

# DIRTY

DIRTY DEEDS SERIES

# HUSBAND



CASSIE CASSELL

# **DIRTY HUSBAND**

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DIRTY DEEDS, BOOK 2

CASSIE CASSELL

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## SUMMARY

### *Britney*

I've always wanted the father of the kids I babysit. I'm tired of the guys my age and would love an older man to take me to bed and teach me a thing or two. Problem is, after all is said and done, I'll have to say goodbye to him...

### *Hunter*

My marriage is falling apart. My wife asks me to give our sitter a ride, and I'm happy to do so. She's young and crazy hot, but I never looked at her that way. She works for us, after all. But when she's the one climbing on me and asking me to take her, I lose my mind. Turns out, I'll teach this Lolita not to tease a man like me ever again—unless she's ready to deal with the consequences.

Warning: This short story may set your e-reader on fire.

**H**unter

“THANK you for watching the kids. Are they in bed?” Susan, my wife of five years, asks Britney, the young, blonde babysitter who watched them for the evening.

I toss the car keys in the expensive wooden bowl at the console table. The twins are two years old, and about the only right thing in my life. Max and Charlie.

I watch Susan hand Britney some bills, and my gaze slides down the babysitter’s curvy, firm, ripe form. I’ve seen her several times in the past few months. Ever since the marital counselor told us to go on a weekly date to save our doomed marriage.

My sister Ava had some marital problems herself, with her husband Jack. That was a year ago, and they’re stronger than ever now, with a baby on the way. I doubt a stronger marriage will be the end game for me and Susan.

Each dinner convinces me we’re closer to Splitsville than ever. At thirty-seven, I can no longer lie to myself. It’s just buying time until I man up and face the truth. Maybe even Susan will agree—she’s the one trying too hard to keep this marriage intact, mainly because of the children. She also had an affair six months prior, a short one with an old flame, and I

should have used that as my ticket out of the marriage, but cowardly, I caved when she begged me for forgiveness.

I definitely shouldn't have married Susan.

But it seemed like the right thing then, to settle down and start a family. And my kids are my world.

“Hunter?” Susan calls me. “Can you please drive Britney home? Her car is in the shop and I've had too much to drink.”

“Sure. No problem.”

I pick up the key from the bowl and start striding to the door leading to the garage. The idea brings a sinful, lustful sensation to me. I start imagining her sweet ass swaying as she walks, but then shake my head. No. I don't know anything about this girl. How old is she? Can't be older than eighteen. No, she's nineteen. I remember now—Susan mentioned—and also that she just started community college.

Besides, how fucked would it be to get turned on by the sitter? How cliché?

Nah.

I open the door for Britney, then hop inside my Range Rover. When we drive away from the house, a strange sensation begins to take over the vehicle. This is the first time I've ever been alone with Britney, and we may as well be riding in a smart car—everything seems smaller, tighter, more constrained.

“Where are we going?”

“You can get on I-35 then get off on exit 236,” she says, looking straight ahead.

“Sounds good.” I give her a sideways glance, then turn on the satellite radio. A jazzy song fills the space. “Is there any channel you'd prefer? We probably don't listen to the same music.”

She chuckles, shifting in her seat. “What? Just because I'm young, I'm some uncultured brat?”



I shake my head. “Hey, just checking. One of my interns at the law office I work in always talks about bands and TV shows I’ve never heard about. So I bet we don’t have a lot in common,” I say, remembering how many times I felt like an outsider listening to those chats in the hallways of the exclusive office in downtown Austin.

She leans closer, drooping over her armrest. From the corner of my eye, I can tell she’s now watching me intently. I suck a breath, and when I release it, the tension is still there, haunting me.

“I bet we have more in common than you think,” she says, with an edge in her voice.

I swallow the lump of lust lodged in my throat. My cock gets hard, straining against my slacks. Maybe I have a case of the blue balls and I’m imagining this whole thing. She isn’t staring at me, and there is no sexual innuendo.

To make sure, I glance at her.

The second my gaze connects with hers, a rush of blood travels through me, heating every part of my body. Fuck.

Flecks of desire flicker in her gorgeous blue eyes. She parts her mouth, and her pink tongue comes out, and she licks her upper lip. A mighty plump upper lip, which would look good around my big fat dick. The message she’s sending is obvious. Question is, what do I do with it?

**B** *ritney*

I SHOULDN'T DO THIS, but the couple boys my age I've dated have been so disappointing. Sex with them has been a dud, and ever since I started to babysit his kids, I can't stop thinking about Hunter.

He's way sexier than any guy I ever dated.

I can tell he used to be a linebacker in college, because he still has broad shoulders and a muscly chest. Forrest green eyes and a mouth made for sin—at least that's how I see it. Hopefully, I'll find out tonight.

He doesn't say anything after what I said about us having things in common. He has that desperate-for-sex energy. I can tell, because I feel it too. I haven't fucked in months, and it's driving me crazy.

I know he wants me, because I caught him looking at my ass a couple of times. I also know his marriage is broken, because the signs aren't much different than the ones in my own home after my parents divorced when I was fourteen. They're simply watering a dead plant.

Susan has never been anything but nice to me, and I almost second guess my idea to seduce her husband. Though if the rumors are true, she cheated on him before. But this isn't about her.

He follows the directions I give him, exits the highway and ends up pulling the car into the parking lot of a motel. “Do you live close by?” he asks me, confused.

“No,” I say. “I asked you to drive me here because I can’t take you home.” Not with my three roommates, anyway. Going to college at nineteen while working a couple of temp jobs has its drawbacks for sure.

He parks the car in the lot and blinks. “What do you mean?”

This is it. That’s my time.

I unbuckle my seat belt, and pounce him, leaning so close I smell his masculine cologne. I’ve always found Hunter sexy, incredibly hot for an older man. Up close, he’s even more irresistible. “I want you to fuck me.”

He looks at me, confused. “What?” He shakes his head. “Britney, look, you’re a very attractive young woman, but I’m married.”

A marriage that burned and crashed. A marriage his own wife forgot about when she went to bad with some ex-boyfriend. Many times, according to the word on the street. “I won’t tell if you won’t.” I wink at him and slide my hand down his thigh. His cock promptly hardens, a sign I couldn’t have imagined all this. He wants me—he just needs to come to terms with it.

He shifts, but doesn’t remove my hand from his cock. “You’re too young.”

“I’m nineteen.”

He glances around him, as if to make sure no one sees us. A sense of empowerment skates through me. This is an older, hot, successful man I’m seducing.

I lean closer still, whispering in his ear. “I’m not wearing underwear.”

“Fuck,” he groans and looks at me. The intensity in his eyes shakes me to the core. “Are you sure about this, Britney? Once I get started, there’s no turning back.”

“I’m sure. I’ve been wanting you for a long time.” More than I ever wanted anyone, but I keep that last part to myself.

“Me too,” he says before he catches a handful of my hair and brings my face close to his. Every part of me tingles in anticipation. How many times have I touched myself thinking about him? Too many. Tonight, fantasy becomes a reality.

**B** *ritney*

HE PULLS ME TO HIM, and his lips descend on mine. I open my mouth, and he thrusts his tongue inside. We both moan at the same time, and a shudder rolls through me. There's something intoxicating about his woody scent, with a hint of bamboo, and I feel lighter.

I also feel uncomfortable in between this massive man and the steering wheel, but I don't care. His hard dick pokes me through his pants, and he intensifies his kiss. His tongue coaxes mine into submission, with powerful strokes, each one sending an electrifying tingle down my body.

My cunt is super wet, and I squirm on his lap, desperate for more. This is a real man who will fuck me like one. The idea makes me melt in his arms, and he pulls my hair the way a man like him would—like he owns me.

Right now, he does.

He slides a hand between my legs, and when he finds my pussy, he snaps his mouth from mine for a moment. He parts my folds, swiping his fingers over my sensitive, trembling flesh, and I moan again—this time, a long, winded sound. “Fuck, you're so wet for me. Who's your daddy?”

“You are,” I hiss, whimpering. I totally join his fantasy, and why not? Nothing that's happening tonight is my usual

Friday anyway. Might as well have fun.

“That’s right, little girl,” he says, exploring my pussy and rolling a finger over my clit. I undulate my hips, riding his digit as if it were his cock. “I can’t wait to fuck this nice tight cunt.”

His dirty words only increase my arousal.

“Me too, Daddy.” I kiss him again, encircling my arms around his neck.

He cups my pussy, his palm warm and commanding. “Let’s go inside,” he says, cocking his head in the direction of the motel. “I need space for what I have in mind.”

“I can’t wait,” I say, breathy and with my heart pounding in my ears.

He helps me get out of his truck then slides down and turns it off. We walk side by side through the parking lot, and he doesn’t have to say it out loud. We aren’t that far from his home, and if anyone sees us making out or too close to each other, they might get the right idea.

“Wait for me here,” he says, then goes to the reception area of the motel. I watch him talk to the clerk, and after a few minutes he comes out with a keycard in hand.

“Everything okay?” I ask.

He grins at me, his jovial smile cutting years from his face. It’s like we’re the same age, two carefree teenagers scheming behind our parents’ backs. “Let’s go.” He glances around to make sure no one can see us, then smacks my ass.

I yelp, and he takes me to our room, the last one on the hallway.

He opens the door, and I quickly study the space—a big, round bed with dark red linens, a light pink wallpaper adorning the walls, and fake flowers inside a vase in the small round table for two. This has to be their version of a honeymoon suite, tacky as shit, but at the same time I don’t care.

He closes the door behind me and holds me from behind, breathing on my shoulder. I shudder, aroused, and tease him by rocking my hips into his. “Watch it, little girl. I’m an ass man through and through.”

I chew on my bottom lip.

“Have you ever been fucked in the ass before?”

“No,” I whisper.

“That will change tonight.” He touches my tits, cupping them over the fabric of my shirt. “But these are fun too. Have been dreaming about these perky titties.”

I moan, and he pulls down my shirt until it bunches on my waist. He nips my earlobe, and a shot of lust tears through me. Encouraged, he puts my hair to the side and licks my bare shoulder, then plants small bites on my skin. I only undulate my hips harder, finding it impossible to keep still.

This man is setting me on fire, and I want him so much.

He turns me around, and I face him now. Desire darkens his eyes, but gleams of excitement flicker in his irises. He kisses me again, hard, and we stumble to get to the bed, not breaking the kiss for a moment. Damn him.

When I fall on the mattress, he quickly removes my skirt and shirt, and I unclasp the bra behind. Within a few seconds, I’m naked for him to enjoy. He withdraws and glances at me, eyes hungry.

“Fuck,” he says.

I smile. “Why are you still dressed?”

**H**unter

MY THROAT FEELS dry and thick.

I bask in the beauty of this teenager in front of me, naked for my eyes only.

She's in the middle of the bed, thighs slightly parted. Her tits are big and full, her stomach flat, hips curvy and her pussy is smooth and pink. A shiver runs through me, and my cock is painfully tight in my pants. Damn her.

I wasn't planning on cheating on Susan and fucking someone half my age tonight. I know full well that makes me a dirty bastard, and repercussions from tonight will last long after I coat this princess with my hot cum.

"I don't have condoms," I say out loud.

"I'm on the pill," she says. "And clean."

I hesitate. If this chick isn't on the pill, I know that she's super fertile given her age and I don't want to mess things up even more.

She tilts her head to the side. "I promise, Daddy. You can fuck me. I'm good."

Her words have a way of clawing through me and squeezing my heart. Shit, squeezing my cock. I take off my



shirt and pull off my pants and boxers. Then, I remove my socks and shoes until I'm naked in front of her.

I know I have a big cock. Been told several times, and by the way she's licking her lips, she agrees. A sense of pride rides me from top to bottom. Sure, she's a gorgeous teenager that most men my age would love to fuck, but shit, I bring something to the table too. Or in this case, to this tacky ass suite that was the nicest accommodation they had. "You like my dick, don't you?"

She nods.

"Why don't you get a closer look, and you know, kiss it hello?"

"Thought you'd never ask."

She slides off the bed then comes closer, until she's kneeling on the carpet in front of me. She flashes a look of fascination at me, and I tremble a bit, too damn excited for my own good. Then, she strokes it, and I groan. When was the last time my dick got any action? Too fucking long.

She licks the tip of it, catching the pre-cum bubbling at the tip with gusto. Without taking her gaze from mine, she keeps licking around my rod, her pink tongue sliding up and down. Driving me crazy. When she takes me into her sweet, wet mouth, I ball my fingers into a fist. She latches onto my cock, or as much as she can fit past her lips, and doesn't let go. No.

She sucks it in and out, moaning while she does so, like she's starving, and my cock is her last meal. Then, she slides her free hand down her body and starts touching her pussy, finger fucking herself while she devours me.

"I love this. So good," she hums.

"You're a naughty girl, sucking my cock like that. But I like naughty girls," I say, and she grazes her teeth on my dick. Another wave of sensations breaks through me, and I'm finding it hard to stay still.

She increases her pace, touching herself, and every so often lets go of my cock for a fraction of a second so she can gasp for air. This girl is almost like a pro. She's a natural

cocksucker and I'm the luckiest guy in the world she chose me.

"You're so big, Daddy," she pants. "I love it."

Determined to take charge before I completely lose control, I grab a handful of her hair and pull it, and her head bobs forward a bit. She's so hungry for me that her tongue is still out for me, even when I disengage my cock from her mouth.

"What's wrong?" she asks, in a voice that's too young to be in my bed.

"I want to see you touch yourself. Get on the bed and spread those legs for me."

She flushes, her cheeks reddening, but she doesn't deny me. She hops on the edge of the bed and plants a foot on either side, giving me a pornographic view of her pink pussy, glistening with cream.

I spit on my palm, then touch her sex, spreading my saliva across her folds. She whimpers, but I remove my hand and step back one more time. "Touch yourself."

She acquiesces, playing with her folds, her manicured fingers making invisible circles around her clit. Then, she taps it, a few times, gently. My need to fuck her rises to sky-high levels, as she inserts a couple of fingers inside her pussy. That pussy will take a fucking beating tonight, and she's ready for it.

She puts on a show, moaning, rocking back and forth, staring at me with those come-fuck-me eyes. Then, she takes her fingers out of her pussy, coated with her cream and my saliva, and lifts them to her mouth. She licks them clean, her pink tongue swirling around her naughty digits. Fuck. This girl is too much.

Seductively, she thrusts her fingers inside herself again, and this time, fucks herself hard. For minutes, only her breathing and the sound of her moist fingers in and out of her cut through the room. I touch my cock and squeeze the tip. Fuck. If I don't get on top of her, I'll come on my hand.

She comes, and I watch as her thighs tremble, sweat gliding over her neck and shoulders. She looks ravishing as she moans louder, calling my name, telling me I gave her that orgasm even though I'm not the one inside her.

Unable to wait a minute more, while she's still barely recovering from her climax, I position myself in between her legs and scoot her ass to the very edge of the bed. Before she can say anything, I thrust my big cock inside her, at once, all of it.

She stops for a moment, gasping, her eyes widening. A long-winded moan escapes her lips, and a tear falls from the corner of her eye. "Daddy..."

"You okay, brat?" I ask.

"You're so big. Oh..."

"You asked to be fucked, didn't you? Well, get ready, sweetie. I'll teach you not to mess with a guy twice your age."

She moans again, and I withdraw my dick a few inches, only to slam her harder. A twinge of guilt stabs at me, and I almost stop. But then, I stare down at her, and see the hungry look in her eyes. She's not only loving it, she wants more. And who am I to deny her?

My heart is about to gallop out of my chest. I'm so fucking pumped, my bloodstream pounds in my veins. Still standing, I put her legs over my shoulder and fuck her deep, ramming into her, in and out, doing that erotic dance. She gets more used to my size, and starts to clench her inner walls to cling to my cock. Each time she does that, my heartrate goes up a couple beats.

"Fuuuuck yes. Oh, so good, Daddy."

"Nice, isn't it?" I say while I pummel her sweet kitty.

"Yessss."

I flick her clit, working it. Teasing it. She goes crazy, and she touches her tits, squeezing her nipples, cupping her breasts. "You like for me to play with your clit, don't you?"

“Yes. Ooooooh... don’t stop, Daddy. I like it so much. Only you—”

I pinch her clit, and she yelps. “That’s right. Only Daddy gets to fuck you like that.”

“Only you, I promise.” She moans, and shit, this girl is up for anything. When was the last time I slept with someone so hot for me?

I go back to flicking her clit again, and her legs shift around my shoulders. I touch her behind her knee, and I feel her crazy pulse. I impale her deeper, fucking her good—each time, my heavy balls slam into her thighs. I groan, loving this. I could fuck this babe for hours, and, horny slut she is, she would take it too. She’d swallow gallons of my cum. She’d do anything for me, and I intend on taking full advantage of her.

**B** *ritney*

I'M ABOUT TO DIE.

No, really. If I can't physically take the pounding this gorgeous man is submitting me to, then I'll have one of those weird too-young-to-die occurrences. My heart races, and my pulse points are vibrating in places they never have before. He's bringing me to life.

He caresses the back of my knee, while he works my clit and full-on fucks me with his cock. I move my head from side to side on the mattress, eyes opening and closing. I'm restless, confused, and past the stage of arousal where things make sense.

When he kisses me behind my knee, I lose it. My core contracts for a moment, then it releases an explosion inside of me, pleasure tearing through me until my limbs quiver, my throat thickens, and I start sobbing. Fireworks shoot from the corner of my eyes, the sensation so intense and powerful. I come on his cock, and he watches me, ruthless.

A flicker of fascination crosses his face, like he enjoys seeing me come.

I'm still tingling, my thighs sticky and my juices dripping out of me when he flips me, so I lay on my tummy. He lifts my ass, and I realize he hasn't come yet. Fun's not over.

“Feeling good, baby?” he asks, his voice gravelly. Poor guy is probably hanging on to his last thread, with me coming and him still fully loaded.

“Yes,” I hiss.

“Good.” He kneads my ass, massaging it with vigorous movement. “Now relax.”

He touches my pussy, coating his fingers with my pearly cream, then he spreads the cream around my asshole. His intentions are obvious, and they reignite desire in me. No guy has ever fucked me in the ass—I had a boyfriend finger me there, but we never went past it.

Hunter, though, knows exactly what to do. He kisses my ass, nipping my skin and sending thrills of anticipation up my spine. My nipples tighten, and suddenly it’s like I haven’t fucked in a long time and I am just as hungry for him as I was before.

He slips his tongue between my ass cheeks, and begins playing with my pussy. His fingers scissor my folds, teasing me gently, perhaps to distract me from the backside exploration. “Damn, baby, you taste good all over,” he says, then nips my butt again and resumes licking my ass.

I grab a fistful of the bedspread, finding it impossible not to move.

His tongue is nearing my asshole, and he’s soon shamelessly kissing me there, while sliding three fingers inside my pussy. I roll my hips from side to side, restless, the overload of sensations already making me all edgy and aroused.

He buries his head in my ass, sticking his tongue inside my hole. I moan, loving the strange sensation, never having before felt more connected to someone. He’s dirty, he’s shameless and tonight, he’s mine.

He pumps my pussy, slamming his fingers in then out, making it impossible for me to do more than breathe. Once again, it’s hard to keep from coming, and a wave of heat

washes through me, rampaging my body until I come, whimpering, exhausted.

Then, I feel the indent on the mattress as he moves around and positions himself between my thighs. I suck in a breath, but at this point I'm so far gone after so many orgasms I'm not sure what to do. He withdraws his fingers from my pussy, and spreads my cream on my asshole, still wet from his tongue.

"Easy," he says, resting his hand on the small of my back, pressing it a little so my thighs will part further, and my asshole will become more easily accessible for him. He puts the thick head close to my channel, and just leaves it there.

"Will it hurt, Daddy?" I ask, even though I know the answer.

"Yes. But it'll feel better after you get used to it."

Just like when I lost my virginity.

He begins thrusting, sliding his cock inside slowly. I bite my lower lip, feeling every bit of the pressure he causes. His hand is heavy on my lower back, and for some reason it gives me a sense of security. I relax, loosening my arms and shoulders, and he doesn't miss a beat—he thrusts the rest of his cock in me. I gasp, so full. My heart again races. But a part of me wants this—wants to be taken in this primeval way by him. And my hole is so lubricated with my juices and his spit, that it doesn't hurt as much as I thought.

"You're so fucking tight. So good," he says behind me.

He slides out of my ass, then returns again, repeating the movement a few times. The friction sets my nerves on fire, and I find myself rocking my hips to meet his thrusts. He slams into me deeper, and I groan. It hurts, I'm not going to lie. It's like a ring of fire wraps around my ass, my skin throbbing, nerve endings on full alert.

At the same time, there's a sense of fullness, differently than when he fucked my pussy, or shoved his dick into my mouth. This is... a kind of intimacy I never shared with anyone else. A kind of connection I crave. Raw, overpowering, honest.

“Your ass... oh, yeah. Give it to me. I know you want to.”

He growls and places both hands on either side of my waist. I hear the sound of his balls slapping my ass with each thrust, each plunge. I push through the pain and follow his rhythm, swinging my hips against his, taking his cock in my ass like a good slut.

He glides his hand up my body, and soon, he reaches my neck. I'm not sure what he's trying to do, but, he maneuvers me in such way that he drapes his body over mine. Still fucking me hard, he touches my neck.

He wraps his hands around my neck, timing each thrust with squeezing my neck a bit. At first, I blink, confused. Maybe I'm in way over my head sleeping with a man so much older than me. Maybe it was a mistake, and—

“Let's come together,” he says, cutting my thoughts.

When he chokes me, the air is sucked out of my lungs, and then he slams his dick, I'm so overwhelmed—my hormones all over the place, and soon I let go, and a ball of fire forms in my core and fast tracks all my cells, spreading through me as I cry his name out, trembling.

He withdraws his cock and rams into my asshole one more time, and this time, he lets go. He fills me with his hot, sticky cum, a generous load. He groans out loud, jerking his body over mine, and we both fall on the mattress, spent.

I wait for my heart go back to normal, until I turn my face to his. “When can I see you again?”



**H**unter

*THREE WEEKS LATER...*

I PARK my car in the garage, and take a deep breath. I look at my surroundings, the other cars next to mine, the workbench I'd put up but rarely use. Slowly, I turn off the ignition. These days I take a long time to drag myself out of the car.

When Britney asked me if I wanted to see her again, I told her no. After what we shared that night, I couldn't possibly keep it going. Feeling guilty, I drove her to the house she shares with roommates, then came home and told Susan that I had car problems which was why I was so late coming back. I also promised myself to try harder.

I am not a cheater. I mean, yes, I am now. But I never cheated on a partner before, and even if a part of me reminds me that Susan is no saint, I can't carry on an affair. I need to do better.

I've been trying. For the last weeks, I've been going to the marital counselor, arriving home early from work, trying to be a more present husband and father. I even had sex with Susan once, the first in six months, which she considered a breakthrough.

I thought of Britney the entire time, and worse, thought I was betraying *her* by having sex with my wife—which is ridiculous, I know. But it’s also true.

For so long, I punished myself for not working as hard at my marriage as I should, but now that I have, I don’t know if I want to. I don’t love Susan. I like her a lot, and respect her as a wife and mother. But that’s the extent of my feelings for her.

The idea of not seeing my kids grow up—not being there with them every day—hurts me, the real reason I’ve kept this going even though I feel like I’m an impostor. Is it fair, though, to feel utterly miserable in a relationship that lacks any kind of passion?

I finally force myself to get out of the car and walk across the garage. I sigh.

When I open the door, I reach for the light, but as I flick it on, I hear a loud “SURPRISE!” with a pop sound. My heart skips a beat, and I see my coworkers from the law firm and longtime friends. Susan holds a big cake with the numbers 38 on top, and my kids are clapping, excited.

Everyone starts singing Happy Birthday, and I shrug, waving them off.

I appreciate the gesture, but something feels off. I eventually walk up to Susan and join the fun, and by the time they’re done singing, I glance at the candles. “Make a wish,” someone shouts in a joking tone, probably Todd from Human Resources. I look at him, and my heart stops again—not because of Todd, but because of the woman next to him. Her.

Britney.

I swallow, but my tongue gets stuck on the roof of my mouth. She glances at me, with a sad twinkle in her eyes. She’s wearing a pink top and jeans, and her hair seems a tad longer than when I last saw her. I drag my gaze away from her, because of all places, this is not the right one to gawk at her.

Why is she here?

Then, I hear my kids talking to her and connect the dots. My wife probably hired her to watch Max and Charlie during

the party so we can mingle. Makes sense.

After that night with Britney, I told Susan to use our other babysitter, a fifty-year-old receptionist from my work who could always use more walking-around money like she said. But Susan probably thought it'd be in poor taste to hire that lady to be the sitter in an event where a lot of other higher ups from the firm would attend.

As I move around and hug my children, chat with friends and kiss Susan on her cheek, I can feel Britney's eyes on me, and worse—I like it.

Heat radiates from my chest, and I know I'm being silly. Her simple presence here jeopardizes everything in this room. My family, my friends, my job. What would people say if they found out I fucked the sitter, while married? A much younger sitter.

Common sense should dampen my excitement, but oddly it doesn't.

Seeing her makes me an addict who thought he was free but just realized he will never be free. Seeing her means relapse.

“Hunter?” Susan calls me. “Would you like some scotch?”

I pick up the tumbler she gives me, and take a long generous drink. “Thanks for the party, Susan.” *I want to leave you.* The words burn at the tip of my tongue, but I bite it, like so many times in the past.

Realization dawns on me, like a heavy weight on my chest and shoulders. Now it's different. Something inside burns through me, a certainty that I can no longer live a lie. Despite Britney's existence, my marriage is over. I can't keep fooling myself.

I'll wait until the end of the party. There's no right moment to break her heart, or perhaps just wound her pride. She loves the life we've built together, but even I know she doesn't love me anymore. She's just slow to come to terms with reality sometimes.

“I thought it’d cheer you up. You’ve been so quiet the past few weeks.”

“I’m sorry. You deserve better. You’re a good woman, Susan, and I hope you know that whatever happens—”

She erases the distance between us, and puts her finger on my lips. “Shhh. Don’t say anything. Just enjoy the party.”

I clear my throat, and before I can speak again, she dashes to greet guests.

I run my fingers down my face, worried. How complicated will it be for her to understand?

“Hunter.”

I hear the voice behind me, belonging to a female who rattles me in a completely different way. I turn around, slowly, and every part of my being throbs with awareness. By the time my eyes meet hers, my gut clenches. My heart stops.

She’s beautiful, and I age in reverse, going back to my teens when girls made me nervous and jittery. “Hi,” I say, my voice already gravelly.

She offers a small smile. “I’m sorry I’m here. I didn’t mean to—”

“It’s okay. It’s good to see you.”

My gaze catalogs her from top to bottom. Yes... it’s so fucking good to see her. To see how her breasts stretch her shirt, the curve of her hips in her jeans, and her long slim legs... my pulse skyrockets. Legs that I wrapped around me when I fucked her hard.

“Good to see you too,” she says, her voice throaty and intimate. Her voice makes me stare in her eyes again, and an unspoken agreement passes between us. She bites her lower lip, and desire flickers in her eyes.

A part of me reminds me I need to talk to her in private. After all, I ghosted her after we had sex. I was an asshole, and I should apologize. I glance around us, making sure no one will pay attention to us exiting the kitchen for a moment. The guests seem to be in their own bubble, drinking and laughing.

I touch her elbow and usher her to the garage.

In silence, I open the door and close it behind us.

She launches herself to me, circling her hands around my neck, and I gasp, mystified. I look down at her with the intent to set her straight. To apologize so there won't be any bad blood between us.

But she has other plans, as she looks at me with her bedroom eyes and says, "I've missed, you, Daddy."

"Daddy" sets my mind ablaze.

My blood pumps hot and thick, and she unlocks this primitive beast inside of me—just like she did when we went to the cheap motel. I cup her chin and kiss her with all the raw emotions tormenting me inside. She quickly reciprocates, putting her hot, pink tongue to work, matching my urgency stroke for stroke.

I turn her around, and put her hands on my workbench. She undulates her ass, throwing it against my hips, and my cock grows painfully large inside my pants. I fumble with her zipper, opening it, then pull down her jeans and G-string, and putting her bare ass on display.

God, I've missed that ass... and everything else it's attached to. I've missed her.

I slide my hands down her body and she squirms, rubbing her ass on the fabric of my pants. She moans, a low sound that set my bloodstream on fire.

"Daddy missed you too," I whisper, my breath fanning her earlobe. I feel her shudder in my arms, and a low growl rolls up my throat. I know I can't take my time right now, just as I know this can't, won't be the last time I'm with Britney.

Reaching to my waistline, I unbuckle my belt, then undo my zipper. I make quick work of pushing down my pants and underwear. Shallow breaths come in and out of me, and I cup her ass, then glide my hand to her pussy.

Her sweet cunt is drenching wet for me. I nudge her thighs apart with my leg, and without wasting time, I thrust inside her

deep. So deep, she leans on the workbench, and I almost lose my balance for a moment. I chuckle, an amusing sound that rumbles through me. When was the last time I felt this carefree?

She rocks her hips, bringing me to the present. I retreat my cock midway then slam deeper in her pussy, all the way to the hilt. She lets out a small strangled sound, and shit, I know I'm being too rough on her, but she can take it. She doesn't want me to stop and I can feel it.

I nip her ear, and she all but melts onto me, the tip of her tongue dashing out and looking for mine. I touch her tongue with mine, and she moans again, so sensually. With my hand, I trace the path to her pussy, and play with her swollen clit. She gasps when I do so, giving me the go-ahead to tease her a bit more.

She twists her head around and I catch her lips in mine, devouring her mouth with the same intensity my thumb is flicking her clit. Then, I move my cock again, with shallow thrusts, quick in and out just to remind her I'm the boss. She tries to wrench her mouth from mine to catch some air, but I barely let her, kissing her like we're about to die if we don't. Not a complete lie.

I fuck my girl, my balls slapping her skin, plummeting then slipping out, continuing this crazy tempo until she comes undone. Trembling, she calls my name, and when I touch her wrist, I feel her mad pulse.

I nip her shoulder, and place my hands around her waist. That gives me the support I need to go deeper, harder, faster. I fuck her, and let go—my hot load fills her tight pussy, and she sighs. A crazy sensation flows through me, and I realize I've never felt so at peace after sex. With her, I can be me, without worrying. With her, I can—

Suddenly, a door is swung open, and I see Susan's face, shocked, looking at us. "What the hell?"

**B** *ritney*

*TWO WEEKS LATER...*

“IS THAT ALL?” the clerk at the convenience store asks, and I nod.

A candy bar and a celebrity magazine. That’s all I buy. I wish I could buy alcohol, but the old man behind the counter knows I’m not 21. Sighing, I grab my items and slide them into my bag. I walk slowly to my car, as if I have nowhere to go.

For the past few weeks, it certainly feels that way.

After Susan caught us, I ran. She called me names, bad names I deserve to be called. Hunter came to my defense, but I simply took off from their home. There wasn’t anything else to be said. Luckily, I don’t think the guests noticed, or at least they pretended not to.

A rush of warmth spread across my cheeks. I never meant to hurt Susan—sounds foolish and self-serving, I know. I helped wreck what was left of her marriage.

Or did I?

I haven't heard from Hunter, or from her. Maybe they're back together. In a way, I almost prefer if they were back together—it would perhaps lessen my guilt. I wanted him, yes. Still do. But shit, I don't want to be responsible for a broken home and sad kids. Max and Charlie are sweet kids who deserve having their parents around.

Besides, even if he left her, he hasn't called to ask me out. Perhaps her finding us out was the final nail in a coffin that I'm refusing to bury. I miss Hunter. All those days I looked forward to seeing him are gone.

The way he touches me... kisses me... all gone.

I go inside my car, and make a quick drive to the home I share with three other roommates. I park and go in, and call their names then realize they're all in classes now. I sigh, then open a candy bar and am half eating it when I hear the doorbell ring.

I see Hunter in front of me, wearing denim jeans and gray shirt.

Every hair on the back of my neck pricks.

"May I come in?" he asks, and I gesture, with a slightly trembling hand, for him to enter.

Our living room is filled with books, oversized beanbags and a couple couches we got from one of the girl's parents. It's messy and there's a lot of cheap pink Target accents. His masculine figure contrasts against the purple lamp and the sparkling beads on the throw blankets.

"What happened?" I ask, crossing my arms.

He studies the place, and a knowing smile curls his lips. Then, his expression sobers, and he looks at me.

I shift my weight from foot to foot, already unsure about what to do. Less than a minute in his presence and I'm already at a loss. Get it together, Britney.

"Susan and I are getting a divorce."

I swallow. My stomach drops to the floor, and my palms are now clammy. Should I be worried? Happy? Relieved? A



tornado of emotions sweep through me, leaving me confused. “W-what?” I mutter, and manage to plop down on one of the beanies. I can’t trust my knees to keep me upright anymore.

He sits on the couch and runs his fingers through his hair. “Our marriage wasn’t doing well for at least a year or two, but we managed because of the kids. I take no pride in cheating on her, and that’s not something I’ve ever done before. But you —”

He stops talking and gives me a long glance, and I cross my legs tightly, my clit already throbbing. “Anyway. After you left on my birthday, we ended the party and had a talk. I’ll give her a lot of what she wants in the divorce. She’ll get the lake house and our house. And she agreed to share custody.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. I mean, we talked to a friend of ours who’s a divorce lawyer and he’ll take care of it. Susan is happy with getting a lot of my money and assets to make up for my behavior.”

“What about Max and Charlie?” I asked. I’d seen them with Hunter and knew they loved their dad.

“They’re okay. For the past two weeks, I’ve been spending as much time with them as possible. They’re young enough not to know what’s going on. I’m staying in an Airbnb but am looking at a condo to buy.”

“I’m sorry,” I say.

His gaze searches for mine. “Are you?”

Heat coils at the pit of my stomach. Am I? What does this all mean? Is he trying to make amends by coming to see me? Fear clogs my throat. What if he says he’s sorry to me? For taking me? “I mean, I feel like I’m responsible—”

He waves me off. “It’s on me. I had a bad marriage and didn’t get out of it soon enough. Sleeping with you was the icing on the cake.”

I bite the inside of the cheek, not sure about how to take it. “Does Susan hate me?”

“She’ll get over it.”

I clear my throat. I doubt it. “Wow.” I blink. “Why didn’t you tell me sooner?”

“Because I needed time to get things going. To move out, find a temporary place, start the paperwork and bargaining with her. If I called you, all we would have done is fuck.”

Not a lie. Still, the truth stings a little. What if we can be good together outside the bedroom? A rush of adrenaline races through my body. Am I being hopeful or naïve? “Is that all I’m good for?”

“No,” he said, staring at me. “You’re excellent girlfriend material.”

I bite the inside of my cheek. My heart sings. “Really?”

He glides down from the couch to the carpet, and erases the distance between the two of us, until his eyes are looking at me. “Really,” he says, in that deep baritone.

Girlfriend. I haven’t been a girlfriend in a while, and the idea I’ll be able to go places with Hunter sends thrills of excitement through me. I don’t have to share him with his wife or anyone else. From now on, he’ll be mine. I look away. Is this really happening?

He hooks his finger under my chin, so I have to look at him square in the eye. A part of me softens, melts and warms. “Will you be my girlfriend, Britney?”

I tilt my head to the side. A playful grin breaks my lips apart. “Maybe I need some persuasion.”

A delicious smile spreads across his face. “That won’t be a problem.”

He sneaks his hand under my dress and removes my underwear. Then, he bunches my dress at my waist and bends his head. Still sitting on the beanie, I watch him as he eats my pussy. Well, more like devours it. He doesn’t break eye contact, the gleam in his eyes defiant and intense.

I moan, knowing I won’t be able to last long. He laps his tongue at my folds, sucking my cream, and hooks his hands

under my ass to really deep dive into my cunt. “So good.”

I don't want this moment to ever end. Soon, tendrils of pleasure swirl through me, and he intensifies his claim on me, working his tongue, grazing his teeth over my sensitive flesh. I explode, and he continues to lick me, every drop of me, greedily.

I'm still barely breathing when he takes my dress over my head. I wasn't wearing a bra, so now I'm naked.

He stands up and picks me up in his arms. “Where's your room?”

“The second to the right,” I say.

He carries me to my room, and within seconds, lowers me to my bed. Then, he takes off his clothes until he's as naked as me. He strokes his hot cock, and I can't help myself. I reach for it and put it in my mouth. He's still standing, and I'm laying belly down on my bed, licking his massive cock.

“That's right. You know how Daddy likes to be sucked.”

Oh, yeah, I do. I lick him from root to tip, but I don't stop there. My tongue glides over his heavy, full balls and I can sense the stir of desire inside them. He grabs a fistful of my hair, and I know he's about to start fucking my mouth hard. I don't care—I welcome it.

He slams his cock inside me, and I'm taken aback by the girth, the size. I should be used to it, but it still mesmerizes me. He shoves all of it inside, stuffing his man meat in my mouth, and I can barely breathe. My throat muscles are working overtime, my mouth burning. But I love it.

“That's right. This cock is now all yours. Take Daddy's cock, my sexy girl.”

Jerking, he removes his cock, and within a couple of seconds, a generous stream of his hot load is sprayed all over my face. It feels warm and sticky. I've never had that done before, and I open my lips to catch some of it with my tongue. A sense of power goes through me. I taste him and want more.

“Maybe if you’re a good girl, I’ll have some more for you later. Do you have a vibrator?”

“First drawer,” I say, pointing at my nightstand. How many times have I used this device thinking it’d be him inside me? And now he’s here, in my home, in my room, and hopefully soon, in my pussy.

He picks up my pink friend and looks at it. It’s not big, but it vibrates in his hand. I use it to tease my clit and external lips. Of course he doesn’t need teaching—he quickly puts it in my pussy, and I gladly part my legs further for him.

He makes circular movements with it, its buzzing sound cutting the silence in the room. I feel pleasure start to prod me again, and he lifts the vibrator to his mouth and licks my juices. Air is sucked from my lungs for a moment.

I’m so wet and aroused, my vision is dotted.

Hunter flips me around, and I get on all fours, already knowing what’s to come. He massages my ass, then slowly moves to my hole. I want him so much. He begins sliding in my ass, and I moan. When he’s fully inside, we both groan in unison. Myself, for adjusting to him inside my tight channel, and him, for probably having to control every inch of his cock not to come too fast.

I reach in between my legs and flick my clit. The added sensory stimulation sends me one notch higher on my arousal-meter. Ripples of anticipation wash over me, sending my nerve endings into a short circuit. He clenches my sides, fingers biting into my skin—a warning that he’s already very, very close to coming apart.

“Oh, Daddy... yes... fuck me harder,” I whisper in between gasps of air, and violently work my clit. My core contracts, and my body stops for a moment, still, only to pump back into life a second later. I moan loudly, letting the waves of pleasure ride me. Sweat glistens my limbs, and I tremble, heart leaping to my throat.

He quickly pounds me faster, his thrusts carefree and downright violent, like he wants to reach a part of me no one

has ever reached before. With a growl that reverberates through me, he comes inside me.

We both fall on the mattress, panting. I still feel like my heart is about to jump from my mouth. I bury my head on the pillow for a moment, wiping some of the cum from my face. Then, I wipe my hair from my eyes and glance at him.

Hunter strokes my cheek, with a tenderness that makes my heart stop. “So... will you be my girlfriend?”

I let out a long sigh of happiness. “Yes.”

There is no stopping us now.

**B** *ritney*

“HOW BAD DO YOU WANT ME?” Hunter asks, poking my ass with his cock.

“Bad,” I hiss, barely able to string words along. I try to move, but I only shake the handcuffs keeping me tied to his bed. Tendrils of lust swirl through me, and I moan. Cream drips from my thighs, sweat beading on my limbs. I’ve been on all fours for a while, with both hands handcuffed to the bed frame. He’s already eaten my pussy and my ass, and slathered lube in my hole. I’m eager for him to fill me up, to stuff his cock in my ass and end this agony.

“How bad?” He smacks my ass, and heat stings my cheeks.

He swaps me again, this time harder—and pain stings my skin, then a moment later, arousal increases a notch. Blood pounds through my veins, and my flesh feels extra sensitive and tender. When the AC kicks in cool air, it prickles me, giving me tingles.

“How bad?” he repeats.

“Really bad. Fuck me, Daddy,” I say. “Do your worst.”

He groans. “Where?”

“In my ass. Please.” I rock my hips into his hand, rolling them the way I know turns him on. He’s said so before, in the two months we’ve been together.

He puts the head of his cock at my entrance, and rubs the tip between my cheeks. At this stage, after a long foreplay, I’m ready. When he thrusts his cock in my ass, I clench for a moment, even if I want it there. Then, I tell myself to relax, coax myself to loosen my limbs, and my cheeks follow the command. We’ve done this several times, and he taught me how to enjoy it.

Then again, in the past months together, he’s taught me so many things...

He slams me inside, and I yelp. Pain strikes through me, reaching every cell in my body. Then, he waits until I acquiesce, and touches my ass, making circular movements on my flesh, and a strand of excitement travels through me, anticipation taking over discomfort.

He then lifts my ass just a notch, and his cock hits a deeper part of me. I moan, the sensation burning my skin, awakening all my senses. “You like this, don’t you, dirty girl?”

“Yes,” I hiss.

“Yes what?” He swipes my ass, the smack stinging my ass but also adding to my arousal and to the pressure building in my core.

“Yes, Daddy.”

He increases the pace, and I move my fingers, rattling the handcuff to the bed post. I want to set myself free, to touch him, to kiss him... but I also enjoy being completely at his mercy. I give up any power to him, and while that’s scary, it’s also liberating. I trust him with my body. I trust him... with everything.

“Daddy’s girl likes to take it in the ass, doesn’t she?” he says, then groans, and I can feel the tension in his voice. He’s close, too.

“Only from you.”

“Right answer.” He slides his fingers to my pussy, and the moment he touches my clit, a small implosion ignites, and I give a long-winded moan. After so much stimulation, I’m physically spent, at the last end of my orgasmic journey, and can’t take it anymore. My legs shake, threatening to give out, and raw pleasure slices through me, sending tingles from top to bottom.

My vision is dotted, blurry.

He takes advantage of my disorientation and rams into me harder, deeper, until his scream slices the air and he empties himself inside me. When he reaches for the handcuffs to open them, his fingers tremble, and I smile to myself. That’s all I manage to do.

Free from the cuffs, I fall on the mattress, sweat making my skin cool and sticky. I don’t care. I’m exhausted, dirty, wet, and utterly satisfied. He lies next to me, ruffling my hair. If someone had told me I’d be dating a much older man a few months ago, I wouldn’t have believed them.

But my obsession with Hunter grew much like my passion for him.

Every other day after college, I come to his apartment, and he fucks my brains out. I don’t come every day because of his custody agreement with his ex—he wants to spend as much time with his children as possible, and I admire that about him. I love his kids.

I used to babysit them, but now I don’t see them anymore, not to confuse their little heads. Well, that’s what Hunter tells me anyway. I’m sure his ex, Susan, has stipulated some rules after they separated when she found out he was fucking me.

“How are you holding up?” he asks, and slides one finger down my back, caressing me softly.

“If you expect more backdoor activities tonight, you’re crazy,” I say.

He chuckles. “I’ve had more anal sex with you in the last two months than I had in years.”



“Me too,” I say. He knows he was the first guy to hit me in the back, as I told him so.

“I love being with you, Britney,” he whispers, and I turn around to face him.

A smile that sheds years off his face greets me. A powerful energy bounces between us, and suddenly it’s like we haven’t seen each other in years. I touch his cheek, and a touch of amusement hits his eyes.

Lust arrows down my sex, re-energizing my entire body. Even though certain parts of me still ache, there’s such a strong pull I’m not sure I can resist. My nipples get hard, and a fresh coat of arousal slicks my folds.

“You’re playing with fire, little girl,” he warns me, catching my hand with his mouth and nipping my index finger.

A shot of need flies up my arm, and I move even closer to him.

I lower my hand to his cock, and stroke it. It comes alive in my palm, the sensation of it growing hard and thick never losing its thrill. “Oh, Daddy... that’s a pretty big dick.”

“It’s for girls who can take it... like you.”

I cup his balls, and he hisses under his breath. He motions to come on top of me, but I outsmart him and go on top of him. Soon, I’m straddling him. My hot pussy rubbing against his washboard abs.

He bucks himself into me, and I feel his cock against my thighs. I dip down my head to kiss him, and his lips capture mine in a way that squeezes the breath out of my lungs. With intensity, he laps his tongue at me, nipping my lips, exploring my mouth like for the first time. I lean in and match his urgency, delving my tongue in his mouth, giving him all I have to give.

He takes advantage of my distraction, and flips me around so now I’m on my back. I gasp, then chuckle, but when he slams his cock inside me, I gasp again. Fuck. Doesn’t matter how many times we have sex, each time he thrusts into my pussy I need a second to adjust to his size. What a glorious

ache it is—a throb that starts in my core and fast tracks everywhere else.

He holds my wrists and puts them over my hand with just one hand. Like this, I'm at his command.

I wrap my legs around him, welcoming him, and he nips my chin. I tingle all over, loosening under him, and he slides out and thrusts deeper into me. I moan, wanting to move, but he pins me on the spot with his wrist.

“You think you have control over me?” he groans. “You don't. I have control over you.”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Now I'm going to pound that pussy to remind you who's in charge.”

He impales me, fucking me hard, each time withdrawing his cock then ramming me again and again. Each time, I feel his cock so deep into me it's hard to breathe. My tits move back and forth, and the damn bedframe knocks on the wall.

He doesn't let up, fucking me like his dick is possessed, and only an orgasm can set it free. I whimper. Waves of heat surge through me, the hints of pleasure coming next.

“Who,” he says, filling me with his man meat. Then, he pinches my nipples, and I moan loud, so turned on I can barely think straight. “is in charge?” he asks, no, demands, retreating his cock midway.

I shake my head from side to side. Small dots blur my vision, and when I look at him I barely see him.

“Who?” he asks, with a growl.

“You,” I say, and he slams his big fat cock inside me one more time, and I let go. Pleasure explodes through me, claiming me, coursing through me in powerful tides. He loosens his grip on my wrists, then he uses me, fucking me with hard and shallow thrusts, until he comes, filling me with his hot load.

**H**unter

“BYE, DADA,” says my son Max.

I hug my son, then his two-year-old twin Charlie. My ex-wife Susan opens the door and the kids dash inside, excited. Susan talks to them, then turns to me.

“I thought we agreed on not having them wear backpacks as they go to each house,” she says, pointing at the bags the kids dropped at the entrance.

“Oh, yes. They just wanted to bring back some new toys,” I explain calmly. I agreed with Susan that I didn’t want our kids to think of my condo or her home as a place they needed to pack for. We made sure they had whatever they needed in each residence, so they’d feel comfortable and at home with either of us.

Susan sighs, leaning against the door frame. “Hunter, please don’t try to buy their affection.”

“I’m not,” I say, perching my hands casually on my belt. “I took them to an arcade after school and they won some prizes. Not a big deal.”

“This isn’t easy, you know? You leave and you get to be the fun dad—”

I nod. I know what Susan really means—she doesn't like to be mom whose selfish husband left her for a younger model. Truth be told, our marriage was done before Britney stepped into the picture. But that doesn't excuse how I acted. What wife wouldn't be hurt to find her husband screwing the babysitter in their garage during the birthday party she planned for him?

Despite us no longer being together, I'm aware I have decades of apologizing to compensate.

"I'm sorry," I say in a low voice. I've been trying to atone to Susan in any way I can. I gave her more than my lawyers advised me in our separation agreement, and I don't regret it. She deserves it.

"You realize that you trying to act like the nice guy now doesn't change anything, right?" she asks, and I can taste the bitterness in her voice.

"I'm only trying to piss you off less. I don't have any defense as to how I acted, Susan, but going forward we should keep prioritizing the kids' welfare." And it would be great not to have these snarky conversations every time I drop them off, I add inwardly. She also cheated on me while we were married, a part of me remembers bitterly.

"Great. This means that your teenage girlfriend doesn't get to see them."

I ignore her barb. "She hasn't. I kept my end of the bargain."

"Yes, but for how long? I don't want my kids exposed to your flavor of the month."

"Britney is my girlfriend, Susan. She'll be in my life for a while," I say, squaring my shoulders. Male pride flows through me. Britney is all I've asked for and never thought I'd be lucky enough to have wrapped in just one person—a fun companion, a scorching hot lover, and a kind soul.

"As long as you don't expose my children to her, I don't care. Besides, let's face it, she's much younger than you... can you see taking her to the company annual party?"

I clear my throat. “I’m not the first partner to date a younger woman.”

“No, but no one has dated *such* a young woman. Besides, can she even carry a conversation that doesn’t involve Tik Tok routines? Because that’d really impress your high-powered coworkers.” She snorted.

“Dully noted. Have a nice evening, Susan.”

I turn around and walk up to my car. Even though I walk the same way I always do, inside some frustration settles in my chest, squeezing it like an invisible hand. Susan’s words resonate with me—especially because this morning I got the invitation for the coveted annual party.

Usually, employees take their spouses. I can’t take Susan, nor would I want to. But if I show up with Britney, the female employees will hate me. And the spouses too. Some of the men may be jealous of me, but they won’t show it. And poor Britney will have to deal with these people, having to feel sorry for being young and pretty. Those are her flaws—everything else is on me.

I’m the Big Bad Wolf who chose to fuck Red Riding Hood until she can no longer walk. Honestly, I have never felt this obsessed with someone.

I drive to her apartment to pick her up. I know she’s done with college and didn’t work today at the coffee shop. A part of me just wants to have her available for me, at all hours, and pay her bills so she can focus on her studies and not have to work. But I know I’m also being selfish.

I knock on her door, and she opens it, excited. She greets me with a hot kiss that teases all my manly parts.

“Are your roommates home?” I whisper.

We’re loud, and I don’t like to have sex in her place if her roomies are there.

She pulls me away, chuckling. “Actually, I was hoping we’d go for a happy hour before heading to your place. A few people from my class always invite me, and I never get to go.”

“Oh,” I say, disappointed.

“Is that okay?” She tilts her head to the side. “It’s a bar, not too far from here, and they also have a kitchen. I figure, we can eat, then go?”

“Sure,” I agree, when a part of me wants to know more. Do her college friends know about me? Aren’t they going to think it’s weird she’s dating someone twice her age? Insecurities populate in my mind, and I try my hardest not to show it.

Within moments, she puts on some gloss and eye makeup, and we’re off. I take my car, and when we’re finally entering the place, I inhale what smells like cigarettes, weed and cheap beer.

There’s a crowd in the bar area watching a game, then smaller groups gather around one of the many pool tables. I’m also grateful for the poor lighting, because if we’ll be eating here, I probably don’t want to see what the food looks like.

She squeezes my hand, and smiles. “This is okay, right?” she mouths to me, and I realize maybe she read the reaction on my face.

I kiss the back of her hand. “I’m good,” I say.

She flashes me a glance as if she knows I’m lying. Even in a couple of months, we developed this relationship in which she knows me a little bit more than I’d want her to. The idea makes my heart pound in my chest, with a blend of excitement and despair.

“Hey! There you are,” says a girl about her age with red hair. “You finally made it.”

Britney chuckles and says something, but I can’t hear her. The sound of a new group that has arrived behind us muffles the background noise. Maybe I’m an old man after all—all I want is to get out of here. The place stinks, it’s too loud and I didn’t work hard to make the money I make to buy third rate appetizers.

“Cat, this is Hunter. Hunter, meet Cat,” Britney says.

I shake her hand, and Cat's gaze travels between me and Britney for a moment as if she's mentally counting our age difference. Then, she smiles and tries to make up for it by shaking my hand for a lengthier amount of time.

Then, a group of four other college kids—two guys and two girls— surge behind her. One of them I recognize as Dan, the new kid at the office who brings coffee for everyone. Oh, great. My night just got better.

**B** *ritney*

I CHEW on my lower lip. We've been playing pool for an hour, and so far, Hunter has kicked ass. I also love to see him leaning over the table, and how his butt looks delicious in his pants. I sigh.

Problem is, my friends haven't quite warmed up to him yet. My group of friends can be immature, and I wonder if him being a successful man intimidates them. Or perhaps they're worried he won't get most of their pop culture references. What about being happy for me, though? Does everything have to be so black and white?

"So your hot old man is winning again," Cat whispers.

"Hey, enough with old man jokes," I say. Old man or not, he looks better than any guys any of us has ever dated. Cat can be competitive, and she's probably jealous I snatched him first.

She lifts up her hands in surrender. "So-rry."

I watch him play against Dan. Dan wants to be a lawyer when he finishes school, but for now he's a receptionist at a law firm, and as fate would have it, he works at Hunter's. So he's been doing some major ass kissing and I wonder if he's letting Hunter win. His explicit brown nosing is almost more awkward than my other friends' reaction to Hunter.



“Well done,” Dan says. “Haven’t had an adversary this good in a while.”

“Thanks,” Hunter says, then comes to my side.

My classmate Annie and her boyfriend Steve join us—they were out for a smoke.

“What did we miss?” Annie asks, grabbing her drink and playing with the straw.

“Britney’s new man is good at pool,” Cat says.

“Have you been playing for a long time?” Steve asks.

“Steve. He’s in his forties. Anything he’s doing he’s been doing for a long time,” Cat says, then laughs. The group look at each other awkwardly for a moment, then chuckle.

“She’s right,” Hunter says with a cool voice. “I’ve been doing a lot of things for a long time.”

Cat shrugs, and the guys look at each other, unsure. I look at Hunter, and his gaze pins me to the spot. I no longer comprehend what the rest of the group is saying in the background. It fades into nothing, and while I look deep into his eyes, I feel like *everything*.

I put my drink aside, and he dips down his head.

“Let’s get out of here,” he says, or maybe it was me, I’m not really sure anymore.

He grabs me by the hand and leads me out of the bar. I don’t even look behind me, I follow him as he guides me through the few people standing by the entrance. With him, I feel safe. Protected. Desired.

When we get to his car, he opens the door for me, and I slide in.

He gets in too, and closes the door behind him. He’d parked far from the entrance, not wanting his expensive car to stand out. So now, we don’t have any cars around us, and most people are heading into the bar and not out.

I launch myself into his arms, and he takes me, bringing me to his lap. His hot cock greets me through his pants, and I

touch it, earning a groan from him. “Daddy,” I say, using the naughty nickname we use whenever it’s just the two of us—and it’s perfect.

“Fuck, you turn me on so much,” he says, then kisses me, in a spectacle of melding tongues. My shirt has become twice too small for me. My heart thrums in my blood, hot and thick. And my tits never felt so full and heavy, like they want a way out of my bra.

Sensing my need, he touches my chest, and even through the fabric his warmth seeps through. I squirm, shifting, restless, but it only makes my pussy engage in a better molding position around his dick.

He lifts my skirt and lowers his hand down the sides of my G-string.

Swiftly, he hooks his hand on each side and rips the G-string off. Then, he delves two fingers inside me, finding my cunt hot and wet for him. I roll my hips back and forth, riding his hand as he deepens the kiss.

Waves of heat overpower me from top to bottom, and I nip his lower lip, desperate to show how much I ache for him. Only him.

At last, he fumbles with his pants, and takes out his cock. I caress it, stroke it, feel it grow even more in my hand. But right now, there’s no time to waste. He positions his cock near my entrance, and for a moment, rubs it on my folds. I quiver, mellowing, softening.

He dips a finger inside my mouth, and I suck it.

Then, he drives his dick inside me. I revel in that sensation of fullness, and after a second of adjusting, I begin riding him. Without taking his finger from my mouth, I sway my hips back and forth, setting the rhythm before he has a chance to.

My moans become louder, longer. I nip his finger, which prompts him to put his free hand on my waist, his fingers biting into my skin. He’s slamming inside me, each time making me wonder how much more of him I can take. Then,

he removes his fingers from my mouth and slides it down my chest, sneaking his hand down my blouse and my bra.

The second he touches my breast, liquefied heat forms behind it, pushing me one more notch dangerously close to the edge. He pinches my nipple, and all kinds of sensations charge from it, within me, and I can no longer keep this energy inside. I let go, trembling, as pleasure wrecks me, my heart floating up my throat and about to slip from my mouth. I'm sweaty, I'm tingly, and I'm sure—this man has a hold on me like no one ever has.

## Hunter

BRITNEY KISSES ME. It's been three days since I met her friends, and she spent the night. Now, I'm trying to get ready to go to work, but she keeps distracting me in the sweetest ways. I kiss her, ending it slowly, then disengage from her and dash to my closet, looking for my long sleeved light gray shirt.

She comes after me, giggling. "In a hurry, aren't we?"

I pick the shirt from the rack and slide it on. "I have an important meeting this morning. Can't be late."

"I get it. Do you want to meet for lunch?"

"I can't. I promised Sue I'd take the boys for their annual wellness check. It's at one, and she'll be working."

"I can go with you if you want. To help out?"

I look at her, irresistibly charming wearing my shirt. Her blonde hair is disheveled, and a couple of hickeys are still on her neck from last night's lovemaking. She smells of flowers, and sex and paradise. And she's mine—all mine.

But that doesn't mean I can break the rules. I sigh, frustration filling my chest. "I can't have you with me. Sue was adamant about it."

She crosses her arms over her chest. "I understand. I mean look, I know it'll take time. But I really like Max and Charlie,

and they like me too. How long will this go on?"

I avoid her gaze, and button my shirt, then go to my belt rack and grab the Italian leather black one.

"Unless we won't be together for long," she says in a small voice.

I stop what I'm doing and pull her to me, kissing the top of her head. "You're not going anywhere, sweetheart. But you need to be patient, as I do. Let some time go by, maybe Sue will find it in her heart to forgive us."

She shakes her head. "You don't know much about women."

I know more than she thinks, but I keep that nugget of information to myself. She has a point, though, and the positivity of being with her must have rubbed off on me, if I expect Susan to acquiesce easily. "Well, maybe she can manage to just forget. Or date someone and no longer give a crap about us." Susan is an attractive and smart woman, and if she found a good guy who was a good person to also be in the twins' lives, that would be the solution for all of our problems.

"That's more likely. You mean I should be setting her up on dates?"

"Don't," I say. "Don't get involved."

She chuckles, waving me off. "I'm just teasing you. I know my place."

"Your place is with me," I say, my voice dropping an octave.

She kisses my cheek. "Does that mean you'll take me to your firm's party?"

I square my shoulders. A cold shiver rolls down my spine. "What do you mean?" I ask simply to buy time. I wasn't planning on making a decision soon, much less sharing it with her.

"I saw the invitation on your desk. You weren't planning on telling me?"

I step back, running my fingers through my hair. I obviously shouldn't rely on the buying time strategy too much. "I didn't think it'd be a big deal."

"Well, isn't this the kind of event where partners bring dates or spouses?"

I inhale. Her expression is sober, like I can't get my way with a snarky comment or even sex. She lifts her chin and stares at me, determined. "Yes."

"So? Are you embarrassed of me?"

"No," I rush to say.

She leans against one of the shelves, making it clear avoidance won't work this time. "Then why? Why can't I go with you?"

I run my fingers down my face. "Because you'll be bored out of your mind." That isn't a lie—the people who work in my firm tend to be snooty, and think too highly of themselves. I worked hard to get where I am, but that doesn't mean I don't see what it means.

"Why can't I be the judge of that? Or are you being condescending?"

With the back of my hand, I caress her cheek. She doesn't lean forward or move away. She's waiting for a conclusion to this conundrum, I can tell. My gut clenches. Taking her with me will mean a different kind of problem. "Trust me, if there was a way for me not to go, I'd not go."

"Then let me go with you. Make it less boring."

I swallow the lump of frustration in my throat. "You have to understand... A lot of those people knew Sue. Going there with someone new, and a woman as young and gorgeous as you, it'll be like making a statement."

She jerks away from me, stepping back. A cloud of disappointment darkens her eyes. "I'm good enough for you to fuck, but not to be around your friends? I introduced you to my friends."

"And how did that turn out?" Those brats hate me.

“At least I tried. Some things take time, Hunter. They aren’t used to you.”

“I could use the same argument.”

She shrugs. “At least I made the effort.”

I nod slowly. She has a point. Sure, she’s young and naïve, too optimistic. But if I say no, she’ll feel rejected. Maybe when I take her to the party and she sees how stuffy and judgmental some of them are, she’ll understand my point and never want to go again. “Fine. Let’s go to the party together.”

She hugs me, squealing. “You won’t regret it.”

*No, but maybe you will.*

**B** *ritney*

“WHOA. He really gave you his credit card?” Cat asks me, when we enter a luxury department store.

I blush. “Yes, well he knows I don’t have anything glamorous enough.” After our conversation the day before, he insisted I buy a nice dress for the occasion. A part of me likes that he’s taking care of me, but also, I wonder. Does that mean he thinks I don’t own any outfit proper enough to meet his peers?

A couple of clerks greet us with a discreet smile, and we keep on strolling. I’m not used to this kind of store. I prefer hitting the sales at the mall or buying stuff that pops on my Instagram feed. But as I glance around, noticing the huge chandelier dropping dramatically in the middle of the ceiling, along with sleek mannequins and high-end furniture, I know this isn’t my world.

A woman walks by us, holding her fluffy dog on one hand. Yep, this is one of those places.

“Have you told your parents about him?” Cat asks. She knows I’d have to tread lightly. My parents probably wouldn’t approve of me dating a much older man—let alone if they knew I slept with him while he was still married. My mom



would probably not talk to me for a few weeks, giving me the cold silent treatment she reserves for really bad news.

“No. I’m waiting.”

“You think they won’t like him?” Cat stops in front of a rack and begins flicking through the hangers and checking out the clothes.

I *know* they won’t like him. I just want to have him for myself before I have to deal with my parents’ endless questions about him. “Not at first. Besides, I introduced him to my friends. Then he’ll introduce him to his. And we’ll deal with Mom and Dad later.”

“Makes sense.” She grabs a knee-length black cocktail dress and shows it to me. “How about this one?”

I wrinkle my nose. “Not sure...”

“You should wear something more conservative,” Cat says. “For this kind of party.”

I nod. I walk around, and take a few dresses to try on. Until one of them catches my eye. It’s a simply cut cobalt dress. The luxurious fabric caresses my skin, and it has a V neck that suggests just enough without showing much. It’s elegant, yet sexy but definitely not over-the-top. “This one,” I say when I come out of the fitting room.

Cat whistles. “You look gorgeous. All the guys will be staring at you.”

“As long as Hunter does, I don’t care about the others.”

“Look at you, in love with your old man.”

I’m about to protest Cat’s old man comment, then I hesitate. My heart rate shoots up, and my internal temperature follows suit. She’s right. I’m completely in love with him. There’s no more denying. I love Hunter.

WHEN THE DAY for the party finally comes, I’m nervous.

I pace the apartment, each time clinking the floor with the high heels I bought to wear with the dress. I’m almost as tall

as Hunter, I think. He's coming to pick me up, and I look at my reflection in the mirror and second guess my hair style for a moment.

It's a sleek, wavy style to one side, unlike the plain straight 'do I use every day. I hope it doesn't look like I've tried too hard. I have, but his coworkers don't need to know that. It'll only make me more vulnerable.

When he texts me he's parking, I no longer wait. I grab the clutch and close the door, locking it behind me before going down the flight of stairs. By the time I make it to the ground floor, he's walking up to me.

Tonight, a well-cut black suit enhances his tall, broad shouldered, muscly physique. My breath catches in my throat, and I'm happy I didn't wait for him inside my apartment. There's no way we would make it to the party if I had.

"You're breathtaking," he says in a low voice.

A delicious warm sensation rolls through me. "You're not bad yourself."

His gaze sweeps over me, his throat visibly working. "Let's go before I change my mind about the party."

"After how long it took me to get ready? Not a chance."

**H**unter

“IS THAT AN ICE SCULPTURE? By the exotic fruits and appetizers?” Britney asks, tilting her head in the direction of the long, lavish buffet. Around us, people gather and stroll, and waitresses serve scotch and a variety of wines to the guests.

“Yes,” I answer. Our arrival at the party thirty minutes prior made me realize bringing her here was a good idea. I can look at the world through her untainted eyes, and it’s a lot more fun and positive.

“Cool. I’ll go take a couple of selfies by it and will be right back,” she says, kissing my cheek softly then sashaying to the direction of the buffet.

Mesmerized, I watch her, smiling to myself.

The way this blue dress fits her body sets my pulse skyrocketing each time I look at her.

“Hunter?” Clive, a tax attorney, says, coming close. “How are you?”

“Good, how are you?” I say, giving him a quick firm handshake.

“Not as good as you, obviously.” He discreetly points at Britney, snapping pictures by the over the top sculptures.

“Have you joined those sugar daddy sites? I keep seeing ads for Sugar & Silk everywhere.”

A lump lodges in my throat. Since our arrival, my coworkers have been cordial, but I guess I should have counted a douchebag like Clive to come and spoil the fun. “No.”

“Then where did you meet her, if I may ask? She’s a bombshell.”

“She’s my girlfriend,” I say, with a possessiveness that elevates my body temperature. I don’t appreciate the hunger in his eyes as he looks at her.

He lifts his hands in mock surrender. “Sorry, man. Seems like she’s friendly too.” He cocks his head, and I look at Britney, who’s chatting with Dan and taking a picture with him.

“Dan’s a friend of hers. He happens to work at the firm.”

“Sure. And he’s also her age... but I love your confidence, man.”

“Clive, stop playing games. Why are you saying those things?” I never shit on his crappy dates. Couldn’t care less, really.

“Maybe she has some... female friends to introduce to me.”

I chuckle, thinking of Cat, Britney’s friend who couldn’t stand me when we met. She’d probably snarl at Clive, who, besides all his success, didn’t look attractive to most women of all ages. “I’ll let her know,” I say, just to end this awkward conversation.

He pats my back. “Thanks, man.”

I turn a few feet from him, and am about to head over to Britney when a group calls my name. I glance at Britney again, and she’s chatting with Dan. I wave at her, and she waves back. I’m here to shake hands, so I acquiesce and join the circle of lawyers who have just laughed at something the human resources director said.

I sigh. Networking is a bitch.

**B** *ritney*

I GULP down the glass of champagne a waiter just handed me not long ago. For the past ten minutes, I've been pretending to look at the impressionist paintings framing the walls. Dan had to go do something, and Hunter was in the middle of a lively group.

I want to stop hiding and go there, sneak up by his side, but what if everyone grows quiet when I join? What if they ask me questions I can't answer just to make me feel inadequate?

Ever since we've arrived, I felt attention directed to me. Even feigned indifference. I don't blame them—some of the women had to be friends with Sue, and here I am, younger and bolder, dating him. Do they know I slept with him while they were still married?

Guilt stabs at me. I never felt bad for our relationship before. I love him, and he was unhappy in his marriage. But how do we look to others? Will we ever have friends in common?

"Beth, isn't it?" says a female voice behind me.

I turn around to see a well-dressed woman in her forties. "Britney," I say with a smile. "And you are?"

"I'm Carla Sheldon. One of the partners."

I nod, grasping the stem of the flute. “Nice to meet you. This is a great party,” I say, because there’s nothing else I can say right now. Weather? Tv shows? Finding common ground is hard.

Carla doesn’t smile—but she regards me with interest, her eyebrow lifted. She’s one of those women that look smart—from her elegant pixie cut, to the way she’s dressed to how she walks, like she owns the room—even if her heels are probably higher than mine. “I hear you’re here with Hunter.”

I clear my throat. “Yes. Have you known him for long?”

“Oh, yes.” She stretched to her full height. “I was a guest at his wedding.”

I bite the inside of my cheek. This is where this conversation led, and something tells me she’d circle to it no matter what topic I brought up. I glance at the painting again, so peaceful, and muster the courage to ignore what she just said. If I do, though, she gets the upper hand—and will use it if we meet again, always thinking I’m beneath her. “I’m sure it was a beautiful event. Sue has wonderful taste.”

“She does,” Carla says, unfazed. “So does Vance, the owner of this home. I saw you looking at the paintings.”

“They’re beautiful.”

“I’m glad you’re enjoying all the things Hunter can offer you.”

“If you have something you’re dying to tell me, you can do it,” I say with sass, even if I regret it a second later.

She laughs, the humorless sound reverberating through me and pushing all my invisible buttons. “I already said what I meant to say. Enjoy this world for as long as you can dear, because you’re not part of it and you’ll understand that soon.”

I put the flute on a shelf, and dash away from her. Scanning the large living room, I search for Hunter, but he’s no longer with the group he was earlier. Hell, I even look for Dan, but he’s nowhere in sight.

The words from that bitchy woman ring in my ears, and anger wells up inside. Tears prick the back of my eyes, and I walk out of the living area and into the lavish garden. By the time I make it, I realize I'm nearly jogging, but I keep at it, until I'm away from the crowd and delving into a greenbelt area.

The air smells of tree sap and cut grass. I stop by a tree trunk, and the voices and music from the party fall into the background like a buzzing sound. I see the lights, but have no interest in going back there. I shouldn't let that woman's words bother me, yet they do. Because they solidify my fears. What if he doesn't love me? He never said so.

Maybe I am just a stupid young person, the dreaded millennial. I've slept with a married man, and fell for him. And now I'll pay the price—by loving him even if my days with him are numbered. What if he gets tired of me?

I wipe the tears with my index fingers and inhale deeply. Shit. I left my cellphone in my purse inside the house. I can't order a rideshare service or anything.

I have to basically go back there and face those people, and also face the fact maybe the two of us aren't meant to be.



## Hunter

I MARCH INTO THE GARDEN, my gaze swinging from side to side. Where the hell is Britney? I'd been goaded into a long conversation about office politics, and when I looked for her, I couldn't find her.

I asked Dan, who also had no idea—then another guest mentioned he saw her heading to the garden. But why would she? Besides a few people talking near the pool, there wasn't much happening here.

My collar feels tighter, so I touch it, wishing I could loosen it. Really wishing I didn't come to yet another annual party, and brought Britney with me. Poor thing probably was bored out of her mind.

A swooshing sound catches my attention, and I follow it, stepping into the bushy area, away from the pebbled path, the pool and the other guests. I fish out the cell phone from my pocket and turn on the flashlight app.

"Britney?" I call her. "Britney." I raise my voice.

"Here," she says after a second or two.

My heart races, and I stalk in her direction until I see her leaning on a tree trunk. The moonlight shines down in between the bushes, enough that I can see the confused expression on her face, and from what I can tell as I get closer, eyes swollen

a bit. I pull her into an embrace. Relief flows through me. “Are you okay?”

She hugs me back. “Yes.”

“What happened?”

“This woman called Carla something talked to me, and she was throwing all kinds of shade. Then I couldn’t find you...”

I kiss the top of her head. I should have imagined Carla wouldn’t be too kind to her. After all, she’s best friends with Susan. “Carla is bitter because her husband left her for someone else.” I can imagine the two of them hate us—understandably so. But still not Britney’s fault.

She disengages from me. “Let me guess, she was younger too?”

I nod.

She shakes her head. “Everywhere we go, people hate us.”

“That’s not true.”

“Isn’t it? It didn’t go well with my group of friends or yours. Your ex-wife doesn’t want me around your kids. What about when you meet my parents? Do you think it’ll go any smoother?”

I draw in a breath, considering her points. They’re all valid, of course. What father would like his nineteen-year-old daughter to date someone two decades older, recently divorced and with baggage the size of a trunk? “No. But that doesn’t mean we aren’t worth it, Britney. People will get used to it. It’s just new now, but give it time.”

“Why should I? To just extend the obvious?”

A cold shiver zaps down my back. “What are you talking about?”

“That one day you’ll get tired of me,” she says, a trace of nervousness in her voice.

Get tired of her? If anything, I fear the opposite. I fear becoming so addicted to her I’ll lose control of everything around me. Maybe that’s happened already, and I’m just in

denial. “That will never happen,” I say, curling my finger under her chin. “I love you,” I say, and my shoulders drop a notch.

“You... love me?”

“Yes. I love you and I’m not going anywhere,” I repeat, now with more certainty—both in my voice and my heart.

“I... I love you too. I can’t believe what I’m hearing.”

I grab her hand and put it over my chest. “You’d better believe it. I’ll show it to you.”

I kiss her, and the world disappears beneath our feet. Heat ignites in my body, leaving no cell untouched by the lust growing inside me. I intensify the kiss, fucking her with my mouth, unsure if I want to leave her breathless or if I’ll die first.

She puts her arms around me, her hands perusing around my back, claiming me as hers. I shouldn’t even think about taking her here, but it’s no longer my decision. I love her, and she loves me. Our bodies crave this celebration, and who am I to stop?

**B** *ritney*

HE PUSHES me against the tree trunk, and hikes up my dress. I half expect him to slide inside me and fuck me until we're both sated, but he has other plans.

Growling, he kneels before me, and pulls down my underwear. A cool breeze caresses my shaved pussy, and he closes his mouth around it. I nearly lose balance, and lean onto the trunk behind me so I don't fall.

Soon, he swipes his tongue between my folds, licking my cream, sending shivers up my spine. I moan, rocking my hips into his mouth, riding his face without shame. He takes all of me, hungrily, greedily, the only way he knows how.

“That's right, Daddy. Eat my pussy.”

Encouraged, he hooks his hands under my ass, locking me into place, and thrusting his sinful tongue inside me. Pleasure stirs in my clit, and it throbs, blood pounding in my veins. Sweat slicks over my forehead, and suddenly I feel so hot—so hot I wish I could strip off my clothes and run naked through the bushes. The raw, primal, honest emotion pumps into me, and I come, biting my lip so I won't scream, but damn—it's hard.

“Oh Daddy...” I whisper, my voice trailing off, my body convulsing but somehow magically still upright—all thanks to

Hunter.

He stands, and kisses me—I taste my cream in his mouth, and suddenly the zingy energy of the orgasm comes to life again, and I’m somehow more aroused, and need him again. He snatches me to him, and soon, we both fall on the dirt. I roll on top of him, chuckling.

I straddle him, nesting my pussy close to his cock.

“That’s right, dirty girl... use me. Take what you need,” he says in a low growly voice. “Fuck me.”

I chew my bottom lip, the idea exciting me. I fumble with his zipper, and glide it down, then he lifts his hips and helps me push it past his knees. The moment his big cock springs free, I take it in my hand and stroke it. I feel his body tremble under my touch, the way his thighs clench, how he grows harder.

A sense of female empowerment travels through me from top to bottom. Usually he’s in control, but now, he lets me have it. He loves me, and he’s showing it to me. And now, I’m showing it to him.

I stroke him from root to tip. I feel the blood rushing in his cock, the veins expanding as I tease him. Hell, my cunt is drenched wet and about to explode with need. When I drive him inside me, we both moan.

“I love how you touch me,” he says. “Always so eager.”

“Touch me too, Daddy.” I take his hand and position it on my clit, and he plays with it, flicking it.

Soon, I set the pace, rocking back and forth onto his dick. He follows my rhythm, working my clit in tandem to how I move on him. My heart thumps in my chest, warmth spreading through me. I fuck him, working his cock, and it’s doing what I want it to.

Tendrils of pleasure course through me, and I move faster, thrusting him deeper inside, to a point where it hurt me a bit—the tipping point to a wave of climax to wash over me. I fuck him, relentlessly moaning and no longer caring how loud I am.

With his other hand, he reaches for my breast, caressing it over the fabric until my nipples tighten and harden as diamond tips. Too much. I want to make him lose control and come too.

So I increase my rhythm, and sneak my hand down to the area where his cock meets his ass. I've read about how men sometimes can go crazy if stimulated there, and even though I've never tried, I act on impulse and shove two fingers inside his hole.

He growls, the sound of a caged animal who's finally loose, and lifts his hips, adding even more sensations to my overworked body. For a few minutes, we continue this erotic dance, with me straddling him, thrusting my fingers in and out of his hole, and him teasing my clit without mercy, but also ramming his cock inside my pussy.

I can't take it anymore, and let go again, coming one more time, but this time I let go even more, feeling my cream squirt out of me and onto his cock. "I'm coming on your cock, Daddy, oh."

"Fuck yeah, dirty girl," he eggs me on, and removes his hand from my chest, then slips a finger in my ass.

Now, he's fucking me on both holes and so am I, him. We've never been so close in our whole lives, so connected to each other. He finger fucks my ass violently, and the throb from my clit has taken over my entire body. "Oh yes, Daddy... you fuck me so good."

"You do too, little girl. Don't stop. Let's come together."

We're nearly bouncing off the ground. My mellowing sound slices the air, the darkness, the woods.

He comes after me, releasing his seed inside me, and when I roll off of him to the dirty ground, I'm still quivering. Yes, he told me to use him however I may prefer. But we used each other, and now are both reeling from the most passionate lovemaking we ever shared.

We love each other, and there is no going back anymore.

## EPILOGUE

**T**wo years later...

“ARE YOU READY?” Hunter asks, squeezing my hand gently.

I look at the imposing, two-story home I used to go and babysit Max and Charlie.

Today is their birthday party, and Susan allowed Hunter to invite me. I take a deep breath. This is big.

I’ve seen Susan in passing a few times, when I drove with Hunter to drop off the kids. She was always reserved but not particularly bitter. “Yes.”

Time has been the answer. Time for all of us—my family, my friends, his coworkers— to learn we’re not going anywhere.

We’re engaged, we love each other, and we aren’t letting go of each other. Ever.

He threads his fingers in mine, and when we get to the door, he rings the doorbell.

I appreciate that he’s not barging in giving he lived there once and paid for it. He’s respectful and that’s one of the things I admire about him. He leaves all kinds of naughtiness to our bedroom, which I prefer.

Anthony, Susan’s boyfriend, opens the door.

We all shake hands, the two men exchanging a couple of awkward hugs.

Anthony is a hugger. He's also godsent, and I'm sure one of the reasons Susan has been more open about me spending more time with the twins the last year.

There's a lot of kids running around, balloons everywhere and the Paw Patrol theme on the beautifully set table.

The twins see us, and they automatically run to tackle hug their dad, then me. They talk about how they love the gift Hunter gave them, a couple of super cool motorized cars for their age. They both hold his hand and want to go show him immediately, and they run with him, giggling in the direction of the backyard.

I follow behind, slowly, wanting to give them the time with their dad.

I'm thankful for them accepting me, loving me, and need to respect their space with Hunter too.

"I'll go check on the face painter," Anthony says, dashing out to the backyard.

I glance around, in the living room, seeing a few moms talking to one another on the far right corner. After all that happened, I never thought I'd be invited back here.

I also didn't think Hunter would win over my parents, and it only took him a few dinners together. I relax, smiling to myself. It's all good.

"Britney," Susan calls me, sashaying from the kitchen.

"Yes?" I turn to face her. A bit of apprehension crawls under my skin. We have never been alone without the kids or Hunter nearby. Is she going to chastise me or are we truly over that?

"Can you help me bring these snacks out?" she says, pointing her head in the direction of bowls—one filled with colorful pieces of fruit, and the other with chips and salsa.

"I'd be happy to," I say.



She looks at me, then the slightest smile forms on her lips. I know what that means—it took us a while to get there. I helped end her marriage. She has all the reasons in the world to hate me. But somehow... she's moving on. She's thinking of the greater good. "Let's do it."

I grab the bowls, the apprehension from earlier fleeing and now, a sense of serenity coming over me. I am happy. I love my man, and the family we have. There's nothing else I need to apologize for. "Let's do it."

## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Cassie Cassell is an emerging author of techno romance. This is Cassie's eighth book.

## **ALSO BY CASSIE CASSELL**

The Sugar & Silk series:

Obsessed

Obsessed with my Assistant

Obsessed with my Ex

The Dirty Deeds series:

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