



THE
LUMBERJACK

WITH

2 Rods

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

S.E. LAW

THE LUMBERJACK WITH 2 RODS

AN AGE GAP SECRET ANATOMY ROMANCE

S.E. LAW

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ABOUT THIS BOOK

***Heigh-ho-timber!* The lumberjack has not one, but TWO huge chainsaws that make me purr.**

Chloe:

My neighbor at the trailer park is gorgeous. Carl Jonsson is older, definitely, but he's also H-O-T. He's got broad shoulders, pecs like heavy slabs of marble, and an enormous package that makes me go quivery inside.

But when he shows me his package, to my surprise, Carl's got TWO TOOLS!

They're both huge, thick, and throbbing with power.

My mouth waters because I have to ride his appendages ... *both, simultaneously!*

Carl:

I'm a genetic mutant, but I'm not ashamed. My anatomy is something I was born with, and if anything, it makes me even MORE attractive to the ladies.

But Chloe's something else.

The sassy curvy girl thinks she's seen everything when it comes to men ...

... but everything doesn't include my particular anatomy!

What in the world? Is this some kind of fantasy? Or maybe I've died and gone to heaven because where can I find a man like Carl Jonsson? He's literally the stuff of dreams hahaha! But seriously, this is not an alien, sci-fi, or paranormal romance. Instead, it's a steamy contemporary tale but with a man who can offer his woman DOUBLE ... and I mean that literally, and not just figuratively! Break out your electric fan because you'll need to cool down after reading this story! This book is a follow-up to 2 Cherries for My Dad's Best Friend, but all of my stories are standalones and do not need to be read in order. No cheating, no cliffhangers, and always an HEA for my readers.

Carl

I stare out the window of my trailer. St. George Crossing is nice, although the name gives the trailer park a fancy air that it doesn't deserve. After all, we don't have sprawling estates with infinity pools nor emerald lawns dotted with tinkling fountains. Hell, we don't have a pool at all, not even a community one. Instead, the trailer park is a dusty couple acres bordering the woods on one side, and the highway on the other. Cars roar past at all hours, spewing exhaust into the air, and it seems that everything's always covered with a fine layer of sediment: the buildings, our cars, our lawn furniture, heck, even the people. There's grime on my skin whenever I step into the shower, and my clothes have a never-ending gritty feel even when they've just been pulled out of the washer.

But St. George has its plusses too. The folks are sociable, and we look out for one another. I've only been here a year or so, but I've become friendly with Mrs. Jenkins to my west and Eddie Frey to my east. To the north are a few families that blow up inflatable pools for their kids on hot summer days, and the splashing and screaming can be ear-splitting. But I don't mind because I've always liked children. I have no idea if I'll ever have any myself, but in the meantime, I can put up with the ruckus.

After all, I'm a forty-five-year-old single guy who just moved to St. George,

Minnesota, as a lumberjack for Crenshaw Forest Products. We get up early in the morning and do everything required of us: chop trees, sharpen tools, haul wood, evaluate forest growth, and even set controlled fires if need be. Usually that's the responsibility of the local fire department, but sometimes, they ask Crenshaw to take charge. After all, we're on-site all day, every day, and we know these parts better than anyone.

But after a long day at work, I've finally settled in for the night. It's not too late. Maybe only eleven or so. I sit by the window in my small trailer, looking out over the park. The moon gleams low on the horizon, casting a silvery glow, and the park is still and quiet for a change. Only the hum of crickets fill the air, as well as the never-ending dull roar of traffic from the highway.

But the white noise is soothing. I lift my beer to my lips and take a large swallow. The hops are mighty bitter in this particular IPA and I wince a bit. What is this brand called? Cinnamon Alley because it's a supposed "classic IPA" infused with cinnamon and CBD. I snort. Where the fuck do they come up with this shit? Why did I even buy it? Well, there's no sense in wasting money, so I force myself to take another gulp.

But that's when a noise catches my ear. A quiet moan sounds out in the air and I jerk my chin to the left. Was that...? Indeed, it was. I wait a few moments, and then the moan comes again, along with a few rhythmic grunts. Holy fuck, someone's at it, and I think I know who. Moving like a panther, I get up from my seat and quietly exit my trailer. Then I stalk around to the left of the property before moving three rows down. There's a clump trees at the edge of the park, and I position myself in the shadows beneath them. I'm not "spying" per se. I'm just standing here because I have a feeling I know what's going to happen next.

Sure enough, a few more moans reach my ears, as well as the obscene sound of wet flesh slapping against wet flesh. Then, there's a loud roar, as well as some exhausted panting and a sweet giggle. Clearly, the couple's just climaxed and I think I know who it is.

Sure enough, a few minutes later, the door to the trailer closest to the woods opens, and out steps the beautiful Chloe Mackie. The blonde teenager is lush and curvy, with the most innocent features: a tiny tip-tilted nose; small,

pointed chin; and big blue eyes that a man could drown in. Not only that, but she's got a figure that makes my mouth water. A thin, filmy robe is the only thing wrapped around those luscious assets, revealing creamy Double D breasts that jiggle and sway, a narrow waist, and wide, sassy hips that rock side to side as she carefully steps down from Tom Jerrity's trailer. Oh yeah, Tom's a motherfucker. I know him because he's also picked up a job at Crenshaw, and a lazier asshole I've never met. Instead of working hard, this dude tries to slack all the time by disappearing in the woods to do "reconnaissance." Reconnaissance, my ass. This guy is going off to smoke, and he comes back stoned half the time. It's only a matter of time before he's fired by Crenshaw.

But that's not my business. What's got me going is the beautiful blonde girl before me, who tightens the sash around her waist before delicately making her way down the dirt road before the trailers. But instead of stopping at the one where she lives, Chloe keeps going. What the fuck? Is she lost? Can't be. This place isn't that big, so it's impossible. Nonetheless, she keeps walking before turning left and I make a quick executive decision: I'm going to follow to see where she's going.

The blonde girl pads along the path, innocent as a babe, as I stalk her from the shadows. She hums a bit to herself, unaware that she has a follower, and makes another left before turning to the right. Then, Chloe stops in front of another trailer before ascending the steps and lightly tapping at the door.

"It's open," a low voice sounds, and Chloe pushes the door open before stepping in with a beautiful smile. A flash of light reveals the interior of the space for a moment, and I catch a glimpse of a hulking male figure inside. His features are indistinct, but I already know who it is. This particular trailer belongs to John Rigand, one of the foremen at Crenshaw. He, too, is a lazy fuck, but he's good-looking and has been around a couple of seasons. For some reason, Crenshaw trusts him, although I have no idea why. But that's not my concern because within moments, a low, feminine wail sounds out into the night. It's slightly muffled, but then there are distinct sucking sounds as well as a deep grunt.

"Fuck," John says. "Sloppy seconds, huh? You're lucky I dig this shit."

"I know you do," Chloe murmurs in return. "It's warm and fresh too, Daddy."

I saved it just for you.”

A low male growl rumbles through the night air, and then more feminine cries follow, as well the unmistakable sound of slapping flesh.

“Oh!” Chloe cries out as the trailer bounces on its springs. “Oh oh oh!”

“Fuck yeah,” John gasps, his words muted by their acrobatics. “Holy shit, you feel amazing, sweetheart.”

Meanwhile, I’ve had it. There’s no need to stay here and eavesdrop on Chloe Mackie’s sex life. Clearly, the teenage vixen has her pick of the litter, but she’s not stopping at one. She’s sleeping around with multiple men at the trailer park, but the question is why? Why has she chosen this lifestyle? What drove her to it?

Even more, where are her parents? Surely, Chloe’s too young to live on her own, but you never know anyone’s personal circumstances. Besides, a lot of folks living in the park are down on their luck. Maybe her parents are working on an oil rig, and left her to fend for herself. Maybe she has a sugar daddy somewhere, who pays her monthly rent. But wouldn’t he put her up in a nicer place? Who the fuck knows.

I shake my head before making my way home. My own trailer is silent and dark when I enter, but instead of going straight to bed, I take a seat by the window again. To my surprise, I can still hear the faint noises of sex, and I grunt. Fuck, this isn’t good. But picturing Chloe’s lush curves bouncing up and down, her head tilted back in ecstasy as she rides a hard dick makes my crotch tighten. She’s gorgeous, and I can see it already. The blonde’s throaty moans, her eyes squeezing shut as she nears climax. The way her pussy gushes, her asshole clenching too as she begins to soar. And then, finally, climax: a sensual pulse of her pussy, the sweet folds clamping and snapping as she drenches her man, his rod jammed deep within.

My pupils are dilated and my breathing raspy as I picture the dirty scene in my head. My hands fumble at my crotch, undoing the button before releasing the zipper. But that’s when I stop because my members pop out, and I’m hit by reality. Slapped in the face by reality, really, because I have two cocks. As a genetic mutant, I’m not your average man about town. Not even close.

It's a long story. Back when my mom was an attractive young woman, she hooked up with a handsome, mysterious, European dude who had two cocks. Evidently, this guy was on walkabout from some faraway land. He didn't stay around long, and certainly not long enough for my mom to tell him that she was pregnant. Nonetheless, Carly decided to keep me, and that's how I came about.

But eventually, Carly figured out who my father was. Fjall wasn't a foreign exchange student, like he claimed. Sure, he was "seeing the world," but there wasn't any education to it, at least not of the academic kind. Instead, Fjall is European royalty, and he had some wild oats to sow before ascending the throne. The dude came to the United States for who knows how long, sleeping with dozens of women while spreading his seed. He probably has an army of kids, and doesn't even know it.

But we figured out Fjall's true identity because rumors circulate, traveling across oceans and continents to America. My mom always read trashy gossip magazines, and even subscribed to *Hola!*, *Voici*, *Paris Match*, and *Chi* despite the international mailing fees. Eventually, she figured out that her hook-up was Fjall of Lysenia after seeing his pic in a couple of rags, and even picked up on the fact that the Lysenian royal men are rumored to have double cocks. Her infant son was proof of that.

But Carly is an odd duck. For one, my mom named me "Carl" after herself, and not many people do that. But my mother has never been bound by tradition, and has never cared about what people think of her either. As a result, she raised me on her own and stayed mum about my parentage, smiling vaguely whenever anyone asked. Even more, she cautioned me to keep my anatomy hidden. If anyone found out, it would be the beginning of endless unwanted publicity, and we're simple people. We don't need that in our lives.

As a result, I always hid my double cocks. It was tough during gym class, but I managed to tuck the lower cock between my legs so that I had a normalized bulge. Tight jock straps helped, even if I didn't enjoy the pressure, and loose basketball shorts were key to my wardrobe. Even more, I'm careful about whom I sleep with. I only ever use escorts, and I pay the women well to keep their lips sealed. Is it sad that I've never had a real girlfriend? Maybe, but I'm not willing to risk it.

I sigh, looking down at my double cocks. They're huge, and semi-erect after tonight's adventures. The top one is about nine inches, with a vein throbbing along the left side. The bottom one is about ten inches, thick and purple, like an anaconda with a smooth, helmet-shaped head. They both connect to one ball sack, and they both ejaculate wildly when I come. Even better, I can sometimes control the ejaculations. I can ejaculate with only the top, or only the bottom rod. Or I can shoot a double load from one cock if I want, filling a woman up until she's literally overflowing.

But still, I need to be careful. Sure, the gorgeous Chloe Mackie is lush, beautiful, irresistible, and utterly tempting. I'd love to get a piece of her curvy body, and to taste the nectar between her thighs. I'd love to toy with those big breasts, watching as they wobble and bounce while I tweak a hard nipple. My cocks would brush against her holes, and I can see her blue eyes widening with anticipation already because she'd want it. As a generous woman, she'd be all about the double shaft, screaming and squealing on my rods as she comes.

But that's where the problem lies: I only use working girls, and despite being generous with her body, Chloe Mackie's out of the question. She doesn't deserve to be dragged into the kind of sordid life that I live ... even if she's already halfway gone to hell.

Carl

Grunting, I pull my truck to a stop outside a fancy apartment complex. There are no dusty roads or ramshackle structures here. Instead, the Buena Vista Apartments in St. George is a six-story tower with huge windows, a manicured lawn, and covered parking where residents keep their luxury vehicles. As I make my way to the lobby, I see a red Beamer and a blue Mercedes. Perfect. The ladies are home.

The concierge nods when he sees me.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Jonsson. Go right up.”

“Thanks,” I reply. “Good to see you, Jacob.”

The man nods, and I make my way over to an elevator bank on the left that whisks me to the sixth floor. Then, I make my way to where Mary and Madeline Engels live. The door opens after the first ring of the bell.

“Hi Carl,” Madeline smiles sweetly. “How are you?”

I step in and kiss her cheek before striding over to kiss her mother’s cheek as well.

“I’m good,” I say. “How are you?”

Mary laughs, her bosom shaking.

“We’re good. Even better now that you’re here.”

I look at both women appreciatively because when I said I use working girls, I didn’t mean streetwalkers, masseuses, or brothel employees. Instead, Madeline and Mary Engels are a mother-daughter pair who occasionally entertain men. You’d never know it, looking at them. Both are brunette with luscious figures, but they don’t wear sexy clothes. Instead, Mary’s clad in a blouse and skirt perfect for the office, whereas Madeline’s dressed in slacks and a collared silk top. Hell, maybe they did just get back from work. I don’t know.

After all, the women lead normal lives. Mary’s a bank teller over at Citi, and Madeline’s a secretary at some big corporation. Both of them work regular 9-to-5’s and moonlight as working girls, entertaining men as they see fit. I asked why they do it, and both shrugged.

“This apartment doesn’t pay for itself,” Mary said in a light tone.

“Yeah, but surely you make enough. You have two incomes.”

Madeline merely tossed her hair over one shoulder before giving me a pointed look.

“Inflation’s crazy these days, and we don’t make as much as you think. We’re support staff. Plus, if we want to save for retirement and contribute to our HSAs, we need to make more. It’s as simple as that.”

I nodded because I get it. Life ain’t cheap, and who am I to point fingers? I’m the one living in a trailer park, although of course, I could afford more. It’s my taste for simple living that keeps me at St. George Crossing, and the fact that I dislike flashy, gaudy things. So I merely nodded, and shut my mouth. It’s bad form to ask too many questions because working girls deserve their privacy, just like any other citizen. Besides, Mary and Madeline have always done right by me. I’ve been with the ladies for about a year now, and they would never breathe word of my anatomy to another soul.

“Can I get you a drink?” Mary asks sweetly. The beautiful brunette’s around forty-five, by my estimation. She’s gorgeous, with full, round cheeks, and a pouty mouth. There are only a few streaks of gray in her hair, which she

arranges in gentle waves around her shoulders.

“Sure. Jameson on the rocks,” I say.

Mary nods before making her way over to a bar cart.

“So Carl...” Madeline begins, seating herself next to me on the sofa before crossing her legs. “We wanted to talk.”

I shoot the younger woman a look.

“Oh shit. This doesn’t sound good.”

Madeline laughs, a silvery peal in the air.

“No, it’s fine, don’t worry. It’s not *bad* per se. It’s just that we’re moving on with our lives, and we think you should too.”

I stare at both women.

“What do you mean, moving on? Are you leaving town?”

The mother-daughter pair exchange a look.

“We’re not leaving town,” Mary begins as she hands me my drink.

“We’re just moving on with life,” Madeline finishes, taking my big palm in her small one. “You know that I’ve been dating my boyfriend for a while now, right? Well, Rob proposed last week, and I said yes!”

I stare at her, dumbfounded.

”You’re getting married?”

“Yes!” she replies in a merry voice. “Rob and I have been seeing each other for two years, so it’s time. See? He got me a beautiful diamond.”

I start, before looking down at her small hand in mine. Sure enough, there’s a sparkler on her ring finger and I whistle.

“Nice.”

“I know,” she smiles. “I’m so excited to tie the knot. But that’s why we wanted to talk to you. I’m engaged now, and Mom is getting serious with the

guy she's seeing too. You remember Hugo, right? There's a picture of him on the wall," she says, nodding meaningfully to a photo of Mary and a burly man in a silver frame.

"Oh right," I say helplessly. "Sorry, I forget sometimes."

"No, it's fine," Madeline soothes. "But the long and the short of it is that we've decided we can't be entertaining men anymore because it wouldn't be right."

"It was never right in the first place," I interject darkly.

"Yes," Mary acknowledges. "But it is what it is, and we made our choices. Now, we're making another choice, mainly that it's time to move on. For us, as well as you, Carl. You should find a woman to date. Someone who loves you and doesn't charge money for intimacy," she adds meaningfully.

I snort.

"Who would that be? Who could I trust with my secret?"

Mary and Madeline share another look before shrugging.

"I think you're underestimating the female sex," Mary says in a gentle voice, placing her small hand on mine. "There are a lot of women out there who are discreet, and who would respect your privacy. I think you'd be surprised."

"You shouldn't need to *buy* a woman's silence," Madeline adds. "I'm not sure why you think that money's the only way to ensure someone's discretion, but I assure you, that's not true. A woman who loves you would be able to keep her lips shut, no matter what."

I shake my head.

"Maybe. Maybe not."

The women share another look as Mary's hand begins moving up my left thigh.

"The only way to find out is to give it a try," she murmurs. "Have you tried it before? Have you ever made yourself vulnerable and put yourself in the hands of a woman?"

“It could be worthwhile,” Madeline hums, her hand trailing up my right thigh. “You never know.” But I don’t get a chance to respond because our interaction is heating up exponentially. Soon, the ladies have my two cocks out, their eyes wide and appreciative as they take in the double monsters.

“Did you get bigger?” Madeline breathes before leaning in to trace her tongue along the vein of my upper cock.

“Is that even possible?” Mary hums as she pulls my lower cock into her mouth, sucking gently at the tip before teasing her tongue into the hole at the top. I spurt into her mouth, and she giggles before swallowing hungrily. “Mmm, you’ve been eating well, Carl. I love the taste of your come. I’ll definitely miss this.”

Then, the two girls begin giving me head. It’s a sight to see because they lose their clothes in the process, and soon I have two nude women kneeling on either side of me, their cheeks bulging as they slobber on my hard man meat. They’re gorgeous to behold with their big breasts, dripping pussies, and slutty ways.

“Fuck,” I groan with one hand on Mary’s skull and the other on Madeline’s. The ladies merely moan before Mary pops off to look up at me with limpid brown eyes.

“Face fuck us,” she murmurs. “Make us take it, Daddy.”

I can’t resist. I palm both of their skulls, my fingers running through the curly tresses, and then press their faces forward as the ladies choke and squirm. But I can see how their pussies drip, and how their nipples are taut like tiny rocks.

“Yesssss,” I hiss. “Fuck yeah.”

Then my thighs tense as my ball sacks rise. Neither woman can speak, given that their cheeks are currently bulging with my erect meat. But they look up simultaneously, and the eye contact is electric. These horny women want it, and I’m here to deliver. With one last shove of my fists, I force their heads all the way to the base of my members, and the sensation pushes me over the edge.

“Fuck!” I roar. “Oh shit!”

The ladies moan as well, their cries suddenly cut off as thick, frothy streams of seed shoot into their mouths. Mary and Madeline swallow hungrily, their throats visibly moving as the hot jizz overwhelms them, so much that some even escapes from their lips, drooling down their chins and dropping to the floor. But this isn't their first rodeo. As I watch, the ladies scoop up the extra cream and swirl it around their taut nipples before pushing it into those tight twats. Then, they moan again, twiddling their clits as I pulse even more down their throats.

After the session's over, I leave them with a fat wad of bills before heaving myself into my truck. Fuck. What the hell happened? Don't get me wrong because the Engels are worth every cent I paid. But how am I going to "move on," like they say? Where will I find another mother-daughter pair with their level of discretion and frankly, class? Because the elegant exterior has to be paired with a level of fucked-up-ness that can't be found anywhere else. What the hell am I going to do now that they've cut me off?

My thoughts flit unbidden to Chloe Mackie then. Why am I even thinking about the beautiful blonde? The teen girl isn't classy, nor is she discreet, given that I've literally spied her moving about multiple abodes at St. George Crossing. But maybe I don't want "classy" anymore. Maybe I want "trailer park," and Chloe might be just the answer.

Chloe

My pussy aches and my ass is sore, but I merely sigh as I water the small patch of lawn outside my trailer. It's not even a real lawn. It's just a piece of artificial turf laid out in the baking sun, so I'm not sure what I'm doing. Wasting water, really. With a grunt, I jerk the hose closed and pick up my watering pot instead. At least I have a planter filled with real flowers that need sustenance, so this isn't all for naught.

After all, sometimes my life is so bizarre. I'm not sure what's happening, or even how it all started. *Natch*. I have an idea of where the beginning came from because my parents, Bertha and Tom, left me to live on my own about two years ago. I was a junior in high school, and when they told me their plans to move to Neglati, I was surprised.

"You're going where?"

"Oh, you know, to Neglati. Where our shaman is from. We're going to follow him to his homeland."

I stare at them.

"You mean, Shaman Roku? The one who smokes out all the time and claims to have a direct line to God?"

Bertha scolded me.

“Now Chloe, that’s not nice. Shaman Roku is the real thing. He says that Apotheosis is really taking off, and there’s a big community in Neglati for us to join. It’ll be great, and exactly what your father and I need. A supportive group to deepen our connection with each other, and with the religion too.”

I snort.

“Mom—”

“Please don’t call me ‘Mom’ anymore,” Bertha interrupted. “It’s not how Apotheosis works. We show respect by using a person’s given name at all times.”

I rolled my eyes.

“Okay Bertha—”

“Don’t call me Bertha either,” she said in a tight voice. “We’ve changed our names, actually. I’m now Bezimba and your father is Trekko. We’d appreciate it if you used those instead.”

I swung my gaze over to my dad.

“Are you serious?”

Tom, I mean Trekko, nodded, his grey ponytail straggly and thin. His blue eyes were sympathetic, but his expression somber.

“We’re very serious, honey. Apotheosis is the golden path. We needed to shed our old skins, including our old names and identities, in order to go next level. This pilgrimage is going to be meaningful. It might even be the thing that helps us “break through” to enlightenment.”

I stare at them.

“Enlightenment? Really? Honestly, it sounds a little like hand-waving to me.”

Bertha, I mean Bezimba, put her hands on her hips and fixed me with a glare, sparks shooting from her faded blue eyes.

“It’s not woo-woo handwaving, Chloe. I’d appreciate it if you respected our belief system.”

I nod, holding both palms up in surrender.

“Yes, I’m sorry. I mean, I get that you’re totally into this new religion but what about our family? What about me, enlightenment or not?”

My parents shared a look.

“What it means,” Bezimba said in a steady voice, maintaining her calm. “Is that you’ll be finishing high school here on your own, Chloe. You know what you’re doing in school, and you get good grades. I’m sure it will be no problem. We’ll leave you the trailer, of course, and we’ll provide a monthly stipend too, so you have money for food and clothing. But your dad and I have decided that you’re old enough to take care of yourself, and that the time is ripe for us to take the next step.”

I spluttered.

“But will I see you? When are you coming back? And I don’t get it: how will you survive in Neglati? What are you going to do for money?”

My mom merely shrugged, although her expression was serious.

“We’ve decided to put that in the hands of Shaman Roku for now. He assures us that God will find a way, and that drawing from our retirement accounts to fund this journey is the right thing to do. We’ve already decided, Chloe, and nothing you say is going to change our minds. We leave for Neglati on Wednesday.”

I could only stare, speechless, as my parents turned away. After all, Bertha and Tom are adults. They aren’t the most responsible people, seeing that my dad often misses shifts at the body shop, and my mom always seems to be getting fired from whatever new position she lands. But they were able to save money by keeping a tight fist on expenses, and they even managed to raise me, their daughter.

Except now, Tom and Bertha have gone bat-shit crazy with this new religion, Apotheosis. I don’t know what it’s about, except that Shaman Roku comes off as a huckster. I went to a prayer session led by him a while back, and that

guy is downright creepy. He's a South Asian man in his late 60's, dressed in the saffron robes of the Hari Krishna, except that he's not a Hari Krishna. He merely started out as a Hari Krishna, and then branched out on his own to promote his own religion, Apotheosis, where allegedly he has a direct line to God. As if. God doesn't have a phone number that people can call. I may be a skeptic, but I'm not naive. I can recognize a con man when I see one.

But Tom and Bertha are a different story. Somehow, they've gotten swept into this Apotheosis hullabaloo, and are fervent believers. Before they left, they were dressing like Hari Krishnas as well, to the point where my mom actually threw out her collection of tie-dye leggings.

"Are you sure you want to do that?" I asked, watching as Bertha stuffed the brightly-colored leggings into a big trash bag. "I thought you loved those. You were into Fabletics for a while, and then Lululemon, and then that other brand. What was it called? Oh yeah, BuddhaRite."

Bertha merely snorted, cramming the last of the leggings into the bulging trash bag before sealing it with a zip tie.

"I'm sure," she said, her mouth in a straight line. "The leggings are a remnant of my old life, and I need to shed every sign of the past."

"Yeah, but you spent a lot of money on those," I argue. "At least keep one or two pairs in case you change your mind."

Bertha swung to look at me with frigid blue eyes then, her frizzy gray hair standing on end. The curls almost crackled with energy, she was so angry.

"I won't change my mind, Chloe, and it's rude of you to insinuate that. Apotheosis is my religion, and I don't appreciate you denigrating my belief system. Would you say that to a stranger on the street? Or is it only your mother that you treat that way?"

It was on the tip of my tongue to say that I would absolutely be skeptical of any religion where the Shaman-in-charge smokes hashish on a regular basis, but I managed to bite my tongue. After all, there's no upside to needling Bertha. It would only get me in trouble, and clearly, my parents are on a new path.

But the result is that I've been living in the trailer park on my own for two

years now. I speak with my parents occasionally, but I haven't seen Bezimba and Trekko since they left. They didn't even come back for my high school graduation. When I crossed the stage in my cap and gown, my parents were at a meditative retreat somewhere in the jungles of Neglati, although they said they'd pray for me.

But it's okay. I've found that I don't mind the solitude, and I'm not really *alone* alone. I work at McDonald's during the day, and while the pay isn't great, my co-workers are fun. We sometimes experiment with the milkshake machine to whip up bizarre concoctions. The whole "Grimace" milkshake that's so popular right now was actually our idea. Yes, me and my co-workers were putzing around with food dye and the milkshake machine, and came up with the purple monster's signature drink. Now, our employer's making a fortune, although corporate's not exactly sharing the largesse with us.

Nonetheless, the job is enough to make ends meet seeing that my parents are still paying me a stipend. Plus, my neighbors at the trailer park are friendly. Okay, the men are more than friendly. There are a lot of hot guys living here, and I've taken up with a few of them. What can I say? They don't seem to mind sharing my curves, and the sensuality is through the roof.

A lot of people would probably say that I'm only doing this to "act out." That I'm engaging in some kind of "teenage rebellion" and "making myself heard" by being promiscuous. But I don't think that's true at all. For one, I'm always safe. I'm on the pill and everyone's been tested five ways until Sunday, so I'm not having risky sex with nameless, anonymous men.

Secondly, these guys are my neighbors. I literally see them when I haul my laundry to the laundromat, or when I'm taking a walk to stretch my legs. They're not unknown quantities who use me and then lose me. Not only that, but everyone in the trailer park knows them, so if someone gets up to no good, it's everyone's business.

Of course, I'm not in a relationship with any of them per se. But I also know that if I needed help, I could call upon Tom Jerrity, John Rigand, Ryan Hunkle, or Bart Coleman. They would respond because they care about me. The men know I'm living alone, and so what if we like to spend our nights together? So what if I enjoy dating four men at once? The men know that I'm

sleeping with other guys at St. George, and it's not like we get together and have orgies. Instead, it's more of a round robin. I rotate between their trailers, and the bed springs are squeaking every night.

But I have to admit that I'd like to have a boyfriend. Someone to call my own, and who would be my "person" in case of emergencies. My *only* person, and not a list of four guys. He would be handsome, athletic, tall, tanned, toned... and oh wait, here comes a potential prospect now.

I bite my lip because Carl Jonsson just pulled up to his trailer in his truck. He moved to the park about a year ago, and the mysterious man keeps to himself. I know he works for Crenshaw Lumber like a lot of the other guys, but he hasn't become friendly with any of them. Instead, he likes to tinker with his bike and work out with weights on the reg. Other than those two hobbies, he keeps to himself.

Of course, I'm burning with curiosity. Any woman would be because Carl's gorgeous with ebony hair, tanned skin, and penetrating blue eyes. He's built like an Olympian with brawny shoulders, a broad chest, and powerful arms that are aptly called "Thunder" and "Lightning." There were a couple times when he whipped off his shirt while working on his bike, and I damn near fell to my knees at the sight. His skin was bronzed and glistened in the light, with a defined six pack, and thick pecs like slabs of marble. I would love to lick his chest someday. I wonder if his skin is a musky mix of salty and sweet.

Suddenly, Carl looks up while getting out of his truck, and our eyes meet. A flash of awareness shoots through my limbs, and I'm rooted to the spot like an animal caught in the headlights. My insides go soft and loose as Carl stares at me, before turning that bright blue gaze away. What is he thinking? Does he know who I am? Does he know that I live at the trailer park too?

But he doesn't look back. He simply gets out of his truck before entering his trailer. The connection is broken, and I'm left gasping and weak-kneed. What just happened?

You know what just happened, the voice in my head says. There's something between you and this guy.

Yes, but I'm already sleeping with FOUR men! Isn't that enough?

Yeah, but what's one more? the voice in my head sniggers. Besides, you've been getting tired of the slut-life, Chloe. Maybe Carl Jonsson could be your one and only.

I snort because where in the world are these ideas coming from? Yet I have to admit that I'm intrigued by the thought. Somehow, I just know that Carl Jonsson doesn't share women. The man is an alpha male, and he's not the type for sloppy seconds. But would he even want me? Especially given my current lifestyle? Before I realize it, I've put down the watering can, and my feet are moving towards his trailer. My breath comes fast even as my breasts tremble, but I want to get to know this man ... even if I'm humiliated in the process.

Carl

I plop down on an armchair in my trailer. The place is small, but I rearranged shit so that I could fit my huge Barcalounger. It's a monster made of brown pleather, with stuffing erupting from a couple small rips in the material, but I don't care. This thing is comfortable, and I've taken it with me wherever I go the last couple years.

Still, I can't relax at the moment because I saw Chloe just seconds ago. The beautiful blonde looked gorgeous in a tiny white mini-skirt and red halter top. Her big boobs strained at the fabric, and the mid-thigh hem showed off her long, golden legs. What the fuck? What was she doing, watering plants in that outfit?

Not only that, but she looked at me and something happened. Electricity shot through the air, and I was paralyzed for a moment. I literally stopped breathing as blood rushed through my veins. The world shrank until it was only me and her, staring at one another, before something snapped me out of my reverie, and I turned away. Fuck, what the hell is wrong with me? That girl is in high school. Not only that, but I have double cocks. My secret anatomy needs to stay just that—a secret. I can't go around sharing it with a girl who's sleeping with multiple dudes at the trailer park.

Grunting, I take another sip of my cold beer, letting the bitter tang curdle my tongue. But then there's a tap at the door, and I lean my head back, hoping that whoever it is will go away. Samantha Jenkins has been known to come over to "borrow a cup of sugar" on occasion, but I know what the divorcee really wants. She shows up in tight dresses hoping to spark a conversation before getting a good drill on.

I'm silent, taking another swig at my beer. The silence is loud in my ears and I smirk. *It worked, motherfucker.* But then the tap comes again, and then a sweet voice calls, "Mr. Jonsson? Carl? It's me, Chloe Mackie."

Oh shit, the beautiful girl's at my door! What the hell does she want? Putting down my beer, I heave myself out of the Barcalounger and stride to the door before opening it.

"Yeah?"

Chloe looks up at me with big blue eyes, limpid and innocent. Her blonde hair curls about her shoulders, and I have a view straight down the front of her top and into the dark shadow between her large breasts. Oh shit, her flesh is creamy and soft, and I'd give anything to run my tongue between those two orbs, tasting her sweetness.

But I can't because it would be wrong. As a result, I merely stare at her.

"Yeah?"

Chloe visibly swallows, her elegant throat rippling.

"Well, I was just wondering if you wanted me to water your flowers," she begins, holding up her tin watering can. "I'm working on my greenery, and I noticed that you have some begonias. They look like they could use some sustenance."

I blink, startled. Begonias? But then I remember that there are a couple purple blossoms in a planter next to my trailer. They aren't actually mine. They belong to Len Wooden in the next row.

"Those are Len's," I growl, fixing Chloe with my blue eyes. "He keeps them here because his trailer doesn't get enough shade. Ask him."

I hate myself for being so gruff, but this girl doesn't know what's good for her. I need to drive her away, stat, before the monster in me comes out. Yet Chloe's a brave one, and she straightens, her small chin coming up.

"Sure, will do. Be right back."

Then, she disappears as I shut the door, stunned. Be right back? What does that mean? Sure enough, another knock sounds on the door within a few minutes, and it's Chloe standing before my trailer again, still delectable in her tiny outfit with those big breasts pushed out.

"Hi Mr. Jonsson," she greets once more. "Len wasn't home, but I thought I'd take the initiative and water his blooms. The begonias are definitely wilting, and I know he'd appreciate it. There's no sense in letting flowers die while I'm right here, with my watering can at the ready."

I stare at the ripe teenager. Is this woman for real? Nonetheless, I nod, my voice gruff.

"Do what you think is best."

I fully expect her to mind her own business, turning to the work of watering flowers or whatever the fuck is going on. But instead, Chloe shakes her head, those blonde curls bouncing.

"Actually, my watering can is empty and I was wondering if I could refill it in your sink?"

I blink.

"Isn't there an outdoor hose that you could use? Surely you don't need indoor tap water."

Chloe merely lets out a merry laugh, her face breaking into a beautiful smile. It's like seeing a shaft of sunlight strike out between the clouds, and immediately, I'm entranced.

"There is a hose," she concedes. "But it's been baking in the sun all day, and the water's hot. It's too hot for the plants, so I need to access cold water that's available only from the pipes in the trailers. Now, may I?" she asks, holding up her watering pot again.

I blink. This girl has done me in, and I nod, moving away to let her enter.

“Sure,” I grunt. “Ignore the mess.”

Chloe skips up the couple of steps to my trailer and steps into the darkened interior. To be honest, Barcalounger aside, I’ve taken pains with my living quarters so that it’s nice. Or as nice can be, seeing that it’s only about four hundred square feet. There’s fake wood paneling on the walls, sure, but I’ve hung up a couple of abstract prints in tonal browns and grays as decoration. The kitchen is spic and span, and I had custom built-ins installed so that my pots and pans are displayed attractively in glass-paned cupboards. Not only that, but there’s a small bud vase on the flip-top table, adding a dash of color with its yellow bloom.

Chloe takes everything in with a sweep of her eyes, but she doesn’t comment. Instead, she skips over to the kitchen sink and begins filling her tin can with water.

“So I’m Chloe,” she says conversationally while looking at me over one slim shoulder. “I don’t know if we’ve ever been formally introduced before.”

I chuckle.

“I don’t know that there’s anything formal that goes on at St. George Crossing,” I growl in a wry tone. “Other than the name, I guess.”

“I know,” she giggles. “How did they even get such a fancy name? I mean, we’re a trailer park for crying out loud. St. George Crossing is way too stuffy for this place because it sounds like we should be living in the English countryside. Or a church. Or an abbey.”

I shake my head.

“I heard it’s a trick that developers do. They pick out uptight British names in order to increase property values. After all, who really wants to live somewhere called Bombay Way or Beijing Lane? Or even Villa Spaghetti? Those choices sound bizarre, whereas British names feel normal.”

Chloe laughs while turning off the spigot. Her can’s filled to the brim, but she doesn’t make any attempt to leave.

“Yeah, I see your point. There are so many British-sounding names in the United States. I guess it’s just our colonial past.”

I grin.

“Or the fact that Americans are all Anglophiles, even if we don’t know it.”

“Oh, I’m *definitely* an Anglophile,” Chloe agrees. “I love everything British, including tea and scones, *Peaky Blinders*, the Royal Family, and Ascot.”

I nod, impressed.

“You follow horse-racing?”

She nods, her blonde curls bobbing.

“I’m not a die-hard, but I watch races on my phone sometimes. I love seeing the horses because they’re gorgeous animals. They flow like the wind when they gallop, and it’s incredible that an animal that’s two thousand pounds can be held up by four spindly legs.”

I nod.

“That’s part of the problem, actually. You know a couple racehorses have had to be euthanized at the track recently, right? It’s often because they break a leg, and for a horse, that’s a death sentence. They get something called laminitis and have to be put down.”

Chloe nods sorrowfully, wringing her hands.

“Yeah, I heard,” she murmurs. “I hate how racehorses are so fragile and vulnerable. I hate how they have to run for their lives sometimes, too.”

I nod.

“Yeah, it’s the glue factory in Mexico for a segment of horses that don’t win. It’s tragic.”

We’re both silent for a moment, absorbing the implication of our words. Depressing subject matter aside, I’m impressed with Chloe because I wasn’t sure what to expect. She’s a bodacious young woman, and I guess based on her appearance, I was expecting her to be an airhead. I suppose it was the blonde hair, big tits, and revealing clothes. I wasn’t sure she’d have more

than a bag of rocks for brains.

But instead, Chloe's surprised me. She knows what an Anglophile is, and also knows a bit about horse-racing, which is a somewhat esoteric sport. Not only that, but she's articulate and intelligent, with a sweet smile and gentle manners.

"So do you live here alone, Mr. Jonsson?" she asks, tilting her head at me in the cutest way.

I laugh.

"I think you know the answer to that."

She laughs too.

"You're right, I do," she readily admits. "Everyone knows everyone else's business at St. George Crossing. We're packed in like sardines, and nosy by nature too."

"You can say that again." But then I fix her with a look. "Do you live here alone, Miss Mackie? I don't feel like I've ever seen you with a parental figure."

She blushes.

"Oh that," Chloe hems and haws. "Well..."

I raise a black brow in her direction as she sighs, her shoulders collapsing a bit.

"I used to live here with my parents," she says. "But they left about two years ago. You only moved in recently, right?"

"Yup. Last year, around this time."

Chloe nods and bites her lip, her eyes darting away for a moment.

"So you've never met Bertha and Tom. I mean, Bezimba and Trekko, because my parents changed their names. Basically, my parents became fervent devotees of a new religion, and they decided to make a pilgrimage to Neglati with their shaman. It's strange. They've been gone for a while now, and I don't know when I'm going to see them again."

I stare at the beautiful woman.

“Neglati? Isn’t that on the other side of the world?”

Chloe nods.

“Yeah, it’s near Bangladesh, in the South Asia region. Bezimba and Trekko are having a good time, judging from their monthly phone calls. I still talk to them, of course, because I’m their daughter. I just think Bertha and Tom, I mean Bezimba and Trekko, have gotten carried away, that’s all.”

I whistle.

“You could say that again. They left their teenage daughter here, all alone?”

Chloe nods.

“Yeah. I mean, they send me money every month for expenses, and obviously left me the trailer to live in. I also work at the local McDonald’s. It’s not much of a job, but it’s not so bad. At least we get free fries,” she says with a halfway smile. “And free McFlurries too.”

I shake my head.

“Still, it’s insane that they ditched their daughter just like that. Do you have anyone looking after you? Were you able to finish school?”

She nods.

“Oh yeah. I graduated from St. George High last year, and with honors too. Of course, my parents didn’t make it to graduation. Bezimba and Trekko were on a meditative retreat in the far reaches of Neglati, so they couldn’t fly back in time. But it’s okay,” she says with a shrug. “I’ve been in St. George my whole life, so I had lots of friends cheering for me. Some of us have known each other since kindergarten, so it was like having family there.”

I shake my head.

“Still, friends *aren’t* family, even if they’re close. Your parents are definitely missing out. I’m sorry to hear that, Chloe.”

“Oh don’t be!” she says quickly. “It’s fine. I’m used to it.”

I shake my head.

“No, it’s a shame. When I was your age, I felt like my parents were looking over my shoulder non-stop, and it was annoying. But I now know that it was the right thing for parents to do. They wanted to make sure I didn’t get into trouble. Or impregnate any unsuspecting women,” I add in a rueful tone.

Chloe laughs, the melodic tone peeling through the air.

“You were impregnating women?”

“Well, I *wanted* to,” I say with a smirk. “Although seventeen-year-old me wasn’t too successful, I’ll admit. But yeah, my parents were on top of that shit. They didn’t want grand-babies until much later, although of course, it’s much later now, and I still haven’t given them grandchildren to fawn over.”

Chloe laughs.

“But you’re a guy! You can reproduce into old age. There’s no rush.”

I shoot a wry smile at the beautiful blonde.

“I agree. Biology doesn’t necessarily constrain men, at least not in the reproductive sense. But this is where scientists lead people astray because how many women really want to date a grizzled seventy-year-old dude? One with a huge gut and thinning hair?”

Chloe squeals with giggles.

“You don’t have a huge gut or thinning hair! And you’re not seventy either.”

I grin.

“I know, but I’m just saying. Guys put things off for a long time because we can, biologically speaking. But sociology plays a role in mating too, and I don’t think there are many pretty young things who want to hook-up with someone old enough to be their grandfather.”

Chloe merely laughs.

“You’re not anyone’s grandfather! You’re young and vigorous! I see you working out all the time.”

“I lift, yeah,” I acknowledge. “It’s important to build muscle and stay fit. Why, do you work out?”

Chloe shakes her head, the begonias long-forgotten.

“No, not at all. I’m not much for the gym. It’s intimidating with all those mirrors.”

“Go to a Crossfit gym then,” I say in a reasonable tone. “They’re called “boxes” and there are no mirrors there. They focus on what an athlete can do, instead of how an athlete looks.”

Chloe giggles.

“Well, I wouldn’t call myself an ‘athlete,’” she says in a wry tone. “Far from it, actually, because I can’t play any sport. I’m way too uncoordinated. I just try to stay active by walking whenever I can, and doing a couple sit-ups every now and then. It’s the most that I can handle.”

I shoot her a grin.

“I’m sure you can handle more than that. You’re what? Nineteen? Twenty?”

“Nineteen,” Chloe affirms with a sweet smile.

“Listen,” I say, inspiration striking. “Let me take you to a gym and show you some exercises. There’s no need to be intimidated because people are really friendly, and everyone is an athlete. I work out at the local Crossfit Mayhem on the other side of town.”

“Mayhem?” Chloe asks with a tremor to her voice. “That’s the name of the gym? That sounds scary.”

I laugh.

“No, it’s not. Most boxes pick out intimidating names, like Crossfit Savage, Crossfit Titan, or Razor Crossfit. But it’s just a name. The people inside can be animals when it comes to working out, but don’t worry: I’ll protect you.”

A beautiful smile breaks out on Chloe’s face then.

“Okay, I trust you, Mr. Jonsson. To the gym we shall go, even if it’s against all my natural instincts. Tomorrow around noon?”

I wink at her.

“You’ve got yourself a date, sweetheart. I’ll knock on your door around then, and we can take my truck.”

“Sounds good! Looking forward,” she sings. Then, picking up her watering can, Chloe prances out of my trailer and back outside to fiddle with the flowers. I watch as her blonde hair bounces, that body tight and delectable in her skirt and top. Then, I remember who I am, or rather *what* I am, and curse myself. Any other guy would be in Seventh Heaven, ecstatic about a date with a gorgeous goddess like Chloe Mackie. But I’ve got my double-dicked anatomy to hide... and I can’t risk letting someone as promiscuous as Chloe Mackie in on the secret.

Chloe

I'm not sure what to think of Carl Jonsson. He's gruff, abrupt, and very much an intimidating alpha male with his powerful frame and sculpted chest. But at the same time, he's smart. He talked to me about horse-racing and seemed concerned about the lack of parental oversight in my life. But that's the thing. I don't want him to be worried because I don't want him to see me as a child in need of guidance. I want the handsome man to see me as a woman, and not just some little girl whiling away her days.

Plus, I get the feeling that our age gap is significant. There are a couple clues here and there: Carl seems to be very worldly, with refined tastes. I never thought I'd believe that about a guy who lives in a trailer, but when I stepped into his home, I could see that it wasn't a man cave littered with empty pizza boxes and beer bottles. Instead, Carl actually had tasteful art on the walls, and shiny copper-colored pots and pans displayed in his kitchen cabinets. A lot of furniture looked custom, too. Of course, there was the massive Barcalounger in one corner, but it looks like he got some custom millwork done to round out his furniture set, and the flip-top table and accompanying bench seat were definitely products of an artisanal woodworking shop.

Then again, what do I know? My own trailer is pretty terrible décor-wise. It still bears the signs of Trekko and Bezimba, and I know I should have cleared

my parents' colorful wall hangings and faded Persian rugs out ages ago. But I've never gotten around to it. I guess I'm still attached to Trekkie and Bezimba, even if I haven't seen them in years. Yet living in their shadow isn't the right thing to do either because I want Carl to see me as an independent, sassy young woman, and not as a wishy-washy dependent who's unexpectedly been abandoned.

Now, we're at Crossfit Mayhem, and my handsome neighbor smiles at me as we enter the gym. The space is cavernous. It's maybe 15,000 square feet, and like he promised, there are no mirrored walls. Instead, there's a football field full of exercise equipment, as well as a strip of empty mat space running down the length of the gym, bordered by two parallel strips of wood flooring.

"What's that for?" I ask, curious.

He grins.

"Lifting weights. You'll see. Some of the dudes like to slam their weights down, and the wooden surface absorbs the impact."

"Ah, I see," I murmur, swallowing a bit with intimidation. Carl chuckles again, seeing my stricken expression.

"It's fine," he reassures me. "You're going to be fine, Chloe. Just let them do them, and we'll do us. Why don't we get warmed up? Do you want to fill up your water bottle and then meet me by the mat over there?" he asks, jerking his chin towards a small area near the corner of the gym.

"Sure," I mutter, my head down. "Just give me a sec."

OMG, this is going to be so embarrassing! I haven't even started working out yet, but I'm already intimidated because everyone at the gym seems to know what they're doing. Not only that, but everyone looks like a fitness model. The men literally bulge with muscles, and the women are toned and bronzed, looking like pumped up SoulCycle instructors in their tight spandex.

Meanwhile, I look down at myself while filling my water bottle. I had no idea what to wear, so I'm dressed like an 80's aerobics instructor. A hot pink leotard stretches across my curves, highlighting my huge bust and narrow waist. The thong bottom disappears between my butt cheeks, and I've paired the leotard with matching pink leg warmers, as well as cute white tennis

shoes. I know I stick out in a sea of Lululemon and Alo, but I've never really liked athleisure. If you're going to wear work out clothing, that's fine. But there's no sense in combining your gym clothes with your normal clothes because it seems like you'd be walking around gross and sweaty all day, stinking to high heaven.

But Carl likes my outfit. When I showed up at his trailer this morning, I saw how his nostrils flared as he took in my electric pink ensemble.

"You like?" I giggled while slinging my gym bag into his truck. His eyes roved over my lush breasts before dropping to the narrowness of my waist. But he didn't answer. Instead, the huge man merely got behind the wheel and grunted, "Get in."

Of course, Carl looks amazing, full stop. He's wearing a muscle-T with cut-off sleeves showing off those powerful biceps. His basketball shorts go down to his knee, but nothing can hide the strength and vigor in those thick thighs. Plus, he just looks good, period. Everything about his physique is proportional and heavily muscled, and my mouth waters looking at the handsome alpha male.

But of course, I have to avoid embarrassing myself first. I fill up my water bottle and walk with slow feet to where Carl's stretching in the corner.

"Ready?" he asks, quirking one black brow at me. Those blue eyes dance, as if he can sense my trepidation.

"Ready," I manage in a mostly steady voice. "Where do we start?"

"Let's get warmed up first," he says. "Jumping jacks? Twenty of them?"

"Sure."

Then, we begin to hop up and down. Thankfully, I remember how to do jumping jacks from elementary school although it's probably been ten years since I last did one. Arms over my head, feet apart, and then everything back together. I'm not exactly the most coordinated person, but the jumping jacks are fine ... or so I think.

After all, I'm a curvy girl and any amount of movement makes my assets swing. My big breasts are soon bouncing up and down like jiggly beach balls,

and Carl can't take his eyes from the lush creaminess before him.

"Three..." he grunts. "Four... Five... Six... Seven."

I giggle silently, although I'm already getting a little winded.

"Eight..." I chant. "Nine... Ten... Eleven."

By now, my nipples are hard against the thin material, and Carl's eyes are latched to the budding nubs behind the pink fabric. He licks his lips unconsciously, his body on automatic as those blue eyes hungrily devour my moving form.

But finally, the jumping jacks are over and we stop. I pause for a moment, huffing and puffing, to wipe my brow before shooting him a sweet smile.

"Wow, that was tough. Give me a sec, okay?"

Then, I turn away without waiting for an answer so that I'm facing the corner of the gym. No one can see what I'm doing, so I reach into the deep v-neck of my leotard and rearrange my big breasts so that they're positioned just right. I don't think the girls are going to fall out of the top because the material's pretty tight. But at the same time, I know the discreet gesture is probably turning Carl on, and when I spin around once more, I can see that I'm right. His blazing blue eyes eat me up, and his strong jaw is tense with a muscle ticking at the edge.

"Is everything okay?" I ask in an innocent voice.

"Yeah," he croaks. "Fine and dandy."

I shoot him a teasing look.

"Is that an Anglophilic phrase?"

He nods, averting his eyes for a second.

"Absolutely honey. Anything with the word 'dandy' in it is Anglophilic, in addition to anything using the phrase 'twee' or 'fairy.'"

"Fairy isn't Anglophilic!" I laugh merrily. "Lots of Americans use the word 'fairy' all the time."

“Yeah, but in the context of ‘fairy lights’ or ‘twee fairy,’ it’s definitely Anglophilic,” he rumbles.

“Okay, you have me there.”

Carl pauses, staring at my heaving form for a moment. My curves are ripe and tempting and I get the distinct feeling that he’d love to press his face between my huge breasts and motorboat me for fun. But instead, he jerks his eyes away again before gesturing to the mat.

“How about some sit-ups?” he growls. “You first.”

I roll my eyes.

“Okay, okay, but don’t get your hopes up because I have weak abs. This isn’t going to go the way you think.”

His eyes skitter to my mid-section for a moment, and automatically, I suck my stomach in. It’s so pathetic! I can’t believe I’m trying to impress Carl in such an obvious way, but hey, I have a poochy tummy and it’s important to suck in when a hot guy is scrutinizing your figure.

Carl makes no comment, however. Instead, the alpha male merely grunts as I lie down on the mat with my knees up in a v-shape.

“Okay, let’s do twenty,” he says. “Feet flat. Focus on using your core, otherwise you’re just rolling your head and shoulders off the ground.”

I nod, biting my lip before positioning my hands behind my head. Then I begin to sit up. Fortunately, it’s not too hard. I manage to elevate my head and shoulders, and even a bit of my torso too.

“One,” I pant. “Two... Three...”

“Keep your feet flat,” Carl instructs. “Don’t lift them up in the air.”

But that’s the problem. I can’t get my torso up if my feet don’t pop off the mat.

“You’re using momentum to do your sit-ups,” he says. “Feet flat. Come on, Chloe. You can do it.”

The problem is that I can’t. Not really. I need to rock back and forth in order

to lift my torso from the surface, and when I keep my feet flat, it just doesn't work.

"I'm not athletic like that!" I whine. "It's too hard."

Carl grins.

"Here, let me help you."

Then, he steps on my feet with one of his own, pinning my white sneakers to the floor.

"Ouch!" I exclaim. "What are you doing?"

That blue gaze is unperturbed.

"Helping you achieve good form."

I roll my eyes.

"Why don't you *show* me how to do it then? Instead of subjecting me to pure torture."

Carl thinks for a moment, but then nods before lying down next to me.

"Pin my feet to the floor with your hands," he instructs. "Hard. Harder."

I kneel at his feet and put my hands on his sneakers in order to leverage my weight against his. But the problem is that Carl likely has a hundred pounds on me, if not more. This guy is made of heavy slabs of muscle, and when he does his first sit-up, his feet push against my hands as my eyes go wide.

"Push down," he growls. "Fight me."

I decide to get into it. The alpha male is going to see that I'm not some wishy-washy female who rolls over and gives up just like that. Instead, I lean forwards on my knees, my hands still on his feet. I literally press my breasts against his shins, and look straight into that electric blue gaze.

"Give it to me, big boy," I murmur huskily. "Do your best."

Carl's azure gaze flares, but then he begins his sit-ups. That massive torso lifts from the mat, his hands behind his head, as his lower legs press against

my tits.

“One...” I count breathily. “Two... Three...”

It’s fucking sexy what we’re doing. My huge boobs are squashed against his shins and our eye contact is electric as Carl continues to do sit-ups. In fact, I can see that the bulge at his groin is beginning to grow. My eyes are glued to that massive package, and I lick my lips unconsciously as his shorts slip down those massive thighs. Is it my imagination or is his package absolutely enormous? This guy has enough firepower to keep three or four women happy, if I’m not mistaken.

“You can stop staring, Chloe,” he rasps in an amused tone. “I can see what your eyes are fixed on.”

My gaze snaps away.

“I wasn’t staring!”

He chuckles.

“You were, and we both know it. But it’s fine, sweetheart, because when you were doing your sit-ups, I was staring at you too. You look beautiful,” he adds in a low tone. “Delectable, and good enough to eat.”

My heart starts thumping as I meet his gaze over his knees. The connection is electric, and I can hardly breathe.

“Are you supposed to be saying that to me, Mr. Jonsson? It sounds like this conversation is going beyond normal gym-speak.”

He grunts, lifting his torso up. Goodness, he looks amazing, with those powerful arms and rippling abs.

“It is going beyond the normal course of conversation, but I think we shot by that a while ago when you showed up in a pink leotard, Chloe. I mean, a leotard? I didn’t even know they sold those anymore.”

“Why, do I look like I’m in a Jane Fonda exercise video?”

Carl grunts with amusement.

“Are you even old enough to know who Jane Fonda is?” he retorts with a

grin. “That lady is eighty if not more. I mean, don’t get me wrong because she looks great, but her heyday was a long time ago. She was hot during the Vietnam War.”

I giggle.

“I know who Jane Fonda is, and she’s not over the hill! She’s famous, and still makes movies too. Maybe Ms. Fonda is the mom, or even the grandma, in films these days, but she’s still famous. And very beautiful too.”

“*You’re* the one who’s beautiful,” Carl rasps, his eyes meeting mine again. “You’re gorgeous Chloe, but I have to ask: why are you sleeping with so many men simultaneously? You’ve got me worried.”

I gasp as my eyes go round because I had no idea that he knew.

“What do you mean?” I begin dissembling. “I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

Carl pauses in his sit-ups, seizing my gaze with his own.

“I think you do, Chloe. I’m awake most nights, and I’ve seen how you move between the trailers of different men. I see how the trailers bounce and shake, and I hear the moans too. You’re definitely fucking a couple different guys at the trailer park. Not only that, sweetheart, but I saw how you were limping this morning, and if I’m not mistaken, that’s a smear of come on your inner thigh. Yeah, it was obvious when you were doing your sit-ups, sweetheart. I can almost smell your sweet cunt from this distance too.”

The flood of information is too much for me. My heart hammers as I stare at Carl with wide eyes.

“Oh, um,” I stammer. “It’s not what you think it is.”

“It’s not?” he asks, one black brow quirking. “Then what is it?”

“I mean, it is,” I say hastily. “It’s just that... well, I enjoy sharing my body with men,” is my timorous admission. “Is that wrong?”

“It’s not wrong,” Carl drawls. “But why do you do it? Are you taking advantage of the fact that your parents aren’t around by sleeping around? Hell, do they know what you’re doing?”

“Of course not!” I say in a breathy rush. “Bezimba and Trekkio have no idea what’s going on, although to be honest, I doubt they’d care. First, because they’re so checked out of my daily life, that I can get away with murder. I could probably stab someone to death, and they’d just tut-tut before wiring me some bail money.”

“Okay,” Carl drawls, his blue eyes fixed on mine. “But are you going to tell them about your sexual habits? No judgment, sweetheart. I’m just concerned about your welfare.”

Oh my god, this conversation is going in all the wrong directions because I had no idea that Carl *knew*. But it’s clear the alpha male is observant, and he’s witnessed my nighttime comings and goings. I guess I wasn’t as discreet as I thought.

“Thanks, but there’s no reason to be concerned,” I say in a firm voice. “I’m always safe, and I’m on the pill too. Besides, the men aren’t strangers. I mean, you know Tom Jerrity and John Rigand. Don’t you all work at Crenshaw together?”

“I do know them,” Carl acknowledges in a deep voice, his tone thoughtful. “In fact, there are things about Tom and John that you probably *don’t* know that might be of interest.”

“Like what?” I ask immediately. “I mean, I’m in the dark because John, Tom, and the two other guys I’m seeing ... well, let’s just say we’re not dating or anything. It’s more a release of physical needs.”

Carl quirks a black brow at me.

“Is that how you’d describe it?”

I flush hotly, squirming a bit as I press myself against his shins.

“Well yes. I know it sounds bad because I’m sleeping with a couple guys, but I swear, no one’s getting hurt. We all want it, and the guys don’t mind the set-up either. They know about each other and it works for them, actually, because they travel for jobs. With four guys, they know my physical needs are taken care of even when they’re out of town.”

Carl raises a black brow at me again.

“Is that so?”

“Yes!” I say emphatically. “Why, don’t you travel as well? It’s part of being a lumberjack.”

“I do travel some,” Carl agrees in a deep tone. “But I also have a degree of control over my schedule. If I had a sweet young thing like you at home waiting for me in bed with your tits out and legs spread, I wouldn’t be gone long. I’d try to restrict my travel to as little as possible. In fact, I might not leave town at all.”

I pause, blinking.

“Oh, I had no idea you could control your schedule. I thought Crenshaw made all the rules, and dictated who goes where when.”

“They do,” Carl muses. “But I’ve been around a while, so I have seniority. So do Tom and John, actually.”

“I see,” I murmur breathlessly. “I had no idea.”

“But my question to you still stands, Chloe,” Carl continues. “Why are you doing what you do? What’s driving you?”

I shrug helplessly, my cheeks going red.

“I just like it, I guess. It’s not wrong.”

“I didn’t say it was wrong,” the alpha male agrees. “But I wonder: have you tried just being with one man?”

I look up immediately.

“Why, are you volunteering?”

He smirks at me.

“Maybe. But you should know, Chloe, that I don’t share. I’m not the type for sloppy seconds because I want a woman’s pussy to belong to me, and only to me. Her ass, too. I don’t want to drive in, only to feel another man’s seed sloshing around deep inside.”

The visual makes me begin to pant, even as my insides go hot.

“Oh, I wouldn’t keep doing what I’m doing if you were in the picture, Mr. Jonsson. I could limit myself to one man. I could limit myself to *you*,” I add, shooting him a flirtatious look.

“Are you certain about that?” he asks.

My head bumps up and down so fast and hard that I probably look like a bobble head.

“Yes, definitely. My question is: do you have enough for me, Mr. Jonsson? After all, I’m used to getting it at all hours, from multiple men. How will a man who only has one tool keep me happy? I’m sure it’s a massive monster, but still. There’s a difference between being with one man and several lovers, wouldn’t you say?”

That’s when Carl gets a knowing gleam in his blue eyes.

“I think my equipment might surprise you, Chloe.”

I giggle.

“Maybe. But again, you’re talking to a girl who’s been around the block, Mr. Jonsson. I know what to expect.”

“You don’t,” he says.

“I do,” I say in a light voice.

“No, you don’t,” he counters, a shadow in those blue eyes.

“Then show me,” I invite huskily. “I want to see what your equipment can do.”

The bright flare in those azure eyes is my answer because I know Carl Jonsson wants into my curvy body ... and it’ll be a thrilling ride once I get on.

Carl

Chloe has no idea what she's asking for. I know I should stop because her mistaken beliefs about my anatomy are going to get her in trouble.

Yet I can't stop because the beautiful blonde is luscious, delicious, and so damn cute too. She's ladylike yet sassy at once, teasing me about horses, my twee vocabulary, afternoon tea, and the English countryside. Say what? I was expecting an ignorant teenage girl, but instead I've met a woman who's curious about the world and eager for more.

But Chloe's in over her head when it comes to dealing with me. After all, no woman ever anticipates meeting a man with a double cock. We're a genetic anomaly and it's the stuff of science fiction, or really bad porn. I've heard that there's tentacle porn out there where girls are taken in all their orifices by an octopus, or manhandled by some kind of alien creature with three dicks and four arms. It doesn't sound like a turn-on to me, but hey, to each their own. If it's feeding a harmless fantasy, then more power to them.

But Chloe's big blue eyes are going to be my downfall because she's looking at me now with a gaze that hints of innocence, and yet vixenish devilry at the same time. How does she even do that? I didn't know that a woman could be so intriguing with her combination of sassy teen girl, bodacious curves, and

sheer femininity.

“Mr. Jonsson, show me,” she murmurs in a throaty voice, still pressing those big tits against my shins. “I want to see what you’ve got.”

My cocks go rock solid, and I pause for a moment mid-sit up.

“Absolutely not, honey. You’re too young and you’re not prepared for what I have.”

But Chloe gets a secretive look on her face then. She casts a quick glance around the gym to see if anyone’s looking, and after making sure the coast is clear, the sweet girl sits back and spreads her legs in my direction, splitting her knees apart. Then, she reaches down and pulls the crotch of her leotard to one side, revealing her steaming pink pussy and stiff nub.

“Please, Mr. Jonsson?” she asks in a throaty voice. “Otherwise I’ll have to flash the entire gym if you don’t.”

I stare at her swollen folds as they shine slick and slippery in the low lights. Holy fuck. I had no idea this was going to happen. As I watch, mesmerized, Chloe giggles quietly and reaches one finger down to her clit, gently teasing the hard nub out of its hood.

“Ohh, that feels good,” she moans, her eyes closing for a moment as her head tilts back. “I wish it was you petting my clit for me, Mr. Jonsson. It would be so amazing and such a turn-on, don’t you agree?”

Alright, Chloe wins. I’m clearly no match for this teenage minx because I’m about to erupt. Two geysers are going to create puddles of fluid on the gym right here, right now, if I don’t do something about it. With a rush, I stand and drag Chloe to her feet.

“Goodness!” she pants, looking up at me with big blue eyes. “You’re in a hurry, aren’t you?”

But I’m not listening because I’m already dragging the curvy girl to anyplace where we can get some privacy. The men’s locker room? Hell no. The women’s? That’s not going to work either. Then, I see a door on the left labeled “Employees Only” and try the handle. It opens, revealing a lounge with some battered sofas, a table, and a mini-fridge humming away. This will

work.

I drag Chloe in before kicking the door behind us and then locking it with a swift movement of my hand. My blue eyes blaze as I look at the curvy girl. Any other woman would be wilting with fear, but instead, Chloe sashays to the battered brown couch and sits there primly, as if she's a princess waiting for her courtier to bow. But this is no princess because then a naughty smile overtakes her features, and she spreads her legs again, this time positioning the soles of her feet against the couch seat. Her knees are up by her ears, and goddamn, but the crotch of her leotard is still pulled to one side, revealing those steamy folds.

“You like?” she giggles. “I’m guessing so because of the way you dragged me in here like a cave man, Mr. Jonsson. But I’ll make it worth your while,” she promises in a throaty voice. “Just you wait.”

Then, as I watch with avid eyes, the blonde teenager reaches between her legs and unsnaps the crotch to her leotard. The fabric springs apart immediately, parting to show her sweetest spots as Chloe giggles. But she's not done yet. Instead, she rolls her hips backwards and lifts her knees even higher so that her coffee pucker comes into view. Teasingly, she runs a finger over those tight pleats before spitting slightly. The trail of drool falls from her lips to her backdoor before the dirty girl gently massages the saliva into her anus.

“Do you like what you see, Mr. Jonsson?” she coos. “I’m ready for you.”

Oh fuck. Fuck fuck fuck. She's a dirty little slut, and I love it. By now, my cocks are straining at my gym shorts, with my top dick's helmet peeking over the waistband.

“You're ready, huh?” I growl, whipping my shirt off over my head to reveal my bronzed torso.

“I am,” she whispers enticingly while batting her lashes. “Come and taste me, Mr. Jonsson.”

“Yeah, but you've got to get a load of my anatomy first, sweetheart. Like I said, I'm not your average guy.”

Then, I pull my basketball shorts down before stepping out of the slippery fabric. My two cocks bounce forwards, both already rock hard and smeared

with seed at the tips. The top one is about nine inches, thick and girthy, while the bottom one is ten inches and pulsing with veins. Both are connected to one set of balls at the bottom which are already growing hard and tight, ready to shoot.

“Oh my!” she gasps, her eyes going wide. Chloe’s hands still for a moment because she can’t believe what she’s seeing.

“Cat got your tongue?” I tease. “Like I said, I’m not your average guy.”

“But—but—” she stammers.

“Like I said, I can make you happy, sweetheart. In fact, I can take the place of the multiple guys you’re fucking currently. One ride on my double shafts is like a trip around the sun with your hair on fire.”

“OMGOMGOMG,” Chloe hums, still unable to speak. She’s staring at my equipment, but I’m pleased to see that she’s obviously enraptured by my anatomy. The saucy girl licks her lips for a moment, watching as a long string of seed drops from my top shaft to hit the floor before breaking.

“Oh yeah, I want you bad, sweetheart,” I rasp while gripping my upper shaft in my right hand, and my lower shaft in my left. Then I stroke up and down slowly, watching her big breasts heave. “But the question is, can you take it, Chloe? Can the self-proclaimed super-slut of St. George Crossing handle my anatomy? Or have you met your match?”

Her pink pout opens and closes as she continues to stare, and I let out a throaty laugh. After all, the door’s locked and the room is secure. I won’t let Chloe get off that couch without sampling her sweet holes first ... forcing her to take my shafts whether she’s ready or not.

Chloe

O MG. OMG. What do I do? Is there anyone to call? How do I summon help?

Yet I know I don't want help because the fact is that I'm entranced by Carl's anatomy. Holy shit, where did this come from? The man has TWO cocks!

Yes, TWO of what makes me happiest in the world.

Did my fairy godmother answer my dreams?

Did my wish-upon-a-star finally come true?

Or maybe, I'm just a lucky girl because holy cow ... I want to sit on those rods and to feel them deep inside me. I want one in my pussy, and the other in my ass, dueling inside the tight confines of my body. I want to be plugged and stuffed until I'm overflowing, while bouncing up and down in this man's lap.

As a result, I move without even realizing it. In a flash, my leotard's off and I'm fully nude except for my pink leg warmers and cute white sneakers. My big tits sway as I get to my knees on the couch, my pussy already slick and slippery with arousal.

“Come here, Carl,” I invite throatily, unable to tear my glance away from the lumberjack’s incredible anatomy. “I need to taste it.”

He chuckles.

“I’d say you do,” he rasps before advancing on my nude form. Then, he gently taps his upper cock against my lips, smearing my mouth with seed. “Open up, sweetheart. Get ready to enjoy.”

Like a hungry slut, I obey. I close my lips around the hard rod, savoring the musky, salty taste of his pre-come. Meanwhile, my small hands come up so that they latch around his bottom rod, slowly stroking up and down the thick shaft.

“Goddamn, that feels good,” Carl chokes out, throwing his dark head back as his neck muscles strain. “Fuck.”

I merely giggle, my cheeks crammed full with his man meat. But I want to taste both hard rods, and as a result, I pull off the top one before licking along one pulsing vein.

“Mmm,” I moan. “Oh yesss.”

But I’m not done yet. I shift lower to lick along his lower rod before sucking the glans into my mouth, savoring the sweet, tangy taste of his bottom shaft’s ejaculate.

“Your fluids taste a little different from each cock,” I murmur. “Is that possible?”

Carl opens one eye to peer down at me.

“Probably not, sweetheart, seeing that they source from the same ball sack. Why? Do you like the flavor?”

I suck a bit on both tips before licking my lips to consider.

“I do, and they’re both yummy. The top is saltier, while the bottom is sweeter with an aftertaste that stays on my tongue longer. But they’re both good,” I smile with appreciation before going in for another long lick while looking up at him flirtatiously. “Is that wrong to say? I know I’m a hungry cumslut, but I guess you didn’t realize just *how* hungry until now.”

Carl's blue eyes gleam down at me as he takes my small chin in one big hand.

"You're right. I had no idea about the extent of your depravity, Chloe, but I love it. Now, you've got me going with your slutty ways, honey. It's time to sit on my cocks and to take them both deep inside that slutty snatch and sluttier ass. Are you ready?"

Immediately, I pop his cock out of my mouth and nod with excitement.

"Yes Daddy," I whisper, cupping my breasts before sliding one hand down to twiddle my clit. "I'm more than ready. I'm soaking wet."

With a hungry growl, Carl takes a seat on the couch so that both shafts jut upwards. The sight makes me gasp because he's so huge and proud. The top one is almost parallel to his tight abs, while the bottom rod pokes forward at a forty-five degree angle.

"Then come and get it, baby," he invites in a raspy whisper. "Let's see what that slutty pussy and ass can do."

Without hesitation, I swing one leg over his lap so that I'm clutching those bronzed shoulders while looking into his blue eyes. Then I reach one hand down to notch his top cock at my pussy, but he stops me.

"No, sweetheart," he rasps. "This is your first time. Trust me, it's easier if you go ass first."

My pupils dilate as I stare at him.

"Are you serious?"

"Yeah, absolutely. Here, let me help you." Then, Carl's big hand comes between our bodies as he grasps his bottom shaft. He nudges the tip against my asshole and I gasp.

"Oh my god, you're huge!" I squeal.

"I know, baby," he soothes. "But you're going to be fine. Sit down slowly and we'll go from there."

OMG, OMG. I almost don't know what to do because there's no way I can

handle this! But my curves begin moving on their own, and slowly, I begin pressing my bottom against that enormous member.

“Oh!” I gasp. “Unnh!”

“That’s right,” Carl encourages in a soothing voice. “You’re doing great, baby.”

I squeeze my eyes shut, clinging to his shoulders like a life raft. Then I push my bottom down even more, and with an audible pop, my sphincter relaxes and his shaft slides a few inches up my rectum.

“Ohhhh,” we both moan. “Shit.”

I can’t believe I’m doing this. I have my hunky neighbor’s bottom dick halfway up my ass, and it feels so good as my anal walls clamp around him. But before I can sink all the way to the bottom, Carl grabs his top rod and points it at my pussy hole.

“Now sit on this too,” he instructs in a raspy tone. “You can do it, sweet girl.”

I wail a little as that enormous rod probes and pushes its way into me, but he’s right: I *can* do it, and it feels amazing. With some more heavy panting and shifting around, soon Carl’s balls to the wall inside of me both ways.

“Ohhhh,” I moan headily. “I’m so full!”

“That you are,” he mumbles before pressing a worshipful kiss to my neck. “But you look good stuffed with my two rods, Chloe. Your body was meant for this.”

Then, he begins shifting me up and down, his big hands around my waist as I’m deep-dicked.

“Ohhh!” I scream. “Mmm!”

“You’re doing great,” Carl murmurs against my neck. “Mmm, fuck. Just relax, baby. You’re so tight in both holes.”

Yet I can’t relax because this is too much. Despite being with multiple men, I’ve never actually been with multiple men simultaneously, and definitely not in a DP scenario. As a result, my body’s reaction is uncontrollable. The cliff

comes quickly and I begin to shake and spasm deep inside my pelvis. My pussy gushes wetly and my asshole clamps as suddenly, climax hits.

“Ooooh!” I scream. “Ummm, Carl!”

“Yes, baby, yes,” he rasps, pumping forcefully into me. “Come on my two dicks. Let that curvy body go.”

Then, Carl loses it as well. The huge man goes still under my arms before erupting like a madman, his roar shaking the walls of the small room.

“Fuck!” he shouts. “Shit shit shit!”

I feel reams of hot seed splash into both my pussy and my asshole. I’m painted white in both canals, and it’s so depraved and dirty that I come again, a second orgasm ripping through my frame.

“Ohhh!” I scream. “Mmm, yes Daddy!”

Meanwhile, Carl continues to spurt. The huge man has his hands circling my waist as he jerks and pumps, filling me full of hot, virile seed.

“Yes baby,” he murmurs against my throat. “Oh fuck, you feel good.”

Finally, we come down from our respective highs, and stare at each other, panting and blinking with shock. I’m about to say something silly, but before I can open my mouth, Carl beats me to it.

“That was the best sex I’ve ever had, Chloe,” he rasps before seizing my mouth in a kiss. “I knew you’d be good, but I had no idea you’d be *that* good.”

My insides melt as I clasp the muscular alpha male to me, loving his huge size.

“That was pretty amazing,” I acknowledge, shyly hiding my face against his bronzed throat. “But now I’m leaking from everywhere!”

“Not everywhere,” Carl winks. “You’re not leaking from your mouth.”

But then, I part my lips to show him, and sure enough, there’s a tiny smidge of his semen on my tongue.

“Dirty, dirty girl,” he coos with delight. “Holy shit. You’ve been keeping that in your mouth the entire time?”

I nod, my cheeks flushing a bit.

“I have,” I acknowledge. “It helps me come harder to have the flavor of a man’s seed on my lips as he pumps me full down there,” I say shyly, looking down at where we’re still joined. “Is that bad to admit? I’m probably the horniest girl you’ve ever met, aren’t I?”

Carl nods, his blue eyes serious as he bends his dark head to capture my lips in another devastating kiss. This time, he tastes his own ejaculate, smacking his lips at the snowball.

“You are filthy, but I love it, Chloe. Even better, this was only our first time together. You have a lot to learn, and I’m going to teach you every step of the way.”

My thighs squeeze together as I look at the handsome man with eager anticipation in my eyes because this is what I want ... times two, and hard.

Chloe

“So what’s the latest, girlfriend?” Amy sighs as she flops backwards onto my bed. I wince a little when her carelessly flung hand comes precariously close to a vase on my bedside table.

“Not much to report,” I say before squirreling the vase to safety. “Just the usual.”

Amy lifts an eyebrow my way.

“The usual? Does that mean you’re still banging four guys at once? What were their names again? John, Pete, Roderick and John Paul right?”

I laugh helplessly.

“Where did you even get those names? The old pope was named John Paul!”

“John Paul is a very popular name among religious people like me,” Amy says sassily before smirking. “Not.”

I roll my eyes because my friend is a piece of work, but in the best way possible. Amy is my friend from McDonald’s. Yes, we’re both stuck in dead-end jobs but life is more tolerable when we’re on shift together. Sometimes she works the griddle while I take orders, and then we’ll switch things up.

Then she'll work the drive-in window while I clean, and then she'll do the bathrooms while I count the cash in the register. Our biggest gripe is that there's no way for us to earn tips at McDonald's. They have kiosks where customers order on-line now, but they haven't programmed the kiosks to prompt customers to add extra at the end of the order. It totally sucks because when you make minimum wage, tips are a life-and-death situation. But McDonald's hasn't gotten there yet, and we have no idea how to force corporate to re-program their kiosks. Even self-serve airport kiosks ask for tips these days! So why not us?

But I don't want to think about that right now because yesterday afternoon was the best day of my life. Carl and I stayed in the employee room and fucked for at least an hour. I came multiple times on his two cocks, and then he whisked me back to his trailer and made me come a few more times. I only limped back home in the wee hours of the morn, with the sun barely peeking out over the horizon. Yes, it was a walk of shame but fortunately, no one was around to witness it. So they didn't see how my hair was messed up; my clothes torn; and the wet smears of male seed on my thighs. Carl filled me so full in both holes that I've been dripping for hours, I swear.

But it was totally worth it because I've never been with a man with his type of anatomy. How did he come by it? Is it a genetic mutation? Does he have brothers who also have this particular trait? A father? A grandfather? I'd love to know more, and I make a mental note to ask Carl over dinner. I'm cooking up some baked chicken and carrots tonight, and the lumberjack's going to come over after his shift to indulge, in both his appetite and in bed.

Meanwhile, Amy stares at me again.

"There's something different about you, Chloe," she hums thoughtfully. "I know! It was anal, wasn't it? You got drilled in the ass last night by one of your lover-boys, and that's why you're mooning about today."

"No!" I squeal. "Oh my god, you're so dirty, Ames. Who even talks like that?"

"Dirty girls do, who else?" she asks in a smug tone. "But seriously, Chloe. What's going on? I can tell that something's happened. Oh my god," she says, her voice hushed and eyes wide. "Your parents are coming back.

You're going to have to vacate the bedroom and sleep on the sofa once more."

I roll my eyes.

"No, Trekko and Bezimba are still in Neglati, as far as I know. With no intention of coming back to the United States. Ever."

"Ever?" Amy asks, her nose scrunching. "That's weird."

I merely shrug.

"Last I heard, they're searching for the new messiah. He's allegedly already here on Earth. They just have to locate him."

Amy looks confused.

"What was the religion called again?"

"Apotheosis."

"And Bezimba and Trekko founded the religion, right?"

I shake my head.

"Not exactly. They have a shaman who's the real founder, but they were two of his earliest devotees, so I guess he gave them "founder" status. Whatever that means. Anyways, Bezimba and Trekko are on a holy quest to discover the messiah."

"Good luck to them," Amy murmurs. "Wow. I mean, I always thought Jesus was the messiah."

"He is, for Christian folks. But not for Apotheosis devotees."

"Let me guess," Amy says in a wry tone. "This shaman guy is going to declare himself to be the messiah in the near future. Plus, his followers should sign their paychecks over to him."

I shoot her a look.

"That's what I'm afraid of too. My parents are obviously involved in something cult-y and weird, and it's not going to end well. I just know it."

“Is there anything you can do?” Amy asks. “Seriously, like call the police, or get Interpol to investigate?”

“I don’t know,” I shrug. “I mean, Bezimba and Trekko are adults. They made their choices, and there’s not much anyone can do if they decide to sign their paychecks over to Shaman Roku. Besides, if they’ve been indoctrinated into a cult, they’re going to need more than the intervention of law enforcement. They’re going to need psychiatrists, counselors, social workers, and probably the local priest too.”

“Wow,” Amy says in a wondering tone. “Just wow.”

“I know,” I reply in a rueful voice. “It’s super-weird but what can I do? They’re millions of miles away. Anyways, girlfriend, what’s going on with you? Enough about me.”

Amy shakes her head, red curls bouncing.

“Not a lot. I want to join a cult too, actually. A tropical island cult filled with guys with two dicks each.”

I stare at her. How does my friend know that guys with double cocks exist?

“I’m sorry?”

Amy giggles, her pretty face breaking out into a smile.

“I’m just pulling your leg, Chloe. But yeah, that would be incredible, right? If there were a deserted island somewhere filled with double-dicked gods. I’d be like Robinson Crusoe. I’d be cast ashore, wearing only tiny rags, and then I’d be kept a slave, and they’d breed me over and over again. They’d force me to have sex with them and produce lots of babies to populate the island. All boys, with double dicks of course.”

“That’s hysterical!” I say while trying to pretend that everything’s normal. “But where in the world did you get this idea of double-dicked men?”

“From my romance novels,” Amy says in a careless tone. “It might be fantasy, but it’s my fantasy, and I like it.”

I giggle, relieved. It doesn’t seem that Amy suspects anything, and I want to keep it that way. After all, Carl is the embodiment of her fantasies, but

somehow, it feels wrong to reveal his anatomy to her. There's something special going on between me and my hunky neighbor, and I don't want to give away his secrets, even if Amy is my best friend.

"Well, let me know if you find that mysterious island because I'm going with you!" I joke. "I'll find a life raft and rescue you while also getting boned by the community of double-dicked men."

"Do so," Amy says in a smug tone, throwing her red curls over one shoulder. "It's going to be the best time of our lives."

I laugh again before standing up.

"I hate to kick you out, Ames, but I need to get ready for a date."

She bounces up immediately, her eyes alight.

"Oooh, with one of your lover boys?" she squeals. "Which one?"

"A new one," I wink. "I need to start cooking because actually, he's coming over for a meal."

"And then you guys will have super-hot sex, right?" Amy asks while grabbing her bag. "The trailer is going to be rocking on its springs tonight!"

I laugh as my pretty friend departs, making sure to close the door firmly after her. Amy is a handful, but I love her imagination. Imagine a hidden island filled with handsome, hung guys who all have two appendages. It's crazy, right?

But who knows what crazy means because I've met my own double-cocked hero ... and now, I'm going to ask him how he got his anatomy.

Carl

I knew this moment was coming. Of course it was coming because I'm not your average guy by a long shot. Nonetheless, when I step into Chloe's trailer, she doesn't pull the trigger right away. Instead, the pretty girl is wearing a flowered sundress with a patchwork apron over it. The trailer smells heavenly and my stomach literally grumbles.

"Oooh, someone's hungry," she giggles while setting down a tray of baked chicken on the kitchen table. "Come on, sit," she invites. "The food's ready."

I lower my massive form onto a bench next to the table. The trailer is decorated in an artsy style that I never would have pegged Chloe for. It's not bad, mind you, it's just colorful. There are tie-dyed swags of cloth hanging on the walls bursting with reds, blues, greens, and purples, and the placemats she's set on the table are styled so that they look like electric sunbursts. The furniture is straight out of the 70's with an orange velour chair in one corner, and a fluffy white shag carpet in front of the bedroom.

"I like your style," I comment.

Chloe giggles while rolling her eyes.

"You don't have to say that. I know it looks like a psychedelic nightmare. It's

from my parents, Bezimba and Trekko. They're the ones who did it up like this, and I haven't had a chance to redecorate since they left. There's even a waterbed in the bedroom," she says with a wink.

"Well, we'll have to try it then," I growl, eyeing her luscious assets. The apron can't hide her big breasts, and I love the creaminess of her thighs peeking out from beneath the hem. "Do you get seasick?"

"I won't get seasick if we make love on a waterbed!" she laughs.

"Well, do you have renter's insurance at least?" I ask. "I'm going to drill you so hard that we'll probably destroy that waterbed. It'll spring a leak and flood your place, so we better stow away your belongings first if you want them to stay dry."

"Oh my goodness!" Chloe giggles again while sitting at the table. "You are just full of it, you know that, Mr. Jonsson?"

"I definitely know," I growl before helping myself to the chicken. "Thanks honey. This looks amazing and I'm sure it'll taste even better."

For a few minutes, we just enjoy the food and I'm surprised at the feeling of warm satisfaction running through my veins. I've never been a relationship type of guy, so I've never had this experience actually. It's nice though. I like coming home to a beautiful woman who's prepared a hot meal for me, and I could definitely get used to this. But Chloe's not going to let me get off so easy. After she swallows a bite of carrot, she winks.

"So Carl, are you going to tell me how you came to have your anatomy? I loved it, of course, but I want to know more."

I nod.

"It's a pretty straightforward tale actually. My mom, Carly, was promiscuous when she was young."

"That's not bad," Chloe interjects. "I mean, I kind of am too."

"You are, but in the best way," I acknowledge. "Anyways, Carly slept with a European guy who was vacationing in the United States. He had double dicks too, and Carly loved it. She basically got pregnant after their dalliance, and

decided to keep me. My biological father has no idea that I exist.”

“Your mom named you Carl? After herself?” Chloe asks in a stunned voice. I laugh.

“I love how you’re fixating on that, instead of the fact that my dad was also a double-dicked dude. But yes, Carly’s a funny one. She’s always danced to her own tune, and so she raised me on her own. Carl and Carly. We’re close, actually, and she lives in Trentonville, about an hour away.”

“Oh wow,” Chloe breathes. “So do you see her?”

“I do,” I confirm. “Again, it was just the two of us when I was growing up, and Carly was a good mom. Once she had a baby, she really changed, or so she claims. I was born, and she needed to provide for us, so as soon as I was into daycare, Carly got a job with city government as an accountant.”

“Oh wow,” Chloe breathes. “That sounds like a staid, boring 9-5.”

“It probably is,” I say in a rueful tone. “But Carly’s had that job for over forty years now. She’s getting ready to retire soon, and everything worked out fine. She was able to raise me on one salary, and she’s aging into a nice pension too.”

“Wow,” Chloe nods. “I really admire her. For being a single mom, and raising a wonderful son on her own.”

I cover Chloe’s small hand with my large one, staring into her big blue eyes.

“I want you to meet Carly one day,” I say in a low voice. “I think the two of you would get along.”

The gorgeous blonde blushes, but her blue eyes sparkle.

“I’d like that, Carl,” she murmurs shyly. “It’d be an honor to meet your mother.”

That’s when I can’t take it anymore because there’s something irresistible about Chloe. She’s beautiful, of course, but she’s also kind, empathetic, and the perfect woman for me. I can’t believe that I’m talking about introducing her to my mother, but there you have it. Somehow, the teen girl has battered through my normal defenses, and now, she’s becoming family.

Nonetheless, she's so tempting and curvy that I can't resist. I have to have her, and with a low growl, I circle the table before pulling her into my arms.

"I want you," I rasp into her ear before seizing her plush pout in a devastating kiss. "You are the woman for me."

Chloe mewls against my big frame, undoing the ties to her apron. Then I gasp because when the fabric falls away, I see that she's not just wearing any dress beneath the apron. Instead, it's a strange get-up that looks normal with the neckline, sleeves, and back, but there are cut-outs showing off her naked breasts and steaming pussy.

"What?" I stammer, my eyes wide. "Holy fuck, baby. What is this?"

Chloe giggles while circling a pink nipple with one small finger.

"It's the latest in women's fashion," she purrs. "Don't you like it? It's a way for ladies to surprise their men."

I blink.

"I never would have guessed that this dress was anything but a normal dress," I growl

"I know!" she smiles happily. "It's designed to be like that. You look prim and proper while the apron's on, but then once the apron comes off, it's a sexy outfit."

"Where you'd get it?" I rasp, reaching one hand forward to stroke a creamy breast. "Because I'm going to buy ten more of these for you."

Chloe tilts her head back and moans a bit as sensations go straight from her nipple to her cunt. I can literally see her pussy folds swelling as she gets more and more aroused, combined with the unmistakable spicy scent of her heated flesh.

"I made it myself," she whispers naughtily. "It's just something that I like to do as a hobby. I sew sexy outfits, and in fact, I'm thinking about selling them online. You know, on Etsy or something."

"Do they allow shit like this on Etsy?" I rasp. "I thought that site was for homemade arts and crafts."

Chloe moans again as I tweak her clit, pinching it before rubbing lovingly along the bottom.

“I don’t know, but we’ll find out, won’t we, big boy?”

I growl before hauling her into my arms.

“We will. You’re going to make a fortune, baby, because you look irresistible in this funky dress. But we don’t need it anymore,” I rasp, tearing the fabric off her curvy form entirely. She’s pink, nude, and utterly luscious, and I fasten my mouth to one nipple, suckling hard. “You ready to ride?”

Chloe moans again, her small hands massaging my broad shoulders.

“I’m always ready, Carl.”

Then, my clothes come off as well, and soon, I’m seated on the bench with my legs spread, and both my cocks stiff and upright. The two poles are huge and throbbing, already leaking from the tips. Chloe mewls at the sight, her pink curves trembling with anticipation.

“Come here and sit, baby girl,” I invite. “This time, face forwards though. I want my lower cock with its full ten inches going into your ass.”

She gasps as her cheeks color.

“Carl!”

I merely grunt while gesturing for her to sit in my lap.

“Come on, baby girl. Daddy doesn’t like to wait.”

Chloe hesitates for a moment longer, but then spins around so that she’s facing the trailer door. Slowly she backs up onto me, and I pull her so that she’s sitting on my legs. Then, I slide my hands beneath her luscious thighs and lift them so that her legs are splayed, and her pussy wet and open.

“Are you ready?” I whisper into her ear. “This is going to feel good, honey. Now take a deep breath and 3...2...1...”

“Oohhhhhh!” Chloe moans deliriously as both of my cocks penetrate her holes simultaneously. “Unh!”

“You got this,” I hiss into her ear. “You feel incredible, baby.”

It’s true too because within a few moments, I’ve slid both my cocks all the way into her two holes. Yes, my sweet female is being double penetrated in reverse cowgirl while sitting in my lap, and she’s taking it like a champ. In fact, I feel her pussy clench a bit and then a flow of nectar rushes out, drenching my rods in her fluids.

“Yes, baby,” I murmur. “That’s it. Let go.”

With that, we begin a dirty rhythm. Chloe’s got both feet planted on the bench now, her thighs splayed wide as she lifts herself up and down my massive poles. Her asshole ripples as we enjoy the intimacy, and I reach forward to tweak a nipple before pressing a kiss to her shoulder.

“You got this,” I whisper. “Yes, baby. You’re a champ.”

Chloe moans again, her movements picking up speed. Those big breasts jiggle wildly and her blonde curls shake in my face as she bounces up and down on my double cocks. By now, my hands are clutched around her narrow waist, keeping her steady as she fucks me with her two holes.

“Yes, sweetheart,” I hiss again. “Shit, you’re so good at this.”

She moans again, reaching down to place her hands over mine. Then, the fucking becomes really furious. Chloe’s panting and grinding as both her holes are trashed, and my balls begin to rise. She feels too good, and climax is coming like a runaway train barreling down a track.

“Baby,” I groan into her neck. “I’m going to come ... I’m going to come... oh SHIT!” Both of my come shoots pulse, and I let out a mighty roar while pumping viscous seed into her sweetest spots. I spurt again and again, unable to control myself as my balls empty into Chloe’s beautiful body. Meanwhile, the gorgeous blonde screams too and at first, I assume it’s because she’s climaxing.

“Yes, baby,” I croon. “Let yourself go. You’re so beautiful.”

But Chloe’s screams take on a horrified quality, and after a few moments I look up. To my surprise, the door to the trailer is open and there are two stooped figures dressed in faded rags staring at us.

“Chloe?” the woman gasps. “What’s going on?”

My girl can’t answer, however. She’s facing the two old people, her nude body on display with two dicks crammed into her, one in her pussy and the other in her asshole.

“*Mom? Dad?*” she shrieks with horror. “Oh unnnnh!” she wails while convulsing in my arms. “Mmm!”

But the elderly couple don’t hesitate. When they see my double cocks, they fall to their knees before us, their eyes worshipful.

“It is the messiah!” the man breathes. “Welcome to our earthly realm!”

“Messiah, ’tis you!” the woman echoes, her blue eyes fixed on where my double cocks are plunged deep in her daughter’s body. “You have graced us with your presence! How do we demonstrate our devotion, holy one?”

It’s then that I realize who these folks are. Chloe’s parents have returned to the trailer park ... and they think that I’m a god of their new religion.

Carl

“Oh my god!” I squeal, pulling myself off of Carl’s huge hammers. The massive poles feel incredible as they slide out, and my pussy and ass ripple again involuntarily. After all, we just did DP with me in his lap. The problem is that it was reverse cowgirl DP, and I was facing forwards with my legs splayed, boobies out, with two cocks crammed into my holes when my parents burst in!

But there’s no sense in losing it because Tom and Bertha, I mean Trekkö and Bezimba, are acting insane. They’re on their knees, babbling in tongues as their eyes roll up into their heads. They look worse for the wear too. My parents are only in their mid-40’s, and yet somehow, the last two years have aged them viciously. Their hair is scraggly and grey, their skin leathery and wrinkled, and they’re dressed in faded, colorless rags. Not only that, but there’s a weird ammonia-like smell emanating from their forms. Is it incense? Patchouli? It smells different, but I can’t identify what it is. Nonetheless, I grab a throw blanket from the sofa and quickly wrap it around my nude curves.

“Mom? Dad?” I gasp. “What are you doing here?”

“We are searching for the messiah!” Bezimba moans while rocking back and

forth on her knees. “We have discovered him!”

“Shaman Roku was right!” adds Trekko, prostrating himself at our feet. “The messiah was here all along! We did not have to leave home on a spiritual journey to find him!”

By now, Carl’s donned his pants and his cocks are no longer visible.

“I assure you, I’m no messiah,” he growls. “Of your religion, or any other for that matter.”

“No, you are, you are!” squeals Bezimba. “It is you, oh holy master! We have searched high and low for your eternal presence, only to find you here, at St. George Crossing! The fates are wily, but in the end, they delivered!”

Then, she begins speaking in tongues. It sounds crazy, and it looks scary too because my mom’s eyes roll up in the back of her head, like she’s not getting enough oxygen. Not only that, but somehow, it’s like a contagion and my dad also begins speaking in tongues, except his includes fragments of English. He blurts, “Double cocks! Our mighty one has double dicks! Holy messiah, you are THE ONE!”

Carl and I stare at each other with a combination of bafflement and terror. What do you do with two religious zealots who believe they’ve discovered a god among their midst? Not only that, but they’re shaking, moaning, and frothing at the mouth like they’re on drugs. Could it be? Are they on something that’s causing this over-the-top behavior?

Suddenly, the door to the trailer bursts open, and a SWAT team swarms into the small space. The men are dressed in black body armor, complete with helmets, batons, and heavy weaponry.

“Hands up!” the shout. “Get them!”

I stare at Carl, terrified, but the huge man stays calm. He raises his hands, and sure enough, the SWAT team isn’t focused on us at all. Instead, they’re pointing their guns at my parents, who continue to babble and sway on their knees.

“Our god has two cocks!” Bezimba wails. “He is THE ONE!”

“The messiah’s anatomy is double-pronged!” Trekko adds in his own wail. “He shall smite thee with his great spears!”

Oh shit! My parents are talking about Carl’s anatomy in the open. His secret is going to get out!

But fortunately, no one seems to be listening, nor to care. After all, Bezimba and Trekko come across as religious zealots who are off their rocker. It’s as if they’ve been smoking too much hashish, and are hallucinating about god-knows-what. Sure enough, they’re arrested and dragged out of the trailer within seconds. I can still hear them moaning and wailing as they’re shoved into a police van.

Meanwhile, Carl and I stand there, blinking at each other, as SWAT officers continue to search the trailer.

“What just happened?” I whisper, clutching the blanket close to my chest. “What was that? And why are you searching my trailer?”

“I’m Officer Pratt,” one particularly burly man says. “You are?”

“Chloe Mackie,” I reply in a shaking voice. “I live here. What was that?”

“What is your relation to Bertha and Tom Mackie?” he questions, those blue eyes sharp.

“They’re my parents,” I swallow. “At least, they were before they became Bezimba and Trekko, followers of a religion called Apotheosis.”

Officer Pratt nods, as if he’s aware of this already.

“Yes, that’s what we’re here for,” he says in a cool tone. “Your parents are drug traffickers. They’ve been arrested for importing opium into the United States.”

“*Opium?*” I ask in a horrified tone, cringing at the word. “Are you serious? Is that what the smell is?”

“Yes,” Officer Pratt grunts, looking around as his SWAT team compatriots continue to trash my trailer. “We’re searching the premises for any illegal substances. Unfortunately, Apotheosis is a front. It’s a fake religion started by a man named Michael Halpern, also known as Shaman Roku, who

brainwashes people into becoming mules for his drug distribution business. Your parents, I'm afraid to say, are part of his criminal enterprise."

"Bezimba and Trekko are criminals engaged in selling drugs?" I ask, horrified to my core. "Oh my god!"

"What do you know of their activities?"

"Nothing!" I exclaim. "I haven't seen my parents in years. They literally just showed up fifteen minutes ago."

"How about you?" Officer Pratt turns to Carl next. "What do you know of the Mackies?"

Carl's expression is somber as he holds his hands up.

"Nothing. Never met them before, never interacted with them. They just happen to be the long-lost parents of my girlfriend. Come here, baby. It's going to be alright."

With that, Carl pulls me into his embrace. I bury my face against his hard chest as those powerful arms encircle me. I feel safe here, even if I know that the crisis is nowhere near over. After all, how in the world did my parents turn into drug smugglers? Are they engaged in other nefarious activities as well?

Meanwhile, Carl lowers his head to mine, whispering in my ear.

"I'll take care of you, Chloe. I adore you, and we're not going to let this get the best of us. We're a team, okay?"

Tears slip down my face as I look up into his handsome features.

"You don't care that my parents are criminals? This whole SWAT thing doesn't turn you off?"

He lets out a rough chuckle.

"It isn't ideal, I'll give you that. But you had nothing to do with it, Chloe. Your parents made their own choices. They didn't have to join a cult. They didn't have to close their eyes to the possibility that their shaman was a drug lord. And most of all, they didn't have to use drugs themselves. After all, you

know what that smell was, right? I don't think Bezimba and Trekko are only trafficking in drugs. I think they're users too."

I break down against his chest.

"They're addicts," I say in a broken whisper. "Oh my god."

"Very likely, yes," Carl rumbles into my ear, holding me close. "But I adore you anyways, Chloe. I know we haven't been dating long, but I've seen enough already. You're wonderful, baby, and I'm not going to leave you during this time of turmoil."

His words only make me cry harder.

"But what about your secret?" I whisper so that only he can hear. "My parents were blabbing about your anatomy, so everyone will know!"

He chuckles roughly, pulling my curvy form close again.

"No one will believe them," he says in a light tone. "After all, who's going to give credence to a couple of drug-addled religious zealots? Bezimba and Trekko could walk down Sunset Strip screaming my secret, and no one would believe them. They'd scream themselves hoarse, and it wouldn't matter. Besides, my secret's pretty unbelievable, wouldn't you say? It's the stuff of fantasy."

I look up at Carl then, my eyes brimming with tears, before I pull his mouth onto mine with fervor.

"You're my fantasy man," I whisper appreciatively. "I adore you, Carl Jonsson. Thank you for sticking with me through these terrible times, and I promise, I'll make it up to you."

"No need to promise me anything," he growls, those blue eyes flaring. "Except more of your luscious body and sweet personality."

I giggle even through my tears because this man knows exactly how to keep my spirits up.

"Deal," I promise. Then, our lips lock in a passionate kiss and my heart turns over because I know that the handsome alpha male will stick with me through thick and thin. He'll make sure that everything works out alright, and I love

him all the more for it. After all, I went from bed-hopping with multiple guys at the trailer park, to cooking meals for my one and only powerful lumberjack. Not only that, but Carl's gorgeous to look at, with a wonderful job, and strong shoulder that I know I can always lean on. Things will improve ... because my handsome boyfriend will make it happen.

EPILOGUE

Chloe

It's been a crazy six months, but I'm grateful that I had Carl by my side as I navigated the tumult. My parents were charged with drug trafficking and unbelievably, they pleaded innocent. Bezimba and Trekko declared that they had received a holy directive from Shaman Roku himself to spread the gospel of opium to the masses. Their claims were so unreal as to be hurtful. I felt utterly betrayed hearing them speak because I thought they were worshiping at a monastery in Neglati while "seeking the truth" and "discovering themselves." But it turns out that they were making connections with opium growers, and then packaging the drug for distribution all over the world.

My conclusion is that something's seriously off with those two. I'm not sure what Bezimba and Trekko thought was going to happen because they weren't exactly hiding their illicit activities. The aroma of opium on their raggedy clothing was powerful, and I have no idea how they got through multiple airport checkpoints. But the long and the short of it is that my parents are serving time now, and hopefully drying out in the process. It can't be easy to get clean while you're behind bars, but I've heard that prisons have special programs for this kind of thing.

Meanwhile, Carl and I have settled in together. I gave up my parents' ancient

trailer, and dumped all their furniture too. There was no need for any reminders of what Tom and Bertha have become. Then, I moved in with my boyfriend, and it's been a relief, actually. More than a relief. We've made love on every surface in this small space, and Carl's joking that we'll have to upgrade to a triple-wide if I get pregnant.

Of course, the idea of having a baby with Carl brings me joy. I'd love nothing more than to feel his child growing in my belly, and my heart warms with excitement and anticipation. In fact, his mom is visiting at the moment, and I decide to ask Carly about Carl's particular genetic destiny. Surprisingly, his mom and I get along well, so there are no questions that are off limits.

"So do you think I'd have a baby boy with two cocks?" I ask in a hesitant voice. The older woman winks at me.

"What is it that the 8-ball says? *It is decidedly so,*" she proclaims.

"Goodness!" I exclaim, my eyes going wide. "That would be wild."

Carly winks again.

"Yeah, my understanding is that it's a dominant trait. After all, the male members of the Lysenian royal family tend to have double cocks, from what I understand. At least, that's what I've gleaned from reading European gossip magazines."

Carl snorts, his big arm snaking around my waist.

"Do you still subscribe to those, Mom? Really? It's been decades."

Carly nods happily, her gray curls bouncing up and down.

"Oh yeah. I still get *Voici* and *Hola!*, as well as *The Lysenian Gazette*. These publications traffic in unconfirmed rumors, so I know everything."

My boyfriend and I look at each other and laugh. His mom is a riot, and I love her already. But then Carly leans forward, her expression secretive.

"And Carl, you weren't conceived one-on-one. At least not in the traditional sense."

My boyfriend looks stunned.

“I’m sorry? What do you mean? Was it IVF? Frozen embryos?”

“No!” Carly chortles. “That scientific stuff wasn’t around when I was a young woman. No, what I mean is that I had a threesome with King Fjall and another woman named Mina. Like I said, your father was a hound dog, and he was sowing his wild oats before ascending to the Lysenian throne.”

Both Carl and I are struck speechless.

“Really?” he chokes out. “I was conceived during a threesome?”

“You were!” Carly says merrily. “We got up to some filthy shit back then. From what I remember, I’d sit on one of Fjall’s cocks, and then Mina would sit on his other one at the same time. Then we’d switch cocks, and it was utterly dirty and delicious. Imagine that! Two women sitting on your two cocks and then switching things up. I’m surprised Fjall didn’t pass out from the pleasure.”

My mouth literally opens and closes with shock as I stare at the older woman. But Carl manages a couple words.

“So are you still in touch with Mina?” he asks in a strangled tone.

“No, not really. Well, sort of,” Carly says in a thoughtful voice. “She also got pregnant from that fateful threesome many years ago, and I believe her son is named Sven. I hear that Sven’s got double cocks too, and not only that, but he’s got knots at the base of his cocks. He does incredible damage to the female population, from what I hear. Loves it too. Absolutely lives his life with no regrets.”

I make another choking sound, still unable to speak.

“He’s not afraid of people discovering his secret?” Carl manages in a strained voice.

Carly shrugs.

“I don’t know. Mina and I were never tight like that, so we don’t discuss sensitive issues. We were just party friends back in the day. You know, the type of girl who holds your hair out of your face when you puke, but nothing more than that.”

I turn to my boyfriend.

“We should try to get in contact with Sven,” I say. “He’s your half-brother!”

“Nuh uh,” Carl says, holding both hands up. “I want nothing to do with that guy. He sounds like a dirty asshole, using women and forcing them to take knots in their pussies and asses. Holy fuck!”

I merely shake my head.

“Well, I know one woman who would be into it: my friend Amy. You know the redhead with the mischievous smile?”

“That girl?” Carl asks while looking skeptical. “She doesn’t have two brain cells to rub together!”

“Yes, she does!” I protest. “You know she’s working for me now, right? We both quit McDonald’s and I hired her as a product manager for my new business.”

After all, Amy and I were tired of working in fast food. Instead, I opened a small on-line shop selling handmade sex clothes, and it’s gone bananas. It turns out that there are a lot of folks out there who are *very* interested in my cleverly designed fetish wear, and I had so much business that I had to hire an employee. Amy has been the perfect fit, and I think she’d love to meet a man with a double-dick like Sven.

But right now, I’m not concerned with my friend’s dating life. Instead, I’m grateful to be with Carl and pull the huge man over for a kiss.

“I adore you, you know that?” I whisper lovingly. “You make me complete.”

He grins, those blue eyes flashing.

“You complete me as well, Chloe. Who would have thought that a young woman from the trailer park would be my better half?”

His mom giggles.

“Well, I always knew this was going to happen, son,” Carly says. “You’ve always been a good man, and you deserve a wonderful woman. I’m so happy to know you, Chloe.”

I smile at the older woman, who evidently had a threesome with a prince and another woman back in the day. But then I turn my thoughts away because that was then, and this is now. Hungrily, Carl and I seal our lips in a passionate kiss as love swirls around us. After all, my boyfriend and I are two halves of a whole ... and our happy union proves it.

THE END

BUT WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

Travel back in time and pick up a spicy extended epilogue where Carly and Mina engage in a dirty menage with King Fjall of Lysenia. Oh yes, it's really happening! Get your copy [here](#). *Warning: FMF steam ahead!*

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popped simultaneously as she moans and strains with ecstasy! Pick up 2 *Cherries for My Dad's Best Friend*, available [here](#).

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Ali heads to Chicago to investigate rumors of a depraved prince who likes to chain up young women before siccing his henchmen on the girls to allegedly “train” their pussies and assholes. Is this even legal? No, I mean yes! Get your fill of this dirty MFMM romance in *The Prince and His Bodyguards*, available [here](#). (this is also a double-appendage story)

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Prince Haakon has two massive, leaking clubs, and Matilda is just the girl to try them out as part of a taboo virgin sacrifice. Hey, this is Lysenia, so anything can happen! Pick up your copy of *A Curvy Girl for the Prince* [here](#).

IS IT WRONG TO LOOK?

I like tanning by the pool, and one day I decide to lose my bikini while enjoying the sun. There are moans and grunts from the bushes, but I don't mind because I know it's my hot neighbor watching ... and sure enough, soon he's leaving me with an ooey gooey deposit that makes me scream!

Pick up *The Soldier's Baby* [here](#).

OOPS, I FORGOT TO WEAR MY BRA AND PANTIES!

Daddy says he hates when I forget to wear my bra and panties, but I know the truth. He actually loves it because I see the sweat on his brow, not to mention the bulge at his crotch. Oh yes, the man of the house wants me ... and tonight, I'm making his dreams come true. Pick up *His House, His Rules*, available [here](#).

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SNEAK PEEK: BACKDOOR OF SIN

In this excerpt, the very pregnant Freya attends a dirty party with the hopes of getting her particular needs met.

When I step inside, the lights are low and the dulcet sounds of soft murmurs greet my ears. But it's the sights that get me going because next to me on a couch are a couple engaged in full-on penetrative sex. I watch hungrily as the woman notches the man at her opening and then slides down his massive shaft, her head tossed back with bliss.

"Mmm!" she cries out. "That feels so good."

The man doesn't answer because he's sucking desperately at a nipple, which only makes her clutch his head to her breast harder.

"Yes, baby," she moans. "Taste my tits."

I watch for a moment, appreciating her technique. The girl knows how to move like a porn star, and her body slides sinuously up and down, her pussy wiping their combined arousal onto his shaft before forming a wet ring at the bottom.

But that's only the beginning. All over the drawing room are couples, threesomes, and even more involved in dirty play. One woman's getting it in her backdoor while draped over a padded wooden horse, her expression one of pure ecstasy, while on a rug in front of the fireplace, five women form a daisy chain. Yes, it's what it sounds like. All five women are fully nude and

lying on their sides with one leg extended in the air. Their pussies gleam wetly, but that's not it. As the woman in back licks a juicy slit, the woman getting her slit licked bends her head forward to savor the slit of the woman in front. It's perfect, if you ask me, because everyone gets a taste of pleasure while giving pleasure at the same time, and judging from the cries of ecstasy emanating from the chain, all five women are going to come soon.

But a wave of nausea rises in my stomach then, and I know it's time to get to work. If I don't get some hard dick in my ass soon, I'm going to vomit all over this expensive furniture, so I better get on with the seduction. Quickly, I shed my trench coat, tossing it carelessly over a divan. Then, I check my bra and panties. Yes, the small patches of fabric are arranged just so, and with a smile, I lie back on the divan before spreading my legs for all comers.

At first, no one really notices because they're so caught up in their own activities. As a result, I decide to take things to the next level. I hitch my knees over my arms, lifting my legs a bit so that my pelvis is canted forward and then slowly push the patch of fabric to the side so that my pussy's revealed. She's exquisite, gleaming wetly under the low lights, and I sigh while reaching one hand to stroke my clit. A few circles to the right, a few circles to the left, and soon, my hole is juicing wetly.

But I need more than that. I need a man who will give it to me in my back door, and as a result, I lean forward just a bit before spitting onto my anus. I know it sounds hard to do, and it is, especially when you're pregnant because the mound of my belly is slightly blocking my view. But somehow I manage, and the glob of saliva drops on my folds before rolling down to cover the dark hole of my ass. Mm, it feels warm and gooey, and with a secret smile, I begin massaging the liquid into my pleats, occasionally slipping a finger into my back door.

Like magic, a man materializes before me. He's gorgeous with broad shoulders, a muscular chest, and six pack abs, although I can't see much of his face. Instead, he's wearing a ram's head mask that hides his eyes and cheekbones, although I can see that his jaw appears to be cut of stone.

“Can I help you, pretty girl?”

I let out a soft giggle while winking my asshole at him.

“You sure can,” I coo. “Do you think you can push that into here?” I ask, nodding at his massive shaft. After all, the tool he’s brandishing is utterly enormous. It’s rock hard and jutting out from his waist, about nine inches in length. Thick blue veins line the top and bottom, and my mouth goes dry in anticipation of having him in me. I’d love it in my mouth. My pussy. My ass. *Everywhere*. But first, I need it in my bottom so that I can rid myself of these terrible waves of nausea.

“Baby girl, I can fit it into any hole,” he drawls before kneeling before me. Then he bends his head and kisses my clit tenderly before sliding his tongue all the way down to my anus. He gently laps it a few times before forming his tongue into a point and literally fucking my tiny star with his tongue.

“Mmph!” I scream. “Oh god, yes!”

Hot pussy juices gush onto his chin, coating his cheeks with my essence, but the man doesn’t mind. Instead, he merely licks me through it, intending to give me a climax this way. But this isn’t what I want. This isn’t what I came for, and it isn’t what I need. As a result, I capture his head in my hands, forcing him to look at me.

“I need that,” I pant, pointing at his tool, “in here,” I say, pointing to my tiny asshole. He lets out a low chuckle and nods.

“Coming right up, sweet pea.”

I start for a moment. Why do they always use the names of vegetables at this club? But then, all thought flies from my mind because the handsome man notches his dick at the opening to my bottom and begins to push. At first nothing happens because I’m tight and small.

“Unnh,” I groan. “Oh god.”

He merely trails his tongue up my throat before seizing my mouth in a deep kiss.

“Push out with your bottom,” he rasps. “Like you’re going to the bathroom because it’ll go in easier that way.”

I close my eyes and do as instructed, yet still nothing happens. But then with an audible pop, my sphincter relaxes and he slides into my butt a few inches.

“Unnh!” I grunt again, fingering my nipples this time. “Ooooh!”

“Yeah, you like it,” the man hisses while increasing the pressure with his hips. “You’re such a dirty little butt slut, aren’t you? Pregnant but having anal sex with a man you don’t even know?”

I merely toss a bit on the divan, the filthy words turning me on. A lot of women would be offended by sentiments like these but the fact is that I *am* a dirty, filthy slut, and I do like getting my ass taken by handsome strangers. As a result, I tighten my anal walls around him, making him groan, before pushing my breasts together so that the nipples are right next to one another, hard and pink.

“Daddy, wanna suck?” I coo. “It’s a two for one.”

The man descends immediately. His head swoops down so that he’s sucking both my tits at once, hot tingles going straight from my boobs to my pussy. Then, he slams his shaft all the way into my rear end and I literally jolt from the surprise.

“Unnh!” I cry out, my eyes flying open. “Oh fuck, I’m so full!”

“That’s right, and you’re about to get fucked hard,” he growls before sucking on my nipples again. It’s then that I engage in a deep, ball-busting session of anal love. It feels so good having my ass slammed and I writhe and cry beneath his superior weight. I continue holding my boobs together so that he can suck and fuck me at once, and then my thighs begin to shake. The pressure in my pelvis builds and then suddenly, it happens. Stars burst before my eyes as my bottom contracts on his shaft before dissolving in a series of violent tremors.

“Unnnh!” I cry out. “Oh SHIT!”

The man above me goes totally still for a moment, and then I literally feel the underside of his cock pulse as he erupts in my behind, his penis jerking with each blast of hot semen.

“Oh shit!” he roars while dumping load after load into my sweet bottom. “Unnnh!”

There’s so much fluid that it escapes from my body and runs down one huge,

white buttock. But I love having men lose it in my bottom and I clench happily on the massive rod even as it continues to pulse and spray.

“Yes, give it to me,” I coo. “I need that hot seed.”

After a few more minutes of frenetic pumping, the man shudders to a stop, collapsing on my nude form.

“Goddamn,” he growls, immediately backing up to prop himself up with those strong arms. “I didn’t hurt you, did I? I forgot for a second that you were pregnant.”

“Oh no,” I coo. “My baby’s just fine, so don’t worry. But are you done? Just about?”

He shoots me an odd look.

“Yeah, I think so. But why?”

It’s then that I giggle slyly. “Well, because a friend of yours also wants to take a turn in my butt, and so I want to give him a chance. Is that okay?”

The man cranes his neck to look over one shoulder, and sure enough, there’s a second man standing there, huge and imposing with a massive shaft in his hand. This one is about ten inches, and he’s already dripping copiously from the tip, a long strand of seed dropping to soak the expensive carpet.

“I love used ass and pussy,” the second man rasps. “Especially if it’s just been well-fucked.”

With that the first man chuckles and then pulls out, but not before pushing his semen back into my asshole with one finger.

“She’s all yours,” he says in a throaty voice to the second man. “Enjoy.”

And with that, a new cock pushes into my bottom, making me moan and squeal with ecstasy. I know my behavior is slutty, all types of wrong, and incredibly raunchy because I’m enjoying back door sex with two men that I don’t even know. But the truth is that this is what helps with my pregnancy nausea ... *and I plan on doing it with even more men before the night is over.*

To be continued ...

Backdoor of Sin 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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