



Pregnant By My
**BEST FRIEND'S
DAD**

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

S.E. LAW

PREGNANT BY MY BEST FRIEND'S DAD

A FORBIDDEN AGE GAP ROMANCE

S.E. LAW
S.C. ADAMS

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ABOUT THIS BOOK

Ed:

I live my life to the fullest, and Club Z is a part of that. It's a place for wealthy dudes to do whatever they f*ck they want. So what if my tastes are depraved? It's the club's job to provide, no questions asked.

What I didn't expect was to see my daughter's best friend on her hands and knees at an event one night ...

Ready for anything ...

Including getting a baby in her belly!

Kimber:

Ed's my best friend's dad, but he wasn't supposed to be at Club Z that night. I even wore a mask to shield my identity!

But the mask slipped ...

Ed was one of three men in the room ...

Who tried to put a baby in me.

What kind of naughty event is this?

Well, you'll have to read and see...

*Okay there's nothing realistic about Club Z or what goes on within its walls because this is no-holds-barred insanity to the max! Let's just say that young ladies go there for a good time and come out with more than what they expect! Plus, the billionaires who patronize the club are no angels, that's for sure. But it's a fun ride, and we all love indulging in our filthy sides once in a while *wink wink*. This story is a follow-up to *Pregnant and Desperate* where once again, we link up with a saucy co-ed from Coleman University. I swear, what is going on at that school? There's only one way to find out. 😊 No cheating, no cliffhangers, and always a HEA for my heroines.*

Kimber

“So why do you want to participate in a Club Z event? And why a breeding party in particular?” Amanda asks. She’s a middle-aged woman who looks like a soccer mom. Her faded blonde hair is pulled into a low, loose ponytail, and she has jeans on as well as a pink sweater. A mid-price Coach purse perches on the chair next to her desk, and we could be anywhere in the world right now. Yet we’re actually deep in the bowels of a sex club as I interview for a particularly dirty position. Nonetheless, I try to look confident and paste a smile on my face.

“Well, because I’ve heard great things about Club Z,” I chirp. “My friends are regulars here, and they’ve told me wonderful things about the club.”

Amanda purses her lips, her expression curious.

“And your friends are?”

“Ellen Massie and Ryder Landsman,” I say quickly. “Do you know them?”

“Yes, absolutely. We haven’t seen Ellen and Ryder in a while, though.”

“It’s because they’re new parents to Lily, their baby daughter,” I reply quickly. “Have you met her yet? She’s adorable, and looks just like Ellen

with her curly brown hair and brown eyes. She even has Ellen's laugh, but higher-pitched of course."

Unfortunately, my interviewer looks totally uninterested in potentially bonding over baby talk.

"No, management doesn't have that kind of relationship with its patrons. I'm sure Ellen and Ryder will be back soon enough, however. They were regulars at Club Z before they got pregnant, and I'm certain they miss the lifestyle."

I nod because my friend's story is pretty crazy. Ellen and I used to be crazy bitches, and I mean out of this world, over the moon, beyond crazy cray-cray. We both used to attend Coleman University, although studying wasn't on the agenda much. Instead, we partied a lot, and one night, things got a little out of hand. The two of us were skinny-dipping with a bunch of dudes from a local frat, and we got naked. Like naked, naked, having sex with multiple dudes kind of naked. Like gang-bang, every hole filled, naked. It was insane, except that Ellen got pregnant. *Oops.*

Obviously, her mom was angry. Ellen wanted to go home and live there before the baby was born, but Angela was so enraged that she kicked her daughter out. Fortunately, Ellen was picked up off the street by a dude in the neighborhood, Ryder Landsman. Ryder took pity on the pregnant girl, and put a roof over her head. But a man has needs, and living with a sexy, nubile teenager was killing him. Ryder's defenses finally gave out, and he couldn't resist Ellen's ripe, ready form. They ended up having sex, even though she wouldn't tell him who the baby's dad was.

But all's well that ends well. Ellen confessed the paternity of her baby eventually, and it was a guy named Victor Navarro on campus. He's a total douche. Vic had already fathered a couple different children with a couple different girls at Coleman, so he was relieved when Ellen didn't want anything from him. In fact, Ryder is raising Lily as his own child, and they've settled into a comfortable domesticity. Meanwhile, my friend took leave from school, but I know she'll come back when her daughter's older. Ellen's a sassy girl with a determined mind, and she'll get her B.A., mark my words.

But yeah, Ellen and Ryder are how I found out about Club Z. When Ryder

was single, he would frequent the sex club to find relief, and after they became a couple, Ellen started going with him. My buddy told me about her adventures there, and let's just say that I'm not a prude, but her stories could shake a building to its foundations. Insane depravity happens at Club Z, and all with the ultimate discretion too. Privacy is important, even if they engage in the taboo on a regular basis.

Which is why it's so weird to have someone like Amanda interviewing me. You'd think that Club Z would be run by a cadre of dominatrices, or at least a representation of "The Man." A paunchy dude in a pinstripe suit who smokes big fat cigars, and who has dozens of semi-nude young ladies lounging around as eye candy. But instead, we're in one of the offices within the Club Z building, and it's bland. The small room has a metal desk with a fake-wood surface, as well as no-name hotel art on the walls, and zero windows. It hardly seems to be the lair of a Lothario.

Then again, I guess business is business. Someone has to have their head on straight in order to make sure that the dough comes in, and maybe Amanda's that person. Maybe they hired her especially because of her soccer-mom looks. That way, no one will suspect that her *real* job is to engage young women to do dirty deeds for a cadre of wealthy men.

After all, I'm here to offer myself for a particularly naughty event: a breeding party. When Ellen first told me about it, I was shocked.

"What?" I gasped. "Are you serious?"

My pretty friend nodded, her hands caressing her bump. She was probably only in her first trimester at that point, and was barely showing.

"Yes. Don't get me wrong because I've never been to one before, but yeah. Club Z puts them on sometimes. I've seen it in the event line-up."

I blink.

"But *why*? It seems so weird. I thought the club catered to filthy rich guys who pay through the nose to join. These same guys want to breed a woman?"

Ellen laughed, the sound melodious.

"Yeah, I guess. But it's not "breeding" in the usual sense, Kimber. I mean,

you're basically "breeding" a woman whenever you go without protection because we all know the pill isn't a hundred percent. But a breeding party has ulterior motives. You know how a lot of ladies have to turn to assisted reproductive technology these days?"

I nod slowly.

"Like IVF, right?"

Ellen nods, her expression serious.

"Yeah, and that shit is expensive. I mean, I heard that one round of IVF costs about fifteen thousand dollars. But one round might not be enough. You might have to repeat the process two or three times before successfully conceiving, so the total cost winds up somewhere in the ballpark of fifty k."

"*Fifty thousand dollars?*" I gasp. "But getting pregnant the natural way is free!"

"I know, right?" Ellen asks, patting her belly. "It's insane. Mother Nature is such a good bargain by comparison. But that's how much IVF costs, and I guess you could go to Mexico to get it done, but I doubt it's that much cheaper. Plus, you'd have to pay for airfare and a hotel, so costs add up."

I stare.

"Okay, but has Club Z turned into a fertility clinic? I don't get it."

"No, of course not!" Ellen laughed. "Club Z is trying to help in its own way, that's all. They have an arm dedicated to charities, fund-raising, and general do-gooder stuff. They're not *all* about debauchery, you know. Only most of the time."

I stare at my pregnant friend.

"But who does this even benefit? I'm sorry, I'm just not getting it."

Ellen winks.

"Ha ha, good question. Basically, the club's looking to help women who want to get pregnant, but who can't afford to go through the traditional IVF process. So they offer breeding parties where a woman can be "bred" by

multiple guys in the hopes that one of the little swimmers will fertilize her egg.”

I stare at Ellen.

“No way. This is too bizarre.”

“No, it’s not,” my friend says in a practical voice. “Basically, the club coordinates everything. They figure out the woman’s most fertile day of the month, and then book her for a sex party with a couple different guys who don’t mind inseminating a woman. The natural way, of course. No test tubes or turkey basters needed here!”

I sputter.

“But who would agree to this?”

Ellen looks unbothered.

“You mean, the girl or the guy?”

“I don’t know! The girl! The guy! Both!”

Ellen grins.

“Well, the girls definitely agree because the service is free. Plus, the guys are all alpha males with incredible genes. You’ve seen the members of Club Z. They’re huge, handsome, and rich up the wazoo. Who *wouldn’t* want to have a baby with one of them? You’d definitely have good-looking kids at least.”

I sputter again.

“But it’s so wrong to get pregnant at a breeding party! Even the words “breeding party” are insane. I can’t believe that this even exists.”

Ellen shrugs, tossing a brown curl over one shoulder.

“I mean, breeding parties are unconventional, of course. But everything about Club Z is unconventional. They have tons of different kinds of events, and this just happens to be one type. In fact, there are regular gang-bangs going on all the time. You know that. It’s just that this particular type of gang-bang has a noble purpose, that’s all.”

My jaw hits the ground.

“*Noble purpose?* Do you think that’s really the right choice of words?”

Ellen’s expression is smug.

“Yeah, definitely. It’s noble, because you’re saving a future mama tens of thousands of dollars that she doesn’t have.” I guffaw, growing red, but my buddy ignores me. “Plus, the guys don’t mind either. A lot of people don’t believe that genetic connection bullshit these days. A child is a child, and a lot of guys are open to helping when it comes to this kind of thing.”

I shake my head, astonished.

“Holy cow. But do the dads have input after a baby’s born?”

Ellen’s expression goes thoughtful then.

“You know, I’m not sure because I don’t know *that* much about the program. But my guess is that they figure out everything beforehand –paternity rights, paternal involvement, whose name goes on the birth certificate, and the whole she-bang. Club Z always dots its I’s and crosses its T’s. I’m sure they know how to handle the process, legally and administratively.”

I nod, my head still whirling.

“Still though,” I murmur. “How insane.”

Ellen just winks at me.

“I know how much you want to be a mom, Kimber. Maybe this could be for you,” she says in a light voice. “Give it a think.”

Most girls would shriek with indignation but I just nodded, still trying to process everything I’d heard. It’s pretty crazy, after all. There’s a sex club in town running breeding parties where girls are taken by a group of guys, with the hope that she’ll conceive after the experience. How insane is that? I swear, it’s more bizarre than any soap opera storyline.

But now, I find myself on Club Z premises, offering myself as the willing victim of a breeding party. Maybe I shouldn’t use the word “victim” because Ellen was right. I’ve wanted to be a mom since forever, and college was just

a way for me to get my MRS degree. Unfortunately, despite my best efforts, there are no potential daddies in sight, and the idea of using Club Z has been percolating in my mind for a while now.

After all, why not? Okay, so the question's rhetorical. There are a billion reasons to say no, but on the other hand, there are a billion reasons to say yes too. For example, it's hard to find a suitable guy these days. I've dated dozens of men on campus, but they don't do it for me. They're teen boys with gangling frames, acne on their chins, and backpacks slung over one shoulder. They're more interested in video games, smoking pot, getting laid, and specifically *not* becoming a daddy.

I suppose I could go on a dating website and try hunting for a dude who wants to become a father, but that sounds frustrating because I want this to happen sooner rather than later. I want a baby NOW, and unfortunately, most guys want to date, get to know you, have a long engagement followed by a big wedding, and then maybe spend a few years as a couple before actually trying to conceive. No. No way. That's far too long, and I don't want to drag things out.

But Amanda is staring at me like I've grown two heads, and I jolt back to the present.

"I'm sorry?" I say with a bland smile. "You were saying?"

"So why us?" she asks. "Why Club Z? You're twenty years old, Kimber. I'll say straight out that most of the women who come to us for breeding parties are in their thirties. They're feeling the pressure of their biological clocks, whereas you're in your prime. Young, even, to be a mother."

"Oh, I'm not young!" I say in a firm voice. "That's just what society has led us to believe. Actually, female fertility peaks in a woman's early 20's, so I'm right on time. I'm not too young at all."

Amanda nods thoughtfully.

"Yes. But what I'm saying is that most young women aren't in a rush. They know they have time to meet a guy and get pregnant the regular way. So what's driving you, Kimber? You know you don't have to do a breeding party, right? You could just sign up for a gang-bang event, and it would be

pretty much the same, except the guys would wear protection.”

I take a deep breath before looking Amanda in the eye. The blonde woman doesn't flinch, merely returning my gaze expectantly.

“The truth is that I've wanted to be a mom for a long time,” I say. “Since I was a little girl, in fact.”

“Okaaaay,” Amanda drawls. “But what else?”

I shrug.

“I can't find the right guy. The boys I meet are so young and immature, and it turns me off.”

“Okaaaay,” Amanda drawls again. “But there are thousands of men out there who'd love to sleep with a beautiful twenty-year old woman. I'm sure you could find one to father a baby.”

I shrug.

“Maybe, but maybe not. Men have expectations. Not a lot of guys are going to walk away, and let me be a mom on my own.”

Amanda shoots me a surprised look.

“So you want to be a single mom?”

“Yes,” I say smartly. “No. I mean, yes and no. I mean, I'm not sure—”

Amanda lets out a huge sigh, her blonde bangs blowing off her forehead.

“Kimber, I like you, so I'm going to be blunt. It's clear you're not cut out for this. You're not able to articulate a reason for wanting to be bred. The most you've been able to come up with is *I've always wanted to be a mom*, and unfortunately, that's not enough. I'm afraid I'm going to have to terminate this interview. Thanks for coming in.”

But as the middle-aged woman gets up to dismiss me, I shoot her a pleading look. It's time to be truthful and honest, even if the reality is embarrassing.

“Please, give me a chance, Amanda. Don't dismiss me out of hand. I want to be bred because I'm a slut, okay? I *want* to be gang-banged by a crew of rich

alpha males! I want them to claim me so that I'm oozing male seed from all of my holes. I *want* to be used like a fuckdoll, and taken for all I'm worth."

Amanda doesn't blink at my filthy words. I suppose she's used to hearing declarations like this because she merely shakes her head.

"Like I said, Kimber, you don't need a breeding party to be treated that way. You could sign up for one of our gang-bang events. It's fine. Here's my card —"

I cut her off.

"No, Amanda, *you* don't get it. What sets the breeding party apart is the chance of getting pregnant. I love rolling the dice, and playing with fire. I love knowing that multiple virile men are going to ejaculate in my pussy, and that the semen might take. I love the danger, and the risk. *That's* why I want to be a part of a breeding party."

There, my confession is out, but the middle-aged woman still isn't impressed. What the hell? You don't get young women in your office claiming to be total sluts every day, so I don't understand what I'm doing wrong.

"Kimber," Amanda says in a patient voice. "Club Z isn't about risk. It's only about the *appearance* of risk. We run background checks on our male members that would put the FBI to shame. They tell us everything about themselves, including hidden accounts in the Cayman Islands, illegitimate children, and the mistress that they kept ten years ago. The women are put through a background check as well, although somewhat different in scope – the girls get doctor's exams, birth control, psych evaluations, you name it. Don't you see? There's no risk, not really. Or if there is, we've already mapped the odds, and it's a calculated gamble. This is a tightly controlled environment because our members demand it."

I stare at her slightly-jowly features.

"Okay, but that's what I mean," I whisper. "That's what I meant to say."

Amanda shakes her head, suddenly looking very tired.

"I'm sorry, Kimber, but this club isn't for you. You're too ... how shall I put it? Naïve, yes that's the word. You're not ready for the big leagues yet. But in

five years? Maybe. Give me a call then.”

Amanda stands then, tucking a loose blonde curl behind one ear. She holds her hand out expectantly, and I take it in my own as I stand.

“Thanks for coming by,” she says, her dry, powdery palm gripping mine momentarily. “Let’s stay in touch, okay? Call me in five years, and we’ll talk then.”

I nod, trying to smile, and then turn and exit her office. I walk woodenly down a long corridor before getting in the elevator and descending to the first floor. Then I depart Club Z, and step back out onto the sidewalk.

Everything feels so weird, suddenly. It’s bright out, and birds chirp as people walk by, unaware that they’re passing a den of sin. A couple laughs and smooches briefly on the sidewalk, and a child skips with her backpack in tow. How can these people not know?

I force myself to begin to move so that I don’t look like a crazy person. But inside, my mind is churning. What just happened? I thought that I’d be hired as a breeding party girl because like Amanda said: there aren’t exactly a lot of nubile twenty-year-olds offering themselves up for the position. But I was rejected, and the disappointment stings. It’s incredible, really. I can’t believe that Club Z turned me down in favor of some thirty-five year old hussy desperate to get pregnant.

But that’s how the land lies. So what next? Do I go back to Coleman University? Continue with my classes like everything’s fine? It feels like a giant let-down, and I shake my head, still trying to wrap my brain around today’s events. I have to figure out what to do next because I’m determined to be bred, Amanda be damned.

Kimber

Head still thrumming, I step into my childhood home.
“Hello? Anyone home?”

It’s silent, not that I was expecting anyone. After all, I took Friday off for my Club Z interview because I wanted to focus. I wanted to give the interview my best shot, but look how that turned out. An ironic smile crosses my lips as I drop my bag by the front door.

Nonetheless, life goes on. Club Z is conveniently close to the suburb I grew up in, so I figured I’d come home for a long weekend. I didn’t tell my mom or stepdad that I’d be stopping by, but I’m sure it’s fine.

Plus, home looks just the way it always has. We live in a ranch-style house in a middle-class section of Hooper, Wyoming. I think my stepdad bought the house about ten years ago, and about six years ago, he met my mom and they got married. Sandra and I moved in, and I’ve considered this place home ever since.

The kitchen is a pale yellow color with a wooden dining table, and white eyelet curtains on the window over the sink. There’s a living room off to the left, and to the right is a dining room as well as a home office that my

stepfather uses on occasion. Then, a staircase leads to the bedrooms upstairs, and I smile. I know my childhood bedroom is just the way I left it. Both my mom and stepdad work, so they haven't had the time to convert it into a guest office or spare room.

It's a nice little home, and I'm grateful to Steve, my stepdad, for taking us in because before my mom married my stepdad, we were getting by, but only by the skin of our teeth. I ate the school's free lunch every day, and each fall, we had to scrimp and save for school supplies. Plus, a lot of my friends had tons of extracurriculars like piano and soccer, but I always came straight home after classes. My mom never had money for that kind of stuff because she was a clerk at the local Stop n' Save, making just a tad over minimum wage. But it's okay. I never wanted for anything, and so what if the lights got turned off on occasion? Sandra always got them turned back on, and it's not like we ever went hungry.

But our material life improved after Sandra married Steve. My stepdad has his own accounting firm, and I think he's reasonably successful. He has a stable roster of clients, and occasionally lectures on developing topics in his field. Even better, we moved in with Steve straight after the wedding, and I got my own bedroom. I settled into a comfortable middle-class lifestyle like a fish taking to water, and made friends at my new school without really ever thinking about what it cost my mom.

I only say this because Steve, while being decent, isn't exactly the handsome Prince Charming type. I get that billionaires look like Jeff Bezos, and not Brad Pitt, but Steve is just blah. He's got thinning brown hair and a paunch that his dress shirts strain to cover. It's not sexy, and it's especially gross when you can see his man boobs wobbling beneath the fabric.

Plus, Steve's just weird sometimes. He likes eating tuna straight from the tin so that the entire house stinks of fish, and collects Cabbage Patch dolls. What mid-forties man does that? Regardless, as I stroll into the living room, there are the dolls, lined up on the couch with their plastic smiling faces. Ugh. I didn't even like Cabbage Patch dolls as a child, so why does he?

Nonetheless, Steve's a successful accountant, and I was able to enjoy my teen years in part because of the material comforts he provided. So what if my mom continued to work at the Stop n' Save after her marriage? Her salary as

a clerk couldn't have been much, but I get it. Sandra believes that a woman should always have her own money, and continued to adhere to that adage even after the wedding.

But now, I plop down on the couch amid the mass of Cabbage Patch dolls. A particularly ugly one with hair like ratted silk and a blue gingham dress stares at me, and I look away with a sigh. Why are these dolls so eerie? They're supposed to be cute, but they just freak me out.

But then, I hear weird sounds. My ears perk up because someone's upstairs, and making a racket. What the hell? Sometimes Steve works from home, but his office on the first floor is empty and dark. So who could it be?

"Steve?" I called, getting up and slowly ascending the stairs. "It's Kimber. I thought I'd come home for the weekend."

The only sound is a deep 'nnnnngh' from one the bedrooms. Huh? What the hell was that?

I tiptoe down the hallway, unsure if I should even be doing this. After all, maybe my mom and stepdad are engaging in illicit afternoon sex. Maybe now that I've moved out, they take Friday afternoons off to enjoy the pleasures of the flesh.

My feet literally come to a standstill at that thought, as vomit rises in my throat. Eew. That's so gross. I almost turn around to go back downstairs again, but then I realize that the sounds are coming from my childhood bedroom. What the hell? That throws me for a loop because why would Sandra and Steve make love on my tiny twin bed? That doesn't sound pleasant at all, but another deep *unnnngh* hits my ears, and I realize it's a possibility. Wow. Just wow.

Ever so slowly, I tiptoe further down the hall. I know I should stop because the visual of two saggy forty-year-olds tumbling around naked is gross, but it's curiosity that killed the cat, right? Silently, I step in front of my room and peer through a crack in the bedroom door, which has been left slightly ajar.

It's then that I get the shock of my life because Sandra's not there. Instead, it's just my stepdad, Steve, and he's masturbating up a storm. The middle-aged man has his shirt unbuttoned, showing off the white mountain that's his

belly, and his pants are unbuttoned as he sits on my twin bed. He's got his head flung back and eyes closed as he runs his hand up and down over his shaft, but that's not the worst part. With horror, I realize that he's got a pair of my panties in his hand, and that he's using them to jerk himself off!

"Nnnngh," he grunts again. "Oh shit!"

I gasp silently, unable to contain my horror. OMG, OMG. Is this for real? Is this really happening?

But it is. Steve continues to masturbate by rubbing my panties on his pole, and as I watch, he lifts another pair to his nose for a sniff. He's got the material flipped inside out so that the crotch is pressed to his nostrils, and he breathes deep while stroking himself.

"Fuuuuuck Kimber," he moans. "Fuck yeah. Your twat's so wet and tight. Unnnnnh!"

Then, his dick shivers and explodes. A huge ream of seed arcs into the air, splattering on the shag carpet as Steve moans and grunts, his big man-boobs jiggling as he climaxes. But I've had enough. With a silent scream, I flee the second floor and stumble down the stairs, uncaring if I fall. Then I grab my bag by the door and run out of the house, rushing to get into my car. What was that? How could that have happened? My gross, disgusting stepdad was masturbating in my childhood bedroom, using two pairs of my panties, and literally came while grunting MY NAME!

Driving like a maniac, tears come to my eyes. How could this have happened? What did I do to deserve this? What did my mom do to deserve this? I cry as I drive, unable to process. My foot clamps down on the gas pedal, and I almost hit a pedestrian before swerving onto the main road. What the hell, what the hell? Even more pressing: *what do I do now?*

Kimber

I'm still shaking and crying as I sit at the wheel of my parked car. Holy shit. My stepfather is a total perv, and I just caught him at it. Did Steve see me? Did he know that I was watching? I hope not because I can't stand the thought of that man thinking about me, much less in a sexual way. He's so disgusting, and suddenly, some of my mom's actions in the past make sense. I remember how Sandra tried to convince me to attend boarding school after she got married.

"It'll be fun, honey," she said with a tight smile. "I think you could really benefit."

I cocked my head at her with a puzzled look.

"But Mom, Hooper High is fine, and you know I don't mind switching districts. There's no need to ship me off to some fancy boarding school in the Northeast. Besides, where would we even get the money? The cost for room and board, not to mention tuition, would be in the tens of thousands. How would we afford that?"

Sandra merely smiled tightly again.

"I've been saving for a rainy day, so don't worry. We'll come up with the

money. Besides, a lot of these fancy-schmancy schools have financial aid. I'm sure we can find a way."

I squint at her.

"But Mom, you make minimum wage at the Stop n' Save. There's no way we can afford years of boarding school, even with financial aid. Plus, why are you calling this a rainy day? It's not a rainy day. You just got married, Mom. You should be dancing with joy!"

Something flashed in Sandra's eyes as she took my hand in her own.

"No, it's fine," she said in a soft voice, squeezing my palm. "It's not a rainy day. I'm sorry I used that phrase. I'm just saying that this would be a natural time to consider boarding school if it interests you, Kimber. You're starting ninth grade, so it's a logical transition point."

I smile at Sandra comfortingly, squeezing her dry palm with my own.

"Hooper High is fine, Mom. It's a good school! Even better than the one in our old district. I'm fine, Mom. Now, go enjoy being a newlywed! You're leaving for your honeymoon soon, right?"

Sandra nodded, her faded blue eyes looking a little sad despite her smile.

"That's right," she murmured. "But you know what? I want you to have more opportunities, Kimber. We're going to sign you up for lots of extracurriculars so that you don't miss out on anything. I know I haven't been able to provide much more than the basics until now, but that's all going to change," she said in a firm tone. "I promise."

I merely smiled back while squeezing her hand.

"You've been a great mom, Sandra," I said in a soft voice. "You did the best you could, and I appreciate it. But sure, let's do more extracurriculars. I've always been into drama and dance."

With that, I soon found myself on the color guard team, as well as a member of the drama club and French society. Then, my activities morphed into the cheerleading squad, more color guard stuff, as well as French society *and* Italian club president. I was busy, busy, busy, and definitely took Hooper

High by storm. It was a wonderful four years, filled with laughter, tears, and the emotional rollercoaster that high school entails.

But now, looking back, I wonder if my mom had an ulterior motive in encouraging me to do so much. Did Sandra know something that I didn't? Did she sense that my stepdad was attracted to me, and tried to head things off?

It seems like it, in retrospect. I was hardly ever home before nine, and on weekends, I was out at countless rehearsals, practices, and performances. I even tried to quit cheerleading my junior year by saying that I needed to work on my grades, but my mom was adamant. Sandra said that the twice-a-day practices were part of life, and that I'd benefit from the rigor and discipline that comes with any athletic endeavor. I was surprised, but accepted her decision. Yet now, I wonder. Was Sandra just trying to keep me out of the house? Were the twice a days her way of keeping me away from Steve, and out from under his nose? Was she trying to help me evade a dirty old man, who was also my stepfather?

A shiver wracks my frame, and another sob rises to my throat. OMG, the truth is so horrifying, and yet it's there, staring me in the face. I can't believe my mom married a predator. Sure, Steve's never done anything until now, but a wife knows her husband better than anyone else. While I was blissfully going about my business, Sandra was working every day to keep her husband away from me, a nubile teen girl.

Another wrenching cry bursts from my throat. What do I do now? Where do I go? Is this the end of their marriage, if Sandra finds out? I grip the steering wheel, my knuckles white, while staring straight ahead. Where do I go from here? I'm in a parking lot of sorts, and with a jolt, I realize that I've driven back to Club Z. I suppose I could drive all the way to Coleman University, except that it would be a three hour trip, and it's getting dark. Plus, I'm in no shape for such a journey. I'm a mess with snot dripping out of my nose, and my eyes puffy and red.

With a miserable hiccup, I get out of my car, slamming the door. The Club Z edifice looms over me. It's a big, granite building on a side street, with random passersby going about their business. There's a veterinarian down the street, and a specialty coffee shop hawking Robusta beans from Vietnam on

the corner. The neighborhood looks innocuous enough and maybe, just maybe, I could take refuge at the club. Looking at the four story building, god knows that they have the space.

With a deep breath, I straighten my skirt and top. I blot at my eyes, hoping they don't look too red and puffy, and then sling my bag over one shoulder. I realize how crazy it sounds to crash at a sex club where I was just denied a job, but then again, desperate times call for desperate measures ... and I'm not above getting on my knees to beg.

Edward

I look around the darkened space with approval. Low lights glimmer in the lounge, as beautiful women serve elegantly clad gentlemen seated on low-slung sofas. The waitresses are dressed in pasties and thongs, if even that, and acres of generous female flesh jiggle and wiggle as they glide about with drink trays in their hands.

After all, this is Club Z. Granted, we're not in New York, London, or the newest hot spot, Miami. We're in Wyoming. But hey, Wyoming's also a land of vast natural resources, and there are enough rich men here to make an outpost worthwhile. Hell, given the exorbitant membership fees we pay, I'd be happy to open a branch in Mongolia with only a handful of members.

But that's by the by, because money is no issue for me, and hasn't been for a long time. As a private equity titan in the natural resources sector, I specialize in renewable resources, and bringing heretofore "impossible" breakthroughs to the masses. My firm, Encore Partners, has a knack for identifying and investing in unexpected unicorns, and just earlier today, one of our investments went public. As a result, I've just added another hundred mil to my personal net worth, and it feels good. Better than good, in fact. I'm on top of the world, and it's time to party and blow off steam.

Of course, I went out with the guys earlier. I had dinner with some dudes from the C-suite, as well as a couple drinks afterwards at a strip club. But that shit is boring. The real stuff happens at Club Z, and I sit here now in the darkness, my dick already tingling with anticipation of the night ahead.

Sure enough, a woman materializes at my side. It's a middle-aged manager, Amanda, clad in a dark dress with high heels.

"Mr. Ventura," she murmurs with a nod. "It's a pleasure to see you here tonight."

I cut her off. I'm not interested in making small talk.

"Is she ready?" I ask in a nonchalant tone. "The girl, I mean."

Amanda's not offended, and nods politely.

"She is. The other gentlemen are eager too," she says, gesturing to two men sitting just behind my shoulder. "If you'll follow me, please."

The three of us get up, and trail Amanda out of the lounge and into a darkened hallway. The décor is sumptuous, with ornate gold mirrors and a bouquet of blossoms on a gilded side table. After walking about three hundred feet, Amanda stops in front of a door.

"Gentlemen," she intones. "Before we go in, let me reiterate the rules of the breeding party. As you know, certain young women come to the club with a dream of getting pregnant. That is what we're here to do tonight. To help them achieve their goals and ambitions."

"Got it," one of the other guys rasps in a low voice. "We already know the drill." He's a burly dude clad in a dark suit with a blindingly-white shirt beneath it. In fact, the third guy is clad in a dark suit as well, and we probably look like triplets, seeing that we're all tall, dark and athletic.

"Yes, of course, Mr. Kimball," Amanda murmurs in an unruffled voice. "But I'm sure you understand that I need to review the rules before we step in. Club policy." Then, she turns expectantly to us again. "Our hostess tonight is a beautiful young woman who goes by the name Kim. She will be wearing a mask, per her request, but you will not. She will see your faces, and if conception is achieved, it will be Kim's choice to reach out to the prospective

father on her timeline.”

I shrug. I’ve done a couple breeding parties before, and they were great. The girl often wears a mask for her privacy, but my understanding is that for the right price, she’ll lose the mask. As to who’s getting paid, I’m not sure, and it doesn’t matter to me, frankly. I’m here for good times, and any talk of cash is boring.

But Amanda continues.

“Because this is a breeding party, no contraception will be used. There are no condoms in the room, and Kim is currently not on the pill. However, she has let us know that all holes are available for your pleasure tonight. She asks that you come in her pussy at least once, but her mouth and anus will also be in play.”

I nod with satisfaction, already growing hard in my pants. Good. I love sluts, and to be honest, Club Z doesn’t attract the type of girl who doesn’t let men use her every which way. Those girls go elsewhere. Maybe to Club K or Ecstasy. I don’t know, and I don’t give a shit either.

“What else?” I ask, an edge to my voice. “I think we’re ready here.”

Amanda smiles politely.

“Just one more thing. As always, the club requests discretion, both on your part, and for the benefit of the girl. Often, women come to us in desperate situations, and of course, Club Z is always here to help. With your cooperation, I know that we can accomplish what we set out to achieve. Thank you, gentlemen. I leave you to tonight’s pleasures.”

Then, Amanda opens the door before us before stepping aside. The three of us enter a small, windowless antechamber with velvet-flocked furniture and a small changing area. There’s also a two-way mirror looking into an adjoining room, and that’s when I see her. There’s a gorgeous girl strapped to a pedestal, completely nude. She’s got a mask tied behind her head, and her hands are bound behind her back. Not only that, but she’s on her belly, with her torso fastened to ropes that dangle from the ceiling. Her rose-red mouth opens silently even as her big breasts hang, and my cock jerks with lust.

Holy fuck. Dark shit is going down tonight ... and this luscious woman is

definitely getting pregnant.

Kimber

I feel like I'm a ham hanging from a hook, or even worse. Did Amanda pick this position to torture me? Probably, seeing that she's doing me a "favor" by allowing me to participate in the breeding party tonight.

After all, I was a mess when I showed up in her office for the second time today. Despite my best efforts to clean up, my mascara was still streaky around the edges, and my lipstick slightly smeared. My hair was mussed, and my top even had damp marks on it from tear tracks. That's how sad and pathetic-looking I was.

But Amanda didn't comment on my appearance.

"So how can I help you?" she asked, folding her hands calmly. "I must say, it's a surprise to see you again so soon, Kimber."

"I know," I said in a pitiful voice while shrinking into the chair before her desk. "And I'm sorry. It's just that things didn't turn out the way I thought, and I had no place else to go."

Amanda squints at me.

"How can you have no place else to go?" she asks in a puzzled tone. "I

thought you were from around this area.”

“I am,” I say in a small voice. “But my parents ... well, let’s just say I’m not in a position to stay with them, and I’ve lost touch with a lot of my high school friends. I can’t afford a hotel either, and it’s late, so I can’t drive back to school. Would it be okay if I crashed here for a night? I’ll be out of here so early that no one will notice. In fact, I could just sleep on your couch,” I say, gesturing to a cheap-looking pleather sofa pushed against the wall in her office.

Amanda shoots me a bemused look.

“You do realize that you were turned down earlier today for a job, right? You were rejected by Club Z.”

“Yes, yes, I understand,” I continue in a feeble voice. “But I’m begging you, Amanda. Please. I have nowhere to go, and you know how cold it can get in Wyoming at night. I can’t crash in my Civic. I’ll get frost bite!”

Amanda sighs because she knows I’m right. Wyoming weather is nothing to be trifled with, and short of packing me off to a shelter, it’s clear that I’m out of options. I try to look especially bedraggled, and even sniffle a bit to show that I’m in dire straits. The older woman looks at her watch, then at the clock on her wall, and then checks the time on her cell phone.

“Okay,” she sighs, giving in. “But you need to be work in about two hours, Kimber.”

“Sure, sure,” I mumble. “I can do it. Wait, what do you mean by work?”

Amanda sighs again.

“We had a cancellation. One of the girls who was going to be bred tonight isn’t coming.”

“Really?” I ask, perking up. “Why?”

Amanda shrugs.

“She said she cobbled enough money for a round of IVF. Or maybe an elderly relative died, and left her a bequest. I don’t know, and it doesn’t matter. What *does* matter is that you’re going to take her place.”

I blink, surprised.

“You’d let me?”

Amanda sighs again, her blonde head drooping a little.

“Don’t get me wrong because this isn’t something that I *want* to do. You’re in no shape to be bred, Kimber. You couldn’t articulate why you wanted it, or what made you a good candidate, other than the fact that you’re young, fertile, and promiscuous. In fact, that makes you a *bad* candidate because you’re likely able to get pregnant without our help.”

I nod, biting my lip.

“But you’ll give me a chance?”

Amanda looks weary all of a sudden.

“Yes. Sometimes sheer dumb luck is more useful than skill, ability, and talent combined. So yes, you’re in for tonight.”

I jump up with happiness.

“When? What time? How many men will there be? Eight? Ten? Twelve?”

Amanda snorts.

“No, of course not. I would never start you out on something so depraved, although some of our other girls who are hard-up definitely go that route. No, tonight there will be three men. And I insist that you wear a mask.”

“Oh, I don’t need a mask,” I begin quickly.

“Yes, you do,” Amanda replies in a firm tone. “You don’t know what you’re getting into, Kimber. This is the least I can do to protect you because there certainly won’t be much else in terms of protection. You’ll be going bareback and raw, and all three men will ejaculate in your pussy tonight, if not your ass and mouth as well. Are you ready for that?”

My head swims even as stars dance in my eyes because this is what I want. I want to play with fire and spin the roulette wheel. I want to bet against the house, and see what happens. Most importantly, I want to erase what happened today from my mind using waves of pleasure and unbridled

ecstasy.

As a result, I sit up and look Amanda straight in the eye. In a calm voice, I state, "I'm ready whenever the club's ready. In fact, I'm looking forward to being bred."

My words have never been so true, and as Amanda nods, a feeling of anticipation blooms in my breast. It's really happening. I'm going to participate in a dirty ritual with three men tonight ... and hopefully come out of it ecstatic, sated, and most of all, pregnant.

Edward

She looks gorgeous tied up like this. The woman's clearly young, judging from her creamy skin and delicate features. Yet she's got the figure of a breeder too, with the requisite big breasts, wide hips, and a beautifully plush ass.

Yet appearances can be deceiving. I've only participated in a few breeding parties in the past, but I've learned that even the lushest, most exaggerated hourglass figure doesn't mean that a woman is able to get pregnant. Hell, *all* of the women I've bred in the past have had incredibly bangin' bods with huge Double Ds and meaty, ample thighs, and yet they were supposedly all struggling with fertility issues.

It's the times, I tell you. Society informs women that they should get jobs and college degrees these days. They tell ladies that it's important to be "independent" and to "invest in themselves." I agree, up to a point. I'm a feminist for sure, and packed my daughter off to college spouting some of the very same shit.

But there's a dark underside to it all, and that's that society may have changed, but biology hasn't. Women are still at their most fertile in their teens and early twenties, the same way they have been for thousands of

millennia. What that means is if you wait too late to get pregnant, it ain't going to happen. At least not without some serious artificial intervention.

But I guess Club Z has found a way around that. After all, what we're doing isn't "artificial" in the least. Instead, the club hosts parties where women are taken by a posse of men, hard, fast, and unprotected. Hopefully, one of our little swimmers takes hold, and she gets pregnant. What happens after that is up to her. Some women want to keep in touch with the biological dad, while others don't. We men do whatever they ask of us, and it's worked so far.

So maybe I'll impregnate the little lady before us tonight. Or maybe not, because my secret is that I have low sperm count. The chances of this particular brunette beauty having a baby with me is almost zero, and that's how I like it. Sure, I bluster about being manly and claiming women and all that shit, and I even have an adult daughter as evidence of my virility. But the fact is that twenty years ago, my ex and I had trouble conceiving Jamie, and I'm sure things haven't improved with age.

But no one knows my secret, other than my ex. The club has never tested my sperm count, nor have they conducted exams on sperm motility, abnormal sperm function or blockages that prevent the delivery of sperm. Nor have they looked into past illnesses, injuries, chronic health problems, lifestyle choices or any other factors might contribute to male infertility. In short, the club exists to serve its male members, even during these so-called "breeding parties." They want their wealthy male patrons to have a good time, and if a woman gets pregnant, then great. But if she doesn't, that's okay too, because what's really important is that the men participating in the gang-bangs come out sated, dripping, and ready to renew their memberships. *That's* what holds this place up.

I shrug while approaching the nude girl. It's just business, after all, and I'd do the same if I were in management at Club Z. Fortunately, I'm not, and it's time to drill the beautiful woman before us.

At this point, the two other dudes and I have shed our clothes, and all three of us are hard and ready to play. If Kim could see, she'd likely whimper in fear because none of us are men to be toyed with. We're all sporting huge, rock-hard members, the sides thick with veins. Not only that, but we're already dripping with lust. The heads of our cocks glisten in the low lights as we

surround the beautiful woman, a bead of seed pearling at one man's tip before sliding down his shaft to coat his balls.

"Are you ready?" I ask in a low hum. The girl bites her lip as a whimper comes out of her throat. "I didn't hear you," I say.

"Yes, I'm ready," she whispers. "Please, breed me."

A low chuckle erupts from one man's throat. He's got green eyes that gleam in the low lights, his fist rubbing up and down his shaft in anticipation.

"I'll take her pussy first. You guys entertain yourselves with her other holes."

I nod.

"Sure. Just remember that we're all expected to come in her cunt tonight. It's part of the service."

The two alpha males chuckle as they take their places. The green-eyed dude circles around to stand behind Kim's bottom, while the guy with a dark crew cut moves to stand before her mouth. That leaves me Kim's anus, and my cock jerks in anticipation. I've always loved anal play, and the little filly before us has a particularly round, ripe bottom.

"So where should we start?" I rasp while the green-eyed dude and I stare at the two white moons before us. Kim's beautiful. She's got a huge, heart-shaped ass, which parts to show a delicate pink slit in between. But we need more than that. We need to get in there to fuck her holes, and as a result, I put two hands onto her buttocks and pull her creamy cheeks apart, showing off a glistening pink pussy and taut anus.

"Fuck, she's beautiful," green-eyed dude moans. "Goddamn, I need to get in there."

"She sure is," I rasp with approval. "Let's just prep her a bit." Then I hock and spit on the brunette's asshole, watching with approval as she gasps and shudders. The clear fluid coats her back door, and then drips slowly down her crack to moisten her pussy.

"You want to suck on her clit some?" I ask. "Or stick a finger in there?"

The other man shakes his head, his dick leaking copiously now.

“Naw, she’s already horny enough as is. She wants it. We’re good to go.”

It’s true because the beautiful girl has her mouth on the third guy now, and she’s sucking his dick for all she’s worth as he groans and tunnels his fingers through her hair.

“That’s it, Kimmy,” he rasps. “Fuck, I love it when a woman’s cheeks bulge with man meat. Take more,” he commands. Then, he forcibly pushes her head down so that she lets out another whimper, drool dropping off her chin now. But as we watch, her anus flexes as her pussy creams with delight.

“Yeah, she likes getting her mouth fucked,” I rumble. “Get ready, honey, because you’re about to be spit-roasted.”

The girl doesn’t have time to adjust because my green-eyed buddy mounts her then. He notches his shaft at her opening and pushes in with a loud groan, throwing his head back with ecstasy.

“Fuck, she’s tight,” he pants. “Oh shit shit shit!”

I watch with approval as he pulls his dick out, already coated in her cream. Then he goes back in, and then out, and then in, that huge rump absorbing the massive shaft like a pro. Kim’s got dog, too. Her pussy’s got a bit of skin that hugs his pole with each movement, squeezing him and begging him not to go when he pulls out.

“Fuck,” the green-eyed guy groans again. “Oh shit!”

If I’m not mistaken, this bastard’s about to come even though it’s only been a minute or two of thrusting. To push Kim to the peak, I spit gently on her anus once more, and then worm one finger into her dark hole. She gasps at the sensation, and her entire body shudders, those huge breasts swinging as she’s taken both front and back. But her asshole tightens around my digit, and a keen of pleasure escapes from her mouth as I stir my finger in her behind.

“That’s right,” I croon. “Are you ready to be bred, sweetheart? Are you ready to get your first load of come?”

Green-eyed guy loses it then. I literally feel his cock pulsing as he ejaculates deep inside our beautiful girl’s snatch, semen shooting out in great big blasts. He roars and moans, his hands squeezing her big rump as Kim screams

around the cock buried in her mouth. Evidently her throat is powerful too because suddenly, the first guy's eyes open wide as he looks at us with urgency.

“Hurry up!” he pants. “I’m going to come, oh shit, oh shit!”

Green eyed dude is lost in pleasure as he continues to pump gallons into Kim’s convulsing snatch, but the beautiful brunette knows how to help him along. She squeezes her pussy along that pole, milking him of every drop, and then reaches down between her legs to fondle his balls with one small hand. That’s right. Our little slut has enough presence of mind to force his climax, and the green-eyed dude blasts again before pulling out, his dick still dripping.

“She’s all yours,” he gasps.

The first guy pulls out of Kim’s mouth immediately, his shaft glistening with her saliva. Then he literally runs around the pedestal and takes green-eyed dude’s place behind the creaming girl, gripping her hips before shoving it in so forcefully that she’s jolted forwards.

“Unnh!” Kim screams. “Oh oh oh!”

“He’s big, isn’t he?” I ask in a soothing tone while reaching beneath her torso to massage those big breasts. “Don’t worry. You’ll be fine. You’ll survive this breeding session.” I pinch a turgid nipple, eliciting a small squeal of pleasure from Kim when suddenly, the man buried in her cunt explodes.

“Oh shit! Fuuuuuuck!” he howls. We watch with avid eyes as he pumps and dumps, his face a rictus of ecstasy as he bangs into her again and again. Kim loves it all, whimpering with pleasure as she takes the huge load. There’s so much semen, in fact, that it oozes out from where they’re joined before trickling in a white stream down one ample thigh.

“Fuck,” I mutter to myself, fisting my huge cock. “Goddamn.”

After all, this is a depraved scene, and exactly what I came tonight to experience. Kim’s been used twice already in the dirtiest of ways, and I’m closer to finishing than anticipated. She’s got me ugly-horny, is what I call it. Or maybe desperate-horny is more accurate because basically, I need into that sweet body stat, or risk coming all over her back and butt.

Finally, the second dude finishes and pulls out. Kim's twat is dripping sticky come now, the combined cream pies of both men oozing from her hole. But the sight turns me on, and I undo the ropes at Kim's ankles and wrists before flipping the lush woman onto her back, her breasts jiggling as she's manipulated into position. Then I re-fasten the ropes at her ankles so that her legs are pulled into an open vee, baring both holes for our pleasure.

It's a fucked-up sight, I'll give you that. Kim's legs are pulled obscenely wide, and her snatch overflows with the combined seed of my two compatriots. Not only that, but her folds are reddened and swollen with use, and her nipples stand up with arousal. But I can tell she wants more. Beneath her mask, she licks her lips hungrily as if awaiting the next cock with anticipation.

"Don't worry, you're going to get it," I growl in a suddenly urgent voice. "You'll have three loads of cream in your pussy in just a few minutes."

Then, without further ado, I push into Kim's squelching cunt. Oh fuck yeah, there's a lot of seed in here already and I moan at the feel.

"Fuck, I'm getting sloppy thirds, aren't I? Good thing this is breeding session." Even worse, the knowledge turns me on. I'm not a picky guy, at least not when it comes to these parties. I don't mind coating my shaft in another man's semen as I fuck a woman's pussy because it just makes things more fucked-up that way.

But Kim's tight, and her bobbling breasts and lush pout add to the picture of depravity before me. Even better, she reaches down to cup her tits, offering them to me.

"Mmm," she moans. "Unnnh."

I smile deviously, my balls beginning to rise. Then, with a shout, it happens. I burst in the beautiful woman's twat, blasting her with reams of seed. I shoot deep into her most sacred spot, coating her walls with male cream, but the sordid act doesn't stop there because her anus needs love too. With the last dregs of my self-control, I pull out of her pussy with a roar and then shove my cock into her ass. Kim lets out a shrill scream of surprise, her mouth opening in a perfect "O" of shock, but the green-eyed dude merely chuckles as he thrusts a finger between her lips.

“I had no idea you liked anal so much,” he rasps. “No worries, I’ll give it to you in the ass if that’s what you want.”

I pump again and again into Kim’s bottom, shooting the last of my spray into her rear-end. Her anal walls clench around me, massaging my shaft reflexively, and I groan with pleasure, ejaculating into her forbidden hole. But after dumping the last of my seed, I don’t stop. No indeed. Instead, I pull out, and then clamber onto the platform and over Kim’s curvy body until I’m straddling her torso. Then I tease my glans over her plush pout, leaving a gleam of wetness there, and sure enough, the girl’s swollen mouth parts as she takes my member between her lips.

“That’s right,” I rasp, watching with avid eyes. “I always like a woman to taste the flavor of her own ass, and it’s even better when she’s getting it off my dick. Suck, pretty girl,” I croon. “Enjoy the flavor of your asshole because there’s more coming.”

This is fucked-up, to be sure. But ass-to-mouth has always been a favorite party trick of mine, and if I don’t indulge during a breeding party, then when else? Yet you can never plan these things because the unexpected happens next. As Kim’s sucking her ass-taste off my dick, the second man has come up behind me, straddling Kim’s belly. He thrusts his staff into the valley of her breasts, riding those big tits, but the unexpected movement makes her mask slip a bit. She gasps, and when I look down, there’s a young girl looking back up at me. She’s gorgeous, with big brown eyes, a pert nose, and her mouth slack around my dick because it’s clear that she knows who I am.

“Mmphph!” Kim moans with shock, her mouth filled with meat.

Quickly, I shove her mask back in place, but my heart’s going at a million miles an hour because I recognized her, just like she recognized me. Kim is actually Kimber Grange, my daughter’s best friend from high school. I wasn’t keeping tabs on Kimber after she left for college, but I guess I know what she’s up to now – getting serviced at Club Z, in the hopes of being bred. What the fuck? What has the world come to? Yet as the young girl moans again, sucking throatily on my cock, I resolve to put her identity out of my mind ... *for now*.

Kimber

I wince a bit while shutting the locker door. My pussy's achy and sore, which isn't so strange given that I just had sex with three men an hour ago.

It was insane. Amanda put a mask on me, and then unseen attendants stripped me bare as I was buffed, waxed, and polished to a sheen. Then, I was led into a small room and hog-tied. Yes, they literally immobilized me with ropes, and it felt so wrong, but also incredibly delicious too. After all, I was there to pleasure three huge, hung men, and they delivered. I got three full loads in my pussy, and even now after a long, hot shower, I can still feel the seed in my most secret spot.

But the most unexpected part is that my mask slipped. I guess it's not that weird because the three guys were using my body hard, but somehow the cloth came untied a bit, and I looked up to see a huge, handsome man feeding me his dick. Not only that, but I know him too. He's Ed Ventura, my friend Jamie's dad.

I've met Ed before. He's older, of course, but he's a handsome silver fox and really, *all* the women in our small town know Ed. There aren't exactly tons of billionaire venture capitalists roaming around Hooper, Wyoming, so Ed's

always been hot property among the divorced set. He hasn't exactly been celibate either. Of course, Jamie didn't like talking about it, but there were a couple times when her dad came home with a beautiful woman on his arm. They'd say hi and everything, and then go upstairs to the master suite where Ed took his dates hard. We could hear screams and wails of pleasure, and not only that, but sometimes, his date would come down for breakfast the next morning too. She inevitably had a dazed look about her, and there was this one girl who even had crusted semen around her mouth. Yes, it was that terrible. Obviously, Jamie ignored it because how do you handle a situation like that? It was her dad's baby batter on the woman's face, and neither of us had the courage to say anything.

But Ed Ventura's never paid any attention to me. He was always Jamie's dad, and besides, during high school, I was easy to overlook. I was a scrawny thing back then, with frizzy brown hair and a smattering of acne. It was only after I went to college that my skin cleared up, I got curves, and bought my first Dyson hairdryer. I swear, that thing was so expensive but it was worth every penny because I was able to blow-out my hair into smooth, shiny waves instead of sporting the ratted tangle I had before. Boys started to look, and of course, I reveled in the attention. As I mentioned previously, my friend Ellen and I did gang-bangs with a couple frat boys in the Coleman school pool, and a good time was had by all.

But now, the shit has hit the fan because Ed Ventura looked me straight in the eye as he fed me his dick. He did more than feed, actually. He teased his dicktip along my lips, as if applying lipstick, and then slowly inched the throbbing shaft into my mouth, groaning throatily all the while.

I sucked his hardness eagerly. It had a strange, tangy taste which I understand is the flavor of my anus, and while being gross, it also turned me on. I loved knowing that I was sampling the taboo, and having three alpha males lead the way only made me want it more.

It's that other dude who climbed up behind Ed who ruined everything. I don't know what he was thinking. Or rather I do, because that guy squatted over my belly, and then began fucking my ta-tas. My breasts are huge, creamy, and jiggly, so I get it. They're a turn-on for dudes. But this guy was particularly vigorous as he thrust between my tits, and my blindfold came loose with the first rough push.

Time came to a standstill. I blinked, dazed, as Ed and I stared at each other, his cock still buried between my lips. I let out a muffled gurgle, but the older man moved fast. Even as harsh streaks appeared on his cheekbones, he twitched my mask back in place and then pushed even deeper into my throat.

“That a girl,” he rasped. “Mmm, I love seeing a girl enjoy cock.”

I sucked hard, even as inside, I quivered with fear because now my secret’s out. Someone in the little town of Hooper knows that I was bred, so what do I do? Will Ed tell my parents? Will Sandra faint when she finds out what I’ve done? I love my mom, and I don’t want to hurt her in any way. I’d never forgive myself, when she’s already done so much for me.

Trembling, I turn away from the locker and make my way out into the hallway of Club Z. It’s deserted, thank goodness, and I begin to make my way quietly down the corridor back to Amanda’s office, when suddenly, an iron hand clamps around my upper arm. I spin around in shock, and unfortunately, it’s Ed himself.

“Mr. Ventura,” I gasp as my heart races. “What are you doing?”

The handsome man snarls.

“I could ask you the same question, sweetheart. Now, why don’t we have a little talk?”

Dumbly, I nod as he pulls me into an adjoining room. He seats me on a couch and then pins me with a look. The man’s terrifyingly handsome, like a warrior-god come to life with his broad shoulders and penetrating blue gaze.

“Talk, Kimber,” he commands in a harsh tone. “I want to hear it.”

I open my lips, but what could I possibly say? That I wanted it? That I begged to be bred? That the three on one was one of the best experiences of my life, even if the mask slipped? My mouth opens and closes like a dying fish, but Ed’s piercing stare doesn’t relent. The alpha male’s demanding an explanation ... and I have no choice but to find one.

Ed

What the fuck is she doing? Why would a gorgeous co-ed like Kimber Grange attend a breeding party, allowing three men free use of her curves while sucking and kissing her big tits? Why did she want us to deposit our seed inside her steaming snatch, while crying and moaning with pleasure as she came? Even now, I can see how luscious the young woman is. Those big breasts tremble as she stares up at me, and the pink flicker of her tongue drives me crazy. I want her to suck my shaft again ... before I put it in her ass once more.

But I need answers, and I pin her with a glare.

“What the fuck were you doing? Why are you even here?”

Kimber takes a deep breath before answering.

“I could ask the same of you, Mr. Ventura.”

I snort.

“I’m an adult male, Kimber. I do what the fuck I please, and I’ve been a member of Club Z for a long time now. But what do *you* get out of it? You don’t even get paid for this shit! Don’t tell me you want to get pregnant.”

Kimber stares back at me, her brown eyes wide.

“It may surprise you, but I *do* want to get pregnant.”

I come to a full stop.

“Aren’t you in college though?”

She nods.

“Coleman University, but it doesn’t fulfill me. I’m not interested in my classes, and academics has never really been my thing. You know I was really into cheerleading back at Hooper High, not to mention French society and Italian language exchange.”

I nod, my eyes still fixed on that curvy body.

“But why do you want to get pregnant so badly, sweetheart? You have your whole life ahead of you! You don’t have to participate in a breeding party where three anonymous dudes pleasure your holes in the hopes of impregnation.”

Kimber merely shrugs again, looking away with her delicate jaw set.

“It’s just what I want. Like I said, I’m not really into school, and I’ve always wanted to be a young mom. Club Z was okay with it, and so I showed up tonight. You liked it too,” she says, swiftly turning to face me. “You had a good time in there, Mr. Ventura, so don’t go pointing fingers now.”

I sigh while taking a seat across from the curvy girl.

“Yes, but I’m an adult, honey. You understand the difference, right? You’re all of what? Eighteen? Nineteen?”

Kimber shrugs.

“I’m twenty, and a sophomore at school. It’s fine. I know what I’m doing.”

I just barely stop myself from rolling my eyes.

“Sweetheart, when I was twenty, I was banging girls left and right, hoping that I *wasn’t* getting anyone pregnant. I don’t understand why you’re so dead-set on being a mother!”

Kimber merely shrugs again like it's no big deal.

"It's just what I want," she says in a low voice. "Babies are cute, and I'd be a good mom."

Clearly, this talk isn't working. The young woman's being obtuse, and it's like speaking to a brick wall.

"Tell me what's going through that pretty head of yours," I coax. "There must be something else driving you to offer yourself up for a breeding session. What is it? Did you just go through a bad break-up? Did some boy at school break your heart?"

Kimber casts me a disdainful look.

"For your information, no and no. No one broke my heart, and I'm totally fine. Thanks for asking."

I do roll my eyes this time. Adolescents can be so rude, and yet I'm determined to get to the bottom of this story.

"What happened then?" I ask in a low voice. "You can tell me, honey. Nothing is wrong or off-limits, and I won't blame you for anything. I just want to know, that's all."

At those words, Kimber's bottom lip begins to tremble, and I have to stop myself from leaning forward to kiss her. I want to take the curvy girl in my arms, and cuddle her in my lap before making all her troubles fly away. But first, she has to tell me what's on her mind, otherwise I can't be of any help.

"It's my stepdad," she says in a low tone, staring at the carpet before us. "I didn't want to stay under the same roof as him, so I left. It's too late to drive to school, and I don't have money for a hotel, so I came here. They said I could stay here for the night, so long as I participate in a breeding party. But I wanted it," she adds quickly, looking up at me. "I interviewed for the position and everything, so the timing worked out."

I gawk, trying to process the information.

"So you came to Club Z because you needed a place to stay the night."

She nods.

“Yes. It was an emergency.”

“And what did your stepdad do to make it an emergency, may I ask?” After all, I know Steve Forster. Not well, but I know *of* him because we’ve both lived in Hooper for years.

Kimber bites her lips, her eyes suddenly filling with tears. Oh shit. I’ve clearly hit a nerve, and my hackles go up.

“Well, it’s just that...” she begins. But then she shakes her head. “No, I can’t say,” she says in a low voice. “It’s too awful.”

I fix her with a hard look.

“Did he hurt you? Are you okay? Do you need to go to the hospital or the police station?”

She shakes her head miserably, tears coming down her cheeks now.

“No, it’s not those things. But I’m just shaken, okay? I couldn’t stay at the house tonight. I’m sorry, I just couldn’t.”

The weight of the world comes crashing down on me then. Clearly, some fucked-up shit is going on at Kimber’s home, and this isn’t the place to pry it out of the young woman. She needs TLC and aftercare, and I don’t want to do it in this den of sin. As a result, I stand before offering one big hand to her.

“It’s fine, sweetheart. You don’t have to say right now if you don’t want to. Let’s just go home, and have a hot meal there. You’ll be fine, Kimber.”

She looks up at me, so beautiful in her sadness that my heart aches.

“Home? You mean, your house?”

“My house,” I affirm with a low growl. “You’ll be able to get some dinner into your belly, and you can stay in Jamie’s room for the night. My daughter’s at school, so there’s plenty of space. You’ll be fine, Kimber.”

With that, the beautiful woman slips her small palm into mine, and allows me to lead her out of the room and off Club Z premises. I exhale with relief once we depart the property because there’s something special, pure, and even innocent about Kimber Grange. I know how ridiculous those words sound,

but it's true, and I want to protect her. I want her to be happy, and to see those beautiful lips wreathed in a smile. I want her to bubble with joy, and to smile at me in that special way she's got.

Of course, I have no idea where these feelings are coming from because just an hour ago, three men were using Kimber's curvy body in an especially sordid manner. She winces a bit as she walks next to me, and I know it must be because her bottom and pussy are achy from accommodating the three of us again and again. But it doesn't matter. For the time being, I'm taking the young woman home, and she'll be safe and cared-for while under my protection.

Kimber

“**H**ey girl,” Jamie drawls into the phone camera. “It’s so weird to see you in my old room! What’s going on?”

I nod and giggle because it’s been a week since I went home with Ed. He lives in a huge mansion and offered me one of his guest bedrooms, but I didn’t want to make trouble. Instead, I took my friend’s childhood bedroom, and immediately went to sleep.

Then, life continued. I got up the next day with every intention of driving back to Coleman, but a crying jag stopped me. Mr. Ventura found me in tears over my cereal, and convinced me to stay. He said I needed some time to process recent events, away from the hustle and bustle of school, and as a result, I stayed here in Hooper. I haven’t quit school though. Instead, I’ve been watching my lectures online, and doing the whole remote thing for homework. I suppose I should thank the pandemic because everything’s available electronically now.

Plus, this week has been peaceful, and I was able to regain some of my sanity. The image of Steve masturbating with my panties still flashes before my eyes sometimes, but I don’t start immediately crying anymore. Instead, I close my eyes and breathe in through my nose before exhaling through my

mouth. I focus on breaking the depressing spiral that my mind has a tendency to pursue, and force myself to think of other things. Brighter things. Like my friend Jamie, and her father, Ed.

“So what’s been going on?” Jamie asks on the phone while popping a couple of gummy bears into her mouth. “Isn’t my bed so uncomfortable? I think it’s called a princess twin, but there’s nothing princess-y about it other than the gilded headboard. The mattress feels like it’s full of straw sometimes.”

I laugh.

“No, it’s fine. I admit, the mattress is a little narrow, and it’s a bit weird to wake up with all your stuffed animals staring at me, but it’s been nice here with your dad. Ed’s been very kind.”

Jamie nods.

“Yeah, my dad can be generous and open-hearted sometimes. It’s weird because I know they call him a shark at work. He supposedly whips all these entrepreneurs into shape, and gives them no quarter to fuck around. But then again, when it comes to making money, Ed Ventura is your guy. My dad has a knack for that shit.”

I nod.

“Making money isn’t a bad thing, Jamie. I mean, look at this,” I say, gesturing to her bedroom, which is about the size of my parents’ entire house. “You grew up with this. Plus, NYU is expensive, and your dad’s paying your tuition, right?”

Jamie pops another gummy bear into her mouth.

“Yeah, and tuition’s through the roof. Something like sixty K. I don’t even know. But yeah, my dad’s footing the bill, so I’m grateful that he’s good at his job. Shit could be a lot worse.”

I nod because I’ve taken out loans to attend Coleman University, and even with financial aid, the debt burden is significant. That’s another reason why I hate school. I’ll be leaving the university with somewhere around thirty thousand in loans, and it’s going to be difficult to pay them off in any kind of timely manner.

But right now, I'm just looking to get away from it all for a short while. My life has been so insane that it's been tough to wrap my head around recent events, and I'm grateful for this peaceful interlude in the Ventura household. Meanwhile, Jamie fixes me with another look.

"So you know I have to ask, girlfriend: what brings you back to Hooper?"

I bite my lip. I don't want to tell my best buddy about Club Z because it'd inevitably require some mention of her father, and I have no idea if Jamie knows about her dad's secret life. Instead, I focus on my own family.

"Well, you know that I was coming home for the weekend, and I stopped by my parents' house."

Jamie nods, sipping at a Coke.

"Yup yup. Sounds good."

"Well, when I went inside, my stepdad Steve was there."

"Okay," she says with a casual shrug. "He works from home sometimes, right?"

I nod.

"Yeah, but Jamie, Steve wasn't working. He was in my bedroom."

At that, my friend pauses with a handful of gummy bears halfway to her lips.

"He was? Why? Doing what?"

I feel tears spring to my eyes again.

"He was masturbating," I say in an anguished whisper. "He was using my panties to rub his pole, and then he lifted a second pair to his nose and sniffed the crotch."

Jamie's mouth drops open so far that a red gummy bear literally falls out. I see the candy cling to her t-shirt before dropping off the screen, but she doesn't even bother to clean it up.

"*What?*" she whispers. "Are you serious?"

I nod.

“I haven’t told your dad yet. When I bumped into Ed, I told him that some stuff was going on at my house, but I wasn’t specific about what it was.”

Jamie nods.

“Oh my god, don’t tell my dad because Ed will go ballistic. You know my dad works out all the time, right? He’s in great shape for a dude in his forties, and he’s been a judo black belt since I was a kid. If you want your stepdad to continue living, absolutely, and I repeat absolutely, do *not* tell Ed.”

I sniffle.

“Yeah, I don’t know what I want to happen to Steve. I mean, it’s so wrong. But then again, my mom’s married to him, and the only reason why I was able to attend Hooper High was because he supported us. You know my mom still works as a clerk at the Stop n’ Save, right?”

Jamie wrinkles her nose at me.

“Still? Why? I thought Steve was a successful accountant.”

“He is,” I nod. “But Sandra’s always had this thing about women having their own money, so she never gave up her job.”

Jamie nods.

“Makes sense. My dad says stuff like that sometimes, as if I’m not his only heir. But does your mom know about your stepdad’s perverted ways?”

I shake my head.

“I don’t think so.”

“But do you think she suspects?” Jamie presses. “I mean, wives always know about this kind of stuff, even if they don’t acknowledge it out loud. Plus, I feel like Sandra has an inkling. Remember how she always wanted you to sleep over at our house? And how I could never stay over at yours? Maybe it’s because she suspected something about Steve.”

I nod slowly while staring at my hands.

“I know,” is my soft acknowledgment. “I started thinking back, and the truth is that I think Sandra suspects something nefarious, and was trying to protect me along the way. Not just with the sleepovers and stuff. She always wanted to get me out of the house, period. She encouraged me to join all those clubs, and to take on color guard and cheerleading, and she even wanted me to try out for band, supposedly because I’m so good at the flute. We both know that I’m shit when it comes to playing an instrument, Jamie. But I think maybe that Sandra just wanted me out from under Steven’s nose.”

My pretty friend nods slowly.

“Holy shit. So Sandra probably knew.”

I nod miserably.

“I think so. It’s awful, right?”

Jamie squints.

“Why doesn’t she just divorce him? I mean, she has a job, and you’re in college now.”

I shrug, visibly deflating.

“I don’t know, girlfriend. I really have no idea.”

Jamie shakes her head, her brown tresses waving about her shoulders.

“I’m so sorry to hear about this, Kimmy,” she says in a soft tone. “If I could give you a hug through the phone, I would.”

“I know,” I reply in a sad voice. “This is just insane, that’s all. No one expected this.”

“No one indeed,” replies Jamie, her gaze full of sympathy. “But don’t tell my dad if you want Steve to survive. I just know that my dad would beat the shit out of him if he found out. Then again, if you *want* your stepfather to get a brutal beating, then absolutely tell my Ed about what happened to you.”

I smile half-heartedly.

“Thanks, Jamie. I’ll keep that in mind. But what’s going on with you? How’s NYU?”

“It’s okay,” she says in an off-hand manner. “New York is amazing. I love Manhattan.”

“Any cute guys?”

She blushes.

“Sort of.”

I raise an eyebrow.

“Okay, but what does that mean?”

My buddy giggles.

“It means that I have a ‘special arrangement’ going on with a very handsome man. He’s older.”

I stare at her.

“Like a professor? Or TA? And why is it called an arrangement? You know you don’t need to be a sugar baby. You have so much money!”

“I know,” Jamie winks. “And no, it’s not a professor. Oh my god, my professors are so elderly and gross. They have gray hair sprouting from their nostrils, and big paunches too. There’s nothing sexy about the faculty.”

I stare at her.

“So who is it?”

She shrugs.

“I’ll tell you some other time, but let’s just say that he likes his coffee.”

I wrinkle my nose in confusion.

“Do you have a crush on your local barista? Is that it?”

“No,” Jamie rolls her eyes. “How many baristas are in their forties, besides? No, this guy is rich, powerful, and yes, he enjoys his coffee. He wants me to enjoy *my* coffee too,” she adds.

I shake my head.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about, James, but it sounds sordid already.”

“I know!” she laughs. “That’s why I like it. Older men are the best,” she sighs with a dreamy look in her eyes. “I’ll never date young dudes again.”

This would be the perfect time to bring up the fact that I hooked up with Ed at Club Z, but I bite my lip. Something tells me that the information should come from her dad, and not from me, so I merely stay mum while offering her a smile.

“Cool, cool,” I say. “You’ll have to tell me more about this guy. Only when you’re ready of course.”

Jamie perks up and grins at me.

“Of course, girlfriend! Besides, I’m coming home soon for a visit. Will you still be in Hooper?”

I shake my head slowly.

“I don’t know,” is my truthful reply. “Your dad said that I can stay as long as I like, and you know everything’s remote these days, so I’m just going to school on-line. Heck, my grades are probably improving because there are fewer distractions here. So I might still be here when you visit,” I say, gesturing to the room around me. “Living in your childhood bedroom.”

“Stay as long as you want!” my friend laughs. “Just don’t let Mr. Bear bully Pink Unicorn. The two of them have never gotten along, and Mr. Bear can be aggressive sometimes.”

I roll my eyes while giggling.

“I won’t. Bye girlfriend. Talk soon!”

My friend waves and shuts off her cell, our screens going dark. But once the conversation’s over, I wonder if I’ve done the right thing. After all, I didn’t tell Jamie the entire truth. I didn’t lie, exactly, but I didn’t lay everything out either, because the truth is that her father and I have been making love ever since we got back from Club Z. It started out innocently enough. I went straight to sleep in her childhood bedroom, and the fact is that I still nap here

sometimes during the afternoons. But otherwise, Ed and I have found pleasure in each other's arms, and most nights, my best friend's dad takes me every which way as I moan and shudder in his big California king.

Is it wrong? Is this a lie of omission? There's been so much going on, but the fact is that Ed helps keep me sane. My climaxes at his hands help me relax, and he often draws a bubble bath for me afterwards, tenderly washing my hair and stroking my curves as I luxuriate in the scented water.

Then, we enjoy a meal together, and talk. Of course, I haven't told him about my stepdad because like Jamie said, I know Ed would fly into a rage, and I don't want any bodily harm to be inflicted. Instead, I want to take things at my own pace. But what does that mean? Should I go to the police? To my mom? To a women's shelter? Or back to school, and just ignore everything that's happened? I'm so confused, and at the moment, my nights in the handsome man's arms are the only thing I look forward to. As a result, for the moment, I'm going to stay under the care and protection of Ed Ventura because I need the alpha male, and what only he can provide.

Ed

“**Y**ou know you can tell me anything, right?” I murmur in the beautiful woman’s shell-like ear. Everything about Kimber is so gorgeous, and I’m grateful for the day that I encountered her in Club Z. Who would have thought that I’d fall for a breeder? Yet I have because Kimber’s everything that I want in a woman. She’s lush, ripe, and lovely, with an innocence about her even though clearly, something’s darkening her eyes at the moment.

“What is it?” I press again. The beautiful girl sighs before languidly stretching her arms over her head. We just made love, and her thighs are still sticky with my seed. Yet we’re so comfortable with one another, that Kimber hasn’t bothered to clean it off. Instead, she says she likes having my fluids on and in her. She enjoys it when my semen trickles down her leg, or when a gush comes rushing out unexpectedly at the oddest times. To be honest, when she tells me such things it only turns me on, and I’ve asked her to inform me when my semen rushes out of one of her holes because I want the opportunity to kneel before the curvy girl, and to clean her up with my tongue. That’s right. I’ll literally eat my own cream pie if it means tasting Kimber’s sweet snatch and ass again.

Not that I haven’t enjoyed myself the past week, cream pies or not. We’ve

engaged in a flurry of lovemaking, and it truly is lovemaking and not just sex because Kimber's vulnerability lends incredible dimension to our intimate sessions. We find ourselves staring into each other's eyes with passion whenever I enter her. There's plenty of kissing too, and the young woman spends the night in my bed. We've told Jamie that she's staying in my daughter's childhood bedroom, but hell if I'm sleeping on that narrow twin mattress.

But when I press her again about what's on her mind, Kimber turns her face away, refusing to meet my eyes.

"You can tell me about Steve Forster," I say in a low voice. "I won't do anything that you're not comfortable with."

Those words make her turn to me with a wry smile.

"Really? Are you sure you won't karate chop him so that his head falls off?"

I grunt.

"Okay, I might do that if it's bad enough, but you can tell me, honey. I mean, don't you feel comfortable in my house? In my arms? I've done everything to make you feel at home."

A shadow passes over Kimber's beautiful brown eyes, and immediately, I regret my words. I don't want to make her feel worse than she already feels. The curvy co-ed is clearly juggling with some serious shit, and maybe I've crossed a line.

"Well, if you don't feel comfortable with me, then how about a therapist?" I ask in a convincing voice. "I'll pay for it, honey. A professional works wonders, and I've even been to therapy myself in the past."

She shoots me a look.

"You have? Really?"

"I have," I nod. "It was a long time ago, but I think it helped a lot."

Kimber throws a curious look my way.

"But for what?" she asks. "Sorry, I know it's an invasion of privacy. It's just

hard to imagine the powerful, charismatic Ed Ventura confiding in a therapist, or seeking that kind of help whatsoever. You seem invincible a lot of the time.”

I pinch her bottom, making her squeal.

“No one’s invincible, honey. But even the manliest manly man goes through tough spots, and we all have ups and downs in life. You’re not the only one.”

“Yes,” Kimber muses. “I know. Thanks, Ed.”

I let out a silent sigh of relief because I’ve avoided talking about the reason why I went to therapy, which is my low sperm count. I suppose now would be the perfect time to bring it up, and to show that we all go through phases which seem terrifying and unpredictable. I should share this confidence with Kimber in order to reveal my true self, and yet I keep my mouth shut. Why? I’m the one who’s been preaching open minds and open hearts, and yet here I am, being completely shady. What a fuck up.

Yet, the knowledge that I had low sperm count threw me for one more than twenty years ago. I wince internally at the memory because Kimber hit the nail on the head. I had an image of myself as a virile alpha male, and when my ex had trouble getting pregnant, I blamed it on her. It wasn’t the rational thing to do, and I put Kathy through the ringer because I was so frustrated. It was only after a year of my ex-wife submitting to every test under the sun, that the doctor thought to ask me to get tested as well. To everyone’s shock, it was me who’d been the problem all along. Evidently, some dudes have a low sperm count for no apparent reason, and I was one of them.

But the damage was already done. Although we conceived Jamie shortly after, Kathy was hurt by my recriminations and misplaced frustration. It wasn’t her fault, but for over year, I’d acted as if it were. We divorced soon after, and I don’t blame my ex for hating me. I don’t even think Kathy hated me at that point anymore. I think she just couldn’t envision a life with me anymore, and we went our separate ways.

But this is too much information for Kimber because the sweet girl’s only twenty. She doesn’t need to hear about my baggage, and the fact that I was a cruel and unrelenting husband. She doesn’t need to hear about the infertility struggle that my ex and I went through, nor the damage I caused which took

years of therapy to repair. Instead, Kimber's young, fancy-free, and innocent. She doesn't need to hear about an old codger's sad history.

As a result, I just take her small hand in mine while pressing a tender kiss to her shoulder.

"It's fine," I say in a soft voice. "We'll figure everything out. But can I ask one thing, honey? Are you dead set on getting pregnant?"

Kimber's face brightens then, so much so that she's almost beaming with joy.

"Oh yes," she breathes. "I'd love to have a baby, and Ed – you know that we haven't been using protection, right? And you haven't been pulling out."

I pull her in close for a deep kiss, ravishing her mouth.

"Sweetheart, I never pull out. I always come deep in a woman's body, wherever it's her ass, pussy, or mouth."

She giggles a bit.

"I know, Ed, which means that it's going to happen sooner or later. I'm only twenty, and very fertile. Look at me," she giggles, gesturing downwards to her nude form. "I have big boobs, child-bearing hips, and ample thighs. I was made for being pregnant."

I stare admiringly at the acres of creamy flesh before reaching down to toy with a nipple. It grows hard beneath my fingers as Kimber sucks in a delighted sigh.

"Yes, you were made for bearing children," I rumble appreciatively. "And I hope you get pregnant with a little girl who looks just like her mother, with the same curly brown hair and vivacious vibe."

"Vivacious vibe!" Kimber giggles. "What kind of baby is vivacious?"

"Your daughter will be vivacious," I growl, pressing another kiss to her lips. "I guarantee it. You'd look beautiful pregnant, Kimber."

She almost explodes with happiness then, even as I curse myself internally. Again, this would be the perfect time to reveal my dark secret – that likely, I can't get her pregnant for biological reasons beyond our control. Yet I keep

mum as she kisses me once more, and our love play begins again. Life is too good at the moment, and I don't want to stop. I want to enjoy the sassy girl in my arms for as long as I can ... and as long as she'll let me.

Kimber

Well, my life has definitely taken a left turn, that's for sure. It's been two months since I started living with Ed Ventura, and there are no signs of me moving out. Instead, I take on-line classes during the day while working towards my degree at Coleman. Then, I cook a light dinner, and when Ed comes home, we eat together. It's wonderful spending time with the handsome man, and our conversation is always lively and engaging, not to mention the fireworks that take place afterwards. Each night, we repair to his bedroom for crazy shenanigans, and I have to say that I'm often sore and achy the next day. In fact, it's a wonder that I'm not pregnant yet, although I'm sure it's just a matter of time.

Humming happily, I let myself into Ed's home office on the ground floor. The truth is that I'd love to have the handsome venture capitalist's baby. Wouldn't that be amazing? I can already see it – a baby boy with Ed's blue eyes and the same dimple in his left cheek. He'd gurgle and coo, and have Ed wrapped around his little finger. Oh yes, the older man would turn into a bowl of mush out of adoration for his son.

Plus, I can already imagine Jamie's shock if I told her that I was expecting a baby with her dad. It would be her first sibling, and granted, the family ties would be incredibly tangled. Yet it would be okay. Jamie's an understanding

person, and while she'd be surprised, I have no doubt that my friend would come around because she only wants what's best for me, as well as her father. Besides, I'm sure my buddy already suspects that something's brewing. After all, I've been living in her childhood bedroom for two months now. Clearly, something's keeping me here, and it's not her collection of stuffed animals.

Now, however, I'm just enjoying myself. I've done my required reading for the day, and the lecture on entomology was incredibly boring, as expected. As a reward for sitting through the entire thing without nodding off, I'm allotting myself some time to do free reading. Ed's got a ton of books in his study, and I'm sure I'll find something that will captivate me.

I walk around to the bookshelf behind his desk. Hmm. There's Nietzsche, Voltaire and Noam Chomsky. Okay, this isn't the right section because I was looking for something more along the lines of a beach read, and these tomes are way too serious. There! Across the room, I spy some books with yellow and pink spines. Maybe Ed doesn't read romance, but surely, those books have to be more lighthearted than the very serious philosophers in this corner.

But as I sweep my gaze towards the other side of the office, my eyes land on a piece of paper on Ed's desk. It's unfolded, and I don't mean to read it. It's just that the words are practically staring up at me, and the message is succinct.

MR. VENTURA,

Your appointment for a vasectomy at Concorde Medical is confirmed for Thursday, June 7, at 2 p.m. Please arrive ten minutes before your stated appointment time.

Yours,

Concorde Medical

I GAPE at the piece of paper, unable to process for a moment. What is this? Ed's getting a vasectomy? But why? How? I thought we were trying to

conceive together.

A horrific realization assaults me then. Ed's been lying this entire time. We haven't been using protection, and he's been telling me that he's excited to become a father again. He's been coming in me non-stop, breeding me repeatedly, and yet all this time, he's been planning to get a vasectomy.

Betrayal rushes through my veins, so strong that it makes me feel faint. My balance falters, and I reach a hand out to steady myself against the wooden desk. How can this be happening? And *why* would Ed do this? If he doesn't want to have more children, why didn't he just tell me? Why wasn't he honest?

It's because he's an older dude who wants to keep a good thing going, the voice in my head whispers sibilantly. Ed knows you'll leave him if he told you that he doesn't want kids. So he kept mum in order to get the free sex.

I blink, unable to process. Is this true? Yet in my heart of hearts, I know it's true because I was being upfront and honest when I said I wanted to be a young mom. I absolutely want to have children, and if not in the next year, then sometime in the next five years. Yet this vasectomy speaks of another reality altogether. The appointment means that Ed has no intention of giving me children, either now or ever.

Hurt crashes in waves on my head. A pain rips through my chest, so powerful that I fall to my knees in the study, gasping for breath. I lower my face, trying to get oxygen into my lungs because this is too much. Ed doesn't want children. Not with me, and not with anyone. A vasectomy is permanent ... and these last two months have been nothing but a lie.

Kimber

I rush into the kitchen of my parents' house. My face is flushed and my hair askew, but I don't care. I had to get away from Ed Ventura, and this is the only place I know.

"Mom? Steve?" I call.

There's no answer for a moment, but then the kitchen door swings open and my stepfather slinks into the cheery yellow space.

"Hey there," he says in a sibilant voice. "How's it going Kimber? We weren't expecting you."

My chin trembles as I struggle not to cry.

"Is my mom here?" I ask. "Where's Sandra?"

Steve shrugs.

"Probably at her job. It is the middle of the day."

I grip the kitchen counter, about to hyperventilate again. This is the last thing I want – being stuck in a small space with my stepdad, the pervert.

“Hey, are you okay, sweet ‘ums?” he asks, suddenly concerned. “You’re looking mighty faint there.” I grit my teeth. More likely, I look like I’m about to have a heart attack, and the middle-aged man doesn’t want to have an emergency on his hands.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” I say before shooting a strained smile at Steve. My stepdad’s not bad-looking, to be honest. He’s slightly paunchy, but he still has a full head of brown hair and a disarming smile. He looks trustworthy, which I guess you have to be if you’re keeping other peoples’ books.

But still, I can’t get the image of Steve masturbating with my panties out of my mind. Instead, I merely smile tightly again.

“So listen, just tell Sandra I stopped by, okay?” I say. “Tell her to call me.”

Then I turn, intending to sit in my car and wait. I don’t care if it looks weird because I can’t be in a confined space with this disgusting man. But Steve gets a sly smile on his face.

“You know, Kimber – *I know.*”

I stare at him.

“You know what?”

He shrugs slightly with a smile.

“You know.”

“No, I don’t. What are you getting at, Steve?”

His eyes gleam and I can practically see the flicker of his reptilian tongue.

“I know that you saw me that day in your bedroom. You saw what I was doing.”

Bile rises in my throat. Oh shit. We’re going to have to discuss that day? I manage another tight smile.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Don’t pretend,” Steve sing-songs. “You saw me in your bedroom touching myself, and yes, I was thinking of you baby. I have a collection of your

panties stashed away. You left quite a few pairs after you left for college, and I've been enjoying myself with them."

I stare at him.

"No."

"Yes," my stepfather sing-songs again. "And may I just say that your twat is so fragrant and pungent that I've been able to use your panties for two years now without a problem. I can smell that cunt-smell even from here, Kimber, and it's delicious. There's nothing quite like it."

I stare at him, hissing with ferocity now.

"You know what? You're fucking disgusting, Steve. Don't talk to me. Don't even *look* at me."

Then I whirl around with every intention of fleeing, but Steve moves to stand in front of the door, blocking my exit.

"Not so fast," he hisses, still with that slimy grin on his face. "I need something from you, Kimber. Like I said, I've been using your panties for two years now, but they're getting a little ... ah, how shall I say it? I've been jizzing on them, and they're getting a little *used*, that's all," my stepdad says with a smirk. "I need another pair of your panties, Kimber, to re-up my supply."

I stare at him.

"You are fucking disgusting," I hiss again, sparks shooting from my eyes. "I'm going to tell my mom!"

"Your mom knows already," Steve grins maliciously. "You think Sandra's dumb? Oh no. She *knows*, Kimber. Besides, who's going to pay your college tuition? Who's supported you and your mom all these years? *Moi*, that's who. If you want life to continue as you know it, then you better hand me your panties, Kimber. Right now. Slip 'em off, and hand 'em over."

I stare at my stepfather, simultaneously horrified and terrified.

"You can't be serious," I say in a trembling voice.

Steve smiles wolfishly, looking very much like an evil villain.

“Oh, I am,” he sing-sings, one hand outstretched now. “Hand ‘em over, sweet ‘ums. I want them.”

I have every intention of pushing him out of the way before barreling out of the house, but the fact is that it wouldn't be any use. Steve is bigger and wider than me, and besides, I don't want to touch the gross man. Suddenly, I know what I have to do. Practically hyperventilating with fear, I reach under my skirt and slip my panties off, pulling them over each shoe before pitching them towards my stepfather. He catches the scrap of lace in one palm before holding them up to his nose and inhaling deeply, his eyes closing at the fragrant scent.

“Yessss,” he hisses. “Mmm.”

To my horror, I can see that Steve's hardening in his pants. His cock is growing and twitching, and revulsion makes my stomach churn. I can't take it anymore. I can't subject myself to this horrifying situation, and escape is paramount. I charge the door with every intention of shoving the older man out of the way, bodily injury be damned, but fortunately, he steps out of my path at the last moment. Then, I tear out of the house like my hair's on fire. I don't turn to see if Steve's following because frankly, I don't care. Instead, I rush down the footpath and jump into my car before pulling away from the curb with a squeal of tires.

Tears stream down my face as I sob while navigating the streets of Hooper like a reckless fiend. What the hell was that? Our little town always seemed so safe and friendly, but I suppose the worst horrors are always at home.

Ed

I hear the front door open and close, and call out from my study.
“Kimber? Sweetheart, is that you?”

After all, she wasn't here when I got home this evening, which is strange because usually, the pretty girl has dinner on the table as soon as I walk through the door. But I came home to an empty house. Surprised, I texted and called Kimber, but there was no reply. Never one to stress, I heated up a microwave dinner and am eating it in front of the computer now.

“Kimber?” I call again. “I'm in the study, hon.”

She appears, and immediately, I can sense that something's wrong. Maybe it's the slightly mussed quality of her hair, or maybe it's her eyes, which are red-rimmed like she's been crying.

“Is everything okay?” I ask.

Kimber's narrow jaw tightens, but she smiles and nods.

“Yeah,” she says in a too-bright voice. “It was a beautiful day today, wasn't it? How was work?”

I narrow my eyes because I can feel that something's wrong even if she doesn't want to talk about it. But never a man to push, I merely come around the desk and take her in my arms before resting my chin on her brown curls.

“Work was fine. Nothing to report really. Those dudes at Cholera want even more money, unfortunately.”

Kimber shoots me a watery smile.

“The company's called Cholera? What kind of name is that?”

I chuckle, smoothing my hands up and down her narrow back.

“I know, right? Why would you name your company after a fucking disease? But they're in the biosciences field, so I guess it makes sense. Sort of. The name will stick in your brain, that's for sure.”

Kimber chuckles too, although her voice is a bit hoarse.

“I definitely won't forget it. If I ever start a company, I'll name it OCD or COPD. That sounds catchy right?”

I laugh, glad that she's got her sense of humor still. But then, when I'm reaching down to squeeze Kimber's bottom, I realize that something's different. The sweet girl isn't wearing any panties, and I shoot her a look.

“No thong, honey? Really? It'd be one thing if you were waiting for me at home without panties on, but you were just out in public. What's going on?”

Kimber shakes her head, her eyes darkening.

“It's nothing, Ed,” she says. “Trust me, nothing's going on.”

I squint at her.

“No, I don't buy that, sweetheart. Something's up. I can tell you've been crying and that you're upset. Plus, you usually have dinner ready for me when I get back. Where were you? Tell me, honey. It can't be that bad.”

The curvy girl looks at me with wild brown eyes, her bottom lip trembling. Then, the waterworks start.

“Ed,” she cries out in an anguished voice. “It's worse than you think! My

stepdad ... well, Steve has been masturbating with my panties, and forced me to give him the pair I was wearing so that he could add it to his collection. He smelled them even when I was right there! In the kitchen! How fucked up is that? Oh my god, oh my god.”

I stare at her, shocked, but then my hackles rise.

“Tell me everything, Kimber,” I grind out. “Don’t leave anything out.”

Then the whole sordid story comes pouring out. How she had no idea that Ed was such a pervert until she caught him masturbating with her panties. Even worse, her stepfather’s not even trying to hide his perverted ways now, and Kimber was literally forced to hand her panties over to Steve a mere twenty minutes ago.

“What the fuck?” I ask in a dazed voice. Then stronger, “Fuck that!”

I dash from the house, banging the door behind me. Kimber’s screaming, but I don’t want her to follow me because I’m on my way to commit homicide ... and she doesn’t need to witness it.

Ed

Unfortunately, Kimber keeps her wits about her, and hops into her own car right after I get into mine. We tear through traffic like two insane madmen, weaving between other vehicles, and I literally see other drivers dialing 9-1-1 on their phones when they spot us careening down the street like crazed maniacs. I don't blame them because I would do the same.

Finally, I screech to a halt in front of Steve Forster's home. Everyone knows everyone else in Hooper, and I know where Kimber's parents live.

"Where is that fucker?" I shout, jumping out of my car.

"Ed, stop!" Kimber screams, leaping out of her car too. "You don't need to do this!"

But at that moment, the door opens and who stands there but Steve Forster himself. His paunch seems especially big today as it strains against his button-down, and his light brown hair shows bits of shiny scalp through the strands. Even worse, he has the temerity to smirk.

"Well, well, well. What do we have here?" Then, to my horror, he lifts a frilly scrap of lace to his nose and inhales deeply, his lashes fluttering like he's getting high. I can tell even from this distance that it must be Kimber's

panties in his hand. In fact, I recognize that particular pair because it's got a special loop in the back where you can attach a mobile dildo if you want to tease your girl extra that day. Yeah, that's how Kimber and I roll.

But seeing such a sensitive piece in Steve's hand throws me over the edge. It's too much, and with a roar of rage, I attack the paunchy man with the vengeance of a warrior. But Steve sees me coming and before I can strike, he pulls a gun out from behind his back.

"Stop," he sneers. "Your alpha male ferocity is total bullshit. Don't come any closer."

I pause, my hands up.

"You don't need to do this, Steve. Put down the gun."

Kimber freezes in place too, her eyes wide with fear.

"Please, Steve. Don't."

The middle-aged man merely brandishes the gun in the air while lifting her panties to his nose for another deep inhale. This time, he gets so high that his eyes literally roll back in his head a little, the whites showing.

"You forget that I hold the cards now. And you, Missy," he says, nodding towards Kimber, "and you, Ed," he says, nodding towards me. "Can't stop me. I'm going to do what I want."

"Steve, don't do this," I say in a low voice. "Whatever it is, you don't have to go in this direction."

The balding middle-aged man waves his gun in the air lazily, like he's not afraid at all.

"No, I *do*," he says. "You have no idea how much Kimber excites me. I want her slick cunt. I want to feel that tight asshole wrapped around my dick as she jerks me off."

From the corner of my eye, I see my girlfriend's face turn sheet white, but with a small twitch of my finger, I signal her to remain quiet.

"I get it," I say in a low voice. "We all have urges, and no one is denying that

Kimber is very beautiful. I get it. But Steve—”

Before I can go any further, suddenly a figure launches itself out of the air, knocking Steve to the ground. They tussle around a bit, and I can't make out who it is. The stranger is smaller than Steve, yet their movements are so fast and furious that Steve's incapacitated momentarily.

“*Mom?*” Kimber screams from her position on the lawn. “Mom, Mom!”

Belatedly, I realize that Sandra Forster has appeared out of nowhere. She likely overheard every word just now, including Steve's disgusting comments about Kimber. As a result, Sandra's punches come like lightning. The blonde woman may be small, but she's wiry, and adrenaline fuels her movements.

“Shut up!” she screams, her face a mask of rage. “That's my daughter! How can you speak like that?”

Steve can only groan on the ground, his face already a bloodied mess.

“Sandra?” he mumbles. “What the fuck?”

The older woman is sitting on his torso now, pummeling her husband with her fists.

“I always knew!” she screams. “I always suspected that you had the hots for my daughter, so I did everything and anything I could to keep Kimber out of the house! I sent her to after-school activities. I paid for sleepover camp. I encouraged her to do sleepovers at her friends' houses. But it wasn't for enrichment. It was because *I didn't trust you!*”

Her punches rain down even harder then. Steve's not moving anymore. He's a bloodied lump on the lawn, and I run forward to try and stop Sandra before she kills the man. Fortunately, using my superior strength, I'm able to haul her off of him, and hand her over to policemen who have just pulled up to the curb.

“Mrs. Forster?” a male officer asks, hurrying over to Sandra. “What's going on here? Come with me.”

Sandra's led off somewhere as paramedics tend to Steve, who's groaning as he lies on the ground in a curled fetal position. Meanwhile, I turn to Kimber.

She's white-faced with tears in her eyes.

"Are you alright?" I ask in a quiet voice. "That was a lot."

She bites her lip, as one tear escapes, streaking down her cheek.

"I'm okay," she says in a shuddering tone. "I'll be okay. Let's just get out here."

"Absolutely, honey. Come on, let's go. We'll need to give a statement down at the station first, but we'll go home after that, I promise," I say. Then, I bundle Kimber into my car, and as we drive, she cries into her hands. I don't know what's going to happen next, but in my bones, I'm relieved. Kimber's safe, and that's all I care about.

Kimber

Speaking with the police was a harrowing affair. I've never loved law enforcement, and being forced to confront the ugliness of my home life was brutal. But the story came out, and it feels like a huge burden has been lifted from my chest. I feel relieved at getting the nastiness out in the open, and no one doubts my tale. Even crazier, my stepdad was gripping my panties in his hand to the very last, and the paramedics had to pry them out of his fist. Gross. They're probably in evidence now.

"What do you think is going to happen to my mom?" I ask Ed in a low voice. We're currently seated in his living room, sipping mugs of hot tea.

His look is somber.

"I don't know, honey. She might be charged with battery and assault, although I'm not sure the DA would prosecute. After all, Steve wasn't hurt very badly. Sure, there was a lot of blood but it's because he had a thin laceration on his scalp, and those always bleed like a motherfucker. Otherwise, he's fine."

I sip at my tea, trying to get the liquid to go down over the lump in my throat.

"But do you think my mom will go to jail?"

Ed shakes his dark head, leaning over to take one of my small hands in his, before squeezing.

“Again, I doubt the DA is going to prosecute. But I also think that’s the last thing your mom cares about, honey. Sandra is worried about *you*. You’re her only daughter, and she came down on Steve like a harpy out for revenge. She was calling him epithets, and cursing him out like none other.”

I nod slowly.

“My mom loves me,” I whisper as tears jump to my eyes again. “That I’ve never doubted. You heard what she said about trying to keep me out of the house while I was growing up. She knew her husband had unclean desires, and she wanted to protect me. But why did Sandra get married to him in the first place? I just don’t get it. We could have survived without Steve. I know that my mom doesn’t make much salary-wise, but it’s better than putting up with him!”

Ed shakes his dark head, his blue eyes sympathetic.

“I don’t know, Kimber. You’ll have to ask your mom that. But regardless, it’s good to know that Sandra loves you more than anything and anyone, and that you’re her number one priority, and always have been.” Then, the older man pauses to take a deep breath as his eyes turn a darker shade of blue. “Also, I want you to know that I love you too, baby. My life flashed before my eyes when I saw Steve pull out that gun, but I wasn’t afraid for me. I was afraid for you, sweetheart. I don’t know what I would have done if you’d been injured, or god forbid, killed.”

My eyes fill with tears as I stare at the handsome man.

“Do you really mean that?”

Ed nods, pulling me close.

“Absolutely, honey. I love you, Kimber, more than life itself. There’s no way I could go on living without you.”

That makes me laugh a little.

“Surely you jest,” I say with a half-smile, looking up into his handsome

features. “You got along just fine before we started dating, so that’s a heightened statement.”

But Ed’s serious as he shakes his head, blue eyes almost black now.

“No, it’s not. I would kill myself if I lost you, Kimber. I love you, and I want everyone to know. No more sneaking around. No more pretending. We’re telling everyone, including your mother and my daughter, that we’re a couple.”

My heart leaps because this is what I want too, even if I’ve never verbalized it. I nod before leaning in to press my lips to his sculpted ones, my pulse thrumming like a hummingbird’s wings.

“I agree,” I whisper. “Because I love you too, Ed Ventura. You saved my life, and I wouldn’t be here without you. Thank you for being you, and for loving me.”

With that, our lips lock in a harmony of bliss, but before the embrace can get carried away, I pull away with a hesitant look.

“But Ed, what was that letter on your desk I saw?”

His brows beetle.

“What letter?”

“The one from the medical group for your vasectomy,” I say in a low voice. “Is it true? Are you getting a vasectomy?”

He looks confused for a moment, but then shakes his head.

“No, sweetheart. I *was* going to get a vasectomy, and probably scheduled that appointment a year ago. But it was all before I met you, and knowing how much you want to be a mother, there’s no way I’m going through with the vasectomy now because I want you to be the mother of my babies,” he says in a fierce voice, his gaze burning me up from the inside out. “Only you, Kimber. You’re the perfect mommy for our future children.”

I melt into the alpha male’s embrace then because this is where I was meant to be. Maybe we met during a breeding party at a dirty sex club, but it’s funny how life turns out. Now, I’m firmly in a relationship with my so-called

breeder ... and hopefully, we'll have dozens of children in the future.

EPILOGUE

Kimber

“**G**irlfriend, you are so huge!” Jamie squeals as she looks at my tummy. “Seriously, do you have twins in your belly?”

I giggle.

“No, I hope not. Or at least the ultrasound hasn’t revealed a second baby. But there definitely is a little girl in there, so you’re getting a sister soon.”

Jamie nods with excitement, her brown curls bobbling.

“I can’t wait,” she enthuses. “This is going to be great. I’ve always wanted a sibling.”

I smile happily while leaning back on the couch because I’m in my third trimester now, and Jamie’s right – I’m *huge*. My tummy looks like it’s about to pop, and I’ve prepared a go-bag full of essentials for the hospital because my water’s going to break at any moment. Yet I’ve never been so happy because my life is incredibly full, and I’m grateful for every moment.

Ed and I found out I was pregnant shortly after the confrontation with Steve, and we were ecstatic. I put my college classes on hold immediately because the pregnancy nausea made it impossible for me to continue, and the registrar

was understanding. She said I had two years to re-enroll, no questions asked, and I plan on going back to Coleman at some point to finish my degree.

Even better, Steve Forster is now out of our lives. Sandra initiated divorce proceedings, and because they weren't married that long, the process is going smoothly. My mom moved into a place of her own, and she's much happier now. Yet, Sandra still has a lot of guilt over Steve, and what he did.

"Mom, it's okay," I said just the other day. "It's not your fault."

My mother took a deep breath before looking at me.

"No, it is, Kimber. I always suspected Steve of having inappropriate feelings towards you. You heard me that day on the lawn. I knew, in my heart of hearts, that he was a pervert with his eye on my daughter."

I squeeze her hand.

"But if you knew, why did you marry him? Why did you stay with him even after I left for college?"

Sandra looks sad, the lines around her mouth deepening.

"I suppose I'd been single for so long that I was grateful when a "normal" guy with a job seemed interested in me. I chose to turn a blind eye, and even though I could sense his attraction to you, I ignored it. It was only when I heard him that day on the lawn, that I lost it completely. Everything I'd been holding back for so long came boiling out, and I became a fierce mama bear protecting her cub."

I squeeze her withered hand again.

"Thank you, Mom. You did, and I appreciate it. I've never seen you filled with such rage."

Sandra shoots me a sideways smile.

"I know, right? And the fact is that I feel much better now. It's a relief to have the truth out in the open, no matter how ugly it is. Our divorce is almost done too, so hopefully, we'll never see that pervert again," she shudders.

I pulled my mother in for a hug because everyone has regrets in life, and

clearly, Sandra's are that she didn't protect me more. But she did the best that she could, and ended things with a bang. I don't hate her for her choices, and fortunately, there's no permanent damage.

Ed and I were also lucky because Jamie took the news of our relationship without batting an eye.

"No, it's fine," she said when I told her. "You and my dad? It's all good."

I cock an eyebrow at her.

"Are you sure? You're not weirded out?"

She shrugs.

"Kimber, you were hanging out in my childhood bedroom for months. I knew you weren't there just to play tea party with my stuffed animals. Besides, you know that I adore older men too."

I nod, smiling.

"That's right. There was that older guy you were seeing. Remind me about him again?"

Jamie gets a secretive look on her pretty features.

"Well, he's hot. Really handsome, Kimber. Like straight out of the movies. Not only that, but he's dirty."

My eyebrows practically fly off my forehead then. Ed and I have never told Jamie about the breeding party where we ignited our relationship because it's quite scandalous. But it sounds like my friend has some secrets of her own.

"Dirty how?" I ask in a careful voice. "What do you mean?"

Jamie smiles, a gleam in her eyes.

"Well, let's just say that he makes sure I have cream in my coffee every morning."

I pin her with a look.

"What does that mean?"

Jamie shrugs with a smile.

“You know, whenever I have coffee, he adds the cream. It’s a special type of cream. A type that you can’t buy at the grocery store.”

I stare at her, my jaw dropping.

“Are you for real?”

She nods, biting her lip with excitement at the memory.

“He comes in my mug every morning and lets me drink it. And girlfriend, that stuff is the elixir of youth. I love tasting his ejaculate, and the flavor practically makes me come again by itself.”

My eyes goggle because holy cow! Jamie is a dirty girl, and I let her know it.

“You filthy bitch!” I shriek while giving her a high five. “So when do I get to meet this hung stud? Oh my god, oh my god.”

She giggles.

“We’ll see,” she hums. “I think it’ll be sooner rather than later.”

But ever since that conversation, my buddy has stayed mum about her mystery man, and I’ve been too pregnant to press her about it. I have so much on my hands right now that I simply can’t focus on anything except my baby.

At that moment, Ed enters the room, and Jamie bounces up to give him a hug.

“Hi Daddy,” she coos. “How was your day today?”

Ed grunts while loosening his tie.

“Well, we nixed a deal with Steve Forster’s company. You know he was trying to expand, right? He wanted an investment from us, but there’s no way he’s getting anything now.”

I stare.

“I had no idea your firm did business with Steve.”

Ed shrugs.

“We don’t anymore.”

And that’s that. Case closed. Steve Forster just lost out again because of his horrific actions, and there’s nothing he can do about it. Meanwhile, my man comes over to give me a kiss as Jamie skips out of the room.

“Okay, I’ll leave you lovebirds to it,” she sings.

“Where are you going?” her dad asks, eyeing her skimpy outfit.

Of course, my buddy doesn’t even blink an eye.

“Out,” she says, grabbing her purse while fluttering her fingers at us. “Pregnant people stay home, but us single girls need to let off steam!”

Then, Jamie vanishes, and her father turns to look at me with rueful eyes.

“Please tell me that our daughter isn’t going to be like her big sister,” he murmurs. “Otherwise, it’s going to be the death of me. I don’t know how I’ll manage.”

I merely giggle while pressing my lips to his.

“Oh you’ll be fine, Mr. Ventura,” I hum. “Just wait and see. This little girl will have you wrapped around her finger.”

“She already does!” Ed mock-gripes. “We’ve already bought so much stuff for the kid, and I can’t stop either! I buy everything in sight. Is this what nesting is?”

I smile while pulling him close for another kiss.

“It is, and I love you for it, Daddy,” I murmur. “Now, no more talk about babies because your girlfriend needs some attention from her powerful alpha male.”

Then, we tumble down to the couch in a tangle of arms and legs while reaching for one another. Ed’s careful of course. He loves my pregnant form, and always treats me like a fragile vase. But his hunger rises to the fore, and soon, we’re going at it hot and heavy right there in the living room.

“Baby, you look so good bred like this,” he rasps while staring at my pregnant belly. Then, my man pushes deep into my bottom, as I moan and

toss my head back.

“It’s you who bred me,” I murmur in return. “All you.”

Ed smiles and leans forward to kiss me again even as our loving gets incredibly wild. After all, I went to a breeding party to get pregnant ... and it worked because now I’m expecting a baby with the man I adore.

THE END

WAIT, IT’S NOT OVER YET!

Pick up at special extended epilogue where Kimber and Ed party at Club Z once again. Pick up your copy [here](#) (digital download) or [here](#) (read online).

Warning: steam ahead!

WAIT, WHAT ABOUT JAMIE?

You guessed it. Jamie’s taken up with Dane, her dad’s best friend, and yes, he’s the man putting the “cream” in her coffee. Even more, the curvy girl loves it and drinks it down hungrily every time. Pick up Jamie’s story in *Pregnant By My Dad’s Best Friend*, available [here](#).

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Annie's been invited to her best friend's place for Thanksgiving, but the sweet girl ends up sharing a room with her friend's stepfather! What the? It's true though. Even better, Curtis Salomon is a gorgeous cop with muscled shoulders, a wide chest, and of course, a thick baton that he's not afraid to use. The problem is ... *it slips into Annie by accident one night!* Pick up your copy of this dirty tale [here](#).

TEMPTING HER GUARDIAN

Uh oh, Camp Cheer made a mistake! Piper was supposed to room with her best friend Romy, but due to a mix-up, they'll be sharing a cabin with two handsome older men as well: George and Stan. The problem? Romy and George can't keep their hands off each other, and now Stan wants to taste the beautiful Piper too! This is a delicious tale that takes place in the woods and where NOTHING is off-limits. Pick up *Tempting Her Guardian* [here](#).

IT WAS A HEDONISTIC WEEKEND OF SIN

My friend's dad caught me with a dildo stuck deep in my rear end, but instead of helping me pull it out, he decides to stir it around instead! Say what? Sure enough, our rendezvous turns into a dirty weekend of sin where he makes me moan, squeal, and plead as I take it every which way. Pick up *Weekend of Sin* [here](#).

DADDY'S LOVE CHILD

My dad's boss is a total asshole because when I tripped, my d*ldo fell out of my purse but instead of pretending to not see, he decides to pick it up and use it on me! What kind of man in a position of responsibility does that? Unfortunately, the only way to keep the CEO happy is to let him do what he wants with my nubile, teenage body. Pick up *Daddy's Love Child* [here](#).

OBSESSED WITH MY EX'S DAD

Paisley's suspicions were right. Tess is going to visit her handsome father-in-law in prison, but they're not just talking through the plexiglass. Instead, the handsome man's giving the sweet young woman "something to talk about" because they're doing conjugal visits – and she's screaming with pleasure as he puts his cock into her round ass! Pick up your copy of *Obsessed With My Ex's Dad* [here](#).

A CURVY GIRL FOR THE COWBOY

Darcy's on a farm all alone when she discovers a handsome cowboy passed out in her barn. Does she help him? Of course ... but not without unzipping his pants and getting a mouthful of his manhood first! Pick up your copy of *A Curvy Girl for the Cowboy* [here](#).

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SNEAK PEEK: FORBIDDEN FANTASIES BOX SET, BOOKS 21-25

In this excerpt, Ginny's just gotten married, and she's in the limo on her way to the hotel with Dylan, Jax, and Julian.

“That’s right,” Julian hums. “My only son tied the knot this morning with a beautiful woman, and I think it’s time I got a kiss from my new daughter in law. What do you say, Ginny?”

At those words, the sweet girl shoots a quick glance at her new husband. But Dylan looks totally serene, smiling beatifically like nothing’s wrong. Poor bastard, because he’s about to get the shock of his life. We haven’t talked about how we’re going to break the news to Dylan, and I guess we won’t be talking about it because it looks like Julian’s about to pull the trigger right now.

“Sure, Daddy,” my stepdaughter murmurs, sliding one more quick look at her husband before shifting so that she’s next to Julian on the vehicle seat. “I can do that.”

Julian takes Ginny’s chin in his big hand before staring deeply into her eyes. Even this gesture would have me suspicious, but Dylan merely looks on with an innocent air.

“Are you ready, baby girl?” Julian asks.

“So ready,” Ginny whispers back.

Then, the billionaire’s mouth descends on my stepdaughter’s sweet pout in an

uncompromising kiss. She gasps, startled as his possession, but then melts into his embrace as her arms encircle his neck.

“Mmm,” Ginny moans, going boneless against Julian’s hard chest. “Oh yes.”

“You taste so sweet, baby girl,” Julian rasps, savoring her plush pout as if they’re alone in the limo. “I can’t wait until we get you into the honeymoon suite. We’re going to teach you so many things about how to please your daddies.”

By now, the temperature in the vehicle has rocketed up to a thousand degrees, and it’s palpable to everyone. In fact, I crack open the window to get some fresh air and glance over at Dylan. For the first time, the young man looks shocked. He’s staring at his father and his new bride, who are kissing passionately again.

“Dad?” he manages in a faint voice. “Ginny? What are you doing?”

Julian breaks from my stepdaughter’s embrace for a moment to glance over at his son.

“Oh right. Ginny’s going to have her innocence taken tonight,” he states in a nonchalant manner. “But by me, and not by you. By her father too. Jax is ready to do the honors as well,” he adds, nodding in my direction.

Dylan’s stunned gaze turns to me.

“*What?*” he gasps. “Says who?”

I pat his knee.

“Take it easy, son. My understanding is that you and Ginny haven’t consummated your relationship yet. That’s fine, and it says nothing about your manhood, trust me. But Ginny is a ripe teenage girl who needs the guidance of an experienced man. Someone older, who knows his way around a woman’s body, and who can take her to the precipice. In fact, she needs two men, so your father and I are going to do the honors.”

“*What?*” Dylan gasps again, two spots of color burning on his cheeks. “But Ginny is *my* bride!”

I shrug.

“You know what they say. When you marry a girl, you marry her entire family.”

Dylan sputters with shock.

“Yes, but not like this! It doesn’t mean that my dad and you get to claim her virginity! All it means is that you might end up helping your bride’s entire family *financially*, that’s all.”

I merely shrug and pat his knee again.

“Every family is different, son, and in this case, Julian and I don’t need your money. So you should feel lucky, actually.”

“What?” Dylan gasps, spittle flying from his lips. “*Lucky?* Are you kidding me?”

I shrug.

“Your father and I will be the ones making sure your bride gets what she needs tonight. I know this comes as a surprise, but soon you’ll see that you have no choice.” I pat his knee again in consolation as the young man sits in the limo, stiff with shock. Even crazier, Julian continues to ravish Ginny in the corner of the vehicle. Hell, by now he has a hand on her knee, gently trailing up the sensitive skin of her thigh, and she’s beginning to mewl with pleasure.

“It’s fine, son,” I say in a soothing voice. “We always knew Ginny needed special attention because she’s a special girl. If it makes you feel better, she was saving herself for her wedding night. Your bride is untouched.”

Dylan’s almost hyperventilating now.

“Yes, but she saved her virginity for *me!*” he protests in a wheeze. “I’m her new husband, not you two!”

“I know,” I console. “But as you can tell, your dad has already promised your bride the ecstasy of hot, horny daddy meat in her holes, and Ginny wants it. Look at them now,” I say.

Dylan’s head swivels towards the couple, and indeed, Julian is already petting Ginny’s softness. Her skirts are bunched up around the waist so that

she resembles a confection, and he's pulled down the sweetheart neckline of her gown so that her creamy breasts are revealed.

"Baby, you're so beautiful," he murmurs in her ear as his big hand trails up one white thigh, skimming over the tender skin there. "Can I take these panties off you? You look beautiful in them, but I want to see your pretty girl pussy."

Ginny giggles while gazing into his eyes.

"Yes, Daddy Julian," she whispers. "Take them off."

Soon, her white lace panties are dangling from his fingers before they're discarded. Then, Julian parts her legs so that Ginny's exposed vulva is visible to all three of us in the car. Fuck, she's gorgeous. Her pussy's swollen and engorged, the labia wet with pleasure. I can see her clit fully extended from its hood, and the delectable girl throws her head back with a pleasurable sigh when Julian gently rubs one finger along the bottom of it, teasing her sensitive flesh.

"That feels so amazing," she murmurs in a dazed tone. "Oooh god Daddy, yes."

As we watch, her clit hardens even more and Julian lets out a low chuckle. Then, he spreads her labia with his fingers, pulling her vulva open to reveal the hot pink channel within. Ginny's dripping with desire, her innermost flesh rosy, pulsing, and gorgeous to behold. Of course, her position is obscene, but Ginny is too lost to ecstasy to be embarrassed.

"Yes, touch me, Julian," she whispers. "Please Daddy. Make me feel good on my wedding day."

Julian and I share a look.

"We'll be happy to, sweetheart. *Your wedding night will be a night to remember forever.*"

To be continued ...

Forbidden Fantasies Box Set, Books 21-25 is now LIVE! Pick up your copy [here](#).

SNEAK PEEK: PUNISHED BY MY MOM'S BOYFRIEND

In this excerpt, Peyton tempts her mom's gorgeous boyfriend at a bar.

With that, I smile at the handsome man, although I'm already beginning to feel doubts about my plan. In my mind, Brant Harrison was basically the equivalent of a male gigolo. He was an airhead without a clue about the world, who had the temerity to sleep with a married woman. But now, I'm not so sure. Even within five minutes of conversation, it seems that Brant's intelligent and thoughtful, with a good head on his shoulders, and both feet on the ground. Now *that*, I did not expect.

So what do I do now? I ask myself. Abort? Reveal my true identity?

The voice in my head scoffs. Stop that, Peyton. You're here on a mission, and you can't get distracted by a conversation about genealogy, of all things. This is the guy who hurt your dad! Who's still hurting your dad! Stick with the original plan.

With that, I straighten my shoulders and smile flirtatiously at Brant once more. Obviously, I need to pull out the big guns because soon, we'll be having an academic conversation about the history of the world if things don't move along. As a result, I decide to up the ante. It's dark in the bar, and not too crowded either. There are some customers at the front, and the bartender's currently tending to their needs, so Brant and I are pretty much alone in the back.

Taking a deep breath, I smile at him again before leaning forward to pick up

my drink. The problem is that the neckline of my dress is so low that with a small jerk of my elbow, suddenly a huge white tit comes tumbling out.

“My goodness,” I gasp, looking down at the creamy orb. “Did that just happen?”

Brant’s thunderstruck as he stares at my beautiful breast, the low lights making it positively glow in the darkness. The nipple’s already hard, and instead of trying to cover myself, instead I reach up with my free hand and gently circle the hard nub.

“Mmm,” I smile wickedly. “Well, now that this ta-ta is out, we might as well get my other one out too.”

With that, I pull my neckline down entirely, letting my other breast spill out too, and then begin circling both nipples with gentle fingers.

“Mm, this feels amazing,” I coo. “It’s such a nice day, don’t you think?”

Never mind that my words don’t even make sense. Brant stares with hungry eyes as I continue to tweak my nipples while jiggling the creamy orbs at him. Then, I push things even further. Never dropping his gaze, I lift one big tit up to my mouth before bending my head to lick at the nipple. Then, I giggle before doing the same with the other breast and jiggle them both at him for fun.

“Would you like a taste?” I ask in a sweet voice. “Don’t worry, nobody’s looking. We’ve basically got the place to ourselves.”

It’s true because we’re in a dark corner, and the other customers at the Red Rooster seem to be having an uproarious time on the other side, keeping the bartender busy with their orders. But I underestimated the alpha male because Brant doesn’t hesitate at all. Instead, he bends that dark head immediately before sipping at my left nipple, making me moan sweetly while throwing my head back, shots of electricity running straight from my tip to my cunt.

“That feels so good,” I whisper. “More. Please.”

Brant’s blue eyes flash as he pulls off for a moment, but then he leans forward again, and soon he’s sucking deep at my breast while a big hand slides up my thigh. Within seconds, I feel something tickling my pussy and

squirm a bit on my seat.

“No panties, honey?” he asks in a low growl. “Fuck, you’re dirty.”

I merely pant.

“I know, and I’m wet too, aren’t I?” I coo. “It’s all for you, Brant.”

With that, it’s on. The older man’s sucking deeply at one tit before pulling off and lapping at the other. I’m moaning in a low tone as his hand gently grazes my pussy lips, parting the sensitive flesh before testing the moisture at my little opening. Then he pulls his hand away, lifting his fingers up to the light to examine those gleaming digits.

“Absolutely drenched,” he muses, more to himself than anyone. Then, Brant circles my pebbled nipples with his fingers, spreading the pussy juice all over my sensitive flesh so that they shine in the low lights, before leaning down to suckle those hard nubs again.

“Fuck, I love the taste of your vaginal juice, sweetheart,” he rasps between deep pulls at my breasts. “It tastes amazing when I’m sucking it off your titties.”

With that, I know I’m done for because this man is filth personified. I was expecting to have the upper hand when it came to handling the alpha male, but it seems I’ve underestimated Brant Harrison. I thought I’d be in charge, and that he’d come panting and crawling like a dog begging for a treat. But instead, the gorgeous man is the one dominating me. *What do I do now?*

To be continued ...

Punished By My Mom’s Boyfriend is now LIVE! Pick up your copy [here](#).

ABOUT S.E. LAW

S.E. Law loves writing about bad boys. In fact, since high school, she's been observing bad boys with a keen and observant eye: the lovers, the fighters, and the ones that make you go "Ohhhh ..." She enjoys writing books that will hopefully make you go "Ohhhh ..." over and over again, while also getting some laughs (and maybe even some tears).

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