



My
SISTER'S
Husband

A BAD BOY
BILLIONAIRE ROMANCE
CASSANDRA DEE

My Sister's Husband

~A Bad Boy Billionaire Romance~

~The Forbidden Fun Series~

© 2018

By Cassandra Dee

**Want to hear about my newest romance? Addicted to
billionaire bad boys? Join my mailing list at
www.subscribepage.com/alphamalesontop and get a FREE
book just for joining!**

© 2018

All Rights Reserved.

Follow Cassandra on [Facebook](#)

Join my Facebook group [Alpha Males on Top](#)

DEDICATION

To all the girls who've craved the forbidden.

This one's for you!

NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR

Hi! Thanks so much for reading *My Sister's Husband: A Forbidden Romance*. I hope you enjoy the steam between Kelsey and her man. If you like this book, then you might enjoy my entire [Forbidden Fun](#) series.

Plus, be sure to join our Facebook group [Alpha Males on Top](#) to hear about new releases, discounts, and freebies.

Love,

Cassie

ABOUT THIS BOOK

My Sister's Husband: A Forbidden Romance

I caught Marcus looking at me during my sister's funeral.

But is it wrong if he's my sister's husband?

We were all devastated after Jane died in a car accident. After all, she was perfect: blonde, willowy, and a genuinely kind and caring person too.

But during the funeral, things went crazy.

I caught my brother in law staring at me.

More than staring.

He was *ravenous*.

Oh god. The family's supposed to be in mourning but my ex brother-in-law and I started something forbidden *that very day*.

And it kept going.

At the wake.

At the reception.

Hot and strong all throughout the grieving period.

Now I'm pregnant with my brother in law's baby. But how do I tell the world that I'm expecting *my sister's husband's child*?

Hey Readers – This story hits practically every taboo you've ever craved. Our heroine engages in a relationship with a man who's totally off limits, and she loves every second of it!

Be sure to pack a fire extinguisher because you'll need it :)
Xoxo, Cassie

TABLE OF CONTENTS

[My Sister's Husband](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Chapter Seven](#)

[Chapter Eight](#)

[Chapter Nine](#)

[Chapter Ten](#)

[Chapter Eleven](#)

[Chapter Twelve](#)

[Chapter Thirteen](#)

[Epilogue](#)

Chapter One

Kelsey.

This outfit is ridiculous.

When I tried the cocktail dress on in the store, I thought the glossy blue looked beautiful against my creamy skin and the cut was perfect for my generous curves. But now that I'm in public, my ass looks big enough to belong in the solar system and my Double D's are threatening to spill over the top. Every time I pull the blue silk up to cover my breasts, my butt hangs out the bottom. But when I pull it down to cover my rear end, my breasts are on view for everyone at my parents' thirtieth anniversary party. As a result, I've gotten many longing looks from some male guests, most of whom are pushing sixty. Oh no. What do I do?

I take a seat at my table in the restaurant in hopes that the chair and table will cover up my stupid decision to wear this dress. I should have known better. I felt pretty in the fitting room, but now, all I feel is awkward and nervous. I catch Mr. Reeves, who's old and spotty with a cane waving at me, and with a polite smile, I wave back. What can you do, after all? I've known Mr. Reeves since I was a little girl, and it'd be rude to ignore him at my parents' party. Suddenly, a hushed whisper breaks my reverie.

"Jane would look beautiful in that dress," I hear behind me. "She's just so beautiful, isn't she? I always wanted my daughter to be like Jane. She's so tall and willowy and elegant."

I take a deep breath. Comparisons with my sister get under my skin, but I try to take it with a stride.

“Oh yes,” says her friend in a hushed whisper. “I totally agree. But Kelsey is just so ... *different*, wouldn't you say? I can't put my finger on exactly how, but it's just so unfortunate in some respects.”

I can't let this go by. Old ladies can sometimes be so mean, and I've learned over the years that it does no good to pretend you didn't hear. Sometimes, you have to tackle the problem head on, and this is a prime example of that being true.

“Oh really?” I say, turning and startling two of my parents' female friends. The two old biddies act all surprised, but I know they're not. “Well, it wouldn't fit her. It's about twenty sizes too big,” I say in an overly strident voice.

They don't even have the grace to look ashamed at being overheard. One of the women clucks. “Well, I'm sure Jane could find it in her size. She's *very* resourceful.” What she doesn't say is, “*Kelsey, you don't belong in a dress like that.*”

I sigh and turn back to my table resolutely. Conversation over. They continue to whisper, but at least now they're keeping their voices down so that I can't hear. I can at least *pretend* that I don't care.

My mind boils, though. I don't get why everyone has to compare me to my perfect older sister. Sure, Jane's taller and thinner – so damn thin all the time, in fact. And she always looks happy, with a sweet smile and a kind word for everyone. She has a perfect husband, the perfect job, and the perfect body. By contrast, what do I have? Big boobs, a big

butt, and a big attitude to match. My mouth has gotten me in trouble more than once, and judging from the sideways looks I'm getting from the folks at this party, this is just another instance.

Okay, so I *get* why people are always comparing me to Jane. It's kind of hard not to when we're sisters. But still, it hurts sometimes because my older sibling always comes out on top. There are so many instances of "Poor Kelsey, if only she would lose weight / find a better job / find herself a man, etc. Basically, I'm just okay on a good day. On my bad days? I'm worse than Joan Rivers on speed. Except she was whippet-thin, whereas I'm a big girl.

But I've learned to love my curves over the years, and not dwell on what's too big or too small. I turn my head and place my hands in my lap in a ladylike manner. I won't let those old ladies get to me, even if right now, they're whispering again while shooting me sneaky looks. Speaking of Jane. Where is that girl? Our parents' thirtieth anniversary party is in full swing and she hasn't bothered to make an appearance yet. Maybe perfect Jane is finally going to make a mistake.

The bell over the restaurant door chimes and I turn my head. Jane's husband Marcus strolls into the room with a confident stride and a winning smile on his face. He looks like the incredible lawyer that he is. His tall, commanding stature demands attention and respect. Marcus's raven hair is always cut military short, faded on the sides and just slightly longer on the top. His piercing blue eyes could win him a case without a single word being uttered.

Silly, isn't it? But my palms start sweating, and I feel warm all over. It's no wonder someone as attractive and brilliant as Marcus would end up with my equally attractive and brilliant sister. They belong together. Like I said, perfect. It makes me sick sometimes, but that doesn't stop my heart from beating a little too quickly whenever Marcus walks into the room. It's wrong, but it's a reflexive reaction that I have to my brother in law. I couldn't stop it if I tried, and even now, my stomach's doing backflips.

Marcus ignores the rest of the room and strolls towards me.

"Kelsey," he says in his deep voice. "Good to see you."

I avoid eye contact. Whenever I look into those blue eyes, I nearly lose it like a blabbering teenage girl fawning over her favorite *Tiger Beat* heartthrob. It would be so humiliating if he knew about my secret crush on him, so I try to smile like nothing's wrong.

"You, too," I say neutrally. I wait for Marcus to leave and make the rounds with the rest of the people he knows at this party. He's always been really popular no matter where he goes, and for sure this crowd will be swayed by his charm and charisma. But instead, he takes the seat next to me.

"How have you been? I haven't seen you around the house lately," he says, blue eyes flashing.

"I've been busy," I choke a bit. "Nothing much."

Marcus doesn't take the hint that I want him to leave. I finally suck it up and shift in my seat so that our eyes meet.

Big mistake.

His hard, smoldering gaze meets mine and I can't look away. My mouth opens and closes. I can't find any of the words I want to say to him which fall along the lines of *Don't look at me like you want to tear this dress from my skin and have your way with me right here*, or *Where is your wife, who also happens to be my sister?*

I know I should look away, tell him where to shove it, and take what's left of my pride and leave, but I just can't. We keep staring at each other and my body temperature rockets. My nipples grow hard and I pray that they don't show through the fabric of my dress. His head slowly moves towards mine and my chin tilts up. With just another inch or two, our lips would touch in an adulterous kiss.

Then my mother screams.

"Mom?" I yell, breaking eye contact and jerking my head in her direction. Oh my god, something's really wrong. My mom is collapsed on the floor, almost like she's having a heart attack. I rush towards her, with Marcus right on my heels. In the meantime, Dad picks up her cell from the ground and holds it to his ear.

"This is Robert Smith. What did ... *what?*" he asks in disbelief. "No, that's not... It can't be...."

"Dad? Mom? What's going on?"

Everyone in attendance has gathered around my hysterical parents. I hadn't noticed Marcus following me towards the ruckus, but he stands by my side.

"Give them some space," he growls, shouldering his way forwards. Automatically, everyone falls back before

my charismatic, commanding brother-in-law. “Mr. and Mrs. Smith, what’s going on? Who was on the phone?”

Dad looks at Marcus and starts to cry. I’ve never seen my father cry before. Something is horribly wrong.

“Dad? Talk to us,” I plead.

“Your sister...,” he mumbles. He covers his face with his hands. “Jane is dead.”

I gasp, and Marcus takes a step back from the chaos. “That’s not possible,” he grinds out, that handsome face deathly pale. “They’ve made a mistake.”

My dad puts his hand on Marcus’s shoulder, then pulls him in for a tight hug. I fall to the floor beside my mother and wrap my arms around her as tightly as I can. I don’t care that my behind is probably on view to everyone in the room. They can deal with seeing my giant ass right now. My sister is dead, and there are more important things.

I almost kissed my sister’s husband, and now my sister is dead.

After what feels like hours but was only a minute, Dad composes himself. “It was a car accident. A truck... a truck hit Jane’s car head on, and she died instantly.”

Marcus’s face looks dark and thunderous. I pull my mom up with me from the floor and we hold each other in tears. The guests at the party gather around to offer condolences.

“Thank you all for coming,” my dad addresses the crowd, his voice cracking. “But as you can imagine, we need to spend time together as a family right now. We will be in

touch with everyone about... about funeral arrangements.” His voice cracks again as tears begin to pour from his eyes. My heart goes out to him, breaking a little at my dad’s reaction because even if I always complained about Jane, she was still my sister. We had our spats, for sure, but there’s no one who knows me better in the world. Jane was there during that period when our parents were fighting a lot, and she knows how hurt I was after Tim Morgan stood me up for senior prom. She knows my secrets, good and bad. She was someone who was related to me by blood, and her death has wrenched my soul apart.

But we have to keep it together. It takes a couple of minutes for our friends and family members to leave, but finally, they’re all gone. After showing everyone out, Marcus pulls himself together.

“We have to settle the bill,” I say woodenly. He nods. My parents sit at one of the tables, holding each other and still crying. I’m upset, of course, but if there’s one thing I’m good at, it’s dealing with chaos. I swallow down the tears threatening to make another appearance and straighten my dress.

Marcus follows me towards the hostess stand. “I’m sorry for your loss,” the young woman says. “Your guests already paid the remainder of the bill. Please, take as much time as you need.”

I sigh, my eyes welling up with tears. “Thank you so much,” I manage to choke out.

Back in the private room we reserved for the party, I leave cash on one of the tables to tip the servers.

“We should get your parents home,” Marcus says. It’s the first thing he’s said since we got the news about my sister. I hate myself for thinking his voice sounds even sexier during this terrible time.

“Yeah,” I say. Neither of us moves for a few minutes. We stand next to each other, watching my parents console each other. Tears spill from my eyes once again, my steely exterior cracking at the sight of Gail and Robert, who appear broken. Marcus puts his arms around me while I cry. Once I’ve gotten the sobs out of my system again, we finally approach my parents.

“Gail? Robert?” Marcus says gently, touching each of their shoulders. “Why don’t we get the two of you home?”

My parents look at Marcus like he’s a stranger. Suddenly, they look like they’ve aged twenty years in the last twenty minutes, and my heart breaks. I just lost my sister, but they just lost their oldest daughter. Tears well in my eyes again, but I try to stay strong.

“Come on, Mom and Dad. Let’s go home.”

My mom blinks a little, still unseeing.

“Mom? Dad? Come on,” I say in a gentle voice. “Let’s take my car.”

Finally, the two of them stand, still leaning on one another. Again, my heart breaks because I’m seeing them in a new light. They’re two elderly folks who’ve been dealt a fatal blow, and my mom’s eyes don’t look like they’re focusing, whereas my dad looks ashen and gray. I take both their hands, and begin leading them out to the parking lot.

At the hostess stand, Marcus stops. “Excuse me, Miss?”

“Yes, sir?” she says, batting her eyelashes at him. No one is immune to Marcus’s charming good looks. Even with bloodshot eyes, he’s hot enough to make girls fall to their knees. It’s sickening that the woman would try to flirt with a man who is clearly grieving, especially since she probably *knows* that this is the bereaved widower. Geez. Some people would probably just blink and smile even if it was the end of the world.

“Can we leave two of our cars here?” Marcus asks in a hoarse voice. “My in-laws are in no shape to drive themselves home.”

“Of course!” she chirps. “I’ll let my manager know. He’s aware of what happened. I’m sure he won’t have any problem with it.”

“Thank you,” he says. He gives her his grim smile before returning to where he left my parents and me by the front door. My stomach churns, and I feel simultaneously nauseous and excited.

“I can drive my car,” I argue.

“I think it would be best if we all go in mine.”

The way he says it is final, so I know there’s no point in trying to argue with him. The fight has drained out of me, anyways.

Marcus leads my parents towards his luxury sedan and loads them into the backseat. I climb into the passenger’s seat and stare out the window. I’m pensive

because I just lost my sister, but there are also a million other thoughts whirling through my head.

In reality, I'm thinking about the man sitting next to me, who is no longer my sister's husband. I'm *especially* thinking about how we almost kissed less than an hour ago. And even worse, I'm contemplating how much I want to get rid of the 'almost' part ... and kiss my sister's husband for real this time.

Chapter Two

Kelsey.

Marcus practically carries my parents up to their bedroom.

While he gets them situated upstairs, I prepare us each a drink from my dad's liquor cabinet. Two fingers of scotch over ice is Marcus's usual choice. I pour a vodka tonic for myself, but down it quickly and pour another as Marcus descends the stairs. The alcohol warms me from the inside out.

"Here," I say, handing him his drink when he enters the kitchen. "We both need it."

He drinks the scotch in two gulps and grabs the bottle for a second. I sip my tonic slowly this time. The last thing I need right now is to be drunk with my sexy brother in law just after hearing my sister has died.

We sit in silence at the kitchen table until we've both finished our alcohol. Neither of us pours a third.

"I can't believe she's gone," Marcus finally says. "It doesn't feel real."

"I know," I say. My vibrant, full of life sister is dead. The reality hasn't set in yet.

I shift my gaze to meet his and feel the same fire between us from before we got the call that changed our lives. I don't break the stare, but Marcus does.

“Are you hungry? We never got the chance to eat at the party...”

“Leave it to Jane to interrupt a party before the food was served.”

Marcus chuckles. “It’s almost like she planned it that way. She hated watching people eat.”

“I know.”

“So what do you say? I’m sure there’s something in your parents’ cabinets that I can whip up.”

“I’m not too hungry, but I would eat some if you made something.”

Marcus shuffles through the cabinets until he finds a jar of sauce and a box of pasta. “Spaghetti?”

“Sounds good,” I say. “I’m going to go get changed.”

“Wait,” he says. “Stay in that dress. It looks good on you.”

I should argue and say that it’s inappropriate for me to stay in this dress and that he shouldn’t say things like that, but I don’t. I revel in his compliment. If I’m being honest, I’m too exhausted to go to my room and change anyways. Food is probably a good idea. I could use the nourishment.

“How about another drink?” I ask tentatively.

“I like that idea much better.”

I prepare our drinks while Marcus finishes up the pasta. He sets down two plates on the counter and I hand him

his bourbon. He holds the glass up towards me. "To Jane," he says. We clink our glasses together and take a sip.

Our meal continues silently. It's just spaghetti and sauce, but it's some of the best pasta I've ever tasted. I guess I was hungrier than I thought. I finish all of the food on my plate in no time.

"Not hungry, eh?" Marcus remarks playfully when he sees my clean plate. There's still a pile of spaghetti in front of him. Thankfully, the room is dimly lit so he can't see the pink on my cheeks. I can't believe I ate so quickly! He must think I'm a pig. Jane never would have eaten like that. She pecked like a bird and never finished a plate of food.

"I guess I eat when I'm stressed. And it was really good," is my compliment.

Marcus puts a hand on mine. "You don't have to justify yourself. I shouldn't have teased you."

"It's fine." I look at his full plate. "Are you not going to eat?"

He takes a dramatic bite of the spaghetti. "I guess I don't eat when I'm stressed. I need to, though. I haven't had anything to eat today. I skipped breakfast and lunch."

"How were you even still standing?" I ask, flabbergasted.

Marcus shrugs. "I guess I don't need much to survive."

I wish I didn't need much to survive. I like eating far too much to go the entire day without a meal. Probably explains my wide hips and poochy stomach. The judgmental

looks bother me, just not enough to change my eating habits. I'm happy with my body just the way it is.

“Eat,” I say, nodding to Marcus's plate. “You need food.”

He nods, and takes another, less dramatic, forkful of the pasta. While he slowly eats his plateful, I work on cleaning the dishes. There's some spaghetti left in the pot, so I toss it into a container to save for tomorrow. I doubt my parents will be able to stomach anything, but at least it'll be there in case they're up for food by lunchtime.

My poor parents. It was no secret that Jane was their favorite daughter, and now she's gone and I'm all they've got left. How unfortunate for them.

Marcus interrupts my thoughts when he tosses his empty plate into the sink. “I ate it all. Are you proud?”

I chuckle. “Very proud. Good job. Now you can have dessert.”

“Dessert?” he asks.

I shrug. “I was patronizing you, but there may be ice cream in the freezer.”

He takes the sponge from my hand when I'm in the middle of washing the spaghetti pot. “Why don't you grab us each another drink, find that ice cream you promised, and meet me in the living room?”

“I don't mind cleaning up,” I hesitate. But he won't take no for an answer.

“I've got it, Kelsey. I'll see you in a few minutes.”

Sighing, I decide it's not worth the argument. Two drinks, two spoons, and a carton of ice cream in hand, I walk into the living room to the soundtrack of Marcus scrubbing the sauce covered pans and dishes. He must have been a perfect husband because how many men wash dishes after dinner? Immediately, I feel guilty because I shouldn't even be thinking these thoughts.

I set the glasses and ice cream down on the coffee table. I click on the TV, but the sound drowns out Marcus's domestic noises from the kitchen, which are soothing in their own way. I turn it off again.

Listening to Marcus hum while he does the dishes makes me feel like we're a couple. It's homey and comfortable, despite the tragic circumstances. Should I feel like this? Maybe I'm clinging to familiar sounds given the black hole that's opened in our lives.

A family photo catches the corner of my eye. I leave my post on the couch to get a closer look.

In it, I'm standing beside my sister and we're both smiling. It was taken two years ago at Jane and Marcus's wedding. Her dress hugs her tightly, showing off the few curves she has. Had. They were long gone even before her death. My maid of honor dress covers up all of the embarrassing parts of my body. Jane picked it out for me.

Our parents stand behind us, looking proud.

Despite our problems and differences, I loved my sister. And yet now she's gone. Why? Where's the justice in this? Jane was sweet with a good heart. She didn't deserve to die an early death.

The tears start to come again. I hadn't even noticed the sink turning off or Marcus joining me in the living room. When he spots me with the photo in my hand and tears streaming down my face, his easy smile fades. He stops at the entryway to the living room and opens his arms wide.

I set the photo back on the mantle and hurtle into Marcus's arms, unaware that this move is going to change everything between us. Because suddenly ... things just got a lot more complicated.

Chapter Three

Marcus

Feeling Kelsey's generous curves against my body makes me instantly hard.

It's that damn dress. The shiny blue pops against her smooth, white skin. And the way it pushes up her boobs and draws attention to her luscious ass. I was a goner the second I spotted her at the party earlier today.

I try to shake the impure thoughts from my head. This is my wife's sister! And my wife just *died*. I shouldn't be lusting over this woman right now, but I can't help it.

Kelsey's tears have stopped, but she stays plastered against me. I make no move to push her away.

Her eyes find mine and I see the same heat in them that I feel inside myself. "Kelsey," I say, though it comes out more like a pained groan.

"Marcus," she breathes.

She steps up on her tiptoes and brushes my lips with hers. I should stop her. "Kelsey, no."

Kelsey steps back, but only to get a better angle. She presses our mouths together once again, but there's nothing ginger about it this time. It's all force, heat, and passion. I'm powerless against her advances. Instead of fighting it like we both know I should, I kiss her back hard. Possessive. Like an animal.

“Marcus, I want you,” she mewls.

Screw hesitation. Screw everything. I’ve craved Kelsey since the day I met her and I’ll be damned if I don’t take the one chance I may have to finally feel what it’s like to be inside her.

My hand finds her breast. It overflows my palm. Jane’s mosquito bites could barely be squeezed. By contrast, Kelsey’s are large and begging for my attention. She moans as I apply pressure to her left tit.

“Please,” she says. I move my lips to her neck. She meows with pleasure. Jane was never this passionate even in the middle of sex.

And that’s the last I want to think about tonight.

I shift my hands behind her to unzip her tight blue dress oh-so-slowly. As tempted as I am to ram into her right now, this may be my one chance with Kelsey and I want it to be amazing. I’m going to take my time.

The fabric falls dramatically to the floor revealing the curvy girl’s matching black lace bra and panties set. Fuck. My hard on strains against my black slacks.

Kelsey smiles demurely at me. “You’ve seen mine, now show me yours.” She untucks my button up shirt and yanks it open, causing buttons to rain to the hardwood floor. “Oops,” she says innocently. The gleam in her eyes is anything but innocent. Good thing I wasn’t attached to that shirt.

When my shirt meets her dress on the floor, Kelsey leans forward for another passionate kiss. She fumbles blindly with my belt, and finally gets it undone and slides my

pants down to the floor as well. We're both almost completely naked. I step back so I can look at her. I could cum just seeing this sexy sight in front of me.

"Fuck," I growl. I can't take it anymore. We meet each other in the middle, kissing and touching each other like we're teenagers in the backseat of a car trying to fit everything in before curfew. "You're perfect."

"You're not bad yourself," she titters.

I dip my tongue into her open mouth, causing her to groan. With our mouths still connected, we step back in unison until Kelsey's legs hit the couch. Gently, I push her down.

"Open wide," I say, moving her knees apart. I slip my fingers under the waist of her panties and draw them down, tossing them into the pile of clothes we left a few feet away. "Perfect."

My lips pepper kisses up and down her thighs. She tries to wriggle and move so I finally touch the sensitive spot she wants me to attack, but I continue my teasing.

"Marcus," she gasps. I rub my hands up and down her thighs. So thick, so beautiful. Smooth, white skin. Absolutely perfect.

Finally, I bury my face in the place we both so desperately crave. I use my fingers to spread her lips, finding her soaking wet for me already. I lick up and down her slit, sucking and applying pressure as I do.

"Oh, God, Marcus. Don't stop."

She thrashes beneath me in ecstasy. There's no more beautiful sight than pleasuring a woman, especially an uber-responsive one.

Now that I know she's wet and ready, I lick two of my fingers and slide them into her waiting hole.

"Oh, yes," she screams. Her parents are asleep upstairs, but I don't care. I want to hear how loud she can get. "More, Marcus."

I obey her command and add in a third finger. "You're so tight, baby. So fucking small."

My fingers pump in and out of her with obscene sucking sounds while I continue to lick and suck her swollen clit. She pants and sighs and screams beneath me. I add a fourth finger to the mix, causing her to shriek once again.

"I'm so close, Marcus. Keep going. Faster."

I quicken my pace for her. Her breathing gets heavier and she squirms more and more. "That's it, baby. Cum for me. Cum on my face and hand, sweetheart."

"I'm CUMMING!" she screams. I continue my thrusts so she gets the most out of her orgasm. The insides of her beautiful pussy contract on me, squeezing my digits to death. Once again, I feel like I might erupt in my boxers and she hasn't even touched me yet.

After a few, blissful minutes watching this beautiful woman lose herself, she descends from her high. "Marcus," she pants. "That was incredible. I've never felt that before."

I crawl up her body and kiss her, letting her taste her pussy juices on me. Our tongues battle between us. I groan.

Kelsey pushes me away with a deviant grin. “Your turn,” she says, smirking. She forces me down onto the couch and kneels down in front of me. Kelsey removes my boxers, adding them to the discarded clothing pile. My erection stands at attention, waiting for her attention.

She licks her lips as our eyes meet. I expect her to tease me like I did to her, but she must still be too excited from the orgasm. She wraps her soft hand around my base and spits on my tip before taking my whole member into her mouth.

“Mmmph,” she squeals, the whites of her eyes showing. Her lips are stretched tight, and hardly able to accommodate my girth.

“Oh, Kelsey,” I groan. Her mouth is warm. She bobs her head down until she chokes on my hard cock. “You’re so good at that baby.”

I use my hands to keep her hair from her face. I like to watch while a girl sucks me off. It’s hot. She keeps her eyes tilted up so we can stare at each other while she goes down on me.

Kelsey uses her other hand to fondle my balls. “Oh, yeah, sweetheart, just like that.”

She pulls my member from her lips completely and spits again. She licks from the tip down to the balls, sucking each one into her mouth before returning her attention to my throbbing cock.

“How much can you take?” I ask, my hands on the back of her head.

“Let’s find out,” she grins. She opens her mouth wide and lets me push her head down onto my cock. She gags halfway down but doesn’t stop swallowing more of me down her throat. My whole cock doesn’t fit, but she’s able to take most of me. No one has ever been able to handle so much before.

Kelsey continues to bob on my cock. “I’m close, Kelsey,” I say, my voice strained.

“Good,” she says. “Come for me Marcus.”

“No, wait,” I growl, stopping her. “I want to come inside you.”

She smiles and licks my tip one last time before crawling up my body and kissing me. While we kiss passionately, I remove her bra, the last piece of clothing between us. I move my lips down to suckle her breasts. Her nipples harden even more within the warm, wet cavern.

“Your mouth is perfect, Marcus,” she pants. She runs her fingers over my short hair and pushes my face into her chest. While my mouth pleasures her nipples, my hand finds her soaking wet slit.

“Oh,” she moans when I slip a single finger inside her. “Oh, Marcus, please, I need you in me now. Make me yours.”

Our eyes meet and we both smile. I kiss her gently, lovingly. She opens her legs wide above me and guides my still throbbing erection into her waiting hole. We both moan loudly as she lowers herself onto me.

“You’re so fucking tight, Kelsey.”

“You’re so big,” she gasps. “Oh god. I’m not sure if I can take it.”

Kelsey waits a minute or two to adjust to my size. Once she’s ready, she raises her hips and lowers herself down, impaling herself over and over on me, that wet twat squeezing me tight. I meet her thrusts with my own.

Our pace quickens. “Yes, yes, YES,” Kelsey screams as we continue our love making. Thankfully, the stress from the evening makes Kelsey’s parents heavy sleepers. The last thing we need is someone waking up and catching her impaled on my fuckshaft.

“I want to be on top, baby,” I growl suddenly. I wrap my arm around her back and flip her over onto the couch. She opens her legs wide and I push into her quickly. She grunts with pleasure and wraps her legs around my waist as I plow into her.

“I’m close, baby,” I say. I squeeze my hand between us so I can rub her clit. She squirms beneath me.

“I’m close, too,” she breathes. “Keep going. You’re so fucking deep!”

I don’t stop. Even if I wanted to, I couldn’t. I rail into her, causing the couch to raise off the floor and fall back down with a bang. Kelsey moans beneath me.

“Never stop,” she cries. “I’m so close. So close!”

“Me, too. I’m gonna cum, baby. Are you ready for me?”

“Yes,” she screams. “Cum inside me, Marcus. I want to feel your hot jizz.”

Her words send me over the edge. “FUCK!” I rasp. I thrust into her as deep as I can go and cum harder than I ever have before. That’s all it takes for Kelsey to have her second orgasm of the night. I feel her walls tighten over my member, milking it with every contraction and pulling that virile sperm even deeper.

I stay buried in her for a few minutes while we catch our breath. I slide out of her and sit behind her on the couch, pulling her against my chest.

“That was incredible,” she pants.

“Yeah, it was.”

We stay like this for a while, enjoying each other’s company. A stirring upstairs causes us to leap from our intimate position. The toilet flushes, but luckily no one comes downstairs. Even so, we can’t take any chances.

“It’s late,” Kelsey whispers. “I should get some sleep.”

“Yeah,” I say. “Me, too.”

The words are inane because what we’ve just done is too momentous to really talk about. After all, I literally just fucked my dead wife’s younger sister on the day of her death. God. I’m going to hell.

Silently, we gather our clothes from the floor. Kelsey puts her dress on and I slide my pants back on. My shirt is ruined, the fabric crumpled and buttons scattered all over the wooden floor.

“Kelsey,” I say warningly before she can walk up the stairs. “We have to talk.”

She turns and smiles uncertainly.

“I know Marcus. But not tonight. Too much has happened. Let’s leave it for another time, okay?”

I nod curtly but my big body doesn’t turn to go. Not yet. There are plenty of guest bedrooms, and both of us are going to spend the night here. But I’ve already sold my soul to the devil because as I watch the curvy female disappear into a bedroom upstairs, all I can think is ... when is this gonna happen again?

Chapter Four

Kelsey.

Shit. Did last night really happen?

My parents are awake in the kitchen when I walk downstairs. Luckily, I have some old clothes still in my bedroom that fit well enough. I would hate to wear the dress I had on yesterday. Especially because it would feel like a walk of shame outfit after what happened.

“Morning, Kelsey,” my dad says. His eyes are red and puffy. “How did you sleep?”

“Not well,” I say truthfully. “How about you guys?”

He sighs. “I think I was so exhausted from crying that I passed out. Tossed and turned some, though. I had a dream about Jane. She told me to man up and stop crying.”

I shoot him a wobbily smile. “That sounds like Janie.”

“I can’t believe...”

“Me neither, Dad.”

My mom remains silent. She stares into the coffee in her mug. It doesn’t look like she’s taken a sip.

“We have to talk about arrangements,” Robert says. “The wake and funeral and all that.”

I nod. “I can help you. I just want to go home and shower and then I’ll come back and we can figure everything out, okay?”

“We have a shower here.”

“I want to pack some clothes that fit a bit better than the stuff I have here. I’ll stay here at least until after the funeral.”

Dad starts to protest. “You don’t have to do that, Kelsey...”

“I know,” I say. I put my hand on my mom’s shoulders and squeeze. “I want to. I just... I want to be with family right now. I miss her.”

“Me, too,” my mom finally says. “Thank you, Kelsey.”

“I love you both,” I say. I start to head to the door until I remember I don’t have my car. “Dad, can you drive me to the restaurant? I left my car there last night. Mom’s is there, too.”

“Sure, sweetheart,” he says. “Are you okay by yourself, Gail?”

Mom snuffles. “I’d like to come, actually. I should be okay to drive the car home. It’s not far.”

My dad looks unsure, but we both know there’s no point arguing with my mom. The three of us drive silently to the restaurant. I wait until my mom has driven off to get in my own car and head to my apartment.

Just inside my apartment door, I pause at the photo of my sister and me on my graduation day. Jane has on

the biggest smile. She told me she was so proud of me for finishing college when she hadn't. My eyes burn with tears. Woodenly, I make my way into the bathroom.

I turn my shower on. The heavy pound of the spray makes my mind whirl. Because I should feel ashamed about sleeping with my brother in law, but in fact, I don't. I just feel good, my pussy pleasantly sore and nerve ends tingling.

Plus, is he technically still my brother in law if my sister is gone? I'm not sure how it works, but I'm pretty sure I'm not supposed to sleep with him regardless. My sister just died yesterday, and a few hours later I had sex with her husband. God.

Thankfully, Marcus was still asleep when I woke up this morning. The last thing I wanted was an awkward morning-after conversation with him. I'd be lying if I said I never considered walking into the guest room for rounds two, three, four, and five last night when I was tossing and turning trying to fall asleep. I'm proud to say that I didn't.

I drop my college t-shirt and ratty sweatpants to the bathroom floor. The movement feels familiar, like last night when Marcus and I were stripping each other down. I shake the delicious thought from my head.

The hot water feels great on my tortured skin. It reminds me of Marcus's lips all over my body last night.

Oh god. A moan escapes my lips because I can't get his touch out of my head. The way he sucked my clit until I came. His fingers inside of me. His rock hard cock pounding me so hard we nearly broke the couch. My pussy starts to get wet just thinking about it.

I grab my washcloth and start to lather body wash all over in an attempt to distract myself from thoughts of last night. I get between my legs and find a white, sticky glob leaking from my still tender hole. It's Marcus's cum!

My first instinct is to lick the substance from my fingers, but I let the shower rinse it off instead. I bet he tastes as amazing as he feels when he's pounding me so hard.

Shit! Suddenly, I jerk upright. He came inside me. The ramifications hit a moment later.

My heart pounds in my ears. I'm not on birth control. I never really saw the point. Guys aren't lining up at my door to fuck the curvy brunette with junk in the trunk and a big bottom to boot. And the few romps I've had in the last few years have always included condoms or pulling out. No guy has *ever* finished inside of me. But I was so caught up in the moment that it didn't even *occur* to me to tell Marcus to wear a condom or pull out. Instead, I begged him to cum inside me like a slutty whore.

I'm such an idiot. I could have gotten pregnant! In fact, I could be preggo right now.

That's it, this can't happen again.

Even though I really, really want it to happen again.

Last night was stupid and reckless. We were both upset about my sister's death and we sought solace in each other's arms. That's it. It had nothing to do with the fact that I've lusted after him since the first time Jane introduced him to the family.

And yet last night was incredible, I won't lie. Absolutely the best sex I've ever had. Not that I have a ton of experience in that department, but still. It was really good. And I would totally take round two.

But I can't.

Because he was married to my sister, who just died. And having sex with him was already so stupid of me. Letting him cum in me? Amateur move. That just goes to show that my judgment was impaired. Having sex with Marcus was an anomaly. It can't happen again.

I rinse the suds from my body and dry myself off. My parents are expecting me so we can discuss funeral arrangements for my sister.

I take an old backpack from my college days that I'd stashed in the bottom of my closet and fill it with some jeans, shirts, and undergarments. I also toss in my pajamas so I can sleep comfortably at my parents' house for the next week or so.

That should tide me over in terms of regular clothing, but I need something to wear to the wake and funeral. My *sister's* wake and funeral.

I've only been to a couple of funerals, so I don't exactly have a lot of appropriate attire. Jane's favorite color was blue, and I have a somber navy blouse that she especially liked. I fold it carefully and slip it into the backpack. She would appreciate the slight variation of color at her funeral. She was never an all-black clothing kind of girl.

But I still need a dress of some sort. Fortunately, I have a conservative black dress squished in the back that I

wore to an interview a couple years ago. I'm sure it'll still fit. It'll look good paired with a dark blue cardigan I have. It's exactly the kind of thing Jane would expect me to wear to her funeral, I think.

Once I'm packed, I make sure everything that could cause a fire is unplugged, my windows are closed, and my door is locked tight. I say goodbye to my apartment – and my privacy – for a while.

Back at my parents' house, my mom and dad have showered and changed into respectable clothing. There are flowers lining the once empty counter space.

“Kelsey,” says Robert in a faint voice. “I'm so glad you're here. Word has gotten around about Jane. We've had more visitors than have ever seen this house.”

On cue, the doorbell rings. Mom wipes her eyes again and heads to answer it.

“Listen, Kelsey,” my dad says. “Your mom ... she's rightfully upset.”

I can tell. Normally, Gail won't shut up. She's a chatterbox, going on and on about gardening, bridge, and tennis at the country club. But she's barely uttered a word since she got the news about Jane.

“It would be a big help if you would go see the funeral home director. Everything's paid for already since Janie had life insurance. It's just a matter of discussing the arrangements. I don't think your mom and I could handle it,” he gulps. “That's not how it's supposed to work,” he adds in an agonized voice. “She was our child. We can't ... would you please go and finalize everything?”

Dad chokes on his tears as he tries to get the words out. How am I supposed to say no? I want to scream and say I shouldn't be planning my sister's funeral right now, either, but I can't. Robert looks so defeated. His face has taken on extra wrinkles, his hair greyer than it was just yesterday.

"Of course, Daddy," I say, wiping away a tear of my own. "I'll take care of everything."

"I'll help," a deep voice says from behind me. "She was my wife. It's my responsibility."

I whirl to meet Marcus's penetrating blue gaze, and to my shame, my heart begins beating erratically. *He's your brother in law!* my conscience screams. *Stop this!*

But I can't. Marcus has always had this effect on me, and even my sister's untimely death doesn't change that.

My dad nods silently. Mom returns with a casserole and another bouquet of flowers to add to the growing piles.

"Robert, we're going to need to donate these flowers somewhere. I can't look at them. All I see is my sweet Janie." Mom bursts into tears. I throw my arm around her narrow shoulders in sympathy as they're wracked in sobs.

"We'll take them, Mom. We can drop them off at the nursing home before we go to the funeral home."

Mom sniffles and nods. "Thank you, Kelsey." She takes my hand in hers. "I don't know what I'd do without you."

"It's okay," I say gently. "I love you Mom."

"I love you, too."

Dad joins our hug for a few moments until we finally break apart, our tears subsiding. “We should get going.”

Marcus agrees. “I can drive.”

“Okay,” I say.

He’s changed into an outfit he must have left in the guest room a while back. The sleeves of the t shirt squeeze his defined arms. My mouth waters hungrily at the sight, although it’s so wrong.

I remind myself we’re going to plan my sister’s funeral and I need to stop these feelings. But then Marcus meets my eyes and they’re full of heat and desire, the same things I saw in them last night.

Shit.

This is going to be harder than I thought.

Chapter Five

Kelsey.

My arms feel damp inside my cardigan despite the air conditioning in the funeral home.

I never imagined my sister's death, but if it had crossed my mind at all throughout the years, I would have assumed it would be many, many years down the road. But instead, her funeral's happening today.

After three days of relentless tears, I thought I wouldn't have anything left to cry. I was wrong. The tears come hard and fast, like the Great Flood streaming down my face and dripping off my chin.

And yet the setting's somewhat beautiful. At the entrance to the funeral home, we set up a collage of photos of Jane. It was one of the recommendations they had for Marcus and me when we came a few days ago to finalize everything. The photo collage was my project for the last few days. It kept me away from Marcus and it made me feel closer to my sister.

I pause in front of my handiwork. On the right-hand corner is my favorite photo. It's of Jane and me on a trip we took, just the two of us, right after I graduated high school. We didn't make a plan, merely hopping into Jane's car and driving for a few hours until we found a cute little town to stop in. The photo was taken by the innkeeper at the bed and breakfast where we stayed for a week. We're both smiling like it's the happiest day of our lives. It was certainly one of the best days we shared together.

Tears pool in my eyes and I wipe them with one of the hundreds of tissues I packed in my purse for today.

I'm going to keep that photo after this is over.

"It's time," my dad says from behind me. "People are arriving. It's proper for the... family... to line up by the... by the..." He breaks down in tears. I pull my heartbroken dad to my chest and rub his back while he sobs. My own tears come full force again as I witness my dad's millionth breakdown.

"I can't believe she's gone," I sob into his shoulder. "We were just... she was just here, you know?"

It hits me all at once, the loss of my sister. I've known it was true since Mom got the call but it didn't feel real until this moment. My sister is really gone.

My dad and I collapse to the floor. Funeral guests spot us clinging to each other, but no one makes a comment. I lost my sister, and my dad lost his daughter. We're allowed to break down.

"Robert, Kelsey," a deep voice says softly. I recognize Marcus immediately but can't bring myself to meet his eyes. "Come on now. We need to get in there."

Dad nods against me and moves to stand up. He fixes his suit coat and adjusts his tie, but doesn't bother brushing the salt water from his face. "Let's go, Kelsey. We should get in there."

Marcus and Dad help me up even though I'd much rather stay on the ground where I can retreat into myself and my grief. I haven't been able to walk into the main funeral

parlor because we opted for an open casket and I can't bear to see Jane's silent pale face and still body.

Dad moves slowly into the parlor where my mother cries quietly beside my sister's form. The interior of the casket is hidden from view from this angle. I stand at the doorway and try to force myself to walk in, but I can't. My feet are magnetized to the ground.

"She looks beautiful," Marcus says. "They did a good job with her."

"She shouldn't be here at all. How did this happen? How is she gone?" I say in an agonized gasp.

My body is once again wracked with heaving sobs. My beautiful, full of life sister reduced to a make-up covered corpse in a fancy wooden box. Life isn't fair. Why do people have to die? Why do we get all of this time – or barely any time at all – to make memories, to live and learn, only to lose our consciousness to death? Death doesn't hurt the person who dies, it hurts everyone else. We're left with only memories of my sister. Death isn't fair. It doesn't care how many people loved you. It comes for everyone, and it came for Jane too soon.

Marcus rubs my back as my sobs turn to hiccups. "I know, Kelsey. It's not fair."

I need to keep my distance from Marcus, but right now I need a connection and he's the only one close enough to give it to me. I wrap my arms around his neck. His hands immediately find my hips and pull me against him. I ignore the growing heat between us and focus on the gaping hole in my heart.

Someone behind us clears their throat. I turn to find my mother's sister gawking at my closeness to Marcus. "Kelsey, sweetheart, don't you think you should be with your parents? You too, Marcus. It's only proper that the family of the deceased be there to greet mourners."

My aunt emphasizes the word *family* like she can sense what happened between Marcus and me the day Jane died. I take a deliberate step away from Marcus and adjust my dress, taking the moment to also dry off my sweaty palms.

"You're right, Aunt Sylvia. We should join my parents."

I take a deep breath and walk towards my mother and father, keeping my eyes trained on their sunken faces. When I finally reach them, I glance at the open box beside us and drop to my knees.

"Oh, Jane," I cry. Marcus is right, they did a great job making Jane look presentable and almost alive once again. It's eerie, hands down. "How could this have happened?"

My mom puts a hand on my shoulder, surprising me. I guess she's gotten her emotions out already, so she's able to give me some of her strength. I reach into the casket and take hold of my sister's hand. I expect it to feel cold with death or warm with life, but it feels almost like plastic. Like she's a doll, not a human. My hand releases hers and it falls back onto the satin lining with a quiet thump.

For the second time today, Dad brings me to my feet. Marcus takes the post closest to her casket. I opt for the furthest spot. Being near her is a comfort and a curse at the same time. The distance will help me make it through this agonizing ceremony, I hope.

Family members form a line to pay their respects to Jane. I greet each mourner as pleasantly as I can as they pass by me, but my mind continues to wander other places. Does Jane even know that so many people came to say goodbye to her after death? Would she care? If she can see us somehow, does she know what I did with her husband just hours after we learned of her death?

The thought makes me shudder just in time for Aunt Sylvia to take my hand. She tsks at me.

“You should be careful, Kelsey,” she says sternly. She keeps her voice low so no one but me can hear, not that anyone else is paying us any mind. “You’ve just lost a sister and her husband just lost a wife.”

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

She tsks again, eyes glinting like a snake. “I see the way you look at that man. Keep your wits about you, girl, before you do something you regret. Don’t bring shame onto this family. Don’t tarnish your sister’s good name.”

With that, my aunt leaves to find her seat for the services. Her words ring in my ears for the rest of the viewing. My aunt is right. I need to stop thinking about Marcus. Nothing good can come from us spending too much time together.

I angle my body towards the casket and find Marcus’s eyes on me, his gaze smoldering. If we weren’t standing in front of my sister’s dead body, I would think he was undressing me with those eyes. I bite my lip and his tongue darts out from between his. Shit. He’s definitely

thinking about our night together, and so am I. The wetness builds between my legs. I fight to ignore it.

I move my stare over the growing crowd seated in the parlor and my gaze clashes with Aunt Sylvia. There's a knowing look on her face. She shakes her head at me, a reminder of her warning.

If only she knew. All her warnings? It's too late. I already committed the cardinal sin. I already slept with my dead sister's husband.

And if Marcus keeps staring at me the way he is right now, I just might do it again.

Chapter Six

Kelsey.

After the last of the mourners pay their respects to Jane and hug their way through our small family, I take my designated seat in the front of the funeral home. My parents and Marcus disappear into the hallway while the director prepares the parlor for the services. We decided to do the wake and funeral at the same time to save money, even though Jane's life insurance is paying for the whole thing.

Finally alone for the first time since the wake began, I lean back in my seat and close my eyes. The breath I've held all day escapes my tired lungs. My aunt's accusation echoes in my head. *Keep your hands off your sister's husband*, she warned. But what would Aunt Sylvia do if she knew that all the lines have already been crossed?

"Kelsey, we need your help," my dad says. I slowly open my eyes until his tearful face comes into focus.

"What's wrong?"

What else could go wrong this week? Our lives have already been permanently darkened by my sister's passing.

"Your mom can't do the eulogy."

I sigh. I knew this would happen. Mom could barely pull herself together to get to the funeral home today. No one expected her to get in front of the modest crowd and speak. I did expect her to at least try though.

Luckily though, I prepared some words just in case. It's clearly time to step up to the plate.

"Okay," I say. "I can do it."

My dad's shoulders fall, the tension leaving him. "Thank you, Kelsey."

I follow him out into the hallway, pausing to touch the photo of Jane and I on her collage. "I can do this," I whisper to her. I only hope it's true.

We're joined in the hallway by the priest and Marcus. We're not particularly religious, but Mom thought it necessary to have some type of religious invocation.

"I'll say the prayers we picked out," the priest tells me. "Then your brother in law will say a few words before introducing you to give the full eulogy. Take as much time as you need."

My parents, Marcus, and I follow the priest into the parlor and take our front row seats while he arranges himself behind the podium. He clears his throat and speaks the prayers in a gentle, calming tone. This is certainly not the first time he's had to speak at a funeral. I don't know how he can do a job that is surrounded by sadness so often, but I'm thankful he's here. The prayers captivate the mourners and touch my heart. Jane would be happy.

"And now, Jane's husband would like to say a few words."

I try to focus on the "Jane's husband" part of this ordeal rather than watching how handsome Marcus is in his dark suit. Are those slacks the same ones I peeled from his

skin a few nights ago? No, these are definitely different. They make him look just as good, though.

“Thank you, Father,” Marcus says. His booming voice startles the parlor awake. “Jane was a light even in the darkest of times. She had her struggles, but she always persevered. I loved her – I will *always* love her. And I am so lucky to have spent the last few years in her presence. However, there are people here who loved her much longer than I had the chance to. Her younger sister, Kelsey, would like to say a few words about Jane’s life. Kelsey?”

I stand to scattered applause – is one supposed to applaud at a funeral? – and make my way to the podium. Marcus squeezes my shoulder as I trudge past him. His palm leaves behind a hot handprint on my skin. Hopefully the crowd mistakes my deep breath as nerves, and not lust. I’m probably the only person on the planet who has been aroused at a funeral.

But I have to act with propriety, and force myself to stay somber.

“Thank you, Marcus,” I say into the microphone. My voice echoes off the walls. “I know Jane loved her husband very much.” *And yet I had sex with him the night she died!*

The thought makes me shiver. If the crowd takes notice, they don’t react. I avoid eye contact with Aunt Sylvia as I’m sure she’s wearing a knowing, disapproving look. I take a deep breath and begin.

“Jane was an incredible woman and my hero. I remember growing up, I wanted to be just like Janie. I told her that once, and she tapped my nose and said, ‘No, Kelsey, I

want to be just like you.” The funeral home directors were kind and smart enough to leave a box of tissues on the podium. I take one and dab my eyes.

“She had a way of making everyone else in the room feel strong and important even when she was weak and afraid. Jane loved attention, but she wasn’t afraid to share it with anyone who wanted to join her in the spotlight.

“My sister was passionate and loving. She may not have had a career outside the home, but she worked hard to be a great sister and a wonderful wife. Jane loved to cook and take care of the house. Her passion was always in making sure everyone else was comfortable and happy.

“Jane and I had our differences. I mean, look at us!” The crowd mumbles a laugh. “She hated confrontation and I live for it. She always wanted eyes on her and I prefer to be behind the scenes. And yet here I am, standing up here to tell you about my incredible sister. Life is unfair that way. But Janie would love this.”

Another murmur of laughter falls over the gathered mourners. “Yeah, she would have,” someone shouts.

I laugh into the microphone, startling myself with the sound. But then my eyes leave the crowd and land on my sister’s peaceful body. Somewhere, wherever we go after this life, Jane is smiling and laughing and reveling in all this attention. I’m sure of it.

“I didn’t write a speech. Jane’s death was unexpected, and no words seemed right to capture how her death is going to change me. One thing I know for sure though, is that I want to live my life the way Janie did: open

and full of love, laughter, and happiness. Jane would want us all to live that way.”

My sister’s friends and family nod in agreement. If there’s one thing we can all agree on, it’s that she always wanted people to be living their best lives no matter what.

The funeral director joins me at the podium and asks for the microphone. I gratefully step aside and return to my seat.

“If anyone has any stories they’d like to share about Jane, please feel free to stand up and do so.”

Some of the attendees stand and wait their turn to share a memory they have with my older sister. I can think of a few stories that the crowd would probably love to hear, but I keep them to myself. It’s selfish, but I want to hold on to as much of Jane as I can.

After almost an hour of laughter and tears shared over memories of my older sibling, the priest returns to the podium for a final prayer and to wish us all a blessed evening.

“There will be a reception at Jane and Marcus’s home,” I say to the lingering crowd. “Please join us in our final mourning.”

The crowd stands, and Marcus makes his way to me.

“Kelsey, will you come with me to my house? I have to get things ready for people to arrive.”

My parents were at his house before the viewing this morning to get things ready, but I can’t argue with him

now. Not when he's in funeral black and we're standing in front of his dead wife.

“Of course,” I say. “Let me tell my parents and I'll meet you at the car.”

It doesn't take long to find Mom and Dad thanking mourners and providing instructions to the repast. “I'm going to help Marcus set up,” I tell them. I kiss them each on the cheek, though I'd prefer to curl up in their arms like I did when I was a little kid suffering a nightmare. If only this week had been a kiddie nightmare. Life would be so much easier, but instead, we're surrounded by real agony and death.

Dad kisses the top of my head. “We'll see you there, darling.”

With that, I find Marcus's car warmed up and waiting for me. My brain tells me that I need to keep my distance, but his smoldering gaze raking my curvy body when I slide into his car tells me it's not going to be easy.

I'm in for a lot of trouble. Because the heat's simmering between my brother-in-law and me ... and it's just a matter of time before it bursts into full flame.

Chapter Seven

Marcus

It should be illegal to look sexy at a funeral.

The problem is that Kelsey probably doesn't even realize how hard I got the second she walked into the funeral home wearing that black number. It hugs all of her curves perfectly. It's not as good as the blue dress from the other night, but this one is a close second. I've been thinking about getting that black dress on the floor all day. Luckily my slacks are loose enough in the groin area to hide my erection.

A woman approaches me, forcing me out of my naughty thoughts about Kelsey. She doesn't look familiar, but she takes my hand like we've known each other for years. "I am so sorry for your loss," she says. "Jane was a remarkable woman."

I nod and play the dutiful part of grieving husband while simultaneously sneaking glances at Kelsey's curvy rump. I want to find whoever designed her dress and shake his hand.

"Marcus," my father in law says from behind me. "Did you want cans to be recycled?"

I shrug. "They can go in the regular trash." Jane was all about recycling, but I always found it easier to throw everything in one place. Although this sounds terrible, I'm actually really happy she's not here to nag me about separating the recyclables from trash. Robert nods and walks slowly back

towards the kitchen. The poor guy is really taking his daughter's death hard. Not that I'm not, because of course I miss my wife, but we had problems like any couple. Frankly, I feel like a weight's been lifted off my chest with her passing. I'm sad, but also simultaneously happy because Jane had some serious issues.

Unfortunately, Gail is in rough shape, too. I think of everyone, her mom has taken Jane's death the hardest. My mother-in-law was always the life of every party before. I remember attending a funeral for a distant relative once, a great aunt I think, and even then Gail was the one bringing light to the darkness. Now, it's like everything inside her has faded. I hate seeing her like this, but there's nothing I can do to help. Only time will lessen the pain of losing her oldest daughter, and frankly, even *that* won't heal her completely.

My house is full of people in various shades of black. Some people smile, but they're sad smiles. People tell stories about Jane and laugh until they cry over losing her all over again. It's hard for me to watch. I wish I could go upstairs and hide from everyone, but I know I have to stay down here as the host. How would it look if I disappeared from my dead wife's repast? They expect me to be here, a beacon of strength and solidarity.

My eyes search the crowd until they land on Kelsey once again. She's facing me now, so I have a great view of her full rack. What I would give to see those perfect breasts unclothed once again....

Another mourner catches my arm. This one I recognize as Kelsey's aunt. Sylvia is her name, I think. "You've got some nerve," she says under her breath.

“Excuse me?”

“Your wife is barely cold and your eyes have strayed.”

Have I been that obvious about watching Kelsey? There’s no way. But even if I *have* gotten caught staring at her, I have an excuse. A lie, but still an excuse. “I’m keeping an eye on my family. We all lost someone this week,” comes my cold reply.

Sylvia’s eyes glitter evilly, her smirk knowing. “You’re not fooling me, Marcus.”

I shoot her another cold stare. “I don’t know what you’re talking about. I have always been faithful to my wife and I am distraught over her death.”

Aunt Sylvia clucks and disappears into the crowd of darkly dressed guests. Having the repast at the house I shared with Jane seemed like a good idea when Robert suggested it, but now it just feels exhausting. It’s been a long day and I’ll have to clean up after all of these people leave. Hopefully I can get Kelsey to stick around and help, if only so I can keep my eyes on her backside for a while longer. I imagine her bending over in that dress to pick up trash, causing it to slip up just enough so that the fine mounds of her ass peek out of the bottom. Oh shit. My cock’s straining against my slacks again.

As if conjured up by my horny imagination, Kelsey materializes in front of me. She doesn’t look happy.

“We need to talk,” she says. Words no man ever wants to hear.

“We’re in the middle of something. Can’t it wait?”

“No,” she insists. “We need to talk now.”

I sigh. “Fine. Let’s go up to the master bedroom.”

Kelsey leads the way up the stairs and down the hall to the room where Jane and I used to sleep together. It’s felt lonely since she died, and having Kelsey here feels almost right in the worst possible way. Shit. I’m going to hell.

“I had a talk with Aunt Sylvia,” Kelsey says. “Another talk, I should say. She seems to think there’s something going on between us.”

I quirk an eyebrow. “And you think there isn’t?”

“No,” she says a bit too loudly. She lowers her voice. “What happened the other night was a stupid mistake. We were both upset over losing Jane and we let things go a little too far. It shouldn’t have happened and it definitely won’t be happening again.”

“What happened had nothing to do with Jane,” I growl, suddenly irate.

Kelsey sighs. “You’re wrong about that. She was your wife. I’m her sister. What we did has *everything* to do with Jane. And Jane is the reason why it should have never happened. I can’t believe I betrayed my sister like that. If she were alive, she’d never forgive me. Knowing that she’s gone... there’s no way I can forgive myself.”

“Kelsey,” I say. “Don’t talk like that. You’re being a drama queen.”

But Kelsey won’t listen.

“It’s the truth! I’m disappointed in myself. In you. We had sex, Marcus! Right after we found out that your wife was fucking dead.”

I try to pull her into my arms but she won’t allow it. Heaving a sigh, I speak.

“Listen to me, Kelsey. The timing was wrong, I’ll admit that, but I won’t say I regret what we did. Being with you was incredible. Better than anything I ever shared with Jane.”

“You can’t say things like that!” Kelsey cries.

“What? The truth? Just because you don’t want to hear it doesn’t mean I can’t say it. We can’t always get what we want in life.” I pace in front of the king size mattress. “You think I wanted my wife to die? I didn’t. Of course I didn’t. But she did, and I’ll never get over that. But having sex with you was not a mistake. If I’m honest, it was a long time coming. You’re just so…”

“I’m so what?” she asks quietly.

“Beautiful,” I breathe, taking her in. “Perfect. Sexy. Fuckable.”

Kelsey lets out a giggle, but it sounds like she’s choking. It’s a strange noise coming from a girl in her funeral best. I don’t point that out to her. We’re finally starting to get somewhere.

“This is a bad idea,” Kelsey says. “We have people downstairs expecting us.”

I run my hands up and down her arms, keeping her close to me. “They’re just going to have to wait.”

I press my lips to Kelsey's in a long-wanted kiss. Our tongues swirl together as our hands struggle to pull each other closer until nothing separates us. I moan into her mouth when my hard cock brushes against her hips.

“Oh god,” Kelsey pants. “I want you so bad. Fuck me again, Marcus.”

I grin down at her. “I thought you'd never ask.”

Kelsey steps back until her knees hit the bed. I gently push her shoulders so she sits down on the mattress, big curves bouncing beautifully. Holding my weight with my arms, I guide myself over her so I can reattach my lips to her plump, luscious mouth. I would be happy kissing these lips for hours, but we both have something else in mind.

“Please Marcus,” Kelsey whines. I can't say no to a begging woman. I sit her up and unzip her dress, finally watching the shiny fabric fall to the floor of my bedroom, exactly where it belongs. Oh shit. We're definitely going to Hell now ... and yet the Devil's home never looked so good.

Chapter Eight

Kelsey.

Being naked in front of Marcus again was the last thing I planned on doing today, but I can't help it. I tried to put up a fight, but we both knew I would give in.

I'm so glad I did.

I tear at Marcus's clothes so they fall to the floor beside my cardigan and dress. Within seconds of landing on the bed, Marcus and I are both naked. Oh shit, his cock is huge and my mouth waters seeing it.

But first things first. He kisses my lips then trails down my chin to my neck before settling on my breasts. I gasp when he pulls my left nipple into his mouth and sucks. His tongue traces my most sensitive area. I squirm beneath him, moaning.

"So good," I pant. "God, you're so good with my tits."

He laughs into my chest before setting his attentions on my other nipple. This second attack is just as pleasurable. My hands seek to grab onto something, and I settle for gripping the bed sheets.

When Marcus has had enough of my breasts, he continues his journey down my body. He kisses my thighs, teasing me. I love that he does this.

“Baby, please,” I say. “Lick me there. You know, *there.*”

Marcus laughs low in his chest before continuing his assault on my thighs, kissing me anywhere but where I long to be kissed. I try pushing his head towards my center but he resists. Finally, when he can tell I can't take any more of his teasing, he heads home.

“Oh, yes,” I practically scream when his lips close around my clit. He licks and sucks like a man starved. “Don't fucking stop. That feels so good, big boy.”

He licks harder and faster. I was already feeling horny just from watching Marcus stroll around in his gorgeous suit, but now I'm absolutely soaked. Marcus inserts two fingers into my sopping hole without any resistance.

“Unnnh!” I scream. “Oh god.”

Marcus just smiles like a Cheshire Cat. He rubs my clit with his tongue while pumping his thick fingers in and out of me, making obscene wet sucking sounds.

“Add another,” I beg. “Fill me up.”

Finally Marcus obeys my request. He slips a third finger in and then quickly ups it to four. It feels almost as good as when he had his hard cock inside me.

It doesn't take long for Marcus's thrusts and sucks on my clit to push me near the edge.

“I'm gonna cum, baby,” is my desperate gasp. “Don't fucking stop. I'm so close.”

I wiggle beneath him as my orgasm builds deep inside.

Marcus's blue eyes flare.

"Cum for me, Kelsey. Cum on my hand. I want to taste you."

His words push me over the edge and my insides quake. He continues to pump his fingers while I shatter, fracturing into a million pieces.

"Uh, uh, yeah, oh God, SO GOOD!" I scream. I should keep my voice down knowing there are friends and family mourning below us, but I just can't. If they felt the way Marcus is making me feel, they would understand.

Marcus removes his fingers and crawls back up my body when my orgasm subsides. I pant while he kisses my chest and neck.

"That was incredible," I tell him. "Better than last time."

"You know what would feel even better?"

I grin at him. "Yes, I do." I spread my legs wide as he settles between them. I'm still sensitive, but the promise of Marcus's cock buried deep inside overpowers it.

Marcus guides his throbbing member into my wet hole and thrusts in deep, causing me to bounce on the bed.

"Oh, fuck, baby you're so tiny," he growls. "I love how tight you squeeze me. You feel so good on my cock."

"Fill me up, big boy," I pant. "I love feeling you inside me. No one has felt so good."

Marcus thrusts in earnest after we've both adjusted to the position. With each pump, it feels like he's

getting even deeper. Deeper than anyone has ever been before.

“You’re so sexy, baby,” he rasps against my throat. “I love fucking you. I never want to stop.”

“Then never stop,” I beg. He stays true to his word and thrusts harder, deeper, faster, better. Within minutes, we’re both panting like we’ve run a marathon.

“You feel so good, Kelsey. I’m close. I’m gonna fill you up.”

I should stop him. I’m not protected, and he’s not wearing a condom. But there’s no way I’m letting him cum anywhere but in my pussy right now.

“Cum in me, baby. I’m gonna cum too. I’m gonna cum on your giant cock!”

I reach between us and rub my clit to push myself towards orgasm. It doesn’t take long before my body’s shaking with titanic spasms once again. “Oh, Marcus. It’s so good! Unnnh!” I squeal.

“Baby, I’m cumming. Fuck shit FUCK!”

Marcus thrusts as deep as he can and his dick jerks inside me, jetting potent seed into my unprotected womb. *I hope I get pregnant, I pray. There’s no one I’d rather have a baby with than Marcus.*

The idea startles me, but it doesn’t surprise me. I immediately push it aside. I can’t have a baby with Marcus, ever. This has to be just sex. We’ve already gone to the dark side, and getting pregnant would be too much.

When he’s finished, Marcus collapses beside me on the bed. “That was incredible, Kelsey.”

“It was,” I say, still panting. I glance down and see his cock is still rock hard. Oh god, oh god. And yet my pussy tingles in anticipation as I shoot a sly smile his way. “Are you already ready for round two?”

He smirks, then kisses me. “I think I might be. But I want to fuck your sexy ass this time.”

My eyes widen. I’ve never tried anal before, though I’ve always wanted to. Because when I watch porn, the girls wince when it goes in, their asses pummeled so hard. But pretty soon they’re bucking and crying out like whores in heat. What does it feel like? I’d like to know, so shyly, I nod.

“Okay,” is my murmur.

“Really?” he asks, shocked. “Jane never let me.”

I flip over and thrust my ass in the air. “Yes, I’m serious. It’s all yours, baby. I want you to fuck every hole I have.”

Marcus rustles in the bedside drawer for something. Hopefully it’s not a condom, because he already went bareback where it counts and I definitely want to feel the real him when he fucks me from behind. When he returns to the bed, I see it’s not a condom at all. It’s lube. A sigh of relief escapes my lips.

“You were prepared,” I joke.

“I’d hoped Jane would give in, but I’m even happier that it’s you.”

The comment makes my stomach flutter. Maybe he’s just being sweet because I’m offering up my ass for him to own, but I suspect he really means it. At the same time, it

feels weird to be talking about my sister when I'm about to have anal sex with her husband.

But we're already on a roll. He lathers up my tight hole and spreads a good amount of the lube on his cock, too. "Are you sure about this?" he asks.

"Yes, baby. I want you in my bottom," I mewl.

"Okay." Marcus lines himself up with my hole and slowly pushes himself in. I moan throatily as I adjust to his size and the dirty feeling of being stretched in my back end. Once he's all the way in and I'm somewhat comfortable, Marcus begins a heavy pound for real.

Oh god! This is so wrong. My ass is being pummeled and I love how he fills me up. Despite having come less than ten minutes earlier, it doesn't take long for Marcus to finish.

"Come in my anus," I pant when he starts to shake uncontrollably. "Please. Fill up my other hole tonight."

"Oh baby, I love the way you talk dirty," he growls. He pushes back into me and thrusts until he grunts. "Fuck, baby, I'm coming. I'm coming in your tight ass!"

With that, Marcus jets. Hot sperm rushes by the gallon into my big bottom, and the feel of his pumping seed makes me shatter as well. I cry out with ecstasy, anus gripping him tight and milking that cock for all its got. He erupts behind me, the firehose going at full blast.

But finally, that big cock dribbles off. He collapses against me, both of us exhausted. We'll have to rejoin the repast downstairs eventually, but we stay cuddled against each other's naked bodies for a while longer.

Because the mourners can wait. Sure, I'm having anal sex with my dead sister's husband during her wake. But in bed next to Marcus, I feel like this is where I belong right now ... and maybe forever.

Chapter Nine

Marcus

It's my first day back at work since Jane died.

The other partners at the firm said I could take as much time as I needed, so I gave it a week before coming back. I figured that was enough to act the grieving husband everyone expects to see.

Someone knocks on my office door. "Come in," I say. One of the paralegals, Kylie, sashays into the office and closes the door tightly behind her.

"Hi Marcus," she says. "I was so sorry to hear about your wife."

I almost laugh. Kylie is a snake, and always has been. She's been dropping hints about us hooking up for as long as she's been working at this company. I'm not her supervisor, though I am above her on the food chain, so it wouldn't be against any company rules for us to date. Although of course, I would have been breaking my marriage VOWS.

"I appreciate your condolences," is my polite reply. "How have you been?"

Kylie steps closer to me, placing her hands on my desk. The stance makes her small breasts look somewhat bigger. "If you need any help grieving, you know where to find me."

I almost gag. Does Kylie actually think I would go for her? She's got fake lips, fake tits, fake lashes, and extensions to boot. And they're not the expensive kind, where you can't really tell. They're the plastic kind that look like fake Barbie hair glued to her head. Yeah, Kylie doesn't stand a chance and I nod dismissively.

“That won't be necessary. Thanks though.”

I return to the paperwork on my desk. Cases piled up while I was away, and now I have to play catch up.

But Kylie doesn't take the hint. “Come on, Marcus. You're a single guy now. You can act on the urges you've always had. I see the way you look at me.”

This time I do laugh. “I look at you like you're a pest, Kylie. Please leave my office before I call security to escort you out.”

She huffs. “Whatever, Marcus. I didn't want you anyway.”

I roll my eyes when she slams my door. I've always had women throwing themselves at me, even when I proudly displayed my wedding ring. I never went for it, although I could have. Probably should have in fact. But I didn't, because I cared about my wife. I still do. Even if my actions don't exactly show it.

Jane's photo still stands on my desk. She doesn't look like the woman I knew she really was. Instead, in the photo she looks happy and good-natured, laughing as she sniffs a bouquet of flowers.

I dial my assistant's direct line. “Sir?” she answers.

“Abigail, cancel any meetings I have today and don’t allow anyone to come into my office. I have a lot of work to catch up on.”

“Yes, sir,” she says.

I feel bad deceiving my assistant. However, I need some alone time. I haven’t thought about Jane, really thought about her, since before she died. There’s been too much other stuff going on, and my mind has been otherwise occupied.

But now, the memories come rushing back. Jane’s photo feels heavy in my hands, like it’s weighted down with all the secrets between us.

Because Jane was sick. She had been sick long before I met her, but she continued to spiral even after our marriage. I tried to help her but it never worked. She was never happy with her body and that made her unhappy in her life.

I didn’t know anything about eating disorders before Jane. She was never officially diagnosed even though I begged her to go see a therapist or a doctor about her eating habits. I knew, though, that something was seriously wrong. My wife barely ate anything, ever. And when she did, she would be in the bathroom throwing it up a few minutes later. It kept her so skinny she was almost emaciated. It was disgusting, and yet I loved her still.

My fingers find Jane’s picture-perfect face. Always so photogenic. Beautiful on film although broken in reality.

Despite our troubles, people thought our marriage was perfect. And in some ways, it was. I was the breadwinner

with a good job that afforded us all of the comforts I knew Jane desired, and some she didn't. Jane was a stay at home wife. She was in with the ladies at the country club where we were members, hosted low calorie teas when I was away at work, and stayed close with her parents and sister.

To the outside world, we were the ideal couple. When we were in public, Jane let me kiss her and hold her the way a man should kiss and hold a wife he adores.

It was in private that we had problems.

For the last year, Jane never wanted to have sex. Her eating disorder made her sex drive wither into nothing. Her sensitivity about her body made it even worse. I can't remember the last time I saw Jane fully naked. The few times we did have sex, she only let me slide her pants down far enough to gain access. And her pussy was dry. Did you know that? Girls who don't eat can't get wet down there, and her cunt never responded the way a normal woman's should.

But it wasn't just the lack of sex that hurt our relationship, although that definitely did a lot of damage. Jane became more and more distant the more her eating disorder took over her life. When we started dating, she seemed relatively normal on the outside, although I'm sure she was vomiting her food as soon as she got home. But after we got married and moved in together, meals were tense. She'd watch me eat my steak and potatoes with disgust. It was like Jane wanted me to hate food as much as she did, and when I didn't, it was a personal affront to her.

Ultimately, my wife refused to get help for her disordered eating, and I gave up trying. I hoped she would

eventually give in to my demands, but honestly, I don't know if she ever would have.

It's almost a relief she died before I could see her eating disorder kill her. The Grim Reaper was already at the door, and during her last days, it was just a matter of time.

My phone rings, startling me from my thoughts. I shake my head as these troubling memories before picking it up. "Yes?"

"I'm sorry to bother you, sir, but there's a woman here who needs to see you. I told her you weren't taking visitors today, but she insisted. She says she's your sister in law?"

Kelsey? Here?

"You can let her in, Abigail. Thank you."

I hang up and tidy my desk a bit, not that Kelsey is going to judge my messy work space. For whatever reason, I want to impress her.

The door clicks, and in walks the one woman I shouldn't be thinking about.

Yet all I can think about is that she would look damn good bent over my desk while I own her from behind.

Chapter Ten

Marcus

“Hi,” Kelsey says quietly. She comes in as I shut the door firmly behind her.

“No one can hear us,” I say. “I need to have a lot of confidential conversations in this room. You know, attorney-client privilege and all that. As a result, this place is soundproof.”

She laughs. “Interesting. Guess what else it’d be good for?”

I hadn’t meant it to hint, but if her mind is going there already...

I cross the room and pull Kelsey into my arms, kissing her deeply. She doesn’t expect the move, but she melts quickly into my embrace.

As much as I’d love to nail her right here in my office, that isn’t a good idea. At least not until I know why Kelsey is here.

We separate reluctantly and I guide Kelsey to my visitor’s chair. She sits perched on the edge, crossing her legs demurely. Fuck, she’s beautiful.

“I’m guessing there was a reason for your visit,” I say.

Kelsey nods. “I think we need to talk. I thought maybe your office would be a good place to curb desires, but clearly that isn’t working.”

I cock an eyebrow at her.

“I can stay on my side of the desk, no matter how irresistible you look. If that’s what you want.”

She takes a deep breath and nods.

“It’s what I want. For the moment at least.”

“Okay.” That’s fine, although I meant what I said about her being irresistible. Kelsey isn’t wearing a dress this time, but her current outfit is almost worse. Her tight fitting yoga pants leave very little to the imagination. Not that there’s much left for me to imagine. She let me pound her ass at Jane’s repast and that’s not an image I’m going to forget any time soon.

I ignore my cock straining against my work slacks. The same pair I was wearing the first time I got to taste Kelsey, actually. But the girl before me wants to have a serious conversation.

“Marcus, I have to ask,” she begins, taking a deep breath. “Why me?”

“What do you mean?”

She glances at the door again. I’m not used to self-conscious Kelsey. She’s usually sassy and confident. I hope I haven’t broken her.

Kelsey sighs. “You could have any woman you want. Hell, you had my perfect sister. So why me? How could

you have married Jane, who was blonde and beautiful and smart, but then be attracted to me?”

I join Kelsey on her side of the desk, breaking my earlier promise. I'll keep my hands to myself, but this is something I need to be right in front of her to say.

I seize her chin with one of my big hands, looking directly into those caramel eyes.

“You have no idea how long I've looked at you and thought about what it would be like to be buried deep inside your pussy.” I figure if we're going to do this, I should be honest. I pull no punches. “I loved Jane, don't get me wrong. But sometimes she reminded me of a praying mantis. She was so damn thin. Any curves she had when we met were long gone by the time she died. You, though... You have the perfect body. That ass,” I groan.

Kelsey shakes her head with frustration. “Are you being honest with me? You're not just trying to get me back to bed?”

I smile at her. “I won't lie and say I never want to get you in my bed again,” I say. I run my fingers down her soft cheek. It's nice to see her face without a hint of tears. “But I'm being serious. I've been fantasizing about you for a long time. And it's more than the physical honey. It's your personality, your sass, and everything else about you.”

It's true. As Jane's condition spiraled, it wasn't just our sex life that died. Because my wife became obsessed with food, and her lack of it. She couldn't talk about anything except calories, exercise, and fasting, and to a red-blooded male, it was a turn-off. So even if physically, I never cheated

on Jane, our marriage was already over. I had to find an alternative to my wife, a new confidante and lover.

But Kelsey doesn't know.

"I'm having trouble believing that," she says slowly.

Telling Kelsey about Jane's sickness is tempting. Jane never wanted her family to know that she was struggling with food because she was ashamed. She knew she was ill and didn't want to let the world in on her secret. It was one of the things we argued about a lot. I think she would have told Kelsey eventually, but now isn't the right time to out my dead wife.

"Believe it, Kelsey," I say quietly. If I can't tell her about the real reasons she infiltrated my thoughts, maybe I can show her how much I mean what I'm saying. "You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. It's not just your body. I love your body. But it's you, too. You smile so bright at everyone. You don't let anyone give you shit. You're brilliant and self-sufficient and you don't need anyone to validate who you are. You make me want to be a better person, as ironic as that seems."

She shoots me a wobbly smile. I kiss her lips tenderly, imbuing it with the emotions in my heart. It's not the kind of kiss that goes further, the precursor to sex we've shared in the past. This is true romance.

In fact, it might even be love.

"Okay," Kelsey says breathlessly when we part. "I believe you. I may not understand it, but I believe you."

I kiss her again. Her lips feel like heaven against mine. How have I survived this long without knowing what it's like to kiss this gorgeous girl?

Kelsey moans against my mouth. Unlike our earlier kiss, this one is clearly heading somewhere. Thank God I have a sound proof office.

“This is a bad idea,” she murmurs. “We shouldn't keep doing this.”

I move my lips to her neck, causing her to moan.

“Such a bad idea.”

I take one of her t-shirt covered breasts into my hand and squeeze. My thumb traces her nipple through the shirt and bra.

“Oh, screw it. I'm okay with a bad idea when it feels so damn good.”

I laugh and capture her lips once again. She moans into my mouth, my hands still working steadily on her generous tits.

Kelsey is right, this is a really bad idea. She's my dead wife's sister. But hell if I'm going to stop now. I lift Kelsey easily and sit her on the desk, pulling the yoga pants from her wide hips. Without fanfare, I plow into her and screw her brains out while she knocks over all of the trinkets on my desk. Including the photo of Jane.

Since moving into this office, I've thought about how great it would be to have sex on my desk. Jane was never interested and I couldn't be unfaithful to her. Clearly, I had no idea what I was missing.

Because Kelsey quakes on my cock, pushing me over the edge. I empty yet another load into her perfect pussy, groaning with strain as my balls quiver. We pant, holding each other up on the desk as we come down from the high.

“You shouldn’t be so damn good at that,” Kelsey mewls into my chest.

“You, either.” I pull out although my cock is still hard. I’ve always been quick to recover but Kelsey makes it even easier to get ready for another round. “Kelsey, you’re right about this being a bad idea. But I don’t want to stop.”

She smirks and pulls me back against her, my cock sliding against her moist lips. “Good, because I don’t want to stop either.”

She kisses me and I slip back inside of her so easily, eager for round two.

Yeah, I’m not going to stop doing this any time soon. Bad idea be damned. Because my sister in law and I are already going to hell ... and frankly, hell feels goddamn amazing.

Chapter Eleven

Marcus

Six months have passed since Jane died suddenly. They've been the best six months of my life.

Since that day we slept together in my office, Kelsey and I have been practically inseparable. In public, we act the same way we always did. Courteous and polite, the way in-laws treat each other. We rarely spend time together where people can see us. Every Sunday her parents invite us over for dinner and we struggle through the evening trying not to give away our intimacy. Then, we go back to my place or hers and I fuck her the way she deserves to be fucked. Hard. Intimate. Deep.

It's been six blissful months. I can't imagine my life before Kelsey and I started our relationship. Sometimes I wish we could go public, but I know we can't.

To distract myself from thoughts of Kelsey, I shuffle through the papers on my desk. Work has been crazy the last few weeks, but I'm close to landing a plum assignment. One of the three partners at our firm is retiring, and I want his high profile cases. It would come with more money and more work, which is what I want. Jane and I talked extensively about this issue. She didn't want me to take on the additional load, for whatever reason. I didn't understand because it would mean more money for her to blow on

ridiculous things like expensive designer hats that she never wore. It was yet another point of contention between us.

I have a conference call about a client in five minutes. I dial in to the group call and wait.

“Marcus, I’m glad you’re here,” one of the other lawyers at my firm says. “How have you been? I’m sorry to hear about your wife.”

“Thanks, Jim. It’s been a difficult six months, but I’m getting by. My wife wouldn’t want us to wallow in her memory. She wasn’t that kind of woman.”

This isn’t exactly true. Jane loved attention and would be furious to know that I’ve basically moved on. But then again, I moved on the night she died with her sister to boot.

“That’s good, Marcus.” The sound of shuffling papers fills the room. “We’ll be glad to have you helping out on this case with us. You know this client is very important.”

“Of course. I absolutely understand.”

Jim laughs. “I hear you’re in the running to take Madison’s clients now that he’s retiring. Good luck. No one in this place deserves it more than you do.”

“Thanks, Jim. I appreciate that.”

We dive into legal talk with the client who needs help defending in a big customer complaint case. Luckily for us, no one died from the product malfunction which means we’ll be able to negotiate a smaller settlement.

“I think we can stop this thing from going to court,” I tell the group when we’ve hashed out the entire case.

“Let me draw up the settlement paperwork and I’ll fax it your way, Jim.”

“Thanks, Marcus. You’re the man.”

We hang up and I get to work drafting the papers for the settlement. I have a basic template for this kind of thing that I use for a lot of our clients. This one requires only a bit of tweaking before I fax it over to Jim at our office on the other side of the country. With any luck, the opposing lawyers will accept it without wanting to make any changes. Considering how flimsy their case is, I don’t think we’ll have any problems.

The phone on my desk rings. My assistant’s familiar voice fills the receiver when I pick it up.

“Marcus, Ms. Smith is here to see you again? She says she has some legal papers for you to look over.”

I smile. Kelsey hasn’t been back to my office since that day six months ago. I’m hoping her being here means she wants to recreate it.

“You can let her in, Abigail. And cancel my appointments for the rest of the day.”

“Yes, sir.”

While I wait for Kelsey to make her way into the office, I clear my desk of anything that might break. Although I have a comfortable couch in my office for receiving clients and relaxing when I don’t have a chance to break for lunch, I’d much rather play naughty secretary with Kelsey and bend her over my desk once again. Her ass would look so good bouncing up and down as the girl shrieks and mewls.

But the photo of Jane stays where it has always been. I keep it turned away so she doesn't have to witness what I'm about to do with her sister.

As soon as Kelsey closes the door, I pounce on her. I've been kissing these lips nonstop for six months but they still feel just as soft as incredible as that first day.

Far too soon, Kelsey pushes me away.

"Hi," I say.

"Hi."

With her curt reply, I meet her eyes. They're stained red. "What's wrong, baby?"

"Don't call me that," she gasps. Fresh tears pour down her cheeks. I haven't seen her cry this hard since Jane's funeral.

"Kelsey, talk to me. What's going on?"

I lead her over to the couch and set her down. There's a box of tissues on my desk. I hand it to her and wait for her to blow her blubbering nose.

"I have to tell you something," she says.

My fingers find her face. I gently wipe away a stray tear. "You can tell me anything, Kelsey. Is this about Jane?"

Her face falls further than it already had. "No. Not directly. It's about us."

My heart races. There's no way she wants to stop what we're doing, right? Has she met someone else? I won't be able to handle seeing her with another guy. Knowing that

he's taking her to bed would be a dagger to my heart. I'd be eviscerated and completely destroyed.

“Are you breaking up with me?”

Kelsey barks a laugh. “No, that's not it.”

“Then what is it? Whatever it is, we'll get through it.”

Her lip trembles as tears begin to fall again.

“I'm pregnant,” she blurts, the words coming out in gasping sobs. I sit back on the couch, trying to grasp what she said.

Pregnant? I'm going to be a father?

Holy shit! I'm going to be a father with the most beautiful girl I know! Hallelujah!

Because I can't think of anyone I'd rather have a child with than Kelsey. The thought stuns me into further silence. I really have fallen in love with this woman.

“Okay,” I say comfortingly. “We can get through this. We'll be amazing parents. This is good news, sweetheart. I've always wanted to be a daddy.”

Kelsey gasps. “You can't be serious! You're my brother in law. I can't believe I was so stupid. I let you cum in me over and over again without even thinking about the possible consequences and now look where we are! I can't have my brother-in-law's baby. Imagine what people will think!”

“I don't care what people think,” I say firmly.

She stands and starts to pace around the room, hands cradling her stomach. “This is all my fault. I never told you that I wasn’t on birth control. You probably think I tricked you into knocking me up!”

“I don’t think that at all,” comes my low voice. “That’s never crossed my mind.”

Kelsey ignores me. “I’m horrified with myself. I can’t possibly bring a baby into the world knowing it was conceived under these circumstances. My sister just died! We wasted no time jumping into bed together when we should have been properly grieving her. And now I’ve committed the ultimate betrayal and I’m pregnant with her husband’s baby.”

I try to interrupt her train of thought, but she continues her rant.

“My parents will disown me. Aunt Sylvia! Oh, God it’s like she knew this was going to happen. Why didn’t I listen to her warnings? I’m such a damn idiot. I threw myself at my sister’s husband and now I’m pregnant with his baby. It’s laughable! We’ll end up on some reality TV show for sure. No, we can’t have this baby. There’s no way. The rumors, oh god, the rumors. The baby will never be able to escape them. No child deserves parents like us.”

“Kelsey, stop,” I say firmly, my mouth pulled into a grim line. “We will be incredible parents to this baby. Who cares what people say?”

“I care!” she cries. “I don’t want to be the woman who got pregnant by her brother in law. I *won’t* be.”

“Let’s talk about this.”

“There’s nothing to talk about,” she flings back in my face. “I came here to tell you because you deserved to know, but that’s it. You and I are not a couple. We’re glorified fuck buddies, and brother and sister in law to boot. You don’t bring a baby into this world like *this*. A child needs loving parents. We screwed up, and I won’t let a child pay the consequences.”

I hold up my hands, alarmed.

“Please sweetheart. We need to talk about this. Don’t make any rash decisions right now.”

“I’ve made up my mind, Marcus. I’m only here as a courtesy.”

“Kelsey, baby...”

Her face reddens with anger. “Don’t *baby* me. This is as much your fault as it is mine. You never considered slipping a condom over your baby making machine. Sure, I never spoke up, but you should have thought about it. Now I’m pregnant with your child.”

“Kelsey,” I try, but it’s useless. She leaves the room without another word, closing the door softly behind her. That’s the worst part. I wish she’d slammed it, but she didn’t. Instead, the woman leaves calmly, like she knows her place in the world. And that’s what scares me. Convincing her to change her mind might be impossible.

But the prospect of being a father dwarfs all else. Because I desperately wanted to be a dad when I was married, but Jane was infertile due to her sickness. She wasn’t getting her periods anymore, and we weren’t having sex either. So that was a dead-end.

But now the heavens have opened and I've been given a chance. A baby has been conceived from my virile sperm and plenty of hard fucking. A baby conceived from love. So I have to talk to Kelsey. I don't know if she'll let me into her life again or if she'll agree to my offer, but I'm going to try.

I love that woman, and as messed up as the circumstances are, I want her to have my baby ... because I want us to be a family.

Chapter Twelve

Kelsey.

Back at my apartment, I fall against my couch and sob into a throw pillow. What a mess we've made!

Maybe I shouldn't have run off on Marcus that way, but I couldn't listen to him rationalize things anymore. We can't have this baby. I don't understand how he could be so blind to the consequences if we tried to go public with our little problem.

Still, I hold my stomach with both hands. I'm only a few weeks along, so the baby inside of me is tiny. I can't feel a kick or a heartbeat and my stomach hasn't grown at all. Despite all that, something inside me feels different. I've heard mothers say that they knew they were pregnant just by how they felt. I didn't believe them until now.

A knock on my door steals me from that pleasant thought. When I open it, I'm surprised to find Marcus pushing the door open with a bouquet of flowers in his hands. He's so handsome and imposing, even during these dark times. But what's going on? It's been barely ten minutes since I escaped his office. How has he had time to buy flowers?

"I want to talk," he begins. "That baby is mine too. I should have a say in what happens. I at least deserve a conversation."

Too exhausted to fight him, I let Marcus into my apartment. The last time he was here was last night when we were making love in my bedroom. I wish things could still be as simple now as they were then.

“Okay,” I say. “You want to talk? Then talk. I don’t think anything you say will convince me that this baby is a good idea, but you’re welcome to try.”

Marcus takes a deep breath, as if bracing for a hurricane. “I think we should keep the baby.”

I laugh. “Is that your big speech? Come on, Marcus. You had my sister as your wife and you never started a family with her. Jane would have been a great mother. Why would you suddenly decide to be a father to this baby?”

He pauses, blue eyes shuttered.

“There are things about Jane you don’t know,” he says. “Our relationship was much more complicated than you realize.”

I roll my eyes. As if. Janie was the golden child. A stay at home wife. She was the perfect person to have babies with, but they never did. Plus, as kids she used to talk about being a mom, which leads me to believe it was Marcus’s fault they never had children. For a long time I thought maybe he was sterile, but the baby inside me proves that’s not true. I haven’t slept with anyone but Marcus in over a year.

So I snort rudely.

“Yeah, right. The perfect couple had problems. What, she didn’t like the cologne you wore? You thought she spent too much time with the ladies from the country club? Poor you.”

Marcus's patrician nostrils flare in anger. "You don't know what you're talking about," he says through gritted teeth.

"Sure, I do. I watched you and Jane being a loving and amazing couple. If there was something wrong, she would have told me. I know we weren't that close but I loved her and she loved me. My sister confided in me all the time."

He takes a breath. His eyes flash like he's trying to decide if he should say something or leave. At this point, I wish he would just leave. This decision is hard enough without him trying to change my mind. Maybe I shouldn't have even told him about the baby. He'd be none the wiser and I could be free and clear of our little problem.

But then I would have felt guilty. And that path just doesn't feel right. I couldn't live with him never knowing, seeing that this is his child too. So hopefully, I can help him see my point of view, although based on the look on his face right now, Marcus isn't going to budge.

I sigh. "I think you should go."

"No," he growls. "I need to tell you everything, but you need to be patient. I have to find the right words."

Great. He's really trying to play this imperfect Jane card? As if I want to hear him trash my sister – his wife – just to prove he deserves a chance to be a father. No way. Janie is dead. I won't let this man tarnish her name. I can't believe I even let him touch me. Clearly I'm a bad judge of character.

"You have to go, Marcus."

I stand, but he gently grasps my arm and pulls me back down. He kisses my cheek and takes another deep breath.

“Jane wasn’t perfect,” he says quietly. “I loved her. You should know that because it’s important. I loved Jane no matter what she was going through. But she was going through a lot.”

My mind is telling me to run, to ignore what he’s saying and hold onto the perfect picture of Jane I have in my head. But my heart wants to stay beside Marcus on the couch and never leave him.

“She was sick,” he continues. “Jane had an eating disorder. I looked it up once. I think she had the binging and purging type of anorexia. No doctor ever diagnosed her. I practically begged her to go see someone, anyone, but she refused. We’d been fighting about it a lot in the weeks before she died. Thankfully, the day she died had been a pleasant one. We didn’t argue like we had been, nor did I catch her running to the bathroom. I’m glad because I wouldn’t want my last memory of Jane to be of us fighting over her disorder again.”

I want to tell him he’s full of shit, but I can’t. What he’s saying feels true on a subconscious level. Although Jane never talked about it, when we shared meals, she barely ate. Most times, my sister just said she wasn’t hungry as she slurped at a Diet Coke. But sometimes I’d catch her looking enviously at my pastrami sandwich, and feel a weird twinge in my heart. Was Jane suffering from an eating disorder? And a serious one at that?

Marcus takes a hold of my hand, gaining steam. “I don’t know how long she was sick. I think it started before we got together, but it kept getting worse. In the last year I rarely saw her eating anything. What she did eat was down the toilet within minutes. It was terrifying, but I loved her. No

matter how many times she hurt herself in this way, I truly loved your sister.”

I squeeze his hand, urging him to continue. My heart beats loudly in my chest. The tears I was crying over the baby are now spilling because of my sister. A stranger, according to Marcus’s words.

“She never wanted you to know. We fought about that, too. I thought that if you knew you could help her to get the help she needed. At the very least, you’d be someone she could talk to about why she felt like she had to eat and throw up. Why she so desperately wanted to be skinny. But she made me promise I’d never tell you. I’m breaking that promise now because I think you deserve to know that Janie wasn’t the perfect woman everyone makes her out to be. But that doesn’t make her any less Janie.”

This is overwhelming. My stomach churns. Jane hated her body so much that she couldn’t put food into it? I search my memory for times that I saw Jane eating so that I can tell Marcus that maybe he’s exaggerating, but I can’t think of a single meal where Jane finished her plate. She usually pushed things around at Sunday dinner until everyone else was through. I thought she was shy about eating in front of us, or maybe she hated our mom’s cooking. That wouldn’t be too surprising because Mom isn’t exactly a great cook.

But it never occurred to me that my sister was sick.

I’m a terrible sister. And now I’m pregnant with her husband’s baby. What kind of person does that make me?

I collapse into Marcus’s waiting arms. He pulls me tightly against his chest and strokes my hair as I cry.

“I’m sorry, Kelsey. You deserve to know.”

It takes me a few minutes, but I calm down. I accept what he’s saying. Deep down I knew there was something off about Jane, but I never in my wildest dreams thought it could be something so extreme. My heart breaks for the parts of my sister I never knew. And I hope that wherever she is now, she’s free of what haunted her in life.

“Thank you for sharing that with me,” I say. My head tilts up so our eyes meet. “I’m sorry that you had to deal with her illness alone.”

Marcus kisses my lips tenderly. “I wish I could have done more to help her, but she wasn’t ready to get help. I think she would have been some day. I *hope* she would have been.”

I nod. “I think she would have. Jane was a self-righteous person. She liked attention and she liked drama. Eventually she would have come forward and admitted her disease, if only for the eyes she would have had on her.”

We stay on the couch, just holding each other for a while. When the silence gets to be too much, I say, “I miss her.”

Marcus kisses my cheek. “I miss her, too, sweetheart. But you and me? That has nothing to do with her,” he says fiercely. “And sweetheart, this baby? I won’t let anything hurt him or her. This baby was conceived in love because sweetheart, I love you. Not Jane. *You*.”

I gasp, eyes going wide. Because did Marcus just say those three words that make my heart leap? With tears in

my eyes, I lean forward to kiss him ... knowing that our fates
are entwined to the end of our days.

Chapter Thirteen

Kelsey.

I wake up with my cheek pressed against Marcus's shoulder, his arm snaked around my waist. The clock on my cable box reads just after six p.m. To loosen my stiff neck, I stretch it to either side. The movement wakes Marcus from our late afternoon nap.

He yawns. "I didn't know I fell asleep."

"Me neither. I guess our conversation was kind of exhausting."

Marcus nods. "I'm glad we talked about this. I'm glad you know about your sister now."

"Me too. Thank you for telling me about her. It means a lot to me. I feel closer to Jane, somehow, even though she's gone."

Marcus is silent for a moment.

"I'm glad to hear that. She was a complicated woman with problems of her own, but she was still an amazing person."

"Yeah," I say slowly. But inside my head whirs because I'm still not sure where we're going with all this. The fact that Marcus loves me doesn't change our betrayal. I'm pregnant with my brother in law's baby, and the stress makes

me dizzy. I fall against the huge man. “Whoa, take it easy. Just breathe,” he soothes.

I listen to his advice and take a few deep breaths. My heart rate slows back down to a relatively normal rhythm.

“We have to do something about this baby,” I say in a low whisper. I don’t want to start another fight, but we can’t hide from this. Pregnancy is one of those things that gets pretty obvious after a few months. And a baby isn’t exactly something you can just pop out and surprise everyone with. Plus, this child would certainly be a shocker to the world. Probably an unwelcome one, come to think of it.

But it’s like Marcus can read my mind. Looking into my eyes, the alpha male speaks slowly.

“You know, Jane’s sickness caused her to stop wanting sex. It was a gradual thing, but over the last year before her death, her libido dwindled to nothing. She didn’t have the energy or the desire. We weren’t intimate even once in those last twelve months,” he confesses.

Where is Marcus going with this? I’m not exactly excited to hear about his sex life with my sister. I’ve worked really hard at keeping their relationship separate from ours in my head. It’s weird to think his cock had been inside my sister at some point in the past.

I shiver at the thought. Best to keep that from my brain. It makes our intimacy a lot less awesome.

Marcus stands and paces in my small living room like a caged animal. “When Jane stopped wanting to have sex, I started to think about sex with other women. I never acted on

it, but my mind wandered. And sweetheart, it wandered to you.”

“What?” I gasp. “You can’t be serious.”

“I am,” he says. “I would fantasize about us being together. It was probably ridiculous, but it got me through a lot of the last few months I spent with Jane. Dealing with her issues was hard. Thinking about you made it easier.”

I don’t know what to say to this, so I keep quiet. Sure enough, Marcus starts up again.

“Being with you is completely different than being with Jane. And the sicker she got, the worse it was. I’m not proud of this, but even at the beginning, it was never easy with her. Our sex was clinical and vanilla. She never wanted to try new things. Missionary and doggy, and that was it. Jane never once let me finish inside of her, either, birth control or not. Even when we first started dating, I had to finish myself off with my hand most of the time.”

I cringe.

“Spare me the details, please. Why are you telling me this anyways?”

“Right,” he says. “Sorry.”

Marcus walks towards the window and stares outside. The view from my apartment isn’t great, but he doesn’t look away. “I love you, Kelsey.”

I swallow hard, nodding. But that doesn’t change the fact that I’m pregnant with my brother in law’s baby. Marcus continues to watch the concrete walls of the next apartment building, and I step in to fill the void.

“You love sex,” I say. “You don’t love me.”

At this, he turns. He crosses the room quickly and kneels in front of me. “You’re wrong about that,” he says, blue eyes fierce. “I do love you. Being with you makes me finally feel like I really know what love is.”

I gulp again.

“You loved Jane.”

He nods with frustration.

“Of course I did. But this is a different kind of love. It’s a scary, passionate, strong love. When you leave my bed after a night together, I can feel the loss so deep that I can’t breathe. Leaving your bed is like pulling apart two magnets that want to stay together. It’s nearly impossible. I do it because I never wanted to scare you away.”

“You couldn’t scare me away if you tried,” I tell him. “Seeing you with Jane always killed me inside. I thought she was the luckiest girl in the world because she was with the most attractive, charismatic guy I’d ever met.”

Marcus smiles and kisses me. It’s sweet and soft like so many of our kisses have been over the last six months. And today is the day I’ve learned just how naïve I am. Marcus has loved me all along, at least for as long as we’ve been sleeping together. I was just too blind to see it in the way he touched me, the way he kissed me, and in the way we made love.

Finally, the dam bursts open.

“I love you, too,” I tell him, the words erupting from my lips. He kisses me again, this time harder and with

more passion. He moans against my mouth.

“Say it again, sweetheart. I need to hear it.”

I pull him closer, letting my eyes meet that blazing blue.

“I love you Marcus. I love all of you, with all of my heart.” I take a deep breath. “And I don’t care what anyone says anymore. We need to pursue what makes us happy, and what makes me happy is you.”

He kisses me so deeply then that my soul feels like it’s being reborn. When we finally pull apart, Marcus’s face is filled with wonder. I’m sure my expression matches his.

“Can I tell you something?”

I giggle. “Of course you can.”

“When you told me you were pregnant, I’ve never been happier in my entire life.”

My face falls. That’s the last thing I expected. He’s *happy* that I’m pregnant? How can that be? This is a terrible thing! We’re not supposed to be having sex, let alone raising a child. He’s my brother in law, for crying out loud!

“But see, Marcus, that’s the thing,” I begin slowly. “We’re in love, but that doesn’t mean the world’s ready to accept either us or our baby.”

“No, hear me out,” he demands fiercely. “This is important. I always wanted kids, but like I told you, there was no way Jane was getting pregnant given her problems. I figured someday we could get beyond her sickness and start a family. Maybe even adopt if things didn’t go well. Now,

you're here and you're pregnant with my child. I'm finally going to be the father I've wanted to be my entire life."

My heart slows to a stop.

"Marcus, what are you saying?"

"Trust me, I know this is crazy. I know that we're going to get nasty looks when we walk down the street. I know your family will be pissed. We'll probably be the talk of the town. But I don't care. To hell with all of them. I love you, and I want this child. With *you*, baby. I want us to raise him or her together."

My heart speeds up once again. Being around Marcus is like cardio. Who needs a gym when you've got a man like him? I'm sure we've burned quite a few calories together in the bedroom. No wonder he's so ripped.

"Have the baby," Marcus says. His voice is low and persuasive. Meant only for me to hear. "Let's have this baby together. We can raise him or her and be a family. You and me and our child. We're perfect, for real. We can do it. If anyone in the world can do it, it's us."

My mind is racing. I search Marcus's eyes for any hints of a joke, but they're steady on mine. He's in this without any doubts or hesitations.

And suddenly, I realize I am too. I couldn't have gotten rid of the baby. Nothing is that simple. No matter what people are going to say about us or the looks we're going to get, I want to have Marcus's child desperately. Maybe I've wanted this all along.

"Say something," Marcus pleads. "You know I love you, and I will love our child just as much. So please, say

something sweetheart.”

I throw myself into his arms, nearly knocking both of us over. “I say yes,” I tell him, kissing him hard. “Of course, I say yes.”

Neither of us are delusional enough to think raising this child will be straightforward. Marcus was right, my parents will probably be upset to find out that we’ve been fooling around. Aunt Sylvia might well have a heart attack when she hears the news. Surely she’ll spit some biblical passages about being righteous and godly.

But I don’t care because I have Marcus. With him, I know I can do anything. Strike that. *We* can do anything. It’ll be hard road, but anything is possible. The way we got together may have been scandalous, but our life from here on out will be perfect.

Because I’m finally getting the happily ever after I’ve always dreamed of. And lucky for me, I’m going to live that life with the perfect guy.

Marcus holds me against his chest. I hear the steady beat of his heart joining with mine in perfect sync.

“I love you,” he says.

“I love you, too.”

And my heart soars into the stratosphere because once upon a time, Marcus Weston was my sister’s husband. But now, the alpha male is so much more ... and we have all the time in the world to explore.

Epilogue

Kelsey.

My eyes scan the page one year later:

I can't give Marcus what he wants. He's talked about being a dad since our first date, but I can never be a mom. Not with my... sickness. There, I said it. I'm sick. And I can't have a baby for Marcus because my insides are as sick as my brain.

A soft cry from the next room pulls me out of my sister's diary. Marcus found it in the bedside table when he was cleaning out their shared house before selling it so we could buy a place of our own. The diary is filled with my sister's musings and confessions about her eating disorder. Reading it was really hard at first, especially since Marcus gave it to me when I was in the middle of my pregnancy and horribly emotional. But it's gotten easier and I feel like reading about Jane's life in her own words has brought us closer together. I only wish we could have been this close while she was still alive.

Marcus steps into the master bedroom holding a small bundle in his arms.

"Someone missed her mom," he says. He joins me on the bed and hands our baby to me. "Janie decided she isn't quite ready for bed just yet."

"Is that true, baby girl?" I coo, tickling our daughter's chubby cheeks. Although Janie was a surprise

pregnancy, she's the best thing that's ever happened to us. Because we've gotten lucky with baby Janie. The first couple of months, she would wake up a bunch during the night, but she's been sleeping longer lately. And she's such a good child. She rarely cries during the day and only a few times at night.

My parents say that she behaves just like her namesake did many years ago. I hope it's true. I hope baby Janie inherits the best parts of Jane, the best parts of me, and all the good in her father.

Because things weren't easy. Mom and Dad were horrified when we first shared my pregnancy with them. They, like me, felt like it was a betrayal of my late sister. Over time though, they got used to the idea. Now they're constantly begging for a chance to babysit their only grandchild. It's hard for Marcus and me to leave the baby for even an hour, so we haven't taken them up on the babysitting quite yet. But I have a feeling we'll take them up on their babysitting offer soon enough.

Plus, after Janie was born, we decided to jump right into the fray and take her for long walks through the streets of our small town. The looks we got were enough to make me want to turn around and shelter from their judgmental stares. I can handle the mean words and tight lipped smiles, but what about my baby? She did nothing to deserve this.

But Marcus pushed me forward. He said that no matter what, we'd be on the baby's side, and she would know that. So mean neighbors be damned. His strength gave me back my own strength. I started calling people out for being jerks. I responded to their comments with my usual snark. It

didn't make things worse. It made things better. Now, people stop to ask how Janie is doing and laugh at her adorable prattle. Marcus was right. We're on Janie's side, and now so is our community.

My man leans forward and kisses my cheek. "You look really good with a baby in your arms. A fertile, female goddess."

"You look like a god, too," I say. Lowering my voice so Janie isn't subconsciously scarred, I add, "It's a real turn on."

Our eyes meet in shared heat. The doctor gave us the go ahead to start having sex again a month ago and we haven't wasted one second. I don't think there's been a day that Marcus hasn't been buried deep inside, pumping and coming hard. And as if he can read my mind, the alpha male speaks.

"I think Janie is ready for bed now."

I laugh and kiss our daughter on the head. "Sleep well, sweet girl."

He slips the baby into her crib on the far side of our bedroom. Meanwhile, I slip Jane's diary onto the bedside table. I'm nearing the end, but I'll be able to take it up again at a later date. Someday when she's old enough, we'll gift the diary to Janie so she can learn about her aunt and namesake.

Marcus kisses my cheek. "I love you, you know."

"I know. I love you, too. And our daughter. Our perfect family."

He kisses my lips then, softly at first but quickly deepening the contact. Our tongues tangle in passion.

“I need you,” he moans. In no time, his pants have dropped to the floor beside our bed. My nightgown joins the discarded trousers. “You’re so beautiful. You just had a baby, and you’re absolutely gorgeous.”

He kisses my neck then my tender breasts. Since Janie was born, they’ve become even more sensitive. Marcus loves to torture me by swirling his tongue over my enlarged nipples.

“Oh god, that feels so good,” I whisper. I would love to scream at the top of my lungs, but we’ve learned to keep our love making quiet so we don’t disturb the sleeping baby. That would certainly scar her for life, even if she’s too young to know what’s going on.

His hand wanders lower beneath our blanket and finds my wet slit. He thumbs my clit before slipping a single finger inside of me. I wasn’t kidding when I said seeing Marcus holding our baby girl was a turn on. It seems like I’m always wet these days.

“You’re always ready for me, Kels,” he groans into my chest. “I love that.”

Marcus adjusts himself so his hard cock is lined up and he slips inside slowly.

“Still so tight,” he pants.

I arch my back to get the best angle. “You’re so deep, too. I love you.”

“I love you, too,” he says. He slides in and out, stoking the passion. Our lips meet again in a sensuous kiss. We still have the same bend over the desk type sex we did before Janie was born, but this kind is my new favorite. Slow and loving, like our relationship has been.

I circle my own clit while Marcus enters me over and over again. Small gasps leave me as I get close. “I’m gonna cum, Marcus. You feel so good.”

“Cum for me, Kelsey. I love you, baby. Cum on my cock.”

He sends me over the edge. Orgasm wracks my body and I shudder with a series of spasms. I fist the bedsheets and arch into his continued thrusts. It doesn’t take long for Marcus to join me in ecstasy. “Oh shit,” he groans as he empties his cock inside of me.

Panting, we lie beside each other until our heartbeats return to normal. Janie stays asleep in her crib. We’ve mastered having sex without disturbing her.

“I love you so much, Kelsey,” Marcus rumbles, kissing my damp shoulder. “You know that, right?”

“I do.”

He fiddles with something in his nightstand. When he turns back to me, he’s holding a small velvet box.

“Marcus?”

The man’s eyes turn the deep blue of the ocean.

“Our relationship has been unconventional, but what we have is real. I love you. I love our beautiful little girl.

I can't imagine my life without you in it. Kelsey Marie Smith, will you marry me?"

A tear falls down my cheek. But not one of sadness. Instead, I'm overwhelmed with happiness. "Of course, I'll marry you, Marcus Weston. I love you so much." I kiss him hard. Marcus slips the ring from his small box and slides it onto my finger. It's a huge diamond on a silver band, and exactly the kind of engagement ring I've always wanted. Marcus and I never really talked about marriage, but somehow he knew.

We kiss again, slower this time. "I love you, Kelsey. I'll never get tired of saying that."

"I hope not," I giggle. "There's actually something I'd like to share with you, too."

"What is it?"

I grin at him. "Are you ready to be a daddy again?"

His eyes widen in happy surprise. "Seriously? We're going to have another baby? That's fantastic!"

I nod happily. "Yes, I found out this morning. I thought it would be a nice surprise."

My fiance's expression is over the moon.

"It's the best gift ever, my love, and now our daughter is going to be a big sister too. We're going to have another child. God, I love you, Kelsey. You're an amazing mom, an amazing woman, and you're going to be my amazing wife. You're my dream come true, sweetheart. Imagine that ... a family."

And I sigh with happiness and satisfaction because Marcus and I are truly a family. Us, Janie, and the new child growing inside of me.

“I love you,” Marcus says quietly. I settle in beside him, my head on his shoulder.

“I love you, too. Forever.”

“Forever,” he answers before we both drift off into a peaceful sleep. Because our love was never conventional. In fact, it started at the wrong time and caught flame in the least appropriate setting. But now, a year and a half later, things have settled into their rightful places ... and we have the future before us forever.

THE END

LIKED WHAT YOU READ?

Then pick up the entire *Forbidden Fun* series [here](#).

Also join our mailing lists at www.subscribepage.com/alphamalesontop and get a FREE book just for joining!

A Sneak Peek: Client Number 6

~The Dial-A-Date Series~

© 2018

By Cassandra Dee and Kendall Blake

Want to hear about our newest illicit romance? Addicted to virgins and alpha males? Join our mailing lists at www.subscribepage.com/alphamalesontop and get a FREE book just for joining!

ABOUT THIS BOOK

CLIENT NO. 6: A Dial-A-Date Romance

I never thought I'd turn to a male escort service.

Jennie needs a date for her high school reunion. Ten years out, she wants to show that she's made it – career-wise, looks-wise, and most importantly, relationship-wise. One problem: There's no boyfriend in sight. Not even close.

Jason's a former high school quarterback who works as a movie producer. He moonlights on the side meeting women and providing the "boyfriend experience." Little does he know that his next client is the curvy girl from his past ... who's turned into a bombshell!

CHAPTER ONE

Jennie

I look at myself in the mirror. Hmm. Not bad, especially considering that last year, I used to weigh a lot more. Not that it was so terrible. I've always liked myself, but now a few of the pounds have melted off and I'm ... dare I say, cute? Maybe even beautiful if you squint into the mirror.

Because I'm someone who's always had a terrible relationship with food. Everything clichéd is true when it comes to me. How you shouldn't equate eating with love. How you should turn your energy outwards and feel balanced so that you don't feel hungry.

But none of that has ever worked because after my dad left, my mom showered me with treats to fill in the emptiness. So there was candy. Brownies. Fudge apple pies (yes, they exist!). We even made peppermint bark together once a month even though most people only enjoy that stuff at Christmas. But not the Lake girls. Me and mom ate peppermint bark, not to mention candy canes and gingerbread cookies year round. So by the time I was seventeen, it was hard to fit into clothes that had any shape.

"Honey," burred my mom. "Do you want to lick the brownie spoon? It's mm-mm good!"

I shouldn't have, but I did. I know it's gross but it was just the two of us, and besides, licking the stirrer is a tradition. I've been doing it since I was seven and first learned to bake.

"Thanks Mom," I said. "This batch is going to be terrific."

Trudie smiled.

"You know it," she said, leaning forwards to push the brownies into the oven. "We make the best team, sweetheart."

So as you can tell, my mom and I bonded over food, especially when times were tough. We didn't have much but at least our small home was always filled with the good smells and love.

The problem is that unexpectedly, my mom had a massive heart attack last year. There was no reason for it except that Trudie was round and didn't exercise much. But losing my best friend so suddenly shocked me, and I sprang into gear immediately.

"Oh my god," I sobbed. "I have to start running, walking, and biking all the time. I have to get my butt in gear otherwise the Grim Reaper's coming for me too."

So with determination, I started working out like a madman and the pounds slipped off. It was slow at first, and a lot of hard work. Plus, I was absolutely devastated by Trudie's death, so there were many times when I was tempted to give up. It seemed easier to seek solace in a jelly donut or a pint of ice cream rather than to haul myself back to the gym for another tortuous session.

But it's been a year now, and I've gotten some great results. I'm still big, but now it's a nice kind of big. My breasts are huge and soft, and I have a big butt still, but at least my rump is toned and in shape. Yes, I still have thunder thighs and big upper arms, but guys like a little to hold at night, right? It doesn't seem fun to be in bed with someone who's nothing more than sticks and bones, so I kinda like the extra heft on my frame.

This has all been good timing too because next week's my high school reunion. Ah, high school. It was only five years ago but the memories are still fresh. Jennie Bong Bong, was one of the names I was called, not to mention Ring-Ding, Ring-Dong, and Big Dong. The sad part is that the names don't even make sense. I'm don't have a dong, nor do I use bongs. But trust the mean girls to come up with nonsensical monikers that can make you cry.

So I want to triumph next week at my reunion. I want to walk into the hotel ballroom and show off my new shape with a sassy swing to my hips and a sparkle in my eye. I want to

show them that there's a new Jennie Lake in town, and make all those bitches twist with jealousy as their eyes go green.

The only problem is a date. Most girls from South Carolina get married early, and I know for sure that Savannah Sherman, my worst tormentor, married some hot guy with a cleft to his jaw and a preppy-sounding name. What was his name again? Reginald? Reggie? It's something annoying yet uppercrust at once. Exactly the type of guy who never saw me.

And I know what you're thinking. My desire for a date is so old-fashioned and backwards. But that's the thing. This isn't New York City where Carrie and her friends spend decades going to cool art parties and bars lit up with fluorescent lights. This is Charleston, South Carolina, and below the Mason-Dixon line, people still judge women by how far you've come in life. Or more specifically, whether you've landed a husband by age 21. Doesn't matter if he's a loser who's never worked a day. Doesn't matter if he guzzles beer and never takes a shower. Just so long as you have that ring on your finger.

So desperation courses through my veins. Aaron, my gay friend had promised to feign being straight for the event, but now he's sick with a severe case of bronchitis. I'd make him come anyways, except that he looked really bad last time I saw him. His usually sparkling blue eyes were faded and cloudy, and his slick brown cut looked like a rat's nest when he opened his front door.

So what am I going to do? Frankly, I have no idea. In desperation, I flip open my laptop and surf to Facebook, browsing idly. Oh shit. Here's a pic of Savannah Sherman herself, and the air in my chest grows tight. Because not only is she happily married according to her profile, but her husband is gorgeous. Male model type of gorgeous with a strong jaw and a flashing, bright white smile. I almost want to throw up because I can see it now. Me, striding into a hotel ballroom with my head held high in a stunning cocktail dress. But they'll be there too, gathered in a corner and casting sly looks my way.

“Jennie thinks she’s so high and mighty, moving to the big city after high school,” they’ll whisper maliciously. “But bless her heart, she doesn’t have a man. Doesn’t she know how hard it is to find a guy in New York City? She should have stayed down here in Charleston. Big mistake moving,” they’ll sneer while shielding perfectly-lipsticked mouths.

Uck. Fuck ‘em. I hate the mean girls, and the rage makes me see red. So with a vengeance, I click over to the Craigslist classifieds. I know it’s a bad idea because Craigslist is filled with scammers and thieves allegedly. The only thing you can use it for is to sell furniture, and even then you have to be careful not to get ripped off.

But I scan the personals section while holding my breath. Maybe I can find someone within the next week to take to reunion. We’ll meet on Monday, go out again on Tuesday to make sure we’re compatible, and then by Friday, we’ll jet to Charleston together and wow the old crowd.

But I know this is pure folly because the ads are pure ridiculousness. Things like:

Sixty but you must be thirty or under. Young ones only. I can promise a lifestyle that you won’t regret.

Or:

Looking for a live-in housekeeper. No rent necessary, but you’ll have to do your chores in the nude.

What the hell? Who answers this kind of stuff? I can see that some of the ads have been posted multiple times on multiple days, like they’re hoping that some girl who’s desperate will respond.

But the thing is, *I’m* the girl who’s desperate, so with an exasperated sigh, I click over to another section. Maybe if I look at some furniture for sale, I’ll be able to take my mind off this drivel before me.

But my mouse slips and instead, I click on the women for men section. My eyes pop open because this section is even crazier than the men for women. In fact, these ladies are straight up prostitutes. The ads run the gamut from:

\$\$\$ SWEET THING AVAILABLE \$\$\$ Call-in or meet-out.

To:

You got the cash? Then I got the booty! Dial 555-5555 for fun timez!

I'm not one to judge. After all, this is the oldest profession in the world, but at the same time, my eyes bug and I gasp as seeing the pictures the girls have posted of themselves. Most have their head cut off, but some even leave their heads on, and it's photo after photo of beautiful girls with amazing bodies in skimpy bikinis. They all have perfect skin and narrow waists, and all of them invariably have a come-hither gaze that would make even the sturdiest man melt.

Suddenly, inspiration strikes. These women are for sale. They're clearly offering a service for money, and as a woman of the world, I should use my brains and leverage this to my advantage. After all, the times in the past when I've felt outraged at some injustice or other, it never turned out well if all I did was fume and sit on my butt. Instead, the times things got better was when I used my brain and *made* something of the situation.

So taking a deep breath, I open a new browser and hesitantly look at the screen. What should I say? There's no delicate way to phrase it, so I type out: MALE ESCORT.

Immediately the browser responds with dozens of sites. There's one for escorts available in the Caribbean, the model on the page a bronzed god with tribal tattoos all over his arms and chest. Oh, me likey. A cut guy with tats always makes me salivate.

Then there's NYC Gentlemen, where a man in a suit greets visitors digitally. He's dapper with a gleaming white smile and black suit, but when I click on the site, warning lights start flashing and a pop-up informs me that my computer has been infected with a virus. Hurriedly, I close the window before who knows what's pops on my screen.

Okay, that didn't go well, but I'm not a quitter. Especially not so soon in the game. So I open another new browser, and this time I type MALE ESCORT SOUTH CAROLINA. This time, there are relatively few results, and one at the top catches my eye. It's called Southern Charm written in elegant script

font, with a picture of exactly the type of guy I'm looking for. He's tall with dashing, dark brown hair and a charming grin. Plus, he's dressed Charleston-style with a pair of red pants and a windowpane check shirt. I know it sounds cheesy, but that's what guys down South wear.

So hesitantly, I click the button to enter, and immediately, my screen loads with a bunch of thumbnail icons, all of them with pictures of handsome men on them. Hmm, there's Charley with the curly brown hair and impish smile. Then there's Shep, who has straight blonde hair and is handsome in an Abercrombie and Fitch kind of way. But my cursor's magnetically drawn towards a handsome man in the lower left corner who doesn't look like your usual South Carolina guy. This one has a dangerous look in his eyes, and he's not smiling. Instead, the camera captures the hard angle of his jaw, along with a smoldering sense of determination.

Of course, I click, and his profile pops onto the screen:

TYLER.

33, single.

Enjoys golf, skiing, and margaritas under the sunset-filled sky.

Available immediately.

Even I can tell this profile was written by someone else. What alpha male says stuff like "sunset-filled sky"? I know it's not him. But taking a deep breath, I click on the button that says "Book Me Now," and the air whooshes out of my chest because evidently, it costs two thousand dollars a night for Tyler's services. What in the world? I was thinking something along the lines of two hundred dollars, or maybe five hundred maximum. After all, I'm an editorial assistant in New York City and it's expensive to live here. Sure, I work for a famous magazine, but the publishing industry is under siege right now from a number of different angles. So while my lifestyle looks glamorous from the outside, in fact I'm living in an apartment the size of the shoebox.

Longingly, I stare at Tyler's profile picture again. My mouse clicks through a couple more photos of the man, and he's absolutely gorgeous. There's one of him standing next to a big, black motorcycle. What would it feel like to have that monster rumbling beneath my legs as I press my breasts against his back, the two of us zooming down winding roads? There's also one of him stroking what I think is a llama at Macchu Picchu. Even the llama loves him, nuzzling his hand. He's that charismatic.

So I sit back in my chair to think. How much am I willing to pay to put it to the mean girls at my high school reunion? Tyler's definitely out of my budget, but maybe if I scrimp and save, I could manage it. It would mean eating beans out of a can for the next six months, but two thousand dollars isn't impossible.

And with a deep breath, I decide to do it. After all, these girls made my life living hell for years. It's worth every penny to show up at the event with a handsome man on my arm. They'd fall over each other in envy, sputtering with their eyes going green.

So before I can change my mind, I dial the number listed on the site.

"Hello," comes a chirpy woman's voice. "This is Southern Charm."

Perfect. I summon my most queenly voice and say, "Yes, I'm calling for Tyler please."

The woman giggles.

"Hun, that's not how things work. Tyler's doesn't answer the phone, I do. But if you'd like to book him, I can make an appointment."

I gulp. Oh, of course. Duh. This isn't like calling up your best friend at home.

"Um, yes," I mumble, thoroughly chastised. "Sorry, I haven't done this before. Would Tyler be available next Saturday at 8 p.m.?"

"Hmm, let's see," says the girl. I can hear the tip-tapping of keys on the other end. "Yes, in fact he is," she says brightly.

“What type of event?”

I gulp again.

“High school reunion,” is my reply. Oh god. I’m such a cliché. I bet hundreds of women call every week for exactly the same reason. And of course, the woman doesn’t seem surprised at all to hear I’m looking for a date for my high school reunion.

“Okay, we’ll let him know,” she says in a friendly manner. “Where will it be? Will it be black tie or casual?”

“At the Grand in Downtown Charleston,” I say. “They’re having it in the ballroom, and the dress code is something in between they call “dressy casual.””

“Oh perfect,” says the girl, typing away. “I’ll be sure to tell him. All of our gentlemen have clothes for every occasion, so you don’t need to worry,” she reassures me. “Now can I get your credit card number to hold the reservation?”

But before we move on, I blurt out a question.

“Um, would it be okay for us to meet beforehand?” I ask hastily. “I know that it’s two thousand dollars for Tyler’s services, but I was wondering if that included any add-ons? Because it’s my high school reunion and I want him to be my boyfriend, so it’ll be really awkward if we meet for the first time that night.”

Again, the woman doesn’t sound startled at all.

“Of course this is something that you can request for an additional fee,” she says. “Let me see. How about a one-hour conversation with Tyler at a coffee shop before your Saturday rendezvous? That’ll be an additional five hundred dollars.”

I grimace. *Only* five hundred dollars? I was hoping along the lines of fifty bucks. But Southern Charm has me in a clinch, and they know it. So reluctantly, I agree and give her my credit card number to seal the deal.

“Well that’s it Ms. Lake!” she says chirpily. “Thank you so much for your booking. I assure you, Tyler is a professional and you’ll enjoy his companionship. Please let us know if there’s anything more I can help you with.”

“Um, no,” I mumble. “Thank you very much.”

And with that, I hang up, the cell phone dropping lifelessly to the table. Because did I really just do that? Did I just book a male escort to accompany me to my high school reunion? This is a bad idea for sure. We only have one session to meet and practice before the curtain comes up. So what happens if he’s terrible? What if he’s barely sentient, and unable to string two sentences together?

But it’s too late because Southern Charm has probably already put the charge on my card. So unless I want to show up and be labeled “unhappily single NYC woman,” then the handsome male is my only choice.

Client Number Six is LIVE! Get your copy [here](#).

A Sneak Peek: Sold at the Auction

By Cassandra Dee

Want to hear about my newest illicit romance? Addicted to virgins and alpha males? Join my mailing list at <http://www.subscribepage.com/alphamalesontop> and get a FREE BOOK unavailable elsewhere!

CHAPTER ONE

Ellie

“Seriously El, you can’t wear that,” said my friend Rachel.

I looked back at her, a little miffed.

“Why not?” I asked plaintively. The jeans I had on were nice, a dark denim wash, and I’d paired them with a long-sleeve top, crushed velvet with a scoop-neck. “Looks okay to me.”

Rachel snorted.

“Seriously El, we’re in Vegas for the week. We’re going clubbing at a place that doesn’t even have a name, it’s so hot. You can’t wear the stuff you usually do, now take it off,” she commanded.

I thought about refusing flat out, putting down my foot and digging in. But the thing is my friend is the one with the fashion sense, Rachel always looks amazing, knowing exactly how to do herself up for every occasion. In comparison, I was a little frumpy, dazed and confused most times, my brown hair unfashionably curly, my curves unfashionably round. So yes, I got invited to good parties because I was Rachel’s friend, but I didn’t look like any of them, skinny minnies all.

And frankly, it was amazing that Rachel and I are friends at all because we’re so different, she’s swan-like, thin and elegant, with a modeling portfolio, whereas I’m round and small, an A-student. So our interests are poles apart, not to mention our paths in life. But we’ve known one another since we were five, and have seen one another through thick and thin again and again. Take last year, for example, when Rachel’s parents got divorced. I was her confidante, her therapist, and her anchor when she was lost at sea, adrift on waves of sadness. And I know she’d do the same for me if our situations were reversed. So despite the fact that outwardly, it looks like we have nothing in common, in fact we have a bond that goes deep, far further than mere clothes or personalities would suggest.

And since my body changed, my friend’s fashion advice was even more important. Because gone was the old Ellie from two years ago, an underweight mouse shaped like a broomstick, and in her place was the body of a woman, like Venus de Milo incarnate. I have big boobs now, a huge ass that sways when I walk, and generous hips making it hard to fit any type of pants. In fact, it’d been a struggle getting into my jeans tonight, I’d had to hop up and down desperately a couple times before they squeezed on, and the button was threatening to pop off any second.

So I sighed again.

“I don’t have anything else,” I repeated plaintively, gesturing with open palms. “There’s nothing else, look at my suitcase, nothing, nada.” And flipping open the purple travel case to reveal the interior was uninspiring. There was nothing haute couture or racy, just a couple more colored tops and a pair of grey jeans to mix things up.

Rachel pulled a face.

“Really, you didn’t bring a dress? Something a little slinkier?” she asked, picking through the stuff in my bag.

I shook my head.

“Nope, you know I don’t wear dresses that often,” I reminded her. “I’m more of a tomboy.”

Rach pulled another face.

“Tomboy, schmomboy, El, you’ve got a body now that’s decidedly *not* tomboyish anymore,” she emphasized. “Come on, you’re gonna have to wear something of mine then.” And with that she began pawing through her things, flipping through the closet where she’d hung a million outfits, each one colorful and gaudy, some even with pom-poms and sequins.

“No, Rach, no,” I pleaded. Even if I wore something of my friend’s, we weren’t the same size, not even close. My blonde friend was your typical petite vixen, about five one and a size zero. Whereas now, I was up to a size fourteen, maybe. Possibly a sixteen, it depended on what I’d had for breakfast, or sometimes dinner the night before. There was no way I could squeeze into one of Rachel’s outfits, I’d rip it at the seams like a juicy tomato busting out.

But my friend couldn’t be deterred.

“How about this one?” she asked brightly, pulling a dress out of the closet.

I groaned. It was terrible, all psychedelic colors, oranges swirling with purples, great big globs of green here and there.

“No Rach,” I said firmly. “Absolutely not, I’m getting a headache just looking at it.”

She sniffed, her pert nose wrinkling.

“Just so you know El, this dress is by Missoni, they’re a famous Italian design house known for their zany patterns.”

I shook my head still.

“I’ve never heard of this designer, but no Rach, it’s like an acid trip,” I said, shaking my head. “I can’t.”

Rachel sighed dramatically, hanging it back up.

“How about this one then?” she asked.

I paused for a moment, stunned. The dress wasn’t even a dress, really. It was more like a band of cloth across the bust paired with a skirt, with the tiniest piece of material connecting the two vertically, enough to hide your belly button.

“What is that?” I asked, horrified.

“What you’ve never seen cut-outs before?” my friend scoffed like a grande dame. “This here is an Azzedine Alaia, I love his work,” she cooed. “So sultry, he knows a woman’s body so well.”

I shook my head again.

“Rach, that’s more like a swimsuit, I can’t go into a club wearing a swimsuit.”

And my friend laughed.

“It’s not a swimsuit, the material’s not waterproof,” she said airily. “Besides, look what I’m wearing,” she said slyly, untying her purple fur jacket. And I gasped because beneath the fur, the blonde had on something that looked like a violet

handkerchief, a triangle bound around her breasts, dropping to a point that barely shielded her snatch. One flutter, and everything would be visible. I goggled, astounded.

“Will they let you in the club like that?” I stuttered.

“They better,” Rachel said cheerily. “Otherwise Miles will be soooo disappointed,” she cooed.

And I shook my head again. We’d been invited to this no-name disco by a bunch of guys we’d met at the hotel pool earlier this afternoon. Miles was the one Rachel had homed in on, an overly-tan muscular dude whose swim trunks left nothing to the imagination. I didn’t want to go out with them tonight, not really, but Rach was determined to see Miles again and I was just along for the ride, the best friend slash sidekick, always the voice of reason.

“Okay, this one then,” my friend said with finality. “Seriously El, lighten up, this would look fantastic on you.”

And I gasped again, but for a completely different reason. The dress she was holding in her hands was absolutely gorgeous. Size XS, yes, but still stunningly beautiful, a silky slip in gold that shimmered under the lights.

“Try it on, okay?” asked my friend, pushing it into my arms. “Come on, chop chop, we gotta go, it’ll look amazing.”

And with slow steps, I let myself into the bathroom, shutting the door behind me and gazing in the mirror. What was going on? I was boring Ellie Danes, nerd extraordinaire, who never wore things like this. I was more a jeans and a t-shirt girl, swapping out the t-shirt for a sweater when things got cold, or a velvet top when things got sexy. No way could I ever pull off a dress like this.

But never say never, and I was transfixed by the shimmering gold fabric, the material silky and glimmery in the light. Hesitantly, I pulled off my scoopneck, then squeezed out of my jeans, holding the tiny scrap of material in front of me. Did I dare put it on? Did I dare become someone other than plain old Ellie, always the wallflower? And with a sigh, I undid the zip and stepped into the shimmery fabric, sliding it up over my hips and breasts, pulling the spaghetti straps over my shoulders.

Looking in the mirror, I gasped at the sudden transformation. Oh my god, I was someone else now. Whereas before I was curvy, yes, but hidden and discreet, now everything was out in the limelight. The fabric hugged my girls just so, emphasizing their creamy fullness, the tops of my mounds revealed in the deep décolletage. And the dress skimmed my waist, showing off how narrow it was before clinging to my hips, the shimmer emphasizing every sway of my booty.

I giggled then, humping my butt up and down a bit just for fun, letting go in the privacy of the bathroom. It jiggled and jumped under the lights, the fabric sparkling and moving on my curves like liquid gold, casting a magical sheen around me, almost like a halo of sparkles surrounding my curvy form. I loved it, absolutely loved it, and opened the bathroom door.

“Oh my gawd, it’s puuurrrr-fect!” squealed my friend, handing me a jacket. “Now put that on otherwise we’re going to be late meeting Miles.”

I shook my head again, draping the coat over my shoulders. It was as if a magic trick had ended, the dark material shrouding the gold, giving no hint of the dazzling splendor beneath. But Rachel was right. It was time to go, time to have a good time tonight.

“Come on,” sang my friend, slinging her purse over her shoulder. “I picked out shoes and a purse for you already, gotta roll!”

And with another sigh, I slipped my feet into the golden pumps Rachel had laid out, complete with a matching gold handbag. Oh my god, the heels were so high, I was going to have trouble balancing and sure enough, my first step was a little wobbly. Bracing myself against the wall, I took a deep breath.

But my friend was already halfway down the hall.

“Come on, last one in the elevator is a rotten egg!” she sang. And I had to laugh at that. We were still kids, even though it was our senior year in high school, even though we were in Vegas on our first unsupervised trip, without parents, siblings, or any type of chaperone. It was our last vacation before school applications started, the whole college race that was going to suck up every last minute of free time.

So this was my final opportunity to have fun, to let my hair down before the grind started, making me dutiful Ellie Danes once more. I straightened my shoulders and lifted my chin, forcing myself to walk confidently into the hall, hips swinging, sashaying like a princess.

“There you go,” nodded my friend approvingly, finger jamming the elevator button. “You’re a new you, Ellie, just for tonight. Remember.”

And I grinned as the elevator doors opened.

“Who’s the rotten egg now?” I asked, rushing into the lift.

Rachel just laughed.

“No seriously, Ellie. Just for tonight, you’re going to be a new you. Flirtatious, sassy, outgoing. You’re going to charm Miles’s friends and make them all fall in love with you. Every single one.”

And I giggled. I wasn’t into Miles’ friends, the guys by the pool today hadn’t been my type for lots of reasons, but Rachel was right. I wanted to dance, laugh, and live up a storm tonight. This was it. It was time for a new Ellie, a new me, because girls can have fun ... and I didn’t want to miss out.

CHAPTER TWO

Ellie

“Hi there!” sang Rachel out the window as the car pulled up to the curb. We’d gotten an Uber to this undisclosed location and I looked out onto the dark street skeptically. There were a couple street lamps casting pools of isolated light, and it looked like we’d pulled up in front of non-descript warehouses, shuttered and empty, no one else around.

“Are you sure this is it?” I said, biting my lip, a little nervous. I knew the club was supposed to be discreet, but I’d expected at least a few people hanging out front smoking, maybe a small sign tucked away somewhere. Or music. Surely there’d be music, what kind of club didn’t play music?

But it was silent on the darkened street, the Uber grinding to a halt at the curb.

“This is it,” said the cabbie, “This is the address.”

I moved to thank him but was cut off by Rachel again.

“Of course this is the right address,” she said breezily. “There’s Miles over there!” she said, her entire head out the window now, long blonde hair fluttering as she gestured furiously to the men. “Hells-oo!”

And I sighed, getting out of the car. I had a bad feeling about this, but maybe I was wrong. Maybe once the big warehouse door opened, there’d be an amazing party inside filled with gorgeous people milling about, the ladies dressed to the nines, the guys coolly casual.

But ugh, Miles wasn’t my idea of a good-looking dude. His features were okay, but his clothing was beyond bizarre. The man had a blue velvet jacket with blue ribbon trim around the lapels that made him look like a carnival barker. I didn’t even know they made men’s clothes like this, that anyone would buy stuff so gaudy. But thinking back to Rachel’s multi-colored, LSD-inspired dress, maybe these two were perfect together. They could work in a high-end circus together as one of the curiosities, people could pay five dollars to see the zany pair. So yeah, maybe they were a match made in heaven, and Rachel was skipping over to Miles now, throwing herself into his arms, twirling in his arms, a flirtatious female to the max.

“Miles!” she exclaimed, leaning forward to give him a kiss. And kiss they did. Instead of the peck on the cheek appropriate for people who’d just met this afternoon, the two of them smooched full-on, mouth to mouth, liplocking without an inch between them. *Stop it*, I scolded myself, *stop being judgmental and uptight! It’s a new you, remember?*

So I made myself smile prettily and greet the small group of men just getting out at the curb. Our Uber zoomed off and I had a sinking feeling that my last means of escape had just disappeared as well. But that couldn’t be, I reminded myself sternly. I had my cell, and could summon Uber or Lyft with a swipe of my keypad, it was that easy. So I made myself buck up and pasted a cheery smile on my face.

“Hi,” I said throatily, hoping I sounded like a femme fatale. Haha, nice try. Immediately my throat locked and I let out a small cough.

“Oh this is Ellie from today, remember?” chattered Rachel, gesturing my way. “From the pool.” Maybe they didn’t remember me that well, my friend was like a ray of light, chatting and fun, whereas I’d been quiet at the cabana, listening while sipping my drink.

“Of course, of course, *cara*,” rumbled Miles, his arm around Rachel’s waist, pulling the blonde tight. “And you remember my friends Enzo and Yannis.”

I frowned a little. Although the friends weren’t as crazily dressed as Miles, still, they weren’t my cup of tea. Both of them were burly as hell, like bulldogs, the collars of their leather jackets tight around thick necks, Enzo’s bald head gleaming under the lamplight.

“Hey,” Enzo grunted, turning away. Yannis didn’t even say anything, just looking around like he was bored.

But I was supposed to be flirtatious and fun tonight, so I tried again.

“Hi,” I cooed, doing my best to purr. “I’m Ellie, nice to see you again.”

I held out my hand to shake but both men stared at it like they didn’t know what to do. Miles cut in.

“You losers, shake her hand! What the fuck is wrong with you? What do you think she’s waiting for?”

And grudgingly, Enzo took it, his big bear paw almost crushing mine, rough and greasy at once. But at least I only touched him for a second and then it was over. Yannis still wasn’t paying attention, looking off into the darkness, almost like he was scanning the neighborhood. Oh well. You just can’t win some people.

But Rachel was now beyond excited, almost jumping up and down.

“This is soooo cool!” she cooed, linking both arms around Miles’s neck, draping herself on the blue velvet blazer. “Where’s the club? I can’t wait! This is so different from the usual Vegas thing, we’re going to have so many stories to tell when we get back, it’s gonna be frickin’ amazing.”

I was a little embarrassed because what happened to playing “hard to get”? Rach was letting everything hang out, but I scolded myself again. *Stop Ellie*, I frowned. *Just go with the flow and relax*. So I pasted another smile on my face and tried to look excited.

“Can’t wait!” I chirped. “So fun!”

Miles threw his head back and laughed then.

“*Cara*,” he said gently, unwinding Rach’s arms from around his neck. “This is a super-discreet, top secret place that only the best people know. Trust me, you’re gonna love it. Enzo! Yannis!” he said. “Let’s show these ladies a good time.”

And sure enough, Yannis stepped up to a door that I hadn’t seen before. It almost blended in with the wall, there was nothing but a crack indicating it was there, the concrete façade smooth otherwise. And with a practiced knock, he rapped on the hard surface.

Nothing happened for a moment, although I could swear someone was looking at us. I’m not sure what made the hairs on my neck prickle, but I swear I could feel eyes on us, on me and Rachel in particular, taking everything in before the door swung silently open.

“Come on,” chuckled Miles, leading the way. “Come on, this place is fuckin’ awesome, you’re going to love it.”

And my hopes rose as we stepped through the door. Because instead of raucous party music, soft strains of something classical greeted us. And the foyer we'd entered was luxurious and dripping with elegance, set with marble floors, a beautiful colonnade leading to another hallway, sprays of flowers on either side. A woman nodded at us with a tray of drinks.

"Welcome to the Club," she murmured, bowing slightly. Wow, the brunette was breathtakingly beautiful with her hair swept into an elegant topknot, a bodyhugging black dress on. This was their coat check girl? Suddenly I felt hot and embarrassed, face flaming, like I was crass and rude next to this woman's understated elegance. But I made myself smile and murmur, "No thanks, I'm good."

She merely offered the cocktails to the rest of my party, and sure enough Rachel downed one immediately, the pink liquid disappearing down her throat like water.

"Mmmm!" she said, lapping her lips a little, shooting Miles a lascivious look. "Have a sip, loverboy."

And the swarthy man chuckled.

"I am, I am," he remarked, although I noticed he didn't actually drink the drink, merely holding it with one hand as Rachel balanced in the crook of his other. That seemed bad, but maybe he didn't like girly tropical drinks, the kind filled with fruit flavors. Because that's what this one looked like, just a step away from a pina colada with a little umbrella sticking out.

But even with the odd location and the weird drinks, I was still excited to see what lay beyond the hallway. Because the air of luxury entranced me, I admit. I was curious, excited, and wanted to let loose on this one night, I could sleep in as much as I wanted tomorrow, heck, even for the rest of the week. I could be a walking zombie for the rest of our vacation so long as I had a good time tonight, let my hair down to party.

So I turned towards the men, ready to move on, when suddenly a rough set of hands grabbed me around the neck.

"Hey!" I shrieked. "What the?"

But immediately a gag was bound around my mouth, changing my words into a muffled "mwmwmm." I swung my head around, desperately looking for Rachel, but saw that she was in the same predicament. My childhood friend's eyes were rolling crazily as she struggled against her gag, Yannis swinging her up onto his shoulder like a bag of coal.

"Mwmwmm!" she shrieked. "Mmwwm!" she screamed again, kicking and beating at his back ineffectively.

Meanwhile, Enzo swung me up onto his shoulder, tying my hands together with a length of rope and my struggles to get free were futile.

"Mmph," I grunted, getting a good knee to his chest, banging against his back with my bound fists.

The loser just increased his grip around my waist.

"Got a fighter here," he growled out. "Shit, she's no sack of flour."

Yannis just grunted in reply.

"That's cause she didn't drink the drink like this princess," he said gesturing to Rachel slung over his shoulder. Because to my horror, my friend was passed out,

her body slumped like a rag doll on Yannis's back, mouth open, a long string of spittle dangling from her lips, oozing to the floor. What the hell? That drink had been spiked? What the hell, what the hell? And where was Miles, her loverboy savior?

But Miles was right there, looking on with an evil grin, laughing to himself.

"Oh yeah, these two will fetch us a pretty penny," he chortled, his voice ringing loud in the marble foyer. "Come on," he grunted, and strode down the hallway, not looking back.

I gasped and struggled more, but it was no use. I was securely slung over Enzo's shoulder, bound hand and foot, with a cloth in my mouth, unable to speak or move. Holy shit. I was in deep trouble and there could only be bad things coming my way.

CHAPTER THREE

Ellie

We walked for what seemed like forever. Or maybe it was only forever to me because I was slung over Enzo's shoulder, with no sense of direction, a blindfold tied over my face. But it felt like hours because there were so many twists and turns, so many changes of direction as we made our way deeper and deeper into a maze.

And finally, a door creaked open and I was dumped into a small room, my rump bouncing up and down on something soft and cushy.

"Leave her there until it's time," came Miles's voice coldly. The gag was ripped out of my mouth and my blindfold removed. I opened my mouth to scream but it came too late because the door shut behind me and my frightened cry was absorbed by the walls, no one hearing or caring but me. Oh god, I was alone, still bound hand and foot, with nowhere to go, no way to get myself out.

But there had to be a way, I wasn't giving up that easily. I'd been kidnapped by three men, sure, three gross dudes whom we'd only just met, but they were hardly geniuses, I hadn't been impressed by their intellect when we chatted earlier today by the pool. Plus, when you're attacked you're supposed to fight back immediately and vigorously, otherwise the chance of getting out alive only narrows. Of course, I was already deep in the trenches of some scary kidnapping scheme, but I wasn't giving up. I couldn't lose hope now, so breathing deep, I tested my bonds once again. There had to be a way. This was my life at stake.

And gathering my wits, I looked around the room. It wasn't a dungeon, unless dungeons have velvet covered walls and luxurious furniture, gilded chairs with overstuffed cushions, couches a deep maroon color that you could sink into. In fact, the loveseat that I was on now was a plush purple velvet, like a giant marshmallow, except wine-colored and poofy. There was no artwork on the walls, just a couple recessed lights and a giant flat-screen TV. Hmm, that meant there had to be cable here, some kind of electricity that I could use to my benefit.

And as I struggled with my bonds, the flatscreen came to life, flickering on with an intensity that made me squint. Whoa. It wasn't CNN or MSNBC on the screen. Instead, the camera zoomed onto a chamber of sorts, the lens adjusting and readjusting before finally coming into focus. There was a figure standing on a slightly raised dais, completely covered in a long, midnight-blue robe with a hood pulled down over their face. Then a spotlight flicked on, flaring bright on the shrouded form, and a woman's voice sounded out, mild and a little bit robotic.

"Welcome," the disembodied voice said. "Welcome to bidding on Article Twenty, our first parcel for the night. Article Twenty is twenty-two years old, from Little Rock, Arkansas. Handlers," the voice continued, "please remove her hood."

And I gasped because invisible hands pulled the cape from the form, and the material slid fluidly away to reveal the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen. Red hair curled around a face as sweet as an angel, the glossy tresses reaching almost to her butt, and big brown eyes looked around, a little fearful, biting her lip. Oh my god, this was Article Twenty? Why didn't they use her name? What was going on?

But the disembodied female voice continued.

“As you can see, Article Twenty is young and healthy,” the woman spoke again. “The girl stands five foot nine, measures 36-24-36, with brown eyes and red hair. Article Twenty, remove your dress please,” the voice said mildly.

The redhead inhaled again, looking around wildly with large eyes. I wondered why she didn't run, there were no restraints on her hands and feet, although she was barefoot. But she didn't try to run, instead quivering in place, breathing hard, eyes wide and rolling.

Suddenly the voice came on again.

“Handlers, please help Article Twenty with her clothes,” it commanded.

And two men stepped from the shadows, dressed entirely in black, their faces shrouded with hoods. With gentle hands, they began removing the girl's dress, undoing the buttons one by one, slowly unzipping the back until the floral material fell at her feet. The girl stood, shell-shocked, still uncomprehending.

“Handlers, please strip Article Twenty completely,” the female voice sounded out once more, disconcertingly mild. “Please remove all of her clothing.”

And the handlers did as told. Black-gloved hands went to the woman's body, unsnapping the clasp of her bra so that the cups dropped away, revealing huge, luscious tits capped with pink nipples. The black-gloved hands also tugged at the woman's underwear, slowly slipping it down her pale thighs until the redhead was completely nude before us, eyes still wide with fright, breasts trembling, a peek of her pink slit visible as she clutched her thighs together.

Oh god, what was going on? Why was this on TV? Why didn't someone help this poor thing, obviously she was completely freaked out, frozen with fear. How could this be happening in the modern age, anyways? Weren't there women's rights, all sorts of female liberation movements specifically geared so that stuff like this didn't happen?

But events were unspooling so fast that I watched, transfixed, in my little room as the female voice continued.

“Article Twenty, turn to the right.”

The redhead managed to respond this time, turning a semi-circle to her right.

“Left now, please,” the voice continued.

And the girl turned left, as if there were viewers on her left side as well.

“All the way around now,” the voice commanded. And this time, the redhead did a three-sixty so that the camera could see all of her body, the narrow, sloping shoulders, the thin waist, the long legs and the delicate jut of her elbows. The video was so sharp, in such high resolution that I could even glimpse splatters of freckles on her chest and the tops of her arms, like sunlight kissing milk. But then the voice took a different turn.

“Article Twenty,” said that monotone. “Please turn and bend over, putting your hands on the ground.”

The girl was unmoving, looking around, shocked like a deer in headlights, unable to absorb the order.

“Handlers,” came the voice again with a tone of finality.

And this time the two handlers did more than gently remove her clothes. One grasped the redhead around her waist as the other pushed down on her back, and the redhead bent over like a feather, her long red curls dropping to the ground, a slight glimpse of pink flashing between her legs.

But the voice wasn't done yet.

"Legs spread please."

And the two handlers reached down and gripped one ankle each, positioning the girl's feet until she was bent over with her legs apart. Oh my god. I couldn't believe what was happening. The redhead's pussy came into full view, beautiful, engorged and moistly pink. Was she aroused? How could she be, after all this, the cold voice, the directions? It was like she was a piece of meat at an auction, being inspected before she was sold, how could she be aroused in the face of so much humiliation?

But sure enough, the girl's pussy was glistening under the bright lights, and this time the two handlers did something unexpected. They took off their gloves and two pairs of male hands appeared. Before, I hadn't paid too much attention to the men clad in black, they were shapeless, nameless, faceless minions doing the voice's bidding. But now things were about to get a lot more personal.

Because two pairs of male hands pulled the redhead's white cheeks apart, baring her cunt and ass under the glare, both holes winking, visible, and so gorgeous. It was amazing to see a woman spread like this, aroused, glossy with her own cream, and I watched, transfixed, as one of the men reached his hand to her folds and pulled her labia apart, revealing that clit. Holy shit, they weren't pulling any punches here.

"Let the bidding begin," came the female voice musically, and my suspicions were confirmed. I'd already felt like the redhead was going to be sold in some way, shape or form. It wasn't quite a livestock auction, but there were definitely hints. It was the way she was being displayed, like a Faberge egg in a perfect glass case, each layer dropping away until her internal jewels were revealed. And in this case, her pussy and ass were the priceless treasures, unveiled, gorgeous and glistening under the harsh overhead lights.

And evidently there was a flurry of bidding.

"Thirty thousand," came the female voice. "Do I hear thirty-five?"

Holy shit! Someone was betting thirty thousand dollars for the beautiful redhead? That was my dad's salary at the factory for a year, with OT included. Oh my god, what was going on?

But the two handlers weren't stopping at merely holding the girl open and exposed. As I watched, eyes wide and mouth open, one handler dropped his finger to trail wetly between the redhead's folds, causing her cunt to shiver and tremble, moistening at his touch.

"Oh yes," purred the female voice. "Article Twenty is receptive to a man's touch, she'll be a knock-out for the right man. Now do I hear forty thousand?" Because the silent bidders, wherever they were, had gone nuts and the price of the beautiful girl was sky rocketing. Forty thousand dollars for the woman? For how long? A night? Two nights? Twenty minutes? I shook my head, still confused at the obviously illegal scene before me.

But despite the degrading circumstances, the redhead grew more and more aroused under the handler's touch, his finger niggling her clit, then going back and running gently up one plush lip before trailing across her asshole and running down the other. Oh shit, the redhead was creaming, her body wetly convulsing as they played her and I shivered to myself, my cunt getting hot, an intense pressure forming between my legs. Oh my god, was I turned on by all this? Watching two

anonymous men tease a naked girl on screen as she was bid on by more anonymous men? Holy shit, I was really messed up in the head.

But I couldn't tear my eyes away because the girl let out a silent gasp of ecstasy then, lifting her face to the heavens, that long red hair draped over her shoulders, breasts swaying wildly under her torso. And before my entranced eyes, her pussy contracted wildly, coming hard as the men stroked her, fondled her, making her scream with desire, eyes squeezed shut in delight, breasts shaking to and fro as her cunt creamed wildly, spasming hard, gushing with a clear juice.

And with a ding, a bell rang out.

"Sold!" exclaimed the female voice. "Article Twenty is sold to Bidder Three for fifty thousand dollars. Bid final."

And I watched as the redhead, gasping, still shuddering from her orgasm was led offstage, knees wobbly, legs barely holding her up. Oh my god, the girl had been sold to some random stranger who'd paid unthinkable amounts of money for her. What was going on? Why weren't the cops busting in? But I had no time to dwell because as my mind whirled crazily, the door banged open.

Miles stood there, a nasty scowl on his face.

"Get up," he snarled. "You're next."

Of course I couldn't get up, I was bound hand and foot. But he leaned forward and I screamed at the flash of light. With a quick snip, the knife slashed through the binds on my feet and I was free to walk. Grabbing my elbow, he hauled me up and dragged me stumbling to the door.

"You're up next, my little prize," he sneered again, spittle flying from his mouth to land on my face, the wet droplets sticking to my skin. "And judging from what Rachel's told us, you're gonna fetch a good price. A very, very high price," he wheezed.

My cheeks colored. What had my friend told them about me? Was Rachel a part of this? Couldn't be, she'd just met them earlier today and had been knocked out by their potion. So what was going on? What about me was making this guy's eyes shine with greed, his mouth practically drooling with hunger? All I knew was that I was up next to be sold at auction ... and I was absolutely terrified.

CHAPTER FOUR

Ellie

Miles hauled me through what seemed like endless hallways, all of them dark, shrouded with drapes, before passing through a series of ornately furnished rooms. Where were we? Some kind of underground fortress? An underground clubhouse where illicit auctions took place? Unfortunately, there was no one in any of the rooms so I couldn't scream and save myself, although maybe everyone here was in on the scheme and it would have been pointless.

Finally, we entered a small antechamber.

"Here," grunted Miles, thrusting a piece of cloth at me. "Put it on."

I took it with trembling fingers, holding the cloth up. Holy shit, it was a midnight blue robe, just like the one I'd seen the redhead wear. It was full-length with long sleeves, the material shimmery, mysterious and feminine despite its shapelessness. But I shook my head stubbornly.

"No," I said, gritting my teeth. "I'm not wearing this."

My resistance was steadfast because I couldn't go down without a fight, I had to push back at my captor, do something to make sure I got out. But unfortunately, Miles was a sick bastard and wasn't taking no for an answer when there was so much money on the table.

"Put it on her," he ground out coldly and immediately hands were on me, seizing the cloth from my grasp, pinning my arms backwards so that I had no choice.

"No, stop!" I shrieked. "Stop, stop!" Hopefully someone could hear me, anyone. But no such luck. My hands were wrestled in back of me, the cape thrown over my body and the hood pulled over my head so I was shrouded in midnight blue, an enchantress in a gown, ready to take the stage.

But it did nothing to quell the rebellion I felt inside. Despite the horrific circumstances, I was still steaming, gritting my teeth and the invisible hands had to hold me tight.

"Good," snarled Miles. "No marks on her, she's going up for auction."

I gasped, realizing that it wasn't some sense of decency that kept them from hitting me. It was that I was up for sale, and any imperfections on my skin would detract from my price. It was money, only money, that was keeping these goons off me.

But suddenly a light came on above the entryway and I was hustled forward.

"You better cooperate," hissed Miles, getting in my face, his expression a twisted mask of anger and greed. "Or you'll find out what happens when there are no buyers to protect you."

I backed away quickly, but not before I managed to spit fully in his face, a glob of saliva trickling off his chin.

"Don't think I'm gonna cooperate," I hissed, just as angry. "I don't belong to you!"

The disgusting man just wiped the spittle away with a sodden handkerchief.

“Get her out of my sight,” he ground out, and with that, I was hauled into the room I’d seen on-screen.

Now that I was in the chamber itself, I could see that it was much more than a dais with a spotlight. There were windows all around the dais, about twelve of them, and they were one-way windows that could see me, but where I couldn’t see inside. Above each window was a light. All of the lights were off for the moment, but a shivery sensation crept over my body. Oh god, the bidders had to be in there, sizing up the goods, waiting patiently as I was led to the center.

And once I was positioned on the dais, the female voice chimed melodically.

“Welcome back to the auction,” she said, her tone still moderate and pleasant, like this was completely normal. “Here before us we have Article Twenty-One, an eighteen year-old girl. Handlers, please remove her robe.”

And with a swish, the midnight blue cloak was pulled from my body, the velvet caressing my shoulders as it left, leaving me chill on the dais. I didn’t know where to look, wasn’t sure how to stand, how to do anything. All I knew was that there were unknown men looking at me, sizing me up for purchase, and it made shivers run through my arms and legs. I crossed my arms over my chest instinctively, as if trying to protect myself, but immediately the voice came on again.

“Please let the viewers see all of Article Twenty-One,” the woman chimed as the men pulled my arms down to my sides. “Article Twenty-One is tonight’s highlight, a unique lot with something rare, that may only be offered once. ‘The Girl in Gold,’ as we’re calling her, is a virgin. Yes, bidders,” she continued. “The Girl in Gold has never been touched, never been handled intimately by a man, and is ready for your pleasure.”

I gasped. Oh my god, I was tonight’s “special”? And I was special because I was a virgin? Suddenly I realized how Rachel had betrayed me. It wasn’t anything purposeful, she must have been gossiping and confided that I was a stick in the mud because I was a virgin. Unfortunately, Miles and his goons had immediately picked up on it and realized they could get a higher price, thus the kidnapping. Oh my god.

And what was this “Girl in Gold” stuff? How had they come up with this name? Suddenly, I realized it was my dress. The beautiful golden slip was gorgeous under the spotlights, shimmering sensuously, caressing my curves just so, the hem fluttering despite the lack of a breeze in the closed chamber. And I realized what I must have looked like – creamy, sensuous, young and nubile, glimmering before the men’s eyes, waiting for a taker.

But before the bidding began, the woman’s voice came on once again.

“As always, we will be showing off the goods. Handlers,” came the voice. “Please help Article Twenty-One out of her clothing.”

And the two black-clad men came towards me again, their faces hidden by masks, looking like two burglars. But I didn’t want them to touch me. As degrading as this was, I wanted to be my own woman as much as I could, fierce and independent. So I held out a hand and ground out, “I’ll do it myself.”

Both men were still for a moment, tentative, unsure. But before they could swarm, I reached behind my neck and undid the string tie, letting the golden straps slither off my chest. And because it was nothing more than a slip, immediately the top began to drop off, to fall to my feet. But I wanted control. I was going to own

this in whatever small way possible, so with shivering, trembling hands, I slowly lowered the cups of the dress until both my girls were bared.

And I cursed myself then. Oh god, once upon a time I'd been thin as a pencil, looking like a boy, no one would ever be aroused. But no more. Now my breasts were creamy, pendulous, huge mountains of white topped by pink areola, the nipples stiff in the cold chamber, swaying and jiggling slightly with my movements.

And immediately several lights flashed on above the booths, blinking furiously, like angry eyes. But the woman's voice rang out once more.

"Bidding has not started yet, we are still in the viewing phase," she said in that modulated tone. "Please refrain from bidding until the final part of our auction. Article Twenty-One," she continued. "Please continue to disrobe."

I almost rebelled. I'd throw their auction right off the rails, give them something to remember the "Girl in Gold" by. I'd show them how a girl with sass and spunk behaved, even in captivity. But common sense took over. If I didn't get sold, I'd have to stay with Miles and he'd pull no punches this time around. I'd be battered, assaulted, all sorts of terrible things once there were no prospective buyers to protect my lily white skin.

So slowly, I wriggled my hips a bit, tugging the golden fabric down. Inch after inch of creamy white flesh was exposed, my tummy, my belly button, and then lower until I'd pulled the dress over my hips entirely, letting the fabric pool on the floor. And then I stood up, clad only in the tiniest pair of black lace panties, a g-string I'd bought specifically for the trip, feeling warm and tingly when I made the sensuous purchase.

But now, it was coming back to bite me because I knew how I looked in the tiny piece of lingerie. The fabric was so sheer you could see the small landing strip on my vulva, trim and beautiful. And oh god, but the lacy mesh caressed my labia, outlined by the black fabric, my nether lips swollen and engorged, dripping slightly.

Because I was aroused. Despite my fear and hesitation, despite the fact that I was stripping in front of a dozen anonymous men, my body was reacting, illicitly showing its need. My nipples stiffened even more, this time begging to be touched, and my cunt moistened embarrassingly, loving the thought of male eyes on every part of my skin, every inch of my curves.

But this was still an auction, and the woman's voice rang out once more.

"Turn," the dulcet tone rang out. "Turn to your left and then to your right."

And like a priceless museum piece, I obeyed, slowly rotating in my golden heels so that the men on the right could see my luscious assets, get a good view, before turning to the left, showing the entire audience what I had to offer. And it was a delectable sight, I know. My girls jiggled and bobbed, my cunt warm with a slight drip, and involuntarily, I began playing it up, sashaying my hips, swaying sensuously, making the audience want me. I guess it was my own way of owning the ritual, this humiliating process. I wanted them to want me, I wanted these men to bid so high that their wallets bled. I wanted them to go crazy, to look at me like I was the answer to their dreams. It was an exchange of power, and I was going to end up on top.

And sure enough, the lights above the booths flashed crazily again, blinking like ambulance sirens, at least five or six of them going off with desperation. The woman's voice came on again.

"We have not yet finished the viewing phase, please hold your bids," she said, almost like an airline announcing that a flight would be delayed for two hours.

I squinted a bit at the flashing lights, wondering who could possibly be viewing me, but suddenly, I had an answer. A door opened in one of the viewing chambers, letting in a crack of light and I could just make out the man inside.

I gasped. Did he know that the one-way mirrors only worked if there was total darkness on his side? Did he know that I could make out strong features, dark, dominating, oh so masculine? Or was he purposefully giving up his anonymity? I waited for the female voice to come on again, or at least a handler to rush over, informing the bidder that we could see him, but nothing happened. Instead, I was caught by a pair of deep blue eyes, their gleam unmistakable, as the solitary man gazed at my curves, drinking in my luscious form.

Trembling like a leaf, I stood before him, unsure what to do next. Suddenly it was as if the world had narrowed to just me and him, there was no creepy female voice, no handlers on either side of me. It was just me, taking it off for the gorgeous man inside and I grew warm and moist once more, my body blooming under his scorching gaze, opening like a petal to the sun.

But it was my imagination. Of course the handlers were still there, of course this auction was being monitored by dozens of people, this was no amateur event thrown together on a whim. The woman's voice came on once more.

“And now we will be viewing Article Twenty-One's virginity. Handlers, please remove the remainder of the girl's clothing.”

The two black-clad men stepped forward once more but I couldn't bear it. I couldn't stand to have these criminals touch me, didn't want to feel their dirty paws on my body. So I did the only thing left. Slowly, I slid my panties down my hips, undulating to the left and then to the right, pulling the flimsy piece of lace down, down, down until my pussy was revealed, my beautiful slit glistening and moist under the harsh spotlight, dragging the material over my thighs until I was able to kick them off. And then I stood once more, chin lifted, determined not to show my fear. Because I was beautiful, wearing nothing but the golden heels, huge breasts swaying, hips sensuous, all leading to the vee between my legs, the sweet snapshot of pink that beckoned to the bidders.

And I shot a glance at the man once more. A sliver of light still penetrated his booth, and I could make out the way his blue eyes ate everything up, how he was devouring every inch of creamy skin, dark streaks across his cheekbones, face tight. And a tingle coursed through me, my pussy moistening again, a small gush between my thighs. If I focused on him, blocking out all else, I could pretend that I was here with him alone, that it was just the two of us, in our own little world.

And keeping that in mind, I twirled slowly, doing a three sixty, giving a generous eyeful of my assets, raising my hands to run them through my brunette curls, opening my mouth slightly as if in lust. And it worked. The little parade made me feel better, the man's look becoming sharper in the booth, more calculating, taking in everything. With a slow gesture, he made a circular motion with his hand, indicating what he wanted. Helpless before him, I twirled once more, turning until my back was to him and bent over, spreading my legs. Oh god, oh god. Was I really doing this? He wanted a look at my cunt and I was giving it to him, my moist channel on display, my labia pulsing, beating with the dirtiness of it all.

And the announcer's voice came on once again.

“As promised, we will be inspecting the virgin's hymen. Article Twenty-One, hold yourself open, please.” Again, I was astounded by her tone of voice. She could have been saying, “Can I offer you a napkin?” her voice was so mild despite the

illicit words, despite the fact she was literally telling another woman to part her pussy for a dozen men to see.

But what choice did I have? If I refused, it would just be back to the handlers, they'd probably part my cheeks like I was a cow to be inseminated and the whole scenario made me cringe, heart curdling. So I did as commanded. Stroking my hands up and down my calves, I caressed them sensuously, making sure the man's eyes were locked on my body. Then I ran my palms up over my thick thighs, squeezing them, the luscious ham hocks heavy and firm, before running each of my small hands up to my ass, caressing the pale peachy orbs, even lifting my hips and bumping up and down a bit so that my cheeks jiggled and wiggled entrancingly.

But the main course was coming. With a butt cheek in each hand, I slowly pulled them apart, my steaming slit coming into view, the beautiful pinkness that belonged to me alone. And oh fuck, while I was doing it, I went all the way. I leaned over more, making sure my ass was high in the air, and showed them my taboo hole then. Oh yeah, my gorgeous brown pucker winked and flashed under the spotlight, flirting with the buyers, a perfect counterpoint to the pink wetness that dripped below, my swollen labia engorged and pulsing with desire.

But the men couldn't see the evidence of my virginity just yet, so the female voice came on again.

"Article Twenty-One, please hold your labia open. Cameras," she directed. "Prepare to zoom."

And I gasped, head still between my knees. Oh my god, they wanted to look up into my channel, deep into the hot pink for a glimpse of my hymen? To see that part of me that was still intact, where no man had touched? And they were going to zoom in, let everyone see up close and personal? Oh my god, oh my god.

But the naughtiness titillated me because it was so dirty and sensuous at once. I'd played with myself a few times, always stopping when I reached the barrier, the spongy tissue that proved I was untouched, untaken. And so taking a deep breath, I let go of my orbs and let my small hands creep between my thighs, slowly caressing my plush pussy lips, letting them watch as I massaged my cunt. Mmm, it felt good, my nub was tingling, my clit so big and stiff that I was sure they could see it, all two inches poking out, waving in the air.

And for emphasis, I gave it a stiff pinch, making myself gasp, cunt gushing wetly at the illicit touch. Oh god, what would it be like to feel a man's hand there, feel a pair of strong, masculine fingers running through my soft folds? I pretended it was the dark man in the booth touching me, making me come with need. How his hands would slip knowingly between my thighs, probing my small hole, touching where no one had touched before, prepping me for his cock.

And moaning, I closed my eyes, preparing for the grand finale. Because with a slow moan, I did it. Small fingers pushed my labia to each side so that I was holding myself open, so that each man could see right up my cunt, glimpse the hot pink walls, drenched and steaming, the female juice that coated my privates. And oh fuck, oh fuck, but I knew what the camera was doing at that very moment. It was zooming in on my ass, on my pussy, going in for the deep dive. I stood stock still, feeling the caress of a dozen pairs of eyes, feeling the electronic lens home in on the part of me that proved my virginity, that showed I was untouched, ready for my first man. Because yes, my hymen was there for these men to see, for these men to taste, lick, touch, and finally penetrate if they bought me.

And at that moment, I glanced through my legs and met the eyes of the dark man. He was staring at me hard, gaze fixed on my pussy before jerking to a monitor

in front of him and I realized that each booth must have been equipped with its own flatscreen so that the user could view me from multiple angles, up, down, below, and now inside. He stared, transfixed, as the camera sharpened and focused and suddenly the lights of every single booth flashed brightly. They must have caught my hymen on screen, the men must have seen my virginity, the proof that I was untouched.

And the bidding flew into a frenzy then.

“I hear one hundred thousand,” chimed the woman’s voice. “Is there anyone for two?”

I gasped. One hundred thousand? The redhead had gone for fifty and already my bidding was at one hundred? How was I double her price? But I guess that was the going price for virgins and flushing hotly, I bit my lip, getting ready to stand. But the woman’s voice rang out again.

“Touch yourself,” she commanded. “Article Twenty-One, touch yourself as bidders place their bets.”

And oh god, it was wrong, but what choice did I have? So moaning softly, I complied. One hand held my pussy lips open so that the men could see right up my cunt, my other hand kneading my clit. Oh god, it felt so good, it was so dirty and humiliating and yet sensations coursed through me so hard that I couldn’t process it. I could faintly make out the sound of bidding as I stroked my clit, running my fingers through my slippery folds, even touching my hole a bit, sliding a digit an inch between my plush lips, testing the untouched slit.

And oh god, but the dark man. My eyes flipped open for a second to meet his, and he was staring hard again, devouring my body with his eyes, blue gaze so scorching that I was pushed over the edge. He was so commanding, so alpha, so dominant that without any words, in public before a dozen filthy rich men, the big man made me come. I screamed aloud, my hand like a motor between my legs now, pussy giving it up as it clenched and spasmed, gushes of juices coming from my hole. It felt so good, electric shocks running from my cunt to my fingers and toes, making everything go soft and gelatin-like before the next spasm caught me, my pussy clamping down hard again in ecstasy before opening, letting out another gush of female cream.

And I couldn’t help it. Our eyes never breaking contact, I frigged myself through the entire session, masturbating just for him, touching myself again and again, pretending it was him stroking me. His eyes ate me up, absolutely devoured me, caressing every inch of my body as if it were his already. And just as the tremors began to subside, as I began to calm, taking a big breath, the female voice came on again.

“Sold to the highest bidder! The Girl in Gold has been sold for two million dollars, closing immediately.”

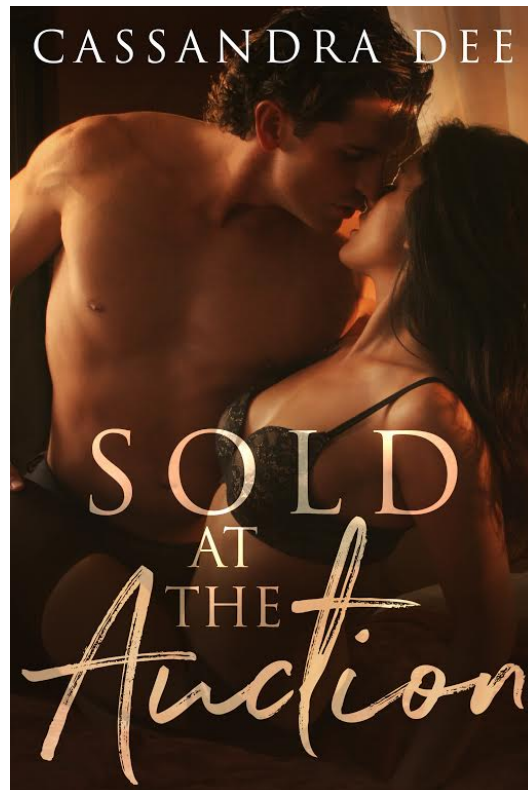
I gasped, still nude, barely able to stand now. There were smears of cream on my thighs, evidence of my lust, and the two handlers stepped forward, each seizing one of my arms, making sure I’d make it. Slowly, they helped me off the dais and I walked with wobbly steps to the doorway in the wall, turning my head back once to shoot the dark man a beseeching look.

He looked right back at me, a half-smile playing on his lips, nodding discreetly as the handlers dragged me into a hallway. What did that mean? Had he bought me? What was coming next? All I knew was that I should have been ashamed, should have been humiliated given that I’d literally just been sold, but instead, all I could feel was the hot flush of my body, the tingles that still coursed

through my cunt. Who was that man? Who was the man with the dark hair and blue eyes? I had to know and prayed desperately that he was my buyer.

TO BE CONTINUED ...

Sold at the Auction is now LIVE, download it [HERE](#) to continue reading!



[DOWNLOAD NOW!](#)

Continue to check out more hot bad boy romances by
Cassandra Dee!

MORE BY CASSANDRA DEE

Hi! I have so many books that it's hard to share them all, but here are some of my favorites:

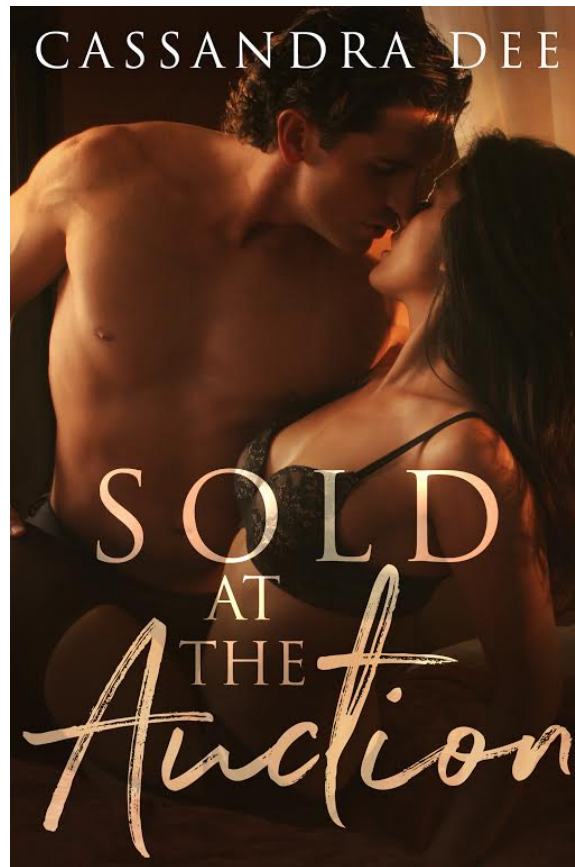
1. [Pregnant By My Boss](#) (a sassy party planner gets unexpectedly pregnant by the billionaire who hires her for her decorating services)
2. [Sold at the Auction](#) (a beautiful virgin is sold at an auction at the Billionaires Club)
3. [My Friend's Dirty Uncle](#) (during summer vacation, a girl meets her friend's devastatingly sexy uncle. This is a second chance romance where they re-kindle their relationship in India!)
4. [My Boyfriend's Boss](#) (to settle her boyfriend's debt, our heroine spends a steamy month with his boss)
5. [Double Exposure](#) (a sweet girl comforts her former brother in law after her sister's untimely passing, and falls in love with both him and his law firm partner – warning: hot MMF scenes!)
6. [Double Dare](#) (two handsome corporate raiders need a fake fiancée in order to keep their business afloat)
7. [Seven Brothers of Sin](#) (why choose one brother when you can fall in love with all seven of them?)
8. [Falling for My Dad's Best Friend](#) (exactly what it sounds like :))
9. [#BABYMACHINE](#) (a sweet girl is the target of a ruthless billionaire who makes a bet with his friends to see who can bed a virgin first)
10. [Prison Fling](#) (our heroine volunteers her time at the prison library, only to fall head over heels for a billionaire serving white collar time)
11. [The Dirty Hotel King](#) (to pay off her dad's gambling debts, our heroine sells herself to a hotel magnate to even the score)
12. [Loving the Babysitter](#) (single dad falls head over heels for a beautiful girl who has a natural way with kids)
13. [Claiming His Virgin In the Ring](#) (at the Billionaires Club, there's a secret wrestling club where alpha males wrestle young, innocent things)
14. [My 3 Rockstar Bosses](#) (she's an administrative assistant to not one hot rockstar, but three hot, muscled men)
15. [All the Best Men](#) (again, why limit yourself to one groomsman when all three are interested in you? :))

I love writing romance and I hope you enjoy reading my work! If so, please check out www.cassandraderomance.com for all my books. Remember, you can read on any device when you buy from my website.

Also, subscribe to my newsletter [Alpha Males on Top](#) for discounts, freebies, and news about upcoming releases.

Love,
Cassie

Sold at the Auction (A Billionaires Club Romance)



[DOWNLOAD NOW!](#)

VIRGIN FOR SALE (A Billionaires Club Romance)



[DOWNLOAD NOW!](#)

**DADDY'S PRETTY BABY (A Dirty Dom / little girl
Romance)**



[DOWNLOAD NOW!](#)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Cassandra Dee is a bestselling author of dozens of hot and steamy contemporary romances. She started out writing erotica but transitioned to romance after falling for one too many book boyfriends.

When she's not tapping away furiously at her laptop, Cassandra can be found drinking gallons of coffee and watching lots of reality TV. She also enjoys taking the neighbor's dog for walks, aimlessly wandering the local grocery store, and of course, reading too much about the lives of her favorite celebrities.

Cassandra is living her own HEA with her husband and a beautiful baby boy.

[WEBSITE](#) | [FACEBOOK](#) | [NEWSLETTER](#)