on her face had me snickering. I dove back down and focused on exploring every inch of her pussy with my tongue. Hailee did her best to keep her ass on the table, only squirming when I finally homed in on her clit. She was gloriously responsive to my efforts. Her moans and whimpers let me know exactly what she liked.

Settling into a pattern, I lapped at her stiff little clit until her pussy was practically weeping. As I slid two fingers into her pussy, I imagined my brother seeing her wriggle and writhe on my table, listening to her moans, and watching her tits jiggle. This time, she’d be looking right at him through the camera, inadvertently begging him to forgive us for taking this big, important step on our own.

I pulled her swollen clit between my lips, sucking gently.

“Fuck, don’t stop,” she said. “Don’t stop... *Oh!*”

A sense of triumph surged through me as Hailee came hard, her tight pussy gripping my fingers as her clit pulsed against my tongue. I lapped up the wetness that dripped from her core. Everything about her was intoxicating. Graham had

every right to hate me, but I'd love to have seen him try to resist his own daughter's allure.

The ebb and flow of her panting filled the room. I stood up to give myself a better view of her face and the satisfaction written on her features. She smiled at me with love and gratitude in her eyes. I kissed her lips, wanting her to taste herself on my tongue.

Pleasure jetted through me as she reached between us to rub my hard bulge.

“What's this?” I teased. “My insatiable niece can't seem to get enough.”

“It's a good thing my generous uncle can afford to indulge me.”

I cradled her head between my hands and kissed her deeply. It was her sense of humor, on top of all the other qualities that made her so damn charming, that gave me hope for the future—specifically a future that involved the three of us. This situation was undeniably twisted, but that was how we loved. I had to believe that the three of us would find a way forward together.

I had three weeks to prepare the next set of clips for Graham. Three weeks to figure out how I was going to tell him about us. If our night together had just been a one-off, it might have been easier to couch it as an impulsive decision.

But Hailee and I couldn't get enough of each other. I fucked her in every room of the house, in every position we could think of. I introduced her to anal sex in front of the tree on Christmas morning. It was a hell of a gift for both of us.

I paused the recording on a frame of Hailee sucking my dick in the home gym. Tapping my finger on the desk, I debated whether the quality of the recording was good enough to make it into this month's batch of clips.

Finding clips of Hailee alone had proven to be a challenge. Most of the recent recordings featured the two of us. We barely left each other's sides these days, choosing to sleep and shower together.

Graham knew that Hailee was home for winter break, and I was sure that he was looking forward to seeing her for the first time since she went away to college. That said, I didn't necessarily need to break the truth to him *this* month. I could easily slap together a compilation of clips taken at the Palo Alto apartment and blame the delay on a camera malfunction.

But lying to Graham about my relationship with Hailee felt even dirtier than revealing the truth—which was already filthy as fuck. He was my big brother; we were close. We'd shared a secret lust for Hailee for so long that it felt traitorous to hide this development from him.

I decided the best way to present it was to tell the story in order, starting with the clip of her masturbating and moaning my name. I followed that up with the footage of the two of us having sex for the first time.

After double-checking that the phone was locked up tight using the special PIN, I overnighted the device to Graham's lawyer. I knew he'd visit the prison the following afternoon. I told Hailee I had a big project to work on and shut myself in my office, waiting for the call to come.

Even though I knew it was coming, my pulse still jackknifed when I heard my ringtone.

Foregoing pleasantries, the first thing I said when I answered was, "You saw them?"

The silence on the other end of the line didn't bode well, but I stuck it out, waiting for Graham to set the tone.

"I saw them."

There was no missing the tension in his voice. My muscles twitched as if my body was preparing to receive a blow. I was about to ask him what he thought about the things he'd seen when he spoke up again.

"She knows about the cameras?"

“Yeah, she knows.”

“Does she know you’ve been sharing the footage with me?”

“No,” I said. “Should I tell her?”

I waited through another long pause. Graham was clearly alarmed by the turn my relationship with Hailee had taken, but he seemed to be making an effort to stay calm.

“Yeah. Tell her.”

The call ended. I sat in my office for a long time, struggling with a new wave of impending dread. I’d been worried about how Graham would react to the news, but that fear paled in comparison to how I felt about coming clean to Hailee. But she deserved to know the truth.

Steeling myself, I left the office to go look for her. My feet seemed to weigh about a thousand pounds each. Not knowing how she was going to react to the information I had to share was killing me. I found her in the den, curled up on the chaise with a book in her lap. I lingered in the doorway, silently watching her fiddle with the frayed edge of the blanket draped over her legs.

I entered the room, and she immediately glanced up at me with a smile that made my throat clench. But her good mood quickly fell, no doubt having picked up on my somber expression.

“Is everything okay?” she asked, sliding a bookmark between the pages of her book.

“For now, yeah.” I sat down on the end of the chaise. “I uh...need to talk to you.”

Hailee sat up straighter, looking as nervous as I felt. “What is it?”

I opened my mouth, then closed it, then opened it again. After too many false starts, I forced myself to take a breath and began to speak.

“Hails, there’s something you don’t know. The footage I’ve taken of you over the years... I’ve been sharing it—all of

it.”

The color leached from her cheeks.

“Who have you been sharing it with?”

Just say it. Rip off the Band-Aid.

“I’ve been sharing it with your dad.”

Hailee’s eyes widened. She remained still and silent for a long moment. I braced myself for a well-deserved tirade and then grew anxious when it didn’t come.

“I know I should have told you sooner, but—”

“Yes, you should have,” she interrupted. “How could you? I mean, why would you...”

Her bottom lip trembled. I reached out to grasp her hands, surprised that she let me hold them despite the pain in her gaze. “I didn’t know how to tell you. First you asked that we not talk about him—”

“For good reason.”

“I know. I know you’re still upset with him. That’s actually why I installed the cameras.” I ran my thumb over her knuckles. “He missed you, Hails. He wanted to feel like he was still involved in your life, so I came up with the idea to start filming you. Nothing sexual at first, just everyday things. Then, last year, I accidentally sent him one of the more *intimate* videos. He asked for more, so I gave him more.”

Hailee stared at our joined hands for a while without speaking. I could practically see the wheels turning behind her eyes as she realized the full breadth of my betrayal. She inhaled sharply.

“Sweetheart?” I said. “Talk to me.”

She burst into tears.

I slid closer to her before I could stop myself, gathering her against my chest. Wrapping my arms around her, I stroked her hair and rocked her gently.

“I’m so sorry, Hails.” It ripped my fucking heart out to see her in pain. I’d have done anything to make her feel better, but I found myself at a loss. How could the person who’d inflicted the damage be the one to fix it?

Suddenly, she grasped my wrist. I didn’t realize what she wanted from me until she’d already slid my hand into her track pants.

“You want me to touch you?” I asked, confused.

Hailee nodded against my shoulder. I waited a moment, in case she changed her mind, then began gently rubbing her clit. She continued to hide her face in my shirt, but I noticed her hips rocking in time with my circling fingers. I caressed her faster and harder, dipping inside her briefly to wet my fingertips before returning my attention to her clit.

She cried the whole time I fingered her, sobbing as her climax shuddered through her.

I slid my hand out of her pants and resumed holding her for as long as she’d let me. My mind raced with anxious thoughts and unanswered questions. Finally, she wiped her eyes with the backs of her hands and sat upright.

“Tell me what’s going on in that beautiful mind of yours,” I said.

She let out a humorless chuckle. “Beautiful? Hardly. It’s a tangled mess up here.” She tapped her temple. I wanted to kiss her forehead, but I held back, letting her speak. “I feel so fucked-up. I should be disgusted by what you just told me. He’s my dad. But...”

I wiped away a fresh tear as it slid down her cheek.

“But you’re not disgusted?”

She shook her head. “I know it’s wrong. But the thought of him wanting me the way that you do makes me so horny. It scares me how much it turns me on. I feel like a freak for saying this, but while you were touching me just now, all I could think about was my dad watching me and getting hard and...” She scrubbed at her face with both hands. “God, this is

so messed up. I'm sorry, I shouldn't have asked you to do that."

"Hails, it's okay." I brushed the damp hairs from her tear-streaked face. "I want to help you through this however I can. Talk to me."

She nodded. "I miss him. I'm still angry about what he did, but I can't pretend I don't miss having him in my life. See what I mean? A tangled mess."

"No," I said. "That's not what I see at all. I see a beautiful, sensitive, passionate girl who has every reason to be angry with the men in her life."

"I am pissed at you," she said, laughing.

"Good. You should be. I lied to you and betrayed your trust. You should fucking hate me."

"I could never hate you. You're my family. And so is my dad, so I guess I can't hate him either." She frowned at the book in her lap. "But I can still be mad at him."

"Maybe it's time that you told him why you're so upset."

She took my hand, intertwining our fingers. I waited patiently for her to think about how she wanted to proceed. This had to be difficult for her. I was prepared to go along with whatever course of action she chose. She might not have been ready to speak to him face to face, and that was okay.

"Maybe you're right," she said softly. "I'll talk to him."

"I'm proud of you for deciding that for yourself." I squeezed her hands. "We can call him on the phone if you want, or you can write him a letter—"

"I want to visit him in prison."

That certainly wasn't the option I was expecting her to choose.

"Are you sure you're ready for that, Hails? It might be better to take things slow."

"If I'm going to reconnect with my incarcerated father to lay out all the reasons why I'm still mad at him, I think doing

it in person is the only way to honor that conversation.”

I couldn't argue with her logic. Tracing a finger down Hailee's ruddy cheek, I couldn't help thinking that I was proud of her for taking this next step. “Well said. I'll call Graham's lawyer and have him initiate the visitor-approval process for both of us.”

Hailee nodded, smiling for the first time since I'd made my confession.

“Okay,” she said. “Let's go see my dad.”

HAILEE

THE VISITOR WAITING area at the medium-security prison was colder than I'd anticipated. I regretted wearing a skirt. Finding a comfortable position on the hard plastic chair proved almost impossible. Uncle Logan rested his heavy hand on my bare knee to stop it from bouncing.

"You're okay, Hails," he said quietly. "Breathe."

"I'm breathing." I glanced around at the off-white cinderblock walls and speckled linoleum, at the gaudy orange chairs and gunmetal-gray doors with big locks. I wasn't expecting a palace, but the realization that *this* was where my dad had been living all this time made my eyes burn. The three-bedroom home we'd shared in Eureka wasn't fancy, but it was cozy. This place was the exact opposite of cozy.

Uncle Logan stroked my knee with his thumb. "If it's too much for you now, we can leave and reschedule."

As tempting as his offer was, I shook my head. "I'll be even more anxious if I put it off."

"That's my girl." He wrapped his arm around my shoulders and held me against his side. "You can do this, Hails."

I closed my eyes, letting his warmth soothe my rampant nerves. I was about to see my dad for the first time in four long years. What if I burst into tears at the sight of him? What if he'd changed so much that I didn't recognize his face?

I flinched as the gruff-voiced guard behind the security barrier called out another prisoner's name. A wiry, dark-haired

woman rose from her chair and marched toward a door that opened upon her approach. A second, younger guard spoke to her briefly before allowing her to pass through. The door slammed shut behind her.

My heart dropped into my stomach. The list of names seemed to be progressing in alphabetical order. I tapped my foot impatiently while waiting for the guard to reach W.

“Graham Whitehall,” he finally yelled.

Uncle Logan and I immediately jumped to our feet. He took my hand as we made our way over to the heavy door that the other visitors had gone through. The young guard raised his hand, stopping us.

“One visitor at a time,” he said.

“Why just one?” Uncle Logan asked, tightening his grip around my hand. “My brother’s attorney specified two guests.”

“New rule for high-level inmates.”

“And what level is Graham Whitehall?”

The guard shrugged and held up a clipboard. “Whoever’s going first needs to sign in.”

“My niece isn’t going in there alone.”

“Then I guess she’s not going anywhere.” His lanky fingers creased the paper as he shoved the clipboard at my uncle’s chest.

Uncle Logan snatched the plastic board out of the guard’s grasp and scanned the paper. “Give us a minute.” He tugged me over to a plexiglass window before the guard could ask for his clipboard back. “This is horseshit. I’m sure he’s just being a dick, but it’ll probably take a while to sort this out through official channels. We can come back another day. Your dad will understand.”

I didn’t expect to feel a rush of emotion at the thought of not getting to see my dad today. Maybe it was the knowledge that he was waiting for me somewhere close by that pushed me to rest my hand on Uncle Logan’s forearm.

“It’s fine,” I said. “I’ll go first.”

“Hails, I really don’t like the idea of you going back there alone.”

“I won’t be alone. There are people and cameras everywhere. I promise I’ll scream my head off if anyone tries anything.”

He glared at the young guard over my shoulder for a long moment, then sighed. “If you’re sure you want to do it like this.”

I wasn’t sure of anything, except maybe us. No matter what happened between me and my dad, I knew that my uncle would always be there for me.

“I’m sure.”

He kissed my forehead. “I love you. You can do this. Take deep breaths. I’m sure your dad’s way more nervous than you are.”

I very much doubted that. He turned the clipboard toward me and handed me the pen so I could sign. As we made our way back over to the heavy-looking door, I prayed that this wasn’t a mistake.

Uncle Logan slapped the clipboard against the young guard’s chest, fixing him with a knifelike scowl.

“If anything happens to my niece, I’ll make it my personal mission to erase any and all traces of your existence from the planet.”

The guard’s lip curled in a snarl. “Is that a threat?”

“More like a promise.” Uncle Logan pulled his phone from his pocket, tapped at the screen, then held the speaker end up to his ear. “Inspector General, glad I caught you...”

My uncle’s voice trailed off as I followed the young guard down a brightly lit hallway. The door slammed behind us, and I jumped, even though I knew the sound was coming.

“You’re allowed one hug,” the guard said briskly. I practically had to jog to keep up with his long stride. “No

phones or other contraband is permitted.”

“I know.” I had read the rules and regulations at least a dozen times.

The guard brought me into a large room with bars on the windows and laminated posters taped to the walls. Inmates and their guests perched on hard plastic chairs clustered around blue plastic tables. The prison certainly didn’t want anybody getting too comfortable.

My heartbeat thundered in my chest as I scanned the open space. I almost skidded to a stop when I spotted my dad, seated at a table in the far corner.

He’d already noticed me, his gaze like a magnet pulling me forward.

I felt a tickle in my lower belly, which I struggled to ignore. Instead, I leaned into my self-consciousness, tucking my hair behind my ear and smoothing out my skirt. Was the knee-length sundress I’d picked out inappropriate? Should I have brought my dad a gift? Would a phone call have been a safer option for my heart?

The guard escorted me all the way to my dad’s table. Dressed in a dark-blue jumpsuit, he looked the same as I remembered, with maybe a few more gray strands in his dark hair and beard than before he went to prison.

My dad stood as I approached. He moved in like he wanted to hug me and then drew back, as if he’d realized I might not welcome his touch. I wasn’t sure if I was more grateful to him or disappointed for respecting that physical boundary.

“Visiting hours are over in thirty minutes,” the young guard said.

“She knows,” my dad grumbled. I thought I heard him whisper something about cowboys under his breath, but that didn’t make sense, so I ignored it. He motioned for me to take the seat across from him, so I sat down. He glanced around the room. “Isn’t Logan with you?”

“The guard told us we could only visit you one at a time,” I said.

He shook his head but didn’t seem surprised.

Darting glances, restless fingers... I didn’t know where to start. Dad looked just as lost and uncertain as I felt, which strangely made me feel a little better. He combed his beard with his fingers, and my gaze caught on the tattoo of my name in cursive on his forearm. It made me smile to recall tracing the letters with my stubby kid fingers.

He cleared his throat. “How uh...how are you?”

“I’m fine—I mean, good.” I hated how nervous I sounded.

“School’s going well?”

I nodded. Hearing his deep, gravelly voice again was like listening to a favorite childhood song, one whose lyrics I couldn’t appreciate back then because I wasn’t old enough to understand them.

“Logan told me how well you’re doing,” he said. “I’m so proud of you.”

“Yeah, he mentioned that.” I managed a small smile. “Thanks.”

Awkwardness filled the space between us like invisible fog; I didn’t know how to get rid of it. I knew there were things that I needed to say, but the words had become lodged in my throat.

“I’m really glad you’re here,” he said. “You look beautiful.”

At first, it felt like a normal compliment. But as his attention dripped over me, I sensed that he was cataloguing all his favorite places on my body—places a father shouldn’t know about. My breath caught in my chest, drawing his attention there. He averted his gaze quickly, but the guilty look on his face told me I hadn’t imagined his interest.

Excitement rippled through me. My nipples stiffened. Maybe part of me didn’t fully believe that my dad had watched the videos. I needed proof.

“Can I hold your hand?” I blurted.

He blinked, like he wasn't sure he'd heard me correctly.

“Of course,” he said.

I reached across the table and let him clasp my hand. The warmth from his skin seemed to radiate up my arm into the rest of my body. Something that had calcified inside me long ago began to crack. I suddenly remembered all the things I wanted to say to him.

“I'm still mad at you. You know that, right?”

“I do,” he said.

He stroked my knuckle with his thumb. There was nothing sexual about the gesture, yet I swore I felt a resonant flutter between my legs. But I couldn't let myself go down that road yet.

“I'm just going to say this, and I want you to listen and not say anything back until I'm finished.” I paused to let my request sink in. He nodded. I continued, “I know you were trying to defend me back then, but you made the wrong call. You acted on an impulse and you didn't even consider what the consequences would be for me.”

His fingers tightened around my hand. “I'm so sorry, baby—”

“I'm not done yet,” I said. He smiled apologetically. “I'll admit that things got better for me after I left Eureka. Uncle Logan really stepped up. But I would have preferred to have both of you in my life. I needed you, and you weren't there. I needed my dad.”

I closed my eyes against the burn in my sinuses. I wasn't sure if I'd be able to stop crying once I started, so I fought hard not to let the tears leak out. It worked, for a little while.

“Tell me that you regret what you did. I need to know that it hurt you to lose me, too.”

He squeezed my hand between both his palms. I swiped at the tears on my cheeks, annoyed by their presence.

“Ok,” I said. “I’m done.”

My dad sat quietly for a long moment, seemingly lost in thought. Finally, he took a deep breath and said, “I’m not going to lie to you, Hailee. I don’t regret hurting that nasty little prick. But I do regret getting caught because it took me away from you.”

My heart sank into my stomach like a rock.

“That’s not good enough. I can’t let you back into my life if there’s a chance you’re going to do something crazy that’ll force you to leave again.”

“Trust me, I have no intention of coming back here after my time’s up. Once I’m out, I’m out for good.”

“*How* am I supposed to trust you?”

I watched *him* watch my hand begin to slip out from between his fingers. He foiled my retreat at the last second, drawing my hand back to the center of the table.

“Listen, baby,” he said. “You want me to promise that I’ll never leave you again. But the truth is, no one can say for certain what the future holds. I can tell you that I’m sorry for the pain I caused you, and I am, so fucking sorry. I can say that losing you nearly killed me. Some days, I wasn’t sure if I’d survive my sentence because it hurt so much to be apart from you. That’s how the recordings started. I begged Logan for pictures and videos of you.”

Heat crept into my cheeks at his mention of the footage. He stroked the back of my palm, inching toward my wrist.

“What happened was entirely my fault. The thought of someone tormenting you made me snap and I…” He closed his eyes for a few seconds, maybe to calm himself? “I was so blinded by my emotions that I didn’t stop to think about what would happen after I punished the prick who’d hurt you. I ended up hurting you worse than he ever could. Because I was supposed to be there for you. I’m sorry I wasn’t.”

Tears blurred my vision. “Thank you.”

“Thank you for giving me the chance to apologize.”

I smiled at him, wishing I could crawl into his lap. Then I remembered...

“We still get one hug, right?” I asked.

He barked out a laugh, betraying the tension in his throat. “Yeah, we do. Would you like me to hug you?”

“Yes, please.”

We rose from the table and moved toward each other. I sighed with relief as he wrapped his arms around me, cherishing the sensation of his hard, toned body pressing against mine. He squeezed me gently, and I swore I could feel something growing hard against my belly, something just for me.

“God, I’ve missed you,” he whispered. “You’ve changed so much, but you’re still my Hailee. You’re the exact opposite of this place.”

“How so?”

He pulled back to look at my face. “This place is all cold, hard edges, and you’re soft and warm and generous. What I wouldn’t give to press against your supple curves every night.”

My lower body clenched. Luckily, I caught myself before I did anything egregious, like French kiss my father in front of a bunch of prisoners and their spouses. He brushed his lips across my forehead and then took a step back. I immediately felt colder without his touch to warm me up.

“We probably shouldn’t push it,” he said.

I nodded and sat back down. The careful way he lowered himself into the chair confirmed my suspicions. I’d made him hard with just a hug.

He clasped my hand again and held it tightly. I cursed the table, the rules, and the whole damn justice system for standing between us. He studied my face, my heated cheeks, my hard-won smile.

“God, I wish I could kiss you,” he said, his voice hoarse with longing. “I wish I could kiss you, hold you, touch you...”

“I wish you could touch me, too.”

His nostrils flared as he sucked in a breath. I could only imagine how starved he was for physical contact, and I suddenly felt ashamed that Uncle Logan and I were able to enjoy each other so freely.

“See that guard over there.” My dad tipped his head toward the bored-looking guard standing against the wall. “I cashed in a favor to get him to look the other way today, so... I *could* touch you if you wanted me to.”

“Wait, really?” A slew of scandalous images flooded into my mind, and all of them involved my father’s hands. “What about the cameras?”

“Since when are you camera shy?” he teased. I shot him a look that made him chuckle. “If we angle it right, the camera won’t see anything.”

I waited for the guard to scan the room, noting how he seemed to avoid glancing at our table. My pulse began to race. Was I seriously going to allow my dad to fondle me in a room full of strangers? Was I *that* fucked-up?

“Yes,” I said. “I want you to touch me.”

He wetted his lips in a way that made me want to take off my panties and invite him to use his mouth on me. “Sit in the chair next to me.”

I switched seats so that I could sit beside him, and he slid his chair closer to me. I tried to get a good view of the security camera mounted on the ceiling in the middle of the room and realized that my dad was right; I was completely obscured from this angle. The other prisoners and their guests wouldn’t be able to see much either.

Adrenaline coursed through me as I nodded for him to start. Still, I gasped when his hand touched my knee. Slipping beneath my dress, he trailed his fingers up my thigh. With his gaze locked on my face, there was nowhere for me to hide. He’d see everything. My cheeks burned as he teased the crotch of my panties aside to touch my pussy directly. It took every drop of my willpower not to moan.

“Your pussy saved me, you know,” he said, his voice a rough whisper. I wondered what it would be like to hear him whisper equally dirty things to me in the dark. “When everything else seemed hopeless, I knew I just had to wait a month to be reunited with this gorgeous pussy.”

His words were like extra fingers teasing me from the inside. Though his hands were calloused after decades of working on cars, my wetness allowed him to glide smoothly over my clit. He stroked me gently, using just the tip of his finger, keeping the rest of his body still.

“My God, you feel so fucking good, Hailee. I can’t get over how wet you are.”

My legs trembled as he caressed my clit, provoking a teasing, almost ticklish kind of pleasure. I balled my hands into fists to stop myself from grabbing his collar and pulling him in for a kiss.

“Logan’s a lucky bastard, getting to fuck this pussy,” he said.

I leaned in close and whispered, “Are you mad that he gets to fuck me before you do?”

The implication that I planned to fuck my dad as soon as he was released didn’t go unnoticed.

“No, baby, I’m not mad. I like watching you together. Someday we’ll both have you at the same time. Until then, I want you to tell me all about it. Do you like what Logan does to you? Do you like the way his cock feels inside you?”

“Yes.” I squeezed the edge of the table, my inner muscles taut with pleasure. “I love everything about it. I want it inside me all the time.”

“Did my dirty girl enjoy taking his cock in her ass?”

A whimper slipped from my lips. I pressed my fist to my mouth and nodded yes, I’d liked it very much.

“Would you let me do that to you, Hailee? Would you take your dad’s cock inside you like a good little slut?”

I couldn't keep my hands to myself any longer. I had to touch him somehow. After double- and triple-checking that no one was paying attention to us, I reached under the table and felt around until I found his erection. He made a small, strangled noise in the back of his throat as I stroked his fat cock through his pants. That brutally honest reaction was enough to send me over the edge. I bit my lip hard as I came, right there in the prison visiting area, with my thighs clamped around my father's hand.

"Fuck," he rasped. "You are absolutely perfect."

I met his darkened gaze. He licked his fingers, tasting me, and then reached back under the table to stroke my thighs lovingly—the only scrap of affection we could afford. I desperately wanted to rest my head on his shoulder, but that would've been too obvious.

"Thank you for that, baby," he whispered. "You have no idea how much I needed that—"

"Two minutes," the guard announced to the room.

Every muscle in my body tensed; that wasn't nearly enough time.

"I wish I didn't have to leave," I said. I could tell by the look on his face that he felt the same.

"I know, baby." He bit the skin on his lip like he was debating whether to tell me something important.

"What is it?" I asked.

"You know, this prison has a family visitor program that allows overnight stays. It's nothing fancy, just an apartment, but there aren't any cameras or supervisors... Do you think that's something you'd be interested in?"

I could tell he was nervous again, and I nearly threw my arms around his neck in my excitement over this new information. To spend the night with my dad and my uncle in a place that felt like an actual home? It seemed too good to be true.

“Of course I’m interested! How many people can stay over at a time? Can Uncle Logan come, too?” The thought of the three of us sharing a bed made my stomach flip in all the right ways.

“Sure, baby, he can join us, as long as he’s willing to share you.” Dad chuckled, his dark eyes sparkling. “I’ll put in an application. But just to warn you, it usually takes a few months to get approved.”

“I’ll wait as long as it takes.” After four long years, a few months didn’t seem like much time at all.

“Time’s up,” the guard yelled.

My dad stood and offered his hand to me. I didn’t need his help getting up, but I gladly accepted the excuse to touch him. He smiled, and it was a different kind of smile than I’d ever seen him wear before. It made him look younger.

“I love you, Hailee,” he said. The desire to kiss him was tough to resist, but I refused to do anything that might jeopardize our overnight visit.

“I love you too. I’ll make you some more videos. I promise.”

We weren’t supposed to hug again, but amid the commotion of everyone getting up to leave, he pulled me closer anyway. I felt the distinct impression of his erection against my lower belly. I left the visitor’s room with a small, secretive smile, knowing that he would be thinking of me when he got the chance to take care of himself later.

HAILEE

IT TOOK three long months for the overnight visit to be scheduled by the Family Visiting Coordinator.

In the meantime, I kept my promise to my dad. I bought myself two new dildos, big ones that I nicknamed “Daddy” and “Uncle Logan.” Before heading back to Berkeley for the spring semester, I asked Uncle Logan to fuck me while I played with the dildo I called Daddy, sucking on it while staring at the camera lens. I wanted my dad to feel involved in every aspect of our lives, even when he couldn’t be there physically.

Uncle Logan gave me a camera to use to record myself while I was away at school. I challenged myself to get creative with the dildos, putting on elaborate shows that always ended with me satisfied and covered in sweat. I was obsessed with the idea of sleeping with both men at the same time, so I fucked myself accordingly, alternating blow jobs between the two dildos, and sucking on one while riding the other.

As much as I loved being a cam girl for my two favorite men, my extracurriculars always took a backseat to my studies. Still, it was hard not to get distracted.

Dad called me at least once a week, and I looked forward to those calls more than anything. We didn’t talk about the videos or the true nature of our relationship since the prison’s phone lines were monitored. Instead, we talked about what was happening in my life. School and friends and hobbies. We were making up for four years’ worth of lost time.

The day of our family visit arrived in the middle of March. That it happened to have been scheduled during UC Berkeley's spring break was a stroke of luck. It meant that I was able to fly to California without missing any classes, not that I would have let that stop me. This visit was too important.

"You nervous?" Uncle Logan asked as we pulled up to the prison gate.

"No," I said honestly. "I'm excited."

He grinned. "Me too."

We handed over our IDs to the gate guard who verified that we were scheduled for an overnight visit. Instead of heading to the prison, we followed the guard's directions to a different building that resembled a double-wide trailer. A man in a suit stepped out of the building with a guard at his side just as we were pulling into the parking space. They both wore severe expressions as they watched us get out of the car. But Uncle Logan greeted them politely. It turned out the man in the suit was the Family Visiting Coordinator. He insisted on checking our bags, which included just one small suitcase and a paper bag filled with groceries.

"Alright," the man said. "Everything looks good here. The prisoner will be brought here in twenty minutes, and your scheduled visit will last twenty-four hours."

It already didn't feel like long enough, but I silently vowed to make the most of the time we were given.

The man and the guard left, and we went inside. I was shocked by how tastefully decorated the interior was; it looked like a real apartment, complete with an open-concept living room and kitchen area, two bedrooms, and a full bath.

Eager to get everything set up for my dad's arrival, I opened the suitcase and took out the set of clothing we'd brought for my dad. I'd spent entirely too much time and energy on selecting the perfect outfit, but I wanted to help him feel more normal. After laying the clothes out on the bed, I joined Uncle Logan in the kitchen where he was unloading the

groceries. I poked at the package of Wagyu steaks he'd left out on the counter.

“Do you need any help cooking?” I asked.

“It's all pretty straightforward. Though I wouldn't mind if you tossed the salad.”

“I'm proud of you for not turning that into a joke.”

“You have no idea what a struggle it is to deny my true nature.”

“I appreciate the effort.” I kissed him on the cheek and then sidestepped to the fridge to gather the ingredients for the kale salad with mustard vinaigrette.

After assembling the salad, I went into the bathroom to brush my hair and touch up my makeup. I wanted to look good tonight. My dad and Uncle Logan had both seen me at my most vulnerable, but something about being here in person felt even more significant. This, the three of us together, was what we'd been working toward. I wanted everything to be perfect.

I was just putting the finishing touches on my lip gloss when I heard voices coming from the kitchen.

“Medium rare, right?” said Uncle Logan.

“Yeah,” said Dad. “But it's been so long since I had a steak that I'd eat just about anything you put in front of me.”

“That's the idea.”

I flew down the hallway with a wild grin on my face. Dad turned as I entered the living room. Squealing, I threw my arms around his neck and inhaled his clean scent, soap plus a familiar masculine fragrance that was entirely his own. He hugged me back, squeezing me so tight that I could hardly breathe as he lifted me off my feet.

My heart swelled in my chest. Having my dad here with us felt like completion, a missing piece sliding into place. I was finally back with the two people who meant the world to me, even if it was just for one day.

He held me for a long time before lowering me to my feet, stepping back with his hands on my shoulders. He scanned me up and down. “God, I’ve missed you, Hailee.”

“I missed you, too.”

“We brought you some clothes,” said Uncle Logan. “Thought you might want to feel like a human for a change.”

“I left them out on the bed,” I added, gesturing in the direction of the bedroom.

My dad left to get changed, and I stayed in the kitchen. I grabbed a bottle of water from the fridge and watched as Uncle Logan put the steaks into a large pan with butter to sear them. The smell of beef cooking filled the air and made my stomach grumble. I’d been too excited earlier today to eat much of my lunch.

“He looks good, doesn’t he?” I said quietly.

“I don’t know. He’s not really my type.” Uncle Logan winked at me.

I rolled my eyes and slapped his arm playfully. “You know what I mean.”

He laughed. “Yeah, he seems happy to be here. I think reconnecting with you has been good for him. And for you.”

I set my water aside and moved closer to him so I could hug him from behind. “Thank you,” I whispered.

“For what?”

“For being okay with this. I know I’m being kind of extra about this whole thing.”

“He’s your dad, Hails. Of course you’re excited to see him.”

“I just don’t want you to feel left out.”

He turned around and cupped my cheek in his big, warm hand. “I appreciate you worrying about me, but you really don’t need to. Graham and I figured out how to share you a long time ago. That part isn’t new for either of us. So relax, okay?”

“Okay.” I felt my shoulder muscles start to loosen, slowly at first and then all at once, like untying a knot.

He kissed my lips before returning his attention to our meal.

Dad sauntered into the kitchen a few minutes later, dressed in the clothes I’d picked out for him: jeans, a black T-shirt, and an open button-up shirt.

“What do you think?” he asked. “Do I clean up good?”

“I think you look great,” I said. Seeing him in regular clothes, in a more-or-less regular setting, made the arrangement we found ourselves in seem that much more real.

“Help yourself to anything in the fridge,” Uncle Logan said. “They wouldn’t let us bring beer, so I packed soda.”

“Those steaks smell so good, I don’t even mind staying sober,” Dad said, cracking open a soft drink.

The dinner turned out delicious, not that anyone was surprised. Dad couldn’t stop *mmm*-ing with pleasure after every bite. Our conversation flowed so easily that it almost felt like nothing had changed between us. But that sense of comfort wasn’t the whole story. Our easy rapport had contorted into something new and complex; simple touches weren’t so simple anymore.

By the time we laid down our silverware, the sexual tension in the air felt thick enough to slice up and serve on a platter. I was hyperaware of every move I made, and the attention drawn by my actions, like how my uncle’s hands grew restless whenever I swept my hair back from my neck.

“So, what’s the plan for tonight?” my dad asked. It was an innocent question, and yet everything inside me tightened at the sensual undertone.

“Hails and I were thinking we could watch a movie,” Uncle Logan said. “The three of us on the couch together, just like old times.”

Hopefully, not exactly like old times.

“Sounds perfect,” said Dad.

We left the dishes in the sink to deal with later and moved into the living area. The cozy space included an armchair in addition to the couch, but both men chose the couch, settling in on either side of me. The fit was tight; my dad and Uncle Logan weren't small people, and neither was I. My dress rode up as I made myself comfortable.

Uncle Logan picked up the TV remote. "Let's see what we've got to work with."

The TV had a few built-in streaming services. Uncle Logan logged us into one of them and began scrolling through the options. We landed on an action movie that none of us had seen before. But it didn't matter what was on the screen. I couldn't focus on the movie with their thighs touching mine, warming me, even through their pants.

Dad reached over to take one of my hands, drawing it into his lap. I was pretty sure I could make out the exact shape of his cock pressed against the front of his jeans in the flickering light from the TV screen, but he didn't bring my hand to touch him there. He only laced our fingers, keeping his gaze on the TV. I suddenly felt like a pervert for only thinking about sex when it was clear that he was enjoying our intimacy.

Uncle Logan draped his arm around my shoulders. I tried my best—*I really did*—to focus on the movie. But after twenty minutes, I could barely sit still. I didn't understand how I was the only one dying to get my hands on them.

Then I realized that they were probably waiting for me to make the first move. After all, that was how it had played out with Uncle Logan. He'd watched me for years before our relationship turned physical. I wasn't a virgin anymore, but I had zero experience being with two men at the same time. These men loved me; they wouldn't want to pressure me into anything I wasn't ready for. I needed to show them that I was more than ready for them now.

I channeled the confidence I'd gained from roleplaying as their private cam girl and turned to face my dad. My heart pounded in my throat as I untangled our fingers and then

placed my hand on his leg. He looked at me with hunger in his eyes, the TV completely forgotten.

“Kiss me,” I said.

He didn't need to be told twice.

I cheered internally as he cradled the back of my neck and pulled me toward him, capturing my lips in a kiss that proved I wasn't the only one on this couch burning to make things happen. His beard tickled my face. I put all my effort into acquainting myself with this unfamiliar part of him, introducing myself to his lips and tongue.

Uncle Logan's hands cupped my breasts, lifting and squeezing. I whimpered as he pinched my nipples through my clothes. Dad used my distraction to his advantage, thrusting his tongue between my lips and groaning into my mouth.

Leaning back against Uncle Logan's chest, I let my hands roam down my dad's chest and abdomen, then lower, rubbing my palm over his bulge. He was big, just like Uncle Logan. I couldn't wait to get my hands, mouth, and everything else all over their cocks.

Dad broke the kiss, looking at me with eyes so dark I was convinced I could drown in them. He helped Uncle Logan pull my dress off over my head, exposing my pink lace bra.

“Fuck, baby girl, they look even better in person,” Dad rasped. “You're practically spilling out of your bra.” His warm hands traced the sides of my belly, while his gaze remained locked on my chest.

Uncle Logan pushed my breasts together, emphasizing my cleavage. “Just wait 'til you see them without the bra.” He swept my hair away from my neck and then pressed his lips to my shoulder. I arched my back, thrusting out my chest as he trailed kisses up my neck to my earlobe, which he then bit. “She has the most delicious nipples.”

“Now you're just trying to make me jealous,” Dad said. I shivered with anticipation as he traced the skin above the scalloped edge of my bra cup with his fingertips. “I've been

obsessed with your tits for over a year now. Can I taste you here, baby?”

I started to say yes, but the word morphed into a gasp as Uncle Logan flicked my nipples. Both men chuckled as I writhed between them, so turned-on that I could barely form words.

“Uncle Logan... *Please...*”

“Sounded like a yes to me.” He unhooked my bra, and the two of them worked together to free my arms from the straps. They unwrapped me like a present on Christmas morning.

My dad hummed with pleasure as he palmed my breasts for the first time.

“My God, brother, I fucking love it when you’re right.”

“I usually am,” said Logan.

Dad lowered his face to my chest, grasping my breast and wrapping his lips around my nipple. I moaned as he fluttered his tongue over the pebbled tip, letting my head fall back onto Uncle Logan’s shoulder.

Their collective attention had me reeling. I was overwhelmed in the best way, completely at their mercy.

Uncle Logan grasped my jaw and turned my head so he could kiss me. I parted my lips obediently, letting him have his way with my tongue. My dad’s mouth on my breasts had my pussy dripping, soaking my panties and making my inner thighs slick. I desperately needed to touch my clit. But I’d barely managed to get my hand between my legs when I was suddenly being repositioned.

“I think our girl’s pussy needs attention,” Uncle Logan said. He eased me backward until I was lying on top of him lengthwise with his arms wrapped around my chest. “How soaked are her panties?”

“Fucking drenched.” My dad ran two fingers up the front of my panties, a wicked smile on his lips. The teasing, fleeting pressure had to be worse than if he’d never touched me at all.

“Please,” I begged. “Touch me.”

“Like this?” He continued to barely pet the front of my panties. I wriggled in Uncle Logan’s arms, equal parts frustrated and turned-on.

“Not like that,” I whined. “Harder. Without the underwear.”

“I thought you’d never ask.” He pulled my panties off and then raised them to his face, inhaling deeply.

Oh my god. I cannot believe he just did that.

“You smell so good.” He scrunched up my panties and then shoved them into his pocket like some kind of souvenir. “Now I’ve got to taste you.”

I laughed as he nuzzled my belly, pressing open-mouthed kisses above my navel. The realization that I was now fully naked in front of my dad made my face and chest burn. I was aware that this was hardly the first time he’d seen me without clothes on, but it still felt significant. We were really doing this. He removed his button-up shirt and then his T-shirt. Had he always been so toned? I couldn’t remember. All I knew was that looking at him made me want to press against his hard body until there was no space between us.

My dad hummed with pleasure as he buried his face in my folds. I gasped as his tongue slid over my clit, and then moaned when Uncle Logan apparently decided that now was the perfect time to involve my nipples. He wasn’t wrong. My dad threw my leg over his shoulder so he could reach my center, thrusting his tongue inside me. I loved the way he gripped my ass, firmly, almost painfully.

Uncle Logan ground his erection against my back. “See what you do to us, Hails? We’re not supposed to want you, and yet here we are, fucking obsessed.”

I moaned as my dad fixed his mouth over my clit. “Oh God, yes.”

Pleasure flowed through my veins, concentrating in the space between my hips. I grabbed onto Uncle Logan’s arms as my orgasm slammed into me so suddenly that I was sure I’d lose consciousness. But I didn’t. I held tight to the feeling as it

surged through me, only letting go when I felt my dad's lips on my belly.

“Beautiful,” he said, one word that conveyed a world of meaning.

Uncle Logan let me catch my breath for a moment before helping me up off the couch. I swayed on my feet, but I wasn't afraid of falling because I had my two favorite men on either side, ready to catch me. They turned my face one way, then the other, taking turns kissing me, as their hands roamed my body, mapping my curves.

“Let's show your daddy what you've been working on,” Uncle Logan said. He stripped off his clothes and then sat on the couch with his arms stretched out along the back.

I knelt on the carpet in front of him. He didn't have to say another word. I felt his fingers in my hair, guiding me toward his lap, and the velvety head of his cock against my lips. Gripping the base, I took my uncle's cock into my mouth. He kept his hand on the back of my head but didn't push me. I had complete control as I bobbed my head, taking him as far back toward my throat as I pleased.

“Such a good fucking girl,” he growled.

Pride and arousal swelled inside me. I felt my dad move in close behind me, laying his palm on the small of my back.

“Did you bring lube?” he asked.

Uncle Logan scoffed. “What is this, amateur hour? Check the bathroom.”

My dad's footsteps receded.

I switched to licking and slapping the head of Uncle Logan's cock against my tongue. He swore under his breath. Dad returned with the lube a moment later.

“I could stare at this ass for days.” He massaged my cheeks before pressing a finger between them, focusing on my puckered hole. I took a break from sucking Uncle Logan's cock and switched to stroking him with my hand. Dad teased

my back entrance for a while and then said, “Tell me if anything hurts.”

I nodded, already knowing to expect a little discomfort at first.

Uncle Logan smoothed my hair back from my face. “Deep breaths, Hailee. Good girl.”

I exhaled as my dad slid his finger into my ass, passing the first ring of muscles.

“That’s it, baby,” he said. “Just relax for me.”

Taking Uncle Logan’s cock back into my mouth, I refocused my efforts on the job in front of me while my dad worked on stretching me to take a cock. I was eager to try taking both of them inside me for the first time tonight.

I began to enjoy the sensation of having something in my ass. My dad added a second finger, and the stretching process started again. Soon, I’d managed to take three of his large fingers.

“You ready to try taking both of us, Hails?” Uncle Logan asked, his eyes burning into mine.

“Yes, please, Uncle Logan,” I said, blinking up at him through my dark lashes.

He ran a finger down my cheek. “Such a polite little slut.”

“Someone raised her right.” Dad slid his fingers out of my ass, wiped them on a towel, and then reached for his belt.

Excitement kindled in my belly as I watched him strip out of his remaining clothes. I’d been right about his cock; he was huge, thick and veiny, with a slight upward curve.

Dad chuckled when he noticed me staring. “You want to taste it first, baby?”

I’d never crawled across a carpet so fast in my life.

“Yes, please, Daddy.” I wrapped my hand around his shaft, already imagining how good it would feel to be fucked by him. I started by licking up the underside and swirling my tongue around the tip.

He threw his head back. “Oh, *fuck*, Hailee...”

I put all my best efforts into making him feel good, gliding my mouth and hand up and down his cock, sucking and licking. I memorized all his grunts and groans, paying special attention to the techniques that made him jerk forward.

“That’s enough, baby,” he said, guiding my mouth off his cock. “I won’t last long if you keep that up.”

I flashed him an understanding smile. It would probably take him a while to build his stamina back up to pre-prison levels.

“I say we take this to the bedroom,” Uncle Logan said, grabbing the lube and then helping me to my feet.

After stopping into the bathroom to wash the dried lube off his hands, Dad joined us in the bedroom, where he immediately grabbed me by the throat and kissed me. I yelped as he pulled me down onto the bed on top of him. His excitement was contagious. I ground my pussy back and forth along his cock, making him slick.

“Are you fucking her ass or her pussy?” Uncle Logan asked, climbing onto the bed behind me so he could reach around and squeeze my breasts.

My dad gazed up at me with love in his eyes. I was happy to let him fuck me in whichever hole he preferred, but part of me secretly hoped that he’d choose my pussy. There was something about taking the part of him that’d made me into the part of me where babies are made that felt...*right*. It didn’t matter if it was wrong in the eyes of society. I’d never wanted anything this badly.

I took his hand and pressed it to my belly. He seemed to understand my meaning.

“Pussy,” he said.

“You can never go wrong with the classics.” Uncle Logan gave my breasts one last squeeze and then stepped back.

My dad reached between us, aligning his cock with my entrance.

“Are you sure?” he said quietly, just to me.

I nodded.

With one hand on my hip, he encouraged me to slide down as he thrust up. We both moaned as his thick cock filled me.

“You feel so fucking good, Hailee,” he rasped. “So fucking good for Daddy.”

“You feel good for me, too.” My muscles ached, straining to adjust to his girth. But I welcomed the ache, just as I welcomed the pleasure. Everything about the moment felt like it was meant to be. I stared into my father’s eyes with the unmistakable awareness that I was made for these men.

The snap of the lube cap drew my attention back to my uncle. He’d returned to the bed to watch us while stroking himself. Knowing he was watching me fuck my dad made the whole scene even hotter.

“Ride that cock like I know you can, Hailee,” Uncle Logan said.

I braced my hands on my dad’s chest for support, as I raised my hips until only the tip of his cock remained inside. Then I slammed back down again, taking him deep and making him grunt with pleasure. He watched my curves bounce with a look of admiration and wonder, like he still couldn’t believe I was actually there, riding him. I leaned down to kiss my dad’s lips, and I suddenly felt my uncle’s hand on my back, encouraging me to relax against my father’s chest.

Uncle Logan ran his hand down my spine, all the way to my back entrance. “Are you ready to take both of us, Hails?”

“I think so,” I said, a little breathless from all the bouncing.

Dad squeezed my hips, encouraging me to stop moving while Uncle Logan took up his position behind me.

“We love you, Hailee,” Dad said. “Tell us if you need to stop.”

“Okay.” I closed my eyes and tried to lose myself in the feeling of his hands caressing my sides. We’d come so far tonight and crossed so many lines. I was ready to cross one more.

The lubed head of Uncle Logan’s cock brushed against my back entrance. He didn’t try to push inside, just teased and prodded. “You’re our girl, Hails, you know that?”

“You are,” Dad agreed. “All ours.”

A smile pulled at my lips. I focused on my breathing as Uncle Logan eased his cock forward a little bit at a time. I whimpered as the fat head slipped past the first ring of muscle.

“That’s it, Hails. You’ve got this.”

He made slow, shallow thrusts until he was all the way inside me. I felt so unbelievably full, sandwiched between my dad and my uncle. They were absolutely right. I was theirs. Only theirs.

They started to move. The pace was a little jerky and uneven at first, but they soon found a rhythm that worked. When one pushed forward, the other pulled back. Over and over. They moved together, fucking me so thoroughly that everything else fell away. This bed and these men became my entire universe, the only thing I cared about.

Sweat coated my skin. I shivered as my body coursed with overwhelming pleasure. The sound of our collective moans and grunts filled the room.

My dad’s hands tightened around my curves. “Fuck, I’m coming... Should I pull out?”

“I don’t,” said Uncle Logan.

“Ahh, shit, I can’t... Hailee... *Fuck...*”

I cried out as my dad slammed into me from below. I felt his cock throb inside me, and the understanding that he was pouring his seed into me was so exciting that I found myself staring down another orgasm.

Pleasure sliced through me. I trembled with the intensity of my climax, calling out for Daddy and Uncle Logan.

“Love you, baby—”

“We’ve got you, Hails—”

“Feels so *fucking good*—”

“*Holy... Fuck...*”

My ass and pussy tightened around them, wringing one final groan of pleasure from their bodies. They held onto me, panting and shuddering, as their cocks continued to pulse. I might have dozed off, but I was still vaguely aware of kisses being planted on my shoulder blades, my neck, my forehead.

It took a while for our breathing to recover. When they pulled out of my body, a lot of stuff came out with them. They helped clean me up, and then we spread out on the bed, giving everyone enough space to feel comfortable, with me in the middle. Always in the middle.

When I opened my eyes again, it wasn’t quite morning. I studied the water stain on the ceiling, comforted by Uncle Logan’s quiet snoring. I rolled onto my side and found my dad lying there awake.

“Morning,” I whispered. “Why aren’t you sleeping?”

“Too busy watching you.”

“Hmm.” I studied the lines on his face. Worry lines, frown lines. He had a lot more of them now than he did when he first got sent to prison. I wanted to smooth them out, as if doing so would erase all his worries along with them.

“What’s wrong?” I asked.

He sighed. At first, I thought he wasn’t going to respond, but then he said, “I dreamed we were at Humboldt Beach. You weren’t little though. You were older, like you are now.”

“That sounds like a good dream.”

“It was a good dream.”

“Then why do you seem sad?”

“Because I woke up and realized that this isn’t our apartment, and we’re still on the prison grounds.”

My heart cracked down the middle for him. I touched his arm, not sure of what to say. The things that made him sad weren't the kinds of things I could fix.

"That first time you came to visit me in prison," he said, "I told you I couldn't promise you anything, but that was a cop-out. I was afraid of disappointing you."

"You were right, though. People can leave you at any time for all kinds of reasons. You can't promise you won't get hurt, or worse."

"No, but I can take responsibility for things within my control." He stroked the side of my face. Looking into his eyes, I felt the gravity of his intention. He wanted me to know that he took my concerns seriously. "You've had to deal with a lot of sudden changes. I get why trust is an issue for you. I'm going to do everything in my power to get out of here in one piece, and to live my life in a way that makes it extremely unlikely that I'll ever have to come back."

I pressed my cheek against my dad's palm. "That's all I wanted to hear."

He kissed me softly on the lips. I closed my eyes and tried to imprint his scent and taste on my memory so I could recall it on those nights when we were apart. There would be many of them, but one day in the not-too-distant future, he would come home. This wasn't our apartment, but for a little while longer, it was a place where we could be a family.

EPILOGUE

GRAHAM

Two years later...

I FELT LIGHTER with every step I took through the prison lobby. The plastic bag containing the few items I'd decided to take with me—photos of Hailee, some books, and a surprisingly nice set of earbuds from the commissary—bounced off my thigh as I walked. I didn't even mind the cowboy at my side who'd insisted on escorting me all the way to the exit.

“Try not to come back, Mr. Whitehall,” the guard said.

“That's the plan, *pardner*.” I tipped my invisible hat, chuckling at the confused look on his face as I headed out into the sunshine.

The air in front of the prison smelled fresher than the air out in the yard. I filled my lungs with it, closed my eyes, and turned my face toward the sun. After six years of being cooped up in this soul-grinding concrete jungle, I was finally free to roam.

To be fair, the last two years had been a hell of a lot easier to stomach than the first four, all thanks to Hailee—and yeah, okay, a little thanks to my brother, too, but I wasn't about to jerk him off for it. Logan's ego didn't need extra stroking.

The purr of a car's engine approaching kickstarted my heartbeat. A white Mercedes cruised down the long drive at a speed slightly above the posted maximum. The driver's smile could be spotted from thirty yards away. My whole body vibrated as the vehicle growled to a stop alongside the curb.

Hailee burst out from the driver's seat without bothering to shut the door. She looked like an angel flying toward me in a light-pink dress with her dark hair flaring out behind her.

"I hope that thing's got a five-star safety rating—" I barely managed to get the words out before she flung herself into my arms.

I buried my face in the hair at her neck, downright giddy from the scent of her vanilla perfume. Fuck, she felt so right in my arms, with all those perfect curves pressed tight to my body.

"You two sure you want to get out of here?" Logan stood by the car, watching us with an amused grin. "I can go run a few errands and come back."

"Hell no," I said, letting go of Hailee, but not before placing a kiss on her cheek. "Get me out of this shithole."

"Yes, please," she said. "Uncle Logan, can you drive? I want to sit in the back with Daddy."

Daddy. The word was like a secret passcode for my cock. *Congratulations, you cracked it, now I'm hard as a rock.*

Hailee slid into the back with me while Logan adjusted the driver's seat to fit his legs. Resting her head on my shoulder, she held my hand for the whole ride out of Atwater, chatting about what she'd been up to since our last phone call. She'd just wrapped up her third year of college. I was always proud of her, but especially so now that she was taking more advanced courses.

We talked about her friends and the end-of-term parties she went to. Part of me was always a little anxious about the possibility of her meeting a nice guy her age and deciding she no longer wanted the complication that came with such a taboo relationship. But our girl was steadfast. She knew what she wanted: the three of us as a family, loving, supporting, and satisfying each other in every way.

"I wanted to see if I could stay home for the fall semester, but unfortunately the advanced marine bio classes can't be taken online," she said, with a hint of sadness in her voice.

I swept a lock of hair behind her ear. “Well, it’s only June, so we have plenty of time to enjoy the summer together.”

“I know. I’m just really looking forward to living with you guys all year round.”

“Speaking of living together,” Logan said from the front seat. “Hailee and I have been talking. As much as we like my place in Oregon, our girl misses the ocean. So, after she graduates, I’m going to buy a place on the coast. For *all* of us.”

I caught his gaze in the rearview mirror. He was obviously expecting me to object to this plan. In the past, I wouldn’t have felt comfortable living in a house I hadn’t paid for myself. As a single parent, I felt like I had something to prove, and that chip on my shoulder led me to make things harder on myself and Hailee than they’d probably needed to be. I’d turned down my brother’s offers to help me out financially many times.

But things were different now. Our relationship to Hailee had changed dramatically. Now that she was an adult, it was no longer my place to decide how much support she should accept from her uncle, especially when my actions were the reason he had to step in and care for her in the first place.

More importantly, I was done putting my own pride above what was right for Hailee. If the goal was for the three of us to be a family, then that meant learning to act as a family, with each person contributing to the unit. Making the people around him happy and comfortable was how Logan expressed affection.

I held his gaze in the rearview and nodded. “I think that’s a fantastic idea.”

“Do you think you’ll want to open another shop, Dad?” Hailee asked me. I’d had to close my auto body shop when I went inside.

“I’ve thought about it” I said. “I’d like to open a new place eventually, but it sounds like I should maybe wait until you’re

finished with school, and we know a little more about where we'll be living."

"That's probably the best way to do it," Logan said. "In the meantime, I'll let you work on the 1955 Porsche Spyder I picked up at an auction last month."

Hailee snickered. "Wow, Logan's going to let you touch his new baby?"

"Why not?" he said. "I let him touch you, and you're far more precious to me."

"I disagree with the opinion that you *allow* me to touch what's also mine," I said. "But I'm too keen to get my hands on your Spyder to argue."

We drove for a few hours. Instead of heading to the airport and then to Oregon, Logan and Hailee surprised me with a luxury suite at a five-star resort nestled in the Northern California countryside, with views of the mountains and vineyards.

Everything about the place screamed luxury, from the French-style architecture to the massive infinity pool. We parked in a temporary spot at the main entrance and went inside.

Hailee took my hand and led me out to look at the sculpture garden while Logan checked us into our private villa. It felt surreal to be out in the world again, especially somewhere so starkly different from anything I was used to. I was grateful that Logan had sent along a set of clothes and shoes to the prison in advance of my release, so I didn't have to roll up here in a jumpsuit. Still, I couldn't help feeling a little out of place among all the finery, and the resort staff who were uncomfortably eager to assist me.

Hailee seemed to pick up on my unease.

"We thought we'd order room service and have lunch in the villa," she said, squeezing my hand. "Does that sound good?"

"Yeah, I'd like that," I said quietly.

Our villa was down the road from the main building and up a hill, tucked back from the communal spaces and other villas. Large windows, high ceilings, and a warm, buttery color palette made the place feel light and airy. There was a massive bed and two lavish bathrooms, including one out on a balcony with a tub and a shower. The elevation as well as the mature trees around the building protected the outdoor space from being visible from the ground.

Talk about an upgrade from the last six years.

Hailee unpacked her things while we waited for room service to arrive. Having taken all of two seconds to put my things in a drawer, I went out to sit on the patio with Logan.

We sat in comfortable silence for a few seconds, gazing out at the rolling fields of grapevines. It seemed as good a time as any for a quick heart-to-heart.

“I don’t think I’ve thanked you properly for taking care of Hailee and making all of this happen. I’ll find a way to pay you back.”

“Don’t worry about that,” he said. “Just be the best damn father you can be to our girl, and we’ll call it even.”

I made sure to look him in the eye when I told him, “I will. You can count on it.”

It was a promise I intended to keep.

We ate a delicious lunch out on the patio and then Hailee suggested we go for a swim. After changing into our suits, we went back to the main building and then followed the marked path to the outdoor swimming pool.

“This place looks even better than it did on the website,” she said, peeling off her coverup to reveal her pink bikini. My mouth went dry at the sight of her curves.

The three of us went into the water. A few other guests laid out on lounge chairs and chatted at small tables, but all seemed wrapped up in their own worlds. It was a good thing, too, because Logan and I couldn’t help getting handsy with our girl in the water.

Hailee swam between the two of us. We made a game of stealing touches below the water's surface, skimming her belly or thighs with our fingertips. But that wasn't enough. We grew bolder, brushing our bodies up against her ass and breasts.

"You're blushing, Hails," Logan said. "Are you feeling okay?"

"I'm fine," she said quickly, glancing around the seating area. Our poor girl didn't seem to know what to do with herself. She was obviously horny, but at any moment, one of the resort staff or the guests could look over and see us touching her. Then again, knowing Hailee, that sense of danger was probably turning her on even more.

"Maybe you should take it easy," Logan teased. "A sweet little thing like you can only handle so much excitement."

The look she shot him—a cross between *how dare you* and *now you're asking for it*—was positively priceless. She reached for our cocks at the same time, brushing her palms over them through our swim trunks. Logan cursed under his breath. I sucked air through my teeth as she massaged the head of my cock with just her fingertips before pulling away.

"What's wrong, you guys?" she asked, pretending to sound concerned. "Are you tired from the long drive? Maybe you should go to bed early tonight. I'm sure it's hard to keep up with a younger woman at your age."

She was baiting us, and we rose to the challenge.

I swam behind her and wrapped my arms around her waist to hold her in place, while Logan captured her wrists. She wriggled but didn't try that hard to escape.

Logan brought his face close to hers and whispered, "You think we can't keep up with you? Just say the word, little Hailee, because your dad and I would be happy to prove you wrong."

The playful mood had shifted. She pressed her ass against my cock while keeping her gaze on Logan's face. If anyone glanced over, they'd certainly pick up on the sexual tension

between us. But I didn't care. I was suddenly desperate to get back to the villa.

"I'd love to see you both try," she said.

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USA Today Bestselling author Margot Scott writes boundary-pushing forbidden romance that ranges from light and smutty to dark and taboo. When she's not tethered to a coffee IV, dreaming up wildly inappropriate age-gap relationships, you can find her tucked into a quiet booth at the nearest sushi place.

